

dear teacher

After all the smoke of battle has cleared away it is seen that the professors in a college contribute more to the educational worth of that school than is generally accredited to them. If all of the college professors in our American schools were placed end to end (I'm not saying they should be—merely making a supposition) they would reach from the door of the Trustee to twenty five dollars a day. After all, dear readers, it isn't the big things in life that count. It's the cash customers! Being one of those cash customers I stand, flat footed or on my toes, with Mr. Bungle, in demanding justice, life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one student and another to sit through classes hour after hour with faces as long as a Rolls Royce automobile and as sad looking as that pebble in Egypt that they call the Sphinx (may I state, at this point, that our campus organization of Sphinx club is related in no way to this stone in Africa) I deem it advisable to promote legislative action. Yes sir! Dear countrymen (also city people) there should be a law against such forces as might create such an atmosphere. I've paid my cash to be taught and I'd like to receive the kind of teaching that I believe my money demands. Why should a professor always be hard nosed and act sore as a boil throughout his classes? We haven't done anything. That is, few of us do anything. Why not devote more of the hour in a sort of social way. Everyone get acquainted, exchange stories, serve tea occasionally and give the old routine a little variation. Those in favor, raise your right hand or left hand and you who are not, raise the other hand.

To improve the classroom atmosphere, we might bring the teachers some apples as we did in days gone by. I don't see any good reason for abandoning this idea as nearly everyone likes apples. This would assist the student in coming in closer contact with his "hired help" and would bring the said "help" in contact with more apples. This would all result in that friendly feeling one toward another mentioned in the Bible, a reduction in the doctor bills of our dear faculty and a drop in the high death rate of our dear teachers.

We have many grounds for grievance and also several ways of combating these conditions. To begin with, the professors live on the money that we

pay in tuition. (You've heard of women's intuition? Well, at Indiana the men have it too, and that is what everybody pays to get into school.) If every student would revolt by refusing to pay, look what an embarrassing situation our teachers would find themselves in,—out of a job—no teachers in school—then suddenly all of the students could report for work and what a great school would be created! Now we are getting to the root of the problem. Let us continue. It is easily seen that the instructors cause most of the hard feelings in our school. It is also fairly easy to understand that we must have them. Why not, then, encourage them to change their tactics. I suggest that they put ideas before us in a more joking way. We all like good jokes and remember them. It isn't what we learn that counts—it's what we remember. Now that point is settled. The professor is to enter the room beaming from right to left—and there is an art in "beaming"—and smiling like a jackass eating thistles. In a very jovial voice he will exclaim, "Good morning dear students!"—(or good afternoon as the case might be. The professor will have to use his judgment in this.) Then the students, in unison—and there really should be a musical rhythm in this—will say, "Good morning, dear teacher! How are you?"

Now we have started out on what promises to be a fruitful class hour. As the roll is called each individual will file past—(if no file is available, use a rasp)—the desk and give his apple, orange or lemon whatever the case might be. The orange might be standardized to represent sincerity; the apple devotion; and the lemon—well any fruit could represent any feeling, emotion or condition of the weather. For those who doubt my last statement I will cite a few examples of the latter case. Green apples could represent spring days, rotten apples for rotten days, rosy apples for sunshiny days and so on, so on and etc., or vice versa. We must hasten and also guard from wandering from the original path of discussion. Such minute details will have to be discussed in special committee meetings to be held at 7:30 next week. To get back to where I diverged from my subject, those not bringing either fruit should stand and give a courtesy at the time names are called (sometimes a bow would suffice, depending on the attitude of the reception head.) A few minutes then will be spent in studying the text and exchanging ideas concerning it. The object of this is to give the professor a little pleasure. At the end of thirty minutes the teacher should have every one stand for a few minutes, as the seats are hard and become almost unbearable. This action will probably save the school the additional expense of buying seat pads, that at this time seem necessary. Under this new system more will have been accomplished and it will be possible to have the class dismissed ten or maybe fifteen minutes early.

If the professor is suffering from chronic stomach ache, chronic "newral-zie" or other ailments—chronic or otherwise—I suggest by all means, that

he not attend class. Even the least physical disturbance might result in an undesired display of temper. Under this new system, such a display would probably lead to his discharge from the students—and I believe the students should have the power of discharging employees, as does any other employer.

If I don't see a marked improvement in the attitude of our many professors, due to their having read this article, I will admit that I have failed, but if I see the desired change in *one* professor —A-hh-hh! I will not have lived in vain.

Yours for a funnier and more famous college,

The Gentleman From Zero.

