

with:

the place to snow ski,
sneakers and wear winter clothes

Bundling up

Texans can't avoid, something Texans med to.

Texans wear them every once in a while.

Texans can't complain about the weather. Temperatures on the average: this Dec. 1 (degrees)

Texans know the joys of winter and halter tops in winter.

Texans are familiar with the weather, so too are we.

Texans by some Texas standards shiver from frost-bite or inside boots — but they're fashionable. Leg warmers worn by these Texans is a cruel joke to a Texan.

Texans do something else. Seen on TV with. Seen on TV with. Seen on TV with. Seen on TV with. Seen on TV with.

Such good-looking people opt to dress in such silly outfits.

But long underwear and legwarmers are staples in a Yankee wardrobe.

They're vital because weather in the north is cold. Legs have been known to feel numb for weeks at a time from the freezing temperatures. Long underwear is needed, not to warm the body in such cold weather (it's too cold for anything to warm anything up there) it just keeps a Yankee's circulation going until spring thaws.

A typical northern closet is stuffed with at least a half-dozen mittens and wool caps and ski parka for every member of the family — including the family dog.

The reason for all these comparisons is to warn Texans before heading north. Bundle up before going skiing, Yankee searching or visiting in a colder climate. And remember weather in the north shouldn't be taken as "just another Blue Norther" — those freezing temperatures last and last and last.

And if you are going north, you can forget your bathing suit — we guarantee you won't miss it.



staff photo by John Ryan

Susan Murray is dressed to ski. But Texans weren't wearing such chic attire this past week when the

temperature reached 80. Murray, a senior aerospace engineering major, is from Houston.

Group goes north in search of Yankees

by Daniel Puckett
Battalion Staff

Mass migrations don't happen without a good cause.

The streets of Texas are filled with foreign cars — not just the Japanese and the German kind, but also the Michigan kind, the Illinois kind. Where did they come from? Why did they leave there? Why, when they complain about Texas so incessantly, don't they go home?

I was a member of a group of Aggies that went north in the middle of November. We decided to answer these questions above, once and for all. We also tackled the biggest question of our time — What is it like to be a Yankee?

The place we picked to do our research was Milwaukee. In Wisconsin. On the shores of Lake Michigan. There, we felt, could be found the essence of modern Yankeeedom.

And the fact that a national journalists' convention was happening there had nothing to do with our decision. Honest.

Climate. Cold Climate.

The first thing we noticed about Milwaukee in mid-November was the weather: it was cold. Not your Texas cold — freezing in the morning, warm in the afternoon — but your hopeless, oppressive, all-day-and-all-night death-in-the-streets cold.

Milwaukee is right on Lake Michigan, which means it's damp; it also means the city's cursed with a howling wind that cuts right through five layers of clothing.

The sun peeped out of the clouds from time to time in the three and a half days we were there; maybe three and a half times, in fact. The rest of the time it was dark and damp and cold.

The sun rose late and set by 4:30 or so.

The day we arrived the high was around 50 degrees: disk jockeys were ecstatic about the balminess of the day.

The day we left, the low was 17 degrees and the high was 24;

Milwaukeeans were thankful that "the real cold weather" hadn't arrived yet. And, of course, it hadn't snowed; 100 miles away, they were getting 14 inches of the mysterious substance (we're all from warm parts of Texas).

We didn't particularly want to hang around to find out what "real cold weather" is like.

Buildings

Milwaukee is old; not as old as San Antonio but it got the Industrial Revolution much earlier. That means it built tall buildings before Texas did.

Unlike Texas cities, though, the skyscraper boom ended a while back. The city has very few new buildings, and most of those look like government work.

Inside the public buildings, Milwaukeeans like to keep the temperature at a nice, comfortable 90 degrees. They probably do it for the same reason we keep our buildings at about 50

degrees in the summer: to remind themselves how different the outside is from the inside.

But we'd shiver outdoors and sweat indoors and then go outside and feel the perspiration turn into pre-ice. It's a wonder people don't get more pneumonia than they do up there.

Private homes are different, of course. We never entered any but people told us about them. They tend to be chilly, because heating is so expensive (more on that in a minute).

We did want to see real Yankee neighborhoods for ourselves, so we drove around town for an afternoon. We didn't cruise every suburb — though by getting lost we managed to drive through quite a few — but we saw hundreds of those frame houses people built before brick was the 'in' thing.

And a funny thing about some of those houses: they were wrapped in transparent plastic. The front door would have a hole cut for it, but otherwise the plastic apparently encircled the house. It looked as though the

homes were encased in giant Baggies.

We heard that people do that to cut down on their heating bills, the cost of home heating oil being what it is. If only we could have found out just exactly what home heating oil is ...

Health

Yankees give new meaning to the word "pale." Pale, down here, means less tanned than usual; even in the dead of winter, with summer's tan long gone, we never approach the level of pallor that Yankees manage to attain. Unless, that is, we work underground.

Words like "fish-belly" and "alabaster" do not convey, nor other words express, the utter whiteness of the Yanks on the street. They all have little pink spots on their cheeks, but those spots and facial hair, if any, supply all the color you get in a Caucasian Yankee face. The only people who don't look as though they've just left the crypt

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