



## Columnist's self-esteem soars after touchdown

If you weren't paying attention, you may have missed it. Something very special happened this past Saturday at Memorial Stadium.

Those watching the game at the stadium may not have even been aware of this special something. Those listening on radios at home almost certainly are unaware that one of my lifelong dreams was realized on the AstroTurf that clear September day.

I, Jim Hanna, quarterbacked the Big Red to victory.



Jim  
Hanna

But I'm getting ahead of myself. As with any story, let me start at the beginning.

I was roaming around campus early Saturday afternoon, contemplating my role in the great scheme of things. I stopped in front of Broyhill fountain and in a flood of tears, I realized that I had no role in the great scheme of things.

For whatever reasons, the fountain brought it all into focus for me. I was nothing. I had no value in the universe. I was a zero, pointless, zilch, a complete and total nil in the master quilt of the cosmos.

In my grief and emptiness, I staggered toward Memorial Stadium. I could hear the roar of the crowd as the Nebraska football team wailed on another hapless opponent.

My feelings of self-doubt increased as I realized that I never had, and I never would, fulfill the lifelong dream of every Nebraska boy: playing for the Cornhuskers.

I looked toward the ever-so-huge stadium and my sadness grew.

But wait! What was this? Who was that sitting dejectedly on the steps outside the stadium? Certainly it couldn't be...? No, he should be inside coaching. The game was still going on.

But sure enough, it was Coach Tom Osborne. He was sitting all by himself, moping outside the hallowed walls of Memorial Stadium.

Being the helpful guy that I am, I ran up to the coach to see why he was bummin'.

"What's up Coachie? Shouldn't you be inside?"

"Oh, Jim, it's you," he said mournfully. "Hi."

And then he dropped his head sadly. "Hey coach," I said supportively, "whatever has got you down can't be that bad."

"Jim, every week, when we face a mediocre team like Utah, I always say that we shouldn't underestimate them, that they could surprise us. Now of course I don't really believe that but I say it to cover my butt."

I nodded understandingly and encouraged the coach to continue.

"I figured that we'd blow out Utah by about sixty points," he said. "But here it is, the middle of the fourth quarter and we're only ahead by about 20 points. Aw Jim, I just can't stand it."

I felt for the coach in this painful situation. "Gee, I'm sorry coach. I wish there was something that I could do," I said. "But I'm good for nothing. I'm a zero, I can't possibly help you..."

I was cut off by my own brilliant idea. I knew what I could do. I could help the coach and patch up my own battered ego in one majestic move.

"Coach," I said, my voice quaking excitedly. "Let me play."

The coach looked up at me as if I had just spoken to him in Esperanto.

"What?" he asked. "You want me to let you play for the Big Red?"

"Yeah, I'm a UNL student and I'm sure I could make the Proposition 48 requirements. It's all legal. Come on, coach. I promise I won't let you down."

The coach looked pensively up to the sky, scratched his head and mumbled to some unseen demon dancing in his head. The tension was unbearable as I waited for him to speak. Then, he spoke.

"OK, Jim, let's get you suited up."

I gave the coach a high five and we headed off for the locker room.

"By the way, Jim," the coach said. "What position do you want to play?"

Without hesitation, I said "quarterback."

Within minutes I was geared up fully and ready to play. I was wearing Gerry Gdowski's number 14. Osborne didn't want anybody to know about this big switch.

It was already the fourth quarter and Nebraska still wasn't blowing out its outclassed opponent. I knew my time had come.

He pulled Gdowski out and sent me in.

We had the ball. I stepped into the huddle and briefly explained to the other players what was going on. They looked at me doubtfully.

"Trust me guys, I know what I'm doing."

"Well, then, what's the play?" Somebody in the huddle grunted.

The play? Oh my god, I hadn't even thought about it. I had to run this sophisticated offense.

I hadn't played organized football since I was on a flag football team in sixth grade. But really, how different could it be? I summoned

up my sixth grade football savvy and announced the next play.

"Everybody go out for a pass."

There was a brief moment of awkward silence.

"Who's gonna block?" some smart aleck asked.

"Block?" I asked. "Don't they have to count one Mississippi, two Mississippi, three Mississippi before they come after me?"

Before I could get an answer, we were penalized for delay of game.

Coach Osborne yelled at me from the sidelines.

"What's taking so long Jim? Get it together or I'm taking you out."

I assured the coach that everything was under control. We huddled up again.

"OK, scratch the pass idea. I've got a better plan."

I knelt on the AstroTurf, pulled a piece of chalk from my shoe and began to diagram the best play ever.

"You hike the ball to me," I said, pointing to a guy who I later learned was a running back.

