

## The Behrend Beacon

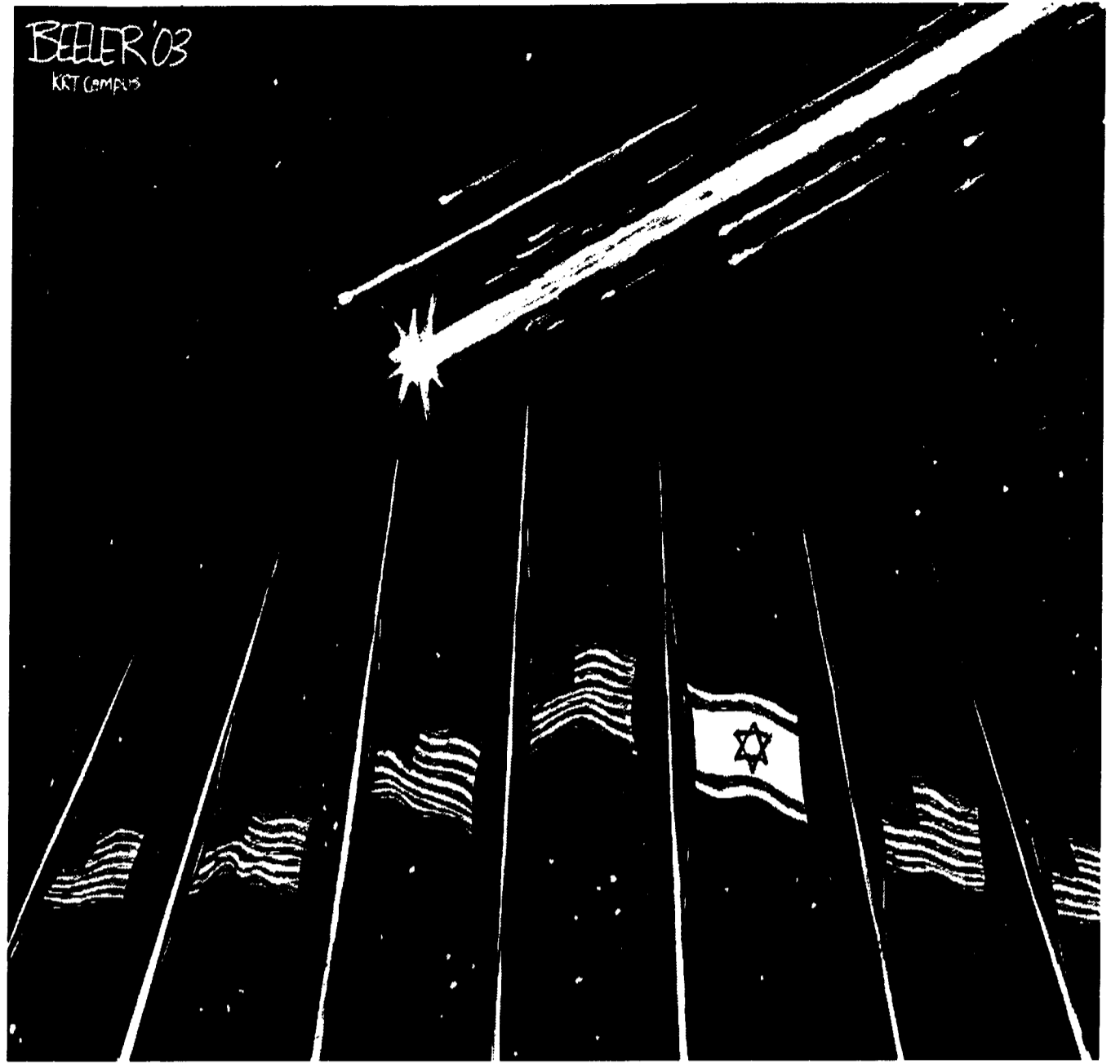
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**Beacon**  
"A newspaper by the students for the students"

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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](mailto:behrcoll2@aol.com). Letters must be received no later than 5 p.m. Monday for inclusion in that week's issue.



## I think Valentine's Day is stupid

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue.  
If you like Valentine's Day  
I feel sorry for you.

