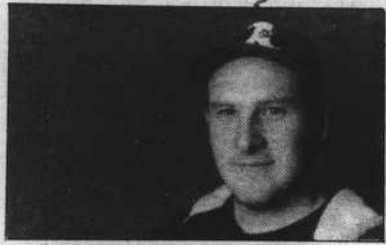


Ditch her for newer model



Michael Justice

two-door sports car with virtually no back seat or trunk space no longer fills my daily requirements for transportation.

This past weekend we went to Chicago to see the International Auto Show at McCormick Place, and it was, as usual, quite a sight. The quest for a new car had begun.

We waded through what seemed like thousands of new cars, trucks, vans and 4x4s, not to mention the mass of people, trying to find a vehicle that would fit our needs.

Our needs included something that would fit four real people without amputation, get decent gas mileage (above 25 mpg), would not get us killed in an accident (no Geo Metro) or break us at the bank.

The Honda Civic looked good, except that by the time you get air conditioning, cassette and automatic, even the cheapest one exceeds \$12,000.

A Nissan Sentra is \$14,000, a VW Golf is more than \$15,000 and a Toyota Corolla is even more! The cheapest 4x4 is the Suzuki Sidekick, and although it is much less than the competition, it runs more than \$16,000 with a few basic options.

Needless to say, the Lexus SC300, the BMW 325 and the Audi 90 Quattro were entirely out of the

question, but that's not to say we didn't hold up lines sitting behind the wheels of these cars and dreaming of a time when we could be worthy of these creatures.

So we left the show with a feeling of inability and remorse. Time to find a used car.

Fortunately, I have friends in the car business and we happened upon several clean, low-mileage, late-model used cars that were surprisingly affordable.

Most cars lose about 30 to 40 percent of their value in the first three years, and those are the ones that are the best deals. They're not too old, usually not too many miles and not a roach (slang for a burnt hulk of a car).

After careful deliberation we decided to go with a used 1992 Honda Accord EX, a dependable, unbreakable, high-value car. It has a sunroof, ABS and most importantly, it's a 5-speed. All for less than a new Civic with nothing on it.

My transition is now half-complete. The new wheels are here and I have to part with the old ones. It will be a struggle at first, being separated from her, but that feeling will pass. I've got a new girl now, one that is not so demanding, possessive or loud.

I need to name my new girl, but out of respect I'll wait until old Bertha leaves. She'll find somebody, just like I did, and she'll be happy.

Say, you wouldn't be interested in a slightly worn beauty, would ya? She's a real runner, let me tell ya ...

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

Washroom slang getting to Johns



Mike Royko

examinations or treatment."

If I were a John, I would be troubled at having my name connected with those stupid gowns that leave one's bare bottom on view to the world.

But is that any worse than the humiliation that must be felt by anyone who bears the rock-solid name of Joe?

Sure, there is the phrase "he is a good Joe." And World War II gave us GI Joe.

That doesn't make up for Joe Blow, which can mean a big talker or just a face in the crowd.

And then there is Joe Schmo, described in my slang dictionary as "an undistinguished and unfortunate person," and Joe Sixpack, a beer-drinking, TV-watching, unwashed, unread clunk of a guy.

When you look at the abuse heaped on Joes, you realize that Johns get off easy.

As for Mike, which is short for Michael, the most popular name being given to the male spawn of yuppies, the only other use for it is as a short version of microphone.

I recently wrote about that breed of TV reporters that cannot ask a question while sitting down or standing still but insist on chasing a moving victim and trying to stick a mike in that person's nose.

Not one sensitive Mike called and said: "My feelings are hurt, as are other guys named Mike, because you referred to us as something that is stuck in a nose. I have never been stuck in anyone's nose, and I don't ever intend to be. Before you are so thoughtless again, think about the millions of people you are holding up to ridicule."

No, even as a Mike, I will continue to call a mike a mike. And the next time some plain jane almost chases me into the john while sticking a mike in my nose, I will tell her to put on a johnny robe and stick the mike in her ear.

Where else? And that ends today's sensitivity session.

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The man was so upset that his voice quivered a bit.

"My name is John, and I'm really sick and tired of people referring to a bathroom as me. You did it today."

That was true. In a column about the display advertising in washrooms in Chicago's main sports stadium, I referred to them as "the john."

The caller named John angrily continued: "Why didn't you refer to the washrooms as a mike? Then you'd see how people named John feel."

I would have if mike were used that way. But it isn't.

"Then why don't you say it's wrong to call a washroom a john and that people named John are being insulted?"

Yes, I could do that, but I doubt if that would change the way millions of Americans talk. Besides, I don't think most people named John are so easily offended.

"I think you are wrong," said John, "and I hope you will think about it. You have no way of knowing how many people's feelings you hurt when you call a toilet by our name."

I promised him that I would think about it, and I have. And I've decided that this is another case of people being overly sensitive, which is an affliction that races around faster than any flu bug.

If you look in a dictionary, you will see that there are several ways that john can be used, some unpleasant but others quite nice.

A john can be a prostitute's client. He also can be part of a signature, as in "sign your John Hancock."

