

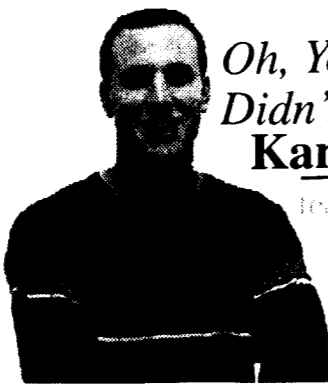
## No day but today

Zoinks! Where has the summer gone? Well, you know what they say, time flies when you're having fun. I can still remember the day I moved into my freshmen Residence Hall. It doesn't seem very long ago. Now I'm a sophomore? Hmm... I still feel the same...so what is so different about being a sophomore? Surprisingly, there are many differences.

A few nights ago, I was using a computer in the Reed Union Building. While checking my email, a girl (who happened to be a freshman) initiated a conversation with me. We conversed on such topics as our classes and what there is to do in Erie. At one point in the conversation, she told me that being a freshman sucked and how she couldn't wait until she was older. I responded by asking her if she was on crack. I told her that being a freshman is a great experience.

She then asked me if I was on crack. After the wonderful discussion I went back up to my room and studied (okay I admit it, I didn't study, I watched TV). Later that night, I thought about the conversation that I had with the freshman crack girl. I thought about the various opinions that I had when I was a freshman as compared to now and how some of them have drastically changed.

I will admit, the Residence Halls aren't very snazzy, and there is a lot of adjusting to do during the beginning of freshman year. But being a freshman is not something that's bad.



Oh, You Didn't Know?  
**Karl Benacci**

Features page on Oct 11

I can remember being in the fourth grade and saying "oh I can't wait until middle school." I can remember being in eighth grade and saying "oh I can't wait until high school." I can remember being in high school and saying "oh I can't wait until college." Recognize the pattern? No matter where a person is in life, be it elementary school or high school, they're always wishing to be in a different stage of life.

Many of us can remember saying as a little kid, "I wish I was a grown-up." Well, chances are, most grown-ups wish that they were a little kid again. Enjoy where you are in life. Time seems to go by faster and faster and the sooner you start enjoying where you are, the happier you will be. I can remember myself in high school, complaining with my friends about high school and how badly it sucked. Another popular topic that we'd often talk about was how we couldn't wait until college. But now I miss everything about my high school.

Well, almost everything. Life changes

constantly and if you enjoy the present, you probably won't live your future in regret. I will admit, when I was a freshman, I longed for a room in Ohio Hall.

I wanted to become a sophomore so that I could get out of my Residence Hall. But as I look back upon my freshman year, I miss it a lot. I miss playing basketball on the Perry Courts, I miss the hilarious talks that I had with Mike, my old roommate, and I even miss the great view of the Reed Union Building that I had from my room in Perry Hall.

I have observed a number of changes that occurred from my freshman year to my sophomore year. Now that I live in a new building, I am surrounded by many people that I don't know, and friends who lived in Perry Hall with me last semester are now scattered all around campus. Another change that I've noticed is that some of my friends from freshman year have either a) transferred to other campuses or b) dropped out of college.

In closing, I urge the freshmen (and everyone else) to enjoy the present, because someday everything will be different. Wishing for the future and wasting the present is a total waste of life. Freshman year (along with any other stage in life) is full of great memories, so enjoy the time you have because before you know it, you'll be worm food.

His column will appear every three weeks.

## 'The Hot Debate of The Week' Disciplinarian or Coach?

Should Bobby Knight have been fired the way he did?

Bobby Knight fired? It's about time. The man obviously can't control himself. He violently grabs his players by the neck? What kind of coach has to rip a guy's throat out to make his point, or for that matter, grab a freshmen by the arm and rip him a new one for saying, "hey, what's up Knight?" A coach is supposed to set an example for his players. In an interview with CNN, Knight stated, "I just tried to teach him some manners." Knight admits that he did have a confrontation with one of the students. Was his job description "professor of manners" or head basketball coach?

Even if the student was rude to him, Knight should have walked the other way, especially with his past of violent outbursts. He showed his true colors when he grabbed one of his players by the neck. A coach should have patience and self-control in stressful situations. Even if a player got out of line, Knight should not have resorted to physical violence. Whatever happened to just screaming in a player's face or making them run laps around the gym?

29 years of coaching. 29 year of disciplining his players. And suddenly, Bobby Knight's been fired. Knight's history as a basketball coach isn't a mystery to any of us. His hard-nosed coaching style isn't anything new. But all of a sudden, after a "zero tolerance policy" that hasn't even been completely spelled out yet, Knight has been fired for a disciplinary act that he has performed openly for 29 years. Sure Knight was in the wrong when he once grabbed a player by the neck years ago. Sure it is controversial when he disciplines any of his players in a physical manner. But how can a coach get away with physically disciplining his players in the past, but suddenly (after 29 years), be fired for doing the same thing? If Indiana University wanted to have a non-controversial coach that focused on only teaching basketball and not teaching basketball etiquette and simple manners, Knight should have been fired the day he was hired. Maybe a coach shouldn't touch his players in a physical manner. But the Indiana players knew what they were getting into when they got recruited. It didn't take them 29 years to figure it out.

