

There has been quite an epidemic of grab-itis going around campus and no one knows what is going to happen next. Grab-itis is another word for petty larceny, and unbeknownst to the student body, the CIA has been conducting a secret investigation. The only reason I have been able to stumble across this juicy bit of info is that Allen Dulles (the head of the Central Intelligence Agency) and yours truly are tight, and, the other day ole' Dul calls me up and he says, "Mickey" (I used to be a Little League home run hitter) we've been using one of our agents to test the strength of the Behrend Campus security system." What follows is so astonishing that I felt it is necessary to break the bond of confidence between Al Dulles and myself and relay the information.

It seems that the CIA dropped this agent from a helicopter onto the Behrend property somewhere south of the new dorms. This agent, whom we shall call Mister X, is disguised as a Behrend student: Penn State sweatshirt, tight levi's, penny loafers--the whole works, and he steals a Mack truck from the RUB construction workers (actually, ten workers were asleep in the back trailer, but they were later returned). He then pulls the truck around to the parking lot, and rips a parking sticker from the bumper of a car, and attaches this sticker to his truck. The agent then sneaks into Erie Hall, and when he left ten minutes later, he took with him: thumb tacks from the bulletin board, two footballs, Coach Onorato's whistle, a broken pool cue, two ping pong paddles, three balls, six decks of cards, four coats, a table and chairs from the lounge, the pop machine (this was also returned--defective), five of Kim Kimberlin's purses, and assorted sums of money taken from the lockers in the locker room. He took this merchandise back to the truck with the help of a fellow Behrend student: you know, the "Hello" spirit and all that.

Mister X then made his way to the cafeteria, taking with him several small bushes. According to Dulles, items purloined at the eatery included: trays, dishes, silverware, two cooks, and more purses and coats.

It was his haul from the Administration Building that was really the coup de grace, however. He pilfered forty different SGA constitutions, three typewriters, two "staff" members, and get this: he took Dean Creveling's purse, but no one noticed it because he had on one of her wigs. Amazing!

From the O. B. Building, the scorecard reads: fifty old Nittany Cubs, two ash trays, six trophies, more thumb tacks (Son of a gun, they have a shortage of those things in Washington too!), the coffee pot from the teachers' wing, room 118, one of Mrs. Nyla Falkenhagen's easels, and the usual coats, purses, and lunches were also confiscated.

Scanning the rest of the campus, missing items were: benches, trees, and 30,000 gallons of water from the swimming pool. Dulles said that the items taken would be returned, and he added, somewhat mischievously: "Our Mister X was very apologetic when he returned to CIA headquarters. He said that there was so much more to take, but that there was such a crowd competing for everything that he figured that he'd better get out before somebody stole him--penny loafers and all."

Dear Annie,

All that seems to be important to the Behrend guys is booze, pinochle, and sex. Isn't anyone interested in girls who can cook, sew and raise children anymore?

Harriet Housewife

Dear Harry,

How are you at making beds, washing glasses and folding card tables?

Dear Annie,

Ever since the snow storm we had last weekend I haven't made it to any of my classes. Every time I try to get into O.B., I get bombarded with snow balls. What can I do to protect myself from those bullies before I flunk out of school?

Sammy Scared

Dear Sammy,

You lose. I've already hired Don Drysdale as bodyguard.

Dear Annie,

I'm supposed to be the most eligible male on campus, but where do I find the most eligible girl?

The Seeker

My Darling Seeker,

I'll be in the Cub office any afternoon, you can call me, lover. I'll know who you are.

P. S. Knock code: 2 long ones and a short.

Dear Annie,

There's this guy with dark wavy hair and beautiful blue eyes that I really go for and sits right next to me in one of my classes. I've tried everything to get him to pay attention to me, I mean I've really been laying it on thick, but still its no go. Help! What can I do to get him to ask me out?

Kim Krush

Dear Kimmy,

I'm afraid I can't give you a pat answer, but that's what the assistant dean of student affairs is for.

Love Always,  
Annie

