

The 'college' thing

by Alicia Hartman
Columnist

What is it like to be a "student"? Unfortunately, not many of us know. Only a few of us are plain, ordinary "students". The majority of us work part-time, are athletes, and/or club participants. Some of us work full-time and are also mothers and fathers, husbands and wives.

The rest were all extremely concerned with money right now. We just paid our bill for the semester (spring bills will be sent out in mid-November), and spent hundreds of dollars for books.

I hate parents who give their children everything: a car (insurance and maintenance), money for clothes, money to go out... Some parents give everything to their children on a silver platter.

I resent you children like this and I know you're out there. These children feel like they're going to die being forced to work over the summer?! Poor babies!

Some parents don't pay for any of their child's education. I really hate parents like this.

I had a friend who took her parents to court because they refused to give her any money for college. Her parents are

divorced. Her father lives here in Pennsylvania and her mother lives down in Florida.

At the time she took them to court, the law stated that a child's education must be split equally between the child and his parents. That meant the child would pay one-third, the father would pay one-third, and the mother would pay one-third.

So, she was all set for her freshman year. However, that law is no longer in effect. (It's probably a good idea not to mention this to your parental units.) My friend doesn't know how she's going to pay for college this year.

I think parents who don't contribute a single cent to their child's education are really rotten.

How can a kid who has just graduated from high school have tens of thousands of dollars to pay for college? Even if this kid worked for a couple of years (at minimum wage of course), he could not possibly save enough money for school.

Then there are the parents who reside somewhere in between. They contribute a definite one-third or something between nada and all of your educational costs. But these parents make sure you pay your share.

If your parents didn't go to college like mine, you probably didn't have money saved for you for college. Back when my parents graduated, there were jobs waiting for them.

Even with a degree, people still have trouble finding a job. They end up back at the grocery store where they worked while in high school to save money for college.



I'm not sure if these people don't have jobs because their chosen field is oversupplied, or if it has something to do with the economy.

I wish I could be a professional student and just go to class, study, be in tons of organizations, and hang with

my friends. Unfortunately, I have to work to help pay for my share of school. Actually, my loans pay my one-third. My job pays for my car that keeps falling apart every other week.

People tell me that "if I work, I'll appreciate my education more." Wrong! Like I really enjoy being dead tired from classes, homework, and working. Who wouldn't want a life like that?

I'm trying to convince my parents that I'm worthy enough for them to give me everything so I won't have to work, but they're not too thrilled with the idea.

Another person told me that I'd feel better about myself if I worked to help pay for my education. All I feel is damned tired.

I don't waste my time either watching TV or sitting around doing nothing.

But, I must keep in mind that someday I'll be "ahead of the game" because I worked while going to school. Yeah, ahead in debt.

I'm not sure how I feel about this whole "college" thing. Isn't experience more important. I'm definitely getting experience. Look at the wonderful columns I produce.

I think universities should cut down on the four year major.

It's bad enough when you change your major and end up taking five or six years to complete your degree.

I don't believe in "exposure to all disciplines". I think it's silly. If you were put into your major right away, you'd immediately know if you liked it or not, and you'd save yourself from a big headache down the road.

Suppose you were placed into major after major because you weren't happy. The two year major could possibly evolve into a four year major anyhow.

Most people have somewhat of an idea of what they'd like to do with their lives. At least they know what they *don't* want to do.

What about only one year of general education. One class of everything: one math, one science, etc. for *everyday* use. It's not like when I'm stuck in the middle of BFE and by the angle of the sun, in relation to the distance from where I'm standing to the nearest tree, that I'll find my way back. Instead, I'll utilize my communication skills and ask for directions. Imagine that!

Maybe if I revamp the entire educational system it'll be better. Fat chance.

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First Impressions

by Paul Lorio
Columnist

"You never get a second chance to make a first impression." This phrase has been going over and over again in my mind since the first time I heard it on a deodorant commercial. I wonder if it's true? I mean it does make sense in the logical scheme of things, but in all reality, does a first impression really count that much? I'm rambling on about this because this is my first column for you and I would like to make a "GOOD" first impression.

What makes a good first impression? What makes a bad first impression? What makes people like one person and hate the next? These are the type of questions that started me on this quest, a quest for truth, a quest for justice, a quest for enough words to fill up this page!! Shall we begin?

I know everyone out there has heard the saying, "Don't judge a book by its cover." Can anyone honestly tell me that they do not? If your professor came into the first class wearing a tie dye shirt, polka dot tie, and NO PANTS, wouldn't you drop that class before he got the chance to say good morning? I thought so. I mean, this society that we live in is extremely critical of others. So critical that most of you have already stopped reading this column and have moved onto the comics.

My point is (for those of you who are still reading), that professor whose entire class just ran out the door screaming, could have been the head of the entire business department. He was just a little behind on the laundry and was having a very bad hair day. (Those of us in the dorms can sympathize with

that). This poor man will now have to go through years of therapy because your first impression was "a bit off!!!"

History is full of good first impressions and some bad ones. One of the most famous good first impressions has to be the meeting of Romeo and Juliet. This is truly a perfect example of love at first sight. There is, however, one thing I noticed. They only met each other at night. I think that was the reason why the relationship was so successful. My theory is that Juliet had a very bad ache problem and Romeo had one huge nose. On second thought, maybe this wasn't such a good example in the first place. I believe that within three days of meeting each other, they both end up dead. How about we just forget I ever mentioned this and move onto an example of bad

first impressions.

There are many outstanding examples of bad impressions, but the one that really sticks in my mind is the first meeting between Custer and his band of merry men, when all of a sudden they run into a group of Native Americans. Most people in this situation during this period of time would have remembered a very important appointment they had that just happened to be in the opposite direction, but not Custer. No, he decided to start talking politics and property lines with these people, (Which I suggest NEVER to do with anyone, let alone with people carrying bows and arrows.) Everyone out there knows how this situation turned out and Custer's famous last words, "Sure, go ahead and get your friends.....I DARE YA!!!!!!!"

I guess that is all with the history aspect of this, so let's talk about your first impression of Good Ole Behrend. I know that most of you still didn't unpack since that Play Fair scare, and I don't blame you. I personally still can't go anywhere near Erie Hall because of the horrible flashbacks (We ARE..... PENN STATE, WE ARE..... PENN STATE, WE ARE..... LEAVING!!). However, on a serious note, Behrend is a lot more enjoyable than a lot of other campuses in the country and I'm looking forward to spending my last two (maybe three or four, possibly five) years here. I hope you enjoyed this column and that your first impression of me being a somewhat humorist writer was shattered and the truth (that I'm a rambling idiot) came out loud and clear.