

DAILY NEBRASKAN

Editorials

Rumblings . . .

Not since the fall of 1965, when Carl Davidson announced with some truth that he and his rag-tag band had every administration in the United States running scared, have there been so many rumblings of dissent at the University.

Radical students, though still a minority, are here in greater force than ever before. Some are veterans of the Davidson days, the pink-cheeked kids who left here two years ago and have returned looking like hardened revolutionaries. Many more were clean-cut youths last spring who have returned dispirited, disenchanted, and looking for a cause.

IN SUCH a climate, threats abound. Some are claiming they will take over the University in the spring. Others want to dissolve the conservative student senate. Many more just want to register their protest against the Mayor Daleys of the world.

Whatever the complaints, the hopes, the threats or the numbers involved in "The Movement", however, it is unlikely that administrators are shaking in their shoes. The radicals of 1968 have a problem the radicals of 1965 didn't worry about: they have no leader.

Craig Dreeszen, the ASUN president elected in last spring's non-election, has proved his standing as a radical, but he has not emerged as a leader, either of the student senate or of the radicals.

Phil Scribner, the most talented activist in the philosophy department, has enrolled too many "straights" in his New Party to suit the younger radicals. Many of them are considerably miffed at the success of his effort, however.

THE STUDENTS for a Democratic Society (SDS) died for all practical purposes when Davidson left. The students who still claim membership in the society are making various feeble noises, but their actions are meant mainly as a diversionary tactic to draw attention away from the Peace and Freedom party, currently the hangout of most of the veteran radicals.

If any student-administration confrontation is to take place between this leaderless mass and the establishment, an issue is needed. The faceless administration of Nebraska moves with such caution that it does not often provide the kind of material that excites young radicals to action.

The hard core of the radicals are just plain angry that the administration exists, but it is unlikely that they can draw enough followers to cause trouble unless the administration really steps on some toes.

Chancellor Hardin and Co., however, would be advised to tread softly this year. The material for a Columbia riot is not here, but there are enough concerned, eloquent students to assure that the administration will be in trouble if it pursues unjust policies such as the careless expansion into the Malone Center.

The administration has a right to expect the radicals to treat them fairly and not mount unfounded attacks on them. The students of this University also have a right to expect our administrators to act carefully and morally. If the administration fails, students have the right to resist.

The Carpenter . . .

Hubert Humphrey crawled into his coffin quite obediently for a fighting politician. Mayor Daley and his crew nailed it down with their nightsticks, and there you were.

Gene McCarthy and his little band fought it with all they had, but Daley nailed them in too.

AS A CARPENTER, Mayor Daley was quite efficient. Almos' as good, in fact, as the architect, That Man from Texas. They have built themselves and the Democratic Party right out of power.

The press has pulled too many punches in talking about Daley. What the Chicago police did was inexcusable. It was brutality. It completely justified all the cries of fascism and all the references to Nazi Germany that it engendered.

MAYOR DALEY is the sickening example of what McCarthy and his people set out to change. What he allowed to happen in Chicago probably did not change the outcome of the election, but it certainly prevented any hope the Democrats might have had this fall.

Before Chicago, there may have been some doubt about who the enemy was or about why things like Columbia happen. There is no longer any doubt. Revolution? Why not.

How Long?

How long is the Omaha World-Herald going to keep reminding us that the Pueblo is still in North Korean hands?

Jack Todd



Larry Grossman . . .

Summer, smoke and sorrow

When I heard the news of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, I felt a deep sense of shock and disappointment. I had shared the popular idea that the Russians had finally achieved a sense of international responsibility and would concentrate on their own affairs and leave their neighbors alone.

The reform movement in Czechoslovakia seemed to indicate that Eastern European Communism had matured and could evolve along independent lines suited to the desires of individual nations. I cheered the Czechs as they set about the business of replacing twenty years of oppression with eight months of relative freedom. But then came the invasion followed by a week or so of tragi-comic resistance and finally the fading of the theme in a cadence of clanking tank

treads and machine gun fire. THE UNITED STATES stayed true to form by having another summer of racial violence. Although Summer '68 was not as severe as previous years, some ominous signs appeared.

The Cleveland riot, in which 11 people were killed in an hour and a half in a carefully planned ambush, seems to indicate that black militants have taken a page from Chairman Mao and will now engage in guerilla style confrontations with the police. The bodies of the slain black snipers were crisscrossed with bandoleers of cartridges and by their sides were found M-16 rifles fitted with infra-red scopes.

