

## Sainthood

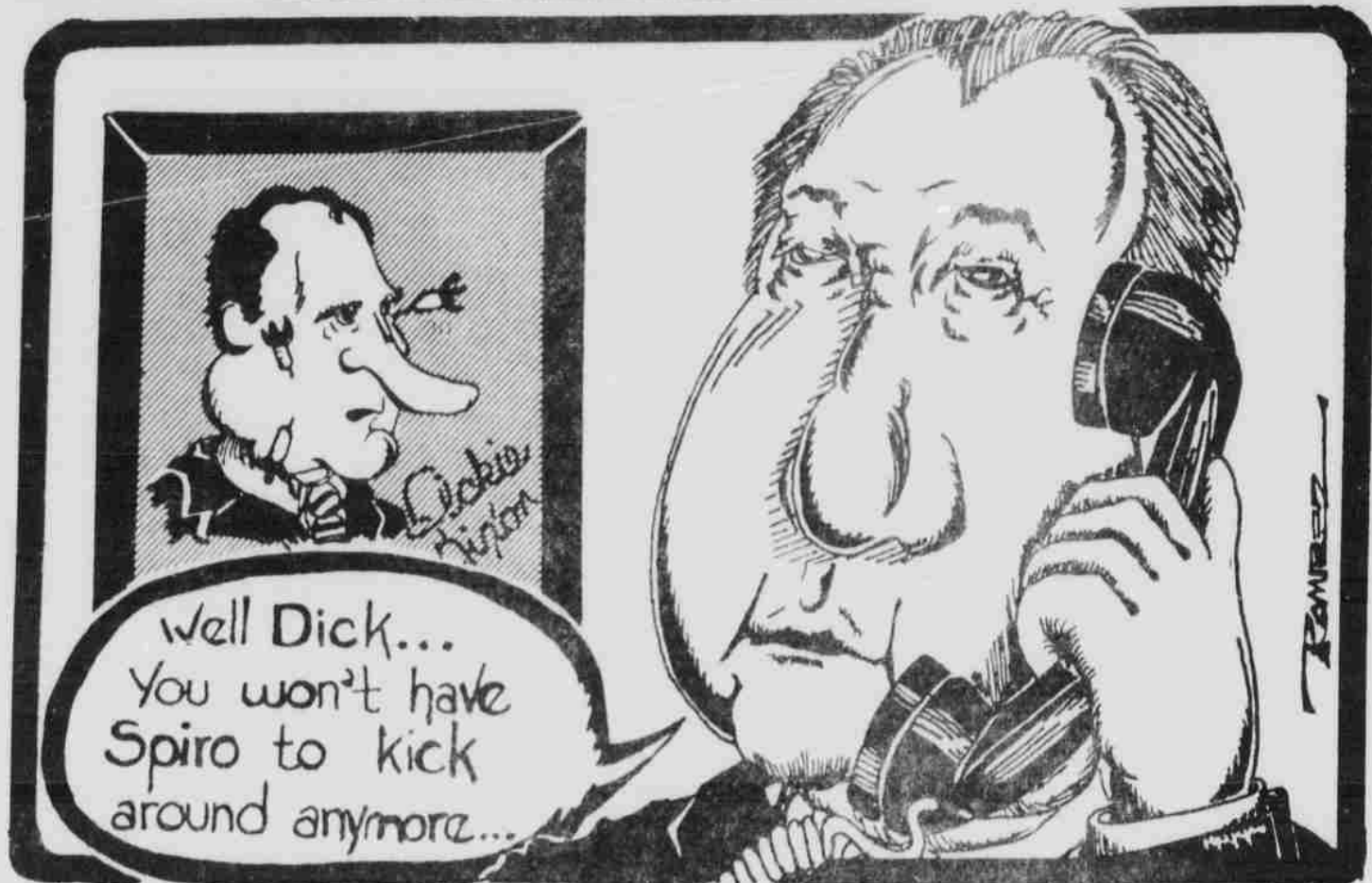
Americans have a habit of canonizing those who have left office. When Harry Truman retired it was the first step toward the sainthood he has achieved since. Lyndon Johnson's retirement and recent death have been followed by the whispering hints of coming herodism. And now Vice President Spiro Agnew has retired.

