

# DAILY NEBRASKAN

## Editorials

### Guess who didn't come to dinner

There they were, 31 white, smiling faces. The ASUN Human Rights Committee, ready, willing, and primed for work. With them was one black student.

The Human Rights group wants to work in the areas of education, communication and housing to make good the promise of our laws that discrimination will be a thing of the past.

Until the composition of the Committee is changed, however, they might as well whistle into the wind.

IDEALLY, the Human Rights Committee should be made up of blacks and whites in equal balance working toward a common goal. This is what the white students who showed up Thursday night want. Unless things change radically and soon, it is not what they will have.

Those 31 painfully embarrassed whites agreed to do everything in their power to persuade blacks that the Committee is theirs, that without them the whole concept will not work.

This is a plea to black students. Perhaps things have gone too far. Perhaps there is no turning back; no alternative except dividing blacks and whites into two groups, each attempting to destroy the other. Perhaps.

The present members of the Human Rights Committee did not come because they were afraid their homes would be burned. They did not come with high-minded ideas about saving the blacks. They came because they want to educate the rest of the white community. They came because they believe there is still hope and there is still time.

THEY WANT black students to test them and to work with them. If you are a black student, the decision is yours. Try those who are already in. You will not find them wanting.

This is no do-or-die proposal. The failure of this Committee will not make a great difference to the civil rights movement. If the idea works, it will mean only a few houses opened to blacks, only one or two courses in black history and black literature, only a few minds opened to new concepts.

Think about it. If it's not your bag, don't worry about it. If you like the idea, go to the next meeting. It just may work.

Jack Todd

### Dan Looker . . .

### Terrible trivia

The other day Jack Todd told me he needed a column for Friday's paper. Before you read any further I should warn you that this one is terrible.

I am about to donate to the campus a few of my favorite anecdotes from a private collection of obscure jokes. They might come in handy in your speech class for comic relief, or you could use them next spring to impress students if you're running for student senate.

ANYWAY, THEY'RE uncopyrighted and are available to everyone.

Edgar Eisenhower has started a campaign to "Stop American trade with communist countries." No one really knows who Edgar is but with that last name he must be related to that well-known dynamic family of aristocratic statesmen — the Eisenhowers.

A group of campus "rebels," as people over 25 call them, have been looking for an issue for several months and, since an Eisenhower has added the prestige of his name to this cause, they have latched onto it.

Watch for posters on campus reading: "Be the first one on your floor to boycott Polish sausage!!"

A few years ago the John Birch Society claimed it had discovered a communist plot to kill all of our older, conservative Republican Congressmen. The communists, it claimed, had planted radioactive isotopes in the chairs of these legislators in the House and Senate Chambers.

Unfortunately, it didn't work, and not very many of them passed on. Many of them were seriously injured, however, and that's why today there are so many half-assed Republican congressmen running around.

STRANGELY ENOUGH, the southern Democrats were immune — due to a strategic concentration of lead.

Even though George Wallace may disagree, many scholars and educators currently do not believe that the solutions to American racial problems are black and white.

### Riddle of the Week

A student who is reported to be liberal was talking to another student. "Gosh, I worked at a factory in Denver last summer with Negroes and they were pretty good heads. They're really not so different from us and they have a great sense of humor. I think we ought to do all we can to help them."

Why will that student get a cold reception from most blacks that he meets?

Well, all I can say is that I did warn you. The answer to the riddle, which really isn't funny at all but very sad, will be in next week's column.



I'm Independent!  
I don't need anyone  
for anything! I stand  
alone like a rock!  
I . . . . . say, does  
anyone have the time?

### Our man Hoppe . . .

## President Wallace keeps promises

The election of George Wallace to the Presidency in November of 1968 through a coalition of Southern States, Border States, Northern suburbs and other bigots came as no surprise to astute political observers. But his first day in the White House did.

For President Wallace kept every single one of his campaign promises.

IT WAS A most productive first day in office. Arising early, the President went for a drive, ran over a Hippie, threw a briefcase-toting bureaucrat in the Potomac, ran over a Yippie, grabbed a pseudo-intellectual by his beard and tossed him under a specially-constructed jailhouse on the South Lawn and, well-refreshed, called in his new Secretary of State, Orville Crackers of Tallahassee, Ga.

"First smack dab thing,

Orville," said the President, "I want you to cut all these snot-nosed furrin States off at the pockets and not give 'em one more dime of our hard-earned money."

"Right as rain, George," said the Secretary. "Lessee, there's New York, Oregon, Vermont. . ."

"And don't forget them there other ones overseas," said the President, "whatever their names are. Now bring in them Generals."

