

BEHREND BULLSHEET

(Don't Believe Everything (Anything) You Read, Especially On This Page.)

To Mark Woyto (wherever he may be), by Claire DeSantis, Beckman, and Skryp.

New Man In Town

There is a new man in town, a man that is driving—and making women drive—absolutely crazy. He can hypnotize women into staring blankly at a full page ad in the newspaper. He goes by the name "Rebel."

If you've driven around Erie lately, you've seen a picture of this man. He's on every billboard from the east to the west side of town. He has a full head of wind-blown hair, wears nothing but a fine set of pectoral muscles on his upper torso. His faded jeans ride low on his waist, sporting worn leather boots on his feet. "Rebel" has that typical macho air that I, along with most women, usually hate. But I have to admit, I'm in that mistaken state of love called "lust." I don't understand why yet. Usually that air of "Haul it over here, Woman" makes me very temperamental. But if "Rebel" said that to me—now, don't hold me to it, I'm only speculating—I might very well run to him with open arms.

My whole attitude has me frenzied. Because I see "Rebel" everywhere I go, even in the newspaper each night, I never get to the comics or Ann Landers anymore. I felt so liberated before "Rebel" came to town. Now I've been reduced to a sort of flimsy, empty-headed country girl who never saw a cowboy

before. It makes me furious for days at a time, until I get into my car again and see "Rebel"—My "Rebel," nearly every woman's "Rebel," reclining in hay in a barn, waiting for the farmer's daughter.

I wondered why they put this man on a billboard to sell what seems to be a masculine cigarette. It seems that the advertisers are doing this to make men feel like that very "Rebel" on the billboard. Men, do you really feel like that?

Personally, I haven't seen anyone—be they male or female—who smokes "Rebel" cigarettes. If I did see a man who smoked "Rebel," I can't say that he would provoke the same feeling that the billboard does. I don't mean to be offensive, and if there are any men who would like to try smoking "Rebel" in front of me, feel free to try it and we can see what my reactions are—strictly under the guise of research.

I can say, however, that the sooner "Rebel" leaves town, the sooner I can get my life back in order. I wonder if there have been more accidents on the road due to women who are driving—or being driven crazy—by "Rebel." Whatever the outcome of all of this, it will feel good to be able to read the comics and Ann Landers again without—HIM on my mind.

How To Cover Nine Miles In Six Minutes

This isn't an easy one, but every commuter, sooner or later, faces it. Besides having to attain an average speed of ninety miles an hour on 38th Street, the commuter must also find shortcuts in his daily preparation for class so he doesn't leave home five minutes after he's due in class. The time regression at home which accompanies this phenomena usually goes something like this:

FIRST WEEK: Alarm clock rings at 6:30 as the birds chirp spiritedly outside the student's (hereafter, "Mike") window. Mike runs downstairs, takes a shower and thoroughly dries himself. He then makes a breakfast consisting of two fried eggs, bacon, waffles, orange juice and coffee. Finished with this, Mike departs at 7:20, arriving at Behrend in time to prepare a fairly intelligent question for anthropology class.

THIRD WEEK: Alarm goes off at 7:00. The birds are still singing, though with less enthusiasm, as the sun has been up for an hour. Mike runs downstairs, showers, and puts his clothes on, hoping they'll absorb excess water. After a breakfast of one egg, toast and coffee, Mike is off to school, arriving in time to run to class with a semi-intelligent question.

FIFTH WEEK: Alarm buzzes at 7:00. The birds are off to more important things. Mike runs downstairs, grabs his anthropology text and runs into the shower, where he studies for the midterm exam that day.

Breakfast today consists of two doughnuts, two cups of coffee and cigarettes. Mike looks at the clock and, seeing he's five minutes behind schedule, runs out the door spilling the coffee all over the back porch. Mike averages seventy miles an hour across 38th Street, and arrives in class two minutes late. The professor stops lecturing and everyone in the class turns and watches Mike enter the classroom and sit down.