The name john can also be found in John Barleycorn, a symbol of boozing; johnboat, a fine little craft; John Doe, a symbolic everyman; John Henry, the legendary steel-driving folk hero; johnnycake, a cornmeal bread; Johnny on the spot, a person who is on hand and ready to help out in an emergency; and Johnny Reb, a Confederate soldier.

Why isn't there a George on the spot? And couldn't there have been a steel-driving folk hero named Bruce Henry? There is no cornmeal bread named after the Leroys, and drinking men named Waldo might have been pleased if there were a Waldo Barleycorn.

To my surprise, the dictionary also lists a johnny as "a short-sleeved, collarless gown that is open in the back and is worn by persons undergoing medical

She's gotta go. I've outgrown her. I've matured, and quite frankly, it's not in my best interest to hang onto her.

She expects so much time and attention, both of which I have very little. She always wants to go fast and gets hot at the worst times. She drinks too much and doesn't consider the impact on my pocket-book, fully expecting me to load her up whenever she asks.

If I'm with her for too long, I begin to feel cramped and closed in. She doesn't give me enough space, and I can't separate myself from her; I'm always forced to take her with me wherever I go.

Oh, did I mention that she's loud and insists on making her presence known at all times. Just because I do that doesn't mean she can, too.

Yes, my mind is made up. It may be painful at first and we may both go through some initial shock, but it has to be done. I have to end this relationship while we're still on good terms, and before I kill her.

I have to sell my car.

But this is no ordinary car, mind you. This happens to be a classic, a vintage automobile that commands respect, if for no other reason than her age.

She is of a fine breed of muscle cars whose artistic lines and seductive shapes, coupled with pure power and brute force, will never be equaled.

She is a 1968 Camaro RS and yes, she has a name, but that's privileged information.

I've reached a turning point in my life, and the wheels of my 210-horsepower Camaro can't follow me down this road.

Soon I'll be, er, connected, and a

T-shirt theft causes uproar



E. Hughes Shanks

more of something, and they blow a gasket. Obviously, that what's happened to my friend. But I'm still puzzled that he's so upset.

I always thought he was really classy. He comes from a good home. His parents are scholars and educators. He himself is fluent in French and has lived and studied abroad. As a child, the only blacks that I knew like that were in my family. I guess my friend reminded me of myself. And that's what I told him. But he didn't hear me. He was too angry.

I admit it looks bad for the university to continue to employ the son of one of its administrators after stealing from the University. Incensed that there must have been a plea bargain made since the charge became a Class I misdemeanor, he said, "Two thousand dollars, man. That's a felony! Now you know, the average brother wouldn't get off with a slap on the hand like that." I agreed, but neither of us were the "average" brother. "So why should we be any more ticked off than anyone else?" I thought.

I wondered if I was missing something. It seemed as though my friend was stooping to soap opera-like depths to make such a big deal about it. Maybe for him, the theft and light sentence represented something much more than I

realized. But I wondered, who really loses out? It isn't like the thieves were taking food out of the mouths of babies.

At the very worst, the social implication of their theft speaks to the greed and obsession of Huskermania, something that might be a bigger issue than a case of apparent preferential treatment of the son of a University of Nebraska-Lincoln administrator.

The sight of my friend being so upset almost upset me. I know the line of argument that it's particularly hard "out there" for most people, and only a chosen few have it easy. But I decided not to fall into that. There are much more harmful things to society than the stealing of T-shirts.

First of all, who did the thieves actually hurt? What real harm was done, anyway? If the thieves pleaded the charge down, so what? This wasn't a rape. I think my friend should choose his battles carefully. The things that should really make someone angry should have the broadest of possible social impacts.

I agree that it looks bad for the university. But how about the boy's father? What do you suppose he's thinking? It looks even worse for his family. If I were the son of a prominent official, I'd be pretty embarrassed. The last thing I'd want attached to me would be the stigma of being treated better than others because of my father.

We're not talking about the fate of the world here. We're talking T-shirts!

Come on! Gee whiz, lighten up a little.

Shanks is a graduate student and Daily Nebraskan columnist.

News that the son of a prominent UNL official and an accomplice stole nearly \$2,000 worth of "National Championship" T-shirts from the University Bookstore has a friend of mine up in arms.

This, combined with the fact that the two young men are still employed at their university jobs, has him more angry than I ever thought I'd see him. I thought my friend was above worrying about this kind of thing. He had always impressed me as someone who was concerned with more important things.

While my friend shouted about how incredible it was that the two still worked at the University Printing Services, I couldn't believe what I was seeing. He said, "If I walked out of the store with a pen, I'd be locked up." He also complained about the seemingly light punishment the two thieves received. As he continued to shout, he spat my face with saliva. I'd never seen him that way. His girlfriend looked up from where she was sitting and said, "He's been like this for two days."

It appeared my friend had reached his limit. It was as if he had suddenly exploded with anger. This was not the laid-back guy I've known for five years.

This was someone different. This was a man who was fed up and angry that a person who came from the right situation could do wrong and get away with it. I imagine many people are angry about it. Some people, however, know this kind of thing happens all the time and manage not to get too worked up about it. I mean, really! T-shirts? Who gives a hoot about T-shirts?

Sometimes a person reaches a point where they can't take any



Mike Luckovich