

OPINION

The Behrend Beacon

Published Weekly by the students of Penn State Erie



THE BEHREND
Beacon

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Take me out: I'm done

Over the course of my four years at Behrend, I formulated a list of tips and truths that I felt were pretty consistent with my time here. As a parting gift to students, thought it's not much, here is the list of accumulated wisdom.



Brad Stewart

news editor

1. The Engineering Department will always receive more positive attention than the Humanities Department. The reason: people are intimidated by math, and engineers do a lot of math. And lets face it, no one cares about coherent language use, fo'sheezy. Plus, engineers make all the money, so after they graduate and find a well paying job they can give back to Behrend. No offense to those Liberal Arts students--I'm one of them--but finding a job that pays as much as an engineer takes many years of hard work or a lot of natural talent.

2. Don't test the parking regulations. For only having a few officers on at a time, Police and Safety is uncannily good at finding illegally parked cars and the SAF committee that has the power to void the ticket has little sympathy for student scofflaws. You could be performing the Heimlich on a choking woman while saving her cat from a tree while putting out a raging fire while fighting terrorism--you will be fined.

As a freshman, I volunteered to help at the Second Harvest Food bank. Ignorant to the rules, I was parked in the Upper Reed Lot for about an hour and a half. I got a ticket. I wrote

a letter to SGA explaining my situation: I was volunteering, I was an ignorant freshman, the parking lot hadn't been full upon my departure or arrival, it was a small friendly campus. I was fined any way. I know you can't change the law for one man but it was an interesting way to reward community service.

3. Get involved with campus organizations as much as possible. There are some great groups on campus. Whether they're academic, social or community service organizations, they don't exist without student participation. It's a great way to make friends, build your resume and deal with faculty and staff that might help you out

later down the road.

4. A hidden treasure I found in my college career was the Division of Undergraduate Studies. Even after I had declared my major, I went to DUS when I had scheduling questions. They always had good advice on classes and professors. Plus, they knew all the little shortcuts and tricks in taking classes that satisfied two requirements. I wouldn't say blow off your advisor completely, but the DUS staff was there for me when I had any lingering questions.

5. Take up skiing. Embrace the snow as your brother. Use it to your advantage instead of moaning about it. Then, every time it snows, you will do a jig for joy instead of pouting over the evil white plague.

A sorrowful parting

by Carolyn M. Tellers
beacon assistant

As the semester draws to a close, so does my life in college. As a returning adult student, I have an interesting perspective of Behrend, and how it has changed since I first started. I remember the gorge and Station Road before much of it was radically changed so the Bayfront Connector could be built. I remember when the library was in the Reed Union Building. In many ways, I regret having not stayed the first time, so I would have had a degree by now. However, I learned many lessons, as well as had a taste of "the real world." If I hadn't left and returned when I did, I most likely would not have made some of the wonderful friends I have.

I, being of somewhat sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following:
To my fellow Beaconians (or at least those who will be remaining at Behrend):

To the future Copy Editors I leave my scrutiny for details, and a copy of the AP stylebook. Try not to let the humor page get too out of control.

To all of the staff and writers: I wish the best of luck in life.

To the departing EiC: I would leave

you my copy of the original "Star Wars" Trilogy, but as there aren't many left I will keep it for myself. Best of life after graduation.

To the future EiC: "Good luck, you're gonna need it."

To my professors, past and present:

I thank each of you for the knowledge and advice you have all imparted upon me. I will make sure to remember you when I am on Jeopardy.

To the English and History professors: I will make sure to acknowledge you in future best selling books.

To my advisor, George Looney: I leave you my copies of the books for ENGL 484 W. Inspirational side notes included at no extra cost. Thank you for your words of wisdom, and profound thoughts (in class) on the subconscious and conscious. However, I still believe in muses. :-)

To my thesis Committee: (Dr. Welker: Advisor, Dr. Noyes and Dr. Fowler: Committee members)

I leave you each with a copy of my thesis. Thank you for your advice, as well as for the A grade I will have. :-)

To my friends: I leave you with thanks and a few words of advice. Live life to the fullest, and do not attempt to take 19 credits or more in your last semester!

