

opinion



UNL's housing office proves most accommodating

It's called making the best of a bad situation. Enrollment figures are up and apartment rents are rising, so the residence hall population swells. And the university, in its usual accommodating manner, took in the homeless freshmen, even though all the rooms were full.

About 200 students moved into residence hall basements and floor lounges last week. Residence hall rates have risen to \$1225 for a double room, one quarter of a lounge or bed and board in the basement.

Even those who got a genuine set of four walls are deprived use of their television sets and ping-

pong tables—not to be considered expendable commodities so far as university students are concerned.

It seems as if everyone is getting less for their money. Probably not so.

It's inconvenient for those who have to live out of suitcases and suffer passers-by gawking at their living arrangements. But it's probably better than having to get an apartment when you don't want to cook for yourself, don't know your way around, and don't have a car anyway.

The university benefits by sparing you the hassles of apartment living. Leases being what

they are today, if you moved into an apartment waiting for an empty room in the residence hall, they'd never get you back.

Then occupancy rates would fall to 85 per cent again, and room rates would climb even higher.

The housing office is optimistic those living in temporary quarters will be moved into rooms by the end of the month.

In the meantime, the university will collect enough revenue to avoid defaulting on this month's bond debt and a couple of hundred freshmen will get their first of many invaluable university lessons in adaptation.

Siwashians, university class of '09, probably would make fun of our fun

By Jim Williams

So you think you know how to have FUN at college, right? You think throwing water balloons at the boys from the Sigmoid Colon house and putting soap in the fountain is hot stuff?

Baloney. Your grandfather had more fun in college than you.

I discovered this reading *Sad Days at Old Siwash*, a short story by George Fitch that appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, December 18, 1909.

Of course going to college was harder then, as you will find out by asking someone who did. He will tell you he worked his way through school as a galley slave, walked to class 15 miles through the snow, was locked in his dorm room at sundown, and couldn't go to Little Bo until he was 21. Also, he'll say the girls wore chastity belts and that saber-toothed tigers prowled the campus.

Don't you believe it. Fitch's Siwash College students spent most of their time in such mild diversions as going to plush restaurants in top hats and pajamas, sneaking profane parrots into the chapel ventilation system, kidnapping actors and assuming their roles in plays, and other little things like that.

"I wonder what it is," Fitch wondered "in college that makes a fellow want to stick his finger into conventions

curricular activities unconnected with the business of getting an education. And this campus might be flooded with false fatalities and bogus burials. And I might find myself back road-testing Maserati lawnmowers rather quickly.

But I'd hate for visiting alumni from the Class of '09 to think we're a bunch of pansies.

Candidate Carter pits mother against President Ford's dog

By Arthur Hoppe

Both major Presidential candidates agree that we should choose between them this year on the basis of which one we trust the more.

For the benefit of inquiring voters, here then, are the criteria on which this agonizing decision must be based.:

First, Mr. Carter neither smokes, drinks nor falls down, at least not in public. But the fact that Mr. Carter doesn't drink is no reason to distrust him *per se*.

We shouldn't thoughtlessly cry, "What's he got to hide?" I know many trustworthy people who don't drink. All of them are alcoholics. So let's give Mr. Carter the benefit of the doubt on this one.

On the other hand, Mr. Ford smokes a pipe, drinks socially and has a dog. Mr. Carter doesn't have a dog. In fact, he's the first major candidate in two decades to seek the White House without the help of a dog. He has a mother instead.

While having a mother demonstrates Mr. Carter's flare for the unorthodox (no candidate in 16 years has had a mother), it doesn't necessarily prove him trustworthy. After all, Mr. Nixon had a mother. On the whole, Mr. Carter would have been wiser to have had a dog.

To be fair, Mr. Ford is a golfer. This does not, however, make him *ipso facto* a cheat. I know several golfers who do not improve their lies when no one's looking or at least they claim they don't. Saying that all golfers cheat is like saying all businessmen who teach Sunday school are phonies. There are exceptions to every rule.

The Republicans will claim, of course, that Mr. Ford can be trusted because he toasts his own English muffins. Nonsense. Henry VIII toasted numerous English muffins and who trusted him?

Mr. Ford is taller, though, than either Mr. Carter or Henry VIII. But Mr. Carter has more hair. It's too bad the

race isn't between a tall hairy man and a short balding one. The decision would be easy.

Let us turn to the candidates' families which the candidates will turn to in order to prove their trustworthiness. Oddly enough, each has a wife, three grown sons whose names no one can remember, and a daughter.

Mrs. Ford long ago captured the nation's heart by saying she wouldn't be surprised if her daughter had an affair. Mrs. Carter would. But would you trust a man who raised

innocent bystander

his only little girl to be an eight-year-old aunt? It shows why Southerners are seldom elected President. They're inbred.

On balance, it would appear that Mr. Ford is far more trustworthy than Mr. Carter. And that would be true if Mr. Ford didn't wear leisure suits and white leather shoes to barbecues.

I don't know about you but I have never—not once—bought a used car from a man wearing a leisure suit and white leather shoes.

So perhaps it's best to delay making this agonizing decision. Keep in mind that each candidate will spend \$20 million of our money before November in hopes of convincing us he can be trusted to spend our money.

For the sake of the Republic, let us hope that it's enough.

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wrench in the works



and customs and manners, to say nothing of the revised statutes, and stir the whole mess 'round and 'round!" Such amusements the Siwashians pursued as naturally as breathing, because they couldn't see why they shouldn't. But when need drove them, they became positively inspired.

When several, broke and bored, needed an afternoon off to wager on a college baseball game, did they ask permission? Feign illness? Just skip?

Certainly not. They simply convinced one of their number to hide in the attic, anesthetized by cigarettes and pie, then corrupted a telegraph operator to send the college a report of the missing one's untimely demise. Naturally (these were simpler times) classes were canceled, a memorial service scheduled. Then the deceased began taking unfair advantage of his condition by demanding to be smuggled into the chapel to hear his funeral. . .

I'd love to tell the whole story, but am restrained by journalistic standards, professional pride and the copyright laws. Anyway, that's not the point.

That is: heaving a bucket of water at a passing car may be fun, but it's destructive, hardly original, and shows very little class. The least the perpetrators could do would be to wear tuxedos and throw quiche lorraine.

Some might wrongfully assume I am endorsing extra-

ORION by STEWART



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