



Our man Hoppe . . . 'Stamp Out Sex' stickers to save our great country

"Hi, Millicent. I guess your folks went down to the Support Your Local Police & Cut Local Taxes Rally?"

"Yes, but come on in, Rodney. I'm just sitting in the living room all alone, addressing 'Stamp Out Red China' pamphlets for the Young Americans for Individual Freedom. But what's wrong? You look depressed."

"OH, IT'S this book I've been reading by a couple of political scientists, Rogow and Lasswell. It's called . . . Well, it's called 'You Know, Culture and Politics in America.'"

"You know?"
"Yeah, you know. It says the reason we're young conservatives is because of childhood conflicts over . . . well, you know. And we've got unhealthy, repressive attitudes toward . . . well, you know."

"Oh, Rodney, what bosh. I've got the normal healthy attitudes of any red-blooded, patriotic American girl. I can even say the word."

"You can?"
"Sex!"

"GOSH, MILLICENT. You're wonderful. And I want you to know I'll never think the less of you for doing it."

"Thank you, Rodney. I guess that takes care of those sick, no-nothing scientists."

"Not quite, Millicent. You see they also say that these same childhood conflicts produced all these dirty, long-haired Left Wing radicals — only they're rebelling against

these restraints. That's why they believe in free — excuse me — love."

"Ugh! Those scientists are right. Free love certainly has no place in our free enterprise system."

"But don't you see, Millie? The basic problem, if I can speak frankly, is that because these beatniks believe in licentious free love, they're going to — forgive me — outbreed us Conservatives."

"I don't see the connection, Rodney."

"JUST TAKE my word for it. Unless we do something, they'll overpopulate the world with little Left Wing radicals. They'll overwhelm us by sheer numbers."

"Oh, Rodney, what can we do?"
"Well, first let me put your Guy Lombardo record on in case anyone's eavesdropping. There. Then I'll just pull these shades. You never know who's watching. There. Now come close and I'll whisper my plan."

"Gosh, Rodney, when you look into my eyes like that . . ."

"It's up to each of us to do his or her part, Millie, to save this great country of ours."

"And when your voice goes all husky like that, Rodney . . ."

"SOMETIMES, MILLIE, we have to violate the conventional morality in order to preserve it. Sometimes, we have to sacrifice ourselves on the altar of freedom to keep our Nation strong."

"Oh, Rodney, when you take my hand in yours like that, I just melt inside. I'll do anything you ask."

"Anything?"

"I knew I could count on you, by golly. Meet me in front of the Youth for Wallace Headquarters after breakfast and we'll pass out these bumper stickers. They say, 'STAMP OUT (forgive me, Millie) SEX!'"

Chronicle Features

Inside report . . . Labor vs. Wallace

Detroit — Michigan's Democratic-labor coalition last week quietly but drastically curtailed its efforts to register voters in white working-class neighborhoods, the newest evidence of profound pessimism over curbing the Wallace revolution by Election Day.

Indeed, both labor leaders and Democratic politicians concede privately that their belated campaign to wean the white unionized worker away from George Wallace is a long-shot. And this glum prognosis directly affects Democratic registration strategy.

JUST A MONTH ago, party chieftains were convinced that the key to victory in Michigan was registration of voters in normally Democratic areas who were purged from the rolls for failure to vote in 1966. This failure to vote was especially high in industrialized Macomb County adjoining Detroit, a Democratic stronghold. While it was recognized that some of those purged were potential votes for Wallace or Nixon, party leaders determined on a calculated risk to register them anyway.

That decision was reversed last week by the United Auto Workers (UAW), which supplies most of the money and manpower for the registration drive. Alarmed by the Wallace tide in Macomb County, the union quietly pulled in its registration horns.

Instead, the registration drive which closes Friday (Oct. 4) is now concentrating on Detroit's inner city, where four out of five Black voters can be expected to vote for Humphrey; the unregistered black is apt to be for Humphrey; the unregistered white is apt to be for Wallace.

Despite the pessimism, an anti-Wallace campaign aimed at white workers is under way. Doug Fraser, head of UAW's Chrysler division and one of President Walter Reuther's ablest lieutenants, runs the campaign in the union's Solidarity House. In downtown Detroit at state Democratic headquarters, a "Wallace desk" was established (under the direction of Sid Woolner, aide to Sen. Philip A. Hart) to coordinate with Solidarity House.

