

# EDITORIALS

Another holiday season so soon? It's the same feeling I get every year - part dread, part anticipation. A good amount of money is spent each year on Christmas - money that most of us don't have. What bothers me most, I guess, is that people miss the whole point of the Christmas season. I don't think that it really is necessary to point out what that is. But I'll tell you, it certainly is easy to lose in the rushing and preparation of the season.

Well, this year should be special in our family. We're having a new baby. As far as I'm concerned, there's no better way to celebrate the birth of Christ and the birth of a new year.

The whole concept of having a new immediate family member is interesting to me. This isn't just a cousin or a friend. This is a niece/nephew, someone who will extend the family, who will eventually have a say in immediate family matters, at least in our family she will.

I have to think of so many different things as I contemplate the celebration of Christmas. You see, we are, in general, the fortunate ones. We can afford to be here, so can obviously afford a decent Christmas. Most of us have families to spend Christmas with, or good friends and relatives. Few of us will go without a Christmas dinner or a present of some kind. But I have to consider the people all over the world and even in our own country nowadays, who will be alone, hungry and cold on Christmas day.

I tend to feel a little bit guilty when I think of all those people, particularly the elderly. What a tough Christmas it must be when you spend the day alone, wishing it wasn't Christmas at all. What joy is there in sharing Christmas when you haven't got anyone to share it with?

I'm not being an idealist. I realize there aren't a whole lot of options. We can't help everyone out all of the time. We can't give company to all of the lonely. We can't give meals to all of the hungry. I'm sure our families have troubles of their own. But the least we could do is be appreciative for all that we have been given, be a little more caring, try a little harder to realize the real reason we celebrate Christmas - in essence, to thank God for what we've been given.

The next step might be to go out and do one good deed. It might be to bring some cookies to the man down the street who lives alone. It might be to take a few hours to take an elderly friend or relative out to do some shopping or grab some lunch. It might be to take the time to listen to what someone else has to say. The real "Christmas message" lies in just doing something out of the ordinary that relates to giving and not receiving.

People who read this column regularly (and I question how many people really do) might be scratching their heads and smiling, while saying, "Wow, this editor is really naive." Well, there might be some truth to that. But it can't hurt to try to explain to people that they are inherently good and that they owe it to their fellow persons to show that.

I should keep moving along before I really begin to depress myself and the readers. Around the holidays, I have a tendency to dwell on the negative instead of the positive. I anxiously await the dawning of Christmas morning. There is such a feeling in the air at our house. My family complains and complains. They say an artificial tree would be so much easier. But why would I want to go the easier route and forego the pleasure of real pine, the smell of the tree in the house? That's the best part of my Christmas. There's such an outdoorsy feeling to it. My father and I argue about it every year. This year I just took a saw out to an old field and cut the first tree I could find that looked half decent (referring to a minimal amount of bald spots). After dragging it back to the car, I drove home anticipating his reaction. He asked

## Letters To The Editor

Recently, it has become apparent that the administration here at Behrend wish that our college be called Penn State-Behrend. The most recent "Behrend Quarterly" sported Behrend's new name no less than 22 times in just four pages. The new name as well as logos with the name have appeared on calendars, shirts, letterheads, envelopes, television, programs, informational handouts, and folders. A hearty applause goes out to those who are pushing our "new" image. However, it is unfortunate that Penn State-Behrend is our new name.

The Behrend College is unique in the Pennsylvania State Univer-

sity system. We are the only four year college outside of University Park. Why then, must we be identified with the two year campuses? Since 1972, when Behrend was accredited and became the Behrend College, Behrend has strived to be called and thought of as a college and not just a two year campus of Penn State. However, on our 10th anniversary as an accredited college, we have given up. We are no longer fighting for that distinction that took over 30 years to gain.

It is vital for any small college, especially a new one, to make itself known. The administrators are doing an excellent job with

programs such as the Annual Fund and the Council of Fellows. However, when college is eliminated from our name, we lose an important aspect of our unique identity.

It is apparent to me that the motive behind the new name is a new image. We have no need for a new image or a new name. Behrend has had an image for excellence long before it gained its new title. It is very unfortunate that we will no longer try to be thought of and called the Behrend College, a name we so rightfully deserve.

Doug Saltzman  
Fifth Term English: Literature

## On Christmas

Editorial

Satire By

Chuck Beckman

It's that time of year again when fat obnoxious people dress up in red suits and try to pass themselves off as Santa Claus. I had the experience of being accosted by one of these contentious St. Nicks the other day on the second floor of the Reed Union Building. Even worse was when a well known mother about campus had to explain to her little daughter that the Santa must have been a helper and not the real thing, as he was far too abrasive.

Speaking of abrasive, the music outside the Reed Building that blares from M\*A\*S\*H\* type loudspeakers reminds me of just having spent a wallet's worth of money at the Millcreek Mall. Christmas, people keep telling you in columns like these, is a time of joy and Christian celebration, if you're Christian. My idea of Christian celebration is not listening to Silent Night over and over and over on a little tinny speaker which makes the tune sound as if it were sung by a shell-shocked Frank Sinatra.

The point is this: Let each person celebrate the season according to his/her belief. The loudspeakers outside Reed are just a bit too much like the sound system at the Crawford County Fair for my tastes. Don't get me wrong: Christmas is my favorite time of year, for all the usual reasons. But if I want MUZAK mistletoe, I'll stand in an elevator.

## Behrend Classifieds

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL - THE COLLEGIAN STAFF.

S.A.O.T.M. - HAPPY HOLIDAYS - JOEY.

JANET SATS - WE MISS YOU & HAPPY HOLIDAYS - J. & C.

C.E. HAPPY BIRTHDAY - I LOVE YOU - J.M.F.

TONIANN - CONGRATULATIONS - LOVE ME - THANKS.

JEFF - I HOPE SANTA STUFFS YOU IN MY STOCKING - MARY CHRISTMAS.

e'claire - HOPE YOU GET A LOCK HAVEN FOR CHRISTMAS - LOVE DOROTHY.

S.M. - I KNOW YOU KNOW DOROTHY - MERRY CHRISTMAS - HA-HA - ME.

C.B. & D.T. & S.M. - HAPPY HOLIDAYS ROOMIES - J.

BRADY - PUT SOME SOCKS ON, YOU FOOL - GUESS WHO.

TO ALL OF PAPA NICKS KIDS - HAPPY HOLIDAYS.

STEPH - HAPPY! HAPPY! - SCARE ME.

PITTS, WOMEN!

Coming home for the Holidays? Make your appointment now.

Gyne. checkup and birth control. Women's Health Services.

LOST OR STOLEN

Navy Blue Penn State hooded sweatshirt last seen in RUB Bookstore. Bought as X-mas gift. I would appreciate its return.

I work part-time in the bookstore. My name is Jodi. Please return.

899-5742.

when I wanted him to burn it. Talk about disheartening.

I should close by saying that, on behalf of the Collegian staff, we wish all of you a wonderful holiday season. Do your best to enjoy the spirit of the season, to go out of your way just a little bit for those around you. We also hope that you take this opportunity to relax a few hours while you have the chance. Once we come back, it's going to be a long stretch until our time is our own once again. Make the best of your vacation.

And when we come back, I'll let everyone know whether we had a boy or a girl. The way I feel about it today, that might be the whole article.

Merry Christmas to all and to all ... Hang loose over the holidays. I never was one for formality.

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