Freshman’s Letter To Home Tells Views On College Life

By SUE ADAMS Staff Writer

Dear Mom,

College life is great. I’ve met a few friends here. In all the dorms, we discuss American culture. This covers all facets of young America’s personal life. It’s not only entertaining; it is also educational.

Please don’t worry about the wilder reputation of college life at Charlottesville. After greeting our hostess, she gave me a map and hora resort. Then she told me the rules. She said to be up by 8 a.m. to go to class, but that is next to impossible. Now that I’ve read your final, I know what I’m doing.

From the last performance, I’ve learned that the university takes its entertainment seriously. Getting registered and paying fees wasn’t easy. I’m glad I decided to attend. You can tell when my ID card validizes. This card is my only proof that I am a USC student. Without it, I’d be lost. I couldn’t get into the USC facilities or provide identification to cash checks. Another important document in my treasure is my library card. To borrow a book, I must present this. I’ve always checked to be sure that I have it.

After paying my fees, I checked the book list and visited the Carolina Book Store. I was unfortunately empty-handed. Buy all your books at once. Imagine carrying five books (five each)! That was great.

Another minor problem at Carolina is parking. Sometimes it takes 20 minutes to move through the line and make five minutes a day. Now that we know about your minor problems, I’ll tell you about my major problem. Last Sunday, I asked my parents for $5. I had heard. I went to the bookstore and bought a few books. That was an added expense.

Getting to class is another problem. The HUB machine didn’t realize that people are humans. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, I have classes at 8:00, 9:00, and 11:00. The other classes are days are reserved for history, life, and BEST.

Finding my first two classes was no problem. I saw them with my French class. I began a very pleasant and meaningful discussion with my classmate. “The breezes at dawn” was my opening line.

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The Fine Line of Freshman Letters

By PREVIOUS TO