

opinion/editorial

Educational decisions should be made at local level

Deciding whether to teach the theory of creation concurrently with evolution philosophy in public schools should be done on the local level, not mandated by the state Legislature.

A Legislative bill heard in a committee hearing this week would require both theories to be studied when the origin of humanity is discussed in the classroom. According to Grand Island Sen. Howard Peterson, the proposal would "foster balance of fairness and not advocate religious teaching."

However, it is impossible to separate religious doctrine from any of

the many creationist theories.

Another problem with the proposal is that it is too specific, which may cause it to be interpreted to exclude discussion of other theories relating to creation or evolution philosophies.

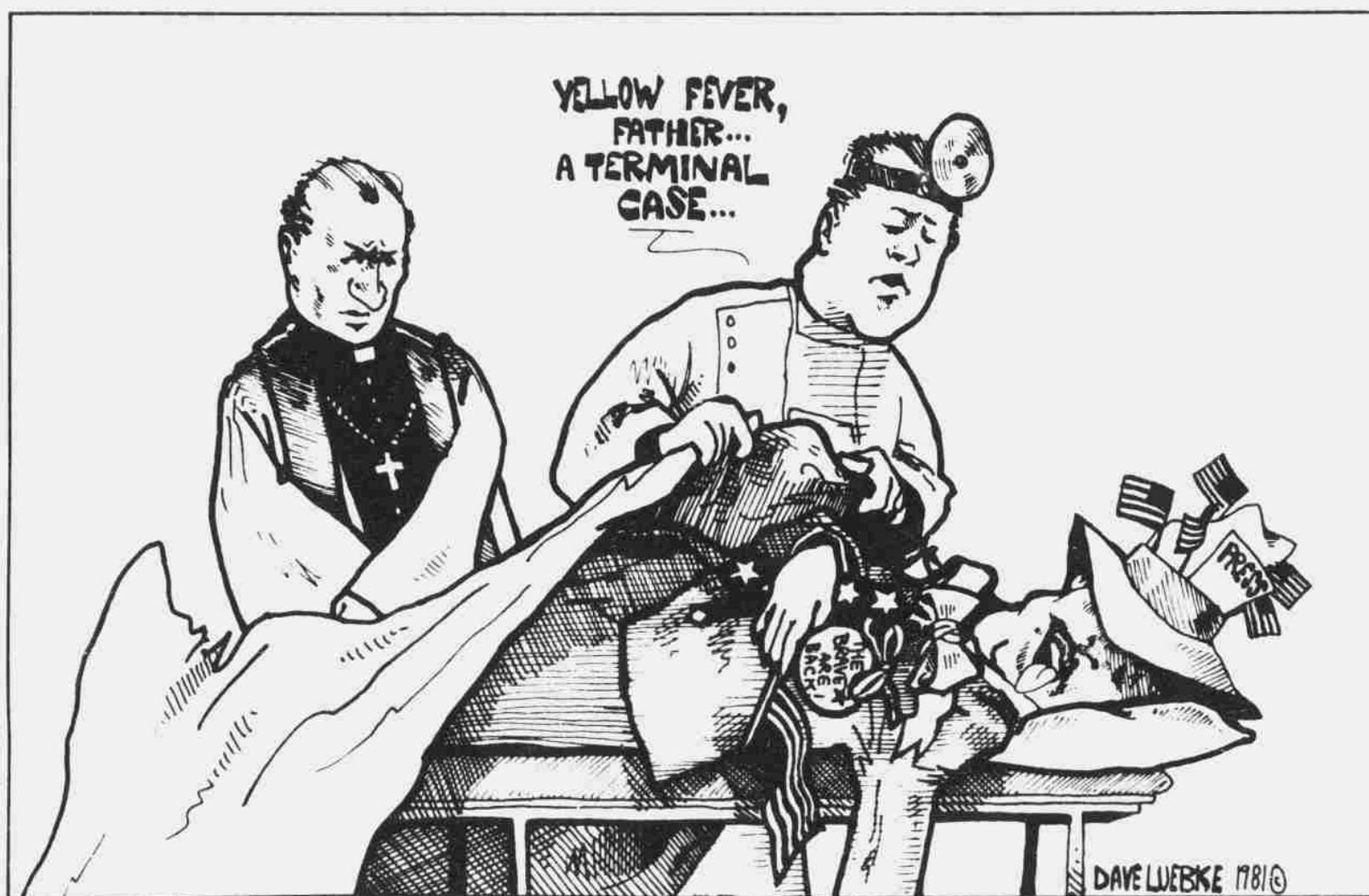
Because of the specific nature of the bill, a question of whether it is designed to promote a certain religious viewpoint in public schools also arises. This is a very important question since such efforts would represent a clear violation of the separation of church and state constitutional clause.

