

# opinion/editorial

## Reagan to blame for right-wing consequences

As President Reagan vacations in California, he must be pleased with his early political victories in Washington.

In just seven months, Reagan has succeeded in getting the initial legislation through that he needs to "make America great again." While this is still a vague phrase, we should be used to it by now. No one has explained his economic plan yet either, but nobody seems to mind.

Reagan's victories this summer in Washington will do more to alter the face of American society than the actions of any president since Franklin D. Roosevelt. Yet, the New Deal legislation and its subsequent adoption by the federal government is what was so clearly rejected by the voters last November.

What is most surprising is that the same Reagan who has won these major victories was supposed to be a slow learner to Washington ways. Now, he's not just a student of the game, but he's teaching the class.

He has succeeded in obtaining his budget and tax-cut proposals by forming a coalition of Republicans and conservative Democrats that is helping to make the term "party loyal" obsolete.

Party loyalty is being replaced by political survival, and choosy legislators choose Reagan.

His most impressive victory on the three-year tax-cut plan came just days after House Speaker Tip O'Neill said he had the votes to defeat it. But, after Reagan's nationally televised speech asking the public to let their representatives know they favor the plan, the votes O'Neill once had were washed away in a flood of telephone calls.

Reagan has combined his tremendous political and personal appeal to become the best television president since John Kennedy. It should help him in further pleas for support for his program, because when President Reagan talks, people listen.

And when Reagan returns to Washington, the rest of the year will see issues like abortion, the

environment, crime reduction and the cutting down of federal regulations that he and other Republicans deem unnecessary, addressed.

While Reagan has been successful in the key votes on his program, he must also now assume the responsibility for them. He can no longer blame Democrats for blocking his programs.

Democratic leadership may be in disarray, with O'Neill attempting to keep his small group in line, but he was right in saying that the problems of inflation and unemployment now fall clearly to Reagan and can't be blamed on past Democratic administrations.

Whether the country is to continue on its rightward trek or whether it will rebel with a liberal sentiment of 1982 remains to be seen, but we can only hope the intended changes really do make life better. And if they don't, we won't have to think twice about who to blame.

## Promise good grades, but mail tuition statement

Dear Mom and Dad,

How are you? I am fine. I guess it's been a long time since I last wrote home to keep you abreast of what I'm doing to make you proud of me. But first let's talk about the weather.

It sure has been hot back here. We've had some real scorches. Normally the heat wouldn't even be worth mentioning except for the fact that the air conditioner broke down here in my modest rented flat and the linoleum in the kitchen is starting to curl.

I've made a real go of it though, camping out in office buildings and lapsing into comas to pass the time. The bill

casey mccabe

to fix the air-con is \$79.38 in case you were curious. No big deal of course. Personally, I can't afford to get it fixed but I guess suffering builds character, right?

The last I talked to you, I was about to start summer school. Everything was going fine until the first day of class. It was Aerobic Chemistry, and we soon learned there would be three tests and two papers due for the term.

I heard the class grumbling and decided to turn that negative energy into action. I organized a strike by the students, demanding more credit hours and shorter lecture time. My classmates rallied around me and I ruled negotia-

## The best defense is a video game

The American armed forces have begun to use video games to help sharpen the skills of their recruits. In particular, Atari game company's "Battlezone" video game, one of the hot items in the game arcade business, has been modified for defense training use.

You have to believe that Atari is pleased with the arrangement, not only because of the money the company is sure to rake in from this contract, but also because of the advertising value of selling a product that has Department of Defense's blessing. However, I wonder about the value of the video games to the great American fighting machine. It is one thing to make a video game seem like a real war, but quite another to try to make war seem like a video game.

pat clark

Let's say, for example, that two guys named Les and Wally are manning a tank in a battlefield situation: "Okay, don't worry about a thing," says Wally, gripping the steering mechanism, "I scored the highest in my unit in the training games."

"But this isn't a training game," says Les, "this is war. What's the difference? The whole point of our training was to get us ready for this. Now stop worrying and put a quarter in the slot."

Les slaps his hand against his head. "You don't seem to understand. This isn't one of those games. There's no quarter slot."

Wally claps his hands together, "Great!" he says, "I was kinda worried about having enough money to finish out the war." He starts the tank in motion. "Okay, now you look through that screen and tell me when you see one of the yellow tanks."

"The tanks we are after are dark green," says Les. "All tanks are dark green."

tions with a tight fist.

Our first test came when the professor flatly stated that anyone striking his class would be immediately flunked. I'd heard such elitist rhetoric from bourgeois puppets before and held my ground.

