

Daily Nebraskan

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University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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Bret Gottschal/DN

Danger lurks

Unsafe walks need attention

Overgrown trees, narrow sidewalks and dimly-lit areas are waiting on City Campus. Waiting for prowlers. Waiting for would-be attackers. Waiting for sickos.

Many deep, dark crevices on campus are prime spots for suspicious types to lurk and prey on their victims. Thankfully, it doesn't happen often. But it certainly could.

Tonight, police officers, students and university officials take the annual Campus Safety walk. They will be looking for these not-so-safe spots, where potential tragedy awaits.

The Daily Nebraskan has identified the following potential danger areas on campus:

- A diagonal walk from Avery Hall to Love Library after a night class can be a frightening experience. Just before reaching Old Glory, a pristine rock bed by day turns into a path with dungeon-like darkness at night.

The overgrown natural grasses and trees offer a perfect hiding place. The rays of the nearest street light cannot even remotely be seen.

- Along the R Street sidewalk, south of the Wick Alumni Center, long tree branches hang and cover nearby lights. This high-traffic area near the union needs to be brightened for safety.

- Remote parking lots will likely always be unsafe. Very little can be done about that. However, the lighting in a commuter lot south of 19th and R streets is practically non-existent. Straggling commuters often face a pitch black lot, which is directly behind DayWatch.

Great strides have been made in recent years to promote campus safety. Blue-light emergency phones now dot both campuses. It appears that the novelty of the phones has worn off, which means fewer prank calls.

Gone are the days of rickety emergency phones, which often had no receivers. Gone are the days of dark, gravel residence hall parking lots. But unfortunately, the days of a completely danger free campus are not yet here.

But a few trimmed branches and a few new light bulbs would do a world of good.

Editorial policy

Staff editorials represent the official policy of the Fall 1995 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: Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St. Lincoln, Neb. 68588-0448.



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Fatherly advice

Dad's opinion would be greatly appreciated

I've never been really close to my dad.

I have though, like any good son, asked him a question or two about life. Really important things.

Like how to throw a curve ball, how to turn a quick double play, how to hit a golf ball 300 yards, and how to drive a car.

But the funny thing is, my father never played an inning of professional baseball, not a round of professional golf. He never drove a car for money — he's just spent his life reporting, writing, and loving it. Most of it.

Unfortunately for me I've never taken the time to ask him how to write a good lead, or how to touch a reader's funnybone and heart in a feature story — or even if I should seek a career as a writer in the first place. I guess I didn't really care what he said about that last one.

A corny as it may sound, I have been thinking a lot lately how lucky I would be to turn out just like my dad.

Growing up, seeing all the cool things he got to cover and the neat people he got to meet; I had becoming a writer on my mind since the day I could... well... write. It seemed like the only career for me. And with a brother in the field at the time too, it seemed like my destiny as well.

And besides, I can get more than one person to vouch for the fact that I'm not too bright when it comes to math, science, money or computer programming.

It's not like I ever thought I would be disgracing the Taylor name if I were to go into interior design or something. I just loved to write, found it somewhat easy and thought it would be neat to keep our little family thing going — never mind the fact my brother bowed out of our little triumvirate of writers many moons ago. (He had music to fall back on.)

But my dad had other ideas.

Whenever the topic of journalism comes up over dinner, my dad keeps telling me it's a dying profession, and will fizzle out someday.

But I never paid much attention



Ted Taylor

"If only he knew how much more that hurt me. Much more than it would for him to sit down in front of me, read every word and tell me flat out: 'Son, I think your writing just sucks.'"

to him when he started talking foolish like that. He probably thought the same thing 27 years ago when he still had hair, no mustache, no me, and began his career at the Omaha World-Herald.

I never really prodded him much about his work when I was a kid. Sure I bragged at school that my dad had the coolest job and begged and begged to go along on assignments — and was jealous as hell I didn't get to watch the Kentucky Derby with Carl Yazstremski in the Red Sox locker room with him — but I realized my dad was doing a job and he didn't want a 5-year-old hanging around pulling on his pants leg asking what the little nobbie on his tape recorder was for.

I wanted to be a journalist because it seemed like you got to do cool stuff. Is it a bad thing to cover events and people and want what you write to be read by the masses each and every day? I don't think so. Especially when you're able to tell them something they might not have already known. But I never really saw my dad's job that

way.

I didn't see his extensive knowledge of the business: the deadlines, the editors he had to deal with, the boring stories nobody read. Yeah, those things were overlooked.

They aren't now though.

But he's been at it a long time. Me? About eight semesters. I haven't interviewed anyone famous or written anything anyone would readily call, "cool", but I am slowly and surely following in the footsteps my dad has been diligently trying to cover up.

Even in my days as a high school journalist, I thought the words of my adviser to be gospel, not those of my father, the experienced journalist. She was the teacher after all!

I didn't take criticism very well, in those days, and my father knew it. After only a couple forced rewrites from dad, I stopped giving him stories to read before publication. Maybe that is why he still refuses to read anything I write. Even after it's published.

I'll bring four or five clips from the month home for him to look at now. I'll wait until after he gets home from work, takes the dog for a walk and sits down with a beer, then I'll say, "Oh, here dad" and give them to him with my 12-year-old "look at what I did at school today daddy!" expression on my face.

That little exchange is routinely answered with a short glance while taking a drink and then laying the pages on the coffee table. He'll say, "that's good," in that, "I might read them later" tone of voice and continue to ask me about my grades.

If only he knew how much more that hurt me. Much more than it would for him to sit down in front of me, read every word and tell me flat out: "Son, I think your writing just sucks."

At least then I could ask him why, and he could teach me another thing or two about life.

Taylor is a junior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan staff reporter.