

To hire, or not to...

Check one of the following:

—The Housing Office is replacing the resident managers at Amazon and Miscellaneous Housing with a professional apartment manager, equipping him with a car and an answering service, in order to provide better service to the tenants.

—The Housing Office is hiring the new professional manager to save money.

—The Housing Office is hiring a professional manager whether or not the change will mean better service or money saved.

—If the Housing Office does not hire the new professional manager (in order to provide better service, not to save money), and retains the resident managers at Amazon and Miscellaneous, rents there will have to be increased by six per cent.

—The Housing Office is not hiring a professional manager.

—The Housing Office is too busy interviewing applicants for the position of professional manager to take time off to decide whether or not they really want to hire one.

Saying the issue is clouded understates the case. It is sometimes unclear what the issues are. Problems of communication underlie the tenants' grievances: they were informed of, rather than consulted about, the decision to hire the new manager, and individual members of the Housing Office give conflicting accounts of the motives behind the planned change in management.

(All this in spite of the fact that Married Student Housing created a position for an assistant director for communications and managerial supervision in January. Que pasa?)

The tenants have legitimate concerns about the proposed changes. The new manager would replace two 30-hours-per-week managers who live at the projects. Emergency calls received by his answering service after hours would be referred to the student night manager at Westmoreland. Tenants would have at their disposal for 20, rather than 30, hours per week per housing project, the services of a manager who is not available after normal school and working hours.

The tenants can also be justifiably concerned that their rents will be increased if a new manager is hired at \$11,000 annually, and a car and answering service are provided him.

It sounds like increased cost for decreased service, and a lot of contradictory bureaucratic mumbo-jumbo to try to explain it.



"DON'T WORRY ABOUT A LITTLE PREGNANCY, LIEUTENANT— WE NO LONGER DISCRIMINATE AGAINST SUCH THINGS — AND THAT'S ALL I WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT, SERGEANT!"

As a corollary to his lashing out in fear at the unfamiliar, the racist clings to illusions of security. For Sylwester one of these seems to be his baseless faith in the superiority of the Indo-Europeans (Sylwester's euphemism for the Nazis' "aryans?")

Sylwester should face it. Shanghai is no longer the brothel of the Orient—to the regret perhaps of GTF's "old China hand" (racist) mentality, but China, whose "ludicrous" language many Westerners have mastered, continues as the focal point of an increasing number of Western statesmen, scholars and students. Inevitably, the grantsmanship game will reflect this interest. Fortunately, Peking is not disposed to a simply formal granting of visas so that swarms of political scientists, sociologists, and psychologists can descend on the Chinese people to study and analyze them as they would so many mice or guinea pigs. Nor has China succumbed to the temptations offered by the tourist trade as, for example, Italy did shortly after World War II, thus ruining the country for the Italians.

It is disillusioning to see Sino-Soviet differences brought to the University of Oregon campus in such blatantly racist terms by one who is presumably a student of the humanities.

Guido Palandri
Library

Wonderful surprise

Open letter to Student Government:
I wanted to take this opportunity to express my appreciation for the much needed \$13.50 additional increase in tuition for the coming year. What a wonderful surprise. It's good to know you are looking for ways to dip still further into the students pocket. I guess it's your way of making food stamps available to still more students.

Kent Anderson
Liberal Arts

Run for your life

Whyzzit that buildings on this campus which are so prone to having only men's (or only women's) rooms—with facilities for the opposite gender nowhere in sight—do not then post directions to the nearest john for women (or men)? This information should at least be included in building directories, if not posted on the doors of the "wrong" rest-rooms.

"Having the runs" is not synonymous with wanting to "run around," looking for a bathroom.

J. Adnil

Letters

Racism 'disillusioning'

The incoherent letter by Mike Sylwester (July 15) which begins with free ASUO movies after a disjointed ramble descends to the snide and male chauvinist claim—contrary to the observations of others—that there is prostitution in China,

seems the expression of one afraid and insecure.

