

The Record

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The Record

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Vol. XIV

October Issue, 1925

No. 1

AN ABNORMAL HOBO'S DIARY

Do not let this imaginative title mislead you: this is a true diary of a Normal School hobo. Immediately following the summer session, my inherent wanderlust led me on for the same reason that the bear went over the mountain (to see what he could see).

I started out with little money, less experience, and consequently fewer brains. It was a Monday (the bluest Monday, it proved to be). My first lift was with a third rate amusement company, consisting of two mules, three monkeys (the itching kind), two dogs of several breeds, well-mixed, a barrel organ, a miniature merry-go-round and tents, all piled in a Ford truck (small). I sat on the floor boards with feet hanging out the doorway and the three monkeys playing tag all over me. One of them insisted on getting into my pack. I rode with that menagerie till we reached the Penn state line and then I was left on my own again. I soon got another lift with a typical traveling salesman; yes, dear reader, he was slightly inebriated. He said he could drive better when about three sheets to the wind. Between you and me, I wouldn't want to ride with him when he was sober. We finally arrived in Erie where I was again left to hoof it.

Now walking thru the city of Erie when a thermometer is going up like a Marine bank elevator is not my conception of the Seventh Heaven. But I struggled thru and finally reached the outskirts where I dined royally at a hot dog stand. I soon got another lift with a man and his wife: the man was behind the wheel, but his wife was doing the driving. I rode into Cleveland with this man and stayed that night at my sister's home; and, by the way, friends, if you are ever away from home, find some relatives; it cuts-down on the overhead. I stayed in Cleveland two days taking in the town, but it took me in for a couple of bucks, too.

I left Cleveland with no regrets, altho it is a wonderful city (almost like Buffalo). My next lift was with a school teacher from Detroit, who was going home. His vacation days were gone and so was his bank account, sure proof that he was a school teacher. We passed through Oberlin where we saw the beautiful college buildings and grounds. The schools of Ohio and Michigan, even the rural ones, make those of New York State look like Uncle Tom's cabin. I rode into Toledo with the school teacher and then left him in order to eat. My dinner consisted of a cup of coffee and two sinkers and I left behind my last dime. I then hailed a truck where I had to shift freight and heave furniture to pay for my lift.

I arrived in Detroit at dark, but Henry Ford was not there to greet me. Down and out I was, I don't care what the Salvation Army says. An empty stomach has no pride and by this time mine was more than empty. I had heard pulling up the belt dulls the sharp pangs of hunger; I had mine pulled

up to a perfect 23, but I couldn't fool my stomach. I went to a restaurant to get a job massaging dishes, but they had heard my line before and I was treated like a cat in a dog house. I wandered around the town looking for something to eat, but I guess they were suffering from famine there. I finally came across a small park down in the heart of the city where I found about a hundred bums stretched out on the grass and benches. Birds of a feather flock together, so I crawled in, too. Hungry tho I was, I was so tired I fell sound asleep. During the night I awoke and felt my neighbor or bunkie going thru my pockets, but I said to him: "If you found anything there you are a better man than I am."

I finally awoke in the cold, gray dawn, stiff, sore, and hungry. My light-fingered bunk mate roused and asked me where I was going to eat. I told him I would be getting free board in jail soon if I didn't get a job. He told me where a bakery store was that would give anyone who asked their left-over goods. I went there and was given a dozen rolls. The feasts of the Gods on high Mount Olympus were as nothing compared to the nectar and ambrosia of those rolls.

W. E. PECK.

(To be continued in next issue)

An "IF" for Freshmen

If you can keep your caps when all about you
Are losing theirs and wishing you would lose yours, too—
If you can smile when the Seniors rout you
From the seat in the car that belongs to you—
If you can rise when a Senior classmate passes
And do his bidding at a single call,
Or carry his books to all his classes
And yet don't look as if it bored you at all.

If you can clean, and yet not make cleaning your vocation,
If you can hurry and still make your train,
If you can meet with Laughter and Mortification
And be "Happy-Go-Lucky" all the same,
If you can obey when a command is spoken
And yet get to your classes in plenty of time,
Or watch the dream of "Freedom Forever" broken—
And know that assembly Roll Call's at nine.

If you can keep silence within the library
And return a book when you know it is due,
If you can go through our halls and not tarry,
And join in the things that we do,
If you'll give of your talents to our school life
And remain in class till the period ends,
You may be with us when June comes;
You'll reach our level yet, my friends!

P. S.

If you'll send in a contribution to our paper,
(A story, a joke, or an "ad" will do)
You'll see it published a little while later,
And we'll all join in saying "Thank you!"

THE STAFF.



Our New Faculty Members

There are 1103 reasons for the increase in our faculty. You—student reader—are one! To whomever is responsible we are thankful and not only the Record Staff takes this occasion to welcome them—but the entire school!

To be unbiased they are arranged alphabetically:

Mr. Arnold Bennett—

a graduate of Wesleyan University of Middletown, Connecticut, with "Cum Laude" distinction and special honors mentioned in the field of history for four successive years. After graduation, he was an instructor and later principal in the Saybrook (Conn.) High School. He enjoyed graduate work in the field of History and Economics in Harvard, Yale and Bates College. Last year he completed the work for his Master's degree, majoring in History, in the University of Iowa.

Mr. Homer A. Bruce—

has come from Arkansas to join the Educational department. He is a graduate of the Arkansas State Normal and of the University of Oklahoma and has just completed his Master's degree at Columbia. Mr. Bruce has been honored by both Phi Beta Kappa and Phi Delta Kappa fraternities. His experience as principal and superintendent of high schools in Arkansas are valuable assets. Mr. Bruce was a member of the Summer Session here this year, and we welcome him to our regular session.

Miss Sadie Crawford—

comes to us from Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. She is a graduate of Alma College in Michigan and of Teachers' College, Columbia. Miss Crawford is on the staff of the Kindergarten-Primary department. She has been a member of the faculty of the State Teachers' College of Radford, Virginia, and has also studied at the University of Chicago.

Mr. Andrew Grabau—

a graduate of our own Normal, has returned to become an instructor in the Vocational Industrial Department and athletic coach. He has continued his educational work at the University of Buffalo and expects to receive his degree very soon. The seven years of very successful experience at the De Veaux School in Niagara Falls and his experiences in the



These are some of the teachers you are reading about. From left to right they stand: Miss Houck, Mr. Bruce, Miss Keever, Mr. Grabau, Miss Crawford and Mr. Bennett.

To our great regret the Misses Preisch, Thomas and Roach could not be reached at the time this picture was taken. The next best thing to do is to ask any one in their classes for a complete description.

field of English and athletics at the Seneca Vocational School make him another valuable member of our faculty.

Miss Isabel R. Houck—

is another Buffalonian. She holds the distinction of being the first "non-teaching" registrar Buffalo Normal has ever had! Besides her work as registrar, she is assisting in the library. From Lafayette High School, Miss Houck went to Cornell University where she received her bachelor's degree in 1922. She has taught English and Latin in the high schools of Middletown and held the position of Assistant Secretary in the College of Arts and Sciences of Cornell.

Miss Fay Keever—

has come to us from Kempton, Indiana, to take the place of Miss Alice Brigham in the Clothing Work and Homemaking Department. She is a graduate of the Indiana State Normal, but has been associated principally with the University of Minnesota, having been graduated from there in 1924 and also having assisted two years in the Clothing Department. Miss Keever has also been honored. She is a member of Phi Upsilon Omicron and Omicron Nu, both honorary Homemaking sororities, and Phi Lambda Theta sorority.

Miss Helen Preisch—

still another Buffalonian and a graduate of Buffalo Normal, is a successor to Miss Boorman. Since her graduation in 1922, Miss Preisch has devoted herself to Kindergarten work in the City Department and her success in that field has brought her back to us.

Miss Elizabeth Roach—

will be especially valuable to the Physical Education Department, due to her experience and training in this work. Miss Roach is a genuine registered nurse, having studied at the Buffalo General Hospital. Her study in the department of Physical Training at Cortland and Oswego Normals, her work in the Buffalo City Department and her responsibility of a camp on Lake Chautauqua, make her most valuable to us.

Miss Kathryn Thomas—

has a most admirable background for her Geography work here. Her first year of teaching after her graduation from Vassar College was in Alaska, her second in Japan, her third in the Philippines and now, after a trip around the world, Institute work in Maine, and the completion of work for her Master's degree, has come to us. Miss Thomas is the daughter of Dr. Augustus Thomas, Commissioner of Education of the State of Maine and President of the World's Educational Federation.

BUFFALO NORMAL WELCOMES YOU ALL!

Registration

With a school originally built and equipped to accommodate only about 750, we are especially taxed this term with the 1,103 students clamoring for an education.

The greatest clamor, quite naturally comes from the greatest group and so on down the list. They clamor thus:

First year General Elementary.....	301
Second year General Elementary.....	280
Third year General Elementary.....	245
Home Economics Department.....	177
Vocational Industrial Department.....	100

It's not everyone who can always have a choice bit of news to offer to such an assemblage as ours! Whether Dr. Rockwell is to be commended or condemned for this particular trait is a question. In case you are ignorant of what I'm hinting—it's this! Buffalo Normal opened one week late this fall and the time is to be made up from out the various holidays. Cheer up, folks,—it's only five days!

The Summer Session

The first issue of The Record would be quite incomplete without some report from the Summer Session. Tho the number attending in 1924 was slightly greater than the 1925 registration, the same good spirit prevailed. The 1925 registration, by the way, was 782.

Buffalo Normal's Summer Session, as does the regular session, led the other Normals in the State in attendance. Oswego holds second place for this last summer with 669 as their attendance.

The social program was unusually fine. You have already heard inklings of the Toronto trip as engineered by Mr. Clement, and besides this there were trips to the Larkin plant, the Historical Building and the Albright Art Gallery.

The tennis tournament should be of interest to all prospective entrants for the fall tournament, especially. There were two silver loving cups awarded, one to Margaret Summers, the other to Mathew Szackowski, the champions of Normal's Summer Session!



Being a member of the Freshman Class at Normal isn't the worst thing we could wish on a timid, well meaning lass who is desirous of mastering the intricate Household Arts. Indeed, it has its compensations. One's family circle is happily enlarged by the addition of a Junior sister and a Sophomore sister both of whom celebrate the adoption with very delightful parties.

The Juniors' party took place on Thursday, October 1. The children were presented with bonnets trimmed with the appropriate Freshman color. They were then entertained by a few playful games and those who could speak pretty pieces or perform in any other way were given an opportunity to display their talents. Dinner was served at six o'clock and was followed by dancing.

The Sophomores gave their party on Monday, October 5. When the Freshmen recovered from running the gauntlet, they were presented with a fragrant corsage of radishes. The Soph "boys" then chose partners from among their victims and danced until six when a luncheon was served.

The H. A. girls are very happy to welcome into their midst the one and only male member of the Homemaking Department, Donald Edward. Although he is only five months old, he has captured many feminine hearts with his blue eyes and golden hair and is certain to prove a very successful practice house baby.

The Homemaking Department is very glad to permanently acclaim Mrs. May C. Nye who was with us while Miss Smith was studying in Columbia. Mrs. Nye is now in charge of Second Year Foods, and work in Textiles.

The H. E. Club gave a buffet luncheon for the Freshmen on Wednesday, the twenty-first. The Seniors acted as hostesses, the Juniors prepared the refreshments and the Sophomores had charge of the entertainment. (Editor's Note—Who did the eating—freshmen?)

The Bulletin Board Committee had an informal dinner on Thursday, October 8, in the practice dining room. Business of the coming year was discussed.

Marrriages

M. Helen Thompson, '24, to Mr. Donald Stone.
Evelyn Murray, '24, to Mr. John Mainprize.
Pauline Murray, '25, to Mr. Jack Geisenhardt.
Dorothy Wellman, '26, to Mr. Carl Witte.

Dr. Park's Lecture

Normal students do not fully appreciate all the many advantages which are theirs. Dean Park's talk on the League of Nations was an especially fine example of our advantages here. Americans should know something about the workings of this great court, not only since the original plan was submitted by the late Mr. Woodrow Wilson, but to be well read, as well.

Fifty-five countries of the world are represented in the court at Geneva. This leaves only five important countries out of it—namely, Russia, Germany, Mexico, Turkey and the United States. All the members are very anxious that Germany apply for admittance, but Germany fears the armies of the other non-members, and, therefore, hesitates.

Altho the United States is not a member, there are Americans who have done important work in the league. Mr. John Bassett Moore, who has been a professor of international law at Columbia University for some years, is one. Mr. Raymond Fosdick of this city is another. Mr. Fosdick has served as the deputy secretary of the league. Bishop Brent, another Buffalonian, has been of much influence in many questions.

The cost of the league is really not exorbitant, since the four million and a half spent yearly seems a small amount for the work it is accomplishing.

A lecture, such as this, would be far from democratic without the mention of Sir Eric Drummond, a Scotchman. Mr. Drummond is more responsible for the success of this great court than is any other one person. America is not only proud of its important men, but proud of men such as Mr. Drummond.

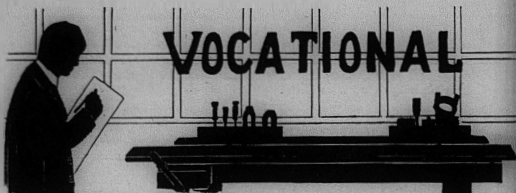
Dr. N. H. Dearborn, who took his Ph.D. in Teachers College, Columbia University, in the field of Education, has recently been appointed as assistant in charge of teacher-training activities throughout the entire state. His work will embrace supervision of Normal Schools, Training Classes, and certification of all teachers. He recently visited the school and investigated its work, its building appointments, its future plans of expansion and conferred with Dr. Rockwell regarding the legislative appropriation for next year. He addressed the students in assembly on the occasion of his visit and, we trust, may be a frequent visitor here in the future.

Normal wouldn't be "normal" without its radio programs. We have them. Mr. Clement, our official advance agent for the radio, has already booked dates with WGR for fall concerts.

On November 30, from 10-11 p. m., a general musical program will be given. The program for December 21 is to be an especially fine treat. From time to time thruout the fall there will be Educational Talks, the definite dates to be announced later.

The first faculty meeting of the year was in the nature of a welcome to the new members and was held at the residence of Principal and Mrs. Rockwell on the evening of September 15th.

Dr. Rockwell addressed the Women Principals' Association at the Chapter House on Tuesday, October 7, and will address a zone meeting of the State Teachers' Association in Rochester on November 5.



The One-Year Vocational or so-called Scholarship Group of 1925-26 is composed of twenty men and five women gathered from all sections of this State. The trades represented are machinist, printer, carpenter, pattern-maker, electrician, automobile mechanic, sheet metal worker, mechanical draftsman, architectural draftsman, dressmaker, garment machine operator and milliner.

The people of this group are live wires. They are interested in the welfare and activities of our school and many of them are already allied with the various school organizations. Most of the men are accustomed to more action and exertion than the school curriculum demands and during periods which are not taken up with school work they may be found on the campus with an indoor baseball getting rid of some surplus energy, as well as enjoying the invigorating exercise. Some of the joints may be rusty, but the old pep is there and the joints and muscles will soon loosen up.

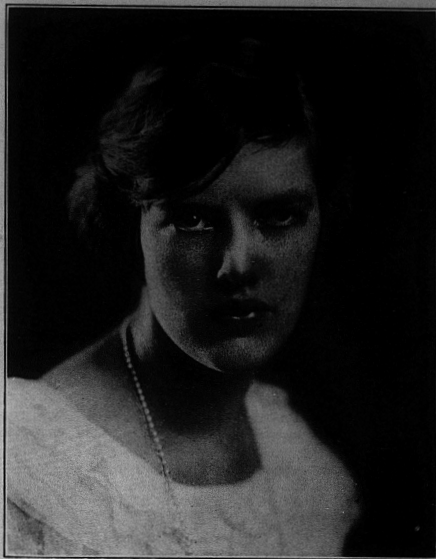
The Men's Club is their primary student activity interest. Their contact with business makes them a valuable addition to the school.

Two valuable men have been lost to the Second-Year Industrial Department. Mr. Priddle was forced to leave because of ill health, much to his classmates' regret. Mr. Seatter, the able bodied member, hopped off and got married—this time, to reverse the order, a woman has taken a man from the teaching profession. One faculty member said she thought there was more than one married man in this department from the way they acted around the school. We wonder who these men are. Girls, don't try to "vamp" one of these married men, or?!

Mr. Clement and Miss Kempke addressed a meeting of teachers at Franklinton on October 9. Mr. Phillippi will speak on the new Arithmetic syllabus at Batavia before the teachers and Superintendent Uphill's district on October 27.

George Is Back!

More than ever you will appreciate what the combined efforts of a large group can do. If you could realize the pleasure and benefit George has received from this trip, you would be happy for what you did in helping George attend the World Series Baseball Games. Strange to relate, George liked all the umpires—due, of course, to his extreme good nature.

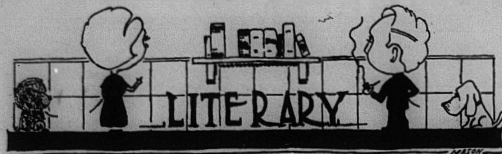


ANNA CHRISTINE ENGDahl

Nov. 26, 1905—Sept. 21, 1925

Graduate of Ellington (N. Y.) High School—Entered H. A. Dept. Sept. 1924

The date September 21 seems full of dramatic pathos to us—for just a year ago Christine, too, was a Freshman, catching her first shy glance of Normal, making her reticent way into the H. A. Department, contributing her fine, bright, cultivated personality to the great sum total of youth and energy that poured into these hospitable doors and swarmed these scholastic halls. As we grew to know her better, we found her hobby was travel, imaginary trips to Europe and the Far East. Now let us think of her as starting out on another adventure, a trip into a land as fascinating as any her vision constructed in her rosiest dreams.



John Drinkwater, English Poet and Dramatist

John Drinkwater, professor of poetry for the British Royal Academy of Literature, best known in America for his successful play, "Abraham Lincoln," spoke before a very appreciative audience in the Buffalo State Normal School on the evening of October 5.

The poet's tall, well-knit figure commanded attention even before his voice won every heart,—a voice so full and deep and melodious that once heard, it can never be forgotten. Opening his program with the reading of a few favorite poems delivered with rare beauty and power, the speaker proceeded to a discussion of the underlying motives in his work on "Abraham Lincoln." "I have always been intensely interested in the contemplation of the fact of human leadership," he said. "Most of the evils of the world can be traced to the failure of some leader. There are not many men or women who can stand the test of high office, such as the premiership of England or the presidency of the United States. But once in a while history records the story of a man who was able to get on top of his job as a leader. Two such outstanding figures are Abraham Lincoln and Oliver Cromwell."

"I think the secret of Lincoln's success was the fact that with all the overwhelming abstract details and figures with which he had to deal, he kept in personal contact with the people whom he was leading, remembering them always as individuals.

"The genius who inscribed your coins with the phrases 'Liberty' and 'E Pluribus Unum' hit upon the great ideals of Lincoln. Liberty for all within the national union is the ideal for modern democracies."

The play, "Abraham Lincoln," was the result of years of study and thought, written, so the author said, "to get it out of his mind."

Artists, Mr. Drinkwater described as those rare beings who are able completely to master their experiences and to interpret them. In explaining why he left England for a trip to America, he said that the artist has periods when his mind is fallow ground, when he is gaining new impression and experiences for later work. We shall all be interested to follow the literary adventure of this very renowned author.

Mr. Drinkwater was introduced by Dr. Harry A. Lappin, friend of the poet and a member himself of the British Royal Academy of Literature.

The Buffalo State Normal School feels a personal debt of gratitude to Miss Jane Keeler under whose auspices Mr. Drinkwater appeared in Buffalo. She has contributed the culture which only contact with great minds and gifted personalities can produce.

Watching Freshman

(With apologies to Robert Benchley)

This Freshman game is probably the only indoor sport, known to the human race, in which participation is compulsory. Everyone, if he is any one, has been a Freshman at one time or another in his otherwise uneventful life. But don't misunderstand me—one does not become ineligible to play when one leaves the Freshman ranks. Indeed, it is only when one leaves that one really begins to play, in the jovial sense of the word. The upper-classes are the backbone of this sport of kings and greatly excel in mental and physical strength, due to length of service under fire. This game is played by the minority for the majority; but, to coin a phrase, the majority rules. The upperclasses which constitute the spectators or razzing section ally assist the players, by vocal and physical force, from the stands. The spectators also do not hesitate to bring reprisals to bear upon the players infringing upon the rules; but should there be some timid souls among the doughty spectators, and should they yearn for some definite standards for disciplinary service, I hereby advance them:

1. When a Freshie boasts of daily making the distance from the Gym to Miss Spelr's room in four minutes, fifty-nine seconds, thereby beating the bell by fully a second—something must be done. A heavy vase (A. W. O. L. from Miss Sprague's room) prettily aimed at the approaching Freshmap as he careens speedily by the bulletin board should be helpful.

2. Should a Freshman commit the grisvous error of sitting with stoical mein and folded lips when speakers are discoursing in assembly, an upperclassman's duty is clear. A snipe smuggled into the balcony seat adjacent to the offender can do really splendid missionary work. A pin adroitly inserted into some vulnerable portion of the sinner's anatomy has been known to work wonders.

3. A Freshman popular with the teachers!—here is a mote in the eye of any self-respecting Senior. Should the Freshie's pithy anecdotes win the heart of Miss Harris, possibly some means might be found of inducing the hiccoughs before English, which would markedly impair his powers as raconteur de luxe. Should he excel in Psychology, however, the task would be more difficult. But many nocturnal (verging on the multitudinal) revels in his honor would undoubtedly induce pronounced yawns in class. And then, in the parlance of the mob, "Thumbs down!"

These by-laws, if closely adhered to, will insure, for an upperclassman, marked success as a potential Czar of All the Freshmen.

As I have said, the Freshmen are sadly outnumbered at the present; but one never knows when some dread disease, such as Practice-Teaching-Pox, Keeler Chill and Chase Amnesia, may make terrible inroads into the now ruling class. And said ranks, suddenly and pitifully depleted, the warm security of their once swelling numbers gone, would be at the mercy of their natural enemies. May Allah see their plight! Certain over-attentive Seniors would be forced to adopt some means of protective coloring when venturing abroad.

It is an interesting game—this one of Freshman, and if you Seniors are not fully awakened to its possibilities, or fail to develop your inherent talents in this sport—well, God knows we did OUR best!

E. M. H.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Freshman Number

The Record makes its formal bow to the "critical" eyes of the Freshmen. The Senior President in the first student assembly told us how unimportant the Freshmen were. We are inclined to think, however, that their very unimportance makes them important. A great thinker once observed, "It is the little things in life that count." That is why we have devoted this whole issue to the "little things" of Normal—our dear Freshmen.

Contributions

We did not receive as many contributions as we had expected; nevertheless, those submitted were unusually good. New members of the Staff will be chosen from among the best contributors and appointments will not be made until the second or third issue has gone to print.

If a contribution was not printed this issue, it may be printed in the next number. Keep on writing—do not be discouraged. The Staff congratulates the successful contributors on the excellence of their work and thanks everyone for this kindly spirit of cooperation.

New Faculty

We have noticed one thing in particular about our new teachers. They have had an unusual amount of training to fit them for their work, as you will readily discover upon reading the News Section of this magazine. They are young, yet experienced, and eager to impart their knowledge to us. All we need to do is to show interest and be willing to work; they will do the rest.

Hazing

The past month has been one endless session of hazing and "inferiority-complexing" the Freshmen. This is practically the first year in which Freshmen baiting at Normal has approached college style.

The Frosh have been forced to bedeck themselves in green apparel, scrub floors, act funny and look intelligent; yet they seem to have enjoyed it even more than did their inquisitors. Indeed, some of the Vocational men went out of their way to be hazed. Why?

Every student who enters an institution of higher learning wants to be initiated. It is what he has been looking forward to. He considers it a valuable part of his college life; a welcome obstacle to be overcome before reaching the status of an upper classman.

All colleges of note have had hazing on their student activity program for years. If it were harmful, it would have been abolished long ago. Since it has stayed, it must be of some value.

Any objections to hazing are overruled by its obvious benefits. Convention has taught the Freshman to accept their position with grace and humility and it is a pleasure to see that there are very few poor sports at this institution. There has been no physical violence nor ill-feeling; the only things in evidence have been harmless bantering and good natured foolishness, leaving no cause for any apprehension. The Faculty and Student body have taken this in good faith. It is a spirit that makes for friendliness and good will between students; a spirit that everyone must share in.

Hazing has been a decided success so far; there have been no extremes. Keep it up, show these Freshmen how to treat the bunch that enters next year.

"The Distinctive Penmanship Plan"

Have you seen the unusual booklet published by the A. N. Palmer Company?

Briefly stated, this is an attractive blue booklet used by the Palmer Company for advertising purposes. Using our school as a model to the country, it is an inspiration and a guide to other schools. Interesting comments and statements by Dr. Rockwell, Miss Chapman, Normal students and others make it very readable.

Issued only last June, this booklet has already attracted notice from all parts of the country and we are receiving numerous inquiries about it. Miss Chapman will be delighted, we know, to show it to anyone interested.

Intending no meaningless praise, but speaking in terms of merit alone, The Record, as the school representative, takes pride in having Miss Chapman in our midst. By nature, training and experience, Miss Chapman, we think, is among the national leaders in the field of penmanship.

The students, encouraged by the success of this booklet, want her to write a book. May we expect one soon?



Top, Left—“Fresh,” face camera after milk spree (notice bottle).
 Lower, Right—Group of handsome Scholarship Men—No, not all married. (Don't crowd!)
 Top, Right—“Bashful” Holser (finger in mouth) with typical bunch of “Frosh.”



CAFETERIA GUIDE

(Freshmen Edition)

The cafeteria, as you know, is situated at the farthest possible point from your eleven o'clock class. If you would arrive before the line resembles the ticket sale for the Follies, don't walk through the corridors—run! You can usually elbow yourself into a choice position in line, in this way becoming acquainted with those behind you. Popularity tells.

There is but little to daunt you in the cafeteria line. It is never as long as locker-key lines and there is food at the end of it. Moreover, the food somewhat resembles the food at home, in that it comes with plates and dishes.

The knack of scooping victuals while balancing your tray and exchanging pleasantries with your neighbor is one of the tests of your education here; one of the elusive trifles that indicate the person of true culture. Never turn back in line and say, “What are you going to have?” The original Normalite grabs and passes on. At this point you can amuse yourself by examining a sandwich or two. Try to find what is hidden inside. When you have found it, guess what it is.

On past the staple foods you will encounter a counter heaped with just desserts: i. e., pie, more pie, and apple pie. While these are primarily ornamental, lack-learnings are prone to fall for them. Ice cream is the neopolitan of the cafeteria. But of that later.

Approach and receive a free ticket from the scrutinizer. She will say, “18 plus 9 is forty-two; down one doubled and redoubled makes ninety-one; two for big casino and 14 for mah jong makes 119.” Then she will proceed to punch \$1.37.

Pass on to a vacant table, sit down and tilt forward all the chairs within reach before starting to eat. Try to save them. This little act will serve to make you look important and guarantee privacy. Now that the line is thickest, return for your ice cream. Bump a few elbows to attract attention and drop a handful of spoons on the floor.

Paper napkins are the rule rather than the exception in the cafeteria. When you have finished eating, wad up your napkin and playfully, but with more or less vigor, toss it at one of your companions. It may be returned with interest or passed on to some other table. Should the wad come in contact with a glass of water, it is all the more suited for tossing and increases the sport. Such little tricks add a happy touch to a rather dull situation.

Return your tray to the counter and coyly drop a few dishes into the paper bucket. Go back through the maze of tables, managing, of course, to trip over a chair or two. After receiving apologies, present your ticket to the cashier who will in all good will charge you \$1.73. Always be prepared with a ten or twenty dollar bill to be changed. Depart with the cashier's blessing and change and repeat once daily.

KENNETH MASON.



Coach Grabau to Pilot Orange and Black Athletics

Normal's athletic destinies for the coming year will be in the hands of Mr. Andrew W. Grabau of the Vocational Industrial Department faculty. Coach Grabau was a graduate in the class of 1915 and returns to his Alma Mater in the capacity of Men's Athletic Director, in addition to his duties as instructor.

A wide and successful range of experience has enabled the Coach to come back well equipped to handle B. N. S. teams in more than a satisfactory manner. During his stay at Normal as a student, he played basketball under the Orange and Black standard and captained the 1915 hard-wood mentors. The Marine Trust team also received the benefit of his ability in the 1913 Bank League.

From 1915-1922, with the exception of one year spent in the army, Mr. Grabau was athletic director at De Veaux Military School at Niagara Falls, N. Y. His coaching curriculum there included baseball, basketball and tennis. While at De Veaux School he also played tennis with the Niagara Falls

Tennis Club team. During the 1918 baseball season, Coach Grabau played with an artillery regimental team.

The Seneca Vocational School was the scene of the Coach's next athletic activities. The 1922 S. V. S. baseball team and the basketball teams from 1922-25 were directed by him.

This year, in addition to the regular basketball team, Coach Grabau hopes to introduce baseball into Normal's athletic program. It is also possible that an organized tennis team will be formed to arrange matches with other schools in the vicinity of Buffalo.

With Coach Grabau's broad experience as director in various branches of athletics and the large fund of material, which is manifesting itself, B. S. N. S. will, without a doubt, have a banner year in athletics.

Basketball Prospects

Buffalo State Normal's basketball prospects loom as exceptionally brilliant this year. Mr. Andrew Grabau, who needs no introduction to local sportsmen, will be at the helm and is sure to turn out a winning combination. There will be four of last year's regulars back, namely, "Babyface" Stark, "Snowshoes" McDonough, "Apple" Baldwin and "Curley" Coughlin. Captain-elect Janowski failed to return to school. Besides these players, we have Roy Bell, former all-high man from Tech; "Art" Buchanan, the Dunkirk flash, and "Ray" Fick, from Tonawanda. There are also many others who have established enviable court reputations. Manager "By" Schottin is at present working on the schedule and has succeeded in obtaining games with Brockport, Fredonia and Oswego Normal Schools, Albany State Teachers' College and Mechanics Institute of Rochester. Games are at present pending with De Veaux Military Academy, Canisius College, Syracuse Frosh, Nichols Prep School, Griffiths Institute and many other prominent institutions.

With these prospects there is no reason why every man in the school should not come out for the team and all of those who do not make the team should be at the games, together with all of the girls, and help us bring the state championship to Buffalo. Let's have everyone strive for a banner year in athletics at Normal this year.

Inter-Class Basketball

The inter-class league formed this year is composed of the General Normal, General Industrial First and Second Years and the Vocational sections. This will decide a much elongated argument as to the supremacy of the groups. It will also give Coach Grabau an idea as to what material will be at hand

for the Varsity. The games of this league are played on Monday and Wednesday afternoons, having begun October 14.

Girls' Basketball Major Sport

Basketball is the sport that treats Freshmen gently! Listen:

The Seniors have their complete championship team back again this year.

Juniors like "Dotty" Parks and "Moyné" are back again, to say nothing of all the other really good Orange and Black material which will go far to produce "stellar" teams for the Intermediate and Grammar sections!

Freshmen of two years ago had an unusual basketball turnout. Freshmen of last year broke a record—one hundred at a practice! !

Wait! There are two things which may very easily happen right now. Note—if I continue, Freshmen will die of heart failure; if I stop, I will suffer from enlargement of the heart.

Freshmen, 'tis "finis"!

Swimming

Filled with that spirit which made a freckle-faced lad cry, "Oh, Skinny, come on over! !!" thirty Normal girls parted with their dollars on October 5 and took their initial plunge at the Lafayette pool. The last word in spirit, however, was little "Ann" Dorsey who walked clear around to the end of the pool, fearlessly stepped on the springboard and desperately fell into eight feet of deep, green water! "Gert" Maloney, who practiced all last season for just that sort of thing, acted very heroically and she is to be especially commended, inasmuch as she saved "Bocky" the price of a new marcel! We might have looked on "Gert" as a heroine. It is impossible now! She chased (that same night) for four blocks, a Hoyt car that was rapidly carrying away her "swim" suit. It is not quite the thing for a Sport Editor to quote from Shakespeare, but pardon this, that—"Great wits are close to madness near allied!"

Net Stars Play in Tennis Tournament

The girls' tennis tournament, this spring, promises all sorts of thrills and upsets! With crack players from the high schools and other players who have gone far in municipal tournaments, keen competition and plenty of rivalry will be afforded. Our champ, "Diz" Weinmar, smiles, but behind that smile we see the smashing drive of another Helen Wills and the sensational play of another Mademoiselle Lenglen!



Arethusa

Arethusa is looking forward to an active year. Already we have had several delightful functions.

Our faculty tea in the Social Center and our party at Marion Tooley's were both very enjoyable affairs.

Everybody had a real peppy time at our week-end house party at Bay Beach.

The Arethusa handkerchief sale proved to be very successful for us and we hope you all appreciated the opportunity to do your Christmas shopping early.

Saturday, October 24, we are having a card party at the Markeen Hotel.

Besides our social affairs, we have planned many interesting meetings for the coming year.

Alpha Sigma Tau

Alpha Sigma Tau opened this year with a business meeting on September 15. On October 6 our alumni gave us a spread at the home of Mary Douglas. On October 16 our annual fall dance was held.

However, the big event of the fall season will be our National Convention to be held in Detroit, November 6 to 8.

Clio

Clio started the year with a house party at Evans-on-the-Lake. We had a rousing good time and came back tired but happy.

The first candy sale of the year was held under the Clionian banner.

An extensive program for the year is being planned. Literary meetings are an important feature of the program.

Art Kraft Klub

The Art Kraft Klub has begun work for the year with a will. Many Freshmen have turned out and they look like good co-operative workers. Our tower room is almost complete and we have a grand surprise in store for all of you fellow-students in the near future, by way of an exhibit. It is not going to be a common, everyday exhibit, either. Watch for it.

Nu Lambda Sigma

Nu Lambda Sigma is always open for membership. Anyone with a keen literary interest is eligible. Join us at our meetings every second Friday in the Social Center at four o'clock.

Friday, October 2, was the occasion of our first meeting. Miss Mulholland

gave a very interesting talk on "Poets and Their Lives." (These talks are always looked forward to with great joy by "Nu Lambda Sigmas.") Ada Bindeman, our President, spoke on the subject of "John Drinkwater and His Poetry," and read several of his poems.

The next meeting of the Society was held October 16.

Sigma, Sigma, Sigma

Sigma, Sigma, Sigma Sorority is in full swing after a most interesting summer. Our convention was held in Norfolk, Virginia, August 18-25, and we were represented by our faculty members, Miss Roehser and Miss Englebreck, and by our president, Evelyn Gram, and vice-president, Helen Cooke, who was our official delegate. Their thrilling tales of work and play have inspired us to do great things this year.

Tri Kappa

Members of Tri Kappa Fraternity have already begun activities for a banner year. Our annual fall dance, October 2, which was the first of the year, proved to be a huge success. Interesting assembly programs, socials, and expansion in fraternal lines have been planned.

The officers for the coming year are: President, Byron Schottin; vice-president, Carl Kumpf; corresponding secretary, Harold Campbell; recording secretary, Alfred Labiak; sergeant-at-arms, Howard Van Hoff, and treasurer, Elton Shaver.

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Orchestra

It may have been observed by on-lookers that we have another official fiddle tuner, in the person of Darius Ormsby. Mr. Ormsby and Mr. Peter Saggese have been forced to go into partnership, due to the increased number in our organization.

At an impromptu meeting, it was decided that in previous years the Upperclassmen have been somewhat selfish, in believing that all credit for "Concert Performances" belonged to them. This, of course, is a gross error. All applause should be directed "at" the Freshmen. Accordingly, last Friday morning, October 2, our infant members made their debut, arrayed in the customary green. A vote of thanks is extended to them for their kind volunteering to do this, and to the audience for their keen appreciation of the fact.

Any classman wishing to pursue Orchestra Directing as a profession, kindly apply in person to Miss Hurd, any Thursday at 4 p. m. in the Auditorium.

E. ROOKE

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Cor. York and Normal



Boy, Page the Psychology Department

If you are ever pressed for a definition of "Man," it might be well to recall what Herbert Spencer says he is.

Spencer said, "Man is a transcendental ideation of solidaric and introspective autochthonal re-action, and orgasmic individuation of mobilized egressus and noetic and dionetic plasticities of intellectivity." Then, lest some of us lowbrows should not understand this definition, he explains by adding, "That is, an ectypical macrocosmic modality of ultraneous and fusiform differentiation, spontaneously racemated into homogeneous individuality." No one ought to miss the meaning of such plain language as that!

"Paris is falling," muttered the Freshman, as he bent to fix his garter.

A rumbling—a tumbling—
Nobody cares.

It's only a Freshman
Falling down stairs!

Mr. Root (speaking of the closing of the Roman public baths during the middle ages)—"The Middle Ages may

be characterized as a thousand years without a bath."

Whew!

Did You Know That—

"Phil" Patti leads Miss McMahon's Barber Shop Quartette?

The library is occasionally used for studying purposes?

Some teachers never marry?

"Jake" Feldstein is not a Freshman?

"Sleepy" Peck wants class room dormitories.

Mr. Clement—"I'll give you just one day to hand in that paper."

Carl K.—"All right; how about the Fourth of July?"

Progress

Freshman—"I don't know."

Sophomore—"I am not prepared."

Junior—"I do not remember."

Senior—"I don't believe I can add anything to what has been said."—
(Daily Kansan.)

School Nurse—"Little Johnnie is suffering from voluntary inertia."

Practice Teacher—"Why, the poor dear! And I always accused him of being lazy."

A Freshman Defiance

You Seniors strut, and strut, and strut.
 As if you own it all;
 You think you're mighty awful smart,
 but,
 Pride must have its fall.

You terrify us with your ways,
 You make us sick with fear;
 You deck us out in-freshly green
 And haze us all the year.

Now every dog must have his day,
 This is no idle threat;
 One day will come and then you'll
 quake.
 By George, we'll get you yet.

Don't say we did not warn you,
 Don't plead for mercy then.
 We'll make you pay and pay and pay,
 And pay and pay again.

We'll show you who's the mightier,
 Who's most of brains devoid;
 For lurking in our number
 is another Harold Lloyd.

I cannot write another word,
 My fist quakes so in fear
 That some high and mighty Senior
 is lurking round my ear.

So I will end this poetry
 With just one parting phrase,
 You mighty Seniors better quit
 Us Freshy kids to haze.

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"Memories"

"Please tell me a story, Mother, dear,"
 The little one said and smiled.
 "A story, my darling? What shall it be?"
 "The mother asked of her child.

She thought of heroic venture,
 But none would become her tool;
 Then she said, "My dear, I will tell you
 Of my first days in Normal School.

School began the first day of September,
 In nineteen twenty-five,
 And the eve of my first day there, dear,
 I thought I should never survive.

The names were all so confusing—
 Of students and teachers as well,
 Although one name stood out very clearly,
 'Twas that of Dr. Rockwell.

The first few days were quite tedious,
 For we did almost nothing at all—
 Except be assigned to our classes,
 Where each teacher took the roll call.

The next week began our real labors—
 We'd sing the 'do, re, mi, fa and sol,'
 While in the Geography Class, dear,
 We'd learn the degrees in each Pole.

We learned how to tell traits in children,
 And how to write smoothly and round;
 We tried to put Miss Keeler's accent
 Into each alphabetical sound.

We learned that our hearts on the left side,
 And well we knew how to relax,
 'Then—something I nearly forgot, dear,
 We all paid that dread 'blanket tax.'

We discovered that Spencer was English,
 And that Socrates was a Greek;
 Oh, we Freshmen thought we were brilliant,
 And hadn't a thing more to seek.

Why, what is the trouble, my darling?
 For your head sinks low on my breast,
 Why, my dear child is sound asleep here,
 And I shall not disturb her sweet rest.

I really don't mind the least little bit,
 It's good to look back o'er the years,
 All the things now resemble the sunshine
 That in those good old days seemed like tears.

Oh! times I wish I were able
 To turn the flying years back

To the days of our loved 'Alma Mater'
When we sang of the 'Orange and Black.'

And if I could have just one little wish,
If wishing did not break a rule,
I'd wish myself once more a Freshman
In the Buffalo State Normal School."

M. E. H.

Notice—Seniors**Tune:**

(Yes, we have no bananas)

Yes, we might look like Freshmen,
But we're Freshmen for only a day.
We've got garters, nightcaps,
Green hats, neckties,

And all kinds of slams, but, say
If the Seniors will only remember
That just a few years ago,
A motlier crew of Freshmen
Never entered Normal at Buffalo.

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To the Freshmen

King Solomon had a thousand wives,
I've oft heard people say,
But never a chance would Solomon
have
In our Normal School today.

The old king was the wisest man
The world had ever known,
But ever since the old king's reign
A woman's powers have grown.

So, Freshmen, heed these words you
read

Of the message that I bring,
Don't try to mimic old King Sol,
For woman now is king.

W. E. PECK.

**George Kramer
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Tupper 1113

Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention "The Record"

The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

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No. 2

"I SHALL COMMAND"

*(The Prize Story)***By Harold B. Deckoff**

(The reader may be interested to know that this is really a true story. The author, however, has utilized some fiction in order to make the story more interesting.—Editor.)

Knud Jorgensen was popularly believed to be possessed of the devil. It did not seem possible for so much concentrated viciousness and brute courage to be contained in only one mortal man. Up and down the Baltic coast, from Copenhagen to Riga, from Liebau to Dausig, his reputation had spread—a reputation perhaps somewhat exaggerated in the retelling—yet, undeniably, the reputation of a hard man—even among hard men.

His personal appearance did not belie the wild stories that were told of him in the fore-castle o' nights. A fair-haired, heavy-set Dane, whose bleached blue eyes burned beneath shaggy blond-red brows; his hands were so startlingly huge that one gasped at first sight of them. His rough seaman's garb, even though he held a master's ticket, accentuated the burly bulk of him. His commands boomed out like slow-rolling thunder and swift and dire was the punishment meted out to those who made any repetition of those commands necessary. Cordially hated and sincerely feared by all with whom he came in contact, he moved alone in a tectum world of his own.

Sober and hard-working, he had amassed a small fortune, not the least part of which was his sturdy little steamer which he had oddly named, "I Shall Command." By what strange whim he had bestowed so unique a title upon the little ship in which his life was wrapped, no one could understand, and though the unusual name had been the cause of a great deal of discreet snickering, the renown of her master caused all such laughter to vanish when he happened to be within hearing distance.

As the years went by, shipping circles along the Baltic Coast came to view the little steamer with increased respect. Always she arrived at her destination on time. Always the cargo entrusted to her was faithfully and honestly delivered, and shipments of which especial care was to be taken had come to be entrusted to Knud Jorgensen and his "I Shall Command."

Lean days had fallen on the Baltic. Rare were the cargoes that came from Russia, now under Soviet control, and what business the coastwise skipper received from Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania was pitifully scarce. A

full cargo was cause for congratulation and celebration, and the "I Shall Command" suffered with the rest.

Knud Jorgensen brooded. He had pictured, many years ahead, a snug little cottage in Jutland, whose windows would face the blue waters of the North Sea. Over would be the eternal struggle with the furious winds that swept the Baltic. Gone would be the freezing nights following the path of the ice crushers in the Kriegshaven at Liebau. With the results of his years of unceasing toil, he would spend his old age at peace—far from those who had mocked the little craft he had built practically with his own efforts. And now, day by day, his Utopia, was disappearing into the vague and more than uncertain future.

And then came opportunity—or was it opportunity? Hard as he strived to gain cargoes for the "I Shall Command," he had always refused to transport such things as might damage his beloved ship. For two weeks now, he had lain at Riga and all his efforts had failed to produce a single ton for transportation. Now he was offered a cargo. Eighty tons of gigantic machinery were offered to him for transportation to Copenhagen. Yet machines had often been known to wreak havoc upon ships so small as the "I Shall Command"—upon ships not built of steel. And Knud Jorgensen had accepted the commission. With his own eyes he had watched the loading as huge cranes lowered eight immense blocks of steel into her hold, each block weighing ten tons. With his own hands he had tested the ropes which made them fast to pillars, and yet it was with many misgivings that he satiated and a devout longing to see the machinery safely delivered, and his beloved "I Shall Command" undamaged.

From Riga to Copenhagen was but two and one-half days' sail—if the Baltic permitted. Two and one-half days of constant straining of the cables which bound his weighty cargo to the pillars in the hold.

It was the second day out—all had gone well—all day long the "I Shall Command" plodded steadily ahead through a sea smooth as glass, yet with that treacherous sluggishness which seamen fear—that treacherous sluggishness which is the quiet before the storm.

Night came, and with its coming, the "I Shall Command" was rising and falling on a huge, slow swell. And each succeeding rise seemed higher than the last. The distant horizon was a succession of smoothly undulating mountain peaks. Mercilessly, Knud Jorgensen drove his crew—speed—speed—more speed—all the speed he could command. He would take no chances. He would end this trip as fast as was humanly possible—Men were but cattle and could easily be replaced. There was an over-abundance of them anyway. But there was only one "I Shall Command."

Long after he had expected a storm to break, the "I Shall Command" was still steadily pushing her way through the heavy green billows which fell away from her bow in a slithering, sickening sheen. Satisfied that he had done all that he could, and tired to the point of exhaustion, Knud Jorgensen turned in.

How long he had slept, he did not know, but with the seaman's instinctive sense of danger he suddenly opened his eyes. Something was wrong. For a moment he could not place the trouble. Lying, wide-eyed, in his berth, he could hear the throbbing of the engine. Springing to a porthole, he saw that the Baltic had made good its threat. Still, that should be no cause for worry. He had out-riden worse storms than this. Gales were all in the

day's work. Yet he felt that all was not well—something was decidedly wrong and a vague sense of oppression weighed heavily upon him. He went slowly to the companionway. There he heard it! A deep, shuffling, scraping sound! His leghair vanished. With gigantic strides he reached the bridge and the side of the startled mate, who had been slowly pacing up and down. A tarpanlin had been stretched across the rail as a protection against the flying spray which cut and stung like particles of glass and rose in clouds when the "I Shall Command" poked her blunt nose squarely into an immense comb.

Knud bellowed—"What's that noise?"

"What noise?" the mate quavered.

"Listen!"—A few seconds. Then again! Sharper! Clearer! A heavy rumbling. Thump! The mate gasped. Gutturals unprintable poured in a torrent from the throat of Knud Jorgensen.

"All hands to the main hatch!" he bellowed. "The cargo is loose!"

Again that dull, sliding bump—but stronger. Again! Heavier than before.

