

# The Record

SUNY Buffalo State  
Student Newspaper

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Volume 13

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October 1924-  
June 1925

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# The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

VOL. XIII

October Issue, 1924

No. 1

## A ROGUE'S GALLERY

(By One of Them)

Nothing but faces—strange, scared, anxious ones—self-possessed, perky ones, round ones and chubby ones, oval ones and thin ones—but freshmen for all of that. Green is the prevailing shade of the season, I'm told, and such inquiries as "Where's the basement?" "Why do they call the 'well,' the 'well'?"—and "Could you tell me if I was present in the first period music class?" only serve to strengthen the report. Dutiful—well, I should say so! Never have freshmen watched the numerous bulletin boards more carefully. Several of the overcautious ones (or should I say more curious ones?) even carried out the goddess Duty's commands so far as to make a tour of the sorority and fraternity boxes the first few days. But they're learning! Yes, indeed, green is the prevailing color, but aside from the humorous vein we likk with it—it symbolizes a wealth of new ambitions, new talents, new friends. The Seniors have gone—Long live the freshmen! (Don't mistake me, however. Any freshman remaining so for more than one year can explain to the Faculty Student Council at their convenience "Why?")

In our principal a discreet man? Is he tactful? Let's see. For several years as a student I have noticed a great deal of interest (call it the social unrest of the day, if you will) among the members of the faculty, during assembly programs. Possibly Miss Bacon was responsible for the whispering in that corner or maybe it was Miss Viole who passed notes along. I never sat near enough to tell. But I repeat there was unrest. Did Dr. Rockwell scold them in assembly? No—instead he scattered them throughout the assembly—and very tactfully gave them the impression that they were taking care of the students. However, we weren't fooled and we'll see that they behave. In fact we've noticed a change already!

With the cooler days come the blanket tax and the money changers' table has become a well known landmark in our halls. In fact, Mr. Phillips has been accused of joining the Y. W. C. A. several times when that organization entered the money changers' corner.

Tryouts for the Dramatic Club have been the order of the day and a certain young lady surprised our sense of all that is fitting and proper by declaiming "The night was dark and dreary." We're afraid she used other folks' idea for immediately the assembled multitude, in one breath (mostly under the breath) exclaimed "The air was full of sleet"—Great misad, etc.




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**IN MEMORIAM**

Katherine E. Smith  
 Born: January 30, 1904  
 Died: August 9, 1924

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**Western Longings**

I'm far awa' from my native home,  
 The home that I love so dear;  
 My heart's with the wild and rolling  
 sea,  
 And the meadows brown and sear.

I long for the hills and the flowery  
 woods,  
 The freedom of open air;  
 I long for the wilds where all is free,  
 Without a thought or care.

My heart is not with the hurry and  
 flurry  
 Of busy city life.  
 My heart's in the hills of the Great  
 Northwest  
 Which are free from noise and strife.

I love the woods with their flowery  
 paths,  
 The brooks with their winding  
 ways;  
 I love the tide and the sandy beach,  
 The peaceful inlets and bays.

Yes, I long for my Golden West,  
 Long for that land afar;  
 There shall I go when work is done  
 And live till I've crossed the bar.

KATHERINE SMITH

Written in the Summer of 1924.

**Our Tribute**

There is an old Indian belief that man's real life is something that radiates from him and remains, a vital thing, long after his physical self has passed from view; that we live in the work we have left behind us, in the memory that recalls our name to the lips of living men. If that is true then Katharine Smith is not dead, for surely her personality is a vital thing, a force which moves our thoughts and influences our actions. We see her still, with her sunny brightness and eager haste, busting into the meeting of the Record Staff, just a wee bit late, but breathless to weave some visionary plan for the future. It comforts us to say, "He lives who does and he who does still lives, whether he wots of his own deeds or no." For shall not that vibrant energy of hers, invisible though she may be, force us to see her visions and carry on?



## Registration

At a meeting of the Normal School Principals, Dr. George M. Wiley issued the following statements:

"The number of professional students registered in the State Normal Schools at the opening of the present school year, September, 1924, is 4,196, the largest in their history. When it is noted that the State Normal Schools are now operating on the three-year course, this large registration is all the more significant.

"The number registered in the State Normal Schools in September, 1923, was 3,120. The present registration of 4,196 is an increase of 1,076 over the registration at the opening of Normal Schools a year ago, or an increase of over 34 per cent. Furthermore, it should be noted that this registration is not entirely due to the fact that this year, for the first time, the third year students are actually in attendance. The number of students entering the first-year classes in our State Normal Schools in September, 1924, is 1,823, a number which almost equals the total registration of all students in 1919.

"The largest registration in any State Normal School at the present time is Buffalo, with a registration at the opening of the present year of 1,619 students. Over 300 of these students are entering upon the first year's work of the general professional course. It is of interest to note that the number of applicants for registration at the Buffalo Normal School was far beyond the physical capacity of the school plant. The school authorities found it necessary to limit the registration. Admission, therefore, was based upon the scholastic standing. As a result of these 400 or more applications, it was necessary to refuse admission to approximately one student in four. Principal Rockwell's comment on the situation is of unusual interest:

"A waiting list has been established and as vacancies occur at the end of the first semester, additional students will be taken from this waiting list. We have accepted an entering class of nearly three hundred, but have turned away approximately one hundred. In other words, we have rejected approximately the lowest quartile of all students that came to us which will give us the selected group which we have for candidates for the teaching profession."

"This unusual registration at the State Normal Schools with the large total registration with the unusual numbers in the entering classes indicates the wisdom of the action that has been taken in strengthening the work of the State Normal Schools, both thru the enrichment of the professional courses offered and in the lengthening of the general professional courses from two to three years. It is indicative of the fact that the stronger these schools are made, the more attractive they will prove to the profession."

## Positions on Record Staff Open

On October 17 a meeting will be held in THE RECORD Room, 321, for the purpose of informing those students, who desire to compete for staff positions, of the necessary qualifications which make one eligible to election. There are vacancies on the Literary and Business Boards. Service on the Record earns for one the gold block letter "N," the only activity in the school for which a gold letter is awarded. Applicants are requested to meet at 4 o'clock.

## Dramatic Club to Present Short Modern Plays

This year the Dramatic Club will endeavor to extend its work. Under the guidance of students, short plays are going to be presented at afternoon performances. Although Miss Keeler will supervise probably a dress rehearsal and the selection of the plays, the greater part of the work will be done by those students who have been under the tutelage of Miss Keeler for the past two years.

In doing this kind of work the Dramatic Club will be a great aid, for it will train directors and others who are not talented as actors.

## The Freshman Handbook

The Freshman Handbook for 1924-1925 has been distributed to everyone. Because of the change from the two-year course of study to the three, there are many new additions. It contains almost everything that the students of Normal wish to know concerning their Alma Mater; it gives the constitution of the important governing bodies of the school, the rules on organization of classes, and the regulations of the Faculty Student Council.

The book this year was prepared by Mr. S. C. Clement, William L. Brinkerhoff, Jeanette F. Goodman, Madeline Bissell, Walter Smith and Charles Gibson.

This year instead of being presented by the Record Staff, it was given to the school by the following organizations: The Faculty Student Council, The Record, the Class of 1925, the Class of 1926, and the Elms.

Notices like the following, taken from an old English paper, impress upon us the importance of taking in a few of Miss Harris' remarks concerning punctuation:

"Owing to defective punctuation (says "The Printing News"), the following passage appeared in a German Newspaper:—

"Next to him Prince Bismark walked in on his head, the well-known military cap on his feet, large but well-polished boots on his forehead, a dark cloud in his hand, the inevitable walking-cane in his eyes, a menacing glance in gloomy silence!"

## LOOKING FORWARD

Art Kraft Candy Sale, October 22.

Reception to First Year Students, October 23.

Arethusa Dance, November 7.

Tri Kappa Dance, November 14.

Tri Sigma Dance, November 21.

### A Page From a Freshman's Diary

Friday, September 26th. I arrived at the school at 7:30 A. M., but strange to say, nobody was there but George, the janitor. He said "hello" to me and I said "good morning" to him. He must have realized that I was a student of the Buffalo State Normal School. \* \* \* About nine o'clock I went to assembly, which is a very large hall and has an organ in it. Also seats. Some students were sitting on the platform; they spoke to me and the other students, including the faculty. They expostulated that we had to cherish many things (I have often heard this in high school and other intellectual places, so it was nothing new to me). Furthermore, these alleged speakers asked me expressly to join every organization and club in the school. What was my surprise when I found out they would not allow me to join the faculty. I paid the Y. W. C. A. a dollar admission fee. They would not admit me to membership, though, because I was a member of the masculine sex, and still am (that sex which is descended from Adam). They kept the dollar to run their organization for the rest of the year. I was welcomed into the Glee Club because I have a pitch pipe and have a piano at home. I was admitted to all the other clubs except the Art Kraft Klub. Before you can enter that worthy association you must have a bachelor's degree or a spinster's degree. I have neither, because I expect to be a teacher. Well, I have wandered from my subject. I must go back to what I did after assembly.

\* \* \* The next hour was vacant, so I compromised by doing nothing. I then went to European History where the instructor intimated that Charlemagne loved education (how foolish people were in those days). I went to three other classes, including lunch. Each class was interesting, but I liked the English class best of all. The teacher asked why correct English was important. I raised my hand and answered that it was the only language we Americans know and that, therefore, it was important. (She didn't agree with me, but what do I care about that?) That is all I have to say today, Dear Diary.

P. S.—None of the upperclassmen guessed that I was a freshman. I made a lot of noise in the halls and whenever I came to a drinking fountain I drank water for a long time, so they all thought I was very much accustomed to the school.

M. ROVNER.

### An Ultimatum from the Library

"All students, who wish to continue using the school library, must read Elbert Hubbard's 'Essay on Silence,' and submit a written report to Miss Viele, stating clearly the points embodied in the essay which best represents the significance of silence.

(Signed) HARRY WESTCOTT ROCKWELL, Prin."

When the above order first came to our notice, we were inclined to rebel against such tyranny. To be made to read Elbert Hubbard seemed to us a fatal blow to independent thinking. Frankly, we even thought of organizing a strike. Fortunately for our good reputation, we decided to read the "essay" before waving the red flag. However, a copy was not immediately available and we chanced upon a review of the work several days before the "essay" itself came to our hands. We quote from the review:

"This essay is bound to stimulate thought and meditation.

"It is a book that the tired man or woman can go away with alone and communicate with the Infinite. Open it anywhere and it is equally interesting. It is one of the best things the Fra has done, and so different from some of his other writings in that it is wholly unobjectionable.

"It is a book that any husband can give to his wife, or any lover to his sweetheart, or, in fact, it makes an admirable present to any woman.

"It is told in language with which lovers might communicate with each other, and will never bring the blush of shame to the brazen cheek of innocence.

"We hope the Fra will give us more books like this."

Still we were unconvinced. We have had so many disillusionary experiences with reviewers that we have sometimes suspected them of being in league with the book-sellers. It did not seem possible to us that the "essay" could be all the reviewer made it out to be.

Now that we have read every word in the beautiful little volume, our judgment is that the reviewer failed to do it justice. We, also, fail to find adequate expression for our appreciation of this MASTERPIECE. It seems to us the only absolutely flawless literary work the world has ever seen, or is likely to see. So completely were we won by this rare work of genius that we made a pilgrimage of devotion to East Aurora, to the very spot where it was produced. We were awed by the thought that we were treading on ground which had been honored and hallowed by Elbert Hubbard himself and our hatred of the Hun was rekindled as we recalled the agency of the Fra's death.

Far from resenting the order that the "Essay on Silence" be read by every Normal student, we are convinced that an injustice would be done each and every one of us if we were allowed to put off the reading of it. So it is with genuine pleasure that we announce the receipt of an official communication from the Roycrofters granting us permission to reprint the Fra's "Essay." Thanks to Mr. Huckins' skill as a printer, we are able to offer it complete on the following page.

P. S.—No extra charge is made for this issue of the "Record" on account of the inclusion of the "Essay on Silence." We are glad to be of service.

W. L. B.



The Homemaking Department has done a great deal of welcoming this year, for we have many strangers among us. The largest group, of course, was our Freshmen class, numbering slightly over fifty, for eight have entered with advanced credit. They are a very promising looking group and we really hope that their looks are not deceiving.

Miss Sipp and Miss Smith have both returned to us, and altho they don't appear to have changed, they really have, for they both now possess new degrees and may place B.A. and B.S., respectively, after their names.

These we welcomed back, but there is one whom we just plain "welcomed" to our department, Miss Frances Crooker from Fairmont, Minnesota. Even a short chat with Miss Crooker is sufficient to realize the valuable addition to both the Homemaking Department and Buffalo Normal School thru her appointment.

Miss Crooker has a Bachelor of Arts degree in chemistry from Carlton College and a Master of Science in biochemistry from the University of Minnesota.

Besides belonging to local college sororities, she is a member of Phi Upsilon Omicron, a national homemaking fraternity, of which Buffalo Normal has a chapter.

We extend to Miss Crooker the heartiest welcome to Buffalo Normal School.

#### Notes on the Graduates

You will be interested, no doubt, to know that the girls of our last graduating class have all been placed. Eight of the girls have positions in the Buffalo schools and nine are without the city walls! Eleanor Brown, we are pleased to announce, was married on August 25. She has literally stepped from the theory of home making into the reality of a home.

Each year, for various reasons, the number in the upper classes decrease slightly. This year, specialization in subjects not offered at Normal has taken Julia Lockwood, Ruth Davit, Dale Davis to Cornell University, and Helen Whitcomb and Alta Bolendar to Ohio to attend Antioch. Margaret Newton, who did her Junior project at the Bellevue Hospital in New York, has remained there to take special courses in dietetics.

### Juniors Cross "Bridge of Sighs"

Ours might have been called "The Bridge of Sighs" until four p. m., Wednesday, September 10, 1924. That's a memorable day for our present Senior class. I'll tell you why the sighs. The Junior projects were due and one by one as these were placed in the proper cage the happy author sighed a sigh of relief, for that was over.

You know how often you sigh after you have accomplished some great task, and just so with these girls. Projects are projects and do have an immense amount of work and worry connected with them—but do you know there's really lots of fun in their connection?

There was a little French nurse in one of the hospitals. One day she wanted something long and green, just long and green. Finally after repeated attempts to make her description understood, she aided the Junior by "cu-cu," with the result that a long green cucumber was produced.

A rather sophisticated youngster, a daughter of a regular patron, was being shown thru a cafeteria by another Junior. The Junior wanted to be as nice as possible and with this in mind said to her, "You'd better get all you can while you're here." The eight-year-old replied, "Is that the way you did when you were a little girl?"

They had their troubles and these all told on them, for worry does make one appear older. One of the youngest of the girls had had a trying day. New York was hot and dusty. Here she was standing in a crowded subway. Before she knew it a girl no younger than herself had gotten up to give her her seat. It was embarrassing to say the least! But what was worse—both insisted that she was getting off at the next corner (like as not they were both making that up), but when the cars came to a stop both did get off, and it would spoil my story if I knew whether or not it was really their proper station.

Real fist fights were nothing out of the ordinary among the maids at the hospitals. I suppose they thought that they were sure of proper care should one have concealed weapons. I'm told, however, that they limited themselves to hair pulling and swearing! One fighter would swear in Polish—the other in English and so neither knew just how things stood after they were pulled apart by another Junior.

Any homemaking senior has numberless stories to tell, so anytime you have a desire to hear some more, apply to them personally.

### So This Is Paris!

"Ye Garment Shoppe" is as busy as usual. What do you suppose the first order of the fall was? A wedding trousseau! We girls who are working on it, under Mrs. Taylor's guidance, are thrilled to pieces. It will be interesting to see just what is turned out. You see, Mrs. Taylor spent the summer in Europe and she did spend a great deal of the time visiting shops and modistes to get the newest Paris designs for Buffalo patrons.

### Normal Club affiliated With National Organization

Last year the H. A. Club became affiliated with the National Association of Home Economics. This puts us on a much higher basis and gives us a greater ideal for which to work. Under the leadership of Ruth Woodward, as president, we have high hopes for success this first year under the guidance of this splendid organization.

Now, last but not far from least, altho least in both size and years, is Evelyn—our baby. She is a perfect baby, just over two months old, as sweet and cunning as any baby could be. I really can't describe her to you, she is so adorable. Her eyes are one of her biggest features! If they continue to fascinate as we prophesy they will, Evelyn Jane may cause considerable trouble when she grows up—especially if those blue orbs are always as wide awake as they are now. We hope some day the entire school may see Evelyn Jane at her best.

### Are You Educated?

A professor of the University of Chicago has evolved a series of test questions for the educated. If you can answer yes to all the questions, you are truly educated, the professor says. Here are the questions:

Has education given you sympathy with all the good causes and made you espouse them?

Has it made you public-spirited? Have you learned how to make friends and keep them?

Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?

Do you see anything to love in a little child?

Are you good for anything yourself?

Can you be happy alone?

Can you look out on the world and see anything but dollars and cents?

Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as playing the piano or golf?

Can you be high-minded and happy in the drudgeries of life?

Can you look into a mud puddle by the wayside and see a clear sky?

Can you see anything in the puddle but mud?



## WORTHWHILE BOOKS AND PLAYS

Why do some of the best plays travel from New York as far as Rochester, go on to Cleveland, and ignore Buffalo? We will wait in vain this year for Walter Hampden to bring his inimitable "Cyrano de Bergerac" and Jane Cowl to appear as the most adorable Juliet in history. We can lure Kreisler, Helfetz, the Boston Symphony and a rich musical assortment of artists, but the best actors seem to avoid Buffalo. The question is indeed ominous, but the answer is embarrassing. Walter Hampden lost several thousand dollars, as his last engagement in Buffalo. Buffalo packs the house for seven weeks, or was it eleven?—to see "Able's Irish Rose," but remains absolutely cold when Galworthy's "Loyalties" appears.

The importance of the question may be lost if we merely consider that we are but one thousand out of Buffalo's many thousands. We should be conscious of our power as Buffalo's future teachers. It is essential that we set high standards for ourselves in these days. A Normal diploma does not furnish one with a new set of standards, but a Normal course should. The scarcity of good plays in Buffalo will soon become a veritable famine unless we, who appreciate good drama, give it our support and encouragement.

"Hell-Bent for Heaven" is coming soon. The Pulitzer Prize play of last year, and with a very successful run in New York, it can be recommended as "well worth seeing." Its locale is the mountain district of the Carolinas, a fact which adds to its vitality and picturesqueness, if not essentially to its meaning. Our modern drama is showing a decided "thought-provoking" tendency. "Hell-Bent for Heaven" offers a splendid example of that tendency. For your own good, and the good of drama in Buffalo, we suggest that you see this and other worth-while plays that may come.

### The Garden of Folly—Stephen Leacock

Since this issue of our paper is dedicated to the freshmen, we feel that the book to be reviewed this month should be one which would help freshmen meet the various difficult problems which confront them. Therefore, we have chosen "The Garden of Folly," by Stephen Leacock. In this latest book of his, Mr. Leacock gives advice on almost every subject of interest to those who are eager to advance in the world. For instance, in his very first chapter he freely gives what he considers to be the Secrets of Success. In reading his description of successful men, we find that one of these secrets is personality. "Now the common element in all these men is personality. Each one of them has a developed, balanced, nicely-adjusted, well-hung personality. You feel that as soon as such a man is in your presence: when he enters a room, you are somehow aware that he has come in. When he leaves, you realize that he has gone out; as soon as he opens his mouth you know he is speaking; when he shuts his mouth, you feel that he has stopped."

Of special interest to all Normal students studying health is the chapter on the Human Body and its care. As Mr. Leacock himself says, "With the single exception of the mind and soul, there is nothing so important as the

body. If we had no body it is doubtful if we could get along." Then he gives advice on how to care for this body. All health students will find this chapter enlightening.

Now the great subject—love! Any one who will conscientiously follow Mr. Leacock's advice cannot but succeed. Thus in writing letters to the "adored object" it is advisable for the young man to express his esteem and the depth and sincerity of his love. In order to make the delicate task easier for the inexperienced, Mr. Leacock gives a model letter which may be copied. "Ever since I first had the honor of meeting you beside the sawdust pile behind the sawmill at the Y. M. C. A. picnic on the 18th June, I have realized that I entertain for you a feeling which is different from any feeling which I have hitherto entertained for anyone for whom I have entertained a feeling. Your coming into my life has brought something into my life which was not in my life before you brought it into my life, etc."

Lastly, his advice to salesmen may be applied to those students who are doing their practiceteaching. (Critics and pupils are much like customers.) "The well-dressed man . . . has initial advantage over the man who comes into his customer's store in tattered rags, with his toes protruding from his boots, unshaved and with a general air of want and misery stamped all over him. Customers are quick to notice these little things."

Need I conclude that "The Garden of Folly" is a book which should take its place beside William James' "Talks to Teachers" and "Methods of Teaching Arithmetic" on every Freshman's book-shelf?

**Henry Brocken—His Travels and Adventures in the Rich, Strange, Scarce-Imaginable Regions of Romance, by Walter de la Mare.**

Here is a story to which the adjective "charming" may well be applied. It is the tale of Henry Brocken, a solitary youth, born dreamer and poet, whom fate guided to a library before he could scarcely read. He says, "Half my youthful days were passed in that low, book-walled chamber. The candles I burned thru those long years of evening would deck Alps' hugest fir; the dust I disturbed would very easily fall again the measure that some day shall contain my own; and the small studious thumb marks that paced, as if my footprints, leaf by leaf of that long journey, might be the history of life's experience in little—from clearer, to clear, to faint—how very faint at last!"

On "blue March morning" Henry mounts Rosinante and sets out on a journey, which, he says, will never end. He meets scores of interesting people who step out from the pages of the books you and I have read: Jane Eyre and Mr. Rochester, Sleeping Beauty and Titania, Gulliver and Annabel Lee. Lady Macbeth's doctor confides to Henry secrets never told before; the Sleeping Beauty slumbers in the solitude of a world bewitched until Prince Charming awakens her with his kiss; Lucy Gray still looks for the path over the moors, clothed in her scant gray coat and carrying her unforgettable baskets. To tell you more would be to lessen the fascination which surprises holds out to the lover of romance.

But the book possesses more than the imaginative quality of plot. Read the first paragraph of quotation to catch a glimpse of the limpid beauty of the style. It is as rhythmic as music, as colorful as poetry, as beautiful as a fairy story. Won't you mount Rosinante and journey thru Brockenland?

## The Record

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

Another summer is passed; the upper classmen are teaching; the tennis tournament has begun; new slickers are everywhere; shingle boys are more in evidence; and so Normal's 52nd year has opened.

The Record wishes to add its word of welcome to the new members of the Faculty and the new students. We welcome back our old friends.

A student's life at Normal is very different from life in the high school. There is no study hall teacher to report to before and after classes. One must report only to his classes. You are not told every little thing to do, but you become independent workers. Your first year is your greatest year. You form the friendships that carry through the rest of your life; you form a place for yourself in the activities of the school, and you begin your first work toward your profession.

Form the habits of work and pleasure that will aid you in the development of your latter life, making that an easier one and one that will always be going ahead.

LET US INTRODUCE YOU TO



MISS POND

MR. VOSS

MISS CROOKER

### Greatest Contributions

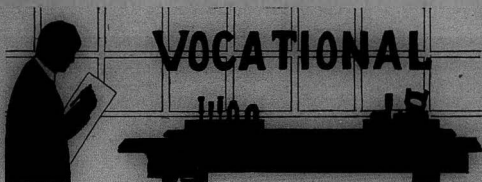
As is the way of all school papers, the Record again tries to impress upon its readers at the beginning of the semester the necessity for student contributions. Our paper is a student paper. Although there is a board of editors, they cannot be expected to express the students' opinions from all viewpoints and to write all the school news.

Personal invitations cannot be extended to you to contribute to the paper. There are many students experienced in newspaper work and it is your opportunity now to give Normal the benefit of your talent. It is the time for those who have never written to begin.

Contributions may be placed in the box in the basement for such purposes or may be handed to William Brinkerhoff, the Literary Editor, or Frederica Fox, the News Editor.

September 29 is a memorable date in Normal history in that our institution was honored with a visit from the Committee of Elementary Education of the Board of Regents. The committee consisted of Vice Chancellor Moot of Albany, Mr. W. J. Mangano of Binghamton, and Mr. W. J. Baker of Syracuse. The report of this committee has not yet been made public so that we are not so certain we are perfect as we were September 28. Doctor Rockwell reported in Assembly that he was asked many questions after the visits to the various rooms were concluded and that he in turn told the committee of his dream of a bigger, better Normal.





Mr. Weber as a member of the Land Owners' League of Buffalo Normal invited the faculty to a frolic on the smiling shore of Lake Erie during the latter part of September. Mr. Weber very kindly built a summer home at Angola for the occasion. We trust that the faculty frolicked moderately so that no damage was done to the Land Owners' League's beach lake or view.

The troubles of a Chautauqua superintendent were those of Mr. Ivy Perkins during the summer. One day he and his troupe were in so great a hurry that they sped along sixty miles an hour. They were doing nicely when suddenly they were stopped, by request. When Mr. Perkins disclosed his identity, however, the officer released the party with apologies. Confidentially, we are of the opinion that there were a couple of very attractive young lady Chautauquans in the party that deserve the credit for the leniency of the law.

Mr. Huckins taught at a summer school held in Ocean City, New Jersey, during part of his vacation. After he completed the task of teaching teachers how to teach, he and his family toured New Jersey and a large part of New York in their "covered wagon." While in New Jersey Mr. Huckins was nearly caught in a town where driving is prohibited from Saturday night to Monday morning. Not desiring to have an enforced stay there, he motored to the next town where anything could be driven, anywhere at any time.

Lloyd Brassau of the General Industrial Seniors was so occupied as the father of young Lloyd, a very recent addition to the Brassau family, that he forgot when school opened. Now when Lloyd, Sr., hasn't his lessons prepared, he will have a most excellent excuse.

#### Vacationing With the Teachers

Naturally, we are interested in knowing how the teachers spend their vacations, for are not we, in years to come, to be members of that very remunerative profession? We were all very interested in Miss Keeler's entertaining narrative of her summer experiences. Now comes the question—What did the rest of the faculty do?

Miss Chapman did not spend the time pushing and pulling, or if she did, it was not a Palmer pen but a plow or a hay-rake—Yes, Sir! For Miss Chapman turned farmerette for the summer on her brother's farm at Maquoketa, Iowa.

Miss Remer was one of those fortunate enough to go abroad. She reports an unusual and most pleasurable trip. We will say little more about it, as she has promised us an article for a later edition of THE RECORD. This most certainly is a rare treat in store, for Miss Remer not only cruised up around Norway, but comes back to us with pictures of the "Midnight Sun."

That constant pursuer of knowledge, Miss Houston, has realms more with which to taunt us, although we see few grey hairs, caused by students fearing they might imbibes all the knowledge she had before. To be more concrete, the head of the health department took a Public Health Course in the Medical Department of the University of Michigan. A great deal of her time was spent in visiting hospitals and medical buildings.

And Miss Salom?—Naturally engaged in Summer Sports—and these in the mountains of New Hampshire.

Miss Kempke loafed—yes, she said the word herself—loafed the entire summer on a farm.

Miss Hurd stayed at home. She claims she is going to save her pennies for a real trip next year. Yet we wonder if those pennies will be able to get by the Michael Kraft and other series at that.

Of course, the Rockwells stayed at home; otherwise how could Helen DeLano have had her orange juice daily as the Normal clock struck four? And like everyone else who stayed on the job, she has results to show for her persistence—three beautiful teeth, one upstairs and two down. Who wouldn't gurgle and pattyckle!

#### Vacation Vagaries

Foremost among ideal vacations was that enjoyed by the "Flivver Filters." The following is gleaned from their experience:

JANE DINSMORE

#### LOG RHYTHMS OF A FORD Data Collected "En Route"

- Four enthusiastic reviews of New England.  
Re-reviews for those on the back seat. (Double mileage here.)
- Several shore dinners. "In Rome do as a Roman."

3. Numerous recommendations for tourist accommodation. Apply for these personally.
4. Enjoyable visits with friends along course.—Efforts to look these up fully rewarded.
5. Much history—some dates!
6. Picnic suppers—when budget was exhausted.
7. A few Boston expressions and the lack on some faces, especially those of the traffic cops.
8. Mr. Clement's home address.
9. Pursuit of personal interests. (Guess which is whose.)  
A few new airs (two—they lasted throughout the trip); visit to every house, wherein literary light had ever lived, died, or walked—effort to cheer the party on, through rain; collection of every weed that the rest would stop for.

Data—Lost en Route:

1. Shock absorbers, wornout and left behind.
2. One pocketbook, disbursed from car window.
3. Travelers' checks along entire course.
4. Five pounds—guess whose.

Notice—Trip to be extended as soon as possible. See faculty list for following enthusiasts."

R. H. S. C.                  E. E. O. E.                  S. H. R. R.

#### Translated from the Anglo-Saxon

When that Septem'bre with his days of Sonne  
Hath after Auguste eventually comme  
(And bathed every veyne in swich licour  
Of which vertu engendred is the flour),  
When vaykaynton daya have come to an ende  
Than longen folk their way to wende  
To ferne halwes, so verye founal  
To that schewle yclepped Nourmal.

\* \* \*

#### The Faculty Tale

A Facultee ther was, back fromme Europe,  
From Timbuctew and Nova Scotia,  
From bowncinge rides in the cyar of Fourde  
Back to the stewdeyns they awl adore.

\* \* \*

#### The Stewdeyns' Tale

The good stewdeyns were ther with many a mylle,  
Ther awl had bywe gone a long, long tyme;  
They were back to the trade of Pedagogee  
And sooth to sayn, a right good companyee.



Thomas Cleary, '22, To Coach Basketball Squad

The pilot of Normal's hardwood court battles for the coming season has been chosen. Coach Applebee's successor is Thomas Cleary, who was graduated from our school last January. During the 1922-23 season Coach Cleary captained the Bison schoolmasters to State laurels. The sturdy, experienced mentor will surely turn out teams that will be glory for Normal's basketball prestige.

## State Recognition

The enrollment of first, second and third year classes in all Normal Schools of the State presents an opportunity for uniform recognition of a student's ability, not only in one, but in all the Normal schools. Mr. Daniel Chase, State Supervisor of Physical Education, has proposed a "Point System" for securing a New York State Honor Emblem, a plan which goes into effect this fall.

Mr. Chase's statement gives a clear insight into its purpose:

"This monogram certificate giving the right to wear the State emblem can be worn only by students of New York State who have earned a definite number of points by participating in the activities of the school. The plan should interest the natural leaders and will be on the basis of honor for scholarship, sportsmanship and physical ability. Students who win the right to wear this State emblem would be recognized by superintendents and principals as outstanding teachers. They would be more apt to secure good positions in the outside schools."

Points may be earned each year to establish the total number necessary for the emblem. The classification of awards and points for each are suggested below; a detailed point basis will be posted on the gymnasium bulletin board.

1000 points entitles one to win an Old English New York State monogram, and the right to wear the bronze emblem. 1000 additional points entitles one to win a monogram with the block letter and right to wear a silver watch bob or ring with emblem.

1000 points, in five groups; minimum points in each group, 200.

1. Health—Based on physical examination, health habits and posture.
2. Scholarship—80 per cent average in all subjects one year, 60 points; 90 per cent average in all subjects one year, 75 points; 95 per cent average in all subjects one year, 100 points.
3. Sportsmanship—100 points.
4. Leadership—Squad leader, class captain in any sport, 100 points; club leader, as Scout Captain or Camp Fire Guardian, 100 points.
5. Physical Activity—Gymnasium work, membership on teams, hiking, swimming, tennis, riding, 500 points.

This basis does not set aside the system in vogue in this school, which will continue as in the past. We shall retain our local means of award and be stimulated by the efforts of statewide recognition.

Scenario Writer—"Two burglars enter. The clock strikes one."

Mab—"How many subjects are you carrying?"

Actor—"Which one?"—Wisconsin Octopus.

Jong—"Carrying one and dragging seven."—Yoo Doo.



GREEN AND NOT SO GREEN

Franklinville, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1924.

Dear Freshman.

With the hearty welcome and the friendship you have so far received at B. S. N. S., you have, no doubt, been exposed every now and then to a bit of advice, especially from your upper classmates. Perhaps this advice concerned your teachers, and again it may have concerned you. It might have been a tip to the fact that Miss H. will never forgive you for the "aid" habit; or that a shorthand course of some description is necessary to take all that a certain professor can give in his sixty words a second race; or that Miss M.'s eyes become huge saucers of delight when an interesting contribution is turned in for the "Record," especially if it signified Duffy or Kileen. Maybe you have needed little coaching to learn of one or two of the above traits.

Whatever the advice or tip may be, it will or will not take effect, depending on you. If it is something beneficial to you, it will likely become effective. If not, you will remain immune. And so it is with the following:

Not so long ago a certain upper classmate, who is more or less young appearing for her antiquity, happened in a little southern New York village where the "curfew tolls the knell of parting day." With a bundle of epistles to various friends, she was headed this particular evening for a mail box. Just as she posted her letters the village church bell made known the bedtime hour. Upon sauntering back, she became aware of the fact that the village police force was trailing her. Finally he spoke, "Do you realize that the curfew has rung and that this is the third night you have been on the street after 'hine o'clock'?"

"Yes, sir; but I am under the impression that this bell is intended for children under fifteen."

"So it is, and that includes you."

"I beg your pardon, but you are mistaken, as I have the privilege of voting this fall."

"You come along with me, and we'll let the judge settle your privileges."

There was no reasoning with this bully police force, so to the judge's house they went.

Two days before this our upper classmate had met by chance and talked to a very interesting middle-aged man. You can imagine her surprise when this same gentleman opened the door of the judge's house.

The policeman immediately stated his charge, and he had hardly finished when the judge as well as the girl burst forth in hearty laughter. With mouth wide open, the policeman looked at one and then at the other, wondering what all the merrymaking was about. Imagine his sheepish expression when the judge informed him of his mistake and started apologizing to the girl.

She accepted the apology and upon so doing informed the two of a somewhat similar incident which had happened her before. Another uproar ensued when they heard that her first year at B. S. N. S. she rode on the International street cars for half fare.

Moral—Continue to look young, as it is less expensive (if you allow your own complexion to remain on the surface) and develops a jolly disposition.

Sincerely,

AN UPPER CLASSMATE.

#### A Better Team

Oh, the time is near at Normal, when through all the halls will ring  
The cry, "Come on and play with us, 'cause basketball's the thing."  
Then you'll respond at once, we're sure, with spirit seldom seen,  
You'll give the best that's in you, just to make a better team.

Oh, we'll call you from the woodshop, from the press and from the lathe,  
We'll call you from the floors above where players hold are made.  
We'll welcome you with open arms, our faces bright will beam,  
For we are sure you will respond to make a better team.

The teams we had in by-gone days were rated with the best,  
Were always in there fighting, and they always stood the test.  
They conquered foes at home, abroad; their record long will gleam,  
But still somehow we must advance and make a better team.

So come to us, you basketeers, you stalwarts new and old,  
Come with a will to do your best, your talents to unfold,  
Come with a courage brave and bold, we'll realize our dream,  
For Normal will be fighting with a stronger, better team.

—Merrick Howe.

## Society Notices

### Girls' Glee Club Planning Assembly Program

The Girls' Glee Club has started the year with ninety members. In order that the new girls might become acquainted with the older members, the club had a weller roast at Williamsville Glen. The girls went by all modes of transportation, except airplane, there being no airplane service to Williamsville, as yet.

They plan to accomplish a great many things this year, and at present are preparing a program for early in November.

### Tri Kappa Establishes a New Chapter

This year marks a busy year for Tri Kappa as their national organization takes place. Beta Chapter, has been established at Cortland Normal, while another extension will soon be made in Pennsylvania.

The Art Kraft Club is planning an introductory sale to take place soon.

### "Y. W." Membership Drive Successful

This will be a red letter year in the number of memberships in the "Y." A week-end party was held at Forty Acres on Lake Erie on October 3 at which there was a large attendance.

Arcthusa's Handkerchief Sale was something new in the line of sales.

Boso—"They've sent my poor sister up the river for another term."

Hobo—"Sing Sing!"

Boso—"No; Nassar."—Tiger.

Joseph E.

Albert A.

## Martin Fisher & Sons

### Heating and Ventilating Contractors

SUNBEAM  
FURNACES

488-440 Pearl Street, Buffalo

## C. H. Lorish

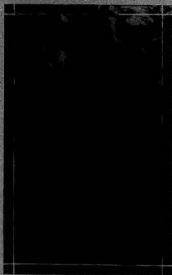
129 Fourteenth St.  
Corner of York St.

*We Carry a Full Line of*  
**School Supplies**

**Stationery,  
Notions and  
Magazines**

**Confectionery and  
Ice Cream**

*Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention "The Record"*

OBSERVATIONS  
OF A  
SPECTATOR

## YES, WE HAVE CO-EDUCATION

A certain nice little boy freshman who brings his lunch went out in Don Stark's tinner, took a cloth napkin from his pocket, spread it on his knees and proceeded to eat.

It isn't fair to tell a story like this without knowing the character. However, we will reveal his stage non-deplume only. He is known as "Cy" Young.

Young Lordling—"My word! There goes the prince of a horse again. And he was traveling incognito, too!"

Puncher—"Yep. But you can't fool a horse."—Sun. Dial.

LORETTA  
BEAUTY PARLOR

Treatment of the Scalp  
Electric Massaging  
Manicuring Expert Marcelling

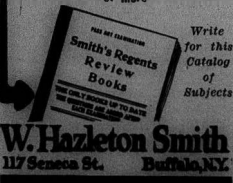
27 Ketchum Place  
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Smith's  
Regents Review BooksCover all Subjects  
Invaluable for Drill Work  
An Aid to Teaching

Smith's Regents Review Books contain actual questions asked in New York State Regents examinations during the past 20 years. These books give the instructor a diversified choice of subjects for homework assignments. They acquaint students with the type of examination questions asked and bring a realization of the knowledge they should possess in order to pass. They are excellent for weekly tests.

They are recognized and endorsed by thousands of Public and Parochial Schools in the U. S. and Canada.

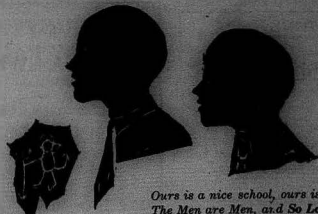
Question Books, each subject 40c  
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for this  
Catalog  
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Subjects

W. Hazleton Smith  
117 Seneca St. Buffalo, N.Y.

Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention "The Record"



Ours is a nice school, ours is,  
The Men are Men, and So Look the girls  
Ours is a nice school, ours is.

## The Freshman's Plea

I

DEAR Senor, so sedate and sage,  
Please be our friend this year;  
We are stranded many miles from  
home.

From Pa and Mama dear.

II

Please help us to be neat and clean,  
And help us fix our hair,  
And tell us what to do in school  
When company is there.

III

'And boys are speaking to us now  
In most informal way,  
So tell us when they come around  
What should we do and say?

IV

And, oh, some things we'll never learn  
Unless you act "real kind."  
The words we hear would make one  
lose  
The finest balanced mind.

V

Who is this Alma Mater,  
We've such affection for?  
And why can't we find the basement  
When we've looked on every floor?

VI

Mr. Phillippi says that Anna li,  
Now where did she light, and why?  
Is she a buzzing bumble bee,  
Or a beautiful butterfly?

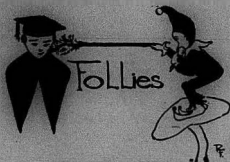
VII

And why should I try Kappa?  
And why isn't Venus a star?  
And what scares Miss Epeir into  
singing  
Forever—"Don't take me far"?

VIII

Were sure that you can help us out,  
Two years you've struggled here,  
The store of wisdom you have gained  
We never will come near.

Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention "The Record"



"Pete wrote a book about Chesterfield cigarettes."

"That so? What did he call it?"  
"The Call of the Mudd."—Dirge.

Hostess—"But why haven't you brought your wife?"

Professor—"Dear, dear! How careless of me—and I tied a knot in my handkerchief, too."—Goblin.

#### Putting It Neatly

"My math prof has lost his job."

"No; really?"

"Yep; he isn't my math prof any more."—Purple Parrot.

Among the many co-eds who signed up for the "Y" house party at Forty Acres were Don Stark, Keating Quirk, Jack Shea, John Walab, Clarence Young and Byron Schottin.

Customer—"I would like a package of dye, if you please."

Clerk—"Any special color, madam?"

Customer—"Well, I'm not sure—you see, I want it for my stomach."

Clerk—"Heavens, madam, we can't sell it to you—it's poisonous."

Customer—"But my doctor recommended it. I've been having stomach trouble lately and he advised me to diet!"

Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention "The Record"

Tupper 2222

## HELENA SWEETS

Home-Made

Chocolate Creams  
and Bon-Bons

Mrs. H. Wenzel

39 College Street, Buffalo

Developing and  
Printing

## MAY'S

Picture Framing  
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47 Wadsworth Street

## Herminie Schwarz

Dressmaking

Remodeling

Wadsworth St., Buffalo

### We Have With Us Today!

If the day's work makes you weary,  
And each evening finds you dreary,  
As may be the case of any lonely freshman—  
Then your soul's in need of song,  
And you won't go far from wrong  
If you'll listen while we try to solve the question,  
There's a Glee Club in our midst  
You should join—you can't resist  
If you hear their youthful voices ringing;  
So register today—  
Why further the delay  
And vanish all your woes and cares in singing!

If you feel an inclination  
Or a slight hallucination  
Toward waxing forth a Michael Angelo,  
"If you want to know the way,  
To make Chinamen of clay,"  
Just drop up some time to say a brief hello!  
The Art Kraft Klub wants you  
To see what you can do  
To beautify a Normal students' day.  
We promise we can hel-up,  
Your talents to develop  
Drop up and try us out without delay.

If you feel that you're neglected  
In a way you're not expected  
We've another plan to satisfy your wants.  
You'll grow in confidence,  
Oh, you'll soon take offence  
When folks abuse a common word called daunt.  
So we recommend to you  
That the thing for you to do,  
And we hope we've made it quite emphatic,  
Is to hasten very soon  
To the Assembly Room  
And join the Club that's always called Dramatic.

If you feel the need of fun  
When your school day's work is done  
And you want to spend your time in fun and play  
Then see us very soon  
Some Monday afternoon.  
Your need is the Y. W. C. A.

Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention "The Record"



If you feel at all poetic,  
 Don't think it so pathetic  
 But scribble down your thoughts upon a paper.  
 Give to us the contribution  
 And you'll feel no retribution  
 When you see it published in the "Record" later—

## SPORTCASTING

Station HFA

1. Among the Freshmen are a number of Eoob athletes! Watch the results of the tennis tournaments.
2. The first basketball practice will be held in the gym on October 29, at 4 p. m.
3. Why doesn't the faculty have a tennis tournament? I guess the rest of the teachers are afraid of Mr. Clement's band and knickers.
4. Manager Walter Smith is working on a real basketball schedule.
5. Jack Shea wishes to announce that he is a faster player this year. I believe Mr. Philippi must solve this problem of overcoming friction.

Inquisitive Lady (on a visit to a battleship)—"And did they put those rocks way to the bottom of the ocean to build that breakwater?"

Assuring Gob—"No, madame; they left two inches so that the fish could swim through."—Chaparral.

Education's benefit lies not in altering vices, but in improving excuses.

"I read a paper before the class today."

"Term paper?"

"No; morning."—Sun Dial.

She—"Something is preying on Jack's mind."

He—"Never mind, it will die of starvation."

### Did You Know That—

Wedding rings are worn on the third finger of the left hand because that finger was believed by Egyptians to be directly connected by a slender nerve with the heart itself?

The Chinese are said to be the originators of calling cards. So long ago as the period of the Tang Dynasty (619-907) visiting cards are known to have been in use in China. From ancient times to the present day in China they have observed the strictest ceremony with regard to the paying of visits. The cards which they use for this purpose are large and of a bright red.

Sarah Bernhardt, the celebrated French actress, used to sleep on a mattress composed entirely of the note-paper on which the letters of her admirers were written.

## Adon Rice

Pharmacist

## School Supplies

We have all the latest books in our circulating library

Cor. Porter and Normal Aves.  
 Buffalo, N. Y.

Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention "The Record"

# The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

VOL. XIII

November Issue, 1924

No. 2

### The Daily Dose

A laggard Hoyt does crawl along.  
 Its indolent wheels a-draggin'.  
 And suddenly abruptly halts  
 Before a delivery wagon.  
 Then does the conductor stop to greet  
 One of his fellow mortals  
 And a dozen students do despair  
 Of entering Normal's portals—  
 Before the sentry of the tower  
 Shall issue forth his merry chime—  
 Before the school clock on the wall  
 Shall point unwilling hands toward nine.

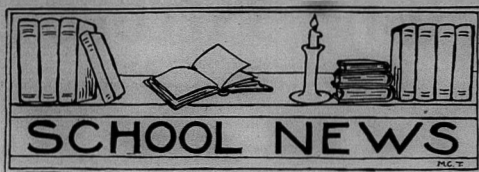
An Insignificant Connecticut  
 Does sneak around the corner first  
 And stalls and stops along the line—  
 (You've seen that trolley at its worst!)  
 The clock in the bank says two minutes to,  
 And ahead they are fixing the track—  
 The motorman jangles the bell in despair—  
 How dare that crew hold us back!  
 As if we aren't hoodooed enough as it is—

To add to our miseries the car doesn't stop—  
 And that thoughtless, unfeeling, excuse of a man  
 Has carried us on a whole block!  
 The atmosphere split as we rushed from the car—  
 You can bet we'll be there on the dot—  
 In spite of the irony fate wished upon us,  
 We've made it—It's just nine o'clock!

P. S.

And for our punctual brethren  
 Who positively won't  
 Believe we always make it  
 We'll add—we sometimes don't.

MARGARET SHEEHAN.



### The Freshman Reception

On Thursday, the Faculty entertained the Freshman Class at a reception given in its honor. This reception was held in the gymnasium which was delightfully and attractively decorated with gayly colored ribbons and banners. Long narrow refreshment tables, lit with bright candles and presided over by faculty members, Miss Groves, Miss Durney, Miss Englebreck, Miss Smith, Miss Sipp and Miss Robson, added a warm, home-like touch to the room.

As each Freshman entered, he was met and greeted by a teacher who then introduced him to the receiving line, headed by Dr. and Mrs. Rockwell.

As soon as this ceremony had been completed, the students gathered in groups and while enjoying the refreshments became acquainted with any of their classmates whom they had not previously known.

When the last freshman had been received, the orchestra struck up such a gay, bewitching tune that everyone immediately stepped out. So swiftly did the time pass in tripping the light fantastic that all were amazed when the time came to leave. Tired but happy, the class departed after having attempted to express its keen appreciation to the Faculty.

### Second Year Class Holds Hallowe'en Frolic

Thursday, October 30th, the species of Sophomore of the Buffalo Academic Institution of Pedagogy celebrated stupendously, within the confines of the chamber of physiological development, of said academic institution. In other words, the Second Year Class had a Hallowe'en party. And it was "some" party! The music, the eats—Hallowe'en spirit—everything was just right. We had with us for the afternoon many delightful strangers. The quaint Scotch and Irish lassies, the frolicsome clowns, the ravishing shebs, demure old fashioned maids and bewitching witches all mingled together in the true class way.

Some of the high lights of the occasion were: Lily Lablak, that coy young thing, in her decolette gown—charming, as usual; Amy Engdahl, in her darling white costume, which won the prize as most attractive; the frisky Happy Hooligans (otherwise Marie Hogue and Virginia Cossaboon), the life of the party and certainly rightly designated funniest and most original; the roly-poly white bear who puzzled everyone and will go down in history as one of the unsolved mysteries, unless someone happened to see a perspiring faculty member pulling off the turry head for a breath of air.

Now, of course, we would not for the world start any scandal or anything like that, but everyone must have noticed how exclusive some of our classmates have become. When two otherwise sensible people go off in a

corner and draw entwining hearts and put each others initials on them, something ought to be done about it.

The chaperones made quite a hit with our class (including the vocational department), and many a wickèd, pedagogical knee was sung in the latest Collegian.

Awl in awl, as the jeweler says, the affair was a great success and the the Second Year Class has taken as its motto that old Greek, or was it Roman? (see Miss Englebreck) saying, Plus Ultra.

E. M. MALONEY.

### The Straw Vote

The Assembly program on the morning of October 31st presented an important event. The fate of the future national president and the new state governor hung in the Balance of Prophecy. In other words, it was to be determined by the Normal students how the final election would result. Mr. Clement occupied the chair, as well as the floor for the introductory notes of the program. Silence reigned when a large wooden mallet sounded mightily on the desk and called us to order.

"We are here to prophesy the coming election" was the announcement.

Although the candidates themselves could not be present, they were not forgotten. Since no election is complete without its campaign orators, we were favored by genuine ones. Certain enthusiastic members of the student body presented the views and platforms of the various candidates. Mr. Kleinmann supported President Coolidge, Miss Edwards spoke for Mr. Davis, while Miss House presented the platform of LaPollette. Also the two candidates for governor were represented. Mr. Roosevelt through Miss Koenig and Governor Smith through his able friend, a Mr. Smith. After the speeches the vote by ballot was taken.

We are pleased to state that our prophesy was fifty per cent correct. President Coolidge won by a large majority and Roosevelt by a narrow margin over Governor Smith. Such was the vote at Buffalo Normal.

W. PRICE ADERMAN.

### New York State Teachers' Association Western District Convention

Among the various conventions taking place in New York State on November 13 and 14 was that of the Western District with headquarters at Buffalo, in the Hotel Statler.

The executive committee for the convention consisted of: Officers and Will Mosher Clark, President, Buffalo Federation of Teachers; David H. Childs, President of Schoolmasters' Association; Wm. B. Kamprath, Principal, Elm Vocational School.

A splendid program had been planned, taking in lectures and discussions of all topics, including even Americanization, Commercial and Folk Dance Sessions.

Mr. Hartwell, Superintendent of Schools, Buffalo, gave his address, "The Zone Plan," at the Thursday morning session, held at the 174th Regiment Armory, Connecticut and Niagara streets. Mr. Arthur J. Abbott, Supervisor of Music in Buffalo, spoke on Friday afternoon.

The speakers from our school were: Mr. Bradley, Dr. Rockwell and Miss Walker. An address, "The Project Method and Its General Application to Industrial Arts Shopwork," was delivered by a well remembered teacher of former years, Mr. Applebee.



### Radio Programs

Many a radio fan, idly turning the dials of his super-heterodyne or experimenting with his "cat-whisker" crystal set, heard the excellent musical program broadcasted on the night of Wednesday, November 5, by members of the Buffalo State Normal School.

The program was very well balanced. It included vocal and instrumental selections. Mr. Johnson, Normal's newly discovered baritone, shows evidences in his fine tone quality and clear enunciation of being a natural radio performer. A cornet duet by Wallace Ormsby and Frank Barrett was an interesting feature.

People who remained in the vicinity of the general office on the next day wondered at the constant ringing of the telephone bell. The fact of the matter was that message after message came in, in token of appreciation of the program. Many of the fans expressed a desire to hear another Normal program very soon.

The program was given under the direction of Mr. Clement, who deserves commendation for its excellence. Mr. Clement says that a program of this type not only boosts the Normal School, but, far more important than that, it gives talented students an opportunity of appearing before the public. This early training will prove invaluable in later life.

The students who provided a very pleasant evening for a great many people were: Elma Measer, Edith Kennebrook, Angell Ferris, Mr. Johnson, Rosetta Hebenstreit, Lela Sikes, Wallace Ormsby, Frank Barrett, Rowena Raymond, Darius Ormsby, Mr. Vain, William Lanshan, Minnie Brink, Helen Futterer, Ruth Knell.