When the Joint Chiefs of Staff had assembled, the President said, "Lookit here, boys, if I give you half a million more men and a couple a billion more dollars, can you win that there war in vee-yat-nam P.D.Q.?"

The Generals looked startled. "Well, Mr. President," said one, "I think we could safely promise great progress

toward the light at the end of the. . ."

"I FIGURED as much," said the President. "Go git our boys back home and tell them slanty-eyed gooks they ain't fit for a white man to fight for."

Having re-made U.S. foreign and fiscal policies and ended the war in Vietnam, President Wallace had a leisurely lunch before calling up his new Attorney Gen. Melvin Murd of Pinole, Miss., to remind him to throw all the crooks in the country in jail.

"And you'd better toss in the Supreme Court, too, Melvin, and the pinko press for good measure," said the President. "And if any of them pseudo-intellectuals raise a fuss, beat a little law and order into their thick skulls."

Having kept every single campaign promise, Mr.

Wallace couldn't think of anything else to do. So he resigned before dinner.

Unfortunately, as he was leaving town, he mistook the bearded Russian Ambassador for a briefcase-carrying Hippie. Confused, he ran over the briefcase and threw the Ambassador in the Potomac.

An angry Moscow called on the Hot Line. But seeing Mr. Wallace had never gotten around to picking a Vice President, no one answered. The frustrated Soviets launched a nuclear attack, wiping out the U.S.

BUT AS MR. Wallace himself had often said during his campaign, "Ah'm livin' proof that anybody can be President of these here United States."

Which is certainly true. And let's not forget it.

Chronicle-Features

### Curt Donaldson . . .

## Issues, problems to be discussed

Some institutions work only for self-perpetuation and blind growth. But a university is different. At the University of Nebraska there are people working to see that the fulfillment of individual choice be this institution's justification.

If her students are not fully enabled to enjoy American society, they at least are prepared to enter it — this in contrast to French universities, whose graduates cannot get jobs in a modern economy.

YET WE CAN and must see the possibility of a better University for students. The last ten years have seen the University struggling hard simply to find teachers and space for 100% more students. Today growth in numbers slows; we can now reasonably work for a growth in the quality of teaching, of curriculum, of learning.

This column is the first in a series seeking a vision of this better University. Contributing will be students, faculty and administrators who are working to solve problems, to realize new innovations for teaching and learning. We will be asking and trying to answer some of the hard questions about the community of scholars: Why is the registration system fouled up? Why must a freshman start in an upper level language course even if he has had no language course in the last two years?

Are faculty advisors much help? Why are freshmen, who could benefit the most from small classes, sitting in the largest? Are there students in the midst of the draft deferred and happy husband hunters?

Do graduate students care about teaching? What would happen if a student could

design his own course of study? Will a quarter system be good for students? Why do we need a residential college? These are some of the questions we must all ask.

We will talk about problems, issues and individual innovations. But through all this we will keep in sight the reality of the community of scholars. It is here at NU.

We are students whether we see it as a job or as a good way to live. We are a community, however, fragmented into tired classes. And it's the only University we've got.

## CAMPUS OPINION

Dear Editor,  
Having been out of the service about four months now, and having attended the University of Nebraska for about three weeks, it didn't take me long to see what's happening here on campus in the way of propaganda!

The so-called newspaper known as The Daily Nebraskan has constantly put out anti-war, anti-draft, and, to me, anti-American articles in the hopes of undermining our faith in America. But the editorial page of Thursday, September 26, 1968, was the final clincher.

My Marine Corps pride could stand it no longer. I just want to say that, by God, you people on the staff of the paper had just better be damn thankful for the U.S.

Marines because they're just part of the many who are fighting and dying in the rice paddies of Viet Nam to keep you free.

Your cartoon was inconsiderate, out of place, totally absurd, and very disgusting! Former Sgt.-U.S. Marines and damn proud of it.

Dear Mr. Jack Todd:  
We are not interested if this letter is printed in the Daily Nebraskan, but we would like to set your derelict mind straight.

In these times of confusion, one would expect at least that the university news media would seek truth and clarity, not emotionalism and falsehood.

YOU DISHONOR newcomers of Sandoz II by insinuating that we were not

proud to wear headcovering that depicted us as such.

If you had asked, you would have known.

You say our Sandoz II upperclassmen are "misguided." We do not think so.

If you had checked, you would have known.

You call the praise of involvement of our upperclassmen by Mrs. Hoon, our residence director, ridiculous. We do not agree.

If you had cared to print the truth, you would have known.

IN GENERAL, you have highly distorted and exaggerated at our expense, comparing our acts to the Gestapo.

Again, we find this false. Again, we exclaim: If you had asked us, you would have known!

