

opinion



Anti-abortionists not giving up

Congress passed a bill Friday which would prohibit the use of federal funds to pay for abortions unless the mother's life is in danger.

Supporters (including Nebraska's five representatives in Congress) said the amendment was needed to prevent the federal government from financing most abortions, which they said were immoral.

Does Congress believe tax dollars should not be spent on something part of the population thinks is immoral? In that case, they owe a lot of people a large portion of the tax dollars spent between 1964 and 1972.

Does Congress think this is a good way to cut down on federal spending? Surely they realize it costs more welfare dollars to support a child for 18 years than to have an abortion.

The right to have an abortion has been given the status of a constitutional right. To deny abortions to women who happen to be poor enough to need Medicare cards is discriminatory. There is no doubt if President Ford signs the bill the Supreme Court will declare the abortion amendment unconstitutional.

In the meantime, the middle and upper income classes only would have access to abortions. Sound familiar?

letters

I read with interest your article on "Instant Parenthood" (Sept. 16, *Third Dimension*). I have neither the resources, nor the space, necessary to become an "instant" foster parent. But I would like to comment on the statement: "A man and a woman living together are ineligible to become foster parents . . . according to a juvenile court law. Two males or females living together are eligible."

I would like to know on what criteria the lawmakers are judging people living together, as to their desirability to be potential foster parents? In principle and practice, it seems discriminatory that a dormitory resident might be able to accommodate a foster child; that two persons of the same sex can; a married couple can also, but not a couple who choose to live together.

Who has the right to deny a segment of the population their participation in a worthy social service solely because they do not exist in the right combination?

One might presume that the lawmakers have access to sociological and psychological studies, both empirical and theoretical, which suggest very strongly that a man and a woman living together are not fit to be foster parents. I have a sneaking suspicion that there is no substantial evidence to support any notions lawmakers have as to couples living together.

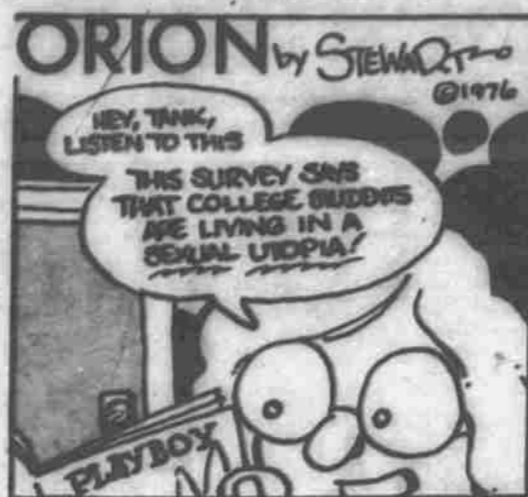
We know it is illegal, and on that point alone, these persons are eliminated from the selection process. But why illegal? What is wrong with people who choose to live as they please? Do they commit more crimes of passion? Who says that a married couple or a dormitory resident is more capable—all other things being equal?

It seems, yet again, that the assumptions and preferences of the lawmakers should be examined dispassionately and the laws changed. Another case of the "social control" disease has come to the public's attention, but with no cure in sight!

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Health Aides give some students reason to swear off hypochondria

By Jim Williams

Harlan Fester says he's sworn off all hypochondria, and it's his health aide who made it possible.

It's about time. Harlan contracted Legionaire's Disease from Harry Reasoner and food poisoning from a tainted Vali-Dine card. Anyone who could get him to kick the habit deserves thanks, even if it's my own health aide, Lester von Dracula.

Health aides, as most students know, dispense minor medical help to their fellow residents in Greek houses and residence halls. The health aide is compensated by credit for a public health course—which most departments won't accept—and \$5 a week to cover such incidental expenses as getting the blood off the ceiling.

Health aides often are one of two types. Type One—the Frustrated Doctor—washes his hands and slips into a white coat before telling you to "try eating more prunes." He posts a schedule of office hours, scrubs out your paper cut with green soap and disinfectant that hurt more than the original injury, and is likely to send you a bill at the end of the month.

