

Discovery Day provided an opportunity for middle and high school students to explore the world of science and technology.

Opportunities Await For Delco Students To Transfer

By Erin Lulevitch

For some Delco students, the most highly anticipated event has finally arrived. In the near future many will be transferring to University Park or to other area schools.

For any student who qualifies, now is the time to start getting prepared by attending a series of transfer programs being offered by the office of Student Life.

Representatives from the Housing Office at University Park will be in the lobby of the Commons Building on November 7 from 11:30 to 1:30. They'll be on hand to provide information about dorms and off-campus housing, and to show a video about various housing options.

Area College Transfer Day takes place on November 12 from 11:00 to 1:00 in the student lounge. An assortment of area schools will be attending to provide information about transfer opportunities. Scheduled to

appear are Cheyney, Immaculata, Temple, Widener, West Chester University, Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science, and John Hopkins.

Those students who are interested in nursing should take special note that the latter two schools are in articulation with Penn State for a shared nursing school program.

The next two dates to remember are November 14 and 20. In the Lion's Den during common hour, information about transferring, academic requirements, programs, registering classes, jobs, and getting involved at the Park, will be available.

This is the time to have all of your questions answered, or as Student Services Specialist Raquel Arredondo puts it, "This is a great opportunity for students who are thinking about transferring to get information, not only about University Park, but also to prepare themselves educationally and financially for the move."

Drama Club Murdered In Vairo By Colonel Mustard

By Christina Papa

"Whodunit?"

That is the question students will be asking on the night of November 25, when the Drama Club presents their version of *Clue*. Unlike the movie, the Drama Club is going to alter the ending so that no one will know "whodunit".

Led by adviser Ron Hill and president Meredith Daniels (3rd semester, Bd HSS), the Drama Club is currently in its second year. Last year, they performed a small-scale production called *Car Wash*, which went very well and was enjoyed by all who attended.

The other officers of the Drama Club are: Tony Carpenter, Vice President; Hope Paley, Secretary; and Karrie Brown, Treasurer.

Fourteen people are in the cast of *Clue*, and the club has rehearsals at least twice a week.

When asked about the difficulty of putting on a production like *Clue*, Meredith Daniels replied, "It's an

uphill battle, but we know it will be worth it."

The production will include a full set as well as elaborate costumes, and will be presented on the second floor of the Vairo Library. The club will hold a contest during the intermission for the audience to guess "Whodunit?". A winner will then be drawn from the correct answers to receive a prize.

"We're very excited about our presentation of *Clue*," said Karrie Brown.

Meredith is excited about the progress the members are making. "We've got a lot of creative minds coming together."

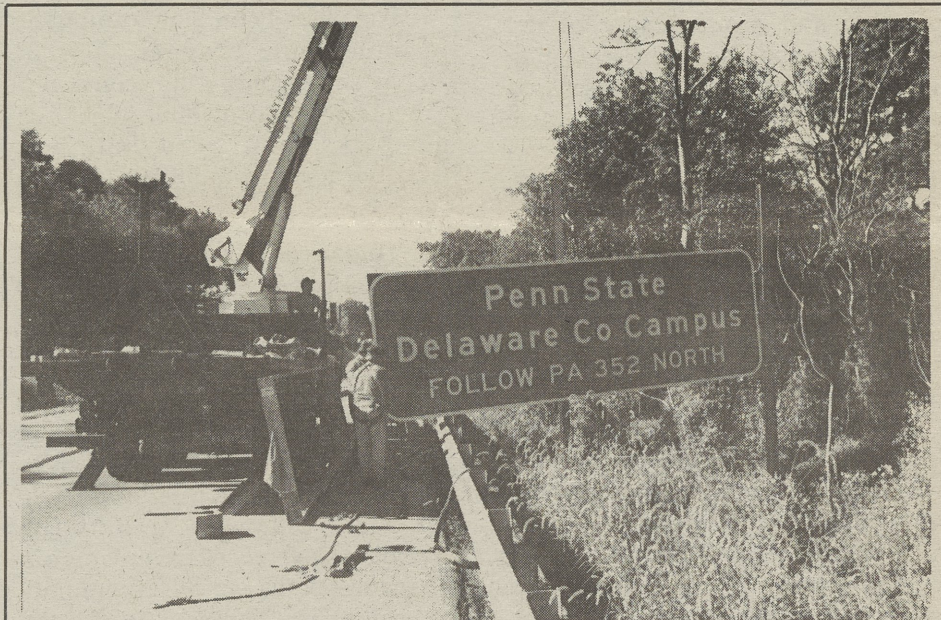
The Drama Club is very receptive to feedback from students. "You don't have to be in the club to give input," explains Meredith. "Suggestions and ideas are more than welcome."

