SHE'S OFF TO COLLEGE

A Girl's Guide to College Life

BY

GULIELMA FELL ALSOP, M.D.

Physician, Barnard College,
Columbia University

AND

MARY FRANCES McBRIDE, M.A.

Director, Business and Professional Girls Department, Central Branch
Y.W.C.A., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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INTRODUCTION

The wind carried the shouts of the girls at the badminton courts up to my office. A senior was standing by my desk after her final health examination—her “exit health,” as it was called. Both she and I smiled.

"They're having a good time," I said. "Are you sorry to leave?"

The senior went over to the window and looked down at the courts. "There's Clara Dane playing. I love to watch her. Isn't she a beauty?"

I watched the girl at the window and she watched the girls at the games. Then she turned around wistfully.

"Oh, Doctor," she said. "I wish I were just coming in as a freshman. I'm only just now really ready. I know what it's all about now. A health, some A's and B's in my academic work, a terrible record in my languages, and I can't bear to leave the girls. We'll all be living so far apart. I'd do so differently if I were coming back."

One way or another, they all say the same thing. If one were going to France one would try to know something about France beforehand—the language, the country and its history—and college is just as much an uncharted land to the freshman.
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All kinds of things happen in these four years of college, the last momentous years of growth. Though stature has usually been almost attained, even one or two more inches of body development may take place if nutrition and conditions are favorable. The endocrine glands adjust themselves for maturity and set up an entirely different pattern from that of childhood. All those tumultuous upheavals and realignments that make such an unstable personality in the teens, settle down to make a steady, reliable combination. That is the crux of adolescent development. This adjustment sometimes takes place harmoniously; sometimes it never takes place at all, and the person remains in flux, unstable, unreliable, lovable, hateful. The individual does not become one person, but remains a mixed-up creature without a dominant self.

"Don't ask her. You never can tell how she'll behave." "Oh, no, I don't like her. She's on this side one day and on the other
the next.” These indeterminate people are always unhappy and failures. They do not retain a drive in any one direction long enough to follow it and to get anywhere at all.

Others do settle into a consistent self, but such a disagreeable and unpleasant one that they, too, are failures.

“Let’s not have her along. She’s such a grouch.” “It’s no use asking her; she always says no.”

But then there is the great mass of people who are more or less successful according to the way in which they develop consistent, reliable personalities of pleasing qualities. These are not superlative endowments. They are usual and quite “gettable” things, which result from discipline and training.

College students are already more advanced than high-school graduates. Their training must therefore be more arduous and more continuous. They must want their training.

This training while in college is essentially twofold: of the intellect and of the social qualities. The social training is, to many students, far more pleasant. It is found in a little world of its own, in the formation of small groups and cliques, in class affairs, in dances and proms and picnics and athletics. Even college politics are important. All these things contribute to the creation of a girl’s ultimate self. Either she accepts her responsibilities or she dodges them; she works on her committee or she skips the meeting for a movie.

One, by-and-by, becomes chairman, becomes president; the other, by-and-by, is not elected to anything at all. Both these girls have to hold down jobs later on, have to get on with an office staff. The one does it naturally, the other finds it difficult.

This college social life makes emotional patterns in a girl’s reactions. She learns when to get excited and when to remain calm. She learns how to get along with people she likes and
with people she doesn't like. She begins to size up individuals. She does not go gaily into life saying to herself, "The world is lovely; everybody is good and delightful," any more than she says, "Life is ugly; people are horrid." She is able to discriminate.

In college she will meet all kinds of people because higher education attracts students from far and wide. She has a much greater opportunity to know humanity than if she went into an office or a store at once after leaving school.

The other line of development open to her is intellectual. She is expected to study. In some colleges a preponderant emphasis is put on study. This intellectual life of a college is the unique opportunity that it offers. All kinds of things can be learned there that are difficult to come by in any other way or at any other time, for here, and here only, time is made for study. Here study is directed by someone qualified to do it, someone who has traveled further along this same intellectual pathway both in learning and in the power of interpretation that comes from living. A person who likes study and likes learning will do infinitely more of it during all the rest of her life, but she will do it at stolen moments, after the dinner is cooked, the babies put to bed, after a day's work, when her husband is at the club. There will never be time set apart for it again.

Some of the study is hard, and requires libraries and laboratories and professors. It is a tremendous discipline, but it is the enormous opportunity offered by the college years.

