

Orientation Blues

by Kevin Trenney
Collegian staff writer

Why did I do it? This is a question which I have asked myself countless times after jumping into strange bodies of water. Though the pool appears dark and cold the diver proceeds.

Why does he plunge? Because it seems mysterious and challenging?

Perhaps. The prospect of becoming an orientation leader may have been similar to that of jumping in a lake, for me. But really, why did I enter the "Ocean of Orientation?"

Did I do it because I like to spend sunny afternoons stuffing orientation folders in Reed 116. Doing this fun task with the knowledge that my work would be destroyed within ten minutes of reaching the hands of new students, was a true joy. Even though I

knew beforehand that the folder contents would be strewn all over the P.S.U. North Pole (Behrend) Campus, I still had a burning desire, upon seeing this littering, to rip the lips off of each new student so that they would have to go through their lives wearing those wax lips which seem to surface at Halloween. What a pleasant thought...hmmm. This wasn't it.

Did I do it because I like to stay

up until 3:00 a.m. to "tear down" (Orientation /Student Activities Lingo) after dances and other activities? I know that I hate sleep. Four hours per night makes me feel like a real man of iron (more like man of gum wrapper aluminum-strong and stressed)

Did I do it for the Orientation leader shirt which I had to wear for seven consecutive days. Yes, spending one dollar per night to wash one shirt...what an economical move. I felt like washing my dishes with my clothes at that price. I suppose I could have just worn it without washing it.

Did I do it because I like to eat cold cuts for dinner? Maybe it was all of those free Burger King coupons.

Did I do it because I wanted to eat dining hall food 3 days before I really had to? Give me pizza pockets or Give me Death!

Did I do it because I admire and have a great respect for our very own Dean of Ice-Breaker, the Chieftain of Orientation, that wonderful "Dead-head" himself, Mr. John P. Downey. I don't respect anyone quite that much.

Did I do it because I saw orientation as one big ice-breaker? Boy do I love those things!

Did I do it to help keep Joye (Hoy-yea) Orientation Committee Chairperson (just a rib) from going crazy? This may have had something to do with it.

Did I do it because I wanted to help the new students adjust to life at Behrend. I may not be really bright, but I'm not that stupid. I'm definitely not that generous.

Did I do it because I wanted to "do it?" The thought crossed my mind, but I don't believe in one night stands. Maybe I did it because I wanted to have one of those romantic encounters on the blue bus. I could have paid the Dean of Transportation to park the bus.

I really did it so I could build one of those wonderful relationships with a fine incoming young woman. Well it has been disappointing so far. I have seen many your ladies chase after these guys who are party majors. After they flunk out people will say about them things like he wasn't much of a student but boy could he party. Immortalized forever, these hero's of the lamp-shade variety.

I have however met many fine young ladies. I just like to "rip on" people. I know that "you can't hurry love." Oh well. I'm available.

I really did it so that I could write a stupid article like this one. Why will I do it again? Because it was a lot of fun. John Downey and Joye Dado deserves thanks and congratulations for a job well done.

Love Rob Men Haters

by Rob Prindle
Feature Editor.

I was in the Gorge when I saw my friend sitting at a table in the smoking section. I fought my way through the cigarette-smoke haze and sat down with my friend Butch.

I couldn't believe my cigarette-hating buddy was sitting right in the middle of that smoke cloud. I asked him what the heck he was doing. "I'm sitting here to help my social life," he said. "If I didn't sit in this section of the Gorge, I would never see any women."

I looked around, and he was right, there were many more women than men in the smoking section. The case had been the opposite in non-smoking. I asked Butch why that was. "I guess that broads smoke more than us guys," he replied, "it's like I always say; Men are more smart than women."

I had to disagree with my good friend over that remark. I am a liberal guy, some would even call me arenaissance-man, so I couldn't be heard agreeing with that sexist-sounding remark. Instead of agreeing, I simply asked big Butch how he could ever come to such a conclusion.

