

On the right: Mc Govern lives

By William F. Buckley, Jr.

Senator McGovern has heatedly denied saying to Joe McGinniss the things McGinniss published in the New York Times Magazine last Sunday. McGinniss has stuck by his version of what McGovern told him, late at night at various motels during a weekend of campaigning in South Dakota last March.

On the question of which man is correct, I incline towards McGinniss. He is a gifted reporter, with an ear for idiom. Moreover, although he begins his piece by acknowledging that by the time election day came around he "found it a duty to support (McGovern), not a privilege," McGinniss is clearly in sympathy with McGovern and McGovernism, and the whole of the piece inures greatly to the advantage of McGovern the man, though of course the headline-making excerpts were damaging.

People don't care very much whether a presidential candidate likes his vice

presidential candidate — as often as not they dislike each other, and for reasons perfectly natural. But they do care that a president or a candidate be circumspect in speaking about the other man, and this George McGovern was not, though the sutures were nicely applied last week, with McGovern and Eagleton pledging to each other their perpetual love and admiration as the article was about to come out — the kind of thing Nelson Rockefeller and John Lindsay used to do.

What McGovern did not protest, so far as I know, was more interesting really than the Eagleton business, and confirms the surreal world that presidential candidate McGovern lives in. He told about going to the football stadium in Washington in mid-August. "In order to get to our seats, we had to cross a catwalk above a section where people were seated. As soon as they saw me, they started to boo. There was a certain amount of applause, too...but the booing wasn't the good-natured kind. It had a mean, ugly tone. I looked down and I

saw hatred, real contempt, on the faces. They were shaking their fists and shouting 'get outta here, ya sonofabitch.' Things like that. It was awful. It was the first time I had seen this kind of harsh, ugly undercurrent."

And then McGovern told McGinniss about the consequence for America of his defeat in November. "I really believe we may have missed our last chance to turn away from militarism, to prevent a loss of faith in our institutions."

From this juxtaposition one sees the perversion of George McGovern — still he doesn't understand why he was beaten. His candidacy, he says, was "our last chance to turn away from militarism." Militarism is not a spectre that hangs over American life. There are probably more Americans afraid of being bitten by black widow spiders than by American militarists.

But there are many many Americans, and some of them no doubt were at the football stadium that afternoon in mid-August, who believe that a demagogic disparagement of the military and the

underestimation of their importance — by such proposals as a reduction of 30 billion in the military budget — endanger everything they care for. The security of the country, the health and safety of their children — their freedom, among other things to reject George McGovern.

He thought, he told McGinniss, of leaving America after the election; of going to live in England, but was restrained from doing so only out of a sense of loyalty to the two million Americans who had worked for his victory. One fears that he really believes that in England the people would have reacted differently.

Meanwhile it must be particularly galling to learn that the nomination of candidate McGovern was not alone the work of Professors Galbraith and Schlesinger and Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice, but of Donald Segretti et al, agents of the White House, who knew that Nixon would stand the best chance of all against the American who knew least of all about his country.

Letters

"The Happy Hooker"

I suggest that Mary and Terri take another look at those "dehumanizing factories" they refer to in their letter to the editor (May 7). In Nevada, prostitution is regarded as a legitimate profession and is treated as such. The business of prostitution is efficient (centrally located houses just outside Reno and Carson City), clean (the girls are inspected regularly), provides many employee benefits (a "good" girl will make over \$30,000 a year and for every three weeks of work, a week of vacation follows), and provides revenue for the community through taxation. The Nevada prostitute is quite content in the safety and comfort of these so-called "dehumanizing factories" and is entirely free to pack up and leave if she so desires. She is indeed a "happy hooker." I am not suggesting that prostitution is not degrading and dehumanizing in and of itself — so are many other professions. As long as the spread of prostitution continues, it should be regulated and controlled like any other profession for the betterment of society and the individuals within the society — including the prostitutes.

Andrew Bates

People, not lettuce

So far I've read two letters by that friend of "free choice," Joseph Vidali. They've caused me to write a few comments.

