

Letters

Worthy news missed

I was very disappointed and upset to notice that there was no editorial coverage of the dinner honoring Jimmi Smith, director of multi-cultural affairs. The picture (Daily Nebraskan, April 10) while acknowledging the fact that the dinner did indeed take place, is not a suitable acknowledgement of Mr. Smith's numerous accomplishments. His endeavors on the university campus certainly rival those of the recipient of the Sue Tidball Award and undoubtedly are of more significance than the advertisement of "Finals Week Survival Kits."

Mr. Smith has served the ethnic students, faculty and staff of this campus as well as the rest of the university community with untiring selflessness and devotion during many periods when the majority of the campus felt there was no need for these services. How long will the Daily Nebraskan fail to recognize the contributions of people of color?

I feel that a grave injustice has been done. I trust that you and your staff will also recognize this -oversight and provide full coverage of this significant university event.

Delores Simpson-Kirkland Assistant to the Dean of Students

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Women's Resource Center

Open House

Today 2-4 p.m. Rm. 117 Nebraska Union

To recognize Women's Studies Faculty and Celebrate Women's Week.



Child abuse.

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"Somebody ought to do something about that kid," Shirley, the cook, said. She is one of those people who sound like they're screaming when they talk normally.

She cast an accusing eye at me. I worked at the gas station/store part time. I had another full-time job. I save money for college. It's either that or take out loans. I don't like to owe

"You ought to go take that baby out

of that car."

Shirley again. We were the only ones there. It was the slow time and the hottest part of the day in the summer. All I could think of was the way some people would let their dogs suffocate in a hot car while they went shopping.

I walked outside and looked inside the car. It was full of clothes and junk, and dirty. There was another baby in the back seat in one of those plastic baby baskets. She was partially wrapped in a dark, heavy blanket. I had to watch for a long time to see her breathe.

I tried not to think how stifling it must have been in the back seat of that car, wrapped in a blanket under the mid-afternoon sun in Nebraska. The baby in back was asleep. She probably wasn't thinking much, either.

I went back in and told Shirley about the other baby. She looked up from her Coke and got a sick, disgusted look on her face. I felt the same way.

Almost as if on cue, the man and woman came back to the car at the same time. She held a wet paper towel to her head and wiped the stringy hair from her eyes. They closed the doors at

the same time. The baby with the lifesaver on a stick stood in the seat between them. They drove away trailing exhaust fumes. Once, I saw the mother glance back briefly at the little girl in back.

I don't know who the man was talking to on the phone. They never turned off the car. They were just some people who pulled off I-80 and played out this little scene for a few minutes.

The rest of that day I leaned on the counter in the store, sweating, and thought about things. Things like abortion, responsibility, parenting, and may-be death. But I'm not sure if I thought very much about that last one. Things get pretty deep when you start thinking about death.

Mostly though, I remember not being able to decide what I would have disliked more - being the little baby girl in the back seat of that Gran Torino, or the shirtless father behind the wheel.

Editorial Policy

Unsigned editorials represent official policy of the spring 1984 Daily Nebraskan. They are written by this semester's editor in chief, Larry Sparks.

Other staff members will write editorials throughout the semester. They will carry the author's name after the final sentence.





