

A guest editorial

Politics

By George Spiegel

Back when I was a burned-out hippie, I voted anyway. I didn't even know whom I was going to cast my vote for. Calling upon my formal education and personal observations, I realized that no one else knew who they were voting for either. The only thing I fully realized was that the balloting stations were totally run by old-straight people. Therefore, being an activist hippie, I became a firm believer in voting, if only to give those straight, upper-strata, poll runners a "RUSH", a damn rush.

Over a period of time, participation in any process usually brings with it additional knowledge to the people participating: I call this political osmosis. Once in a while,

someone does win or lose by one vote. And I for one wouldn't mind being the person to have cast that vote for progress; especially if my favorite candidate is the person who happens to be one vote up instead of one vote down.

Throughout the United States, there are about 1,375,000 eligible voters between the ages of 18 and 25, few of these people vote. Dr. Q-stick-in-the-mud-Orlando just won his primary by around 400 votes. That is one reason I felt impelled to write this article. Another reason is that I would hate to wake-up someday with a bayonet up my ass. Also if you vote, you are qualified to make vacuous statements just like the politicians do. And finally, non-voters are political virgins, and who wants to be a virgin.

the Collegian commentary

By Jerry Glass

"It happened so fast! Suddenly there they were, all over me. I was just walking through the bushes. It was horrible!" so relates a co-ed of Behrend, the latest victim of one of the most deadly menaces ever faced by the populace of the Big B. This terrible enemy of us all is potentially Behrend College's most devastating foe, more devastating than a tuition increase letter from President J. Oswald. Although this menace has only recently come to light, it has been brewing all spring. This great adversary is none other

than the evil, deadly procreating rabbits of Behrend's bushes. Yes, those cute little bunnies you see on your way to class, the darling rabbits you see on your way to dinner, the adorable little hares you see when you go for a walk, the little furry creatures you see everywhere you look have become a problem.

And Behrend's mighty Security Force has been charged with stopping this blight, one of the largest, awesome, and most important responsibilities it has ever had to deal with. Gone are the days when Behrend's happy-go-lucky Security Force only had to worry about an occasional vicious illegally parked car, or a rabid stickerless automobile, or perhaps an annoyed jaywalker. Yes, gone too are the days when an officer's life was as carefree as sitting down and watching "Happy Days". Now a Security officer lives with death close by, conscious that at any moment he may be next to go as he stalks the deadly multiplying bunnies.

One of Behrend's brave Security officers, who would probably rather remain anonymous, acquainted me with the problem last week and went on to describe what it was like to be on the Security force now. "Well, before all this started life used to be simple. You did your job, gave out a few tickets, and that was all. Now I don't even know if I'll be alive from one moment to the next. Those little bunnies are dangerous. Officer J., as I will call him, went on further to describe how our Security

force is trying to break up these dangerous, amorous little animals in the bushes. He described how these fearless fighters of ferocious fornicating furry creatures tromp stealthily through the bushes at Behrend at night, Security officers are armed only with a flashlight and a prayer, hunting for the cunning cottontails to break them up from their unholy alliances. An unsavory task, at best.

However, this task is not as simple as it at first appears. These wily creatures, weighing up to three pounds, have been known to mug and kill creatures smaller and less intelligent than themselves, and attack just about anything when in a crazed state of heat, which is just about all the time. Some unconfirmed reports state that several students have been injured when they wandered into the bushes and surprised the small creatures in the middle of what they were doing. "I wish that everyone would stay out of the bushes here on campus until we get this thing cleared up" said one Security spokesman. "There's just no telling what those little bunnies are capable of!"

I think our diligent Security force deserves a vote of thanks from all of us as they perform this most dangerous task. For we can all sleep soundly in our beds tonight knowing that somewhere out there in the darkness a flashlight is flashing and an officer is risking all so that Behrend is a little safer for us all and a nice place to live and raise kids.

Letters

varying viewpoints

Club hit

Dear Fellow-Behrendites,

At the SGA meeting last Monday night, three members of ROTC, accompanied by a military officer, sat in and presented a charter for the Behrend College ROTC Adventure Club. To say the least, I was outraged to the max. Just the week before, ROTC came to the SGA to ask for admission to the Awards Banquet next Monday. A half-hour debate ensued that night, and a vote by the SGA turned down their request, and for obvious reasons, one of which was the fact that ROTC is not a student-run organization, and they are already funded by the U.S. government.

This week, they hit us with the ROTC Adventure Club. Their

charter looked like a study sheet from my G. Sci. class; one page of nonsense. It was as vague as the Nixon transcripts, and as useful as toilet paper in a rain-storm. "The purpose of this club is to provide an outlet and means for adventure type training". This can range from surviving for two weeks on an island in Lake Erie, to a trip to a whorehouse at 5th and State.

More seriously, the "Adventure Club" seems like a front for the ROTC to be recognized by the SGA, and to extract funds from us, the already impoverished student body. Their activities, as they described them, seem to coincide with those of the Outing Club. It seems to me that this would only serve as competition for the Outing Club to acquire adequate membership and

funding next year.