His resignation probably will lead to his eventual political beautification. He was admired for his straight forward manner and his rock 'em, sock 'em rhetoric. He became the voice of the forgotten man in our society, urging a return to a simpler, more quiet time. And he was dishonest.

The speeches and phrases which have made him famous are now turning back on him. He, who demanded that the courts stop "coddling criminals," is now himself being coddled. He has been sentenced to a three-year probation without supervision by U.S. District Judge Walter E. Hoffman, a man who usually hands out three-to five-month prison terms for tax evasion.

His shining phrases now ring with irony. Wasn't he the same man who accused even ministers of casting aside morality? Wasn't it he who demanded that unlawful acts of some college dissidents be fully punished?

Agnew's rhetoric and public performances seldom helped Americans to understand each other. His was a cry for a return to ignorance, hate and fear. His speeches and criticism of



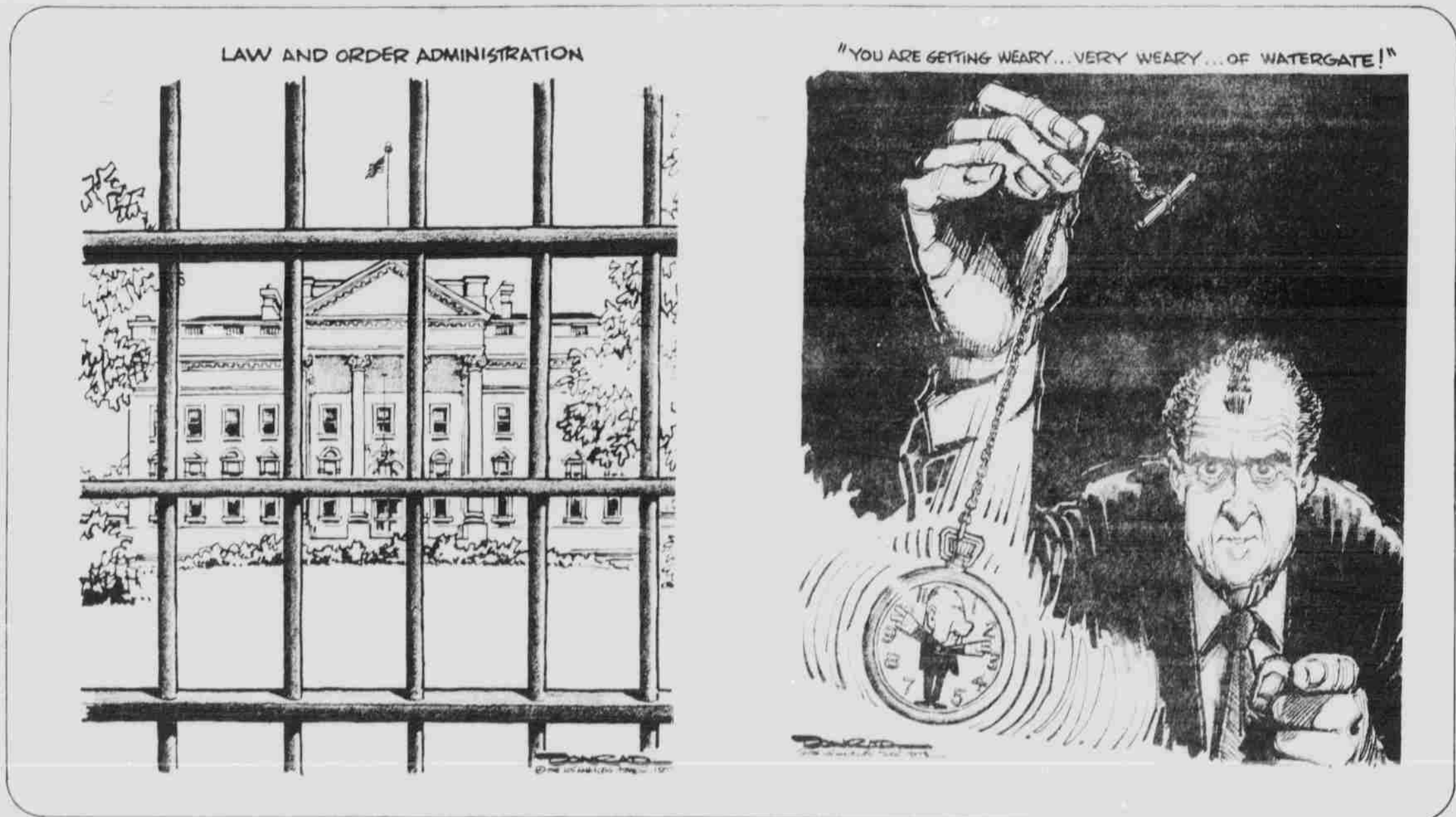
student demonstrators rang of neo-fascism. He once attacked such persons, saying, "We can afford to separate them from our society with no more regret than we should feel over discarding rotten apples from a barrel." What did he mean by "separate?" Concentration camps, perhaps?

