

Laugh a little

Happiness, mayonnaise and rubbing statues

This semester I had the opportunity to experience a great feeling, and for once it didn't involve rubbing myself against statues.

I should have been in my chemistry lab, but for some reason I thought it would be in my best interest to roam the halls of the chemistry building instead.

It was a good thing I skipped too, otherwise I may have never noticed the guy reading my column. Just having this guy read my column wasn't what made me feel so good, as I'm sure there are at least three other people who have taken that chance.

What got to me was that he was laughing. Out loud. At either something I had written or my photograph. Either way, he had no idea how good that made me feel.

The world needs laughter; there's not nearly enough of it to go around.

"But Steve," you say. "Haven't we still got Don Rickles?"

Even with Mr. Rickles, the world needs more.

For me, attempting to make people laugh is an obsession. It's not easy to do in person, but it's even harder to do on paper or with your clothes on.

On paper, you can't watch the facial expressions of your audience like you can with face-to-face contact; therefore it's crucial that the perfect words are chosen.

There's really only one reason for humor. For that one moment, when your face succumbs to a smile, your happiness is all that matters. No one else's. That's not commonplace anymore.

I've always envied people like former columnist Jamie Karl. I don't think the Lord intended me to be so opinionated. If I feel like I'm going to write or say something that



Steve Willey

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may upset someone, I'll usually keep it to myself. That's not always good, I know.

Even if you don't particularly agree with their views, you've got to respect that kind of columnist. Although I may be loosing respect, I could never be a practitioner of Karlism (the study of pissing off three-fifths of a university in 300 words or less). It's just not in me.

Since this is my semester's final article, I would like to take the opportunity to respond to the two letters I've received throughout the semester.

The most prevalent question I've been asked is the one concerning whether or not my father is as odd and idiotic as I would have people believe.

The easy answer of course,

would be: "Certainly not! No man could be as fruity as I make my father out to be."

But giving an answer like that would go against everything I've ever learned in my women's studies classes.

My father, and yes, all males, are odd and idiotic. And I assure you, I have never, ever exaggerated any of his defining characteristics.

The other question I've been asked is: do I really weigh 387 pounds. I must admit, I was a little dishonest in reporting this fact.

I did it to evoke sympathy in you the reader, and somehow, I hoped it would ultimately help me to win a fortune playing in checkers tournaments. Don't ask me why.

The truth is, I'm actually 6-foot-3 and 187 pounds of pure muscle. I can squat (I'm sorry to interrupt, but as Steve's editor, I am required by law to delete all blatant and incredibly unbelievable lies made by members of my staff — The Editor) and that is the God's honest truth.

I have thoroughly enjoyed writing for the DN. It has been a most rewarding, valuable experience (Steve, watch yourself — ED) and I truly mean that.

Until next semester, remember this simple creed: Laughter, Mayonnaise, and Rubbing Against Statues — in that order. That is what is important in life.

If you're strong enough to ignore the looks you'll receive, you will undoubtedly enjoy a much better life.

And if you really don't care what people think, try combining all three parts of the creed in order to utilize the sensation.

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

Moving day

Leaving dorm life is easier said than done

I never thought it would happen — I'm moving out, on and up.

Out of the residence halls, on my own and up in the world.

For me, it's kinda scary. Sure, I did the whole moving away from the 'rentals when I was a freshman. No sweat. It was different then — everything was basically paid for.

As it has been for the last two and a half years.

But not anymore. This time, all bets are off.

No more guaranteed three meals a day.

Or clean bathrooms.

Or Dani, who I've either lived with or a few doors from since we were freshmen.

So what's the big deal?

Lots of people move out on their own. It's cheap, fun and has fewer rules and regulations than living on campus.

I think moving is going to be emotionally difficult for me. After all, I've lived in Neihardt Hall and on the same floor since I came to college.

Plus, I've been a student assistant for the past couple of years. And although SAs occasionally get a bad rap, we really do invest a lot into the residence halls. We put in immeasurable amounts of time, thought, sweat and care.

The ties that we have to our staffs, floors and buildings are very intense. And I'm finding that each time I think, "This is my last time to..." it's harder to leave.

But I am leaving, and with my departure comes all the general turmoil, and chaos, that comes with moving.

And moving during finals undoubtedly has to be the worst.

Studying in my room is nearly impossible. All I want to do is pack, even though I've taken most of what I'd qualify as non-essentials to the apartment.

"The apartment."

That sounds odd, yet exciting.



Jessica Kennedy

"Even more frightening: two women in one apartment with minimal closet and bathroom space. This could be a scary situation."

I got to see the new "pad" for the first time Sunday. My new roommate and I were moving some stuff in.

The place is really nice. There's a cool patio and dining room. The bedroom is really large and the living room looks spiffy with the Christmas tree.

And the kitchen. Wow, a real kitchen. Not that I'll be in there much, of course.

The problem is I can't cook. I'm anticipating quite a bit of mooching from my parents' dinner table.

But I'm willing to try to cook — I do need to eat sometime. Hey, I even bought my first cookbook this weekend. That's a very frightening thought.

