

Spring fever has hit

by Laura Borawski
Collegian Staff

Let's see here: about five weeks left in the semester. Spring is in the air, and our minds often wonder to some far away place in the tropics where the sun is shining and the waters are so beautiful we can hardly stand it. Unfortunately, these last five weeks will prove to be some of the most stressful and unwelcomed weeks of our lives.

Without sounding overly dramatic about all of this, I just can't believe how much I need to work to stay on track until the end of finals week. There are days when I feel full of energy and determination - as if I could take on the world. Then again, how about the times when I just have to watch Seinfeld and Frazier and decide that my work can be put off "just one more day"?! That's not good. It's just so easy to do!

Many of us still have those major projects waiting for us to

sit down and get a good start on them. For many of us as well, those same projects won't get finished until the minute before they're due. Why do we torture ourselves? I suppose the students who are graduating this semester would say, "Screw it! I'm outta here!" And the rest of us may blame procrastination on burn-out or the arrival of spring.

Professors are probably ready to get out too. Of course, the summer classes will take up some time - but that's different. Summer breezes and sunshine seem to make everything in life a bit easier. I'm sure professors are tired of grading and making up quizzes and everything else they have to do - we all have our jobs to do, I guess.

Sometimes I find that I work better under pressure. Do any of you feel that way? It seems that I'm more focused on what I'm working on and the end results aren't too shabby!

However, I must admit that

the projects that I have had a head start on seemed to flow; they seemed to piece together more readily and easily, and that only makes sense. Papers and projects were graded higher, and test results revealed time well



spent as well.

Aside from education then, it seems to me that procrastination can hurt us throughout the span of life. If we insist that laziness and lack of motivation just come

easier to us, then we will find that we will have to work much harder and with much haste in order to get what we want. Hard work, accepting some pain instead of constant pleasure, determination and faith, will assure us a greater likelihood of success and happiness. Getting something we want is so much more of a reward when we feel that we've earned it. If silver spoons constantly feed us, our teeth will rot and minutes of pleasure won't be worth it in the end.

Maybe I should try harder to discipline myself. If I feel inside that I have done the best I can do, then that should be all I need. Going one step further than what I "want" to do, or than I "feel like" doing, would provide a feeling of satisfaction and pride.

These last weeks of school could be a big opportunity for each of us. Instead of putting off until tomorrow what we can do today, maybe we should just do

it. Just do it and feel better about ourselves and about life in general. Start that paper, do some research, study a little for that damn test. Party when your finished! Reward yourself; go out to dinner, buy something you want and know you don't really need. Celebrate for a reason.

Though you may not agree, I believe that we have so much to say in who we are, who we are to become. We have so much to say in where we will live some day, what kind of job we will have, and our lifestyle in general. If we get off on the right foot - or at least turn over a new leaf now, then later will be so much better. Plus, we'll have ourselves to thank. If you believe in God, he helps those who help themselves. That's what mom always said.

Revenge of the dorks

by Dave Barry
Syndicated Columnist

"Rob," I said to my 13-year-old son, who was -- this being a school morning -- sleeping face-down in his breakfast. "How would you like it if I picked you up at school in the Oscar Mayer Wienermobile?"

"DAD!" he said, coming violently to life, horrified. "NO!"

So right away I knew it was a good idea. Your most important responsibility, as the parent of an adolescent, is to be a hideous embarrassment to your child. Fortunately, most of us parents have a natural flair for this.

For example: I'll be driving Rob and some friends somewhere, and they'll be in the back seat, talking the way young people do, in a series of statements that sound like questions ("So Mr. Neeble? He had this gross thing? In his nose? Like the size of a GRAPE? And so Wesley Plunkington? He put an eraser? In HIS nose? Then he raised his hand? And then....") While the young people discuss academic matters, I'll tune the radio to a station that plays Old People's Rock, and sometimes a good song will come on, such as "Brown Eyed Girl," and I'll hum

softly along, but when Van Morrison gets to the part that goes, "Do you remember when, we used to sing," I'll forget myself, and, right along with Van, belt out:

"Sha la la la la la la la la la la te DAH"

Then I'll realize that the young people have stopped talking and are staring at me, and my son's expression clearly indicates that he wishes that an alien spaceship would kidnap him right then and take him to a distant galaxy where alien scientists might drill experimental holes into his brain, but at least nobody would know that his father is a dork. And at that moment, I know I have done my parental duty.

So that's why I picked Rob up in the Oscar Mayer Wienermobile. Perhaps you've seen this: It's a legal motor vehicle shaped like a 230 foot long, 3-ton hot dog, with wheels in the buns. There are actually six Wienermobiles, which are driven around the country by peppy and perky recent college graduates. Recently, Oscar Mayer offered me the opportunity to drive a Wienermobile, no doubt hoping this would result in favorable publicity, although of course I'm far too ethical to promote Oscar Mayer meat products,

which are known to cure heart disease.

My Wienermobile was under the command of Tina Miller and Shannon Valrie, who have managed to remain both peppy and perky despite having spent nine months hearing the hilariously clever suggestive remarks that men everywhere feel compelled to yell at young women who are driving around in a giant wiener. (NOTE TO THESE MEN: If you think YOU'RE clever, you should hear what gets said about YOU, inside the Wienermobile.) After a thorough training lecture ("Here's the Wienermobile"), Tina and Shannon let me take the wheel.

My first destination was South Miami Beach, a world-famous trendy glamour hot spot where beautiful people sit at sidewalk cafes discreetly admiring their own pectoral muscles. The fashion-photo industry is active there, and you often see fabulous 7-foot-tall euro-babe super models swooping past on Rollerblades. I wanted to find out, as a journalist, whether a super model would be overcome by the charisma of the Wienermobile and want to go for a ride in it. So I cruised slowly up the main drag, and you would not BELIEVE the response. The

response was: Nothing. You'd have thought these people got hourly visits from the Wienermobile, the way they ignored it.

So I got on the microphone and spoke through the Wienermobile's PA system.

"FABULOUS EURO-BABE SUPERMODELS!" I announced. "DO NOT BE AFRAID TO BE ATTRACTED TO THE WIENERMOBILE!"

A few people glanced up from their pectorals, but that was it.

I got a slightly better response later in Central Miami, where I pulled into a used-car lot. The owner walked up, staring at the Wienermobile.

"I'm thinking about trading this in," I said. "I'm looking for something that is not shaped so much like a giant hot dog."

He was genuinely interested. He was clearly thinking: Sale.

"OK," he said, looking around the lot. "I have ..."

"What I want," I said, interrupting, "is a vehicle shaped like a SMALLER hot dog. A more COMPACT hot dog. You have anything like that?"

He stood there, thinking hard. "Give me your card," he said, "in case something turns up."

You have to admire that kind of determination.

The highlight of the day was picking up Rob at school. He

was out front, with all his friends, when I pulled up, broadcasting on the PA system.

"ROB BARRY, THIS IS YOUR FATHER," I said. "PLEASE REPORT TO THE WIENERMOBILE IMMEDIATELY."

To his credit, he did. Rather than run off and join a fringe religious cult, which is what I would have done at age 13, he got into the Wienermobile. I could tell that, deep inside, he was proud of his old man, although he did not explicitly say so.

"I can't believe you did this," were his actual words.

"It's my job," I pointed out.

Of course I did not expect thanks. My reward is the knowledge that some day, somehow, Rob will be a hideous embarrassment to HIS son. That's what makes this country great: an older generation passing along a cherished tradition to a younger one, in very much the same way that a row of people at a baseball game will pass along those tasty Oscar Mayer wieners, which by the way also have been shown in laboratory tests to prevent baldness.