

## Lap of luxury high in the sky

Athletic Director Bill Byrne is a visionary. Yes, after moving the students to the corners of the stadium, kicking Runza out and ditching Fairbury brand hot dogs in favor of Armour to increase revenue, Byrne has come up with his best idea yet — luxury skyboxes.

Byrne announced the plan at Saturday's NU Board of Regents meeting, citing an increase in the number of inquiries about skybox seating. Byrne said 160 people had shown interest in luxury accommodations at Memorial Stadium. For those of you digging for your calculators, that's a whopping two-tenths of one percent of the average Memorial Stadium crowd — not exactly a mandate from the masses.

I guess I shouldn't be surprised. The moment Cory Schlesinger rumbled across the goal line for the game-winning touchdown two weeks ago, visions of dollar signs filled the heads of merchandisers all over the world. UNL has been cashing in ever since, and it makes sense for the university to capitalize on the surge in Husker hype while it's still in full swing.

Byrne said he envisioned 40 skyboxes, each of which would seat 40 people. The boxes would sell for around \$50,000 a year (plus ticket prices, of course). The skyboxes would give the top of the Nebraska economic food chain a place to view the game without having to deal with the rabble below. This would allow a segment of the population that might otherwise stay home or jet off to the tropics for the weekend a chance to witness the splendor of Cornhusker football.

When I look at it that way,



**Doug Peters**

maybe skyboxes are in order for the home of the national champions. I mean, Nebraska football has to get with the '90s. Nobody wants to sit out in the elements with 76,000 other people watching old-fashioned, out-of-date, meat-and-potatoes football. We need private seating. We need more glitz. We need more of an attraction. We NEED skyboxes.

But, Bill, if you're reading this, I have a little advice for you: If we're going to do this, let's do it right.

First, you have to think bigger. Luxury skyboxes? It's been done. How about luxury hotel accommodations in the stadium? Valet parking? A helipad on top of the press box? Those little French buttwasher things in the bathrooms? And for halftime, chamber music or maybe Barbra Streisand live. That pesky marching band is so, well, bourgeois. Throw in a Monte Carlo-style casino for the high rollers and a few of the other essentials, and we're off and running.

Bill, my friend, the possibilities are endless.

Think of it: The crème de la crème of Nebraska could land unnoticed atop the stadium Friday night and spend a relaxing evening watching a Broadway show in

Memorial Stadium's state-of-the-art theater complex before retiring to the five-star Skybox Hotel.

The next morning, after a breakfast of strawberries and cream, the happy Husker fans could sit up in bed, tune in their in-room big-screen television to the latest business news and await the kickoff. After a halftime show befitting their status, the guests could head to the casino to place a couple of bets and watch the rest of the game from the lounge. What better way to view the mighty Cornhuskers than from a climate-controlled, noise-proof room, insulated from the sweaty (or frozen, as the case may be) mass of humanity below, sucking down escargot and swilling Dom Perignon and your favorite mixed drinks?

Yes, I said Dom Perignon and mixed drinks. Dry campus? Don't worry about it. That rule only applies to the students. In the Skybox Hotel, the friendly staff will serve you anything you want from the fully stocked bar. As much as you want. Just as long as your chauffeur or pilot stays sober.

That's the way you should approach this issue, Bill. You should do it up right. No one in his right mind would oppose such a stroke of genius.

Except maybe Regent Charles Wilson of Lincoln.

Wilson voiced some concern Saturday about skyboxes causing resentment among average fans and worried aloud about the football program being viewed as elitist.

Skyboxes elitist?! Where'd he get that idea?

Peters is a graduate student and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

## 'Putzes, Schmucks' located via computer

Home computer sales are booming, but do most people really need them?

There are those who scoff that it's money wasted on a fad, the national craze to buy the latest high-tech gizmo, whether we need it or not.

They question how many people really need elaborate accounting programs or spreadsheets to balance their check-books and track their expenses. To be happy, must we have printouts of precisely how much we spend each year on coffee or toilet paper?

And when did we become so hungry for data that we're all supposed to be surfing the Internet? If there is so deep a craving for significant information, why do millions watch "Roseanne" or "Beavis and Butt-head"?

No, the skeptics say, most of those who go on-line just wander aimlessly, nameless blips passing in the night.

But a computer-loving reader believes he can provide a rebuttal to those who doubt the usefulness of having a lot of RAM and ROM flickering on your own monitor.

He gave me a folder stuffed with computer-generated data, and he asked this question:

"Could you provide an exact count of every putz and schmuck in this country?"

I had to admit that I couldn't. And I doubted anyone could.

He proudly said: "Well, thanks to my computer and an amazing software program that I bought over the counter, I can do it, and I did. It's all there in the data. Take a look."

What he had was a listing of every person named Putz or Schmuck who is listed in a telephone directory.

"With this program," he said, "I can type in any name and it will give me everyone with that name in the United States who has a phone listing."

"After I got this program, I happened to hear someone at work say, 'Boy, there sure are a lot of schmucks and putzes running around.' So I decided to look it up and see how many there are."

It turns out there are 652 Putzes and 464 Schmucks scattered across the United States.

"You probably thought there were more Schmucks than Putzes," he said. "Most people do, but now we know that isn't true."

