

## Newton's Law

# The race isn't won, but we're gaining

Some of you who follow my column are used to a lively, comical river of ideas and wit. Others of you who follow my column will roll your eyes at that statement.

Either way, today I want to diverge a bit from my more humorous (or completely not humorous, depending on your point of view) column. Today I want to discuss a bit about "race."

I was originally going to write about the parking conditions at UWF, but "race" will earn me far fewer death threats from the UWF administration.

I was drawn to this topic after watching the opening night performance of Pearl Cleage's "Flyin' West" at our own UWF theater.

It's hard to explain that in a poster. So I was unsuspecting when I sat down in the third row and waited for the lights to dim.

I remember the rows were quickly filling up, and the majority of the audience was African-American. When I got around people of other backgrounds (cultural, racial or spiritual) I always secretly wait to see if they will give me the sort of discomforted glance often saved for the infidel.

Oh yes, people of every color and background can be prejudiced. In the land of the bigots, there is a rainbow of colors.

(This can be considered a form of bigotry on my part. I'm prejudiced against the prejudgers. Call it a personal flaw. I'm working on it.)

The situation was no different here. As a large group of friends came in, the seats were filling fast.

But alas! One too many friends! There was no seat left near the group.

Except for the seat next to me.

This is where my little antennae really perked up. The young lady at the end of the row stood, uncomfortably eyeing my seat, trying to decide whether to find another place or join the group that had filled the row so quickly.

It was a testament to the new generation. After a moment, she sat down, and we all played the "I Don't Know You, But We're In Close Contact So We'll Both Pretend The Other Doesn't Exist" game. (Expect a version for Playstation this fall!)

Our independent personal shields lasted for about five minutes after the play started. And then all bets were off.

My God, how we laughed. And gasped. "Flyin' West" is a brilliant play, and not in the scholarly type of way. This was a play written for good, ordinary people to enjoy.

If it wasn't a play, it would be a movie already (don't even try to buy the option, I'm already working on it).

By the end of Act I, we weren't an audience, we were a family. People were talking to each other in their seats, joining conversations and marveling at the wonderful story we saw. The nice young lady next to me even offered some of her cheese and crackers.

That's RIGHT! Cheese AND crackers! They serve refreshments at intermission!

By the end of the play, something amazing had happened. I realized it then: For the last hour or so, the "racial curtain" had dropped.

All around me, I couldn't see a single white or black person. All I saw were people, happy together, enjoying a marvelous evening. Not a stuffed shirt to be found, not an uptuned nose as far as eyes could see.

It was absolutely magical.

In my secret heart of hearts, I knew then that these years of struggle for equality and respect were not lost. They had been invested in a glorious and rapidly approaching future.

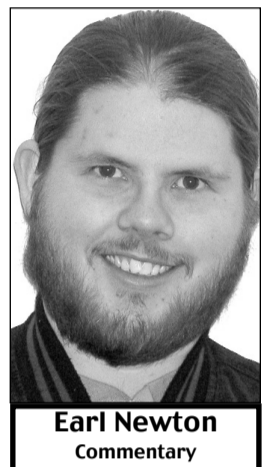
Equality, I realized, doesn't mean loving everybody. I'm certain there were people in the audience that night that I would never love.

Equality means having respect for the people around you. Not because they are "like you," or because they aren't like you and you'll get sued if you don't. It means a generosity of the spirit, accepting those around you without asking them to do more than the same for you.

Long ago, a great man once described a "dream" of freedom for all people. That night, I was roused from that dream to see the dawn of the new century. It may take time, but from where I'm standing, the future looks awfully bright.

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Comments/questions? Send them to NewtonsLaw@south-emronin.com.



Earl Newton  
Commentary

# Watching jobs go overseas

J. Bryant Roberts  
Staff Writer

The University of West Florida, like other colleges across the land, ushers in springtime with job fairs. More beautiful than a bed of roses to a graduating senior, these fertile soils sprout seedlings of prosperous careers and the end of 16 years (maybe more) spent cramming skulls with the trappings of success.

