

EX-BUCKNELLIAN RELATES DAY AT HOWARD UNIVERSITY

by Biff Ries

It's 9:30 a. m. by the library clock and you jump out of bed at the same moment you realize you've ten minutes to make that room sparkle for Wednesday inspection, and get down to breakfast. Your roommate is already up and out so you throw her books and yours into a desk drawer, push the spreads up over the beds, damp-mop the floor and pull down the window shade.

You throw a coat over your pajamas, telling yourself this is no time for convention and you're on your way. You brush your teeth on the way down the hall swallowing the toothpaste, and remove your bobby pins simultaneously.

You take a place on line trying to assume that "I've been up since seven air," but you feel yourself break out in a cold sweat when you realize you've neglected to roll up your pajama legs.

Having cleverly chosen a tray without bumps so your sorghum won't spill in your lap, you make your way to a table, not too anxiously anticipating an eye opener of fried potatoes, grits and balogna.

Seated across from you is "Dead Pan Denny" who looks exactly like everyone else, with his cap pulled down to his eyebrows, from which point a pair of huge black sunglasses take over, carrying the disguise almost to his trim mustache. The remaining part of his face is submerged in the newspaper, but you hear him mumble, "Slick chick, join the clique!"

You feel sure this wild child took a stab in the dark regarding your gender, due to the fact that he has not yet raised his glance from the printed page. Taking a deep breath, you remark confidently, "Cat, I glory for those fading shades below that phatt frat hat!" You imagine this deserves a fair reply, but his only response is:

"Later sugar, scaity eighty things to do!"

Two months ago you might have inquired if that were the financial page that Dead Pan has buried himself in. But by now, it has occurred to you that there is no stock on the market listed as "Black Beauty" or "Whirlaway" so you figure that this is the recing form that Denny is studying and he is a victim of the daily double habit.

After eating and returning to your room to dress, you race across Death Valley to your morning classes. This is your largest class and all eight of you in one room makes it rather stuffy. The professor calls for your opinion constantly, and if you can scare one up in time, he will pound on the desk and quote theories until you surrender.

You finish your morning schedule at 12:00 o'clock and walk out on to campus to the blending songs of four fraternities which gather at the sun dial, fountain, memorial tree and marble bench to make themselves known.

On the way back to the dorm, you meet one of the many commuters who invites you home for spaghetti dinner. Both stomach and pocket-book tell you not to argue, so you don't, and spend a wonderful afternoon "at home".

Once back at the dorm, you stop into the room next door to find that the pinochle game which has been thriving for three days and nights is still "shuffling" on.

A glance out of the window tells you it's 4:30 and the kids are returning from their afternoon joy rides and beach parties down at Rock Creek. Fellas line the brick fence outside of the dorm and the girls lean out of the windows naming the brands of the snappy convertibles

parked on both sides of the street.

Chapel bells are ringing for the evening service and once again you are on your way across the valley and up the hill. In chapel the atmosphere is quite different. It's cool and quiet, and the searching music makes you wonder where you've been running all day. Here, black, yellow and white find time to sing and pray together knowing for sure that no one laughs and no one frowns.

The fellowship continues as you walk across campus to the School of Religion with some friends and sit down to talk in the little library, empty until now. You share some of the days happenings and are shocked to find that things you thought important only to you are the concern of these others too.

Seems only a few minutes have passed when time for night classes is here. You've forgotten to eat and wonder if you can last three more hours until nine o'clock. Anyway, you know you're going to find out.

When the last class is over, your prof, who is also new at Howard, walks you home, and upon discovering that you haven't eaten, insists on buying you a box of fried chicken which you eat on the way to the dorm.

Having signed the familiar "bed sheet" at the desk to signify that you're in for the night, you're waylaid by some strange males who implore you to take them up to the recreation room. You agree, knowing that they cannot go up alone, and are glad you did, when you hear "Birdland" music floating down the stairs. The rec room is packed tonight. Ping pong, T. V., piano music and record player are all in full swing. The fellas make up for your admitting them to the party by supplying you with a private stag line and cutting in on your dances constantly. After an hour, you're pretty well beat, so you take your new friends back to where you found them and head for the elevator.

You're so pooped, you press the wrong button and the elevator must go down to the basement first, but you're too tired to care.

You wander aimlessly around the room for a few moments until you realize that you have no classes tomorrow and drop the alarm clock into a bureau drawer. Seconds later you fall down into the bed. But your rest is not to go undisturbed, the gongs ringing in the hall mean it's fire drill time. Your Bucknell training forces you out of the bed instinctively to collect your shoes, coat and towel! Hey, wait a minute! You're at Howard now! Roommate, lock that door!

**DON'T
TAKE
A
CHANCE!
TAKE
YOUR
POLIO
SHOTS**

The monastery of St. Bernard, original home of the famous dogs, was founded in the Alps in the eleventh century.