The MSAC Residence Times

Vol. IV No. 4 *November 22, 1991*

Opening Remarks

Various cold viruses are rampaging through the department, no doubt let loose on us by Jed Fuhrman. Seeing as one of the editors is thus afflicted, you who are now reading this will be infected momentary. On a happy note, it's almost Thanksgiving, so you can go home, eat well, and infect everyone in your family

MSAC News

"We bought a football," thus saith Brian of Bendis, fearless leader. [For related story, see "Sports" below.]

Student Government News

In case you forgot, Elections ended yesterday. Don't feel bad if you forgot to vote; there were no contested races. Howard Rutherford and Beth Cockey have successfully petitioned to be representatives for the College of Arts and Sciences (that includes us).

Seminar

Hey, how many times do we have to keep publishing this stuff; it's already plastered on every wall in the building.

Kudos

To Eric Wright, for successfully passing his comprehensive exams. He is now officially a Candidate for the Ph.D.

Sports

The **Turkey Bowl and Picnic** is scheduled for **Dec 7** at North Shore Park. See the sign at the entrance to the Student Lounge.

USF/St. Pete Men's Softball (Wednesday "C" league) won their league this fall. Team members include Joe Donnelly, Tom Peacock, Bill Arnold, Gregg Brooks, Tim Barber, Dave Duncan and Harry Freeman (FIO), in addition to a bunch of DNR heavy hitters such as Michael Murphy, and Guy Gelfenbaum (USGS).

Myrtle's "Oy Vey!"

Finally, I got a real, genuine, bona-fide complaint from a fellow female student who, tho' her identity is as yet unknown to me, feels like a sibling nonetheless. I recognized her handwriting at once, the blue ink on the non-recyclable yellow legal paper, the occasional run-on sentence. She wrote me last year seeking my oh-so-glamorous advice about whether or not it's kosher to shave one's legs if one is a female oceanographer. I feel as though we've, like, bonded.

Regrettably, I can't reprint her letter in the space of this column; not only is it two pages long, but I also misplaced it somewhere betwixt the pages of a junkie novel aboard the R/V Suncoaster (like, if somebody finds the book "Leaves of Fortune" anywhere, could you please send it over to me? I never did finish it and find out if Delilah and Travis had an affair or what). But her complaint is definitely worth recapping. Basically, the idea was that this as-yet-unidentified-but-totally cool-sistah-in-glamour is totally fed up with the large amount of intra-campus driving she is seeing. Now, mind you, she is not talking about inter-campus driving, such as that which is necessarily required between, say, St. Pete, Tampa, and Sarasota campuses, but rather that which takes place between buildings on our relatively small campus right here. For example, she gives examples of people driving between Davis Hall, the Campus Activities Center (CAC), and Marine Science. She even claims to have personally observed an unnamed MALE marine science student actually hop into his car at B-building and drive it down to the end of the marine science building! I mean, OY VEY!

It's a good thing you pointed this problem out to me, honey. Frankly, this situation has GOT to stop. It is downright embarrassing and unglamorous. Why would anyone want to drive their own cars around our scenic little campus when there are several virile males who own motorcycles and who would gladly shuttle you about? That's right. Let's put an end to frumpy intra-campus driving. If we want to be transported, let's do it with flair. I'm sure that Flip, Marc, Paul, and other motorcyclists would gladly volunteer their, er, seats to this cause.

Of course, as you read this, you are probably saying that I have not fully addressed the problem. Of course, you are right. After all, some people feel uncomfortable riding motorcycles. In such a case, there is only one reasonable alternative: take a taxi! Without sacrificing glamour and style, you can still accomplish intra-campus transportation without driving your car.

Of course, you could always walk from building to building. I'm not certain that this is what my anonymous

letter-writer had in mind; I mean, the way some of the marine science people walk, I'm not sure that neither she nor I'd want them to be seen as representatives of glamour on a regular basis. I suppose it would help contribute to fuel conservation and air preservation and all of that. Okay, maybe walking is the best option. If you do choose to walk, however, PLEEZ watch your posture, okay? Like, if we're gonna change the world, we might as well start in our own little corner, right? Think globally, act locally. With sequins on.

Don't just stand there; say OY VEY!

Kisses,
Myrtle

[Ed.s note: HEY, WAKE UP. How come no one noticed our gaff in the box that introduces this column. For years, we've been printing "OH Vey" instead of "OY Vey". So much for spell-checking software, eh.]

Tales From the Blonde File

real-life perspectives from Chris Kellogg

You don't have to be blonde to do something stupid, or to have a momentary lapse into ditziness...but it makes one hell of an excuse! This little story is meant to have more of an educational flair than the last one; it's about what to do if you ever lock your keys in your car. I managed this trick not to long ago, while running some errands. When I realized I'd left the keys in the ignition, my first thought was of the spare set. "Ah ha! They're at home." My next thought was, "Ah ha! The house keys are on the ring which is locked in the car." Not good.

So there I was, a damsel in distress. Logic said that when in trouble, one calls the police. Besides, they're public servants, and I was trapped in public, for heaven's sake. So I called (the station number, not 911) and explained my problem. The switchboard operator told me that police don't respond to non-emergency calls. I was stranded in a parking lot and they didn't think it qualified as an emergency. There must have been a sale at Dunkin' Donuts that day.

As I stood by my car, looking blonde and confused, a helpful individual on a Harley suggested that I try asking at the gas station. I trundled hopefully on over to the closest one and again explained my calamity. One of the attendants agreed to let me into my car for a mere $5 (a deal compared to taking up residence in the parking lot). He accomplished this marvelous feat with a skinny bar thing that he called a "Slim Jim." Now I always thought that was the name of those nasty beef jerky sticks they sell at Qwickie Marts. I suppose the car thief, em, excuse me, MANUFACTURER of these "tools" felt they needed a snappier name than "skinny bar." Anyway, after I paid him, this man had the audacity to point to my keys (still dangling in the ignition) and ask (in all seriousness), "Why'd you do that?" I gave him my patented blonde hair flip, smiled, and said brightly "Gee, it must have been the hair..." For the first time since I walked into the gas station, I got a smile out of him.

The morals of this story: Keep your car and house keys on separate rings, and learn how to handle blue collar jerks who can save your butt in an emergency.

Blonde joke for the road: Why did the blonde get fired from the M&M factory? She kept throwing out all the ones with W's.

The MSAC Residence Times
The Oracle of the Marine Science Advisory Committee
"Best Scholastic Aperiodical"

Editors . . . . . E. Wright, M. Meyers
Features Editor . . . . . S. Smith
Columnists . . . . . S. Goodbred, C. Kellogg
Staff photographer . . . . . <open>
Contributing Writers . . . . . B. Bendis, L. Leonard
Sports Editor . . . . . B. Arnold (?)

Submissions accepted; place them in the RT box in the mail room (MSL 136).