

Daily Nebraskan
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Wake up, senator Langford, not students, out of touch

Lorraine Langford reiterated Thursday how out-of-touch she is with today's college student. The state senator from Kearney made a futile attempt to apologize for "hurting the feelings" of students age 18-20. She did not, however, retract her remarks that students make some of the worst decisions in the world.

Instead, she dug herself in deeper, saying that students' immaturity is a "fact of life," and that her knowledge of that fact comes from "working with young sorority girls for years."

Langford had made her original remarks during floor debate over the proposed restructuring of higher education in Nebraska. She said students should not be allowed a voting member on either the regent's board or the governing board of trustees.

Her reasoning was that students make poor decisions and aren't concerned about important issues -- like the cost or content of their college education.

She said Thursday that students who are working, supporting a family and going to college are people who have made a poor decision somewhere along the line.

"They should not be in school trying to support a family and working two jobs. If they want to do that that's fine, but they have made an error in judgment..."

The only error in judgment was made by those who voted Langford into office.

Langford has envisioned a world where the majority of students have their education paid for by their parents, do not have to work and do nothing but go to classes and the library.

She has ignored the fact that most students are not between the ages of 18 and 20. Young sorority women (not girls) are not status quo at any university, so Langford's experience with them is not applicable to the lifestyles of the majority of students.

Her "apology" does not wash. Langford should research the realities of college life before she makes any decisions that could affect higher education in Nebraska.

-- Amy Edwards
for the Daily Nebraskan

Student appalled by comments

I am writing this because I am appalled -- appalled beyond belief -- at the Neanderthal attitude exhibited by State Sen. Lorraine Langford of Kearney in the March 16 Daily Nebraskan ("Langford: Student immaturity is 'fact of life'"). If the picture of that smug disapproving face was not enough to make anyone's stomach turn, comments such as, "I tell you they have made a bad decision, probably sometime between the age of 18 and 20. They should not be in school trying to support a family and working two jobs," must have made even the strongest of stomachs long to vomit.

I'm surprised that someone who purports to be a supporter of higher education ("In fact, I do more for higher education than anybody in the Legislature, or at least as much") would advocate that anyone who has a family and is not independently wealthy should not be in school. I take this to mean that if someone who got married at the age of 20 and had children wanted to continue on in or go back to college, they should be punished by the almighty hand of Lorraine Langford for having been in love and never be able to reap the benefits of higher education. Or maybe he/she should just divorce the spouse and put the children into foster homes so he/she will not have to work two jobs.

As for Langford's insinuation that those who do not pay property taxes should not have any say in the vote, that is ludicrous. In fact, I believe that attitude died in 19th century. Another ludicrous statement was the one about student voting patterns: "You can't get them to even vote for their own

student senators. You can't get them to vote for their own officers." Excuse me, but what were those few thousand people doing Wednesday? They were voting for their officers. Also, an enterprising student, Trevor McArthur, has decided to run for the NU Board of Regents. This is one of Sen. Langford's apathetic students?

I wonder if Sen. Langford realizes how fortunate she is to be so perfect, and thus be able to play God and pass judgment. I'd like to see her scientific study on the life-ruination potential of various age groups -- I doubt very much that opinions derived from observations of sorority girls at Kearney are of much value: Speaking from my own experience with sorority girls, they are hardly representative of all 18- to 20-year-olds. Besides, Sen. Langford seems to have forgotten that not all college students fall into that category.

I would strongly advise Sen. Langford to check her calendar -- the date is March 16, 1990, not 1890. Why do I feel as though we're arguing the same things that were argued before 18-year-olds were allowed to vote in national elections? The senator seems to have forgotten that the nationwide established minimum voting age is 18 -- the U.S. government seems to feel that 18- to 20-year-olds can be trusted. In fact, some 18- to 20-year-olds may have elected Sen. Langford to her seat, but I guess that would rather prove that their judgment can be in error.

Signed, one of those 25-year-olds in favor of voting rights for students.

Karla Carter
president
Phi Alpha Theta



Condom buying flusters feminist

April Fools' prank involving ribbed, lubricated variety backfires

I call myself a feminist, despite all the negative connotations some people give the title.

I'm a feminist because I truly believe women should hold 51 percent of all public offices and private executive positions, and because I hope the women who earn those positions no longer will need to emulate men to obtain them.

I'm a feminist because I don't want my daughters growing up in a society where most women with a four-year college degree still earn less than men with a high school diploma -- \$22,412 for college-educated women, \$24,701 for high school-educated men.

And nothing makes my stomach acid bubble worse than when reporting, I interview men in public positions who insist on prefacing an answer with, "Listen, honey..." This alone could turn anyone into a feminist. And it happens more than anyone likes to admit.

