



our man hoppe

by ARTHUR HOPPE

Once upon a time there was a wonderful country called America. It had a wonderful dream. It dreamed that all men were created equal. It dreamed that all kinds of men could thus live together as brothers.

This was a brand new dream. For a million years each man had lived with his own kind, fighting with others of other kinds. So the people of the world were excited by The Wonderful American Dream.

All kinds of men flocked to America to be part of the dream — Lithuanians and Lascars, Paraguavans and Poles, Transylvanians and transvestites. Miraculously, all became Americans.

Of course, as with any dream so wonderful and new, there were troubles. Once, Americans had to fight a terrible war with each other to save the Union, free the black men and thereby preserve the dream.

A hundred years passed. There were setbacks. But progress was slowly made. The day finally came when the dream seemed almost a reality. That, oddly enough was when America woke up.

THE BLACKS stirred first.

For a hundred years they had struggled for a place in The Wonderful American Dream. But the closer they got, the more they saw what they had been missing. And the more frustrated they became.

"Integration's nothing but a dream," they said angrily. "We'll go our own way and do our own thing."

"Well, if integration's nothing but a dream," said the whites testily, "it's sure not worth busing our kids across town for."

This aroused the Indians. "You mean you kicked us around all these years," they said heatedly, "for some silly dream?"

"We told you all along it was only a dream," said the racists smugly.

"This dream's a bad joke," said the Poles.

"Some dream when they won't let you in their golf clubs," said the Jews.

"And tax you to support their secular schools," said the Catholics.

"Separate but equal sexes!" cried the feminists.

"It shows you how rotten this society is!" crowed the militant students. And they redoubled their rock throwing to build a

better one.

NOW A DREAM is a fragile thing, built of gossamer hopes and misty imagery. Once you say it's only a dream, that's all it is — only a dream. And you can't really believe in it any more.

The President had no choice. "To bring us together," he said, "I am today creating the United Black States of Mississippi and Louisiana, the United Racist States of Georgia and Florida, the United Indian States of Alcatraz and Oklahoma, The United Student State of Berkeley . . ."

The Poles got Chicago, the Jews got New York, the Catholics reclaimed Maryland and the feminists got divorced.

As before, there were still 50 States. But in each, each man lived with his own kind, fighting with others of other kinds. It was no worse than it had been for a million years. And no better either.

Of course, now that men everywhere had awakened to reality, no one dreamed The Wonderful Dream any more.

MORAL: A dream may be nothing but a dream. But a dream is better than nothing.

★ ★ ★ RAPPING ★ ★ ★

Editor,

With Earth Day fast approaching, I would like to make a plea on behalf of the campus and the community.

It is indeed admirable that interested citizens are taking it upon themselves to talk about correcting the various problems afflicting our environment. But for once, would those interested do something more than just talk!

It would be a grand move if everyone who professes a desire to "clean the earth" would start by attacking the deplorable conditions that exist in the immediate surroundings.

So, fellow earth-lovers, while you TALK about the problems see if you can't DO something about them. Take a large sack with you and pick up every piece of crap and refuse you would otherwise pass by . . . or more likely, add to!

Jim Gordon

Dear Editor:

Between the years of sixteen and twenty three, I have never received a parking violation, a speeding ticket, any moving violation, or anything of that sort, and not only that, I have never done anything with an automobile that would warrant me receiving a ticket. On Friday, April 17, 1970, at 2:33 p.m. I received a ticket that I am going to contest in court.

I WAS HONESTLY unaware that the loop area by the coliseum and the Military and Naval Science Building was to be used only by people with Area B parking permits. There was a car and trailer parked on 14th & "R" (illegally), the trailer being tall enough to obstruct from vision the only sign designating the area as Area B. (There is also construction going on at the corner at 14th & "R".)

After receiving the ticket for my flagrant violation of the law, I counted a few cars in the area illegally parked. For example, the one in front of me and the one in back of me. The one in front of me had no Area B sticker, as a matter of fact, it had no sticker at all. The one behind me was parked in an area that was designated as a no parking area by a red curb.

I AM GLAD that those two people did not get a ticket, even though they were parked illegally. What I would like to know is why these two, who I would venture to say were

watching the wrestling tournament, were given preference over me, a full time student at the University of Nebraska.

I know these two cars were there when I parked because after two or three minutes of struggling to park my car between them, I paid very close attention to the green Ford behind me and the Blue Chevrolet with the big driver's education sign on its rear bumper.

I WENT to the campus police station to report that I felt I had been treated unfairly. I came in huffy and I'm sure it was obvious to everyone that was there since I meant it to be that way. Who wouldn't feel this way after noting Commander Neff from Springfield, Virginia, could park his car and trailer illegally in front of a sign and two non-students could break the law and not be ticketed.

A lady in the police office told me that I was a "huffy child." I only have a question for this lady, "What are you going to do when you grow up and can't play policeman anymore?"

THE SERGEANT at the desk, when I told him all the facts, was willing to admit that I could probably beat it if I took it to court, but said he could do nothing about it, just like they could do nothing about the time that my car was splattered with rocks in the Area 2 parking lot.

From what I know about police work, learning all I know from Captain Bill Pattavina, Omaha Police Force, and the Public Safety Director of Omaha, Al Pattavina, police should be fair, impartial, and unbiased. It seems to me that either my uncles are wrong or else Campus Policeman Gillisan, the obviously "great criminologist", did not notice the rest of the cars in that area.

I think that most people already know why I was given a ticket. After talking about it with a few friends I figured it out too. I was in the way for the people who were going to the sports event at the coliseum. I greatly appreciate sports events, but I feel equality before the law comes before a wrestling tournament.

James A. Pattavina

Editor:

"Environment" is the password now, last fall it was "moratorium." There is an interesting

difference between the current ecology drives, and the enthusiastic moratorium movements of last fall, which is that the pollution people have focused on all facets of the pollution spectrum, rather than on one small segment. Centering the forces of the moratorium on the Vietnam War is analagous to the ecology drive harping on the environmental harm caused by one industry, such as Detroit.

WORKING FOR peace in Vietnam was and is a worthy goal, but too many people seemingly fail to follow it up. The threat of nuclear devastation made possible by our nuclear deterrent policies puts the Vietnam War into a perspective which classes it as singularly insignificant.

To put it bluntly, what are a few hundred thousand lives when the very existence of the world is at stake? Short-range goals, such as peace in Vietnam, are valuable, yet ultimately we must concern ourselves with the long-term necessity of maintaining peace, sans surrender, without resorting to nuclear deterrence.

THERE ARE alternatives to nuclear deterrence, war, and surrender (to paraphrase the title of Osgood's book), but no one seriously explores these possibilities. Congress spends much time debating the relative merits of an ABM and other overwhelming weapons systems, but little, if any, time researching other plans for peace.

We are committed to nuclear deterrence, necessitating a constantly expanding, ever more costly arms race, which will not foreseeably stop, and which provides no means for its own resolution.

IN 1962, it was calculated that if our nuclear tonnage were transformed into its equivalent of TNT, and spread over the surface of the entire United States, we would all be walking ankle-deep in dynamite. That was eight years ago!

There are peace-keeping alternatives to nuclear deterrence, without capitulation, but people need to be alerted to them.

It would be nice to have a world for the ecologists to save.

How about it, Moratorium?

Phil Lamb