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EDITORIAL

## Who cares?

Not enough accept valuable opportunity

So what's it going to take? A free lunch obviously wasn't enough to get students on this campus to talk about how they feel about the future of the University of Nebraska-Lincoln.

Wednesday afternoon, a number of state senators met with several UNL students to discuss whatever the students wanted to talk about.

Since the event was sponsored by ASUN's Government Liaison Committee and because the proposed \$13.98 million budget cut is looming over the university, the luncheon was a perfect opportunity for concerned students to air their grievances with people who will have a hand in the university's future.

Unfortunately, there aren't that many concerned students. Or so it seemed.

Official estimates for attendance at the luncheon loomed around an optimistic 60 people. But take into account the state senators who were there as guests and the university's student leaders, and the number of average students in attendance was pitiful.

Anyone who deals with the government knows that having the ear of a policy-maker held hostage is a valuable occasion. UNL students should have seen the same sort of opportunity Wednesday afternoon. The luncheon brought the senators to the campus, offered a free lunch and guaranteed that anyone's idea — no matter how harebrained or silly — could fall directly on the ear of a state senator.

Students need to realize that the time to speak up is now — not after the March 9 budget hearing. If students don't like how the budget cuts end up, they will have only themselves to blame if they don't make their voices heard now.

## Pitching in

Bake sales held to reduce national debt

When the going gets tough, the tough get baking. The Associated Press reported Wednesday that several groups around the country, following the example of a teen-ager from North Dakota, are holding bake sales to help reduce the federal debt.

Larry Vilella, 14, sent President Clinton \$1,000 to reduce the debt with money he earned from a device he invented to water trees. He received a personal phone call last week from President Clinton thanking him.

Now fifth-grade elementary school students in Oxford, Ohio, the staff of the Crosby, N.D., Divide County Journal, and Quakers in High Point, N.C., have followed suit. Each are holding bake sales and sending the profits to Washington.

Even corporate America is taking part. The Eskimo Pie Corp. has pledged to give 5 cents to reduce the debt for every box of its chocolate-coated vanilla ice cream snacks on a stick sold between March 8 and April 4.

The nation's debt, which now totals \$4.2 trillion, will obviously not be greatly reduced by bake sales and donations from ice cream companies. But it is heartening to see people recognizing that they have a role to play in helping retire our massive debt.

Bake sales and donations from civic-minded citizens cannot take the place of good government policy and our willingness to make the tough choices in cutting federal programs. But we can start down that tough road with optimism, knowing Americans are willing to sacrifice and work to reduce the debt.

EDITORIAL POLICY

Staff editorials represent the official policy of the Fall 1992 Daily Nebraskan. Policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. Editorials do not necessarily reflect the views of the university, its employees, the students or the NU Board of Regents. Editorial columns represent the opinion of the author. The regents publish the Daily Nebraskan. They establish the UNL Publications Board to supervise the daily production of the paper. According to policy set by the regents, responsibility for the editorial content of the newspaper lies solely in the hands of its students.

LETTER POLICY

The Daily Nebraskan welcomes brief letters to the editor from all readers and interested others. Letters will be selected for publication on the basis of clarity, originality, timeliness and space available. The Daily Nebraskan retains the right to edit or reject all material submitted. Readers also are welcome to submit material as guest opinions. The editor decides whether material should run as a guest opinion. Letters and guest opinions sent to the newspaper become the property of the Daily Nebraskan and cannot be returned. Anonymous submissions will not be published. Letters should include the author's name, year in school, major and group affiliation, if any. Requests to withhold names will not be granted. Submit material to the Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588-0448.



TODD BURGER

## Being cold is better than option

Weekends are work to me. It's hard schlepping to deliver those pizzas. At least I have the comfort of my car to get me and the pizzas most of the way to the customers' doors.

My car is my means of transportation and more. It is a safe haven from the cold and wet weather outside, as well as other people — whether they be bosses or just those who would distract me from my own thoughts.

While on the job then, even driving frantically as I do, I am allowed solitude to think things through in the relative comfort of my car while it eats up the miles for me.

That peace has been unsettling though, as of late. It seems my car's exhaust system is not working properly. Some of the noxious exhaust circulates inside the car, rather than orderly going out the tailpipe to pollute the outside environment like it should — instead of innocent me.

