

And the bombs bursting in air . . .

ROYKO from Page 4

He was fined \$25 for disorderly conduct, and the judge lectured him on his duties as a citizen.

The next week he had a better seat for the Stupendous Bowl game.

Both teams took the field and the crowd rose for the National Anthem. They were led in song by a country music star who had been up all night playing dice. A dozen jet bombers flew over. Sixty majorettes thrust out their chests.

This time the man rose with everyone else, and he sang. He sang as loud as he could, in an ear-splitting voice that could be heard 20 rows in any direction.

A few people turned and looked at him as if he were odd.

When the song reached "the land of the free" his voice cracked, but he shrieked out the high note.

Then it was over, everyone applauded, yelled "Kill 'em" and "Murder 'em" and "Belt 'em" and sat down to await the opening kickoff.

Everyone but the one man. He remained on his feet and began slowly singing the second stanza in his loud voice.

People stared at him. But then they

jumped up and cheered as the ball was kicked off and run back.

When they sat down, the man was still standing and singing.

He paused for a moment, took a deep breath, and started the third stanza.

"Hey, that's enough," someone yelled.

"Yeah, sit down, I can't see through you," said somebody else.

He kept singing. People called out: "Knock it off."

"What's wrong with him?"

"I can't see."

The game was under way. Three plays were run while he sang the third verse.

Everyone jumped up for the punt return. When they sat down, the man was still singing.

Everyone around him was becoming upset. People stood and shook their fists. Somebody threw a hot-dog wrapper.

An usher asked him to take his seat. He shook his head and began the fourth stanza as a touchdown was scored.

The people behind him were outraged. "I couldn't see that because of you. . . Make him sit down. . . He must be crazy. . . He's a radical."

He went on singing. Somebody grabbed his shoulders and tried to push him into his seat. They

scuffled and swung their programs. Somebody dropped a hip flask. The man struggled to his feet, still howling the fourth stanza.

A policeman pushed through. "What's going on? Break it up."

"He won't sit down," someone yelled.

"He won't stop singing," someone else yelled. "He's trying to start a riot. He's a radical."

"Let go, fella," the policeman said, leading him away as he finished the final stanza, holding the note as long as he could.

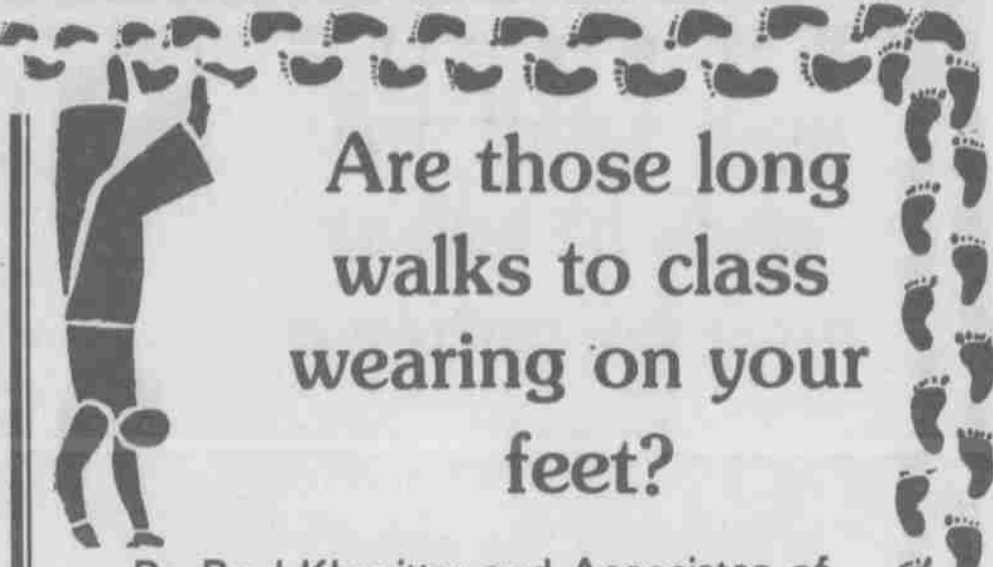
The judge fined him \$25 for disorderly conduct, and warned him about not shouting in a crowded theater.

The next week he went to the Amazing Bowl. The crowd was led in singing the National Anthem by a rock star who had been up all night with three groupies. A squadron of dive bombers flew between the goal posts.

He stood with everyone else. As the music played, he moved his lips because he was chewing peanuts, and he stared at the chest of a majorette. Then he sat down with everyone else.

The man in the next seat offered him a sip from his flask.

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Are those long walks to class wearing on your feet?

Dr. Paul Klawitter and Associates of Ambulatory Foot-Ankle Clinic

say: THINK OF YOUR FOOT FUNCTIONING VERY SIMILAR TO THE FRONT END OF YOUR CAR.

When your car's out of alignment
The tires wear out
Uneven stress is placed on the frame
The steering wheel begins to shake
Soon the car functions so badly, you can't drive it

THE MISALIGNED FOOT DOES THE SAME THING.

Pressures develop and trouble starts immediately
Bones move against bones
Ligaments become stretched
Soon the entire alignment of your entire body is faulty

SYMPTOMS OF FAULTY FOOT FUNCTION

- * localized foot pain
 - * then bunions, corns, and calluses
 - * before long, pain in the knees
 - * hip pain, leg cramps
 - * back pain
 - * and even neck pain-headaches
 - * fatigue
- YOU JUST HURT ALL OVER!

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

Call Dr. Paul Klawitter and Associates at Ambulatory Foot and Ankle Clinic for free consultation or exam through the months of September, October and November.

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Letter

Sennett displays unconsciously chauvinistic views on language

I would like to challenge my friend Jim Sennett on some of the things said and suggested in his recent column (Daily Nebraskan, Sept. 10) on inclusive language.

He places his concern for "style and formality" in the use of language above his commitments to the humanization of women and the end to patriarchy and sexism. I find that a strange prioritization of values! What kinds of value would he place above purity of language?

His comments about the "horrible" use of the third-person plural to avoid the gender choices of he, she and it, suggest a kind of "natural theology" of language development that is, I believe, both philosophically and linguistically

untenable.

Additionally, I believe Sennett's comments about "Orwellian newspeak" suggest a serious lack of critical discrimination. Is there really no qualitative difference between, say, a Reaganesque portrayal of Somozan "guardias" as "freedom fighters" and the liberating reality of black people being able to name themselves, especially when that naming involved a statement of pride and dignity in that which white oppressors had taught them to hate — their very color?

Values not only shape our language; language also, in very fundamental ways, shapes our values, day by day and generation by generation. It is not a

"peripheral issue"! Only by the often painful and even awkward attention to how we speak and describe do we implement our commitments. Without that attention, I believe we not only sound chauvinistic, but we are chauvinistic. And without that care in the issue of women's liberation (and our own as men!), we function, in effect, in the church as those who still assume — as I know Sennett has no desire to — that the exercise of power, authority and leadership is first qualified by the possession of a penis.

Larry Doerr
Campus Minister
UMHE-Lincoln

Journey

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and Dirt Cheap Records.

Hi, Im E. Buzz and this is my brother Roy G. We're two up and comming guys, but we always felt we were missing out on life. Like the other night when we were sitting around watching the dog shed, and suddenly I wished we hadn't traded the sattelite dish for him. Hind sight is 20/20 I guess. Anyway we need to find an easy way to make some money. May be people would pay to see our dog. May be. To be continued . . .

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