

Summer lovin'

Long days leave time for cooking, predicting weather



Well, after months of useless busy work and a little bit of learning, we finally get to shut our books for good, or at least for a few months, or for a week if you're taking summer classes.

So, we've prepared an almanac of sorts to help you, the student, through the summer months. We've got recipes, puzzles, sewing techniques, gardening advice and other junk that you might like. And no names used in this article are real in the metaphysical sense, possibly not even ours.

Recipes

A Special Surprise Party

Ingredients:

- 1 can Natural Light Beer
- 3 green olives
- 2 oz. Tang

Directions:

Drink one third of the Natural Light, pour Tang into can and stuff in olives. Shake in can and pour gently into crystal martini glass. Enjoy!

Cheese Soufflé

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Set pan of water in oven. Prepare a two-quart dish (4 or 5 inches high). Butter dish and sprinkle with two tablespoons dry bread crumbs. Cook 2½ tablespoons butter and three tablespoons flour together slowly to make a roux.

Pour three-fourths of a cup scalded milk into the roux, stirring with wire whisk; cook until thick. Add one-half teaspoon salt, dash each pepper and nutmeg. Add three egg yolks to sauce. Beat six egg whites (three-fourths cup); add dash salt and one-fourth teaspoon cream of tartar. Continue beating until soft peaks form. Put big dollop of egg white into sauce. Add one cup grated Swiss

cheese (Gruyere) or one cup chopped seafood. Fold egg whites into sauce.

Fill mold two-thirds full. Set in pan of water in oven. Bake one hour to one hour, 15 minutes. Can leave in warm oven for half an hour if necessary. Serves 6 to 8.

This Day in History, April 27, 1996: Chad Reade of Omaha was on spring break from Millard North High School. During the late morning and afternoon, he was on a lone drive from Colorado, where he'd been skiing with his family, to Idaho, where he would stay with his

girl-friend and her family for four days. However, before he made it across the Idaho state line, his automobile

broke down. After a six-mile jog/walk he found a pay phone and was able to reach his girlfriend. She informed him that she and some "friends" would come and pick him up. When she finally arrived, she was with several other guys. On the drive to her house in Idaho, she sat in the front seat of the car with another guy. Chad found this odd. However, he said that it became even odder when she started holding the other guy's hand.

Reade was very civil and decided to wait until their arrival at her house before asking her any questions. When they arrived, and before he could say anything, her Mormon uncle grimly approached him.

"As long as you're in my house, there will be no fondling of my niece," the man told Chad.

"For some reason, I don't think that will be a problem," responded Chad.

Chad

When Chad finally did talk to the lady in question, she informed him that although they'd been seriously dating for weeks, she didn't think that they were in an exclusive relationship. Damn Mormons.

Yiddish Words

Mensh – a substantial human being. Mike Echternacht is not a mensh.

Shiksa – a non-Jewish woman. If Chris Smith were a female, he would be a shiksa.

Shlock – trash, anything of little worth. Scott Cameron is filled with shlock.

Shmaltz – rendered chicken fat. Mmm, shmaltz.

Weather proverbs

(from the "Old Farmer's Almanac")

Thunder in April is the end of frost.

Expect rain when the bull leads the herd to pasture.

If you want it to rain, cut or burn a fern.

Easterly wind and rain bring cockles here from Spain.

The following are weather proverbs for the University of Nebraska:

