

## For the last time...Don't Read This! Things I'm not going to miss!

By Maryam Tasnif  
The Entertainment Editor

Whew! I just finished the article "Thank you and Good bye" and almost drove myself to tears. This is not good. I'm supposed to be spreading joy, not sorrow. Anyway, dear adoring public of mine, this is the last issue of The Press. Come on, that is a mega-depressing thought! No more "Don't Read This's" how will you survive? It is going to be hard, but you'll do it. Maybe the eight of you should form some sort of support group and go through "Don't read this" withdrawal together... Yeah right! (Dream on Maryam, Dream on!)

Anyway, there are a million and one things that I am most definitely not going to miss about being at school here at SUCC and the whole world and their mother, so have something to add to this list, so let me take my last survey. Here's what people said when asked to complete the thought I am not going to miss...

- The snow, the wierd weather
- Walking up the hill in the winter time
- The irritating slow elevators in the library
- Long boring lectures by boring professors
- Homework, classes, exams, papers
- On-campus food

-People bothering me with silly questions like this one while I am trying to get work done (Well excuse me for living!)

-Going to the library looking for a book for hours and then finding out that it's not there

-Being a poor deprived student

-Having to deal with the college administration

-The offices that make life more difficult that it has to be like financial aid, residence life and ASC

-The way we are treated. We are supposed to be adults and yet 'they' take attendance? What next? Notes from Mommy and Daddy?

-The dryers that don't dry your clothes

-The mobile sardine can called the Cortland State bus. I can't tell you how many times I've been squashed up against the windshield trying to get to class on time!

-No holidays

-Breaks when no one else is out

-The cold winds that can topple you over

-The heating system in the library. The heat could steam you to death

-Buying your books for a zillion dollars and praying to get five cents back

-The return policy for books at the bookstore

-Frazzled nerves!

-Hunting for parking spots

-Getting ticketed again, and

again, and again

-Trying to make my 8:00 class on time - on Friday

-Counting down to graduation

-People who make fun of my 'w' pronunciation

-Having to live and work in close proximity with capitalist wanna be's

-Being surrounded by idiots

-College republicans (the worst kind of capitalists) Slimy ignoras and snakes are higher beings than they are

-The beautiful weather (sarcasm)

-Cash prices for the Corey Snack bar

-Working in an office without a window (Kevin Anderson)

-The mismanagement, fiscal holocaust and downright stupid decisions made by the SUNY system i.e. parking fee, health fee, and faculty/staff cuts. Todd Lee Warren, CCSA President

-The freezing cold Print Shop

-Going to class in a sweater and coming out to 80 degree weather

-Coming back

-Registration

-How the weather is always cruddy until the day you have to be inside to type a paper

See! So whether you are a graduating senior or if you are just going home for the summer—there are so many things that you will not miss. So cheer up, like life, eat, drink and be merry! Take Care! Bye!

try a New Deal for the nineties."

The New Deal is where all those that are unemployed, hungry, sick, and homeless would be able to work, eat, have the proper health care and living quarters and carry on their lives in peace.

Yes, dear that is a very inspiring and all, but I was looking for something a lot less serious. I want something silly and immature and immature and silly.

Disappointed that I was not impressed by his honorable and lofty goads he had to rethink the question. He came up with three statements.

-I want to climb up Mount Everest with my Atomic 205's and ski down.

-I want to defy social values and water ski naked.

-I want to win the Masters. (This as I just discovered is a golf thing) and prance around in the funky green jacket that I win.

Okay, okay I added the prancing around part.

Anyway, We talked a little more. Nothing wildly fascinating came up in the conversation except for that fact that he wants to marry Pam and have six kids...But that's another story!!!

## Dear Seniors...

Dear Senior Class of 1990,

Well, 1990 is here and it has finally happened, I am a SUNY Cortland graduate. I don't believe I made it four years at this school. Before I bask in my senioritis, let's go back to a simple time and place — 1986/87, freshmen year.

On my God, I have to share a room (actually more like a gerbil cage) with two other girls. This is insanity! What if I hate them? Or still what if they hate me? Okay, okay, they're not so bad. Actually they're kind of nice. But hold on! What about these R.A.s; I left home to get away from my mother. I know, I know they are just doing their job, but if I see one more write-up slip, I'll scream!

So freshmen year consisted of getting to know this college inside and out. That meant knowing dining room food was edible (I still don't know what the stuff in the pan was), and dealing with the dreaded "Freshmen 15." Freshmen year also meant fraternity parties (all those people in one room, it looked like a circus clown car), dorm event, intramurals, and most of all meeting friends for a lifetime.

Sophomore year, the year of total freedom. Off-campus housing—living with four girls in a semi-bigger gerbil cage. Nah, it wasn't so bad if you don't mind no heat, hot water, pesty landlords and bills, bills, bills!!! But now we are a little older and hopefully a little wiser. We know who's cool to hang out with and who is not. We know what parties to be seen at and what parties not to be caught dead at. We have also mastered the art of getting into "downtown" (heaven on earth with or without proper I.D.).

Living on your own also wises you up. Never, ever have your after-hours party start before you get there. You'll wind up with your phone missing and toothbrushes jammed down your toilet. You also learn the fine art of "hooking up" (though many of you have mastered this quite some time ago). Having your friend hide you from that guy from last weekend and feigning amnesia when he says "hi."