Ahhh, yes. Valentine's Day. Another holiday made to increase the profits of greeting card manufacturer's and candy companies the world over. Well, you know what? Valentine's Day is stupid!

Yes, I am right. I realize some of the readers disagree, and I know some probably agree. However, I will continue writing as if the reader has no preference between the two extremes.

Many V-Day supporters attest the happy holiday is to celebrate love and being with that 'special someone' in his or her life. Hogwash, I say. If one was truly in love everyday would be Valentine's Day, and one wouldn't need to follow a special holiday to express devotion. After all, if a person is soooooo in love, shouldn't he or she treat everyday the same as Valentine's Day?

I've noticed some chumps use Valentine's Day as a 24-hour bragging

period. I remember this one guy from Cathedral Prep waited outside my high school and brought his girlfriend flowers, and the chick walked around with a huge grin like she was the Queen of Ecuador. The girl probably thought, *all right. Now my friends can see how cool I am. After all, my boyfriend brought me flowers and is probably going to take me out for dinner.*

However, the only reason the guy was going out of his way to be romantic was so he could increase his chances of a little 'push and shove,' if you know what I mean. Sadly, the two broke up after his girlfriend found out he partook in 'extracurricular' activities with two McDowell girls. I guess it goes to show love is fading, and there is no Queen of Ecuador, either.

Many males use Valentine's Day to trick girls into doing filthy, naughty, obscene, disastrous, foolish, regretful, evil (and I almost forgot hilarious) things.

Where's my proof? Look at all the wretched lingerie that sits on the clearance shelves during the third week of February at Spencer's Gift's in the Millcreek Mall. Anywho who purchases this stuff needs to save their money to buy time with a psychiatrist.

The touching story of the girl from my high school brings me to my next point. Valentine's Day merely unleashes agonizing memories of happy times with ex's, which further torments oneself. I've seen it over and over again. I'll base my argument on the girl who found out her boyfriend was a cheating on her.

The Valentine's Day my senior year in high school the young lady had to celebrate Valentine's Day alone. Wouldn't that suck? I bet the poor girl thought about all the good memories (including the Valentine's Day previous, when prince player brought her flowers) she had with the guy who played her like a

metal harmonica. All because of a stupid holiday!

Now, I know what many of my readers are thinking. Some believe I'm bitter! However, I have never had a girlfriend during Valentine's Day. I know everyone must be shocked by this (sarcasm, for those who didn't notice ☺), but it's true. I have nothing to be scornful about concerning my personal bad luck on Valentine's Day (other than sliding off the road and hitting a damn tree). Yes, in 1998 I spent my Valentine's Day in the hospital because I wrecked my car into a tree the previous night—Friday February 13<sup>th</sup>. But hey, some good came out of it. A girl called me on the phone and was so afraid I was going to die that she cried. And no! It wasn't my mother. It was a chick who went to Girard high school. True, my luck sucks, but she was a cute girl, and I digress.

So now you know why I think Valentine's Day is stupid. However, this year I will be celebrating the holiday with fervor. Surprised? I'm going to don some Army fatigues and will be hunting Cupid with a compound bow and a fistful

of arrows. Below is a resplendent rendition of the slaying including the arrow I will use to pierce the whimsical creature's heart. Remember Cupid, Benacci never misses his target. Never.

**Benacci's column**  
appears every three weeks.



## Pondering the word 'senior,' part one

I was just sitting in my parent's parlor, looking at baby photos of myself and my brother. We both had these huge gummy smiles and fat cheeks, his hair a dark smudge on top of his round head, mine a blonde, feathery mass that grew heavier with every passing photo. My mother said that when he was born, my little chubby hands would pat his head and I would say "nice Timmy."

We grew up together, Tim and I. Every year we rode the Sky Ride together at Waldameer during our school picnics. One time we took all of my little sister's glow in the dark building blocks, turned all the lights out in our refinished basement, and threw them around so it looked like we had scattered stars on the blue carpeting. We did stupid stuff like tape record ourselves goofing off in our house and then playing it back, laughing hysterically.

