

Your form "North Campus Restoration Story Submission" has received the following response:

Submitted on: 11/14/2017 01:44:50 PM

Completion time: 59 min. 12 sec.

Q. Your Name:

R. William "Bill" Frank

Q. Your Email:

R. lorifrank3@frontier.com

Q. Your Story:

R. My best friend, Larry Hunter, and I arrived at EOCE as incoming freshmen on September 22, 1954. We would be rooming together and were "lucky enough" to be assigned a room in the spanking new wing of the men's dorm. Our room was one level below the main floor and was very nice. We had two new beds, our own lavatory (the shower room was just across the hallway), one entire wall had two built-in desks with lots drawers and shelving for books and photos, two clothing closets, and a large window with a spectacular view of the cemetery. There were a few drawbacks to this new facility, but we managed to survive them. For example, it was so new that they had not had time to install the wash basin in the lavatory. But that was all right, because there was no water yet either. Neither was there any electricity, heat, or curtains on the windows. The beds were new, but the mattresses were not. I found I could not sleep on the one I had, so we remedied the problem. We found a room in which the occupants were not home and traded springs and mattresses. The air in the halls turned blue that evening when the guy got into his bed. It turned out he was a senior who had quite a bit of pull in the dorm. Oh well, I slept comfortably for the rest of the year, and he never found out who took his mattress...I guess the fact that I am alive and writing this makes that obvious. The dining room food was questionable. Fried eggs were cooked to a crispy brown color, scrambled eggs were cooked until rubbery, baked potatoes could be bounced off the floor like a golf ball, and meats were all cooked well done. By December, every thing in the room functions properly, and it became an exciting year for me. Everyone was friendly, and you knew all of the instructors on a personal level. Three of the professors actually invited me to go fly-fishing with them on the Wallowa River. Good times.