

Tickets 2: away

Considering the sorry state of ticket procedures within Memorial Stadium, one could pretty well guess what those procedures would be like for away games. And you wouldn't be far from wrong.

If anything, the situation in distribution of away game tickets is more offensive than distribution of home tickets. It's just a little less noticeable.

Currently, UNL students receive tickets for only one off-campus game—the annual migration game at Missouri or Colorado for which students are allotted about 25 per cent of the tickets.

This arrangement is the result of an agreement between the ticket office and ASUN Senate in 1965. This year the senate and its executives attempted to change the situation by requesting the ticket office to increase the number of migration tickets allotted to students to 50 per cent of the total.

It didn't work however, as Ticket Office Manager Jim Pittenger fell back on the earlier agreement, claiming the tickets had all ready been sold to Big Red boosters outstate.

According to Pittenger, the tickets are not made available to students because there is no great demand for them. "How many students go to UCLA or Army?" Pittenger said. "Students usually want to go to Missouri or Colorado."



It all seems a matter of priorities. Why couldn't the Ticket Office grant the admittedly few student ticket requests before the public. Why is the general public accorded the same chance for viewing the games as students? "The public is paying for the football team, not the students," Pittenger claims. Case closed.

The results of this philosophy are fairly obvious. When the Big Red attends an away game, the crowd isn't students, but red-garbed, middle-aged matrons and their Harry Husker huddies. Which means the traditional spark and vitality of the younger

crowds are gone. And what is supposed to be the Big Red pep section become the Big Red poop section.

But if students aren't given away-game tickets, where do the tickets go? If home game procedures are any indication, you can bet the fat cats get their share and more.

Along those lines, speculation on rumors that Regent Robert Prokop received approximately 75 tickets to this year's Colorado migration game seem to be more than rumors. Pittenger said Wednesday that Prokop received the tickets "because he asked for them." The reason they were forked over so readily? "He's a regent and my boss," Pittenger explained.

Students, you will remember received approximately 1,000 tickets to that game, rationed out by a lottery—28 per cent of the total number of tickets to the game. Prokop's reported 75 tickets would represent as many tickets as were allotted to 7.5 per cent of the student body—approximately 1,600 students.

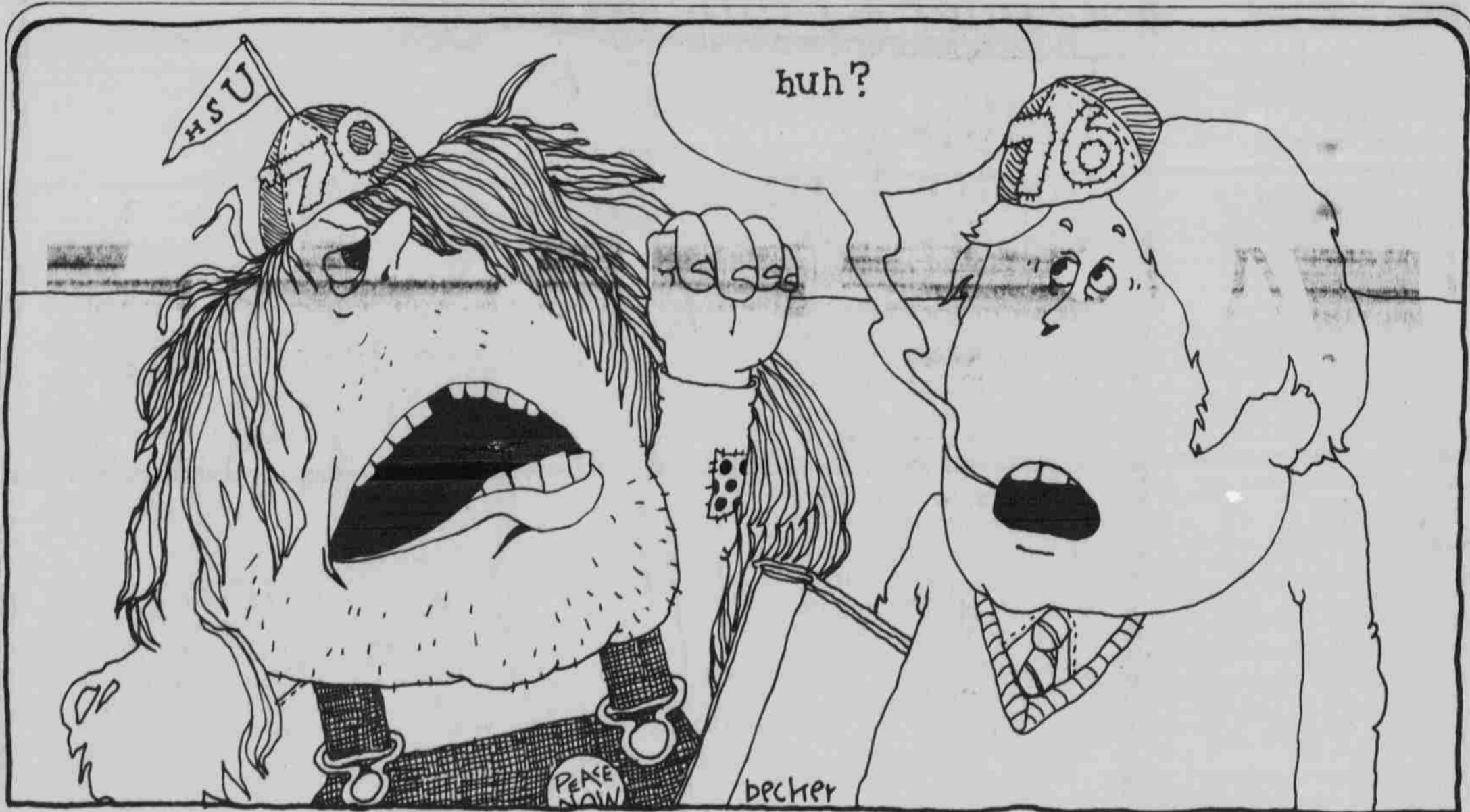
Somehow, this seems a bit unjust.