Leaving only the wheelman on the bridge, Knud and the mate hastened to the hatch where the sleepy members of the crew were congregating. They were hastily removing the hatch cover. Nothing but blackness below, from which rose the sound of a ten-ton mass sliding with each roll of the ship and bringing up with a terrific crash against the sides of the little vessel—pausing a moment—then as the ship rolled, slowly starting, gathering headway, until it bore down on the opposite side in a furious charge.

The planks creaked! It would not take many more strokes of the ten-ton sledge hammer to drive a hole clean through the side of the ship, a hole through which a team of horses might easily pass.

Knud bellowed furious commands at his men, who cringed and cowered, yet no one would summon up courage enough to descend into that pit and meet the charging monster in the pitch darkness. For the first time in his career, Knud found his commands disobeyed. He threatened. He swore. He raved. He ordered this one and that one. Again that pounding smash! On the port side now! His huge fists pounded two of the crew into unconscious heaps, and still the others would not go below. Far sooner would they face the wrath of Knud Jorgensen than be crushed to death in the darkness, without even seeing from whence the monster came.

Even as he poured blasphemy upon blasphemy on their heads, Knud Jorgensen's brain held but one thought, which drummed and drummed persistently upon his consciousness. "She'll be pounded to pieces. She can't stand it." A few more mighty blows and her sides would burst.

With no further hesitation, he decided to stop the ten-ton charge—alone. If these sneaking, whining, cowering whelps were not men enough to make even an attempt to save their lives, he, Knud Jorgensen, was man enough to try to save his ship.

A hastily snatched lantern in one hand, and even before the mate could protest, he was on his way down the ladder. Half way down he was almost jarred loose by another mighty blow—this time on the starboard side. And then he had reached the floor of the hold.

The men above waited, breathless. The feeble rays of a lantern, they knew, would not enable him to see the onrushing hulk as it worked its sig-

zag way across the floor of the hold. Could he stop it? Even Knud Jorgensen might fail to accomplish so Herculean a task. There it went again! rumbling, rushing, careening across the hold.

They stiffened expectantly for the shock as it reached the side, and it came—but softly, quietly, as though even the inanimate steel had been conquered by the will of Knud Jorgensen. Eagerly they gazed down into the hold, expecting to see him soon, cursing but triumphant, coming up the ladder.

Something must be keeping him down there! The shocks were not repeated! They marveled how he could have stopped ten tons of steel so quickly. Now he must be lashing it fast.

Ten minutes passed. They called to him. Evidently he could not hear above the roar of the gate. Another ten minutes went by. Had something happened to Knud Jorgensen? They had not the courage to go down to see for themselves. Perhaps the loose machine was only temporarily stayed. Who knew but what it might come rolling down at any moment upon those who descended into the hold?

Finally the mate plucked up courage enough to go down the ladder. He reappeared on deck. All the machines were fast. But Knud Jorgensen was not to be found.

Dawn broke. Still the "I Shall Command" ploughed her way thru the heavy seas. Two hours later the mate brought her to rest at her pier in Copenhagen and still no sign of Knud Jorgensen. He reported the disappearance of the master to the authorities and was told to search the hold after the steamer had been unloaded.

Commerce must be served. An hour later cranes were lifting the machinery from the hold of the "I Shall Command." When the second load had been lifted out, Knud Jorgensen reappeared. Knud Jorgensen? No! The horribly battered, crushed and lifeless remains of what had been Knud Jorgensen were found wedged between two great masses of steel—a pulpy mass which had once been a hand, still raised to save "I Shall Command."

AN ABNORMAL HOBO'S DIARY

Part II—Continued from the October issue

After satisfying the inner man, I felt like the Count of Monte Cristo, "The World Is Mine." I only had to prove ownership. The next problem facing me was how to exist in the future. The answer was simple, get a job! But I never knew jobs were so elusive. After walking, it seemed like hours, I came up to a group of men painting a fence and asked for the boss. I told him I was an expert painter and was willing to sell my experience and labor to him. He told me to grab a brush and go to work. Well, sir, I started to work, and the way I swung that brush would have made Michael Angelo gasp with envy.

At twelve o'clock sharp we all dropped our brushes; the others pulled out their lunch buckets and started to cram, and I just sat and watched. The men, seeing me sitting there, asked when I was going to eat. I told them the doctor ordered me to diet, and the doctor's name was Poverty with a capital P. When they understood, they all chipped in, each one giving something.

What a lunch it was! Every kind of sandwich ever sandwiched was there. The generosity of those men, I shall never forget.

At twelve-thirty we started again and I swung that brush until every muscle in my wrist and arm ached. Five o'clock we all quit. As it was pay day in camp, the boss handed me three and a half good American dollars, and I felt that John D. Rockefeller was a pauper compared with me.

I went down-town, riding in state in an electric taxi, commonly known as the street car. When I got off I made a bee line for a restaurant, where I went in and sat down, every one in the restaurant staring at me. I began to get warm under the collar as the waitress asked me if I had the chicken-pox. I asked why she inquired. She brought out a small mirror and when I looked into it, what a shock I got. No, it wasn't the first time I had ever seen my face in a mirror, but I had splashed small spots of red paint all over my face so that I looked like Wesley Barry. I hurried thru my meal and then went to look for a room for the night. I found one in a third-rate lodging house where I spent the night with plenty of company (couch coddles).

The next morning I decided to move on. I wanted to cross into Canada, but I didn't know if they would allow me to enter, nor how I would fare there. Caesar's crossing the Rubicon was a cinch compared to mine. I decided to try (I'll try anything, once).

As soon as I landed, the custom's officer "halled" me, and the line of talk I banded him would have made P. T. Barnum look like a first-class second-rater. After using all my argumentative powers and eloquence on him, he decided to let me thru.

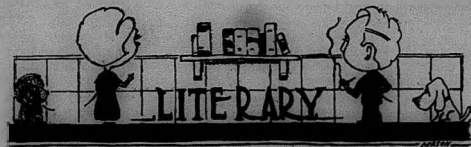
I went thru Windsor in a driving rainstorm. Then I got a lift in a truck as far as a little half-borse town called Tilbury. Here I had supper, parting with all my money except enough for a bag of "Bull Durham." That night I spent in a truck with a canvas top that looked like "The Covered Wagon," and, oh, how it rained. Blessings on all covered wagons!

The next morning I left the town and after walking a few miles my stomach became a dull, aching void. The next thing on the program was to find a "filling station." The next farm I came to I went up to the house where I was serenaded by two big dogs. They say barking dogs never bite, but I was afraid they might stop barking. The farmer came out and wanted them and asked me what I wanted. I told him I was hungry and wanted to work for a meal. He invited me to the breakfast they were just eating and I certainly did "break the fast." The farmer being of an inquisitive nature, asked me all about my trip and past history. He finally said he would give me a job working in the harvest fields and offer me two dollars a day and my "keep." I didn't know then what he meant by "keep," but I found out later that it meant "keep" on working. I accepted, and how I worked and sweated in those fields trying to work space with the farmers. I worked three days and resigned, collecting six dollars and sixteen blisters.

I started out early in the morning and hailed a man delivering a car in Toronto. He picked me up and the way that man drove was a ~~something~~ wasn't supposed to go over twenty miles, but I guess he saw double, because we never went under forty. I left him at Strathroy, giving him my blessings, and Providence my thanks, for safely delivering me. I then hiked eight miles across country to my uncle's farm where I decided to stay awhile and recuperate.

W. E. PECK

(The third and final installment will appear in the next issue.)



"One Increasing Purpose"

A. S. M. Hutchinson

Mr. Hutchinson in his latest novel has taken for his theme, the eternal quest of man, his identity, his purpose, his destination in life. He portrays, with the vitality and creative force so characteristic of his other works, the lives of three brothers after the stress and strife of the late war. The story in itself is steadily interesting and well written, but as Dr. William Lyon Phelps has said, "The theme is the main thing; it is the greatest theme in the world, and is certain to inspire the reader as it has inspired the author."

That is what appealed to me. One undoubtedly will forget the story, although the characters are amazingly distinct and appealing. The theme, however, penetrates more deeply than the story can ever hope to. Someone has said, "Ours is an eternal quest. Forever we search and wonder—who are we and where are we bound?" That is the theme of not only Hutchinson's novel, but of our whole existence, and Mr. Hutchinson in telling his story has struck a common bond in the lives of all his readers.

True success and growth—all that is worth having—must have a fixed purpose, a purpose so vital, so compelling and ever increasing, that it is only with eternal quest of it that real happiness can ever be attained. This is the underlying note that resounds throughout the entire book.

Prize Contest Results

The result of The Record literary contest was as follows:

Harold B. Deckoff wins first prize with his story, "I Shall Command."

Ann Dorsey and Oakley Irwin win honorable mention with stories, one of which will appear in a future issue.

Josephine Choate's poem, "In the Rain," wins first prize. Honorable mention also goes to Josephine Choate for another poem and also to Grace Sawyer's poem, which will be printed in our Christmas number.

The judges wish to state that the above contributions are published as originally written by the contestants, without editorial correction. The contest met with generous response. The decision rested not only on the theme of the story or poem, but also on the originality of treatment and excellence of style. We regret that space will not allow us to publish all the contributions, but we advise readers of The Record to watch future issues for other stories and poems.

TWO PRIZE POEMS

By JOSEPHINE CHOATE

(Of the many poems that were submitted Miss Choate has won both first and second place. She certainly must have a dual personality in order to have been able to write two poems of such striking contrast; one is written in a style with which we are all familiar; the other "Pedra" is written in strictly modern style.—Editor.)

IN THE RAIN

(First Prize)

I love to go out on a rainy day
And stroll along thru the glowing grey:
The black trees' branches waving slow
Toss the cool wet to me below,
And pollah the falling, tawny leaves
That lie in what patterns the clear wind weaves.

And walking, I have a kinship sweet
With the mist and quietness of the street—
A joy so keen that's almost pain
I feel when walking thru the rain.

PEDRA

(Honorable Mention)

Pedra, lady of the glowing mist,
Red-black hair,
A cold, sweet smile from violet eyes—
Pedra, of ice!
Pedra, vivid creature of the dance,
Rustle of silk,
Flash of scarlet boots with dashing tiny spurs,
Whirling, mad rhythm—
Pedra, of flame!



The Record

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

"For these things it is meet to give the Gods thank-offerings long-enduring."
 —Aeschylus.

OUR THANKSGIVING

In the history of our school, this season totally eclipses all past occasions of good cheer and thankfulness. On Election Day the citizens of New York State conclusively approved the Public Bond Issue. How gratified we are to note that they saw thru Senator Mill's camouflaging, superficial arguments! The passing of this amendment means that we can at last look forward to relieving the terribly congested conditions that prevail here.

Thus a new era begins. It will not be many years before a new school upon a more suitable location is built. Then will Doctor Rockwell's beloved dormitories become an actuality. An increased Faculty—an extended curriculum—a Teachers' College—truly a Utopia of former dreams metamorphosing into reality.

The only regret of the present student body is that we cannot attend such a school. It is sufficient compensation, however, to realize that it will be of great value to our future students and it is with added pleasure and thankfulness that we contemplate our Alma Mater of the future, equal in rank to any other educational institution in the country.

A FATHER'S CONTRIBUTION

A man who desires to remain unknown has given the school a gift of \$200. In a letter to Dr. Rockwell the donor states that this gift is but a small token of the gratitude he feels toward this school for the good it has done his daughter. This gift conveys an ideal lesson to us. Indeed, as Dr. Rockwell explained in Assembly, it must make us feel our own gratitude to the school. We may not be able to show our appreciation as this kindly donor has done, but we can show it in our work and attitude.

May this father be assured that the school thanks him for his beneficence and that his gift will be put to good use. He has made us realize that the school is doing for us what it has done for his daughter. Could he have made a greater contribution than this last?

THAT ASSEMBLY

With the pleasant holiday spirit now on, we would gladly avoid discussing such an unpleasant subject, but its manifest importance forces us squarely to meet the issue. What we have in mind is the very discourteous treatment accorded to a speaker in a recent Assembly. The subject was of a very controversial nature: the speaker may not have pleased us; there may have been contributing factors. Our Assembly degenerated from its usual respectful attention to the emotional mob spirit. We simply let go of ourselves.

It is a conventional rule of decent social conduct that we should respectfully listen to anyone's viewpoints whether they are in opposition to ours or not. There was no semblance of such conduct in that Assembly. Surely, if we thought there was anything to be laughed at, we could have shown respect and decent upbringing by restraining ourselves. It is a distinct shock to realize how far we future teachers are from self-control.

Let us hope that such an occurrence will never again happen. Most of us realized what we had done only after the Assembly was dismissed. A few students did restrain themselves and they certainly deserve commendation. If we only think, listen to others with respect, and learn to control our emotions, this should be the last time such a thing will take place in our lives.

An Open Letter

Editor of The Record.

Dear Sir:

I will greatly appreciate the favor if you print this letter in your magazine.

I want to thank Dr. Rockwell, the Faculty and student body for sending me to Pittsburgh to witness two exceptionally fine games of the World Series. Your constant loyal help gave me a real vacation. You also made it possible for me to see a brother whom I had not seen since 1904 (before any of our Freshmen were born).

My name is George, but you did it! Doctor Rockwell wants me to try again next year. If I do, I want to come in first and take "Jake" along. He helped me count the coupons last year.

With gratefulness,

GEORGE BIRBECK.

The Record Staff heartily congratulates Miss Harriet Cooke, our News Editor, upon her appointment as Editor-in-Chief of the 1928 "Elms." Her excellent work on the "Record" is sufficient proof that she will make good in her new position.



A Trip to the West

Don't you envy us, you Friday morning Practice Teachers? Our old friend, Mr. Williamson, paid his annual visit October 30.

We started west from Buffalo and visited the homes of the Hopis and Navajos. There we borrowed a Hopi guide and some mules and for a few days revelled in the majestic glory of the West.

But time was short and there was still much ground to cover. So, bidding our Pueblo dweller farewell, we turned our faces further west, this time to the historic old missions of California, the El Dorado of the West.

For the first time in our lives history and geography became a reality as we climbed mountains, visited missions and other old settlements. A dip in the Pacific Ocean, sight-seeing tours around Los Angeles and San Francisco left us with many happy memories.

As we gazed with awe upon the wonder of the Golden Gate flooded with the red glow of sunset, we felt that we could live forever in the "Golden West."

Somewhere in the distance a bell pealed. The Golden Gate suddenly vanished and we awoke to find ourselves in the Auditorium of the Buffalo Normal, ready to embark upon our various daily tasks.

Freshman Election

Extra! Extra! Great election at the Buffalo State Normal School.

The babies of the school, faving at last put away their dolls, kiddie cars and scooters, have come to play with the ballot box. As a result, the following have been elected class officers: President, Marion Patton; Vice-President, Charlotte McFarland; Secretary, Ruth Christen; Treasurer, Helen Block; F. S. C. Gladys Weir.

A very constructive piece of work has been commenced by Mr. Bradley and his Committee on Hall Control. Show your school spirit and home training by co-operating. At the time this is being written, plans are rather indefinite. You will be notified in your Sections and in the Assembly as to what the Hall Control Committee is doing. In the next issue we will announce what has been accomplished and give any further details.

Did you know that 250 prospective students were turned away from Buffalo Normal this year?

With winter about to set in, it really is an excellent idea to plan your next summer's vacation. Some have actually done this.

Miss Chapman has accepted a position on the Summer School faculty of the A. N. Palmer School at Boulder, Colorado.

Miss Helen Weiss has made her plans to conduct a party to Europe.

You undoubtedly would be interested in a few figures showing the increase in registration of the Normal Schools in New York State since 1920. Total registration:

1920	2237
1921	3180
1922	3393
1923	3120
1924	4196
1925	5163

Buffalo Normal had the greatest number in attendance each year.

The week of November 16 promises to be brimful of excitement.

In the first place, it is American Education Week and we can look forward to valuable Assembly programs with Mr. Root in charge.

Each day has a special topic for discussion. They are:

Monday, Constitution Day; Tuesday, Patriotism Day; Wednesday, School and Teacher Day; Thursday, Conservation and Thrift Day; Friday, Know Your School Day; Saturday, Community and Health Day; Sunday, For God and Country Day.

On the 19th there is to be a joint hearing of the Ways and Means Committee of the State Legislature, dealing with the school budgets for next year.

The event which concerns us most at present, however, is the convention of the Erie County Teachers' Association here in Buffalo. The program is very extensive, with something of interest to every Buffalo Normal student. Since the meetings are to be held in every section of the city, there should be no excuse for your not attending.

The program is far too extensive for The Record to publish. You will find programs posted about the school—consult one now!

Fellow radio fans—are you tuning in on WGR Monday evenings from ten to ten-fifteen? A well-known member of our Faculty is entertaining the radio world with very delightful vocal concerts. We, who have heard her, have but one objection to these programs—they are much too brief!

Extension courses are in great demand, as indicated by the registration. There are 1235 attending. This is the largest number in the city's history, due, possibly, to the variety of courses and the fact that they are so centrally located at Hutchinson High School.

IN MEMORIAM

Jane Florence Maloney, '27

Born June, 1906

Died October 21, 1925

In the still, silent hours of the night, a voice has whispered, calling into His Creator, the soul of one we knew. A sweet, modest girl, with a pure, wholesome vision as to the purposes of life, has left us. But she loaned us a personality which was an inspiration to her classmates.

A graduate of St. Teresa's School and South Park High School, she entered Normal with the class of '24, and enrolled as a General Normal student. This year she entered Kindergarten Primary, Section II, and at the time of her death was practicing teaching in the First Grade at School 33. Loved and respected, she is mourned by all her associates.

Sometimes it really isn't so bad to still be in school. I'm referring to several recent treats we have had in Assembly. Thru the courtesy of Neal, Clark, Neal Company, it was indeed a privilege to have a concert on the Orthophonic Victrola—the latest invention in the field of talking machines. There seems to be comparatively small improvement in the reproduction of the solo voice; the advance seems to be in the orchestral, chorus and accompaniment work.

The Assembly following was of equal interest in another field of study. Mr. George Andrew's talk on the Buffalo water filtering plant was not only interesting, but very instructive.

While we were being so instructed at Normal, an important conference was taking place in Albany. This meeting with Governor Smith included superintendents of all schools, members of the Boards of Education, Normal School principals and the heads of Teachers' Colleges. The conference was called to discuss methods of financing public education in the larger cities.

Although some of you may not have realized it, we had the pleasure of a visit from three members of the Genesee Normal Faculty. Doctor Holcomb, accompanied by Doctor Cooper and Professor Countryman, spent Election day in visiting our building. We hope they will give us the pleasure of their company again at some future date.

Seniors can really look forward to the time when their rings and pins will be ready, and the new design is one of rare beauty. Having the rings so early in the year is something new for Normal students—it is another mile post toward college methods!

Miss Velle and Miss Houck spent November 7 in Cortland, attending a conference of Normal School Librarians.

A great mystery hangs over us and a veil of sadness, also... What will the Christmas play be? We regret to say that it will not be the "Blessed Birthday." Is it to be Douglas Hyde's old Irish nativity play... or what?

Don't despair, folks, you will not lose the habit of having holidays. Look forward with gladness hearts to November 19 and 20. Think of it! No school from Wednesday night till Monday morning! Aren't you glad that Buffalo is a center for the meetings of the State Teachers' Association Convention? (As an afterthought, we might add a gentle reminder. Don't forget to include this timely vacation in "Things to Be Thankful For"—on November 26.)

Since the last issue of The Record, a new scheme for making up time has been devised—you already know about it. The remaining days and dates, however, will interest you: Saturday, November 14, Wednesday program; Saturday, December 5, Thursday program; Saturday, January 7, Friday program.

Did you know that the chimney of Fredonia Normal School has been repaired? It is now in good condition. How do we know? Well, friends, they closed school for the day and the Head of the Art Department, Miss De Vinney, her assistant, and a senior art student visited us. (Our chimney never gets out of commission!)

Sensational Tennis Upset

"Sleety" Rain, new to Normal this year, proved true to name when she "rained" supreme in the annual fall tennis tournament. Her style of play is a terrific cross court drive.

Rain played a sensational game? Rain exhibited remarkable endurance! Say it again!

Oh, you Rain! Say that again!

We Wonder

Whether "Dick" Thelma lives in Riverside or South Buffalo?

What "Eddie" Brunner would do if there were no girls in the school?

What "Ray" Graham would do if he had to stop laughing?

Why "Jake" Feldstein doesn't act his age for a change?

Why "Don" Stark waits around after school?

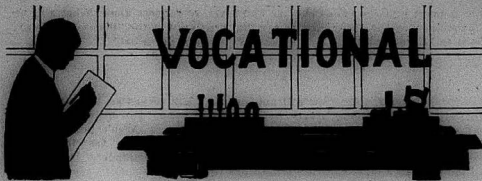
Sharp?

"Why are you bringing the razor to Nu Lambda Sigma's dance?"

Freshman—"I heard it was going to be a cut-in dance."

"Perhaps you are not familiar with the works of Ingersoll!"

Economics Stud—"You bet I am! And it's a good watch for the money."



A Verse on Mr. Weber's Blackboard
 Be quick to kick if things seem wrong,
 But kick to me and make it strong;
 To make it right is my delight,
 If I am wrong and you are right.

Scholarship News

Well, here we are breaking into print again, and this has been an active month. This Scholarship group has more pep than a carload of hot tamales!

We're planning for an evening on the bowling alleys and even though the great majority of us don't know a bowling ball from an ostrich egg the evening should be a bowling success, anyway. With the accent on the bowling, most likely.

Only about ten of us showed up for basketball practice the other night and dire were the results thereof. While the initial practice was rather discouraging, we are going to carry on until we trim every team in the school—even if we have to do it with shaguns and sidearms.

It fell upon Kiernan and Deckoff to carry the brunt of the casualties. Kiernan suffered a badly swollen ankle and developed a 14-karat blister on his big toe, while Deckoff sustained a serious injury to that part of his anatomy which hurts the most. His wallet was thrown for a loss of one new lens for his goggles.

And that game with the Second-Year Industrial Men! Wow! We were beaten so badly that we'd rather not mention the score. Incidentally, a perfectly gorgeous black eye was awarded to Krans for his highly meritorious work.

The funniest single event of the month occurred when some of us tried out for the Dramatic Club. Shade of Edwin Booth! Talk about talent! That's what we haven't anything else but! Especially the tremendous hit Bernard made. Ask anybody who was there.

And lest we forget—due honor should be paid the Impromptu Scholarship Glee Club for their excruciating work on the evening of the Faculty Reception. Their beautiful bathroom tenors uplifted in the solemn strains of "The Old Gray Mare—She Ain't What She Used to Be" were an inspiration to us all.

Turnbull's Vocational Vaportage News That Is Never Printed

Thinking them to be mushrooms, Mr. Perkins plucked and ate a quantity of fungi yesterday afternoon. They were oomphrooms.

James Titewad, ninety-two years old, who for years had lived on two rolls a day, died yesterday without leaving a tin box filled with bonds.

We opened the bee hive the other day, thinking the bees were all dead, but we were mistaken.

Six small boys were playing games on East Gimlet hill the other day. No evidence of foul murder was found.

"Fraternity" Schwenk, our class comedian, is a first-class ivory-tickler, they say—scratches his head a lot.

All women like the same thing, so try to find out what it is.

Seatter, as all the boys know, was recently married, and then on top of that was arrested for speeding, but then, he is a glutton for punishment.

We have now come to the conclusion that publicity won't make a setting hen lay eggs.

A school isn't so different from a home after all, is it? At home when one is expecting company, the little odd jobs which have worried one so long are actually done. If it was this same spirit which prompted the removal of the "unsightly tin shields" along the footlights,—suffice it to say—we welcome the visiting teachers!

New Exchange Department

The title of this column may be Exchanges, or Rechanges, or Appendages, as far as we're concerned. The trend of the column is the only thing we care about. The trend we hope will be toward an ever-increasing facility of criticism. A mere passing of a magazine from school to school means little. We would much rather exchange gateposts. However, as an Exchange column becomes more and more like an open forum for clearance of ideas on school publications, more nearly will it tend to fulfill its mission.

Literary criticism is the art of judging well. The purpose of this judging must indicate the trend of our ideas and ideals brought to focus on work done by others. This focus does not mean that we will strive to tear down, but rather that we will strive to provide something to act as a constructive agent.

So, in this column, we will indicate what ought to be done to the Normal School and college papers of the country and how to do it. For we consider that this publication can be counted as good as any of the smaller college papers and will take its place in the future among the well-known college publications—at least, in our own mind, this will take place.

OAKLEY IRWIN.



Disregarding all traditions, we are going to give our Freshmen first place on our page and announce the officers whom they have elected for the coming year. They are: President, Ruth Topping; Vice-President, Ruth Christen; Secretary, Lois Gibson; Treasurer, Edith Hubbler.

The Home Economics Club has been very busy making plans for the coming year. President Louise Wolf addressed the Freshmen at their meeting, November 2, gave them a brief resume of aims and purposes of the club, and extended an invitation to become members. We expect 100 per cent membership, as we have had in former years.

Our Seniors are not so busy as to eliminate all social life from their curriculum. On October 30 they held a buffet supper at the Practice House. The evening was spent in cards, games and dancing.

Stop! Look! Listen! Why? Why, haven't you seen the bulletin board in our department? Two new sections have been added: "Where to Go," "What to Read," and a summary of the world's news, besides the other interesting columns. The committee wish to extend to the student body through The Record an invitation to reap the benefits which our bulletin board affords.

The Homemaking department had the pleasure of having Miss Gunther of Teachers' College as their guest on October 23. A luncheon in her honor was given in the Faculty Dining Room. After an interesting talk which she gave to our Homemaking students, the Faculty and Seniors gave a tea in her honor at the Practice House. Her delightful personality charmed all.

We were so delighted to have school on Columbus and Election days, because so many of our graduates took the opportunity to drop in to see us.

The afternoon of November 19 the Faculty and Seniors will have open house at the Practice House for the Homemaking graduates who are in town for the Teachers' Convention.



Brief History of Education

- 1,000,000 B.C.—Chimpanzo opens his Anti-Evolution school.
- 50,000 B.C.—Hardo Rock, famous cave-man, begins teaching, "Methods of Club Slugging"
- 352 B.C.—Akranidikopolos, Greek philosopher and restaurant owner, opens his immortal series of lectures on "Sardine Cans and How to Open Them"
- 100 A.D.—University of Heidelberg defeats the Moscow Normal School in a terrific football game in 15 feet of snow. Professors rejoice.
- 1925 A.D.—Unusually bright crowd of Freshmen enter Buffalo State Normal School. Faculty suspends Intelligence testing.



Will Buffalo Normal Boast of Track Teams Next Season?

As The Record has, on a number of previous occasions, advocated the extension of the B.S.N.S. athletic program, it seems only fitting that something should be said at the present time concerning that question.

Normal's existing activities have been getting under way more or less speedily, but there is a large group of would-be athletes who seem left out of the pleasures and disappointments of competitive sports. To be sure, swimming classes do exist, basketball teams are being organized and schedules arranged, tennis championships are being talked about, and checker tournaments, in the front of the auditorium, are being viewed with interest. But—what about the track enthusiasts?

There is a large number of B.S.N.S. students who have won places in high school track and field meets. Many of them are not taking part in any branch of Normal's athletic curriculum at the present time. They would form an excellent nucleus for winning teams if such could be organized for the track season next spring.

It certainly seems deplorable to have to admit that this kind of sports, so exploited by the ancient Greeks and included in the athletic program of almost every other institution of learning, should be entirely neglected by Buffalo Normal. With Coach Grabau's able leadership, B.S.N.S. could put a winning team on the track next spring.

Basketball Practice

November welcomed in "Girls' Basketball" and if the enthusiasm of its reception is a criterion, it is here to stay. Not only have we formidable new material, but also excellent veteran material which has not as yet yielded to that fatal disease, "over work." Under the splendid coaching of the Faculty staff, each section should produce a strong team for the Inter-sectional tournament.

Neptune's Court Attalus Popularity

Girls' swimming registration has reached a "pretty bright." The interest of Normal girls in swimming is very apparent and especially in the "shallow end" of the plunge. Proud Seniors enjoy showing Freshmen how to "dead man float" and even explaining why they "can't really swim!" It's good fellowship. It's good sportsmanship. That's swimming!

Basketball

Basketball practice for the section teams lasted for a period of two weeks, during which time much good material was discovered. A total of forty-seven men reported to Coach Grabau. Following the practices were the inter-sectional games in which the Second-Year Industrial met the Scholarship, and First-Year Industrial met the General Normal. The winners and losers of these games met and so decided the final winner.

First regular practice for the Varsity was called on November 9 and a splendid showing resulted. The largest list of candidates that ever reported for an Orange and Black quintette is now practicing daily. More games are pending in addition to those already contracted, and the students should prepare to see a banner year in Normal's basketball history.

Inter-Class Basketball

The first set of inter-class basketball contests proved this method of obtaining material a great success. The Second-Year Industrial Group defeated the Scholarship men by a score of 24-3. The game was full of thrills and spills, but even then there was good material discovered. Smith and Young excelled for the winners, while Bruch was the One-Year men's best bet. Lineup:

SECOND-YEAR INDUSTRIAL (24)	(3) SCHOLARSHIP
Baldwin, r.f. (4)	r.f., Clark
Smith, r.f. (5)	l.f., Greenspoon
McDonough, l.f. (2)	l.f., Desch
Thiele, l.f. (3)	c., Kierman
Repert, c. (4)	(3) r.f., Bruch
Patroll, c. (4)	l.e., Krans
Schottin, r.g. (2)	l.g., Harding
Young, r.g. (3)	Stark, l.g. (1)
Casey, l.g. (1)	

The second game proved to be the better of the two. After trailing at the small end of the score for two quarters, the First-Year Industrial quintette stepped out and bewildered their opponents. Bell was a tower of strength for the victors, while Carey played a great game for the General Normal Group. Line-up:

FIRST YEAR INDUSTRIAL (24)	(15) GENERAL NORMAL
Page, r.f. (4)	(4) r.f., DiCesaro
Mundy, r.f. (5)	r.f., Fried
J. Oring, l.f. (4)	(6) l.f., Carey
Braub, l.f. (3)	(2) l.f., Desmond
Bell, c. (14)	c., Carvill
	c., Vella
	(1) r.f., Kumpf
	W. Oring, l.g. (6)
Sgrol, l.g. (1)	l.g., Kileman
	(2) l.g., Cotton

General Normal Swamps Scholarship Men

In the second set of games, the General Normal basketball representatives defeated the Scholarship men, 23-2. The Three-Year men succeeded in holding their opponents scoreless until the last two minutes of play. John Coughlin and DiCesaro played stellar games for the winners, while Bruch starred for the losers. Line-up:

SCHOLARSHIP (2)	(23) GENERAL NORMAL
Clark, r.f.	(9) r.f., DiCesaro
Harding, r.f.	(4) r.f., Desmond
Bruch, lf. (2)	(1), I.L. Kileman
Klarnan, c.	(1), I.F. Fried
Werle, r.g.	(6) c., Coughlin
Greenspoon, r.g.	(3) r.g., Kumpf
Kraus, lg.	(1), I.F. Carvil
Tilley, lg.	

General Industrial I Victorious In Inter-Sectional Finals

In the second game of the final series, the Second-Year Industrial, which was held the favorite, bowed to the First-Year Industrial boys. Superior team play prevailed for the winners. Bell and Fick were the outstanding stars of the winning combination while Baldwin played a fashing game for the Second-Year men. Line-up:

GENERAL INDUSTRIAL II (14)	(30) GENERAL INDUSTRIAL I
Patrell, r.f. (2)	(13) r.f., Bell
Baldwin, r.f. (5)	(2) lf., Mundy
McDonough, lf.	(1), I.F. Braun
Stark, lf.	(8) c., Fick
Repert, c.	(1), I.F. Pag
Thele, c. (4)	(1), r.g., W. Oring
Schottin, r.g. (2)	(2) lg., J. Oring
Smith, r.g. (1)	(1), lg., Sgroi
Young, lg.	
Casey, lg.	

Men's Swimming Class Started

At last have the men at Normal been able to realize one of their desires, to have a place where they could go when they wanted to enjoy a swim. Thru the courtesy of the Physical Education Department of Buffalo, the men have been given the use of the Hutchinson High School swimming pool every Tuesday evening from 7:30 to 8:30 o'clock. About twenty men average the attendance on these nights. They not only enjoy themselves by splashing around, by diving, and feeling the cooling waters close in about them, but they also enjoy the excitement of relay race and other aquatic sports. In other words, they not only relax their minds from their studies, but at the same time they build themselves up physically, in order that, when they become teachers in the future, they will at all times be masters of any situation which may arise in class. If you doubt in the least, the joy and excitement experienced in exercising this privilege of "winter-bathing," ask any of the men who attend regularly. Why not join them? (Men only.)



Alpha Sigma Tau

We were very glad to have so many of last year's girls back again on Election Day to attend the tea given by the Inter-Sorority Council.

A shower was held at the home of Miss Josephine Choate on November 5 in honor of Mrs. James Seatter formerly Miss Ruth McNaughton, who was graduated last year.

On Thursday, November 6, Miss Chapman, Miss Dorothy Young and Miss Mae Hammond left for Detroit to represent Alpha Sigma Tau at the National Convention that was held there. A meeting was held at Miriam Haefner's November 11, at which the delegates told of plans for the coming year and their experiences at the convention.

Chloeian

A buffet supper was held at the home of Louise Abrams in Kenmore October 28.

Both active and passive members were present. We are having a series of Saturday bridge parties to which everyone is invited.

We have had several very interesting literary meetings this year.

Our Passive Chapter had an informal party November 14, for the Active Chapter.

Phi Upsilon Omicron

We have held our regular business meetings this year. We eagerly await fulfillment of our plans for many professional and social programs for the coming year.

Xi Lambda Sigma

If you are not attending the meetings of the Literary Society, you are depriving yourself of some rare treats. At our meeting of October 30, Miss Melchliand again gladdened the occasion with an unusually interesting program. This time it was the life and works of William Vaughan Moody with which some of us were made acquainted for the first time. Next time, November 13, it was the Irish poets.

Come and swell our numbers, and if you don't think we enjoy ourselves ask some one who attended the last meeting.

Sigma Sigma Sigma

On Saturday, October 31, we had a very successful "rummage sale" on Front Avenue. A certain per cent. of the proceeds is going to be used for a party we are having this month for some poor people.

We all enjoyed the Inter-Sorority tea and look forward to more "get together" this year.

Rushing will start before long and we are eagerly anticipating it.

Pi Kappa Sigma

Pi Kappa Sigma opened its school year with regular business meetings at which many interesting educational and social programs were planned.

An informal supper party at the home of Katherine Croll was very much enjoyed by the members.

Installation of officers took place at the home of Grace Rezan on Wednesday evening, October 31.

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Psi Phi

The first real activity which the members of Psi Phi had in this school year was the smoker given jointly with Tri Kappa. Fraternity. The success of this event proved that a spirit of friendliness and co-operation exists between the two fraternities of the school.

Our first rush party was held on October 1, in the form of a theater party at Shea's Theater. We held a second rush party at the community house of the Church of the Covenant on the evening of Friday, October 23. Our members also enjoyed a party held at the home of Bob Black on October 27.

We wish to thank all who contributed to the success of our Fall Dance, remembering especially Mr. Huckins and Mr. Burke for their effective advice and assistance in planning and making our programs.

Orchestra

Did we have a good time at our "Get-Acquainted Party"? I should say we did! To add to our pleasure, one of our former members, Carmella Saggese, was with us.

Speeches were the order of things at dinner. If any of you girls are going to Europe and desire a French speaking husband, the State Normal Orchestra can supply the need. Now don't crowd! Apply to any Orchestra member—by appointment.

Speaking of dancing and dancers, we are pleased to announce the opening of our annual Dancing Class—for members only. This year we have an unusually efficient and up-to-date pair of instructors in the persons of Miss Rose Estlin and Mr. Clyde High. Come, Classmates, bring your instruments (not pianos) and join us!

Grammar I in Science Class

"Chris" Columbus—"Does this illustration prove that density is not the same as weight?"

"Professor" Brunner—"Is the density of this class greater than its weight?"

Glee Club

No, we haven't been asleep—merely getting on pitch, as we will prove to you soon.

The year opened with the annual Weiner roast, indoors this time, our applications to the gods of the weather being all in vain. The atmosphere of the Gym did nothing to impair the appetites. In fact it may have been a stimulation to those dignitaries who took part in a "Hot Dog Marathon" to say nothing of the caterers.

However, it hasn't been all play for us this fall. Two or three early engagements have meant real work for the club and its instructor.

We are very proud of the invitation Dr. Rockwell has extended to us, to sing at the next meeting of the Rotary Club. We are also very glad to have a part in the next student assembly, where you will meet us for the first time.

Have You Ever Seen?

A person that adored penmanship?

Cat-Eye Annie?

A Freshman that didn't look green?

A dignified Seniors?

See Hennick worrying over her lessons?

Mr. Phillip without the twinkle in his eyes?

Dr. Rockwell blush?

Mr. Clement—thin?

Neither have I.

Evania

Eddie has the figure,
Johnny has the looks,
Walter is quite talented,
And Harold's good at books.

But Eddie is too hard-boiled
And Johnny is too frail—
Walter is conceited
And Harold has no kale.

If we could only mix them,
Then bake them in a pan,
On pouring from the oven
We'd see—The Perfect Man!

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Alphabet—Girls I Knew

ALICE is a darling honey
But she makes me spend my money.

BEBE is a pretty hearty,
She won't allow a petting party.

CELIA I can never hate,¹
She's right on time for every date.
DORIS is another kind,
She always answers "I don't mind".

ETHEL studies every night,
Her brain power gives me a fright.

FRANCES is pretty, but sedate,
As a teacher she'll be first rate.

GERTIE'S in the Glee Club, by choice,
I wouldn't give a dime for her voice.

HATTIE is just like her name,
But then I know she's not to blame.

IRENE is Irish, that I know,
She's not so green, she told me so.

JENNIE'S different from all the rest,
Her pleated skirt is always pressed.

KATE uses powder and lipstick too,
Just as all other girls do.

LUCY, in my dreams hannts me.
She is so original, you see.

MARY is a bright co-ed,
Her haughty gaze just knocks me dead.

NORA to the stage aspires
But she hasn't the form it requires.

OLIVE, I would call a flapper,
The sheiks she wants must all be dapper.

PHYLLIS, all year, with golf does en-
gage,
She lies worse about her score than she does her age.

QUEENIE is neat to my taste,
She can knit, sew, cook and bake.

RUTH is a professor's daughter,
She does things which she "hadn't oughter."

SUSIE, my sister, can't take a hint,
What I think about her isn't fit to print.

THERESA, is neat, sweet and petite,
Her eyes look delicious, her nose can't be beat.

UNA is one I can't make out,
The least little wink will make her pout.

VIOLA is big enough it seems,
To beat up all the college teams.

WINNIE always wants my car,
Her feet can't carry her very far.

XENIA is a brilliant girl,
She thinks an oyster lives in a pearl.

YVONNE, I think is quite unique,
Because I've known her just one week.

ZEPHRONIA, fills me up with zeal,
And that must end this foolish spiel.

Joshing

"I stole so many kisses
My lips began to sag;
And then that doggone woman
She hid the candy bag."

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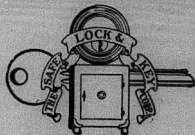
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Song Hits of Normal

"Yearning"—When you are in a class with your eyes almost closed watching the clock.

"Cheatin' on Me"—When Mr. Root keeps class overtime.

"Prisoner's Song"—Entire school on election day.

"All Alone"—When you are reciting and your best friend won't tell you what's wrong.

"Red Hot Mama"—When your allowance is gone and you are seeking more.

"Let It Rain"—When we are in school on Saturday.

"Dum Dum Dummy"—When you are wondering what the lecture is all about.

"Are You Sorry"—When you cut a class and have to make it up.

"Sometime"—Someone will whisper "It's a holiday."

"Collegiate"—Our whole school.

**Freshmen
Tune "Collegiate"**

Freshmen, Freshmen, yes we are the

Freshmen:

We all entered Normal, this year Seniors haughty, think that we are naughty

But we don't mind their teasing. No.

Brilliant greenish hue we always wear

For we heed the orders of the mighty Seniors.

Very, very seldom have our homework.

'Cause we like to dodge work!

We're the Freshmen, Rah! Rah! Rah!

Mr. Bennett—"Tell me what you think of the Turkish atrocities."

Freshman—"I'll have you understand that I'm one of the few girls who still refrain from smoking."

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The handsome, the intellectual, and the majority.**"The Neighborhood
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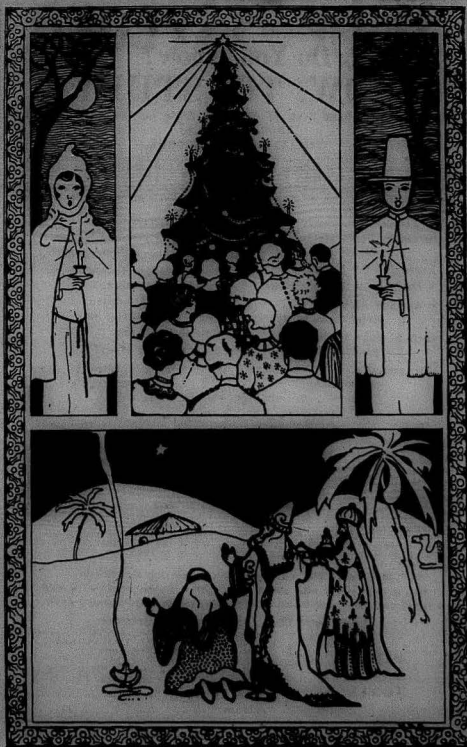
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The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

VOL. XIV

December Issue, 1925

No. 3

White Knight

A Christmas Story

By HAROLD R. DECKOFF



CHARLES DELLWOOD JONES was in an ungracious mood as he sat in his luxurious office chair facing his visitor across the glistening expanse of the polished mahogany desk-top. He was plainly bored and his visitor, a mild-looking, plainly dressed woman, rose wearily and reached for her umbrella.

"I'm sorry you feel as you do, Mr. Jones. I had surely hoped you would help us. You could easily spare the money and it means so much to us."

"I'm tired of this infernal begging," was the gruff answer. "If I responded to but a quarter of these pleas I'll be a pauper in a month. No, I'm not building any gilded palaces for orphans and that's final."

"We are not seeking a gilded palace, Mr. Jones, a plain brick building on the site of the one that was burned is all we hope for. It would cost about thirty thousand dollars and we ask you for but one thousand. Surely that is not asking too much to care for our parentless children."

"I'm sorry; I cannot help you," a trifle less gruffly, "and now—I have a dinner appointment."

They rode down in the elevator in silence. The car was gaily decorated with Christmas wreaths and the cheery-faced operator really seemed to mean it as he bade them "Merry Christmas" when they stepped out at the main floor.

"Good-bye, Mr. Jones, and I hope you think differently about this to-morrow."

"Sorry I can't offer you a lift, Mrs. Williams, and I know I won't change my mind about your orphanage."

Charles Dellwood Jones' glistening motor car whirled him rapidly to his exclusive club. Somehow he was really displeased with himself. Why on earth had he refused Brown, his banker's, invitation to Christmas dinner? Now he must eat alone in the gloomy grandeur of the almost deserted club. All the members were off to their Christmas Eve gayety, save those who had nowhere else to go but to the club.

In the dining room he encountered Prevost, an old covey, alone like himself, and together they ate a Christmas dinner that an epicure might have envied, yet the food seemed strangely tasteless.

Dinner over, they wandered into the huge, softly-lit living room and unconcerned themselves in the deeply upholstered easy chairs.

"Prevost, I'm sick of this. I've had all kinds of beggars at my office today. All trying to get something for nothing, just because tomorrow's the twenty-fifth of December."

"Hope you didn't fall for that Christmas bunk, Jones," was the rejoinder. "Good thing it comes only once a year. Let's have a go at the cheeseman and forget it."

A quick-footed attendant brought the cheeseman; an elaborately carved set made of ivory with felt-covered bases, and moved a silk-shaded lamp near the pair.

"Which will you have the light or the dark?" questioned Prevost. "Give me the whites—I'm hines enough as it is."

Prevost laughed and set up the pieces.

They were deep in the intricacies of the game when the attendant, again appeared and apologetically claimed Prevost's attention.

"Your pardon, Mr. Prevost, but you are wanted on the telephone."

Prevost rose reluctantly. "Be back in a few moments, Jones," he said, and departed.

Jones settled himself deeper in his chair and watched the pieces on the board. How beautifully they were carved. What an air of dignity that king had. One might almost think they were—what was this? The pieces were slowly, but none the less surely, moving on the board. They were moving of their own accord! Slowly they were growing larger! Now they were almost life-size. The chessboard itself changed to a trampled plain. The knights rode their fiery chargers across a field of battle, and at each corner of the plain a towering castle rose.

Upon the plain a furious battle raged. The air was filled with the clashing of arms. Swords scintillated as they rose and fell in glittering arcs, and shouts and battle cries rose to the skies. Clearly Jones saw the opposing factions. One side was garbed in the purest white, while black as sin were the habiliments of their opponents. Jones watched in amusement. These were the forces of good and evil in their eternal clash. Back and forth and back and forth they crossed and recrossed the trampled field. Slowly the white forces were losing ground. Slowly they were being driven back. Fighting fiercely yet desperately, they were contesting every foot of ground. And then Jones saw a shameful sight. A white knight—motionless upon his steed. His sword was sheathed though it might have served to turn the tide of battle. A coward in such a noble company. And yet the face of the craven knight was oddly familiar. It couldn't be—yet still the cowardly knight looked strangely like himself. And—why there was a woman on the field of conflict—fighting valiantly, her hair streaming in the wind, while round her clustered a group of pawns wildly looking to her for help as the dark forces pressed closer about them.

Hotter and more fierce waged the conflict. Wonder of wonders—was not that heroic woman oddly like Mrs. Williams? It surely resembled her! And—yes, the pawns around her for whom she was fighting so great a fight, had the wan, drawn faces of her orphans, and their brimming eyes were turned appealingly to the white knight, who yet remained motionless.

"Craven," Jones cried, "yield me that sword." He reached eagerly for it and—

"What the deuce is wrong with you?" Prevost's voice broke in, "that turkey stuffing must have given you the nightmares. Sorry I was so long that you fell asleep. Come on, let's resume the game."

"Guess that stuffing was rather rich," Jones grinned. "Sorry about the game—I've just remembered an important appointment with Brown, my banker. Here," to the attendant, "call my car—quickly."

Brown, the banker, received his caller coldly. At Christmas he gathered his family and his friends about him and dismissed the cares of business from his thoughts. He rather rambled being called away from the cheery logs blazing in the Dutch fireplace in the living room. Animated chatter and merry laughter floated out to them in the reception hall.

