

OPINION

Commentary

Silence Is Not Golden in Library

by Lisa Pavadore
Collegian Feature Editor

The atmosphere of the library is something like a high school study hall .. unnecessary. During the day it is not too chaotic, but anyone who thinks they can effectively study between seven and ten any weeknight in the library is fooling themselves.

Some people need noise to study; others grew up in large families where noise is a built-in

feature that doesn't bother them. But the rest of the students cannot study due to the commotion. Why is the library so noisy?

Well, take a look at the library. The phone with the loudest ring on campus is in there. The high ceiling is very pretty, but as the lights are stuck to the ceiling, 20 feet above our heads, it is a little difficult to concentrate on reading. Also, that ceiling allows for the slightest whisper to be

echoed off the walls and blown into the ears of those trying to study. Why are there turnstiles that are more like hurdles placed at the entrance and exit of the library? Trying to heave one's body through those quietly is impossible.

Now, what about the students? Trying to study in the library is like trying to study at the R.U.B. desk without the MTV. The

library staff is assuming that we are adults, and therefore will not tell us to be quiet. Why should students who want to study be banished to the study room upstairs that has the atmosphere of a morgue? People should be able to study in the library without competing with the annoyances of floating voices and

laughter. Maybe certain hours in the library should be designated to

silence.

I have thought for a long time for a solution to the noise problem, but like many of you, have come up with nothing. The library is filled with helpful information, as well as a large reference section, and it functions because we pay to keep it there. We should also have the consideration to use it properly and respect the rights of others.

Commentary

Good to the Last Drop

by Paula Penco
Collegian Staff Writer

Once again a newspaper deadline has rolled around. I came on to campus this morning and I pondered back and forth: "What should I write about?"

Well, the weather is cold and miserable and I needed my morning fix. So I wandered over to the coffee machine in the Behrend Building. I thought to myself, "Please don't give me a hard time." It's kind of silly when you think about fighting with a vending machine, but it happens all the time.

I'm starting to think that the vending machines on campus are

out to get me. "PARANOID" you may say.

I have never gotten a full cup of coffee from the machine. I pay my quarter and get a pennies' worth of coffee in return. The machine wins again, for it did indeed give me a hard time this morning.

My coffee cup didn't fall down properly so the coffee poured everywhere but in the cup. Fortunately, a friend noticed what was going on and she pointed it out to me. By then I managed to straighten out the matter and I got a few precious drops. I guess it confirms the saying, "Good to the

last drop."

But if you put money in the pop or candy machines, don't expect anything to drop. I can't tell you how many times these vending machines take my money and give me absolutely nothing in return.

It really gets on my nerves because you can't rely on them. I am not pointing the finger and saying that anyone in particular is to blame. I'm just saying that I'm disgusted with Behrend's vending machines. If it weren't for the George Cafeteria and the RUB desk, I would starve to death on campus. I just wonder, am I the only one who feels this way?

EDITORIAL POLICY

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Postal Information: The Behrend Collegian (898-6221) is published fourteen times annually (seven times during each academic semester at The Behrend College) by the students of The Behrend College; The Reed Union Building, Station Road, Erie, PA 16563.

Commentary

Drinking: Behrend's Answer to Russian Roulette

by Michael Wimms
Collegian Staff Writer

"Hey, let's really get good and trashed this weekend." "Better yet let's get trashed this entire week." This is not a conversation between two garbage men. It is, in fact, a simulated conversation between two or more college students making plans to get falling down drunk.

These students want to go beyond the buzz. They want to reach the plateau of supreme non-existence. That lethal high that sends them up like a balloon and drops them like a rock, is what they strive for. These people need assistance of artificial stimulation to help them cope, for they are incapable or just too immature to deal with life as it is, a reality.

The irony of it seems to be people, who comfortably sit in their living rooms watching television and reacting in horror or shock to the highway fatalities caused by drunks. These same people will, a day or two later, be drunk beyond reason.

I fail to see the need they seem to have to abuse their bodies in such a manner. With about as much regard as a parasite has its host, they continue to batter themselves with excessive amounts of booze. I suppose they believe that they are committing a victimless crime. This is not always true because many people suffer in the process. When the weekend rolls around and there are 10 or 12 guys, drunk beyond reason, I know in my

mind that these idiots are going to revert back to their primate stage and cause some damage somewhere. The damages they cause make us all victims. I know many feel that the damage done will be divided among everyone on campus, and only be a few cents, but I think its an unnecessary expense. I don't know about you, but I don't wish to pay for the childish antics of a few fools.

Why should any of us have to put up with things like noise in the halls, vomit in the bathroom sinks and toilets, foul smells of beer coming from every direction, trashed bathrooms, and people just being general nuisances? Is it right that we, who don't behave in this assinine, inexcusable, childish, insensitive, and foul manner have to suffer along with those who do? I don't beleive that it is right.

An occasional social drink, to me, is acceptable, but to intentionally go out of your way to make yourself drunk is beyond me. I guess when these people end up on the cutting slab of a mortuary or in a coroner's freezer, they'll finally have what they wanted, that awe inspiring high, that which is the ultimate escape.

Their sacrifices, however, will not be vain, for others wishing this same escape will join them; and maybe their next party will be their last time to get trashed ... permanently.