

# Behrend on B 2000

## Blowing Rocks Preserve Alternative Spring Break

by Sarah Edwards

Wake Up Call, 6 a.m. on a Monday. Nine Behrend students unzip their tents on a warm Florida morning during the Behrend Alternative Spring Break trip.

The Alternative Spring Break trip took place at Blowing Rocks Preserve, a Nature Conservancy. Blowing Rocks is a 73 acre preserve dedicated to restoring its natural coastal habitat and helping to rescue endangered sea turtles if they become stranded on shore.

Throughout the week Spring Breakers and the trip leader, Jan Caffie, worked on a variety of projects including designing and building a stone patio, putting trail log boarders and fences in place, and trimming trees along the preserve's entrance. Behrend students also worked on picking up trash along the shore line and mulching the new nature trail that is going to be used for educational purposes and enjoyment. Jessica DiBacco 04/Psychology, who was a participant on the trip, said "some might say that the work might be comparable to that of a chain gang but, it was fulfilling and worthwhile."

Penn State students ended their volunteer day at the Preserve around 2 p.m. which left time for the Spring Break crew to soak in the sun at the private beach on the preserve and plan what they were going to do during the evening. Heather Greene 04/ Marketing said "going to the beach gave everyone a chance to unwind from the day while lounging and swimming on the clear blue Florida coast." Some of their plans included cooking out at the campground, going out to eat, or having a night out on the town. Evening highlights included a trip to a street party at West Palm Beach, an all-you-can-eat Italian buffet for \$2.99, and a cookout at Bruce's house, the King of Maintenance at Blowing Rocks Preserve. Suzie Klinger 04/Business Economics felt "the night life was kicking from dancing on the street to exquisite gourmet dining including smores, franks, and Spaghetti O's."

Other noted events that went on throughout the week included a field trip to a Sea Turtle Rehabilitation Facility. Also, another trip was taken to a natural wetland where Penn Staters were able to sight some baby alligators. Caffie, who is the director of educational equity programs at Behrend, said "the Alternative Spring Break trip is not only beneficial for students but faculty as well. It's a fantastic experience that allowed me to see students' dedication to service and get close to them outside of the classroom. Everyone should take the opportunity to participate in Alternative Break trips." If you would like to be a part of Behrend's exciting Alternative Break experiences, please contact Shawna Polasky in the Office of Student Activities.

## Skiing in Norway...Maine that is

Why I Went North for Spring Break  
by Becky Weindorf

When one is looking for a spring break trip, two things come to mind: it has to be cheap, and it has to be fun. At least, that's my take on things; not everybody can afford to go to the Bahamas or even Florida for Spring Break. But it seemed I was the only one to really hit the slopes up north, because someone told me it was a strange choice to fly to cold weather during Spring Break. Only the die-hard skiers go north or west for some real skiing, but if any of the Behrend students cared to read "Me vs. Sunday River" last week, you'll know that I was a die-hard skier gone badly.

With luck, my aunt and uncle lived in Norway, Maine (which is about an hour from Portland). Since it's been awhile from the last time I went to Maine, my aunt and uncle sent my boyfriend and I two tickets to fly up during Spring Break. Not only did I have a good excuse to escape the house during Spring Break, but I was also going to spend it with my boyfriend and some of my family I rarely see.

The view from my aunt and uncle's home is spectacular - it's on top of a hill that overlooks a huge backyard and a lake in the distance. The backdrop is blue sky and mountains - tons of mountains. The home they live in is made of all cedar; the large, triangular window that made up one wall of the house provided the excellent view. Except for a wasp and ladybug problem (it's still a new home with some problems to work out), it was a couple's dream home.

There's something you need to understand about my aunt and uncle: when you go there, plan on another vacation from your vacation. There is so much to do in Maine (for real!) and they've found it all. As a couple with no kids (yet), we got the *crème de la crème* of Maine life. Late nights, early mornings to get the most out of each day...but by Monday of my vacation, I was ready to take an all-day nap from all the stuff we crammed into the weekend.

