

Choice '68 question

Last week it was released that the University would participate in a nationwide presidential primary, Choice '68, to be conducted on every major university and college campus in the country.

The project was readily undertaken by the ASUN Special Projects Committee and work on the campaign was started.

Now it appears that for several ridiculous reasons the Senate executives are having second thoughts about the project.

At the last Senate meeting the ASUN president stated two stipulations which he felt should be met before Choice '68 was organized here.

The stipulations were that the date of the primary be moved to April 10 to correspond with the ASUN elections and that there should be a proper dissemination of information about the candidates.

Both of these stipulations have been fulfilled and still the executives are hedging about the campaign.

Contrary to the executives' belief that Choice '68 would be insignificant, 2,500,000 students' opinions are not going to be ignored. Also an election conducted on a nationwide level may stimulate more University students to participate in what might be a rather drab ASUN election.

Almost every major college in Nebraska except the University already have agreed to sponsor Choice '68. Since the University has the largest population its results would be the most indicative of Nebraska students' viewpoints.

If the University does not participate the Nebraska vote will be negligible.

State voters also would have a chuckle over the discrepancy between the University students who are avidly campaigning for a 19 voting age and the students who do not exercise a voting privilege when they have the opportunity.

The University will have made a very bad mistake if Choice '68 is not conducted here.

The appropriateness of the Senate executives deciding this issue rather than the entire Senate should be questioned.

Such matters should be approved by the entire Senate not left to the discretion of the executives.

Sensors should question the executives' actions at the Wednesday meeting or propose a motion to begin plans for Choice '68 immediately before the University is left behind in its unstirred Nebraska dust.

Cheryl Tritt

Sentimental journey

Since this thing began appearing several weeks ago, people keep asking me when I'm going to do something controversial.

Always aiming to please, I decided that this week I would attack something or someone. But who or what? George Wallace? The George Wallace Mentality? (if such a thing exists). The University Administration? Crime in the Streets (or in the dorms behind closed doors)?

I am a Walrus



The possibilities, while fruitful, were also endless, and besides, everybody's against those things. What was needed was a fresh attack, sure to arouse much ire (and we all know how dangerous an aroused ire is), so I decided to tear into the complex of attitudes which I choose to label The New Sentimentality (this is already beginning to sound like a deep, serious, probing look at one facet of contemporary life).

The most conspicuous example of this tendency is Rod McKuen. Poor old Rod — that sensitive soul who pours his heart out on records that sell millions of copies to swooning fans who aren't afraid to admit that they're emotional. Lots of gooey violins and a little darling, but sincere (oh so sincere) feeling and watch out Edgar Guest (or Kahil Gibran).

Since I am defining this movement by invective, let's move on to movies. Having outgrown The Sound of Music, the majority of New Sentimentalists grab on to Doctor Zhivago and the really hip go for A Man and a Woman. Other favorites are any Sidney Poitier films (particularly To Sir With Love and an oldie but real goodie, A Patch of Blue).

