

Talk back to the Beacon



My Society
Jermaine Hardy
features co-editor

This past Tuesday, the *Beacon* got together with the students of Behrend at the "Talk Back to the *Beacon*" forum to discuss new ways of reflecting a more diverse campus in its paper. Some of the students present at this forum came to represent organizations such as the National Society of Black Engineers, the Association of Black Collegians, Women Today, SGA, College Democrats and more. The event was a success. It provided a means for Behrend students of diverse race, gender, and political backgrounds to voice their concerns to the *Beacon* in a civilized setting.

Also, it was a means for the *Beacon* to present to students an impression of open arms to show students of diverse backgrounds that they are more than welcome to provide their input and become involved with their school publication.

As someone who could speak from both sides of the argument, I decided to coordinate this program with hopes to make the first steps in producing a more integrated publication that would meet the needs of more than just one sector of Behrend. There are many, including myself, who feel that more efforts on the *Beacon's* behalf can be made to incorporate more diversity. The forum helped the *Beacon* further realize to what extent the students felt change is needed. Also, the forum served to map out the challenges that do and will come into play as we push for this change.

While the *Beacon* realizes that it will have to take integration into further consideration as it pursues news, students now realize the work and commitment it will take to become involved as writers and production staff. However, the best part is that several students did show motivation in spite of how hard they realized this work is going to be.

Over the past years, the *Beacon* has made drastic strides in improvement, and in spite of the controversy, everyone agrees that the *Beacon* is a great newspaper. With events such as the "Talk Back to the *Beacon*" forum, we plan to make the *Beacon* an even better publication. While we have encouraged the students who attended the forum to join the *Beacon*, we do not plan to stop there.

We want to encourage more students of diverse backgrounds to become members of the *Beacon* in the various positions available. As writers on a whole are a scarce resource for our paper, the recruitment of more is something we are serious about. We look to encourage those same people who write the numerous letters to the editor we receive every week to take the further initiative and join the *Beacon* to help cover the wider range of news this campus so desires.

In due time, I hope to see Behrend at a point in which all of its organizations are more comfortable with integration. We have seem to come to a point in which we all have become comfortable in our own isolated worlds reluctant to reach out to new worlds. I believe that with more activism and efforts such as those displayed in this past Tuesday's "Talk Back to the *Beacon*" forum, we can become more comfortable with one world.

Hardy's column appears every three weeks.
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Look for Mike Frawley's
FINAL editorial of all
time! Turn to pg 12A
to read Mike's final
thoughts!
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Tell us what you think!

Send a letter to the Editor! Send all letters to: behrcoll2@aol.com

'The Hot Debate of The Week' Whatca' doing with that ball?

College football has announced all of its bowl games, and all eyes focus on the Bowl Championship Series. In the title game, the FedEx Orange Bowl will pit Florida State versus Oklahoma. It is sure to be an exciting game. Oklahoma is undefeated, and Florida State has been totally smashing opponents. The match-up also has two of the final four candidates for the Heisman Trophy, which will be given away tomorrow at the Downtown Athletic Club in Manhattan.

The big concern is that Miami was second in the Associated Press poll and the ESPN/USA Today coaches' poll, but did not get their shot in the title game despite beating Florida State. The BCS formed an alliance between the Orange Bowl, Fiesta Bowl, Rose Bowl, and Sugar Bowl to bring in the most fans, a lot of revenue, and exciting games and that is exactly the plan with this year's match-ups.

Florida State's fans are known to travel better than Miami fans and the Orange Bowl is in Florida, so the stadium on the night of January 3 will be packed and selling a lot of food for revenue. Washington and Purdue in the Rose Bowl proves to be a game that some people might not have expected, so fresh teams are fun to watch.

Television stations will make out on revenue shares. The BCS indeed found the best way to bring in money and create some excitement.

