

Being left out in the cold tends to harden anyone

It's a little after 3 a.m.
The last time I bothered to check the temperature, it was hovering around the zero-degree mark, with a wind chill factor of 33 below.

According to the thermostat, this room is a bit warmer.

An hour ago I passed a man who had wedged himself in between two buildings to keep warm.

Indications are that he isn't the only one on the streets this morning. There are others, less visible for the most part, but they are there all the same.

On any given morning—about an hour before dawn—there will be several more walking the area between 9th and 10th Streets in downtown Lincoln.

A generation of baggy-pants comedians called them "winos"—so much so that the

term might as well be a generic one.

The men may well be alcoholics, but it would be ignorant to accept that as any type of rule.

They look poor, and older for the most part.



The only thing I'm willing to assume, is if they're outside this morning, they're cold.

You don't have to be a whiz kid to realize that exposure to the type of weather we've been having has got to be nearly intolerable if not dangerous. The difference

between the wind chill index and a normal body temperature is 131 degrees.

I've been told that you eventually develop a tolerance to the cold.

An older man who has spent nearly all of his adult life on the streets mentioned this to me last March.

It was easier to believe then. At best, he said, you learn to ignore the cold; just like you learn to ignore a multiplicity of hardships and indignities.

If what he says is true—that the cold is just another in a series of physical and mental conditions to adjust to—things that can be so overwhelming that you either develop a tolerance to them or buckle under to them, then I have to admit an overall ignorance of his situation.

Somewhere inbedded in all the stereotypes is an incredibly hard lifestyle.

What occurs to me this morning is that we are surrounded by situations like his.

There is poverty of a physical and mental type. The seemingly small inequities and injustices that go unnoticed or ignored that can be just as bitter as the cold.

Maybe constant exposure to them has built up a tolerance in us to a point where seemingly intolerable situations pass for normal.

Right now it doesn't even seem important.

There is a man caught outside in the cold tonight.

I can't tell you anything about him. I don't know what type of childhood he had—whether he's left lovers and friends behind, or whether he harbors any hopes or dreams.

All I can tell you that zero-degree weather is cold. Very cold.

Beer, beanies and Jesus do not a presidency make

Washington—In the print and broadcast commentaries marking President Carter's first year in office there were two liberated hens of the journalism trade. They complained that Jimmy and his Georgians are an unsociable gang and that therefore his Administration is in trouble.

One such folk arbiter moaned on the Johnny Carson show that otherwise educated and charming people were so unimpressed by Carter's Cabinet members that they couldn't remember their names.

At a recent dinner party here, where one such hapless member was a guest, the "in" folk just stared at him.

It was never that way when Henry Kissinger was in power, the complainant went on, and declared that even the powerless Kissinger is more attractive these days in social scenes than the bland, socially shy Carter officials.

NBC's David Brinkley was quoted as

saying "we don't see them (Carter people) anywhere. I saw Jody (Powell) one night. He was highly uncommunicative. Everything he said sounded like phrases out of a campaign kit.

"I'm to old for that. The Nixon people were much more social than the Carter people in that they'd come if you asked them. I never asked them, but other people I know did."

Brinkley apparently wouldn't have a Nixon person in his house, although that category includes Kissinger and some other delightful folk from the era.

Brinkley insists the Carter people can't run the country by being standoffish, that "they need us more than we need them."

This article made other suggestions that the republic was not well because the Carter people avoid parties, decline invitations to lunch with big-shot lawyers, display social frostiness toward congressmen

and don't massage the press.

In short, an administration which prefers beer, beanies and Jesus won't make it.



There are reports that "Carter people"—a loose term covering the youngish souls who worked the campaign and now rule in the higher echelons of government—do get out nights, but just don't go where social arbiters expect them to.

Instead, they frequent singles-type bars where ketchup is playfully spashed about, the boogaloo is danced and impressive numbers of tequila "shooters" are drunk.

Let Carter and his people spend their

social hours as they please.

I am far more interested that they do a good job of running the country and tending to our relations with the rest of the world.

But I will even put those small gripes aside in order to raise questions about what the president has and hasn't done.

Enough to say that he has not followed through on earnest declarations and promises, that he has not given the American people a clear sense of direction, that he has fouled our foreign relations with many a slip of the lip, and that he has put too many mediocre people into his government.

