

SATURDAY NIGHT—AND I'VE GOT A DATE

Supper is over and we rush back to the dorm. Wouldn't it be grand if some nice fella would call and want to take me to the show?

Let's see, what shall I wear tonight? I wore that dress last Saturday and that one the time before. Shucks, I haven't got anything to put on. Do you suppose that Martha has something I can wear? I finally find a dress, but it doesn't fit. I must have gained weight or something. I could always wear her clothes before. Oh well, it's only a movie; I guess I'll wear what I've got on.

Everyone is running up and down the stairway answering telephone calls. Gee, I wish I were lucky enough to get a call once in a while. Guess I'll go back to my room and wait to see if I do get a call. Say, was that my bell ringing? I'll go down. Maybe Miss Bede has campused me or something. Telephone for me? Oh, yes, of course I'll answer it. "Hello—Go to the show with you?—I'd be so glad to! I think it starts at eight o'clock. I'll be ready." "Who was that?

Gee, I forgot to ask him. But kid, I've got a date!"

It's eight o'clock and we arrive at the auditorium. Miss Warne asks for my ticket. Oh, dear, after getting that call I forgot all about my ticket! We'll have to go back and get it—or else!

We go and get the ticket, and come back to the show. The balcony is a nice place to sit so we go up. Oh, shucks, all the back row seats are filled! Well, we can sit in the front row. Mr. Mlinar says that is the best policy anyway.

There's plenty of noise up here. Is that a teacher coming up the steps? Yes, sir! "Everyone out of the balcony!!!" I might have known something would happen. We all go downstairs and how the crowd does laugh. Is my face red??

The show is over. We go back to the dorm. There are a lot of kids standing outside. John opens the door and I go in as fast as I can. I get up to my room and sit down to talk it over with my roommates. Wasn't that a grand evening? Gee, I wonder if he'll ever ask me again!

B. H.

SUNDAY AROUND SENIOR HALL

Sunday morning comes around very quickly, so it seems, after a Saturday night dance or party. Senior Hall occupants start rising at 7:45 and keep getting up in relays until about eleven o'clock. It is very difficult to think of rising from our beauty rest mattresses. We wake up and reach out with our hands and feet, striking our other two roommates in order to rouse them from pleasant slumber.

Approximately half of the students jump out of bed after eight o'clock and pull on their clothes while on their way to the breakfast table. Oh, no, there is no time for washing one's face and brushing one's teeth. If time were taken out for those tasks, we'd never be on time for our grapefruit juice.

After breakfast, most of us students attend Sunday morning services in Stephens Hall. Too bad more Senior Hall fellows don't attend those services.

A few students attend church services down town at their respective churches in the forenoon. Others spend their mornings reading the comics, studying, or sleeping.

One o'clock very soon arrives and the gents rush off to the Dining Hall where they chat idly

over a delicious Sunday dinner. Then some of the Senior boys have to rush off to Aggie Board meeting. Other students go down town to a movie, that is, those who aren't broke. The fellows who stay in the dormitory are those with the empty billfolds.

Some of us eat our box lunches in the late afternoon. The majority, especially those with girl friends, eat their Sunday evening lunches in the Aggie Inn. Then we adjourn to the auditorium for the YM-YW program. Some of the more fortunate take their gals to a movie or call at Robertson Hall.

Senior Hall occupants start on their joyous journey to dreamland around midnight. Of course, they all hope to be back again the next morning in time for breakfast. However, a good half of them slumber on until late Monday morning.

In this way, the average student in Senior Hall spends his average Sunday. Somehow, these lazy Sundays seem to be a part of our education. The week would be a very dull one without that day of relaxation. We upperclassmen will always remember our Sundays in Senior Hall.

T. K.