

Editorial

Regent selection OK as is

With all the issues the 1984 Nebraska Legislature has to face, it would be best off to leave the issue of how the NU Board of Regents is selected alone.

The Lincoln Star is running a series of articles this week examining that issue. According to a story in Monday's edition, Nebraska is one of only five states where the university governing board still is selected by the voters.

The remainder use some kind of appointment system to form their boards.

Some sentiment exists among the state's lawmakers for Nebraska to switch to such a system. Any such change would have to come as an amendment to the constitution, requiring the approval of the voters.

Sen. Peter Hoagland of Omaha told The Star he will introduce a bill in the 1984 Legislature calling for at least part of the regents to be appointed.

As a general rule, it is easier to get higher quality people in lower visibility positions if they are appointed rather than elected, Hoagland said.

Appointed regents are likely to have more political experience than elected ones, but that does not necessarily make them higher quality admini-

strators.

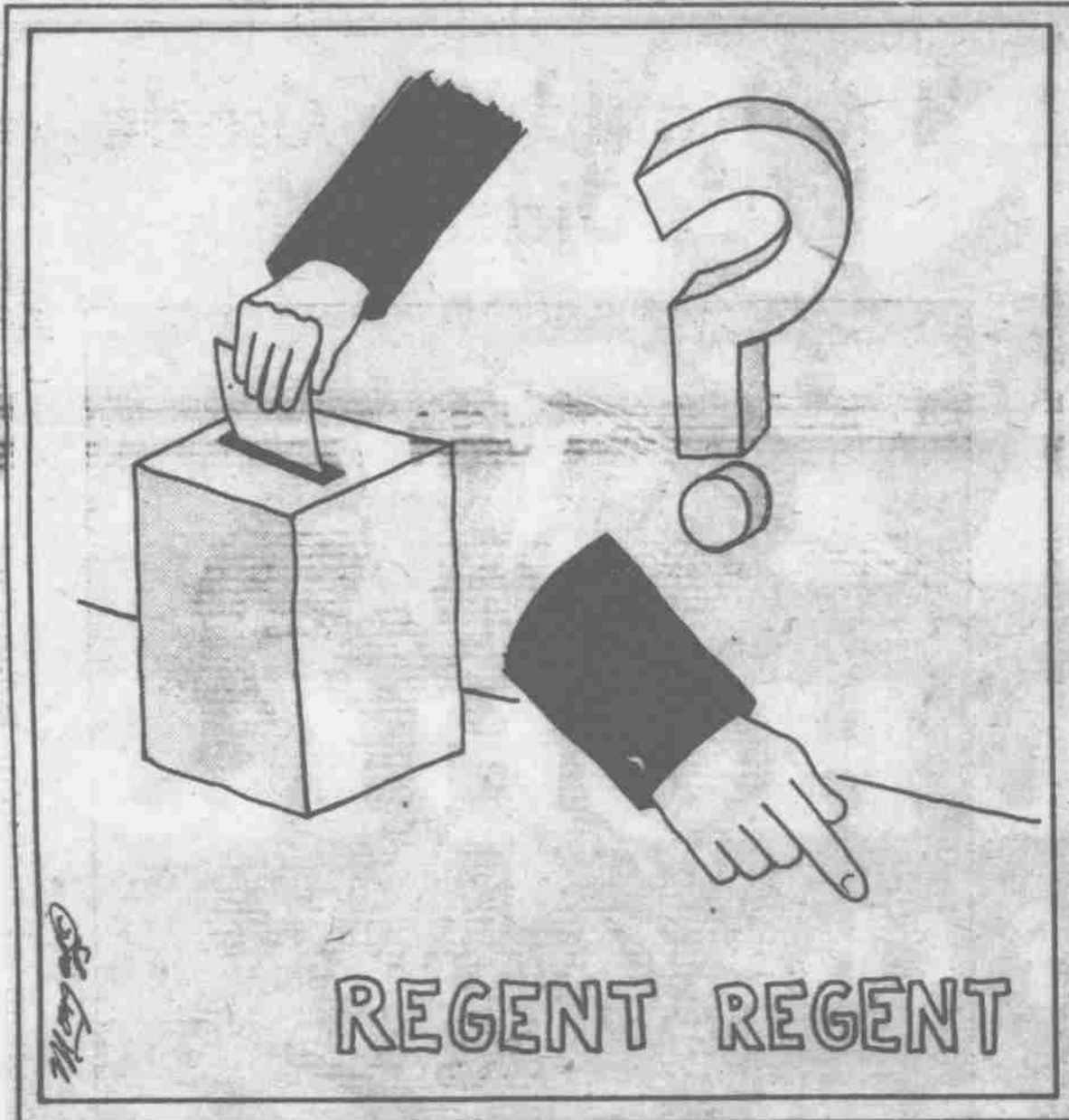
The argument that most voter-elected regents are selected on the basis of name recognition won't work here, either. The 1982 results from District IV prove that theory wrong.

