

## Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

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### Save the week

#### Our suggestions to improve Homecoming

We're tired of complaining. See, it labels us as "the complainers," the friendly Daily Nebraskan whine entourage that craps upon the efforts of those campus leaders who have earnestly attempted to make the University of Nebraska-Lincoln a more entertaining place. Among our targets: NU Directions, ASUN and University Program Council.

We know what they think: We're standing on the backs of their dreams. We wield our power like the mighty Marine who vanquishes the fire monster in the commercial. The few. The proud. The ostensibly cruel.

So, for Halloween, a treat! This being homecoming week, we turn our critics' hats around, flip the switch (as Sylvester Stallone would say in "Over the Top") and work for the side of good.

Today, we're dressing up as Glenda, the Good UNL Witch, offering suggestions on how to spice up a rather dull homecoming week, which will hit its peak Saturday with a rather dull Nebraska football game against Kansas.

You knew it was homecoming week, yes? The bevy of fliers and advertising promotions tipped you off, we're sure. The turnout for Sunday's Fun Run bulged into the thousands. The Husker Howl skits will leave you in stitches very, very soon.

Enough with the facetious jabs! Kicking it up a notch is what this is about. Without further adieu, the five suggestions:

**Erect a giant, temporary hill:** Our crack research shows that the University of Kansas gets lots of mileage out of Mount Oread, that hill in the middle of campus that serves as a big walking route for the Jayhawks come gameday.

For a snippet of dough, UNL can haul in a couple truckloads of dirt and plop it on Buck Beltzer Field, thereby allowing the Cornhuskers to trot down its slippery slope toward their eventual victory. Fogies and students alike would greatly enjoy such an endeavor.

**Panhandle for a wad of cash:** We must get a better knowledge of where our bread's buttered on this campus - our alumni. Thus, to hit up UNL alum Warren Buffet for \$1 million to put toward Homecoming doesn't strike us as a shabby move.

It could even be named after him: *The Warren Buffet Homecoming Week*, presented by *Berkshire Hathaway*. Only a generous wad of cash can turn it around, folks. Tradition takes time. Or money.

**Erect giant mountain rocket for firing on Saturday:** Underwritten by the U.S. Department of Defense.

**The old standbys, Tom Osborne and Johnny Rodgers:** He's always good for a couple of grand worth of people. Have Johnny the Jet bring a couple of Heisman friends along. But not their Heisman Trophy.

**Payola:** Often used in radio and television, the homecoming committee pays *you*, the student, to participate.

**Five ideas. Five plans of action. Five ways to delve right into tradition and get our hands dirty.** Entirely absurd? Yes. Such is the dire straights of our homecoming scene at UNL. It will take nothing short of a few creative geniuses to turn it around. Have we tried raiding the advertising department of this university? Or is it engaged in promising endeavors?

Actually, well, fund raising is an option. One of those door-to-door campaigns through all the residence halls might be nice, just in case Homecoming might want to expand beyond the only people who keep it alive at all: the greek community.

And a couple of cheap standbys ... well, at least they work. And imagine when Osborne's in the House next year. Maybe he'll bring Newt Gingrich back for a stump speech or two. Think about it. Then pitch it to Warren.

#### Editorial Board

Sarah Baker, Bradley Davis, Josh Funk, Matthew Hansen, Samuel McKewon, Dane Stickney, Kimberly Sweet

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#### Editorial Policy

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AFTER LEARNING THAT FEMALE SWORDTAIL FISH ARE ATTRACTED TO MALES WITH LONGER SWORD FINS, ENTERPRISING SINGLE MALES RETHINK THEIR HALLOWEEN COSTUMES.



Neal Obermeyer/DN

## You can't get us, Guyla Mills

Dear Guyla Mills (right-wing Christian initiator of Initiative 416):

On the great Halloween of '84, when I was 6 and my brother Cris was 8, he pissed all over the witch costume I was wearing. That was a hard thing to deal with.

Despite the fact that I did get more candy because Nebraskans feel sympathy for a urine-soaked witch, it still hurt my pride when I was a wee little girl.

But I got him back after I told the whole town that he incessantly peed his bed and had to have a beeper hooked to his undies that alerted the "situation."

Now I can look back and laugh about him ruining my costume.



Karen Brown

And despite our conflict in dealing with 416 and its blatant attempt to sever all ties between homosexuals and people with blind eyes and closed minds, we will always love each other because this, too, shall pass.

Homosexual Nebraskans will finally understand the state they live in, while Nebraskans who support 416 will feel good about what they've done because they listened to someone like you, Guyla - someone who has had a rough life, being lost in your own identity.

It's been years since Cris has been mean to me, as he only kicks me and pulls my hair at "special" occasions (i.e. Thanksgiving dinner and funerals). But the worst pain he inflicts isn't physical. It is something that you have created with your 416 amendment to the constitution that would permanently ban same-sex marriages in Nebraska.

I've always said my brother and I have nothing

in common except the fact that we both like women. He tries to argue, but he can't. As he scratches his Republican, corporate, well-dressed, quiet face I look at him and can't believe we came from the same litter.

