

OPINION

Monday, January 22, 1996

Page 4

Daily
Nebraskan
Editorial Board
University of Nebraska-Lincoln

J. Christopher Hain Editor, 472-1766
Doug Kouma Managing Editor
Doug Peters Opinion Page Editor
Sarah Scalet Associate News Editor
Matt Waite Associate News Editor
Michelle Garner Wire Editor
Jennifer Mapes Columnist

Husker support

Come check out your basketball team

Danny Nee may have one of his best teams this season. Too bad nobody's seen the team in action. The football team has run up 208 consecutive sellouts. The volleyball team had a crowd of 11,114 fans at the Bob Devaney Sports Center and regularly packed the NU Coliseum.

The men's basketball team, however, hasn't had a sellout this season and just three crowds of more than 14,000 fans last year. But on Saturday, the basketball team did something it hadn't done in a while.

The Cornhuskers defeated Oklahoma State in Stillwater, Okla. — for the first time since Nee's first season at Nebraska. Ten years is a long time.

And if the Nebraska fans don't come out to support their team, it could be a long time until they see a team as good as this one.

Nebraska is 14-4, and with a few breaks here and there, the Huskers could be 17-1. After a weak nonconference schedule, the Huskers are putting it together against the big boys in the Big Eight.

Now the Huskers face a brutal two-game stretch at home, where they are 8-1, against Missouri and No. 4 Kansas.

Too bad nobody knows about it. In the Huskers' nine home games, they have averaged 9,274 fans. That's a respectable number, but not for a team that's on the verge of being in the top 20.

Not for a team that's heading into the toughest part of its season. Not for a team that will face the fourth-ranked team in the country on Super Bowl Sunday.

Not for a team that's fighting for a berth in the NCAA Tournament.

In 1989-90 when the Huskers went 10-18, they averaged 10,013 fans at home. You'd think they'd be a big draw this season with a 14-4 record and somewhat of a shot at the Big Eight title.

Nebraska senior forward Terrance Badgett said Saturday that the Huskers could succeed on their own. When asked if the Oklahoma State win would open some eyes and bring more fans to the Devaney Center for Wednesday's game against Missouri, Badgett said no.

But the truth is that Nebraska needs help. The 10 Husker players can't win everything on their own.

The Husker players have always enjoyed going on the road, where there's not as much pressure on them to win. They're expected to win at home; they're expected to perform admirably. Anything less than a victory is condemned.

Lighten up, Husker fans. Go out to the Devaney Center and see what the Huskers can do.

Sure the Huskers started off 14-4 last season and lost 10 of their last 14 games. But without fan support in the next month, the Huskers could repeat last year's lackluster effort.

But with fan support against Missouri on Wednesday and Kansas on Sunday, and throughout the remainder of the season, the Huskers could go on to do something unheard of.