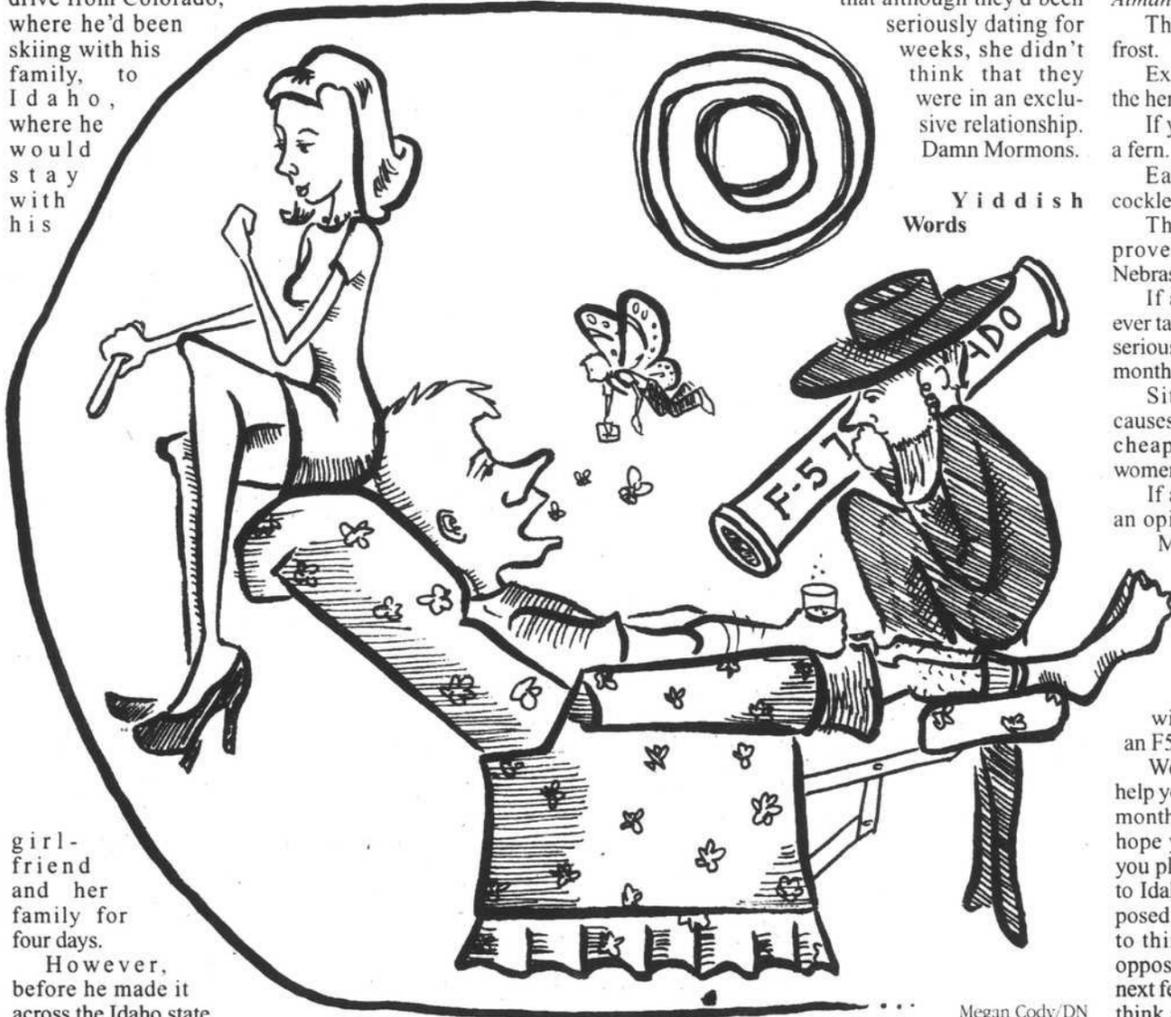
If at any point in time, anyone ever takes Brother Daniel the prophet seriously, it will rain for the next six months.

Sitting by Broyhill Fountain causes sorority members to act in a cheap fashion demeaning to all women.

If a UNL student publicly states an opinion contrary to Chancellor Moeser's, he will be shot in the genitals with an F5 tornado.

If, in the future, a University of North Carolina student publicly states an opinion contrary to Chancellor Moeser's, he will be shot in the genitals with an F5 tornado.

We hope this information will help you through the coming summer months. We plan on utilizing it and hope you will, too. For example, if you plan on traveling from Colorado to Idaho to meet your Mormon supposed girlfriend, you may now want to think twice. Or, if you plan on opposing Chancellor Moeser in the next few weeks, you may first want to think about your genitals. We know we will.



Megan Cody/DN

girl-friend and her family for four days.

However, before he made it across the Idaho state line, his automobile

Chris Gustafson is a sophomore agricultural economics major and Lucas Stock is a freshman English major. They are Daily Nebraskan columnists.

Cliff Hicks was a senior news-editorial and English major and a Daily Nebraskan legend.



"I think it's time we blow this scene. Get everybody and their stuff together. Okay, three, two, one ... let's jam."

I always wanted to be a rock 'n' roll guitar hero. I always wanted to be a bounty hunter. I always wanted to be a movie star.

I always wanted to be a legend. I am none of these things.

