

The conventions

Daily Nebraskan editorial policy is the product of an editorial board consisting of Editor-in-chief Jim Gray, Managing Editor Tom Lansworth and News Editor Randy Beam. Individual editorials represent the views of the writer but not necessarily those of all editorial board members.

It was a long, complex summer. And probably the longest, and most complex parts of the summer were the political conventions. As drawn-out and boring as the conventions and their accompanying festivities were, few will deny that the two political events provided as sharp a contrast as is possible within the current system.

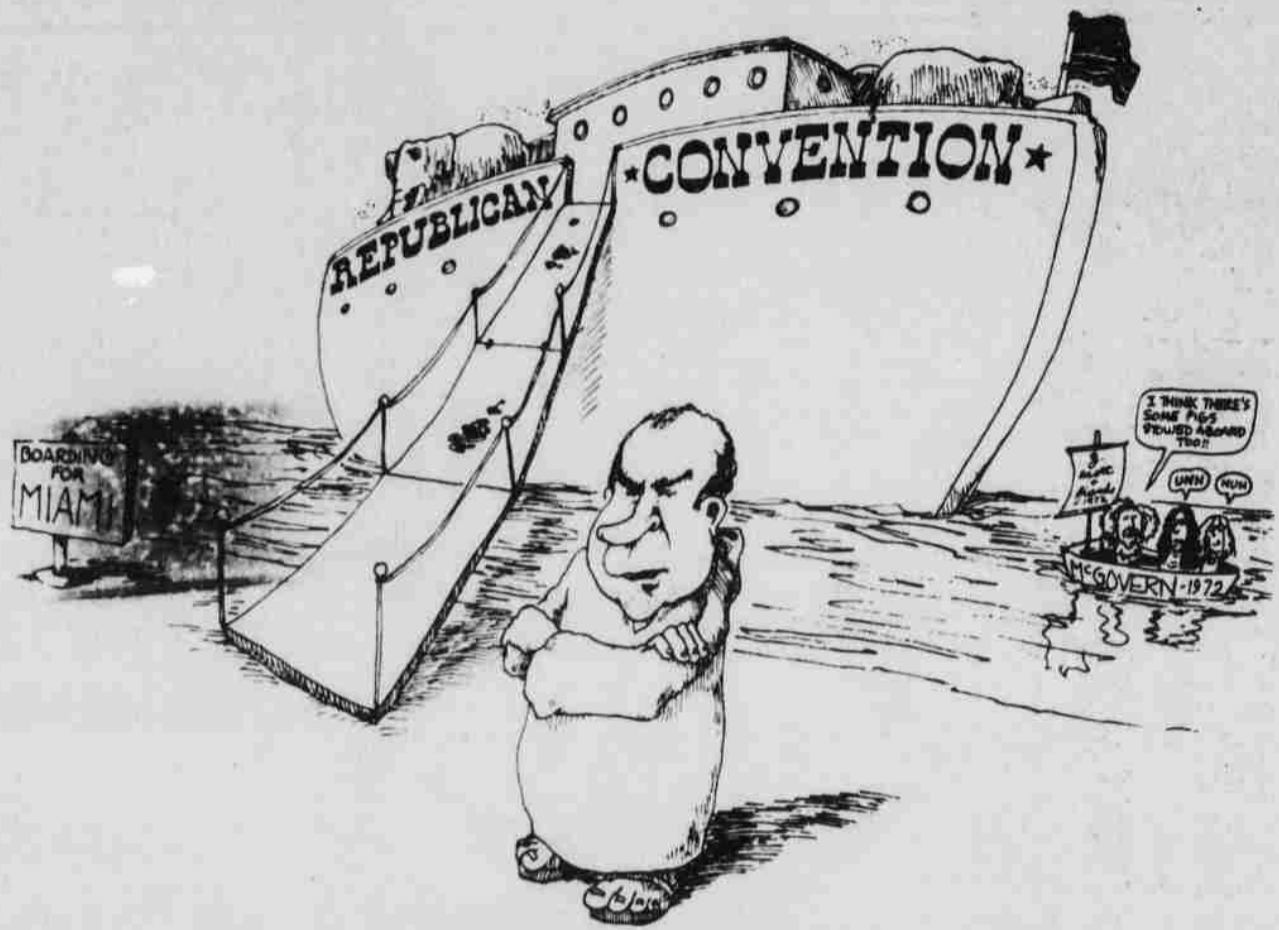
The Democratic National Convention, while plagued by infighting, indecision and poor planning was easily the most representative political convention ever held. Meeting under reform plans based on the party's McGovern Commission plan, the party made definitive strides toward a balanced representation of the populace.

At the convention, 38 per cent of the delegates were women, 15 per cent were blacks, and over 23 per cent were younger than 30 years old, according to *U.S. News and World Report*.

