

# Infinite Wisdom Wisdom

Special Edition

Summer 2009

Summer Edition

## International Adventures by Jackie Steiner

Traveling internationally can be fun, but it can also be tough! This summer I traveled to Japan to visit my family. I was excited about the trip, but little did I know that it would end up being one of the most insane things I have ever gone through! I had to deal with overbooked flights, planes that weighed too much, food that was literally frozen when served, flight cancellations, flight re-schedules, landing in airports that ran out of food, and getting lost in an foreign airport. Needless to say I was exhausted when I finally got to my parents' house (but VERY happy to see everyone). Here are some tips that I have picked up prior to this

trip and tips that I learned along this trip!

1. If something can go wrong, it most likely will to some degree. [Just be aware of this!](#)
2. Always, and I mean ALWAYS, check the weight of your luggage before you get to the airport. Many airlines charge hefty fees for a suitcase even one pound over the [weight limit](#).
3. Although you want to get to your destination as quickly as possible, you may want to get a ticket for a later flight. This way if your first flight is late, you're good. And if you get to your connecting airport early, you can always see if there are seats

available on the earlier flight. Remember: Wiggle room is good.

4. Pack [food](#). Please pack food. Your food may be frozen on the airplane. Or it may be really gross (as it usually is). Although be aware of re-entering the US; they have a tendency to throw away anything packaged in a foreign box.
5. Wear shoes that are easy to get on and off. Do not do as I did and wear your hiking boots through security...it slows you down. Here are some tips to get through that dreaded security.

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## Top 5 Summer Travel Spots:

1. [Yellowstone National Park](#)
2. [Daytona Beach](#)
3. [Las Vegas](#)
4. [Chicago](#)
5. [Washington, D.C.](#)

## Ciao Bella!

By Alicia Berta

A person could get used to hearing "Ciao bella!" everyday, and for three weeks, six of our honors students became accustomed to such treatment. Now the best place to be treated in such a way would be in Italy. True to life and any cliché, there was a catch to this temporary lifestyle. These students had to take three hours from their day of wine tasting and site seeing to attend a class about

Shakespeare.

The University of West Florida Honors Program is fortunate to offer students study abroad opportunities during the summer semesters, and this year a seminar focused on Shakespeare and Italian Culture was part of the agenda.

Having the chance to experience a new culture was amazing and attending a class everyday did not

seem too bad. Reading a few plays in high school by this famous English writer never seemed too bad, but this class was much different than studying his works in a foreign country with English students from Georgia State University and History majors from Jacksonville State.

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## Fun Facts:

- The longest one syllable word in the English language is "screched".
- The microwave was invented after a researcher walked by a radar tube and a chocolate bar melted in his pocket.

## Turning Volunteer Hours Into Credits

by Charity Vanderwall

Finding a summer job this year proved difficult, all over the country and even north of the country. I spent the first two weeks after my arrival home to North Bay Ontario, Canada looking for work. Few places were hiring, none wanted to hire someone who has no Canadian work experience; a few even ask me if I was legal to work in this country. Even a smoothie shop wouldn't hire me, and I have two years smoothie shop experience! I had to find something to do with my time, it becomes kind of boring here if I have nothing to do, all my friends work, so I only go out at night, which leaves my days (which are mostly below 60 degrees) with Rosetta Stone and biking the wilderness trails while hoping I would not run into a massive Canadian bear.

One rainy day, I remembered that Honors let us turn 60 volunteer hours into 3 Honors credits. I figured if I wasn't going to make any money this summer, I might as well make some credit. The next day I dropped off my resume at the only female Dentist in town. (I want to be a dentist). After calling the dentist I worked with in High School for a reference, they called me and asked when could I start. Offices are much more willing to take on students when they don't have to pay them. I started going in three times a week, for five hours at a time, sterilizing, updating patient charts in the computer during exams, restocking, making molds and whitening trays and night guards. It was a win all around because the office received extra help, I gained more dental experience, Honors credit, and nice goodbye dinner with the office, and hopefully a nice letter of recommendation for when I apply to dental school. So next summer, if you are bored out of your mind, and can't find work, try volunteer in the career of your choice. Volunteering has more benefits than you think!