"I'll tell you how," he started, "I've never seen a smart person yet who would inhale smoke for the fun of it. My pop use to have this friend who wanted to be a fireman, but they wouldn't let him on account of all his convictions for arson. My dad always said that he was stupid to want to do that kind of stuff. My Pop was a smart man."

I had to respect his father's logic on that point. I didn't, however, want to lose my good standing with Women Today. According to their signs around campus, they only allow *Liberal Men* to attend their meetings. I wonder if they allow non-liberal women to attend? Or how about undecideds?

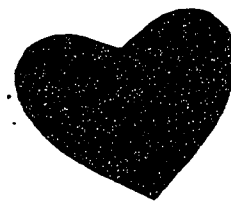
To protect all of my options I decided to ask my buddy if maybe there could be some other reason why so many of the co-eds here at Behrend smoked. He must have been in a Philosophical state of mind because he stared off into a corner of the room where a billowy cloud of Camel smoke was forming. After a few minutes he looked back at me and told me to brace myself for what he was about to say.

"Most women hate men," he spat. "They want to drive us guys away from them by smoking. They figure that if they have really bad breath and bad smelling clothes from the smoke, we will stay away from them. They also know that they are much harder to find if they disguise themselves as 2-alarm fires."

"I'll tell you another thing," he continued, "they also know that men think women who smoke are stupid. They know that us college type intellectuals don't want to hang around any stupid looking chicks. Face it Rob, they all hate men. And I'll tell you another thing," he screamed, "I'm not going to take it any more."

Sensing the excitement of the minute, I let him continue. "I'm going to expose them to the world, or at least to the campus." He bellowed. "I want you to help me spread the message Rob." He pleaded. "Tell everyone that women who smoke are really just men hating-frigid-commie infiltrators. Yeah, You help me tell everyone, they have to be stopped!"

I won't repeat the rest of what he said, but I will tell you that it was not pretty. Help us all ladies, get off your butts and stop smoking. If Butch was wrong about you, then prove him wrong and stop smoking. Write him a letter telling him what you did, or at least why you smoke. You better address it to me here at the Collegian. The doctor who looked at old Butch said he isn't allowed to get excited for the next few months.



Love

Pete's Perspective.....

by Pete Weichlen
Collegian Staff Writer

On November 8th of this year all of America's registered voters are invited to participate in a nationwide, even worldwide practical joke. We get to send either Laurel or Hardy to the White House - What A decision!

The candidates as well as their campaigns will be remembered by generations to come as the epitome of American politics. We have on the one side George Bush who has blessed our country with seven years of his vice-presidential doings, successfully hiding behind his forgetful boss' back. If asked for issues, opinions, points of view, or even a platform, Mr. Bush refers to the History books and Encyclopedias. Anything listed under "Reagan" applies. This also includes the Iran-Contra affair and a deficit which can only be expressed in Scientific notation.



GEORGE BUSH
Vice President
Waghorn
CPS

Mr. Bush thought all his troubles were over after naming a young, energetic senator as his running mate. Dan Quayle's chore for the Republicans was to look eager and vigorous, while giving George Bush the flair of the wise, experienced politician, ready to mold as good a vice-president out of Quayle as Reagan has made out of him. But Quayle's exciting past canceled that game plan. Even though only in his early forties, Dan Quayle can claim to have already collected enough scandals and hyped up stories by the press to ruin any political career, unless, of course, you're running for the vice-presidency. Therefore one can, before even examining any platform, rule out the Republicans for 1988. Unfortunately that leaves only the Democrats.

Michael Dukakis, Governor of Massachusetts, bases his campaign on his managerial skills, emphasizing the good he has done for his state. Therefore there should be no doubt that every citizen of Massachusetts is going to vote for him. And they will, but only to move Dukakis out of Boston and 400 miles down the East Coast to Washington, D.C. The general consensus seems to be that he can do less damage there - a rather terrifying statement if your not from Massachusetts. Rumor has it that Dukakis lets convicted criminals go free, which ought to make selections for his cabinet easy. Too bad he won't be able to appoint Supreme Court justices. All recent vacancies were filled by Reagan appointees, a condition with which a President Dukakis might have some problems.

