

# 'War' And 'Peace' Replaced By Mud Of World Politics

Quickly: What does the date Dec. 7 signify?

Right: The Japanese attack on our naval base 26 years ago that triggered our entry into World War II.

Now: When did the Viet Nam war start? When did the Berlin crisis begin?

Ah! You argue that they had no clear beginning dates and that they're not legally wars because Congress never declared "a state of war."

Conclusion: The term "war" and the idea of a clear-cut date of war are obsolete, and so, for that matter, is the word "peace."

"WAR" AND "PEACE" were good words that served us well until the last 20 years or so. Today they are about as useful in understanding world politics as the "four humors" are in psychology or the "just price" in economics.

There is no out-and-out war today in the old-fashioned legal sense; there hasn't been in 20 years, and there may never be again. And there is no peace, there hasn't been for a long time, and there may never be a definable period of peace again in human history.

There is just politics.

Sometimes you shoot or use grenades and Molotov cocktails. Sometimes you start a run on the other guy's monetary balances, dangle foreign aid, depress or raise prices on world markets. But you don't declare "war" and you don't write treaties of "peace."

Guys like J. William Fulbright and Wayne Morse have trouble understanding this. Fulbright's Senate Foreign Relations Committee argues that "only in the present century have Presidents used the armed forces of the U.S. against foreign governments entirely on their own authority, and

only since 1950 have Presidents regarded themselves as having authority to commit the armed forces to full-scale and sustained warfare." The result is the "erosion" of Congress' power over war and peace, says Fulbright.

Morse, one of the nation's most brilliant men in the field of labor law, where everything is in the contract and the contract is sacred, also has a hang-up on this business of congressional authorizations and legally declared wars.

ONE FELLOW who comes a little closer to reality is Robert Welch, if we may use his name in a sophisticated, polite newspaper. Rather than worry about World War III being started, Welch contends that it has been here since right after World War II, and that the first victim of the war, back in the late '40s, was a young chap named Birch. Hence Welch's conclusion that anyone who isn't fighting the war at the top of his lungs is a Commie. A Comsymp or a dupe.

Welch is correct in seeing the long-term nature of things but out of kilter with his black-and-white usage of "war."

When we had clear-cut, black-and-white wars, it was easy to rally a nation behind the cause. Now the situation is muddy. It's tougher to arouse emotions of patriotism among those who are for you, and tougher to hang a treason charge on those who are against you.

The 1968 election campaign has started, and a lot of candidates have already begun talking about "war" and "peace."

We'll do ourselves a big favor, in trying to understand the realities of world politics, if we eliminate those words from the campaign vocabulary. "War" and "peace" don't mean anything any more.

—Tim Richard

## From the Publisher's Desk OBSERVATION POINT

By Philip H. Power

Robert Strange McNamara has resigned as Secretary of Defense, and for the first time since the assassination of President Kennedy I am afraid.

No. More than afraid. Puzzled and confused and troubled. But most of all, afraid deep in the pit of my stomach.

This extraordinary man, who for so long has held in his hands whether it would be war or peace in our time, is now leaving his post. And who will—or can—replace him?

AFRAID FOR ANOTHER reason, too.

There is growing evidence that McNamara did not resign just because he was tired or wanted a change in jobs. He did not jump; he was pushed.

And there is only one man in the country big enough to push a Secretary of Defense.

Why if not to push him out did President Johnson nominate McNamara as president of the World Bank without formally notifying him?

Why did the President's statement announcing the resignation leave off the usual over-full expressions of regret?

And why did McNamara's own remarks seem curiously incomplete about the reasons compelling him to leave?

I CAN'T BE SURE. No one can.

But the manner of McNamara's leaving ill becomes the man whom he had advised for so long. It compels speculation.

Perhaps Johnson wanted McNamara out because his consistent views urging moderation in Viet Nam lost out in the delicately savage game that is higher Washington politics.

Maybe the President decided that McNamara had lost his usefulness as a lightning rod and could not draw enough further criticism away from himself.

