

Sunrise soundoff

Rednecks. Communists. Gay persons. Republicans. Feminists.

All these and others will be able to promote their cause on the air waves by next November if plans for a listener sponsored, community controlled FM radio station gel.

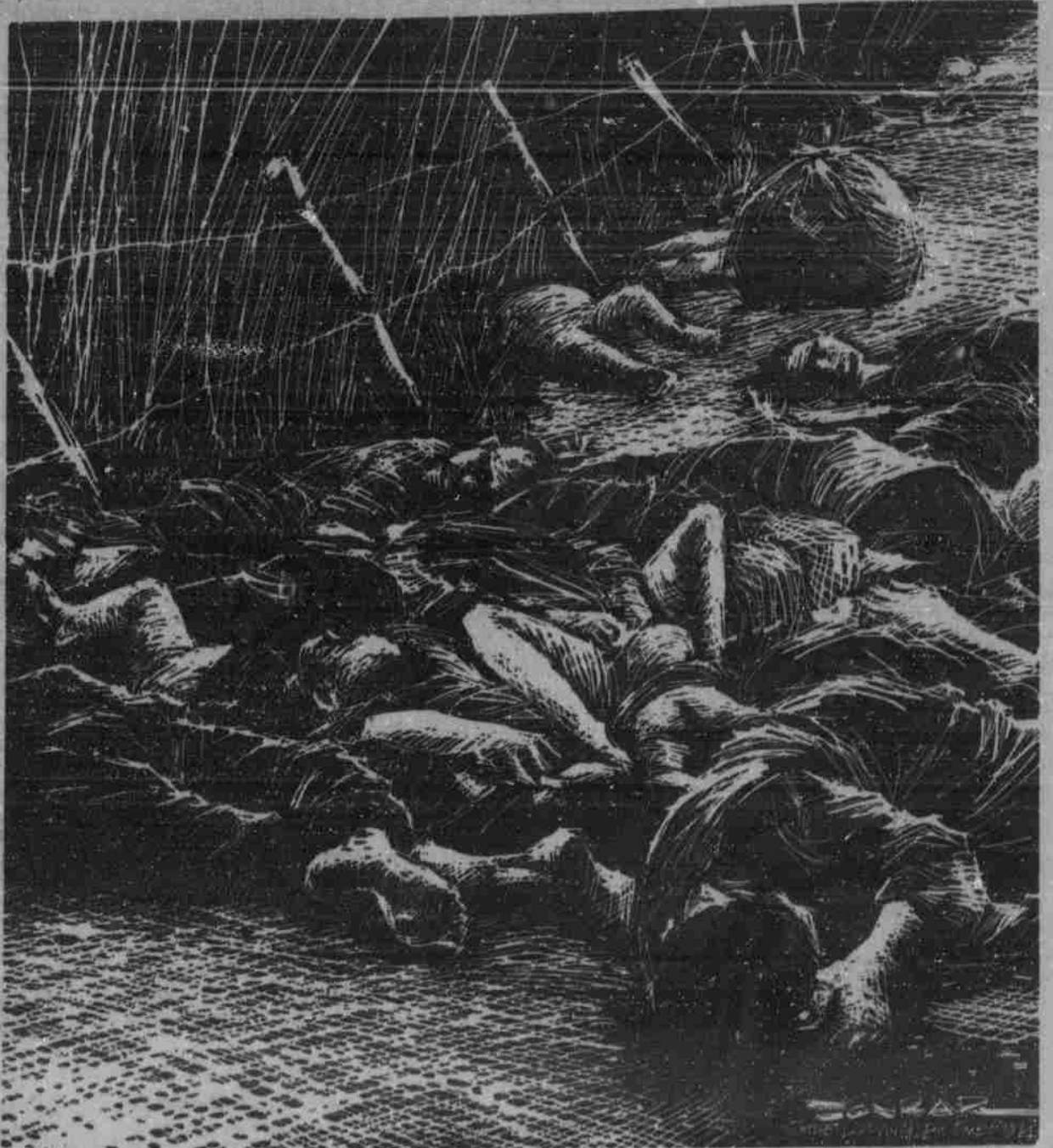
The station, described as nonprofit and noncommercial, is the offspring of Sunrise Communications, Inc. It was scheduled to be in operation by this spring but was hobbled by delays that included an absence of cooperation by some downtown agencies.

Much of the problem stems from at least one member having ties to the *Lincoln Gazette*. Although the group repeatedly emphasizes that Sunrise is not any sort of *Gazette* enterprise, persons opposed to the *Gazette* apparently also are opposed to the proposed radio station. The Sunrise people believe that the supposed *Gazette* ties influenced the decision at least one local organization—the YWCA—not to allow the group to set up an antenna on the downtown Y roof.

This attitude is unfortunate, since there is a need for the service Sunrise is designed to provide. Even the news director of a local commercial radio has said he questions the ability of commercial radio to deliver quality news coverage. He said a station such as that postulated by the Sunrise people would be better able to present the sort of in-depth reporting that is in the public interest, since the profit motive would not be present. Such a station could fill a void now expanding in the commercial market, he indicated.

Local groups and individuals opposed to the Sunrise venture should rethink their position. As one Sunrise member put it, "Radio should be the sounds of really good music and talk, not lots of mindless, heartless gibberish and chatter. It should be a beautiful, truthful human event, not a barrage of trash ads and lots of pap."

