



## The Costs of Human Drivers

### The Monetary Cost

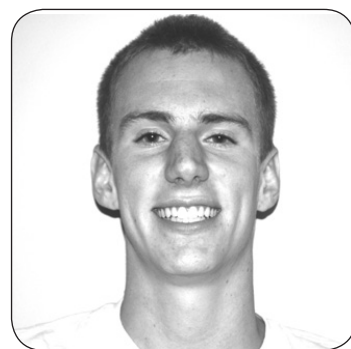
**\$99 billion** in productivity losses and medical care costs  
**\$500** per licensed driver

### The Human Cost

**2.24 million** injured or disabled during 2010  
as a result of motor vehicle crashes  
**32,885** deaths during 2010  
as a result of motor vehicle crashes

\*according to [www.rmia.org](http://www.rmia.org)

## Small town lifestyle has upsides



John Brooks

Okay everyone, pop quiz — does Kirksville have a movie theater? During my freshman orientation, I asked myself, “What have I gotten myself into?”

I have an older sibling who attended Truman State, so I knew the jokes. There’s nothing to do in Kirksville. And during my first days at Truman, it appeared my fears were being confirmed. Not to worry, though. As I eventually learned, Kirksville does have a movie theater.

On a more serious note, while Kirksville might not have the same benefits as large cities, such as shopping malls, wide selections of merchandise and dining establishments — like Chipotle — that larger places like St. Louis boast, but it also does not have problems that plague larger urban areas like traffic, gang activity or pollution, and even has some surprising benefits.

One of the things I liked about Kirksville when I first arrived was the lack of traffic. My hometown, Columbia, is relatively small in population and size compared to St. Louis. But believe it or not, I occasionally was stuck in traffic during my time in Columbia, sometimes for up to 15 minutes at a time, and it always thoroughly annoyed me. Here in Kirksville, the longest I’ve waited in line was at Walmart, and that wasn’t even a line. It was at a self-checkout counter while I waited for the attendant who assists customers. Anyway, not having to wait in line or rush to get to something first is very nice.

Sometimes it feels like nothing happens in Kirksville, and that’s true. But the second part of that thought, the part that says it’s bad, is what I disagree with. I know at least four people who came from St. Louis, so I’m guessing a lot of the Truman population is from St. Louis. It’s true that nothing really happens in Kirksville, but how do you define “really happens?” A robbery, a shooting, a carjacking? My point is, I’m satisfied with a little peace and quiet, particularly if it means I don’t have to worry too much about crime. We all saw the email last week — somebody even tries to commit a crime around the Truman campus. Department of Public Safety is on it immediately. I feel safe knowing my protection is in the hands of DPS.

I also appreciate the fact that when I go to movies at the aforementioned Kirksville cinema, I’m usually alone. Not that I would go see movies by myself. This particularly is handy for creepy movies, because about halfway through you start to wonder if there’s somebody else in the movie theater with you, and you look around to see only shadows. Sometimes I’m worried the theater staff will forget there’s actually somebody in there watching a movie and lock up early for the night. I’ll come out and find the doors locked, and spend the night huddled up next to a card-board cutout of Nemo. Next time you go watch a movie, though, buy concessions if you can afford them, because the Kirksville movie theatre is one of our few sources of entertainment.

My relationship with Kirksville has grown on me like fungi. I do enjoy going into Bonzai to find the same staff working there as before, and knowing one of my friends from freshman year still works there. And that’s what kept me from fleeing for more populated areas to pursue my higher education — the personal touch. I like the fact Truman’s professors always are available to their students, and knowing that I’ll probably run into somebody I know if I go to Walmart, Bonzai, Pagliai’s or ... well, I guess that’s it. Kirksville is like my blanket from my freshman year of high school. It might not be in the best shape, but it’s comfortable and familiar. I appreciate it for what it is. If only its denizens would stop trying to run us over, we’d be golden.

John Brooks is a sophomore English major from Columbia, Mo.

## Technology can be dangerous



Jeremy Busch

Put yourself on an imaginary three-lane highway. In the car to your left, the driver is asleep. In the car to the right, the driver is typing a report on his computer. Ahead of you is a six-year-old behind the wheel playing video games. There are no worries because accidents, speeding tickets and other harms are non-existent. This obviously is not the world we live in today, but it very well could be our future, thanks to Google’s self-driving car.

California became the second state to pass a law legalizing self-driving cars to be tested on roads as of Sept. 25, according to a Sept. 25 LA Times article. The car approved is Google’s self-driving car. It combines information from Google Street View and data from several video cameras to capture the world around it. Even though the law requires a human behind the wheel, the cars can drive, park, navigate and maneuver without the control of a driver. Google claims the car addresses a variety of issues, including disability, age and intoxication. The self-driving cars are safer than human drivers, according to Google.

