

opinion / editorial

Unsafe Temple Building should be budget priority

It does not take a team of renown experts on safety to conclude that the Temple Building is a mess. A child, taking a 15-minute tour of the building, would probably concede that there are enough fire hazards alone to give a fire marshall enough nightmares to last a year.

All of the adjectives used by supporters of LB385, a bill to restore

the building, are sufficiently explicit. Temple is "deplorable, crowded, antiquated, detrimental, unsafe and inadequate."

The building certainly is not a high selling point for prospective teachers and students interested in theatre arts at UNL. Neither is it conducive to a feeling of general well-being for those students who must use it in their daily studies.

The safety and well-being of those students should be one of the highest priorities on any list, whether that list be that of the theatre arts faculty, the university administration or the NU Board of Regents.

The regents have ranked improvements on the building 21st on their list of capital construction priorities for next year. There are those who

wish it were higher. And there are those who pray, out of sheer concern for the students, that something does not happen in that place. Tragedy is the cruelest teacher.

LB385 would allocate \$6.6 million during four years for complete restoration of Temple and an addition south of the building. Considering what is at stake the price is not too high. How do you put a dollar sign on students' lives?

Bullfrog flies the friendly skies, finds trip a real roast

As a youngster I was intrigued by anything which when ignited, flew or made loud noises. So it was only natural that when amateur rocketry became a fad, I became a fulltime participant.

pete mason

In the late 50s and early 60s there were companies which specialized in rocketry equipment. They sold little wooden nose cones, tail fins, exhaust nozzles and rocket bodies. They sold them, through the mails, to kids like me who took great delight in risking fingers, eyes and other important appendages for one good "whoosh" or "ka-boom."

The companies did not sell the rocket fuel. You had to make that yourself. Any child can make rocket fuel. All he has to do is go to the local pharmacy, buy a hefty supply of powdered sulphur, powdered charcoal, potassium nitrate (better known as salt peter) and some zinc oxide. Another, more common name for this type of rocket fuel is gunpowder.

Public launch

In those days I was president of the high school rocketry club. Our first public launch was held in the school parking lot. There were eight spectators. When our first three rockets fizzled there were only two. It was not a particularly thrilling exhibition of our pyrotechnical prowess.

We decided that the only way to attract attention was to go big time. No more of those little foot-long jobs, we said. And so we began planning the greatest launch in the history of amateur rocketry.

We managed to finagle \$200 from the all-student fund. With the money we purchased hollow metal nose cones, metal fins and nozzles and about 30 feet of aluminum tubing in various diameters.

Late into the night we cut and fitted the tubes, welded on the fins and fitted the cones and nozzles. When we were finished we had three 6-foot-tall rockets. One was a single-stage, one was a dual-stage and the other, our pride and joy, was a three-stage wonder which, in theory, would reach the theretofore unimaginable altitude of 8,000 feet.

We began advertising the event. DON'T MISS THE LAUNCH OF THE CENTURY! THREE GIANT ROCKETS, EACH OVER SIX FEET LONG WILL BE LAUNCHED ON THE SOCCER FIELD FRIDAY AF-

TERNOON AT 4 P.M.! TWO OF THE ROCKETS WILL CARRY LIVE ANIMALS IN THEIR NOSE CONES WHICH WILL BE JETTISONED AT MAXIMUM ALTITUDE AND SAFELY RETRIEVED BY MEANS OF A SPECIAL PARACHUTE SYSTEM. COME ONE, COME ALL! IF YOU MISS THIS ONE YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIVES!

On Friday at 4 p.m. there were over 400 people on the soccer field. Our three silver beauties sat on their launch pads, gleaming testimonies to our dedication and expertise. We walked into the middle of the field, inspected the launch guides one last time, measured the wind speed and signalled the crowd to be quiet.

Frog entrance

"Bring out the frogs," I shouted authoritatively to my treasurer. He raced out onto the field carrying two massive bullfrogs we had captured the day before. Holding each frog high in the air I announced to the spectators that they had nothing to worry about.

"These frogs are safer here today than they were at Campbell's Pond yesterday," I intoned. "Their safety is our prime concern."

With that I placed one frog in the single-stage rocket and the other in the three-stage wonder. I double checked the parachute system in each and screwed down the nose cones. The rocket fuel was to be ignited by electricity, with the help of two car batteries. We went to our command post and set the switches.

First countdown

The vice president began the countdown on the first rocket, the single-stage one carrying the first frog. We estimated the rocket would go up about 3,500 feet before the ejection charge went off, jettisoning the capsule in which was contained Frog One.

"... FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE-IGNITION!"

"We have ignition!"

"We have lift-off!"

"We have... KABOOM!"

The single-stage rocket exploded on the pad. It rained frog for a full 30 seconds. Big husky varsity letter men fell to their knees. Girls wept. Some clown ran to get the principal.

