



Society

Barbara Rosewater, Editor

SEEN ON THE CAMPUS.

Bob Hamilton waiting two hours and a half in the bus depot for Thelma Ladegard, Kappa, who failed to arrive after all... Melba DeVoe mooching a Camel in the Drug... Incidentally the new cream and brown color scheme in the Drug is lovely... Late vacation news comes that Fiji Norman Ellis was left standing in the station when his train pulled out ahead of time... Forty girls in modern dance class, flat on their backs on the studio floor, did bicycle exercises Monday singing "Violets" and "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi"... Bob Funk has just acquired a house trailer, complete with sink and cupboards and is considering leap year offers from those coeds who have a yen for light housekeeping... June Waggoner of Alpha Chi O and Sig Ep Bob Elliott are almost inseparable these days...

SEEN ON AG CAMPUS.

Joyce Kovanda standing by giving encouragement to Mary Louise O'Connell when working at the cafeteria... Students coming late to class because of the large crowd from the Organized Agriculture group eating at the cafeteria... Lois Cooper in an attractive rust and brick hand knitted dress... Al Pearl walking slowly down the campus in spite of the cold... Bonnie Spanggaard wearing her beautiful diamond ring she received from Merton Kuhr for Xmas... Interesting reports heard about the Innocent's New Years eve party at the Fontenelle... Truman McClellan, Frances Schmidt, and Ruth Scobert with white shoes and aprons in their arms running to the Home Ec building... A few of the rare master minds concentrating on a title for the new Ag publication... The "blowout" sign up for the Tri-K mixer Friday... Peggy Pascoe refusing to explain why her Chi O pin stands alone instead of in company with Burr Ross' Farm House pin... Evelyn Dittman buzzing with excitement while talking to some girls in the parlors.

Delta Upsilon Elects Officers.

New president of Delta Upsilon for the coming semester will be Lewis Cass. Other officers elected Monday night are: George Sawyer, vice president; Harry Epperson, secretary; Don Carlson, corresponding secretary; and Wade Razer, librarian. Clayton Ankeny and Joe Stephens were chosen to be delegates to the province convention in Chicago.

McClanahan-Smith.

A Christmas day wedding was that of Hazel McClanahan of Scottsbluff and Evan B. Smith of Shelton. Mr. Smith is a graduate of the University of Nebraska where he is a member of Alpha Sigma Phi fraternity.

Allen Passes Cigars To Sig Ep Brothers.

Announcing to members of Sigma Phi Epsilon his engagement to Marjorie Smith, Kappa Alpha Theta, Nate Allen, graduate of the University of Nebraska, passed the cigars at the chapter house Monday night.

Cunningham-Minier.

Recently announced is the engagement of Juliana Cunningham of Arkansas City, Kas., to Pat Minier of Oakland. The bride is a graduate of the University of Nebraska and belongs to Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority. The bridegroom will be graduated from the University of Nebraska in June and he is a member of Phi Gamma Delta fraternity.

Bielenberg-Pavener.

Mary Ellen Bielenberg of Montana and Donald William Pavener were married New Years day. Both attended the University of Nebraska where Mrs. Pavener is affiliated with Alpha Omicron Pi and Mr. Pavener is a member of Alpha Delta Phi.

A. O. Pi House Treated to Candy.

Sally Lytle informally announced her engagement to Alden Martin, Lincoln, when she passed the candy at the Alpha Omicron Pi house Monday night.

Alpha Phi Mothers Meet for Luncheon.

Alpha Phi Mothers club met Tuesday for a 1 o'clock luncheon at the home of Mrs. W. C. Becker. The committee in charge were Mrs. Becker, Mrs. Michael McShane and Mrs. N. R. Mason.

Candy Passed to Delta Gammis.

Delta Gammis were treated to candy and members of Sigma Phi Epsilon received cigars Monday night when Betty Lau and Allan Johnson informally announced their engagement.

Delta Zeta Mothers Meet.

The mother's club of Delta Zeta sorority will hold their monthly meeting at the chapter house on Thursday at 1:00 o'clock. Lunch will be served following the business meeting.

Acacia Auxiliary Holds Meeting.

The Acacia auxiliary met Tuesday night at the home of Mrs. J. W. Kinsinger. There were about 30 in attendance, and a light sup-

LARGE PROGRAM GREET'S FARMER CONCLAVE TODAY

State Agriculturists Meet For Annual Convention; Name Five Masters.

A full day of meetings for Nebraska farmers who have gathered in Lincoln for the annual organized agriculture convention is in store Wednesday, when the various associations assemble for their sessions.

