

DAILY NEBRASKAN

Editorials

Commentary

'Of what was I found guilty?'

I sing of Olaf glad and big whose warmest heart recoiled at war, a conscientious objector

E. E. CUMMINGS

Perhaps the great tribute to the framers of our Constitution and to the various lawmakers who succeeded them is the success they have had in transforming law into moral right. This task, so essential to the maintenance of any kind of governing system, has been carried out to the point that, for a while at least, the United States government has succeeded in convincing its people that the draft is moral.

One of the few virtues of the Vietnam War is that it has called attention to the fact, obvious as it should have been, that legality does not necessarily constitute morality. This knowledge has not only led to widespread resistance to the war and the draft, but has also fostered resistance to all the other system cliches.

Whether or not a universal morality exists as such, the selective service system is a tower of immorality under any philosophy.

Just last week an Iowa judge sentenced a 19-year-old Iowa youth, John Michael Brand, to six years in prison for refusing to take the ceremonial step forward at the Omaha Induction Center April 4.

Brand's case, if legality and morality were at all the same, should have been cut and dried.

He is a member of Jehovah's Witnesses, a religious sect unequivocally opposed to war. During World War II Brand's father served two prison sentences when he twice refused induction into the military.

Brand's case has none of the complexities of resistance to this particular war. He is a conscientious objector, pure and simple. Our laws, however, are not constructed to allow for the intrusion of morality into our "democratic" system.

Young Brand considerably upset the judge who sentenced him by asking, "Now that I am being sent to prison on equal terms with murderers, rapists and robbers, I would like to know what I was found guilty of."

The fact is that John Michael Brand is not guilty. He is innocent in the classical sense. He is courageous beyond the understanding of those who uphold our laws.

Only a nation long accustomed to upholding the law, no matter how immoral it may be, would dare hold him prisoner.

Jack Todd

George Kaufman . . .

Waiting pays off?

The other day I finally broke down and admitted to myself that I had really been missing out on the good life in college by never joining out to a fraternity.

But since none of the frats on campus would have anything to do with me by now, I decided to form my own. I got together a bunch of old dormie friends who admitted it had been in the back of their minds for a long time, too, and we agreed to set one up.

I PLACED a long-distance call to Mr. Cecil Downbridge, the national secretary of the Fraternity Registration and Coordination Commission in New York.

When I explained to him that we wanted to form a new fraternity he sighed and said, "Dear me, I wish you'd called me sooner."

"Why?" I asked apprehensively.

"Well, we just gave away the last fraternity name yesterday to a bunch of boys in Tucson, Arizona."

"You what?"

"We just ran out of combinations of Greek letters, that's all. In fact, I'm afraid we hedged a bit in giving a name to the Tucson group. We had to call them Alpha Gamma Yoi."

"ALPHA GAMMA YOI?" I replied incredulously.

"Well, it was a Jewish fraternity, so we felt we could get away with it, but I'm afraid we can't stretch it any further."

"Well," I said, crestfallen, "I guess that's that."

He noted the tone of disappointment in my voice. "Well, perhaps we could set you up with all the other things and wait for a house to lose accreditation or something. That's happening all the time. Then you could take their name."

"That would certainly be nice of you," I said, sensing a ray of hope.

"I'll tell you what," continued Mr. Downbridge enthusiastically. "We still have several secret handshakes left and, fortunately, one secret oath. Of course, you'll have to devise your own initiation rites and all that."

"OF COURSE," I replied, elated.

"You're very fortunate, though. We have several new Corvettes, one 1954 MG and two Austin-Healeys left to rent out by the month which you can place out in front of your house. And, for just a little extra, you can hire out young men to follow you around all day and shoot across the classroom. Are you going to be AT THE HOUSE tonight? That's always impressive."

A thrill ran up my backbone at the very thought.

"But there's only one important thing," I broke in.

"One of our guys is, well . . . you know . . . colored . . ."

There was a pause at the other end of the line.

"Maybe we ARE rushing things a bit," came the voice then. "Perhaps we should wait until a name's available to go ahead with all these things. PU give you a call then, all right?"

"But . . ." He had hung up.

WHEN I told the guys we would have to wait, they were all very let down. But we're still patiently waiting for that call and not one of us has thrown away our V-neck sweaters and London Fog jackets.

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A HOPEFUL YOUNG MAN WHO RAN AWAY FROM HOME TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE.

BUT HE HAD A TERRIBLE SENSE OF DIRECTION, AND KEPT GOING AROUND IN CIRCLES.

AND BEING NOT IN THE LEAST AN OBSERVANT, NEVER NOTICED THAT HE ALWAYS ENDED UP EXACTLY WHERE HE BEGAN.

SO THAT NO MATTER WHERE HE ARRIVED AT, IT WAS EVERY BIT AS BAD AS THE PLACE HE'D JUST BEEN.



