

Ignoring the students

Nebraskans are excited about President George Bush's visit to Lincoln tomorrow.

That is what Gov. Kay Orr has been saying. I would have to politely disagree. I'm not excited. As a student at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, I feel that my campus has been used as a Bush pit-stop. A place for George to fuel his politically safe clean-air act proposals while bolstering his image as the education president.

Why such an ungracious attitude? Bush chose this campus to make his announcement regarding alternative fuels, rather than another campus, and bypassed the commercial ethanol plant that sits ten miles outside of Lincoln. Yet, the students on this campus had far from a fair shot at tickets to his speech in the Bob Devaney Sports Center.

from the student government headquarters?

But the tickets weren't allocated and no one ever asked. Students who were interested probably didn't know how to get the tickets. Interested students would have to have read the Lincoln Journal Thursday evening or the Lincoln Star Friday morning to find out that some tickets were available at the Sports Center. Information was not available to the general public before then. The Chancellor's office didn't give the students an opportunity to put their name on a list, as was given to others. And how many UNL professors were announcing ticket availability in the pre-session classroom?

The blame for this has to be placed on the administration, as they allocated the university tickets.

Somehow the university manages to hand out a limited number of football tickets each year to a student body where demand is higher than supply. The administration could have figured out a way to get tickets to the students.

Why get everyone worked up about ticket distribution today, when it is too late to do anything about it anyway?

Because for us, this campus is more than a two-hour pit-stop. It is a four-year parking garage, for those of us who stick it out -- and we, the students, are the economic and intellectual fuel.

Economically we are important, not only to this campus, but to the city and state as well. We contribute as taxpayers, children of taxpayers, purchasers of credit hours, books, clothes, concert tickets -- a university and its students are a big economic boom for any town.

Our minds are a commodity, as are our naive optimism and overabundance of youthful energy, and we have chosen to bring these commodities here to those who can channel these energies, to point us in a direction that will prove at least moderately satisfying. These people most often are professors and this opportunity, to enter into a mutually satisfying relationship, also is made possible by those who run the sub-units.

We're equals in this partnership, and as equals we share the fruits of our efforts. Students played a part in George Bush's decision to come to this university, and we should have been included in the perks that came with that.

We shouldn't let ourselves be used for anyone's public appearance, even the president of the United States.

Chris Carroll is a junior news-editorial major and the Summer Daily Nebraskan Editor.



**Chris
Carroll**

Our own university spokesperson, Tom Krepel, admitted that tickets were not specifically set aside for students-at-large. I think it is inexcusable that 3,000 tickets were allocated to this university without a large amount being set aside specifically for students. Instead, tickets were set aside for sub-units of the university to "give an opportunity to the residents of Nebraska."

Excuse me? Aren't university students residents of this state? Are the Nebraska residents associated with the Central Administration, University Foundations or the Alumni Association more important than the residents on this campus?

To add insult to injury, information on Bush's pending speech, released by The Associated Press, says that the president will address students and other Nebraskans on Tuesday. A more accurate statement would be that he will address a few students, those who happen to be associated with one of the sub-units, have parents so connected or are friends with Bryan Hill, ASUN president.

Hill said he didn't know if there was much student interest in these tickets. Summer or not, there are students on this campus and Hill should have poked his head out of the ASUN office long enough to ask. He got his requests for tickets into the Chancellor's office the day Bush's visit was announced. What better place to distribute student-allocated tickets than

New graduate student sums up Lincoln

The University of Nebraska-Lincoln, home of the first Apollo space module -- one small step for man, but one giant leap for an alumnus of a small, western Wisconsin college awed by the opportunity to begin a graduate program at an illustrious "Big Eight" school. Lincoln, it turned out, was a nine-hour, minimal-stop drive from my River Falls, Wisconsin alma mater.

One of my "minimal stops" occurred the early evening before the Friday summer session registration, just twenty minutes away from my "Big Red" destination. It was hot and sticky, and a thunderstorm threatened. I took refuge at a wayside and waited as a brief, but spirited, rain squall swept across the interstate, lightning bolts a-crackling. The tempest abating, I continued my journey, passing by many motionless automobiles still pulled over from the fury of the storm and seeming to anticipate further reprisals from Nature. I looked to the north. I looked again! Yes! It was a tornado, its reluctant tail churning up mud and debris and hardly moving from an open-field stage, as if concerned with entertaining an already captive audience.

The sun once again asserted itself as I arrived in Lincoln, and my first impression of the campus was a fa-

vorable one -- the trees and open lawns having turned lush green with the welcome, showery weather. In my carefree wonder, I carelessly turned south off 17th Street, which I now know is impossible unless you are crazy. A dozen cars of one-way traffic scurried to either side of me, the scene somewhat reminding me of Moses parting the red sea... "Earth to confused Wisconsinite"... one fellow honked, I suppose just in case I needed the sound of his horn to be enlightened to the situation. I managed to slink into a nearby lot, where I found myself beaching once more the following day while registering for classes and locating my dorm.

Over the ensuing weekend, I had a chance to compare the Cornhusker campus with that of my previous River Falls experience. Understandably, I concentrated on the differences. UNL sprawls a bit more and rabbits, rather than squirrels, appear to be the predominant rodent. The fountains here are larger, more numerous, and shoot water considerably higher than those I am used to. Many of the students I observed were either jogging, biking, playing tennis, or engaged in some alternative form of exercise. I suppose they need to stay in shape to survive on campus here, since the "WALK" signs at many of the street corners only stay lit

long enough to help leisurely pedestrians safely negotiate two-thirds any given crosswalk.

Over the weekend, I did some shopping, visited a flea market, checked out the local television stations. On Sunday morning, walking back from a local church service, I noticed a policeman staring at me. I couldn't figure out why I would draw any particular attention from him. Then I read my Sunday paper. An article captioned "Police on the hunt for phony \$50 bills" eventually caught my eye. According to the paper, counterfeit \$50 dollar bills had been spread throughout Lincoln the previous night. I noted the description given of the suspect: white male, 30s, about 5'7", slender, short, dish-brown hair, blue-green eyes. Then I looked in a mirror. Oh boy, had I even shopped at one of the stores mentioned and paid part of my tuition in fifties.

But I was reassured about my summer session stay at UNL when a busload of foreign students pulled up to the hall, causing no small amount of confusion as they attempted to check into the dorm, mistaking it for a hotel. This was going to be normal college life after all.

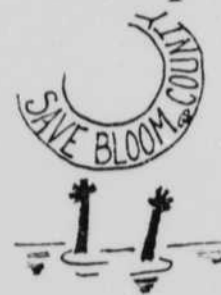
Allan L. C. graduate student

Girl leads 'Save Bloom County' campaign

My name is Josie Young, I am nine years old and head of "Save Bloom County" Campaign. I have been reading "Bloom County" for two years and love Opus, Bill the Cat and the rest of the characters. I heard recently that Mr. Breathed plans to quit creating new "Bloom County" strips on Aug. 7, 1989. I want to do what I can to try and change Mr. Breathed's mind. Would you please

print my address so that others who want to see "Bloom County" continue will write to me? I will forward all petitions to Mr. Breathed. Together maybe we can make a difference!

Josie L. Young
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letter POLICY

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Letters will be selected for publication on the basis of clarity, originality, timeliness and space available.

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