

## Go abroad, young man It leads to a true liberal arts education

By Susan Beale

Hi. Do you know me? If you're not a junior or a senior, you can most likely answer "no" to that question. I am one of the many students who studied abroad last year and now I'm back for my — GULP — last year at Davidson.

I'm not writing this article to justify studying abroad or convince you that my decision was correct, but rather to share a few of my interesting experiences and how I can relate these experiences to my life at Davidson.

If you're thinking about studying in a foreign country, but are afraid that your language skills aren't strong enough... never fear, you'll survive. You'll face many challenges, but in the end you'll realize how rewarding they were.

My first day in the Frankfurt airport in Germany, I proved my fluency (ha, ha) in one of the first simple sentences that I uttered. All the students from the Davidson group decided that upon landing, we would speak nothing but German. It was a very hot day, and I proudly proclaimed loud and often what I thought to mean "I'm really hot."

Unfortunately, what I was really saying was, "I'm really horny!" No wonder I received some strange reactions from the Germans that day.

About one month later, I was becoming more confident with my abilities and was actually venturing conversations with German students. One conversation seems to come to mind: I was speaking with a girl I had just met about the differences in German and American food. Not knowing the word for "preservatives," I hoped I could directly translate the word using a German accent. WRONG!!!! The word "preservative" is actually slang for condom.

So basically, I told this girl I barely knew that American food had more condoms in it than German food. Great first impression! Anyway, I survived such embarrassments, and later could speak quite well without completely destroying the German language.

Not only did I master a foreign language, I learned many things that I could never have learned from a textbook. I lived in an international dorm and therefore had friends from almost every major country in Europe. Our conversations were absolutely fascinating. What other time in my life will I ever have the opportunity to be with so many different types of people?!!?

What I learned last year was not necessarily theoretical and philosophical, but what I saw and experienced will enhance and enrich my life long after I've forgotten what I learned from my books. Don't get me wrong.

I'm not criticizing Davidson or a liberal arts education; but I will say that studying abroad for a semester or a year will broaden your horizons and make you so much more aware of places other than America. As Americans, we tend to isolate ourselves and believe people from other countries

are strange and inferior. Those who study abroad usually realize this mentality is very dangerous and ignorant.

Davidson is a wonderful school where we can learn and grow: the faculty is supportive and completely capable of guiding us further into the world of knowledge and learning.

I feel, however, that there is a problem at Davidson. If people feel the need to disagree with the "norm," usually the pressure is great enough that many will bite their tongues and keep quiet. I must admit, though, I have noticed a positive shift in attitude on the campus since I was a freshman, and have sensed that people seem less intimidated to address the important and pressing issues on campus.

We do, however, have a long way to go. Last year I learned the importance of accepting many different types of people, and realized that there actually is a functioning world outside of Davidson.

We should try to avoid insulating and isolating ourselves and say what we truly believe is correct (even if our peers disagree).

Hey, is anybody still awake out there? Just one last note: if you do decide to stay here the entire four years, just be careful that you don't get so bogged down that you start resenting Davidson. Make the most out of your time and get involved and really contribute something for the improvement of the campus.

Believe me, the students can make a difference. But if you do have the opportunity to study abroad, seize it! My typical stressful existence at Davidson (which I believe many of you can at least partially identify with) usually includes several of the following: an annoying alarm which seems always to wake me up too early, an early morning jolt of caffeine, classes, a visit to the library and for the highlight of an evening... an occasional fraternity party or a movie.

In Germany, however, my life was so much different. I had the time to travel and be completely aware of my surroundings. Every day I witnessed something new and exciting, and I felt for the first time that I really lived.

I'm not saying that if you stay at Davidson for all four years that your life will be incomplete, but I will say that you should at least consider this as a viable option. I think some students believe that people go abroad because they don't like studying here.

At least in my case, that's not true. In fact, while I was away, I compared Davidson to my German university and now I'm actually more aware of Davidson's wonderful qualities that I actually missed last year.

Anyway, I had a wonderful time, but I must admit, it's great to be back and see my friends and spend my last year of college at Davidson. Oh yeah, if you meet me on campus and think my face doesn't look familiar, I'm a senior, not a freshman.

## Semester in Exile

# Rude Notes & Random Scriblings

"53 of the freshmen were valedictorians of their high school class; 50% scored between 1200 and 1300 on the SAT; the average high school class rank was in the top 5-10%."

That is a description of the freshmen class, the class of 1997, the bearers of this once illustrious college's future, and it sounds to me like they are all a bunch of dorks.

