

HUMOR

The people who count will get it

Ravine jump successful

By Jerry Pohl
humor editor

Years from now, people will still be recounting the amazing story of Dr. Jack Burke's historic, legendary, mythic jump over Behrend's ravine.

The event was packed; despite the outdoor venue it was standing room only. The ramp was set; Burke was tough as nails and with the sun gleaming off his unicycle he soared into America's heart with a stunt that left all in attendance speechless.

"He went up, and then he came back down," said Brice Tandar of Astronomy. "When it was all over I heard a clap, then another, then everyone was clapping."

Burke was then hoisted aloft on the shoulders of those who had been with him through it all, and they carried him off into

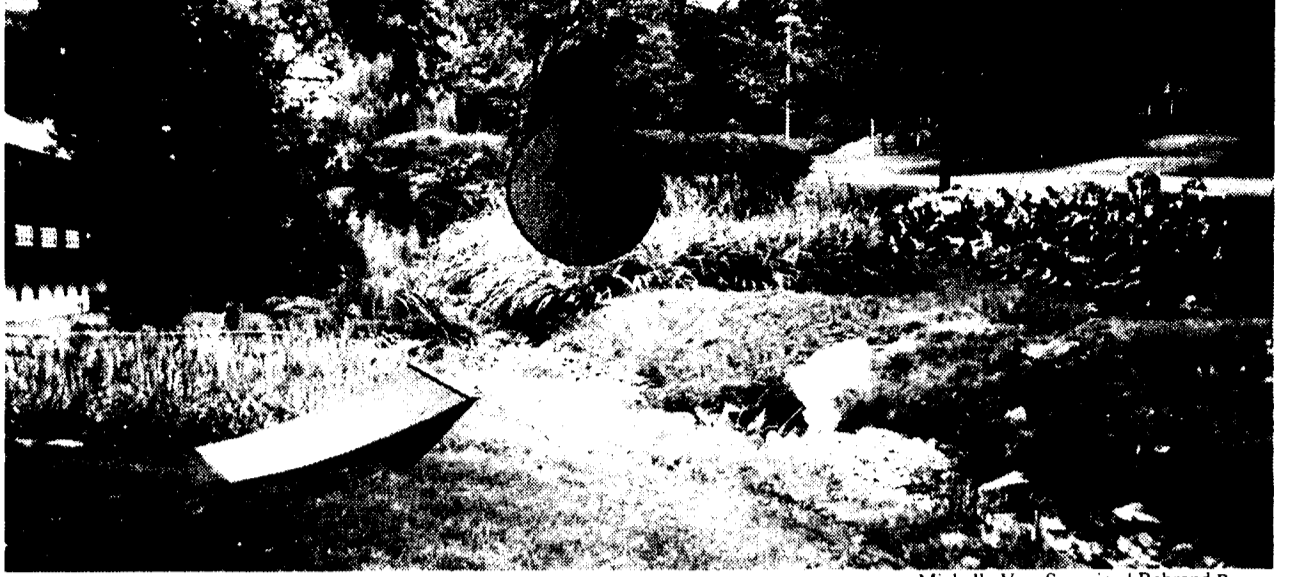
the sunset.

At the top of his game, the chancellor will now retire and concentrate on his job leading the campus. Thereby putting Behrend's CEO, Dean, out of work. Dean will now be comfortably and gently placed in the newly created position of Science Department Representative.

"They'll be sorry. They think they can hide me in a basement? Well, I'll show them," Dean said, adding, "I'll show them all!"

Dean seemed quite happy with his new basement office, maniacal even. His new position will give him an autonomous, almost secretive control over all of Behrend's most experimental scientific research. His new office hours, during times the school is usually closed, will give him plenty of time to not be watched.

Vera's Picture of the Week



Michelle Vera Surovic | Behrend Beacon

Chancellor Jack Burke attempts to make a successful jump as adoring spectators look on from ravine hillside.

Behrend finds ways to save money

By Jerry Pohl
humor editor

Behrend's bloated run-away budget is straining the bandwidth of e-wallets across campus. Between the gold used to pave the parking lot and the diamond dust black paint used to keep that gold in mint condition, Behrend is hemorrhaging money like a hemophiliac taking a diabetes test. High parking pass costs, price-gouging at Bruno's and massive bookstore monopoly profits just haven't been enough to fill the coffers of Behrend's CEO, Dean.

Several cost-cutting measures will soon be implemented. Forks and spoons will be replaced by sporks at both Dobbins and Bruno's. The LEB will cut its poorly attended film series from the semesterly budget. Even the Beacon will do its part by printing 75 percent less issues, lessening the cost of recycling unread papers into paper pirate hats for administrators. There is, however, good news: Behrend could save 15 percent or more by switching to Geico.