Perhaps the most shocking event which upset the national equilibrium this summer was the battle of Michigan Avenue during the

Chicago Democratic Convention. Two returning veterans of the fracas told me grisly stories of undisciplined police, a rag-tag mob of hippies, hard core radicals, yuppies, anti-war liberals, and innocent bystanders fighting it out for two nights in front of national television.

The protesters were breaking the law with their illegal parades, assemblies, and meetings, but the Chicago city officials and police department ignored and disgraced the law by their irresponsible and brutal actions.

The rest of the world convulsed when the Gaullist government was almost toppled by an alliance of students and workers protesting an outmoded educational and economic system. As if set in motion by sym-

pathetic vibrations, students in Italy, Mexico, West Germany, Brazil, and Poland demonstrated for real and imaginary causes.

AND MORE . . . starving children in Biafra, earthquakes in Iran and Turkey, artillery duels between Israel and the Arabs . . . the list. Perhaps the times are no worse than they have ever been but everything seems to be happening at once and getting closer to home.

One cannot be pessimistic because a glance at history will show you that calamity and disorder have always plagued and characterized mankind. Somehow we blunder through and survive.

But in the meantime the world convulses along. Perhaps as a friend suggested the other day, the only safe refuge from the madness around us is the military.

Our Man Hoppe . . .

A battle won—an election lost

By Art Hoppe

Herewith is another unwritten chapter in that political history of our times, "The Making of a Loser - 1968." It's title, "A Signal Victory at the Democratic Convention."

In retrospect, the greatest single achievement of the 1968 Democratic Convention was that it finally adjourned.

The vote came on a minority report challenging a minority report rejecting a majority report's rejection of a minority report.

AFTER A BITTER floor fight, the tally was announced as 14 ayes, 12 no's, 22 dead, 73 injured and 2162 the-hell-with-its.

"The overwhelming adoption of this measure," party chairman John M. Bailey announced elatedly, "shows that a united Democratic Party is now ready to march forward shoulder to shoulder to victory in November."

Unfortunately, the motion to adjourn was not adopted until November 17 — two weeks after the general election.

Though a long convention, most observers agreed that it had its high points. Who will ever forget, for example, John Connally on September 13 leading his Texans in a massed "banza-you-all" charge on New York amidst cries of "Remember the Alamo and Marvin Watson."

Or the exciting "Rape of Kansas" in the early morning hours of September 24 when a brave band of Tennessee mountaineers caught the Kansas delegates napping and carried off their women kicking and screaming.

Or the capture by California on October 14 of the towering television-camera platform in the center of the convention floor — Jesse Unruh and his besieged forces gallantly holding out for 16 days until they were reduced to eating month-old press releases.

BUT WHILE the convention had its exciting moments, the hardships of the delegates mounted. The custom during the first week of adjourning for a few hours every day or so had to be abandoned — primarily because no agreement could be reached on when to reconvene. Or anything else.

So the delegates were meeting around the clock. And as their hair and beards

grew, so did security problems. "I'm not letting a bunch of hippies in here to bother the delegates," said the chief security officer firmly.

"Those are the delegates, sir," said his assistant.

Consequently, security measures were tightened. All delegates were tattooed and dyed blue; alternates, orange; press, mauve; guests, cerise).

Entry to the convention hall was gained only after spectroscopic saliva tests (green for Monday, purple for Tuesday and so on.) And after placing his credential in the special electronic slot, the delegate followed it.

But the convention was not without its fortunate side benefits. "To think," said Huntley to Brinkley on November 2 as a Georgia delegate was skewered on Maine's standard, "that the American public can see this whole convention live, for it

is the ultimate in democracy in action."

What was fortunate was that after the first three days no one was watching. And thus democracy was saved.

Chronicle Features

Notes from left field

It's awfully lonely out here in left field these days. There just isn't much action coming this way. Some feisty punk from Alabama is stealing all the bases and this real ugly guy with a long nose who never shaves is playing centerfield clear from left field to right field.

At the start of the season when some new fella named McCarthy was batting around 300, a lotta balls came this way. He's a left handed batter, you know. But he hurt his knee in August and things really slowed down after that. Most of us rookies—the old timers call us "the new left"—are thinking about quitting the game. All the grandstand can see now is that kid from the south and the center-fielder.

As far as this left-fielder goes, he's going to forget about who gets the pennant. He's gonna be going to a lot of football games instead. And he'll be screaming "Go big red," with all the other fans.