Following concussion

The concussion that followed the explosion of three pounds of gunpowder knocked us on our cans. The treasurer fell back on the other two switches, jamming them both into the "on" position. The

two-stage rocket leaped off the pad and screamed into the sky. At about 1,500 feet it made a 180-degree turn and began hurtling back toward the crowd. No one moved. Everyone stood gazing upward, mouths agape.

At 100 feet above the ground the second stage kicked in. The rocket turned abruptly and sped toward the main building. It disappeared through an open window in the faculty lounge. There followed an explosion. Mrs Pratt, the school librarian dived out of the lounge window, executed a perfect two and a half with a twist and landed on her feet like a cat.

Just as the three-stage rocket was lifting from the launch pad, Mr. Casey, the principal, came running through the parking lot toward the field.

"Stop the launch! Stop the launch!" he yelled.

The three-stage wonder seemed to hear the principal because it rose slowly, turned, hesitated a moment in mid-air and began cartwheeling in Mr. Casey's general direction.

The principal froze in his tracks, screamed once, and dived under a parked car. The rocket zipped across the parking lot inches above the rooftops. At the edge of the woods it rose and headed in a north-westerly direction. A Vermont paper ran a story a few days later about a little boy who saw something parachute into his back yard. Upon inspecting the curiosity he found an aluminum container in which was what appeared to be a small roasted animal. Experts later identified the creature as a frog.

Kelly shirts capture attention

By Randy Essex

Why would Ralph Kelly wear a "Down one for Kelly" T-shirt?

legislature

Well, the Grand Island senator could have been seeking publicity, and if that is the reason, he certainly was successful. His picture ran on front pages of the *Omaha World-Herald*, the *Lincoln Journal* and the *Daily Nebraskan*. Associated Press also sent a photo of the senator and his shirt across the wires, so he may have garnered even more publicity than I am aware of.

Anselmo Sen. Howard Lamb quipped, "Some senators bring their grandchildren to the Legislature to get publicity, and others wear T-shirts."

Kelly admitted he didn't mind the publicity, but he said it helps his opponents who sell the T-shirts as much as it helps him.

"I don't take it personally," Kelly said.

Political gimmick

Kelly said he wanted to make it clear to the people of the state that he understands why the shirts are being printed.

"It's a political gimmick to get students involved in the political process. This is what they intend, and I don't want people to think it's intended as a personal attack on me."

Thursday, the day after Kelly wore the shirt, Omaha Sen. Neil Simon asked Kelly if it would be intimidating if the senators on the Miscellaneous Subjects Committee who intend to vote against his bill all wear anti-Kelly shirts to the committee hearing next Thursday.

On the other hand, Lincoln Sen. Steve Fowler told students it would not be a good idea for them to wear such shirts to the hearing.

Fowler also said it would be a bad idea to stop by the downtown bars before coming to the hearing.

Nostalgia illness

Bellevue Sen. Frank Lewis mentioned that he stopped by the Zoo Bar recently to "gain some first-hand experience on the drinking age issue." Lewis pointed out that he was the only person wearing a tie.

Lewis, in arguing against the bills Kelly has introduced to raise the drinking age to 21, said society—or at least some of its members—suffer from a social illness called nostalgia, and would like the drinking age to be where it was when they were young.

At any rate, the committee hearing on LB221 is Thursday.

It seems to me that this particular committee hearing is something of a formality. I seriously doubt that many minds on the committee or in the Legislature can be changed on such a highly emotional issue.

But both sides seem to be afraid they are behind right now, so it should be interesting to watch them try to change minds which may already be made up.



letters to the editor

Right or wrong, I must express my admiration for a person with the pure, unadulterated guts of Vince Power.

John Janovy, Jr.

Free speech

Since 1948 Palestinians have had difficulty in getting themselves recognized. A United Nations resolution of 1947 divided the land in which they had been living in two, specifying one part for the establishment of Israel, another to be kept by the Arabs.

The subsequent war that ensued over the partition, resulted in Israel's extending the boundaries agreed upon by the UN resolution. Wars followed, Israel expanded and for purposes of speaking, Palestine ceased to exist. Palestine was left in obscurity. At most we heard of terrorists in refugee camps, whose terrorism was fanatic and brutal.

Palestinians as people, as with their country, ceased to exist. At first a displaced people, followed by a non-

existent people, until the emergence of the Palestinian Liberation Organization, Palestine had become something biblical, an image from the time of Christ.

But in 1975, the PLO was recognized by the United Nations as the representative of the people of Palestine. After 25 years a people again existed out of nothing, only unlike the Jews that created Israel, the Palestinians had never gone. They were there all along, a silenced, suffering people collapsed into itself.

Then Rabin appears at UNL, a guest speaker of Talks and Topics to talk of peace in the Mideast. Arabs studying in Lincoln saw in this man's presence, an advertisement for Israel's position, a description of Israel's politics stated at length without contradiction. His talk was not arranged as a debate and no provision was made to bring an opposing speaker to explain the situation in which Palestinians live.

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