

# Sacred treasure

Scrapbook brings back 20 years of life

I cried the other night. A cruise through my scrapbook doesn't always have that effect on me. But I don't always turn 20. The chance to reminisce was sobering.

The cry wasn't a sad cry. Mainly it was a cry about being overwhelmed. It was strange to see bits and pieces of my life taped to worn pages. One thing I came across was a letter my mom handed me one morning seven years ago.

And now, just before my 20th birthday, I read it again. It was a sweet conglomeration of words and love. A kind of reaffirmation why I love the woman — beyond the fact that she's my mom. I don't know if I understood the words then; I don't know if I needed to.

It's one of the few pieces of correspondence I have — from my mother or anyone else. Sometimes, like the other night, I feel robbed by the telephone.

So that letter means a lot to me. And so does the scrapbook that I put together on whim. Someone with great foresight gave it to me.

Looking back and through the book, I'd consider my 20 years full and rewarding.

The first few pages are of my childhood and so many of my favorite memories come from that part of my life. Good God we had some fun times!

I can't count how many forts we built, the number of cops and robbers chases through the alleys, or the many bags of Weaver chips and popcorn we consumed.

I've thought about my first dalliance with love and the first rose I ever sent a guy. It was beautiful — a single red rose in a pretty glass vase. I also wrote him a terrible poem, which I still have a



**Jessica Kennedy**

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copy of in the book.

I have a couple pages dedicated to the memory of my grandfather. I find those hard to look at. It doesn't seem right that he isn't here to see me turn 20.

When I was a little girl, he used to take me to Aksarben to watch the horses exercise and warm up. Then we would go to the pancake house and have pancakes and chocolate Elsie's — the creative combination of a plastic cow cup and chocolate milk.

The chronicles of some amazing travel experiences that I've been able to have, thanks to my family. San Francisco is most definitely the most memorable. An earthquake, a pro-baseball game, the beach, a baby buffalo being born and a

cruise on the bay. Pictures of my friends, reminding me of all those times when you start laughing and can't stop. Until your stomach and sides hurt.

I'm excited about turning 20. For most people, it's another birthday — with no big events. But not me. The scrapbook got me thinking. Twenty is a biggie for me.

My parents set the precedent when I turned 10. After all, it was the end of my first decade, quite the accomplishment in their eyes.

We went to the Renaissance room in the Cornhusker. I got to order anything on the menu and the ashtrays were whisked away by attentive servers before my parents' cigarette ashes had a chance to cool.

But what I remember most is the cake. It was terrible. I find it funny now, but it certainly bit it back then. It was super sweet and full of nuts.

I still don't like birthday cake. In fact, when I celebrate at home next week, I'm having frozen pumpkin ice-cream pie.

But I don't have any pictures from it — the Cornhusker is not exactly the kind of establishment that you snap a quick picture in.

So, instead I'll be having my pic with my family and some friends and taking all the pictures I want.

And when I turn 30, I'm sure I'll be looking through a new scrapbook, crying. I hope that there's another letter or two for me to get mushy over.

And I definitely hope that I'll have a dried rose or two taped to the pages.

**Kennedy is a broadcasting, advertising and public relations major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.**

# Odd couple

Lost romance binds opposing music styles

The other day, in my biology lab, an acquaintance of mine caught me singing a country tune.

He knew it was a country song because I accidentally spit tobacco juice on my microscope when I changed octaves.

"Oh God," he sighed. "Why on earth would you listen to country?"

I tried to explain that my great-grandparents would come down from heaven and attack me if I listened to anything else, but it only added to his confusion.

"Hey," he squawked. "You know what happens when you play country music backwards?"

"What?" I inquired, because I can take a joke.

"Your wife comes back to you, and your dog comes back to life!"

"You sucker," I giggled, while shaking an erect index finger at him. "That's a good one."

When he returned from the bathroom, he didn't even notice the tobacco juice that accidentally found its way into his chair.

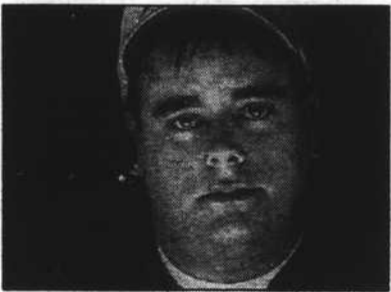
My dog Skippy, who's probably at this moment thinking about how much he misses me, would love to have a chomp at this guy. You see, dogs and country music are what life is all about.

Country music is clean, honest music with good morals, and unlike "gangsta rap," the only violence it inflicts is against the listener's liver.

I think even the staunchest of rap-lovers would like country music.

After all, both styles concentrate on losing girl friends. The main difference is that country singers have hair on their heads and generally don't tend to take their shirts off as much in videos.

There are also mild differences in the wording. For example, in places where a country singer would use the word "darling" or "baby," rap artists might feel



**Steve Willey**

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inclined to use the word "ho" or "gangsta ho."

If you need more concrete evidence, consider the following country verse from any number of popular country favorites:

"Darlin,' please come back ta me."

