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"Professionalism with a Personality'

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The Beacon encourages letters to the editor. Letters should include the address, phone number, semester standing, and major of the writer. Writers can mail letters to behrcoll2@aol.com. Letters must be received no later than 5 p.m. Monday for inclusion in that week's issue.

I GUESS THE NEWS STORIES ARE RIGHT... GUN THEY SURE DID... THEY MADE IT HARDER FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU LICENSING REFORMS IN THE MID-19905 DIDN'T DO MUCH G0001 TO BUY THEM

Letters to the Editor

To advertise or not to advertise...

Dear Editors:

I'd like to comment on the prolife advertising insert that appeared in The Beacon several weeks ago, as well as the letter from Nicole Johns and Jaimi Bonczar objecting to it, and the response by Beacon staff member Ryan Anthony (whose work I enjoy) about ad revenues. I understand that newspapers need adver-

tisers, and that a pro-choice group would be equally free to place an ad in The Beacon.

Certainly you have to raise money for your paper. What bothers me about the full-color insert is that it's smarmy. Its journalistic integrity was nil, and it employed misleading headlines and blatant scare tactics. I'd hope that a college newspaper, where people are apprenticing for careers that may

include journalism, would insist that an advertiser meet minimal standards of journalistic integrity.

This is, after all, a college campus, where ads whose purpose is to argue against the legal rights of women should be vetted carefully. The presence of such an ad cheapened your own product from a journalistic standpoint, bringing it down to the level of The National Enquirer. It was insulting to many

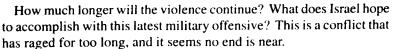
students both women and men, but it was just as unfortunate for your own aspirations to professionalism.

Sincerely, Dr. Diana Hume George Professor of English and Women's

The View From the Lighthouse

Finding the middle road in the Middle East

This week Israel continued its military campaign against Palestine in retaliation for terrorist bombings in their homeland. The offensive is the latest in a cycle of violence that has lasted for centuries. Jews and Muslims have been buried in bloodshed for countless years because both lay claim to the same land.



The reason that no solution is plausible for the two nations is not because there is not a solution, but because neither of the nations is willing to make a compromise.

It is obvious that the current set up will not work. Why? It won't work because it hasn't worked for the past 30 years. It is time to acknowledge that the way the current territories are set up is not the best way.

Something needs to change here. What is the worst that could happen, years of war and strife? It's a little too late for that.

Here is what needs to happen:

First, Israel needs to withdrawal from its latest military offensive. Peace talks will not happen if Israel continues to attack. At the same hand Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat needs to condemn all suicide bombings and other violence. This will at least open the communication lines for peace.

Second, both nations need to realize that they can not both get everything they want. They need to see that this attitude only leads to violence and is hurting the very people each side says it is fighting for.

Next, all nations need to become actively involved in this situation. For too long the world has sat back and hoped Israel and Palestine will settle this themselves. It is clear this is not going to happen. Nations need to not only urge but pressure both nations to compromise. Also the world needs to offer both nations social and economic benefits if they choose to opt for a peaceful compromise.

The United States needs to step up its role and cooperate with the Arab nations. It needs to lead an unbiased campaign for change and peace in the Middle East.

Finally, a solution proposed by Arab leaders should be seriously considered. It calls for Israel to withdraw to the borders it held before 1967. In exchange, Arab countries will seriously recognize Israel as a nation and maintain normal relations with the country.

This proposal, although not perfect, is at least a place to start discussions. There needs to be a fair solution that involves having both Israeli and Palestinian states where both countries give up something in return for a peaceful situation everyone can live with.



Public Service Announcement against stupid people



I used to have a sticker on my 1985 Cadillac in high school that read "Stupid People Shouldn't Breed." Eventually the Cadillac called it quits and the sticker went with it. However, I still believe in this philosophy wholeheartedly.

Whenever I go to the shabby Millcreek Mall, there is always at least one 14-year-old in a halter top. Of course, this is completely ignoring the fact that it has been below freezing temperatures for the past five months. This is also ignoring the fact that it's the Millcreek Mall, not a night at the Roxy. I would love to lecture these

what I want." So instead, I opt to smack them. (OK, not really, but that would be so cool.)

Recently, a friend of mine was upset over the breakup with her boyfriend. As I consoled her and plotted ways to seek revenge, she told me of all the things he had stolen from her—her Billabong sweatshirt, her multiple MXPX tees, and her birth control. Yeah, her pills. OK, so maybe this kid is a bit confused and felt the need to experience estrogen. Sadly, this was not the case. He instead sold the birth control to high school girls (probably the ones at the Millcreek Mall) and bought weed.