Less than 20 percent of Americans graduate from college. Those who do have invested heavily in a promise: The key to your future lies in education. To the generations of Americans reaching adulthood after World War II, this promise has been true.

We owe our success as a nation and as individuals to the availability of higher education. Looking across the landscape of employment opportunities today, one sees that promise fading.

With the loss of more than a million jobs per year through the last three years, suitable employment for graduating seniors will be scarce. Some of these losses are in unskilled jobs, but demand for management and professional positions is also dwindling.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the practice of "outsourcing." Outsourcing is the latest tool used by corporate CEO's in their quest for despicable personal wealth.

Anger over the Bush administration's praise of

job outsourcing is spreading. Greg Mankiw, head of President Bush's economic team, outraged American workers last week by stating that outsourcing is "good economic policy."

Members of congress, trade unions and everyone who actually works for a living (including myself) are insulted by the callousness of a government that intercedes only for the wealthy.

Outsourcing is a major windfall for stockholders and CEO's.

Sprint recently announced that 6,000 jobs are going overseas to workers paid \$2 a day. Sprint's charge for service will remain unchanged, creating huge profits for those who are left - stockholders and upper level management. Good economic policy for four percent of the population is not good economic policy for America.

By eliminating three million jobs in three years, the Bush economic plan has devastated American workers. Economists foresee another 600,000 jobs going to India and other nations over the next decade many of these jobs are in computer programming and medicine.

If you have an MRI performed in America today, chances are that a "doctor" in India will read your MRI and write the report.

With 10 million Americans now unemployed and millions more underemployed, the future looks bleak for those of us who were not born into the kind of wealth President Bush has enjoyed.

Walking through the computer lab at The

University of West Florida, I admire students so diligently pursuing a meaningful future. They should, however, take a foreign language and develop a taste for rice if they plan to work in their chosen field.

The Bush plan would have their future jobs outsourced, channeling their knowledge and ambition into prestigious, lucrative and highly sought after pizza delivery jobs. But can we really deliver pizza to India? I would rather have a good job right here in America.

Outsourcing affects the entire spectrum of employment in America, from the Gulf Coast seafood industry, which is being destroyed by seafood "dumping" from China and Vietnam, to design and manufacture of highly classified components for military weapons systems.

It is a blessing to wealthy Americans and a curse to those who dedicate their lives to working at a job or profession, striving for a successful future. Outsourcing is unfair, not only to Americans, but also to foreign workers who are cheated by low wages and abominable working and living conditions.

This practice must be stopped. If the current batch of Washington politicians will not address this issue, replacement is in order.

Graduating seniors, and those who will soon be there, should not have labored in vain. There is no reason, other than greed, to send their jobs to other countries. A government that promotes this practice is a government against its own people.

## Letters to the Editor

### Observations from the "real world"

On Valentines Day in 1984 during a walk down the hall of a dorm that no longer exists on the UWF campus, my then girlfriend Lisa grabbed me by the arm and told me she had a secret. She whispered in my ear "I Love You!" While we had been dating for several months, it was the first time she'd ever told me that, and certainly proved not to be the last.

Fast forward almost 20 years to our oldest child's soccer practice in the greater Atlanta area where we now live, when to our amazement we found out that our son's team would participate in a soccer tournament out of town. Where? The University of West Florida in Pensacola. When? Valentine's Day, 2004.

Given the significance of that day 20 years later, it wasn't possible to sit on the intramural field watching our son play soccer and not reflect on the similarities and differences - life then, life now, love then, love now. After all, wasn't this the same field that I played intramural softball and flag football on? Didn't it feel like just yesterday? Well, yes, and no too.

The UWF campus looks pretty much as it did then. There are some new buildings here and there, but the feel is the same. The Commons is still there, although it's been reconfigured. The library is the same, but it's been enlarged. My dorm (Building 16) is still there, while Lisa's dorm was mercifully demolished in favor of some much needed new construction. The nature trail is in disrepair, much as it was in 1982-84 when we were here. The campus still appears to be a ghost town on Saturdays and Sunday mornings. The Voyager - yep, looks very similar - except now it's made with "100% recycled newsprint and soy based ink."