Giving teachers the flexibility to devise their own curriculums is essential if they are expected to provide quality, personalized instruction.

Teaching creationist theory is not prohibited in public schools. If problems exist if evolution is being taught as the only philosophy explaining the origin of humanity then this is not balanced instruction and should be dealt with accordingly. The appropriate way to deal with it is to have local school boards that assume responsibility for the material covered in their classrooms confront the problem.

Most teachers are not theologians; nor are they surrogate parents. Parents and guardians deserve to be closely involved in decisions concerning curriculum relating to this sensitive subject. Without a doubt, that involvement is maximized on the local level.

The educational needs of students varies from town to town, even from school to school. Curriculum decisions, therefore, should be made on the local level by those who are more attuned to the community's problems and concerns relating to education than are state legislatures.



Satan proposes one helluva plan

(The scene: Hades. Satan has been reading the morning paper, mumbling obscenities to himself with the turn of every page. As Satan's personal secretary, I am minding my own business, sitting at my desk and playing solitaire.)

"Scribe, get over here!" I hear Satan say, and scramble to his desk. I am not overjoyed with my work or my boss, mind you, but a job is a job in these recession-riddled times, so I try to act like I am happy here.

"We have a problem," says Satan.

"I figured that," I respond, "since you never call me over here unless we have a problem."

clark

"We are facing a severe image problem with the American public."

"The ingrates," I say.

"No kidding," Satan wads up a section of the paper and throws it into an incinerator. (We have incinerators all over around here.) "I have been as loyal to the American public as I can possibly be. Every time the going got tough, I came through for them. Look at the Depression. Right when the American economy hits low ebb, I show up with Adolph Hitler and World War II, and America is on top of the world again."

"That was your idea?"

"Sure, and a helluva plan it was, too, no pun intended. But that won't help us now."

"Yes it will," I say. "The American economy is at low tide again. If we bring them another good war to sink their teeth into they'll respond, same as always."

"Won't work," says Satan. "I tried that already. Big brouhaha between the United States and Iran. It was a natural. Shah with oodles of American pals goes down in coup, new first banana resembles a manic Santa Claus and snaps up every American left in the country as hostages."

"The Americans were probably drooling to fight that one," I say.

"Some of them were, but not enough. I tried everything. I had this guy call America a Satanic power."

"That's your best shot."

"I know, and they didn't take it. Would you believe me if I said that America not only did not start a war to get revenge, but paid cash for the release of the hostages?"

"You just can't count on anything anymore."

"That's the truth. But we have a new idea, and that's where you come in."

"Fire away."

"We start with a media blitz. Now that the hostages are in America again, we start getting people to talk revenge. Like America should go blast the infidels back to the Stone Age or something. I'll let you write these yourself, spare no expense to make inflammatory statements."

"What if that doesn't work?"

"I've thought of that. What we have to do next is dangle something in front of America that it wants so badly that it would go back to war to get it. And we both know what that would be."

"Oil!" I say.

"Right. America will walk into hell to find a good oil field, and we're going to help make one available to them."

"Sounds like a good plan."

"I hope so," says Satan. "I have never been more desperate. If we can't get America back to the blood-splashing days that made it great, if America starts looking for other ways to solve its problems, we will be losing one of our steadiest customers. And you know what that means," he said. "Recruitment goes down, wage cuts, people get laid off and pretty soon you and I are both out of work."

