

What the hell?

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By Michael Johnpoll

What is wrong with everyone? I might only have my singular point of view to go off, but I think I'm on the right path when I ask, "How we can let this go?"

Friends and family, those I met and those I have yet to meet at Stetson, we spend all our time being placated by football and beer and celebrities (and I'm not talking about those off-campus) that we miss the larger problems. We ignore the big picture for what we can see three feet in front of us on television and online. I want to be able to see the trees, but I also want to see the forest once in a while.

At Stetson, we can be punished by our Judicial process on supposition alone. We pay a \$100 fee to graduate, regardless of our intent to walk at Commencement. Tuition and housing costs go up every year totaling in the thousands of dollars. We fell in ranking to Rollins of all places!

Rollins!

To all you zombies, you fame-obsessed masses: Boo-hoo.

We have bigger fish to fry, worse tyrants to overthrow and evil to expunge from the surface of the Earth before we sit down with a beer and A&E's newest gossip rag.

And yes, I'm standing on my soapbox, hoping beyond hope that someone picks up the reins; that someone finds their own box; that someone will want to be treated fairly like I want.

There is a difference between happiness and submissiveness. We, as a national identity and as a matter of school spirit, are submissive.

Our university should rise back up in the rankings, should not treat its Senior class like the second-class, should get back on track and be the university they insisted they were when I came for my first visit four years ago.

I want to take pride when I go out and say, "I graduated from Stetson University."