Also, a male quartet, which includes Mr. Johnson and Mr. Vain.

Accompanists were Charlotte Grisley, Rosamond Olief and Frank Columbus.

### Teachers' Convention at Potsdam

Yes, we were represented at the convention. A political one? Not this time. Miss Kempke went to the New York State Teachers' Association meeting held at Potsdam in October. She spoke to over twelve hundred teachers, all of whom were very enthusiastic and willing to be helped. They enjoyed further speeches by Dr. Graves, Mr. Stephen Leacock, Dr. Bagley of Teachers' College and Mr. Roosevelt.

Miss Kempke says the only exciting incident which occurred in their smooth-running program was Mr. Roosevelt's unexpected visit.

This, the first of the series of conventions, was composed of the counties of the northern tier. These conventions are called by Dr. A. J. Fields, president of the New York State Teachers' Association.

Miss Kempke brings back many impressions, among which we find "the remarkable beauty of the country around Potsdam—and there are no trolleys!"

GENEVIEVE L. McLANE.

### For the Palmeric Pessimists

Dr. Jones, superintendent of schools, Albany, while visiting at the Buffalo Normal recently, congratulated Miss Chapman on the grade of writing turned out in our school. Incidentally, Mr. Jones stated that he employs in the elementary schools no teacher who does not own a Palmer certificate.



At the close of the World War the purchase of a certain card made possible the planting of a tree in devastated France as a memorial to those who sacrificed their lives. The Senior Class used its wits not long ago and gave us quite the same privilege. Thru the purchase of a cookie YOU have made possible the planting of a seed in the Practice House garden, in your memory! The seed (whether it be pansy or sweet pea), depends upon the kind and price of the cookie you purchased. We hope you may enjoy the flowers accordingly.

The bulletin boards in our wing of the school are not only for "homemakers" as you may have thought. Those who spend hours getting material into shape, appreciate the interest of the limited number from outside our department who do spend some time each week "seeing" bits of news. If you have never stopped for "picture study," begin at once. It is too valuable an opportunity to pass by with closed eyes.

We were represented at the Educational Convocation of the Regents held in Albany last month, by Miss Caudell and Mrs. Gemmill. Altho there were no special meetings for the homemaking delegates, there were many conferences with state officials, including Miss Emma Conley, state supervisor of Home Economics.

The recent election of Mrs. Florence Knapp to the position of the Secretary of State is a noteworthy example of a new era in women's world. Previous to her election, Mrs. Knapp held the chair of dean in the College of Home Economics at Syracuse. We are proud of her!

Each year the various classes in the Homemaking Department organize as an individual class. We are eager, always, to know those who the Freshmen have selected. They are: President, Myra Sumner; Vice-President, Dorothy Klock; Secretary, Caroline Lum; Treasurer, Winifred Mahoney.

The Juniors have wondered many times just where they belong in the school. They would be insulted to be thought as Freshmen, they are not included in the second year affairs, they are not invited to the Senior Class parties—so they stand just a little too far along for some, and not quite far enough for other affairs. They seem to be absolutely ignored until some school organization desires a supper party or even a banquet and then our Juniors are "Johnny on the spot" and of great import and an absolute necessity in Normal. The kitchen is their place—and they're usually there, for so far this year they have had ten special occasions and served two hundred sixty-two guests. In a "Wise Ideas" column we advise you to keep on the right side of any Junior.

It's the way of the world, the more one has to do, the more one can find time to do; such is Miss Bishop's case. Somewhere between the busy time when she was getting ready to take up her abode in California and July, she found opportunity to write a very interesting article for the July

number of "Food and Health." You will find a copy of it in the public library. I advise you to read it, out of curiosity, if for no other reason.

Miss Bishop is at present doing critic work in the Oakland University High School. Altho the "great big boys nearly scared her out of a year's growth" upon first appearance, she enjoys her new work to the fullest possible extent.

Don't you just love to read letters? Even if they aren't written to you personally, there is considerable pleasure in reading them. "Feeding Peter" a charming book, by Caroline, will furnish anyone with an "after school" letter for sixteen days and the delight one has is unusual. They are as good as letters from home and I'm convinced that Judith receives these valuable epistles with outstretched arms. Put yourself in Judith's place and then imagine all the joy Caroline's letters would furnish.

This department will be especially interested, for the purpose is so delightfully achieved. It's easy to make sweet potato waffles and coffee when Caroline tells exactly how it should be done, and yet even the Seniors, who are so advanced in the culinary art, will find in these first lessons many new ideas in their field. Did you ever hear of sweet potato waffles, Rinctum Diddle or refrigerator cake? You wouldn't be called ignorant if you didn't know about these, but it's better to know. (These come with the book.) There is another particularly interesting recipe which Caroline has included in Judith's "essentials," and that is Scripture Cake. You'll all want to look it up as you do the cross word puzzle; in this case, though, you use the Bible and not the dictionary. It calls for: Four and one-half cups U Kings 4:28, one and one-half cups Judges 5:25, two cups of Jeremiah 4:20, two cups of Nahum 3:12, one cup of Numbers 17:8, two tablespoons of I Samuel 14:25. Season to taste with II Chronicles 9:3, six of Jeremiah 17:11, a pinch of Leviticus 2:13, one and one-half cups Judges 4:19, two teaspoons of Amos 4:5. Follow Solomon's prescription for making a good boy by Proverbs 23:14 and you will have a good cake." It's a bit expensive sounding, but, ah, so good! This is a book worth including on your Christmas book list.

For about three hundred years Thanksgiving day has been celebrated with feasting and merrymaking. There have come down to us, thru the years, special foods for special days. Thanksgivings would not be Thanksgivings were it not for the turkey, pumpkin pies and fruit which have been on our menu for those three hundred years.

All rules of menu making are broken on Thanksgiving Day and one eats—not what one should, but what one would. It is a time-honored custom, this Thanksgiving dinner. May yours this year be in accord with the first Thanksgiving in America.

#### The Freshman's Diary

Oct. 31—I must write a book review for next week and I have permission to get the book in the school library. After waiting six long weeks, I will at last have a chance to visit the place where all the school books are kept. Dear Diary, I am in a philosophical mood today. I must omit the embers of scholarship that smolder in my soul. John Dewey says that education is life (ask Dr. Rockwell). Truer words were never published. Have not the instructors already inspired me so that now I can read the "Saturday Evening Post" with intelligence and unbiased emotion? This reminds me of a test which was recently held in a western Normal school. Some of the students thought that Henry Cabot Lodge was a weekly rendezvous of the Ladies' Aid Society. Now isn't that disgusting? I asked every Freshman in my class;

we all agreed that it was the lodge which the Indians built for the Great British explorer in anticipation of his untimely arrival.

Nov. 5.—Election was declared and the armistice was signed yesterday. Being a Freshman, I realized that I was too immature to announce my favorite candidate or attempt in other way to sway the sentiment of the Faculty.

Nov. 6.—Dressed on by my school spirit, conscience and inferiority complex, I have consulted, at random, 40 Sophomores, 19 Freshmen, 31 Seniors and no teachers. After a short conference, we compiled an ideal budget for a Normal school student. (See Nicholas M. Butler's "Elements of Prohibition," page 57, for reference.) The allowance per week should be \$6 (board, clothes and room not included). Budget: Newspapers, 12c; sorority candy, 8c; "True Love Story" magazine, 25c; textbooks on geography, phonetics and health education, \$5; concerts and dances, 33c; miscellaneous, \$3 or more. If the general student body approves of this, the committee will try to have it go into effect next month.

Nov. 8.—Good luck! I have been in school less than two months and I have already found out a way to find favor with the teachers. After class, tell the teacher that her subject appeals to you more than any other subject in the wide, wide world. Then ask her a few questions and pretend you are interested in what she tells you. After she finishes, say, "Thank you; I never saw it that way before." (Diary, it's a good thing you keep my secrets and no teacher can ever see this.)

MAURICE ROVNER.

#### A Rogues' Gallery

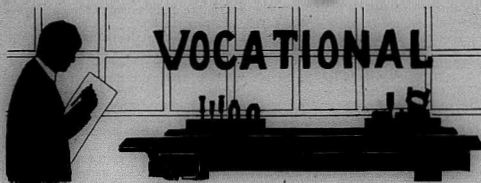
"Something there is that doesn't love a wall,"—only in my case it's gates! Anyone who has wisely or otherwise been confined within Normal's walls after five-thirty will please bear with me. The exodus from the building is one matter—the exodus from the campus another. In deep despair one drags already weary feet to stews, forbidding walls of iron—and moans. Conclusion—Every well regulated Normal should provide courses in standing, broad-jumping.

Recently, one of the cleverest men we know visited in our midst. He merited our deepest respect—because by his uncanny knowledge of human psychology, he succeeded in fooling every solitary one of us—no exceptions accepted. Surely you remember him—that very wise and innocent looking photographer who said, "Sit still till I count five," and who was mean enough to blow up the place on three. We're glad he isn't a faculty member. Can't you see him—promising a "quid" on the fifth day of the week and giving it Wednesday?

A warning to Normal students is hereby given. If you are entertaining visitors, never allow them to stay less than an hour in a class. For example—A voice from the rear of the room inslated—"I want to be alone on the porch!" and from another corner, a decidedly maidenly voice asked if she might work on the fireplaces and chimneys. Now if a visitor were in our midst for a brief interval, he would leave with the impression that the Home-making Department was offering strange courses—everything from "Santa Claus-ery" to ———!

We are living in an age of variety. Sales and ideas are fast becoming extinct. We experience book sales, pennant sales, candy sales, handkerchief sales, cookie sales, until the H. A. Juniors are at their wits' end. However, their latest accomplishment is mustard and sassed politeness—and we wouldn't be surprised if they did undertake a sale of them!

BY ONE OF THEM.



### The Scholarship Class

The twenty-six of us have come to Normal School, fulfilling some of our ambitions, but we're glum, are we, the twenty-six, because we're having much travail, to make our bank of learning all as it should go, and never fail; poor us, the twenty-six.

Vocationally we're inclined and teaching shop is in our mind, but oh! that schedule is unkind to us, the twenty-six; we struggle o'er it late at night and with each other have to fight to keep ourselves a-going right, do we, the twenty-six.

There's Mr. Voss, in math, though he is just as good as he can be, he finds us nearly all at sea, y'es, all the twenty-six. And how we suffer growing pains when Mr. Quackenbush explains the blank spots where there should be brains in us, the twenty-six!

Miss Kempke also is a saint to bear with us when we say "ain't"—a picture 'tis too sick to paint, of us, the twenty-six; and public speaking! oh, it's fierce the way we hurt Miss Keeler's ears,—to hear us makes her loose her fears o'er us, the twenty-six.

Psychology to us is not what Mr. Perkins tries a lot to teach us, for we've just learned what it is, we twenty-six. We're here one year but we need you, to make of us efficient men, for teaching seems beyond the ken of us, poor twenty-six.

G. C. H. (One of 'em.)

Several of the Second Year vocational men have purchased typewriters, new and rebuilt, with overhead valves and force feed systems. They bought them, not because of financial affluence, but in self defence. Fact! Their handwriting has been ruined by the fast and furious notes that are buried at them in some of their classes. In order to make these outlines and notes intelligible to others, they bought the typewriters. None shows any degree of facility with the instruments as yet, but they surely are doing improved work. Those that show any aptitude for typing will probably be recommended for teaching positions in the commercial field. They admit their versatility.

Mr. Perkins wishes to announce to Faculty and students that on December 5, 1924, in the Normal School auditorium a feature picture will be shown. It is entitled "The Mark of Zero," and features Douglas Fairbanks, who needs no introduction to Normal-lovers of the silent drama. Douglas Fairbanks is at his best in this picture; in fact, Mr. Perkins stated that it shows the most and best of the stunts that "Doug" is so capable of performing.

No efforts have been spared to make this showing equal to the city's best. A month's work has been spent to synchronize the music with the

## LOOKING FORWARD

Senior Banquet—Nov. 20.

The Sigma Dance—Nov. 21.

Film in Assembly—Nov. 25.

Totipot Monte Concert—Nov. 27.

Detroit Symphony—Dec. 2.

Film in Assembly—Dec. 5.

De Reszka Singers—Dec. 16.

Radio Program for American Education Week—Nov. 17-23.  
Monday, Nov. 17—

8:40-8:45—Stephen C. Clement, Buffalo State Normal School. Introducing American Education Week.

8:45-9:00—Hon. Parson Swift, Constitution Day.

Tuesday, Nov. 18—

8:45-9:00—Father Cusick, President of Canisius College. Patriotism Day.

Wednesday, Nov. 19—

8:45-9:00—F. S. Fodick, Principal Masten Park High School. School and Teacher Day.

Thursday, Nov. 20—

8:45-9:00—Dr. Samuel P. Capen, Chancellor of the University of Buffalo. Community Day.

Friday, Nov. 21—

8:45-9:00—Walter Reed, Headmaster of Nichols School. Physical Education Day.

picture. Save the date and a dime, which is the price of admission. Make the ushers hang up a S. R. O. sign.

On a later date, George Arliss in "Disraeli" will be shown. George Arliss is considered one of the foremost actors of the time. Supporting him on the screen, are most of the members of the original New York cast. The picture, an incident in English history, is faithfully portrayed on the screen.

The possibilities are that the "Chronicles of America" will be shown at our school. If Mr. Perkins is successful in securing these films, the policy of their distribution will have been changed. Up to the present time, the pictures have only been released through regular motion picture houses as part of their program. We hope that they change their policy.

Visitors to the Print Shop may have noticed that the embryo printers seem more brilliant of late. New lights and reflectors have been installed; it is no sudden intellectual development of the young men.

The First Year General Industrial Men had a party the other day. They invited the girls of Section IV to attend, that is, those whose names fall between K and M on the roll. We can see why they asked only a small number, but not why that particular part of the alphabet. Why not A to C or even X to Z?



### FALL TENNIS TOURNAMENT CLOSES

#### Weinmar and Crotty Victorious

Queen Weinmar and King Crotty now reign over the clay courts! New champions were created, when Daisy Weinmar defeated Alice Urshel and Ernest Klemann failed to stand up against the scientific attack of Joe Crotty, who gained a 6-3, 6-1 and 6-1 verdict over his opponent. Although our new school heroes are Freshmen, they are far from being green when it comes to tennis.

The winners of the tournament will be awarded block N's, while the runners-up will receive class numerals. Insignia will be given only to athletes that maintain a satisfactory record in scholarship.

#### B. N. S. Has Promising Basketball Outlook

Coach Tommy Cleary's call for volunteers was answered by twenty-four candidates for positions on the Normal basketball quintet when the first practice of the 1924-25 season took place in the gymnasium on October 20th. Later enrollments increased this number to twenty-nine, among whom are six of Coach Applebee's hardwood mentors of last season's fame.

There are four letter-men in the present squad and, with these as a nucleus, Coach Cleary is confident that he can develop a fast-snappy five which will prove to be the Waterloo of all other contestants for the State honors. Although the 1923-24 Bison sphere tossers set a good record when they won ten out of seventeen scheduled games, it is hoped that the 1924-25 team will do even better.

While the squad has not, as yet, been put under any strict training rules, some extensive drilling in passing, shooting and floor work is being done every Monday and Thursday afternoon. The squad is rapidly shaping itself into a well organized basketball machine that should be a credit to Normal's position in athletic circles.

The letter-men, again playing under the B. N. S. standard are: Captain Harry Abate and Lee Powell, guards; Bill Lee, center, and Jack Shea, forward. John Coughlin, center, and Allie De Cesaro, forward, will also play again this season.

Manager Walter Smith is arranging an excellent schedule which will include games with the following schools:

Bryant & Stratton  
Brockport  
Genesee  
Fredonia  
Mechanics Institute

Oswego  
Cortland  
Syracuse Fresh  
St. John's M. A.  
Nichols

#### Girls' Basketball

The girls' basketball season will open November 18. Interest and enthusiasm for this kind of winter sports have already been shown by various upper-classes; the Second Year Grammar Section I declared they have the stellar team of the school, the Second Year Grammar Section II have an "all-around aggregation with no stars," but a "formidable lot!" The Second Year Kindergarten and Intermediate Sections II are out "practicing teaching," but they will soon be "on the hardwood floor." The Third Year sections do not talk,—their reputation is made. The Freshmen? "Still waters run deep" and this is the deepest! Considering what they did in the tennis tournament, it was thought advisable to give them a day for practice by themselves. The upper classes must be trained before the onslaught! Consequently, the First Year girls will play Wednesday afternoons and the Second and Third Year girls, Tuesday.

The basketball tournament, which is played off during the second semester, promises to be more thrilling than ever! Each First Year section should produce a team and the Second and Third Year girls will, no doubt, be represented by several teams.

DOROTHY PAGEL

#### Water! Water!! Water!!!—Sixty at Neptune's Court

"Going swimming?" The answer was drowned by the noise of hilarious voices: "Say, Norma, got a cap for me tonight?" "I don't know where I'll get a suit." "Did you bring your dollar, Gene?" "I'm afraid of water!" "O! Marrie, are you goin'?"

Sixty mermaids rushed with dollar bills to the Lafayette pool. They were admitted—first wonder! After heated discussion, two classes were organized, one for beginners and one for advanced (that advanced class can talk)! Great progress is being made—one Junior was afraid of the water, so she decided to go in the beginners class. Two Freshmen took "land drill" and declared they had had enough swimming; another Freshman put her head under water and found she could breathe; an innumerable crowd dreamed that night of rescuing a drowning oceanate and being congratulated by the awe-inspiring instructor, "Bocky" Mellon. Second wonder—Miss Mellon still continues to instruct and all look forward to a mid-season meet. "We have excellent material," someone has said!

DOROTHY PAGEL

#### SPORTCASTING — STATION HFA

The weather forces the sport-telescope to be turned from the clay courts to the gymnasium.

Coach Cleary said that the basketball squad looks very promising!

Is it unusual or ordinary? The Freshmen are acquainted with rackets! The first day I heard them in the balls, I knew who would win the tennis tournament.

Olympic games! One of Buffalo's prominent sportsmen, James Cameron, enchanted the assembly, as he told them of the great international athletic meet, held at Paris last summer.

The features of the tale were—"Why Mr. Cameron is interested in school teachers (the female type)," "The supremacy of the United States at the games."

It took two yearlings, Weinmar and Crotty, to win the big fall race. Show your school spirit and attend the opening basketball game on December 4.

## The Record

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

Because of the crowded conditions in Normal this year, many new problems have arisen concerning social events. Those that have included the members of two classes or of the entire student body have had to be done away with on account of the great numbers in each of the classes. Since the gymnasium is no longer large enough to accommodate the seven or eight hundred students that comprise any two classes, it would be impossible to entertain the entire student body there.

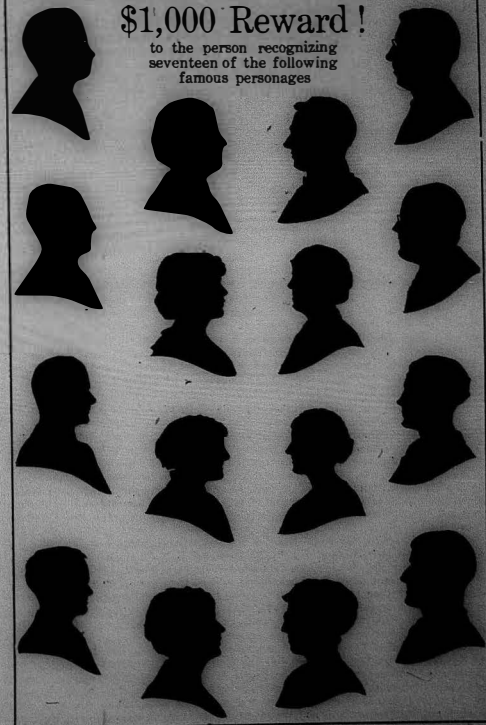
Such conditions, however, were foreseen by Dr. Rockwell and so among the several other Faculty Committees is a Social Committee. Miss Houston is chairman of the committee which arranges the schedules of the various activities. The following members of the Faculty are also on the committee: Miss Bacon, Miss Keeler, Miss Viele, Miss Howland, Miss Harris, Mr. Quackenbush, Dr. Auchampaugh, Mr. Weber, Miss McMahon and Miss Brigham.

There have been several queries among upper classmen regarding the Halloween party which formerly involved practically all of the students and

*Continued on Page 11*

## \$1,000 Reward!

to the person recognizing  
seventeen of the following  
famous personages



*Photographic Silhouettes by George Hesseman*



the Faculty. The existing crowded conditions probably did not occur to them as a means of solving their problems and so we hope this explanation will answer some of the questions.

When the Faculty invited the Freshmen Class to a reception to be given in their honor, they did not mean by the word "Freshman" all those students who had been First Year students. No; they simply meant those students who had entered Normal for the first time this semester. Some of our upper classmen, sad as it is to relate, wanted to be introduced again to the Faculty they know so well and to partake of the cake and ice cream. (Was it cake and ice cream? We weren't there.)

The call for reporters to the Record was responded to very well. Those who have applied for positions on the Staff are: Kathleen Croll, Mary Congreve, Genevieve McLane, Price Aderman, Leah Hartland, Mae Hammond, Dorothy Págel, Katherine Striker, Murray Lynds, Elizabeth Baker, Gertrude Maloney, Gertrude Rodems, George Hanneman, Edward Stein, Evelyn White, Anne Dorsey, Kathleen Gunn, Carmella Saggese, Philip Repert, Ruth Berner, Helen Griffin and Margene Harris.

Reporters to the Record are chosen by competition. Elections are based on the quality of the material and the promptness with which assignments are completed.

Congratulations to the Freshmen President, Robert Black!

We used to think that it was our duty to teach the young idea how to shoot, but after the wonderful program of Peace Week we have changed our minds. Mrs. Mead's most interesting talk in assembly, Tuesday morning, November 11, and Mr. Harry Fosdick's inspired oration in Elmwood Music Hall, Wednesday evening, bring new and more constructive ideas into our lives.

A committee composed of Superintendent C. Edward Jones of Albany, Chairman of the Teacher's Training committee of the State Teacher's Association, Superintendent Harvey Hutchinson of Elmira, Mr. Joseph Park, director of the Vocational Department of Oswego Normal, and Dr. Rockwell, is investigating the Teacher Training problem through the state. They visited Buffalo Normal on Wednesday, Nov. 6th. A special assembly was called so that the committee might realize the great number of students attending Normal School. Mr. Jones and Mr. Park spoke very favorably about the system of practice teaching used in Buffalo Normal. The committee also visited Fredonia on Nov. 6th, and Brockport on Nov. 7th.

After inspecting the institutions of the State the committee decided that the High School departments of Brockport, Genesee, New Platz and Potsdam are a needless expense and should be abolished and will so recommend to the State Teacher's Association and Education Department. They also favor a plan for a leave of absence for further study by faculty members, larger expenditure for summer schools, readjustment of salary schedule and a limited tenure for board members. This committee will make a report to the House of Delegates of the State Teacher's Association on Tuesday November 24th.

The Education Department is scrutinizing and studying the budget of each of the Normal schools. Dr. Rockwell has gone over the Buffalo budget with the department and a committee of the Regents, as well as with the special budget representative of the Governor. Graphs have been prepared showing the growth of the school, comparative registration and per capita costs. Flags, together with a photograph of the student body taken in the auditorium, were used by the budget committee in presenting the budget.



*There is no freight like a book  
To bear us lands away.*

So many students have needed a guide, not only for their own reading, but as suggestive for Christmas shopping, that the following list of books has been compiled:

**Arnold Waterlow.** May Sinclair. MacMillan Co. \$2.50.

The story of a life. The best novel Miss Sinclair has written since *Mary Olivier*.

**A Passage to India.** E. M. Forster.

To be reviewed later.

**The White Monkey.** John Galsworthy. Scribner Brothers. \$2.

This new novel of young people of today reintroduces several of the characters of the Forsyte Saga.

**Isle of Thorns.** Stella Kaye-Smith. Dutton. \$2.

The romance of a fascinating girl who escaped from London and joined a travelling gypsy show.

**Sandoval.** Thomas Beers, Dutton. \$2.

The story of a mysterious stranger in the brilliant days of New York society just after the Civil War.

**Ballsand.** Joseph Hergeheimer. Alfred Knopf. \$2.50.

Reviewed in this issue.

**Elise and Her Child.** Arnold Bennett. Doran Co. \$2.50.

Thirteen ingeniously assorted tales, the first of which gives its title to the book. Admirers of Riceyman's Steps will enjoy this.

**The Old Ladies.** Hugh Walpole. Doran Co. \$2.

The story of three seventy-year-olds who lived at the top of a windy, creaky, rabbit-hen house. As tragic as Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome."

**Go!n on Fourteen.** Irvin Cobb. Doran Co. \$2.50.

If you liked Tom Sawyer, try this.

**Saint Maria's Summer.** Rafael Sabatini. Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$2.

Romance and adventure.

**Wild Rafferty.** Donn Byrne. Century Co. \$1.25.

"A lovely thing with magic in it; a spell cast jointly by the scene, the story, and the telling."

**The Little French Girl.** Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2. Considered by many the best book of the year. Interesting plot and excellent workmanship.

Would you like the fun of helping some child to have a library of his, or her, own? And do you want to be sure that the books which you give for

Christmas are both worthwhile in themselves and suitable for the boys and girls to whom you give them?

Before going to the shops, where the crowds of hurried people and the bewildering array of books, good, bad, and indifferent, make it so difficult to choose wisely, visit Miss Viedle's office, take time to look over and enjoy peacefully the fascinating books displayed there as suggestions, and make your shopping list from them and from the printed lists which you will find there, telling about editions and prices, and compiled by experts who know what books boys and girls of various ages will enjoy and ought to have.

#### "Ballsand"

By Joseph Hergeshelmer

"Ballsand" is another exhibit in the case of Mr. Hergeshelmer's knowledge of American history, understanding of American tradition, and sensitivity to American spirit, for "Ballsand" throws into strong relief certain phases of the first "post-war" condition in these United States. Certainly "Ballsand" is an historical novel, though we dislike using that term. We have felt for a long time that the qualification "historical" reduces the power of "novels" about 50 per cent. We like novels as novels and history as history, even though we agree with Macaulay when he says, in substance, that most historians should be classed with the fiction writers.

It is apart from history and on its merits as a novel that we commend "Ballsand" to you. It is truly a fine piece of creative writing. It is the story of Richard Bale of Ballsand. Richard Bale is of Ballsand as the mistletoe is of the oak tree. After acknowledging Bale's service under General Washington, we may repeat the mistletoe metaphor, since he is so rarely separated from Ballsand except on festive occasions. But we would not stress the implication of Bale as a parasite. He is a lover of satisfying intensity: After sixteen years, during which he has taken to himself a wife and accumulated three daughters, behold! he can still (on occasions) discover in mid-winter that it is June and roses are blooming and Lavinia is with him, Lavinia, who, though engaged to Gawin Todd, had loved him for an hour before she fell from the top of the stairs to her death, thus making unnecessary the duel which had been scheduled for the following morning. (After Sixteen Years! Think of it, Girls! You are living in a loveless age.) After sixteen years, the duel takes place, this time not entirely because of Lavinia, long since returned to the dust, but more because of a constitutional dislike which Richard Bale has for Gawin Todd. And so Richard Bale dies.

The story of how Richard Bale lived, loved and died is yours for the reading. We would not spoil it for you by a rebasis. You will like Lucia, we think, or at least you will agree with us that she is comfortably dependable. She is on earth every minute of her life, quite the right sort for the position she holds—wife to Richard Bale. As a novel—a story, "Ballsand" is interesting. As literary craftsmanship, it is satisfying to the critical. As history, it is without doubt innocent of heresy. As a revelation of Mr. Hergeshelmer, we are moved almost to tears of appreciation. Is this Mr. Hergeshelmer speaking through Richard Bale?—"Unhappy women and poetry!" \* \* \* Music and trouble. Lucia might mock him as she pleased, but he'd be damned if the Methodists weren't justified in their opinion of—of such traps for the heart. Poetry and women were disassembled, cut off from their desire. He elaborated this into the tentative and highly unpleasant theory that what he chose to call beauty rotted like apples when they were left on the tree. It might be that the whole loveliness of a woman kept from its purpose, the simplicity of birth and its attending business, grew into a poison. \* \* \*

WILLIAM BRINKERHOFF.

#### What Shall We Do With American Literature?

Among the many things we have to be thankful for, "Good Book Week" should hold a place with the elect.

Like all things which savor of moralizing, the above statement, if left to its own devices, would undoubtedly be accepted as orthodox, but it is doubtful if it would stimulate any profound thought or contribute to the cause of good books. If such a clause as "because we are the future teachers of New York State" incorporated into an article is to insure its being ignored by those who read the Record, as I am urged to believe by those who have their fingers on the pulse of the student body, then this article has small chance of being read; for behold! I flaunt the statement in your very faces:

Because we are the future teachers of New York State, "Good Book Week" has a definite and commanding importance for us. That importance is derived from the fact that as teachers, we will be the chief guarantors of the continued existence of good books. "But," it may be contended, "the works of the 'standard authors' are in no danger. They will live." Perhaps—but who will read them? And there is yet another element to be considered. What of contemporary American literature?

In Bookman of May, 1924, there appeared an article by Hamlin Garland, Novelist and Historian, on "The Limitations of Authorship in America." He mentioned the statements of critics, both at home and abroad, concerning the "shallowness of American fiction and the pettishness of American poetry." After admitting that their pessimistic attitude is, in a measure, justified, he goes on to develop the fact that this decadence of American literature is due, on the surface, to the publishers, and basically, to the reading public. Since magazines are advertising mediums before they are purveyors of literature, the fiction they contain must appeal to the "greatest common denominator"—the multitude, so that the merits of "certain brands of safety razors and underwear" may not be overlooked. "In this cheapening appeal," writes Garland, "the novel undergoes shares. For unless he is satisfied to plod obscurely his unnoted path among his neighbors, he must forget Howells and Hawthorne and James and keep in mind the people he sees in the street cars, the girls in the subway, and the loafers along the railway platforms of country towns. \* \* \* These are the buyers of cheap and hastily written books."

This, someone has said, is the indication of democracy at work. The masses are asserting their right to get what they want. Garland says, "In respect of all legal and political rights, I hold to a democratic theory, but in literature and art I am an aristocrat. I honor the exceptional. I revere the man of originality, of insight, of taste. \* \* \* If it is true—as I suspect it is—that present day American literature is on the whole disappointing and shallow, this state of affairs is due in a large measure to the dictates of the millions who want easy reading, stereotyped humor, and flashy illustration."

If this is preaching, the statement quoted immediately above may be called my text. Can there be any assurance for the writers of today, any incentive for producing good work, other than the support of the reading public? I cannot conceive of any unless authors should be pensioned by the government and then they would not need to write. The only excuse for books is that they are to be read and good books will never find favor with an uncultured and uncultured reading public. Who, then, is to hasten into our future citizens a love for good books if the teachers in our public schools do not? Editors of the "yellow newspapers"? Or politicians of the mud-slinging variety? It is possible but not probable. And then, to carry with us from Normal a list of good books to press upon our classes, commanding that

they read them or repeat the course? Shall we urge pupils to read certain books which we hear are "worth reading," though we haven't read them ourselves? Such methods might do some small amount of good, but the chances are we would lose our lists or forget to mention them. Actually, I know of no satisfactory method of making good-book propaganda certain except cultivation of your own taste in books and genuine love for them. Thus equipped, you cannot help being active in the cause of good books.

But why should we urge the reading of good books? Is it merely to perpetuate the art of fiction or to keep high-minded authors from the countenance? I know for myself that my zest for living would have died long since if good books were denied me. I am not like Disraeli, who, when asked by a lady of his acquaintance for the title of a book worth reading, replied, "Madam, when I want to read a good book I have to write one myself." I must depend on the work of others for the keenest pleasure of my life.

In America we have no Walpoles, no Conrads, no Galsworthys. We have our Zane Grays, our Curwoods, our Kynes and a host of unmentionables. It seems to me far from extravagant to say that the future of American literature is in our hands, for we either will train the tastes of on-coming readers to growths of beauty and culture or we will leave them to run riot in their own unguided way. How shall we meet our responsibility?

W. L. BRINKERHOFF.

#### Peter Pan

It was predicted that down of the shelf Peter Pan, Nan, Liza and Slightly, Nibs, the Pirates and Indians would climb again out of the Never; Never Land. And so they did—right on to the stage of our own Majestic theatre. Once there we saw the immortal boy who had run away from home the day he was born, because he heard his mother and father discussing his future, and he did not want to grow up.

Almost twenty years ago, "Peter Pan" was played for the first time in New York City. It had been produced in London the year before, and America looked forward expectantly to its opening. The play was heralded by huge posters asking if you believed in fairies. Out of Barrie's "Little White Bird" grew "Peter Pan," and Wendy came by her name through the sincere efforts of a little girl, to call Barrie, "Friend."

Is "Peter Pan" for children or for grown-ups? It is for both, with something in it for each. Is "Peter Pan" children at play or an old man smiling at children at play? Children love it, and get Peter's dearest friends are among the older generation.

Up to now, Maude Adams played the part of Peter—with an art that filled her audience with a desire to laugh and cry at the same time, and when it was no longer probable that she would again attempt the role, a new Peter appeared in the person of Marilyn Miller. What if this new version of the play tended towards increased splendor and extravagance of setting and costume, or if Miss Miller's dance was not as spontaneous as we had imagined Peter's would be? We saw it all through the eyes of a child and were the richer for the experience. And with one of our critics we say, "Let 'Peter Pan' hold its place in the theatre of the twenty-first century. For all time let old and young enjoy this airy fantasy of J. M. Barrie."

ROSALIND HERWITZ.

#### The Janitor's Boy By Nathalia Crane

To be sure, Nathalia Crane is only ten years of age. It is not her extreme youth, however, that has obtained such wide recognition of her work, for her poems have been accepted on their merit and on merit alone. It has been measured against no other verse, youthful or adult. The inspiration for the most part comes from her own experiences and the books she has read. She is, however, an extraordinarily articulate little girl and she has the power to "utter and clarify the fancies that throng the mysterious mind of every imaginative child." And it is to that power we are indebted for that delightful book of spontaneous verse, known as "The Janitor's Boy."

The hero of several of the shorter poems contained within this volume, is the red-haired, freckled, honest Roger Jones, the Janitor's Boy. It is all the lively prattle of a very romantic little girl "whose heart is all a-flutter like the washing on the line"—if we can borrow her own quaint phrasing.

On one hand, in her poems we have simply a rhyming gift that relates to us the pert and ordinary episodes of a little girl's life. On the other hand, critics have seen "the beginnings of a poet with a true ear for rhythm, an eye for the color of words and a fancy that often rises into the realm of imagination." The following lines from "The Blind Girl" excellently illustrate her poetic genius:

"In the darkness who would answer  
For the color of a rose,  
Or the vestments of the May Moth and the pilgrimage it goes?"

Oh, night, thy soothing prophecies companies all our ways,  
Until releasing bands let fall the catalogue of days."

Thus you see that it is not her age but her unusual ability that has made her name famous in poetic circles.

Last, but not least, we quote, "The Janitor's Boy": "You can judge for yourself!

"Oh, I'm in love with the Janitor's boy,  
And the Janitor's boy loves me;  
He's going to hunt for a desert isle  
In our geography.

A desert isle with spicy trees  
Somewhere near Sheephead Bay;  
A right nice place, just fit for two  
Where we can live away.

Oh, I'm in love with the Janitor's boy,  
He's as busy as he can be;  
And down in the cellar he's making a raft  
Out of an old settee.

He'll carry me off, I know that he will,  
For his hair is exceedingly red;  
And the only thing that occurs to me  
Is to dutifully shiver in bed.

The day that we sail, I shall leave this brief note,  
For my parents I hate to annoy;  
'I have flown away to an isle in the bay  
With the Janitor's red-haired boy."



## Music

What is music? What various terms may be used? The universal language, the sound that will soothe the wild beast, that will send men to war, that will put courage in their hearts; that sound which seems to herald peace on earth, good will to men, the lingering sound of our mother's lullabies, the sound that brings memories of home, sweet home, when we are far away, the ones that inspire us, and the ones that open lovers' hearts to one another, and the ones that let our thoughts wander into beautiful dreams: These are just a few of the expressions of that beautiful word—MUSIC.

It is going to be a full season, in one respect, for me, while in Buffalo. I shall miss the operas. How sad that Buffalo does not have those adorable operas!

But, I know I shall find great consolation in the remarkably good repertoire of concerts that will be given in Buffalo. I earnestly hope that all the students will give their support to the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra. Although their recitals are but five for the season and with world renowned artists appearing at each concert, if the people of Buffalo would show their desire and give their support, I feel safe in saying they would enjoy their share of good music.

The students who missed the first two recitals of the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra, the recital of the Boston Symphony Orchestra with that marvelous conductor, Kussevitsky, and that superb pianist, Rachmannoff, with his unequalled technique and interpretations, surely missed a rare treat.

November 27. Toti Dal Monte, one of the coming coloratura sopranos in the musical world, will give a recital. I heard Mme. Toti Dal Monte at a private performance given in New York last spring. She may well be considered Mme. Galli-Curci's rival. A remarkable voice!

December 2. Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Gabrilowitsh conducting, and with that well known pianist, Ernest Hutcheson, as soloist. A combination that will delight all. Mr. Hutcheson alone would make the evening well spent.

December 11. Jascha Heifetz. Well, the name speaks for itself. By all means hear him. His name is a household word in New York. He is one of the world's greatest violinists. If one has not heard Heifetz, one has not heard anything.

December 14. Buffalo Symphony Orchestra with Joseph Balland, Jan Volanek as soloists, in a double violin concerto.

December 16. De Reské Singers and their accompanists, a combination that will delight and charm the hearts of all music lovers.

I recommend the recitals just mentioned as being evenings well spent. By hearing these concerts one cannot but help and surely will cultivate an appreciation of good music. It is necessary in your work. Give your support and show that Buffalo really wants it.

Again I shall miss the operas, with Chailapla in Boris Godunoff, Mephistofeles and Faust, Jertiza in Thais, and Tristan and Isolde, Galli-Curci in Lucia, La Traviata and Martha, Orville Harold, Gilgil, Martinielli, Scotti, Rimini, Tokatyan, Ponnelle, Eaton, Peralta, Alda and many other famous singers appearing in Il Trovatore, Aida, Tanhauser, Samson and Delila, Romeo and Juliet, Carmen, La Boheme and some others I saw last season.

In the December issue of the Record I shall explain why Buffalo does not have operas and why some of the neighboring cities do. I will also explain some of the new operas playing in New York at the present time.

EDWARD STEIN.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH  
Reviews by Maurice B. Rovner

"The Ins and Outs of Geography," by Howard Van Holt. (The Macmillan Co.) New York. These are opened to the reader. Howard Van Holt tells what he knows are home loving animals, a question which no other college professor dared to answer before. The origin of Eskimo pies is also ably discussed in the appendix of the book.

"Contemporary Criticisms," by William Brinkerhoff. (Street and Smith.) Perhaps the only rival of Dr. Brinkerhoff in this field that ever lived was Matthew Arnold. The writer's criticisms are startling, as well as imaginative. He concedes that Shakespeare and Dickens were great writers, much to the surprise of the literary world. The critic also states that Nicholas Carter and Horatio Alger, Jr. are undoubtedly the literary luminaries of the age. This point is disputed by Professor Oakley Irwin of Columbia, but the present reviewer is sure that this is merely a matter of taste.

"Honey and Billicleles," by A. J. DiCesaro. (Brentano.) (Special de luxe edition of this novel, printed on papyrus from King Tut's tomb, numbered, limited and autographed by the author's aunt, specially priced at leading booksellers—\$9.10.)

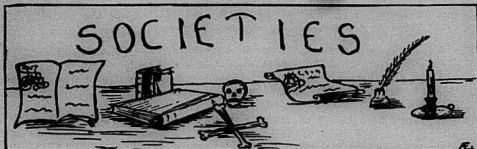
Mr. DiCesaro has made a masterpiece of his first novel, a strong novel of contrast. This is a weird story, not unlike its author in composition and local color. Pathos, intermingled with the Turkish setting and profuse diction softened by a touch of romance, makes the novel appeal even to school teachers.

"Poems of All Descriptions," edited by Peter Saggese. (American Book Co.) The opening poem, "Up From Obscurity," by Peter Saggese "himself" tells how he became great despite the fact that he spent his youthful years in Depew. Poems of love, marriage, teaching and other pathetic conditions are profuse. No anthology on the market today is worthy of being classed with this conglomerate of unusual poems. (Limp edition —\$0.25.)

"The School Teacher and Her Sports," by Jeanette Goodman. (Ginn & Co.) President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard University says, "This is the book which teachers have been waiting for through the centuries; at last the Messiah of the teacher's sport world has come." Vividly Miss Goodman tells of exercises which will enable the teacher to become strong both physically and mentally so that a raise in salary can be demanded by violence if other means are of no avail. The writer says in the last chapter, "Every teacher must have physical recreation or she will lose her efficiency and will become listless and will antagonize her pupils." But the reviewer ventures to say that this and other such expressions are merely parenthetical. Every teacher surely has plenty of physical recreation in washing dishes, correcting papers, etc.

## The Elms

The wind swept down  
And with little grace  
Their cloaks of flaming  
Orange threw back—  
Left them silent  
Against autumn skies;  
Sombre and steadfast  
Silhouettes in black.



#### Nu Lambda Sigma

With nearly a hundred at the membership meeting Friday, October 4, 1924, the Normal Literary Society was well launched upon its youthful career. If those present did not enjoy the meeting, it was certainly not the fault of Miss Mulholland, who gave us a most charming talk on the American short story. As a delightful example of a typical American short story, she selected for our study "FLINT AND FIRE," by Dorothy Canfield, first sketching the author's own account of how the story was inspired and how it grew into being, and then reading the completed work.

For a number of subsequent meetings we shall devote our interest and study principally to the American short story, and we hope that our future programs may be as inspiring as this last.

Nu Lambda Sigma as a new organization hopes to serve her Alma Mater by promoting an earnest interest in literature. If the response to her first call is any indication, she has in Normal many devoted followers to aid her in accomplishing this aim. Do not hesitate if you are a lover of literature to join with us in its study and appreciation. Nu Lambda Sigma bids you welcome.

#### Tau Phi

A new special brand of candy is to be on sale soon. Watch for it.

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#### Sigma Sigma Sigma

October 4—House party at home of Leah Haberer, Hamburg, N. Y.

October 26-28—House party at Sunset Beach.

November 6—Reception for Tri Sigma Faculty at home of Louise Fraser.

Nov. 6-8—Inspection of Zeta Chapter by Mrs. Leonard from Ohio.

#### Girls' Glee Club

November 13 a musical program is to be given at the Western District Teachers' Convention.

Christmas preparations are now being planned.

#### Arethusa

The programs for the Arethusa fall dance were printed in the School print shop.

George Kramer  
& Son

Photographers

Studio, 856 Main St.

Tipper 1113



#### This English!

First Stude—"Will you leave me alone?"

Secoud Stude—"Sorry, John, but I'm dead broke at present."

First Frosh—"Were you cool and collected when it came your turn to sing?"

Secoud Frosh—"Cool! I should say so. My teeth chattered."

Mother—"What do you think of your new teacher, Bobbie?"

Bobbie—"Well, she's kind of questionable."

Judge—"Are you trying to show contempt of court?"

Prisoner—"No; I'm trying to conform it."

Teacher—"Why are you always late to class?"

Stude—"Because of a sign I have to pass on my way here."

Teacher—"What has that to do with it?"

Stude—"Wby, it says 'School. Go slow!'"

Dum—"How ya feeling?"

Bell—"Rotten!"

Dum—"Whassamatter?"

Bell—"Got insomnia."

Dum—"How come?"

Bell—"Woke up twice in the Dean's lecture this morning."

First Burglar—"Where've ya been?"

Secoud Burglar—"In a fraternity house."

First Burglar—"Lose anything?"

O. E. Cheney, Pres.

E. O. Cheney, Mgr.

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Buffalo, N. Y.

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Aha!

X.—"What street is this?"  
 Y.—"Lafayette."  
 X.—"We are here."—Black and Blue

"Glumme a sheet of music paper,  
 will ya?"

"What for?"

"I want to write a note."

"We've been waiting a good many  
 minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say."

"Oh, George, this is so sudden."

One of our fairer radio artists began a conversation with a lady at the Studio. As one of the men was very much in evidence that evening he, naturally, became the topic of their conversation.

Fairer Artist—"That fat man is so funny, especially when he sings in assembly. He sits on the edge of the seat, and shouts with glee!"

Stranger—"Yes? He is my husband."

Harold—"My girl has too much education."

Howie—"How's that?"

Harold—"She calls Child's 'La C afe des Enfants.'"

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 for appointment

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Misa Kempke—"Do you know the different kinds of fish? Come, let us see what is in the sea for us! (The girls were willing.)

"Here is a little fish that will shock you. Here is a fish that gets his victim with a line. Oh, yes, girls, fish make an interesting subject."

# The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

Vol. XIII

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No. 3



Dresden

SISTINE MADONNA

The Perry Pictures

From Painting By Raphael 1483-1520

## THE MADONNA IN ART

To some people a trip abroad may mean a background for literature; to some, a study of social conditions; to others, a knowledge of languages. It would be impossible, of course, to catalog the multitude of reactions to that most interesting of all experiences. It would be equally impossible to find in all the catalog a more personal, characteristic, charming souvenir of a summer in Europe than the collection of Madonnas Miss Cassey has brought back with her from practically every great gallery in England and the Continent. With, as it were, a magnificent gesture of generosity she has brought them over to our Central School to remain on exhibition for a week beginning December fifteenth. If you can not visit the Pitti, Uffizi, or the Louvre next summer, console yourself with a visit to our gallery in Room 211. If you by a study of the principal treasures those galleries contain. No guide you with a study of the principal treasures those galleries contain. No guide in Europe will thrill you as Miss Cassey does when she exclaims over the joy in color or perfection in outline. Their "multo bello" or "très belle" will sound hollow compared to the passionate affection in her voice as she hingers over a favorite Mother and Child and tells you how she loves this bit of drapery or that landscape background. Like Hudson and Wordsworth who knew nature, not as scientists bent on analyzing and dissecting, but as lovers who appreciate emotionally; so Miss Cassey treasures these precious pictures with an affection for each individual Madonna that is akin to the spiritual bond between the Mother and Child.

It is difficult to classify the hundred or more prints Miss Cassey has accumulated. At the rate at which she adds to her collection, the number may have doubled before this goes to press. We might arrange them in groups which follow events in the life of Christ: Nativity, gift of the Magi, flight into Egypt, the finding of Christ in the temple, etc. Or, we might classify them according to the periods in which they were produced, or the technical schools which they represent. Much the simplest method, however, would be to classify them according to the aspect of motherhood they represent and merely throw out a suggestion as to the composition of the picture.

For instance, we have the Mater Amabilis, the mother of love. There is nothing mysterious or powerful in this type of picture; it is simply entrancingly charming. Sometimes the mother fondly presses the child to her breast as in Raphael's Madonna of the Chair. Sometimes she smiles ravishingly down into his eyes as he lies in her lap, as in Van Dyck's manger scene. Sometimes she holds him with reverent sweetness and modest downcast eyes, as in the Madonna Granduca. Correggio, also, painted the mother fondling her baby, even playfully. Look at this one where Mary's dark blue mantle lies on the step with the infant curled upon it. She stretches out her hands with bewitching tenderness to the little form. Another and quite different example of this type is Titian's Mother and Child. The aristocratic mother is in strong contrast to the peasant Madonna of the Chair, but no one can doubt the absorbed expression of love on the young girl's face. The child asleep on the mother's lap inspired a beautiful poem by Mrs. Browning, "The Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus". Only a poet could have read the brooding questions and prophetic fears and joys that the mother's face betrays. Two pictures of modern art in the group arrest one: the Mother and Child, by Brush, a wan mother holding a golden-haired, fairy-like infant; and the very recent picture by Jessie Wilcox Smith showing a white draped head and a

pink-cheeked baby peering out of the closely bound garment. Neither picture is a Madonna in a religious sense.

We turn reluctantly to another conception of Madonna represented by hosts and hosts of pictures, the Madonna in Adoration. The prevailing spirit in such a presentation is undoubtedly humility. The mother effaces herself as she kneels or sits with clasped hands before the child. Critics of art say that the meaning in such pictures is too subtle for casual observers. It originated in the early idea of the nativity with the mother as the first adorer of her divine Son. We may have many Mater Amabilis today, from Gabriel Max, familiar in shop windows, to the popular Dougarson and Dagmar-Bouveret; but you will never have a Mater Pia. It belongs to the ardent faith and mysticism of the middle ages. Perugino's pictures of the Mother adoring the Child are most famous and familiar. A lovely example of the same idea is the della Robbia terra cotta bas relief. Andrea della Robbia's Madonna is a slim girlish figure. She kneels with clasped hands and flowing wavy hair. Above her angels hold a crown over her golden head. Beside the child grow stalks of lilies, and all about the sweet adoring figure is an oval frame of lilies, bud and branch and stalk. You will love quite as well the pensive submissive adness of Lorenzo di Credi's Adoration. Filippo Lippi's Madonna of the Uffizi shows us still another type. The girl is neither intellectual nor holy, but, as Browning says,

If you get simple beauty and naught else,  
That's somewhat: and you'll find the soul you missed  
Within yourself, when you return Him thanks.

Be sure to stop long before Luigi's altarpiece. You will love the innocence of the baby sleeping between two adorable cherubs, whose duties must have sent forth such a heavenly lullaby.

The most elevating conception of womanhood is that of the mother nurturing and training her child, only to contribute him to the world as her most perfect act of service. This type Madonna has sometimes been classified, the Madonna as a witness. We shall look in vain for such a picture in the work of the artist of the twentieth century. But the middle ages produces many. Get acquainted with Bollen's Madonna between St. George and St. Paul, the lovely Botticelli Madonna of the Pomegranate, Murillo, the peasant painter of Spain, who gave us in the seventeenth century a reminiscence of Fra Angelico's religious fervor of the fourteenth. But of all Madonnas, lovers of art how lowest to Raphael's Sistine. Had we mentioned it first everything thereafter would have been an anticlimax. It is said Raphael spent his whole life preparing to paint this masterpiece. We can well believe it when we look at the mystery of that mother's face. Think of the power of that forward-moving figure! What destiny lies ahead? Can you not gather strength to meet your own future when you behold her confidence?

Leave for a while the gossipy buss of the social-center; get away from the metallic clang and jarring clamor of the lockers, and stand before these copies of the most perfect art of all ages:

Look now into that face that unto Christ  
Hath most resemblance, for its brightness only  
Is able to prepare thee to see Christ.

—Paradise XXXII-85.

## The Christmas Program—December 14-19

The spirit of the first Christmas—the sentiment of the ancient carollers, and the mirth that centers about merry old St. Nicholas, are all beautifully blended into Normal's 1924 Christmas Program.

The program will be started with the presentation by the Dramatic Club of the play that is becoming sacred to the hearts of the Normal students—"The Blessed Birthday". It will first be given on Sunday evening at 8:30 o'clock, and will be repeated on Monday evening at the same time, then again on Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. On Tuesday morning at 9:00 Mr. Bradley will lecture on "Christ in Art". On Thursday morning at 9:00 comes that unequalled treat—the carolling by the School of Practice in the halls. The Normal Glee Club will, carol on Thursday evening. The parties which are scheduled are as follows:

Kindergarten Party in the gymnasium at 10:00 on Thursday.

Party of the grades in the gymnasium at 10:00 on Friday.

School Party in the gymnasium at 4:00 on Thursday.

