

d.n. soapbox

ralph by ron wheeler



letters to the editor

I would like to know what male athletes have sacrificed that women haven't.

A group of women and I are active in the sport of racquetball. What is there available to women? 1) A supposedly "coed" fieldhouse where any woman can go (after 6:30 p.m.) and see men "athletes" showering, undressing, etc. There is no way to avoid it since the courts run along the men's locker rooms. 2) the YMCA, if she is willing to pay \$2 a night or can afford the \$75 annual membership. 3) The YWCA with no facilities for racquetball and few other sports. (Membership, \$5.) 4) The Air Park Recreation Center where she can reserve a court for one hour a week because of the increasing popularity of the sport.

Now I've heard the racquetball courts have been cut out of the budget for the new fieldhouse. Mr. Johnson said men have worked long and hard and have nothing to show for it. Maybe they should step aside and give women a chance to win.

Lanette Cramer

innocent bystander

By Arthur Hoppe

In just two weeks, New Hampshire voters will go to the polls to choose our next President for us, which is very kind of them.

As usual, there is plenty of snow, plenty of reporters, plenty of candidates and not nearly enough voters to go around.

While this is as good a way to choose a President as any, it is very hard on both the candidates and the voters. Typical of the complaints being voiced is that of Milton Haberdash, one of the better-known Democratic candidates in the race.

"I'm out in the hustings every day before dawn," he says. "The best time to catch a voter around here is early in the morning or in the evening when they're trying to get to and from their homes."

"Personally, I like to hunt from a blind. My campaign manager, George Fendgast, puts on a plaid mackinaw and boots and sits in a rocker, whittling. He makes a great

Time to get on bandwagon

Mention a labor union and the native Nebraskan probably will think of a steelworker or construction laborer in a city somewhere.

The hardhat image doesn't set well with what they think a university faculty member, an austere academic type, should be.

It is significant that opposition to collective bargaining has coalesced in the agricultural sectors of the university.

Let there be no misconception: agricultural training and outstate services are an important part of the university. UNL's land grant status confirms that.

But they are not the only part of the university.

Given the strong concern for agriculture education evident in Nebraska, most recently born out in the creation of a vice-chancellor for agriculture and natural resources post, it is no surprise that resistance to collective bargaining is strong on East Campus.

Guarded by everyone from the farmers to the Nebraska Legislature, the agricultural faculty may just think that they are doing fine right now, thank you, and they don't want to upset the system.

Yet UNL is a unit, a whole and in some sectors the same kind of concern is not evident. The liberal arts and sciences concerns grow more depleted each year. The inequities between de-

partments and colleges grow wider and wider.

Yet all students attending UNL are here to receive the best education the state is prepared to give. Many cross departmental lines to get the best combinations of studies they need.

They are entitled to quality, whatever they seek in the university.

And in the end, that may be the advantage of collective bargaining, the great equalizer.

Faculty members would emerge more unified and their collective voice would have the immediacy of the law to back it up.

Administrator, faculty member and student all could only benefit from the clear and forthright discussion of issues that would be brought to light because of their effect in the bargaining process.

Collective bargaining, negotiation in a legally binding and formalized setting, is fearful to some observers of the university.

That law need not impede progress; it would be well to remember that the purpose of legal agreements is to protect and clarify all of the interests involved. Among men and women of intellect and sensitivity, there should be nothing to fear.

With the adequate protection of student interests, as noted in Friday's editorial, the coming of the collective bargaining bandwagon to UNL should proceed.

Vince Boucher

rarefied air

Cavanaugh's volume control disrupts legislative process

By Dick Piersol

There are times in the Nebraska Legislature which defy conventional news coverage. Occasionally, an incident occurs, spurred by monotony, frayed nerves or pettiness, which causes the wheels of government to slide. The result is often much funnier than any of the participants intended.

