

# editorial opinion page

## Dress up

Another case may soon reach the courtroom involving a student and a dress code violation. However, this case differs from its counterparts of recent years. This time the student not only wants to attend a class, he also wants to teach it.

If some type of out of court compromise cannot be reached, Mike Johnson, a UNL student who was student teaching at Millard Lefler Junior High School, may soon be battling with officials from Lincoln Public Schools over his apparent disregard of its dress code, if in fact one exists.

It seems that Johnson may be fighting a losing battle. If he takes the case to court and loses, he's out court costs and the time and pressure involved in the legal process.

If he takes the case to court and wins, he still loses. By the time the proceedings are finished, it will be too late for him to teach at Millard Lefler

this semester. And after bringing the dispute to the eyes and ears of the public, Johnson is not likely to be the most adored person among school officials, no matter what the outcome.

However, the issue that Johnson is fighting for is a much more general and basic one than just getting his student teaching job back.

Many students can remember friends who have student taught in Lincoln while dressed comfortably and casually. It seems, therefore, that there is a discrepancy here—some can dress the way they wish, others cannot.

This, it seems, is why Johnson is putting his head on the block. It is unfortunate that this silly dress code dispute continues to reach the courtroom.

Yet, this litigation is necessary either to set definite restrictions on the attire of these "guests" of the inviting school systems, or, much more favorably, to prove that no one, no matter where he happens to be principal, can require a person to dress in a prescribed way.

Tim Anderson

## to the editor



Letters appear in the *Daily Nebraskan* at the editor's discretion. A letter's appearance is judged on its timeliness, originality, coherence and interest. All letters must be accompanied by the writer's true name, but may be submitted for publication under a pen name or initials. Use of such letters will be determined by the editor. Brevity is encouraged. All letters are subject to condensation and editing. Send letters to Editor, *Daily Nebraskan*, 34 Nebraska Union.

Dear editor,

Being a resident of Burr Hall, I was thrilled to read all about myself in that Friday editorial. I was inspired to dig out my "Stetson" (a souvenir of North Platte), rev up my Plymouth (which looks and sounds more like a "camouflaged tank" than a "late model Chevrolet"), and park it beside the East union.

"Now," I asked myself, "what else does the editor say about me? Ah, yes! Tonight I have to get out my trusty master key and 'circumcise the Board of Regents' dictates"—or was it "circumvent?"

Anyway...the point I want to make is that I was a bit disappointed with the "Behind the Barn" editorial. I'll grant that it was colorful and humorous writing, and it did appear on your editorial opinion page. But I doubt that your own true opinion would be so narrow as to reflect the imaginative fantasy which you suggested in "Behind the Barn."

I was dismayed by your idea that East Campus dorms abstained from the Sept. 8 boycott because circulating master keys allow us "all the visitation (we) need."

After two years in a city campus dorm, I know that the "city slickers" of your editorial can—and do—get in just about all the visitation they need. Indeed, Charlie Rich isn't the only guy who knows what goes on "behind closed doors"—with or without B.H.A. hours. (I think I'll send a copy of that record to Regent Koefoot, along with a Stetson, a late model Chevrolet, and a Burr Hall master key.)

Personally, if I had to use a master key just for a little extra visitation, it wouldn't be worth the bother. I mean really! I've heard of forcible rape, but forcible visitation?

Bert Sass

## The foot is mightier than the electric waiter

Last week's *Omelet*, an excellent column, by the way, was about poor service in American restaurants. Surely, however, it was lack of space which accounts for the sparing of the real enemies of American cuisine.

Plastic sandwiches and electric waiters have done more to destroy the American stomach's self-respect than all the klutzy waitresses in Howard Johnson's. The two curses infest the best places. They are, unfortunately, especially prevalent in and around the UNL campus.

Plastic sandwiches come in assorted shapes and names: oval, pyramidal, square; tuna salad, cheese or bologna. They share a few distinctive features—all are wrapped in clingy, biologically indestructible plastic. All are impossible to open in any dignified way. All taste the same.

There is no way whatever to deal with the plastic sandwich. No one has, or will provide an easy way to open them. No combination of condiments, no matter how bizarre, will make them taste good. Avoid them.

Electric waiters have been with us longer than plastic sandwiches and are somewhat more vulnerable, which will be seen in a moment. They will serve anything from bubble gum to beer. They are arrogant and self-righteous. They are evil.

Too many of us, far too many of us, have had a Coke machine betray us. "Ice cold drinks," it offers. Yet the exchange, pennies for products, is incomplete. Usually we are deeply hurt.

keith landgren  
**desperate remedies**

But being deeply hurt doesn't help. The Coke machine stands glaring, defying reason and simple kindness, a model of Haldemantic arrogance.

Being hurt and feeling unhappy are clearly no alternatives to sudden dynamic action. The machine must be dealt with as if it were a human waiter. Think of the electric waiter as a person. When it takes your dime and doesn't give you a Coke, take human action. When it takes your dime, throws a cup on the floor and pours coffee down the drain as you watch helplessly, pretend it is alive, for it may well be.

Call its boss. If its boss doesn't answer, pretend the person's boss has failed to answer you. Curse the machine, threaten it with physical violence, call it dreadful names. None of this will do any good, of course, but do it anyway, to maintain the image of the machine as a human.

When all the terror has passed and the machine still glares at you, blinking out its boorish "Ice cold drinks," look at it carefully. Note its weaknesses. Does it have any friends around? Are there other customers watching? Is the coast clear, in other words?

Then kick the hell out of the damn thing. Bust it in the sign with your fist. Curse it some more. Hit it in the coin return with your geology book.

Walk away proudly, knowing one electric waiter has been vanquished, never again to mishandle human rights and privileges, never again to assault the free enterprise system.