EIGHTH WEEK: Alarm goes off at 7:00. Mike gets up at 7:30. The birds are again singing outside his window. Mike throws a cabin scene paperweight that stuns a bird out of a nearby tree. Mike runs downstairs to shower, and attempts to blow dry his hair at the same time, which he learns is a bad idea while careening through the air into the clothes hamper.

Mike dresses while sucking down two chocolate doughnuts and a cup of coffee while running out the door. He averages ninety miles an hour to Behrend, ignoring traffic lights but still managing to read a book and slug down a cup of coffee. Upon arriving five minutes late for class, he's asked what questions he may have about today's reading, to which Mike inquires, "what exactly did Darwin have to do with the Peoria Revolution?"

TENTH WEEK: The alarm rings at 6:00 again, and buzzes and buzzes. It is dark. Mike reaches over and flicks off the alarm. He gets up at noon.

New Bookends

As you know the Behrend Library has been expanding services to you each year. Last year the entire library was renovated, then the Com Catalog was added.

Well, this term shows yet another new feature. Concrete bookends.

We spoke to the newly appointed library coordinator, Dr. Haung Whon Lao. The Collegian interviewed Dr. Lao and asked him about the new bookends. He had this to say, "These things are totally indestructible. The contractors who are putting in the new sewers on campus told us they would have some pipe left over so we decided to purchase it. These bookends are not only indestructible and hard to steal, but they are in keeping with the new abstract functional art craze that is currently sweeping college libraries across the country."

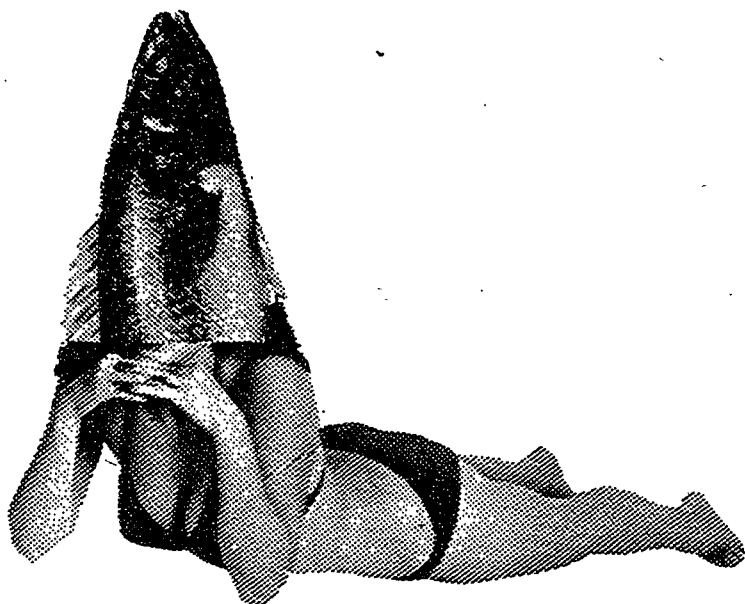
The Collegian representative who interviewed Dr. Lao asked him if he thought the bookends were a little too big for practical purposes.

Dr. Lao had this to say, "Actually, they are slightly larger than normal, but we've been having problems with books falling over and decided that this would be a sure solution. Also, we don't have very many books and thus there is plenty of room for the largest bookends we can find."

In commemoration of the purchase of the new art form bookends the Behrend Bookstore will be selling smaller 45 lb. versions for your dorm room, and 10 lb. key chain versions.

Something Fishy In Nick Building

Last week students in the Biology Club performed some interesting cross breeding. The results were incredible. A biology club member had this to say about the cross breeding, "We were trying to create a large fish but it didn't work too well. Oh, well, everyone knows how popular fish are on campus; they are the perfect dorm pet. With this fish, you not only get a nice pet, but a real good roommate, too."



"New Library Bookends"



Beware of these two men...

They have been seen hanging around water fountains, helping little boys get drinks. Also, now that the Christmas season is nearing, a favorite pastime of theirs is handing out candy to little children.