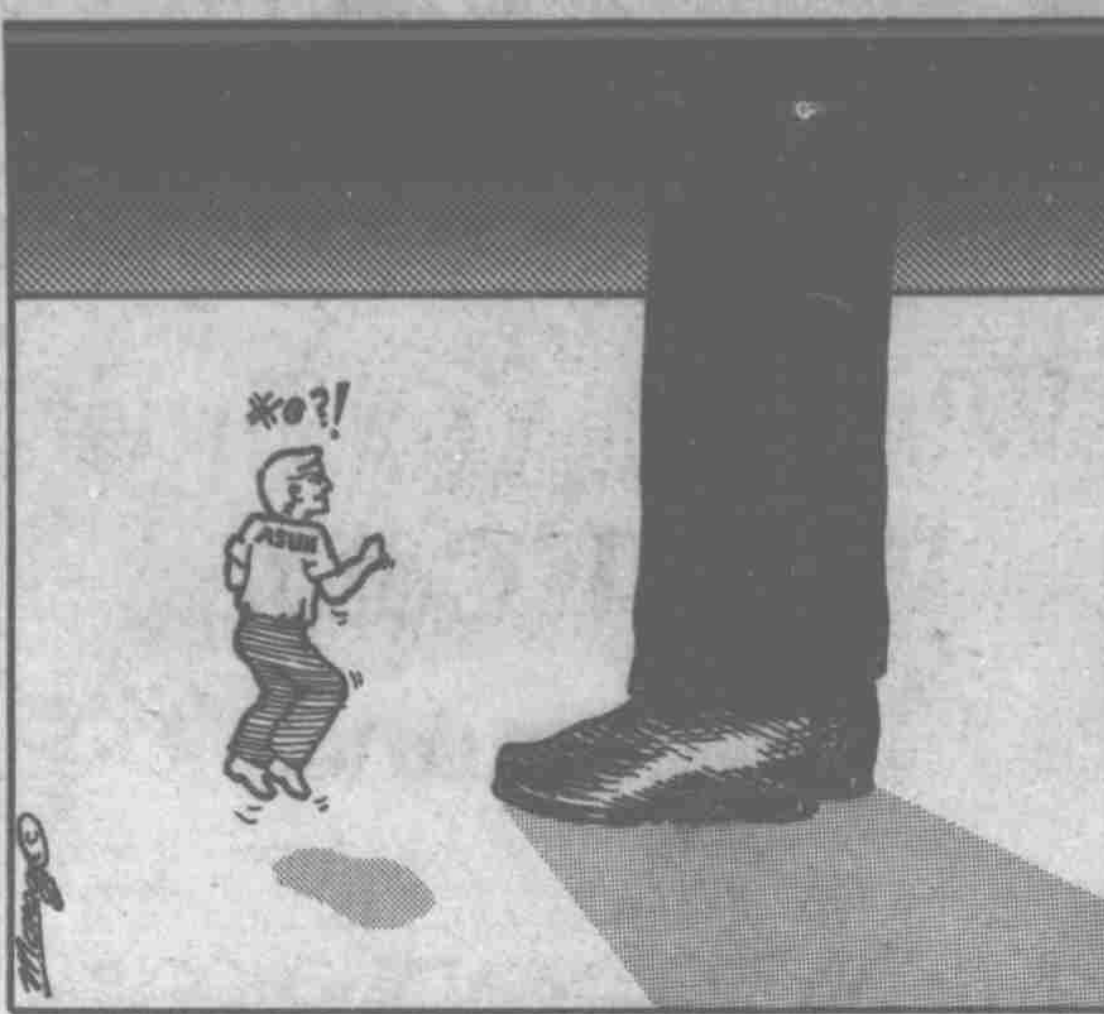


Editorial



ASUN finally offers leadership that works

The Association of Students of the University of Nebraska has long been the target of negative remarks on this campus. To many UNL students, ASUN is nothing more than a waste of student fees.

During the last two academic years, there were valid reasons for those remarks. Campus-related concerns were seemingly forgotten by ASUN presidents and senators while they debated things they had no influence on, such as aid to El Salvador and the nuclear weapons freeze.