Even more frightening: two women in one apartment with minimal closet and bathroom space. This could be a scary situation.

I mean there is a lot of space in the bedroom and bathroom closets, but I'm still worried. I collect clothes and bathroom things like Imelda Marcos collects shoes.

And I don't think Natalie is too

far behind me.

It'll be interesting.

You know, I've also taken furniture for granted for the past 20 years or so.

When suddenly faced with the prospect of not having any, I got nervous.

But my fears are quickly dissipating.

My parents and their friends are proving just how generous they are. And just how long they've been hoarding old furniture for this moving day.

Old furniture is the family heirloom for the college student. Our parents don't give us precious jewelry or family diaries. No, instead they give us ragged and well-loved furniture.

As I say goodbye to my room and all the memories, I'm also saying goodbye to my comfy lifestyle.

See, as an SA, the only bills I had to pay, really, were the ones I brought upon myself. Like music clubs or credit cards or magazine subscriptions.

My survival wasn't dependent on any of those bills being paid.

But starting later this month, I'll have to worry about bills that really matter: rent, electricity, water, food and whatever bills I haven't thought about yet.

Moving day itself usually sucks. And I suppose that with my luck, we'll get our big snowstorm next week. And it won't just snow. There'll be ice, too.

And the storm will hit just as I'm moving my heavy furniture or the box with all my trinkets.

Overall, I'm excited about this move.

I'm going to live in a great apartment with a great roommate. And I'm going to start a great job with fantastic potential.

And somehow, I'm going to learn to cook.

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

...doomed to repeat it

Dec. 1941

Student troops sent; university responds

"At the union, temporary chairs were set up in the lounge when the president spoke. There was little comment until after he was through. Then there was quiet discussion. The same was true at organized houses."

December — and students looking forward to vacation and a break from studying. Some are worried they will not finish all their work in time. Some have already given up and are just praying for the semester to end.

But then news comes, early in the month, that some students will not be going home for Christmas. They will instead be sent to places of military conflict and death. Places they could not have located on a map a week before.

The knowledge that some of them will not return weighs heavily on all. That was 1941. Sound familiar?

Tonight at 9 p.m. (CST), President Roosevelt will make a radio address in which it is said he will give a "more complete documentation" of the Japanese situation.

The San Francisco Chronicle last night reported that 50 unidentified planes were sighted headed for San Francisco at 6:20 p.m. (PST). With no explanations given, radio stations discontinued broadcasts at 8:15 p.m. (CST).

A Tuesday bulletin from Singapore indicated that bombs began dropping there at 4 a.m.

Since Sunday afternoon when first reports of the Japanese attacks on U.S. territory were heard, students' interest has been centered on the radio, on newspaper extras, on rumors — on WAR.

Now campus atmosphere is tense but confident. Chancellor C.S. Boucher issued the following statement:

"We stand ready to devote all of the resources of the university to the federal government in our emergency. We shall heartily comply with any suggestion or request for any assistance, direct or indirect, that can be rendered."

Meanwhile, ROTC officers and basic cadets feel vitally affected, and the letdown is noticeable. The uncertainty of events is what seems to bother them.

Col. Charles A. Thuis, commandant of cadets, told newspapermen that the status of the 318 advanced military students is "as unpredictable as the price of wheat next year. Any decision is up to the war department. I will make no attempt to outguess that department."

Under the present selective

service law, advanced ROTC students are exempted from the draft until they complete the four-year training course; after receiving their commissions, however, most of them enter active duty.

Basics Not Exempted.

Over 1,800 students are enrolled in basic ROTC. They are not exempt from the draft, according to the military department.

"The Japanese have been practicing up on their war moves; they are not particularly green at this business," warned Prof. Robert P. Crawford who traveled through Siberia, Manchuria, Korea and Japan in 1936. He believes that this is the inevitable culmination of the Japanese expansion policy.

As for students, phonograph machines in organized houses were turned off; radio news programs are eagerly awaited. Bull sessions took place between broadcasts.

Salutations changed overnight. Instead of "Good morning," or "Hi," there is "Got your uniform?" and "When ya leaving?"

Students "Low."

The student body is low. You could sense it at 11:30 yesterday when groups throughout the campus gathered around radios to hear the president address Congress.

At the union, temporary chairs were set up in the lounge when the president spoke. There was little comment until after he was through. Then there was quiet discussion. The same was true at organized houses.

Most teachers excused 11 o'clock classes, and many classroom discussions dealt with the war. Assignments weren't turned in — "listened to the radio all night", and it was all right.

Law College Endangered.

At the Law College where almost 45 men hold reserve officers' commission, tension is quite high. With the loss of these men in addition to those possibly drafted, it would be doubtful if the Law College could continue next year, college heads said unofficially.

The situation last week when the future held certainties — certainties of war — has changed. The future now is nothing but questions, and that is why NU students along with students in college campuses all over the nation are worried.

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. Contact Mark Baldrige c/o the Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St., Lincoln, NE 68588. Or by phone at (402)-472-1782.