

## Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

Editor: Sarah Baker  
Opinion Page Editor: Samuel McKewon  
Managing Editor: Bradley Davis

## Game plan Solich needs to make major changes to get results

Frank Solich is no Bob Devaney. No Tom Osborne, either. Not Bill Snyder, not Lou Holtz, not even Glen Mason.

Frank Solich is Frank Solich. And, right now, that's not good enough.

Understand that we aren't calling for Solich's head. Firing a coach with a 29-7 career record seems a bit harsh.

We are, however, urging Solich to make some changes, both on the field and in the press room. If he doesn't, and continues on the same path of stubborn ignorance he's walked for his three seasons on the job, it won't be long before Nebraska fans are uniting in opposition to a fourth season.

Their outcries will most likely be justified.

Solich is not a good big-game coach. In crucial situations, his play calling has been barely passable at best, downright awful at worst.

Saturday's 29-28 loss to Kansas State was only the latest example of Solich and his staff failing to make in-game adjustments to lead NU to victory.

*It may be motivation that Solich and the NU coaching staff are most lacking in. The Nebraska football team often looks, talks and acts like the walking dead.*

Consider the logic of the game plan - despite having fleet-footed but poor-throwing quarterback Eric Crouch behind center, and despite the fact that Crouch supposedly had an injured shoulder, Solich called for deep pass after deep pass, many of which fell harmlessly to the Wagner Field turf.

Baffling, especially when you consider that when NU finally went back to the power running game in fourth quarter, the Huskers scored two quick touchdowns and took the lead.

Solich did admit the mistakes on Monday, a step forward, but he also revealed Crouch's injury, two steps back.

This is the same tight-lipped Nebraska coach who has repeatedly refused to update the media on player injuries because doing so is unfair to the players.

If that's the case, then Solich was grossly unfair to Crouch, who has been his meal ticket for the past two seasons.

Solich's disclosure of the bruised joint during the Big 12's weekly teleconference sounded like nothing more than his excuse for the loss.

And there have repeatedly been excuses to fall back on, most including the coaching buzzword "execution." Solich says it almost as much as he says "certainly."

Here's what execution is. It's talent, plus preparation, plus motivation. All three are in Solich's job description.

Solich may not have the talent, especially at the running back and linebacker positions. It's his job to recruit it. There's no doubt that preparation has been lax - KSU's speedy wide-out Quincy Morgan going over the middle isn't exactly new.

It may be motivation that Solich and the NU coaching staff are most lacking in. The Nebraska football team often looks, talks and acts like the walking dead.

The opinion here is that they're talking on the droid-like demeanor of their head coach.

Wake up, Frank. If you don't, you'll eventually be compared to another set of coaches - Gerry Faust, Ray Perkins, Gary Gibbs.

### Editorial Board

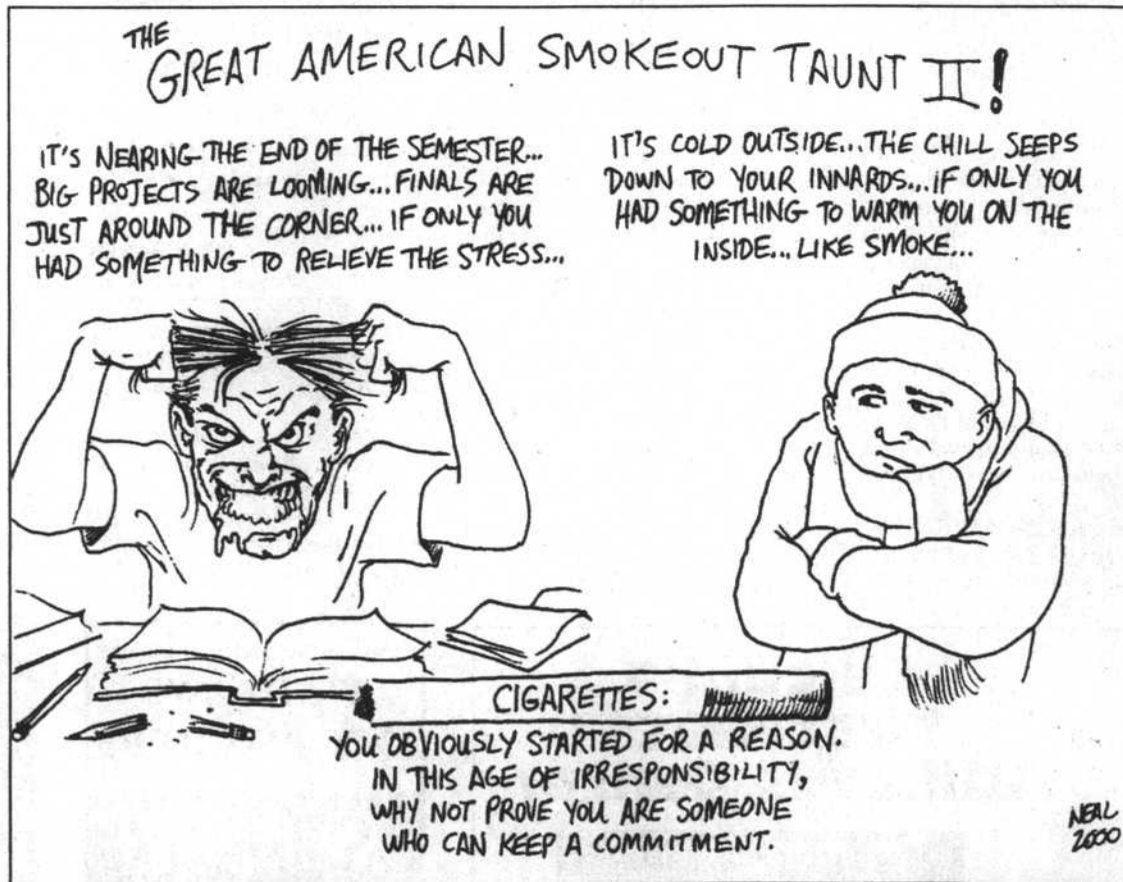
Sarah Baker, Bradley Davis, Josh Funk, Matthew Hansen, Samuel McKewon, Dane Stickney, Kimberly Sweet

