

DAILY NEBRASKAN

Editorials

The dry season

Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season. The saints of resistance have trod. They have fought in Bolivia, they have marched in Selma, they have suffered cracked heads and weary feet. They have been maced and mangled, beaten and broken.

THEY HAVE dreamed the impossible dream, they have told it on the mountain and they have even threatened the fire next time.

But the beating goes on. That old juggernaut, the Military and Industrial complex which Rules the World, just keeps on rolling on. Che Guevara is dead and gone, Martin Luther King is the dream that might have been. Regis Debray is in jail. Charles DeGaulle is still president of France. Richard Francis Daley is still mayor of Chicago.

And after all that, after the marches and the beatings and the jails and the speeches, the saints have been formulated, they have been pinned; they have been left pinned and wriggling on the wall. But the war goes on.

They even fight on the strange and acrid plains of Nebraska. They form parties, they are concerned; they seek peace and they seek freedom.

We would hope that somewhere, out of all that hoping and talking and fighting and dreaming, some good would come.

IN OMAHA, Ernie Chambers is running for the School Board. If only he could win. In Lincoln, Bruce Hamilton is running for Congress. If only he could win.

But Chambers won't win and Hamilton won't win and the war will go on.

So you see, saints are rather useless creatures after all.

Woodman . . .

Here it is at last. The demonstration in which we can all participate.

THE FACTS are simple. The administration (culprits all) want to cut down all those lovely trees behind Sheldon so that they can build an even more lovely structure (so they say)—a sculpture garden.

No one would really kick about having a sculpture garden. (Depending, of course, on what they put in it.) But when you consider that they intend to tear up the only pretty place on campus to put it there, you begin to wonder.

To be in this demonstration, you don't have to be in SDS or the Peace and Freedom Party. You could even be a Republican. Or a fascist, for that matter.

Just find out what day they're going to cut down the trees, find yourself a perch, and force them to bulldoze you over.

Go Home, Bill

There's a nice, polite little letter from a certain syndicate in my desk. They want to know why I haven't asked Bill Buckley to send us his popular column again.

My, my. You'd think those syndicate people could afford to buy a television set.

Happy reading . . .

The Lincoln Police Department (you know, those boys in blue down on 10th street who polish their nightsticks every night and dream of the day when they'll have a riot of their very own) have subscribed to the Daily Nebraskan.

It's nice to know you're wanted, but in what way?

Jack Todd

Hopscotch?

See Your Local Recruiter	
Class Filled As of May 1st	Classroom Finished By Spring
Advance One Step	
Stand In Line	
Stand In Line	
Pay \$5.00	Get Time Apt. Card
Stand In Line	

Graffiti on the Coliseum Sidewalk.

Happy WEEKEND, NUMBER...



507-62-114



Our man hoppe . . .

Triumphant hour lacks happiness

by Arthur Hoppe
Chicago

Once upon a time in the country called Wonderfaland, there were wars and riots and unease and disillusionment.

Now Wonderfaland was run by those called The Grown-Ups. And it was clear that The Grown-Ups weren't running it very well.

IT WAS clearest of all to The Children "Why can't there be peace and equality and justice and kindness?" they said. "Why? Why? Why?"

"Don't ask so many questions," said The Grown-Ups irritably. "You'll understand just as soon as you're Grown-Ups, too."

The Children swore they would never understand. They vowed to tear down this sorry scheme of things entirely. Only they didn't quite know how.

Then along came a shining knight on a white charger who said he would lead them to peace and equality and justice and kindness.

Some of The Children thought his name was Eugene, some thought it was Bobby. And some came to think it was Teddy. But whatever his name, The Children worshipped The Shining Knight. And they followed him through snows and deserts and valleys and mountains and forests for months and months and thousands and thousands of miles.

At last he lead them to the very citadel of The Grown-Ups, a fortress called Chicago.

THESE WERE club-carrying guards in white helmets as far as The Children could see. And there were Grown-Ups everywhere, openly wheeling and dealing and

maneuvering with public contempt for fairness and justice. "Fear not," cried The Children. "We shall win the battle, for our cause is just and our hearts are pure."

So the battle began. Some of The Children were brutally clubbed. Some were reviled. And all were appalled by how callously and unfairly The Grown-Ups fought.

"If that's the way they want to fight," said The Children, as the tide ran against them, "we'll fight that way, too."

So some who had talked of kindness threw rocks. And some who had talked of fairness tried to wheel and deal. But they didn't know how. And The Shining Knight went down to defeat quickly and easily — just as The Grown-Ups had known he would all along.

Some of The Children wept. "It's not fair," said a beautiful young girl, her large eyes wet with tears. "It's just not fair."

A FEW VOWED to fight on somehow.

