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Frontlines

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I Never Knew Chicken Wire Had So Many Uses
(Yo No Sabia Que La Tela Metalica Tenia Tantos Usos.)

According to a recent issue of Mother Jones magazine, 243,000 people in the U.S. will be flipping burgers by the year 2006.

That same year, I will turn 30.

I won't try to make a connection between those two pieces of information because I don't think there is any connection. It's just an interesting coincidence, what with me turning 30 and the United States embracing billions of burger flippers.

It does, however, give me a reason to think about my future. Who's to say I won't spend my life asking people, "Would you like fries with that?" I have six months of college left and I can barely think beyond next week—that can't be good at all.

All details aside, though, I believe Dennis Miller put it best when he said, "There are no hard, fast rules on making it to the top. But a pretty good rule of thumb is if you make it to age 35 and your job still involves wearing a name tag...well, you've probably made a serious vocational error somewhere along the line."

That's probably the most optimistic view of the working world I've ever heard. Avoid name tags. OK, done. If that's all I need to worry about, I think I can handle life after college.

However, it is still extremely difficult for me to plan my life when I know I can barely take care of a houseplant. Or an Uncle Beast, for that matter.

Speaking of Uncle Beast (the illustrious ethos mascot, in case you've forgotten), I have some bad news.

Due to a string of unfortunate events, Uncle Beast has been crippled. He is a beast with special needs now. I think it has something to do with the time I set him on top of my metal heating vent and left him for a week. He can only hobble now (and not without a touch of bitterness, I might add), but I think he may still have a full life ahead of him.

So, I guess that's it. I can't take care of a 13-inch plastic ape and I'll probably end up knee-deep in Whoppers by the time I'm 30.

But I won't be wearing a name tag, of that much I am sure.

So I guess it's time for me to close out this last issue of the semester. It's been an incredible year and I am immensely happy I got this opportunity to work on ethos. Thanks for coming along for the ride.

—Anne Rosso
Editor in Chief