

Daily
Nebraskan
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University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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What others think *Minority needs should be recognized*

At a university where the word "diversity" has become a catch phrase, the search for a new president seems a perfect place to turn words into action.

Recently, different student leaders have called for representation on the Council for Commonwealth Student Governments and a minority student on the University Board of Trustees' presidential search committee.

The committee is responsible for selecting nominees to replace university President Bryce Jordan, who is scheduled to retire Aug. 31, 1990. Currently, the Undergraduate Student Government and Graduate Student Association nominate students for the two student seats on the committee.

Although the trustees reserve the power to change composition of the committee, they seem reluctant to do so. Trustee President J. Lloyd Huck cautioned last week against making the committee too large.

But a small committee is ineffective if it is unrepresentative. The exclusion of CCSG and failure to recognize minority concerns through separate seats would reflect an irresponsible attitude toward proper student representation.

Minority students also have different concerns which merit a separate seat. A separate minority student seat would ensure these concerns receive attention and would provide a different perspective on search committee actions.

Certainly one representative could not represent the concerns of every minority group at the university; to assume all minorities have the same concerns is ludicrous. But the student could serve as a coordinator for under-represented groups' concerns by meeting with those groups to form an agenda and list of desired qualifications for the new president.

A separate minority seat would provide a definite forum for presenting at least some concerns of under-represented groups to the committee.

Diversity on the committee can only augment the chances of finding a university president sensitive and dedicated to minority needs.

-- The Daily Collegian
Pennsylvania State University

Open ears instead of mouth

I am writing in response to the article written by Mark Lage, entitled "Journeying through known city sounds" (DN Oct. 3).

I am sorry to hear that the appreciation of the band's music only extends to the point of a flushing toilet. I realize that everyone has different tastes when it comes to music and it's quite obvious that some people fail to see this. The Cornhusker Band tries to take this fact into account in programming a variety of shows throughout the season.

I want to clarify that as a member of the marching band, I may be biased in my opinion. However, I also have sat through several other band performances and have never noticed even a slight resemblance to a flushing toilet in the sound of any band.

I also feel that our band director, Professor Jay Kloecker, deserves more credit than he has been given. I

know he has never charted a show where, and I quote, "three tubas, a trombone, six snare drums, and a baton twirler," face in one direction alone and he never would. Almost every one of our shows is charted to face either east or west as a general direction for all horns possible.

I feel that beauty is in the eye of the beholder and it is obvious to me that some people do not agree and do not have the sensitivity to appreciate the overall sound of the band. After all, there are 254 instruments on the field and I know we can be heard if a person simply opens their ears. Might I suggest that people open their ears instead of their mouths, or else spend their halftimes in the rest-room where a real flushing toilet can be heard.

