

Editorial

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Vicki Ruhga, Editor, 472-1766
Thom Gabrukiewicz, Managing Editor
Ad Hudler, Editorial Page Editor
James Rogers, Editorial Associate
Chris Welsch, Copy Desk Chief

Others suffer Small colleges face cuts

Times are tough all over. Members of the UNL community tend to ignore the problems of other post-secondary educational institutions in Nebraska: These other institutions do have significant problems; they are experiencing a budget crunch on par with that of this university.

State colleges are looking at a \$1.1 million decrease in funding from last year's \$25.8 million dollar appropriation. State college officials are correct in pointing out the inappropriateness of funding cuts given the impact of inflation and burgeoning enrollment.

As with UNL, frustration characterizes the system's leaders. Last week State College Trustee Tom Morrissey complained to the Legislature that state money has not matched the rhetoric of support; and that unless more funding is forthcoming state policy makers should "sue for the most advantageous terms for surrender."

Morrissey argued that state colleges already were in dire

straits before the state's economy's collapse. Consequently, quality is deeply threatened.

There is little question that state colleges fill a niche in the state's educational system. They offer services and an atmosphere not available at UNL and UNO.

Additionally, state colleges have an important role in aiding the recovery of Nebraska's economy. As Morrissey pointed out, "The answer to the problems of the rural economy is not to cut back in those areas which offer some hope for the future, such as a higher education, but to accelerate support."

Morrissey's points underscore the fact that all of post-secondary education in Nebraska is threatened by the current paranoid mood of the Legislature — UNL does not face its cuts alone.

The point that Nebraska legislators simply must be forced to understand is that commitment to quality educational institutions is not a luxury to be funded only in times of prosperity; it is a necessity, which requires constant nurturing.

Sober Greeks? New plan would dry houses

Fraternities have often been viewed as communities of alcohol abuse, sexual harassment and occasional vandalism.

But a national trend to curb the problems of the Greek system has spread to UNL.

Officials at UNL's Interfraternity Council have implemented a plan to make Greek men aware of the potential hazards of alcohol.

The plan, called the Alcohol and Drug Awareness Program of Today, would promote responsible social functions by scheduling non-alcoholic parties two weekends and one weekday evening per semester.

The plan makes sense, but raises questions about current Greek social habits. Alcohol is prohibited on the UNL campus — and that includes Greek houses.

But the current alcohol ban is mostly ignored in Greek houses and there's a good chance that non-alcoholic party requirements also will be ignored.

The IFC has established a social board to enforce the policy. But to be effective the board must punish non-compliers.

Fraternities that do not submit detailed outlines of non-alcoholic social functions will be fined \$50. Fraternities that do not sponsor non-alcoholic parties also will be fined \$50, and fraternities that fail to send representatives to social board meetings also will be fined \$50.

Eric Lane, of UNL's IFC, said the UNL policy was formed to prevent drinking problems at UNL — not because UNL fraternities have drinking problems at UNL — not because UNL fraternities have drinking problems. That's debatable.

Nonetheless, the non-alcoholic parties should help relieve some of the peer pressure for students to drink.

The policy is a step forward for the Greek system. And if the Greek system and UNL officials really care about the hazards of alcohol abuse, they should actively enforce the campus alcohol ban already in existence.

'This was a man!' Professor John Robinson mourned

*His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world,
"This was a man!"*

John Robinson, one of the university's finest English professors, died Tuesday.

He was eloquent and exacting.

Using his dry wit and keen intelligence, he helped students see beyond the literal in literature. He equipped students with the tools to discern, to analyze, to think and to write.

His death diminishes the university community and the academic world. We mourn him.



Ever have one of those days?

'Japanese Roulette' suffices as urban form of 'adventure'

I've always wanted to open a column like this: Have you ever had *one of those days*? (I had a professor once who said he was convinced that he was having one of those lives.) I had one of those days about two weeks ago. Just so you can appreciate how friendly the fates have been to you lately, let me share my experiences.

It was a Friday afternoon. My wife, Tara, had an appointment downtown and I had several errands to run. So, being the understanding husband and liberated father that I am, I told her that I would take our 4-year-old daughter, Gina, with me on my errands. Pleasantly boring so far, right?

Well, when Tara and Gina picked me up, I noticed that the low-fuel warning light on our car was on. Actually, I noticed that it was still on. It had been on for two days, and Tara and I had been playing our usual game of Japanese Roulette, each trying to see just how far the Nissan would go on 2.6 gallons of gas, and each giving the other ample opportunity to chicken out, break down and buy gas. Well, our car gets 40 miles to the gallon on the highway and about 10 around town. Two days is a long time to play Japanese Roulette. So I figured Tara had won this round, and I would have to get the gas.

