

# Home away from Home

*pandemonium may be too strong a word for the day that students move back to Norman--but it's not too far from truth*

**M**OVING is confusion, whether it's from apartment to apartment, house to house or city to city. But when moving means transferring all the earthly belongings of the American college coed from home to school, it isn't confusion—it's chaos.

At O.U.'s Cate Center for Women last month, this yearly phenomenon occurred again. More than 700 coeds moved into 14 of Cate's 20 houses in a single morning. The vast majority of them were freshmen making that first big break with home. They left very little behind, coming equipped for every possible eventuality. And somehow or other, they got it all into the less-than-spacious dormitory rooms. Even more miraculously, no casualties were reported among the perspiring parents who engineered the operation.

If it is any consolation to these freshman families, the big move is never quite the same again. Everything is new for the freshman, from her carefully selected wardrobe to the campus itself and the people who inhabit it. The situation is never quite that new—or exciting—again. The upperclassmen, who have lost that feeling of uncertainty somewhere along the line, know exactly what's ahead. They become expert at packing, stacking and sorting. Though parents never exactly look forward to the annual trek to Norman, they get used to it, and like as not they'll miss it when that senior year has passed.



Moving is a family affair for most coeds, and the Sapulpa family of Susan Sheffel (left) looks fairly typical at this, the hopeless stage of the game. The prospect of getting Susan settled on the third floor (Cate Center boasts no elevators) leaves mother patiently organized, father faintly harried, younger brother obviously disgusted with life in general.



No, not a football Saturday, just annual O.U. moving day.



Some parents, notably mothers remembering their own college days, such as Mrs. O. J. Talley (above), were as excited about the start of school as their freshman daughters.



But for a few parents, such as the weary father at right, that last load of daughter's treasured belongings was just about one too many; the day was almost too much of a day.

Pictures and Text Continue



Cate Center's "bell hops" were somewhat prepared for their carry-up-and-unpack duties, but most of the "volunteers" were a little bewildered by it all.

# Home away from Home

Continued

NOTHING THAT FRESHMAN coeds bring to college could possibly surprise those who watch the migration year after year. Among the standard items, you'll find bulletin boards, pennants, photographs of the boys back home, gayly decorated waste baskets, desk lamps, mail buckets, even a few books, to say nothing of incidentals such as sheets, towels and pillows. They have their own hi fi sets (the rooms are a little small for stereo, though a few have tried), gigantic record collections, radios and the latest thing in alarm clocks. The coed at right, Judy Talley, foresaw a waiting line for the dormitory ironing boards and brought her own. A couple of Norman freshmen arrived for rush week complete with a commercial-style hair dryer, rented for the occasion from a local beauty salon.



WORD AROUND CAMPUS is that a co-ed's classification can be determined by the age of her clothes. Not that the freshman has a larger wardrobe, but nearly everything she owns is new, result of months of diligent bargain hunting on the home front. Itemizing an "average" wardrobe is about like selecting an "average" coed, but in the main she probably brings to college at least a dozen pairs of shoes, an equal number of sweaters, 7 to 12 skirts, 1 to 3 cocktail dresses (formals have been passé for years along with can-can petticoats), 2 to 4 dressy yet tailored outfits for church, etc., 21 to 28 pairs of white bobby socks and at least one charm bracelet. And if she's as lucky as Melanie Puryear, at left, she can find a friend from home to help her transport all this from overloaded car to jam-packed room.





THE JOB OF MOVING finally completed, hesitant parents prepare for the return trip home alone, aware that they can do no more to get their daughters' college careers off to a good start. There is just time for some last-minute advice from mother for Virginia Nan Johnson (top left) and some parting financial assistance from dad for Sharon Tankersley (bottom left) and the 1960 O.U. freshman coed is on her own.