

A sane decision

Individuals may be pouring over bank books instead of text books next year in what is now the Nebraska Union main floor study area. Wednesday night, the Nebraska Union Board snatched that space away from students and allocated it for use by a branch bank. The space would be leased to the bank making the highest bid.

Although the regents have not yet formally approved plans to bring the bank into the Union, it appears that the necessary bureaucratic machinery has been greased up. Information provided the Union Board Wednesday night included an invitation for bids with a May 3 deadline.

According to bid specifications, the bank would occupy 961 sq. ft. where the study area and men's restroom are in the southeast corner of the Union. The bank would be responsible for remodeling the area.

The lease argument would require that the bank cash checks (including University payroll checks), offer checking and savings services, have enough money to serve the campus' daily monetary needs and sell travelers checks and money orders.

The information distributed to the Union Board touted the proposed bank as a convenience to the students and staff of UNL. Although unstated, it would also be a convenience to the Union, which is

expected to lose about \$3,000 on its check cashing service this year.

The benefit to the bank would be the big bucks it would make using leased space in a building built with student dollars. Its location would put other Lincoln banks at a gross disadvantage; its utilities would be provided free by the University.

This is a financially tough time for the Union. The few thousand dollars savings generated by opening a bank in the building would bolster its budget.

But letting a commercial, profit making business have space originally intended for University's use is contrary to the philosophy of a Union.

In the future, this action could be used to justify delegating more and more space to businesses to save the Union's financial skin. All could be rationalized as conveniences for the students and faculty.

Students who object to a bank usurping space that is now theirs should protest to Mike McGahan, Union Board president, or to the regents.

Letters to McGahan can be mailed to the Union. Letters to the regents should be sent to the Systems Office Building.

Randy Beam

Pat serves food stamps as the stomach burns

Good morning, housewives and other shut-ins. It's time for another chapter of "Tooth and Nail"—the heartwarming story of a poor Whittier lad named Dick and his lifelong struggle upward from poverty to at last achieve, through determination, grit and the Internal Revenue Service (IRS), poverty.

As we join Dick today, he and his loyal wife, Pat, are in the breakfast nook of their little white house. Pat's reading the paper. Dick looks glum.

Pat: Listen to this, dear. We made the *New York Times*' list.

Dick (brightening): Ten Best Dressed? Ten Most Admired?

Pat: No, dear. The 100 Neediest Families.

Dick: Oh. Say, I wonder why Bebe hasn't answered my calls? I know he'll help. I'll give him a ring. (He does.) Hello, Bebe, old buddy? This is Dick. No, Dick, D as in Denver, I as in Idaho, C as in ... Hello? Hello? We've been cut off.

Pat: I'm sorry, dear. Your check bounced. But somebody named Studs Terkel called for an interview.

Dick: Well, I'm glad we're not forgotten. Shhh! Look dignified. Here they come. (A group of tourists file in and out, chattering and snapping pictures.) I'm

charging them \$5 a head for the full tour now.

Pat: I noticed that new neon sign over the south portico. "White House Bowl." How's business?

Dick: Terrible. I wish a head of state would visit and take us out to dinner. No offense, but that dish you made last night was awful.

Pat: It's hard preparing adequate meals with food stamps.

arthur hoppe
innocent bystander

Dick: So that's what those were. Remind me to increase the quality of our food stamp program. For some reason, my heart goes out to the needy these days.

Pat: You're always thinking of others, dear. But couldn't you just get us a loan to tide us over?

Dick: I applied at the Friendly Loan Co. But I had to tell them all our property was mortgaged to the hilt, the IRS garnished my salary, and I didn't have a permanent address.

Pat: What did they say?

Dick: They said they weren't that friendly. But don't worry. We'll be on easy street after the garage sale.

Pat: The garage sale?

Dick (rubbing his hands): Yes, it's 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. on the south lawn. There'll be all that furniture they wouldn't let me deduct. And those papers they wouldn't let me write off. And my private tape collection!

Pat: Oh, dear, not those tapes you love so much!

Dick (nobly): We all have to make sacrifices. Besides, there aren't many left. And, confidentially, they're not in very good condition.

Pat (tearfully): To think we should be reduced to selling your precious tapes. I can't help feeling Wilbur Mills was right and your financial difficulties will force you to resign.

Dick (stoutly): Never! Wilbur Mills was dead wrong for two reasons. First, as I have said many times, the job needs me.

Pat: Oh, I'm so proud of your courage in adversity. What's the second reason, dear!

Dick (gloomily): Frankly, I need the job.

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The President's house.



to the editor

Dear editor,

Last Saturday, a large group of students, concerned with the mass killing of thousands of unborn children, picketed in front of Pershing Auditorium at the Republican Founders' Day luncheon. They weren't opposed to Nelson Rockefeller; they opposed his act of vetoing a bill to repeal New York's abortion law of 1970. In protesting his appearance, they meant to protest against all abortionists.

Albert Schweitzer said, "If a man loses reverence for any part of life, he will lose reverence for all life." Since January 22, 1973, American society has officially lost reverence for a part of life. This was a very tiny step to see if we can regain that reverence.

We, the undersigned, would like to thank the news media, on behalf of those present at the demonstration, for the fair and impartial coverage they gave the picketers.

Marian Krantz
Kay Hiteras
Jennie Herink
Michael Houlihan
Ann Eiberger
Phillip Hunt
Richard Nemeč

Dear editor,

I would like to personally thank head Track Coach Frank Sevigne for cutting my competition season from seven meets to six meets. It really pleases me to know someone is concerned with conserving my personal energy and keeping me and the other weightmen from reaching our competition peak until sometime this summer.

Wayne Ritchie