

UNLV student attends classes in London

by Brian Hurlburt

Have any of you ever thought about what it would be like to study in a different country?

I am attending the University of London in Great Britain. I am only minutes away from Princess Di and the Queen herself. One of these days I will probably drop in for a spot of tea with both of them. I'll let you know how it goes.

When I first decided to attend school here, I thought of England as being much the same as America. Well, after being here for two weeks I found that we may speak the same language, but other than that, the two cultures are very different. The people here seem to be less outgoing than Americans. I think this is because most of them are somewhat intimidated by Americans. This comes from Americans being more outgoing and what the English

consider to be rude. When an American sees something, he will usually go after it. Here there are more traditional rules governing how to get what you want. To break these unwritten rules is an "American thing to do."

Here is an example of an "American thing to do," ask a girl to dance. The place was the Hippodrome night club. (Shark's in Las Vegas was designed to be just like the Hippodrome.) My friend Terry and I had heard of this place back in the states. Enveloped within were two thousand people, music, lights, and pints of lager. We were ready to dance. Terry, my buddy from San Diego, was the first to do his Delta impersonation—crash and burn. He approached what looked to be a friendly British girl.

"Would you like to dance?" he asked her. He came back say-

ing that he wasn't sure she even acknowledged his presence. The next flight was mine. At least I was given a patented, polite, "maybe in your next life" reply. After quite a few such crashes we decided to ask why nobody wanted to dance with us.

"Asking a girl to dance is rude and very American," we were told.

Going to a dance club and asking a girl to dance. Rude? American? It seems to me that compares to going to a restaurant and having the waiter tell you it is rude to order food. Oh well, as they say, "when in Rome...do as the Romans." Finally out of desperation, we decided to ask someone how one gets to dance with a girl. We picked two girls, who luckily happened to be from Australia, and asked them what we were supposed to do.

"Pick two girls who you would

like to dance with and who are already dancing together on the dance floor, and then you and Terry go dance with each other next to them. If they are interested they may let you dance with them," they said. Now Terry is a good guy, but I don't picture him as the perfect dance partner. I guess we all have to adjust. For that night we just decided to talk to girls and not dance with them.

Adjusting will be the key to this whole experience. I, along with the other 350 American students, will have to learn a different, British, way.

The program I am involved with is the American Institute for Foreign Study, which is made up of about 350 students. Students from different universities across the U.S.A., including UNLV, are here taking classes from Ameri-

can teachers for American (in my case UNLV) credit. Most are staying in London houses that have been converted into dorms, while others are living with British families.

I am living in a dorm. There is only one problem with this situation. My roommate, Norm, goes to school at the University of Arizona. You know, the Home of Midnight Lute and their poor excuse for a basketball program. I try to remind him as often as possible that the Rebels are the National Champions. Like I said before, adjusting will be the key to the semester.

Well, there is plenty more to write about, but it's time for the weekly one hour of N.F.L. football on the telly. Until next time, cheers from London.

Off Center: A beef with Carl's Jr.

by Joseph J. Wheeler

Mr. Beef is after me. It's not that I don't like roast beef—I like it! I like it!—but I went into that fast food place, the one where Mr. Beef hangs out, and made the mistake of ordering something else.

"Ummm, I'm not that hungry. I'll take a salad."

That was it. This monster of a man, busily stretching a T-shirt with his oversized body, grabs my shoulder and puts what feels like the Vulcan Nerve Pinch on me, spins me around and shouts in my face:

"I warned you! Now Mr. Beef is going to hunt you down like a wild animal!"

I looked up at him (Mr. Beef is big) and stammered, "W-wild animal? Me? But all I did was—," I never finished.

Twisting violently, I wiggled out of Mr. Beef's grasp and ran into the parking lot, working my car keys out of my pocket as I neared the car. I heard heavy footsteps behind me.

Mr. Beef is quick, too.

"Aha!" he yelled.

"Oh my Gosh!" I answered.

"I caught you!" he said.

