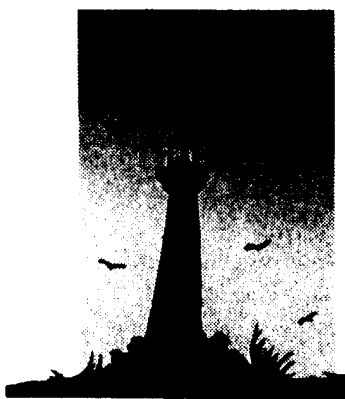


## A View From The Lighthouse

### Save the babies

In one day, nearly 11,000 babies are born in the United States. Over 1,300 of those births were to teenage mothers. 77 of those babies never live to experience their first birthday; 17 die due to birth defects. Imagine how these mothers, after nine months of carrying a fetus inside of their body, feel to lose their creation. The only word that fits is devastating.

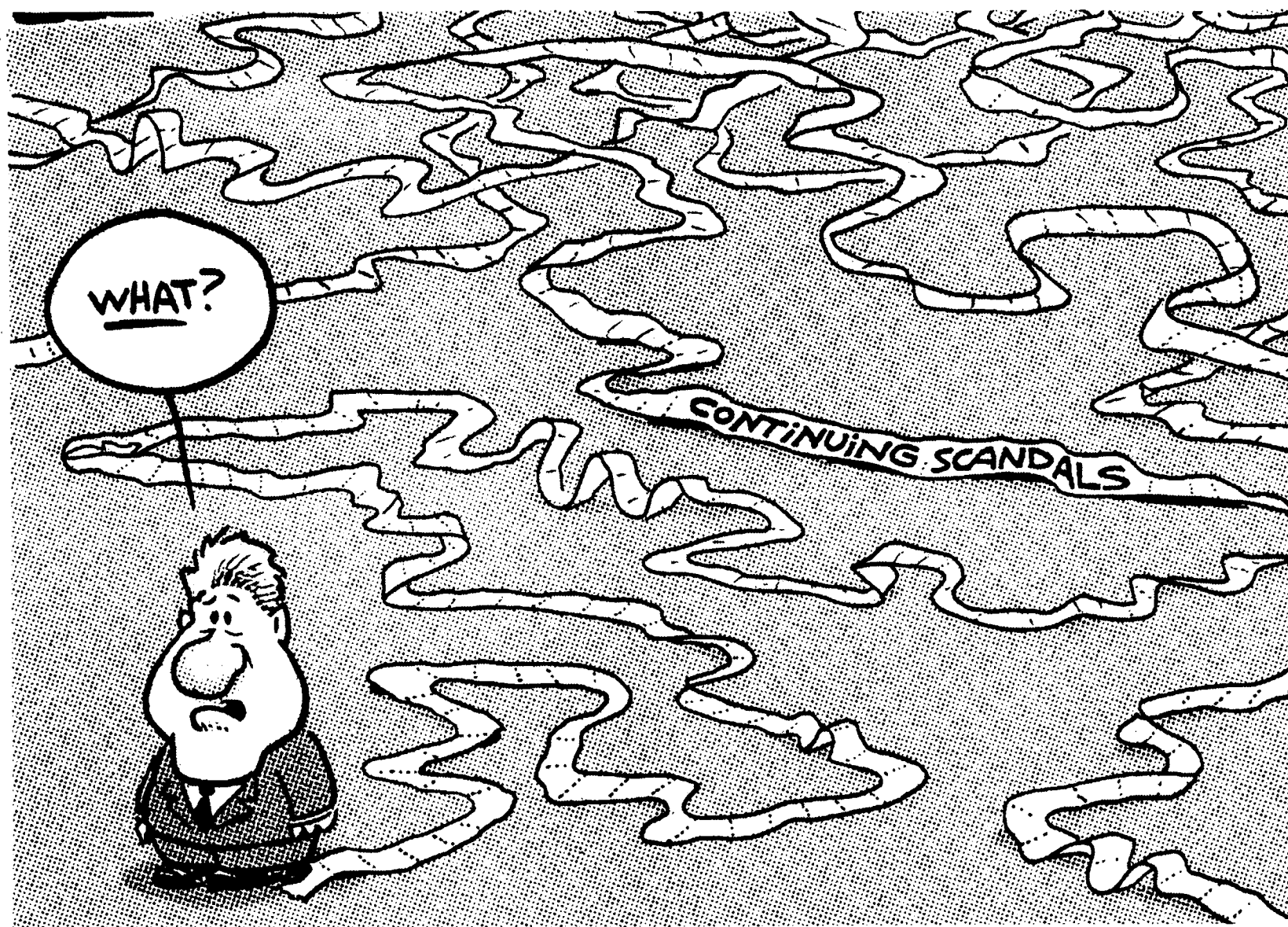


All of us were babies once. Yes, that's a fairly stupid comment and quite obvious, but it sets a mood. All of those who are reading this have been fortunate enough to live as long as they have—many babies never breathe at all; some never exit the womb alive. Imagine if your child, sibling, niece/nephew, or little cousin had never been born. Sure, they may be a bit of a pain. But honestly, can you imagine life without them? Think of all the times you had together watching *Sesame Street* and playing Candyland. Now pretend they didn't survive. They were born after six months, maybe nine if lucky, but were in an incubator for a week until the doctors decided nothing could be done—the baby was considered comatose. The mother has lost everything she has dedicated her life to for at least the last nine months. Maybe it took years to become pregnant in the first place. Finally, the mother has conceived, and even if it was unexpected, a bond develops between the mother and the fetus. It is a part of her. It is part of her soul. Without it, she is not whole. And the tragic news breaks—the baby isn't going to survive. Something has gone seriously wrong with the pregnancy, and now the nursery decorated with ducks and bunnies is vacant, and will remain so for at least another year. It brings tears to even think of it.

These babies can be saved. These babies can be made healthier. These babies can live a long and happy life. Organizations such as the March of Dimes hold numerous fundraisers to donate funds for research and equipment for prenatal and infant care. They also educate mothers-to-be on the benefits of folic acid, a nutrient necessary for a successful pregnancy. On April 29, the March of Dimes will be holding their annual walk at Presque Isle

State Park. Participants can form teams or walk independently; as they can also raise funds and donations as a team or by themselves. The walkers are urged to set a monetary goal to raise; certain levels of money receive prizes such as t-shirts, sweatshirts, and K-Mart gift certificates. Money is turned in the morning before the race at Rainbow Gardens. Also, before and after the walk, participants are allowed to have a tailgate party in the parking lot of Waldameer.

