

Opinion & Review



Incoming freshmen take advantage of the orientation festivities.

Photo by: Wes Tomlinson

Triumph and Tragedy on First Day of College

By Martyna Sliwiska

The deafening sound hurts my ears, yet I cannot locate its source. Just when the pitch is about to shatter my ear drum, a sudden thought enters my still-asleep mind. I throw my arm to the left, and by slapping the cold metal of a red alarm clock I'm able to stop the annoying noise. The bed is cozy, but before I can go back to sleep, my eyelids snap wide open: "It's my first day of college!"

Rushed by encouraging comments from my family, I go through my morning routine and I try my best to ignore the never-ending phone calls from people who pretend to care. As my mouth gets burned with the way-too-hot-but-necessary-to-wake-me-up coffee and the car keys look for a secluded spot to hide in, I pray for the day to be over as soon as humanly possible.

From previous experiences, I know it takes me a maximum of 15 minutes to get to the Delco campus from my house. That is exactly how much time I give myself. Then, without being especially surprised, I find my car jammed in a chain of automobiles whose owners unanimously decided to take this

particular road at the strange time of 8 AM. Suddenly I hear the tape player change the sides of my cassette. About five songs have gone by and I didn't even notice. "Okay," I think, "now I'm nervous."

Just when I am forced to admit that there is no way I am going to make it, the road clears magically. Full of parental advisory labeled adjectives, I park my car in the first parking spot available—meaning the farthest one away from my destination,—and practice my running abilities to get to my class on time.

When I finally locate my classroom (which, of course, is at the other end of the building), I look at a dozen other weary and cautiously blank faces. It takes one short moment for me to know. I wasn't the only one who burned her mouth with obnoxiously hot coffee this morning and I most definitely wasn't the only one who got imprisoned in traffic.

Well, when the going gets tough, I just think that there are over 300 of us freshmen and what I am experiencing is not at all unique. Furthermore, all the pressure can be a binding experience that I will only appreciate if I share it with others.

Great Decisions: Students Join National Program

By James Foltz

This year Penn State Delco tried something new with the freshmen. The campus decided to give the new students homework over the summer. The assignment was simple: read one of eight articles in a 96-page booklet named *Great Decisions*. Students' advisors indicated which article they were to read.

What is this *Great Decisions* magazine?

The 1993 edition analyzes eight international topics which the publishers felt are of vital importance to all Americans. The magazine is prepared by the Foreign Policy Association (FPA), a non-partisan,

nonprofit, independent organization. Each article contains information concerning the background and current data on the topic which is being discussed.

Policy options for the United States and opinion ballots are also included so that the reader may vote for the policy that he/she wants taken into action. Throughout the entire magazine are photos, maps, and graphs to give the reader a better understanding of the topic being read. At the end of each article are a series of discussion questions and further suggested readings.

The *Great Decisions* magazine is not limited only to what is found within its pages; it is much more than

Commentaries:

Melting Pot or Frying Pan?

... No Shame in Self Respect and Pride

By James Foltz

Are you an American?
...or are you an African American?

...or an Italian American?

...or an Irish American?

...or an Asian American?

There is nothing wrong with being proud of your heritage. There is no dignity lost in showing your colors of who your fathers were, or where you may have originated from. There is no shame in having self respect and pride.

But there is something wrong with not remembering who you are now, or better yet, not acknowledging who you are... or where you are.

The United States is the melting pot of the world. All are welcome here. It does not matter what religion you are, or what country you come from. The only thing that matters is that you are here. And as the famous document is written, "All men are created equal."

It does not matter if you are Black, Asian, Hispanic, Indian or White.

What does matter is that you are now living in the United States of America. You are entitled to absolute freedom.

So in this land, we are all are equal, there are no African Americans, Italian Americans, Irish Americans or Asian Americans. There is only one race of people living here. There is only one type of person living here.

They are called Americans.

Answer to Trivia Question:
University of Michigan.

Trivia Question: "What is the only major college team that Penn State has never played in football? Clue: It is a team that we play this year. It is a Big Ten team. (See Page 7 for the answer.)"

'Give Us Your Tired And Your Poor ...'

By Emmanuel Seabrooks

Is America really a country who uses the phrase melting pot correctly? Why not? Fact: We have people from all over the world who reside in our towns and states. Are n't we supposed to be the greatest nation on the planet?

Why do we as Americans (who with the famous saying "give us your tired and your poor") treat immigrants like we do?

These people (immigrants) are taking a big step by coming here. Leaving families, good jobs, some leaving little at all, journey here in search of a new beginning, a new caring society. We as that portrayed image are so caring that we welcome them with laughs and jokes towards their cultures, language, accents, etc. Place yourself in their position, how would you feel if you were to be put through even half the pain these people suffer? We as Americans have so much yet we continue to take all we have for granted.

In conclusion, instead of us laughing, snickering, or stereotyping migrants, we must respect them for who they are because either way , we are all equal.

Somalia: The Next Viet Nam?

By Wes Tomlinson

Why are we bogged down in Somalia? Our stated mission was to feed the starving citizens there. We have accomplished that mission.

President Clinton should declare publically that our mission has been successfully completed and remove all of our service personnel. It was never the goal of the United States to broker a new government for that nation.

There are many tribal "War Lords" in Somalia competing for supremacy. The country is not now and never has been a democracy. The United States has no economic, strategic or military interest in that nation.

None of the African states shows any interest in aiding Somalia, not even neighboring Ethiopia. The Organization of African States, whose headquarters is located in Adis Abba, a few hundred miles away, has shown no interest in Somalia. We need to exit that potential quagmire now before we find our nation involved in another Viet-Nam situation.