I'm scroungy, I never look nice, I swear, cheat, lie and objectify bunny rabbits. But we both like women. That's our bond, and until 416 popped up, he and I have always been able to talk in a civil manner about loving women.

When he told me he signed the petition, I broke down. When he told me he would probably vote yes on 416, I could no longer speak to him on the phone. I asked him why he would support such a bill.

"Well, I think homosexuality is morally wrong."

I didn't know what to say, and he didn't either when I asked him how on earth this is affecting his marriage to his wife. Dead silence was the answer, and it was the right one.

I didn't tell him that to ensure marriage between man and a woman, the divorce rate (57 percent) needs to be worked on - not homosexual rights.

As far as

moral right and wrong goes, I'm going to be an aunt in January, and I don't want Cris to teach him or her that who I am with is morally wrong.

But I'd rather have *him* teach their child that, not a state constitution.

As you've said, Guyla, this is strictly a Nebraska issue. So I will forget the fact that you accepted \$600,000 in support money from Mormons in Utah, as well as funds from other "foreigners" because I do think you believe it's a Nebraska issue so you won't forget who's paying your wages.

Some Nebraskans will vote "yes" on this amendment, and we can't stop them. But we have a week left to try to educate the citizens of our state that unless they downright want to banish queers from the face of the earth, they shouldn't vote in favor of 416.

I just want you to know that you've made people think about homosexuals in the wrong light (whiny, sub-human and unworthy of "straight rights") and that as far as my brother and I are concerned, we will work through this. I will love him, and he will love me no matter what happens.

Good luck to you. I think you'll need it.



Shawn Ballarin/DN

## No matter the election, no options

Young voters, a choice is upon us.

It is our responsibility - our duty - to participate. When you step into the voting booth this year, you will be presented with the options of the same old spoiled, rich, establishment candidates who are carbon copies of one another, and you will have to decide what to do.

I'm talking about, of course, the election for homecoming king. Now I understand that politics is not something that's taken lightly in this state. The political arena is where people go when they tire of doing the important work in the state, like coaching the NU football team.

But this year things were going to be different. This year our king was going to be someone with whom everyone would identify.

Someone who not only didn't know where the ASUN office was but didn't know what ASUN was. Someone who not only skipped classes but skipped semesters. Someone who's done community service because a judge said so.

Me. I figured that, given the stunning election of the A-Team last spring, the campus was finally ready to make the most celebrated person at the university an "average student." Things looked promising.

The first thing one must do when applying to become homecoming king is pick up an application. Simple enough. I filled out the application but was missing one necessary thing before I turned it in. They require you to submit a letter of recommendation.

I really wanted to make an impression, so I went to Regent Robert Allen. The letter was coming along great until he found out I spoke out on behalf of our university's radio station, KRNU.

He refused to write my letter because of my "attention and interest in helping disc jockeys."

In a letter I obtained that was sent to the homecoming committee, he said: "I have a radio at work. I love it dearly. But if you get too much of that, it hurts your school, and I think Tony's done that."

Down, but not out. I moved on and got the letter from Li'l Red.

The committee narrows the applicants to semifinalists who are interviewed. After that is the finals, when the students vote for the king.

I fully expected an interview, and if I could get to the finals, the king title would be mine. So it was much to my surprise when I did not even get an interview.

I contacted someone from the committee, ready to throw a tirade, and he said: "Bock ... let me see. Oh yes, you're not a full-time student, so you can't be king. Sorry." The asinine foreign-language requirement for the College of Journalism and Mass Communications had screwed me again! Damn.

You see, in order for me to graduate, I have to take 16 hours of Spanish. I won't get a minor or anything, although I will have taken more credit hours in Spanish than in any other subject but broadcasting (which is my major).

And because the chance of a gay couple getting married in Nebraska is better than the chance of me passing all 16 hours here at UNL, I decided to take some Spanish at Southeast Community College this semester. In fact, I'm taking six hours there, which left me with nine here, and as we know, that is not full time.

We have to place the kind of importance on this election that we place on the presidential one. Think of me as a sexier Ralph Nader. But I can't even get on the ballot. So what do we do now?

You have two choices as I see it. You can vote for the same old pretty-boy candidates and look on in disgust Saturday as a phony struts across Tom Osborne Field, queen on his arm, and takes credit for accomplishments that are meaningless.

Or you can meet me and the thousands of other pissed-off students at the voting booth Wednesday and start rioting.

That's right, we need to start rioting, and I would say to start looting, too - if ya' feel like it.

It seems to me that Nebraska has a soft reputation. I have been at this university four years and have not participated in, seen or heard one single riot. I thought this was college.

Our neighbors in Colorado riot every couple years, but when was the last time you even saw a good demonstration at this campus? We haven't even had a sit-in, and I'm getting tired of the apathy.

After the riot, we will demand that I be made homecoming king and that next year all students will be eligible to become homecoming king. Let everyone participate, not just the elite.

Or you can exercise your anger by not voting. I know many of you will do that simply because there's no real choice.

Sound familiar?



Tony Bock