

MY VOICE

Nick Blake is burning

For a young, aspiring sports journalist such as myself, ESPN is a utopia of top notch sports journalists.

From *SportsCenter* to *Outside the Lines*, ESPN's anchors and reporters deliver the sporting world's news like no other network on Earth.

Unfortunately, there is one man who works for ESPN is not only a disgrace to ESPN, but to the entire sports world as well.

This man is Jim Rome, the host of ESPN's *Jim Rome is Burning* and ESPN Radio's *The Jim Rome Show*.

I have an incredible distaste for Rome and there are a number of reasons why I think he is not only bad for the sports world, but an extremely annoying human being as well.

Where to start? How about we start with his television show? There is a segment at the beginning of his show in which he discusses what he is "burning on."

In this segment, Rome complains about events in the sporting world. This segment can, and usually does, last about 27 minutes of the show (a half-

hour program).

Just when I think I might turn on his show and actually benefit from what he is telling me, he rambles about some second string quarterback throwing an interception on fourth and long when the team shouldn't even be going for it for three-fourths of the show.

Not only does Rome get 30 minutes on television, but he also gets three hours on the radio. Every day. Three hours! What could he possibly talk about for three hours? Nothing.

I would know; I used to listen to his show every day. However, he said one thing during a broadcast that made me realize that I never want listen to this tool again.

In a nutshell, Rome was telling a story about his son and the sports that he doesn't like. One of the sports happened to be soccer.

Rome said, "That's right, son; you don't like soccer." His wife

said something along the lines of "If he wants to like soccer, he can like soccer." Rome then said, "No he can't. Because girls don't like soccer players, girls like athletes."

As a former soccer player, I would know that it definitely takes an athlete to be a soccer player. However, if that isn't enough for you, how about this little statistic: ESPN regularly airs soccer games (funny, because there are "no athletes" in soccer games) and they used to have a ticker at the top of the screen that showed how much a player ran in the course of a game.

During a game in 2007, a player for the European club AC Milan was taken out of the game early and was recorded running 6.25 miles in the game. He wasn't even on the pitch for the entire game.

According to Merriam-Webster, "athlete" is defined as "a person who is trained or skilled in exercises, sports or games

requiring physical strength, agility or stamina."

Strength, agility and stamina are all things required by soccer players and people who play any other sport. Either that or I guess football, basketball, baseball, track and field, hockey and countless other sports aren't sports.

Give me a break Rome. He can sit there, all high and mighty in his wheelie office chair and porn star moustache and act like he knows everything about everything. I'd like to see him put on some athletic shorts and play 15 minutes in a high school soccer game, let alone a professional game.

I'd rather watch Iowa beat Penn State again then listen to Rome go on and on about what gets his panties all in a bunch.

Rome is an ignorant, my-opinion-is-always-right kind of guy and there is no room for somebody like him in sports.

Rome, do us all a favor and put out your self-illuminating flame that's constantly burning. You can leave sports to the people who can actually cover them.



NICK BLAKE
Sports Editor

MY VOICE

Iowa: Axis of evil

Following Penn State's second loss to Iowa in two years, I feel that it is appropriate to express, through the majesty of words, why I hate Iowa. Not the

that. And even if they did, the other (real) countries would probably sanction them for being Iowa.

According to Wikipedia as of a few minutes ago when I edited it, Iowa has a population of five people. Finding the people of Iowa is like finding Waldo in a Where's Waldo the size of the earth. The search is made much more difficult by the fact that the people of Iowa look like corn-stalks.



CONNOR SATTLEY
Editor-in-Chief

First, if you look at any event in American history in which the people of the United States triumphed, Iowa was conspicuously absent. I draw first on my extensive knowledge of the American Revolution. Where was Iowa when the Americans were battling the British at the Battle of the Bulge at Lexington and Concord?

That's right - they were farming.

Where was Iowa when the Germans bombed Pearl Harbor? I'll tell you where they were. They were farming.

Where was Iowa when the first American landed on the moon? In all likelihood, they were probably bombing Pearl Harbor.

