

Mark's opinion of bowling lands in the gutter

by Mark Owens

The crowd buzzes as I step up onto Lane 10, my right thumb and fingers plunged into Rosestud, my trusty AMF Speedlite 22 lb. ball. I eye the pins standing on the far side of the lane, waiting to scatter as a sphere of polymer and rubber smacks into them at high speed. A strike here lets me take home \$20,000 and a really attractive plastic trophy. I take a breath then deliver the ball, aiming for the center pin. Women swoon. Men spill beer. Drunks hurl. Rosestud plunges down the lane and...

My eyes unfocus just in time for me to see my avocado green ball drop into the gutter and zip by the pins. Women laugh. Men spill beer. The pins snicker.

This semester finds me taking bowling as my final PE credit. Oh, sorry about that. Now it's called ESACT -- Extremely Strenuous Activity causing Cancer in laboratory Toucans.

I don't know what possessed me to take bowling, since I've always had bad luck with spherical objects. An example: *What do these things*

have in common?: Me, a bat, a baseball and Mrs. McLaughlin's bay window? Go figure.

But I shouldn't belittle bowling, a sport steeped (from the Latin: *dipped, like a cone*) in tradition and history. So much, in fact, that I am going to share some with you.

Bowling can be traced back over a million years to the cave man era, where archaeologists have uncovered drawings depicting the exploits of bowling great Fred "Will-ma" Flintstone.

The Egyptians adopted bowling next, which made sense. After a rough day building pyramids and inventing math, the Egyptians liked nothing better than to kick back at the alley with a couple of brewskies and knock some pins down.

Bowling disappeared for 5,000 years after that, presumably so the Egyptians could negotiate TV contracts and hold player arbitration hearings.

Bowling reappeared in Germany during the third century as a religious function. Apparently the Germans would carry clubs, called *kegels*,

around and bowl during church, which probably upset the priest to no end -- but would you say anything to a kegel-wielding barbarian who wanted to work on his delivery, especially in a tough league with teams like the Goths, Visigoths and



Mongol Horde?

Anyhow, the Germans would set up a kegel at the end of the church to symbolize the heathen of their choice. If a bowler knocked over the kegel, he was to have slain said heathen and was honored at a

The Missing Pieces

post-session banquet. Bowling hasn't changed much since then, which leads me to a quick primer on how to bowl.

1) **Rent Funky Tri-Color Shoes:** This tradition started with the Visigoths, who thought it would be fun to wear ugly shoes. But then, they were probably swilling flagons of cheap ale, so putting their eyes out with hot pokers probably would have seemed like fun as well.

2) **Pick A Ball:** Get something that seems a bit heavy, but not too heavy, since you'll probably drop it on someone's foot before the night is over. True story: once I let go of the ball too soon and it flew behind me, right into one of my bowling partners, who was obviously upset, seeing as it impacted with his... lower torso area.

3) **Pick A Lane:** Find something, anything, open. A broom closet will do.

4) **Order Something From The Lounge:** While I'm certainly not advocating the consumption of alcoholic beverages, a Purple Hooter usually loosens one up and enables you to bowl a better game. If nothing else, you'll

never remember how lousy you bowled. Repeat if necessary.

5) **Bowl:** If you've gotten this far, congrats. I rarely make it out of the lounge.

Here is a list of bowling etiquette, printed in the hopes of helping you bowl better -- or at least not end up buying drinks because you had low score.

1) **Be courteous:** Do not disturb the bowler while he is delivering the ball. He may become shaken and prematurely release the ball into your lower torso area. Snickering and chortling after release is *not* approved of either, but should be graded.

2) **Respect the equipment:** Do not loft the ball. Do not kick the ball. Do not pass go. Do not collect \$200.

3) **Respect your teammates *not*.** And finally:

4) **Never bowl in street shoes:** Always wear a sensible pump or loafer. And make it an in-season color. Nothing looks worse on a lane than some clod wearing last season's over-the-knee suede boots (thanks Bonnie!).

From the Hip

Rejection can be fun when handled properly

I got a rejection letter the other day from a company I sent a resume to. It's not like it's a big deal or anything. Well, not anymore at least.

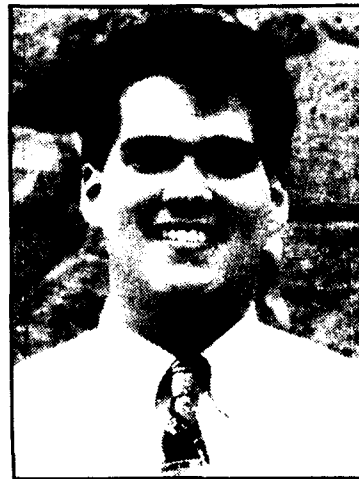
To keep the tears back, my roommates and I have started a little game to see who can get the most letters. I realize that getting the most rejection letters isn't something to be proud of, but the way things are going in today's society, it's the only way we can keep our sanity.

Getting these letters doesn't really bother me anymore. The feeling of total belittlement wears off after the eighth or ninth one, and I figure that if they don't want me, then I don't want them.

We have found a special resting place for our rejection letters, or should I say, an appropriate place...the bathroom. Our bathroom walls have taken on a totally new look with our special wallpaper, while at the same time providing interesting reading material.

I have received quite a few "flush letters" so far, enough to fill an entire wall.

For about a week I was leading the competition, but I think that I just fell into second place, so if you'll excuse me, I have to go check my mailbox.



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Your application must be turned in to *The Collegian* office no later than Friday, Mar. 20, 1992. If you have any questions about applying, call *The Collegian* office at 898-6488 and ask for Todd J. Irwin, editor.

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