After Dan Quayle's media difficulties started, the Democrats were fast in stating that their vice-presidential selection was able to keep his name out of the press. He must have overdone it, since I can't remember his name, something with a B - I think. The one thing I do remember is that this gentleman is from Texas. George Bush must

have been happy about that one. With Texas being his home state, it was something of a sure thing for the Republicans; not anymore. This of course brings up the question whether this to-be vice-president was selected for his qualifications or rather because his front lawn happens to be Texas soil. Our's is not to wonder why...

In 1984 our choice was easy: Who in his right mind would want Fritz Mondale as President, with Mrs. Ferraro as second in command.

This year however we have a problem. I don't want to offend any true Republicans or Democrats (it's probably too late for that), but lets get serious here. So far this whole campaign has been a pretty sad example of American politics. This is not only the politician's fault, but also a great part the fault of our over-excited media. Nobody can tell you who to vote for, I personally will wait for the debates, when all the candidates will finally talk issues, and nothing else.

Behrend Parking

How to park at Behrend:

- a) start at tennis courts and get car up to 25mph
- b) while passing Erie Hall gather books
- c) when you reach Turnbull open door and jump out

These are the only steps to guarantee yourself a parking spot in the Behrend parking lots. The problem is not just limited to the commuters; the teachers and residents also have problems finding parking spots. The only people without trouble finding spots are the boys with sirens on top of their cars.

Students, whether they be commuter or residents, have to pay \$25 for a parking permit and then they can't find spots. Now there is a new policy (different form last year) that states commuters cannot park

in resident lots and vice-versa. That means if I drive my girlfriend home (I am a commuter and she is a resident) and want to walk her home I must park down by Eric Hall and walk all the way up to the apartments, or I can risk a parking ticket by leaving my car for 5 minutes in the residential lot. Of course Chip is on the prowl 24 hrs. a day. He is dedicated to protect, hassle and hand out parking tickets to the students.

If students purchase a \$25 permit it should be for all lots (excluding teacher's lots). Measures are being taken. A lot is being cleared behind the 500 block of the apartments. But that still leaves the commuters and professors to battle for parking spots. Maybe Police and Safety will let me use their spot when they are out giving parking tickets.

Letter to Editor Problem with Rules

Dear Editor,

As you may know, there is a new rule in effect prohibiting any eating or drinking in the upper Reed lobby (outside Wintergreen Cafe). We feel this is inappropriate because it is a public (student) lounge.

The dictionary definition of lounge: Lounge (lonj) n. 6. a place for sitting, waiting, smoking, reading, drinking, etc., esp. a large public room as in a hotel, theater, or air terminal, often with adjoining washrooms.

The cafeteria furniture is uncomfortable and the atmosphere is loud and unruly. By eating in the lobby we can relax on soft couches in a more peaceful area and still socialize with friends who aren't eating. Other lounges on campus even have food vending machines and pop machines. As long as the students clean up after themselves, I see no reason to ban food and beverages in the lounge.

Sincerely,

NOTE: Letter was signed by a number of individuals.

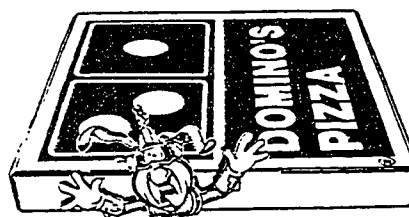
Editorial Policy

The Behrend Collegian's editorial opinion is determined by the Editor, with the Editor holding final responsibility. Opinions expressed on the editorial pages are not necessarily those of the Behrend Collegian, The Behrend College, or The Pennsylvania State University. The Corry Journal, the publisher of the Behrend Collegian, is a separate corporate institution from Penn State.

Letter Policy: The Behrend Collegian encourages on news coverage, editorial policy and University affairs. Letters should be typewritten, double-spaced, signed by no more than two people, and not longer than 400 words. Students letters should include the semester and major of the writer. All writers should provide their address and phone number for verification of the letter. The Collegian reserves the right to edit letters for length and to reject letters if they are libelous or do not conform to standards of good taste.

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THE BEST
JUST GOT
BETTER



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