

Daily Nebraskan
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University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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Jury makes mistake Rape case sets a frightening precedent

The state of Florida has taken a step backward in human rights. Last week, six jurors -- three male and three female -- in the Broward County Circuit Court acquitted a rape suspect on the grounds that the woman wore a lace miniskirt with no underwear. "She asked for it," foreman Roy Diamond said. "The way she was dressed with that skirt, you could see everything she had. She was advertising for sex."

Bullshit.
No one asks to be raped. The kind, or amount, of clothing a person chooses to wear does not give another person the right to rape. Nothing does. Even the police officer who testified in the case said he believed that Stephen Lord, 26, raped the woman at knife-point. And after the verdict, Lord was ordered returned to Georgia to face several rape and assault charges, the Associated Press reported.

The jury made a terrible mistake on that call, and innocent women may be paying for that mistake in the future. The ramifications are endless.

Just because a woman is not dressed properly in the eyes of six jurors, does that mean she is asking to be raped?

It sets a frightening precedent in our society for future rape cases. Rape is already a difficult crime to prove. Women often are ashamed to testify in front of a jury, afraid that the blame for the violent assault committed against them may be turned on them.

After the Fort Lauderdale verdict, even fewer women may testify, afraid that some jury will say they are "asking for it."

On Wednesday, members of the jury publicly defended their verdict. Juror Mary Bradshaw said, "She was obviously dressed for a good time, but we felt she may have bit off more than she could chew."

Since when is getting raped a good time? The attitude displayed in last week's verdict is one that must be dispelled.

-- Amy Edwards
for the Daily Nebraskan



So you wanna be A Cubs fan?

Fans of hapless team are used to disappointment, frustration

They were walking about 20 feet ahead of me, a youngish father holding the hand of his son. The boy was about 8. Both wore Cubs caps. They had just left Wrigley Field after the first-game slaughter.

We were several blocks from the ballpark, and the crowd had scattered, so there were few others on the quiet street.

Suddenly, the father and son stopped. The boy had his head down and a hand over his eyes. As I caught up with them, I could see that he was sobbing.

The father dropped to one knee, put his arm around his son's shoulders, and said: "Hey, it's OK. Come on, it's not over yet. They can come back tomorrow. It's just one game. You watch, they can do it."

For a moment, I considered stopping and saying something. Then I decided not to intrude on so private a moment, and I kept walking toward the neighborhood corner bar.

Over a cold one, I thought about what I might have said if I had stopped. Not to the boy, but to the father. I would have told him:

"What kind of father are you, lying to your son? For that matter, why did you bring him here in the first place, causing him to suffer?"

"You should be prosecuted for abuse and neglect and jailed for inflicting what will probably be a lifetime of suffering, depression and disappointment on a helpless child."

"For shame. You are no better than a drug pusher. And you must forever bear the guilt of having placed the terrible Cubs monkey on that innocent lad's frail back."

Of course, the father might not be entirely to blame. Chances are that

his father did the same thing to him. This type of cruelty is usually passed along, from generation to generation.

Take my late father. He was not without vices. He sometimes drank, gambled, brawled and had an eye for a shapely leg. I could forgive him these minor character flaws.

But to this day, I cannot forgive him for taking me to Cubs games at an impressionable age, hooking me on Herman, Hack, Jorges, Nicholson and Cavarretta. And telling me tales of Grimm, Hornsby, Wilson,

not have shed a tear or lost a night's sleep over a ball game.

Some might say I deprived them of the thrills, excitement and suspense of a baseball season. Maybe. But unlike hundreds of thousands of other Chicagoans, when they awoke Thursday morning, they weren't suffering from melancholia, mumbling about Will Clark, or praying for a West Coast earthquake.

No, that man was not doing his sobbing kid any favor. And if he happens to read this, I suggest he heed this song (with apologies to Willie Nelson):

Daddies don't let your babies grow up to be Cubs fans.

Don't let them get snared into life-long nightmares, let them play guitars, go bowling and such.

Daddies don't let your babies grow up to be Cubs fans, cause they'll never lose hope and it's worse than most dope, even with one out to go.

So I say to that young father, and to others like him, it's probably too late for you. But it isn't too late for your kids. Wean them away or don't let them get started. When they grow up they'll be grateful.

I know it isn't easy. But isn't it better than seeing a small boy standing there, heartbroken and crying?

For that matter, as the bartender said as he dabbed my nose with a bar rag: "It ain't easy seeing a grown man cry." He also said: "Hey, there's still time. They can do it."

The fool. Of course, if Dawson gets hot, and Sutcliffe comes through, and...

Pa, see what you did to me?



Mike Royko is a columnist for the Chicago Tribune, (c) 1989.

Stephenson and other earlier heroes. He didn't tell me that I was going to have to live through Salley, Jeffcoat, Miksis, Chiti, Dave Ding Dong, '69 and '84.

That's why, while I made mistakes as a parent, I did one thing right. I didn't raise my kids to be Cubs fans. When they were tiny, I would point at the TV and say: "See those vines on the outfield wall? You know what's in those vines? Big, black, mean spiders and other crawly things."

So today, as young adults, they wouldn't dream of skipping a Beethoven concert or an Eric Clapton performance for a Cubs game. What the heck? Beethoven is already dead, so what's there to cry about.

Oh, they have a casual interest. But when this season ends, they will

Events support the needy

I am compelled to write in order to publicly thank Jon and Ken Driscoll, the authors of a letter on the editorial page (DN, Sept. 26).

In their commentary, Jon and Ken give tribute to the greek system (which Lisa Donovan trashed the day before) and its many fund-raising activities.

I'm glad that someone who is not in the greek system helped Donovan realign her ideas about what greek philanthropies are all about. I hope Lisa is reminded of all the hard work, time and thousands of dollars that go into philanthropic events every year. Surely, Miss Donovan sees the idea behind all this community service work, but maybe not.

The reason greeks do these things is because they have, and there are others who don't have. Not everyone has health. That is why we do projects to support the American Heart Association, the Arthritis Foundation, the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation, the Cancer Society and the Red Cross.

Not everyone has economic resources. That's why we support the Salvation Army, the People's City Mission, the Make-A-Wish Foundation and the Lincoln Food Bank.

Not everyone has a supportive home. That's why we support the Cedar Home for Children, YMCA

Big Brothers and Big Sisters, the Association of Retarded Citizens and the Optimist Club.

Lisa, we do these things to help others not because we are sexist. We are constantly challenged to create new, exciting and profitable events. The ones you degrade meet this challenge.

Mud Tag '89 is Oct. 20. The money we make will go to the Nebraska Easter Seals Society. I'm thinking of adding a new facet to this year's competition. It will be called the "Muddiest Mama" contest. We will see which young woman still looks the best when she is covered in mud. I hope this will make it a sexist event so it will be mentioned along with the likes of Sigma Chi's "Derby Days," Delta Gamma's "Prettiest Eyes," Pi Beta Phi's "Big Man on Campus" and all those other nasty greek events.

I hope to see your entry soon, Lisa.

Scott Berryman
sophomore
pre-med biology
Delta Tau Delta Philanthropy
Chairman

letter

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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.

Readers also are welcome to submit

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

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

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 will not be granted.

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

editorial

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