Yachting...

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Fortunately, our yacht boasts a hot shower in the middle of the one tiny bathroom aboard. Unfortunately, we can't use it as we are chronically short of water. Our captain allows us half a cup, though, in which to brush our teeth, shave, bathe and do our laundry.

We then fish in the chill waters of the ice chest for eggs and whatnot which we cook on the tiny, little, are-yousure-it-won't-blow-up? stove. Then we eat in the joyous

sunrise in the cockpit. If it isn't raining.

Heigh-ho, it's time to weigh anchor! The anchor weighs 116 pounds. Amidst gay cries of "Loot out for that rock!" "Back her down, for Chrissakes!" and, from Glynda, "Do something!" We idle rich are off on another merry day of vachting.

Some days we have a spanking breeze. Other days we are lucky. If we have a spanking breeze, we must hoise sail, about seven hectares of it. On a 40-foot vacht, you don't merely pull on a line to hoise sail. You wrap the line around a winch and crank and crank and . . .

The captain says these special winches cost \$2,000 each. And they're almost as much fun as pushups.

We yacht until mid-afternoon when the discussion begins as to where we should anchor for the night. This lasts several hours and we invariably wind up in the wrong place. But we idle rich can then enjoy our tepid cocktails (we are chronically short of ice) in the glowing sunset in the cockpit. If it isn't raining.

Yet all good things must come to an end. Tomorrow, we must renounce the life of the idle rich and return to

the trials of civilization.

I must admit, however, that I was deeply touched this morning by what Glynda had to say as she heaved gamely on the slimy anchor chair, pearls of perspiration bedewing

"I wonder," she said, between gasps for breath, "what the poor people are doing today?" What couched me deeply was the plaintive note in her voice of wistfulness.

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Minorities. .

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Thanks, but no thanks, said Sowell, too much a maverick to want to run a bureaucracy he doesn't believe

The message of his books lies less in their conclusions, he says, than in their approach, which is empirical.

"I'm amazed at how many people regard facts as impediments at best, and red herrings at worst," he says, describing his position as "anti-foregone conclusion." He does not regard the free market as a universal "solution,"

but as - for many purposes - a sound approach to social

He attributes increased black success much less to civil rights legislation than to the pressures of the free market: qualified blacks were improving their status rapidly in the decade before the major civil rights act of the '60s were

"I don't believe that the market is magic," he says. All he claims for it is that, on the record, it has worked far better than policies based on the notion that government can produce social and economic miracles.

The Los Angeles Times Syndicate



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Travel Information Booth

9:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m. Nebraska Union-Lobby

Sidney Poitier Film Festival "Heat of the Night" "They Call Me Mr. Tibbs" Free Admission 7:00-11:00 p.m. Nebraska Union-

The Rostrum

Hoedown Dance Featuring "Sandy Creek Pickers" \$1.00 Admission

FREE Admission with Cowboy hat or farmer's cap. 9:00 p.m. - Midnight Nebraska East Union -**Great Plains Room**

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