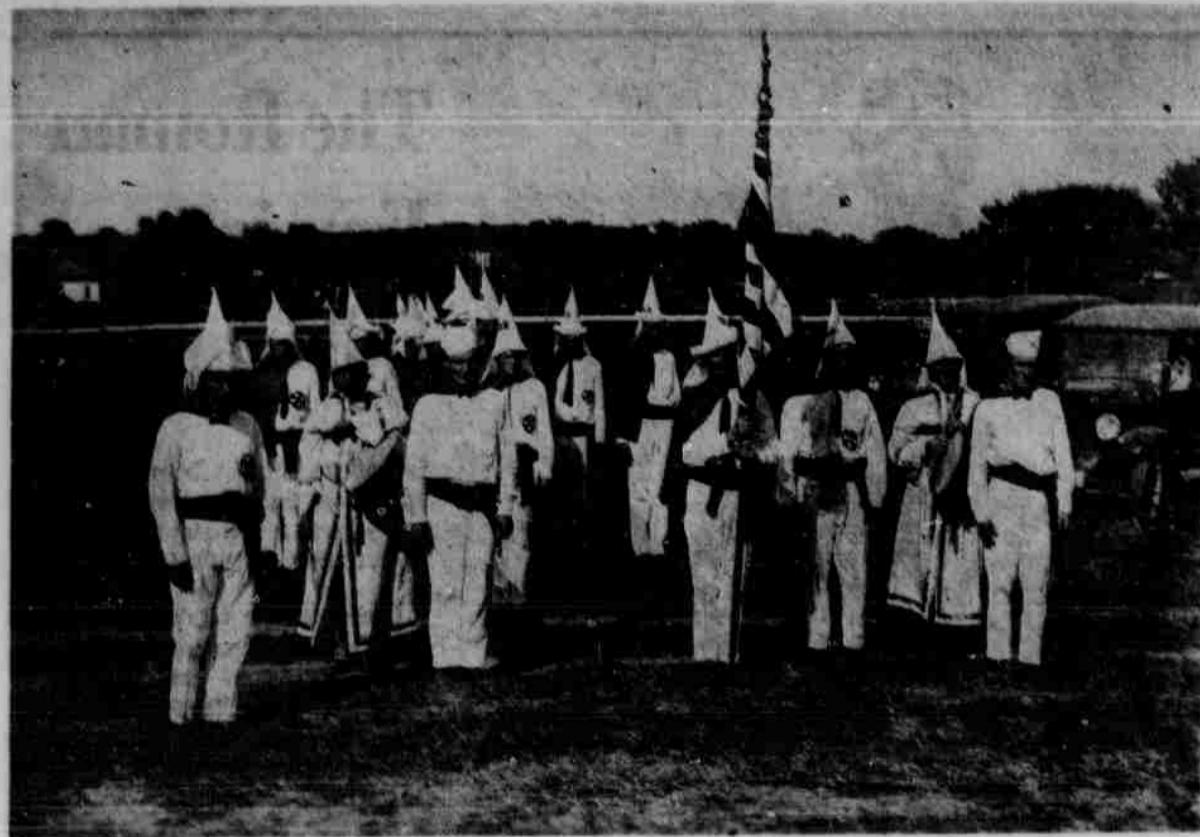


# The Nebraska klan: a history



Nebraska Klansmen at a 1929 Klan meeting in Neligh: floggings and burning crosses as a sickness spreads.

## DAILY NEBRASKAN Editorials

### Hubert, no, Harry, si!

Despite all the liberal panegyrics of late praising hapless Hubert Humphrey, hardly anyone seems convinced. His old liberal cohorts feel, as Esquire magazine said, that he sold his soul in 1964. As for the rest, there are enough law-and-order mongers around to vote for the way it is, and Hubert's position on that line has remained uncompromisingly feeble.

What is wrong with Hubert is, in essence, what is right with Bruce Hamilton. Where Humphrey has buried himself in tons of contradictory rhetoric, Hamilton has, in his virginal political career, shown an amazing ability for forthrightness and brevity.

WHERE HUMPHREY has masked his intentions under labyrinthine dialogues worthy of Lyndon B. Johnson himself, Hamilton makes no bones about his ideas.

Hamilton's party is as refreshing as its name (The New Party) might suggest. When he stood up at Saturday's student power seminar at the Midwest Conference on Movement Politics and suggested that a group of bickering radicals get off their duffs and do something, he received the only applause of the afternoon.

As a result of Hamilton's speech, University students are organizing a march on City Hall this Thursday to protest housing discrimination. Perhaps Hamilton senses, as Arlo Guthrie suggests in "Alice's Restaurant," that "if you wanna end war and stuff, you gotta sing loud."