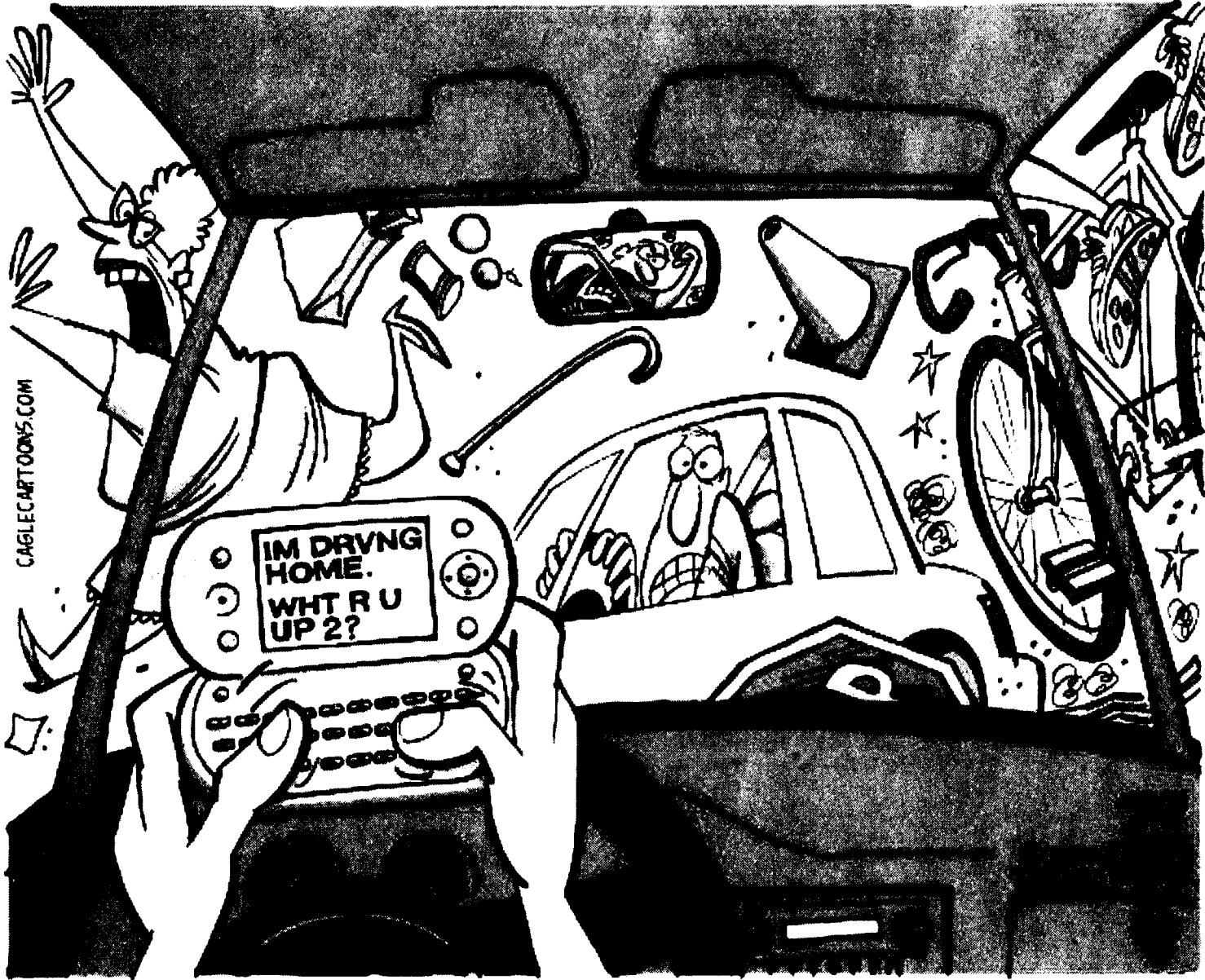
Where was Iowa when John F. Kennedy was shot? That's right - they were shooting John F. Kennedy.

Iowa isn't even a real country, anyway. Real countries have delegates at the United Nations. Iowa sure doesn't have

Corn, of course, represents about 409 percent of Iowa's economy. However, this presents us Pennsylvanians with their weakness - fire!

Since there are no cities in Iowa, its inhabitants will not know what to do when confronted by bright lights. Like deer in headlights, they will freeze and stare as the flames of their doom bears down upon them!

So let us rise up! We will pay Iowa back for the evil that their football team has committed. By us rising up, I mean I just need someone to help me set fire to one corner of Iowa; the rest will go eventually. Don't worry, though, nobody from Iowa will notice - they're probably too busy farming.



MY VOICE

FAIL must die

Slang says a lot about societies. For example, back in middle school, the funny thing to say was "your mom." This phrase reflected emotional immaturity and highlighted what soulless parasites we were back then.

Luckily, phrases come and go, usually at the will of the latest hip-hop guru. Even the most annoying terms eventually die.

