

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Student's contributions shouldn't be forgotten

I realize that no single article can completely and truthfully summarize a person's life or death, and the article about the tragedy involving Shellie Smarowsky is no different. I felt the need to write to tell what I know about Shellie, and the person who she was.

I met Shellie in German class during the fall 2000 after she had transferred from Penn State's Delaware County campus. It took a little while to get to know her, but I knew immediately how special she really was. We grew very close over the past year and a half, and no words can be used to justify or express how much of an impact she has had in my life and on the lives of everyone who came into contact with her.

To know her was to love her. Shellie was loved greatly by myself, my family, her family, all of her many friends and especially her roommates. I know no one who has a heart the size of Shellie's, or a smile and laugh as contagious. Shellie was an angel on Earth, and the only comfort is that we can be sure that she is smiling down on us now.

She always talked about the future, and how nervous and excited she was. Her short 21 years on Earth changed a lot of lives for the better, and one can

only imagine how far she would have gone and how many more lives she would have changed if she only had the chance. As time passes, the exact memories of what Shellie said and did may begin to blur, but never will I forget the way she made me feel.

Eric Voll
senior-marketing

prevent pregnancy, that abortion is even seen as necessary. If more couples took the responsibility to actively seek out the various available methods of protection, then fewer women would be faced with the difficult decision of whether to have an abortion in the first place.

Kate Subach
freshman-communications

university? Sexual assault clearly isn't, these days. How could the police possibly enforce this? Penalties for abortions are not the answer to the problem.

Leslie Volkar
senior-advertising

"invite" for any men that may have uncontrollable urges. Suggesting that a woman "invites a rapist" by drinking is just plain wrong. A man, drunk or sober, who cannot control himself and forces himself upon someone, is the one who is in the wrong. I suggest we return to rape discussions that comfort the rape victims.

Sarah Esposito
sophomore-elementary education

Column fairly represents Abortion issues of 'Roe v. Wade' despite punishments

Brian Blase's column "Abortion may not be a non-punishable act in the future" was a fair, informative discussion regarding the controversial issue of abortion. While it was obvious to discern Blase's position on this subject, he took into account the opposing side as well and respectfully stated his opinion.

His claim that "the pro-lifer risks his error on the side of human life" is especially true and may be an eye-opening statement to those who consider themselves pro-choice. While it is not anyone's right to judge another's actions regarding reproductive health and the abortion issue, I agree with Blase's hope that in the future *Roe v. Wade* will be overturned.

It is ridiculous that in today's modern society, with a wide variety of types and methods of birth control designed to

I am, and always have been, pro-choice for a number of reasons. The most compelling one that I would like to communicate to Mr. Blase in response to his column is that, legal or not, abortions are going to happen. Whether they happen in doctor's offices or dark alleys and cars is up to the Supreme Court. If pregnant women don't have access to clean facilities and equipment, as well as the care of physicians, they'll use things like coat hangers and knitting needles to get the job done.

Since Mr. Blase is so ultimately concerned for human life, why can he not see the inevitable consequences of reversing *Roe v. Wade*? And what "strong" punishment does he suggest for late-term abortions? Jail time? Fines? Would he like having an abortion to be grounds for expulsion from the

Responsibility for rape never belongs to victim

I fail to see why Mr. Gupta is so set on blaming the victim for the horrible crime of rape in his letter to the editor. There are absolutely no circumstances in which rape is justified because of a woman's actions.

The horrifying fact that more than 85 percent of rapes are acquaintance rapes should not make you question a woman's judgment in choosing acquaintances. It should make you consider what is going on in a society in which most rapes are committed by people the victim has already formed a certain trust in. The problem is that many of these acquaintances do not show any signs that they may become aggressive and force rape. Trusting someone and being wrong about them does not take away the rights of a woman.

Mr. Gupta suggests women are to blame for rape the minute they become drunk. Women have an equal right to drink and a drunk woman is not an

Alumni center needs to open doors to students

The Penn State Alumni Association's decision to roust any students who dare defoul the Hintz Alumni Center reminds me of my mother forbidding anyone to as much as look crosswise at her living-room furniture. I was under the mistaken impression that the university already had a museum—the Palmer Museum of Art.

