

Around the Clock With An Aggie Girl

Mornings are awful! Especially seven o'clock in the morning when the bells begin to ring and those kids above you decide to move furniture, clean house—or maybe they are just putting on their shoes, I don't know. Anyway they make more noise than fifty freight trains! Well, your Freshman roommate, who never misses breakfast, starts tearing around and you can't sleep anyway, so the next best thing is to get up. You really should have pressed a skirt, but, oh, well, what's a few wrinkles? The clock says it's seven twenty-five, your shoelace breaks, you can't find a pin, your hair gets all tangled up in a curler and you have to cut off some of it, a button falls off your coat, your only pair of stockings develop a run, you can't remember which bed your English book is under—those are only a few calamities that usually happen when you are in a hurry. When you finally get to breakfast, you are late so you have to march down to the other end of the dining hall and sit with nine Freshman boys.

The day is just beginning. When you reach Sewing Class you find that you've dropped about fifty stitches in your knitting and you have to rip it all out. You've barely set up your stitches again when the bell rings and it's time to quit.

Home Management class is next. Oh, dear, we were supposed to write a five page theme on choosing a good husband! You can't possibly think of more than three pages!

Algebra class is just around the corner. If Mr. Streeter gives another test you'll just go crazy because you simply can't understand those problems. You haven't read your English, and besides you have only five sheets of scratch paper and two erasers.

If you're still alive after Algebra class, it's time for English. Miss Smith calls off numbers and requests that you please write a summary on the story that you get. Wonder of wonders, you get the story that you have read, and do you think you are lucky!

The classes are over for the morning, but it is assembly time. Mr. Mlinar might check so you had better not skip. You hope there are movies so you can catch up on some sleep. You have to be careful this time though, because you snored too loudly last time.

When dinner is over, your stomach still sticks to your ribs, but life must go on. So you practice piano very industriously until the bell rings and then dash madly to typing class. You then realize you're out of paper and your girl friend hasn't any either because it's your turn to buy it. You are desperate for the moment until that boy that sits next to you comes to your rescue and saves the day. It's time for a speed test, your fingers quiver, you're scared to death; but you actually live through those fifteen minutes.

When typing class is over, you're ready to give up in desperation, but there is still swimming or gym to attend. As you leave the swimming class you leave your beauty there also—your curls are gone, your hair is dry and brittle. If it's gym you're leaving, you are o. k. except for a couple of floor burns, a dislocated finger, and a twisted ankle.

The day is over except for supper, band practice, and Aggie Board. The band instructor is cross, your horn won't even squeak, and you have lost your book. At Aggie Board meeting someone has lost the calendar so the evening is spent searching waste baskets.

As you return to Robertson, your day's work is almost ended. All that you have left is twenty Algebra problems to work, two stories to read for English, a couple of themes to compose, and a letter to write home in answer to the one you received last week scolding you for not writing more often.

A busy day? No, just the ordinary school day routine of an average Aggie girl.

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