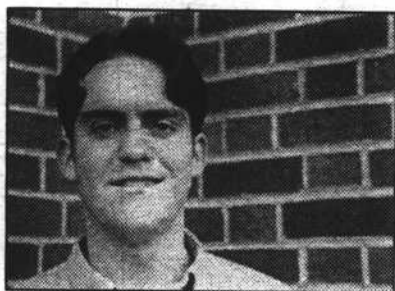


Michael
DONLEY

Buck stops here

Students shouldn't complain about responsibility



“*The reality is that when we miss class we also miss out on the opportunity to have a person with a far greater grasp of the subject matter explain it to us.*”

Those of us who took the time out of our midterm, research paper and study-laden schedules to thumb through the latest issue of U. Magazine probably saw the article from Old Dominion University.

A bar-code scanner was installed out in front of one of its larger auditorium classes. Students now have to slide their student ID into the scanner when they enter and leave. This was implemented to decrease the absenteeism rate in the general introductory courses.

We've all had those classes with so many students that it would take half of the lecture just to take roll.

In this situation the professor usually doesn't take roll at all. Roll is an incentive to come to class. Professors use it to give those of us who would rather be sleeping a reason to drag ourselves out of bed, brave the cold and make it to class.

The reality is that when we miss class we also miss out on the opportunity to have a person with a far greater grasp of the subject matter explain it to us. No matter

what we think of our professor's teaching ability, we learn more through lecture than we do trying to catch up reading a textbook.

The whole issue here is responsibility. It would be nice if we could get a quality education and do all the partying that our bodies can stand. But, much to the distress of the Coor's Brewing Co., this just isn't possible.

If any of us decide to spend Thursday night — and possibly a portion of the following morning — at one of the many local beverage-serving establishments and miss our Friday morning class, who is to blame if we lose some points for attendance?

We shouldn't blame the professor for taking roll. The problem, of course, is our priorities. We all need to grow up and realize that we — for the most part — shape our own futures. At the risk of sounding like Bob Dole — the largest problem with people our age is that we have no sense of responsibility.

Our greatest contribution to society so far has been huge numbers of single mothers and neglected children. We run around hoping someone else will cure our problems.

Our most noticeable quality is how self-centered we are. We assume nothing matters unless it affects us.

In the article about the bar-code scanner they quoted a student saying how much of a "pain in the ass" it was to have to carry his ID to class. I agree that Old Dominion University should have a small amount of leeway for sheer forgetfulness, but be realistic.

If we can't be expected to go to class and (king of horrid tortures) actually bring our IDs, what do we expect to learn? Do we really expect to skate through life with no more responsibility than a bum on a boardwalk?

Don't think that I'm trying to say that I'm perfect. I have a few even more dangerous habits myself.

Motorcycling, jumping off tall rocks and out of airplanes.

But these aren't the kind of activities that will keep me from class. And last summer when I went sliding down Highway 34 just outside of Lincoln without the benefit of a vehicle under me I learned a valuable lesson.

No, not "falling down hurts" or "hospital stays are expensive." Rather, the same lesson that the average person might learn from a D in biochemistry. All of our decisions have consequences — and we have to deal with them.

Donley is a sophomore philosophy major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.



AARON STECKELBERG/DN

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Buyer beware

Airline catalog offers frivolous wares



You might not know it, but along with the sky-rocket price of any airline ticket comes a little bit of entertainment for no additional cost.

Its name varies from airline to airline, but it's always the same — a catalog with weird gifts at high prices for people even lazier than a unambitious three-toed sloth.

For TWA, the name of this fine catalog was SkyMall — Holiday 1996. What it should have been called was Should I Pay with My Visa Gold or a Roll of Bills with that Franklin Guy on Them?

Nearly all products in the catalog are insanely priced.

Take for example the \$7,999 Treviglio Cappuccino Manufactory. Yes, you heard me right — an \$8,000 coffee maker.

Now it does come with brass trimming, chrome-plated steel and copper shell, but for 80 bills with "that Franklin guy on them," it better do more than make some cappuccino.

That thing better have four wheels, fuzzy dice and an engine powerful enough to scare neighbors. But then again, riding a chrome-plated cappuccino machine to class would be a bit awkward.

So would driving to class with an inflatable stranger sitting next to me.

Yet who would not want to call and order Safe-T-Man? After all, he does "give others the impression that you have the protection of a male guardian." All you need is \$99.95 and a lack of self-confidence.

Then blow him up using the optional Easy-Dual Action Inflator Pump and as SkyMall brilliantly suggests "dress him up according to your own personal style and preference."

And to make sure you dress up Safe-T-Man in moth-free apparel, be sure to order a Clothes Moth Alert for \$9.95. This box puts a 99-cent bag of mothballs to shame by actually catching the moth, and as SkyMall humanely puts it: "They get stuck on the sticky interior walls and die of starvation."