Usually by the end of April, Erie is blessed with some decent weather. The walk on Presque Isle makes for a beautiful afternoon outing, and even if it rains, well heck, at least it isn't snow. Inspired? Are you ready to become a hero to save babies? Walk. It isn't that far, and after a winter inside, everyone can probably use the breath of fresh air along with the exercise. But you don't have to walk alone. The *Beacon* staff will be walking April 29, and are hoping to present a large team of Penn State students. We invite all students, faculty, and staff of Penn State to join our team. Simply stop by the *Beacon* office to pick up a form or call x6488 for more information. And if you can't walk, donate. Again, stop down or call the *Beacon*—we will gladly transfer your donation to the March of Dimes. Is anybody really against healthier babies? Aren't they so darn cute? And just think, maybe that friend you eat lunch with every day or say hi to on the walkway was hanging on for dear life. Maybe without the help of generous people who truly care about humanity, that friend, cousin, or little sibling may not be here today to accompany you. Oh, and as far off as it may seem, many of us one day will have beautiful children. It just may be the March of Dimes that makes them so beautiful.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Defending the weight room characters

Dear Editor,

Warning: This letter contains high levels of sarcasm (A taunting, sneering, cutting, or caustic remark.) It is satire, (a literary work in which stupidities are held up to ridicule and contempt) and not meant to be taken seriously.

What can I say; I was inspired by Jared Matola's article on weight room characters. Before, I was wandering around the weight room blindly, unaware of my depraved condition. I was ignorant to the fact that I was a "wife-beater guy," that is I was a non-muscular guy wearing a tank top to display my non-existent muscles. How could I have been so daft?

Initially I was in a denial stage; I spent countless hours standing in front of my mirror flexing. I would put all my clothes on, stand in the shower, and then stand on the scale. Even then I was only 170 pounds dripping wet! After many hours and countless tears, I came to the realization that I really was a pathetic, fragile,

scrawny, weaking. I would just like to apologize right now, to any one I may have offended by my obviously arrogant, self centered, narcissistic display in the weight room; I can hardly live with myself. After I had moved on to acceptance, I sat down and measured my "pipes." Once again I fell into a state of denial. Not only was I a "wife-beater guy," but I was a below par wife-beater guy. The average WBG has 13 inch pipes, and to my horror I discovered that mine were only 12 inches in diameter. Why Me!

At that point I became angry with myself. How could I have let myself fall into such a dilapidated condition? First I did 150 push-ups in a drastic effort to gain that essential inch, and then I caught the next blue bus to the mall. Once I arrived, I went straight to GNC. I proceeded to buy as much Pro Performance Weight Gainer, Mega Man vitamin supplements, Ripped Fuel, and Body Fortress as I could afford. In fact I bought so much that one of the employees had to help me

carry it back to the blue bus. Those bags weighed at least 15 pounds each, and how could a sniveling weaking like myself be expected to carry such a load; you have to work up to that.

