

Forever proud to be a Penn Stater

July 30, 2012

I started sitting on the lion as a little girl. My father graduated from Penn State in 1930, rec'd his masters around 1936. My parents had a little restaurant of sorts in the Glenland Building for a while, and I watched people swim in its' indoor pool. There was no question that I would also attend PSU. My graduating class was the first to hold the ceremonies in the 'new' Beaver Stadium (1960) The sidewalks were not in yet, and our heels stuck to the hot blacktop temporary paths. I lived in MacAlister Hall my freshman year, the room above the entrance with the little balcony where we would climb out the window and try to get a suntan. Being next to Old Main, we listened to the clock chime on and on at one,two etc o'clock in the morning. My two daughters graduated from Penn State, also two cousins. We are a Penn State family. To revisit the campus is to feel 20 years old again. The current troubles in no way detract from the excellent education we all received nor do they diminish the fond memories of the best years of our young lives.

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Tags: 1960, family, Glenland, McAllister, submission, Tradition, User