

Editorially

Speaking...

PERHAPS YOU have noticed that it's been 21 days since the last Collegian. The main reason for the delay has been lack of funds and therefore, we have instituted many changes. The Collegian will be published twice monthly, rather than weekly. I Eugene Martin Grygo have assumed power as Editor in Chief (thus qualifying for the college work study program). Joe Englert being the gracious and unselfish person we all know and love, has stepped down to assistant Editor (a non-paying position). And some of the staff members have gone back to praying.

As editor I will lead my illustrious staff towards heights of journalism never before attained on a branch campus. Also, if it isn't too much to ask, donations are tax deductible. Remember, too that the Collegian solicits classified ads at a low, low rate of 25 cents per 2 column inch ad.

Here's a mind bender: Question: How many Behrend students attended the Snowflake Ball at the Erie Hilton? Answer: 50 (give or take a few) students out of an approximate 1,700. Interesting, huh? Another fine example of the dull-minded, boring folk that drift around campus. Right, students who are

too careless, gutless and-or intoxicated to get involved, or know what's going on around them? But wait a second, 50 people attended the dance. Is there hope for Behrend College? Maybe.

Some of the articles that appear in the latest edition of the merry Collegian have been labeled with "P.A.I.N." (capitalized so they are easier to read). These initials stand for "Press Association Inter-Campus News", a service of the Penn State Press Association. This group will provide articles of Main Campus events and will serve as a link between U.P. and the Behrend campus.

It's Housing Time

Students interested in on-campus housing at University Park for Fall, 1980, can pick-up their contracts in the records office. The contracts must be turned in with a \$45.00 deposit only on February 1st. They are accepted on a first come, first serve basis. Mr. Richard Sosnowski will be accepting them from 8-12 noon in the lobby of the Otto Behrend Science Building and from 1-5 p.m. in the finance office located in the Main Building. Because all Commonwealth campuses are competing for the housing, it is strongly recommended that students get them in as early as possible: (8 a.m., February 1st). Seconds can make a difference!

Not Transmitting

Dear Editor:

I am the president of WBCR, Behrend's non-existent radio station. There are many reasons why our carrier current station is not transmitting to all three dorms. The two basic reasons are - limited funds to improve upon the mess you might call equipment; and the apathetic attitude of our members due to the equipment problems.

I am optimistic. With your support, patience and a lot of good luck - WBCR can get its act together by or before the Spring Term. Hopefully soon - you will hear us in all three dorms Lawrence, Perry and Niagara; and in Dobbins Dining Hall. Remember - we are 560 AM and will be airing every evening from 4-11 p.m. We hope the coordinators will put our extension 318 in the magic phones.

We need support and interest to get our station going again. Stop talking about how lousy the station is and help make it the best.

Thank you,
Phil Goodwin

Songs of the Times

(by Joe Englert)

Ayatollan In Tehran

(Sung to "Breakfast In America" by Supertramp in a high-pitched fanatic tone):
Take a look at my nation
It's really starting to rot
Not much of a country
But it used to be a lot
Take a camel across the desert
Like to see Afganistan
See the Russians in Kabul
I hope they're not going to come through
But there's not a lot I can do
Could we have capitalists for breakfast
Students dears, Students dears
We hate Americans from Maine to Texas

Cos everyone's a millionaire
I'm a moslem, I'm a madman
Do you want your oil fields back
I'm Rutollan, what a joker
I'm sicking my students on you
I'm good at blackmail, so there's not a lot you can do
Don't bomb my nation, she's the only one I got
Not much of a country
Boy, we've really gone to pot.
Take a camel across the desert,
Like to see Afganistan,
See the Russians in Kabul,
America maybe I did wrong to you,
Cos now I heard the Russians are going to put me in a zoo.