Of course, there are flaws in this data. They are only published phone listings. It's possible that a lot of Schmucks



**Mike Royko**

are unlisted. That would be understandable, because the word is often used in a derogatory way.

The dictionary says a schmuck is a person who is "clumsy or stupid; an oaf."

But a co-worker who is knowledgeable about Yiddish words said schmuck has broader meaning.

She explained, "Strictly speaking it is a male organ, but in popular usage it has gone beyond that."

"A schmuck is someone's ex-husband or boyfriend who putzed around too much. A creep, a jerk. It can also be used to describe a stranger, as in, 'Hey, schmuck, ever heard of a turn signal?' Or a known person, as in, 'My husband, the schmuck, forgot to come home last night.'"

More recent derivations include schmuck head, schmuck face, schmuck breath and your royal schmuckness.

"But a putz is more of a harmless dolt; that goofy, awkward geek who's the same guy he was in the third grade when everyone spit on him. Weenie, wimpy, wimpish, nerdy, goofy; it usually replaces someone's name, as in, 'Move it along putz!'"

So I suppose that a person would be better off being a Putz than a Schmuck, although the proud Schmucks would probably disagree and self-effacing Putzes might not even care.

In any case, it's possible that more Schmucks are unlisted or have bigger families. If so, the Schmucks might very well outnumber the Putzes, despite what this computer program tells us.

The user of the program conceded that point, but he stubbornly said, "It would still be a valuable tool, providing a starting point if someone wanted to do the research and call the Schmucks and Putzes to ask them about their family size."

Possibly, but I doubt if people would appreciate their phones ringing and a stranger asking, "Would you mind telling me how many Schmucks there are in your family?"

To do something like that, you would have to be a real putz.

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## Unleash UNL top dog for prez

What are we supposed to do about all of these blowhards over in Washington land? You know, those people who were elected by us well-minded voters to do the right things to lead this country. Boy, have we been fooled.

First we elect a good ol' boy from Arkansas to the presidency on the promise of helping the economy and bringing a new attitude. You do have to admit that he has done some good things, like increasing educational spending and decreasing the budget, but he's really not what we were expecting.

"Slick Willie" has a problem with his credibility among the masses, and that was demonstrated in the November elections. Also, you gotta agree that the man doesn't have a really strong backbone to stand up for his programs or nominees. Compromise is good, but you still gotta stand up for what you believe in.

On the other side of the aisle, the Grand Old Party has staked its claim to power with some good ideas and a new agenda. The GOP does have some good things going for them, but their leader also has a few uncertainties.

Now how can you really take a guy seriously if he's named after something that you dissected in Biology class? Newt has no problem stating where he stands, but he has recently decided to change those plans because, as he has said, times have changed. Boy, my life has really taken dramatic turns since the drafting of his beloved contract.

I believe that neither of these two party leaders has the real panache to lead this country into the future. That's why I have taken it upon myself to formally set up a preliminary search committee to discuss the possibility of my



**Robb Goff**

candidate taking his time to decide whether he'll consider joining the committee to remotely think about running for the head honcho job of this country. Don't you just love official government titles?

Who is this great man who will lead us out of the darkness, you ask? My fellow students, the answer is clear: It can be none other than our own beloved UNL Chancellor Graham "The Wild Man" Spanier.

What about Bob Dole, Jack Kemp or our own Bob Kerrey, you ask? Think about it. Do you really believe that those guys could do a better job of administrative work than our own top dog here at UNL? Hey, nobody balances a budget better than our own Graham.

Does he have a backbone, you ask?

Come on, when he puts in motion a project that more than 90 percent of the students, teachers and other faculty members dislike, just so he can look at a "greenspace" instead of a parking lot, that's not backbone. He wanted it, even though nobody else did, so he got it. How's that for compromise?

Then he even has the bravado to propose building a new parking garage not a mere thirty feet from where the old lot used to be. What sheer genius this is. Not only has he pleased both sides, he's also created jobs for those people who have to possibly build the garage and

maintain the greenspace. We are truly in the presence of greatness.

Graham would not only send Billy to an early retirement, he would shut up Newt, balance the budget, cure the welfare problem and get Saddam to build a new greenspace without even ruffling a hair.

Talking about hair, the guy has that covered, too.

We're talking about the Jimmy Johnson of administrators here. Have you ever noticed Graham's hair out of place? No way. It's perfectly straight every time. We're talking serious hair spray and Just for Men treatment. And that's important because it's not good for our Prez to have bad hair when meeting important-type people.

So there he is, my dark-horse candidate for president, Graham Spanier. I'm a believer, a follower, a truly devoted fan to this person. I'm a Grammie. (Hey, Rush has his ditto-heads.)

Can't you just feel the excitement building? Now, I know many of you out there have seen the light and want to become Grammies yourself. Don't worry, there's plenty of room for everybody. Just send your generous campaign donation to myself, in care of this newspaper, and I'll do everything I can to convince our leader of this noble cause.

The time is now, the cause is right and a true leader must come forward. So all of you closet Grammies, let yourself be heard, for the time is now for us to convince our idolized leader that he must sacrifice himself for the good of the country and for the people.

Hey, what's the worst thing that can come out of it, more greenspace?

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



**Ed Gamble**