it "seriously questions the Rose Festival and its role in our school, and totally withholds all support from the Rose Festival functions at Jackson High School."

The resolution questioned the "relevance" of Rose Festival princesses to "the educational purpose of a high school" and termed princess eligibility requirements "inane." The document also stated that "the primary purpose of the Rose Festival is to increase tourism and profits for the businessmen of Portland."

Another grievance cited the practice of lowering grades of high school band members who do not march in the Grand Floral Parade. Portland Rose Festival Association officials are wondering how to bring the errant students back in line next year. But next year more student bodies will probably decide that being exploited for the hoopla of commerce isn't their bag.

The Flag Girl

Marcy Taylor, 25, is a security analyst's assistant in the Bank of America's world headquarters in San Francisco. She is the daughter of a prominent Chicago stockbroker and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin. And, judging by her picture in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, she is a very pretty, level-headed young woman.

On May 5 an anti-war demonstration was staged outside the bank. One of the demonstrators set fire to an American flag. Miss Taylor dashed out and smothered the flames with her bare hands. Suddenly, according to a *Chronicle* writer, "she found herself front-page news in *The Chronicle* and across the country."

Marcy Taylor has received "scads" of dating requests, has appeared on so many radio and TV shows that she has lost count, has received standing ovations at civic functions, dined with the crew of a destroyer, and been kissed by the Chief of Naval Operations. Both the president of the Bank of America and the President of the United States have written her congratulatory letters. She has also received a proposal of marriage: "After reading about you, watching your charming presentation on television and listening to your wit and logic on radio, I'm convinced you're worthy of me."

All this is standard PR stuff, of course, and merely shows that *The Chronicle*, the West Coast radio and TV stations and the press officers of the armed services know a good story when they see one. But there is a serious side to the hoopla. Marcy, we are told, is (or was) opposed to the Vietnamese War, to the extent that she marched the 8 miles to Golden Gate Park in the great peace demonstration of April 24. How serious her devotion to the cause of peace actually is we shall now see, but certainly the fool who was burning the flag has been of signal help to the enemies of peace and all that remains of decency and sanity in the American character.

As a national symbol, the American flag belongs as much to the American opponents of the Vietnamese War as to the chauvinists, Birchites, neo-McCarthyites, Legionnaires and Veterans of Foreign Wars—all those who have forgotten nothing in their own experience and misunderstood everything beyond that. Indeed, the flag belongs more to those who agitate for an end to this hideous war: they remember what America once stood for.

LYNDON GETS HIS LIBRARY

NICHOLAS C. CHRISS
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Austin

Back in the fall of 1968 Lyndon Baines Johnson told an aide he wanted the best Presidential library in the world. He got it. There it stands on a grassy knoll of the University of Texas, eight stories high and crammed with practically every document Mr. Johnson preserved from three decades of political life. It was formally dedicated and opened to the public on May 22, when President Nixon came to Austin for a quick trip and a few minutes of private conversation with his predecessor.

It is difficult to imagine that the name of John B. Connally was not mentioned in that conversation, for the former Texas governor and present Secretary of the Treasury was very much in evidence among the 3,000 guests Mr. Johnson invited to the ceremonies. Only one other man, perhaps, gained more attention that day as the guests spread out over the library lawns to eat barbecued ribs and sourdough biscuits. That was Gregory Peck.

In a way, the library dedication signified a passing of power in Texas politics from Lyndon B. Johnson to John B. Connally. For Mr. Johnson now has the handsome library he wanted; his memoirs will be out in the fall and he is no longer all that interested in the gut politics that absorbed him in the past. If he can ever get to the library without having to pass through rows of chanting anti-war University of Texas students, he will probably spend a lot of time there. In the immediate future, however, he would probably have to come in by helicopter (the library does indeed have a helicopter landing pad on the roof). And underneath that roof are the much discussed 31 million pages of documents Mr. Johnson brought back to Austin from Washington. It is an awesome collection; nevertheless, there may be some questions about how accurately it substantiates the record. In fact, there already are some. Mr. Johnson clearly had them in mind when he made a short speech during the ceremonies.

Not until the end of 1972, or later, will the papers finally be collated and recorded and opened to scholars and researchers. And, of course, many of them will remain classified for two or more decades. So the first historian of the Johnson era will be Mr. Johnson himself, whose book is now in the hands of his publisher. And his interpretation of events in Washington, especially during

the time of the Great Society, have come in for some criticism. A lot of people don't remember things in quite the same way.

