

Editorial

Daily Nebraskan backs Sen. Exon for second term

Republican Nancy Hoch says a vote against her is a vote against President Reagan. For that and a number of other reasons, including the fact that her opponent is infinitely more experienced and in tune with Nebraska's needs, the Daily Nebraskan is endorsing Sen. Jim Exon for the U.S. Senate.

Hoch's big advertising push is tagged on the hopes she can ride Reagan's coattails to victory. It implies she would be a rubber stamp for a man whose policies are not geared toward Nebraska's most important constituents — the small farmer.

Exon is a middle-of-the-road Democrat. He represents the best interests of most Nebraskans, and we think his experience as governor of the state for two terms, and as a senator, make him the obvious choice.

Exon's voting record, although very conservative for a Democrat,

shows he is not anybody's rubber stamp. He is independent and crosses bipartisan lines when he thinks it's right.

An example of Exon's good judgment in his stand on the deplorable MX missile. He opposes it. The MX is useless as a deterrent if placed in current Minuteman silos. Originally, the MX would have been protected from a pre-emptive strike by a number of strange schemes. It would be even more asinine and redundant if deployed in current silos, already pre-targeted by the Soviets.

Hoch, like Reagan, supports the MX.

She would also support Reagan's cuts in social programs. Exon would be much more supportive of those programs.

Exon would serve Nebraskans well for another six years. We urge you to vote for him on Nov. 6.

Feisty candidate Bauer deserves House seat

Rep. Doug Bereuter says he votes "100 percent agriculture."

While Bereuter votes, however, his farming constituents are going broke in record numbers. Nebraska's banks are failing.

The congressman's heart may be in the right place, but his "100 percent agriculture" votes are not helping.

Enter Monica Bauer, pastor at Plymouth Congregational Church in Crete. Bauer got tired of hearing her friends and neighbors complain about low prices and failing farms. The pastor now wants Bereuter's seat.

Bauer's campaign has been feisty, though filled with faux pas. She has been criticized for her television ads. The ads insinuate that Bereuter is out of touch with his district, that he doesn't know its real problems.

Bereuter's problems aren't that he is out of touch. They are problems of ideology. Chalk up Bauer's campaign problems to inexperience and lack of funds.

Bereuter outspent Bauer almost 3 1/2 to 1 in the campaign. Much of that money comes to Bereuter's coffers from Political Action Committees. If anyone is worried about Bauer's religion affecting her politics, one has only to look at the PAC's behind Bereuter.

Bauer's inexperience, which

hasn't helped in her campaign, is seen as another minus. When he went to Congress for the first time, Bereuter wasn't the same man he is today. A new representative for District 1, a representative with a non-jaundiced eye toward the public, may be what the district needs.

Bauer's support of the Mondale tax increase is also a mark in her favor. The perception that the wealthy people in the United States earned their way to the top is severely flawed.

There are people who gained wealth after a childhood of poverty and inconvenience. But they are rare exceptions. Most people in abject poverty will never see their way out of the slums. Reagan's supply side tax cuts don't help them at all.

Reagan's vision of people rising from whatever background, a vision shared by Bereuter, is blurred. Reagan and Bereuter see only the upper middle class, the Harvard set.

Bauer's basic sense of economic justice, her enthusiasm and feistiness, and her deep feeling for the plight of Nebraska's farmers make her the Daily Nebraskan's choice Nov. 6.

Jeff Browne

Daily Nebraskan Senior Editor

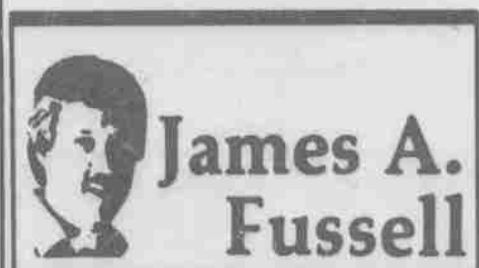


TV supermoms fussy

Removing grass stains not always priority

Moms are wonderful, aren't they? I got me a dandy mom — useful for all sorts of things. Besides, she loves me and looks good standing beside my dad — it's a set.