Jones was having difficulty in expressing himself. He was stammering in his eagerness.

"Hang it all, Jones, I never transact business on Christmas Eve," Brown was saying.

"Just listen to me—you've simply got to come down to your bank with me—I need that certification stamp of yours. Wait—let me explain," and he told what he had just witnessed and what he wanted done.

Banker Brown was laughing heartily when the explanation ceased. "Sure I'll help you. Be more than glad to do it. Your car is outside you say? Let's get it done quickly and hurry back and join the fun."

A special messenger delivered an official-looking envelope to Mrs. Williams on Christmas day and great was the astonishment of that good woman to draw forth a certified check reading:

"The First National Bank will pay to the Orphanage Rebuilding Fund the sum of thirty thousand dollars, on demand.

The White Knight."

The Greatest Fault

Cringing to hear her strike out bitterly—
Sarcastic, cynical—toward some, or
To gaze without love at others.

I said, "Her heart is hard,
To be hard-hearted is inexcusable
In woman."

But when I saw blind pain in her eyes
When, in narrowness, she had pushed away those she loved,
I said, "She lacks understanding.
Not to see clearly is—most to be-pitied,
In woman."

Josephine Choate.

The Mother's Gift

The mother stood, quiet, a drab figure
At the counter of broken toys,
Shawled head bent, absorbed
She pondered with inbred peasant thrift
On each selection. In her face
I read a staunch pride
In her knowledge that secretly
She could mend the torn, giving to each
Individuality, add color, and joy—
Her eyes a sturdy cantele.
Of thanks that even she could be
A giver of good gifts.

Josephine Choate.

FARMER ADAM
(A Bedtime Story for Christmas Eve)

Christmas Eve it was, and at the same time it was half past seven. In half an hour or thirty minutes it would be eight o'clock; in half a day it would be Christmas; and in something less than half a month it would be New Year's. Thus sadly mused old farmer Adam Apple as he comfortably balanced himself on his good old two-legged milking stool, milking Fanny, his favorite old baw, with one hand, and playing Ethel, his sweet-toned old piccolo, with the other. Farmer Adam was sad.

The melancholy notes of "Turkey in the Straw" issued eadly in a liquid stream from his soulful instrument to the soft accompaniment of the Grade A milk which issued from the cow in a liquid stream also. How come farmer Adam sad? There was no fatal mortgage on the old house—be rented it; and while it be true that there were no engagement rings on the finger of his daughter, there would be as soon as young farmer Jenkins could send to Shears and Rhoads.

Yet, farmer Adam shed a briny tear, which ran down his cheek, across his chin, off his whiskers, into the milk pail, so that it mechanically overflowed immediately. With a sigh of relief farmer Adam stopped work, laid his good old piccolo on Fanny's broad back and lightly tripped through the front door with his milky burden. Mechanically dropping the milk pail, upside down, on his wife's head, he hurried into the music room, carelessly picked up a blackish cylinder of the cream separator and inserted it into the 1901 model Edison churn.

Mechanically the subtle melody of "Red Hot Mama" prevailed and with the very first strains, a passionate glaze o'erspread the eyes of farmer Adam. Mechanically he commenced what appeared to be a cross between a double shuffle and a sailor's horripole. But it was of no use. Gradually farmer Adam regained control of his feet and extinguished the melody. The jig was up. Mechanically he abandoned: "Jeepers, it is too late now," he sobbed, "No help can arrive tonight—and tomorrow it will be Christmas—" Farmer Adam was still sad.

Mrs. Apple, busy skinning onions in the kitchen, was in the very act of coloring a batch of old Easter eggs when she was startled out of her skinning by a huge crash in the music room. Suddenly the door bell clanked! Neglecting the crash entirely, she rushed to the door. It was the mail-man; and as was his wont, he brought the Moravia Modern Mentor and in the Moravia Modern Mentor was the fourth weekly article by Gladys Graham; and in this article was the precise formula for mastering the histation movement of the Charleston!

But it had come too late. Three seconds formerly, farmer Adam, first three lessons in hand, had in sheer despair pushed the old piano over onto himself. Farmer Adam Apple's adam's apple had done its work in this world and throbbled for the last time.

And, lo, the next day was Christmas just the same!

Miss Sprague—Holds up picture of a queer looking Puritan.

"Fall!" "Fall!"—"It looks like John Coughlin."

Miss Sprague (to quell laughter of class)—"Now don't make fun of the picture."

There was once a young driver named Morning

Who refused to heed any warning.

He drove on the track

Without looking back

So they're mourning this morning for Morning.



Students and the World Court

On November 14 and 15, delegates from Buffalo Normal, together with others from Syracuse, Hobart, Alfred, Keuka, Rochester, and other colleges, listened to prominent speakers discuss the World Court. The delegates who went and reported on this in Assembly in a most interesting manner were: Robert Black, Maurice Rovner, Marion Slaven, Eleanor Backus and Ruth Berner.

A vote upon the United States entrance into the World Court under the Harding-Hughes Coolidge reservations was taken; 303 students voted for entrance and 43 voted against entrance. It is indeed gratifying to see so many students in favor of this important step. The Faculty also took a vote and we were delightfully surprised to see that only ONE Faculty member was in opposition to United States participation in the World Court. Don't ask—we can't tell you who it was.

Comment on all this World Court activity among students comes from all corners of every State. One of the last to be received was this wholly unadmitted estimate of the student conferences from Newton D. Baker, our former Secretary of War:

"I hope you will permit me to express my enthusiastic approval of the plan to have this series of student conferences on the World Court. The President is doing his full share and the pressure of public opinion alone can prevent the destruction of his generous policy by a group of irresolute Senators. Public opinion is powerful when co-ordinated and led. The duty of leadership, it seems to me, belongs to the academic and religious groups of the country. We now have a chance to demonstrate a great and wholesome truth, viz. that the college of the country ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~can~~ ^{can} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~made~~ ^{made} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~wise~~ ^{wise} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~rational~~ ^{rational} things and I hope the demonstration will be complete. These conferences will help to make it so."

The Zone Meetings

It is of great interest to us to know that Doctor Rockwell was made Chairman of the Resolutions Committee at the recent meeting of the State Teachers' Association in Syracuse. In addition to Doctor Rockwell, the faculty was represented by a very able delegate in the person of Mr. Bradley.

This meeting in Syracuse was a general meeting for the State, and was attended by delegates from the various schools. Formerly, all the meetings were held in this manner. This limited the attendance to a very few and kept the membership of the State Teachers' Association quite small. Two years ago, however, the State was divided into seven zones with a center or meeting place in each one. Immediately, the membership in the Association began to increase. Now, instead of an attendance of about six thousand, it is possible under the new plan to secure the attendance of approximately thirty thousand teachers.

On December 1st Dr. Rockwell addressed the University of Women and on the 15th the League of Women Voters.

Education Week

Since it was impossible to have an Assembly every day, our Education Week Program was combined and celebrated in two Student Assemblies. These Assemblies took place on the mornings of November 17 and 24. Students from the Education Classes of the school participated in making this an impressive occasion.

We were indeed fortunate in having as our speaker for Constitution Day, Judge George Burd, Professor of Constitutional Law at the Buffalo University. As students of this Buffalo Normal School we ought to appreciate Judge Burd and the great thing he has done for us. It was he, who, while serving the State in the capacity of Senator, introduced the Bill into the Legislature that provided for the erection of our present Alma Mater. Not content with this, he even went with Doctor Upton, then Principal, to the Governor, to urge that worthy person to affix his signature to the Bill.

Christmas Program

December 16, Kindergarten Party; 2:30, Christmas play for School of Practice; 8:15, Christmas Play for Public.

December 17, 2:30, School Party in Gymnasium.

December 18, 9:00, Christmas Play for Students; during morning, Carols by the Walls.

December 23, School of Practice Party.

"Food for Needy Families" Campaign

We are proud to report that fifty needy families in Buffalo enjoyed a hearty Thanksgiving dinner.

Over fifty baskets filled to the brim with food as well as thirty dollars in money were donated during the campaign on November 24th and 25th.

It was only through the hearty support and co-operation of the student body that this campaign was made a success.

We are mighty proud that our B. S. N. S. should respond to the appeal with such splendid spirit and enthusiasm.

School Dramas

The Dramatic Club's play proved a huge success. The play under the direction of Helen Cooke was well acted. Gertrude Rodmas displayed remarkable dramatic ability and in John Webster, Miss Keeler has a young man who will be heard from in future dramatic doings.

Of course the talk of the school is the Christmas Play. You who thought nothing could quite equal "The Blessed Birthday" must be convinced after seeing the splendid production of "The Nativity". The production under the direction of Miss Keeler was superbly staged. Helen Moulton and Dorothy Maccomb were especially good as the two old Irish women. The spectacular tableaux with which the play concluded left a lasting impression and a true Christmas spirit with all.

THE CAST: Old Women—Helen Moulton, Dorothy Maccomb; Mary—Evelyn L. Gram; St. Joseph—John Coughlin; An Angel—Alice Hannell; Kings—William Burch, Olin Risley, Carl Minich; Shepherds—Martin Fried, Ray Graham, Thomas Finsterbach.

Angels—Harriet Crosby, Margaret Kinsley, Agnes Parry, Mary Galvin, Mary Moran, Evelyn Bell, Hildagard Launspach, Gertrude Mackinder, Ruth Bernar, Margaret Wendel, Audrey Stewart, Julia Forsyth, Benedetta Di Francesca, Edith Kennebrook, Evelyn Gramp, Mildred Weber, Doris Beckman, Mildred Barrows, Eleanor Backus, Virginia Cosaboon, Alice Weinheimer.

University of Buffalo Players

Normal was honored on the twelfth of this month by having the Dramatic Club of the University of Buffalo present, "The Bank Robbery," "On Vengeance Heights" and "Bobby Settles Down" on our stage. This was an excellent opportunity for Normal students to see what is being accomplished by outside dramatic clubs.

Alma Mater has been very lone the past few weeks. How strange it has seemed to go past the Kindergarten Office and fail to catch a glimpse of our special friend, Miss Cassey.

Our hearts are filled with joy to think that she is making such rapid strides toward recovery, and we sincerely hope to have her with us very soon. We take this opportunity to wish Miss Cassey a very Merry Christmas and a Bright and Happy New Year.

The Annual Calendar

No wonder the great Black Question was in such brilliant orange—it was of importance to the entire school. Now, since you know that this mysterious sign was advertising the newest accomplishment of Normal's Alumni—display this same curiosity—purchase a copy of this Calendar and peruse its pages!

The very artistic sketch framing each page is the work of Miss Jeannine Long and deserves special mention. One of the most delightful features of the book is its excellent photography. Mr. Hare, in his work, has given us not merely school pictures, but works of art.

The dedication of the book to Dr. Rockwell is only fitting as an evidence of appreciation for what he has done.

The spirit on the part of those who compiled it is indeed worthy of its Alma Mater.

School Calendar

January 4, 1926, school resumed after Christmas recess; January 25-29, term examinations; February 1, new term begins; February 13, holiday for Lincoln's Birthday; February 22, holiday for Washington's Birthday; April 1-13, Easter recess.

December 3rd, 1925.

Editor of the Record—

Yesterday you hauled me out for writing my matter for the Record in pencil and so today I have borrowed this typewriter with which to write my future contributions.

As you can readily see I have become quite an expert. For example: Now is the time for albigood men ti come to the aid of their party. Proty good, eh, what? (I called the question mark that time.)

At any rate—Holy Gee—I've busted the ph so I'll have to phorget about philling up a phew paragraphs phor the Record or phind a new and phancier machine. Therefore—WOW—there goes the co—and now how caball I continue thics letter? Alacs—and the guy who loaned me thics told me it was a crackling good machine. Cooch—what caball I do? And at thic I only borrowed thics phlukes—now the wlt is gone—tipewriter and I want to return it with a phew letters cawill get on it.

Oph courses you can appreciate the dupliciteeces under which I am now writing cso I will closee now while I cstill have a phew pates oph the tpeewriter leph.

Respectphully yourcs, Harold B. Dechoh.

The Men's Club Smoker



On the evening of November 12th the Men's Club gave the second of what we hope will prove to be a series of smokers. The informality of the occasion and the friendly mixing of the men—both faculty and students—constitute one of the pleasantest features of Buffalo Normal. The smokers provide evenings of the kind which will be pleasant memories in later years. From such beginnings spring school traditions and school spirit. The men of Buffalo Normal owe much to Mr. Clement and the able committee assisting him.

Dr. Rockwell attended and entered to the tune of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" sung so lustily that people over on Delaware Avenue wondered where the fire was. For the first time we saw Dr. Rockwell taken by surprise—he had not expected to be called upon to speak. Rising to the occasion, however, he made a speech—a short speech—but one which proved we had chosen the right song with which to greet him.

Much of the entertainment was furnished by the singing of the members and Billy Keirnan and his orchestra did great work.

The principal speaker of the evening was Mr. Pillsbury, Deputy Superintendent of Schools in Buffalo, who spoke on "Social Reasons for Industrial Schools". He could hardly have chosen a subject in which his hearers would have been more deeply interested and it was handled with the skill of a master.

Next we adjourned to the gymnasium where a group of "wise-crackers" presented Mr. Voss with some cigars. The majority of them (the cigars) were quite all right but one was about 14 inches long by perhaps two inches in circumference and might easily have been used for a walking stick. After computing the area of terrible tobacco in it, Mr. Voss decided to re-present it to the donors and make them smoke it. They each took one puff and quit. Had they taken another they probably would have departed to a land where cigars are not in evidence.

The boxing bouts witnessed could more aptly be termed slug-fests and many a warrior bit the dust. Cider and sinkers closed a most enjoyable evening—let's hope for another soon.

That Banquet

The Men's Club Banquet was held in the school cafeteria on November 23rd and was attended by eighty men, most of whom were in a state closely approaching famine when they entered the dining room. In order to appease their ravishing appetites the dinner was served immediately—and what a dinner! The members of the Homemaking Department who prepared that dinner will be wasting their talents if they become teachers. They should be chefs.

The speakers were Mr. Charles E. Rhodes and Mr. Carl H. Burkhardt, whose codfish story was greatly enjoyed by the gathering. John Conighin deserves the gratitude of all who attended for the fine quality of the program. The committee wishes to thank the members of the Homemaking Department for the splendid service accorded them.

Special mention should be given to the artists who have recently been posted on the bulletin board of the Dramatic Club, which advertised the program. The ship were especially excellent and the program was

Penmanship News

How many of us really appreciate the words that fall daily from the lips of our faculty in our respective classrooms? Once in a while, these oft-repeated grains of knowledge fall on fertile soil, take root, and bear fruit. Sometimes they thrive for a time, but are choked out of existence by that "note that must be passed to Mary Jane," or the "perfectly wonderful time we had at the dance last night or are expecting to have tonight". Many more times these seeds fall on rocky soil and wither away from lack of nourishment.

We mean well, of course, but it often takes another person to make us appreciate the everyday privileges of life. We hope we are not speaking in riddles—but we were greatly impressed with the fact that so many of the speakers at the Section Meetings of the Teachers' Convention repeated again and again the selfsame truths that our persevering teachers endeavor to impress upon us every day in the year.

Following are a few sentences from Mr. Pillsbury's address to the Penmanship section. Do you find any old friends?

"It is not the amount of practice, but the kind of practice that counts. Perfect practice makes for perfect work."

"Some of us have two sets of 'Writing Habits'—one for the Practice Period, and one set for our other written work. All Penmanship work should be judged, not from the Practice Period, but from the constant application of the truths learned in this period to all other written work." "Give constructive criticisms. We use too many 'don'ts' and not enough 'do's'."

So, Classmates, resolve to be "fertile soil" from this time forth. Remember, you do not have to attend a Convention to learn the newest ideas in the School World. You can derive these same ideas with many more besides from the daily work in the classrooms of Buffalo Normal.

Station B. S. N. S.

How were your radios working on the thirtieth? Don't tell me you weren't listening in! Mr. Clement deserves the highest praise for the excellent program he arranged. Miss Spler and the artists also deserve hearty congratulations for their contributions.

Members of the Glee Club again had the thrill which comes only thru broadcasting—Frank Barrett and Wallace Ormsby, our talented cornetists; Mary Winter, our versatile artist; Benedetta Di Francesca, Edith and Angell Ferris, the accompanists; Charlotte Risley and Mr. Vogt were also thoroly thrilled and thrilling!

Our new artists deserve much credit and with much sincerity we congratulate Alda Fisher for her piano solo, Harriet Crosley and Olin Risley for their vocal work.

Dr. Chase has been busy, as usual, going about here and there giving helpful hints on Psychology and Related Problems of Child Training. Already this season she has lectured in Hamburg, Attica, Batavia and Kenwood besides many other surrounding towns. The forty-nine lectures that Dr. Chase gave last year were of such value and interest that requests for repeated talks have come for months in the future.

New Drinking Fountain.

Although our bulletin board has drawn many students from the general school department to view the excellent material thereon we feel that more of them will enjoy it after the Christmas holidays when they will find a drinking fountain located near the bulletin board for their accommodation. It is a most convenient and thrilling!

SCHOLARSHIP NEWS

Pity the poor scribe! What with the Convention and the Thanksgiving holidays just past and the Christmas vacation just ahead, slim are the gleanings in the way of news. Most of us went home for the holiday and are busily preparing to go again for Christmas and so school news suffers. Alas! also slack!

A few events of general interest occurred, however. One of these was the lovely costume worn by Miss Tommy Finsterbach recently upon the occasion of her debut. A lovely garland of paper maché decorated her noble brow and much beribboned was she generally.

Aprons of Miss Finsterbach's costume—what has happened to the back of Tilley's head? He seems to have had an argument with a horse clipper.

The writer has proved himself a prophet! In our previous notes we predicted that the bowling night would be a HOWLING success. It was! Sixteen of us attended and while no records or necks were broken still we had a great amount of fine exercise and whole-hearted fun. Koch's Pin-Head Hunters defeated Clark's Wood Choppers by a mere 219 points. Cook and Peterson displayed their ability to throw a beautifully straight ball down the gutters, while Krans was firmly convinced the pins were nailed down. Werle was high man of the evening. The final results follow:

Koch's Pin-Head Hunters.....	819	899	991-3700
Clark's Wood Choppers.....	663	896	923-3481

What has become of our interest in Basketball? Krans explains it thus:

"The baskets I shoot for our clan, tra la,
 Have nothing to do with the case;
 For it doesn't take much of a slam, tra la,
 To blacken the eyes in my face.

The writer takes this opportunity to wish the members of the class a very Merry Christmas.

SECOND-YEAR INDUSTRIAL UTTERINGS

For several weeks past the class has been visiting various industrial plants in the city. Throughout these visits a generous assortment of samples have fallen our way, such as shaving cream, rubber, biscuits and general indigestion.

Suggestions for the Coming Trips, for

"Farmer" Webster—some date books and pencils.
 "Modest" Walsh—larger pockets and bachel basket. (For bakery trips).
 "Angel" Smith and "Spark-Plug" Bents—special size bean-bag and rattle.
 "Cow-boy" Howe—water drain for his "Leaping Lena." (Remember the food.)

Prominent Members in the Spotlight

"By" Schottin—Last week I was telling you about, etc. etc. etc.
 "Bald-Patch" Tilly—The "Daddy" of the class.
 "Concrete" Casey—Slowly rounding into shape for hectic basketball season.
 "Tote" Keiman—The class "Pug" is still wondering what hit him at the last Smoker.
 "Longhy" Engdahl—The "shining light" of the Methods class.

HOME-MAKING NEWS

On December 3, Phi Upsilon Omicron Fraternity presented a program to the Homemaking Department in memory of Ellen H. Richards. Miss Mary Galvin spoke on the early life of Ellen H. Richards followed by the college life delivered by Miss Emma Coleman. Miss Elsa Sanders concluded the program by her presentation to the department of the portrait of Ellen H. Richards.

On November 16, the Juniors got together and had one good time at Ella Coleman's. After a delicious buffet supper, at which the Foods Major's showed their skill, the remainder of the evening was spent in games and dancing. The Juniors are planning to have more of these parties during the winter months.

The homemaking students did their bit at Thanksgiving time when baskets were made up for poor families. Most of these families were connected with the work of the teaching centers.

On December 3 and 4, Miss Myrtle V. Candell and Miss Mildred E. Stupp were in Cleveland attending the national home economics convention.

The Federal Board Teacher Training Conference met at the Hotel Statler December 10 and 11. Miss EDITH Thomas of Washington and Miss Trava Kaufman of Albany called the meeting. They, with other homemaking teachers from Albany State Teachers' College and Cornell University, were the guests of our homemaking faculty at a dinner at the Buffalo Athletic Club on Thursday evening, December 10.

On Friday afternoon, December 11, these guests were entertained at an informal tea at the Practice House at which the Seniors were hostesses.

We were very pleased to see our faculty looking so well and feeling so fine after their Thanksgiving vacation. This was perhaps due to the fact that Miss Hanson spent her Thanksgiving in Brooklyn, Miss Smith at Cambridge, N. Y., Mrs. Nye at Elyria, Ohio, Mrs. Gemmill at Batavia, Miss Keever at North Collins, Mrs. Taylor at Rochester, Miss Donaldson at West Falls and Miss Restrow at Albany.

A gift, valuable not only to the Homemaking Department but to the entire school, has been presented by Phi Upsilon Omicron Fraternity to the Home Economics Department. Unquestionably you have already stopped to admire the kindly, intelligent and ambitious face of Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, whose picture now hangs in the upper corridor. There could be no more fitting tribute to a woman who has so advanced Home Economics. It stands at the entrance to the department—an inspiration to the students—a tribute to this noble pioneer.

If one is looking for a good book to read, then "Art in Every Day Life" by Harriet and Vetta Goldstein, should not be overlooked. This should not be of interest to homemaking students alone, but to students throughout the whole school as well.

Home Economics' Election

Something that should be of interest to our students since our Home Economics Club has become affiliated with State and Normal Home Economics is the election of Miss Henrietta Straub of Masten Park High School as President of the Western New York State Home Economics Association, succeeding the presidency of Mrs. Anna M. Gemmill. Mrs. Helen Jaeger was chosen chairman for the next annual meeting of the Home Economics Association.



CHRISTMAS BOOK SUGGESTIONS

"Glorious Apollo"—by E. Barrington—A story dealing with the life of Byron in which the author's sympathy is vested with Lady Byron.

"Mother"—E. F. Benson—A brilliant son's tribute to an amazing woman—his mother. The book also introduces the reader to other members of a most interesting family.

"The Pilgrim of Eternity—Byron—A Conflict"—by John Drinkwater—The tempestuous mind and soul of the poet and lover portrayed in a colorful, readable study.

"Drums"—James Boyd—"Historical novel of the American Revolution."

"Thunder on the Left"—Christopher Morley—A story that takes as its theme the conflict between the true spirit of living and life as it must be lived.

"The Private Life of Helen of Troy"—John Erskine—Mr. Erskine draws aside the curtain of the ages and lets us see the real Helen. There is much here of the younger generation, of its love and its attitude toward conventions.

"The Perennial Bachelor"—Anne Parish—The 1925 Harper Prize novel.

"Christina Alberta's Father"—H. G. Wells—A return to the author's early manner in "Kippis" and "Mr. Polly".

"The Elder Sister"—Frank Swinerton—A moving story of two sisters in love with the same man.

"Portrait of a Man with Red Hair"—Hugh Walpole—A thrilling romance.

"The Great Pandolfo"—William J. Locke—The Romance of a genius and a wilful lady.

BIOGRAPHY

"Twenty-five Years" 1892-1916—by Viscount Grey of Fallodon—The memoirs of England's great statesman who was for a longer time in charge of foreign affairs than any other minister in the world.

"The Life of Sir William Osler"—Harvey Cushing—Life history of a noble man and a great physician.

SHORT STORIES

"Georgian Stories of 1825"—A fine collection of short stories of English background.

"Caravan"—John Galsworthy—A volume of 760 pages, uniform with the "Forsyte Saga", containing all of Mr. Galsworthy's fiction shorter than the novel in length.

POETRY

"What o'Clock"—Amy Lowell—Poems written by Miss Lowell during the last four years of her life that have a "beauty, a vitality and technical perfection unsurpassed in any of her earlier work."

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Hall Control

Did you ever walk in the halls of Columbia University, the New York State College for Teachers, or in the University of Buffalo? If you have, you must have noticed the absolute absence of anyone guarding the halls against noise and disturbance. Today we want our own school to be precisely that. The problem that faces us is, how are we going to get it?

At the time of this writing all is confusion. It is our belief that few students have any conception of what is being aimed at. Some think that the Hall Control problem will be solved if we have the disturbers reported and tried by their fellow classmates. Such a system may work very well in the exterior world, where we are governed by our peers, but we venture to say (backed by at least two college publications) that any system whereby a student is reported and tried by his fellow classmates is doomed to failure. Logically, then, the only other method is to rely solely upon the individual taking care of himself. In the consideration of this point the bitter truth faces us—we are not able to take care of ourselves. For this we blame the

high school and even the grammar school. We have come to Normal totally unfit to govern ourselves. Our training must begin long before we enter Normal. This school, nevertheless, should help us conquer the bad habits which have obtained their grip upon us before we ever came here. The Faculty says it is willing to co-operate. Since Faculty and Student Body are willing to act together why then is it so hard to find some way of keeping quiet in the halls? All of us know that it is because of the extremely crowded conditions in the school. We believe that we have some solution for quiet during the worst time—the lunch hour.

It is unfortunate that some students doubt the sincerity of the Faculty in this Hall Control Campaign. It is claimed that the hour is a very bad one. During that hour there are no classes in the gymnasium (or there should be none). Why then are we not permitted to use the gymnasium for dancing or recreational purposes? The Faculty says that some benches have been damaged. However the damage was not great and was done unintentionally. With supervision in the gymnasium this would not happen. The Faculty claims also that this would detract from the students' studying, but we know that it does not. After eating their lunches the students do not wish to study and they must find some place to go. During this interval they congregate in the halls and cause quite a disturbance. If we wish to have quiet in the halls as they have in other colleges we must have some place to go to just the same as they have. We believe that if the same conditions existed in college they, too, would have a hall control problem.

The conclusion is obvious. Faculty control is undesirable. Student control, as well as individual control, can only be accomplished thru evolutionary and educational processes. It will take some time before students of this school are ready for individual or group control. We lay this blame to our earlier education. We see only one way to bridge the gap and relieve the Hall Control problem during the lunch hour rush—try us—give us a chance to use the gymnasium under proper supervision.

Militarism Versus Peace

The December issue of "The Techtoman Junior," the Technical High School paper, contains a startling editorial entitled "Pacifism." In part, the editorial has this to say, "The war is long since over and our days of battle were not many, but what a disastrous short time we were in it. . . . It is generally conceded that we Americans are a fighting nation filled with the spirit of right in the cause of democracy, but can this spirit abate our guns or teach us the methods of warfare? . . . The Great God of War always favors the discipline of preparedness. General John J. Pershing, commander of the A. E. F., spoke to an assemblage of over three thousand young men at Plattsburg and it is his message that should be our doctrine for aye. He said that the greatest curse of the American people is their belief in the constant peace of our nation. He asked that every young man before him, when he got home, should condemn pacifism and show his family what price unpreparedness has cost in the history of our country. America appeals to the younger generation to be true. If there is another war, will you be ready? Can you be ready? It is possible for every fellow in the United States to get a military training."

We stand aghast and painfully surprised to see such a spirit manifested in a Buffalo High School. But upon second thought we are not so surprised—probably many other high schools think in precisely the same way. We believe that if there is such a thing as the greatest American curse it must be the desire for American isolation and jingoism. Contrarily the most heavenly blessing of the American people "is their belief in the constant peace

of our nation." When we entered the World War most of us thought that our great foe was German militarism; so we entered to make the world safe for democracy. We honestly believed that a nation requiring its young men to take military training could not be regarded as being a devotee to peace. Yet read this High School editorial and see how this is contradicted.

This, surely, is the most inopportune time such an editorial could have been written. Talk and preparedness for war leads to war. Some of our citizens are so myopic they cannot see across the waters. Europe is sick of war. She wants peace forever. Why is there a League of Nations and a World Court? Europe is preparing for a disarmament conference and yet we talk of armies, but—not all of us talk of armies. An increasingly large number want permanent peace and justice and included in this number are thousands of college students who are fighting against militarism and for United States participation in the World Court.

We are not writing just for the sake of criticizing our friends on the Technical High School paper, but we hope that we can correct their misguided and distorted viewpoint. We think that our present military forces are sufficient. During the World War we mobilized and trained over three million men in a year and a half, but now we hope that we shall never again have to raise an army. "The Technionian Junior" states that it is possible for every fellow in the United States to get a military training. They quote from the military viewpoint of General Pershing in order to back up their statements.

We, however, believe what our leader, President Coolidge, said in his June, 1925, speech before the United States Naval Academy graduating class, "The preparation of American schoolboys to be soldiers and officers is both adding to the American military establishment and spending more money on military forces. It is not only agrandisement of the military arm, but it is training these boys to think in terms of war purposes and military spirit." John Dewey, America's greatest educational philosopher, challenges, "Military training is undemocratic, barbaric and educationally wholly unwise."

We Normal School students are deeply concerned in this subject. We are to guide future American citizens. As such we must combat the rising tide of nationalism and militarism. We have awakened from the slumber of aloof content to the full realization that the true American citizen of the future will also be a citizen of the world. Not by ominous armies, but by friendship, education and understanding will this future citizen ever develop.

This magazine aspires to be the record of student life. It therefore welcomes genuine opinion sincerely expressed on any subject of vital interest to the Buffalo State Normal School. While the author of the article against co-operative hall control has assumed a premise which he has thus far in the development of the subject no warrant to take for granted (that monitors will parade the corridors); while his arguments, furthermore, can easily be refuted, we publish the article with pleasure and look forward to replies and suggestions for further developing the subject.

Eileen Mulholland.

One But Not Forgotten

Have you noticed as you passed thru the basement recently that something has been missing? Perhaps you have not been paying particular attention to the surrounding atmospheric conditions—but what's missing is SMOKE. The reason—the spirit of true co-operation on the part of the men. Such action of the 121 men "draining-off" while in school has come as an outgrowth in bettering hall conditions and a spirit which should be contagious throughout the school.

A SYMPOSIUM ON HALL CONTROL

The following statements are taken from articles by people in the school who are deeply interested in the subject of Hall Control:

The Faculty Viewpoint

There have been frequent inquiries from students concerning the possibility of student government in Normal. Possibly student government has seldom been established in any school by one act or in one given year. It is usually the result of a slow but determined effort on the part of those interested in both student body and faculty to develop responsibility on the part of the entire school. Such concerted efforts are co-operation whether called by that name or not.

The present efforts which are being made to develop a co-operative plan for governing conduct in the halls of our school are worthy of careful consideration by everyone who wants Normal to keep abreast of the times, develop into a true Teacher's College and compare favorably in spirit with other colleges.

The trend in all modern schools is away from formal discipline toward a more democratic method of directing the activities of the institution. We should be moving in this direction.

All representatives of sections or classes and the faculty committee on hall control are agreed that individual responsibility for conduct in the halls should be backed up by the larger group; the section in the general normal; the class in the vocational-homemaking or vocational-industrial department.

As the matter stands now the success or failure of this movement depends almost entirely on whether or not these groups of students are going to work out any plan of organization to help the individuals in their group conduct themselves in a way that will reflect credit on their section or class and the institution at large.

Let us all think straight on this matter in the hope that something more far-reaching may develop for the good of the school.

Charles B. Bradley.

Student Comments on Hall Control

The general sentiment in our school life is one of co-operation: Are YOU interested in our problem? Is it a question of vital importance to you? Will you not then prove your interest by suggesting to your student representative of Hall Control, a definite plan whereby our problem may be solved? We need your co-operation!

"Rome was not built in a day." History repeats itself in this Buffalo Normal School, and we, the founders of the Homemaking Department, do not feel that student control in the halls or otherwise, can be "built in a day." We approve heartily of the principle, but feel that the change should be evolutionary rather than revolutionary.

We are going at Hall Control with a will, and when we graduate from Normal, henceforth, our Faculty will give us this blessing:

"Well done, thou good and faithful student. Thou hast made thyself master over thyself; thou shalt be made master over many others."

If, as Mr. Bradley says, "the trouble lies not in the lack of willingness to co-operate, but rather in the co-operation itself," the remedy is to secure some method of co-operation and make it known.

Second Year Grammar I under the section captain has worked out a plan; very feasible it seems to be. The plan is that we will be responsible for our own behavior. We will conduct ourselves as if we were an individual minus a group of friends. If you were walking alone would you ever give a skip of pure felicity, if overjoyed? You would not; you would, however, if you were with your own friends. If you want to "cut up" save that for the dancing in the Gym class—you'll need it.

But if we all fall short and make any objectionable disturbance, anyone may report us to members of our section, who in turn refer us to a committee within the section. These decide the punishment. Probably we will suffer by the mere fact that we have been found lacking the true spirit. For those who forget a second time—there will be a Court of Appeals consisting of the present Hall Control Committee. These will discuss you, your offense, and the punishment. It will be rather serious to be summoned to this court.

All this means, of course, that the responsibility will be placed, first, on the individual, with the Section and Court as a checking and judicial body. The individual alone can decide whether he will be true to Normal or merely take his life at school as incidental to a hilarious time. We can show our spirit by adopting student hall control. Do you want it? You're ready—sure? Then, let's go!

Is the hall controlled? It would be as well to ask, "Am I self-controlled?" Your answer, and mine, to this question constitutes the success or failure of our control of the halls. Has each one of us realized that here is merely a matter of exercising our inborn respect for others' rights and comforts? When we all realize that the popular thing to do is to be quiet during periods and refrain from infringement on our classmates' rights, we will have a very good basis for working out in our school what in the world is being called the League of Nations.

Against Student Hall Control

We are opposed to Student Hall Control. In the discussion of this system the opponents have been given no opportunity to speak. So in behalf of the several we have consulted who are opposed, we are submitting this questionnaire to the student body. The Faculty are not supposed to read this.

1. Can the majority put across a thing of this magnitude? Is there a majority for Student Hall Control? Let us assume a majority to be in favor of the proposition. The system is put in operation. There are parts of it that don't work very well. The result is that we have always an undercurrent of opposition, which cannot be silenced. But the only way Student Control can be successful is with unanimous support of the student body. The idea, we believe, hasn't this support.

2. Who would be in charge of this Hall Control? Are you willing to obey your fellow schoolmates? Some are, but a great number aren't and will think that they are just as good as their fellow classmates. Since they are in free America, only a superior can with any certainty of being obeyed, try to give orders.

3. Who are qualified to give orders? Did you ever take the class in your section when the teacher was absent? What happened? If nothing happened and the lesson proceeded in order you can consider yourself fortunate that

you are in that section. However, we cannot say of all, in Mark Antony's words, "My section is an honorable section, so are they all, all honorable sections."

4. How much authority are you going to give the ones in control? Are they to have final and absolute control over all violations? Authority is a dangerous power in the hands of most. Do you think of anyone to fill his position? We don't. All those in favor of having _____ in charge of Student Hall Control say Yes. Opposed? The Nays have it.

5. Who is going to watch the Student Hall Committee while the Student Hall committee isn't watching? There is an hour between night and daylight when Nature lies asleep. There will be also an hour at the beginning or end of the day when student control will be lax. How will that affect the prestige and position of the student body?

6. Would you report your best friend, etc., etc.?

7. (Various other questions) We for one would rather leave our Utopia to our dreams. Besides Mr. Wells has a patent on Utopias anyway. By a Student.

Hall Control when narrowed down to its true meaning is nothing more or less than student control. May I ask the student body a question? How can we be expected to have Hall Control if we are not first given a chance to be on our own honor in our assemblies?

Shall we turn to the high school system whereby a record of a student's very actions is kept by a study room teacher? Or, shall we go further back and cleave to the elementary system in which a student reports the names of unruly classmates to the teacher?

MUST we turn back? Can we not reach ahead for our ideals? Is it impossible for a group of college students to control themselves? Unruliness among college students is, in the main, a result of forgetfulness. When you forget and your friend is there to remind you, does it hurt to take the suggestion or, to delve deeper, do you consider it lightly and as of no value? That is student control—nothing more! A section bound together by the very bonds of friendship should readily achieve that ideal? Why not?



Life's Gilt

Just to feel that you're the sum
Of all the things in life worthwhile,
Fame and riches go and come,
Life's a tear and now a smile;
But when all is said and done,
When we cast up at the end,
Of Life's glories there is one
Never dimming—that's a Friend.

S. ADAMEK.

Illustration

When I am dead, what I have felt so
long
My soul shall know in clearer,
purer light:
That where I loathed and hated, I
was wrong:
That where I loved and pitied, I was
right.

ARTHUR GUTTMAN.

VOICE OF THE STUDENT PRESS

We have taken various articles and items from our exchanges and are printing them because we are convinced that they are well worth the reading.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Art for Art's Sake

TOO many tears are shed over the student whose good work is often passed by unheeded and unrecognized by the professor. In practice, the desire to rank high in the opinion of others gnaws at the vitals of our competitive system of education. But theoretically we hold to the dictum of study for study's sake, and because our feelings after all are governed by ideals, we are bored by the instructor who sympathizes with our "what's the use" attitude when he doesn't collect papers over which we have worked hours.

In this connection, as an example of the ideal of consecration to work done in obscurity, there come to mind those lectures of Lafcadio Hearn on English literature, delivered at the University of Tokyo and published from verbatim notes of some of the Japanese students only after his death, of which Professor John Erskine of Columbia University has this to say:

"It should be remembered also that his many lectures, all illustrating this high discrimination, were delivered in a foreign land, before a group of young men who could understand only the general drift of them, and with no likelihood, as it seemed, that they would ever come under the review of western readers. Yet day in and day out Hearn lectured at Tokyo before his boys with the same care and with the same elevation of spirit as though he had been addressing an audience at the Sorbonne or at Oxford—as though the whole East, and not only

his limited classroom, were hanging on his words."—"The Campus," University of Rochester.

To Be Taken to Heart

Any student in any school who allows himself to become utterly absorbed by the routine of his school duties is not only missing the mark intended in college life, he is breeding an attitude of self-satisfaction, selfishness and greed. He is willing to take every drop of life blood from his Alma Mater, leaving her diminished for having produced him. He is a veritable parasite, sapping her life blood, flourishing but giving none of his in return.

Man is a social being. Progress and broadmindedness are the result of the interchanging of ideas. Genuine friends are few, but every normal man God has ever produced is worth the knowing. The time to make friends is just at the College age. Youth finds it an easy matter to join friendships of his associates. College life presents the ideal background for these. The common goal, the identical environment, aid greatly in making the effort less in the winning of a friend. If you fail to make friends under these conditions, then what?

Likewise the activities. If you cannot leave off from the mastering of text books long enough to participate in the social functions of the school, when they are already arranged, you'd better hike out for the tall, tall grass, you'll never be a success anyway, if you need constant submerison to get anything soaked in.—"The Northwest-ern," State Teacher's College, Alva, Oklahoma.

Student Morals

Guardians of the plastic age are finding their task, as usual, a difficult one. From several quarters come pronouncements on the evils of Gin, Jazz and Co-education.

Said Dr. Clarence Cook Little, the new President of the University of Michigan, in his inauguration speech:

"In the day of the highly explosive mixture of youth, gasoline and liquor borne swiftly on balloon tires to remote retreats; in an era of college publications skating on the thinnest possible ice of decency, it would take Hercules himself to guarantee a fair substitute, and I believe that the Augean stables were, in comparison, an early season practice."

The University of Chicago Women are the most free. Those of Wisconsin University most restrained in the Big Ten Universities, according to a comparative survey of rules in the Ohio State Lantern.

It would be impossible to have uniform rules for all Chicago's women students, according to the Chairman of the Women's University Council, Edith Foster Flint. She considers the Chicago Woman "responsible and self respecting." Rules are practically impossible because of the diversity of training of Chicago co-eds. On the other hand at the University of Wisconsin the curfew rings at 9:30.

Several Universities have blue Sundays. At Iowa, Sunday dancing is a misdemeanor. At Purdue both dancing and card playing are tabooed in co-ed houses.

All big new Universities require their Women students to register all their trips out of town including their place of destination and type of transportation as well as chaperons.

One of the many conclusions reached at the Y. M. C. A. State Student Conference at Des Moines, Iowa:

"The evils of petting and the double standard were shown. Dancing was discussed and the conclusion was

reached that modern day dancing is more detrimental than petting."—"The New Student," Intercollegiate paper.

Boarding House Geometry

Definitions and Axioms

All boarding houses are the same boarding houses.

Boarders in the same boarding house are equal to one another.

The landlady of a boarding house is a parallelogram—that is equal to anything.

A wrangle is the disinclination of two boarders to each other that meet together but are not in the same line.

All the other rooms being taken a single room is said to be a double room.

Proposals and Propositions

A pie may be produced any number of times.

The landlady can be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.

A bee line may be made from any boarding-house to another boarding-house.

Any two meals at a boarding-house are together less than two square meals.

At the opposite ends of a boarding house a line be drawn passing through all the rooms in turn, then the stove pipe which warms the boarders will lie within that line.

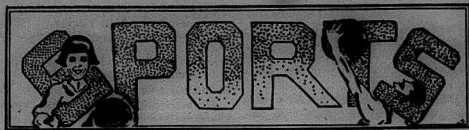
On the same bill and on the same side of it there should not be two charges for the same thing.

If there be two boarders at the place, and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal also, each to each.

For if not, let one bill be the greater.

Then the other bill is less than it might have been—which is absurd.

—Hope College Anchor.



B. S. N. S. BASKETBALL ENTHUSIASM

Now that the 1925-26 basketball season is being ushered in, the problem of attendance at games makes itself evident. It is an undisputed fact that a large number of rooters on the side lines goes a long way toward winning any athletic contest. For this reason every Normalite, whether or not he knows basketball technique, should be present at every home game of the season.

Previous to this season, the student body has been conspicuous at the games—by its absence. This accusation should not be justified this season, however, for the Orange and Black has a team that is better than ever—and that is saying a whole lot! This in itself should be a drawing card that would fill the gymnasium to overflowing.

Normal schools, in general, seem notorious for their lack of spirit where athletics are concerned. What is the reason for this? Such a lack of enthusiasm did not manifest itself in high school. Must it be said of Normal students, that they are not alive to their responsibilities as members of a great institution or that they lack patriotism—not patriotism in the sense that they know their nation's history, traditions and ideals—but, nevertheless, a patriotism just as real and vital to the school and its activities.

No student should let the fact that he does not understand the intricacies of basketball prevent him from enjoying Buffalo Normal's major sport. There are plenty of fans at B. S. N. S., who would be only too glad to instruct the novice in the fine points of the game. Attendance at a few games will demonstrate how quickly the mysteries of the hard wood floor can be mastered.

No one need stay away from the games because of financial reasons, as the price of admittance has been included in the blanket tax. An excellent schedule has been arranged, including games with several colleges hitherto not among the Orange and Black's opponents and rather than spend all spare time in learning the "Charleston," every school-spirited Normal student should feel obliged to attend the home basketball contests this season.

Seniors and Juniors! Girls' Basketball

"The time has come," the walrus said, "to talk of many things."

Seniors and Juniors, the question is yours! Where is your enthusiasm, your spirit? Turn the mirror of introspection to yourselves and see as we do the skimpy turnout you have at basketball! Your motto is "when another comes, then we shall practice." You second and third year classes have exactly two teams; two teams between you and they are not really teams! Why, the men have excelled you in that respect! In their recent inter-sectional tournament, they had four teams contesting and they had not merely six men on a team but additional reserve material.

Seniors and Juniors, must we founce in your faces the statement that Freshmen have more spirit and enthusiasm? Must we?

Our Basketball Schedule

The Buffalo State Normal's basketball season opened on December 10 when our varsity stacked up against a strong Alumni aggregation.

Following is the schedule of the games and dates scheduled up to the present time for the 1925-'26 season: Dec. 10, Alumni at B. S. N. S.; Dec. 16, DeVeaux Mill Academy at Niagara Falls; Dec. 31, Brockport N. S. at Brockport; Jan. 22, Fredonia N. S. at B. S. N. S.; Jan. 23, Nichols Prep School at B. S. N. S.; Feb. 11, DeVeaux Mill Academy at B. S. N. S.; Feb. 13, Mechanics Institute at Rochester; Feb. 19, Fredonia N. S. at Fredonia; Feb. 23, Nichols Prep School at Nichols; Mar. 5, Albany State Teachers' College at Albany; Mar. 12, Brockport N. S. at B. S. N. S.; Mar. 19, Mechanics Institute at B. S. N. S.

Girls' Basketball! A Costume Affair!

At Girls' Basketball reception the other night, the most fashionably dressed lady was Miss V. Corcoran, who came in vogue; her initials, glinting lonely, were founced high up the midst of a barren waste of cream jersey.

Miss M. Moynihan, superbly arrayed in white hose surmounted by gray, was greeted by deafening applause. Her modest manner made more enhancing the unpretending simplicity of her costume. She attracted the envy of all the ladies.

The Miss D. Pagel was attractively attired in her new and beautiful false teeth and the bon jour effect they naturally produced was heightened by her well-sustained smile.

The charming Miss D. Parks had her hair done up.

Miss A. Brems who is averse to ostentation in dress was attired in a left knee guard.

Miss M. Congreve came with a beautiful complexion, the sparkling vivacity of which strengthened the fine contrast between "her natural optic and the steadfast attentiveness of her placid glass eye."

There were other ladies present, but we took notes of only a few as specimens.

Mermaids Make Startling Revelations!

After interviewing several members of the girls' swimming class, the Sporting Editor submits the following unauthentic possibilities as answers to the question "What I thought of when I first attempted to swim":

G. Donnelly—"I guess I'll like this when I get used to it." (Says the Sporting Editor, "Ah, she is a spirited maiden!")

A. Dorsey—"Where's the springboard? I would love to dive!"

G. Geiger (with the water to her shoulders)—"I wonder if this is the deep end of the pool."

E. Hagemann—"Getting my feet off the bottom, I bobbed desperately for a minute and then clung frantically to the side. I knew that to drown, you must go down three times and I claim I went down the second!"

A. Tober (between gasps)—"I wish I had taken more of that cold shower."

E. Persons (nervously)—"I guess I haven't my cap with me; maybe I hadn't better begin until next week."

H. Griffin—"Gee, I'm scared!" ("A dear impetuous child" are the words of the Sport Editor).

Mr. Jacob Feldstein is offering an exceptional opportunity to students who wish to attend the best plays in Buffalo. Tickets may be purchased at half price if twenty-five students are desirous of attending any one performance. This is just another of the many advantages being given our students.

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Rushing—yes, it has started and started with a boom—less, parties, dinners! All sorts of clever, original ideas are brought forth. The sorority girls look forward to this annual series of events, not only in anticipation of many jolly good times, but also to the forming of many new and lasting friendships.

