

# opinion/editorial

## Voting tells campus officials students concerned

It often is easy for UNL students to succumb to the temptation not to take campus politics seriously. It also is unfortunate.

This disregard for university issues and indifference is displayed toward the activities of elected student representatives is fostered because campus concerns tend to appear trite and trivial when viewed against the backdrop of society's economic and political woes.

But ignoring or scoffing at the efforts expended by UNL's student government will not accomplish anything. The key to solving problems that face students should begin with making the student governing body stronger through increased involvement and oversight of its activities.

During the last few years, only about 15 percent of UNL students have voted in the spring student elections. Obviously this is not an im-

pressive nor representative mandate.

The student government on this campus cannot, of course, solve the myriads of problems encountered by its constituents the students.

ASUN cannot lower tuition, cannot appropriate funds to make the university a viable, growing educational system and cannot force the regents into being more accountable to students at NU's institutions.

But even though the student government does not have the authority to do these things that clearly would benefit this campus, it can influence these decisions. Through hard work and the power they would have in knowing the support of the student population was behind them, UNL representatives can endeavor to promote higher education in Nebraska during a time when serious threats to limit or reduce the effectiveness of the NU system loom ominously.

Proposed cuts in aid to education on the federal level also add to the dilemma and make it even more essential that the student governing unit be relied upon to carry the torch for the common good of the students.

This is not to say the student government is without fault. That is why it is imperative students make their educational needs and concerns known and then hold representatives accountable for helping meet those demands.

With campus elections nearing at UNL, this is a critical time if ASUN is to increase its effectiveness as a governing body.

Therefore, students should strive to meet their responsibilities to be informed voters by scrutinizing the platforms presented by the various campus political parties and by questioning the views expressed by candidates trying to be elected ASUN executive officer.



## I'll take a burger, fries and hold the tennis shoes

The world's first restaurant designed to make its customers feel guilty has just opened in Chicago. It is called Jock's, it is located in the Lakeshore Centre Health club complex, and if you dine there not only will you be offered nutritious food, but you feel as if your wife or mother is nagging you for being such a slob.

The coming of a place like Jock's was probably inevitable. It is the perfect marriage of those two '70s phenomena—the health food fad and the exercise mania.

The concept is this: The restaurant is located in the midst of the health club's exercise facilities. Thus, as you eat your lunch or dinner, you are within a few steps of tennis and racquetball courts, swimming pools, Nautilus machines, a running track and a mechanical ski slope.

bob greene

As you look at the menu at Jock's, the first thing you notice is the standard list of food. The items range from things that sound like they might be good for you ("Yogurt and Fruit Salad, Frozen yogurt surrounded by a variety of fresh fruit, plain or topped with honey poppy seed dressing") to things that actually sound like you might want to eat them ("All Star Burger, The all-around burger with all of our fresh toppings").

Underneath each food item, however, is something that looks like an excerpt from an eye chart in an optometrist's office. Example: Under "Chicken Salad," it says "R-21, J-21, S-29, T-41."

What it means is very simple. The owners of Jock's have gone to a professional nutritionist to determine exactly how many minutes of each type of exercise are needed to completely burn off the food you have just eaten.

Using the example above, if you sit down and gobble up the chicken salad, you are supposed to consult the chart and learn that you should go out into the exercise center and play 21 minutes of racquetball (R-21), or jog for 21 minutes (J-21), or swim for 29 minutes (S-29), or play tennis for 41 minutes (T-41).

Those numbers happen to be for a woman diner/exerciser. Each food item has separate figures for men and women.

The point of this is clear: You're allowed to eat, but you'd better not sit back and enjoy it. Every time you look at that menu, it's a reminder that you're supposed to get up and sweat off what you've just put in your stomach.

The irony, of course, is that this culinary development is being originated in Chicago, the meat-and-potatoes capital of the world. When you think of dining experience in Chicago, you picture a beefy conventioner washing down his New York strip steak with scotch and water, and having a nice piece of cheesecake afterwards. When this is completed, he will head for his hotel room and bed—not for any jogging track or tennis court.

But the managers of Jock's are betting that they have come up with a trend-setting idea.

"The people who come here are young and basically beautiful," said Susan Shatz, the general manager of the restaurant. "They're in their 20s and 30s, they take care of their bodies and they are reacting totally positively to our idea. It totally relates to their environment."

So naturally, when they do eat, they now have a way to make sure they don't have a trace of a calorie left when they go home.

"People like to eat and they're going to eat," Shatz said. "But our customers are very aware of their self-image and how their bodies look. Food, to them, is what you use to power your body."

The person who determined how many minutes of each exercise will kill all the remains of dinner is Jacqueline Marcus, a professional nutritionist.

"People can eat certain foods, as long as they work the calories off," Marcus said. "The idea of the menu at Jock's is one of checks and balances. You can eat what ever you like on the menu but then we make you conscious of how you can get rid of the calories."

She said that she hopes the patrons of Jock's take the menu in the spirit it is being offered.

"It's like a lesson," she said. "It's what they should be doing. The times it takes to work off the calories are reasonable. I don't think I'm preaching."

So next time you have a few drinks, some ribs and some ice cream, don't let it bother you. Just climb Mount Everest on your way home and call it a night.

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## Why I remember when weather didn't matter...

I'm really glad the university officials decided against canceling classes Tuesday because of a blizzard. It's a well-known fact that students are more susceptible to frostbite, hypothermia, and pneumonia during adverse weather conditions when school is called off.

I guess it's just always been that way. Winter is *always* worse when there are classes to attend.

When classes weren't called off, I can remember complaining to my mother about the lack of proper heating in the school, how I was sure my new cold would worsen if I even ventured out past the garage, and how many frostbite cases were reported last year in our school alone. The best I ever got was maybe a ride.

The walk home was worse. Calling from the pay phone at school, I assured her that the weatherman said at least two inches of freezing sleet was expected in the next half hour. I had forgotten a coat, you see, and had only my thin windbreaker, and yes, today was the day I picked to fill my wear-one-dress-a-year quota. Oh yeah, I had to bring home my science project too. I just had to.

"Your father comes home at 6, you can just wait until then."

This was at 2:30. College is worse because you have to make the decision.

You walk out the door of your cozy apartment, and venture past your immobile car, and head against the icy wind to the dreaded bus stop. Two steps more, and you find your feet heading back to the door. Too cold, you think. "No gloves, no hat, no down-filled coat... stay home," your mind repeats over and over.

"Uh, hello, Professor Glover, I, uh, uh . . . . ."

shelley smith

I can remember in high school, driving five miles through snow drifts, fierce winds, zero visibility,—and with no snow tires to get to school. Once I got there I knew it would be called off, but I had to be there to get in the whereabouts of the blizzard parties. Then we'd all drive 20 miles on winding roads up to the mountains and spend the day outside.

Remember a couple of years ago when classes were canceled because of a heavy snowfall? That same day, police had to block off 16th Street because so many students were out sliding around hanging onto car bumpers and throwing snowballs. No doubt the Health Center had a flu increase in the next couple of weeks.

Tuesday, when all of the Lincoln Public Schools were closed, the Lincoln High kids still were hanging around by gas stations, apartment buildings and parking lots—hanging around just like usual.

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