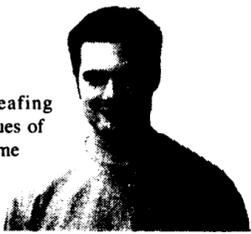


UP, UP, DOWN, DOWN, LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT, B, A, B, A, SELECT, START

I was recently leafing through some back issues of Time magazine (or some other rag,) and I came across the issue in which Albert Einstein was named man of the century. I



Ross Lockwood

couldn't disagree with this selection anymore. In the words of the lovely Paula Abdul, "What have you done for me lately?" Sure, he came up with the Theory of Relativity, but what does this mean? It's like the Mississippi River; someone would have found it, eventually. And someone did find the Mississippi in fact, Hernando De Sota, a Spanish explorer in 1541 on a boat with the pilgrims. It's not like Einstein invented the Flo-Bee Haircutting System or even the Nads Hair Removal System, two inventions that changed mankind.

Well who should be man of the century then? Carrot Top? Probably. Matlock? Maybe. Let's take a look at some of the other contenders.

Mike Tyson- My love affair with Mike Tyson started very young. Like most prepubescent boys I was fueled creatively by Nintendo. And let's face it, "Mike Tyson's Punchout!!" was a captivating game. At first I was just a novice at the game, but after taking my lumps from the likes of Soda Popinski and Super Macho Man, I finally reached the dream bout against Iron Mike. I knew I was in for an uphill battle when I saw that he was at least seven times bigger than Little Mac, but I had no idea how hard he would actually be. He was tougher than a ZBT after you get a few Zimas in him. He knocked me to the mat on three straight punches. I fought him again and again, but to no avail. I still have never seen anyone beat him, even though many people told me they have. If you can beat him, call me. My number is 2562. If you beat him I'll buy you a Chicken Spazmo at Brunos. In the real world, however, Mike Tyson wasn't such a sweetheart. He had some legal troubles involving women, and his game was renamed just plain old "Punchout." He also threatened to eat Lennox Lewis' children, even though Lennox Lewis has no children. How can he eat children that don't exist? Now that's amazing.



Figure 1: Iron Mike an Lil' Mac

Mr. Belvedere- The man, the big guy. Of course I am talking about everyone's favorite butler, Mr. Belvedere. Actually, he was fond of saying "I'm not a butler, I'm a housekeeper." I couldn't agree more. This was especially true regarding the youngest son, Wesley T. Owens. I really hated that kid. He was such a brat. Wesley was always losing his hamster and Mr. Belvedere always was the one to have to find it. Mr. Belvedere worked for Winston Churchill; he doesn't have time to look for your damned hamster. Though the Owens family and Belvedere didn't see eye to eye at first, they soon realized that this pragmatic, efficient, and witty English gentleman was the first one the family turned to for advice.

Jesco White "The Dancing Outlaw"- Not many people know of Jesco White, and describing him does little justice. He was discovered and subsequently embraced by America after West Virginia Public Television did a documentary on him. He is best described as a tap-dancing, back-water hillbilly from Boone County, West Virginia who is trying to carry on the tradition of his father, the "best" tap dancer in the history of West Virginia. His life is centered around three things: Tap Dancing (he will perform for a six-pack and a pizza), his Elvis collection, and his ought 12 shotgun, which according to his account, had shot 32 squirrels that season. He has had many run-ins with the law. Every story he tells starts out "I was huffing all this gas out of a Royal Crown Cola can and I thought I was Superman." He was discovered nationally, and was offered a guest spot on the Rosanne show. His part on the show never aired, however, because he had swastika tattoos all over his arms. Jesco is not a racist person however, he had no idea what the sign meant.

Honorable Mention
Bob Saget- Most people remember Bob best for his part as Danny Tanner on "Full House" or saying he would do something for cocaine in "Half-Baked." But I remember him best from "America's Funniest Home Videos." No one could make errant pool balls flying off the table and crushing someone's testicles so funny.
Mr. T- I originally had him on the list, but I saw him crying on the "Howard Stern Show" because some guy wanted to arm wrestle him. He also didn't say "Sucka" enough.
Mrs. Butterworth- I thought I should have at least one woman on the list and since I really like pancakes and she invented them, it was an obvious choice.

