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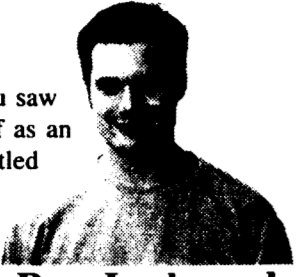
# Humor

Friday, February 1, 2002



The Behrend Beacon

## Ride a Cockhorse\* to Banbury Cross, Butala



I'm sure that many of you saw the filth that was passed off as an article last week. It was titled "People I Hate" by Mike Butala. He may have offended many people with his belittling comments. **Ross Lockwood** Many of you may have the impression that Butala is cool, but he's not, he's a tool shed. (see Figure 1) Maybe not a tool shed, but surely somewhere where tools are stored. So if you were offended by his comments, don't be. There is a little known secret about Butala that I am going to let you all in on: He is one of the worst human beings I have ever met.

One of the most annoying things about Butala is his extreme cheapness. Now I know most of us have to be somewhat miserly since we are in college, but Butala takes it to pathetically new lows. A perfect example of this would be the one day that we ordered pizza. The total came to \$9 and some odd change. When Butala went to pay with a ten dollar bill, the delivery boy informed him that he had no change. To most people this would be no big deal. A tip of less than \$1 isn't exactly a great tip. The fact that he even asked for change back is somewhat insulting. Yet, this infuriated Butala. We went to a party that night and he told everyone, most people four or five times. Of course, no one really cared.

But if you think that is bad, it's better than his normal tip of a handful of Canadian change. As we all know Canada is a waste of a country and it's money is worthless. It is a barren wasteland of lumberjacks and dog sled racing.



Figure 1

Another aspect that rubs me the wrong way is Butala's extreme laziness. He is lazier than a sloth stuck in molasses in January with mono. A typical day for Mike would go like this: He wakes up at 2:30 p.m. after a long night of drinking in his room by himself. He tries to do homework, but gets distracted by drawing pictures of penises on his notebook. He laughs hysterically to himself. He then goes and visits his "friends", starting each conversation with "Can I get a Butterfinger?" or "Will you go buy me a Chicken Spazmo at Bruno's?" After this, he goes back to his place to drink by himself or with his juvenile roommates. After they are good and drunk, around 3 a.m., they decide to make some really good prank calls along the lines of "Is your refrigerator running?" often repeating the same call up to 10 times. Or maybe he passes out face first in a snowdrift. One of his "friends" may pick him up and carry him to his apartment, putting him in his roommate's bed. Then he gets up takes a swing at his "friend" falling down a flight of steps and hitting a wall, knocking himself unconscious. His "friend" then puts him back in his roommate's bed. Pretty nice thing for a "friend" to do? I thought so too. How does Butala pay his "friend" back? By pouring a bucket of ice-cold water on his head at 8 in the morning, then running away.

Maybe I am being a little hard on Butala. I mean he does have some redeeming qualities. Like, for example, his sister is really hot. That is really the only reason that I am nice to him, or continue to be friends with him. I have this re-occurring dream of his sister an I running on the beaches in Mexico. It's delightful.

**\*Cockhorse is not a dirty word. We swear to God. Go ahead, look it up.**

Lockwood's column will appear again.

## Snow predicted for the next 11 months

**Erie Speak:** Yes, it has been a mild winter so far.

**Translation:** The lake has not frozen over...we're doomed!

**Erie Speak:** I've lived in Erie my whole life. I know how to drive in the snow.

**Translation:** My numerous winter escape attempts have failed.

Well, let's get to it. I've been told this is a humor column, so I assume I should say something funny...but you know what happens when we assume don't you...ass!

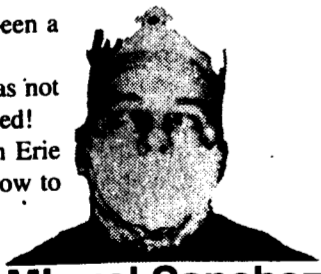
I figured that maybe I should tell everyone a story about a dream that I had a few nights ago.

A few nights ago I had a dream...get it.

It is my belief that each person has a particular smell she/he can claim exclusive rights to. I had this friend a long time ago, she smelled just like a bacon cheeseburger meal. Probably because she worked at McDonalds, you know that Irish food joint. Anyway, I was out one day mailing some stamps to my friend Sam (he's a stamp collector,) and I stepped on a lottery ticket. It wasn't a winning ticket or anything, but there was a \$50 bill taped to the back of it, and a phone number written on the bill. "Charlene 217-8469."