In essence, these cars take the human process out of driving. On Sept. 27 CNN reported the cars would decrease the amount of traffic and accidents on Sept. 27. There currently are no plans to commercialize these automobiles, but it seems that will change soon. In fact, CNN predicts that a driver’s license will be completely obsolete by the year 2040. With such an innovation, the possibilities of transportation are endless. Autopilot public buses, trains and other transportation systems could be completely redesigned for new money saving purposes. Obviously, these advances in technology are groundbreaking. The thought of an autopilot car would be science fiction coming to life. We could sleep, eat, text and do pretty much everything while driving. The thought of this magical technology taking control of another aspect of life seems just too much to pass by. However, I disagree with this.

Driving is a complicated process that involves reactions and logical decision-making. I think a human is better fit for this role, and as a fellow driver on the road, I would not want to drive on a street filled with self-driving cars. Contrary to what movies broadcast, computers do not have minds of their own and are not capable of making decisions that humans have to make every day. Every time another piece of technology makes its way into civilization, it decreases our worldly skills. A prime example is the loss of personal communication skills from Internet chat.

We gradually are taking the human out of certain activities. Just like assembly lines turned into machines, we work less during almost every aspect in life. I pro-

pose that there must be a limit to this. We have been gifted with a brain that works in marvelous ways, yet it is becoming decreasingly important in our technology-infested society. Technology can be vastly beneficial — it improves health, helps long distance communication and improves certain aspects of education. But should it control the thought process throughout our lives?

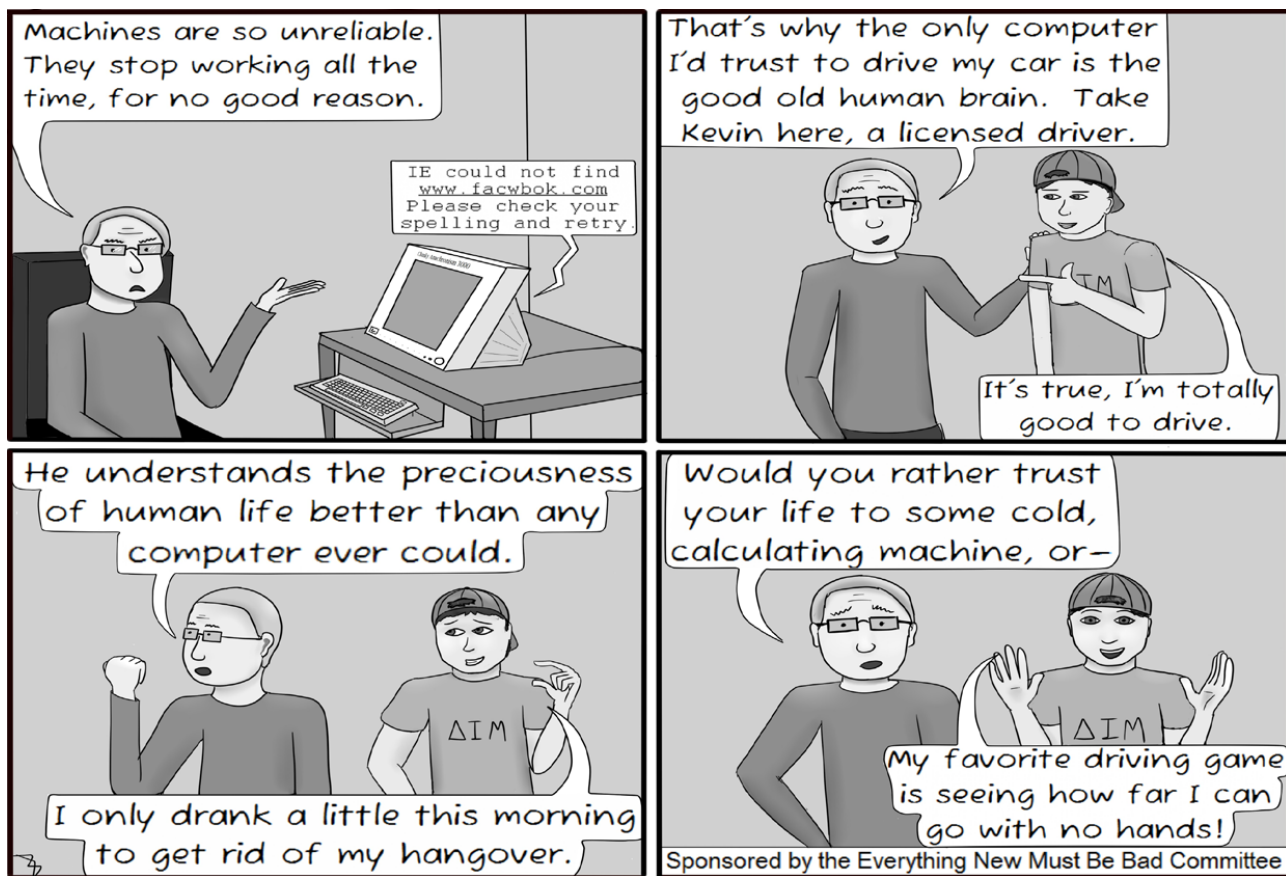
I don’t want to say that a self-driving car would be the worst invention ever — it has its benefits and puts a whole new meaning to “designated driver.” However, I believe we cannot put ourselves 100 percent into technology. Wrapping ourselves in its warm, electronic blanket shields us from the rest of society and limits our lives. From my point of view, some things are meant to be done the right way, even if it takes more effort. Driving falls into this category. The amount of shortcuts and quick-and-easy solutions have grown too high, and hurt our societal roles. As we can all attest to, technology is not full-proof and cannot always be trusted.