In that election, Nancy Hoch unseated the incumbent, Robert Prokop. Hoch was relatively unknown outside of her hometown of Nebraska City, but she conducted an issue-based campaign that appealed to the voters and won her the election.

Hoch's performance as a regent has done nothing to indicate the voters made a poor decision. In fact, it is unlikely the governor of the Legislature could have made a better pick.

More importantly, Hoch, just like her seven colleagues, is directly responsible to the voters in her district. If she does not live up to their expectations, they have the ability to remove her from office when she is up for re-election.

That is a right the voters should not have taken away from them. They don't always choose the best candidate, of course, but the election of Nancy Hoch and many others indicates the system is working.



Letters

Academics matter

The article titled "Stanford preserves Bottom 10 status," (Daily Nebraskan, Nov. 4) was, on the surface, humorous.

However, the concept of recognizing Bottom 10 college football teams is ludicrous — almost as much as rating outstanding academic institutions by a criterion of football ability.

The article expresses sympathy for Oregon State tailback Donald Beaver, and suggests that it would have been better for him to have been born "Donald Cornhusker." This is typical of the dichotomy that exists at some institutions between education and recreation.

Do you think that Yale, Stanford and other universities' educational programs are suffering while their respective football programs flourish? Obviously not, as both the scores, the article and the excellent academic reputations of these venerable institutions will affirm.

When I obtain my final degree and seek meaningful employment, I don't think a No. 1 college football team will help me contribute significantly to society. On the other hand, an academic institution that promotes academic excellence in an environment of quality can.

Cameron S. Burt
junior
business administration

Socialism no answer

Krishna Madan's column about socialism as an antidote to loneliness (Daily Nebraskan, Nov. 10) was appalling.

Reading an article that exploited the "suicide death" of a UNL professor in order to extoll the virtues (such as they are) of the new and improved Nicaraguan regime made me wish I were on a plane within easy reach of an airsick bag.

I am not so naive as to believe that life before the Sandinistas was anything other than oppressive. I might even concede that the average peasant in the street is better off under Marxists than under the reprehensible regime the United States used to support.

I am not, however, willing to be conned into thinking that loneliness is principally a problem of "capitalist society." (One wonders how Madan

knows that loneliness exists to a lesser extent in the Soviet Union and the Eastern Bloc. Did he look this up in the World Almanac? Pravda? The Book of Lists? Did Dr. Joyce Brothers tell him?) Madan claims that the leftists in El Salvador and their counterparts in Nicaragua are trying to build a humanitarian society, ease emotional and spiritual deprivation, etc., etc.

He should tell the truth. The Salvadoran leftists do exactly what right-wing death squads do: intimidate people with force. If those people resist, they are shot. Should the leftists succeed, then we shall see not the creation of a wondrous new society, but simply power changing hands.

He is not just wrong in fact; he is wrong in theory. Dealing with spiritual deprivation is not the province of government. Virtually all governments that purport to do so are instead cramming an ideology down someone's throat.

Anthony Carr
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Home ec essential

This letter is in response to the Campus Quotes (Daily Nebraskan, Nov. 10) concerning the budget cut proposal. Being students of the College of Home Economics, we feel a definite need to clarify and emphasize our position as an extremely important college in the university system. Home economics is an interdisciplinary science which draws its strength from the commonality and interrelationships of that subject matter as it relates to the basic family unit and the home.