I figured that Charlene was either a courtesan, or the person who dropped this ticket was a stud. And hey, I've no problem with professionals, so I called the number. Much to my surprise Charlene was not a hustler at all, in fact it wasn't even her place. As it turns out, it was some enraged Behrend student, who was extremely frustrated that someone had desecrated his phone line.

That's understandable, I mean what kind of sick joker



Miguel Sanchez

## Aldi's Product Review

By Mike Butala

This week I will be reviewing Casa Mamita Salsa. (see figure 1) First off, I hate Aldi's and I hate salsa, so why did I choose to write a review for this horrible product? Beats me. I mean as far as salsa goes, I guess it isn't bad for the price, \$1.29. It's kinda like when you buy cheap liquor, you don't really expect it to be any good, but it still does the job. When purchasing the salsa, make sure all pre-purchasing ideals are met, such as the safety button being down. Speaking of safety be safe about your clothes at Behrend. My friend, Jess "No Pants" Neidermeyer (see figure 2) was out this weekend when she

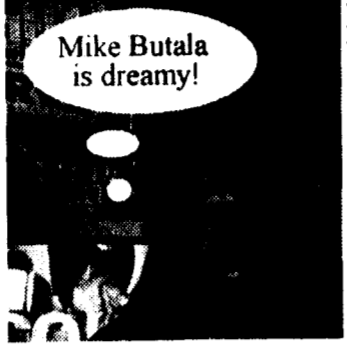


Figure 2: Jess "No Pants" Neidermeyer right, Cameron Shuck and I swore



Figure 1: Casa Mamita Salsa

that we would not rest until the bandit was apprehended. That night, Mr. Shuck fell asleep, obviously not concerned for well-being of "No Pants" Neidermeyer. I, on the other hand, need sleep badly. It's been nearly a week and I have no leads. Mr. Shuck doesn't need any sleep, however he could use a fifth of bourbon. If you can help either of us, please let us know by calling 1-800 4NO-PANTS. So in conclusion, watch your clothes when you go out, and buy Casa Mamita Salsa (-sin(pi) out of 5) for your Super-Bowl party for your friends. Just make sure you have a bottle of that Chi Chi's salsa for yourself.

## Quotable Quotes

Compiled by: Ross Lockwood

Every once in a blue moon, you will come across a quote that moves you. It might move you to tears. It might make you to do something helpful for mankind, like helping an old bum buy a bottle of Mad Dog 20/20. They may inspire you to do something constructive like build a log cabin, join a fraternity (like ZBT), or join a group of modern day pirates, pillaging on international waters. If you are going to do this I recommend bringing lots of lemons or oranges. Or something with Vitamin C in it, due to the whole scurvy deal.

"Do you want to see your dad naked?" -Butala's Dad to Butala

"Hey, go get me those chips out of the garbage." -Steve Hlopick

"Do you want to make love on the computer?" -John Snatchelder

"It's not college, it's a Catholic boot camp." -Cliff the Janitor

"N.W.A.? Oh, you mean National Women's Association." -Steve Hlopick

"You're yelling 'sex' and I'm on the phone with my 60 year old aunt." -Matthew "Snacks" Baker

"The garbage can was full, so I thought I would just throw up on the floor." -Ross Lockwood

"He's a porn star, and when I say star, I mean STAR!" -Ryan "Slim" Reinhardt

## Tom Winchell

has watched and enjoyed "The Princess Diaries"



It wasn't that bad!

I like Disney movies as much as anyone on this campus, or do I, but there's a distinct line you do not cross and on January 11th, 2002, Thomas Paul Winchell crossed that line by watching "The Princess Diaries." When prompted for a statement regarding the subject, he replied, "It wasn't that bad." I for one am not buying it. I'm not sure what his New Year's resolution was, but its safe to say it wasn't "stop watching chick flicks and crummy movies".

To the person who called P&S about snowboarders on the ski slope (featured in last week's P&S report) -

Who do you think you are? The fun police? Are you some kind of uncoordinated fool, or a disgruntled skier? Get a life. This is a college campus. Oh wait, they were going off of ramps. I'm sorry. They might have hurt themselves. Boo-hoo. Forget you.



