

Inside report . . .

McGovern's anti-establishment campaign

by Roland Evans and Robert Novak

Can a South Dakota Democrat, apres Chicago, aided by hated administration ag policy, fighting a Republican upsurge, and linked with Alabama's Wallace, emerge victorious in November? Just might happen say some political analyses.

Aberdeen, S.D. —In the stockyards at Sioux Falls, early one morning, a truck driver with a gaudy George Wallace bumper sticker yelled: "Come over here, Senator, and give me one of your bumper stickers to go with Wallace."

What made the scene wildly improbable was the identity of the Senator — school-teacherish George McGovern, liberal Democrat and unsuccessful presidential candidate last August.

MCGOVERN IS fighting for his life against a surging Republican tide in the nation's second most Republican state, but he's getting a lot of support from Wallace voters. Twinned Wallace and McGovern bumper stickers are no rarity, which

tells a lot about the mood of the voters out here.

The mood is one of combative resentment against the flim-flam of conventional politics, the shellac of traditional campaign rhetoric and the mess in Washington.

Thus, on that early morning in Sioux Falls when the Senator walked over with his McGovern bumper sticker, the teamster told him: "You two guys are the only ones talking straight."

But to beat two-term Republican ex-Governor Archie Gubbrud demands a lot more of McGovern than just talking straight. His challenge to Vice President Hubert Humphrey and the Democratic party apparatus in Chicago helped him with the truck driver, but for many other voters Chicago tainted all Democrats, including McGovern. Moreover, McGovern also incurred the displeasure of voters who felt he was getting too big for his breeches. McGovern's presidential spree was no asset.

"I'd like to get away from Chicago and on to the business of the election," McGovern told a radio quiz show here in Aberdeen. And in getting away from the Democratic convention, McGovern is leaving the widest possible space between himself and the Democratic establishment in Washington. He mentions Humphrey, but only in passing. For

Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman, a long-time friend from neighboring Minnesota, McGovern has no kind words at all.

FREEMAN'S FARM policies are at least part of the reason the Democratic party is a dirty word in the Midwest. Freeman brags that gross farm income is higher than it was 10 years ago, but he avoids the harsher side of the farm coin — the fact that prices have soared, catching the farmer in a cost-price squeeze that is helping the Republicans in every one of the farm states.

Moreover, the threat of a sudden break in cattle prices, growing out of a heavy surplus of beef cattle, could produce a last-minute bonanza for the Republicans. In the Johnson administration's handling of agriculture, there is nothing positive for McGovern to say, giving still more point to the anti-establishment campaign he is running.

McGovern's choice of campaign helpers from outside the state is also revealing. The only Democrat with any connection to the Johnson administration to take the stump for him is Secretary of the Interior Stuart Udall, whose reclamation policies are popular here.

From the Senate, McGovern has accepted help from only two of the many colleagues who have offered it, one of whom — West Virginia's hard-line,

law-and-order Sen. Robert C. Byrd — has precious little in common with McGovern. The other, Missouri's Sen. Stuart Symington, is a popular figure who captured part of the state's delegation at the 1960 convention.

McGovern's reluctance to import outside talent is only partly the result of his effort to build an anti-establishment image with the fewest possible links to the unpopular Johnson-Humphrey administration. At least as important is his concern over the major line of Republican attack — that he is a creature of the "ultra-liberal fringe" of the party's Eastern wing — a charge that Byrd will help dispel when he arrives next week.

"Does this man really represent South Dakota?" asks a half-page political ad in the Aberdeen American-News. Claiming that McGovern is spending \$100,000 for his campaign, the political ad lists \$72,150 of this amount from out-of-state sources.

Inbred, insular South Dakota, this could be poison to McGovern but Archie Gubbrud, an unimaginative stock-breeder, is having trouble making the most of it. Accordingly, McGovern has a better than 50-50 chance to make his anti-establishment campaign pay off and become the first Democrat to serve two terms in the U.S. Senate in more than 30 years.

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DAILY NEBRASKAN

Editorials

A time for compromise

Consider, if you will, the proliferation of the bullet in American society. Consider the vulnerability of our leaders, our presidents and our senators.

Then consider Spiro the Stumble-tongued. Scary? You bet your briefcase it is. He's the man who talks about the "Polacks" and the "Japs" and says Hubert Humphrey is soft on communism. If we're lucky, he'll spend four years as vice-president with a heavy load of tape on his mouth, and then go back to Baltimore. If we're lucky,

NOT THAT DICK NIXON is that much better. The man who rode the burly racist shoulders of Strom Thurmond to the nomination says he's all for school desegregation, but let's not spend any federal money trying to make sure it happens.

The New York Times reported on October 2 that Nixon circulated privately to big investors a pledge that he would slacken federal controls and end "heavy-handed bureaucratic schemes" which are hampering the fat cats of the industrial world. TRB reports in the New Republic.

