

Klaustanding teacher awards

Columnist thanks instructors for challenging classroom experience



KLAUS MARRE is a senior broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Administrators have been harping all semester that the University of Nebraska-Lincoln needs to become a better university, that standards need to be raised and that the "brain drain" has to be stopped.

UNL wants to attract the best and brightest from around the world.

I think it will take a long time to achieve these goals.

Still, they got me here, so let me tell you why I came here and maybe somebody will see how more students can be lured to Nebraska.

I visited UNL three years ago, and the reason I chose Nebraska over other places with much better academic reputations was the people in my

college.

After talking to broadcasting instructor Rick Alloway in 1995, my mind was pretty much made up that I was going to study here. To me, it does not matter under what conditions I have to work as long as I am comfortable with whom I work.

The only way to attract the best students to Nebraska is to get the best instructors. I went to "better" schools with superior equipment, but none of them had the kind of people UNL did.

I talked to snotty professors who thought the name of their school would weigh more heavily on my decision than the impression they made on me.

They were wrong, because none of these schools had the kind of people who welcomed me in Nebraska.

I am writing this column for all the good professors at this university. It is for all those who still have the drive to teach, the desire to share their knowledge and the compassion to care for their students.

It is a tribute to the professors who have made a difference in my academic career with the way they taught and how they wanted me to learn from them.

In my first semester here, one of those professors was philosophy teacher Harry Ide. He is an instructor who cares for his subject and his students.

Associate Professor Ide always took time for his students, to answer questions about course material or simply to listen to everyday problems. I had the privilege to be in his Philosophy 101 class, although he ruined my 4.0 GPA.

It was a class with more than 100 students, and I feel bad for any instructor who has to teach in front of so many students because many of them just don't care.

This holds especially true for David Sharp, who teaches History of Jazz. Every semester, his classes are filled with students who need to fulfill a requirement and heard "Jazz for Jocks" is an easy course to take.

Professor Sharp teaches in an auditorium that seats a couple hundred students, and I am sure he knows many of them don't care about what he says.

Some read the paper, and others fall asleep. If they would pay attention, they could see one of the instructors who is truly passionate about what he teaches.

Professor Sharp celebrates music in his classes, and it is a shame so few students seem to care. I hope he never loses his compassion, although I am afraid one day he will get sick of walking in a room of apathetic students who will never care as much about music as he would want them to.

Protecting educators like Professor Sharp from burning out should be a priority of the administration. These professors make our university special with the way they teach, and no modern building or fancy equipment can ever replace what these people bring to UNL.

Another one of these individuals is Michael Combs, who teaches political science. In his class I did not merely learn about "Blacks in Politics," I learned about life. His classes make students think instead of simply feeding them pages of notes.

Political Science 238 is a forum for discussion, and Professor Combs awaits every "scholar" with open arms.

He not only wants to teach but also is willing to listen to students and to learn from them. Professor Combs expects his students to think

for themselves rather than repeat what they have heard from others. In my opinion, this is what an institution of higher learning should be about.

Another instructor who goes beyond teaching the material on the syllabus is Judy Slater in the English department. In her courses, I never felt as if I was going to class. Learning was fun and never work in her writing classes. She always had time to listen to her students and was genuinely interested in the work they did.

Slater helped me understand writing as much as her class helped me to understand myself. Her outstanding quality is that she cares. English 252 and 352 were more like family reunions than lectures, and students excelled in this atmosphere of mutual respect.

I believe the only way to make UNL a more respected university is to find professors like the ones mentioned above. Administrators have to stop whining about brain drain and how to make Lincoln more attractive to students.

Instead, they should make a concerted effort to go out and hire the best professors in the country, and students will come to UNL.

Lollipops licked

Campaign defeat, 'Dukes of Hazzard' highlight two semesters



TODD MUNSON is a junior broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Hi diddy ho readerinos. Please excuse the Ned Flanders speak, but spring fever has me as giddy as a Catholic school girl on a religious holiday.

The 1997-98 school year has just flown right by. Looking down the barrel of finals week, it's nearly impossible to remember what happened yesterday much less during the course of the entire school year.