In 1984, getting "online" meant a long walk to Building 38 (where the computers were), a CD was at



the bank (if you were lucky), VCR's were new and expensive, and we had no concept of a DVD, a cell phone, or the Internet. We had to move off campus if we wanted cable TV or our own private phone line. Our biggest fear back then, outside of not being able to find a job upon graduation, was that the United States and the U.S.S.R. would blast us all into sand particles with nuclear weapons.

Times are much different now. In 2004, we've got a nice income, two great kids, two careers, attend an awesome church, own a five-bedroom house with a full basement, and we spend hours driving to work, piano recitals, soccer games, choir rehearsals and gymnastics practice. And, dare I say, we're in our 40s! Our hopes and fears now lie with each other and especially with our children: Will they grow up to be respectable people? How can we keep them safe? Can we ever afford to pay for their college? Twenty years ago, we wondered how we ever going to "ace" our finals, how we could possibly finish another term paper, and whether we would have enough money to go out with our friends that weekend.

Our advice? Keep the stresses of being a student at UWF in perspective. This will prepare you for the far greater challenges and turbulence that life has in store for you. Believe it or not, student life is incredibly simple compared to what's in front of you. Take some time to admire the beauty of the campus where you study, and (carefully) take a walk on the Edward Ball Nature Trail. Also, sit for a while in the Foundation Room in the library, and relax at the

Commons. Take it from us, you will keep the memories that you build today with you for the rest of your life. And, if you're as fortunate as we were, you'll find someone special to spend every day of the rest of your life with.

Mike Boetje - 1984 graduate - Systems Science  
Lisa (Davis) Boetje - 1984 graduate - Systems Science

### Check facts before printing advice

I am writing this in response to the February 18 article contributed by Grant Hutchinson concerning "The Man" and advice about dealing with his parking tickets. I'm surprised that the Voyager staff would allow just anybody to solicit such advice without checking their sources.

For instance, I followed Grant's advice about insulting rugby players so that I could become handicapped and gain access to the coveted blue spaces. But instead of being beaten to a pulp, my car was set on fire, rolled into a ditch, and then "extinguished" in a manner not appropriate to repeat in print. Then the safeties, some of whom had contributed to the "extinguishing," gave me a ticket for not having a pass to park in said ditch!

Furthermore, is Grant deliberately trying to get someone killed, or did he simply "forget" that building a bat-cave system under the nature trail would invite the wrath of swamp gnomes? What about Captain Thunder's hypnosis ability and his legion of undead turtles? Those are already the death of many who foolishly wander the trails unprepared.

There is so much more that could be said about Grant's sources-like his ridiculous estimate of how much the safeties take in (it's more like 3.2 jigdrillion), or the legitimacy of his iguana informants, (I heard some of them were double agents) but space does not allow. I look forward to future editions of

The Voyager where, hopefully, facts will be doubled-checked before they are distorted.

Benjamin Kelley

### Writer disagrees with views on abortion

I have just picked up a copy The Voyager to read during my night class. Upon reading your commentary regarding abortion and freedom, I am very disturbed (this is the understatement of the year).

I agree that every American has the right to freedom. However, your liberal view of equating freedom with murder has crossed the line.

I am not a staff writer and do not have the same platform to express my opinions as you. I am, however, what you would consider "religious" and would like to challenge your view on abortion.

You stated, "there will never be an absolute answer when it comes to the right to choose."

Because of your blatant humanistic philosophy, I believe you are not qualified to determine absolutes.

I will tell you the answer, which I believe to be the truth: Abortion has been, is, and will always be wrong, inconsequential to any unfortunate situation. This is an absolute.

Here is my logic: Is a child less human than you because it hasn't seen the light of day? If the child were one-month-old and I crushed and salted its head, would you excuse me? It is only a matter of time.

How dare anyone determine the validity of another's life? No human has the right to murder anyone, much less a defenseless newborn - only God has the right to give and take life.

Every aborted child is in heaven right now and you will have to face them on Judgement Day. I don't know you Megan, and I don't agree with you, but I love you as a human being and I hope you will develop the same respect for the unborn.

Josephine McLean

# VOYAGER

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