

Jessica
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Young and restless

Playtime isn't solely for children to enjoy



Most people are familiar with the poem "All I Really Needed to Know I Learned in Kindergarten" and the lessons it espouses: to share, to eat cookies and drink warm milk, and most importantly, to laugh and play and take a nap everyday.

I'm all for the last three! Nothing lifts the spirit and improves your attitude than a gut shaking, roll-on-the-floor laugh. Few things make you feel better than a youthful romp through the park, a wrestling match on the living room floor or an in-your-face competitive board game. And napping is the ultimate Saturday afternoon activity.

I recently read somewhere that students in one Japanese high school have mandatory nap time after lunch and before their afternoon studies. That makes sense and is obviously just another area in which the American educational system seems

to be lacking.

After a late, fun-filled outing recently, I came to the conclusion that even as "adults," we need to play frequently.

A bunch of friends and I spent the other night just goofing around. There was no rhyme or reason to our follies — just sheer fun. We swapped stories, poked fun, had a food fight, romped around the apartment loudly at 2:00 a.m. and then watched "Mission: Impossible" until at least 4:00 a.m.

I think we need to declare a national play day. A day where no one works and just plays. Maybe a "Play for Sanity" day. Encourage or heck, order, people to let go of inhibitions and expectations and hang-ups. To live loose and free. To be youthful in spirit and action.

Of course, there need to be some rules — don't beat people up, don't damage other people's property, don't do anything you couldn't tell your momma about. But you know those anyway.

Don't you think that's a good idea — a day to just play?

One of my favorite play activities is playing in the park. Day or night, to swing with wild abandon, slide without fear, spin with an iron gut — all great activities for the young

at heart.

Actually, going to a park at night is almost more fun than going during the day. The shadows are great for playing hide-and-go-seek and the darkness makes for interesting challenges on the playground equipment.

When an opportunity to play arises, I suggest that you take advantage of the situation and go.

For instance, I tried to get my siblings to go sledding with me on Saturday, but they couldn't, for one reason or another. And wouldn't you know it, Joe, my brother, calls Sunday begging me to take him sledding. By then of course, the snow had melted.

In the most basic of terms — playing is good for you. Someone told me that playing team sports is better for your health than just exercising. Now, I can't back that up with any scientific data, but it sure makes sense to me.

Competition makes you work harder and makes things more fun. You can share the ups and downs, triumphs and losses with other people.

Plus, playing is simply more fun when you have someone to share



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and enjoy it with.

Think about your bestest, favoritest memories ... they usually involve playing. Be it romping with relatives, tracking down spies with your friends or winning the big game with your team, it's all about play.

I sincerely think a lot of the world's problems could be solved if government and business leaders would step back from the negotia-

tion table and have fun or play a game.

Soon the snow will be gone, the air will be warm and the ground will be dry. When that day comes, and come it will, it's time to put on the play clothes, grab some friends, go outside and play.

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The paper trail

Neon, colored advertisements not enough to fool



Now that we have survived Senate and Legislature races, ASUN elections, City Council races and even RHA elections, we have learned one inevitable fact.

Far too much brightly colored paper was involved.

Yes, there were fliers telling people whom to vote for, why to vote for them and then even a few telling us just to go out and vote.

Nearly all such fliers had two things in common — they were printed on paper, and this paper happened to be neon yellow, orange, red or some other color only meant to be seen through the eyes of "Predator."

But I'm not telling you this as a proponent of the rainforests or the it's-too-early-in-the-morning-for-neon-green-paper-damn-it club.

I'm mentioning it because for every annoying colored flier put up by an election group, there's been one that's been taken down.

Now whether it was taken down by a "disagreeable" student who decided they didn't want to see neon purple before 10 a.m. is another story. The point is that the fliers all have come and gone.

But you know what? The bulletin

boards are still full of bright colors. And this led me to ask the question: Why?!?!?!

Frankly, I had to put on a pair of sunglasses and examine a few bulletin boards to discover the answer.

What I found was a network of healthy capitalism aimed at the college student. And while this capitalism is good, I couldn't help but see a pattern that was being aimed at students like a "neon pink" machine gun.

