

Around the Clock With An Aggie Boy

Between the memorable hours of 7:45 and 8:15 of a weekday morning great confusion reigns on the campus. The dining hall has disgorged its occupants who are feverishly eager to reach their respective classrooms before the bell rings. Through the gates have passed several motor vehicles, by which means the A. C. gains its transient population. Out of this group of scholarly travelers we shall single out one and follow him through his daily routine. For convenience let's call him Jake.

After Jake has disposed of his overcoat, cap, and galoshes he enters room 104 with a feeling of grim resignation, for this is Saturday and he has three classes in a row in that room. Ologies on three different subjects in the short course of two and one half hours leaves Jake rather confused. As he mounts the stairs he becomes very nervous for today is speech day. Trying hard to remember his speech a thought something like this runs through Jake's brain, "Will this meeting of spavined microbes please come to order, for all the world's a stage, and there are seven microns of blind stagers seeking the bubble reputation while the secretary reads the minutes."

Having survived the ordeal in room 203, Jake makes a beeline for the stairway but finds the way blocked. Blocking his passage are: tall, short, fat, lean, happy, and sad students; black-haired, brown-haired, red-haired, yellow-haired, and white-haired students; black-eyed, brown-eyed, blue-eyed, yellow-eyed, hazel-eyed, green-eyed, and gray-eyed students; in fact, various editions of the future Mr. or Mrs. John K. Public.

The time between 11:30 and 1:15 is marked by extremes, about one hour of it being occupied by peaceful slumber in a comfortable seat in the auditorium. But the remainder of the time, alas, is sorely trying to Jake. As he lifts a spoonful of beans to his lips a sound reaches his ears that gives him the jitters. The sound which comes from above is vaguely reminiscent of a dime novel long horn stampede. Having safely conducted the beans to their destination Jake becomes aware of a storm gathering in the north as a voice rings out, "Bring your bottles and glasses back to the counter." The combination of the two nerve frayers is almost too much for him, and it is with relief that Jake gulps down his last bite and heads for the wide open spaces.

In the large room on the west side of the second floor in Hill Building Jake loses himself in the crowd who are gathered there to listen to a peaceful looking man in a gray suit who talks in a pleasing voice of taxes and mortgages.

As 2:05 rolls around Jake has gathered his scattered wits about him, and thus prepared, he starts for the southeast corner of third floor. As he seats himself Jake hears someone saying, "Close your books and notebooks! Now I don't like to talk like this to you people but it's for your own good. Remember the below grade list goes in Monday and if you get on you stay there for two whole weeks." Time passes.

After 2:55 Jake is as free as the "fugitive from the chain gang", that is, he is out on parole and may do as he wishes for a short time. However, time and tide wait for no man, and soon the afternoon and evening are gone forever and old papa Morpheus takes possession of the weary Jake. And so ends a day in the life of an Aggie student.

Edward Worman