

Alumnus recounts college capers

To the Editor,

As a recent graduate of Poly and a freshman at Cornell, I was dismayed to read last week's issue and find out about all the problems I must be having. Making friends, choosing courses, and going to parties were just a few of the punishments that I was supposed to have endured. I must have survived these things because to me, life has always been a series of new beginnings.

When I first saw Ithaca, I initially believed the bus had made a wrong turn and had arrived on the set of "Mayberry R.F.D." It

was a one-horse town, and that week the horse was on vacation. Nevertheless, I proceeded undaunted to scale the heights of academia. Unfortunately, to reach Cornell I was also forced to scale the heights of Ithaca. The school was built on the top of a small mountain, obviously designed to discourage floods and pre-meds.

Upon reaching the campus, I soon became convinced that Cornell was "a far, far better place" than Dartmouth, Princeton, or even Harvard. It must be emphasized that the fact that I was rejected by these schools did not influence

my decision in any way. So, there I was, a lone, puzzled freshman, far away from Poly, Family, Brooklyn, and Doc K.

During orientation week, the school truly lived up to its appellation as "the summer camp of the Ivy League". I played ball, imbibed, and met females. Unfortunately, my training at Poly had not prepared me for the last of these diversions, and it took some getting used to. Although I was a *nerd* at first, I soon was able to attain the status of "the lone puzzled freshman far away from Poly, Family, Brooklyn and Doc K." It seemed that the fun and games at "Camp Cornell" would never end. But they did.

Profs lay it on

Soon after classes started, the aura was ruined by a series of "prelims"—examinations designed to tell students whether or not they should stop payment on their tuition checks. Then some of Cornell's most loved professors increased the length and frequency of the reading assignments; in order to captivate interest, these were soon followed by more prelims. To top it all, Ithaca weather was fierce and erratic, with winds, rains, and snowstorms that would have put Cecil B. DeMille to shame.

But, somehow, I have survived it all. It is now the end of my second semester, and I view my freshman year as one of the best of my life. It hasn't been easy, but it has been satisfying. One may justly ask: "How can you enjoy being overworked, unappreciated, weatherbeaten, and isolated?" I could not provide a definitive response, but the answer lies somewhere among smiling faces, beautiful scenery, and vast academic potential which make Cornell a place I will always call home.

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