

THOUGHTS

THE FRESHMAN:

Sept. 25—And this is Aromur! We'll soon see whether or not it is as tough as they say. Seemed funny to have had to wait in line to pay out perfectly good money. At least, we're in class; now to stay there. The faculty treats us pretty decently—so far.

Nov. 25—Well! I've been embarrassed before, but a new high was hit when I had to go into the library to ask for my trousers. And it's cold out there, too. Anyway, our dance last Friday was swell, and, besides, Thanksgiving vacation comes soon. And then, Merry Christmas!

Mar. 25—Guess I've been on the run since the Christmas holiday. Squeezed through last semester all right, but what a squeeze! Sweating ever since. And then, the Sophs are always with us. Don't mind wearing a green cap, but their attitude . . . Wonder what this Junior Week is all about. We'll see about this rush business.

April 17—Frosh dance tomorrow, and me without a date! And the bid is paid for!

THE SOPHOMORE:

Nov. 2—I don't seem to be able to get back into the swing of things here. Ho! hum! Another month of vacation would have done me good—or killed me. Hope I've picked the right branch of engineering for study. Don't want to be a misfit after four years of study (if I last). Does a fellow's heart good to see the freshies with their green spots. We lost the rush last year, but we'll certainly show these youngsters.

Oct. 28—We took the Juniors down for the interclass basketball title last week. Think I'll try for the regular team. Wish there was more time for activities. Wonder how's chances for an N. Y. A. job. Class officers are elected. Looked like an honest election, by gum.

Feb. 12—Got a little boost in the Tech News appointments tonight. Here's hoping!

Mar. 17—Saint Patrick's Day. Hot dog! Let's go get us a freshman!

Mar. 21—The Relays topped off the indoor track season tonight. Some of our class turned in pretty good records for the year.

April 7—Isn't it ever going to get warm?

THE JUNIOR:

Sept. 24—It seems pretty nice to be back in the grind again. Actually worked this summer, earning enough to help pay expenses. Makes a fellow feel a little bigger. And we're finally upperclassmen!

Oct. 25—Elections are over, at last. Now that all the arguments are over (we hope), could somebody take time out and explain this commission form of government? At least, it's different.

Dec. 21—Our Informal at the Stevens last night was the nuts. Best we've had. That leaves two shopping days until Christmas—and two weeks to recover. I brought the books home for vacation again. Wonder why?

April 9—Baseball season opens tomorrow, if it doesn't snow. The weather man must have gone on a big binge this year. At least, I hope it gets warm for Junior Week. If we have to pay for it, we want a chance to enjoy it without wearing earmuffs. And I'm going to get to that Junior Formal if I have to put Dad's watch in hock.

April 14—Deadline's approaching and the editor hollering. Whose idea was it to get on a year-book staff?

THE SENIOR:

Sept. 25—Now, to knock them cold for one year straight. This is the one that counts. To be hoped for: offices, honoraries, and a JOB. Have to squeeze some financially this year, too.

Oct. 26—I've surely done a swell job of knocking them cold, or vice versa. Five weeks of school, and I'm only four weeks behind in reports. What I'd give for a good night's sleep, not bothered by due dates, credits, or whatnot!

Jan. 4—Did I say rest over the holiday? It's lucky it ended when it did: needed to get back to school for a rest. Probably that is the last vacation of that kind I'll ever get. Beginning to feel like an old man now.

April 2—A job landed on me today. Won't be in the great army for a while, at least. Those job interviews were interesting, although we were on edge for them. Won't be around here any more, pretty soon. A couple more dances, a little more work, a short walk in a long, black gown, and we'll be leaving. Then—