July 16, 2009

By Christine Thomas

July 16, 2009

I am writing this article from the computer lab at Simon Fraser University in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. What the heck am I doing here, you ask? Well, you probably didn't ask. I'm sure you just assumed I would be telling you, or else the first sentence of this article would have been entirely irrelevant. Moving on.

I am currently serving as an assistant administrator for the international Improving University Teaching Conference for the second year in a row. Last summer, I went to Glasgow, Scotland, with Dr. Jane Halonen in order to work at this conference, gathering field experience for my Honors thesis. I then spent the following six months writing sixty-two pages about anthropology, communication arts, and theatre as they relate to problem solving at an international conference. My thesis was approved and this Honors requirement was completed.

Yet here I am again, working at the same conference and conducting even more research. This time, however, I would like to use the information I gather to create an awesome poster that I hope to present at the 2009 National Collegiate Honors Council Conference in Washington, D.C. I am also creating a basis for a possible Masters thesis or building my resume for a potential future career in event planning, but I won't be getting ahead of myself. I've still got over nine months until I graduate, and I've got no idea what I'll be doing beyond that point. For now, I'll be happy to gaze outside of the window of this computer lab onto the mountains of Vancouver. Wait, no, I won't. I'll be getting up and enjoying the landscape in-person, now.

Corny Jokes

by Joseph DeLuna

**Why do bees have sticky hair?**  
Because they use honeycombs.

**Why did the farmer bury all of his money?**  
To make his soil rich.

**What is brown and sticky?**  
A stick.

**What time is it when an elephant sits on your fence?**  
Time to get a new fence.

**How do you get a peanut to laugh?**  
You crack it up.

**How do you turn soup into gold?**  
With 24 Carrots.

At 0615 my alarm chimes. I set it earlier than normal for a Friday to allow time for uniform maintenance, but it is certainly more pleasing than the 0520 for the previous week. Last night I washed my clothes, but because I was finishing the homework for the day, I had not ironed my blouse or rolled its sleeves.

Today I enjoyed my breakfast.

I have time this morning to order an omelet with ham, cheese, bell peppers, onions, and tomatoes. Normally I scarf an egg, a smattering of breakfast potatoes, and some honeydew, banana and yogurt for sustenance in the morning. I don't usually taste much of it because there is little time available between morning physical training and muster for movement.

Today I relaxed.

We muster in front of LaFayette Hall at 0745 MST time, which is seven minutes ahead of real time. Our class advisor had adjusted the classroom clock to ensure we would ALWAYS be on time. After breakfast, I brush my teeth and sit down for a minute before taking my place in formation.

Today I observed colors.

The custom at Training Center Yorktown is that all "A" school students observe colors on Friday mornings. We arrive first, as usual. Our class leader marches us column left onto the parade field where we face the flag staff and stand at parade rest while other classes form to our left and behind us.

It isn't without a little commotion that this task is accomplished. Each class has a designated student calling cadence. In that modified-military tone, he sings out, "Left, right on left, left right, left-right, right left." I hear them chant in minor and augmented keys, and my favorite, though the particular class graduated not too long ago, in a blues style.

In time with him are his classmates. Boon-dockers and low-quarters strike the pavement in rhythm. Class leaders guide their classes onto the field. The trooping softens to a shuffling as the grass absorbs the heavy tread. Class halt. Left face. Parade rest. These commands carry over the parade field.

Lining the edges of the field and sporadically about the sidewalks are visitors. They are here to witness the graduation of their loved ones. I see in their faces awe at the spectacle before them. The synchronized movements impress upon them the significance of military order which makes the armed services function efficiently and effectively. They support our nation by supporting their family and friends, and their pride shows.

As the final class settles on the field, first call sounds from the pipes. It is five minutes before morning colors will be hoisted. The murmurs and stirring all but disappear as silence settles in. Occasionally a camera shutter releases, but the stillness is otherwise uninterrupted. It is during this time that I start to experience stimuli from other senses. North of us, the York River laps against the rip-rap at the base of a wall. Strong breezes sway branches overhead. Leaves slide past each other, creating that familiar sweeping sound so often ignored. The scent of dew and grass wafts from below; the wind carries it off before it becomes overpowering. Even from behind clouds, warmth radiating from the morning sun indicates that it will be hot today. For now, it is a welcome sensation.

