

DAILY NEBRASKAN

Editorials

Time out for the 5:30 war

If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs
Bitten as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old lie: *Dulce et decorum est Pro patria mori.*

Wilfred Owen

Each week night at five o'clock a weary nation trudges home from work, full of thoughts of Budweiser barbecues, hypnotized by the towering trivia of another dull day, ready to settle down for another night with the tube.

Television, that merciless one-eyed master of the home, however, insists that our weary worker spend half an hour choking down the spinach of the Vietnam War before the eight-hour dessert begins.

Once again, it is time for the 5:30 war.

FOR HALF AN HOUR real men fall, real jets spit napalm into burning villages, real refugees clog the roads out of this or that nameless Viet Cong stronghold.

At six o'clock, the war is over. Out come the pop-top cans, the TV dinners, and Lucille Ball.

Perhaps this is as it should be. Depending on the viewer's attitude, this is either a foolish, amoral war or a necessary holding action designed to stop the spread of the Yellow Peril. War has never been viewed in quite this light before, and perhaps ignoring it will make it go away.

There are people, however, for whom the 5:30 war is as real as either of the two preceding conflicts. One of them, an ex-Marine named Warren Storms who has become a frequent contributor to this page, is plainly distressed by the attitudes of the homefolks.

HIS GRIPE, quite naturally, is against the protesters, the demonstrators, and the Daily Nebraskan for allying itself in opposition to the war. Ironically, however, it is these protesters and demonstrators who join him in attempting to make the public realize that this is something more than a TV soap opera.

Only in this incomprehensible age, perhaps, could a war such as Vietnam have become so unreal. It is a nightmare, necessary to those who have helped fight it, absurd to those who oppose it. To those who have arranged for us to be there through their neglect or tacit approval, however, it is only the 5:30 war.

We have always known it, but this latest bit of irony has made us even more aware: there is nothing sweet or proper about dying for one's country.

Jack Todd

George Kaufman . . .

There goes the old ball game

The other day I ran into my anthropology friend in the cafeteria.

"Say, how about that World Series?" I said to open a conversation.

"WORLD SERIES?" he asked, puzzled.

"You know, baseball . . . the championship between the National and American Leagues."

"Oh, yes." A glimmer of recognition came into his eyes. "When does it start?"

"Start? It started a week ago. The Cardinals . . ."

"Oh of course, I completely forgot . . . the Cardinals. Say, those Yankees gave them a battle right down to the last game, didn't they?"

I looked at him, but he wasn't joking.

"NO," I said as calmly as possible. "That was in 1964. This year it's the Cardinals against the Tigers."

"Oh, yes . . . the Pittsburgh Tigers . . ."

"No, no, no. The Tigers are from Detroit. It's the Pittsburgh Pirates, and they're in the National League."

He looked at me quizzically for a moment.

"Oh Well, I've been busy recently working on a research paper and I haven't had much time to pay attention to things like that."

"Oh?" I said. Here at last, I thought to myself, was a really scholastic individual who didn't worry about petty things like baseball when there were such important things to do in the world. It was truly refreshing.