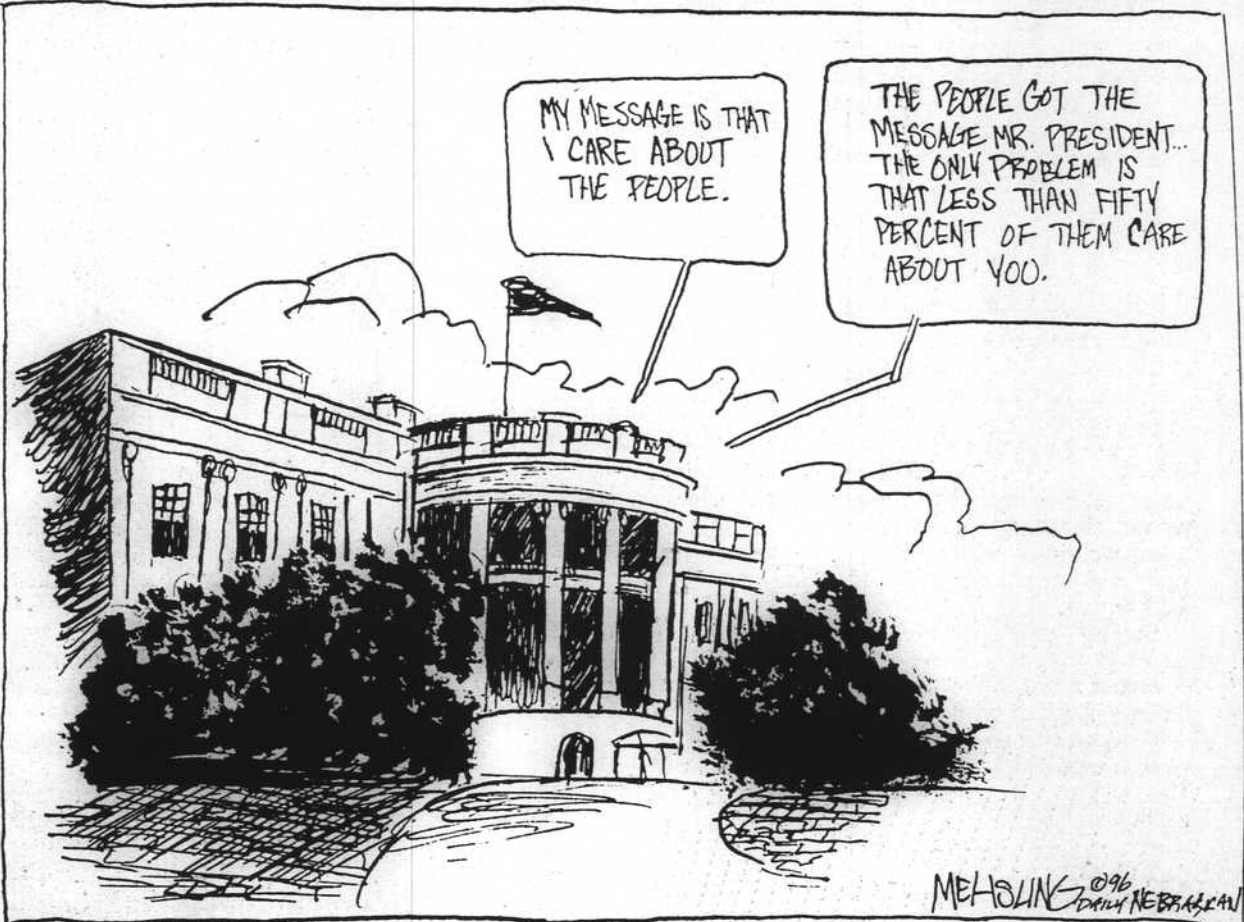
They could win an NCAA Tournament game.

Editorial policy

Staff editorials represent the official policy of the Fall 1995 Daily Nebraskan. Policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. Editorials do not necessarily reflect the views of the university, its employees, the students or the NU Board of Regents. Editorial columns represent the opinion of the author. The regents publish the Daily Nebraskan. They establish the UNL Publications Board to supervise the daily production of the paper. According to policy set by the regents, responsibility for the editorial content of the newspaper lies solely in the hands of its students.

Letter policy

The Daily Nebraskan welcomes brief letters to the editor from all readers and interested others. Letters will be selected for publication on the basis of clarity, originality, timeliness and space available. The Daily Nebraskan retains the right to edit or reject all material submitted. Readers also are welcome to submit material as guest opinions. The editor decides whether material should run as a guest opinion. Letters and guest opinions sent to the newspaper become the property of the Daily Nebraskan and will not be returned. Anonymous submissions will not be published. 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: Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St. Lincoln, Neb. 68588-0448.



Jack Frost

Winter tends to unveil stupidity in Nebraska

Nebraska has two things that never fail to capture the imagination of its residents: college football and the weather. The disadvantage of college football is that it doesn't last all year. Which leaves us with the weather.

