

The Dormitories in Words

Stephens, the largest dormitory on the campus, where Frosh and new students get their first taste of college life; where initiations take place; and Freshmen learn the true meaning of "Shoe Shine Boy"; where new students go around with mouths open and ask more questions than a wise man can answer; where house meetings are as common as campuses; where the why-nots, where-fors and what-cha-ma-call-its are discussed and the don'ts as passed out as freely as popcorn at a circus; where Juniors get the lowdown on everything (including the girls); where students get their first lessons in tap-dancing and develop a taste for Hill-billy music; where fast rides on a banister bring preceptors down on one's neck; where Juniors begin to worry about "Senior Theses" and all the other things we Seniors have to tolerate. Oh, me, such is life in Stephens.

Senior, where men are men and women don't rate (except in "rare" cases); where you hear anything and everything when least expected; where you try to pull the wool over the preceptors' eyes and get caught redhanded; where fads, fashions, pranks, tricks, midnight sessions and what-nots originate in spite of school rulings and angry preceptors; where text books and mathematics can never rule (except on the night before a test); where Seniors spend many sleepless nights, and burn much oil in trying to write those traditional "Theses"; where mysteries take place but are left unsolved; where Advanced struggle along, trying to keep out of the quagmire; where "Specials" sit back and watch the rest of the world go by; where wondering Freshmen dare not venture and Juniors seldom intrude; where great men have lived and shall live—so ends this strange eventful history.

Robertson, where all new girls become acquainted with five faculty ladies in a remarkably short period of time—Miss Bede, the invincible; Miss Kingston, the one and only outwardly sympathetic; Miss Lohn, the silent camper; Miss Hughbanks, the invincible; and Miss Warne, the ". . . and there I was, a terrified and paralyzed little mole, with Grace Mary towering over me like an insurmountable mountain"; where thick mattresses and daring riders make rapid journeys down the stairway 'twixt 2nd and 3rd; where Saturday evening telephone calls keep first-floor residents jumping; where steam pipes are frequently used as telegraph networks; where Seniors bitten by the "Knit Beetle" slowly advance their art; where little love-affairs are confidentially confided to roommates and fellow sufferers; where house-meetings are called as a means of transmitting information concerning do's and don'ts for ladies, and from which result "multiple responses"; where bashful Freshmen are shown the treacherous threads of the campus ropes by the Juniors; where prankish Juniors are carefully restricted by superior Seniors; where self-confident Seniors are belittled by the advantageous Advanced; and where Advanced are second to none—such is Robertson Hall.