

POTPOURRI

Graduating seniors face trauma of 'the real world'

By MARY COX
Staff Writer

For four and a half years, I've waited for my time to come. I've bought my share of graduation cards and gifts for friends who've come and gone, but now it's my turn.

I remember when I was a junior I told myself I'd never be an obnoxious senior who constantly talked about not taking finals or how much spare time I had on my hands. No talk of dead elephants for me. I promised myself I'd quietly rejoice and be humble and gracious. But I was younger then.

I'm still pretty humble about this whole graduation process, but maybe that's got something to do with the 43 I made on my last stat test. That's enough to humble the heartiest of elephants. I guess I've spent too much class time daydreaming. And sometimes my dreams of graduation gifts and instant maturity turn into nightmares.

I can just picture the registrar's office calling me early one morning, informing me of a grave error in my records. My heart pounds furiously as I hear some woman's voice telling me I can't graduate.

After I snap back into reality, I'm always bummed for a little while. I play the deadly 'what if' game in my mind — trying to imagine any and every situation that might keep me from graduating.

All this should indicate that I'm very insecure about all this, and if you can't understand, then you're either an underclassman or a confident graduating senior with a job lined up.

Fear does funny things to people. While it motivates some, it paralyzes me. Oh, I'm excited about graduation, but I'm scared. Scared of what, I'm not sure.

But I do have my cocky times, the ones I vowed I'd never inflict on anyone. My favorite is to ask people when they're planning to graduate, when you know good and well they won't be graduating soon. This question almost always boomerangs back to you, and then you can proudly say "December." Some feign happiness for you, but some don't care enough to even fake it. After all, you can't expect others to be as excited about your graduation as you are.

I also show off my graduation cockiness by taking it upon myself to mention how many tests I have left and how many days stand between me and graduation. This is always effective in making someone with an especially tough semester hate you. Then they vow never to be as obnoxious as you are.

But you non-graduating peers can beat us seniors at our own game. I've found the most effective jab a non-graduating student can deliver is to ask us if we have a job yet. That's all it takes to put most seniors in their place.

But let us enjoy it. All the pressure to find a job and be a paying member of the 'real world' is something pretty new to us. We need the security of this environment that's been so familiar for so long to build our confidence to move on to something unfamiliar and new. Humor us and look forward to your turn. □

Horse-faced dreamboat?

The fan mail pours in from young girls everywhere, from Emlys and Heathers and Laurens and Tiffanies. Some send hugs and kisses, to be delivered by proxy, along with promises of undying love. Others send drawings. One sent \$5, to be spent on "carrots and things."

This latest adolescent heartthrob doesn't live in Hollywood, and he isn't a rock star. He lives in Jackson, Ohio, and he is a horse.

He's Sam I Am, a 3-year-old registered paint horse, and at last count, he had 522 owners. Yes, just like Seattle Slew, Northern Dancer, and other high-priced thoroughbreds, Sam I Am, valued at about \$2,000, is syndicate property.

He's owned by a growing gaggle of horse-crazy girls who have paid \$23.95 per share for a scale model of Sam, a shareholder's certificate, and the right to visit, brush, photograph, and sit upon Sam.

The syndication of Sam was the brainstorm of Beverley Henderson, whose husband Jerry, a breeder of standardbreds, acquired Sam in exchange for a saddle. The little paint horse didn't fit into the farm's breeding program, but Beverley couldn't bring herself to part with him.

"This is a working farm, not a gentleman's farm, and everything we have must be of use," she explains. Remembering her own horseless childhood, she decided to fulfill the dream of "ownership" for other children. With the help of a lawyer, she formed Sam and Co. Inc. and issued shares now being sold through a handful of retail stores and magazine ads.

Since the shares became available last October, more than 500 have been sold, all of which shows that in this era of video games and space toys, visions of Black Beauty live on in the hearts and minds of American kids. □

TOP 10

Best-selling records of the week of Oct. 25 based on Cashbox magazine's nationwide survey:

1. "Take On Me," A-Ha
2. "Money For Nothing," Dire Straits
3. "Part-Time Lover," Stevie Wonder
4. "Miami Vice Theme," Jan Hammer
5. "Saving All My Love For You," Whitney Houston
6. "Oh Sheila," Ready For the World
7. "Head Over Heels," Tears for Fears
8. "Cherish," Kool and the Gang
9. "I'm Goin' Down," Bruce Springsteen
10. "Fortress Around Your Heart," Sting

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