

Daily
Nebraskan
Editorial Board
University of Nebraska-Lincoln

Jeremy Fitzpatrick Editor, 472-1766
Kathy Steinauer Opinion Page Editor
Wendy Mott Managing Editor
Todd Cooper Sports Editor
Chris Hopfensperger Copy Desk Chief
Kim Spurlock Sower Editor
Kiley Timperley Senior Photographer

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"It doesn't make me happy, that's for sure. It's an extra year that I'm going to have to apply for loans."

— Amy Schroder,
a UNL sophomore who is planning to apply to the teachers college's elementary education program despite stricter entrance requirements.

"I knew that we would win because I could see it in my teammates' eyes. All year we just keep overcoming obstacles. When it comes down to it, we keep finding a way to win."

— Trev Alberts,
Cornhusker defensive end who suffered a dislocated elbow during the Nov. 29 win over Oklahoma.

"First, you need time to train yourself. It's not a fast-food service — you cannot drive through — and so the training process is music as language."

— Yong-yan Hu,
Lincoln Orchestra's music director and conductor, on his theories about learning music.

"How can I allow you permission when I have turned away so many others?"

— Mother Teresa's response to DN photographer Al Schaben when he asked her permission to photograph her for JD&A, an agency for social documentary photography. Schaben was one of few photographers allowed to photograph Mother Teresa's work.

"We had the game won, and then we basically gave it away. It was a great game, and we'll have to get used to it because I think we're going to have a lot of games like that this season."

— Eric Piatkowski,
Nebraska guard, after a 78-75 loss to Texas on Sunday night.

"Higher education is a bit of a farce. We're more concerned with speech codes, pink triangles and green spaces."

— Andrew Sigerson,
former ASUN president, during a presentation to a Rotary Club meeting this week that centered on getting social issues out of classrooms.

"I think that's disgusting and something needs to be done about it. I say that tongue-in-cheek, mind you."

— Keith Benes,
ASUN president, who wrote a bill poking fun at AP writes who continue to vote the Nebraska football team low in the polls.

"Thirty years ago fate brought me here as an unwilling player in the most unforgettable, tragic drama of our time."

— Nellie Connally,
widow of former Texas Gov. John Connally, at the unveiling of a national landmark in Dallas where President Kennedy was assassinated Nov. 22, 1963.

"It was hard work on every part of your body. It was probably fun maybe the first two hours, three hours."

— Brandon Mann,
who participated in a kissing contest for 18 hours with his partner, Andi Mollring. The couple gave up and allowed Megan and Andrew Jobson to win the trip to Cancun, Mexico.

EDITORIAL POLICY

Staff editorials represent the official policy of the Fall 1993 Daily Nebraskan. Policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. Editorials do not necessarily reflect the views of the university, its employees, the students or the NU Board of Regents. Editorial columns represent the opinion of the author. The regents publish the Daily Nebraskan. They establish the UNL Publications Board to supervise the daily production of the paper. According to policy set by the regents, responsibility for the editorial content of the newspaper lies solely in the hands of its students.

LETTER POLICY

The Daily Nebraskan welcomes brief letters to the editor from all readers and interested others. Letters will be selected for publication on the basis of clarity, originality, timeliness and space available. The Daily Nebraskan retains the right to edit or reject all material submitted. Readers also are welcome to submit material as guest opinions. The editor decides whether material should run as a guest opinion. Letters and guest opinions sent to the newspaper become the property of the Daily Nebraskan and cannot be returned. Anonymous submissions will not be published. Letters should include the author's name, year in school, major and group affiliation, if any. Requests to withhold names will not be granted. Submit material to the Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588-0448.

AKRON BEACON JOURNAL © 93



DEB McADAMS

History takes on human faces

I took military history this semester. A lot of men I've known served in the military. I hoped to gain some insight about a force that shaped their lives.

I went into the class without an open mind, expecting a spit-and-polish Marine who would extoll the glories of the U.S. military. I got a working-class draft-dodger in baggy sweats, a cheesy theme T-shirt and untied high-tops, delivering maniacally enthusiastic lectures. This character didn't "teach," he illustrated.

The illustration of military history includes a lot of ordinary people, such as my dad, Harley, my Uncle Don and my friends, Aaron and Puff.

Harley was a tall, skinny kid from the sandhills. He graduated from high school in the spring of '40 and headed to the West Coast with his friend, Gib. They were 17. Harley wanted to learn a trade to use in the Navy before he joined, so he became a sheet metal worker. The Navy made him a radioman.