First, it doesn't impress me at all whether or not somebody worked his way through high school and "part of college" in the fields, for his position is still different from those that need to make a living by that type of work. The only thing that interests me is how a person perceives or misperceives the situation, and after that, which side that person chooses to support. Mr. Vidali's stand leaves much to be desired.

The very callousness of the opening line of his first letter ("How can anyone discriminate against a lettuce?") in itself seems to show a total misunderstanding of the situation. The issue should not be treated as flippantly as that. It is people, not things, that is being dealt with here. The issue is whether or not farmworkers will have a working union of their own choice, or whether the bosses will be the only ones organized.

Oh, to be sure, Mr. Vidali does like to use the phrase "free choice." It has good rhetorical value. Unfortunately, his use of the phrase sounds a great deal like that which has been used in nearly every union-busting effort that has taken place in this country. In this case, it means free choice



'AH, BUT IT'S GREAT TO BE YOUNG!'

which union will be representing (sic) them in the fields.

Definitely the issue of free choice is involved here. But it seems only logical to me that the choice should belong to the workers. After all, they are the ones that will be paying the dues. Their union should bargain with the growers, not collaborate with them.

The contracts that have been won by the UFW have been achieved by democratically allowing the workers to decide. On the other hand, the Teamsters only seem interested in unionizing the growers, a situation that would be almost comic if it weren't seriously taking place. Teamster bureaucrats have already decided that it will be years before the workers are "ready" to take part in a union meeting. Maybe by that time they feel they would have destroyed the UFW. I don't think they will be successful.

Mr. Vidali seems to have enough common sense to realize that there are two sides to this issue. But Mr. Vidali appears to have taken the side of the growers against the workers. He should now at least be honest enough to admit it.

Dean Nolan

Mr. Dellenback, please!

The war in Indochina is supposedly over, but the Department of Defense and the Administration are asking Congress to approve transfer of \$500 million through the Supplemental Appropriations Bill (FY

73 DOD Supplemental Appropriations Bill) to pay for the continued bombing of Cambodia. Many observers, in and out of Congress, believe that the granting of this authority would allow the administration to claim legal justification for the bombing; it would be interpreted as a new Gulf of Tonkin mandate.

I am disturbed that Congressman John Dellenback has not, to my knowledge, made any protest about this back-door maneuver to continue an illegal war which President Nixon claims to have ended with "honor." How can we continue to pour \$5 million a day into SE Asia, when President Thieu told the National Press Club in Washington, D.C., April 5 that he "can stand on his own two legs without American troops or airpower."

I hope Mr. Dellenback's constituents will let him know promptly what we think of the Administration request for transfer funds.

The vote is scheduled in the House of Representatives the week of May 7.

Lois Barton

Springtime turkeys

To all the students, religious fanatics or not:

It is Springtime in Eugene again. The flowers are blooming, trees are green, children are laughing and, like rain in Winter, we are plagued by various religious groups handing out papers,

booklets and other types of propaganda.

The Christians were bad with their, "Jesus loves you. Would you like to read this? Please dear sir," and following you for blocks at a time. The Buddhists were worse, lurking on dark street corners in the middle of the night luring unsuspecting civilians to their sordid meetings ("Hey little girl, want some religion?"). Now, for the past week or so the Hare Krishnas have been in and around our lovely, quiet campus. A bunch of weirdos with shaved heads and bongo drums, odd clothing and stranger speech patterns. They look like the after in an advertisement against drug abuse ("See what happens to you if you smoke marijuana.")

Now, please don't get me wrong. I think that these turkeys have as much right to practice their disgusting rites as the next person. That's not my complaint. I don't even care if they do look like the embodiment of all that is evil with the system that I hold near and dear to my heart, America. But, then again, that's not my complaint.

You may well ask, "What's this kumquat trying to say?" I'm trying to say this: You self-righteous, ideologically perverted freaks of nature, don't try and hand me any more of your religiously tainted, anti-intellectual garbled nonsense.

It is Springtime in Eugene and it appears that we have to watch out for more than dog droppings on the campus.

Sincerely yours, in atheistic happiness,

Dean Perchik
Soph. History
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