

UNL should recognize CBA's need

Because of budget restrictions, the UNL College of Business Administration has not been able to hire a large enough staff to handle all the students desiring enrollment in CBA. As a result they have placed grade requirements on incoming freshmen.

"The whole problem is that the college is just not getting the money it needs for the enrollment it has. The deans are very student-oriented but they just don't have the money," said Kevin Meyer, a member of the CBA scholarships, honors and awards committee.

In the past few years, CBA has had problems with its burgeoning enrollments. But instead of being rewarded or commended for the increasing numbers of students it is attracting, CBA has not received the financial increases it needs.

Financial problems have plagued CBA for some time. CBA lost 10 per cent of its faculty members in 1975 to other institutions. CBA Dean Ron

Smith cited low pay as the major reason for those professors' exit.

Last year when the American Assembly of Collegiate Schools of Business visited UNL's college they warned that their percentage of full-time faculty members was below accreditation standards. An amendment financing undergraduate improvement passed in the Nebraska Legislature last year saved CBA from turning away students last fall.

Because of the popularity of CBA and the trend toward business careers, students naturally want to go in that direction. The university should be flexible enough to bend a little in the areas that are growing.

After all, most students go to college so they can get a job when they are graduated. If, as studies have shown, the job market is good for business majors, the university should recognize and fulfill this need.

letters

More questions

I share Donald Orton's concern about inappropriate spending of tax money (April 18). But his letter raised more questions than those he directly posed. He objects that Isabel Letelier spoke to Nebraskans for Peace without charge. But does it follow that the University of Nebraska was cheated? Once here, was her every word to be sold?

Mr. Orton may not know that the honorarium given Mrs. Letelier was comparatively modest. I must remind him that her husband was murdered in this country. How much is it worth for her to speak publicly when her own life is conceivably endangered? How much, please, how many dollars? Further, her honorarium was forwarded to a fund jointly committed to investigating her husband's death and to educating Americans like Mr. Orton about American involvement in Chile. Such education is clearly needed.

I note with regret that Mr. Orton, who is ostensibly indignant about misuse of tax revenue, does not cite a single detail in Mrs. Letelier's speech which indicates misappropriation. More regrettable is that Mr. Orton expressed no concern at all over American tax money being spent to bolster Latin American police states. Bill Regier

opinion

First thought stadium idea was April Fool's joke

By Michael Zangari

I was sitting on the mini-bus the other week looking at a newspaper—looking dully—not reading, when I noticed something odd about the gentleman sitting next to me.

I couldn't quite pin it down. He was wearing a Groucho Marx nose and glasses, and was smoking what appeared to be a Flair. At any rate it was on fire, as was his briefcase.

He smiled. I managed a twisted imitation in return, then it hit me. How odd that anyone could smile at 8 o'clock on a Monday morning. Stamina, I nodded to myself. Pure stamina.

Later that same night as I lay in bed reflecting on the day's disasters, it occurred to me how very little surprises me anymore. Especially anything to do with the campus. I stopped believing in ASUN about the time I stopped believing in fairies and goblins. It was about the time I

And what of the thousands of ticket requests, and the disastrous statement by one of the regents that we (The killer editorial "we") have an obligation to give a seat to everyone who wants a ticket? Nobody blinked when they didn't feel obligated to provide parking facilities for everyone who wanted a place. They didn't even feel obligated to provide a space for everyone who paid for a place.

Try that with football tickets and you'd have a riot. Do it with parking and you get a barely audible whine.

Something is wrong here. Something is dreadfully wrong.

I'd like to hear a frustrated roar over this stadium pro-

posal. Not because I believe it will happen, but because it illustrates the audacity and the stupidity that goes on in this place without so much as a feather ruffling.

It makes me sick.

Charles Bukowski wrote a poem in which a man is led calmly to his death one morning because his friend tells him that it's "authorized." His friend will go on hanging people until everyone is hanged, and then he will hang himself. Why? Because it's "authorized."

I have a question along that line for you. How much crap are you going to swallow before you gag? Michael Zangari is an entertainment writer for the *Daily Nebraskan*.

staff opinion

learned that "the University Follies" was not an all-campus talent show.

So I surprised myself by being amazed at the proposal to build a new stadium halfway between Lincoln and Omaha.

Bad joke

If it were earlier this month I might take it as a bad April Fools joke. But there it is. On May 21, this proposal will be reviewed at the NU Board of Regents meeting. It will hit the floor with not one, but two regents supporting it.

As unlikely as this proposal is to pass over the existing suggestion to build on an addition to Memorial Stadium, I'm a bit wary. I've been here too long not to be.

I know it's been a long cold winter, and quite a few minds may have been numbed by prolonged exposure; but it's high time some of them thawed.

We don't need a new stadium.

I'll say it again. We don't need a new stadium. Unless, of course, we are going to institute a system of feeding lions to Christians or vice versa.