Tina L. Wright
senior
criminal justice
band librarian

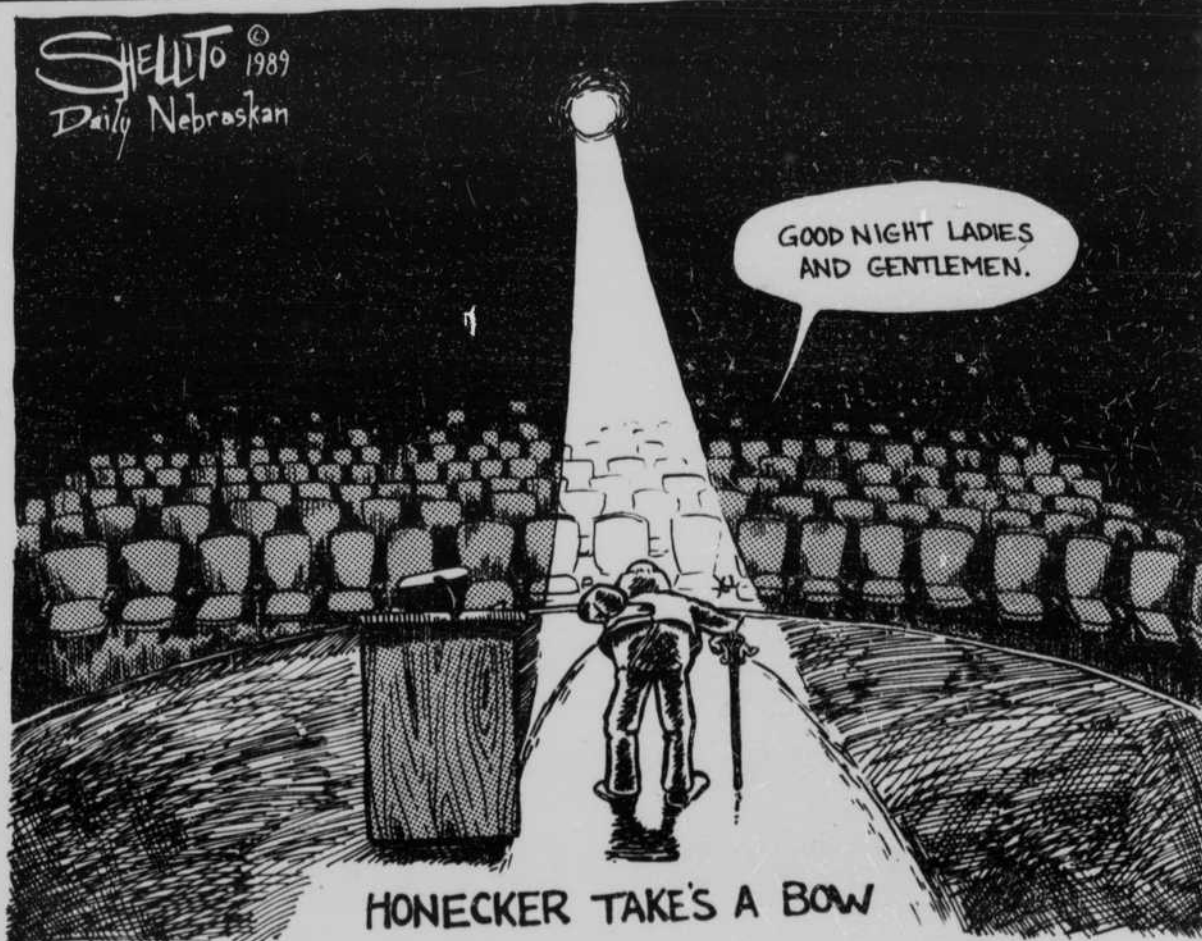
'Jim's Journal' a hoax

Bravo, Bob Nelson! In a semester overrun by quasi-sophisticates much too protective of their avant-garde, "aren't we with it" images, the Everyman of the Daily Nebraskan has found the intestinal fortitude to declare the Emperor buck naked. "Jim's Journal" is a hoax. There is a difference between subtle humor and no humor. "Jim's Journal" has crossed that line and turned to dare any of the educational elite to notice.

Most were taken in. Most thought, "This is so apparently pointless and unfunny; it must really be deep. I better not say I don't get it, or people

will know just how out of touch I really am!" But not Bob Nelson. Having learned to be comfortable with his incurable square-peg status, Bob has never been afraid of calling the rest of us on our bluffs. Now maybe everyone else will admit that she, he or it sees no clothes. "Jim's Journal" is an insult to every reputable and hard-working cartoonist in the country.

James Sennett
graduate student
philosophy



Land sharks feed on takeovers

Market prices fluctuate according to rumors and expectations

I can't help it. While it might sound cruel and sadistic, when the stock market takes one of its periodic head-first dives, I enjoy the spectacle.

Not that I really understand it. It baffles me that one day a big corporation can be worth \$10 billion. But a day or two later, it is suddenly worth only \$8 billion.

It is still making the same products that are selling for the same price in the same quantity. The same people are coming to work and getting the same paychecks. Yet, on paper, the company is worth far less today than it was yesterday.

But what I do understand is that when this happens on a grand scale, to hundreds or thousands of companies, somebody is taking a financial bath, getting clobbered, maybe even losing their shirt, trousers, underwear, driver and limo.

I'd feel bad if I thought that little old widows in three-room flats were being wiped out. Or those who sweep streets, empty bedpans, or put out fires were losing their nest eggs.

But, from what I read, that isn't the case. The average person is not on the phone telling a broker to buy, sell, go short, go long, go medium, stop, start, hop, skip, or whatever all that jargon is.

My guess is that if I called most of the people I know, and asked them if they just took a bath in the market, they'd say, "No, I took a shower in my washroom."

That's because most people have wised up. They'd no more get involved with that strange creature called the Market than they'd buy a gold watch or chain from some seedy guy standing in a doorway.

The Market. All you have to do is look at the headlines or listen to the daily broadcasts and you think you

are hearing the latest medical report on someone who ought to be in therapy, on tranquilizers, or strapped down by the attendants. It sounds like a manic-depressive-psycho-head-case.

"The Market up on heavy trading this morning, buoyed by reports of . . . The market closed sharply down on light trading this evening, in the wake of reports . . . The Market reacted nervously to reports that the President found a pimple on his neck . . . The Market bounced back on reports that the President saw a dermatologist."

What kind of way to do business is

That means that the stock prices of companies have been going up and up and up not because anybody thinks that what they make or sell is getting better or more popular.

It's because they think that a Wall Street land shark has an eye on a company and is circling. And that the land shark intends to borrow a fortune at high interest rates, break up the company, sell off chunks of it to pay off the big debt, and walk away with a fat profit.

In the process, productive careers will be ruined, workers will find their lives turned upside down, companies might no longer exist, but the land sharks and those who finance them will have full bellies.

And that's why -- despite the hysteria of Black Monday -- the prices of stocks have been creeping upward. It's been a guessing game. Will this or that company be taken over? One little rumor, and the stock becomes manic. No, the rumor goes, now the company is no longer a tasty morsel. So the same stock sinks into a blue funk.

Now on Wall Street, LaSalle Street, and all the other places the sharks lurk, they're screaming: "Nobody is going to take over nothing anymore for ever and ever."

And suddenly those who wanted to be in on the kill are in a panic? What? No more feeding frenzies? No more ripping and shredding of slow-swimming companies? Lemme out!

We keep hearing that the small investor no longer is interested in the stock market. Of course he isn't. Little fish know that it isn't safe to swim with the sharks.

Mike Royko is a columnist for the Chicago Tribune. ©1989

Mike
Royko



that?

No, if we get another Black Monday, Gray Tuesday, or Olive-Drab Wednesday, I won't be shedding tears for those with the vanishing bottom lines. Just as I never offer sympathy for those who try to fill inside straights.

The last time The Market went from manic to depressive, we were told it was caused by computers going berserk or some such thing. If that was the reason, why didn't somebody crawl behind that computer and pull out the plug? That's what I'd do if my TV started spewing smoke.

This time we're told that the sudden drop was caused by the fear that there won't be any more greed-oozing takeovers. If that is so, it's a delight.

letter

The Daily Nebraskan welcomes brief letters to the editor from all

readers and interested others. Submit material to the Daily Ne-

braskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588-0448.

editorial

Signed staff editorials represent the official policy of the fall 1988 Daily Nebraskan. Policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. Its members are Amy Edwards, editor; Lee Rood, editorial page editor; Jane Hirt, managing editor; Brandon Loomis, associate news editor; Bob

Nelson, columnist; Jerry Guenther, senior reporter; Brian Svoboda, columnist.

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