

Opinion & Review

Editorial

2.5 or 3.0? That's the question.

By Nicholas Felici

Certain ideals existing within other colleges and universities are sidestepped here at Penn State Delco. Our size and numbers account for several of the reasons why this occurs. The question is whether this is right; should Delco continue with lower standards than those kept at larger universities, and even our sibling satellite campuses.

Case in point is the grade point average needed to be selected into certain groups here on campus. The Lion Ambassadors club, along with the Keystone Society fraternity, require a GPA of 2.5 to be admitted. Some would say that this is a relatively low standard, considering that these organizations are reflecting the highest quality of Penn State. With a GPA of 2.5, somewhere in the "C" range, the academic performance required to belong to these prestigious groups is in doubt. Some students claim that the slack allowed in academic achievement causes turmoil among members of these groups.

It may be true at Harvard, but let's get real.

University-wide organizations hold acceptance levels generally higher than at this campus. These clubs stress academic drive first and foremost, and then follow up with club participation. Many of these campuses have the numbers to back their words. We do not. If our campus raised the required GPA to 3.0, which other satellite campuses have done with their respected clubs, the participation rate for these clubs would drop significantly. Students who strive to support their university and to join in social activities would be screened out due to GPAs that are considered not good enough. Though the will to attend numerous meetings, supervise and support campus activities, and advertise the school to the public would be in the hearts of numerous students, the elusive and often deceptive GPA would be held above their heads. Only those with strong academic ability would be accepted into the organization, and so the club's population would fall, along with participation.

We are Penn State. However, we are also small, and can not be too selective when it comes to school spirit.

America Plays the Grinch, But Not on Television

By Nick Indeglio

"It's the most wonderful time of the year..." echoes through the streets of Philadelphia and its surrounding communities. For me, Christmas has always been the best time of the year. The sights, smells, and sounds of Christmas put joy in my heart and a smile on my face. It's a time to celebrate family, friendships, and the good fortune that all of us share. During my high school years, though, I learned that the holiday season means even more than that.

As a child, I remember a cartoon that was shown during the winter holidays. It was called *The Grinch Who Stole Christmas*. In this cartoon, an evil grinch perpetrates a horrible crime by stealing all of a small village's Christmas toys. This appalled me as I could not imagine a Christmas for anyone without toys. Thankfully, by the program's end, the Grinch had a change of heart and returned all of the presents.

I never thought much about the Grinch after that. But during my sophomore year in high school, that cartoon took on a whole new meaning in my life. I became involved in a service project called the Octagon Club. We started a volunteer program to help needy families over the holiday season. I learned a lot that Christmas. I saw children in shelters whose mothers spent all of their money on drugs and couldn't provide food, much less gifts, for their children. I saw loving, caring families who were down on their luck, struggling to make ends meet. They wanted their children to have presents, but they could not afford it. I saw old men and women at St. Columba's shelter in Philadelphia. They asked

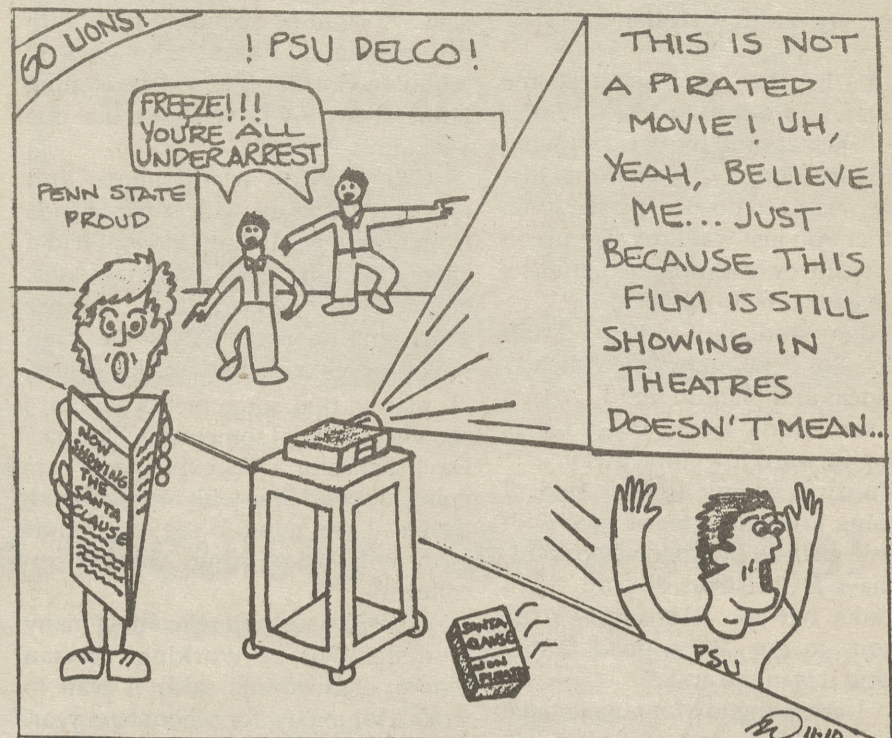
for food and warmth from the cold on Christmas Day.

Eventually, in the cartoon, the Grinch gave all of the toys back. Surely, I thought, our government would follow the Grinch's lead and help out all of these desperate people. Surely, in America, these people would not go hungry on Christmas. I waited patiently for the government to do something. I waited for funds to be appropriated or for new housing programs to be developed. I looked for new programs that would help feed these people and keep them alive.

Soon I realized that it was not going to happen. I realized that our government was the Grinch that stole Christmas and it had no intentions of giving it back.

Even without gifts, the villagers in the television show gathered together and celebrated the holiday season. They were a close knit community and they survived with each other's support. But it is not the same in the streets and in the shelters of Philadelphia, Norristown, and the surrounding areas. There is no such social support and it is very hard to survive. We, as students at Penn State Delco, can help, though. At our local malls, the Salvation Army has giving trees where a tag with the name of a needy child can be pulled off. With the child's age and favorite toys listed on the tag, you can buy that youngster a Christmas gift. You can also donate to Toys for Tots. Also, all of the shelters in our area encourage people to come down and donate some time during the holidays.

Our volunteer group walked into a shelter last Christmas to visit children whose mothers were drug addicts. We



THE REAL GOINGS-ON AT PENN STATE DELCO'S HUBELY POPULAR ATTRACTION... MOVIE NIGHT.

Editorial

Paying a Price for Snacks

By James Foltz

Shed no tears just because this is the last issue of *The Lion's Eye* for the fall semester. I realize that this is heartbreaking news, but we'll pull through this one together. Before we go, however, I would like to complain to you one final time.

Read carefully, for the following words concern your economic welfare and well-being.

Did anyone here, besides me and a handful of others, ever notice the tremendous price inflation occurring in vending machines? Of course you did! You complain about it every time you stick a dollar bill into the juice machine only to receive twenty-five cents in change. You frequently gripe about sixty cent sodas and the fifty cent bags of chips.

They're expensive. Those chips sell for a quarter in local stores. Those sodas sell for thirty-five cents. As for those juices, I don't know how much they sell for, but seventy-five cents is pushing it.

I could go on and on. I could complain and whine about every outrageously overpriced item in the vending machine, but I won't.

Instead I'm asking you to. I'm asking you to complain to anyone who could do anything about it. Go out and complain to the staff, the faculty and the SGA. If you don't, you'll just waste a little more money when your stomach's growling during one of your evening classes.

So again I say, "Complain!" Complain to someone important, not just your buddies or to your internal self. Complain to someone who not only can do something about it, but will.

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