

# OPINION PAGE

## Get A Job?

By Joe Englert

Many students find themselves in dire financial straights once they hit the big time college scene. One's funds are quickly depleted after a couple of pizzas and L.C.B. busts. The Student may turn to mom and dad for a coupla hits of green to pad the billfold, but the folks soon catch on. They suddenly realize about all you jot down in your letters (on your P.S.U. stationary of course) are the same lines like: "Hi, how ya doin'?" (you have to write cute, now that you're in college). How's things at home? I'm doing okay. Got a math test on Wednesday. By the way, do you think you could send some money? Pencils and paper are so expensive nowadays, Mom. Thanks, see ya around Thanksgiving. Love, Jim."

Well, about the fifth time your shifty, educated self does this to the suppliers of your higher education, the meaty checks stop arriving. All your mailbox will contain is a note explaining the tight financial situation at home.

Almost immediately, you start getting the shakes on the weekend because you're being deprived of alcoholic beverages. You miss the feeling of peeling cellophane from an album, because you haven't bought one in so long. Playing pinball at the RUB becomes your idea of entertainment. Your friends start noticing that instead of asking for a quarter for two dimes and a nickel, you just ask for a quarter.

The situation is desperate, you need bucks and you need them bad. You do what you never thought you would do, look for a job while in college.

As a student at Behrend, you have two options open to you. The first one is the fast food chains of the area. The second opportunity is on campus, Dobbins Hall.

When you go for the first option you wind up working for a place like Burger King or McDonald's, (it seems like everyone has worked at a place like this one time or another). After a few weeks at a place like this, one

asks himself, "Is money really worth it?" In a few weeks, your face looks like a "before," picture for an Oxy 10 commercial; you've been mercilessly barraged by constant splashing of Big Macs and Quarter Pounders from the grill you man (or woman). Secondly, you have to dress up in a uniform that resembles Bozo the clown's old get-up before someone told him to tone down his act. The manager knows your desperate for bills so he pins on you the 4 to closing shifts on Friday and Saturday nights. To add to your troubles you don't own a car and walking five miles back to Behrend becomes a habit. The funny thing is, the only time somebody picks you up is when you feel like walking or it's a beautiful day. Maybe the worse thing to face in one of these joints is when you have to wait on small, loud mouthed, obnoxious and hungry kids.

Well, I guess that's the same situation one finds at Dobbins

Hall (your second choice); only the kids are taller. It must be extremely hard to keep cool when ten people, who are standing in the seconds line with the look of pigging out in their eyes, shove their plate in your face and grunt, "more." Also, almost every person in the line thinks its his duty to inform the workers he doesn't like the food. The employees didn't make the food and don't want to listen, anyways! Working in the dishroom can be hard on the nerves, also. At least once every day someone tries to see how much the person behind the slots will bleed if he is struck by a speeding tray. A strong stomach is also required for work in the dishroom. College is an experimental stage and seeing what spaghetti, ice cream, peaches, milk and fish look like together can be interesting to a curious student but it could cause the unsuspecting dishwasher to vomit uncontrollably. After days of working in the dishroom, one starts to look like a zombie at

work and begins to hum like the hugh dishwasher. The checks that you receive many times go to pills for the nerves and for hearing aids. You soon question how much you like beer and fun and how much you really need the money.

All of a sudden, mom and dad seemed correct when they warned you to save money last summer.

The trips to Wildwood and Myrtle Beach didn't help the bank account either. You learned your lesson of finance this year. So, next year when you're ready to do the same thing in the summer, be safe. You can spend all the money you want, just don't pay any taxes and gamble heavily. You'll be sitting pretty next year at this time if you take this advice, just wait and see. Working at college will never enter your mind again.



## Beans And Other Italian Dishes

Webster's "Third New International Dictionary" defines it as, "an expulsion of intestinal gas sometimes used of a person as a generalized term of abuse." I would like to examine the pre-dash portion of the definition more closely.

Farting. Such a disgusting word. Is it? Geoffrey Chaucer didn't think so. In his "Canterbury Tales," specifically in The Miller's Tale, he writes, "Spek, sweete byrd, I noot nat where thou art. This Nicholas anom leet fe a fart, as gree as it had been a thonder-dent." It is my opinion (as well as Penn State's since it offers a 400 level Chaucer course) that Chaucer is considered to be one of the greatest English poets.

Continuing on through history there is J. Heywood who in 1562 wrote, "I shall geat a fart of a dead man as soone as a Farthyng of him." Swift, in 1728, wrote in "Dial. Mad. Mullinix & Timothy," "In doleful scenes that break our heart Punch comes, like you, and lets a f-t." In "Ess. Wind," Thurlow (1825) wrote, "There are five or six different species of farts." And who could refute the celebrated novelist, J.D. Salinger in his novel, "Catcher in the Rye," where he writes, "All of a sudden this guy sitting in the row in front of me, Edgar Marsella, laid this terrific fart. It was a very crude thing to do, in chapel and all, but it was also quite amusing."

"Fart" is derived from the Old High German Word, "ferzan," which means to "break wind." Very interesting phrase, but just how did the word "fart" derive from "ferzan."

In 1027, a Germanic tribe, The Fizzledorfs, roamed through the continent of Europe. Unfortunately, the only thing the people of this tribe disapproved of was bathing. It was their philosophy that bathing not only cleansed the body, but cleansed the mind as well (as everyone knows, the Fizzledorfs were well known for their accumulation of perverted slang expressions). It

became common to hear townspeople say, "Here comes the Fizzledorfs. Gees, do they stink." Townspeople always knew of the impending arrival of the Fizzledorfs; they could be smelled from ten miles off. At first whiff, the townspeople would erect "windbreakers," hence the original meaning of the word, "Ferzan." Through the centuries the meaning became twisted and then inverted until finally ferzan meant, "to break wind."

Next question: how did "fart" achieve its vulgar connotation? Fart. It doesn't seem bad to me. I have to believe that it is better than the phrase, "passing gas." It's bad enough that we have misconstrued the word over the years and have harshly judged the connotative meaning of it, but what about the scholars, the ivorytower writers of the dictionaries? The Random House Dictionary of the English Language defines it: "slang-vulgar, a flatus expelled through the anus." Such formalities. Could they possibly mean, "gas out the ass." And what's this, "flatus?" "Random House" defines "flatus," as "an accumulation of gas in the stomach, intestines, or other body cavity." Come now, "Random House," what is wrong with "fart?"

If it wasn't for the word, "fart," we wouldn't have phrases like, "let a brewer's fart" (to be foul oneself), "fart-daniel" (this confused me somewhat; it has something to do with young pigs), and last and certainly not least, my favorite, "fart sucker," (a parasite).

Some more contemporary items: how about the famous bean eating scene from Mel Brooks' "Blazing Saddles?" Or perhaps Steve Martin's famous comeback to the question, "Mind if I smoke? No, mind if I fart?"

I say let's destroy the myth that farting is vulgar. It's about time that people come out of the closet and get wind of the subject. Let's all join together and clear the air of the injustice that has been done to the fart.

By Tom Miller



Lambd Sigs sold pumpkins to help rais funds. Did you buy one..

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