In the comparatively short space of our lives that we spend in school, many times we fail to recognize much of the charm of daily incidents until after years, and by then the bonds that held us so closely together may be only faded memories. This Agricola has endeavored to catch a few of these details, to keep them enshrined in our hearts forever, and to impart to those who were not able to share with us the joys and sorrows, the worries and disappointments, and above all, the privileges and friendships which is our heritage and from here, some glimpse of all these things which do mean and will continue
to mean so much to us. If you who read these pages receive some slight satisfaction from the memories that they recall, then our task will have been completed. This our goal... no more can we do and no higher praise can our efforts receive than to have it said in all sincerity, that this book is kept as a treasure by you to instill the pleasant memories of the year 1934 in your heart.
During the decade immediately following the World War, there was a migration to urban center, and the time honored element...Land...was forgotten. Here in our own state, as in many others, there was a corps of teachers in the field almost daily showing the advantages of living at home. We recognize the priceless value of these men, but especially to their teachers and leaders...four men who have fought for and struggled with diversified farming in its infancy, who have pictured in their minds eye the improvements that come to a state when its rural population is higher educated, who have not only dreamed but have made their dreams, in part, real...to these, the Leaders of Arkansas Agricultural Education, we Dedicate the 1934 AGRICOLA.
C O N T E N T S

Sitting with her face to the early morning sun, greeting eight o’clockers, is the home of our future scientists, Bailey Hall.
My lady wait awhile, for while there you stand
and smile we see your face and dare to dream; dreams
that may die behind a closing door.
Through a break in the hedge and between beds of flowers, we find an ever hustle and bustle and clanging and crashing of dishes—our first love during Spring, Winter and Fall—the Dining Hall.
A place to be remembered by laughter and talk, swaggering heroes, domineering Politicians, where we work, play, sleep, and live as one. So fine to study — so much finer to rest.
We who are about to depart salute you—and you who framed this campus, and whose rules we so often break don't take it to heart, for we may yet smile at today's tears.
Arkansas Tech has benefited through Federal projects, by receiving loans with which to construct new buildings and to improve the campus.