Facebook.com Profile of the Week Trent Reznor

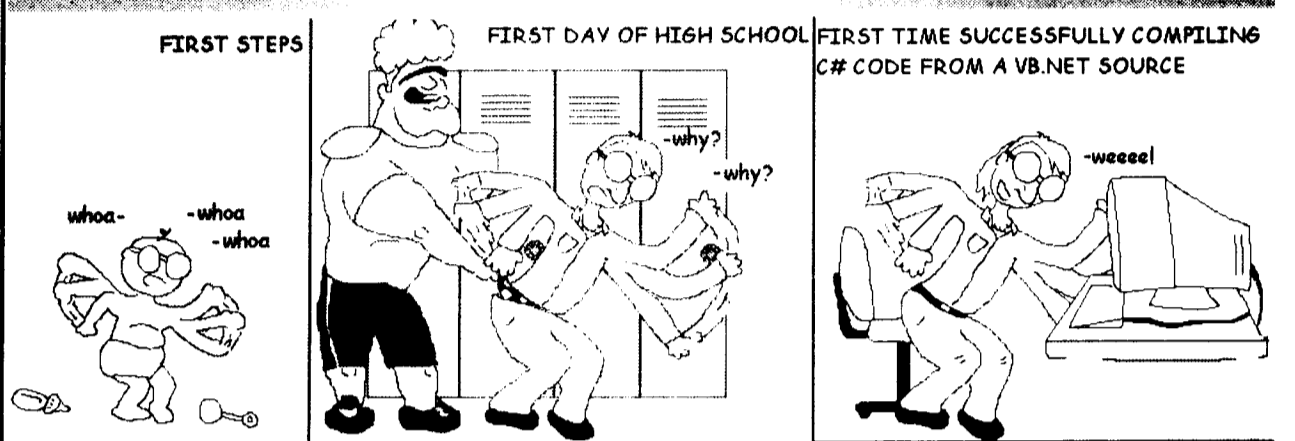
Many people don't know that Trent Reznor is actually a Penn State alumnus. He came to Penn State in 1983 and graduated 4 years later with his Architectural Engineering degree. The man who is Nine Inch Nails is currently dating Katie Gerl.

<http://psu.facebook.com/profile.php?id=9337249>

Quote of the week
That's considered pornography in third world countries.

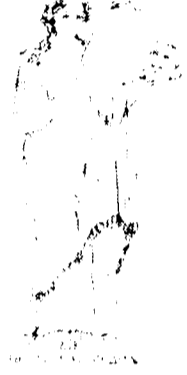
-Vera

PIVOTAL "FIRSTS" IN THE LIVES OF PENN STATE ENGINEERS



ZACK MENTZ/CARTOONIST

The Humor Page Sieze the Day, Cuddle with the Night



Filler of the Week

By Jerry Pohl
humor editor

For the second year in a row, the first Wednesday of classes was rainy and a horrible day for parking. All lots were full, except for the furthest reaches of the Hammermill lot. This wasn't a problem for engineers, but it necessitated a long, burdensome walk for those commuters who take one of the wide variety of classes offered to the cavalcade students in one of the plethora of liberal arts majors available at Behrend.

Letters to the Editor

This is an e-mail message from one of the readers of Behrend Beacon, to ascertain the control/ownership of the Humor Page of the Behrend Beacon. A reply from said controller would be appreciated.

-Reader

Thank you for telling me that this was a message from one of the readers of the Behrend Beacon. I coincidentally know several people who fit that description at Penn State Erie, the Behrend College.

In regards to your requisition to ascertain the control/ownership of this page, hereafter known as the Behrend Beacon Humor Page, the details are as follows: The page is controlled principally by one Jerome B Pohl III, hereafter known as Jerry.

When Jerry is unable to fulfill his duties of control upon aforementioned page, said duties are the responsibility of Luke Jones, a plucky little guy from the streets of Guatemala who came here with not too much in his pocket, just a dream in his head and a song in his heart.

In the event of the deaths of both Luke Jones

and Jerry, control of the page is transferred directly to the Ropical Corporation. Upon said transference, the page becomes null and void in the State of Pennsylvania in accordance with the outcome of a poker game played on Halloween in a graveyard with deck of cards that was later found to have only 51 cards, one of which was the red joker with the words "ace of spades" written on it with black permanent marker despite the fact that the ace of spades was still in the deck.

Further information regarding the control of page can be found at the Ropical Corporation main site located deep underground where it was meant to be buried along with memories that certain well-to-do people would rather not have resurrected.

In regards to the ownership of this page, the story begins in what is today Latvia, shortly after the first world war where an ancient relic of unknown origin was traded for crucial information that in a roundabout way would eventually lead to the founding of a tax shelter in international waters off the coast of the small African nation of Eritrea which was eventually

invaded by freelance accountants and for a brief period in the late nineties, became the haven for a reclusive author who, in accordance with a confidential act passed by the government of Sri Lanka, cannot be named here without authorization from a man known only as Fnord.

