

Daily Nebraskan
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University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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EDITORIAL

To err is human To forgive is beyond most

In a Money magazine survey of 1,000 people, 23 percent of those polled said they would steal \$10 million if they thought they would get by with it. One third said they would cheat on their income taxes, and of those earning \$50,000 or more, 45 percent said they would cheat the government. There are probably those among the tax cheats who rail against welfare fraud, and those among the whole group who are righteously indignant about the ethical behavior of politicians.

Why should politicians be any different than the general public? Look what happens to them when they are honest. Jimmy Carter appeared to be a bafloon after confessing he had lusted in his heart for other women. After all, most people lust in their pants. And look what happened to the Clintons after the former governor of Arkansas admitted he may have played around a little. Women with large hair and red nails oozed out of the woodwork.

People lie, cheat and steal because they can. Somebody writes a bad check and the bank looks the other way because that person is a member of congress. Bank policy is set, and soon, the bank looks like the Reddenbacher kitchen. People shook their heads in disgust when they found out, and proceeded to balance their own checkbooks.

Watergate was a scandal that almost anyone could understand, but the actual events weren't as offensive as the oafishness with which they were carried out. Americans don't mind being lied to, but they prefer not to be taken for complete fools. Eighteen minutes of blank tape and a bunch of hooded, Whitehouse cat burglars in the Democratic headquarters was hard to swallow.

Republicans have generally been smoother since the Nixon nose dive. Reagan proceeded to heap money on his pals while insisting it would benefit the rest of us. Ollie North slipped off of his back like water from a duck. George Bush simply refused to believe there was any conflict of interest in arming Saddam Hussein, then spent big bucks and risked lives to disarm him. The savings and loan industry collapsed around those guys without them so much as getting dust on their suits.

Clinton, on the other hand, has been kind of a goofus, vacillating between candid honesty and stiff-jawed denial. Consequently, a 10-year-old campaign contribution is getting more ink than peace in the Middle East.

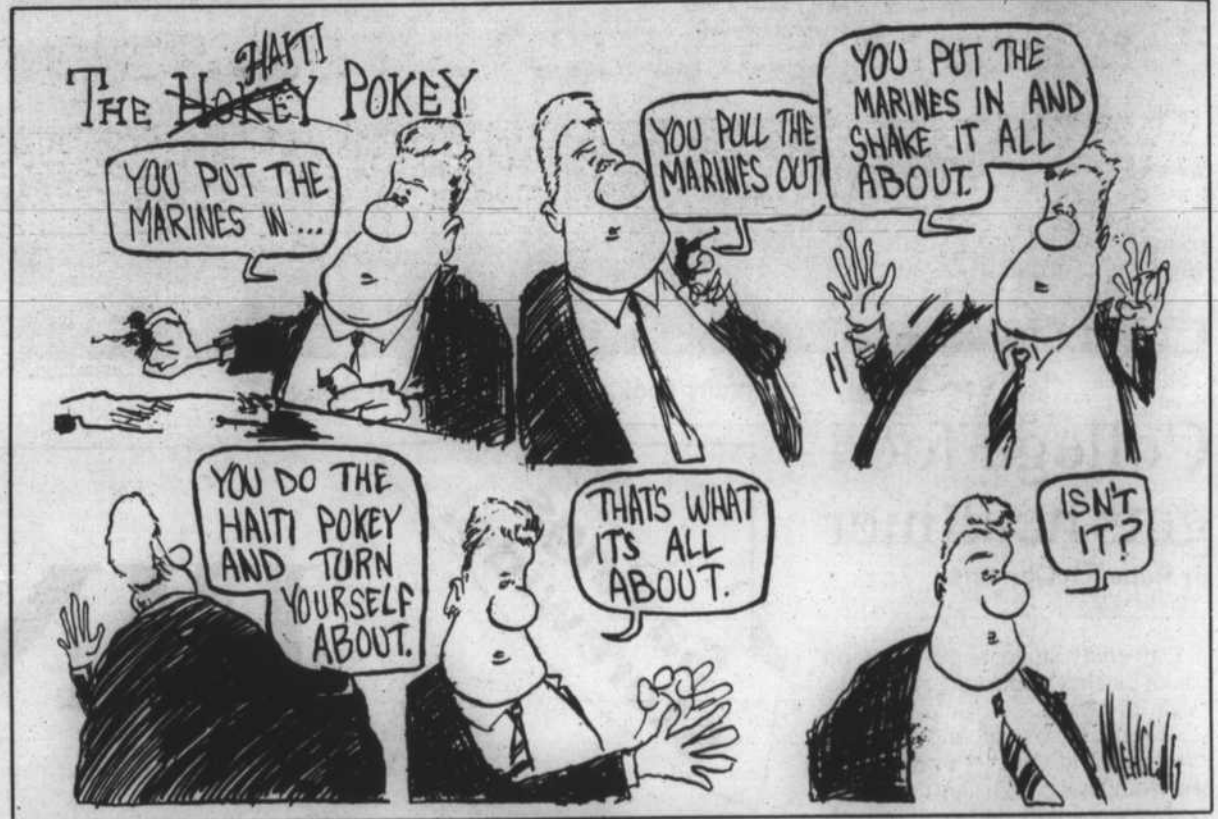
There are a million wrongs in the world today, and many things wrong within our own political system. There are no easy answers, but one thing seems obvious. Great improvements could be made if everyone one lived up to the standards they hold for others.