It occurs to me, a dues-paying, card-carrying member of the alumni association—for now—that I really don't need a living room in State College. That's what the Phyrst is for. So if anyone asks, you are in the Hintz Center as my invited guest. Just wipe your feet before you put them on the coffee table.

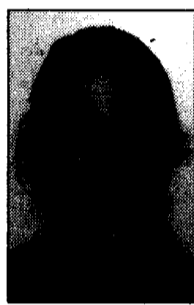
James P Kinney
Class of 1999

COLUMN

To fan's relief, basketball season replaces football games

By Marianne Lorensen

It is time for me to be brutally honest. Time to come out of the closet. It's not exactly something I have ever tried to hide. In fact, I am very proud of it. Most of my family knows. My close friends are all aware. And I am willing to bet that the people I work with suspect, at the very least.



MY OPINION

I am an NCAA men's basketball fanatic! (What did you think I was talking about?) Specifically, I am an avid fan of the Kentucky Wildcats. Oddly enough, I was never much of a sports fan before I went to college. Rooting for my hometown teams was about as far as I ever got.

At the age of 18, I moved to Kentucky—land of horses, bourbon, tobacco and college basketball. The latter not necessarily being as critical to economic survival, but essential nonetheless. Love it or leave is the unspoken philosophy of the basketball religion. Before I knew it, I was a convert.

Now that football season is coming to a close, basketball fever has begun anew. I feel somewhat out of place here in the land of Joe Paterno and the Nit-tany Lions. I have tried my best to "get it," but I am afraid I'm not quite there yet.

I will never forget the first time I saw someone carrying around a Joe Pa doll. For as much as Kentuckians once revered Benedict Arnold, er... I mean Rick Pitino, we never went quite that far. But I suppose, regardless of the venue, we sports fans can be a crazy lot.

I myself, if you can imagine it, have been known to scream at television sets, claw at the floor with my hands,

and utter words and sounds that would make your toenails curl. I think my parents dread having me over Christmas for that very reason—that and the fact that I will be commandeering my dad's big screen television.

In November, I had a chance to see the Wildcats in exhibition play. Sitting in the stands of Rupp Arena, eyes fixed on the court, the thrill of six seasons, four championship games and two national titles—and the riots that went with them—came rushing through me. Surrounded by a sea of blue and white, I knew that I was home.

"Hail Kentucky! Alma Mater. Loyal sons and daughters we." The alma mater doesn't say anything about loyal basketball fans, but trust me when I tell you it's implied.

Before you jump on my case, I realize that Penn State has a basketball team too.

And yes, I know that they saw tournament play last year for the first time in like a hundred years. I even rooted

for them. I will enthusiastically root for Penn State this year, too—until or unless the team faces off with Kentucky.

My department head, Blannie Bowen, constantly reminds me that Kentucky lost to Penn State in Rupp Arena during last year's season opener. I then remind him that this is a new season, and the Crispin brothers are gone. As my friend Danyelle would say, "Live in the now!"

Throughout football season, I have been pondering a few things: How often does one find a town that gets this excited about a season with only a few victories? Why spend \$100 million renovating a football stadium? What motivates people to sit out in the elements for hours when there are less time-consuming and more exciting events indoors—say, for instance, basketball? Last but not least, what exactly is the point of football?

I have kept these queries to myself, because I realize that there are many

poor, unfortunate souls who do not share my appreciation for basketball. Instead, I have tried to walk a mile in your football cleats. Nevertheless, I have found that I prefer my Nike high-tops.

As we enter a new basketball season, and I prepare to root Tubby Smith and the Kentucky Wildcats on to anticipated victory, please bear with my fanaticism. Join me if you like. I have been subjected to about as much football as I can stand at this point.

Now I can finally come out in the open and be myself.

I may never be able to get football in the same way that Penn Staters do, and you all may never get basketball the way the Wildcats do. To each his own, I suppose. We all have our addictions.

Marianne Lorensen is a graduate student majoring in youth and family education and a Daily Collegian columnist. Her e-mail is melorensen@psu.edu

Whatever happened to Dan Szemenyei?

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