

Editorial Opinion Humor: Laundry, A New Experience

College is quite a learning experience. It is even more of a learning experience if you live in the dorm.

Sometime during the second week you, the new dorm resident probably became familiar with a nifty place called the laundry room. This little room is the collecting place for garbage, beer cans, and dirty mops. You will also spend a major portion of your life there, usually during odd hours of your waking hours such as 2:00 a.m. doing your laundry.

Laundry is an eosteric subject that the average person is not too well acquainted with before his arrival at college. At home dirty clothes accumulated in odd places about the house and the average person never gives it a thought for they always turned up once a week smelling fresh and nicely pressed in your bureau drawer.

At Behrend things are a bit different. Instead of turning up clean and smelling nice, they turn up at inopportune times in weird places about your little hole called home, smelling anything but nice. Also there is nothing in your bureau drawers but mice holes. It is now time to become on friendly terms with the laundry room.

You approach the house of thrills cautiously, with only the top of the head showing over a pile of clothes, and leaving a trail of white soap powder in your wake. Depositing the burden of laundry on the floor, you will rummage about for a quarter to offer the 'monster' in token of sacrifice; except that quarters are never to be had at such times. Some people are even more lucky and have to feed their 'monsters' odd shaped plastic bits. These may be procured in Dobbins Hall, and all the student has to do is don his alpine boots and scale the precipice to buy them. Of course they are always broken in your pocket before you manage to return, but then that is all part of the game.

Assuming that the 'monster' has now accepted your offering, you now joyously start heaving everything into its maw. Usually about the second time, you remember to take that new pair of jeans out of the wash with your underwear and towels. Half an hour and a box of soap later you returns to the scene of the crime to retrieve your clothes and deposit them in the dryer.

Dryers are contrary things that run depending on stock market fluctuations. Agnew's ulcer, whether the University has paid the electric bill lately, and if you have a dime. Everything else may be in your favor, but to have a dime never! Half an hour and pleading with 34 people later you insert ye old dime in the dryer and EUREKA it runs! With a calm mind you depart only to return later and find that the heating element has gone kaput. You are now short a dime and your clothes instead of being warm and wet are now cold and wet.

Fifteen minutes, 50 yards of clothesline, and much unnecessary profanity later you climb into bed to be lulled to sleep by the timeless noise of water dripping on various objects about the room. You have managed to do your laundry at Behrend for the first time.

Editorial Policy

The editorials appearing in this newspaper will be opinionated and therefore subject to criticism. All letters that are typewritten of 200 words or less, and submitted to the newspaper staff will be printed with the exception of those that are repetitions or in poor taste. The staff reserves the right to correct

or delete portions of all letters for publication purposes.

All letters must be signed, but names will be withheld upon request. Term standing, major, and hometown must be included.

Signed columns represent the view of the author only and do not reflect the Editorial policy of the Behrend Collegian.

London Howling Wolf Sessions Fuse White and Black Blues

by Charles Eschweiler
Staff Writer

Blues freaks tend to speak in superlatives at the very mention of Howling Wolfs names . . . God knows enough white blues rockers have stolen hefty chunks of his material (Remember Led Zeppelin's Lemong Song? Actually it was killing Floor, an old Howling Wolf tune, strange that credit on the Led Zeppelin 2 album goes to Page Plant, etc.) Imitation is supposedly the sincerest form of flattery, but tell that to some blues singer on the skids while he listens to some white kid taking a copyright out on an old tune the blues singer never had copyrighted . . . at any rate, such rip-offs are not happening so often anymore, and there are several albums out with younger white bluesmen backing up their old masters, bringing us up to THE LONDON HOWLING WOLF SESSIONS.