A few weeks back, I was pulling out of a Sheetz in Slippery Rock to pick up a friend. I was halfway out

forward, nor could I back up because of the cars behind me. The man was yelling and waving his arms. I had my cell phone on my shoulder, talking to my friend, telling her about the psycho that won't move from the hood of my car. I rolled down the window to ask him what he wanted. He replied, "Drive with both hands on the wheel. It's not safe to drive with one hand." Maybe I shouldn't have been on my cell phone, but for heaven's sake, I drive a standard. I'm sure the man didn't realize this, but first of all, never ever jump in front of my car, and second, how the hell would you like me to drive? That whole shifting gears thing...it just doesn't work like that. Smack.

A month ago I was waiting on a table. A man asked what we had on

Attitude problem stupid girls, but all I on the sidewalk when a man jumped draft. I responded with the usual, would get back is a "You in front of my car shouting Labatt and Mich Light. The man Paige Miles don't know me. Whatever. I'll do something. I couldn't exactly pull inquired as to what Labatt is; he had never heard of it. Smack. My best friend recently had a baby.

The father of the baby, who moved 300 miles away on Monday, was supposed to visit the baby over Easter. It's his daughter; it's only right. That baby is half of him. Instead of visiting as promised, he went to Kalamazoo to party for the weekend. Hence, he won't see his daughter until next October. Smack. I could probably think of a

thousand more situations if I really cared that much, but in reality, it just hurts my brain. So, if you are intelligence challenged, please do society a favor and get sterilized. You'll appreciate it in the future.

Miles' column appears every three weeks.

The hair cut: the long and short of it



Well, I did it. It is all gone. See that picture that is near the byline of this article?

Not even close.

My new driver's license picture taken last June - is a little bit similar to the lack of hair length I have right now, but my Penn State ID is the total opposite of what I look like currently. My hair is all gone. It got chopped last Saturday, and the process of getting used to it has been just that a process.

I began my college career sporting the long, straight Malibu Barbie/ Marcia Brady sun-kissed blonde locks. Now, almost three years and five different hair cuts later, I am now more of a Meg Ryan "You've Got Mail" pixie-style blondie – and the shock/impact has been pretty crazy.

Initially it was really weird.

I would walk past a mirror and didn't even realize that it was me. From the back – no one knows it is me yet. From the front people think that I have

my hair pulled up in a ponytail. Running a brush through it is just plain strange – it stops. The first time that I brushed my hair after it was cut, I actually dropped the brush out of my hand and on to the floor, because I have gotten so used to having some length to comb out.

Maintenance is a snap, or in my case a yank, pull, spray and go. No curlers or blow dryers needed here, which has been pretty depressing after I spent a small fortune on styling products and gadgets to keep up the other four or five "short 'dos" I have had over the last three years.

But all-in-all I like it - it's only hair - it will grow back, and if it doesn't I think I'll cry for a really long time. Or I'll realize that I sort of liked it better when it was short, anyway, and just go on with my life.

This whole process of moving into the world of short hair has really gotten me thinking. Why does everyone have such a draw and attachment to long hair? Is length a good thing? And if so, why? I know for me when I was younger, it was a culture thing. Girls have long hair and boys have short - no ifs, ands, or buts about it. Feminine, pretty girls had long hair. They were the cheerleaders and the prom queens and the "popular" ones. Four years later in college, the rules have changed. Quick, easy and cheap are the key words and they apply to life - and in many cases – hair as well, now.

And what is with guys and long hair? They love it. Don't even tell me it is that whole "drag your woman by the hair" caveman thing - because then you are making us keep it long for the wrong reasons. Hair is just an exterior option. Who cares what it looks like. Isn't it what's on the inside that counts, anyways?

I really think that I hid behind my long hair for quite some time. I was afraid to get it cut, because it was almost like if I got it cut a protective curtain would come down and I would be naked to the world - Oh yeah, that's another thing. My neck is bare now and when it gets windy outside my neck freezes, which is a whole other story.

Anyway, I am not afraid anymore. The hair is gone and with it went my timidness and shyness. I figure that if I have enough guts to chop my hair, I have enough guts to do anything,

So that is about it. Yes it's still me under that new 'do, I have not changed on the inside in the least, but I can say that I have obviously changed on the outside in that my new chopped style has helped me to let my guard down to be the outgoing and fearless person that I have always wanted to be!

Kleck's column appears every three weeks.