

Daily  
Nebraskan

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## Win more, earn more

## Regents should fumble Osborne salary bid

For a coach who has lost two of his last three games, Nebraska football coach Tom Osborne sure has wound up in a profitable situation.

The NU Board of Regents will vote Saturday on a proposed \$8,900 salary increase for Osborne, who just completed his 15th season as head coach at Nebraska.

An \$8,900 raise just doesn't make sense. The salary increase would boost Osborne's pay to \$97,000 a year - \$3,370 more than University of Nebraska-Lincoln Chancellor Martin Massengale and \$39,900 more than Gov. Kay Orr.

Nebraska Athletic Director Bob Devaney said Osborne deserves a raise, adding that he didn't see anything wrong with a university football coach being paid more than a university chancellor.

"A coach's job is in a little more jeopardy (than a chancellor's)," Devaney said.

The stability of the coaching staff at Nebraska or anywhere else shouldn't have a bearing on wages. Success should dictate a pay increase. If coaches do their job well, then their pay should increase. If they lose, they don't get a raise. That's how it works with any other job.

And the success of the 1987 football season is in serious question after Osborne led the team to a mediocre — at least by Nebraska standards — 10-2 record. Osborne described this year's team as his best yet, but the Cornhuskers still dropped a 17-7 decision to conference rival Oklahoma in November. That Oklahoma team was coached by Barry Switzer, who made a mere \$70,000 last season.

After the Oklahoma loss, the Huskers defeated Colorado before frittering away a first-half lead and losing in the final minutes against Florida State in the Sunkist Fiesta Bowl.

Granted, Osborne has coached Nebraska to a 147-34-2

record and is one of the winningest coaches in college football. Few will question that he's one of the finest offensive coaches in the country.

Osborne has two weak links — an 8-7 bowl record and a 4-12 record against Oklahoma. He has never won a national championship, but has come close on a few occasions.

Earlier this week, Daily Nebraskan sports columnist Chuck Green wrote that the Nebraska football team lacks the motivation to win it all. His point was that the players need more incentive to pull off a win against teams like Oklahoma and Florida State — and so does Osborne.

So, instead of just boosting Osborne's salary with the flick of a pen on Saturday, the regents need to develop an incentive plan for the Husker coach. Under this plan, Osborne's pay increase would hinge on the number of games he won — or lost — during a season. For example, each loss would cost \$1,000 off his raise, or each win would add a certain amount. Either way would work just fine.

For now, Osborne's \$89,000 salary is competitive with salaries of other college football coaches. The same can't be said of UNL faculty salaries, which, even with help from a tuition hike and Orr's budget proposal, will still be lower than at other land-grant universities.

One can't blame Osborne for asking for more money. Everyone is trying to get ahead in the world. But the regents need to remember the last time Osborne asked for money: A request to build the new indoor field to practice in during cold weather, thus being better prepared for a bowl game against a southern school that practiced in a warm, outdoor climate.

Osborne got the money and the building, but not the bowl win.

## Editorial Policy

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Readers are welcome to submit material as guest opinions. Whether material should run as a letter or guest opinion, or not run, is left to the editor's discretion.

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Letters will be selected for publication on the basis of clarity, originality, timeliness and space available. The Daily Nebraskan retains the right to edit all material submitted.

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editor's discretion. Anonymous submissions will not be considered for publication. Letters should include the author's name, year in school, major and group affiliation, if any.

Submit material to the Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588-0448.

Letters and guest opinions sent to the newspaper become property of the Daily Nebraskan and cannot be returned.

Anonymous submissions will not be considered for publication. Letters should include the author's name, year in school, major and group affiliation, if any. Requests to withhold names from publication will not be granted.

## Reporters take a trip abroad

## 'A kid from Nebraska' brings Guatemala memories home

GUATEMALA, CENTRAL AMERICA — And I kept thinking, "I'm just a kid from Nebraska."

Mud squished in the ruts of my high-top aerobic shoes as I walked up the rocky, wet road to the safe, warm van waiting for me at the top of the hill.

Her smooth face, undaunted with bravery, haunted me.

Rain dripped from my bangs onto my face as I turned to look at the small bamboo hut for the last time. I would never see her again, this young, dark-haired woman who had lived through violence, pain and strife. A woman alone on a bed made of wooden slats with no money, little food and three children.

And I kept thinking, "I'm just a kid from Nebraska."

I know nothing of wars, of poverty, of starvation. It's only something I read in the newspapers, avoid when CARE commercials air or consider sadly when the homeless scatter the streets of Lincoln.

But there it was, staring at my well-fed, white American face. I had never felt so ugly.

And there was my pen and notebook, the signs of journalism, documenting her tale . . . voyeurism at its best.

Why were we there, she asked. This breed of white people that had never entered her village before. Were we there to help?

No, Daily Nebraskan photo chief Mark Davis said, but if she would tell us her story perhaps it would enlighten those whose lives are easier . . . per-

haps then she would feel some relief, some change in her pocket.

Magdalena, her deep brown eyes flaming, is one of three personal portraits whose stories and photos will be published in Friday's Daily Nebraskan. She is a native Guatemalan whose husband vanished without a trace four years ago in the throes of a civil war between the country's totalitarian military leaders and left-wing guerrilla troops.



I was there to report her story as I squatted on a log in her dirt-floored hut and felt the foggy cold from the Highland Mountains of Guatemala, Central America, creep under my stone-washed jean jacket.

I expected to see things I had never seen before, witness life as I had never experienced and uncover details unknown before to me. I wasn't prepared to feel helpless.

