

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.



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."

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 questions 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 knobs.

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

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

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?

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 ice-skating 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.

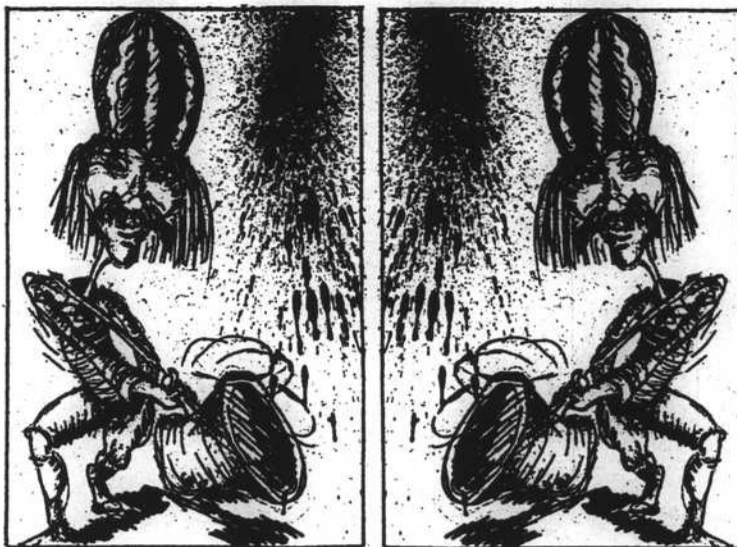
It won't be long before Nebraska's autumn succumbs to the snow and ice of winter, and personally I couldn't be more happy.

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

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

From the

INTERNET



Life queries prompt furrowed eyebrows

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

The following was uncovered at <http://www.traveller.com/~rudy/why.html>

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

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

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

whole plane out of the same substance?

Why is it that when you're driving and looking for an address, you turn down the volume on the radio?

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 progress 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 "apartments" 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" so long?

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



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 tingy feeling of blushing that occurs as a fellow romantic compliments me when I'm dressed up. And as the anti-romantic demands to know why I always dress up, I suppose I'll 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 problem.

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 alive.

But in the meantime, I'll plan 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.

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