

## Let's Seem Deanlike

Monday

Dear Diary,

Well here I am in my office with almost nothing to keep me occupied. All I have to do is pretend I'm busy and be nice to Dean Vogel and the secretaries. Let's see... interview an applicant at 11:00, lunch at 12:00, rest hour till 1:30, coffee break at 2:00, practice smiling at the girls until 2:30 and leave for the dorm at 3:00. No wonder I'm exhausted.

First I'd better write the report on those two girls I interviewed yesterday. That cute one Nancy was really nice. She was neat, curious, intellectual, a really informed girl. Well, she'll never fit in. The other one, Yenta Peshia, ought to adjust in about two days. You can just tell the type — sloppy, cracking gum like a cow, uninformed or misinformed about everything. I'll give her an excellent report, especially since I saw her bump into a faculty member without saying excuse me. The other girl was too nice.

Well, diary, I'll try to write more tomorrow when I have more time.



Nice, neat, curious, intellectual, and informed

## Long Strange Day

Tuesday

Dear Diary,

You just wouldn't believe it, old girl. It was just another day today, until I went for lunch. I finally persuaded Iris, the cafeteria call girl to let me sample some of that "special" sugar all the cafeteria help use. All of a sudden, the world was changed. I saw colored lights, flashes in the air, and geometric shapes on the walls. I've been floating on air ever since I saw a clean cafeteria and the most delicious, appetizing food. For once I wasn't overcharged for any meal. It was just fantastic. The silverware was clean and unbent. The trays were dry. The knife actually cut! There was no overcrowding or noise. For a moment I thought I was in the wrong cafeteria, but when I looked around for a few seconds to check, the clean-up man walked off with lunch so I knew it was really Stern. I wonder how long these new conditions will last.



I think it's the white streak that's so sexy.

## Library Still Dirty

Wednesday

Dearest Diary,

Well I must tell you of the crazy adventures I've been having. I'm sure I'm seeing things very clearly now. I've decided to take advantage of this new ability and take a good look at the school. Come to think of it, I haven't done that since my first year here anyway.

Today I went to the library, but on my way I stopped in at Tricky Dan's. You know, I think I could do his job? This morning I practiced saying "No, no, no," and "That will be five dollars, miss, FIVE DOLLARS." His office is really something. Papers all over the place (but nothing in the drawers) and phones ringing all the time. While I was there chatting with him, I answered his phone and before I knew it I had bet \$2 on Rocinante, a sure winner. Before I left I made certain to listen to his record "Consider yourself one of the family." It's a favorite at Yeshiva.

When I arrived at the library it was already filled to capacity and all 25 girls were trying to work. A few chairs were buried under coats, umbrellas, and lunches, but otherwise all were occupied by girls or faculty members reading magazines.

I tried to look through the shelves to see what books we had, but I have a terrible dust allergy so I had to satisfy my curiosity by looking through the card catalogue. I discovered several interesting books which I tried to take out, but I found that they were either missing or had been checked out by faculty members years ago.

I was also informed that a good many books are in "processing." Just what this means no one knows, but the job requires a number of skilled work-study girls as well as a motley group of unskilled librarians. I found that if you really want to get one of the valuable books out of the library the best way is to go to room 104 and steal it.

## True Romance In Psychology

Thursday

My Dear Diary,

I really feel young again, in fact, I must confess, I've been acting like a school girl. First, I've developed a mad crush on one of the unmarried teachers. Now I see why so many girls register in his classes. I never realized we had such cute teachers here before.

Well, I'll try to control myself and tell you what else I've been up to. I decided to visit several classes just to see what goes on. I discovered we have an assortment of the oddest people teaching in this school. One wears shoes that don't match and can never decide what room his class is meeting in. Another spends countless class periods convincing his students that he is a "great

guy" and never lets on what he's really like. I saw one class that resembled a quiz show. Yet another looked as though each girl had a personal hatred for the teacher — you could feel it in the air.