Harley's brother-in-law, Don, was a cowboy from southwestern Nebraska. He served on ships with names like the U.S.S. Terrapin, the Dolphin and the Chimera. Submarine sailors were cut from a different cloth. They went to sea for three months at a time; 82 men sharing a 310-by-27-foot space. Don spent 36 months on and in the Pacific Ocean. In 1944, his crew rescued a Navy pilot who would become the 41st president of the United States.

Aaron was a small-town kid from a poor family that couldn't afford to send him to college. That didn't matter to Aaron in the late '60s. He was suckled on John Wayne movies. Vietnam would make a man out of him. Years later, he would recall blowing up water buffaloes that the VC used for pack animals.

Puff was also from a small town, and his family didn't have a lot of money. His father was a hay man. The boys in the family were tossing hay bales soon after they learned to walk. They all became champion wrestlers.



Aaron was a small-town kid from a poor family that couldn't afford to send him to college. That didn't matter to Aaron in the late '60s. He was suckled on John Wayne movies. Vietnam would make a man out of him.

A few weeks after Puff had brought the Class C state wrestling trophy back to his high school, he was jumping out of an army helicopter on the other side of the planet. He landed in a jungle, surrounded by hostile forces, armed with a jammed rifle.

Harley left the Navy on the day after Christmas in 1945. During the years I lived in his house, I learned very little about my dad. He and his friend Gib, my Uncle Don, my Uncle Bill and my cousin Roland were all in the Navy during World War II. They talked about it every time they were together. They talked about going to dances in Los Angeles or hitch-hiking back to Nebraska. The laughed about the time Uncle Don stole a Greyhound Bus to get back to Santa Barbara before he was AWOL.

They never spoke of fear, and they never talked about killing. Uncle Don spent a lot of time alone in the desert. My dad yelled a lot. Once, I told my father that I wouldn't be coming home anymore. I'd heard enough yelling. He showed up on my doorstep, cap in hand. He said he was sorry for everything, it was just that he had seen so many people die.

I met Aaron while I was working for a farm corporation out in western Nebraska. One night when we were coming in from the field, I saw something in the barpit. We backed up and found an injured doe. It was bleeding internally. We loaded it into the back of Aaron's truck and took it to my house. He sent me to get my husband's gun, which was always in

the closet, except for that night. That night, I couldn't find the damned shotgun. Aaron got a hammer from his toolbox. I watched as he hesitated, then swiftly hammered the doe's skull. Aaron slumped over, tied to another ghost.

Puff returned to his family's hay business after a year in the country. He brought an addiction to alcohol with him. Puff was a happy drunk, the way a lot of grieving, kind-hearted people are when they abuse alcohol. He nearly shed tears when he heard that my husband and I were getting divorced.

Puff loved people, but it wasn't enough to save him. Part of his life had ended when he landed in that jungle in Southeast Asia. The rest of it ended last year when he lost control of his truck on a quiet stretch of gravel road.

Dad and Uncle Don and Aaron and Puff are in the back of my mind during my history lectures. I can learn about the presidents and the generals that issued orders from carpeted rooms. I can read about the politics that ruled their minds. I can see diagrams of ships and guns, and I can look up casualty figures, but what will stay with me the longest is what I'll never know. I can never know the nightmares of these men that I've loved, and I will never know the men they might have been if war had not altered their lives.

McAdams is a sophomore news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Illegitimacy

Sam Kepfield seems quite disturbed by the problem of single motherhood, but unfortunately and as usual, he offers only a banal and ineffectual solution (DN, Dec. 1). His experience tells him further stigmatization and forced marriage will clean up this messy situation. The hoards of "aggressive, irresponsible young men roaming the streets, hyped on drugs and packing MAC-10s" will settle down and become responsible, breadwinning fathers. He seems to think single mothers all intend to get pregnant and refuse marriage because welfare is a more attractive option. It

bolsters their self-esteem, he writes. What planet are you from, Sam?

The most frightening aspect of the column is the explicit racism, however. The point of this writing seems to be that since more single mothers are white, the problem is more valid, more threatening. As if it were a black plague, he worries that it is "creeping into" white areas and with it, "the attendant social pathologies." It could happen in the suburbs, he cries, run for your lives!

The social ills he writes of are caused by poverty, discrimination and ignorance. You can't legislate marriage, Sam, but you can make fathers financially responsible for their chil-

dren. You can't force people to stop having sex, but you can offer more education and better access to birth control. You probably can't eradicate drugs and gangs from the United States, but you can work toward better schooling and more job opportunities for poor, disenfranchised youth.

So accidental pregnancy used to be fairly simple to deal with. It isn't now. As a student of history, Sam Kepfield should know that society is dynamic and no amount of nostalgia will make the world simpler.

Victoria Kovar
senior
English