

# OPINION PAGE

## Letters

### Coffeehouse Too Loud?

Dear Editor,  
 On Wednesday, September 12, I had the unique experience of attending my first Coffee House. The event is sponsored by the Student Union Board (SUB) and is designed to give Behrend Students the opportunity to hear local musicians perform. The musician who played this particular evening was John Cunningham, whom I never heard before. John played the accoustic guitar and piano and sang the music of various artists as well as some of his own. I found John to be a very entertaining and talented musician, and thoroughly enjoyed his performance.  
 However, I must say I was greatly disappointed with some of the Behrend students in attendance. These people were extremely rude to John. They seemed to have nothing better to do than sit there and talk. I was particularly disappointed with the SUB members in attendance

because they had sponsored the activity, yet lacked the consideration of giving him their attention. Instead, they set a fine example by talking throughout this performance, defeating the whole purpose of the Coffee House. I shouldn't take it all out on just the SUB members though, because as I mentioned earlier, there were other Behrend students who were just as noisy (and you know who you are).  
 I think its about time these people did a little growing-up and showed some consideration for others: not only for the musician, but only for the musician, but also those who are trying to listen as well. If a musician is going to come and give something of himself to us, then we should at least be courteous enough to give something of ourselves in return.

George Flanders  
 7th Term  
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### Summer Term No Breeze!

This editorial is being written with the intention of consoling everyone who attended the Summer Term.

Let's begin with registration. Finally, the administration realized the need to increase the number of classes offered during the Summer Term. It went from "not many" to "a few". We the student body, were lulled into a false sense of reality. There were numerous classes cancelled at the last minute because the required enrollment of 12 was not reached. Regardless of this, classes began.

The first day of class I was confronted by a band of cut-throats and vagabonds called "Ceta employees." They really had to dig into the depths of the earth to find this crew. They were loud, obnoxious, and made the RUB cafeteria look like Summit landfill before it's covered. The biggest problem was that the administration allowed the "Ceta workers" to use the school's facilities. For instance, they took their showers in the swimming pool (I had to emphatically urge maintenance to throw in an extra cup of chlorine everyday). Eventually they were restricted from the RUB cafeteria but continued to use the showers. Ah, Summer term goes on!

Speaking of the cafeteria, it happened again. No not food! I can't understand what happened.

I paid \$393 for Spring term tuition and the cafeteria was open. I could have sworn I paid \$393 for Summer term also. How come no cafeteria? I think that I've been had again.

I made it through Summer term for the third straight year though the obstacles seemed insurmountable. My observation is that Summer term is used by the administration as a "recovery" period after three previous, long and enduring terms. Unfortunately it is at the expense of the summer students. Yes, Summer breeze makes me feel fine . . .

One final observation by this writer. Recently I happened to come across a copy of "The Gourman Report", a rating of American and International Universities. It is authored by Dr. Jack Gourman in conjunction with National Educational Standards. Interestingly, out of all the colleges in the country, Penn State ranks 36th in a rating of quality institutions. It was ranked above some pretty outstanding colleges: Carnegie-Mellon, Georgia Tech and Notre Dame. The catchy part is that in a rating of the leading institutions with regards to administration, Penn State was not even mentioned.

Tom Miller  
 11th Term  
 Communications

### A Plea From Aleta

My folks called long-distance on Saturday to tell me about my cousin, Aleta.

Aleta, nineteen, pretty, a college sophomore, and an active member on her college gymnastic team will never attend another class or gym meet. Aleta died Friday of drug overdose.

Aleta was not a hard core drug user, but like many college students, she occasionally experimented with drugs.

I'm sure Aleta didn't intentionally overdose. I feel Aleta died from "bad" drugs, drugs containing other chemical substances used to "cut" drugs to make them appear "authentic." One common example is strychnine, (rat poison) sometimes added to enhance the hallucinogenic properties of LSD. Unfortunately it also induces stomach cramps and sometimes death.

The point is, consumers of illegal drugs have no idea what they are putting in their body, and sellers or even friends cannot be trusted to know exactly what is in a drug.

If this is not enough evidence to convince you not to consume chemicals bought on the black market, at least have some consideration for your family and friends. Consider how your parents will feel when the police come to their home to tell them their child's body is in the morgue, and when they have to tell the rest of their family and friends you died from a drug overdose.

I didn't think anything like this could ever happen to me, or anyone in my family, but even if only one person heeds this advice, Aleta will not have died in vain.

Jim Patrick

### Should Flag Football Be Banned?

Dear Editor,  
 I would like to bring to the students' attention a strange cult that is threatening Behrend's, as well as the United States, future. This cult disguises itself as a part of the intramural sports program: Flag Football.