Possibly Johnson decided that McNamara succeeded too well in what he set out to do: To wage a limited war in such a way as to make it into a rationally technical exercise of power, quite separated from continued domestic prosperity and certainly not the sort of thing which can bring the country to rally to the flag—or to a President facing a difficult election.

No one knows. That's a little frightening.

THE FACT REMAINS that he is going, and this requires us to think about what he did.

He took the sprawling Department of Defense, that vast confusion of power and policy that was so complicated to have been called uncontrollable, and made it into the smooth and rational instrument of national needs.

More importantly, he did it in such a way as to return control over the military to those civilian hands so clearly specified in the Constitution.

"War is too important to be left to the generals," Winston Churchill is supposed to have said, and McNamara must have been listening, for he made the Defense Department into the servant of government policy rather than the playpen of competing generals and admirals.

He did it by putting into effect an entirely new method of decision-making which insisted on clarity of thought, accurate measurement of costs and benefits, and precise information.

This marvelous new system clearly broke down in the case of the Viet Nam war, and McNamara's record must remain marred in this respect. But as an effective public servant, who not only administered but also created, he must rate as by far the best the country has produced in recent history.



### Names Secondary

## 'Change' Makes The News

Change makes the news, asserts social historian John Brooks in his recent Book-Of-The-Month Club selection, "The Great Leap."

How refreshing a viewpoint! Many a journalist will no doubt feel vindicated. Hopefully many a recruit to the calling will rise to this apt slogan.

The concerned journalist has been all-too piqued by the adage of "names" being the most important element of reports.

There can be no quarrel with the assertion that "names enhance the news," which is quite different from making the news.

For instance, the one sentence: "War broke out today," is news. The facts of who would be warring and the sources of the information enhance the basic fact.

TO BE SURE, names—of countries, of military leaders, of the reactions, plans and desires of affected people "enhance" and provide basis for reporters' evaluation of the basic news.

"War broke out today" is a basic statement of change. Yesterday there was peace, and an aggregate assortment of issues. Tomorrow there is likely to be conflict (another statement of change) and an assortment of actions.

Names are indispensable. No question. Without names there would be no indication that people are involved, affected, acting, etc.

Or, (horrors!), one might think

that the change is coming about as a result of a computer plan!

READERS (and journalists, too) will get far more out of their newspapers and other reporting media if they look to them for announcements of "change" rather than "names."

Once the central element of change is grasped, then the list of names upon which that change can be more objectively evaluated.

How many people considered the "change" that occurred in American politics at the time of the Kennedy-Nixon television debates?

Professional politicians did. From now on they'll look more for candidates with sparkling TV personalities.

Only a public concerned with change will be able to discern truly worthwhile candidate attributes.

Those concerned primarily with names would likely choose Rin-Tin-Tin over James S. Duesenberry (who happens to be a widely recognized economist now advising President LBJ).

—Dennis L. Pajot

## Harding's Example A Lesson For Romney

NEXT TIME Gov. Romney feels moved to complain about the manner in which his campaign for the presidency is being reported, it would be a good idea for him to remember Warren G. Harding.

No President has ever looked better in the newspapers of his time than Harding did. No President looks worse than Harding in history books. That contrast is due to the fact that newspapers did not do their job while Harding was President.

Beginning with his campaign for the presidency, Harding developed a technique of talking with reporters in semi-confidential tones, sometimes asking them not to print certain news and sometimes simply trusting them to write about him in a friendly way.

After his installation in the White House, selected Washington newsmen enjoyed the Harding administration's poker parties and violations of the federal prohibition law. From there, it was an easy step to ignore or play down far more serious events which should have been reported.

While Harding lived, the public received almost no solid information about the signs of corruption in his cabinet. The fault lay almost as much with newsmen as with Harding.

NEWSMEN ASSIGNED to report activities of Romney or other holders and seekers of government office do not go about their jobs with the horrible example of the Harding administration constantly in mind. But they

do go about their jobs aware that most seekers and holders of government offices work to keep publicity about themselves favorable. Efforts at honest reporting are not, however, always entirely favorable.

Beyond the fact that Harding and Romney have both been said to "look like a President," there are no known similarities between them.