But wait, before I go on about this stuff I want to address specifically the observations of some anonymous authority types that feel the need to slam *The Davidsonian* in their classes.

Listen, we don't go around spreading nasty little tales and telling our classes that our writers write as if they are in junior high school. We don't say that our teachers teach with no tact and pass judgement and insult us behind our backs. We don't specifically target people and insult them in front of their peers. That just isn't the way we work. Well, some

times we do, like just now.

Anyway, back to the dorks, I mean freshmen. Have any of you seniors noticed that when you go to the Pub it's just not as crowded as it should be. Used to be you couldn't move around on Monday nights. The smoke filled the bar to the point that you couldn't see the



Chris Frampton

other side of the room.

But now, it's just us. Sure there are a few token freshmen hanging around the pool tables and getting an early start on rush. But it's not like the old days.

Hell, even the cops notice it. I was talking to Officer Laney on Wednesday night and he even thinks the place is getting a little lame. He remembers the days when people used to actually get drunk

on Wednesday night. Now it's just, "I'm going to go and have a few beers and then hit the sack." Thing is, now when people say that they mean it. It's not a lie.

Now, listen, I'm not encouraging full blown alcoholism. I'm only encouraging a healthy dose of binge drinking. Seriously, folks. Get off your butts and hit Dover's for a twelve of the Beast. I'm sick of this studying bullcocky. Go out and get yourself a chick or a boy and win on to them. Besides, this is about the best study break there is.

Now, I realize people may think my style is a little flippant and that it doesn't make for a good example. But I have always been a perfect student at Davidson. My sub-zero GPA will attest that. I'm sorry if you think I am irreverent, but I think you are a stupid-head, so we're even.

I think that the article is about

See **Rude** on page 10

## Do you really want to live with all of this?

By Rafael Candelario & Travis Hinson

Upon returning to campus this semester, a few members of the Black Student Coalition went down to the house to find that it had been used all summer and was filthy.

Nothing has been done about this incident. A week later, a window was shattered by a bottle thrown at close range. Whuz up!?

R: Yo whuz up Rock! It's nice to be Black again, oh, I mean back again. I can finally see the white, oops, I mean the light at the end of the tunnel. I just hope that we don't receive any negative energy along the journey.

T: Yo Rafrod, the light at the end of my tunnel gets very dim at times. Just when I finally start to feel good about Davidson, something like this always happens to remind me that Mr. Charlie doesn't want me here. As Charles Thomas Brooks III would say, "Another day in paradise!"

(Mr. Charlie = the man, old whitey, i.e., the establishment that has continuously held the Black man, and all other minorities down.)  
*Candelario & Hinson Black Slang Dictionary 1993.*

R: Yeah, I know the deal G! My nigga, let's start reeducatin'

%(&\*^% (#@)!%@. "We" know that people should be open minded and considerate, but some of these richies ain't got no common sense. For example, the word "nigger." How many people have even bothered to look it up in the dictionary. It is not in the first edition of Noah Webster's Dictionary.

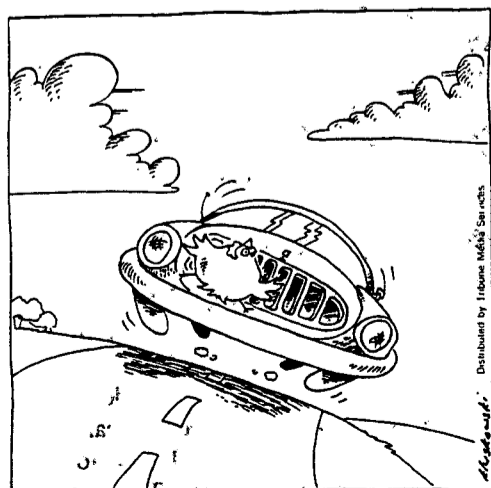
And it is amazing how many times the meaning has changed due to societal beliefs and practices. Now, it essentially means all the poor and disadvantaged people. (My nigga: homey, homeboy, friend.) *Candelario & Hinson Black Slang Dictionary 1993.*

T: O.K.! Enough of this nigga

business. Lets take care of some real business. Yo Rafrod, Isn't it time to make that "Booty Call?!" (*Booty Call*: A call usually made in the late evening hours to someone of the opposite sex, for "the" obvious reason.) *Candelario & Hinson Black Slang Dictionary 1993.*

Seriously, what we write is aimed at evoking a response from students. The opinions we share are the right ones, but if you are close minded, do not be afraid to communicate with us through writing or verbally. Dialogue is the key to understanding. Stay Black! Peace.

**YEAH BOB** by Darryl Kluskowski



GRILLED CHICKEN.