

Freshman women should heed these words of wisdom

First year students will soon realize that they can lighten up a little.

Dear Ladies of the class of 2002: you seem to be getting along somewhat well at this university, but I assumed that some helpful advice would be an excellent way to help you cope with the first semester of your first year.

I suggest you take everything I say to heart, because I know firsthand about making mistakes as a freshman.

Dressy dressy!
You are so done up in your

black pants and silk tops, your skirts with the slits up the sides, your high heels and designer belts. Where are you going? A fraternity party? That's nice girls, but you've left no margin for error!

What are you going to wear

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when you *really* need to get dressed up, like a football game? A prom dress?

Don't get too attached to your formal attire; in two weeks you'll be staggering to class in your pajamas.

Candy corn is not fat-free and if

Party juice, the toxic sludge that comes from beer and foot-grime on the floors at many frat parties, is a bad, bad thing.

you eat too much of it you'll turn into a pumpkin. Spray butter isn't either.

It is only harmless if you manage to squirt a spritz from the bottle, and after that its dangerous tropical oils poison you with 60 grams of saturated fat.

Working out every day! How disciplined! This won't last either. You're all very motivated in waking up an hour before your first class starts, but soon you'll

tire of the Stairmaster and find yourself considering scaling one flight of steps a good form of exercise.

Freshmen and "fresh meat" become synonymous phrases. Understand that upperclassmen are attracted to your vulnerability, unfamiliarity and youth.

Don't stay at a frat party after 2 a.m. if you just like the idea of talking to the brothers, or you may find yourself in a room with a blacklight and a velvet bedspread.

Party juice, the toxic sludge that comes from beer and foot-grime on the floors at many frat parties, is a bad, bad thing. Don't, under any circumstances, let it touch your skin.

Please, for everyone else's sake, don't order elaborate meals from

the Benson University Center grill and then fail to pay attention while waiting in line.

Ordering a cheddar cheese pattymelt, fries with no salt and a chicken Philly without onions, and then turning to your neighbor to chat and not looking up when the man behind the counter barks, "Cheese?!" only infuriates the spatula-holders.

If you make them mad, you botch all the orders of the people behind you.

It rains once a week at the university Forest. Bring your galoshes.

Your studiousness is astounding but your "lights out at midnight" rule will soon be pushed back to two or three in the morn.

Going out on weeknights is not

sacrilegious, and pushing your schoolbooks aside to have a little fun will soon become acceptable.

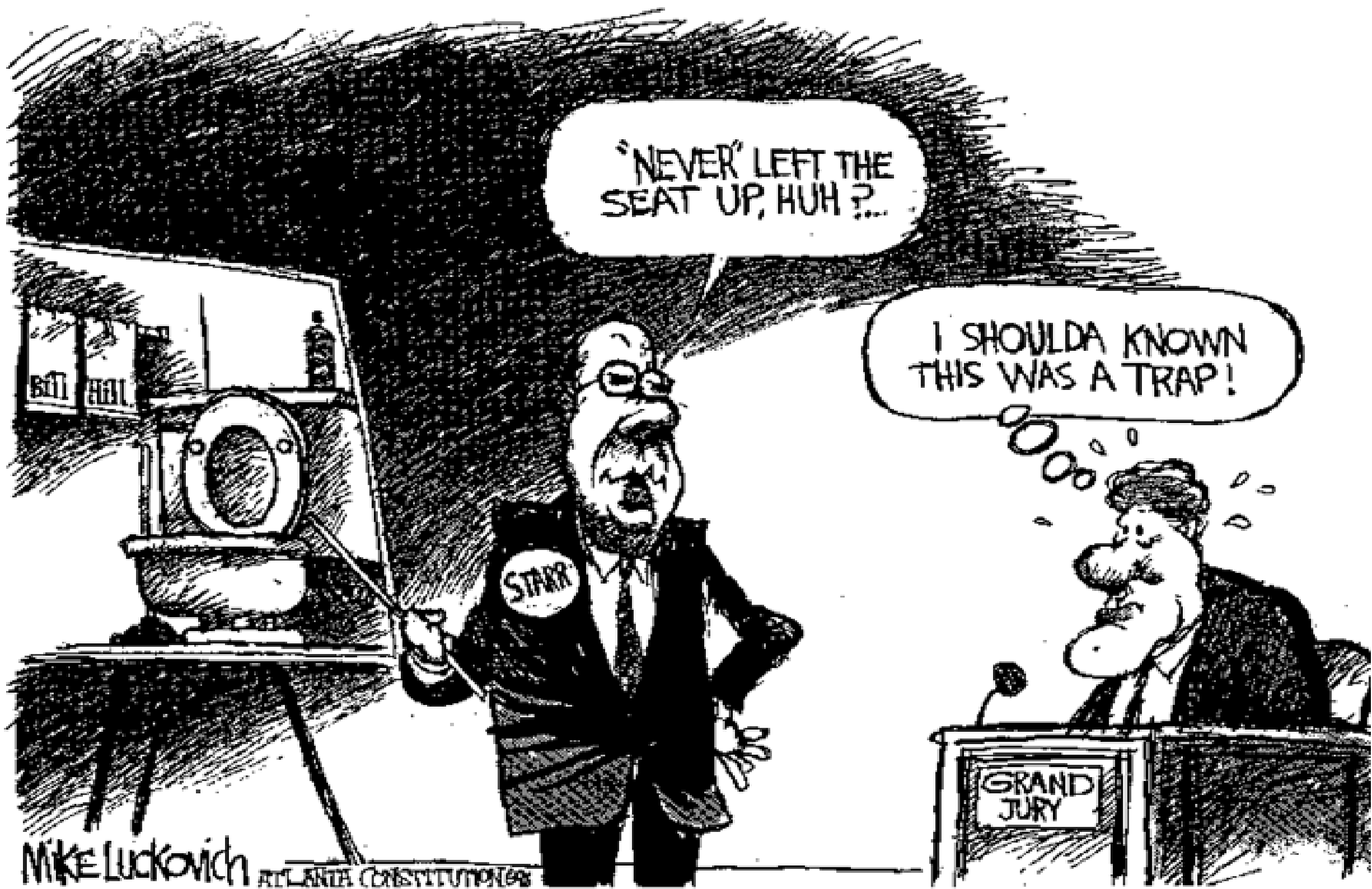
This isn't a large campus, so if you get a little crazy on the weekend and end up vomiting in a flowerpot, people will remember your face.