An EM "A" class graduates today. They are dressed in bravo jackets. Directly in front of us and next to the graduating class stands the newly formed MST "A" class. They are required to wear the tropical long uniform for the first week. All other classes wear the operational dress uniform. Though the pairing happened coincidentally, it is perhaps this that caused me to record the morning's details. Spectators may find it difficult distinguishing the discipline demonstrated by either class. However, from my position behind the two classes, I see confidence and uncertainty. The new class keeps their military bearing out of fear, or trepidation if you will. This is the first time they stand in front of Yorktown's commanding officer. The graduating class keeps their composure with a collective calm. They know the drill. They know what is expected of them. And they are ready to disperse to all parts of the country, joining the rest of the fleet as maritime guardians.

The pipes sound again. Five minutes have past and now it is attention to colors. In an explosion of smoke and powder, two guns fire. The first notes of the "Star-Spangled Banner" magnificently echo across the field. Hand salute. Our national ensign smartly ascends the staff, and a moment later billows and boasts its stripes and stars as the wind reveals it to the observers on the parade field.

Our instructors, advisors, and other permanent party on base remind us on a regular basis that we are seated in the birthplace of the United States. It was here, with the assistance from the French navy that we were able to defeat General Cornwallis and turn the tide of the revolution. Sometimes that fact is lost on us as we focus on our studies, or kick back and relax after a brutal week. But the evidence is there. In order to leave base, we must drive through battlefields. If we choose to go to the beach, Yorktown serves to preserve our history. The bluffs have caves in which villagers had escaped siege and shelling.

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*Ciao Bella!*

*(cont.)*

UWF sent an eclectic group of students representing the majors of communications, political science, social work and biochemistry. Each day there was a bit of a challenge to make our opinions heard and to voice an concept relevant to the play we studied.

Throughout our three-week stay in Rome, we toured over a dozen churches in one week, ate pounds of pasta and pizza, walked thousands of stairs daily and consumed gallons of wine and gelato. Our days usually consisted of a tour in the morning and a three-hour class in the afternoon. The days were long and hot, but we were able to take part in a culture that not everyone has the chance to experience. We were able to see famous pieces of art, ruins dating back thousands of years and sites straight out of movies. Some of us traveled around the country to Southern Italy, Tuscany and Venice. Luckily we all had the opportunity to travel to Florence, and while there we were given in-depth tours of many churches throughout the city.

This study abroad seminar did not only give UWF Honors students a chance for a dream vacation, but this trip gave each of us the chance to study plays and sonnets that we may have never taken the time to read. We were thrown out of our element not only academically, but we did not know the language and custom of the country we lived in for three weeks. We had to learn basic phrases, to eat pizza with utensils and to cross the street briskly. This study abroad seminar was a challenge, but we had the chance to travel to Italy. Now we have the rest of our lives to figure out why we studied Shakespeare in Rome.

**Thank you to everyone who contributed to this issue of Infinite Wisdom.**

**If you would like to contribute, please email [kmd18@students.uwf.edu](mailto:kmd18@students.uwf.edu)**

**Look for a new issue at the end of September.**

*Today I Slept In*

*(cont.)*

During runs in the morning, our PT instructor stops us, allows us to catch our breath, and knock out a few push-ups for good measure. Then, before taking off again, the instructor will silence us for a moment. We hear early birds chirping away, crickets and other sorts of insects making all sorts of a ruckus. As we appreciate the wilderness, we are reminded that this is often what young revolutionaries experienced before preparing themselves and flintlocks for the days struggles.

As our anthem continues, more recent conflicts come to mind. It isn't the success of war, or the repercussions of such a massive loss of life that impact me. Hearing the tune at "the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air gave proof through the night that our flag was still there" affects me deeply to think of Mr. Key so moved to write those words. It is the passion of any individual that chooses respond with devotion to duty. It is the zeal with which honor and respect for ourselves, our service members, our country.

It is gravity that drives the bass line down and back up, supporting the melody, counter-melody, and rhythm. The majesty of the music rings out over the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

Carry on.

The battalion disperses. Class leaders assume direction again. We march off the field, stopping frequently to let other formations have their right of way on the road. We stop at Hamilton Hall and file in from the right column. In the classroom, the scent of brewing coffee discourages any thoughts of return to a dream-state. We pull out the books and references we need for the day and begin the daily grind.