We are proud of all the actions of Sandoz II taken in this vein, and take this chance to publicly thank the upperclassmen of Sandoz II for showing the interest, the enthusiasm, and the initiative to make us newcomers welcome, accepted, and at ease in a new environment.

As for you, Mr. Journalist (?), it is your business to seek, above all, the truth. May we suggest that you start minding your business? It has been highly neglected.

10 Newcomers to Sandoz II

## Commentary

Inside report . . .

### Coalition splits

by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

Rockville Centre, N.Y. — By any rational standard, the Long Island AFL-CIO should have had no difficulty endorsing Allard K. Lowenstein, nominee of the Democratic and Liberal parties, for Congress from suburban Nassau County's South Shore.

Lowenstein, 39, an ardent and articulate liberal of national stature, would be a sure vote for organized labor on Capitol Hill. Besides, his opponent is right-wing ideologue Mason Hampton, who has described a liberal as "a Democrat with his brains kicked out." A leader of New York's Conservative Party, Hampton wangled the Republican Congressional nomination in a backroom deal. If Hampton, once elected to Congress, gave labor a single vote, it would be accidental.

YET, WHEN Lowenstein was ushered into a 40-minute closed-door session with labor potentates at the Garden City Hotel one afternoon last week, bread-and-butter issues that once moved labor's heart were not mentioned. Rather, the labor chiefs kept peppering Lowenstein with one question: Why don't you endorse Hubert Humphrey for President?

The representative of the Plumbers Union was particularly insistent. By failing to back Humphrey because of his Vietnam stance, dove Lowenstein would insure that the Vice President could not carry his district. That being the case, the plumber implied, labor would make sure that Lowenstein also was a loser.

Lowenstein, a founder of last fall's national "dump Johnson" movement which evolved into the McCarthy campaign, explained that his endorsement of Humphrey would have little impact on the certain loss of Humphrey in this district. His argument hit a stone wall. As Lowenstein had suspected all along, the Long Island AFL-CIO that night refused to endorse him.

This exercise in irrationality is only the latest in a series of attacks from pro-Humphrey Democrats here that makes it likely Lowenstein would lose to Hampton in this marginal district. And that has dire national implications for the Democratic Party.

Lowenstein's loss in itself would be significant. With Sen. Eugene McCarthy sunning himself in the south of France, Al Lowenstein is one of the few peace Democrats pleading with radical youths to keep faith with the political process rather than enlist in comic opera revolutions of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) or flee in exile to Montreal. Should Lowenstein lose, thanks to sabotage from regular Democrats, one last shred of hope in the system by youths who have come here from all parts of the country will be destroyed.

But beyond Lowenstein, this Congressional race reflects in somewhat exaggerated terms the decomposition of the old Democratic coalition under stress of the Vietnam War.

THE REBUFF from labor was only the most recent assault on Lowenstein since returning here from the Chicago convention. The Liberal party demanded his support of Humphrey as the price for its endorsement. But he won it anyway by force of rhetoric. Local Democrats have attempted to insure his defeat by entering another Jewish Democratic candidate under the standard of the "United Independent Party." One regular Democratic leader last week informed him that he would inform his followers to vote for Hampton unless Lowenstein embraces Humphrey.

Yet, Humphrey's decision not to abandon President Johnson on Vietnam, Lowenstein would lose far more than he would gain by backing him now.

Late that night, after labor rebuffed him, Lowenstein was backed into the corner of the kitchen at a cocktail party of his supporters here. Several were furious, charging he had betrayed "the movement" by endorsing regular party candidates for state senator and state assemblyman from their district. If he had also backed the Humphrey-Muskie ticket, they would have bodily ejected him from the kitchen.

All this points to the incompatibility of today's Democratic coalition. Doves and regulars can no longer cooperate with each other in the interest of beating Republicans but, instead, blame each other for impending defeats.

Furthermore, crumbling of the coalition at the grass roots reveals the superficiality of claims of unity from state Humphrey headquarters now established, tardily, at Manhattan's Dryden East hotel. Although McCarthy and Humphrey leaders embrace each other there, their rank-and-file supporters were on Long Island continue the blood feud that can be satiated only by catastrophe on Nov. 5.

### of men and words

Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And hark! what discord follows; each thing meets  
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
And make a sop of all this solid globe;  
Strength should be lord of imbecility  
And the rude son should strike his father dead:  
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong—  
wrong—  
Between whose endless jar justice resides—  
Should lose their names, and so should justice  
too  
Then every thing includes itself in power,  
Power into wills, will into appetite;  
And appetite, a universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded with will and power,  
Must make mere performance a universal prey,  
And last eat up himself.  
Shakespeare, Troilus and Cressida