

Poor mix

Chemical language flabbergasts columnist

For the third time in as many years, it appears as if I'm going to fail chemistry.

Apparently, I'm not the only one who's concerned. I didn't hear it personally, but I've been told that my chemical future was one of the many points addressed by Louis Farrakhan at the Million Man March in Washington.

"We are being oppressed by the white man," he was heard to say. "And what's more, Steve can't even pass chemistry."

I called my dad in Mississippi, hoping indirectly for some sound fatherly advice.

"You been drinking a lot up there?" my dad demanded.

"Yessir," I said in a trembling voice.

"Well, hell then," he slurred. "I don't know WHAT your problem could be."

My dad is like that. In his eyes, there's only one thing in this world that cannot be accomplished by drinking heavily.

That of course being his come-from-behind victory in the Indianapolis 500, on a tricycle.

For some odd reason, this has been a lifelong obsession of my dad's, and one that, in his opinion, "requires not alcohol, but persistence, rigorous training, and knowing the governor of Iowa personally."

The truth is, I have no idea why I feel it is my duty to keep hundreds of chemistry teachers perpetually employed.

For the most part, I do quite well in my other classes. With the exceptions of biology, calculus, and women's studies, chemistry is the only class I have failed more than once.

What makes chemistry so difficult for me is that they take words I've used all my life and give them an entirely different meaning.

For 18 of my 21 years of life, a



Steve Willey

"Chemistry and journalism simply do not mix well together. Journalist Mike Royko is famous for sneaking around in his shorts and heaving pine cones at Chicago chemistry laboratories. I can hardly blame him."

"mole" was something on my brother's back that, if ever removed, would produce a cancerous tumor the size of a large hamster.

In chemistry however, a mole is apparently a form of measurement that burrows underground tunnels through golf courses.

I wish I could tell you that this is an isolated case, but sadly I cannot.

Take for example the word "calorie." A calorie is defined chemically as the amount of heat needed to raise one gram of water one degree Celsius.

That's all well and good, but just listen to the laughter when you ask your professor the seemingly intelligent question of, "How come fattening cookies in a swimming pool fail to make the water boil?"

It stands to reason, doesn't it? I mean, cookies certainly have a lot of calories, and if one calorie raises water one degree Celsius, then it's obvious that.....

(Aww go to hell.)

I know that laughter all too well, because I receive it after each and every chemistry question I blurt out.

Sometimes the teachers throw things (including, but certainly not limited to, their underwear) at me when they find out I am indeed serious.

Ordinarily, a journalism major would not need to take chemistry. But since I am in ag-journalism, my major requires me to take at least 23 hours of classes I'll never pass.

Chemistry and journalism simply do not mix well together. Journalist Mike Royko is famous for sneaking around in his shorts and heaving pine cones at Chicago chemistry laboratories. I can hardly blame him.

The best method to explain the uselessness of chemistry is by exploring the ancient root-words that comprise the word itself.

"Chem" stems from the Latin word "Chemus," which refers to midgets. Likewise, "istry" roughly translates into "the playing with, or enjoyment of."

The relevance of this observation eludes me, other than it's probable that the word "chemistry" has nothing to do with science.

Who knows, maybe I'll surprise myself. Maybe I'll somehow eek out a D minus. If I do, be prepared to see a new Steve Willey — one with esteem and self-worth.

