

editorial / opinion

Election ebb forces diet

Elections are an editorial writer's meat and potatoes, and it is going to be a semester of famine for this scribe.

No national elections, no state battles, no city or county races—not even an ASUN election on which we may sharpen our typewriter's teeth.

There are today's Homecoming elections, of course, but professional ethics—and our dread of hearing that horrible cry, "Conflict of interest!"—prevent our endorsing any one candidate for Homecoming.

So we will make do with table scraps, and content ourselves with urging UNL students to get out to the polls and vote for the candidates of their choice: It may not be the presidential race, but hush, growling stomach!) it is all we have.

Speaking of presidential races, commendations are due the television networks that refused President Gerald Ford air time Monday night on

grounds that he is an avowed presidential candidate.

Giving Ford the cameras might have forced the networks, under equal time laws, to allow other candidates their piece of the air—and the Democrats alone would have jammed prime time from now until Christmas.

One of our goals this semester at the Daily Nebraskan has been extending our coverage to include university audiences we may not have reached adequately in the past.

One of those groups is graduate students—possibly UNL's largest "invisible minority." Hence the column "Vine Street Irregulars."

Another is married students. We have had only one letter this semester expressing married students' concerns, and would appreciate knowing of others.

Rebecca Brito

vine street irregulars

Lawsuits not only answer



By Michael Hilligoss

Unable to find an uncrowded tavern on Friday night, we made our way up O Street to Harry's Wonder Bar. We kept our conversation low, so as not to disturb the members of the silent majority who patronize Harry's place.

"Yossarian," I said, "I understand that a few students are contemplating lawsuits against their departments for giving them the screw in their graduate programs. That's really showing them, isn't it?"

"Maybe so, maybe not," mused Yossarian. "Pursuing a lawsuit when the problem could be settled by other means is irresponsible and damages the injured party's credibility as a scholar."

"But how can a grad student get an impartial hearing if he doesn't go to court?" I asked.

"Slow down, Hilligoss," Yossarian replied. "If the issue is primarily related to the student's employment as a teaching assistant, the student might be forced to the courts because no well-defined procedure exists within the university for resolving teaching assistant disputes."

"On the other hand," he said, "why should a student expect a fair hearing in the courts on an academic issue? Can he assume that a judge is qualified to rule in such matters?"

"Besides," he continued, "several mechanisms within the university are designed to help solve problems with

academic programs. And these mechanisms frequently encourage grad student input.

"For example, if a grad student can't reach an agreement with his advisor and/or committee, he can take his case to the full graduate committee of his department."

"But what chance does he have there?" I asked.

"It's not widely known," he replied, "but graduate students can be appointed as full voting members of the graduate committee in their respective departments. If a given department has not made such an appointment, students in that department are encouraged by the VSI to start asking why."

"Each year, in a few cases, students may feel justified in going beyond their departments," added Yossarian.

"In these cases the student can appeal to the Campus Graduate Council, which includes faculty members from several departments, the Dean of the Graduate College and two graduate student members selected by the Graduate Student Association."

"If the student still feels that the issue wasn't satisfactorily resolved, he then can go to the Executive Graduate Council, which includes faculty members and grad students from UNO, UNMC and UNL."

"The graduate councils have made fair decisions," Yossarian noted. "Let's face it, if grad students still feel they are being screwed after those review procedures, they probably ought to reconsider their own attitudes."



to the editor



Dear editor,

In regard to M.E. Tune's letter (Daily Nebraskan, Oct. 3), it is not the first time I have heard of Campus Police supplying funds for people to pay fines.

In one instance an officer was known to take \$15 from his wallet and give it to a student, so that the student could get his car out of impoundment (incidentally, it was not parked in a tow-away zone in the first place). Again, as in Tune's incident, there were no witnesses.

In an earlier letter submitted to the Daily Nebraskan in regard to the poor condition of many parking areas, an

editors note stated that money was used in the maintenance of parking areas.

This is hard to believe when gravel lots are still found all over the university, and parking areas predominately used by the students who live on campus are in worse shape than lots used for cars that are not on campus for prolonged periods of time.

One begins to wonder, where the money for fines is actually going. It appears to me that with all the letters recently written to the Daily Nebraskan in regard to the university police force (none too good, I might add), that somebody within this organization would take the initiative to defend themselves.

At the present time I see the Campus Policeman as a modern day Barney Fife, unable to handle the responsibility and authority of his job.

David R. Kirshenbaum

Uncle Jerry risks patients' pot shots

My Uncle Jerry is president of the Daisy Dell Happy Farm. He was kind enough to show me around the other day. It's a lovely place. The patients have television sets to keep them amused. And while they grumble a bit about this and that, most of them seem reasonably content.

"They're good, decent people," said Uncle Jerry, smiling and waving as he led the way into one of the wards, "whether they be manics, depressives or independents. What's more, I think they all feel I'm a very nice guy."

"How do you know?" I asked. "Because," explained Uncle Jerry, "they've only tried to pot me twice in the last few weeks."

A shot rang out. A bullet zinged overhead. As the guards led away an elderly lady with a smoking revolver, I rolled over under a bed and inquired, "Do all the patients want to shoot you, Uncle Jerry?"

"Of course not," he said indignantly. "Only the nuttiest."

"Do all the patients have guns?" "Of course not," he said indignantly. "Only the nuttiest."

"That's good," I said. "Excuse me for asking, but why do you wander around this place unarmed?"

"Every president in the history of the Daisy Dell Happy Farm has always wandered around here unarmed," he said. "And we've only lost three or four. Fortunately, the patients aren't very good shots."

"Why do presidents have to do that?"

"It's important to the welfare of the patients that their president go around talking to them about their problems," he explained. "It makes them feel he's one of them."

"Couldn't you just talk to them on television?"

"It wouldn't be the same. What counts is that a president can have a face-to-face, meaningful dialogue with his patients so that he knows what their problems are."

"A meaningful dialogue?"

"How are you today?"

"Fine, thanks."

"Glad to see you."

"Likewise."

"Nice day."

"Sure is."

You could tell Uncle Jerry was right. It really bucked the patients up to shake their president's hand. They were all grinning and cheering. And if sure bucked up Uncle Jerry, too. I guess it was that, thanks to these meaningful dialogues, he learned his patients had no problems at all.

On the way out, I ran into a little old gentleman cleaning a .38. "Do you think the president should wander around here unarmed?" I asked him.

"What kind of a place would this be," he said, "if he couldn't?"

"And it makes you feel better when he does?"

"Of course," he said, sighting down the barrel. "It proves we're no crazier than he is."

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Compassionate police

Dear editor,

To M.E. Tune: I was distressed by your letter concerning your experience with Campus Police.

Why could you not assume that someone had compassion on you and was willing to help you in the only way he knew, considering that it was his job to enforce the rules?

I know of several university staff members who have taken money out of their own pockets to help students who were in financial trouble.

Please don't assume that anyone who helps you is doing it out of some deep, dark, devious motive. You are too young to be cynical. Love still does exist, even on the UNL campus.

R.A.E.