

The Problem

The Problem? There's no problem here; this is Happy Valley, Land of the Lions, Paternoville, Disneyland State University and all that stuff. There's no problem.

Sure, tuition is going up and it's tough to get the grades you want and the University has a lot of hard-nosed policies, but think for a minute: Look at all you get when you forfeit a life in the outside for one at college.

This place can be a regular resort. Where else can you get the great variety of recreational facilities and party privileges and social interaction with the opposite sex for less than \$3,000 per nine-month stretch? Why, you can spend five or six times that much for a stay like that at another resort.

In all your life, you'll never have the opportunity to associate almost exclusively with people your own age and

with your same basic vested interests like at college. You'll never be able to get away with half the stuff you can here once you leave, because you'll never again be able to use the all-purpose excuse, "Look, I'm sorry, I'm just a nutty college student. What do I know?" Can you imagine telling your boss, "I'm sorry, but I'm just a nutty account executive!"

All this is yours and much, much more, just because you went to college.

Otherwise, we're not completely serious about all this. It's just that, hey, we're at the end of a long academic year and it's time to go a bit mad. Or, in the words of Emily Dickinson, "A bit of madness is wholesome in the spring."

So lie back from the books for a minute, enjoy the spring and console yourself with the knowledge that everyone else is doing just that, too.

The Penn State you didn't see

By BOB "SUDDS" CARVILLE, Daily Collegian Staff Writer

I'd like to propose a toast — a toast to the Penn State you may have missed. It's a toast to those who are graduating this term, to those who are leaving for other reasons and to those who never really got here in the first place. It's a toast to those who thought they went to Penn State but didn't, and to those who think they are going to Penn State but aren't.

In spite of the inscription above Pattee, a true university is not a collection of books; it probably is everything else but that. It's a collection of the people you meet, the people you don't meet; it's a collection of all the things you did and all the things you never did; a collection of memories, experiences and insights. A true university is only a collection of books if you consider all those who went here are their own living testaments.

And so, here's a toast from a mug that

only pours as much as you choose to drink.

Here's to all the classes missed because we felt there was a greater lesson to be learned dozing on the mall and trading gossip. Mark Twain said it: "Never let schooling interfere with my education."

Here's to those filthy few professors who understand it's not always what we learned in their classes but how we learned it and who graded our performances accordingly.

Here's to the great University administrator-diplomats who felt the biggest problem with the students was their image of the University, but who never considered that our disfavor sprang mostly from their diplomacy.

Here's to all the stuff the campus police didn't catch us doing, and to all the questionable stuff we caught them doing. And that goes double for all the resident assistants, fraternity pledge trainers and landlords. May they never find out everything.

Here's to all-nighters, cram sessions, rush jobs, creative bibliographies, take-home test conspiracies, wild excuses, pleas for leniency, self-taught speed reading, skims, scans, essay BS-ing, multiple choice coin-flipping, ambiguous short answer completions and all the other "get knowledge quick" schemes we devised.

Here's to Pepto-Bismol, Di-Gel, Roloids, Maalox, pepperoni pizzas and all the other sure-fire stomach distress cures taken the long night before the final exam.

Here's to the long walks through campus in the dead of night when we made those firm commitments to ourselves which were broken the very first time they were tried.

Here's to all those who sacrificed themselves to save the class grading curve.

Here's to our transient lifestyle, which takes all kinds of people from all walks of life, throws them together as undergraduates, then turns us into all

kinds of people headed for all walks of life.

Here's to the grim realization that we are now the learned upperclassmen who led us all astray when we were underclassmen. As freshmen, we thought there was no future; as sophomores, we thought there was no truth; as juniors we thought there was no satisfaction; but now, as seniors, we finally have it straight: There are no jobs.

And, best of all, here's to all the stuff we always wanted to do and all the people we always wanted to meet while we were here, but somehow, some way, we never did. They were great plans, weren't they? Trouble was, there was always something that got in the way. It was a class or an assignment or some stupid thing. Funny how you don't remember what it was that you did instead, but you never forgot what you would've done. And that's the Penn State — the "true university" — you missed, and probably will miss in the years that follow.

Letters:

A true university is a collection of tales

Editor's Note: The following letters contain the memories and perceptions of Penn State that a few students will take with them when they leave Happy Valley. The letters are in response to a request from The Daily Collegian editorial staff.

Yes, the time has come to move on, as the saying goes. It may just be better than State, who knows? But despite all those tests, I might miss this place next year. The parties, the crazies and pitchers of beer.

