

ALAN PHELPS

Stickers make regent see pink

Our University of Nebraska-Lincoln has now been mentioned twice by Rush Limbaugh, to my knowledge. It kind of makes me proud to attend a university the Limbaughnistas apparently don't like.

The radical conservative automation everyone loves to fantasize about most recently spoke of UNL's infamous pink triangle sticker scandal.

You've heard about them, I'm sure. The UNL Office of Affirmative Action, as part of Coming Out Week, distributed the pink triangle "safe place" stickers to various departments. Professors who put the stickers on their office doors would show that homosexuals could feel free to discuss sensitive issues with them.

You read that correctly. Eric Jolly and his office actually GAVE people stickers. That is, they took stickers, distributed them to a different place and then, as if that weren't enough, said people could TAKE them.

In simpler terms for my ultra-right wing readers: See the stickers. See Mr. Jolly give stickers to the professor. Stickers, stickers, stickers. Jolly must not realize how dangerous stickers can be. Why, a small child might choke on one, or it might get stuck to someone's eye. Worst of all, someone seeing a sticker like that might think or something.

Lucky for us students, Regent Robert Allen of Hastings is on top of things. On Friday, he scolded the Affirmative Action office for their part in this horrible affair. He also criticized UNL Chancellor Graham Spanier.

"I wanted to rip into him (Spanier) — he and his gays," the Omaha World-Herald reported Allen as saying. Open tolerance of gays and lesbians is coming "because of his influence," Allen said.

Spanier and his gays. Tsk, tsk. Graham and that wild bunch of rowdy gays he runs around with, pinning stickers on everyone. They're up to



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their old tricks again, it seems.

No, I don't think we had homosexuals in Nebraska before that gay-loving Spanier showed up. It sure was a nice place back then, all heterosexual and everything. The Good Life. We didn't have to worry one bit about what people did in private back then, because we knew everything was straight as an arrow.

I'm glad Regent Allen finally stood up to Graham and this pinko university. There's no reason all students should feel like they belong at a public university—I'm sure Allen would agree that gay money isn't as good as other people's money. Everyone, and especially our esteemed regents, know that the educational environment is enhanced by officials speaking out against certain types of students.

I almost wish Allen would have had a chance to really "rip into" Spanier. I would like to know exactly what that means.

It could mean ripping into Graham verbally, as in a battle of wits. But Spanier probably would not fight an unarmed man. Perhaps the ripping could be in a physical sense. However, that sounds vaguely sexual. I'm sure Allen didn't mean it that way. Or did he? What kind of guy is this Regent Allen, anyhow?

When you think about it, the fuss over a bunch of little stickers is difficult to understand. No one was required to use them. I never heard of

Eric Jolly threatening anyone to "post them or else." I don't believe Graham Spanier and his merry band of gays, as Reject Allen might put it, roughed up any non-stickered faculty members.

They were merely stickers. If you liked them, fine. If you didn't like them, you could throw them away. It's not so hard to figure out, unless you're a thrall who has to await orders from Rush.

Perhaps the weenies whining about stickers are just unhappy that they don't have anything to put up on their doors. I remember back in elementary school when some students would receive stickers from the teacher for good grades or behavior and other students would have to suffer.

Unlike Reject Allen, I don't want anyone to sniffle because they feel they are left out. I thought I might use my column to provide stickers for people of all points of view. Simply cut out the line you like best and tape it to your lapel or door:

"That dang Spanier and his gays."

"I support whimsical Reject Allen in his comical tirade against the Chancellor."

"I support Thralls For the Exclusion of People We Don't Like."

"Isn't there anyone else around Hastings smarter than Robert Allen?"

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RICHARD WRIGHT

Baseball memories enrich life

It's October. That means that it must be World Series time.

A time for us all to sit around the tube, beer and pretzels in hand and watch night after night after night of baseball. Well, at least until someone wins four games.

It's a time to remember the past season, the wins, the losses, the outstanding plays. It's also a time to reflect on our own experiences of the game.

