

Editorial

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NU career over DuBose endures hardships

Nebraska I-back Doug DuBose threw his helmet in disgust as he limped off the field in last Saturday's football scrimmage. And why not? His college career-ending knee injury added more salt to a deep wound.

The senior from Uncasville, Conn., has not carried the ball yet this season, but has spent the past weeks headlining the sports page. Not because he is a Heisman Trophy candidate, but for a car he drives.

DuBose came under the scrutiny of the NCAA, fans and the media because of a sporty little car, a Nissan 300ZX. The question posed: Did he lease the car? Did his parents lease the car or did someone else lease the car?

Last week the media reported that the NCAA could hand down as many as 18 allegations resulting from their investigation. Football coach Tom Osborne said that not all the allegations concern his program. Earlier reports said DuBose could miss as many as two games as a result of the investigation. Now he'll miss all the games because of an injury.

With all that has happened, it's amazing DuBose has kept his sanity through it all. Not only has

he been beleaguered with reporters concerning the investigation, he was nursing an already tender knee with hopes of being 100 percent by the time the season opener rolled around against Florida State, Sept. 6.

He had the chance to become the first Husker running back to rush over a thousand yards in three consecutive seasons. Heisman-Trophy winner Mike Rozier never did it. All-Big Eight backs I.M. Hipp, Roger Craig and Jarvis Redwine never did it. Now DuBose won't do it.

DuBose is ineligible for a hardship year. NCAA limits players to four years of eligibility in a five-year span. DuBose redshirted his sophomore year.

Now, should DuBose come through the investigation innocent, it probably won't mean as much to him as it will to the program. He will spend the next year rehabilitating his knee with hopes of being a lower-round pick in the NFL draft.

In one month, DuBose has experienced more than any athlete has in an entire career. It's a tribute to his character to be able to withstand the accusations and endure the injury.

Not up to snuff

New ad restriction threatens rights

Sorry, TV "couch potatoes." No longer can you anticipate Walt Garrison interrupting your football game to put a pinch between his cheek and gum.

Garrison, the "Skool Bandit," and stars of similar commercials, were ordered off the air Wednesday when a federal law banning smokeless tobacco radio and TV ads went into effect. Like the 1971 ban on broadcast advertising of cigarettes, the new law allows print advertising of smokeless tobacco, but requires the ads and snuff containers to carry warning labels about the health dangers of chewing.

We're going to miss those ads. Ironically, it seems that some of the best-made commercials on the air push products whose health values are questionable at best. The Kodiak Bear who convinced thousands to chew with his growl may not have been a greater star than Miller Lite's former athletes, but he was a better performer than most.

But even those who would rather see smokeless tobacco disappear altogether should mourn the passing of the ads. The law imposing the ban continues the erosion of First Amendment ideals that began when cigarette commercials on TV were outlawed. As UNL associate professor of law John Snowden put it, the issue isn't whether snuff is good for you. It's whether tobacco companies are to enjoy the same rights to free speech as everyone else.

Supporters of the ban point to

well-publicized evidence that use of smokeless tobacco increases the risk of mouth cancer, gum disease and tooth loss. They also cite a study of young chewers that says many of them assumed the lack of warning labels and advertising restrictions meant smokeless tobacco was safe.

Convincing as the evidence may be, we wonder whether partially depriving tobacco companies of their right to advertise is preferable to a "let the buyers beware" policy. Cigarette ads have been off TV and radio for 15 years, and opposition to smoking is stronger than ever, but millions of Americans still smoke and thousands continue to die of smoking-induced lung cancer.

Snowden, an expert on First Amendment issues, says chances are slim that the ban will be overturned in the near future. Not only has the partial outlawing of cigarette advertising never been seriously challenged, he says, but a series of federal court decisions in the last decade have served to give "commercial speech" less constitutional protection.

Perhaps the concerns of both sides could be resolved by adding warning labels to smokeless tobacco TV commercials. Such labels, if prominently displayed, would both give viewers a more complete picture of the effects of chewing and would enjoy strong constitutional protection, Snowden said. The labels might not change all chewers' minds, but the purpose of the law would be carried out without infringing on the First Amendment.



Disney magic stuns columnist

Powerful fun-park lets people escape from their boring lives

"Disney World is the most powerful institution in the world, even more powerful than government."

— Ann Kevlin, 1986

Ann was a friend of mine down in St. Petersburg, Fla., this summer. She's one of those friends that enjoys musing over life's great mysteries — questions like "Why was Farrah Fawcett so popular in 1976?" and "Is Jerry Falwell an illusion?"

One evening the topic turned to Disney, and Ann shared the above thought with me. Two weeks later, after digesting the idea, a friend and I decided to check it out. After spending a day in the Magic Kingdom, I really have trouble refuting Ann's comment.

