

# opinion/editorial

## Fowler's record draws endorsement

Steve Fowler, the state senator from Lincoln's 27th District who went from the ASUN presidency directly to the capitol, sometimes battles long odds in the Legislature and his political career.

When he won his first election in 1972, he defeated William Swanson, now the university's only registered lobbyist. Swanson apparently did not take the 22-year-old seriously, and went on vacation during the campaign. Fowler capitalized on the incumbent's absence and won the election.

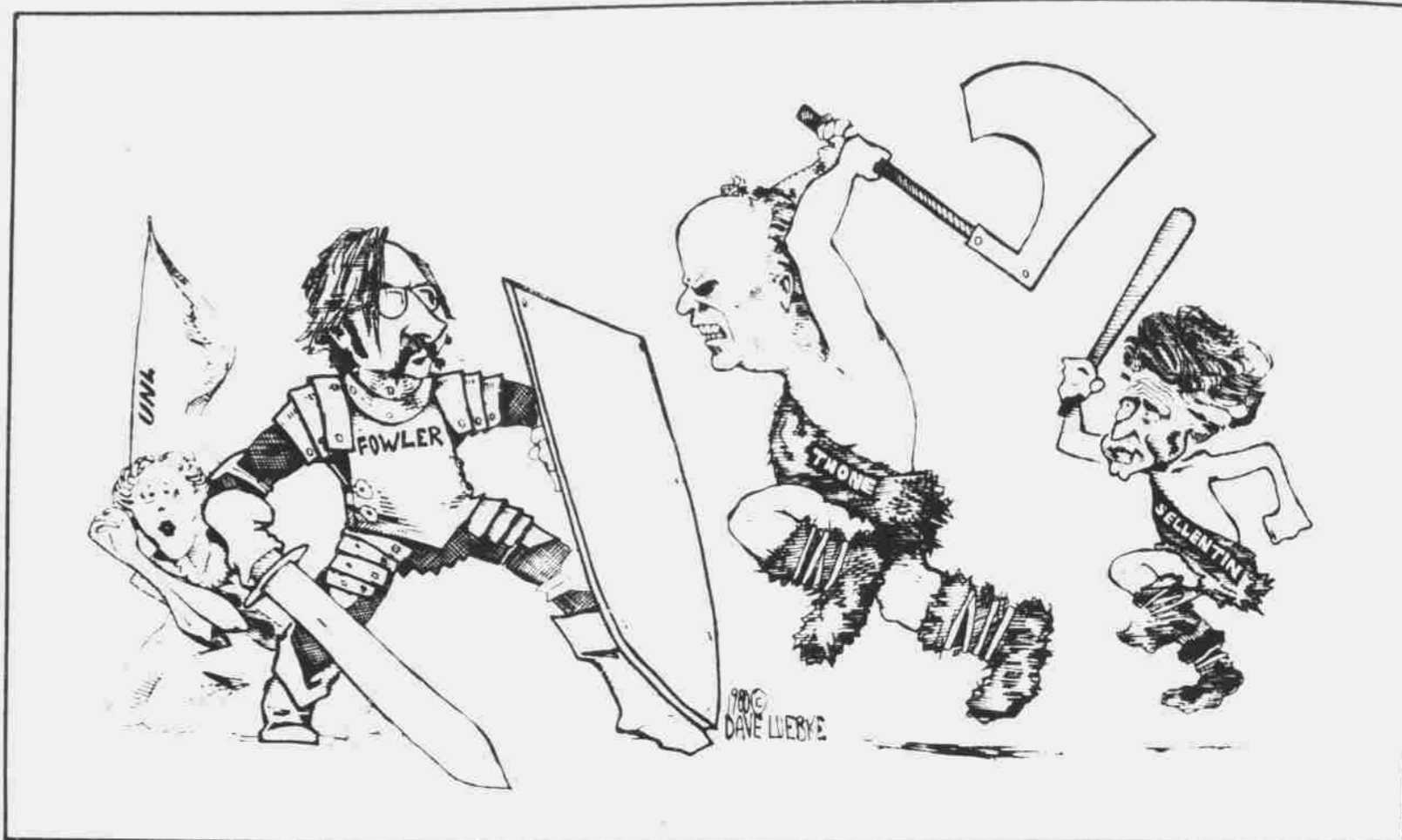
Fowler won re-election in 1976, and has become known as a leading Democrat in statehouse politics. He has earned a seat on the Appropriations Committee, and is on the powerful Executive Board of the Legislature not bad achievements for someone who was given little chance of winning eight years ago.

This year Fowler is challenged by Jerry Sellentin, the personnel manager at Bryan Memorial Hospital, who, even though he has no experience in government, is strongly backed by several powerful special interest groups.

Characterized as a big spender by Sellentin, Fowler is confronted, ironically, by those willing to spend more money than anyone else ever has spent on a legislative race.

Why? Because Steve Fowler threatens those special interests. His legislative record is one of fighting interests that would gladly accept tax breaks for themselves over breaks for the average citizen, while at the same time extracting profit from consumers so they can drive big cars and finance candidates like Jerry Sellentin, who would vote in their interest.