You are a college student and you need what we have.

But upon looking closer at these fliers, my response could be stated only as: Yes, I am a college student. No, I'm not stupid. Quit talking down to me and say your plug.

Let's take credit cards for example. From one bulletin board alone I found five credit-card fliers.

For American Express, the "college student" aim included a guy sitting on the front of the brochure with ripped jeans, Converse high-tops and a few paintbrushes in his hand.

In a box bigger than he is, it says: "Set Yourself Apart." Simple enough, get a credit card and become an adult responsible for your own purchases.

Yeah right. Tell me — am I setting myself apart from the other 2 million cardholders you have? Not a chance — except for when my bill arrives. It's then that I am "apart" just enough for you to get my mailing address right.

And AT&T's flier is even worse. It features cartoon college students

and little sections with stupid statements like: "Like to dress up? Use your card to buy stuff at the mall" or "Even call people you like."

Thank you AT&T, but my IQ is higher than that cartoon flowergirl dancing around in clogs. I don't buy all my stuff at the mall, but thanks for the stereotype. And of course I'm going to call only people I like — my enemies will have to wait for a lower long-distance rate.

And if it isn't credit cards and their promises, then it was a flier which promises love.

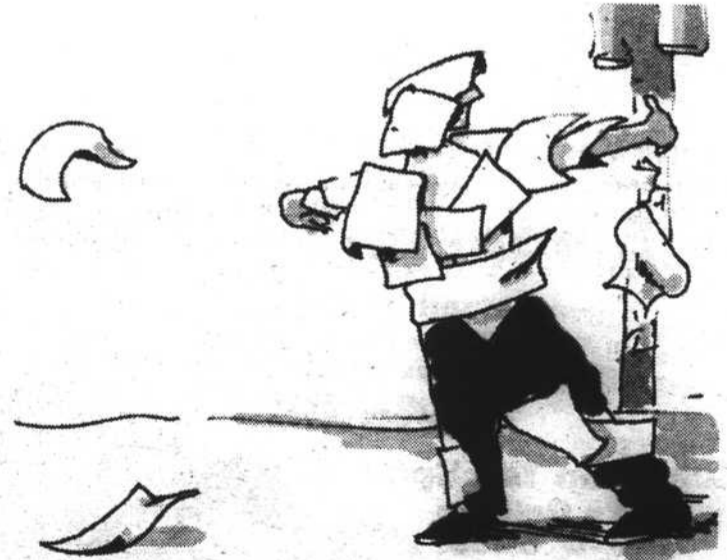
Well, sort of.

A Mutual Friend's flier promises not only to bring you love, but possibly make a fool out of you for \$10.

Yes, for \$10, you can let that special someone know you have a crush on them. A letter will be sent to them "revealing your identity." And if there's a mutual interest, A Mutual Friend will let you know.

You know, I can do the same thing for free. It's called a telephone and nerves. Besides, for all I know "A Mutual Friend" could send a letter saying: "Dear Jenny ... remember that guy you met at the party? The one who danced half-naked on top of a table and said he wanted to try out for Showgirls 2? He likes you."

To "A Mutual Friend" I say this: Just because we're in college doesn't mean we're not confident. Save your "jitters" scheme for the middle school kids.



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Finally, there were a few fliers for things I'd advise against.

Most of these were "financial aid" fliers. And when phrases like "guaranteed results" and "results guaranteed" start popping up on them — caution should be taken. Nothing in life is guaranteed beyond death and taxes.

And last but not least there is the "free pager" flier I found, printed out to look like a gift certificate. All it has on it is an 800 number and literally no details.

Now I could be wrong — but I'm willing to bet money that such a gimmick is illegal in some states. But regardless of legality, the pager

is probably free. Yet the service for it certainly isn't.

Let's just say that the little line that read "activation required at time of redemption" was not printed nearly small enough to fool this college student.

Summing it up, annoying-colored fliers will come and go — regardless of how foolishly they target us.

All I can recommend is to take a flier, look at how it aims at college students ... and toss it in the trash without a second thought.

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