Which all reminds us of that little verse:

Backward, turn backward, Oh time in thy flight

Make me a child again just for tonight.

How I would live again to be one

To share in the Christmas Normal School fun.

(With apologies where due.)

Some night before Christmas, you might, if you happened to be near the school, see a band of red-capped figures, each carrying a lighted candle. They would be followed by a smaller group wearing tall Pilgrim hats. If you were to follow this gay band you would see them stop before the homes of our worthy Principal and members of the Board of Trustees. At each place they would sing the well-known Christmas carols. After they have gone to the Children's Hospital where the children eagerly watch from their cots, you would find them going to the last place, the Home of the Friendless. As at other places they would sing the carols, but that would not be all. You might be surprised to know that the ladies in that home like very much to hear the funny songs of the day.

At the close of this splendid evening I am sure that you would find every one concerned very happy indeed.

## Practice School Entertains

On November 25, the youngsters of our Practice School celebrated the coming Thanksgiving by a special assembly. The little tots brought in the harvest baskets of fruit, vegetables and canned goods. It took a good deal of strategy on the part of the teachers to convince them that it was safe to leave their bounty near the footlights. Even at that, these little ones arose at intervals to inspect their belongings, that were near and yet so far.

The grades sang appropriate songs. Then our own Indian Princess danced some Indian Harvest Dances for us. She was accompanied by many little papposes from the practice school. Miss Lay received eager applause which meant more, more!

The Upper Grades cleverly pictured the First Settlers by a set of tableaux. The much-pleased crowd made John Alden propose twice to Priscilla. Whether she accepted him each time we would not tell for the curtain hid all from view.

G. L. McLANE.

## New Regulations for Section and Group Parties

Since the arrangement of section and group parties is on a reorganized basis this year, the students may be saved some confusion by knowing the new regulations.

1. Parties for which supper or light refreshments are served may be held Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, those being the days on which the building is used until 9 P. M.

2. Go to the Chairman of the Social Committee to arrange the date. You will then be given a note to Miss Donaldson or Miss Gilbert according to the kind of supper or refreshments you wish.

Miss Donaldson prepares a supper for which you pay a certain amount per plate (determined by the simplicity or elaborateness of the menu after consultation with her). Since the preparation and serving such a supper are part of the class work in one of the home-making courses, the number is limited to one a week. If the number of the group permits, this may be served in the faculty dining room.

If you wish to prepare your own supper or refreshments, you consult Miss Gilbert to find out what dishes and cooking utensils you may use. A nominal charge is made for the use of the cafeteria and kitchen, based on the length of time you are there. (See Freshman Hand Book.)

3. A supper prepared by the Home-Making Class and one prepared by the members of a section or group are not scheduled for the same day.

4. After supper the Social Center, or gymnasium may be used for games or dancing. (The room is to be designated when obtaining permission for the party.)

5. One section or group may entertain another section or group; or sections may unite for a party.

6. The building is locked at 5:30. If you go home after classes, expecting to return for a party, be sure you arrive before 5:30; otherwise you cannot get in until 7 P. M. when the building is opened for night school. All festivities lasting through the supper-hour, are to close by 8 P. M. Kindly remember that classes are in session in the evening and noise in the corridors is an unnecessary disturbance.

7. Because there are so many groups in school, and because only three days of the week are available for group parties, it is necessary to make arrangements well in advance of the time you select.

8. Permission for Friday evening dances is granted by Dr. Rockwell. After this is obtained the president of the organization or a member selected by the president consults the Social Chairman concerning chaperons, decorations and general arrangements. This should be done at least three weeks before the dance.

9. Each social affair is posted on the calendar in Dr. Rockwell's office.

RUTH E. HUNSTON,  
Chairman of Social Committee.

We are always fond of honors, that come to our Alma Mater. Recently such an honor was conferred on our Doctor Chase. At the meeting of the Eastern Section of the New York State Association in Troy Doctor Chase read a paper on "The Gifted Child". The subject was evidently interesting to Doctor Chase is in receipt of a ~~letter~~ making her if she would consider an offer to deliver a course of lectures in the eastern part of the state.

### The Senior Eat-Fest

Music—eats—and dancing went together to make the Senior banquet one of the most successful social functions of the year—a great demonstration of the ability of the class president—Rosetta Hebenstreit. The class turned out 200 strong to partake in the sweet end of a carload of chicken à la king (creamed veal), mashed potatoes, aad end potatoes, peas, ice-cream, cake and, despite the fact that both Miss Houston and Miss Salom were there—coffee!

Mr. Clement refused to eat in the same room with Dr. Auchampaugh; so withdrew with his followers to the Faculty Dining Room. Those favoring Dr. Auchampaugh remained in the cafeteria. A good meal, however, helps us to forget many grievances, and after the banquet Mr. Clement brought his band in to visit to the tune of Skanamarink and even stood behind Dr. Auchampaugh's chair.

Miss Bacon, Miss Clement, Miss Houston, Bob Black and Miss Barrows spoke. Honestly I didn't take a note. Perhaps I can give you a thought from each. Miss Bacon really paid us some very nice compliments. Mr. Clement complained about getting three less peas than Miss Cassey. Miss Houston decided she was too full of vitamins to talk. Bob Black said something about being seasick, but I would be too, if I had to speak in front of that crowd. Miss Barrows said her class was trying to be as wonderful as ours. (Of course they don't think they are.)

Well, so much for that. Miss Fisher was slated to speak on the "Carrot Top and Its Advantages in a Normal School" but just then Norman Brown's orchestra passed the door on its way to the gym and naturally we followed.

### Senior Health Projects

The Senior Health Classes under the supervision of Miss Houston are working on some thought-provoking projects. Third Year Grammar II students have become journalists. They are publishing a health newspaper which will be printed in column form and will contain the usual newspaper attractions, such as a beauty column, sport page, etc. The editions of this paper will be limited so that each student in the school will not be so fortunate as to procure one. This project is to show what can be carried on in the Grammar grades.

The Kindergarten sections' project is the composition of a picture book suitable for kindergarten and primary grades. The intermediate section is making a book which correlates health topics with other school subjects. These projects are most commendable and demonstrate the superior mental calibre of the Normal students, (if we do say so ourselves).

AL. LABIAK.

### The Blanket Tax

On May 27, 1924, a measure was unanimously passed by the student body which had been presented to it by the Faculty Student Council. Today we may sit back and compliment ourselves upon the success that the Blanket Tax has brought about. Support of school activities has become not only certain but universal. The basketball team does not need to worry about the support it will receive in its games on the home court for everybody has paid for his ticket and it is a way of mortals (especially Normal ones) that when they have paid for a ticket they will use it. Furthermore, there is no worry or collecting for the Christmas activities. It has been done. The Record has increased its circulation from 800 to over 1000. The Blanket Tax has covered all and has brought with it a feeling of security and certainty to the organizations previously trembling for existence.

## VOCATIONAL HOMEMAKING NEWS

Department news for December is rather scarce. The Seniors are the only ones, it seems, who have ventured out of the beaten path. On November 19 they had an "at home tea" at the Practice House to receive the Freshmen. What's more there's news in the air that they are going to outdo themselves and have a Christmas party sometime soon.

For those who saw, and wondered, for those who saw, and asked, and for those who saw, and did not ask, I'll reveal a great secret—we were drawing a plan of the Practice House! Practically every yard stick in Normal was put into use, those days, for every inch of that house was measured, attic to cellar, including the furnace. Not only yard sticks but even Mr. Smith's hundred yard measure was borrowed. Those who were out, and appeared to be enjoying the last warm days of the year, weren't—they were getting the "over-all" of the house and when the first floor didn't cover the basement, they went out again and again and many times more. Those who specialized in porches and chimneys looked rather absurd at their posts but it was all for a good cause.

The fun began, too, when the second floor projected some ten feet beyond the first floor and when the basement was far too small for that same first floor. Partitions and chimneys were certainly a problem but even that didn't stop those Juniors.

I imagine, altho I may be wrong, that the experiences of those Juniors will give them a keener appreciation of the Practice House that they may enjoy it to the fullest—next year!

Editors usually have something to fall back upon, to fill up space, when news is slack and therefore, with that in view I am submitting these "Famous Sayings" of the Homemaking Faculty for you to ponder over. Some you will find rather obvious, others will be more subtle—but here they are, try your luck:

"Now my dear"—

"Would you not?"

"If you please"

"That looks very nice"

"I'll turn you over my knee and spank you"

"Now girls—I want you....."

"Not beach but beach"

"Why, I think that's fascinating"

"Give me an original illustration"

"That's your problem"

### A Christmas Thought

Depressed and cold, the blessed pair	He lives for all a life of love
Could not their tale begin.	Suppressing vice and sin,
While idle waters danced inside	And always there were those about
They would not let these in.	Who would not let Him in!

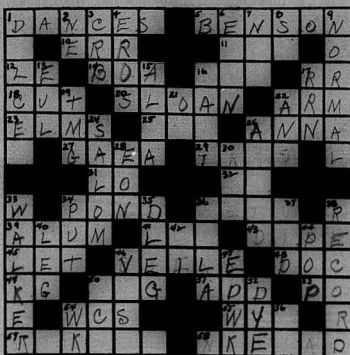
And then a little Babe—whose face	And we surround ourselves today
A hardened heart might win	In turmoil and in din,
And yet He in the stable lay,	He is the Master of our hearts
They would not let Him in.	Shall we not let Him in!



## An Almost Normal Cross Word Puzzle

You will find hidden away in the design below many names with which you are familiar. The puzzle, however, is not completely composed of "Normal" words as you will doubtless discover, but open your dictionaries nevertheless and work it out. The answer will be published in the next Record.

By J. F. C.



## Horizontal

1. Held on Friday nights!
5. Assistant principal
10. To miss
11. Wore knickers
12. Literary Editor (Abbr)
24. A large snake
16. A sheltered place
17. Rough Riders
18. Taken in class
20. Famous liniment
22. Branch used in basketball
23. Famous trees
25. To deface
28. Girl's name
27. The earth as a Goddess
29. Sound on all lunch lines, etc.
31. Frequent exclamation
32. The (Fr)
34. Small eucalypt
36. Found in Mississippi
39. Astringent sulphate of potassium and aluminum
41. Boy's name
43. Used in the H. A. Dept.
45. Allow
46. Found in the Library
48. Doctor (Abbr)
49. Knight of the Garter
50. Distress signal
51. To sun up
53. River emptying into Adriatic
54. We Konlid's Study (Abbr)
55. Teacher of a "clean" subject
57. Normal men (adj)
58. A nymph attendant on Dionysus

## Vertical

1. Member Theta Kappa
2. No excuses! (Abbr)
3. Contribute Record Box (Abbr)
4. God of Love
6. Famous garden
7. Born
8. Point of compass
9. Famous institution
13. Admission to which \$1 (Fr)
14. Mater's first name
15. "Astoria"
16. Postmaster General
17. Royal Reserve of Navy
18. Abwehr (Abbr)
19. On account of
21. Active teacher
26. Proficient
28. A long time (length of a class)
30. Normal life illuminating (Abbr)
31. Teacher of Geography
34. To place
35. A raised platform
39. Former orchestra member
27. Done in answers in exams
52. Well known publication
40. Light to which one foot is attached
42. Point on compass
44. Soft drink
46. Teacher of "shock shop"
47. Batons water
50. Used for gliding over snow
52. To color
45. Weak
54. A suffix



The Land of the Midnight Sun  
Laura L. Remer

"Did you really see the sun at midnight, and how does it look?" are two of the most frequent questions we have been asked concerning our summer's sojourn. Yes, we really saw the sun at midnight for three nights in succession and it looks like—but the last of the story must not come first.

Early in July, the month in which summer is at its height in the north-land, we crossed the North Sea from England to Bergen, Norway. Several hours before sighting Bergen we had our first great feeling of satisfaction for, as we saw rising in front of us and to both sides islands of barren rock, and farther on islands on which a slight vegetation appeared, and here and there a fisherman's lonely hut, we then knew that at last we were sailing Viking Seas. Visions of the adventures of the sturdy Vikings as they lived, explored and pilfered along these rocky shores, and their songs and legends came back to us bit by bit and prepared us to meet their descendants, the Norwegians of the 20th century, who were gathered five hundred strong, to greet our small boat.

As we neared the wharf it was perhaps eight o'clock in the evening with the sun still two hours high. Was it an animated scene of greeting? No, it was quite the opposite from the picture drawn for us some weeks ago by Miss Keeler in Assembly. Although there were many coming here and coming to visit relatives there was not a shout or a cry or a cheer of welcome. On board was no sound or sign of confusion. Only by close observation of individual faces could we tell when friends recognized friends. Here and there a searching countenance would suddenly brighten and then a silent exchange of greeting was flashed back and forth by means of a white handkerchief. Among the waiting crowd there were children of all ages, but even they stood quietly about watching with wondering eyes, and no sound escaped them. There was no running or hurrying about the wharf; both adults and children spoke in subdued tones and then very quietly vanished away leaving us with our first impression of these stern, stolid, yet kindly people who have so heroically met and conquered the elements of an unhabitable environment.

As a typical example of the Norwegian courtesy and friendliness with which we met throughout our entire stay, let me tell you how we were shown about the city of Bergen by a resident. On the boat sitting opposite us at the table was a Scottish girl who, as soon as she discovered we were Americans, began plying us with questions, and among them were, "Is it true that in Chicago there is a factory where you can see a pig go in one end of a machine and come out the other end in sausage?" and "Do the people in Hollywood ever wear anything except bathing suits?" Her questions, however, have nothing to do with this incident, but we did enjoy her immensely. The point is briefly this: she was to spend the following day in Bergen waiting for steamer connections and knowing no one there she expected to be rather lonely. At the wharf waiting for her, she discovered a Bergen girl who had

been at one time her sister's maid. Because we were strangers, the Norwegian girl, Borgheid, by name, insisted upon adopting us too, and she spent the entire day showing the three of us the quaint, historical city.

Bergen is, indeed, both quaint and historical. It was founded in 1070, and picturesquely situated around a horseshoe harbor, sheltered by seven encircling hills. On the quay, to which our steamer was moored we visited the Tyskebryggen, the headquarters of the Germans, who, in the 15th century invaded and monopolized the Norwegian fishmarket for one hundred years. Close by stands the old feast hall of the Viking King Haakon. Another interesting sight to all visitors is the fishmarket on the quay, which in size can compete with any in the world save one. The fish are kept alive in huge tanks, for, we were told, a dead fish could never be sold to a Norwegian housewife. Here they come daily to select with care and bargain for this article of food which forms so important a part of their diet.

Leaving Bergen, on board the steam yacht "Irma", carrying sixty passengers, all of whom were Americans except four, we began our two weeks' cruise to the North Cape, that great, gray, barren cliff, where the coast of Norway and Europe reaches its most northern point, three hundred miles within the Arctic circle. No one could be seasick upon this voyage, for the one hundred fifty thousand rocky islands which lie off the coast of Norway form so complete an island-fence that during the entire journey we were sailing upon the open sea for less than five hours.

The fourth day out we called at Trondhjem, the ancient Viking capital, where we spent a full day. The open cheese market, presided over by quaint elderly people who display their array of cheeses—brown, white and golden—in long, low wooden trunks; the museum whose collections reiterate forcefully the truth of the old saying that "There is nothing new under the sun," for we had difficulty to recall articles and objects now in daily use which were not known to the ancient seamen; the King's palace; and the magnificent waterfalls set in the midst of mountain scenery—all these, interesting as they are to us, do not hold first place in the eyes of the Norse, for Trondhjem's pride is her Cathedral, the most magnificent structure in all Scandinavia. The Cathedral is closely associated with the life and deeds of King Olaf, or Saint Olaf as he later became, who established Christianity at the point of the sword and whose body is therein entombed.

The following day proved an eventful one. We were scheduled to cross the Arctic circle at one in the afternoon and in order that all might be on deck for the occasion an early luncheon was called. Toward the end of the meal the chief steward managed to attract considerable attention as he appeared at the entrance of the dining salon, bearing in his hand a telegram. He was visibly agitated, hesitated a moment, then made his way toward the Captain's table. Conversation lagged, then became forced, for the Captain, the self-contained, imperturbable Captain, expressed signs of uneasiness as he read and reread the yellow slip. Slowly arising to his feet, he did not need to call for attention, for the silence had become intense. Even the Americanized Swede, the most talkative of the talkative, was for once speechless, and we all felt before the good Captain spoke, that the message concerned us all.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began in his slow careful English, "in-as-much as the message which I have just received concerns the welfare of all on board"—As he hesitated we all ceased to breathe for by now we knew some direful event had happened. What could it be? We had not seen a newspaper which we could read for five days. Was the United States at war? The yacht recalled? or the North Cape sunk?

"I shall read it for you—in English," he continued.

"To Captain Reinherston:

I am informed that the S. Y. 'Irma' carrying sixty passengers, mainly Americans, sailed from Bergsjø, Norway, under date of July 8 bound for the North Cape. According to schedule you are due to cross the Arctic Circle the afternoon of July 13th."

Another pause while his eyes swept the breathless audience, each one of whom wanted to shout out, "Hurry, please hurry and tell us the worst."

"I, King Neptune," he again continued, "Father and Ruler of the Arctic Circle, do wish to welcome you most heartily to this vast and unexplored portion of land and water and to this end I am prepared to board your yacht at Hestmand where you cross the Circle."

The Captain was victorious. After a rousing cheer the passengers rushed for spy glasses, kodaks and favorite vantage spots on deck. Just as we crossed the line a bomb was fired, kodaks clicked, and up from his watery kingdom arose a figure clad in seaweed from crown to toe. It was, indeed, King Neptune. After being welcomed by Captain Reinherston he was duly presented to each one of the sixty and to each he tendered not only a special word of greeting but a legal document or passport which permitted him to enter and explore at will the King's domain. At the end of a festive hour the jovial Ruler was summoned back to his duties and we proceeded northward.

Word was passed around that afternoon naps were in order, but few could absent themselves from deck. Tea was served as usual at 4:30 o'clock, dinner at 8 o'clock and the sun behaving as it should in the middle of the afternoon. At 10:30 o'clock the "Irma" was anchored near the open sea and deep-sea fishing and dancing became popular. The last hour of the day found us gathering in small groups, watching the deepening colors which grew bright and vivid and finally cast beautiful lights across the waters and upon the mountains behind us. From 11 to 11:30 o'clock the sun appeared to sink but very little. Between then and midnight it hung like a great fireball just touching the horizon, and we stood with watch in hand as John L. Stoddard says, "and watched without one moment's interval of darkness, the Past transform itself into the Present, and Yesterday become Today." (To be continued in next issue)

NOTE—If interested watch the bulletin board for pictures of the sun taken at midnight.

#### The Spirit of Christmas

Down the dim vistas of eternal years,  
Thru the dark vale of Life's unhappy tears,  
As once again the Yuletide season nears,  
Cometh an Angel.

Borne to us gently on the wings of night,  
Turning the darkness into radiant light,  
Stay Thou forever, vanish not from sight,

Being, Divine,  
Spirit of Christmas, sent from Him above,  
Bearer of gladness, messenger of love;  
Sweeter than music, fairer than the dove,  
Herald of peace.

Enter our hearts, O great and glorious Guest,  
Abide there forever, bringing peace and rest,  
Just by Thy Presence, lifting us to the best,  
Spirit of Christ. HELEN de H. NEWTON.



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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### December

December, the sociable month of the year? The month of festivities, of joyousness and mirth! The month that keeps us on tiptoe tending our social functions, preparing lesson plans, getting our Normal class lessons and trying to decide what to buy for Christmas! This month brings more pep into our school life than any other month of the year, not excepting June. For this is everybody's month from the baby in the Practice House to the oldest Normalite in captivity. The Record Staff extends to all the best wishes for the season.

### Honor

As this term nears its dying days and examinations begin to rise over the horizon, we pause and recollect those June furies in honor. The word of the minute was "honor". Everywhere, in class rooms, during luncheon and in chapel the only thing that was thought about and spoken about was honor: "Are we to have the Honor System or not?"

September and its succeeding months, however, found not even an echo of this vital issue of the previous semester. What is going to be the procedure used in the coming examinations? Will the two sections who voted for the

Honor System last June be allowed the same considerations as then, or will the whole school quietly go back to the old vigilant system?

No doubt among the upper classmen there has been carried over into this year a deeper sense of honor, but are we finding among the Freshmen the same conditions that prevailed last year? As nothing has been said concerning the Honor System in the previous issues of the Record we consider the matter still with us, but only lying dormant.

As there seemed to be no definite statement made or voted upon as to what procedure the entire student body would follow, we feel that now is the time definitely to decide something.

### "Are You Ready for the Question?"

"The question is"—are YOU satisfied with the present arrangement of society news in The Record?

Observe the past publication and form your opinion. An outsider, picking up a copy of our paper would be under the impression that we possessed only three sororities and two clubs, when we should be receiving credit for five sororities, several clubs and two fraternities. Could we not have substituted some society news for that ad?

I am meek—I am humble,—I shall not reveal my name (you would not know me if I did)! but here is my little suggestion:

A list of societies should head the page each issue. Beneath this should follow a few of the most interesting articles sent in by the society secretary. Preferably these would be reports on social service, sales, means for money-raising and so forth. Such a method would make for a more socialized Society page.

Come on, someone—pick me up or tread on me!—I am a practice teacher; I can survive either.—May I hear from you in the next issue?

X.

Dear X:

The reason why the other societies have not been mentioned on the Society Page is because they have ignored the letter sent to their corresponding secretary asking for news, or possibly their news is not of sufficient interest to the entire student body to warrant its printing. For example, the notice of a sorority's meeting held a month previous to the issue is not of value since it does not concern fifty of the one thousand students.

But there are matters of importance which should be written up, and perhaps have been written and dropped in the Record box. Why, you will ask, were these not published? This brings us to the second point. A party, or a special meeting, may have been ever so interesting, but it will not justify publication unless it be written up in a style original and appealing; it must have some degree of literary excellence. Furthermore, and you would think this fact need not be told, it must be written on suitable paper (using one side only) and in legible hand. And finally, it must be in on time. Many of the contributions for October were evidently written on the Connecticut Belt or during the rush hour in the corridors. The constructions were so poor we did not have time to have them revised.

We are very glad, however, to clear the air concerning this matter. We welcome contributions. We desire the Record to be a "clearing house" of ideas on all subjects. We encourage argumentative discussions of live topics

EDITOR.

### Burne's Christmas A Story

"First grade financial clerk in Pension Office wishes to exchange positions with clerk of same grade in Treasury Department. Phone 6301."

Burne sat for several minutes studying the advertisement in the "Washington Post" he had been reading. Fate seemed to be playing into his hands. Its peculiar interest to him lay in the fact that he was a first grade clerk in the Treasury Department and was, of all co-incidences, himself considering trying to arrange a transfer to the Pension Office. Such transfers, he knew, were made occasionally and here was his chance. The reason he wanted to be transferred, and it would have amazed the most intimate friend he had made in the twenty-seven years of his life to know it, the reason was a girl!

Not until lately had he ever met a girl that interested him much more than his music and his books. But one day, on a business visit to the Pension Office, he had met one who did. She had instantly attracted him by her bright smile, and since then he had never missed an opportunity of going there again to see her. Her name was Florence Meade. She, also, was interested in good music, and he had mustered up enough courage to ask her to go to several concerts with him.

As he sat and mused he realized that he cared a great deal more for her than he had realized before. He knew that she liked him in a way, but could not decide whether she had ever thought of him other than as a friend. He looked back over his life. His desires had always been simple ones and he had found true happiness in their fulfillment. But was he to go on year after year in his present state? For the first time in his life he was thinking of marriage. It was Christmas eve. Was he to spend it alone year after year? He glanced at the cheerful gas fire before him and at the snow outdoors and vaguely felt that something was still lacking to complete his happiness this year. And he knew what it was. If he could be transferred to be near her during the day it would help. He reached for the telephone.

But he hesitated. Would it not look rather pointed to her? Really it not do him more harm than good to seem importunate? Did he really care if she should think he had sought the transfer on her account? No, he intended to tell her of his deep regard for her as soon as he could be sure she returned it at all. With quick decision he removed the receiver and gave the number.

After stating the object of his call he gathered the information that the woman, for such it was, that had advertised was not home but would be after eight o'clock and would be call. The address was given him—187 M Street—Florence Meade's address! He was speechless for a period and when he had gathered his faculties enough to inquire further as to the name, the telephone was dead. His mind was racing with a multitude of imaginings. Was it merely another strange coincidence, or did Florence have something to do with it? Was it she that wanted to transfer to the Treasury Department? If so, why? He dared not hope why.

Burne thought and thought, meanwhile eyeing the telephone in his hands as if to see through it the solution to all the questions that vexed his mind. But finally he put it aside as a workman does a tool that he has found inadequate. He was a man of direct action, one who instinctively avoided telephones and messengers when he had something important to accomplish. No, he would not telephone.

Putting on his hat and coat, he passed out into the crisp cold night and walked toward his destination. It was not far and he was inspired and

cheered on his way by the holy messages of good will borne out to him on the beams of the lighted candles that shone from window after window in commemoration of Christmas on the morrow.

He reached the house in a very happy frame of mind and was ushered into a deserted reception room while the mistress of the house, as she seemed to be called "Miss Meade" and disappeared. Then it WAS Florence! He had carefully planned what he would do in this case but now that the time had arrived he stood there speechless and his mind refused to work. Before he could collect himself, Florence came in.

She stopped at the door and became very red. Neither spoke for an instant, then they exchanged the usual commonplaces in an uncomfortable sort of way.

"Oh! I didn't know,—I didn't think," she began, and stopped, groping for words. Burne walked over to her and put his hands on her shoulders. Now he knew!

"Please let me tell you why I came, first," he said gently. "I did not know, of course, that it was you, but I wanted to be near you. I have loved you from the time I first saw you and I hoped to make you care for me, but tonight—you DO care, don't you, dear?"

It is hard to say "Yes" with your face pressed tightly against a man's coat collar, but she said.

GEORGE HANNEMAN.

### The Freshman's Diary

Week of November 13th—Teachers' Convention. I heard an inspirational lecture by Dr. Leacock who occupies an economical chair in some Canadian institution which teaches higher learning, like Normal, "Intriguing," exclaimed one teacher. "Entrancing," added another. "Not to be outdone I emphatically exclaimed, "Yes, it certainly is hallucinating." All of those who stood around gazed at me as if to say "That boy certainly has intelligence." I then went to a special meeting; some pedagogy from Tonawanda or Squeedunk was speaking with vigor and occasional thought. "Same old stuff," I heard one teacher whisper as she relaxed for a pleasant nap. That was enough for me, a Normal school freshman; I left the room and left a vacant seat remaining.

November 27—The mailman brought in four blue slips. I was on the watch and the postman gave me the letter. "What are those blue papers?" my mother asked me as I opened the envelope. "Only ads from Sears Roebuck," I answered nonchalantly. For once she believed me and resumed peeling potatoes—what a relief. When I was in high school I used to cry when I got less than 98% in any mark; but this time I did not wall a bit—I played market with the baby and forgot my troubles.

November 30—Somehow I must raise 25c and go to a concert. It is my instinctive duty as a 100% American. I wonder why they have a conductor in those so-mefunny orchestras; all he does is wave his arms and attract a lot of attention. I think some of them would make good cheerleaders tho.

December 1—I met Viola. She was on the third floor and, fortunately, she dropped her locker key and it landed in the basement. Without much ado, I jumped down and broke the floor—but I got the key. How she thanked me. I'll remember to my dying day, the look she gave me as she twirled her golden tresses. She is fascinating and I think I could learn to love her. The great drawback is that she likes to study too much.

December 3—Still thinking of Viola: Florence's cry to see me  
December 3—Holy psychiatry! Viola saw me, said "Hello" and walked away. I can't understand females. I'll have to write Dorothy Dix.

December 4—Studied all day and night.

## Christmas Remembrance from Ukraia

It is Christmas time again. Everybody is going to his own favorite place to spend his Christmas vacation.

I, too, migrate each year at Christmas tide to the lovely spot of my early memories. I drift back to the broad plains of icy Danube and search for the friendly little white cottage with the tattered straw roof. And, on the night of Christmas eve I steal quietly thru the lonely dusk to peer with my hungry eyes thru the straw etched window at the family circle within.

In the flickering light of the chimneyless linseed oil lamp the well-known forms are massed hurriedly to and fro. I see the tall gray-haired man bringing a sheaf of yellow rye, straw into the cottage to spread it over the old creaking floors and the cleanly scrubbed hardwood benches that stand around the high white-washed brick stove, and against the crude log walls of the cottage. His oldest son has been given permission to "strew the fragrant hay upon the dinner table." The steepled, careworn mother is covering the table with spotless white home-spun linen cloth and places upon it round loaves of dark whole wheat bread which has poppy seeds sprinkled on top as a delicacy. The annually prepared dish of "kutia" (whole wheat which is cooked as any cereal and then mixed with honey and poppy seeds that were previously pounded into a pulp) makes appearance upon the hay padded table.

The flaxen-haired children huddle close to the window to see the first evening star, for they have feasted all day and can not sit at supper until the first star appears in the sky.

Now the Christmas tree is lighted. The smoking lamp is put out, and in the yellowish glare of the candles the colored animal cookies dance with the gilded walnuts that are suspended on rubber bands from the graceful pine branches. Then all is hushed. The family stands lined up around the table. Solemnly they sit upon wooden benches, and as each head bows low I hold my breath to hear the murmured chorus of their blessing.

The supper is over, but as I stay in my secret cove I see each member pull out a strand of hay from under the table cloth. After a comment on the length of the strands in general the family will prophesy the length of fax in a field the coming summer, and the mother will tie with these strands the knives, forks, and spoons, together, so that the future year may yield them wealth in land and flocks. Then father will prepare a supper of the portions of food which they themselves had tasted, and carry it to the animals in a stall, for did not the ox and the ass breathe upon the naked babe who lay on cold straw centuries ago? The mother replenishes the half emptied dishes with food and replaces them on the table, so that the spirits of the deceased members may feast thru that night.

In the hush that follows the sweet strains of a Christmas carol float in the frosty air and loses itself in the hearts of the listeners.

It is midnight now. All the occupants of the cottage rest in peaceful sleep, but I see the solitary little flame of the chimneyless oil lamp which is left on the window sill. It is there to show the friendliness which in days of old was denied to the Christ child, who found no other shelter but a lowly manger.

MARY S. HERMAN.

Normal is well represented on the hardwood floor this year. The Black and Orange quintet is indeed a formidable one.

## America Protests

This is not intended to cause a long-drawn-out argument such as one reads in the papers under the "Advice to the Lovelorn" heading; it is merely a protest. In his article "What Shall We Do With American Literature?" Mr. Brinkerhoff said, "In America we have no Walpoles, no Cowards, no Galesworthys. We have our Zane Greys, our Curwoods, our Wynes and a host of unmentionables." This is the statement I am challenging, for it does not seem fair to compare England's best with our mediocre writers. Our Brad Whitlock, Walter H. Page, Carl Sanburg, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Willa Cather, whose "One of Ours" won the Pulitzer prize; Gamaliel Bradford, whose "Union and Confederate Portraits" are considered such gems; Edith Wharton, whose delicate satire England reads with enjoyment; Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Eugene O'Neill, Robert Frost, Dallas Lore Sharpe, that delightful naturalist; Cornelia A. P. Comer, Margaret Sherwood, Agnes Ripplier, and a host of others, are read in England with enjoyment. Why we should despair of American Literature is a mystery to me. We have material, we have tradition, we have ability. While our best may not yet be considered on a par with England's best we are making a start, and making a good one.

At some time or another we all have read and do read "cheap and hastily written books". There are times when such a book rests one as nothing else could. A certain man in this city, very prominent, who is forced to use his mind a great deal more than any of us will ever be forced to use ours, declares that he buys these "blood-and-thunder" tales because he can lose himself in them and finally close the book refreshed, ready for other work. A great many people, of course, read nothing but this type of book, but this seems better to me than reading no books at all. Mr. Grant Overton in his "American Nights Entertainment" says that Harold Bell Wright has won many people to books who would never have looked into one. It is easier to lead from such a poor book thru a list of mediocre to really good works than to force good literature on a person who would not appreciate it and whose interest in books might be lost then and there.

We hear a great deal about the "American Public", the "girls in subways, the loafers on railway platforms" buying and reading these poor books. We never hear of the English people doing such a thing. Somehow the little Cockney girl going home from work on a train seems to have her "penny dreadful" under her arm rather than her volume of Galsworthy or Lord Dunsany. Doubtless England, too, has her "popular fiction writers" of whom we do not hear.

America is doing very well in her literature, and will do better. It seems to be considered quite the thing to condemn anything written or done here. Why not be a little more optimistic for the good future we surely shall have, acknowledging our faults while we quietly laud our virtues, too?

ANNE KIRTLAND.

## Sport-Casting from Station R. J. A.

Our gym is some place now! The new paint will surely witness some thrilling contests this season.

Extra! Extra! Freshmen smash another record! One hundred of them turned out for the initial basketball practice.

Attend the games and support your team.

The teams were battling fiercely. Score 18-12. Just then an inquisitive Freshman piped up and asked "Say! How many points make a game?"

## A Listening Lesson

An expressive face, says Miss Keeler, is a valuable asset. With all due regard, we declare absolutely in favor of ucks. They unflinchingly measure interest. Anyone looking into our Junior Assembly or Auditorium November 20 or 21, would agree with us, for in an unusual and profound silence, one thousand necks were outstretched in intense interest. In that vast listening group not one neck was out of line! The reason?

Before us stood an interesting and attractive speaker vowing, like Stephen Leacock, to ride off in all directions upon her subject. The breathless attention told in what regard we held the honor of having with us Miss Edith Rhett, the educational director of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. From her opening words on, she drew, like a powerful magnet, all ears, eyes (and necks)! So concise and pointed was her discourse, that we rode a thousand strong, neck to neck, with her to the finish.

Arnold Bennett would have proudly claimed a disciple in Miss Rhett, for we were soon off upon details of "how to live on twenty-four hours a day" successfully. Eight hours of healthful sleep, eight hours of profitable work, and the remaining hours given over to recreation. Not recreation as some of us know it, but rather, true re-creation, as Miss Rhett put it, with the aim of gathering and appreciating the greater things of life. Music is a subject fitted to help us to do this. To a few it is all satisfying, but it also appeals to everyone in some degree, from the most primitive rhythms to the beauty and complexity of our greatest classics.

How faithfully music expresses what we are! As a concrete illustration Miss Rhett played the "Doxology" of our New England forefathers, which in its stiffness and solemnity truly pictures their Puritanical life and ideals.

But what expresses our composite, many-sided life of today? Miss Rhett directly disposes of jazz in comparing it to the glaring front page of a newspaper. We would blush to own these exceptional sensations as a cross section of our national life, so we also repudiate jazz as an expression of our true selves. In the final analysis, it is some primitive love of rhythm to which jazz makes its appeal. And we soon tire of it, which is not true of worthy music.

The language of tone, Miss Rhett told us, begins where the language of words ends. It is, in a sense, the language of the emotions, an exquisitely sensitive medium, a universal language. When we listen to music, the instruments are comparatively unimportant, it is only the message it has for us that counts. This is also true of artists who give us great music. Now and then, we hear people say, they are not going to hear a certain artist, Schuman-Heink for instance, this year, because they heard her last year. As if having Thanksgiving dinner last year, was sufficient for this!

We want good music, but are often held back by the great expense. Here it is not a question of whether we can afford it, but rather whether we can afford not to hear it. Miss Rhett told an instance, where she was faced with this problem by her room-mate at college. The debate was, whether to buy a much needed blouse or go to the opera "Aida". Her decision finally rested with the latter, while her room-mate chose the former. The needed blouse is now in the past, but like Wordsworth's "Daffodils" she still has the memory of the lovely music.

Mental alertness and greater appreciation is brought about by hearing music, especially when properly supervised by teacher. Miss Rhett played a selection, directing us to count the recurrence of the motive. With wide complacent grins, we triumphantly held up six fingers. How great the pride, how hard the fall! "Fine," said Miss Rhett, "that is easily done in the average

fourth grade. We were undeniably impressed with the fact, that we were listening with all our faculties, and thereby got more out of the composition.

All of which brings us to the point, that teachers are in a splendid position to foster and direct the coming generation in the love and understanding of good music. Miss Rhett doesn't plead for it as a separate subject, because it can be so easily and successfully correlated with other subjects. She showed how the feeling caused by a picture or series of pictures of calm mountain lake, or a statue in a Swiss village may be paralleled in an overture such as William Tell Overture. We were indeed fired with great enthusiasm to make our future Americans 100% music lovers.

Miss Rhett also spoke of the symphony, the greatest music on earth, and the most expressive of emotion. It differs from other music in its infinite variety of tone, and in that it doesn't sell personalities. The artists unite to make a musical whole, without thought of personal fame. Thus the result is beautiful and unmixt. The symphony is really the cathedral of music in which we have the most complex principles of contrast. Originally we had the slow and fast contrast, but it has now developed into four movements.

Among the symphony orchestras, which are doing the greatest work in this field, is the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, with which our speaker serves as educational director. We all feel fortunate in having it on our winter program this year. MARGARET MARTIN AND ANNA MAY GREENE.

## Recipe for Christmas Day Cake

One cup of "Still White Morning",  
With a dash of "Magic Air",...  
Use that delicious "Tingling" brand,  
Children love it everywhere.  
Stir in some "Melted Music"  
From the distant chapel tower,  
Next add some "Bells" to flavor,  
And let the mixture stand an hour.  
At seven sharp, heat in a pint  
Of "Shouts" and "Smiles" and "Christmas Cheer",  
Spice well with "Greetings"... strictly fresh,  
The more you add, the better here.  
Have all utensils ready, "Christmas Tree"  
And "Gifts" galore,  
Extra things should be on hand  
In case they call for more.  
At twelve you taste the mixture,  
Have your friends all try it too;  
The flavor always sweetens  
When they share the cake with you,  
Perhaps you'll like a "Game" or two,  
At this point tastes may vary;  
Add what's or you most enjoy  
As long as it is merry.  
Bake in a kindly oven  
That will warm it thru and thru.  
Watch it so it does not burn  
No matter what you do.  
Garnish with a few "Bright Stars"  
Found in the "Heaven Above",  
Set on a plate of "Silent Frays"  
And serve it warm with "Love". MARGENE HARRIS.

## ATHLETICS

### Freshmen! Record Practice! Freshmen!

Freshmen girls have broken another record! Don't they know that Normal is not used to such enthusiasm? Why, some seventy-five to one hundred infants donned gym togs on Wednesday, the nineteenth, and wanted to play basketball on the hardwood floor; and only about half of them knew the game! Only sixty signed up because there wasn't paper enough to go around. Everyone played and everyone was satisfied (another rule broken), and Miss Salom went home to eat soup but was so excited she couldn't find her mouth. We dare the Freshmen to do it again!

DOROTHY PAGEL

### Our Mermaids!

"Why swim? and the answer is "We don't!" There is no reason for the present drop in the registration of the swimming class. If you think "it's too cold", it isn't, only those "cold showers" are! If you lack enthusiasm, borrow it from the Freshmen! If you hate to have to drink ALL the water, bring another beginner to help you! If "work is heavy", don't do it! Drown your troubles and come on in—the water's fine!

DOROTHY PAGEL

### Girls' Basketball Practise!

An enthusiastic group of upperclassmen reported for basketball practice, Tuesday, November the eighteenth. The excellent veteran material from the third year class failed to report and their absence became a subject of much discussion. Why, oh why? Are our Seniors too dignified? The Second year class have (they really have!) a "stellar aggregation" which bids fair to give the Freshmen keen rivalry and much anxiety!

Basketball is the major school sport! If you have a grain of school spirit in you and don't even know the first word about basketball, come out for practice: Upperclassmen on Tuesdays and Freshmen on Wednesdays. Normal sports bid you welcome!

DOROTHY PAGEL

### More Sports in B. N. S. I

At the present time, basketball is practically the only sport indulged in by B. N. S. students. Although a swimming class does exist, it has by no means attained the degree of a major sport.

As these two sports depend a great deal upon personal ability, only a limited number participate in and are benefited by them. This is true not only of basketball and swimming but of most other sports as well.

While everyone, perhaps, does not care to take part in athletics, there are others who are eliminated not because of a lack of desire to play but because of the lack of natural ability or interest in either of the two sports in Normal's athletic curriculum.

The expansion of the athletic program in B. N. S. would undoubtedly prove advantageous, as there are many students not in athletics now, who would take part in either football, baseball or track if they were added. Even though Buffalo has the largest enrollment of any Normal school in the State, it is in most cases surpassed in athletic activities by its smaller sisters.

While it would probably be impossible for Normal to take part in all branches of athletics, without a doubt one or two of the lighter departments could be added. This would increase interest in the student body, and broaden the scope of athletic influence in the school.

P. W. REPERT.

### Extracts from Literature—"The Ancient Mariner"

It is a worried citizen  
And she shoppeth wearily  
By thy long grim face and glittering eye  
Now wbyfore shoppat' for me?

The department stores are opened wide  
And for her next of kin  
She must buy a silk necktie  
So must she enter in.

The door was neared, the aisle she cleared  
Wearily did she shove!  
Down the aisle, through the crowd  
With only space above.

Again and again, again and again  
She shoveth, no speed, small motion,  
The counter before her only sold  
Cold cream and beauty lotions.

Counters, counters everywhere,  
Of everything you could think.  
Signs and signs proclaiming  
"Guaranteed not to shrink!"

There passed a weary time. Each soul  
Was tired and glazed each eye.  
A weary time! a weary time,  
How glazed each weary eye,  
When looking forward she beheld  
A something like a tie.

With weary step—devoid of pep  
She could not laugh, nor cry;  
Through utter astonishment all dumb she stood!  
She bustled forward as best she could  
And cried, "A tie! a tie!"

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;  
At one stride comes the dark  
With beating smiles, o'er her face  
Homeward she did embark.

Oh sleep! it was a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary Queen, the praise be given!  
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,  
That slid into her soul.

### Familiar Echoes from the Showers

1. "Hey! Got any soap?"
2. "You guys want everything! You must think I'm Santa Claus."
3. "Gee! That poor was so slippery that it hurt my feelings."
4. "The referee was terrible!"
5. "We might have won, if he hadn't made that shot. Lucky! Why? He closed his eyes when he threw it."

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Christmastide

Christmas bells once more are ringing,  
"Peace on earth good will to men".  
Come and rest ye all ye toilers,  
Christ the Lord is born again.

Born for us as our Redeemer,  
Heaven's gates He opens wide,  
That the light may shine upon us,  
At this blessed Christmastide.

Years ago upon Mount Calvary  
Between two thieves our Savior died,  
That man again might gain salvation  
Christ the Lord was crucified.

Rejoice and sing, ye poor and lowly  
Raise on high the joyous strain,  
In a manger dark and dreary  
Christ the Lord is born again.

Be of cheer all ye who suffer,  
He will ease your burdens then;  
Ye have hoped and been rewarded,  
Christ the Lord is born again.

Bring your sorrows then to Jesus,  
Lay your cares at Jesus' side,  
Sing aloud your praise of Jesus  
'Tis the blessed Christmastide.

ANNE DORSEY.

What is Wrong with This Picture?

1. Never stop to pick up Faculty which you knock down when rushing for the lunch line.
2. Be kind to the starving! When you eat your lunch in the assembly, be sure to leave a few crumbs for the floor.
3. Eat with a knife when the spoons are all in use in the cafeteria.
4. Eat in class when you are hungry. If the instructor objects, offer her a piece!
5. Freshmen should not be spoken to, use a club!
6. When boarding a street-car, take pains to enter before Faculty and upper-classmen do.
7. Be kind to the men!

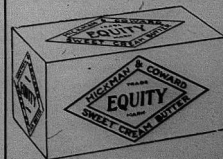
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### One-Year Vocational Class News Notes

Mr. Alexander claims that a cheap pigment does not cost so much as an expensive one, and has figures to prove it.

The Vocational Class has been cruelly misjudged—they are not ALL married men!

The epidemic of moustaches which spread so extensively through the class last month has died out as quickly as it arose. We wonder why.

The members of the class are getting out a class book containing a photograph and a short description of each member. The likenesses are more recognizable than beautiful. No, girls, you cannot get a copy.

G. C. HANNEMAN.

### Men's Club

The second monthly meeting of the Men's Club was held on the evening of Wednesday, November 12th. After a motion picture exhibition in the auditorium, of both educational and comic pictures, all adjourned to the gymnasium where sinners and coffee were served.

Following this came a business meeting and election of officers for the present year with the following results: President, Kye F. Dee; Vice-President, Harold Campbell; Secretary, Donald Gover; Treasurer, Peter J. Van Haaren; Faculty Advisor, Irving C. Perkins; Sergeant-at-Arms, Hubert Hoderath.

Entertainment Committee—George C. Hanneman, Arthur Ahr. Howard Van Hoff.

Constitution Committee—Kyril F. Dee, Chas. Gibson, Alton Heller.

After the meeting various athletic indoor sports were indulged in by the members. The new constitution will be reported at the next meeting and it is hoped every man in the school will attend.

Mr. Auchampaugh, after passing out the new history books: "Now I know it's Fall but please don't rustle the leaves so much."

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# The Record

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## The Land of the Midnight Sun

Laura L. Remer

Illustrations by Frances Zachar

In the story of a visit to the Land of the Midnight Sun begun in the December number of The Record we started, you remember, from Bergen, Norway, and had proceeded northward crossing the Arctic circle where we had our first encounter with a sun which would not set. Yes, it was hard to go to bed. We felt just like the child in Stevenson's poem, who says:

And does it not seem hard to you,  
When all the sky is clear and blue.

And I should like so much to play  
To have to go to bed by day?

Trömsö, our next port of call, 250 miles north of the Arctic circle, is a busy fur and fishing trading post. Most of the inhabitants, including a few Lapps, met us at the wharf, the latter having trinkets to sell. In an hour or so we climbed all through and around the little town. Although snow-capped ranges stretched away in every direction and there was a dearth of vegetation, yet it was not cold. Children were playing about in the one tiny park wearing thin summer dresses and no wraps.

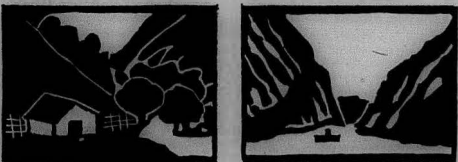
Again, the second night, some place between Trömsö and Hammerfest, we watched a perfect midnight sun. The effect was quite different from the night before because King Sol did not sink to the horizon but appeared to take his stand several feet above it. The vivid hues of the previous night gave place to a soft colorful glow, changing constantly upon sky, water and mountains. All night long we passed small groups of fishermen and on the shore their tiny butts gleamed in the yellowing light. Then it was that the Captain told us stories of his people and their life on the sea, not only during the summer months but through the long winter night as well. Throughout the journey we had been eagerly looking forward to Hammerfest, the northernmost town in the world. Its population is 2,700. Here the sun does not set from the middle of May until the end of July. It is a compact village built upon a ledge of rock which was made by blasting into the sheer rocky cliff which surrounds the crescent-shaped harbor. In many places the village is so narrow that standing at the water's edge one could easily toss a stone to the natural walls behind it. At this latitude trees do not flourish, yet the citizens of Hammerfest make every effort to keep alive a few tiny birches, perhaps eight or a dozen, which grow to about the height of our shrubs.

As we were climbing the cliff behind the village for a view of the surrounding country, we met three Norwegian girls who had recently graduated

from the Hammerfest High School. They spoke English quite readily and were eager to talk with us. Of course we asked them where they learned English and were told that in their schools they are taught English, French and German as well as their native tongue. Our next question, "Do you enjoy the winters here?" which they doubtless considered a stupid one, brought forth a glowing account of winter activities. "We go to school, you know, every day. Then after school we have great fun skiing, coasting and skating." "Oh, no, it isn't so dark as one might imagine. We have electricity. The snow reflects the moonlight and starlight and the beautiful northern lights help too. When it doesn't storm we spend many hours every day out of doors. In the houses we must have lights nearly all of the time. Our greatest fun we have out of doors." They told us of their plans for the coming fall. One was to study in Bergen and two in Oslo (formerly Christiania). "But," said one, "I am afraid we shall miss our homes very much for we have never been far from Hammerfest." As we left they thanked us for talking with them and added, "It is a good exertion for us to speak English with real Americans."

As we sailed away from Hammerfest, and the last huge warehouse festooned with rows of drying fish faded from sight and the odor of cod-liver oil left our nostrils, we thought surely no one could live along these bleak and barren cliffs, wind and storm-swept as they are. But not so, for scattered all along the rocky coast clear to the farthest point where the only vegetation is a coarse grass, a heavy moss and a few sturdy flowers, we found families living who knew no other home.

The afternoon that we reached the North Cape proved a stormy one, and for several hours all hope was abandoned of making a landing and scaling the cliff, a good climb of an hour and a half. About ten o'clock, however, the wind abated and those who craved exercise got it. On the top of the cliff the wind blew a gale, storm clouds obscured the sun, and it was cold. We stayed only long enough to tramp across to the edge of the cliff where we could look off toward Spitzbergen and the Pole. Returning as quickly as we could to the shelter and warmth of the boat we sat wrapped in coats the rest of the night and caught glimpses of the sun only through the clouds.



Going to and from the Cape we sailed into the furthestmost point of six of Norway's most famed fjords; "those long arms of the sea extending far inland, sometimes more than one hundred miles, twisting and turning among the mighty precipitous cliffs of the towering mountains over which leap innumerable foaming waterfalls." Many writers have given us descriptions of the fjords. The most beautiful ones you have ever read are true. A few pictures which you will find posted on the bulletin board may help you to see more clearly the variety of fjord beauty. Close to the wildest mountains are stretches of forest and below these, abrupt slopes of flowers and

grass where the peasant women and children are constantly turning the hay upon the fence-like racks. Glaciers and water-falls are rarely out of range of the eye.



It is sometimes true that human inhabitants despoil regions of natural beauty; but not so in Norway. The people, with their quaint traditions, their habits of living and even their building, fit into this northern wonderland, enhancing and enriching it. In the most frequented tourist centers the native costume is worn chiefly for commercial purposes, but in a few remote districts it still constitutes the "best dress". We were extremely fortunate to be driving through one of the southern mountainous districts on a Sunday as the peasants were returning from church and gathering in small groups along the wayside to discuss perhaps the latest news. The children's dress greatly resembled their elders', who wore tight waists, full skirts richly embroidered and covered by the traditional white apron. There were no bobbed heads among them. It was in this section of the country that we also found more of the old picturesque storehouses, which are wonderfully carved and set up on piles to protect the stores from dampness.

The farmsteads, except in the extreme north, are quite similar. The buildings are of timber; house and barns built close together, and all thatched with sod in which grow grass, flowers and even small trees. For real beauty, the roof gardens of New York City are not to be compared with these. Near the rural homes we noticed here and there heavy wires which seemed to come out of the forest and end near the farm buildings. Upon inquiry the following explanation was given: In addition to their lowland farms most of the farmers possess mountain pastures where the cattle are driven for the summer months. The daughters of the family accompany them, and spend the entire summer in the mountain-tops making hay and cheese, bundles of which at the right time are fastened to these wires and sent speeding to the lowland farm.

When the women are not making hay or cheese they are scrubbing, not washing, but scrubbing. They are so clean they shine. Their homes are scrubbed and their children are scrubbed. We looked, in fact, for children with dirty faces and clothes, but they were not to be found. Several times we saw small youngsters trying to scrub, enough dirt in the street to make a mud-pie, but they were invariably stopped before they reached the mixing stage. The village streets and the backyards are more immaculate

than floors in many well-kept American homes. It would be possible to ramble on in this fashion indefinitely but I see the critic's blue pencil poised. However, there must be a conclusion—and here it is.