These autopilot cars are a step too far in the future. Even though they have tested well so far, I always will put my confidence in the human race against technology. Electronics are a privilege to have, but this concept can only extend so far. When we put too much of ourselves into technology, it is only a matter of time until we find ourselves changing along with it.

Jeremy Busch is a freshman communication major from St. Louis, Mo.

## Cartoon

By Megan Archer



## Grim Hall resident challenges Hall’s reputation



Dan Mika

About two weeks ago I was waiting in the SUB for a mini pizza and started some small talk with a girl who was also in line. We chatted about favorite classes, favorite clubs and how odd it was that they didn’t cook more pizzas for the lunch rush. Eventually, the question of where we are living came up.

“Where do you live?” she asked. “Oh, I live in Grim,” I replied. A look of distrust and slight terror came across her face. The conversation was dead, and we waited in silence for those

delicious pizzas to finally be served.

I understand that Grim Hall doesn’t sound like a fun place to live. There’s supposedly a ghost floating around terrorizing everyone that doesn’t ask permission before sitting in her chair. Grim’s name itself doesn’t exactly welcome freshmen into its halls.

But I am a proud “Grimlin.” I am not weird. When I first learned that I was to live in Grim Hall, I went to Collegeprowler.com, my most trusted source when I was looking at colleges. Looking through the comments on Truman State’s Dorm Life review page, I found this little tidbit:

“The dorms to avoid seem to be Grim — weird people live there.”

I never visited Truman before I committed, so I didn’t know what possible horrors Grim Hall had. I was petrified of my future home because of that one stupid comment. What was I going to do in this sanctuary for the strangest of Truman students? My anxiety slowly rose as summer went by, and it reached its high point when I moved into my residence hall before anyone else had arrived. I signed up for the combined move-in day and

orientation to save the \$300 it cost to drive from Chicago to Kirksville. The Student Advisers were very nice, but then again, they had to be. So after I moved in, bid my parents a teary farewell and explored the unknown campus, I went to sleep, worried about the community I was about to become a part of.

I woke up the next day and had quite a surprise: I said good morning to a fellow resident of Grim Hall, and they looked back at me and replied, “good morning.” It was the same story to every other kid that came through the doors, arms filled with boxes that (hopefully) weren’t filled with butcher knives. There wasn’t any sense that someone wasn’t going to mount my head on a plaque and hang it over a fireplace. I felt so silly — there was nothing to fear in Grim at all.

Grim Hall has been considered the asylum for the odd because physically it’s the worst dorm. The building was opened during 1923 according to [reslife.truman.edu](http://reslife.truman.edu). It has no air conditioning and it’s well-insulated, so it’s a giant oven for the first few weeks. It’s also tiny and only able to house about 48 residents ac-

ording to [reslife.truman.edu](http://reslife.truman.edu). But that doesn’t mean that the students living in it are loners. That’s like saying that everyone who lives in West Campus Suites has rich parents. It’s the stereotype, but it’s not always true.

But what makes me most upset with the idea of Grim Hall being where the freaks and geeks live is the hypocrisy. Truman inherently is a little weird. Think about it: for two weeks a year, we all think nothing of fellow students walking into class carrying Nerf guns and running away from mobs of other students wearing headbands. Everyone who goes to this school has just a little inkling of weirdness in them, and that’s what makes this place so much fun. We’re all a little odd, so why are the proud residents of Grim Hall thought to be more odd than anyone else? This “disgrimmation” has been justified during the past, but it’s no longer applicable today.

Dan Mika is a freshman communication major from Mt. Prospect, Ill.