

The Bird of Paradise

The egg hatched and the bird flew away — except in Nebraska where it remains sweltering in the incubator.

It is hoped that AWS can shed its rule-making plumage and take flight into some meaningful programs for University women.

The first progressive step can be taken by abolishing the reactionary attitude of working members of the organization. Only by recognizing the faults and trends of an institution can meaningful reform be accomplished. The defensive nature of the AWS leaders may be admirable, but intentional silencing of other's ideas cannot be tolerated. The freedom of the press to question students on vital issues should not be suppressed by a vague warning. It is hoped that AWS Congresswomen can be encouraged to think and form honest evaluations of their role and the role of the organization to which they are devoting their time and effort.

THERE HAS BEEN a token attempt to make the program area of AWS equal in emphasis to its rule making function. However, the emphasis should be entirely placed on a relevant program composition with the gradual phase-out of the rule making function. The pace of the changes may be slow, but it must be encouraged and not stifled. The resistance will be present, but it must be overcome. The necessity is evident, and it must be met.

The programs could include meaningful seminars on the role of women in a community, the careers available to educated women, and the stimulation of rational progressive thought. The University coed should be made aware of her role in the society which her academic life is "preparing" her for. The future of AWS depends on its ability to adapt itself to the pertinent needs of its constituency.

The role of granting privileges and fostering responsibility can only be the goal of an in loco parentis organization as AWS is. The maturity of today's college women demands that this role be abandoned and a relevant role assumed.

AWS has made fruitful reform attempts in the past, but new demands are being placed upon it.

AWS must respond to the demands and the needs of its members. Where is the real leadership coming from and who is doing the stifling? Will the Phoenix arise?

Lynn Gottschalk

FAC column . . .

America has come a long, long way

by Ed Icenogle

America — land of freedom of choice, country of consumer sovereignty — has come a long way.

In the beginning, when there was no choice, American Negroes had a resounding social monopoly. There was only the black nigger.

BUT AS generations passed, American blacks lost the monopoly. Students forfeited their disguises of raccoon-coating and football-fanning to don social awareness and involvement. And with this involvement have come the demonstrations against society's diseases and protests of its hypocrisy.

Having unsettled the status quo and having nettled the status quers, students have gained (besides social awareness) a new label: student niggers. As the new term gained national prominence, it became less fashionable to keep using blacks as whipping-boys. Students had become the object of blame for civil unrest, instead of Negroes.

Now, rather than barring blacks from the polls in the south, the battle cry was for withholding the vote from under-21ers everywhere.

BUT WHAT WILL happen when we all tire of student niggers? What can be the next step in this curious manifest destiny? After blacks, after students, some group must step forward. Some minority should be ready to substitute for a change.