To visit Norway today is to throw a brighter light of understanding upon one full page of early European history and literature, in which small bands of sturdy, fearless, yet God-fearing rovers, battling with both foreign foe and the elements of nature, have developed a nation of independent people who, while holding fast to the best of their inheritance, are gradually solving their economic and social problems.

#### New Year in Scotland

To picture a New Year in Scotland one must first understand and appreciate the customs which still cling to this period of the year. At this time as at none other, is the true significance of the difference between the old and the new world realized. America with its dancing and its parties is placed in striking contrast with Scotland and its "Firstfooting".

Firstfooting, the foremost New Year custom to which the Scotch adhere, provides that the first person to cross a threshold after the New Year has been rung in, shall bring with him a package, large or small, to be given to the household. So strictly has this custom been held to in the past that it now amounts practically to a superstition and even those who are considered the least superstitious regard it as an omen of misfortune for the "Firstfoot" to come without bringing a gift. Some people load themselves with gifts on "Hogmanay", the last day of the year, and with the ringing of the New Year go "Firstfooting" among their friends. Happy the house in which the "Firstfoot" is a dark person.

An interesting tale is told of a family, who, upon returning home from a New Year gathering, discovered to their great consternation that they had no article with which to "Firstfoot" their own house. It being too late to buy anything they sat patiently on the steps and awaited the coming of the milkman in order not to spoil the luck of the house by entering empty-handed.

Another custom associated with the New Year is that of sweeping the hearth clean and removing all ashes from the house before the beginning of the New Year. The bits of holly round the wall, the shining brightness of the fire-irons and the reflected glow of the fire on the brags, kettles and pans on the shelves around the kitchen walls proclaim the industry of the Scottish housewife in her desire to have the house in a spick and span condition to welcome in the New Year.

Quite a feature of the Yule-tide celebration is the ringing out of the old year and the ringing in of the new.

Though one could dwell for a long time on the customs and characteristics of the Scotch people it is necessary to limit oneself to those which are pre-eminent so I have given only those to which the Scotch with their mass of traditions and customs still cling.

MARION ROBERTSON.

#### Fuller-Wishard

Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Wishard of Lihue, Kauai, Hawaiian Islands, announce the engagement of their daughter, Blanche Nellie, of No. 264 Summer Street, to John Jay Fuller of this city. A luncheon in honor of Miss Wishard was given Saturday, January 30, by Miss Mabel Harrie at the College Club at which the announcement was made.



#### Miss Engelbreck to Leave

We are very sorry to have to lose Miss Engelbreck for the rest of the year. She is leaving in February for Columbia, where she will complete her course entitling her to a Masters degree, returning in June. Her work here will be carried on by Miss Jean M. Wherry.

Miss Engelbreck was the guest of honor at a theatre and supper party held by Third Year Grammar II.

#### Lecture on Russia Postponed

Frederick A. Mackenzie's lecture "Russia Before Dawn", which was to be given on Tuesday, January 13, 1925, in our Auditorium, has been postponed until February 3. The speaker has been detained in England, and for this reason is unable to be with us on the date first planned.

Mr. Mackenzie is a brilliant English journalist and the author of many books on conditions in Eastern lands. For the last three years he has been stationed in Russia and has attracted worldwide notice by his brilliant articles describing conditions there.

In his lecture Mr. Mackenzie will tell a remarkable story of what he has seen in Russia during the last three years, giving the most enlightening facts concerning Soviet Russia that have ever been presented.

A distinguished Russian professor says: "Mr. Mackenzie gives a wonderful picture of Russia as studied by him during his residence there. He has historic perspective, which enables him not merely to plumb, judge and condemn, but what is equally important, to understand."

This lecture should prove of interest to all students and prospective teachers.

DOROTHEA A. HARSER.

#### Senior Committees

Miss Hebenstreit announces the following committees to carry on the work of the Senior class:

Picture Committee, Marion Fisher (Chairman), Jane Hanrahan, Madeline Blaisdell, Harry Abate; Cap and Gown Committee, Thelma Showmaker (Chairman), Jean Carmichael, Ethel Hawkins, Charles Gibson; Invitation Committee, Arthur Ahr (Chairman), Frances Zacher, Gertrude Schmitt, Lolita Kraus, Leonore Miller, Patricia Bodwell; Gift Committee, George Watson (Chairman), Elizabeth Paul, Louise Allen, Byron Paddon, Anne Kirtland, Minnie Brink; Class Day Committee, Frederika Fox (Chairman), Ruth Wilfert, Jeanette Goodman, Marguerite Richardson, Ruth Knell, Louise Fraser; Alton Heller, Eloise Weimar; Fred Finsterbach; Ring and Pin Committee, Walter Smith (Chair-

man), Betty Coughlin, Rose Joyce, John Shea, Jane Hanrahan, Mildred Hickey.

The Elms Staff for this year has been announced. This group of Seniors have been accorded one of Normal's Highest honors and we wish to congratulate them upon being chosen to edit the year book. At the head of the list appears the name of Harry Abate, captain of the basketball team and also athletic editor of the Record. Rose Joyce has been named as Literary Editor; Arthur Ahr, Business Manager; Eleanor Cheney, Circulation Manager, and Charlotte Dziminski, News Editor.

The Elms Board has as their advisor Miss Kempke.

Mr. A. N. Palmer,  
Cedar Rapids, Palmer Building,  
Iowa.

Dear Mr. Palmer.

In reply to your letter of November 28th, I am glad to say that I am heartily in sympathy with the plan that the Buffalo Normal School is carrying out in the matter of permanent penmanship, and that the teachers now graduating from the Normal School are much better teachers of penmanship than those who were graduated before the present plan was adopted. I consider my present teachers better qualified in teaching writing than those who were teaching ten years ago, and I verily believe that far better results are being obtained now than were obtained ten years ago.

Very truly yours,

E. D. ORMSBY,  
District Superintendent.

#### Orchestra Supper

December 11 was a most important date. Why? Important, not alone because that was the night Heifetz played, but because on that evening our orchestra held a supper party. After a longer practice than usual, the musicians adjourned to the faculty dining room where supper was served. The menu? To tell you that would make your mouth water. Sufficient to say that to us it was ambrosia. The gymnasium next held forth the allure of its polished floor and thus the evening sped away to the tune of our terpsichorean activities. For a jolly, informal evening, that one certainly could not be surpassed.

Rumor has it that quite a serious collision occurred, about which Wallace Ormsby must not be questioned. Also that several of the young men find that their dancing is much improved.

When the party broke up, Miss Hurd was besieged by anxious requests for "another—soon!"

CARMELLA E. SAGGESE, S. F.  
(Second Fiddle.)

#### Visiting Teachers

On January 8, Normal entertained Miss Lida Lee Tall, Principal of the State Normal in Towson, Maryland, and Miss Halberg, Director of Practice for Baltimore City. In view of making some changes in their Practice work, Miss Tall and Miss Halberg came to inspect the work at Buffalo Normal.

#### Homemaking News

I was going to tell you about the Christmas party the Seniors had at the Practice House, the Thursday before school closed—about the beautiful tree, the presents they gave each other and all the rest of the fun they had, but somehow, I believe they would rather it went unsaid, so I won't spoil it and give them away!

Since I've mentioned parties, I'd better tell you about the luncheon the Clothing Majors had—also just before Christmas. I don't believe they could have had any class that day, because not only did they prepare their own meal, but they also converted the rather "Tailored" Garment Shoppe into a fascinating cafe—while the Foods Majors looked on with envy and amazement! Their menu was mysterious to say the least; it consisted of;

Potatoes, Scalloped, with Marigold Crepe	Needles
Olive Green Buttons	Rolls Appliqued with Gold Lace
	Chocolate Cake with Satin Frosting
	Cocoa with Ermine Ice Cream a la Chausseuse

Sometimes during the luncheon they found time to compose and sing some rather unique parodies! You might enjoy trying them over on your piano! Bengaline, in case you don't already know, is the material out of which practically every faculty member (men excluded) has a gown!

Sing a song of bengalines,  
I'll tell you what to do:  
Look upon our faculty  
And count their numbers, too.  
Watch their graceful walking  
As down the halls they go,  
And then you will make up your mind  
That bengaline's all a go!

There are bengalines brown,  
There are bengalines blue,  
There are bengalines of every color and every hue.

But of all I know  
And I swear 'tils so,  
The best of bengalines are those of navy blue!

Seated one day in the Garment Shop,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my needle wandered idly in and out  
Of a satin charmeuse (chemise);  
I knew not what I was sewing.

But I knew just why I was there—  
Mrs. Taylor had given me a problem,  
And to leave it—I did not dare.  
My needle was dull and crooked,  
My thread was full of knots,  
The cloth was all streaked and spotted  
Where pin pricks made polka dots!

No one can tell me we're so far behind the times at Normal when there's a radio in our Practice House! The girls are naturally thrilled. I don't know where it came from, but coming when it did makes it look mighty suspicious—maybe 'twas Santa!

## Br-2-2-2-2-2—Home Making News

Normal Practice House broadcasting. The whole house gives a rising vote of thanks to Frank Barrett for installing this new radio. Evelyn Jane entertains herself by the hour with it and in her characteristic baby language tells the girls that she's waiting for another Normal School program to be broadcast.

I've wished, just once, that I was a Faculty member in this department. That was the day the box of grapefruit arrived from California and each of the Faculty was presented. The fruit looked tempting enough to tackle and a squirrel in the eye, from a friend, wouldn't be so bad.

"Ours is a versatile course, ours is!" The child care class has taken up playwriting! A few of these (written for Seventh Grade children) put on by the girls themselves should surely bring the Art Kraft prize for the best stunt—to them!

Have you been fortunate enough in your corridor wanderings to come upon Byron and Keating? Watch closely and perhaps some day you may see the famous men in person!!

## Dramatic Tryouts

"Did you ever see such a perfect Katrina in all your life?"

"She was born for that part."

"If I thought that he'd surely be Patruchio, I'd surely make it my business to be Kate."

"Oh! my—ideal—cave-man!"

"The Kates and the Blancas had better start a training class with Miss Salom, for they'll surely need it from the way they're being thrown around."

"You have a good comedian voice, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ (Come and see if he has a face to go with it.)"

These remarks are some of the many that you hear at the "Taming of the Shrew" tryout. You still have a chance. It is really as surprising to find out that your meek little girl friend makes a very good Katharine as that the quiet boy in your section is a very gallant Patruchio. Miss Keeler has not picked the cast yet, so let us hear from you.

Fun! More than we can relate. You'll "fall" immediately for either of our leading heroes. One is very tall and dark. Oh! how did you know I meant him? The other is—handsome. Has entrancing voice—beautiful wavy blonde locks—ooh—what could be more thrilling!

Yes, we are having trouble with Kate. Our favorite is so wonderful that everyone else feels weak in the part. Who is it? Can't you guess? Why, certainly. The girl that can so remarkably fit into every part! She makes an ideal Kate, but because she has had the leading part in so many plays, Miss Keeler feels that some might think that our heroine is monopolizing the parts.

"No; they won't. Miss Keeler. No matter how hard we look, we won't be able to find another as good as our Kate."

Blancas are numerous and all splendid. Miss Keeler is certainly going to have a puzzling time when she selects the best.

The men turned out in goodly numbers and are all excellent.

No matter whether "It's moon or sun that shines," come out and try for "The Taming of the Shrew."

## Why I Never Catch Cold

Winter is here, with its beautiful snow, its marvelously bracing air, and usually its bad cold—or several of them. Colds are not at all a necessary evil and a few pointers on how to avoid them will probably not come amiss at this time. Avoiding them is certainly much better than curing them.

The most prolific cause of colds is lack of fresh air. This may seem a surprising statement to many, because it seems that going out into the cold air is what gives us colds. But it is not the cold air but our lack of resistance to its effects that gives us colds. At the first sign of a cool day many people make it a practice to begin wearing a heavy overcoat at once. Their bodies become accustomed to the extra clothing and the natural heat generation of their bodies slows up. Then when cold weather really does come, one who has thus weakened his resistance "catches cold". Colds are said to be contagious but they are not if the body is in good condition.

My own experience on this subject may be of interest. I have gradually accustomed myself to wearing less and less clothing until at present about the only concession I make to winter weather is to wear a coat and vest, which I do not do in summer. I rarely put on an overcoat or a hat, even in winter. Then, when I go out into the cold air, my body is so accustomed to it that I do not feel very cold or "catch cold".

I do not advocate that anyone should make any sudden change in the matter of clothing, but go about it gradually. Try leaving the big overcoat home, even in January, if it is a nice day. Let the air get at your skin. Fur coats—and I am afraid the girls will side with Dame Fashion against me in this—are particularly bad, as they shut out the air more than wovens goods.

Another big mistake for people who spend the greater part of their time indoors is to put on heavier underwear as winter comes. This also is one of the most prolific causes of colds. If you really need an overcoat when you go outdoors, put it on, but do not put on heavier underwear in winter. If you have worked up a "perspiration" through active exercise, such as skating, do not stand around in the cool air afterwards until you are hardened to it. Go indoors or put on a heavy wrap until you are cooled off. Do not wear heavy clothing while skating or doing other active exercise, put it on afterwards if necessary.

And, last but not least, open your bedroom windows while sleeping. It is not the cold air that comes in that hurts you but the stale air that is already in the room. I sometimes awake to find my nose as cold as a piece of ice, but I never "catch cold". Always, however, keep your feet warm, asleep or awake. Do not wear rubbers or air-proof overshoes any more than absolutely necessary, your feet have to breathe too.

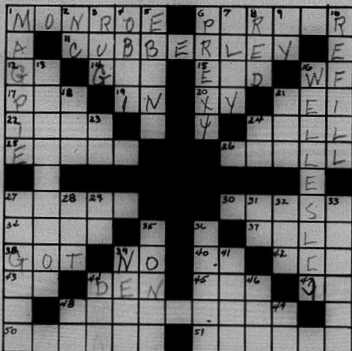
In conclusion, may I plead that these ideas are not merely theory, but have been proven correct by years of practice. Try them. Don't have colds; they often turn into something much more serious. Look around you and see who has the most and the worst colds, the one who coops himself up in a closed house or the one who plays outdoors a great deal and lets nature's FRESH AIR do what doctors can not.

GEORGE HANNEMAN.

## A PRIZE PUZZLE

This puzzle was submitted by Mr. Clement. A prize of one dollar will be awarded by the Record to the first correct answer submitted. The puzzle is perfectly keyed; and the interlocking words of the border are found, the rest is easy.

Solve the completed puzzle with your name and section in an envelope and put in either of the Record boxes.



- Horizontal
- Leading authority on the history of education.
  - A recently deceased protagonist of project teaching.
  - The leading western expert in school administration.
  - The leading eastern expert in school administration. (abbr.)
  - A soft sticky mass (slang).
  - Old times (Toel).
  - Wrong font (printing).
  - Sleep (Fr.).
  - Prefix meaning in.
  - Toward the end of the alphabet.
  - Late professor of secondary education, Harvard (anti)—over. (Ok.)
  - Part of a foot.
  - Author of "Adolescence".
  - A decree.
  - A noted writer on psychoanalysis.
  - Temporary cessation of hostilities.
  - Annoyed in a petty way (contrasted).
  - Island.
  - First name of foremost woman author of moralizing poetry of last decade.
  - Past participle of verb meaning "to procure".
  - Negative.
  - Initials of author of "Virginibus Puerisque".
  - A fish without ventral fins.
  - Suffix used to form verbs.
  - A low haunt.
  - Note. (Eux.)
  - It (Old English).
  - Noted experimenter in eugenics.
  - President of the World Federation of Education Association.
  - Leader in intelligence testing.
- Vertical
- A bird notable for its thievishness.
  - A south Atlantic state.
  - Floor covering.
  - Orchestral instrument.
  - A wood.
  - Nickname for a college president.
  - Associate.
  - A Bolshevik.
  - A state.
  - Rupienish.

- H. G. Wells—"Great Schoolmaster".
- An eastern college for women.
- Scientist. (Abbr.)
- American Association of Idiots.
- Initials of leading eastern Catholic College.
- Initials of leading Normal School authority.
- U. S. Commissioner of Education.
- Uthmo.
- Degree awarded to students of chemistry.
- Fifth letter of alphabet.
- A drink.
- A plan of school organization and instruction.
- A recent president of National Education Association.
- Fate of some students at end of first semester.
- A Russian river.
- The black hand.
- An obstruction.
- To make a mistake.
- A musical note.
- Initials of the editor of "Life".

## Answer to Previous Crossword Puzzle

Horizontal	Vertical
1. Dances	45. Let
5. Benson	46. Viele
10. Err	47. Doc
11. Dow	48. K. G.
13. W. B.	50. S. O. S.
14. Boa	51. Add
16. Lee	52. Po
17. It. E.	54. Vka.
18. Nap	55. Nya.
20. Shan	57. Rakish
22. Arm	58. Masnad
23. Elms	
25. Mar	1. Downey
26. Anna	2. Ne
27. Gaea	3. C. R. B.
29. Ends	4. Erosa
31. So	6. Eden
32. Le	7. Neo
34. Pound	8. Se
38. Sipp	9. Normal
39. Alim	11. Bel
41. Am	15. Alma
43. Tabe	
	16. Laro
	17. R. R. N.
	19. P. M. G.
	21. On
	22. Ans.
	24. Rajom
	26. Adopt
	28. Era
	30. Nil
	33. Walker
	34. Put
	35. Dala
	36. Seta
	37. Pad
	38. Record
	40. Leg
	42. So
	44. Pop
	45. Vow
	47. Edna
	50. Sbl
	52. Dye
	54. Wl
	56. En

## "H. A. Junlor"—Fever

## Apologies to Maseloff

I must down to the food again, to dish up soup and pie  
And all I ask is patience and the crowd to hurry by,  
And a little rest and a cheery smile as the food you're taking  
And a few less people shouting as into the line they're breaking.

I must down to the food again, for the call for nourishment inside,  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a "peppy" day, devoid of any sighing  
And the absence of all accidents and odors of pork-chops frying.

I must down to the food again—to the "H. A. Junlor's" life,  
To the steam table and cocoa urn where your day is one of strife,  
And all I ask is a cheery smile from any fellow-scholar  
And a quiet rest in an easy chair when the lunch line's over.



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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

The New Year has brought with it many changes in the Record Staff. The resignation of William Brinkerhoff was accepted by the Staff because of the pressure of his school work and added activities. We greatly regret the loss of Mr. Brinkerhoff's services to the Record. Dorothy Croll, '25 was elected Literary Editor.

Madeline Blaisdell's resignation as Art Editor was also accepted. In its stead she joined forces with the Advertising Department.

Arthur Ahr, '25, was elected editor of the Art Department and Clarence Young, '26 as assistant.

Society news has been grouped under the general news department and the duties of Exchange Editor have been assumed by the Business Manager.

The following were also elected: Literary Board, Edward Stein, Dorothy Pagel, Philip Repert, George Hanneman and Maurice Rovner.

There were still many opportunities open to underclassmen for Record positions on next year's staff. Come to the next reporters' meeting.

Readers of the Record, have you noticed that our publication has had more artistic touches this year than ever before? Most of these have been suggestions from the Art department, particularly from Miss Hanson. We feel, therefore, that the new year has been especially generous to the Record, for it has secured for us the services of Miss Hanson as Faculty Advisor in Art. In welcoming her to our Staff we would like to take this occasion to thank her as well for her interest and enthusiasm over design, illustration, and a score of other details which have required time and patience in the past. Miss Hanson will be glad to help anyone who wishes to offer contribution to this department.

We wish to thank Mr. Bradley and his Advanced Drawing classes for their earnest cooperation with the Staff in helping produce Record Covers. The work was undertaken as a class project. The cover of this issue was drawn by Leonore Miller of Third Year Grammar Section II.

We would also like to express our appreciation to Frances Zacher for the delightful and interesting illustrations of Miss Repert's article.

The organizations of this school who hold dances in the evening all observe the rule of midnight closing. The committees who are in charge of the decorating and undertake the success of the entertainment would be more than pleased to see the guests arrive earlier than at the more fashionable hour that is observed outside of the school. Surely, all who enjoy a dance could afford to be unfashionable while taking advantage of a good floor and good music. To go late to a dance that stops at twelve is not very complimentary, since the planned program of dances is never completed.

Another honor has come to Normal. At a recent meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association held Dec. 29 and 30, Dr. Harry W. Rockwell was elected chairman of the Committee on Resolution. Normal is proud of her Principal.

### Originality

Dr. Charles W. Hunt, Dean of the Cleveland Junior Teachers' College, stated in a recent interview that "the girl who will be the routine worker of the future can be picked out while she is still in the Junior Teachers' College. She is the girl who believes what she reads in books or what the teachers tell her without throwing upon it the light of any independent thought. She also lets pass in class things that she does not understand. She is intellectually lethargic."

While imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, the above statement shows the way that advanced educators are regarding and looking for originality in the young teacher. While now in the making, let us try to develop any original ideas we may have and keep from dropping into the rut as so many teachers allow themselves to do once they are launched in the teaching profession.



"A Passage to India," by E. M. Forster

If you wished to use the term, "intriguing," perhaps that word might describe the title of this book. It is not a map, nor a book of travels, nor mere fiction; either, but rather an attempt to present thru fiction, India, Indian character and conduct, the problems arising from British occupation and rule. At first you feel that the author is anti-British, but this judgment would be unfair. He deals impartially and understandingly with British and Indian alike. Both get his satire, both his sympathy. He sees plainly the defects of Indian character but tries to get beneath the surface to understand motives and personalities.

Some critic has said that we have had before this, pictures of Indian life and of British life in India, but Mr. Forster has brought the two elements together into something new and strange in material and design. Kipling, of course, has given us pictures of India, stirring and graphic, but Kipling is an Imperialist. He naturally views things from the British standpoint and sings of victory. He hardly attempts to understand native feelings and attitudes. Forster shows the British concerned mostly with the complexities of their problems, occupied with means of preventions and safeguarding their interests and their families, no matter how native life may suffer. Forster makes you see, too, the great gulf that lies between the various classes in India, Moslem, and Hindu particularly. He says, for instance, that it is as difficult for one of these to live with and understand the other as for either to live with the British.

To serve our purpose, Forster tells the story of Adela, the young English girl, who goes out to see India before deciding to marry Ronny, a successful young British official at one of the stations, Chandrapore. Adela is represented as sincerely desirous of being unprejudiced in her attitude. She is warmly welcomed at the station and plans are immediately arranged to gratify her wish to see India. The chief English officer first tries what he calls a bridge party, his term for a get-together of English and natives. But when Adela sees nothing alone on one side of the grounds, while the English entertain themselves with careless ease on the other with no attempt at mingling, she is forced to the conclusion that relations are hardly cordial between them. Later she meets a fine young Indian doctor, Assis, and is much attracted by him. When he finds her eager to see India he plans to take her to the famous Marabar Caves. He arranges everything with Oriental elaborateness and ceremony. Ronny does not like the plan any too well, for he has a deep distrust of native motives; but when he finds that an Englishman, Fielding, is to be in the party, his objection gives way. Assis goes to enormous expense and trouble to have everything that will please fastidious Adela and do credit to Indian hospitality. Finally the trip is made. They proceed to explore the caves. Then the catastrophe occurs. Adela thinks she

is grossly insulted, rushes madly out and down the hill. She finds an auto that has just brought the belated Fielding (who lost his train) and is driven back to the station. In the meantime Assis, not understanding the reason for Adela's unexpected move, but thinking that English girls are peculiar anyway, gets his retinue of servants together and goes back by train, only to be met by arrest and denunciation. Adela's story throws the station into the wildest wrail and confusion. Chandrapore becomes the center of opposing forces. Adela, really dangerously ill from nervous reaction, swears to a statement of Assis's guilt. A trial is demanded. The British feel that no sentence is too heavy for the man that has so insulted English womanhood. The Indians are sure of Assis's innocence, but feel bitterly that the case is a mere pretense to humiliate them. At the trial the unexpected happens. Adela shocks her people by coming to herself sufficiently to testify that she has been mistaken. Assis has done her no wrong. The British cannot press the case after this. Charges are removed. The trial ends. Whether the guide was the guilty one or whether Adela, highly nervous, was the victim of hallucinations, we do not learn—nor does it matter. Naturally, after this, Adela does not marry Ronny. There is a change of officials at the station; then things go on in the routine way.

The trial served its purpose. It was Forster's means of showing how, with so little understanding and so little confidence one in the other, the slightest suspicion may grow to up undreamed-of proportions and cause the latent racial antagonisms to be fanned into flame. When the trial is over, Assis, bitter from his experience, decides to practice in a native state away from British conventions and control. He goes to a Hindu principality where he finds it almost as hard to live as with the alien English.

The book ends with a picture of the celebration of a great religious Hindu festival, fantastic, mysterious, wild as a picture from Arabian Nights.

One Englishman, Fielding, had dared to stand up against his own people during the trial and speak for Assis. There is apparently every reason for expecting a deep friendship between the two; but it does not develop. Fielding's work takes him to the place where Assis is settled and they try to come together. They find themselves miles apart. Assis seems to sum up the Indian attitude in the following, his good-bye to Fielding:

"Clear out. We wanted to know you ten years back. Now it's too late. Until England is in difficulties we keep silent, but in the next European war, aha—then is our time. We may hate one another, but we hate you most. If it is fifty-five hundred years, we shall get rid of you. Yes, we shall drive every blasted Englishman into the sea, and then—you and I shall be friends."

Forster does not gloss over native character. He makes the native suspicious, indirect, unreliable—all that a frank Englishman cannot understand. But you feel at the same time that his nature, his deep feelings and loyalties are as strong as those of the conqueror.

The book seems to be an interesting study of a great historical problem. Most of us are hampered by our meagre knowledge of such distant people and by our inability to understand the point of view of so difficult a race. Forster must know the Indians and the complexities that arise when they are forced into contact with different people. He shows himself a real artist in the way he presents the fine distinctions and differences of temperament—nothing in themselves, sometimes an unexpected infection, a dull in conversation sufficient to cause a misunderstanding leading to no end of trouble.

Readers whom this review has interested may like to know that Forster has published other stories, of which we would recommend:

A Room With a View, 1908; The Celestial Omnibus, and other stories, 1911; Howard's End, 1911; The Story of the Siren, 1920.

## Drama

Within the last five years the American stage has been invaded by groups of foreign performers, a beneficial invasion to the American drama, however. The great stage talents that have come to us from Europe have built their temples of art on the solid rock of versatility. They have taught our performers the art of listening, realism, the matter of individualization and many other fine points of dramatic acting.

Some of the most prominent of these groups were from Russia: the Moscow Art Theatre Players, the greatest and best organized group of players in existence today, and the Chauve-Souris Players from the Bat Theatre, Moscow, representing the music hall variety of players of Russia. A unique group indeed. Italy honored our stage by presenting us with that immortal tragedienne, Mme. Eleanora Duse, whose every gesture carried thought. England, Germany and some of the other countries have been represented by numerous leading performers of their lands.

France has presented us with Mme. Simone, a logical successor to Bernhardt. Of the foreign invaders, one of the most interesting this season is from France, too. She is represented on our stage in New York City by a company of players from the Theatre National De L'Odéon of Paris, in a repertoire of modern and classic French plays, with M. Firmin Gemier as the star.

M. Gemier and his collaborators are presenting in their performances a truer conception of the real French dramatic art than have either Mme. Simone or the players of the Grand Guignol of Paris. Their style of acting is much different from the purely classical art of Mme. Simone or the highly tragic performances of the Guignol Players. Most French players are too strained and too forced in their actions. The Odéon Players are more natural and play with much artistry and finesse.

The comparison of the realism of these players and the players of the Moscow Art Theatre may be partly summed up as neither true nor false, but with varying modes of truth. Stark Young of the New York Times says: "On the ground of perfection there is no company that could rival the Moscow Art Theatre in its own special kind of realism. The quality in French acting and one that seems most racial and characteristic is an art that is always paced, arranged, heightened into style and form. There is always about it, however rollicking or stately it may be, a certain elaboration and fine excess, an added glow and a superstructure of finish, intelligence and conscious artifice."

In their first presentation "Le Homme Qui Assassina" (The Man Who Killed), M. Gemier as the Marquis de Saligne interprets the ideas and passion of the character; his impulses, his part in the plot and motivation of the play, but gave little of the personal accord or detail of the man. Little of the privacy and personal elements of the force driving him. Little special characterizations in appearance or in emotional reactions, as the Moscow Art Theatre would have done.

Some of the Odéon players' presentations are: The Merchant of Venice, The Taming of the Shrew, Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, L'Homme et Les Fantomes, and Le Mariage De Figaro.

Their presentation of The Merchant of Venice, or rather their interpretation, has been given in an entirely different manner from the ones heretofore given in this country. Heywood Brown, of the New York Morning World says, in his review of the play: "Gemier's Shylock is the liveliest I have ever seen. He acts Shylock as a boulevardier rather than a ghetto character. He makes a vigorous, polished and sophisticated merchant. At times, as in the scene of Jessica's elopement, the tragedy almost takes on a ballet form. The re-

vellers in the Mardi Gras scene roam off the stage and up and down the aisles. The joyous gusto of it all is inspiring." The settings and costumes are plain, not so gorgeous and richly embellished as in Wardfield's Merchant. It would be interesting if these mild violence and theatrical experiments should prove to be one of the steps toward reaction in our theatre.

This group of players have been enthusiastically received in New York, and I suppose they will tour the country. If they should ever come to Buffalo (I doubt if they will), it would be worth some of your leisure time to see them perform.

Not being an ardent devotee of the films, as I am of Drama and Music, I shall not attempt to say anything about the average motion picture. They are just as I say, average.

There are four motion pictures that I witnessed in New York, during the summer and I recommend them without any hesitation to the students. They should be seen. They have their educational point too and are way above the average run of pictures.

D. W. Griffith, that super-master director of the screen, has produced a picture called "America"; its story being written by R. W. Chambers. It depicts with great accuracy the early struggle of this country for its independence. It shows Paul Revere's exciting ride warning the people. During that ride I found myself standing with the rest of the audience cheering him on, it seemed so real, which is something I have never done at any other performance. It shows Washington at Valley Forge and the hardships the soldiers went through in their struggle for independence. These are only two of the numerous scenes in the picture. A truly remarkable picture, combining education, romance, humor, thrills and pathos. This picture will be in Buffalo shortly. See it.

"The Ten Commandments" is another good picture. It is now playing in its 13th month in New York City. Spectacular and thrilling, wonderful photographic scenes. You see the Children of Israel being pursued by the hosts of Pharaoh in thousands of chariots, the Children of Israel travelling under a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night. Remarkable scenes! You will see them cross the Red Sea, the waters parting and making a dry pathway, and you will see the same waters swallow their pursuers. You will see how the pyramids were built. A wonderful and impressive scene is that of Moses receiving the Ten Commandments atop the Mount. It is all woven very skillfully, throughout a modern story, and is a good lesson to us all. Beatrice Joy is the star actress.

Another picture for its historical and educational value is one called "The Iron Horse". It is now playing in its sixth month in New York City. It is about the building of the first transcontinental railroad across the United States. You will see the struggles and fights with Indians, the race the various groups had with one another in building the railroad. There are some very exciting fights among the men. It has romance, humor, thrills galore, beauty and tragedy. A wonderful picture to see. It took three years to make this picture.

"Janice Meredith" is the fourth picture, a romantic story of the Revolutionary days. It depicts the battle of Lexington, Washington crossing the Delaware and the surrender of Cornwallis. It has an all-star cast with Marlon Davies the star actress. Put this one on your list of good pictures.

I suppose most of my readers saw "The Thief of Bagdad" with that limelight actor, Douglas Fairbanks. A fantastic picture well done with a wonderful musical score.

EDWARD STEN.

# SPORT

## B. S. N. Victorious at Fredonia

Fredonia Normal suffered its first defeat at the hands of the Bison school-masters, when they clashed in the initial court game of the 1924-25 season at Fredonia on Saturday, December 13th.

Although a rally in the first few minutes of the fourth quarter came near proving fatal, Buffalo had 32 against their opponents' 22 points when the final bell rang. Line-up:

B. S. N. (32)	(22) F. N. S.
Baldwin, r. f. (11)	(5) r. f. Reeves
Stark, l. f. (8)	(6) l. f. Borzillieri
Coughlin, c. (2)	(3) c. Schrader, Capt.
Janowsky, r. g. (2)	(9) r. g. Cavanaugh
Abate, l. g. (10)	l. g., Gugino

Substitutions: Buffalo, Lee, Powell (1). Officials: Referee, Penell of Buffalo; Timer, Van Hoff; Scorer, Repert.

## Normal Suffers First Reverse

The Orange and Black suffered its first defeat of the season when Lafayette High School succeeded in running up a 30-14 victory on the latter's court on Wednesday, December 17th. At times the Normal quintet showed bursts of speed that had even the Mellonite veterans goggling.

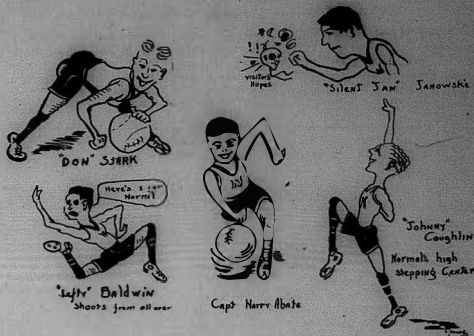
The ball was played in the Lafayette territory for the greater part of the game. Janowski started the B. S. N. scoring on a basket at close range. A succession of fouls resulted in Lafayette locating the basket for three points.

At this point of the court feud L. H. S. let loose with some long distance shooting that registered 13 points. However, the Normal boys were able to score 9 points before the first half was over.

In the second half, Lafayette again cut loose and scored several times. Two baskets and a foul were the extent of B. S. N. scoring for the remainder of the game. The game ended with Lafayette 30, Normal 14. Summary:

Normal (14)	(30) Lafayette
Baldwin, r. f.	(8) r. f. Hulse
Coughlin, c. (2)	(3) c. Cheny
Stark, l. f.	(9) l. f. Koncikowski
Abate, r. g. (10)	(4) r. g. Volkert
Janowsky, l. g. (2)	(6) l. g. Embilge

Referee: Don Greene.



## BROCKPORT INVASION SUCCESSFUL!

Buffalo Leads at Half Time, 5-6

On December 19 the powerful quintet of our sister Normal, Brockport, invaded Buffalo to hand the Bison basketeers a 12-18 trimming. The game started with plenty of speed on both sides. It was only the good guarding during the first period that kept the score 5-6 with Buffalo leading by a single tally.

For almost the entire second half it was no one's game. First Buffalo would lead and then Brockport would again come to the front. Both teams fought fiercely and close checking featured. With the half coming to the end, the boys from the Canal district put over the final punch which practically sewed up the game. Brown, the lanky Brockport center, caged two field goals which doomed Buffalo. The final whistle found Brockport leading 12-18. Summary:

Buffalo (12)	(18) Brockport
Baldwin, r. f.	(3) r. f. Root
Stark, l. f. (2)	(1) l. f. Hiller
Coughlin, c. (2)	(6) c. Brown
Abate, r. g. (8)	(4) r. g. Tighe
Janowski, l. g.	(2) l. g. Tveson

Substitutions: Buffalo, Powell; Brockport, Covert (2). Referee, Hurt (Canisius College).

## Nichols Defeated, 15--11

When Nichols played on our court on January 5, Normal repulsed their invasion by an easy 15--11 victory. The Schoolmasters showed plenty of pep and real team work, while the boys from the Prep School fought hard at all times to overcome the small margin which Normal kept throughout the entire game. Summary:

## Normal (15)

Baldwin, r. f.  
McDonough, l. f.  
Coughlin, c. (2)  
Janowski, r. g. (2)  
Abate, l. g. (3)

## (11) Nichols

(1) r. f., Peck  
(1) l. f., Smith  
C. Berean  
r. g., Lewis  
(5) l. g., Vogt

Substitutions: Normal, Powell (2); Nichols, Hiden (2), Sents (2). Referee: Burt (Canisius College).

P. W. REPERT, Secretary.

## Basketball

An increasingly large number of H. A. girls have been attending basketball practice. Such enthusiasm on the part of the H. A. girls has become a subject of much favorable comment! On the other hand, however, many general Normal sections have no material out.

Lest you forget, we give the following warning (govern yourselves accordingly)—a minimum attendance of 50 per cent. of the practices will be necessary to secure positions on teams.

## Freshmen Practice!

Freshmen continue to attend basketball practice. Good for them! I wonder if they think it's a regular course? If someone doesn't tell them differently, they will of necessity be tendered an inter-class tournament! Each Freshman section is represented by a team.

Again, we say "well done"! The H. A. Freshmen have a representative team—oh, these Freshmen exploits! This is too much like school spirit to have the H. A. and the General Normal girls mingle so congenially. Can we ever survive it?

## Swimming

The splash contest has not been playing true to its usual form. "Booky" Mellen declares that if the attendance is not kept up, there won't be any swimming (which is true!). But, drinking so much water and still to have some left—that's what hurts! Come out, we miss you!

Freshmen basketball captains have been elected as follows: Section I, Miss Adameka; Section II, Miss Dee; Section III, Miss Gaul; Section IV, Miss King; Section V, Miss Moynihan; Section VII, Miss Weinheimer; Section VIII, Miss Wendall.

## Sport-Casting-Station H. F. A.

The basketball team still needs the support of the Student Body.

Now that Walter Camp has chosen HIS All-American Team, I wish to pick MINE:

R. E. . . . . Mr. Clement  
L. E. . . . . Mr. Philipp  
R. T. . . . . Kleimen  
L. T. . . . . Crotty  
R. G. . . . . McDonough  
L. G. . . . . Di Cesar  
C. . . . . Walt Smith  
Left-away-Back . . . . . Alfred L. Lablack  
Full-at-the-Back . . . . . By Shottin  
Right-away-Back . . . . . Eddie Peck  
Honorable mention, Frankie Finnigan, the practice teacher.

This team is too good to have a quarterback.

Where are we in our basketball season?

Normal	32	Fredonia	22
Normal	14	Lafayette	30
Normal	12	Brookport	18
Normal	15	Nichols	11

Willie was being measured for his first made-to-order suit of clothes.

"Do you want the shoulders padded? my little man?" inquired the tailor.  
"Naw," said Willie significantly, "pad de pants."

## A New Alibi

Between the old and the new semester When joyful spirits begin to plume Comes a pause in the term's occupation

That is called "Examination time."

I bear in the classroom above me The patter of shuffling feet, The sound of a voice that is saying, "Note-books are due next week."

From the hallway I see in a classroom Students grim and determined to learn For a voice within them says, "Listen, Or you'll hear it again next term."

Not a whisper—but just a silence Yet I feel by that look in their eyes The teachers are plotting questions To take us all by surprise.

Do you think, all you faculty-members, Because you have scaled the wall, Such knowledge as we have acquired Will not be a match for them all?

We have the knowledge fast in our craniums And will never let it depart In fact we'll cling to it all through your quizzes Never a bit of it shall we impart.

And when you look over our papers And find that in knowledge they're hars, Remember we've the knowledge fast in our craniums And intend to keep it there!

## Solution of the Greatest Modern Mystery

The third year class is very busy these days. Sounds impossible, does it not? Nevertheless they ARE working, very hard. The secret of all this unusual ambition will be revealed, in the near future. Grammar Section II, the main cause of all this notoriety, will have charge of our program for Better Speech Week. That is the wherefore of all this which they have planned a most interesting assembly and have arranged attractive posters and inspiring speeches for the week of February 22 to February 28.

Ann Kirkland has charge of the campaign, and we are looking forward to a most delightful program.

G. M. MADONEY.



## Orators and Cratery

By Frank W. Alexander

The pages of history are luminous with the accomplishments of men who possess the power to convince others by the force of their logic or their eloquence. Patrick Henry won undying fame through his "Liberty or Death" speech, and focused the attention of the people upon the state of affairs that that existed between England and America. Daniel Webster stirred the people of the whole nation by his brilliant reply to Hayne. It is said that after that speech all the Northern men seemed about a foot taller, so proudly did they walk down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. Abraham Lincoln uttered a few words at the dedication of the battlefield of Gettysburg, and those few words—less than three hundred—so impressed the mind and heart of man that they have achieved an historic eminence even greater than the Battle of Gettysburg itself, and that battle was the decisive battle of the great Civil War.

In the Democratic National Convention of 1896 there was a young and practically unknown delegate—William Jennings Bryan. After delivering his "Cross of Gold" speech, in which he declared, speaking of the Gold Standard: "You shall not place upon the brow of labor this Crown of Thorns; you shall not crucify mankind on this Cross of Gold", he was one of the most popular men in the country. That speech was responsible for winning for him the first of three nominations as Democratic candidate for President.

Woodrow Wilson's declaration, in his War message to Congress, that "the world must be made safe for democracy," are words which will ring down through the centuries, and they gained for him recognition as a world leader.

Educators are beginning to recognize the value of effective public speaking. If as teachers we are going to do full justice to ourselves, and to those entrusted to us for instruction, we should lose no opportunity for increasing our ability to speak and also our ability to recognize a speaker of merit.

Each month, in this department, I shall bring to the attention of the Normal School students the speakers coming to Buffalo, and shall discuss their strong and weak points and the relative merit of the various methods of preparation employed by them.

An unusual opportunity to hear and study speakers of note is afforded by the series of Community Services now being held at the First Presbyterian Church, only a few minutes' walk from Normal. These services are held every Sunday at 5 P. M., and are non-sectarian. Anyone can attend and feel assured that there will be no conflict with his or her religious convictions. On January 18th, Ida M. Tarbell, noted author, spoke. Other speakers included Henry H. Curran, Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island; S. K. Ratcliff, English Publicist, a speaker with marvelous diction and one who should be heard by all students of public speaking; James M. Beck, Solicitor General of the U. S., who is recognized as the most eloquent speaker in the American Bar; and Sherwood Eddy, internationally known on the public platform.

By following the discussions in this department, and hearing the speakers themselves, I feel that we can accomplish much for the cause of clear, interesting and effective public speaking.

FRANK W. ALEXANDER.

## A Classroom Utopia

In One Act

Dramatic Personae—A pretty teacher, students with more than one brain cell working, a room with air in it, pictures, soda fountain, Palmer method writing books, etc., etc.

Scene 1—"Tra, la, la la... deeedle dumm dumm" boys and girls come singing into history class. Teacher—"Students, please talk a little more; you are so quiet and peaceful." Students (in unison)—"Oh, no, no, please start the lesson, we are so anxious to have you ask us questions." Teacher (with evident reluctance)—"Yes, yes, dears, I'll do that for you. Who were Moliere, Voltaire and Racine, and what did they accomplish for the French people? Don't all raise your hands at once." Bob-haired boy—"They were famous English generals and they are mentioned on pages 34, 821, and 330 in our history book." Teacher—"Excellent, Genevieve, you will recite again two months from today."

Scene 2—Students look very happy and teacher is opening a box of cracker-jacks. Twilight has come and soon the class will be dismissed. Teacher—"In conclusion, darlings, I beseech you, tell me what did the French philosophers do which contributed toward the causes of the Revolution?" Dreamy-eyed girl—"They introduced the powdered wig, the Monroe Doctrine and the school of Stockings—er—er—I mean the school of Stoics." Teacher—"Upon my word, I'm so proud of this class that I feel duty-bound to give you 55 pages of homework. You may be dismissed and go out whenever you are ready." Students—"Hurrah, burrah, thank you for the homework, dear teacher, please let us remain for a few hours more."

Scene 3—The room is empty but the air is still in it. It is nine o'clock in the evening. Laden with books the students are plodding home. All is peaceful and quiet (the boiler factory around the corner has just shut down). The teacher is riding home in a taxicab. The world is turning on its axis. Slowly the students disappear in the darkness. Far off in the distance is heard the mournful chick-a-dee-dee of the whippoorwill.

MAURICE ROVNER.

## Open Spaces (Christmas 1924)

Lillian Walker

Sea beach and darling waves,  
And long, long lines of spray,  
Frozen in rugged cliffs of ice  
Along the circling bay,  
Sea gulls and sombre birds  
Like ebon spectres in a leaden day,  
And overhead the shrill wind whistling by.

Meadows and frozen streams,  
And stark, bare trunks of trees,  
Looming from wind-swept dunes of snow  
Across the distant seas,  
Low hills in purple haze  
Like banks of clouds beyond the rolling seas,  
And overhead the shrill wind whistling by.

Long roads and broken trails,  
And drifting lands of snow,  
Jogging toward town a horse and sleigh  
With plodding steps and slow,  
Stone walls and snow-capped roofs  
Like monks, white-hooded, allent,  
bending low,  
And overhead the shrill wind whistling by.

## A Request

Miss A. Freshman wishes to know if potatoes are vegetables.

If anyone can inform her as to its pedigree she will be very grateful. The authenticity of course must be proved.

NUTHER FRESHMAN.



## Society Notices

### Arethusa

Eliolse Welmer entertained the members of Arethusa at her home just before the Christmas holidays. At this meeting a program was prepared and later presented at the Association for the Blind. Arethusa has planned to continue this work at the Association.

The Arethusa Convention will meet in Buffalo this year.

### Sigma Sigma Sigma

Yes, we do other things besides having bridge parties, candy sales, hops and house parties—and it's not working crossword puzzles, either.

Every month we plan to do something to help some poor people. So far we have carried out our plan very successfully. Among the things we have done are, collecting magazines for hospitals and supplying Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners for poor families.

We are now anxious to adopt some poor family which we can continually help. If you know of any one family that really needs aid, will you please let us know? Thank you.

### Psi Phi

On the evening of Friday, February 20, the Musical Clubs of the University of Rochester will give a concert in the school auditorium under the auspices of the Psi Phi Fraternity. A well-planned program of instrumental and vocal selections will be followed by several hours of dancing in the Gym. Music for dancing will be furnished by the U. of R. Raspickers' Nine-piece Orchestra. Faculty, students and friends are cordially invited to attend.

Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention "The Record"

### Clho

December 16, 1924, an entertainment was given at the Deaf and Dumb Institute. Stockings filled with candy and peanuts were given to the children.

The first rush party of the season, in the form of a supper party, was given January 10, 1925, at the home of Esther Strootman, 756 Auburn Avenue.

### Men's Glee Club

The Men's Glee Club was organized last spring. For a while it had no officers but on April 14, 1924, the following officers were elected: President, John Coughlin; Vice-President, Carl Kumpf; Secretary and Treasurer, Elton Shaver; Librarian, Alfred Lablak.

Last year the club gave a program in assembly, sang in the Spring Concert and sang over the radio from W.G.R.

This year the club has sung not only at the Christmas Party but also with the carollers the same night.

A committee on the constitution was appointed; the constitution will be voted on at the next meeting. Election of officers will also be held at the next meeting. We expect to give a program in assembly in the near future.

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# The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

VOL. XIII

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No. 6

## BILLY LENDS A HAND

A Valentine Story

By George Hanneman

Harold stood before the hall mirror and gave himself a last close scrutiny before venturing forth to call on his beloved Alyssa. He carefully adjusted his tie and his black-and-white scarf, oblivious alike to the sneers of his sister, Fanny, who was only ten, and the grunts of his father, who sat near the window. Mr. Dean was proving a great disappointment to Harold; he was so old-fashioned he simply could not understand how important it was for a man of eighteen to be correct in every detail.

Having adjusted everything to his satisfaction, he walked rather rapidly down the street, as he had little time to spare in keeping his appointment with Alyssa. (She had been christened Alice, but that had been seventeen years before, and the name was now, of course, out of date). She met him at the door, but was not yet ready to go. Asking him to wait, she skipped upstairs.

Harold seated himself, being very careful, meanwhile, of his trousers. He did not remove his coat because he did not expect to have to wait very long. But ten, fifteen minutes passed, and still no Alyssa. He became restive, then angry. He loved her very, very much and told himself, that no matter what she did, it was all right, but still, if she really cared for him, she would not keep him waiting like this. Why hadn't she been ready when he came? They had agreed on eight o'clock and here it was twenty minutes after the hour. In another five minutes, enough to upset completely Harold's equanimity, Alyssa came down.

He could not forbear making some remark about her delay. "Now we'll arrive right in the middle of the big picture again," he grumbled.

"Well, what of it?" she retorted. "We don't have to go at all, if you don't want to."

Harold had not noticed, as he should have, that she had on a new dress. Instead of admiring it he had scolded her for being late! And so, with youthful intolerance on one side and youthful hauteur on the other, a serious quarrel developed and Alyssa put her new dress away and Harold went home and was very, very angry with the other.

Harold stayed home the next evening, but did not know what to do with himself. He tried to read, but the paper was uninteresting and he had read all

the magazines he could find. Fanny was working at her studies and Billy, his little brother, "seven, gain' on eight," had been given a wonderful box of fancy paper, pictures, and bright red hearts by his mother and was very busy making valentines, sitting on the floor, where there was plenty of room. Valentine day was only two days away.

This reminded Harold of the beautiful valentine he had bought to send to Alyse. He went to his room and got it out. It was already wrapped and addressed, with return address and all, but he removed the wrapper and threw it into the wastebasket and sat for a long, long time gazing at the valentine and thinking. Is there in this world anything more serious than love at eighteen?

Billy finished his valentines, Fanny her studies, father his paper, and mother her crossword puzzle, and all went to bed. So did Harold, still thinking hard; gloomy, depressed and, yes, sorry that he had said what he did. Still his youthful pride prevented his going to Alyse and acknowledging it. Had he only known, Alyse, too, was sorry on her side.

Next morning Billy's overabundance of energy naturally caused him to wrap up his valentine ready to mail to someone and just as naturally to seek in the wastepaper pile in the cellar, where his mother had emptied Harold's basket, for a piece of wrapping paper suitable to his purpose. Fate still guiding his unconscious hand, he wrapped his best valentine in the paper Harold had thrown away and left it where his mother found it. She, thinking Harold had forgotten to take it along that morning, mailed it for him.

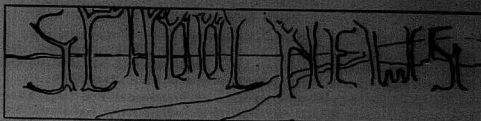
Harold went out that evening, alone, and returned in no better frame of mind than when he left. The next day was Valentine day, and he and Alyse were not on good terms. He had tried to plan what he should do, but could come to no decision. He did not dare risk the reception he might receive if he called on her and was, moreover, just stubborn enough to decide not to try, even though in his own heart he wanted to very much.

So matters stood until he returned home next evening—and found a letter from Alyse! He knew her handwriting at once and feverishly tore open the envelope.

"You dear Boy," the letter read, "You have made me so happy with the valentine. I feel I was mostly to blame myself and hope you will forgive me. Can you call tonight?"

He carefully examined the envelop. Yes, it certainly was addressed to him, and had been delivered by a messenger, not through the mail. And he knew it was Alyse's handwriting. In a dash he went to his mother. She, at least, never laughed at him. She told him readily about having mailed the package for him and further inquiry disclosed that Billy was promising dire punishment to whomever had stolen his valentine. So Harold joyfully gave him a perfectly beautiful one to replace the one he had lost and impatiently counted the minutes until he could go to see Alyse.

And so they "made up" and later, well, of course, they had other spats, and made up again, as everybody does.



#### Report of Blanket Tax Apportionment Committee

At its second meeting of the school year, the Faculty-Student Council passed a resolution providing that the apportionment of the Blanket Tax monies be placed in the hands of a Blanket Tax Apportionment Committee. This committee was to be constituted as follows: The Principal of the school as chairman, one faculty member appointed by the Principal, and one student member appointed by the Faculty Student Council.

Under the provisions of this resolution the Faculty-Student Council appointed Miss Rosetta Hebenstreit as the student member of the committee, and Mr. Rockwell appointed Mr. Clement as the faculty member.

