

OPINION PACKETS

Our VIEW

Heaven-O Kicking the 'hell' out of ole English

Idle hands are the devil's plaything. And in the town of Kingsville, Texas, the devil has a stranglehold on the local populace. So much so, in fact, that the citizens of Kingsville have called for the elimination of devilish references.

The townspeople's main proposal is that the widely accepted greeting of "hello" and its potentially underworldly connotations be replaced with the new-and-improved greeting of "heaven-o."

Courthouse employees in Kingsville have already taken to answering the phones with the new greeting, more than likely bewildering any out-of-towners who give the ranching town a call.

And despite the protests of many English experts who insist that "hello" has no links whatsoever to Satan's realm (it really stems from an old German word used to hail a boat), the town of Kingsville has continued its crusade.

So in the spirit of Kingsville, we propose to help in an effort to clean up the English language.

We can all do our part by taking out any references to Satan and his legions.

Instead of a "devil-may-care attitude," take a "hot-coal-in-the-pants one." And if you love bugging your friends by playing the "devil's advocate," call yourself a "pain-in-the-butt proponent."

We also can't help but recommend that since we are what we eat — devil's food cake, deviled eggs and ham and meatloaf (OK, so not exactly fitting, but it can be evil sometimes) — we should reform our diets in favor of angel-food cake and angel-hair pasta.

Santa Claus can't escape, either. The transposition of one little 'n' certainly would open the gates of hell.

And what about the Arizona State Sun Devils? Might we suggest the ASU Sun of a ... oh, nevermind.

The point of cleaning up our language involves more than references to Lucifer himself. Kingsville's main thrust is to eliminate "hell" from our vocabulary.

That means the governing council for greek sororities could no longer be referred to as Panhellenic. Perhaps Panheckick would suffice.

Heloise and her "helpful" hints could then go to — well, we all know where.

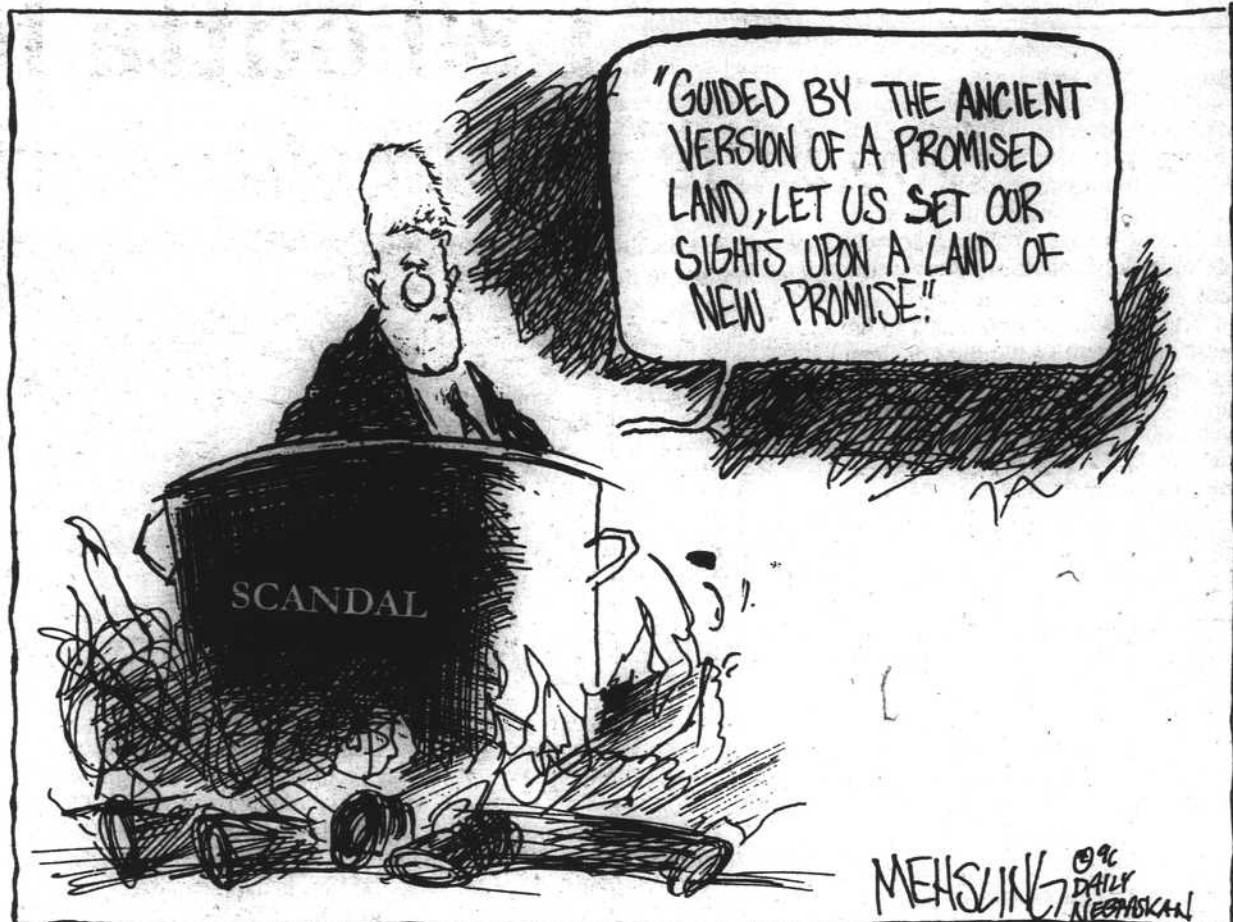
Jesse Helms? Coincidence? Better left untouched.

