

California Dreamin

By Susan Girolami

I didn't want to accept it at first but being human and weak I did. It hit me like a boulder my last year in college. It was like realizing something that had been going on for a long time. I didn't want to accept it and I knew the consequences, so I had to decide if I wanted to go through it again. Yes, again--I had been through it before.

Falling in love is not an easy thing to cope with. I was new at it even though I had been through it before. I just got over or at least realized that I wasn't in love with the first one. All along I was slowly falling in love with someone new. As I said, I had to face a decision. Did I want to accept these feelings I found for him?

I guess at this point, a name would be convenient. I'll call him Frank. Frank and I had met during our Junior year at college. But it wasn't till now that I realized our friendship had grown and that I went further. I had experienced what I thought was love before I entered college. His name was Brad. Brad was very good to me and we were very close friends for years. I thought because he was so understanding that I was in love with him. But as my story goes I found this not to be true.

I tried to forget these feelings for Frank, brushing it off saying I was foolish. But this strong feeling persisted. I had to decide soon. To be honest, I really never made a decision. It was made from the very first because I took on all the trials and tribulations that being in love brings. Now that I look back, I wish I could have just pushed them out and forgotten about Frank. But that was just it--I couldn't. I thought so hard about it all, that after awhile I became confused. Until one day, I let the feelings go and ever since then it grew.

Days went by and after he'd go to his dorm from classes, I would be left there with my secret feelings. I couldn't let him know because it just wasn't fair and I didn't have nerve. We were close friends, what more did I want? Here we were going to be graduates from East Hyland state College and I was depressed. We had almost all our classes together and all Frank would talk about was how he had this big dream of going to California after graduation and making it big as a star. He loved singing and loved writing lyrics. He would always sing about California:

"One day Sara W Mill, I'm going to make it big and you'll be proud that you know me." Frank would say.

"Frank, I'm proud to know you now."

"Sara, I can hardly wait, that's all I want in this life!"

"Is it Frank?"

"Yes, look I'd better get to my dorm or else I'll flunk my test tomorrow."

Stealing a phone call isn't a game.

Most students play by the rules when placing a long distance call. They take advantage of bargain rates and make their calls during the discount periods. If you're not sure when you can call at discount rates, check your phone book.

A few students think it's O.K. to break the rules by stealing their telephone calls. They're not beating the system, they're taking advantage of all of us, because it drives up the cost of providing telephone service.

Students who break the rules also run the risk of paying a large fine. Spending time in jail. And getting themselves a permanent police record.

It's just not worth it!

 Bell of Pennsylvania

"See ya" I said and then thought how hollow the sounded. Did I really want to see him again? Did I really want that torture? I did and I didn't. I guess I always had some sort of hope.

I remember towards the end, as we neared graduation I was eating lunch one day outside on a bench with Frank. He was reading a letter to me that he had received from a recording company who wanted to hear him. He left then to go to the library and there I sat again, depressed. I decided if I couldn't have him in real life, I could have him in my dreams. I started to daydream and I envisioned us sitting under a tree one Spring day on campus.

We were just talking as usual and joking when all of a sudden the spring air gave a big gust of wind our way. It blew a paper out of one of my note-books and Frank and I went to grab it at the same time. Our hands touched and I could feel a tingling sensation run up through my arms down my shoulders to my heart. I could feel a rise in my heart rate and my face felt as hot as an oven.

Frank looked at me and began to draw me near him, all the while staring deeply into my deep brown eyes. I stared back and looked right into his pupils. Frank spoke as his arms went around me and the sound of his voice almost broke the romantic silence that surrounded us. Softly he repeated my name and brushed my hair out of my eyes.

Before I knew it, I felt his soft, warm cheek against mine. Then he drew back a little and gently put his lips on mine. My eyes shut as they sensation of it all overpowered me. The wet, yet warm feeling left me as I was abruptly awakened from my dream. It was Frank back from the library.

"Hey, sleepy head, it's 12:40!"

"Oh my, I have a twelve o'clock class," I said.

"You'd better hurry," Frank said as he passed by. "You're too late already!"

"Yeah, it looks that way don't it! I whispered after he had gone.

Realizing that things could not change, I tried to cope the best way I knew how. Frank's dream came true, he got to California and made the top. As for me, I went into teaching history which is what I majored in college.

Looking back on it all after all these years, I still love him and probably always will. He writes and visits, but friends we remain. I learned what falling in love meant that, I'm grateful for -- many don't even get that chance!

Life in Spain

Each year for 5 weeks of the summer, a program is offered to students in the US and Canada to travel and study in Spain. Last summer, 98 students from 28 states, departed from Kennedy Airport in New York and flew to Madrid. The group was then bussed to the campus of the Ciudad Universitaria.

Each class met five days a week and courses ranged from Elementary Spanish to Literature and Culture. Students toured La Mancha for two days, visiting all the interesting places related to Cervantes and Don Quixote.

Some Students had the opportunity to take advantage of the optional side trips to Paris, London and Rome arranged by the program, or trips independent of the program itinerary.

Once or twice a week a group was scheduled to visit such historical places as Valle de los Caidos, El Exorial, Segovia, Avila, Toledo, Museo del Prado, Palacio Real, etc.

Students found that they had also more than enough time to do, see and learn whatever they chose.

All persons interested should write to Dr. Doreste, Augustana College, Rock Island, IL 61201 as soon as possible. Space is very limited.



Ruffing it

by jeff drinnan

Ralph Rover, who will be a 9th term cananities major this spring has made history at Capitol Campus as the first dog to be registered at Capitol.

A spokesmammal for Canines said, "This will show people that a dog's place is not at the watch post. This is a great leap forward for dog's rights."

Rover attributes his success to filling out the forms and following procedures properly. "I knew my dogmatic ways of doing things would pay off someday," Rover growled.

Others say Rover's success was due to evoking sympathy from the registrar. "Just one look at those big brown eyes and hearing Rover whine as he puts his paws up on the desk would keep anyone from turning him away. They would have no choice but to take the card from his mouth and process him."

Still others say that even this wouldn't evoke canine feelings from a bureaucrat.

Rover admits to being very scared at being here at Capitol. "All over campus there is anti-canine sentiment. No dogs allowed signs are found in the dorms, the cafeteria, the main building and many other places, ya know," Rover barked.

"Upon hearing that behind the academic facade, Capitol was a very swinging place, I just had to take the risk," continued Rover.

Registering at Capitol Campus was destined for Rover. "One night I gazed into the heavens watching the zodiac and saw the big dipper pour milk into the night sky, anointing Canis Major (the big dog constellation). Later on Aquarius sprinkled Canis Minor with water. It was this aquatic ceremony that led me to my quest," Rover explained.

Rover hopes other dogs will be encouraged to come to Capitol. "Dogs could sneak up on a field where students are playing frisbee and join them to become acquainted with them. As students increasingly discover dogs are not all that bad, public opinion may be swayed in favor of dogs at Capitol," Rover said waggishly.

"Who knows, the college may even offer a continuing ed. workshop on "German Shepherds and Your Campus Police Force."

Looking for a dependable single man, either on an all day basis or just at night, to stay with a Mr. Harlacher (an elderly man) who lives in Highspire. Contact Pastor Raymond Miller at 939-3492 (office) or 939-2258 (home) for further details.