

# Editorial

**Daily Nebraskan**  
University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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## ABIT2FAR Plate recall a farce

Watch out, car owners. The Nebraska Motor Vehicles Department might nab your license plates for lewd and lascivious behavior.

Last month a three-member review committee decided that several prestige plates — including some bearing the number 69 — were objectionable.

Motor vehicles officials said the number refers to a sexual act. That's true. But in this case, it appears the 69 was taken out of context. The cars bearing the number were made in 1969. For example, some of the canceled plates said, "69 Olds, 69 XL, 69 Vet and Mint 69." It's doubtful that the cars' owners chose the number because it sometimes refers to a sexual act.

If 69 is objectionable in any context, then perhaps the review board should recall all regular county plates that bear 69 in the number combination, such as A8769 or BF69.

If the board plans to continue its crusade against objectionable numbers and phrases, it surely could find several other number combinations or phrases that offend some people.

Another plate being recalled is the "Red Pig." According to an article in Thursday's Lincoln

Journal, "red" is objectionable because it often is associated with communism and sometimes with Native Americans. "Pig" also is objectionable because it was '60s slang for a police officer or a fat person, said Jeff Elliott, the department's deputy director.

If that's the case, Nebraskans should be forced to remove all the "Go Big Red" from their bumpers for fear of promoting communism, rather than Husker football.

The recent license plate recall is more than a farce — it shows poor planning on the part of the state.

The Legislature authorized prestige plates in 1972. Since that time, no comprehensive review had been conducted until last month.

If certain words and phrases were to be prohibited, the Legislature, like other states did, should have insisted that a committee be set up from the beginning to monitor plate requests, rather than recalling some plates years after they were issued.

Specific guidelines should have been established for granting or rejecting a prestige plate request. By trying to correct the state's lack of planning, the review committee overcompensated. They went ABIT2FAR.

## Marcos' wealth Filipinos deserve money

Many freedom-loving people rejoiced last week at the surprisingly rapid downfall of former Philippines President Ferdinand Marcos.

Marcos' downfall, however, does not end the pursuit of right in the Philippines: Marcos did not arrive in Hawaii a pauper. He apparently profited nicely from his reign as Filipino strongman.

The magnitude of Marcos' thievery is astonishing. Simply in the plane coming to the United States, officials discovered \$1.1 million worth of Philippines' pesos and "boxes" of jewels.

Before Marcos' fall, a federal grand jury began investigating charges that Philippine officials receive more than \$100 million in illegal Pentagon contract kickbacks. Additionally, Marcos has real estate and art in the United States of, so far, indeterminate value — one Manhattan mansion was estimated as being

worth between \$10 million and \$15 million.

A fundamental moral tenet is that a wrongdoer should not be allowed to benefit from his wrong. If Marcos is allowed to keep the millions of dollars of money and luxury goods obtained at the expense of the Filipino people, he will have profited extensively from his wrong.

Current Philippine President Corazon Aquino recently said the nation will attempt to recover control of some of the possessions in Marcos' hands. The U.S. government should aid Aquino in every possible fashion.

Marcos already has received a fair exchange. He received sanctuary in the United States for allowing the peaceful governmental transition mandated by the elections. Certainly the United States has no additional obligation to aid in Marcos' thefts.

## Editorial policy

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Editorials do not necessarily reflect the views of the university, its