The committee has been disbursing the Blanket Tax money in close accord with the original estimates. Appropriations in excess of the original estimates are passed on by the entire committee. All appropriations must be certified by a member of the committee before they can be paid.

At the end of the first semester, February 1, 1925, the Blanket Tax account was as follows:

Total receipts .....	\$2,981.00
<b>EXPENDITURES</b>	
Athletic Association .....	\$ 600.00
Record .....	379.36
Dramatic Club .....	32.00
Handbook .....	71.00
Radio supplies .....	6.72
	\$1,989.08
Balance .....	1,991.92
	\$3,981.00

#### ESTIMATED EXPENDITURES TO JULY 1, 1925

Record .....	\$ 575.00
Dramatic Club .....	600.00
Glee Club .....	282.50
Elms .....	261.00
1925 Handbook .....	75.00
Estimated balance, July 1, 1925 .....	\$ 150.50

(Signed) H. W. ROCKWELL,  
S. C. CLEMENT,  
ROSETTA HEBENSTREIT.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Appleby of Glean, University of Indiana, on February 5, 1925, they were presented with an eight and one-half pound box. If they haven't already named it, we suggest that they seek the crossword puzzles for inspiration.

## Russia Before Dawn

Russia before dawn! On those who heard Frederick A. Mackenzie speak on the evening of February 3 these words have been indelibly impressed. Mr. Mackenzie himself at first sight seemed not at all imposing, but after the first few words—the dynamic force of the man gripped one's imagination.

His message? Those who were there need no reminder of that. Those who missed it would benefit very little by a review, which always removes the essence of the speaker's personality. The true conditions through which Soviet Russia has passed during the last few years all one with nothing less than sheer, stark horror. The political and so-called criminal exile system is particularly atrocious. Only up to a certain point are these conditions comprehensible to us. Then the human mind refuses to assimilate—we who have not witnessed cannot realize—as Mr. Mackenzie does.

Under no circumstances send money to Russia for the financing of counter-revolution, for, in all cases where this has been done, no good has been accomplished and vengeance impossible of description has been wreaked on those whose sufferings were already intense. Russia's salvation lies in the hands of her own people. Let us hope with Mr. Mackenzie that a better day is now dawning.

## Senior Class Gift

Rumors have been reported about that the class of 1925 has decided upon its gift to the school when they depart in June. We appreciate their generous and thoughtful spirit and are looking forward (or I might say downward) to it! The gift—oh, just an inspiration from a poem they heard. It will be a nice, shiny ambulance for the other well.

## A Health Note

The New York State Department of Health exclusion chart for communicable diseases has recently been revised and is now available. This chart should be posted in a convenient place for ready reference in every school room. It gives the early symptoms of all of the communicable diseases and offers a convenient and correct guide to the teacher in excluding pupils from school. These charts can be obtained without expense by writing to the State Department of Health, Albany.

## Our Crossword Puzzle Contest

The crossword puzzle fad has invaded Normal and THE RECORD has endeavored to give to its readers the best and most attractive puzzles that it could originate. The puzzle in the January issue contributed by Mr. Clement was said by all to be a "corker" and many of our most expert fans gave up before such words as Sanderson and Terman. Many found aid by resorting to the card index in the Library, which was a clever idea.

The puzzle in this issue, by George Hanneman, is of a most attractive design. A prize of one dollar is to be awarded to the one submitting the first correct solution before March 4.

Address all envelopes to Crossword Puzzle Editor and place in either of The Record boxes in the halls or in the box in the office. Puzzles may be worked in either pencil or ink.

## Vocational News

Twelve members of the first year printing class, accompanied by Mr. Huckins of the Print Shop, were conducted through the editorial, news and printing departments of the Buffalo News, Thursday, January 24th. The explanation of the workings of a modern newspaper given by one of the News staff came as a fitting climax to the term's work at Normal.

The collection of news and advertisements and their suitable arrangement in printable form proved to be an interesting process. The reception and handling of United and Associated Press telegraphic news and stock reports clearly demonstrated the efficiency of the newspaper today.

The bookkeeping department was especially attractive to certain members of the class. When the fact that the class was about to witness the handling of the News' huge business interests became known, several of the class showed unusual inclination to hurry. After advancing to the door and discovering a roomful of attractive young women, even the bravest of the visitors beat a hasty retreat. Women are so unusual in their lives!

The actual making up of the newspaper and the press work were the next operations to be observed. The linotype work, the manufacture of the matrix, and the casting of the plates were each described in detail. After locking the plates in the proper order in the press, the press is ready for the run. The News has four mammoth cylinder presses which turn out 35,000 complete newspapers daily.

The trip through the News proved to be time most enjoyably and profitably spent and resulted in the securing of much valuable information.

The second year print shop gang, because of pressing engagements with the Faculty, were unable to visit the News. It is indeed, unfortunate, for no doubt they, with their keen intelligence and insight, could have made several suggestions for improvement.

However, in the afternoon, they did meet Mr. Huckins and the first year fellows at the Superior Engraving Company where they watched the various steps and processes that are required to reduce a zinc etching, half-tone and color process job. They say they have a better conception, if somewhat hazy, of how this work is done.

On the way down to the engraving company "Jack" Lantigan thought his Ford was afire. He stopped to investigate. His fan belt was off, he was out of water and oil—and the Ford still ran.

The Industrial Department has several new students. They are Benji Hillery, Fridida Satter, Smith, Thiele, and Velgel, all from Buffalo, and Kelman from Brooklyn. They look good—we hope they are.

"Jack" Feldstein is back!

You can't keep a squirrel on the ground they say. Perhaps that is why Mr. Perkins has been suffering from "squirrelitis" lately. His most recent discovery has been the Dabco-O-Dyne, a super-heat-treatment process for which the inventor claims unlimited range and number of uses.

Did you know that our movie department has a new production machine made of "gold" cloth? The feature of this cloth is that it will not stretch at all angles, thus eliminating distortion in a large degree.



#### Homemaking Department

The eclipse was over—yet the week of examinations brought it back to us in keenest reality, for we were in such total darkness so much of the time we quaked with fear for our safety. It's over now and the Homemaking department, as a whole, will continue as a part of the Buffalo State Normal School, at least until another eclipse takes place—next June!

#### Who? Why? When? Where!

Who?—Miss Wishard, She has left us.

Why?—Because she has fallen in love and was married.

When?—February 7, 1925, but nobody knows.

Where?—She and Mr. Fuller have gone for the honeymoon.

It was just like the eclipse—a lot of talk—bad weather (many showers) sudden darkness (we realizing our great loss) total (Miss Wishard became Mrs. Fuller) the event was over! Mr. and Mrs. Fuller have our sincerest wishes for a long and happy lifetime together.

We are delighted to have Miss Scoby back with us to fill the vacancy caused by Mrs. Fuller's resignation. We are unusually fortunate in having so capable a person to fall back upon and I'm sure, in this case especially, Miss Scoby is perfectly happy to come to the rescue.

We have been exceptionally fortunate this year in being able to hear so many foremost workers in the field of Home Economics. Miss Van Rensselaer of Cornell University spoke to some of us one morning during examination week. Those who were able to hear her were very enthusiastic regarding her message and her personality.

This year marks Miss Van Rensselaer's twenty-fifth year of service at Cornell University and many expressions of appreciation are being offered. On Thursday of Farmer's Week there was a special banquet in Miss Van Rensselaer's honor and at that time greetings from the faculty of the Home Economics department of Buffalo Normal were extended to her.

Friday the thirteenth was a lucky day for some of us for Miss Treva Kauffman, the supervisor of Part Time and Evening Schools of New York state spoke to the girls on "Part Time Schools."

The death of Miss Schermerhorn, the president of the New York State Home Economics Association, is regretted throughout the state.

Miss Candell, who was formerly vice-president of the association, has now become the acting president. This office took her to Cornell for Farmer's Week where she appeared on Thursday's program.

The Sophomore Class is to be congratulated, for the Home Economics Club meeting they arranged was a great success. Mrs. Britz from the Home Bureau spoke to us on the work the Home Bureau is doing. At only such times do we realize just what this organization is accomplishing and the really valuable assistance it is giving to so many. We are in great sympathy with their work for they aim—"In making better homes to make better communities and a better nation."

Faculty and student luncheons are again in vogue. It's sort of a surprise package game with the "cooks" because they are never just sure which it is going to be—Faculty or Student. It is a rather unique game to say the least, but Miss Donaldson has unique ways of getting things done.

Miss Donaldson realizes that there is still a childish instinct in all of us and lets us play "demonstrator" with the class. It isn't quite the same though as 'twas in childhood days. It's a bit hard to lose oneself and deliver the goods. It is especially true at those times that "What's comedy for some is tragedy for others!"

Personally, I should think every one in this department would be clamoring for a place on the Bulletin Board Committee. On the eleventh of this month the girls were Mrs. Gemmill's guests at a very informal supper in the Practice Dining Room. I want to assure you Mrs. Gemmill is a mighty fine hostess—wouldn't you agree?

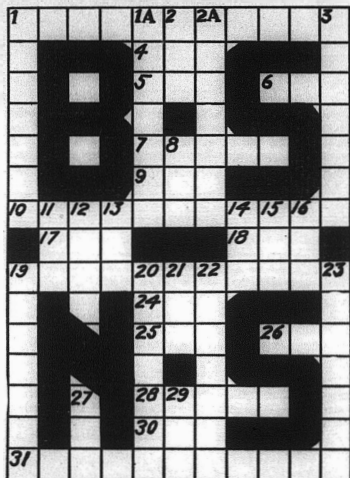
#### True and False Entrance Exam. for Entering Students

Mark a "+" if you agree to the following statements. However if yours is a contrary disposition merely place a "-" after each statement. We want female students to be wary of answering "false" instead of the requested "+", especially in the case of the first two questions—you might create a wrong impression!"

1. I have bobbed hair.
2. I have acquired all my wisdom from books.
3. I shall refrain from talking above the third floor or below the basement.
4. I shall always show the respect due to my teachers by allowing them to enter a classroom before I do—even though it necessitates my waiting five minutes after the bell has rung.
5. I am not covetous. I shall not desire any school matter by looking on it.
6. I will not accept more than two medals at graduation.
7. I do not believe in Bank Checks.
8. The Holy, Good and Consistent are always written on them.



## Are You an Optimist—Try this One?



Horizontal

Vertical

- |                                    |   |
|------------------------------------|---|
| 1 Knowingly                        | 1 Sociology teacher   |
| 4 Nocturnal bird                   | 1A Where corn grows   |
| 5 Small beam of light              | 2 Industrial Workers of America                             |
| 6 Nothing                          | 3 Heard at our basketball games                             |
| 7 A fowl prized for food           | 2A Home of the gods   |
| 9 Prefix relating to eggs          | 3B Avenue (abbrev.)   |
| 10 Telling on somebody             | 11 Prefix "relating to air"                                 |
| 17 German for "one"                | 12 One who does 20 vertical                                 |
| 18 A poem in lyric style           | 13 One on every dog's tail                                  |
| 19 They occur every June           | 14 French for "king"  |
| 24 American humorist called "Bill" | 15 An artificial international language brought out in 1917 |
| 25 Boy's name (abbrev.)            | 16 Volts per "m"  |
| 26 Cow language                    | 19 A lower grade subject                                    |
| 28 A sliding movement              | 20 Unlawful   |
| 30 Scotch for "own"                | 21 Yes  |
| 31 A venomous reptile              | 22 A large game   |
|                                    | 23 To lash or punish severely                               |
|                                    | 27 A rat exterminator                                       |
|                                    | 29 Far from the truth                                       |

(See rules on Page 6)

## Teaching as a Profession

We have been begged, entreated and forced by scores of teachers to write the only true, original, authentic and uncontaminated facts concerning teaching. Being a man of few words and many sounds, we must limit this dissertation to fifty words and leave the surplus to the reader's imagination.

Before you decide to make pedagogy your life work, analyze yourself. Would you make a better paperhanger or movie star? Do you love to tell other people what you think you know and a lot more that you don't know? Do you experience a ticklish sensation in your abdomen which calls you to the higher things in life? Most Normal School students have this feeling; if not in their abdomens it must be in their heads.

Having determined that fate fated your fate to be a teacher's fate; you must choose the school you wish to attend. Do not go to a college, you have to labor too hard. If you abhor work, go to a Normal school (ask any faculty member).

A teacher must command respect. Back in the dark ages when we were a carefree boy, we hurled snowballs at all females except teachers; deep affection dampened our bellicose ardor. As to the financial aspects of teaching, let us say that teachers have a special dislike for money. Most teachers we have had so far readily admitted that they would hate to have a million dollars and if they should, by ill chance, receive such a sum, they would readily give it away.

Having given our brilliant thoughts in fifty words, we must now conclude with the opinions of some renowned people. Henry Ford—"Education is the bunk." Walter Smith—"I gave up the circus to become a school teacher." Harry Abate—"I like my teacher; she says I'm smart."

—MAURICE ROVNER

## Why Is the Washington Well?

The father of our country never prevaricated, we are told. Oh, the irony of fate, that Washington should be placed in a well—a well called well, but not having the first prerequisite of a well—namely, water. Not that we wish him any harm; but, does it seem logical to you?

## Little Comma's Notebook

## Economics Class:

Learned a new word—sovereign. Means you are above everybody else, and everybody else knows you are above everybody else, so they do just as you tell them. Do you know what I call that? I call that an impossibility!

J. H. S. Math:

"Logs" are too woody for me.

Slide rule only understood by lateral mental gymnastics.

## History of Education:

Supplementary book—"Changeling Deceptions in Education."

## Specialized Psychology:

Learned that nervous system is composed of morons.

Also that instinctive behavior is what you do without thinking about it and that acquired is "polite society."

## Sociology:

Informed that we may go to jail any time we please, but that they would not even consider us at Forest Lawn.

And that's that.



## The Record

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

Our congratulations to Third Year Grammar Section II, pioneers in what we hope will soon be an established system.

This section was the one section qualified to try their January examinations on the Honor System. It proved to be, not a rank failure, as predicted by some, but a decided success. Ask the members of that section, if they could not think much better, without a proctor standing over them. Many Grammar III have a long list of followers!

### Winner of January Crossword Announced

Marie Denecke of Third Eg. Pr. II is the winner of the dollar prize. Marie submitted the first correct solution to the puzzle and complied with all the rules.

### Welcome to Miss Wherry

Miss Wherry of North Tonawanda and a graduate of Buffalo Normal is here to take Miss Engelbreck's place while she is at Columbia University. She "won't stay long" she says (on first meeting us) but to her, (who is one of us) we extend a standing welcome that breaks the barriers of time.

### To Mr. Root

Third Year Grammar Section II wishes to thank Mr. Root for rearranging our examination assignments, thus making it possible for us to follow the Honor System.

VIOLA G. DOHN, Section Captain.

We certainly enjoyed the song sung by Miss Rowena Raymond and the Clio quartet on February 6th, and we hope we can hear some more stanzas of the same song soon.

A student assembly is the one thing that brings into the Student Body the feeling of that most elusive characteristic of a school—Spirit. We cannot have too many of them, too much singing of school songs or cheering.

### Money and New York's Normal Schools

With the extension of the Normal School course in New York State to three years came an increase in registration which is working most of the schools to their full capacity and which established a waiting list in our own school.

Prof. Bagley, in the January issue of the New York State Educational Journal, made the following statement:

"A third year may easily be made to double the efficiency of the older two-year program. The word 'easily,' however, needs a little qualification. How much can be accomplished by the normal schools under their advanced requirements will depend very largely upon the measure of support that is accorded to them. This includes both financial support and (what is equally important if not even far more significant) moral support.

"The need of a more generous policy toward the financial support of the normal schools is not peculiar to New York. Throughout the country, the professional schools for teachers are seriously and unjustly handicapped in this respect. As compared with other educational institutions of the same grade, they are understaffed and poorly equipped. Compared with these other institutions their instructors are overworked and underpaid."

The State (New York) spends more from its treasury each year on the College of Agriculture of Cornell University than it pays for the support of the ten state normal schools that train elementary-school teachers. The maximal salaries of the normal-school instructors are but little in advance of the minimal salaries of instructors of the same grade in the agricultural colleges. In so far as standards of equipment and personnel are concerned, no single state normal school can compare for a moment with the College of Agriculture.

When we consider the number of children that each year come under the influence of the normal-school graduate in the years of his or her service, it is but a just plea to have the normal schools supported at least as generously as other public institutions of similar grade are supported."

## Midnight Madness

Rapidly he paced the floor, determination surging and seething in his every movement. He tore at his already frownsed hair and dragged from his neck a wilted something that was once a collar. Would it never come! The uncertainty and stupidity of it all was maddening. How many men, he thought, in one of his calmer moments, were experiencing the same situation? To think that he—*he* whose very word was an authority—should be compelled to wait upon such a small, yet vital matter. The humiliation of it—the irony of it—why had he been so unobservant?

A blinking gray cat watched him solemnly in a safe corner of the room, unobserved by the frenzied victim. Suddenly, the man clutched feverishly at a book on his desk and glanced in the direction of the sober personage of the cat. The stupidity of the blinking beast overwhelmed him. "Can no one help me?" he muttered. As if in response the cat arose and stretched lazily in his secluded spot of the room. However, it was an unfortunate procedure. The entire contents of the English language, both printed and spoken, were hurled in the unctuous beast's direction, leaving the echo of an unhappy "Meow!" and the frenzied man alone in the room.

It was as if a miracle had happened. The harrowing expression vanished like a flash of lightning. His countenance was wreathed in smiles and an unsurpassable gleam replaced the frenzied burning stare.

"It has come, at last!" he shouted wildly. "I am a free man! I can eat, sleep, laugh, work again! Heaven be praised! A word of four letters meaning the plaintive cry of a feline—How stupid of me!"

And the harbinger of happiness, at a safe distance, shielded by a door, purred in deep contentment.

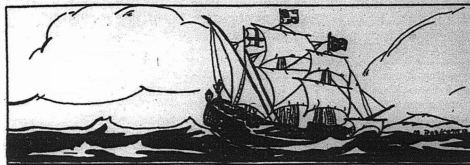
This is a secret. The other day Ray Boa was homeward bound on a No. 8 car. Yes, he has just moved. He was standing, a condition often apparent on street cars. The Main Street line is one of the best in the city, but it was noticed that Ray's footing was rather insecure. Shortly, a woman who had been sitting before him rose and alighted. No one else was standing, so Ray decided to fill the vacant seat. His intentions were admirable, but the car lurched, Ray slipped and sat down—in the laps of two young ladies who were sitting next to the vacant space. He didn't sit easily as a gentleman should, but his feet went up in the air and he sat down hard. It was really excruciatingly funny, but it was plain excruciation for Ray. He swears that hereafter he will be a two-handed strap-hanger.

## Eclipseally Speaking

In a handwork class at Welcome Hall is a youngster aged nine, Sammy, by name. There is also his sister, Josephine, aged six, on whom Sammy repeatedly attempts to impress his superiority. It was the afternoon of the much heralded eclipse and Sammy suddenly announced to the assembled group, "My little budder, tree years old can lick her"—"her" being the unfortunate Josephine.

However, Josephine remained her placid self and returned, "Oh, but da boys is always stronger den da girls."

Sammy was quiet for several seconds and then with air of one who has made a great discovery burst forth with, "Teacher, teacher, how about dat Lady Moon dis morning—didn't she knock out dat Old Man Sun?"



## The White Monkey

John Galsworthy

In his latest book, Mr. Galsworthy's much lamented remoteness and personal detachment from the actions and thots of his characters is just as evident as in any of his earlier books. As one critic has said, he enters into the lives of the characters just to find what the struggle does mean and then, satisfied, leaves. In this book, however, he apparently reaches a conclusion, which cannot always be said of him, as he is glimpsed thru his other works.

If you like a story in which character analysis and thots dominate instead of plot, you will like this latest book of Mr. Galsworthy's. It is his honest attempt to give the results of his study of the dissatisfaction with which many people regard modern life, its lack of completeness, its emptiness. Mr. Galsworthy, however, seems to infer in the book that it is not life which is incomplete and empty—it is the people in life. They are too critical and pessimistic. They have clouded over the real with the artificial. They have not the tools with which to tap life, to reach its beauty, fullness and purpose. The fullness and purpose are there, but the seekers are too busy hunting to find it. Witness Michael's attitude throught the book, for contrast. His joy of living is very seldom and then only temporarily dimmed.

The obvious and direct symbol of this search—the symbol which gives the book its title, is the picture of a white monkey gazing intently at the observer with questioning, sardonic dissatisfaction. In his outstretched hand he holds a fruit squeezed dry. Such a picture represents the spirit of the modern, eagerly taking what is given, discounting its value, but ever reaching for something else, dissatisfied, yearning for more. Thus Mr. Galsworthy summarizes his book. "He'll never be happy till he gets it. The only thing, you see, is that he doesn't know what it is." The people have become entangled in the complexity of life. They are lost in a maze fashioned from their own minds and imaginations. Some must, with infinite patience and labor, slowly feel their way out. For others an explosion, some crisis of life, crumbles the walls, and they stand erect, facing the sun and sky.

So it was with Fleur,—her copper floor, her dog, her Chinese room, her eternal planning of whom to seat next to whom, make up the theme of her life. Her friends are all of the dilettante type. The books and poems which they write, the music which they compose,—all is sophistry and vanity. "Life," says Fleur, "Oh, my, we know it's supposed to be a riddle, but we've given it up. We just want to have a good time because we don't believe anything can last. But I don't think we know how to have it. We just sit on and hope for it. Of course, there's art, but most of us aren't artists; besides, expressionism

—Michael says it has no inside. We gas about it, but I suppose it hasn't. I see a frightful lot of writers and painters, you know: they're supposed to be amusing." But, later in the book, we see that a great change occurs in Fleur's attitude toward life.

In the book there is quite a bit of humor woven in to lighten the all-pervading gloom. In speaking of the music composed by one of Fleur's friends and her reactions to it: "To speak quite honestly, Fleur had a natural sense of rhythm which caused her discomfort during those long and "interesting" passages which evidenced, as it were, the composer's rise and fall from his bed of thorns." Another, "The song hit every note off the solar plexus", "Pows! was wonderful—so loyal! Never a note struck so that it rang out like music." It is mostly Michael's, the practical's, reactions to Fleur's pretences which furnish the humor. And slang—the reading of the book is made difficult by an excess of slang and extremely poor, short, choppy sentences. "Pity was pulp. Sentiment was bilge."

In the main, however, the book is worth reading, first as a continuation of the Forsyte Saga, second as a study in modern thot, and third, as the latest book which Galsworthy has written.

**Pandora Lifts the Lid**  
Christopher Morley and Don Marquis

"Pandora Lifts the Lid" is a tale different in every respect from any of the books reviewed thus far. It is an entirely impossible yarn about the adventures of a party of young school girls; of how they ran away with a young teacher of poetry and an old millionaire so that the teacher might convert the millionaire to the views of communism; of how, in so doing, they met and outwitted a party of bootleggers. The story is entirely impossible, but is very easy reading. Plot is the outstanding characteristic of the book—there is something doing every minute!

The story is a new venture for Don Marquis and Christopher Morley. Probably all have read some of Morley's nonsensical essays in "Pipetuls," "Mince Pie," etc. Who can forget Don Marquis if he has once read of the antics of "The Old Soak" or "Archy, the Cockroach"? These two newspaper columnists have combined their talents and by so doing have produced something entirely different from any of their previous works, a clever "thriller" with which to while away an idle hour.

**On Getting to School in the Morning**

Friday, the 13th.

This morning ma called me fifteen minutes later than usual. I didn't suffer, but my breakfast never disappeared at such breakneck speed before. My rubbers felt the rush, too.

The engineer saw me coming, so he held up the train till I arrived—oh, yes, it's two coaches long and I'm the only entering passenger at my station.

What ho! My hurry and bustle, furry and rustle availed little. The train made only four unscheduled stops, each varying from one minute to ten. My heels were quite cooled off when Buffalo appeared at last. The train jerked to a stop and I proceeded to alight. Alight? Yes, quite! The steps were icy, you see.

The Main cars weren't running that morning—at least none approached my vicinity—so I walked to the famous number 7 line, missed three and finally boarded one.

The Normal doors were wide open—they evidently knew I was coming.



**TRACKS IN THE SNOW**

By Clayton S. Hoyle

I was too late to see the one who inspired this reminiscence, but I know well who it was. It was a squirrel who had been hurriedly and frantically jumping through the snow from one tree trunk to another over here in the Circle. All that I saw were the tracks which he had left behind, but they were enough to start up a train of memory which took me back over a trip in the mountains two or three years ago. It occurred to me that you might be interested to hear about this trip through a portion of the Adirondack wilds, so I have endeavored to portray it with that in mind.

About daylight of the day we started, a six-inch fall of snow had obscured every vestige of animal tracks in the woods. This is always a keen disappointment to the woodsman, because he has come to know what they all mean and to whom they all belong, and a new snow deprives him of many interesting glimpses into the lives of the forest animals.

After leaving the town we followed a wood road for two or three miles, but finally we donned our snowshoes and leaving the friendly wood road to continue its course alone, struck off across the lake in a course nearly southwest. From this vantage point we could see the distant mountain range which we hoped to reach by nightfall and in whose sturdy bosom lay a tiny cave snugly hidden in the ice-capped ledges, where we hoped to spend the night. The beauty of the mountains and the snow topped forests can never be fittingly described, so he who may enjoy it at first hand is fortunate, indeed.

At noon we were across the lake and resting comfortably beside a hastily constructed fire over which the coffee simmered and the bacon sizzled. Under the magic spell cast by the odor of the fire and the inward luxury of the meal, we forgot the passing of time until the king of woodpeckers sounded "taps" on a dead tree nearby. This sign of life aroused us to the possibility of seeing other forest folk, so hastily putting out the fire, we left the lake behind and entered the untrodden paths of the forest.

Passing through intermittent growths of swamp and low hardwood sections, we gradually worked out on the higher hardwood flats and about mid-

afternoon the real climbing work began, for the mountain was directly before us. We looked back at our well beaten snowshoe float and realized that to follow it would mean the line of least resistance, but our minds were bent on reaching the cave that night, so taking off our coats and putting them in the packs, we began to climb. A crazy, falling, splashing brook, whose summer noisiness was half muffled by the ice and snow, engaged our attention for a while, but the relentless compass pointed away, so we had to leave the brook and the glimpses of the trout that play at marbles with the pebbles in its shallow basins, and scramble as best we could up the steep banks or walk slowly on temporary level places. No tracks of beast or man, except our own, had we seen, and we began to wonder if some unseen power had suddenly taken them out of existence. Some of the places we had to go up were so steep that it was necessary for us to take off one of our snowshoes for short distances. We lost much time in this way and before we were aware of it the sun was sinking behind the western horizon. We redoubled our efforts to reach the cave before dark, but in the woods there is a point of time at which darkness seems to drop down like a curtain. When the "curtain" dropped that late afternoon we were still about twenty-five minutes' good stiff climbing distance from the cave. Using our flashlights, our knowledge of the country, and our compasses, we had at length reached the edge of the tumbled, broken mass of boulders through which we must work our way to get at the entrance of the cave, when suddenly I noticed a number of fresh tracks in the snow ahead. At first glance they seemed large enough to have been made by a man, but upon close examination with the flashlight, they proved to be the tracks of a large Canadian lynx.

The darkness, together with the many possible hiding places in the nearby rocks and in the branches overhead, constituted, in our minds, an element of danger which was not altogether pleasant. Realizing, however, that we would gain nothing by staying there, we proceeded cautiously, with our guns in readiness to fire instantly on any pairs of shining eyes in the darkness, and keeping a very sharp lookout on all sides. Coming at last to the small level spot in front of the cave's entrance, we found it literally all "tramped flat" by the cats, but the brace which held the door shut was tightly in place and the door shut. With a last rush and scramble, bordering almost on bravado, we gained the door and, hastily throwing it aside, entered without further ceremony. We soon had a roaring fire going in the old box stove, and as we sat down to rest, the light of the candle shone upon two faces streaked with perspiration and marked with gratitude. Flapjacks, Black Strap molasses, coffee, and some poorly sung snatches of old songs served to raise our spirits to the nth degree and later on we fell asleep on the boughs, planning for an early start, on the big cat's trail, the next morning.

The sun was shining when we awoke; we finished breakfast hurriedly and proceeded to examine the ground about the cave and soon found out that instead of one cat there had been four. Evidently this was a family, for there were tracks which indicated that there were two large cats and two half grown ones. Earlier in the season we had left a deerskin stretched over a rock near the cave so that it would dry out and could be made of some use about the camp. We had forgotten to put it inside the last time we had been there, but the cats had scented it, dug it up from under the snow, and it was nowhere to be seen. After making sure that our late visitors were nowhere around, we packed our lunch and started out on their trail. We looked forward to this trip a great deal, and, though unspoken, the hope was with us that we might get a glimpse of the cats themselves. We figured that they were

now probably twelve or fifteen hours ahead of us and if they had stopped somewhere over night they might even be much nearer. We knew that they had been at the cave some time during the preceding day, because it had snowed to a depth of six inches early that morning and if the tracks had been made previously they would have been covered.

After following the trail of the cats for a short distance, we discovered that the kittens had possession of the deerskin and that they were having a royal time with it. Evidently one kitten had it for a distance, but the other one caught up to him at the top of a small ledge and there a tug of war had taken place, as was indicated by a much flattened round spot in the snow and hundreds of tracks encircling it, showing that they had gone round and round with it, each one trying to get it from the other, until finally both had rolled over the ledge together. Here the struggle had continued until one succeeded and ran away only to be caught again by the other and the whole performance repeated again. This happened many times until finally, about two miles from the cave, we found the remains of the skin, but in such a showman condition that it is very doubtful if even its original owner would have recognized it.

A very interesting observation then took place. It was with regard to the order of march which the cats maintained. The kittens fell into single file behind their mother (this was indicated by the fact that they followed the smaller of the two older cats' tracks), while the head of the family walked in a line parallel to the other three and about ten or twelve feet to the left. This order never varied except when they came to a tree which had fallen in a line parallel to their line of march. Then they would all approach the end of the tree nearest them and walk its entire length, when they would again separate and proceed as before. When this had been repeated a number of times on different trees we began to look for a reason for it. At first we thought it was just cat nature to want to walk a tree, the same as it is natural for our house cats to want to walk the top rail of the back yard fence. We finally came to the conclusion, however, that no doubt the real reason for their walking each tree in this manner was that their combined weight and movement on the tree would serve to move or wiggle it enough to disturb any mice or chipmunks which might be living under it and cause them to run out from its shelter long enough to give the cats a chance to pounce on them. We were inclined to this belief because we found in two instances that this had actually happened, for we saw where one of the cats had jumped off the tree and caught a mouse, as indicated by a tiny spot of blood and the tracks of a mouse near the edge of the log. At another point the same thing had happened except that this time it was a chipmunk who had been the victim, for we found his tail and a spot or two of blood. I shall never forget the accuracy with which those cats followed their direction. They traveled in a line straight south from our cave and never varied it a single degree as long as we followed them. If they came to a thicket or a sharp rise of ground, they went through it or over it. They allowed nothing to interfere with their line of march. At noon we were compelled to give up the chase because it would now take us nearly all afternoon to get back to camp. We turned our faces toward the cave with much reluctance, but not without feeling that we had come to know something, at least, about this rare specimen of wild cat life. These cats stand about eighteen or twenty inches high and the largest one of the four we were following made a track in the snow which measured four and one-half inches in diameter.

(Continued next Month)

## Me and the Cross Word Puzzle

So Carolyn Wells writes humorously of the all-absorbing subject in February number of Vanity Fair. She says that all her life words have marshalled themselves before her like soldiers before a beloved officer; now she has an opportunity to repay this great kindness and honor words as they have long honored her. "The Assyrian's descent on the fold shall be as nothing to the way I shall swoop down on a generation that know not stet from pi, and think that em or en belong in the catechism." Animals, too, have a charm for her, and she vows to make every citizen know the difference between an emu and an emir. She especially wants to honor the extinct species, if only for the joy the dodo or the moa will feel when he sees himself definitely scheduled as 34 Across and 26 Down.

Other words there were needing more attention. For instance, she asks, "Who took thought for the preposition or conjunction? The musical notes! The parts of the verb to be? But we have changed all that, and these negligible quantities, these obscure words, hitherto unwept, unhonored and unusung, have now become the head of the corner."

Colleges have turned their attention to the Cross Word Puzzles. Miss Wells thinks it means a death blow to athletics and mathematics but undoubtedly increased interest in Latin, natural history and geography. She thinks public schools and district schools will fall into line and then there will be no more creeping like a small unwillingly to school. While pupils may be tardy they will not blame the traffic. No, they will own promptly that the only six letter word that means oxide of yttrium in powder had seven letters in it, and that, of course, entailed further research.

Our author points out the changes in our daily life that cross-word puzzles have inaugurated. She says Inoleums are made with squares instead of diamond shaped blocks. The bride carries a puzzle book instead of a prayer book, and anxious, hovering parents no longer beg that there shall be no cross words between the newly wedded pair.

Miss Wells concludes by saying that she knows she has earned the grateful appreciation of the Sun God Ra by blazoning his name abroad. She has always liked such words as ik, none, and yclept, but until now had no chance to tell the words so. "Today," she says, "I scatter them freely when I make puzzles and greet them hilariously when I meet them in solving puzzles.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun  
Views from my hand no cross-word puzzle done."

## California Fruit

A southern army camp was under quarantine and the commander in charge, Berry, by name, had given strict order that no one was to enter or depart from the camp grounds. Now Officer Berry had a wife and a daughter who frequently visited the camp and so one day as they approached the sentry at guard halted them and firmly announced that they could not enter.

"Mrs. Berry was very indignant and haughtily stated, "But, we are the Berries!"

However, the sentry was unimpressed and replied, "Lady, I don't care if you're the 'cat's meow,' you don't get in!"

There is some dispute as to whether the road signs should read "Go Slow" or "Go Slowly." But the speeders are usually going too fast to notice errors in grammar.

In Miss Reed's Nature Study class: Miss Reid—"After all, is an elephant so very different from man?"

M. Sheehan, (thoughtfully)—"I hope so."

## BUFFALO SUCCESSFUL ON TRIP!

## Genesee Defeated for Sixth Time in Three Years.

Genesee has played Buffalo six times in three seasons and Buffalo has beaten the "Pride of the Valley" every time.

On February 13 Buffalo made its annual invasion to Genesee. Since Genesee had given the Bison a close game in Buffalo, the whole town turned out to see what promised to be a real hot basketball game.

The tip off went to Buffalo; Baldwin, who received a pass from Stark, dribbled through his man for the first basket. "Richie" Baldwin repeated this stunt several times, always ending up with a basket. When Genesee got possession of the ball, they lost it, for Janowski was too clever on the defense. The Normal guards held Genesee scoreless from the field in the entire first half. Two fouls were all that Genesee scored during the half, while Buffalo piled up 15 points.

In the second half Genesee scored two baskets in succession! A time out for the Black and Orange team broke up the rally. For the rest of the game Buffalo was on the defense, trying to keep its big lead. Three points were added to Buffalo's margin via fouls. The final whistle found Buffalo on the stand of victory. Genesee had again been defeated by a score of 19 to 8.

BUFFALO (19)	(8) GENESEO
Baldwin, f. (9).....	(1) f., (Capt) Costello
Stark, f. (9).....	(2) f., Welsh
Coughlin, c. (3).....	(3) c., Battaglia
Janowski, g. (1).....	(2) g., Westfall
Abate, g. (6).....	.....g. Lavery

## BUFFALO DEFEATS GENESEO

## Final Rally Brings a 28-22 Victory

The best game of the year was played on our court on January 23. Genesee fell before Coach Thomas Cleary's quintet.

The boys from the "Valley" started with a rush which took Buffalo off their feet. The brilliant work of the crack Genesee forward, Welsh, ended the first quarter with the Bison trailing, 9-1.

In the second quarter, Buffalo managed to cut the lead to a lone tally. Janowski checked Welsh closely, while Stark and Coughlin scored several goals at different angles. Buffalo then took the lead, but a foul in the danger zone placed Genesee on the better end of a 14-15 score.

In the second half the Normalites came back strong. The substitution of Powell at forward seemed to rejuvenate the Black and Orange outfit. Lee scored goals which gave Buffalo a good lead. Genesee then tried to stage a rally, but the Normal defense was too much for them. The final score was 28-22.

BUFFALO (28)	(22) GENESEO
Baldwin, r. f. ....	(6) r. f., Costello
Stark, l. f. (8).....	(6) l. f., Welsh
Coughlin, c. (6).....	(7) c., Battaglia
Janowski, r. f. (2).....	.....r. g. Lavery
Abate, l. g. (5).....	(1) l. g., Westfall
Powell (4).....	(2) Osborne
McDonough	
Referee—Burt (Canisius College).	



## Nichols Victorious

The Normal quintet's third loss of the season was added to the victories of the Nichols team. February 6, on the Prep School court, the Schoolmasters lost another hard battle. Nichols managed to get a good lead in the beginning of the game. The Black and Orange team tried to stage a comeback, but it was worthless. Line-ups:

NORMAL (18)	(27) NICHOLS
Baldwin, f. (3)	(6) L. Sherk
Stark, f. (5)	(5) L. Elden
Coughlin, c.	(4) c. Berosan
Janowski, g.	(5) G. Vogt
Abata, g. (10)	(7) G. Sents
Powell Referee—Burt (Catholic College).	

## Sport Casting—Station H. F. A.

Where are we in basketball?

1. Fredonia 22	Buffalo 32	4. Nichols 11	Buffalo 15
2. Lafayette 30	Buffalo 14*	5. Geneseo 22	Buffalo 28
3. Brockport 18	Buffalo 12*	6. Nichols 27	Buffalo 18*
7. Geneseo 8			Buffalo 19

Won four—Lost three.

## Freshmen Tournament

The Freshmen tournament opened Wednesday, February 17 at three o'clock (the game was scheduled for four o'clock) when a group of students gathered in the basement and broke all rules of hall control, talked two teachers deaf and persuaded two others to "come down and see the game" when they knew very well that Faculty have no time for such frivolousness. Lucky for the audience, however, this hubbub was not carried into the game! Section V met and defeated Section I—15-2. A superior brand of basketball was played! It was apt the closeness of the score that thrilled the audience but the quality of heady passwork and superior playing ability on the part of Section V, Captain Moynihan's aggregation! At the end of the first half, Section V gathered in a corner of the gym and ate crackers. Why? Is this a new custom the Freshmen have instituted? The sensational part of the game, however, was the courageous defense which Section I, Captain Adamak's aggregation, put up in the face of such strong opposition!

Section VIII met Section III. The game was nip and tuck all thru and ended with the score, Section III—9, Section VIII—10. The playing, on the whole, was inferior to the first game, but the spirit and sportsmanship displayed was very commendable which is, of course (in the words of a moralist) playing the game of life nobly!

## Swimming

Our swimming material to date:

Those who were afraid of the water have progressed to such a degree that they are the best—splashers!

More beginners are joining the class and/are able to make the "dead man float".

The waterwings aren't worn out yet and are still able to hold up three hundred pounds.

Some girls don't "breathe right, yet." (I guess they lose their breath in the "showers".)

Those who weren't out last time are coming out again!



# SOCIETIES

## Arethusa

Are we busy? No,—but to use a term typical of the season, "We are rushed"—and not only with rush parties, but with the month of May rapidly approaching. Plans, work and more plans, are under way and the week of May fourth will mean a gala time for every Arethusa girl.—Why?—Because we are fortunate enough to be entertaining the Chapters of Arethusa at the Annual Convocation.

## Art Kraft Klub

About fifteen sections have entered into the Art Kraft Klub Stunt Nite program of March 6. Tickets can be obtained from any of the A. K. K. members. Get yours now a "avoid that last minute rush."

## Home Economics Club

February 10, the Home Economics Club meeting was held under the auspices of the H. S. Sophomores. They succeeded in having Mrs. Britt from the Buffalo Home Bureau speak on the organization and work of the Home Bureau. The meeting was adjourned after refreshments were served.

## Tau Phi

Tau Phi Sorority regrets very much the loss of one of their faculty members, Miss Wishard. A farewell dinner was given for her at the home of Dorothy Young on January 22. We wish her the sincerest of happiness in the future.

Tau Phi held their first rush party in the form of a tea at the home of Margaret MacDonald, January 13.

On February 28 one will be able to see a large gathering of pirates at Reinhert's Tea Room.

## Men's Club

On January 30 the Men's Club held a bowling party at the Goodell alleys, to allow the members of the club and their friends to overcome the effects of the celebration which had been held all week in the gymnasium by the faculty.

Pete Van Haaren rolled a high single game of 220, but he was the only man who could concentrate on the game. He had his wife with him.

George Watson, George Hanneman, and Kyril Dee also rolled over 200 in about that many games. The only place Kyril rolled the ball straight was in the gutter.

"Bill" Huth's friend rolled a ball that wandered all over the alley, and made the pins so dizzy that they fell for her with very little persuasion. When she had two strikes in a row, "Hans" Geyer threw in a sponge and the enthusiasm was dampened slightly.

Everyone present agreed that he had had a wonderful time, and all are looking forward for the future social affairs of the Men's Club.

## Theta Kappa

Jingle bells, Jingle bells,  
Jingle all the way.

Oh, what fun we're going to have  
In Theta Kappa's sleigh.

Theta Kappa holds its second rush party at the home of Esther Miller, in Ebenezzer on February 19. A jolly time is expected if this delightful winter "snap" continues! If winter leaves us before then—a hay ride will substitute for the sleigh.

## Sigma Sigma Sigma, Zeta Chapter

Imagine telling stories to precious little crippled children! What could be more interesting? That is what we are doing. Every Friday two girls go to the Children's Hospital and tell or read stories. Both the girls and the children seem to enjoy this work. In this way we correlate our school and social work and we are sure our Kindergarten teachers will agree with us that this is good practice.

## Nu Lambda Sigma

### WERE YOU THERE?

If you were, you know that the dance of Monday, February 9, was socially a great success. Its fame seemed to have spread far and wide, for there were present many strangers, as well as more familiar personalities. Financially, too, Nu Lambda Sigmas first official "frolic" met with our greatest expectations. We hope soon to make this fact more concrete by the presentation of some books to the library.

Keep your eye on this infant organization; it is fast growing up.

## Orchestra Notes

The orchestra held a farewell supper party on Thursday, February 19, in honor of Marie Fitzgerald, pianist.

Miss Janice Lang has been selected from a number of entrants for the position of pianist.

Elton Shaver, to himself, going into class—

"Now I go to class to sleep,  
I pray the teacher will silence keep  
If she should call me before I wake—  
What should I do for goodness sake!"

"My bonnie leaned over a gas tank  
To see what he could see.  
My bonnie lit a match,  
An—oh!—bring back my bonnie to me."

Caesar (when it rains)—"What, ho, the mudguard."

## A Normal Tragedy

I

"It's all over," said Pauline, and turning to Fred, She noted the tears on his cheek. "Yes, dearest, all over," the words seemed to choke, It seemed that he could not speak.

II

"I've enjoyed it though," Freddie, "it's been lots of fun," "And you've liked it too, haven't you? But by lasting much longer, t'would only be worse, And in the end, break my heart in two.

III

"Why don't you go, why sit there so still? With the morn' all your tears will be o'er, And I know you'll forget in your hard-hearted way, For it won't make you sad any more."

IV

The clapping of hands showed the two felt the same. No question, no further fight, For the curtain descending upon that sad scene— Showed the movies were over that night.

## Orchestra Quips

Miss Hurd—Direction extraordinary, disposition guaranteed.  
Darius Ormsby—"Young Heifetz."  
Peter Saggese—Official viola tuner, string mender and music tender. Incidentally performs upon the viola.  
The orchestra watchword—"Sound your A."

## What He Did Know

Customer—Which leather makes the best shoes?  
Shoe Salesman—I don't know, but banana skins make the best slippers.

I bet ten dollars on a horse,  
I thought he'd surely win;  
He was so brave that doggone nag,  
He chased the others in.

**Doggerel**

"An aeroplane flew overhead  
A dog stood on the lawn,  
The aviator dropped a bomb,  
Whiz bang, Ki Yi, Doggone."

**The Silver Lining**

I've shaken off the feeling that the  
world has all gone wrong;  
I tackle my arithmetic and do it with  
a song.  
The last exam removed all fear of my  
instructor's wrath.  
And now I'm happy all day long—"got  
a '1' in Math.

**Society Notes.**

Pat Zacher, active member of Psi  
Phi Fraternity, is earning new laurels  
by coaching the stunt which will receive  
the first prize on Stunt Nite.

There is nothing authoritative  
enough in the information to make  
an exact statement, but rumor has it  
that Wallace Ormsby was recently  
seen out with a girl!

**Musical Expressions**

Many an infant, though not musically  
inclined, plays on the linoleum.

Sunday school teacher—Now each  
pupil will quote a Bible verse as he  
drops in his pennies.  
Junior (after some desperate thinking)—  
A fool and his money are soon parted.

Good old words are always breaking  
down, and so perhaps it is natural  
that "barber" should become "bobber."

**New Book**

"Bunions Progress," by Pilgrim.

**Literary Note**

"Essay on Burns." Use baking soda.

**Etiquette**

When offering a Camel—  
"Hump yourself."

**Whispers**

from the  
One Year Vocational Class

If Shakespeare really turns over as  
often as Miss Keeler says he does, he  
must have his grave nearly worn out  
by this time.

"How are you making out in Psychology?"

"All right, except I haven't learned  
to wag my ears yet."

Some of the examination replies  
were so brilliant that it was fortunate  
that our teachers saved those smoked  
glasses.

Waiting for the examination results  
is just like keeping your head under  
water.

"How did you make out?" seems to  
have taken the place of "How do you  
do?"

Don't ever say "lay down" to a  
Boston terrier; say "lie down."  
Boston owls say "to whom," not  
"to who."

Personal touch in flivver want ads—  
"Lizzie, come home; all is forgiven."

Live Latin—How Cicero used to  
sling the slangue when not public  
speaking.

Idem hio—Same here.  
Nihil faciens—Nothing doing.  
Nemo domi—Nobody home.  
Id dixisti—You said it.  
Ad amoreu Michaelis—For the love  
of Mike.

Orbem terrarum certioram factam—  
I'll tell the world.  
Id maribus dic—Tell it to the  
marines.

Shako, shakere, tassal, smashum—  
To ride in a Ford.

Flunko, flunkere, seall, doomum—  
To flunk a term.

Chucko, chuckere, pitchere, tosamum—  
To throw.

Dariffnatus—To find out.  
Canisius Arena.

**A Modern Sir Galahad.**

My good knife backs the sides of steak,  
My tough fork aimeth true,  
My thrust with lusty force I take,  
While Gods of Strength I sue;  
The shivering water moutheth high.  
Then while the noise of strife ascends,  
The shattered pieces break and fly,  
The fragments descend;  
They fall, they drop on standing men  
And when again action we start,  
Princes and dunces, run in bunches  
As those who wish to posts to dart.

The meat is broken into bits,  
And thru the closed door  
A swelling murmur starts to rise,  
That seems to shake the floor.  
Then moves the door, the hinges creak,  
Hands do appear, voices sound clear.

"O great and faithful man of strength  
Strive on! the prize is near."  
So hew I cutlet, chop and steak,  
With knife and axe, with trick and  
wile,

All alone I hew, whatever my fate  
Until success on me may smile  
(With apologies to Tennyson).

OAKLEY IRWIN.

Fashion expert says foreheads are  
coming back in style. The ladies have  
to have something to hang their bangs  
on.

Grave digger's "Song of Love."  
"I'd move the earth for you."

**The Bells That Quell**

I  
Helen de Lano, our dear little niece,  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace.  
Not only sweet Helen did she wake with that yell,  
But Mother and Daddy Rockwell, as well.

II  
And her fond father walked, as all fond fathers do.  
And he tried every trick that his father-heart knew.  
But volume increased, and pitch lost its sway  
And even John Coughlin started that way.

**III**

She tortured her Dad as he took his long stride,  
But instantly stopped, her mouth opened wide,  
For that terrible clock in the Normal School tower  
Quelled her voice as it quetheth one thousand each hour.

**What Would Be the Result If**

Walter Smith wore knucklers?  
We had a squad of cheerleaders?  
De Cessaar grew up?  
Alice McMahon's hair turned gray?  
Mr. Root never shaved?  
We wore our own frat and sorority  
pins?  
Bee Hennick and Dot Fagan wore  
black hosery?  
Ruth White turned Black?  
Mr. Voss wasn't married?  
"Inch" Lannigan lost his toupe?  
Lee Powell kept silent for a day?  
We had an old fashioned inter-sectional  
snowball war on the campus?  
Torn up notes were not left in ink-  
wells?

Anyone answered these ifs?

Miss Hurd, at orchestra practice—  
"What's the matter, Miss Dwyer?  
Have you lost the place?"  
Catherine Dwyer—"No, Miss Hurd,  
I have no G string.

Also at orchestra practice—  
Miss Hurd—"Stop just a minute.  
Are you all in tune? I hear a discord  
somewhere."  
Voice from rear—"Frank Finnigan's  
keys are slipping."

**Be a Sherlock Holmes**

Catch a cross-word puzzler, throw  
him down and go through his pockets,  
and if he is a real one, you will find  
at least five pencil stubs and three  
rubber erasers.

**Where the Collar Fits**

Tom, go fetch the old horse.  
Why the old one, father?  
Wear out the old ones first, that's  
my motto.  
Well, then, father, you fetch the  
horse.

Suitor—"Will you really miss me?"  
Father (with gun)—"Not if you  
don't hurry."

It was a vehicle marriage.  
We were told at our approach;  
For she was a girl of fine carriage,  
And he was a football coach.

Don't feel foolish when you stum-  
ble; remember that a worm is about  
the only thing that can't fall down.

A likely question on a future exam:  
Is a zebra white with stripes of black,  
Or black with stripes of white?

During the demonstration of the  
boning of a chicken:  
Student—"Wouldn't I look funny if  
I had my bones removed?"  
Miss Donaldson—"You look funny  
enough with them in."

Some people are so dumb they think  
the catechism is a place where they  
bury dead cats.

Dormitory Matron—"What time did  
you get in last night, Brown?"  
Brown—"It was a quarter of  
twelve."  
Dormitory Matron—"But I waited  
until three for you."  
Brown—"Well, isn't three a quarter  
of twelve?"

Old Dick was like his dog 'twas said  
In every particular;  
And upright were the lives they led  
Their ways were Pup-and-Dick-  
u-lar.

"Did you ever see iodine?"  
"Where does Sir Oliver Lodge?"  
"Where Oulja boards?" —Arena.

**To Whom It May Concern**

It's easy \* \* \* \*  
To attract \* \* \* \*  
Attention if \* \* \* \*  
You want to \* \* \* \*  
Make a nuisance \* \* \* \*  
Of yourself.

If a girl knows \* \* \* \*  
She is pretty \* \* \* \*  
She doesn't have \* \* \* \*  
To know \* \* \* \*  
Anything else. \* \* \* \*  
Thus proving \* \* \* \*  
That knowledge \* \* \* \*  
Is power.

Clarence (boastingly)—"Yes, in or-  
der to be a success in this world, a  
man simply HAS to have brains."  
Winnie (sweetly)—"Still, you seem  
to be getting along fairly well, aren't  
you?"

Another way of looking at it:  
Teacher—"James, recite your  
poem."  
James—"I can't."  
Teacher—"Have you forgotten it?"  
James—"No, I can't think of it."

First Oyster (in cafeteria)—"Where  
are we?"  
Second Oyster (in same place)—"In  
the soup."  
First Oyster—"But there are two of  
us."  
Are people born on the Canary Is-  
lands natural born singers?

