

W

to the editor

Dear editor,

As a student at Colorado University, I wish to apologize to the students of the University of Nebraska and especially to members of the band and the football squads for the disgusting display of poor sportsmanship shown by many of the "fans" at Saturday's game. I hope that I speak for a majority of the students here in denouncing the inexcusable snowballing your people suffered through.

Congratulations on your victory. You have a superb team and admirable school spirit and decorum.

Seymour Wheelock

Speaking out

Dear editor,

Paranoia and apathy are pretty big words. Especially for Ron Clingenpeel. You all might recall his article about East Campus students. He talked about style, political involvement and student attitudes, comparing the differences between campuses. Too bad he had to generalize so much; rhetoric is a poor substitute for facts.

What exactly is style? If one is fashion conscious one changes with the current trends. But that's downright superficial. Everybody knows that. That's why the self-proclaimed city liberals disclaim concern with superficiality. They say they accept people for



"A bird in the hand is worth Thieu in the bush, I always say . . . !"

what they are, not what they appear to be. So Clingenpeel obviously means something more substantial. An attitude towards life perhaps?

That implies a sense of direction, of purpose, of that which is meaningful. Probably a good attitude would be one which deals with the quality of life. Ecology deals with the quality of life. It's probably a good thing to be concerned about ecology. Many people are, you know. Why, it hit City Campus just a year or two ago.

But I kind of like the word "ecology." It's a lot easier to say than "efficient resource allocation, utilization and conservation." Especially for all us majors.

There might be something to be said about static styles after all.

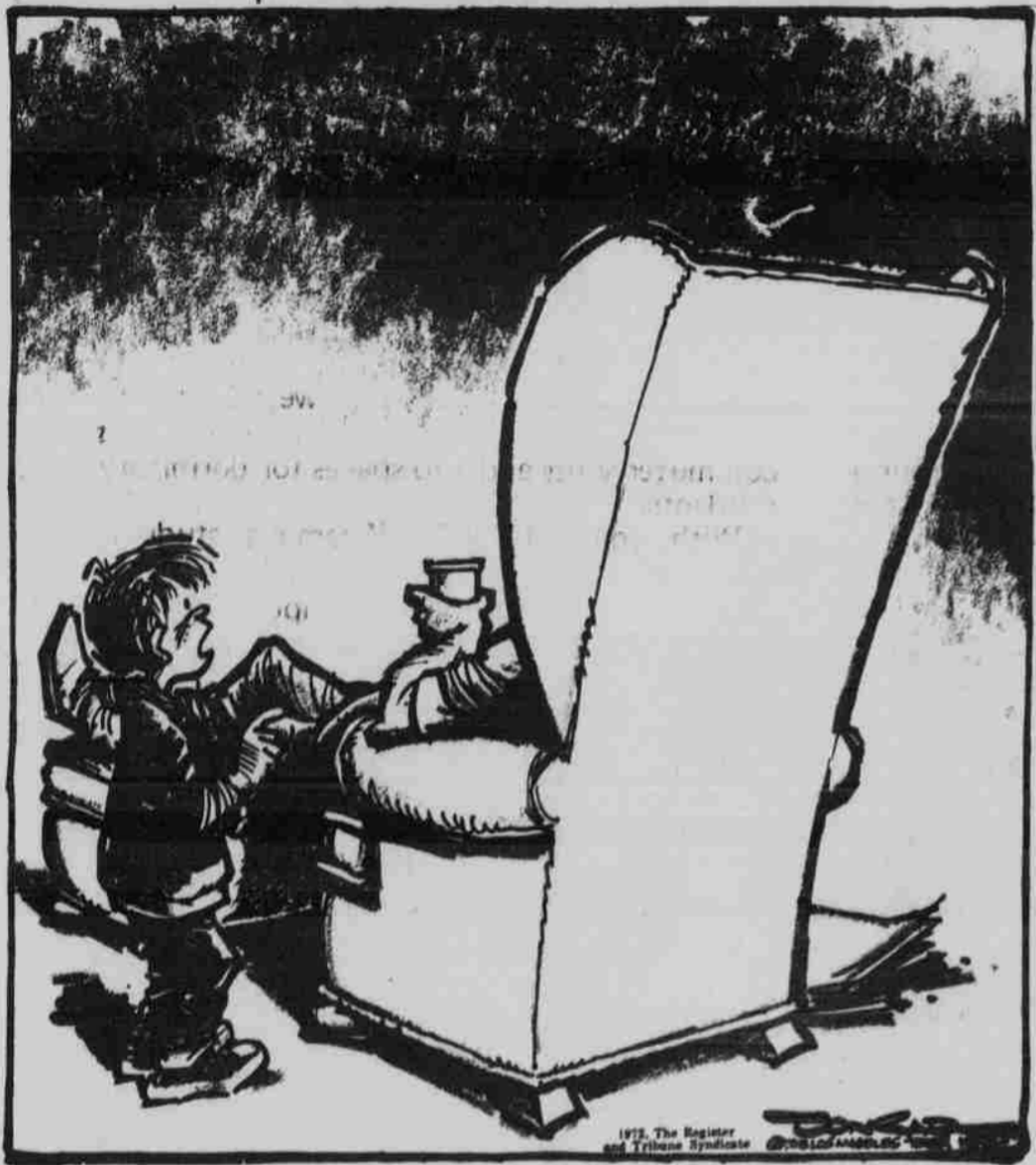
Political involvement next. My old Uncle Milo used to say that "pragmatists stay out of piddley politics." Take that for what it's worth.

