



Senior Hall

Senior Hall, the abiding place of the upper classmen and a few juniors and freshmen, is not always the scene of constant brainstorming, as its name might imply. Indeed, some of the most notorious merrymakers of the campus have their headquarters in this docile looking building. A visitor upon entering Senior Hall on a Saturday or Sunday night would immediately be impressed with the feeling of good fellowship existing between the boys. How could he help it when "Hawkshaw" Olson was reported to be on the trail of "Bearcat" Lee. The most reserved person would throw off his air of restraint to hear Bill Johnson tell Check Peterson and Melvin Brustad of his thrilling adventures while overseas, and even an old maid would not object to having carefree John Gronner constantly chattering about everything in general and never saying anything.

When this method of entertainment has become monotonous a musical program rendered by our amateur masters, Drotts, Burk, and Ingvaldson, is always sure to soothe the nerves which have been strung up by Johnson's gruesome yarns. And speaking of music,—let us not overlook those two exponents of jazz melodies, to-wit: John Pierson and Clarence Walhaug.

Refreshments are served by "Merchant" Meyers and hot lunches can always be had at the third floor suite, captained by "eagle eye" Fraser and prepared by Chef "Amud." While McCrum is getting his false tooth imprint on every delicious slice of hot toast, a deep bass voice rolls up from the stairway, "Boys, get to bed." Whereupon, our guest is politely rolled up in a blanket and tucked away in the bathtub for the night.

Stephens Hall

"So this is Stephens Hall?" said the traveler, as he walked up the steps of that massive edifice and gazed at his surroundings. As he entered he saw a large sign on an inner door which read, "Prof. A. K. Pierce," instructor in all Business Courses, including tea making. He knocked at the door and it was opened by the genial gentleman himself.

"I have sailed the seven seas and traveled the five continents," said the traveler, "and I have sworn that before I die I would see Stephens Hall."

"I will show you around myself," said the professor, and so they started.

They walked to the end of the corridor, where a sign was posted on a door. This sign informed all curious persons that "Visitors are not allowed." Mr. Pierce explained that that is where the nurse lives. "She cures all our ills and ailments,—with pills she banishes our pain and with a million dollar smile she drives away our blues."

A little farther on they met a young man intently reading the label on a bottle.

"What is he doing?" asked the traveler.

"Oh," rejoined the professor, "that is Mr. Groven. He is very fond of detective stories, and wanders from room to room reading the hair raising tales on the hair tonic bottles."

Suddenly there burst on their ears a thunderous sound. "That reminds me of Niagara," said the traveler, "but where does it come from?"

"That," said the professor, "is Wallace Miller rehearsing his debate."

Next they went upstairs and walked along until they came to the janitor's room. As they opened the door, out rushed cats by the dozen,—white cats, black cats, yellow cats, grey cats of all sizes and descriptions came scrambling out of Capt. Field's stronghold. In the center of the room, surrounded by piles of mops and brooms, sat the janitor, sterilizing a chair. After watching him a while, they entered a room where one of the inmates was toasting bread, while the other was lying on a cot eating crackers.

"Do you know that this is contrary to the rules and regulations of Stephens Hall?" said Mr. Pierce. "You are both campused for six months." And as the traveler caught the look in the professor's eye, he picked up his grip, and shifting his trusty .44 to a handier pocket, ran at his topmost speed until he was out of sight.