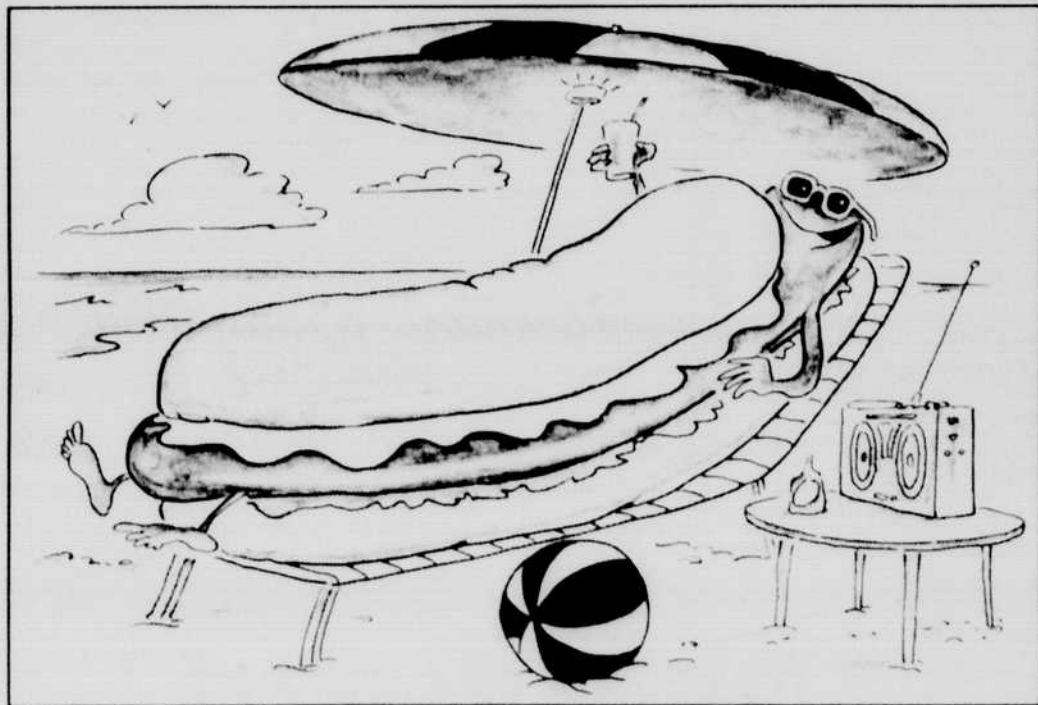


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Graduation '90...

Take time out for memories
before you scam from here

With all this talk of graduation, moving ahead and figuring out what to expect from the future, it might be nice to take a break for a while and look back on the four or so years you've just completed at school.

Yes, it's all jolly and jovial to see into that sunny horizon that is your destiny, but as they say, these past years have been the best of your life ... haven't they? Sure they have.

Think back to when you moved into your dorm room, which looked as if it were made for maybe half a person with one change of clothes to his or her name. Then you met your roommate, and depending on the individual, that was as major a trauma as you can remember experiencing in such a short period of time, or it was the beginning of a very wonderful and unusual relationship.

Everyone around you was freaking out, but you didn't know it then. Everyone was trying to be the most pleasant, most accommodating, most perfect person in the world, while screaming inside for a chance to crawl back into the womb. It was OK though, because everyone was in the same boat.

But naturally you found your little group of friends and you dealt with all the stuff thrown into your path.

You experienced dorm "food" — remember cottage cheese souffle? You experienced the wrath of a cranky resident assistant awakened from a deep sleep by your first dorm soiree. Maybe you even experienced your first real love affair, the kind of affair unhindered by parents and dumb high school games. Yes, you were on your way to the real world ... or so you thought.

Remember those nifty writing classes at 9:30 in the morning, a time that was bliss in comparison to the rigid 8 a.m. schedule of high school? You thought 9:30 was neat then, but now it's all you can do to drag yourself out of bed for an 11 a.m. class.

You experienced, and you learned.

You survived the dorm. What about your first apartment? You had your own pad, man. Cowabunga, dude!

You had the responsibilities of shopping for your own food, paying your own bills and dealing with your own cleaning. Maybe you called home for some moral support, or some financial support, or cooking tips perhaps, but you enjoyed all of this newfound "adulthood."

Remember turning 21? Many do not. But if you do, that was quite a reality check, huh? But it was neat, and you liked it! You went to Rennie's for a free pitcher, maybe to Guido's to check out the local sleaze, and later you stumbled



Mike Freeman

home to bed, only to awaken to a well-deserved hangover.

Then, after you had your own Visa card, and you had your own place, and you had experienced social life to the ultimate — more or less — maybe it was finally time to experience academia. That's why you were here, wasn't it?

Actually, after the first couple of years, school really got to be cool. You were in classes that were actually stimulating your brain.

Now you knew you were in college, and were feeling ready to take on the world around you.

But what about that world around you? Hey, you were in Eugene, which ain't exactly the real world.

Going to the bank machine turned into a game of Dodge-the-Transient. What a parade of humanity: Zeus and his trumpet, the dude looking for grants for psychedelic research, the harmonious woman who threw in a plea for change between verses of her hymn o' the day. What joy!

No one can leave the University without saying that they indeed have heard some of the best jokes in the world. I can even say that I have bought the greatest jokes in the world — the original Frog joke book.)

Or how about Eagle Park Slim? What is he doing on a street corner?

And what about all the regular campus hangouts? Bubba's killer fries, the Glenwood for Sunday brunch, the Excelsior for a romantic dinner.

Yes, these are all aspects of your world, or rather what it was while you were a happy student at the University.

So, as you go on your merry way into reality to become a real person where the excuse, "I'm a student," will no longer work when asked why you didn't leave a tip, take a look over your shoulder and recall some of the memories presented here.

And hey, even if you don't have any really special memories to recall of your college experience, you at least can say, "I'm a University of Oregon graduate. Who the hell are you?"

— Mike Freeman



Spring!

