



5-Year Man on Campus

With Ellison Clary

New Protest Give Needed Inspiration

There hasn't been much in the papers about draft protestors lately, notwithstanding Al Capp's comic strip. This can't be a good thing because draft protesting has become as much a part of "the American way," at least to the college student, as apple pie, mother, and Daytona Beach on Mother's Day.

Students just don't seem to have enough oomph right now in regard to the draft situation, anyway.

Maybe we undergraduates are merely waiting for graduate students to form the vanguard of a new series of demonstrations since they are the ones most recently threatened by the fickle finger of Lieutenant General Lewis Hershey.

But it could be that what we really need is a new protest song. After all, we haven't had a newie in quite a while and "Draft Dodger Blues" gets a little old (No offense intended, Jerry Vincent, wherever you are. You know some words.)

To remedy this dire situation, I wrote a new draft protest song. Not being gifted musically, (I faked my way through several years of band in high school on clarinet and never blew a note) I thought it wise to set new lyrics to an old song.

Tune's 'Midnight Special'

So I put my new words to the tune of "Midnight Special." You remember the song; it's the one Harry Belafonte has popped the buttons off his shirt with for years. More recently Johnny Rivers made a folk-rock version of it a nationwide hit.

Explanations aside, it goes like this:

Well you just got home from school, Boy,
And ya feelin' kinda nervous
Cause you got a letter in da mail box
And it was from Selective Service.
Babuh all dey wanna tell ya
Ya lost ya student deferment
An' if ya say a thing abawt it
You in trouble wid da government.

Chorus

So let da Ottawa Special
Shine its light on me,
Cause I wanna go da Canada
Just so I can be free.
Mamma let dat Special
Shine its light on me,
An' I hope it runs over
Gen'ral Lewis Hershey.

Well if ya ever goad da Pentagon
Son ya better walk right,
Ya better not demonstrate
Or sleep in a tent at night.
Cause Gen'ral Hershey will draft ya
An' give ya a M-16 that jams
An' nen dey'll send ya off ta fight
In Cambodia, Laos, and Vietnam.

Chorus: same as above.

Yonder comes Miz Skidmore.
How, I wonder, did ya know?
Cause she's lookin' at mah record
An' shakin' her head in woe.
Umbrella on her shoulder,
Man, she's actin' real prudent
She goes a marchin' to da Chancellor,
She gonna draft some students.

Sock It To 'Em, Joan

That's it. Sock it to 'em, Joan Baez.

Maybe you're shocked at the down home nature of the lyrics, but that's the way the song must be sung. Never get too much sould, you know.

The only problem, now that it's written, is getting someone to record it. And it'll have to be someone that most radio stations like. For instance, if the Cowsills recorded it, Big WAYS wouldn't play it. Unless, of course, Monte Zepeda decided he liked it.

It might go well on WGIV if Wilson Pickett recorded it and called it "Funky Funky Draft Dodger."

The country music stations might play it if Buck Owens sand under the title of "Jest a Country Boy That don'e Want To Fight Blues." If he yodeled, that would help, too.

And those more sophisticated stations would have a field day with it if Kate Smith recorded it as "The Universal Draft Dodger."

At any rate, I hope whoever might read it in this column will understand that it's just a good-natured poke at the present draft system which I think is unfair in some of its aspects.

There'll be a better column next week, even if we have to go back to the Esquire fashion news. That's a promise.

Letters To The Editor Struggle For Equality Has Grown Into Raging War

Dear Editor:

Jim Patterson's article in last week's Journal was both interesting and timely, showing at the same time a relative lack of bias; and while it presented many aspects of the Racial Issue, it left much unsaid. The following remarks,

while addressed to Mr. Patterson and all concerned, are especially addressed to Negro students everywhere.

What was once a struggle for equality between ethnic or racial groups have grown into something far more ominous; a raging war that can have no winners.

Let us bypass for a moment the moral question of police presence in Orangeburg, and its result, and study the nature of the Civil Rights movement to the present. At first the Rights movement was met with a wall of animosity that equalled or surpassed that which inspired it; yet a few managed to breach the wall and see and be seen by their enemy for what they were humans. This human confrontation, this one-to-one relationship embodied the hopes of the Rights leaders, and indeed, at the time it was their only hope. Perhaps it still is. Yet it seems that such efforts have failed and that the opposing forces have begun to regroup for a bigger battle with more powerful weapons. Who can doubt the effectiveness of an all-consuming hatred as THE ultimate weapon?

Perhaps Orangeburg was more than just a moral question, more than flaunted equality, and more than the death of three humans with feelings much like yours or mine; perhaps it is a question of people being robbed of their individuality, of people being used for ends they don't understand, of people being forcefully denied their ability to think and function as human beings. Maybe that's what Civil Rights movements are all about: a revolt against the enforced acceptance of a dehumanized stereotype, a denial of one's uniqueness. If so, prejudice can't be fought by a mob--that's just compounding the error.

Can we condone the presence of police in Orangeburg, or defend segregated establishments there? No. But neither can we condone a people's blind faith in inept leadership, or defend the subordination of one's unique personality to the inevitable hysteria of mob psychology. When this happens, and the confrontation comes, people are caught in a maze and begin to strike out against the madness that surrounds them, rather than at the real madness that underlies it all. Individuals know right and wrong, love and hate--mobs know nothing. If both sides continue to act and react as mobs against mobs, Orangeburg will be just a sampler. (Signed) Walt Sherrill

'A' Student Has Difficulty Doing 'C' Work

Ann Arbor, Mich.-(I.P.) - If you're an "A" student, you find it hard to change your study habits to earn only a "C" grade -- even when that's all that is necessary and all you want to achieve.

This seems to be the result of an experimental "pass-fail" option adopted by the University of Michigan College of Literature, Science, and the Arts.

Beginning last winter, seniors were permitted to take one course outside their major field of study on a pass-fail basis, with the credits to count toward graduation but not toward their final

grade-point average. This year the faculty has extended the privilege to junior students as well. In general, students have welcomed the innovation as giving them a chance for academic exploration.

But compilation of grades achieved by 178 of the 203 students who took advantage of the option in its first year indicates that the "good students" did their usual level of work in the pass-fail course. The pass-fail students were in the same classes as students taking the course under the traditional grading and credit system.

The instructor gave all students the traditional letter grades, but for those enrolled on a pass-fail basis, the registrar recorded only "pass" for those making C or better, and "fail" for those getting D's or E's.

The level of performance of the pass-fail students in the courses

was similar to their general grade point average for all work taken in the University. In other words, A students continued to make A's.

Charles Pascal, a research associate who conducted the study for the Center for Research on Learning and Teaching, comments: "We were surprised that students were not more adept at playing this new academic game."

He said that even though the students sought only to achieve a C, or passing level, their previous years of "academically conditioning" made it difficult if not impossible to do so. The students themselves were surprised, he says. One pass-fail student expressed it this way:

"I'm trying hard not to work and I still made a B-plus on the midterm exam. I find myself trying to do the minimum amount of work to get a C. Otherwise I am frustrated that I am wasting time in the (pass-fail) course that I could be spending on the other courses (in which grades are recorded)."

Pascal recommends pass-fail sections, in which all students are enrolled on the pass-fail system. He cites the example of "two lonely mathematics majors" who enrolled in a course in the history of art on a pass-fail basis.

Since at least a third of the students in the class were "majors" in history of art, the math students not only were out of their depth, but felt compelled to respond to the competitive pressure for grade achievement, he points out.



"Gosh, Miss Brooks, do you really think it's too late to apply for a deferment?"