

# Hardin: filler for the silent cabinet

The appointment of Chancellor Clifford M. Hardin as Secretary of Agriculture in the Nixon administration would give perfectly with the pattern of Nixon's appointments and predicted appointments to date: he is a man pulled out of relative obscurity, a man as noted for his inaccessibility as for his political acumen and administrative ability.

Either because his first choices are refusing him or because he is attempting to put together the most silent cabinet in history, Nixon appears to be following the precedent he sent with Spiro T. Agnew in August: find a man as nationally unknown as possible; someone who possesses executive ability but will not want to rock the boat under any circumstances.

**HARDIN HAS** an excellent background in agriculture and administration. Nebraskans will probably be chortling over his appointment for months to come. The appointment, however, will probably hurt the University more than it will help the cabinet. His present position as Chancellor of the collective University of Nebraska is more ideally suited to him than to any other man in sight; thus his loss will be felt here, while it seems that a number of men might have functioned as well, if not as quietly, in Washington.

Hardin is the kind of public figure who will fit in well with a carefully sealed-off cabinet. He does not seem at ease in public, nor is he particularly inclined to face the press or the students. Nixon's appointment of Herb Klein as news manager for the cabinet is indication enough of what he plans to do; the appointment of men such as Hardin is merely a confirmation of his intentions; a confirmation which newsmen are unlikely to view favorably.

**MOST PEOPLE WILL** probably argue that Hardin's appointment is a great honor to the state. From here it looks more like a recognition of Nebraska's role as a narrow specialist among the states; a state which earned a political plumb by going overwhelmingly to Nixon but did not rate a cabinet post unrelated to its economy.

Hardin's appointment is an honor to Chancellor Hardin. It is not an honor to the state, a boon to the University, or a pleasing indicator of Nixon's attitude in appointing his cabinet.

Jack Todd

# Larry Eckholt . . . Look at those communists

Let's take a look at those communists on this campus. They're all over the place. I can't even sleep at night worrying about them. Honest, I know. I've seen communists and I should know. They're worse than rats.

Communists are out to get us. That's what they're out for. To get us. I have seen communists and they're here, even on this campus. Yes, even in Lincoln, Nebraska. They already have control of the campus newspaper. And they're inching towards taking over the military on campus. I know. I read about it in that communist newspaper. This is a free country and it has freedom of the press. I have to believe everything I read in them free newspapers, or else I am not really an American.

**GOOD LORD** (I don't normally use profane language, except to make a point.) Good Lord. This is America. Peaceful America. Founded in peace. "And God said, 'Let there be America.'" Just a peace-loving country. Why would anyone want to upset the apple cart. Everyone has apples.

Why. Because there are communists in this country. And they want the apples. Do you know what our boys in Vietnam would do for apple pie? Lord, we're fighting over there just so those Vietnamese can have apple pie, too. They have a right to eat apple pie.

