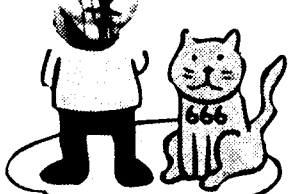


I'm politically correct for once...kinda

Okay, I'm sure that many of the people at this campus hate me, and I can accept that. You get mad because I don't justify any of my arguments. So in this article, I will justify any degradation, offensive rambling and overall insults.



Mike Butala

My first group I'd like to apologize to is the "homicidal, coked up goth kids that play Magic: The Gathering outside Bruno's", as I referred to them in "People I Hate". This would be a generalization and stereotype of how I portray them and with the help of a letter to the editor and the proven fact that at least one of these kids smokes cigarettes, which contain a drug called "nicotine" - a.k.a. God's gift to mankind...and womankind (shiver) - I will now refer to them as "potential homicidal, drug abusing goth kids that play Magic: The Gathering outside Bruno's."

"Women Belong in the Kitchen." Now, that might offend some people, or my tasteless rants that women only clean, cook and make babies. I was sooo wrong and I apologize. First of all, not all broa...er, women like to cook all the time. However, judging by my experiences of Nick at Nite and most other sitcoms, I've based my rationale on television and popular commercial media and come up with the following conclusion: "Women love to cook and clean and prefer no other occupation other than a housewife pending the validity of nostalgic media depicting women today."

I would also like to apologize to the kid who thought Robin Williams should be Dean of the school, but let's face it, it's still a retarded idea. I mean it's a completely ridiculously outlandish idea biased on his performance as a capsule of "entertainment" produced through the eyes of Hollywood big shots and the capabilities of excellent theatrical writers. If you seriously perceive that Robin Williams should be in charge of about 3,000 students based on his ability to act, you are insane...er, insanely misjudging the importance of the job of the Dean, who is a wonderful and respected figure in my college experience. Baldwin rules, Williams drools!

"People named Karl suck?" I'm not even close to implying that everyone with the name Karl sucks. AT ALL. From my past experience I've just noted distaste for people with the name Karl. There was a Karl in my elementary school and I didn't like him. Carl Yastremski was a bum; no one liked him until he got in the Baseball Hall of Fame. So instead of the blurb "People named Karl suck," I would like to humbly offer condolences to anyone I offended and change it with "The majority of Karls I know do not appeal to my specific likings, which is okay." I do think people named Tom are cool, though.

I may have poked fun at the abilities of the more athletic people at this campus by saying something like they are in a made-up world of illusion where they are respected sports stars and where up is down and down is up and where broa...er, girls like me and I like boys. You know, kind of like Bizarro Superman. Truth is that these people that play sports as this school are talented...excellent...p-p-people. God, it shouldn't have been that hard to say. And out of respect for all the athletes, the spring of my first senior year I'm going to join the track team. I just hope the coach doesn't mind I smoke. Granted the last time I ran was when I heard the beer distributor was closing in 10 minutes, but hey, at least I made it there with six minutes to spare.

In conclusion, I would like to apologize for everyone I ever offended. I'm not saying I'm sorry, I'm just saying that to be polite and I figure I don't need everyone to hate me at this campus, just yet. Let's face it, I'd never get any, which by judging at the girls at this campus wouldn't necessarily be a bad thing. I'M KIDDING! Also, I'd like to win back the approval of Becky, the one broa...er, girl that ever understood what was up and ask her on a date and make out.



Ryan Anthony

Aldi's product review

On my most recent weekly trip to Aldi's, I made a number of great purchases.

These are not the kind of deals you can get at Giant Eagle with an advantage card either; these deals were so good, Aldi's management actually paid me to take some of the products home. As a smart shopper, I wasn't about to pay for their bags, so I brought a couple garbage bags of my own. Now let's take a look at what I was able to plunder from this wonderful grocer.

Since sixth grade, I thought this product had left my life forever, but at Aldi's I became reunited with my first true love: Crystal Pepsi. Sure, the dusty cases were being used to hold up a display for Clarissa Tampons, but I didn't mind. I filled my cart up with the last three cases of Crystal Pepsi not only in Aldi's, but probably the last three cases in the world.

