

Opinion

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Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

Editor: Sarah Baker
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Quotes of the Week

"We've worked too hard to just sign our lives away. Too many bands are so eager to get that deal that they end up giving away publishing rights and everything else."

Record companies are so eager to get that first single played and then throw the second album out and hope it sticks."

Curtis Grubb of Omaha band Grasshopper Takeover

"At the high school she was the assistant coach although she did everything."

The guy who was the head coach looked like he was a custodian. But in China women aren't allowed the status of leadership positions. I think she feels stifled."

Volleyball Coach John Cook on former Chinese volleyball player and current NU volunteer coach Guo Jun Li

"Some people are so afraid of life and all of its obstacles that they choose the easy way out - highways manned with 24-hour Quick Shops that stock false medicinals, fallacies and fantasies."

Columnist Yasmin McEwen, on the pratfalls of life

"Every once in a while, when I'm doing laundry on a football Saturday, I'll flip on the television to check the score. I'm happy if they win. But I'm also happy if our underwater basket-weaving team wins a match."

Columnist Betsy Severin on the reality of an indifferent Nebraska fan

"Did you see those four drives? Do any of those guys have a chance? No."

Nebraska Golf Coach Larry Romjue on walk-ons trying for the NU squad

"Brook was not only a great football player but also an incredibly great person."

"When we went to his funeral, the outpouring of prayers and support that was received was unbelievable."

Keyboardist Hobie Hubbard of band Sawyer Brown regarding the song dedicated to former Nebraska quarterback Brook Berringer

"It's hard to kill a sacred cow."

Rhiannon Kenner, overall rush chairwoman for Panhellenic Council and summer secretary for Greek Affairs on the changes in rush

"You suck it in for a hot pair of pink pants. Found on clearance. You bought them just in case you shrunk. I watched you. I changed in the next stall. Mine did not fit either. I saw you tossing bras a size too small into your cart. You needed two sizes bigger. You knew that. I knew that. I also knew there was not a size below mine."

Columnist Emily Moran on the reality of size

"You put a beltway out here in the middle of agricultural land, and soon a 7-Eleven and some houses pop up."

Marleen Ricketsen, owner of Stevens Creek Farm, which may be in jeopardy because of a proposed Lincoln bypass

"I don't think we have anybody that spits in each other's mouth before a game like they used to. Or anybody that throws up. I don't think we have anybody like that anymore."

Nebraska offensive lineman Russ Hochstein, on the lack of peculiar Husker rituals before a game

