

Daily Nebraskan

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University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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Veto gets support

Students need to stand behind KLPAC

Student fees are a tricky business. Wednesday night, ASUN senators supported Bryan Hill's veto of the University Program Council Fund A student fees allocation.

The veto was brought on by appropriations for the Kimball/Lied Performing Arts Committee, which originally asked for \$100,000. CFA cut the budget to \$90,000 and ASUN further reduced it to \$75,000. Hill said he thinks \$5,000 should be added back into the budget to account for inflation.

KLPAC's budget is the largest part of UPC. In 1986, its budget was \$29,500, which more than doubled the next year to \$60,000. Last year, KLPAC received \$75,000.

Concern over the amount of student dollars appropriated to KLPAC's budget stems from the message that amount would send to Lied Center officials about the commitment students have to the performing arts at UNL.

Students receive discount tickets to the arts on campus. And, although KLPAC's budget does not directly subsidize those discounts, the committee plays an important role in the investment students put in those programs.

If the budget does not increase, officials may think students are not concerned about the performances available to them.

James Griesen, vice-chancellor for student affairs, told ASUN senators that the Lincoln community pressures the Lied Center for more tickets, but he doesn't think Lied officials intend to take away student-discounted tickets.

But as more people become interested in performances at the Lied Center, that public pressure will increase. If students don't show an avid interest in supporting the arts now, officials may overlook their interests in the future.

Yes, students are tired of increased student fees, and CFA has spent long hours trying to keep those fees to a minimum.

But Hill made a good move when he rejected ASUN's cuts.

University of Nebraska-Lincoln students have the unique opportunity on this campus to attend performances at a lower cost. They should take advantage of that opportunity and support KLPAC to show they want to retain those reduced prices.

-- Amy Edwards
for the Daily Nebraskan

Reader's sarcasm hits Loomis

Being one of your most loyal readers, I was fascinated by Brandon Loomis' latest column (DN, Feb. 26) on the Iran-Contra hearings and how the recent developments have shown Ronald Reagan for what he truly is. I know the readers are truly thankful to have such a wise and competent writer as yourself to show us the true nature of the man we had as president for eight years. Why, just the other day I was walking to class contemplating the terrible economic plight our beautiful country is in when I was approached by a man campaigning for Mr. Reagan's head to be carved into Mount Rushmore and believe me, I gave him a piece of my mind.

OK, I'll admit Reagan left our country with the lowest unemployment rate in three decades and, OK, we've been experiencing the most prosperous economic times in the '80s since the years of Ike. But, I agree with you Mr. Loomis, I think Reagan's shot at being elected God is history. That political suicide analysis you support is a real gem. I mean sure in 1984, Reagan won every state but Minnesota. But if an election was held today, I'm sure the good candidates like Gary Hart, Albert Gore and Michael Dukakis would give him a good thrashing at the polls.

Another good point you brought up was how that conniving old man never increased the taxes of the rich more but, ah rats, he didn't increase

anyone's taxes. Yeah, but how about that foreign policy, that terrible bombing in Tripoli. OK, OK, so we haven't heard a peep out of the terrible colonel since his tent was hit. Alright, how about aiding those terrible Contra's. Yeah, that's a good point. Nicaragua chose Daniel Ortega and the Sandinistas freely. Oops, he was just defeated last week in the first free election in Nicaragua.

You know I agree with you Mr. Loomis. Former President Ronald Reagan was a complete failure but, you know, it's funny how all the Warsaw Pact countries and even parts of Mother Russia are gaining independence from communism and adapting capitalism. Is President Bush really so influential that in only about a year in office he could turn the tide in these regions? No. I don't think so. I think we can trace these recent developments back to those eight miserable years of economic prosperity under Ronald Reagan.

You know Mr. Loomis, I agree with you. At least we should have a good Democrat in office. Someone who cares about the people. Take Teddy Kennedy for instance. At least he could retire to a mansion instead of a stupid ranch.

Jack Miles
senior
history



Krugerud's finals binge ruined

Small revenge satisfying to victim of terrible towing industry

"Hey, where is my (expletive) car?!" "It was here last night, (sentence fragments littered with expletives)."

A couple months ago, right before Christmas Break, just finished with my last final, I raced down to a neighboring bar for a final's Friday night binge. A night of debauchery before I returned home to mom and dad for some rest and relaxation.

I parked my rusty Camaro in a vacated lot and strolled into a local bar frequented by greeks. Greek bars usually do not captivate my interest, but my roommate told me to meet him there, and besides, it's easy and sometimes fun to pretend you're greek. Just act Republican, wear something with five different colors, include the TODAY and VISION parties in your conversation and smile.