Moving down the aisle, I found the real beverage section. Crystal Pepsi tastes great, but sometimes I need something with just a little more kick. That's why I picked up a case of Coors Cutter. I am sure to be the life of every party with this Aldi's purchase. Unfortunately, as I was walking home through the apartment quad, someone spotted the Coors Cutter, beat me up, and called me bad names.

Then in the frozen foods section, I found the best Aldi's deal ever. Hidden amidst the pickled prunes was a display for Armour hot dogs on sale: three for

the price of one. It was too good to be true. Not only was it a name brand product, but if I bought one they gave me two more for free! There are enough hotdogs in three packs to feed me for a week.

It's been some time since I made these purchases, so I have had time to make some observations about them. First, I still love Crystal Pepsi. Second, aside from getting me beat up, Coors Cutter sure can get me drunk. That .05 percent alcohol may be less than found in church wine, but it still gets me hammered enough to start hitting on my friends' moms.

Finally, the Armour hot dogs. Well, these caused some trouble. There are eight in a pack, which means that I bought 24 hotdogs. I ate two for lunch the day I got back and they made me never want to eat a hotdog again. I think they are the reason I got sick and ended up barfing everything inside me. Just keep in mind, you may find some good deals at Aldi's, but only Crystal Pepsi is a steal.

Three More Reasons Why Smoking is Cool

By: Mike Butala



James Dean



Burt Reynolds



Gary Coleman

Unnecessarily long road trip story with emphasis on drunken tomfoolery: Part 2



Ben Kundman

Last week I shared all the fun to be had in Winchester at a crazy redneck dance club in West Virginy called Gables, and I also espoused the importance of paying homage to 25 foot fiberglass cows prior to embarking on a journey of questionable significance.

Destination #2: Atlantic City

Armed with a pack of smokes, my collection of truck stop tapes, and a pounding hangover, I departed Saturday morning from Winchester, Va. for the flashing lights, cheap women and cheaper booze of Atlantic City, a.k.a. "Crappy Las Vegas."

If you look at a map of the United States, you will notice that New Jersey looks remarkably similar to the giant pimple on my ass, except it's sticking out into the Atlantic instead of chafing against my Dickies. It is unfortunate that California is supposed to fall into the Pacific

Ocean, because the world would be a much better place if New Jersey dropped into the Atlantic. All the N.J. drivers suck, their food is terrible, and the entire state smells worse than my hoodie on day 4 of a road trip.

The Behrend alum Michael "Wolfe" Wolfe is currently residing in South Jersey, hence the trip to A.C. I arrived at Wolfe's palatial estate at about 8, and began drinking almost immediately. I took a brief nap before we headed out for some gamblin'.

The casinos in A.C. were exactly the same as they are everywhere - flashing lights, free booze, and grandmas plugged into slot machines 24 hours a day with their cards on flexy cords.

Wolfe managed to hit a jackpot of \$338.65 on quarter slots and walk out \$250 up. I hit about \$120 on numerous hits but walked out \$40 up, which is a hell of a lot better than I have ever done before.

Unfortunately, we were less lucky with the "slots" then we were with the "trailer-trash moms back in the corner on the nickel slots but had no luck.

Note to self: Next time try sporting a mustache, a sleeveless AC/DC shirt and a mesh NASCAR hat.

Destination #3: Someplace outside of Philly, Pennsylvania

People from Philadelphia are the most miserable wastes of human life I have ever met. Granted, I am basing this judgment solely on my experience with a tollbooth operator on Highway 76, but I am sure if the people of Philadelphia collectively opened a bar, they could make some stiff-ass drinks. (Note: "nice" bartenders make drinks so weak you are better off sucking on the bar rag in order to catch a buzz. If you want to get hammered, find the surliest bartender in town. Surly bartenders make STIFF DRINKS.)

