

OPINION PAGES

DN Quotes OF THE WEEK

"Our fault lies in the fact that we created the potential for this misunderstanding and for that we are extremely apologetic."
— Sigma Chi president Craig Vacek, on the cross burning

"Play like a man."
— NU center Mikki Moore on what each Husker needed to do following Saturday's loss to Oklahoma

"I think they should be thrown off campus. They're out of control."
— The Rev. Don Coleman, president of the Lincoln chapter of MAD DADS, in response to Sigma Chi's activities

"I started playing the drums when I was in fifth grade. I also played piano for a country club. Now I watch 'Saved by the Bell' and screw around with my guitar."
— Tim Mahoney, singer/songwriter/guitarist, Tim Mahoney and the Meenies

"We just had a student pawn his \$6,000 bike so he could go snowboarding in Colorado."
— John Brown, manager of Randolph Jewelry and Loan

"How long does a computer last anymore? Three years? Thompson guns are 90 years old and they still work. Firearms interest me because they were built to last."
— Richard Pugsley of Palmyra, who handcrafts reproductions of Civil War era weaponry

"Right now we are more worried about what we can control. And what we can control is our record."
— NU Coach Angela Beck on the 15-1 Huskers not being ranked in the AP poll

"He asked me to 'call the man.'"
— Clarence Williams, evidential witness for the prosecution in the Riley Washington trial

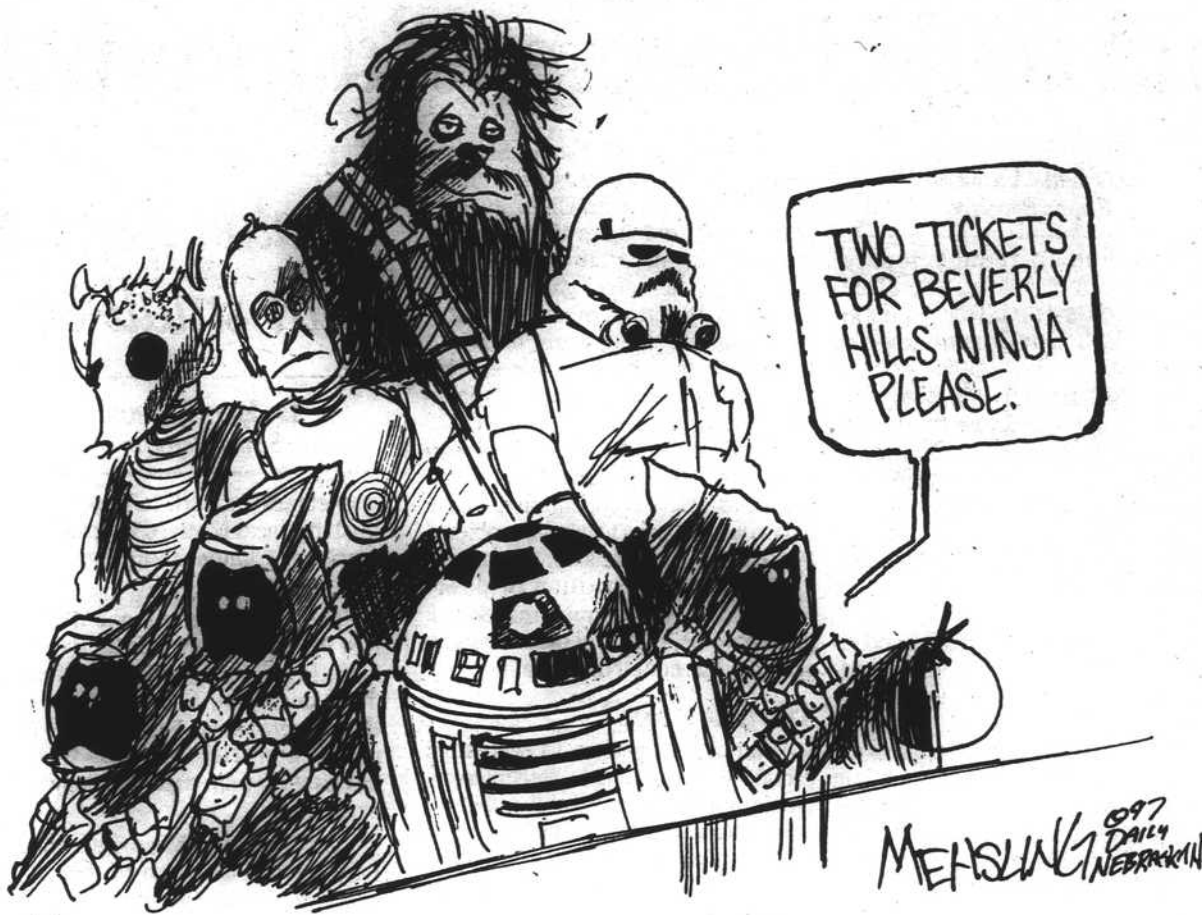
"It saves them time from having to exchange things. Some people get three blenders."
— Renne Arends, cashier supervisor at Target, on the utility of bridal registries

"It's our adopted hometown. Those people are freaks."
— Bernie McGinn, singer/bassist, Side-show, on playing in Kalamazoo, Mich.