For the natural-born student, college is simple and easy. Her only inclination is to do her work, and as much of it and as well as she can.

But for the unintellectual student, the academic part of college is often a great burden. To her we would say that if she
doesn't like to study at all, she should not go to college. But if she likes study a little, college will repay her with intellectual and social training. If she is going to college, she should yield herself to it and accept its discipline. She should count study in and not out.

Counting study in means leaving time for it in the twenty-four hours. After all, we do leave time for things that are necessities—for sleep, for eating, for dressing. Our only plea is to leave time for study; to look over the space of the daily twenty-four hours and have some idea how it shall be spent, counting in time for study.

There is no doubt about it: study is both exciting and difficult. Knowledge is fascinating, but the time to acquire it seems short. No day has enough time for study and for everything else that must go into it.

In many colleges a girl will find a student adviser to help work out her intricate and complicated schedule; in others, she is expected to manage for herself.

Some colleges have a printed form which presents to the student, in a graphic and pictorial way, the hours of the day, each day of the week. On such a chart she can plan her day's program.

This necessity for organization is often a new problem for the freshman and represents another aspect of her freedom.

Even the best mapping out of a plan, however, does not in any way insure its successful carrying out. That inevitably depends on the girl herself, and on the habits of study she can acquire. It also depends for its success on tradition in the college where she is studying, on whether the students count in study first or sandwich it in, as best they can, between work and dates, athletics and sleep.
A vital professor can vivify a subject and shed a light upon learning which will make the pupil into a student. An absorbing subject can produce the same effect. This was how Ellen felt.

Ellen wanted to be a short-story writer. She took two courses in the subject: one was exciting, popular, and well attended; the other had only five or six students.

"Why do you go to that class?" Susie asked her one day. "Everyone says it's deadly dull."

"So it is. But, you see, I don't mind the dullness. For the instructor knows all about short-story writing. She can tell me exactly how to make a scene vivid. I've learned a lot from her. It would only clutter up the hour if she tried to be entertaining. We don't want entertainment. We want to know how to write a short story."

But, of course, Ellen's attitude was already semi-professional, the attitude of the professional student who wants her information, to whom the information is the very breath and life of the course.

Some students in the big-city universities are day students, living at home and commuting to college. For them the problem of commuting and possibly the problem of helping at home with the housework complicates life still further. Such girls should get expert help from a faculty adviser, because for them every moment counts.

If a girl is working for part of her tuition as well, her program will have to be planned, like the twenty-four hours of a prima donna, to be sure that her health does not suffer. Girls who have all this on their hands—classes, study, commuting, gainful occupation, and helping a little at home, too—should be girls with an "A" health grade, for otherwise they will not be
able to carry the schedule successfully throughout the winter. This schedule is too full for clubs, for social life, for week-end dances, and represents a great hazard. Such a schedule is not a good one. An all-round consultation between parents and faculty adviser and doctor should be undertaken to devise a better plan and to lighten the student’s burden somewhere along the line. For of what value is a college degree at the cost of lost health?

Examination time is the period of greatest strain in the student’s life, for even those girls who do not cut classes and who have read all the assignments and who have handed in their term papers—even these good students want to review the work. It takes quite a lot of experience to know that much study does not make a good memory.

The psychologists have helped us enormously here. They tell us that forgetting is impossible; the only difficulty lies in recalling what we can’t forget. In other words, you know the whole thing. Review serves only to bring up the safely stored facts to the surface of the mind. So it is a good plan to review a subject just before an examination but a poor plan to try to learn it then for the first time. Facts have a life of their own. They sort themselves out in quiet interludes and they get flustered and all jumbled up if stored in a hurry.

We learn and remember with our brain. Brains are material and are not completely subject to the arrogant will. We say to our brain, “What’s that girl’s name?” or “When was that treaty written?” and echo answers with silence. We even “cudgel our brain” and the echo is still silent. But sleep on it, and your brain wakens you at cockcrow with the name of the girl, the date of the treaty.

Sleep is thus a factor in remembering. Fatigue, worry, appre-
hension, also enter in, but on the wrong side; they prevent the brain from remembering.

The technique for passing examinations is, without a doubt, first, real proficiency in the course, but second, a good eight hours' sleep the night before.