To get to Disney World, just outside Orlando, you must drive along miles of immaculate highway surrounded by nothing but trees and acres of lush grass. The distance gives you the impression that Disney is in another world, far away from the problems of a bitchy boss or tight budget you might have left back home.

To further plant the idea of seclusion in your mind, they make you board a barge and ride across a lake, where the Magic Kingdom majestically sits on an island. As you step off the boat, you leave everything behind you. You've traveled millions of miles. No one knows you here. It is, in fact, Never-Never Land. This is the land where it's all right for a 33-year-old to marvel over the bright red and blue balloons or scream into the darkness of Space Mountain, a roller-coaster ride into the future.

In fact, some people, when visiting Disney, choose to leave their identity altogether. Take Marilyn, for example. We talked with Marilyn while we stood in line for a ride. She told us she's a corrections officer in a Tennessee prison, just outside of Nashville. But 20

minutes later she became Elvis Presley's third cousin.

"Don't tell anyone, but we actually slept together," she said, testing our reaction. "We miss him dearly." She even told us about the last dinner she and Elvis had together: spaghetti and meatballs.

You can't blame Marilyn, really, for her tall tales. Disney puts you in the mood. The magic is there. You feel it. There's not one piece of trash on the ground, despite the thousands of people standing around eating and drinking. Uniformed people somehow manage to creep around your feet with brooms and dustpans — picking up any little messy item that could sever your bloodline with the Presleys.



Ad Hudler

A friend who worked at Disney one summer let me in on another secret: workers get to and from their jobs by underground tunnels. I guess there wouldn't be much magic in seeing a Disney employee walk to the bathroom. I even asked some of those employees how they liked their work.

The operator at the Dumbo flying elephant ride: "Oh, I love my job. Really, I do." She smiled. There are no crooked teeth in the Magic Kingdom, no metal reminders that some of us might have an imperfection or two.

Two other responses: "I love my job" and "Oh, I really like my job. I love people."

Apparently the magic speaks in dollars, too.

I myself got caught up in the magic. By 3 p.m. I had turned into Prince Val-

iant, walking with square, erect shoulders so my cape wouldn't drag on the ground.

But an experience later in the evening shoved me back into reality. As my friend and I (it wouldn't be very magical if I released her name) rode through the Pirates of the Caribbean, it suddenly broke down.

GASP! Yes, broke down. And the little characters that usually look alive and realistic stopped working. The recording kept repeating itself. And there we sat in a boat with 13 Future Homemakers of America from Helena, Mont.

We sat there for an hour and a half, until workers dressed as pirates actually had to roll up their pantlegs, enter the water and push our boats back toward a rear entrance.

What we saw after that was a painful reminder of reality.

Away from the magic, away from the facades behind Pirates of the Caribbean, sat another world. The real world, where trash sits on the ground, where pickups and decorative floats sit uncoccupied and dead. Where, a friend told me, the anonymity of Mickey Mouse disappears as the costumes come off in the humid Florida weather.

"Don't take any pictures," the woman quickly reminded us with a smile. "We'll have to confiscate your film if you do."

Confiscate is a real word in a real world.

We walked down a dark, secluded street, toward a door held open by another employee, the door back into the Magic Kingdom.

But it wasn't the same once we walked back inside. We had been slapped in the face. The magic spell had been broken. I left my Prince Valiant cape back in the boat. And most people, disillusioned, went home — where red and blue balloons and pirates are for kids.

Country living accentuates sounds lost in city's noisy hustle, bustle

CASCO BAY, Maine — "Is it quiet up there?" my friend asks wistfully. She has called long distance from her city to my countryside, from her desk to my cottage.

"Yes," I answered. There is no urban clatter here. No jarring cosmopolitan Muzak of subway and construction, rock and rush-hour voices. We are protected. The water that surrounds this island absorbs the din of the other world. Yes, it is quiet up here.

But when I return to my listening post at the hammock, I know that I hear more sounds than silence. The motor of passing lobster boats, the foghorn across the bay, the language of

a dozen different birds. Slowly, I sift through the hundred sounds that form this rural chorus. A honeybee shopping the rosehips in



Ellen Goodman

front of the porch, a vole rustling through the bushes, a hawk piping its song above me. If I concentrate, I imagine that I can make out different

voices of the wind moving through alder, bayberry or birch.

When I walk the island roads, I hear my own footsteps on the dirt. When I read, I hear the pages of my book turn. With time, I may even be able to distinguish the separate sounds the incoming tide makes lapping at seaweed or rock or mussel bed.

It has taken me a week to tune into these low decibels, to really hear the quiet. I do not live my urban life at such a frequency. Like most city people, have been trained to listen each day only to the squeakiest wheel.

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