

Byrd's Eye View

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Cereal Offender

As falling temperatures have pushed non-engineers indoors, I found myself interacting more frequently with those outside my field.

On one such occasion at a Cougar eat table, my friend Dave, an

International Communications major, randomly blurted this one-liner, "You can't spell GEEK without a double-E!" Double-E, of course, stands for Electrical Engineer. Get it? I sure did!

I was quick with a zippy rebuttal. "How do you get a liberal arts graduate off your porch?" [Dramatic pause] "Pay him for the pizza!" I love my razor wit.

I thought Dave's joke was funny (although not as funny as bumping into a camouflage-dressed ROTC cadet and then apologizing. "Sorry man, I didn't see you coming."). But looking back, my quip seemed a tad harsh, even if it is true. I mean, who wants to realize after four years of college that they are essentially skill-less and basically unemployable? Wait! I'm joking. Some of them take five years to graduate.

Dave ran off to the International Cinema, leaving me to reminisce upon the value of my previous education. Back in junior high school, everyone was required to take a home-economics class. It was neither the stylish apron we sewed nor the week of kitchen safety that really impacted me, but rather learning what I had always called a "spatula" was, in fact, a "pancake turner." It shook my world.

In high school English, I learned that there is no "bert" in sherbet. Physics taught me that work is not work unless you are moving (Hey! Then what the heck do lifeguards do?)

Then came college and engineering. Here, I've learned that while we engineers work furiously to invent smaller microchips, intelligent robots, and better ways to pirate *The Lord of the Rings* off the Net, those laptop flaunting business types over in the big glass building end up making five times our average salary. It's fair though, because business is boring, plus those guys don't get the satisfaction engineers receive from designing complex systems. Ha Ha! You have all the money, but we have the SATISFACTION! Gosh I hate them.

Speaking of satisfaction, I love breakfast cereal. As such, I am an avid reader of cereal boxes. (Trix is the best with all those wacky mazes. Watch out, Mr. Rabbit!) I've recently noticed that, not to be bullied by outmoded orthodoxy, many manufacturers have discontinued advertising their product as different. Far better to describe obvious similarities!

Take Post Raisin Bran as an example. Their new slogan is, "Contains Real Raisins!" Does this represent a change in policy for Post? What were those dark, shrivelly chews used BEFORE raisins? Pencil erasers? What's next for Post's advertising? "Contains no paperclips!" "No camels injured in the manufacture of this product." "Comes in a box!"

Oh hey! Have you noticed? *Geek News* is no more. To avoid offending the hypersensitive, the publication was renamed the more politically correct and mind-numbingly dull *Engineering and Tech News*. Expect readership to soar.

Now, you want news? I'll give you news:

- Last week, Susan Mitchell (girlfriend of a civil engineer) held up the printing queue with her seventy-five page PDF of country-western lyrics. She was referred to the Honor Code Office for possession of offensive music.

- On Friday night, an anonymous student called the CAEDM Lab from a downstairs lobby phone. The conversation went as follows:

"Hello, is my sister there? Last name Bath, first name Anita."

"Anita Bath!?" the engineer yelled out to the lab in a nasal voice.

"Hello!?, Anita, Anita Bath!?" he snorted impatiently. "Uh, does anyone here know Anita Bath?! I think it's urgent."

The guilty prankster is urged to turn himself into University Police, and all engineers are counseled to bathe more frequently.

- The Creamery on 9th introduced the French Fry Dipper: a large snow-cone cup of fries held conveniently in a metal frame. The iron holder positions the oversized cone of fries and a huge portion of fry-dip a foot off the table mere inches away from your mouth. Apparently this is for armless fast-food gourmards and for those who find lifting food off a plate all the way to the mouth an onerous chore. What a time saver! Thinking that this would attract the physically stout among us, I began noticing the number of scale-tippers entering the establishment. This was particularly easy as I was saving so much energy via the Fry Dipper. Of the forty-two people patronizing the Creamery that night, thirty-eight were morbidly obese. Thirty-nine, if you count me.

- The Elementary Education and Engineering Departments held a dance last October. Two engineers showed up, partially to represent the College of Engineering, but mostly to supplement their standard vending machine diet with refreshments.

Eric, (HandsomeHunk432 on LDSingles.com) wore his white tennis shoes, slacks with no belt, and an unironed plaid shirt, while Brad (yourProvoDream_m22) sported a XL Comdex '96 tee-shirt with three faded ketchup stains on the sleeve.

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As the two were eating a few cookies and

chatting about Star Trek, a pretty brunette came over to say hi. Their eyes wide, both engineers quickly left to get their homework done. Meanwhile the El-Ed majors, all dressed in formal gowns, busied themselves with future wedding plans.

Thanks again to Cory Bickmore.

Ryan is a Senior in Computer Engineering. If you believe he has accidentally offended you, you are wrong: it was on purpose. Don't worry, he graduates in December.

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