

# Too-hip Huskers force trinket fanatics into extinction

If you've lived in this state for most of your life, like I have, you know that they just don't make Big Red paraphernalia like they used to.

I'm talking about the trinkets, the knickknacks, the odds and ends that people buy for no other reason than to show their devotion to our football team.

With shops specializing in preppy Cornhusker sweaters, Husker rain gear and Husker seat cushions, it's getting harder and harder to find the really cheesy stuff. I'm talking about the Husker toilet seats, the corncob lamps and the giant foam

rubber hands that you slip over your own to let people know that we're "number one."

They just don't make that stuff anymore, so if you want to find it you have to either comb the pawn shops and garage sales, or do what I do — visit your parents.

When it comes to the Huskers, my parents might be the biggest trinket collectors around. They've got everything. What they don't have, they want. They need. It's a trinket fixation, I guess, but I don't worry about it anymore. I just go with it.

My mom is usually a woman of impeccable taste. She'll fuss over the littlest things to make sure her house is nicely decorated. When football season rolls around, though, that all goes out the window.

Every Saturday morning in the fall, she'll call me on her red and white Herbie Husker phone to ask me the same question: "Johnny, are you coming out to listen to the Big Red with us?"

"Of course mom, I always do, don't I?" I'll usually whine.

When I get there, she always has chips and dip ready in her favorite serving bowl — a Nebraska football helmet converted into a snack

server. This is far and away her favorite Husker trinket and is displayed prominently.

"Have you seen this?" she always asks. "Isn't it cute?"

On football Saturdays, my dad has a special tray he uses to make ice cubes in. The ice cubes come out in a nifty little football shape, and we use these cubes exclusively when Nebraska plays on TV. When my dad or I need more cubes to ice down our bourbon and cokes, we go to the big ice bin, which from a distance looks like an ordinary football. That's the beauty of it, because we can pass it back and forth if need be, all the while yell-

ing about how the refs are "really giving us a screw job."

Maybe Husker fans are just getting too hip, or too young or too something, but the days of trinket collectors like my parents are numbered. That's sad in a way, because in the process they've also lost something that was uniquely theirs. So if you run across an old ashtray or a set of NU commemorative shot glasses at the five and dime store, you might consider picking them up. Or make sure you're in your parents' will.

Payne is a junior broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan senior reporter

## NU student season ticket sales decline, but Memorial Stadium still sells out

By Dionne Searcey  
Staff Reporter

Although Cornhusker football may have a "broad cross section of ticket customers," students are losing interest, an official said.

Joe Selig, athletic ticket manager, said Husker football has experienced a gradual drop in the sale of student season tickets. In 1982, 16,000 students requested and purchased season tickets. This year only 8,500 purchased season tickets.

Student season tickets are priced at \$49. This price averages out to be \$7 a game which is less than half rate, he said. Selig said the decline of student season ticket sales led to a surplus of tickets at the beginning

of this year's season. The excess tickets were made available to the public.

The price of football tickets for the general public rose to from \$15.00 per game in 1987 to where it now stands at \$18.50. The three dollar surcharge was added to fund the Sapp Recreation Center.

He said more tickets were available this year, but sales have been constant for a number of years.

"The bottom line is even if we had tickets to sell the first week of games, we still have been sold out," he said.

The last time Memorial Stadium did not sell out was Oct. 20, 1962, when Nebraska played Kansas State. The following game against Missouri was the first sell out.

Selig said Husker football is not in jeopardy of losing its sell-out streak.

He said next year's more competitive schedule will contribute to attendance of Husker football games. Nebraska will bring in more teams of higher quality and teams which have a better following of fans.

The allotment of visiting team tickets plays a role in the amount of tickets available. Contracts are made in advance with visiting teams to reserve a maximum amount of 4,000 tickets for their fans.

"Nebraska football is a history and tradition of fun and is an exciting event that's captivated the entire state," he said.

## A trip through the inner realm

Victim learns telepathic togetherness in government acid

A few moments' silence, mind in a whirl. This is unreal. I find her, someone else in my own head. I sit up and look to the fence on the far side of the green. Maybe she'll be over there. Heart pounding, I try to see this other person. And I lose her.

Close the eyes, try, try. "Where'd you go? I just had you. I felt you, know you're there." Nothing. An ant tickles my hand. I flick it off and watch it scramble out of sight, the feeling totally gone.

Dammit! Where did he go? So long, and I finally reached one of them, and then blank. Lying here with a book in the trees. I put it down, drift a little and find him. He's got to be out there, waiting somehow.

OK, I was lying down. There. Like this. Wondering where to get some money, cash. I don't want to use my Card, but that's all anyone wants. I started at the base of the tree, worked up the trunk inch by inch.

By the first branch, money is gone. I'm in the tree. Yes, there was the squirrel. Munching away like there's no one else in the world. And I wanted Dad to see it, to share with someone. And there she was. Right there with me.

Drake? What Happened? We were just there, then nothing.

Stay in the trees. You're by trees, right?

Yes, and I wanted to show it to someone, the way the leaves were. We never . . . I'm Mary.

The trees, don't lose the trees. Okay. Where are you, what are you doing?



The Muni Park, over on 100th. You?

Downtown Green, close to the river.

Have you been waiting for this? I mean all the other peoples' images and ideas, absolutely wild stuff.

Sometimes. When I'm like this, relaxed, letting go. I've been trying. This was the first time I got through to anyone.

But we weren't trying to, that's the thing. Only when we quit, closed our eyes and forgot —

We've got to meet. Can I see you today?

It's kind of weird, being inside someone's head and then meeting them.

She smiled a quick one and answered, "Yeah, it started to bother me, but now I know it's real; there

is a real person."

I think there are others. It seemed like a lot of people, intruders. I don't know if they were trying.

"When did it start?"

Two months ago maybe. I disappeared like you, only I didn't know it then. Felt like I slept awhile is all. See, I thought my father's company wanted me back and was just holding me.

"But they found you after someone else did whatever?"

Right. They finally let me go, but can come back for me any time.

"I've never liked the multis. They have too much of everything."

There's ups and downs. I wanted to try some comp work on my own, they wanted me. Then all this happened.

"Why don't we just go there?"

To LLT?

"No, I mean 21C. You said you think it's them."

What would we say? 'Hi, we think you, a respected 21st century multinational corporation, kidnapped us and implanted telepathic devices in our brains.' Or maybe it was a new government acid? Come on, we don't stand a chance.

"Well, you sleep on it. The extra bed is over there. It folds out of the wall. I could never live in a sleeper pod like you."

You'd learn, if you had to.

Bryan Peterson is a senior psychology and philosophy major. This is the fifth story in a continuing series.

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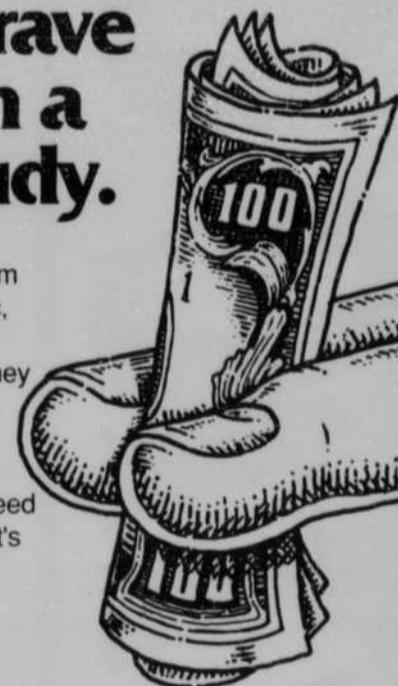
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