Fear and insecurity are common traits of the racist. Afraid to accept or to try to understand what is new or strange, the racist must either mock it as Sylwester does the Chinese language or refuse to believe good of it ("Satire" is Sylwester's term for the cancelled lecture "Why no hunger in China?")

opinion

Author of 'The Making of the President' bitter one year after Nixon's resignation

By NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

WASHINGTON (KFS)—Tom Snyder has made a large name for himself on television interviewing the three ends of two-headed calfs and other freaks of nature. From time to time, though, he deviates from Believe-It-or-Not-Ripley-type guests and puts a non-curiosity on his NBC Tomorrow show.

The other night it was Theodore H. ("The Making of the President" series) White. The occasion was the publication of Mr. White's newest book on the un-making of President Nixon, but for the audience it was also a chance to see how a successful, well-connected, establishmentarian journalist thinks and looks at the part of the world he reports on. As such he can be allowed to stand as a representative of a number of others who once had many flattering things to write about Mr. Nixon and now must occasionally wonder how they could have been so badly had.

"There are no saints and no villains in history," he says, thereby making the conventional obeisance to upper-class notions of complexity, but for Mr. White, Mr. Nixon is Milton's devil in "Paradise Lost," the best and the most gifted of angels who went sour.

After mentioning detente and China with approval, he says, "(Nixon) got the young men out of the draft. He did a spectacular environment program, the best of any industrial nation in the world...you have to understand that this man did so much good in his years in office, and then you say to yourself, 'How could he be so stupid, so cheap, so mean...so ferocious, so cruel?'...I will do my best to understand, but there are certain things which are unforgivable."

To White the men President Nixon chose to surround himself with are "real, swinish brutes" and "hustlers" rotten with "squirming ambition."

This is the kind of language that those who opposed Nixon when he was in office used but would probably qualify now. Yet here is White, a man in such good favor in the time of the Nixon White House that he could get a private interview with the President, saying yes sir, there are too villains and none more wicked than this fallen angel.

White is so angry because he takes it so personally. Can you conceive of the most unregenerate anti-Nixon leftist saying: "What I hold against Richard Nixon is he almost shattered my confidence in our country's ability to run itself...I was disappointed in Johnson (but) disappointed, deceived and hurt by Richard Nixon."

Blurting something like that out transcends the embarrassment of looking like a jackass because one once wrote complimentary sentences about Nixon. This comes closer to a child's lashing out at being told Santa Claus is a guy on Macy's payroll. White has been doing his reporting of Presidents with the critical eye of a Peruvian monk freshly come to Rome to look on the face of his Pope:

"The people anoint and elect the President. The people express the will of God, (if) such there be. And thus, the President, whether he knows it or not, is a high priestly figure, he is a sacerdotal figure...Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt were really ennobled by the office...Men went to die because Lincoln said they must and because Franklin Roosevelt said they must."

The grandeur and the brilliance of the office is so great that White says he is mentally incapacitated when in the same room with a President: "I've been in the White House, in and out, now under five Presidents, and I'm always scared when I speak to a President. Some people go in there and they freeze up and they forget what they're going to ask the

President...I always have had that sense of awe, so that normally, if I do want to speak to a President, I will send a note in advance saying, 'I want to talk to you about this and this and this.'

There must be tourists waiting in line with their Kodaks who're in better emotional shape to observe what's going on in the Presidential Mansion than the ga-ga White: "The White House is an eerie place. It's so quiet and it's so hushed and it's so beautiful...There are buttons there that run everywhere. They can drop bombs or build hospitals or whatever you want."

White wants to worship. As he says: "I suffer incumbentsitis...I'm not going to be a spitball journalist." He also says: "We have a larger percentage of decent politicians in this country than in any other I've covered, and I respect most politicians (but) when I find a crook, I'll burn him. When I find a liar, I'll call him a liar."

With the eyes through which White sees, one wonders how he will ever catch a crook or discern a liar. By his own description, he is not the most suspicious of men, but crook catching isn't the primary business of journalists.

Their primary business is, regardless of their ideology, understanding the world intelligently enough to be able to distinguish what might conceivably be thought of as news from official diapacons of glory. White couldn't, nor did most of the other renowned names in journalism and, while you might say that the last time out the crooks were caught, it wasn't by journalists but by police reporters, and that may be why the people in our business are the first to know and the last to understand.

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