

**WHAT THEY
DON'T
TEACH YOU
AT YALE**

by
Adam Schierholz

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by
Adam Schierholz

with illustrations by Jim Gaiser and Carl Lundgren

Second Edition

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This book is dedicated to

*Edward & Dolores Schierholz
and
Edward & Joan Fitzgerald.*

*Eighty thousand dollars...
...for this?!!*

*...and to my best bud Fez,
and to all the Cavemen who
made a situation which was
at first seemingly unbearable,
an awful lot of fun.*

...and, of course, to Stan too.

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INTRODUCTION

Most people believe their college years were four of the best (and more than that for some) of their lives. We certainly would agree.

For us, buddies since the 6th grade, upon our acceptance to Yale and subsequent high school graduation we optimistically looked forward to the next step, college, and the intellectual and personal growth awaiting us there. In August of 1983, we packed our bags, bade our families tearful goodbyes, and made the long and difficult journey to Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut - a full five minutes away from our homes!

See, when the time came to finally branch out on our own, to move out from under our parents' wings and live away from them, to become responsible for our own food, clothing, and money, we made the only logical decision. We chose not to!

Instead, we went to the college nearest our homes so our parents could come by once a week to bring us food, pick up our laundry, and hand us money!

Hey, it was tough those first few years on our own. Our mothers refused to come down each day and make our beds!

Throughout our four years at Yale, many people (especially our roommates) thought we were spoiled. We were. But we had our justifications.

Prior to Yale we had been sheltered young men. The culture-shock we faced there made it difficult to concern ourselves with the trivialities of edible food, clean clothes, and money. That's where our moms and dads came in.

And as well, at Yale, added to our unworldliness, was the burden of close to seven hours of coursework per night. It was no wonder then, that weird thoughts crept into our minds and were inevitably manifested in strange actions and curious conversations.

We lucked out our first year, getting assigned to a newly renovated suite in Vanderbilt Hall on the Old Campus. The five of us there shared three single bedrooms, one double bedroom, a common room, and a long hallway leading to our bathroom. It was one of the more extravagant freshmen living arrangements, complete with shiny hardwood floors throughout, and a skylight in the common room area.

Probably the first unusual incident involving either of us occurred one night when Dan went to answer the phone located at the end of our long hallway. Being the baseball fan that he was, he sprinkled baby-powder (How do they make that stuff anyway? See page 90.) on the hallway floor and ran in his stocking feet carrying a pillow. He then dove head-first onto the pillow and slid down the hallway to the phone, ala the great Pete Rose. This was strange.



It became absolutely absurd when Dan did it two or three times a night...without the phone having rung! He claimed it was a relief from studying. I knew better. He had flipped out! I wasn't far behind.

One night I decided Gumby had to go swimming. My recollection begins with a six inch rubber rendition of Gumby that I had hung precariously from one of the fire sprinklers in the ceiling of our bedroom. Below Gumby I had placed a pitcher of water. I was positioned about six feet away at my desk with a ruler and a three-inch tall, plastic Smurf character. My study break consisted of placing the Smurf on one end of the ruler, while the other end hung off the edge of the desk. I then rapped on the hanging edge propelling the Smurf through the air in an attempt to knock Gumby from the sprinkler and into the pitcher of water. With such a fascination with Physics it was obvious I was headed towards a degree in Mechanical Engineering.



Yes, this was a little bizarre. What made it more unusual was my obsession with completing this stunt. My study break did not end until two hours later when Gumby finally had been successfully

dislodged from his perch and submerged in his watery destination!

Studying and thinking constantly obviously took its toll on us, as the aforementioned two recollections attest. The anecdotes at the beginning of each chapter provide further proof.

Looking back now, and especially through the prism of this book, it's plain to see that all we went through back then happened for a reason.

Our experiences caused us to go through a metamorphosis. Maybe not as drastic a one as Kafka's (we just threw that in to prove that we did actually read something at college), but a severe one none-the-less.

We learned to contemplate, to truly reason things out. In essence, we finally became aware that it is imperative to slowly taste and savor almost everything that passes through the palate of our consciousnesses, instead of gluttonously indulging ourselves without a second thought.

Our ponderances then led us to many striking realizations, of incongruences and questions that could not be explained nor answered satisfactorily (at least at first). We now share them with you through, **WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU AT YALE.**

On the following pages lie the queries, statements, and conundrums that have puzzled and delighted us for the last eight years, and that, now, we would like you to stop and consider with us.

Over time some actually have been answered or explained. Yet, even so, they are still amusing just to consider for awhile. We hope you'll agree. If so, you'll find reading this as enjoyable as we found compiling it over the years, and then finally writing it these past few months. If not, well...looks like you're out a couple of bucks!

December 12, 1993

Adam Schierholz

Dan Fitzgerald

YALE CLASS OF '87

SECOND EDITION:

What can I say? More than 10 years later I've done and seen a lot, but still don't have the answer to most of these questions. And they still make me (and us) laugh!

In this latest edition Dan's begged off having his name attached, but rest assured, most of this stuff came from his fertile mind. I'm just the guy who put it all together. Enjoy.

March 27, 2004

Adam Schierholz

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The Bob Newhart Show



HI, BOB

When we weren't studying, sliding down hallways, or knocking rubber Gumbys into pitchers of water, we were beginning to form a tight-knit group of friends. A weekly ritual partially responsible for bringing Jon, Ted, Jeff, Eric, Chris (and later Brian, and Woody), Dan and I together was "Hi, Bob."

