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## Sacred Ground on Campus

Ever walk into an instructors' office? There are two distinctly different worlds that exist within those four walls.

If the instructor is in there is a feeling of omnivorous omnipotence which automatically places a student on the defensive (often for good reason). Your fleeting glances seldom retain any impression of the physical properties of the room. Your mind goes blank as you reach out to get an answer to your questions; or worse, what little confidence you did possess shatters audibly as you stutter to answer "His" questions.

As you leave the office a shudder of relief pours over you, even as mass confusion sets in. "I'm glad that's over, what was it he said about the test? Did I really see a Buddha in there?" You often wonder if the instructor is back there leaning over his desk chortling over your loss of composure.

The student is almost always filled with apprehension when entering an empty office. What are the penalties for trespassing on sacred ground? The pros and cons are racing through your mind as you turn the door knob--it's open! You enter cautiously, seeing for the first time the sheer order or disorder of the room. The first thing to loom in your eyesight is the collection of books, on the shelves, on the desk, and even in the corners on the floor. Is it really possible that one person uses all these musty volumes, only a few of which seem to be tattered and frayed from frequent use?

The desk, with its' papers strewn to the four corners or in such neat piles (you wonder if surgical gloves are a pre-requisite to moving them) stands aside in its regal splendor, or shambles. The chairs take on their ordinary appearance. No longer are you approaching the throne, judge's bench or pulpit; and sitting on the "stool" being scrutinized by these superiors.

The offices do, indeed, take on a completely different appearance with their posters, pictures, and coats of arms. These four walls with their calendars, files, ashtrays, and paperclips, are often fascinating. Take a good look sometime, but check with the instructor first.

## Another Required Class

Welcome to Broadway Productions 101. Here we are at Alpena Community College. It's the first day of classes for the fall semester. Ten disgruntled students, not quite ready to give up the idea of summer vacation, and one crisp and excited freshman, who can't wait to start her college career, patiently await the arrival of Mr. Dusseldorf, their instructor. While waiting, one young gentleman lights up a cigarette and disgustedly blows the smoke at a sign saying, "No Smoking, By Order of the Alpena Womens' Club." All of a sudden, the room is filled with the "Big Swing Music of the Forties," and in dances Mr. Dusseldorf. While dancing across the room, he proceeds to move the desk in perfect beat to the sounds of Tommy Dorshey. He then tap dances over to the gentleman with the cigarette, grabs it and drops it on the floor and does a flamenco on top of it. Then, in a rather high-pitched and flowery voice, he says, "Good morning students, and welcome to Broadway Productions 101. I am Dr. Dusseldorf, your instructor. I suppose, now that you have met me, you want to drop this class. Well, just forget it, you silly creatures, because Broadway

Productions 101 has just been added to the list of classes required for graduation. You may pick up your tap shoes in Room 111A, and I'll see you all on Wednesday. And, oh yes, attendance is mandatory. Failure to appear for one class constitutes a failure of the entire course." And out dances Mr. Dusseldorf.



Haynie—Louisville Courier-Journal  
'So why shouldn't I do my thing? Lord knows, I've already done yours'

## Different Worlds

New books, clothes hot from the latest line at the fashion shops, lunchbag in hand, the sound of a bus motor, and you're off . . . high school has begun! Happily, you greet your old friends and exchange your adventurous summer. As you near the school building upon leaving the bus, the familiar sound of the school bell tells you to rush to your classroom. With an apprehensive eye and a hopeful smile, you make your way through the crowded halls to your seat. The room is full of noise and excitement, and you begin to take note of its appearance. The freshly-waxed floors and orderly rows of seats spell discipline, and seem to set you in a courteous mood. Upon the walls of the room stand the pictures that the teacher has carefully placed for your learning advantage, which will eventually hold meaning for you in the classroom. As the teacher distributes the books you will use for your school year, you begin to notice her neat appearance, and that of your friends around you. Because of the well-dressed people that surround you, you begin to feel happy that you took extra time to put on your nicest shoes. As the day progresses, and lunchtime draws near, you feel extra happy that you packed two sandwiches in your lunchbag instead of one. While munching your lunch, you feel this is going to be a good school year; yet you wonder how big sister is doing at college, and soon you begin to feel envious . . . College must be such a neat place, you think.

At College, big sister drives to the college she will be attending. She proceeds over the two-mile drive to the college, and she wonders whether or not the empty gas tank will make it back home again. At the college campus, she proceeds to the bookstore where she exchanges her hard-earned work money for school books. After paying all her college fees, she checks her wallet to see if she can afford to eat lunch that day, and then decides that it would be a prime time to consider a diet.

After arriving ten minutes late to her first class, she realizes that she must remember to wear her watch tomorrow. Upon entering the classroom, she is greeted by disarranged seats and jean-clad classmates. Numerous ashtrays are scattered throughout the room, and hazy clouds of smoke layer the air. The once-waxed floor is now scattered with carelessly-placed paper cups and cigarette butts, which seem to be unimportant to the mood of the classroom. The empty white brick walls spell out nothing in her mind, and the "cold air" of the strange students around her presents itself immediately. No familiar faces seem to be in sight under the blinking light of the classroom. This was surely going to be a challenging year; but remember, "You are lucky," she repeated to herself . . . "You're in college!"

## MISERY IS ...

The pressures of college students are many, but the day-to-day miseries of life on campus are of the most important. They sometimes determine whether that day or the week is going to be a satisfying one, or whether you should have stayed in bed. In any event, it may be beneficial if more people were made aware of some of them. Here are some of the more general ones:

### What is Student Misery?

- Misery is . . . having to scrape the mayonnaise off the sandwich you just bought from the Student Lounge.
- Misery is . . . an eight o'clock class.
- Misery is . . . watching your car being towed away from the Faculty Parking lot.
- Misery is . . . never having a "Snow Day".
- Misery is . . . never having any of your classes canceled.
- Misery is . . . being out-numbered by the opposite sex in a class.
- Misery is . . . an instructor who takes roll.
- Misery is . . . not knowing what the inside of "Faculty Toilets" looks like.
- Misery is . . . having a canceled class after you just drove through a snow storm for 15 miles to make it.
- Misery is . . . finding out that the class you thought would be a "breeze" . . . isn't.
- Misery is . . . breaking in new instructors.
- Misery is . . . getting straight C's.
- Misery is . . . a closet-full of "nice pants" your mother bought you, and only two pairs of faded blue-jeans.
- Misery is . . . not having any blue-jeans.
- Misery is . . . saying "ain't" while having a college-level talk with your English instructor.
- Misery is . . . a new pair of shoes or sneakers.
- Misery is . . . switching from Business to Liberal Arts to find yourself .....and finding you're a "Capitalist Pig."
- Misery is . . . a beautiful Spring or Fall day.....outside.
- Misery is . . . not experiencing any of the above .....because HAPPINESS is a degree .....