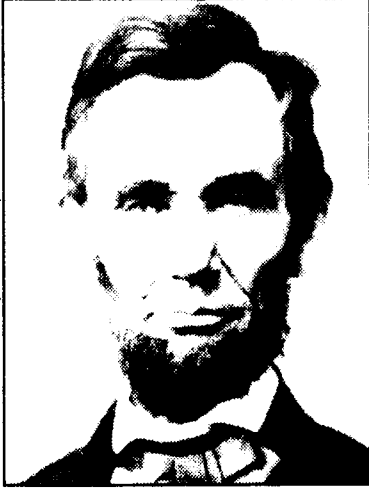


HUMOR

Face it: no beard, no significance

By Chris Lafuria
news editor

This morning, I looked at myself in the mirror, about to embark on being a historically significant American citizen, when I looked down and saw a five-dollar bill. I thought to myself, "Man, did Abraham Lincoln have a sweet beard or what!"



CONTRIBUTED PHOTO

As I continued in my car towards school, I turned on the radio and listened to a string of songs by The Doors, John Lennon, The Grateful Dead, and ZZ Top. I thought to myself again, "Wow, I guess America respects their facial hair."

After I got to class, the professor began to talk about Sigmund Freud and his psychology methods. I didn't really think about this one, because I had yet to see a picture of Freud. All of a sudden, I remembered a scene from "Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure", when Ted kept calling him Sigmund "Frood." No more than 15 sec-

onds after I recalled that scene, I remembered that Freud, or Frood, indeed had a beard. "Now, this is getting a little out of control," I thought to myself.

I thought I was being haunted by this endless array of seemingly strategically placed figures with outstanding facial hair, until I realized something. Could it be the fact that I was just having a random coincidental occurrence, where I saw nothing but beards? Or was my mind subliminally mocking me for not having the physical capabilities of growing a full beard? I think the right answer is that, in order to be historically significant, you need to have a memorable beard.

Just flip through the pages of a history, and you'll see the likes of Frederick Douglass, Karl Marx, Ulysses S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, Zeus, Poseidon, Confucius, Ernest Hemingway, and many other characters in this haunting horror film about beards taking over the world. I was so overwhelmed that I began to start cursing. "Jesus Christ!" I exclaimed... only to be reminded that he also sported a voluptuous mane of facial hair.

Here are some more people in history that really harried me. Sixteen of the U.S. Presidents had some sort of facial hair, from beards to moustaches to sideburns. Genghis Khan, relative to the majority of the world, had some facial threads. Colonel Sanders, chicken aficionado, sported the tight beards, and the pencil-thin moustache. Rollie Fingers, major league pitcher for the Oakland Athletics, tantalized people with his curly moustache that barely

looked genuine. The artist formerly known as Cat Stevens still rocks the Islamic beard. Albert Einstein, whose contributions to relativity really make me wish I knew science, sported the broom-style moustache. Oh, and married Amish males, don't get me started.



