

# Editorial

## Reagan's good for his word, troops to return

Saturday's news that all U.S. combat troops will be withdrawn from Grenada this week should help silence those critics who have condemned our involvement in that tiny Caribbean island.

When the United States invaded Grenada Oct. 25, Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill and many of his democratic colleagues warned that we probably were in for a long occupation of the island. But President Reagan promised to bring the troops home by Christmas.

No official announcement has been made, but The Associated Press quoted Pentagon and White House sources as saying the 915 paratroopers from the 82nd Airborne Division would be airlifted back to Fort Bragg, N.C., this morning. About 1,100 support troops are to be flown home by Thursday, the wire service reported.

A force of 300 U.S. soldiers — most of them military police — will remain to help keep things in order until the new government gets itself established, but for all practical purposes, our military involvement in Grenada has ended. President Reagan has kept his promise.

Many people, here and abroad, compared the American invasion to acts of expansionism by the Soviet government.

But you can bet one thing: Had the Soviets invaded Grenada instead of the United States, troops would have stayed on the island to make sure the puppet government remained firmly in place.

Most of the foreign leaders who condemned the invasion, including British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, quieted down once weapons were discovered on Grenada, indicating Cuban and Soviet intentions for the island.

But for those leaders who still have some doubts, the Reagan administration's decision to withdraw the troops should settle things once and for all — the decision to invade Grenada was not based on any desire to take over the country.

## Editorial Policy

Unsigned editorials represent official policy of the fall 1983 Daily Nebraskan. They are written by this semester's editor in chief, Larry Sparks.

Other staff members will write editorials throughout the semester.

Editorials do not necessarily reflect the views of the university, its employees or the NU Board of Regents.

EDWIN MEESE *Presents*

A RIDDLE FOR AMERICA

question:

IF A CHILD IS HUNGRY IN NEW YORK AND THERE ARE NO "AUTHORITATIVE FIGURES" ON THIS CHILD, IS HUNGER REALLY A PROBLEM IN AMERICA?

answer:

ONLY FOR THE HUNGRY.



## The party with a perfect ending

This is a rotten time to think about anything serious. It's almost Christmas. So I thought for my last editorial column of the semester I'd sit back, relax and think about the perfect Christmas party.

I drive up in a Mercedes. I figure, hey, this is a



Bill Allen

daydream anyway, so I might as well go all out. Impeccably dressed, I waltz into the room carrying a bouquet of roses and a bottle of fine Kentucky sipping whiskey. Now, I expect to get several letters to the editor telling me that you don't have to drink at a party to have a good time. To which I respond: true, and you don't have to have a party to drink, or have a good time for that matter, or is it Thursday? By then they are usually so confused they leave me alone, which is all I really want from people who claim to have all the answers anyway. I've never claimed that.

Anyway, I have a lot of friends who choose not to drink, which I think is great, and some of them are at

this party, not drinking, even though myself and several others are. So you see, I don't have a drinking problem. It's the only thing I do well.

I start talking to a good friend, and we shake hands and repeat each other's names real cool like. I put the bottle of whiskey down on the bar and grab a beer. That's all I drink usually, but it looks kind of ridiculous driving to a party in a Mercedes, walking in with a bouquet of roses, and carrying a 12-pack. Which reminds me, I still have these stupid roses, which look really ridiculous when you have a bottle of beer in the other hand. Ace the roses.

I'll start again. I drove up not in a Mercedes, wearing jeans and a sweatshirt, carrying a 12-pack and a bag of potato chips. There, that's more like it. It's my kind of party now.

Someone gets the bright idea to put on an album of Christmas favorites. I think it was the same guy that put on the Rodney Dangerfield album earlier. (Terrific, now I'll get letters from the Dangerfield fans.) But this is OK because it is Christmas, and we're starting to get lubed by now. We all sing along. A woman comes over and puts her arm around me. I guess some people are more lubed than others.