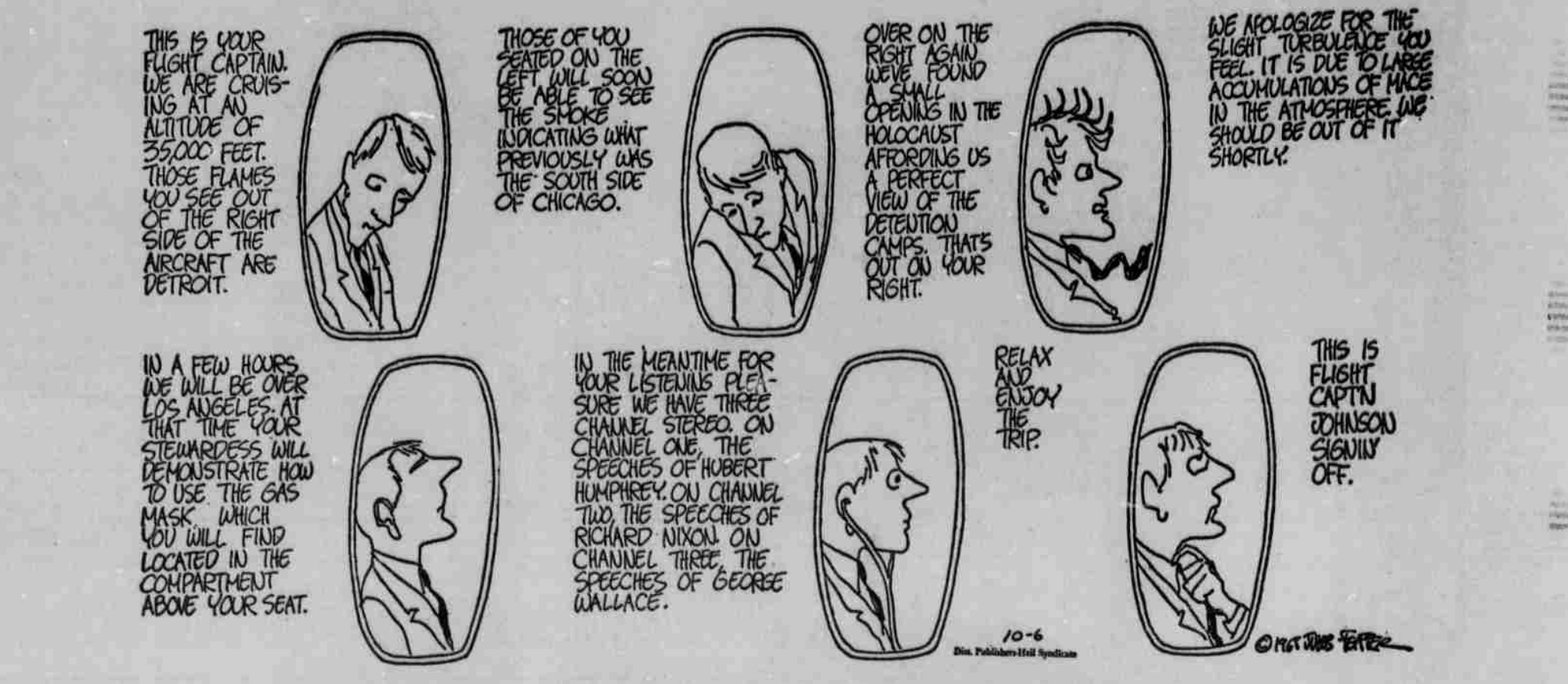
"What are you writing about?" I queried, with true anticipation, my blood literally singing through my veins at finding such a dedicated and unique person.

"IT'S QUITE interesting really," he replied. "I'm researching the importance of the Dunderlout Crab Meat Ceremony to the growth of Hazelnut trees as a socio-religious symbol among the Katchalayter tribe of the Upper Hemongolla River groups."

"Oh."

I made some polite chatter and excused myself, but I'm sure I didn't conceal the disappointment in my voice.

I quickly left the cafeteria and raced down to the Union auditorium to find a good seat for the Tiger-Cardinals battle. After all, I felt I had to save time in my life for the really important things.



Escape from mental dungeon

By Calvin Rife

Not too long ago three great Americans (John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr. and Robert F. Kennedy) were tragically struck down by assassins. Recently in Chicago peaceful demonstrators and tolerant policemen clashed in a bloody free-for-all. And just last week here in Lincoln, a man stabbed a woman because she wouldn't give him a ride downtown.

None of the assassins had talked with or even met the men they killed. It's also doubtful that many of the policemen and demonstrators had met before, personally. Nor had the man that stabbed the woman ever met her.

YOU AND I pass each other on this massive campus of ours without either of us acknowledging the other's presence. You keep to yourself and I keep to myself. Day after day this goes on — but why? Why do I keep to myself? Could it be that I fear you, even though I have no real reason to?

What's wrong with us today? Why are we afraid to stick our necks out and try to get to know one another? Could it be because we don't know exactly what that person sitting beside us will say next? Is it because we fear that he might have some strange, uncommon, way of looking at things and thus threaten our prefabricated security that we brought from home?

Could it be the fact that subconsciously we know that if we come into contact with people who have varying opinions on various subjects often enough we just might be forced into a position of having to think about our own views? That is pretty scary, isn't it?

You may even find that you've overlooked some vital factor in drawing a conclusion about something. A factor that you had not even been aware of, yet would have surely influenced your conclusion. So there it is staring you right in the face. That individual has made you aware of something new and important. That individual has proved to you that you have been laboring under a misconception—that you are wrong.

Now what do you do? Do you get mad, withdraw, and refuse to face what you now know is true? Do you close your mind and try to forget about it in hopes that the thought will not rise into your consciousness again?

Or do you say to yourself, "Yes, I see now where I was wrong. I thought I was right, but I guess I didn't get enough information from enough different sources to draw a reasonably objective conclusion."

DO YOU FEEL resentment toward the person that possibly set you straight or are you grateful

Thought food

Larry Grossman . . . You Are What You Eat—Book Review

Diet and the Mind edited by the staff of the Department of Political Husbandry of the University of Nebraska, 160 pages. The Bench Press. \$3.50.

A cursory glance at human eating habits reveals that man has always concentrated on quantity rather than quality in his diet. This recently published work suggests the existence of a link between diet and political behavior. Its chief proposal is that an unbalanced diet leads to an unbalanced mind.

The editors of this book, drawing upon the results of three years of voracious research, have divided mankind into three categories: fats, carbohydrates, and proteins. The thoughts and actions of each of these groups is distinctive.