"I'll get right to work on it," I said, already turning to get back to my desk. "Don't worry, I'll have Americans dancing with their machine guns in no time."

"Good luck," said Satan.

Hunters defend desire to kill

Editor's note: This is the fourth article in a five-part series.

Three shots rang out in the forest. Roy Blizzard's shotgun followed the grouse that flew toward the trees. Blizzard was doing his best to kill the bird, but it managed to fly away with its life.

bob greene

"Damn," Blizzard said. "I thought I was gonna be able to show you one."

I was glad that he had missed, but I didn't say anything. Our day in the West Virginia hills was coming to an end. Because of the severe weather, the hunters had been able to flush only three grouse from the underbrush all day, and they had not been able to kill any of them. I had not fired a shot at a bird; the only times I had squeeze-

ed the trigger had been to find out what it felt like to unleash that firepower, and my shots had dropped harmlessly into the forest. I felt good that my instincts had not led me to try to kill.

We were all tired. The four of us Blizzard, C.D. Duncan, Bo Griffith and myself had been trudging through the snow, over the hills and between the trees for five hours. These West Virginians were true hunters—the people I had called "perverts" and "the sickest of the sick" in my original column—and now we were trying to make it out of the forest before darkness set in.

As we walked, we talked about it. I had watched the hunters do what they do all day: now I wanted to hear them tell me why.

"I just love to jump those birds and shoot them," said Blizzard, 45. "The days when I can jump 40 or 50 birds, it's a real turn-on. The more birds you find, the more turned on you get."

I asked Blizzard if he couldn't get the same satisfaction from going into the woods with a camera.

"No," he said. "I like to shoot those birds. Once I've killed a bird, if I could breathe life back into him, I would. But then I'd go out and hunt him again the next day."

"I don't apologize for my feelings. When I was a kid, I felt bad when I shot my first bird. But now I don't. Whether or not that's callous, it doesn't bother me at all now. When I go out, though, my four-year-old daughter says to me, 'Don't shoot any baby grouse, Daddy,' and I tell her I won't shoot any babies."

"I don't think I'm a bloodthirsty guy. Everybody has a different outlet, and this is the one that was bled into me. That's why it's a good thing you came out here. When you get into another man's game, you learn some things you didn't know before."

D.C. Duncan, 26, said that even though we hadn't killed any grouse during the day, it had not been a total waste to him. "The enjoyment of being out here with good friends is a big part of it," he said. "It's not just the kill—it's the whole experience."

I told him that I agreed, it was great to be out here in the wilderness—but if that's the thrill, why not just go for a hike, without guns?

Continued on Page 5

nebraskan

UPSP 144-080

Editor: Kathy Chenault; Managing editor: Tom McNeil; News editor: Val Swinton; Associate news editors: Diane Andersen, Steve Miller; Assistant news editors: Bob Lannin; Night news editor: Kathy Stokebrand; Magazine editor: Mary Kempkes; Entertainment editor: Casey McCabe; Sports editor: Larry Sparks; Art director: Dave Luebke; Photography chief: Mark Billingsley; Assistant photography chief: Mitch Hrdlicka.

Copy editors: Mike Bartels, Sue Brown, Pat Clark, Nancy Ellis, Dan Epp, Maureen Hutfless, Alice Hrnicek, Kim Hachiya, Jeanne Mohatt, Janice Pigaga.

Business manager: Anne Shank; Production manager: Kitty Policky; Advertising manager: Art Small; Assistant advertising manager: Jeff Pike.

Publications Board chairman: Mark Bowen, 473-0212. Professional adviser: Don Walton, 473-7301.

The Daily Nebraskan is published by the UNL Publications Board Monday through Friday during the fall and spring semesters, except during vacations.

Address: Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 14th and R streets, Lincoln, Neb., 68588. Telephone: 472-2588.

Material may be reprinted without permission if attributed to the Daily Nebraskan, except material covered by a copyright. Second class postage paid at Lincoln, Neb., 68510.