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

One possible scenario that could likely happen after the Bowl Games take place this year in college football is a split championship between Florida State and Miami, if they both win in January. One poll says one thing, another says something else. And the BCS says nothing. If we have a split, then there is no real champion, and if you take championship out of BCS, you get BS, which is exactly what the whole process is anyway.

A playoff, like in almost every other sport, gives teams the chance to play games for the glory, not read computer screens for the results.

Here's what you do. You take the top eight teams in college football based on ONE poll determined by the head of the NCAA. Make a bracket (#1 vs. #8, #2 vs. #7, etc.). Let them play the games throughout December with the championship game to take place in early January.

You don't hear college basketball disputing the national champion after March Madness. The only controversy that arises is the selection of the top 64 teams in the nation. The difference is that games are played after that, and the selection committee isn't in charge of choosing the #1 team in the nation. They simply make the bracket so that the teams can decide. If you are better than anyone else, then you should beat everyone else on the court, or in this case, the field. Not the computer.

How Will Ellis Adler stole Christmas

Oh yes, here begins another year of those famous Christmas stories to tell, to watch on television, or to see redone at the movie theater. So in the spirit of the holidays just around the corner, I decided I would devote my last *Beacon* column of the semester to tell my most cherished holiday story. I have changed the names of the participants in order to protect their fate. The following story took place less than 24 hours ago, and it so happened that it was a cheerful mix between "How the Grinch Stole Christmas," and "Miracle on 34th Street."

Yesterday I was running around like a crazed fool, trying to complete papers, clean, and do laundry—hopefully for the last time this semester. I was desperately looking for reasons why I had not done work earlier, but then I remembered that the weekend has its kicks and they kicked me—believe it or not!

At about ten o'clock, I received a phone call from a friend, Rachel Haun, who had been missing for the past six hours. I was surprised to learn that, in the spirit of the holidays, she and her lover Dick Steele were going to have a candle-lit dessert at



Coffee Talk
Kristin Rodgers

an apartment on-campus. This dessert, which consisted of chocolate, chocolate, and more chocolate, and some ice cream on top, required hot chocolate to drink along with it. In her frenzy, Rachel called me to see if I could run the packets of "Swiss Miss Milk Chocolate Hot Cocoa Mix—just add water" over to the apartment because she was incapacitated at the time; apparently her apron was too messy.

Although I had so many other things to do, I realized that Dick's roommate, Will Ellis Adler, and I were not invited, but I thought it would be fun to join anyway so I brought some tea over for us; tea because we both knew that chocolate was acting as an aphrodisiac for both Rachel

and Dick. On my way over to the apartments, I was almost hit by a car, broke my arm on the icy walkway, and I thought I was going to freeze. By the time I reached the apartment, I realized that my night had been terrible up to that point. I really thought that my day could not have gotten any worse!

When I did arrive, it was terribly hard not to notice all the festive lights all over the apartment—outside, inside, just everywhere. "How the Grinch Stole Christmas" was on television when I arrived, and I immediately felt warm again like I do when I am at home. Although Dick and Rachel weren't very happy that two others were going to join them, Will and I convinced them that "in the spirit of the season" it would generous if we could share the holiday surprise that Rachel was baking in the oven.

During our dessert of warm brownies and ice cream, the candles that were lit on the table became the main focus of Dick and Rachel, who both proceeded to play with the wax. It immediately became all of our worry when Dick started to spill lighter fluid all over the table. I think he

thought that a fireplace in the apartments was a great idea! At this point I knew I had to leave; Dick was scaring me so badly that I thought the best move for me was to get out before I turned to ashes! Dick promised to stop, and so we stayed quite a while longer as we all told our Christmas stories by that candlelight. I could almost feel the warmth radiating between everyone, when all a sudden Will decided to crash our spirits by blowing out the candles.

In a slow motion like pause, we were all just about ready to cry when a miracle happened! Dick, the pyromaniac, lit up the hugest flame ever from a Bic! Before any of us could get out our cries, shouts and anger to Will—Dick had saved the day! Following this we started our stories again and our spirits were brought to levels only achieved by those Martha Stewart recipe brownies Rachel made! Spread the Holiday Cheer!!
A.k.a. Betty Simple

Rodgers' column appears every three weeks.

