

Teacher of the Month:**Dr. Young, History Professor**

By Lori Craddock
Lion's eye Staff Writer

"You need to know who you are before you can teach someone." These are the words of Dr. Ralph Young, a history professor whose life experiences attest to the truth of his statement. He was born in Long Island and by the time he was three, knew he wanted to be involved with school.

Like many of us, he struggled his first year in college. As a freshman, he was placed on academic probation. This should be reassuring to anyone who attends here, that low grades don't always mean automatic failure. As school wore on for Dr. Young, his grades and way of thinking prospered. He went on to get his Bachelors in History and a minor in Political science.

After college, Dr. Young's life truly began and he found himself using Socrates' famed saying "Know Thyself." He grew his hair long (deliberately affiliating himself with the counterculture) and joined the Peace Corps where he stayed in Hawaii and Malaysia. Next, he travelled Europe with a German woman, saw Janis Joplin in England, Pink Floyd, hitchhiked, and stayed in a log cabin at one time. He spent the first half of the seventies in England and the second half in Germany, all qualifying him for his future profession and contributing to a solid, wordly identity that makes him the superlative teacher that he is.

Professor Young went on to get his masters in History and his PHD in U.S., at Michigan State. He excelled in British History with a dissertation concerning Puritanism, a subject he could render well, after seeing the contrast in cultures and found in all the countries he has visited.

A highlight of his life was

when he had the honor of picking Alan Ginsberg (famed Beat Poet), up from the airport and showed him the sights in Philadelphia. On the way back from the airport, Ginsberg began to play the bongos and recite poetry to alleviate the boredom of being stuck in traffic. Allen Ginsberg later wrote letters to Dr. Young including bits of his newest poetry which was truly an honor.

Multi-talented, Professor young plays the guitar and fiddle. Some of his pastimes include softball, squash, floor hockey, scuba diving (he can teach it), meditation, and writing. This writing is a passion that has blossomed in all areas of literature, which he hopes to publish. One of the things he does well is share, in all its connotations, and that, he states, is what teaching is all about.

Throughout his life, Dr. Young has seen and experienced, first-hand, various historical and momentous events. He has left his mark in life and continues through his influence on students. The good part about his teaching is that he involves his students and leaves them with a sense of how it truly was to live each moment in time. If any reader is scheduling History for this coming semester, be certain to make sure Dr. Young is the teacher. This teacher will not only help a student develop their mind, but will also be a mentor in the ways of life.

The words best to describe this teacher's thinking would have to be that his own: "The here and now is just as important as the past, so live each moment to the fullest, voice your opinions, and stand up for what you think is right. Also, never think you've reached a point where you cannot learn more. Each new period in your life brings new experiences and ways of thinking."

Editorial:**Tailgating As an Art Form**

By Rob Coyle
Editor-in-Chief

The day was too hot for football. It topped off at 94 degrees, and I being an idiot didn't pack any shorts because of the cooler week that had preceded this game. So I sat there in my little pool of sweat and waited for the gates to open to Beaver Stadium.

Sitting there against the gum-stained pillar of concrete that manages to support roughly 94,000 fans six or seven times a season, I watched the hordes and hordes of people mix and mingle in the maze of cars that seemed to stretch on for miles.

Tailgating is to college football as Clinton is to college-aged girls - they just go hand in hand. And just as no intern is the same, no tailgate party is the same as well.

