

Frank shows his guts

"At least I have guts enough to come here and wrestle with these problems with you," stated Senate hopeful Frank B. Morrison. Mr. Morrison spoke with about 100 students at Selleck Quadrangle last night on topics that ranged from marijuana to his opponent, Roman Hruska.

Whether or not you agree with Mr. Morrison, he must be credited for his willingness to discuss issues with students, a quality that Senator Hruska has not yet shown. Morrison's claim that "you could never get Roman Hruska within a shadow of this great university" may be premature. Let us hope so, for a confrontation between the two senate contenders would be a great service to the students and all the voters of this state.

One step forward . . . Two steps backward

The Senate of ASUN voted on a resolution yesterday to offer the Regents a bound and gagged committee — bound by the restrictions of confidentiality that the Board would exact as admission price to its secrets and gagged by the inability to make known any new found information.

Student Senator Bill Arfman proposed the resolution which would create a seven-to-nine member committee to "investigate the Davis case" along the same lines as the Faculty Liaison Committee. But the restrictions of secrecy that made the Liaison Committee's report so frustratingly unsatisfying would work the same effect on the student group. It is doubtful that any new information would arise (it could not be divulged anyway) and there is no sense in the students taking the once-worn path trod by the faculty.

There is some irony in the resolution's request to "make known to this committee all facts pertaining to the Davis case." Everybody gets a peek; the faculty and administrators have had theirs and now it's the students' turn. No one stops to consider that the last person in the line is the one who is most involved — Michael Davis.

The resolution that Arfman intends to introduce next week, pending the approval of Davis, is far more sensible than today's effort. In it he will call upon the Regents to make the facts and basis for their decision known to the public rather than to a few small groups who are then unable to act on the knowledge.

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Our man hoppe Spiro's salary: \$62,500 for raising hell in Minot

by ARTHUR HOPPE

There's the Middle East in flames last week, with the President off cruising around Europe, and where was Vice President Agnew? Why wasn't he discharging his Constitutional responsibilities?

Mr. Agnew's sole Constitutional responsibility, of course, is to preside over the Senate. It's the only job he's got.

SO FAR THIS YEAR, the Senate's been in session for a total of 950 hours. But Mr. Agnew has presided for only 15 hours and 40 minutes. That's less than three minutes a day. And for this he gets \$62,500 a year.

You'd think that with the President away, Mr. Agnew would at least hang around Washington, waiting for the phone to ring. But while the President was touring Yugoslavia, enterprising reporters actually located Mr. Agnew in a place called Minot, North Dakota.

HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS what he was doing out there. But when the President got

back, there sure must have been hell to pay.

"Look, Spiro, I tried to call you from Zagreb. But they said over at the Senate that they hadn't seen you all week."

"I know, Chief, I know. I was hoping you wouldn't find out."

"While the cat's away, eh, Spiro?"

"I don't know what came over me, Chief. I just had this overwhelming urge to chuck it."

"LOOK HERE, SPIRO, I picked you as my Vice President because I thought you'd make a swell presiding officer in the Senate. And this isn't the first time you've deserted your post. Your record of absenteeism and tardiness is appalling. What is it? The hours? The pay? The fringe benefits? After all, \$62,500 for a part-time job isn't bad."

"IT'S NOT THAT, CHIEF. It's just that it's — well — frustrating. I have to sit there, listening to all those eloquent speeches. And all I ever get to say is, 'The Chair recognizes . . . or, 'The motion is defeated.' Please, Chief, turn me loose. Let me go around the country, saying what you really think."

"Spiro!"
"I'll bring this country together, Chief, by attacking

those effete, impudent student snobs, that fratricidal fraternity of privileged press, those radical-liberal purveyors of pornography and permissiveness who . . ."

"Calm down, Spiro. You're frothing again."

"I'll use my political savvy, Chief. I'll go to Minot, N.D. and enflame the citizens of Minot with the desire to defeat Senator Goodell of New York. I'll . . ."

"SPIRO, I'M SHOCKED. Did your mother raise you on Dr. Spock? How would it look if I permitted you to duck out on your sworn Constitutional responsibility and go traipsing around the country saying whatever came into my head?"
"But, Chief . . ."

"No buts, Spiro. I'd be accused, and rightly, of the most pernicious kind of permissiveness — coddling truancy, advancing anarchy, condoning immoral, irresponsible behavior. What kind of an example would that be to our beleaguered college presidents?"

"Gosh, Chief. I guess . . . I guess you're right."

"But in view of the way you've served me, Spiro, I have a small gift for you."

"Golly, Chief, a gold watch?"
"No, Spiro, a time clock."