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FARMERS
 Asking a student to direct him to the State Farm, a stranger in Lincoln the other day received this sardonic response: "I don't know what you're talking about, but I can tell you the way to the College of Agriculture if that's where you want to go." And it seems that this expresses the widespread opinion of the young disciples of the soil attending that college of the University. They believe they are learning about agriculture, not the "lowly" farm from whence they came.

By virtue of their proximity to this rural institution of Nebraska, these young people seem unable to realize the satisfaction or to appreciate the opportunity offered, not by highly-touted agriculture, but by the farm itself.

Coming to the University directly from a farm where plowing corn, milking cows and feeding pigs became an intolerable bore, where dad and mother had been slaving for years to pay off the mortgage, where muddy or snowdrifted roads half the year round curtail normal school life, they enroll in the College of Agriculture, shunning the very name of "farm," which to many of them has become synonymous with drudgery and unceasing chores.

But every true Nebraskan should be proud to be a farmer. The farm today, in a more or less transitory state, is much different from the farm that daring pioneer settlers cleared sixty or seventy years ago to raise a little patch of corn in order to keep from going hungry through the winter.

But the very fact that the farmer has bent and labored from the beginning to propagate Nebraska's potentialities to nation-wide renown, plants on him no stigma of disgrace for his calloused hands or weather-tanned face. The state regards him with honor and pays homage to his integrity and travail which has meant recognition and development.

To better living conditions on the farm and to suggest more profitable methods of farming and raising stock have been fundamental purposes of the College of Agriculture. It is the welfare and progress of the Nebraska farms that interests this division of the University. The results it has achieved are incalculable in value.

Fortunately most of the students enrolled come from Nebraska's better farm homes. The message and teachings of this college are taken back by them and put into practical and beneficial use at once. Few departments of the University are able to offer this service to the state. Their aid is indirect and, in a measure, intangible, whereas the College of Agriculture finds its modern instruction in every day application wherever a former student has gone to live. Its duty has been to improve this basic industry and it has not fallen short in any respect.

But its students who shun the farm and snub the name of farmer should not think of the hardships coincident with these terms, but of the fact that Nebraska in the past, at present, and in the future must depend on the farmer. As students of better farming methods it behooves them to continue the effort to raise the standards of this occupation to an even higher level.

Going to lecture these last few days of school is about as trying for the students as finding something to lecture about is for some instructors.

WATCHING THE MAILS
 Two weeks from today and tomorrow the campus will be quiet, cars that used to buzz up and down the streets adjacent to the campus buildings will be missing, summer sunshine will be beating down upon a drowsy university, walks will be comparatively deserted, classrooms will echo—it will be vacation time.

The student exodus that starts in a few days will be carried out just as it has in other years. Students will leave Lincoln battling between two wishes—of spending a profitable and enjoyable vacation and of knowing their final standing in school work. The letter wish will be but a wish, until grade cards are mailed out from the University sometime in the middle of the summer.

Last semester the Nebraskan advocated a system of posting grades, whereby students would have an opportunity of knowing final marks in a course without waiting until early spring to receive the grade cards from the office of the registrar. The proposed system met with approval generally, and there were a few instructors who hesitated to place their stamp of approval to such a plan of posting grades for the benefit of the anxious student. That was as far as the proposal had any effect, granting possibly that a few instructors could see the student's side of the question and made an effort to get this information before his classes a trifle earlier than ordinary.

The problem is even more worthy of a solution this time of the year than it was during the first semester. Students will be leaving Lincoln. Classes will come to a standstill for hundreds of students. School will be forgotten. The grades will never be known until July, and many students who are away from home during the summer, will be deprived of this information until the fall term opens.

Instructors are prone to look upon the vacation period as a boon to freeing their office of inquiring and pestering students. It is a guess that the work

of computing final marks lags for the very reason that there is no clamoring for averages and standings. There is a strong possibility of regarding the scattering of the students for the summer months as proof that a grade posting system would be of little benefit, as students would not get to see the posted lists.

Lincoln is not so inaccessible to students living out in the state that there is seldom a visitor to the University during the early part of the summer. Many outstate students come to Lincoln regularly and would be in a position to obtain grades before midsummer. A more probable situation yet, would be that of having some student, resident of Lincoln, or friend, relay the grade to the student who is waiting at the other end of the state. Students do not lose all touch with university affairs and university people over the summer months. It would be a comparatively simple task to communicate grades.

Instructors probably regard such a grade posting plan as was proposed last semester as a gigantic bother, and as something that will not raise the salary scale. There is this much about it: The college professor who is unwilling to go a quarter of the way in accommodating his students, when accommodation is so easy by posting final grades, contributes to the reputation that he is liable to win, as a pound-of-flesh, soulless, and unreasonable individual.

This time of year it is a little hard to tell whether slapping a fellow on the back is congratulatory, polite, or just simply a test of sunburn.

MELLOW MOON
 John Student sat before his desk, a discouraged look on his face. In front of him a pile of papers, books and trash were strewn carelessly over the table. He sighed heavily, slammed the book into which his gaze had been directed, and stood up. Looking down he kicked a shoe into one of the far corners of his room.

The shoe crashed against a tennis racket knocking it down. The loose shade on Student's shabby, green study lamp slipped, throwing a weird shadow around the walls. Perspiration gleamed on the upper lip of the college man.

