

# Valentine's Day declared a postal extravaganza

by Jack Horner  
Collegian Feature Editor

There are three brands of holidays on today's market. Real Holidays, Honorary Holidays and Fake Holidays.

Christmas is a real holiday, as well as Easter and New Year's Day. No one has to go to work and every chair around the dinner table is occupied. Sometimes gifts are exchanged, and arguments are kept to a minimum. That's a holiday.

Honorary holidays such as Martin Luther King Day, President's Day and Columbus Day are nice tributes to great individuals-but because of this I don't get mail? Uh, sorry, I don't see a reason to celebrate.

Then we have fake holidays like St. Patrick's Day, Halloween and one of the worst, one that strikes next week, Valentine's Day. I

know a fake holiday when I see one: classes aren't cancelled, there are no obligatory gifts and the

mail is still delivered. That's a fake holiday. And Valentine's Day is an evil one.



Valentine's Day was designed to make people who are destitute finally take the bridge. All your friends are opening their valentines and carepackages while you casually flip through this month Reader's Digest. If you're wondering whether or not your loved, Valentine's Day will spit the answer in your face like no other day.

I feel like Charlie Brown listening to my sign echo into my mailbox while hundreds of Lucy's parade around counting their valentines. I don't want to hear that. I need one more person to be standing in front of me with an arm full of envelopes asking, "Did you get any mail today?" (They ask this solely to tell you they got ten postal items on this lovely February day.) I DON'T CARE! I DON'T CARE! The

more I say the less I believe it.

I know I can count on a valentine from my Grandmother, but I'm trying to break it off with her, you know? I mean, the woman sends them to all her grandchildren. It's a Valentine's Chain Letter. It's not what I'm looking for.

I am willing to bet that I'm the only person on campus that placed a personal ad to himself.

Thus, begins a program I am hoping will be successful nationwide. The "Send A Pitiful Person A Valentine" campaign. I have volunteered to be this year's poster child and have been invited to speak at several meetings already. I can only hope you will look deep into your own heart and send a pitiful person you know a valentine this year. Shut-ins of America, your time is now.

## Love is in the air

by Pat Schlipf  
Collegian Staff Writer

Some people believe that Valentine's Day may have originated from the Romans, but the celebrations were filled with English customs and traditions, so it could have originated from England too. In England around the Middle Ages, women were thought to use magic spells and charms to predict who their husbands would be. On the night before Valentine's Day, an English girl pinned four bay leaves to the corners of her pillow, and a fifth to the center. She thought that if she dreamed of her sweetheart, she'd be married that year. To make certain that she would dream of him, she hard-boiled an egg, peeled it, and saved the shell. Then she took out the yolk and filled it with salt. Before she went to bed, she ate the egg, shell and all. She didn't drink or speak all night.

Other English girls wrote boys' names on scraps of paper. They rolled each paper in a small piece of clay and dropped the clay into the water. The clay fell away, and the girls believed that the first paper to the surface held the name

of their future husband.

In Germany, if a girl wanted to know who her husband would be, she planted onions in pots on St. Valentine's Day. Each onion was tagged with the name of a boy and the pot was placed near the fireplace. The girl believed that she would marry the boy whose name was attached to the first onion to sprout.

In France and England, Valentine parties and dress-balls became quite frequent. The men were meant to give their sweethearts costly presents at these parties. Some of the popular love-tokens were ladies' gloves, paperweights, and scrimshaw (carvings or engravings scrawled in tusk or bone). However, the tradition of sending costly presents generally stopped around 1760.

Don't forget to send your Valentine something special.



## "Winners" and "Here We Are" performed this month

Wednesday, Feb. 12, 8:00 p.m.—FREE Preview—first come—no reservations.

Thursday, Feb. 13, 8:00 p.m.—FREE Preview—first come—no reservations.

Friday, Feb. 14, 8:00 p.m.—Opening Night (special Valentine's reception after perfor-

mance). PSU students: \$2.00; other students and senior citizens: \$4.00; all others: \$5.00. Reservations: 898-6331.

Saturday, Feb. 15, 8:00 p.m. PSU students: \$2.00; other students and senior citizens: \$4.00; all others \$5.00. Reservations: 898-6331.

Thursday, Feb. 20, 8:00 p.m.—Same info as Feb. 15.

Friday, Feb. 21, 8:00 p.m.—Same info as Feb. 15.

Saturday, Feb. 22, 8:00 p.m.—Same info as Feb. 15.

Sunday, Feb. 23, 2:30 p.m.—only—Same info as Feb. 15.

## Studio Theatre auditioning

The Studio Theatre is auditioning for "The Children's Hour" on February 25 and 26 at 7:00 p.m.. A cast of 3 women over 40, 2 women between: 22-28, 8 girls

with the appearance of ages between 12 and 15 years old, 1 man between 25-30, and 1 boy with the appearance of age between 12-15 are needed. Audition material

provided. Performance dates: April 18-19, 24-27. For further information, call 898-6279 or 898-6331.

## Rules of Love

Reassure me when I'm afraid miss me when I'm away, keep good the vows you made, believe in what I say.

Laugh with me when I'm happy, cry with me when I'm blue, and when you love me, really love me, prove your love is true.

Correct me when I'm wrong, stand by me when I'm right, think of me in the morning dream of me at night.

Comfort me when I'm lonely, have faith in what I do, follow me to the end of the earth, as I would follow you.

Kiss me softly and gently, hold me tenderly but tight, if I should lose my temper, please don't let us fight.

When you say you love me, mean it with all your heart, and if you really mean it, even death can't make us part.

Forgive me when I'm not myself, try to understand, just put your arms around me, and tightly hold my hand.

God bless you when you say your prayers, the way I pray for you, and tell Him with all your soul to keep our love true.

Keep these rules of love with everything you have to give, though rules were made to be broken, our love was meant to live.

by Francis Green  
7th Semester, MIS

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