

ALL U-DAY



going.....gone

by Char Crotty

out 30 Behrendites, brightly blood- from lack of sleep d onto the bus wait to transport them hat maze of educa- and confusion, ersity Park on Nov- 9 for All-Univer- Day.

fter a five hour filled with fun frolic (yawn) we ved at Beaver Sta- bubbling over with ol spirit. Three s later we were l filled with spir-) and the light that came drifting with the computer- confetti ceased to er us. Imagine, if can, 49,000 people ping on the bleach- a lion doing 22 ups, and the other leading for the t half, only to be dly beaten in the quarter. That is nn State game.

f one becomes lost ng or after the (the real pros man to do it five min- after getting off bus) there is one le rule. It is ed a crowd. Follow It is also helpful ne knows where one ld be, even if how et there is a com- e mystery.

esult: one cold, ry Behrendite stand on the steps of the uter Programming ding searching for nner ticket and/or iendly face. Even- ly a Behrend reun- was held in the HUB the entire delega- proceeded to din-

fterwards, before jammy, the more ad- uredome of the p decided to exe- e. (note: a jammy Penn State name a dance probably same mind that came with American Chop!) So, sand maps,

Later after careful- ly inspecting the gym and speculating on the cost of lighting and the seating capacity, we arrived back at the HUB for Reunion II-- this time with some of the now legendary he- roes of BC. Ron Batch- elor was there, along with Bill Benko, Beth Price, Ron Fontecchio, Eileen Bowden, Marcy Barton, Mike Kosares, Rich Clement, Pete Eich- enlaub, Sonny McCabe and Mike Fitzgerald. For those Behrendites staying for the whole weekend, Behrend Bull Sessions continued long into the night.

Another walk back to the gym for the concert --there we sat in the balcony and people-wat- ched. At one o'clock in the morning, the bus pulled out of State College and headed back to the Pinochle Capital of the world with a load of cold, hoarse, footsore and tired stu- dents.

FROM THE LIBRARY

The Olivetti copier in the library is not being used enough, kids. This may cause it to be removed from its happy home.

Post -- Finals

What am I? Can you guess?
Am I real? Do I exist?
Am I large? Am I small?
Do I creep or do I crawl?

I am what every living animal needs to exist. Am I air? No, I am not air, but need air to operate. Am I always in operation in a body? No, I come and go as a being may desire or need. I creep in slowly and un- knowingly upon an unsuspect- ing person, but when called upon often fail my caller to his dismay. Can you touch me? No, I have no length, width or depth, but do have time. I have the power to create an enjoyable or horr- ifying experience in my sub-

frozen thanksgiving

by Debbi Cole

As the brave squaw made the dangerous trek through the forest of concrete, traffic lights, she contemplat- ed the trudgery she was about to face in the next several hours.

When she reached her destination, the hunt- ing ground, otherwise known as the A&P, she was faced with the prospect of fighting her way through hundreds of pointed-faced female savages to the frozen foul section.

After much difficul- ty, she reached the frozen turkeys, and, despite the risk of con- tracting frostbite, she fought her way through the crowd and grabbed the first bird she

could lay her hands on. After capturing her turkey, our heroine pro- ceeded to pick cranber- ries, dig potatoes and pluck peas off the su- permarket shelves.

Now, the greatest task of all was before her: surviving the check-out line!

She wedged herself into the line and wait- ed patiently past sun- set for her chance to face the viscious check out girl.

When she emerged from this ordeal, bear- ing the fruits of a hard days hunting, it was long past dark.

As she mounted her trusty Ford Mustang GT for her ride back to her electrically heated Tee-Pee, she wondered, "Is Thanksgiving really worth it?"



Miami?

Are you wondering what to ask for this Christmas? Have your parents already nixed the idea of a customized Jaguar with leopard seat covers? And your smashing 21 day vacation at Innsbruck? Do you already have too many ties or earrings? Don't burn your mistletoe and holly yet!

Santa's Gift Advisors (usu- ally referred to by their initials) have come up with the answer of what to give

your favorite person (you) this Christmas.

Under consideration is a plane trip to the Orange Bowl, since the Mitty Lions are a number one choice to play. The SGA (right-t hem) would like to hear from any students who would be inter- ested in going. If there is an enthusiastic enough res- ponse, they will make defin- ite plans.

Okay, group, get out your pens and start writing.

"Dear Santa,".....

ject. Can you see me? No, you cannot see me for myself but you can see my work. I have powers unmatched by any thing that can be created by man. There is no substi- tute for me as I cannot be avoided completely, but some times postponed. Am I death? No, I am not the in- exitable climax which all living things face, and I do not cause death. I am a living operation. Do I need special conditions to do my work? No, but I seem to operate best when a being is warm and comfortable. I may be considered a natural res- ponse; but, I am not breath- ing. I exist along with the other responses of the body and need them. Can I be re- moved by surgery? No as I am not located in a given

part of the body. When I am at work, I can affect nearly every part of the body. I make the body dead weight. I slow the breathing, and the heart beats easier. I am a daily thing which all must indulge in. I am in- dulgued upon at night, in the morning and in the after- noon. I have no set time, although, I am often regu- lated as far as the time element.

Do you know what I am? My self is defined. Can you put me together?

I am sleep. I have the power to relax and refresh living animals. I am the key to a world of happiness in dreams and horror in nightmares.

Phyllis Bendig