

Table of Contents

The Power of Presence.....	2
“Why Newhouse?”.....	4
Our Mascot Being an Orange is the Healthiest It’s Going to Get.....	5
Rising Power of Gen-Z and Young Voters.....	7
Exploring Greek Life.....	9

The Power of Presence

In typical New York fashion, I sat on a dirty, loud south bound subway as the humid wind of a June morning rush hour sways in front of my face. Above me laid the lively city built of streets buzzing with energy, with yellow cabs honking and skyscrapers towering over the sea of people. As I waited for my stop from Penn Station to Chambers Street, contradicting emotions clouded my head – anxiety, excitement, unease, and happiness. Fearfully, I was diving into the unknown face first at the ripe age of 18. It was the first day of my summer internship and I suddenly became a humble one of 8 million people in New York City. A year ago, this is what I dreamt of. However, the actuality of this suddenly being my reality is scary. The subway intercom releases an announcement – I look outside the foggy window filled with thumbprints and dust. A sign reads “Chambers Street”. With a deep breath, I prepare to walk out of the train. As my feet touch the concrete platform, I enter a new chapter of my life; adulthood.

The mere journey to the office was about five blocks downtown and I strutted it with utter confidence, although some may have assumed I was a lost puppy. Honestly, I felt like one. However, the eagerness I upheld was enough to demolish today, which was my ultimate goal. I yearned to make an astonishing first impression along with successfully navigating my way through the ever-stretching city. How difficult could it be? From the subway, I made my walk to One Police Plaza, New York City Police Department Headquarters. In a high-profile building filled with bosses and executives, I landed a position in their public relations office, where I’d be able to execute my passion for journalism. As I managed the obstacle course of the NYC streets, I steered my way through bikes, buses and bodegas. In the early summer sun, my new blazer and work pants were already nagging my skin, as I never showcased “business casual” before. Today seemed to be a first for everything, including my first 9-5 job. With my professional outfit, self-assured tone, and running social skills, I felt like a walking resume. I look down at my phone and Google Maps tells me I have arrived at my destination. I look up and my vision is filled by a mammoth of bricks that reads “NYPD HEADQUARTERS” in shiny gold letters. As I enter the glass doors at the end of the long brick walkway, I feel freezing air from inside hit my skin. I could not tell if I was shaking because of the cold or anxiety. Nevertheless, I arrive at the elevator and hit the “11” button. Rushing through nearly a dozen floors, I stood there alone for what seemed like 100 years. In my head, I repeated the one sentence I prepared to say to the receptionist when I arrived; “Hello, my name is Arianna Savino, and I am here for the Summer College Internship Program.” Hoping they were expecting me, but also knowing I am not nearly important as everyone else. Regardless of the new presence of a young face, the office continued to buzz around me when I arrived. I felt like I accidentally walked into a scene of *The Wolf of Wall Street* as individuals were rushing around fulfilling phone calls, emails, and tasks. It was organized chaos, and I have never observed anything like it. As I gave the receptionist my name and she told me to take a seat, I quickly realized here, I was just another name in the system. Nobody acknowledged me or the anxiety I’ve been holding all morning. I was simply passing through, here to learn, but certainly not to influence. Is this my welcome into corporate America? It was certainly not a warm welcome. The rawness of adulthood began hitting me, and it was a loud awakening.

There I sat on a cold black leather couch with pristine posture, anxiously waiting for a task or someone to call my name. Finally, someone approached me who seemed to be a boss, standing in a navy suit that was freshly ironed. As he introduced me to my new position, I could feel all the eyes peaking up from cubicles to get a peak of “the new intern”. Shortly after, I was shaking hand after hand, confidently introducing myself in a bold tone; “Arianna Savino,

summer intern. Nice to meet you” paired with a gentle smile. My feeling of unimportance faded away as I began to find belonging in utter unfamiliarity. My day then progressed with typical “first day” taboos. A tour of the building, endless elevator speeches about myself, and an awkward lunch hour as my work shoes began breaking into my feet. I glance at the upper right-hand corner of my computer screen displaying the time. 3:00 PM. 2 more hours, but nothing to do. Suddenly, I was hit with an urge to fulfil service. So, I headed over to the social media desk and asked if they needed my assistance in any tasks. I had teetered with graphic design before but would not call myself a professional by any means. However, they were particularly intrigued by my connection to the “social media generation,” since after all, I was the youngest employee. They requested I make some graphics for the upcoming summer holidays, so that is exactly what I did in a perfectionist manner. Impressed with my skills, the team was satisfied with what I returned to them with. I had played it off casually, but in reality, it meant everything to me. I had fulfilled my goal of the day; successfully establishing a lasting first impression. When I glanced back at the clock it was 5:00 PM and time to dread the New York transit line and head home. I was ready to once again, navigate the city rush hour, walk through the roads people dream of seeing, and do it all again tomorrow.

