

DAILY NEBRASKAN

Editorials

On persistence: the New Party

In many respects the New Party is like the little dog in Camus's *The Stranger* who has been kicked, cursed and starved by his master but keeps coming back for more.

The system has been kicking and cursing those who oppose the Vietnam War for quite a while, but they keep coming back, most recently in the guise of the New Party.

The members of the New Party feel they have a mission. Before Chicago, many of them felt within reach of success. After Mayor Daley planted a size fourteen in the derriere of the Movement and sent shock waves all the way to Anchorage, political success became an impossibility.

BUT THE NEW PARTY is going to try it again on the theory that they can't leave a job half done.

So there they are, upper-middle class liberal intellectuals all, embarking on another political adventure.

One black student saved their nominating convention from being as illy-white as a Ku Klux Klan meeting, but there is still something of the flavor of the respectable white standing up and saying to the world, "Here we are, the beautiful people, and we're out to save you all."

Enough for the faults, the hang-ups and the problems. Some of the brightest people around here are in the New Party, and they're not ducking the issues or ignoring the facts. Corrupt and inefficient as the system may be, it is with us to stay, and bad-mouthing those who are trying to change it won't do any good.

What the New Party has to say about Vietnam is what Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy said before them. The United States must learn the limits of power, it must not try to be the policeman of the world, and it must accept rapid change as the necessary means to social justice.

AFTER THEIR WORDS on Vietnam, it's a little hard to split hairs between the New Party platform and the daily propaganda of Humphrey and Nixon in regard to domestic issues, with the exception of some strong words against "shoot to kill" edicts designed to curb rioters.

Bruce Hamilton, therefore, is a one-issue candidate, in case no one knew that before. But this issue is big, the biggest since pre-Civil War days. If Hamilton had not another thing going for him (which is not the case) he would deserve election for his stand on Vietnam alone.

The New Party is also sufficiently intelligent and far-sighted to look beyond the election where they will be figuratively kicked and cursed again. They intend to remain a party until their ideas and numbers begin to influence American politics. It's a tough, risky way to get things done, but it is quite possibly the only way.

Assuming, then, that the New Party keeps tagging along after the system and that the system keeps kicking it, that little dog in *The Stranger* again comes to mind.

He took it for quite a while, that persistent little dog, but after the kicking and cursing and starving had gone on a goodly while, he decided he'd had enough. He up and left that mean old man. Left him crying and calling up and down the streets for his dog. But that's another story.

Jack Todd

Commentary

Inside events . . .

Verdict comes as a surprise

by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

Raleigh, N.C. — At a private breakfast in Washington a few days ago, all eight North Carolina Democrats in the House of Representatives polled themselves on the current strength of George Wallace in their own districts.

After a brief discussion by each, the finding was unanimous: third-party Presidential candidate George Wallace would carry all eight districts.

IF THIS were the Deep South, that verdict would scarcely surprise. But North Carolina, of all the Southern states, should be the exception — the one dike against the Wallace tide now surging from the Gulf of Mexico to the Mason-Dixon line. Unfortunately for Humphrey, it isn't. The objective evidence at this early stage in the campaign shows Wallace still gaining and Richard M. Nixon strong. Consequently, Democratic officeholders and candidates are in the throes of an extraordinary effort to put Hubert Humphrey in purgatory and keep him there until Nov. 5.

The effort to ostracize candidate Humphrey really began a month ago when Gov. Dan Moore agreed to run as favorite-son Presidential candidate to give Robert Scott, Democratic nominee for Governor, a place to hide on the Presidential rollcall at Chicago. Scott never did switch his vote from Moore to the Vice President (and, partially as a result of this foresight, he now holds a slight lead over Republican conservative Rep. James Gardner, who has mounted the most resourceful and best-financed Republican campaign for the state house in this century).

At least one of the Democratic Congressional incumbents, Rep. Walter Jones whose 1st District is in the heart of the Wallace country in eastern North Carolina, has gone to extreme lengths to disassociate himself from his party's Presidential ticket. Jones let it be known last week that, if the election is thrown into the House of Representatives where each state would have one vote, he will cast his vote for the winner in his district — almost certain to be Wallace.

For Jones, that is no light threat, because if the Republicans pick up two seats in the election, shifting the balance from the present 8-3 to 6-5, Jones would nullify North Carolina's vote in the unlikely event the election is decided in the House.

Gardner's campaign against Scott is typical of the political game being played here. He is relying heavily on Scott's fear of being tainted with Humphreyism. Television spots now being filmed for saturation coverage next month will feature Humphrey's militant civil rights speech at the 1948 convention back-to-back with Scott's 1964 campaign for the Democratic ticket. Scott was then national chairman of Rural Americans For Johnson-Humphrey Committee.