Which is why ASUN Senate and a large number of others have been attempting to secure from the administration some affirmative action and suggested reforms in the handling of ticket sales. Thus far, no action has come from the administration.

And that action is long overdue.

The Ticket Office has been running the University for far too long. It's time to turn the tables.

Jim Gray



Radical homecoming—the revolution burns out

Hiram Skrogg University held its traditional 75th annual Homecoming Day last week. Among the nostalgic old grads revisiting the scenes of their youth was Abbie (Che) Hayden, Class of '70.

Che had been somewhat out of touch these past two years, having matriculated directly into solitary on charges of attempting to blow up a lavatory in the Washington Monument and thus topple the government.

The very first student he ran into was young Irwin Wasp, Class of '76.

"Off the pigs!" cried Che, raising a clenched fist in comradely fashion.

"Pigs?" said Irwin, peering up into the spreading branches of the elms overhead.

"Pigs, fuzz, you know, cops." Che said. "Let's go heave a brick at a cop."

"You mean at old Mr. Twistle, the campus guard?" Irwin said in surprise. "Whatever for?"

"To force the dean to negotiate our non-negotiable demands, of course,"

said Che. "Haven't you ever gone trashing?"

"Oh, yes," Irwin said proudly. "I was freshman chairman of the Autumn Litter Drive. It was a big success."

"Hell's bells! Isn't there a radical left on this campus?"

"Oh, there's lots," Irwin said

arthur hoppe
**innocent
bystander**

helpfully. "Why, three guys in my frat alone voted for McGovern."

Che sank on a bench and ruefully

reviewed the well-groomed students passing to and fro, books under their arms. "What's happened to you young people?" he asked with a sigh. "Why aren't you hitting the streets to protest?"

"I'd really like to; it sounds exciting," Irwin said enthusiastically. "Protest what?"

"The war, of course. What else?" Che leaped to his feet. "Stop the bombing! Bring our boys home! Vietnam for the Vietnamese!"

"But Nixon's negotiating with Hanoi to do just that. Under the terms of the tentative agreement..."

"Don't say another word," Che said. "We'll protest the draft instead. What right have these senile old men who run the Establishment to pick a war and then send us young men out to fight it?"

"But..."

"It's involuntary servitude," Che cried. "Let's go smash the draft board's windows again!"

"I'm afraid they shut it down for lack of business," Irwin said apologetically. "We're supposed to have an all-volunteer Army by next summer."

"Then we'll start by tying up the dean and demanding a black studies program!"

"But we've got one," said Irwin. "It just shows you," Che said, sinking back on the bench, "how untrustworthy this rotten Establishment is."

"Untrustworthy?" Irwin asked. "How do you figure that?"

"If these past two years have proved anything," Che said, "they've proved there's nothing this lousy Establishment wouldn't do to stamp out the glorious spark of revolution in our nation's youth."

"But what have they done?"

"They've done," Che said, shaking his head in defeat, "everything we told them to."

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