My first contact with a cult member was a clean cut young man who approached me and asked if I wanted to play intramural football. Since I'm what you'd consider an All-American boy (except that I like to wear women's clothing on occasion), playing 10 sports in high school, I readily accepted. "By the way," he interjected, "Can you give a dollar for the program?" With no hesitation, I gave him my hundred pennies with the notion that my buck would go to buying us T-shirts or beer for after the game. (Now that I think of it, the money probably went to buy candy or flowers to sell on the street corners and in airports all over the United States.

Later in the week, fifteen of us muscular studs hit the football field while thoughts of maiming wide receivers danced in our heads. When we approached the field, we spied people wearing two little strips of plastic hanging from their waists. Then some real skinny, fast guy, who must have scored at least five TD's in the ensuing game, asked "Where at your flags?" All of us just looked at each other and laughed. "What's this guy talking about?"

Then this same guy (who probably wrote the rules to this sport) began telling us the guidelines of this game, of this "Sissieball" as we now call it. No tripping, no spitting, no swearing, hardly any blocking, and especially, no tackling.

No tackling? (Back home in Kentucky, me and Jim Bob and Billy Joe used to tackle our own teammates if it looked like we

could lay a big hit on them.) Nope, no tackling, instead one is supposed to pull the strips of plastic off ones personage rather than inflict damage on one's head. We didn't agree with the rules, but we wanted to exercise, so we put on these fruitish red flags and tried to play the game.

We started to play and these commie athletes proceeded to lay on us one of the worst defeats I have ever encountered in all my years on the gridiron. They easily ran by us and into the endzone with both of their flags in tack on almost every play.

They also did something very strange. Every time one of us would take one of their flags, they would get into a circle and start praying, saying things like "flare-out", "post-pattern", and "flea flicker". Clearly the cults homage words for the Reverend Flag. (We now refer to these beings as "Flaggies" or "Flaggots.")

Shoot, how can you beat guys who combine football and eastern religions? The worst thing wasn't the score — though they beat us 79-0 — it was that we didn't even break any bones or draw any blood. To top it off, we couldn't dive after any fumbles and dirty ourselves because whenever the ball hit the ground, it was called "dead". We couldn't even dive into a pile, kicking and biting, pretending we wanted the ball.

Sure, the flaggies may have superiority in flag football, but I ask, "What will be next?" Why not let good old boys like myself break bones and cause hemorrhaging now and then? Flaggie communists may never quit!! Put violence back into football or Behrend College will become just another communist worshipping spot on the world's ever-expanding red map!

Johnny Lee Hooker  
 All-American Tackle  
 (Formerly of Fairfield, KT)

### Shortage Lingers

Inconspicuously announced in the Sunday Times (September 16, 1979), was the formation of a Department of Allied Health at Edinboro College. Six new programs in anesthesia, nutrition, health services, dental lab technician, pharmaceutical assistance and medical transcribing will be offered.

Future graduates of these programs who find work in Erie, unfortunately will fulfill only specialized needs of this community, while the frightful

shortage of Erie nurses continues.

This critical lack of help threatens the quality of health care in and around Erie county. The callous dismissal of this potential danger by local hospitals (which would help fund Nursing Degree Programs) only prolongs the wait for better medical service. And the fact that area colleges seem determined to ignore this problem should be a cause for concern for those who want a quality education.

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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.

### Photos On Display

On the upper level of the Reed Union Building there is presently a display of color photographs by Dr. Corrado Letta.

Dr. Letta was born in Italy on March 29, 1940. He obtained an M.A. in Sociology, Economics, and Humanities at the Ecole Normale Superier Pacinotti, Pisa University, Italy. Dr. Letta began his career in 1965. He performed research in Philosophy of Communication at the Cambridge University, England. From 1966 to 1968 he traveled and researched in the Northwestern University, New York and London. In 1969, he went to Saudi Arabia to supervise on behalf of King Faisal, a bedouin and farmer's development program. After returning to California to do research for two years, Dr. Letta went back to the Mideast. From 1973 to 1978, he lived and worked in Liberia, Rome, Indonesia, and Cameroun.

Dr. Letta has received such honors as a fellowship to the Ecole Normale Superier Pacinotti, Pisa University from 1960 to 1964. In 1965, he received a research fellowship at the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Bell School at Cambridge University, England. In 1966, he received a research fellowship at the Transportation and Communication Center at Northwestern University.

In order to keep his own artistic independence throughout the years, financial resources (raised through consulting in developing countries) have been re-invested in advanced visual researches through the media of colour photography. Dr. Letta's exhibit will be available for viewing until the end of September.