But many grew apathetic and disillusioned. "I guess that's the way life is," they said wearily, "and there's not much we can do about it."

At this, The Grown-Ups patted them on their shoulders and said, "See? We told you that you'd understand when you became Grown-Ups, too."

So, as expected, it was a famous victory for The Grown-Ups. An overwhelmingly easy victory, as expected. All as expected.

And the only odd thing in the glorious hour of triumph was that no one was happy about it. Not the old Grown-Ups nor the new Grown-Ups. No one was happy at all.

Moral: So what's so great about growing up?

Larry Eckholt . . .

Riots not needed to save trees

During the summer I wrote a story for the Summer Nebraskan which dealt with trees and causes and progress.

Much concern was shown about a certain Russian Oak on East Campus which was destined to be cut down because of a new entrance to the campus.

THE TREE is still standing because University planners decided that the road could be designed in such a way that the tree might live. In fact, it might even add something to the beauty of the new entrance.

But it had to be pointed out to some people that trees are not just a temporary thing. Given the right growing conditions, the proper care, and some consideration, a particular tree grows for decades.

But now more campus trees are threatened. This time on the City Campus.

For years the University has been talking about a sculpture garden being built near Sheldon Art Gallery. For years, the students have generally anticipated this addition to the campus with great enthusiasm.

But a casual walk through the area proposed for the garden reveals that nearly half of the trees in the area are going to go. Ominous white circles gird those trees which will be saved. Ominous because history suggests that they may not be saved anyway.

MANY OF the trees were to be saved for landscaping the building. Most of them were considered priceless and were tagged for salvation.

Well, the man who operated the bulldozer had the final say. He thought the mark meant that the tree was to go. And they did. In the end most of the trees were finally taken out because they just couldn't be saved.

But some of the trees which will go now are perfectly healthy and just happen to be very pretty. The area is one of a few spots on campus which actually has some grass (the lawn type) left.

I don't think that the sculpture garden is a bad idea.

I like reflecting pools and modern sculpture and benches and everything else connected with the garden. And I appreciate that the Sheldon family thought enough of the cultural needs of the University to bequeath

it with the magnificent gallery itself and the garden which will enhance it.

BUT, THE plain and simple fact is that much will be sacrificed for the garden. And I think some of the trees which are marked for destruction could be saved.

Why does a designer tear up a pretty place to "add" beauty to the campus. Was the area the only area available for the garden? Did it have to be so concentrated? So it looks like the University student body has a perfect issue before it. The perfect demonstration is also coming into sight:

On the day which the trees are to be removed students could gallantly grace various branches. Certainly some kind of negotiations could be worked out without bloodshed. And how many people could call them Maoists for wanting to save trees?

I can hear the chant now: "A riot there doesn't have to be. But only I can save this tree!"

John Schmidt . . .

Soul, rubber and otherwise

In memory of my favorite pair of shoes, my desert suede chuka boots, I am about to relate the following tale of woe.

Desert boots are virtually indestructible with their soft leather uppers and strong crepe soles. A summer of pavement pounding in search for cultural inspiration proved to be the undoing of my crepe soles, as a hole the size of a quarter appeared in my left one.

Hot nights in Lincoln sent me in quest of refreshment for body and soul. The frustration of one place hiking the price of pizza and another the price of "frostie" sent me hiking greater distances in search of pleasure.

Now, as the campus comes alive with many boots and an even greater thirst, it appears

that soul satisfaction is in the near future.

Saturday, September 21, marks the arrival and appearance of the first of three black soul groups in Lincoln. The Checkmates Limited will perform at the University Coliseum for an evening concert and dance.

This is the group that usually plays Caesars Palace in Las Vegas and has brought such comments as, "If I'm ever out of work, The Checkmates Limited is the group I would want to be part of." This comment came from Bill Cosby, one of the many contemporary entertainers who have taken an interest in rock groups.

Woody Allen has said, " . . . they're brilliant musically and extremely funny and they do create a fantastic amount of excitement." This brings

up another point, they put on a fabulous show, one well worth the money and the trek to the Coliseum.

The tighten-up originators from Houston Texas, Archie Bell and the Drells, bring their sounds to Lincoln's Pershing Auditorium on Friday, September 27.

With a sound that sounds bigger than from a four man combo, The Drells conquered the national charts with "The Tighten Up" and other later hits. Another trek which will be well worth the trip, if you sit close to the stage.

If Nebraska weather doesn't cramp his style any more than an International tour did, the Charles Lloyd quartet will entertain the more relaxed outdoor audience at Sheldon Art Gallery on October 4.

All I can say about Charles Lloyd that hasn't already been said is that if you're in the mood for a change, slip a Lloyd record in with that stack of whatever you're listening to and you will be pleasantly surprised.

