her ski pants and you’re off again to skate or to ski on Morgan Hill.

On the way she’ll say how she loves Colby, how she couldn’t get used to the place for the first few months. If she’s a senior, she’ll tell you how she regrets that it’s only a two year college, that she doesn’t really start to know and find her friends till she’s ready to graduate. Then she’ll cry her eyes out though fiancé and family are all looking on. In two years she must accomplish what other college girls do in four. As contrasted to say Radcliffe, she probably studies less and has more fun. She hasn’t Harvard at her beck and call. Instead, she has to find fun of her own making. For most of her friends, dates are spasmodic and quite an event in those woods where love can be measured by miles. She’s also inclined to be younger in thought and in fact. So is the typical date. As a generalization we’d venture the guess that the majority of their love affairs don’t last. But she does leave Colby a wise girl with an ambition for further training or for the all inclusive occupation of housewife. Even then she probably never gets enough of the dancing that seems to be in her soul.

You have her to get dressed for the formal dinner before the dance. Invariably you find that you’re missing studs or links. If you ever do get assembled you may arrive in time—if you don’t get stuck in a drift or have to back down an icy road first. You wait for her to come down. You wait some more. Finally, she regally descends the stairs in a breathtaking gown. You must say “How lovely you look tonight” and she “What a beautiful corsage.” If you’re a new acquaintance you add “Why, do you know—?” On the way to the dinner you find she doesn’t know. After dinner she’ll lead you over to the gym where the dance is held. Dartmouth’s Barbary Coast band makes our fraternity bands sound like chopped ham. You have a vague feeling that your date’s making love over your shoulder to that blond saxophonist in the middle. Judging by the girls looking in from the balcony the most beautiful girls didn’t go to the dance. You can’t imagine how come and conclude that it doesn’t seem right. Finally, the big moment of the evening arrives. The Duke of the Carnival is announced. Each girl silently prays that it will be her date. There are squeaks and squeals of feminine excitement. But the poor fellow wonders how he’s ever going to live down his new title and the Monday morning publicity. At least one Tech man can tell you how that feels. By one o’clock you’ve kissed your girl good-night. You then attempt to get some much needed sleep in a bedroom filled with twenty other fellows who have too much to say for too long. Then before you have had a chance to dream you find that your girl is on the phone and wants to know when she may expect you.

“Last night at one you felt immense, but now you feel like thirty cents.”

All types of girls go to the dance, and all types stay away, come later to look from the stairway at the revelry below, as did these.

Favorite resting place of the girls is the “rec” room, where blue haze and cigarettes by the carton characterize the atmosphere.