

## Setting the Honey Poker Record at FryFest

A week ago, LuAnn and I were in the middle of a long line that was snaking into a large field next to the Coralville Marriott. A small boy behind us was confused, looking to his right and left as we shuffled along. “Where are all the fries?” he asked.

His mother told him, “It’s not THAT kind of Fry.”

I suppose the oddest thing about our participating in the Guinness world record Hokey Pokey event was not the fact that we spent three hours of our lives just to dance for all of five minutes, but the fact that there was never any doubt from the time the attempt was originally announced that we were going to do so.

This is just one of the things you do without question if you’re a mindless drone bumblebee supporter of the Iowa Hawkeye football team, God bless us. Besides, it was fun.

I had just the day before learned how to take a photo on my new android cell phone and immediately upload it to my Facebook page. I took a pretty good snapshot of all the dancers, gave it a short caption, pressed a button and off it went.

When I viewed the result, I realized that my phone has spell check that guesses what my misspelled words are supposed to be and automatically substitutes whatever it thinks I am trying to type. Since Hokey Pokey evidently isn’t one of its recognized phrases, my caption ended up being “Setting the Honey Poker Record!”

LuAnn was concerned that the new record would be in jeopardy because we were directed to put our whole selves in and our whole selves out before our backsides did the same, which was not the way we learned it in grade school. It turns out that modern Hokey-Pokeyers are not hung up on the specific progression of body parts.

I blame this on the lax standards of modern school curricula that emphasize a student's feeling of self-worth over rote memorization of important details that are critical to the preservation of cultural treasures like the Hokey Pokey that so clearly resonate in our collective national consciousness. Just kidding.

After we helped set the record, we hung around for awhile and were fortunate to be one of the first in line at a seriously understaffed beer and brat tent. It displayed big signs promoting draws of Bud Light for \$4, which seemed to me (a Guinness drinker) more of a warning than an enticement.

Next, we checked out the World's Largest Licensed Hawkeye Trade Show, which was exactly that. It was too crowded to visit all the exhibits, but we were impressed with the vast assortment of merchandise adorned with tiger hawks. We never found an Officially Licensed Hawkeye Marital Aid exhibit, but I'll bet there was one there somewhere.

And so the Hawkeye football season begins. Today's game is against Iowa State, who I consistently cheer for every game except when they are playing Iowa. It's one more opportunity to wear your Officially Licensed Hawkeye Apparel, cheer loudly, drink responsibly and demonstrate some class with visiting players and their supporters. For true Hawkeye fans, "That's what it's all about."