THE MEN who subsist on a Daley diet of fats are generally affluent, corpulent, and recalcitrant. These fats are advocates of conservatism, demagoguery, and self-righteousness. When threatened by imaginary foes, they react with excessive force and later White Paper over the matter.

Carbohydrates are stodgy and form the bulk and roughage of society. They are noted for their plodding manner, total lack of imagination, and fear of change. They tend to live in suburbs, shop at Sears, and vote Republican.

Proteins are noted for their energy and efficiency. They are the building blocks of society. Proteins tend to gather in the fields of literature, fashion, music, and painting. They are rarely found in politics which is the exclusive domain of the carbohydrates and fat cats.

The editors of this book also conducted research into the phenomenon of mixed diet. Their findings show that people who have spiced their life with variety often defy classification. For example, the New Left has adopted the diet of hamburgers and cokes. This combination of 10% protein and 90% carbohydrates explains why New Leftists are generally quiet except for brief periods of wildly utilized energy. Their universal habit of boiling their food demonstrates why so many of their actions are only hot air.

The carbohydrate people generally were proteins in their youth but as they climbed the ladder of dietary success they lost their early progressive and liberal attitudes. A small percentage of the carbohydrates became fats, as shown by the research of Professors Dow and Jones.

Diet and the Mind suggests that the best way to change man is to change his food. Only a there is a fundamental change in the dietary order of society will there be fundamental changes in social behavior. Dietary reformers have their portions cut out. It is up to them to implement the findings of modern research so that we may all learn to eat in peace.

Inside report . . .

LeMay's mushroom cloud poses threat

by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

Toledo, Ohio — As George Wallace finished his speech to a rally at the baseball park here, a news correspondent approached the speaker's platform in hopes that Gen. Curtis LeMay would expand his views on the use of nuclear weapons.

LeMay was willing to oblige with answers, but Wallace definitely was not. Joe Fine, Wallace's able young political lieutenant, declared that the General was not available.

The reported was hustled away by Secret Service agents.

THE INCIDENT, coming less than 12 hours after Wallace unveiled the semi-legendary bomber commander as his running-mate, reflected the compulsion by the Wallace camp to muzzle LeMay following his Goldwaterish musings on nuclear arms. Thus, LeMay had cast a small, mushroom-shaped cloud on the Wallace movement, inadvertently posing a threat to it that neither Democratic nor Republican politicians could concoct.

It is, assuredly, only a threat. If LeMay is prevented from meandering off in more nuclear-flavored barracks-room talk, no permanent damage may be done the Wallace revolution. Nevertheless, LeMay's selection represents a deviation from Wallace's populist strategy that has proved spectacularly successful.

All year long, Wallace and some key advisers — notably, Seymour Trammell, his fundraiser — have eyed Republican LeMay as a means of broadening their appeal among upper-income, upper-class voters.

But when Trammell made

overtures to the General during the summer, LeMay declined. (Because, in the private opinion of the Wallace camp, he underestimated Wallace's potential strength). That produced a sigh of relief from some Wallace insiders, who doubted LeMay could convert the Republican gentry to Wallace. They favored a populist running-mate — former Gov. Albert (Happy) Chandler of Kentucky — to reinforce Wallace's working-class appeal.

Although Chandler was vetoed by right-wing ideologues supporting Wallace, the Wallace campaign has taken on the earmarks of a white working man's movement. The Northern union member — resentful of his government, union leaders, and the Negro — has turned to Wallace. And Wallace, while not changing basic positions, has become more populist in tone.

Wallace no longer describes himself as a "conservative" in speeches. He is unequivocally on record against "right-to-work" laws. He makes favorable references to Robert F. Kennedy, a hero to many working men now backing Wallace. His campaign plane carries

a dozen local union leaders from Alabama who are exhibited in Northern industrial cities.

Sometimes Wallace's populism is overt. By removing the tax exemption for giant foundations, he tells rallies, "you could lower the working man's tax." While mixing populist rhetoric with appeals for law and order, Wallace refrains from sabre-rattling. If the Vietnam war cannot be won by conventional weapons, he implies, we will have to get out.

JUST AS this strategy was reaching full flower last week, Gen. LeMay had a change of heart. He was disturbed, the old aviator told Wallace men, about Nixon's dalliance with Rockefeller Republicans (Although Wallace men suspected LeMay also was influenced by Wallace's rise in the polls). Having found a Vice President, Wallace privately warned him to weigh his words to the press at the unveiling in Pittsburgh.

To no avail. While actually opposing nuclear weapons in Vietnam, LeMay blundered by ruminating in public about their hypothetical employment. Newsmen searching for

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Campus Opinion

Dear Editor:

We wish to take this opportunity to thank you for the publicity we received in the "Daily Nebraskan" of October 2, 1968.

An unintelligent, unenlightened, biased cartoon is better than no recognition in your esteemed campus publication.

Tom Header
Ron Dann
Acadians