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An Important Memo

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Miller: An Important Memo

Everything was done up right at old C.O.D., or as we liked to call it back then, old Cashed On Delivery. Even the restrooms were special. Some schools, because of their immature student body have installed wasteful hot air dryers to eliminate unsightly, unsanitary paper waste mess. There are usually three instructions on those machines: 1. press button, 2. rub hands vigorously under nozzle, 3. wipe hands on pants (those dryers never did work). But, the students at C.O.D. were different, so much more mature. Our restrooms were always clean. Gleaming porcelain and burnished chrome gloved fiercely in the almost natural overhead light. The renowned ventilation system kept the air as sweet and fresh as a meadow of wildflowers after a light spring shower. I almost never gagged. Paper towels dlogging the sink or strewn on the floor found no place at C.O.D. The few hundred soaked and wadded up balls of T.P. flung with gusto onto the ceiling only occasionally released their grip and fell with vengeance upon unsuspecting stall inhabitants. Not only were the restrooms religiously scoured by an intensely devoted custodial staff, but thoughtful members of the student body had their contributions, also. With a zeal not found in the uncommitted they faithfully decorated the insides of the stalls. Each and every booth had its bit of lifting poetry or a political essay. The many budding Picassos and Rembrandts that C.O.D. will one day produce have left their handiwork there.

Registration was an especially exciting time at DuPage. There were always plenty of open classes even if you registered late. The simple to read course numbers and class descriptions combined with eager data entry people made registration an almost unmitigated joy, almost. Since everything was computerized, I often found myself in and out in less than three and one half hours. Not to worry if you signed up for the wrong class. We only had to fill out twelve forms in duplicate and our money was cheerfully refunded through the mail, usually in four to six months with time off for making the Dean's list. There were always people on hand to see that you didn't get lost in the shuffle. One day during Fall registration, I quietly said to myself, "I wish I had a little guidance." Suddenly, six doors flew open and six counsellors fairly leaped out of their offices and ran at top speed in my direction. I felt pretty important until I realized the building was on fire and I was standing just underneath the exit sign. As the last one ran over my chest, I heard him yell something about drunken students, and tenured professors and children first.

Time fails me or I could go on about the change gobbling vending machines, my many superb instructors and of course the book store, the wonderful glorious bookstore where no book, however expensive when purchased new could command more than five dollars on a buy back. On the topic of the book store alone I could pen volumes, but unfortunately time has failed me.

Through the years my fond memories of C.O.D. live on. The recollection of those two years can still bring tears to my eyes, whether tears of joy or relief I cannot say.