



"We haven't had any action from our letters to God!"

RACL Viewpoint

Let's Try Peace

By George L. Jost

In two previous articles I discussed the subject of war and peace in the light of Catholic theology and philosophy. In the wake of Cambodia, Kent State, Augusta and Jackson State it is now necessary to climb down out of the ivory tower.

To do so I must risk stepping on partisan toes but since the question in this article is whether or not we are condoning murder in Asia and murder in the United States, concern for partisan loyalties must be temporarily shelved.

One of the greatest concerns of this country is the extent to which its youth is alienated to the institutions of their elders. Just the other night Mr. Agnew professed to a television audience that he is baffled by the students' lack of trust in their government, and in a recent Courier Father Tormey pleaded with the young for more trust and patience.

I feel that trust must be earned and patience must bear occasional fruit or calls for them become absurd. I also feel that such calls are wasted on the readership of the Courier-Journal who are more likely to be members of the so-called silent majority.

Let me recite some of the reasons for the mistrust by youth of the establishment. The war in Vietnam has been a part of their lives since they were old enough to read the newspapers. They have known nothing but promises of early victory and predictions that the troops would be home by Christmas (you name the year). This process has been repeated in four consecutive administrations, two Republican and two Democratic.

First there was the John Foster Dulles theory of massive retaliation. This was followed by John Kennedy's period of 20,000 advisors. Next came Lyndon Johnson, presenting himself as the advocate of no wider war, the man who said that American boys should not do the work which Asian boys ought to be doing. But Johnson's Achilles heel was his fear of being called a Communist sympathizer, and so he seized upon the dubious incident of Tonkin Gulf to enlarge the war beyond recall.

Johnson's unwillingness to be unpopular with any group, his so-called consensus theory, resulted in his complete repudiation by the forces backing Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy in 1968, and in his sinking to a record low in the presidential popularity polls.

Along came Richard Nixon.

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Although he had been a fierce hawk before, he now attempted to ride the wave of resentment against Johnson by offering a plan to get us out of Vie'nam. Meanwhile, we had witnessed the assassination of Malcolm X, Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy, the hope of youth in established leadership. The surviving McCarthy got short shrift in the electoral process, watching his primary votes melt under political manipulation. Here in New York State he received over 50% of the primary vote and was magnanimously awarded 25% of the delegates to the national convention.

There was nothing in the Chicago convention to enchant the youth of this country unless you call lumps on the head and tear-gassed eyes enchanting. Miami was, if anything, even less inspiring.

In November 1969 upwards of 250,000 people, most of them young, gathered in Washington to protest the war. Mr. Nixon felt that the Ohio State-Purdue game rated priority that day. He also stated that he would not be affected in the least by the demonstration.

Now when he has told the nation's youth that under no circumstances would he pay any attention to what they are saying, he can hardly cry "foul" when they conclude that they have no outlet for their grievances. This attitude of the administration has to be considered the shrewdest piece of political insight since Marie Antoinette said, "Let them eat cake."

At the root of the American inability to get out of Vietnam is the myth of American invincibility and our unwillingness to admit a mistake. The desire to win at all costs is evident in the philosophy of a Leo Durocher or a Vince Lombardi. The old snorting philosophy of a Knute Rockne or a Pop Warner is long since dead, but here were men who were more magnificent in defeat than in victory.

Once more the college students are adopting a non-violent political approach. They have organized a national peace petition with the purpose of buying television time to present the anti-war case to the nation. Here is a chance for those who claim to believe in peaceful dissent to put their names and money where their mouths are.

I have contacted the organizing group at the University of Rochester and I can testify that

EXPO '70, OSAKA — You'd be proud of the U.S. Pavilion at this most colorful world's fair, and of the Americans who run it.

From the outside, the Soviet Union's Pavilion makes America's resemble a hole in the ground. It looms over everything else as one catches his first view of the fair grounds 10 miles outside this bustling second largest city in Japan.

But, inside, the Russians have

they are an idealistic, clear-thinking and good-hearted bunch of kids. And far from being naive, their knowledge of personalities and issues is far above that of the average among their elders.

I urge all Courier-Journal readers to heed their message. We've tried war. Let's give peace a chance.

On the Line

Prince Prefers 'The Babe'

By Bob Considine



once more depended on sheer volume and repetitive propaganda ploys in an effort to impress or beguile.

By contrast, the U.S. Pavilion looks only half-stocked. But just about everything in it hits a person in the eye.

There's that iridescent hunk of rock from the moon, for example, with its own baby spotlight and 24-hour guard.

Nobody tries to ram democracy down the throat of a visitor to the American Pavilion. Howard L. Chernoff (who holds the rank of ambassador) and his crewcut, fresh-scrubbed staff have ceased to be astonished over what appeals to this or that visitor. When the former San Diego newsman greeted Prince Hiro, the emperor's 10-year-old grandson, he said to the lad, "Do you want to go directly to the moon rock?"

"No, sir," the Prince said politely, "to see Babe Ruth." Babe's old Yankee locker, his legendary No. 3 uniform, and one of his bats are in the sports wing of the pavilion, courtesy the Baseball Hall of Fame. Also in the exhibit are the tools, equipment and memorabilia of

Ty Cobb, Lou Gehrig, Joe DiMaggio, Walter Johnson, Red Grange, Jesse Owens, Bobby Jones, Bill Tilden and all the other greats of American sports.

Pete Conrad chose the moon rock first, then the moon man rushed to Andy Granatelli's turbine powered racing car and said to Hank Goshog, director of public affairs, "Say, can I have my picture taken in front of this? My kids will be awfully impressed."

Soviet Cosmonaut Aleksei Leonov, first man to "walk" in space, felt the same way about the jet car. When he was photographed in it he shouted, "Tell my friend Conrad that I sat in Granatelli's seat."

Coollest thing of all is the building itself. It's inflated, really. That is, its vinyl-coated fiberglass fabric roof is kept in place not only by occasional cables but by blowers that maintain the interior pressure at .03 pounds per square inch above the outside atmospheric pressure. It could cover two football fields, is featherlight but designed to withstand earthquakes and 125-mph typhoons.

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