A great part of the student's success in a subject depends on the study she gives to the course, for the professor can only highlight it, only indicate the main drifts and outlines, explain the current of thought. If the student does no more than listen to the professor, she will never find the intensity of satisfaction nor make for herself the sure foundation of knowledge that she might if she followed the lines of the lecture with real personal study.

When once she tackles study, each girl will find there are certain successful ways to study and certain unsuccessful ways. Edith, from the point of view of learning, was studying successfully. She was studying at night when it was quiet, when nothing else to distract her thoughts was going on, when she was free from interruption. All that was good. However, she was studying when she should have been sleeping, and that was bad.

The planning of her time for study is one of the most difficult tasks in the life of the modern college girl. For she has the distractions of athletics, of social life, of movies, of dances, and she often has to earn some money as well. She is very busy.

Some girls may never have really used their minds before. They have been taught and have recited lessons and school has gone along pleasantly. There are other girls nowadays, from the progressive schools, who have been allowed freedom to think if they wanted to or could manage to find out how to do it all alone, but these girls may not know how to get a paper
in on time. In college there is a delightful mixture of impractical thought with practical study. For the mental work has to be delivered on time, like the plum pudding for the Christmas dinner. It won’t do at all next week.

Not only is it necessary for a student to learn the character-building stuff of promptness, but college courses often require an extended plan of study. No longer is the student spoon-fed with daily assignments, but rather she is given the opportunity to plan her work on a term basis. She may size up the whole course and plan her whole daily and weekly schedule of reading, calculating what time to allow for collateral reading as well as for regular requirements. Even so, she will be very busy!

But students don’t mind hurrying and rushing. In fact, many like to be hurried, to have to rush about, to dash from one class to the next, to prepare Latin in the history class, to do their prepared Spanish as a sight translation, right under the professor’s eyes. It makes life seem hazardous.

But suppose we get flunked? It will be a disgrace. Our parents will be disappointed. We won’t get that job we hope to find when we graduate.

Opposite the alluring form and shape of adventure stands the rather dumpy but solid shape of security. We want both. Strange to say, a college girl can have both, and in life, too, we can have both. For as we savor one adventure after another, we come to the conclusion that one tastes good and another tastes bitter. We don’t want the bitter. In college some adventures are too bitter for pleasure. The adventure of not studying at all brings us to the bitter adventure of flunking. The real hero of an adventure is the person who wins all the admiration—and flunking gets only pity.

So a girl looks around and finally begins to see what she has
to do while in college: keep well, go on growing up till she is perfect, with smooth pink skin, flawless teeth, no headaches, no pains; with a fairly reliable set of moods, so that she can recognize herself as the same person every day of the week; with ideals that are the same on Monday and Sunday, so that what she does one day will not undo what she does the next day. It's a great deal to do. It all has to be parcelled out into twenty-four hours a day, into seven days a week, into nine months of the year.

Procedure for security should come first. Begin by making a plan for living. Start with the inexorable hour of the first lecture.

Decide for promptness. Then calculate how long it takes to get from your bed to your lecture. That much is necessary for everybody. Put in time for breakfast; and if you like a good breakfast—orange and a cereal with cream and brown sugar, one or two fried eggs with bacon, a hot roll, and a glass of milk—why, put in time for it, too. If you take a bath in the morning and brush your hair, then slip in another ten minutes. Then you are in a position to calculate your rising hour. After that, count backward and give yourself eight hours of sleep. That will give you your bedtime hour. If the lecture on Tuesday is an hour later than on Monday, both your rising hour and your bedtime hour can be shifted to suit, though many people prefer to rise and retire at the same time every day and so to acquire an unconscious habit about such things. They will get sleepy at the same time each night and, as sleep is a habit, in the strenuous years that come after college, regularity will often save an individual's sanity. But for most of us that is a matter of preference. Eight hours of sleep are the parkways of health. Some will
need nine or ten, but no girl or woman will need less; men perhaps, but not women.

Sleep is your first brick of security.

Then three meals, or, if you are very hungry, five or six; each of the three should be what is called a “regular meal.” That term implies mealtimes and hot food and well-balanced menus and all the ceremonies that have grown up in humanity with eating. Eating has gradually changed, has been added to. It has taken to itself human qualities—sociability, ceremony, glamour, are all mixed up with our food. Even in college this begins. A girl who is late for breakfast and rushes out between her nine o’clock and her ten o’clock class for a frosted chocolate and so is not hungry for lunch, and does not go down to the table for her vegetables, salads, and milk, but gets a high tea at four o’clock with layer cake—that girl misses two things: the food that her body needs and the establishment of the gay college companionship at mealtime.