Lockwood's next column will appear when he beats Butala's score at footbag on California Games.

Where my nose candy* at?



Humor



In my nose!

Aldi's product review

By: Ben Kundman

Being in the sorry state of finances that most college students are, I am intimately familiar with that cheap knock-off of Kool-Aid, Wylers. But as we thrifty shoppers know, anything you buy from GEagle is going to be a ripoff, even if you use their stupid "advantage" card. Not only that, but shoplifting there is nearly impossible. In the interest of saving money to be used in the pursuit of happiness (i.e. buying booze, betting at the horse track) one can head on down to the local Aldi's and buy Flavor-Aid Soft Drink Mix - that's right, a cheap knock-off of a cheap knock-off of Kool-Aid, kinda like a Korean kit car.



To help take the edge off cheap vodka or cheap gin - The elder Frenchman and I enjoyed getting thoroughly inebriated together freshman and sophomore year on a regular occasion. Unfortunately, funds were rather short, so we were forced to drink whatever we could afford, which usually wound up being really, really cheap handles of vodka or gin. Usually it was Vladimir or Kamchatka vodka, which at the time ran us about \$9.99 for 1500 mL of tasty goodness. (By tasty goodness I mean "makes rubbing alcohol taste like Evian spring water.") In order to minimize our time-to-drunk ratio, we often consumed these beverages straight. On one drunken evening, The Elder Frenchman and I decided to put Kool-Aid into our straight vodka. (Just powder into the vodka, no water, ice, or sugar) and history was made. It was like 100 proof-Kool Aid! Snap! (Although we used Kool Aid, Flavor Aid can be substituted for reasons of economy)

As a source of secondary income - Look at Flavor Aid (see Figure 1). The mascot is a straw. Interesting, eh? If you take a bunch of packets of Flavor Aid and put it into a baggy then head to the local high school, you could make tons of money so long as you're fairly clever. Look for the kids with big baggy pants and neon hair-clips on their up-turned visors. These wastes of life are known as "ravers" and will stick just about anything up their noses. Come up with a crazy name like "Joo-Joo Bump" and tell them it's the latest party drug. If they ask what it's made of, tell them it's elephant tranquilizer. Usually these kids have more money than they know what do with so they spend it all on turning their brains into Swiss cheese. You probably can sell a small baggy for \$30, then go back the next week with a different flavor and tell them it's Colombian

Blue Joo-Joo Bump and its REALLY killer. Not only will you be making money, but you'll also be stopping these kids from buying real drugs and crappy techno CDs.

The spilled drink trick - urinate in a bottle then put a packet of Flavor Aid in it. Spill it under the door (works best when there is no carpeting) on some infidel's floor in the middle of the night. When they awaken, it will appear that someone spilled Kool-Aid on their floor, so they will proceed to clean it up with a paper towel and probably get a significant amount on their hand. Of course, the joke (or in this case, the urine) is on them.

The Shower Trick - Open a packet of Flavor Aid drink mix. Wait until your friend (or enemy!) jumps in the shower. Whenever he/she is in mid-shower, throw the contents of the packet into the shower. A nicer version of "Wake up Red," The Shower Trick will still stain your friend (or enemy) quite nicely with whatever color of flavor goodness you chose to throw on him/her.

Wake up Red - take a packet or two of Flavor Aid and sprinkle it liberally under the covers of an enemy (or a friends!) bed. Make sure you disperse it evenly so the powder cannot be detected by the naked eye. While the sucker is sleeping, they will sweat. The Flavor Aid will go into their open pores, and when they wake up in the morning they will be dyed whatever color flavor aid you used. This is much more difficult to wash than a normal "Kool-Aid" smile because the dye is actually in their skin.

