

Nickname stories

Nickname – “Juls”

Juls. It is an automatic nickname for Julie. I have been delightfully surprised by high school students - calling out 'hey, juls!'. By calling me juls, the student identifies themselves as a friend of my son, Tim. They would not have initiated the greeting, if it weren't for the comfortableness of using a nickname. They use it with a smile and nothing else needs to be said.

Nickname – Milk Chin

I was called "Milk Chin" in high school by my brother's friends because they would not let me drink beer at their parties because I was too young and still had mother's milk dripping down my chin.

Nickname - Crooked

Andrew's nickname with his friends is "Crooked". For years they told us it was because he could not park straight...but we found out this summer from one of his buddies that it is really because a particular part of his anatomy is not quite straight.

Nickname – Peqwa, Petey, Pedras, PDQ

My dad works for the Wisconsin DNR in the lakes department, and he could probably name over half of all the lakes in the Midwest. As I was growing up he called me by many names, as he liked to play with words, and often referred to me as "Pequot" after the Pequot lakes in Minnesota. The name was picked up by the other members of my family and slowly evolved into Peqwa.

Growing up with the name Peter, I have been given many nicknames. Among them are Pete, Petey, Petri, Pedro, Pedras and basically every other name that can start with a "P". When me and my friends would play a pick-up game of football and the play was made so I would be quarterback, the play was normally called PDQ. During one of these pick-up games I accidentally referred to myself as Peqwa. My friends thought it was hilarious and the name has stuck ever since.

Nicknames – Hes, Pete, Smitty, Jimmer, Leafie

Sports, for most American boys, are where much of the formative stuff takes place.

To whatever degree I've grown up, it took place on a farm in small-town Iowa in the 60's and 70's. We mowed base-paths in the hayfields and gathered the guys for ball games. We hung a rim off the side of the barn and shot hoops until the net wore out. We played tackle football outside on Thanksgiving afternoon, with the garage and the house marking the sidelines, the clothes line and the edge of the vegetable garden marking the goal lines.

Still, the first foray in to "organized" sports was at least a little intimidating. In 8th grade basketball, for the first time, we were going to be competing against kids from other TOWNS! Not only that, there was a "A" Team and a "B" Team, and the stigma of being relegated to the "B" Team created pressure we'd not experienced on the fields and farm lots.

Our coach, who would later be my high school baseball coach, and the primary reason I was able to play collegiately, was a tough, intimidating, almost mean dude named Jim Peterson. He preferred that we call him "Pete." In term, he called us by, typically, the first syllable of our last names. I became, on day #1, "Hes."

It never occurred to me until many years later why.

When he was ticked off at us, or when we screwed up, or when he REALLY needed to get our attention, it was "Heston!" On those very rare occasions when he needed to pick us up and figuratively "dust us off," he'd actually use our FIRST names. But, when it was business-as-usual, part-of-the-team type stuff, it was "Hes."

"Hes, you have to cut off the baseline on that play!" "Way to see the open man, Hes!" "Good shot, Hes!" "Hes, you know better than to take that shot!"

Was it by design? I can't say. "Pete" has sort of dropped off the radar of late. I hear he might have passed away. I used to stop by and see him on my twice annual visits to my hometown, but a few years back, he was just gone.

What I do remember is feeling like part of a team the first day with Pete. What I do feel is that sense of "home," when one of my lifelong buddies, or new friends, calls me "Hes." And, without realizing it much of the time, I tend to "Smitty," when I hire someone name "Smith." Anderson becomes "Andy." Anything that starts with Mc gets pretty quickly to "Mac." I pull back if I sense they aren't comfortable with it...but I learned way back in the gym in Iowa, that sometimes feeling part of the team can take it's form in the simplest of manners.

I've had the pleasure of knowing the owner of this website for more than eight years as of this writing. He's "Leafie" to me. Our mutual friend Jim? "Jimmer." I hope they hear those as terms of endearment, or at least that they know I'm honored to have them on my "team."

