

Behrend?

A Fable

By Kurt E. Cavano
Executive Editor

Once upon a time there was, in a small city, a small liberal arts college. Designed as a land grant college, this school was dedicated to the education of its students. Over the years, this school grew and grew until eventually it was a veritable booming metropolis of young adults.

In general, it was a very happy place, the students were satisfied with the education they were receiving and, on the whole, most of the teachers were adequate for their jobs. There were no riots, there was no unrest, everyone was more or less content.

One day at sunset on a white horse, rode in the infamous dean, Coyote, the wonderman from afar, worker of miracles and healer of all problems, who had more great ideas than could be imagined. He was received at this college with much applause and a multitude of hoorahs and cheers. He had come to raise this small peaceful college to heights never imagined by people in the area. His ideas were received with awe; he surely must be a genius, this traveller from afar. He had the brains and cunning of a fox, he must surely have descended from the heavens themselves.

This dean of faculty from across the land had many ideas, and they were all accepted without question. The rise in prestige at this college was obvious, and everyone knew who was responsible for this. In leaps and bounds they rose, higher and

higher, nearly to the height attained by Icarus.

Everyone thought that the new image was great, except for one person; they called him the fool. He paid them no attention; he just didn't understand. The fool had been at this college for several years, and he saw the change; he just shook his head, he didn't understand.

His favorite teacher had just been removed from the faculty, he didn't understand. Then another teacher and another, he still didn't understand. But everyone knew why, except him; the old teachers didn't have Ph.D's. Everyone knows it's essential to have a Ph.D to be an effective teacher.

Then came the final blow. The best teacher he ever had, a language teacher, was replaced, replaced by a person with 14 degrees in languages. The multitude again cheered the dean from afar, this fox of a man had done it again, one teacher with 14 degrees, people will come for miles to learn. But the fool only frowned, he didn't understand. His new French teacher was unable to speak, but no one cared, it didn't matter. She was such a master of language that everyone thought she would surely be able to teach French without speaking. She was the most qualified person in the world to teach French and she must be great. But the fool just frowned and he left this school to find another. He was dissatisfied with a new dean who had strange values; he doesn't understand.

commentary

By Jerry Glass

I was digging in my backyard the other day when I happened to come across an old Indian camp. Excavating further, I came across some pieces of broken pottery and an old piece of dirty parchment that had what appeared to be a poem in Ancient Greek writing on it. How the Indians got a hold of it, I'll never know, but I had it translated by my next-door neighbor, and I thought you might be interested, so here it is...

There was a place, not far from here, where dwelt a simple folk. This land was known as Behrendia, and its people were a poor joke. They laughed, they played, they danced and sang, and spent their time on mirth. Their troubles were few, they had no cares, they were a friend to all the earth.

Then one day in early fall, in the year of seventy-six, a darkness came upon the land, and all the cows were sick. The people cried, they shuddered and hid

under beds and in the stables. Though a simple folk, quite dull in fact, most remembered an old fable.

About a time when a people would come, all dressed in khaki green, and march up and down in neat, straight rows, and their games would be mighty clean.

These people would bring new laws and ways, and gods very powerful and fine. With names like Dwight and Viet Nam, and Kent State, a sacred shrine.

And these people came, in rank and drove and set up shop at once. They called themselves the Rotsee camp and sent letters in great abundance.

These letters promised everything from rank to financial aid. So that all the poor, both black and white, were in the end persuaded.

And they joined these people in

hopes of gain, of money and the skills of war. So that all the young of a once fair land were marching to the beat of a drummer singular. No laughter was heard, or dance or song, only drums and buglers loud. And where once had dwelt many single men, now lived only members of a crowd.

They looked so fine, standing there in rows, so neat, and lean and the same. As they went through their drills, with the

girls spinning guns, they hardly missed a thing called names. And Behrendia grew strong, both proud and brave, with but one flaw all its might. And afterwards, all were to say it was a shame

that most never came back from the fight.

I'll admit it is a rather juvenile attempt at poetry. But what can you expect from a bunch of Indians who apparently ran the only Greek restaurant in the New World. Certainly not art.

A Word From Our President

By Mike Woods
SGA President



This will be my last communication as student body president or as a student here at the Behrend College. This year has passed all too quickly and much has happened to all of us here. I remember sitting at my desk earlier this year contemplating what I would write in my farewell article. Hundreds of ideas occurred to me, few of which I remember now. I suppose it would be appropriate to just relate the things which come to me now.

For the past several years, most of my life has been invested in the Behrend College and I feel it the best investment I've ever made. The experiences I have had here and the people I have met through these years have

made me a much different person, and I hope a better one.

I remember many all-nighters sitting over books and miles of computer read-outs trying to figure out what it was all for, and many other nights sitting around cases of kegs with a bunch of crazy lovable clowns celebrating everything from the Christmas season to the anniversary of Richard Nixon's first tape recorder. I remember sitting in Mr. Kochel's office in heated debate during last year's dorm protests and sitting in that same man's office this year, discussing things like two friends. How things change.

I could spend the next month referring to salient memories but this is the Behrend Collegian not

the Woodsy Collegian so I won't belabor this issue. Suffice to say that the Behrend College means a lot to me. It has been my home and my existence for a while and I care much for its future. I only hope that the students who remain here will make a genuine effort to develop the college in all areas. As students, we all have a vague idea as to where the problems lie academically and socially. It is up to the student body to set a positive example for next year's incoming freshmen (oops) I mean freshpeople, and to let them know that college is more than attending classes. To show them that college is people, working for people, working with people, but most of all, working together to improve their own college community. College is often the last forum where a person can express his ideologies in whatever manner he wishes and exercise his creative talents in many ways. As students, don't neglect these opportunities, for if you do, you will be the ones who miss out.