The same thing goes for obscene dancing, falling down the stairs and spilling beer at parties.

By all means, have fun, but be careful not to give yourself bad press.

Most importantly, it's acceptable if you make a bad decision. We made plenty of the wrong choices too when we were freshman, and we are survivors.

If you screw up, shake it off. You've got three more years to make amends.



Clinton fails our generation

The president lacks the moral backbone that college students admire.

Some issues just won't die quietly. This one, President Bill Clinton's failure to apologize abjectly enough for his affair with Monica Lewinsky, is still twitching long after it should have been laid to rest. It came

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Those six years have yielded a frustrating blend of powerful, significant initiatives tainted by an endless parade of embarrassing revelations.

Without a Kennedy or Roosevelt to inspire their idealism, today's college students have grown up accustomed to seeing their leader tarnished by his many personal failings and politically motivated scrutiny.

Tragically, in this age without political heroes, when the president stands before the nation and relies on the moral authority of his office to back his word, the few people that believe him are dismissed as desperately naive.

Like Kennedy before him, Clinton appealed to the newest generation of voters — for many, his was the first ballot box they would ever mark.

He catered to this group in his

campaigns, promising legislation and appropriations that mattered to young people. They responded and — by and large — he delivered.

But Clinton has failed to lead a White House life that would ensure his legislative success would not be overcast by the clouds of personal scandal.

Ideally, these scandals would have remained personal — but Clinton's insistence on denying an affair that turned out to be provable has left his credibility badly bruised.

The damage lent ammunition to his foes. It is regrettable that when the leader of the free world orders missile strikes against terrorist operations, the first question asked is whether he did it to divert attention from his sex life.

Clinton's interest in satisfying the ideals of his supporters may remain genuine, but he can no longer implement important policy as effectively and, in this sense, he has failed.

College students continue to back Clinton because he is the leader most in tune with their beliefs, but with profound regret they realize that a day spent testifying before Starr's grand jury is one that cannot be spent making those ideals reality.

This column was written by the staff of The Chronicle, the student newspaper of Duke University.

Too much partying in college can have negative effects

An overindulgence in alcohol can lead to devastating effects.

School is once again in session. Students will have to get used to early morning classes and late nights studying. It is time once more for 30 hour cram sessions, living on nothing but coffee and a cup of noodles.

Classes will inevitably stress many students,

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and is there any better way to relieve stress than to party all weekend long? Partying can help you to forget all your troubles. Come to think of it, partying can help you to forget just about everything, including your name.

New students living on campus, particularly in the larger dorms, will soon learn what the downside to partying is. The results of too much alcohol will present themselves in varying forms. Whether these take the shape of a screaming riot running past your door at three in the morning, or the ever lovely walking into the bathroom to find somebody perched over the toilet playing "guess what I had for dinner?," drinking will make its presence known. Welcome to college and the somewhat real world.

Whether a person drinks or not is that individual's choice, and no one else can make that choice for them. Friends, or so called

friends, may try to exert some influence regarding these matters, but it is up to the individual to make the final choice. There have been stories circulated of people dying due to alcohol poisoning on college campuses around the country, most likely because they did not know their limits. Each time, the story says something to the effect that the individual was pressured into drinking and the group the person was with, fraternities or campus policy were to blame. These types of charges make little to no sense. If a person drinks to the point of death, they are one of two things: stupid or weak-willed. It is a tragedy to see anyone die, but the blame should lie solely on the individual. It is entirely too often that society looks for somewhere else to put the blame.

Many colleges and national Greek organizations around the country have been taking action to prevent death and injury due to drinking.

It seems the only solution these associations have come up with is announcing that certain colleges will be "drying up" or banning alcohol on campus. Unfortunately, the response most popular with the students is getting drunk and causing problems on campus. This is probably not the best way to demonstrate the ability of the students to drink responsibly, but it does demonstrate the difficulty there will be in carrying out such a proposal.

No one is obligated to drink to the point of blackout because other people may do the same. This reaches back to the age old question, if everyone else jumped off a bridge, would you? It looks very bad when our future leaders spend the early days of their campaign using the local toilet.

This column was written by the editorial board of The Pacifican, the student newspaper of the University of the Pacific.