

Editorial

Give halfbacks books, not bucks

Outside of the Booker Brown/Mike Trope incident last December, the UNL Nebraska's athletic program's reputation has been generally regarded as the Dudley Do-Right of big-time college athletics.

On the other hand, Clemson University has been the Snidely Whiplash of the college sports world. They've recently gone through a combined seven years of probation in two sports, extensive damage to the university's reputation, and the resignation of the university's president because of abuses by the athletic department.

With Dr. Tom Osborne and the venerable Bob Devaney — the Double Hundred Duo — at the helm, there seems no reason to expect the same kind of disaster at dear old Nebraska U., as long as the athletic department remains under the control of the UNL administration, and the Double Hundred Duo remains accountable to that administration.

Just because we aren't in the midst of a Clemson-type disaster doesn't mean we shouldn't form safeguards against the possibility. The pressure is there — winning, winning, winning, means bucks, bucks, bucks — and school after school succumbs to it. As far as we know, UNL is holding its own. The time to close the barn doors is now — before the cows get out.

Getting the cows back in the barn appears to be the thrust of a convention of university presidents of schools with big-time athletic programs planned for this summer. The president of one such institution, Edward Foote of Miami University said at a meeting in Miami that progress is being made within the NCAA itself, but "much remains to be done," according to an article in the March 12 *Chronical of Higher Education*.

At that meeting, the presidents recommended eight proposals aimed at bringing athletic departments back under the control of university administrations, battling the exploitation of athletes and putting academics first — where they belong.

Some of the points would consider shortening seasons, maintain academic standards of grade point averages and test scores and consider forming a periodic audit to review athletic programs.

We applaud the presidents' efforts. As a big-time athletic school, UNL is in the high-risk group for contracting Clemsonosis; if we don't have it already. An autonomous and corrupt athletic department does harm not only to the athletes it exploits, but to the whole university. Despite their revenue, or perhaps especially because of it, athletic departments ought to be held accountable for their actions.

We believe intercollegiate athletics serve a good purpose in their proper place. Yet they have been elevated far beyond that place, often at the behest of over-exuberant booster clubs — the last people who should be setting university policy. It's time sports came back down to where they belong. It's time we regressed to the days when halfbacks had books to put in their lockers.

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Worthwhile ASUN goals

From the 'If you can't say anything nice' dep't



Bill Allen

Betrayal by new ideas

Feminists angry at yuppies

I never thought that women my age would spend mid-life talking about "the younger generation." After all, historically we were The Younger Generation. We were destined by the star of the baby boom to be always at the cutting edge.

Yet this winter, wherever I go, I hear a peculiar echo in the voices of my peers or my cohorts or whatever the demographers call us. I catch them repeating the question once uttered by our parents and grandparents about us: "What has happened to the younger generation?"



Ellen Goodman

The women who seem most disappointed are those who call themselves feminists. Now in their mid-30s and 40s, they matured on the wave of the women's movement. For many change was exhilarating; they were too young to feel betrayed by new ideas. They took pride in the assumption that they would make life better for those who came behind them.

Now they look at students and business associates and colleagues, self-confident women in their 20s who feel little connection with women's rights movement. They look at those who have few qualms in being described as the post-feminist generation. They look at women who fit at least partially under the abused heading of yuppies. And they wonder about them.

A generation gap has opened between the feminists and the yuppies. It is, at least on the surface, about politics, but

it's also about change. The feminists are conscious of sexism as an aroma over the landscape. The yuppies do not have the same sensitive olfactory nerve. Many have never, or so they will tell you, been discriminated against.

To the feminists, the women's rights movement is as current as the latest slur or lawsuit. To the yuppies, it is tale from the old days when, once upon a time, women had trouble getting into the schools or jobs they now hold.

The mid-life generation of women genuinely worry that the young are pulling the covers of denial back over their heads. They worry that the young are being misled again into the belief that they can cut a private deal for progress, one woman at a time. The younger women listen to the repeated warnings of their elders with the polite distancing patience of children told how grandparents walked 10 miles in the snow to school.

In distress, the more liberal mid-lifers say of the more conservative young: They'll find out. They'll find out when they have children and try to balance work and mothering. They'll find out when they bump up against the ceilings on women's aspirations. They'll find out that we were right.

As for me, I find little pleasure in anticipating the day of disillusionment when "they'll find out." I find less comfort in the generation gap I observe.

If I worry about the young, I also worry about my peers. At times we sound like parents who worked hard to make life easier for their children and now criticize these children because they've had it too easy. We wanted them to carry on our lives

and are angry at them for living their own.

I suppose feminists think of yuppies the way the suffragists must have thought of the flappers. The suffragists fought for rights. The flappers came along and acted them out in speakases and flirtations. The suffragists had planned a series of next steps; the flappers turned them into the Charleston. Today — if you will forgive my generalizations — the feminists who believed in sisterhood are followed by the yuppies who believe in personal success. One generation marched for progress; the next marks progress on a Nautilus chart.

But there is something else the mid-life feminists of the 1980s have in common with the suffragists of the 1920s; aging. I think it is hard for any group of people to feel themselves bumped into middle age. It may be particularly hard when those who call themselves progressive find their deepest ideals wear-dated by those who are young, as if ideals were pop music or hoop skirts. But it's also hard for the young when their elders don't listen and do judge.

I am enough of a creature of my times to share the alarm of friends and peers about the young. I think that social change is fragile. While the young aren't paying attention, women can drift back. But no generation can write the script for the next. Those who try only lose. Lose contact.

Once, another older generation asked of us: "What has happened to the younger generation?" I remember our response to their distance and dismay. We stopped paying attention.

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USA Today's unity quest fails

We are sick of USA Today. We are tired of it using the words "we" and "our" to create a false sense of community, to enlist us in movements and trends that we know nothing about and have no desire to join. We want no more of this sort of thing. And we are tired of



Richard Cohen

arguing back at a newspaper that declared, as it did just the other day, "We're tangled up again in knitting." The hell we are.

The trouble with USA Today is that it does not report, it embraces. It neces-

sarily wants to identify with me, but it manages to do just the opposite. I diet for weeks on end, eat nothing for days, drink only water and gargle Perrier and USA Today says, "We Like Steak, Gooey Desserts." We do not. We avoid them like the plague.

Sometimes USA Today tells me that I'm healthy, sometimes that I'm on the verge of death and sometimes that I've made a wonderful recovery: "More of Us Now Recover From Stroke." I didn't know I had one.

I learn that "We're Spiking More Dishes With Spirits" which explains, among other things, why we're having so many strokes, not to mention this urge to knit that I just know you have been noticing. Sober people would not knit nor, for that matter, would

they sleep in the buff which is what USA Today says that one out of eight of us does. "We're Ready to Stand Up and Cheer," says the paper. Okay, but before we do, we had better put some clothes on.

The idea behind all this chumminess is to make all of America into one big, intimate community. But instead I feel excluded. I feel like someone reading the foreign press. Who is this "we" they're always talking about? How come I never hear of these things? Why have I been left out again? Reading USA Today recreates the high school experience for me. Once again, I get to feel excluded — the feeling that everyone, the whole damn school, is at a party I know nothing about.

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