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### Editorial Policy

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## ASUN should listen to constituents

I have a reputation as a columnist. I write hard. I write sharp. I write short. Those I write about, hate me.



Emily Moran

I attended the ASUN meeting last night. I attended to meet Kourtney Mueller. I attended to listen to ASUN senators debate Senate Resolution 4. I attended to see who supported the proposed grading scale changes.

Mueller supported grading scale changes. She is the chairwoman of the ASUN academic committee, which introduced this senate resolution.

Mueller started with a speech to ASUN, and attending students. Senator David Kavanaugh responded to senator questions before debating.

Would students have a split transcript?

I don't know. Would this resolution be implemented next semester?

I don't know. Would this affect academic scholarships?

I don't know. Mueller said she discussed scholarships with Patrice Berger, director of the honors program. She reported that if the resolution passed, scholarship requirements would be reevaluated and adjusted.

Joel Schafer, ASUN president, also spoke with Berger about scholarships. Schafer reported Berger would attempt to adjust grade requirements for scholarships he could control. But, he said, all scholarship committees might not adjust for the proposed grading scale.

Who is correct?

I don't know. Students had an opportunity to present opinions to ASUN senators in open forum. I refrained from reiterating points. I listened. I listened to students.

Ethan Rowley, sophomore advertising major, sat next to me. He had his turn at the microphone and made a clear point: Is this ASUN or APUN, Association of Professors of the University of Nebraska?

Rowley reminded senators that ASUN represented students' interests, not professors', which was Mueller's argument.

Mueller argued professors needed more grading options. She said each student needed to be assigned the grade that he or she had earned. Students with a 90 percent or a 98 percent receive the same grade under the current scale. She said that was unfair.

Jake Wobig, senior political science major, advised senators to make a decision in the best interest of the students and UNL. His point was clear to ASUN: Don't be a rubber stamp for the students.

ASUN senators are elected with student support. ASUN represents constituents, but must make decisions for students based on a larger scale. And that is the problem.

I used to represent students in RHA. I, too, struggled with representing what students wanted and what I thought would be better under the circumstances.

Students didn't sit through three-hour meetings. Students didn't notice what happened in committees. Students didn't care unless it affected them.

ASUN Senate Resolution 4 is case in point. I didn't notice ASUN until Mueller proposed changing the grading scale. Then I noticed because it affected me.

That is how students operate. That is how ASUN senators operate. Mueller proposed a resolution that would benefit her, not students.

Senate Resolution 4 failed. Mueller did raise one important question in debate: Does UNL's current grading scale inflate GPAs to the point it hinders graduate, law or medical school admittance?

She didn't know. Me neither.

## Letters to the editor

### Dump the new site

I would like to congratulate the University of Nebraska-Lincoln on being declared Number Three on my "Top 10 List of Worst Web Sites Ever." It has joined the prestigious company of <http://www.geocities.com> and <http://www.tripod.com> for instituting annoying features no one pays attention to.

Not only do the colors clash, the Web site is designed poorly, it is much more difficult to navigate and it takes an absurdly long time to load (especially for those of us who use those antiquated devices called modems). Of all the new features instituted, only one (putting the site search in a more visible location) is an actual improvement.

While I appreciate the attempt by the university to improve their Web site, the next time these "improvements" take place, hire someone with a sense of design. Those of us who frequently use the UNL Web site will greatly appreciate the reduction in eye pain.

Michelle Myers  
English/history  
senior

### Biased players

Now that the elections are (almost) over, (finally), I wonder if the Daily Nebraskan staff will quit trying to shove their opinions down our throats. There's a difference between covering a story and advocating a side of the story, a difference that seems to escape the majority of the DN staff.

Whether I agree with the opinion of the paper doesn't matter. I know why I believe in what I believe; I don't need any more reasons for myself, no matter how reassuring they are.

What most students I've talked to really want to read about is why those who have different views believe in what they believe. (You know, the other side of the story.)

If the DN wants to be recognized as a "real" paper, maybe it should act like one instead of a special interest group.