I hate that. It's not good enough for a psychopath with a

protein fixation to beat you in a footrace, he's got to gloat over it, too.

I needed a plan. I quickly thought of all the dumb advertising gimmicks I could. I needed something to distract this towering man-mass of anabolic steroids who seemed bent on my destruction. Maybe if I waved a pot roast at him, he'd go away?

"Mr. Beef!" I pointed at something behind him. "What's that behind you—? Oh my Gosh—the Vegetarian Society from Little Caesars!"

The big dope turned around as I climbed into the car. He caught on just as I was turning the engine over and yanked the gear shift into reverse.

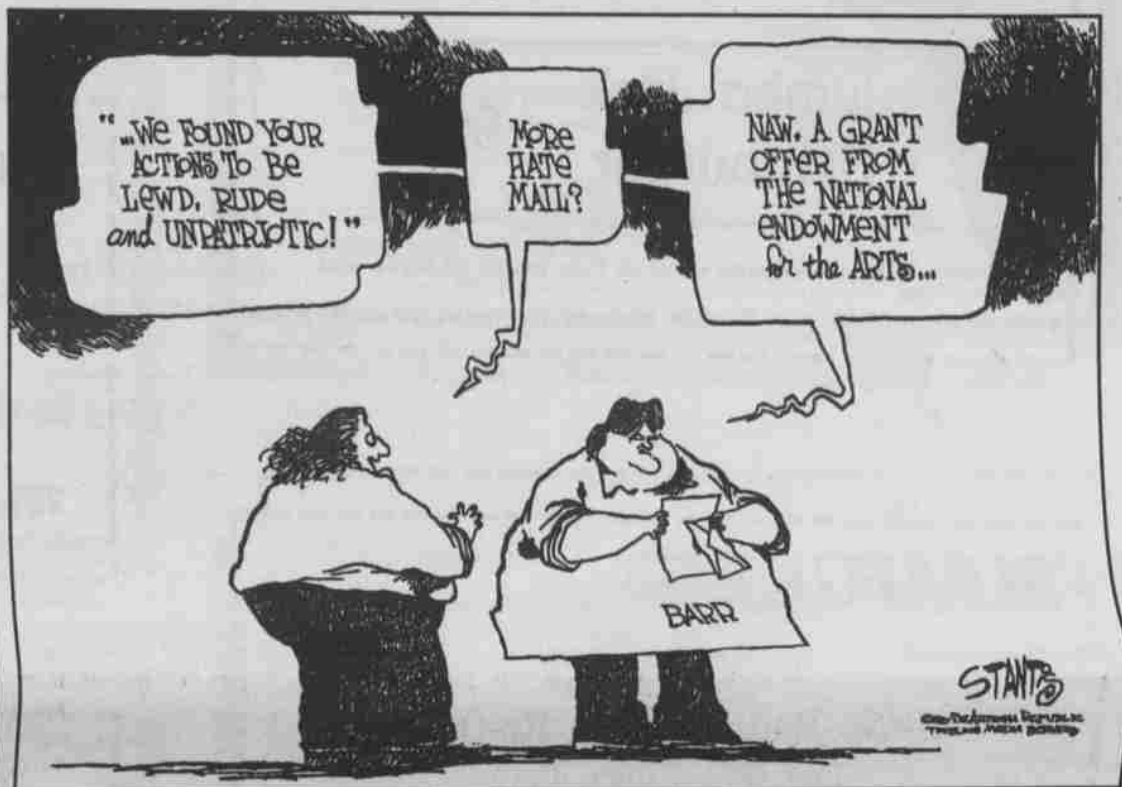
"Arrgghh!" he screamed.

"Varoooom," the car answered.

I backed over a small bump that I later realized was Mr. Beef's left foot. He was stranded in the parking lot, when I last saw him, reaching for his mangled toes.

I sped out of sight, forgetting all about my order. Maybe I'd go for a pizza, I thought.

But then I remembered the Noid...



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