

Dejected senior weathers ordeal

by Lawrence Savell

Seeking to break a seemingly endless succession of "unlikely" early evaluations, I recently requested an interview from one of my college choices. I was told to go to an address in Manhattan where I would be able to talk to an alumnus of the school.

Throughout the scenic 45-minute subway ride, two questions plagued my mind: "What would the meeting be like?" and "Why are all these guys staring at my Poly blazer?" Nevertheless, I was confident. I had polished my shoes, shined my braces, and studied all 260 pages of *Barron's Guide to College Interviews* which I cleverly concealed inside a copy of *El Diario*.

Upon reaching my destination, I began to have second thoughts. The gleaming 40-story steel structure was somewhat marred by the sleazy-looking restaurant and bil-

liard emporium that occupied the ground floor. After a six-second ride to the 30th floor, I arrived at the office of my interviewer.

"No one expects . . ."

Upon entering the room, I encountered two other boys my age whose faces suggested they were waiting for a midnight reprieve call from the governor. As I sat down, a man in a black suit entered the office, smiled at us, and went into another chamber. Soon afterward, another door opened and one of the boys was asked to come in. As the door closed, I heard a gasp of horror. I never saw him again.

After scanning such thrilling magazines as *Portfolio Monthly*, *Inside Conglomerates*, and *Over-the-Counter Hotline*, I was told to enter the other office. Shaking like a rattlesnake with the DT's, I briskly walked into the room. To my surprise, I was faced with not one, not two, but THREE frowning men. Ecstatic about this discovery, I smiled and sat in a chair, breaking the ice as well as the watch in my back pocket. I felt that I was before the Inquisition, on trial before three stonefaced judges. I was Al Capone, caught in a gunfight with Eliot Ness and two Untouchables. The questions began slowly, but soon increased in rapidity. I would have been able to field most of them had I not been

overcome by a sudden attack of lockjaw.

After about forty minutes, the torrent of inquiries had subsided. I had answered questions that "Barron's" never dreamed of, from "Do you hate your mother?" and "Are you radical left, chic middle, or new right?" to "Would you blow up a braille library?". I got the feeling that the trio might have been impressed, noting that they had used neither the rack nor the whip located in the rear of the office.

Resolves ordeal

As I left the office, I felt a great sense of relief that my ordeal was over. Chastising myself, I realized that there had been nothing to worry about. The "college game" presented no problem as long as I kept calm, avoided publicity, and refused to open my mail until April 15.