HE CAN NOT PROGRESS. HE CONCLUDED, AND THOROUGHLY DISILLUSIONED, HE RETURNED HOME.

WHERE BECAUSE OF THE KNOWLEDGE GAINED OUT OF MANY YEARS OF TRAVEL, HE WAS LOOKED UP TO AS A TEACHER AND A LEADER OF MEN.

AND BECAME SO INFLUENTIAL HE NEVER HAD TO SEEK AFTER HIS FORTUNE OR ANYTHING ELSE AGAIN.

MORAL: MAN CAN PROGRESS



Our man Hoppe . . .

Shirley Temple meets the Russians

by Arthur Hoppe

No political commentator has yet come up with an adequate explanation of the Russians' erratic behavior since they stormed into Czechoslovakia, quickly capturing Prague, Bratislava and Shirley Temple.

First they looked tough, then they looked sheepish and for the past few weeks they've merely looked bewildered.

THE ANSWER would seem obvious to anyone who wept over "Little Miss Marker," "Little Miss Broadway" or "The Littlest Rebel." It's obvious to me and my friend, Mr. Mark Hawkins, the noted political commentator. In fact, we're working on a movie scenario entitled, "Little Miss America."

Open on a scene in the Kremlin. The General (played by Akim Tamiroff) is receiving his orders from the Commissars. The General: Invade Czechoslovakia? But why,

Comrades? What is this treasure they have that we must capture — this treasure that will bring the American imperialists to their knees?

The Head Commissar (smiling cruelly): Little Miss America!

The General (elated): The very symbol of Americanism! The one thing all Americans over 40 cherish. I see it now, we capture her, force her to extol Communism and thereby destroy their will to resist. I shall order my tanks to roll at once. Here are my plans . . .

The Head Commissar (nervously): The CIA may be listening. Speak Russian.

(Fade to montage of rumbling tanks, blasting artillery and diving bombers. Cut to square outside a hotel. Ringed by Soviet tanks and a volley-equipped soldiers, bravely stands Little Miss America — played by Shirley Temple. The General strides forward.)

The General: Aha! Victory is ours!

Shirley (kicking him in the shin before being restrained by a brutal soldier): I think you're mean, squashing a nice little country.

The General: What's one squashed country when we shall win the world? Now repeat after me, "Hooray for the Revolution! All power to the Soviets!"

Shirley (thrusting forth her chin): Never! And you better let me go 'cause Ronnie and George are signing up a Shirley Temple Brigade to come free me and John Wayne's going to lead it himself. So there.

The General (blanching): John Wayne! But no, he wouldn't dare, not while I have you in my tender mercies.

Shirley (pouting prettily): Golly Whillikers, I guess I've got to use my Secret Weapon then.

(A single tear courses down her cheek. At the sight of it, the General begins to sob, the soldiers lower their bayonets and scuff their toes, and the guns on the tanks droop to the ground. Cut to Shirley, marching across the border to freedom, carrying an American flag, to be met by a CIA agent played by Bo-jangles Robinson.)

Well, the rest of the scenario can be told briefly: Shirley goes home to a boffo lecture tour. The General, clutching her picture to his lips, loses at Russian Roulette. And the Soviets, now all good guys, free Party Secretary Dubcek, kick out a lot of Czech Stalinists and are only sticking around Prague to see if they can't somehow make amends.

So it's a great scenario and a great explanation. But so far, no one will buy it. And that's odd when you consider the ones they do.

Chronicle Features

Inside report . . .

RFK's manuscript causes uproar

by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

New York — A manuscript by Sen. Robert F. Kennedy on the 1962 Cuban missile crisis, its very existence kept secret from the public until this week, threw the world of publishing into an uproar and may soon have a similar impact on Washington.

Confidential negotiations for posthumous publication of the manuscript (only 90 pages long) finally concluded on Thursday with an amazing \$1,000,000 agreed by McCall's Magazine to be paid for magazine and book rights. When published, Kennedy's last book will disclose how much the missile crisis was handled personally by the Kennedy brothers and how little Dean Rusk, as Secretary of State, had to do with it.

THE MANUSCRIPT'S origin was a request last year from the New York Times Magazine for Kennedy to write an account of the missile crisis to commemorate its fifth anniversary. Kennedy agreed, but his manuscript soon exceeded magazine length. At the time of his death, Kennedy had completed the narrative in 90 pages but was still polishing the prose.

After the assassination, the Kennedy family turned the manuscript over to Theodore Sorensen, who edited it and proceeded to offer publication rights at prices that have a stounded the publishing world.

Sorensen sold the serial rights to McCall's with McCall's also having book publication rights. The manuscript will include a preface by former British

Prime Minister Harold Macmillan (whose publishing firm has bought British book rights) and an introduction by former Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara.

With seven major New York publishing houses in on the bidding, Sorensen had the highest offer was around \$300,000 from Doubleday.