This is a good place for an amusing aside. My wife and I drove a beat-up Chevette for five years before buying our fancy new Nissan. The closest that car came to modern convenience was a two-speed windshield wiper. We never ran out of gas. It would drive from Indianapolis to Chicago on empty. Our new Nissan has this lovely light that tells us we better get gas soon. In two years, we have run out of gas four times.

I guess I better get back to my story. Gina and I took Tara to her appoint-

ment, ran one errand and headed for the gas station. You have already figured out what happened, right? Well, let me set the stage for you.

It was 4:15 p.m. on a Friday afternoon. We were driving down J Street, right in front of the Capitol. It was 14 degrees outside, with the wind blowing. I had forgotten my gloves that morning. They were lying on the floor in the kitchen, chuckling.



James Sennett

Suddenly, the horrid sound of nothing. My control panel lit up like the proverbial Christmas tree, and I was coasting down an interior lane of a one-way street, pursued by rush hour traffic. I managed to coast into the outside lane and come to a stop at an angle, completely blocking the lane (I also have power steering — you know what that's like when the motor goes off).

Gina and I crawled out and started walking. She left her gloves in the car, so we both froze our hands. The first gas station we came to did not have a gas can (why would anybody open a gas station and not keep a gas can around?), so we walked to another. We started walking back — two minutes from the gas station — when Gina uttered those five words feared by all fathers in precarious situations: "Daddy, I gotta go potty." My daughter got some great practice in self-control that day.

But soon she tired of walking so I bent down to pick her up, and the zipper on my coat broke — from the

bottom up. Here I am — a gas can in one hand, a 30-pound child in the other, no gloves, with my coat zipped at the top and wide open at the bottom, walking down 16th Street at 4:45 p.m., struggling to remember all the good things about my life and my marriage.

There was one bad thing that could have happened that didn't — my car was not hit or towed. There was, however, an invitation to pay the city \$7 in lieu of having my car impounded at some future date. We got the car going, Gina and I started a fire in the front seat to thaw out our hands, and nothing else monumental happened that day.

Luckily, before I saw Tara again, I remembered that it was Valentine's Day, and it would be hard for me to yell at her and give her flowers at the same time. Since I had already shelled out the bucks for the flowers, I figured discretion was still the better part of valour and we remain happily married.

What's really sad is that we are still playing Japanese Roulette. We have four college degrees between us, a combined IQ pushing 300 and more books than most small town libraries. Yet we still dare each other to spend one more day driving past the pumps. Well, we can't stalk tigers in Nebraska and there are very few 90-foot cliffs to dive off, so I guess we are just creative enough to find that one sense of daring and adventure that our lifestyles afford.

So if you are ever driving through the streets of Lincoln and see a grown man beating on the hood of a stalled brown Nissan station wagon, just keep driving. It's just a frustrated nimrod mourning yet another foiled prey. Besides, no one likes to see a philosophy major cry.

Sennett is a graduate student in philosophy and campus minister with College-Career Christian Fellowship.

Misconstruction of Liddy's notoriety as celebrity gauges nation's hypocrisy

Gordon Liddy's least favorite airport is Dallas-Fort Worth; he tells USA Today. His favorite airport clubs are the ones run by American Airlines. His favorite book on just ordinary crime, he tells U.S. News & World Report, is "The Friends of Eddie Coyle" and his recommendation for a book on special-tactics warfare is "Crossfire." Got any more questions?

Yes! Who is G. Gordon Liddy's favorite columnist? It used to be Jack Anderson who, according to witnesses, he once set out to kill. Who is his favorite psychiatrist? It may be the one whose office he was convicted of burglarizing. What is his favorite office building? It just could be the Watergate where his burglary team was caught.

You get little hint from either USA Today or U.S. News that Liddy is an adjudicated and unrepentant criminal.

Neither publication pauses so much as to say that in furtherance of Richard Nixon's re-election, and using the cover of national security, G. Gordon Liddy



Richard Cohen

did break and enter, burglarize and in other ways besmirch public office. His punishment, though, has not necessarily fit his crime. He was sentenced to 52½ months in prison and signed to appear on "Miami Vice."

What is going on here? It is true, of course, that Liddy has paid his debt to society and that he is free, under the

laws he used to flout, to make a living any way he can. But to USA Today and U.S. News, he is nothing but a celebrity.

See COHEN on 5

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