For the past weekend, I was forced to inhale noxious fumes, despite my best efforts to avoid them. Holding my breath was an exercise in futility, so I had to throw out that strategy.

I knew I had to have my windows open, but I didn't want to freeze to death. I hit upon a compromise: I leave my windows about a fourth of the way open and then open them a little more when the car was idling to compensate for interior exhaust buildup.

I really wasn't terribly concerned about the carbon monoxide, however, until I spied a newspaper-vending machine's display window. The top half of this past weekend's edition of USA Today concerned death facilitator Dr. Jack Kevorkian.

Yes, it got my attention. Not to buy the paper, but to continue reading it



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through the inducement glass.

Apparently, Kevorkian's latest hapless patient, Hugh Gale, may have had second thoughts about his pact with Dr. Death in the middle of the procedure.

Unfortunately, the medicinal procedure was not terminated. Gale was. Completing the procedure apparently was more important than honoring the patient's burgeoning will to live. The method of death was carbon monoxide gas administered through a mask.

This new detail, death by carbon monoxide, brought the issue frighteningly close to home — or car. Unwittingly, I perhaps had the perfect vehicle for fulfilling Dr. Kevorkian's desires.

Returning to the car, my fear of the errant exhaust exceeded its previous bounds. Perhaps it was also coupled with fatalistic truth that my father had ended his life early in my life; not by carbon monoxide to the lungs, but by a shot to the head.

May he rest in peace. However, his frightful example has never done anything to ease my struggle to survive and thrive in my life. I vow not to follow his footsteps, but at times like these, I sense his uneasy hold on me.

I resist. I yearn to breathe. My fear was not justified, perhaps. But I opened the windows a little bit more. Just in case.

I had to drive the rest of the weekend of work in the car, no longer quite so comfortable. It was cold, smelly, smoky and just seemed to impress death on me a little too heavily — no thanks to my noticing Dr. Death's exploits by carbon monoxide.

I took the car up to my uncle Dan, the mechanic, and he diagnosed the problem. He explained to me that a "pollution tube" had burned out.

He could not get the part at the dealer just yet, so I've had to wait until my car could be fixed.

Not to worry, Dan convinced me. "Just keep driving it."

I agreed. After all, driving a noxious car is better than walking. Dan was the expert, and my uncle besides, so I trusted him.

I have continued to drive the noxious beast and I am still alive to tell about it.

But I still keep those windows open. Just in case.

I suppose I'm breathing in some of that carbon monoxide, but I have not suffered any of its ill effects. I'd have to ask Dr. Kevorkian: It must be all in the technique of that very wise man.

I don't like the cold. My sometimes red nose and ears can attest to that, but it is better to be uncomfortable than dead.

Or so it seems to me.

Burger is a junior philosophy major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### VOICE

I would like to respond to the letter from John Williams (DN, March 2, 1993).

VOICE presidential candidate Keith Benes did express concerns about his opponent's statements in his closing remarks at last week's debate. Benes stated that although his opponent went on the attack in the debate, VOICE intended to stay out of the mudslinging. Pointing out the differences between the parties and making a case that because of those differences VOICE is the more qualified student election group is not dirty campaigning.

Keith Benes' public statement the

following day was intended to outline a few of the differences between the campaigns. Differences which were accentuated at the debate (although the Daily Nebraskan did not accentuate them). Those differences include a VOICE slate of candidates which is over half female, has 14 East Campus candidates, freshman candidates, residence hall candidates and off-campus candidates.

With such a diverse group of candidates, it is no small wonder why VOICE's platform includes a broad range of issues which Keith and his supporters plan to tackle once elected.

Chris Peterson  
senior  
business administration

### India

Understanding and appreciating the cultural diversity and richness of the people and the uniqueness of different civilizations around the world is important. Enjoying the landscape and beauty should be the purpose of international travel — not exaggerating a few isolated non-representative things encountered during a visit and throwing mud on a country. I declare that Mark Baldrige (DN, Feb. 25, 1993) has neither the knowledge nor the vision to write about my country India or any other country.

K. Anabayan  
graduate student  
agronomy