

Decapitation Corner

Congratulations are in order for Barb Muskie and Dick Englert, this year's winners of the Marie Antoinette Awards. Rumors were that Dick got a head start on his model guillotine, but friends and family swear he went by contest guidelines. Regardless, it was a fine job, Dick. And Barb, your scale-model of Axe Murder Hollow was superb.

Fairview De-Cap Club members are on the phone again, swearing they've seen HIM. HE, of course, is the Headless Horseman, reputed to be riding across Gudgeonville's covered bridge these winter nights. Last known sighting was November, two weeks after Halloween. Some say he hates the hype at trick-or-treat time — can you blame him? I've never seen myself, but I sure do enjoy a romantic vigil with a female De-Cap, parked all night on that covered bridge. "Stop!



Stop!" she'll say. "Don't lose your head!"

Thanks are also in order for Steve Bowser. Steve, a Meadville member, gave his head for a worthy cause. His face was used as target for the Sheffield Volunteer Firemen's "Dunk-Em" booth. Lots of baseballs kissed his kisser, and when the fair was over, the firemen and their wives had splashed their way to \$4,000 for the handicapped. Well done! See that you get your head back together in time for the United Cranium Punt, Pass and Kick contest.



Vegetable Section



The following is a poem by Lisa Gibbons, daughter of the famous natural-foods fan, who reportedly beat his daughter when she returned from school with substandard papers.

Give me a tater,
I'll give it a toss;
Fetch me some apples,
I'll make apple sauce.

But go lightly on parsley,
I don't like the taste;
And paprika on egg sal,
It's all such a waste.

Don't cover my veggies
With glurpy cheese sauce;
Or I'll cut off your carrots
Or punch your peat moss.

Students Dressing Better, Eating Worse

By Marc Woytowick

A locally-sponsored public opinion poll, which surveyed many students here at Behrend, reports a trend which is on the rise at other campuses across the nation: students are better dressed, but malnourished.

In the past two years, wool sweaters have replaced their acrylic rivals, expensive designer jeans have flourished, and steel-shank, insulated boots with Vibran soles have overtaken the all-too-common canvas sneaker. Even the sneaker has gone through a metamorphosis, from no-name, flat-sole brands, to the status-fatty joggers such as Adidas and Nike.

All this at the cost of the student's stomach.

Due to funding cutbacks, chef salads are disappearing faster than bellbottom bluejeans. High protein is too high-priced for the student diet, D. Randolph Voromkin, survey director, asserts. "They'll skimp and eat Skippy, but that won't stop them from shoveling out ten or fifteen bucks for a hospital top," Voromkin says.

"What we're witnessing is a shift in values," he says. "Five years ago students wandered through campus wearing tattered

bluejeans, munching on granola or soybean thins. They sacrificed the luxury of a fine wardrobe for the strength of a solid diet. Nowadays, kids grab a Milky Way, put it in the pocket of their Jordache jeans, and hop in their own car to go home after classes. You can bet they don't eat much better at home; high-carbohydrate and high-cholesterol meals of meat, gravy, and starches."

Voromkin has listed other telltale signs of the clothing-and-diet reversal. According to his survey, this winter you are more likely to see down vests replacing jean jackets, corduroy pants over no-name jeans, ski jackets and even fur coats overtaking the layered sweatshirt look of the mid-seventies. Also appearing more frequently are Fry boots, wool sweater vests, and felt or leather cowboy hats—ir-dicators of fashion excess.

If one were to peer through the lunchbags of commuters, as the Voromkin survey asserts, you would see the following items disappearing from the daily diets: egg or tuna salad sandwiches, fresh fruit, whole grain bread, high-fiber leafy salads, apple sauce, baked goods made with honey, and three bean salad.

Voromkin cautioned against drawing conclusions from his survey. "You can't say we're becoming malnourished simply because our eating habits are changing. Sports records are still being broken by athletes everyday. In most places, good food is still available if the student wants it. True, family incomes now allow for expensive tastes in clothes, but it remains to be seen if someone can starve in a silk shirt."