The early mornings aren't anyone's fault, though - they own a cockatoo named Conway who woke us up at 7 a.m. each morning. Easy for him, because Conway's bedtime was around 8 p.m. the previous evening. And each morning, he would squawk loudly until my aunt finally got up and took him out of his cage to give him a piece of cheese - yes, a cockatoo that loves cheese. And he can say plenty of phrases, too - "Hello baby" and "Peek-a-boo" and "Becky" and "Papa" and "Ah-ah" (that actually means Mama, because he can't say M's very well.) He can say "apple", too, but he only says that when he's mad at someone - my aunt thinks he learned this inappropriate phrase from his previous owners.

They also own two long-haired guinea pigs (named Oreo and Peanut) and have a makeshift aviary for my aunt's twenty-something mourning doves, until my uncle can build a real aviary for the birds underneath their porch. The mourning doves start singing around 7 a.m., too, and the guinea pigs would start running around in their cages when they heard the doves.

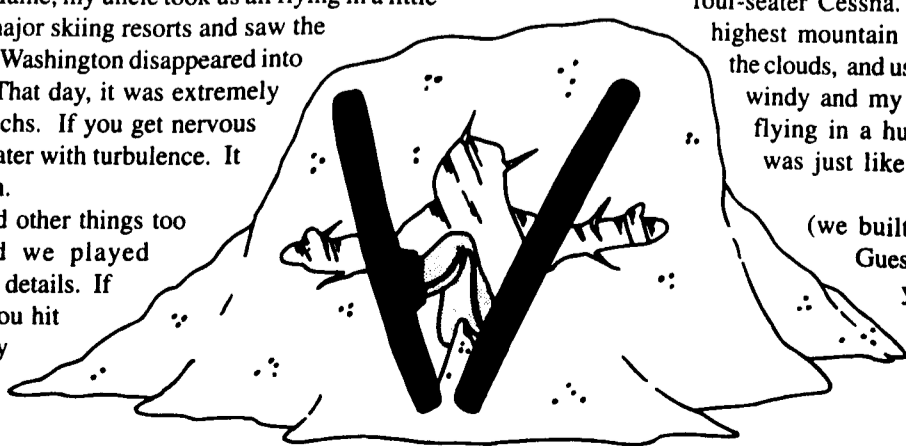
So, our days mostly started at 7 or 8 a.m., depending if it was cloudy - and, during this particular week, the average weather was 55 degrees and sunny.

We'd usually decide what we were doing during breakfast, and we squished plenty into the eighteen hours we were out of the house - there was skiing fiascoes every other day (at least, in my case) and plenty of eating out. I will tell you this right now: if you want to eat good food, forget the Olive Garden. Maine's restaurants leave Erie's restaurants in the dust - everything is *fresh* (as in, picked or caught just that day) and the coffee shops are delicious. Downtown Portland is buzzing with people of all ages (mostly college students) and unlike State Street in Erie, there is next to no crime in Portland.

So, we got the five-star treatment at any of the restaurants we went to. There was one restaurant on a boat that sets out into the ocean for the ultimate dining experience on the water; lobster dinners available right and left at any food shop you went to; and, best of all, Maine boasts a five-star restaurant. The White Barn Inn is ranked up there with the best of the French and Italian restaurants overseas - along with the prices. A dinner for two is close to \$150-\$200. Needless to say, the only way we experienced the White Barn Inn was from a distance.