Nary Voboril



"I feel I could be useful to society." —Lt. Calley

Yesterday, when I was young

keith
landgren
desperate
remedies

Columnists are ordinarily pretty quiet about themselves, even to the point of pretending singular is plural. That leads to all sorts of absurdities, like "we were talking to our wife" and "we prefer blondes." The editorial "we" is thoroughly pointless, but the silence on personal history isn't. It prevents blackmail and allows the life of the writer a good deal of freedom.

But those of us who expose ourselves to ridicule and humiliation every week in front of people we've never met have very little to lose by emerging, Clark Kent-like, from our discreet pens. Besides, sometimes an event occurs in our—*them*—my personal life, that is too auspicious for silence. This, then, is about my birthday and how I turned 26.

Contrary to popular belief, college doesn't always take four years. Sometimes it takes 15 or 20. In my case it takes about eight and a half, snubbing over assorted Army posts, stumbling in and out of the Republic of Viet Nam and returning, lemming-like, to the academic seas of UNL.

Among the time parties and other debaucheries are brief and not so brief digressions as a non-student outside agitator, an electronics technician, as a janitor, as a fire-extinguisher inspector, and as a regular at Casey's and points east. A good education, but not a great one, for I've never been in jail, or seriously injured or stable.

But the subject is birthdays, and I'll return to it now. Up to age 23 there weren't any really serious problems. Oh, there were the usual complications at sixteen and eighteen, but I turned twenty-one in Georgia at about the time the drinking

age in Nebraska dropped to twenty. I missed, thereby, a hassle and a lot of free beer besides.

Twenty-three arrived in Fort Carson, Colorado, during my pre-discharge identity crisis, a crisis lasting up to, and about six months past, my actual discharge in July, 1971. I had an awful time with 23.

At 24 it occurred to me I was a student at UNL, which seemed appropriate after three years (1023 days or about 33 months) of enforced wandering. Twenty-five of course, was, another thing altogether.

It was then I realized I'd eventually grow old and die. That's frightening, in combination with becoming unworthy of Abbie Hoffman's and Jerry Rubin's trust. Car insurance rates went down, giving me one less thing to complain about. Chronologically, at least, I could no longer identify with the Youth Movement. And I found myself apologizing for, even hiding, the point in life I could scarcely help being. Twenty-five—Jesus, that's old.

After a hassle like that what tale of woe have I to tell today, you ask. Actually, none. The traumas seem fewer and farther apart as I age. After the harrowing experience of 25, I simply haven't the energy to get freaked out about 26. True, I'm no longer eligible for the draft, but I've grown used to unnecessary insults from my government. Other than that, 26 is no big deal. I'm younger than Tyler Monson and more active than Michelangelo, whose birthdays were today. 26, what the hell? Now, 30 is another thing altogether...

Curses oiled again; Arabs battle money ulcers

You think you have problems waiting in line to buy gas. Think of the poor Arabs. The poor Arabs are now taking in \$40 billion a year more than they can spend.

The effect has been disastrous. Take the case of any ordinary, desert variety sheik. Take the sheik of Araby.

Now the sheik was blessed with two camels, a wide tent and an old oil well out back. He also had three wives. Suddenly, he was taking in \$2 billion a day.

"I have resolved that my great fortune," he happily told the *Araby Daily Trumpet*, "will not change my life in any way."

In a week, he was receiving 242 pounds of gold daily offering him everything from his "very own" homestead on the shores of beautiful "Lake Mudd" to 134 different "once in a lifetime" opportunities.

Salesmen lined up to knock on his door. Meanwhile, his three wives sat around a small table (a small loom) screaming over where to locate the Mosque (a small Mosque) in the 52-room house they were planning to build to match their new Parisian haute couture (hot culture).

By month's end, the sheik had acquired \$30 million, 14 secretaries, a business manager and a peptic ulcer.

"Look, Yehudi," he said to his business manager, Yehudi Muezzin, "I can't keep burying money in the back yard. I keep striking oil. What about the real estate we sheiks are trying to make?"

arthur hoppe
innocent bystander

"Sorry," Yehudi said, "but Golda Meir refuses to sell Israel."

"Then we ought to put it in the bank," said the sheik.

"You can't," Yehudi said. "The banks would have too much money to loan. The result would be worldwide inflation and your dollars wouldn't be

worth a plug shekel."

"Well, President Nixon says prosperity's just around the corner. Let's take a flyer in the market."

"No way," Yehudi said. "Every economist agrees that if you dump billions into any country, you'll destroy its currency and create a worldwide depression."

The sheik sighed. "Okay, we'll leave it buried in the back yard."

"Impossible," Yehudi said. "That would mean a worldwide money shortage, and everybody would starve."

But after two tablespoons of Pepto-Bismol and some thought, the Sheik called on his fellow sheiks and unveiled a fiendish plot. So it was that the Arabs took all the money they had bilked from the infidels and simply gave it back to them!

This sudden influx of capital, just as the economists had predicted, created galloping inflation, plummeting depression and creeping starvation. Of course, the sheik was poor again, too.

"But," he said, surveying the economic chaos he had caused and belching contentedly, "I've never been happier."

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