So first plan the sleep—eight hours—and then three regular meals a day, which may take another one and a half or two hours.

Suppose you have that ideal program of classes from nine to twelve on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and those afternoons free. On Tuesday and Thursday you have a science and two-hour “lab,” and the morning free. Freshmen usually look at such a schedule as a part-time job and toss their caps in the air. You should know by this time whether you are a slow student or a quick one, and so, after a few trials at the class assignments, you will be able to put down on your schedule how much time you will need to allow for each subject. Roughly, call nine to three your study day. From three to six do something else. Keep five evenings free for library reading and study.
Those girls who have to do some extra work for money will probably do it in the afternoon following the study day.

Once or twice a week you will put in two hours of physical education, but if you feel well and are a normal person, that won't be half enough. You'll want to swim or dance or play badminton and tennis all afternoon. If you don't play games, you'll want to go walking.

But walking is something quite different. It is not concerned with skills and sports or with the muscular life, but with the life of imagination and sensation, with the spring of the earth under the feet and the wind in one's face, and with the thoughts that rise in the heart. These things mingle. In our bustling American life a walk allows time for meditation, for the ultimate solitary processes of education which fuse knowledge into feeling, emotion, and delight.

Your afternoon may be filled with clubs and meetings, informal teas, tea dances, working on the college paper, trying out for the play, going downtown for a new hat, the one you saw in the window the other day.

Somewhere in that afternoon there has been tea, perhaps coming home from your walk, or it might be waffles and molasses or honey. Poets feature honey from Hymettus and you might be a poet for one afternoon. Or it might be a frosted chocolate at some lunch bar, where you sit in a long row with other girls, all drinking or nibbling sweets and looking at the shining contraptions at the counter, and wondering if the soda jerkers are college students, too.

Then dinner and the evening. Hours to choose from! Sometimes to talk, to turn on the radio and learn a new dance step, to try it out on your girl friends first, a game of bridge, and then evening study.
At eight o'clock the college girl goes over to the library, where she will find the books she needs for her evening's study and also the invaluable gift of a quiet place. Distractions are shut out and her will-to-study is strengthened by the fact that the whole roomful is studying too. Soon the great room with its green-shaded lamps is filled with girls, their hands turning the leaves of the books and making a continuous soft rustling sound that will be a part of each girl's memory-picture of the library forever. And before the evening is over, some piece of knowledge, some fact of the past, some anticipation of the future, will step out of the pages and become a living piece of knowledge, a part of the girl's daily equipment, not merely a part of her term paper or of her class recitation.

The books close, the lights go out, the girls straggle homeward, and then it is bedtime.

That is the inside of the week.

The Week End—After the inside of the week comes its outside, the week end. This, in everyone's life, is something quite different and has its own special flavor.

When our parents were young, the week end had not yet been invented. Only Sunday was set apart because no one worked and one went to church. Church has often been depicted as something to be escaped by headaches or some other excuse, but if it had not been for the church, Sunday as a day of rest would never have survived. Baseball and joyrides could never have kept one day a week inviolate from work; only something greater than work could do it, and even now it is only worship that keeps Sunday set apart.

But the week end is now something different, with its addition of Saturday, the alternation between country and city living, and the automobile. A girl who is in a country college
wants to go to the nearest big town on Saturday, to shop, to go
to a good movie, to go out to a restaurant and dance. A girl who
is in a city college wants to go to the country, to ski or ride
horseback, to take a cross-country hike. Saturday often runs into
Sunday morning. There are some who turn Sunday into a sec-
ond Saturday, and some who keep Sunday different and apart.
The churchgoers here have taken the better part. No matter
whether their week ends are in the country or in town, they go
to church and do not throw away Sunday or cast it into the dis-
card and level down its values to those of Saturday or Monday.

Even if a girl stays on her own campus, what she does on the
week end will have a quality of difference that will break the
routine and bring her back to Monday with new zest.

