

## What the truck is going on?

Well, it's back to the grind...deadlines on top of deadlines, instructors assigning papers already, dishing out money for books, dishing out money for a parking permit...HEY, wait a minute...did I say for a parking permit? Sorry, my mistake. What I really meant was that I bought a permit that allows me to search for parking spaces. I'm still waiting for a parking spot - do I have to sign up for one of those as well? Maybe that's later or something. Or, maybe I have to pay another 70 bucks for a spot in addition to the previous 70, which was to cover the cost of the fancy paper permit. I'm sure it works something like that.

I was going to say that it must be a blessing to be able to live on campus, but I guess some of you guys this year were refused housing. Ouch.

So what the truck is going on here? First off, I would like to welcome the freshmen to Behrend. Not that you're a population surge or anything. It's not like you guys consume half of the parking spots on campus or anything like that. I'll stop there.

Now before you come running down to the Beacon office requesting that I die a slow and merciless death, let me just say that it's really not your fault, directly anyway. You chose to come to Behrend because it impressed you in some way. Maybe you



Chew on This...  
Rob Wynne

wanted to play a sport or become part of a renowned college newspaper staff. Or maybe the

location suited your interest the most. That was one of my main reasons for choosing Behrend, the accessibility of places on campus.

But now, accessibility has become a major issue. Last year I didn't have to make 3 trips around the lower parking lots to find a spot in the back of Hammermill when my class was in the Academic building. Get this, there were actually parking spots left over. The lower Reed lot was never over three-quarters full, and there was usually a ton of parking over by Hammermill.

So now we've reached a boiling point. We've overpopulated Behrend and there's nothing we can do, right?

Well, the student population has been on a very steady increase over the last few years. The superior qualities of our engineering programs attract a good number of students

every year (although most of them drop out of it and take up Art History). So, as any responsible administration would be able to predict a parking shortage, I am pleased to announce that we have room for 20 more cars this year to accommodate the few hundred new freshman commuters.

But what's important is that the baseball fields are being refurbished, and our new athletic complex will be opening up soon. Okay, so we had baseball fields and a gym that didn't even fill all of its seats...hmm...something fishy is going on here...

In essence, if you came to Behrend to play a sport, you've got it made. You'll have new facilities at your disposal. However, if you came to Behrend for an education, you must first find yourself a parking spot. Hell, I'll just pack my swim trunks and read about the ancient Roman baths while I indulge the new Olympic size pool. How's that for active learning? Oh by the way, that wasn't a "No parking on the grass" sign that was sticking out of the trunk of my car the other day.\*

\*Note to Police and Safety - just kidding on the last line, guys...you're doing a great job guiding traffic.

## 'The Hot Topic of The Week' Those boots were made for walking...

So Hillary is still with Billy boy, eh? Well good for her, she's showing something her husband obviously doesn't have. Integrity. And the American public should be glad that at least someone in the White House has some morals and ethics. The First Lady makes up the better half of a horribly flawed presidency. In all honesty, it would have been easy for Hillary to leave her two-timing husband, but she stuck around more for him than herself. And isn't that a woman all over? Instead of taking the easy way out or whining about it, she knew what she had to do and she accepted it with what little pride Billy had left her with. It's also easy for some people to claim that she stuck around purely due to the fact that 'Hillary needed her husband to make it where she is today'. However, did everyone forget about the fact that it is the new millennium, and women can make it on their own without the 'help' of a man? She didn't need Bill in the beginning, and she didn't need him in the end. She stayed because she was being supportive of her husband. Remember how he went on national television and spouted off about how he "never had sexual relations with that woman"? So if he can lie to billions of Americans, he can certainly lie and charm his way past his wife. So kudos to Hill, New York would be lucky to have her in the Senate.

Let's pose this simple question. "Where would Hillary Clinton be today if she left her husband 20 years ago?" I say 20 years ago as opposed to two years ago, because it's obvious Bill didn't suddenly start his unfaithfulness when he got his keys to the Oval Office. I know it would be hard for most to imagine Hillary as a sly, scheming woman considering everything she has supposedly done for women the last seven years. So let's compromise and call her intelligent. Intelligent enough to realize that a political career for herself lie solely in the political success of her husband. A divorce would mean a middle class life in the city of Little Rock. A publicly strong marriage would mean an eight year stay in the White House, and a lifetime of political power in whatever state she so chooses. So, why is Hillary still around? For her political career. Not to be a strong, forgiving wife that will stand by our president with pride. But to grab Bill's hand when the cameras are on, so we can all see her continue to be dragged to the top of the political world. It's always been the motto of Team Clinton...win at all costs and find the closest camera to show the world your strength. Even when your strength relies solely on how far your husband can drag you and how much the public believes you

