# features

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### **Explanation point!**

### by Kevin Mills Collegian Staff Writer

Another bright, clear morning dawns lightly on Behrend College. You are walking past Turnbull on the way to Dobbins (presumably to enjoy another "Ala Board" meal) when you encounter a group of three or four beings coming your way. You don't recognize them, but their appearance is striking--the long hair, the beards and mustaches, the "I'm A Beatles Fan" buttons. What's this, you gasp? Hippies in the Age of the Yuppie? They cross your path now, talking excitedly of Shakespeare and something called iambic pentameter. Later, over a beer, you ask your roommate if iambic pentameter was some weird kind of social disease Shakespeare died of or what, and he replies; "Shakespeare wrote plays in iambic pentameter, Bill. Those weren't hippies you saw--you must've run across some English Majors."

Ah, yes, English Majors. The students who constantly correct one's "grammar." The guys who get laughed out of the dorms when their roommates find copies of Poetry Review hidden under their beds. The kids you always hated in high school because they always preferred essay questions on tests to multiple choice, because essays allowed more room for "creativity." while the most creative thing you were hoping to achieve was the Fifth Plane of Matter as Pertains to correct choice of A, B, C, D, or Household Electrical none of the above. English Majors. Engineering?"

Ack. Who wants to be an English Major?

I am an English Major. Not only an English Major, but a Secondary Education English Major, meaning that I eventually want to teach English in American public high schools. There's always hope, however. My analyst is stepping my sessions up to two a week. He tells me that masochism is only a lesser illness caused by lack of self-esteem and that I should be fine within a year or so. But I digress. Back to the business at hand.

One of the most commonly held beliefs as to why students turn to an English major is that they could do nothing else quite as well. In my case, it's true. There are others, however, who quite possibly could have declared a "real" major, such as Business or Engineering, but chose instead to delve into medieval and Chaucerian tomes night after night, to write papers on the significance of Shakespeare's relationship with his mother as pertains to his works, to actually-dare I say it-miss the Toga party to complete an essay on Walt Whitman.

l ask you, good reader-are English majors really so much stranger than the glassy-eyed types who stagger out of the computer room at one a.m., loaded down with books with titles such as "Analytical Calculus with Applications to Euclidean Geometry in the Household Electrical

## **Christmas Bazaar puts** trimming on the tree

#### by Julie Karasinski **Collegian Feature Editor**

Have you been to Millcreek Mall lately? If so, you may have noticed some rather-odd things about your surroundings: evergreen trees covered with colorful bulbs, sparkling silver tinsel and twinkling lights with a star or angel on top, right in store windows (Don't trees grow in the forest? )! Or maybe you happened across a train in the corridor, running on tracks that are set around a snow covered castle. Perhaps you saw a large bearded man in a red suit, laughing, with children on his lap. What's going on? Stores are preparing for Christmas, that's what!

The same phenomenon is coming to Behrend, in the form of the Inter Club Council sponsored Christmas bazaar. On Dec. 1, 2, and 3 from 10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. on the first floor of the Reed Union Building, clubs and organizations will have an opportunity to raise funds for their treasuries by setting up tables and selling goods of all kinds. For example, last year the German club sold an "Adventskalender," calenders that have little doors, one for each day of December, that open to reveal a small peice of chocolate formed into different Christmassy shapes, such as bells. Some clubs sell things like homemade cookies or brownies. The Christmas bazaar is not only a source of good cheer but a way to

get acquainted with the many clubs of Behrend as well.

But the excitement doesn't end there! On Dec. 4, at 8:00 p.m., there will be another of the ever popular air band contests. Little did the Student Programming Council know last Fall when they sponsored the first air band contest that it would be such a smashing success. People liked it so much, they had another one in the Spring that went over even better. It was held in the Gorge Cafeteria (now the Wintergreen Cafe) and the crowd was so large the dividers were opened up to make room for all the eager spectators. But if you're planing to participate, don't let the forecast , of a large crowd scare you away. According to Stu Tutler, who won second place last year with Ralf Letson for a lip sync of "Say, Say, Say" by Michael Jackson and Paul McCartney, it was a lot of fun. Said Stu, "We had a great time and the money comes in handy."