He looked out of the window. A full moon smiled down upon him ironically, and an open car purred past the house. A pleasant laugh came from the rumble seat, and echoed in John's ear long after the car had gone from his sight.

"One more week of school," muttered the frantic youth. His thoughts raced from one thing to another. Examinations coming up—stuffy room—critical period—can't study. Maddened by these thoughts he rushed from the room, down the dark stairs, and out into the pleasant spring evening.

Thoroughly exhausted, he flung himself down on a porch chair. He closed his eyes to shut out the memory of his worries. But John Student's conscience would not be quieted. With pointed lance it pricked him, tortured him.

In agony he arose, walked back into the house and climbed the stairs. "You can't do it!" each step seemed to say to him. Even the walls mocked him and his determination. Deep in the throes of relentless spring fever he entered his room.

Examination week arrived. John Student was rudely awakened by the jangling of a cheap alarm clock. He sat up in bed, rubbing his study-ringed eyes. Fear struck his soul as he remembered the things in store for him. He had tried to prepare himself for the final notch, but he was terrified. The monster spring had crushed him.

Well, when school is out and students have gone home, there won't be such strong competition for picnic sites around Lincoln.

The stage being set up for Ivy day ceremonies looks old enough to become an exhibit for the state history society.

Peculiar, isn't it? A fellow never boils over when a friend calls him out of bed late at night to arrange for a golf game the next day. But, how about calling for an assignment?

A Chicago professor claims that prehistoric man used to rub off his whiskers with rough rocks. That's just about as bad as using a roommate's dull razor.

Speaking of endurance records, some of these fellows who can talk over the telephone for hours and hours, ought to go in for aviation.

Round Up week is a nice thing for graduate fraternity men. They get back and see how things have changed since they were in school.

Junior men are getting ready for what they now think is a big thing in life—getting tapped.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

THE GATES AJAR

"The universities are the capitals of the modern civilization. The church must be victor at their gates or her cause is lost to the world." In such fashion, Dr. William Bryan, president of the University of Indiana, epitomizes the relations of church to university in a speech that he will deliver to the Presbyterian General Assembly which convenes in St. Paul tomorrow.

His belief carries conviction for it becomes increasingly true that the church must center more of its attention to the universities which interest themselves more exclusively in the mundane and material. If the religious forces are to make a greater impact upon collegiate thought, complete understanding must first be reached. Organized religion and the "lesser organized" evangelists frequently militate upon college students with a malice that would be almost humorous if the true issue involved did not demand serious thought. Colleges cannot be stormed by the flying squadrons of evangelists who cannot adjust themselves to an environment of relatively more enlightenment. The same "tub thumping" tactics practiced upon professional vagrants cannot be used upon students who have had even a smattering of Plotinus, evolution, or dendrites.

And so, Dr. Bryan characterizes the situation simply. The church must come to the college gates, but it must not forget the salesmanship of Moody and Sankey. Among its accoutrements, it must bring primarily a rational religion freed of fantastic "hangovers" and metaphysical hooey. The gates will then be opened and an intelligent religion will be welcomed.

—Missouri Daily.

It is doubtful whether an egg throwing contest could occur here, as it did at Des Moines university. Very few fraternity and sorority dwellers know what an egg is any more.

—Indiana Daily Student.

Black-Robed Seniors Alone Were in Evidence at First Ivy Day Ceremony

Time Has Made Change in Traditional Round Up, for It Has Lost Planting Place of Original Branch

Underclassmen were not permitted to witness the first Ivy day innovation, according to old annuals. It was a dignified affair worthy of the black-robed seniors alone. Not until 1905 were classes excused and the day allowed to become an all-university holiday as it exists today. True records of the first Ivy day have almost become obliterated by time. Its distinctive features have been welded together. Even the "rooting spot" of the first Ivy has been lost to posterity.

The class of 1901 planted its vine on the south side of old University hall. After that year the Ivy planting ceremony was elaborated to include an Ivy day oration, the reading of the class poem, and the announcement of the class gift. After the planting it was customary to hand a trowel to the junior class president. The tradition took on a more sociable aspect.

The first Maypole dance was given in 1905, and it was during this year's ritual that the Innocents first "tapped" those who were to take up their obligations as upper class leaders. Two years later the Black Masques made their first tap on Ivy day. This local honorary was granted a national chapter of Mortar Board in 1920.

Hold Gala Affair
 More than 1,500 former students were on hand to take part in the first annual Cornhusker Round Up held in '22, and marked by reunion box luncheons, alumni creations and a gala carnival. According to reports "it was some carnival; paper hats of every description, horns and whistles, confetti galore and swinging music, all abounded in the armory and Art hall. Strings of light led all over the campus."

The parade of the alumni extended for more than half a mile. Banners of every organization and class told of the progress of the University since the first class in '72. There were the "grandpas" alumni, the "paps" alumni, the alumni and the alumni to be. Every class carried banners telling what was accomplished at Nebraska during its senior year.

Sealock Invites Seniors For Meeting on Monday

Dean W. E. Sealock has sent out a request that all senior students in Teachers college meet in T. C. 200 at 5 o'clock, Monday, May 27. Students who will graduate either in June or August are urged to attend.

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