I then went on throughout the summer not only working in social media, but excelling in interviews, media trainings, and shadowing press conferences. Suddenly, I was in the presence of people I had only ever seen on TV. This was truly an honor as I went home every day with a feeling of productivity, satisfaction, and pride. Abruptly, my six-week program ended after what felt like one short-lived week. Day after day, I established my routine. The strangers on the train I share a work schedule with became familiar faces. I would ponder over if they would notice when I am gone, however, I then was dragged back into reality. Over the summer, I learned you must establish your presence to be noticed. In any environment, whether it be a workplace, classroom, social setting, or even within yourself – to assert is merely to claim space. However, to establish importance is making your voice heard, and you are the deciding factor in that. To be in control of your own narrative requires the confidence to say, “I am here, and I matter.” You are not important unless you make yourself important. To live invisibly is incredibly easy. I grasped the difference between simply existing, and vibrantly living. From that point on, I knew I wanted to live, not exist. If I can grasp one lesson from my internship, it is not the press conferences or media trainings. It is this: show the world that you deserve to be remembered, not just another face in the crowd

Why Newhouse?

I always embraced the concept “do what you love, and love what you do.” This philosophy creates a durable work ethic. Tasks, typically a burden of labor, can become a manifestation of genuine fulfillment through one emotion: passion. For instance, I am currently sitting in a booth at the Schine Student Center with my laptop lit up in front of me, typing away, but it does not feel like a task. I simply feel as though I am sharing my thoughts with you in the form of art. I look around and see flustered faces of stressed students ranging from all ages as they dwell on very rigorous assignments. Yes, I relate to them in some aspects; I am an overly-caffeinated, sleep-deprived college student with a very dense schedule. However, the difference between them and me is that I find tranquility in knowing that with each word I type, I am not fulfilling an obligation or task, but rather sculpting art regarding my own identity, one keystroke at a time.

Throughout my life, I have fostered and fulfilled my identity through my writing. I have never grasped the influence of my words until Syracuse University presented me with an unforeseen opportunity. As I began writing for the Latinx Magazine, DelSol, my eyes gravitated towards an opportunity of self-expression. Underestimating the magnitude my words hold, I simply asserted my emotions regarding my Hispanic heritage, eager to write article after article. Those of the same background praised my relatable stories. Those of diversified backgrounds complimented my ability to gain their appreciation for Hispanic culture. My current executive position as President exceeds a mere title but provides me with a platform from which I can touch lives and inspire emotion.

This is who I am. With being a writer comes an extraordinary responsibility; to inspire. Words can change lives, alter outcomes, and provide hope. For many students, it is easy to lose a sense of creativity in academic writing. Yet, that is what separates me from the rest; I view all writing as an exhilarating form of artistic expression. As an incoming college student, my persistent attraction for Syracuse University was due to the Newhouse family. To be a member of this talented community would be a prestigious honor. Newhouse, a goal I have possessed for ongoing years, is somewhere I can find belonging while at the same time, pursuing my dreams. Someday, I will depart from this world. However, my words shall exist eternally. I am aware of what I am capable of and am confident those qualities will take me to the right place to execute my passion for storytelling; The Newhouse School. I envision myself achieving success and holding a job where every day feels like a passion pursuit rather than work. That way, I'll never have to “work” a day in my life.

Our Mascot Being a Fruit Is the Healthiest It's Going to Get

Maintaining health is a priority easily overlooked by individuals. Especially college students, most of whom are constantly involved in a fast-paced lifestyle. Picture this: you wake up for your 8:00 AM lecture on a Monday morning after a weekend that consisted of binge eating Varsity Pizza you intoxicatedly ordered. You're exhausted but know this is an important lecture, so you begin making your way down the mount on a gloomy fall morning from your minuscule dorm. 9:30 AM: Class ends, and you are hit with an overwhelming wave of hunger. To satisfy this, you head over to the nearest resort and only one open at the moment: Dunkin Donuts. You splurge on a jelly donut and a caramel craze iced latte. 800 calories and 78 grams of sugar later, you begin to feel nauseous. All because you did what anyone else would do: venture to the most convenient source. The issue arises when college students create unhealthy habits like this, as it gradually becomes a daily routine. Colleges across America, including Syracuse University, can vastly reduce the typical "freshman fifteen" risk by providing better food options that are convenient and accessible to all on campus.