Mr. Johnson had an answer for them during his speech:

> It is all here: The story of our time—with the bark off. A President sees things from a unique perspective. No one can share his responsibility. No one can share the scope of his duties or the burden of his decisions. In my book to be published this fall, I explain in the preface: "I have not written these chapters to say, 'This is how I saw it from my vantage point.' This library does not say, 'This is who I saw,' but 'This is how the documents show it was.' " There is no record of a mistake, or unpleasantness or criticism not included in the files here.

Maybe—but no one can be certain about that for some time. The substantive record of the library is open to question on at least one vital point: According to library officials, who probably know more about all those papers than Mr. Johnson himself remembers, there is nowhere among them a record of Mr. Johnson's very personal and private opinion of the assassination of President Kennedy. Yet Mr. Johnson went on record, briefly, in the fall of 1969 by filming a CBS television interview in which he expressed doubts that Lee Harvey Oswald may have acted alone, as the Warren Commission found. Three weeks before the interview was scheduled for national viewing, in May 1970, Mr. Johnson told CBS to delete that portion, on the grounds of national security. The deleted film is not among the library records; CBS is supposed to have it, but no one seems to know for certain. Nor, according to library officials, does the collection contain a record of Mr. Johnson's views as expressed in the aborted television interview. Perhaps it will be in Mr. Johnson's book.

Some doubts about the library—and whether the story of the LBJ era would be told with or without the bark—began to rise in December 1969, when Mr. Johnson recalled certain political events in another CBS interview. He produced some incredulity among persons who had known him during his Washington years. Skepticism has also been stimulated by first views of the exhibits on the ground floor of the library. Missing for the most part are a few of the less favorable episodes—anti-war demonstrations, campus protests and the like. There is a film dealing with the Selma march, but it would be easy to come away from all those displays without remembering that a man named Martin Luther King, Jr., played a role in those days.

A library official has said, however, that he feels that the protests and marches may emerge later, perhaps several years from now, when the exhibits are changed. But whatever the record will show, with or without the bark, Mr. Johnson and his staff over the long years collected, as no one ever did before, gifts and letters from queens and kings, emperors and prime ministers. There are records of every telephone call to the White House, the lengths of official meetings, the minutes spent with visitors, memos by the hundreds of thousands, conference notes, millions of feet of microfilmed federal agency records documenting (we won't know if that is the right verb for some time) the Great Society era, hundreds of thousands of photographs of the Johnson family, newspaper clippings, television clips, cartoons, buttons, songs, placards, and on and on.

Mr. Johnson has had his collection appraised and been told it is worth between $50 million and $60 million. It contains some 10 million more pages of documents than does the second largest, the Roosevelt collection. There are 500,000 photographs of Mr. Johnson and his family and one wonders whether the law of diminishing returns has been suspended for this gallery. The exhibitions also include, on prominent display, manikins wearing the wedding gowns of Mr. Johnson's two daughters.

This is the first Presidential library to be professionally designed. The University of Texas, which footed that portion of the bill, places the cost at $18.6 million, but that includes also the adjacent Lyndon B. Johnson School of Public Affairs. No one seems to know the total cost of the library; it is not information one can dig out of the barrage of publicity releases. However, Henry Fowler, once Mr. Johnson's Secretary of the Treasury, calls it a "$60 million enterprise." Mr. Fowler said the figure includes $30 million to $35 million which he and a group of high-powered businessmen have quietly been raising from foundations, corporations, trade unions and wealthy individuals. Some of these men include Eugene Black, former World Bank president; Arthur Krim, president of

Macpherson, Toronto Star

United Artists Corp.; and George Brown, Houston businessman. Some Texas foundations have been leading contributors; the Moody Foundation, in Galveston, gave the library and school $1.5 million. None of this is mentioned in the handouts about the library. The annual cost to the taxpayers of operating the library has quadrupled—to around $800,000—from the original estimate given to Congress in 1965.