Living outside of Philly is Gabe "Frenchy" Josset, another Behrend alum. (Yes, I am on the five-year plan.) Being Sunday night, there was not much going on in the outside of the Philly area, so we just chilled at his place with some Behrend heads and his brother and sister. We also briefly visited a bar, but unfortunately the two prior nights of drinking had taken their toll on me and rather than drowning my sorrows in some cold suds I found myself drowning my face on the top of the bar, much to the chagrin of the bartender. We headed back to Frenchy's place and drank more, watched some crazy Japanimation courtesy of Jesus, and then watched "Mad Max: Beyond the Thunderdome" until the sun came up.

Twin midgets selling real estate more fun than barrel of monkeys



Ryan Anthony

There is an old adage that tells us that nothing is more fun than a barrel of monkeys. Although a barrel of monkeys may indeed be a good time, I can think of a few things that certainly are more fun.

At 4 a.m. this past Tuesday morning, my body decided to liquify everything inside it and expel it from my body. This uncomfortable process continued for five hours. A visit to good old Health and Wellness told me that I had the flu, and I was ordered to stay in bed all day and miss a test (sorry Mr. Causgrove). During the five hours of emptying my body of anything not completely

necessary for survival, I found some time to sit on my couch and watch a little television. It had been awhile since I last watched TV at that time of night, so I was surprised to learn of all the excitement filling the airwaves.

Now you are still probably wondering what could possibly be more fun than a barrel of monkeys. Well, I will tell you—a midget is more fun than a barrel of monkeys!

That's right, midgets are tons of fun. If they were not fun, then you would not be able to rent them by the hour in Buffalo (I'm totally serious). Could anything be more fun than a midget? How about twin midgets selling real estate on a late-night infomercial? Now that is some good stuff. In between my rushes to the bathroom that night, I enjoyed a lot of laughs, thanks to those twin midgets.

There are reasons that products like USA Today and Lunchables were created in our country. We are too lazy to read an entire interesting article, so instead we settle for the two-paragraph summary accompanied by

photographs and diagrams detailing the actual newsworthy parts of the story. We are too lazy to make our own sandwiches that in order to sleep in five more minutes, we buy prepackaged processed meats and cheeses with the nutritional content of a bag of Doritos.

Some people just have it made. They are fat and their only concern in life is getting fatter. I guess a diet that includes Pepsi and a cheeseburger for breakfast would do that to you. As a fellow humor pager has suggested to me, there should be a scale and computer built into the million dollar staircase elevator that announces to overweight passengers in a loud, mocking voice, "Take the stairs, fatty!"

Anyway, sorry for that Dennis Miller-esque rant. Back to funny barrels of monkeys. Due to a fact that I am a product of the society I just described, I quickly grew bored with the twin midgets (I still giggle when I think of them, though) and started channel surfing. A few channels and other less entertaining infomercials later, I happened upon a half-hour long commercial for Girls Gone Wild. I was in shock. I had seen the same

Dirty Teddy's Malt Liquor Boozehound of the Week

PENNSYLVANIA
Erie

Planet of the Apes Make-Out Party/
SKA House Dance Party

This weeks' boozehound of the week is not one person, but rather a group of people who gathered together last Saturday for a night of drunken apartment tomfoolery that will live on forever in the history of PSU Behrend.

Here are some of the noteworthy events which transpired throughout the course of the evening:

- A humor page staffer sporting spandex bike shorts with a well-placed sock for added, um, masculinity.
- Non-stop dancing to some of the crappiest dance music ever played in succession at a Behrend party (Two Prince songs, Yatta, Gummi Bears theme song, "Walk the Dinosaur," "Hotstepper," "The Chicken Dance," "Friends Forever" from "Saved by the Bell," "The Urkel Dance," etc.)
- Ten crazy people bonging beers in their underwear in an ice-cold shower
- A humor page staffer running around in a cutout "Planet of the Apes" mask looking for broods to make out with him.
- Beer bottles, hearts, and tables being broken left and right.
- A cooler full of a concoction consisting of a 1/2 gallon of vodka, two packets of Kool-aid, and three two-liters of 7-UP that made all its consumers drunk to the point of being ill.

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.

Butala's next column will appear after I finish smashing his face with a brick for being a stinking pinko hippie.

Anthony's next column will appear as soon as he gets over the squirts.