Bruce Hamilton is singing loud, loud and clear. While endorsements from the Daily Nebraskan aren't the hottest-selling item on the political assets market this year, it seems that anyone who wants to end war and stuff would do well to sing along with Bruce.

A BRILLIANTLY perceptive former Innocent was good enough to point out to this writer that Robert Denny shouldn't be overlooked when it comes to handing out endorsements because he is an ex-FBI man.

This country has had enough of the FBI. It has had enough of the anti-communist hysteria that colors our thoughts pink and colors Vietnam red. It has also had too much of men like Clair Callan who want to play it safe and stick with LBJ all the way.

America has not heard enough from its Bruce Hamiltons. Perhaps it should try one. After all, he's an ex-Peace Corps man.

Jack Todd

### of men and words

*Who then devised the torment? Love.  
Love is the unfamiliar Name  
Behind the hands that wove  
The intolerable shirt of flame  
Which human power cannot remove.  
We only live, only suspirer  
Consumed by either fire or fire.*

T. S. Elliot  
Little Gidding

### Our man Hoppe . . . Yes, Virginia, there is a George Wallace

"Dear Mr. Hoppe: I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no George Wallace. Please tell me the truth: is there a George Wallace?"—Virginia.

Yes, Virginia, there is a George Wallace. He exists as certainly as Communists and Yippies and bearded pseudo-intellectuals exist.

ALAS! HOW dreary would be our fate if there were no George Wallace. It would be as dreary as if none believed in him. There would be no childlike fears then, no hatreds, no sense of superiority to make tolerable this white middle-class existence.

Not believe in George Wallace! You might as well not believe in hobgoblins. You might get your papa to hire men to watch every door at night to catch hobgoblins, what would it prove?

Nobody sees hobgoblins, but that is no sign that there are no hobgoblins. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see.

Did you ever see Black Panthers dancing on the

White House lawn? Of course, not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the horrors there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

No George Wallace! He lives, Virginia, in the hearts of men.

Each time a man says, "Any dirty demonstrator lies down in front of my car, it'll be the last car he lies down in front of," George Wallace lives, Virginia.

EACH TIME a man says, "I got mine and they can go

to hell," George Wallace lives, Virginia.

He lives in the hearts of those who see the unseen and the unseeable — those who see pinko State Department plotting to bankrupt us by giving away our hard-earned money to Communists overseas; those who see a power-mad Supreme Court destroying law and order; those who see that crooks are running our country, that hoodlums are running our cities, and that the Washington bureaucrats with their briefcases are out to enslave us all.

Then you know George Wallace, Virginia.

Most important of all, have you ever wished for a magic wand to whisk away your troubles in a world you never quite made? Ah, Virginia, in all this existence there is nothing else so real and abiding as faith in that magic wand.

No George Wallace! He lives, Virginia, and he has lived forever. A thousand years from now — my, ten times ten thousand years from now — he will continue to frighten the hearts of the childlike and ride the crest of their fantasies.

Unless, Virginia, we all grow up.

### Daily Nebraskan

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"In December of 1865, in Pulaski, near the Alabama border of Tennessee, six young men decided to form a club. They were mainly college men and had been officers during the late War for Southern Independence. Their problem was idleness, their purpose amusement.

They might have taken almost any name, 'The Jolly Six' or 'Thespians,' and followed a completely different path, but someone suggested the Greek word for circle, Kuklos, and with its fine alliterative and mystical possibilities, their path was set. They met in secret places, put on disguises and had great fun galloping about town after dark.

THEY ENGAGED in much horseplay, for which purpose the secret initiation was the focal point of their activities. They quickly realized that their nocturnal appearances had an unexpected effect, and they capitalized on it.

Ghastly, ghostly figures who claimed that they had not had a drink of water since the battle of Shiloh and who lived in hell and had ridden twice around the world since suppertime, frightened the initially credulous Negroes.

To the Southern white, to take a phrase from S. F. vince or county. A grand

KLAN: Robert Shelton, Imperial Wizard of the United Klans of America, has called for "millions" of Nebraskans to join the Ku Klux Klan. Following is the history of the Klan, a history of the American way gone awry. The history was compiled by Calvin Rife, a junior in Arts and Sciences and a Nebraskan columnist.

Horn's history of the Ku Klux Klan, "the time was rottenripe" for the development of the Klan as a means to control the newly freed Negro and his Northern friends. At first there was no thought of violence but this soon changed.

The Klan began attracting attention and spreading rapidly throughout the ex-Confederate states. There was loose allegiance to the mother-Klan in Pulaski, however, there was no overall organization, and no discipline or restraint.

In 1867 the group was formally recognized as the "Invisible Empire of the South" with a grand wizard at the head of the organization.

Each realm, or state, was ruled by a grand dragon, and titan headed each province from S. F. vince or county. A grand cyclops ruled each den, or local unit.