New members for the drama club are also welcome. Although it is too late to get a part in *Clue*, there is still much to be done behind the scenes. Also, the club is planning to perform a musical next semester.

"The same people who complain about lack of campus spirit are the same ones who don't show up at campus events," Karrie observed. "The Drama Club is a great

opportunity to get involved."

If anyone has questions or would like to join the Drama Club, see Ron Hill or e-mail Meredith Daniels at mad186@psu.edu.



Placed on the map: This new sign on the Route 1 Bypass alerts everyone to the existence of PSU Delco.

Stuck In Jail With Big, Bald Biker . . . And No Book

By "Puxotoni Phil"

"There's no place like home," I thought to myself as I exchanged glances with the rather large, bald, tough-looking man whom I was sharing a jail cell with.

Numerous crimes are committed on a daily basis. These range from stealing pencils to illegal drug use. However, few people are actually put in jail for these offenses. Although my "crime" was neither drug nor theft related, I was spending the night in a Philadelphia jail and it wasn't very pleasant.

It all began Tuesday night. A group of close friends who dropped in for a visit and I decided to spend some time in the city, get some food and meet some other friends. For old-times sake we brought along some video cameras to capture the evening on tape. As the night progressed, our simple, light-hearted documentary of the evening slowly evolved into a feature length film.

We decided that no movie is complete without a traditional car chase and gun fighting. So the ten of us hopped into two cars, placing one

camera on the street and one in the car leading the chase. Moving at a slow pace on Arch Street, leaning out every opening in both automobiles, including the sunroof, we began shooting our prop guns. Everything was going well. Traffic did not block the shoot, the angle was excellent and the city environment was perfectly conducive to a car chase.

Soon, however, our muse was broken by the red and blue lights emanating from a police car behind us. The officer wrote us a ticket on the spot for disturbing the peace. After the officer discovered some in our group were under eighteen, he gave us all a ride to jail.

It was a short ride. We thought it would go faster if the police officer ran the siren and lights, so we asked politely but were given no response. Soon we were locked in a holding cell and given our "free" phone call. (If it is a tool call, the police hang over you and make you rush.)

We phoned our parents and most of them were quick to come and claim their child.

It was fun for the most part. We

deciphered some of the graffiti on the walls, played the alphabet game, and when others were moved into our holding cell, we started talking about how we ended up where we were by killing people with weed-wackers and gardening tools.

One by one my friends disappeared with their parents, and I was soon left to my own devices (my parents were much farther away than the others).

Sitting alone, I began to notice the dank smell of my confinements. It was quite cold and I was hungry. Furthermore, I was bored now due to the lack of conversation, and when I requested a book or magazine I was given an odd glance by an officer followed by a stern "No."

All of a sudden, jail was no longer fun.

However, everything was skittles and sunshine again when my new "roomie" came in my cell. He was about six-three, fat, bald, and a rainbow of tattoos covered his body. He fit the stereotypical biker exactly. I thought about discussing the killing of people with weed-wackers, but I reconsidered,

thinking that he might actually have done something of that caliber.

We sat in silence for two hours. On occasion I would stand up, walk to the front of the cell, avoiding the large spots of chewing tobacco on the floor which my cell mate spat from his mouth, and look for my parents. Soon they arrived.

My father, in a jocular mood, proposed letting me stay there until the early morning. I gave him a look that transmitted the humorless quality which his statement had for me.

I was relieved to be out on the street breathing the less filthy air of the city compared to the foul odors of the jail cell. I was tired, hungry, and shaking with the thoughts that I could have been the unwilling rape victim of the man whom I was sharing a cell with. I can remember no other time I was so concerned for my life.

You may be laughing at my misfortune. However, remember my story the next time you are out with friends. If you are caught in any type of crime, even something as trivial as creating a movie with toy guns, you could be the writer of an article similar to this.