

LETTERS to the NEBRASKAN

Brevity in letters is requested and the Daily Nebraskan reserves the right to condense letters. All letters must be accompanied by writer's true name but may be submitted for publication under a pen name or initials. However, letters will be printed under a pen name or initials at the editor's discretion.

Dear editor,

I would like to object to the stupid smear campaign being conducted against Bob Hope by the Coalition for Peace and Justice. I noticed a sign over Burnet Hall Nov. 2 which said "Don't support Bob Hope's war." Leaving the Nebraska Union later, I noticed a sign on the wall saying "Don't buy Bob Hope's tickets" and another on the booth saying "Bob Hope is as funny as a dead Vietnamese baby."

I went over to the booth and asked the young man running it why the signs were there. He replied it was because Bob Hope supported the Vietnam war. I tore up his sign and wadded it up. He proceeded to tell me I was destroying private property and was a nasty and vicious individual; the kind of person who didn't accept other people as individuals with a right to opinions differing from my own.

This type of thinking is typical of the Coalition for Peace and Justice zealots. It doesn't occur to them that Bob Hope has a right to his opinion.

Bob Hope's humanitarian activities and his generous donation of his time to bring a touch of home to GI's all over the world are well known. I won't tear down any more of these people's signs but I ask them to re-examine their actions. I reacted emotionally not to their opinions but to their unjustified attack on him for his opinions.

Personally I don't agree with Bob Hope's opinions, but I would thank him any day of the week for his contributions to humanity no matter what his opinions. I want to thank him for making my Christmas Day a little brighter in 1969, at Camp Eagle, South Vietnam.

Sanford D. Hutsell

Dear editor,

Being an African born in America I see life through a different paradigm that most white folks (contrary to popular belief). As an example George Washington, the "Father of this country," is nothing more to me than a "Honky" who raped African women, sold African men, and ripped off a lot of money from the "people" (white folks) so he could live in style (see "George Washington's Expense Account" Marvin Kitman and "George Washington, Country Gentleman" by Paul Leland Haworth).

American deserves all the creeps she's created (e.g. John Wayne). I could go on forever, but I'll refer you to "No More Lies" by Dick Gregory for he gives a true picture of American history along with the myths.

Bob Hope. What an all American name, Bob "Hope." With an all-American name he's probably an all-American. All-American meaning all racist and all for war. An African born in America needs a joke (probably racist) from Mr. Hope like he needs what America has given him.

What has America given him? America hasn't given him his human rights but has put him on the front line in Vietnam to fight for the human rights of the Vietnamese people (racist joke). Because the African born in America refuses to laugh at the joke played on him, he gets a dishonorable discharge, meaning he can't get a job, meaning he winds up in trouble, meaning he ends up in prison.

To me, Bob Hope personifies this all-American joke that America plays on minority peoples as well as the rest of the people.

Sanjulu Michael C. Randall

Dear editor,

Either Doug Voegler is more stupid than I give him credit for or else he is playing games with the student fee issue in his column last Friday, and working on his election campaign. Apparently he cannot comprehend doing something because it is right, as opposed to being politically expedient.

How dare he say that the objection to The Daily Nebraskan, for example, is not the concept of student fee support but rather a partisan dislike of its political philosophy? If we objected on those grounds, we'd be out of an argument, because this year it is especially well done (except for a couple of regular columnists).

People who are opposed to student fees, he says, should be organizing the campus. We have organized! Both the Committee for Undisrupted Education and the Institute for Political Analysis presented reports on student fees to the Board of Regents, last November. Several people ran for ASUN positions last year. Members of CUE have sought appointments to Union committees and vacant ASUN Senate seats.

The lawsuit, as Voegler knows perfectly well, is far from the only activity of moderate groups. Every suggestion be made for us, we have already done. So what's his gripe?

Close to three-fourths of his statements are flatly false. He is as aware of this as I am, but he made them anyway. Will he do the obvious and make his next article a retraction?

Mary Cannon

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arthur hoppe

Filling Agnew's shoes

For months now, my conservative friends and I have been waging a lonely battle against those insidious forces who are urging Mr. Nixon to dump Mr. Agnew from the ticket in 1972.

Dump Mr. Agnew! To my horrified conservative friends, such a prospect would seem to doom the conservative wing of the Grand Old Party. To a horrified me, such a prospect would seem to doom, once and for all, American political humor.

Who, let us ask ourselves, has kept American political humor alive these past three otherwise grim and desolate years? Who could ever fill Mr. Agnew's shoes?

Would Mr. Nixon go around needing the nattering nabobs of negativism? Would Secretary of State Whathisname talk happily of "polaks" and "fat Japs"? Can you imagine someone telling you that Mickey Mouse wears a Secretary of Commerce Maurice Stans wristwatch?

Dump Mr. Agnew! I'd rather see Martha Mitchell enter a nunnery.

It hasn't been easy for Mr. Agnew. Who will ever forget the historic day in 1968 in Miami Beach when Mr. Nixon chose him as his running mate?

"I think we've found the perfect Vice Presidential candidate, sir," said Mr. Nixon's close personal advisor, Herb Klein, "His name is—and I've tripled checked this—Spiro T. Agnew."

"Spiro T..." A triumphant smile spread over Mr. Nixon's face. "By golly, he sounds like just the fellow we're looking for. Send him in."

When Mr. Agnew entered, looking puzzled, Mr. Nixon laid it on the line. "Look here, how'd you like to be Vice President, Mr. Angew?"

"Agnew, sir. But I doubt I'm qualified..."

"I'll be the judge of that. You've got the name for it and

you look the part. Now the question is, can you fire up the public?"

"For you?"

"No, against you. The American public, Mr. Anewg, demands someone in every Administration to laugh at, someone to be the butt of their jokes. Traditionally, that's where the Vice President comes in."

"Agnew, sir. But..."

"Johnson did it for Kennedy. Humphrey did it for Johnson. And I want you to do it for me. If America didn't have Vice Presidents to laugh at, they'd laugh at their Presidents. Then where would we be, Mr. Agwen?"

"Agnew, sir, but..."

"We'll make a great team. I'll be the brains of our Administration and you'll be there..."

"But..."

"Exactly, Mr. Anweg. I knew I could count on you."

So for three long years, Mr. Agnew has gamely and gallantly gone about the world issuing statements obviously designed to get himself laughed at. Recently in Athens, for example, he praised Greece, now ruled by a military junta which tolerates no opposition, as being the very embodiment of "the spirit of freedom."

Think of the inner courage required of a man as sensitive as Mr. Agnew to say a thing like that!

Dump Mr. Agnew? Is that the reward this loyal, intelligent servant is to have for the heroic and brilliant manner in which he has played his role? Fortunately, there's one thing these ungrateful wretches haven't counted on:

Where are they going to find anyone who'd take a job like that?

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