"It's not that common where I live to go back to tell the police. I was scared, and I just don't talk to police."
— Willis Brown testimony on the first day of the defense's case in the Riley Washington trial

"I think it's time for me to tell the people that we have to laugh — we've got to laugh."
— Bill Cosby in his first interview since the death of his son, Ennis

Mehsling's VIEW



Heather LAMPE

M-I-C K-E-Ouch!

Lack of line etiquette makes vacation a Disney-aster



I just spent a week in what has been touted as the "Happiest Place on Earth."
I sold some nonvital organs to pay for a ticket into the park, donned my mouse ears and got ready to be happy. I even parked in the "Happy" section of the parking lot, named for one of those cute little dwarfs. How could my day be anything but happy?
I would soon learn that someone at Disney World forgot to clue in some of the other guests on the happiness requirement. I probably should have known better. I have given my friends and family many a lecture on the fatal combination of large crowds and major attractions like theme parks, sporting events and concerts.
I've even written a handbook based on my various near-death experiences at Worlds of Fun. It's called "Don't ride the Orient Express with someone who just ate a funnel cake." It includes a special section on how to deal with large crowds of rednecks and foreign bus tours.

With my Ph.D. in themeparkology, you would think I could have avoided my first fearful encounter of the day. My nightmare began when my family and I attempted to board the parking tram. From a distance, the crowd may have appeared to be politely waiting for a ride, but in the middle of the crowd it was a different story. You would have thought it was the New York Marathon. People were pushing and shoving, attempting to get the perfect starting spot to sprint to the tram.
Most of my family found seats on the tram, but my father and I

were nearly crushed by a petite woman, her three small children and their stroller. Whoever came up with the concept of saving women and children first had never met this family. I later found out that these people had come from the "Moron" dwarf section of the parking lot.

After we had made it safely into the park, our real adventures would begin. We headed for Adventureland, home of the newly improved, politically correct "Pirates of the Caribbean." I was willing to wait in any length of line for the thrilling five minute boat ride through the land of the singing pirates.

But I am a firm believer in "line etiquette" — you don't cut in line. You don't let your friends cut in line. You don't stand to close in line, and you don't pass gas in line. I was soon to find out that not everyone knows line etiquette.

It seems that everyone in the park knew the people I was standing behind. In every ride I went on, the people in front of me let large groups of their gassy cohorts cut in line. My evil glares and vain attempts to step on the backs of their shoes made no impact.

It is also possible that the practice of line etiquette isn't practiced in other countries. And since Disney World is apparently the top vacation spot for most of the free world, I shouldn't be upset. I've heard talk of how rude Americans are, but I think there are several other continents that could be included in that description.

In one shop in the park, I was attempting to buy a souvenir Mickey toilet seat cover when an unshaven woman from the old country slipped in between me and the salesperson. I gave the old gal a look that told her I might be the Antichrist, but to my dismay she just smiled wryly and said, "I don't speak English."

"Well, apparently you speak English well enough to say I don't speak English. Maybe you should have invested a little more money in those English conversational tapes and learned how to say 'I'm sorry' or 'Excuse me.'"

"I don't speak English."
"Yeah, well I don't speak Flemish, so get to the back of the line, or I'm going to shove that Donald Duck pencil sharpener down your strudel hole."

Somehow the language barrier was broken.
If I went to EuroDisney and acted like Olga, Mickey's French counterpart would kick my red, white and blue butt.

I attempted to end my day on a happy note by attending the Electric Lights parade. I went to the center of the park early so I could get a good viewing spot. Soon the sun went down, and I was ready to see Mickey and Minnie in all their electric glory.

But just as the parade started, a man in one of those electric mobility carts came barreling through the crowd up front to where I was standing. He proceeded in running over my foot and spilling his grape snow cone on me.

"I don't speak English," he said with a smile.
"Me neither," I said — and punched him in the mouth.

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