The last friggin' word

There's been a secret writhing within my chest, wanting to burst out, for my last four years at Behrend. The time has come for me to let it out.

In the later days of my freshman year, I stumbled upon a fortune of epic proportions in the depths of the gorge: a treasure chest containing more gold bullion than P. Diddy would ever dare to sport. Using Dobbins spoons and a gallon of chocolate milk I dug up the massive chest and hauled it back to Niagara Hall.

After spending a good portion of the money on booze in trying to invent a car which runs solely on Jack Daniel's and self-loathing, I became bored with my riches and buried it deep within the foundation of the REDC, but only after buying several pairs of mink fur pants and a new pair of Jordan XXXVI rocket boots which I had to travel to the year 2021 to acquire. I knew that such a treasure could not stay hidden for long because eventually I would run out of money for the bar. In an ironic and senseless twist of events, I now want it back.

If any man, or woman for that matter, be daring enough to join me on my quest to regain the treasure, my ship, The Rip Taylor III, will be departing from port this Friday in order to pillage surrounding villages and turn all who oppose us into cannon fodder. We will sail up Station Rd. after a mandatory crew meeting at Jimmy Z's. I don't anticipate that most of you daring souls



Andy McNeil

opinion editor

will make it out alive, but this is a sacrifice I am willing to make.

Why you ask have I chosen to fabricate a pointless tale which is barely entertaining to a child with a third grade reading level for my final editorial? Could it be because I'm a senior and the last of my creative synapses and axons have been burned up? I'd hope to think that this isn't the case. In reality, I just wanted to waste space, because there is not sense in giving you any of my supposed "wisdom."

The only way to live life is doing things your own way. No nostalgic rants will save you now. Simply get out there and kick ass. Oh, and go to class. Sayonara!

Who woulda thought?

What will I miss most about Behrend? Tough question. Worse than a Colleen Kelly test.

This question sucks for many reasons, the most important being that I would like to remain in denial about never coming back until they actually call my name at graduation. In a few short weeks, I'll be heading back to the Big Apple, my home sweet home, so people think I'm crazy for being sad about leaving a town where you have to drive three exits over to get to a good restaurant (not one of those things I'll miss).

But unfortunately, I am being all girly and sentimental. Where will I ever find snow in the last week of April? Who will tease me about my love for the Yankees? And most importantly, where will I find a chicken wrap when I need one? Not in New York!

I will miss my second home, the Junker Center, probably the most. Not to be too mushy, but I will never find better boss than Coach Benim. Keith, it's been special to work with you too buddy. Witty, there just aren't enough words.

I am not going to knock the Communications Department



Sarah Kamber

sports editor

like past editors. Dr. Davis and Dr. Troester, students would not survive without you. Thank you for treating us like adults. Mr. Kerwin, I will miss your outfits, good luck in Cali. Mr. Sundin, whenever I eat a Krispy Kreme, I'll think of you.

I will miss the crazy Beacon staff. I had no idea what I was getting myself into and no body could have been prepared anyways. Where else can you find people fighting with light savers or folding chairs, singing Broadway tunes at the top of their lungs or find out where there is free food? You've taught me the true value of

patience. FYI, do not strike up a conversation about religion or politics with any member of the staff, ever.

I'm not going to get into how much I'll miss everyone, even people I barley know! I'll even miss the lunch lady with split personalities. College has been the best four years of my life, better than I ever imagined it... especially since I never imagined it here. Come see me in New York. It's been real.

The long-winded art of burning bridges

by Dan Snedden
assistant news editor

In the epic journey that has been my educational experience, I have seen my share of schools and grasped a fair knowledge of how they are run, and of the tendencies of those who run them.