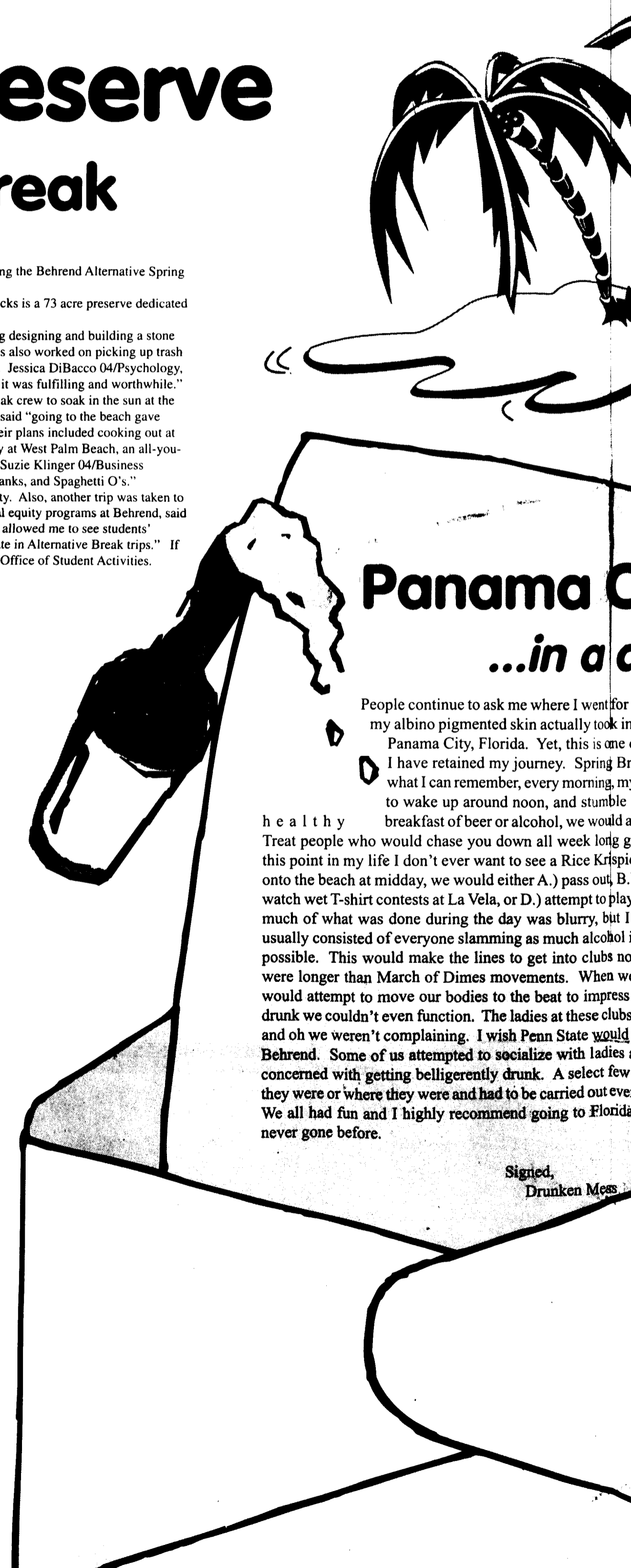
Even though we flew to Maine, my uncle took us all flying in a little else; we went over all the major skiing resorts and saw the Washington. The top of Mt. Washington disappeared into place it snowed all week. That day, it was extremely thankful for our steel stomachs. If you get nervous imagine an itty-bitty four seater with turbulence. It nothing under you. Very fun.

That was my trip. We did other things too warm up the house, and we played were there) but those are just details. If Maine, though, make sure you hit restaurants. Even the Subway than Erie's!



four-seater Cessna. That was something highest mountain in New England, Mt. the clouds, and usually, that was the only windy and my boyfriend and I were flying in a huge, safe 747 Boeing, was just like a roller coaster with

(we built fires every night to Guesstures the last night we you want to visit the slopes and the in Maine is better



## Panama C... ...in a c...

People continue to ask me where I went for my albino pigmented skin actually took in Panama City, Florida. Yet, this is one I have retained my journey. Spring Break what I can remember, every morning, my to wake up around noon, and stumble

healthy breakfast of beer or alcohol, we would a Treat people who would chase you down all week long g this point in my life I don't ever want to see a Rice Krispie onto the beach at midday, we would either A.) pass out, B. watch wet T-shirt contests at La Vela, or D.) attempt to play much of what was done during the day was blurry, but I usually consisted of everyone slamming as much alcohol possible. This would make the lines to get into clubs no were longer than March of Dimes movements. When we would attempt to move our bodies to the beat to impress drunk we couldn't even function. The ladies at these clubs and oh we weren't complaining. I wish Penn State would Behrend. Some of us attempted to socialize with ladies concerned with getting belligerently drunk. A select few they were or where they were and had to be carried out ever. We all had fun and I highly recommend going to Florida never gone before.

Signed,  
Drunken Meas