The only offset to this blatant ostracism of Humphrey is a threat that surfaced here last week by a few Negro leaders to switch their support from Scott to Gardner unless Scott and the regular Democrats radically change course and publicly support Humphrey.

BUT THIS threat, no matter how nobly based, is preposterous. At a closed-door state campaign organization meeting here Thursday, with top Negro Democrats present, a working arrangement was reached: Negro leaders said they would limit their public campaign to the Humphrey-Muskie ticket but would not actively work against Scott.

But the Negro vote, which is less than one-fifth of the total, is a slender reed indeed for Humphrey to lean on. And to make matters even worse, the small but energetic McCarthy organization here is sitting on its hands, waiting for Sen. Eugene McCarthy (now in Europe) to make up his mind about backing Humphrey.

In precinct committee contests last spring, McCarthy men captured better than one-third of the precincts in populous Mecklenburg County (Charlotte) and made deep inroads in Orange County (Durham) and here in Wake County.

"These kids ought to be our shock troops," a top party official told us. "They're what we need for canvassing, doorbell ringing, and all the nuts and bolts, but they're not lifting a finger."

Accordingly, even though Humphrey has a better chance here than in the rest of the South, he's already a distinct underdog in a state that stayed Democratic against Barry Goldwater. It will take events in Washington, such as a change in the President's war policy or an easing of school integration, to change the odds. Events here are out of Humphrey's control.

A lonely brick lover.

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Larry Grossman . . .

Guevara ranked as martyr

A burst of machine gun fire ended the life of Che Guevara last October. His dream of becoming the guerrilla liberator of South America died with him. Since his death, the publicity surrounding the publication of his Bolivian diary has promoted Che to the rank of the holy martyr for the international student left.

Guevara was neither the "saint who went into the mountains" as he has been canonized by his radical adherents, nor was he the brutal agent of death and destruction as his enemies have castigated him. The truth lies somewhere between the two.

ERNESTO GUEVARA Lynch was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina of Spanish-Irish parents. (He would earn the nickname of "El Che" from his companions in the Cuban guerrilla war.) His chronic asthma prompted his family to move from Buenos Aires to the higher altitudes of the city of Cordoba when he was a young child.

The Guevara family belonged to the old colonial aristocracy but was intellectual and democratic in its attitudes. Their Cordoba home was the gathering point for members of all classes of Argentine society. Che's compassion for the poor had its roots here.

After completing his high school studies, Che decided upon a career in medicine. He entered the University of Buenos Aires in 1947 and remained until 1952 when he left for a tour of South America.

With a companion, Guevara attempted to cross the Andes Mountains into Chile on a motorbike. The bike failed and the two walked most of the way. From Chile, the two went north to Peru and spent several months working in a leper colony in the Amazon jungle. They then built a raft and sailed down the Amazon to Leticia on the Brazil-Colombia border. They went north to Bogota and east to Venezuela.

He returned home in 1953 and successfully completed his work for a medical degree. He still was restless though and once again set off for more travels in South America. He spent some time in Bolivia working in a leprosy hospital and then headed north to Central America.

His first met anti-Batista Cubans in San Jose, Costa Rica where there was a colony of student exiles. They told him of the Castro brothers, Fidel and Raul, and their abortive attack of July 26, 1953 on a Batista army barracks in Cuba.

GUATEMALA WAS the next stop for Guevara and it was here that he changed from an apolitical doctor to a converted revolutionary. He was present when a C.I.A.-backed coup toppled a communist leaning government in that Central American country. He became involved in the struggle and was forced to flee to Mexico where he met the Castro brothers.

He was part of the small army that landed in Cuba in 1956 and which conquered the island in two years. After the Castro takeover, Guevara served as head of the Bank of Cuba. He then disappeared from public view only to reappear in the highlands of Bolivia in 1966.

The rest of his story is current history. He attempted to recreate a Cuban style revolution in the Andes Mountains but was defeated by the harsh terrain and the indifference of the people.

I cannot held feeling that Guevara followed the wrong course in his life. Latin America is desperately crying out for fundamental social and economic reforms. Che's answer was violent revolution. Two problems immediately come to mind.

First, Guevara and Castro both proposed rural-based revolutions to aid the peasant,

the most oppressed man in Latin society. Yet it is the poor farmer who is the first to suffer by a guerrilla action. He is inevitably caught in the crossfire between government and guerrilla forces.

Second, if one may use Cuba or Viet Nam as examples, any guerrilla war waged by communist-inspired forces becomes the pawn in a game of Great Power Politics. Castro wanted a Cuba free of U.S. influence. He now has it, but the Russians have filled the gap left by our exit. Without Russia, Cuba would be in far worse straits than those Castro has brought it to with his revolutionary economics and his Marxist-Leninist freedom.

THE DEATH OF Guevara has not ended the threat of guerrilla style wars of national liberation in Latin America. But his death should be an urgent warning sign to the United States and to the peoples of Latin America to wake up and eliminate the inequities of society in this hemisphere.