Faculty members of Nebraska's agricultural college and state substitution office will play an important part in the day long conclave of Nebraska agriculturists, whose various phases of organized agriculture will be explained and illustrated by the many speakers.

Tuesday night at the tenth annual master farmer presentation dinner, five master farmers were selected for 1936 by a trio of ag college officials. W. H. Brokaw, director of the ag college extension service; Dr. H. C. Filley, chairman of the rural economics department; and Frank D. Keim, chairman of the agronomy department, made the selections for the Nebraska Farmer.

New master farmers are William H. Beins, Hamilton county; B. M. Boals, Dakota county; Michael Cavanaugh, Kearney county; Earl Monahan, Grant county; and William Wilkening, Washington county. Honored men and their wives were awarded medals and certificates.

Wednesday's sessions include the meetings of the Nebraska Milk Goat Breeders' association, Nebraska Crop Growers' association, Horticultural society, Nebraska Livestock Breeders and Feeders, Farm Equipment and Machinery association, Nebraska State Dairymen's association, Nebraska State Poultry association and Home Economics.

Experts on the many phases of organized agriculture are scheduled to address their respective groups. Many Nebraska farmers, nationally recognized farm authorities and representatives of the university ag college and substations comprise the roster of speakers.

The Worm Turns; Professor Reveals Tribulations of Arousing Sparks of Intellectual Curiosity in Classes

(Continued from Page 1.)

little notes from the dean's office asking her to see the instructor. The conversation was an illuminating one. I learned that she really didn't care much about going to school, and hadn't the slightest interest in books or ideas or social problems. She came to school, she said, on the firm insistence of her parents. Apparently the "condition" distressed her mainly because her sorority took away some of her going out privileges. She remarked, as a parting shot, that she thought my course was a very difficult one. (I may say that if I make the course any simpler I shall have more difficulty living with myself than I already have.)

The Activity Man.

But looking around the classroom I find many just like this young lady. There is a chap sitting just off the center aisle about half way back in the room. I have just finished a point that I thought significant, and in the heat of the moment I may have raised my voice a bit. This young man, who is undoubtedly getting a huge kick out of being a college student, has a look on his face which is a subtle cross between bewilderment, boredom and amazement that anyone can be dumb enough to get excited over any abstraction.

Scattered about the room there are similar students, perhaps 20 in all. They are the students who obviously are not here to get an education. I don't know a great deal about their personal histories, but from experience I can guess that the motives which brought them to the university are largely irrelevant to its central purpose, which is education. A couple of them are probably here because they want to postpone the evil day of going to work; for several the driving force is a fraternity or sorority pin, or the mating instinct, probably a half dozen of my unteachable are here merely because of parental persuasion; and in all cases the notion that in this day it is the thing to do to go to college must have been an important, if not a decisive, factor. If I am entertaining and give easy assignments, I earn their grudging tolerance. But the over dressed young lady in the first row, who seems to feel rather forlorn and miserable about the whole performance, and the curly headed young man who seems to enjoy being a college student (in the abstract) and sits slumped back in a state of boredom and stupor, would resent any serious effort I might make to get them to work and think, because it would interfere with the memory of their last date.

I stand in front of the class and look at the unteachables, realizing that though we are sitting in the same room we are actually in different worlds.

The Student.

My eye wanders over the room

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Anthropologist Lectures Today on African Art

gaged in writing a comprehensive textbook on African ethnology, as well as a critical study of the philosophy of Oswald Spengler, the famous German historian. He is also the author of a book on African drums and their distribution, as well as a new volume embodying his researches upon the archaeology of the Zimbabwe ruins.

Thru special arrangements with the Schurtz foundation of Philadelphia, the doctor is now associated with the department of anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania as a specialist in African ethnology. Dr. Wieschhoff is stopping in Lincoln on his way to the east after delivering several addresses on the west coast during the holidays.

Movie Box

- Kiva—"Seven Sinners" plus "Sundown Rider"
- Lincoln—"Stowaway"
- Orpheum—"Tundra"
- Stuart—"The Plainsman"
- Varsity—"Great Guy"

again and I notice another young man, rather tall and thin, who wears a worried look. He is listening carefully, and now and then lunges at his note book to jot down some point. As I look at him a certain pity wells up within me because the poor chap, with all his willingness to work and his eagerness to learn, is hopelessly illiterate.

