

Daily **Nebraskan**
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University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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Dry campus archaic

UNL officials should follow senators' lead

A bill introduced last week to lower the legal blood-alcohol content for motorists is one more positive step in the fight against drunk driving in Nebraska.

LB1114, sponsored by four state senators, would lower the legal blood-alcohol level from .10 to .08.

The bill's sponsors say the decrease is needed because new evidence suggests drinkers become impaired at lower blood-alcohol levels than previously thought. A study by the American Medical Association show that drivers already are impaired when their blood-alcohol content reaches .05.

Sen. Sharon Beck of Omaha, one of the co-sponsors of the bill, said, "We're not trying to infringe on anyone's right to drink." She said the bill is needed in Nebraska because drunk drivers kill, maim or injure many innocent people every year.

Beck is absolutely right. LB1114 infringes only on the ability of drunk drivers to kill innocent people.

Nearly half of all traffic accidents in Nebraska are alcohol-related. By implementing a lower legal intoxication level, senators would send one more word of warning to a drunk man or woman contemplating a drive home. The driver may still claim to "feel fine," but with a lower legal level, a driver may realize that "fine" is not enough.

But along with being a strong voice against drunk driving, this bill once again should be a message to UNL officials that drunk driving is the primary evil of alcohol, and that they, too, could have a significant impact on the number of drunk-driving accidents.

The university has maintained a dry-campus policy with the archaic notion that if students can't drink on campus, they will not drink. Obviously, students who want to drink will find a way to drink. If they cannot drink on campus, they will drive to drink off campus.

The idea is a simple one. By making UNL a wet campus, officials would protect students by allowing them to drink within walking distance of their home.

State senators realize that drunk driving shatters lives. It is time that university officials and parents of UNL students realize that a dry-campus alcohol policy can also shatter lives.

Bob Nelson
for the Daily Nebraskan

Nebraska football predictable

I have followed twenty-three years of Nebraska football. Two national titles and at least four o'cer "should have been" titles have gone the way of history. The old saying, "You can't win them all," or, "We'll get them next year," has pacified the majority of fans for some time now. And for some, the old grin-and-bear-it routine seems to work. But enough is enough already. A change in the game plan is needed when predictability becomes the rule and not the exception. A change in the game plan is needed

when a faithful viewing fan can recognize the same formations and the same play scenario year after year, hoping that the other team hasn't watched TV.

As with the bowl games and other critical games, the same reasons why the team was not able to win keep coming back. Where is all the fire? Where is the spark that was so indicative of Nebraska football?

David Berger
Houstonians for Nebraska

Forget the '60s; Remember Jesus

This is a response to Jim Hanna's column (DN, Jan. 17). SAY, JIM! Not bad predictions, but I look for Christ's return and Armageddon in the 1990s (I hope!). The '60s were cool? As a child I watched America slip from an industrial giant to a blithering industrial backwash in the '60s, and my childhood dreams hopped aboard the last Burlington California Zephyr bound for oblivion. No, the '60s were not cool.

As to your fear of a return of late 1970s culture, I happen to be very fond of Air Supply, Super Tramp, Dan Fogelberg and STYX. As for the rest of the '70s, maybe it would be best to leave it on the trash heap of the ages.

In the passing of the "me" generation 1980s, may I offend Whitney Houston in saying that the greatest

love isn't of self but in giving up your life for others. I cry for Christendom today, for even the elect are deceived, and we seek more after the world than treasures in heaven.

Remember now, ye who seek pleasure, all of man's works are vanity and vexation of spirit and fall to the fire of judgment. Ironic, isn't it? We no longer sing, "May God thy gold refine, till all success be nobleness and every gain divine." Can you music majors name that tune?

Well, Jim, God bless you in your new semester, and, Lord Jesus, surely Thou art the Alpha and Omega. I pray, "Quickly come!"

Mark D. Budka
senior
history



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Winter in Nebraska is hell

The only fun is making people think you're from somewhere else

Spring has sprung, at least for the moment.

Anyway, now that the holidays are over, Christmas specials are done with, and the Cornhuskers have lost another bowl game, what is a Nebraska student to do?