Arethusa

Arethusa's Christmas dance was held December 4. It was a huge success and we feel that everyone who attended enjoyed our Yuletide festivity.

The first rush party was held at the home of Gertrude Vincent, December 11.

Phi Phi

At a recent initiation, the following men were welcomed to membership in Phi Phi Fraternity: Arthur W. Bents, Elmore Beldler, Harold Bosler, Burdell Cotton, George DeWain, Arnold Goodmanson, Robert Grille, Harold Hardy, Clyde High, William Keirnan, Kenneth Morley, Harry C. Page, Porter Philipps and Arthur Schuster.

Since the new year, Phi Phi Fraternity has been concerned with its expansion and through the efforts of several members has succeeded in establishing Gamma Chapter at the Oswego Normal School.

Glac Club Fests

Christmas is a season rich in beautiful traditions and lovely customs. It brings beloved St. Nick, the Christmas tree, miracle plays and Yuletide games, and best of all, the carols. For Christmas and music have ever been inseparable, since the angels' song first rang "o'er Judea's hills."

Of all the delightful customs perhaps the one most loved by us is the old English one of caroling. As we trudge along the quiet streets in the softly falling snow lighted by our flickering tapers, and the old and well-loved carols ring out on the frosty air, then, if ever, we thrill with the nearness of the spirit of Christmas.

Kappa Kappa Kappa

Tri-Kappa Fraternity has had a very interesting succession of social events this fall. "Rush" parties have been held at the homes of Messrs. Van Hoff, Lanahan, Velgel and Redden where a great deal of "pep" has been exhibited and many harmonious (?) melodies have been brought forth, both by members and russees.

In assembly, November 24, Tri-Kappa russees made a very conspicuous appearance. "Rush" Fontana seemed very popular, while Zimmerman and Oring, hampered with boxing gloves, made desperate attempts to open their song books. Other men were more or less decorated with streamers and ties of gay crepe paper.

On Wednesday evening, November 25, initiation of the sixteen candidates for membership was held in the gymnasium. It proved to be an especially good time for those giving it, but most of the sixteen seem quite doubtful as to their enjoyment of it.

On Monday evening, December 7, Tri-Kappa had the pleasure of having a joint meeting with Pi Kappa Sigma Sorority after a luncheon in the School cafeteria.

Alpha Sigma Tau

The past month has been one of unusual activity. The usual relief work was done at Thanksgiving and preparations are under way for Christmas.

A bridge party was held at the home of Leah Hartland.

The first rush party was held on December 9, at the home of Mae Hammond.

On December 16, the annual Christmas party was held at the home of Dorothy Heath, and on December 30, the alumni chapter of the sorority will hold its annual Christmas dance at the Statler Hotel.

Clio

Clio's activities have been many and varied during the past month.

A party was held at the home of Ella Coleman, and another at the home of Evelyn Bell.

During the month we held a very successful rummage sale.

The first rush of the Clionian Sorority was held on December 13 at the home of Ella Coleman.

Pi Kappa Sigma

Pi Kappa Sigma held its annual Founder's day banquet November 17 at the Lenox.

On December 8, our first rush party was held at the home of Grace Regan.

Sigma Sigma Sigma

On Saturday, November 31, the sorority gave a party for the children of the "Protestant Home for Unprotected Children."

Monday, December 31, the sorority had the privilege of entertaining the Faculty at a tea.

The first "rush" party of Tri Sigma was held on December 3, at the home of Evelyn Gram.

Y. W. C. A.

Wednesday, December 9, a supper prepared by the *Clio* *Reserves* was voted a huge success by those present.

Our number has greatly increased, but are you helping to support this organization by your membership and cooperation? Come out—you will enjoy the friendship and spirit shown at our meetings.

The Industrial Club

The Industrial Club put across very excellently its Noon Hour Program on Wednesday, November 11. An orchestra played for colored song slides which are popular hits.

The Club then showed two interesting reels of motion pictures; one pertaining to the salt industry, and the other about the pottery industry.

Mr. Howe, the president of the club, made an appeal to the other industrial men of the school to join the club and keep it going in the years to come.

Chew! Chew!

An infant most precocious
Was Theophilus Van der Bane—
He shouted "Oh, masticate! masticate!"

On first seeing a choo, choo train.
—Buffo Jo.

"Does Eddie snore?"

"I don't know; I'm not in any of his classes."

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By Niagara's steely tide
Towers the city, grim and wide,
Through the dusk where I abide,
Sullen red
Burns the sunset's somber glare—
Now the clouds have quenched the
blaze,
And the sky is but the day's
Ashes dead.

In the zephyr-scented vale
Where the lily, grand and pale,
To the wooing of the gale

Yields her answa,
Ah! how sweet to see the gleam
Of the Arno's golden stream,
By the bower where hroods the dream
Of the rose.

GRACE SAWYER.

America and the World Court

Are you interested—

To know that December 17th marks
the opening of the Senate's discussion
concerning America's entrance into
the World Court?

That the decisions of the Senate
upon the question will be one of the
most important actions in interna-
tional affairs in the last five years?

To know that the youth of America
is facing this problem?

To know that student opinion can
be most effective in the settlement of
this question?

In the effort which the B. S. N. S.
is making to put her convictions into
action?

There was a young man named _____
Exceedingly fond of small gherkins.
He went out to tea
And ate forty-three,
Which pickled his internal workings.

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I've never seen before."

Joe—"That's nothing, they also do
that in the cafeteria."

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A Psychology Quiz

As Prepared by
H. A. BRUCE

(Doctor of Philanthropy, Phrenology
and Physiophilosophy)

Answer in not more than five sec-
onds and not less than 1 2-5 seconds.

- (1) Clean is
 - A furniture polish
 - One of the 57
 - A trolley station
- (2) Ella Cinders is
 - The gravel from Allegheny
 - A caricature
 - A victim of some man's mighty
pen
- (3) Santa Claus slides down a
 - banister
 - chimney
 - Kangaroo's shoulder blade
- (4) If you were asked to leave the
room, you would
 - open the window
 - start selling dance programs
 - close the door on the way out
- (5) If, after weighing yourself on the
scales, you discovered you
had fallen off, you would
 - eat vitamins
 - cry for more
 - get up off the floor
- (6) If Mr. Voess told you that you
were an exceptional student, you
would
 - get up and turn the alarm clock
off
 - ask the man who owns one
 - give him a good cigar
- (7) If you were asked to recite on
the relations between anthropic
geology and petrographical geol-
ogy
 - suddenly become afflicted with a
violent coughing spell
 - recite on the platform.
 - Arnold Goodmanson.

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The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

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No. 4

THINK IT OVER!

COMEDIANS secretly long to play Hamlet, musical-comedy stars make their roles bearable by thinking of them as "stepping stones to Grand Opera." and the present writer would jest at Life. But comedians usually remain comedians, musical-comedy stars seldom rise above light opera and the present writer continues to find himself absorbed in deep meditation on profound subjects, hence dull articles which no one reads, force themselves out at the end of his reluctant pen. Kismet!

Neither individuals nor institutions are of interest to us unless they present problems for solution. If we were given a Utopia, we would be plagued into perfect boredom. I find, on my return to Normal, that the millennium has not yet come. A problem is here and I am interested. But let no one read further with the expectation of finding a perfect solution contained in this article. I promise nothing so pretentious as that. One more caudle to throw light on the subject, perhaps—surely nothing more.

"Is the hall controlled? It would be as well to ask, 'Am I self-controlled?'" And, truly, on the answer to the latter question depends much of the "success or failure of our control of the halls". But who would attempt to control an intricate mechanism without a thorough knowledge of that mechanism? And who is able to attain self-control without self-knowledge?

At once several truths are evident. True self-control can only proceed from self-knowledge. Self-knowledge is not procurable for injection. It must be acquired, like all other knowledge, by research, experience and study. (I hasten to add that I cannot offer a short correspondence course in self-knowledge.) It is, however, a fact that colleges today are attempting to introduce more specific courses along that line, than now exist. "But," you object, "it is a far cry from a course termed 'Student, Know Thyself', to hall control in Buffalo State Normal School". Perhaps. It usually is a far cry from abstract idea to actual practice. But imagine a heart specialist who knew absolutely nothing about the rest of the human body!

Prof. Smiley Blanton, M.D., of the University of Minnesota, writes: "The student is required intellectually to meet adult standards while his emotional life is still that of the adolescent." For most of us, such a statement constitutes, or should constitute a bit of self-knowledge. Yet, even equipped with

that disconcerting knowledge, we are quick to resent being treated as children. We are ready to agree with the poet who writes:

"Your children are not your children,
They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.
You may give them your love, but not your thoughts,
For they have their own thoughts.
You may house their bodies but not their souls,
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow which you cannot visit,
not even in your dreams.

You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you,
For life goes not backward, nor tarrys with yesterday."

Herein we must face another fragment of self-knowledge: we must realize that, while our thoughts and our souls belong not to the past, our instincts and emotions are of the past. And if we do not know our instinctive and emotional lives well enough to control them, something else must be done about it.

When an intelligent man becomes ill he puts himself in the hands of a physician in whom he has confidence. When some people (not so intelligent) become ill, they use home remedies. Now, it may chance that the physician will sometimes fail and that the home remedies will prove efficacious. Faculty hall control might fail here and Student hall control might succeed. At all events, the problem is still with us.

It has been well pointed out that if B. S. N.-S. conditions existed at the University of Buffalo, there might be a hall control problem there. Assuredly there should be some other place to spend spare time than between the pages of a book. We are not book-worms. Until that place is provided, however, shall we stage a daily imitation of a panic in a movie-house? Or shall we have control? Ultimately, whoever is capable of controlling, will control. Those who attain self-control through the channels of self-knowledge need not resent the appearance of Faculty control any more than a law abiding citizen resents the presence of a policeman on the street-corner. And if you who require Faculty control, resent it, consider the psychology of your resentment. Is not your resentment due to your unwillingness to admit your own inability? Would not frank self-knowledge bring about a changed attitude? And when all has been said, knowing that quiet, orderly halls are a necessity in our congested school, does not more depend upon our attitude toward a workable system than upon the altruism of the system itself? If the present system of hall control does not meet with universal approval, the thing for us is to accept it and strive for self-knowledge and self-control. Those attained, it will become necessary for us to seek a new problem to save us from boredom. For then there will be no Hall Control Problem.

WILLIAM L. BRINKERHOFF.

Our Hobo Hibernating

(A. P. Special) Dombullskivitch, Siberia, April 1st

To those who have been anxious to hear from our HOBO in regard to his further travels and travails we are glad to give assurance that he has been located. It is reported that he visited Russia and the Bullsheviki imprisoned him, along with other "vags." At present he is writing the last installment, while closely confined, for your future perusal and edification.

PRACTICE TEACHING PROBLEMS

Are YOU Troubled?

Editor's Note—All the questions asked of Miss Le Roy are herewith printed. We never censor anything.

"Bring your problems to me, little women!" says Flavia Le Roy, eminent Educator, Psycho-anarchist and "lachrymose seour", now serving five years on this paper.

Dear Miss Le Roy:

I am a student teacher of nineteen, although the room accommodates thirty. These children have an unfortunate habit of throwing erasers when the critic steps out of the room for a minute. The habit may, of course, be purely unconscious but it makes me feel blue. Am I too sensitive about this matter?

DOWN-CAST.

Dear Down-cast:

Cheer up! "Come out of it," as my little nevvew would say! Enter into the game, turn the tables on those unruly kiddies of yours! Surprise them at their play some time by catching any eraser that has been tossed and with a good swift upper-cut, or is it out-curve, hurl it back at the culprit pitcher. Repeat this several times. If you are over-zealous and an eraser or two comes in contact with some exposed part of a pupil's anatomy—what's the harm? After all, it's done in a spirit of fun.

Dear Miss Le Roy:

I am a young teacher of twenty and my boy friends tell me I am pretty—my pupils think so, too. In fact, one of them approached me the other day and asked if I would like a kiss. I ignored him. Did I do right, dear Miss Le Roy? Do tell me your honest opinion as I feel I may have been over harsh with the boy.

BROWN-EYES.

Dear Brown-Eyes:

No, you did NOT do right! The old axiom is, "Make the punishment fit the crime". Some cases, you know, require drastic measures, as does this one. You should have acceded to the boy's request. A burnt child dreads fire, you know.

Dear Miss Le Roy:

We students supervise the washing of the blackboards; and one day one of the boys approached me with his basin of water and sponge and addressed me in civil enough tones. What was my surprise to hear him ask if I would like my face washed, it being dirty! What should I have done?

TROUBLED.

Dear Troubled:

Do not make the mistake common to teachers of considering every STUPID in a pupil's conduct as directly and personally malicious. The boy would do no harm! And, as you yourself admit, his tone of voice was not unkind. Don't cherish grudges, and above all avoid formalism! Next time a pupil suggests

some similar ablation or otherwise, take him up on it! Surprise is a much under-estimated weapon. Troubled. Use it!

Dear Miss Le Roy:

A girl in my class has the annoying habit of chewing at her right thumb incessantly. What shall I do?

PUZZLED.

Dear Puzzled:

Paint it with carbolic acid.

Dear Miss Le Roy:

I greatly need your aid and counsel. One of my pupils cannot arise to recite before the class without wriggling about and distorting his face beyond all recognition with horrible grimaces. I have tried larkspur, but with little result. What would you suggest?

ANKIOUS.

Dear Anxious:

I am sure you know best, dear.

Shakespeare's Romances

Who were the lovers? "Romeo and Juliet."

What was their courtship like? "Midsommer Night's Dream."

What was her answer to his proposal? "As You Like It."

About what time of the month were they married? "The Twelfth Night."

Of whom did he buy the ring? "The Merchant of Venice."

Who were the best man and maid of honor? "Antony and Cleopatra."

Who were the ushers? "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Who gave the reception? "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

In what kind of a place did they live? "Hamlet."

What was her disposition like? "The Tempest."

What was his chief occupation after marriage? "The Taming of the Shrew."

What caused their first quarrel? "Much Ado About Nothing."

What did their courtship prove to be? "Love's Labor Lost."

What did their married life resemble? "Comedy of Errors."

What did they give each other? "Measure for Measure."

What ruler brought about a reconciliation? "Julius Caesar."

What did their friends say? "All's Well That Ends Well."

He let—"How are you?"

He said—"Rotten, got insomnia."

He let—"How come?"

He said—"Woke up twice in English class this morning."

An old lady was being shown over the battleship by an officer. "This," he said, "is where our gallant captain fell."

"No wonder," replied the old lady, "I nearly slipped there myself."

"What has become of the old fashioning company who insisted on dealing with the dishes?" asks the Home-making Department.

One on Finishing the English Assignment

My heart leaps up when I behold

Conclude't looming nigh,

When I this then did first begin

'Twas with a brave courageous grin,

But now I'm tired, stiff and cold

Oh, let me die!

But themes and grades are next of kin

And all my themes I'd love to view

Bound each to each by grades of 1

or 2!

Students are prohibited from playing tennis from now on—.



Satisfy Your Wanderlust

Dr. Rockwell has been appointed by the Inter-Collegiate Division of the Temple Tours of Boston, as manager of the Students' Mediterranean Tour for next summer. Associated with him will be Professor Edwards, Dean of the Bible College of the University of Missouri. Professor Edwards will lecture on Historical Biblical Geography.

The party will sail on June 19, landing at Cherbourg—continuing to Marseilles by way of Paris. At Marseilles they will take a Mediterranean steamer which will call at Naples and remain, providing for visits at Athens, Constantinople, Rhodes, Crete, Smyrna and Beirut. Leaving the ship at this point, after two weeks, they will go by auto to Damascus if the city is quiet enough to permit, thence to Nazareth for two to three days, to Jerusalem for about six days and then to Bethlehem and the River Jordan by automobile. From here they will leave by train for the Suez Canal and after crossing will go to Cairo, visiting the museum in which the King Tut relics are displayed. A short distance up the Nile, by train, will bring them to a point where they take camels into the desert. They will spend the night at Sakkarah, near the great pyramid and the Sphinx, returning by way of Cairo and Marseilles, cross France and sail from Bologna.

This trip will cost \$300 for the two months of travel. It is under the auspices of the same company with which Dr. Rockwell has been associated before, in making and conducting seven trips to Europe.

During the coming summer Miss Helen Wales of the School of Practice, Dr. Wm. H. Beacock and Principal Rhodes of Bennett High School, will also conduct parties to Europe for the Temple Tours.

Normal School Principals' Conference

Fredonia Normal acted as host to the Normal School Principals in conference there on the 11th and 12th of January. The Faculty and students were most hospitable in every respect. There was a special Assembly in which the school orchestra, glee club and band participated. At this time Dr. Hudgee of Oneonta Normal addressed the students.

This was the first of a series of such conferences and at this meeting Practice Teaching Organization, Marking Systems, the School Calendar and Record Systems were discussed. The next conference will be held at Cleveland in April, and the third at New Paltz before the close of the school year.

Dr. Rockwell has issued an invitation for such a conference to meet in Buffalo in the fall, when in rotation, the conference swings back to this part of the state.

DOROTHY M. BRUNNER

Born: June 9, 1909.

Died: January 7, 1938.

Again we must announce the passing of a loved one from our midst. Dorothy M. Brunner was a graduate of Mount Mercy Academy and her home was in Gardenville, N. Y. She was a member of Freshman Section II, General Normal Department. She was loved and highly esteemed by all who knew her.

So soon she was exhausted and vanished hence;
As a sweet odour, of a vast expanse.

She vanished, we can scarcely say she died.—Dryden.

"In Assembly in the Morning"

Tuesdays and Fridays are Red Letter days to Normalites. They are our "get together" or Assembly Days. They are the days when we are the recipients of such rare treats as musical programs and interesting lectures, from people outside our own little world. But best of all, they are the days when we have an opportunity to hear topics of interest from the Faculty and our students.

A few weeks ago Robert Black, our promising young orator, told us of his experiences at the World Court Conference at Princeton. He made the object of the Conference so vital that we could not fail to appreciate the need of such an institution in the world's affairs.

Mr. Bradley added another golden page to our book of Assembly Memories when he very kindly took us on a tour thru the Cathedrals of Europe. We trust that his next Assembly offering of this nature is not far distant.

Whether Doctor Rockwell discourses upon the weather of foreign lands, the advantages of bituminous coal, or his latest midnight trip thru the building to extinguish the lights, he is ever the bearer of a message of unusual interest. We have but one complaint, however,—these "Current Topic" talks are entirely too rare. We'd like them more frequently.

New Plan Adopted

January 13 was another Red Letter day for Normal. It was on that day that twenty-four of the twenty-seven sections in school sent representatives to the Hall Control meeting. All these twenty-four representatives had been previously instructed by their individual sections to vote in favor of the Hall Control Plan as recently presented to the student body. By a unanimous vote of these representatives this plan was therefore adopted.

This, or any such plan, will be successful only when each student is able to properly control himself at all times. It is, then, up to you individually. By referring to your own sheet on this subject, you will realize that this was the last meeting of such a group. Faculty and student representatives have since been elected to the "Central Council", and will carry on the work of the former committee. A successful trial of this will lead to its permanent institution and will be another milestone to College Standards.

It was with the deepest gratification that, before the close of this meeting, the group arose to express its appreciation for the untiring efforts of Mr. Bradley in this work.

On the Air

Not only have the participants in the Radio Concert missed the aftermath of cards which usually decorates the bulletin board but other interested Normal students have likewise looked for them and yet—seen them not! That, however, was not due to the lack of them because they came from the four corners—to prove it here are a few quotations from said cards:

"Your program much enjoyed by family and myself. Thanks." J. S. Cleveland.

Frank Barrett and Frieder of the State Normal School were fine in their concert playing. We never heard better music. The piano accompaniment also was splendid." Mr. and Mrs. C. A. B. Niagara Falls.

"To Angel Ferris—Your selections of this date were very enjoyable. Let's hear from you again." M. B. Tonawanda, N. Y.

Comments have come also from Medford, Oregon, and Chicago, as well as from many local fans, making special mention of the reading and of the tenor solo by Olin Hisley.

We are promised another such treat for February 13. Be prepared to tune in on that date!

The Lunch Line—How to Avoid It

Have you noticed the Cafeteria Line lately? So have we. It is becoming longer and more warlike every day. Formerly, it could be easily calmed by the mere sound of Faculty footsteps in the corridors. Now, "all the Faculties' footsteps and all the Faculties' pains couldn't make that Cafeteria Line orderly again".

After many heated battles and much deliberation, a solution to this weighty problem has been arrived at. Biase teaching Seniors and "semi-dignified" Juniors engaged in the same peaceful occupation, need no longer await the disappearance of the "Guardian of the Door" to make a headlong dive into the depths of the Lunch Line, scattering Freshmen, Junches, and stray Faculty Members as they go.

Pollowing is the solution to the problem: Apply any morning (school morning, of course) between the hours of nine and twelve (whether you have a class or not) to Room 106. There, seated at her desk, you will find the Registrar. Give her a brief analysis of your schedule, (being very careful to have said schedule memorized and ready to recite in good English without the use of too many "ands"). If the recital is satisfactory, you will immediately receive a small yellow card. Carry this card with you whenever you desire refreshment, dash it importantly upon your arrival at the Lunch Room door, and at the first glimpse of it, you will be amazed to behold the overwhelming crowds melting away before you.

Your uninterrupted progress is now assured. Take your time in the purchase of your request and the subsequent consuming of it. Entertain your friends with sprightly conversation and thus avoid the aronies of indigestion. Glance at the clock occasionally and when the hands point to twelve-thirty, dash past the cashier's cage (unless she demands immediate payment), linger a few minutes more in the locker room, and be five minutes late for your teaching appointment.

It Was Good

Mr. Farred Nassef, a native of Jerusalem, and a tentative visitor in Buffalo, favored our students on January 13, with a stereotyped lecture on the Holy Land. The slides were excellent and his running comment both accurate and humorous. Mr. Nassef left the following week to act as one of the leaders of the Christian Herald Cruise to the Holy Land.

HOMEMAKING NEWS

On January 23, Mrs. Gemmill and Miss Donaldson gave a dinner party for Miss Restrew.

Speaking of Bulletin Boards—the Home Economics Department is proud of the fact that the laundry, the foods kitchen, and the dressing room, all have new Bulletin Boards.

Practice House Filmed

Last year the Spencer Lens Co. of Buffalo, through the co-operation of the students and Faculty of the Home Economics Department were able to film the life at the Practice House. It was made in four reels, namely: Care of the Child; House Practice I; House Practice II; Social Training.

Through this co-operation they have loaned our school the Spencer Film Projector which can be used in any classroom, with the use of any of their educational films. They have given the Home Economics Department complete ownership of all the Home Economic films.

Miss Weeter Succeeds Miss Restrew

Miss Amy Restrew has resigned from the Faculty of Buffalo Normal and is leaving for the state of Washington for a sojourn of several months with friends. Next fall, after her return to the East, she will resume graduate work at Columbia. Her position has been filled by the engagement of Miss Nellie Weeter from the Vocational School of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Miss Restrew's conscientious work and pleasing personality will be missed, not only by the Home Economics Department but by the entire school. We wish her a great deal of success and happiness on her trip and in her studies!

On January 29, Miss Caudel gave a tea at school for the Faculty and Seniors, in honor of Miss Restrew and Miss Weeter.

SCHOLARSHIP NEWS

A colored professor once asked his pupils, "What am de most dispopular letter in de alphabet?" "X am," was the unexpected answer. And X and's held the Scholarship Class in the throes of a devastating anxiety. The class, well versed in the hard knocks of the world, managed to squirm thru the exams as was expected (?) by all their instructors. Even "Energy" Finsterbach attained temporary wakefulness and "Fat" Harding polished up the "delicatessen" point of steel upon which to stick his unsuspecting classmates.

In the way of athletics the marcel wove contest is still in progress between Greenspoon and Miss Kearns with the odds about even, and in the field of art Swissar Bachman did a rubbing business on lettering thesis covers for his less artistic colleagues. Peterson and Truell are engaged in a controversy to determine who is responsible for the greatly improved condition of the drafting room. Truell maintains that the sink he built is a more artistic achievement than Peterson's cabinets. We decline to comment on either improvement more than to say the sink can be stopped while the cabinets are both upright and square.

We have it upon good authority that someone almost succeeded in stopping P. A. Kuhn from telling a funny (?) story—almost!



Walter Pritchard Eaton

Just one year ago Charlton Hamilton told us of the happy-go-lucky Sheridan and "The Rivals." This year Walter Pritchard Eaton, writer and dramatic critic, spoke about Sheridan's "School for Scandal", (truly a modern title). He spent little time on the play, however; branching off on the English language and drama instead. Mr. Eaton has written many articles for Mencken's "American Mercury"; his masterful satire and live thought emphasized that fact. He declared that teaching Shakespearian drama to children was useless unless they grasped the true spirit of the play by intelligent reproduction and not by mere reading of words and "notes in the back of the book".

Mr. Eaton then proceeded to show the difference between the speech of the 18th and 20th centuries. He pointed out that Sheridan's plays, as well as all others of his day, are demonstrations of English at its best; English as it should be spoken. He brought laughs from his audience by showing how poor and inadequate modern American speech is with such illustrations as, "Hello, ya dirty bum!" and "So's yer old man!"

Many more of his comments, which cannot be given here, will remain long in the memories of his listeners. After his speech he was given a great ovation. Later in the day we heard another ovation in the hall when we heard a girl say, "I'll tell the world that speech was no boloney!"

School for Scandal

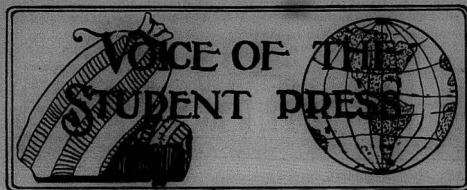
The "School for Scandal" answered all expectations. It was a brilliant play well-acted and well-received by the large audience. Not being dramatic critics we can find no fault with it, but we believe even a recognized critic could find very little fault. Those who attended were sorry to see that so many Normal students missed "the chance of a lifetime". Even such insignificant things as examinations should not have kept them away.

L'Envoi

Oh exams' last question is answered and the Palmer's perfect and dried;
Our knowledge already is faded, for we passed all exams that we tried;
We are resting, and faith we need it—we'll rest for a month or so;
And the teachers in every classroom, will understand and know.

And only ourselves shall praise us, and only teachers shall blame;
And no one shall work for honors, and no one shall work for fame.
But each for the joy of the resting, and each in his separate rest,
Will take the work as he sees it; and study as he thinks best.

W. E. PECK.



Normal vs. College

Every year the rating of the Normal school approaches that of the college, but there is still a wide distance between the two. An important difference is that the Normal cannot offer the subject matter courses the college commands, and still devote sufficient time to methods; hence, in most respects, the student does not greatly extend his knowledge, though he may broaden it through application. The college student is constantly reaching for something beyond his grasp, and his mental attitude becomes quite different from that of the teacher in training who is constantly trying to see a subject from the angle of the child.

The Normal course seems like an extended high school where "all rise up together and all sit down together." In studying lower school methods, those ideas of discipline and routine seem to become so deeply rooted in the minds of both instructor and student that it becomes a very distressing matter when the whole student body fails to rise simultaneously at the signal.

Where is the honor system? A sad influence for the younger generation—teachers who have made necessary the presence of proctors in examination rooms. "Those wild, wicked college men" may not be able to make the system work, but why expect a staid old school marm to crib from her cuss?

The fact that most students come to Normal with a definite, serious

purpose in view may be the reason for the lack of that underdog spirit, which we call school spirit. The college seems to inspire a loyalty, a devotion and an admiration scarcely felt in the Normal school life. Do the students feel a thrill as they sing in unison the Alma Mater? If they do, they certainly do not transmit it to the stranger listening to the "sweetly" sung stanzas.

Perhaps the dormitories bring the college students into closer touch and make them feel more as part of a whole than as individuals, for to them school life occupies twenty-four rather than eight hours a day. When the Normal student feels that he is honored by being admitted—rather than honoring the institution with his presence, then the Normal will take on more the aspect of the college; and as the courses are lengthened to include more collegiate subjects, the distance between the two will gradually lessen—"Co-No-Press." Cortland Normal.

This is an actual advertisement taken from one of our exchanges, the Johnson (Vermont) Normal School paper. It is what we would call a correlation of industries.

H. M. MAXFIELD

Undertaker and Dealer in
Furniture, Paints, Oils, Etc.

Picture Framing a Specialty

The Singing Students

A word concerning that biased and bored student, always an upperclassman, who thinks it silly and undignified to join in the college songs, or who perhaps is too lazy. We feel sorry for him. He is grown old already. If he thinks the enthusiasm and the ebullient shouting of the underclassmen is childish, he is to be pitied. If this gathering together in Anderson Hall is childish, blessed are the little children.

Surely five minutes of singing, singing which someone has said is the expression of all the gladness and sadness of man, singing which rouses to college spirit and is of that stuff itself, singing whose enthusiasm even the most wearied inwardly admits is good for him,—those five minutes of singing mark the peak of the day in student life and are worth their weight in the most precious of metals. You who can lead this singing—some perhaps may scoff, many perhaps will slip away when you try to get them together, but persevere and you will receive your own reward. There have been praying football teams. Why not a singing college? Rochester—a singing college!—The Campus, University of Rochester.

Last night he came.

I felt his hand upon my cool round shoulder.

I quivered under his rough caress,
I felt an ecstasy
Of savage mockery
He picked me up.

Tonight I stand on the steps in the moonlight.

I hear his footsteps on the concrete walk.

With rhythmic stride he is coming.
He will pick me up again.
Yah. Who said a milk bottle hasn't got a soul?—"Co-No-press."
Cortland Normal.

"I'm half inclined to kiss you."
"How stupid of me. I thought you were round shouldered."—Gargoyle.

AMERICAN PROBLEMS FOR CHINESE BOY

By Kwai Chen
University of Nebraska

Day Before Thanksgiving Day

Ball game has come with great festivity;
Classrooms, within, without,—all stirring with tumult.

Pitiful, this hour, in the home of learning,
Not to hear the chant of poetry, the notes of lyre—but shouting, yelling.

Who Were the Ones?

"Who were the ones who passed when perfume was scented?"
"College co-eds."

"Why, these co-eds, do they like perfume?"

"I don't know."

"When chance permits, ask them, will you?"

Even Friendliness Has Its Hours

I ask the man for my friend's room;
He says he is instructed not to tell any one.

"He surely is at home."

"But this hour is his own."

FROM THE CHINESE

The Radicals'

The radical is the mother of progress;
Happiness is her son.
Are we desirous of bearing a son?
Then we must be the mother.

St. Peter: "Who is there?"

Timid Voice: "It is I."

St. Peter: "Of course, some darn fool school teacher!"

—Westchester Pa. "Greenstone".

I sing the song of a winter night
When the city's wrapped in tumbled
white;

Far down the street as one can see
The lights form a golden, glowing Y
And the wind races reckless, hasty,
free!

—Josephine Chasna.

The Record

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

IT'S YOUR MAGAZINE

How can the Student Body expect to have a good magazine when they will not bother to make the least bit of criticism either complimentary or adverse? To date the Staff has received but a single comment from one of our 1,100 students. We believe this is an indication of how students react toward most things in general. Tell them something and they will accept it without investigation. Write something; produce something; do anything and you meet with the same apathetic and spineless acquiescence.

Now that we've got this off our chest, we put it up to you. If you want the right kind of a magazine, show your desire. This is a thankless task. Our idea of thanks would be at least some semblance of response from the Student Body. We want your help. The Record is being published for you. If you know how we can better it—tell us so. If you think it's all right

tell us that. That is how we can determine the policy of the Record, so that it will completely fill its niche in the life of the school.

January 20, 1926.

Editor, the Record,
Buffalo State Normal School.

Dear Sir:

Complying with the requests of a number of checker enthusiasts, besides myself, I write asking your co-operation in the formation of a checker and chess club to represent this school. There is sufficient competition to be found in this city and perhaps in other Normal schools of the State.

We realize that a project such as this has many obstacles, for example the disappearance of a checker set from the auditorium not so long ago to the disappointment of many of us. We know the power of the press can accomplish much more than we could hope to accomplish.

Will you help us in this matter?

Yours respectfully,

Martin B. Fried.

My Dear Mr. Fried:

I do not know whether your primary purpose is to start a checker club or to retrieve your beloved checker set. The former can only be achieved by the aggressive enterprise of those interested; the latter cannot be retrieved thru "the power of the press." The Record, however, asks those who borrowed the checker set to return it and make life livable once more for you unfortunates.

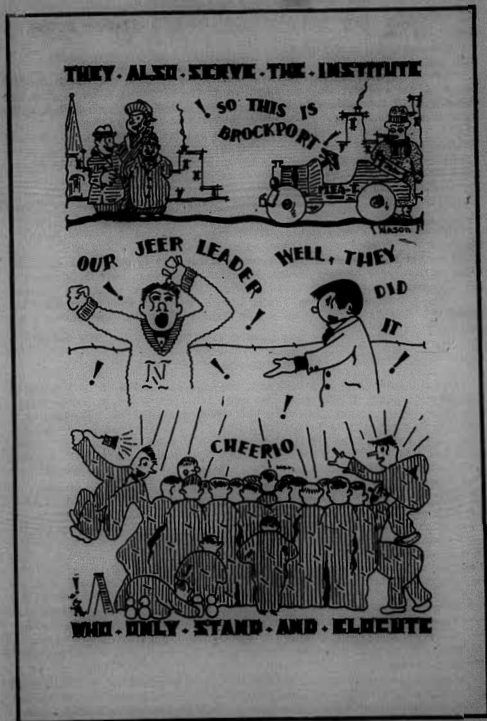
The Editor.

I Resolve

An acquaintance of ours once said, "I make no resolutions so I break no resolutions". Many people have the same idea; nevertheless, every time a New Year comes around they form the usual substitution list. Students generally make their lofty self-promises before a new semester or after examinations. The examinations which were so recently given us have made resolutions run rife thru the school. Speaking from experience (ahh!) we can say that 25% of these resolutions will be broken before June. Most of these broken resolutions mean so much less in studying.

Now, what we wish to suggest is a different brand of resolution—resolution that will last all thru life. This is a resolution for a better life in the teaching profession. Your own outside reading, studying and experience can mean more to you than all the schooling you have had. All the Normal School can do is to start you on your way; you must do the rest. New books on all phases of education are issued every day, yet how many students read them? Education is still in its radical movement, yet how many students know what it is all about? The same holds true for many teachers in the Buffalo Public School system. We know a critic teacher who asserted that many teachers she knows esteem their work as merely a job. They abhor the discussion of anything relative to the teaching profession. Bad as things are, however, there is cause for optimism in the gradual upward movement now in progress.

What is the object of this discussion? It is not, we trust, a "work hard and succeed" talk. What we want to express is the hope that you will make a real resolution, not merely to study your school subjects to pass an examination, but also to study, read and learn; to prepare yourself for life, and this all on your own initiative!



SPORTS

BASKETBALL REPORTS

Below you will find a report of all basketball games played this season.

Normal Downs Old-Timers

State Normal opened the 1925-26 season with a victory over the strong Alumni five, which consisted of three former captains. Repert started the scoring with a shot from mid-court and Normal jumped into the lead which was never overcome. Wamsley was the heavy scorer for the teachers, while Stark and Smith played best for the undergraduates. Lineup and scores as follows:

ALUMNI (14)
 McMahon (2) R. F.
 Wamsley (8) L. G.
 Cleary (3) C.
 Shea (0) R. G.
 Wamsley (8) L. G.

(26) B. S. N. S.
 R. F. (0) Page
 (9) Stark
 L. G. (0) Young
 (0) Baldwin
 C. (2) Repert
 (2) Thiele
 R. G. (0) Crotty
 (5) Fick
 L. G. (0) Young
 (10) Smith

Score at half-time: Alumni, 8; Normal, 4.

De Veaux Victorious Over B. S. N. S.

In the second game of the season B. S. N. S. succumbed to the strong De Veaux Military Academy team only after a hard battle had been waged. At half-time the cadets were leading by a 11-9 score; but Normal came back strong and jumped into the lead. A shower of baskets by De Veaux in the last few minutes of play spelled defeat for the Buffalonians. Jense proved a tower of strength for the Falls boys and was very ably assisted by Pendergast, while Stark and Bell played best for Buffalo. Lineups:

DE VEAUX (25)
 Hubert (4) R. F.
 Jense (11) L. F.
 Pendergast (8) C.
 Armbrust (0) R. G.
 Hilsa (2) L. G.

(19) B. S. N. S.
 R. F. (9) Stark
 L. F. (0) Baldwin
 C. (3) Bell
 R. G. (3) Fick
 L. G. (0) Smith
 L. G. (0) Thiele

Normal Drops Second Game to Brockport

Brockport Normal succeeded in downing Buffalo Normal, her traditional

rival, by a 16-14 score in an exceptionally exciting game on the former's court, New Year's eve.

The first half proved to be rather slow with little brilliant playing on the part of either team. At half-time the score stood 2-3.

When the whistle announced the beginning of play in the second half, a decidedly improved brand of basketball was displayed. The score saw-sawed back and forth with neither team gaining any marked advantage until the last minute of play, when a mid court basket by Iveson, gave the game to Brockport.

Iveson and Hiller played best for Brockport, while Baldwin and Smith carried the brunt of the attack for Buffalo.

Lineup and summary:

BROCKPORT (16)

Hiller (3) R. F.
Yardley (0) L. F.
Kupplager (1)
Iveson (10) C.
Lester (1) R. G.

Tighe (1) L. G.

Fouls—Buffalo: 4 out of 13; Brockport: 8 out of 17. Referee, McKay.

(14) BUFFALO

R. F. (0) Stark
L. F. (4) Baldwin

C. (3) Thiele
R. G. (1) Flick
Repert
Page

L. G. (6) Smith

Normal Superior Over Business College

Playing like a well oiled machine, Coach Grabat's Orange and Black mentors outscored the Bryant & Stratton outfit in the Normal Gymnasium, Friday, January 15th. Although B. & S. located the basket a greater number of times in the second half, due to the accuracy of Sherlock, they were unable to overcome Normal's 16-7 lead at half-time. The game ended with a 24-31 score.

Sherlock was easily the predominating player for the collegiate, while Baldwin and Smith excelled in floorwork for the Normalites. Bell was high score man, registering 11 points.

Lineup and summary:

BRYANT & STRATTON (21)

Zino (0) R. F.
Calahan (0)
Lent (3) L. F.

Baird (4) C.
Machner
Holts (1) R. G.
Sherlock (10)
Vail (2) L. G.

Fouls—Buffalo Normal, 8 out of 18; Bryant & Stratton, 3 out of 10. Referee, Swanna.

Normal Outplays Fredonia Teachers

Fredonia Normal's hardwood floor stars fell before the crushing onslaught of the Orange and Black mentors, when they played on the Normal court Friday, January 22nd. The game was unusually exciting and resulted in a



27-12 victory for Buffalo only after the visitors' defense broke in the final stages of play.

Captain Stark and Bell were the score setters for B. S. N. S. They accounted for 17 of the 27 points. Baldwin played a good floor game and was the medium thru which a number of baskets were secured. Cavanaugh was easily the outstanding star for the Fredonia outfit. Injuries to Guggin, in a previous game, seriously impaired the F. S. N. S. offense and his recovery may result in a closer decision when the return game is played at Fredonia on February 19th. Lineup and summary:

FREDONIA N. S. (12)

Boralleri (4) R. F.
Herman (2) L. F.
Cavanaugh (5) C.
Hayes (2) R. G.
Dorman (2)
Harrington (0) L. G.
Gulgin (5)

27-BUFFALO N. S.

R. F. (9) Stark
L. F. (2) Baldwin
C. (8) Bell
R. G. (5) Mick
L. G. (3) Smith

Fouls—Fredonia, 5 out of 13; Buffalo, 3 out of 8. Referee: Wamsley.

Basketball Tournaments in Full Sway

Following an exciting basketball practice in which Seniors and Freshmen carried away honors for their excessive turbulence, the Freshmen and Upper-classmen tournaments opened. Freshmen Sections II, III, IV, V and VI have representative teams competing; the Juniors and Seniors are each represented by a team. Games are being held on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The tournaments, which promise keen competition and plenty of excellent basketball, should be of interest to all Normal students. If Buffalo Normal is a college, our sports should parallel college sports!

Swimming Coach Neptune's Jester

It is well that "Bucky", our swimming coach, keeps her humor in check otherwise, it might do serious injury to the sensitive nature of certain practise teachers.

The class formed a "line along the side". The class was told to "kick". Hanging frantically to the side, it kicked and kicked so high that chandeliers, suspended as they were from sky-hooks, received the one and only thorough washing of their life. "That's enough," quoth Neptune's valliant Jester, "now then (and the class listened with breathless attention), "why don't you do that when you swim!"

Freshmen Basketball Captains

The following Freshmen have been elected to captain their section teams:

Alice Evans	Section I
Arlene Dolmeyer	Section III
Naoma Erona	Section IV
Mildred Mohr	Section V
Mildred Batne	Section VI

One exquisite joy
Is to sit on the porch
Of a summer dusk
When the warm rain is falling
And to hear a woman sing
Softly.

Rubias Clergyman (at baptism of baby)—"His name, please?"
Fond Parent—"Solomon Rubaniscolomonovichskitch."
Clergyman to assistant—"More water, please."



Now that the mid-year examinations are over and we have all obtained our glorious 90% or better we may once more turn our attention, in part, to social functions.

It is expected that next month's issue will teem with accounts of different activities. It is a well known fact that, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy", and we would not have this happen for worlds. Therefore we must see to it that Jack and Jill, also, shall have ample opportunity to drive away all dullness and to this end we will plan for the liveliest season ever evidenced at Normal.

Y. W. C. A.

The second "Y" supper of the year was held on January 13, after which a social hour was enjoyed by all.

A grand Silver Bay banner, the work of Angela Suedmeyer, a Silver Bay representative, decorated one corner of the social center.

With the aid of posters and pictures, Beatrice Moulton gave us a clear idea of a day at the conference.

B. Di Francesco touched on the ideals of the conference. She brought out the fact that every June a delegation of at least six hundred girls representing some twenty-five Eastern colleges, come together for the purpose of discussing international and industrial problems; also campus and other questions vital to the life of a college. These students strive to attain that high ideal of learning to live with one's neighbor in the spirit of love and co-operation.

Kappa Kappa Kappa

Perhaps one of the most important and significant of Tri-Kappa activities for the year was the combined dance, held January 29, at the new Masonic Consistory in Delaware avenue, by the passive members of both Pi Kappa Sigma Sorority and Tri-Kappa Fraternity. It really was a wonderful dance and afforded an opportunity for many to see for the first time this enchanting palace so recently completed. Words are ineffective in describing the uplifting atmosphere present in this place of beauty. The popular dance numbers, well played by the orchestra, contributed toward the success of this event.

Industrial Society

The Industrial Society was very sorry to lose their president, Felix Howe, who is now attending the Oswego State Normal School. Clarence Gerner is acting president of the society and wishes to announce the coming of one of the super-photo plays of the year, "Scaramouche", directed by Rex Ingram, to be presented in the Normal School auditorium, Tuesday, February 9, at 3:30 o'clock. The club has cut the admission price to a minimum of 15 cents for Normal students and 10 cents for School for Practice pupils.

The Inter-sorority council which has guided the activities of the local sororities has been succeeded by the Pan-Hellenic association.

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Students, 11 to 2

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and School Supplies

Corner of Normal Avenue
and Connecticut Street

Arethusa Sorority

The Zeta Chapter of Arethusa Sorority is very glad to announce that it will affiliate with Delta Sigma Epsilon, a National Educational Sorority, about March 18, 1926. The Buffalo Chapter at Buffalo State Normal School will be known as the Arethusa Phi Chapter of Delta Sigma Epsilon.

This past month has been very busy planning for various activities to take place after examinations, some of which are a Rummage Sale, and Baked Goods Sale.

Our second rush party, "A Surprise Tour", was held on Friday, January 3, for which the following members opened their homes: Harriet Cooke, Gertrude Meyers, Mildred Keller, Laura Pike.

Psi Phi

All of us were glad of the opportunity to meet a number of our passive members at a social meeting held at the home of Murray Lynds on New Year's afternoon. Among those present were "Art" Abr, "Ray" Boa, Hans Geyer, "Herm" Lara, "Bill" Lee, "Herb" Shear, "Dad" Miller and George Watson. We surely profited greatly from the mature advice which these experienced teachers offered.

On Friday, January 8th, we journeyed to the hamlet of Blossom and attempted to wake the inhabitants by holding a party at the fire hall. "Bob" Grille will tell the world that no one slept.

Our basketball team makes the following report: one game, no victories and no alibis. They played Central Continuation School on Monday, January 18th, and were sadly defeated.

Olio

Olio's second rush party, given by the passive chapter, was held at the Lenox Hotel.

Three Olio girls have become members of the honorary home-making fraternity, Phi Upsilon Omicron. They are Louise Wolf, May Brill and Mary E. Houghton.

Sigma, Sigma, Sigma

Tri-Sigma's second rush was a Baggedy-Ann party, and was held at the home of Virginia Hellman.

Men's Club

The Men's Club held a banquet on Wednesday evening, February 3rd, in the school cafeteria. Dr. E. Hartwell, Superintendent of Schools of the City of Buffalo, spoke. The committee in charge furnished all who attended a most enjoyable and instructive program, and as for the cats—ask those who attended.

Pi Kappa Sigma

On January 11, we enjoyed a spread at "Kap" Groll's home on Normal avenue. Plans for the second rush were discussed at this time.

Pi Kappa Sigma girls held their second rush party January 15th at the Westbrook apartments.

Phi Upsilon Omicron

Phi Upsilon Omicron Fraternity held its fall initiation at Normal, followed by a dinner at the Hotel Lenox.

Here we have another but not a chronic case of absent-mindedness—Mr. Filson tripped his shoe good-night and put his two daughters under the bed.

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A Dutchman's Melody

Sing a song of street cars,
Seats all full with chaps,
Four and twenty ladies
Hanging by der straps.

Ven der door vas opened
Der men began to read,
All dic advertisements
About new breakfast feed.

—G. E. M.

"The Line Is Busy"

Now, "Central," won't you hurry,
please?

I cannot wait all day,
Yes, Tupper was the station
And the party line was "J."
What's that?—You're sorry, but—
Yes, yes, I might have known;
The line is always "busy"
Whene'er I try to phone.

Each time I go to luncheon
So many folks are there
We have to form a line, way down
Around the center stair.

Perhaps you won't believe me,
But I know it's mighty true;
That everlasting lunch line
is always "busy," too.