Home economics students pursue studies of the sciences and current issues concerning the near environment, including food, clothing, shelter, interpersonal relations and work with those agencies and institutions that influence family living.

Home economics stresses teaching decision-making and management skills to society's members in which they learn to apply this knowledge and these skills to meeting social needs.

Being a college that stresses the family, we leave you with this thought: What would the world be like without all the contributions home economics has brought?

Home Economics
Education Association
UNL

'Poor look' doesn't always get a second look

Flashdance and its limber-limbed steel worker produced a fashion phenomenon that saw large numbers of upper-middle-class men and women drape themselves in sweatshirts slashed in strategic places.

Christopher Burbach

Tom Magnuson, a noted local fashion authority, thought the fad was something like a poor look — it involved well-to-do youngsters trying to appear financially destitute. It seemed somehow incongruous to Tom that the models of the new look should spend money to appear poor; it seemed just as incongruous to me that the poor look should include pearls.

"Here's my chance," I thought. "I can look poor, I can be poor; no incongruities here."

So I got out my old groundskeeper sweatshirt with the sleeves cut off for trim mower man ventilation. I stretched a hole near the neck of that venerable old garment until I could get

my arm in up to the elbow, enough to leave my collar bone and shoulder bare.

Out came the golden tights which had been part of my Robin the Boy Wonder Halloween costume two years ago and my ballet slippers, which were all that remained of the Burbacheyev prances which stunned Mabel Lee Hall in the old days.

I donned the tights, sweatshirt and slippers and headed for the door. When I bent down to pick up the paper, I saw my shins. OMIGOD! No leg warmers!

"Go buy some, Christopher," spake the dark side.

"Get behind me, you Satan," the light side remanded.

Well, the light side won that little battle. I would adhere to the authentic poor look.

Smirking smugly, secure in my pious refusal of hypocrisy, I cut the feet off of my rugby socks and pulled my new genuine poor leg warmers up over my calves.

I was halfway out the door again when I realized my body was completely dry — no sweat. I addressed myself to the pursuit of perspiring with a furious flailing flurry of limbs

unmatched by Bruce Lee in any of his fine cinematic ventures. Soon delicate beads adorned my brow.

"Ha ha ha. What a Flashdance stud," I thought on my way to the parking lot. "Come and get it, ladies."

I climbed into my 1984 Ford Custom, musing at what a fine extension of the poor look the car was, and cruised to campus. Women smiled at me with that "I wanna gnaw your leg warmers off, big boy" look and obviously outclassed men laughed amongst themselves, trying to cover up their shame and jealousy.

It was time to ask out the brown-haired girl in my Determinism and Freedom class.

"Hey, good lookin', what's your name?" I began suavely.

"Lisa Vetta," the brown-haired girl responded with "that" smile.

"Well, my name's Christobal, and I'm poor."

"I can see that."

Success!

"How'd you like to go for a ride in my '64 Ford Custom and watch the drive-in movie from the highway?" How could she refuse? I leaned forward in anticipation of her trembling "Yes, I'd love to."

"Are you kidding? You've got to be kidding."

Obviously, she couldn't believe her luck at being asked out by the trendsetter of the real poor look.

"No, baby, I'm dead serious. I want you to want me."

"Oh, get out of here, you nasty man," she spat. She placed her right palm flat on my bare collar bone and rapidly extended her arm, propelling me backwards over a desk and rending my green tights.

Finally it dawned on me. I became aware of my foolishness. How could someone be so blind?

I had grossly overestimated the brown-haired girl; she knew nothing about fashion, she was vastly unworthy of a date with such a fashion merchant as I.

I walked toward the classroom door, then pivoted and faced Miss Lisa Vetta. I ripped the run in my tights wider so that most of my left thigh and knee were visible, did a demi ple and pumped my legs like pistons so that my buns jiggled like Jennifer Beal's.

Waves of nervous laughter broke against me, the leviathan of the poor look. I visited a scornful smile on the brown-haired girl. "Your loss, baby."