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The final Live in the Gallery Lounge performance of the semester will be at 12:05 p.m. Wednesday, April 12, featuring Ken Kline and Roger Schiller. They will be performing classical music, rags and Broadway tunes.

ADOPTION

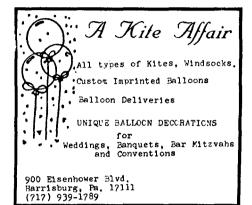
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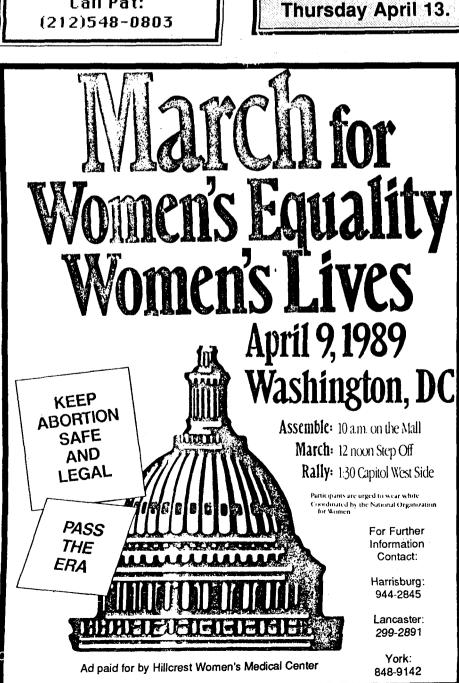


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Noted author Susan Sontag is coming to PSH. Considered one of the most important thinkers in America, Sontag will address "AIDS as Metaphor" in the C.U.B. at 8:00 p.m., Thursday April 13.



Cont. from p. 5

Nevertheless, his paranoia doesn't give him a legitimate excuse to impersonate a New York cabbie.

Confusion marked our journey. Both drivers made periodic pitstops to mark our strategies or make excuses. With the New York skyline within our sights, the drivers bickered over which tunnel to use. Throughout the trip the lead bus made the decisions; the blind led the blinder into the Lincoln Tunnel. After zooming through Central Park like a bat out of hell, we pulled in front of the Metropolitan Art Museum. We removed the anxiety from our faces, untied our knotted brows, wiped our sweaty hands and headed out into the cold March weather.

Instead of following my classmates into the Met or my partner Kevin to the Lower East side, I chose to hang out with Sean Donnelly, Vicki Cuscino, and Amy Blinn. These city-slickers from western Pennsylvania were going to show this Philadelphia hick how to survive in the Big Apple.

Amidst the shadows of expensive apartment complexes and Rolls Royces, there had to be a McDonald's nearby. They were hungry and images of clowns with big red Afros danced in their heads. No Big Macs or greasy fries for this trio; they just wanted a place to eat their tuna fish sandwiches. I never thought "eating out" meant that at all.

As I attempted to cross Park Avenue, I heard a loud "Don't Walk." Was it a mugger? Was it a policeman? No, it was just Vicki and Amy yelling out the traffic signals. I waited a couple seconds and they shouted "Walk!". I appreciated their help. If it wasn't for them, I could've been hit by a Mercedes and feigned injury to collect an enormous amount of money. Thanks.

Unsuccessful in our search, we plodded on. Locating the "Golden Arches" on Park Avenue seemed virtually impossible. We entered a small coffee house to escape the cold and to eat. Unfortunately, we had to pay. After we finished our meal and headed back to the Met, Vicki remained unhappy. She wanted her tuna fish sandwich.

Upon our arrival at the Met, I left the trio in astonishment. There was a cafeteria in the museum.

Ninety minutes later we were in the bus.

Doc pulled out at 2:30 sharp. I pleaded with him to wait just five minutes longer. My plea fell on deaf ears.

"If you see someone running for the bus, wave," Sean said, "and tell them they have to go through Harlem."

Doc said that to be safe in Harlem they should take a basketball. Like a microwave, I heated up extremely fast. Though I should be used to comments like that, I go to PSH. I decided to wait until we arrived at the Museum of Modern Art to explode. I didn't want to rattle an already rattled driver. (At 5' 6 1/2", and 135 pounds, I strike an imposing figure, and I was a full inch taller than Doc.) I made it clear that I didn't appreciate that racist remark. He apologized.

"Don't let it happen again," I growled as I stepped off the bus.

My attitude changed quickly, though. Seeing hundreds of people paying money to see Andy Warhol's exhibit of Campbell Soup cans astonished me. I can't imagine Michelangelo painting a can of chicken noodle. After two hours of being excessively visually stimulated, I wanted to excite my taste buds by tossing down a couple of beers. John Garvey, another PSH student, joined me.

After 15 minutes of wandering almost aimlessly around Manhattan trying to find TGIFridays (Thank God It's Friday), we chose Mulligan's. Although we disagreed about who was going to win the NCAA basketball tournament, we agreed on who had the best legs on campus. We also agreed that she was not ready for two love gods like us.

We left Mulligan's at 6:30 and headed back to the Museum of Modern Art. The buses arrived at 7:00, a little bit late and cold. Both buses-filled with tired students, friends and faculty-departed for home.

A day in New York transformed two buses of excited, eager people into two lethargic masses; but our bus drivers remained the same. They didn't know which route to take: route 22 or route 78. Amidst the confusion, Doc lost sight of the lead bus. Thankfully, the father of the little terrorist--who had fallen asleep--guided Doc home.

After the long ride back to Capitol campus, Doc asked how to get to Harrisburg.

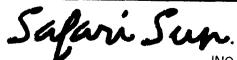
Just follow the dotted white lines,

Resident Assistant Programs on Campus

The Following programs are open to everyone on campus:

Discussion on Prejudice, Tuesday April 4, 12:15 p.m. in the Gallery Lounge.

Domestic Violence, April 6, 12:15 p.m. in the BCAC...
Sex Role Stereotypes, Wednesday April 12, Noon in room W-205.
Refreshments will be provided at all programs.



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