There are many paths to involvement, and they don't all go downtown. Most students out here, due to their commitment to substance, belong to departmental clubs. But we do go downtown for one very political reason. Grades are a little harder to pull here than on City Campus, so we truck down for some city classes to pull them up. Now that's political involvement coupled with financial commitment!

And I guess that a dorm full of angry kids confronting Dick Strait isn't involvement. Or collecting 530 signatures (20% of the entire student body out here) in one day to support East Campus college representation on CSL. Or other piddley things like getting the statistical lab to stay open at nights for student, or a student advising system, or active student participation in evaluating teaching.

I'm sorry—I probably just don't know what politics or involvement is all about. But I dare say there's a bit more student involvement in academia out here in the land of pragmatism than down in the ivory towers.

Phil Lamb



"What did you do to stop the war, Daddy?"

Australian plan doesn't give answers

michele
coyle
mind
games

Tuesday threatened to be a dismal day just about anyway you looked at it. Even the neighbor's dog, whose cheerful barking usually wakes me every day at the same early hour, just couldn't quite get it together. A little late, and with a definite sense of impending doom, I climbed aboard my trusty bicycle and headed toward campus in the misting rain.

By the time I had reached 15th Street, I was pretty much preoccupied with avoiding puddles, people and/or cars that seemed to delight in splashing, but not quite drowning, already soggy bicyclists. Nevertheless, I wasn't too blinded by the rain and mud to notice that a strange sort of vehicle was slowly making its way up 14th Street.

It was a cross between a hearse and a circus wagon. I just caught a glimpse of its bright red, white and blue exterior before it disappeared around the corner.

"Hm. . ." I thought, "very strange." But things were to get stranger still.

That afternoon as I was standing outside a Lincoln polling place distributing literature, the same wierd car-truck cruised by, slowed down, and finally stopped. A tall, thin man with scraggly white hair wearing a wild red, white and blue costume came scrambling out of the hearse end of the car. He was clutching a crumpled wad of \$10 bills in one hand, and holding a star-spangled 10 gallon hat in the other. It might have been the gold studded suspenders—I just couldn't help staring.

"Guess who I am," he asked, in a strangely familiar voice. "The Cat in the Hat," I ventured, getting more and more incredulous the longer I looked at him. (He even made a clinking noise as he stepped up to the sidewalk).

A mild frown crossed his worn face. "Heh, heh, heh," he chortled brightly, "never mind. By the by, have you voted today?" he asked abruptly as he lazily flaunted a \$10 bill in

the general direction of my face. "You may have heard of the Australian plan, you know, the system wherein a prospective voter is fined up to \$10 for not exercising his/her right to vote. Well, this being the United States, and the American way being the way it is, I'm part of a new experimental government program which pays each and every voter \$10 for voting, or deducts said amount from his/her yearly income tax. What do you think about that?"

"I think this system of buying votes is not foreign to the American way as you might think," I cautioned the old man.

He looked disappointed. "But we must do something about the millions of American people who do not choose to exercise their voting privileges. How can a democracy function if its constituency refuses to accept any responsibility?"

"Well you know," I said slowly, but carefully, as I suspected my friend was a little hard of hearing, "it depends upon how you look at it. There will always be some who by nature follow a policy of least involvement. I don't imagine much can change them. Then there are those who have to be shown that their individual involvement can make some difference. It takes time, lots of it, to show them.

"Finally, but most importantly, there are those who are convinced by their years of experience that change and progress are hampered, rather than furthered, by the political system. These are the alienated conservatives, moderates and liberals who no longer feel society is really a part of them. What do you have to say or give them old man? A \$10 bill? I wonder if that will really work."

My strange friend just jingled the change in his pockets and looked back to his car. A few bars of "The Star Spangled Banner" started up from somewhere, so he quickly saluted and marched to the car. I never did get an answer.