"Then, the rest of you start to form a triangle around me."

I drew a triangle on the field.

"I'll be right here in the middle of the triangle, and you guys will all block. They'll never be able to touch me."

There was more awkward silence as they absorbed the brilliance of my plan.

"You know," one of the guys said, "it's just so crazy, it might work!"

The guys all nodded in agreement, and we broke huddle.

To make this verbose story more terse, my play worked like a charm. We plowed right through the bewildered Utah defense and I scored my first and only touchdown for Nebraska.

The coach pulled me out for the rest of the game but I got to stand on the sidelines, just like the real players. We drank Gatorade, cheered for the team and told sexist jokes.

After the game, I got to shower with the guys and my esteem soared. My dream was coming true. Ken Clark even snapped me on the butt with a wet towel.

But I knew my dream was to be short-lived. The coach explained that even though he appreciated my help, I just wasn't Big Red material.

It didn't matter. I scored once for the Cornhuskers and that's more than some people even dream about.

I put my street clothes on, slapped Gdowski on the rear and walked out of Memorial Stadium, well aware that I was now a part of Big Red folklore forever.



## Faculty perform at recital

By Julie Naughton  
Staff Reporter

Students attending the Faculty Recital Series Preview Sampler may be pleasantly surprised at the level of talent among University of Nebraska-Lincoln's faculty, said Mark Vanderbeek, promotions and projects coordinator for the School of Music.

Students also will be surprised at the variety of music performed at the Sampler, which is at 8 p.m. today in the Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery Auditorium.

The sampler will be a "teaser as well as a sneak preview" for the regular Faculty Recital series which begins Sept. 26, he said.

Music performed will range from classical Brahms sonatas and Chopin nocturnes to modern fare such as Stephen Sondheim's "No One is Alone in the Woods."

The musical pieces were chosen for their ability to showcase the music and the performers. Pieces also were chosen for their accessibility --

"things that everyone can relate to," Vanderbeek said.

Vanderbeek said the Sampler atmosphere will be different than the atmosphere of a "regular" recital.

Kerry Grant, director of the School of Music, will act as host, Vanderbeek said, and will make comments before and after each faculty member's performance.

The Faculty Recital Series was started three years ago to showcase outstanding talent in the UNL School of Music faculty. This year's recitals will run throughout the fall 1989 and spring 1990 semesters, ending April 3, 1990 with the Faculty Chamber Music recital.

Vanderbeek said the performers are exclusively UNL School of Music faculty, with the exception of fortepianist Alfred Born. Born, who will perform both in the sampler and with UNL music professor Thomas Fritz, is a faculty member of Seward Concoridia College, Vanderbeek said.

"There is a saying that 'those who can't, teach,'" Vanderbeek said. "This is definitely not true of the UNL School of Music faculty."

## Recycling to aid local park

By Matt Burton  
Staff Reporter

Attention R.E.M. fans, save your aluminum cans.

In support of R.E.M.'s Green tour swinging through Lincoln Oct. 3, R.E.M., Ecology Now and the University Program Council will be sponsoring a recycling drive. People turning in the most aluminum cans will be eligible for prizes donated by R.E.M.

The grand prize consists of four front row tickets and four backstage passes for the concert at the Bob Devaney Sports Center. Second and third prizes will be a pair of free tickets for the show.

Ecology Now, a universitywide environmental group, will be operating the can drive on Sept. 30, from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. The winners will be announced shortly thereafter at 4 p.m.

The proceeds raised by this event will be donated to Pioneers Park, in an effort to prevent Dutch

Elms disease, in the name of R.E.M., Ecology Now and UPC.

R.E.M. has been sponsoring similar events throughout its Green tour to promote ecological issues. The band has been sending researchers to the cities it plays to find local environmental issues it can help with.

**'We've been wanting to contribute money to Pioneers Park to help with the preservation of trees.'**

-- Regan

"It's a good change of pace to see someone interested, and not just take money away from the community. It's nice to see a band that cares," said John Fremstadt.

the UPC's Major Concerts Coordinator.

Ecology Now, which was started in April 1989, has been eager to fight Dutch Elms disease, said a group member.

"We've been wanting to contribute money to Pioneers Park to help with the preservation and planting of trees since our beginning in April. This is a great opportunity for Ecology Now to do that," said Dave Regan, public information coordinator for Ecology Now.

Regan said he hopes this will get more people involved in the recycling process.

"We hope through this aluminum can drive to encourage more recycling. Besides, we're helping R.E.M. and they're helping us to raise awareness about Ecology Now," he said.

As of Tuesday 1,800 tickets had been sold for the Oct. 3 concert, according to Fremstadt.