

# OPINION

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Daily  
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Jason Gildow/DN

## Leverage

*Exon proves that term limits not needed*

Five hundred Nebraska Democrats gathered this weekend to mark the end of an era — the Exon Era.

At the end of this year, U.S. Sen. James J. Exon will become J.J. Exon, U.S. Sen. (retired). Each day brings him a little closer to the end of his journey as a public official for the state of Nebraska.

It has to be a bittersweet time for Exon, and it should be a bitter-sweet time for his constituents. Over the last 26 years, Exon has served Nebraska ably, serving first as governor for eight years, then spending 18 years as a U.S. senator. Exon moved up through the ranks of Senate Democrats to become a widely respected and influential voice in Washington.

To many people outside Nebraska, Exon's sponsorship of the Communications Decency Act will go down as the defining act of his time in office. But is clear that Nebraskans will remember his years of public service for far more than his controversial "Cyberporn" legislation.

In his three terms in the U.S. Senate, Exon has risen to the position of second-ranking Democrat on the powerful Senate Armed Services Committee. He is the ranking Democrat on the Senate Business Committee. He has leverage. He has connections. He has a voice.

A voice in Washington that will be sorely missed by the citizens of Nebraska.

Sadly, it is a kind of voice that Nebraska might never have again, if the state's voters have their way. Despite the Nebraska Supreme Court's ruling against term limits, the issue of limiting the length of time an elected official can remain in office is still a popular one.

Ascending to positions of influence in the U.S. Senate takes more than luck or money or smooth talk. It requires experience — and years of work. At best, it is difficult. Term limits would make it impossible.

Nebraskans should be proud of the the years of service Exon has given this state. Nebraskans also should do whatever it takes to make sure that our state will again have strong voices in Washington by rejecting the idea of term limits, once and for all.

### Editorial policy

Staff editorials represent the official policy of the Spring 1996 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.

MEHSLING OF DAILY NEBRASKAN



## Democrat baloney

*Convention needs to riot to add excitement*

Chicago Mayor Richard Daley tried to get the Democratic Convention cut to three days instead of the traditional four, but the White House turned him down.

The mayor will get no sympathy from me. It was his idea to invite the Democrats here in the first place, so let him suffer through the full four days of foolish blather.

My personal plan is to flee town before the first delegate arrives and go to the North Woods and hole up in a secluded cabin that doesn't have a TV set and stay there until the last foolish speech has been made.

By doing that, what will I miss?

First, I will not have to watch hundreds of TV crews take turns setting up their equipment at Balbo and Michigan avenues so pompous TV reporters can jiggle their eyebrows and say:

"... And this is where the infamous confrontation between Chicago police and anti-war demonstrators took place in 1968, the last time the convention was held in Chicago."

The studio will cut to old film footage of Chicago cops gleefully swinging billy clubs at long-haired Yuppies, hippies and assorted dippies.

Then the TV creature will say: "In 1968, the mayor was Richard J. Daley, the last of the big-city bosses. But today, there is another Daley in the mayor's office, and the mood of the city has changed. ..."

Yes, and that's why I'll be leaving town. I would gladly stay if I thought the cops were going to bang heads again because then it would be a fun convention.

I've covered about a dozen political conventions, and the 1968 convention was the only one that wasn't 98 percent boredom.

There are those who say 1968 was a shameful stain on Chicago's history.

Yes, maybe it was. But it was also one heck of a show. What other city has given us liberal delegates being shoved into paddy wagons while hysterically screaming that this was the beginning of the end of democracy and western civilization?

The action in the streets was so exciting that hardly anyone paid attention to what went on in the



Mike Royko

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convention hall, except when a wild-eyed Dan Rather was roughed up — a joyous moment — and Old Man Daley yelled something like "Foo to You" at trembling fellow delegate Abe Ribicoff.

Which was fine because hardly anything ever goes on in the convention hall that is worth seeing or hearing. Especially for four long days.

Why should it take four long days for every self-adoring Democrat to tell us how kind, loving, sensitive, compassionate and caring they are? And that if we have pain, they feel it?

Well, listening to them causes considerable pain in my head and backside. But do they feel that? Of course not. If they did, they would shut up about their goodness, kindness and sensitivity and get on to telling us what is really on their minds.

Which is to pluck as much money from our paychecks as they can get away with and spend it on as many government programs they can dream up that will legally buy them votes.

They could knock that off in one morning. Then spend the afternoon listening to President Clinton accept the nomination and tell us how his cup of goodness and decency runneth over.

But the worst part of a modern political convention is that it is actually two conventions in one.

Besides the politicians and the political groupies, there is that giant multiheaded beast known as "The Media."

Why, I don't understand, but covering a political convention is still considered a plum assignment for journalists. So they come by the thousands, toting their cameras, laptops and tape machines, from the humblest papers and small TV stations to the limo-riding network anchor snobs and the all-knowing Washington pundits.

And they spend almost a week trying to find genuine news at an event in which there isn't any because everything is planned, programmed and decided in advance.

Before it is over, every delegate will be interviewed about his or her goodness and decency an average of 105.7 times. Most journalists will be shuffling around the convention hall like zombies, interviewing each other or just staring at some political ranting on the TV set, which they could have done just as easily back home. Others, out of frustration, will turn their wrath on the city, describing the shocking fact that Chicago is too hot and muggy or the restaurants charge too much or the city has — eck — neighborhoods that are segregated, poor and dangerous. Imagine that!

Then it will end, and all that will have occurred is that Clinton and Al Gore will be renominated, which we already know is going to happen.

And the only people who will have enjoyed themselves will be the city's restaurant and hotel owners and cab drivers, who expect booming business. And they might be disappointed.

As they will discover, when it comes to spending their own money, liberals are cheap tippers.

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