I played baseball from the second grade up. After high school, I played city rec slow-pitch softball. So, I guess you can say I've been involved in the sport for more than 20 years.

What I have to show for it are photos of me in uniform, my glove and my memories. What I'll keep with me are the memories.

My memories aren't of my playing; I wasn't all that great to have a lot of game memories. What I do have are memories of the game.

Memories of the game are, in a sense, of the game as a being and not a sport. My memories are of the whole essence of baseball.

Of sitting in Rosenblatt Stadium with my brother eating stadium steaks — also called hot dogs, drinking a beer and watching the Royals lose again.

Of sitting in the bleachers in Wrigley Field and sweating while watching the Cubbies win over the Dodgers on a hot July day.

Of watching Nolan Ryan strike out yet another batter on his way to the Hall of Fame.

The memories of the game reach back into the deep recesses of my brain and tease me with smells, tastes and sights I won't forget.

One of my favorite memories of playing is watching my dad's reaction after I caught my first fly ball as a second grade rookie T-baller. He jumped so high I thought he would never land, at least that was my impression as an 8-year-old.



Baseball is more than a game, it's a form of holding on to childhood. How many times have we seen children and adults fight for a ball that ends up in the stands?

I grew up playing baseball. It was our summer sport. Our teams, composed of kids from our neighborhood, would get out every Tuesday and Thursday at any number of fields in east Lincoln. The field in Trendwood was the best because the sun was never in your face either as a batter or fielder.

There was the team I played on that won only two games one season. Then the next year we only lost a few. That's what baseball was like as children. The skills were rough one year, then more refined the next.

My memories outside of playing are more vivid.

The ivy-covered walls of the friendly confines of Wrigley Field, singing, "Take me out to the ballgame" with Harry Carey, drinking Old Style — which is on tap there — and taking the subway to Wrigleyville all remind me of Chicago.

In Texas, there was the classic pitchers duel I witnessed between Ryan and Roger Clemens. A group of about 20 of us had bleacher seats. It was a Sunday afternoon, hot, no clouds. The sunscreen was thick, the beer cold and the baseball great. Ryan struck out 11, Clemens eight and the Rangers won 2-1 on an eighth-inning Rafael Palmeiro homer.

There was Ryan's 5,000th strikeout game. The crowd was loud, the night clammy and Oakland's Rickey Henderson at the plate. When strike three was called, the crowd erupted

and Ryan doffed his cap. The Rangers went on and lost, but that didn't matter.

I have memories of the stadiums also. The smells are unique to ballparks. Is it me or do hot dogs taste better in a ballpark than fresh out of a microwave?

I never eat super pretzels except at a ballpark. The mustard has that special taste also.

Beer also tastes different at a ballpark. Maybe it's the way the beer guy pours it from the bottle into the cup while you stand there that gives it that unique flavor.

Baseball is more than a game; it's a form of holding on to childhood. How many times have we seen children and adults fight for a ball that ends up in the stands?

I think it's the surroundings of the place that draw people to the games. We really don't care who wins or loses; we don't have a financial stake in the outcome of a game.

The draw of baseball for me are the memories. We all have some sort of memory about the game. Memories will last longer than any souvenir.

My memories are mine. I will pass them on in the form of stories to my children. And, hopefully, I can give my children some memories of their own that they can pass on to their children.

Wright is a graduate student in journalism and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

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CENTENNIAL ROOM, UNL City Union

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UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA LINCOLN

Flu Shot Day

Oct. 19, 1993

Attention all UNL students, staff, & faculty!
Flu season is coming, so be prepared - get your flu shot now!

When: Tuesday, October 19, 1993
Time: 11:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.
Where: University Health Center, City Campus
15th & U Streets
and
East Campus Health Clinic, Room 316,
East Nebraska Union

Cost: \$9.00

Persons who have previously had serious allergic reactions to eggs or egg products may be advised not to receive the shot.

Questions? Call 472-7460.

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