

Arthur Hoppe

And finally, here's Dick

After three long years of silence, Richard M. Nixon will dramatically reveal the naked truth to a waiting world this week.

While superhuman efforts have been made to keep secret the contents of this

innocent bystander

initial interview with David Frost, a transcript has naturally fallen into my hands.

At the risk of destroying the suspense, excerpts are reprinted here.

Q - All right, let's have a big round of applause for our next guest - Dick Nixon! Have a seat on the couch, Dick, and welcome to the show.

A - Thank you.

Q - Dick's written a great new book, folks, and I'd sure urge each and every one of you to rush out and get a copy. It's called... What's the name of it again, Dick?

A - Well, we don't have a title for it yet, Dave. But I will say that it's autobiographical.

Q - To tell the truth, Dick, I haven't had a chance to read it. It's about crime, isn't it?

A - I am not a crook!

Q - That's too bad. Willie Sutton's book really sold. What's yours about then?

Simple story

A - Let me say in all humility that it's the simple, down-to-earth story of how a poor boy from Whittier who couldn't even afford to buy a fur coat for his loyal wife, Pat, or his faithful dog, Checkers, grew up to achieve peace with honor in Vietnam, avert war in the Middle East and save mankind from a nuclear holocaust.

Q - Oh. Well, at least it's not about Watergate. You wouldn't believe the

number of books coming out on Watergate these days.

A - In all honesty I must tell you that I do mention, in passing, Watergate - solely because I felt it my duty to put to rest once and for all vicious rumors and innuendoes and lay the truth before the American people.

Q - You mean you didn't do it either?

A - I am glad you asked that question. While it is true that certain tape recordings which were in my possession would, when taken out of context, seem to link me with graft, corruption, subornation of perjury, income tax evasion and conspiracy to commit burglary, bribery and wire-tapping, I am guilty, at most, of an error in judgment.

Q - In not burning the tapes?

A - In being overly-loyal to Bob Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, two of the finest public servants who were ever sent to jail.

Amusing hobbies

Q - Well, that's very interesting, Dick. Tell me, do you have any amusing hobbies?

A - Let me say this about that. Many people have asked me how I could have not known what was going on in the White House. Well, let me make one thing perfectly clear: graft, corruption, perjury, tax evasion and conspiracy were not in my department. I was in charge of peace with honor.

Q - Sounds like a great job, Dick. What do you think about women's lib?

A - And if I hadn't been hounded out of office by the vengeance-seeking media... Oh, they've always been out to get me. They hate me. They...

Q - That certainly sounds exciting, Dick. But I'm sorry; our time's up. Thanks for being on the show and good luck with your new book which is called... Oh, that's right, it doesn't have a title yet, but it's about... Well, it sounds very interesting.

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opinion



Steve Boerner

Climb Oldfather Hall for the meaning of the university

What can you say when you say good-bye?

Deadline was an hour ago and I'm just getting my final column in. Providing it gets across the editor's desk, the resulting mish mash will be in its usual place in the Rag tomorrow. Page four. Up yours, Paul Harvey.

So what's happening? Real soon now the 1976-77 academic year will be awarded its rightful place in the annals of the University of Nebraska. Get ready to cheer, folks.

I've been here for four years and should at this point start dredging my head for fond memories of those years. But I won't, because the tally marks on my credit hour scorecard haven't quite added up yet. Won't max out until next year. Another five-year wonder.

At least, I won't be back here. Writing is too much work, and besides that, after an entire semester of writing this dumb column, I still don't have anything to say. Fooled ya, didn't I?

In fact, this whole semester has been so devoid of meaning that a friend of mine decided to do something about it. He went to the acknowledged Holy Place of the City Campus to seek the Truth of Life.

Strenuous climb

The climb to the top of Oldfather Hall was strenuous. He would have waited for the elevator, but he wanted to finish over the weekend.