Of course not all of the teachers are that bad, and I'm sure that some of them resemble normal human beings, but most of the classes were rather dull. I fell asleep in one and had to resort to playing "jotto" in another. I'm going to have to check the schedule — the subject matter being taught didn't seem to coincide with what I thought the course was supposed to be about. I never knew we had a correspondence course here and I was sure that Soc. I met in that room.

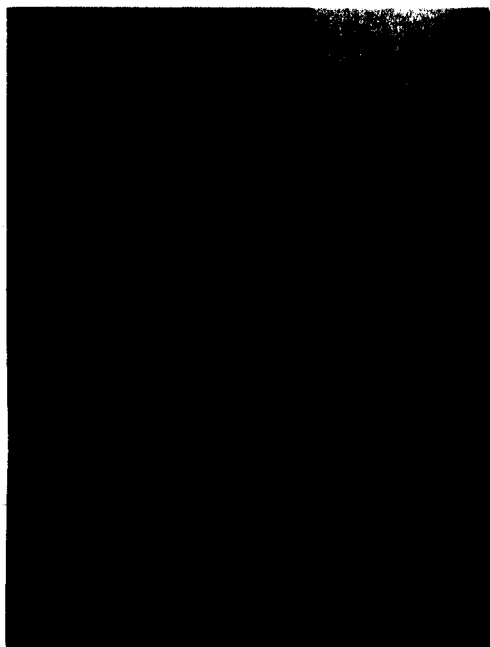
## Lived-in Sloppy Dorm

Friday

Darling Diary,

"I'm still amazed at how I feel. Today I inspected the dorm. I suspect that my appearance may have changed slightly since I was pounced upon by two guards and told to sign in immediately. The building has very unusual decorations. For instance, in the machine room the tables and floor are strewn with ornaments—apple cores, empty cups, half-eaten sandwiches, mustard packets, etc.,

etc., ad nauseum — but all quite unique. Then in the halls the wallpaper, where it hasn't been ripped or torn off, is equally original. It's a smudged up brown color, with funny comments written all over it, especially near the elevators. Some very wise girls have graciously offered to share their opinions on life, love and school with the rest of the girls. How very considerate of them! I wonder why I never noticed it before.



Oldest, largest and dirtiest

## Latest Shabbos Depressing

Sunday

Dear Diary,

I was a little depressed after spending Shabbos in the dorm, and I'm even more upset now because I just realized that the girls

are missing a great many sports activities while at Stern. We're going to have to do something about it. Of course they do get a lot of exercise running from the dorm to the school and back again. Even though most have been deprived of the usual sports activities, such as volley ball, basketball, tennis, and wrestling, I noticed that they have substituted some new games. First there is the spectator sport of watching a certain pair of red curtains. Equally fascinating is the endurance test — seeing how many soda bottles or newspapers they can accumulate in their rooms before the maid throws them out or they receive a threatening note from a housemother. I've noticed many girls getting their exercise while running up and down the steps instead of waiting for the elevators. Some girls get rid of built up hostilities and tension by yelling at the cleaner next door who did absolutely nothing, unless you get upset about little things like added spots, missing buttons, or ripped pockets. Some of the dorm girls are playing an-

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## Last Shabbos . . .

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other game called Tracking Down Your Missing Belongings. This game is really fun and any number may play. Actually the malids take the first turn and usually several other things with it. All the girls have to do is see whether

they can find their personal belongings in another room or walking away on one of the malids. Next year I'm sure that the girls will get even more exercise, mainly because, if they will really want a new school I think they'll have to build it themselves.

## Truth Rare In Policy

Monday  
Hi there, diary! Today I decided to find out just who decides official policies. I've always wanted to have a say in what goes on here, but somehow I'm ignored. (Remember when I wanted the school to be called Stern College for Religious Education for Women of Yeshiva University? Such a perfect name, but good old Minnesota Fats ruled it wasn't appropriate. A lot he knows.)

First this morning I talked to the president who was here on one of his brief visits. Unfortunately he couldn't tell me any-

thing. Next I tried Dapper Dan, but no, he didn't know either. And hence to the librarians, the guard, cafeteria employees, cleaning women, and elevator men. For a terrible moment I had the feeling that nobody knew what was going on here and that we were just going on aimlessly.