Monday morning bright and early,
Whene'er the weather's fine,
My mother hangs the washing out
To dry upon the line.
There's always such a host of clothes,
I wonder they don't fall,
'Cause mother's Monday wash line
is the "busiest" line of all.

All this has set me thinking
And a-wondering why it's so,
That all these lines are busy:
Or at least I've found them so.
So—I'll have naught to do with lines,
I'll leave them all alone.
The clothes line, and the lunch line,
And our "line is busy" phone!

ELANORE BACKUS.

Chants Heard During Exam Week

Throw Out the Lifeline.
Guide Me.
Lead, Kindly Light.
Courage, Brother, Do Not Stumble.
Yield Not to Temptation.
Reacts to the Perishing.
Hear Me in My Hour of Need.

Miss Kemple—"Now, then, about this play—"

Van—"Get Molly Moran to write the play. She writes jokes for the Record."

Miss Kemple—"Now, Mr. Van Hoff, this is serious business."

Worthwhile Facts (1)

Blackboards may be gray.
You may put paper in waste baskets.

You may leave a class when the bell rings, but if the teacher is lecturing, it might be better to wait, remembering the while that five minutes isn't as bad as a repetition of the whole course.

Peanuts may be eaten in class if done in a delicate manner and subdued tone.

Cross draughts must not be created in a room just before blue all pare due.

It is not desirable to have pages removed from books in the library, even though they might prove helpful in schoolwork.

Books from library must not be given as Christmas presents unless school stamp is removed.

Telephones may be used only when you have made a reservation two days preceding time of usage.

Member of Gram. Sec. II (Nature Study, on a field trip)—"Oh, wonderful, mammoth oak. If you could speak what would you tell me!"

Gardener (nearby)—"Scuse me, mum, but 'e would probably say: 'If you please, I'm not an oak, I'm a spruce.'"

The Record

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No. 5

NEW COLLEGE CURRICULUM

Suggested Courses

Compiled by "Marg" Sheehan and "Ken" Mason

N. B.—For the benefit of those who may question our authority to take upon ourselves such major details in school administration, we submit our years of experience within these walls—days and nights (nights that Mr. Smith did not seek us out) of toil, suffering and hardship. We realize that the omission of such valuable courses have hindered to a great extent our pedagogical development, and we magnanimously give to those who follow all that we were obliged to learn in the "School of Hard Knocks."

Geology 1B—Recommended for out-of-town freshmen. The instructor will endeavor to prove the earth's crust is not unlike our own and to provide, through a definite knowledge of the stratification of the earth, that comprises this—the Queen City of the Lakes—a working background for locating the Buffalo Teachers' College. (This institution, we may add for the benefit of the instructor to follow this course may be thrust upon, is located on the highest strata.)

Higher Gymnastics—11B—Credit granted according to the use made of course by individual students. The instructor will endeavor to train students to throw themselves out of classes without the teacher's assistance. It aims, in short, to develop independence.

History of Blue Slips—(12 credit hours)—A development of the blue slip from prehistoric times. The course will begin with the origin of the blue slip at the time when Adam bit the apple and felt blue over the slip, down thru the ages when they were introduced into the B. S. N. S. It will also touch on the gradual outgrowth of the semi-yearly greetings dispatched to our homes—and the ways and means of outwitting the mailman.

Intimate Entomology—(Cash or credit, 3 hours)—Prerequisite courses are pneumatic boiler anatomy and experimental hair-net construction. A purely arbitrary study of graphical kiddie car conduct as related to the high cost of sheer silk socks. The relative merits of selected comic valentines will be fluently discussed in a series of reformal lectures.

Telephonic Technique—Open only to students showing evidence of possessing at least fourteen live telephone numbers classified blonde or otherwise. The course is hung up on the text book "Data for Dattag." Practical demonstrations will be rung in from reliable sources, assuring ability to cope with

wrong numbers and sarcasm from central. The course is designed as a prerequisite for municipal gold-digging and elective mapping and mugging.

Matrimonial Guidance—Following the pace of other worthy institutions, this course is offered as special training for prospective halves and better halves. A complete survey of the rolling-pin industry from flour to doughnuts is one of the features, while other topics are implied: furnace stoking, corporation law, and cost accounting for two.

Cafeteria Asstabilites—Prerequisite to courses, soup and fish, theory of knife and fork manipulation. Calorie computation periods daily throughout the term. The course is concerned with molar activity as affected by the index of vital menu statistics. Investigations will be made into fancy ice-box exploration, modern sandwich manufacture, and dilute indigestion. No cramming will be tolerated between courses.

AN ABNORMAL HOBO'S DIARY

(Final installment)

A great mistake was made in the last issue of "The Record." No, dear friends, I was not imprisoned in Siberia; I was practice teaching at School 88.

While wandering thru Canada, I heard everyone talking of the Toronto Fair. It was only two hundred miles to go and when you haven't money you've got to keep a-going anyhow (the town constables see to that), so I decided to attend the fair.

When I arrived in the city of London, I wanted a job, or to be more exact, I needed one. I saw a sign in a delicatessen store asking for a soda jerker. I went in and interviewed a sour faced, scarlet haired man who was the proprietor. He asked me what I could do on the soda fountain. I told him I could make anything from a nut sundae down to an ash Wednesday. He said, "You know too blanket-blank much to work around here, so get out." My exit was more hurried than graceful.

Finally, I hit for the country again, where I was nearly always able to work for a meal. The price of a meal usually ran about three blisters to the wood-pile. After getting many lifts in trucks, automobiles and Fords, I decided I had my figure. I was then in the northern part of Ontario Peninsula where it is dry and sandy, and the farm houses are as few and as far apart as the A marks at Normal School. I went up to a farm house to get a drink of water, but the farmer said he didn't have any; they were drilling for some but they had not struck any yet. I went out to watch them drill and had no sooner reached the place, when, with a mighty roar, the water shot up seventy-five feet, giving me all the water I wanted, both inside and out.

After a few more days on the road, I reached Toronto. I visited the University and was certainly surprised at the size of the place and its broad, well-cared for grounds. If Normal School were placed in the campus, it would be as hard to find as paper towels in the Men's Room.

After spending three days in viewing the Fair, I concluded it was time to be moving on toward home, as Normal was to open in a few days. I had been on the philosopher's road for about five weeks and I certainly looked it. I had learned many things, seen many new and strange sights and felt well repaid. I came home in a state of bankruptcy.

If some of you think this is not a true story, I have only this to say: Everything that is written here is the truth, but all the truth is not written here.

(The End)

A NORMALITE GOES DOWN TOWN

(Author's Note: No attempt is made herein purposely to imitate or Jonathan Swift's imitation as recounted de luzz.)

The three o'clock bell. We gallop gavelle-like down six flights of stairs (tiot-tiot in the frosty hallways; tiot-tiot by some icy glazes, Faculty, Boyce, Gustative and Alternale). Arrive at the car at 3:02 5/8, leaving in our wake (in order of their importance): one unlinked locker door, nine temporarily disabled students and two dead Freshmen (no medals will be accepted).

On the Car

Several old ladies beam approvingly on the writer, who is sagging weakly under a load of books: three library novels and one History Methods notebook (a friend's).

A squirrel coat, topped by a flame felt hat, enters the car; the "gentlemen" on the long side bench graciously "make room," carelessly imperiling the equilibrium of a grayish cloth coat, topped by a red velvet hat, seated at the end.

A swerve, a jerk, inertia! The motorman has locked the brakes, we settle back "for a long winter's wait." If only this was a movie; John Gilbert would dash up in cream flannels to rescue the car-bound maiden in fur-lined, two-wheeled cutter! Or Richard Dix in overalls (he's a millionaire's son, only he's disguised as a laborer) would happen along and unlock the exhaust, or combustion, or whatever it is. Oh, my—we're actually started!

In the Library

At the request desk—a girl directly in front of me asks for "Principles of Teaching," by Thorndike (we smile understandingly, a Normal student), but wait—"and the 'Hundredth Chance,' by Dell, please" (so, NOT a Normal student).

In Hengewer's

We approach the Travel Department, bent on getting some pamphlets profusely illustrated with Pushbros and mound-builders, for our History notebook. In our best Keeler accent, only slightly impaired by a cold, we ask, "Ray we has some pamphlets on Arctoda, please?" The clerk, warily eyeing our simple countenance, "When do you intend to go there?" Too disconcerted to lie, we confess, "WE waddled there for noddobeg werg." Inly, "Sorry, but our supply is limited."

In our attempt to remove our offending presence rapidly, we fall over the balustrade into the Toilet Goods Department, coming down with some force on a glass counter, which collapses at the impact. As we are falling, for several eons, thoughts scurry thru our brain like cold mice, the outstanding mental reaction being, "Oh, God, don't let us die, we're not good enough, and besides we've got two Gym cuts to make up, and you know Miss Houston, God."

For the satisfaction of those who dislike "unhappy endings," we hasten to state that our prayer was answered and we escaped with only a broken right arm, which matters little, since we have passed Penmanship II and now use a typewriter.

—Ethal M. Hoeman.

Father (dipping):	"Which was He:	"So your brother made the
Moses when de light went out?"	team?"	
Little Brother:	"On the daven-	She: "Oh, I wouldn't say that,
poah!"		But, of course, he helped."



Washington in Appare!

(About three weeks ago some practical jokers dressed up Washington and deposited several sketches at his side.)

Altho Mr. Washington was all set to depart from us, because we were having only a half-holiday for Lincoln's birthday, we are happy to see that he has done something that no man before, in the history of the universe, has done—He changed his mind!

Well, it was only natural that there should be the excitement there was. The students were able, as they always are, especially in Assembly, to control themselves. It was the Faculty who feared the loss, tho some of them thought it was all a bluff!

Press comments are quite popular, but instead let me quote our own Faculty on the subject:

Mr. Perkins: "It's as funny as a crutch."

Miss Salom: "Wasn't he a joke? Wasn't he a scream?"

Mr. Clement: "I think that's thilly."

Mr. Bradley: "It doesn't seem proper."

The Freshmen Break In

We promised the Student Body that no more Freshmen would be permitted to enter this building and aid in congesting the Cafeteria line. On this occasion, we take the opportunity to apologize for breaking this solemn oath.

The "joys of Normal" have gained such fame, that when twelve audacious persons banged so long and loudly at our portals this January, we were forced to admit them lest they annoy us longer by their clamorings. (You know what Freshmen are!)

However, since there is no cloud without the proverbial silver lining, be consoled! Think of the room there will be in June, after the Seniors are ushered out! (?)

Well, They Did It!

At the beginning of school, a week late, it did sound collegiate to know that we were to have a real honest-to-goodness registrar. When, however, said registrar took it into her head to send a "school valentine" to each of our fond guardians—the joke was on us.

It seems that few of us really appreciated all the trouble and work and generosity which this little gift or valentine or whatever you call those measly



More Excitement

You know many of us would have actually been excited had we been in Dr. Rockwell's boots on the occasion of the afternoon of February 18 (it fell on a Thursday). There were two reasons (at least we know about two) why Dr. Rockwell should have been nervous and excited. One, it was the first time he had met his attention class on "Progressive Education"; two, he was leaving that very same night, with Mrs. Rockwell, to attend the convention of the National Education Association, and the convention of the American Association of Teacher's Colleges in Washington.

Oh, we forgot, there is really another reason why he might have been excited. He might have let his mind fit to the first of the following week when he would probably see Miss Catherine Reed who would be in Washington at the same time attending the convention for Dean of Women.

We haven't come to the funny part yet. Imagine anyone teaching a class for the first time—seeing all those progressive folks eager to know and delve into the mysteries of "Progressive Education"—imagine the anxiety of actually taking a night train (and, we hope, a Pullman)—imagine seeing Miss Reed again—imagine all the excitement anyone would have at the thought of the possibility of seeing the President—imagine the thousand and one other incidents over which an inexperienced traveler gets excited and you'll realize this is the joke of it all—Dr. Rockwell WAS excited!

School 38 Practice Teacher: "Angelo, explain the meaning of the words 'derail' and 'detract'."

Angelo: "De rail is da ting dat, when dere is two of 'em, makes detract."

Practice School Pupil: "Are you going to give us anything in the test that you can't do yourself?"

Practice Teacher: "Certainly not."
Pupil: "That's fine."
Exit pupil.

little slips, displayed. The effects of such a valentine were rather hard to laugh down.

The wits of every one of us were taxed to the peak load in figuring a suitable code for explanation—the sometimes the fathers were quite inclined to conclude for themselves. One father was positively elated when the slip enclosed all bore an E. Another father, quite the opposite, was rather disheartened when his child prodigy received eight A's—he felt that his daughter must be of Awfully Average Ability. But the best one yet was the father who was positively rolled when the slips came out and he read A B A D I.



The bottom cupboard was in great confusion. The bell had just rung, and the new Foods class had piled the equipment into any available place, one of which happened to be the bottom cupboard. A wooden spoon was wedged into a corner by a rolling pin, a frying pan and a double boiler. Nearby, and much out of place, were a sugar bowl, a china cup and a platter. In the opposite corner stood a teakettle with a cover three sizes too large on its head. Presently the kettle, after adjusting its cover to a more suitable position, began to speak:

"Those girls certainly did not care how they arranged us, and, say—the way they did talk."

"But think of all the gossip we gathered," said the spoon, gently pushing the rolling pin off its handle.

"And such news," continued the cup, "Did you hear about the contest which the Bulletin Board Committee held recently? The girl who remembered the most bulletin board news received a prize contributed by Mrs. Gemmill. Of course, the exam was not obligatory, as I heard some of the girls thank-fully remark. By the way, I believe I hear some voiceless singings. I have only one ear, but, to me, it sounds much like 'The Farmer in the Dell.'"

"Yes," explained the platter, in a bored voice, "That's only the Nutrition class practicing games to teach at Dompolsi. The clapping sounds like that of the Freshmen, poor dears."

"Oh, please!" cut in the rolling pin. "Let me tell you something before I forget it. One of my brothers will probably be needed shortly, for Althea Dunklin (?) , a Junior, has acquired a husband. It's interesting to know that he is an industrial man."

The frying pan, who had been vainly attempting to be heard, now sputtered: "Our girls are delighted with the new drinking fountain on the third floor."

The rolling pin quieted him with a rolling look and began again:

"From all reports, I believe the Sophs had an enjoyable time on their slight ride party of Tuesday, February 14. At that time they had fully recovered from the start they received in Economics, when they were told that they were about to take Consumption. He looked over at the spoon as if for some approbation, and, in the lull, the spoon started off on a tangent:

"The Faculty and girls are much concerned about the queer actions of the Seniors, who sedately run around the halls, clutching the queer looking drawings—of scarfs, they say!"

"I'm sick of all this clutter," remarked the supercilious little double boiler. "Thank goodness, here comes the next class. Here's hoping that they put us back in our own spheres again."

SCHOLARSHIP HAZE

After he had been turned down five or six times by those up-stage dames at the Senior dance in the Gym, Otto Koch spent the rest of the time sitting on the side lines wondering how Tommy Finsterbach manages to corral all the good-lookers.

Schwitzer Bachman claims that when he arrived at Seneca for practice teaching, he was greeted by the school band which was playing, "I'm breaking rocks because I broke your neck." We wonder if there is any connection.

Deckoff is offering a reward of one castor oil lollypop in fairly good consideration for the name of the cowardly assassin who nicked him in the back of the neck with a very mushy snowball in the history class.

What could have been sweeter than Barnard auctioning off photographed copies of Tiny Harding's masterpiece, entitled "Portrait of a Micrometer at Dawn"?

What Could Be Sweeter:

THAN Bill Kiernan trying to explain that new necktie?
 THAN Miss Andrews all dressed up like Astor's pet horse?
 THAN the cute little wiggling of Clarke's mustache when he recites?
 THAN the million dollar grin on Swede Peterson?
 THAN what's going to happen to the writer when this is printed?

P. A. Kuhn: "Work is my meat."

Norton: "I'm a vegetarian."

If the fellows in the Vocational Department will sew some pretty little strips of cretonne around the collars and cuffs of their shop coats, they'll be right in the new smock tad the girls are falling for.

Scholarship men were well in evidence at the Normal-Fredonia basketball game at Fredonia. "Tillie" chattered a gang down in his sea-going hack and all went merry as a wedding bell until the trip home when the gang had to push the tub half way back.

The Scholarship crew now has a bowling team and is out looking for trouble. If any organization in the school would like to take our measure on the alleys, say so to any Scholarship man, and we'll set a date!

Industrial Follics Berne

(In no way related to the English Follics Berne)

Well, the boys have had their taste of practice teaching and most of them feel sure that they will soon be able to tackle a superintendent's job. Most of the regular instructors welcomed the idea of having these prospective teachers show them how a shop should be run under scientific management. YEE—we believe it!

Practice Teaching Occurrences

"Buttercup" Chavel created a sensation with his pupils with his curvilinear hair dress.

As soon as "Sun Maid" Schwenk gave his "Hae," the regular teacher handed in his resignation.

"Ollie" Seaberg—the boy with the tempting crew and the perpetual motion grin—shocked his class with original and revolutionary ideas.

THE INEVITABLE
SCHOOLROOM —
STUNT

AND — THE
PRIZE GOES TO



STUNT NITE



An Incident of the Lunch Line
(Browning wants no apologies)

You know, we once headed the lunch line.
A mile or so away
At the end of the line, our "contempts" stood,
On our lucky day.
With necks outfrust—you fancy how—
Legs outstretched, arms hung behind,
As if to judge the minutes ere
They'd reach the front of the line.

Just as perhaps they mused,
"Our hopes that soar, to earth may fall;
Let once those lucky ones in front
Leave us no food at all."
Out twixt the staggering line there flew
A Freshman—nothing more—
Full galloping; nor did she stop
Until she reached the door.

Then in she burst in smiling joy
And held herself erect—
By just her nerve—we termed it—
So we grabbed her by the neck.
So young was she, and brassy,
We temporarily lost our sense.
We looked twice ere we realized
Her seeming innocency.

"Well," cried she, "Classmates, by your grace,
I'm about to have some food;
The soup is out before me
And I'm just in the mood
To see the 'wimmen' tear their hair."
When I, to heart's desire,
Praged them—All eyes flashed—The soup
Steamed over the fire.

The soup steamed, but presently
Cooled itself as cools
Self-respecting soup at Normal
Before a frigid stare.
"Get out!!—Nay!!" the Freshman's pride,
Touched to the quick, she said,
"I'm leaving." And from the front she went
To the end of the line instead.

—M. A. S.

Mr. Smith, after hanging picture of
Ellen Richards: "And what did she
do that she deserves to be hung?"

Student: "She was the Mother of
Home Economics!"

Stude (to barber)—"How's business,
professor?"

Tutorial Artist—"Very poor; I'm
thinking of opening a butcher shop."

Stude—"What—and close this one?"



Synthetic Reviews of Future Classics

(Appearing in 1932)

"Normal Days, My Reminiscences," by Mrs. —, nee Gertrude Rodema. Published by National Textbook Co. Autographed copy, 85c.

Some authors eat, others sleep, still others play, but this author writes. Her genius could make a Bolshevik shave or make the men-sing in Assembly. Like all women, she is forgetful of the past, but manages to remember that she was the best woman president of graduating Normal School classes. Read this book and you will never read any other.

"My Amateur Acting Days," by John Coughlin. Published by the Normal Professional Dramatic Association, Incorporated.

"Gentle readers," says Mr. Coughlin, "close your eyes and let me waft you back to the days when I was a mere amachor playing the part of Bassanio or Jessica or the devil knows what. At that time I was tongue-tied, yet you applauded me. Today I am physically fit because of the encouragement you gave me; only recently a crowd thunderously applauded me." What this author says is correct, only he forgets to mention that the "thunderous applause" was the bricks which the crowd hurled at him. All joking aside, however, take our advice and read how an ordinary Normal School Romeo developed into a combination George Arliss, Gloria Swanson and Harold Lloyd.

"My Violin and Me," by the Right Hon. Darlus Ormsby, conductor of the Hicksville Symphonic Trio. Published by himself.

"I love my violin so much I take it to bed with me," avers this celebrated jazz classicist in the preface of his interesting pamphlet. The reader forgives himself as he floats away to a fairyland of dreams in the Never-never land where the alligators play hide and go seek. It does seem a rare coincidence that such an accomplished artist as the writer, Darlus Ormsby, is closely related to Sir Wallace Ormsby, the versatile cornet-blower, woman-hater and comedian. If you ever want to wreak vengeance on your wife, give her this book to read.

"A Great Manager of a Great Paper," by Howard Schwenk. Publisher unknown.

Mr. Schwenk, the too-well-known former Business Manager of the Record, explains how to manage a school paper without doing any work. Briefly stated in his own words, "Use your cerebral functions—let your assistants utilize their physical labors." Luther Burbank, the famous deep sea diver, advises, "Mr. Schwenk's book contains 366 pages; that's 367 pages too-much."

"Childhood Days," by Helen Delano Rockwell. Published by the Printhop. Autographed copies given away free.

Miss H. D. Rockwell has given Dr. Harry W. Rockwell the honor of being her father (not old man). To those interested in Child Psychology and Internal Surgery, we recommend this volume. Miss Rockwell has had the unusual experience of eating poison, hardware ice cream cones. Excepting Mrs. Rockwell, she is the only person who ever "bawled out" and even assaulted Dr. Rockwell, while he was principal of the Buffalo Normal School. Read this book if you want to get a realistic line on babies and their instincts.

"Quit Your Kiddin'," by Helen Moulton. Published by Ginn & Company.

A deep study of the influence of education on Normal School students.

A CRIBBEE'S COMPLAINT

(Subject apologies to Sir Philip Sidney)

Pirise Parody by William L. Brinkerhoff

Loving not truth, and fain to test some lore to show,

That I, dear L, might have some credits for my pain—

Credits to get me thru, yes, thru this School of woe,

Diploma then to hold and city job obtain—

I sought fit words to state the much I did not know,

Or studying inventions fine, teachers to entertain,

Or scanning other's work, to see if thence would flow

Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburnt brain.

But words came halting forth, wanting invention's clue

(Invention, wayward child, cares not where it goes) —

And other's words, it seemed, were useless to me, too.

Thus, sick with fear of failing, helpless in my throes,

Biting my trunk pen, beating myself for spite; —

"Fool," said my imp to me, "look on your cuff and write."

Divine Femininity

So frail, so fair, so delicate,

So slender and divine!

So like a lily on the sward

That even a breeze would pine.

So rare, so ethereal,

Like an angel, newly alight,

You scarcely deserve a thing of earth

When we wear out last night.

Your laugh was like a rippling brook,

You're all a fair bride,

So rare, so fair, with dainty air

You floated by my side.

My heart was at your feet

So rare and so ethereal

Migroah, how you did eat!

—S. Adamaka.

RebucnaeGua

(No apologies to E. B.)

One month until spring.

On time every more—

(Mortgage at 10).

My hair is still curled,

I've passed everything—

The building is warm.

Mr. Smith's off the war-path.

All's right with the world!

Lavehce

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prithce why so pale?

If we can using Dye Kim rouge

You can look so hale!

Prithce why so pale?

The Record

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

A Dean of Men
(speaking for the Men)

A group of Seniors have asked us to use our influence in getting a Dean of Men for Normal. First of all, we want a Dean of Men because the co-ed's have a Dean of Women. They're no better than we are—why do the women always get what they want? If you ask the girls their age, the answers will range from 12-16 years. Ah! now we have it. The girls are so young that they need someone to take care of them. We fellows are willing to admit that we're 18 or 19 or 20 or 30 or 40 years old.

Notwithstanding, there should be a Dean of Men. He must be a man who was a former football star and who understands men just as well as women. He must be able to keep us in school after we have sunk all the subjects on the curriculum and must give us advice only when we ask for it. How can we reciprocate for all his favors? Well, we can cheer him in Assembly

and sign petitions for him whenever he wants a raise, also behave whenever he's in sight.

Finally, we must stage the supreme appeal. Here we are: boys away from home, some from Lockport, Depew and Kenmore, others from even farther places, left alone to combat the evils of a great city. There is not a soul except our boarding-house keeper to advise, and her advice costs money. Our souls beg for comfort, our hearts long for solitude; we cry out in our loneliness—GIVE US A DEAN OF MEN OR GIVE US DEATH.

Feb. 23, 1926.

Editor of The Record:

Answering your last month's editorial for some comments. The Record Staff may dig and toll 'til their finger tips are sore to make the Record a worthwhile and inspiring publication. But all in vain.

Why not endeavor to increase the School Spirit of OUR NORMAL by having each section appoint someone to contribute the "smile-makers" in every class? If this were done, what would the Record be?

Here is the answer: It would be buoyed up from the depths of lethargy and lugubriousness, to become so popular that the clamor for each issue would be of greater magnitude than the Cafeteria line during lunch hours.

Respectfully yours,

DAVID O'CONNELL

Feb. 21, 1926.

To the Editor:

How much longer, O editors, are you going to refuse our contributions? It won't be much longer, for your days are numbered. You may think the Spanish Inquisition is a thing of the past. However, your Inquisition is just beginning. The victims then were boiled in oil. You will be roasted at a fire made from the many contributions you haven't printed. The Inquisition stretched men's thumbs. Your thumbs will be cramped with the writing of explanation you will do. Beware! You may be beheaded. We have beheaded many foul wretches ere now. You would only be a stray pullet.

We not only demand that you read one composition, but that you read them all. May your eyes be dimmed and may glasses not aid you. Your tyrant hand has suppressed us too long. We WILL give our ideas to the public even though we leave them out from the waste places of the campus.

We demand two feet for one foot and a set of false teeth for a tooth. Since you have none of these, you must print all our contributions, especially the rejected ones. Like all the rest of these editors, you have sunk so low you couldn't even be an understudy to a ditch digger.

We are a secret society of disappointed contributors organized for the purpose of ridding the earth of superfluous editorial talent. We are infernally tired of your drivel and intend to see that you stop stealing all the space for your alleged editorials. You have been warned!

—L'Avocat de L'Avenger.

Evidently, school work bores your society and you are looking for notoriety and thrills. We put this piece of sensation-seeking foolishness to show you that we are not afraid of any secret organization on the face of the earth. Fear can never force us to print contributions. Use your brains, not your fists. —The Editor.

HE'S CRAZY

A 45% Comedy in One Act, by the Author

Scene—A State Hospital for the Insane.
Time—Today.

Characters—A "Madman," a Doctor, First Visitor, Second Visitor, Third Visitor.

(The curtain rises on a small section of a long hall. The "Madman" is seen on his hands and knees, apparently searching for something. A Doctor in a white coat enters from left. The "Madman" looks up.

Madman: "Have you seen it?"

Doctor: "Seen what?"

Madman: "That piece of toast."

Doctor: "What piece of toast?"

Madman: "Any one at all will do."

Doctor: "Didn't you have breakfast?"

Madman: "Breakfast! What do I want with breakfast? I'm part of it."

Doctor: "Part of it?"

Madman: "Why, yes. Don't you know? I'm a poached egg and must have a piece of toast to sit on!"

Doctor (walking away): "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Madman: "Wait a moment."

Doctor: "What do you want?"

Madman: "Who are you?"

Doctor: "I am the doctor."

Madman: "Oh, that's all right. I was Napoleon once, but they oured me."

Doctor: "Ha! Ha! Ha!" (He passes out.)

(The Madman takes a piece of string from his pocket. There is a bent pin attached to the string and sitting on the back of a chair he begins to fiddle, snangling his tackle over a flower pot. Two visitors enter from left.)

1st Visitor: "Have you caught many, my man?"

Madman: "Ton are the thirteenth."

1st Visitor: "He's crazy! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

2nd Visitor: "Ha! Ha!" (The visitors pass out.)

(The Madman takes a piece of paper and a pencil from his pocket and begins to write. A third visitor enters.)

Third Visitor: "What are you doing?"

Madman: "Making laws."

Third Visitor: "Let me see them." (The Madman hands him the paper. He reads)—"let. It shall be a crime for the grass to be green in the Spring-time. And the rain must fall up instead of down. Erd. The wind must not blow, except on Wednesday, and after taking out a Blowing License at the City Hall."

Third Visitor: "Why, these laws are contrary to nature. You cannot enforce them."

Madman: "That doesn't matter. I'm a reformer."

Third Visitor: "He's crazy. Ha! Ha! Ha!" (He passes out.)

(The Madman takes a tobacco tin and some spoons from his pockets and pretends to be making something. The first two visitors return from right and stop.)

1st Visitor: "What are you making?"

Madman: "A new kind of steam engine."



THE RECORD

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2nd Visitor: "Ah! A new kind."

Madman: "Yes; this is a new type."

1st Visitor: "What do you call it?"

Madman: "Human Nature Model. Repression Type."

2nd Visitor: "Why do you call it that?"

Madman: "Because it has no safety valve and its working parts are chained."

1st Visitor: "Why do you make such an engine?"

Madman: "That's the only kind I can make."

2nd Visitor: "It has no safety valve and its working parts cannot move! Aren't you afraid it will blow up?"

Madman: "I don't care if it does. I'm a reformer!"

1st Visitor: "He's crazy. Ha! Ha! Ha."

2nd Visitor: "Ha! Ha!" (They pass out.)

Madman: "So's yer old man!" (He passes out.)

Author's Note: If any should be tempted to question the label "comedy," let him consider that there are 18 "ha-" in the course of the brief action. There are only forty speeches, making this a 45% comedy. And note also that the Doctor and the Visitors "pass out" with laughter.

Miracles

1. A book was returned to the library two hours late, and Miss Viele said, "thank you."
2. A teacher on the first floor near the entrance dismissed his class when the bell rang.
3. There wasn't any notice handed in late to Chapel.
4. Went thru lunch line with forty cents' worth of lunch and check was punched forty cents.
5. Faculty didn't talk during Assembly.
6. Stereophonics worked during lecture.
7. Industrial men didn't wear smocks.
8. A certain teacher forgot to say "Come, come," thirty times during an hour.
9. Mr. Clement scolded someone.
10. A girl went to see Dr. Rockwell and Miss Fisher said, "Just step right in."
11. Some student didn't hand in a text at the end of the semester and the teacher said, "Oh, that's alright, we don't need them anyway."
12. There was a concert given that Miss Hurd didn't hear about.
13. Everyone was perfectly satisfied with his practice teaching assignment.
14. There was a joke in the "Record" that no one had heard before.
15. "There was once a little girl found in the building after five-thirty and Mr. Smith said, "Call me when you are going and I'll run down and open the door."

Girl: "Oh, you mean that I will I feel strange longness in my dome never see your face again?" I think I'd better write a poem

Vocational Man: "Yes." For inspiration I shall roam

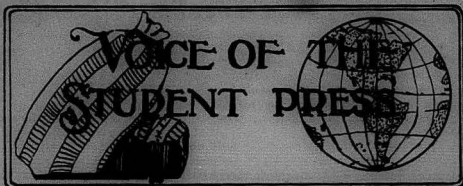
Girl: "Why?" Where the brook lades—

V. M.: "I am going. Yes, I am But rhyme and meter make me foam going—" I fast become "Nobody Home"

Girl: "Where? Oh, where? I must (I'll soon be 'neath the rich black know so I can follow you." roam

V. M.: "I am going to raise whisk- Pushing up daisies).

era."



The Windmill

From his watch tower, the looker of "The Windmill," a college paper, edits out upon the world of educators and educated, with its "was-laying and honey-making and poison-brewing." A Pollyannised Tenfeldbrock, he views the world of teachers and taught and concludes he is glad that:

He is met a schoolboy in Mississippi, where an anti-evolution law was passed last week; because he would grow up in the belief that a Hebrew folk tale constitutes a scientific explanation of creation.

He is not a schoolboy in Texas, where Governor "Ma" Ferguson, bless her soul, caused these and similar references to be deleted from all text books in state-maintained schools:

"All forms are related by descent from common ancestors."

"Mutations give life a new species."
"Evolution is a slow and gradual process."

He is met a schoolboy in Atlanta, Georgia, where the Board of Education prohibits the teaching of evolution.

He is met a co-ed in almost any college west of the Rocky Mountains, because he, out of deference to the President of a large state university, would have to arrange intercollegiate debates on such vital questions as: "Resolved, that Negro Slavery is an Inhuman Institution"; "Resolved, that Polygamy in the territory of Utah

should be prohibited by a Federal Statute."

He is set editor of a student publication at Baptist Baylor University, Texas, because he would not be permitted to voice a widespread undergraduate protest against the prurient and autoerotic local Board of Censors which mutilates films and plays in the town of Waco.

He is set editor of the Illinois Magazine, University of Illinois, because he would not be permitted to print realistic stories that might offend any capitalist within the state.—"The New Student," Intercollegiate Paper.

Equal Rights

The principle of equal rights for men has been established at the University of California. Professor Ira B. Cross recently expressed annoyance at the time taken from studies by feminine students powdering their noses and freshening their countenances. He said boys had an equal privilege and rights if they desired them.

Two men appeared yesterday with shaving equipment and when Professor Cross started his lecture they lathered and shaved. Professor Cross led the applause, saying that if they would make their names known to him—he was unable to recognize them under the lather—he would see that they received a grade of "A" for the term.—A. P.

Oh!

Sister's bean was taking supper with the family and Johnny was enthusiastically telling him about a soldier friend who had called on his sister several days since. He said, "Gee, he was swell, an' he had his arm—"

"Johnny," said his sister in great embarrassment and blushing to the roots of her hair, "what are you telling?"

"Well," said Johnny, "I was goin' to say that he had his arm—"

"Johnny," said his mother.

"Johnny, you leave this room this mornin'," said his father severely.

Johnny began to cry, but as he left the room he sobbed, "Well, I was only going to say that he had his army clothes on!"—Hope College "Anchor."

The Professor

There they sit, in various stages of coma,

While I plead with them to observe the beauties of life

Passing before them. They sit, or sprawl in frank slumber,

Or gaze out the window, or make hasty preparation for the next class,

Thinking I am unaware of their doltish inattention.

Well, it's always an exquisite joke, when I ask them why they

Are in the course, to hear them gasp and murmur,

"Why, uh, err, it broadens one so much, and—well broadens one."

I've lectured to probably seven thousand family prides,

And not seven out of that number—what's that!

Can it be a spark of intelligence in that boy's eyes?

Say, this is a pretty good life, after all.

—Gargyle.

Lincoln

A fascinating subject for speculation is ventured in "The Flatiron," a column in The University of Colorado's "Silver and Gold." The writer wonders what would happen,

"If a long, lean, lanky, six-foot, caloused-handed, awkward, green, country-looking, country-smelling fellow got off the train sometime in September and knocked at the door of a modern university.

"Mr. ah-Abra-ah-oh-yee-Lincoln, your total is extremely low; you have no axioms, no language, not enough mathematics. We can't allow you to enter our institution, Mr. Lincoln-ah-Lincoln. You might try some of our courses through the Extension Department." . . . He would never in a thousand worlds be rushed by a fraternity. . . . These music halls and saxophone livery stables want Valentines, not Lincolns.

"Abraham Lincoln would have a hard and lonesome time getting into, and getting through a modern university. Maybe this is the reason why there are so few Lincolns coming out of the big schools."

Go! the Limit

I went ten rounds with Dempsey, And I am feeling fine,

For it was on a Ferris wheel, His seat was next to mine.

—Hi-Life—Fairmont, W. Va.

Suppressed Deceit

Oh, I wish that I could be A sailor on the briny sea;

I'd venture much and bravely dare, But, first of all, I'd learn to swear." —C.

Freshman: "What are they playing now?"

Miss McMahon: "Beethoven's Ninth Symphony."

Freshman: "Oh, dear! Have we missed the other eight?"

AND IT THE TRUTH!



THE GIRL'S BAGNET BALL TEAMS HAVE BEEN DOING SO SPLENDIDLY. IT HAS BEEN PROPOSED THEY PLAY THE VARSITY QUINLETTE FOR COURT SUPREMACY.



THE FELLOW WHOM HANK HOLZER CLAIMS IS THE ONE AND ONLY DONNER OF THE "GREEN GLOVES". WHO IS HE?



INSIST: WHAT'S BECOME OF OUR WALTER LATELY? I O - OH HE'S QUITE A HOME FELLOW NOW. SINCE HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH ROSALINE.



EVERY TUESDAY A CLAMORING NOISE EMINATES FROM THE WALLS OF THE THIRD FLOOR. SOME CLAIM A MINATURE ZOO IS BEING HOUSED THERE BUT IT'S ONLY OUR YODELING GLEE CLUB PRACTISING FOR THEIR OPENING SPRING NUMBERS.



WE HEAR "EDDY BRUNIER" HAS RECEIVED NUMEROUS REQUESTS FROM MANY OF HIS SORORITY CHUMS TO JOIN THEIR RANKS.



ART BUCHANAN IS MAKING HIS ABODE IN BUFFALO ALL THE TIME NOW. WHAT'S MORE WE ALL KNOW THE REASON WHY.

SPORTS

BASKETBALL

(Note: This is vouched for by the author to be as unauthentic as possible. Information was gained from the Record and other unreliable sources.)

Basketball is played on a court—no, Alphonse, not King George's Court. The size of the court varies inversely with the size of the team. The greater the team, the smaller the court. Basketball is played by two teams of five men each, and by a referee. The referee chases the players around and the players do their best to get away from the referee. They don't succeed, often. The team is composed of two guards, who watch the doors (to see no one enters without paying); the center, who is in the midst of affairs, and two forwards, who are always interrupting the game. The game is played in four quarters. This necessitates cutting up the game in the center of the court amid applause from the players.

The game starts with a toss-up in the center of the court. The two centers leap up and make a lunge at the ball. The result is a pure case of "survival of the fittest." Then one of the forwards becomes very bold and takes the ball. He begins to take shots at the basket. The other players help or hinder. The basket has been made from an old peach basket by cutting the bottom from it. A beehive gun is used by the players in the shooting.

Sometimes, a one-handed shot is made. That is merely pot luck, holding the gun in one hand. On a few occasions air baskets are made. An air basket is the result of the opening of windows. The air rushes thru the basket, making an air basket. This happens very rarely, as most crowds have colds and will not allow windows to be opened. Sometimes, a tie-ball comes. That merely means that the ball is tied between two players who try their best to hit each other without hitting the ball. If a player is too ladylike in his actions, a fowl shot is allowed the other team. This consists of taking a fowl (there are always plenty of chickens, old hens and crowing roosters present) and putting it thru the basket. This is only accomplished by the most proficient "butter and egg man."

Score is kept by an official scorer and by the spectator. The scores always differ, but the one of the spectator is always correct. The game is timed by a watch which is at a stop. A whistle is blown at the end of each quarter of the game, but is never heard by anyone but the timekeeper. The best team (the home team) always wins.

Our Idea of a Real Swimming Instructor

1. Naturally straight hair marcelled! It's unattractive!
2. Limited vocabulary as: "Well!" "You don't look as tho you're going to sink anyone!" "Don't work so hard!" "Hah!"
3. Nice features suddenly expressive of contempt and great joy.
4. Especially-funny corks tied to ones feet which are hard to walk in!
5. One who calls you by your first name and doesn't laugh too much when you're a beginner.
6. A regular Venus de Milo with the voice of Brutus!

GIRL'S Basketball Tournaments!

The "Senior Six" completed a victory over the "Second-Year Twenty" on February 18. The game was one of a nervous type! One of the Senior guards was White through and the other one was Pagan. Ann Dorsey, another Senior, was given the ball and she almost "spoil" the game by tossing it in the basket eight times, that is, without alluding to the fact that Mary Congreve threw it in three times. There were only three Seniors left, then! Those being "Hoddy" Jackson, who played a fast game because she was in a hurry to catch the Podunk bus, and "Marg" Hurley, who didn't do herself justice in "personals". It was a "center's game," someone said! We guess that meant that it would center around 23 to 11! It did! Labeling our jokes:

THIRD YEAR (23)

Congreve, f. (6)
Dorsey, f. (16)
Hesley, c.
Jackson, s. c.
Pagan, g.
White, g.

Substitutions: Second year, Miller, Plummer, Backus.

(11) SECOND YEAR

(7) f., Parks
(4) f., Moynihan
c., Weinheimer
s. c., Farry
s., Schmidt
s., Reese

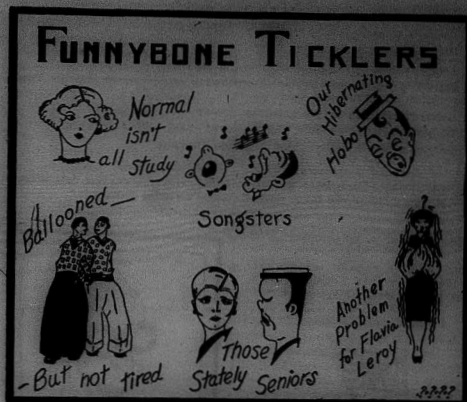
Basketball is a Popular Sport Because

"Hoddy" always comes late.
"Ann" D. is never given the ball.
Arlene Dobmeyer and Dorothy Dooley can jump rope.
Mary Congreve is "crushed" on someone, so it seems!
"Dot" Parks and "Moynie" come together.
"Whitey" stays away and "tutors" some days.
"Dot" Schmidt is a punctual member of the Glee Club!
Alma Plumber is lazy, maybe!
A girl from Depew is sometimes rough.
Miss Vleie's nephew came without her girl friend last week.

MY SECTION
(A Bit of Doggerel)

It's my section—
Some members thin, others fat,
A reckless lot, no doubt of that.
Just a section, no pedigree,
All kinds of branches on its family tree.
Some from Podunk, others from Lockport,
But they're always there in any sport.
Talk between classes, make plenty of noise,
(But of course that's all accredited to the boys.)
They laugh uproariously at a joke
Till many a teacher wishes they'd choke.
They're just children, thoughtless and rash,
Mixed together in a veritable hash.
Yes, absolutely worthless, but—
It's my section. R. B.

"Don" Stark is peeved. He wasn't No, that was not a circus at school appointed Dean of Women for next a few weeks ago. It was merely year. sororities pledging.



SMOCKS

Smocks! Smocks! Beautiful smocks!
Smocks for the Normal—Beautiful smocks!
Some like them green and some like them blue;
The prettiest ones, tho, vary in hue.
There are smocks for the short and smocks for the tall,
Smocks for the broad and smocks for the small.
There are clean smocks, messy smocks and smocks brand new,
Smocks full of wrinkles—which kind have you?
The men's smocks are sombre—with buttons of brass.
If you don't wear a smock—you sure a (censored).

Friend (to proud father): "Now it was a wonderful night for driving, and she was just the girl to be driving with. He couldn't stand, and she wouldn't resist—so by this time he was driving with but one arm. But, do with it. She is going to get a J. O. B. in the A. M."

Father: "Not if I have anything to do with it. She is going to get a J. O. B. in the A. M."

"Are you the man who cut my hair last time?"

"Pete" Saggese—"I couldn't be, sir, I've only been here a year."

It was a wonderful night for driving, and she was just the girl to be driving with. He couldn't stand, and she wouldn't resist—so by this time he was driving with but one arm. But, do with it. She is going to get a J. O. B. in the A. M."

"Sorry" came the mournful reply, "but I'm afraid I can't drive with my knees!"—Chicago Phoenix.

Did You Hear That

Hayler's is going out of business? (Ask Bentz.)

Baldwin joined Seatter???

Feldstein eats CHICKEN sandwiches at Lorish's?

Patrell was high point scorer in crocheting contest during the De Vsaux game?

Kelman is singing for the Salvation Army?

Wolaki sometimes believes what he says? (Ask him—he'll admit it.)

Mr. Quackenbush believes that "decendo disamus."

"Mr." Veigle—To bolster up his standing with the regular instructor—brought him a can of the much desired Reper's stuffed pickles.

"What kind of a flying machine is that?"

Asked the duck when he saw the bat.

"Is that some sort of a sailing truck?"

Cried the bat when he saw the duck.

—J. L. D.



The thermometer stood at twenty below.

In pumps and silk stockings she trod;

But her little poodle truded thru the snow

In four leather boots safely shod.

—J. L. D.

Minister: "So you are coming from Sunday-school, my lad. And did you profit by seeing there?"

Little Willie: "Yes, sir; I wou three cents matching pennies."—Ohio State Sun Dial.

She: "I just washed my hair and it won't behava."

He: "That's why I can't dance to-night. I just washed my feet."

She: "And you are usually such a good dancer."—Jack-o-Lantern.



BEST LOCAL JOKE

"Al." Di Cesare was first prize, submitting this drawing of Phillip Patti as the best local joke.

Ode to a Young Teacher

Miss Wooster—we greet her
And ask you to meet her,
Be sure that you treat her,
For she is some eater.
Her feet're fester,
She dances for Peter,
At golf you may beat 'er,
But she's great at the tea-car,
Her's greetings—Miss Wooster,

Adon Bire

Pharmacist

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latest books in our
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Teacher: "Now, Charlie, what was Caesar's famous message?"

Charlie: "I bressed in. I lamped 'em, I lickerd 'em."—The Masquerader.

Molly: "Isn't it nice? I hear that Eddie Peck spent his vacation touring the country in a big red car. What kind was it? A Packard?"

Polly: "No; Lalgih Valley."

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For your rejection or retention
A very old invention
From which there's no detention—
Regarding the next convention!

And with an air of knowing
To the next year's class be showing,
'Midst much greeting, and "hello-ing,"
How very much you're growing,
How little you are owing,
As on your way you're going.

But leave your Boston bags behind
The student body here, I find,
Has had the subject on its mind
And, although its verdict's kind,
They object to see our corridors lined
With Boston bags—sealed and signed,
I. M. AGAINST IT.

John C (in class)—"And I have this play and I have dramatics and I have and I have . . . so Leah and I decline this nomination."

Sorority Girl: "Oh, yes! We stopped at the Biltmore."

Teacher: "Did you go in?"

Sweet Young Thing (on her wedding day): "You mustn't mind my negligence today, honey."

Honey (blushing furiously): "Th—that's all right; I've seen them before."—Jack-o-Lantern.



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The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N.Y.

VOL. XIV

April Issue, 1926

No. 6

Song

When the first green
 Can scarce be seen
 And all the lanes are muddy,
 When clouds float high
 Across the sky,
 Oh, what care I for study!

For soft winds call
 Across the wall
 From far beyond the hollow,
 So I'll sling a pack
 Across my back
 And the open road I'll follow.

THE STIRLING-REED BILL

(Following are two articles by Record Staff members for and against the Stirling-Reed (or Curtis-Reed) bill which provides for a Department of Education in the President's Cabinet. At a later date, the Debating Society may debate this vital topic. The Record will conduct a school vote on this bill in some future issue.)

Altruistic

Once more are the opposers of progress massing their forces to stagnate the life waters of a democracy, namely education. The parasites of a nation, our petty politicians, thru appealing to sectionalism and the cheap love of power of the ignorant masses are attempting to prevent the passage of the greatest progressive bill ever placed before Congress. Thru their own selfish interests and the narrow view of a certain minority, these irresponsibles would crush a great work as they have done in the past. But "truth crushed to earth shall rise again." Aided by the paid lobby-lizards at Washington and the jackals of journalism, they are using the same old political hokum to juggle the unsuspecting public in their own best interests. They would crucify education on their cross of sectionalism.

