

# The Freshman Zone We're Starting Over . . . Again

By Mike Jamison

"Submitted for your approval, young men and women, struggling with unfamiliar class situations, more homework than twelve years of school combined and the Blue Route. That's right, you have just entered.....The Freshman Zone! Na Na Na Na Na Na Na....."

Yes, for most of us, this is where we find ourselves, somewhere between heaven and hell, life and death, something called our freshman year of college. Sure, we've been freshman before, back in highschool, lo those many years ago.

But somehow, this is different. In highschool we were mere children, embarking on the first leg of our adult life's journey. We still shot spitballs at our friends, giggled when someone burped and took extreme pleasure in seeing some poor sap stripped of his pants in the middle of the hallway.

Those were the days, but unfortunately, those days have past. We are college men and women now, young adults who are poised to reshape this country and lead it into the twenty-first century. But when you cut through all hype, we find we are still freshman, just struggling to contemplate this new world.

College, for many freshman, must seem like a different planet. It is not that the classes or subjects are so different; it is the new found freedom of both expression and thought which now bombard our minds.

In college, we are finally

allowed to showcase our true colors. Want to shave your head, go right ahead; planning on getting that Mohawk you always wanted, do it now! Want to streak nude across the campus, feel free, uh, let's not take this too far.

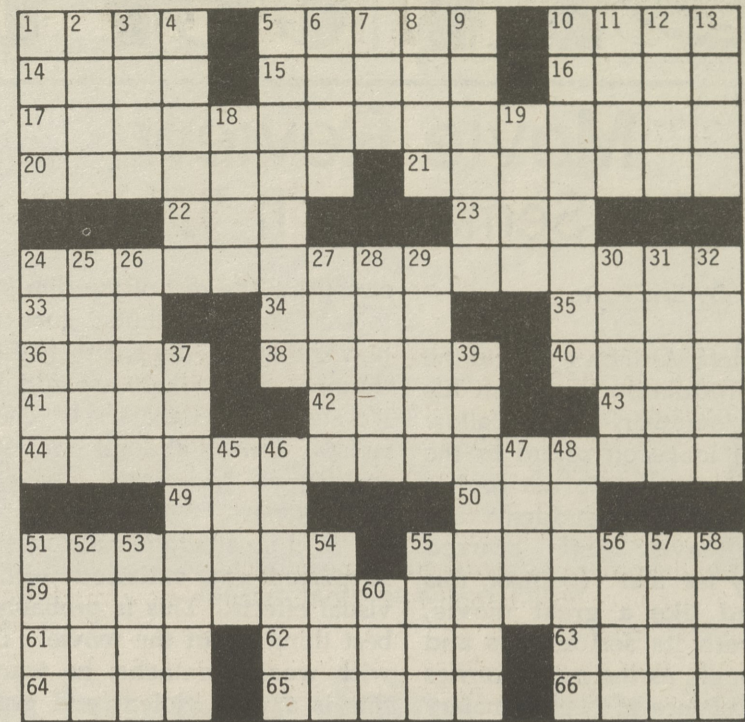
While allowing us to present our unique fashion sense, college also challenges us with issues going on in our world today. We are presented with chances to join clubs and groups which both enlighten and inform us on topics as diverse as global awareness and art.

Whereas in highschool we were reared toward looking at school as the world, in college school serves as an extension of our worldly education.

This column could have been used to point out the obvious differences between college and highschool life, such as now we are free to chew gum in class and wear earrings in our nose, ear, and nipple, but I hope incoming freshman will see the true difference between these two stages of life: betterment of mind and person. We are now faced with a chance to open ourselves up to a variety of new and exciting experiences.

Hopefully, we can use these experiences to shape ourselves and to shape the future. Geez, I'm starting to sound like an advertisement for the Republican campaign (and I SURE wouldn't want that!). So, before I start reciting old show tunes, I'll see you in, THE FRESHMAN ZONE! (Rod Serling, eat your heart out.)

## collegiate crossword



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### ACROSS

- 1 French head
- 5 Basketball move
- 10 Raise —
- 14 October's birthstone
- 15 One-celled animal
- 16 '50s song, e.g. (var.)
- 17 Republican election nightmare (2 wds.)
- 20 Tyrants
- 21 Tennis tournament favorite (2 wds.)
- 22 Mr. Whitney
- 23 Common tattoo word
- 24 House of —
- 33 Be human
- 34 Inter — (Lat.)
- 35 Mr. Waggoner
- 36 Eat —
- 38 Undeliverable mail or water sprite
- 40 Chicken —
- 41 First-rate
- 42 Word of warning
- 43 Compass point
- 44 Former Time Magazine "Man of the Year" (2 wds.)
- 49 To be announced: abbr.

