

Editorials
Commentary

From high atop . . .

And now, from high atop the Nebraska statehouse . . . only minutes away from downtown Lincoln . . . by the banks of scintillating Salt Creek . . . come the sounds of Joe McCarthy and His Royal Americans.

(Imagine in the background, if you will, the superimposition of "The Marine's Hymn," "Stars and Stripes Forever," and "Beautiful Nebraskaland.")

TONIGHT'S CONCERT by the Royal Americans, formerly billed as the Nebraska Legislature Hallelujah Chorus, will include their latest hit: "LB 8, or I Flipped My Lid Over You, MaryJane."

The message of the lyrics — probably the most significant since Buck Owens asked the musical question "Who's Gonna Mow Your Grass?" — is that evil-minded college students need more punishment than do other Nebraskans.

BUT OFF THE RECORD (or on it, if someone decides to cut a disc of the hit song), band leader Terry Carpenter (former child protegee of Ramon Rocello) is dissatisfied. It seems he heard a dissident note in his beautiful melody.

The note was struck by Norbert Tiemann, head of the big brass section. And Maestro Carpenter has stated he is unwilling to play second fiddle to anyone.

TIEMANN NOT ONLY struck a sour note, but now he is telling the musicians they should tear up their sheet music for "LB 8."

Although the Royal Americans may try to outblast Tiemann, those who appreciate music more recent than the minuet are giving his solo performance a standing ovation.

Ed Icenogle

ASUN is 0-3

Maybe Craig Dreeszen was thinking ahead when he resigned as ASUN president. Student government's record hasn't been too fantastic this year.

So far, it's 0-3.

First, the 1969 World in Revolution Conference (Ron Alexander's responsibility) was waltzed into oblivion.

Second, the Faculty Evaluation Book (Bob Zucker's responsibility) was allowed to evaporate.

Third, Nebraska Free University (Jim Humlicek's responsibility) is being slowly strangled.

Maybe Dreeszen saw these people falling. Maybe that's part of the reason he resigned.

Maybe that's the reason Alexander, Zucker and Humlicek should resign, too.

Ed Icenogle



Campus opinion . . .

Faculty Liaison Committee

Dear Editor:

I am writing to clear what might be a misunderstanding of an otherwise well-done interpretative article by John Dvorak on the Faculty Liaison Committee. On page 6, there is the statement that the "Liaison committee should determine priorities and then inform the legislature and governor about these needs." The person making this statement is not identified. There is the possibility that juxtaposition of the statement with my own comments might lead to the assumption that I was the source; however, I made no comment about this topic.

IN POINT OF fact, I do not subscribe to the position as it is stated. I feel the Liaison Committee does not have the time or resources, as presently constituted, to undertake a job of such magnitude by itself.

The committee can and does perform a valuable service by collimating faculty opinions on priorities and presenting these views to those who are responsible for the ultimate formalization of academic and financial policy.

To achieve the purposes of the sentence quoted above would require a committee with different composition and formal duties than the Liaison Committee.

Sincerely yours,
J. M. Daly

Dear Editor,

Huelga is a strike in the Delano, California, grape growing district that has lasted for an excess of two years. My sympathy has been with this cause for some time, and Cesar Chavez' endurance is admirable.

But despite excellent news coverage of the cause in addition to RFK's publicized visit with Chavez and fellow strikers, and an excellent NET Journal report on the issues and problems, this campus all of a sudden has sprouted concerned citizenry. My God gang, you've been missed! Like, this is real late vibrations. You've latched onto an ember that has burned and burned and you shout protest ex post facto, until you're dealing with the ashes. Huelga is only a part of the total plight of the Chicano.

The Mexican migratory worker is the most exploited minority group in the United States, save only the American Indians. But aside from the exploitation of the farmer worker by the crew boss and truck farmer, I have come to admire the Chicano fatalism and respect his staunch morality.

But at least 80 per cent of my summer VISTA work was to channel these people into a middle class value system which I cannot do. The situation is such that I see my assistance as a phony crusade.

The Mexican-American needs little of our help now. Their militancy is real and promises a future revolution. A preview was recently evidenced in

Denver that will grow into something much more than a boycott.