Finally, the page was created and given to an operative of a shadow government whose mission was to impersonate Luke Jones whose name was printed out by a supercomputer designed by rogue, dashing, bodybuilding, maverick scientists to predict the future; but the page was obtained by the real Luke Jones when he dispatched the agent usurping him in such a complex way as to make it too pointlessly detailed to describe here.

By reading this reply you, hereafter known as the reader, agree to watch the movie Ishtar before the next full moon.

-Jerry

Write to The Humor Page;

Write for The Humor Page;

e-mail:

jbp153@psu.edu

Random Ramblings Teachers

By Michelle Vera Surovic
copy editor

I had this French teacher and he would put bugs on the overhead projector and draw cars and houses and put the bugs in there to teach us those words in French. He had to smooch them down so they didn't fly away. He had a canary once, but it flew through a fan. His cat snuck into the dishwasher once, too. He's not very good with pets, so it's a good thing he has so many children. He constantly would take us on tours of the school. The principle didn't like it when he took the students to the roof and then made them climb back into the classroom through the window. I had this other teacher for government class. We had to form an interest group for a project. Our group wanted to legalize public urination. We had the best signs. We plastered them all over the classroom. The school didn't renew the teacher's contract.

Letter from an Editor

Dear Penn State Erie,

As you may or may not know, I transferred to Penn State, or Main Campus, and I would like to share my experiences with you.

I arrived at the Real Penn State at around 2 p.m. last Thursday. I was looking for a place to park when an older man in a tuxedo flagged me down and said, "Mr. Snedden, your quarters are ready; the valet will take care of your car from here."

"What about my luggage?" I asked.

"The porters shall deliver it to your bedchambers with all haste!" said the man. "Allow me to introduce myself, Mr. Snedden. I'm Yardsdale, I'll be serving you for the academic year."

I was befuddled! Apparently, the campus that the world knows as Penn State assigns butlers to each student. Yardsdale and I started down the path to my room when I noticed a large building complex off to the right. I asked what it was and Yardsdale told me that it was "Little Broadway," the buildings used for Penn State's theater club. He informed me that Michael Crawford was performing his famous role in The Phantom of the Opera that evening, and the next evening Matthew Broderick and Nathan Lane were starring in The Producers.

I was befuddled! It seems that the Speaker Series was poorly attended at the Penn State campus that holds the office of the President of the University

and so it was replaced with the Broadway Series. Furthermore, the administration, realizing its folly in putting on a program that obviously no students would attend, paid for the Broadway Series out of its own pocket.

I was befuddled! Administrators admitting their folly! I asked Yardsdale about these "honest administrators," and he said, "At the Penn State campus that has stood for over 150 years, the administrators stop by the newspaper office with a copy of their budgets, they review them with the students, listen to their comments and suggestions and implement them quickly and efficiently." As this was beginning to sink in I noticed that the pathway I walked on was marble. Yardsdale explained that the University's hundreds of thousands of wealthy benefactors pay for those luxuries.

I was befuddled! At the Penn State campus that is so large it is considered its own town (I think the town that Penn State is considered is called University Park.) alumni, not Student Activities Fund money, pays for both buildings and administrator's new cars and swimming pools. We arrived at my room and I was awestruck. The room was the size of McGarvey Commons; all of the furniture was mahogany and the fixtures were gilded in platinum. My "bed" was a zero gravity environment, providing complete ergonomic correctness!

I was befuddled! The Penn State that

offers degrees aside from engineering has comfortable living quarters. I was beginning to get hungry and decided to look for a cafeteria. Yardsdale told me that the cafeteria was actually connected to my building in a structure called a "commons." These commons include stores and cafeterias that are open during times convenient for students and a proportional male-female ratio. The store was supplied with amenities such as bread - a veritable luxury item at Behrend. I asked Yardsdale how often the bush pilots and dog sled teams dropped supplies in the winter to keep the store stocked. He said that there is a town right next to the campus and, in the off chance that a campus store did not have what I was looking for, I could simply walk across campus and into town.

I was befuddled! The campus bordering a town (that's two now) named for it actually has culture and civilization. This is all I have the time to write as Yardsdale and I are heading off to purchase books. Apparently the books sold at this bookstore are 45% cheaper than the half.com price.

Onward!

Dan Snedden,
Former Assistant News/Humor Page Editor, Behrend Beacon

P.S. I have found Yardsdale is included in the price of tuition, which is inexplicably the same price as the tuition at Behrend. Befuddling!

Disclaimer: The content of this page is for entertainment purposes only. All information is a product of the writers' imaginations. Any resemblance to any persons living or dead is purely coincidental and unintentional.