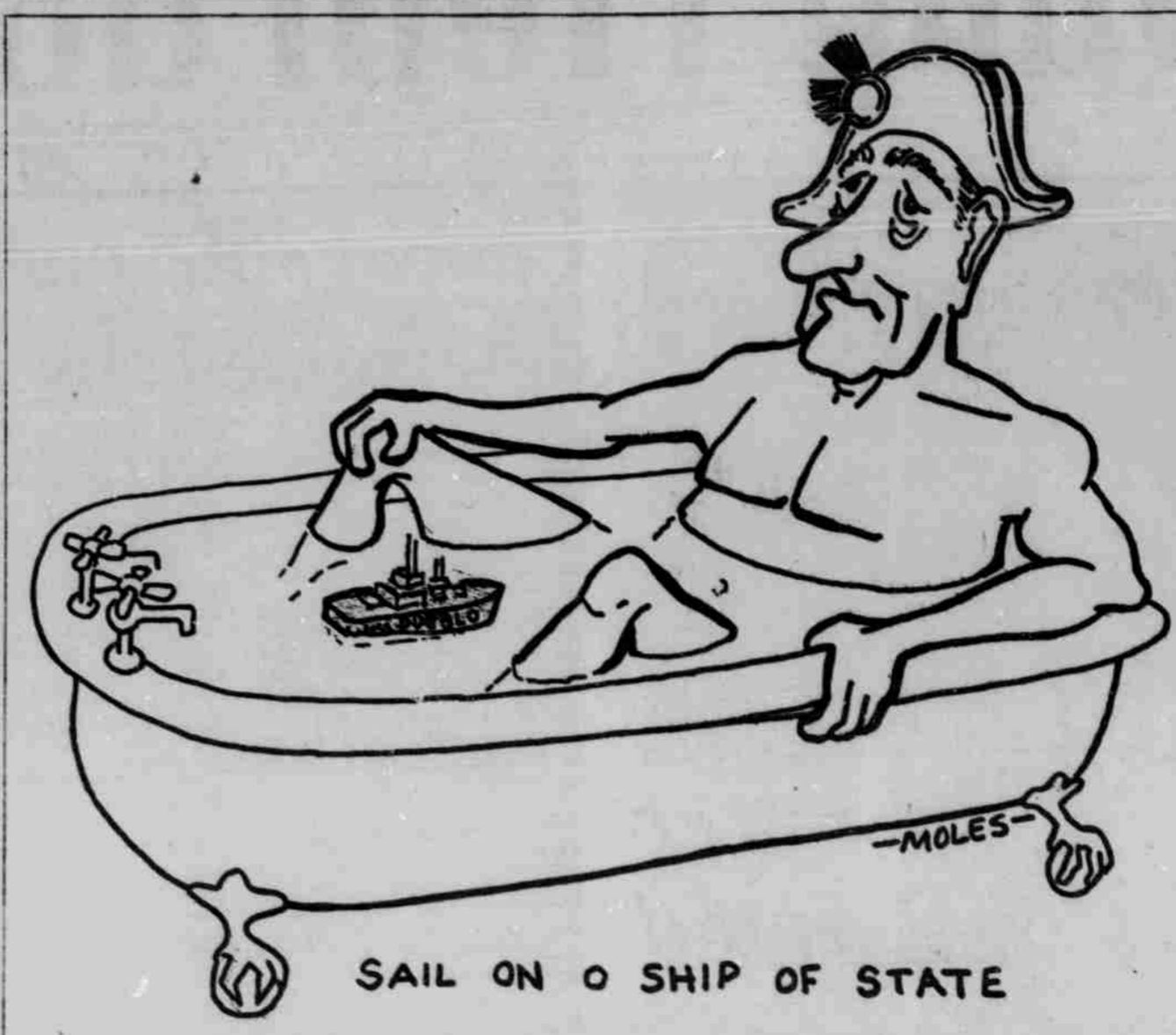
The foreign film branch of the New Sentimentalists really empathizes with The Cranes Are Flying — "Look Vladimir, the cranes are flying again." (I cried and cried.) Give me Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs anytime — at least it's clean.

Is anyone out there enraged yet? Let's move on to a few more salient features of the Movement. New Sentimentalists are all for dialogue — it is the solution to most of the problems of communication engendered by our complex industrial society.

And remember, religion should be Relevant. And all you need is love. And killing is bad. And life is good. And — excuse me, I have to turn over my Lawrence Weld record — and, and, and...

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Wallace for President? What a riot!

By George Kaufman George Wallace visited Omaha Sunday and Monday to accomplish two purposes and left with the satisfaction of having evidently attained both of them.

His first purpose was to get his name off the Democratic list in the Nebraska primary. He apparently achieved that when a reported 2,100 people signed the roster of the American Party at his "convention" Monday night at Civic Auditorium.

His second purpose was to feed the backlash vote he is sowing from the frustrated and discontented "common people" of the nation. The bloodied and still boiling trail he left attests to the fact that he accomplished that goal also.

