

## HPER deserves overdue funding

Students at UNL do not know what it is like to take classes that meet in quonset huts. However, students at the University of Nebraska at Omaha do.

UNO students who take classes in physical education and recreation meet in small, temporary buildings that were constructed in 1947. Following their construction, UNO has waited to have a building like the Health, Physical Education and Recreation (HPER) Bldg. that currently tops the NU Board of Regents' list of construction priorities.

This building is desperately needed at UNO. Money for the building was allocated by the Nebraska Legislature in 1973. An architect was hired to plan the building.

However, when construction of the building came up for reallocation of funds in 1974, Gov. J. James Exon vetoed it from the proposed NU budget.

In 1975, the Legislature approved financing for the building again, but Exon vetoed it. Attempts to override Exon's vetoes in 1974 and 1975 were unsuccessful.

Two years ago NU requested \$6 million for the building. Inflation made that price tag increase to \$7.3 million this year. Next year the same building would cost \$8.1 million.

While Exon appears to be saving Nebraska taxpayers money by vetoing the building, he actually is costing them more.

The need for the HPER Bldg. will not go away if we try to forget it. The number of recreation and physical education majors is increasing at UNO.

Exon acknowledges the need for the building, but apparently does not understand its purpose.

In his interview with the *Daily Nebraskan*, Exon said about the HPER Bldg., "Basically it's a gymnasium with some teaching facilities built into it."

Perhaps the name of the building is the stigma that hurts its funding. The HPER Bldg. is for instruction purposes. It is not needed because UNO wants a nationally ranked football team or an expanded intramurals program.

The fact that an HPER Bldg. could be used for general student recreation purposes is good. Just because most of the students at UNO are part-time and commuter students doesn't mean they don't need a gymnasium where they can exercise and play basketball.

Exon's comparisons with the buildings at Creighton University and Nebraska Wesleyan University are not analogous. The number of physical education and recreation majors at those institutions make up a fraction of the number of majors at UNO.

In addition, UNO has about 16,000 enrolled while Creighton has about 5,000.

By cutting the NU proposal for the HPER Bldg. from \$7.3 million to \$4 million, Exon is insuring that the building can be used only for recreation purposes.

NU's request for \$7.3 million was based on a program the Legislature approved back in 1973. The original proposal five years ago was for \$21.5 million for a 500,000 square foot structure. That amount was reduced to \$14.9 million, then to \$8.9 million. Two years ago, that figure was reduced again to \$6 million for a 142,000 square foot building. Exon's \$4 million proposal would provide for a 60,000-square-foot building.

UNO interim Chancellor Herbert Garfinkel has said that a \$4 million building would be inadequate "from the day it opened."

So, if an HPER Bldg. is going to be built, it should be done right the first time. This is a needed building for NU. UNO has pared its budget as much as possible. The Legislature and the governor should approve the overdue funding for the building at \$7.3 million.

ralph



Steve Boerner

## Green man causes campus stir

The flying saucer was first noticed by the Campus Police.

It was neatly parked in Area 12, occupying six parking stalls and blocking the driveway besides. Action was swiftly taken. The flying saucer was given six parking citations for not putting any dimes in the meters. That's all. No one could figure out how to attach the Rhino Boot.

The driver was nowhere to be seen. The rear window didn't even show a campus identification sticker.

Several dormitories were contacted to find out if anyone had signed in a visitor. Fraternity and sorority houses were called to check if it might have been a leftover Homecoming display. No luck.

An official report was written up and placed in the proper file. All the officers were told to go back to their

## warp nine

normal duty. It was a complete, intense investigation, and a full 15 minutes had been spent on it.

The next day several unrelated inquiries were made by a small, green man in the Administration Bldg.

"Take me to your leader," he said.

The receptionist had to lean over the desk to get a good look at him.

"Oh, dear," she said. "We'll have to see your student number and check your file."

No number

The little green man had no number. Evidently he'd carelessly lost his identification card. But the mystery was cleared up when they discovered he had no file, either.

"Oh, you're not enrolled!" the receptionist said. "Why don't you go downstairs and apply for aid for next term?" She escorted him to the Office of Financial Aids, explaining to them that his English wasn't all that complete. They nodded understandingly.

## Coffee lovers' yens ignored in Love

By Lisa Velders

After four years at the university, I've finally quit studying.

Not because I've burned out, mind you. Or because I prefer play to work. Or even because I'm bored with studies.

