Brooklyn Students Get In the Harvest.

About 160 students from Brooklyn College are working on the farm of Madison county, N. Y., harvesting peas and beans. Their slogan is "Fend a Fighter in Forty-three."

The farming is being done in the dormitories of the State Technical and Agricultural Institute at Morrisville, and taking summer session courses at four evenings per week. On Fridays three assemblies with local and guest speakers. The Grange is giving the students instruction classes in the square dances.

Three types of study courses are available to the students in the evening. They are standard, required courses, special correlation courses, like "farm biology" and "local sociology," and "Field Service," courses of special value at the time to both men and women students.

Prof. Ralph C. Benedict is supervisor of the farm group.

MAJORING IN PEAS

A Group of Brooklyn College Students Begins an Experiment in Education

BY BEATRICE MEYERS

MORRISVILLE, N. Y.

MAJORING in peas and string beans, with supplementary courses in each academic subject—English composition and political science, 150 Brooklyn College students are experimenting with a new kind of education in a small up-State village this summer. Quartered on the campus of the Morrisville Agricultural and Technical Institute, the college corps, the first of its kind, spends the days harvesting crops on Madison County farms. In the evenings the boys and girls—90 per cent of the number are girls—go to class.

Familiar to them until a week or two ago only as part of the blue plate special or the vegetable dinner, peas and beans now compose the chief topic of student conversation. The undergraduate newspaper is called The Bean Stalkers. The theme song for the group is a little ditty beginning "I think that I shall never see a pea..." while another song declares that "I die in Morrisville, I'll leave you green peas in my will."

Old Hands Already

Gripping, as in the Army, is prevalent, but not even the worst grizzlies complain seriously. The students are enthusiastic about their work and their new way of life. In unmistakable city accents they call across the fields, competing notes on stringed picks. They reminded one another that it takes 3,000 pods to fill a bushel basket. And they led ahead to the next section of field, where the yield is expected to be heavier.

Already they feel like old hands at harvesting, although they admit that the task is improved every day.