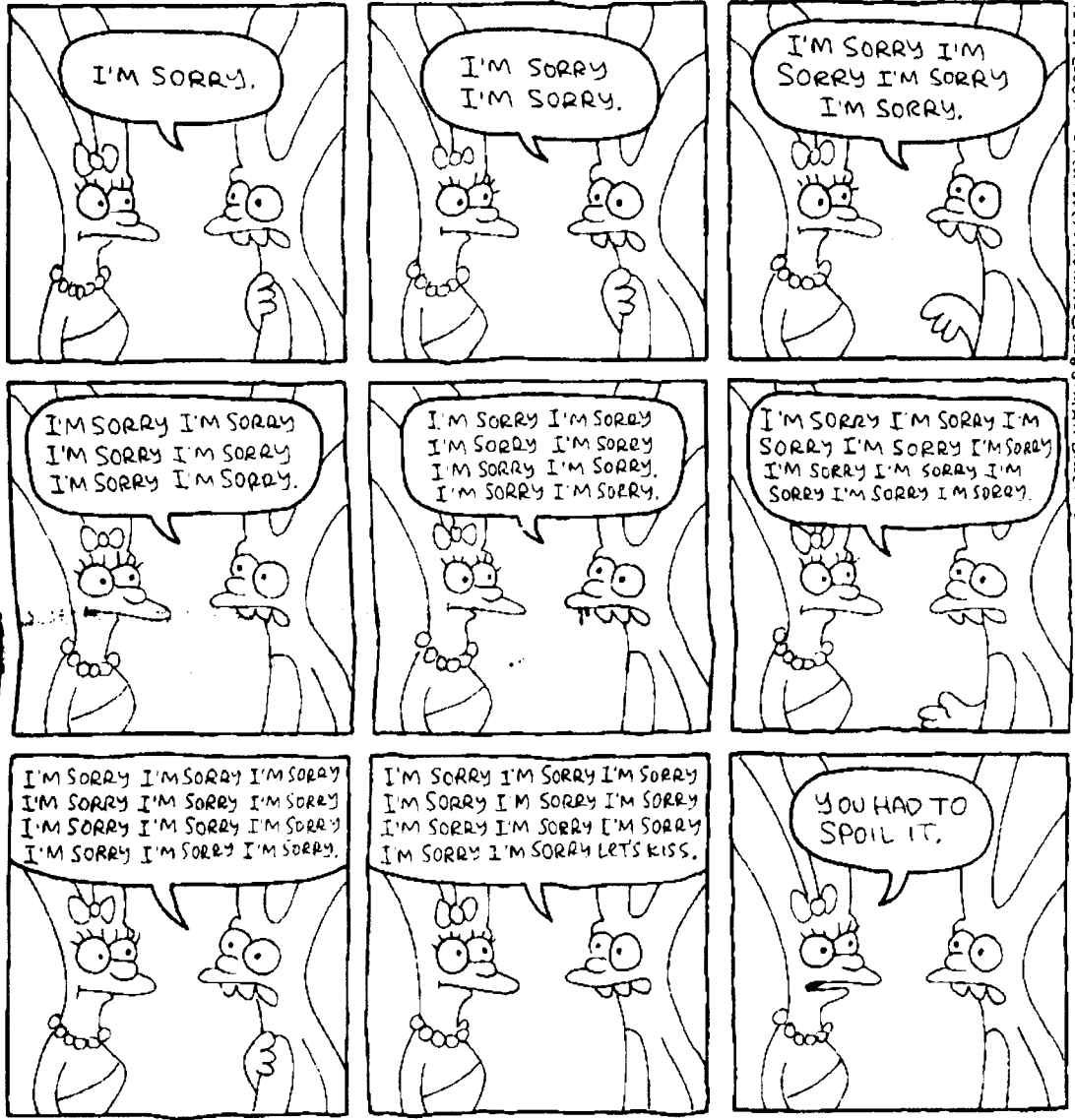
CONTRIBUTED PHOTO

Wait a second. You bastard! Thanks a lot, Santa. Right when I think my facial hair excursions couldn't get any worse, I need to deal with you. The most notorious beard of them all.

Throughout this day of painful realization that I will never be a famous person due to my lack of facial hair, I realized that maybe, since I care so much about facial hair that I dedicated an entire newspaper article to it, maybe I don't deserve to be famous. Or maybe I should keep trying to grow my beard until I can achieve my 15 minutes of fame.

Well, I guess this Christmas, all I have to do is ask Santa Claus for a beard and an accompanying moustache.

LIFE IN HELL



©2006 BY MATT GROENING

Trick-or-shriek

By Ben Raymond
humor editor

I think that Halloween has to be the best holiday of all. You can dress like a complete idiot or street walker, scare the life out of someone, stuff your face with candy, and the next day act like nothing happened. There are so many wonderful traditions and customs associated with Halloween that it's hard to find one not to love. As a kid, "trick-or-treating" was always the best.

Everyone went through the years when their parents dressed them in costumes because they thought they would be "cute." Like the year I had to be a clown. I hate clowns and I'm pretty sure that when you are five, being scared of yourself might have some damaging effects. I can imagine my parents saying, "Hey, let's doll our kid up and drag him around in a little red wagon all night. That should be fun." After years of humiliation, I finally got to pick my own costume.

I don't even remember what it was now, I just remember hating the other kids if they had a better costume than me. I'd kick myself for not thinking of it and then realize that I couldn't do it next year because it wouldn't be cool.

Then there were always the kids who didn't care what they wore. Like the older kids who tossed on their camo outfits and a rubber mask. That isn't a look to use for getting candy; that's how you rob a bank. Then there was the most important part, the candy.

Except candy corn. Candy corn has to be the worst food ever associated with a holiday. Thanksgiving gets turkey, Easter has little chocolate eggs, and

Halloween has little pieces of multi-colored edible plastic. It wasn't even supposed to be food originally. They started as false teeth for dogs. They taste like mashed peas wrapped in sugar.

When you found good candy there were several types of houses to get it from. The best was the house that sat out a bowl of candy and used the "honor system." To a kid, that's one-stop-shopping. By leaving it out you are saying, "I don't care, but I also don't want to scrape eggs off of my front door the next morning."

Then there were the houses that everyone hated. Like the ones who gave out toys. They were never good and usually broke before you could even get them home. Then there were the ones who handed out apples. Yea, thank you for the delicious treat, to help you remember this for next year, the apple will now be going through your living room window.

