



by  
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## *“Daddy..?”*

When I get to be a daddy and go to your college, I might find out how to fix cows. Did you know that when they lay down on their side they sometimes need fixing? I think maybe the Army is best though. You can shoot guns and protect.

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Down in the basement I hammer with nails, so don't you think it would be a good idea to be a carpenter? I could build a house for you and me to live in. Would you pay lots and lots of money?

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Could I be on television with Betty Lou and eat at the Union? I'd like to eat at the Union so I could play by the fountain. Maybe I could be a bell man and live up in that high place where they push the bells together.

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I go to college now, but I wouldn't go to nursery school anymore. I would be in a different grade and I would have a pocket to carry my ruler in. Do engineers build bridges? Maybe that is what I could do. Then when the water came it would run under the bridges and people wouldn't get wet. I can make a good bridge with blocks at my school.

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Daddy, will I be a whole lot older and will I be bigger when I go to your college? It will be after lots more summers and winters and I will be as big as Kris and Bill.

## *“Yes, Son...?”*

By the time you are ready for college, Greg, you will be bigger and so will Iowa State College. Not even the latest model crystal ball can help me predict all the changes we'll see in 1970.

There will be two students then for every one there is now. I'm not just quoting statistics but counting noses. Noses of real live children who were born in Iowa in the 1950's. If just a normal percentage of those boys and girls enroll in college, there will be over 15,000 on hand in 1970.

Actually an increasing number of young people set out for institutions of higher learning each year. It is hard to imagine how much additional space and staff will be needed to take care of them in 13 years.

Will you be going to school in outer space? Your classrooms may look as though they were designed by a space man. They may be all glass and aluminum or perhaps constructed of some media even the chemists haven't discovered yet. It would take a prophetic architect to guess what “impossible” things will then be “possible.” You may attend freshman convocation in an auditorium with a diamond-shaped aluminum roof. Where will it be? Over by the Armory do you think?

I don't know if you will be on television, Greg. Perhaps that's how your professor will come into the classroom. Maybe you'll discuss ideas with him over two-way radio. There may be a sending set in the pocket with your ruler. Television may let you talk with teachers and other students half way round the world. Could be!

History, government, engineering and sociology may be as exciting as television thrillers. They may be like “You Were There” shows on kinescope. Your textbooks may be flashed on screens. You may do all your library work from microfilm. What will you study? Interplanetary relations or space nutrition? Who knows. I note you ask what it will be like when you are a daddy and go to my college. You anticipate that the trend toward earlier and earlier marriages may speed right along, I see! The college of the future could be a family college with both fathers and mothers in classes and the children in nursery school. And since people are continuing education later and later, the college may one day lose its youthful flavor. More middle-aged and older people will be here seeking knowledge.

Of one thing I am sure, son. College will be exciting in 1970. Learning has excited the minds of men since time began. That won't change just yet.