

Editorial

Daily Nebraskan
University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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Not ready to run

Schroeder's one-liner campaign over

Pat Schroeder, a 15-year veteran of the House of Representatives, has announced she will not run for the 1988 Democratic nomination for president.

This was a very good decision on her part. She was not ready to run. She had not done enough nationally to raise the kind of money needed or the support needed. Her reason for running was unclear. Some said she was testing the waters to find out if a woman could win the nomination this time.

During the last four months of her "Run Pat Run" fund-raisers, her campaign did not seem too serious. Her campaign was seemingly based on one-liners. For example, when someone asked if

she was running as the woman candidate, she replied, "Do I have a choice?"

This summer, Schroeder told supporters that she had set out to see if it was too late to mount a serious campaign not based on symbolism.

During a tearful announcement Schroeder said, "I could not figure out how to run and not be separated from those I served." She said she wanted to see whether it was possible to run a campaign where honesty was not a slogan.

Schroeder's decision not to run once again shows how the election/primary process weeds out those who are not ready to run.

Hoots, honks unwanted

Harassment not halted by laws

A recent government report shows women now earn 70 cents for every dollar a man earns. Women are now entering medical and law schools in greater numbers. We have Nebraska's first woman governor now in office. We even have one woman dean at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. These achievements can be considered small but significant triumphs over sexual discrimination. I will consider them large triumphs when they are not regarded as out of the ordinary, when they are commonplace and expected. But a larger issue in this same vein still looms over our heads.

Beyond sexual discrimination, we must eradicate sexual harassment in order to really move ahead.

There are laws prohibiting sexual discrimination but sexual harassment is based on an attitude that no laws can change.

To purge our society of this disease will be a hundred times more difficult than changing the laws. Because it is so deeply embedded in our socialization and so ingrained in our lives sometimes we don't realize what is happening. Some men don't even realize they are doing anything wrong. (Yes, I realize women harass men as well.)

Women endure a sexual harassment every day. We just take it for granted and often don't stop to think, "This is wrong."

A few weeks ago I called the university operator to get a student's phone number. When the male operator came back on the line, he said, "You're in luck, he's single."

Of course we all know that a woman's sole goal in life is to find a husband. Why do you think they let us into the university anyway?

Women can't walk down the street without comments, hoots, honks and whistles from passing cars and men.

I was in a philosophy class once when a man said women wear short skirts and tight jeans just so men will oggle them. But women are hooted at no matter what they wear. A Middle Eastern friend of mine said even women with full length veils are harassed on

the streets of his hometown. I asked a few of my friends what they thought about "on the street harassment." One friend said she thought men think they are complimenting women with their hoots and whistles. I would rather be complimented for my intelligence than for my legs. I guess it's

Jeanne Bourne



asking too much for men to shout on the street, "Ooh, nice brain."

One woman said she has become so offended about these comments that she can hardly accept a compliment about her body from her boyfriend.

A male friend told me, guys off in front of their buddies. Another male friend said guys are taking out their frustrations at women they know they can't "have."

Last summer I went to a bar with a female friend. We hadn't seen each other for some time and simply wanted to talk. We consciously seated ourselves in the back to avoid harassment. Still, a couple guys asked us to dance, interrupting our conversation. We declined. They proceeded to question our motives of why we were there. We could talk at home, they said. I realize not all men act like this but what makes them think we were there for their use?

These events and many others like them happen every day, but women have become so accustomed to it they often don't consider them insulting enough to take action. My experience with the operator is a prime example. I thought it was an unnecessary and inappropriate comment, but not bad enough to report.

We women have taught ourselves or have been taught by society to turn a

deaf ear, artfully dodge grabbing hands in bars, never make eye contact and learn to avoid situations we know will cause trouble.

I would like to think it is the problem of socialization and not the individuals who are to blame. I think in some cases the harassers don't realize they are causing anyone any grief.

Last week while thinking about this column I stopped to talk to a police officer about his views. He said he didn't notice the problem while walking his beat downtown. But he was once told that something he did would be considered sexual harassment. He said he kissed his finger and put it to a fellow officer's nose, a woman. He said he didn't consider that to be sexual harassment.

That, I believe, is the core of the problem. What people don't know can hurt them and others. Women who are so used to being harassed don't bother to report these everyday incidents. If they aren't reported or thwarted, the people who perpetuate these acts will never know the difference and sexual harassment will go on.

Colleen Daniels of the Affirmative Action office said for the number of people we have on this campus we don't have a problem with sexual harassment. However, she said, even one case is too many and they don't take it lightly.

A spokesperson for the Women's Resource Center said they receive many unofficial complaints about sexual harassment.

This may be a sign that women don't take the harassment seriously enough to make a formal complaint.

The change in laws forbidding sexual discrimination and the numbers of women progressing in the work force are a good start, but attitudes must also change for any real improvement. Attitudes of both men and women must change. Men should realize what they are doing is wrong and women should know they don't have to put up with it.

Bourne is a senior news-editorial major and the DN editorial page editor.

Farm crisis concerns

Problems still acute

"For in a real sense, history isn't the past:

It's a posture in the present toward the future. It exists to the extent that a community self-consciously sees its future . . . as something that has to be fetched."

Lawrene Weshler,

"Running from History,"

"In These Times," Nov. 12-18, 1987.

"The American Family Farm: Is It Worth Saving?"

The Lincoln Star
Sept. 24, 1987

Few events in this decade have gripped the American imagination as much as the depression in farming. Six years have gone by since the deflationary policies of the Federal Reserve Board and the Reagan Administration started doubling the number of farmers being driven from their land. Countless

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citizens, galvanized by the grief of those displaced and revolted by the ferocious pace, can never look at this world through the same eyes again. Men and women sacrificed family and career to join farmers and friends because the injustice was too deep to bear. The family farm: Is it worth saving?

