

# Cheerfulness on campus catches Hanna off-guard

By Jim Hanna  
Staff Humorist

Boy, was I angry. It was only 9 a.m. and already I knew I was going to have a miserable day. I didn't want to talk to anyone — I knew I would chew the head off of anyone who even tried to make simple conversation with me.

## humor HANNA

I stormed angrily into the administration building, knocking over a few oblivious students. I chortled to myself as I saw the miserable saps scramble to their feet, and pick up their books, their faces stricken with horror.

I was grumpy. I lumbered down to the basement on my way to the financial aid office. As I passed other students on the stairs, I was surprised to hear each and every one of them greet me with a hearty, "Good morning, Jim!"

Hmmm. All of this good cheer caught me off-guard. I wanted to be cranky but these people were trying to be nice to me. Well, I would have none of that.

I merely snorted angrily and smacked a few of them with my umbrella. Ha! That would teach them to be good-natured.

My blood, which was only simmering at this point, began to boil as I saw a long line outside of the financial aid office. GRRRR! I hate lines!

I took my position at the end of the line and began to lightly mumble about my displeasure. I assumed that everyone else in the line would be equally unhappy about having to wait for service, but my assumption was incorrect.

The person standing in front of me was whistling merrily and seemed not in the least bit disturbed about the long line he was in.

I could not help but grunt, "What's the matter with you, Bozo? Why aren't you as unhappy about this as I am?"

"Oh, what's the use of getting angry?" the Bozo said. "Besides, I know the people in the office are working as fast as they can."

I shook my head in disbelief. Surely this was not a University of Nebraska-Lincoln student declaring he had no problem enduring the long financial aid office lines. I figured all UNL students loved to gripe about the

financial aid office.

It was then that I noticed that every other person in line was also whistling merrily.

"Hey," I screamed at them. "Am I the only one who's miffed about this enormous line?"

They all stopped whistling, turned to me and said in unison, "Why yes Jim, you are the only one. We're all more than happy to wait. The people in the office are working as fast as they can."

I could not believe it. A large bunch of UNL students refusing to complain about how inefficient the financial aid office is? Naw! It couldn't be happening.

I snorted to show my disgust and decided to cut in front of all of these nunny-heads and go straight into the office.

I figured that several of those waiting would take exception to my cutting and voice their disapproval. Instead, I was greeted with smiling faces and a chorus of, "Go ahead, Jim. We don't mind."

This was too much. Here I was, trying to be angry and have a miserable day and instead I was surrounded by happy UNL students.

I rushed into the office, hoping to encounter some grumpy employees who would give me the runaround and allow me to be really furious. But again I was thwarted.

"I am sick and tired of getting screwed around by you financial aid people!" I yelled to the woman at the front desk. "I've been waiting for my loan to come through for six weeks and I know you people are going to delay it again! But I won't stand for it you pathetic morons! I want my money now!!"

The woman smiled warmly at me, reached under the counter and handed me an envelope.

"Here you are, Jim," she said. "Your loan just came in. I was going to call you about it. We're ever so sorry about the delay. To make it up to you, we've doubled your loan at no extra cost. You don't even have to pay the extra back. As a matter of fact, you don't have to pay any of it back. Take it all and blow it!"

My jaw hit the counter with an audible thud. Stunned, I turned and walked out of the office.

What was wrong with the world today? Everyone was in a good mood. I wanted to be angry, but everyone around me was happy.

I walked down the street in a daze.

I staggered by a car and noticed that it was being towed. The tow truck driver was hooking the car up as a meter monitor looked on.

Just then, the car's owner, a UNL student, came running up. Aha! Now I'd see some sparks. This student would fly into a rage and really let the tow truck driver have it.

Imagine my surprise when the following conversation took place:

"Oh no!" said the student. "I was so foolish not to have plugged my meter."

"I'm so sorry," said the meter monitor. "I didn't want to have to call the tow truck, but you have \$35 in outstanding tickets."

"Oh, don't apologize. It's my fault. I should have taken care of those tickets long ago," the student said.