I'll go with a generous estimate and say that Nebraska is fit for human habitation for about two weeks out of any given year. Other than that, the weather is too hot, too cold, too humid, too dry, or downright dangerous, depending on what time of year you happen to be complaining about.

I don't mind living here, because I love bad weather. It sounds strange, but it's a crutch I've cultivated through a lifetime of living in Nebraska.

Truly horrible weather has taught me to appreciate the rare and wonderful nice days. Spring, for example, is usually wet and windy. The bugs come back and my sinuses begin their annual mutiny as soon as the flowers bloom. But there is a certain sort of day in early spring, when the air is warm, the breeze is cool, and the really bloodthirsty insects are still hibernating.

Life in Nebraska has taught me that these days ought to be enjoyed at all costs. (The proper procedure for appreciating a spring day: Find a warm patch of grass. Spend the afternoon holding it in place. Ideally, this patch of grass should be located within sight of the classroom I'm supposed to be in at that very moment.)

Summer is my least favorite season. The heat doesn't bother me so much, but the combination of heat and humidity makes me feel as though I'm walking around inside someone's mouth. Besides that, the flesh-eating bugs and my hay fever are in full swing.

Summer has its share of bad weather, though — and I do love a good thunderstorm. I'm not talking about the kind with distant thunder and gentle rains — that's weenie stuff. Tornado watches? I scoff at them. Give me a real storm, a roaring window-rattler that sneaks



Jennifer Mapes

"Summer is my least favorite season. The heat doesn't bother me so much, but the combination of heat and humidity makes me feel as though I'm walking around inside someone's mouth."

up on the state before the TV meteorologists can say "doppler." Tornado warnings are my kind of weather. (Standard procedure in the event of a tornado warning: Do not panic. Go to the kitchen. Get a beer from the refrigerator. Go outside. Find tornado.)

Autumn is by far my favorite season. The air cools, the bugs die and my hay fever goes away. Then there's football. 'Nuff said.

I like winter too. I like snow, and I don't mind the cold because I know how to dress like the Pillsbury doughboy.

There's a game I like to play in the winter, on the coldest day of the year. It's a variation of "Where's Waldo?" I like to look for the dumb SOB in shorts.

The temperature might not have struggled into positive numbers for days. The wind might be howling faster than cars are allowed to go on most Nebraska highways. But it never fails: In the seven years or so

that I've been conducting this informal survey, there has always been some imbecile walking around outside in shorts.

Last Thursday was very, very cold. "Dangerous wind chills are expected," the National Weather Service warned. "Don't leave skin exposed," the Weather Channel added. "Just don't go out unless you absolutely have to," a local news station concluded.

I was more than willing to take their advice and stay home like a sensible Midwestern kid, had it not been for the intervention of The Almighty Bureaucrat. Some all-powerful, all-knowing creature decided — doubtless from the vantage point of a cozy office — that the high winds, sub-zero temperatures, ice-covered streets and dangerous wind chills were not sufficient reason to cancel classes.

Well, I had a night class on Thursday, and the Almighty Bureaucrat didn't. When the wind chills hit the liquid-nitrogen stage, this bureaucrat was probably snuggled in its nice, warm condominium, maybe dreaming about things it could administer in Bermuda. I was staggering across campus in a hypothermal stupor, vaguely wondering if I'd have enough use of my fingers to manipulate a pen by the time I got to class.

That Thursday night excursion, however, gave me an opportunity I might otherwise have missed. I sat in the Union for a couple of hours before class, sipping coffee and looking out the window. I found the dumb SOB in shorts. He was racing across Broyhill Plaza with an expression of extreme pain and desperation on his face.

And that's the thing I truly love about winter. It's the only season when one of my life's fondest wishes can come true.

Stupidity really is painful this time of year.

Mapes is a senior advertising and history major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Please
Write Back!

Send your brief letters to: Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 "R" Street, Lincoln, NE 68588, or Fax to (402) 472-1761, or e-mail <letters@unlinfo.unl.edu>. Letters must be signed and include a phone number for verification.