Where reforms have taken place in Latin America, the false promises of a Guevara or a Castro have no meaning. But will sufficient reforms come in time? Even now the ghost of Che is marching through the Andes and it is not a quiet one.

Our Man Hoppe . . .

Spiro T. learns to fight

by Arthur Hoppe

Good morning, insomniacs. Welcome again to the Awful Late Show, featuring that awful old movie, "The Comeback Kid" — starring Dick as the middle-aged middleweight who hasn't won a fight for 16 years and his loyal wife, Pat.

As we join The Kid today, he's come a long way up the old comeback trail. And now the crafty, ring-wise veteran is training for another shot at the title. That's him there, working out with his unforgettable new sparring mate, Spiro T. Whatshisname.

The Kid (Glowingly): The gamblers figure me a 2-1 favorite. Hubert's lost his punch and there's dissension in his camp. (Frowning) My only worry is that I've peaked too early.

Spiro: You'll knock him out in the first, Boss.

The Kid: I'd better. Look, let's work on my strategy. You be Hubert and I'll be me.

Spiro: How do I be Hubert?

The Kid: Look flabby, get on the defensive and smile a lot. Good, you're Hubert. Now try to go to your right.

Spiro: Oooff!

The Kid: See? I nalled you with my Straight-from-the-Shoulder Left Jab to the Button. I've got Hubert boxed in. He can't go either way.

Spiro: (admiringly): You're

a real crowd-pleaser, Boss. I know because I've been studying your style for years.

The Kid: Great! I've been wondering if Hubert could work out a secret defense. Tell you what, you be me and I'll be Hubert. Now, try to hit me.

Spiro (crochng low): Okay, Hubert, take that!

The Kid (doubled over): Oooooo! Hew, you hit me below the belt!

Spiro (proudly): That was my Soft - on - Communism Undercut. And watch this.

The Kid (hopping on one foot): Ouch! My toe!

Spiro: That was my Party-of-Treason Stomp Out, (Lowering his head) Now, here comes my I'm-Not-Calling-You-a-Commie Butt.

The Kid, on the ropes): Cut that out! Where did you learn to fight dirty like that?

Piro (Surprised): Why, from your old film clips. Boss. Now here's my . . .

The Kid (Angrily): That

style's 20 years behind the times and I won't be associated with it. One more low blow, Spiro, and the press won't have you to kick around any more.

Spiro (Crestfallen): Gosh, Boss, I thought you'd say, "He's my boy." Or that I was "cleaner than a hound's

tooth."

The Kid (Taking pity): Well, you do show promise, Spiro. But there's one thing you've got to remember in the fight game.

Spiro (Eagerly): What's that, Boss?

The Kid (Nobley): Never, never hit a man below the belt, Spiro, when you're well ahead on points.

CAMPUS OPINION

It has been noted that Oldfather Hall and the Student Union are of predominantly brick construction. This represents much intelligence on the part of the University planners.

If you compare the new construction with the flimsy construction of the more recent dorms, you will quickly see why this is so.

BRICK HAS proven itself

as a good and durable building material. Some of the new dorms, however, have already given indications of not being able to last more than about 25 years. Thus the brick buildings should outlast the dorms by 150 years or more.

Now, the University of Nebraska planners know how hard it is to obtain money for office and classroom buildings; so when they do build one they want it to last a long time.

On the other hand, the dorms do not need to last as long, because there will always be more students, they can always keep raising the dorm rates, to build more and more new dorms.

When you really think about it "they ain't so stupid as they looks."

of men and words

June '68

by Andrei Voznesensky

Wild swans, wild swans, wild swans, Northward, northward bound Kennedy . . . Kennedy . . . the heart Breaks at the sound.

Of foreign politics Not much may be understood; But I do understand

A white cheek bathed with blood. The pool of TV screens

In his funeral auto rides . . . With bullets, bullets, bullets Madmen proselytize.

When absently he shook That head while yet intact I thought of Yessenin

With his tumbling forelock: As on that poet's brow

A sickle-moon would brood— For public effect, they thought, But proved to be for blood.

How defenseless the challenger, Politician or poet

When he topples to gunshot Right through the TV set!

Oh, the roots of apple trees Torn from orchard soil,

Moira high on her balcony There on the thirtieth floor!

Apple trees, apple trees . . . Curse those bloody trees!

Let skyscraper-apples grieve, God, but to guard a grave.

From the New Republic

Note: Voznesensky refers to apple trees that he remembers having seen on the balcony of Mrs. John F. Kennedy's Fifth Avenue apartment, which is on the fifteenth rather than on the thirtieth floor; Sergei Yessenin, famous Soviet lyric poet, committed suicide in 1925 at the age of thirty.

This translation is by William Jay Smith and Nicholas Fersen.