There was one occasion, however, when my feminist inclinations faltered. A feminist like me should have no trouble buying condoms, but my experience has proved otherwise. And this time of year always brings one condom-buying memory to the front of my mind.

It was April Fools' Day a few years ago, and in my relatively small hometown, it was the Spring Break we waited for -- a chance for one day of livin' on the edge, a chance to remit old debts.

And I was more than ready to pay back a good friend.

So, I sought the advice of older, more experienced pranksters. They knew me, and they knew my friend. They said they also knew of a sure-to-get-'em-every-time prank that I could pull on her. The Prank of All Pranks, they said. Only one problem: Condoms were required.

Simple enough, I thought. Just hop on down to 7-Eleven and purchase a pack. No problem.

Problem: 7-Eleven was filled with every woman, man and child I'd ever met in my life. Honest.

So, I set out for the nearest quiet, lightly trafficked drugstore.

The automatic doors slid apart with a whoosh and closed behind me in Star Trek fashion as I entered the rectangular store. I tried to assess the situation without appearing to do so, wandering nonchalantly toward the candy counter.

The candy counter provided the perfect setting for surveillance. It was short enough for me to view the entire store behind it, yet tall enough to give me adequate cover.

I picked up a package of M&M's

and slyly scanned the four, long, oppressive aisles that stretched the length of the store.

After only a few minutes of nervous hunting, I saw the small, brightly colored condom boxes hanging on the far wall at the end of oppressive aisle number three.

M&M's laid to rest, I began the journey to the opposite end of the store. I tried to act, look and feel casual, pausing to sniff the peach potpourri along the way. In my mind, I made a checklist of the type of condoms I was hunting -- preferably

ribbed, definitely lubricated, must be in a package of six or more.

Checklist in mind, I jammed my hands into my coat pockets and stopped to face the wall, looking for the perfect box. I picked up the first one that caught my eye -- a nice, bright orange color.

It was at that moment that I noticed the Friendly Pharmacist poking his head out of the hole labeled "Prescription Window."

"May I help you?"

I looked up at him dumbly. Yes, he probably could help me. I had no idea whether the condoms I wanted were behind the red, blue, gold or orange packaging. Unfortunately, something had removed the working mechanism from my voice box. I blubbered a phrase that sounded almost like a "No, thanks," and felt my face begin to match the color of the box in my hand.

But Mr. Friendly persisted. "Are you looking for a prophylactic?"

"Obviously," I wanted to say, but the muck in my throat was multiplying.

Mr. Friendly's face disappeared from the hole in the wall and reappeared in a door at my left. "Let me guide you," he said.

I knew I had every right to buy condoms. Women buy condoms all the time, I told myself. Feminists don't even think twice about it. I knew I shouldn't feel prudish. But I did.

"What exactly are you looking for?"

"Lubricated," I growled, trying to clear my throat, "ribbed."

"Well, you'll want this model, in the gold box." He said, jabbing the package under my nose. "There are three of them in here. Will that be

enough for you?"

"Six," I mumbled to the patronizing face. "I need six." I made certain the number came out accurately, hoping to avoid the possible misunderstanding that could arise from mispronouncing the vowel.

Mr. Friendly picked up a jumbo box of gold and held it up to the light. "Now, this one has 24. Will that be plenty?"

"Only six," I said, grabbing two of the smaller gold packages and diving for the checkout.

The woman who rang up my purchases was a little less patronizing, and I began to feel better.

Until I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was Mr. Friendly again.

"Here," he said. "I found you a package of six in the ribbed and lubricated product. It's much less expensive than buying those two packages."

He smiled broadly, evilly, as I dropped the two small packages in the palm of his hand and shuffled through the Star Trek door.

Revenge, I thought. Revenge. This feeling of humiliation could only be paid back by going through with The Prank of All Pranks. If I must suffer, so, too, must my friend.

As I walked toward my car, I imagined how humiliated my friend would be as she and her boyfriend slid into her car after the movie that night. Her hand resting lightly on the condom-covered stick shift, she would turn the ignition, and two condom-covered wipers would pop up in her face. She would try to turn them off quickly, but the condom-covered wiper lever would slow her down. She would try to drive away, but the condom-covered brake release would be there to stop her.

A malicious grin began to form across my lips as I hopped into my car. I even began to chuckle to myself as I put the key in the ignition.

But my smile quickly died as I turned the ignition and two condom-covered wipers popped up to greet my unsuspecting gaze. I struggled with a condom-covered lever to shut the wipers off, but the lubricated condom there caused my hand to slide ineffectively away.

I finally managed to shut them off by the time my friend -- the one I'd planned to make a fool of -- appeared from her nearby hiding place, along with my other so-called friends who had told me about The Prank of All Pranks.

The joke had been theirs all along. Pedersen is a sophomore advertising major and Daily Nebraskan night news editor and columnist.