One of Wallace's appearances Monday was a talk with a political science course at Omaha University, taught by state senator Richard Marvel of Hastings.

Although it was supposedly closed to the press, another newsman and I got in. Before Wallace arrived it was obvious the word had gotten around as about 50 protesters with signs stood in groups around the building.

At 1:45 we knew Wallace had arrived when the shouts erupted from the crowd below, which had now grown quite large. It was easy to follow his progress into the building and up the stairs as the shouts and hecklers followed him.

Suddenly he burst into the room, followed by a group of Alabama State Patrol bodyguards, several Omaha policemen and a few of his advisors. The doors were no sooner shut than the corridor outside was filled with people and a chant of "Black Power! Black Power!" filled the room.

"These are the free speech people," he leered, pointing at the hallway. "They're always for freedom of speech as long as it's for them and not you."

This brought another round of applause from the class. Members wildly applauded the governor several times during the talk, and I am still hoping it was more a reaction to offset the group outside than a sincere agreement with what he said.

The two things he said which brought the loudest applause were:

"If some European country that wasn't supporting us against the Communists in Viet Nam asked me for 100 million in aid, I'd write five billion on the black board (he turned and did so) and I would subtract the 100 million and say 'There, that's all you owe us now from the world wars.'"

And, referring to an incident which occurred to the President in California last month, "If some Communist or anarchist laid down in front of my car to stop it, it would be the last car he ever laid down in front of."

As his car made its way out of the OU parking lot, it was chased by shouting protesters who kicked at the bumper and the tires and, at last, threw their signs at it when it got out of kicking range.

When we arrived at Civic Auditorium in the evening the number of sign-carrying protesters had grown to at least 300 as they marched in a circle to the door of the auditorium and out to the street chanting such things as "If you want freedom, send Wallace home (clap, clap)."

The group included quite a few nuns and priests, who happily joined in the chant "In your guts you know he's nuts."

The signs themselves showed a wide range of ingenuity, including "What color is God, governor?", "Keep the White Tornado out of Washington," "Wallace for President of South Africa," "Omaha Can a Co... without Wallace," and a play on Wallace's favorite derogatory term outside of perhaps "Communist," "Pseudointellectuals of the World, Unite."

One man stood on the sidelines silently hawking "Wallace Go Home" signs printed in bright red.

About 7:25 the demonstrators headed into the auditorium, still chanting and waving their flags wildly. Several "delegates" (anyone going in to sign the petition was a delegate) dressed in suit and tie walked in past the protesters waving Confederate flags and shouting back.

Inside, the whole thing assumed the atmosphere of a pre-game festivity at an important basketball game. A small Souza-type rented marching band in faded uniforms kept the rally music coming, while the protesters, who had been steered into the balconies because they were not "delegates", cheered whenever one of theirs would walk out onto the convention floor carrying one of the signs among the Wallace supporters.

At eight, people were asked to go to tables at the sides of the auditorium to sign up for Wallace while boos rained from the balcony. A family of Indians, complete with headdress, came onto the stage and shook hands with Wallace men, as the protesters started a chant of "Go Big Red."

Several of the newsmen remarked that they looked like the same Indians which had greeted Romney earlier in the year.

The Indians then went through the motions of signing the petition on the platform while the speaker called the crowd's attention to the "good conduct of these true Americans."

The speaker tried to call the "convention" to order as a small group of Negroes worked their way up to sit down in front of the platform. They were urged to leave "for fire regulations", but would not budge. Police moved between the platform and the Negroes as the group shouted "Stop This Man!" and "Seig Heil!"

At this point the speaker huddled with Wallace aides on the platform and one asked if they should bring on the governor yet. "No," replied another with a heavy drawl, "Let's give 'em a little Nebraska music first." The marching band struck up "There is no place like Nebraska."

As the group almost drowned them out with shouts of "Fat Pig!" and "Send Wallace to Vietnam, and Lurleen with him," three Wallace people came up and read resolutions to the delegates. The resolutions couldn't really be heard above the shouts, and the says from the balcony outnumbered the ayes from the floor, but each was declared passed.

