

# Student Radicals Rise in Germany

RHEINFELDEN—VISITING IN GERMANY, one becomes aware of an interesting coincidence of initials. German students have an SDS, which stands for the Sozialistischen Deutschen Studentenbundes, or German Socialist Student Organization. In America there is also an SDS, or Students for a Democratic Society.

They represent the same combination of urges, and mirror the same intellectual chaos, even though they have had nothing directly to do with each other.



CHAMBERLAIN

What is ominous about their emotional convergence is that many of their members pay homage to Fidel Castro's old tutor in guerrilla revolution, Che Guevara.

If one could speak of balance in connection with the SDS in Germany, it is a case of the New World of Latin American radicalism coming into being to redress the balance in radical circles in the Old World land that gave birth to Karl Marx.

It is not as clear as all that, for the student radicals in Germany are fractured just as they are in America.

Rudi Dutschke, the 27-year-old doctor of sociology of the Berlin Free University who glories in the title of chief of ideology of the Berlin SDS, is on the anarchist side.

He raised the roof at a recent gathering of student groups in Frankfurt when, without warning or previous discussion, he started talking about the need for town guerrilla fighters.

This frightened the more orthodox socialists among the youth who believe in a more orderly way of waging the class struggle.

But some of the objections to Dutschke were clearly not based on fundamental differences. They had to do with the tactical aspects of departing in conference from an agreed-upon agenda. In short, why frighten the timid by too much spontaneity?

The hippie influence on the radical young of both countries, however, makes for spontaneity. The word "happening" is being domesticated in Germany in its English spelling, and often without quotation marks.

The followers of Rudi Dutschke believe in "happenings" just to make trouble and call attention to themselves.

The odd thing is that nobody, insofar as a cursory examination of the German press shows, links Rudi Dutschke to the Nazi street brawlers of the 1920s and 30s. Che Guevara is "in"; references to Hitler's Captain Ernst Roehm and other radical freebooters of the past are "out."

One is told not to make too much of Rudi Dutschke; he has, after all, only a handful of student followers. But only a few short years ago there was no Students for a Democratic Society organization in America.

The old League for Industrial Democracy, which, though socialistically inclined, believed in orderly change, had not yet given birth to the SDS, a baby which it subsequently disowned because the SDS scoffed at parliamentary tactics. And the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee had not yet embraced violence.

The distressing thing about the young "happening" worshippers and attention-getters on both sides of the Atlantic is that they have no real vision of a good or a just society. They speak of "weakening" capitalism by assaults on its structure of beliefs, but don't know what they would put in its place. Capitalism, in West Germany, enables a man to buy a TV set with the income derived from 100 hours of work as compared to 200 and more hours of work in neighboring countries. Yet the Dutschke followers want to change all that.

Dutschke's German SDS can presumably be contained as long as Germany prospers. The American SDS, unfortunately, seems to have better prospects for hell-raising. But it is distressing to learn that the impulse that creates SDS groups is not limited to any one country.

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## PACIFIC STARS AND STRIPES

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Don Oakley

# A House Divided Against Itself...

For decades, beginning at least as far back as Booker T. Washington's famous "compromise" speech in 1895, the Negro has been told and has told himself that with patience, hard work, diligence, patience, good behavior, patience, faith and more patience, he would eventually be permitted to share in the white man's world.

Before then and since then, the only Negroes who truly made it have been an unknown number possessing enough white genes to pass over the color line, bury their African heritage and disappear into that white world.

Yet many others did make it to a degree—those whose names fill the pages of books on eminent Negroes and who earned the supreme white accolade of being "a credit to their race."

The Washingtons and the Carvers and others like them were once an inspiration and a source of pride to a people desperately short on both.

No more, it seems.

To Negro militants today, the elevation of the son of a railroad porter to the nation's highest tribunal means only that one more "yassuh-man" has been rewarded for his services in Uncle Tomland.

Old-line leaders of the NAACP, CORE and the Urban League, who manned the legal barricades in the early civil rights battles, are distrusted and held in contempt.

A Negro congressman is hooted down and threatened when he appeals to rioters in Detroit.

Almost any Negro who has achieved enough affluence and

respectability to elevate himself above the general ghetto level is regarded as having sold his birthright for a mess of leftover white pottage.

Today, the Negro masses are hearing a different music, the insidious and violent beat of Pied Pipers like the Rap Browns and Stokely Carmichaels, that lures them on to destruction—their own and that of as many whites as they can take with them.

Today, middle-class Negroes find themselves caught in a no-man's land between the Negro poor who have rejected them and the white world which has never yet accepted them.

This growing disaffection between Negro classes is no less ominous for being an inevitable and understandable consequence of decades of postponement of that great come-and-get-it morning. It is more forboding than threats of even worse Detroit to come.

For a nation racially divided against itself cannot long stand. If middle-class Negroes cannot bridge that division, who, or what, can?

(Newspaper Enterprise Assn.)



OAKLEY

# What Did You Say?

Several organizations in the U.S. maintain congressional rating systems to help us confused laymen appraise our lawmakers. Which is mighty thoughtful of them.

If, however, you compare their score sheets you encounter certain contradictions. Congressmen who get high marks from one group receive low grades from another—and on the same subjects.

This may leave a layman more confused than ever.

It was for this reason that I recently began keeping my own scorecard. In my first interim report last June, I put Congress on probation for legislative deficiency but gave it an "A" in rhetoric and composition.



WEST

I reasoned that no Congress that had a member who could describe a presidential message as being "a lot of hot air mixed with some watered-down proposals" could be all bad.

In fact, I went so far as to predict that congressional influence on American speech and letters would enable the United States to regain the world's mixed metaphor championship.

My prediction was promptly challenged by Jack Loughner, managing editor of the San Francisco Daily Commercial News.

"In my Chauvinist way, I feel the title never has left our shores," Loughner wrote.

He said the record was set some years ago by the late James V. McSheehy, a San Francisco city official who declared that a certain issue "is water over the bridge and now it is coming back to haunt us."

Very well. Maybe the title does already reside in the U.S. But McSheehy's record no longer stands.

It was broken just a few weeks ago by Fred V. Heinkel, head of the Midcontinent Farmers Association. In commending President Johnson for reducing dairy imports, Heinkel said: "We would have had milk running out our ears if the President had not taken the bull by the horns."

Furthermore, Heinkel undoubtedly was influenced by such congressional phrasemakers as Reps. Gerald R. Ford, R-Mich., and Samuel L. Devine, R-Ohio.

Said Ford: "If Lincoln were alive today he would be turning over in his grave."

(United Press International)

The Rev. Purnell Bailey

# Bread of Life

WHEN MARK HOPKINS was the president of Williams College, the buildings were defaced one night. He apprehended the culprit, but discovered a touchy situation for any college president. The young man who had done the damage was the son of a wealthy member of the board of trustees.

Appearing before the president, the boy lightly removed his wallet from his pocket and said, "Sir, I'll be glad to pay whatever the damages were."

Mark Hopkins, rising to his full height, looked steraly at the boy, and said: "Put away your purse, son; not only will you pay for all the damages, but you will also make public apology for your conduct. You rich young men come here with an attitude that you can pay for what you get at Williams College."

The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. (Ezekiel 18:2)