

Daily Nebraskan
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University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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Barriers broken

UNL programs emphasize cultural unity

For the past two years, cultural diversity has been a priority at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. Student leaders and university officials have beat their heads against a brick wall, trying to promote diversity and awareness to make UNL a more educated environment.

The programs they have installed, while insightful and informative for the students who attended them, often did little to reach the majority of the campus.

Two new programs could reach that majority. The first, a joint venture between the Office of High School Relations and the Mexican-American Student Association, will help to recruit Hispanic students from Western Nebraska to UNL.

Not only will the recruitment program keep Nebraska's students in the state, it will increase the diversity this campus desperately needs.

The second program, directed by the Office of University Housing, should help keep minority students at UNL once they enroll. Next fall, about 12 "diversity aides" will offer counseling and advice to students of their own ethnic background.

Minority students face special problems in the transition from high school to college. Counseling from students with similar backgrounds will help them adjust and help retain the minority population at UNL.

Both of these programs have unlimited potential.

Frank Sanchez, president of the Mexican-American Student Association, said the counseling program also will put outstanding minority students into leadership positions and get them involved in campus activities.

"If we want to break discrimination barriers, we need to get minority students into leadership positions," Sanchez said.

Nothing could be more accurate. The university deserves a round of applause for implementing programs with the ability to reach its cultural diversity goals.

-- Amy Edwards
for the Daily Nebraskan

Scholarship fund, hope needed

I feel that it is imperative to clear up some misconceptions concerning The Rodney Allen Bell II Scholarship Fund for Gay and Lesbian Students.

First, missing from the article (DN, Jan. 25) was my comment that "straight or bisexual" people could apply for scholarships, but would be evaluated on the same criteria (humanitarianism, volunteer work and financial need). A board would make that decision.

Second, the fund neither promotes nor sanctions immorality. Frankly, a well-intentioned avenue to success is far better than the devastation of human potential via homophobia. Many famous gays and lesbians were scholars -- Willa Cather, Plato, Leonardo da Vinci, Gertrude Stein and others.

Their "immoral lifestyle" is irrelevant in academia.

Third, the "straight" populace has had added advantage since the beginning of time -- social, economical and political control. I think one fear of homophobic people is that gays/les-

bians might own too much of the monetary pie. A survey revealed that gays/lesbians have 19 percent of personal disposable income in America. Money is power.

I believe that the scholarship fund provides an opportunity for minority recognition and gay/lesbian pride.

Why haven't UNL, UNMC, KSC, WSC, UNO or any other state college or university created a gay/lesbian minority scholarship and assistance fund? With the new regents' policy, the time is now to create hopes and dreams for gay/lesbian people. We could do this with scholarships, inclusion in AA/EEO, the Multi-Cultural Affairs Office, a gay/lesbian studies curriculum, inclusion of gay/lesbian couples in married housing, removal of ROTC, recognition of gay/lesbian alumni and ultimately destroy institutional homophobia.

Rodney A. Bell II
president
Gay and Lesbian Alumni/ae Association

Batman basher voices dismay

I am writing in response to the Batman story (DN, Feb. 6). I wish to express my dismay concerning your sense of priority. Granted, the idea of a modern-day superhero may appeal to a modern, but not to the extent of a full-page write-up.

In publishing this article, you also encourage the possibility of "copycat" incidents. There are enough problems on campus without having to worry about the forces of good and evil battling for the sanctity of all mankind. To those who feel that this is only a college student with extra money and a zest for adventure, I

urge you to remember a few years ago when a "harmless" game called Dungeons and Dragons resulted in several incidents of death.

This Bruce Wayne of Smith Hall should have taken this story to a psychiatrist rather than the DN. In conclusion, I ask that you try to meet the two minimum requirements of a human-interest story. That is, it should be about a human and be of some interest.

John Heaston
sophomore
anthropology



Brian Shellito/Daily Nebraskan

Husband afflicted with 'baby blues'

Thoughts of another child lead to thoughts of joy, debts, stress

Someone to play football with, teach the rules to and carry on the family name. It's a sentimental tune: I'm almost 32, my husband has the "baby blues," and he's longin' for a son.

Hmmmmmm.
"Okay, okay, I want that too, but not right now, hon. We're just too busy, just too tired, just too broke, ya know? Let's wait a while."