TRUE, CESAR Chavez asks for your help, and if you have been living up to *la causa*, great! But how can you regurgitate the pounds of grapes you ate this summer? Not only is it all belated, but I see pseudo-concern among the ranks. Is this a cause for some of you to babble over since the old problems of Vietnam, racism, and poverty are old hat?

Robert Kennedy spoke of an unbelievable blemish he found near, as more than one Nebraskan puts it, "this great state of Nebraska." The Rosebud Reservation is what's left of a horrid piece of American history. I hear frightening tales of current rancher prejudice and exploitation of the Indian.

If these Indians are literally living in car bodges and honestly want some help, let's provide that help, even if it's a voice of protest to the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

I invite anyone honestly concerned in making a trip to the reservation and discovering the problems first hand to join me in such a trip now!

Mark I. DaPree

Dear Editor:

To quote an opinion in Thursday's, 2-20-69, edition, "The city's fire department is another bitch. Why don't they stay home and let the staff (Harper Hall's) take care of things. Contrary to popular belief the staff is more than capable and more concerned than the firemen ever thought of being." I think the uninformed person who submitted this piece of information should be informed of the real facts so he can bitch at the proper authority.

IT SO HAPPENED that when the fire was discovered by the Resident Director of Harper Hall, he, the resident director, went into a frenzy "like a chicken with its head cut off." During his moments of frenzy, a Harper resident, upon entering Harper and also discovering the fire, calmly walked over, kicked open the fire extinguisher box and coolly walked to the elevator and extinguished the fire.

Now had this resident not come upon the fire at the time he did, and if all members of Harper's "capable staff" acted in the same manner that the resident director did (I am not saying that they did, however) who knows the extent to which the fire could have spread.

Considering the firemen were at Harper approximately five (5) minutes after the initial alarm had been sounded, I feel this student is bitching at the wrong authority for after all firemen can't fly.

Signed,

A Somewhat More Informed Harper Resident

Rockefeller isn't helping Lindsay

By Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

New York — Piled on all the other troubles darkening Mayor John V. Lindsay's reelection hopes, Lt. Gov. Malcolm Wilson — at the very core of this state's Republican establishment — is intriguing against Lindsay without hindrance from Gov. Nelson Rockefeller.

Wilson is supplying clandestine encouragement to a prospective bid against Lindsay in the June mayoral primary by state Sen. John Marchi of Staten Island, an attractive young conservative Republican. If Marchi actually provokes this party-weakening struggle, it will be in no small part the Lieutenant Governor's responsibility.

WILSON AND MARCHI have met at least twice in recent days at Albany with financing of a possible Marchi campaign among the matters discussed. Some Wilson political allies in Queens are even now planning the Marchi campaign. But Wilson's most important service has been his pleas to Rockefeller, successful so far, that the Governor maintain strict neutrality and not scare off Marchi.

Why this is so disheartening to the Lindsay camp goes to the heart of the grand strategy charted by the Mayor's political advisers. Although a succession of civic plagues have made Lindsay beatable by almost any Democrat today, the Mayor's men have been counting on the usual fratricidal warfare by New York Democrats to rehabilitate Lindsay politically by November.

Indeed, prospects are now better than even that the Democrats will, as usual, emerge blood-

splattered from the mayoral primary with the weakest possible nominee. To capitalize on this, however, the Republicans of New York must observe their usual pragmatic unity and abstention from ideological quarrels.

ALTHOUGH IT SCARCELY seems possible that Lindsay could lose the nomination to Marchi; nobody knows exactly what might happen in the city's first Republican mayoral primary since 1942. Nor is Lindsay's substantial left-of-center support — particularly among Negroes — represented among the corporal's guard of 600,000 registered Republicans eligible to vote in the primary.

Moreover, Marchi is no Stone Age reactionary. An assimilated Italo-American, Marchi will cut deeply among the Catholic middle class — overburdened with taxes, wary of Negroes, disenchanted with Lindsay. While he will get few defections in the regular Republican organization, Marchi can count on fervent organizational backing from New York's growing Conservative party.