Although Flavor Aid tastes like chilled dog urine, it still has enough potential to provide hours of fun for a bored college student. Just as Kentucky Corn Whiskey makes you go blind, Bacardi 151 makes your taste buds go bye-bye. If you want to drink Flavor Aid, I suggest you mix with a ridiculous amount of 151. Aldi's Flavor Aid: 12 for 99 cents. 1 of 5 for taste, 5 of 5 for potential mayhem.



Figure 2: Ben enjoys some cherry Flavor-Aid while showering.

Please don't do any of the things mentioned in this article. You could get hurt or arrested or hurt someone's feelings.

BUDPOT CREATORS:

It's Alive, Alive!!!!!!!

Some of you may be happy to hear that the defunct BUDPOT has shown signs of life. Yes, just like the heinous distorted monster created by Dr. Frankenstein, we've twitched our fingers, risen violently, thrown our clenched fists towards the heavens and shouted at the top of our lungs... "Hhhmmmmmmhhhh!!!!!!!"



Well, it's a bit more eloquent than that [but not much]. Starting next Thursday, my good friend Crafty and I will be writing current editorials for the seldom-visited BUDPOT site: www.budpot.com.

And, who knows, maybe we'll even get in touch with our crack staff for some added input. Crafty Barnardo, co-conspirator, I mean co-editor went on record saying: "Whatever, man."

...Speaking of Bankruptcy

"USA Today's" Christine Dugas reports that bankruptcy filings are at a record high, and on a record pace. Well, ain't that some (stuff)!

Let's see if I can get this: A new company takes an economic venture (often referred to as a "risk" by non-economics people) in order to make more money than they have invested (often called a "profit"). Nearly 80% of these "risks" are successful, and those who are involved are rewarded for their "risk" and effort.

What happens to the other 20%, you ask. Well, I'll tell you. The beauty of the whole thing is that they can file bankruptcy, "dissolve" the company, avoid the debt they have amassed, and start the same company under a new name doing exactly the same things as the old com-

pany. Then, when the new company fails as well, they just start over, and prolong their failure into a comfortable vicious cycle of debt.

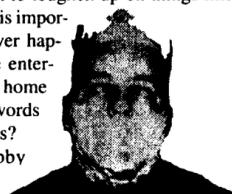
That sounds like a pretty good racket. Maybe I should get-me-some-o-dat-bankruptcy. Let's look at my situation. I'm a college student working two jobs and writing for two newspapers at the same time. And, every day I spend more money than I make.

Soooooo, I can get bankruptcy protection, "dissolve" myself as a person, then restart myself under a new name, Colin Goodbody, completely free of debt, and no worse for the wear! Then I can try my life over, manage my finances better, and try to be profitable - if it doesn't work; hey, I'll come back as Lars McButter.

Or, maybe I can spend a tremendous amount of money on an underground newspaper, then just not pay all the people that I owe. Or, better yet, I could make the paper profitable, pocket the money I made, steal Crafty's share, then file bankruptcy. It's the best of both worlds!

Seriously, America, we've got to toughen up on things like this. Yes, bankruptcy protection is important in some cases, but what ever happened to *laissez faire*, and free enterprise, the land of the free and the home of the brave and all those other words in bold print in our history books?

Send all complaints to Bobby Smith, Apt. 104.
GottagottagpseeayawhenIseeya
Miguel Sanchez



Miguel Sanchez

America's sad state of affairs



Nick Capozzoli

As many of you are aware, the job market right now is in a serious slump. No doubt you have friends or family who have attempted to find work, only to be disappointed with rejection letters and flat refusals, hurting not only one's feelings, but their sense of self worth. But as disappointing as these rejections are, there is one person who has felt the pain of joblessness far longer than he deserves. This man has years of experience making people laugh, and warming

our hearts with his childlike innocence. Of course, I'm talking about none other than actor Gary Coleman (see Figure 1.)

Mr. Coleman is known for his beautiful portrayal of an inner city youth who was plucked out of poverty and raised by a benevolent Philip Drummund. His famous catch phrase, "What you talkin' 'bout Willis?" entertained millions. But now it seems, life is stranger than fiction. After having his money stolen by his parents, Mr. Coleman is now a destitute, jobless actor who sometimes finds work as a security guard. A security guard! Come on! Criminals just step over the little guy! Well, Mr. Coleman, I still care! And I am willing to help you find work. So I searched the classified ads, to help you find a new source of income.

