

Welcome Back To FSU

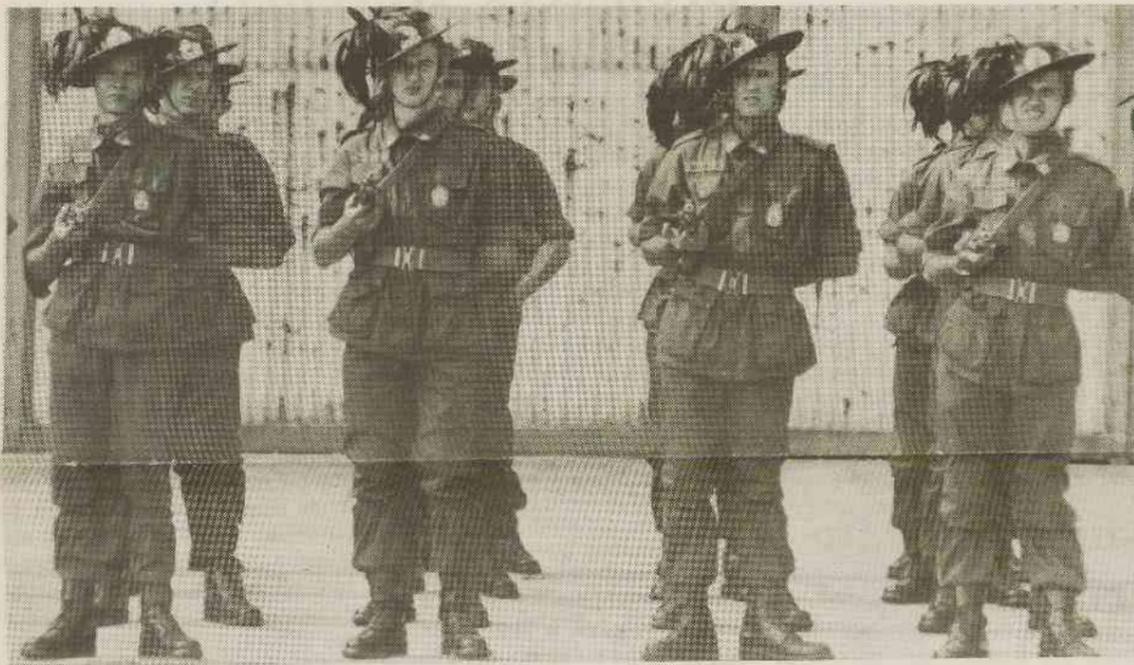


The Broncos' Voice



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Kappa Delta Pi Inducts New Members

by Shaye Wilmers

Omicron Beta Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi, an international honor society in education, held its fall induction ceremonies November 18, 1988. Forty-one students at both the graduate and undergraduate levels were inducted in the ceremony in the Rudolph Jones Student Center. Dr. Bertha H. Miller, the new Dean of the School of Education, gave a rousing address entitled, "I WANT YOU" Families and friends of the inductees were the special guests at the reception held after the ceremony.

The following students are the new members of Omicron Beta Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi:

Graduate Students

Jill H. Basnight
Shelia W. Brown
Linda M. Leach
Sherry T. Newman
Elaine Patterson
Terrie L. Tenhet
Terrence K.H. Wong
Linda R. Bell
Annette B. Faulks
Kimberly E. Moser
Carolyn C. Outlaw
Doris S. Taylor
Janice M. Thomas

Undergraduate Students

Wade G. Anderson
Vera H. Batchelor
Yvonne W. Bullard
Robert L. Eichler
Jonas M. Garland
Rhonda F. Holmes
Sheryl E. Jackson
Wendy R. Johnson
Sam C. Livingston
Sue J. Matthews
Palma M. Neal
Katherine M. Powell
Jacqueline C. Watkins
Deborah F. Welker
Bryan C. Bailey
Pamela W. Borrer
William G. Daniel, Jr.
Donna Everett
Angela F. Hanno
Carol C. Huber
Tammye A. Jenkins
Michelle C. Kleven
Charlotte T. Markham
Rebecca S. Moyer
Lillian W. Northe
Patricia D. Valenzuela
James L. Webb

Any new members who could not attend the ceremony should go by Dr. C.I. Brown's office in the Butler Building as soon as possible. Congratulations to all new members of KDPI.

ITALIA

Experience of a Lifetime

by Sharon D. Carr

I have been a proud member of the North Carolina National Guard for almost six years. But, until this year's exercise in Italy, I never realized the important role we, the Guard, plays in the world. The exercise gave us "real world" training with the Italian military, each of us learning from the other.

One of the main differences between the Italian Army and the U.S. Army is that the Italians have a mandatory one-year enlistment. The enlistment is supposed to begin when the young man completes high school. Thus, the average Italian soldier is only eighteen or nineteen. It is strange when you stop and think that Italy is supported by such young soldiers. Most of them are having their first experience away from home. In speaking to some of them, it seemed evident that they had not had time to finish growing up, no negative reflection intended. This, and the mandatory enlistment, is the main cause for

their low morale and adamant dislike for the military. When we told them that we volunteered for the military and the length of our enlistments, they were shocked. They also found it hard to believe that women also joined the Armed Forces here. They all seemed to enjoy the thought of having females in their Armed forces, however dubious a prospect it is.

The main problem for most was breaking through the language barrier. After the first week though, we had devised a "bridge" between English and Italian. I'm quite sure some of our newly formed words will not get in the dictionary, but at least we could communicate. One thing we came to appreciate a lot more was our education. Being placed in a country where everything is printed in another language really humbles you. You begin to understand the feeling an illiterate person must have in America. Thank goodness for Corporal G. Chiodaroli. He interpreted things

of interest for everyone. He also taught my small group some of the everyday customs and traditions of Italia.

During the middle weekend, key personnel arranged a group tour to Venice. The sights and sounds are breath-taking. Italian pizza is very different from what Americans call pizza. We were told that the best pizzas are always made on thin crusts and the variety of toppings seemed to be endless. Served with every meal was the traditional Italian "vino". You have not yet enjoyed wine until you have swirled the various brands of Italian wine across your palate.

All my encounters with the Italians were pleasant ones. They were really hospitable. One time my friend Angie and I went for a walk into one of the small towns. We had started out early that morning and around three that afternoon we stumbled across a quaint little cafe. We decided to rest in the chairs outside the cafe, and before long a young waitress

came over to us with two ice cream cones. She could only speak broken English but we gathered that one of the older gentlemen had bought them for us. With our limited knowledge of their language we entered the cafe and thanked him. When we left the cafe we took with us memories that will last forever and feeling that we had made some life-time friends.

Traveling abroad is an experience that everyone would enjoy but only few of us are lucky enough to get that chance. I believe that I gained a lot from the tour and if they go next year, all I have to say is "HOLD THAT PLANE!!!"

