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PLAY

A DEARTH of spirit, a listlessness about life in general, a tendency to be hum-drum, disinterested, and a slave to books and studies characterizes the average summer student just an an overzealous desire to play and a forgetfulness of the true meaning of a university and the purpose of a college education are typical in the attendant of the regular term.

Summer students seem to have forgotten how to play. Many of them are school teachers—still young in years—who have lost all feeling; and appearance of youth because they have allowed their profession to mold them into drudges, to sap away their vitality, to force them into ruts.

As much as new courses, new theories, and new material to refresh their intellectual interests, these students and a number of others whose university life thus far has served as a physical depressant need to relearn how to play. For the most part their forgetfulness of the important part play has in a well ordered life has been due to the lack of opportunity for it.

Opportunities for play with proper encouragement and stimulation undoubtedly would be seized by many summer students too busy and too engrossed in their academic pursuits to arrange for playtime and play places, by others who hesitate to lead in such recreational movements for fear their associates will think they are neglecting intellectual interests.

PLANS for a men's picnic at Seward July 9 are announced today. A mixer for all university students will be held at Grant hall tonight. These are steps in the right direction.

Until the last few years each department organized week end picnics. Students whose mutual interests naturally bound them close together, every week or two took an afternoon and evening off, withdrew from the city, played, picnicked and enjoyed themselves.

To revive such a program would be to refresh a student body so weary physically it cannot hope to learn as readily, to concentrate as effectively, and to assimilate permanently the information gained in summer courses as completely.

Sweltering summer is hard enough to endure without any mental exertion. When students decide to brave the heat to enrich their store of knowledge they

should realize that to achieve the best results they must intersperse their hours of study with wholesome play.

There is no reason why departmental picnics are not in order this year. They constitute a tradition almost forgotten that is worth reviving.

DOG IN THE MANGER

By Joe Deming.

WELL, the summer grind is on in earnest at last and everything is becoming settled, with the possible exception of the weather.

Late registrations are definitely over, and no longer do the professors inquire plaintively, "I don't seem to have your card, Miss Blank. Do you know where it is?" only to receive the nonchallant reply, "Well, I haven't quite decided whether I want to register for this course. You see, I'm a graduate student."

Yes, you've guessed it, some graduate students make me ill—no, not very ill, just slightly sick.

IT WONT do to be to partial, so let me continue and give grievances a real airing. In the first place, I am continually astounded by the mixed herd of humans attending the summer session.

In the winter session, there seemed to be only three classes of students, the "cake," the "grind" and the "great middle class." The "cakes could always be found in those loafing dens on the south side of R street, the "grinds" in the Library, and the "great middle class" all over the campus.

THE summer session presents greater difficulties of classification, but the outstanding divisions seem to be the following:

- (1) Graduate students in search of a degree and very serious about it. They miss no opportunity to tell all about their "theses."
- (2) Teachers, leaving work behind and reveling in an orgy of courses. With brief case and notebook, they go about collecting "methods" to inflict upon the "little darlings" they will return to next fall.
- (3) "Flunk chasers," trying

ing to slip through required courses under cover of the bustle and confusion of the hectic summer term.

(4) A pitifully small remnant of the "great middle class" of the winter term, hanging on because they "love the old school, and just can't bear to leave it."

(5) Last, a bunch of lazy oafs like myself, who are hanging around because they are too incompetent to get a job, and too poor to take a decent vacation.

SPEAKING of the students on the campus reminds me of some who have left, never to return. Gilman, writer of one of the finest columns that has ever appeared in The Nebraskan, writes that he has his old job as guide at Long's peak for the summer, but intends to "bum" his way to New Zealand in the fall.

A few of my friends that graduated are much in evidence, in spite of graduation. One of these, Cliff Sandahl, formerly "Cliff the Fearless Rag Editor," is still in town. His time is much occupied at present, for, during the day he is Lincoln city correspondent for the Omaha Bee News (Adv.) at night he pounds a linotype machine at the Journal, and spends the morning catching what he calls his "beauty sleep."

DR. WARNER IN CHICAGO.

Dr. Ruth Warner of the college of pharmacy is in Chicago this week attending the annual convention of the American Medical association.

BIBLE LEAVES FOR TEXAS.

Dana X. Bible, head football coach, leaves Lincoln July 1 for Fort Worth, Tex., where he will teach coaching in the Texas Christian college coaching school.

HISTORIANS TRY TO DETERMINE LIMITS OF INDIAN VILLAGE

E. E. Blackson, curator of the Nebraska State Historical society, and E. H. Whittenmore of Adams Wednesday afternoon started on a brief exploration trip through the Loup valley.

They expect to examine the remains of the ancient Pawnee village which once stood on the banks of Council creek between Fullerton and Genoa. They hope to determine the exact boundaries of the village which was visited by fur traders as early as 1833.

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