

## A View from the Lighthouse

### Behrend basketball represented us well

In Erie Hall's final season as the Behrend Lions basketball teams' home court, the men and women both set impressive marks in Behrend's history. Many students showed more school pride than ever before, filling the Erie Hall bleachers every game. The *Beacon* congratulates both the men and women on a season for the ages. You did what many other groups on campus have failed in doing. Getting students involved, and following through with much success.



The men had their most successful season in Behrend history with 26 wins, while the women ranked in the top five winningest teams in history. But it wasn't so much the wins that measured their success. It was the respectable manner in which they did it. Never did we see our players talking trash to their opponents or mouthing off to the officials. Never did we see our athletes showboat or embarrass themselves with excessive celebrations. They were groups we could cheer for knowing that we were truly "the good guys."

Coaches Dave Niland and Roz Fornari did an exceptional job in keeping their teams focused for success. They maintained composure on the sidelines and gave their players someone to follow. Both individuals are to be commended.

The men's team gained national recognition, winning Erie Hall's last game in the first round of the NCAA Tournament. After ending that era, the men ended #1 seed RIT's hopes of national glory with a 15-point victory. They continued their success with a win over Cortland State in the Sweet Sixteen, advancing to the Elite Eight. Their season was ended there, but the story will go down in Behrend athletic's history. All this happened to a team that was supposedly supposed to crumble after losing so much of last season's talent. Shows what a little bit of support and a lot of hard work can do.

Seniors Chris Hughes, Andy Lawrence, John Park and Nate Willson all added their own contributions to the program. Willson showed his ability to lead by example while Hughes, Lawrence and Park all showed off their talent in a respectable manner.

The women didn't match the success of the men's team, but did

qualify for the ECAC tournament. Unlike other campuses where the gyms don't fill as quickly for women's basketball games, the Lions consistently filled the gym and performed like the home team should. They fed off the crowd and had some memorable games, including their performances in the Allegheny Mountain Collegiate Conference Championships.

Seniors Carrie Nestor and Tiffany Buck ended their record-breaking careers with very successful seasons. Their dedication to the Behrend basketball program is greatly appreciated. They are most definitely some of the greatest talent Behrend has ever seen in its sport.

It was amazing to see the spirit the school showed in supporting these teams. Once again, members from the women's soccer team flocked to Erie Hall full of energy. The cheerleaders got fans involved while Behrend's new dance team made the events more enjoyable with their halftime performances. The Lion pumped up the crowd and theme nights added extra events for those in attendance.

Sarah Edwards is to be commended for her consistent planning to publicize the games. Edwards got Behrend organizations to hold spirit stations in the Reed Union Building with special events and contests so students would get word of the games that night.

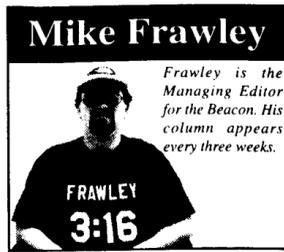
Overall, the seasons won't be forgotten. They give a strong sense that Behrend athletics will continue to excel in the new Athletic and Recreational Center (ARC). With the continued efforts of Athletic Director Brian Streeter, Sports Information Director Paul Benim, the coaches and athletes, Behrend should become the most respected athletic organization in the area.

## The Voice of Reason

### Another election down the tubes

Well, the elections are over for Pennsylvania now. Isn't it nice that yet again our votes in the presidential primaries won't mean jack shit? I know that there are other primaries to vote in, and I will go out and vote, but still I'm disappointed. This was going to be the first presidential election that I was going to be able to participate in, and as a registered Republican my choices are now George W. or Alan Keyes. Oh yeah, Keyes, there's a great way to waste my vote. Who the hell is that moron, anyway? Oh, well, as is the case with the rest of America, I don't give a rat's ass who Keyes is. It would have been nice to have been able to make a difference with my vote, but a combination of Pennsylvania's fubar primary system and the only candidate who I wanted to vote for dropping out of the election killed that damn quick.

Pennsylvania's system makes absolutely no sense. We have a large number of electoral votes, so common sense would say that we should have



**Mike Frawley**  
Frawley is the Managing Editor for the Beacon. His column appears every three weeks.

some clout in the election process. But of course, Pennsylvania seems to be a little short on common sense. Because our primary is so much later than everyone else's, the candidate for the general election is always decided before we get a chance to cast our ballots here. When was the last time a Presidential primary candidate seriously campaigned in Pennsylvania? 1842?