But like so much of the Humphrey campaign, this effort comes pathetically late. Although a private poll conducted for Reuther 18 months ago revealed rising Wallace strength in UAW locals, the union's leaders shrugged it off. On our last visit here in July, labor and party officials confidently predicted that Wallace was hurting Nixon more than Humphrey and had peaked, anyway. Such talk now has disappeared.

Apart from the lateness of the hour, however, nobody knows how best to sour the union members on Wallace. Party leaders doubt that labor's emphasis on bread-and-butter issues has much impact on today's affluent workers.

ON THE OTHER hand, labor strategists scoff at proposed leaflets linking Wallace with Louisiana racist Leander Perez and the Ku Klux Klan, fearing they might help rather than hurt Wallace with racially motivated white workers.

Potentially most effective is the theme that Wallace is a force for disorder, not order. Facing Wallace hecklers in suburban Taylor Township last week for the first time in his vice-presidential campaign, Sen. Edmund Muskie eloquently silenced them by declaring that a Wallaceite separatist society was not "what my father came to this country to find."

In truth, however, Muskie's eloquence, UAW-Democratic leaflets, or paid political broadcasts almost certainly will not affect, much less change, the hearts of the white workers. The most effective instrument for that is union shop stewards and committeemen. But so intense is Wallace sentiment in the shops that these elected union officials will not risk all-out anti-Wallace missionary work for fear of jeopardizing their union jobs.

Moreover, white workers are kept in a constant state of agitation not so much by Wallace agents as by black extremists on the assembly line. For instance, the black extremist Dodge Revolutionary Union Movement (DRUM) at the Dodge plant here issues obscene racist broadsides.

Finally, the gap between the urbane, progressive leaders at Solidarity House and their rank-and-file is massive. That is why Walter Reuther has suffered deep reverses in his battle with George Wallace for the soul of the auto workers. The fact that Reuther can no longer with confidence register his own men to vote must be the cause of some chortling down in Montgomery, Ala.

Sincerely,
John Janovy, Jr.
Assistant Professor

(c) 1968, Publishers-Hall Synd.

DAILY NEBRASKAN

Editorials Commentary

The right to hate does it exist?

Every student who marches on City Hall today will be operating on a fundamental assumption: That the right to discriminate on a racial basis does not exist.

The march, with the support of ASUN, will be one of the largest and most significant in the history of this University. Fundamentally it is a protest against a continuing and pervasive injustice: The refusal of landlords to rent to blacks. The marchers will urge Lincoln landlords to abandon this policy. They will urge that the Lincoln City Council also pass an open housing ordinance.

The march illustrates a fundamental problem in American justice. Does the right of a landlord to rent to whom he pleases pre-empt the right of the individual to live where he pleases?

IDEALLY, we should have both freedoms. Until the public learns to view minorities from a viewpoint free of the usual racial hang-ups, however, it seems that we must emphasize the right of the individual.

If we are to live collectively and not in anarchy, it is impossible for a democracy to oppress any group. The choice is between a true democracy and a police state designed to keep certain segments of society in their place. The choice is between open housing and sprawling ghettos with a heavily armed occupational police force.

The question is whether we are to put priority on keep-'em-in-their-place attitudes ala George Wallace, or priority on a free society. Do we really want to equip the kind of military force that will be necessary to preserve our present system?

This is the first march. Indications are that it will be effective. It will be orderly, attended largely by students with no radical bent, and aimed toward a definite end.

The march will take place because so many of the students at this University have realized the importance of granting the individual rights guaranteed in our laws to every individual.

Get some fresh air this afternoon. Take a walk to City Hall.

Jack Todd

John Defrain . . .

What we got here . . .

I am a radical. I'm so radical you just wouldn't believe it: I'm against the war, the draft, racism, compulsory school attendance, violence, parking meters, Humphrey-Wallace-Nixon-McCarthy, the Presidency, Congress, grades, circumcision, curriculum, prison, teachers who lecture, Time Magazine, taxes, the Omaha World-Herald, contractors, dormitories; and I think Ramparts is Establishment.

BUT ALL that is beside the point. You see, before being a radical, the fact that I am a human being comes first. What I believe doesn't really matter.