A man can force his way ahead al-  
most anywhere except in a cafeteria  
line.

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# The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

Vol. XIII

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No. 6

## YE AMAZINGE TALE OF YE EASTER EGGES

An Easter Effusion

By George Hanneman

(In Eleven Fragments, and a Moral Appendix.)

### I. Introducing Marion and Her Mother.

A lovely maide dwells in our midst, yclept the merrie Marion,  
With reddish haire—likewise her cheekes—a voice that rings so clarion—  
In short, a wondrous maide to know, but let us haste to carry on

The weaving of our tale.

The mother of faire Marion, who is ordained by fate  
To have a part in this strange tale that is exceeding greate,  
Had planned to gette a few more egges, not many—six or eight—  
At Kresage's yearly sale.

### II. Ye Lovely Marion Sallies Forth.

Now, Edythe, who was Marion's friend, and drove an ancient hack,—  
'Twas once a Pordé, but had decayed into a ruinous wrack—  
Agreed to take faire Marion down-town and bringe her back

With a rattle and a clatter.

And so they made the merrie jaunt, returning in good season,  
With many bumps, and jolts, and jumps, for which there was good reason,  
But as results are all that count, and theirs were surely pleasin',  
Ye rattles didn't matter.

### III. Marion Committeeth Ye Gravenous Sin.

But did our Marion give those egges to mother on returning?  
Prepare to weep, for Marion had an impulse in her burning  
To color them for Easter egges; she yielded to her yearning

And stole ye egges away.

She painted them with many hues, in stripe and dot and bar  
And many other brave designs, fantastic and bizarre;  
One had a crescent, one a sun, and one a golden star—  
'Twas wondrous to survey.

### IV. Ye Ire of Ye Mother of Marion.

But when her mother saw what she had done with that whole batch  
She loosed an anger on the girl for which she had not match.

"Dost thou not know, thou wilful child, I bought those egges to hatch?"

Forthwith she railed and raved.

Then Marion raised her spirit—I have said her haire is redde—

"But, mother, though these egges are colored, pray be not misled,  
They've not been heated and, I'm sure, will hatch," then Marion said,  
"They surely may be saved."

## V. Introducing Ye Noble Hen.

They gave the eggs to Gwendolyn, ye hen, on which to sette,  
But Gwen refused to have them, and began to fume and frette;  
She would not list to threat nor plea, nor direful epithette,

And that's all there was to it.

First Marion, then mother, tried to show ye hen their plights.  
They begged, cajoled, and tried to make her sette with all their mighte,  
But Gwendolyn was adamant and stodee upon her righte  
And simply wouldn't do it.

## VI. Ye Brave Knight Appareth.

Then came a knight upon his steede (it was a Chevrolet).  
He called on Marion—'twas his wont on every other day—  
And gave her, in a manner best designed to make her gay,  
A box of "Fanny Farmer."

But Marion, despite his wiles, retained a countenance sad,  
And started in to tell him of the trouble she had had.  
She tearfully explained to him how Gwendolyn was bad,  
And wept all o'er his armor.

## VII. Ye Brave Knight Harolde Saveth Ye Day.

But Harolde, for that was his name, was no mere pulling wight;  
He ever wielded his strong arm to set a wrong aright,  
And fore deare Marion was prepared to give the world a fight,  
Whenever she was vexed.

He went at once to Gwendolyn and in his manly way  
Convinced her she had better sette, or else her life would pay;  
So Gwendolyn, quite chastened, thought it better to obey.  
But, hark! What happened next?

## VIII. It Cometh Ye Time to Hatch.

'Tis three weeks later, time for Gwen to hatch her family brood.  
She hears ye chicks peck in their shells; it aids her happy mood.  
She soon will be rewarded for her weeks of solitude,

Which had been irksome lately.

And Marion's mother's anger many days ago has fled,  
And at faire Marion's importuning, she at last has said  
That if ye chicks come out all right, she and her knight might wed;  
Of course this pleased them greatly.

## IX. Something Appareth Amls.

So Gwendolyn brings off her brood according to their wishes,  
But what is this? Ye heav'n's above! Ye gods and little fishes!  
Marion's mother, all prepared to feed them, drops her shield  
And falls into a faint.

Then Marion runs to help her but she, too, just stands amazed,  
And blinks, and stares, and wonders if she, too's become quite crazed.  
And even faithful Gwendolyn looks on in manner dazed—  
All due to Marion's paint.

## X. Ye Multi-Colored Brood.

For ev'ry chick is colored o'er just as his shell had been.  
The one is blue, and one is redde, and one is colored green,  
And others show brighte bars and stripes, with other shades between,  
Just as were on their shells.

And on a cocky roosterlet there is a rising sun,  
A golden star is blazoned on another purple one.

A crescent shows up on a chick who else is colored dun;  
Each one the next excels.

## XI. Ye Brave Knight to Ye Besoca.

Ye sturdy Harolde, who appears, takes action with all speed;  
Brings mother to, and takes her in, tends her immediate need,  
And then, before she can object, takes Marion on his steede  
And forthwith rides away.

And on to Tonawanda, where a Justice of the Peace,  
Unites the twain in one, and then, of course, their troubles cease.  
We wish them both great happiness—and may it ne'er decrease  
Until the final day.

## Chorus.

O, worthy reader, let me add a moral to this tale;  
There is one, if you will but let me tear aside the veil:  
Remember, when things seem against you,—chances pretty thin—  
The one who dives right in and DOES SOMETHING will always win.

## THAT MEMORABLE MEETING

It is, alas, a notorious fact that we need a hundred changes and a thousand innovations in our Alma Mater if we would keep up with the killing pace which modern civilization is setting. With this delectable end in view, representatives of the Faculty and Student Body held a meeting on April 1, 1925.

The usual refreshments were served—and it was noticed by the RECORD reporter that the Faculty greatly enjoyed the Coca-Cola and the impregnated lobsters. The Students, in the meantime, enjoyed themselves watching the Faculty eat. After the luncheon, Ivan McManus of the Swedish school of German Gymnastics gave an inspiring talk on "Corrective Exercises for Small Microbes." The meeting was then promptly called to order. A half hour later the Faculty stopped gossiping (they were tired).

"Ladeees and Gentlemen," said the chairman, "We are gathered together tonight because we are not separated. We must decide to introduce new things and run this school on a new basis no matter what happens." As soon as he finished plenty of things happened. Outcries rent the air; bitter words flew thick and fast; the Students and Faculty nearly came to the point of blows; the chairman broke seventeen gavelts but at last order was restored. After considerable debating the following rules and resolutions were adopted:

1. Since the school needs a swimming pool the well would be an ideal place for its location, fish could be supplied whenever necessary.
2. Students may have no more than twenty cuts in any one subject during a single semester; anyone having more cuts will be in great danger of flunking the course.
3. At the beginning of each semester the Student must choose no more than 45 hours of work. It is very bad to undertake too much work.
4. Thirty dances per week are excessive. It is decided, therefore, that no more than 25 dances may be run during any one week of the school year. Admission must not exceed 10 cents per couple.
5. Talking in the halls must never be indulged in when a Faculty member is within earshot; it hurts her dignity.

After these resolutions were unanimously applauded, the meeting was promptly adjourned.

P. S.—To the reader.—We are sorry that we made you believe all this. We can apologize only in Napoleon's famous words, "April Fool."

## A LETTER FROM MISS BISHOP

The letter accompanying this article was not intended for publication, but it is so characteristic of Miss Bishop and so exuberantly western in enthusiasm that we cannot resist sharing it.

2412 Durant Avenue,  
Berkeley, Calif.  
March 14, 1925.

Dear Harriet Cooke:

I dashed off some effusions today and when I came to read them over, I perceive that my typewriter waxed very flowery. It is probably the climate! However, I won't stop to try again. Use it, or any part of it, or none, as fits your needs and your judgment. After I got it done I had a wonderful motor ride in the hills and came back with my arms full of yellow violets. I feel I could almost burst into poetry on that, but I spare you.

I'm really buried alive in work just now, my thesis having developed to my dismay, into a statistical study which involves me in bouts with the adding and calculating machines and the slide rule. I've had to go to Sacramento for some of my material, and taking it all in all, I feel I'm earning this degree.

Please remember me kindly to all my good B. N. S. friends.

Hastily,

ELIZABETH BISHOP.

Oh, yes. I forgot I was sick! Well, I'm splendid now, thanks!

## A CALIFORNIAN HAS SPRING FEVER

Your editors have brought this upon you. On their heads you must vent your Eastern wrath. They wrote to me and asked "Will you write something for the Record about Spring in California?" or words to that effect. Will a duck swim? The only thing that hampers the collection of suitable material is a foolish prejudice on the part of my professors that makes them expect me to spend a little time now and again on their courses. It appears to be a universal failing of the species. I seem to remember dimly, far back in the vanished ages when I myself was a member of the clan, that even I exacted notebooks and papers, nay, even inflicted exams on helpless students in the spring. I hope St. Peter may run his eraser over that dark blot on my record. The other day, I had to write a paper on Milton's theory of education. I found that profound philosopher had the right idea:

"In those Vernal Seasons of the Year, it were an Injury and a Sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her Riches and partake in her Rejoicings with Heaven and Earth. I should not be a Persuader of them for studying much then...but to ride out in Companies....to all quarters of the Land...."

I thought this must have escaped the professor's attention, so I made a point of showing it to him, but of course, with no concrete results. He remarked that educational theory is always far in advance of practice, and that we should probably get around to our communing with Nature by the summer vacation. That being the case, all I can do is to set down here those fleeting aspects of a California springtime which I pick up on the wing, as it were, as I flit (or whatever is the sedate middle aged equivalent for that word) across the campus to and from classes.

My primary impression is color and more color, and yet more color until the eye is half drunk with it. Color enriched with fragrance and with over-

tones—and undertones of sounds. Every sense organ is aquiver with delight. I am quite sure I never enjoyed my nose so much before! Suppose I try to give you some vague idea of it by taking you with me through a typical university day—omitting of course, the class room work.

Morning—One plunges out of bed into a keen chilly morning air, and hurries to get the windows closed and the steam turned on. Then comes the mad rush to get ready for that hane of the collegiate existence, the "eight o'clock." The Campanile, dimly seen through the fog, begins to ring out its irritatingly cheerful morning warning, and leaving breakfast half eaten, we debouch into the street to join the crowd which pours up the queer little street, which leads to Sather Gate. On right hand and left, the street is lined with haberdasheries, colorful with the Korreket Kampus Tops for the masterful male college, and the gay and even more colorful Showoffs with windows full of the rainbow wear of the co-ed. Flowershops overflow their riotous color and fragrance onto the sidewalks, and bookshops offer a temptation almost beyond human endurance. From eating places along the way, come the mingled cheerful sounds of "bacon frying in the pan" and deep masculine voices booming for "coffee and-and make it snappy." Barney's Beaney displays a pathetic legend—"Ladies, PLEASE, this is a gent's joint," and Ptomaine Tommie's Place overflows with these leisurely lads whose first class is a nine o'clock, and who can meantime settle the trifling matter of the League of Nations of the Japanese menace over a second cup.

Through Sather Gate we hurry, BISHOP, BISHOP, lounge other leisurely lads "piping the flight" of the other birds. They drape the marble balustrade of the bridge over Strawberry Creek, the Freshman in his "cuts" and foolish little blue cap, the Sophomore in his blue denim overalls, the Junior in his yellow "cords" and smart gray cap, and even the lordly Senior with his well worn cords and proud sombrero. I must digress a moment to explain the "cords." The word is campus for the extraordinary yellow corduroy trousers of the supper classmen, and they have no "class" at all until they have lost all shape and are stiff with auto grease and grime. They rather arrest the attention of the newcomer, especially because of the contrast they give to the careful grooming of the co-ed.

A flock of automobiles, varying in type from the shining new Chrysler to fearful contraptions apparently assembled from a scrap heap in a high wind, draw up and discharge their loads of students at the gate and scuttle away for the day. Once inside the gate, the crowd scatters and disappears into the gym or library or classroom. Our way takes us across the campus to the new education building beyond the botanical garden, where the acacias are spreading their yellow masses of fragrance and against a background of pines, an apricot tree lifts the unbelievable beauty of its bloom. Late or not, we stop a moment at the heart of the campus to get "an eye full" against a day of indoor work. The fog is lifting, the hills show misty through it; below us lies the sweep of West Field with the groves of eucalyptus and live oak beyond, and farther still, the barest suggestion of the mighty bay and old Mt. Tamalpais. The white marble buildings are ghostly still, but their red tile roofs begin to emerge. Behind us, with its head lost in the mist stands the Campanile, the last tones of its chimes dimming away to a sonorous silence. In the flowing bubbles about us the birds are making a tremendous-to-do about their rising operations, and the air is full of the promise of the glorious day it is going to be.

Noon—The Campanile chimes set us free again into a world on which the justly famous California sun has done its perfect work. The air is clear and



warm, the hills are emerald, the bay is that Masfield Parrish blue, the mountains across it are clear cut and lovely as mountains in a dream. Down on the West Field the band is playing something that sounds like Sousa, and from every direction down every path and road come the thousands of the Reserve Officer's Training Corps marching smartly from their training grounds. All the Freshman and Sophomore men belong to the R. O. T. C. and drill twice a week, as a part of the regular physical training work. Those two days find them very correct and military in their garb and bearing, and of course, quite oblivious to the masses of femininity pouring out of the class rooms. The girls mass the sidewalks in their gay colored wisps of flannel gown, with their shining bobbed heads gleaming in the sun, and wait until the drill breaks up, and then there is a rush of kahlki and orange and blue and green and rose and orchid and candy stripes toward the cafeterias and the "eats." The campus lies deserted for an hour in the noon sun except for Contact, the campus dog, reputed to know more than most professors, who sleeps in the middle of Sophomore lawn keeping one eye open lest a Freshman foot defile it. Groups of Oriental students drift about or sit on the grass in the sun, talking volubly in their staccato tongues. No one seems to know when, if ever, the little brown people eat. Not infrequently a quaint couple of them drift away from the group, down some charming path, taking as naturally to the customs of this strange country including "campus work" as if born to it.

About one o'clock, Contact wakes up and goes around to the steps of Wheeler Hall, where he stretches out in the exact middle to remind the feminine contingent about to collect there before class, that they must stay at the east end of the steps under the live oak tree and leave the west end, according to tradition, to the men. A ball game starts on West Field, and over our South Field, the archery targets stand ready for practice. On open air platforms, the physical education classes are "doting their stuff," and from behind the swimming pool fence you hear splashing, feminine squeals and the rhythmic commands of the instructor. The tennis courts are full, and by one of them, the interested fringe of spectators shows that our own Helen Willis, "Little Poker Face" is getting in a little practice. Up on the roof of Students Union, shielded from all masculine gaze, the class in eurythmics is at work in scanty rainbow chiffon.

Dusk—We come from our last afternoon class just before sundown when the shadows of the cedar trees are long and black on the grass. Across the bay, now "deeply, darkly beautifully blue," Tamalpals and his brothers are velling themselves in purple shadows. The sun is going down there beyond the Golden Gate in a splendor of color Turner never dreamed of. One black steamer, trailing its plume of smoke, is headed out through the Gate, bound for "somewhere east of Suez." The air is beginning to chill again. Down on West Field, a dozen Hindoes in golf clothes and white turbans, are playing hockey. Behind us, the Campanile chimes begin to sing their evening hymn. And we run shivering home to supper. As we go, the air mull comes in overhead, bringing word from the east, perhaps from you.

Night—An evening seminar calls us back up the funny little street of lighted shops to the fragrant dark of the campus. The disembodied spirits of the white buildings begin to light up from within. A search light from a warship in the bay picks up the Campanile and turns it for a moment into a breathtaking dream of beauty. Beyond the dark fields and the black groves of eucalyptus and oak, lie the twinkling lights of Berkeley and Oakland, and across the bay the lights of San Francisco on her hundred hills flash back. In

Harmon Gyn, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra is tuning up for a concert; up in the Greek theater the senior men are gathering for a bonfire and a sing, over in Students Union they are lighting up for a dance, and in the library the studious ones are cramming for tomorrow's "ex."

When at last we are through with our two-hour seminar discussion of the aims of education and step out again into the night, the full moon is up and the last notes of "All hail the blue and gold" float down to us from the Greek theater on the hill.

ELIZABETH BISHOP.

#### HOME MAKING NEWS

Miss Caudell's letters from Bermuda have been sufficient to convince us that the newspaper and magazine advertisements really have the genuine thing behind them! Tho, entirely in the right spirit Miss Caudell has tantalized us considerably by sending cards and letters written while she was sunning on the beach, not knowing that we received them on days when we were shivering in snow or sleet!

St. Patrick's Day was more than just a day for the "Wearing 'O the Green" for Miss Caudell it meant the wearing of her heavy coat to set out for this 'frigid north country, arriving just in time for something else.

During the week of March 23 there was a Regional Conference of the Home Economics division of the Federal Board for Vocational Education at Swampscott, Massachusetts, to which both Miss Caudell and Miss Sipp were delegates.

Few people are ever in the same predicament as we are just now. Stunt Nite profited us \$10, which we just don't know how to spend! It's such a wonderful feeling to have a little extra and not have people on your heels begging for some—that we're really quite content just to hold onto it and ponder wisely!

Sunt Nite was over. Still the next time we knew the Juniors were again on the stage performing—this time for the department members only. It was quite a naturalistic "Junior Follies"—there were tickets, a doorman, ushers and even footlights! Probably the nicest thing about it, tho, was that the ushers came down with trays and instead of peddling their ware—gave each member of the audience an Eskimo Pie.

"Every cloud has its silver lining!" The silver lining this time came in the form of a delightful St. Patrick's dinner, given by Miss Sipp and Miss Rextrew for the Senior girls who arg practise teaching. The color scheme was, of course, carried out to the nth degree in both the menu itself and the decorations. The Juniors hope this custom is continued next year at least for reports have come that they had a "wonderful time!"

Mrs. Gemmill—"If anything should go wrong with this experiment we, and the laboratory with us, might be blown sky high. Come closer girls, so that you may be better able to follow me!"

X square, freshman, is not a monument and no, there really isn't supposed to be water in the well and Mr. Clement is not entirely bald and finally you simply must believe in signs in the library.

## VOCATIONAL NEWS

The eleventh day of February, 1925, saw the organization of a new club at Buffalo Normal known as the Industrial Society. Its sole purpose is to promote interest in vocational subjects. Those responsible for organizing the club contend that it will unite the men in a common cause, namely, the progress in the Industrial World. All men who possess an interest in vocational work are eligible to become members. We welcome all the men from any of the Industrial sections.

Just to show that the Industrial Society means business, they are taking over the assembly period Friday, April 24, 1925. A special program has been arranged, so don't fail to be there.

At the present time the Club is composed of thirty-four members, all from the first year General Industrial group. From these members the following were chosen for officers: Gordon De Lair, president; Felix Howe, vice-president; Clarence A. Young, secretary; Richard Baldwin, treasurer, and Harold Campbell, Sergeant-at-Arms.

—Secretary.

Mr. Quackenbush must think that the men have dual personalities. The other day when they were rather noisy he told them to stop and listen to themselves.

A strange ailment has recently appeared in the Psychology class of the One Year Group. After much discussion it has been diagnosed as sleeping sickness. Three serious cases already prevail. Falling from one's seat is an indication and culmination of the dread disease, so all susceptible persons beware, lest necks be broken.

We would suggest that the Messers. Rollins, Hanneman, and North be quarantined to prevent the spread of this fearful disease.

## A Wonderful Invention.

Kyri Dee, of the Industrial Vocational Class, has invented a wonderful system of doing away with the ordinary calendar. He offers the idea to the world free of charge because he feels that it would be wrong to deny anyone the use of it by patenting it.

The idea is simply this: Set your watch so that it gains just one-half minute each day and set your clock so that it loses just one-half minute. Then all you have to do is to note the difference between the two to know what day it is. For instance, if the watch is four minutes ahead of the clock, you know immediately that it is Thursday.

It's awfully simple. It's simply awful.

## H. S. CLUB

March 19.—Meeting with social hour following under the auspices of the Junior Class.

Elna Allen, as chairman of the student clubs, is to represent us at the annual meeting of the New York State Home Economics Association, to be held in New York City on April 13th and 14th.

"Let me see, now," said the minister at the christening, dipping his pen in the ink to record the event. "Isn't this the 27th?"

"I should say not!" retorted the indignant mother. "It is only the ninth!"

The other day one of our intelligent young men walked into the library. He stopped at the desk devoted to "Lost Articles" and inquired, "Is Miss Velle here?"



## PATHS OF PLEASANTNESS

The joyous evening song of the first robin of the year is a sound that brings back keenly to the city dweller all his love of nature in her mellow mood. At once the air seems to have grown balmy. He reawakens, after a long winter, to the beauty of the summer sky and cloud. The trees, he sees, have a faint shimmering of green. The robin's hymn, in early springtime, of all sounds the most beautiful, brings up a train of memories and he is once more lying on his back in the pastures watching the white clouds take varying shapes amidst the silence of the fields. Tiny invisible insects stir the grasses—a universe to them. A goldfinch darts by or a bee in search of honey. All is peace, stillness and calm.

Or perhaps he is in a forest glen, the hot sunlight shut out, and all is moist, damp and cool. A bird, not knowing he is there, flits from branch to branch, shyly.

Perhaps he is beside a stony brook or stream. The cooling waters pass on, constantly and surely. A water lizard creeps out from a rock. A trout darts out of sight. Again all is silence and peace. Such is the train of memories.

How keenly will anyone in this frame of mind appreciate the scenes Henry Van Dyke has painted in his book, "Little Rivers." How refreshing are the pictures in the book, and the description of long summer afternoons spent on the cool and shady banks of a river and the peace and tranquillity of that time!

Another book which will appeal in much the same way is "The Reign of Law," by James Lane Allen. The title is rather misleading as it is primarily a tale of the hempfields of Kentucky. The pictures of both summer and winter are very fine. In fact they are so vivid that one actually sees the green waving hemp. The book, in addition to its beautiful description, has a plot which is very interesting nowadays. A young minister is expelled from college for modern ideas. Of additional interest when reading this story is the article in the N. Y. Times on James Lane Allen, who has recently died. "The Reign of Law" becomes more real when the personality and appearance of the author are known.

"Birds in a Village," by W. H. Hudson, is a very readable and enjoyable little volume entertaining for a vacant hour. Though Mr. Hudson is one of the greatest of all naturalists, the book is not in the least technical. It is, in fact, a simple account of the birds Mr. Hudson saw during a summer he spent in a small English village. No one who likes birds at all, can possibly read this book and not find his love and appreciation of them growing. Not only is Mr. Hudson's enthusiasm contagious, but his expression of beauty is remarkable. There is a vivid picture in his description of a *chamaecyparis* singing on a blossoming tree—"vividly seeing the sunlit world, blue above and green below, possessing the will and power, when its lyric ends, to transport itself swiftly through the crystal fields of air to other trees and other woods." A

chapter on the life and death of wild animals on pages 132 to 141 must be spoken of. It is a most beautiful chapter on an unusual subject.

Kenneth Graham's "Wind in the Willows" is fanciful enough to remind the reader of "Alice in Wonderland." The characters are toads, badgers, moles and other small animals. Their adventures are very exciting, to say the least. Clayton Hamilton, in one of his lectures at Columbia University, spoke of this book as being a pure example of English prose. He recommends that it be read aloud when it becomes "the music of many rivers, sliding to the sea."

While these four books are but a very small part of the stories of nature, they form a good beginning for reading during the spring. They cannot help but deepen an already awakened love of nature or awaken a hitherto dormant interest.

#### CONVERSATION ON CONTEMPORARY DRAMA

By Clayton Hamilton

There are some people so endowed that they make the easiest feat difficult. There are others who make the most difficult task easy. Mr. Clayton Hamilton, who spoke to us recently in Assembly, belongs to this latter category. From his dry information acquires a brilliant interest—a narrative or story power.

In his latest book we find that this is just as true as it was in his speech in Buffalo. The book, "Conversation on Contemporary Drama," is in fact not new material but merely a collection of lectures given by Mr. Hamilton at Columbia University.

Before reading the book it is very interesting to understand how it came to be published. It is a boast of Mr. Hamilton's that he has "never written a word he has spoken, or spoken a word he has written." Consequently he has no record of what he has said in a lecture. This made the task of publishing almost impossible. The difficulty was settled, however, by placing a stenographer among his audience. She, then, took down in shorthand what he said and later submitted the manuscript to a publisher. To save Mr. Hamilton from self-consciousness in his speeches the stenographer remained unknown. So he says in his characteristic way, "Somewhere in the world is a woman who has written a book that bears my name, and yet I have never seen her."

Among the contemporary dramatists discussed are Edmond Rostand, author of *Cyreno de Bergerac*, Sir James M. Barrie, Sir Arthur Peneiro, John Galsworthy, Maurice Maeterlinck and Eugene O'Neill.

This is a book which should positively be read by every student. The author, having known many of these dramatists personally, tells very human and understanding things about them. The book changes James M. Barrie from a name into a person. Eugene O'Neill seems like an intimate acquaintance when he is discussed. I can conclude by saying only that Mr. Hamilton writes as well as he talks.

Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

#### Warning. A Word to the Wise Man.

Don't fall in love with every girl  
Who passes in the halls  
For if you do, some day you'll find  
She'll take you to the Falls.

Don't go quite mad about the girl  
Who's taking household art  
For you're only here a year or two  
So why then lose your heart.

Don't rave about that little girl  
Who cooks and sews so nice  
It's darn expensive now-a-days  
To be showered o'er with rice.

If you follow this advice, my friend  
And let the girls pass by  
With nary a wink or backward look  
You're a better man than I.

—H. Hoderath.



## The Record

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Record Staff has lost one of its most active workers. Due to pressure of studies and his duties as Editor-in-Chief of the Elms' staff, Harry Abate has been forced to resign from the Record staff.

His interest in the work, his co-operation and sincerity will prove an inspiration to those who follow up his duties.

Miss Dorothy Pagel was elected Athletic Editor, succeeding Harry Abate.

A new member of the staff is Frances M. Zacher, recently elected to the Art department of the staff.

### SPRING

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill  
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,  
And swells, and deepens; to the cherish'd eye  
The hawthorne whitens, and the juicy groves  
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,  
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,  
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales.

Thomson expresses our feelings of spring so ably in his few simple words, to which we add:

Wido flush the fields; the softening air is balm,  
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles,  
And every sense, and every heart is Joy.

The first signs of spring were seen early this year, for there appeared on the campus during the first week of March a robin, who came too late for the second semester's opening, but yet was a very welcome visitor.

The next signs were soon forthcoming, for groups of girls were seen on the campus with neither hats nor coats. However, there are some among us who never wear hats or coats! It won't be long before the Elms put on their new Spring dresses, the flag pole is repainted and the tennis tournament begun. Spring will then be here for good.

### SCHOOLMASTER HONORED

The ceremony held by Masten's student alumni and faculty March 14, in honor of "Pop" Fosdick is an example to all Normal's students of the great service done by a teacher who has devoted his life to his work. "Pop" has put into his years of service his finest ideals.

We wish that there were more such men and women in the profession of teaching, for they are the ones who bring to it its greatness.

The following is Mr. Hartwell's speech given at Mr. Fosdick's birthday dinner on March 14.

At the darkest hour of the war, with millions of the enemy only 70 miles from Paris, the President of the French Republic, accompanied by a group of government officials, paused in the course of the day's work to do honor to the memory of a French school teacher. He may have been distinguished for his scientific research, but if so, the newspaper accounts didn't mention it. He may have had remarkable administrative capacity, but there was nothing in the newspaper reports to indicate it. The honor was paid to a teacher because he was a teacher.

When I read this incident, the thought suggested itself that we in America had some years to live before there would present itself to view a similar occurrence on this side of the water, and yet I think in Buffalo tonight we are doing something even better than the French for we are doing honor to a great teacher while he is alive and with us.

I have always looked with a kind of awe at the architect and the engineer. The precision and accuracy with which they translate iron and steel and bricks and concrete and marble into permanent works of strength and usefulness and beauty, require a kind of ability before which I always pay my humble tribute of respect. But the teacher is a builder of work more enduring, more useful and more beautiful, for he builds the architect and the engineer. He works with human material, every piece of which is different. There are no plans and no blueprints. The specifications are never the same. The strength and resistance of the materials are constant only in the sense of being always present.

The physician and surgeon in their endless task of easing pain, healing sickness and preventing disease set an example in skill and patience and kindness also ease pain and heal hurts and prevent disaster? What volumes of testimony on these points could be gathered about the record of the man whom we honor tonight! How many bruised ambitions has he helped to heal? How many good resolutions has he helped reset? How much personal disaster has his wise counsel assisted to prevent? How much of health and happiness have his kindly precept and noble example insured to this city, this state, this nation, aye, the world at large! On all the army of splendid boys and girls who have come out from Masten Park—the clergymen, the lawyers, the journalists, the soldiers, the architects, the surgeons, the business men and the teachers—he has left his imprint for good. The soldier hero in his baptism of fire remembered that back at Masten he learned courage, and those whose lives have been spent in the routine struggles of peace likewise remember that at Masten they were taught properly to evaluate the courage of the commonplace. The business man has been more generous, the lawyer more faithful to his trust, the teacher more conscientious because their lives were influenced for good by a man who for more than fifty years has been giving of himself for just such purposes.

A city is not really great because of its wealth or commerce or industries. It is great only as it produces such men. Tonight, with the distinguished children of his blood and hundreds of his children by adoption about him, in full enjoyment of all his splendid faculties, with his health unimpaired and his idealism undiminished, the City of Buffalo is met to congratulate him on his 74th birthday, to wish him many more years of the happiness he has himself created, and to congratulate itself as a city upon having in its midst such a good man, such a great teacher and such a splendid citizen.

#### "TOLERANCE"

There is much that nature can teach us, that we often fail to see,  
And from her I've learned a lesson, that will help both you and me.  
I chanced to be studying the rivers, as they wended their way to the sea,  
I don't know how it happened, but I compared them to you and me.  
For some of the rivers flow quiet, peaceful and serene,  
Others rush madly onward, majestic and supreme,  
And some are young in spirit, rushing gladly along.  
Others are old and meander, and sing a different song.  
They rush down hills, thru valleys, winding in and out,  
And each one seems to follow, a course that He mapped out.  
Some to northward wander, and others to southward go,  
You never can find two rivers, that seem alike in their flow.  
Yet no matter what the pattern, or the flow of a river may be,  
No matter in what direction, they all end up in the sea,  
Now, can't you see what a lesson, nature has given to me,  
Though strange may run these rivers, even so do we,  
For each of us has his own pattern, that each must follow along,  
And each of us has his channel, and in it we belong.  
So let us be broad-minded, and think of the other one,  
He may differ a lot from us, but we each have a course we must run.  
And if the good Creator had wanted us all to agree,  
He'd have made us from one pattern, and alike we all would be.  
No matter what our ideas, or what our beliefs may be;  
No matter how we may differ, we'll all end up in the sea.

—William Peck

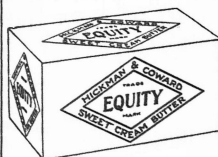
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# SCHOOL NEWS

## STUNT NIGHT

An evening of undiluted fun was promised on March 6—Stunt Night—and the promise was more than fulfilled. The opportunity of seeing one's schoolmates in roles humorous and fantastic is, in the opinion of most of us, simply priceless.

Eight sections competed for the prize of \$10, offered by the Art Kraft Club. The stunts were all so well given that truly the judges problem was not to be envied. The Homemaking Department won, and more than earned the prize with their offering of "The Crisis"—a fresh, original skit. Honorable mention went to First Year Section VII, who presented a realistic sketch of "The First Ford," and to Third Year Intermediate II, who gave an enlivening "Musical Debate." Who was Charlie Chaplin's understudy? That was the all absorbing question of the evening.

Second Year Intermediate II won the prize for selling the greatest number of tickets, selling about fifty tickets. They celebrated by appearing on St. Patrick's Day with suckers and big green bows, purchased with the two dollars they earned.

The Art Kraft Club is to be commended for making possible such a jolly, rollicking evening of entertainment. The establishing of the institution of Stunt Night is a real contribution to the school.

## MORNING MUSICALS

On the morning of Friday, March 13, a very interesting musical program was presented in assembly by the musical organizations of the school. Fine music finds a responsive chord in every heart, sending one's imagination to rove in realms joyous but intangible fancy. Every one of us is the better for the privilege of listening to an hour's delightful music such as this. May we have many similar programs in the future!

The Men's Glee Club is especially adept in presenting negro spirituals, such as, "Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel." Edith Kennebrook always scores a success, but when she sings "Trees" she is especially appealing. Benedetta DiFrancesco made a realistic Spanish maiden, whose role of "Rita" made her a favorite.

The trumpet duet, with orchestra accompaniment, "Old Black Joe," deserves special mention, while "Reverte" by Arthur, played by the orchestra, added the final touch to an already very fine program.

## SIR GEORGE PAISCH

On Saturday, March 11, Sir George Paisch, the noted British editor and economist, addressed the members of the 1000 Luncheon Club in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler. His cordial frankness and spirit of justice commanded at once your attention and admiration. By means of a well selected group of pointed statements he outlined a course for the nations to follow, which he believed would make war more and more difficult.

He said, in part—"To have war there must be preparation. If having a new war depends on a matter of choice, then a new war is inevitable as soon as men and means permit. The international consciousness has not changed. War preparations are continuing to be made. The next war will simply be a huge race to see which side can drop the greatest amount of deadly gas at vital enemy points first."

"To have peace there must also be preparation. First, we must think right. We must have a genuine wish to do right. The last war was a result of prejudices, but to obtain peace we must look on the whole world as friends. The fundamental need of the times is national co-operation,—not national jealousy."

"No nation is now self contained. The whole world, the United States included, is now one great economic unit. We must all buy from or sell to others. We cannot without the rest of the world anymore than the rest of the world can do without us. The poverty of others hinders us. Great Britain, Germany, France and America, cannot really prosper until Russia and the other distressed nations prosper. The great mass of the German people today are not getting a square meal and the condition of France is only slightly better. France has tried to avoid volume trade with other nations. She feels that she is self sustaining and does not need extensive trade relations with others but in the final analysis this theory does not hold good."

"So far the world has not understood the conditions of the world trade and international relationship. A complete continuing confidence is necessary to an effective and permanent restoration. The financial situation is acute, and while the Dawes system is good as far as it goes, it has not settled things definitely. The reparation problem has only begun to be settled and it never can be settled without national security for every country. This security can only come when nations cease to think war, and when absolute justice is being meted out to every nation. National security is the foundation stone on which all other national issues must be laid. We are asking that Germany pay her debts, yet we are stifling her trade by high tariff. Tariffs are killing Europe. Each country has them. A new order must be established. The family of nations can recover from war only by coming closer to each other and making themselves more dependent one on the other. America cannot sell her produce except on credit, and to refuse that means no business. Every nation is now more dependent on the others than before the war."

"What is to be done? The nations are hesitating. Statesmen will not go ahead of Public Opinion. A great financial crisis is inevitable unless the right measures are taken. All nations are beginning to realize that they are one great family. In two years time we must do things to justify confidence and avert a crisis. As the nations are linked up war is diminished, and if we look after the common well being then our own well being is established."

Sir George expressed great faith in the United States and believes she will take the right steps at the right time. She has never failed yet. Her entry into the war was at just the right moment, he declared.

"Other nations need machinery, ships, capital and many other things, and when we have made it possible for them to be obtained we shall see the greatest trade extension the world has ever known. Thus will begin the abolishment of poverty from every country and thus will the standard of life in every nation be raised."

In answer to a question from the floor as to what concrete action was required on the part of the United States, Sir George replied as follows:

1. "A complete knowledge of all the facts and a clear statement of all the problems must be presented to the people.
2. The calling of a new conference to discuss freely all situations.
3. Facts must be presented to all peoples so that the statesmen cannot go wrong."

Other questions bearing on the subject brought out the following statements:



1. "The Genoa conference was the greatest exhibition of national selfishness ever held.

2. All nations are now taking unjust actions,—perhaps unwittingly. This must be cured.

3. Great Britain should abandon claims to German reparations and forgive war debts. She should put her whole force behind the League of Nations.

4. The future well-being of the world depends on the well-being of the whole world. Europe cannot be restored without Russia. We must trust them, extend credit, and every possible aid,—but make no gifts."

Our confidence in Sir George as a student of international affairs increased throughout his talk and our only regret was that it had not been possible for him to appear personally before the Buffalo State Normal School audience in its auditorium. Clayton S. Hoyte.

To Dr. Rockwell

The Senior Class wishes to express to Dr. Rockwell their gratitude for his generosity in affording us the opportunity of securing Mr. MacKenzie as a speaker.

Senior Notes.

Didn't you have a good time? Where? At the Senior Saint Patrick Dance! Surely, such a verdant scene was a great tribute to that time honored saint. The dance was a great success, both financially and entertainingly.

All seniors are reminded that a ping-pong picture is necessary for your teaching cards besides the one for the Elms. These are to be of the size of the photograph square on the teaching card.

Don't forget to have Kramer take your picture as soon as possible.

NORINE ADDIE PAUL

I cannot say and I will not say  
That she is dead—she is just away  
With the cheery smile and a wave of hand  
She has wandered into an unknown land  
And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be since she lingers there.  
And you—O you who the wildest yearn  
For the oldtime step and the glad return,  
Think of her faring on as dear  
In the love of There as the love of Here.  
Think of her still as the same—I say  
She is not dead—she is just away!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

APRIL 18, 1907—March 4, 1925

The Home Making Sophomore Class lost one of its dearest classmates—Normal one of her loyalist members—when Norine Addie Paul passed on into that land from whence there is no returning. Always friendly, always faithful, always cheerful, she will live on in our memories for ever!

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### NORMAL WINS OVER WILLIAMSVILLE HIGH

B. S. N. S. registered its fifth win of the season when Williamsville H. S. was taken into camp in a hotly fought contest on the opponent's court, February 25th. The score stood 23-14 when the whistle announced the conclusion of the game.

Normal easily held the advantage throughout the game. This was especially so in the first half, when 17 points were scored, against Williamsville's eight. Only one of Buffalo's 23 points was scored via the foul line, the remaining 22 points consisting of field goals.

Excessive fouls against the Normalsites gave Williamsville four points. W. H. S. succeeded in locating the hoop for five two-counters during the entire game, while Coach Cleary's "streaks" rang up 11 baskets during the 40 minutes of play.

Heifter and Brill carried the brunt of the battle for Williamsville, each scoring six points. Normal's entire team was in the scoring column and registered from two to seven points per man. Line-up and summaries:

W. H. S. (14)	(23) B. S. N. S.
Heifter, r.f. (6)	(4) r.f. Stark
Brill, l.f. (6)	(6) l.f. Baldwin
Clothier, c. (2)	(2) c. Coughlin
Blocher, r.g.	(7) r.g. Abate
Sheesley, l.g.	(4) l.g. Janowsky

Substitutions—Normal, Powell for Janowsky. Referee—Tobin. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

### BROCKPORT GIVES B. N. S. THE K. O.

Playing below par in a loosely contested game, the B. N. S. went down to defeat at the hands of the Brockport Normal for the second time this season, at Brockport on March 6th. Because of this defeat, Buffalo loses her claim on the state championship.

In the initial half Buffalo Normal was able to locate the hoop only twice on field goals. Coughlin and Abate registered three points each and Janowsky added one on a foul. Brockport let loose with a string of six baskets and these, with four successful fouls, gave Brockport the lead of 16-7.

In the second half B. N. S. played more nearly up to its usual form. Baldwin and Stark came in for their share of the scoring when they tallied nine points between them. Janowsky added two more points to the score by means of a field basket, and a foul by Abate concluded Normal's point getting for the game. Brockport secured 14 points in the second half. The final score was 30-19.

Line-up:	
Buffalo (19)	(30) Brockport
Baldwin, r.f. (4)	(6) r.f. Fruson
Stark, l.f. (6)	(2) l.f. Kilen
Coughlin, c. (2)	(6) c. Brown

Abate, r.g. (5).....(9) r.g. Iverson  
 Janowsky l.g. (3).....(3) l.g. Covert  
 Substitutions—Buffalo, Powell for Baldwin; Brockport, Yordley for Iverson, Iverson for Yordley, Yordley for Covert and Covert for Fruson. Referee—McKay.

### EX-NORMAL STARS DEFEATED

The Alumni stars were unable to keep up their basketball reputation of past seasons and were defeated by the youngsters on March 12th by a 22-21 score. The score at half-time was 11-11.

The entire Normal team was in the scoring column, with Stark and Coughlin carrying the brunt of the offense. Janowsky showed his worth in the defense by checking many an Alumni onslaught.

Wamsley starred for the Alumni while McMahon, Harsh, Cleary and Englund also captured points for their team. Line-up:

Normal (32)	(21) Alumni
Baldwin, r.f. (2)	(3) r.f. Wamsley
Stark, l.f. (3)	(2) l.f. McMahon
Coughlin, c. (10)	(3) c. Harsh
Abate, r.g. (5)	(4) r.g. Cleary
Janowsky, l.g. (7)	(1) l.g. Lord

Substitutions—Alumni, Englund (5) for Cleary, Cleary for Harsh. Referee—Manager Walter Smith.

### GRAMMAR I DEFEATS THIRD YEAR TEAM

The Uppercass Tournament opened February 17, when Grammar I Second Year met and defeated the Third Year team.

The tip off went to Grammar I and was easily placed, time and time again by Mary Congreve and the tall Mabel Oberley. When the ball was brought back to Third Year territory, it was placed but frequently at the expense of a great deal of playing on the rim. Both of the Third Year forwards were heavily guarded and their shooting was not up to the usual form. This first appearance of the Third Year girls as a team showed them loosely organized and below par. The final score was 32-12. Line-up:

Grammar I (32)	(12) Third Year
Congreve, f. (15)	(8) f. Ryan
Oberley, f. (17)	(4) f. Graham
Hurley, j. c.	j. c. Sporney
Jackson, s. c.	s. c. Shepard
McLane, g.	g. Wagner
Gunn, g.	g. Smith

Substitutions—Gram. I, Dahlquist for Gunn; Third Year, Saggese for Shepard, Shepard for Smith.

### "GREEN" VS. "BLACK"

Shure, now Pat, an 'I'm that worried I could be after eatin' my head off! It was the day after St. Patrick's Day, by the blarney stone of Killarney, an' the wearers of the "green" were after being put down! Shure! sir, an' didn't the "blacks" be after doin' it!

Begorra, Pat, in that first frame, didn't Al Urabel (an' the name ain't Irish shure!) be a puttin' in baskets one after another—ye'd nivir believed it had ye been there, Pat, an' all the while there be folks sittin' on the side lines wearin' black caps an' stargin' ain't it? Well, an' there was "Moony" (Moynihan, an' that's a better name, shure! Ain't the Irish the best brick throwers

in the world?) "Mony" was after puttin' in baskets, too! An', Pat, at the end of the first frame, score was 8-12 an' the "blacks" looked as tho they could be after savin' funeral expenses and "Mony" was after gettin' mad.

"Mony" got mad, Pat, in second frame, and Parks kept throwin' brick aroun' her an' "Mony" was after tlein' the score, Pat, an'—Pat, she did it! "Mony" did it! An' then the centers got hot (seems they wuz hot right along)! Shure, an' then Al scored on a free throw an' "Mony" came back with a pretty shot an' an' right when the whistle wuz blowin' the ball wuz after leavin' Al's hands an' droppin' in the basket. An', Pat, that last basket of Al's counted two an' it made the score 17-16 an' it wuz final an' the "greens" had lost!!

Summary:

Section V "Green" (16)	(17) "Black" Section VII
Moyrhan, f. (16)	(13) f. Urshel
Parks, f.	(4) f. Weimnar
Miller, j.c.	j. c. Weinhelmer
Parry, g.c.	s.c. Vawter
Owens, g.	g. Torrey
Phillip, g.	g. Tober

#### FRESHMAN TOURNAMENT

Standing of Teams	W.	L.	T.
Section I	2	1	0
Section II	1	1	0
Section III	0	2	0
Section IV	0	2	0
Section V	2	1	0
Section VI	1	2	0
Section VII	3	0	0
Section VIII	1	1	0

#### SECOND AND THIRD YEAR TOURNAMENT

February 17	Third Year (12 vs. Gram. I (32)
February 24	H. A. (5) vs. Third Year (34)
February 24	Gram. II (6) vs. Gram. I (22)
March 3	Gram. II (10) vs. Third Year (19)
March 3	H. A. (14) vs. Gram. I (42)

#### MERMAIDS, NO MORE!

The swimming season closed with a bang! Indeed, in the lives of some sixty mermaids, it caused a stir of riotous excitement! Mary Congreve, who abhors "showers," was driven to them by the overpowering grief of the moment and Dot Schmidt, who has been sporting life-saving insignia and a block letter throughout the season, found relief by throwing into the deep green water, poor frightened beginners. "Whitley" wanted to play "Johnny in the Sugar Bowl" and it was thought advisable to send her home to avoid further detriment to the cerebrum of Dot Pangel, who very seriously, announced that she would swim the length! Three cakes of soap were reported missing! Gert Maloney, Daisy Weimnar and Mary Graham are under suspicion! "Bocky" Mellen wishes nothing authoritative to be announced until next season when she hopes the soap will be returned. Many members of both classes are planning on joining other clubs. K. Gunn, Betty Coughlin and Mary Ryan are looking forward to the opening of Crystal Beach and Agnes Parry will, no doubt, go to Niagara Falls, where Dot can't follow! And what of "Bocky," dear, patient "Bocky"—well, a vote of thanks is extended to her, our worthy coach!



Measles come once in a lifetime; examinations loom up twice a year and Spring drifts in about once every twelve months. The only one who likes the measles is the doctor; the only one who likes examination is nobody, but everybody likes Spring. Naturalists begin to collect bedbugs and other insectivorous animals. Stout women begin to take the air; (I don't know why).

Poets awake from their winter hibernation and jump into raptures, or into any other convenient place. Can we ever forget Edgar Guest's immortal couplet:—

"This beautiful season I'll love all my life,  
For 'twas during Spring that I first met my wife."

I will describe, if you please, the manifestations of Spring which I observed in our own fair city. I first went to Humboldt Park. How glad I was that I had passed Nature Study, for now I could appreciate Nature. The ground was as mushy as the pie which the H. A. girls try to make on Wednesday afternoons. I was overawed to see the lettuce trees grow in such profusion. Here spread a cabbage patch in resplendent glory; there a morning glory nodded its rosy head to the water lilies which sprouted next to it. The robins and bluejays joined in tuneful harmony; just now I cannot recall the tune which they sang. Occasionally a mosquito or a trolley sped by, adding to the glories of Spring.



From here I went to Lafayette Square. Groups of men sat upon the steps of the monument. Every one of them appreciated Spring (they had nothing else to do). Some were reading the Want Ads; others looked up into the sky; but most of them smiled at the young ladies who passed by, (maybe they rec-

ognized them). The young ladies, however, did not deign to return their affectionate glances; they stared straight ahead of them into the grim face of eternity.

Main street was in gala dress. You could tell it was Spring just by looking at the ladies' hats. Every hat was different in size, shape, color and price. A stenographer once told me that if two women saw each other wearing the same kind of hat they would fly into hysterics.



I gazed into Woolworth's window. Signs glared at me from all sides—"Rolling pins at half price," "Spring cleanup! Soap for sale cheap!" One one side of the window an Easter rabbit was laying eggs. On the other side the display included Shinola shoe polish, young incubator chicks, hosiery, jelly beans and flower seeds. The window looked so inviting that I could not resist entering the store. A pretty girl was selling peanuts in celluloid bags! "The best way to end a Spring day is by eating," I thought to myself. "Some peanuts, please," I said bashfully, placing a dime upon the counter.

#### SPRING

There's a whispering and a stirring  
'Mongat the twigs on bush and tree.  
There's a rippling and a murmur'ing,  
In the brook beside the lea.

Icy chains are broken all,  
Wintry frosts have fled;  
Snows and sleets no longer fall—  
Far away they're sped.

By Mother Earth long hidden,  
Attuned to her sweet will—  
Seedlings bravely stir when blown,  
The crocus and the daffodil.

There's a-cooling and a-billing  
In the gnarled old apple tree,  
'Tis the robin soon a-trilling  
One glad burst of glee.

There's a something comes a-leaping  
Into man's responsive heart,  
There's a feeling comes a-creeping  
With life that's past to part.

All hopes revive—all life renews,  
All joyousness in living—  
Comes back when flowers and birds and dews  
Their gladsome best are giving.

One page of life spells winter drear,  
Verdant with Spring the next.  
On Spring's bright page, inscribe it clear—  
Your brightest, cheeriest text.

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#### ORCHESTRA QUIPS

On February 19, a supper party was held in honor of Marie Fitzgerald, our former pianist. It almost ended in a hoax, for the gym turned out to be dark and dreary with no prospects of lighting up. Miss Hurd, however, cheerfully gave the use of the Junior Assembly for a merry dance period. This party found such favor in the eyes of the musicians that another was planned for very soon. It is rumored that the orchestra is out to break all records for its number of parties—at least one every month.

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**PSI PHI**

With the election of officers for 1924-1925, Psi Phi Fraternity closes another colorful chapter and turns the pages of a new one in its history at the Buffalo State Normal School. Throughout the past year the business of Psi Phi has been most ably administered by one who has shown his capability not only in the fraternity, but in all the activities of the school in which he participated. Enlisting the support of every member, George W. Watson completed a most successful year as president. Clifford L. Geyer assisted him as vice-president. Much of the success of Psi Phi Fraternity has been due to the secretary, none other than N. J. Decatur Murbach, who wielded the pen in a worthy manner, while Raymond M. Boa presided admirably over the pecuniary effects. May the new administrators carry on with as much success and contribute as much to the spirit of the school.

**CLIONIAN**

The second rush party of the season was held at the studio of Miss Keeler, Twentieth Century Club, Feb. 27th.

Louise Allen entertained the Sorority at tea at the Practice House, Mar. 2d.

On March 21st a luncheon at the Lafayette, followed by a theater party to see "Lollipop," was given the rushes.

Rosetta Habenstretl was the representative at the monthly meeting of Passive Chapter.

**ART KRAFT KLUB**

Kraft plans is in full swing now and our plans for furnishing the tower room are bringing satisfying results. The money cleared on Stunt Nite is going to that end.

H. S. Girls seems to excel in stunts. They have been held winner at both last and this year's stunt programs.

**SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA**

The more the merrier! We are glad to add to our list of sixteen chapters, Sigma chapter at Western State Teacher's College, Gunnis on Colorado. The local sorority petitioned Tri-Sigma this fall. It was inspected and found to come up to the standards of our National Sorority. On February 21 it made its formal appearance on the campus and has the honor of being the first national fraternity organization of Western State.

Rushing is over at last. Our third party was a bridge luncheon at the Copper Tea Kettle; our pledge party took place at the home of Marion Fisher, Thursday, March 26. With our new material we hope to accomplish much constructive work.

**Y. W. C. A.**

Sept. 15—Annual Tea for Freshmen.  
Sept. 19-Oct. 3—Membership campaign.

Oct. 3-5—House Party at Forty Acres, the "Y" camp at Farnham.

Oct. 13—Recognition Service in honor of new members.

Nov. 3—Silver Bay meeting. Our delegates to Silver Bay told about the conference.

Dec. 15—Christmas party. Santa was there and had gifts for all.

Jan. 12—Business meeting. The members discussed how the "Y" can benefit Normal.

Feb. 23—Miss Bryson from the Central "Y" talked to us about School Girls.

March 23—Business meeting and supper.

**ARETHUSA**

Arethusa's third rush party was held at the home of Mildred Barrows, March 19th. Following the season's custom we did honor to Saint Patrick, and the "wearin' 'o the green" was the fashion of the hour.

