

Sports

Water cold, divers hot at JO meet

By Cheryl Petersen
Staff Reporter

Sunscreens, umbrellas and ice-cold lemonade are usually found poolside at a national diving meet but the scenario has been quite the opposite this week as Woods Memorial Pool and the Ne-

braska Aquatics Diving Club host the 1985 McDonald's U.S. Junior Olympic Diving Championships.

The unseasonably cool temperatures have forced members from more than 60 diving teams from all over the country to opt for sweaters, blankets and hot chocolate.

The meet, which features age group competition between youth ages 9 to 17, continues through Saturday at Woods, 33rd and J streets. The winners at this meet will advance to the World Age Group Championships in Texas later this month.

Nebraska diving coach Jeff Huber made a bid to the U.S. Diving Committee two years ago to have the meet held in Nebraska.

"We thought it would be a great way to promote diving in the state of Nebraska," Huber said. "So far we've had great community support and help."

The facility and equipment available at Woods were the main factors in deciding the meet's location. McDonald's, which is the major sponsor of the meet, donated \$500 toward the purchase of a new electromagnetic scoreboard which will stay in Lincoln.

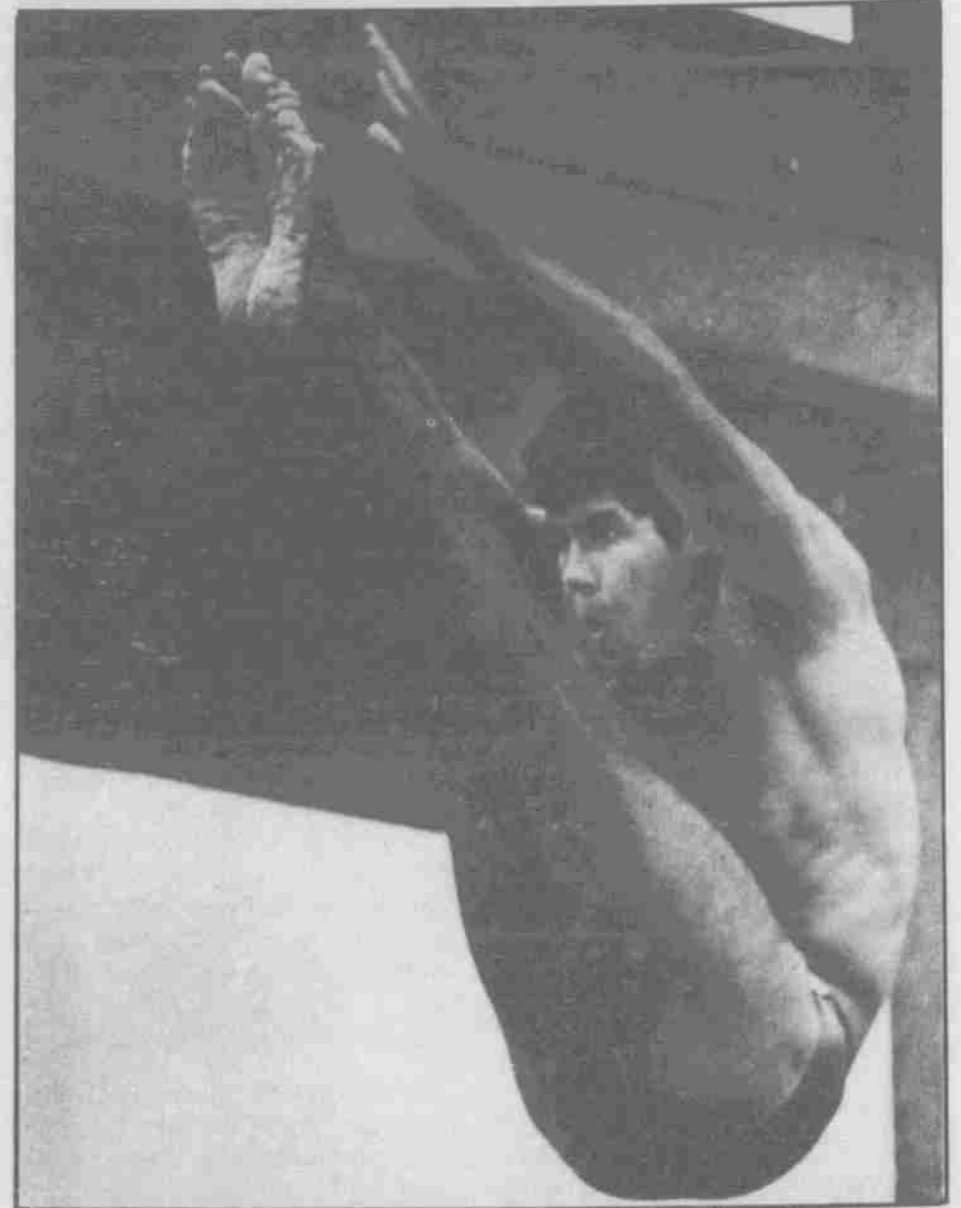
The scoreboard helps the meet run more quickly and efficiently in conjunction with the workers. Everything has gone smoothly for the divers except for the unseasonably cool temperatures.