It wasn't particularly by choice that I became a writer – it was just something I was good at, and I liked being told I was good at something.

So I wrote, and I wrote, and I wrote.

When I got to high school, I went into the creative writing program and got drafted to work with the newspaper because I was good with computers, and no one else was.

They eventually gave me the column on the newspaper's opinion page. I should have quit then, but I didn't. It was a bug that wouldn't go away – journalism, that is.

The problem was that, despite the fact that I enjoyed people regularly reading what I had written, I hated working for a newspaper. It often meant that I was writing about things I couldn't care less about.

Local politics – who cared? Not me. Accident in the auditorium – so what? Teacher fired because of disagreement with administration over teaching methods – nothing I was interested in.

It took me a long time to realize this, of course, but eventually I'd see that newspapers weren't really what I wanted to do. But I'd work for another newspaper before I'd come to that conclusion. That second paper was this one.

Before I even graduated from high school, I was drafted to come work at the Daily Nebraskan. Like everyone down here in the basement of the union, I started as a grunt – in my case, as a reporter.

Over the course of five years, I wore nearly every hat in the office – editor, columnist, page designer, critic – and it all served to reinforce the idea that newspapers weren't for me.

I wanted to write about something that interested me, that intrigued me, that, quite frankly, I cared about.

When I finally got my chance to write an opinion column at the DN, things started to change. Drastically.

I started caring about what I was writing about, because the ideas were mine, and the topics were generally things that mattered to me.

And people read my column. Not a lot, not that often, but at least some of the people, some of the time.

People would tap me in classes and tell me what they thought about my column. During my stint as opinion editor, I got the occasional death threat and the semi-regular harassment. I rather enjoyed it, because it meant things I printed were getting under people's skin.

But when there's a long period of silence, you forget people are reading. And it had been a long semester. Nothing lasts forever, though.

Three weeks ago, I made a passing reference in one of my columns to window shopping for an apartment in California. The day it was published, some guy I didn't know grabbed me from behind by the shoulder and said, "Is it true? Are you leaving?"

"Yep," I replied. "It's been a nice run, but it's over now. Time to find myself a new place to gig."

"Where will you go?" he asked. "What will you do?"

I smiled mysteriously at him. "An old man once told me, as he held a rock before me in the palm of his hand, that when I could take the pebble from his hand, it would be time for me to leave." With that, I reached into

my pocket and pulled out a small, well-worn stone. "My time here is finished."

Was it arrogance, or some understanding that I had advanced as a person, that I had grown ... that my time here was finished?

The guy looked down, then looked up, pausing before he took my hand and shook it vigorously. "It's been an honor reading you, man. You take it easy out there, all right?"

There was a long, awkward silence. He couldn't think of anything else to say, nor could I, and he wandered off, not another word spoken between us.

Has the columnist thing been fun? Sure. I've enjoyed writing for the attention of thousands, and I've enjoyed the attention.

Has it ever gotten me anything? Hell no. I've never gotten so much as a free drink, much less a meal, because of my column. Despite my many suggestions of being single and desperate, I've never gotten a date because of my column. When it boils down to it, I'm not even sure I've changed one person's mind on one solitary issue.

Still, I enjoyed it while it was here, but now that time is over. Will anyone notice that I'm leaving? Probably not.

There is a saying that it's better to burn out than to fade away – I'm

doing neither. My flame isn't dying. It's relocating.

I must pause to thank the three guys who have kept me sane and semi-sociable over the past few years – Topher Charnley, Joe Lupo and Mustafa Bashir – because without them, I would have been nothing.

And now, I stand at the beginning of a grand adventure. I know not where the path leads, and I know not where the path ends. All I know is that I will travel it until my time is done.

I will not surrender; I cannot yield.

I may not be a rock star, but I'm going to do it my way, and damned be anyone who gets in the path of my righteous voyage.

Like a phoenix rising from the ashes, my life is about to begin again. I am anxious, nervous and perhaps a little frightened, but I feed off my fear. I learned long ago that fear is not something to be fought – draw strength from your fear.

I stand at the top of a minor hill and at the bottom of a monstrous mountain.

Part of the journey is done – but now the adventure begins.

"Adios, cowboy." The flames flicker at my feet, a shadow passes over me and like that ... I'm gone.

Fini

Well, folks, that's a wrap

You're still here? He's finished. Go home. It's over