



On the verge of greater things

Julia Halpin



Media doesn't have collaboration anymore

Branden Labarowski

COLUMNS



Being on Welfare doesn't make you a person lazy

Janica Kaneshiro | Editor-in-Chief

I'm sick of hearing people say that Welfare is a program for America's laziest scumbag.

For some reason, when people picture welfare, they tend to picture President Obama ladling wads of money into the pockets of people living easy lives in their La-Z-Boy recliners. I'm not sure that people realize that usually welfare is a system of food stamps and minimalism that can possibly buy you six cans of peaches, four ounces of black eyed peas and, if you prove needy enough, perhaps even a quarter of next month's heating bill. Not exactly living the high-life.

Now, I'm not going to pretend that there aren't people who cheat the system. But the vast majority of the people on welfare desperately need it. Whether it's because they were born into a cycle of poverty they can't break, or they've had a hard time and can't seem to catch a break, it's a lifestyle that the people gutsy enough to proclaim that welfare is an outdated system couldn't begin to imagine. I, myself, couldn't grasp the idea of what welfare even was before I met somebody trying to live off of it.

A girl I started working with is, well, admittedly, pretty weird. She initially had problems fitting in with the other servers at good ol' TGIFridays, and she said a lot of bizarre things that I had trouble making sense of. How she handled being stiffed by a table, though, made me understand her a little better. \$125 dollar check, and she made a measly eight dollars. As she watched them walk out the door, she said, "Guess I'll have spread the loaf of bread to my name a little thinner." I had no idea what she meant by that, but by inquiring, I found out that though she had a job as a server, and at 25 years old, she was on welfare.

At first I thought, c'mon, a pretty mid-twenties girl can't have it so bad she needs free food from the government, right? But as she explained that was working to get her father through chemotherapy, my judgments dropped away. On top of that, her father's primary caretaker, her older brother, recently passed away, and she had to sell her car to continue her father's chemo treatments. Well, wouldn't luck have it that her father passed away shortly after. Now, it's just her. One 25 year old, able-bodied girl who can't seem to catch a break with some government money and a loaf of bread to her name. I know people around here will just say I'm a democrat trying to promote socialism and spread money from the pockets that earned it to the pockets of the lazy who stand and do nothing. But before making that judgment, I'd like for those people to consider all the people they know on welfare, and then consider to what degree laziness is measured. For me, I'm not an idiot, I know people cheat the system, but I'd rather three guilty men go free than let one innocent suffer in a sense. I know an innocent, and if I have to let three cheaters pocket my money so that other people like her can get a chance at a better future, by golly, I'll take it.



Relationships are a nice yet mysterious business

Thom Carter | Staff Writer

I've never been particularly adept when conversing with the opposite sex. My efforts are sparse and naïve, holding the notion that skewed humor and useless knowledge sparks playful dialogue. In actuality, I don't think the approach has attracted any actual females—only weirdly intrigued them. They take more to me being a kid who usually remains stoic in the background, chiming in whenever he catches wisps of conversation that remotely interests him. The chimes are ill-advised.

I'm not one to preach about forming relationships and the events that unfold shortly thereafter. They infuriate me to excruciatingly high levels, oozing glitzy, superficial sap that most of us find ourselves regretfully washing off our hands at one time or another. That has been the case in nearly every instance for me. On my fingertips, the stuff tends to congeal before it really has set any foundation, steadfastly cracking away as a result.

But love isn't of the same resin. I learnt that on March 12 in the ungodly hours of the morning watching F.W. Murnau's "Sunrise" on the family laptop. A sweeping silent of lyrical quality, the film has more to say about the fleeting emotion than any other movie made after. Watch it if you can get your hands on a copy. It's a sad fact that I don't own a family cottage in a sleepy rural hamlet like the couple in "Sunrise," but I have aspirations. Romance is abundant in such a location and church bells ring with clarity. But that era passed long ago. Mr. Darcy and Ms. Bennet will forever remain fictitious no matter how hard I or anyone else tries.

And I do try hard. No, I'm not saving for that quaint home in the foothills of Northumberland, but I'm allowed to dream. "Trying" closely pertains to my perpetual social critiques of the student body that I constantly find myself drowning in. That's not a cry for help. I'm up to my neck in irritability spurred from unintelligible chatter that any normal, well regarded young man would find adorable—not soaked in ignorance that provokes my mental gag reflex.

Therefore, you would think that the relationships where I do find myself involved would be reminiscent of epic love stories that nestle their way into our waning hearts. That's never the case. I have the same lack of understanding every adolescent suffers from. We think we know what we want, but in actuality we don't, at least not now. All the whimsy that I reiterate in doomed conversation and pieces such as this never goes far enough to truly unearth what my feeble mind- edness never has the audacity to solve.

WHAT YOU THINK

compiled by Katherine Hansen

What factors help determine your political identity?

"The main things I look for when I'm thinking about a political affiliation are more social issues since I don't really have to pay taxes or anything like that so I have the benefit of looking more at where a political candidate stands on the social issues and that's the main thing for me. Economics obviously are important but not as big as social issues."



John Quinn, sophomore

"I'd have to say my family; I guess I follow the views of what my family and my parents think most of the time."



Margo Walton, sophomore

"I don't really follow anything personally so I'd probably just go with my parents, I just go with what they say."



Collin Nissen, junior

"I watch a lot of 'Colbert Report,' so I don't identify myself with a party politically. In terms of where I get my views from it's probably the media, because I don't really talk politics to my family or friends."



Nate Webb, senior

"I would say my parents affect [my political identity] because what they believe, I kind of live with so I would follow in their footsteps, and also friends because it's kind of like a bandwagon."



Rachel Siegrist, freshman

"I'm probably most influenced by my family and my parents because I know that my judgment will probably be skewed a little bit by what their belief is, but I do trust their judgment. They seem to choose the right, moral thing and in a candidate that's probably what I would value."



Abigail Snarr, junior