News services started noticing the accelerated attrition of family farms by 1982 and showed a surprising attention span for the story. At first, the reporting focused on the human toll this latest "shakeout" exacted. It was sad, but inevitable, that so many good people were being sacrificed for progress. Lately, however, the tone has changed. A week does not pass without someone like Mike Harper of ConAgra trumpeting for the press the imminent return of prosperity to agriculture. Successful Farming magazine admonishes its readers to pay attention to the great opportunities available in agriculture. NBC News announces that the real crisis is budget-busting federal handouts to agriculture. The New York Times bemoans the disproportionate role that agriculture plays in the economy. The American family farm: Is it worth

discussing?

The problems in agriculture remain acute. Deflated commodity prices, ever declining land values, punishing indebtedness translate to the loss of a family farm every seven minutes. To tolerate this kind of attrition is to renounce our history. Unless this powerful trend is diverted we will be practicing an agriculture as politically backward, socially explosive and economically concentrated as any our ancestors sought to flee.

The fundamental issue facing us in the heartland today is who will own the land and who will control the means of production. This conflict is not new, but has been accelerated in the 1980s. So far, the choice has been clear. Land ownership and agricultural production is rapidly concentrating into a relatively few hands. Dr. James B. Kendrick, Jr., vice president emeritus of agriculture and natural resources of the University of California, predicts that the largest farms, those grossing \$250,000 or more, will increase in number from 86,000 in 1982 to 370,000 by the year 2000. That jump represents an increase from 4 percent in 1982 to 2 percent in 2000. He further projects that 50,000 largest of these land barons will market 75 percent of our major farm products. That's up from the current estimates: 5 percent of these superfarms account for 49 of the gross sales in agriculture. At the same time he expects 700,000 fewer small- and medium-sized farmers producing in the next century; a drop from 87 percent of the current farming population to 68 percent. This "bimodal" image of future farm production is a scenario almost everyone in agriculture shares. The American family farm: Is it worth stealing?

We used to know what kind of society this kind of farming created. In this culture would live the landed gentry who own the land and capital, tenants to support the lord, and a class of yeoman tilling their plots under the shadow of the estate. We are witnessing the creation of the agriculture that enriched Battista in Cuba, Somoza in Nicaragua and Marcos in the Philippines. American values: Are they worth selling?

Garbiel A. Hegyes
agronomy
graduate student

NFL strike

Nation's survival questionable

From the outside, the sanitarium looked placid and restful — a white Victorian building surrounded by broad lawns, formal gardens and tall shade trees.

Not until I was inside could I comprehend the agony being endured by the patients as they struggled to overcome their addiction.

I had been invited to tour the sanitarium by the director, Dr. Kwikwhistle, the leading pioneer in the treatment of Pigskin Syndrome.

As we approached the receiving room, I heard anguished cries of: "Please, gimme audibles . . . sacks . . . gameplans . . . hangtimes . . ." "This is the most difficult part of it," Dr. Kwikwhistle said. "The first stages of withdrawal."

We listened as a caseworker interviewed an incoming patient, who was trembling and dripping sweat.

"How many games do you watch?"

"All of them. Every play. Every replay. I never miss a minute."

"Pregame shows?"

"Every second. Brent. I love Brent. And Jimmy the Greek. And Irv. And Ahmad and Bob. And John Madden. Oh, God, how can I live without Madden. Do you have them go cold turkey?"

"No," he said, "it would be more trauma than most of them could take."

What is treatment like?

"Here, in this next room, is where they spend their 24 hours."

We entered the darkened room. About a dozen people, some twitching, were strapped into chairs while watching a giant TV screen.

"They see nothing but big plays. Violent sacks of the quarterback. Long

returns of kickoffs, punts, interceptions and fumbles."

And then?

"The second 24 hours they are moved to this room. Let me show you."

"You'll notice that what they're seeing here are short slants over the middle, sideline passes, 6- and 8-yard runs,

Mike Royko



2-yard leaps for touchdowns, quarterback scrambles for first downs."

Ah, you've reduced the level of excitement.

"Precisely. Which prevents them for their third day, in this next room."

We entered and the doctor said: "As you can see, they are now watching dropped passes, mixups in the backfields, 1-yard runs, missed field goals and holding penalties."

I notice some of the patients look drowsy.

"A good sign. Now, let us move on to the fourth-day room. Here we show nothing but huddles, points after, fair catches, time-out signals by the referees and commercials."

It appears to me that most of the patients are sleeping.

"Of course. They are bored stiff, which means that they have made a complete recovery and are ready to

resume a normal life."

Is this four-day treatment successful for all of your patients?

He shook his head. "Unfortunately, there are some who have such a terrible addiction that we must resort to something that is akin to shock treatment. We use it in only the most extreme cases."

May I see it?

We entered a room. The doctor said: "They must spend 24 hours in here."

I heard sounds of retching, gagging, moaning and whimpering pleas of "Stop, please, no more, I can't stand any more."

I stared at the big screen. There was scene after scene of the same person — Coach Tom Landry, in his fedora and suit, standing on the sidelines with his arms crossed and that inscrutable look on his face.

"I warned you that it would be terrible," the doctor said.

"Terrible? It is cruel, inhumane."

"It may appear that way, but it works and we do it for their own good. And in times like these, facing a national crisis, we must do what we can."

That's true. In weeks to come, we could probably use hundreds of clinics such as yours.

"I intend to franchise."

As I left the building, a woman and her children were dragging a man from his car. He was screaming: "Fourth down and inches — go for it, go for it!"

Will the nation survive? It will be a close call. Maybe only the replay referee knows.

Royko is a Pulitzer-prize winning columnist for the Chicago Tribune.

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