Opposers to this Federal bill claim it is an attempt to wrest from the state the power to educate the children of that state. That is impossible even by the nature of this bill.

Section XII reads, "The state treasurer to be custodian of funds and only state and local authorities administer funds according to the laws of that state." Is that usurping of the states' rights by the Federal Government?

One of the important minor points of this bill is representation of education in the President's Cabinet. All of the important Federal branches of service have representation; why not education, the most important of all? "Education is the most sacred concern of a nation and its only hope"; so why should not the Federal Government each year spend \$15,000,000 in preparation of teachers for training of the states' children? The state and local authorities are to draw up courses.

The professions of medicine and law have long since recognized the necessity of intensive training in the respective fields, yet how different are people to recognize the necessity of intensive training in the teaching profession! In many of the southern states, the teachers of the elementary schools are not even high school graduates and the most important job in the world, the training of the young, has been placed in their unskilled hands. And yet we call the United States a progressive country.

The United States, the wealthiest and most progressive nation in the world, ranks tenth in the proportion of illiterates. We slide over this by attributing it to our immigration, yet three-fourths of the illiterates are native-born and two-thirds of these are white. (According to N. E. A. Journal 1924, page 978.)

In ten years we have reduced our illiteracy only one per cent. At this rate it will be a thousand years before it is wiped out, and a democracy can only hope to exist when its citizens are educated thinkers. Do you know that 1,500,000 people vote every year who can neither read nor write? They are the prey of the crooked politician who uses their ignorance to further his own interests. For these obvious reasons the national government in order to encourage states to remove their illiteracy is to appropriate each year \$7,500,000 to be distributed among the states in proportion to their illiterate population.

For the purpose of teaching the immigrant over fourteen years of age to speak, write and read the English language, for understanding and appreciation of the government of the United States, a sum of \$7,500,000 is to be appropriated annually to the states. New York State is strict in her voting laws, but in almost all other states one can become a citizen and vote without being able to read and write the English language. Is not this a national problem? And the state has the sole right to draw up courses for which the state authorities are to administer funds in accordance with the laws of that state. In the same way a sum of \$50,000,000 would be appropriated annually for partial payment of teachers' salaries, to provide better instruction and to extend the school term, especially in rural and sparsely settled communities, for extension and adaptation of public libraries, and otherwise provide for good educational opportunities.

In a democracy, equal opportunities should prevail for all, yet we know that in many states the school year is less than one-half of the New York State school year. In one state which pays teachers about the average, many country teachers receive \$11 a week salary. One thousand school districts in one state raise less than \$200 a year for school purposes. These are the reasons for dissension and dissatisfaction in our government. Many of the families that leave the rural communities do so to enable their children to be educated properly. This is ruining the agriculture of the nation, as the *Buffalo Courier* well observes in the Sunday, March 14, 1926, edition. The greatness of the United States is founded on her agriculture and when agriculture fails, so will the nation. Again we have a national problem.

Opponents to this bill may argue that one state paying a greater Federal tax will be paying for the education of other states. One may as well argue that because he has no children he should not pay a school tax to help educate others' children. If one cannot afford to educate his children, the state does so with the help of other men who can pay. Why should not the Federal Government give financial aid to these states that are backward in education and give the young an equal chance to make good?

Section X reads: "To encourage physical education twenty million dollars to be appropriated each year." It has been estimated by experts of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company that there is a loss of one billion dollars yearly from preventable diseases. But because of the total ignorance on the part of the public of health and hygienic laws, this loss will continue. The deficit each year is great enough to pay for operation of the bill for ten years.

City children excel country in health because they get more intelligent training. This statement is admitted by the health officials throughout the land. It is rural communities that suffer the most and the only possible aid is the adoption of this bill.

Opposers of this bill are certain religious sects that have apparently forgotten that during the war the United States Government spent billions of dollars to help wipe out a civilization, a thing in which all religious sects aided directly or indirectly. Yet now they are trying to defeat a bill to spend a few millions to help build up a civilization.

They claim it would mix politics with education. Yet the vocational schools receive financial aid from the government and they are never interfered with by the government, but function as smoothly as other schools. The opposition fear a secretary might be chosen who is not an education. The Secretary of War is not a military man, nor the Secretary of Agriculture a "dirt farmer." It seems reasonable to believe that a President would choose an educator, but if not, we must admit that the secretary's information would come from his staff, who would be educators.

Sentimental, sectionalists writers paint a very colorful picture of domination and a dictatorial policy by an imperialist at Washington. These sensational, penny-liners who distort the truth are the greatest enemies of national progress. These "yellow journalists" corrupting the minds of the public, destroying faith and discovering vice where only virtue exists, are forever tearing down where progressives seek to build. It is time the public learned the truth about the bill. The bill is not an attempt to make education nationalized, but merely to aid state education in building for a better, greater, and stronger America.

THE STIRLING-REED BILL

Negative

Long has education been the football of politics—and now it seems the ball is due to receive another misdirected political kick. The alleged "Education Bill," with its strong backing and its ardent lobbyists, may soon be passed by Congress. Thus will another department be added to the Federal Government, a department which will greatly add to the already overwhelming burden of taxation—yet a department which will return worse than nothing for the public money it will spend.

Has not education labored long enough under the handicaps imposed upon it by local politics? Must it now be subjected to a new bureaucracy, established at a great distance from the communities it affects and entirely unconcerned with local needs and local desires? The Stirling-Reed bill would establish at Washington a cardiom over national education which would enmesh the educational organizations of the states and strangle them under miles of the red tape without which, it appears, no government body can function. This proposed department, which incidentally would be a rich addition to the political "pork barrel," would change its leadership with every change of party politics—and who cannot foretell what disastrous effects such fluctuating guardianship would produce?

From another angle, the schools are the property of the separate states, built with local funds to answer the needs of the community which built them. Shall we surrender them to this central bureaucracy which will saddle them with methods and standards wholly out of keeping with local demands?

President Coolidge, in a recent address, strenuously voiced his opposition to this bill. President Angell, of Yale University, deplores the fact that there is so much "lockstep" in American education. Yet the Stirling-Reed bill proposes to add the ball and chain to the lockstep, and an exceedingly heavy ball it will prove itself. Deprive a community of local control over local problems and you crush all the initiative which would otherwise be brought to bear upon their solution.

Have the individual states not advanced far beyond the Federal Government's requirements in advancing educational matters? Prosser and Allen, two famous collaborators in the writing of books on national educational problems, state that Federal aid plays a very minor part in our educational organizations. The states of their own accord, to meet their own desires, far surpass the appropriations the Federal Government expects of them. The withdrawal of Federal funds does not interfere with the progress of institutions originally launched with such aid.

Senator Edwards of New Jersey denounces this bill which seeks to take from the state and county authorities their economic right to educate their young. Again, has it never occurred to the proponents of this sugar coated measure that the bill is unconstitutional? The only privilege the Constitu-

tion grants the Federal Government as regards education is that of advice. It is not permitted to dictate.

Let us not, then, proceed in the face of almost certain disaster. Let us not offer up the education of our children as a blood sacrifice upon the altar of political greed. Let us not drain our pocketbooks for the support of a Federal educational autocrat, whose function shall be to meddle with our established educational institutions. Let us not support a measure so obviously un-American and unconstitutional.

Let us rather recognize this bill for what it really is, the old Smith-Townser bill of 1918, which authorized the establishment of an appropriation of one hundred million dollars annually from the states. This huge sum would then be returned to the states by the Federal educational autocrat, as he saw fit and at practically his own discretion, minus, of course, the highly unnecessary expense of Federal administration and that part of all political expenditures which sticks to the fingers of some of those who share in the administering. The same organization which fostered this monstrosity in 1918 is now sponsoring the Stirling-Reed Bill. The American public is intelligent enough to see that the Stirling-Reed Bill is, in reality, the Smith-Townser Bill, with a thin film of sugar coating the unseaworthy pile.

The lethargy of the American citizen in matters of national importance is well known. Peacefully we dose until some small minority, with the aid of highly-paid lobbyists, chains us to some unjust and intolerable legislation. Then we awake, rub our eyes, look around us at the condition our lack of public interest has brought about, and vigorously clamor that an injustice has been done us. But too late, the damage has been done. An ounce of prevention, even in 1936, is still worth a pound of cure. This matter concerns us all, vitally. It threatens the welfare of those who are dearest to us, our children. It strikes at the very foundation of our nation. Education is the hope of the future. Let us not cast the shadow of bureaucracy upon the future of our young. Let us keep it bright by keeping education out of politics.

Your congressman is in congress to represent you. He will vote as you tell him to. It is your duty as an intelligent American citizen to instruct him to vote "Nay" on the Stirling-Reed Bill.

SYMPOMS

When you see

- Books lying on window sills—
- Letters home, saying "Dearest Dad, please remit"—
- Seniors absent mindedly stepping into puddles—
- Teachers giving no homework—
- Then you're sure its SPRING.

The young couple were out on their first automobile ride together.

- "Are you all right?" he asked.
- "Quite, dear."
- "Cushions comfortable?"
- "Quite, darling."

"Not being jolted?"

"Oh, no, sweetheart."

"Not in a drowsy?"

"No, husband."

"Then change places with me."

"The reason."



RECORD SURVEY BRINGS INTERESTING RESULTS

Here we have, at last, the results of The Record "Popular Subjects Survey." Record reporters asked 223 Seniors to name the subject which they liked best during their entire Normal School Course. We conducted this survey knowing it would be of great interest to the Student Body. The results tabulated below are absolutely authentic:

General Normal Department 132 Questioned		Industrial Group 24 Questioned	
Music Appreciation (includes advanced course)	37	Printing	6
Art Appreciation	16	Wood Shop	5
English (various courses)	14	Practice Teaching	4
Sociology	12	Industrial History	4
Health Education (various courses) 11		Shop Mathematics	3
Education (History and Principles) 10		Electric Shop	3
Economics	7	Trade Study	3
Junior H. G. Mathematics	7	Miscellaneous	6
Dramatics	6		
Miscellaneous	24	Homemaking Department 23 Questioned	
		Chemistry (various courses)	8
		Art Appreciation	4
		Food	4
		Music Appreciation	3
		Design Sixty	3
		Nutrition	3
		Practice Teaching	2
		Miscellaneous	4
Scholarship Group 25 Questioned			
Psychology	10		
Practice Teaching	6		
Public Speaking	5		
Mathematics	3		
Costume Design	2		

The Orange and Green

From all outward appearances, the Freshmen weren't overly anxious to be rulers of the 17th! One would think that when such an opportunity came their fall swing over the mighty Seniors they would be really overjoyed and take advantage—but quite the opposite. There is one thing to their credit, however, they did have some amusement with Margaret Sheehan, our most dignified Senior, by insisting upon her wearing a bit of orange on her green dress.

Possibly the next time the Freshmen have such an unusual opportunity, they will be quite at home and really feel more free to exercise their authority.

MacMillan Assembly

We sailed today with brave men and true,
To discover, to explore—
Thru black seas and cruel ice,
Wind cut and snow-burned,
Struggling for very life,
But always with a song,
And a careful look about,
Laughing as they pushed onward.

THE LAST FRONTIER

The style in everything changes; in speech, in architecture, and even in pioneers. Our conception of a pioneer, incubated by years of pouring over histories and novels, of thrilling over "historic" movies, was that of a man physically and culturally rough-hewn, bluff, rugged, one who was proficient in all the homely arts from rail-splitting to accurate expectorating.

Mr. MacMillan is a pioneer, yet his clothes are as well-tailored, his voice as modulated, his whole manner as cultured as the latest Arlen hero. But in spite of his civilized exterior, the old pioneer traits are visible. The adventuring spirit is there, the poise and initiative in the face of the unexpected, the readiness to take things as they come, the philosophy that finds something hopeful in the worst of situations. A new type of pioneer—the last.

Mr. MacMillan says that for the eighteen springs in which he has persistently sailed for the Pole, the inevitable public question has been—"Why do you go?" He, and others like him, go because from Etah stretches a seemingly endless field of drift ice; and somewhere beyond that glittering barrier against which man has blunted his hopes and aspirations for the last three hundred years is the Unknown continent. Why do you go?—what a senseless question to ask an explorer while there is still some portion of the map marked Unknown.

The films which Mr. MacMillan unreeled for us were of intense interest. They had no continuity, no Latin lovers (nor Eskimo ones), no elaborate cutbacks to Roman orgies, in fact, everything upon which the average professor depends for his box-office appeal was absent; instead, we were given glimpses of everyday-life among the Eskimo above the Arctic circle. Life there is vastly different from what most of us thought; the people form a happy, industrious, intelligent, domesticated community, their life is cramped with color, vigor and primitive realities. J. Russell Smith says that the only insurance of world peace lies in the development of tolerance, sympathy and understanding among the peoples of the world; surely the life, work and skill of the Eskimo as shown in these reels works toward that end. The story of the trip itself, the equipment of the expedition, the route and the scouting trips from Etah were of unforgettable vividness.

Mr. MacMillan synchronized his film and his verbal captions with amazing accuracy. Although the film ended abruptly to the extent that the progress of the expedition was unaccomplished, yet we feel that the MacMillan South trip of 1925 has added much to scientific history. As for the 1926 expedition—well, who knows, perhaps we teachers will have another installment to "develop."

GRACE DENNIS SAWYER

3rd Year Intermediate, Section 1, graduate of Rushford, N. Y., High School
Born December 24, 1887—Died February 22, 1928

Grace Dennis Sawyer was registered with Third-Year Intermediate Section I, but she belonged to all of us. Our halls are bare without her cheerful presence.

In reading the Christmas issue of The Record, we came across a poem Grace had written. It was as if she had been endowed with the supernatural quality of prophecy; as if she could almost see into the future and was preparing herself for what was "around the bend in the road."

Student, teacher, friend, ever ready to lend her assistance to all who needed it. Alma Mater is bowed in grief at the loss of a beloved daughter.

Central Council Dinner

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," so the saying goes, and such was the influencing factor which brought the Central Council together for their first social affair, a banquet held on March 22 in our own Cafeteria. Each section was allowed three places at the dinner for the representative, the alternate and the section captain. These, together with the Faculty members of the Council, had not only a delightful time socially, but combined a little business with it and talked over the problems of the day.

HOMEMAKING ACTIVITIES

We in the H. E. Department have discovered still another advantage of being tucked away up on the third floor! We have access to a very excellent bulletin board of our very own. The Bulletin Board Committee has recently held an information contest on material posted there. It was the first and only exam during which we didn't quake and tremble for fear of the results—the facts are, we really enjoyed the whole event.

There are certain ones who unquestionably enjoyed it more than others—they are the prize winners! You have already heard their names, but since it is such a great honor, we would like to have you recall their names again: Prize winner, Sarah Ham; honorable mention, Margaret Sheehan and Grace Schenk; honor list for grades above average, Josephine Choate, Gertrude Schumacker, Adaline Golick, Olive Williams, Marian Zimmerly, Grace Southworth and Elizabeth Sherk.

With Our Faculty Over Easter

Mrs. Gemmill is attending the New York State Home Economics Association's annual meeting at the Hotel Commodore, New York City. From there she is going to Philadelphia.

Miss Hanson is spending her vacation at home in New York City.

Miss Crunker is visiting relatives in Washington, D. C. and in Elizabeth, N. J.

Mrs. Nye is spending her vacation in Elyria, Ohio.

Miss Smith will be at Columbia where she will speak at a conference on Practice Houses. She is going to show the reels which were taken of our Practice House last year.

Miss Keever is staying at her home in northern Indiana.

Miss Candell is to speak at the Home Economics Association meeting.



STUNT NITE

Our idea of an optimist is anyone outside of the H. A. Department who entertains the idea of winning the prize on Stunt Nite. For the third time in succession, the H. A.'s captured the chief trophy, and we must admit that they deserved it. It is hard enough for most of us to achieve a plain poster, with no embellishments, including ink spots, let alone a whole comic strip! Andy was quite his amusing self; and what high school memories Harold Teen and Sweet Sheba recalled!

However, the General Normal ran a close second. Second-Year Grammar I will have no trouble selling themselves to the principals and superintendents of this fair state. We should certainly like to be nearby when Miss Chapman (Rosalie) interviews Superintendent Hartwell. We feel sure that Harold will know a good (looking) teacher when she applies to him at his superintendent's office in 1940.

Stunt Nite, like our Freshmen, improves with age, and while we congratulate the H. A. and Grammar I on their success, we continue to be optimistic for the future.

Astronomical News

A new star has appeared in the heavens,—a first magnitude star. Fortune has placed this new heavenly body right in our own B. S. N. S. sky. To our versatile friend, Mr. Clement, we are indebted and grateful for a new school song. Thank you, Mr. Clement, we hope we'll see more of your compositions.

B. S. N. S. via WGR

Once more, the cornets blared out their greeting to an unseen audience. Friday, March 18, Buffalo Normal performed for the radio fans. For the first time this season, the orchestra occupied a prominent place in the program, and as usual, did justice to Miss Hurv's patient and untiring efforts. Edith Kennebroke, Harriet Crosby, Benedetta di Francesco, Mary Mahoney and our apt accompanists, Harold Vogt and Alicia Fisher, all contributed to make this program a great success.

The College Fun

Once more we are indebted to our kind neighbors, the members of the First Presbyterian Church, for a most enjoyable afternoon. The College Fun, held Sunday, March 7, was splendidly attended, despite the inclement weather conditions. Two hundred University and Normal students shared the hospitality of the Pastor and his friends.

At the last minute, Mr. Buttrick was forced to act as substitute for the expected speaker, and his message on "Idealism" will long remain in the minds of those who heard him.

New College Courses

September, 1926, will be the beginning of another new era in our School, for at that time an optional four-year course in the general department will be started.

The appropriation bill, as signed by Governor Smith, carries three professorships and two assistants. It is hoped that a supplementary bill will carry appropriations for three more professorships, allowing eight in all.

Such a course will add, it is intended, a number of cultural and content courses and with this in view professorships in English, History, Science, Mathematics, Latin, French, Sociology, Economics, Education and Supervision, will be added.

Junior High School candidates may major in specific fields in English, History, Mathematics, Language, Science or in combinations of these.

Kindergarten-Primary and Intermediate students will have rich fields for electives in the four-year course leading to a degree.

After the curriculum is extended in September, application will be made to change the name from the Buffalo State Normal School to the Buffalo State Normal College.

All Had Good Time

That's what happened one Friday morning, when the girls in the Kindergarten Primary Department, including Miss Reiner and Miss Crawford, arose before the sun did, and wearing gay sweaters and caps, engaged in a snow frolic on the campus.

Miss Salom was one of the judges, but she forgot to set her alarm clock. However, the girls' cheering served the purpose just as well.

Of course, Third-Year K. P. won the tug-of-war (having the greater percentage of heavyweights). The fun concluded with the girls tramping into Assembly, snow included, and raising the floor with a rousing song and cheer.

School Visitation Day

Several nervous breakdowns in the Senior Class were successfully averted by the timely generosity of "those in authority," when Wednesday, March 24, was designated as School Visitation Day—for the Faculty.

For the Seniors, however, that same Faculty mapped out the following program: No homework, sleep until noon, indulge in some relaxing amusements in the afternoon and evening; and do not worry if forty-five minutes late to Thursday's nine o'clock classes.

Ever obedient, and realizing that our teachers will soon be mourning our loss, we, the Seniors, wish to state that the schedule was carried out to the letter. (If only School Visitation were more frequent!)

Dr. Rockwell has been in New York City visiting at Teachers' College and New York University.

At Easter time he will take a Southern trip for the Commonwealth Club, including the Peabody Institute for Teachers and the Chicago School of Education at Chicago University.

The attendance at the Fiedick Dinner was not confined to Masten Alumni. Dr. and Mrs. Rockwell and a score or more of the Faculty members contributed the "Spirit of B. S. N. S." to the occasion.

Items of Interest

Echoes of Stunt Nite are still ringing in our ears, and it will probably be some time before we forget it. We were delighted with the performance of our Sophomores. At present Sparky lives in the Chemistry room—blankets and all.

On March 6, the officers of the Home Economics Alumni Association of this department entertained representatives from each of the alumni classes at a luncheon at the Delaware Arms. Miss Donaldson acted as hostess.

The Sophomore clothing class held a fashion show in class, on March 16. The very latest in hat styles were shown.

Helen Moulton is the first of our Seniors to be placed. She is to teach at Ialip, Long Island.

Miss Caudell and Miss Sipp attended the conference of the Federal Board for Vocational Education in Washington, D. C. While in Washington, they had the pleasure of meeting President and Mrs. Coolidge.

Miss Sipp and Miss Caudell attended a conference in Albany on the Revision of the Four-Year High School Homemaking Program in New York State.

SCHOLARSHIP NEWS

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Therein we find the explanation for Swede Pete's gorgeous raiment every Friday afternoon. There's always a ticket to Rochester sticking out of his breast pocket, too. Somewhere in the same locality resides an Apollo-like physical instructor about whom Marcel Kearns is always dreaming and sighing. Yes—the disease is reaching alarming proportions, for even Tommy Alvord has been seen reading the matrimonial ads.

Harold Deckoff is awaiting Henry Ford's next reduction on Elmouster. He will then appear pushing a gold-plated perambulator across the campus followed by the gang who will be sweetly singing Barnard's barber-shop chords. "Papa" Deckoff reports that he is having considerable trouble in regulating his new alarm clock. Steve insists on going off at six every morning and his daddy wants him to go off at eight.

Another sign of spring is the scholarship quartette which, under the able direction of Gene Weale, daily performs a wierd version of what they call the "Onward-Forward" song.

We are very glad to see Miss Noll back with us again and the class extends to her, sincere sympathy in her recent bereavement.

Both Alvord and Bruch have been laid up recently with severe colds. We permitted Alvord to recuperate peacefully, but sent a cigar to Bruch, knowing that it would either kill him or cure him. What's that? No such luck, it cured him.

After Dr. Rockwell's "lifting of the ban," the Scholarship Group may be seen any day out on the campus—some puffing corn-cobs and others looking for last year's cigar stubs.

The gang who are eagerly looking forward to that trip to Rochester are drawing lots to determine who shall ride in Clarke's schismatic hoodlum, which he calls a car. We extend our condolences to those who must suffer this calamity. The mechanics are overhauling Tiller's roller-skate, affectionately called "Anastasia," and hope she'll survive the trip. Of course, they expect to walk back, as usual.

Miss Rosenmeyer is thoroughly disgusted with basket Carl. All her blandishments are of no avail on this blushing swain.

Incidentally, the class concedes that Trueli knows all about canal locks—and at drawing boats he's a wizard.

If the writer gets safely away with this, he'll continue in the next. So long.

Our Machine Shop

The Normal School should recognize the fact that it now has a model Machine Shop. Mr. Voss, the instructor in this course, had long desired to renovate and rearrange his shop to make more impressive the meaning of "Normal"—which in its true sense means "Model." He did not feel that the Machine Shop, as it has been, merited that name.

Mr. Voss voluntarily began and recently completed this undertaking. He now feels that it will serve as a model shop for the many present and future industrial students who will here acquire a working knowledge of the fundamental principles of this important trade.

Chief among the many improvements which have been made, with the cooperation of Mr. Burke and his students, is the erection of a tool crib where all the small tools and equipment have been given a definite location. This makes possible the conservation of much time and energy in securing the efficient use of a system similar to that used in industry. Secondly, the entire interior has been repainted with a color which reflects much more light than formerly. New electric lights with wide reflectors have been installed. The new lights have been lowered approximately two feet from the ceiling.

The machine tool equipment, such as lathes, grinders, shapers, drill and arbor press, milling machines, planer, power drill and power saw, have been refinished with a black enamel. The work benches have been reconstructed, refinished and rearranged so that time and space can be utilized with greater efficiency. Everything in the shop presents a neat and pleasing appearance. Cleanliness is everywhere apparent. In fact, it is the emphasized keynote.

The students realize and appreciate the pleasure of working in the shop as it is at present. This pleasing appearance reflects great credit on Mr. Voss and all who have aided him in overcoming the difficulties which were encountered in achieving it. It is hoped that future students will strive to keep the shop in its present commendable condition.

What's Needed

A little more kindness and a little less greed;
A little more giving and a little less greed;
A little more smile and a little less frown;
A little less kicking a man when he's down;
A little more "we" and a little less "I";
A little more laugh and a little less cry;
A little more flowers on the pathway of life;
And fewer on graves at the end of the strife.

George H. Norton, Scholarship Group.

Heard in Practice School

Pupil (to Student Teacher)—Say,
Miss —, are you going to teach in
High School, when you grow up?"

Miss Houston (in Health Five)—
"What things do we have on our
tables which our grandparents didn't
have?"
"Draie! Kileman—"Near bear."

AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF THE EGG

Case One

Themistocles Sophocles Thaddeus Murphy,
Who lived in the reign of Caesar,
Was possessed of a humanitarian streak
As the days grew nearer to Easter.
Said he, "Mrs. Aurelius Centaurus Cassius,
With a head dress imported from Greece,
Past the Coliseum on Easter will strut
To be the talk of the town for weeks.
And the household of Flavius Portius Cohen,
Resplendent in new, gay togs,
Will gallantly pass through the populace
To be given the Roman "once over."
But out in my chicken coop-hus of white Carrara,
Supported by pillars Ionic,
My brood of leghorns lead an existence drab—
The thought is most ironic."

Case Two

"I cannot change their plumage without a henna rinse
And the Roman baths are working overtime."
So he founded a society to prevent drabness to chickens
And prepared to paint the coop-hus sublime.
Themistocles Sophocles Thaddeus Murphy
Before he retired that night
Left his paint pots of red, orange, yellow and blue
In the Carrara coop-hus, so white.
While Rome slept, as the movies say, and Nero played his fiddle,
Flames swept the hills of Rome
And away fled Themistocles Sophocles Thaddeus
With Flavius Portius Cohen.

Chorus

Water, water nowhere and not a drop to drink
And the leghorn-hus were growing very faint,
So in terrible desperation and miserable despair
They drank the contents of the cans of paint!

Case Four

Themistocles Sophocles Thaddeus Murphy
Returned on Easter day
And straightway to the Carrara coop-hus
Pushed his eager way,
And there he found numerous eggs of every casting hue
And shouted, "Glorious to Caesar!
No longer will your Carrara temple be drab and monochrome white.
We'll have colored eggs every Easter."

The Record

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Debating Society

For years, as regards debating, this school was satisfied to drift down the sluggish waters of unprogressive contentment. It is true that some students, realizing the need of such an institution here, attempted to dislodge this inertia but failed, either because of poor leadership or even poorer response. A successful debating organization demands sustained, aggressive leadership and enthusiastic membership. Not until the present time were these demands met.

To the founders of this Society, the School gives a lasting ovation. Faculty members who have heard some debates have expressed amazement at its success in such a brief existence. There can be no better medium for self-development and self-expression than this organization which gives all members an equal opportunity. The Debating Society may debate in Assembly before the close of this semester. Normal awaits the fruits of their efforts.

SPRING

As we sat in the editorial chair about two weeks ago, we scanned on the various topics suitable for editorial comment. Naturally, Spring immediately captivated our thoughts. Yet who dares to write about ephemeral spring weather in a monthly magazine, when copy must be in two weeks before the public scans its columns?

While we were endeavoring to record spring sensations, the snow was piled three feet high out-of-doors. The true artist must not baffle nature. We gave up the job, hoping that you will find Spring really here to stay. The old saying has it, "Spring has come when you can put your foot on three daisies at once." Every student should go out on the campus and try it. Maybe you can find a daisy.

Frank Sheldon Foedick

The schoolmaster teaches for a lifetime and passes on in the army of life's unsmiling heroes—or is it martyrs? This has been society's treatment of the average schoolmaster. There has been, however, a dragging but steadfast increase of appreciation for the school teacher in recent times.

Perhaps, it has been thus because the teacher is not the man of action. He works slowly and performs no miraculous things to be acclaimed by the multitude. No, he does as Dr. Foedick has done for full fifty-four years of teaching experience: he implants a spark of the higher life, a divine spark if you please; it is the spark which is destined to bring man back to the true life.

Would that everyone in the teaching profession were like Frank Sheldon Foedick of Masten Park High School! Himself a great man, he successfully guided the footsteps of future great men. Last month his students gave him a testimonial of their true regard at a banquet in honor of his years of service. Wherever his influence was exerted there achievement blossomed. He had a chance for more "adventurous" pursuits in life, yet the greatest adventure for him was to guide his girls and boys. All hail to the grand old man of Education—salute him, whose spirit can never die, for it dwells deeply imbedded in others' hearts to remain unkindled forever.

RECORD WINS SECOND PLACE

March 15, 1928.

Editor, "The Record,"
 The State Normal School,
 Buffalo, N. Y.
 Dear Sir:

It gives me great pleasure to announce that "The Record," of State Normal, was awarded second place in the class in which it entered the Second Annual Contest of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association.

The certificate will be mailed to you as soon as it is enclosed.

We shall notify you again when the certificate is mailed from New York and after that date, if it does not arrive we shall be glad to trace it for you.

We are very grateful to have your cooperation this year, and we trust you will continue to be affiliated with this organization.

Cordially yours,

JOSEPH M. MURPHY,
 Secretary, Columbia University Scholastic
 and Teachers' College Press Association.



As Gds to Homer

When first we looked upon you, Mr. Bruce,
So strange you seemed;
So unlike what we'd been used—
Those men of calmer mien—
It was to laugh.

Deep gimlet eyes of blue 'neath shaggy brows
And lips firm set against the world of youth;
Forbidding entrance to their jollity,
It seemed.

And then you smiled—
Ah, wide expanse of geniality
And ivory teeth—
We did you wrong,
Methinks.

For, with a mind that fain would lift us from the depths
To scale with you the heights of intellect,
You turned our sulker's grimaces to mute respect,
Indeed.

Ah, Mr. Bruce, philosopher you are,
Teacher, orator, poet, too, in truth;
And yet withal you're but a joyous boy
Who dares to dance,
Forsooth.

H. deH. N.

"WILD GEESSE"

By Marie Ostensjo

A novel that will satisfy the requirements of a reputable publisher, a popular periodical and a motion picture producer is an interesting phenomenon. Such is "Wild Geese," the thirteen thousand, five hundred dollar prize novel. The author is a young Norwegian girl, Marie Ostensjo. The scene is laid in the prairie country of the Northwest, the inhabitants of which are farmers of mixed racial extraction, principally Swedes, Icelanders, Norwegians and Bohemians. Among these farmers are the Gores, who have contended in this drab background against the sun and wind, drought and blight of countless years. But the real conflict of the story is between Caleb Gore, miserly and

malicious, and his family. In short, it is a domestic struggle in which the older Gore uses his wife's love for an illegitimate son, who has risen above the level of the community, to bend her will to his own.

Caleb Gore's tyranny seems symbolic of the meanness and sinister background of the land that was his home. Throughout the years of struggle, the land had been a hard master. It cared little that it had mercilessly crushed the ideals and strength of the man, Caleb Gore. And he, in turn exerted the same relentless control over his family—crushing where he could, the youth and dreams of his children.

There is a strange familiarity of the realism and struggle portrayed in Edna Ferber's "So Big" that leads one to feel that Miss Ostensjo has been markedly influenced by the former. Yet the book has a decided appeal of its own in that it weaves its story about the idealism and seeking of youth, symbolized by the hawking of the wild geese in the night, sky—"A remote, trailing shadow—a magnificent seeking through solitude, an endless quest."

To the Gully Ones

The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la—
(That History theme's due today!)
Bring birdsies that happily sing, tra la—
(And my topic—oh, what shall I say?)

I've a song quite romantic in theme, tra la—
(But what does the Psych. prof. assign?)
A gay little, fanciful dream, tra la—
(I must stop now to do my Design!)

Schoolboy Definitions

A blizzard is the inside of a hen.
A biography is the life of a good man, as, for instance, a bishop; a naughty biography is the life of a lady.

The alimentary canal is located in the northern part of Indiana.

Achilles was dipped by his mother into the river Styx, so that he became unbreakable.

George Washington married Martha Curtis and in due time became the father of his country.

The speaker is a menagerie lion running round the earth.

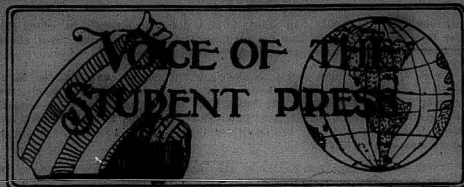
A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives.

Geometry teaches us how to meet angles.

Typhoid fever can be prevented by fascination.—Hope College "Anchor."

Persistence Rewarded

For three years editorials have appeared in the University of Dubuque *Blue and White* calling upon the faculty to abolish compulsory chapel. The Open Forum met intermittently with student contributions. Finally, on February 17, the staff received an invitation to call upon President Wetstone. They came, loaded with arguments, compromise. To their amazement and delight, the President gave out a statement announcing that all compulsion would be abolished on March 5. "In view of continued agitation on the part of the student body against compulsory chapel attendance."



In a Negro Church

Oh, I am sick with shame, sick with
the shame of the white man.
Stinging my soul like fire, scorching
my pride of race.
In church, in the house of worship,
sacred to God the Father,
I hear the negroes singing, singing
America.

Voices vibrant with feeling, rich me-
lodious voices.
Sweet as the laughter of youth, but
tinged with the sorrow of ages,
Buoyant and pulsing and strong, yet
plaintively trusting and patient,
Sings of the land of their birth. Amer-
ica, land of the free.

"Land of the pilgrim's pride"—hark
the wild wall from the slave ships!
"Land where my fathers died"—died
"neath the knout and the lash!
"Land of the noble freed"—the hooded
raiders, the lynchings.
Land where one drop of pigment
weighs more than culture or worth.

Sloth of the illy-white planters, greed
of white traders in man—
How can we wipe out the stain of it,
whiten our pride of race?
Our dark skinned brothers—aliens,
here in the land of their birth-
right—
Are singing with wistful voices, sing-
ing America.
—From *The Blaze*, Antioch College.

Student Government

Statements are sometimes made con-
cerning the ability of students to gov-
ern themselves.—Sometimes these
statements are more or less accurate.
Sometimes they are more or less un-
true.

It is a strange result of our pros-
perity that college students in many
of our institutions are treated as if
they were little more than advanced
adolescents. Yet the average age of
our Freshman classes must be about
eighteen; Sophomores, nineteen or
twenty; Juniors and Seniors propor-
tionately older. These estimates are,
I think, low. Moreover, there is a
considerable body of students whose
education has been interrupted in
some way. They have been teaching
or doing other work for a number of
years. They have been leaders in
their communities. They have been
voting. The youth of their tows have
looked upon them as leaders. Surely
here is at least one section of the
nation's college students who should
be capable of looking after them-
selves.

Moreover, it is usually considered,
popularly at least and by the colleges
themselves, that the student is no or-
dinary mortal. He is not the skimmed
milk but the cream. If he is superior
to the general run, then he ought to
be able to take the load of responsi-
bility somewhat earlier than the rest.
It seems reasonable, for instance, that
many high school students are better
fitted to vote at sixteen than much of
the population at forty.

Then, too, nearly every college stu-
dent will in one, two, three or four
years have to go out and face life with
all its complex problems and respon-
sibilities entirely alone. Now it would
seem to stand to reason that if these
students were not jerked roughly from
their swaddling and plunged into this
icy bath, if they were allowed some
kind of hardening period, a few of the
post-college troubles and failures
might be eliminated.—From the Ypsi-
lanti Normal College Paper.

Real Teachers

How few, how precious, are those
teachers in every college whose schol-
arship is a contagious thing. Their
classrooms are always crowded.

"I knew a professor who defied the
traditions of pedagogy in order to
teach an English course as he wanted.
He announced that there would be
almost no tests or exams except the
final, which the regulations of the col-
lege enforced; that there would be
none but voluntary recitations. He
admitted that any student could easily
get through the course without any
work and that he, the professor, would
not know the difference. But that
some men would refuse interest-
ing learning did not worry him. It
was their loss, not his. He said that
he would offer very entertaining ma-
terial for the class to do with as it
chose. Consequently the course was
the most popular of the English
courses. Nor was its popularity due
to the fact that one could be lazy
while getting credit towards a degree.
More study and reading were done,
more interest was evinced, more
thought was instilled in that class
than in any with which I was ac-
quainted in college. . . ."—*The New
Student* Intercollegiate Paper.

The University of Chicago Daily
Maroon prints this dialogue:

Young Man—I don't think your quiz
yesterday was quite fair, sir.

Professor—Why not, Mr. —
(prompted) Mr. Boggs?

Y. M.—Because it didn't test what a
man knew about the subject. One fel-
low could pass it with very little real
knowledge, another fellow with real
ideas might have missed half the
questions.

Prof.—I'm afraid I don't understand
you. I tried to make the test very
easy. Don't you think that anybody
who has read the text could pass it?
Take Question 1: "To what four
causes does Watson attribute the War
of 1812?" Could any intelligent stu-
dent who has read the text miss that?

Y. M.—That's just the trouble, it
seems to me. What about the man
who hasn't read the text?

Prof.—Well, I'm sorry for him.
That's about all I can say. I consider
it a very easy test.

Y. M.—But can't a man know the
causes of the War of 1812 pretty well,
and do a great deal of reading about
it, and even have ideas of his own—
without memorizing Watson's four
causes?

Prof.—All right, Mr. Boggs, I shall
give you another chance; I shall give
you a test even easier than this. But
—but I considered it remarkably easy.

Tangled News Items

Ethics students at the University of
Rochester (N. Y.) deny that their
course undermines religious belief and
his reports from the University of
Kansas announce that the "Red King
of Belshivism," secretly hidden in the
top of the R. G. T. C. Sappala, turned out
to be only a pair of soiled bloomers.

The Faculty at the University of
Oregon recently voted down a motion
to permit a certain number of students
to sit in on faculty meetings.

State College Proves Eastern Supremacy

State Teachers' College gave the Normal quintet its fifth beating of the season in a game brim full of thrills at Albany, Friday, March 15. The easterners have been playing excellent basketball this season and only gave Colgate a six point victory after a hard battle. Inasmuch as this was Normal's first plunge into collegiate basketball, the 37-23 score, which resulted, is not considered a disgrace to the embryo stars.

Pick and Baldwin displayed excellent offensive basketball. Tricky and cagey tactics by Smith resulted in disaster for State on a number of occasions.

A. S. T. C. (37)

B. S. N. E. (23)

Player-Pos.	F.G.	F.T.	T.P.	Player-Pos.	F.G.	F.T.	T.P.
Carr, r.f.	2	0	4	Smith, r.f.	2	2	8
Goldring, r.f.	3	1	7	Baldwin, l.f.	2	3	7
Griffin, l.f.	2	0	4	Eppert, l.f.	0	0	0
Napier, c.	4	3	11	Bell, c.	2	0	4
Goel, r.g.	3	0	6	Stark, r.e.	2	0	4
Hurney, l.e.	2	1	5	Pick, l.e.	3	2	8
Klein, l.g.	0	0	0	Thiele, l.g.	0	0	0

Totals..... 15 5 37

Totals..... 11 7 29

Referee, Humphris. Score at half time: Buffalo, 14; State, 12.

Normal Retaliate

Buffalo made up for a defeat earlier in the season, when Brockport Normal was handed a 23-32 defeat on the locals' court, Friday, March 12.

Although on the sick list for several days, Smith played one of his best games of the season and located the hoop from all angles.

Coch Grabau's charges got off to a bad start, but soon recovered and showed the visiting outfit where to head in at. This victory places Buffalo Normal in a position to challenge Cortland Normal for the championship of the state.

BROCKPORT (32)

BUFFALO (36)

Player-Pos.	F.G.	F.T.	T.P.	Player-Pos.	F.G.	F.T.	T.P.
Hiler, r.f.	1	0	2	Stark, r.f.	1	0	2
Kuppinger, r.f.	0	1	1	Baldwin, l.f.	3	1	1
Yardley, l.f.	3	1	7	Bell, c.	5	2	12
Iveson, c.	3	2	8	Pick, l.e.	0	1	1
Chapman, c.	0	0	0	Smith, r.g.	5	0	10
Tighe, r.g.	0	0	0				
Lester, l.g.	2	0	4				

Totals..... 9 4 22

Totals..... 11 4 26

Referee, Feucht. Score at half time, Buffalo, 14; Brockport, 11.

It is an impossibility for "News reporters" to interview each Faculty member before the publication of each Record. The News Department would, therefore, greatly appreciate Faculty co-operation. If, at any time you have bits of interesting news, kindly leave a note in the Record box and a reporter will call on you.

Buffalo Downs Grape Pickers

Buffalo Normal's hardwood floor stars tightened their hold on the Normal School championship of the State in a hotly contested game at Fredonia, Friday, February 15. The blue and white aggregation finished on the short end of a 31-27 score.

Cavanaugh's close guarding game broke up many of Buffalo's attacks and materially aided in lessening the Orange and Black lead. A basket-shooting rampage, in which Bell and Smith scored 14 of the 17 points of the second half, sewed up the game for the Buffalo Teachers.

FREDONIA (27)

BUFFALO (31)

Player-Pos.	F.G.	F.T.	T.P.	Player-Pos.	F.G.	F.T.	T.P.
Borselleri, r.f.	3	2	8	Stark, r.f.	3	0	6
Herrman, l.f.	3	3	8	Baldwin, l.f.	1	0	3
Cavanaugh, c.	5	0	10	Bell, c.	5	0	10
Harrington, r.g.	0	0	0	Smith, r.g.	6	1	13
Reeves, l.e.	0	1	1	Pick, l.e.	0	0	0

Totals..... 11 5 27

Totals..... 15 1 31

Referee, Landers. Score at half time: Buffalo, 14; Fredonia, 13.

Other Games

Normal 19—Bryant and Stratton 23 (return game).

Normal 25—Nichols Preps 14.

Normal 21—Nichols Preps 19 (return game).

Normal 20—Canisius Sophs 14.

Normal 23—De Veaux Military Academy 10 (return game).

Normal 27—Mechanics Institute 33.

Senior Girls Win Over Juniors

On February 24, the Senior team registered its second victory over the Juniors by a score of 13-11.

In the initial half, the Seniors held a two-point advantage, due to the redoubtable strength and speed of the Senior centers. The Juniors started a brilliant rally, in the second half, and close checking featured. After a period of rest, "Moyns" let loose to score twice from under the uprights, almost spelling defeat for the Seniors in the final stages of play. Line-up and summary:

THIRD-YEAR (13)

(11) SECOND-YEAR

Congrove, r. (4)

(8) f. Moynihan

Dorsey, f. (9)

(5) L. Parks

Hurley, c.

c. Miller

Jackson, s.c.

s.c. Parry

White, g.

E. Schmidt

Fehl, g.

F. Backus

Substitutions: Second-Year, Weinhelmer for Schmidt, Weinhelmer for Parry, Plummer for Backus.

Freshman Tournament Results

February 18..... Section III (2) vs. Section VI (1)

Feb. 24..... Section IV (4) vs. Section O (5)

Mar. 4..... Section IV (10) vs. Section III (4)

Mar. 9..... Section III (8) vs. Section V (8)

Juniors Outplay "Challengers"

The Junior team answered the ultimatum of the "Freshmen Challengers" on March 10. The excellent basketball exhibited by this "group of miscellaneous Freshmen" against our "stellar Juniors" made the game one of the most thrilling of the season.

Score at half time was 9-8. Verna Corcoran tallying the nine points for the "Challengers" while "Dot" Parks was leading point getter for the Juniors. "Dot" Parks registered on a long shot, in third quarter, and Verna Corcoran retallated. Mary Moynihan having "fired out" three guards, concluded the Junior's point getting for the game, with a string of seven consecutive baskets. Score 22-11, and the audience was hilarious!

Inscription Found in Student's Book "Reasons why you shouldn't swipe this book"

BECAUSE

1. It belongs to me by virtue of lawful possession.
 2. It would make you a criminal, and liable to prosecution and punishment.
 3. You can buy one of the same type from the publishing company. Or from me.
 4. It wouldn't do you much good. (Does me less.)
 5. It would improve your chances of going to a hot place. (Not, Palm Beach.)
 6. Your conscience would indict you and constantly point the finger of remorse at you.
 7. It isn't done in good society. (Outside of Normal.)
 8. The owner might miss it and cry.
 9. It would haunt you the rest of your days.
- AND
10. It has been attempted twice:
 - (a) One of them is dead.
 - (b) Little hope is held out for the other."

The Delphic Oracle

1. Will I get there in four years? If not, why not.
2. Will I be called upon in history? Not if you wear a bright expression.
3. Is Miss Viele going to bawl me out? This may be avoided, if you have the first say.
4. Will Mr. Bennett spring a quiz? If he hasn't a lecture prepared.
5. Will I need to lug my text to class? Try it and see.
6. Will we have a lecture on a bit of the teacher's life history? That depends upon the part of the teacher's life which she is to relate.
7. Will I be in the front of the Cafeteria line? Let conscience be your guide.
8. Will I be successful in cribbing? Yes, if you copy the correct answer.

I WANNA KNOW

How many valentines Mr. Bruce got?
 If Miss Hanson is engaged?
 How many people roaming our halls are secretly married?
 What Baldwin's wife does when he loses his temper?
 How many girls gave up cigarettes during Lent?



Pal Pal

At a meeting on March 2, held at the home of Walden Cofran, the election of officers marked the close of another successful year. Walden Cofran was chosen president to follow George Biddlecombe, who has lead the fraternity so successfully during the past year. Harry Page succeeds Alfred Dahl as vice-president. As secretary, Arnold Goodmannson will carry on the duties of Murray Lynde. James Scatter and Arthur Bents, respectively, will fill the position of financial secretary and treasurer vacated by Howard Schwenk and Walden Cofran.

The installation of the new officers took place the following week at the home of George Biddlecombe where a very enjoyable time was had by all. —The Annual Convention will be held during the latter part of Easter week, to which George Biddlecombe and Walden Cofran have been elected as delegates.

Clie

Clie pledged the following girls at a week-end party at "Em's" Houghton's: Helen Block, Lorina Ballard, Latha Cooper, Florence Nevias, Grace Olaf and Ruth Vawter.

Plans are being perfected for a Spring concert to be held in April in the Normal Auditorium. We are happy to announce Guy Maier as the artist. An added attraction will be several piano numbers.

Glee Club Notes

The date for the Glee Club production of Undine seems almost as fickle as that elusive sea nymph herself. The time which has finally been decided upon is April 15, the first Thursday after vacation. This will give father time to recover from that Easter bonnet, girls. That courage for "her" won't loom quite so large on the horizon by then, so fix your date now.

