

'No brain' . . .

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Next, Dr. Meete says, "The hide is stretched in the sun for several hours." My brothers and I had fun practicing the knots we learned in pledge class with this one.

The doctor's final instructions read, "The women take the now dried skin and chew it, inch by inch, until the entire hide is soft and flexible." Now, we do a lot of fun things with our little sisters but I'm afraid they balked when we asked them to do this.

Could you consult with your medical sources and let us know what they say about this process?

Future Greek God

Dear Creek Cod:

I'm convinced the "no brain, no pain" philosophy of tanning is very appropriate in your case. I would bet that you've begun a tanning trend that will undoubtedly "pelt" across the country, so to speak. The doctors I consulted assured me that given an adequate supply of brains and urine there should be no undue medical implications. If the odor becomes too noxious, turn the stereo up louder so you won't notice.

Confidential Reply to All-American Boy:

Let me answer you in these "terms": I'm sure you can understand her reservations of mixing a highly public acting career with a budding political career. Especially the effect of publicity on your relationship. However, I think you have to stand up like a man and tell her how you feel about her. She doesn't have extrasensory perception. She seems to be sincere enough toward you. You'll have to live with the fact that you may never know when she's acting. However, she'll never know

when you're telling the truth so you're probably even.

Dear Stan:

I am a female student assistant on a male/female floor in one of the dorms. I simply cannot believe what slobes the students who live on this floor are. It's sickening. There's so much hair in the sinks that someone used one to practice setting a permanent.

I could probably handle pop cans, old pizza boxes and newspapers on the floor, but that's nothing compared to the individual rooms. Not only are there pets — defecating everywhere — but there are boyfriends and girlfriends visiting that look like pets and smell worse. I opened the refrigerator in one room and a blob of green slime from a moldy bag of french fries had taken on a life and personality of its own. Its name was Bob. At least it had manners and offered me a beer.

One guy attempted to do his laundry after two months of letting it stand in the corner. The washer was so full that the clothes in the center never even got wet. He said that it just saved him the money for a dryer.

How can I get these fetid dorm worms to clean up their act and be civilized?

Trashed Out

Dear Trashed:

It sounds like you've already taken that first step with your fellow residents — establishing a warm atmosphere of mutual trust and respect. If you really want advice I'd investigate the possibility of inclusion in the Environmental Protection Agency's superfund for dangerous sanitary waste sites. After all, wasn't the "creature that ate Toledo" named Bob?

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