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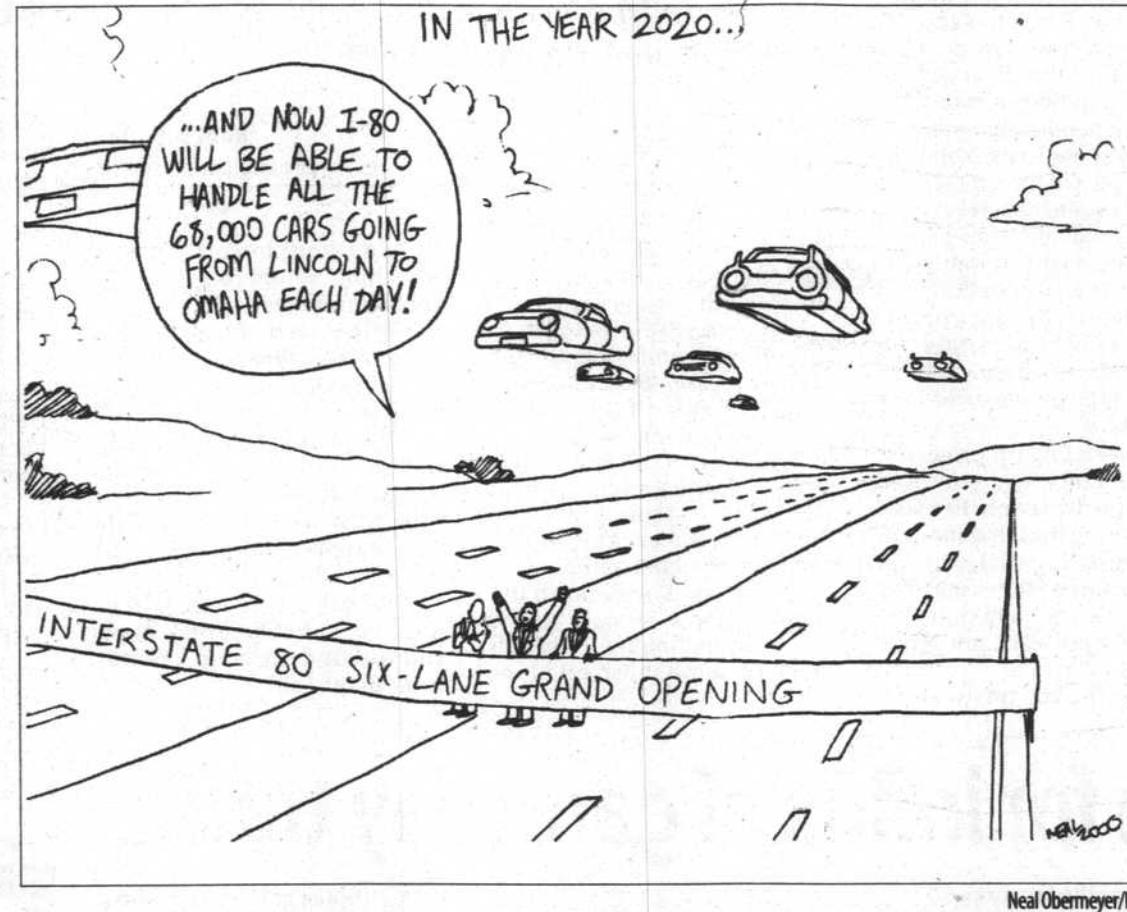
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Editorial Policy

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Non-football fans are a dying breed



I have a confession to make.

What I'm about to reveal may cause me to be ostracized, spat upon, threatened and even expelled, so you have to promise not to tell anyone. OK?

I don't like Husker football.

There, I've said it. Oh, please don't run away. I'm sorry. I'll take it back, I swear.

Wait.

No, I won't take it back. I WON'T!

I'm out of the closet.

I've said it.

I don't bleed red.

Don't misunderstand. I don't have anything against the Huskers, as a team. I don't hate football. I'm just indifferent. I feel the same way about the Wildcats and the CU Buffs and the White Sox.

OK. I know the White Sox don't play football. They play hockey.

Nooo, please don't give me a wedgie! Let me explain. My indifference toward football is probably rooted in a traumatic childhood experience I had. I was 7-years-old, and my mom took me to a Husker game, thinking it would be a big treat. And it was, until the opposing team came up into the stands and ate her.

Really what happened was I didn't understand football at all, we were really high up, it was cold, and I fell asleep. And when I got to high school my indifference turned to dislike. I was in flag corps, and every Friday night Mr. Neilson would march the band onto the field for pre-game. I stood there at attention, in the cold, in spandex, as the announcer took his SWEET time announcing the starting lineup.

Only after did we get to perform the pre-game show, which is what everyone paid five bucks to see in the first place. But I guess no one got word to the team because after pre-game they ran around for about 20 minutes before we could do our half-time show.

After half-time I never stayed for the game. I went home to thaw.

In high school I had a support group of people who also didn't care about football. When I came to college I was concerned about making friends who didn't bleed red either. I found them, but I've also found that as we get older, our numbers dwindle.

As a freshman, I had a good friend who (I thought) didn't care about football. We even laughed together that Halloween when the Huskers lost because we knew everyone else would soon return to the dorm, acting as though someone had died. But last year he had season tickets. I was devastated when I found out.

Another one bites the dust.

