

## Editorial: Daly's In Sheep's Clothing

Packages are often deceiving. They are designed to catch the eye, they conceal the product, and often they dupe people into actually believing in the glittery wrapping, at least for a while.

Right now there is a brand new, mammoth, shimmering package standing right in the heart of our campus and it calls itself Daly's. Apparently it also calls itself the Bronc Diner, but that will be addressed in due time.

For those who don't remember, last year Daly's was an outdated shadow of its current self that inefficiently served food, the quality of which led to the formation of legends, such as Daly's Revenge, rivaling that of Montezuma, not to mention multitudinous cases of dysentery.

This year, Daly's has undergone a facelift and a complete organ transplant for that matter. The food is served more efficiently in a larger space, but sadly, dysentery is still a main ingredient and occasionally some entrees can easily be confused with lumps of dog-food. Some things are safe, but heaven help you if you should stray and decide to be daring. It's the same old Daly's, only dressed better.

The point is that millions have been spent over the summer on improving the appearance of and repairing various areas around campus. Daly's, the old C-Store, and the front of Moore Library are the most prominent examples, but was it worth it?

The small improvements such as various landscaping elements don't make a dramatic difference. Let's face it, our campus really isn't pretty. The buildings are, for the most part, drab and unremarkable structures. No amount of shrubbery is going to change that.

If the school wanted to spend some money on campus improvements, they should have begun working from the inside out. A few more dollars could have been thrown at the quality of Daly's food rather than the tables we eat it from.

As a little icing on the cake, the utter ridiculousness of the '50's style Bronc Diner boggles the mind. The purpose of the old C-Store was to quickly serve a variety of food to students at late hours. The Bronc Diner seems to be designed to serve a menu of high-priced food that is a fraction of the old C-Store menu, and not the best fraction. But this can be said, they do serve it extremely slowly.

The new Daly's does look pleasant to the eye as do the other new additions to the campus, but to what avail? True, it might fool prospective students into believing that the campus is hospitable enough to live in, but wouldn't it be better if it actually was? One thing is certain, the school attempted to improve things and they failed, miserably.

*This weekly editorial expresses the majority opinion of The Rider News editorial board and is written by the Opinion section editor.*

### QUOTE OF THE WEEK

**"For certain is death for the born  
And certain is birth for the dead;  
Therefore over the inevitable  
Thou shouldst not grieve."**

—Bhagavad Gita, Chapter 2

### THIS WEEK IN HISTORY ...

#### SEPT. 17, 1897

On this date *The New York Sun* published the now famous editorial entitled, "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus." The article has since become a Christmas tradition.

#### SEPT. 21, 1866

Novelist H.G. Wells was born on this day in Bromely, England. Wells' works include *War of the Worlds*, *The Invisible Man*, and *The Time Machine* which was recently adapted for the big screen for the second time.

#### SEPT. 23, 1642

The first American college commencement took place on this day at Harvard College.



## Innuendos: College Is 'Me' Time

A problem that many college students face when they take that big step into adulthood is the possibility of having to leave a significant other behind. The relationship is then put through the ultimate endurance test. I sometimes think: what's the point of a long distance relationship?

Many of us have gone through this. The relationship which flourished during the carefree days of summer is now limited to the weekends and odd days here and there during the week. Most of the contact between you and your significant other is done over the phone or the Internet. This is hardly a way to stay together.

I am not one to discourage love, but how many times are our old high school sweethearts or summertime flings our true love? I am not saying it's impossible, but from what I have experienced in my own relationships and seen in friends' relationships, the high school flame doesn't stand the test of time.

I feel college is for maturing, learning, experiencing life and having fun. Being tied down to someone who is miles away is no way to have fun. I know that in the past I

have put my social life on hold to sit in my dorm room and wait for the phone to ring. I'm sure I am not the only one who has done this. I realized that this is my time. It only lasts four short years, and I was going to make the most of it. I suggest you do too.

There will be plenty of time for the *we* factor in your life, college is the time to nourish the *me* factor. So tell your boyfriend or girlfriend that you want to see other people, or just get rid of them altogether. Believe me, it *is* as easy as it looks on television.

On the other hand, if you feel the person you are with now is *the one*, then be prepared for a long haul. It is always important to remember that when you are away at college you come first. If you do decide to stay with your significant other, don't be afraid to let your voicemail do the talking while you do the walking to fraternity row.



Tim  
Green

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## Growing Pains: As Bad As It Gets

My senior prom weekend was probably one of the worst weekends of my life. Not only did I cause \$9000 worth of damage to my car when I slammed it into a cement median on the highway, but a good friend of mine decided to hang himself in his garage. His name was Ian.

I spent most of that Friday and Saturday in bed sleeping and refusing to eat because I had nearly killed myself and three of my friends on our way to the shore. Saturday afternoon a friend of mine calls me up and tells me that she heard through some of her friends that Ian had killed himself. A few phone calls later it was confirmed, and my mother drove me over to his house. There were a lot of Ian's friends and family were in mourning.

There was a note on the door that said "Come right in," so I slowly creaked it open to see if anyone was on the other side. The house was PACKED. I found most of my friends from school sitting in the living room in silence. I wandered up the stairs to say a few words to Ian's mother and father. They were in his room, looking at pictures and trying to contain themselves.

