

Eye on Campus

The Grill and Chill: Dichotomy or Lunacy

Lion's Eye Featured Columnist:
Dr. Andrew "Hunter" Walter

Few people see the world through such a skewed view to totally appreciate the decadence and depravation present that day of the Grill and Chill Barbecue.

Between the hundreds of familiar faces ready to shake your hand at the drop of a hat, and ominous clouds brewing in the distance, the air certainly reeked of ill wind.

My arrival seemed to be well-timed as greetings and well-wishes shot through the air like bullets through a war-riddled sky. Among these familiar faces were long lost emissaries of Student Life leaving nothing but cheer and merriment in their wake. I thought to myself,

"What better time to fill the stomach?"

En route to the cafeteria I couldn't

help but notice the salivating aroma of grilled hamburgers and boiled hot dogs as the 80's and 90's rock performance permeated every square inch of the Common's Building stronghold.

This sensation was prolonged due to a seemingly endless line which immediately called for a heavy dosage of my preferred choice of diet soda. All that was needed now was a keen eye to keep track of the events about to unfold.

Like the weather, the change was subtle. It encompassed the better half of an hour. Sitting outside, nursing my beverage, I began to notice the sky.

The sun was swallowed up whole by the now treacherous atmosphere. Rain clouds covered the horizon as sheets of water began their descent from the heavens. Within an instant, people's cheerful smiles faded to bleak

smirks as a crack of thunder roared in a death knell to this evening's outside festivities.

Drenching wet, we all huddled together forming circles like emperor penguins on the South Pole.

I found myself in desperate need of more diet soda; so I left our twisted game of ring-around-the-rosy, returning only to find something different.

The number of welcoming faces had diminished. The weather had clearly gotten to them, as few close friends were left in good humor. At every turn I received penetrating glances of horror. I believed it best to retreat to the evening's main event. Student Life was showcasing the movie "Hitch," which was held in 103 Classroom.

The room held an eerie glimmer. The air-conditioning pierced my rain-soaked shirt like an arctic chill. There I found

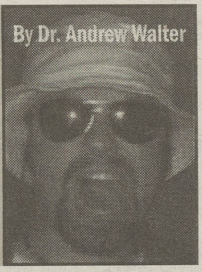
little shelter but rather solace.

My currently depraved temperament caused one of my Penn State brethren to shuffle a seat away bringing my attention to the screen. I must say the movie held my attention fairly well, but I was forced to leave early at the whim of a distressed text message.

In retrospect, I'd conclude that this was definitely an event worthy of the Penn State namesake. Despite the forecast of showers and thunderstorms, we definitely made the best of it.

All notions of insanity aside, it had all the components of a worthy Penn State event: Comradery, free food, and most importantly, Frisbee.

If you'd like to toss a frisbee or talk of the joys of diet soda, contact Andrew at aaw147@psu.edu.



By Dr. Andrew Walter

STUDENT

Imagine an amusement park with a music theme, a roller coaster, a country-western merry-go-round, and slow and soothing symphonic boat ride.

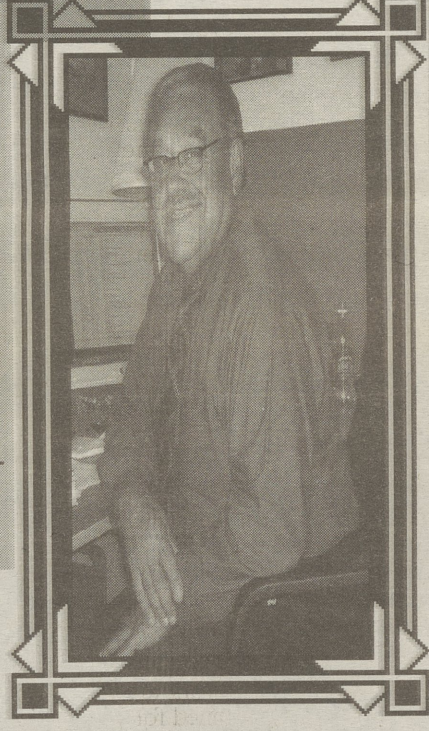
This is the dream of Andrea Anderson, a business management major here at Delco. Formerly an attendee of Upper Darby high school, located in the town of her upbringing, Andrea gladly embraces the collegiate environment here on campus. For her, the closeness of Delco along with the great teachers makes an amazing sensation of freedom in her life.

Currently, her idols are Puff Daddy and Donald Trump; great entrepreneurs in their own right. Perhaps in 10 years another Delco student will list Andrea as their personal idol in their quest to cut a slice out of the American economy. Who knows?



Andrea Anderson

Lion's Eye STUDENT & TEACHER PROFILE



Prof. Joe Biscontini

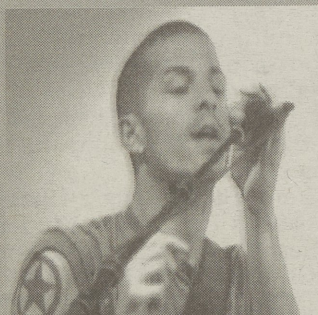
TEACHER

Professor Joe Biscontini can be marked immediately by his biting sense of humor, for example, "As a youngster, I would don my Davy Crockett coonskin cap, climb a tree with my trusty rifle, 'Betsy,' and pretend I was a college PR man," he said. "Shot a bear with a brochure once."

Representing the Philadelphia region for Penn State for 35 years, he now teaches journalism and media marketing, here on campus. Penn State's impact on him has always been a constant. Currently addicted to his iPod, free time is spent methodically collecting and editing a vast collection of music, current and classic (and perhaps some that should be forgotten?)

He also plays his guitar to imaginary groupies in his basement.

Through the Camera's Lens - The First Two Weeks of School



Chinua Starts School

1 Skinny Dork



Ian Signs Wall of Fame



Twister Anyone?



Stand Welcomes us Back