Mr. Fowler described the solicitation of contributions as "quiet and unpublicized"; in fact, it has remained secret. One example of the style employed is the main conduit

for receiving the funds, a little known foundation called the Health, Education and Conservation Public Affairs Foundation. Texas politicians, and particularly Mr. Johnson's friends, favor that way of channeling funds. The present foundation is headed by Frank C. Erwin, Jr., a major figure in the Texas establishment, a University of Texas regent (and recently regent chairman) and a confidant of Mr. Johnson. Mr. Erwin has operated the university with such an iron hand that long ago it was suggested that the school be renamed "The University of Frank Erwin." (After the library dedication in Austin, when a local photographer from a weekly attempted to take his picture, Mr. Erwin reached out, yanked the camera down and smeared the lens with his thumb. Mr. Erwin dislikes newsmen.) Mr. Erwin was under fire recently on another matter of secret money. This concerned a $1 million home built for the chancellor of the university system. Its cost had been set originally at $163,000. The house was built with collections from private sources, including a $600,000 check from a Texas foundation whose identity is known only to Erwin. The propriety of using private and anonymous donations from money-laden Texas foundations came into question several years ago in a similar venture by some of Mr. Johnson's friends. The names of 1,000 donors were withheld for five years until after the land was purchased and the LBJ state park built across from the LBJ ranch.

Like the park, the main portion of the Johnson library is devoted to wide open space. The "Great Hall" of the building reaches up seven stories and the thrust of the construction was to make the library impressive as well as functional. One side of the hall is of glass, behind which are the rows and rows of red buckram containers embellished with the gold Presidential seal. It is pretty. The other wall has engraved on it a massive Presidential seal about 30 feet wide.

The library will require a full-time staff of thirty-five. Its director is Harry Middleton who came to Texas with Mr. Johnson from Washington, and who has worked on Mr. Johnson's book. There is no doubt that the detail of the collection, the stretch of history it represents, are impressive and unique. Used as a standard, it is difficult to imagine what Presidential libraries may grow to be in another decade. This one is obviously a tribute to a man. Archaeologists, stumbling upon it in some far-distant century, might well mistake it for the remnants of a temple built to a long-forgotten deity. □

NUCLEAR GARBAGE DUMP

The AEC Has Something for Kansas

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Wichita

The United States Atomic Energy Commission both promotes and regulates the use of commercial nuclear energy, which is akin to putting General Motors in charge of automobile safety standards. In the words of one Kansas Sierra Club official, "it's a helluva way to run a railroad."

Right now, despite myriad protests and unanswered questions, the commission is charging ahead with plans to run its railroad—composed of heavily shielded freight cars (as yet unbuilt and undesigned) loaded with commercial atomic waste material—right into the heart of Kansas. The nuclear debris (some of it "high-level," or extremely radioactive) is to be buried 1,000 feet underground, in an abandoned salt mine at the edge of the town of Lyons. There, the AEC is trying to convince everyone, it will repose peacefully until it breaks down to a "safe" level at various dates, stretching, for the most persistent particles, almost 500,000 years into the future. Unless something happens to divert this plan, Kansas will become, starting about 1975, the nation's commercial graveyard, and the AEC's trains will descend on the state from reactor sites all across the United States.

Apart from those provided by the AEC, there are no federal guidelines for the proper disposal of atomic waste, which will pour out of commercial generators at a geometrically increasing rate for the remainder of the 20th century. Nor has Congress provided legal remedy for those who wish to prevent their state or community from becoming an atomic garbage dump. The AEC itself is without established criteria for public participation in decisions concerning the disposal of nuclear waste. All this leaves Kansas with a near-total dependence upon the *noblesse oblige* of the AEC, and therefore the commission has demonstrated a lot of *noblesse* and very little *oblige*.

Since June 1970, when the commission announced that Kansas had been "awarded" a "National Nuclear Park," the AEC has been assuring everyone that the safety and integrity of the project, which eventually will cost U.S. taxpayers $25 million, was virtually beyond question, that all proper studies had been made, that Lyons was the best possible site for nuclear waste disposal, that Kansas would be doing a vital service for the rest of the nation, and that any bugs in the plan could be engineered out as the project proceeded.

But also since the announcement, a growing body of independent scientific and political opinion has cast varying degrees of doubt on almost every AEC contention and has added a number of questions and considerations to the discussion. From early this year, some critics have been calling for suspension of the project, until further studies can prove beyond doubt the safety of the site and the suitability of AEC methods. The AEC, while admitting that it has not conducted at least two safety studies con-