The rap version essentially states the same message, only in different words:

"Yo gangsta ho, brang dat booty home."

Both styles indicate an extreme desire to have a loved one return home; it's merely expressed in different manners.

I often wonder if Snoop Doggy Dogg would get along with George Strait. They both stand at the zenith of their respective careers. How would their conversation go?

"Congratulations on yore success Mr. Dogg, you've got quite

a fan club out there."

"Rat-a-tat-tat, one-eight-seven, beeeech!"

"Er — I see, can I get you a beer before suppah Mr. Snoop?"

"Hell naw fool. I'm from the street, beeeech, born right there on the sidewalk."

"I just asked if y'all cared for a beer, I didn't ..."

(Snoop, sensing a bit of awkwardness in the conversation, decides to rectify things by demonstrating his brilliance with words.)

"Straight up. It's all good. Chronic dope. Know what I'm saying?"

(Snoop leaves amongst a fury of bullets, abolishing all contact with George Strait — except for some reason he sends George bar mitzvah cards on weekends.)

I'll be the first to admit that this scenario is a bit far-fetched and moreover, not humorous in the least, but it could be possible.

I'm not implying that all rap music is anti-Christ; I actually like some of the slower rap ballads.

It's those hard-core thumping songs that cause me to crouch behind my curtains at home, and curse God for giving me ears.

What is it about rap music that requires its listeners to instantly remove the shocks from their vehicles and spend their life savings on speakers.

I can't explain this phenomena, but I suppose that rap listeners feel that their music is much more enjoyable if it is shared simultaneously with the rest of the state.

As time goes on, I'll do my best to understand rap music and the artists who perform it, but don't expect it to be a quick transition.

Maybe it would help if they chewed tobacco in their videos.

**Willey is an ag-journalism major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.**

# ...doomed to repeat it.

Feb. 7, 1995

## Spirit of Dr. Seuss tackles tale of Juice

*"But prosecution is where  
The burden of proof is,  
And although it's not perfect  
Here's what the truth is:  
If the Juice's excuses  
Beat what the proof is,  
It won't be too long  
'Til the Juice on the loose is."*

The following column by Doug Peters was printed Feb. 7, 1995. A lot of water has passed under the bridge, but the words of this, um, poet still seem to ring true.

It was a long time ago, really. But not so long. Remember how it felt to be totally in the dark?

Truth about Juice forsooth. When I was a small child, my mom read Dr. Seuss books to me almost every night.

Dr. Seuss had a way of explaining complex things, such as the importance of trying out new things before deciding whether you liked them.

"I do, I do like Green Eggs and Ham! I do so like them, Sam I am."

If Dr. Seuss were alive today, he would still be tackling those complex issues, breaking them into bite-sized pieces for us to digest and comprehend. And what issue could possibly be more complex than the O.J. Simpson trial?

More than seven months ago, 95 million people watched a white Ford Bronco crawl down the 405 freeway in Los Angeles.

In the months since, countless millions have followed the events surrounding the O.J. Simpson case, intimately getting to know Simpson, his friends, his late ex-wife, a bunch of lawyers and a judge named Ito.

The early reports of the case were bizarre; the facts that have come out since the trial began have been even more weird.

And Americans, hungry for some insight into the events of last June, glue themselves to the tube in a daily ritual viewing of Court TV and CNN.

The O.J. Simpson trial, regardless of the verdict, will have a profound effect on our society. It will do more than propel the already-bright careers of lawyers such as Carl Douglas and Marcia Clark (although it may end the career of Clark's hairdresser).

It will do more than get Judge Lance Ito a guest spot on

Letterman next fall. It will tell us how well our system works. It will tell us whether the legal phrase "innocent until proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt" actually rings true.

It's a confusing issue. There's no doubt about that. What's more, with six months of trial remaining, it's bound to get incredibly weird.

At times, I'm tempted to give up trying to figure the whole thing out.

But this time, at least, in the spirit of Dr. Seuss, I have tried to shed a little light on the subject: It started in June

With a chase that was slow.

We watched people yell

Go, O.J., go!

Go, O.J., go, O.J.

Go go go go.

But some didn't cheer,

Some held up nooses.

They didn't believe

All the Juice's excuses.

Now there's a trial.

It's on TV.

See the big trial.

Come watch it with me.

See the trial, see the trial.

See see see see.

We watch and we watch,

We grin and we grin,

'Cause we don't find ourselves

In the mess that he's in.

The media held court.

He's already been tried.

"He did it!" they cried.

"He should be tried!"

Fry O.J., fry O.J.

Fry fry fry fry.

But prosecution is where

The burden of proof is,

And although it's not perfect

Here's what the truth is:

If the Juice's excuses

Beat what the proof is,

It won't be too long

'Til the Juice on the loose is.

In a courtroom world where

the characters are stranger than

any of Dr. Seuss' creations, this

little explanation may not do the

trick. I suppose that shouldn't

surprise me. Some things even

Dr. Seuss can't explain.

Peters is a graduate student and a

Daily Nebraskan columnist.

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