Having talked with him privately several times, and having seen his quiz papers, I know that the whole class hour is one of sheer confusion to him. He doesn't understand the English language; he can't spell the simplest words; if he ever learned the elementary rules of grammar he has completely forgotten them. He is unable to write an examination because he hasn't the faintest notion of how to handle an idea or clothe it in words.

I don't know what to do with him. I will not enjoy flunking him, for he is making an effort, but obviously he is not doing the work of the course. Another year of high school might have been a good thing for him. Perhaps he should have been led, very gently, into some field of endeavor more suitable to his capacities. I haven't the slightest doubt but that he

will make an excellent citizen, yet as a student on the college level he is a total loss.

Double-Darc.

Looking further, I note a few more examples of student types. Take that big, sullen fellow sitting off to the side near one of the windows. He always comes into the room frowning, and when he looks my way he divides his time between the great outdoors and me; he glares as if I am his worst enemy. Usually he slumps back in his chair rather pugnaciously as if to say, "Teach me, prof, if you think you're big enough."

Directly across the room, near the rear door, is an exuberant, noisy fellow. He was in top form during the football season, for his greatest joy was to shout "Rally!" at the beginning of the class hour, not at all as an outpouring of school spirit, but merely for the fun of creating a disturbance. When I walk into the room as the bell rings I always find him shouting to someone on the far side, and last week I actually saw him shouting to no one in particular; he was just shouting.

A short, heavy set chap, sitting well toward the rear of the room, is another example of bad campus manners, perhaps the worst, for he is a consistent cribber. He has been to my office on several apple polishing visits, and shakes hands elegantly. I really think that some of his brain cells have not yet atrophied, but he is completely lazy, and relies entirely upon one of his neighbors during the quizzes. He is copying from the papers of a near illiterate—both spell the same uncommon words in the same uncommon way. He doesn't know it because he hasn't much idea as to what the course is all about. I have noticed his cribbing from the start (it is very easy to spot, even if you are not looking for it), but so far I haven't said anything because he will flunk anyhow, and because I am tired of playing wet nurse to badly integrated adolescents. I've had fun watching him, since he seems to think he is putting one over on the old prof.

Bad classroom manners take

various forms. There to my left, in the very last row, is a rather typical unteachable young man who has struck up quite an acquaintance with an equally unteachable young lady directly in front of him. I have noticed lately that their flirtation seems to be making some headway against my feeble competition for their attention. I have, with some reverence, just finished describing a great book which I hope all students will make a part of their culture. At the climactic point of my discussion I see that the young man is leaning forward, and apparently has told the young lady something devastatingly funny, for both have broad grins.

Next to the young lady is a very young, thin, little fellow reading the Rag. (Adv.) (I have often wondered if it takes him so long because I disturb his trend of thought.) And right under my nose is a genuinely likable chap, a fairly good student, too, who can't manage to stay awake. I've made up my mind to talk to him about it some day, but as he sits there peacefully doing (this one doesn't snore), he looks so contented, so utterly relaxed, that I haven't the heart to disturb him.

Apple Polisher.

I must say a word about the young man who sits directly in front of me in the third row. He is slightly better than average as a student, bright eyed, a little slow, but willing to work, if not too hard. Since the beginning of the term he has developed a habit of dropping into my office about twice a week on the slightest pretext, or for no reason at all. Each time he manages to "chat" with me for at least an hour. I am rather easy going, and really enjoy talking to my students outside of the classroom, but I have taken a lot of punishment from this fellow with all of his aimless, time killing conversations about things in general. I look at him in class and wonder what good tidings he will bring me this day.

Near him sits another young man who comes into my office after every quiz, as regularly as the tides move in and out, vigorously contesting every grade he

receives, and stubbornly refusing to see his mistakes. I have tried to be patient with him, and if I could feel that some progress is being made I really wouldn't mind the bother. At that, he is not as bad as the chap who sits just behind him, who came into my office after two successive quizzes, loudly demanding his rights, no more and no less. And across the aisle is a weepy young lady who just can't understand the low grades she is getting because she made such a fine record in high school.

But I am not unhappy as a college teacher. In the first place, there are always enough good students who take a genuine interest in their work to make me feel that in their behalf the whole effort is worth while. Secondly, my sense of humor saves me from the irritation I sometimes feel, and I realize that in an institution of higher learning, which presumes to carry the ageless torch of culture and civilization, some of the specimens both in the class and before it are incongruously funny.

Dr. Roderick Peattie, of the geography department at Ohio State university, has drawn plans for the construction of a model of the university campus intended to aid blind students in determining the location of the various buildings.

A freshman girl declared, "if you kiss hard enough, you can kill the germs."

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