

## Wart removal worries man

In November of 1992, the famed claw-handed sideshow performer known as Lobster Boy was shot and killed as he sat watching TV in his trailer. Sources say that the body of Lobster Boy was found only in his underwear.

In late February of this year, Daily Nebraskan columnist Todd Elwood developed a capillary hemangioma of the skin of the anterior chest (a wart-like growth). There are no reports as to his state of dress, but friends say that the odds are that he was not wearing pants.

In March, also of this year, doctors in a Florida hospital performed a routine amputation of the foot of patient Willie King. This operation was necessary for the health of the patient, although most medical experts now agree that when the doctors accidentally sawed off the wrong foot, it really had no medicinal value.

The target foot was removed in another surgery later. Mr. King was in a hospital gown at the time, which is a good thing considering the mess one could make in one's underwear upon hearing that a healthy section of one's body had been mistakenly removed.

By now you are probably wondering to yourself, "Do these three seemingly unrelated events have some sort of actual relationship to each other, especially in Todd's wild world?"

And I answer, "You bet your underwear they do!"

You see, that fancily named medical problem that popped up on the middle of my chest sprang up fast and bold. I really would not have been too concerned about the thing, but it soon developed two annoying habits. It changed colors, and it stayed.

The logical choice seemed to be to have this wart-like thing taken off



**Todd Elwood**

my chest by a qualified professional. I was prepared to do this. Although the thought of having a doctor slice a part of my body off (albeit an unwanted part) was about as comfortable as university toilet paper, I made an appointment anyway.

Then the story of Willie King came out. Then other medical horror stories followed. Too much medication was given, important machines were switched off by mistake, medical staffs used the unconscious bodies of patients to spell huge words on the roof hospitals for the enjoyment of helicopter pilots.

The more these stories came out, the less I was willing to have my wart-like thing removed. The thought of it became more like the thought of sandpaper than university toilet paper.

So I decided I would not have my wart-like thing taken off. This naturally led me to two questions. Could I live with this wart-like thing? And more importantly, how could I make money from it?

Then I remembered the horrifying death of Lobster Boy. I realized that there was now a huge void in the freak show world, and I and my wart-like thing could fill it.

Sure, Lobster Boy left some pretty big shoes to fill. Actually, Lobster Boy had stunted, footless legs, so he probably didn't have shoes. But whatever he wrapped up his mounds of stumpy flesh in, I

knew I could fill them.

I called a representative from Sideshow, Inc. to find out more about my venture into the freak show world. I talked to a Ms. Bertha D. Fect.

"Ms. Fect," I proudly announced, "I'm gonna be a star. You are talking to 'Todd The Amazing Triple-Nipple Boy'! Ta-Da!" "Were you born with three nipples, sir?" Ms. Fect coldly questioned. "We hire only authentic freaks of nature here at Sideshow, Inc., and we are very proud of that reputation."

Needless to say, I was forced to keep my appointment to have my wart-like thing removed. I did take precautions, though. I drew an arrow to my middle protrusion with a marker, and then wrote on my stomach: Remove this one only.

I mean if a large Florida hospital (whose new motto is "Give us an inch and we'll take two feet") can remove a whole foot by mistake, could I be certain that my natural and authentic nipples would be safe at the University Health Center?

I admit that as I sat in the waiting room, reading a current issue of Time — "Sources close to the president say that Reagan will indeed seek a second term" — I was nervous for my nipples. If I could not be "Todd The Amazing Triple-Nipple Boy," then I most certainly could not be "Todd The Amazing Crippled Triple-Nipple Boy" if the doctor made a mistake of some sort.

Everything did turn out fine, though. The correct protrusion was removed, and my authentic nipples are just fine. Although to be on the safe side, I did not wear pants during the procedure.

*Elwood is a senior English and sociology major, and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.*

## Apologizing a start for U.S. communists

For most of this century, those who regarded communism as a threat to America and the world — and were courageous enough to say so publicly — suffered slights and open condemnation from academics, journalists, entertainers and other elite apologists. But the redemption of those once viewed as conspiratorial buffoons from political, social and intellectual ostracism has arrived in the thousands of files from the old Soviet archives that are now being made public.