Those who have seen the manuscript say it is surely Robert Kennedy's own work with few editorial intrusions by Sorensen. Moreover, it reveals as never before the intimate role played in the missile crisis by Attorney General Kennedy, including details of his conferences with Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin.

Management of the crisis is shown in the hands of the Kennedy brothers with Rusk relegated to a minor role. There is one poignant scene where John and Robert Kennedy, at the peak of the crisis, reminisce over how they had stood together previously in times of personal stress, particularly when their older brother, Joe, Jr., died.

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Edward Brooke of Massachusetts are pushing him to be Nixon's Attorney General. The appointment of a Negro to this critical position would produce screams of outrage from Nixon's Southern supporters.

Tight Democratic Money

Well-heeled New Yorkers who contributed so generously to Sen. Eugene McCarthy's Presidential campaign have tended to close their wallets for local anti-war candidates. That's what Gov. Harold Hughes of Iowa found in a recent unpublicized fund-raising expedition to New York.

Hughes, who has an excellent shot at winning a Republican seat in the U.S. Senate, met with liberal fat-cats at Manhattan's St. Regis Hotel in hopes of raising at least \$30,000. As it turned out, he was lucky to end up with pledges of \$19,000.

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Campus Opinion

Dear editor: When will the DN leftist guru come through "the mirror darkly" and cease to condemn the anti-colonialist left. The Nigerian genocide is in effect a Great Britain neo-colonialist economic coup of Biafran oil fields. I can document (i.e. Ramparts 9/7/68). Wake up. "The whole world is watching."

John Dietz . . .

Free life begins

S: Please, Master, more food. M: Work harder, slave, and we'll both have more food.

II S: Master, me and the other slaves need more food tonight so's we can do better tomorrow.

M: Slave, you're MY slave. You first work better, then, just maybe, I'll give you a little more to eat.

III S: Old man, me an' my brothers are going to eat all the food we please tonight and tomorrow and the next day. Then, just maybe, we'll go work in those fields.

M: Animal! I'll get my friends and we'll maim your children, rape your women and hang you, if you try that!

S: Oh? And after this, after you've killed us all, who will do your work? Don't be a fool. Don't be afraid. Come. Join us in the field. Or if you'd rather just watch and eat, that's all right because somehow we'll manage to support you. Only . . . from now on, there'll be no more master, no more slave, and no more hungry people.

A question concerning the tactic of direct confrontation arose the other day when I was speaking before a group of clergy and laymen on the western edge of Nebraska's Sand Hills region. A lady asked how the risk of violent reprisal through confrontation could be reconciled with my philosophy of love and nonviolence (radical politics). Specifically, we "demonstrators" knew the police would use violence against us in Chicago, were we not therefore responsible for that violence? Should we not therefore have avoided the confrontation?

I HEDGED then. I hesitate now in stating we were not responsible for that violence. Yet obviously, the violence itself was not needed, and that is the most immediate and important point. We could have slept in the parks in peace. We could have marched in an orderly fashion to the Amphitheater without a single cop or trooper. The Mobilization Committee had trained several dozens of parade marshalls to insure that organized protests would also be orderly ones. The demonstrators were nearly all intelligent, responsible, white, middle-class youth ready to follow the leadership of the "Mob." Those who care to Chicago were ones who had not been intimidated by the many threats from the Chicago power structure.

Yet this organized, self-governing nature of the group was, to me, one of the things which most provoked King Daley's fear of us. He saw several thousands of persons massed into an autonomous state. We challenged the top cat's power, and he defended it with might and main.

We did not say, "Please, Master." We did not accept tokenism. We were a free, self-governing body of persons within his domain. We would not be slaves to Daley or the police.

En masse, we demanded our constitutional rights of assembly and free speech. Failing to appease or terrify the ten thousand demonstrators, unwilling to accept them as an autonomous power block, the Chicago power structure openly resorted to violence.

The Battle of Chicago was won by the forcelessness of Love (Yippies called it a Festival of Life) because the forces of fear and violence were unable to conceal the truth from the public. Our skins were not black or red, and it was only in rare instances that a few lost courage and returned violence for violence. It became a great victory, however, because the whole world WAS watching and listening. The truth was not concealed. I predict an attempt will be made to cut down the instances of free coverage which the radio and television press enjoyed in Chicago, once Nixon or Wallace takes office.)

DALEY TIPPED the hand of America's entire power structure that week in Chicago. Now the white-skins are angry.

We recognize that certain of our actions, taken in the name of love and freedom, may well frighten the King Daleys of this world into employing their everyday violence against our action. They would have us be silent. Yet the silence of confusion or dissent is slavery. It is silence, it is self-submission to slavery which permits brothers like Daley to become masters. We all do suffer from violence but it's better to suffer the violence now than to submit forever to slavery and ignominy.

Phil