Nickname - Piano Legs

I'm really not sure about the exact time my nick name piano legs started. I would say about 43 years ago. My parents started calling me piano legs. Naming and comparing me to their grand piano in the living room.! The antique piano as you can only imagine had very large and very strong legs to hold up that old piano. Many pictures had me posing in front of that old piano. On many occasions I choose to wear pants in place of a dress. Always thinking about hiding those legs. Now I look back and see myself in a different way. That piano was steady and strong for over 100 years. I like to picture myself as that steady strong piano. Still standing.

Nicknames – Pinky & Teresa the Tourist

story: I don't know if it was a generational thing or not but it seems that there were a lot of nicknames back in the 30's and 40's. My parents for example were "Pinky" and "Teresa". Dad's nickname was Pinky because he was a red haired, fair skinned kid who was always sunburn from working outside in the summers laying brick roads in Akron, Ohio. My mother was "Teresa the Tourist" because she was always taking photographs with her camera to 'capture the moment'. Somehow those nicknames have stuck over the years. We still refer to them as Pinky and Teresa even now when they are in their 80's. They are definitely terms of endearment in our family!

Nickname - Silky

A couple of guys from work were going to watch a football game one Saturday afternoon. We were going to pick up the last guy in the group, but he wasn't answering his phone. We showed up at his house and knocked on the door. Eventually he came to the door, bed-head and all. He had over-slept.

However, to everyone's surprise, he was wearing full-suit silk pajamas! Now, I realize that some types of guys may prefer the feel and look of matching silk pajamas, but not Chuck, or at least we thought... Chuck is the most regular, everyday, hunting/fishing, factory worker... who happens to wear matching, full-suit silk pajamas.

From now on, Chuck is known in the plant as "One-hundred Percent Silk", or more commonly known as Silky.

Nickname - Maddog

I always liked mine... "Maddog." Interesting story about that nickname... I had it on one of my IM basketball tee shirts and when I wore that shirt while as a counselor at a summer camp, one of the 5th grade campers asked if I knew what that spelled backwards. After that comment, I didn't wear it during the rest of that summer.

Nickname - Bagel Head

It started when I was a sophomore in college on the soccer team. I was always known to have a physically large head especially because my hair was very long which amplified the size of it. My teammates and I were sitting at breakfast one day and they were talking winning head balls and stated that I should be able to win a lot of head balls because of the size of my head. Next thing you know somebody called me bagel head because I had a large head. One player explained later that bagel head made sense when I had a blonde moment and he said "you are a bagel head; there is nothing in between your ears, like there is a hole in a bagel." So I was known as bagel head for a while and then it was shortened to bagel. And that is what I got by now "Bagel".

Nickname – Tumpee, Grape Soda, Rye Bread, The Butler, Brown Sugar Babies, the Hulk,

As a 13 year old at middle school nicknames are often heard constantly in the halls. As a 5 foot 7 Lady half made of legs people at my school call me legs. At home I am called tumpee (not sure how it started) probably because I am the daughter of "the nickname guy". Some of my best friends have great nicknames too. My friend Grace Oda has now turned into Grape Soda and the butler (my good friend James) is constantly dishing out great plays on the court. Ryan also called rye bread is known for his freckled covered face. Emily, Lexy, and Ryan also are called The Brown Sugar babies because of all of their plethora of freckles dispersed all over their faces. But like all nicknames some are liked and others are not. My best friend Lexy is called the hulk for being a level 8 gymnast probably going to the Olympics in a few years, is 99% muscle and stronger than anyone I know. She obviously doesn't like this name. Over the years I have heard some pretty awesome names and I love how we can all share these stories for laughs and inspiration.

Nickname – Teenerbug

I had scarlet fever (tena) as a small child and almost died and when I pulled through, my parent's friends started calling me that.