

Name: Maureen Finn

Age: Old enough
Occupation: Coordinator, Student Organizations and Program Development
Hair: More than my boss.
Eyes: Two
The Good Stuff: I'm looking for the kind of man who isn't afraid to show his feelings; who isn't afraid to cry, isn't afraid to laugh, isn't afraid to let me handcuff him to the bed posts for long periods of time.



Ideal Date: Danny DiVitto, only a little taller -- which is kinda weird because that sounds like my boss.

Name: Dianna Hume George

Age: Physically or spiritually?
Occupation: Professor of English and Professional Tombstone Masseur
Hair: Black and lots of it
Eyes: Tough to tell behind these welder's mask-like glasses I wear
The Good Stuff: Men are interesting things. They're not incredibly important to the quality of my life, but I like to have one around once in a while -- kinda like puppy-sitting. If I had to have one, he should be intelligent, well-spoken and not smell too bad.
Ideal Date: The guy on Grizzly Adams.



Name: Cathy Eck
Age: In-dog years?
Occupation: Health and Wellness Coordinator
Hair: Yes
Eyes: Two is enough, thanks
The Good Stuff: It would surprise people to know that after work I like to cruise around town on my Harley and spit on small children. I also like Twinkies, cheap cola and Jack Daniels. Frankly all those health and wellness things are a crock. I'd rather be on the road with the Hell's Angels breaking pool cues over the heads of drunk frat boys. Any questions?
Ideal Date: Mike Tyson on Thorazine, thanks.

The Dating Corner

I ' M T O O S E X Y

Name: Fred Anzivino

Age: Old enough to be your dad
Occupation: Manager, WPSE
Eyes: Squinty
The Good Stuff: I'm a far bigger player in the entertainment industry than most people realize. You know the guy that always talks in between shows on NBC? That's me. I got the job 'cause I know people. I also have the back half of a horse in my basement. Capihe'?'
Ideal Date: Mama Leone



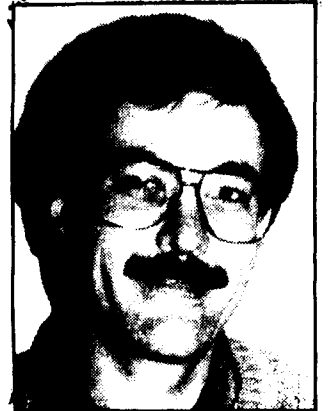
Name: Robert Light

Age: Fourtysomething
Occupation: Associate Dean for Graduate Studies, Research, Continuing Education and Economic Development.
Hair: False
Eyes: I have some?
The Good Stuff: I like women -- as long as they don't mind fetching coffee and rubbing my feet.
Ideal Date: June Cleaver



Name: Chris Dubbs

Age: Let me ask my publisher
Occupation: Assistant professor of Creative Writing
Hair: Barely
Eyes: Bloodshot
The Good Stuff: I like women as much as the next guy, especially if they have pointy teeth.
 Unfortunately I spend so much of my time writing and groveling before the feet of publishers that I don't have much time to be socially active. I'm housebroken, though.
Ideal Date: Whoever writes those Harlequin masterpieces.



Festering gossip

Wouldn't it be nice if dossiers on professors were closed? Good thing they're not!

I was bouncing around a few computer system areas at Behrend and found a hidden area exclusively on Staff and Faculty. I couldn't find one on students, but I'm sure it's there, somewhere.

I came up with some interesting tidbits of information on the people in whose hands we place our minds.

Dean J. Lilly is nice, likable, unhappy. According to his own recorded comments, he chose a position as Provost after being turned down by the Albuquerque Philharmonic. Makes one almost feel sorry for him, until one realizes he didn't want to be here in the first place.

David Stuntz, music director and teacher, who thought J.L. was "just right for the Albuquerque position" was also in that hidden computer area. He was once arrested for erratic driving and driving while under the influence of Gregorian Chant.

Dean Baldwin (or lose?), professor of Olde English, has big goals. He plans to turn the old library into a museum for Shakespeare. "His pedestal," wrote Baldwin, isn't nearly as tall as I would like it to be. We MUST build a bigger and better pedestal upon which we can enshrine Lord and God, Shakespeare. If there's any room left, we'll squeeze in Chancier.

claim to have attended Harvard, even if just for a few days."

Davie "I'm a little hot-shot" Shields, big-wig in Student Activities, was once arrested at a New York strip joint with his date. Drunk and at odds with his blind date, Shields punched a drag queen in the balloons (deflating one of them), when he found out the true sex of the queen he'd already danced seven dances with.

Maureen "Guppy" Finn, Shield's right hand woman, once pressed charges against fifteen young male antagonists claiming "one of those little rug-rat cub-scouts stole my panties and put them up the flagpole." One scout master was reprimanded when she told the pre-teens "she needed that."

Anita Hill, Oklahoma teacher and recipient of Andy Warhol's 'famous fifteen minutes' was recently turned down by Penn State for a teaching position. She was told, "We don't want famous people. We can only afford the unknowns. Besides, we have enough women to keep people happy." Diana Hume George, tenured professor of English, was quoted as "being completely against hiring her for the position. I've done that position for free for nearly five years. If anyone gets the position, I should. Besides, Behrend doesn't need more famous women. They have me!"

Paul Baily, head honcho of the Instructional

Communications Center (ICC, otherwise known as Idiots Can Count?), has proposed cost reductions on all ICC products. "Everything is being drastically reduced, by about 2 to 3 %." Yo Paully, aren't you forgetting the 12% surcharge added several weeks back?

I thought it was neat, finding that area and reading the dossiers, especially the personal notes in their E-mail sections.

One was to 'Sweetest Lilley' from someone whose initials are Other than those two, there are no other writers of merit worth studying."

Jack Burke, (unsure of his real title), long hailed as "the man you meet when you go over Dean 'Johnny' Lilley's head". He's the energy that turns the cogs Lilley greases. Even Burke was arrested, once for being underage and contributing to the delinquency of an adult, and once for impersonating a student at Harvard. "I always wanted to B.B. at University Park. That was too graphic and explicit a letter to put in these hallowed pages, so I sent a copy to the printer. You too can own your own copy. Just send \$9.99 (+ postage) to "Kiss the Blarney Stone," c/o Rowdy Roddy Piper at *The Collision*.

I have many more tid-bits to pass along, but no more room for the passing.