Dan Looker

Commentary

George Kaufman . . .

Truth survives political bedlam

Due to all the confusion about what really happened in Chicago during the Democratic convention, I felt it my duty to step in and clear the air of all unfortunate myths and misconceptions and give the real, true, inside story of what really, truly happened.

The first person I interviewed was a McCarthy worker who had stayed in the Conrad Hilton during the week and had a bird's-eye view of all the proceedings. Here, I said, I would obtain the real truth of what happened from someone who was there. And everybody knows a McCarthy kid wouldn't lie.

"WAS THERE really police brutality?" I asked, feeling it important not to hedge around.

"Why, there certainly was," he replied. "In fact, it was an almost Daley occurrence."

"That's a very cute pun," I said, for I really did admire the wit behind it. I wish I could write things like that. "But what I'm trying to do is to get to the truth of what happened from someone who was there and saw it all. I think it's important to our nation, to it's people and to the entire world."

That sobered him immediately, for he was really a clean kid.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I really haven't been the same since the convention."

"That's alright," I reassured him. "Now, there are just a few questions I want to ask you in order to clear this up. Now, isn't it right that you went there in order to change things by going through the legal channels and working within the Democratic party but when you found the party to be riddled with bossism and that the party oldtimers completely ignored the wishes of the people in the nation's primaries you marched peacefully in order to show your frustration and anger and you were then brutally attacked by Chicago police even though you were just trying to march without any incidents?"

"Naw, we just wanted to bust a few cops' heads, man. I mean, you should have seen those bottles from the 15th floor. It was really beautiful the way they sailed out there and Whack!, hit some bull right on his damned blue helmet. Man, they were really pigs."

I was shocked. "But what about the convention? All that work all year to get McCarthy elected?"

"Oh, that. We gave up on the election a month ago. We just wanted to raise a little action with the fuzz."

I walked away, dazed. Surely, this could not be one of America's finest who had gone Clean For Gene. Where were all the high motives? The ideals? Then it hit me. Perhaps the other side was right after all. So I called the Chicago police department. When the man answered I introduced myself and explained that I was looking for the truth behind the convention riots.

HE SAID HE had been on the line that night himself and would be glad to explain it.

"Oh," I said, "You don't really have to explain. I just talked to a McCarthy kid who had been there and what he said really shocked me. I think I have it figured out now, I just wanted to confirm it. Now the McCarthy kids came out and provoked you into an open fight in front of the TV cameras even though you were just there to protect the property at the hotel and had orders not to hurt anyone, right?"

"Oh, no. We had orders to get as many of the damned degenerates as we could. After all, you can't have a bunch of Commies and Maoists running around right there in the middle of a national convention. Hell, I caught one little long-haired sissie right on the side of the head. Pow! Went out like a light. Didn't even grunt when my buddy kicked him in the ribs."

BY THIS TIME I was really disconcerted. I had started out to get the truth, and here I had two conflicting reports. How could this be? They were both there.

Then, suddenly, I realized what I was doing wrong. I had asked two people who were involved in the action. I should have asked someone who was there, but who was unprejudiced, completely unbiased and objective. So I went down to the local newspaper and talked with the editor, who had gone and seen the whole thing with an objective set of trained reporter's eyes.

When I explained what I was trying to do, he immediately understood and began telling me the real scoop.

"Oh, it was awful, all those young hoodlums causing all that trouble. Why can't they understand that it's wrong for them to do these things? Why can't they work through the proper channels? All they're doing is hurting themselves. The Chicago police set an example for the rest of the nation."

"But I thought you went as an unbiased observer of the events of our time, an unprejudiced chronicler?" I said, remembering my Journalism School teachings.

"Well, once there, of course, I didn't allow any of my outside feelings to interfere with my reporting. As I always say, a newsman must leave his prejudices at the door anywhere he goes."

"That's commendable," I said, writing it down in my notebook. "But getting back to the question, was it really that bad?"

"Bad? It was terrible the way those unruly students attacked the police. Threw things at them, called them dirty names and spit in their faces. I'll never forget that night."

That did it. I thanked him and left in a mood of despair and frustration. I would never be able to tell my readers the truth. As I went out the door into the sunlight, I angrily kicked a parking meter and a nickel trickled out and bounced on the pavement.

"Hey, you, kid!"

I turned around and it was a Lincoln policeman, getting out his nightstick.

"Now look, officer, I was only . . ."