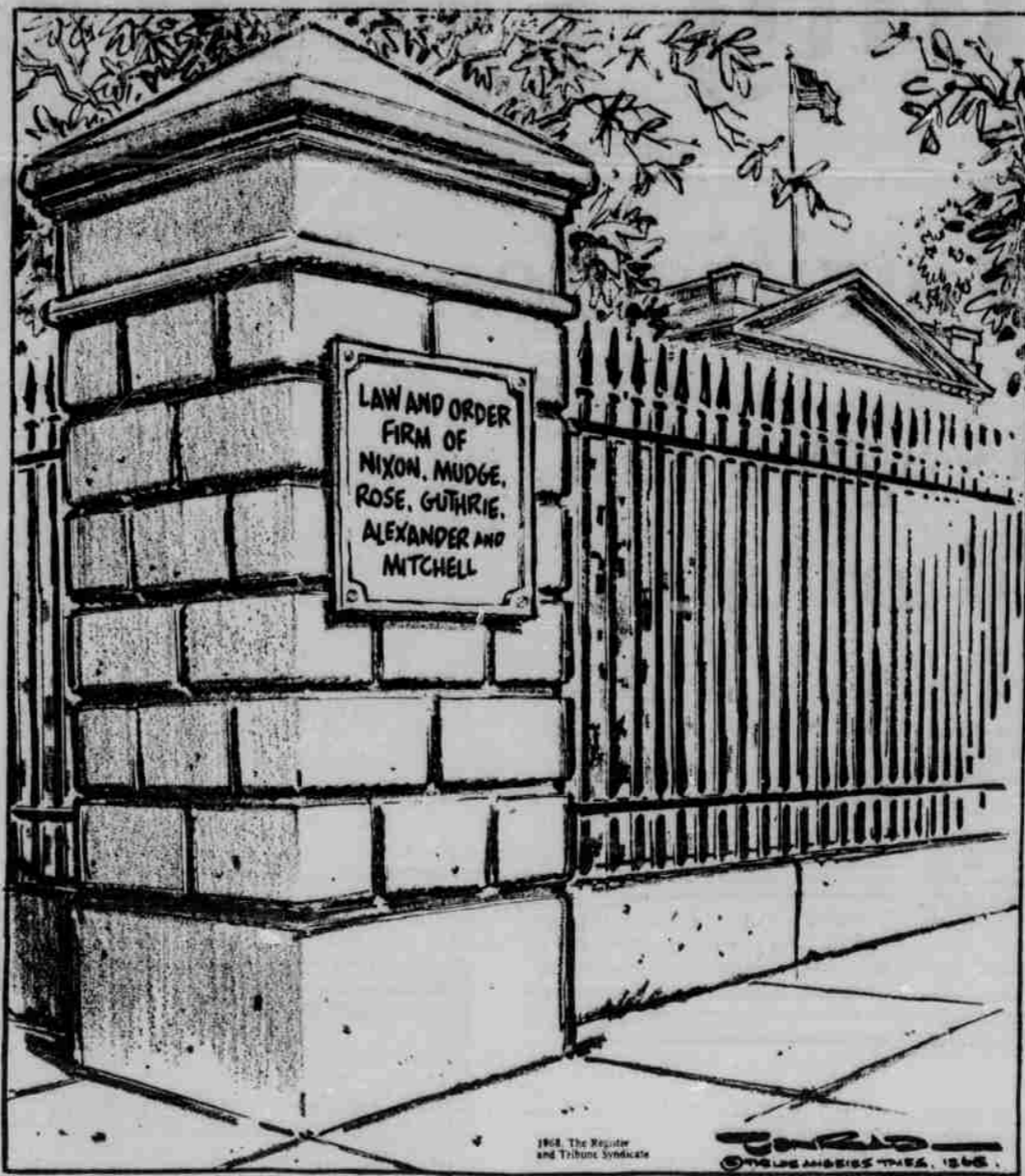
Just in time came the 1968 presidential elections. Fortunately, so many minority groups have emerged that everyone can now have his own private faction for scoring.

Middle-of-the-roadsers can have their pick of either Gene McCarthyism on the left, Richard Nixonism on the right or American Independent Partyism in the wrong. Everyone else has his political opposite to attack.

BUT THE MOST likely candidate will be the Republican party, which must be the most powerful minority in a long time in America. Tens of millions of dollars were spent by the Republicans this year to achieve the status of political niggers. No matter what goes wrong in Vietnam, for instance, GOP will get the discredit. And the same in other areas.

History has turned itself inside out. No longer is the minority status, the scapegoat role, avoided. Now men seek it out.

AND SO, students and blacks, hold fast to the vestiges of your suppression. One of these days that status may be valuable.



Editorials

Commentary

George Kaufman . . .

The End of the World, William's way

It's been a strange year, and the melancholy gloominess of this Autumn would seem to say that if Man must destroy himself, this would be a good time to do it.

Somehow it would be fitting now, as the trees and nature itself prepare to die also; the demise of man would sublimely blend with the pre-ordained death of his world.

It has been, at the very least, a profoundly moving year, like something out of Shakespeare with it's heroes and villains and murky depths in between; and with the not-quite-real dramas among the men above Men who move among power and greatness.

It will take a while to forget the noble Eugene McCarthy, who "loved Rome more" when he moved to unseat his chief. The noble, aloof, misused — perhaps unusable — McCarthy who is now assailed with acid words for attempting to preserve integrity in a

business which allows for none.

George Wallace, the villain. But not to all, not to all. George Wallace, the embodiment of Iago, whose words speak two languages: he charms, unless you listen too carefully, unless you look too far beyond.

And Robert F. Kennedy, "Bobby." Who will ever be able to forget that magic day at the Coliseum? Bobby: alive, energetic, touching the crowd, heckling back at hecklers, winning admirers. And the sad days which began on a triumphant night in Los Angeles. The knowledge that it wasn't, after all, a sickness in Houston or Texas. But a sickness in Memphis, and in Los Angeles and in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Suddenly the man who had been most alive was dead, the campaign didn't matter any more; anyone else would win by default. He lies beside his

brother now, and who will follow? Still they make the silly jokes about assassination; still the plots are uncovered on Johnson's life, on Nixon's life, on Humphrey's life, on Wallace's life, on McCarthy's life . . .