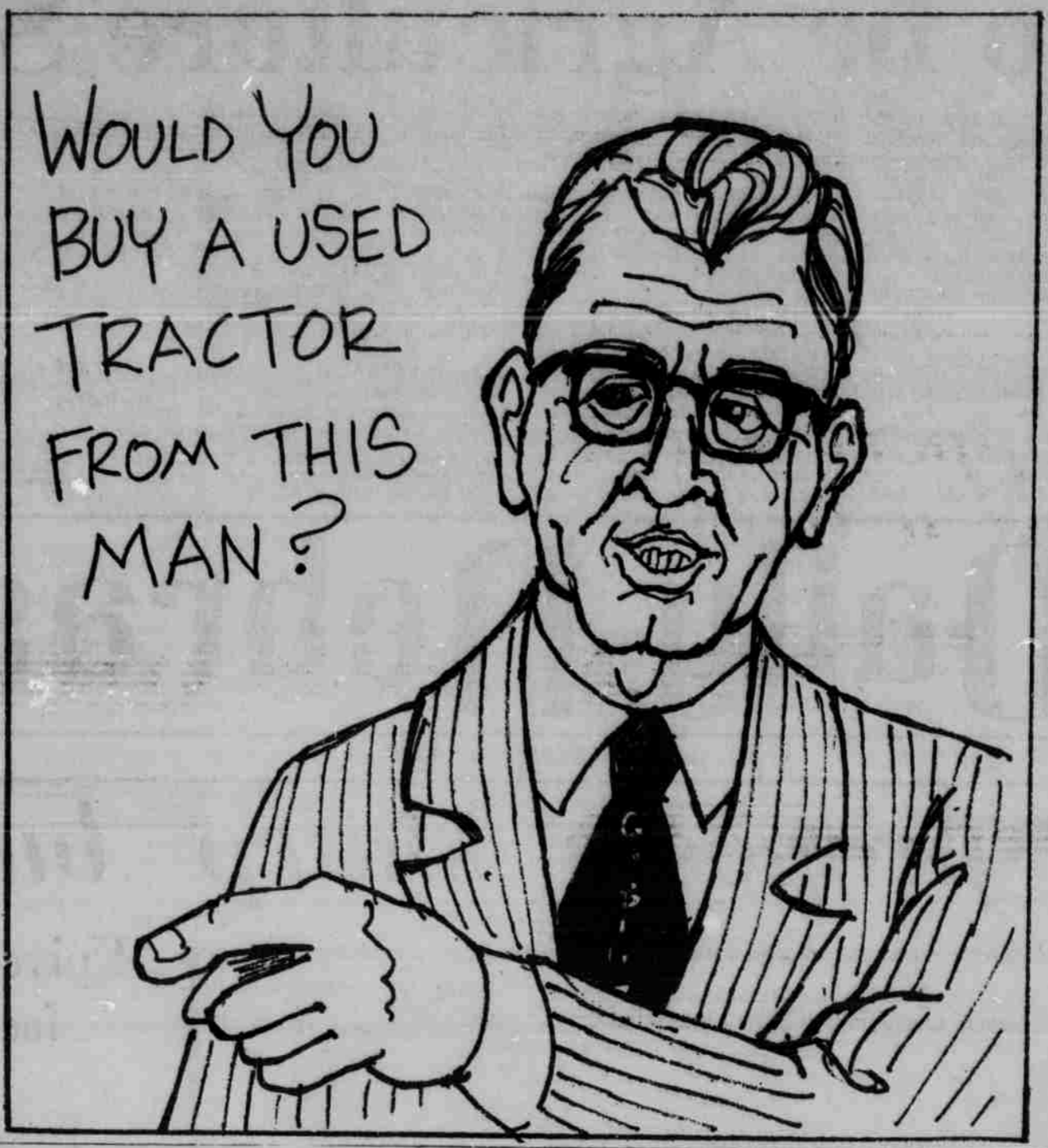
But those dirty, asinine communists, especially the ones here on this campus. They're gonna take over someday. I like apple pie. Who is going to replant the apple tree after the communists take over? I can't sleep at night thinking about it.

**WELL, I SAY** we'd better be patriotic Americans and support everyone who is against communists. I get a chill everytime I say the word. Don't listen to what they have to say. They're communists and they know nothing. Absolutely nothing. I know. I saw communists and they looked stupid. And I want you to listen only to me, because I am always right. This is a free country.

Don't take me wrong. There just aren't any more answers since everything is perfect now. We've got to protect ourselves, that's all. We are in constant danger.

Look! I see one now. He's coming towards me. I don't know what to do. Kill him! He stole my apple! I want my mommy!

Waaaaaahhhhh!



# Editorials Commentary

## Private drab's bargaining table

by Arthur Hoppe  
"How are the peace talks going?" Private Oliver Drab, 378-18-4454, asked his friend, Corporal Partz, as the two squatted behind a revetment. "Well, it says here," said Corporal Partz, leafing through a newspaper, "that the Reds are demanding we talk around a square table. But we're holding firm for a rectangular table. And the fur's sure flying."  
"I AM GLAD they got something to talk about," said Drab.  
"It's mighty important," said Partz. "The Reds say there's four sides negotiating and we say there's only two. So we're going to hang tough for a two-sided table no matter what. And the Reds say they'll never yield an inch. Don't look like there's any solution."