The London sessions were inspired by several early attempts of fusing white blues musicians with the originators of modern blues forms, notably the Paul Butterfield-Mike Bloomfield-Muddy Waters-Otis Spann FATHERS & SONS set, and HOOKER AND HEAT, the John Lee Hooker-Canned Heat album. FATHERS etc. and HOOKER 'N' HEAT are scholarly albums with a respect for tradition . . . the playing on both sets is rough and dirty, Paul Butterfield and Muddy Waters bust out at each other in a frenzy . . . John Lee

Hooker winds Henry Vestine and Al Wilson around his little finger and slithers all over from there. The FATHERS & SONS and HOOKER 'N' HEAT albums are good fine admirable, etc. but traditional as hell, and while they prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that white men can play the blues the sounds are (with the exception of some stuff Hooker 'N' Heat) are no different than any other blues session.

The London Howling Wolf Sessions differ from any other fusion of white and black blues because the sound throughout is original and progressive. The originality is because there's no other way Wolf can sound, and the music is considerably progressive because of the personnel, Eric Clapton, Bill Wyman, Charlie Watts, Steve Winwood, and several other people you may be familiar with. The musicians involved in the

studio could degenerate the sessions into an overblown superstar trip were it not for Wolf, all of him over six feet and three hundred pounds with the blackest, meanest voice in existence (Wolf's voice has been described as able not only to part your hair but put a considerable slice into your head on a good night.) Wolf's voice could upstage the Battle of the Bulge . . . it keeps his sidemen on these London sessions right on their toes and working, as a result they play their respective asses off and every so often the Wolf gives a little grunt of approval . . . on these occasions you can damn near hear the musicians grin.

The songs on the London sessions are blues standards, and if you don't have any real blues albums this is the perfect one to get . . . if you're Wolf you probably already have it anyhow.

Speak Easy

Q—Where are the students to serve on the Faculty Committees? Joe.

A—I checked with Student Government and do you know,

they have 15 students to fill the needed 15 positions. The new Student Government is getting under way with its newly elected reps.

Q—Why aren't service ads like this run in the paper?

A—This paper, altho published with the student reader in mind, has its restrictions. Its purpose is to get the news to the student readers. The faculty representative offers suggestions or comments when he deems

necessary, no complaints there, the administration although having no direct control certainly can make its wishes felt, but usually don't. The advertisers are the group which in the past has not shown any hesitation about expressing their opinions. We do

consider money strongly as we're in poor shape financially. The establishment is slow to admit a problem like pregnancy so ads of this nature would be unnecessary. If you have any comments to service ads like this, express yourself to the paper or write the editor.

FREE LEGAL ABORTION HELP
If you want an abortion, ACT AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE in your pregnancy. CALL US ANYTIME. All inquiries are held STRICTLY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.
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Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor,

I would like to thank Mr. Patrick Mertens for his sincere evaluation of my review of the local "Political France" concert. Anyone who cares to translate Mr. Merten's renderous pretentious polysyllables to me so that they make some kind of sense will have my gratitude. Otherwise Merten's reply levels off as a rather verbose whimper that isn't worth anyone's time to oter a reply to . . . Oh well, we won't have Pat Mertens to kick around anymore, hopefully.

Charles Peter Eschweiler
staffwriter

Dear Editor,

All students are cordially invited to attend the dedication of Wilson Pavilion in the Picnic Grove on Tuesday November 9, 1971, at 2 p.m. We expect that on this occasion Mrs. Mary B. Behrend and her daughter, Mrs. Harriet Behrend Sayre, will be with us to share this occasion.

Irvin H. Kochel

Behrend Collegian

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Opinions expressed by the editors and staff of the Behrend Collegian are not necessarily those of the University Administration, faculty, or the student body.

Published every Thursday throughout the Fall, Winter, and Spring Terms, with exclusions for holidays and term breaks.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Thursday, November 4

German film, "Der Hauptmann von Copenkick" (8 p.m.) RUB

Sunday, November 7

"The Learning Tree" (movie 7 and 9 p.m.) RUB

Monday, November 8

Dr. Weller on Nixon's economic policy (7 p.m.) Behrend Building Room 101

Wednesday, November 10

David Daniel on Reformation (Library Lecture Series, 8 p.m.) RUB Lecture Hall

Pool Tournament Registration begins at RUB desk S.G.A. meeting (Seminar Room, 7:30 p.m.)