But before those dark days were the best days of all. Kennedy and McCarthy were winning big everywhere; despite the talk they were headed toward a big win in Chicago and probably in the nation.

But one bullet nullified the hopes of all these days. It took only one dark day to obliterate all the bright tones. From that day on, the drab old faces returned: the Humphrey doll saying 'I am in complete agreement with the president but I am my own man'; the Nixon doll, trying just once more for acceptance, just this last time, then we'd not have Dick Nixon to kick around any more.

But the drama has now been played out to its dreary conclusion, the Nixon doll has his acceptance, but perhaps he doesn't know at what price yet. He has a new smile, but all else is the same.

And now it would seem right that the curtain should close, perhaps allowing the cast one last bow, of course. And then we can let the clams take their turn in a few million years, or perhaps the otters or the rabbits, it doesn't really matter.

But, please, let the end come with a bang, not a whimper. There was so much to hope for that the human race deserves a big finish, a shattering climax, with all the dolls shrieking in horror and yelling 'How could it have happened.'

Shakespeare would have liked it that way: a silent stage strewn with the bodies of the characters, with not a sound.

Our man Hoppe . . .

The comeback kid comes back for more

by Arthur Hoppe
Good morning, insomniacs. Its time for the Awful Late Show, featuring that awful old movie, "The Comeback Kid" — starring Dick as the middle-aged Kid, who hasn't won a fight in 18 years, and Pat as his loyal wife.

As we join them today, The Kid has climaxed his long struggle up the old comeback trail, surmounting defeats, adversity and Five O'Clock Shadow. At long last, he has won the title! By a split decision.

That's him, jubilant in victory—a Band-Aid on his jaw, one eye slightly swollen.

The Kid (Happily): He never laid a glove on me. (solemnly) But I want take this opportunity to say what a great and courageous opponent he was. One of the greatest. He never quit fighting. And I admire a fighter who never quits.

Pat: But you've been saying for months, dear, that he was nothing but a no-good bum.

The Kid: That was before I licked him.

Pat: Well, dear, I'm awfully proud of you. And now that you've achieved

your goal against overwhelming odds, will you keep that promise you made in 1962 and renounce the sordid fight game forever?

The Kid (aghast): What, quit now? I'm the Champ! Don't you realize what that means? Fame! Fortune! At last you can throw away that old cloth coat. We'll be living on easy street.

Pat (dubiously): You mean all our troubles are over.

The Kid (taking her in his arms): They wrote me off as a has-been. But I got off the floor and did the impossible. And now, baby, you and I are

going to enjoy the sweet fruits of victory — the adulation of the crowds, the love of the country, the . . .

Pat (happily): And no more fights, Kid?

The Kid: Not for four years. It's going to be just you and . . . (The phone rings. Pat answers it.)

Pat: It's one of your handlers, Kid.

The Kid: Probably just wants to congratulate me. Hello? What do you mean the press is already speculating who'll be my sparring mate in 1972? You can tell them I'll be

loyal to good old Spiro T. Whatshisname forever. Well, four years seems like forever. Yeah, I know only a minority of the fight fans are with me, but I'll win 'em over. I'll be a real crowd-pleaser, you'll see. A slugfest on Capitol Hill? Sure, I know our boys are outnumbered. But we'll give 'em a battle. Yeah, I know there's a war on. Just make it clear it isn't my war. We'll fix it somehow. Riots in the ghettos? Pollution in the streams? What about the press? Are we getting a good press? Nasty cartoons already, eh? Spiteful columnists, huh? Okay, okay, I'll be right there.

Pat: (as he hangs up): Where are you going, Kid? You promised you wouldn't fight for four years.

The Kid: (bobbing and weaving as he goes out the door): I know, baby, but I got to keep in training. A right to the public sector, a left to the impacted areas, a jab to Brezhnev's brisquet, a right cross to the new left . . .

Pat: (disconsolately after he's gone): The only thing I don't understand is why he's so happy they have him to kick around again.

Chronicle Features

Inside report . . .