The girl who has an inside-of-the-week planned for work and
study and fresh air and sleep and some easy, informal social life
with her fellow students, is the girl who has her week end free
for recreation on Saturday, for church and music and concerts
on Sunday, or for the writing of a long term paper in the con-
secutive free hours of Sunday afternoon and evening.

In following some kind of plan for college life, one has the
great advantage of knowing that work will be done on time
and without any fuss and worry, and that the conscience will
be free over the week end. There will be no shadow dogging the
footsteps, no guilty feeling that one ought to be at home study-
ing or writing a paper or looking up something in the library.

All of the college duties—classroom attendance, reading,
writing—are fun and become drudgery only when they pile up
like Ossa on Pelion, or are dragged along like clanking chains
on the ankles of slaves. For though the mind is a fascinating
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY AT COLLEGE 93

thing, and the culture of the mind is absorbing, even fascina-
tors can glut the days.

All this planning seems a good deal to ask of a freshman
off on her own but, strange to say, the majority accomplish
something like it. The only trouble is that some girls do
not get into their stride soon enough. The whole first half of
the freshman year is wasted in just fooling around and talking
and getting acquainted. The girl gets off to a poor start for want
of just a little planning and resolution.

Her imagination misleads her at first. She pictures herself as
the college girl in the advertisements—a “dashing young thing.”
Or as the slim model in a new wool dress, captioned “Off to
College.” She sees herself in magazine illustrations with regu-
larly chiseled features, in a strapless dress, surrounded by ad-
ming Arrow-Collar young men all clamoring to make her
happy for life. Never does she see herself as a scholar. However,
she undoubtedly does visualize herself, at the end of her four
years, as an alert, well-informed young woman, able to talk
convincingly on any subject to her boss, or to her boss’s son.

Knowledge is attractive and desirable. Faust in his labora-
tory with a crucible in his hand, peering into the mysterious
fumes, fascinates us. After all, it was both knowledge and daring
that took Columbus across the seas. And Edison with his know-
ledge lighted the world. There’s nothing wrong with knowledge
itself, but with the way knowledge has been pictured to us.

So the freshman should realize that she had better get what-
ever education she can right now. Never again in all her busy
modern years, with a husband and two children and a job and
a car, will she have any time or any leisure set aside for an edu-
cation. She should count study in. As her imagination pictures
her physically like the girls shown in the fashion magazines, so
it should picture her mind and spirit fitted out with new thoughts and ideas, acquainted with the great rolling facts of life and history and other times.

A girl, even a freshman, must have some intellectual conversation. The boys she meets are all educated boys. They often study solely because they want to know, but also because a man has to make his way by his brains and his knowledge, and not by his curls and his curves. A premium is put on a man’s learning. Boys sometimes starve themselves to work their way through college. A man, in his imagination, pictures himself as getting ahead, as holding positions of importance, as running a big business, and as coming to the top. He wants to know, and so he wants to study.

The girl must create some new picture of herself. She must want to know and must be willing to study. When she comes to college, she must count study in and then everything will fall into its right place. To leave study out would be like eating the rind of the orange and throwing away the juice.

Although study is the juice of college life, social life is its container. In this plan for college living that the freshman is tossing about in her mind as she rides toward the campus are all the college activities, sororities, clubs, teas, discussion groups, all the informalities. And of course she is shy. She is almost too shy to go to them. She thinks she will just stay up in her room and watch the other girls go across the campus. But fortunately she doesn’t. Someone else pops another shy head into her room. “I’ve lost my lipstick. May I borrow yours?”

“Mine is too orange for you. Wait a minute. I’ll ask Judith next door; she’s brunette, too.” The desired shade of lipstick for the dashing brunette from down the corridor, in the stunning new dress, is finally acquired by consultation among all the girls
on the floor. By that time the girls are acquainted, and all together, the shy and the brave, are trooping off to the first college tea.

But even in social activities a plan doesn’t hurt. Of course, if you are studying French, you naturally won’t join the Greek club, but the French club. And if you were studying both French and Italian, it wouldn’t be a good plan to join two modern-language clubs. By the time you have selected your major subject you will want to be a member of the club that is founded on it.

The self-government of the college, class meetings, the big formal functions given by classes, are all training in social management and lots of fun and something in which everyone wants to take part.