Yet what are moth-free clothes without the perfect smile? And what's a perfect smile without a clean tongue and cheap face lift? And finally, what's a cheap face lift without a \$29 tongue scraper and \$69 Facial Flex?

Yes, for about 30 bucks you can get a stainless-steel tongue scraper that could freshen breath and will scare your friends.

And for just 40 bucks more, you can invest in a tiny spring-like piece of plastic you put in your mouth and do exercises with to achieve a tighter, smoother face, neck and chin. Remember — "press and release 40 to 60 times a minute, for two minutes, twice daily."

And if your face-lift workout puts you in a bit of pain, nothing will put you back in a good mood like "the world's only singing umbrella." Yes, your \$39.95 will sing "Singing in the Rain" to you over and over again until someone with taste knocks your ass out and smashes the umbrella on the sidewalk.

But don't cry about your shattered loss — get revenge with your \$19.95 Ball-Shooting "Burp" Gun. It'll fire 15 pingpong balls at your attacker, each time making a perfect belch sound. Every frat boy should own one.

But you could also get back the destroyer of your beloved singing umbrella with "the credit card that can clean a fish — or open a letter." Just fork over \$25 and you can use the 2-inch blade stored within this credit card to officially be granted a criminal record.

And to pass the time in jail, you can stare for hours at your picture of Richard Nixon shaking the hand of Elvis. It's only \$29.95, a small price to pay for a fellow "crook" and "The King."

But even "The King" would have appreciated a Correct-Posture Dog Feeder. Just think, if this fine \$44.95 invention was around when he was singing the hits, he might not have been forced to sing "You Ain't Nothing But a Hound Dog" (a hit about his hunchbacked hound).

And speaking of dogs — everyone knows they love fire hydrants and trees. So get your dog a plastic

Christmas tree! But not any old plastic Christmas tree — one already strung with lights! Yes, for all the people out there who are so lazy that they sign their name with a rubber stamp, comes the \$620 Christmas tree.

But why stop there? The lazy people of the world could also own a \$15.95 PowerGlove, which is nothing more than an ordinary golf glove with a loop attached on the palm to hold your golf club. Yes, if you forget that you have to actually hold your club while you hit the ball, the PowerGlove makes sure you don't make a fool of yourself in front of your friends (who'll probably be laughing at your glove anyway).

And last but not least, you'll need a briefcase to carry all the receipts of these dumb products in. I suggest a 10-cent envelope, but SkyMall might suggest its "miniature briefcase" instead. Although keep in mind that it wasn't designed for receipts — but business cards instead.

So now you're done shopping and don't you just feel broke?

If so, I suggest you go out and buy something with whatever change you have left (those round things with the Lincoln, Jefferson, Roosevelt and Washington guys on them) and buy something you might need a little more ...
... a life.

Kerber is a sophomore news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Guest
VIEW

HIV cause of concern for women

NEW HAVEN, Conn. (U-WIRE) — When I look at my mother, I see a strong Chicana woman. She is a wife, mother, grandmother, sister, daughter and friend. She is also a professional woman, part of the first generation of minority women to see school through college and beyond.

But in the midst of this progress, a new struggle has taken form. It is a struggle that has touched all realms of society, but current trends tell us that it has struck women — in particular African-American and Latina women — hardest.

In the United States, HIV is spreading almost six times more quickly among women than among men. And of the cases of women with AIDS reported in 1995, 76.5 percent were either African-American or Latina. These numbers reflect both a biological and cultural vulnerability faced by minority women.

Biologically, greater amounts of semen have contact with the genital tract of a woman than vaginal secretion to a man's genital tract, making women more susceptible to infection from heterosexual contact than men. Culturally, the husbands of these women may have been unfaithful, IV drug users or engaged in homosexual activities. Often times, cultural stigmas may prevent women from demanding that their partners use condoms. These women trust in the fidelity and honesty of their partners. Unaware of their sickness, about one-fourth pass on the HIV virus to their unborn children.

Women have an even larger responsibility in this worldwide epidemic. Not only are they being infected, they are the care givers to their infected children, husbands and brothers.

Recently, my mother shared a story about a Latino family that is not unlike others. The family of ten had a sibling infected with full-blown AIDS. Unable to rely on health care providers for support, the women of the family began to care for their son/brother/uncle. Some of the women even uprooted families, traveling hundreds of miles, to be closer to their sick loved one. Women almost always act as the adhesive force in families torn by the repercussions that HIV/AIDS brings.

There are many faces of AIDS. The deadly epidemic no longer remains the "gay plague" that people spoke of in the early '80s. With each passing day, the percentage of women belonging to the HIV/AIDS population grows.

Almost 9 million women have been infected with HIV, with more than 14 million women expected to be infected by the year 2000. The strides that many of our mothers made were remarkable, but the new struggle can not remain forgotten.

— Felicia Escobar
The Yale Daily News