And those of us who have made promises to do something only when "hell freezes over" can rest easy, because Helsinki would now be Finnish-ed.

Let's all do our part to strip the "hell" out of the English language. Kingsville's new twist on an everyday greeting may seem a bit eccentric at first, but if practiced regularly, it could come to seem as common as the old greeting.

God-bye now.

Mehsling's VIEW



Guest VIEW

Gettin' the shaft

Arrogance fails to elicit response from bookstore

LEXINGTON, Ky. (U-WIRE) — This year, after suffering five semesters of humiliating, intelligence-insulting sessions of selling back my books, I decided to fight back.

I was tired of getting back a small amount of money for the hundreds I had invested. My first experience was not as bad as I had been told it was going to be. As I approached my first semester without any real idea of what I wanted, I took the large brainless classes such students are herded into. The books for these classes are used again by other poor freshmen, so on selling the books back I received \$85 for the \$300 I had spent.

I was pleased — having expected the worst — with the Christmas money I had been so blessed with. It wasn't really my money anyway. I lived in the comfort of the dorm, my bills being paid by scholarships.

It's all different now. I pay for my own life, the car, the insurance, etc., and the \$350 I dish out every semester is hard to come by. I worked many hard hours waiting tables for that money, and so I began to build up resentment. I began to hate the bookstores, sneering whenever I walked by and remembering how they had duped me into selling my books back.

Oh I had tried to outsmart the enemy — borrowing books from friends in my classes instead of buying, until my friends caught on and demanded the books, or laughing in the enemy's face and KEEPING the books.

But how much can you do with *Zosoman and Socrates*, *The History of the Church*? The stack of useless



AARON STECKELBERG/DN

paper in my closet made me decide 50 cents was better than nothing.

So this year, I approached the enemy with a no-nonsense-I'm-not-going-to-take-this-crap-again attitude. I even brought along a friend who had never experienced the joys of selling her books — to show off my new bravado. As I think back upon it now, I begin to see how I was once again outmaneuvered and suckered into a mind-numbing surrender. But the encounter started off strong:

Me: OK. Let's see what YOU can do for ME! (as I slam my impressive, upper-level books on the table).

(Thinking to myself: He looks like a sophomore. I'll impress him with my Latin THREE and obscure history books.)

The enemy: Uh, I don't see these books in my manual. Let me look

them up here ... sorry, these aren't in the book, there must not be any demand for these next semester.

Me: Well, how about these? (I knew I was losing speed, but my last hope was in the 15 Penguin classics I had paid \$12 to \$15 apiece for.)

The enemy: Uh, yeah. I've seen those before. Yeah. Hmm. I don't see those either. "Percopius Secret History," mmm, 75 cents. "Lives of the Later Caesars," mmm, 50 cents.

Me: That is all you can give me? No one wants these books?

The enemy: Yeah, that will be \$17.75. Would you like to sell?

Me: Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. I appreciate the money, sir.

I had lost again. Somehow the \$17.75 did not quite compensate for the \$367 I had paid for the books. As I slowly walked to my car, I determined that I would never again buy obscure books that no one would buy back.

Then I realized I would never graduate that way. So I began to plot ways to bomb the bookstores, or maybe bring my friends with me to intimidate the enemy into giving me what I deserve.

But as I added my unwanted books to the pile in my closet, I realized my situation was hopeless. I would have to keep buying books, keep attempting to get at least a tank of gas back, and take my revenge some day when I was an adult who actually mattered to these people.

So as you approach the enemy again this spring, remember — you might as well surrender now because you can't win.

— April Riddle
The Kentucky Kernel

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