

OPINION PACKETS

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Quotes OF THE WEEK

"(Sen. Wesely) came into the Legislature with a well-developed philosophy and an admirable set of ideals. And that has not changed."

- Sen. Chris Beutler of Lincoln on Sen. Don Wesely of Lincoln, who will retire after this session

"Winning is not necessarily attributed to the money, but we can't necessarily divorce it from the money either."

- ASUN President Sara Russell on the \$4,300 her party spent on its winning campaign

"What's that stinky smell? It's making me sick."

- Matthew, a preschooler discovering pigs at the UNL Block and Bridle Kid's Day at the Animal Science arena on East Campus

"Hollywood sucks up the ideas of independent filmmakers and regurgitates them in a more palatable consumer-driven form."

- Gwendolyn Foster, assistant English professor and film studies instructor, on film as an art form

"I'm relieved that this is a positive resolution for the chemistry department and for students."

- Bill McLaughlin, visiting chemistry instructor, on his contract to teach at UNL next year

"Although the governor's alleged conduct, if true, may certainly be characterized as boorish and offensive, even a most charitable reading of the record in this case fails to reveal a basis for a claim of criminal sexual assault."

- U.S. District Judge Susan Webber Wright on her decision to throw out the Paula Jones lawsuit against President Clinton

"Just seeing the way they live, the way Chauncey lives ... I thought I could fit in with the style of play."

- Nebraska point guard Tyronn Lue on his decision to forgo his senior season and enter the NBA Draft. Lue visited former Colorado guard and current Toronto Raptor Chauncey Billups last weekend.

"Do you think I'd tell Tyronn Lue to come out of college? Hell no, that's ridiculous."

- NBA Director of Scouting Marty Blake on the possibility of Lue leaving

"He gives us a dimension we didn't have. It's like Tyronn Lue leaving and then coming back."

- NU Golf Coach Larry Romjue on golfer Jamie Rogers, who returned from Australia to play for the Huskers after a two-year absence

Haney's VIEW



Affair of the heartland

Future Farmers of America is spirit of Nebraska



MALCOLM KASS is a chemical engineering major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

"East Campus, we know that you are the anchor for this university, and this is your time to shine."

Ahh, the first week in April. It is a battleground between spring and winter. When talk starts of Texas leaguers and if the record of 61 in '61 can be broken.

But a far more personal event is happening this weekend. For this weekend outshines all other events in our fair Cornhusker state because East Campus is holding the Nebraska State Future Farmers of America Convention, truly the greatest show on all of the earth.

I was raised on a farm north of a sleepy little northeastern Nebraska town called Wisner.

Ahh yes ... Wisner. Within the comfortable confines of my beloved town there was a Vocational Agriculture instructor who transcended every social boundary ever formed.

This man is Mark Schroeder. Even though his most commonly said phrase was, "That damn Kvolks kid!" his wit and intelligence molded our eager brains.

While many a Kass was cultivated under Schroeder's instruction before myself, nothing could have prepared me for what was about to come between the years of 1989 through 1993.

He instructed my classmates in the art of land judging, parliamentary procedure, meat judging and so on. No one else could have shown us the fine 2½-inch line of tenderloin

between a T-bone and porterhouse steak; and under his high school domain, phrases as "Meaty Bob Johnson" and "left one right one jealous" became entrenched within Wisner-Pilger-Beemer FFA lingo for all time.

A mysterious individual was this Mr. Mark Schroeder. I know of no other high school instructor able to catch a stapler flying at high velocities without even looking, demonstrating to his students that not only did he master agriculture, but he was a master of the art of ninja as well.

Mark Schroeder opened the door to FFA for all of us. With the FFA experience I learned how to say "cappuccino" and was granted the nickname "Balls" for my numerous conquests of the tall water slide in the now defunct Peony Park, and I met my first love, oh ... dear, sweet Gwen.

Also at a FFA conference, I found Gwen making out with some kid from Lexington; thus, FFA indirectly taught me that women are inherently evil, dreadfully evil.

However, most importantly, I judged in the National FFA Meat Judging contest in Kansas City, Mo., and in this same week our team went to a restaurant, unbeknownst to we innocent teenagers, called Hooters.

Ignorant to the establishment, I ... well, let's just say that FFA opened many, many doors to me personally. Back at our hotel, Mr. Schroeder asked about our whereabouts and we answered with the excuse that our hunger overcame us, and we went to a marvelous pancake house just down the street. Hailing

from small-town life, he bought it, and no punishment occurred. Ha ... the benefits of being a Wisnerite.

This is why I hold East Campus in such high regard. Too many times Nebraska is represented by the slums of Omaha and Lincoln. East Campus is a safe house to people who don't wear hemp and don't dye their hair. It's solitude surrounded by madness. East Campus is the true embodiment of Nebraska.

This is why the State FFA convention is the expression of the Nebraska spirit.

Where else can a fledging youngster become one of Nebraska FFA's state farmers by working as a stock boy at Mel's Foodtown, perform "The Flight of Mark Schroeder" on the mandolin in front of a sea of 5,000 in blue, and still know the difference between a seven-bone roast and the bottom round all in one night? FFA made all this possible.

This is why I decree that FFA and East Campus are the heart and soul of Nebraska. East Campus, we know that you are the anchor for this university, and this is your time to shine.

I say burn flags of Todd Munson, judge your livestock, identify meat, and show to our beloved FFAers that they are the backbone and ultimately the future of our campus.

But most of all, as a favor for me, thank Mark Schroeder for his wisdom in teaching a certain fledgling agriculturist that FFA opened a whole new world. Hail the Almighty Mark Schroeder!

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