

Grill Room is now open after extensive renovation

The Grill Room (Doug's Do Me A Favor) has re-open after renovation completed on February 22, 1982. Operating hours are 10:00 a.m. to 12:00 midnight, Monday through Friday.

In a hurry? Call 852-8768 for carry-out orders. This service will not apply to ID exchange.

Special note to boarding students! We are experimenting with a new ID exchange program during the Spring Semester of 1982. ID exchange hours will continue to be 1:00-2:30 p.m. and 6:30-7:30 p.m., but boarding students will be allowed to select any menu items totaling \$1.75 (including tax). Example: Students may select any menu items up to \$1.75, if the check total is over \$1.75, the board student pays the difference, but no refunds will be given for totals less than \$1.75.

Grill Room Menu

Item	Selling Price
Cheese Pizza 9"	2.25
Cheese Pizza 12"	2.75
Tossed Salad, small	1.00
Tossed Salad, large	1.50
Hamburger, 2 oz. (cheese, .15 extra)	.90
Hamburger, 4 oz. (cheese, .15 extra)	1.35
Hot Dog	.70
Chili Dog	.85

Chick Fillet, 3 oz.	1.30	Bagels	.35
Hoagie, Roast Beef	1.50	Bagel, inc. cream cheese	.50
Hoagie, Ham	1.50	Yogurt, plain	.75
Hoagie, Turkey	1.50	Yogurt, fruit	.85
Greater Tater, 1/2	1.00	Steak Biscuit	.80
Greater Tater, whole	1.50	Ham Biscuit	.80
Tuna Salad, inc. chips	1.25	Sausage Biscuits	.25
Chicken Salad, inc. chips	1.25	Scrambled Eggs	.25
Foot Long Hot Dog (chili, .25 extra)	1.25	Fried Eggs	.25
French Fries, 4 oz. (5-6 oz., .75)	.65	Two Egg Omelet	1.10
Onion Rings, 4 oz.	.75	Two Egg Omelet, inc. cheese	1.10
Danish, large	.50	Bacon	.20/sl.
Danish, mini	.35	Fresh Fruit	.20
French Crullers (each or 2/)	.30	Salads From Cafe	
Grilled Cheese, inc. chips (2 oz.)	.95	Vege & Fruit	.30
Grilled Ham & Cheese, inc. chips	1.50	Protein (cottage cheese, egg salad)	.40
Cake Squares	.25	Brownie Squares	.20
Layer Cake	.45	Toast	.10/sl.
Pies	.50 & .65	Milk	.35
Cheesecake (Amaretto, etc.)	1.25	Soft Drinks	.75 (12 oz.) .65 (10 oz.)
Banana Nut Bread Sandwich	.50	Iced Tea	.35 (8 oz.) .45 (10 oz.)
		Coffee	.40
		Hot Cocoa	.50
		Ind. Fruit Juice	.25
		Hot Tea	.25

The Evolution of a College Freshman

Ah, the classic freshman's intellectual trauma! Is anything so eternal, so intrinsic to the college career? It could almost be listed as a core requirement.

This amusing tidbit was originally printed in the summer edition of the Goucher Kalends... of 1936. It is even more interesting to note that its author now teaches at Guilford College. It almost proves that even our illustrious pedagogues were once like the rest of us unwashed peasants. The identity of the author is revealed on page 13.

Forgive me if I take the liberty to consider myself a typical college freshman. If, as my experience and my observations lead me to believe, a thoroughly confused and unsettled state of mind can be considered the attribute most peculiar to a freshman, then surely I fulfill one qualification for this position.

Day after day I am either a witness or a party to lengthy conversations on such subjects as to whether one is to believe this or to believe that, of if one is to believe anything at all. These serious discussions, which should better be termed friendly arguments, almost always end with such satisfaction as this—you believe your way and I'll believe mine; we're probably both wrong anyway. After being in and out of one argument after another, the main issues of which concern always the eternal problems of the Universe, I now feel in the position to do a little reflecting on how I, as a typical specimen of this topsy-turvy group, have evolved.

I am happy to announce at the outset that the evolution of a college freshman has a few things in common with the evolution of mankind in general. Is it not pleasant, fellow freshmen, to realize that we have something in common with our surrounding betters? I, a freshman, have evolved, you see, from a most insignificant bit of protoplasm, which, after changes similar to those through which the earliest forms of life passed, became a human being. I passed mentally and physically through the primeval stages, discovering the use of my tongue for purposes of communication, learning to use tools, and finally becoming, to my parents' delight, an "Infans erecta." I am told today that I took advantage of my primeval position by being a little more savage than was necessary—but that is another matter, probably not concerning a typical freshman.

It was not long before the evolution of this individual and the evolution of mankind ceased to be comparable. Early civilization was left along to struggle with nature and to wrest from her what she temptingly offered but unwillingly gave. Its evolution was one of great difficulty and called for supreme prowess on the part of man, who had to make his own path to follow. But with me it was different. At home I was tenderly cared for; I wanted for nothing that was obtainable and considered advisable for me; and my steps were painstakingly directed along a path already well smoothed for my tender feet.

And then I went to school. Followed one grade after another, in each of which I was zealously taught that what I had learned to be true in the preceding grade was practically all false and should now be replaced in my mind by the Truth. It was then that I learned that Columbus did, then did not, discover America; that the primary cause for colonization in the New World was, then was not, desire for religious freedom, etc. Of course, this was a wee bit disconcerting at times. Now and then came crises at which I felt as though my mind had been turned completely upside down.

The earliest crisis that I can recall came in the second grade when a well-meaning teacher in a religious mood received the revelation that all of her little charges being misled; whereupon she kindly but firmly announced one day that there really was no Santa Claus but there existed only a Christmas Spirit that dwelt among us all. No other announcement on her part could have invited a more sincere demonstration of indignation from the class than arose from this. I was particularly

outspoken on this occasion. After the excitement has calmed, I remember that I remained in my teacher's estimation first, very imprudent in persisting in not believing her and second, very dull for not understanding the difference between Santa Claus and a Christmas Spirit. They were one and the same to me.

Slowly, and at times very painfully, I have advanced (or moved in circles) from one such crisis to another, learning diligently many things on year to have most of them exploded the next, until now I have arrived at what appears to be the most critical stage of all. I am a college freshman. I have reached a stage at which things are, at last, being labelled as "those which are" and "those which may be". But what has happened? Almost everything under the sun can be labelled "that which may be"!

Alas! The nerve fibers in my brain. (I was distinctly taught this year to avoid the "nerve fibers", but maybe they will be quite proper next year)—as I started to say, the nerve fibers in my brain are all tied in knots.

Still, I am not discouraged. I have carefully observed my upperclassmen; and, by noting the reason for their superiority, I have found hopes for the further evolution of the college freshman

and the disentanglement of my knots. At the close of my first year at college I have come to this conclusion: The freshman has been talking for a year to no conclusions, but is certain she will solve the problems before she graduates. The sophomore has been talking for two years with no results, and hopes that she can solve the problems

sometime. The junior has been talking for three years, is forgetting what the problems really are, and doubts whether she can ever solve them if she does remember them. The senior has not talked much for a whole year,

has forgotten the problems completely, and knows she could never solve them anyway. Ah, happy state of the senior! Just three more years of evolving, and my mind, too, can work in peace.

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de ORO

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