The

Missing

Pieces

Mark finds out what women think about men and it's not pretty.

by Mark Owens Collegian Staff Writer

Not too long ago I was studying in Perry Hall when our study group started talking about the differences between men and women.

Perry Hall, by the way, has the world's thinnest walls. They look like they're made of large substantial blocks but are only two inches thick, letting you hear everything next door. I'm not sure what the folks in room 259 were doing with chocolate sauce, game, but I'm pretty upset that I wasn't invited.

Now in the relative safety of the Collegian office, I can answer some of the questions asked by women about men.

Men, it seems, have strange and disgusting kitchen habits. At least that's what the women were saying. Actually we don't have strange and disgusting habits, we just have a practical outlook to this particular room.

Take pitcher-drinking for example. A container of something, whether it's milk, orange juice, iced tea, beer or whatever, reaches a point where there's less than a glass of stuff in it.

Women, generally speaking, would pour it into a glass and

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Men just drink it out of the marshmallows and a Twister pitcher, saving the trouble of washing the glass. In fact, men just drink out of pitchers whenever possible (except for dining out. It's pretty tough to explain to the maitre'd why you're sipping out of the wine bottle when there's a very nice and expensive glass in front of you) to avoid doing dishes altogether. It saves a lot of work, and you don't have to keep getting up for refills.

> Another complaint was about professional sports and how we spend so much time watching them on TV. I can't explain why we spend hours watching large sweaty men jump on each other, since I don't watch much myself.

The only reason I can give is that it gives guys a chance to be real slobs. It's the only excuse I know of to invite your friends over, lie around in old sweat pants, drink lots of whatever, be loud, obnoxious and generally imitate your favorite Neanderthal.

It's also a good way to get rid of the other half for a while. With the words "the guys are coming over to watch the game," most girls will leave and go somewhere else, knowing the stupid antics that will follow. You know: screaming, yelling, betting - and that's only about the cheerleaders.

Sporting events do strange things to men that are best left unsaid, mainly because I'm very afraid of the stories that could leak out about my behavior after the Browns-Steelers game a couple of weeks ago. As a Steeler's fan, I honesily didn't think that calling the coach (Chuck Noll) and telling him that I thought a heard of hamsters could have done a better job was a bad idea at the time.

But the biggest problem (at least according to the six girls in the conversation) seems to be men's attitude toward dating. Apparently we have this problem

with not knowing what we're doing and never calling again. Men don't view this as a problem. Here's the typical traditional dating process:

1)the guy usually finds someone he'd like to go out with.

2)the guy asks the girl out. 3)the guy waits for her answer, knowing that she has his entire being in the palm of her hand.

4)the guy has to listen to the answer, waiting for "yes" or 'go out on a date with you? Hahahahahahaha!!!"

And on top of this you want us to plan the evening out too. Thanks a lot! It's no wonder we watch football. It's less stressful.

As for calling again, we try not to because we're scared. First of all we're not sure if we've behaved ourselves on the last date. After all, just because we're not in a full body cast doesn't mean anything, does it?

Secondly, we're worried about how serious the relationship is going to get. If the girl says she had a nice time, the male mind jumps to conclusions.

Words like "engagement," "marriage," "divorce," "the only things I own are a Bic razor and an ugly green La-Z-Boy," enters the brain and men just break out in a cold sweat.

The trick is to tell him that you had a terrible time, the worst. You'd never, ever go out with him again, even if he could promise you a date with Mel Gibson. Convince him of that and he'll think he's safe. So safe he will call you every day. At least twice.

So that's all there is to men. Join me next week as guys ask women questions that they've always wanted to know, like "what is in the ladies bathroom that causes all of you to go in at once?"

Fun at the beach: Erie style

by Ed Miseta

For as long as I can remember, Erie has been known for just one thing: Presque Isle State Park. Tourists from all over the tri-state area flock to our wonderful city every summer to swim and sunbathe on these beautiful, wind swept, sandy beaches. Year after year they come, picnic baskets and coolers in hand, set for a fun day of picnicking in the sun. The day normally includes eating, drinking, frisbee playing, and boat dodging, as well as many other fun activities. This year, however, the peninsula had even more to offer. And judging from the reactions of the tourists that I interviewed down there, this made the trip even more pleasurable than ever.

"I enjoyed fecal-coliform counting the best" said George Hinkleman, a vacationer from Oil City. "It was something that the whole family could do together, and that made it especially enjoyable." Fecal-coliform counting is something new that the park started just this year. Before a tourist may enter the park, he/she must first purchase a fecal-coliform test kit. This kit is available in most hardware stores for the low, low price of \$29.99. Any beach the tourist wants to swim on must first be tested to insure that the count is not too high. Should the count exceed the specified limit, you must immediately exit the area and continue testing the count on other beaches until you find one that is safe.

"This is something we used to do ourselves," said the park superintendent, "but then we realized that we could save money by letting the visitors test the water themselves." He later added that the tourists really seem to enjoy it, sometimes driving around for half the day just trying to find a beach safe enough to swim on. "Next year when we add two more sand mound septic systems, the people will really have a ball," he said.

Another addition that visitors seemed to enjoy was the medical waste that occasionally washed up on the beaches. "Like, you know, it was really far out," said Krystal, who was visiting Eric from Los Angeles. "This stuff was like really gross, you know? And like you had to watch to not get it all over your toes and stuff." Rumor has it that a popular sport on the beach this summer was trying to spear crayfish with used medical needles found on the sand. The park superintendent, upon hearing of this, was flabbergasted. "It's unbelievable," he said. "I just can't believe that's actually possible.

"You mean spearing crayfish?" I asked. "No", he said, "I can't believe crayfish could actually live in those waters."

Avoiding deer ticks and Lyme disease was the last new event of the season. With all of these exciting conditions expected back next year, the summer of 1990 could be a record-setting season for Presque Isle.



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