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Freshmen, don't worry; 'Cruel experience' isn't that bad

By Alice Hrnicek

It's a cruel experience.

You leave home with high aspirations and secret fears that signs will be posted declaring: "The University is looking for a few good students."

You know it will either make or break you.

There is no typical university freshman, but we have all shared those experiences which are designed by the elige to add to the challenges of college life. (Not to mention the difficulties of remembering to do your laundry every week.)

Sure, the administration puts out booklets to explain classes and maps to explain the campus, but no one puts out a guide to the real problems new students face.

SUCH AS, ENDING UP in Burnett Hall in Criminal Justice 417 instead of Bessey Hall in Social Problems 200 because you did not know the former was abbreviated BurnH and not BH.

No one mentions that you needn't drag your 827page history text or all 16 of your Children's Lit. fantasies to class every day.

Until the semester is half over and you realize you are still alive and haven't even developed dog's breath, you aren't certain dorm food is chemically safe. And you never find out whether it is real.

You quickly discover (or else) that campus sidewalks are not controlled by traffic lights but by mob rule-and you learn to walk fast.

UNLESS YOU'RE extremely adventurous, you need someone to show you that Broyhill Fountain is the





biggest attraction in Lincoln and that the Harvest Room is the gourmet's delight.

It's always amazing to see that the campus buildings do not collapse and fold up during weekends and holidays, and that the place remains a university.

Of course, you must find out for yourself that East Campus is not on another planet, the shuttle buses are not flying saucers and that East Campus has more redeeming qualities than just a Valentino's across the street.

Entering Love Library for the first time in search of a particular item is not difficult, you're told, if you just go to the information desk: That is, if you can find it.

And while you search for the true meaning of Love, you find it in the seventh level stacks, inhabited nightly by perverts.

LEAVING THE library always makes you feel like a criminal because of the click-click-click of the bookcheck, but no one tells you that it is only a hoopsnake and not a CIA-organized plot to make freshmen paranoid.

Bookstores are almost as fun. It's always discouraging to find out that when they do have your English textbook, it's in the history department. And whoever heard of departments anyway?

Then again, you never know that a blue book is blue until you buy one and you do not comprehend what the "blue" means until you've written a 12-page test in one.

By all means, you don't fail to be enlightened to the fact that lecturers generally tend to rate on a scale of one to minus five with the positive five at the premium. It's a fact of life that labs were meant to be boring.

BELIEVE IT or not, life only beings after finals week, but it is devastated when final grades are posted. You are not informed that you can get through four finals in three days not because you're capable of it, but because

The little space between the Greeks and the dorms is unknown to you until you get caught between the two opposing forces during a snowball fight. By then, you'll

instances which you would somehow rather forget. But I've already forgotten the others. . and I'm only a

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