Apparently everyone else went to class. But hey, what I lost in tuition, education and respect among the faculty, I've made up in personal growth, moral conviction and self-confidence . . . I guess. What about you two? Have you gone anywhere this summer in the Winnebago?

You may be wondering what I've been doing for money. Which reminds me to thank you dad for lining up that intern job at the Mayo Clinic. It was a great opportunity for a pre-med student like myself. But I'm sorry to report it ran into a few snags.

You see, they wanted me to work on Saturdays . . . the same time the local radio station sponsored its weekly Get Naked, Tan and Party Day at the beach. I was between a rock and a hard place and a decision had to be made. You were young once too. I'm sure you understood.

I've been supporting myself through my meager earnings at the racetrack while selling plasma on the side. Friends tell me I'm looking pale and that my eating habits have grave overtones. But I just tell them I'll be darned if I'm going to write home and beg for money, no matter how well off my parents are.

Going to school and supporting myself is a learning experience that will make me grow and mature, even if this current economic dilemma has turned me into a shell of my once proud self. Ahem.

"I know what I'm doing," says Wally confidently. "We go after the yellow tanks first, because they are slow and don't have much range. Then when we get to 10,000 points and get our bonus tank we go after the dark green tanks. You don't want to go after the dark green tanks until you have your bonus tank because of the guided missiles."

Les grabs Wally's shoulders and shakes him violently. "Wake up!" he screams. "Now listen to me. We are in a tank. We are trying to incapacitate other tanks, other dark green tanks. If we are very lucky, we will kill them and they will not kill us. But no matter how lucky we are, no matter how many of them we get, we will not get a bonus tank. And if they get us, we can't just dig another quarter out of our pockets and start again. Can you understand that?"

"Of course," says Wally, unperturbed. "You already told me that these tanks don't have quarter slots. That's too bad about not getting the bonus tank, though. Well, you can't have everything I guess. This is the military, after all."

"Yes," says Les, "this is the military, and you don't belong in it."

"That's the truth, says Wally, eliciting a raised eyebrow from Les. "I wasn't cut out for this tank driving stuff."

"Then what are you doing here?"

"I'm waiting around until I can get into the big war. With the aliens."

"Aliens?" asks Les in disbelief.

"Sure. I mean, the tank simulator was interesting and I was pretty good at it, but what I really like is the alien invasion simulator. I mean, there you are, zipping through the black void of outer space, when a little dot appears on your screen. A harmless asteroid? Or, the Deathstar. Well, no time to worry about that now, we've got a war to win for America. The Commie tanks aren't going to wait for us to finish chatting before they come after us, Les. You have to remember, you're in a real war now."

Anyway, you may also be wondering at this time what I did with my student loan money. Well, like the wise shopper you always taught me to be, I decided to invest it. I bought a dirt bike.

Not one of those cheap outfits either, but a fully-equipped Hasquavara Death Machine 4000. You see, some of those guys on the dirt bike circuit make over 100 grand a year. I figure with some practice and a sponsorship I could be earning back more than my original investment and helping you pay my way through med school. Don't thank me now, I felt it was the least I could do to repay your support.

Actually, I can't start racing professionally until I get the bike out of the pawnshop. I had to hock it to get enough money to travel to Wyoming to see a Grateful Dead concert. It was a benefit for the Lost Continent of Atlantis during the lunar eclipse at Devils Tower.

You know, a real once in a lifetime chance, like when you two went to see Andy Williams in the Catskills. I'm sure you can relate. We had such a great time, they arrested us. My legal fee was \$468, just for the record. By the way, did you get a garden planted this year?

You may be asking yourselves what I will be doing this semester to demonstrate my worth as a student and dependent offspring. I'm happy to report I've developed a positive mental attitude for school that should give the ol' GPA a swift boot skyward . . . out of last year's fluke 1.8 mishap.

I'm starting to invest more of my spare time in career-related activities. I've found playing Pac-Man during breaks helps hone valuable hand/eye coordination.

I've spent a lot of time this summer studying anatomy, and frequently my friends and I stay up late at night testing new methods of anesthesia.

I think these sacrifices are well worth it, as I've really started taking a shining to university life. I vow to make you proud of me. I just want you to realize I could make you even prouder if I had some form of financial security. But I really didn't want to bring up that nasty matter of money in this letter. I just wanted to say hello and drop off my tuition statement. Well, gotta run. My spaghetti's are burning.

Your loving son,  
The future college graduate

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