Many of us discovered a new experience that first year at college - drinking. Fortunately none of us ever got too carried away with it though and we all realized from the start the dangers of drinking irresponsibly. There were quite a few events however, enhanced by the consumption of alcohol. Our weekly ritual of "Hi, Bob" was one.

Each Friday at 5:30 p.m., as a relief from a hard week of classes and studying, the seven of us gathered in Ted's room (he had the best t.v.) to watch reruns of The Bob Newhart Show. Every time Bob's name was spoken in the show, all of us watching had to take a gulp of our drink. Whenever a character said "Hi, Bob," we all had to finish what remained. Prior to "Hi, Bob" none of us had any idea just how friendly Bob's neighbor Howard Borden really was!

After "Hi, Bob" an enjoyable dinner in the Berkeley Dining Hall followed - well, it was enjoyable for us anyway.

To this day, when someone says the words "Hi, Bob" within earshot, we all react with watering mouths and twitching right arms.

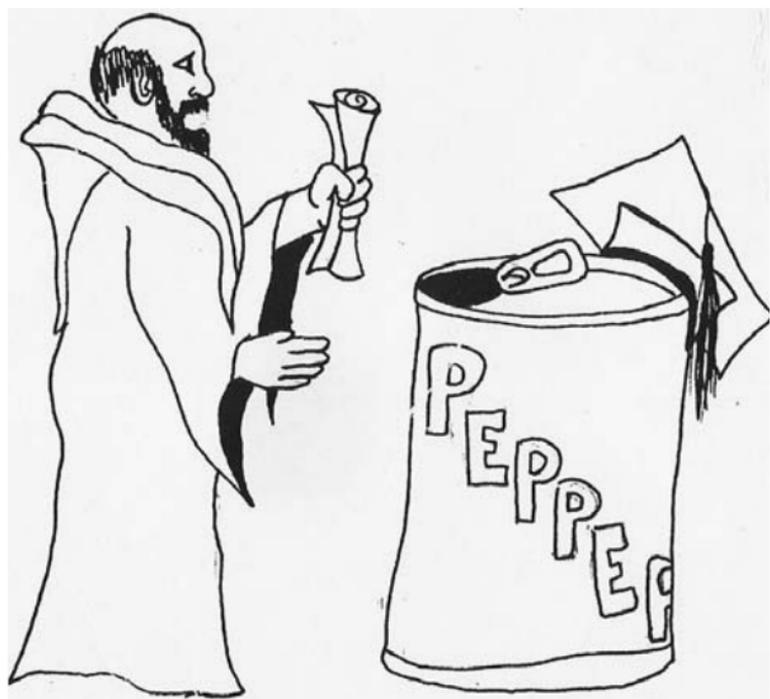
Legend has it that Stan made his first public appearance following an episode of "Hi, Bob."

Which medical school gave Dr. Pepper his degree?

Who decided on 5 x 7, and 8.5 x 11?

Is it possible to look at a word and not read it?

Why do woods have necks?



Why do rivers have banks...and how much money do they keep in them?

Who is this guy Clarence, and why is he always on sale?

Why is there a "b" in doubt?

What do you use to fertilize a rock garden?

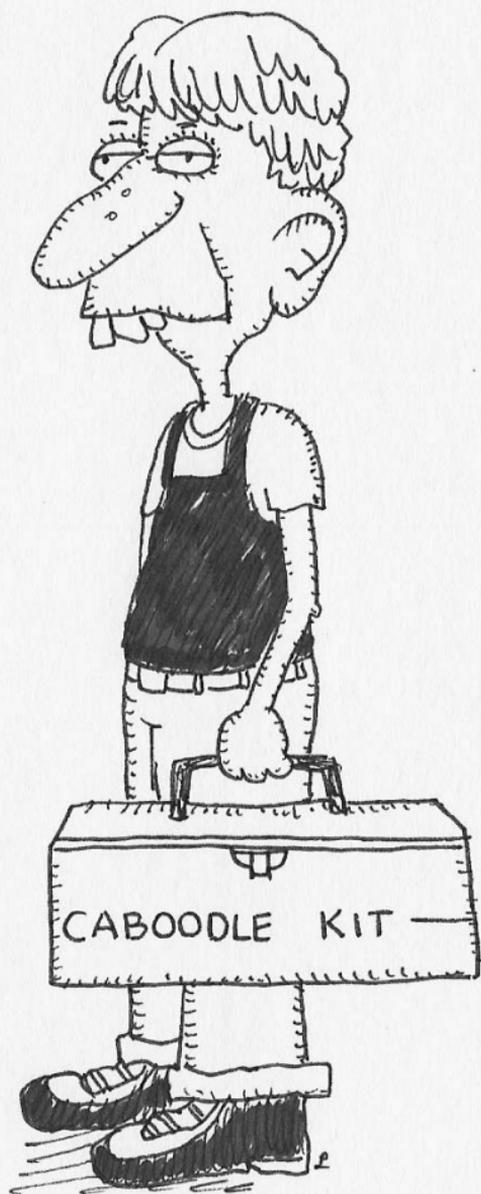


What is a "caboodle" and why does it come with a kit?

By the time autumn comes, are spring chickens then considered old?

What's with the 6 other heavens?

Can you get spring water in the fall?



Has anyone ever actually seen a cat with somebody's tongue?

Who killed the giveaway?

What does cake (or even pie for that matter) have to do with anything's being easy?

What's the opposite of beige?



Who is this guy Will and why is everyone firing at him?

Why can't you get an "E" on your report card?

How do you draw a conclusion, and what does it look like?

Who is Art Deco?



If blind people wear glasses, why don't deaf people wear earmuffs?

How come nobody ever includes the kitchen sink?

Why is some salt named Peter?

Does duct tape quack?