Student Kills Mating Canaries

Behrend dorm student Jack Rollens admitted being the slayer of a pair of mating canaries this past weekend. According to his roommate, Jack couldn't stand the sound of the birds any longer. He allegedly went outside and threw a rock at the birds, killing them both instantly.

"That was when I realized it was only at mating time when you could kill two birds with one stone," Jack confessed.

No charges have been filed.

Paper Sponsors "Pizza Hut To K-Mart Race"

The Behrend Collegian will sponsor this year's second annual "Pizza Hut to K-Mart Long-Distance Race." The race includes a torch-lighting ceremony, using a table candle, which is then carried Olympic-style to K-Mart, where it is touched to the bales of peat moss on the store's lawn-and-garden display. The peat moss, when burning, resembles a giant "K" if seen from the air.

After the race, lasting nearly ten minutes, contestants walk back to Pizza Hut and drink beer.

Last year's attendance was fair, although a large crowd did gather when firemen arrived.

Due to price increases in Miller Lite, Michelob will be the official sponsor of the "Pizza Hut to K-Mart Race."

**NEXT WEEK:
Amelia
Earhart
Calls
Long
Distance!**

Cheap Thrills By Claire DeSantis

The night was bitterly cold as I huddle beneath two afghans on the floor of the living room. The wind knocked on the windows of the house, laughing and screeching, as if begging to come in. (Pretty good for someone who barely made it through English 10). Saturday Night Live was on the TV, and I was beginning to doze off when a commercial appeared. This woman was wrapped in nothing but a towel. There was eerie music playing in the background. This lady, well, (I'll bet you've all seen this) hears noises in the heater vent. She walks slowly over to it. God knows why she lays down in the hall. Well, I don't very well understand what happens next, except that she is suddenly sucked (Up to her shoulders, no less) into the heat vent. My first experience with "The Boogens." I don't know what boogens are. I don't care, but for some reason, I'm attracted to these movies. Many years ago, I ended up on the lap of my very first date because of a forerunner to "Halloween." Cheap, but true nonetheless. Never again would I experience such terror. (The movie, you fools). But, damn, I enjoyed that fear, I'm addicted to those movies: "When A Stranger Calls", "Stranger in the House", "Amityville Horror." You name it, I've seen it. Not only that, but I'm the world's biggest baby. I spend between \$2.50 and \$3.50 to sit with my eyes covered, while I break out in a cold sweat. But the paranoia that follows is good for the soul. It keeps me on my toes.

There's nothing wrong with sleeping with an ax beneath your pillow. There's no sin in sleeping with your eyes wide open. It's, well, it's aesthetic.

My dexterity with a chainsaw increases everyday. Soon, I may be able to film my own wonderfully frightening, low budget flick and be my own main character.

Whether these movies are worth it or not, I'll continue to go.

There are some thrills that you can't get anywhere else.

Bubbles: "Getting rid of her was the hardest tusk"

Erie Zoo authorities sadly admitted the retirement of Bubbles, the large elephant that entertained children for over 11 years.

"She had to go," zookeeper Dan Anderson said. "She was getting ornery in her old age. Even I didn't feel safe from her roving trunk."

Anderson described many incidents of Bubbles blowing debris at customers, calling her trunk "a moist double-barrel shotgun."

Dwight and Son, Elephant Exterminators, was the company that took her away. Reportedly they wore hoods on their heads "because elephants never forget."

Paranoid Club Meeting Secretly

Penn State's Paranoid Club meets sometime this week, but the club president is not saying where or exactly when.

President Mike Guido consented to an interview, but then changed his mind when he noticed the reporter brought along a camera.

"What do you want my picture for?" he asked. He then refused to comment on anything, saying "We'll probably find out sooner or later anyway."

Though the club doesn't release news items, a few facts are known about the Paranoids.

A mandatory reading of "Crime and Punishment," "The Trial," and "Nausea" is necessary before club membership is awarded.

Once a member, the student must promise not to tell anyone.

All members apparently shun public speaking, local dances, and each other.

Constipated and restless too?
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