

Editorial

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Rule too broad Athletes should help charities

The NCAA rule prohibiting athletes from appearing in non-profit products violates athletes' rights and should be amended.

Doug Johnson, NCAA director of legislative services, said association rules forbid any student-athlete from appearing or promoting any commercial product sold on the open market.

The rule makes sense in some cases. For example, student-athletes should not be allowed to model for retail stores or be paid for the use of their photos.

But in other cases, the rule is unfair. Nebraska football player Jon Kelley and volleyball player Tisha Delaney, who posed for UNL's "Men of Nebraska" and "Women of Nebraska" calendars, could be punished for helping the needy.

All proceeds from the calendar were donated to the non-profit organization Mothers Against Drunk Driving. The athletes were not paid for their appearances.

By banning athletes from helping charities, the rule discour-

ages student-athletes from helping needy causes.

Another problem with the rule is that it seldom is enforced. Johnson said the NCAA looks at six to 10 cases a year.

Yet, Kelley and Delaney first learned of the rule last December when the NCAA suspended Indiana basketball player Steve Alford from a game against Kentucky because Alford posed for a sorority calendar. Profits from the sale of the calendar were donated to a girls' camp.

Before the Alford ruling, several NU football players — such as Turner Gill, Jamie Williams and Mark Mauer — had appeared on calendars and had no problems with the NCAA.

NCAA rules must be enforced to be taken seriously. If the rules are too broad — like the "commercial product" rule — they should be amended.

Student athletes should not use university ties for their own advantage. But they should be able to use their photos to help charities.

Against the odds UNL journalism fights problems

Dedication. Because of it, the UNL College of Journalism easily passed muster with a national journalism visiting committee.

The visiting committee of the Accrediting Council in Education in Journalism and Mass Communications evaluated UNL's programs and recommended that the college be re-accredited.

Committee members said it was "a pleasure evaluating this college because it meets nearly all of its stated goals despite a huge increase in enrollment, state cutbacks in university funding and an overworked faculty."

Thanks to instructors who put in long days and spend weekends grading papers, the journalism college maintains the national reputation it has earned over the years.

The college is not perfect. It

still lacks minority faculty members, a full-time staff member at KRNU radio, detailed alumni recordkeeping, state-of-the-art equipment and a department chairman in advertising.

But faculty members manage to overcome the problems. Each semester they teach countless budding journalists the basics of grammar, spelling, syntax and Associated Press style.

The system must be working. Last summer, the news-editorial department alone placed 44 student interns at papers from New York to Japan.

The final accreditation decision will be announced by the ACEJMC Accrediting Committee and Accrediting Council. The visiting committee recommended a seven-year extension on the college's accreditation status.

Congratulations.

Show could set standard Documentary on blacks to be aired

After years of predictable sitcoms and unrealistic prime-time soap operas, TV network executives took a stride forward.

Veteran newsman Bill Moyers and CBS have teamed up for a documentary on the black community in the United States.

The program, which airs locally Saturday at 8 p.m., goes beyond problems of fascism and uncar-

ing government. It looks at blacks' lack of role models and the failure to pass on moral values to children.

"The Vanishing Family — Crisis in Black America" could set the standard for future documentaries.

Too bad CBS chose a seldom-viewed time and failed to promote it.

Editorial policy

Unsigned editorials represent official policy of the spring 1985 Daily Nebraskan.

Editorials do not necessarily reflect the views of the university, its employees, the students or the NU

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Student looks at student looks Whether pensive or eager, people's eyes show it

Last week I noticed other students' faces as classes were beginning. People can tell a lot by looking into others' eyes. The following is a list of looks that I observed.

The Pensive Look — A stare into space with visible brain activity. This look usually occurs in students before finals or at the start of the semester.

The Eager Look — Freshmen usually have this look at the beginning of their first semester and slowly lose it as their college careers progress. On several occasions I have seen this look vanish as soon as professors say, "Now for the next time please read chapters such and such in the orange book, chapters such and such in the green book and write a 20-page paper that compares the two books."

The No-One's-Home Look — This look is unavoidable. All students will get it. Its main characteristic is a blank stare into space. This look usually occurs on college students after finals or after writing a 20-page paper that compares the orange book and the green book. At first you may mistake it for the Pensive Look.

An easy test to distinguish the two is

to wave your hand in front of the person's face. If you get no response, then the student already has written the paper about those orange and green books. If you get a response, then the student is a philosophy major debating such questions as "Why is there air?" or a chess player thinking about a move.