Proof has been discovered that the Communist Party USA (CPUSA) followed orders from Moscow during and after World War II and that a previously unknown (though suspected by many) network of American communists was assigned to steal secrets from the Manhattan Project, the code name for development of the atomic bomb.

Researchers also report discovering documents that support the late Whittaker Chambers, the Time magazine correspondent who first blew the whistle on the network of communist spies in America in 1948 and fingered his accomplice, Alger Hiss, as the Soviet spy chief in New York.

The subsequent controversy over Chambers' revelations made some careers, like Richard Nixon's, and destroyed others, like Sen. Joseph McCarthy's. Anyone who wanted to know more about the Soviet spy network in America was branded a "Red baiter" or worse. The elites focused on the tactics of the "McCarthyites" so they could divert attention from the real issue: the communist conspiracy to undermine the U.S. government and freedom throughout the world.

The CPUSA portrayed itself as a home-grown political organization, but the Moscow documents prove otherwise. In "The Secret World of American Communism," one of two new books that reveal the contents of the Soviet files, author Harvey Klehr, professor of politics at Emory University, says, "It is no longer possible to maintain that the Soviet Union did not fund the American party." Klehr says the CPUSA was heavily subsidized by the Soviet government, that journalist John Reed (who was glamorized in Warren Beatty's film "Reds") got \$1 million from Moscow and that Armand and Julius Hammer laundered money from Moscow and funneled it to the CPUSA. Of the Hammers — so idolized by the elites for their



**Cal Thomas**

inside track to the Soviet mind — Klehr writes they were "an official part of the Comintern's (Communist International) covert financial network."

Unfortunately, too many modern liberals continue to blindly attack anti-Communists as the greater threat. In the 1993 book, "Red Hunting in the Promised Land: Anticommunism and the Making of America," author Joel Kovel claims that anti-communism became a "civil religion" steeped in xenophobia and ideological intolerance. He compares opposition to communism to the Salem witch trials in 1692.

And he concludes that capitalism has not succeeded, "it has only won," implying there may be a new day for communism in which its supporters will finally get it right.

Kovel was attacked more vigorously by Klehr in a Commentary magazine review of his book in May 1994. Klehr writes that, according to Kovel, "the political views of each and every one of these (anti-communists) were almost wholly irrational, stemming from deep psychological flaws and weakness. In Hubert Humphrey, for example, anti-communism was a 'ritual of male bonding within which the signifier "father" links Hubert Humphrey Jr., Hubert Humphrey Sr., Lyndon Johnson and the whole ethos of America as a land where "real men stand tall and deliver."'

Kovel also savagely attacks the diplomat George Kennan, former Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, J. Edgar Hoover, novelist Arthur Koestler and numerous others for their opposition to communism.

Communism was and remains a disease that leads to political, economic and spiritual death for all who embrace it. Those political, academic and entertainment elites who helped sustain communism owe the world an apology. Those like Whittaker Chambers, who knew the truth and put their reputations on the line to tell it, deserve the thanks of a not-always-grateful nation.

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## Inertia is always in the stars

The first column I wrote for today revealed my morally bankrupt scheme to balance the federal budget, reduce the national debt and install the Tappet brothers, of "Car Talk" fame, as president of the United States (Click) and speaker of the House (Clack).

But inevitable outside forces acted upon me, forcing a revision of my grand plans — the principle of inertia, the art of procrastination and Jeane Dixon.

First, Ms. Dixon. I never make a move without consulting the alignment of the planets and the revered astrologist's interpretation thereof. So when I got out of bed this morning and read my horoscope, I knew better than to tackle anything as serious as how to spend taxpayers' money. "Curb an urge to act out of character," the paper warned.

I took this as a heavenly sign because, of course, it would be very unlike me to attempt to solve any major planetary problems. Complain about them, yes. Blame other people for them, of course. But put forth a solution? I had enough trouble figuring out how to run the stopwatch from the box of Frosted Flakes, and my checkbook has not been balanced for more than a decade.

And inertia. I love that word. Inertia is my mantra. It has such a calming effect on my body. I can feel myself relax and begin to drool as I repeat it over and over in my mind.