I would just like to say that I am on the way to becoming a better person. Last night I burned all of my wife-beaters and sleeveless shirts. I've upgraded my diet from 2500 calories a day to 4000, and I've started weight training in my room because I wouldn't want to offend anyone else by visiting the weight room in my horrible state of flimsiness. Maybe I will, one day, be able to attain the level of greatness that the venerable Mr. Matola exemplifies in his article. On the day that the blessed day arrives I hope he will join me, and we can stand side by side taunting all the little girly men that walk through the doors of our weight room.

Keenan Hansen

Note: After Spring Break the *Beacon* will no longer run letters to the editor that are not signed. Thank you.

## Behrend phenomenon number 1013... extreme hide and go seek

Detours and Small Potatoes  
**Katie Galley**  
editorial page editor



Isn't hide and seek the greatest game?! You get to squash your body into small places and then people get to find you! I have loved this game ever since I was a baby, you know when I was six or seven.

Anyway, I have recently discovered that there is a whole population of students here on campus that like to play hide and seek, so I decided that I needed to share their story about this game. But it may not be how you picture traditional hide and go seek though. This game is played by students and professors.

The game starts when a student decides to skip one (or all) of their classes for the day. The next part of the game is when the student decides that they must venture out of their dorm to Bruno's for some food or some other reason. After that the game gets fun.

The student gets to run all over campus as normal, only now they have to go out of their way to hide from the professor of the class they skipped. This means not only hiding, but running, jumping, ducking, swerving, and hurdling small squirrels to avoid being spotted by said professor. And I have seen students go to the extreme to avoid being sighted.

On a typical day, if you pay attention you can see a handful of students partaking in this skillful game of hide and go seek. Let's call it Extreme Seeking! Just take a look around on the way to your next class and see all the Extreme Seeking going on. You will notice these students in any number of places.

The first place I ever noticed these people was when they were hiding behind the *Beacon* on the benches in Academic. At first I was excited that people were reading my editorials, but then just as my hopes arose, the paper was tossed aside as the professor went into their office. Score one for the students.

The next place I noticed the phenomenon was in Bruno's, more specifically, in the drink coolers. It never fails that the rare times that I see a professor in Bruno's there is some kid ducking their head (and sometimes their whole bodies) into the coolers to seem inconspicuous. Word to the students: you look weirder sticking your head into a cooler than you do bumping into the professor.

Another great way to avoid the professor is to wait until you are walking down the hallway towards another class and the INSTANT that you see them is to turn the other way and start shuffling away. The professor never sees this! I'm not sure how, but it works every time (please note the sarcasm).

There are many more ways out there to play Extreme Seeking, some of my favorites include; hiding under desks and even grabbing a friend the minute you make eye contact with the professor and pulling them in front of you and demanding they stay put until the danger passes. And of course the all time favorite, you are in the computer labs and when you see the professor entering the room a friend dives in between you and the enemy, using their button down shirt as a shield.

I have even seen students skip another class in the same building to avoid the one they just skipped, so conceivably students are skipping an entire day just to avoid one professor. We should be allowed to take this as an ESACT credit! Yeah, the freshmen can get their three credits of them over in a semester and a half! Now those are some serious skills, instead of ballroom dancing (because honestly think about it, how often are you going to use that skill in life), we can learn how to avoid people. That will always come in handy. At work to steer clear of the boss, and even

in later life whenever we get married (you know how people are always talking about avoiding the in-laws). This might be the best idea ever.

Now, I'm sorry if I segregated some of the students here at Behrend by not including any examples from the "other side" of campus, but I am a Communications major, so I miss out on all the fun over there on the "science side." You guys are more than welcome to write in and tell me your techniques, because I think that with all the fancy labs you have over there, there are probably some really great places to hide.

But the question remains, are the professors aware of the intricate game they are playing with us? Do they really see us when we duck behind that Beech tree next to the library? My guess is yes, and they are either a.) humoring us or b.) they simply don't care. I suppose that all falls under the "we pay for the classes, so why should we have to go and why should we feel that we have to hide when we don't go" philosophy that I wrote about last semester.

In either case though, I am interested in the answer. So if there are any professors out there that are willing to write to me and give me the low down on this, please do so. Do you actually care that we don't come to class but then you see us hanging in Bruno's later that day? Or do our games simply amuse you during the long day here at Behrend? Were you even aware that you were participating in the game? Or are you an active seeker, making us earn our one ESACT credit?

That brings up a really good thought though... maybe there are professors out there that have perfected the "hiding" skill and that's why you can never find them when you want to discuss your transcripts. Interesting, yes provocative.

By the way, this is completely off of the subject, but if you find yourself up here over the weekend of spring break, come to the ARC and check out the women's water polo team, cheer us on!

Galley's column appears every three weeks.

## THE BEHREND BEACON

published weekly by the students of Penn State Erie, The Behrend College

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