

Zorinsky should stay in spite of frustrations

Freshman Sen. Edward Zorinsky's comments about the U.S. Senate are feelings that we've thought, but always hoped were not true. Zorinsky came home to Omaha this week complaining about a two-hour Senate debate over whether to abolish the Senate barbershop.

Zorinsky said because of this, he almost quit his job, but his wife talked him out of it. Zorinsky's frustration casts him in a good and a bad light.

His constituents should be pleased that Zorinsky views the barbershop topic as much too trivial to spend two hours of government time. It makes us wonder what other trivial matters Congress dwells on that are never reported.

However, it's frightening to think that Zorinsky so seriously considered resigning over his disenchantment. Last fall Zorinsky said that it was the federal bureaucracy, which frustrated him as mayor, that prompted him to run for the Senate.

"My goal is to decrease the bureaucracy of the federal government and to allow the business and farms of this nation to pursue their own way of life," Zorinsky said then.

Now that Zorinsky has run into bureaucracy in his own camp, he can't believe it. Perhaps the other senators are too blind to see the bureaucracy and the foolishness they're perpetuating.

Congress has been playing this way for years, and we hope Zorinsky doesn't seriously think of picking up his marbles and going home.

Particularly ironic in light of Zorinsky's revelation, is the bill before Congress to increase Congressional salaries from \$44,600 to \$57,500. Congressmen already are earning far more than most Americans.

If Zorinsky's example of the barbershop debate is an everyday occurrence, a \$13,000 salary raise certainly seems unwarranted.

ralph



Mary McGrory

Warnke's unilateral disarmament views ruffle feathers

Jimmy Carter's choice of Paul Warnke as head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency has ruffled the feathers of Capitol Hill hawks. Warnke, for heaven's sake, really believes in that stuff. What is the world coming to?

Even before the appointment was announced, circulation of an anonymous memo with "revelations" of positions which Warnke has been shouting from the housetops for several years began. It had been prepared against the naming of Warnke as secretary of defense, the post his admirers thought he deserved.

All week, generals and admirals before the Armed Services Committee have been invited by indignant members to give their views about the unspeakable consequences of Warnke's stated opposition to one or another of their pet weapons systems.

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The anonymous memorandum makes the worst of all possible charges: that Warnke favors "unilateral disarmament." "Disarmament" is bad enough among the hardliners. "Unilateral" is a curse. Remember how it branded those who during the Vietnam era were rash enough to advocate "unilateral" U. S. withdrawal—which is, of course, what happened in the end.

Anonymous author

The most striking aspect of the anti-Warnke cabal is that no one will claim leadership. Cries of "author, author" about the memorandum have been in vain. Sen. Sam Nunn, D-Ga., was pained to be identified in a Washington Star editorial as one of those circulating it. He provided a single copy to a fellow Democrat who asked

Steve Boerner

Withdrawing money, washing dishes all in a night's work for Esmerelda

It was dark and snowing, hard. The wind blew needles of ice into my face as I approached the door. My feet quickened.

I knew she would be there. I clutched the envelope in my pocket and went through the door. A blast of warm air greeted me and soon I was walking on carpet, wall to wall. Thin, sweet tones of music filtered through the stillness.

The lights were dim, because it was After Hours. The stainless steel face of the automatic teller stared placidly from its place in the wall.

Let's call her Esmerelda—not her real name. Esmerelda, as advertised in the colorful brochures

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sent out by the bank to all of its customers, would perform all kinds of valuable services. Almost all, anyway.

Walk the dog

She would deposit your money, transfer your money, withdraw your money, do the laundry, wash the dishes, and walk the dog.

I wasn't sure I trusted her. Stealthily I took the deposit envelope out of my pocket and wrote on it the necessary information.

Esmerelda can be clever. You have to keep an eye on her.

Once I tried to transfer fifty bucks from my savings to my checking account. She took it out of my checking account, and with electronic efficiency, deposited the money right back into it.

Checks bounced for a week.

And I'd heard horror stories about deposit envelopes being eaten alive, disappearing into Esmerelda's wry gut never again to see the light of day.

Desperate

But I was desperate. I needed the money.

Cautiously I fed her my plastic card. Something inside clicked, whirred, and a sign lit up. It blinked seductively.

Next step. Punched in my secret code number, known only to me, half the bank employees and my pet gerbil.

Esmerelda hummed to herself for a moment, clicked, whirred, and the sign lit up again.

It was late, and my train of thought, like Amtrak, derailed. What if, I wondered, these teller machines were provided with a conscience? It would be a nice touch.

Think about it. You'd punch in the amount of money you wanted, and a sign would immediately light up: *Is this withdrawal really necessary?*

That would be enough to discourage most spendthrifts. If you were desperate, you would punch the Yes button. She would respond:

You need this money to:

- A. Spend on a good book.
- B. Buy a cheap bottle of wine.
- C. Give to the United Fund.
- D. All of the above.

Sorry...

If you punched in B, for example, a buzzer would go off and the light would say: *Sorry, make another choice.* At that point even I would give up, and live to fight another day.

This system would be a way for the bank to protect their customers more than they already do, and save some cash in the bargain.

At that point a buzzer did go off, bringing me back to reality. I'd waited too long. Esmerelda took my money and card as well. It would be mailed to me in a few days, the sign winked.

And winked, and winked, and winked.



Theodore C. Sorensen as CIA director.

There are several vital differences. The first is that Carter will go to the wall for Warnke, if for no other reason than that he cannot afford another defeat on a national security nomination.

The second is that Warnke is no Sorensen, a remote and resented White House figure from the past. He is well known and well liked on Capitol Hill. Many Democratic senators, most conspicuously George McGovern and Edmund Muskie, are indebted to him for campaign advice and expertise on defense matters.

No difficulty

He is a law partner of Clark Clifford, with whom he served as deputy secretary of defense. He assisted in the turning around of Lyndon Johnson on the war. He has no difficult noncombatant military status, such as unnerved certain Democratic senators in their contemplation of Sorensen. Warnke was in the Coast Guard in World War II. There's no difficulty, as there was in Sorensen's case, about classified documents or profit therefrom.

Certain members of the Armed Services Committee are demanding that Warnke be called on the carpet to explain what they regard as his unconscionable equanimity in the face of possible Soviet nuclear "superiority."

Actually, Warnke would be delighted, according to his friends, to make such an appearance. He would welcome a public airing on the whole defense question, the Pentagon budget, the Soviet arms buildup. He thinks it is high time for dialogue.

Carter's reference to the elimination of nuclear weapons in his Inaugural speech was taken as a utopian flight. But he followed it up with a vigorous statement in favor of a total nuclear test ban. All-out support of Warnke would be the final proof that he wasn't just whistling Dixie.

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