"My Grandma could've solved it," said Drab. "What she'd say is . . ."  
"GREAT NEWS, MEN," cried Captain Buck Ace, striding up, his eyes agleam. "Headquarters has picked us for a dangerous search and destroy mission. Check your weapons and get ready to zap those Charlies!"  
"Yes, sir," said Drab politely, "but what for?"  
"You're not going to start that again, Drab. We've got to get out there and kill Commies."  
"But if we're talking peace with them, sir . . ."  
"WE'VE GOT TO kill them while we're talking peace with them, soldier, in order to maintain our position at the bargaining table. And those Charlies out there, they're fighting for a square bargaining table."  
"But my Grandma . . ."  
"Blast your Grandma!" thundered the Captain. "What the hell are you talking about her for?"  
"She's dead, sir."  
"I'M SORRY, SON," the Captain said automatically, putting a hand on Drab's shoulder, "my condolences."  
"Thank you, sir. But before she died there used to be this big fight at her house every Thanksgiving on who should get to sit at the head of the table. My Uncle Ed darn near killed Cousin Franklin one time. But my Grandma, she solved the whole thing — she went out and got herself a round table! So if we got a round table, sir, we wouldn't have to go out there and get killed to maintain our position at it and . . ."  
"Shut up, Drab!" shouted the Captain. "And get out there and fight for whatever I tell you to fight for!"  
So Private Drab went over the top crying, "Don't give up the rectangular table!" But you could tell somehow that his heart wasn't in it.

Chronicle Features

## New prophets found in 'street church'

by Dick Gregory  
At a time when the unbridled spirit of youthful protest is both challenging and revitalizing the political and institutional structures of our society, it is curious to see the church today threatened by a youth reaction of a different sort.  
There is a conspicuous absence of youthful protest directed at the church, demanding reform and seriously challenging both basic values and practices. By and large, young people tend simply to ignore the church, apparently seeing it as an institution not worthy of their revolutionary energies.

world over. They are searching for true meaning in life, insisting upon real values worthy of life investment and demanding that morality be a way of life for individuals, governments and institutions.  
The voice of youth echoes throughout the corridors of America's most honored institutions with the simple message that no longer will a man's worth be judged by the clothes he wears, the position he holds or the social bearing he affects, but rather by the quality of life he leads.  
THE YOUNG prophets of the new religious awakening will not be found in the churches. They will be found rather in the streets. Much like the prophets of an earlier day, their moral demands are too pure and their devotion to ethical behaviour too rigorous to be comfortably contained in organized religious structures. The church would only dare embrace these new young radical prophets at the expense of its own institutional life.

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There is a conspicuous absence of youthful protest directed at the church, demanding reform and seriously challenging both basic values and practices. By and large, young people tend simply to ignore the church, apparently seeing it as an institution not worthy of their revolutionary energies.  
SPEAKING TO A large Protestant gathering in New York City in October, John D. Rockefeller 3rd, chairman of the Rockefeller Foundation, aptly described the current mood of young people regarding the church. Said Rockefeller: "No institution in our society is today suffering more from the sheer indifference of the young. By and large, they have dismissed the church as archaic, ineffective, and even irrelevant . . . One young man told me: 'There's a genuine religious revival going on, but the church is missing out on it!' Another said: 'The church could fill a great need in our society, if it would focus less on the divine and more on how to apply Christian teaching to today's world.'"  
Indeed there is a great and active revival of religious values being enacted in the lives of young people the

The reason why churches were destroyed in the South is because ministers finally started telling the truth about freedom and used their pulpits to actively combat injustice. For years southern ministers had been afraid to speak out. The Ku Klux Klan had always been able to terrify and intimidate the southern Negro.  
One day the minister developed enough backbone to overcome his fear, climb into his pulpit, and tell the truth about the Klan and its activity. He called the names of the Klan members and openly identified the law-enforcement officers and businessmen hiding under those hoods. The minister traced the route of Klan violence. As a result, his church was destroyed the next morning.  
BUT THIS IS NOT a southern phenomenon. When ever religion refuses to compromise and speaks boldly against injustice, the chances are its spokesmen will end up out in the streets. If the northern minister, priest or rabbi would stand up in his pulpit one morning and call the names of the top men in the crime syndicate; if he would trace the syndicate's reefer route and tell the truth about dope traffic, violence, and prostitution, that northern clergyman's church would be destroyed also.

It has often been said that you get your best education in the streets. Today's youth are telling both church and society that the same pattern is true when applied to religious experience.  
Wade Allen Syndications, Inc.

# Inside report . . . No Paris need

by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

Washington — The real reason President-elect Nixon will not send a personal observer to the Vietnam peace talks in Paris is that decisions involving even the smallest details are made not in Paris but in President Johnson's White House office.  
Seldom if ever before has a skilled negotiating team had so little freedom to operate on its own as the U.S. team headed by Ambassador Averell Harriman and Cyrus Vance.

