

Big Brother is watching

Familiar face in freshman class prompts fraternal advice



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When you've been on campus as long as I have, the first week of school becomes quite passé.

Overdressed freshmen run about campus with map and schedule in hand, hoping to find their class. Meanwhile, older - but not necessarily wiser - students still hung over from the night before stumble to the nearest campus phone, hoping to register for class.

Only this year, among those lost little freshmen, is someone to break up the monotony - my brother Troy. Not since elementary school have we attended the same academic institution simultaneously.

To say we're a little opposite is like saying Yo-Yo Ma is just a fair cellist. While I thought of Wasmer Elementary as a good place to eat lunch and play kickball, he was toting a Masters of the Universe briefcase to kindergarten and learning how to spell words with no fewer than six syllables.

Could this be why he's here as an honors student and I consider it an achievement to stay off academic probation? My mother thinks so. And I think her psyche would be better off if she just had one "Super Kid."

I'm 6-foot-1 with a wit and charm like Dean Martin, while he's 5-foot-3 with the wit and intelligence of Rain Man.

I really shouldn't be so hard on little Troy. I'm actually stoked that he chose to attend this fine land-grant institution. I now have a doubles partner for tennis and,

more importantly, someone to sponge money from without feeling guilty.

Since I kind of forgot to buy a gift for his high school graduation, I've compiled this short list that will make his transition from gullible, little freshman to seasoned veteran a snap.

And since I'm such a swell guy, I thought I would make it available for all to see. Even if you've been here for a year or two, keep reading. You may learn something.

Tip No. 1: This newspaper provides a great form of entertainment during class, especially during big lectures. If class is getting a little dull, just crack open a Daily Nebraskan and revel in the latest scandal on campus.

Instructors appreciate when you make it obvious that you're reading the Daily Nebraskan. It's considered subliminal criticism, signaling that the lecture needs to be improved.

Tip No. 2: Don't believe what any of the guides to campus living tell you. The fastest way to meet people in your residence hall is to go down to the local thrift store and buy the heaviest bowling ball for less than three dollars.

Then, from the comfort of your room, randomly hoist the ball above your head and let it drop. For a little variety, bounce it off the walls and ceiling. As a freshman, my roommate and I did this, and in no time we had people knocking on our door ready to chat.

When the ball has served its purpose, give it a proper burial by sending it down the trash chute from the top floor. The racket is incredible.

Tip No. 3: This tip is for the dozen new students from out of state who aren't athletes. Why did you willingly come here? Nebraska is like a desert that gets cold, except there's no sand, only corn.

Now that you're here, you're required by law to bleed Husker Red on Saturday. Don't worry

about making friends - you'll be such an oddity that you can actually charge people to hang out with you.

Tip No. 4: When money's a little low, there's always East Campus. That's right, UNL has another campus at 33rd and Holdrege streets, and what an entertaining place it is.

There's a tractor-testing track and a bowling alley, as well as cows and agricultural students to have fun with. Go over to East Campus (Burr Hall is a good starting point) and casually spread a rumor that LeAnn Rimes is a hermaphrodite.

In mere minutes, you'll be laughing hysterically as grown men fill their ten gallon hats with tears after hearing the news that their favorite 16-year-old is packing a hog just like them.