Incidentally, if anyone has a size 14 desert boot they'd like to loan me (a left one please) I would be able to make these three journeys to an appeasement of my soul at the expense of your sole.

Commentary

Inside report . . .

Kremlin trapped

by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

Washington — The deeper reason for the acute and still-rising alarm in the West over the crisis in Eastern Europe is not so much the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia as the fear that the Kremlin has now allowed itself to be caught in a trap from which there is no exit.

There is deep concern among highly-placed officials, both in the Western and anti-Soviet Communist camps, that the swift movement of several hundred thousand Soviet soldiers into Czechoslovakia was marked by highly erratic if not irrational conduct within the Kremlin.

FOR EXAMPLE, some expert analysts now believe that the prime consideration behind the August 20 occupation was a virtual ultimatum by the Soviet joint staff with a very interesting and uncomfortable motive in mind: To block the projected summit meeting between Soviet Premier Alexei Kosygin and President Johnson.

The first word that these two world leaders had agreed to meet in Geneva to start talks on control of anti-ballistic missile systems reached top-level Soviet officials about August 18. Within two days Soviet troops, with token help from loyal Warsaw Pact allies, had invaded Czechoslovakia. Thus the announcement of the Big Two meeting, scheduled for the following day simultaneously in Washington and Moscow, was nipped in the bud.

Evidence that this military takeover was not preceded by elementary precautions on the political front is too blatant to be ignored.

The Soviet ambassador's glib assurance to the Kremlin that a Quisling government could quickly be installed in Prague turned out to be wholly false. Moreover, the apparent assumption in Moscow that the Czechs would follow the course of least resistance, as they had in 1938 under Hitler's coup and Stalin's own takeover in 1948, ignored the most fundamental fact of political life in the torn and shredded Soviet empire today.

This fact is that the Czech movement toward a free press, economic decentralization, and a Communist party with power coming from the rank and file, not rigidly controlled from the top, is a true reflection of the inexorable direction of Communist satellite politics today, heavily larded with nationalism.

Thus the Czechs correctly see themselves as the wave of the future. In 1938, to the contrary, the obvious wave of the future was Hitler and in 1948 it was Stalin.

BUT EVEN MORE to the point is the apparent lack of consensus within the Kremlin preceding the invasion in favor of an easy policy toward Czechoslovakia, and yet Suslov is generally regarded as an ideological hard-liner and theoretician of party orthodoxy.

On the other side, Wladyslaw Gomułka of Poland and Walter Ulbricht of East Germany are warning Moscow that if there is a Soviet retreat from Czechoslovakia they may not be able to hold their own positions.

Suslov has been trying to put back together the old Moscow-led international Communist world. The Czech occupation has made that impossible, destroying Moscow's credentials in Italy, France, and other countries with minority Communist parties.

Accordingly, the Kremlin is caught in a trap, which is why some well-informed Soviet experts in both the Western and the Communist camps now fear that the Czech affair may be leading straight to the most dangerous East-West confrontation since the Cuban missile crisis or the 1961 Berlin crisis. But in both those situations, one man held the reins of power in Moscow.

Today there is no Nikita Khrushchev. Power is split among half a dozen men, with the military apparently in a new ascendancy, determined to employ mailed-fist solutions for the most subtle, complex political problem — the disintegration of the Soviet empire. Not only is there no single leader to make decisions, there's no apparent way out of the Czech crisis at all. That's why, behind the official facade here, the mood is blacker than at any time in the past six years.

The Skit

Awhile or so ago
General Grant helped Lincoln free the black.
He was a man of history.
He won a war for liberty. (Rah, Rah)
But now, no longer proud,
His ghost is aghast.
For the grass is red and read
In the park that bears his name
And that lady saint of freedom,
her voice a tired siren,
her breath a tear-gas stench,
and her great arm so club weary
that she no longer holds the torch,
Hides her head in Helmets
And is too deaf to hear the beggars.
Too old to know remorse.
For there was a skit in Daley's City,
where on the director's cue,
a roll-call engine outvoted the few,
and it was staged appropriately
in the midst of barb wire and stockyards.
But the title was ill-chosen
For the real "Convention" was on the streets
where the people milled
and where the blood was spilled.
Where the stains on Hilton's gutter
debated Marquee greetings,
"Mayor Daley welcomes you,"
but not you or me, not even Cronkite.
And the Mace Man squirmed
While far away the Bombers bombed
And everywhere People pondered
"oh where, oh where is this place
they call Viet Nam?"
And I, I once pledged allegiance.
But, alas, a pig with a can
sprayed me in the face
And through the blur
A black banner flurried.
And someone whispered
"One nation over the hill"
And I answered
"Divided with liberty for swine
And justice for none."
And I was arrested on TV,
But the camera was busted.

David Bunnell

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