John Backer  
criminal justice  
sophomore

## NRoll? It's like mother's milk

I remember the greatest day of my life - a bunch of chipper people in red, being separated from my parents, filing through lines so I could fill out my name, social security number, date of birth - earlobe size.

Then a tour of this wonderful campus which provided, hmmm let's see, about zero information as to how to get around. It sickens me that I thought college was all it is made out to be - I hadn't even been here a day. Naive Dan. Then lunch - almost good food, a tour of a dorm room (oh goodie) and a four day wait in a dank, poorly lit room to see an advisor.

Oh, but the greatest part of the greatest day of my life was the wonderful icebreaker games we played with all the people we would never see again.

You know it is funny. When I sat down to plan the greatest day of my life, it involved all of these things - plus a free t-shirt, that would sell me - but wait, that was at New Student Enrollment, too. Wow, gee, shucks - that sure was the greatest day of my life, and it has all been downhill since.

All ... down ... hill. I smirked at the young lad who spoke the words when I first entered circuit training New Student Enrollment style. I was ready to be wowed by all the catchy introductions, videos and skits.

This is what college was all about - lectures on alcohol. I was hoping for one on crack, but alcohol will do.

Statistics, if actually listened to, reveal that a good portion of the dry campus is as wet as a dog in the rain. This was to be "the greatest day of my life," he said.

I have been living under this impression - this idea of my days just not being able to quite reach the standards of the blissful one in July. Each morning, I roll out of bed, clad in my He-Man pajamas, repel out of my loft, stand in the middle of the room staring at the door and think, "Today is just not going to be anything."

I try not to let this depress me, bother me, smack my emotional, metaphorical Mike Tyson around.

Of course, I can't help it. These days are just days, surely not the greatest of my life. I even turned away Ed McMahon and the Publishers Clearing House people - a check the size of Delaware and some balloons can't fill the lack of chipper people in red.

Then came the morning of Friday, Nov. 3. A typical morning. I turned the Girl Scouts away - no cookies today. I saved the whales, planted a tree, built a house and freed a third world country from disease. Oh yeah, I went to class for awhile too, and as soon as I got done, I went to register for classes.

I dragged my feet to a phone in the union - I was just a limp, jellied blob of depression. I picked up the phone and dialed in to NRoll. I got the single most annoying sound known to man - a busy signal. After about 10 minutes of this, I realized that I had forgotten to get my pin number.

Dan Leaman

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"Bebo, bebo, bebo-bop," a ring at the Canfield Administration building, then a three hour interview to get the number.

I had to give the circumference of my leg at the point three inches above my knee running exactly perpendicular to the general horizontal plane of my belly button so they knew it was me. I was beginning to question if I knew it was me.

Again "bebo bebo bebo - bop." I'm in, this should be quick and easy - quick and easy as in the number I dialed is invalid. Again over the touch tones.

I enter every number from one to 212 to get to the actual registration process, and then I try to enter my first class - English 151H.

No dice. I keep trying, Daryl Strawberry style. No dice - invalid code the voice claims.

If the voice asks me for my transaction code again, I'm going to lose it. The whole experience is a like a James Bond movie gone bad.

Back in my room, I have my roommate and RA wedge open my jaw with a real old Dorito that I found - I was so fuming that my teeth had ground into each other.

I start again "bebo bebo bebo - bop." Bizz, Bizz, Bizz, bizz. Again. Ring.

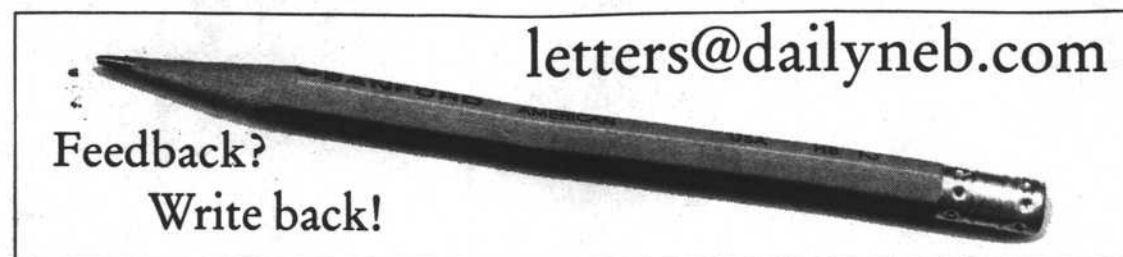
Sweet ring - voice, pin number, click. Click, what? Yep, a computer automated message hung up on me - wow, I feel good about myself.

One more time. My English class works; philosophy, too, but golf is full and my math class won't work with the other two. I have a question to ask, but there is nobody to talk to except the epitome of inefficiency.

I hang up, kick back and have a Snickers because you know if you're hungry, have a Snickers.

I think back to that day in July, New Student Enrollment, the greatest day of my life. The memories flood me, reservoir in my mind. Tears stream down my face, but not tears of unhappiness. I am not upset.

These are tears of joy; all the days of my life that had been so ... missing something - NRoll had filled the void. I never thought a day would be greater than NSE - thank you NRoll.



letters@dailynb.com

Feedback?  
Write back!