Living on a college campus for two months, I witness my peers diving into unhealthy habits daily. Whether it is abstaining from eating or binge eating, it is difficult to keep a steady diet consisting of nourishing foods. It is estimated that a whopping 40% of college students experience disordered eating due to food insecurity. Of this percentage, 14% are athletes. According to Dr. Elizabeth Scott, the leading factors of this issue are drinking, snacking late at night, and not getting enough exercise. In reality, it is evident that the lifestyle of a typical college student is not as organized and stable as one would hope, as it is the first time living independently for many. That said, universities should better know their students beyond the classroom. As undergraduates, we are given very minimal options to fuel our bodies. Of those options, the majority are processed fast food restaurants. For example, Panda Express is one of the most popular food options on campus. A typical plate is orange chicken and fried rice: 890 calories and 1450mg of sodium in one sitting. While 18–22-year-old individuals continue to grow and mature, this is not the array of food they should be given daily. Fluctuation of weight in college seems almost inevitable. Yes, fluctuation is a normal bodily function. However, body weight is a spectrum, health is not.

Although there are some available food options that benefit the health of students, it is not nearly enough to be considered easily accessible. For example, CoreLife, located in the Schine Student Center, offers a menu of nutritious foods. However, since it is the only place of the sort on campus, customers tend to experience long lines. Most college students attend to a tight schedule during the day, and do not have the leisure time to wait in line for a healthy meal. Dining halls are no exception, whereas the majority of foods offered are often fried, processed, and not fresh. According to the National Library of Medicine, first year college students gain seven pounds on average in their first year. This alarming rate is compared to the standard weight gain for an 18-year-old, which is one pound per year. On the contrast, students may also develop other disorders like anorexia or bulimia, and rapidly lose weight unhealthily. This is not only due to the food insecurity issue at universities, but also the emotional crisis most experience during the transition from high school to college. Institutions undermine the effects of these disorders. They can be mind-controlling and lead to a decline in mentally healthy young adults, turning them into unstable students.

Globally, over 207 million individuals are currently involved in higher education. Many of these students are also obliged to pay for housing, textbooks, meal plans, and other expenses. Healthy supermarkets have a reputation for being costly. Those who already experience financial

stress should not have to sacrifice other priorities to properly fuel their bodies. Universities could widen dining hall food options to reach those who suffer from malnutrition and are striving to improve. It is difficult to change habits when there is no other option. The majority of those who gain weight in college live on campus, leading dining halls to be a top contributor to eating disorder development. Living on campus for the first time is a brand-new environment. Therefore, new eating habits must be established. This is a new, rigorous situation that is challenging to adjust to. Colleges must support students in making decisions that benefit their health, not detriment it.

We as a student body are emerging as adults. Universities that support mental health must realize eating disorders are additionally harmful to the success and well-being of their students. Food should not have to be second guessed. Through voices that speak on this deep-rooted issue, hopefully a solution can arise. College is a milestone era that does not deserve to be hijacked by eating disorders.

The 2024 Election: Rising Power of Gen-Z and Young Voters

It was my birthday, a sunny Saturday in July. Every American—red and blue—was swept into a shared state of confusion. Some would say the attempted assassination of Donald Trump brought our divided nation together, while others would say it brought us further apart. My brother yelled out “they shot Trump!” I looked up from the massive array of birthday party food on my kitchen table to see my entire family huddled around the TV. Though not everyone in my family shares the same political beliefs, the tragic reality of a past president being potentially shot and killed on live television was an utter shock. Our nation continues to hit rock bottom, and this was only the beginning of month-long campaigns, heated debates, intense arguments, and shaping our nation’s future.

Being a part of a massively powerful generation is something I take tremendous pride in. With revolutionary tools such as social media, artificial intelligence, and advanced education, Gen Z has the ability to easily change the world, and all eyes are on us. I have always looked forward to exercising my right to vote, and the 2024 election was a significant time to do so. At 19 years old, I feel a great sense of responsibility in participating in this important election, knowing that my opinion matters. With constant shifts throughout the 2024 election, the focus on Gen Z was a consistent factor. As a digital media consumer, I found myself being persuaded by political campaigns via TikTok and Instagram – something I would have *never* expected. My social media feed transformed into an overwhelming surge of loud, relentless political content—it was the new normal. Each day, I anxiously counted down to November 5th, filled with a combination of apprehension and dread. On Halloween, I received my mail-in ballot. Holding it in my hand, I knew this was my chance to make my voice heard—it was empowering, yet daunting. As I filled out each section, hope and uncertainty settled over me. I came to a critical realization – At the age of 19, I was actively experiencing an election that had the potential to be one of the most prominent and significant, affecting an entire generation to come.