I also thought my former roommate didn't care for football. She never went to a game, and we never talked about it.

I guess I should have seen it coming when she got one of those Husker Helmet Silly Slammers for her birthday. Over Thanksgiving break she had a friend from Omaha drive to Columbus, just to watch the game with her. Unbelievable!

As I have aged, my dislike has returned to indifference, and blissful ignorance. For example, here are just a few of the intelligent things I said to my friends last season:

"So it's New-COME, not New-come-BE?"

"Do the offense and the defense play at the same time?"

"There's a game this weekend? Who's playing?"

"Hey Valerie? Can you give me a name of a college football team besides the Huskers and the Wildcats? I need it for a column for the paper. The CU Buffs? OK, thanks."

I really did say those things. Ask my friend Andrea. She's a reliable source. She came to UNL so she could go to football games. She also says that the rate of domestic violence in Nebraska went up last year because we didn't have a very good season. As if 25-6-2 is a bad season. I think we're really too hard on those guys.

The longer I go to school here, the harder it is not to catch Husker Fever. This season will probably find me at a football party, though it will be strictly for the social aspect. I have to admit, in my old age of 19, I'm starting to soften (both mentally and toward football).

Every once in a while, when I'm doing laundry on a football Saturday, I'll flip on the television to check the score. I'm happy if they win. But I'm also happy if our underwater basket-weaving team wins a match. (No disrespect to underwater basket-weaving team members intended.)

But if you see me wearing red down there in the laundry room, rest assured it's all that was left in my drawer, which is why I'm doing laundry in the first place.

At least during a football game I can be sure I'll never have to wrestle anyone for a dryer.

Letters to the editor

Revisionist Husker history?

The article regarding Erwin Swiney needed to be reviewed a little bit more, as there are several instances that refer to Swiney in an unfavorable light, and they are not right:

One, Erwin Swiney is a junior, not a sophomore. Second, Kevin Lockett didn't even play for Kansas State in the year nor the game that John Gaskins refers to, although it was his brother Aaron. However, most of the big plays in that game were made by Darnell McDonald.

Third, Erwin was not responsible for covering Troy Edwards in the Louisiana Tech game; in fact, that was All-Americans Ralph and Mike Browns' job.

So, before you make references to the many mistakes Erwin Swiney has made, maybe you should research a bit more. I'm not saying he has had a perfect career, but you are placing losses and game-altering mistakes on his head.

Nathan Lake
Junior
Broadcasting

It's not the money

In reading Regent Drew Miller's words pertaining to the Nebraska Right to Life's concerns about the efforts of the UNMC to find alternative sources to aborted fetal tissue in research, I was rather disturbed.

Regent Miller apparently seems misinformed as to the purpose of the Nebraska Right to Life and the efforts of this organization. He reportedly made comments in an e-mail response to the DN saying that the efforts of NeRL were "a way to generate publicity and donations for [their] cause" (DN 8/30).

It is outlandish to think that he would make such a comment. The NeRL and other pro-life organizations are not involved in any aspect of the pro-life movement for financial reasons.

The only interests are the preservation and

respect for human life. It is troubling to think that Regent Miller, an individual who is supposed to make informed decisions for our university, could make such an uninformed statement about the NeRL's true purpose in this issue.

It leads one to wonder what other decisions affecting our university Regent Miller has made without being properly informed.

As a student here, knowing that Regent Miller is making decisions that will affect my education and ultimately my future, I am truly concerned.

Sara L. Fiedler
English/Psychology
Senior
Students for L.I.F.E.

Mass transit better

While something does need to be done about traffic conditions on I-80, I'm not sure that widening it is the best solution. The traffic problem arises for one main reason - hundreds of people are going the same way at the same time. When this happens in other states, mass transportation is used as a solution.

If Omaha and Lincoln are "growing together more every year," it would only make sense to put in an express route between points in the two cities, or something else, like a commuter train.

It might even save money, and who wouldn't mind less construction?