I was told the Quiche Indians of Guatemala have lived that way for years, that they were accustomed to wind shooting through their thatched-roofed huts, to carrying 200 pounds of corn on their shoulders up and down the Highland Mountains, to the ache of their muscles as they carried buckets of water from a stream a mile and

a half away, to having a life expectancy of 55 to 60 years. I was reminded that there are poor people all over the world.

But I knew I'd climb into that white fiberglass vehicle, stuffed with fresh fruit and bread and bottles of mineral water and drive on down the bumpy, rain-soaked road to another destination.

Magdalena probably didn't know if she would have bread the next week, although a friend had stuffed 10 quetzales — about \$4.50 in U.S. dollars — in her hand.

Guatemala, the northern-most of the Central American countries, and its native Indians that make up more than half its 8 million people, have been haunted with violence since attacks by the Spanish conquistadors in the 1500s.

Stories like Magdalena's exist all over the country. According to a Guatemalan friend who works for an international political escort service called Peace Brigades, politically motivated disappearances continue despite the newly elected democratic government.

And I kept thinking, "I'm just a kid from Nebraska."

I wish I could have taken you with me. But if attention is paid to the upcoming stories, then maybe, just maybe, you'll understand the relentlessly haunting memory of Magdalena's brown eyes.

Johnson is a junior new-editorial major and Daily Nebraskan editorial page editor.

## Hart's re-entry, success in polls show the poor logic of a donkey

We've just got to stop shutting down the paper. My first column last fall concerned the plethora of juicy news stories, just itching for the poison pen of the columnist, that paraded by unscathed as the Daily Nebraskan ran only two papers a week during the summer, and none of them with any signed columns. Now, just as we take a deserved (and perfectly logical) hiatus from publishing all the news we can fit into print, the juiciest, raciest, most itching-for-the-poison-pen of them all breaks.

I am referring, of course, to the re-entry of Gary Hart into the race for Democratic Party nominee for president. You cannot imagine the pain of sitting on a story like this for three weeks until your only outlet for guffaws, chortles and heartfelt peals, gales and fits of laughter and convulsion restarts the presses.

This man cannot — repeat — cannot be serious. But the really frightening thing is, he is dead serious. After demonstrating fully and completely what many had suspected for years — that he is unstable, impulsive and dangerously unpredictable — Hart has the audacity to pretend that all of his problems can be summed up and disposed of in a single night of wild passion, unique in scope and unrepeatable in practice. Gosh, the guy made one mistake. Surely we can forgive him for that. And just to show our resolve to be caring people, we'll even put him in the White House so he doesn't have to feel so bad about being a slime.

The fact is that Hart's problems are not confined to one sleazy night in a Washington apartment. The total lack of discretion and judgment illustrated in his order of Rice on the side is merely symptomatic of the generally sloppy and shallow behavior that has been Gary Hart for so long. For years many have searched behind his facade of technocratic New Age politics for any substance whatsoever and have come up empty. The man has long

appeared enamored by the limelight, motivated by sheer passion and unable to deliver on any of the promises of stability and genuine leadership capability that have so long been his stock in trade. The explosion in the Miami Herald was the natural culmination — but only the culmination — of years of behavior just half an inch below the trustworthiness line.



But now he's back, and there's gonna be trouble. Of course, I don't really know why I am so surprised. The move shows a total lack of good judgment and any sense of prudence or propriety. It should have been predictable from the start. Even his gallant return is just the latest demonstration of the Gary Hart repertoire of inconsistency, indecision and every other negation of desirable characteristics for a president. "Yes, I'm running, and you can't force me out over a little thing like this." "No, I'm not going to run, and it's all your fault." "Hey, I'm going to run, and you can't stop me. Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah."

Besides all this, does anyone remember that Hart still owes a fortune on his 1984 campaign? Perhaps it is only fitting that a debtor nation should have a debtor president.

Of course, the most telling aspect of this whole charade is that, 48 hours after re-entering the race, Hart was identified as the front-runner for the Democratic nomination. Anyone with an ounce of insight knows that this says much more about the state of the Democratic Party than it does about Gary Hart.

This outdated relic of New Deal rhetoric has only managed to elect one Democratic president in the last 20

years. Moreover, three of the last four elections — 1972, 1980, and 1984 — have been among the party's most lopsided defeats in history. One would expect that a generation of such shellacking would have forced the leaders of the party into emergency sessions to figure out what in the world to do to keep the ship afloat. Yet the party is in no better shape than to have a charlatan such as Hart zoom to the head of the pack within two days of performing one of the grandest flip-flops of all time.

Gary Hart is not electable. If he is nominated, the weakest Republican candidate will nail him to the wall. An empty chair could defeat the man in November (and, given the Republican field, that just might be the race we have). Stay tuned for landslide No. 4. Yet the Democrats can do no better. They are splintered, wounded, bleeding and gasping for air. Their rallies and calls for unity have, to borrow a metaphor from futurologist John Naisbitt, all the promise of dinosaurs mating. Another mandate for the Republicans may be all it takes to bury the Democratic party as we know it, and the re-entry of Hart has all but guaranteed such a mandate.

I have been for years and remain to this day a registered Democrat. In 1984 I voted for a Republican for president for the first time in my life — and I did so under protest. I did not vote for Reagan so much as I voted against the blind refusal of the Democratic Party to recognize and respond to reality that was so amply symbolized in the nomination of Walter Mondale. Given the developments of the last year, the nomination of Gary Hart would indicate that the party is even further gone than it was four years ago. I may wind up casting my vote for an empty chair, but I will do that before I endorse the shambles that my party has become.

Sennett is a graduate student in philosophy and is campus minister with College Career Christian Fellowship.