Will floaters settle down?

by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak
Greenville, Miss. — The reason why Clarke Reed, Republican state chairman, is quietly rebuffing Gov. John Bell Williams' offer to convert to Republicanism helps reveal the amorphous shape of post-election political life in the Deep South.

Reed, a wealthy, young businessman here who is becoming a leading Southern Republican, has no scruples whatever about the Governor's white-supremacist outlook. He has long envisioned a lit-white Republican party (majority) and a black Democratic party (minority) in Mississippi. What bothers Reed is that Williams might bolt the Republican party before his seat there is warm.

ANOTHER MISSISSIPPI Republican articulates Reed's worries this way: "I'm afraid the first time there's a picture in the paper of Dick Nixon shaking hands with some nigger, John Bell would say bye-bye."

Williams today fairly represents the bulk of Deep South white voters. Having found the national Democratic party utterly incompatible, they have been a floating, partyless mass through the 1960s. Voting for Barry Goldwater in 1964 and switching to George Wallace in 1968, they have proved antithetical to the national majority.

Now, these Deep South floaters typified by John Bell Williams are eyeing, somewhat suspiciously, the forthcoming Nixon administration to see whether it has a place for them. The Republican leaders typified by Clarke Reed are eyeing, somewhat suspiciously, the ex-Democratic floaters to see if they really are ready to become loyal Republicans.

THERE IS reason enough for Republicans to be suspicious of Williams. Stripped by the Democratic caucus of 20 years of Congressional seniority as punishment for endorsing Goldwater in 1964, then-Congressman Williams made noises about becoming a Republican in 1965 but finally ran for Governor as a Mississippi Democrat. Just before this year's residential campaign, he conferred with secretary Reed about the possibility of backing Nixon but then, as expected, supported Wallace instead.

When a late August private poll commissioned by the Republicans showed that Mississippi would be carried overwhelmingly by Wallace and Nixon would run a poor third, Reed abandoned any campaign here. Mississippi Republicans were silent this autumn, their money shipped to the national campaign, and Gov. Ronald Reagan of California was even discouraged from coming here on Nixon's behalf.

Besides recognizing reality, the non-combatant stance was designed not to anger supporters of Wallace (63 per cent of the vote on Nov. 5). Having irrevocably discarded their Lincolnian birthright and rejected the Negro vote, the Mississippi Republicans now must cut into the Wallaceite red-neck vote to become a viable party here.

THE NON-COMBATANT strategy bore fruits immediately after Nixon's victory with pre-Republican sounds from Wallace backers, notably John Bell Williams. His public statement that he might switch to the Republicans was followed by a telephone call from a Williams aide to Reed seeking assurances that the Governor would not be embarrassed by a repudiation if he embraced Republicanism.

But Reed, while saying nothing, is not about to turn his party over to the Governor's machine. Understandably enough, regular Republicans here have been pleading with Reed not to sanction a Williams takeover. Beyond that, however, is the doubt over how long Williams would remain a loyal Republican once Nixon handles his first civil rights crisis. Thus, Williams is not likely to turn Republican in the foreseeable future.

Without Williams, statehouse-oriented Democrats won't convert either. Moreover, Rep. Sonny Montgomery, a highly-regarded second-term Congressman who would prefer being a Republican, won't switch in order to help protect committee chairmanships in Washington held by Mississippi Democrats. The best hope for converts is in the legislature (where influential State Sen. James Arden Barnett turned Republican this week).

DESPITE THE absence of a stampede to Republicanism, Wallace voters here have no other likely home. Hoggin Carter III, the Greenville publisher who leads the state's loyalist Democrats, wants to expand loyalist ranks beyond Negroes and a handful of white liberals into the red-neck vote, but this is a goal that, if attainable, is a decade away. Few politicians here think Wallace can seriously build his American Independent Party on the state level.

Accordingly, the Mississippi majority remains partyless, alienated from the main stream of national politics. It may well eventually enter the Republican column, but based on the sterile minuet currently danced by Chairman Reed and Gov. Williams, that day seems some time off.

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Daily Nebraskan
 Second-class postage paid at Lincoln, Neb.
 TELEPHONE Editor 475-2565, News 475-2569, Business 475-2566.
 Address correspondence to Daily Nebraskan, Room 31, Student Union, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska 68583.
 Subscription rates are \$4 per semester or \$6 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 Nebraskan are responsible for what they cause to be printed.
 Member Associated College Press, National Educational Advertising Service.

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