

## Heartbreak kid?

The bizarre Patricia Hearst drama has yielded yet another grotesque development. The 20-year-old newspaper heir, kidnapped Feb. 4 from the Berkeley, Calif., apartment she shared with her fiance, is sought as a material witness in a \$10,690 Monday morning robbery of a San Francisco bank. A warrant has been issued for her arrest, and a U.S. magistrate set bail at \$500,000 for Hearst and the same amount for each of three persons charged with the robbery.

The 2½ month kidnaping saga has defied explanation or solution. Speculation has been the name of the game in its investigation, with theories ranging from Hearst having staged her own abduction to her having been brainwashed—or dead. The most baffling turn of events, perhaps, took place when one of a series of tape recordings of Hearst's voice was released from the 25-member Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA).

The pieces of the puzzle refuse to mesh. On the "conversion" tape, Hearst's voice was flat and listless, sounding as if it had been rehearsed—certainly lacking the fire and unqualified conviction that might be expected of a regenerated—or self-contained—revolutionary. As a person who disliked rhetoric and stridency, family and friends say Hearst was about as likely a candidate for SLA affiliation as Queen Elizabeth or Pope Paul.

Then, too, the SLA says its newest "member"—if that be the case—is free to go whenever she wishes. But photographs that led to the identification of Hearst in Monday's holdup show that a gun was being held on her throughout the incident. While there is a possibility she might have been a willing participant in the robbery, the FBI says evidence suggests she was not. But they aren't taking chances.

If nothing else, Monday's incident indicates Hearst—a potential heartbreak kid—is alive. It's sad the conclusion to this confusing drama can't be known. At this point, one can only hope it won't end as a tragedy.

Mary Voboril



## No Hiroo worship for loyal private

TAKAYAMA, Japan—The current hero of the Japanese nation is, of course, Lt. Hiroo Onoda, who finally surrendered recently on direct orders after 30 years hiding in the Philippine jungle—his samurai sword, his rifle, his honor and his loyalty to the Emperor all still intact.

"It doesn't matter that we lost the war," said the lieutenant, when informed of the bad news, "as long as Japan is still a great nation."

Members of the Japanese Diet passed the hat and promptly collected more than a million yen as a tribute to Onoda. And among his contemporaries, he has been widely hailed as "a shining example of the samurai warrior's bushido spirit." A true hero.

He has certainly proved a shining example to U.S. Private Oliver Drab Sr., 378-18-4455.

Last week, Drab finally surrendered on direct orders from American military police after 30 years of hiding out in the Takayama Heavenly Peace & Massage Parlor—his bayonet, his rifle, his honor and his loyalty to President Franklin D. Roosevelt all still intact.

Drab's case curiously parallels that of Onoda. Drafted in 1943, he was assigned to Army Intelligence. The next spring he was parachuted into the mountains near this central Japanese city with orders to observe enemy movements and to "avoid capture at all costs."

Sensing that the ideal place to observe enemy movements was the Takayama Heavenly Peace & Massage Parlor, he holed up there—subsisting on a spartan diet of raw fish, seaweed and rice wine, while being subjected to four scrubblings and six massages daily.

While modestly loath to talk about his privations, Drab did note that even though Japanese ladies had trampled on his spine half a dozen times each day, he had merely gritted his teeth and refused to reveal his true mission.

Since 1946, Drab admitted that he had heard rumors on several occasions that the war was over. "But on being inducted into the Army," he said, "I had sworn an oath to obey the orders of our beloved commander in chief, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and therefore I could in no way violate the bushido code of us American warriors, by surrendering to the enemy."

It was an American tourist, Herbert Snackhorn of Ymelda Falls, Ohio, who, after encountering Drab in the communal bath, arranged the surrender. Capt. Buck Ace was dispatched to the scene, pounded on the door of the massage parlor and shouted: "Come out, soldier. That's an order!"

Drab emerged and blinked in the sunlight at this prosperous Japanese community. "Well, it doesn't matter that we lost the war," he said, "as long as America is still a great nation."

Oddly enough, there has been little talk in Congress about passing the hat for Drab. Nor has he been invited to make speeches or appear on television talk shows.

Instead, American authorities are considering charging him with being AWOL—but only, they said, after subjecting him to "intensive psychiatric examination."

"Frankly," said one, "we think he's some kind of nut."

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arthur  
hoppe  
innocent  
bystander

## Gallery displays art of mentally retarded

Some good friends of mine have an art show this week at the Haymarket Gallery, 119 S. 9th St. We've been friends since January, when I became a driver for the Lancaster Office of Mental Retardation (LOMR). All of us are pleased with the show. It's the first show we've ever been involved with, perhaps the first of its kind in Lincoln.

The artists are mentally retarded, members of Diane Volk's and Janelle Lenser's Jubilee Art Workshop. The Haymarket show represents hundreds of hours of effort by the artists and the volunteers who encourage them. About 40 artists are represented with examples of weaving, sculpture, drawing and painting. Most of the works are for sale.

The art displayed must be considered serious art, with an emotional content lacking in most other shows. Much of the beauty of the visual arts is in their ability to bypass the abstracts, classified as intelligence, in favor of emotion. And emotion is what the Haymarket show portrays best.

Perhaps the two dimensional works (the drawings and watercolors) are the most fascinating. Color is lively, even violent, and always exciting. The variety in subject matter is vast, from self-portraiture to scenes from movies captured by the artists' memories. The range of talent displayed is as wide as that of any art show, with some pieces nearly professional in quality.

keith landgren

## desperate remedies

The show will be displayed for at least a week beginning Friday. The Haymarket's weekday hours are 10:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sundays, 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

Those who find the work interesting and worth more than a trip through the gallery can have a hand in helping the artists by contacting Judy Leach, volunteer coordinator at LOMR. As with most volunteer programs, the volunteers gain at least as much from the experience as the artists themselves.

Volk and Lenser coordinate the Jubilee Art Workshop, which meets every Saturday afternoon at 2:30 p.m. in Trabart Hall, 2202 S. 11th. The group has been active for more than two years and is funded by grants, although the staff is volunteer. LOMR and the Capital Assoc. for Retarded Children provide support, and many of the artists are enrolled in one or another of LOMR's programs.

The show certainly is worth the few blocks to the Haymarket and, for those with Saturdays free, the two hours you could be spending at Jubilee offer great rewards.