Now that the rushing season is drawing to a close we shall turn our minds to the big event of our year, "Convocation."

# The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

Vol. XIII

May Issue, 1925

No. 7

**NORMAL SCHOOL WILL DEVELOP INTO COLLEGE**

Buffalo State Normal School has been authorized by the Board of Regents to grant a degree upon the completion of a four-year course in its general department. Application for college status was made last May by Dr. Rockwell, acting upon a resolution passed by the local board of managers. The Board of Regents has made a careful investigation of the State Normal Schools. Dr. Rockwell is very pleased by the action of the Board because it is a recognition of the fact that the Regents are satisfied by the standard of work done here.

Four years ago the professional course was changed from a two-year to a three-year course. Five years ago the home economic course was made a four-year course leading to a degree. Commissioner Graves and Dr. Rockwell have been instructed to formulate a program for the fourth year work that the school will offer, to be submitted to the Board of Regents for final approval at the next meeting in May. The nature of the degree will be decided upon later.

There are ten normal schools in the state with 4,200 students in all. Buffalo has about one-fourth the entire number. Buffalo was granted advance in status because of its large registration, its low per capita cost of operation, and its favorable location in a city of 500,000.

Throughout our efforts for recognition we have had the warmest support of Adelbert Moot, vice-chancellor of the Board of Regents, Dr. Frank P. Graves, State Commissioner of Education, and Edward H. Butler, president of the local board of managers.

**NORMAL SCHOOL BILL**

Of great interest to us is the recent passage of a Normal School bill, introduced by Senator Cole and signed by Governor Smith on April 23.

This bill allows reclassification of teaching forces at increased salaries. It also allows the Regents to fix the number of heads of departments of different schools as a change from the precedent of keeping all the same.

Another interesting feature is the provision of a six month's leave of absence, for travel or study, for Normal teachers at the expiration of seven years of service.

# The Record

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MISS E. MULHOLLAND ..... *Faculty Advisor*  
MISS M. HANSON ..... *Faculty Advisor*

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

Housecleaning time is springtime, the ideal time to clean up. The town, the house and the old locker, all must be overhauled and the unnecessary accumulations of winter thrown in the discard. Those of us who were fortunate during Easter vacation had to listen to a monologue by the supreme head of the house on what was to be done up and over while our own minds wandered on and on, regardless of these outside influences; to whether really wide flaring ones were to stay "in" or should "it" be twelve or fourteen inches from terra firma, ("If you know what I mean," as Mary Roberts Rhinehart says so often).

Things in general do not seem so serious or pressing while Old Sol shines or a friendly shower is in progress, and the lawn is getting green and the stones fluffy, and we feel more like a good rest than ever.

Spring is really tiring just as much as housekeeping. Still we must advocate a little energy. Try it on the lockers, and thereby lessen the rush on the city in June, or brush up on some hangover of reading assignments, or as Doctor Brady says, "Do six on the hoof."

## OUR CELEBRITY ISSUE!

We have brought to Normal in this issue the names and sentiments from some of the world's celebrities. Quite a few of those who were invited to contribute to this number were unable to do so at this time because of the pressure of business, all of which makes us appreciate vastly more the kind unselfishness of those who are with us. These famous men and women spared a few minutes of their valued time to consider our request and grant it. There is a feeling of friendly familiarity with the work of any person of whom we can say.

"I know him!"

We meet these celebrities and share the personal letters from famous pens through the medium of the "Record," which serves as our introduction to our friends and well-wishers.

## PRESENT DAY EDUCATION

Due to the general trend of present day education the present day boys and girls are being immeasurably better equipped to assume the duties of citizenship and the responsibilities of life than were those of a generation ago.

Elementary and common schools no longer limit their curriculum to the one course, offered with the one aim to prepare boys for college and the various professions. The old courses of instruction have been broadened and new courses introduced so that it is no longer necessary for boys and girls whose type of mind does not accommodate itself to the academic course to drop out of school. This trend of modern education is best exemplified in the rapid development and growth of the Junior high school movement. Our boys and girls are not moulded into the course of study, but courses are moulded to fit the particular types of mind. Pupils are helped to determine the particular work they are best fitted to pursue, and after such determination is made they are offered the proper facilities for the pursuit of and preparation for such work.

Parents generally have come to realize the necessity for better preparation of their children to successfully cope with the problems which modern civilization presents to them. This is evidenced by the greatly increased registration in our schools, particularly in our high schools, in which the attendance has doubled in the last seven or eight years.

In the strictly elementary field, one of the outstanding developments of present day education is the greatly increased preparation required for teachers. Teachers who may not even have completed a high school course are no longer certificated upon obtaining a satisfactory rating in examinations in certain elementary subjects. We are rapidly approaching the time when no person will be permitted to enter upon the duties of the teaching profession who has not completed a full four year approved high school course and in addition thereto a three year professional course. Better preparation means better teaching and better teaching means a better product.

With well paid and professionally trained teachers, modern school facilities and broader courses, the public schools of the present day are turning out a more finished and efficient product than ever before.

Frank P. Graves



Angela Patri has been called "the schoolmaster of a great city." Although he came to this country as an immigrant in his early youth Mr. Patri has, through his natural ability, become an authority on elementary education. He has written several books.

At present he is principal of one of the largest elementary schools in the Bronx, No. 64, known throughout the country for its organization.

In response to our request, Mr. Patri sent to our school the following message:

To the Buffalo State Normal School:

Try always to remember that the children before you are really children and not little sized men or women. Don't you see they would not have been called children if that were true? They are to grow by very gradual stages for the next fifty years and at the end of that time they will be far, far different from what they appear to be today. So be hopeful.

The teacher's function is to help the children grow wisely. She cannot do this by taking the growth into her own hands or forcing it in any way. But she can do it by looking ahead of this child a little and see where she is to lead him. Each child will have a slightly differing objective so she will have a slightly different touch or tone or accent or emphasis for each as she goes through the day's routine, so saving the children and herself from the deadening grip of the school machinery. So be hopeful.

And if I may say but one sentence to you I would say this. Like the children. Like them or take up some other profession. Open your hearts and minds to them and see in them all the poetry and pathos and absurdity and nobility of the race as it struggles toward its unknown destined good. Like the children and they will repay you by turning the grayest day into a vision of beauty. And so be loving.

*Edward Bok*

Edward Bok, whose autograph appears in this issue, is known to most people by his work as editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal," and by his book, "The Americanization of Edward Bok." He has recently published a continuation of this in a book called, "Twice Thirty," which tells about his contact with famous people. The book is most interesting—an incident will illustrate this. At the age of sixteen Mr. Bok saved up enough money to go to New England. He notified such people as Longfellow and Emerson that he was coming. The rather remarkable part of this venture is that, although he had not known those people before they received him gladly. He thus added them to his list of friends simply by the strength and appeal of his personality.

Mr. Bok has promised to write a book entitled, "Twice Thirty" in 1964 when he will be ninety years old. This should be extremely interesting.

"Give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you—"

*Edward S. Bok*

Buffalo has always felt very proud of Anna Katherine Green Rohlf, whose books have won national and international renown. Even so great a man as the late Theodore Roosevelt was an ardent admirer of her work.

The following facts were learned in an interview granted to our reporter by Mrs. Rohlf.

Anna Katherine Green began writing at a very early age, eleven years. It was her habit when sent on errands to tell stories to herself. According to her, she thought this was the manner in which all little girls amused themselves.

Her early education was acquired in the public schools of this city, and she attended School No. 8 on Court Street. Later in life, she graduated from a Vermont college. She looks back, however, with a great deal of pleasure to the happy days spent in the little Court Street School and to the pleasant times she had in the spacious lot known as Burial Ground that was located nearby.

As the author grew older, she began to write poetry, and has had two volumes of poems published. But she found that there were several hours in the day when she seemed to lack amusement or occupation. Consequently, she took up writing. Her apprenticeship was not easy by any means, but to her it seemed the most natural thing in the world for her to become an author, although the followers of that profession were fewer than they are today.

That she should pursue the course that she did is also a very natural thing, because her father was a celebrated criminal lawyer, as were many of her friends. After she had entered this field of the work she found she could not give it up. Nowadays the writers' field is wide and varied, offering great possibilities, especially along the lines of journalism.

Concerning education, the author would say but little, except to review her own experiences. It was, she said, her husband's field of work, not hers. She, herself, received a splendid education, and she still feels that she does not know enough; no one can. She had no criticisms to make on the present systems of education. Every child is an individuality, and no educational system can ever conform to the wants of every child. Furthermore, none of us are perfect. Consequently, none of us can put into vogue, a perfect system.

Specialization is the only thing, if one wishes to come under the public eye. It is interesting to watch the careers of classmates who have journeyed together throughout schools. Usually, it is the brilliant one, who sinks into oblivion and the quiet, unassuming one who comes to the fore.

Nowadays, women want careers. That is all right, but the author has great regard for the all-around woman, and thinks very highly of home life. She herself, has been married thirty-five years.

Anna Katherine Green also does something else that is very uncommon in this age. When writing an autograph or anything else, she insists upon using her married name—Rohlf.

*Anna Katherine Green Rohlf*

## THE RECORD

Dr. Charles Judd of the University of Chicago, has been very kind in sending us the following article. Dr. Judd is head of the Education Department and has written several books, among them, "The Psychology of the High School Subjects:"

**Educational Psychology is Largely Social Psychology.**

By Charles H. Judd

Psychology has of late given a great deal of attention to those mental processes which depend on group thinking and group interactions. It is evident, for example, that language is not a product of any individual's mental effort. The vocabulary of the English language, its grammatical structure and its meanings have accumulated through long periods of racial evolution. When a child uses English he is employing an instrument of thought and expression which has been prepared for him by generations of his ancestors.

It is this dependence of the individual on the race which explains most of our difficulties in education at the same time that it reveals the goal toward which all school work is directed. A language so highly perfected as ours is difficult for the child to acquire because it is a refined body of expressions. It is fixed to a degree which makes it impossible for the pupil to change it. It is often arbitrary in its idioms and in the form of its words. To the child it is often a confusing and difficult mass of requirements, very far removed from his natural personal modes of behavior. For these same reasons language instruction is one of the chief duties of the school. By patient supervision and insistence on conformity to the practices of the race the teacher brings the child to a mastery of this indispensable instrument of social intercourse.

Educational psychology and the science of educational methods thus turn out to be branches of social psychology. The business of the school can be defined as that of transforming the child from a natural individual into a socialized member of the group.

CHARLES H. JUDD

Bateman's Burwash, Sussex.

April 16, 1925.

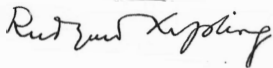
Miss Carmella E. Saggese,  
Dear Madam,

Your letter to Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been received during his absence abroad, and as no mail is being forwarded I regret it is impossible for him to send you an answer to your question. I have no photograph of Mr. Kipling by me which I could send you, but I enclose his autograph, which perhaps will be of use to you.

Yours faithfully,

D. GARDELL SMITH,

Secretary.



## THE RECORD

Dr. Ellwood P. Cubberly, dean of the School of Education, Leland Stanford University, author of "Public Education in the United States," and other books, in a letter written to the Record, expresses the following thoughts:

Stanford University, Calif.

April 13, 1925.

Mr. George Handeman,  
The Record,  
State Normal School,  
Buffalo, New York.

Dear Mr. Handeman:

Thank you very much for your kind expression of interest in Education and students to study the subject. It is a little difficult what I have been doing to make it easier for teachers to teach to send you just an isolated statement without anything special to hang it to, but perhaps the following will answer your purposes:

Every teacher should, early in life, become devoted to an ideal. Devotion to an ideal serves to diminish discouragements and transform what would otherwise be a drudgery of the school, into a labor of love. Every worker needs to be buoyed up by ideals and enthusiasms that will give one the ability to meet and deal with the problems of life. Every teacher should, early in life, formulate for himself or herself, some philosophy of the educational process, to be able to see ends amid means, and distant goals amid daily schoolroom procedures. One must see in the educational processes the chief means for the improvement of the race, and must believe in the power of education to influence childhood and youth toward a better and more useful life. Such a clear conception of the educational process tends to develop power and to give one a new inspiration, as well as to create enthusiasms of both heart and mind. Unless the beginning teacher becomes fired with some such conception of the importance of education for the race, and devoted to the ideal of service, the profession is not likely to be greatly enriched by his or her presence, or many lives to be made better because of his having lived and worked. While the highways of the teaching profession are everywhere lighted by the lamps of devotion and sacrifice, the true teacher is as much a dedicated spirit as any poet. He or she teaches because all the better elements of his nature compel him to teach.

ELLWOOD P. CUBBERLY.

Jane Abbott is another resident of whom Buffalo is very proud. Her books of girlhood and happy times are greatly enjoyed by boys and girls of all ages and their mothers. Among her better known books are, "Singlestreams," and "Highacres."

We think of most education as coming from books but we are just beginning to live and learn when we use books. We are living in an age of specialisation but in our crase for specialisation a great deal is lost along other valuable lines.

I believe every girl should fit herself to earn money whether or not she has to earn her own living so that she learns the value of money and how to use it wisely.

JANE ABBOTT.

Miss Bolenius, the author of the Bolenius Reader, is known to almost every student in elementary education, as being an outstanding authority on elementary school English. In addition to her readers Miss Bolenius has written the following books, "Literature for the Grammar," "Grades," and "Oral Composition."

It was while Miss Bolenius was visiting our school a short time ago that we obtained her autograph and the sentiment which appears with it. We learned at that time that Miss Bolenius taught summer school here, previously, so is well acquainted with several of the members of our faculty.

Teaching is the most important profession in the world because it is moulding the thought of tomorrow.

*Miss M. H. Bolenius*

(In 15—John Shakespeare was fined four pence for not cleaning his gutter)

#### SHAKESPEARE AT SEVENTEEN

By Ethel M. Hoffman

In our lexicon the term "parlor" would not be descriptive of the main room of the Shakespeare house. The sanded stone floor, the walls hung with arras on which were painted truisms, the sturdy, unlovely furniture combined to make a room of livable but not lovable aspect. A dark haired, intense looking boy of seventeen was crouched on a three-legged stool before the fireplace, evidently studying. He was sighing desperately and hunching himself about restlessly, struggling with a copy of the impenetrable Ovid. At a knock on the door he threw the book down thankfully and hurried to open the door.

The Man who entered was obviously of the upper classes and was attired in the exaggerated fashion effected by the contemporaries of Good Queen Bess. His dove gray galligaskons were stuffed to the bursting point, his blue stockings were delicately embroidered and he was shod in boots of soft, gray leather. Yet this dandified style of dress did not brand him as a mere precursor of the Beau Brummel movement, for in Elizabeth's day the hardiest warrior when in civilian clothes was not impervious to the lure of silk, satin, lace and perfumery. The Man's face, of necessity overshadowed by his clothes, was grave, kindly and sophisticated.

Will had seen many such gentlemen in his journeys to Warwick and Kentworth, so he was not overcome by the Man's prepossessing appearance. The lad invited the Man into the house and when he was seated, said:

"I'm William Shakespeare. Just a minute, I'll call Mother."

"So you're John Shakespeare's son? Could I see your Dad?" said the Man. "Sorry, Dad's not at home just now. I'll get Mother." Will answered. He left the room and could be heard dashing up the stairs and along the upper corridor. In a few minutes he returned with the announcement that his Mother would be down shortly.

The boy went back to his seat at the fireplace but did not return to his Ovid. Instead he opened conversation with the following question:

"Not a player, are you, sir?"

"No, William, I'm not." With an amused, slightly ironic smile, "Law's my profession."

The lad's face fell and the eagerness died out of his eyes—law was dead, dull, stuffy, beside the exciting possibilities of the stage.

The Man, shrewdly, "Interested in the stage, son?"

As if at a magic touch all of the lad's boyishness dropped from him and he seemed a man with definite ideals and a flaming desire to be up and about his business: "The first chance I get I shall run for it. I'll clean boots, trim candles, do anything to join a troupe and go to London—ANYTHING!" The boy's voice rang with a passionate sincerity, which interested the Man in spite of his natural, middle-aged, cynicism toward the fiery ambitions of youth which burn so brightly and die so quickly. Yet was this an average case? The boy seemed to be so sure of his chosen calling, so intense in his plea for a chance to prove himself.

"What's the matter? Aren't they treating you right at home?"

The boy recoiled slightly from the flippancy of the Man's words, but the need for expressing the unrest within him was too strong for silence.

"Oh, it's not that. But I'm wasting time here in Stratford. Life's too short and time too precious to spend—cleaning gutters, and repairing spinning wheels. I want to LIVE, to see the world, to be a part of the big things that are happening outside of Stratford."

The Man looked at the boy with interested eyes. A moment ago, a school lad poring reluctantly over his Latin, now a youth afire with ambition, pleading in the hysterical, self-dramatizing style of the very young for a chance to live and to dream. The Man sighed,—the boy was of that perishable, but sometimes invincible stuff—a dreamer! Would his will be strong enough, his vision clear enough to make his dream come true? He wondered. With a wrench the Man brought himself back to the present. The boy had petitioned for freedom from cleaning gutters, one of his allotted tasks about the yard, probably. Well, for once the Man found himself in the position of deus ex machina, fairy godmother, genius of the lamp, what you will. With a smile he arose to go.

Will, in a few moments of silence which had followed his outburst, had regained his mental and emotional equilibrium and with it had come an Anglo-Saxon feeling of shame at his lack of reticence and self-control in the presence of a stranger.

"I can't imagine what made me talk that way to you, sir." With a strained laugh, "I usually don't."

"That's all right, lad. We all need to let loose once in a while. Sort of relieves your mind to explode, doesn't it?" The Man said kindly, "Well, I must be going, my business with your Dad can wait."

"Just a minute, sir. I'll go with you a ways."

The Man and the boy started down the road, talking of this and that, the approaching street-fair, the ridiculous, effeminate fad of eating with a fork, the vogue for the new glass windows, et cetera. The moment of confidence on the part of the boy had passed. They came to the lane that leads across the fields to Shottery and William stopped:

"Well, good-bye, sir. I'm for Shottery."

From the rather sheepish look in the boy's eyes the Man gathered the nature of his business in Shottery, a tryst, probably, with some rustic maid. Pshaw! The Man walked on alone, chin sunk meditatively on chest unseeing eyes scanning the ground. Would the boy fulfill his ambition or would he allow his lesser desires to dim the glory of his dream? Would he break away from stultifying influences of bucolic Stratford or would this boyhood romance with a country girl hold him tensely until his confirmed hardness had forged unbreakable shackles of convention about him?

The Man was never to know that Shakespeare, like Joan, had heard the voices so clearly and held the vision so dear that no conceivable "hostages to fortune" could deter him on his journey up the road of Genius.

## ORATORS AND ORATORY

By Frank W. Alexander

That there is considerable interest in public speaking on the part of Normal students is evidenced by the personal requests for information and advice that the writer has received since the first of this series of articles appeared. Many think that it would be more than worth-while to form an oratorical society. I conferred with Dr. Rockwell on the subject and he assured me that such an organization would receive the fullest co-operation from him. Think this matter over and submit suggestions. They will be appreciated.

We are very fortunate this month in having a personal message on public speaking from two of our leading citizens, Gov. Alfred E. Smith, and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. That these busy men consider our efforts in behalf of public speaking important, is proved by the fine statements which they prepared especially for Buffalo Normal students.

Gov. Smith's statement is as follows:

**STATEMENT BY GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH**  
February 18, 1924

State of New York, Executive Chamber, Albany

Every young person with a clear thinking mind should have some training in public speaking. With the obligation of citizenship that rests upon men and women alike, the ability to express one's self forcibly, simply and clearly in public speaking is a most valuable aid.

There are certain fundamentals which can be learned in school and are well worth while making the effort to master. Students should be encouraged to try public speaking as an aid to poise and effectiveness. But no one should ever do public speaking who either has nothing to say or does not understand thoroughly the subject on which he speaks.

And this is what we received from Colonel Roosevelt:

**STATEMENT BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT**  
February 19, 1925

167 East 74th St., New York City

My dear Mr. Alexander:

I have been dilatory in answering your letter because I was out of town speaking in Louisville, Kentucky. I thoroughly believe in public speaking being taught at our schools. Men and women very often have messages they wish to deliver. If they have not had a certain amount of training in speaking, only too often they are entirely unable to get their views across. Time and again I have seen people of exceptional intelligence and exceptional character, whose usefulness was largely marred because whenever they got on their feet they had "buck fever". Public speaking is by no means confined to politics. Today it is practiced in every walk of life. My uncle-in-law, a distinguished

doctor, returns home today from delivering an address on his profession in Richmond, Virginia. A business man who has just left me is speaking tomorrow before the Chamber of Commerce on the problems confronting his business.

Over and above all this, ease and directness of expression are vital for the teaching profession. Teachers do not get the best out of a class unless they are able to put into words the thoughts that they wish their pupils to get.

Just as an illustration of how strongly I feel on the subject, when I was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, I had particular attention given to public speaking at the Naval Academy.

*Maxwell K. Roosevelt*

*Harry W. Rockwell*

### MESSAGES FROM DEAD CELEBRITIES

**Adam and Eve**—To the editor of the Record—

Don't worry about the condition of the modern press. "The New York Daily Mirror" used to feature divorce scandals in our day, too.

**Moses**—In the days when men were men and women were housekeepers, I gave unto the world the Ten Commandments. If you moderns have never heard of them look in any book of etiquette.

**Plato**—As a Utopian philosopher let me prophesy that some day there will be a better world. College professors will be as popular as Rudolph Valentino. Every teacher will own a Rolls-Royce and a spare tire to go with it. Finally, the Buffalo Normal will have dormitories (if the other things happen first).

**Dante**—I revisited the "Inferno." My old friend Satan complained that there are altogether too few teachers entering his domains.

**Sarah Bernhardt**—Here I am with Dante. Don't let anyone tell you I was "The Divine Sarah." I'm having a fine time playing stud poker with Beelzebub and his wife.

**Shakespeare**—Yes, I told the truth about human nature—that's why I'm dead now.

**Attila the Terrible Hun**—Here I am in Heaven; the harp is playing, the angels are singing and I am eating peanuts—everybody is happy. I expected to be the last man on earth who would be invited to the pearly gates, but St. Peter called me up to vary the monotony.

**Napoleon**—A woman was not the cause of my defeat at Waterloo. I was listening to the B. S. N. S. orchestra broadcasting through W. G. R.

**Wagner**—Frankly, I'm not your good friend. Just yesterday my spirit

entered your basement and instead of hearing an aria from one of my operas, I heard some girl scream, "The Heebie Jeebie Blues."

**Julius Caesar**—I was always an optimist. If I were alive today I'd be the mayor of Buffalo; and I would write some long Latin commentaries on the battle with the I. R. C. and the council scraps. I'd write enough to torture the brightest Latin student and make the others commit suicide.

**Galileo**—I'm still studying astronomy and last Thursday I arrived at Mars. The Martians are not as well civilized as we are; they have had no wars, never heard of the Ziegfeld Follies and don't know who Jack Dempsey is. Considered anthropologically the Martians are a cross between an Antediluvian fish and a Japanese butterfly. I admire their system of government; they have no income or bachelor tax, and a man doesn't have to get married unless he wants to.

**Lord Byron**—At a recent meeting of the "Associated Order of Dead Poets," we decided to give the RECORD poets some inspiration from the grave.

## TRACKS IN THE SNOW

By Clayton S. Hoyle

(Concluded from February Issue)

Retracing our steps now in a more leisurely manner, we had more opportunity to notice some of the other signs and tracks. First, we noticed the fox tracks. When a fox came to the trail of the cats, if he were a mature animal, he would approach the last few feet in a very cautious manner as indicated by a shortening of his steps and marks of the trail being swished about from side to side in the snow. Usually, too, he would sit down on a little hump of ground or on a nearby rock as if waiting for some scent coming up the wind which might bring him news of the killing of some animal by the cats, the hoping doubtless that there might be a few bones left for him to pick. If the fox were a young one, the chances were that he did not see the cats' tracks or scent them until he was right upon them, but when he did sense their presence, his short experience with accounts of this kind not being of a nature to tell him whether the tracks were one hour or six hours old, the first thing that he did was to run away in great awkward, confused leaps till he was safe behind some friendly boulder or mound. From that point he would carefully look over the location for a moment, then dash off to more secure quarters and doubtless with increasing terror as long as the scent of the trails of the cats and sometimes even walk directly in it. They always sat down at short intervals, however, to listen and to sniff to make sure that they were at a safe distance in the rear, well knowing that if the cats should suddenly come upon them it would mean their death.

Once when we were near a small brook we saw the tracks of an incognito mink who had ventured from his home under the bank to sniff gingerly at the tracks of the retreating cats, but only for a few fleeting seconds and then a quick scuttling back to the friendly shelter of the brook. The red squirrels, who are usually the noisiest and boldest of the forest dwellers, were only glimpsed once or twice and then in the tops of the trees where their winter chirrups was all that we heard from them. Say what you may, the smaller animals are wise and know when danger lurks, and, although they were curious and will look at you shyly from a safe place they do not court with death.

But of all the tracks we saw along the route, the most interesting one was that of Monsieur Black Cat, more properly called the Fisher. Few people have ever seen one alive in the forest and indeed they are scarce. You may see one in Bronx Park, New York City, when you are there. This fine specimen was trapped alive by a friend of mine and placed in the park. This bold and fearless raider travels alone, is equally at home on the ground, in the trees, or in the water. He knows not fear and all who know him fear him. When he came upon the trail of the cats he lengthened his jumps and boldly took up the chase, doubtless with rising scruff and a more wicked twinkle than usual in his small snapping black eyes. The end of his chase will not be written by me, because doubtless its setting was far away in some thick forest valley, but I dare say the forest paths echoed and re-echoed with the screeches of battle, for anyone who knows Monsieur Fisher knows that he would rather fight a whole family of lynx than to sit down quietly to feast on a juicy young rabbit.

Leaving now the trail of the cats, we bore off to the left and the next half hour brought us, by dint of hard climbing, up into some of the smaller and unnamed peaks of the Santanonni group of mountains. Deer tracks we had not seen, but our course led us into some very secluded sections of the mountains and many times the evergreen thickets were so close that it was with difficulty we forced our way through them. Upon emerging from one of these thickets I was startled to hear the crack of my partner's gun. I looked hastily ahead to where he stood and just in time to see a partridge falling to the ground, but in the same look it seemed as if the entire place had suddenly come to life. Shrill whistles and snorts, quickly moving tree branches, snow falling from numerous trees, a flash or two of white tails and a distant hurried swishing of the branches of the trees left us open-mouthed and all bewildered. This, my friends, was our first introduction to a real deer yard. We hastily retrieved the fallen partridge and realized that but for it we might have passed the yard unnoticed and unknown. An investigation of the tracks convinced us that there had been about a dozen deer of various sizes parking in the shelter of the friendly thickets. They had been there many days, keeping within this quiet valley, eating the ends of tender branches and lying down in close groups of twos and threes for warmth at night. The spot chosen by the deer for their yard constituted a circular area with a diameter of about seventy-five yards and in a valley so located that the heaviest winds never reached it.

Taking a more direct route now and with the aid of our compass we reached the cave shortly before dark and again, in a few minutes, the old box stove smiled and bade us welcome. While the partridge sizzled in the kettle and we felt the increasing drowsiness which inevitably comes beside a fire after a day in the open, we talked wonderingly of the tracks we had seen in the snow that day; and as we reluctantly fell asleep we dreamed of the owners.

### THEIR OPINION OF US

The Record—Now listen here! This idea of every school magazine having a cross-word puzzle must stop. We thought we had something original, but now the first thing we look for in every exchange is a cross-word puzzle. But we're broadminded. You are pardoned! Your literary work is A-1. Try adding a few "wise saws and modern instances" in the form of a joke department.—The Academy, Germantown, Pa.

I say, "Welcum tew our list" too the Record from Buffalo, N. Y. which had in its Xmas no. on its first page a lurly Madonna ackumppnd by a deeschripitiv articul on art. Besides that, it hes natty eddytorials and fine cross-word pussul.—The Tattler, Ithaca, N. Y.

# ATHLETICS

## NORMAL CLOSES SUCCESSFUL COURT SEASON

The Orange and Black basketball five, under the leadership of Coach Tommy Cleary, terminated the 1924-25 court season after securing decisions in six of the eleven encounters. B. N. S. came within striking distance of the championship and lost out only after Brockport had successfully defended the title. Brockport, Fredonia, Nichols and Lafayette registered wins over the schoolmasters. Buffalo Normal ran up a total of 221 points as compared to their opponent's 213 during the entire season.

The season's schedule and results follow:

1. Fredonia	22	Buffalo	32
2. Lafayette	30	Buffalo	14
3. Brockport	18	Buffalo	12
4. Nichols	11	Buffalo	15
5. Geneseo	22	Buffalo	28
6. Nichols	27	Buffalo	18
7. Geneseo	8	Buffalo	19
8. Williamsville	14	Buffalo	23
9. Brockport	30	Buffalo	19
10. Alumni	21	Buffalo	32
11. Fredonia	10	Buffalo	9
Total points	213		221

## Normal Loses to Fredonia in Final Game of 1924-25 Season.

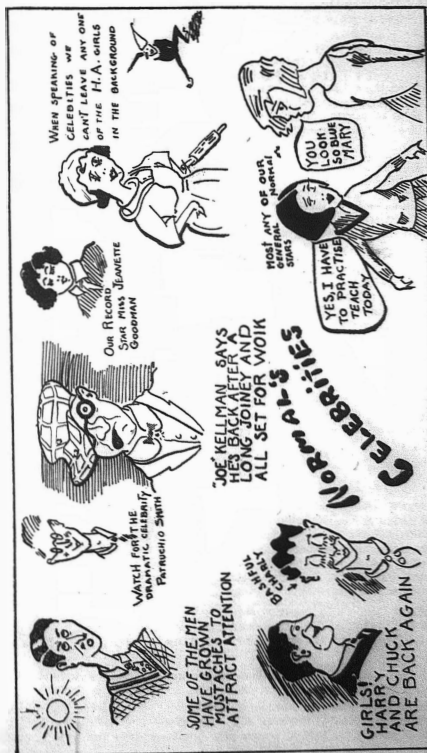
The Fredonia Normal was able to retaliate for a defeat earlier in the season when they won over B. N. S. by a single point on the local court, Friday evening, March 27th. The game proved to be exciting throughout, with football tactics prevalent in the early stages. The final score was 10-9.

Close guarding on the Buffalonian's part featured the game. At half time the teams were on equal terms, each having landed three points to its credit. Stark prevented Normal's color from being entirely trampled out of sight by caging three baskets during the second half. These six points were the Orange and Black's only scoring in the final half. B. N. S. was noticeably weak in foul shooting, for the hoop was located only once out of seven tries.

Lineup and summary:

Buffalo (9)	(10) Fredonia
Baldwin, r.f. (1)	(3) r.f. Borallieri
Stark, l.f. (6)	(5) l.f. Cavanaugh
Coughlin, c. (2)	(2) c. Schrader
Powell, r.g.	r.g. Reeves
Janowsky, l.g.	l.g. Gaglio

Substitutions—Buffalo, McDonough for Baldwin. Referee, Burt.





## OUR TEAM

Captain Harry Abate  
Guard

Harry secured his preliminary experience at Niagara Falls H. S. Since his entrance into Normal in 1922 Captain Abate has played first string basketball during the entire three seasons and has earned a letter in each instance. He successfully captained the 1924-25 team and led them to victory on a number of occasions. "Shiek" will not be in the 1925-26 line-up as he is to be graduated from General Normal in June.

Leland Powell  
Guard

Lee Powell's introduction to basketball was made at Masten Park H. S. After his entrance into Normal in 1923, Lee won his "N" in both the 1924 and the 1925 seasons. "Dimples" will not be back to defend the orange and black next year, for he graduates with Industrial two-year course in June.

John Coughlin  
Center

South Park H. S. furnished "Curly" with scholastic basketball training. He competently held center position at Normal in latter half of the 1923-24 season and earned his letter in 1925. John will help B. N. S. on the hard wood floor next season.

Richard Baldwin  
Forward

Four years of scholastic basketball at Orchard Park H. S. prepared "Baldy" for his basketball debut at Normal last fall. "Baldy's" speed pulled the orange and black out of many tight pinches. His smiling countenance will be with us next year.

Donald Stark  
Forward

"Argo's" elementary basketball training was secured at Technical H. S. over a period of two years previous to his entrance to B. N. S. in September. Many of Normal's baskets are credited to Don's accuracy. He will be again seen in action next season.

Walter Janowsky  
Guard

"Silent Jan," who capably defended Normal's colors during the past season is a product of North Tonawanda H. S.'s hardwood arena, having played there for four years. He captained his H. S. team in 1923. Jan will be back.

William McDonough  
Forward

"Snowshoes" came to Normal in September, after playing four years in inter-class basketball at Canisius H. S. His addition to the Normal quintet in the latter part of the 1924-25 season greatly strengthened the B. N. S. offense. Mac will be among those present next fall.

## SEMI-FINALS!!

On March 31, Second Year Grammar II met the Third Year basketball team in semi-finals. Each team entered the game determined to win! It was closely contested throughout and ended in a tie; score 9-9. A conference was held (everyone present taking part) and it was decided to play an extra five minute period. During the extra five minutes of play, Grammar II weakened, due to over-anxiety and the game ended 12-10 in favor of the Third Year team.

## Lineup:

Grammar II (10)	(12) Third Year
Paris, f. (5).....	(9) L. Ryan
Sullivan, f. (5).....	(3) I. Saggese
White, J. c.....	J. c. Sporney
Ren, s. c.....	S. C. Wagner
Nicholas, g.....	E. Shepard
Pagel, g.....	E. Smith

Substitutions—Suess for Ren, Third Year; Saggese for Wagner, Graham for Saggese.

## "GREENS" CAPTURE FRESHMEN CHAMPIONSHIP!

Freshmen basketball finals were played off April 7. The "greens" Section V. defeated the "blacks" Section VII, in a spectacular classic 21-17. Captain Moynihan's team entered the game as the favorite and easily held the advantage throughout the initial half. After a period of rest, the "blacks" started to rally, but a "time out" for the "greens" broke up the rally and Section V maintained their lead throughout the rest of the game. Close checking featured for both teams but the strength of the "green" center and the speed and sensational shooting of "Dot" Parks (who was "Dot's" inspiration?) and Mary Moynihan gave the stronger team a well deserved championship! (Shure! an' you can't keep a good Irishman down!) Summary:

Section V (21)	(17) Section VII
Moynihan, f. (9).....	(8) F. Urabel
Parks, f. (12).....	(9) L. Welmar
Miller, J. c.....	J. c. Welnhelmer
Parry, s. c.....	S. C. Vawter
Owens, f.....	E. Torrey
Phillip, f.....	E. Tober

## GRAMMAR I !! CHAMPIONS !!

Second Year Grammar I met the Third Year team on April 7, in a closely contested race for the Upperclass championship. At the end of the first frame the Third Year team led 7-5. Real fighting followed, the Third Year team giving Grammar I more anxiety than they had had all season and Grammar I determined to win! When the final whistle blew, score stood 10-9. Captain Maloney's team was unquestionably the champion! Lineup:

Grammar I (10)	(9) Third Year
Congre, f. (4).....	(9) L. Ryan
Oberley, f. (6).....	I. Saggese
Hurley, J. c.....	J. c. Sporney
Jackson, g. c.....	S. C. Shepard
Maloney, g.....	E. Smith
McLane, g.....	E. Warner

Substitutions—Third Year, Shepard for Saggese, Saggese for Shepard, Graham for Smith.

## SPRING MUSIC

By Jane Dinamore

There's a music that is silent,  
Playing in the hearts of men,  
Strains of unrequited beauty,  
That will make them young again.

Gay allegros brought by pictures,  
Of the flowers' bursting bloom,  
Plaintive notes can find no entrance  
Happiness has left no room.

Then the thrilling notes andante  
When we hear the robin sing,  
Break confinement in the vision,  
Of a bluebird on the wing.

Silent music ever vibrant  
Notes no human voice can sing  
Written in the human bosom,  
By the fairy Goddess spring.



## COMMENTS OF A STUDENT STROLLER

The tennis court promises some fast games this month as it is in excellent condition.

The buttons that were sold by the staff were very attractive and everyone should wear his.

The "Elms" Staff are to have pins

Faintly it is heard that Mr. Lambda Sigma is to entertain the Student Body with a dramatic production soon.

The programs and decoration of Theta Kappa's dance were the most attractive ones at any of this season's dances. The sorority is complimented upon them.

We are looking forward to the Freshman Tournament.

There are many locker keys that have been found turned into the library. Maybe yours is there.

Students lately have become very careless regarding the leaving of their luncheon papers under the cafeteria tables. This should be stopped at once as it becomes a reflection only on those students themselves who are so careless.

Walter Smith stated to a reporter that the dog that bit him has recovered.

Seniors are very busy these days settling those age old questions of class colors, motto, songs and class-day program.

LITTLE COMMA'S NOTEBOOK  
Dedicated to 3rd Year Grammar II

Political Economy Class—Discovered that six members of class are typists, and so are very useful.

Library Practices—Assistant No. 5—"Lost and Found." You feel more lost than found and your looks fully confirm your inner state.

Assistant No. 7—Office Trotter. Especially recommended to those who would like exercise for the purpose of developing slowness.

Jr. H. S. Math.—

Every day I tremble lest a test should come,  
And I should prove—the beautiful but dumb;  
For Math is fine—we like it, true,  
But—do Trigonometric Functions mean a thing to you?

History of Education—Horace Mann was the greatest Mann who ever lived. This course is becoming almost synonymous with the word "test."

Sociology—The City Council is going to give a star performance for our special benefit.

Have you gone up to the Professor and asked for graft paper yet?

Think of—

Ping Pong. Ping Pong Pictures,  
Morning, night and noon;  
Ping Pong. Ping Pong Pictures,  
Must be in quite soon.

Ere June.

What's the use of learning Palmer,

When a lecture you must take  
And the words come racing toward you  
Like the ripples o'er a lake?  
If you pause to snicker mildly  
When a pun or joke is spun,  
All the sense of what you're hearing  
Disappears like mist in sun.

And that's that.

—Comma.

Farmer Meders—"What sort of a hand is that new hired man o' yours, 'Lias?"  
Farmer Haystack—"He ain't no hand at all, dad bezzle him; he's a sore thumb."

Peter S.—"When I get to Heaven, I am going to ask Shakespeare if he really wrote all those plays!"  
Eddie Pak—"Maybe he isn't there."  
Peter—"Then you ask him."

Frosh—"I went riding with a strange young man last night. Did I do wrong?"

Sophisticated Soph—"Probably."

We won't see as much of Jack Feldstein as previously. He has lost a half pound.

Miss Keeler—"Can you stand one more story?"

Student—"Yes, if it's a nice one."

"Please pass the Revue," he said.  
Oh! How the woman's eyes did flash  
For another young student looked  
absently up  
And solemnly passed the hash!—Er.

WHISPERS FROM THE  
ONE-YEAR VOCATIONAL CLASS

Since the last radio program, "Scotty" has taken up singing lessons. His favorite song is "When You and I Were Seventeen!"

Thomas speaking: "Uno Cygneus recognized the pedago—, pedagogi—, well, the teaching value of manual training."

We can tell when spring is here without waiting for a robin to tell us. Dee's knickers are a surer sign.

Hoyle is doing a thriving business in oil. No, this is real oil for automobiles. He also has some for Fords.

If we do not learn another thing this year, we will at least know that the Sheet Metal trade is the most important. Ask Stein,—he knows.

We thank Mr. Voss for arranging a very interesting trip through the Pierce-Arrow plant recently, and also the company for its kindness to us.

MUSINGS OF A MISANTHROPE

Some of the girls in the dressmaking class may never learn how to make a dress hang properly but they all know already how to hang mistletoe.

And of what avail is a Normal course that teaches girls how to decline verbs and not matrimony?

Many a man keeps his word only because no one else will take it.

The responsibility of running a Normal School must be terrible. Just for instance imagine what would happen if the man who rings the bell in the tower all night should fall asleep just before nine in the morning.

They say a mis is as good as a mile. But a mis is has only two feet, yet look how many there are in a mile!

Most lawyers, when they die, lie still.

SPRING LOG

A flash of red, a joyous dote  
The robid is back once bore.  
The world is clad id rainbmed green.  
A lovliler spot was dever seed.  
(For heabed's sake close the door!)

Oceans, ribbers, lakes and rills  
Desced frob above, to let  
The poet say—to disbell by woe  
"It isn't raidig raid you dow—  
It's raidig violets!"

Witter sdnows are beltig fast  
Ad blustery days are few;  
Sprig has cub, oh bliss, oh joy—  
The doctor solemnly says—"By boy,  
You've a badt case of the flu!"

—Sheehan.

ORCHESTRA QUIPS

If you hear a loud report while a selection is being played, it is not the drum, but merely a cello string departing into the land of the gone but not forgotten.

Peter Saggese has resigned from his position as official violin tuner. As a result of this ultimatum, every one must tune up for himself. We regret this very much but are forced to accept his resignation, since it is reinforced by Miss Hurd's approval.

"Catherine Dwyer"—They call her "Cat," but she isn't catty.

Rowena Raymond—Galli Curci's only rival.

Harold Vogt— When you see him coming near,  
Hold your very life in fear;  
What he'll do 'tis hard to say—  
But for his joke you'll have to pay.

'Tis said that when Harold does not appear behind the big bass viol, it is because he has left at home the trusty monkey-wrench he uses when turning the pegs in tuning his instrument.

JUST A VIOLET

By George Hanneman

I hastened through the woodland, but with eyes that did not see  
The wondrous works of nature in the bushes, trees, and sod;  
I had a goal—to reach it I let nothing hinder me,  
And the beauteous springtime flowers 'neath my heedless foot I trod.

I reached my goal—I tasted power—I claimed man's adulation;  
I gained the plaudits of the kings and all their servile clan.  
But at the height of glory all my joy in consummation

Turned to distaste—I realized then, these things but came from man.  
Again I come back to the wood, but now with eyes that see,  
And cull a lovely violet where my careless foot had trod.  
And as I think back o'er the things that men have done for me,  
This violet outdoes all their gifts for THIS one comes from God!

LADY DAFFODIL

A flower growing in a pot  
In a window looks so gay  
It seems to tell the whole wide world  
Be glad, 'tis spring! 'tis May!

Her dress of rarest green,  
And her dress of loveliest gold,  
In the bright spring sunlight gleaming  
Is beautiful to behold.

The little children playing  
In the busy streets below,  
It made their whole day brighter  
When they watched the flower glow.

—From Fifth Grade School of Practice.

## GLEE CLUB

Oh! What a club is the Glee Club,  
As merry as it can be.  
It sings to the tune of the Rub-ity-rub,  
And sounds the same to me.

Oh! What a Glee Club the men have.  
You should see the funny sight;  
There are fat, short, slim, and tall  
ones,  
And their singing is a fright

Their tenors reach an alto  
The bass is flat and high.  
The tenors sing so doggone slow  
The basses all fly by.

So, now if you are with me  
You can plainly see  
That the basses beat the tenors  
And the tenors, will, Oh! Gee!

Ah! What a Glee Club the girls have  
They are wonderful for they  
Oursang the men in a concert;  
Proud! Well, I should say—

Take my advice, my dear friend,  
Prove that you're no fool,  
Come to hear the Glee Clubs  
Of the Buffalo Normal School.

—K. D.

## UNBELIEVABLE

Aunt Het—"Sakes alive! I don't  
believe any woman could ever be  
so fat!"  
Uncle Hi—"What y' readin' now,  
Het?"

Aunt Het—"Oh, 'bout an English  
woman that lost two thousand  
pounds.—(Phil. Ledger).

## HANDICAPPING SALLY

"Maria," don't you want our Sally  
to git married?"

"I sure do Sil!"  
"Then why do you keep tellin' ev-  
erybody that she's the very pictur' o'  
what you was when you was her  
age?"

## INSTANT RELIEF

Cholly (to shopman)—"I say"—aw  
—could you take that yellow tie with  
the pink and purple spots out of the  
show window for me?"

Shopman—"Certainly, sir, pleased to  
take anything out of the window at  
anytime, sir."

Cholly—"Thanks, awfy. The  
bestly thing bothaws me everytime  
I pass. Good mawning."—Christian  
Register.

## H. S. SOPH'S GOSSIP

Teacher—"If someone will wake  
Miss Bindaman, I will continue the  
lecture."

Soph—"Wake her up yourself, you  
put her to sleep."

## FOREWARNED

Speaker—"Allow me, before I close,  
to repeat the words of the immortal  
Webster."

Al Labiak—"Gosh, let's get out of  
here; he's going to start in on the dic-  
tionary."

## ENUNCIATION (I)

Judge Justin joyously brought Jud-  
th June Hiles, just as Justice Julius  
jealously joined Judith, gentyly jolly-  
ing a Jolly Junior of genius.

## DANGER PASSED

Mrs. Yearwed—"John, when we were  
first married you used always to say  
grace before meals; you never do  
now."

Yearwed—"I am not so much afraid  
of your cooking now, dear."

## FOODS 30

(Speaking of Transportation of food  
by water to Buffalo).

Miss Donaldson (in formulating  
outline)—"And what shall we find un-  
der water?"

Heppy—"Fish!"

## Adon Rice

Pharmacist

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## Arethusa

Our initiation banquet was held at  
the Hotel Lennox, April 21. The fol-  
lowing girls were initiated: Eleanor  
Backus, Doris Cowen, Fern Erick, Mil-  
dred Keller, Edith Merrill, Mary  
Moran, Gertrude Myers, Laura Pike,  
Mabel Ridder, Myra Sumner, Martha  
Swanson, Gertrude Vincent.

We are glad to announce that we  
have a new chapter at Oswego. This  
chapter will be known as the Eta  
chapter of Arethusa.

Convocation time draws nigh.

## Psi Phi

The 13th of April marked a very  
important day not to be forgotten in  
the life of many members of Psi Phi  
Fraternity. The occasion was a hike  
to the wilds of Shaleton, starting at  
the home of Arthur F. Ahr at Lake-  
view. After inspecting the Shaleton  
Brick Factory, which the boys pro-  
nounced pretty good, they waded  
through the eighteen-mile creek until  
they came to the wild and tropical  
forest found in those parts. After  
eating lunch, prepared by George W.  
Watson and Arthur Ahr the boys went  
home to recover.

## Y. M. C. A.

March 20—Normal girls entertained  
at a party in Kenmore,  
given by the industrial  
girls.

April 6—Business meeting.

April 30—Silver Bay Day. Tag day  
and dance to raise money  
for Silver Bay Fund.

May 11—Normal will entertain the In-  
dustrial girls.

May 15—House party at Forty Acres.

## "Ken" on Drama

Vi Dohn—"Have you seen "Anna  
Christy?"

Charlotte Kennedy—"I don't be-  
lieve I know her, dearie."

Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention "The Record"

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**Tau Phi**

On May first Tau Phi held its annual "May day" rose sale.

Formal initiation was held May fifth. The following girls were initiated: Catherine Becker, Olga Cragin, Evelyn Grampp, May Hammond, Margene Harris, Leah Hartland, Doris Huggins, Eugenie McBain, Arlene Scully, Dorothy Setter, Hazel Sobotzer, Mildred Spitzig, Madge Stamp, Audrey Stewart.

**Theta Kappa**

Theta Kappa held its formal initiation on April 7 at the Hotel Lafayette. We were most happy to receive as our Sorority sisters: Kathleen Croil, Zillah Jackson, Mary Hillery, Marion Hurst, Ella Crehan, Dorothy Merriman, Janette Wilcox, Grace Nagel, Marlon Robertson and Esther Dove.

Theta Kappa also halted the event of the arrival of spring by holding a Spring Dance on Friday, April 24.

Normal had a trolley car.  
(It didn't always go)  
And it carried all the boys and girls  
To school, as we all know.

One day they tried to take it off,  
Which was against the rule,  
And all the boys and girls prepared  
To hike to Normal school.

And so those Normal scholars  
Wouldn't then be late,  
They said, "We'll keep it on for you.  
If you'll start to pay us "eight."

"What makes us love the trolley so—  
Each bolt and screw and nut—  
Why, we respect the aged, you know,  
And hence, the Connecticut!"

He ate a hot dog sandwich,  
And rolled his eyes above,  
He ate a half a dozen more,  
And died of puppy love.

—Arena.

**Tri Sigma**

On Monday, April twentieth at the Markeen Hotel, Tri Sigma celebrated with its annual banquet, the commemoration of Pounders' Day. Mrs. Frank Messenger, active in the Women's Federation, was the guest. Marlon Fisher was toastmistress.

Covers were laid for sixty-five, thirty-five alumnae being present.

Helen Cooke has been elected Zeta chapter's delegate to Tri Sigma Biennial Convention, held in August this year in Norfolk, Virginia. Evelyn Gram was elected alternate.

At the Graduate's Club ten girls were initiated on April 25. The new Tri Sigmas are: Doris Backman, Janita Dingler, Mildred Graves, Virginia Heelman, Ruth Halbrook, Lois Marseilles, Mary Mills, Marjorie Moore, Myrtle Tovt and Margaret Von Volsenburg.

Our convention this year is going to be at Norfolk, Virginia, August 18-25, and although we all may not attend, we are looking forward to hearing reports of that meeting.

**I Hate**

The fellow who gets up at 5 A. M., jumps into a tub of ice water, steams and blows for half an hour and then jumps back into bed and says, "Boy, ain't it great?"

The fellow who tries to make up with his girl only a week after Christmas—(he should wait two weeks.)

The guy who meets me on the street and hollers "What d'ye know, old man?"

The fellow who thinks that editing a college magazine is "good experience."

The rube who changes the phonograph needle every time he plays a record.

The girl who says that she had her hair bobbed because it was falling out.

The fellow who does not agree with me.

## Graduation Gifts and Personal Needs

For young men and young women may be chosen here from wide varieties, at reasonable prices consistent with quality.

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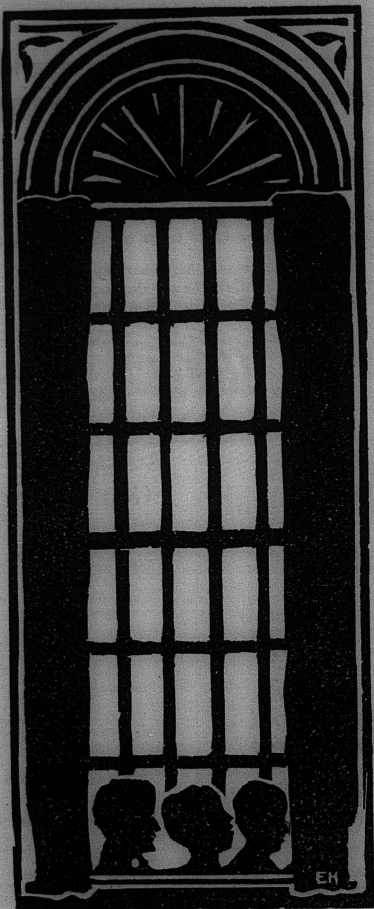
**Geo. F. Francis**

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"In Assembly in the Morning"

# The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

VOL. XIII

June Issue, 1925

No. 8

## To the Graduating Class:

The class about to be graduated can claim this outstanding distinction, namely, that the majority of its members who are classified in the general normal department, have completed a three year course and by reason of the additional year of preparation and added maturity go forth better equipped than did former graduates of the two year course. In all departments we have had a year of conscientious endeavor which has, I believe, resulted in solid and substantial achievement.

