

# Your Body's Calling You

by Alicia Hartman  
The Collegian

Hello.....I said hhhceellloo. Come on, wake up! It's five to eight and you have an 8:00 class. You still need to shower and get dressed. You what?! You fell asleep on your word processor and now your paper's not done! Great. Just great!.....

I think many of us have experienced this scenario at one time or another. Not a happy situation. What's the problem? I know, I know. There just aren't enough hours in the day to go to class, study, get to practice by four, and make that meeting by 6:30. Too many things to do, but you are wearing yourself out. May I remind you of the seven rules to living a healthy life:

- 1) Eat three balanced meals a day (especially breakfast)
  - 2) Exercise
  - 3) Maintain your weight
  - 4) Get 7-8 hours of sleep a night
  - 5) Don't smoke or use tobacco
  - 6) Use alcohol moderately
  - 7) Don't use any illegal drugs
- Sounds familiar, doesn't it? It's been pounded into our heads ever since kindergarten? But how many people actually follow those suggestions to living a

healthy life? Unfortunately, not many of us do. Why? We don't have time to eat three meals a day or get 7-8 hours of sleep a night, because our time is consumed with going to class, studying, extracurricular activities, or a job. Exercise? Who needs exercise with walking back and forth between classes five days a week? College isn't just classes, it's a social experience. What better way to unwind after a stressful week than to go to a party and have a few drinks? Smoking cigarettes and having a dip helps you to relax too because of the "buzz" you get, right?

Well, aside from us unhealthy college students, America has hit a fitness craze. Everybody's eating healthily and exercising. (Not to mention that businesses are making quite a profit off us with Umbros, Nautilus equipment, Weight Watchers food centres, Nike sneakers, etc., etc.)

(Just a side note here, but why are there fanatics out there who would NEVER be seen exercising or at an athletic event without "umbros" on? Does wearing umbros affect your performance? I'd bet you'd do just as well in a \$10 pair of shorts from K-Mart and you'd save yourself 15 bucks. Shoes are one thing, but shorts?

Are you entering your butt into competition?)

Everyone has the desire to "look good," and surprisingly



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enough, more and more people are becoming health conscious. People are watching the amount and types of food they eat. They're also exercising, whether it be a leisurely 20 minute walk in the park, or a full-fledged,

grinding 1.5 mile run.

A lot of people just quote, "do not have the time" to be healthy, but contrary to popular belief, you DO have the time. It just takes a little effort and creative thinking on your part. I mean, you do have to eat everyday, right? So pick something that has a nutritious value. You don't have time to sit down and eat a three course balanced meal? As Dr. Roger Sweeting pointed out in class one day, it takes him the same amount of time to eat a banana as it does a pack of Twinkies. Interesting. And the banana is probably cheaper!

You'd rather sleep than exercise, huh? Well did you know that if you exercise on a regular basis you have more energy? So, three days a week you could take a half hour of sleep time (totaling 1 1/2 hours per week) and exercise. By exercising, you'll still acquire that energy you would have got if you had slept AND you'll be working your body out (You know that old saying, "use it or lose it" man). Exercise is a great way to relieve stress from all those tests you had!

If you use alcohol or tobacco, please use and not ABUSE. It is possible to enjoy having only a

couple of drinks and not get totally smashed. Even those of you that abstain from alcohol or tobacco products have problems. Because others' behavior is altered under the influence of alcohol or tobacco, they pose a threat to your well-being. Look at how many crimes, rapes, and accidents are caused by the use of alcohol. Whether you drink or not, alcohol does affect your life. Beware!

I know some of you are really fed up with all this "health talk", but maybe it's time you made a difference in your life. Don't think anymore, act! Ponder this for a moment: if everyone followed the seven rules to living a healthy life our country would save millions of dollars on health care for people who are nutrient deficient, overweight, underweight, physically worn out, and those who abuse drugs (legal and illegal).

Being healthy is the "in" thing to do. How do you know you wouldn't like to be part of the "fitness craze" if you don't try it? Your body's calling you...

