

Opinion

Rob, reader agree on teaching theory but not on specifics

Dear Love Rob,

For a change, I agree with some of the opinions in your article this week (November 1st). Teaching at a college level would be fun, but a couple of your policies are way out of line.

First of all, forget about the Cleveland Browns and the Cleveland Cavaliers, those are sad teams from an even sadder city. Secondly, class should not be cancelled if either one of those teams win.

The only time that classes should be cancelled is the Friday before the Steelers game and the Monday after they win (well, even if they play a decent game).

Also classes should be cancelled if the Pittsburgh Penguins play a good, strong game (win or lose).

Automatic A's should be given out to those who wear

black and gold, or "I Hate Cleveland" pins.

I hope someday you go on to be a great college professor.

Sincerely,

Brien P. Murphy
A Proud Pittsburgher

P.S. Does an essay mentioning the 'Beatles' get a good grade, too?

Brien,

You are a dink and what's worse you are a Pittsburgh dink. I sincerely hope that you never again waste my time with your annoying Pittsburgh propaganda. While it may be a fine city, if you feel you must write about it, get your own damn column.

Love, Rob

Editorial Policy

The Behrend Collegian's editorial opinion is determined by the editor, with the editor holding final responsibility. Opinions expressed in the Collegian are not necessarily those of the Behrend Collegian or the Pennsylvania State University.

Letter Policy: The Behrend Collegian encourages letters on news coverage, editorial content and university affairs. Letters should be typewritten, double-spaced and signed by no more than two persons. Letters should be no longer than 400 words. Letters should include the semester and major of the writer. All letters should provide the address and phone number of the writer for verification of the letter. The Collegian reserves the right to edit letters for length and to reject letters if they are libelous or do not conform to standards of good taste.

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The Collegian

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The Collegian is a student-edited newspaper

Mark talks about the wonderful world of Christmas shopping

The Missing Pieces

by Mark Owens

I was sitting in the kitchen a couple of days ago, eating a nutritious breakfast of Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and Jolt Cola, which has more caffeine and sugar in one can than the USDA recommends you should consume in three billion skillion years, when my Aunt Mary started measuring my arm.

This presented a slight problem, since she straightened my arm across my face to measure it and shoved my spoon up my left nostril. Aunt Marry didn't mind. I did.

She measured my neck, cutting off most of the blood flow to my brain, and took other import and measurements for clothing, like my waist, chest and big toe.

All of this means two things: The first is Aunt Mary doesn't know her strength with a tape measure. The second is this traditional measuring signals the start of the Christmas season, when Aunt Mary knits the traditional sweater that looks like it was made from the hair of an Albanian goat with leprosy.

Which brings me to the Christmas shopping season. Stores start the campaign on or around August 1st, while some people start much earlier, like December 26th. All of this makes a shopping holiday lasting longer than the average NBA season.

With that in mind, here's some advice to make shopping a little easier, even though *every single one* of your relatives are going to return the stuff you bought anyway.

Parking: This is just the start of your fun-filled afternoon of gift acquiring, ha ha. Finding an empty parking space during shopping season is like trying to convince people the national deficit is a slight bookkeeping error.

But I have a way of solving this problem. I submit to you the philosophy of Parking Lot Vulturism. All you have to do is wait outside a store entrance in your car with the engine running. When a person comes out, follow him or her to their car, always keeping a three to four foot space between your bumper and the back of their knee caps. Rev your engine from time to time to keep them from slowing down.

I've had good results in hurrying people along by tying large, drooling domesticated animals to the front of my car. The football team enjoyed the outing and said rope burn wasn't much of a problem. Remember, your goal is a parking spot, preferably in the same country as the shopping center, so be aggressive.

Shopping: Arrive early at the mall to be in the upper third of the hoard massing at the doors. Three or four in the morning is a good time.

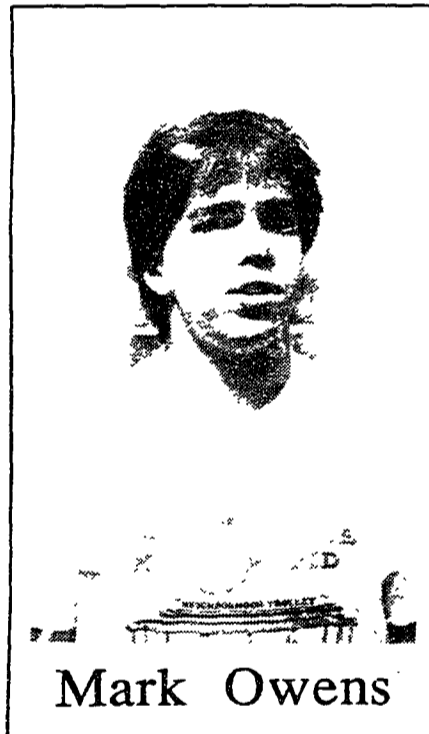
These people know how to shop. As soon as the doors open, they rush in and take the stores, covering each other until the purchase is made. A good commando team of shoppers can be in and out of a mall in three hours with only minor casualties.

For best results, try to follow the pro shoppers. You can easily spot them by their wardrobe: big purses, huge jangly bracelets to render other shoppers and sales clerks unconscious, a folio of sale fliers and spare shopping bags.

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Buying: There's a difference between shopping and buying. *Shopping* is wandering around the mall, looking at stuff, annoying clerks and having to peel sticky children off of your pants every three minutes. *Buying* is actually taking an object to a cash register and going in debt. The thing to remember is *show no mercy*. After all, this is Christmas. Never show mercy to tired parents, wet-on Santas, small children or grandmothers. They want the same thing you do: a package to hand somebody on December 25th so they can say "where's mine?"

So there you are: be early, be firm, be aggressive and ,while you're at it, slightly crazy. Now go out there and shop!



Mark Owens

Are they gone yet? Good. Here's my *real* advice for Christmas shopping: Procrastinate. That's right, put everything off until December 22nd. It's the best time to shop.

Since there are fewer crazed commando shoppers, there's an atmosphere of "everyone's in the same boat and how 'bout a beer after this is over?" and since everything is picked over, decision-making is easy.

An example that comes to mind is last year's quest for Aunt Janice's present. I decided to get her a sweater because a) it was the first thing I thought of, b) the store closed in ten minutes, c) it was Christmas Eve and d) she was going to take whatever I bought back anyway. I could have given her a Garden Weasel and she wouldn't have cared.

Anyway, I was standing in front of this sweater display trying to decide between a black or white one, since that was all that was left. Aunt Janice is a rather large woman and I figured she could either look like a pot-bellied stove or a Shmoo. I chose white, since in black Aunt Janice also resembles one of the Four Horsemen, especially when carving a ham with an electric knife.

Well, that's it for this week. Good luck and good hunting. By the way, if you decide to feed the domestic animals tied to my car, they're partial to Twinkies and Coke.