So, what does this have to do with my being a senior? I'm not sure yet. There's a lot to be said for a lifelong partnership with a sibling, and the one I have with Tim is definitely the strongest. Actually, you might know him. He still has a dark smudge for hair on top of his round head, and he is the lucky one who will take up my

long and glorious legacy at Behrend once I leave in the spring (right, Tim?)

Anyway, this partnership. Here is one example: He was my interpreter when I was very young, right before kindergarten, I was merely a sloppy speaker and, consequently, no one could understand what the hell I was saying. So he would follow me around, directing my mother when I wanted something to drink or if I asked to go outside to play. He proudly retold my stories to relatives when they would get puzzled looks on their faces. Yeah. Guess who turned out to be the English major: me.

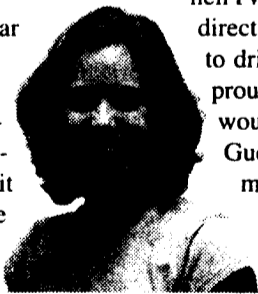
By July, there will be no more luxury of talking to my brother on AIM and then walking down the hallway to his room to check out his mean hermit crab and his huge slug (snail, whatever Tim, I don't know what it is!) One time, when I knew his bedroom door was shut, I sent him an IM that said "knock, knock" and then I ran down the hallway and banged on his door really hard. I

heard him yell and almost fall off his chair in surprise. That was really funny.

In May, I will have my big fat B.A. and in July, I'll have a gold band on my left finger, a new last name, and a new address in our neighboring state of New York. New me. I'll have a new partnership with my future husband. It's kind of scary to look at those old photos, two decades old, and still remember the Christmas mornings when Barbies and Transformers were waiting for us under the tree, but that's the type of thing that happens when you start to think about a new life.

I'm a firm believer in that the bigger transition is into the real world, not college; all you freshmen have it real easy right now. So in beginning my last semester at the Beacon, at Behrend, in Erie, geez, even in Pennsylvania, I'm raising my first editorial in a salute to a lifelong friend, confidante, personal slave (just kidding, just kidding), and my only brother. Thanks.

**Weindorf's column**  
appears every three weeks.



**Undressed from the neck up**  
Becky Weindorf

*managing editor*

## Letter to the Editor

I read an article in the newspaper, "The 'misunderestimated' Bush" by Derek Bledsoe. In this article, Bledsoe continued to make fun of many things President George Bush has said. Needless to say, he has made mistakes while speaking, many of them humorous, but is that any way to judge the man? How would you do any better if making a speech in front of the entire United States? I'm sure the majority of the people in this country would most likely scramble a few words, talk really fast, or never make eye contact. But would that make someone incapable of doing a job? Absolutely not!

Bledsoe stated, "It scares me just a little bit that Bush is trying to lead us in what could be the next big American war." What scares you exactly? The fact that he makes a few mistakes while speaking in front of a crowd? And is he really "trying" to lead us into this war, or does he have a choice at all? I don't think he would have put us in this situation if he didn't have to. He's the president of the United States. If one thinks what Clinton did was a scandal, could you imagine how much criticism Bush would get if he was, in reality, entering us into this war just for the hell of it, putting the entire country in jeopardy?!

Believe it or not, he is trying to do what is best for the citizens of this country, and people of other countries around the world.

Referring once again to how Bush speaks, this may surprise some people, but no one is perfect. Even Bledsoe's story at one point stated, "...the government decides they are going to suspend the popular vote..." Does that make any sense? No, it doesn't. But would that make you think that whoever made this mistake is incapable of doing a job?

Every president is made fun of because of something. President Bush is tormented because of how he speaks. Do I fear that something awful is going to occur because of that? Of course not. He tries to make his point, and at times, he can't express himself that clearly. It doesn't mean the man is incompetent. Maybe it just means that he's not that great at public speaking, which in case you didn't know, is among one of the top fears of people today.

**Katie Sweeney**  
Aerospace Engineering, 02

**Send all thoughts, complaints, comments, praises, protests, objections, compliments, critiques, and Letters to the Editor to Behrcoll2@aol.com**

**Include your name, major, and semester standing.**