

JUSTIN FIRESTONE

NRoll was highlight of 'Nbreak'

My spring break was slightly less than spectacular. Actually, a whole lot less than spectacular.

I hate long car rides. I didn't have the money to fly anywhere too exotic, and Hawaii is just too long of a boat trip. I mean, what good college student has the time to sail down the Missouri to the Mississippi, into the Gulf of Mexico, through the Panama Canal and then across the Pacific to Hawaii? Not me, that's for sure.

So Friday, after class, I decided to go home and make the long, grueling 10-minute drive to my house.

I had friends who went to the exotic spring break hot spots like Florida and the Grand Canyon, but I didn't just sit at home in my underwear and do nothing for a whole week. I used the vacation effectively and got quite a bit accomplished.

The most exciting thing I did last week had to be "NRolling" for "NClasses." When I first saw the word "NRoll," I asked myself if it went well with red or white wine. It would probably taste better with "NButter" as opposed to "NMargarine," I told myself.

After further study, I realized the NRoll system had finally made one of my dreams possible. I can now enroll for my classes while sitting at home in my underwear. I can even enroll for a class that I don't really want to take and then call back to drop it five minutes later.

While "NRolling," I happened to catch a glimpse of MTV's Spring Break '94. I realized it was a good idea I didn't go to any fancy-shmancy beach for spring break, because I wouldn't have fit in. Everyone was dressed in heavy flannel shirts and combat boots. I would've worn the tame and sensible beachwear called shorts.

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the Academy Awards on Monday night. No one has the ability to make me say "Whoopee" more than Whoopi (except for maybe Oprah). What a hoot she can be sometimes.

I was glad when "Schindler's List" won Best Picture, because it was truly the best of the five nominated movies. I was a little shocked that "Tombstone" wasn't nominated for Best Picture, along with Val Kilmer as Best Supporting Actor for his portrayal of Doc Holliday. I'm sure "Tombstone" would've cleaned up all the Oscars if it had been nominated. I was also disappointed that Michael Douglas didn't win Best Actor for "Falling Down."

Speaking of falling down, I did a lot of lying down during the break. The break gave me a chance to catch up on some of the sleep I lost during the first 10 weeks of the semester. I didn't catch up on all of the lost sleep, because I would've needed at least two weeks of solid sleep to do that.

I didn't get up before noon, except for Thursday when I took my car downtown at 8 a.m. to be fixed. I didn't want to get it fixed too badly, because it's kind of fun driving around at night without a working speedometer. I had the conversation all planned if the cops pulled me over for speeding.

"Do you have any idea how fast you were going?"

"Uhhh ... no Ossifer Friendly. I

ain't had no idea. My speedometer's broke ... or something ... I'll come quietly."

Oh well, that was just fantasy. I didn't get any tickets, and my speedometer works fine now.

Speaking of driving, I did some driving along the "information superhighway." Or is it the "superinformation highway?" Whatever it is, I taught myself how to use it. I can download practical things, like the entire works of Shakespeare. But who wants that when you can get the text-only version of the "Anarchist's Cookbook?"

I can even get digitized pictures of radar-satellite images of Europe from two years ago! Or still photos from all three Star Wars movies! Or computer games in which you walk around dungeons and military bases, killing everything that moves—and even things that don't move!

All of these activities made a nice spring break for me, and I didn't have to spend any money or sit in a car for more than 10 hours. They did keep me from doing my homework, however (Homework? What's that?).

I may not have had as much fun as you had on your spring break, but mine was more productive than yours. I didn't get a sunburn, either.

Firestone is a sophomore economics major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

JAY CRUSE

Humor keeps us plodding along

There was a frog that wanted a larger lily pad, but he didn't have the money to buy one. He took his only possession, a small trinket, to the bank just in case he needed it for collateral. Patty Black, the loan officer, deemed the frog unworthy of assistance. The frog had one last chance. He handed Patty his one possession. "What is this?" Patty asked. The bank president, frustrated with the whole scene, shouted out: "It's a knickknack. Patty Black, give the frog a loan!"

Pa dum bum. No applause, please. Happy April Fools' Day. Tired tricks and sorry jokes abound. Depending on the age, education and audience, the jokes can vary widely.

Q: What do you call a man with no arms and no legs in a swimming pool?
A: Bob.

At an early age, the jokes that people appreciate and retell move past the G-rated variety to the more biting versions. Unless they're named Patty Black and are rather uptight, no one minds the former. It's considered a clean joke. The second might make fun of the handicapped. It's still, to most, a clean joke.

Q: What's the first thing a blonde does in the morning?
A: Goes home.

Where is the line drawn between a clean joke and a dirty one? A dirty one and an offensive one? A funny one and a stupid one? It's impossible to tell. For me, what was funny yesterday might be annoying or sophomoric today. One's sense of humor can be based on an indescribable "mood," the present level of stress and worry that one has.

Q: What did Jeffrey Dahmer say to Lorena Bobbitt?
A: Are you gonna eat that?

Spring break is over, and stress



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levels have hit an annual high. Class projects and tests arrive at just the moment most students (and the more humane professors) want to brainlessly enjoy the warmer weather and the company of friends, to re-enact Woodstock in Broyhill Plaza. "Is this really necessary?" becomes the unspoken question of every assignment, every lecture.

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Q: How many greeks does it take to screw in a light bulb?
A: Three. One to actually screw in the light bulb and two to make T-shirts about it.

A sense of humor is an ability to distance oneself from the message conveyed. When we say someone has a good sense of humor, we mean they do not take everything seriously, that they do not take the literal meaning of every message.

An old farmer was walking down his driveway to the mailbox when he noticed a frog talking to itself. He picked up the frog and put it in his shirt pocket. The frog told the old man, "If you kiss me, I will turn into a beautiful princess!" The old farmer replied, "At my age, I'd much rather have a talking frog."

People on the prowl often say they want a mate with a good sense of

humor. It helps get couples through the years after the skin sags and the passion fades.

For those made to be the butt of the joke, having a sense of humor means lowering your self-image to the level of those ridiculing you. It's a subliminal message: You're not perfect. Don't think that you are.

Q: How does every racist joke start?
A: By looking over your shoulder.

I once watched a comedy special on HBO, and the comic ominously pointed out that if there were no jokes, everyone would get along. In order to effectively build someone up by making them laugh, one often puts someone else down.

It would probably be too much to ask to eliminate all the unnecessary projects we all give each other. The sun will keep shining and the birds will keep singing. Life will go on. Even so, we've been conditioned to think life will take a dramatic turn for the worse if we don't write that paper or take that test.

It'll get done with a little bitching and moaning, and a sense of humor about it all.

So enjoy the tricks and pranks today. And if you don't like the things you hear ... Geez, get a sense of humor already! They were only joking.

Cruse is a senior advertising major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

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