Craig J. Brody
12th-marketing
May 1

Parties, crazies, beer

Almost four years have passed at good ol' P.S.U., Now there's the question, "What am I to do?" Should I "book" further for an M.B.A., Or slouch in an office desk, 9-5, all day, Perhaps I should stay in Happy Valley to hear the lion's roar, A comforting thought, but I can't stand dorm food any more, Then again the working world doesn't seem to be much fun, No shouting, no traying, no Spring Terms in the sun. Where else but here are the girls so ripe, A few fat, a few sororital, but most just right, Where else but here can you sleep all day, Not worrying 'bout what your boss or mom would say, Where else but here can you study the night before, Knowing all along you'll get a passing score, Where else but here do the parties never end, Especially Gentle Thursday, sharing wine with your friends.

Stood up and cheer

All you single and unattached guys out there should be interested to know that I've discovered a new method of meeting girls.

Recently, I placed an ad in the Collegian "Personals" — that infamous section of the classified ads. In the ad I stated that I was a young man interested in meeting girls. Naturally, I gave my phone number and hinted that I was halfway-decent looking. The usual crap in this type of ad.

The ad ran two days and I expected an overwhelming response of female callers. I received a grand total of three calls from the whole affair.

The first call I received came on the second day of the ad. Sally sounded cute and she insisted that she meet me the next day at the HUB desk. I said fine and that I would meet her a half hour before my third-period

class. She never showed... or, did she? Wherever you are out there, Sally — wasn't I tall enough for you? Anyway, everybody gets stood up at the HUB sometime, right?

That second night I also got a call from a girl who described herself as "cute, 100 percent Italian and built."

Gina turned out to be the fairest-skinned all-Italian girl that I've ever seen. What's more, she was built like an elephant. At least she was interesting. I enjoyed her stories about her ex-boyfriend's suicide attempts.

Then the third call. The big one. Karen called several days after the original ad appeared. She sounded so honest. She said she had two other roommates who were interested in meeting guys. One of them, Sandy, was a "knockout," she said.

I suggested a triple-blind date for the following weekend. When Saturday night came — two days after my date with Gina — I grabbed two clowns of legal age from my dorm and headed to a nice bar downtown to meet those beauties. You guessed it. The three girls stood us up.

It was a fitting scene for any idiot that would put a serious love-quest in the Collegian "Personals."

Tom Healey
9th-marketing
May 3

the daily Collegian op-ed

Through the eyes of artists

Daily Collegian graphic designers Mark VanDine, Della Hoke, Kathy Fitzgerald and Tom Mosser inked out some of the oddities of the Penn State experience. With all due respect to higher learning and academia, the images captured here will provide for many students the longest lasting remembrances of their college education.

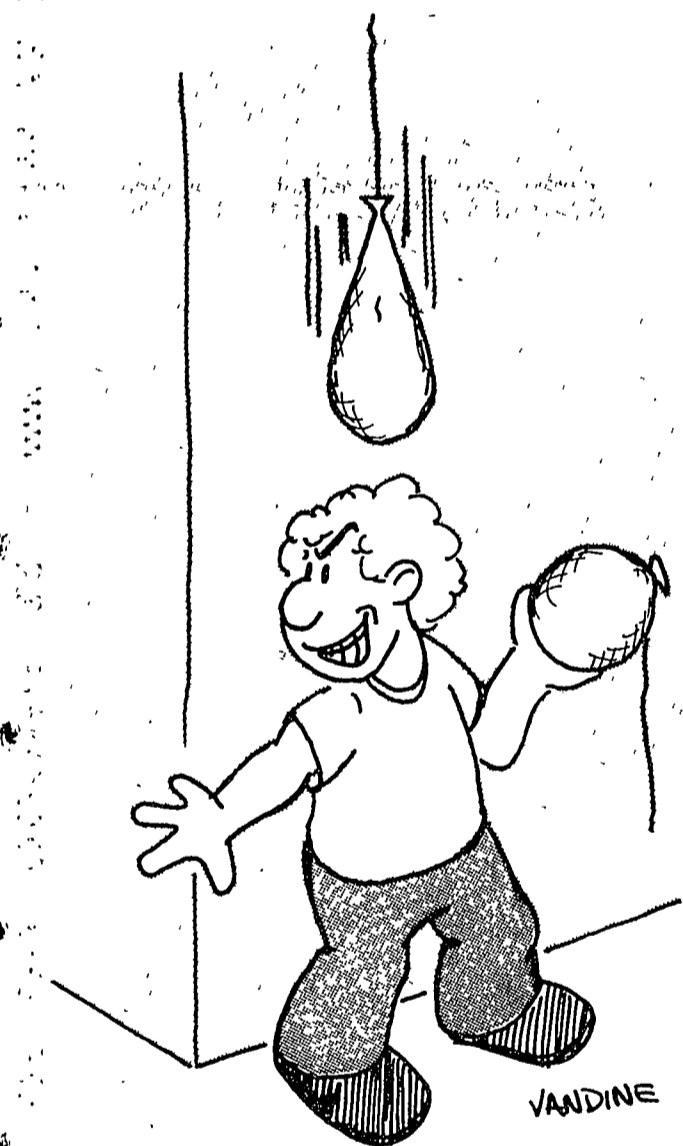
Clockwise, from top right: Fraternity pledges smile through the best of times and the worst of times; Toga, Toga, Toga; "What about that enforced dorm party policy?"; and just another casualty in the East Halls water balloon wars; and, well... you know the story.



