## Columnist savors frozen treat

One of the best parts about winter, with the possible exception of witnessing a moose sing "Here Comes Santa Claus," is getting to eat snow.

I'd wager that since my introduction to snow in the fall of 1992, I have consumed 28 inches off the yearly average of snowfall for the state of Nebraska.

And I have more than one reason for enjoying snow and Nebraska winters (the most convincing is that my chances of running into nude fraternity "brothers" canoeing down a river are greatly reduced.)

Before I came to Nebraska I had never seen snow. We had "snow" cones in Mississippi, but my father insisted they were imported from Canada.

And we never questioned my father. Southern fathers, when confronted, tend to hit first and then drink whiskey until they've completely forgotten what ques-tions they intended to ask later.

I'll never forget the day of my first snow. It was a Sunday evening in the dorms, and as usual, students were urinating on each other's door

When I saw the flakes fall, I was hooked. I sprinted outside and instinctively began to shovel snow into every bodily orifice that was

My SA at the time described me as "looking remarkably like a grazing elk, only fatter and with

Many others stopped to inquire about what the hell I was doing. One man even stopped to chat with me.

"Your first snow?" he chuckled. "It sure is," I gulped. "Ain't it great?

This kind man went on to explain all the do's and don'ts of proper snow etiquette - things I was completely unaware of.

For example, did you know that the "Lemon Snow" found around certain trees is considered a delicacy in most of the North?



**Steve Willey** 

"Snow in the South is given the respect it rightly deserves. When a flake falls in the South, most people crowd around and poke it repeatedly with a stick."

He said if I ever encountered some, to devour it immediately and point out to strangers what I'm

doing and why.
"Laughter," he said, "is how Northerners express jealousy.'

I never got a chance to thank him, Snow shouldn't be taken for granted, and I'm deeply offended when my Nebraska friends refer to it as "white dooky."

Snow in the South is given the respect it rightly deserves. When a flake falls in the South, most people crowd around and poke it repeatedly with a stick.

When it melts, they simultaneously jump backwards and in unison exclaim the following phrase: "SHEE-YET, Jew see at?"

Although I have yet to conquer all of the winter sports ice and snow have to offer, I have attempted ice-skating.

There are a few people in this world that should never be allowed near ice: Oprah Winfrey and

These people are easy to mark at ice arenas. Oprah is usually at the bottom of the large hole with police taping around it, and Southerners are generally found in the corners eating ice-shavings off

the plexiglass.
The friends I went skating with my first time out attempted to encourage me by offering constant reassurance.

"You're doin' great Steve," they'd compassionately shout. "Doin' great" when you're iceskating apparently consists of making the majority of your laps while spinning happily on your buttocks.

As a result of this practice, however, my prowess with walking on ice and snow has increased

dramatically.

As a freshman, I would slip on ice an average of 72 times on my way from my dorm to my first class.

If you're a freshman, falling in front of a large group of unfamiliar people can be extremely traumatic.

The best methods I have found to curb the haunting laughter is either to:

A) Pretend you are an avocado (People generally leave you alone when they see you are attempting to portray a vegetable.) or

B) Get up, brush off the snow and laugh hysterically with them.

On some of the more vicious falls, however, they may continue to laugh for months, in which case, suicide is your only feasible option.

Just like my passion for failing chemistry, my love for snow refuses to diminish over time.

It won't be long before Nebraska's autumn succumbs to the snow and ice of winter, and personally I couldn't be more

I have always preferred the taste of "Lemon Snow" over plain old

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

## Life queries prompt furrowedeyebrows

INTERNET

"Shouldn't there be a shorter word for 'monosyllabic'?"

The following was uncovered <a href="http://www.traveller.com/">http://www.traveller.com/</a> ~rudy/why.html>

From the

Here are some facts of life that make you just have to ask —

Some people call them Gallagherisms (the comedian commonly uses them in his stand-

Most of this list was attained via e-mail from people all over the world.

Why isn't phonetic spelled the way it sounds?

Why are there interstate high-

ways in Hawaii? Have you ever imagined a world with no hypothetical situations?

How does the guy who drives the snowplow get to work in the

mornings? Why are there flotation devices under plane seats instead of parachutes?

Why are cigarettes sold in gas stations when smoking is prohib-

ited there? Why do fat chance and slim chance mean the same thing?

If you can't drink and drive, why do you need a driver's license to buy liquor, and why do bars

have parking lots?
If 7-11 is open 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, why are there locks on the doors?

nothing ever STICKS TEFLON, how do they make TEFLON stick to the pan?

If you're in a vehicle going the speed of light, what happens when you turn on the headlights?

Why do they put Braille dots on the keypad of the drive-up ATM? Why do we drive on parkways

and park on driveways? Why isn't "palindrome" spelled the same way backwards?