No, Agnew should not be sainted. But he will be missed. Perhaps those who will miss

him most will be the "radiclib" and the "impudent snobs" who were among his favorite targets. After all, there is something sad in watching your favorite sparring partner leave the ring.

And it should be hoped that his faults will be remembered. For only by remembering them can this nation's leaders hope to make a better choice in filling the vice presidency.

Michael (O.J.) Nelson



## Gold Rush era bar is toast of local tavern

In the 1850s, a man built a saloon on San Francisco's Barbary Coast. It must have been a wild and exciting time, for gold had been discovered in California and money flowed like water. The man spared no expense, even buying a bar of solid marble and hand carved wood, probably from England.

The Barbary Coast was already beginning to acquire the reputation it has since enlarged on. Pirates, prospectors, gunmen, and longshoremen were its residents, and they still are.

But the Gold Rush died and so did the man who built a saloon. His marble and wood bar stayed on in California, however. It traveled up and down the coast, even to an ice cream parlor, until Isabelle McMullin brought it to Lincoln in 1951.

She bought a building built in the 1870s near the corner of 11th and N Streets called the Bull Head Tavern. The bar was installed and the Bull Head became the Hob Nob. It's still there as it was in 1951 and it's easy to imagine it's much the same as it was in the days of the Gold Rush.

Belle isn't saying what it cost her. It's worth a lot

more now, she'll admit, and besides, she isn't selling. That bar, with its mirrors and lamps, is the Hob Nob.

Which is not to suggest it's the only antique in the place. Both the grandfather clock against the west wall and the Tiffany lamp above the bar are over ninety years old. And the building itself is a spectacle, with its tin ceiling and aging hardwood walls.

keith landgren  
**desperate  
remedies**

But the bar is the center of attention, a masterpiece of mirrors, marble, and hand carved wood. Sitting at the bar one sees himself reflected several times in several mirrors, through some optical

effect probably easily explained but nonetheless fascinating.

All but the center mirror are just as they were in 1850. The center mirror acquired a few bullet holes during some of the wilder days of the Barbary Coast and has been replaced.

The lamps are authentic milk glass. As Belle puts it, "You don't see that very much anymore." No, Belle, you don't, and you don't see handcarved figures of females in many restaurants anymore, either.

These figures, called *caryatids* by students of architecture, are sort of semifunctional: they hold up an awning. More importantly, they reflect remarkable confidence in some anonymous wood carver's skill. You don't see that at all anymore.

What it all amounts to is one more thing to do in Lincoln and, if looking at the past is worth doing, the Hob Nob is a good place to do it. It's one of those places common in Nebraska small towns, a blend of reasonably priced food, cold beer, and friendly people.