It also makes sense on an environmental level - less fossil fuel burned means less of an environmental impact.

It's time for environmentalists, frazzled commuters and everybody who wants their tax dollars used wisely to make some noise and remind the Department of Roads that laying down more asphalt isn't always the best solution.

Katie Harr
Senior
Economics

year-old who thought she was buying a first-issue Pikachu.

Good thing I run fast.

With all my income sources tapped, I began looking for ways to tighten my belt.

Cost cut numero uno: Parking pass. Seventy bucks to park just west of Seward isn't that good of a deal, anyway. I thought about riding my bike to campus.

It does cut down on dangerous greenhouse gases and, more importantly, prevents my pocket change from going to dirty, dirty Big Oil, but I decided the downside was a little too steep. I like my body way too much to have it used as a target by Lincoln's mindless driving crowd.

Because the "Chancellor Moeser" parking pass I made became no good when our organist-in-chief crashed in at North Carolina, I'll have to either bum a ride to class or paint "Alltel" on my car.

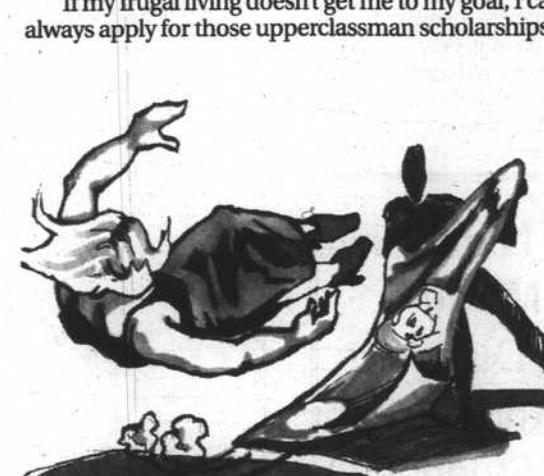
Cost cut numero dos: food.

I figure I can cut my food bill in half simply by having one item on my grocery list each week: meat.

I'll also begin a secret program I've code-named "stealing food from my roommates."

I'm counting on these little reductions to save me somewhere in the neighborhood of \$3,000 this semester.

If my frugal living doesn't get me to my goal, I can always apply for those upperclassman scholarships.



Scott Eastman/DN

After three years of having my tuition and books provided by the rest of you who pay to go to school here, my gravy train ran out.

I never felt too bad about getting my education and bathroom reading gratis while most of my friends gave blood, plasma, saliva and whatever other bodily fluids modern science would trade for cash to pay for their educations.

Besides, with rent for overdue books at Love Library and love notes under my windshield wipers from parking services, I probably paid as much as most in-state students.

But now, thanks to a GPA a few hundredths of a point below the magic 3.5, I have gone from an elite scholar to a billable source of revenue.

At the end of the letter informing me I would have the privilege of contributing to the cause of higher education here at Herbie Husker U, I was invited to apply for upperclassman scholarships come year's end - the same scholarships usually awarded to the pretty sorority girls (or guys) with 3.98 GPAs who are usually found doing some important job for ASUN or raising money for disadvantaged intramural teams.

That's like telling the kid who can't even hit the backboard of a 10-foot hoop: "Don't worry, Johnny, we'll just raise this up a couple feet. And this mini-ball is way too light."

So my video-game playing, real-food eating, luxury-cruise taking days are over.

Now, I'm not a math major, but after about 4½ hours of number crunching, I have come to the conclusion that the 12 cents an hour I am paid to write this column won't quite cover the regal lifestyle I've become accustomed to.

Combine the fact that I'm taking 18 hours this semester and the sad truth that I have virtually zero employability, and you come up with the same answer I did: fewer expenses, more untapped income sources.

So I turned to the moneymaker that hadn't failed me since I was 8: Selling baseball cards to younger, more naive kids. Only problem: Someone forgot to tell the younger, more naive kids baseball cards are cool.

I did dump my Darryl Strawberry card on a 6-