EDITORIAL POLICY

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LETTER POLICY

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JASON SCHOCK

Husker fan survives OFF-season

Six months and 27 days. We've endured the agonizing replays and heard the torturous recounts. And we've dealt with thoughts of what might have been, the thoughts that eat at our hearts like flies on roadkill.

They called the clip, not fumble and, yes, the ball sailed wide left. Reality does, in fact, bite.

We're not novices to this emotional anguish, we've dealt with it time and time again since 1972.

In fact, we've experienced bigger letdowns and lived with greater miscarriages of justice. Orange Bowl Committee, 1978; Penn State, 1982; Miami, 1984; Oklahoma, 19,000 times, etc... Need I remind you?

But frequency doesn't matter. A true Husker fanatic doesn't eventually become numb when, fall after fall (or January after January), one football game reaches into our chest, pulls our heart out and carves the score into it with a "Go 'Noles" souvenir pencil. Then, in the off-season, the slow process of returning the wounded organ, via the colon, just in time for fall practice. It is a way of life. A fire that won't go out precisely because of the annual heart-breaking experience.

Anyway, we recover, in large part, due to other interests: other sports. So 1994 has been especially grueling for us. It's been a true OFF-season for American sports fans.

First, the bridge between bowl games and the Kickoff Classic, the NBA.

Not only did we have to sit through all those playoff games without Mike, but we had to watch the Bricks make it to the final contest. It was enough to drive Rockets coach Rudy T. to drink. Then drive.

Thank goodness the arenas opted to introduce the players as if they were Elvis, Spike Lee showed up to pick fights, the networks kept a tab on Jordan's BA and, of course, O.J., or we would have slept through June.



If Arnie whacked Chi Chi on the knee with a putter, we'd all tune in to their next round. We watched ice skating didn't we?

While on the subject of snoozing, let's discuss our favorite pastime, baseball. A sport where a 70 percent failure rate puts you in the hall of fame is destined for trouble even without putting up with million-dollar egos playing catch.

But we do put up with them, and the prima donna jerks go on strike. Didn't they, or does anyone know? Or care? What can these clowns possibly want? They've got to be playing with fake balls.

They throw explosives at us, charge us for autographs, once in a while assault a few of us and then charge us \$5 a beer. Please, strike!

It would benefit everyone. Players would get cash, and the owners would finally get their fan interest, promoting the sport on Court TV, where all eyes have been this baseball season, anyway.

Oh, but this summer we were fortunate enough to host World Cup Soccer. Gather 'round and watch worms mate!

Sorry, soccer fans, but Americans are thrill seekers, and 1-1 ties don't cut the mustard. We want injuries, and bruised shins don't count. The "sport" is great for giving the kids who don't make the football team something to do, but we don't televise frisbee or roller skating.

And don't tell me that soccer has "caught fire" in the USA. The ball was kicked to our side and we kicked it back. Keep it. But don't screw your country, pay the duties on it.

While we're on the topic of hobbies, we can always pass the time with three or four hours of televised golf or tennis. No, I'd rather watch the fourth quarters of the 1984 and '94 Orange Bowls again and again, repeatedly striking myself on the head with a hammer.

And off the course, excluding John Daly, golfers have two speeds, slow and stop. When is the last time you read about a golfer doing 150 mph., packing a loaded .38? Hey, we live in tabloidland. If Arnie whacked Chi Chi on the knee with a putter, we'd all tune in to their next round. We watched ice skating didn't we?

Tennis furnishes tabloid material, but how much fun can you have when the PA guy is whining for silence?

Both games have senior divisions, enough said.

Life, January 2 through July, sucks for those of us who truly bleed red. But we've survived.

College previews are out and the Huskers are leading the pack in many of them. Photo day is on the horizon. Hype! Hype!

Pulses in Nebraska stopped as the final seconds ticked off of the 1993 season. Hearts once again bled. Even O.J. failed to stop the bleeding.

But we're alive. Once again hungry for Orange Bowl victory videocassettes to feed on through next July.

Shock is a junior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.