If Romney feels some newsmen are biased against him, the main reason is that newsmen who report on presidential politics have been given no reason, so far, for taking Romney's White House aspirations more seriously than those of several other possible candidates.

Romney himself takes his aspirations extremely seriously. Others will do the same, to the extent he attracts endorsements from political leaders, and wins primary election votes, outside of his home state.

—Reprint from Ann Arbor News

HE WAS KNOWN as a human computer. But the quality of the man is far different, and it is over this human quality that the sense of loss is sharpest.

I remember him in twilight at Camp David, the President's weekend hideaway in the mountains some 80 miles from Washington. He walked through the dogwood and sassafras talking, laughing and joking. A quick warm wit. A whiskey and water.

Computers don't laugh or have a drink.

He likes poetry, particularly English 19th century. Romantic, but just ask him to quote you some Tennyson or Browning. He feels it deeply.

With old friends he is old shoe, happy and warm.

With colleagues he is willing to argue his point of view, forcefully and passionately, but then to come to a decision and go on about his day without rancor or defensiveness.

And on top of it all, that astonishing mind.

MORE IMPORTANTLY, it is a mind in gear with McNamara's being as a man.

Many men at the top are either driven there by insecurity or they find it there at the summit. Not McNamara. Unlike the President, he doesn't seem to need a sheaf of opinion polls constantly nearby to reassure himself of his popularity.

He is secure in his own being as a man of power, who has not given in to it. He is a whole man.

As Secretary of State, he was a rational and civilized man, with a sense of style and grace that reminds me of Kennedy and that seems now out of place in the Johnson Administration.

He is not indispensable; no man is.

But somehow I keep wanting him to tell me that it's all right. That a new man will carry on as he would wish.

But that pit deep in my stomach keeps telling me different.

## This Is The Week That

... By Don Hoenschell

Guido Russo was a 19-year-old GI from Detroit chosen by his friends and neighbors to serve dehydrated eggs and leather pan-cakes in a mess hall in Italy during World War II.

This one was a writer of oddments concerning the military and its pursuits, fresh off the *Alpena News* and 19, too. And anything that comes fresh off a newspaper has got to have something.

Now, as the plot goes, black out 24 years with each doing what he does. Then it comes small-world time.

YOU NEED CIGARETS of an evening and stop into The Livonia Knights Inn like a loner willing to swap war lies with a bartender, or maybe talk about the 1935 Detroit Tigers.

Italy is the key word. It was Cussino with the 88s clearing your throat from the outside. Foggy where wine was used to mix the mortar in the buildings. Spam, olive groves and cold nights in the B-24 hardstands.

Yeah, Guido says, I was with the 747th Squadron of the 456th Bomb Group (H) and, yeah, I know Hal DeLong in Detroit. I bunked with him at headquarters near the old farm house which was near Stornara.

Yeah?

Well, I bunked with DeLong, too, in a pyramidal tent with three other guys. You and I must have been two of them. Who was the guy from Bay City?

It all checked out with Guido, whose martinis crackle now dry so dry.

There was this afternoon Lt. Doug Hillman's plane came back shot and the crew bailed out over the base.

THERE WAS THE afternoon we stood around the radio in Guido's mess hall and listened to the news that FDR was dead. Cigarettes in the PX were 40 cents a pack.

Guido Russo, now 43, was a slightly more svelt Guido then. He came back in 1945 to run a spaghetti place on Fenkell in Detroit with his family. Now he's older and grander, like the rest of us.

There's a lot less of the curly hair and he seems shorter, like he's standing in a ditch.

It seemed appropriate to ask Bill Kirschman in the combo to play, "Flyin' Home," like we used to play the Lionel Hampton record in the enlisted men's club. Then we ask Bill to play "Misty" to bring us back.

Guido's been back to Italy but it's not the same and that's good. Cassino has been rebuilt and the monastery stands at the crest of the mountain like it should. The roads are better and there are glass windows in the Galleria in Naples.

Funny about coincidence, how it happens. Guido Russo, Hal DeLong and I are still here. We still don't have the final answer, though.

Who was the guy from Bay City?

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