

Opinion & Review

Editorial

Saving Trees or Saving Face?

By James Foltz

"I'm a recycler!"

That's a catchy little phrase, isn't it? If you hear it or read it, it makes you feel good inside. Or let's say that someone comes up to you and says, "Hey, I'M A RECYCLER! Are you?" I'm sure that you would feel mighty small, wouldn't you? That's if, of course you weren't a recycler. But somebody on this campus would never run into this sort of embarrassment, because Penn State Delaware County Campus recycles.

Why else would all of those neat little boxes be hanging on campus wastebaskets and saying "I'm a recycler?"

So, because of that, all of us can hold our heads aloft and claim superiority over all of humanity because we know that we recycle. We know that when we consciously place a piece of paper into one of those boxes that says "I'm a recycler" we are saving a tree. Maybe even three or four. Perhaps a whole forest.

The point is, according to those signs, we are all doing something right. Wrong.

The fact is that all those signs don't mean squat. The fact is that everyone who puts excess paper in the boxes religiously is doing a false worship.

This campus does not recycle the paper that goes into those boxes. All of that paper ends up in the same place during the night when the trash is taken out.

I watched the custodians do this one night when I stayed late. The wastebasket, which was filled with things other than paper, was just picked up and dumped into a container. The recycling box's contents ended up in the same container.

"I'm a recycler."

Bull. Every time you place a paper into one of those boxes Penn State is making you out to be one thing:

A liar.

"I'm a recycler."

Of what? Nothing. Perhaps this campus recycles the cans that are thrown out, because it can still make a buck off of it. But as for the paper recycling, that's a dream.

Cancellation, Frustration Means Less Co-operation

By Nicholas Felici

Life has reached its lowest point when one finds himself stood up by his own professor.

Such has seemingly become the case, at least occasionally. Has any of the reading audience ever travelled more than five or six miles, perhaps by car, maybe by public transport, to reach this campus on time for a single class or possibly two? And how did you feel when, arriving at the door, you found a pink slip taped in place which kindly informed you that class had been cancelled?

Could this traumatic experience lead you to think twice before going to class every day? Would it be worth it?

Then something has to change.

Class cancellations have been a major problem for many students on this commuter campus. Far too often it seems that classes have been terminated suddenly, without any warning, or without any advanced notice by the faculty. A simple pink slip on the door informs the arriving students a bit too late, and sometimes the journey they endured was of no avail.

It was for nothing.

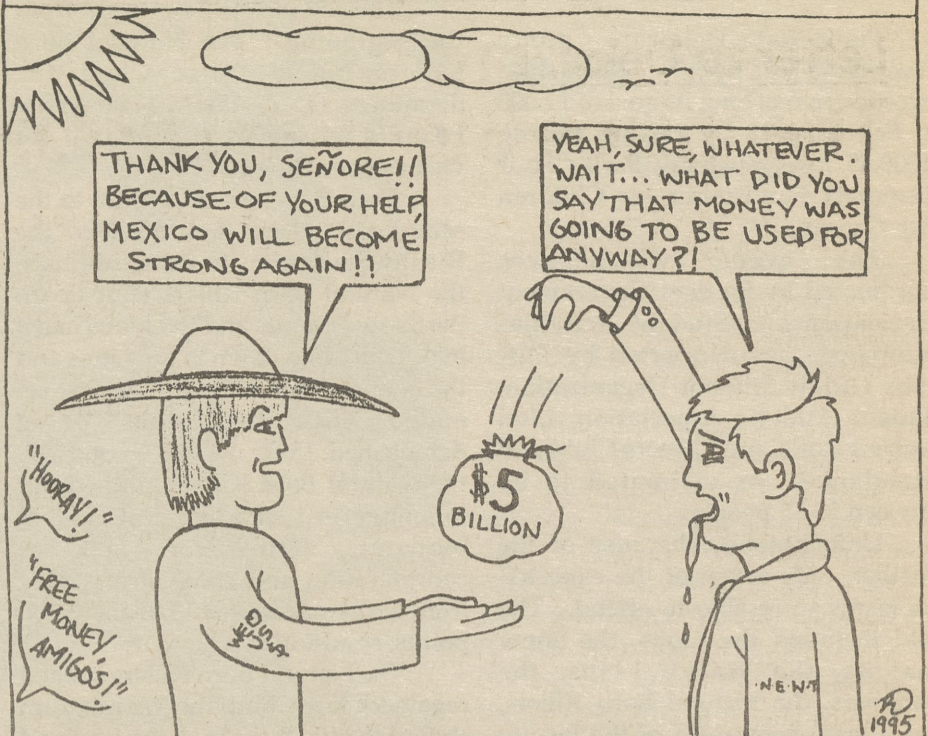
There has to be a better way of informing the students that their professor could not make it in that day. For some faculty, voice-mail has become a logical solution. A voice message is left on the instructor's personal answering machine for students that call a certain number that classes have indeed been cancelled. But how often do students call to make sure their classes are still in effect? Not very often, and therefore, a massive miscommunication occurs.

Is it really our responsibility?

Of course not. We just pay the tuition.

Perhaps the campus should devise a system by which the professor calls every one of his or her students personally and informs them the night before or maybe the morning of. Too arduous for the professors? Certainly a computer network would be a more efficient way to handle the crisis. Have all the instructor's students' phone numbers locked into a file, so that when the class is cancelled, the computer can systematically ring all the students and leave a voice message from the instructor.

DAVE'S VIEW OF FOREIGN POLICY



WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO THE MONEY OBTAINED FROM CUTTING FUNDING FOR THE AMERICORPS GROUP.

Maintenance Crew Tries, Succeeds to Break the Ice

By Martyna Sliwinska

The parking lot has been well tended to so far this winter season. With the recent snowfall Delco's maintenance crew has been working tirelessly to clear the snow. The weather helped them out by melting the ice that remained in the parking lot after the snow has been removed.

Before it got warmer, the ice under the snow was treacherous to say the least. Driving, walking, even parking your car was a challenge. But, our wonderful maintenance men proved to be worthy of the service awards they received last winter. They worked hard, from early in the morning to late at night to ensure safe driving and walking conditions.

Every morning, the snow plows and the mini salt trucks patrolled the campus to detect any potential problems. It felt good to see someone out there making our safety their number one goal.

With that in mind, we are looking forward to the next storm so we can watch the maintenance crew in action. Now we know that no matter what the Mother Nature throws upon us, we are in very good hands at Delco.

THE LION'S EYE

Vol. XXVI, No. 6

The Pennsylvania State University
Delaware County Campus

March 2, 1995

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

James Foltz
Martyna Sliwinska

STAFF

Gregory Bengston
Norman Castiello
Nicholas Felici
Jennifer Holland
Malcolm Little
Bob Lewis

Jobin Pathappillil
David Schiff
Wes Tomlinson
Kewana Walker
Kia Walker
David Whiteman
Kristen Zak

PHOTOGRAPHER

Wes Tomlinson
Nick Felici

ADVISORS

Barbara Daniel John Terrell

The LION'S EYE is published Monthly during the academic year by the students of the Delaware County Campus.

Submissions are welcome from all students, faculty and staff. Material must be typed, double spaced, and submitted in the LION'S EYE mailbox located in the Lion's Den.

Letters, articles and cartoons represent only the views of their authors.

Advertisements do not necessarily reflect editorial opinion.

THE LION'S EYE regrets it cannot guarantee the return of any material submitted. All submissions are subject to editing.