And, after that last C has been penciled in, most of us will cash in our books for beer money and in a matter of hours, will have killed enough brain cells to completely forget everything that happened this past year.

That's where this handy clip 'n' save year-in-review comes in. After reading this, cut it out and laminate it for posterity. Just keep in mind that this year in review is coming from my perspective and it may not exactly match yours.

Also, if you don't feel like preserving this column, take it to the Brass Rail and redeem it for a free beer. If they give you the guff, tell them if they're really "Playboy's top college bar," they should give something back to the students that made it possible.

August: School starts off on the hip-hop tip courtesy of Run DMC's concert during Big Red Welcome. Their free show in the middle of R Street was probably the coolest thing ever arranged by the University Program Council and proved to the 5,000 people in attendance that UNL isn't always a boring place.

September: Coming Out Week comes to UNL, and the homophobes come out. After the urging of a German jackass and his cohorts on a KRNU-FM (90.3) talk show, chalk messages bashing homosexuality appear all over campus. The result was a heated uproar between the gay community and the homophobes of campus. After much deliberation, the German was

allowed to stay in America.

October: The rift between City and East campuses is ripped even more when some irresponsible jackass from the Daily Nebraskan pokes fun at the "Dukes of Hazzard" and is subject to much torment from the residents of Burr Hall. Before the jackass writer was hogtied and left for dead, the Blizzard of '97 struck Lincoln. The damage was terrible. Thousands of trees were killed, and people were left without power, heat and cable for days.

November: A new chapter in Husker football lore is written when NU took on Missouri. Scott Frost proved he was the real deal and could lead the Huskers to victory. With only five seconds on the clock Scooter Frost marched the Huskers 180 yards down the field.

On the final play of regulation, freshman Matt Davison pulled more luck out of his ass than humanly possible when he came out of nowhere and made a diving touchdown catch that was dubbed "The Miracle in Missouri."

December: J.C. Penney had a white sale, and the moon and the stars were in perfect alignment for the first time in 10,000 years. The stage was now set for Dr. Tom Osborne to drop a 50 megaton bomb on the state of Nebraska. After 25 years of service, Tom decided it was time to have a day or two, or few years, off, as he announced his retirement. The university was in a state of mourning, and Dr. Tom's wife was ecstatic because she could now actually have dinner with her husband.

January: T.O. did it again for the third time in four years as the Huskers rolled past the Tennessee Volunteers 183-4 in the Orange Bowl. Back in Lincoln, thousands of fans filled O Street and proved to the world that Nebraskans are mild mannered even when celebrating.

There were no car fires, looting or riots, just a bunch on drunks in red trying to sing the inane alma mater. When it was announced that the Huskers earned a share of the national title, Osborne truly went out a champion and was then free to do some fishing.

February: UNL proves again that it is a school of racial ignorance as an eccentric English professor accidentally sent out a racist e-mail, with many references to the n-word, to a few hundred people. The prof made no apologies and said it was his First Amendment right to send the messages. In the end, he threatened to sue the university, and Chancellor Moeser

gave him a semi-permanent, yet paid, vacation.

March: The month certainly came in like a lion with the Association of Students of the University of Nebraska elections. The monotony of the election was broken up by a jackass writer from the Daily Nebraskan who tried to pull a Ross Perot and run for president with the promise of "Sun-shiny days and lollipops."

He failed miserably and was sentenced to hard 'abor over at East Campus, where he now spends his afternoons shoveling manure. Sadly, though, the month didn't go out like a lamb as student Laura Cockson was tragically killed at the hands of a drunken driver. Although I never knew Laura, her death was quite sad because it just as easily could have happened to one of my

friends.

April: April? What the hell happened to April??

May: (Please note that I'm looking into my Magic 8 Ball for this one). Students survive finals week and trade in their books for beer money. All signs point to yes when I asked if many students would graduate and possibly get real jobs.

In the immortal words of that crappy pop band Blur: Whoo hoo! It's been quite a year. To those graduating, good luck and have fun in the real world, suckers. To the rest of y'all I hope you don't get too drunk one night and run off with the circus. Trust me, college is where it's at.



ROBB BLUM/DN