The Nebraska Democratic delegation was 45 per cent female, 5 per cent black and 32 per cent under age 30.

Most importantly, however, the convention provided a true forum where strongly divergent opinions were aired by all involved and no minority was kept from participating. Change was evident everywhere—change for the better.

On the other hand, the GOP convention, otherwise known as the Second Coming of



"Only old elephants and as many wasps as possible, this trip!"

Milhaus was a classic textbook case of the clockwork convention. The precisely-timed, showy extravaganza honored the wondrous miracles brought forth by the present administration.

At the GOP hop only 30 per cent of the delegates were women, 3 per cent were blacks and less than 1 per cent were younger than 30 years old—a good deal less representative of the total population than the Democratic gathering.

The Nebraska GOP Delegation was 13 per cent female, 6 per cent under age 30 and had no blacks.

Nor is guaranteed relief in representation pending as a result of the GOP show. Arguing against "quotas" in representation—a false issue if there ever was one—the Republicans passed rules urging states to "endeavor" to achieve 50-50

male-female representation in 1976 and asking them to consider helping young and minority delegates. This rhetoric without action is totally ineffectual.

Even with all this to contend with, the saddest part about the Republican convention was that absolutely no place was given for dissent within the party. Rep. Paul McCloskey only barely received his one legal dissenting vote in opposition to Nixon. He was not allowed to speak before the convention.

It was a clean, uneventful convention. But it wasn't democratic process.

With all this brought into view, one thing becomes exceedingly clear: the Democratic Party is the only party which currently has as its goal total representation through democratic process.

Jim Gray

Take a wasp to lunch

Scene: The pearly gates. Striding confidently up the heavenly staircase comes H.M. Wasp, a distinguished-looking gentleman of advanced years. Waiting to greet him is St. Peter.

Wasp: Ah, you must be St. Peter. I'm glad I came to the right place. My name's H.M. Wasp. I trust my reservation is in order.

St. Peter (opening his huge ledger): Let me check. Ah, yes, here we are. H.M. Wasp. I see you're a heterosexual male white Anglo-Saxon Protestant.

Wasp (proudly): Yes, indeed, That's what H.M. Wasp stands for. We've been that way for generations. We came over on the Mayflower, you know. Most of the country's founding fathers were Wasps as were virtually all our presidents down through the years.

St. Peter: You H.M. Wasps ran the show?

Wasp: Well, yes, I suppose we did. I think you'll find we generally headed the big corporations, the universities, the Pentagon. We were the movie and television heroes and the molders of public opinion. But I don't want to brag. If you'll be good enough to open the gates...

St. Peter: Certainly, Wasp. But first you'll have to be judged.

Wasp (surprised): Judged? That's a new experience. I've never even been arrested before. Of course, we Wasps rarely are.

St. Peter: It's a simple test. You merely must show you earned the love of most of your fellow men. Seeing you ran your democratic society, you H.M. Wasps must be in the majority down there. Therefore, by merely citing the love of your fellow H.M. Wasps...

Wasp (shaking his head): To tell the truth, I'm afraid we were only a minority and an awfully small one at that.

St. Peter (frowning): Then you'll have to think of others who loved you. Some group you helped, perhaps?

Wasp (brightening): The Negroes. I mean the blacks. I joined the NAACP years ago. I've always been for equal rights. And I actually hired a black to work in our bank. Gave him a desk right by the window.

St. Peter: Ah, very good. So the blacks love you, Wasp?

Wasp (pausing): No, to be honest, they hate us Wasps more than anyone else.

They feel we oppressed them for years.
St. Peter: Too bad. Some other group, maybe?

Wasp: Well, women. I've always been for equal rights for women. Within limits of course. I actually promoted one to an executive job. Not that I'd want my sister to marry one, ha ha. But since this women's lib thing started I'm afraid more

and more women are coming to look on me as a male chauvinist pig.

St. Peter: A shame. As a heterosexual...
Wasp (holding up his hands): Oh, no, the homosexuals loathe me, thank goodness. And don't bring up my Anglo-Saxon ancestry. The other ethnic groups think I try to lord it over them.

St. Peter: What about your being Protestant?

Wasp (gloomily): Have you been following what's going on in Northern Ireland lately?

St. Peter (shaking his head): Frankly, Wasp, I never have seen anyone more hated than you. Everyone despises you.

Wasp (humbled at last): You're... you're right. I never realized it before. (He turns to go)

St. Peter: Wait, Wasp. (He opens the pearly gates) This way, please.

Wasp (surprised): But I failed the test. My fellow men wish me in hell.

St. Peter: We're making an exception in your case, Wasp. (He smiles). Never in history have we seen anyone who more needed a little love.

Copyright Chronicle Publishing Co. 1972

arthur hoppe
innocent bystander