



### **A Campus Adventure on Crutches**

*Beth A. Kartarius*

I stood just inside the Buchtel Avenue entrance to Crouse Hall. It was 7:45 on a 1982 spring morning, and my Western Cultures exam was at eight a.m., three floors up.

I'd pulled an all-nighter, and I needed to talk to my professor and plead for a retake exam date. It wasn't that I'd been up all-night studying. I had finished studying to my satisfaction yesterday afternoon. Still, I needed to talk to him. There were three stories, six flights, in between me and him, and I was newly on crutches.

At ten p.m. the night before, I'd been centering the Delta Gamma basketball team in the Greek Intramural

Championship game with Alpha Gamma Delta, and a rebound went wrong. After landing on the side of my right foot, it hurt so bad that I had gone to the emergency room. There I'd been triaged for a motorcycle victim, my foot finally pronounced broken, and my mom got me home finally at five a.m.

I know this is going to sound like a "I had to walk to school through the snow four miles uphill both ways" sort of story, but bear with me. The only elevator in Crouse Hall was undergoing maintenance, and the building janitor was surprised as how it often got stuck. There were no cell phones or email in those days, and not even any voicemail. The department wouldn't open until 8:00, after the exam had started. There was no Uber or Lyft, so I'd had to recruit Mom to drive me. And most of all, there was no American for Disabilities Act to guarantee accessibility even to a klutz on crutches. Well, a jock on crutches. A very responsible, nay driven, young woman who needed to beg accommodation. Who had a note from the emergency room doctor, as well as her broken foot in a cast and the crutches to confirm her story.

I conquered those six flights. I got the extension. I got an "A" in Western Culture that semester. But we DeeGees had lost the game.