

Opinion & Review

A Summer of Nostalgia: Sand, Surf and Seagulls

By Tracy Dinh

The past fifteen years of my life have been regulated by the school calendar, that nine - month expanse of time, void of quite possibly the most deliriously tasty three months of all: June, July, and August.

If you are like me, everything in this tangent, chaotic reality can be separated into two major categories: summer and not summer.

Summer, by my own personal definition, is the gift of time. Three months of every year I pay homage to summertime. I trade in my datebook for the Sunday morning paper, my calculator for a remote control, and my academic - caused stress for a little peace of mind.

But for every action there is a reaction, and the penalty for all of this is the suppression of almost all knowledge acquired the previous year.

Slowly but surely, I bury it all underneath piles of beach sand, boardwalk pizza, live music, and those sweet, sticky lemonade days of summer.

And then, what is that feeling that comes upon me like the shadows of a immense, pregnant cloud? What is the tugging feeling at the back of my mind, like an itch with the persistence to drive me to insanity? I'll tell you now and admit it freely - it is the longing to be back in school.

As I am drowning in the sounds of sand, surf, and seagulls, after having spent the previous night entertaining friends and various other mind - stimulating companions, I am also catching myself slipping into a pool of nostalgia. Where else but in

class can you suddenly openly express your views on politics, religion, current issues, and philosophy without some strange, blank stare from your friends as they slowly reach for the "wierdo" button.

I'm tired of talking about El Nino with tourists; I'm tired of talking about tourists with the locals; and I am tired of talking in general.

I want to listen. I want to hear the rhythm, the beat of a progressive people dedicated to strengthening themselves with knowledge and the acquisition of powerful, useful skills. But most of all, I want to be a part of that.

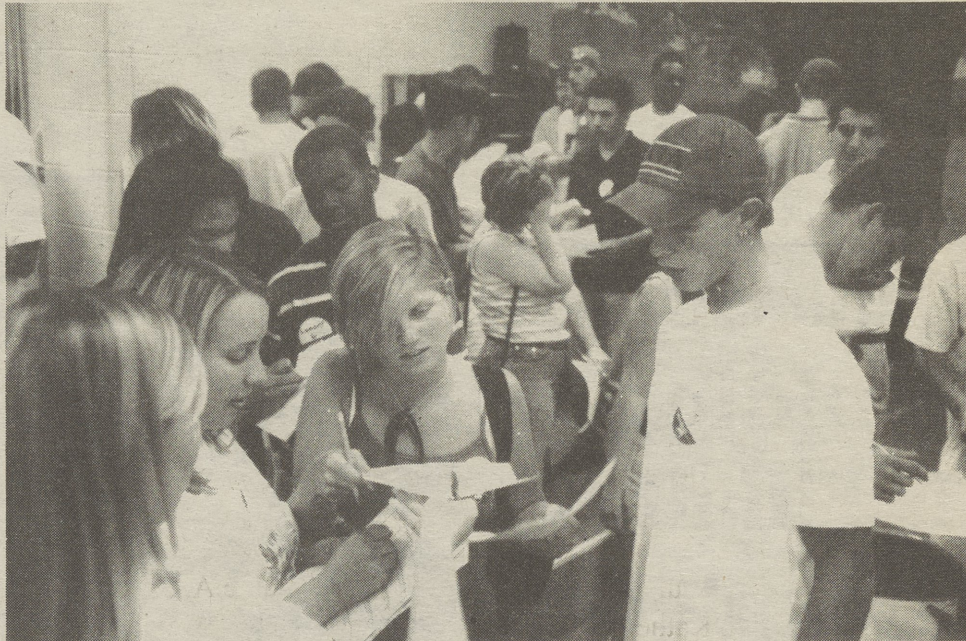
Don't get me wrong. I love summer with an unsurpassed passion. But I love it for what it is: 3 months of every year. The temptation is there to stretch summer into 365 1/4 pieces of heaven, but I know it'll snap back at me like some big, fat rubberband.

It is time to come back to reality, to replenish all those brain cells burnt out by the scorching rays of the sun.

So I invite all of you, fellow classmates of the past and classmates-to-be: join me in saying goodbye.

Let us all leave Summer with dignity. Let us not break into tears and infantile tantrums. Let us not grab onto her ankles, begging and pleading as she goes through the door. Let us gracefully shake her hand, promise to see her in nine months and finally say goodbye.

Only then can we collect our books, our pencils, parking permits, our school ID's, and lift our heads to the next venture beneath the skies.



Freshmen playing "human bingo" during one of five orientation I days held during the summer.

Editorial:

Freshman Education 101

By Rob Coyle

Summer is over. That's a very depressing thought for some, but others may have been looking forward to this day for weeks, even months now. But where ever in the vacation spectrum you fall, you are here now, so stop complaining and get ready to work your collective butts off for the next 15 weeks or so before El Nina comes through and dumps forty feet of snow over our vast campus.

Being this my third semester, coming back does not seem as big as a deal as it did my freshman year. But for some, this is their first taste of college life, and that can be a scary thing. This year we have freshmen coming from as close as Oxford, PA, one from a very auspicious area code of 90210, and as far away as the United Arab Emirates, which I believe is like a 45 hour plane trip (and you thought your commute was bad).

The key to a successful first year is to get involved in clubs and activities around campus. Not only do they get you involved in your college experience, but it is also a great way to meet other students and professors, and no one can have too many allies.

Another good way to meet people here at Delco is rather simple but often overlooked: stay on campus. Don't go home or to the mall between classes. Instead of eating that Double Whopper with cheese at Burger King, go eat in our cafeteria and actually sit with people you might not know from high school and talk. It works, really.

Another problem freshman may encounter is school work. The level of expectations are higher now, and so is the work involved. Everybody will need help at one point in your college career, and the sooner you learn to use all of the resources offered at PSU, the better off you will be. Join a study group in a class you are having trouble with, or meet your professor during their sometimes meager office hours and go over what you do not understand. Most professors really do care and want to know that somebody out there is actually listening to what they are saying in class.

College is only as hard as you make it. There is no reason why someone can't work hard and still have fun here at Delco. You just have to work at making that happen for yourself, no one is going to do it for you anymore. Good luck.



Freshmen discussing "The Real Meaning of Education" during summer orientation.

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