

MICHELLE PAULMAN

Multilingual speakers well off

Stop me if you've heard this one: What do you call someone who speaks three languages? Trilingual. What do you call someone who speaks two languages? Bilingual. What do you call someone who speaks one language? American. HA HA HA HA HA HA ... ha, ha ... OK, so it's a bad joke. It's worse than bad; it's true.



To deny that we need any language other than English is to say that we — as individuals and as a nation — have chosen to ignore our diverse heritage and the world around us.

Of the Americans who do speak more than one language, a lot of them grew up speaking something other than English at home. Then they had to learn English in order to fully participate in our society.

Anyone who has taken Spanish 101 three times would agree: Picking up a new language can be tough.

Learning English is harder than learning other languages, because English has no rules. Well ... there's "i" before "e" except after "c," but not after "ch"; and you say the "y" like an "i," but only if the "z" is silent ... Like I said, no rules. Most of us just happen to be lucky enough to speak English at home.

I'm no different from most Americans. But I developed an appreciation of other languages at an early age.

My mother would scream "Ouvrez le porte!" ("Open the door" in French) as she hauled three bags of groceries up the driveway at the same time. And thanks to Maria and Luis on "Sesame Street," I knew my Spanish numbers and letters by the time I was in kindergarten.

Then I took one year of French and two years of Spanish in high school. I learned how to make piñatas and talk about going to the beach — in Nebraska. Where were Maria and Luis when I needed them?

Sixteen credit hours of Spanish later, I can hold a conversation in it,

provided that the other person speaks slower than a vinyl 45 played at 33 rpm.

If you think passing Spanish 101 is tough, you should try learning to speak Czech.

The good part about Czech is that the letters are always pronounced the same no matter where they appear in the word.

The bad part is actually saying the word.

The following is an example of the start of a conversation in Czech. Please speak along:

- 1) Dobry den.
- 2) Jmenuju se (your name).
- 3) Mas rad zymrzlina?

However you just said that, you're wrong.

Don't feel bad, though. I spent six weeks in the Czech Republic, and I still can't pronounce "zymrzlina." As a result, I made all the ice cream vendors giggle whenever I opened my mouth.

But smiles and giggles were good compared to the sneers and obviously backhanded Czech comments I got when I spoke English. The Czech people appreciated the fact that I was at least trying to speak their native tongue, even though I often butchered it badly.

Right now I'll bet you're thinking: "Sure ... she went to another country, but I'm never going to leave these United States

of America. Why should I even bother learning another language? We all speak English."

When the English first landed on North American soil, they probably said: "Bloody heck! This looks like a jolly good spot to have tea." The Spanish probably said: "Caramba. Mire a la tierra. Que bonita!" The Greeks said something I can't understand. So did the Turks, the Chinese and the Africans. So did the American Indians when all these people flooded into their land.

All these groups now use English as a common denominator. We need a shared vocabulary to function as a society.

We are all the descendants of many different ethnic groups who are here by circumstance, by force or by choice. To deny that we need any language other than English is to say that we — as individuals and as a nation — have chosen to ignore our diverse heritage and the world around us.

So buckle down and study that Spanish or Czech or whatever you choose. It could come in handy; English isn't the only language in the world.

And you never know when you might need to order ice cream in Czech.

Paulman is a senior news-editorial and history major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

MICHAEL JUSTICE

With no baseball, football rules

I've noticed that my columns have been a bit on the heavy side the past few weeks, so I'll relax for a while and discuss something else. Let's talk football.

We'll start with the NFL and then hit the local college scene. That way you'll read the whole column.

I suppose this could be the most widely anticipated pro football season of all time. Thank you, Mr. Baseball! For the first time since God created modern sports (75 years ago), we as fans have been forced to salivate in anticipation for action. Baseball died in the middle of August, too soon for real football. Preseason is OK, but it's tough to get excited when you keep asking the TV, "WHO scored that? His name is WHAT? Where'd HE come from?"

There is only so much LPGA (Ladies' Professional Golf Association) and PBA (Professional Bowlers' Association) and drag racing that one sane individual can take. Yes, I'm so sure you knew what the LPGA and PBA were and didn't need to be told.

