

COLLEGE NIGHT AT CHESTERFIELD'S!

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\$1.00 cover 9:00 p.m. to close

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Life revolves around Grandma; Clever letter writer is a liar

I don't want to say that I lie to my grandma. but my grandma is a chronic worrier. She worries constantly about her kids and grandkids. She worries about our health, she worries about financial difficulties, she worries about possible Libyan attacks in Omaha

ing if I'm all right), I don't lie. Lying to one's grandma is a sin worse than murder, but maybe I stretch the truth a little bit. I might leave out some important facts. OK, maybe I alter reality some, but that's not lying, is it? I recently sat down and wrote some letters to grandma and my pal Rob.

Stew Magnuson



and Lincoln. This doesn't bother me too much. It only shows that she loves us all very much, and she doesn't want anything terrible to happen.

So when I write Grandma (approximately every three days if I don't want a phone call ask-

Dear Grandma,
Well, school has started again. Boy, it sure is expensive down here. I have to eat out a lot since the gas isn't hooked up yet in the new apartment. Did I mention that the apartment is unfurnished? I have to buy a lot of furniture. My new roommate Todd, will help with expenses, of course, but he has the same financial problems as I do. Phone hook-up charge, the deposit, textbooks, etc. To make matters worse, we had a little accident with our window, and we had to pay to have it replaced.

Dear Rob,

I'm going through money like you wouldn't believe. It's the first week of school. Classes are slow, so I'm spending all my money at the Drumstick or the Zoo. I think I can get my grandma to send some cash if I word her letter right. Since we haven't bought any furniture, Todd and I started playing soccer in the living room. The soccer ball went through a window. The landlady is pissed.

Dear Grandma,

Classes are all OK. My professors are interesting. It's too bad I have to take geometry this year. I could have graduated last spring if it wasn't for that requirement.

Dear Rob,

Wouldn't you know, my most boring class is at 9:30 a.m. with Professor Joe Monotone himself. This guy choosing to teach is like Pee Wee Herman choosing to be a linebacker with the Chicago Bears. He's drier than the Mojave desert. And it's a history class, if that wasn't bad enough. Thank God, I have to take geometry this year. The very thought of graduating sends shivers up my spine. What am I supposed to do with an English major anyway? I'll probably have to fry hamburgers at McDuck's.

Dear Grandma,

Work is going good. They don't pay me enough, and they don't give me enough hours. Lots of interesting people work there, though.

Dear Rob,

I'm so sick of work. I don't have any free time anymore. I need the money, though, and jobs are impossible to find. The boss chewed my butt for being only 15 minutes late! One more time and I'm fired, he said. What a jerk. The only thing that makes the job bearable are all the babes who work there.

Dear Grandma,

I'll be sure and look for Aunt Martha's kids.

Dear Rob,

I'm supposed to show my cousins around Lincoln. They're a bunch of mealy-mouthed hicks from the middle of nowhere. I think they're all animal science majors. That fits, they have the brains of your basic cow.

Dear Grandma,

Do you think you can contact that lawyer, Mr. Finkledorf, who helped the family with some of our legal problems? I had a little accident on my bike on campus. I accidentally ran over this young woman. She's really overreacting about the whole thing. It's nothing to worry about, really.

Dear Rob,

Remember when we used to do the old pedestrian dodge on our bikes on campus, when we waited for classes to get out, then zoomed down the sidewalks as fast as we could on the 10-speeds trying not to hit anyone? Well, I blew it the other day. I hit this crazy chick. She panicked and thought I was going to hit her or something. She stepped right in front of me. You should have seen her fly. Her books and notebooks went everywhere. She twisted her ankle or something. She's talking about suing. I think my grandma's lawyer can get me out of it.

Ballet auditions begin Sept. 16

Auditions for The Nutcracker will be held on Sept. 14 at Pershing Auditorium from 1 to 3 p.m.

Characters needed for the ballet include Clara, a 13- to 15-year-old, the Nutcracker, an uncle named Drosselmeyer and more than 60 actors, actresses and gymnasts for various acting parts. All roles, especially those in the Nutcracker, Clara and Drosselmeyer, must be excellent at classical dance.

The Nutcracker is a Christmas classic. The ballet centers around a little girl's dream about a nutcracker coming to life. No words are said through the play; rather, all is acted out through dance.

The Ballet Midwest Dance Company is sponsoring the ballet. Because the organization survives from local support, Shari Shell, artistic director for the ballet, said participation by local talent is encouraged.

The Nutcracker is scheduled to be performed Dec. 14 at 7:30 p.m. at Pershing Auditorium. For more information call 489-5006, 785-2635, or speak with Shell at 466-7428.

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