What we are promised is a four-year return to TV sets and soda pop while the fat get fatter and the thin get thinner. I thought we'd decided to give up on that kind of non-government eight years ago. Maybe not.

SO YOU'RE DISENCHANTED and would like to see the whole system upset, huh? Remember Germany in the 30's? The communists were so busy fighting the Social Democrats that a sweet little demagogue named Hitler swept into power. For that, read "radicals", "Democrats", and "George Wallace" and you've got the situation: U.S. '68.

What Nixon is trying to tell us is that we've tried to fix this country for eight years and it hasn't worked yet, so we're just going to quit trying. Whatever happened to the idea that we couldn't complete the task in one thousand days, but that we could at least begin?

Hubert Humphrey, bless his slightly befuddled heart, at least wants to try. And in Edmund Muskie, he's got another half who could help make things work, instead of blundering through a dozen snafus a day. Sure, we would rather have seen Robert Kennedy or Gene McCarthy run the country. The essence of politics, however, is meaningful compromise. This compromise, we believe, could be pretty meaningful.

Jack Todd

The passing of Camelot

Camelot has been falling apart in bits and pieces since John F. Kennedy died. A major part of the remaining myth tumbled into the Mediterranean yesterday when Jacqueline Kennedy announced she would marry Greek shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis.

Onassis is an aging, balding, fat and homely old man, a capitalist in the worst sense of that term. Mrs. Kennedy's life, whatever she may desire, can never be private. Her decision to marry Onassis was a slap in the face to millions of idealistic Americans who remember with fond romanticism the days of Camelot.

It is all ending, not as it began with ringing words of hope and promise, but in bad taste, secrecy, and cynicism.

Jack Todd



THE ONLY KIND WE'VE GOT!

Friday Afternoon Column

by Ed Icenogle Managing Editor

Once again: Friday Afternoon Column.

The topic: The Great University of Nebraska Student Uprising, Pot Bust and Massacre of November, 1968.

It seemed harmless enough when it started.

IN AN effort to enforce "in loco piranha" University officials set forth on a program of educational enlightenment:

—That noted political analyst Hal Brown was invited to root out all hippies and yipees from the Daily Nebraskan, the Home for Wayward Radicals located in the left wing of the Union.

—The local police were asked to demonstrate a pot bust, but they realized that the new teflon pans are too flexible to break.

—A petition was spread around the whole state to change the categorization of small colleges from "liberal arts" to "moderate arts."

These things alone indited students to a fever pitch (to be differentiated from a hot far). But then it was announced that only 2,000 tickets were available for the Colorado migration. The top blew.

Students, in roving mobs of twos and threes, struck back by littering garbage throughout the lecture rooms of the University's buildings. Immediately the Board of Regency stomped. The spreading of garbage in classrooms was expressly

prohibited.

The Bored soon realized its error. And it repeated the order banning the dissemination of garbage in classes so that most teachers could continue their lectures.

THEN BOTH sides of the school-student split agreed to mediation. The Student Senate voted to appoint an Ad Ick committee to present student views. This was, of course, vetoed by the president of the ASUNine, who favored calling in the NaSA to represent the feelings of the majority.

Then, the above noted political analyst, Mr. Brown, was invited to represent those in the right (or on the right, or something). But thanks to the political savvy of the veteran analyst, the students became exasperated and the whole thing changed from a talk-in to a Brown-out.

A compromise, however, was eventually reached. The Daily Nebraskan agreed (for the sake of a balanced paper)

to run in-depth studies of Signa Phi Nothing Derby Day in addition to the usual inconsequential human rights AwSS agreed to a key system for classrooms, to keep rapists out and evil women in.

ASUNine agreed to acquire more straight-shooting senators (that's gunners if

you're dull today).

AND THE other side, the Administration, as promised, listened and listened and listened.

And listened and listened and listened.

Looking back on that November of 1968, many things can be said. But now that George Wallace is president, who dares?

CAMPUS OPINION

Dear Sir:

The 5:30 war is in reality a 24 hour, 7 day-a-week war — maybe not involving you and I directly, but very much so, indirectly. An individual viewing it on the tube merely pops his top and blows his cool, and continues to drown his sorrows in what ever is available.

None the less, most of us are faced with the fact that

one day we may be stars on "A 5:30 War," whether it is on our own street or the streets of a nameless village in Vietnam. Only the setting has changed, the plot is still the same.

When disorder arises there should be someone to halt it — on the street in front of your house or half way around the world.

The participants in the struggle for peace and against aggression deserve an applause for having the guts to act rather than flop in front of a TV and inhale suds like a vegetable and cringe at the sights of reality.