When Wallace was finally announced and was swept on stage with a flurry, the crowd pressed the police up to the platform, shouting "bigot" and booing.

Aides and patrolmen surrounded him at the microphones, trying to protect Wallace from flying coins and sticks. Several of the young Negroes got their kicks from pulling on the many cords leading to the microphones on the platform and watching some of them tumble to the floor.

Standing underneath the platform where Wallace was trying to shout over the catcalls and jeers, I suddenly heard a ruckus break out behind me.

As I turned around the police were swinging their clubs and pushing the protesters back into the crowd. A metal folding chair flew past my head and crashed near the platform. As the police swept the mob back through the auditorium and out the front, one young Negro staggered past me holding a blood-soaked handkerchief to his head, and went for a side door.

An elderly Wallace couple, routed from their seats by the struggles, cringed near the platform and urged the police on with shouts of "Kick the nigger for me!" and "Kill the son of a bitch."

It was soon over, with only a clearing in the crowd littered with broken signs, a fallen TV camera and chairs was left of the explosion.

Outside, at least 17 police cars were doubleparked in front of the auditorium, and a police rode herd on listless groups of Negroes and scattered whites, carrying shotguns.

Wallace talked almost an hour to his cheering followers, then immediately left from the side door to fly back to Alabama. But he will not so soon be forgotten in Omaha. The Omaha police found that out the morning after his speech, as one man was killed and several others beaten on the North Side.

His seeds were sown, and as he promised "his people," he will be back this summer during the campaign.

William F. Buckley, Jr.

Buckley's English Almanac

The talk everywhere is of the plight of the Kenya Indians who had been promised (everybody says) permanent rights to immigrate to England back when Kenya was turned over to old burning spear Kenya, who now officially discloses his intention to make the Indians second-class citizens.

Mr. Duncan Sandys, who was at that time Minister in Charge of the Liquidation of the British Empire, insists that he gave no such promise, but appears to rest his case on the formalistic argument that after all he had no power to "tie the hands of Parliament."

Already the Government's

measure to restrict the flow of immigration has passed the Parliament by a vote of about 80%, strongly backed by the public which fears an increase in racial antagonism and unemployment.

Opponents of the Socialists' Bill, who include Labour backbenchers and a few Conservatives, are stressing the obnoxiousness of a Bill which could be compared to our Oriental Exclusion Acts, and, for the first time in English history, describes the color of a man's skin as relevant to his admissibility.

They stress, also, that the Indians in question are for

the most part highly skilled in various crafts and would be just the kind of people England would be encouraging to immigrate if their skin were white.

The most interesting argument being adduced is simply to the effect that whether England likes it or not, what Sandys now says or doesn't say, in fact the pledge was given, and the Indians' possession of British passports is evidence enough in the matter. Indeed The Daily Telegraph, which usually weighs in on the pragmatic side of such questions as these, published the facsimile of such a

passport with the modified wording, "Dieu et mon droit et votre slightly attenuated droit aussi."

On the book scene, the volumes on the British spy, Harold Philby, have received much attention and, at the hands of the Earl of Birkenhead, one sees a revival of that high pitch of British indignation which once awed the world. Philby was protected by co-spies, Bugeess and Maclean, and the Earl reads with such stupefaction as Senator McCarthy—the bad Senator McCarthy—a sed to read, the record of the paragonage by high officials of subordinate security risks.

Larry Grossman

He died for France

The morning train from Paris was pulling out of the station in a nameless French village south of the capitol. The group of American students I was traveling with stood on the platform watching the last car disappear down the tracks. We had mistakenly caught the wrong train. Our next scheduled stop was Blois in the Loire Valley country. The train we had taken did not stop there.

The ten of us walked into the little station house and buried a corner of the building with our combined luggage. Everyone got busy writing postcards to their aunts in Oregon and Ohio. It was four hours until the afternoon express would arrive from Paris.