But, Mom, if you're listening, I gotta tell ya, you didn't turn out like I thought you would. No, don't give me that, I watch TV and you ain't nuthin' like them TV moms.



James A. Fussell

Not that I'm complaining, you were a good Mom — still are — but just once it would've been nice to see you fuss over the whiteness of my gym socks with the passionate dedication of those TV moms. I mean, you didn't even try, Mom, not once did you go ask our neighbor how she got out her stubborn grass stains and ground-in dirt. Talk about embarrassing.

All right, Mom, I guess I'm not being fair. You didn't expect that much from your mom. But then, you didn't grow up with TV. I did. And you limited my TV time, and that was smart.

But, golly Bob Howdy, look what moms are up against today. Kids can't do without their magic box. It's babysitter, friend, entertainer and teacher. It also provides the standard against which today's moms will be judged.

Look how an average 3 year old, who watches an average of eight hours of TV a day, must envision Mom's average day.

The day begins with Mom bounding spritely out of bed in full make-up, looking radiant

after a Sealy Posturpedic night, not a hair out of place.

Delightfully she dances downstairs and whips up Brown-N-Serve sausages, Bisquick pancakes, Quaker Instant Oatmeal, four different kinds of orange juice, Malto Meal, Spaghetti-O's, and serves them with Hostess donuts, 13 brands of dry cereal, toast, Flintstones vitamins, Pop Tarts and six pots of coffee.

Just when Mom sits down to rest, wouldn't you know it, the family mutt, covered with mud, runs through the living room. Mom gives chase, of course, catches the mutt and manages to throw him into a tub full of suds. Then Mom sighs and slogs through a well-deserved glass of cold, refreshing milk. Mmmmm good.

"Ding, dong," Marge from across the street pops by to unburden herself of her mid-morning dingy-laundry blues. After fixing Marge's laundry, Mom excuses herself upon hearing tiny, anguished cries for help coming from the bathroom. It was Banner, the talking toilet paper. It was all dark in the closet and he was lonely.

Out of the bathroom window, Mom catches a glance of Mrs. Smug next door hanging out her whiter whites. Ooooooo, that infuriates Mom. She storms out of the bathroom in a huff. Marge is gone.

"Rrrrrriinnnnnggggg." It's Robert Young. "Hey, Mom, why so tense? You should be drinking Sanka." Click.

"Ding dong," Midge next door pops by to unburden herself of her feminine protection blues. Sorry, Mom can't talk now, she's gotta go talk to her clogged sink.

"Ding dong," it's the back door. Mavis from down the block pops by to unburden herself of her mid-morning Johnny-has-a-108-degree-temperature blues. The dog, the neighbors, aaauuughh. Mom slips into a three-hour

Calgon bath.

She's out. She stoops to pour a cup of General Foods International coffee for her daughter, who has magically appeared on the couch. They warble on about how nice it is to have time to chat in private. Twenty minutes go by; all they talk about is the coffee.

"Ding dong," Mindy from up the street pops by to unburden herself of her mid-morning drab-wardrobe blues. Mom says OK, but only if Mindy will help Mom with her gigantic toilet bowl, which has begun to get rather unruly in recent weeks. Mindy tells Mom not to be bullied by her bowl and heads stiff-upper-lipped into the bathroom.

Meanwhile, Mom goes shopping. She squeezes the Charmin, and, whattaya know, meets Meadowlark Lemon of the Harlem Globetrotters, who, naturally, is rebounding a stray Charmin and hooking it into his grocery cart.

On the way home, Mom stops and has a picnic. She happens by Annetee Funicello, who is lounging by a table full of enough sweets to set a dentist's checkbook to dancin'. Mom speaks to Annette like an old chum. Mom's kids get too many sweets, she tells Annette. As luck would have it, Annette has the answer. Mom leaves with four jars of Skippy.

Back home. Oven cleaning time. Mom, ever the courageous warrior against grit and grime, dons a tethered, cast-iron diving helmet and proceeds to clean the oven, safe from those nasty fumes.

"Ding dong," Molly pops over to unburden herself of her mid-morning constipation blues. Mom sends her away with a box of the family friend

On second thought, Mom, gray gym socks weren't all that bad.

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