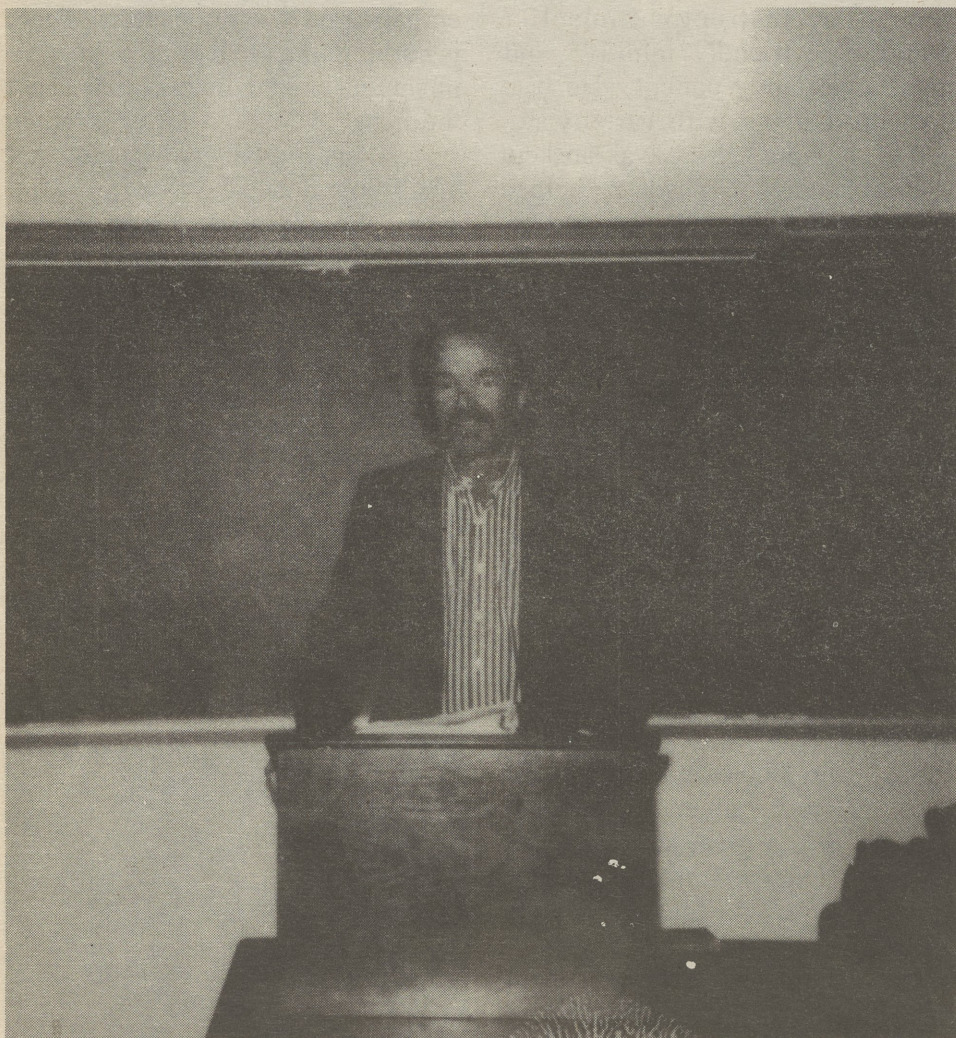
Some are as simple as a family, a car, and a cooler of lunchmeat and cold drinks. My family and I have come up every year for the past five years or so, and that is usually the extent of our fun. We always make plans to bring tables or gas grills, but we never do. We end up sitting on, in, and around our car eating sandwiches. And it's fun in its own way. This is how most people tailgate.

But as you wander around the grassy parking lots, you realize that some families go all out in their tailgating experience. Open trucks turn into card tables, cold sandwiches turn into hamburgers and bratwurst, and cold drinks are still cold drinks. These families also always attract more folks, and next thing you know you are in line next to somebody's cousin Elmo whose bragging about his life long dream to marry a Burger King checkout girl (true story). How can you possibly top that?

But even cousin Elmo can't top the people in the Winnebago lots. What once was a card table is now a buffet line, those cold sandwiches have been replaced by steak filets, roasted turkey, and grandmother's own potato salad and the wine list is superb. People sit on lawn chairs and laugh as the rest of us curse at our portable gas grill that couldn't cook lunchmeat all the way through, as they nibble on their veal cutlet.

But tailgating is not about class; it's about fun. It's about seeing Uncle Jed finish off a six pack at 10 a.m., and then watching our beloved Nittany Lions end Bowling Green's chance for an upset with the first offensive play from scrimmage. It's about waiting two hours for the bathroom, and it's about watching Joe Pa win 300 more. It's about watching the student section starting the wave time after time only to have it die somewhere in section NV, and its about watching the drum major do his flips.

But most of all, tailgating is about people, from all walks of life, creeds, colors, and religions, uniting for at least one day in harmony, and forgetting about their jobs, problems, and beer limits, and simply enjoying themselves in the hot, Happy Valley sun.



"I'm gonna live, live, live until I die."

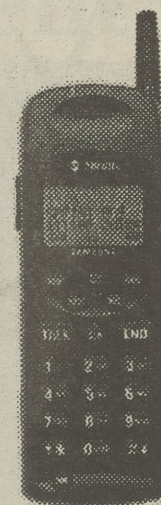
Photo by Lori Craddock

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