Over his bed there was a giant Pharos sign that he had taken after the store had closed due to bankruptcy. He and I worked there together for about six months. I made a pathetic amount an hour but refused to quit because working with Ian was so much fun. He was smart, hysterically funny and adorable.

I had first met Ian my sophomore year in high school while we sat in the back of math class together making fun of the teacher. He drooled over guitar magazines like they were porn, and I was

always teasing him about it.

The entire school was nearly shut down the following Monday because of the funeral. Most of the staff knew Ian very well because he was so involved.

My class had about 500 kids in it, and over half of them went to the funeral. The school provided buses as transportation to the ceremony from the school for anyone who wanted to go. So take the staff, a good amount of the student body, all of Ian's friends outside school, co-workers and family and you have a ton of people crammed into a small room with not nearly enough chairs.

My point here is not to gain sympathy because I lost a friend, but to say that no one can ever understand the magnitude of his or her existence. Ian may have thought his death would not be significant, but I still think about it a few times a day. Dealing with it wasn't easy. It was so unexpected because Ian hid his pain very well. Most people walked away from the funeral completely baffled. It is said that the only thing constant in life is change. If that's true then it can never stay as bad as it gets.



Nancy Wilensky

## The Way It Is: Slacking Off And Copping Out

You know, sometimes I wonder why *The Rider News* comes out on Fridays. I mean after 72 years, hasn't it learned that weekends here start Thursdays? Surely the sight of cars getting loaded up Friday mornings and the vacant dorms and classrooms is a tip-off. Jeez, talk about not knowing your readers!

Hold on, (as one of the editors whispers in my ear) oh okay, I stand corrected. The weekend actually starts the minute you've all picked up that week's copy of *The News*. Well, be that as it may, in my opinion it's an out-and-out disgrace that so many so-called students can't or won't show up for class on Fridays.

What was that? Oh, you don't agree. Well, do me a favor, as you read this, scan the room you're in. Notice anything different? No? Well maybe you can't because you're too hung over

from last night and never got out of bed, or maybe you decided that Rider had some insufferable plague that forced you to flee at the crack of dawn and skip class for the umpteenth time.

The problem with far too many college students these days is that they have no deep sense of commitment. Maybe if they had to live in the real world and work 40 hours a week instead of trying to score or find out where the next party is going to be they'd get it.

If you've made the decision to come to college then you need to take it seriously. Sitting through class on Friday shouldn't be mission impossible. In all honesty, why bother with school if you're going to barely slide your way through it and just get by?

How impressive do you honestly think you'll be when you go out into the workforce and are asked to demonstrate all that you learned here and all

you can do is tell the difference between fake and real breasts, or why cold pizza and warm beer will get you over a hang-over?

Think about it people, get serious. This is your future you're throwing away. If you can't sit through a couple of measly Friday classes then that really says a lot about you.

Another thing; what's the deal with this constantly getting up in the middle of class to go to the bathroom at precisely the same time each day? I mean come on, five minutes is one thing, but 10 or 15? There is either something seriously wrong with your bladder, or something is up.

Wait a minute, could it be that that these people are superheroes, and their sixth sense has told them that there's danger and they have to leave the room just long enough to save the world? Yeah, right. It's disgusting to see

this going on, and the expressions on professor's faces are priceless. Sometimes it looks as if they are about to throw the podium at students for showing up a half-hour later and having so blatantly disrespected them as well as the other students.

Just remember, if you actually bother to show up at class, try to sit there for the whole hour. I know it may be hard for you, but after all, life is full of sacrifices.

All right, well that's it for this week, you can all go back to sleep.

## Faculty Column: Tips From Turner

The university experience offers mental, emotional, and even physical challenges, yet much is to be gained. One such value is the first real opportunities for networking.

Most people are aware that networking refers to building a system of communication that benefits many of those involved. But many individuals go through much of their lives failing to identify, develop, or benefit from networking. It is, therefore, important for the Rider University student to actively become part of the fairly vast and ever-growing Rider network.

Here, then, I wish to suggest several points that we might all consider as positive assets of networking. But I would request that undergraduate students pay particular attention to these tenets.

First, networking is invaluable. I cannot begin to count the Rider students that I know of who have benefited from those who have gone before. For choice of internships and professional employment, informed students have made valuable contacts that often last a lifetime.

Second, networking may be work. Just knowing someone, or being aware of the office number of a faculty member serves little purpose. Networks must be set up and maintained. Like all things valuable, they work best when planned and developed, not when left to chance. It troubles me when I learn of a student, or a former student, who has not kept in contact with peers and old professors. Countless opportunities for employment, enjoyment, and service are lost because of an unreturned letter, phone message, or E-mail.

Third, networking is most beneficial when it is mutual. The goals and the results may not always be the same for all of those involved, but networks wear thin and dissipate when not nurtured by regular contact and discussion.

Fourth, networking is dynamic. People change places, professions, and pastimes. New opportunities to add people, concerns, and information sources to one's networks are continual. This must be recognized and adjusted for the use of those involved.

Fifth, and last, networking is lifelong. I recently had lunch with a Rider grad of 1981. In the course of the luncheon, I offered him a source for investment discussions, and he suggested two potential internship possibilities. All this over a sumptuous Aramark meal. Such relationships can be productive professionally while being personally enjoyable.

So I endorse the determined and continual seeking of mutually beneficial networking to all. But for the Rider student, start or continue developing those communication lines.

Dr. Frederick Turner  
Communication Professor  
Rider University



Roger Alvarado