Let's face it, even though nobody is willing to dispute the fact that the Athletic Dept. is financing the expansions by themselves, (with a little help from an increase in ticket prices), it's still difficult to explain it all away to the various programs and departments on this campus who are staring once again at another year of pathetic budgets and constantly shaking heads. It's just not fair. To which the logical reply is: It's a tough life, cookie. It's a tough life when education is on the ropes nine times out of 10, and the football team doesn't have to worry.

—At least not now.

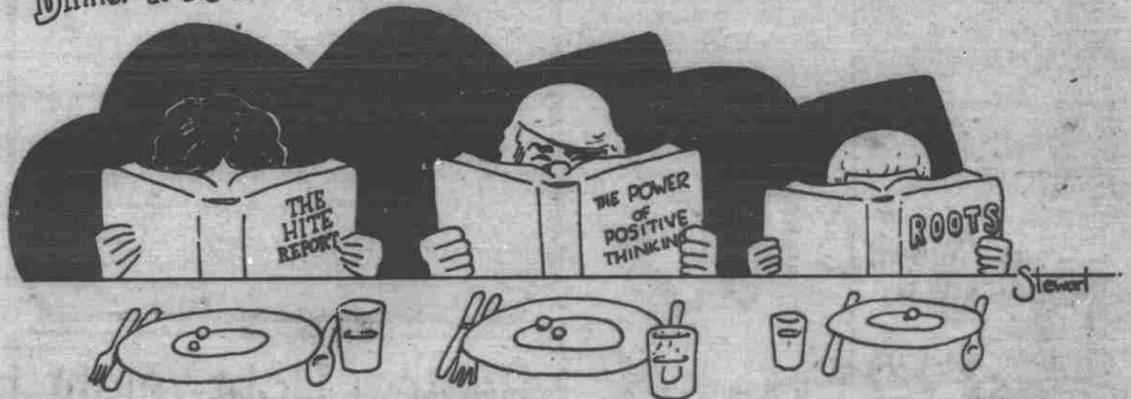
It was pointed out to me last week that there was a time in the not too distant past when you could shoot off a cannon in Memorial Stadium and not hurt anyone.

No winning season

It is unrealistic to believe that Nebraska will always have a winning season. It won't. I know that bit of information will cause quite a bit of bed wetting, but it won't bother you if you don't think about it. I don't. I don't even think about a winning season. I have my hands full worrying about each semester.

Maybe a majority of the team's support would evaporate during and after a bad season, and we could turn the new stadium into a large geranium.

"Dinner at the White House."



Arthur Hoppe

Books new course for dinner parties

Little Amy Carter certainly stirred up more than she bargained for when she was caught reading a book at a White House dinner party last month.

My dinner party set has been able to talk of little else. And *Women's Wear Daily*, our national authority on trends, has now gone and interviewed everybody who is anybody in Washington to see what they thought of this exciting social innovation. Most, surprisingly enough, were against it and so, reluctantly, am I.

Initially, the concept of curling up with a good book at a dinner party had tremendous appeal and my hat was off

innocent bystander

to Miss Carter for blazing a trail. But after weeks of experimentation, I have been forced to conclude that it simply won't work.

The fact of the matter is that a dinner party is a lousy place to read a book.

The first problem I faced when I sat down to dinner at the Congreves' was where to put my book.

Perhaps I had made a mistake in bringing along Alex Haley's *Roots*. It is as Bill Congreve said later, "a really big mother of a book." And you know how hostesses are, always cluttering up a table with butter plates and tiny bowls of salt and wine glasses.

It was annoying to get Green Goddess dressing all over

page 142 and then the wine . . . But as Jane Congreve said with a somewhat forced smile, "Don't worry, white wine goes with everything."

Another problem I hadn't thought of was light. Candles just don't do it, so I had to get up in the middle of the lobster bisque and drag a floor lamp in from the living room. Luckily, Bill didn't have too much trouble finding an extension cord.

By the time the Chateaubriand arrived, I was all set at last, book propped up on the fruit bowl centerpiece, a good light and . . . "What are you reading?" asked Mitzie McDinall, who was seated on my right.

When I told her *Roots*, she said, "Oh, I saw it on television. Have you come to the part yet where Kunta Kinte . . ."

"Don't tell me the ending!" I snapped, raising my voice. This led to my having words with Mitzie's husband, Joe. (I think he's a member of the Ku Klux Klan. You can't be too careful what you bring to read at dinner parties these days.)

It was a good five minutes before the Congreves got things quieted down again and I could get back to my book. I hadn't turned more than a page when I sensed it: Mitzie was actually reading over my shoulder!

Frankly, I don't think there's anything more ill-mannered than that and naturally I told her so. That's when Joe invited me to step outside and . . .

Anyway, as I say, a dinner party is a lousy place to read a book. Personally, I would strongly recommend watching television instead.

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