Illustration by Della Hoke



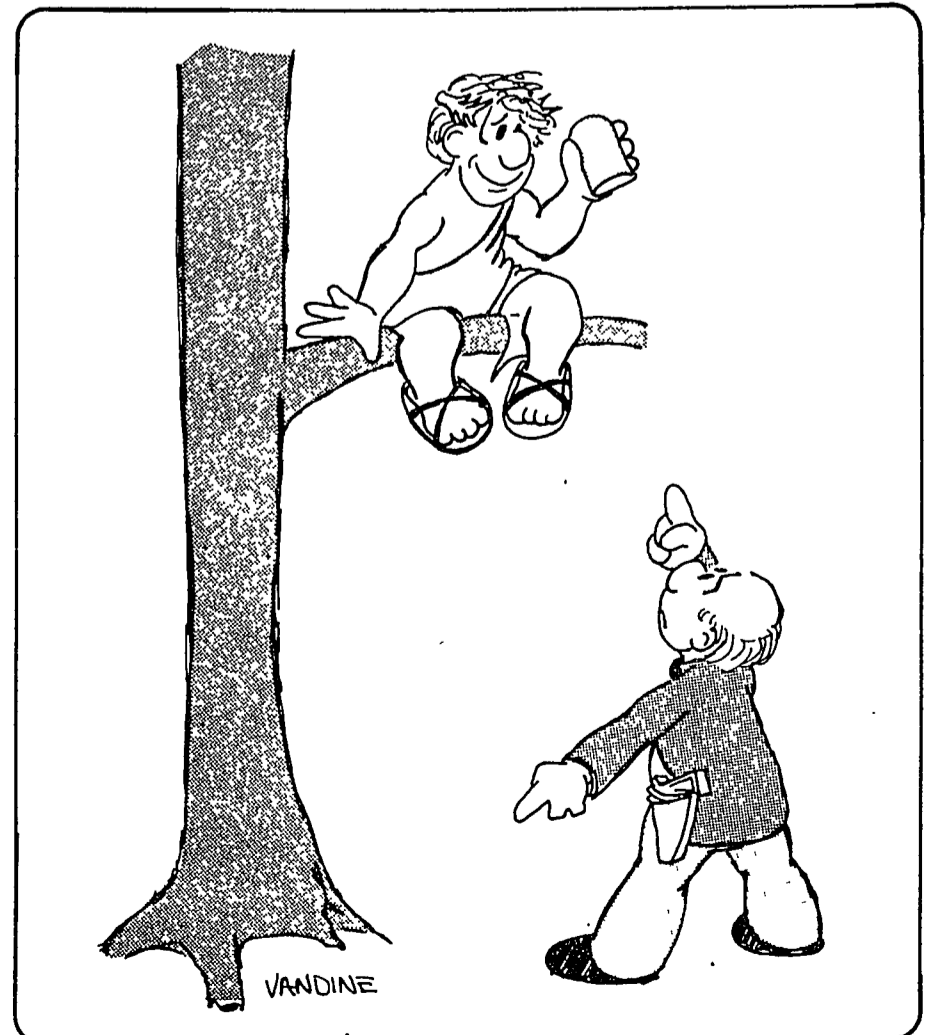
Tom Mosser '79



VANDINE



Kathy Fitzgerald - the Daily Collegian



VANDINE