In case you haven't heard us practicing, or if you aren't taking part in the pantomime which goes with it, we will tell you Undine is a lovely sea nymph who falls in love with a charming tenor prince. What happens? Come and see! Tickets, priced fifty cents, will be on sale soon. Remember this when buying your Easter outfit.

Delta Sigma Epsilon

The installation of the Arethusa Upsilon Chapter of Delta Sigma Epsilon Sorority took place March 4, 5 and 6. This marked the pinnacle of anticipation for all Arethusa girls and also, the jump from "pledging" which had descended upon our new girls: Loyola Collard, Harriet Crosby, Frances Dorsett, Marjorie Swain, Margaret Grant, Floy Hall, Evelyn Kalk, Charlotte MacFarland, Evelyn Muir and Ruth Topping.

Friday evening, March 5, the formal initiation banquet was held at the Hotel Lenoir. This was followed by installation of officers.

Debating Society

The Debating Society has made a flying start and is now in full swing. Officers have been elected and a constitution adopted. The officers are: President, William E. Peck; vice-president, Esnare Backus; secretary, Joseph Hillery; treasurer, Maurice Rovner; sergeant-at-arms, Oakley Irwin.

The first debate, held Monday, March 15, surprised all by its finished style. They have set a precedent for future debates. Mr. Bennett, the Faculty advisor, is going to give a course in the preparing of a brief. The Debating Society hopes to give an Assembly debate in the near future, on a topic of interest to all.

Kappa Kappa Kappa

"Rushing" is over and Tri-Kappa is greatly benefited from its results. It is our pleasure to announce the taking in of the following men as new members: James Oring, Lee Doll, Harold Vahue, Francis Mundy and William Bruch.

On Tuesday evening, March 23, the members of Tri-Kappa, together with their girl friends, had a most enjoyable time at a theater party at the Teck. After the show, the couples went to the Palais Royal where they indulged in those two great American pastimes, dining and dancing.

Normal Industrial Society

The Normal Industrial Society, on February 9, brought to this school one of the greatest motion pictures ever filmed, "Scramoucha." It was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The Industrial Society at a future date promises to out-do itself in furnishing even better entertainment. Watch for the next notice in a future issue!

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Alpha Sigma Tau

Alpha Sigma Tau has had a very busy month. Bridge parties were held at the homes of Evelyn Grampp, Audrey Stewart and Mae Hammond. Our pledge party was held at Arletta Traut's home on February 18. The pledges gave a supper party for the active members.

On March 10, Mrs. Fuller entertained the active members and pledges at her home. A supper party was held March 22 at the home of Mildred Sharick.

Nu Lambda Sigma

Nu Lambda Sigma takes this opportunity to announce a change in its meeting day. Meetings have heretofore been held every second Friday. They will now be held every second Wednesday, unless otherwise announced.

Song of the Pledge

I am just a little Pledge—
A mere speck—of the dust,
I hate to do the silly thing
The S'periors say I must!

Oh! I wonder how 't would be
To walk all thrn the day—
And look them all straight in the eyes
And pass by on my way.

But it's—"Where's your pin?" and "Do
this now!"

"Remember, you're a speck!"
"Do be good!" "Black Friday's near!"
"Or—we'll break your humble neck!"
J. E. D.

Miss Mulholland—"And the lion
licked Una's feet!"
Frosh—"And did the lion live (hap-
pily) ever after?"

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MANNERS AND MENUS

By KATHERYNE COLVIN THOMAS

(Miss Thomas, of the Geography Department, has done more REAL traveling in her young life than most of us will do all our lives. "The Record" asked her to write for the Student Body and she, wisely, knew just what to write about.)



Lunch had been early and the afternoon long so that when I sat down to write, irrelevant thoughts intruded into the serious process of choosing a subject. I had thought I might write of the joy of life within sight of a mountain, describing mountains that people in various parts of the world love and paint, but McKinley, whose large bulk usually suggests reassuring permanence, meant at that moment only mountain sheep steak, while Diamond Head, beloved in Honolulu, brought thoughts not of a bleak outline against the tropical night sky, but of fresh pineapple and alligator pear salad. Then I decided it would be well to write of student friends in other countries, their play, work, and ambitions, but in recalling the Kotogakui I knew in Tokyo I saw most clearly the tiny shops where the students gathered between classes to buy cakes and tea, and, more disturbing still, I was reminded of the Filipino boys who sometimes came to school a little hungry, that their white duck suits might be perfectly tailored and freshly laundered.

Some of the memories of food that come when one is thinking of old haunts are fragrant and pleasant. The excitement of the first bear chop remains vivid; the sorrow at tasting for the last time pickled radishes, or mangoes, or whatever it is that one has learned to know and like within its limited habitat. Hospitality the world over expresses itself in the offering of refreshment. In the Orient one soon becomes able to drink countless cups of tea, for it is offered anywhere, even in the shops where one is a frequent customer. The most unique instance of this type of hospitality was offered by a man of the Southern Philippines on whose haven we had gone to call through the hot tropical sunshine. He had no tea so he substituted the most delicious beverage at his command. Two small saucers were sent to climb a coconut tree so that we might have the coconut milk to drink. Our host stood off the tops with his savage-looking knife and we drank from the net awkwardly but gratefully.

Among the recollections that grow more pleasant as the weeks recede into the past is that of a shark's fin feast which followed a wedding in China one hot day. Twenty-seven dishes were served. Some were delicious—fried chestnuts, bamboo sprouts, roast duck. Some could at best be called interesting—shark's fin soup, sea slug, hundred-year-old eggs. I recall that I did not accept the invitation to the bride's most feast given the following day in honor of the newly married couple.

Eating unusual and mysterious food is not the most trying part of dining in strange lands. There is the greater discomfort that comes from handling implements to which one is unaccustomed. One evening soon after my arrival in Tokyo I found chopsticks at my place at the dinner table.

"I was invited to a Japanese dinner before I had learned to use chopsticks," my thoughtful friend announced, "and I came home not only embarrassed but hungry."

Once a week my American friends instructed me in the use of chopsticks, assisted by O Koto San, the maid, who watched the proceedings with a critical though friendly eye, as she served the meat loaf, or fruit salad, or whatever incongruous dish I was practicing on. Nevertheless, I, too, came home from my first Japanese parties to beg bread and jam from O Koto San. The accomplishment test which supposedly proves one's complete initiation into the rite of using chopsticks is that of picking up an egg and a grain of rice. It was while breakfasting in a Japanese inn that I first succeeded in polishing my rice bowl properly, removing even the grains that clung to the edges. In my elation I proclaimed that I was ready for the second part of the test and that I would remove from the pan of water over the charcoal brazier the not-bolled eggs we were preparing for our breakfast as a substitute for the Japanese breakfast soup. One by one I lifted them, let the water drip from them, carried them across a foot of matting that seemed unusually white and spotless, and deposited them safely in the rice bowls. Only after the last one was safe did I dare look at the terrified face of the maid who knelt near.

The other side of the question had not occurred to me until in an advanced class in English conversation a student asked me to explain the correct way in which to handle a knife and fork. Later in the year the city association of women primary teachers held a luncheon at the Y. W. C. A., the chief purpose being to learn how to eat in the western fashion. First the course was served, the food named and its preparation described, then instructions were given about the proper use of the silver. Scattered here and there were a few foreign women to help by example. I left feeling that chopsticks are the more simple invention.

Worse even than learning to eat with strange implements is the fear that one may all unknowingly be disregarding some sacred bit of table etiquette and may be appearing as uncouth in the eyes of the hostess as she would in ours if she ate with her knife or held her chicken bone in her hands. In Japan I learned to eat from my rice bowl before touching other food; to lift my tea cup with both hands, and enough other bits of table manners to know that there were many I could never hope to learn.

Unfortunately, Paula and I had no one to counsel us when we were invited to dine one noon in a high-caste Hindu home in one of the native states of India. To dine with a Hindu would have been impossible a few years ago and it is not usual now, for contact with a Christian is defiling to a Hindu of caste. Our hostess and her husband had spent considerable time abroad and dinner was served in an European-style dining room. This increased our amusement when we discovered that the vegetables which were grouped on the large silver plates before each of us were to be eaten with our fingers. At first thought one feels that eating with the fingers would be the easiest way of all, but to eat daintily with the fingers at a formal dinner is not so simple as it sounds. Near the end of the meal someone remarked that it was interesting that it was a universal custom, as far as he had observed, for people to use the right hand in eating.

"Yes," our hostess remarked, "we consider the left hand unclean and never touch our food with it."

When we had returned after the dinner to the privacy of our hotel room, Paula sank mournfully into a chair.

"I have disgraced us," she said unhappily. "In order to appear at ones," she explained, "as though I had eaten with nothing but my fingers from infancy, I brought both hands into play. First I would take a few mouthfuls in the fingers of my right hand, then with what I considered the utmost nonchalance I would take a few with my left hand. I have disgraced us."

At that, there was nothing to do but to confess that I had done the same thing. We saw the funny side then and laughed until Mohammed, our servant, came in from his station on the porch before our room to ask us reprovingly if we would like tea.

Self-Expression

(The students in Miss Harris' English classes have plenty of chances for self-expression. Here is a typical theme.)

Sally vigorously cranked the victrola and hopped to the center of the room. Soon feet were flying and a mass of curls bobbed to and fro. Sounds from the music-box and snapping of fingers filled the air. The floor creaked and the carpet curled into a ball. The saxophone moaned louder, the feet flew faster, grandmother stalked out of the room. Sally was doing the Charleston.

—Flora C. Krzyzowski.

"LITTLE RED HIDING HOOD"

(As our modern writers would do it.)

Michael Arles—THE RED CAFE.

Once upon a time there was a young lady who had nothing better to do one afternoon, so what did she do but take a walk! Now this young lady, for indeed we may as well call her such, was thinking—and indeed, young ladies often think, and on subjects many, and, as the French, those charming people, have a neat proverb to that effect, the young lady, as we say, was thinking of her grandmama. So we may as well face it, for even a young lady may have thoughts, don't you think?—or do you think?

Thomas Hardy—THE RETURN OF THE FATED.

A bleak Saturday afternoon in November was approaching twilight, and the vast unenclosed wild known as Egdon Heath grew drearily dark. The scene was sullen and forbidding, seeming to brood upon the dread fate of the innocent little maiden trudging along in her brave red coat, to her poor old gran's door, where, alas, lurked a lank grey wolf. A howl and shriek rent the air as if predestined for a scene, and the little maiden was no more.

E. Phillips Oppenheim—THE CURIOUS QUEST.

Sneakily the Lone Wolf followed the little figure in red, gaining upon it. Flung off his wolf's skin, pressed a revolver into the folds of the red cape, flashed his badge.

"There's no use to struggle, number 178 A2, alias Little Red Hiding Hood," he sneered. "Your Great Impersonation was clever, but it couldn't fool me!" "Inspector Sunkel!" gasped the prisoner, "of Scotland Yard! I remember!"

There is no real freedom or acquaintance but between things polar. There is nothing but a superficial resemblance between Mrs and Mrs, but between Mrs and woman there is acquaintance both earthly and other as an adventuring—"Mrs. Mrs." by James Stephens.

ONE WILD AND WOOLLY LITERATURE

For quite some period there has been evident in American literature, a seething unrest. At the present time the world of contemporary American letters appears to be in a state of ferment. No critic, least of all so unworthy a critic as this one, would dare deny that American literature is strong, vivid and alive. No one would attempt to deny that much of it closely approaches the work of genius. And yet a fatal strain of weakness robs the majority of our books of the effects of their boundless enthusiasm and their limitless energy.

Why must our best writers needs go whirling madly down the suicidal rapids of revolution? Why must so much fine work be wrecked on the sharp and jagged rocks of rebellion? It seems to be the common ambition of our most intelligent authors to turn our established standards upside down. Witness the fury of the recent literary burlesque through which our rural communities have just passed.

Even our educational institutions have not been spared. They have been avidly pilloried and held up to scorn and derision. Our industrial organizations are depicted as huge, writhing monsters, intent on devouring the very souls of those poor unfortunates who labor therein. The writer does not defend these institutions, nor hold them up as models of perfection. True it is, that there is room for great improvement, but, nevertheless, the majority of these imperiled souls possess phonographs, radios and player-pianos and may be seen on any pleasant Sunday silvering their varied ways along the countryside, blissfully unconscious of their danger.

The urge to tear, to read, to destroy, while it may eventually accomplish something, is not conducive to the production of undying literature. A careful reading of the work of many of our modern writers of fiction leads one to the conclusion that the "higher culture" advocated by so many authors consists of mere perverseness and contrariness. Perhaps they feel that they are not true members of what they choose to call the "intelligentsia" unless they assail in their most vigorous manner everything which conforms to the common standard of taste. Every wild manuscript which controverts the judgment of the majority is loudly heralded by the publishers in their jacket blurbs as the "Great American Novel." Perhaps the secret lies in the fact that it is far easier to reverse the accepted standard than to progress beyond that standard.

John Boynton Priestley, famous English literary critic, in speaking of one of our best known American writers belonging to this school, has this to say: "The American intellectual rebel is more often than not merely the small town person he so despises attending a kind of intellectual fancy dress ball. He has dropped one set of superficial, ready-made opinions only to adopt another set of superficial, ready-made opinions. And, having discarded the first set he feels it incumbent upon himself to hurl forth into print and attack the discarded opinions with all the venom at his command."

One of the distinguishing features of a truly great book should be an all-embracing charity. Rebellion cannot by the widest stretch of imagination be artistic. Rebellion calls for motion, action, violence. How can good books be produced by a writer in such a frame of mind? Some of my readers may feel inclined to take issue with me on this point—and on the surface perhaps rightly so. A little further investigation, however, should prove its correctness beyond the vestige of a doubt. Shakespeare and Dickens, Conrad and Anatole France, while they did not subscribe to the thought of their time, were far too

subtle to resort to flamboyant rebellion. Tolerance, charity and pity colored their writings—and their writings have endured.

The art of writing fiction requires sympathy more than any other one thing, yet how can a mind charge full tilt at the object it hates and still be sympathetic? It is the author's opinions, not his literary ability, which makes him excited. Sensationalism, while it may be good journalism, falls far short in the balance when weighed against literature. What is needed in modern American literature is not more "problem" books but more scholarly books, not more wild antagonism but more iteration, less shrieking and more music, less striving for reality by means of crudeness and more readiness to see the beauty in our familiar environments, and when we shall have attained this much-to-be-desired millennium, then—and not until then, may we hope to read the "Great American Novel!"—the really great American novel—strong in its simplicity, beautiful in its presentation and great in its sympathy.

—HAROLD B. DECKOFF.

The Gimme Fits Try Literature

The Gimme Fits are having a sorority meeting at the home of a member. When one considers the heterogeneous assortment of compacts and combs which will be left behind; the dishes, half washed by enthusiastic but careless pledges; one or two unwashed pans under the kitchen range, and the food inground into the Oriental rug, one is filled with awe for the noble sacrifice.

President: . . . And we really do need to know more about literature, so what do you think about having a literary program for our next meeting?

Doris: What do you mean "know more about literature?" Doesn't Mae bring her "College Humor" every month?

Marge: Oh, but REAL literature—something deep like Dante's "Inferno."

Janice: Yes, and have you ever tried Scott's "Emulsion"?

President: Girls! Girls!

Doris: Steve brought me the darlington box the other night. It was a cardboard box filled with chocolates! (Several cry: "Let's make some fudge," and disappear.)

Marge: How about some character stories from Shakespeare.

Janice: The McGarry players are doing Hamlet next week. Couldn't we go and then we wouldn't have to read all that dry stuff.

Joe: Let's! I love murders!

Doris: Yes, but "The Student Prince" is at the Tock and that's so cute. . .

Janice: Let's go there! Instead of our next meeting we can have a theater party.

All: All right! And Marge can get the tickets!

(Curtain)

Love is something that happens to us, we can't help ourselves. Those who have it never grow old, never lose courage, nor lose interest; they may suffer, but their world remains beautiful. They can let their heart go—it won't be chilled or dwarfed or warped.—"The Private Life of Helen of Troy."

We must love the best—there's no sin in love like falling to love the best.—"The Private Life of Helen of Troy."

"Why see such a high crib for your baby?"

Farmer H. A. Stinson: "So we can hear him when he falls out."

THE FACULTY RECOMMENDS

"The Record" asked three Faculty members for books published in recent years which they had found interesting and could recommend. We thank them for their ready compliance with our request. Following are the books:

Mr. H. Arnold Bennett (Department of History and Political Science).

Ten Recommended New Books in the Field of History, Government and Economics

Hockett, H. C., and Schlesinger, A. M.—"A Political and Social History of the United States." (2 volumes).

Carver, Thomas N.—"The Present Economic Revolution in the United States."

Kerney, James—"The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson."

Buell, Raymond Leslie—"International Relations."

Murdock, Kenneth B.—"Increase Mathar."

Bauer, John—"Effective Regulation of Public Utilities."

Mott, Rodney—"Materials Illustrative of American Government."

Bonn, J. Morris—"The Crisis of European Democracy."

Aldington, Richard—"Voltaire."

Lowell, A. Lawrence—"Greater European Governments." Note: This little volume by the president of Harvard involves a brief and readable discussion of the governments of some of the leading states of Europe as they function today. Special features include a comparison between the government of the defunct German Empire and that of the present German Republic. It is to be regretted that space was not available for a treatment of the political organization of Czecho-Slovakia, a state which in many ways is among the most interesting of those states formed as a result of the World War.

Dr. Susan Frances Chase (Head of the Department of Psychology and Mental Testing).

Beebe, William—"Jungle Peace."

Dorsey, George A.—"Why We Behave Like Human Beings."

Hart, Joseph K.—"The Discovery of Intelligence."

Mearns, Hughes (Edited by)—"Creative Youth."

Mirick, George A.—"Progressive Education."

Faxon, F. L.—"History of the American Frontier." (Pulitzer prize for history, 1924.)

Richards, Mrs. Waldo (Edited by)—"High Tide: Songs of Joy and Gladness."

Robinson, James Harvey—"The Mind in the Making."

Untermeyer, Louise—"This Singing World."

Wells, Carver—"Six Years in the Malay Jungle."

Mr. Stephen C. Clement (Head of the Department of Social Sciences).

Books may be read for various purposes—for technical information, for inspiration, for pure enjoyment, and to prick one's self-complaisance. Books are not good because they are new, but sometimes they are good in spite of it. So the following list does not take time into account and fulfill several purposes.

For educational information: "Progressive Education," Mirick; "Education Moves Ahead," Smith.

For educational inspiration: "Progressive Education," Mirick; "Education in a Great City," Patri.

For general inspiration: "It Can Be Done," Morris and Adams.

For pure enjoyment: "Little Rivers," Henry Van Dyke; "Country of the Pointed Fir," Sarah Orne Jewett; "Songs for Fishermen," Morris and Adams.

To prick the bubble: "Outline of Science," Thomson; "Westways and Quackery," American Medical Association; Upton Sinclair.—Any book.



MARY H. FOWLER

Died, April 1, 1925

There is no tribute too great to offer to the memory of Mary H. Fowler for the invaluable service she has rendered to boys and girls during her many years of work with them. The school has, indeed, suffered a distinct loss in her sudden passing.

Her association with our school has extended over a period of four decades. She first entered its doors in 1885 as a student in the classical course, graduating with the class of '89. Six years later she returned as a member of the Faculty in the Practice Department, in which capacity she served until her death on the morning of April first.

So earnest a woman was she that the many pupils she taught could not help but be impressed by her perseverance and industry. These outstanding traits, together with real patience, were many times expressed in terms of "pushing" pupils who lagged in their studies; for her interest was centered not in the class only, but in every individual in the class. All were helped; no one was forgotten. Coupled with these qualities was the gift of imparting knowledge in a clear, easily understood form. If any pupil had difficulty with any part of a lesson, Miss Fowler would carefully explain it until the puzzling part was made clear. But what endeared her most to the hearts of her pupils was her fairness in all matters. All work was rated impartially. There never were any favorites.

Another of her many good qualities for which she will be long remembered was her sense of humor. Quick to recognize the ridiculous and to join the laughter that followed, she was the best of sports. She was truly a pal as well as a teacher.

All of these characteristics do her honor. Her example is an inspiration to any person to work in an unselfish, loyal, and persevering way. She worked, not for her own glory, but for the good of her school; and because she truly tried to help others, her spirit of co-operation and good-will will stay with us forever.

So we pause a moment to honor both the ability and the lofty motives of this remarkable woman. And while there is no tribute high enough for any person who has given her best, we can honor Miss Fowler's memory by trying to follow her example of patience and industry.

"With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,

She wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair

It needs must be, since she lingers there."

Miss Small has compiled, with this word of explanation, the little tribute written by a group of students from Miss Fowler's own class, to honor a teacher so vividly with them that it seems almost her quick, decisive step may return at any minute.

The hearts of boys and girls are the most delicate instruments in the world. To ask them to express an emotion is to touch on chords so fragile and so exquisite that you almost fear the experiment. Notice, therefore, in their little article, how haltingly the music stirs: "She was fair when she marked our papers. She was ambitious for every one of us."

How frank and boyish the compliments are! Children stand so near the objects of their admiration that they see, as one of them said, only "the outstanding characteristics." Some day the abstract qualities of service, faith, truth, love, and beautiful loyalty will seem the abiding virtues. We are grateful that Miss Small has not encouraged flattery or over-statement, but has merely organized into one article the scores of papers that record sincerely and genuinely the sentiments of the boys and girls Miss Fowler so nobly taught.

Helen Keller

The Chinese say: "A man's greatest glory lies, not in never having fallen, but in rising every time he falls." At nineteen months Helen Keller fell into the deepest pit, the most obscure limbo possible; and ever since she has been struggling, inch by inch, toward light. It must not always have been an edifying sight; we imagine there were times when, horribly exhausted from her frantic clawings at the seemingly insurmountable sides of her pit, she fell back sobbing, momentarily overcome by a sense of the futility of her striving. But the next day the fight was on with redoubled determination; and the next day and the next found her facing life with a kind of gallant courage that is all too rare among us who are fully prepared to meet life's demands.

The next time some ranting poseur whines to us about wanting to "live his own life" we shall want to tell him of Helen Keller; Helen Keller whose entire life has come to her second-hand, thru a "middle-man," whose sensory experiences have all been essentially vicarious. It must have been a rather narrow life; and yet it has its aspects of beauty, for the very vicariousness of her life has kept her untouched from the ugliness of the world, from the things that cloud our serenity and bring a feeling of futility at attempting to build for eternity. All knowledge except that which is lovely and worthwhile has been removed from the radius of her absorption. Her soul must be a beautiful and luminous place.

The law of compensation was functioning properly when Mrs. Macy came into the Keller home, for with her calm understanding and hope. As Mrs. Macy told of her straining, plodding, up-hill task of bringing to Helen the glory of her ultimate success. And we wondered—the same opportunity of bringing light into the dark places, to a much lesser degree, will be given to us as teachers. Will we show the infinite patience and tolerance toward our more fully equipped pupils that Mrs. Macy did in Helen's case, and will any one of our pupils look to us with the same confidence and love that Helen's every movement shows for Mrs. Macy? The answer rests with US.

ETHEL L. HOFFMAN.

Ode to Shelley

Oh, gentle one, whom Love hath made its own;
Whom Fate hath marked; whom Destiny hath shown
Itself to be thy parent, harsh! Oh, thou,
Whose every touch, whose every glance was made
To be Love's servant, faithful, unswerving!
To thee I sing! My soul goes forth to meet
Thy soul, and to reverse thy motion runs.
Dear Ariel! A shocked breathing thou,
Who hast against the bars crashed down,
Forged from These's legends, stilling and subtle!

—ROSALIE M. CHAFFIN.

The Record

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

OUR LITERARY NUMBER

The Staff talked it over and decided that this number ought to be a Literary Issue. Why not? Surely a school for the training of teachers ought to be somewhat interested in literature and incidental to this interest should run literary participation.

Well, you are reading our product and we hope you don't condemn too strongly. Of the entire student body, excluding the Staff, there were no more than five contributors. You can imagine what a wonderful choice we had in the selection of material.

Nevertheless, we put forth a relentless effort to stave off defeat and carried out our original intentions. "Get ready for a college next year!" urge all our Assembly platform speakers. We pity our Alma Mater if the students are as ready for the college as they were to participate in this issue.

WE ARE CRITICIZED

"The Vagabond," a paper published by students of Indiana University, in a recent issue deprecates the gradual deterioration of their "rabble University." An extract from one article reads, "Frankly, as a head of a department stated recently, we are getting more and more students of the type that formerly went to Normal Schools and 'business colleges,' students with narrow utilitarian aims, poor educational grounding and small ability. The University is fast becoming a combination Normal School and business college. We are losing the more desirable students."

Here is a direct challenge to all Normal School students. They say we are poorly prepared and are here for utilitarian aims. In picking out some mean objects for examples of the degeneration of their University, they select Normal School students. We future teachers resent such insinuations. We know that we are no more utilitarian than are these wonderful college boys who are learning to be doctors, lawyers and social lions. Certainly, everyone knows that compensation has been too meager to entice the commercially-minded person into the teaching profession. We admit that we have poor educational grounding, but it is no worse (maybe better) than that of our friends in college.

Perhaps we are inferior to colleges because we don't have championship football teams and million-dollar endowments. We haven't the "real spirit." That, probably, is the main reason that "The Vagabond" rated Normal students so low. Our reply is that they cannot know our spirit—it is not swayed back and forth by cheer leaders—it is a spirit of service which is to be transplanted in the hearts of the children in the schools of America.

FRANK SENDS THANKS

April 23, 1926.

Faculty and Students, Buffalo State Normal School.

Dear Friends:

I wish to take this opportunity to thank each one of you for your kindness and thoughtfulness extended to me during my recent illness. Any words that I may say or write can hardly fully express my appreciation for all you did for me.

If it be my good fortune again to represent this institution in any of the school activities, I assure you that your manifestations of good will will be a stimulus to increase my efforts an hundredfold.

Thank you again.

Very truly yours,

FRANK C. SMITH.

Color

Red-hot flames curling round a white-hot blast;
A red-hot ball tearing thro' a Frisco sky's mast;
A little blue scorch in an ancient mummy's hand;
A pale blue sky widening above the desert sand;
A red and blue flag under a red and blue sky
Vivid with color as its sons go marching by.

—Martin B. Fried.



DRAMA

Coming out of the theater last week a woman was heard to remark, "At least this point is encouraging; the twentieth century is the only age to produce literature painting the realities of war. In the past, war was glory and sacrifice; it was idealized. Today, war is waste and horror."

I think the remark fits rather well two plays recently presented in Buffalo, "The Enemy" and "What Price Glory." I should not consider either of these plays literature in the strict sense of the word; neither in structure nor artistic beauty do they bear the test of literature. They are both propaganda, but, as such, in different ways, each is particularly good. Channing Pollock's "Enemy" brings out the fact that the greatest enemy in the world is hate. It argues for a bigger international spirit. It shows the weakness and tyranny of intense nationalism that masquerades under the garb of patriotism. "What Price Glory" shows what war does to men. The irony of the term "Glory" in the title is apparent when you see life in the trenches and glimpse scenes back of the firing line.

Lawrence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, the authors of the play, were soldiers themselves in France and reproduce with the vividness of eye witnesses the situations, the conversations, the actual details of siege. The word Truth is stamped so indelibly over this play that it may live as literature despite its minor faults. What the "Enemy" does by means of sentiment and pathos, "What Price Glory" accomplishes by stark realism. Both plays are eloquent arguments against war. They are designed to convince the youth of today who are the men and women of tomorrow that there must never be another war.

It is not a far call from the war plays above mentioned to "The Hounds of Spring," an extraordinary first novel from the pen of Sylvia Thompson. The story, covering events from 1914-1924, concerns a family of Austrian-English stock. The central idea in the book suggests unmistakably that war means waste. Every individual suffers materially and spiritually from the struggle; from Cynthia, whose only son is killed, to fat little Wandy, who grows into the sophisticated, repressed, clear-headed, frank, complex sixteen-year-old product of a hard materialistic civilization. The plot of the story may be reminiscent of May Sinclair's "Tree of Heaven" or H. G. Wells' "Mr. Britling," but the style is the rare delightful expression of the brilliant young author, a girl in the early twenties. Elitry Sedgewick, editor of Atlantic Monthly, writes: "There are lots of things in the story, of course, that the author would change, were she half a dozen years older, but the stories she will write then will certainly not have more vitality, more gentleness, more rush of life than 'The Hounds of Spring.'"

"The Steps to Conquest"

Who can imagine the modern maid "steeping to conquest" or even stepping down from her pedestal? Yet if you want to see the way they did it in the Eighteenth century, don't fail to see this play by Goldsmith which is being produced by our Dramatic Club.

The original title of this successful play was "The Mistake of a Night," and anyone who has read or seen this play will agree that there was no lack of mistakes that hectic night. Goldsmith never tried to make drama "a school of morality"; he was content if he could arouse natural and genuine laughter. There is no moralizing by his characters.

The scene of the play is a small English village. The play opens up with Tony, the town rouser, starting out to make his rounds of all the town "pubs," the ancient name for modern soft-drink places. The ale-house is called the "Three Jolly Pigeons." It is jolly all right; for the pigeons are not turtle doves.

While they are all in the ale-house carousing, in walks Marlowe, the hero of the play, a Londoner, who inquires the way to Mr. Hardcastle's, which is Tony's home. Tony directs him to the place, but tells him it is an inn called the "Buck's Head." Marlowe goes there and, believing it to be an inn, behaves accordingly.

Mr. Hardcastle is shocked by the manners of his guests, but endures them. Marlowe is supposed to court Miss Hardcastle and marry her, by agreement between his father and Mr. Hardcastle. Marlowe, bashful and shy in the presence of a lady, is quite the opposite while in the presence of a barmaid. The girl he is to marry, yet whom he has never seen, enters the room. He believes her to be a barmaid and, of course, loses all his bashful, self-consciousness. In this role he makes a very good impression on the girl and he, promptly and without any further warning, falls victim to Cupid's dart.

The following morning he asks Mr. Hardcastle for the bill for his night's lodging. Mr. Hardcastle in anger leaves the room and Miss Hardcastle enters, explaining to Marlowe his mistake. Thunderstruck, he leaves the house not knowing what to say to Mr. Hardcastle. He still does not know the barmaid is Miss Hardcastle.

Marlowe's father arrives, Marlowe with him, to apologize to Mr. Hardcastle. He leaves the two gentlemen and goes into the next room to see the barmaid whom he wishes to marry, disregarding the opposition of his father.

The two men walk in on him in the midst of his proposal to her. He then discovers that his sweetheart, the barmaid and Miss Hardcastle are the same person. Naturally, Goldsmith ends the play when the ardent lovers have found each other. What else could he do?

From "In the Land of Youth"

"By James Stephens"

"Tell me, Woman of the House, what is really the life in this world?"
(Fairy.)

"We wish, and what we wish we get."

"Do you get all that you wish for?"

"Only the simple things. Things to eat and to wear; sunlight and sweet scents. Every person gets what he is able to wish for, but the power of every person to wish is different. I do not yet know how to wish perfectly and grandly as the king does, and as others do, for I am not educated in those things; therefore, I have only what I can wish for, and am contented. I shall get other things when I learn the way to want them."



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From "In the Land of Youth"

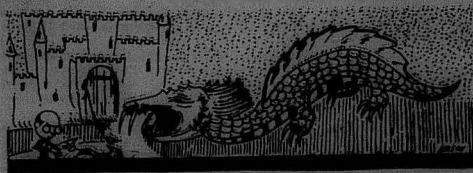
By James Stephens

"Tell me, Woman of the House, what is really the life in this world?"
(Faery.)

"We wish, and what we wish we get."

"Do you get all that you wish for?"

"Only the simple things. Things to eat and to wear; sunlight and sweet events. Every person gets what he is able to wish for, but the power of every person to wish is different. I do not yet know how to wish powerfully and grandly as the king does and as others do, for I am not advanced in those things; therefore, I have only what I can wish for, and am contented. I shall get other things when I learn the way to want them."



Poetry Conquers Ye Fierie Dragon

Brother Knights, ye should have been in these halls when Merlin turned to the writing of poetry. The elder of ye well remember the time when we tired of jousting—a time when all good Knights had safely soldered themselves in for the season and when good old King Arthur was sorely put to find new lests for his Knights.

Ah, and such a test! Merlin and his typewriter! In the evening, when we were wont to gather in the great hall, Merlin would read his poetry—he would read a yard, and then rest, and then read another yard—if ye have ever heard Merlin's poetry, ye would reverence those, your brethren, who stood in full armor every evening whilst he did read. Forsooth, as a poet, Merlin was a wizard.

The first night, the thirty-third stanza was reached before Sir Kay bowed to sleep and fell with such a crash that he well-nigh frightened himself to death. And next was Sir Bordenais, who did burst his helmet for snoring! And after that was such a din of falling Knights echoing through the hall, that Merlin mist-needa stop.

King Arthur was wroth, and the next night he promised us more reading of poetry, and we swore great oaths, but went, and verily, earlums were the best of the evening. But yet the twentieth stanza was reached and again the castle dérrick was busy putting Knights to bed. All except Sir Mofmatin, who being somewhat of a top, wore a chain armor and so did not wake himself when he fell, and caught a great chill-in-the-bones sleeping there all night.

And the third night there would have been bloodshed in our halls, for Merlin, commanded by the King, had written a hundred and twenty-two yards more of poetry, rhyming, as I do remember, "moon-time" and "Jule-time" and "prune-time" with awful frequency and fluency. But now the third evening when there was an undeliverit of crushing teeth and Merlin was drawing a fresh breath, all unseen, a most remarkable thing happened. Of a sudden there was a most fearful roaring, and the windows wobbled, and Merlin's spectacles did shaké so that he must needs stop reading. And when he read again the roar was heard again, and wondering, we searched each other's faces blackly, and Merlin stopped again, which was a blessing.

And so it happened many times, and Merlin gave up and stalked out of the hall, well-nigh tripping on his beard in his wrath, and we went to bed and the roaring kept us awake half the night. For indeed, was it first-class roaring and momently it increased in quality.

The next morn was I waked by my page, all in excitement. The roaring, so said he, was rendered by a Dragon, and the Dragon was outside the castle walls, and had brought thirty-two trunks with him and was laying siege to the castle with his roaring and his fiery breath.

I went out on the castle wall and it was true! There was a Dragon, and such a Dragon as has ne'er been seen since. He was the largest and ghastly I have ever seen, and I have seen many. One of them was—but never mind, this was a monstrous Dragon.

All day long he roared, and all that night, so that Merlin could not read his poem, albeit he shouted till he was hoarse and the King was even more wroth.

"Knights," he said, "I will give any boon ye ask to any Knight who slimes that Dragon."

First Sir Modred tried, desiring the kingdom—and we say Sir Modred's armor melt in the dragon's fiery breath, and Sir Modred flig himself in the moat, a-sizzling!

And then we saw Sir Percivale fight the Dragon—and the Dragon picked his teeth with Sir Percivale's lance and sent him home, stoned.

And Sir Kay also essayed the battle, wearing asbestos armor. But the Dragon chased Sir Kay seventeen laps about the castle, gaining every lap, and it was only by jumping across the castle moat (which was at least thirty feet) that Sir Kay saved himself and broke the Camelot broad jump record.

Then King Arthur turned to me, his most valued Knight, and ordered me to silence the Dragon, who roared fiercer and fiercer every minute. And so, bowing gracefully to the assemblage, I borrowed a spear and stood on the castle wall and hurled it—hurled it so that it transixed the tail of the Dragon far below, and pinned him to the earth. He was indeed surprised and roared full lustily with annoyance. And then I drenched him with Blisterine, which so cured his fiery breath that he could be approached with ease.

Then I took from out Merlin's hands his poem, and went down, and read it to the Dragon, standing just out of his reach. I read ten stanzas and the roaring stopped—I read twenty stanzas and the Dragon slowly closed one eye—I read thirty stanzas and we were both asleep.

When once more awake, I explained that the Dragon was but troubled with insomnia and suggested that he be carried away to the sine factory. "Egad," said the King, "ye may have any boon ye ask." So I asked, and was given—first I was given Merlin's typewriter and I threw it into the moat, while Merlin chewed his beard and the Knights sang praises.

And then I did decree that hereafter Merlin should confine his lore to bed-time stories and so ended the reading of poetry and great was the peace in these halls.

A Sonnet On Dreams

Oh dreams, that come from far and unknown lands
To steal upon us mortals while we sleep,
And confuse tired, aching brains that can but reap
Wild, distorted visions o'v' your hands;
Or oft, with magic strangely sweet, as made
On the deserts wide air sweep, so ye you sweep
To haunts whose charms in wild perfume glow,
And shew our every wish and whim command,
You have power the world cannot withhold.
You can with fantasies paint legends,
And soothe a heart that aches from care and sorrow;
Or ease the soul who of their life is easily tired,
As in those blessed event hours of repose,
Down on the mind of man you steadily pass.

—LESLIE H. MOWBRAY

Walter De La Mare

Walter De La Mare has been an easy subject for reviewers. They tell us that he is a poet of one mood and lay special stress upon his child poems. Sometimes the reviewer goes on to say that his poems cannot be appreciated by children—that only older people may properly do this. But if the reviewer is a father he tries them on his own children and ceases to make such absurd statements.

It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. De La Mare stands alone among the present English poets. Of his rhymes for and about children the greater number will be found in Peacock's Pie included in the two-column collection of Mr. De La Mare. A number not included in that book will be found in the Book of Pamela Branca's drawings, "Flora," for which Mr. De La Mare wrote poems illustrating the drawings, thus reversing the usual order. Miss Branca's drawings—exhibited when she was twelve years old—have inspired Mr. De La Mare to poetry that will appeal not only to children but to their elders as well. Such stanzas as:

"Suppose and suppose when the gentle star of evening
Came crinkling into the blue
A magical castle we saw in the air, like a cloud of moonlight
As onward we flew."

Or perhaps, Miss Branca's drawing of a little girl entitled "Divine Delight" that moved Mr. De La Mare to make the following reflection that is far from a childlike one:

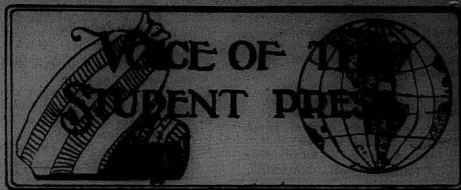
Dark, dark this mind, if ever vain it rove
The face of man in search of hope and love,
Or turning inward from the earth's sun and moon,
Spin in cold solitude thought's mazed cocoon."

In trying to solve the raptivity of Mr. De La Mare's poetry, its whimsical appeal to children that interprets itself into a sadder, philosophical one for their elders, critics have offered the following solution: That Mr. De La Mare's childhood had been spent in a delightful English background, that imprinted upon the fanciful brain of the child many strong whimsies familiar to a very imaginative child. As he grew to manhood, the fanciful imagery gathered in his childhood, still remained, but intermingled with it all, a subtler, deeper philosophic note that found its way into the hearts of his adult readers.

In his "Memoirs of a Midget" we find the whimsical story of a midget dwarfed in body but with the soul and sensitivity of an adult. To be sure, it would appeal on the surface to children, but it takes the wisdom and experience of an adult to catch all that is hidden beneath.

So we leave with you the proof of his philosophic wisdom—lines that tell more about the man than mere discussion can attempt to:

"Look thy last on all things lovely
Every hour. Let no night
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber
Till to delight
Thou hast paid thy utmost blessing;
Since that all things thou wouldest praise,
Beauty took from those who loved them
In other days.



Collegiate Slang

Every time a college girl wants to make a statement sound emphatic (often when she only wants to say something), you will learn that something was just "killing" or "thrilling" or "marvelous," etc. No matter what it is, they have to "bubble over" in describing what they saw, heard or expect. In doing so they pay little heed to the great Daniel Webster or the English language.

About every two minutes some girl "just died" when she danced with Homer at the party the other night or was "thrilled" to meet a friend whom she had not seen for a few days. Some times they just finish an "exciting" story. All day they meet with colorful incidents.

What is the effect of all the thrills? Monotony! Monotony in thought, in action, and in speech. Meaningless monotony that grows into a habit. If you don't believe me, just investigate for yourself. Can any girl experience all the thrills, see only the marvelous, read only that which is exciting, and live in a sphere where only those extravagant adjectives reign, without a severe strain on the nervous system? It effects mental poise, for when strong words are used to describe mere trifling incidents, then only "common slang" is left for expression for bigger happenings or the speaker must remain quiet. Furthermore, the constant use of these highly exciting adjectives tends to keep one in a state of nervous agitation which

results in irritability.—Ypsilanti Normal College "News."

A View of Student Government

"The Rambler" is aware of the fact that many students in college favor a so-called student government. It has not been the purpose of the editorial to discount their views. The worst thing about a student government is the name. Anyone who gives the subject a thought will appreciate the fact that the faculty is hired to run the college. The faculty is responsible to the trustees. Does anyone think they are going to turn things over to the students? They would be foolish indeed to consider such a move. They have never considered it.

What "The Rambler" is opposing is the way in which a change is brought to light. If the faculty can bring about a change whereby the leaders of the campus may be made over into private detectives to expose all which, in the eyes of the faculty, is wrong, the faculty is to be congratulated. If they can assemble the best students in college to do what the faculty have been hired to do, they are fortunate. If they will change the name from a student government to a student-faculty detective agency, and bring the real purpose to light, their opposition is out of order.—"The Rambler," Illinois College.

The Height of Sophistication

The fellow who, on one of these polar expeditions, reaches a fellow in the folk and puts a return address on it.

FREE

I broke the bread of bitterness,
 I drank wine of Gabriel
 And left the barren sacrament
 With exquisite relief.

I pass the worship-greedy shrines,
 Nor pause to bless and bow—
 But dare ignore them, careless, proud.
 For what can hurt me now?
 —Olga A. Hempel in Albany State
 Teacher's College "Quarterly."

Life

When I was young and looked abroad,
 My heart's desires were two:
 There was so much I thought to learn,
 So much I meant to do.

Now in my simple ease I count
 My heart's desires as one;
 There is so much I would forget
 Of all that I have done.
 —Audrey Wamsley in "Bennett
 Beacon."

Something Flies

A flea and a fly in a flea,
 Were imprisoned; so what could they do?
 "Let us see," said the fly.
 "Let us fly," said the flea.
 So they flew through a flaw in the
 flea.

Doris (reading aloud end of a very
 long letter): "Then I will come home
 and marry the sweetest girl on earth."
 Gladys: "What a dirty trick, after
 being engaged to you!"—"Jack-o'-
 Lantern."

"Wonder why the Mediterranean is
 so blue!"

"You'd be blue if you had to wash
 the shores of Italy."—Brown Jug.

"She's a sorority girl."
 "How do you know?"
 "She answered to four names in
 class this morning."

Card to Be Handed to Prospective
 Chapel Speakers

We are aware:

1. That it thrills you to gaze upon our eager young faces.
2. That you didn't have such a nice chapel when you went to school.
3. That we are the leaders of the next generation.
4. That it is best to be idealistic; that it is best to be practical; that a middle course is safest.
5. That there were once two Irishmen, Pat and Mike.

—Western Reserve-Weekly.

Mistakes of the Free Reader

Keep that schoolgirl complexion—
 use Valapar.

See our new super-six model—there
 is beauty in every jar.

Call Cook's undertaking parlor for
 quick service; a sensible habit.

Four out of five say it with flowers;
 as for the fifth, well, such popularity
 must be deserved.

Tre-jar face powder, beautifies your
 floors and linoleums.

Sweet Caporal-gum dipped for
 extra service.

Three Flowers Parfum—what a
 whale of a difference a few scents
 made.—Hops College "Anchor."

Our Own Americans

Bright gleams of an intellectual
 renaissance in the Corn Belt as re-
 corded in the estimable "Cleveland
 Plain Dealer" and proudly printed in
 "The Dartmouth":

At 8:15 Tuesday night a son was
 born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Johnston
 Schultz, 3425 Overlook Road, Cleve-
 land Heights.

At 10:15 the father was in touch
 with the school committee of the Dart-
 mouth Club, taking steps to enter his
 son in the college.

Schultz was graduated from Dart-
 mouth in 1921 and is a teller at the
 Central National Bank.

—"The New Student."



Orange and Black Completes Successful Basketball Season

For the first time in several years, Buffalo Normal's sphere tossers landed the Western New York championship after winning eleven of the sixteen games on the 1925-26 schedule. The second and third games of the season against De Veaux School and Brockport Normal, respectively, resulted in reverses. Buffalo then seemed to strike its stride and was able to come out of the next five battles with colors flying.

The outstanding encounter of the season was that against State Teachers' College, when the Buffalonians were defeated by only eight points after a closely fought contest. This game is especially significant from Normal's point of view in that the Albany outfit is the first college varsity team to be included on a B. S. N. S. schedule. The tentative schedule for the 1926-27 season includes several Western New York colleges, in addition to the Teachers' College aggregation.

B. S. N. S. was victorious in all of the home court contests this season. The team which came nearest to defeating the Orange and Black on the Normal court was the Mechanics' Institute five. It was forced to return to Rochester with a 22-33 defeat. The 1925-26 schedule and scores follow:

Alumni	14	Buffalo	25
De Veaux	25	Buffalo	19
Brockport	16	Buffalo	14
Bryant & Stratton	21	Buffalo	24
Fredonia	13	Buffalo	27
Nichols	16	Buffalo	24
Canisius Sophs	14	Buffalo	28
De Veaux	19	Buffalo	28
Fredonia	23	Buffalo	27
Rochester Mechanics	27	Buffalo	31
Bryant & Stratton	23	Buffalo	19
Nichols	19	Buffalo	21
State Teachers	37	Buffalo	28
Brockport	22	Buffalo	26
Rochester Mechanics	22	Buffalo	22
Alumni	15	Buffalo	26
Total points	337	Total points	294

SAVE COUPONS FOR OUR GEORGE

George Hirbeck, our genial school janitor, has again entered the World Series Baseball Contest. You can help him enjoy a pleasant vacation by clipping Buffalo News Coupons for him, beginning June 1, 1926. EVERYBODY get the coupons ready—Let's make a worthy effort for a worthy man. GEORGE MUST do it again this year!