Send us a question for our weekly 'hot topic' debate! Mail us at behrcoll2@aol.com

## We are (all) Penn State



Coffee Talk  
Kristin Rodgers

As most students here on campus realize, attending Behrend campus means achieving a Penn State degree with the advantage of smaller class sizes and more interaction among students and faculty. I would consider this situation to be of benefit to students who seek lifelong friendships and the opportunity to excel in academics and on-campus organizational involvement.

I believe Behrend students have every right to be proud that they have chosen a university where so much opportunity surrounds them. In fact, I think it would be fair to say that most students here are very excited to be a Nittany Lion!

In lieu of past attempts, some students on campus are devoting much time and energy to raise our school spirit level. After all, Behrend has many athletic events in which student and staff attendance is very low. With the coming opening of the Athletic and Recreational Center (the ARC), many students will soon be in attendance among those athletes who need our support. At such events, like many other campus-sponsored events, the words "WE ARE PENN STATE" are often heard.

Has anyone really ever reflected on what saying this means to him or her? For many it means that they are a part of an entire whole. Student leaders on campus are encouraged to never allude to the fact that University Park is the MAIN campus, but is it the most important part of this whole?

Recently an athlete ran an idea across our own Provost and Dean, Dr. John Lilley, to increase our school spirit. Her idea was to spruce up the recently renovated million-dollar staircase, located in what could be called the center of campus between Perry Hall, the Suites and Dobbins Dining Hall.

The vision she has in mind requires many energetic and artistic students to paint the windows with our own Penn State logos, which are many. While sitting through their discussion, Dr. Lilley seemed to be impressed but stated one drawback. University Park has the exclusive rights to one logo, and it cannot be used in any other branch campus. This logo, as most of us have seen before, is an oval with the outline of the Lion Head. This particular logo was also included in a draft she'd made because most students seem to prefer logo the best.

Most who were in attendance of this discussion were very appalled that such a right could exist between campuses of the same University. Simply stating that BRANCH campuses have no rights to our school's logo is ridiculous. It assumes that University Park is the MAIN campus and every other campus is just a branch of that main trunk. It cannot possibly make sense for us not to call Happy Valley the main campus anymore.

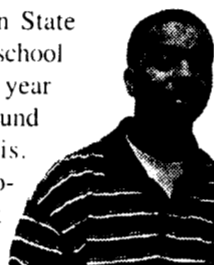
It makes students wonder if they should even wear this logo on a T-shirt, jacket or other apparel for fear that maybe someone will explain to them that they have no right as a Behrend campus student to show University Park pride. What is even more interesting is that our bookstore on campus sells many items with this logo, and I'm sure any local sports store sells hats and jerseys with the same print. As a proud student of Penn State Erie, the Behrend College, this entire situation makes me want to ask myself a different question, "Are we Penn State?"



## What time is it?

Welcome back, students of Penn State Behrend. It is the beginning of a new school year and just about the end of the year 2000. Yet, many of us are walking around as if we hadn't taken note of this. Whether you are a freshmen, sophomore, junior or senior, knowing what point in time it is will be essential to your daily purpose. So I suggest you do yourselves a big favor and check the time, and I'm not talking about the one on a Rolex or Geneva either. Many of us still haven't learned to tell this sort of time, so I'm here to help you.

So then, what time is it, you ask? It is time to for change. It is time to make progress and excel. It is time to put all the crap to the side and accomplish your goals. Most of us have just advanced our way up the academic ladder and the climbing is only getting harder. Others of us have just moved from the moderate pace level of high



My Society  
Jermaine Hardy

school and into the rapid paced world of college, a place where time is like bullets during war, you can never have enough. Thus time efficiently. However, you cannot do so if you don't know what time it currently is.

It's time to build. The new millennium is here. You and I are builders of that glorious future you've always had in your head. So grab your tools and start constructing. It's time to rewrite the script. Things will and must be done differently. We can't go on looking at things in the same way. We will make the world different, thus we have to already see it differently.