For those of you that have lived in the Corn State all your lives, the monotony of this season never affects you. Just turn on the idiot box, maybe study a bit, get bombed and talk about how well the Big Red will do pumeling Big Eight teams next season.

For those of us not from the complex, we must come to terms with the suicidal depression of winter and spring. We have no beaches, no professional sporting events and no political diversity. Nebraska has no large metropolitan areas, unless you consider Omaha one, no mountains, no international boundaries, few, small lakes, little cultural exchange . . . Must I continue?

OK, you get the picture. We are surrounded on all sides by nothing and have a long way to drive to get anywhere. So, to you people of different lands, states and worlds, my advice to you is to pretend you are elsewhere, like everyone does from here. Pretend Omaha is a large metropolis, that the Racers are a professional team, that Trailridge is a miniature Vail, and pretend that downtown Lincoln is the fashion Mecca of the world. And just dream until summer.

You can sleep only so long. Then what? Well, in my seven years of experience here in Lincoln, winter offers two diversions to the ho-hum of college proper. One is to buy clothes to impress upon others that you are not from this state. Page through the fashion tabloids and create a worldly wardrobe depicting yourself as a traveling man or woman.

Second, with your new fashion statement, go to the bars.

What? You're not old enough to go to the bars? Tough donkey-doo to

you. In a few years, you, too, can attend the bar scene. For those of us who are not minors, Lincoln offers a wide array of night life, most of which is quite sad and imitative, but you must remember, this is the winter dream state.

Sometime in the future, I'll write about my favorite hobby, but for now, fashion is the concern.



Kurt Krugerud

Fashion is something everyone can do, providing you have cash or credit. Look in the mags, the stores, in class, on the streets and in the bars. Everywhere, everything reeks of new clothes.

Great, new, brilliant, expensive outers, lovely colors, cool stripes, beautiful pastels . . . everyone all dressed up with no place to go. Remember, just dream and believe it doesn't matter how good you are, but how good you look.

Actually, it doesn't cost all that much to refurbish that old winter wardrobe to a presentable quality. For me, fashion consists of the same crap I wear all year round, except, of course, the new undies mom bought me for Christmas.

I might jazz things up a bit by wearing dirty stuff inside out, or wearing a tie with my stained whites to look real cool. Yet, in comparison to the richies from 16th Street, and with my meager salary, there is no way I can compete . . . I mean, look good.

Those of us who pay our own way here must improvise by buying things from Goodwill, coordinate it in some way, and think to ourselves that being Bohemian is cool.

Fashion, to me, means little. It's like an old, loud, rusty car with torn seats. You can wash it and wax it and it still looks like s---. I'm ugly, fat and short, so no matter how far I extend the credit limit on my Visa, I'll still look ugly, fat and short. I do have a little pride, so to hide my clothes and body, I wear a long coat all year.

Coats are the "thing" this year, especially leather coats. They're everywhere. Needless to say, I do not own one, for I can find better things to blow \$200 or more on. Yet, if you want to play the game and look real luscious for the nightly meat parade at the bars, a leather coat is a must.

Except for me. I don't wear leather. I can't parade, because midgets are usually laughed at in a parade.

My roommate, Jon, bought a leather coat the other day. He said, "Look at this, isn't it cool?" I said that it was. Then he asked, "Guess how much it cost." I had no idea, but I took a stab at it and quoted \$200. A big smile lit up his face while he announced some outrageous figure in the mid-\$500s.

"Women dig leather," he said. I gulped down the rest of my dry peanut butter and jelly sandwich and, for once, had no reply.

Men, women, girls, boys, men from San Francisco, punks, paraders and football players all wear leather these days. My dad used to wear a leather jacket in the 1950s. He said he was mean, hated school, smoked cigarettes, fixed cars, drank Grain Belt beer and farmed. I doubt many leather wearers display these fine qualities today. Leather once was a symbol of rebellion, an anarchistic statement toward the establishment. Brando wore one in the movie "The Wild One."

I don't wear leather. I just sit on the bar stool, arching my head up for a better view, swill beer and watch the parade.

Krugerud is a secondary education senior and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

letter

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