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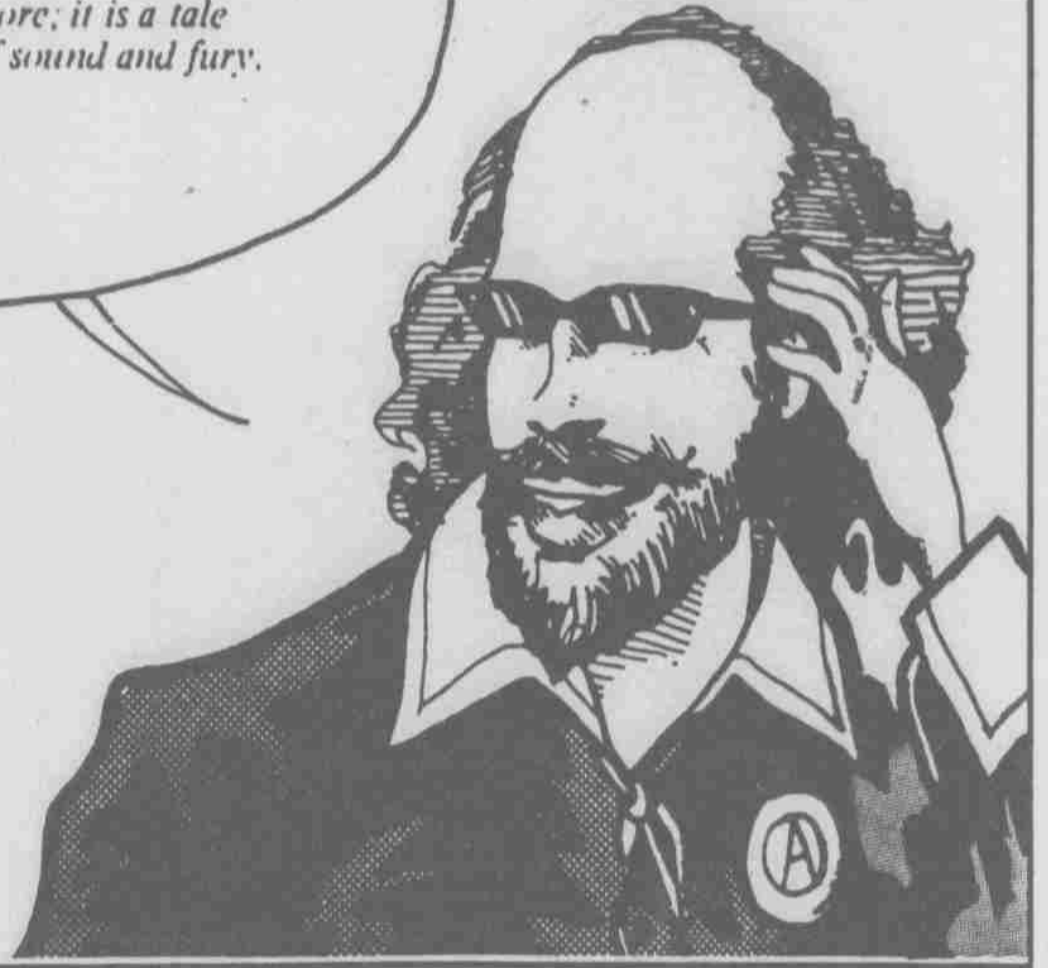
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According to policy set by the regents, responsibility for the editorial content of the newspaper lies solely in the hands of its student editors.

## ASUN is...

... but a walking shadow; a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage.  
And then is heard no more; it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

DAVE LUERKE  
DAILY NEBRASKAN 1985  
From Macbeth, Act V, Scene V



## Ask Chris about ASUN

Readers wonder why campaign isn't funny or interesting

I've chosen two exemplary letters from the cascade of mail about this year's ASUN campaign.

Dear Chris:

I'm extremely bored with this year's ASUN campaign and have taken to writing extremely long sentences to stave off the monotony; in fact, all I do is write long sentences on pieces of scrap paper day in and day out, hoping that the candidates will stop wearing business suits and talking like they're Barry Goldwater on Maalox, and I wonder if you have an explanation for the phenomenon wherein today's youth have lost the urge to fight the establishment and instead seem to swallow the status quo whole like frat guys used to swallow goldfish in the '50s — I mean, if I were running for ASUN I'd wear normal clothes and scream slogans at the administrators and jump off buildings after lighting myself on fire to protest whatever it was I thought was worth protesting, know what I mean?