THE RESULT, although none of the principals will discuss it freely even in total privacy, has been tension and frustration within the U.S. team in Paris which on occasion has reached close to the outer limits of forbearance.

One such occasion was the emotion-fraught days just before Mr. Johnson made his Oct. 31 speech announcing the end of the bombing on the basis of the now-famous "understanding" with Hanoi: that the demilitarized zone between North and South Vietnam would not be used to launch offensive operations against the South and that the large cities would be immune from rocket attack.

When Hanoi's agents at the Paris talks finally agreed to this understanding in late October, after months of tough bargaining, the agreement to end the bombing was consummated. It was to be announced by President Johnson immediately.

SUDDENLY, AND WITHOUT any warning, Mr. Johnson tossed a bombshell at his negotiating team in the form of a new condition.

The added condition was a demand on Hanoi that the first meeting of the enlarged negotiating teams — expanded by the addition of the Viet Cong's National Liberation Front and the government of South Vietnam — take place the day after the bombing-halt announcement.

This sudden and wholly unexpected demand from the White House stunned the President's negotiators in Paris. Not only did it demand the impossible, from Hanoi's point of view, but it raised a basic question as to whether the Harriman mission could be trusted to keep its word. The reason for that was that the already-consummated agreement on the bomb-halt specifically left open the question of exactly when the expanded talks would begin.

WHEN MR. JOHNSON'S new condition — start the talks the day after the announcement — was taken to the Hanoi negotiators they at first refused even to consider it. It would be impossible, they told the Americans, to round up representatives of the NLF and get them to Paris for perhaps several weeks, much less one day.

Thereupon ensued several angry days of intense bargaining on the timing question, with Mr. Johnson personally calling the shots from his desk in the Oval Office. The Communists reluctantly agreed to advance the starting date of the expanded talks to seven days after Mr. Johnson's announcement of the bombing halt, and the President held out for a starting date three days after the announcement.

While this narrow gap of four days continued to separate the two sides, the bombing continued, and Saigon itself began to be shelled. The impasse was finally resolved with a compromise date of Nov. 6 for the starting date of the talks, and on Oct. 31 Mr. Johnson made his announcement to the world and stopped the bombing.

IRONICALLY NOT ONLY had Mr. Johnson's sudden additional demand caught his own Paris negotiators short, it was also flatly rejected by Saigon (the long Saigon holdout, in fact, is only now ending, but even with Saigon present in Paris there is virtually no chance of serious talks before Mr. Nixon is sworn in on Jan. 20).

President-elect Nixon is fully aware of these and other highly confidential details about the Paris talks, and they led him to conclude correctly that a Nixon observer could learn little more in Paris than here in Washington reading the unprecedented cascade of secret cablegrams carrying instructions to Ambassador Harriman.

With Robert Murphy, Mr. Nixon's foreign policy agent, already here and reading all the top-secret cable traffic, an observer in Paris was viewed as simply excess baggage.

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# That's the way the game's played

We, the undersigned Student Senators, would like to express our mutual dissatisfaction with your editorial of Monday, November 25, regarding action taken by Senate and Dr. Joseph Soshnik to create a committee to consider implementation of the Student Academic Freedom document and ASUN Government Bill 24.

You have overstated the case regarding treatment by administrative and faculty members toward Senate on this issue. We do not consider their actions as "administration injustice" nor do those actions call for "cheat for cheat" reactions by students, as you suggest.

YOUR STATEMENTS regarding G. Robert Ross again overemphasize the case, which does not exist to any significant degree in our eyes. The quotes attributed to him were taken entirely out of context. Do we not as students also use all means to change administrators' points of view? Isn't that, Mr. Todd, "the way the ball-game is played," by all participants, including yourself?

Finally, through this editorial you are serving as a mouthpiece for ASUN President Craig Dreeszen, and do not reflect a consensus of the Senators. This has been true of past editorials, as well. It would behoove you in the future to take arguments for your editorials from more than one source; it would also behoove you to attend Senate meetings to realize what the consensus of opinion is and who is formally expressing it.

- Thomas G. Morgan
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- Jack Adkins
- Gary Toebben
- Carol Madson
- Dave Landis
- John T. Wirth
- Kent Boyer
- Bruce Cochran
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