Type Two—the Helpful Soul—probably became a health aide because nobody else would do it. He loves to be awakened at 2 a.m. to treat serious cases of hangover and passes out Coricidin to anyone who blows his nose. He posts those "Health Tips—What to do if your injured" and faints at the sight of ketchup.

Health aides, like all other University employees, also fill out forms. Each week the health aide fills out a blue slip listing the problems he or she has handled and the medicines dispensed in the line of duty.

"Nobody ever reads these stupid things," said Ray the Roommate once. Ray was a Type-Two health aide whose milk of human kindness was turning to persimmon yoghurt under the pressure of a six-week backlog of blue slips.

Robert Dole has all the answers

By Arthur Hoppe

Senator Robert Dole will make a wonderful Vice President if he can just curb his compulsion to be candid.

Down in Spartanburg, S.C., last week, for example, a local reporter asked him if he favored black majority rule in South Africa.

"Glad you dropped in," replied Mr. Dole.

Now, there's a perfect Vice Presidential response to a question. It's warm. It's friendly. It makes the press feel welcome. That's good public relations.

innocent bystander

But Mr. Dole simply couldn't leave it alone. After a pause, he said, "I think it's going to come one of these days." Then he said, "I think so, under certain limitations." Then he said, "I favor it with limitations." Then he said, "But I want to check it first." Then he said, "I don't want to get hit with a bomb."

From this, people might think Mr. Dole doesn't know what he thinks until he calls up Mr. Ford's staff in Washington and they tell him what he thinks. That's what happens when you start explaining perfectly reasonable answers. Any husband knows that.

Take a husband who's late to breakfast and is in trouble, merely because he arrived through the front door.

"Heck, I'm just going to make something up," he said. "Resident sawed leg off with chain saw. Gave him a band-aid." That's that week. "One case of St. Vitus' Dance and one case of Evil Spirits. Treatment: drank the Evil Spirits and referred St. Vitus to Arthur Murray."

I don't know what happened to Ray for doing that. Something bad, I'll bet. It doesn't pay to fool around with the Health Establishment, as I learned once when Ray gave me a strip to test if I had diabetes.

"Dip this strip in you wee-wee," Ray scientifically explained as he passed them out, "then return it to me and

wrench in the works



I'll send them all to the tab. For cripes' sake dry it first, though."

I knew I didn't have diabetes, so when Ray kept bugging me to give him the strip back I dipped it in a Vess orange soda and returned it.

Next week I got a call from the health center.

"Sir, your diabetes test strip has been analyzed. It is almost pure sugar. Also, it is orange. Have you been taking any medication that might cause this condition?"

It took nearly 20 minutes of explaining to keep them from sending the ambulance over right away. By comparison, Harlan got off easily.

"I went in and told Lester I thought I had swine flu," he said. "He just looked at me for a long time and said, 'It's only natural with the company you keep.'"

"Where have you been all night?" his wife may ask, that being a perfectly reasonable question.

"Glad you dropped in," he should say, tossing in a firm handshake, for this shows he's in favor of togetherness.

"What happened to that tacky blonde trollop you were doing the Bump with?" she might well inquire.

"How are the aphids in your mother's coreopsis?" he should respond, as this demonstrates his devotion to the familial ties that bind and his humanitarian hopes of good health for all

"Did I see you drive off with her after the party?" "This is a difficult question. Perhaps the best answer is: "I think we can safely look forward to a steadily-improving economy with lower unemployment and diminishing inflation as long as stability can be maintained in the Middle East." This indicates he is no fly-by-night husband but a solid, dependable provider with an eye to the future.

Woe betide him should he dissolve into babbling explanations about dead batteries or empty gas tanks. But if he can continue his dignified responses through two cups of coffee, a shave and a shirt change, he can go off to work leaving behind a wife who can't help adoring such a provenly loving, compassionate, reliable husband.

But Mr. Dole blew it. Now people will ask him how, if he becomes President, he will know what he thinks? Let's hope this bitter experience has taught him the answer.

Glad you dropped in.

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