

Daily
NebraskanEditorial Board
University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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EDITORIAL

Bad bet

Nebraska's lottery has many drawbacks

Saturday marks the opening of Nebraska's first state lottery. Nebraskans can start purchasing tickets at 12:01 a.m. No doubt many will. The lottery, approved by 68 percent of Nebraska voters in the 1992 election, is popular in the state, and Gov. Ben Nelson has been pushing for a lottery since he ran for election in 1990.

The proceeds will even be spent on good causes, supporting grants for education and the environment.

But the opening of the lottery is a step backward, not forward, for Nebraska. The arguments for a lottery do not make up for its drawbacks.

The lottery is, in effect, a regressive tax, shoving the burden of education and the environment on those who purchase lottery tickets. The state is financing worthy programs with proceeds from gambling.

Lawmakers acknowledged this problem when they set aside 1 percent of lottery profits to assist problem gamblers and their families. When a state financing program needs to be accompanied by personal counseling for the problems it will create, something is obviously wrong.

In addition, basing education and environmental funding on something as uncertain as lottery profits is foolish. Proceeds from lottery tickets are too uncertain to be used as funding for such important projects.

Nebraskans wanted a lottery, and now they have one. Time will show how wise of a decision they made.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"I asked (Bjorklund) 'Why do you talk with me? It's always baffled me.' He said, 'Why? I don't know why. So I can smoke cigarettes.'"

—Lincoln Police Detective Sgt. Greg Sorensen testifying in Roger Bjorklund's pretrial evidence-suppression hearings

"I know, the court knows and Mr. Helvie knows we won't call all these witnesses. We never do."

—Deputy Lancaster County Attorney John Colborn, responding to Helvie's objection to adding more than 70 witnesses to Roger Bjorklund's trial

"Playing Nebraska is a whole different story. We're talking about a different breed of cat."

—Texas Tech coach Spike Dykes

"It was a real nightmare. I take all the blame for us losing the ballgame 76-14. I apologize to Coach Osborne for us not being a more worthy opponent."

—North Texas coach Dennis Parker

"Promises are cheap in American political life."

—Ivan Volgyes, UNL political science professor

"I tried weaseling out because I was a student, but they wouldn't let me."

—UNL student Bob Henry, who missed part of this semester to train with the Nebraska Army National Guard in Honduras

EDITORIAL POLICY

Staff editorials represent the official policy of the Fall 1993 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.



RAINBOW ROWELL

'Happy Volvo' hits hard times

Since I got my driver's license this spring, I've learned that there are some parts of driving that no one ever teaches you — like how to fill out an accident report.

Fortunately, I had plenty of opportunities this summer to learn.

My fifth time behind the wheel, I was involved — but not responsible for — a three-car pile-up. Some wacky Minnesota truck driver didn't know that in Nebraska we stop at red lights. He received a ticket, I filled out a police report, and we all went home.

My next car accident, however, wasn't so hassle-free. I'd just finished watching a high school graduation and my two friends — who may or may not have survived the crash — and I were making a Border Run and listening to the Proclaimers. My only worry at that moment was whether I would order off the 59-, 79- or 99-cent menu.

And then, a little Honda took a left turn into my car. For three-fourths of a second, I saw it coming. I braked and considered honking, but decided she would hit me no matter what, so why wake up any babies who happened to be sleeping nearby?

Wham, bam, thank you, ma'am, our cars collided.

We jerked forward, but we were all unharmed. I was just trying to build suspense when I implied that someone died a few paragraphs ago.

For a few minutes, no one said anything. If I had any sort of decency I would have used that moment to thank heaven no one was hurt. Instead, I couldn't stop thinking, "My Volvo. She hurt my poor, happy Volvo."

"It wasn't your fault," my friend Anna said, breaking the silence. Nickie, my other passenger, repeatedly patted my shoulder and said, "It's OK, it's OK." Later she told me she learned to be so comforting by taking care of her roommate when said roommate gets drunk. She thanked me for not throwing up.



For three-fourths of a second, I saw it coming. I braked and considered honking, but decided she would hit me no matter what, so why wake up any babies who happened to be sleeping nearby?

I snapped out of my trance when two pony-tailed men approached the car. One in a Ren & Stimpy shirt took a big gulp of his Big Gulp and said, "Are any of you all hurt?"

"No, no," I assured him, "we're all just fine." Not so fine that we definitely wouldn't have whiplash later, but all of our appendages seemed accounted for.

He leaned into my window, leering. "Are you sure because we're off-duty paramedics and we'd be happy to check you all out."

We were pretty sure, so they wandered off.

Cars behind me started to honk, but someone's father once told me to never move my car until the police arrived so I let them honk. When the police got there, they looked kind of ticked off and told me to move my car.

We pulled onto a smaller road, and I ventured out of the car to check out the damage. To save our lives, my dutiful Swedish machine had caved in on the left side. The headlight, bumper, fender and a few large metal parts were no longer recognizable.

I could hear the other driver, a very kind-looking woman in her sixties, talking to the policeman.

"Oh no, I don't have insurance. This isn't my car."

"Could we see your driver's license ma'am?"

"Oh, I don't have one of those."

"When did it expire?"

"Oh, I've never had one."

The officer looked confused and asked her why she was driving without

a license.

"Oh, I was just going to see my sister."

Apparently, there exists an obscure bylaw that makes every other legal decree null and void if you're visiting your immediate family.

While the men in blue prepared her tickets, she noticed her husband driving by in a formidable station wagon. She screamed, "Honey, Honey!" and waved her arms, almost causing a few more accidents. Her husband pulled over and joined the party.

When it was my turn to talk to the policeman, he assured me that if the woman didn't pay for the damage to my car, her license would be suspended. But, I said, she doesn't have a license.

"That's true," he said and appeared lost. Apparently, no one ever told him about that immediate family thing, either.

Before leaving the scene, the woman apologized and told me that she "prayed to the Lord Jesus every day" and that she would pay for the damages even if it took her 20 years. Her husband chewed on a toothpick and asked me if I drove "one of them foreign cars."

My car remains dented and the woman won't return my calls. Apparently Jesus wouldn't cosign a loan for her.

Rowell is a junior news-editorial, advertising and English major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Abortion

About the women's right to know law going into effect Sept. 9: I would like to clarify that I never said the waiting period of the law is its most important aspect (DN, Sept. 8). Rather, the whole impetus for this law is the fact that over the years, many women have come to us distraught over their abortion decision because they did not feel they received all pertinent information needed to make an informed decision. Post-abortion women have told us they received no information about the development of their baby, no list of alternative agencies they could turn to should they choose to carry the baby to term,

and in some instances, they were not even told the name of the doctor.

Not only am I not opposed to information being given over the phone, it was our National Right to Life lobbyist who worked with Sen. Lindsay to rewrite the bill to include the phone option to make the whole process less burdensome.

What LB110 does is make all information more accessible to those considering abortion. It does not abandon women and young girls to a largely unregulated industry.

Julie Schmit-Albin
executive director
Nebraska Right to Life

Smoking policy

Am I the only one, or is the no-smoking policy on campus stupid? What was wrong with having specific areas designated for smoking? If smoke bothers you, you didn't go near these areas. Now if you want to enter a building, especially the union, you have to go by dozens of smokers who are blocking the way, plus you get to wade through an ocean of cigarette butts. It looks terrible and I'm sure the gardeners and groundskeepers really enjoy cleaning them up. All would be better off if there were interior designated smoking areas.

Nancy Collicot
freshman
pre-medicine