It's time to separate your purpose from everyone else's. Does everyone have the same goals and dreams you do? I bet they don't. So keep your goals in mind, concen-

trate on them and pursue them. Who else will? Certainly, not your homeboy or homegirl, who wants to skip classes and do nothing but "lollygag" all day.

Its time to shut-up-and-do. Too many of us have too much to say and to little to do. I can't emphasize this enough. We have two ears, two eyes, two legs and two arms but only one mouth. There's a reason for this. If we aren't listening or learning we should be doing more building and constructing. Once you have finished your job, then you'll really have something to talk about.

It's time to put things into perspective. Remember how fast those high school years went by. These college years may go by even faster. You want to make the time go by as fast as you can. But, Penn State won't tell you this, for the longer you stay, the longer you pay. Thus, as I have said before, use your time efficiently. Your minutes are your bullets. Your college experience is war. Don't waste one shot.

Send a letter to the editor! We dare you! Mail all letters to behrcoll2@aol.com

## National Commentary

### Dormnation and the politics of the dorm room

by Terence Nowlin  
James Madison University

Four years of hard work in high school and what did I get? Dormnation. That's right, I was stuck living in an on-campus residence hall. I got a decent grade here, sent in an application there, and I was sentenced for a really long time.

Living in a dorm took some adjustment my first year. I was able to survive, but some things were easier to get used to than others. All dorm-dwellers were given notices that we couldn't have a pet unless it was named "Bubbles" -- meaning an animal of the fishy persuasion. But before I could get too bummed out about not getting to take my No. 1 companion to school -- Andy the Super Dog -- I noticed the other being living in my room. It had a key; put its stuff in one of the closets where I could have been stuffing more shoes; and slept on the other bed, where I could have been displaying my "Pepsi-cans-through-time" collection.

So, it was my first encounter with a roommate. I decided I could live with it (until, of course, it started to pawn my stuff, at which point, I decided it would be moving out). We got along pretty well, partly because we were so careful about keeping our stuff on our own sides of the room. But then there was the trashcan dilemma.

The trash-can was my responsibility because it was on my side of the room. The roommate tended to the recycling bin. I was jealous of that recycling-bin-emptying duty because it only needed to be executed when all of the planets of the solar system aligned or we could no longer balance an additional pizza box on top. It was a

lot like playing large-scale Jenga.

I, on the other hand, was required by the pure ethics of sanitation to empty the trash somewhat more often. I sometimes tested the roommate's persistence in tolerating the trashcan. I laughed to myself as he tossed fruit cores and soggy old pizza in the bag. "What will that smell like when it ferments?" I wondered. The point? Simply to get him to dump the garbage before I did.

*...it was I who pulled the trashcan away from the heat vent and dumped it, steaming garbage juice and all. I think it was the leftover Chinese food that had basically grown legs and was capable of scoring 1200 on the SAT that did me in. Talk about your wild rice.*

After many days of gagging and waiting on the demise of his nostrils of steel, it was I who pulled the trashcan away from the heat vent and dumped it, steaming garbage juice and all. I think it was the leftover Chinese food that had basically grown legs and was capable

of scoring 1200 on the SAT that did me in. Talk about your wild rice.

Another adjustment to living away from home was the type of foods I ate. Some days, I just didn't feel like waltzing across campus to pick up a snack. That's why I stocked up on cookies, Little Debbie cakes, Moon Pies (there is a difference), chips and beef jerky to fill out the basic food groups.

Regardless of what my mama says, I truly believe this to be a healthy diet. I tried to make it to Wal-Mart at least once every two weeks to replenish my rations, but sometimes it wasn't enough. After the last Orange Dream cake was gone, I found myself licking Tang dust from the countertop in my room in a desperate attempt to prove to the world that I did not have to walk across campus to survive.

Because Mama wasn't around to remind me of the state of my room, that, too, got a little out of hand. Both the roommate and I proudly announced to our visitors that we never vacuumed. So, what advantage did not vacuuming give us? Well, many individuals on campus accumulated fluffy little dust bunnies under their beds, but we had fuzz-goats. That was good for me because I finally got the pet I'd wanted all along. And it was especially good because pets of the fuzz variety eat a lot less.

The bottom line: I ate well enough to maintain life, the roommate never pawned any of my stuff, and I wasn't harmed by any fuzz-goats. Every once in a while, I even got a chance to see Andy the Super Dog. The experience helped me to decide that spending another year in dormnation would be all right. After all, emptying the trash can't be nearly as fun when you're living in an apartment.