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Our

Wondrous words

Coach Osborne says to keep the faith

God.

That's what they called him.

Even with laughter, it still carried a tone of reverence. Though he was humble, quiet and reserved with his emotions, he was responsible for the deafening swell of pride that thousands of Nebraskans had in their Midwestern heritage.

In his hands, he held the cornerstone of the tradition, legacy and foundation of our state. Be it in truth or symbolism, a winning season or not, pride in the Cornhuskers was the core around which we attached meaning to Nebraska.

Of course, many would scoff at that.

"What's the big deal? He's just a coach of some beefy college kids. So what?

"It's just a stupid game, for the love of God."
Precisely.

For the love of God.

No matter what you think about Osborne's actions, on the field or off, for the past 25 years, it is hard to negate the fact that he always kept his faith.

Put into a very high-pressure position, under the media microscope, Osborne never wavered.

No matter what, there was a solution. Even in the face of a tough loss, Osborne never broke. Even when his players were tangled with the law – and he was being attacked for standing behind them – he would not budge.

Someone put those young men in his hands.

It was under Osborne that they were to become great. And more than coaching the game of football, it seems that Osborne offered them a game plan on life.

It seems he taught them no matter if they win or lose, they still must have faith.

He believed. And that was good enough. For 25 years, they had faith in their coach, regardless of their position or spot on the depth chart. As each new group of players filtered into Memorial Stadium, that integrity was sealed. Coach had the faith – in them – to prevail.

For 25 years, Nebraskans had faith in Osborne. They trusted him to carry on Bob Devaney's tradition of excellence and pride. They allowed him to be the leader of what makes a Nebraskan.

And he did not let them down.

It's almost scary that such a revered, stoic idol will step down from the pillar upon which he was held.

There's a sense of confusion, concern and contemplation for the upcoming season. Sure, one of Osborne's right-hand men will take over, but will the legacy stand?

Where will the program go? Who will we turn to?

What's in store for the future? Not to worry. Coach says to keep the faith. And you'd better believe that.

It's the word of Tom.

Editorial Policy

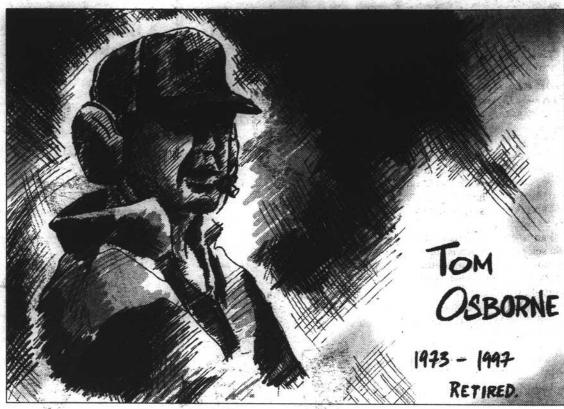
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VIEW



Final complaints

Columnist's top 10 university pet peeves



LANE HICKENBOTTOM is a senior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan photographer and columnist.

All good things come to an end. Writing a column has been good for me this semester but, lo and behold, this will be my last.

So in the spirit of having too much to complain about and not enough columns, I present my last group of gripes. Here is a list of things that have been milling in my head the past semester – pet peeves I have about the university.

10. Fenced-in pastures
When they pulled out the parking lot north of the Nebraska Union to put in a greenspace, they also posted signs and fences around the grass. The signs said that when the grass was grown, the fences would be taken down and everyone could gently use the grass.

Well, the grass was grown, the signs removed and the fences? Well

Those lovely plastic-covered cable fences have been removed in spots but still remain in other places. Lawn-grazers can use the grass but only if they want to walk half of a block around the fences or go under or over them.

Why haven't they taken them all down?

For that matter, why are those fences anywhere?

The fence that sidelines the diagonal sidewalk between Love Library and Hamilton Hall is in anything but tip top shape as the cables are loose and pointless.

and pointless.

But they do protect the new Buffalo Grass.

9. Mowin' the Buffalo Grass

Isn't it amazing that Federal financial aid check come after tuition is due?

Get real, folks.

In the spirit of Nebraska's rich history, Buffalo Grass has been installed in the area where Old Glory is (Old Glory is that sculpture that looks like Special K). Buffalo Grass is thick and brown and thrived in native Nebraska.

If we are going to pull out nice, green grass and replace it with ugly, thick, brown grass that is uncomfortable to lie in for the spirit of Nebraska's native history, then why the hell do we mow it? In Nebraska history, we never mowed Buffalo Grass before now.

8. I forget what eight is for

7. Traffic part one: vehicular
The people who drive around
campus need to realize that there are
a lot more pedestrians than there are
cars. This is a good thing, I assure
you. But because there are a lot of
people walking around, drivers need
to take extreme caution and give right
of way to pedestrians.

UNL is a virtual war zone.

6. Traffic part two: pedestrian
When drivers are considerate, the
last thing they need is for some dimwit to walk out from between two
parked cars into traffic. Do these
people think they are Superman (or
to be P.C., Superpeople)?

Every once in a while, I want to hit them, but I don't because frozen blood can be a pain to clean off the grill of my girlfriend's car.

5. Traffic part three: sidewalk roadsters

Where do people get off driving on the sidewalks? There is a steady stream of traffic down the sidewalk that goes south to north between the Lied Center for Performing Arts and Memorial Stadium.

Now I can perfectly understand university service vehicles and the occasional UPS person using it, but I get tired of stepping aside because

somebody in their family station wagon decided to take a shortcut.

4. Parking

Now this probably deserves an entire column but since I don't own a car, I never wrote one.

3. Financial-aid pranksters
Isn't it simply amazing that federal financial aid checks come in after tuition is due? Get real, folks.

2. Slum lords

Welcome to beautiful Abel Hall. Here you will share a bedroom with a person and a bathroom with 45 others, all of which have unfinished, cinder-block walls. There are two living rooms, but you have to share them with 90 other people. Don't mind the vomit in the elevators and no, that is not water on the carpet. The food is crap, but it is edible. All of this will cost you \$900 a month. By the way, even if you are of age, you can't drink a beer in your own bedroom.

Nine hundred dollars a month for two people does not go very far in the residence halls. They ought to be making a killing. For two people and \$900 a month, students can get a nice, two-bedroom apartment with a separate living room and kitchen and bathroom, utilities, plenty of groceries and you can drink a beer in your bedroom.

Maybe I should have written an entire column on this one.

1. High horses

What is up with Daily Nebraskan columnists who think that they are on some sort of high horse? They act as if they know what is right and what is wrong. Do they think they know how the world turns?

Don't listen to them. Take it from me, we don't.

(Editor's note: Lane, You're fired.)

P.S. Write Back

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