So here we are. We survived the three-week Hell between the end of baseball (it no longer deserves to be capitalized) and the beginning of FOOTBALL! Never mind the fact that we could spend more quality time (isn't all time made of the same quality) with friends and family. Or possibly even (God forbid) do something constructive with our lives. Screw that! FOOTBALL! FOOTBALL! FOOTBALL!

Sorry, I'll take the beer can out of my mouth.

OK, some predictions. Miami will take the AFC East away from the Bills, but Buffalo still is in as a wild card. Watch out for both the Jets and the Pats to upset some teams. And watch for the people of Indianapolis to just get upset.

In the Central, my beloved Bengals will win it all! And I'm fooling no one. Last place — again. I do like the Steelers; however, Cleveland will be close. Houston



So here we are. We survived the three-week Hell between the end of baseball (it no longer deserves to be capitalized) and the beginning of FOOTBALL!

traded away half its club. Its window of opportunity is gone. After blowing a 30-point lead two years ago, the team deserves it.

Kansas City should be able to hold on to the top spot in the West, but watch out for both the Raiders and the Chargers. San Diego is healthy again. Denver has no defense. Seattle, as always, is a dark horse (with a 90 percent chance of rain).

Dallas will be back, despite the lack of talent at both the head coach and owner positions. Buddy is no head coach. Reeves is. Put New York down as a wild card ahead of Philadelphia. The Skins are playing like politicians; they can't decide what they want to do.

Da Bearsh will win da davishion 16-0 after crushing da Packersh 376-2. Payton will come back ta shcore terdy-five touchdowns. And Jordan will have 20 intershephsions and kick 81 extra-pointsh, right after he destroysh da cheatin' Knicks at da United Shenter. (I'm from Chicago; I'm allowed).

Da, er, excuse me, the 49ers will win the West easily. Everybody else in this division sucks. Go Rams. To St. Louis.

So, the Chiefs will defeat the Dolphins after Buffalo, L.A., San Diego and Pittsburgh have been eliminated. In the NFC, San Francisco will outlast Dallas after the Giants, Packers, Vikings and Lions are ousted. (Look for Philadelphia, N.Y. Jets, Seattle and Da Bearsh as Cinderella teams).

That's right, kiddies, another "Joe vs. the Earthquake" episode.

But this time, bet on the Bay. I hate the Niners.

Now for this update: College football will again not have a true National Champion. Surprise! (Of course, we won't get into last year and Bowden paying off the sports-writers and the Big East officials. I guess his players supplied them with shoes from Foot Locker.)

I have a great idea. Why not try a radical concept called "playoffs." Pick eight or 16 teams and have at it.

Anyway, the season comes down to about five or six games, one of them being NU vs. Colorado. Duh. Plus: Penn State vs. Michigan, Notre Dame (remember them) vs. EHF.EHS.YEW., EHF.EHS.YEW. vs. Miami, and finally EHF.EHS.YEW. vs. Florida. That last one will decide who we beat in the Orange (read: home field advantage for any Florida-based team) Bowl.

Not to get off track, but isn't it kinda stupid to play a major bowl game on another team's home field? How about the Cotton or Sugar or even the Fiesta Bowl? I highly doubt last year's contest vs. Charlie (I can't get drafted cuz I'm really not that good) Ward would have been very close in, say, Lincoln, Neb.

Seems like the NCAA spends more time putting schools on probation than trying to solve real dilemmas. Reminds me of the government, but that's another column.

Justice is a junior news-editorial and broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

"FRIENDS & SUPPORT---
THE DIABETES NETWORK
is BACK to start another GREAT year!!

WHAT: Support Group for students with Type 1 or 2 Diabetes.

WHERE: University Health Center Conference Room F

WHEN: September 28, 1994 @ 7:00pm.

**There will be a drawing to win a One Touch Basic--but you must be there!! For more information, contact:

Deborah, P.A. 472-7477 Irene Lloyd, R.N. 472-7477
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