College life not easy, in the end, worth it

By John Gardner

ell, I'm finally graduating. It hasn't been easy, believe me. Coming out of high school back in the dark ages (1986 actually), I hadn't the faintest idea what I wanted to do. All through those glory days of high school, I did nothing but screw around and get by. In reality, my grade point average was pretty good, a 3.56, but how hard is high school, anyway?

Choosing the proper university was not that tough a decision for me. For one thing, I really didn't have the desire to look anywhere else except a place close to home. That's how I ended up at the beloved University of Nebraska.

The first thing I did was join a fraternity. That was fun for the first couple of years or so, but no more. I also had a dull major - business administration. How many majors are there where you simply read a book, then take a test, etc., etc., etc.?

After my "first" junior year, I made a career move, or smart move would be more accurate, onto bigger and better things. That, of course, was living off campus. What a refreshing change that was. No more of 70 guys harassing you all the time and no more politics. But the

best thing was I was on my own.
I had to learn how to buy groceries; I had to do dishes; I had to pay rent! But I was happy, none-theless. And I also changed my major... again. It was a complete 180-degree turn this time around. I went from the fast-paced business world of finance to journalism.

It was now my senior year, or my sophomore year, or . oh, I don't know what it was. Only 43 of my 90 credits transferred over to the journalism college, so I was in for at least 2 1/2 more years. Anyway, about six weeks into my first journalism course, Beginning Reporting 282, I was completely lost. Even my instructor suggested I try something else. What confidence he had in me! But I made it through, and actually wrote some pretty good

The following two years then just fell into place. My grades improved with even less effort than

before and my writing skills kept

improving.

And here I am, six years later, less than two weeks from getting the precious degree.

Which brings me to all the crap we need to go through to get out of this institution. First, of course, you must settle all of your accounts. I have a \$600 short-term loan due in three days; I owe the Health Center \$4.50 and I owe some guy named Ballbreaker in Vegas (just kidding).

Next, I owe somewhere around 11,000 to a company called UNI-

PAC for all my student loans.
As you can see, all this graduation stuff is starting to get to me. But I'm not done yet.

Probably the least stressful part of the whole thing is the cap and gown measurement. You simply enter the University Bookstore, get measured and walk out in less than five minutes. Not bad.

But then there's the nightmare of making plans for your post-college, post-party life. I literally missed a whole week of school preparing my resume, cover letter and clips to send out to various newspapers throughout the United States. Already, less than two weeks after sending this stuff out, I have received my first rejection letter. Now that I'm done complaining, I'd like to reflect on what fun col-

lege really is. For all of you out there who are freshmen or sophomores, take heed to some friendly advice - stay in school and have

No, this isn't one of those "Stay in School" speeches you hear on television. All I'm saying is college is seriously the most enjoyable period of your life. Your parents are miles away, and that leaves you free to do just about anything you want. Not enough can be said about the parties in college, or all the concerts, the dates (or one-night stands). The years between 18-25 are by far the most fun.

Finally, I'm almost becoming teary-eyed thinking about finally wrapping the whole experience up. But then again, I feel like a big weight is being lifted off my shoul-

And I can't afford to have much weight on my shoulder, since I'm not a very big person.
Thanks for the memories.

LIFEIN HELL

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ARE YOU DOOMED?

CHAPTER XIII:

PERHAPS YOU THINK OF YOURSELF BUT THE FACT IS, YOU'RE A WALKING, TALKING BRAB-BAG AS A NORMAL, RATIONAL HUMAN BEING. OF UNCONSCIOUS FEARS AND DESIRES



... AND PARTLY DETERMINED BY YOUR FAMILY ENVIRONMENT ESPECIALLY DURING THE EARLY YEARS OF CHILDHOOD. THIS IS PARTLY DETERMINED BY BIOLOGY -- THE GENETIC MAKEUP AND TEMPERAMENT YOU GOT FROM YOUR PARENTS ...



YOUR RELATIONSHIPS ARE DOOMED TO BE AS SCREWED UP AS YOUR PARENTS' MARRIAGE



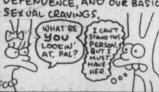
LOVE SECRET # 17: USING TENDER



YOUR BRAIN IS SECRETLY RUN BY A COMPLICATED MISHMASH OF BAD FEELINGS, UNWARRANTED ASSUMPTIONS, AND UNSPEAKABLE FETISHES THAT DETERMINE YOUR



THESE THINGS CONTROL THE WAY WE APPROACH LOVE --INCLUDING OUR LUST FOR POWER, OUR WHIMPERING NEED FOR DEPENDENCE, AND OUR BASIC SEXUAL CRAVINGS.



BEING AWARE OF YOUR DOOM IS THE FIRST STEP TOWARD MENTAL HEALTH.



University of Nebraska Class of '92

WHICH IS WHY IT IS HARD TO

FACE UP TO ONE SIMPLE



We are proud of you! Love you! From your wife, Jill and your mother, Ruth Johnson

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We're so proud of you Steph.
We love you - Dad, Mom & Clint

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We are proud of you and good luck in the future. Love - Mom, Dad, Teri & Tiffany

Daily.

Professional Adviser Don Walton 473-7301

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been proud of you. Love - Mom & Dac

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reg Salvo -Congratulations on your graduation. You've worked hard & we're very proud of you.

Love - Mom & Dad

University of Nebraska Class of '92



Brent N. Samuelson -Congratulations Brent! We are proud of you! Best wishes in the future. Love - Dad & Mom **University of Nebraska** Class of '92



Proud of your achievement --Prouder still of you. Love - Mom, Finkelman & Howligan