

or medicine, is thrice armed and equipped for his life work.

Instead of hunting for Latin roots and conjugating Greek verbs we puzzle our brain over the slide-valve; for Cicero's orations we substitute the plowboy's merry morning song, and Virgil's Aeneid we supplant with the poetry found in the ever unfolding processes of nature as set forth in the study of Entomology and Botany. In the cold hard inexorable logic of mathematics we run parallel with the curriculum of other Colleges.

The nightmare of unsolved and apparently unsolvable problems is ever before the student here as it is in the outside world in which you live and move, but with this hopeful difference, the student here labors under the hallucination that he is daily nearing the goal where there will be no more problems to solve and his tired brain will be at ease. Happy, happy illusion, possessed only by those who are yet to enter in its broader sense upon the solution of that greatest of all problems—the problem of one's own life. We who are contending with the realities of life know that difficulties unknown to the college student follow each other with almost the certainty that night follows day and press for solution upon aching heart and tired brain.

In the fierce struggle in which we are engaged, College days are soon looked back upon as an "oasis" in the journey of life, surpassed in beauty and glory in memory's treasury only by the greater brightness and splendor of childhood.

The Agricultural & Mechanical College of Texas