Gas Station Attendant-

Though not as "glamorous" as what you may be used to, others who have fallen from grace (such as the rapper Snow famous for his one hit "Informer") have relaunched their careers from the fume-laden grounds of their local gas station.

Qualifications- Applicant needs a firm grasp of numbers for taking and making change. Surly disposition, and immunity to the noxious fumes a plus!

Mr. Coleman I'm afraid this is not the job for you. The need to "count" money and keep track of transactions makes this a little beyond your scope (you can't blame your parents forever). Also those new SUVs have really high gas caps, and it would be simply shameful for you to have to carry around a stool all day.

Panhandler

Much better paying than the gas station position, this job comes with perks such as keeping what others drop! Also a more dignified way to make a living than making guest appearances at grocery store openings.

Qualifications- Applicant must have sufficient stand for the majority of the day. After all, no one v throw loose change at a lazy "sitting" bum.

I'm sorry Mr. Coleman, but this really isn't the job for you. I mean, carrying that heavy cup full of change all day is really taxing on the arms. Also, people are only going to give you money so many times after you yell, "What you talkin' bout?" and rattle your cup in their face. (Sure, it's funny the first few times, then it's just sad.)

Perhaps I've been looking into the wrong type of vocations, after all, Mr. Coleman, you are an entertainer!

Sideshow Performer / Grifter

A life on the road! Meeting new and interesting people from around the country, then swindling them! Ah, Mr. Coleman, this may just be your bag!

Qualifications- Applicant must have the ability to steal from patrons. "Unique" or "Strange" appearance a plus.

The ancient art of 'Grifting', or stealing money from those who aren't smart enough to keep it, has a long and proud tradition. Just think, you could be rich! If people don't get mad and take their money back, after all you're just a little guy Mr. Coleman.

"Adult" Movie Actor

No matter how bad the economy gets, the demand for an innocent face and a pretty smile never goes away in the dirty and depraved world of pornography!

Qualifications- Applicant must "work well with others" be willing to "try new things" and "participate in a group setting."

Mr. Coleman! This is it! You can become a star once again. Just ask your old buddy Scott Schwartz After high-profile roles such as "Flick" in "The Christmas Story" and the bratty rich kid in "The Toy," Schwartz became a "star" in his own right, and now he's happy as a piog in (stuff)!

Dirty Teddy's Malt Liquor Boozehound of the Week



Bobby Knight



Bobby Knight is this week's Boozehound of the Week because of his complete inability to exhibit any sort of rational control of his actions whenever drinking. On one Saturday night he:

- Threw a 33-gallon garbage full of beer bottles out of the second story window of a house in Wesleyville, went outside, cleaned up the mess, then came back inside and threw a case of Rolling Rock bottles down the steps.

- Came to campus where he tried standing up on a sled going down the hill next to the laundry room in the quads. He never successfully made it, instead slamming on the concrete sidewalk at the bottom repeatedly.

- Hit on every single girl he saw regardless of physical appearance.

- Passed out on a couch so dirty he got scabies (we think.)

Dirty Teddy and The Behrend Beacon encourage students to drink responsibly. Boozehound of the Week was created to show what can happen when one consumes too much alcohol and makes a complete jack-ass out of him or herself.

Send your 50-100 word nomination for Boozehound of the Week to: behrcoll2@aol.com. Note: We will not publish stories about criminal acts. If you want your name in the paper, the nomination must come from your psu personal account. If you want your picture in the paper, send a jpeg file along with your story.

PENN STATE BEHREND DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO PARTY!!!!



I have received exactly 0 submissions for Boozehound of the Week. Every Boozehound has been a friend of mine. Get off your asses and drink some beer! (then send the results to behrendbeacon@hotmail.com)



Figure 1: Gary Coleman

Cap's next article will appear when he finds his fake teeth