I still remember walking around the Rice campus early that morning and thinking to myself that I had made the right decision to take a leave-of-absence from work and return to Rice to pursue an advanced degree. It was a beautiful morning and it just seemed right to be there.

Graduate school was a very pleasant experience and welcome change from work, but it did have one drawback: I had grown accustomed to having spending money, and the graduate fellowship did not seem adequate in this regard. I decided to go to the placement office and see if there were any part time jobs around campus. I met with the head of the placement office and she had three suggestions. The first opportunity was that the Architecture Department was looking for models in the art sketching class. This brought back memories of my undergraduate days when my Architect friends told me they used nude models in their art class. My reply was "nude models in the basement of Fondren Library, you’ve got to be kidding!" Well, seeing was believing as they smuggled me in as a visiting Architecture student. As these thoughts went through my mind, I decided I wasn’t 'body beautiful" and so I asked about #2. This was a job washing laboratory glassware in the new Environmental Department Laboratory. This sounded rather boring, so I asked about the third opportunity. She said it had just come in; the new security office was looking for a security guard at Jones North on Sunday nights which at this time was an all women college. With visions of something like a wolf in a hen house, I felt this had definite possibilities, and I would get paid for it!

After a brief interview with the safety and security officer, I was the new night security guard at Jones North. On Sunday evenings from 6:00 until 12:00, I was at my station in the Jones North lobby. In those days, they had a dorm mother and also a graduate assistant. The graduate assistant was like a big sister to the undergraduates. Sundays were the dorm mother’s day off. So on Sunday nights, the graduate assistant and I were in charge of Jones North. I was responsible for the girls signing out and in. I felt I was in the catbird seat because every Sunday I visited with essentially one half of all the on-campus female students at Rice! I was only about two years older than the seniors at Jones, but it gave me an aura of being an older guy, and I enjoyed chatting with all the young ladies on their way out and back in.

Soon I began to be more attracted to the graduate assistant than the undergraduates. After a while, we were an "item" around Jones North. Our duties on Sunday nights required that at midnight we had to make sure all the girls were checked back in or had signed out overnight. This required that the lights to the parking lot be flashed on several times at about 11:50 so all the
the girls would make it in (this was often a disheveled crew coming in from the parking lot at mid-night). After a few weeks, the graduate assistant and I began going out after we got the “kids” in and accounted for. She could come in after midnight as she wasn’t required to follow the same rules as the undergraduates. At that time, I had a motorcycle and we would go for a joy ride or find an all-night restaurant.

By the end of the semester, the graduate assistant and I were going steady. She went home to Michigan for the Christmas break. I remember being very lonely during that time, and, uncharacteristically, I was anxious for the next semester to start so she would be back. I had visions of her having a boyfriend back home or maybe one of the German grad students would visit her over the holidays. When she did come back, I proposed to her right away. We were by my parked motorcycle at one of the 59 overpasses (I know, it wasn’t very romantic, but I was anxious to get that settled). She said yes and that was all that mattered to me. She kept pretending to the Jones undergraduates that we were just friends, but they knew better. By spring break, I had to make the expected wasn’t all bad because the at that time. We took the save money, but it wasn’t all able trip to Los Angles. I will plane took off from the L A on Hawaiian muumuus and the air, passed out free this was the life and a far cry even today’s air travel). We I liked my in-laws to be. We ed with our master’s de-

After returning to Rice many years later as a professor, I sometimes reflect on my grad student days. I will always have fond memories of Jones North from that year of grad school. Even today when I pass Jones College, I think of the young girl I met there who became my beautiful wife.