

Semesters, Siestas, and Other College Memories

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O college days! How can I ever forget my freshman year? Sure, bathtub gin has blanked out most of those weekends. But what of the memories of weekday mornings? How will I ever get rid of those?

The lectures! The laboratories! The professors! The female teaching assistants! Ah! All these would indeed be my fondest memories, if only I had an alarm clock.

Crisscrossing the campus on a brisk morning sure got one's blood pumping. Hauling one's books from one building to another, even cutting across the mall, in a rush to arrive before the class begins, gives one a sense of purpose and academic rigor. My! I swear I must have attended a hundred classes my freshman year. It was after that arduous experience that I swore, in my sophomore year, I would buy a map of the campus and find out where my classes were held.

And the cafeteria! How many hours did I sit in the cafeteria, drinking coffee by the pot and poring over books? One? Two?

I owe so much to the main library. I didn't know that late fines would accumulate daily.

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Everything was best money could buy, term papers being the number one item of commerce in my dorm, every semester. -- Only the best! I always went for the two-for-one specials, like "The History of Bee Keeping" which would satisfy History 101 and Biology 101.

One day the dean himself personally told me that I made his list. That was a special day. I was hung over and do not now recall which list it was, but his list started with "sh" and that is all I remember. The Dean did not seem pleased at all to announce this to me. His wagging of his index finger in my face did not help matters.

How proud I was to wear my letterman sweater. I have my dorm roomie Frank to thank for that. I never would have gotten a letterman sweater if Frank had remembered the odds of drawing to an inside straight. Imagine what I would have won if our poker games were bet with real money!

Saturdays were always dedicated to one thing -- football! "Go, team! Yay!" I got caught up in the local rivalry. I screamed my lungs out like a banshee. I jumped up and down like a pogo stick. And when the opposing team covered the point spread, you could hear me cackle like a chicken.

If I ever have a child, will I send him or her to my alma mater? I suppose. But life spans of administrators are so much longer nowadays. So maybe a nice local community college for junior/juniette, until the statute of limitations runs out.

The End

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