

# Opinion

An editorial

## Dangerous crossroads

Turning onto Route 352 from Yearsley Mill road is a battleground, yet we as Penn State Delco students come to the war unarmed.

Any student or faculty member who has had to endure entering or exiting the campus, is familiar with what a difficult and dangerous task getting in and out of school can be.

Route 352, or Middletown Road, is a heavily traveled road with a posted speed limit of 45 mph; a rule many drivers consider a suggestion and few are willing to follow.

Turning left onto Route 352 north from Yearsley Mill is nearly impossible. First, when drivers on 352 are whizzing by at 50-60 mph, it is difficult to get out and onto the opposite side of the road, especially when one has to deal with two lanes of oncoming traffic. Furthermore, there is that large blind spot from the right side of 352, so one cannot even see approaching vehicles.

During rush hour, forget about a swift exit; hold your breath and just be sure to say your prayers.

According to Penn State Delco security, there have been three accidents at this intersection since 2000, and two students had to be rushed to the hospital. No one can count the close calls. Still nothing has been done. How many more students will need to suffer injuries or panic before a change will occur?

The PSU business department says it has sent a proposal for a new entrance/exit, but that's contradicted by Middletown Township Coordinator Bruce Clark, who says that no deal has been finalized and that the Penn State Delco community shouldn't expect an intersection change anytime soon.

We shouldn't expect a change? Don't we deserve it? As students, we should be safe both in and out of the classroom. The intersection is an accident waiting to happen and it puts our lives, as well as other drivers crossing the Penn State Delco threshold, at risk.

Even if the campus does collect funding for the project, which, by the way, would come out of current students' pockets, PennDOT is usually tardy in starting any new construction.

We are paying for something that we'll never have the benefit of utilizing and can we even be sure that future students will?

Decisions are being delayed and excuses are all that are offered in response, at the cost of student safety. It is the school and the township's responsibility to ensure that we can come to and from school without having a hold our breath and pray.

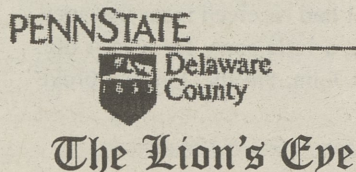
At this point, it seems that only the death of a student will produce any serious consideration of appropriate action.

It is ridiculous and abominable.

Give us a chance to fight the high-speed traffic on 352 that we have no choice but to face, or end the battle altogether. We give you our minds; we deserve to have our bodies protected.

### Lion's Eye Mission Statement

We are the newspaper of the Penn State Delaware County campus, serving the students, faculty, administration, staff of, and visitors to, our campus. We vow to entertain and inform all of our audiences, and we will strive to make each edition better, so that we remain a vital part of the Penn State Delco experience. We also strive to be professional, and follow the highest standards of good journalism.

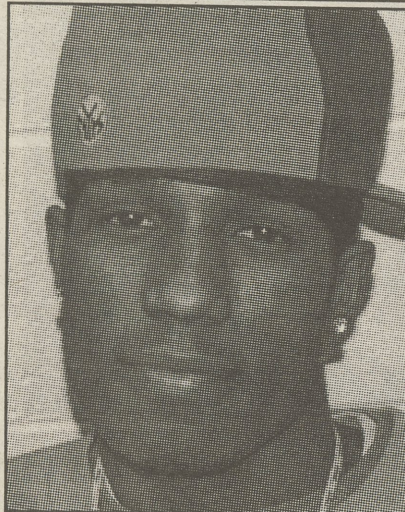


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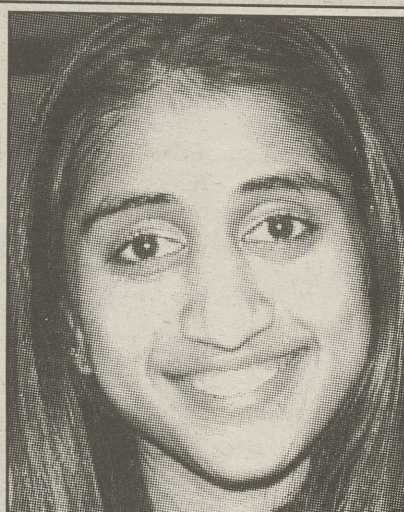
## People Poll

Staff writer Amanda Trombetti asked:  
**Do you think the intersection of Yearsley Mill and 352 is safe?**



"No, it is not safe, because cars are flying down the street."

**Jhontai Holmes**  
 Freshman DUS



"No, they need a light because it is hard pulling out."

**Manjari Ganti**  
 Sophomore Liberal Arts



"No, there is too much traffic, we need a light."

**Jackie Clark**  
 Freshman Secondary Education



"No, because you cannot see cars from the other side, and it's a small area."

**Shewayya Mola**  
 Freshman Pre-Med



"No, there's too much traffic there."

**Bill Stevens**  
 Freshman DUS



"Yes, I can see the cars coming out."

**Kerianne Lyon**  
 Freshman Nursing

## And they call this 'customer service?'

I have a problem with my laptop. I know what the problem is, but I would just like to know what can be done to fix it and how much it is going to cost, therefore I am forced to contact the people who are in charge of problems. So I, like every single other customer on a Monday night, call up one of the 30 Customer Service numbers.

I expected to be put on hold, and I really felt lucky when after only two automated messages equally spaced apart that I was actually able to speak to a human being. But there is always a catch. I have dialed the wrong department, how stupid of me! Ok, I will be transferred. No big deal. I am sure that nice man Dennis knows I have been waiting for only ten minutes and figures I should wait at least another ten more. I am sure he really cares. Ten minutes go by. A click, the music stops, could it be a person?

Our representatives are busy helping other customers. Please hold. Thank you for your patience.

Damn. Oh well, back to the nice, classy, elevator music. Another ten minutes go by. This time the automated voice tells me to visit the support website for faster and easier service, but please hold for assistance. Oh, and thanks for my patience.

Well, my patience is getting thinner with every passing ten minutes, and every automated message.

My phone clicks to tell me of a call on the other line,

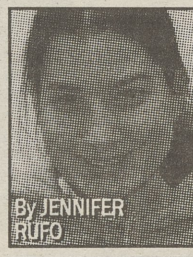
but I faithfully wait, knowing that if I click over, it would be just my luck to reach someone at the same moment.

Yet another ten minutes. The only clicking I hear now is the tick-tocking of my clock counting away the time I am wasting on the phone. After the fifth automated message I know it is going to be a long wait because the nice, classy, elevator music starts to skip. La la la. Nothing. La la la. Nothing. The automated voice still tells me someone will be there shortly, but I know it is now an eternity because the music has stopped altogether.

Don't those people know that the music was calming and soothing? Those bastards know their customers are waiting. Wait, I can't get too mad and hang up because God has a sense of humor.

He knows as soon as I hang up they will pick up the line I was waiting on. Ok, waiting.

Finally! Someone is on the phone! He has an Australian accent and asks me for my service number. I give it to him and he asks me again for my service number. What? He doesn't hear me! Thanks for calling, he says into so-called silence, *click!* After over an hour of waiting for someone to listen to me, I am able to get to a real person, but they can't hear me. God does have a sense of humor. Maybe I will try that Web site.



By **JENNIFER RUFO**

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