

editorial / opinion

Just a week ago today, the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee dumped 2 lbs. 1 oz. of tyranny on the Senate floor. All of us could have a lot to do with what happens to that weight after the senators pick it up.

We believe Senate Bill 1, the "Criminal Justice Reform Act of 1975," is the greatest threat to American freedoms to be produced since the McCarthy era.

It provides for invasion of privacy through extending wiretapping powers. It would reduce freedom of assembly by making potential "riots" out of gatherings of more than 10 persons.

It would provide for mandatory execution for certain crimes under a wide variety of "certain conditions." It would curtail freedom of speech

by reenacting a version of the repressive 1940 Smith Act, defining "sedition."

Most important for the news media—and, we think, for the welfare of the public at large—S 1 would put such shackles on the press as to make the First Amendment a mockery.

The public has a right to know what its government is doing. We called S 1 "2 lbs. 1 oz. of tyranny" because tyranny is inevitable when government workings are made secret, no matter how commendable the motives for that secrecy.

Tyranny is inevitable if S 1 becomes law. But there is time for us, the "people" part of "government by the people," to stop the Criminal Justice Reform Act.

Write Senators Roman Hruska, and Carl Curtis

(or take advantage of Western Union's special rate for political telegrams). Tell them you do not support Senate Bill 1.

Requiem for a heavyweight. Rex Stout, creator of the obese, orchid-loving, detective Nero Wolfe, is dead in Connecticut at the age of 86.

Stout's stories and novels made some of the best reading in detective fiction since Watson and Holmes. (It has been rumored in literary circles, by the way, that Holmes was Wolfe's father, and Stout was, of course, the author of the infamous essay, "Watson Was a Woman.")

Nero Wolfe is immortal. We'll miss the man who made him that way.

Rebecca Brite



innocent bystander



Partners play blame game

By Arthur Hoppe

My Uncle Jerry and Aunt Congressa are fighting again. They have a typical marriage: neither cares what they accomplish together as long as the other gets the blame for it.

Right now, they're wrangling over the family budget. Uncle Jerry's way ahead. "I think we ought to give all the kids \$27 more allowance so they can buy nice things and have a good time," he said.

Well, everybody was for that, including my aunt, who knew what was good for her.

"Of course," Uncle Jerry told her sternly, "I can't possibly give the kids \$27 unless you cut the family budget \$27 so we come out even."

He sure painted her into the corner with that one. Everybody's for cutting the budget because the family's in hock to its eyeballs. But wherever she cuts the budget, she's bound to make somebody sore. Then he can blame her.

"Great idea, dear," she said sweetly, lobbing the ball back into his court. "You just tell me where to cut the budget and who should do without and I'll be glad to oblige."

"Don't tell me your problems," he snapped. "What are you, a can't-do wife?"

It's a Mexican stand-off, just like their year-long quarrel

over the family car. Everybody agrees it should be driven less to save gas. "I know!" said Uncle Jerry brightly. "Let's raise the price of gas. Then the family will drive less."

"You just want to make your friends down at the gas station rich," she said, winning a few points.

"Have you got a better idea?" he said.

"I'll think of something," she said, losing a few points.

The same holds true for natural gas, which the family's running low on. "Raise prices," says Uncle Jerry, "so they'll turn down the heat."

"You and your big business buddies," says my aunt with a sniff. "I've got a much better idea, as soon as I think what it is."

So Uncle Jerry says he wants to fight high prices by raising prices. And my Aunt says she wants to make the family more prosperous by going deeper into debt.

Naturally, neither wants to yield, for then they'd have to share the blame for whatever happens.

Consequently, it looks like a long, cold winter. The whole family will be sitting around cold, shivering and dead broke with the car up on blocks. And they won't know who on earth to blame.

At least my Uncle Jerry and Aunt Congressa fervently hope so.

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to the editor



Stomach hopes

Dear editor,

A major problem with student housing is not the conflict between rodents and dorm residents, but the food. I realize the cost of food is always on the rise and it is hard to produce food for a great number of people.

I am also aware that some people eat much better at the university than they did at home.

However, even poor quality food can be made to taste better if a little time, care and imagination is used in its preparation.

I would be more willing to get smaller portions than to receive texturized vegetable protein at every meal. I would hope Food Service will develop a sense of pride in their preparation, so my stomach can relax.

David R. Kirshenbaum

Women will lose

Dear editor,

I am increasingly upset with the claims of women's groups that the divorce laws in this state are unfair to women. The law can be simply stated: If a man does not want to be married any longer, he gets to pay. If a woman no longer wants to be married, he still gets to pay.

As for the credit question, women are usually hurt by the rules. The husband in the divorce has twice the bills (his and hers), half the income (his), plus perhaps child support (even if he is a stepfather) and an attorney or two to support.

Meanwhile, she is not being harassed by creditors, but he has enough threatening letters to start a collection agency, and a zero credit rating.

But the law does need change, because many men who would make acceptable husbands and fathers will decline the job under the unequal situation we now have, and women will be the losers there.

Frederick Carter

Rhino boot tale

Dear editor,

At 10:30 a.m. on Oct. 24 I went to my car parked in Area 21, only to find a pair of the infamous Rhino Boots attached to the left front tire of my car.

Quite perturbed, I commandeered a couple of friends to remove the Rhino boot by cutting the padlock with a large pair of wire cutters and loosening the bolt with a socket wrench.

Relieved that my car was again mobile, I put the Rhino Boot in the trunk until I could return them on my way to work later that afternoon.

After returning home, I was interrupted by a Campus Police officer, requesting my appearance at Campus Police headquarters. I agreed and drove downtown to return the Rhino Boot.

Upon my appearance I was interrogated as to how I removed the boot, whether I was going to pay the tickets I owed and who helped me remove the boot.

After failing to give me my rights or a telephone call, they escorted me to the county jail, where I was booked on larceny charges, punishable by 1 to 3 years in the penitentiary. After spending three hours in the jail I was released to a lawyer. After assuring me they had no grounds for larceny, my lawyer suggested I pay the tickets and have them release my car, which I had parked at the Campus Police station.

Upon my return with the necessary funds I was informed my car had been towed from the station and I would be required to pay an additional \$12.50 to retrieve it.

At my hearing Monday, the larceny charges were dismissed, which only goes to prove that the Campus Police should stick to writing tickets, which they are trained to do.

A UNL Freshman