Pennsylvania needs to do something about this. Contrary to what many people believe, the state sets the date of its primary elections. All Pennsylvania would have to do is

move it up a few weeks. How hard could that be? There is also a movement right now to set up a nationwide primary election system. The basic idea of this system is to have the elections spread over 4 or 5 weeks, with the smaller states going first and the larger states going last. That way, the primary would not be decided until, god forbid, everyone votes. But then you get people from every state bitching that they want to be first, or that they don't want to be told when they have to hold their primaries. Well, you know what I have to say about that? TOO DAMN BAD!!! Who the hell cares about when New Hampshire votes? And when did New Hampshire become the political barometer of the nation? Eight morons in New Hampshire remember that it's election day, stumble to the polls, and the election is decided? My ass!

Maybe the reason that our voter turnout is so low in Pennsylvania is because of this feeling that we just

don't matter. I'd like to think that if primary day in Pennsylvania came around and there was a contested election, more people would come out and vote. And if the primaries were contested throughout the entire primary process, different views would get a chance to be heard. In today's primary process, the frontrunners know that they can ignore the ideas of other candidates because within a week or two they will either drop out of the election or get ignored by the media because the frontrunners get all of the airtime.

Our current primary system only ends up hurting the American people. John McCain was a candidate with a fresh message and broad appeal, but he got trounced in last week's primaries and dropped out of the election. Three weeks from now, his message will be lost and his campaign forgotten. How sad is it that a person with such great appeal for voters will now just be a footnote in the history of the 2000 election?

## This Is Earth, Have We Met?

### What college education means to me: an essay

Look out world, but I think I am about to defend Behrend. Yes, you heard correctly: this editorial may actually point out good things about our school, rather than bashing it for its many huge, embarrassing failures. Recently I have been confronted with some opinions about how the school as a whole is failing to provide students with a proper and complete education. These views have come from students, parents, Erie community members, and even a few local "celebrities." Wait a minute . . . I retract the celebrity part of that; let me say local pinheads instead.

Maybe I have been missing the point of college the past few years. Maybe the candy shell around my brain has grown a little too thick. Maybe my brain is clogged with a bit too much malted hops and bong resin. But isn't there supposed to be more to the "college experience" than just in-class situations? I thought students were encouraged to do more than just sit in lecture halls all day, listening to the sometimes endless droning of our teaching establishment. I thought doing something other than studying or watching WWF *Smackdown* in the evenings was a good thing.

When choosing a school, don't people look for the extras a school offers? Does it have varsity sports teams? Does it have social organizations? Does it have clubs and organizations that interest me? I realize it's been a few years since I was look-



**Liz Hayes**  
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ing at colleges (lots of people go to college for seven years . . .), but I seem to recall these questions coming up quite a bit. True, I made sure Penn State had the academic programs I was interested in, but a lot of schools offer my major. The deciding factors were the extracurricular things a school could boast. So, correct me if I'm wrong, but wouldn't that indicate that extracurricular activities play a pretty decisive part in education? Hmmm, provocative.

Therefore, one can imagine my dismay when I learned that some events being held at Behrend were being called unnecessary and uneducational. As far as I'm concerned, just about anything can be a learning experience for somebody. Sports, for instance, encourage fundamental behaviors like teamwork and drive for success. Organizations like SGA, JRC, and Commuter Council provide leadership and involvement opportunities for students.

Groups like MCC, Trigon, and the Campus Ministries allow people to gain experience with cultures and viewpoints that differ from their own. Let's face it—just about any experience you can gain by interacting with people on any level will help you in the "real world," and I'm not talking MTV, people. Hell, even socializing with the Greeks could be helpful someday. Maybe they weren't the smartest guys, maybe they spent a little too much time puking off balconies, but they had fun. And I bet they even taught you something that will help you someday. If nothing else, whenever you are on *Jeopardy* or *Who Wants to be a Millionaire*, you will know a few more letters of the Greek alphabet than you otherwise would have.