From the standpoint of the university, no one has fought harder for building improvement and operating budget allocations to UNL than has Steve Fowler. As an Appropriations Committee member, he has consistently sought to provide the university with the money it needs to provide a quality education.



Sellentin claims he would do the same, but at the same time he attacks Fowler for attempting to override vetoes like Gov. Charles Thone's veto last year of the UNL allocation.

There is no way a freshman senator could do as much for UNL as an experienced Appropriations Committee member can do. There is no way Sellentin can preach fiscal conservatism and remain credible if he did fight for sufficient allocations to UNL. We suspect Sellentin's claimed commitment to UNL is an empty campaign promise.

Many students live in the 27th District. They are faced with a choice between a man with a proven record of helping this university from a powerful position and a man whose claimed sup-

port for UNL budget money contradicts his overall philosophy.

They are faced with a choice between a man who has worked to protect citizens from unreasonable practices by utility companies and a man whose campaign is financed by bankers and car dealers.

They must choose between a man with experience in state government and a man with no experience in public office.

The choice for students and others concerned about the future of this university and the power of wealthy lobbies is very clear: Steve Fowler.

Defeated in the primary, Fowler once again faces long odds. The Daily Nebraskan enthusiastically endorses his effort to overcome them once again.

### Tied for worst

## Elections of 1840, 1980 amazingly similar

WASHINGTON If nowhere else, there is often consolation in history. I find for example, that this is not really the worst presidential election on record.

It is merely tied for worst.

**michael kilian**

The rival is the awful "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too" election of 1840, and the similarities are amazing.

The contest was between the Whigs, a forerunner of the modern-day Republican Party dominated then as now by rich conservatives and the Democrats, the party of "the common man" then as now dominated by patronage bosses, southerners and labor.

There was even a third party independent candidacy that year the righteous James G. Birney of the anti-slavery Liberty Party.

The Whigs realized that they, too, would have to appeal to the "common man" if they were to get into the White House, so they chose a candidate they thought resembled the Democrats' homespun Andrew Jackson—William Henry Harrison.

They just as easily could have chosen Ronald Reagan.

Just as Harrison tried to be like Democrat Jackson, Reagan, in his appeal to blue collar voters, is trying to be like Democrat Franklin Roosevelt.

Both Harrison and Reagan won fame as Indian fighters—Reagan in the movies, Harrison in Indiana—utterly irrelevant to the duties of a president. Both previously served in public office.

Harrison as an Ohio county clerk, Reagan as governor of California.

The two came to presidential politics late in life. At 67, Harrison was the oldest ever to be elected president, a record threatened only by the 69-year-old Reagan. The public images of both men are a sham.

Harrison, the humble frontiersman, was a wealthy landowner who came from one of Virginia's oldest and most powerful families.

Reagan, the "everyman" of small town America, is a wealthy landowner who lives on one of the costliest estates in California.

Both stand out as pleasant, amiable types with a penchant for the foolish remark. Just as Reagan's managers have to hold him to a tight script and leash Henry Clay and other Whigs kept Har-

ison out of the public eye and ear as much as possible.

In fact, a Democratic editorial writer sneered that, given a government pension and jug of cider, Harrison would happily end his days sitting in log cabin. Just as Jimmy Carter's "war or peace" attack boomeranged into the "Carter meanness" issue, the Democrats came to rue this sneer. The Whigs proclaimed their man the candidate of log cabins and hard cider and won the hearts of common men everywhere.

The Democrats could have beaten Harrison with a decent candidate, but they were stuck as now with one of the most unpopular and least competent incumbents in history.

Ridiculed as "a little sq-uirt, wirt, wirt" (people would spit tobacco juice).

Continued on Page 5

## Marie dissolves into dewy romance

Marie and I walk hand in hand through autumn leaves as the rays of the sunset dissolve like Alka-Seltzer in the trees. It has been a long time since we have been alone, and the afternoon has been a lazy one. We pause by a tree. I lean back with my hands in my pocket and kick at the dirt. Marie smiles.

"Knock it off," I say.

**zangari**

"I can't help it," she says, "you're so serious . . ."

"So I'm romantic—shoot me," I say.

Marie kisses me on the cheek and laughs out loud.

"So tell me, what ever happened to dewy-eyed romance?" I demand.

"You should quit watching TV and meet some women," she says crossing her arms.

"I'm not watching TV," I say defensively.

"You're dropping Hollywood dream-bombs all over the place. You're still waiting for Annette to remove her garter for the man with the Brylcreme smile. You and Ingrid will always have Paris. Quasimodo will always have Esmerelda's bones . . ."

"That's not what I'm talking about . . ."

Marie brings clasped hands to her heart. "Love hurts worse than pinwheel spurs in upturned summer toes . . ."

"Very poetic," I pout.

"I know. It's from my blue period when I measured the depth of my romantic involvement by the volume of poetry it produced. I'm long since over that."

Continued on Page 5

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