

Creativity and cowardice

President Richard Nixon announced Wednesday two proposals which, if implemented, might assure adequate housing for more people.

One calls for direct payments to persons, particularly the elderly poor, so they can obtain adequate accommodations outside of government subsidized housing projects. The second plan is intended to encourage banks to

hold down mortgage interest rates and through tax incentives increase the amount of money available to buy new homes.

Both plans show a mixture of creativity and cowardice. The direct subsidy plan might provide the poor and elderly with a way out of the monotony of the high-rise slums the government has subsidized. Such housing projects erode the dignity of the elderly and poor. The attempt to free such persons from their architectural bondage is laudable.

In announcing the proposal, Nixon said it costs the government 15 to 40 per cent more to house persons in such projects than it would to subsidize them directly for similar privately-owned housing. If this is true, then that proposal ought to be adopted immediately. Perhaps it would be a first step toward providing adequate housing for those most in need.

However, the second proposal should not be adopted. It would encourage borrowing for home purchases and make interest rates more bearable. But it also would increase the inflation rate and not solve a major problem facing the prospective home owner: tight money.

Banks are offering a 10 per cent prime interest rate to their best investors. This is reflected in higher mortgage rates and down payments. By making these high rates more bearable, the administration would foster a greater demand for loans. This would force the prime rate even higher as the Federal Reserve Bank attempts to keep money tight to control inflation.

If Nixon was courageous, he would call for a cut in the 7 per cent business investment tax credit. This would lessen current corporation demands for money for expansion and increase money available for prospective home buyers. If the two were to balance, there would be no need for another prime interest rate increase. Money would be kept tight, and inflation might be controlled better. The economy also would be kept strong through the building of more residential housing.

If Nixon were not afraid of the political repercussions of taking a whack at big business, he could offer a better solution to problems facing persons who want to own their own homes.

Michael (O.J.) Nelson

FEAR AND LOATHING IN LINCOLN

A SWAGE JOURNEY TO THE HEART OF BIG RED COUNTRY



apologues to Ralph Steadman

Art by Harold Wood

**Lincoln life:
drinking beer,
dipping feet,
making out...**

keith landgren
**desperate
remedies**

As a public service and as a slap in the face of any wretch who insists Lincoln is dull, here are some suggestions about what to do in Lincoln.

Put your feet in Broyhill Fountain, or the Sunken Garden pool or one of the pools on the 15th St. mall. (But don't do this in the winter.)

Check on the progress of the new hotel, the NBC Bldg. or the Federal Bldg. Find out where a building is being torn down and bring the address to Casey's. Hippies will come and applaud as each crunch and crash resounds.

Go to the top floor of the Capitol and look at Harper-Schramm-Smith.

Go into the Hob Nob for a beer and see one of the most spectacular bars in Lincoln. Ask one of the owners about it. Reflect on its being torn down to make room for a new government building, a very real possibility.

Or for that matter, go to any bar in downtown Lincoln before or after a home football game.

Go to the columns and make out. Does anyone do that anymore? Did anyone ever?

Go to the Crib and have a cup of coffee. This, of course, is more an educational experience. But the comments you hear will approach high comedy. For example: the recipe for Nebraska Union coffee includes the contents of one Union ashtray.

Buy a bottle of cheap wine and drink it.

Buy a big bottle of really cheap wine and drink it. *In vino veritas*, you know, and in cheap wine there are cheap truths.

Recycle this newspaper.

Ride a bicycle down 13th Street from Love Library to Scott's Pancake House at 4:30 on Monday afternoon. This, of course, is not for everyone. Remember, on a bicycle you don't trust any automobile unless you're related to the driver.

Find the man in the white suit around 11th and O Sts. He will give you a little paper. Read the paper and argue with the man. You will be arguing with a Lincoln institution. And you probably will be losing the argument.

Or you could go to a movie. Lincoln has lots of movies.

Write your congressman. No, it's not a dynamite idea, but this is the editorial page, after all.

Smile a lot. People will be suspicious. Let them.

Ask a stranger what he thinks about the conflict in Indochina, the devaluation of the dollar or the continuing decay of the environment. Not really a thing to do, obviously, but a sure-fire conversation starter.

Go to Nebraska Hall. Contemplate its previous existence as a watch factory. Wonder at whether it is better as what it is than as a watch factory. Figure out what it is and bring your answer to the Daily Nebraskan office. No one down here knows what it is, but we want to. Yes, we do.

Years ago there was a rumor afoot that former NU Chancellor Clifford Hardin didn't exist. The question has never been resolved. Find out, once and for all, if Clifford Hardin exists.

Have lunch in a residence hall.

Build a fire in the South Crib fireplace.

Recycle this newspaper.

There are going to be some people who aren't going to like any of these ideas. In keeping with the policy of including in every column at least one remedy, no matter how desperate, a final option is offered: don't do anything. Get together a big group of people and do nothing with them. Do nothing on Saturday or Wednesday afternoon. Do nothing in the park or in a bar. Do nothing everywhere, on the beaches, in the streets, in apartments, in dorms and in Greek houses. Just don't do anything.