

| $\begin{array}{c}\text { President's veto } \\ \text { power questioned }\end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{l}\text { Start saving lives: } \\ \text { Blood drive Wednesday }\end{array}$ |
| :---: | :---: | power questioned

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The Barren College
(*) This paper is a joke (no, not as usual). This week, it really is/'Nothing in it is true, factual, or should be taken seriously:

## Good-bye old friend

by Jennifer V. Colvin Eatororin Chef

Just like a chapter in a book people's lives are separated by divisions and pauses - som slight, and often unnoticed others a complete turn around
most like a new starting point For some people, college is
slight pause; but for those like

me, college is a new chapter with blank pages yet to be filled.
To imagine myself a freshman is not hard considering that I was one only four years ago. scared and frantically searching for my schedule, I know what it is like to wander the campus from building to building wondering which teacher was STAFF.
But Im not sitting down to write about my first day of classes. In fact, the day passed by so quickly I hardly remember it. However, what I do recall is the feeling I get when I realize that some of those people I met my first weeks of classes are still my friends.
As I sit down to the computer and type my by-line for the last time, I can only smile. It was all worth it, no matter what cost.
I have new and wonderful I have new and wonderful
friends. We laughed, we cried; it friends. We laughed, w.
was better than CATS.
was better than CATS.
I know that somewhere in this world, every Wednesday night I will awaken early in the morning from that same dream I've had for the last four vears. The dream is reoccurring; it comes and goes, but is always there.
Ragged breathing, the wax on my fingers clings to everything Pages and pages of printed copy
are everywhere. The printer are everywhere. The printer nentiful. Tension is thick and plentiful. Tension is
friendships blossom.
friendships blossom.
I look around the office; the I look around the office; the
calm after the tornado chilling. calm after the tornado chilling. The paper put to bed, we can finally exhale - and I awaken No one knows the feeling. No one understands the desire. No one feels the need
Working on a newspaper is the most exhilarating feeling I have ever had. Adrenaline pumping, I get a natural high from writing and laying out pages.
What I love the most isn't seeing my name in print, but instead the pride that bursts within my chest on Thursdays when I walk into Reed and see people reading The Collegian. That's what I will miss the most. I will not miss tests, grades, classes or papers. But instead, I will miss Behrend for a newspaper.
To list everyone's name I want to thank, The Collegian would have to set a new record and publish 32 pages. Instead, I will say it simply

## THANK YOU.

I owe more than that to some:
Mrs. Lois Steele - my high school journalism teacher, Mrs. Steele taught me how to love story telling and that layout is important.
Mrs. Cathy Mester - The Collegian advisor for countless years, Cathy showed me that working for a paper
Holly Beary ambition Beary - ... Holly's the catalyst for a four year journey. Without Holly where would the paper have gone? She started it all.
Tom Keefe - Tommy D, constant pressure to excel, has pushed me to the edge of the cliff and taught me how to not fall off
heila Bickel - Sheila is my life saver who keeps me in constant touch with reality. College and The Collegian would have never been the same without her
Ursula and Rob - Although neither of you will know it, you complete the staff.

To past and present editors: You all have so
much potential. Russ, Matt, Michelle, Doreen, Sara, Joe, Joe, Colleen, Colleen, Nick, Brian, this list could go one forever. Under your
direction, that paper has direction, that paper has
blossomed. Do not lose sight blossomed. Do not lose sight
of your goals and ambitions of your goals and ambitions you're the reason Danielle,
Holly and I were here Holly and I were here. Without you all there would be nothing. You are The Collegian.
Danielle Murphy - What can I say? We owe it all to you. Through all the turmoil, it was you who stood by meant more than you'll ever know.
My family - Immediate and extended - without them I would be nothing. They have made me who I am. years go by all to quickly and we are left wondering where all the time has gone. Thank you for the time we had; I will cherish it forever You are the driving force that pushes me from here

I leave Erie behind and tread to Washington DC where I have to Washington DC where I have
wonderful job at Genetic Therapy, Inc. -- and to the dirty Therapy, Inc. -- and to the dirty rat who hung posters earlier Biology majors do claimed Biology majors do not need newspaper experience for a job, tough luch buddy. Whe only reason I got my job was because worked on a newspaper I have learned much during my years at Behrend the majority outside any classroom alls.
This entire campus has been my classroom. Collegian 101 was the most worthwhile of all

It's been a long time old riend. A long time since we stumbled upon each other and joined hands.
But time passes and friendship dwindles; obligation makes me say good-bye.
Donning cap and gown, diploma in hand, I will lock the door one last time. Looking back over my shoulder, I will regret none of it - only wishing I had it to do all over again. I'm going to miss you old
friend.
\$1,200,000 EXPANSION PLANNED FOR BEHREND
mmatomanibit 13 on Honor Roll




