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Daily Nebraskan

College back in 1975: classes were boring then too; but bars exciting

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an ordinary party. And something did thing. She couldn't live at home at six- where all 30 of us stood cheering and teen like the rest of us, but had to move clapping on the shore. The moon was out with her boyfriend. By eighteen there was little she hadn't experienced,



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experience was too good to just remain dared to jump into the raging surf thought about how it was more than naked. After she undressed and slipped happen. Betty was a free spirit in every- into a bathrobe, she came outside to cottage, I felt old and sad. full enough to see her blush and see her cold breath come out like smoke, but no sooner had she hesitated than she strange, shiny, colorful things flipping tore off the bathrobe which flew behind her like a kite and ran into the ocean while our voices went up and cried for her to do more. And just as quickly she ran back out again, into her bathrobe, and into the house. The rest of us ing sand, I saw in my mind all the danced, howled and poured beer into conflicts and struggles I kept trying to the sea.

It's now more than ten years since I was a freshman. The classes I didn't tell you about were just as dull or exciting as they are now. But because I was only 17 and everything was so new, school itself felt like old business. The emancipation from my parents and infuriating questions. from a society that granted me the privileges of an adult at eighteen — pulled me into a whirlpool of unexpected experiences I have never felt so intensely about since.

being older. Last Christmas I went to leave them - a place that I could only

which we all envied but failed to follow. tage I used to go to was rented by a new This one weekend in February she group of college students. When I ten years since I had been inside that

> But then as I watched the waves pulling in and out, I noticed little things left behind on shore. And as I tried to get a closer look at these about in the dark, the waves came back and took them away. I never knew what they were. So quick did the waves bring them, so quick did the waves take them. But as I looked at the soft, foamovercome at seventeen - all the anxieties and fears of things not turning out right — all the questions for which I thought there were no answers. And that was when I laughed, realizing how I had found the answers to them a long time ago as I stumbled upon more

And then the waves came back, and when they were gone so were all those memories. For more than ten years, I did not know what to do with them. how to part with something so dear. But there's something to be said for And now there was finally a place to





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