Thank goodness I thought to ask in just one more place. Sure enough the office secretaries know everything there is to know about anything even remotely related to official business. They confirmed my belief that we really are going on aimlessly.



I know you won't believe me but I can't even read Hebrew! How could I have known what that passage said.

## Lengthy Speech by DIB Lounge Suddenly Disappears

Dear Diary  
I'm really sorry about yesterday, diary. I mean I know there was a fire, but I just can't remember what I did. Anyway today was a very unusual day. I came to school in the morning at noon and all the girls were so different. Almost every one had her hair braided and in place and wore a lot of make-up. Most had on

Shabbos clothes and coats, you know the kind with the fur collars. Suddenly, at 1:30 there was a mad rush and I found myself on a bus headed uptown. Soon I was listening to a speech and watching all the girls watch the boys.

This entire adventure made me very nervous, and once back at Stern I decided to listen to my favorite records in the lounge.

Well, to make a long story short, the lounge disappeared. I know we had two lounges, we needed two lounges. There was one for smokers and one for those who simply wanted to rest. Now the second lounge is filled with tables and books, while the record player and TV are missing. Miss Salama Wit, the attendant, said this was a temporary situation until the new building is finished.

## Latest Social Disaster

Saturday

My Dearest Diary,

This evening I disguised myself as a young girl and went to one of the chagigas. Before I left I wanted to borrow some perfume so I went to some of the girls' rooms. You just wouldn't believe those rooms. Tons of make-up left on the night tables, clothes scattered in all directions, and at least 40 pair of torn nylons had been thrown out. In two rooms I found dresses whose seams had ripped and home-made signs proclaiming a week of diting.

Once at the chagiga I began to see what they were talking about. Tasteless cookies and watered down punch were served while the "entertainment" went on. Most of the girls were self-conscious and embarrassed, especially since their average age must have been two years older than the average age of the boys. All the techniques were tried, the "Don't I know you from somewhere?" from the boys and the "Won't you have a cookie, they're delicious," from the girls were most successful.

Since a lot of interesting activities are not allowed at Stern socials the unofficial game of "Musical Chairs" was played. This game starts when one of the 4 or 5 good-looking boys is spotted. Slowly chairs are inched closer to his. Shy smiles are tossed in his direction. Strategy counts, since you never know when he may become physically ill at the sight of most of the people and have to leave. The real fun starts when the closest girl has to leave. Everyone moves up one. Sometimes the closest two or three are in charge of refreshments and unfortunately all must get up. This means move up three seats and maybe in the process inch your chair a little closer. The game can have reversals, such as when the boy's steady shows up. Move back 10.

One youth, a mature 14 or so, generously offered to drive me home, and since I needed an escort, I accepted. I really enjoyed myself until we arrived at the dorm. As we walked in, 8 pairs of eyes followed our steps. The two guards, head maid, and one housemother exchanged remarks with my escort and he was politely informed to "get into the lounge and make it snappy." We talked until 1:30 when suddenly a voice boomed "1:30 all males leave immediately." I was very embarrassed for myself and for the boy who had changed to a pale green ever since entering the building.

After this unpleasant adventure I decided that I really do need a rest and that I must retire. Maybe what I really need is to take a nice long trip.



## Need We Say More?

(To the tune of Tradition)

A sitting in the lobby, every night real late  
They wait and watch each girl  
As she comes back from her date.

They wonder who she's with, they wonder where she's been  
They size him up and down  
Oh no, he's much too thin.

Who day and night  
Is threatening all the Sternleys  
Treats us all like babies  
Chases out the boys.  
And who day and night  
Gives us all our demerits  
And in all the quiet  
Yells there's too much noise  
Housemothers! Housemothers!  
Housemothers! Housemothers!

(REPRINTED FROM THE PRIZE-WINNING JUNIOR CLASS SING.)



The sleeves are O.K. but the skirt's too short; we belong to the knee-cap society.