Carter was hired by us as president, and not as some leader of a latter-day Camelot.

He should be judged for the job he does—in order to be rehired in 1980—not for the social graces he and his people display.

Copyright 1978, Los Angeles Times Syndicate

The 1977-1978 Foreign Film Series

presents its Second Semester Films

- A Piece of Pleasure
- Last Grave at Dzimbaza
- Le Retour d'Afrique
- The Merchant of Four Seasons
- Kaseki
- Pirosmani
- The Man from Mainnicu
- The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick

Ticket prices: Students - \$5.00
Faculty & Staff - \$6.00
Patrons - \$8.00

Admission by Series ticket only

Tickets on sale at the Nebraska Union South Desk

Showings Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday

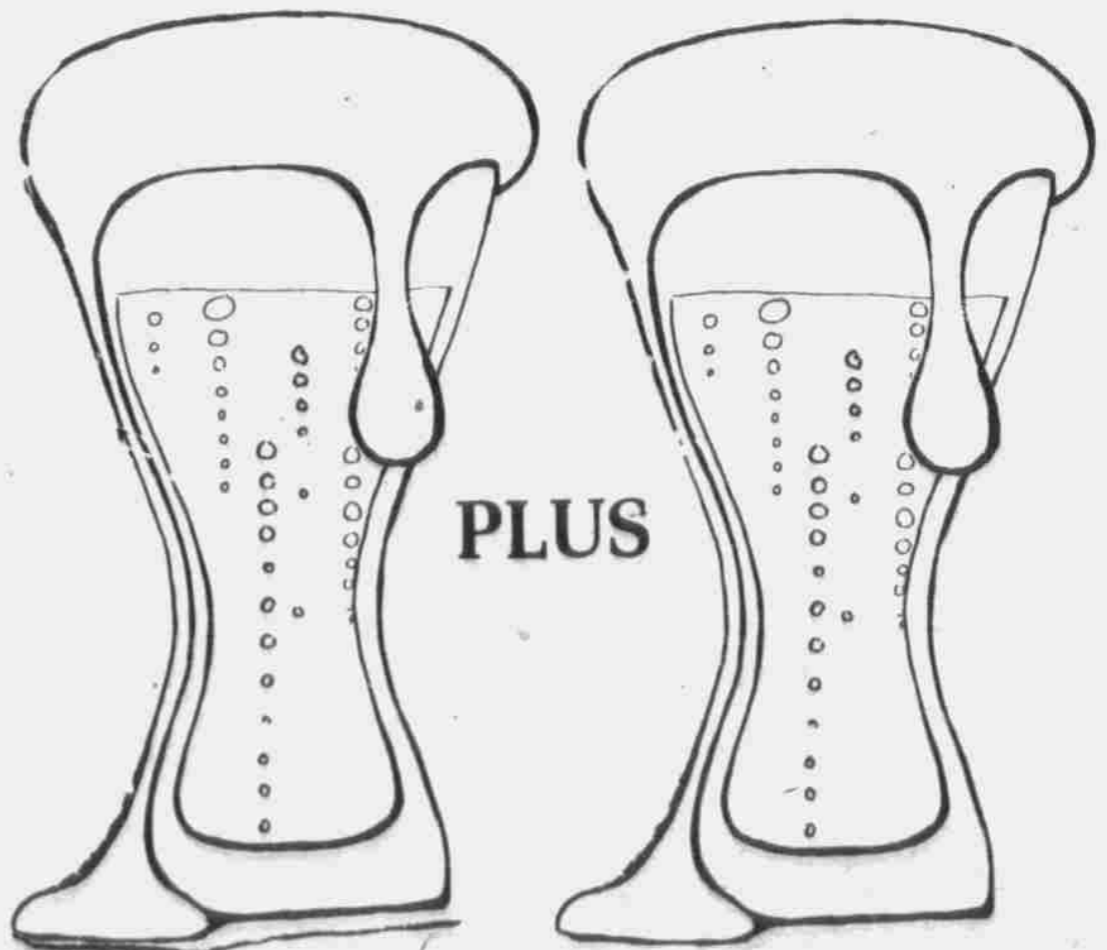
at 7 & 9pm

at Sheldon Film Theatre,

12th and R Sts.



TONIGHT AND EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT! NO COVER



2-FERS ALL NIGHT

uncle sam's

25th and "O"