

# opinion/editorial

## Denying rights outrage

Anne Follis, national president of Housewives for ERA may prove to have the ability to win over women who feel ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment will take rights away from them.

Follis may be able to reach the more conservative faction because she is a self-professed homemaker and Christian.

Her reasoning and manner are down to earth. She does not rock traditional views, but promotes mutual respect and rights for women.

Follis points out that the Constitution was never intended to include women and that the 14th Amendment was written to protect the rights of black men, not women.

America ought to ponder this point, because it's one thing to ignore women's rights, but to deny them rights is an outrage.

The first week of classes can be frustrating, especially when students have to go through drop and add. There are lines to get in to the Nebraska Union Ballroom, lines to get to the bursar, lines to add a class, lines to drop a class and lines to check out.

The people manning these battle stations should be commended for the patient, helpful and optimistic attitudes they have shown students.

But administrators must come up with some alternatives when students are put on waiting lists for classes. When classes are closed, students must either track down a teacher and get permission to take the class or put their name on a waiting list. This can take its toll on students when they need a class for a requirement or end up taking a class simply because it's open.

## Political candidate's itinerary planned by busy advance man

A candidate comes to town, makes a speech, shakes some hands and rides in a parade, a fairly routine day in any campaign.

A routine day made possible by the little known but highly important advance men of a campaign.

Every campaign has someone who performs advance functions, from the candidate in lower level races to a small army of people working for a presidential nominee.

Don Waggoner of Omaha has seen advance people work in the eighteen campaigns he has participated in and did advance work for the Ronald Reagan campaign in 1968.

"The primary function of the advance man is personal and logistical support for the candidate, Waggoner said.

"He is responsible for the well-being and welfare of the candidates when he is in his (the advance man's) area."

An advance man has "quite a bit of authority" over what the candidate does in a particular appearance, Waggoner said, because he coordinates the candidate's itinerary, security and the route the candidate will take.

A presidential campaign employs 12 to 36 advance people, depending upon the schedule, success and popularity of a candidate, he said.

"A president campaigning for seven days will have 25 advance men, but that is the exception," Waggoner said. "The average is 16 to 18 for national campaigns."

As a candidate's popularity increases and he gains a traveling press corps, which follows him regularly, the candidate is forced to send two advance men on each trip, one to schedule the candidate and one to take care of the press, he said.

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## Renter loses apartment in the 'war of the cockroaches'

By John Ortmann

The paleontologists are all wrong. Dinosaurs did not become extinct 60 million years ago. They are alive and living in my apartment. They may have six legs and long feelers and be a little smaller than a *Tyrannosaurus rex*, but they are monsters all the same.

Upon awakening from my first night's sleep in my new apartment, I was surprised to see two of these prehistoric relics making off with my refrigerator. I got the drop on them with a 12 gauge shotgun and was trying to make up my mind whether to call the police or the exterminators when one of them told me that the resident cockroaches had first claim to all the apartment's furnishings. It was in the lease, he said.

### humor

So it was. It seems they have a controlling interest in the building.

#### Contract not enforced

Not believing a contract made with an invertebrate was enforceable, I went ahead and declared chemical war on the squatters. I bought a two-gallon can of the latest industrial-strength insecticide, complete with hose and nozzle, and soaked down the entire interior surface of my apartment.

I suffered mild headaches, stomach cramps, convulsions and double vision for a week, but as I didn't see any roaches I was satisfied it was worth it.

Then one night I entered the bathroom on a mission of great urgency. After



switching on the light I stood, amazed, because I didn't know snapping turtles occurred in apartment buildings. They don't of course, it was just a baby roach.

There is one advantage to having roaches this size. They are so big, that if

you get one started, you can usually tree him in a corner because they can't crawl under anything.

I left my Doberman with instructions to tear the insect limb from limb if moved and then went and got my can of roach

spray.