No Mail For The Wolf-Boy

Sometimes in a college student's life there is little to look forward to. A warm shower (seldom ever accomplished in the primitive dorm sprinkler jobs called showers) a good woman (I heard the price has gone up in Erie) or man (one that likes you for your astute mind and deviant personality, not just for your mom's cooking, and for the security of having a prom date and a companion every Friday and Saturday night). In every student's life there is a little gleam, a shining light, a holy grail. It's called mail. Every day hundreds of sweating Behrend dormites run to their little hole in the wall, their combination guarded safe in search of a luxury called mail. It pains me everyday to see others getting cards, letters and Hustler magazines in the mail. I never got mail, not once this year. You see, I was raised by a pack of

Italian wolves, me and my brother Romulus. I'm Remus the one you never hear about. Well, anyway, I never get any mail. You see my parents only write in wolf with a heavy Italian dialect and they can't communicate too well with me. At least you'd think American Express would write to me, to do a commercial. You know, "Remember me? I'm Romulus' twin brother, Remus." Then some noise goes, crrr, crrr and I hold the little card up and smile. But no mail, not even from American Express.

For awhile I was so jealous of everybody because I never got any mail. So I got this great idea. I figured, if no one was going to send me any mail I would send myself mail. I've written to all the good magazines, "Outdoor Life," "American Wolfe," but none of these magazines has taken me seriously. How can I help it if I only have one name,

Remus? And another thing, they only have house numbers and apartment numbers but they don't have a slot for den number. (Another thing, who is this guy Bill Melater? His name is on every card for those prescriptions. He must own a lot of magazines or something). So I'm getting really desperate. Will somebody send me some mail? Please, I'm not picky, you can send me a little letter saying, "Heilo, how are you?" or you can even send me an old birthday card you don't read anymore. It would be much appreciated. Thanks.

Send cards, letters or anything else you can spare to:
Remus, Wolfe Boy
Den No. 488
In the Woods, P.S.U.
Erie, PA 16563

These people get the mail, not the wolf boy!
(below)



Enough is Enough No More Disco

Editors Note: The following is to be sung to the tune, "Enough is Enough - No More Tears" sung by Donna Summer and Barbra (Streisand):

It's stupid, it's annoying, disco is boring me to tears, after all these years...

No meaning, No value, No substance, No sign of changing itself, it doesn't stand a chance.

I always dreamed I'd find the perfect disco song, but it turned out to be like every other tune I knew, I knew

Annoying, Boring, there's nothing left for me to hear. There's only one thing left to do
Enough is Enough!

If you've had enough don't put up with the stuff don't you do it,

If a discoid wants his music played say you'd rather kill, yes say you'd rather kill, you can do it.

Tell him just to get out, nothing left to sing about. Pack up his disco dancing shoes and show him out! Just look him in his gold chains and simply shout! Enough is Enough! I can't listen to it any longer. Enough is Enough!

It's hurting my ears so badly. If a disco album almost drove you crazy; break it into one million pieces.

If your patience is gone, don't think twice so watch that discoids album, don't be nice! Tell those disco people, to get

their music off, say it clearly, spell it out:

Enough is Enough! I can't listen to it any longer. Enough is Enough!

Please stop the music, simply stop it...

I dreamed I'd always find the perfect disco man, but he wore more hairspray than any in the land

I've got to be smart, disco is tearing me apart.

Enough is Enough! I can't listen to it any longer.

No More Disco!
Enough is Enough!

I've had it, you've had it. We've had it. Enough is Enough! It's stupid, it's annoying, there's nothing left for me to hear. I hope they don't play it anymore this year!

Enough is Enough is Enough is Enough!!!!!!!

Behrend Collegian

Member of
The Press Association

Gene Grygo
Editor

Russ Miller
Photography Editor

Joe Englert
Assistant Editor

Staff

Sue Bentz
Bridget Burns
Paul Elbel
Lonnice Gilbert
Mike Guido
Advisor: Dr. Michel Small

Bill Hegman
Mary Miseta
Brad Palmer
Tom Pyne
Pat Sedlak

Mailing Address - Behrend College, Station Road, Erie, Pa. 16563
Office - Student Offices, Reed Union Building
Office Hours: 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m., Mon., Wed., Fri.
Phone 898-1511 Ext. 238

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