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## GET OUT YOUR POSTCARDS: It's time for the bad song survey

by Dave Barry  
Syndicated Columnist

In a recent column I noted that certain songs are always getting played on the radio, despite the fact that these songs have been shown, in scientific laboratory tests, to be bad. One example I cited was Neil Diamond's ballad "I Am, I Said," in which Neil complains repeatedly that nobody hears him, "not even the chair." I pointed out that this does not make a ton of sense, unless Neil has unusually intelligent furniture. ("Mr. Diamond, your Barcalounger is on line two.")

Well, it turns out there are some major Neil Diamond fans out there in Readerland. They sent me a large pile of hostile mail with mouth froth spewing out of the envelope seams. In the interest of journalistic fairness, I will summarize their main arguments here:

"Dear Pukenose:  
Just who the hell do you think you are to blah blah a great artist like Neil blah blah more than 20 gold records blah blah how many gold records do YOU have, you scumsucking wad of blah blah I personally have attended 1, 794 of Neil's concerts blah blah What about 'Love on the Rocks?' Huh? What about 'Cracklin' Rosie?' blah blah if you had ONE-

TENTH of Neil's talent blah blah so I listened to 'Heart Light' 40 times in a row and the next day the cyst was GONE and the doctor said he had never seen such a rapid blah blah What about 'Play Me?' What about 'Song Sung' Blah? Cancel my subscription, if I have one."

So we can clearly see that music is a matter of personal taste. Person A may hate a particular song, such as "Havin' My Baby" by Paul Anka (who I suspect is also Neil Sedaka), and Person B might love this song. But does this mean that Person B is wrong? Of course not. It simply means that Person B is an idiot. Because some songs are just plain bad, and "Havin' My Baby" is one of them, and another one is "Bad, Bad Leroy Brown."

That's not merely my opinion: That's the opinion of many readers who took time out from whatever they do, which I hope does not involve operating machinery, to write letters containing harsh remarks about these and other songs. In fact, to judge from the reader reaction, the public is a lot more concerned about the issue of song badness than about the presidential election campaign (which by the way is over, so you can turn on your TV again.)

And it's not just the public. It's also the media. I put a message on The Miami Herald's newsroom computer system, asking people to nominate the worst rock song ever, and within



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minutes I was swamped with passionate responses. And these were from newspaper people, who are legendary for their cold-blooded noninvolvement ("I

realize this is a bad time for you, Mrs. Weemer, but could you tell me how you felt when you found Mr. Weemer's head?") Even the managing editor responded, arguing that the worst rock song ever was "whichever one led to the second one."

Other popular choices were "A Horse With No Name," performed by America; "Billy, Don't Be A Hero," by Bo Donaldson and the Heywoods; "Kung Fu Fighting," by Carl Douglas; "Copacabana," by Barry Manilow; "Me and You and a Dog Named Boo," by Lobo; "Seasons in the Sun," by Terry Jacks; "Feelings," by various weenies; "Precious and Few," by some people who make the weenies who sang "Feelings" sound like Ray Charles; "The Pepsi Song," by Ray Charles; "Muskat Love," by Goldsboro; and virtually every song recorded since about 1972.

"It's worse than ever," is how my wife put it.

Anyway, since people feel so strongly about this issue, I've decided to conduct a nationwide survey to determine the worst rock song ever. I realize that similar surveys have been done before, but this one will be unique: This will be the first rock song survey ever, to my knowledge, that I'll be able to get

and easy column out of.

So I'm asking you to send me your nominations in two categories: Worst Overall Song, and Worst Lyrics. In the second category, for example, you might want to consider a song I swear I heard back in the late 1950s, which I believe was called "Girls Grow Up Faster Than Boys Do." I've been unable to locate the record, but the chorus went:

Won't you take a look at me  
now  
You'll be surprised at what you  
see now

I'm everything a girl should be  
now

Thirty-six, twenty-four, thirty-FIVE!

I'm sure you can do worse than that. So write your two nominations (one song in each category) on a postal card -- NOT a letter -- and send it to Bad Song Survey, c/o Dave Barry, The Miami Herald, 1 Herald Plaza, Miami, Fla. 33132.

Send your card today. Be in with the "in" crowd. We'll have joy, we'll have fun. So Cracklin' Rosie, get on board, because Honey, I miss you. AND your dog named Boo.