It's not an 8-5 world anymore

I have had the subject of this editorial reoccur in my brain many times throughout the semester because many times I have been compelled to vent about it through my writing. Many other topics arose, however, such as broken cars and stupid people, so this editorial usually took a back seat to whatever dilemma I was facing at the time. But now, the time has come...

Word on the street says there's 24 hours in a day. How 'bout that? After visiting other cities and also traveling North into the great country of Canada, I have come up with the following conclusion... No one ever let Erie in on the big secret that yes, there are 24 hours in a day, which means everything does not have to close at 5 PM, or, if you're lucky, 9 PM. By "everything," I am referring to the essential establishments of a college person, or even the person who enjoys the nighttime to get things done. Places like the Mall and other big retailers, some of the various fast-food places and restaurants, possibly the local libraries, and most of all, the local gyms should consider not closing so early.

In my opinion, increasing technologies in communications, such as cell phones, the Internet, personal computers, and all of the other gizmos that let soccer moms in caravans pay less attention to the road have allowed people to cram more into a



Chew on This
Rob Wynne

day. College kids (and I guess professors, too, for that matter) can work on papers that are due the next day until three in the morning while talking to a friend in Australia that they met over AOL chat. Even five years ago this was really not the case. People were limited to long distance phone calls and competing phone companies. As far as research or writing reports went, students and teachers were limited to the hours of the computer labs or whatever special place had the electronic resources.

And while the flexibility for people to do things during the night has increased, businesses have not adapted. Many probably are open the same hours that they were 20 years ago. Granted, there have been a few improvements by some businesses to remain open into the later hours, but still the choices are limited. After 9 o'clock p.m., a person travelling throughout Erie has the following options: a) head to Wegman's, Tops, or

Giant Eagle to do some late night grocery shopping; b) pump some gas at the local 24-hour gas station; c) head to Eat 'n Park for some smiles, or d) head home to vegetate in front of the computer or television. No, it's not that severe (yet), but I think you get my point. I guess I can be thankful for places like Andy's Pub that don't close till late so I can actually shoot a game of pool without having to be booted out at 9 o'clock.

Being a college student just makes this situation worse. Also, being a college student who does not have classes until 11 o'clock makes things even worse. That's right, on some days I actually get to sleep in—therefore on some days I prefer to go to bed later.

Remember Sunday? In church I was taught that Sunday was a day of rest. Not for me, I guess. I work a 12-hour Sunday at the grocery store to help in accruing additional funds for my severe indebtedness. On Saturday, I work 9-6. So, after I drive home from work, take a shower, and catch a nap, I wake up refreshed to go out and enjoy the remainder of my evening, at least the whole three or four hours of it. But by this time, the gyms have closed, the mall has closed, and my evening life has been closed. I'm sure this isn't just my problem, either. People who work 9-5 forty hours a week must resort to taking off work for doctor's appointments, car

inspections, etc. I bet if someone opened up a "midnight mechanic shop" or a 24-hour gym, they would be rolling in the dough. Why? Because their businesses would be convenient. Convenience is the key word.

Also, what is the deal with banks? As I was eating lunch with one of my colleagues a few days back, we came to the conclusion that banks don't cater to working people. Basically, if you're old and retired and have nothing better to do, you can go invest money at the local bank. If you work a forty-hour per week job or attend school all day, you must use your lunch break or skip a class in order to make monetary transactions. Banks that are open from 9-4 aren't going to attract people to open up accounts, because you must first lose money by leaving work early in order to go to the bank before it shuts its doors.

Well, until the day arises where my fellow night owls and I can venture throughout a 24-hour Erie, I'll have to settle with cramming all of my daily and nightly activities into a minimum amount of hours. I guess that's what we all do anyway, but the key is to get better at it.

Wynne's column appears every three weeks