"But I feel so bad," the meter monitor said. "Sometimes I just hate this job. Maybe I should just let it slide this time."

"No!" said the student. "I will have none of that. I deserve to be towed. You are just doing your job."

The tow truck driver was crying by this point.

"I hate my job, too," he said. "It's so awful to make a living off of other people's misfortune. I just wish I could unhook this car and let you go."

"Now listen," said the student. "This is not your fault. I understand. I want you to tow my car. Maybe it will teach me a lesson. Now I want both of you to cheer up, do you hear?"

The tow truck man and the meter monitor both nodded sadly.

"Come here," the student said. "Group hug!"

The three moved into one big hug and laughed merrily among them.

By this point, I was crying too. I had never seen such a beautiful display of human emotions.

I walked over to the group and cried.

"You guys," I said. "I need a hug too."

They welcomed me warmly into their group hug.

"I feel so bad," I said. "I was cranky earlier today, but everyone I've met has been happy and agreeable. I can't help but be happy too!"

We all had a good laugh and hugged one another again. Then as the group was breaking up, I heard a voice calling to me.

"Jim, Time to get up! You'll be late for school!"



John Bruce/Daily Nebraskan

I had been dreaming. I sat up in my bed and shook my head. Wow, it had all been a bad dream. Everyone at UNL was not merry and carefree. It had all been a product of my sleeping mind.

To verify this, I ran to the phone and called the financial aid office. After 27 rings, somebody answered.

"Financial aid office. What do you want?"

"Um, I was wondering if perhaps my loan check had arrived?" I asked. "Oh for crying out loud!"

screamed the person on the other end. "What do you think, dimwit?"

"Uh... no?" I said. "Good guess Sherlock! They won't be in for six more weeks. Now quit bothering me!"

The person on the other end hung up the phone violently. Whew! I was now certain that it all had been a bad dream.

The people at UNL were all just as jaded, angry and disagreeable as I had remembered.

Thank God for small favors.

# Broken Homes; a sound losing momentum



Courtesy of MCA Records

Chris Allerheiligen  
Staff Reporter

The Broken Homes  
Straight Line Through Time  
MCA Records

The Broken Homes album is misleading.

## album REVIEW

The first song starts out hard-rocking, hard-hitting and ready to roll the whole album. Unfortunately, the momentum from the first song drains the band and the rocking lasts about three and a half minutes.

The album's title song, "Straight Line Through Time," has a hint of the Smithereens with a strong bass line and thrashing guitar. Vocalist Mike Doman repeatedly sings "straight line through time, straight line through time."

The next song, "Single Drop of You," is also rocking, but not as hard

as "Straight Line Through Time." From here, the album is all down hill.

In "Seeds I've Sown," the band tries to create a sound like Slim Whitman on acid, trying to imitate Bruce Springsteen, or a failed attempt to sound like The Georgia Satellites.

The country twang with rock guitars works for other bands, but not with this one. Again, the band has come up with clever lyrics: "Seeds I've sown, oh, oh/seeds I've sown, oh, oh/seeds I've sown."

By the time the end of side A is reached, the listener is probably asleep. If the other songs haven't done the trick, "All You Want is Everything" will do it.

It has a nice piano start with a couple of strategically placed guitar thrashes. To make things more exciting, the band doesn't repeat the title excessively, but you almost wish they would so you could tell what they're singing.

Side B is a little more upbeat than side A. The first song, "The Howl-

ing," is a haunting song with a moody bass. It sounds frighteningly like Foreigner's "Girl On The Moon."

After "The Howling" the rest sounds the same. The songs are a little more upbeat and consistent than side A.

However, side A doesn't give one a headache as much as side B does from the constant repetition of music patterns. Once again, the band proves its talent with singing repetitiously the title words. Consider them the Village people of rock.

The album may be appealing to those who do like rock with a bit of country twang. It would've been good if the band's style had stayed consistent, rather than starting hard and ending mushy. Two songs in a field of ten aren't enough to make an album.

The album is printed: "This record is intended to be played loud." But don't waste your ears on music that doesn't really do damage.

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