I myself am not exactly thrilled with the idea of being drafted and would much rather live for my country than die for it, but would also prefer to live in a land of the free than to die like a vegetable at the hands of the aggressor.

J. B.

Dan Looker . . .

Re-evaluation is in order

Alas, what's the world coming to? Even obscenities are no longer held sacred but are painted on demonstrators' placards, printed in underground papers, and spoken on the avant guard stage.

Though Nebraska is still relatively puritanical, University freshmen have traditionally found themselves slipping into a more violent vocabulary than the folks back home would sanction after living on campus for a few months.

AFTER BEING around here for over three years now, there's only one four-letter word that still bothers me.

The word is THEM (and its other forms — they, those, their).

That word should probably be removed from all respectable dictionaries. It's definitely the most evil word I know of.

The use of this gross term occurs when people separate into groups and start to look at other groups as being basically different. Before long the group starts talking about "them" in a tone reserved for all of Rosemary's baby's friends.

It occurs when university students live cloistered around their classrooms in dorms — apart from the community — and, of course, the community soon begins talking about "those students!"

It occurs when most black Americans live in one section of town, apart from the whites, and then the whites are raised talking about "those Negroes!" or "I've got nothing against THEM, BUT . . ."

It occurs when most of the wealthier members of a community live in one neighborhood, such as Piedmont, and then others drive through it wondering how "those rich people could stand to live in a house that big?" (knowing it wouldn't be that hard).

It occurs when students congregate in a building called the Union and when most of the administrators work in a building just across the street — but both buildings are miles apart.

There is a word which counteracts all the bad effects of THEM. It's that beautiful expression —US (and we, ours, etc.).

The world is beautiful because it's a truth, not a fallacy, but an often forgotten fact that all of us are basically alike. To some extent, we are all a little bit selfish, insecure, and stupid.

The radicals of today are the conservatives of tomorrow and the conservatives in the older generations have forgotten their more rebellious days.

The time is coming when all human-types like you and I will have to pull together or we'll become a race of more intelligent but equally defunct dinosaurs.

FOR SEVERAL years now, world health officials have been predicting mass starvation within the next few decades. Biafra may seem horrible today, but wait a generation and then open your eyes, if you can.

Children will be starving all over the globe in the poorer countries while other children will be growing up well-fed — but dying in the poison air of the "advanced" nations.

Instead of dealing with a catastrophe that IS (not may be) coming our way, we're busy throwing around terms like "yipies and hippies," "radicals", and "fascist pigs." We're too busy to worry about tomorrow, we've got to worry about "them."

The University of Swamp

Plink!

Plink! Plink!

Plink! Plink! Plink!

By God what's that? It's coming down, It's wet as beer and on the ground, It's in the air it's everywhere — Ye Gods they call it rain. By God what's that? Now floating nigh, My quiz instructor — let him by, The water comes but no one cares, A classroom without mud is scarce, When will it ever stop?

By God what's that? You know damn well, The water now has drenched out hell, If something isn't done and soon, We'll have no "Crib" but a "Lagoon." So ends the saga and my story, Of students who went down in glory, Of where they are no one can say, One by one — they floated away.

Stuart Miller

Daily Nebraskan Second-class postage paid at Lincoln, Neb. TELEPHONES Editor 475-2500, News 475-2500 Business 475-2500. Subscription rates: \$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 supervision of the Faculty Subcommittee on Student Publications. Publications shall be free from copyright by the Subcommittee or any person outside the University. Members of the Nebraska are responsible for what they publish or print. Member Association of Colleges and Universities National Educational Advertising Service. Editorial Staff Editor Jack Todd, Managing Editor Ed Icenogle, News Editor Lynn Gottschalk, Night News Editor Kent Cookson, Editorial Page Assistant Betty Murray, Assistant News Editor John Brandt, Sports Editor Mark Gordon, Assistant Sports Editor Randy York, Senior Staff Writers John Dvorak, Larry Eckhart, George Kesterson, Julie Morris, Jim Pedersen, Junior Staff Writers Terry Grobe, Holly Rosenberger, Bill Smithersman, Cecilia Whitaker, Senior Copy Editor John Wagoner, Copy Editors Phyllis Addison, Dave Filipi, Jane Wagoner, Andrea Woods, Photograph Chief Dan Ladeby, Photographer Jim Shaw, Artists Brent Skinner and Gail Friesman. Business Staff Business Manager J. L. Schmidt, Bookkeeper Roger Boyer, Production Manager John Fleming, National Ad Manager Fritz Schneider, Business Secretary and Classified Ads Linda Ulrich, Subscription Manager Jan Boatman, Circulation Managers Ron Fawcett, Rick Doran, Advertising Representatives Max Brown, Joel Davis, Glenn Frensch, Nancy Gilliland, Dan Looker, Todd Haughey.