Thus, Lindsay Republicans have come to the uncomfortable conclusion that Marchi's candidacy might well produce an embarrassingly narrow nomination for the Mayor with ideological lines inside the party so indelibly etched that they would persist into the fall campaign.

THAT IS WHY Lindsay is turning to anybody who might exert influence on Marchi — including President Nixon's operatives, Charles M. Whortler, Nixon's unofficial political representative in New

York City, is trying to head off Marchi's candidacy. Thomas Evans, Mr. Nixon's ex-law partner and national director of last fall's Citizens for Nixon, also has agreed to help Lindsay.

In addition, state chairman Charles Schoeneck met with Marchi in Albany last Thursday, presumably trying to discourage him. But the man with the best chance of thwarting the Marchi candidacy — Nelson Rockefeller — is silent.

LIBERAL REPUBLICANS plan to appeal to Rockefeller to forget his ancient personal feud with Lindsay and do all he can to keep Marchi out. Sen. Jacob Javits phoned Rockefeller last week to make just such a plea, but the phone call went unreturned as Rockefeller left for a long weekend in the sun.

And Malcolm Wilson, a conservative Republican who has become Rockefeller's great friend as his faithful Lieutenant Governor for ten years, has requested the Governor not to interfere with Marchi.

Apart from ideological considerations, Wilson's motives are obvious. Like many other New York politicians, Wilson doubts that Rockefeller really will run for a fourth term in 1970. If so, Wilson's principal rival to succeed Rockefeller would be Lindsay — unless the Mayor were sullied, or even defeated, in New York City politics this year.

But avoiding just such political intrigue is the road that the Republicans, as a minority party, have traveled to remarkable and sustained success in New York — until now.

De profundis

... by Fred Schmidt

During my senior year in high school, our home room classes were subjugated to military oratory for several days as recruiters from the armed services urged us to fulfill our "obligations" in their respective branches.

The Marine sergeant held us captive with his icy propaganda about manhood.

The Navy recruiter was a little better, simply describing how the Navy was the perfect way to see the world.

The fellow from the Air National Guard was the most: "I have a yellow stripe down my back and a paunch over my belt—that's why I like the Guard."

BUT THE MOST memorable of All was the Army sergeant who recited "Mary had a Little Lamb" not once, but three times. I recall wondering at the time just how hard up the Army must be. During the past week, the question came to my mind again.

The Robert R. Hinkles of Scappoose, Oregon, have always been solid, straight citizens. A year ago, they probably would have defended the Army vehemently. But since the drafting of their son they have become severe critics of that service branch.

Robert J. Hinkley, you see, is mentally retarded. So his parents say, at least. He has lived his twenty-one years in the security of his parents' love, a secluded but happy life.

Robert J. Hinkley is also in excellent physical condition—and that's good enough for the Army. Young Hinkley was drafted and the Army immediately found an ideal place for his abilities—Vietnam.

BUT ROBERT'S father objected to his conscription, believing that the Army had made an honest mistake and would discharge his son once the truth was known. Refusing to allow the Army to take Robert, Mr. Hinkley filed a legal suit, confident that the situation could easily be cleared up.

Last week, U.S. District Court Judge Robert C. Bellond, claiming he had no power to block Robert's induction, declared him absent without leave. When the posse arrived at the Hunkle home, Robert went into hysterics, kicking, screaming, sobbing until he finally fainted.

While his father bitterly cursed the Army, Robert was taken, put under sedation, and then flown across the continent to Ft. Dix, New Jersey.

IS IT TOO idealistic to believe that Robert J. Hinkley should be discharged? It is obvious that he is emotionally unprepared for military service, that he is a shy, illiterate boy. But the Army, dedicated to making the world safe for democracy, free enterprise, and parenthood (Jawohl!) will not release him.

Of course, the Army isn't completely cruel; they've brutally torn Robert from his parents, but they are going to give him some elementary schooling. His destination now is Germany rather than Vietnam. In fact, out of sheer generosity (or is it guilt, perhaps?) the Army is even dropping the charges against him for being AWOL. It would be too cynical to quip that the Army's charity has exceeded its judgment—in the Hinkle case the Army has not shown the slightest amount of either.



"WE'RE STRIKING FOR AMNESTY FOR SITTING IN."

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