

were doing nicely without sharing space with a fourth person. They were not unfriendly but pulled a hazing trick on me. How could I have been so stupid? They asked to see my best (and only) hat. They persuaded me to stand with my fingers on the floor underneath. It was a brief, not pleasant episode. We soon became good friends especially when the Kentucky Derby was imminent and I invited them to Louisville for that special weekend.

We sat at round tables for all meals in the elegant dining room in the Mansion. A faculty member rang a bell as she stood between the columns separating the dining room from the ball room and pronounced the blessing. The student hostess at each table started the drink order by indicating her preference to her neighbor ("one milk, tea or coffee") who added hers and so on around the table with the last girl giving the total to the server. I think there were fifty tables and fifty Negro servants (we didn't use African-American in those days). The food was excellent with the prediction that every girl would gain 10 pounds the first semester. Several menus stand out in memory. When the doors opened after the blessing, the servers came out each carrying a tray with a puffed up cheese soufflé. The days when the cooks baked cinnamon

rolls we could smell that heavenly aroma as we approached Middle March (the lower level with our post office boxes and entrance to the dining room). That menu included a white cherry salad with peanuts and a good dressing.

With a surprising twist of fate I was elected editor of The Hyphen, the weekly newspaper for the 1936-37 academic years. This meant I felt compelled to graduate with that class so I spent a miserable summer taking tow classes at the University of Louisville and French under a tutor. In the fall our foursome chose to remain intact and we moved into Hail Hall where our window overlooked the Hyphen office in the basement of Pembroke dorm. I loved my job to the definite neglect of academic pursuits.

The school presented concerts with important artists. We were required to attend in our long dresses and with our best manners. The seniors sat in the center front rows. I usually interviewed the artist for the paper ahead of the concert. On one occasion when I joined my classmates, I discovered to my horror they were sitting demurely in their formals in those front rows each wearing one or more artificial flowers on top of their heads. I wondered what the artists thought of that unusual flower garden. After W-B