So the freshman, as she comes in sight of the college buildings, steps into a world where she will be free to choose and to do as she pleases. Freedom of limitless choice lies before her. But choices need not be haphazard. Something impels one to choose, and it might as well be that “intelligent imagination” that Blake extolled, that cleanses the threshold of perception, and enables a girl to see what college is there for. This sight will lead the feet into a pleasant schedule of living where study does not crowd the heels of sleep nor gaieties blot out work.

*The following is a skeleton of a well-planned college week:*

**The Inside of the Week**

*The rising hour: eight hours after the bedtime hour.*

*Three regular meals a day.*

*Attendance at classes, allowing a total of six or eight hours a day for class and study.*
Four to six-thirty: outdoor exercise and college functions, teas, clubs, shopping.
Six-thirty: dinner, with social hour from seven-thirty to eight-thirty.
Eight-thirty till bedtime: study.

The Week End

A well-planned "inside of the week" will leave you free for recreation, general reading, and social life over the week end.
Have a clear conscience about duties.
Saturday: shopping, social dates, country hike, or winter sport.
Sunday morning: church.
Sunday afternoon: concert, movie, hike, museum, general reading.
Sunday evening: date, sociability, general reading, work on term paper.
Bed at the regular bedtime hour.
In other generations, a young girl going off to college would have been kissed by her mother with the words, "Be a good girl, darling," breathed into her ear; but in this generation her mother says, "Take good care of yourself, darling." And her mother expects her to. A girl is prepared to take care of herself by knowledge and by some training in the ability to judge for herself and to decide for herself.

The lid has been taken off sex discussion, and sex knowledge has been taught to her almost since she was in the kindergarten. She has grown up knowing "where babies come from." This sex information, in a way, satisfies the questioning part of her mind, but it is only vaguely that she associates it with the emotions and facts of everyday life.

Since the advent of Freud and his theories, a new emphasis has been placed on purely biological sex experience, so much so that for a while it was mistaken for the sex experience of love and marriage. This mistaken information resulted in disasters
and unhappiness in the postwar period, in the unfortunate trial marriages and the frequent divorces, in the bitterness and frustration that followed.

Later we came to realize that after all people are human beings, and that nothing in the world that they do or that concerns or touches them can be only a biological function. Human functions are colored and enlarged by the human spirit.

The long experience of the whole race has reasserted itself, and sex is once again placed in its human setting. It does not exist as a separate function but as a power running through the life of an individual at all times. This power takes different forms of expression at different times in the life of each person. It modifies all emotion and all effort and creates art and music, literature and poetry. To some extent it is always present between men and women, lending an added zest and interest to mixed gatherings.

Sex attraction can be beneficial or harmful. In itself, it is not of necessity good. The sex instinct is a strong, primitive emotion, like fear and anger, and in no society worthy of the name does it exist untrammeled. Savages in Africa, Indians in America, the Hottentot and the Hindu, all have their sex customs, their sex taboos, and their sex sanctions.

In any study of the past, we find that civilization does not consist in simplification but in complex ramifications, not in doing away with behavior patterns and emotional restraints, but in creating them. We make patterns and restraints that enhance the value and interest of life. Just as two children tossing a ball back and forth will grow bored with the game and will trace out limits and demarcations with the toe of a shoe and say, "Your ball must fall here or else it's out," just to add to the excitement of the ball game, so, in some like respect, all the cus-
toms of civilization that have to do with sex make it more exciting and eventually more satisfying.

A girl going to college will find there certain group sanctions for her behavior. Some things are done and some things are not done. In some colleges she can telephone a boy and in some she cannot, but must wait for him to telephone to her. These sanctions may vary a little from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but essentially they are built along the same lines and are laid down for the ultimate, more complete happiness and satisfaction of the individual, and for the success of the group. For some such reason, marriage grew up as the greatest sanction for sex. In marriage, sex has its great opportunity to flower into human love.

Again and again, various groups of insurgents have tried to do without marriage, but without it neither the emotional needs of the individual nor the needs of the state were satisfied.

A permanent marriage with a loved person is the goal of a man's and a woman's life. This married life will include far more than a sex life. It makes possible the widest companionship between a man and a woman. It results in the home and the family. Marriage has always been a woman's goal, and husband, home, and children still are.

The biological natures of men and women play a determining part in their emotional roles. Since sex intercourse fertilizes the woman and results in the long months of pregnancy, sex is a far more serious and more important thing for a woman than for a man. It is also bound up with the maternal instinct. Pregnancy and motherhood change a woman's whole life.