Meanwhile, ASUN almost disappeared from sight. After the spring elections, the only thing students usually heard from their leaders was the information the Daily Nebraskan reported from ASUN's weekly senate meetings.

But things seem to be changing. Under the leadership of President Matt Wallace, ASUN has become a more visible force for the UNL student body. More importantly, ASUN has shown a renewed interest in the concerns of the campus community.

When it was announced last month that all UNL libraries would be closed on the six home football Saturdays this fall, Wallace and ASUN went to work. They were successful in getting the decision partially reversed.

Vice Chancellor for Academic Affairs John Strong announced last week that Love Library on City Campus and C.Y. Thompson Library on East Campus will remain open the

three remaining football Saturdays.

In September, ASUN announced a program to reduce litter at UNL. At the time, Wallace said the goal of the program was to increase campus awareness about the problem, reduce the amount of litter and recycle trash collected on campus.

It is encouraging to see ASUN working on these kinds of campus problems instead of ones thousands of miles away that it cannot control.

Perhaps the key to ASUN's increased effectiveness this year is that it has come to realize it is not a student government, but merely a student advocacy body. Wallace has worked hard at emphasizing that point since he was elected last March.

He is correct in stating that ASUN has no formal power. Control of UNL is entirely in the hands of the NU Board of Regents and its appointed administrators. ASUN's only power is through its lines of communications to the regents, the administration and various student leaders.

Considering the major decisions made on this campus, it is important for those lines to be kept open. We're encouraged by the fact that we finally have student leadership that works hard to make sure student voices are heard.

The Daily Nebraskan commends Wallace for his efforts to make ASUN an effective leader for the UNL campus.

Being a tourist OK, just don't look like one

LONDON — If there's one species of human being we San Franciscans view with unreserved disdain, it's the tourist.

All year long, I go to great lengths to avoid being mistaken for one of this misbegotten breed. I scrupulously refrain from glancing at the view if they are about; I bury my nose in the newspaper while riding a cable car; and I would prefer being boiled in oil to being caught strolling about Fisher-

wouldn't have been able to afford the trip.

As for me, I let my hair grow into little wings over my ears. My purchase included a white shirt with woven-in blue Bengal stripes, a blue tie with just the right number of red diagonal stripes, a crew neck sweater to hide all but the tiniest tips of both of the above, a pair of narrow, needlecord trousers and black Gucci moccasins with brass snaffles.

Something of a crisis arose when it turned out my blue blazer, which I would be required to wear everywhere but in the shower, had only three buttons on each cuff. (Thank God it had two vents.) Four buttons are, of course, *de rigueur*. But Glynda managed to find two more that matched.

The one mistake I made was buying a tightly furled umbrella no thicker than a bread stick. I suppose it might keep me dry if I opened it, but it would obviously require a lifetime of training to furl it up properly again. I fear I've caught a beastly cold.

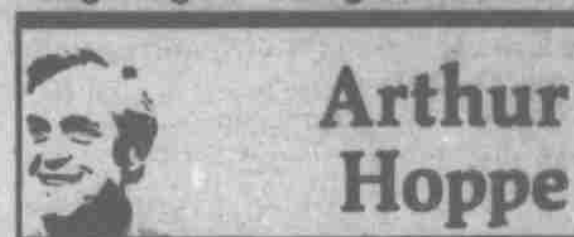
The glorious day arrived. "Shall we zoom off for some spag bog?" I asked Glynda, that being the way I always refer to pasta — at least since I arrived here. As we left the flat, if I do say so myself, we might have stepped right out of the handbook's pages.

At the first intersection a ruddy-cheeked, middle-aged lady in a blue blazer riding a bicycle, obviously a fellow Sloane Ranger, smilingly motioned for us to pass. I touched a fingertip to my forehead, bowed slightly and murmured, "Cue," that being our Sloane method of expressing gratitude.

"Not at all," she said cheerily. "Must be nice to visitors."

Visitors! "Well," said Glynda philosophically, "at least she didn't call us tourists."

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Arthur Hoppe

man's Wharf with a camera slung from my shoulder.