That being said, I swear to God, if I have to hear one more idiot on this campus say the word FAIL, I'm going to beat them to death with a thesaurus. I don't care how funny *failblog.org* was, let it go.

To make matters worse, those wondrous writers of rhetoric who frequently use the term, sling it with the same condescending-ass tone that the Physics TA's use when answering questions.

Yes, it may have been hilarious a year ago, but for the sake of your frontal lobes, pick a different phrase to say! I promise that it won't be that hard.

The next time you are on the Internet, blogging about how much other blogs FAIL in comparison to your blog, just right-click and use the synonym tool. There are cavalcades of words that are more descriptive and colorful. You can even make up your own word. If you'd like, you can just throw a bunch of Scrabble tiles against a wall and it would be an improvement.

We could even create a new word to convey loss and sadness. Instead of FAIL, we could use the word IOWA. So whenever a person face plants while trying to snowboard off a ramp of melting butter over a tank filled with swine flu infected zombie babies, we can

just shout "IOWA!" There is no downside because once IOWA gets old we can just replace it with a new phrase, like OHIO.

We'll just create a never-ending cycle of mind-numbing Internet references with the only possible end being the collapse of the universe!

Okay, maybe that is not the best idea, but think about this: Even the funniest thing in the world will become annoying if quoted every 30 seconds.

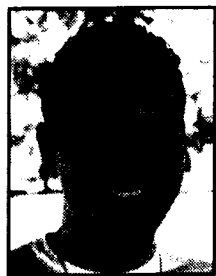
Remember when *Borat* was new? People would say "Very nice, how much?" every 20 seconds. It was the exact same way with Napoleon Dynamite. In these situations, we are no longer beating a dead horse, but more accurately ramming nitroglycerine down its throat and dancing on its belly while wearing

golf spikes.

At this point, you may be curious as to what can save our nation from this plague of idiocy. Put simply: Your imagination. If you feel the need to tear someone down for making a mistake, then at least do that poor soul the decency of being creative when ridiculing them.

It makes me feel a little better when I know that a person actually tried to make me feel crappy. At least you know that they care enough to put thought into the insult, and that is almost as good as a compliment!

So please, let's rally together as a community and put an end to the overwhelming overkilling of this overused word.



NEIL JAMES
Opinion Editor

MY VOICE

Generation wuss

BRANDON BOYD
staff writer

If you are reading this article, chances are you are a college student. Because we are in a specific age range, we are also in a generation. There have been many generations through the course of history, and all have had nicknames. There's the Silent Generation, and Generation X, among others. Although our generation is technically referred to as Generation Y, allow me to give us another nickname: The Generation of Wussies.

If you're wondering why I am giving my generation a harsh nickname, allow me to explain.

There are many things that this generation does that qualify us for such a nickname. To start, we always whine about not feeling well. We go to the doctor for congestion, skip out on class because we are sneezing, and write up our will because of a fever. Let's face it; everyone gets sick. Tough it out when you can.

We've also earned this nefarious nickname because of our lack of a willingness to work. Sure, we get jobs, and earn our money, but that's not what I'm talking about. Take myself as an example. I refuse to mow my own lawn for less than \$5. My own lawn!

Other than myself, I see people all over Behrend refusing to work. In the bathroom, people refuse to work on their hygiene. I've seen countless amounts of people walk out of the restroom without washing their hands. That's about as disgusting as Saturday's Penn State-Iowa

game. In the classroom, people expect the A's to earn themselves. When asked if they studied, I heard a student respond "no, but I drank a lot of beer and played Madden for four hours." Well, unless the test is on the I-formation and Nattysims, he's likely screwed.

Hey now, let's not blame ourselves (like we ever do). Our parents have raised us to be wussies. Think about it. Participation awards, anyone? Some high schools can't play dodgeball anymore because someone might get hurt. Teachers are asked to use a pen that's not red because red is "too threatening." C'mon, it's red ink, not the boogiemani. We have been spoiled and spoon fed our entire lives, and when the going gets tough, we get going (as far away as we can).

I know I sound like a bitter old lady ranting about today's youth, but it's true. We might not be too different than the generations before us, but we've become famous for nagging, bragging, and sagging.

Here's the thing - we can change this. The generations before us have created many problems. Have you seen the economy lately? As Yogi Berra (famous baseball player, and member of the Silent Generation) once said, "A nickel isn't worth a dime today." It just proves that there's still plenty of time for us to get rid of this stigma, and to finally toughen up.

Now, if you will excuse me, I have to stop writing. I have the sniffles.

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