For the male, the sex act has no immediate consequences. It does not change him at all. The sex cells in the male are created and stored up in enormous numbers and exert a kind of inward
pressure which demands release. But there is no such pressure in the female reproductive system, and desire, in the woman, is much more slowly aroused, especially in girlhood. These anatomical differences make the male the aggressor.

As far as we can see, all our human emotions are entwined with our physical make-up, as substance and shadow are created by one object.

In the girl's mind lies the hope that she will marry in her first year out of college, and in the boy's mind lies the hope that he won't.

This extraordinary discrepancy comes not from their divergent natures but from the divergent parts that men and women still play in society. The boy has his way to make. He has to get on. The girl has her home to make, her children to have. Instinctively they both go about fulfilling their destinies.

It was formerly customary to consider the postponement of marriage from the teens to the twenties as a great hardship to youth, as if it were a great advantage to boys and girls to rush into matrimony at the earliest possible moment. The maturity and the responsibility of our pioneer ancestors who married at fourteen and at sixteen are always used as illustrations of what youth can do in the way of early marriage, big families, and the conquering of a continent at the same time. But surely no one can think that the state of early matrimony was the most desirable one for the two young people concerned. It curtailed the very essence of youth itself, always considered one of the greatest blessings of mankind. Did not the philosophers of the Middle Ages search for the Fountain of Youth and Ponce de León cross an ocean to find it?

In all other realms of the instinctive emotions, civilization insists upon the individual and national benefits of control, re-
straint, and direction. And, except in romantic books, civilization also insists upon these same qualities with regard to the management of the sex instinct.

The postponement of marriage, due to the longer time allowed for education and to the delay in the achievement of economic independence in this generation, represents not a personal disadvantage but a great advantage, especially to the boys and girls themselves.

A West Point cadet just after graduation said to me, “I want to do a big piece of work. Wouldn’t it be awful if I fell in love?”

Girl after girl says approximately the same thing. “I don’t want to be involved just yet. I want to be free and to have a good time before I settle down. I’m not ready for serious married life.”

Janet said, “I want to take a job for at least two years before I marry. It’s such good training and, besides, it will give me a feeling of security. I want to know I can support myself if necessary.”

All this goes to show that young people themselves find it an advantage to postpone matrimony. They are not ready for marriage, either emotionally or financially. Nor do they feel that marriage is the only happy time in life. They know quite well that their four college years are a gay, happy, enviable time.

Science, through modern sanitation, hygiene, and nutrition, has prolonged the human life-span by about ten years. A girl of thirty today looks no older than a girl of twenty, save by a slight added modicum of charm and graciousness. So we might well say that science has parted the years of adolescence and maturity and has slipped in between them the “new ten years” of grown-up youth. And in these extra ten years, four of which
are spent in college, young people are given a kind of Golden Age. "They toil not, neither do they spin." They do have some work to do during these four years, if you call study work; they do have some obligations to meet, if you call getting term papers in on time obligations; but neither the work nor the obligations are anything like those found in the outside world. Everything is easier, gayer, simpler.

And, to a large extent, this Golden Age of youth will be destroyed and its own peculiar quality lost if boys and girls fall seriously in love during their college years.

So college is the time for the preliminary stages of love, for meeting and getting acquainted; a time for girls to meet boys, a lot of boys, not just one or two, but dozens, to learn to know them, what they are like, stingy or lavish, domineering or generous, possessive or not. While the girl is getting to know boys, she is also getting to know herself in relation to them, and finding out what kind of woman she is going to be, as well as what kind of man she wants to marry. If she wants to avail herself of these gay, inconsequential years, in which to learn the art of companionship with boys, she must learn how to control the sex instinct and not allow her relationships with young men to plunge down to the instinctive level. She will learn how to talk to boys, how to dance and to play tennis, and how to keep the companionship on the level that she desires. The girl is always the arbiter of this; the man must do as she decides.

In our times, boys and girls meet each other with remarkable freedom, a freedom that has never walked the earth before or strolled down the poplar-shaded avenue of any campus.

In earlier days, the older generation, by its insistence on chaperonage, added the weight of authority to the governing of the sex instinct. With the revolt of the postwar decades, the
chaperons went into the discard but, as in many other cases of human customs, they are coming out of hiding again, called once more into active life by the youngsters themselves, who appreciate protection against their own rash moments. The young people realize that the older ones are steadier, and that this steadiness and their insistence upon the accepted pattern of behavior constitute a safeguard that the young want for themselves.