"When your up there shaking on the board you just have to block out the cold," said Krista Clark, 12 and under three-meter spring board champion. "It's all mental."

Brad Baell, champion of the boys 13-14 one-meter competition said the cool conditions cause muscles to tighten up.

"It makes it hard to do a lot of the dives when you're so stiff."

"The next goal for these kids is to make the top eight at Senior Nationals," Huber said. "I'm sure we are looking at future Olympians at this meet."



Andres Hoy/The Nebraskan
Matt Frawley of the Morningside Muggers Diving Team from New York City performs a layout pike back dive at the 1985 McDonald's/U.S. Junior Olympic Diving Championships at Woods Memorial Pool.

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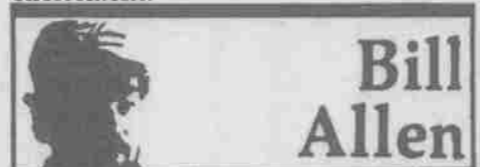
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An 'average' day at the ballpark

Ah, the joy of Mudville, baseball, and a McDonald's hot apple pie. What better way for the average American family to spend a Saturday afternoon than at a Major League Baseball game?

We join just such an average American family, the Wharts, in the parking lot of a stadium where such a game is being played on such an afternoon. Ed, his wife Marlene, son Chipper, daughter Nadine, and loveable Point Four, who is three, arrive for an afternoon of excitement.



Bill Allen

Oh the thoughts that go through a leisure mind; the roar of the crowd, the tenseness of a base stealing attempt, the caught breath of a home run. But enough, let's join the average American family heading for that great American pastime.

"Aw dad," Chipper said, "Do I have to go to this dumb old game? I'd rather be at the discoteque."

"Shut up, Chipper," Ed said, standing before the ticket window. "I'd like five tickets. Oh, average seating, I guess."

"Yes, sir, that'll be (price deleted for the benefit of those with weak hearts)."

"(price still deleted)! What! It costs that much to bring my family to the

great American pastime?"

"Chipper, Nadine, help your father up," Marlene said, paying for the tickets.

The family rollicked and waved in the stands, amid choruses of "Take me out to the ball park." Point Four got lost in a ball of cotton candy and they didn't find him until the second inning.

"What happened," Ed said, waking up about the fourth inning, "Why is everyone cheering?"

"Someone named Casey just struck out," Nadine said, smearing lipstick on her 17-year-old face, "He's kind of cute."

"What's the score? Where's Chipper?"

"Nothing to nothing, not even a hit, not a creature is bunting, and I've got a zit. Chipper is dancing with this guy named Ramone about ten rows back."

"Where's your mom?"

"She took Point Four to the bathroom. I guess a cup half full of beer was in the stands beside him. He drank it and wet all over the guy in front of him. Don't you remember? The guy hit you. That's why you were asleep."

"Oh yeah."

The loudspeaker boomed. "Major League Baseball salutes the average American family and their average American salaries. Heh, heh."

Then a little later, "Major League Baseball asks that the average Americans please vacate the seats reserved for the above average businessmen and

their above average salaries."

"Ed, honey," Marlene said, "They mean us."

"Oops, we must be in the front row," Ed said, realizing they probably would be sitting behind Bob Uecker.

"Dad, I want a hot dog," Chipper said, eyeing the vendor and his designer jeans.

"Hot dog over here," Ed yelled.

"That'll be two bucks."

"Two bucks for a hot dog?"

"Unless you want it with mustard. That's extra. Overhead you know."

"Marlene," Ed yelled during the seventh inning stretch, "Where's that daughter of yours?"

"There she is, dad," Chipper said, pointing to a crowd of shirtless men standing over the limp form of his daughter.

"Here, here, what's this," Ed said, going over.

"This chick passed out from the heat, man. We're all taking turns giving her artificial respiration."

"Artificial?" Ed yelled, "That's my daughter. Give her the real thing. I can afford it."

"No, that's okay, dad," Nadine said, starry-eyed, "I didn't really pass out. I just like to be revived."

It was the bottom of the 21st inning that day, or should we say night, in Mudville and a fellow called "The

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