First, second and third place will be recognized with prizes of money: \$50 for first place, \$25 for second plance and \$10 for third and things like Pepsi and Domino's Pizza certificates.

There are five judges. The panel members are chosen from a variety of resources: faculty, students and off-campus people. For example, some of last year's judges were a D.J. from Gannon and Doug Gerow, former SGA president. Judging is based on seven to eight things. Among them are lip-sync ability, originaity or if for example, there is a guitarist in your band, us-ing a cardboard guitar. Backdrops are also taken into consideration.

You can sign up for the air band contest at the RUB desk. Cost is one dollar per person.

Now is also the time of year for the oldest ongoing Behrend tradition: the 37th annual hanging of the greens. Each year in early

December, a ceremony is held in the Wintergreen Gorge cemetary to pay tribute to the generous gift of the grounds and estate of the Behrend family. The ceremony consists of the reading of scriptures by a Behrend student, carols being sung and the hanging of a wreath on the door of the Behrend family crypt. In addition to this, Ben Lane, former Dean of Students, Director of Admissions and English professor at Behrend, will give an informative presentation covering Behrend's rich history.

According to Ben Lane, this ceremony hasn't always been the way it is now. In past years, when Behrend was smaller (students used to be housed in the Glennhill Farmhouse!) it was a more intimate assembly. Everyone trimmed a tree and gathered around the fireplace

in the Glennhill Farmhouse with hot cocoa. As the campus grew, it was held in the Reed building and people warmed themselves around a fire in the Wilson Picnic Grove. If there was snow on the ground, there were sleigh rides.

This pre-Christmas tradition serves as a good way to put the spirit of the season into everyone's mind and sums up the continuing gratitude we feel for the Behrends. Ben Lane put it appropriately in saying, "We do remember the considerate gift of the Behrend family: the grounds and the estate. Since it's Christmas, it's a natural tie-in -it's a time to stop and reflect and reconsider our priorities for the coming year."

Although you'll be at home on Christmas, you can celebrate Behrend-style before you go.



Thanksgiving breakleave your books at school

#### by Craig Altmire Collegian Staff Writer

It's time to make a work list for Thanksgiving break. Okay, let's see, research for history paper, catch up in MacBeth reading for English, outline chapters including sample problems for Calculus final and read psych, that should be enough. I don't want to be unrealistic.

Now, how am I getting home for Thanksgiving? I'll call Kim for aride.

After a flurry of tests and quizzes, Thanksgiving break ar-rives. What a great time: turkey, football, out with old friends and holiday shopping.

Your conversation turns from psychology class to K-104's weather forecast - snow flurries tonight, Great! 'Remember, last year when

Perry and Niagara had that night time snowball battle?

"Yeah. And Lawerence made a sneak attack. They came out of Dobbin's doors, Lawerence's doors and around the side of Lawrence. What a riot.? Later that night, you make a list

of things to do tomorrow: check my finals schedule, meet with advisor about advance registration (that was supposed to be done three weeks ago), do research for history paper, buy Cliff notes for MacBeth.

Walking out of the Reed Building the next day, you feel overwhelmed with work. Looking at the students in their new ski jackets, you notice they look

preoccupied. Some are thinking about classes 





On Monday, you sit at your desk staring at the wall in front of you. With the three out of 20 pages of English reading being the only work done over the break, you wonder whether you are going to compromise on that goal of a 3.5 or go sleepless for the next week.

Well, you think to yourself, it, wouldn't be too bad to get a B in Calculus instead of the AI planned, on. I might not have gotten an A anyway - that last test was rough! Brr, it feels like the window is open! I had better put a sweater on.

Knock, knock, knock - "Come in." It's Bill from upstairs. Inside, you know this means no homework for the next hour.



and finals, some are wishing the semester was over, some are wondering where they are getting money for Christmas gifts. Others are wondering if the only thing they are going to hear on the radio for the next two months is Bruce Springsteen's new live album. Slushing past the administration-

oops! I mean the Glenhill Farmhouse - you feel a bit of "holiday spirit." It's the most wonderful time of the year, you sing to vourself.

Pulling your collar tighter around you, you begin to feel better about your situation, "I can get everything done, I'll just have to bear down."