You are all prepared to meet a definite task in the world's work, to engage in the high calling of your profession and to fulfill the supreme law of service. I believe that no higher form of service can be found than that to which teaching calls you. Someone has said, "The progress of the race moves forward on the feet of children." The prosperity, the ideals, the spirit and temper of America in the next generation must be the expression of the children of this generation. What that expression is to be is largely in the hands of the teachers of today. I congratulate you on sharing in such an inspiring and challenging responsibility. It is your privilege to work with and for our junior citizens of today who will be our voting citizens of tomorrow.

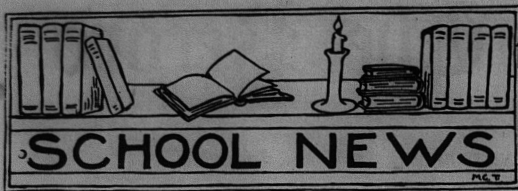
When that distinguished father of the American public school system, Horace Mann, was called upon to relinquish a successful law practice in order to serve the needs of education in the great commonwealth of Massachusetts he said, "The interests of a client are small as compared with the interests of the next generation. Let the next generation be my client."

If the Buffalo State Normal School has made you more efficient for such service and given you a zeal for it and a potential joy in it, it has fulfilled its highest function and will earn your future gratitude.

Very cordially yours,

*Harry W. Rochwell*





At the April meeting of the Board of Regents the board recommended that the Commissioner of Education and the Principals of the Normal Schools should recommend, at the May meeting, a program to be followed in formulating a course of study for the four-year college course.

They have decided to suggest to the Board of Regents the appointment of a committee which will take this matter under advisement. The committee will probably include Commissioner Graves, Assistant Commissioner Wiley, Chancellor Capen, Professor Bailey, of Teacher's College, Dean Withers of the New York University, President Burbarker of State College for Teachers at Albany, Principal Vanderburg of New Paltz and Principal Rockwell of Buffalo.

The growth of Normal makes necessary an increase in the faculty members here. Mr. Andrew Grabau of the Seneca Vocational School and a former graduate of Buffalo Normal will join the faculty of our Industrial Vocational Department next year. Mr. Grabau taught several years very successfully at the Dewey school in Niagara Falls before he entered the Buffalo city department where he has made a splendid record. He expects to be granted a degree from the University of Buffalo, next year. Besides the work in the Vocational Department Mr. Grabau will coach the athletics here at Normal.

A registrar and assistant-librarian will be appointed but neither has been recommended yet.

Miss Lillian Walker, who has for a considerable time been a highly valued member of the faculty, has resigned her position here. In August, Miss Walker will be married to Mr. W. H. B. Stephens of Chicago. It is with profound regret that we find ourselves compelled to say good-bye to Miss Walker—but we extend our sincerest wishes for her future happiness. Miss Walker has given unquestioned strength to the faculty of this institution. Aside from her efficient service as a teacher in Geography Miss Walker has been chairman of the Geography Committee of the New York Syllabus.

#### Miss Brigham

The school sustains another real loss in the resignation of Miss Alice Brigham who goes, next September to become a member of the faculty of the University of Iowa. Miss Brigham is a graduate of this school and Teachers College; she has been on the faculty of our Homemaking Department several years. Miss Brigham's many friends regret the loss but rejoice in her promotion. The work in the University of Iowa will give her a larger scope for the exercise of her well known talents in the field of clothing.

Miss Englebreck will receive her Master of Arts degree at Columbia in June and will return to Normal next September.

Dr. Rockwell has been in great demand lately as a speaker. Recently he addressed the Western New York Federation of Women's Clubs in Rochester. At Bath he spoke before the Steuben County Sunday School Association and spoke before the Oswego County Teachers' Association at Oswego.

#### Spring Concert

May and June usually mark in scholastic life the culmination of effort along many lines. A very fine program presented on May 14 by the musical clubs demonstrated the musical possibilities present at Normal. Vocal work of very high order, particularly in shading and coloring of expression, rebounds to the credit of Miss Speir, who has directed the Girls' Glee Club and the Men's Glee Club. The latter has developed surprisingly in a single year and has become a definite institution of the school. The Girls' Glee Club, larger than ever before, has excited favorable comment from many reliable critics as to fine tonal quality and expressiveness of coloring.

B. S. N. S. orchestra has, in the opinion of those who have been here a number of years, eclipsed all former orchestras. Confidence of tone and versatility of expression reflect untiring effort on the part of Miss Hurd and the members.

The string quartet was a popular number. The soloists, Rowena Raymond, Edith Kennebrook, Benedetta Di Francesco, and Roger Johnson found favor, as always.

Music appeals definitely, yet intangibly to us all. A chord or two, a snatch of good music, serves as the magic touchstone to fling wide the doors of the mind to allow our imaginations full opportunity to wander in colorful realms of fancy. Full realization of the effort behind a beautiful contribution promotes appreciation to the musical clubs and directors for their fine concert.

#### Fredonia Glee Club Concert

On Wednesday evening, May 27, the Girls' Glee Club of Fredonia Normal were guests at Buffalo State Normal. The visitors presented an evening's entertainment of real musical value.

The Fredonia Normal Glee Club, an organization affiliated with the National Federated Music Clubs, is directed by Mr. Howard Clark Davis, head of the music department of Fredonia State Normal School. The girls were assisted by Miss Erminida Ford, a talented violinist, Miss Beatrice Thorpe, soprano, and Mrs. H. C. Davis, accompanist.

The program was interesting and varied including selections from Schubert, Brahms, and Cadman. Of special interest to Buffalo students were Cadman's "Indian Mountain Song" and Brahms' "Lullaby and Goodnight" numbers on the repertoire of the local school. Miss Ford was enthusiastically received when she played Potstock's "Souvenir de Sarastate" and Bohm's "Perpetuo Mobile" with such delightful expression and excellent technique that the audience insisted on several encores.

The guests were entertained preceding the concert with a tour of the building and dinner in the cafeteria. Before dinner Mr. Root made remarks of welcome to which Mr. Davis responded. Miss Speir, Mr. and Mrs. Phillippi, Miss McMahon and Miss Hurd joined Mr. Root in extending the hospitality of the school to the guests, the hostess club adding their welcome in song.

Thursday, June 4, our Glee Clubs, under the direction of Miss Speir, were the guests of Fredonia Normal and gave a concert there. This first experience exchanging concerts with another Normal School is a delightful one, and it is hoped that the custom will become permanent.

## YEA! TORONTO!!!

The invasion of Toronto by our students on Friday and Saturday, May 29th and 30th, was one of the most successful and enjoyable affairs of the school year.

We assembled on Court Street and left at 8:30 A. M., a little over fifty strong (may we say "strong"?—there were only nine men!) on our special car for Niagara Falls, changing to the Great Gorge Route without delay. In fact, due to the careful preparation by Mr. Clement, who conducted the party, all arrangements throughout the expedition were fulfilled without a hitch. The students were chaperoned by Miss Selom, Miss West, and Mrs. Clement and their kindly, tactful combination of conscientiousness with liberality won the love of all and contributed largely to the fine spirit evident in the group.

Spirit? When it came to yelling or singing the fifty-odd of us would put our assembly to shame. We started right in to make noise when the car left Buffalo. The natural wonder of the ride through the gorge quieted us a little. We boarded the boat at Lewiston, had our baggage examined by the customs officials, and settled down wherever fancy dictated for the ride to Toronto. Many gathered about a piano which Eloise discovered and sang all our school songs and a few others, while another group in the bow practiced yells. The weather was ideal. Two more students joined us at Niagara Falls and one at Lewiston.

All too soon, it seemed, we reached Toronto. There was a delegation from the Toronto Normal School awaiting us, but there was some delay in our reception. Due to no particular reason that we have been able to discover, we were mistaken for a group of ministers and divinity students at first. After proving this a false impression we were whisked to our hotel (hotel, please, not hotel) in two large, luxurious motor-busses. It was the Waverly Hotel but we simply cannot remember the name of that street on which it stands.

We registered, deposited our luggage, clambered back into the busses and went to the Toronto Normal School. After being photographed as a group, we were escorted to an advantageous position on the campus and enjoyed the events of the annual athletic meet of the school which was in progress all afternoon.

The hospitality of the Canadians was faultless and it is the unanimous opinion of all who went that nothing more could have been done to make us welcome and entertain us throughout the whole visit. Two of the events were for students of the Buffalo Normal, one for men and one for girls, with a silver cup offered for the winner in each event. The men's race was won by Frank Barrett. Chavel was second, Biddecombe third, and Campbellalso ran. The girls' prize was won by Mary Congreve with Gertrude Maloney, Daisy Wiseman and Ruth Berner competing.

After the meet, we followed our various inclinations until 8:30, when we met at the hotel and were taken in the busses to Columbus Hall, where a dance was given in our honor. Due to the careful management of our hosts there were enough extra men to counterbalance our superabundance of girls. The music was very good (two pianos) the floor was perfect, the decorations were lovely, everyone was affable, balloons and streamers filled the air, varicolored lighting was played over the dancers, and in-between times the Chesterfields (know what they are?) were so comfortable and, oh! yes! there was punch (not 44), well, everyone was having such a good time they extended the closing hour from 12 to 1 A. M. and everyone regretted having to leave then. We returned to the hotel in our busses but it took the combined efforts

of directors, chaperons, and the entire hotel management to get everyone tucked in and asleep by two o'clock, after all that excitement.

Next morning there was a tennis meet at Riverdale Park—just a little courtesy meet to make things interesting. Frank Barrett, Daisy Weinmar, and Ruth Berner represented Buffalo and won all their matches. The scores in the men's singles were: Barrett vs. Robert Stewart (Toronto) 7-9, 6-3, 6-2 (a closely contested series). Girls' doubles won by Weinmar and Berner, 6-0, 6-2. Girls' singles, won by Berner, 8-6. Then nearly everyone went shopping, and EVERYONE went to Eaton's, one of the largest department and mail-order houses in Canada, even if only to ride up and down in the lift (they don't have elevators, you know).

In the afternoon we took a "seeing Toronto" trip in the busses. Toronto seems to be mostly churches, hospitals and schools. There are some very nice residences. Everything is brick and stone, not wood. Many and varied are our recollections of this trip, but we will all remember the many fine old buildings composing the University, the extensive campus, Casa Lomar, a very elaborate residence built in the form of a mediaeval castle and originally so elaborately furnished that even the stables were carpeted with real Brussels carpet, and, oh! yes! the little house where Mary Pickford was born.

The busses stopped at the hotel (we have looked up the name of that street—it is Spadina and everyone pronounces it differently) for our bags and then we went on to the dock and boarded our boat for home. The weather had been somewhat threatening during the day but cleared again and the ride back to Lewiston was very enjoyable. We amused ourselves with games and the rest of the passengers with songs. After passing immigration inspection again we landed and completed our return to Buffalo without hitch. It was with regret that one after another had to leave the party to change cars in the city.

We thank our Canadian friends most sincerely for the fine hospitality shown us during this visit, especially Mr. Stafford Pelton who gave us his entire personal attention.

## Joint Charities Campaign

Mr. Root submits the following report:

Group	Number Subscribing	Amount Subscribed
Faculty .....	49	\$387.00
First Year General .....	199	89.35
Second Year General .....	174	63.25
Third Year General .....	167	74.00
Vocational Industrial .....	44	28.59
Vocational Homemaking .....	87	32.90
Total .....		\$675.09

The following groups were 100 per cent. in subscribing:

Faculty.	
First Year Section I.	Third Year Kindergarten Prim. II.
First Year Section VI.	Third Year Kindergarten Prim. I.
Second Year Industrial II.	Third Year Int. I.
Second Year Grammar I.	Third Year Grammar I.

## Homemaking News

A word of sympathy and comfort is due the Freshman and Junior Homemaking girls who are now about to launch forth upon their summer projects. Think of becoming the head of a household for six weeks, or of going into a commercial establishment with a world of knowledge and a background of inexperience. We can only hope that each undertaking will be successful and that the girls will return with renewed enthusiasm and an increased fund of valuable experiences.

Soaps—par excellence—in all fancy sizes, unique shapes, and varying odors are on exhibition in our Chemistry laboratory. These soaps are the contribution of the Freshman Homemaking girls to the advancement of sanitation and the welfare of modern civilization.

Twenty-seven Homemaking Seniors are to be graduated this June with Bachelor of Science degrees. We extend our hearty congratulations to these girls and wish them every measure of success in their future undertakings.

The Junior Class was at home to the Senior Class and Faculty members of the Homemaking department, on Tuesday, June 2nd, from four until six, at two sixty-four Jersey Street.

## Vocational News

The big problem at present seems to be, not if we will graduate but if we will get positions. Graduation comes to every one but jobs—they come not!

Four of the fellows have signed their contracts.

Art Ahr will teach metal work in the Harding High School at Woodland, Pennsylvania.

Burt Furman will teach drafting in the new Junior High School of Jamestown, New York.

Al Heller will teach Industrial Arts in the schools of Ramsey, New Jersey. Outside of teaching woodwork, electricity, sheet metal, forging, cement work, and drafting, besides related subjects, he won't have much to do.

George Watson will teach Manual Training and some drafting in Bernardsville, New Jersey. George is going to meet Heller now and then for a trip to New York.

The rest of the fellows are holding out for a director's or superintendent's position.

The Second Year Bunch wonders if the whole term's work can be done in the next two weeks.

## First Year Industrial News

Since the play "By" Shottin sports brightly colored socks; a token, perhaps, that he is taming a Shrew.

Walt Chavel reports that the last afternoon dance was a great stumble. Without the timely aid and efficient supervision of Stanley Patrel as Stage Manager, well—!

Orvard Seaberg assisted as fuse blower.

Casey's comments and wise counsel on "Taming of the Shrew" certainly gave that professional touch to the production.

Before the curtain rose "Bluebird" Schwenk stood on deck with his trusty "gat", warding off any "crashers" who might appear.

After a great discussion the class unanimously voted to have the far-famed Dandelion as its class flower. A teacher was presented with a bouquet of our class flowers.

## Prizes of Purpose

Prizes seem to be the order of the day now, don't they? And doesn't it seem to you that in the hubbub of everyday school life some people who really do deserve prizes are never noticed or mentioned? I think so and humbly suggest that we offer a few more prizes for deeds of difficulty and daring or for those supreme renunciations which will delight and benefit the world. These suggestions are offered diffidently in the name of a patient student body which tries not to ask the impossible:

1st. Gymnastic prize—for the girl who can go up to bat and not make three consecutive strikes or who can get farther than one base on a hit.

2nd. Gymnastic Endurance prize—to be awarded to the freshman girl who does not lose ten pounds before and during the spring tournament.

3rd. Mortification prize—given to the girl or boy who can refrain from spending his or her last nickel on a chocolate bar.

4th. Appreciation Award—for that person who can sing (in assembly) the last phrase of the last verse of "Old Zip Coon" on pitch.

5th. Sorority prize—awarded to the freshman girl who does not read all the sorority boxes her first week in Normal.

6th. Faculty award—for the faculty member who enjoys patrolling the hall.

7th. Keen Observation prize—to be awarded to the student who recognizes cake in cafeteria about one week old when it is smothered with whipped cream or chopped up.

8th. Sympathy prize—for the person who is never late and misses the thrill of poking his head out the street car window every time it passes a clock.

9th. Prize of luck—awarded to student in Junior High School Science, who says everything she intends to in a demonstration lesson and whose "home made" apparatus works.

10th. Just Pride prize—awarded to that industrial man who does not feel like the general proprietor of a country store in his shop-coat.

## Let George DO It This Time

The third time's charm 'tis said! It will be, if you will make it your duty to help. George is worthy of a trip to the World Series games and will be a winner—if you do your part.

Clip the headings of the Evening News—put them in the box for this purpose—and watch for the results!

## Statement of Blanket Tax Fund

Total receipts .....		\$3,012.00
Disbursements—		
Elms .....	\$201.00	
Dramatics .....	360.35	
Athletics .....	600.00	
Record .....	1,029.16	
Handbooks .....	4.15	
Radio Music .....	6.72	
Christmas Music .....	31.92	
Musical Club .....	130.00	
		2,463.30
Total .....		\$548.70
Surplus .....		

JOSEPH F. PHILLIPPI.

**Kindergarten-Primary Program**

It is Friday morning, June 12, our last assembly of the year, the last of any school year for some of us, and we find ourselves excited and eager, reminiscent and just the least bit sentimental as one always feels to turn the last corner, if it is only into assembly. Could a coincidence be more appropriate than this, that our last assembly presents a program of the kindergarten and primary department, as if memory were to play us a trick to make us all children for an hour.

In the little tense prelude before the curtain rolls up we recall the lovely glimpses of childhood which programs of other years have revealed. Last year that charming garden where the children masqueraded as flowers, birds and butterflies; and was it not the year before that Mother Goose presented Boy Blue and the whole world of creations as familiar as flesh and blood people can be. Therefore it is with a little thrill of real expectancy that we try to imagine what surprise the children have prepared for us this year.

Just then as we are wondering, we hear the strains of "Rock-a-Bye Baby", the curtain rolls aside and we see a charming picture, lovelier than anything Raphael ever put on canvas, a mother reading to her little ones just before they cuddle into bed. The appealing group gives one the motif for the entertainment—a child's story-book containing pictures, dances, songs of children from foreign nations. Then as the pages of the book are turned we see in succession the Scotch and French, Dutch and Eskimo, Japanese and Chinese Indian and Italian boys and girls stepping forth from story-book-land literally as we have often visualized them in fancy. Sometimes from sunny Italy would come the jingle of tambourine as the children dance; sometimes the crooning melody of a Mediterranean cradle song; sometimes the bagpipe of Scotland played martial music which made our pulses beat; again a little French lullaby or Chinese lyric voiced in other accents a universal theme. Finally with beautiful unity the program was knit together with a grand ensemble of young voices singing Stevenson's

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,  
Little frothy Eskimo,  
Little Turk or Japanese  
Oh don't you wish that you were we?

And so at last the little foreign children are all shut again inside the magic pages of a living story-book, and the covers are clasped close until the long vacation is over.

The program correlates beautifully with the display of hand work exhibited by the Kindergarten-Primary Department in Room 211.

**A Trip to Japan**

Many of us have longed in our dreams to visit the land of the Cherry Blossoms, and sip tea in true Japanese style. Senior Intermediates, Section I, must have anticipated our thoughts when they presented their lovely program in a recent Friday Assembly. Pretty native songs, stories, and dances helped our imaginations greatly. Benedetta Di Francesco made a charming Oriental maiden and sang to an enthusiastic audience. We think we echo the sentiments of the spectators when we say that all were heartily sorry to see the curtain go down at the end of the hour—not only because long Assemblies are enjoyed by the entire school, but because we should have liked to spend more time with our Oriental sisters.

**To Miss Keeler**

Not to us belongs the credit,  
Not to us applause is due,  
For we behind the footlights  
Owe all success to you.

It isn't those in the limelight  
Who always deserve the prize,  
And seldom on the deserving  
The crown of laurel lies.

To you we are deeply indebted  
For the work that you have done,  
So to you we sing our praises  
And applause that we have won.

The Cast.

**The Taming of the Shrew**

The "Taming of the Shrew" as presented by the Dramatic Club proved a most delightful interpretation of this farcical play. Two performances were given to full houses on Thursday, May 21, and Friday, May 22, besides a special students' dress rehearsal on the previous Wednesday afternoon.

The leading parts, Petruchio and Katharina, were ably handled by Walter J. Smith and Edith H. Kennebrook. Both were well fitted for those who know them and gave very interesting interpretations, especially to those who know them in everyday life. Petruchio's masterfulness was a surprise to many whereas the most wonderful part of Katharina's performance was her final speech on wifely submission. Her part as a shrew was presented with great vigor and does her especial credit as she concealed thruout the fact that she was only partly recovered from a turned ankle. Cynthia Reed proved a charming Bianca, attracting her many lovers, not the least of whom was Lucentio, whose part was convincingly taken by John Coughlin. Harold North in the guise of a gentleman of Padua truly acted the part of a harassed father with two marriageable daughters.

A chain is as strong as its weakest link. Possibly the proverb might apply to a Shakespearian play, whose strength depends so heavily on its minor characters. In "Taming of the Shrew" the comedian parts were exceedingly well taken thruout presenting just the correct shading and contrast to the dramatic intensity of shrewish Katharina and the overbearing mastery of Petruchio.

Special mention should be made of the costuming and stage setting. The last unforgettable scene might have been painted by Veronese himself. The rich colorful background, the harmonious blending of rose and sapphire, purple and gray in shimmering brocade or deep-toned velvet, the heaped up pyramid of luscious fruit, the tall candles throwing soft mellow light, bringing out here a Titian-haired beauty and there a profile of classic purity; the sound of the lute, the voice of troubadours; and over it all hung the romantic charm of the Renaissance in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth.

These effects were not happenstances. Miss Hanson's Class in costume design with the skillful cooperation of Mrs. Urquhart Wilcox achieved these very artistic results.

Miss Keeler's skill as a director is too well known and too universally appreciated to need comment. Her ability to transform crude amateurish material into the finished product which our stage presented in the "Taming of the Shrew" is little short of genius.



## Faculty Adventures This Vacation

Several of our trusty reporters were dispatched to all parts of the building to find out what our faculty was going to do with all the leisure time had on their hands this summer vacation. Unfortunately all the teachers could not be reached, but those whom we did interview kindly told us their secret intentions, which you will read in the following items.

Dr. **Harry W. Rockwell**—Will teach in Summer School and speak for a week in Minnesota, coming home from Duluth to Buffalo by means of the Great Lakes. Before and after Summer School Dr. Rockwell and family are going to their cottage on Cayuga Lake, north of Ithaca. Late in August he will spend a week doing institutional work in Pennsylvania. Tell the Cornell boys there are plenty of pretty girls here, Doctor.

Miss **Cassety** will divide her time between Paris, the Netherlands and London. We'll wager she can hardly wait.

Misses **Reed, Caudell, Gemmel and Smith** are traveling to California, the fairy land of actresses and school teachers.

Miss **Mulholland** will spend another vacation studying at Columbia. Here's a teacher that is still eager to learn.

Mr. **I. C. Perkins** will act as superintendent of the Redpath Chautauque for two and one-half months. He is always working.

Mr. **G. E. Huckins** is teaching "Methods of Teaching Printing" at Ocean City, N. J., for five weeks this summer. He can't get printing off his mind.

Miss **Salom** is teaching the first part of summer. She will go to Canada the latter part. We are sure she will have a good time in Canada.

Mr. **Bradley** says, "Will toll all summer in Summer School". He is leaving August 5th to travel to visit Paris, Netherlands and London. No art gallery in Europe will escape his searching eyes.

Miss **Keeler** answers, "As yet undecided". As usual she is very laconic.

Miss **Hurd** will continue the pleasant task of teaching at the Chicago Musical College.

Mr. **Robert Voss** is going to Oswego for the Summer Session; then to New York City and the Adirondack Mountains with his wife to see the sights. He says that he must recuperate after such a strenuous year.

Mr. **Weber** told us, "I'm going to my summer home at Angola on the Lake, to get rested up and ready for the oncoming rush of freshmen".

Mr. **C. C. Root** said he was actually going to teach for the 8th summer. We award him the Nobel prize for marathon teaching. He is then going to his summer home on the lake near Angola to rest up and learn to paint a house and catch an occasional fish.

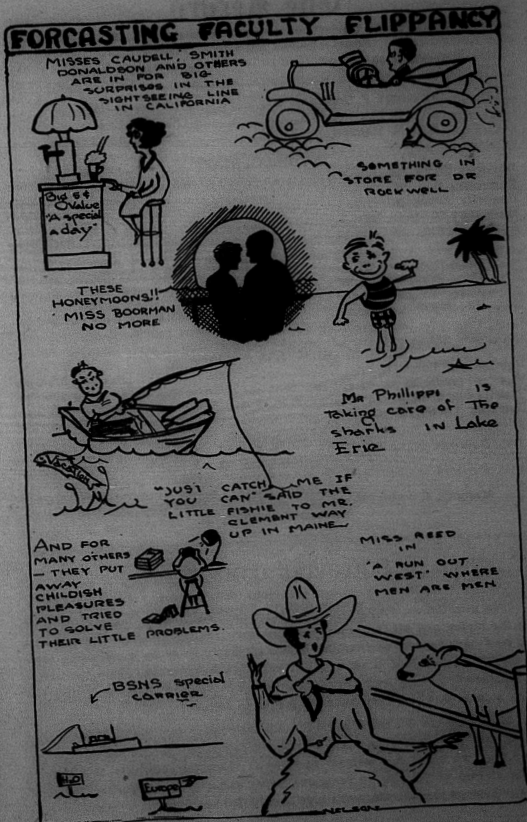
Dr. **Philip Auchampagh** secretly asserted, "I am teaching Summer School due to the reason that Buffalo is a 'moist' city. I am going to stay and try to get rid of Hay Fever."

Mr. **Joa. F. Phillips** will continue "dishing out" the locker keys this summer; thence to his summer mansion on Lake Erie to learn how to run a motor boat.

Mr. **G. M. Quackenbush** is going to teach "Trade Analysis" and other difficult subjects at Oswego for six weeks. Then, says he, "I am going to the Adirondacks to perch on the lofty peaks of Mt. Marcy and be away from civilization". If one wishes to be away from civilization the best thing to do, we say, is to perch right in the city.

Mr. **Clinton Burke** is going to spend part of the summer in the far-away Berkshire Hills.

Mr. **Stephen C. Clement** is going to do all kinds of things. He teaches, goes to Northern Ontario for ten days and then to the Maine Wilderness "to fish for multiple trout".



# The Record

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MISS M. HANSON..... *Faculty Advisor*

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

The new Record staff having charge of the June number takes upon itself all the blame and all the credit for this issue. Some members of the retiring staff have rescued us from the depths of despondency by contributing their usual masterpieces of literature and art. We hereby take the opportunity of commending those who are leaving us upon their excellent work and the high standards which they have set for us to follow.

Miss Jeanette Goodman and her associates after two years of unceasing labor, may now rest upon their laurels. When "Jan" handed us the Record room key we heard her whisper to herself: "Now let somebody else have a taste of real work" To be veracious we've had a good taste already and this is how we must hustle every month, only God can help us.

## THE NEW STAFF

*Editor in Chief*..... Maurice B. Rovner  
*Literary Editor*..... Margaret Sheehan  
*News Editor*..... Harriet Cooke  
*Follies Editor*..... Molly M. Moran  
*Society and Exchange*..... Dorothy Young  
*Art Editor*..... Clarence Young  
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Mary Winter, Harold Campbell, Jacob Feldstein, Walter Zimmerman  
*Circulation Manager*..... Murray Lynds

Father Time waves his rusty scythe and another class passes thru Normal's gates. With pride we bid farewell to the best class of teachers ever turned out by our Alma Mater. Its members have the distinction of being the first Normal graduates who have had three full years of professional training. Young America cries aloud for better teachers and worthier guides and with more and better professional teacher-training we are gradually making strides toward the ideal. Beyond any doubt, the time is coming when every elementary school teacher will have to be a college graduate. And why not? High school instructors require degrees. Is not the training of the elementary school child the most important branch of public education?

Fears have been expressed in the past that our fraternities and sororities were mere social units, and these fears have not been entirely groundless. The school, therefore, views with evident joy the deeds which the Arethusa sorority is accomplishing and is privileged to have such an organization in its midst. In awarding the Bishop Honor Medal the sorority has demonstrated that such groups can be of great value to a school. We have long needed some token of official recognition for that girl who is best preparing herself for a teaching career. Let the Arthusan example blaze a trail for other school societies to follow. There are still many things which they can do for our school.

The 1925 "Elms" is to be dedicated to Mr. Edward H. Butler, Jr., the president of the Board of Trustees. Acting in this capacity Mr. Butler has done much to help our school secure favorable legislation during the hectic strife at Albany a few months ago. Always he is at hand when help is needed. We cannot be too grateful to such a busy man. Persevering efforts and freely given time have been solely for our benefit.

The Record congratulates the "Elms", its sister publication, on the fine product which it has turned out this year. Miss Kempke, Mr. Abate and the staff have every reason to believe that 1925 issue is the best "Elms" ever published. In 1962 we will take a leather-bound "Elms" out of the safe and proudly show it to our grandchildren as a worthy relic of "the good old days".

Three rousing cheers for the best Alumni Association in the world. Dr. Rockwell has already told us what an unparalleled commencement program they have arranged for this graduating class. Especially do we anticipate the speech of Dr. Glenn Frank, to be given at the Alumni Day Dinner Dance, June 20th. This versatile editor of the Century magazine will have an inspiring message for our seniors. He "has spurred the Century magazine out of



its dry-as-dust respectability" since 1921 when he first assumed the editorial rein. — ~~in~~ ~~four~~ ~~years~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~secretary~~ ~~of~~ ~~Northwestern~~ ~~University~~. Only 38 years of age he has recently been elected president of the University of Wisconsin.

As young people primarily interested in education we are anxious to hear this orator, educator and man of letters. We wonder if he will have such significant words for us as those of his speech last summer at the University of Michigan, "I dislike to speak of education, religion and politics as if they were three distinct fields. They are, or should be, an indivisible unity. . . . The professor, parson and the politician are at work on the same job. . . . The achievement of the good life for the citizen and for the nation."

#### LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE RECORD STAFF

We, the departing Record Staff, being more or less sane in mind and body, do solemnly, soberly, reverently and thoughtfully take our pens in hand and with our best Palmerian flourish dedicate the following to your care, preservation and love:

To the Staff as a whole, the King Henry VIII Table and the eleven chairs, the dust and the collapsible camp stools, the rug on the floor of verdant hie, where the sunbeams dance and dust particles too; and lest we forget, the cabinets and their stacks of yellow, gleaming paper and "Records" that once had been.

The broken typewriter we leave to you, the empty ink wells, the contribution box with its collection of discarded sucker-sticks and discarded notes, together with the official box on the second floor. Wash its face occasionally and deposit therein an article for the next issue; 'tis a solitary figure that craves attention.

To the Editor-in-Chief, we leave our sympathy, our best wishes, and the new staff. To him do we leave the ghosts of other Records, the right to life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness, if he so desires and can obtain.

To the Literary Editor. We leave Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray and Zane Grey and the noble efforts of the English Classes and the standards we have attained.

To the News Editor. The right to listen in on any conversation that may lead to the acquisition of news, the monthly interviews with Doctor Rockwell, —and an assistant.

To the Follies Editor. We leave the students and Faculty, the ex-jokes of other issues, "College Humor", "Life" and your own resources.

The Circulating and Folding Editor. To you, dear friend, the blissful solitude of the Print Shop the night before the next issue is due, the Ivory folder and a gold medal.

The Society Editor and Proof Reader. Our best wishes for a prosperous and tactful year. Keep your eagle eye out for flaws in the proof, for someone's reputation may be at stake.

To the Manager. The comforting thought of the blanket tax, the right to secure ads and our sympathy.

To Miss Mulholland, Miss Hansen and Mr. Huckins, we leave the staff and vice versa (P. S. Vice Versa is hidden in the attic).

To the school. A rising vote of thanks for your appreciation and the memories of three years of happiness, trials and tribulations.

Signed in the Presence of 2 witnesses on this day of our Lord May 28, 1925.

THE RECORD STAFF by

JEANETTE F. GOODMAN, Editor.

MARGARET SHEEHAN, Witness.

ELOISE WEIMAR, Witness.



# BARED SOULS

Three of our prominent seniors have yielded to a thoro cross examination by a psychic expert. His fame has reached the ears of all, yet we dare not utter his name lest this mystic descend his magic wrath upon us.

The trinity of victims were Jeanette Goodman, Rosetta Hebenstreit and Charles Gibson. All ye who have cast appraising and loving glances upon any of them will now read the utter, bare, actual, factual, naked, stark, unembellished truth about them.

Sh'h—hst! We are entering the regions of the occult, the cryptic, the mysterious. Three souls are bared and dissected for the pleasure of the multitude. The room is darkened; satanically gleams the sinister crystal; the psychic

expert assumes the countenance of Buddha. Hold out your palms! The oracle speaks.

## A Delineation of the Distinguished

Jeanette Goodman is surely the tamer of lions and eater of bears. She lives too well and to strenuously at intervals. Sometimes she is a victim to her gustatory desires. Although sensitive to the core, she has never been known to shirk a conflict. Practical in the main she is capable of profundity. She will find her chief foes, a love of combat generally verbal, plus a certain discontent, which, like the tide, is never out for long.

At times she tires of it all, and then her soul in solitude is one in torment. Happily the duration of the depression is not equal to its intensity. Then she seeks again the crowd, the shouts of approbation, or the more lasting bounties of the public favor. But once more these have their day, and in her pensive moments a mystic hand guides her back to brief solitude. There she receives the next installment of prophetic vision which so often haunts the minds of the successful.



Jeanette Leading Parade



Jeanette Under Wreckage

She may choose in the ranks of the well-known that she may share in the spoils of business harvests or public victories; or, again, her more subjective half does choose, perchance, a modest quiet man who will serve as an antidote for a—breathless and restless—career. And finally, gentle reader, mark us well, we predict that she will be found either at the head of the van or under the wreckage.

In the honorable Charles Gibson, Esq., we see the Main Street Principal, the beloved professor of a highly respected seminary for the female young of distinguished ancestry. This career shall be crowned by a safe and honorable retreat in a college laboratory or in a class of devoted pupils. Indeed a tranquil age is his.

Enthusiastic but modest; unaggressive either at home or abroad, patient and persevering, ingenious at fixing things; a trifle critical of the world and its ways but not harshly thus; very affectionate; not uncomely to behold,—in brief, an excellent bill of credit for perfect domesticity. Why hesitate? This is verily an age of opportunity.

The sunset of life shall find him in his professorial chair surrounded by a bevy of delightful co-eds. A gentle Turk is this, for aye untroubled by revolutions or the curse of Allah.



Charley at 40



Rosetta Leaves the Profession

Rosetta Hebenstreit, the President, passes, and we wonder. To him who beholds she appears to be but animated marble; but marble cannot dream. She can, she does, and very oft explores the fairied dale of fancy, and those castles of most ancient Spain which will tower among the mountain peaks of air while romance shall endure. She appears a Puritan, but art claims her,—a fact which is wont to humanize the soul. Self confidence, we think, sufficient for a woman.

Her mind is ever threatened to be rent asunder by one who dreams and one who walks the solid earth with mien most critical. How well she acts a noble role when stern necessity leads the way and chases clinging hesitation far afield! Likes to travel rather well. Was made for worship, not for love, save by children's hearts.

Alas, she cannot laugh to fill the echo. This is sad indeed! Dignity hath too oft silenced rosy laughter and left palling silence on the throne. But then, her soul is wrapped secure by dreams of beauty and of truth.

Let some youthful knight (he need not be rich in worldly riches) with pleasing presence, and of noble vows appear, and who knows but that the world may lose another able teacher.



## LITERARY NOTES

Amy Lowell  
1874-1925

Amy Lowell, whose death has occurred so recently, was, in all opinions, one of the most outstanding poets of the twentieth century. Whether critics agreed or disagreed as to the greatness or genius of her work, they were all compelled to agree that she was a dominant, arresting and dynamic personality, that her poetry, whether praised or blamed, could not be ignored.

So prominent was this characteristic in her personality, poetry and creeds, that she was seized upon as its chief exponent in the struggle between the older "form" poets and the "free verse" supporters. Standing as the leader of the New Movement, begun in the early twentieth century, she caused more controversy than any other living poet. She, however, was a natural leader, used to overcoming all obstacles, so that this struggle, instead of weakening her ideas, served merely to strengthen and deepen them.

Miss Lowell's desire to write and her creed for writing, first came about in 1902. For many years she had been a lecturer in various colleges and universities, among them Harvard and Yale, then, suddenly, in her twenty-eighth year, she decided to become a poet, and acting upon her belief that "a poet must learn his trade in the same manner and with the same painstaking care as a cabinet-maker", she spent eight years in study before writing her first poem. This first poem, published in the "Atlantic Monthly", definitely allied her with the followers of vers libre. Since that time she has entered into the struggle for the newer forms and ideals with much zest. Her chief argument for vers libre or the newer forms is that they are not really new, they have been tried out and used in the old Parnassian School. The newer poets, she also maintains, think less of dogma and more of the truth; they see the universe as a huge symbol and feel an added intensity for its portrayal.

Her industry, capability and originality were shown in the fact that during the fifteen years of writing, she published six books of poetry, "The Dome of Many-Coloured Glass", "Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds", "Men, Women and Ghosts", "Can Grande's Castle" and "Pictures of a Floating World" and two serious books of criticism, "Tendencies in American Poetry", and "Six French Poets." Following in the footsteps of her great uncle, James Russell Lowell, she wrote "A Critical Fable" much like his "A Fable for Critics", an anonymous satire in which she comments on contemporary poets, including herself.

Miss Lowell's greatest achievement, however, is not in the field of poetry or criticism. She has made her greatest contribution in a field entirely new to her—biography. It was while preparing a requested address for Yale University that Miss Lowell came to realize the extent of her information about John Keats. Throughout all her life she had greatly admired both the man and the poet. During her travels and lectures she had learned more and more about his life, constantly finding out hitherto unknown facts and details, until she had amassed a great fund of knowledge. When, as we have said, she came to realize the importance and extent of this knowledge, she decided to incorporate all she knew in a biography, not to take the place of

those already existing, but to supplement them. This biography, "John Keats", a book in two volumes, is in itself worthy of fifteen years' labor. The hitherto unpublished manuscripts, letters and little human details, make the book a classic. One critic has said, "Whether Miss Lowell's book 'John Keats' pleases the critics or not, they must concede that she has more real knowledge of John Keats than any other critic." But this statement is unjust. "John Keats" is not an array of facts or an exploitation of knowledge, it is a living and vividly interesting story of the life of an intensely interesting man. There is no place in the book where reading may be left off; it must be read thru before the reader is satisfied. Thus Miss Lowell has really been three great people, a critic, a poet and a biographer; and the greatest of these is the biographer.

Sir Henry Rider Haggard—1856-1925

Another recent death in the field of letters is that of Sir Henry Rider Haggard, usually known simply as "Rider Haggard". Mr. Haggard is well known as the author of several popular novels of mysticism and romance. Among these are "She", "Jess" and "Allan Quatermain". His more serious works, arising from his experiences as a lawyer and a social research worker are, "Rural Conditions in England," and "Report on the Salvation Army."

### Suggestions for Summer Reading

Most of us see within the prospect of a few weeks the realization of that golden dream—"When I have time". It almost seems as if in summer vacation, we will have time to read. This little list of suggestions may prove valuable:

- "The Vicar of Wycik"—May Sinclair. A quiet novel showing the absolute goodness of two people who devote their lives to a little English parish.
- "The Wind at the Rain"—Burke's early days in Lime House.
- "Soundings"—Hamilton Gibbs. Bravely-outspoken on the subject of the younger generation.
- "Orphan Island"—Rose Macaulay satirizes the institutions of Victorian England.
- "The Slave Ship"—Mary Johnston. An engrossing romance which carries the reader back to the eighteenth century.
- "The Divine Lady"—Barrington's story of Lady Hamilton.
- "The Gallants"—Barrington. Seven gentlemen from Henry II to Sir Peter Teazle.
- "The George and the Crown"—Sheila Kaye-Smith. Excellent character delineation against a background of unforgettable English scenery.
- "The Mother's Recompense"—Edith Wharton draws in Kate Clephane a character who will stand beside Lilly Bart in the great creation of her art.
- "Barren Ground"—Ellen Glasgow takes Virginia and makes it live and act on its inhabitants in somewhat the same way as Hardy portrays Egdon Heath in "Return of the Native".
- "The Constant Nymph"—Margaret Kennedy. It ranks in contemporary English fiction with Galsworthy's "White Monkey" and Sedgwick's "Little French Girl".
- "Arrowsmith"—Said to be the best book Sinclair Lewis has yet written. He has shifted from contemplation of the surface to life to the study of the urge in man's soul, the force that drives him across obstacles and circumstances".

# SPORT



## Sport ~~as usual!~~

The annual Orange and Black basketball game was played off May 1st. The lineup being a bit unusual proved very interesting. Each player was given a chance to play with every other player and all played in at least two quarters. Many sections were well represented as can be proven by two loose boards in the floor right near the "officials' bench". Enough! The Black team (first year) defeated the Orange team (second and third year) 18-12. Lineup: Orange (12) (18) Black Ryan, f. (5) (3) f. Moynihan Congreve, f. (4) (4) f. Urshel Sullivan, f. (3) (5) f. Parks Sporaey, j. c. j. c. Weinheimer Saggese, s. c. s. c. Parry Jackson, s. c. s. c. Wildman Maloney, g. g., Backus Wagner, g. g., Schmidt Graham, g. g., Heardt

After the game, Miss Salom was surprised with the regular annual birthday cake to which ice cream was added as an original innovation. It being May day, Miss Houston waxed flowery and told fairy stories. Everyone listened except Miss Turner, who seemed to have heard the tales before. The party broke up. Why not?

Second Year Grammar II, the "Invincibles", went down in defeat to Section VIII in the first baseball game it had ever played as a team. Previously it had never been defeated; it boasted. It lost 14-3. The "Invincibles" are looking forward to more games like that. For details, call "Baseball Manager".

If Old Sol continues to smile, benevolently, we shall expect to see the spring tennis tournament played thru. Watch to your laurels, Daisy!

It was the horses and not the members of the riding class who joined the circus on May 22.

The Spring tournament was held June 10. Marching tactics formed a very spectacular part of the program and the Second and Third Year girls formed cheering squads lending unusual snap to the entire. Again we say well done, Freshmen!

## GIRL ATHLETES HONORED IN THREE SPORTS!

A special athletic assembly formed a fitting climax to Normal's most active year! Girl athletes were recognized in three sports:—basketball, tennis and swimming. The following awards were made:

### Basketball

Highest honor—a gold basketball (for having played on a picked team three years in succession) to: Mary Graham, Mary Ryan, Carmela Saggese.

Five-inch block "N" to winning team of first year tournament: Mary Moynihan, Dorothy Parks, Margaret Miller, Agnes Parry, Margaret Owens, Winifred Philp.

Four-inch block "N" to winning team of upperclass tournament Mary Congreve, Mabel Oberley, Margaret Hurley, Doris Jackson, Gertrude Maloney, Genevieve McLane.

Large numeral with three stripes (for three years of play or for two years of play and membership on a picked team): Irene Sporney, Jeanette Wagner, Ruth Shepard, Rebecca Shepard.

Large numeral with two stripes (for membership one year on a picked team and another year on a section team): Ethel Paris, Marjorie Sullivan, Dorothy Pagel.

Small numeral with two stripes (for playing on section team two years): Elizabeth Coughlin, Wilma Smith, Evelyn White, Eugene Nicollas.

Large numerals (for membership on picked Orange and Black teams): Alice Urshel, Alice Weinheimer, Dorothy Wildman, Eleanore Backus, Dorothy Schmidt, Geraldine Heardt.

Small numerals for playing in two or more tournament games were awarded to forty-nine girls.

### Tennis

Four and one-half inch block "N" to Daisy Weinmar, winner of the fall tournament.

Numeral to Alice Urshel, runner-up in the fall tournament.

### Swimming

Numeral (for attendance ten or more times): Evelyn Brum, Isabelle Jordan, Ruby Bentley, Winifred Crookshank, Yeanne Rousel, Dorothy Pagel, Mary Congreve, Helen Gibson, Gertrude Maloney, Kathleen Gunn, Marion Mansell, June Miller, Beatrice Trenavan, Mary Catfield, Henrietta Zemp, Lydia Nelson, Helen Colbourn, Sadie Freed.

### Heard Around the School

#### A New Applicant for Admittance

A goo! Goo-da, da skilliboosh, which when translated says, "I want to go to my Daddy's school." Never in the history of our renowned institution has anyone shown such a desire, such persistence, and such acrobatic efforts to gain entrance to our midst.

Securely anchored in a bouncing perambulator, her frantic efforts have been the subject of much comment—but of no avail.

No, no, Helen!—You don't know when you're well off.

Why does "Steve" always say the weather is clement when the sun shines?

Student—"Peanut butter is produced at Larkins."

Miss D.—"Isn't macaroni their greatest like!"

Voice from rear—"I believe spaghetti is their longest one!"

Miss Walker—"All the misguided people go to Hollywood. Often the hotels will not accommodate them. You understand that they are people without any 'grey matter.' (Pause during which the class sits patiently awaiting the next remark.) "I have relatives there." (Loud applause from class.)

"Here you are, gents, sixpence a bottle. Founded on the researches of modern science. Where should we be without science. Look at the ancient Britans. They hadn't got no science, and where are they? Dead and buried everyone of 'em."—Punch.



# SOCIETIES

## Arethusa Convocation

Thursday, May 7, opened Arethusa's Convocation. Many events were given in honor of the visiting delegates, and events for the coming year were planned.

## Art Kraft Klub

At the meeting of the Art Kraft Klub on Thursday, May 23, the following officers were elected for the incoming year:

President, Lydia Nelson; Vice-President, Evelyn Gast; Recording Secretary, Gladys Walbridge; Corresponding Secretary, Molly Moran; Treasurer, Mary Palumbo.

## Cllo

House party at Minnie Brink's, Holland, N. Y.

Convocation was held this year at Plattsburg. The delegates were: Senior, Emma Coleman; Junior, Mary Houghton; Grand Treasurer, Louise Wolf.

A new chapter is being formed at Oswego.

Louise Wolf as grand officer will be present at installation.

The passive chapter entertained the seniors at a party at the home of Dorothy Roth.

## Nu Lambda Sigma

Tuesday, May 26, the Literary Society of our school made its formal debut to the student body. Members of the club, coached by our ever ready friend, Mr. Clement, presented the "Courtship of Miles Standish," a one-act play.

Members of the cast were as follows: Mary I. Winter, who seems to

be acquiring proficiency as an old lady, played the role of "Dame Hadley"; Molly Moran injected some of her Irish wit into the part of "Priscilla"; Dorothy Schmidt as Miles Standish would have terrified the boldest Red Man; and last, but by no means least, Eugenie Nicolae as John Alden thrilled the hearts of all the lads.

We all trust that this organization will favor us with other dramatic productions during the coming year.

## Phi Upsilon Omicron Nu Chapter

Officers for 1925-26: President, Elsa Sanders; Vice-President, Harriet Cooke; Treasurer, Emma Coleman; Corresponding Secretary, Helen Moulton; Recording Secretary, Mary Galvin.

On May 29th Nu Chapter had the privilege of initiating Dr. Blood of Simmons College as an honorary member. New members are Isadore Blacklock and Elenor Swartz.

## Sigma, Sigma, Sigma

On Thursday, May 21st, the new officers were installed. They are: President, Evelyn Gram; Vice-President, Helen Cooke; Corresponding Secretary, Doris Backman; Recording Secretary, Esther Terry; Treasurer, Margaret Von Volkenburg.

## Tau Phi

About a month ago Tau Phi received an invitation to become a chapter of "Alpha Sigma Tau." The girls were pledged on May 22nd by Mrs. Russ, an alumnus. On June 6th formal installation took place at the

Hotel Buffalo, followed by dinner. Among the guests present were Dr. and Mrs. Rockwell, Mr. and Mrs. Root, Mrs. Russ from Niagara Falls, Mrs. Lyman of the Alpha Chapter and Miss Mansell from Detroit.

## Theta Kappa Affiliates With National Sorority

The memorial Tuesday that marked the advancement of the Buffalo State Normal School to a college basis held an added significance for the members of Theta Kappa. It meant for them the realization of a dream—their affiliation with the national organization of the "Pi Kappa Sigma" Sorority. The Rho Chapter of this sorority was formally installed on Saturday, June 6th, at the Hotel Statler, a banquet following the installation. Now is the time to get a souvenir of your alma mater. Theta Kappa girls are selling charming leather bookmarks, price twenty-five cents. Any initials of fraternities or sororities, etc., that you desire will be burnt in. Leave your order with any Theta Kappa girl, or put it in the Theta Kappa box on the second floor. Do not fail to order yours before the B. S. N. S. doors close for summer vacation.

## Y. W. C. A.

Following officers have been elected for the coming year: President, Benedetta Di Francesco; Vice-President, Angela Surdmayer; Secretary, Myra Summers; Treasurer, Beatrice Moulton.

Under the guidance of these new officers the club is bound to take a new spirit and accomplish much. Silver Bay Conference will be held the latter part of June.

Dot Maxwell—My man is awfully popular."

Helen K.—"Why?"

Dot—"They're always talking about 'Norm' in 'tests and scales'."

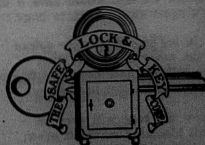
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Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention "The Record"

**The Call of the Bell**  
(With Apologies to Malsfield's  
"Sea-Fever")

I must go to my classes now, for a  
quiet hour or two,  
And all I ask is a little luck and  
patience to see me through.  
So I pray for a lecture of interest, and  
I pray for a good clear brain,  
For I must pay attention, 'till the bell  
shall ring again.

I must go to my classes now, for the  
call of the ringing bell  
Is a wild call and a clear call, and it  
pays to heed it well.  
And all I ask is to get there before the  
door is shut,  
For three tardy marks make an ab-  
sence, and an absence makes a  
cut.

I must go to a class again, to sit in  
my regular place,  
And watch the hands of the electric  
clock crawl slowly o'er its face,  
And I must make myself busy, like  
bees around the clover,  
And work along and sing a song, 'till  
the long hour's over.

—W. E. Peck.

**To My Rose**

The rosebud fades at the close of day,  
Fades with the dying sun;  
Although we still would have it stay,  
It's short sweet reign is done.

But in my garden there's a rose  
That never fades nor dies,  
More tall and fair each day it grows  
Beneath the cloudless skies.

I know my rose will ever be  
Still blooming where it grew,  
The dearest flower on earth to me  
For my sweet rose is you.

—B.

**SENSITIVE (1)**

"Oh," said the visitor, "the school  
boasts a glee club, I understand."  
"No," said the student, "we never  
boast of it."

**Commencement Program—June, 1935**

Wednesday, June 10th—Outdoor  
Gymnastic Tournament on the Front  
Campus, 2:30 p. m.

Friday, June 13—Kindergarten June  
Program in the Normal School Audi-  
torium, 9:00 a. m.

Friday, June 12th—Principal's Re-  
ception to the Board of Managers, the  
Faculty, and the Graduating Class, at  
the Principal's Residence and the Nor-  
mal School Building, 8:30 p. m.

Friday, June 19th—Commencement  
Exercises of the School of Practice, in  
the Normal School Auditorium. Ad-  
dress by Dr. Harry Westcott Rockwell,  
Principal Buffalo State Normal School,  
8:15 p. m.

Saturday, June 20th—Alumni Day  
Dinner Dance at the Hotel Statler.  
Address by Mr. Glenn Frank. 7:30  
p. m.

Sunday, June 21st—Baccalaureate  
Sermon by Rev. Bruce S. Wright, Pas-  
tor of the Asbury-Delaware Methodist  
Church, Buffalo, in the Normal School  
Auditorium, 4:00 p. m.

Monday, June 22nd—Class Day Ex-  
ercises on the Normal School Campus  
and in Auditorium, 2:30 p. m. Senior  
Dance in the Gymnasium, 8:30 p. m.

Tuesday, June 23rd—Commencement  
Exercises in the Elmwood Music Hall.  
Address by Frederick Lent, D. D.,  
President of Elmira College, Elmira,  
N. Y., 8:30 p. m.

Wednesday, June 24th—Commence-  
ment Exercises of Public School No.  
38, in the Normal School Auditorium,  
8:15 p. m.

Some of our South Park commuters  
were very much amazed the other day  
to see two No. 16's coming down the  
track at once—and coming rather  
fast. When closer inspection proved  
them to be Joey Flynn in his new val-  
ler shoes, all the compliments which  
they had formed for Tully went up  
in laughter.

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