Klanmen tried to prevent Negroes from voting. They rode at night, wearing masks and cardboard hats. They also draped themselves and their horses in white sheets. Then the Klan started getting tough. Klanmen frightened, flogged, tortured and lynched Negroes and Negro sympathizers.

AS A SELF-APPOINTED police organization, it regarded itself as the enforcer not the breaker of the law. It was police, judiciary, and executioner. Its purposes and the "needs of the times" justified its actions, and no sense of guilt lingered."

"Changing conditions and martial law finally combined to bring the Invisible Empire to an end by 1871, but the memory of the Ku Klux Klan remained as one of the treasured folk myths of the South."

A new Ku Klux Klan was organized in Atlanta, Ga., in 1915. It directed its activities against Negroes, Jews, Roman Catholics, so-called radicals, and foreigners. This revived Klan spread throughout the United States.

"The increasing pressure of integration, the growth of the equal rights movements and the shift of its focus to the city streets of the South, fueled a growing interest in the Klan." Nightly cross burnings and mass meetings began to draw larger turnouts in Alabama and Georgia than had been seen in a decade.

The Klan found a new leader in Robert Shelton, a Tuscaloosa rubber worker.

According to Imperial Wizard Robert Shelton, there are "quite a few" members of the United Klans of America in Nebraska. In a Lincoln Journal interview last week, he said that there were no full-time employees of the Klan working in Nebraska but "there are some coming a going promoting the Klan your state."

During this second major offensive the Ku Klux Klan crossed the Missouri River into Nebraska, where Klavern No. 1 was established at Omaha. Forty-first and Farnum streets was the exact location. The Klan then spread across the state, with its main strength in Platte River cities such as Fremont, Lincoln, Grand Island and North Platte.

The five thousand members in Lancaster County numbered more than a tenth of the state total. Anti-Catholicism was one of their hang-ups, as was customary, but no night riding was reported, and the Klan, largely Republican, was not an important force in politics.

HOWEVER, A FIERY cross was implanted on the



## CAMPUS OPINION

### Mr. Editor:

On September 20th I accepted a position of non-cooperation with the SSS, by the act of mailing my cards back to Local Board No. 66 in Fullerton, Nebraska.

I believe a thirteen member A.S.U.N. sub committee should be formed for an exhaustive study into this action. This study is vital for two reasons.

FIRST OF ALL, what factors were present that would allow two students to act on their conscience? The second and most pressing reason is the prevention of the mass spread of this disease to any other students who have maintained an active conscience.

It is of the utmost importance that their students (if alive) be made aware of this sickness. The main symptom of this ugly sickness is rumored to be an overpowering love for all strange noises you do not understand.

Then you know George Wallace, Virginia.

Most important of all, have you ever wished for a magic wand to whisk away your troubles in a world you never quite made? Ah, Virginia, in all this existence there is nothing else so real and abiding as faith in that magic wand.

No George Wallace! He lives, Virginia, and he has lived forever. A thousand years from now — my, ten times ten thousand years from now — he will continue to frighten the hearts of the childlike and ride the crest of their fantasies.

Well, you've done it again! Your editorial page never ceases to amaze me. I see you're still supporting draft dodgers here on campus. Well, as a former Sgt.-1st Class, Marine, (and damn proud of it), I simply cannot go along with your views.

If everyone felt like you did, I'm afraid our country would be in a hell of a shape. Anyone who avoids the draft who do make money.

to obtain temporary safety deserves neither liberty nor safety!

YOUR CONCEPT of war is extremely limited it seems to me, so may I suggest you and your staff spend a thirteen month tour in the Viet Nam theatre of conflict to broaden your scope. Perhaps this would no doubt enlighten you as to the moral issues you always seem to bring into your articles in "The Daily Nebraskan."

As for me, I don't feel like fighting a war in the United States. We've got to stop Communist aggression somewhere and Viet Nam seems like as good a place as any. Stop and think about it, what have you done for your country lately?

Warren H. Storms

Dear Editor:

Ernie Chambers said that defenders of free enterprise do not understand motives other than "making money." On the contrary, we do understand what the sloppily used terms mean. We know that only two choices are open to a man wishing to survive: making money, i.e. creating wealth, or parasitizing those who do make money.

A.S.U.N., I appeal to you. You must act quickly and violently as I know you can.

In Peace and Love

Bob Lucy

Dear Editor:

Well, you've done it again! Your editorial page never ceases to amaze me. I see you're still supporting draft dodgers here on campus. Well, as a former Sgt.-1st Class, Marine, (and damn proud of it), I simply cannot go along with your views.

Chambers is right: the American government has become destructive of our rights. However, it is not by attacking free enterprise that we will reverse the situation.

Jacky Emmons Hood

Tom Cardwell

Roger Stark

Hull Cook

Edwin Leeffel, Jr.