On the contrary, the guidance of a few skillful professors, the experience of a year abroad, and the example of a few studious friends have taught me an appreciation for learning.

No, it's not that I don't want to, but rather, that the university doesn't seem to want me to study.

Two years ago, I used to study late into the night on the third floor of Nebraska Hall. The third floor, as opposed to the second, was extremely quiet, because

## guest opinion

students were more spread out. And of course, when you simply couldn't take the silence any longer, you had only to skip down two flights of stairs to the lounge for a cup of coffee and some quick-energy eats.

Now, two years later, I come back to UNL to discover a lovely new addition to Love Library—with no provision made for late night studiers with a yen for coffee and candy bars. In fact, students cannot even take in their own thermoses of coffee.

Caffeine addict

As a confirmed caffeine addict, I find the prospect of several hours of dry work and a drier throat an unpalatable one. By contrast, I visited a university library in Indiana, and spent entire days contentedly studying with frequent coffee breaks.

"Take me to your leader," he said.

The little green man was given an armload of forms to fill out, among them a parent's confidential statement, a grant application, a federally insured student loan application, and a half-dozen scholarship applications.

"Are you interested in sports?" they asked. Then they noticed for the first time that he was only three feet high, and quite green. Immediately they sent him to Student Health Services. The doctors at Student Health tried to coerce him to assume a healthier hue, and then decided that green, after all, was his proper color. They apologized profusely and sent him to the Office of Minority Affairs. "Take me to your leader," he said to them.

Makes headlines

Meanwhile, the *Campanile* paper, the *Daily Typo*, had gotten the scoop. A story about the green man was printed on the front page the next morning: ALIEN DENIED ENTRANCE TO UNIVERSITY. Editorials screamed for the resignations of those responsible, including many administrators who were resigning anyway.

At the Fees Allocation Board meeting that afternoon, a delegation from the Little Green Men Movement (LGMM) demanded that funds be set apart for alien students attending the university. The LGMM threatened to march on the Capitol.

Interviews with the green man proved impossible. Later it turned out that he'd been spending his evenings at the Brass Rail. There he'd been invited to speak at the next ASUN meeting.

For the first time in two months a quorum was obtained. The room was packed with senators. The little green man showed up right on time and went to the front. "Take me to your leader," he said.

An impassioned debate followed for three hours, and when it was over they still hadn't decided what he'd meant. They did decide not to decide until after the election, however.

The little green man slipped out during the debate. It could be that hot air was dangerous to his health. Or maybe he'd decided that the search for intelligent life on Earth was a hopeless cause.

Anyway, the flying saucer was gone the next morning. Along with the truck (and driver) that had been trying to tow it away.

So I returned to my old haunt, the third floor of Nebraska Hall—and found out that that's what it is, all right, an old haunt. The floor has been closed off, and second floor has been packed with students.

Being a truly serious student (no, I don't weigh 200 lbs. or have pernicious acne), I was not even deterred by that—nor from the rather constrictive study room hours (i.e., it's closed Saturday nights, which, for those of us with heavy work loads, are necessarily study times).

No, as long as you give me my cup of coffee, I can study under almost any circumstances. But the university has finally taken even that away from me. The "all-night canteen" in Nebraska Hall is no more.

I was sitting in it at about 10:15 p.m. Tuesday, frantically studying for an early morning exam and munching a candy bar, since I'd had little to eat that day, when some key-punchers came in and noisily informed me that I wasn't supposed to be there. You can imagine my chagrin.

They had access to the room, but I, a fees-paying student, did not.

Because of some burglaries and destructive students, "They"—whoever "They" are—had decided to close the coffee lounge early.

All night study oct

I feel the university is closing me out of my study space: Love is good for a few hours only, because of no lounge facilities; Nebraska Hall, because of space constrictions and the closing of a coffee lounge, is becoming a less pleasant prospect for all night study, as well.

So I give up. I realize that the energy crunch has forced the university to close off electricity in some areas, and that some students do ruin nice lounges. But this is, after all, an institution for studies, and priority should be placed on making them a pleasant and relatively easy prospect.

In a couple of months, many of us will take up the nine to five, and we'll have little time to spend exploring new subjects. It becomes too much of a hassle to go to a library to spend an evening learning about art, or history, or how the economic system affects us. It's much easier to just sit open-mouthed in front of the tube.

I'm one of the fortunate few to have learned in four years that studying can be fun. As I leave the university, my advice to freshmen is: Let yourself discover new subjects, and forget about grades. Study—that is, if the university will let you.

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