Why is it that when you transport something by car, it's called a shipment, but when you transport something by ship, it's called

You know that little indestructible black box that is used on planes, why can't they make the whole plane out of the same sub-Why is it that when you're driv-

ing and looking for an address, you turn down the volume on the ra-

Why is it so hard to remember how to spell MNEMONIC?

If someone invented instant water, what would they mix it with? Why is it called a TV "set" when you only get one?

How come your nose runs and your feet smell?

Why does an alarm clock "go

off' when it begins ringing?
If pro is the opposite of con, is ogress the opposite of congress?

Why does "cleave" mean both split apart and stick together? Why is it, whether you sit up or

sit down, the result is the same? Why is it called a "building" when it is already built?

Why do they call them "apart-ments" when they are all stuck together?

Why is there an expiration date on SOUR cream?

Why do flammable and inflammable mean the same thing? How can someone "draw a

blank"? Shouldn't there be a shorter word for "monosyllabic"?

Why is the word "abbreviate"

Why did kamikaze pilots wear helmets? What is another word for "the

saurus"? When they ship styrofoam, what

do they pack it in?

If 75 percent of all accidents happen within five miles of home, why not move 10 miles away?

Why doesn't "onomatopoeia" sound like what it is? Why do "tug" boats push their

barges? Why do we sing "Take me out to the ball game," when we are

already there? Why are they called "stands" when they're made for sitting?

Why is there only ONE Monopolies Commission?

Why does one get in trouble for

WRECKless driving?

## Romantics revel in frivolity

He gave me a single, red rose. Last week, we went to see "While You Were Sleeping."

Awhile back we discussed getting tickets to see a symphony at the Lied Center.

And no, he's not my boyfriend. Not even a potential one. What he is, though, is a fellow

We understand each other; our motivations in life, love and

It's very difficult to be a romantic in an unromantic society. We self-identified Romeos and Juliets cling to one another, feeding our unending wants.

Romance is to the soul what lust is to the body.

It's a hunger that sometimes lies painful craving of mind and body. It's not unlike a chemical dependency; it can control and dictate an individual's behavior.

The romantic lifestyle can, I believe, be learned. The hard part is that it requires a totality of self
— anything less makes you a romantic of convenience.

When a romantic of convenience goes to work, sappiness is almost always the result. And there is a difference between romance and sappiness.

Awkward attempts at chivalry is one example of sappiness. The behavior is obviously not familiar to the person and therefore fails in its attempt to be romantic, leaving

sappiness. True romance is incorporated into almost every fiber of a romantic's being. It is behavior and attitude. It dictates how men and

women interact with each other. The romantic is probably most likely to initiate a date, but is overwhelmingly flattered if the

other person asks first. A romantic has a presence that others do not possess, a way of carrying oneself.



**Jessica Kennedy** 

"Romance is not practical, and anyone who dares make it anything but frivolous should be shot. On sight. No questions asked."

From my observations, the male romantic holds himself upright. He is attentive to what women say as well as to what remains unsaid to what they do or don't do.

Romantic men understand what is it to "court" a woman.

A romantic woman subscribes to the classic "flirt" role — batting eyelashes, tactical hair flips, coy smiles, warm laughter and attentive eyes. The way she walks is so important: occasionally brushing against her escort or even linking arms with him - little moments of contact.

Webster's New World Dictionary defines "romantic" as "... not practical; full of or dominated by thoughts, feelings, and attitudes, characteristics of or suitable for romance; passionate, adventurous,

idealistic, etc ... " Yep. That'd be it. Romance is not practical, and anyone who

dares make it anything but frivolous should be shot. On sight. No questions asked.

But our society just simply doesn't accept the non-practical romantic. Everything must be regulated by wristwatches, planners and appointment books.

Very rarely do people let go of reality or the hub-bub around them and do something for the spirit.

Idealists are shot down in society - but who wants to think only of day-to-day life, where jumping into bed is considered courting? No thanks! If society managed to suppress

romance, I'd miss the tingly feeling of blushing that occurs as a fellow romantic compliments me when I'm dressed up. And as the antiromantic demands to know why always dress up, I suppose I'll only be left with general annoyance.

If society had its way, the gentleman who gave me a rose and I would have to be involved in something more than friendship just because we share a craving for the rush that comes with the romantic gesture.

The irony for me as a romantic is that I don't date romantics. My best friends, also bitten by the romance bug, have the same

Why do romantics end up with non-romantics nine-out-of-10 times? I don't, but if anyone's enlightened and does, please, let me know. Until then, my gentleman friend and I can commiserate together.

We'll spoil each other while we're

without anybody else to spoil. We'll plan adventures we may never take just to keep our hopes

and I'll plot to keep my romantic tendencies alive. Kennedy is a junior broadcasting,

advertising and public relations major and

a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

But in the meantime, I'll plan

## **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.

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