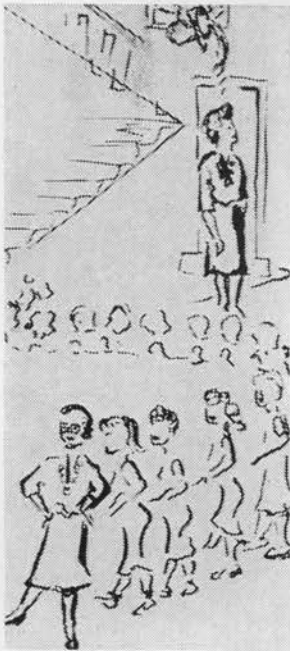


Caution—



Students At Large

by Ann Walters

Technical Journalism Sophomore

A BLACK BUNDLE of fur hurtled through the doorway of Elm Hall and darted down the hallway. Wild-eyed, a coed shrieked her way after the little animal. Screams echoed through the dormitory as other occupants discovered the object of the chase—a tiny skunk.

"Thank goodness it was deodorized," was Mrs. Erchal McLay's only comment as the flushed and tired girl returned, skunk under arm. Outside, fraternity brothers greeted the return of their mascot with howls of laughter.

Mrs. McLay, housemother at Elm Hall, believes her experiences are typical of most college directors. "You must have a lively sense of humor to handle the crazy situations college students seem to find themselves in day after day."

Recalling her initiation into Elm Hall last year, Mrs. McLay smiled. "I heard a lot of noise in the hall, so I looked out to see what was going on. Down the corridor came a chain of girls bunny-hopping and singing their way into the parlors. I guessed they were only testing me to see what my reaction would be, so I did an about-face, fell into a *sprightly* bunny-hop, if I must say so myself, and led the whole tribe down the hall."

"It's a good thing most people don't read signs," Mrs. McLay went on, "or I'm afraid chaos might have reigned the night our sign on the front door listing visiting hours for men was altered. A new sign in bold print was taped over the old, reading **MEN MAY ENTER ON HORSEBACK ONLY.**"

No doubt housemothers all over campus could add many tales to this list of college pranks.

When the Memorial Union was used to house college women in the 1930's and early 1940's, main floor echoed a horrible roar one night as one coed satisfied her secret desire to roller skate down the corridors the week before she graduated.

Mrs. Gertrude Weber, housemother at Kappa Delta sorority, recalls a water fight between neighboring sorority and fraternity houses. Each group was armed with hoses and buckets. Before long, water

began seeping through doors and windows onto the carpets. "I decided the fun had gone far enough and stepped outside on the porch," she said. "At the same moment, one of my girls on the fire escape above aimed a waste basket of water toward the boys on the lawn. Only the water fell on the porch instead and drenched me," she laughed. "Believe me, the girls gathered hair dryers in a hurry. My hair had just been freshly set for a dance that evening. Later, the boys sent me a large box of flowers."

After four years of friendship, tears and laughter, housemothers usually hate to see the girls graduate. "Sometimes it takes a long while to find someone to fill a certain individual's place," reminisces Mrs. Weber. "I still try to keep in contact with many of my girls." She sends over 300 Christmas cards, and each alumna receives a pair of hand-knitted booties for her first baby. "I'm kept pretty busy knitting to carry on the tradition," she confides.

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