

OPINION

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Daily Nebraskan

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University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"It's easier to hire the homeless; they're more flexible than people who work."

— Kent Taylor, Austin, Texas, ticket broker, on his practice of hiring homeless people to stand in line for concert tickets.

"He's magical. He's smart. He knows what to do with the ball. This guy's dangerous."

— Former UCLA coach Terry Donahue, who coached the West team in the East-West game, on quarterback Tommie Frazier.

"As we begin the second half of the last decade in this great American century, let us dream a dream together once again."

— Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole, in a statement recognizing Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday.

"It is a tragedy to victimize women who have already been victims of rape or incest. It (Medicaid) needs to be there for those horrendous moments."

— Susan Hale, Planned Parenthood lobbyist, on abortion funding.

"My first feeling when I saw him, he sort of looked like a Ku Klux Klan or a skinhead with hair."

— Armanda Cooley, jury forewoman in the O.J. Simpson trial, on her first impression of Mark Fuhrman.

"Pictures of Winston Churchill jetskiing in the nude are not uncommon and can be slightly arousing when held at the proper angle."

— Columnist Steve Willey, on his Internet exploits.

"This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. There are guys in this league who have never played in a Super Bowl or a national championship, and here I am having done them both in just over a year. I'm pretty lucky."

— Former Cornhusker offensive lineman Brenden Stai, on the Pittsburgh Steelers' upcoming Super Bowl appearance.

"I would have to say it was a great satisfaction to see the different publics embrace a women's collegiate team. I've witnessed this in the male domain, but never before in the world of women's sports."

— Associate athletic director Barbara Hibner, on the public's support of the NU volleyball team.

"I thought I heard God speaking, and it turned out to be Barbara Jordan."

— Texas Land Commissioner Garry Mauro, on the late Barbara Jordan, the country's first black congresswoman, who died Wednesday.

"In the laws of Israel, if Mr. Marshall had come home and found his wife in this situation, the question would not be, 'Did you strike her?' It would have been, 'Well, are you ready to publicly be the first one to stone her?'"

— Michigan District Court Judge Joel Gehrke, after sentencing a man whose wife had an affair to a three-fingered slap on the wrist for spousal abuse.

"After people come in once, they're gonna be hooked."

— Brian Herbtin, campus recreation assistant director for injury prevention and care, on the rec center's offer of free massages this week.

Editorial policy

Staff editorials represent the official policy of the Fall 1995 Daily Nebraskan. Policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. Editorials do not necessarily reflect the views of the university, its employees, the students or the NU Board of Regents. Editorial columns represent the opinion of the author. The regents publish the Daily Nebraskan. They establish the UNL Publications Board to supervise the daily production of the paper. According to policy set by the regents, responsibility for the editorial content of the newspaper lies solely in the hands of its students.

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Cold reality

Stay in bed; winter's over in three months

Before I left for work this morning, I read the paper and there was a story with tips on surviving the cold spell.

It said to dress warmly. So I put on long underwear, boots and earmuffs. (Actually, I already had them on when I got up.)

It said that to avoid frostbite, wiggle your toes and fingers. All the way to work, I wiggled my toes and fingers, even on a crowded bus. A young lady standing next to me was offended.

I followed all of the instructions, and when I got to work, I was cold and numb and miserable.

That always happens, because it is the same lousy advice we get every cold winter. I've been reading the same stuff all my life — and wiggling my toes and fingers and wearing long underwear, and taking shortcuts through office buildings, and not rubbing snow on frostbite but using warm water instead, and putting a scarf over my face — and every winter I'm still cold and miserable.

We need some new cold-weather advice. And since nobody else is offering any, here are a few of my suggestions for surviving sub-zero temperatures in Northern cities.

1) Don't go to work. To hell with it. The world isn't going to end if you don't show up. And even if it does, you might as well be home to make sure the looters don't break in. Call in with some kind of excuse. Tell them a pack of wild dogs is outside your door and will eat you if you go out.

Then stay in bed all morning. When you get up, don't wash. It's bad for you. Eskimos don't. Spend the afternoon watching soap operas. There are some good ones on. Really dirty. If your wife knows the soap opera plots, and what they've

Mike Royko

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been doing in detail, you might make a mental note to check on what else she has been up to while you are at work. TV can put ideas into a person's head, you know.

Or, in the morning, you might call a few pals and suggest that they take the day off, too, and invite them over and get a poker game going. There's nothing like sitting around on a cold day, playing poker and drinking beer, when everybody else is at work. You'll like it. And order out for some pizza. It's the best thing for warding off frostbite. You never hear of frostbite cases in Rome.

If your wife says that having you and your friends around the house all day makes her nervous, tell her to go out and get a job and she won't be so nervous anymore. On the way, she can start up the car and run it for a while. That's another cold weather tip.

The next morning, call in with another excuse. Say there is a grizzly bear blocking the driveway. And — another cold weather tip — open a fresh deck of cards. Pizza gets them marked up easily.

2) Maybe you aren't the kind of person who can sit home all day. OK. Then get up and leave for work. But don't go there. Go out to the airport and buy a ticket for the

next plane to Jamaica.

If you don't have enough cash, use credit cards or write a check. You can pay later. And even if you can't pay later, don't worry. Let them sue. This is an emergency.

When you get to Jamaica, tell a cab driver to take you to a little bar called Toto's. On the way, stop at a men's shop and pick up some cutoff pants, a T-shirt with bold stripes, a bandanna, some wraparound sunglasses, and a long, thin cigar. But remember to take off your black, ribbed business socks.

When you get to Toto's Bar, ask for Toto (he wears a black eye patch) and tell him I sent you. He'll fix you a great rum and scotch and gin mixed with coconut milk. Don't have more than three — the coconut milk is fattening.

Tell Toto that you want to meet Gina. You can't miss her. She has long black hair, green eyes flecked with gold, long, tanned legs, an orange bikini, and an erotic tattoo on her left ankle. She's a nice kid. Tell her I sent you.

Gina has her own air-conditioned cottage on a lush hill overlooking a secluded beach, with a quiet old lady servant who keeps fresh gardenias floating in the pink swimming pool and who knows voodoo. Tell the old lady I sent you. She'll fix you up with a potion.

When you settle down by the pool, ask Gina to bring you the phone. Call home collect. Tell your wife you've been kidnapped by some crazy radicals, and you don't know how long you'll be gone, but you'll keep in touch. If she asks you why you are chuckling, tell her the radicals are tickling your feet.

3) Or go to Sears and buy an extra set of long underwear.

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...to the

**Daily
Nebraskan**

Send your brief letters to:
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