Every week, two editors from the staff will debate a topic that is hot. Students, faculty and staff are encouraged to email suggestions for the hot topic. Send ideas to behrcoll2@aol.com

## 21: the age of champions



What's My Point?  
**Kimberly Zuck**

Advertising manager

Let's play a little game together: if I were to say the number twenty one,

what is the first thing that comes to your mind? Well, if you guessed black jack, that's a fair guess, but not what I had in mind. Nope, I'm talking about the big 21, you know the age where you can walk into any bar in anytown in the good old USA and say, "Hey, give me a beer, I'm twenty one." Some of you may fall into the eighteen to almost twenty one year old category, the three year inevitable Purgatory that we all must go through. The rest of you fall into the twenty one and over category, ah what lucky souls.

I recently had the pleasure of turning the BIG 21, on August 11th to be exact, which so happened to be a Friday night (how lucky could I get?). It was an awesome summer evening when my friends and I ventured out to celebrate my legal status. Our first stop was at a local bar, where I was rooted on repeatedly to do shot after shot after, well you get the picture.

After a few blurry hours, we ended up at another bar, thanks to our designated driver, where I proceeded with my shot consumption. Everyone was so happy I was finally legal, I couldn't help but feel a little special. But all good things must come to an end and inevitably I started feeling a little woozy, and well I'm sure you can guess what happened next. To many of you, my 21st birthday may have sounded similar to your own.

When I woke up the next morning, not feeling so hot, I remember lying in bed thinking, "I'm so glad I survived my birthday without serious injury!" I couldn't wait to go out again since I was now official. And I did, quite a bit in fact. It was so exciting to be able to go to any bar in town and say, "you're darn right I've got i.d."

It was also cool because I saw a lot of people I hadn't seen in years. But, then just as I had decided that being twenty one was the best thing in the world, I started noticing a pattern. Now mind you, Erie isn't that big and there are only so many decent bars to hang out at, but it seems like every bar my friends and I go to, we see the same people over and over again.

Sure, it was nice to see people from high school again and it was even nicer to catch up on old times with them. It was even cool to see most of the same people the next couple times I went out. But, by about the sixth or seventh time of running into the same people, you start to realize why seasoned bar veterans always preach about how the bar scene gets old real fast.

So, what's my point in all this? Well, I just want to emphasize the importance of one's twenty-first birthday. Sure it may not be pretty, and I can guarantee that your friends will have the blackmail pictures to prove it. But, all in all it's a milestone and from what I've heard the last birthday worth looking forward to. Well, for all of you fellow bar hoppers, I'm sure I'll be seeing you out again and again. Until then, cheers!

Zuck's column will appear every three weeks.

## Primetime TV: outwit...outplay...outlast...

Yeah, yeah, yeah...survive this...survive that. What is with this "survivor" theme popping up everywhere lately? Companies are using the whole "jungle" idea in their advertising and commercials; the ex-cast members from the TV show Survivor are more popular now than when they were on the show; and in general I have been noticing an overall increase in the competitive nature of society. It's as if the "outwit," "outplay," and "outlast" fever from the TV show are now a way of life for Americans.

It's not like it's a first. Trust me, the media, especially prime time TV, has played this trick on us before. Who could forget last year's "race for the million," as Americans everywhere crowded around their TV screens just to watch an "every-day Joe or Sue" answer questions to win a million dollars?

Within a few months every TV channel had one of "those millionaire shows." I guess when it comes to money, America just can't get enough. Less than a year later prime time TV took a turn, but not necessarily for the worse. CBS told ABC to "move over Regis... your gangster-style suits and witty catch phrases aren't enough to hold America's attention."

So that's just what CBS did. They told 16 people to trade their business suits in for their bathing suits (although one castaway even lost his bathing suit...) only to become the first cast on a new "millionaire" TV



Chit Chat for Change  
**Christine Kleck**

associate editor

show. Instead of competing with Americans all over the country to answer questions correctly for one

million dollars, the idea behind this new TV show is for the cast to compete and to eliminate each other for a million.

Thirteen successful episodes later, tribal council meetings, hostile truck drivers, and an overweight, naked (not to mention wealthy) homosexual are what we got. For some of us, 13 episodes were enough, but for others, the post-Super Bowl new Survivor season won't come fast enough.

So that's where "BIG BROTHER" comes in. CBS knew that in order to really out-do the other guys they had to carry out the millionaire theme even after the "Survivor" season was over, so a spin off and/or glorified version of MTV's "The Real World" is what we got. Or, to get technical, 10 people, 3 months, no contact with the outside world. It's all in the numbers,

and then of course dollar signs do play a pretty big part in this whole ordeal.