And to think it is an actual scientific principle tied to Newton's first law of motion: An object moving in a straight line will continue to move in a straight line, and (here's the kicker) an object at REST will stay at REST unless the alarm clock goes off or a Pizza Hut



**Cindy Lange-Kubick**

delivery driver knocks on the door.

Inertia, a fact of life as real as the force of gravity, has prevented me from researching my budget-busting topics. I've had a major case of it since late last week. It came on rather suddenly after I finished my last column — right after I vowed to immediately, if not sooner, begin researching today's column — and it ended soon after I pushed the snooze button for the 13th time late this morning.

But, really, honestly, truly, the actual reason for this inane excuse-making, this blaming of Uranus and Pluto and Sir Isaac Newton for my woes, is simply that: an excuse.

The truth is, I'm a compulsive procrastinator.

Now you know. I follow the advice of the sage Mark Twain, who knew what he was talking about when he said, "Never put off until tomorrow what you can do the day after tomorrow."

After all, if it wasn't for the last minute ... where would we all be?

Over the past several years I have perfected the art of lateness and have come to take a sort of perverse pleasure in the last minute.

Putting things off (unpleasant realities, not pleasure) is a universal human trait. It must be biological, or at least genetic, because my children do it all the time.

Starting in infancy, they put off

going to sleep. I'd sit, eyes propped open with toothpicks at 2 a.m. as the sweet little angels stared wide-eyed and mockingly up at my sleep-deprived profile.

In a few years, as soon as they were potty-trained, they put off using the toilet until the very last conceivable instant. Usually by the time my son made it in the house (if he made it), up the stairs and into the bathroom, sounds reminiscent of Niagara Falls would emanate from behind the closed door.

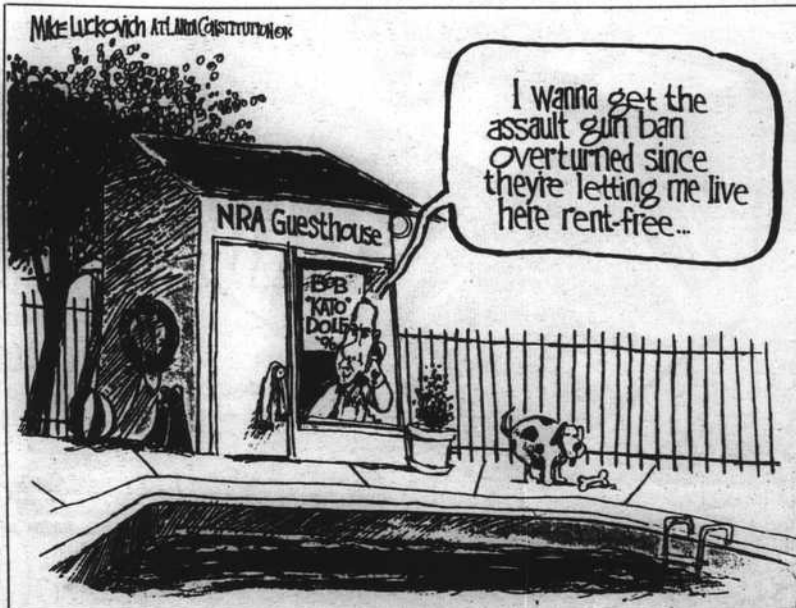
Now they dawdle at the supper table, postpone doing their homework and loiter in front of the television. They are now first-class, A-1 feet-draggers.

I've set a good example. So since my bout with inertia, my unfortunate horoscope and inescapable procrastination has caused the death of my budget column, I then proposed something a tad bit different for today's work, an artistic statement of sorts: Just my photograph.

That's it. The picture and the blank white space signifying, of course, the overabundance of words in our world and their meaninglessness in the vast overoccupied world of talking heads. I would make a political, social, moral, ecological and psychological statement instead of filling the emptiness with mere words. Unfortunately, my editor didn't "get it." He thought I'd simply forgotten to write a column. Geez.

So, you're stuck with this. And you're luckier than you know, because just now I feel a major case of inertia coming on.

*Lange-Kubick is a senior news-editorial and sociology major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.*



**Mike Luckovich**