Junior year it finally hits you—hey, these classes are getting harder and harder, maybe it's time I set my priorities straight. So its back to the dreaded classes. This is a point in a student's life when they better wake up and get those G.E.s together, plus all those requirements they've pushed to the side in order to take classes like Party 101 and Good Time 303 (a highly recommended class).

Yeah, junior year is a killer but it is also a time when a student looks at himself/herself and says "I'm an adult and I'll be graduating soon, so I better get my act together. Besides if I buckle down my senior year can be a "blow off" (that oh so famous college word).

Well here we are back in time to our senior year; where visions of diplomas dance in our heads, as well as summer school, extra semesters and anything and everything to insure graduating.

This is a time of sadness because we are leaving our "home" of four years. Sure we go home for breaks and the summer. But this place, this is where we live, eat, breathe, love, fail and succeed. This place is where we have molded our lives, have met our true friends and lovers, and have grown to become the graduating class of 1990.

Goodluck,  
Nanci Alpert  
Copy editor,  
Cortland yearbook

## Meet the Prez...

By Maryam Tasnif  
The Entertainment Editor

Usually this time of year, SUCC holds its annual CCSA elections. You may be wondering why the elections were not held this year. The truth is slightly embarrassing. No one wanted to run (or so my sources say) Or at least by the time they made up their minds to run, it was too late to do anything about it. So, for the first time in Cortland State history, the elections will be held in the fall semester. Until then our current President, Todd Warren and Treasurer Scott Roman will keep the picture moving.

I had interviewed Todd Warren previously and decided that it was now time for a re-cap on his life. Nothing in his life has changed much. He recently (or maybe not so recently one can never say, time is a relative thing) went through a traumatic experience. Zack moved to the Aidoronclacks with Margaret. Todd goes up to visit every now and then, but it just isn't the same. Zack really made bush wacking a lot of fun...For those of you who did not read my "Day in the life of our President"—Zack is a dog.

I wondered if he had any scandalous goings-on to tell me about. He didn't. Go on Todd, make something up! Todd stared into space then he snickered and laughed. He told me he had been married and divorced. Then he told me that this was an untrue statement.

Oh Todd! I feel like making a mountain, but you need to proved the molehill!

The biggest "scandal" that Todd came up with was something he did when he was very, very, young. He "handled" five girlfriends at the same time for six months. And how did he manage to do that? Let me quote him, "Don't let your right hand know what your left hand is doing!!!" I did not ask how it ended. I did not want to know.

Moving right along, I asked Todd what his ultimate fantasy is. I can see the "thinking" expression reach his face. He spins around on his chair. Ponders away. Let's out a thoughtful "Hmmm" This is what he told me.

"I want to be President of a "New World Bank" and give money to developing countries. They wouldn't have to pay back for a hundred years and there would be no interest charged. I would have in this coun-

try a New Deal for the nineties."

The New Deal is where all those that are unemployed, hungry, sick, and homeless would be able to work, eat, have the proper health care and living quarters and carry on their lives in peace.

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## The dorm doldrums

By Nanci Alpert  
Special to the Press

It's 2 a.m. and you've finally got your noisy neighbors to quiet down. Aah! It's finally time for sleep. You settle down under your blankets, your falling, falling off... All of a sudden--Ring! Clang! Ring! Clang! What the... a fire drill, now. HELP!

It's 9 a.m., and your class is at 10 a.m. You figure you'll get an early start; take a shower now and maybe even have time for breakfast. You head for the shower only semi-alert. You open the door, and gasp as you see it. The line! You plead your case, "But I have a 10 a.m. class." So do I! So do I! So do I! HELP!

It's almost 9 p.m. on a Monday night and the girls on your floor can't wait to watch that new mini-series that starts tonight. You're in charge of the munchies- popcorn, soda, candy, you're all set. You head down toward the t.v. lounge and there they are, the guys! Sorry girls, it's the \_\_\_\_\_ championships (fill in whatever you like), watch your stupid love story somewhere else. HELP!

If any of the above scenarios sound familiar to you, you have experienced the dorm doldrums. Don't get me wrong, living in the dorms is something that all college students should experience, and an experience it is.

You enter your freshmen year,

weary of what lies ahead, and boom! They thrust you into a box with two strangers. Usually it takes a couple of days to get to know each other. It is a major culture shock when upstate and downstate people mix. Everything usually works out. There are some friendships that formed those first couple of days, and have lasted through four tough years. Others fizzled out along the way, while some never even start at all. Still no one ever forgets their "roomies."

To a lot of students, going away to college means no more parents. FREEDOM! Dorm life tricks us because that first day they introduce us to our semi-parents. The R.A.s or Resident Assistants as they like to do be called. Still we know it's their job, but why must they treat us like babies is a common complaint. We call them jailers, finks, plus other names that can't be mentioned, but mostly we call them friends. R.A.s were always there for you when you really needed them. They calmly solved disputes, usually had fun ideas and sometimes (if we were lucky) closed their eyes to what they saw.

Dorm life in general was a good time—barbecues, floor events, parties, dances. Sure it had its bad points, like never being able to get a washer or dryer (and when you did sometimes clothes would mysteriously disappear) but mostly it was fun. It was a first taste of college life—and we ate it up!

## Attention Seniors

There are a limited number of  
1990 yearbooks still available  
only \$35.00

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