



James James

FACULTY CONTINUES: STUDENT DOMINATION (cont.)

Well, it has happened. I had hoped to keep it a secret until I got downstate, but it was just no use; the cat has been let out of the bag. You're probably thinking--Is the poor clod going to have a baby? No, it's not quite that simple. Our erudite editor has put the flashlight on me--I AM A SPY.

I wasn't always an espionage agent. I used to be just an average, normal (Well, it was a long time ago) American boy who liked Saturday mornings, Kool-Aid, and Pinky Lee. But then one day a letter came for me. Incredible, I thought. I'm too young for the draft and besides, a three-year old can't read. But there it was--UNITED STATES CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, Allen Dulles, Head. My mother read it to me (after my afternoon nap) and thus, I began to serve my country.

The first person I had under surveillance was my great-grandmother, and I had had her arrested because insider her dentures were located some very interesting secrets about the plot for Golden Agers to take over the world. Very interesting, I thought, as I slapped the handcuffs on her bony wrists. Other people whom I had put behind bars included: the kid who lived next door (He was sending messages to a foreign power from his sandbox), the girl who lived down the the street (She was known as the Mata Hari of Ding Dong School), and my kindergarten teacher for an Un-American rendition of the French National Anthem.

When I entered grade school, I had become really proficient at my profession. I had three of my teachers almost convicted for spelling words which the CIA deemed subversive, and fourteen of my schoolmated got the chair at one time or another because they had secret communication with one another; the method--swishing their corduroy pants while they walked and the ringing of the buckles on their boots. I also incarcerated (I got tired of using arrested.) the little girl that sat two seats in front of me (you knoe, the one who ALWAYS got two more right than you did and never let you forget it). That one was just for kicks.

My high school days were devoted to goofing around, and with the exception of the kid who always threw raisins in the cafeteria and one of the bouncers at Y-CO, my espionage days were dormant. However, when making my decision as to where I should go to college, Al Dulles said, "Well, it comes down to either Behrend or M.I.T." I then told him I would take Behrend because it offered more of a challenge. So, my last year and a half here has been spent ratting on my fellow Behrendites (Isn't that an awful word?), and actually enjoying it. However, the arrests will not be made known until ten years from now, becasue it takes that long to process the data and to confront these wrongdoers. So the next time you say something which might be construed as UnAmerican or subversive, SMILE! (No, stupid, you're not on Candid Camera; I just want a good picture of you on my microfilm camera.)

were as follows:

**MOST VALUABLE PLAYER:** Mr. Bedford, whose brilliant scoring "machine" dominated the second half.

**LADY APPLETON SHINKLEY AWARD:** This is generally awarded to the player who shows the greatest amount of gentlemanliness and good sportsmanship. The winner this year was Coach Onorato, whose ten technical fouls showed his courtesy and scruples.

**GENERAL CUSTER PERSISTENCE AWARD:** There was a tie here between Dr. Masteller and, ahem, Coach O. Dr. Masteller's persistence came from badgering FROM THE BENCH, while the diminutive wrestling mentor was dedicatedly practicing lay-ups while his team was on the other end of the floor.

**EVERETT DIRKSEN VERSATILITY AWARD:** Once again Coach Onorato walked away (actually, he stole is) with this honor; this was given on the basis of the Coach's displaying skills in football, soccer, and, most flagrantly, wrestling. Unfortunately, these all were exhibited during the basketball game, and this left the amazed Cub team at a disadvantage.

Should the faculty desire a rematch, they can state such wished by sending a self-addressed envelope to GAME, NITTANY CUB, c/o DEAR ANNIE, and a response will be elicited. However, please allow 21 days for delivery.

DEAR ANNIE

Dear Annie,

Does the director of our Campus really drive around in a beat-up old Valiant with a competition stripe on it?

Jimmy Jaguar

Dear Jag,

We always try to encourage competition at Behrend.

Dear Annie,

I saw Dr. Springer in a grocery store with a beautiful blonde. Is he married?

Behind the Counter

Dear Behind,

No...but man can't live by bread alone!

Dear Annie,

Why do you write this stupid, juvenile, rubbishy, trite, non-intellectual column?

Dr. Know-it-all

Dear Doc,

It's a definite consequence of my deprived oral stage, and is correlated to my severe toilet training.