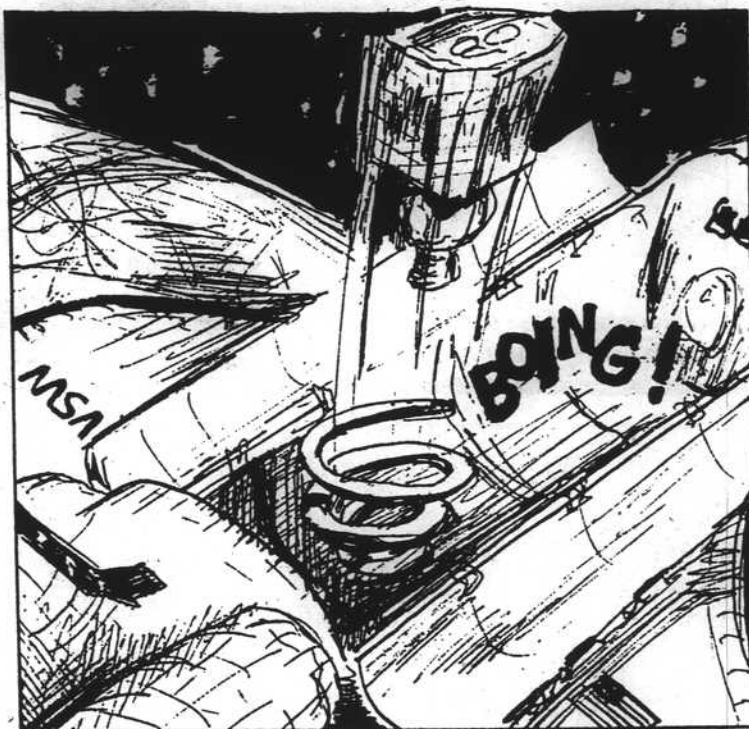
And no longer will I wake up every morning and ponder the same two things.

"Why can't I pass chemistry; and yet more importantly, why is Farrakhan worried about my grades in the course?"

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

...doomed to repeat it.

October 19, 1989



Andy Manhart/Daily Nebraskan

Mission illustrates importance of NASA

"The five astronauts spent their first hours in space giving a final electronic check to Galileo, a probe so sophisticated that one NASA official dubbed it 'the Rolls-Royce of spacecraft.'"

Six years ago our country launched a space probe. Its six year mission: to seek out and photograph strange new worlds. To seek new life and new civilizations. To boldly go where humankind has yet to go ... still.

Six years ago — to the day, mind you — our own Daily Nebraskan covered the event, with a little help from our friends at the Associated Press.

This mission, with its fruitful and historic results, reminds us of the compelling reasons we spend the paltry billions on a (now) post Cold War space program.

CAPE CANAVERAL, Fla. — Space shuttle Atlantis soared into orbit Wednesday and its astronauts started the Galileo probe on a six year journey to Jupiter for the closest look yet at the colossus of the solar system.

Earlier, concerns about Galileo's nuclear power supply were left behind as Atlantis lifted off flawlessly on its mission to carry the \$1.5 billion space probe into orbit on the first leg of its trip.

After Atlantis had made five trips around the world, Galileo was ejected from the cargo bay by springs, on schedule over the Gulf Coast.

The shuttle moved away to put distance between itself and the space probe's rocket.

The "burn" was to be an hour

later — first for 2 1/2 minutes, then for a minute, forty-five seconds — giving the 6,700 pound Galileo the initial push toward Venus, its first planetary port of call.

The five astronauts spent their first hours in space giving a final electronic check to Galileo, a probe so sophisticated that one NASA official dubbed it "the Rolls-Royce of spacecraft."

"Everything looks real good," said astronaut Shannon Lucid, a one-flight veteran from Bethany, Okla., who had charge of the probe deployment.

The crew members reported a few problems with their own ship as it orbited 184 miles above the Earth.

One was with a cooling system that might cause them to return slightly earlier than planned in what a flight director called "a worst-case scenario."

"You looked marvelous going up," Mission Control told Atlantis Commander Don Williams as the winged spacecraft reached orbit after two launch postponements.

"I feel a lot better," said Williams.

Galileo, named after the 17th century discoverer of Jupiter's moons, will use the laws of physics to get to Jupiter, the largest planet in the solar system, in 1995.

Flying by Venus will cause it to gain momentum and so will two subsequent close encounters with Earth.

Smells like...

Trio finds some scents shouldn't be bottled

He was about my height. Plaid shirt, jeans, dark hair. And damn, he smelled good. I could have jumped him.

Thursday night class, nice breeze from the window and I was downwind from the most magnificent smelling guy.