In conclusion, I would like to acknowledge several people. Dean Lane (who has been like a father to me when I needed it), Dean Bainum, Jay DiFrank, and Mr. Kochel have been great this year and have a genuine interest in Behrend's student body. When it comes to this year's S.G.A., I could never do them justice. We have worked long and hard many days and nights, my friends. You are a hell of a group, dedicated, concerned, positive, and genuinely beautiful people. I will miss you all. I have never in my life worked with a better bunch! The organizations on campus are too numerous to mention and the outstanding student personnel could fill a page - you know who you are - you're all beautiful! Only one group remains unmentioned, the Behrend College student body as a whole. Regardless of what anyone may say, I think you are a group of wonderful people. You are what my job for the last two years has been all about. I wish each and everyone of you the best of luck wherever your lives may lead you. In a sense, you have been my employer for the last two years. Please allow me to say that this employee is grateful for everything you have given him in this time. It has been so much more valuable than any monetary award. I wish there was something more I could say. I just can't believe it's all over. Your support has made the Student Government work. I consider it an honor to have worked for such a group. Before I start getting terribly emotional or rambling longer - Thank You for everything. Good-bye.

Letters

varying viewpoints

Credit is due

Dear Editor:

After experiencing a weekend such as last weekend, one must give credit to those responsible for getting it together. No Spring Arts committee is a breeze, but in the long run, it's a great time. I thank everyone associated with Spring Arts and especially these following people who spent many tedious hours serving with me as marshals: Larry Szoszorek, Gary Harned, T. Clyde Kennedy, Peggy Joy, Jill McCoy, Doug Rue, Brad Federspiel, JoAnn-bruno, Jim Marshall, Christine Johnson, Warren Dobson, June Jacobs, Debbie Kimmich, Cindy Scaringi, Steve Narolski, Pat Weldon, Daryl Canfield, Rick Venturella.

Also very helpful were: Mike Jackson, Nancy Wingert, Ken Popelas, Melissa Duvall, Mary Ann Ladd, Murray Markovitz, Debbie Thompson, Stephanie Hitchens, Chris Koch, Roger

Zanes, Sue Saunders, and last but not least, Gail Peck, Kim Wise, Sue Yandrick, Linda Bailey, Lynn Cable, and Amy Mosch.

Thank you,
Doug Roth
Sophomore Class Pres.

Priorities

An Open Letter to Students and Staff:

It has come to my attention that some of the existing teachers, or professors (as the term is sometimes misused) are being released to go on to bigger and better things. I have also noticed a strange thing, of all the teachers being "let go" none of them possess doctorates. This can be just another one of those strange unexplainable coincidences, or it could mean that the administration has developed a perverted set of values. Having a faculty of pure Ph.D's looks great, and is very impressive to the Erie community, but it does

nothing for the quality of the education that can be had at Behrend College.

Teachers that possess Ph.D.'s are undeniably intelligent, but basically research oriented. They spent their last two to five years in college doing research, not learning teaching skills. This type of teacher would be great if Behrend were a chemical plant, but Behrend is a people factory, dedicated to turning out people with the best education possible. I do not want to categorize teachers who possess Ph.D.'s as being poor teachers, but I would like to say that we should not hire and fire teachers on the basis of the weight of their degrees.

Sincerely,
Kurt E. Cavano
Executive Editor

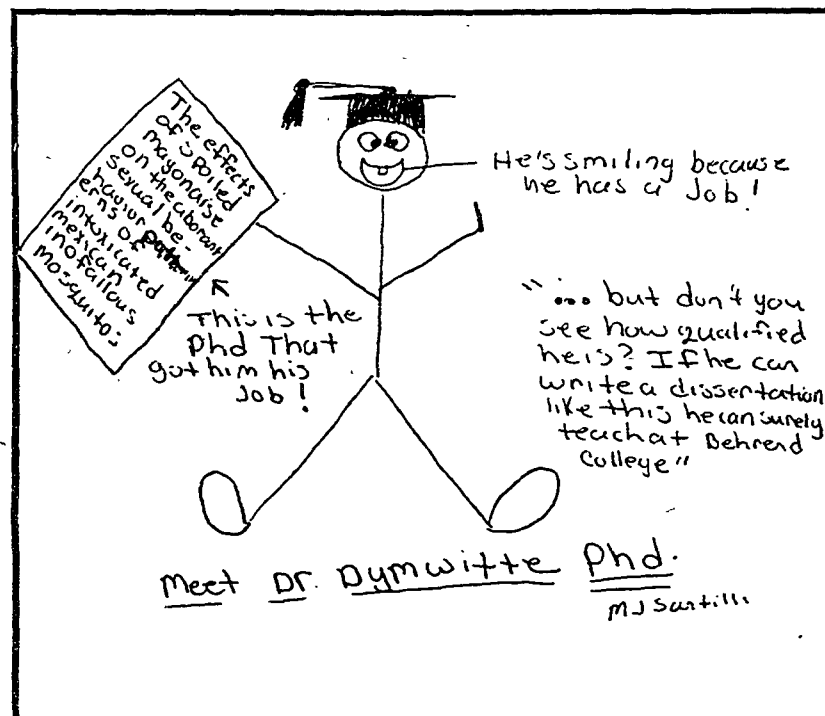
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All letters must be signed, but names will be withheld upon request. Term standing, major, and hometown must be included.

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this summer!



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