The days of all that fun are fond memories now. Instead I have a few new ways to have fun for your All Hallow's Eve. Just once I'd like to open my front door wearing a Jason mask, and see a kid standing there with a bag stuffed full of candy. I would just stare him down, grab his bag, push him over, and slam the door in his face.

The next best thing to do is dress up in a scary costume and go to a party you weren't invited to. See how long it takes other people to figure out they don't know you and watch their reactions. Just as a side note, make sure to be aware of all exits.

If you are heading out this Halloween, make sure to be safe and pick a great costume. Just remember, dressing up as doctor doesn't give you the right to administer an exam.

The world around you

By Ben Raymond
humor editor

The television ads between senatorial candidates Rick Santorum and Bob Casey are heating up. Santorum's latest ads accuse Casey of being a "puppy killer." In response, Casey took the direct approach and called Santorum's mother morbidly obese.

In the New York Senate race, Hillary Clinton was called 'ugly - as a person' by her opponent's aide. Bill declined comment.

In the California gubernatorial races, Arnold Schwarzenegger has been ending his campaign speeches with quotes from his Terminator days, such as "I'll be back." This was better than his original idea to be more family friendly, and use quotes like, "It's not a tumor."

State tuition has gone up in Michigan more than anywhere else in the country. Somebody has to pay the Tigers to throw the World Series.

For Halloween this year, Webmail2 will be dressing up as something that actually works.

The highly anticipated new album from the band The Killers was released recently, and the first video from the record was directed by Tim Burton. Shame

on you, Tim.

The U.S. postal service is releasing a new series of stamps, depicting figures such as Ella Fitzgerald and Spiderman. Their next set will feature another unlikely duo: Ray Charles and Daredevil. Get it? They're both blind.

A new study has found that men who keep their cell phones in their pants pockets have a lower sperm count. I'll believe that when they prove Bigfoot is real, and cigarettes cause cancer.

A church has now started using the songs of U2 for some of its hymns. Nothing says worship like, "Sunday, Bloody Sunday" and "Discotheque."

The television show Grey's Anatomy has been moved to the same time slot as CSI, stealing some of its ratings. Oh yea, "Grey's," you better watch your back. CSI knows how to make evidence disappear.

The good news is Britney Spears officially named her second child Jayden James. The bad news is she needed spell check to do it.

The location of TomKat's wedding was finally set for Italy. If anyone at the airport revokes their passports when they get there, I will wire you some money.

Top five of the week

By Brad Kovalcik
staff writer

Halloween is a time to celebrate with your fellow man. Time for trick-or-treating, telling scary stories, or just out raising a little hell. Everyone wants to have a successful gathering. But there are always things that get in the way of a good time. This is why I have come up with:

The Top 5 Signs That Your Halloween Party Isn't Going Well:

1. That cute chick you were hitting on isn't dressed as Uma Thurman; it was actually a dude dressed up like Sebastian Bach.
2. The guy in the Darth Vader mask keeps asking if you want to feel the force.
3. It turns out the guy with the goalie mask and machete wasn't even invited.
4. Someone came dressed as Freddy Krueger after the Queer Eye guys got to him. Talk about a nightmare on Elm Street.
5. Apparently your Mark Foley costume wasn't as big of a hit with the ladies as you thought it would be.

Having roommate troubles?
Let others laugh at your misery.
Send your best roommate
horror story to me.
Don't worry it will be anonymous.
I swear!
Send it to me at:
baraymond03@yahoo.com

Pelican Briefs

By Kyle Zaffino
contributing writer

One of the biggest problems facing big-city mayors everywhere is pigeons. From Paris to New York to Seattle back around to London, every city must deal with the so-called "winged rats" and the unholy mess they create. Some cities in the United States have trained hawks to catch them, but animal cruelty groups and concerned parents have severely restricted the use of this. Paris gave up, washing the mayor's hands of the problem (if not his side-walks).

London was experimenting with street-sweepers to clean up after the birds and spikes on potential roosts to deter the creation of nests. These approaches, however, merely angered the

pigeons, so the city was forced to try a new tack.

According to the UK Daily Mail, on October 23, a pelican scooped up a pigeon in its bill and, after a short struggle, swallowed the vermin whole.

This is an interesting new take on the problem. Pelicans on the whole are generally indifferent, at worst, towards people, preferring to lope around the shore or fly like a drunk aboard a hang glider in search of fish. If we can domesticate pelicans and teach them all to eat pigeons, a beautiful harmony may develop; pelicans will never go hungry again and our cities will no longer suffer the visual blight of pigeon droppings or the maintenance problems associated with their nesting.

Now if only pelicans ate cigarette butts....