I squirm.
"Okay," he concedes, that makes some sense -- to wait awhile.

Whew. Relief floods through my veins.

You see, it's my last year of college, and all my thoughts are spent on studies, on graduation, on "making it" -- and not on making babies.

I feel I've earned my freedom from the chains of single motherhood. After raising two daughters between seven years of full- and part-time school, full- and part-time jobs and several failed relationships, I guess I feel I've earned it.

It was my freshman year of college, 12 years ago, when I first discovered motherhood. A careless, passionate accident produced my oldest daughter Valerie. Married for the first time to a man I barely knew, I silently slipped away from college and high school friends, attempting to raise a family. A sad mistake for both of us. One year later we had another child, and three months later a firm divorce.

It's history.

So my fuzzy-warm dreams of a "Brady Bunch" family were tossed out the door many years ago, replaced today with priorities of having more freedom to do the things I've always wanted to do: pursue a career, earn lots of money, build a dream house, read more books, meet more interesting people and have more time to spend with the children I already have.

Perhaps I'm being selfish, but I feel that through the years I've never really had that choice before. I've been too busy just existing -- day by day -- rarely enjoying the time I had; spending most of my hours doing things that I had to.

To survive.
Like working as a secretary for a

CPA who paid me \$700 a month for 60-hour work weeks, which after paying a sitter \$70 a week for daycare, didn't leave too much left to even pay the rent, let alone to save or splurge. Credit cards and student loans were my salvation.

More kids to me today equate higher debts, lower backaches and greater stress. In my old age, I've actually grown a bit realistic. A bit. And I just don't know if I could handle it.

Well, try and tell that to my dimpled, boyish-looking husband of 23. In August of 1988, I didn't think I could handle a lavish, traditional-white-dress, candelabra wedding either.

"Let's just elope, take the money

we'd missed or the living room furniture we could have lounged on. With certainty, I can say that yes, the cost of the wedding tradition was well worth the fortune we spent.

Because I am close to eight years his senior, I feel that I understand more about life than he does, and can come back with practical "tried-and-true" answers to life's big and little perplexities. I have to admit, though, his sunny persuasions have somewhat softened my hard-boiled complexion.

But I still don't think it's practical for me to have another child when I'm finally ready to cross the college finish-line.

Then again, there's Mike and his irritating optimism.

I tried arguing the cons of pregnancy. It costs too much, we'll get little sleep, I'll have morning heaves, everything will stink of baby food and formula, there'll be sibling rivalry, further commitments and extra stress and an expanding shot for stretch-marks to pattern themselves on my yet scarless stomach.

"Think about it, Mike, I may never wear a bikini again."

He ponders this one for a while, then pipes, "You haven't worn a bikini since we got married."

Okay, okay, okay. But what if I want to wear one again?

Then we get to my career. I tell him that I don't know if I can deal with a new career and a new baby. A realistic point.

"You did it before; you can do it again," he assures me, and soothingly, "besides, the girls and I are here to help this time."

Often I lay in bed, toss and turn, and envision myself starting a family again. An image of a tousle-haired, dimpled baby makes me whisper thoughts of joy. And yet this other unfriendly vision of reality intrudes: of scarred stomachs, swelling hemorrhoids, ulcerated nausea and disposable dreams.

Sometimes, the two blur together.

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C.J. Shepers

and go to Mexico," I demanded.

He insisted on a big wedding.
"Rather than wasting our money on a few hours of tradition, we could buy a sleeper sofa and some oak end tables," I retorted pragmatically.

He agreed, this was true. He also disagreed. We wouldn't have the memories, his parents would be disappointed and 20 years from now, we'll wish we would have had a traditional wedding and reception.

He added as an afterthought that our friends were looking forward to a wedding dance.

At the time, I likened his sunny persuasions to a swirl of cotton candy at the circus -- all fluffy, rosy and substantially sweet; nice, yet kind of sickening.

We finally reached a middle ground with a private, subdued Sunken Gardens ceremony followed by a raucous, rowdy wedding dance. (Great memories, although I really don't remember much of it. I had nervously gulped down four or five tall glasses of cheap champagne on the way to the dancehall.)

Afterward, I must admit that I never once reflected on the tropical trip

letter

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