**Bill
Rush**

The Anxious Look — Every senior who plans to graduate and must take 16 hours of physics to do so, has this look. Or, this look is on the face of students who discover that neither the orange nor the green book is available from either the library or the bookstore.

Of course, some students are more interested in members of the opposite sex than academia. These students have the following special looks:

The Mae West Look — An open invitation to "come up and see me." Please note: The "sometime" has been omitted. Take advantage of this look immediately. As the ads say, "The offer may be withdrawn at anytime."

The Clint Eastwood Look — The male counterpart of the Mae West Look. It essentially asks a person to "make my day (or night)."

The Lustful Look — Basically the same as the Clint Eastwood Look, but lacks the style. People with the Lustful Look just have their tongues sticking out, and they drool a lot.

The Shy Look — This one is always over books or a notebook and is frequently overlooked. Too bad. A lot of nice people have this look, but they are afraid to take risks. Maybe it will take extra effort to get to know the person behind this look.

The look that every student wants — shy or not — is the Look of Wisdom. But, as a graduate student, I can tell you that this look doesn't exist. But, have fun looking for it.

Rush is an undeclared UNL graduate student.

National passion for Chicago team reaches unbearable levels for native

While I was waiting in the line for Mr. Toad's Wild Ride in the Fantasyland section of Disney World, I noticed that the woman ahead of me was wearing a sweat shirt with the entire Bear roster printed on the back.

When I asked her if she was from Chicago, she drawled, "No, I'm from Memphis, but I just love the Bears. That Refrigerator is soooo cute."

Cute as a bug, I said. She asked where I was from, and when I told her, she excitedly asked:

"Oh, tell me, is that just a gap or is Fridge missing one of his front teeth?" I confessed that I had never been privileged to peer into William Perry's mouth, so I couldn't say for sure.

She gushed on. "And that McMahon. He is such a baaad boy. He reminds me of my oldest, Bobby here." She patted the head of Bobby, a gawky lad with glazed eyes and a runny nose. "Bobby's always up to mischief with his bicycle." Yes, I told her, it was a remarkable likeness.

Before she could tell me that her other child, who looked like a biter, reminded her of Gary Fencik, the line ended and we parted. She waved and said: "Stick with the Monsters of the Midwest."

Then there was the fishing guide down near the Everglades.

There are only two things I want to discuss with a Florida fishing guide during the hours we share a small boat. One is fish and the other is dope smuggling.

The fish weren't biting. And he said,

"Yeah, once I turned down \$30,000 to make three marijuana runs in one night. More money than I ever saw in my life, but I got into guiding because I don't like inside work, and there's nothing more inside than a prison laundry, so I chickened out."

Then, knowing I was from Chicago, he said, "Why'd they call it the '46 defense?'"



**Mike
Royko**

I told him that I believed it had been named in honor of the circumference of William Perry's neck.

"Well, they're really sump'n," he said, and spent the next hour telling me why they were really sump'n.

And the waitress in the little seafood joint. She didn't know a draw play from a drawstring. But she knew the words to the Super Bowl Shuffle and sang them off-key between my conch chowder and fried mullet.

So, for the rest of the trip, I said I was from Fort Wayne, Ind., and was spared any more Bearmania, or whatever the national craze for the Bears is being called.

This is an odd phenomenon. First it was the Cubs who, until the tragedy in Murphy Stadium, became America's darlings. And now the Bears.

Sure, the Bears are a talented and colorful team, and they'll win with ease

next Sunday. You can bet the kid's tuition on it. But there would have been other fine and colorful teams that didn't become national sensations.

I'm not sure why this happened. But I have a theory.

The rest of the country pities us. We have been without a championship for so long that it seems unfair. And because Americans have a keen sense of justice, except when they've done something wrong themselves, they want us to win so things will be set right.

Either that or a diet-weary nation has turned its hungry eyes toward a 307-pound kid with a missing tooth.

Whatever the reason, it's bordering on mass hysteria. Not only among fans, but in the news business. I've never heard sports broadcasters babble more madly, or seen headlines shriek more jubilantly.

It is, after all, only a game. There's nothing more at stake than possession of a gaudy trophy and the threat of a 20 percent increase in the suicide rate of Chicago.

Out of curiosity, I looked up the front page of an old Chicago Tribune from the first Monday in December 1940.

The headline across the front page said there was a big shakeup in the Italian air force.

The other top stories that morning was a little box, about 3 inches wide and 4 inches long, containing about 30 words.

It said that the day before, the Chicago Bears had won the World Cham-

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