Ernst Snooker  
senior  
billiards

Dear Ernst:

Yes, indeed. I've been lamenting this campaign, too. It has been boring, even when compared with campaigns of past years. The big issue, of course, is the university budget. It's crucial. Both serious parties would lobby for more money in one way or another. They might even organize a protest like the current administration did last spring. But the budget is boring.

What the serious candidates lack is flamboyance, I doubt any of them would burn their bras or argyle socks, let alone light themselves on fire and jump off a

building. Face it, Ernst, the era of the futile gesture has passed — to your regret and mine. There's nothing like a sit-in, a love-in or a jump-off to generate some interest. Even if protest is futile, it's something. Like Shirley Chisholm said the other day, what we need is some marches and demonstrations. Education is important — but what about social justice? Don't kid yourselves, there is plenty to kick and scream about.



Chris Welsch

The NU Foundation still accepts donations earmarked for gender (i.e. the training table controversy that has slipped out of the spotlight); UNL lacks minority professors; ASUN slights gay rights; the Justice Department is dismantling civil rights gains and on and on...

I don't doubt the sincerity of ASUN candidates, Ernst. The promises they are making are realistic, the minority shortage on campus was even brought up in this election, but we need students who act like students in office, not junior administrators. Don't count on any excitement, though, Keep writing those long sentences.

Dear Chris:

I really have a good sense of humor, but this year's joke parties for ASUN just don't tickle my funny bone. The Party Party wants to bring booze on campus. That's so funny I forgot to

laugh. SCUM thinks ASUN is a meaningless student council. Last time I heard that one, I fell off my dinosaur. What is it with these guys, anyway? How come nobody can get a funny joke off the ground?

Hardy Heehar  
junior  
tautology

Dear Hardy:

Your letter really cracked me up. And you're right; this year's joke parties are duller than the real parties, which is a trick. I fondly remember last year's Don Ho party and the irrepressible STUPID party of yore. Talk about belly laughs!

The Party Party's problem, aside from an obvious lack of imagination, is that many of its members are campus leaders and Greeks. Self-parodies are rarely as funny as the genuine article.

As for the rest of the parties, I'm at a loss. Part of the problem could be that you're just tired of joke parties — you're tired of hearing that ASUN is like a jellyfish washed up on the beach year after year, even when it's true.

I think that you, and I, have grown tired of waiting for a return to the activism of the '60s. Hardy, those days are gone. Young folks don't care as much about social issues as they used to. It's trendy to be establishment, just like it was trendy to be an activist back then.

I think it's sad. There's something beautiful about a grand and futile demonstration. This year's campaign is long on futile and short on grand, as well as humor.

Welsch is a UNL English and Journalism senior and a Daily Nebraskan copy desk chief.

## If you can't speak French either, here's (English) words of solace

The president of France recently warned representatives of the many other French-speaking nations that their common language is in danger of being corrupted by the rest of us.

He is alarmed that non-French words and phrases are creeping into usage and that this could lead to a decline in the language's cultural importance.

Frankly, I'm not sympathetic to his problem. If anything, I enjoyed reading about his concerns. It's about time the French got some of their own medicine. Or do they pronounce it mad-wah-sain?

Like millions of other Americans, I've occasionally found myself humiliated in my own homeland because I

can't speak, read or understand a word of French.

I've gone into restaurants and found myself confronted with a menu filled with "bwahs" and "fwahs" and "swahs" and "foofowahs."



Mike Royko

It's usually handed to me by some stiff with a disdainful manner that turns into outright contempt when he hears me try to fake my way through

ordering.

If I say, "Hmmm. I'll begin with the booshobwash," he will immediately say: "Ah, yes, the bwashwabeesh."

"Yes, that's what I meant — the bwashwabeesh."

"Ah, yes, you mean the bwashwabeesh."

They won't let you off the hook. Once you say it wrong, they have to stick it to you by saying it the right way. And loud enough to be heard by the people at the next table. It's bad enough that they are nicking you \$5 for about 20 cents' worth of mushrooms, they want you to feel like a bumpkin.

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