#### Rolling a cigarette

When I came back the bug was picking his teeth with one of the dog's ribs and rolling a cigarette. He asked me for a match.

Vowing not to be Baron's death go unavenged, I let the killer have a burst full in the face. It appeared to make him high.

After finally dispatching the roach with an ax I went back to bed with grave misgivings about the effectiveness of my insecticide.

My misgivings were confirmed the next day when I found a group of juvenile roaches in the closet mainlining the remainder of the can.

I explained the problem to an ecologist friend of mine, who advised me to restore the balance of nature to the apartment. If the prey species were too numerous, I had to introduce some predator species, he said.

I bought a half-dozen tarantulas about the size of dinner plates and turned them loose with high hopes.

All was quiet for a few days until I was awakened one noon by hoof beats. An enterprising roach had broken the tarantulas to harness and was using a six-spider hitch to haul around four groups of out-of-town roaches for a buck a head.

Next, I tried councilation. I collared the head roach and demanded that he and his tribe pay a share of the rent, in return for a halt in hostilities on my part. He agreed and we shook on it.

That was a month ago. I have not seen a penny of rent and my now legitimate roommates overwhelm me with requests to use my blow dryer, shampoo and toothbrush. One of them just borrowed my car to drive to the liquor store.

I would move out, but the head roach insists I pay rent until the lease expires in June.

## President's policy on tobacco like spitting in the wind

Who says President Carter waffles on the issues? Look at the forthright stand he's taken on tobacco.

He's firmly in favor of spending millions in federal subsidies to encourage tobacco farmers to grow more of the stuff. And he is equally firmly in favor of spending millions in federal grants to persuade the public to stop smoking it.

This makes a great deal of sense. As he told the tobacco farmers on a recent political swing through North Carolina, they were all decent God-fearing folks who deserved to be rewarded by their government for their "backbreaking labor" in raising such a "beautiful quality" of plant that has killed so many of their fellow Americans. Their devotion to this kind of "honest work," he said, should be held up as an example to us all.

At the same time, he has no choice but to support his administration's program to dissuade America's 55 million smokers

from killing themselves. Many of these people are Democrats.

#### 'The Great Tobacco Gap'

While understandably logical, Mr. Carter's efforts to encourage production while discouraging consumption have un-

### arthur hoppe

fortunately created what has become known in Washington as "The Great Tobacco Gap"—a growing problem that calls for desperate measures.

Already hard at work on seeking other uses for tobacco is a team of dedicated scientists headed by Dr. Homer T. Pettibone,

presidential assistant for disparate measures.

So far, Dr. Pettibone said, the researchers have developed a tobacco paste which, when rubbed on the nose, made an excellent insect repellent, as well as tobacco pellets which had proved effective on worming armadillos, iguanas and other scaly household pets.

Experiments were also underway, he said, in employing tobacco as a mulch to discourage earwigs, mattress stuffing for federal penitentiaries, a barbecue briquet in mosquito-infested areas and, most promising, as an automotive fuel.

"We thought we had the energy crisis licked when we were getting 3.2 miles city and 4.1 miles country by EPA test on a carton of filter kings," he said. "But after a while every time we lit the damn thing it coughed, gasped and died."

#### Pilot program

Pettibone reserves his highest hopes,

however, for the "Stick It in Your Ear" pilot program now being conducted in South Boston.

"Our studies have shown that smokers have an uncontrollable desire to take a paper-wrapped tube of dried out tobacco leaves, set fire to it, and insert it in their mouths," he explained. "It is this last that is hazardous to their health. Tests with laboratory rats prove that inserting tubes of burning tobacco into their ears is absolutely harmless — as long as they are removed soon enough."

Thus the White House seems on the verge of achieving the president's clear-cut goal of increasing tobacco production without injuring the health of his constituency.

Watch for Mr. Carter, himself, on television voicing the slogan of his well-thought-out policy: "Stick It In Your Ear, America!"