Lincoln Sen. Harold Simpson was presiding, both Lt. Gov. Gerald Whelan and Speaker Jules Burbach being absent. Omaha Sen. John Savage, chairman of the Committee on Committees is next in line to preside, followed by fellow Omahan Sen. Eugene Mahoney, chairman of the Legislative Council, but the presiding officer may name any senator to preside, and Simpson is acknowledged as a very capable presiding officer.

Sen. John Cavanaugh of Omaha was arguing, quite well, against a bill which would have allowed those most interested in mobile home legislation, the manufacturers, to regulate themselves in the form of a state board.

Cavanaugh spoke from the public interest point of view: can the public be protected from misused power by those who hold that power?

"Sell it to somebody else," he said.

He was momentarily interrupted.

Sen. Shirley Marsh of Lincoln rose to a point of order. She requested the chair to lower the volume on the senators' public address system.

Simpson replied that it was as low as he could get it. "Then," Marsh said, "would Sen. Cavanaugh please lower his voice or back away from his microphone?" Simpson directed Cavanaugh to do so, but Cavanaugh protested mightily.

"I will accept no ruling from the chair which concerns the volume of my voice," he said.

Marsh told Cavanaugh to speak "so it will fill the chamber—no more."

Again, Simpson told Cavanaugh to lower his voice and continue.

Cavanaugh protested again, and threatened to appeal the ruling to a vote of his peers. He couldn't continue, his train of thought had mutinously disappeared, to the delight of his colleagues.

Mahoney and Sen. Ernest Chambers of Omaha jumped up, the former to Cavanaugh's defense, the latter for mischief which was to remain sadly unknown.

Mahoney was recognized.

"I had my light on first," Chambers protested.

Mahoney asked Chambers' indulgence. "Please, allow me," he said.

"Well, since you put it that way," Chambers replied, and he retired to his seat—smiling all the way.

By this time, the senators were aware they were seeing a rare breakdown of the legislative process. They savored it, punctuating the order of business with hoots and cat-calls more often heard at a boilermakers' convention or on All-Star Wrestling.

Mahoney orated brilliantly in Cavanaugh's defense, but the battle was lost.

"Obviously, the opponents are bereft of substantive issues, so they object to the volume of my voice," he said. Simpson then benignly changed his order to a request that Cavanaugh lower his voice.

Sen. George Syas of Omaha strolled up to a group of reporters and said, "Now you see why this chamber is called the cave of the winds?"

Friday, the Legislature committed a serious violation of the public trust. They defeated, 14-13, Big Springs Sen. Jack Mills proposal to name the Studebaker, the real people's car, the official Nebraska Bicentennial auto.

N.H. voter endangered species

decoy. Then when a voter stops to chat with George—pow!—I got him."

Haberdash says, however, he's gone as long as three days without seeing so much as the track of a voter. And when he does luck across one, he often has to wait as long as 45 minutes in line to shake his hand.

"I feel most strongly," says Haberdash, "that a daily bag limit of no more than two voters per candidate should be established. They are clearly becoming an endangered species."

The problems of the candidates pale when compared to those of the besieged little band of New Hampshire voters.

Speaking from the storm cellar of his home 16 miles northeast of Goshen, N.H., cranberry farmer Ben Hanshaw said he only hoped his wife, Kate, their two children and he had enough food to hold out until the polls closed, February 24.

The Hanshaws retired to the cellar January 14,

"Couldn't get nothing done anyway," he said. "The kids were looking kind of sickly what with being handled and petted by strangers too much. And the missus came down with what the doc said was tennis elbow from having her hand shook all day long."

Hanshaw said he wasn't going to vote at all. "I'm right sick and tired of picking the next President every four years," he said. "Let somebody else take the blame for once."

Considering the seriousness of the voter shortage in New Hampshire, it's no surprise that both Ralph Nader and Common Cause have urged sending in emergency shipments of voters from other states.

One proposal is to round up the 1,537 scientifically-selected representative voters who make up the Gallup Poll, fly them to Concord, N.H., and let them choose the next President.

But that, of course, is not the American way. (Copyright Chronicle Publishing Co. 1976)