The day was warm and perfect for walking. I left my friends behind and set out to explore the little town. The sun had bleached the world here a uniform white. The houses were white stucco and the streets were white gravel. A few flowers in window boxes provided the only visible color.

It was midday and families were having their meals. Through the open doors covered only by long streamers of blue and red plastic, I could see groups of people sitting at tables with wine bottles, glasses, and long loaves of bread. Their lilted speech was the only sound in the white silence.

Travel Notes



Ten minutes of walking took me past the last cottage to the edge of town. Fields began here and moved uninterrupted off to the sky. A white wall with an iron gate caught my eye. I walked over and found the municipal cemetery.

I entered and saw several rows of graves laid out in neat order. Small paths ran between the plots and each grave was outlined with white stones. The tombstones of adjoining rows touched back to back. I walked along the graves and noticed some plots covered with tall weeds and dead flowers. In France one must pay the caretaker of the cemetery an annual fee to maintain a grave. Non payment means the plot is left along and grasses and tall weeds soon provide a cover. I was surprised to see untended graves next to well cared for ones.

The names on the stones were all accompanied by the birth and death dates and sometimes by a picture of the deceased. Two things caught my eye. A great number of the stones had pictures on them of young men posing stiffly in military uniforms. Death dates repeated themselves — 1917 . . . 1919 . . . 1941 . . . 1943 . . . 1945. The words Mort Pour La France . . . Died for France . . . always followed.

I left the cemetery and thought about what I had seen. The distance separating me from the two wars that racked Europe in this century is great both in time and space. I was born after the fighting stopped and knew of the battles only from history lessons.

But I had just seen the graves in a small town of young men fallen in battle. The town was small but many graves lamented Mort Pour La France. How often, in how many small towns across the face of France could one find this written?

I went back to the train depot through the quiet town. History and something of the tragedy of humanity came along for the walk.

Campus Opinion

Dear Editor:

It seems to me that Bernard Durand's two articles recently printed in the Daily Nebraskan have exposed his naivete better than anyone else might have hoped to do.

Several weeks ago, I had the unfortunate occasion to hear him speak for an hour or so at Hyde Park, on the role of the United States in the Vietnamese War. Through the use of half-truths, items out of context, and overt exaggerations, he managed to label the citizenry of the U.S. as gullible fools for believing anything contrary to what he knows.

While condemning the United States for mass murder and gross cruelty, he either didn't recognize similar undertakings by the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese, or rationalized them away with the magic word "civil war." Even a grade schooler in our contested (by him) educational system would recognize the hypocrisy of his opposition.

In his second article he contended that "ignorance is being cultivated at every level of the American educational system" with no more proof of this offered than that he "has come across minor distortions." I might just as well conclude from my recent observations of a minor Frenchman, that all Frenchmen suffer from a persecution complex.

Again, since when is he the all-knowing, infallible determiner of what truth is and what lies are, to contrive arguments calling for a revolt (hopefully)? If he is actually the person of principle he pretends to be, I might think he would be obliged to rescind his denunciations in a gentleman's fashion and offer an appropriate apology.

Joseph Kirchner

Dear Editor:

Open house? Co-ed visitation? In loco Parentis? Subcommittees and on and on and on . . . Curiosity led me to write my freshman cousin attending the University of the predominantly small-town state of Oregon, at Eugene. After relating to her our above mentioned controversy, she wrote the following concerning the U. of O. policies, etc:

"U. of O. has dorm open hours regulations, too. The boys always have maximum hours (all that the Student Conduct Committee will allow) and the girls' dorms usually vote for less. Ours are Fri. 8:30 p.m.-1:00 a.m. and Sunday 1-7 p.m. You can have your doors shut."

Incidentally, at the University of Oregon, as she mentioned in one of her earlier letters, any student can live virtually anywhere he or she desires after his or her freshman year. If the U. of O. were a "Berkeley" I wouldn't have been surprised. Relatively speaking, the problem of a satisfying "open house" policy approaches the ridiculous.

Greg Vogt