## Cap: Undercover

As I was sitting contemplating the subject of this article, I began to think how the way in which we present ourselves affects the way that people perceive us. Now, most of the students here at Behrend present themselves as respectable young adults who are productive members of society. So, naturally, society treats us with a degree of civility, and we are surprised, even outraged, when we are treated otherwise. But as I was considering this article, I thought, "Wouldn't it be funny if I went to local establishments dressed as a hillbilly?" I could gauge people's reactions to this strange behavior and then report them to you. Then I thought, "Wouldn't it be better if I dressed like a hillbilly who had just won the lottery ... and was drunk?" Now that's an article! So here you have it folks, my adventures as a West Virginian Hillbilly, living it up in the town of Wesleyville.

**First destination - K-Mart**

Widely recognized as a place of hillbilly sightings, I decided to ease into my new identity by purchasing a box of shotgun shells from the sporting goods department. I sauntered up to the counter and told the clerk, "Need me some shots for my 12 gauge." The older gentleman attempted to be accommodating, and asked me what brand of gun I was shooting. "Skattergun" is all that I replied. Perhaps it was the obviously fake teeth that I was sporting, perhaps it was the pleasant reek of Mad Dog 20/20 on my breath, or maybe he was just a crotchety old man, whatever the case, he asked me for some I.D. "I ain't got it on me" This is when he decided to pick up the phone and make a call. Was he calling for his manager? Perhaps someone to help me acquire my "Skattergun" shells? Or was he calling security? Well, I guess you'll never know, 'cause I highailed my hillbilly ass right out of there.

**Second Destination - Westleyville Drivers License Center**

As anyone whose license has expired knows, the Westleyville Drivers License Center is truly like nowhere else in the area. Where else can someone in nappy overalls, fake decaying teeth, and a camouflage straw hat, sit next to an overstressed mother of three dirty, misbehaving, little kids, who yells at the top of her lungs to "SHADAP! Or your gonna get it!" and is not asked to leave? Well let me tell you, this was the best place for my disguise to work, because even after I helped that poor woman yell at her children ("Yer mama told you'ins to Shadap, and yer gonna mind'er, ya hear?"), not an eyebrow was raised. I think that if there is anywhere in Erie that outlandish behavior is not only accepted, but encouraged, it must be the Westleyville Drivers License Center. I saw one gentleman, upon learning that he had to take a number and wait in line to be served, break out into a tirade, shouting at the employees and at those waiting, that he was a "Vietnam Vet" and he had "served his country in the war." Even



Nick Capozzoli

I sensed that there would be no better time for me to have an outbreak of my own. So just after he exited the building, I stood up and addressed the waiting customers "If you all are going to sit here and let a true American like that be turned away- then NUTS TO YOU!" What were the reactions of the patiently waiting customers? Well, I guess you'll never know 'cause I threw down my ticket and stormed out of there.

**Third Destination - Coney Island**

To round off my night of researching human reaction to outlandish behavior, I decided to visit the most famous restaurant in America, Coney Island! Not the real Coney Island but the really cheap one that serves all its food with a free side of grease down in Westleyville. I was accompanied by a number of friends on this expedition, who happened to be well dressed and clean cut. I myself was not in full costume. Luckily I had remembered to bring my fake decaying teeth with me that night so I wasn't totally unprepared. Upon entering the establishment, I began to act as I had at K-Mart and The DLC, hooting and hollering, basically causing a spectacle. One of the patrons noticed my behavior and he commented that I must be from West Virginia! "Yes!" I exclaimed. "How did ya know?" He claimed that he was from Virginia and had seen my kind before. "My kin?! You know my kin!" I proceeded to talk to this gentleman much longer than his lighthearted comment warranted, in fact until he just ignored me. So, seemingly without anyone to harass, I began yelling that this place had lousy service. Wouldn't you know it, just then our waiter appeared!

"What took you so long, you silly son of a bitch?" He ignored my question and asked what I would like. "I want some cheese fries and a Greek dog, you silly son of a bitch!" Did he spit in my food? Well, I guess I'll never know 'cause I ate it all and got the hell out of there.

**Conclusion**

I would like to consider this experiment a success, although it seems the people of Westleyville have been previously exposed to the "hillbilly" character that I portrayed. Perhaps next time I'll try wearing a suit to a gun shop and claim I just lost all my money in the Enron scandal. We'll see. If you would like to send me somewhere or have any ideas about disguises, send me a letter at behrcoll2@aol.com and maybe you will see your ideas in a future edition of CAP UNDERCOVER.