- 50 Grecian —
- 51 Classroom need
- 55 Stupid
- 59 Party meeting of sorts (2 wds.)
- 61 Footnote abbreviation
- 62 Miss Comaneci
- 63 Neon —
- 64 Yield
- 65 Inexperienced
- 66 Do in, as a dragon

- 18 Mr. Porter
- 19 "Out, damned —..."
- 24 Part of some newscasts
- 25 Diamond bungle
- 26 Lying flat
- 27 Omit in pronunciation
- 28 VP in '53
- 29 Tarnish, as a reputation
- 30 Competing
- 31 Actress Verdugo
- 32 The — Sisters
- 37 " — Story"
- 39 Of ancient W. Italy
- 45 Casino words
- 46 Adventurous
- 47 Assam silkworm e.g.
- 48 Invalidates
- 51 The Odyssey, for one
- 52 Ceremonial garment
- 53 Put — on (cover up)
- 54 Dermatological mark
- 55 "I cannot tell —"
- 56 Suffix for poet
- 57 Legendary Roman king
- 58 Catch sight of
- 60 Suffix for block

### DOWN

- 1 Mary — Lincoln
- 2 Fencing sword
- 3 Scottish caps
- 4 Romeo or Juliet, e.g.
- 5 Party supporter
- 6 " — corny as..."
- 7 Certain doc
- 8 Newspaper section, for short
- 9 Washington seaport
- 10 Dairy product (2 wds.)
- 11 Opposite of aweather
- 12 — fixe
- 13 The Big Apple's finest (abbr.)

## Campus Budget Slashed 9%; Sports, Staff Go

By Caroline Kalafut

Penn State University, Delaware County Campus has been forced to cut its campus budget by 9% from last year's level. The cut was necessitated by a related state cut of 3.5%.

Introduced by campus CEO Dr. Edward Tomezsko, the budget plan reduced some programs and eliminated others. In priority order the list encompassed all Academic programs, Academic support programs, and all other programs including athletics. In the last category, Tennis was eliminated because of the expense, but soccer survived.

Other parts of the plan, to meet the reduced budget, included no filling unfilled faculty openings, doing without new photo copy machines, and eliminating Engineering Technology programs.

The administration is now in the process of reorganization. The goal is to phase out several positions and lean more heavily on electronic capabilities.

In a final comment, Dr. Tomezsko said, "The state of Pennsylvania ranks last in the nation in support per student for public higher education. It is grossly unfair that the burden of declining state appropriations has to fall on tuition paying students."

## Viewpoint

# Disasters of 'Day 1' Make Vivid Memories

By Andy McIntyre

It has finally come to my attention that driving has got to be one of the most annoying testaments to the human condition. How many times has a scenario such as this happened to you? The summer went by faster than ever and before you know it the first day of school arrives. You have been preparing for this momentous day since July yet nothing is going right.

To begin with, your alarm clock conveniently decided to not go off, so don't even dream about sitting down to eat scrambled eggs and bacon. I'm afraid, that the best you can hope for may be your Flintstones vitamins and a piece of toast.

Once your most important meal of the day has been digested, the next morning ritual is to run to the car. However, you left your books inside the house so you have to go back inside, and get your books. Yet, getting back inside your house quickly becomes no mere task, because your key doesn't want to cooperate with the lock. So your mother ends up having to let you back in.

Immediately you hear "What are you doing—I thought you left a half hour ago?—Your going to be late on the first day! Of course, why should I be surprised you were two weeks late when I had you, so what else is new." Mothers are just so

wonderful. Quick.. Forget her. My 1976 Ford Pinto is awaiting, longing for my hands behind the wheel.

Finally, after all that, you are now feeling pure speed and driving enjoyment as your '76' Pinto drives ever so flawlessly, while your AM radio pumps out good old hard core Frank Sinatra. For a second, you look at your watch and to your dismay discover that you are already fifteen minutes late, and the guy in front of you is in the left lane (otherwise known as the fast lane) doing about twenty-five miles an hour.

And, aside from Mario Andredi in front of you, every time you come upon a light whether it be yellow or green, the light suddenly turns red. But by the grace of God traffic lights do eventually turn green and soon you are screaming down the road again. However, for the first time, you take notice of your gas gauge which is at this point redder than a pair of Boston Redsox.

Yet, since we all feel as though we are the masters of our own universe you foolishly figure that there is enough gas to get to school. Of course there isn't and you end up pushing the car about two blocks to the nearest gas station which seems like it is a hundred miles away.

At this point, you have basically given up on getting to

school on time so how about some retrospective thought instead.

Remember when you were sixteen years old, and for the very first time learning how to drive? Your mother would ask you to drive to WAWA for milk, and you would have just for the sake of being able to drive the car. All you wanted to do was drive.

Being stuck in traffic was fun. Who cared if you were late? All you cared about was sitting in that seat while feeling the overwhelming sense of freedom which was so very strong. Sometimes, I wish every day I get behind the wheel could be like that day when I drove for the very first time.

Anyway, for four dollars you get about two gallons of gas, and finally, you pull into the school parking lot. Again, the daily ritual is to run. And after about five minutes of hurried "Hello's" and "How was your summer?" you finally find your class assignment only to find that class has been canceled. After all that trouble, the Flintstones vitamins, your complaining mother, Frank, Mario, running out of gas, all of that stress, for what? Canceled class!

Turning with a wide smile and a great tremendous sigh, you figure outloud to yourself, "Oh well, now I'm free to go spend sometime with my 1976 Ford Pinto, and that wonderful sense of freedom."