An Italian girl said, "I am glad my parents are so particular about me. It makes it easier for me to be particular about myself."

Another girl said to me, "If my parents didn't care how I behaved with Dick, perhaps I shouldn't care so much myself."

For many girls, the final sanction of their behavior lies in their religion.

Not only are chaperons reappearing, but community customs are regaining their former influence. And most communities have become more understanding of the problems of present-day young people. Each community has its own curfew hour, and Priscilla is singled out for rebellion if her parents require her to come home an hour or two before the rest of the party.

To conduct herself with any ease, a girl must have a pattern of behavior to go by. She cannot forever be bothered with deciding each evening how the boy shall behave. In all realms of behavior, the evolved person has a set pattern.

While a girl is in college, she starts in with the set pattern and the standards that her own family and her own community have given her. Her religion has also given her very definite sex standards. With these she begins trying herself out. Perhaps she finds that she is too aloof, perhaps she is too familiar. She looks around and watches the other girls and sees the results of differ-
ing standards, and, little by little, she modifies or consolidates her own.

In the Middle Ages, when Arabella lived in a tower and sent her knight to the Crusades with her gage in his helmet, an infinitude of problems that are everyday questions to the modern college girl had never been thought of. In the past, the relationships of men and women were greatly restricted—to marriage and child-bearing, to the running of a home, and to the creation, in a large degree, of social life. No such thing as the companionship of modern times had been dreamed of in the wildest imagination. Not alone had the modern companionship not been thought of, but the modern freedom, without the ever-present duenna or chaperons, would have been considered impossible.

Yet not only in school and in college but in business offices and in the professions, men and women work side by side. Both must be freed from the overwhelming domination of sex if they want to be able to work together.

A firm of lawyers wanted a new secretary. The occupation bureau of the college sent down a very capable girl, as pretty as a magazine cover. Agatha was stylishly dressed, wore perfumed curls about her neck, little high-heeled, black suede slippers, and a necklace that made the faintest of soft tinkles when she moved. She was a good stenographer and typist. But she was dismissed after one week with a letter which said, "We want a different type of girl. We have very important business and we don't want to be bothered with someone falling in love all the time in office hours. We want a girl who will let us alone."

Mabel Clark was sent down, and Mabel stayed. Mabel was no less pretty than Agatha, but she dressed and behaved the part of an office secretary. She was engaged to a boy back home,
and she didn’t want to make love to anybody in the office nor to land a luncheon date with the boss.

In millions of offices all over America, jobs are kept by girls who know how to work with men, who can be satisfied with being liked and with being respected, and who do not need to be made love to by every man they meet.

This is perhaps new in the relationship of men and women. This change is a social change brought about by sheer necessity, and it entails an emotional change. It counts on the possibility of choice and selection between men and women, on a less universal inflammability between the sexes due merely to proximity. So the role of a man in the life of a modern woman will be quite different from the role of a man in the life of her grandmother.

In college, a girl will begin to find this out. She will begin to find out what she wants boys and men for, and she will see that she wants them for different things at different times of her life.

She has four years in which to meet boys, to go to dances and dinners, to play tennis and go swimming, to sit in class with them and listen to them recite. She need not be swamped or stampeded by the rush of sex attraction into a hasty marriage, to be followed by a bitter and disillusioning separation or divorce. The very pressure of college studies, the still extant prejudice against the marriage of students, the lack of money sufficient to support two people—all tend to delay marriage and to prolong the pleasant time of getting acquainted.

All of this sounds like an impossible task for a mere college girl in her teens, but life itself is even more staggering. And yet each of us undertakes it gladly and with zest.
It is of the utmost importance for the girl to realize that in the postponement of the beginning of actual sex life lie four more years of youth and four more years of gay and genuine companionship.

Meet as many boys as you can and develop a good social manner. Understand the role of the sex instinct and the part it plays in the attraction of boys and girls and regulate your relationship with boys with a view to attaining your ideals. Instead of precipitating a serious relationship with any one boy, keep your acquaintanceship with boys wide, gay, and companionable. Learn to know and understand young men so that you will be able to choose a husband wisely.