As election day very rapidly approached, tensions escalated higher than ever before. Evidently, this was the first election I experienced on a college campus. This point of view was vastly eye-opening and unique. Rather than watching the election news in my home kitchen with my parents spewing out their opinions while lacking control, I was alone in a cramped college dorm. This allowed me to formulate my own independent opinions, aside from my family’s beliefs. On election day, I dove into research, hoping to reach some conclusion that might clear my anxiety. However, no news article, social media post, or dramatic tabloid could ease my mind. On that cold November day, the air was especially chilling, emphasizing the uncertainty of all Americans, no matter which candidate they supported. As the sun fell and the evening rose, TVs across campus began rambling with election news and updates, including mine. My roommate and I consumed as many political words we possibly could until we could no longer fathom – and so we went to sleep. As I woke up that morning, my eyes widened as I read that Donald Trump had been elected president. In that moment, I realized one thing—America would feel a little different from now on.

Following election day, campus felt eerie. What once felt like a haven became a land of unfamiliarity, and no one truly knew why. As I looked into the eyes of my classmates and peers, I saw disappointment and fear, especially in females. Classrooms were empty as people pondered the future of our country in isolation. However, it also served as a stark reminder of how divided our nation remains and how much work lies ahead. In that moment, I realized that true progress would require more than just a vote; it would demand understanding, empathy, and a collective commitment to bridging the gaps between us.

Greek Life: History, Tradition, and Influence

When many people envision a college campus, houses embellished with Greek letters often come to mind. Greek life has been a part of American colleges since 1776 and continues to be present today. Fraternities and sororities are defined as a social student organization having a name consisting of Greek letters. They are associated with fostering friendships, community service, career networking, and academic interest. Members involved often describe Greek life as more than an extracurricular activity – it can be a defining factor of the college experience that offers experiences that go beyond campus life. Each fraternity and sorority have their own unique beliefs, which may appeal to students of diverse backgrounds. Over decades, Greek life has grown in campus popularity, diversity, and influence on lives.

Sororities and fraternities have an extensive and complicated past, consisting of controversies, history, and cultural impact. They stem from the Latin words “sororitas” and “fraternitas,” which mean “sisterhood” and “brotherhood.” For every Greek chapter, their combination of letters is significant factor of their identity. The letters come from their values in the Greek language. For instance, the Phi Beta Kappa’s motto in Greek is “Philosophía Bíou Kybernētēs” - hence their name consisting of the first letter of each word. Along with a motto, each Greek chapter have “pillars.” These are a set of core morals that are promoted by the organization. Pillars often include ethics about academics, service and philanthropy, leadership, friendship, and community. Each organization has its own specific ideals and beliefs that are important to membership. For example, the University of Memphis has an accountability program called the Pillars of Excellence, which sets expectations and standards for chapters to be considered in good standing.

Although fraternities and sororities are now seen as social organizations, the original establishments were far from social. The Phi Beta Kappa fraternity was founded on December 5, 1776, at the College of William and Mary in Virginia. During the American Revolution, the fraternity was seen as a secret literary society. They discussed philosophical and intellectual dialogue that supported their motto; “love of learning is the guide to life.” As the organization grew, they became an honorary society, and later became a fraternity. However, this was inclusive to only male students. Women, yearning for a similar organization, established their own fraternity at DePauw University. In 1870, Kappa Alpha Theta became the first ever female-run fraternity. Found by four women, their focus was intellectual curiosity, leadership potential, commitment to service, and personal excellence. However, Kappa Alpha Theta was not yet known as a sorority yet. Gamma Phi Beta at Syracuse University is considered the first organization to use the term “sorority” in 1882. The term was coined for the group by a male Latin professor, Dr. Frank Smalley, who said to the women at a party, “I presume that you young women feel very elated over being members of a sorority”.

Today, the National Panhellenic Conference (NPC) governs 26 women's-only sororities, and the Interfraternity Council (IFC) governs 58 men's-only fraternities. Approximately 9 million students in the United States participate in Greek life, which constitutes about 20% of the total college population. However, contrary to original Greek life, the membership in sororities is typically higher than in fraternities. For example, about 4 million women belong to sororities, while around 1.6 million men are members of fraternities. Greek organizations are present at over 800 college campuses across the United States. Many universities have formal recruitment processes for both fraternities and sororities known as “rush,” where students visit all houses on their campus. Additionally, studies show that fraternity and sorority members often have higher GPAs compared to non-Greek students. For example, some universities report that Greek

members have an average GPA of 3.0 or higher. Many alumni remain active in their organizations after graduation. Approximately 85% of Greek alumni report being involved with their chapters in some capacity, whether through mentorship, donations, or participation in alumni events.

Overall, Greek life has evolved significantly since it was first founded in 1776. What was once a secret honors society has emerged into social organizations where students are offered an opportunity of self-expression while collaborating with like-minded individuals. This is an experience that has shaped millions of students and campuses. Despite facing various challenges, Greek organizations are working towards greater inclusivity and accountability. They play a notable role in campus culture, fostering connections and providing support systems that can impact members' lives during and after their time in college.