

The Roar of The Tiger; DeFanged

By SCOTT SPITTAL

The Tiger of the Senate still roars, though now the thunder of his passing stirs no ears in the political jungle except the faint hope of his cubs.

Wayne Morse is 73. He has no hope for future political combat. The election of '72 defanged him. He has not held public office in six years. In most likelihood, he never will again.

The need to speak out on the issues that labeled him The Tiger, The Senator, remain.

The faithful still believe and gather round as they did last Saturday at Harris Hall for a meeting of the Democratic party precinct workers. They each noticed The Senator sitting in the front corner of the quonset hut auditorium, flanked by a friend in waiting.

Each, in his own way, genuflected as they passed by.

"Hello, Senator."

"You're looking good, Senator."

"How've ya been, Senator?"

Smile, trembling with awe. "Nice to see you, Senator."

The Senator. Never ex-Senator, former Senator, once upon a star Senator.

The Senator. Like "The Colonel." "The Governor." A title passed on by

seniority, a perpetually granted reminder.

He didn't need the white stickum felt-penned "Hi! My Name Is... Wayne Morse" pinned to his lapel. He was among His People. Some were not even born when Wayne Morse started the first of his 24 years in the Senate. Others had believed throughout his bombastic Senate campaign and through the lonesome six years in exile.

But today is 1973. They still believe. They are Oregon liberals. Wayne Morse is The Oregon Liberal.

Lane County Democratic Chairperson Jim Klonowski spoke. "He doesn't need an introduction. He stands as Mr. Lane County... Mr. Oregon... Mr. United States Senate... Senator Wayne Morse!"

The faithful stood in knee-jerk standing ovation for The Senator silhouetted under the votive candles of TV lights.

He thanked the precinct workers for their aid. Then, by verse and chapter to an audience who expected the service:

"I cannot stress the importance of the '74 election to the destiny of the republic."

"Never in our history have the American people ever been subject to such a corrupt administration."

"This country is headed by the most corrupt president in the history of this

nation. He should have been impeached long ago."

"We must impeach Richard Nixon. We cannot stand another three and a half years of his rule."

Wayne Morse stood calmly in the pulpit. His voice and gestures remained mild compared to the punching gestures and blistering, husky voice he used in speaking about the campaign.

He did not need his fabled thunder today. The faithful Democrats believed. They listen to the man, their man, the man who has been There. He was not a peon who carped on street corners and passed leaflets and bitched at the TV press conference. Wayne Morse was bitching when it was damned unfashionable to bitch about about offing gooks on the floor of the Senate.

Some elevate him to the status of Prophet on the Vietnam war. But the Gulf of Tonkin vote was 10 years ago. To the faithful gathered, his words were a litany, a comforting rosary from The Senator.

The Senator has carried the litany of the Liberal to a retired deification—the Totemization of Wayne Morse, if you will.

He has been chanting the litany to the newsmedia for years. The media listen, as the faithful listen. He is good copy—Wayne Morse never misses the opportunity for a jibe.

He talked to one reporter, and as the cold autumn wind wound around the corner and ruffled the eyebrows curling over the bifocals, the reporter asked the cruel questions.

Do people listen anymore, do the words still have an effect? Is the litany you chant heard only by those who believe? Are you becoming the elder statesman, a fond memory?

The old man seemed not to have heard. "Well, yes, they listen." He went on to talk about how he had given his statements on Nixon's impeachment until 2 a.m., and had barely finished when a man called from Boston and said how much he appreciated Morse.

He quickly slipped into the comfort of reaction. "Do you know you live in a police state" as if he didn't notice the change in topic.

The reporter pauses to ask again, but he left. Without a good-bye, or barely a glance, he turned and walked out of the Hall, off to the jungle wars.

It doesn't seem to matter if Wayne Morse is heard anymore, or if he hears. It doesn't matter if the Roar of the Tiger DeFanged only serves to remind a glance at the faded, patchwork fur. The faithful listen. They must listen. It is the Senator's life.

Spittal is an Emerald staff writer.

Letters

Bitch'n at Greg

Last spring twenty-two of us students paired off and declared candidacy for the ASUO. Lots of reasons; mine own was trying to impress this rich young Ms. down the street. I still don't know what she thought of it all. Guess I looked like a mutt putting on deebone-er for the French Poodle next door. Least I was told that by my family.

Other politicians had their reasons too! but when it came to a solid session of explain it or what do you know about government? some of us looked a little raw to be vying for a job that controls the ASUO. Greg and Debbie didn't come on that way. Both had explored Political Science and Student Government till they knew how it worked and that was long before they even came to the U of O. They just had it together, no jibing. Debbie had something extra to add, she was of the negroid race and knew intimately the problems the racial minorities faced here at this huge sloppy-rich Oregon excuse for a University. Well at least to some of the students, Oregon appears monied. They both stumped their rear ends off during the campaign finding out what was what. And people knew it! Unfortunately they made an unpopular decision with Day Care Benefitee's, in order to save the majority some bucks. Which alarmed daycare Benefitee's no end. It still hasn't ended. They feel the budget can be stretched 30,000 dollars any old time to babysit their Lil Chilluns. Now I admire Lil Chilluns too, but I don't have any, and I wager neither do 16,000 of my fellow students who read this letter.

Probably no where else could a Good Politician have made a more wise-unwise decision. For it is nothing at all for an ex-Daycare Benefitee to daily reach the point where Lil Chilluns appear to be an unproductive element in his life and complain loudly about it. I would be screaming too! Heck ya! In fact if I had Lil Chilluns I might even copy cat Nixon's plight, tho that's pretty mean.



NOW, ON WITH THE INVESTIGATION . . .

That is, if I wasn't of the majority who benefitted. Do you think they'll ever stop bitch'n Greg?

Tom Condon
Ex-USMC,
Pre-Med

Richard M. Bircher

In the Emerald's report of the panel discussion of "Nixon Now?" that the Political Science Student Union sponsored on 30 October, your reporter referred to a source that I had quoted on using the tactics of communism to fight communism. The quotation came from the Los Angeles Times of 18 March 1961.

In an editorial of 12 March, the Times had criticized the John Birch Society for fighting "Communists in Communist fashion."

The editorial attracted national attention, probably in large part because the then new publisher of the Times, Otis Chandler, had recently succeeded his father and was breaking with the reactionary traditions of the Otis and Chandler families. The next weekend, the Times published a collection of letters about the editorial, most of them commendatory, including one letter that in turn attracted national attention.

The author wrote, in part, "I can well understand how many well-intentioned people...tend to reach the conclusion that the only effective way to fight (subversive) organizations is to use the same evil methods they employ....But there could be no more dangerous fallacy. One of the most indelible lessons of human

history is that those who adopt the doctrine that the end justifies the means inevitably find the means become the end."

If the language suggests unwillingness to break altogether with the Birchers, it probably suited the purposes of the author, who was preparing for a campaign in which he accused Governor Brown of California of being "soft on communism," although he was also embarrassed at the Birchers' attacks on President Eisenhower as pro-Communist.

Certainly the sentiments were neither original nor a firm restatement of traditional liberalism. But the signature made them news, according to the classic formula of man biting dog.

It was that of Richard M. Nixon.

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