In my quest to spend a majority of my college experience at Penn State (and by Penn State I mean Penn State, not a branch campus), I found myself placed at Penn State Erie. I came here knowing that four-year degrees were offered for specialized engineering programs, but I didn't realize how many students stayed for four years on their own free will. After about a month here I realized that many Behrend students, professors and most certainly administrators have a very skewed worldview; namely that they believe Penn State Erie, the Behrend College is somehow, or should for some reason be autonomous from Penn State.

I spoke with several of my friends at Main Campus about this, and cited some examples of the absurdities of the denizens of Penn State's satellite campus in Erie. I mentioned that Main Campus was referred to as "University Park," (or in extreme cases, "the Center County Campus"), and of course they broke into laughter at the obvious stupidity of those statements. I went on explaining that Penn State's most northern branch campus claimed that it needed to "stop losing students to University Park." Penn State Erie is a means to an end, as vessel, as it were, for students to get to the Main Campus, there are those here who believe otherwise.

This sort of 'logic' is clearly limited to only the inhabitants of Penn State Erie, as nowhere else do people think of a small campus in a far corner of the state with no more than 4,000 students as representative of not only Main Campus' 40,000 students or of the over 80,000 students in the entire university system, of which Penn State Erie

students are but a fraction. The belief that Penn State Erie is somehow superior to Penn State is insane and is indoctrinated into the students by an administration frustrated with its position at a third-rate branch campus.

In my experience, this administration has been cold, unconcerned with and detached from the affairs of students. They were like this before they had reason to despise me for telling the truth about their disobedience of their own rules.

The first time I spoke with a staff member regarding Penn State Erie's financial dealings I was severely rebuked, and given a lecture on the administration's dislike with a story the Beacon published regarding this institution's financial affairs before I even attended this institution. This obviously made me somewhat suspicious about how the money was managed here.

The administration does work very closely with some student organizations, but it likes to completely avoid others. It would seem unwise to ignore the needs of students that want to better this campus, however the administration seems to do an excellent job of it. Among the organizations that the administration keeps a leash on, SGA is certainly the most prominent, and least active, of them.

SGA is nothing more than another club with a large checkbook and a perceived notion of power that most students do not bother to acknowledge, in fact, many students dislike the SGA due to its completely unnecessary fringe benefits, namely the tuition cuts for the officers.

There is no excuse for student money to go to a club officer, especially a club that does as little as the SGA. While the SGA has mastered the art of forming committees, there is little else that the students have seen them do. The rationale behind SGA officers receiving stipends is that they are too busy to work and therefore need tuition breaks. Following this logic one can deduce that

SGA officers are not eligible for loans to fund their education (perhaps the bank knows better than to give money to aspiring politicians). Logic exercises aside, if SGA keeps one too busy for gainful employment, SGA should also keep one too busy to participate in other clubs, or play team sports, as they are very time consuming. Unfortunately, that does not seem to be the case.

As far as the SGA goes, it may be the more responsible of the two institutions that exist for the funding of student organizations, if for no other reason but that the budget committee is a panel of students giving student money to student organizations. The other of these institutions, that being SAF, is a bit more questionable.

SAF committee consists of three staff members and six students. For some reason the University feels that staff members can make better decisions for student organizations than students. The SAF meetings are open to the public and the meeting times and places are posted on the website, however the website neglects to say when any of the meetings are after January. However, based on its obedience of its own policies the SAF committee updates its website as frequently as it makes sure its obeying its own policies. It seems strange that staff members can submit shoddy proposals and receive tens of thousands of dollars for an events and equipment that a fraction of Penn State Erie students showed interest in.

Aside from butting heads with the administration every now and then, I have certainly enjoyed my involvement with the various organizations I have been worked with; I have made several friends of the highest quality, and truly believe that my time here was well spent. I would like to thank the Beacon staff for putting up with my problems with deadlines and for their overall support. I am leaving this campus as a wiser, more knowledgeable, and a more well-rounded person.