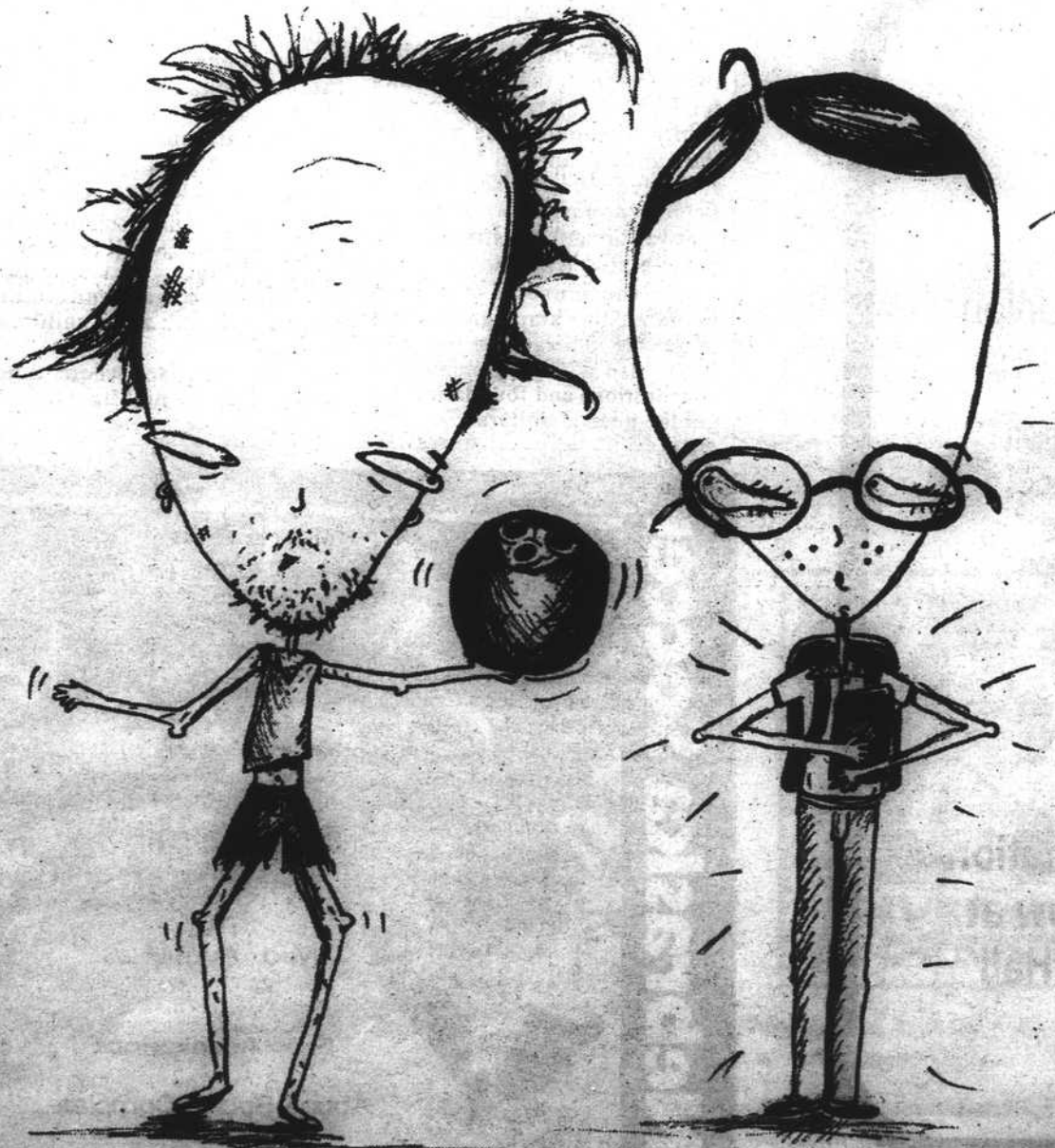
Tip No. 5: My final tip is for the fellas. As a freshman guy, the chances of finding that special someone hover around slim and none. The reason? Freshman gals go to frat parties for the complimentary beverages, and older women don't date boys.

Now don't worry if you didn't join a fraternity. Frat guys are some of the nicest, most sincere people in the world. Friday night, if Kappa Lappa Crappa looks like it's jumping, walk up and ring the bell. When it opens, explain that although you aren't a paying member of their brotherhood, you were wondering if you could come in and party.

Later in the night, when all the women have gone home and you're hog-tied in the basement, just remember, no matter what type of object they try to stick where the sun don't shine, say "Thank you, sir, may I please have another?"

If you do this with each and every impaling, chances are you'll be invited back the next weekend.

I can't say it's great to be back, but I will say I'll keep trying to make things interesting. Remember, everything looks bad if you can remember it.



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