I will even go so far as to defend the general education system at Penn State. I'm here to receive a liberal arts education. I was well aware when I came in that I would be taking a wide variety of classes. I think it is called broadening my horizons? Maybe I will never professionally use my knowledge of Shakespeare. But when the boss is talking about the performance of *Hamlet* he is about to see, maybe I can score some Brownie points with my knowledge of the subject. Or when my contemporaries are arguing which President decided to nuke Hiroshima, at least I will confidently be able to say that it wasn't Andrew Jackson. Yeah, people are graduating in just a

shade under a decade, but is that necessarily the school's fault? I know too many people who don't talk to their advisor until it is too late and they are already screwed. And how many people actually have a blue book, you know, those things that tell you what to take and when to take it? Maybe if people would read that thing once in a while instead of having older classmates schedule for them they'd manage to graduate on time.

What's my point? Now that's not really a mystery. It's actually simpler than you think—everything you do in college, everything you learn, everything you experience, everything you want to kick yourself in the ass for doing, *everything* is going to help you someday. The world isn't a bubble anymore. That global village everyone is talking about is gonna be your new hometown. There will be Asians, there will be Latinos, there will be Africans, there will be lesbians, there will be Democrats, there will be atheists. There may even be a straight, patriotic, wears-the-pants-in-the-family, average white man, though he is a dying breed.

So get out there and learn something tomorrow. Be it the location of Davenport (it's in Iowa 22 miles from the border of Illinois), or how to read (. . . top to bottom, left to right, group words together as a sentence. Take Tylenol for headaches, Midol for any cramps.), I guarantee it will help you someday.

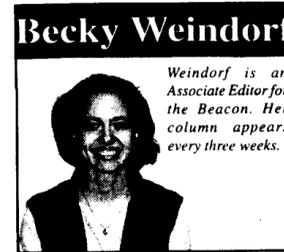
## The View From Up Here

### A horrifying experience — Me vs. Sunday River

All right, the Peak isn't the best place to practice and perfect your skiing. But I took lessons through an ESACT class and I got pretty good at it. I was edging smooth curves, paralleling all the way down the hill, and I was confident with my 150's. That is, until spring break.

Here's the thing: it is my first time hitting the slopes (er, mountains) in Maine. The base at Sunday River, a ski resort in Maine, is up to four or five feet, and you get to ski forever—literally. Your voice echoes at the top of a double-black diamond slope, the most difficult a slope can get. And there I was, with my uncle, my aunt, and my boyfriend—all three are at level nine, if not higher. My uncle was on the U.S. Ski Team, so you can figure out how good he was on your own.

All right, so I don't really belong in the group, ok? I'm the one who "doesn't belong," but I go along because I'm pretty good . . . remember? Yeah, right.



**Becky Weindorf**  
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So we get on a four-seater chair that whisks us up to the top of the mountain, and we decide to hit a green circle (the easiest course) first. The damned mountain was four times longer than any hill at the Peak, and about as steep as one of their blue squares (an intermediate level). So, in other words, I'm skiing down four steep Peek n' Peaks.

Since my uncle used to be a ski instructor, he takes me down a green circle (where I do a Chinese split with my skis—twice) and he decides I'm ready for the intermediate trail, which

is again four times longer than the Peak's and now considered a black diamond at the Peak. Yeah, right.

So we get halfway down the mountain, and I get stuck. Again, literally. In the middle of the freaking mountain. Maine skiing dogma includes letting the person in front of you go first down the mountain, but right now I'm on my skis gasping for breath because I'm hyperventilating on the mountain, sweating through my ski gear and I'm wondering why the hell I got into this mess.

My uncle "walks" back up the hill with his skis and I hear him say something, but I'm not paying attention. I'm a prideful person, and I'm busy re-arranging my sunglasses over my eyes so the people waiting for me to ski down won't see the fear in my eyes. Carefully my uncle tells me to start side-slipping down the mountain, which means flattening my skis against the mountain and sliding down as if I'm on a snowboard, only with my feet parallel with the moun-

tain. Somehow, I make it down the mountain and I look up at it, and I know I wouldn't have made it down by myself. My boyfriend was on one side of me, telling me I was doing just fine, and my uncle praised me every time I slipped down the mountain, even if I stopped every three seconds. I never went down that stupid mountain again; besides, there were seven to choose from. Seven different mountains, seven different peaks, 130 different slopes and trails to choose from.

So, I went down an easier mountain the rest of the week. Needless to say, I was lucky to have such excellent control over my skis—I'm sure I would have done a Sonny Bono and run into the beautiful foliage that surrounded the mountain slopes. But I'm alive and well, and just some advice to novice skiers like myself: have a good laugh at my predicament, and just try it for yourself. You'll know what I mean when you get on top of the mountain!

## THE BEHREND BEACON

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