I found myself in my apartment, hung over on Saturday morning. I woke my roommate Scott to help me retrieve my car, which I left that night in the lot, and start my six hour drive home. Yet, when we got to the lot the car wasn't there. "It's been towed," Scott deduced. Scott drove me back to our apartment, and I began my quest for the missing car.

I first called the Lincoln Police department and asked which towing company towed from the lot. After several switchovers and put-on-holds, some officer narrowed the list of possibilities to three.

I called them all and none of them had seen a rusty, red Camaro with Minnesota plates, yet the last one suggested I try Auto Ambulance towing because they tow from that vicinity. "But they close at noon," she added. It was 2 p.m.

I interrupted Scott's packing and asked him to take me to Auto Ambulance towing, immediately. Along the way, I stopped at a bank for a cash advance to pay, what I'm sure, would be a grossly overpriced fee.

Auto Ambulance, a small towing operation, is located in a seedy part of town. The lot is surrounded by empty houses, remnants of industry and railroad tracks. I walked up to the lot and took a look. Inside the chain-link fence, topped in barbed wire, guarded by a sickly German shepherd, was my

Camaro. I went to the door of the trailer-home office, and, using my most authoritative knock, pounded repeatedly, and asked if they were open.

Obviously not. A big closed sign had been placed inside the door's grimy window. "Closed!!! For how long?" I cursed, screamed, jumped up and down, pulled my hair and gritted my teeth, all in the normal tantrum fashion.

Scott gave me a ride to our apartment and said goodbye, for he, with a car, was able to go home for break. Alone, with no car, no company, a few days before Christmas -- I drank beer, listened to James Taylor, read Sylvia Plath and contemplated turning on the gas oven.

Sunday, I checked the lot again to no avail. And returned Monday morning, bright and early, to get my car and get the hell out of town.

Inside the office of Auto Ambulance, I found, what I assumed to be, the head nurse. A big name plate with the name, "Shirley," indicated who the president of this husband/wife business was. The boss was firmly planted behind a garbage heap of a desk, smoking cigaretes, watching game shows and baby-sitting, what I assumed were, her four children.

"Yea, can I help you?" "Yes, you have my car, the red Camaro."

"Uh huh, that will be \$50 towing fee plus \$20 storage fee."

"Excuse me, \$20 storage fee? You were closed. How can you charge me storage when you were closed?"

"Hey, son, there's a sign out there where we can be reached to open the gate on weekends."

I ran outside and cased the trailer they call an office. Sure enough, inside a dirty, broken window, behind a dying cedar tree was a faded sign with the on-call number.

I dashed back inside and declared that one could not read the sign, therefore, I would think it more than fair to exempt me from the storage fee.

"If ya don't pay, I'll call my husband working out back," she said.

I could imagine the man lucky enough to marry this flower of passion. Big, with hairy back and shoulders, in a greasy t-shirt, wearing Wranglers revealing half his rear, smoking a cigar. A college hater. I paid.

As Shirley opened the gate, I gave my poor car a minor inspection. Tow truck drivers are known to treat your car with a certain lack of respect, and I needed to know how many curbs had been hit. I found only minor tire damage, so I started it up and headed out only not before a little revenge.

As Shirley held the gate open, I pulled out and squealed dirt and gravel all over her, honked the horn and flipped her the bird. Feeling satisfied and avenged, albeit immature, I headed quickly up to Minnesota.

How many times must poor innocent people be subjected to the obscene powers of the towing industry? I live in constant terror every time I park my car. Some act of God may cause the meter to magically expire, a yellow line to suddenly appear under my car, a fire hydrant to metamorphose itself beside my car or my past violations to catch up with me.

Then it's Big Brother towing -- the repo men -- to deliver swift Lincoln traffic justice. Some derelict, with no high school diploma, will pull behind my car, scratch the hell out of the paint hooking up the crane, extinguish a cigarette on the hood, laugh hideously while letting go of the clutch and then, hit every curb on the way to his or her lot.

There is not much that normal, respectable people can do.

Yet, in my own little way, I get even. Whenever I see a tow truck stopped or in pursuit, I inflict pain and thus ruin the driver's day. I yell to get his attention and insolently give him the towering finger of defiance -- once again proving the power of a college education.

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

editorial

Signed staff editorials represent the official policy of the spring 1990 Daily Nebraskan. Policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. Its members are Amy Edwards, editor;

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