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## Jim Brown is what pro football needs

Sportswriters around the country have been chuckling in print for the last week or so. The cause of their amusement is Jim Brown, the former pro football star.

Brown is cracking everybody up because of what he had the nerve to say:



Bob Greene

that if Franco Harris of the Pittsburgh Steelers or Walter Payton of the Chicago Bears should break his all-time National Football League rushing record, then he will come back and play until the record is his again.

Brown is 47 years old.

"I have the greatest respect for Franco Harris," Brown said. "But he is just hanging around to try to break my record."

"Even if Franco beats my record by 500 yards, I will come back."

Brown, who played nine seasons for the Cleveland Browns (from 1957 to 1965), is the all-time NFL rushing leader with 12,312 yards; the all-time NFL touchdown leader with 126; and the all-time NFL 100-yard-plus-games leader with 58.

But Harris and Payton are creeping up on that first record. And Brown is ready to make sure they don't take it

away.

"I plan to talk to Al Davis (owner of the Los Angeles Raiders)," Brown said, "to see if his team would give me a chance and get my playing rights from the Browns. . . I have started to work hard on my physical conditioning."

"I'm just doing this because I'm tired of hearing questions about my record. I don't want to wait until I'm 50 to come back."

Brown's comments have struck many observers as ridiculous. How could a 47-year-old man even think about competing as a running back in the NFL?

Well, I think it's wonderful. Too many old-time football players react to the prospect of their records being broken by saying something along the lines of, "I hope that young fellow makes it. I had my time, but that was a long time ago, and records are made to be broken. I'm pulling for him to beat me."

Not Jim Brown. That wasn't his style when he was a player, and apparently it's not his style now.

If you ever saw him play — chugging out of the Cleveland backfield, his number 32 dirty from the mud, the ball held almost carelessly with one hand down by his waist — you know there was no more exciting sight in all of sports. Brown had that undefinable magic that almost no pro athletes

today have: the ability to draw a stadium full of eyes to him even when he wasn't directly involved in a play. All you had to do was look Brown in the face and know that he was different from the rest; different and special.

He wasn't one to let America watch his talents slowly deteriorate. During his last season, 1965, he was as great as ever; that year he gained 1,544 yards and was the league's most valuable player. But instead of doing what most athletes would do — hold out for a bigger contract the next season — he decided to walk away from football altogether. He had proved he was the master of that game. Now he wanted to be a movie star.

Well, he's been a movie star, although probably not as great a star as he had hoped. And at 47, he doesn't want anyone taking his records away.

I don't know about you, but one of the few things that could persuade me to buy a ticket to a pro football game these days would be the promise of seeing Brown in person one more time. NFL attendance and TV ratings are sluggish nowadays, and no wonder; who wants to see a bunch of guys whose main concern is whether enough money is left over from their tax-shelter investments to keep them in recreational drugs?

All the odds say the youngsters would tear Brown to bits. But I wouldn't bet on it. And even if they did,

there would be people standing in line at ticket counters all over the NFL just to see Brown going up against the new players. In a sport increasingly devoid of true excitement, the mere presence of Brown would bring back the thrills.

With typical diplomacy, Brown had this to say about Franco Harris:

"If anyone wants to test my speed, they can put me up against Franco anytime. I may be 47, but I can still beat him. Franco's made a great contribution to the game, he's a great back . . . but at this point in his career, he's running out of bounds, just going for yards, for records. I don't take him seriously anymore."

The Cleveland Browns still own the rights to Jim Brown; technically, he is on the team's reserve-retired list. Club president Art Modell, when informed of Brown's recent statements, said with a smile:

"If Jim Brown elects to come back, and since we're on a budget cut, we can save money because we still have his chin strip and helmet."

Modell may have been joking, but there are millions of us who get positively giddy at the mere prospect. If Brown returns to pro football, we'll all be returning to the ticket booths, too. Whether or not he manages to keep his rushing records, he'll do more for attendance than all the bare-midriffed cheerleaders in Texas.

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