On a recent jaunt to the mall, a couple of friends and I took the liberty of sampling a quantity of men's colognes.

The experts were...

DANI: A junior engineering major, very taken. Obsessed with the Cure and loves a good-smelling man.

KRISTA: An engaged graduate student with a flair for staying sane. A doting owner of a Siamese cat, she, too, loves good-smelling men.

JESSICA (me): Junior, single, romantic — and worships great-smelling men.

With the assistance of Cliff, the Dillard's cologne counter dude, the three of us worked our way around, inhaling the various aromas.

Here are our comments.

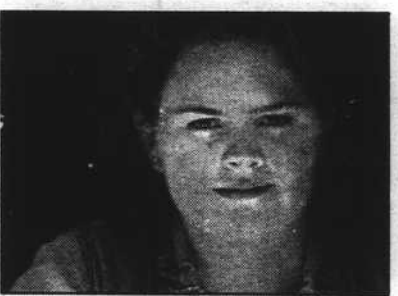
CK One: Dani — I'd get confused. Jess — I don't like to smell like a man; I spend a lot of money trying not to. Krista — Makes me sneeze in the worst way.

Cool Water: D — I'd rather have water. J — Smells like dog shampoo. K — Smells like someone peed in the bottle.

Polo Sport: D — Reminds me of Junior High. J — Ditto. Ugh! Let it go. K — Kind of sporty; like used sweat socks.

Catalyst: D — I love a man who wears Catalyst. (Hmm, her boyfriend does!) J — Not my favorite. K — Smells soapy.

Ralph Lauren: D — Reminds me of Dad and High School. J — It's a high school flashback. Help!! K — Cologne for insecure men.



Jessica Kennedy

"Thirty-five colognes later, Cliff pointed out that after three sniffs of different labels, your nose can't distinguish what it's smelling. I think all of us can vouch for that."

Nautica: D — Wouldn't kick him out of bed if he wore it. J — Light and pleasant. K — Too sweet.

Obsession: D — All-time favorite. J — I'd do him. K — Dated a guy who wore it...still can't separate it from him.

Claiborne: D — Gives me tingles. J — Nice, I like it. K — OK, used to like it, but not anymore.

Drakkar Noir: D — Definite junior high flashbacks. J — I'd be content to sit in his arms forever. K — My insecure, college boyfriend wore it because he thought it was cool.

Colours: D — No thanks. J — Reminds me faintly of bug spray. K — You could smell the guy coming from miles away.

Escape: D — I'd have to escape if he wore this. J — Sweet but masculine. K — Nice and light.

Tsar: D — It burned my nose hairs. J — A male mothball smell.

K — Potent.

Boucheron: D — Smells like ass. J — Smells like a Walgreens. D — Smells like a porta-potty.

Safari: D — Where's Tarzan when you need him? J — I LOVE IT! K — Woodsy and romantic.

Lagerfeld: D — Smells like a sissy man. J — Very yummy, not too strong. K — For the guy trying to smell like a manly man.

Tuscany: D — I dated a guy who wore Tuscany, but then I dumped him. I don't remember if it was because of the way he smelled. J — Smells like rotten fruit. K — Pure road kill.

The most intriguing is "Realm," a cologne based on synthesized human pheromones.

Realm: D — I don't know if it's a conscious or subconscious thing, but it works. J — My favorite, it makes my pulse pick up. K — Masculine but not overwhelming. We're in the mood for love.

Thirty-five colognes later, Cliff pointed out that after three sniffs of different labels, your nose can't distinguish what it's smelling. I think all of us can vouch for that.

I must say that how the bottled scents smell on paper is very different than how they smell on the guy. For example: Doug, a DN editor, points out that although he wears Lagerfeld Photo, I'm more likely to smell the Tide with Bleach he used.

I'm pretty sure Lagerfeld didn't intend Photo to smell like Tide.

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

BE OUR GUEST

The Daily Nebraskan will present a guest columnist each Monday. Writers from the university and community are welcome.

Must have strong writing skills and something to say.

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