

Balancing act

What may on the surface appear to be a good move to insure that the Board of Regents does not interfere with the planning of campus conferences may in fact be the worst thing that could have been done in that area.

When ASUN President Bruce Beecher went before the Board of Regents to propose an alteration of the proposed University bylaws which would demand that fee programs be balanced over the entire year, he evidently had good intentions.

According to Beecher, the proposal was intended to keep the power to stop conferences out of the hands of the regents. Supposedly, the amendment would require that the regents prove that a whole year would not be balanced before they could alter programming.

Unfortunately, this is not the case. By even mentioning a requirement for balanced programs in the by laws, the regents could conceivably be opening one of the worst possible pandora's boxes in the direction of the student.

The one element the amendment neglects to recognize is the arbitrariness of the word "balance" as it would be applied in a court of law. Lacking a definition of balance, there is

every chance that if the regents dislike a particular speaker or program paid for by student fees, they could delay or even force cancellation of the event.

This would involve a simple process of taking the matter to court where, no doubt, a series of temporary injunctions against the yearly fee structure could halt the program involved until contracts were voided and the event impossible to reschedule.

If, on the other hand the courts did not allow the delaying tactics, it might not be as tough as anticipated to obtain a decision against the programs. The regents just might prove to the courts' satisfaction that the program would irretrievably unbalance the entire yearly student fee program, making the program invalid. Either way, student freedom in programming would suffer.

In the original draft of the bylaw, there is no mention of any power to stop fee programs. The bylaws give students total freedom to "invite and hear any person of their choosing," a clear delineation of powers.

To add a section requiring balance would only muddy the question and give future regents the power to wreak havoc on future programs if they wish.

Beecher's proposal, while probably made with the best of intentions, could in this case be the worst possible way to go. To include it would be a drastic mistake.

Parking pie

A short addition to Thursday's mammoth parking editorial:

Students are paying for parking provided for Big Red football fans. Or at least that's the way it seems.

Every year a huge number of on and off-campus students pay a \$15 parking fee of which, we are told, most goes to parking lot maintenance and improvement. For this, students are allowed to park in specific areas.

On game Saturdays, however, Husker fans come poring into Lincoln bumper-to-bumper and park in these same lots for nothing. There's an inequity involved here.

Probably worse than the free parking awarded to Harry Husker, however, are the several lots which are reserved for members of the friends of the Athletic Department: the state's Beef Clubs, Touchdown Clubs and the Husker Award Club.

Agreed, students exclusively are allowed to park in the lots on weekdays and even until 10:30 a.m. on game Saturdays.

But why should fans who often pay \$2 or more to park in lots near the University park for free in student-maintained lots.

It seems odd that the University, of all places, would fail to capitalize on the greatest possible Big Red moneymaker in years.

Jim Gray

Honest Dick and his used car lot

It was a month ago that Herbert Hanoy walked into Honest Dick's Used Car Lot to look around and kick the tires. He was immediately recognized by the firm's top salesman, Henry. "Well, well, back again Mr. Hanoy," said Henry, rubbing his hands. "And what can I show you today?"

"Frankly," Hanoy said, "I've been thinking about that red and white, two-door Ceasefire Eight. Of course, it doesn't have a synchromesh political settlement..."

"It's just the model for you, Mr. Hanoy," Henry said. "Look at that automatic withdrawal system, that tripartite power steering, those guaranteed free elections..."

"I bought a '54 French model once with guaranteed free elections," Hanoy said suspiciously. "It fell apart before I hardly got it home and nobody ever made good."

"You're not dealing with those tricky Frenchmen now," Henry said with dignity. "You're dealing with Honest Dick. Look, I'm going to make you an offer you can't refuse. We've got special E-Z terms on that Ceasefire Eight. This month only."

"Well, it isn't exactly what I wanted," Hanoy said reluctantly. "But if you can make me a good deal..."

"Just step into my office," Henry said happily. So they haggled for hours and hours and finally came up with an 18-page contract with lots of small print. On which they shook hands.

Naturally, Honest Dick, himself, was called in to look the deal over. "Congratulations, Mr. Hanoy," he said, after reading all the fine print. "You certainly got yourself a fine bargain there. I don't see any reason we can't have everything signed and delivered by next Tuesday—or Oct. 31 at the very latest."

So Hanoy went home and told everybody he'd bought himself a used Ceasefire Eight. While he was somewhat uneasy about it, all his friends said he was doing the right thing.

Then he got a call from Henry. "Everything all right?" Hanoy asked anxiously.

"Sure, sure," Henry said. "No problems at all. Delivery's just around the corner. But first would you mind dropping by for one more little chat."

"If there's no problems," Hanoy said, "what's there to chat about?"

"Oh, just a little clarification of language. Like that part about tripartite power steering. It seems it isn't exactly power steering..."

"Look, we've got a contract and you promised to sign it by Oct. 31," Hanoy said angrily.

"I think we promised to try to sign it by then," Henry said. "Confidentially, we're having a little trouble over the title. Seems there's this gentleman in Saigon who feels he's the legal owner. And to get his signature on the contract, I'm afraid you're going to have to—er—up your price just a little and..."

"A deal's a deal!" Hanoy spluttered. "Sign like you promised!"

"Well, seeing we're not exactly the legal owners..."

"You mean to tell me," Hanoy shouted, "that you've been trying to sell me a car you don't even own?"

"Now, now, Mr. Hanoy, there's no need to get excited," Henry said soothingly. "I'm sure it will all work out. After all, if you can't trust Honest Dick, who can you trust?"

But, unfortunately, Hanoy had already slammed down the receiver.

Well, anyone who's been through a similar experience can predict the outcome. Either you tear up the contract into teensy little pieces, muttering curses, or you up the ante and go through with the deal, feeling rooked and snookered and muttering curses.

In either case, one thing's for sure: You certainly aren't fit to live with.

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