

OPINION

The Behrend Beacon

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Beacon**
"Professionalism
with a personality"

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An open letter to Behrend Democrats

Dear Behrend Democrats,

While some of you are still driving around with Kerry '04 bumper stickers still on your cars, the President of the United States George W. Bush has declared war on the world. We are going to spread the American "fire of freedom" to "the darkest corners of the earth." If that's not a metaphor for blowing up people who don't shop at the Hollister or go to Wal-Mart, I don't know what is.

It's a sad time for the world. It's time to realize Bush was elected for four years and it's sort of a major catastrophe on the part of his public relations people, he'll stay president for those four years. We will invade Iran before he's gone. The president will set up for a successor to take out other countries who won't kneel at the feet of our freedom-loving country.

I say let him, for now.

The worst thing you can do is continue to publicly berate the president and his War in Iraq with sophomoric comparisons to Hitler and Vietnam. The average American doesn't care about either unless Steven Spielberg makes a movie about them.

Sen. Diane Feinstein knows this. The democrat from California, on Tuesday broke ranks with party leadership to confirm Dr. Condoleezza Rice as Secretary of State. The confirmation was a bold move for a democrat from California, but Feinstein, her relationship with Rice aside, may have seen the confirmation hearing as the farce it was.

The Rice nomination was a losing battle. Sen. Barbara Boxer, the democrat who theatrically cried when the Bush win was certified, used the hearing to again



Dan Stasiewski
editor in chief

get on her soap box and beat the dead horse of the War in Iraq being a lie.

Like Boxer, you know the war was wrong: the rest of American just doesn't care. At the start of Bush's last four years as president, the democrats in Congress are still falling into place as Bush-bashers instead of politicians.

It's time for a change in the party. It's time for the party to look forward at the aftermath and how to clean it up.

Bush's policies are bound to self-destruct. Maybe not for four years. Maybe not for 40. That's the chance the democrats are going to have to take in a country that Bush has scared with vague warnings of future terrorist attacks. The administration invade countries, lose the moral high ground and eventually exhaust the American people.

Should we challenge the president? Of course. But there is no glory in futility. The challenges need to be oriented toward the future. Democrats don't need a party that still thinks Gore is president or that

the Ohio election was rigged. They don't need to challenge the Rice nomination or the Gonzales attorney general nomination. They don't even need to challenge the Bush's Supreme Court Justice appointment after conservative Chief Justice William Rehnquist leaves the bench. (If there is a second nomination we may need to put up a fight.)

The hope lies in the future. If you start planning now and quiet down publicly when it comes to the Iraq war debacle, maybe, just maybe, you will have regrouped enough to show the country just how right you really were. Action won't ever change Bush's mind, but there are four years to change the minds of the American voters.

Democrats, you need to pick your battles. The next four years are going to be full of Rice nominations and \$80 billion deposits into the war fund. If you stay the course, the word "quagmire" isn't going to be used to describe the Bush war. Instead, it will describe a party that couldn't get its head of the sand long enough to realize that Bush is a popular enough president to marginalize potential voters with whining and regret.

You need to say something. Take a stand. Find an issue. And for God's sake don't complain. You could be in one of the countries Bush is invading. Instead, you're in America and have 1,375 days to find the right way to take on the administration's hand-selected successor. That is the only opponent with which we can really be concerned.

P.S. Please, I beg you, please, do not support Hillary Clinton. I don't like watching a person salivate over the thought of power.

STAR TRIBUNE



Bandwagon fans turn my stomach



Amy Frizzell
managing editor

ily where if you had tickets to a Pittsburgh sporting event you stayed till the end, no matter what!

If you're a Pittsburgh fan you're a Pittsburgh fan end of discussion. So in honor of bandwagon fan haters everywhere I've decided to define a few key words for those who just don't get it.

According to my Webster's New World Compact Desk Dictionary and Style Guide, commitment is a noun meaning to bind, as by promise; a pledge. This word is extremely important when becoming a die-hard fan so, write that down.

One characteristic of a bandwagon fan is commitment phobia. Every week they like a new team, what's that all about? Either you like a team or you don't. Don't claim you like a team and you're such a fan when you're not, that just makes you a liar.

Next, the WNWCDSSG defines devotion as loyalty or deep affection. So pretty much it means you have to like the team a lot, like more than a friend. You're there day and night defending your team to the death. You have the jersey's, the t-shirts, even the underwear. You spend the day in the parking lot freezing whatever that underwear covers off. No exceptions!

How can anyone claim they're a die-hard fan but leave a game early. That is completely absurd. The whole season Steeler fans were talking the team, up, which they did with good reasoning. But as soon as the team needed them they abandon, leaving only a trail of spilt beer, which is another absurdity!

The world is littered with absurdity. Do you're part, don't add to the bandwagon trash.

Supernatural assault: Motives remain ethereal

Once again the subject of my column has been radically changed this week at the last minute. Initially, I was going to set out to write about the Steelers great season and devastating loss, as well as backing up the claims and boasts that I'm sure I made to many a person at the bar over the course of this season. Today something more pertinent and supernatural grabbed my attention.

While sitting quietly at work in the Chapel, a friend instant messaged me about some peculiar events that had befallen him the night before. Rico (name obviously changed) claimed that he was lying in bed the night before and had heard footsteps. He looked up to see a shadowy figure, evidentially human, loaming before him.

He remained in a frozen, helpless state for sometime, when suddenly the ghost proceeded to strangle him. He claimed that he could not breathe or fight back. When I asked him if it was a dream he swore that he was wide awake and that the attack had happened three separate times.

With quick Scooby-Doo like thinking I deduced that the ghost was really his girlfriend, most likely angry for some mess he had made in the apartment. But



Andy McNeil
opinion editor

he denied such allegations, claiming that she was sleeping right next to him.

Do ghosts exist? If you saw the Beacon's humor page last week you'll see that they certainly do. I think the ghost of Bruno is what makes the free M&M jar disappear from the coffee shop from time to time.

I've been pondering the question of spooky afterlife existence for years, yet the answers to my queries remain, well, ghostly.

In my later high school days on one hot summer night, burnt out on boredom and cigarettes, we came up with a brilliant plan. We would go ghost hunting, drunk if necessary, and catch a ghost on camera. The "stupid idea" became a reality that spawned several teams of ghost hunters and an official website. We wandered around old houses, cemeteries and lakes with compasses and electro-magnetic field scanners (purchased by the geekiest of the group).

What did we find? We found that we could most definitely scare the crap out of each other in the dark.

Rico, on the other hand, is overly excited and said he cannot wait to go to bed tonight. I asked him if he was scared and he was. I'm trying to remain optimistic in hopes that the specter that visited Rico was that of the late Johnny Carson. A beyond-the-grave autograph would be worth thousands on eBay.

As for proof of the existence of ghosts and other supernatural spirit, the jury is still out. The best source for such information lies somewhere between the hilarity of the "Ghostbusters" movies and the sensual pottery wheel scene from "Ghost". Man that was a hot scene and boy was this a pointless editorial.

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