Whit I am is what matters. What I am is what matters. ters.

And when you get right down to the bottom of each one of us human beings, you find that we're all the same: we're all basically messed up.

Messed up in the sense that

we don't REALLY know what this whole scene is all about. We don't really know why we are alive or what we're to do with our lives.

A rather precarious position.

AND SO WHAT do we do? Our insecurity causes hostility. And the hostility we take out on somebody else.

For example, take me, the radical type: Picturing me walking down the street in my typical attire (I wear my typical attire the days when I'm not working at a job when I have to dress up a bit). Here I am walking down the street in my mush puppies blue jeans, khaki army shirt, peace button, mustache, long hair, stupid smile.

Here I am walking down the street, thinking all the time: "Hey, DeFrain, you're really hot stuff. Look at that straight over there with the grey suit, black wing tips, clack Italian-made umbrella, conventionally-cut hair. He'll work for General Electric as a manager when he graduates

and dictate memos about washing machine dials to his secretary for forty years. Wow."

When I catch my self doing this, I know that I, too, am a bigot. For a bigot is any person who looks at any other person and can instantly despise him.

And why can you instantly despise another person? Maybe because you despise yourself a bit. Maybe because you realize how messed up you are.

We're all messed up. Scared, confused, uncertain, crouched and ready to spring. I can't really explain it to you on paper, but I don't have to explain it. You know how it is yourself.

SO IF YOU, dressed in a grey suit, black wing tips, etc., etc., spy me, dressed in blue jeans, khaki army shirt, etc., etc., walking down the street, don't ignore me. Don't spit at me. Don't tell me to get a haircut.

CAMPUS OPINION

Time, is vast and unlimited.

I know what Student Powerists want — Look, Time and Newsweek again — and I felt tears during Chicago. So don't you think you'd do better service for the vast numbers who don't remember Dow to sock it to them with documented facts? Just the facts, and none of this soap-bubble anarchist stuff, please.

There, see what you've made me do? For two years, I've carefully cultivated my apathy, have allowed my eyes to glaze to filter The Light,

and have avoided such news worthy congregations as sit-ins, be-ins, love-ins, and woodman - spare - this - tree - ins. And you, with one dubious editorial, have spoiled that.

See if you rest securely in your newsprint domination of campus views. (With all due respect, I can't bring myself to call it "news.") If some day you feel a seething undercurrent sloop down through the Rag newsroom, do worry: it will be I, chomping at your backside.

Yours,
Doug G. Thomas

Daily Nebraskan

Second-class postage paid at Lincoln, Neb.
TELEPHONE: Editor 472-2338, News 472-2360, Business 472-2360.
Subscription rates are \$4 per semester or \$8 for the academic year.
Published Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday during the school year, except during vacations and exam periods, by the students of the University of Nebraska under the jurisdiction of the Faculty Subcommittee on Student Publications. Publications shall be free from censorship by the Subcommittee or any person outside the University. Members of the Nebraska are responsible for what they cause to be printed.
Member Associated Collegiate Press National Educational Advertising Service

Editorial Staff
Editor Jack Todd; Managing Editor Ed Leong; News Editor Lynn Gottschalk; Night News Editor Kent Cockson; Editorial Page Assistant Holly Murrell; Assistant Night News Editor Phil Medcraft; Sports Editor Mary Gordon; Assistant Sports Editor Randy York; Senior Staff Writers: John Dvorak, Larry Eckhoff, George Kaufman, Julie Merda, Jim Pedersen; Junior Staff Writers: Bart Dennis, Terry Grove, Holly Rosenberger, Bill Smithman, Connie Wislkey; Senior Copy Editor Jane Waggoner; Copy Editors: Phyllis Adkins, Dave Filips, June Waggoner, Andrea Woods; Photograph Chief Dan Ladely; Photographer Jim Shaw; Artists Brent Kanner and Gail Pincus.

Business Staff
Business Manager J. L. Schmidt; Bookkeeper Roger Boye; Production Manager John Fleming; National Ad Manager Fritz Snowman; Business Secretary and Classified Ads Linda Ulrich; Subscriptions Manager Jan Boatman; Circulation Managers Ron Pavelka, Rick Doran; Salesmen Mag Brown, Jodi Davis, Glenn Friendl, Nancy Guillati, Dan Looker, Todd Slaughter.