Outraged,
Lenny Young
3rd term ERM

A desperate plea

To whom it may concern,

The Behrend College Bridge Club has been staggering along and is now in 'intensive care'. Will anyone who has the interests of student activity at heart please sign up on the list on the bulletin board opposite Room 136 Behrend signifying his-her pledge to attend 7:30 p.m. Monday evening.

The game will only take place if a sufficient number of people sign up.

Dr. Bernard Scott
Assistant Professor of
Physics



From the desk of the Editor

By Dan McKay
Editor-in-Chief

Just a few words here to our devoted readers about different topics of varying importance.

First of all, Nancy Mullen's minute-by-minute account of ROTC's trip to Georgia failed to make last week's issue, as it did this week. It's timeliness is long gone (the trip was from April 3 to April 7), but I think it will make for some interesting, light reading if I put it in next week totally unedited. I know you want to know what ROTC is up to.

Secondly, last week I was

talking to Pond (our newly-elected SGA Vice-President), and he mentioned the Gentle Thursday that they have down at U.P. At the time I had no idea what he was talking about. Well, there was a front-page article on it in the Daily Collegian last Friday. It sounds like a really good idea. More on this later.

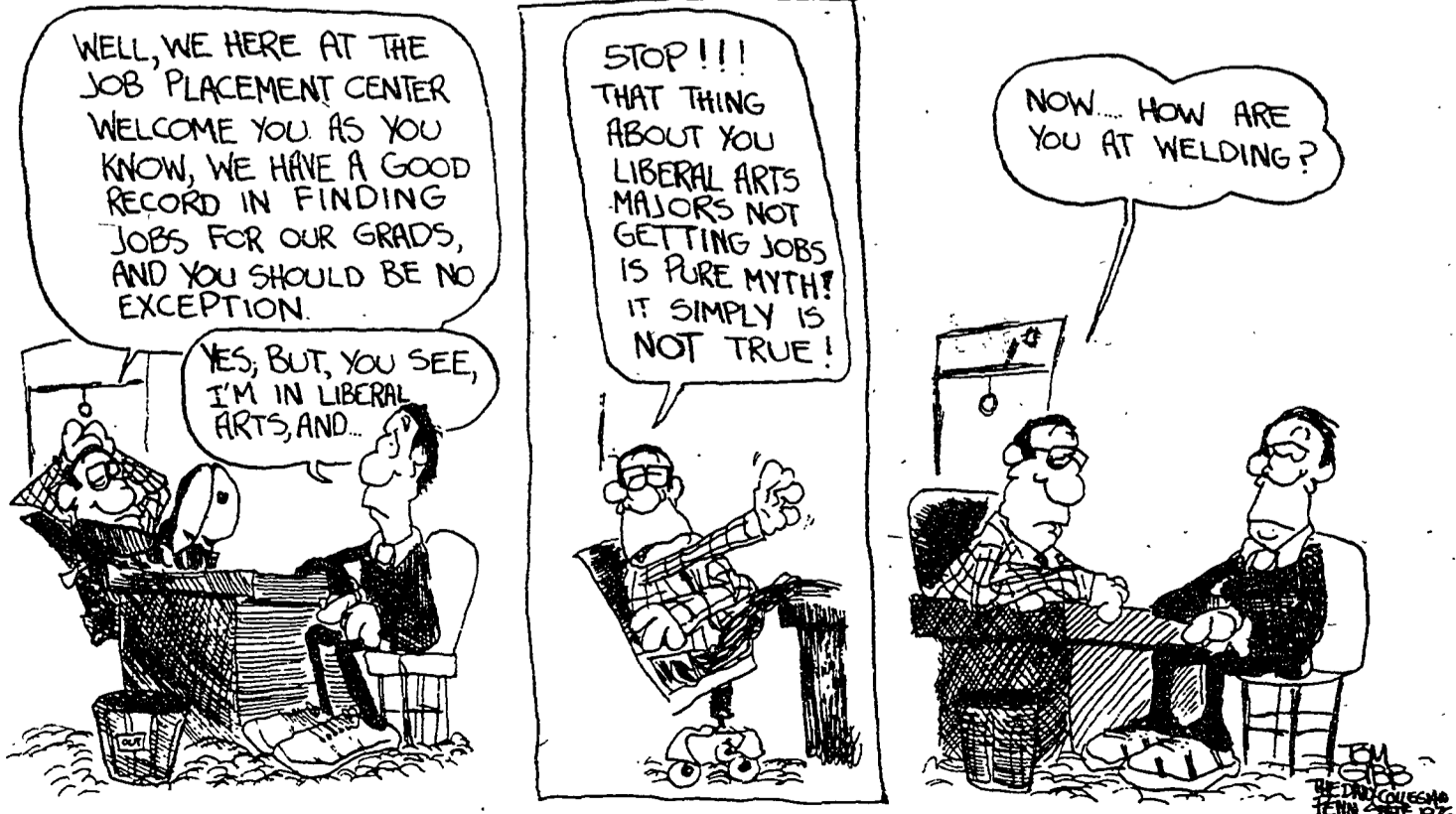
Finally, next week is the last time until next fall that you will gleefully pick up a copy of the Collegian. Don't everyone cry now, because we are going to do our best to make it an issue to remember. Along with Nancy's story we'll have other sorts of informative, entertaining reading. 'Till then...

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

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