



## A Society Tit-Bit

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Superb seniors in jaunty jackets made merry at a picnic one beautiful evening in the fall of 1922.

Small camp fires glowed here and there and a jolly crowd surrounded each flame in order to keep the chill from their young bones and also to bring roses to their cheeks.

Weenies, spuds, buns, apples, marshmallows and coffee kept every one quiet until Albert Kopecky threw leaves at Gladyce Christopherson and made some bright remark, likening her to Eve in the Garden of Eden. Enuf said.

The Advanced class were asked to park themselves at the feet of the Seniors on this festive occasion, and their merry voices, especially Roger Briden's, added a great deal to the community singing which followed immediately after the buns were consumed.

This party was a perfectly proper party, chaperons and more chaperons. This did not stop lover's lanes from running a "special" through the shadowy windbreak; this "special" stopped one long lingering moment at Robertson, where the twelve or more seniorites were dropped off before it went on to Senior Hall.

We can't remember all the remarks that went bouncing back and forth between Robertson and Senior, but we do know everyone had a jolly good time.

## Robertson Hall

(Poetically Expressed)

Still sits old Robertson on the campus,  
A sentinel grim and dark;  
Around it still, the quiet corners  
Where couples like to park.

The open doorway in the hall,  
Its well worn sill betraying  
The feet that crept so slow to class,  
Came rushing back for playing.

Within, the parlor table is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official;  
The davenport, the snug settees,  
And Arnie's carved initial.

In nineteen twenty-three at ten,  
The lights caused all the grieving,  
For out of office, and parlor doors,  
The boys and girls were leaving.

When we are scattered o'er this world,  
From Alaska to the Tampas,  
We'll find our thoughts still going back  
To Robertson on the campus.

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