Of course, all this past year, I could hardly wait to travel thousands of miles and spend thousands of dollars to become a tourist.

This explains why we patriotic Americans on visiting England do our utmost to renounce our heritage and be mistaken for Englishmen. And I must say my dear wife, Glynda, and I have done it up brown this time. Not only have we become Englishmen (and women), but we have become dyed-in-the-blue-wool Sloane Rangers.

First of all, we rented a flat for two weeks just off Sloane Square, which is to the Sloane Ranger what Beacon Hill is to the proper Bostonian. Next, we purchased and studied assiduously a copy of *The Official Sloane Ranger Handbook*.

From this we learned that Sloane Rangers are comparable, on a far higher plane, to the American preppy. We believe in old clothes, old money, old family and old ideas. Needless to say, we run the British Empire, or what we have left of it.

I suggested we start with the old clothes and worry about the other old items later. When it came to acquiring a new wardrobe, Glynda, as always, was a jolly good sport.

Her initial step was a Princess Di haircut, Princess Di being the "1980s Super-Sloane," according to our handbook.

We were certainly lucky Glynda's grandaunt Cora died last year, as pearl stud earrings and a pearl necklace are "crucial," the guidebook said. The white Laura Ashley blouse with a ruffled collar, the Laura Ashley "spriggy" cotton skirt, the pale Dior tights and the Bally low-heeled patent pumps didn't come cheap. But thank goodness Glynda already had a blue blazer with gold buttons or we

Editorial Policy

Unsigned editorials represent official policy of the fall 1983 Daily Nebraskan. They are written by this semester's editor in chief, Larry Sparks.

The Daily Nebraskan's publishers are the regents, who established the UNL Publications Board to supervise the daily production of the newspaper. According to policy set by the regents, the content of the newspaper lies solely in the hands of its student editors.

Thou shalt not kill — for any reason

Christians make mockery of commandment

Thou shalt not kill.
So reads the Sixth Commandment as given to Moses by God.

It's not "Thou shalt not kill anyone but Commies," or "Thou shalt not kill except in the national inter-

Christopher Burbach

est," or even "Thou shalt not kill except in self defense."

Thou shalt not kill. Period.

Jesus told a rich man desirous of heaven to obey the Ten Commandments, sell everything he had and give it to the poor. He further instructed his followers to love their enemies, clothe the naked and feed the hungry. He taught them to turn the other cheek when slapped.

When his arrest was imminent, Jesus healed one

of his captors whom Peter had attacked, then berated Peter for using violence. Finally, he used some of his last breaths to forgive those who had murdered him.

Odd, isn't it, that so many people who call themselves Christians, embracing the Bible as the embodiment of truth and naming themselves disciples of Jesus, can turn a deaf ear to the Sixth Commandment and ignore the teachings and actions of the man they pretend to follow.

Stranger yet is a Christian nation which has rained nuclear death on thousands of people, and supplies guns to governments who slaughter their people and steadies the hands that pull the triggers.

One nation under God. Balderdash.

If God is atop these United States, if he is watching us, he is angry. How does a Christian people justify spending a trillion dollars on war machines while millions of people, many of them our neighbors, live in abject poverty? How does a Christian people justify training other people to kill each other?

When our ancestors arrived in this land, they justified murdering the people who lived here by claiming that those people were savages without souls. It

was our ancestors' right as Christians to kill the pagans and take their land.

Then came Manifest Destiny. It was God's plan that His Chosen People should expand to the Pacific, and what matter a few Mexican and Indian lives in the face of divine design?

God then, in His infinite wisdom, sanctioned democracy and capitalism. It was in keeping with this divine sponsorship that the United States dropped two nuclear bombs on Japan, killing thousands and condemning to misery generations to come.

Now our Marines in Lebanon, our advisers in El Salvador and our agents in Nicaragua are killing and teaching others to kill in order to "check the spread of Communism."

We cannot call ourselves Christians while our tax dollars murder fellow humans. To do so is undeniable hypocrisy. If dismantling our military complex costs us our freedom or even our lives, so be it. A true Christian would rather die than shed the blood of another human. Those who refuse to take that step, and yet persist in calling themselves Christians, deal in untruth.