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EDITORIAL

Why ask dry?

Campus alcohol policy should be enforced

For years, the University of Nebraska-Lincoln has relied on fraternities to self-enforce dry-campus policies. The alcohol-related injury of Jeffrey Knoll gave UNL officials reason to believe this system might no longer be effective.

"We're not going to sit back and allow this to happen," said James Griesen, vice chancellor for student affairs. "It is a mission of mine to establish a proper climate in the greek system."

Could this mean a serious crackdown on alcohol use in fraternity houses? Friday, UNL police responded to a tip and broke up a party involving alcohol and female strippers at the Sigma Nu Fraternity house.

Earlier this month, Griesen himself broke up a party at another City Campus fraternity.

A crackdown on the fraternity houses probably wouldn't eliminate drinking there, but it might scale down the drinking that occurs.

Technically, the fraternity houses should follow the same rules as the residence halls. Although drinking still occurs in the residence halls, there is a degree of control. A university housing employee resides on every floor. The UNL police are free to enter the halls without warrants.

Students who illegally bring alcohol into the halls are less likely to throw a full-scale party. It is too easy to get caught. It is too easy to be fined or kicked out of the halls.

But full-scale parties do exist in fraternity houses.

The majority of students who live on campus and many who attend these parties are underage.

These freshmen and sophomores are away from home for the first time, eager to push their new freedom to its limit and experience all they can. This experimenting can get dangerous.

Ugly things can happen far too easily when 18- and 19-year-old women walk from their residence halls and greek houses to parties where women drink for free.

Tougher enforcement of dry-campus policies may cut down on large, out-of-control parties.

Scaling down drinking in fraternities may also prevent another injury like that of Knoll, a victim of hazing who fell from the third floor of the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity house.

When a freshman is seriously hurt in an alcohol-related injury on a "dry" campus, parents and Nebraska citizens begin asking questions.

Why was this allowed to happen? Is UNL a safe place for our sons and daughters? Who wasn't doing his or her job?

That's all Griesen will be doing if he leads a crackdown on the fraternities — his job. Nebraska law forbids drinking on all University of Nebraska campuses. Griesen is a state employee, and it is his job to administrate the law.

Some may argue that enforcing dry-campus rules may push more students to off-campus parties that aren't within walking distance. This could increase drunk driving and could possibly be more dangerous than just allowing students to drink in or near their own homes.

If students want to drink, they will find someplace to do so. It may be safer for students to party on campus where they don't have to drive home. But on-campus alcohol is against the law.

If cracking down on the fraternities does nothing to prevent alcohol abuse on campus or makes the situation worse, it is out of the hands of UNL administrators. If dry-campus policies cannot or should not be enforced, changes must be made on the state level.

EDITORIAL POLICY

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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.



PAULA LAVIGNE

Children don't make good pets

Drool. This sticky, slimy goop was everywhere: on my hands, my face, my shoulder and my hair. I was stilled by a 2-year-old demon whose parents were paying me less than minimum wage to make sure their little brat didn't set the dog on fire.

That night I told him there were piranhas in the carpet, and if he dared even breathe outside his bed they would eat him alive.

I don't think he knew what a piranha was, but the part about being eaten alive and the fury in my devilish voice told him he'd better obey.

A long time ago, prior to my childcare hells, I swore I would never have any children. Many maternally charged friends of mine said I would eventually grow a desire to "increase the surplus population."

I'm sick of people who say that I, someone who can't even raise low-maintenance goldfish, should raise children.

Sorry, God, I'm not maternal. I have several reasons for not liking the majority of human beings on this planet shorter and less obedient than my German shepherd.

My reasoning starts with this whole pregnancy thing. Imagining a separate entity inside me, generating weird desires for pickles and sardine ice cream, revolts me.

Someone kicking me in the gut from the inside and waking me up in the middle of the night doesn't sound pleasant either.

It's like a bad segment of "Aliens" where this hideous drool-spewing creature rips out of Sigourney Weaver's belly. This is not a joyous celebration of life.

I'd live as a walking advertisement for the tent industry for nine months. I'd also have to put up with other annoying pregnant people begging me to touch their tummies, feeling their future soccer players kick the living daylight out of their spleens.

Beyond the physical boundaries of living the life of a stalled Buick for nine months, this whole offspring is-

sue has another side.

Babies smell awful. They burp, cry, whine, drool, spit up and remain uncontrollable until they're 10 years old. As they get older they're always trying to flood the bathtub or stick bread into the VCR.

You can't muzzle babies like a barking dog or throw a Milk Bone at them to quit their yapping.

My dog is satisfied with a cardboard box, some old carpet padding, fresh water, Purina, leftovers and my cat. Children, on the other hand, want everything they see. The infamous supermarket cry "Mommy I waaaaaaaaaaaaant that!" is followed by an ear-piercing wail picked up by a very sensitive dolphin 1,500 miles away.

The biggest conflict with my life and this whole breeding thing is what children want most — time.

My Great Life Plan includes writing, owning a car and apartment, meeting the president, attending a Pink Floyd concert, marrying the father of my nonchildren and ending world hunger.

What I don't see in there is changing diapers, attending parent-teacher conferences, pureeing carrots, attending Lamaze classes and blowing noses.

The responsibility children bring also factors into the problem. I have enough trouble carrying responsibility for my own actions. Having to be responsible for this helpless being who can't reach the water fountain isn't something I could handle.

I'd always be worried about where

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

'Ridiculous'

I hate to say it, but Sam Kepfield's latest column (DN, Jan. 19) gave me hope. It gave me hope because his arguments against abortion were so ridiculous they could hardly be taken seriously.

Kepfield started his arguments against abortion by looking at racism. He wrote that more black and Hispanic women have abortions than white women. Did he ever stop to think why? Maybe these women, ages 13 and up, need better access to birth control and more knowledge about

how their bodies work. Maybe their male partners should wear condoms and attend sex education classes.

These are several ways the abortion rate can be brought down. Unfortunately Kepfield and his fellow conservative, paternalistic white males are opposed to sex ed and easier access to birth control.

Kepfield's final argument against abortion amazed me. I'm planning on keeping a copy of this column because I'm sure it will be the only time in Kepfield's life he will come down on the side of a gay-rights group. He

it was at and when it would be home. Was it in a car accident? Did it fail Spanish? Why did it put Jell-O in the toilet?

Part of this distaste for a colony of little me's also comes from my childhood. I remember all the exhaustion and turmoil my mom endured when I would wander in around 2 a.m. She did a great job, but she wasn't too happy.

I was the youngest sibling and the only female, so I never had to deal with children. Sure, I baby-sat, but there was always a point when I turned the little "sweeties" back to their owner.

I will grant there are a few "good" children, but I still don't want them even if they come potty-trained, with a handbook and a warranty.

Maybe I'm biased, but I still can't see why people need and want children. I mean, they look happy with them most of the time. They brag about them to their friends by whipping out the home video slides and potty-training videos.

I'm not saying people shouldn't have children. Go ahead, make a million of them, but don't expect me to baby-sit.

Maybe it's the companionship or the desire to "see what you could create." If this is the case, wouldn't it be easier to buy a dog or take a pottery class?

Or maybe, heaven forbid, some people actually love these smelly, self-destructive, pipelines of drool.

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