He knew he was reaching the top when the snow reached above his knees. There was a lot of wind, too. It seems they had the air-conditioning on, or something. On the top floor, sitting next to the elevator shaft,

warp nine

he found his guru. He was sitting cross-legged in the snow.

"Will they never come?" the guru asked. He held out his hands in supplication.

"Who?"

"The elevators. I've been waiting here for forty years." The guru stroked his long, white beard. "Never mind. I suppose the coffee machine's still out of order anyway." He assured him that that was true. "I came to learn the meaning of the universe," he said.

"Oh, that. Actually I'm only a retired philosophy professor, but I'll try. How's this: The universe is like unto a Hostess Cupcake, and we have yet to reach the

everlasting Cream-Filled center."

"Doesn't sound very nutritious."

"Besides that it's fattening. So take your time."

Seven-foot drift

A sudden blast from the air-conditioner buried the guru in a seven-foot drift. My friend had to dig him out again, and then he asked:

"What is the meaning of the university?"

"Huh? You ask a lot of meaningless questions, kid." He thought for a moment. "How about this: The university is a microcosm of the Cosmic Cupcake. Each semester the souls of the students are reincarnated and have to

letters

ASUN salaries

Let me get this straight. While living like a rat in some scroungy basement, nearing starvation, part of the so-called "student fee" extorted from me this year has gone to pay the likes of Bill Mueller and his henchmen a "salary"?! That is the most preposterous thing I've heard in a long time.

Never mind that he may have helped himself to more than he should have gotten in the first place—a minor crime by comparison.

And now Greg Johnson has the audacity to suggest a substantial further increase in this waste.

When barely 10 per cent of the student body participates in the election, the other 90 per cent are obviously making a much more powerful statement. I think this farce has gone on long enough. If ASUN was an animal, it would be shot and put out of its misery. Apparently it's not going to go away if we ignore it.

John Buckley

Letelier's honorarium

Whether Madame Letelier's honorarium was modest or not, or whether it went into her own pocket directly or indirectly (such as to the Institute for Policy Studies) makes no difference. She is free to speak anywhere she may please, but the University of Nebraska need not subsidize her.

Bill Regier liberally makes use of the word "education," yet education means a process that

begin all over. Only after the great god GPA says so, may they graduate.

"That sounds good. Then what happens?"

"Then they attain Nirvana and go out into the Real World."

"Some reward."

"It's the best I can manage. Like I said, take your time." The guru stood slowly and punched the elevator button. To his surprise it came, and he left, going up.

Enough! I can't keep this up forever. This looks like the end, anyway, so I'll just stop here. See you later. And whatever you do, take your time.

incorporates the use of impartiality. Surely Mr. Regier cannot be so naive as to believe the questionable statements of Letelier's widow or more importantly to believe that her honorarium will really be used to uncover the facts about the assassination. The Institute for Policy Studies is notoriously slanted, and will make use of any funding it receives to whitewash the suppressive nature of Allend's regime, which Letelier worked for, and to extol Letelier as simply a man seeking justice.

Regier speaks about the nation's regrettable use of tax money to support police states in Latin America, yet he does not realize what is going on in his own university. It seems that it is permissible to usurp tax money from a student body as long as it supports either Bill Regier's or a select committee's personal political philosophies; surely this is a facet of the police state.

Donald Orton

Appreciation deserved

Regardless of the final outcome, certain students deserve our appreciation for their work in providing reasonably priced parking at UNL.

Ken Marienau, an ASUN cabinet member, personally developed a \$30 parking permit fee proposal which could save UNL students, faculty and administrators \$50,000 next year. Mike Gibson, RHA president, has spent many hours talking to parking administrators and writing letters in effective attempts to give student input about parking fees. Craig Moya and Mark Pfeffer and the 3,700-odd signatures they collected both informed students of a possible parking rate problem and warned parking decision-makers of the consequences of a large price increase.

All these efforts show just how much active, concerned organizations and individuals can accomplish at this University. Because of them, we won't be paying \$60 or \$45 next year for parking permits.

Bill Skoncki