So now what...the kings of prime time are telling us that we can forget answering questions, or dressing like natives, all we have to do is live in a house for 90 days with 10 other people. Sounds easy enough, doesn't it? Wrong!

Not only do you have 10 houseguests, but 10,000 house guests. Yes, that's right, for the price of \$500,000 CBS will pay you to be watched by all of America, while you pretend to like 9 other strangers, while you perform weekly tasks, and there they'll even throw in a chance to have your hair dyed green (at no extra charge). Talk about a bargain. I mean if you can stand the 14 robotic cameras, 5 stationary cameras, 5 handheld cameras, 4 infrared cameras, 60 microphones, and 69 camera windows/two-way mirrors watching and recording your every breath, as well as your every burp, then the cash is all yours.

To kind of give meaning to this whole idea, I guess there is only one thing to say: "When it comes to prime time TV, Americans like, and certainly can't get enough money...but at least now we're winning it more creatively."

Kleck's column will appear every three weeks.

## National Student Opinion

### Be prepared to shop around for the perfect guy

by Julie Chen

Campus Correspondent - University of Texas at Austin

Okay career women, listen up. You're a growing breed. Making the grade and snagging that recommendation is probably not your biggest obstacle. Brains, beauty, bravery. Check, check, check. Having it all is the name of the game.

Boys? There are probably more of them calling than you know what to do with, which is just as well. There is no better time in life to date than when in college. At least you know they can read.

But ironically, many college women are equally frustrated with finding a fulfilling relationship. Already found Mr. Right? Read no further. Consider yourself a step ahead: one more item crossed off from that ever-trailing list of "Things To Do Today. Or Very, Very Soon."

For the rest of us who must face the idiosyncrasies of reality-juggling work, school, community service, exercise, ambition, family and friends -- the desire for "a perfect romance" creates an extra twist on that already hectic life.

Oh, don't deny it. The complaints are profuse and have all been aired. "He's so laid back...he's downright lazy!" "He's cute but there's no chemistry. He's no fun. What a dud." "Argh, doesn't he care about the corruption of our government?" "He wants commitment--eek! I can't even commit to my GPA." And voted most popular: "He's too demanding -- I don't have that kind of time!"

If only interpersonal relationships came with a manual. But luckily, through personal experience, dating can be compared, almost too perfectly, to another familiar sport: shopping. (And with "minimum input, maximum output" being such a popular mantra to success, may someone else's bane be your

blessing.)

Tip number one: try on everything. Assumptions can be the root of demise of all potentially beautiful relationships. Give the guy a chance. If you don't try on the dress, assuming the color won't look good on you or it might not fit right, you might miss out on a really good deal. And just because it looks good from afar doesn't mean it is. Many of them like to talk about how much they work out to look that good.

### There is no better time in life to date than when in college. At least you know they can read.

Two: don't hesitate to return or toss out any unsatisfactory merchandise. If after you've given him a chance but he makes you unhappy, please do not let your boundless compassion rear its nagging head. Staying in a bad relationship may not be worth the price. Do you give 100 percent and get 10 percent? Does he use and abuse you? Please do what you'd do with shoes that don't fit.

Three: if you know a good thing when you see it, treat it right. Guys are the same way: they don't know what you're thinking. At least, give them a hint. What

they know is based on what you do. That is a truth held to be self-evident. If that perfect dress needs dry cleaning, take it in.

Four: be careful of fraudulent goods. There will be a few Don Juans along the way who will say everything you want to hear and do everything you want a guy to do, but they won't mean it. Not all Prada purses are made by Prada. There are guys who fit the stereotype: they do not think with their brains. (No explanation necessary.)

Five: have a general sense of what you're looking for. You don't want to waste an entire day at the mall, not that a busy woman like you would. But, not knowing what you want doesn't always have good results: more money is spent, not a great bargain gained. Ditto with accepting dates without regard to who asks. Sometimes, it's nothing lost and nothing gained. More often, the repercussions can be harsh, especially if it's the wrong guy whispering sweet nothings into your drunken ear.

Finally: don't be afraid of falling in love. Thinking about how you could conquer the world with that little red dress is not the same as actually letting yourself do so. If you like the guy, girlfriend, just like him. Don't deceive yourself with a I-can't-fall-right-now-I-have-to-save-the-world-first antic. Avoiding the sales never got you very far. Victory will be yours when you find a man whose intellect matches his biceps. A man whose humor will erase the blunders that set your ambitions off-course. And ideally, a man whose understanding will ease every pain of your crazy life, which seems to run on a cycle of 30-hour-long days.

But, like everything else that you had to work hard for in college, you'll have to find Mr. Perfect the way you find that perfect sale: like a woman on a mission. After all, wasn't your dogma, she who hath all inherits all?