Player-Position	Games	Field Goals	Fouls Made	Fouls Att'd	Tot. Pts.
Roy Bell, C.	14	49	18	33	114
Frank Smith, G.	16	40	18	46	98
Donald Stark, F.	16	28	5	12	61
Raymond Pick, G.	16	23	8	34	54
Richard Baldwin, F.	16	18	12	21	48
Richard White, G.-C.	11	4	2	8	10
Philip Beget, G.	5	2	0	0	4
William McDonough, F.	2	1	0	0	2
Albert DiCesaro, F.	3	0	1	1	1
Clarence Young, G.	4	0	0	1	0
Harry Page, F.	3	0	0	0	0
Joseph Crotty, F.	2	0	0	0	0
Buffalo State Normal	16	165	64	157	394
Opponents	16	128	70	164	326

Section III Wins Freshman Championship

A sensational upset in local basketball circles was featured, when Captain Dohmeier led her team to victory over Section IV in Freshman Basketball Finals. Baskets were few and far between, but the game was closely contested and exceptionally exciting. "Fran" Dorsett and Arlene Dohmeier played a clever game in center and much credit may be given to those crack Freshmen shots, Keegan and Holden. Score at close of game, 5-2.

Summary—Section III (3), Dooley, Fitzpatrick, Dohmeier, Dorsett, Geiger, Euler; Section IV (2), Holden, Keegan, Krans, Keer, Kanehl, Hyde, Fisher.

"Challengers" Win One-point Victory Over Seniors

Hear ye all! The worthy Seniors have suffered defeat at the hands of the Freshmen "Challengers!" It was a most exciting game, filled with "ties" and thrills. In the first quarter, "Corky" of the Freshmen accounted for four points and Ann Dorsey of the Seniors tallied four points. The guards on both teams held stubbornly in the second quarter and the score remained a tie.

Ten endless minutes passed, and, then! the whistle! Dignified exclamations as "Let's go, kids!" "Snap into it, Gracie!" and "Atta Boy, Kelly!" rent the air (coming from the "Freakies," of course). The Seniors settled down with a look of grim determination and throughout nearly the entire third quarter the score remained a tie. But wait! "Corky" found the net! Hurray! the Challengers were ahead! Then the whistle! Another quarter to go! The Senior guards decided that this affair had gone far enough and held the forwards spectators during the remaining minutes of play. The guards on the other team "backed down" and the game ended with the score 13-12 in favor of the Challengers. Linesup:

CHALLENGERS (18)	(12) SENIORS
Corcoran, F.	I. Conover
Wright, F.	L. Durrey
Olsen, C.	C. Mayhew
Stark, G.	E.A. Eastman
Cardamone, G.	E. Fried
Woodward, G.	E. White

To the Victorious "Blacks"

Skeleton practices preceded the contest. The "skeleton in armor" was black; Blacks like "Maynie" and "Dotty," Blacks like "Agony" and "Kare," Seven-seven was the score at the half. At the third, it was tie once more; Unfaltering courageous black— They won! Nineteen to eleven the score!

Personnel of the "Orange Team" (Freshmen)

Louise Cardamone has played "boys' rules," And many a time her opponent she fools. When Vera Corcoran gets the ball, The opposing team is ready to "bawl." Arlene Dohmeier, the center of the fray, Always ever to excel in any way. Little "Fran" Dorsett, always with a smile, Everything in life, to her, seems worth while. Gertrude Geiger with a bonyish angle, Thinks every word should be followed by a giggle. Doctors make mistakes, yes, you, verily, Now she can play basketball; our Angela Harrity, Anna May Keegan, a pretty name indeed, In basketball and other things, she doubtless takes the lead, Elvira Lewis, dainty and petite, But when it comes to basketball, she can't be beat. When one's as fast as Mildred Palma, One surely does keep "Agony" in pain. Muriel Pattison, lady of the "knee guards," Does some mighty fine guarding herself, old "pards." Rosanna Woodward, aiah "Kelly," Is she a nice girl? I should say "velly."

Supersition

(This poem, "Supersition," was written as a criticism of an unusual religious cult at a time when they caused many suicides by sincerely announcing that the end of the world was at hand.)

A crimson ball and a silver sphere,
Darkness: and a supersitious fear.
A rumor: and men cut their throats
For fear of red devils in winged coats.
They turn like servile fools to a false report
And over night this beautiful world distort.
What do they gain by their mad, rashful word
That only tends to prove their cult absurd?

—Martin B. Fried.

Principal: "Ever had Economics?" Miss Kompha (in class recently):
"Haven't any of you ever had a horse?"
Freshman: "No! Just measles in your family—your grandmother or grandfather!"

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The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

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No. 8

HAIL AND FAREWELL

From Doctor Chase

To the Students,
Buffalo State Normal School.

My very much- prized Friends:

Of one thing I am sure, twenty-seven years teaching in one school must seem very long to you, perhaps over-long. Of another thing I am equally sure that some people might question, after twenty-seven years pouring out a stream of teacher-talk, what could there be left to say?

But your editor does not think so. At his request, I am writing a few words to you. There is a secret about years that I want to tell you. Three things make years beautiful:

Work worth doing,
Friends worth having,
Thoughts worth thinking.

The teacher has the privilege of all three. Years so filled are like a string of pearls, the more pearls, the more-precious the string.

Now as to you and your work. I congratulate you. You are entering the profession when the arts of teaching and child training and character development are receiving intensive study. The science of human behavior must in time rank above all other sciences. Before it reaches the high plane, however, the problem of behavior must receive more intensive, unbiased, and comprehensive study. There must be in the development of any science, as I have sometimes told you:

First, accuracy of observation,
Second, exactness in recording,
Third, caution in conclusion and application.

It will be your privilege to help in furthering such study.

Enter into your work with seriousness, but couple it with gladness. Get and give all the joy of life you can. Said a little child, "Mother, I thought our teacher was homely, but today she smiled and I think she is lovely."

It takes very little to win the heart of a child. You will conquer from within rather than by authority from without. The teacher is not something set and artificial to be an authority and example, but a living comrade and friend.

I began by congratulating you. Now, especially the Class of '26, my comrades in this commencement, I close wishing you Godspeed.

Your friend and teacher,

SUSAN FRANCIS CHASE

THE RECORD

To Dr. Chase, as She Retires

The sun on his course thru the heavens,
The moon 'in her coolness at night,
The stars, little pieces of daytime,—
Gleams of earthly delight.

Greatest of all The created
Gleams of unquenchable kind,
The celestial fires that kindle
The light we call a mind.

We gasp, and all bewildered
Before the marvel stand,
Then thank her for that hour
She made us understand.

Thank her for the sympathy,
And sweetness, and the truth,
And broad, kind, honest faith in us,
In turbulence of youth.

Thank her for the clearness
Of insight into our need,
Thank her, and smile in thanking,
Smile, and then sigh, "Godspeed."

—Amy M. Newman.

Good Luck, Mr. Voes!

Those of us in the Industrial Department learn with deep regret that Mr. Voes is leaving Buffalo Normal at the close of the current semester. For two years he has been at Buffalo Normal, and his ready smile, his quick sympathy and his good-natured comradeship will be sadly missed.

It is some comfort, however, to know that he is not leaving us to teach in some other institution of learning. He is going to New York to become a student at New York University where he will complete the requirements for his degree. Therefore, much as we regret to see him go, we rejoice that he is climbing the ladder in his chosen profession, and we, who have had the privilege of attending his classes and have come to know and love him, wish him good luck and success in his new undertaking.

Au Revoir, Miss Howland

For ten years Miss Howland, thru her administrative position, has contributed to the success of this institution. She has a charming personality and unusual business and administrative abilities. Since her abilities were recognized by a large firm, she has been appointed manager of one of this company's branches in another city.

We are sorry to lose her, but our sorrow turns to happiness when we think of her promotion. The school wishes her all success in her new enterprise.

THE RECORD

MISS ERNINA S. SMITH RETIRES

(We might well paraphrase Stevenson's tribute to "Auntie" and dedicate the same to Miss Ernina Smith.)

Chief of our teachers, not only I
But each of your first graders cry
"What did the other children do?
What was childhood, lacking you!"

Miss Ernina S. Smith, who is retiring from the faculty of the Buffalo State Normal School at the close of the school year 1926, was selected by Dr. Cassey and appointed by the Local Board to take the important position of Primary Critic because of her special fitness and promise in this field. Previous to her appointment she had taught for two and one-half years in Chicago. With the exception of one year of teaching in New York City, Miss Smith has been connected with the Normal School since her appointment.

Miss Smith is a graduate of the Buffalo State Normal and thus has enjoyed the privilege of a dual association with this institution—a privilege that does not come to many in the course of time but where it does come the qualities of loyalty and fidelity are invested with a two-fold worth. Her graduation from the Buffalo State Normal was only the beginning of preparation for her work both professionally and culturally. She has studied at Colorado University, Chicago University, Columbia University, and University of Buffalo, and traveled much, both in her own country and in Europe.

A critic teacher holds a most important position. She has to be at one and the same time an inspiration and director of students in preparation for teaching, and also has to be responsible for the children under her charge. The service rendered by Miss Smith has borne fruit in the lives of the young teachers who have drawn their inspiration from her wise guidance, and in the lives of hundreds of children who have been taught by her.

The essence of Miss Smith's work with the students has been concentrated in her conferences. She has criticized humanely when pointing out the differences between right and wrong procedure in lesson presentation, and wise dealing with little children.

To have ministered to little children with steadfastness of purpose, with kindness of spirit, with unflinching devotion has called for qualities of patience, humor and sincerity, that have been so bound up in the personality of our First Grade critic that she can not be thought of apart from them.

A full life can be measured only in terms of its relationship and contacts with others. As teacher, friend, and leader, Miss Smith has drawn upon her resources for fellowships to such an extent that those who have had the privilege of intimacy have been rewarded, those who have worked with her have never failed to be influenced in some measure by her high purpose, unflinching tact and graciousness. In the next step which Miss Smith is taking these qualities will be revealed in new associations and connections. The spirit and habit of service can in no wise be discontinued, and to those who knew Miss Smith intimately comes the knowledge that new fields are open to her inexhaustible endeavor and she will make her service available for others in multitudinous ways.

Sincere is the word that so fully fits Ernina S. Smith. She has been sincere in her study, sincere in her thinking, sincere in her work, and sincere in all relations with children, students, colleagues, and friends.

Our Dean of Women Writes Us

(As we all know, Miss Catherine E. Reed, friend of all, is now completing her studies for the Deanship at Columbia University. "The Record" feels highly complimented because she is using its columns as a medium of expression to the Student Body. This splendid letter requires no comment.)

My dear "Recorders":

It seems to me that this is a most appropriate occasion to congratulate our school paper on the recognition that has been given by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association for its excellent literary content—hitherto. I really do not wish to spoil such a good Record! Yet your editor-in-chief has been good enough to say that I may send, through these columns, the news and messages that I have been unable to put into letters to you. Time has been the limiting factor for my correspondence, this term; not desire or interest, I can assure you. Now, fortunately, an opportunity is given to say what, I hope, will bear a personal note to each one of you.

Perhaps the wisest thing that one can do in appreciating events, persons or institutions is to get beyond the detail of immediate vision to a viewpoint that reveals the "toute ensemble." There is an atmosphere that surrounds the whole which gives one quite a different interpretation that intimate acquaintance with the unit parts can bring. Therefore, this term has been a very profitable one to me, for I have had chance to see you "all in all" from the past, the present and the future perspective. Whoever an institution has been described by theorists here in this interesting college of pedagogues, I have said to myself, "Now where does Buffalo Normal stand in comparison?"

Of course, sometimes, it becomes necessary to admit, even to so prejudiced an observer as myself, that "that's one of the things which we are going to do." Perchance I will let you know about these future aims and objectives later on when your enthusiasm is strong enough to fully accomplish them. This letter, however, I shall have to dedicate to the title: "A Eulogy of B. S. N. S. As It Is."

Would you like to hear what these sober theorists say about us—indirectly. They concede from the start the subtle influence of architectural surroundings on aesthetic appreciation. Therefore, it is a pleasure to recall a very beautiful building set on a deep campus behind stately elms. Then Dr. X declares that the reciprocal faculty-student influence is a powerful determinant for school morale. Whereupon one realises, more than ever, that we are fortunate, indeed, in having our present Faculty with its whole-hearted devotion to the interests and activities of the school. Furthermore, there are all of our thousand-and-more students to be proud of. What they do and say and think is, after all, the index of life in our Normal community. One is glad to remember that they are alive with the spirit of youth and adventure which breaks out of scholastic bounds at times, perchance, but is essentially democratic and fine.

When Dr. Y proclaims the desirability of extra-curricular activities in developing social integration and basic citizenship, it is easy to accede. We already have as interesting clubs and organizations as any Normal school can boast and far better exhibits or productions than some offer. More than that, we have established that strongly recommended practice in citizenship; student participation in government. We have student assemblies and student nights to keep us constantly competing with that budding histrionic ability of the Home-Making Department. We have a splendid corps of men to show the girls how to sing in Assembly and to submit good advice to the Dean of Women by advertising through the Record for a Dean of Men.

We have a Senior Class to lend dignity to our corridors, a Junior Class to fill them and a Freshman Class to appreciate the others. And next year, thanks to Dr. Rockwell, we will have a Senior-Senior Class with such collegiate bearing that the State of New York will recognize their erudition by degree.

Finally, I would say that we, at Buffalo Normal, have the greatest opportunity in the State or States (if you will) to contribute, by our energy and enthusiasm, to the expansion and development of a foremost educational institution. To this aim and object I pledge my own interest and activity. For it I heartily invite your loyal co-operation.

Yours sincerely,

CATHERINE E. REED.

An Appreciation

"We pause to announce, 'She Stoops to Conquer,'" began Dr. Lappin before his lecture Monday, and his appreciative smile, as well as the applause from his class, signified exactly what I mean now: Miss Keeler always does "stoop to conquer." The repetition of success in play after play forces one to generalize, so that even the most illogical of us concludes that there must burn within this person the passion to create. It makes one think of that chapter called "The Flame" in Arnold Bennett's "Clayhanger," where the boy, Edwin, is intimately portrayed to you. "In that head of his a flame burnt that was like an altar fire, a miraculous and beautiful phenomenon, than which nothing is more miraculous and more beautiful over the whole earth." That flame was Edwin's intense desire for self-perfection: "I'll show them. I'll do something," as he boyishly put it. In Edwin's case the flame astonishingly burst forth, from a hidden unheeded spark that none had ever thought to blow upon.

Edwin is multiplied by hundreds at Normal. And what is done to nourish that spark of celestial fire that burns or flickers within each one of them?

This play is an answer. "Undine" is another; the spring concert is still another. In each case, it seems to one, a teacher comes forth with her desire to create so compelling that by sheer "will to believe" she blows into flame the spark of beauty in another soul, whether the beauty be music or another art. To look, not only at the players, but the audience, during the Lohengrin or Mendelssohn, or any other number of the concert, would be to see faces beautified by the spiritual.

"And music born of murmuring
Sound shall pass into her face."

To one who reflects, this is a perfectly stupendous thought; this opportunity to add our bit of creative work to the sum total for world happiness. At the same time that we acknowledge indebtedness to Miss Keeler, Miss Hurd and Miss Spier, we may realize our own opportunity. As these women have given immeasurably of themselves to fan a flame of beauty, so let there be born in each student the high purpose to nourish that flame, that he in turn may light another soul from the radiance within.

The Elms

Like caryatids stand the elms,
Strong arms raised high;
Swaying as strong winds bend each tree,
Softly they sigh
And dream of days when they were free,
Not just the columns of the sky.

—Josephine Cheate.



Music at Normal

The annual Spring Concert of our musical organizations was a gala event, and a fitting end to a most successful year.

Are we going to be Collegiate? These organizations have blazed the trail.

Our Orchestra has sent us to Assembly on eager feet, even on the sleepiest mornings. At Christmastide their joyous Processional led us to that happiest gathering of the year—our Christmas Party. Did we "tune in" on the radio on winter nights, when Buffalo weather was at its worst? If so, our Orchestra drove the "blues" to the farthest corner.

The Glee Clubs, too, have made assemblies red letter days for us. Our only criticism is that they don't sing often enough. Who doesn't thrill as the candle-light procession of Waltes in scarlet and sober brown file into our midst at Christmas time?

The Glee Clubs have also taken their turn at the microphone on winter evenings. As the last strains of "Alma Mater" died away, we went back to that lesson plan or book report with new enthusiasm.

Of course you heard "Undine," for wasn't it the event of Buffalo's musical season? A star of the first magnitude in the solo art, too! We'd like to predict a future at the Metropolitan for Benedetta, if we weren't so anxious to keep her in our own profession.

And while we are star-gazing, we would remind you of our own Myra Hess and Marion Talley. Not every school can boast two such persons as Mary Maloney and Harriet Crohey.

However, musical organizations don't spring up overnight. Would you future teachers know the recipe?

Take two kind, patient, and understanding directors, add three tireless, loyal accompanists, stir well with weekly rehearsals, and season with several "extras".

Even then, we can't predict quite the same degree of success for anyone else. For you can't find the equals of Miss Speir and Miss Hurd, hunt where you will. And where is there another Rosamond, Janice, or "Billy"?

DOROTHY ORR.



Buffalo State Teachers College

The State Legislature has been especially liberal this year in granting us eight new positions, six of which are Head Professorships. There will be seven new men on the Faculty next year. These will be assigned to the fields of English, Psychology, History, Latin, Sociology, Economics, Science, and Education.

Most of these men have already been selected. Dr. Rockwell has visited every Graduate School of importance in the East, and as far west as the University of Chicago; and he is ready to recommend the men for these positions to the Board of Regents.

These added professorships will enable us to offer a fourth year. Special opportunities will be given to grammar grade students next year to specialize in English, History, Science, Mathematics, Latin, French, Administration, or in any combination of these subjects, and complete work for their degree in June, 1927.

Kindergarten, primary or intermediate students, who wish to remain and finish work for their degree, may do so, and will be allowed great freedom in the election of their work, which will amount to fifteen hours each semester.

Your Summer Vacation and Where to Spend it

Are you going to do this summer? Nothing! You really ought to keep in trim for next September. Three months' vacation is entirely too long. Why not join "the line that forms to the right" at B. S. N. S. for the Summer Session, July 6? It will only last six weeks. Just think of all the knowledge you'll acquire and of all the fun you'll have on that Toronto trip!

And you French enthusiasts. You will be able to learn "to speak and write the romantic language of French in three hours a day." Professor Charles A. Messner, a former Harvard instructor, is going to give courses in Oral French and French Translation in the Summer School; and (shall we "let you in on a secret?") is going to join our Faculty in the Fall.

The Tri-Sigma-Upsilon Scholarship

There is always someone continually going about endeavoring to brighten the life of some individual. This time that "someone" is Tri Sigma Society. The "life" to be brightened is that of some worthy second- or third-year student. By what means? By the Tri-Sigma-Upsilon Scholarship.

This Upton Scholarship, our first scholarship, will be a perpetual memorial to the work of Doctor Daniel Upton, the leader of our alma Mater until 1918. About half the necessary fund was raised by the school, but Tri Sigma undertook to bring this fund up to the required amount, thereby making possible one of the finest awards that could come to the State Teachers College.

The School Prom

The Class of 1926 has the distinction of establishing a precedent in the school, which, they hope, will be followed by succeeding classes. The First Annual Prom was held at the Hotel Statler May 28, and, as is usual with B. S. N. S. affairs, was a great success.

The Class of 1926 feels that it is being cheated out of a great privilege. Perhaps you don't know it, but while we are graduating, our leaders and friends, Dr. Rockwell, will be on the high seas, sailing toward the Holy Land. We wish you a joyous time, Dr. Rockwell, but we shall miss your inspiring presence at our Commencement.

Treasure Hunting They Did Go

We can't imagine what treasures they intended to dig up on our Campus, but like all good pirates, one recent Friday morning before the sun was up, the Faculty and Senior girls in the Kindergarten-Primary Department went hunting for treasure. They chased clues from the attic to the cellar, from Loriah's to Dodd's milk dairy, until laden with treasure (automatic toys and all day suckers) they returned and carried their trophies triumphantly into Assembly, singing songs about treasure hunts and men, and cheering lustily.

We'll tell you why Miss Cassey, Miss Remer, Miss Crawford, Miss Preisch and all the girls in this department were limping around the school, Monday, May 17. They went hiking to Fort Erie the previous Friday and even tho they did stop on the way to snap Miss Remer's and Miss Crawford's pictures, shaking sand out of their shoes, they were lame.

When they arrived, they devoured heaps of sandwiches and would have had coffee to drink if they had thought to take the coffee along—with the coffee pot, cups and spoons.

Then they played leap frog, cheered Miss Cassey for her victory in the tree-climbing contest and ended the day's fun by singing school songs and watching the sun go to bed, wishing that they were there also.

Joint Charities Drive

As usual, Mr. Charles C. Root had charge of this campaign in our school. It is always a hard and thankless task—that of collecting money—yet Mr. Root certainly did all he could to make Normal do her share.

The total amount of money is not as great as that of former years, but this disappointment is alleviated somewhat, as ten more sections were added to the 100 per cent classification this year (20 sections in all). A brief report follows:

Faculty—\$356.00	100%
20 Sections	100%
6 Sections	Partial Reports
1 Section	No Report
—	
27 total	
Number of Sections 100% last year	10
Student pledges to date	\$317.62
Total pledges to date	673.63
Total pledges last year	675.09
—	
Shortage	\$ 2.47

The Alumni Banquet

Graduation activities opened with the Alumni Banquet in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler, May 15. It was a gala occasion for all, and especially for the infant members of the Association—the Class of 1928—to whom Miss Butler extended a most cordial welcome.

Dr. Augustus O. Thomas, the father of our own Miss Thomas, delivered an inspiring address in praise of our educational progress. Dr. Frank P. Graves, State Commissioner of Education, manifested a deep interest in B. S. N. S. activities.

The election of new officers for the coming year took place on this occasion, and it will interest all students to know that Mr. Grabau was elected president of the Alumni, and Miss Donaldson was elected one of the directors.

The Homemaking Girls

Now, friends, in your minds, I want to fix The Homemaking girls of '28.

They're all very clever, and as busy as bees, But some of them excel in things, such as these—

First, there's Anne Campbell, dainty and demure, She's our Senior President, and a good one, we're sure.

Then comes Marg Sheehan, author and poet; She really is clever, tho her face doesn't show it.

Next in line is Harriet Cooke.

Some day she'll write and edit her own book.

And now that I've mentioned her name, I must say She's the best basket maker that's 'ere come my way.

If ever you need a gardener fine,

Just call on Grace Schenk; she's great in that line.

Some day you'll meet her as an actress of fame, But now she's just Mary Galvin by name.

Then there's the girls, whom together you'll see: Dahler, Shoenborn and Marlon McViddie.

Eather Terry's the one who thinks she can curl Her hair, when the kettle much steam does unfurl.

Heppy and Moulton go round with each other, Both love housework; they cook like your mother.

When speaking of workers, we mustn't forget Our two sisters, whom we're glad we have met.

Mary Rookamp with her ziggle so sweet, With her drawings will soon have the world at her feet.

Moore, Walbridge and Petrie are clothing majors Who could dress a stick, to win any style wagers.

As unlike attract, you'll always find Katherine Miller with Orietta coming behind.

Call for Dorothy Young, if there's anything to do, She's a very speedy worker and a very good one, too.

Emma and Elsa are both very clever,

They'll go on the stage, some day, together.

Marion Daley, so carefree and gay,

For everything finds an easier way.

Tulley and Blacklock, with jet black hair,

Now live together, with never a care.

When looking for one who loves Political Science, You'll come on Berth Kinghorn, who wears it defiance.

Then there's Viola Lapers; she's always real quiet, We know it's a pose, but can't get by it.

Eleanor Swartz, rather tall and fair,

Has a scholarly mind of which we're all aware.

And now at the end, but never before last,

Are Anne and Doris, the twins of the class.

Scholarship News

The merry month of June has arrived, and we are all beginning to worry about how our caps and gowns will fit! Of course, we all want to look our best for the occasion and most of us have put aside our sharpest razor blades for use on the evening of the 22nd. But first there are the hurdles to be cleared. The hurdle-jumping period occurs between the 14th and the 13th, and we'll have to do some high hopping to clear the exams.

"Job, job, who's got the job." is the question of the hour.

That was a merry party which met on the bowling alleys a little while back. The worst bowlers in the party, namely, Barnard and Deckoff, were the big winners and laid in enough Camels to last a week. Tommy Alvord can explain how they did it.

Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives—and by the same reasoning the fellows who were the least worried about the New York exams and who did the least cramming for it were the fellows who didn't take it.

Some of you may have heard the story of the Scotchman who had been playing golf for forty years and then suddenly quik the game. Well, our baseball team has quit for the same reason—we lost our ball.

The girls of the class attended a "stag" party given by Mrs. Deckoff on May 14th. They all had a great time except Harold—he had to go out and work to pay for the cake.

Speaking of cake, June Andrews wielded a wicked bake-pan, and that was some coconut cake she made for the class. Clarke even wanted to eat the pan.

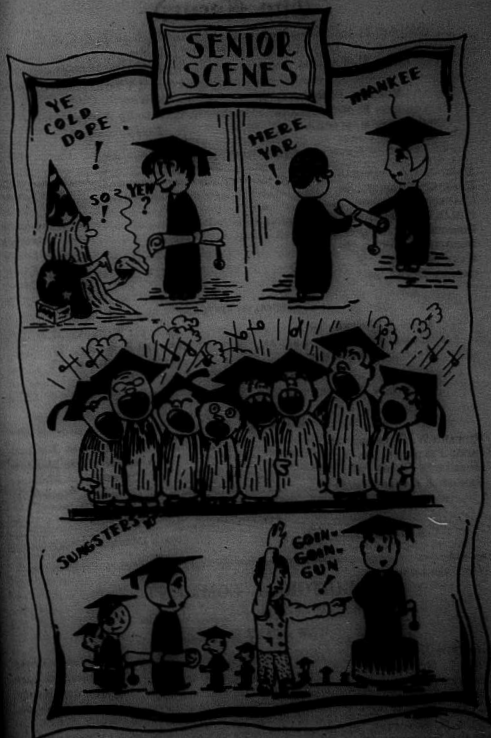
This is the last time we shall appear in print. When the next issue of The Record appears, the Scholarship Class of 1926 will be only a memory—and we'll be long-gone sorry. Yet all things come to an end, and though we've grumbled while we were here—it's been a pretty good year, at that.

A Word to the Wise

Nearly everyone makes himself familiar with the date of school closing. This year students of Buffalo Normal will also have the date of school opening firmly impressed upon them. The school year, 1926-27, commences September 7. The Registrar will collect a "late registration" fee for all tardy registrants.

Kindergarten Primary Day was the fourth of June and the children and students in the department entertained us in assembly. The children presented some of the rhythms and games they enjoyed playing during the year. The students contributed some original songs for children which they composed in "Songs and Games" class. They also sang songs and played piano selections which could be used for appreciation with young children.

When I'm captain of my soul,
I'll always reach the distant goal;
When I'm the master of my fate,
I'll have assignments in on date.



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COMING BACK?

Last year when it was announced that our Alma Mater was to become a college, the school became temporarily insane over the news. We had another Armistice celebration. It is one thing to shout and another thing really to mean it. It now looks as if our main purpose at that time was to make noise, not to feel genuine joy.

We are to have full-fledged college courses, given by first-rate professors, and the work will lead to a degree. It is demoralizing to observe, however, that only an insignificant number of the class of '28 expect to return next year. It was anticipated that Normal's gates of entry would be broken down; sadly, very sadly, the converse is evident. Why are so few students returning? It seems as if they are in a veritable panic of indecision. Like the boy who is just graduating from grammar school, they want a job—they want to be big and independent—they want money. Of course, education is a big thing. BUT so is money—what a momentous decision for a prospective teacher!

If these students have come here three years, one more year will work no harm. You can get a job and make money any time; you can fit yourself best for life when you are young. Those who do not come back will regret it in the years to come. Your Alma Mater invites you with open arms. Who is so unfortunate that cannot accept the invitation: who so rash as to sweep aside a golden opportunity?

In this last issue, the Record desires to convey its thanks to those of the Faculty and Student Body whose contributions have given the Staff and all Record readers genuine pleasure.

At this time we thank especially Ethel M. Hoffman for her excellent contributions which have elicited praise from all who read them. Ethel is on the road to success as a writer.

DR. SUSAN FRANCES CHASE

Not so long ago we commented editorially upon the retirement of Dr. Foadick of Masten Park High School. Now we write about the retirement of another educator—of one more beautiful life which has been dedicated to humanity.

Twenty-seven years has Dr. Chase served Buffalo Normal. She began teaching here before we students were born. She has inspired students from her first day until the present time. She has had her own troubles, her own travails, but always they were subordinated to the woes of others. The big thing for all of us to remember is that Dr. Chase in all her deeds of kindness was sincere. We do not realize how valuable a person is until she leaves us—that applies precisely to this case. She leaves, but it is for the better. We are all glad that she can at last do what for years she has looked forward to.

Words are inadequate. Rembrandt, come hither. Paint for us a lovable woman with a sweet smile and understanding eyes. Show her pointing out the path of righteousness, joy and service to young, sager faces. Portray a fine countenance worn from years of service, yet fresh with the inward compensation for that service; and work well, Rembrandt, for it is our friend, and our guide—Susan Frances Chase.



SUGGESTIONS FOR SUMMER READING



"**Enough Justice**"—C. E. Montague. "The magnificent story of the Gartha, that honest loveable family who had 'kept their eyes off the main chance since history started'."

"**The Manre Decade**"—Thomas Beers. "The novelist here has resurrected all the peculiarities and eccentricities of the 1890's to produce what amounts to a critical history of American civilization."

"**After Noon**"—Susan Ertz. "In 'Madam Claire' it was an old lady who pulled the strings in the affairs of the young people about her. In 'After Noon', it is a maw of some forty-odd years who is the central figure, old enough to have grown daughters, young enough to find a new adventure in life, herself."

"**Here and Beyond**"—Edith Wharton. "Six of Mrs. Wharton's most significant shorter stories of recent years, grouped between the covers of a single book. Three of them, 'Miss Mary Pask,' 'The Young Gentlemen' and 'Bewitched' are of a psychic nature and represent the 'Beyond' of the title. Here are stories set in the austere New England atmosphere that Mrs. Wharton uses in Ethan From. Others range from subtle studies to light satirical adventures."

"**Bea Geste**"—Percival Wren. Still the best-selling mystery story in America.

"**The Hounds of Spring**"—Sylvia Thompson. Reread last month.

"**Things That Have Interested Me**"—Third Series—Arnold Bennett. "He turns the illumination of an alert and varied mind engagingly upon some of the more obvious problems of life and art. At one moment Mr. Bennett will be criticising contemporary drama, and the next instant will be telling one how to spend an income."

"**The Great Valley**"—Mary Johnston. An epic of Colonial days.

"**A Casual Commentary**"—Rose Macaulay. Miss Macaulay writes in her delightful pungent manner on public matters, private matters, on human creatures and on creatures and things not quite human. She proposes many theories and soundly and sometimes hilariously answers them herself.

"**The Golden Borecrow**"—Hugh Walpole. Another fantasy of the desire of youth.

"**Unase**"—Charles Hansen Towne. A novel of society to-day that reaches a high plane of social satire.

"**An American Tragedy**"—Theodore Dreiser. A powerful study of the road to the electric chair. The story moves with the effectiveness of Greek tragedy, utterly devoid of joy or beauty, but very genuine and unforgettable.



FOUR ACTIVE TEACHERS

Upper left—Miss Keeler, peerless play director. Upper right—Miss Mulholland, "Record" advisor (we slipped this in when she wasn't looking). Lower left—Miss Speir, director of our Girls' Glee Club. Lower right—Miss Kempe, expert "Elms" saleslady and Faculty "Elms" advisor.



PRINCIPALS IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

Center left to right—Cynthia Reed as Kate Hardcastle, Helen Marrinan as Mrs. Hardcastle, Mary Galvin as Constance Neville.
 Lower left to right—Thomas Finsterbach as Mr. Hardcastle, William Bruch as Mr. Hastings, Lee Doll as Tony Lumpkin, John Coughlin as young Marlow, Carl Minich as Sir Charles Marlow.

"Later Days"—Davies, William H. A sequel to the "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" which continues the pleasant rambling narratives of the poet as a bard.

"Abraham Lincoln"—Sandburg, Carl. A vivid moving biography of Lincoln's career previous to his presidency. As well as having value as a biography, it is also an important piece of creative work.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"—Anita Loos. The illuminating diary of a professional lady. H. L. Mencken writes "This gay book filled me with uproarious and salubrious mirth."

"The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion in the Year 1764-1765"—Clare Knorr. "The diary records of a young lady of charm and frankness, and incidentally pictures inevitably the spacious days of the Eighteenth Century."

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

This play, produced at Covent Garden, London, March 15, 1773, has lost none of its appeal, none of its sparkling humor nor entertaining qualities. Written at the same time as Sheridan's "Rivals," these two masterpieces have held their share of popularity for a hundred and fifty years and are considered the best plays of the eighteenth century.

"She Stoops to Conquer" was presented by the Normal Dramatic Club in the auditorium May 22, 24, 25.

The play, rich in its colorful, attractive costumes and its cleverly designed settings, gave a clear, vivid picture of the traditional Eighteenth century "Old England." The speech carefully cultivated in that day was perfectly reproduced with all its rare, polished beauty. The quaint mannerisms of that day, so perfectly acted, were a source of amusement to the appreciative audience.

Young Marlow, the hero of the comedy, was played by John Coughlin at his best. He presented with equal skill the part of the bashful lover, and the confident, self-assured ladies' man.

Cynthia Reed, playing opposite John, in the dual role of bar-maid and lady, never appeared more alluring and charming. Versatile and gifted, she stepped readily from one part to the other with easy poise.

The character of Mrs. Hardcastle, similar to Mrs. Malaprop in the Rivals, was exceptionally well portrayed by Helen Marrinan, who repeatedly had the audience convulsed in laughter.

Tony Lumpkin, the boisterous, swaggering son of Mrs. Hardcastle, was excellently delineated by Lee Doll, who brought many a laugh from the audience, especially in the quarrels with his short-tempered mother.

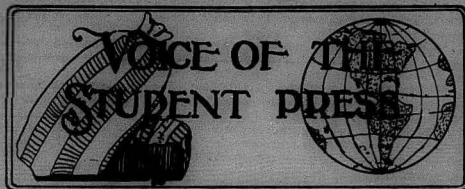
Mr. Hardcastle and Sir Charles Marlowe, the two old gentlemen, were excellently played by Thomas Finsterbach and Carl Minich. Mr. Hardcastle, jovial and hearty, brought back vividly the picture of the traditional old English gentleman.

Hastings and Constance Neville, as sweethearts, were played by William Bruch and Mary Galvin. The love scenes were especially appealing and well done.

The character men playing the part of servants were well directed. Digory, the talkative one, was especially good, as was evidenced by the laughter. The part was taken by Robert Griss.

The production was indeed a great success, marking another record for the Dramatic Societies to equal.

It is to Miss Keeler that the school is indebted for this fine production and the many others that the audiences have thoroughly enjoyed. It is her untiring efforts that have made this production possible, and the school is justly proud of one who gives so generously and unselfishly of her time and energy.



Song of the Popular Professor

"I'm the popular professor of the Universities,

And I'm known among the students for my personafities.

When my lectures are concluded loud applause is always heard.

I infer such popularity must surely be deserved.

Of the classes on the campus, none's a fifth as large as mine

—Which proves that all the virtues of five teachers I combine.

"If a popular professor you have any wish to be

(The method is quite simple), take these formulae from me:

Dismiss five minutes early and arrive five minutes late;

Have your hair made sleek and curly, and wear clothes right up-to-date;

Tell the class about your tennis games and pastimes energetic,

Or any other applesauce to make you seem athletic;

Be ready to emit a joke at slightest provocation,

But never to the subject let it have the least relation.

"All these precepts closely follow, and I'll guarantee you'll be

The most popular professor in the universities."

—Northwestern University Scrawl.

Introducing the only, original three ring chapel lectures, as reported by the "Oberlin Review" in the following headlines:

SPEAKER SAYS GOD DOES NOT HAVE TO BE PROVED

Rev. O. W. S. McCall Declared Diley Is "But a Grand Assumption"

ADVISES LOVERS Explains Essentials for Making a Happy Married Life—Tells How to Enjoy

The Pedagogue

Said the Scowler to me,
"Oh, a Pedagogue he,
One who does all the talking
And to us leaves the working
What fools mortals he
To praise such as he
When there are such as I!"
And I thought, "Yes, Why!"

Then Reason stepped in;
Say, "Revile ye him?
Without him your hero,
Worker of Tomorrow
In morass would founder
His ideals unformed.

"A Teacher once was,
Remember ye not,
A Leader unrecognised
Counselor unsought
A small replica he
And trying to be
The only fool ye
Who revere him not."

—Westchester Normal "Greenstone."

Science, the Monster

Three armies are gathering to do battle in the State of North Carolina. One demanding that no study conflicting with the Bible teachings shall be taught in the public schools. Another insisting that the search for scientific truth continue, that if the Bible is truth it will be assisted, not hurt by scientific study. The third is an out-and-out group of disbelievers, demanding that there be no interference in the schools by Christians.

At Duke University a meeting of 200 or more students publicly organized an auxiliary to the second army. They call themselves the Schola Caveat, and advocate "freedom of education in the schools of North Carolina." Their aim is to "secure the cooperation of earnest students in an effort to combat the introduction into the next legislature of a bill which would prevent the teaching of scientific research in the schools of the State, and to prevent a measure from being put through which would prevent the teaching of all that the research of scientific, conscientious minds has succeeded in revealing."—"The New Student."

Kindergartner—"But, teacher, I must talk to my mother."

Teacher—"Why, Claude, I can not understand. You just came from home."

Kindergartner—"But I got to anyway."

Teacher—"All right, if you have to. Here is the telephone."

Kindergartner (calling mother)—
"Well, mother, if you don't want me to be a bead stringer when I grow up, to come and get me."—Genesee Normal "Lamron."

Sometimes I have lovely thoughts,
Soft as the glow of tall candles burning,
Fragile as the sung lace of a wave,
Fragrant as China tea in a box,
But the people I meet talk about things,
And I wonder if they have hidden treasures.
—Josephine Cheate.

COLLEGE LIFE

The Taste of the Co-Eds

Where there is party, there is dancing;
Where I see a face, it is painted.
Three thousand co-eds—
Three thousand with but one taste!

Friday Night

Friday night, no lessons tomorrow.
Every student house porch lit,
Automobile without; laughter within,
Friday night, no lessons tomorrow.

In Rapture

Spring ago, in rapture at spring-time—
Men and women in pairs walk leisurely.
Indeed the college is not for bookworms.
Have the libraries removed to open lover's lane!

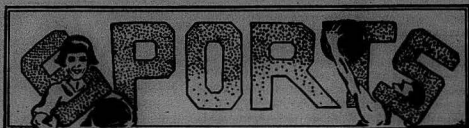
He and She

The proudest boy is he who has won her;
The happiest girl is she who wears a diamond.
But while they are in the ice-cream parlor, loading,
Their fathers are just driving the weary teams home,
The tolls of the day finished.
—Kwei Chen in the Daily Nebraskan.

Overheard in Cafeteria

Frank Barrett—"I ate some oatmeal soup and feel bully."
Wallace Ormsby—"That's nothing; I ate some hash and feel like everything."

How doth the busy registrar
Search out the weakest joints
And always scrape the credits off
At most strategic points?



SPORT BRIEFS

The tennis season is well under way at Buffalo Normal. Following the precedent set last year, men's contests are being played off, in addition to the regular women's tournament. It is probable that a match with a western New York normal school will be arranged.

Any new activity, no matter what its course, needs the whole-hearted support of its backers to insure success. This fact was forcefully brought to mind by the results of a recent attempt to establish track as part of Normal's athletic activity. Although some forty or fifty candidates expressed their desire to participate in track events, a much smaller number actually showed up at the first practice. Limited facilities and lack of equipment, together with the fact that no outside meet can be arranged, may be responsible, in a large measure, for this dropping off of interest in track and field participation.

The Orange and Black is out to win! The 1926-27 basketball season is going to be bigger and better than anything previous—ask Manager Schottin. In addition to State College, several other New York State colleges and universities are on the tentative schedule. Normal has made an enviable record during the past season and the coming one promises to be even more of a success.

Normal baseball teams were seen in action for the first time on Monday, May 24, when the initial tryout for the men's inter-sectional Softball League was staged at the Front. Candidates from four sections in the school were on hand. Much enthusiasm and friendly rivalry is being displayed by the teams representing General Normal, General Industrial I, General Industrial II and Vocational sections. This interest in Buffalo Normal's infant athletic endeavor bids fair to insure baseball a permanent place in the B. S. N. S. sport curriculum.

For the present season, so attempt to organize a Varsity nine will be made, but it is hoped that the financial backing, necessary to the success of any competitive sport, will be forthcoming in another year so that a Buffalo State Normal nine can receive the benefits of the vast amount of trained and semi-trained baseball material, enrolled in the school.

Sportsmanship

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist,
Not its semblance, but itself."

The brand of sportsmanship displayed by our girl athletes shall live! Each year there comes a new revelation of the richness of humanity. The girl who is "white clean thru," one who is "game to the core," "a clean-cut player"—and they are Normal girls! They are and will be our best teachers; sometimes there is a girl who isn't enough of an athlete to receive an award; her award is service and the honest respect of all who know her!

GIRLS' BASKETBALL AWARDS

Even "would be" school teachers display a high degree of excellence in sports. The following awards were made this year:

BASKETBALL

Highest Honor—Gold basketball—(Three years on the Orange and Black (Red) team): Mary Congreve.

Second Award—Silver basketball—(Two years on picked team and one year on section team): Margaret Hurley, Dorothy Paetz.

Large Block "X" (winners of Orange and Black game—upper class): Lanore Backus, Mary Moylan, Dorothy Parin, Agnes Parry, Dorothy Schmidt, Alice Weinheimer, Bernice Pimmmer.

Small Block "X" to Section III (winners of first year series): Ariene Schmeier, Frances Dorsett, Dorothy Dooley, Marie Fitzpatrick, Eleanor Fuller, Gertrude Gaiser.

Large Numerals to members of Orange team (Freshman): Verna Corran, Angela Harrill, Elvira Lewis, Anna May Keegan, Louise Cardamone, Mildred Paine, Muriel Pattison, Roseline Woodard.

Small Numerals with three stripes (class team for three years): Evelyn White.

Large Numerals with two stripes (picked team for one year and class team for one year): Doris Jackson.

Small Numerals with two stripes (class team for two years): Anna Derby, Virginia Reeces, Margaret Miller.

Small Numerals (class team for one year, playing in two or more games): Alice Holden, Mole Kerr, Naomi Krans, Dorothy Hyde, Ellen Geber, Mildred Johr, Charlotte McParlane, Ruth Okun, Ruth Lind, Agnes Paicic, Dorothy Lay, Dora Penly, Dorothy Short, Glendora Wright, Grace Olfel, Mary Cantor.

Freshmen Engage in Spring Tournament

The spring tournament this year proved true to the noble efforts of our physical training staff. Like a mirror that has caught a dancing sunbeam, so with our Freshmen, they caught a spirit and gave it back in rollicking, dancing fun.

In the massed drill, they remembered everything—having had been the realization of this Freshman class. Seniors were so proud that they even turned out to witness the festivities. It is rumored that one Senior was heard whispering:

"The grotesque attempts of the men to keep up with the graceful dancing of the girls always receives its share of discussion, and so this year it was discussed to some extent."

As for the games, of course, one side had to win, and it didn't matter which but for the fact that some Freshmen are so winsome when they're overjoyed. Q. E. D.—many people were overjoyed.

With the Usual Apologies to
Lew Sarrett

ho-y-a, ho-y-a, hoo-ya hee—
see Manitou, hear our plea!
see passum big exam,
see when we all must cram.

ho-y-a, ho-y-a, hoo-ya hay—
see ratum big fat A!

Frosh (at dance)—"Oh, dear, I simply can't adjust my curriculum."

He—"It doesn't show any. Let's dance."

Bessie—"Isn't it strange that a man's arm is equal to the circumference of a girl's waist?"

Harvey—"Let's get string and see."

Societies

Y. W. C. A.

The annual election of officers brings to a close another very successful year for the "Y." Agnes Parry succeeds Benedita Di Francesco as president, and Glendora Wright succeeds Ruth Vawter as vice-president. Emily Trachsel takes Grace Muscarella's place as secretary and Beatrice Moulton is succeeded by Verna Corcoran as treasurer.

The end of the school year also brings the appointment of the Silver Bay delegates. Agnes Parry, Marion Slaven and Eleanor Backus will represent our school at the conference, which will be held June 18-23.

Delta Sigma Epsilon

The main business of the sorority, lately, has been concerning the Bishop Honor Medal. This award is given annually by Aethusa Upsilon Chapter of Delta Sigma Epsilon to the most outstanding Senior girl in honor of Elizabeth Bishop, a former Faculty member, "a teacher, counselor and friend." The medal is to be awarded to the Senior girl who has the highest score, when scored against a very detailed score card, defining the qualities of leadership, scholarship and promise that this medal symbolizes. The first award of this medal was made last year under Aethusa Sorority and will continue hereafter to be awarded under the sponsorship of the Aethusa Upsilon Chapter of Delta Sigma Epsilon.

Debating Society

A new organization always has a face lack of interest and falling membership. The Debating Society has avoided both. Intra-society debates have been held upon such current topics as: All-American Ship Canal and International Railway Bus franchise. The society has fostered the ability to speak well and logically. The rules of parliamentary law have been followed, giving an opportunity for practice in proper procedure in conducting meetings.

A debate was held in Assembly on the Curtis-Reed Education Bill. Many good and valuable arguments were brought up. The debaters were the Misses Zemp, Wendell and Gast, and the Messrs. Rovner, Peck and Seaburg. Next year we hope to give more public debates.

Kappa Kappa Kappa

Tri Kappa Fraternity has just completed one of its most successful years since organization in this school.

At a recent meeting, the following officers were elected: Byron W. Schottin, President; Walter Oring, Vice-President; William Lannahan, Corresponding Secretary; Harold Vahue, Recording Secretary; James Oring, Treasurer; John Fontana, Sergeant-at-Arms; Lee Doll, High Priest; Henry Holser, Sentinel.

The retiring officers wish their successors the best of luck and a very successful year.

Alpha Sigma Tau

Many extra activities have supplemented our usual supper parties and dress meetings. On April 17 we had formal initiations at which time Lucie Bellinger, Janice Laing, Alice Dixon, Glendora Pennell, Mary Brody, Ruth Holzer, Elma Owen, Alice Thiele, Veda Wildman, Dorcas Carlin became members of the sority.

We were also busy on plans for the party Sing and Pan-Hellenic Supper. Over the week-end of June 4, had a house party at Angola. We were feeling rather mingled emotions over our departing seniors: sympathy, congratulations and regret that they were leaving.

Pi Kappa Sigma

Pi Kappa Sigma has been holding regular business meetings at school. Selection of officers took place on May 15 with the following girls elected: President, Jeanette Wilcox; Vice-president, Gladys Weir; Recording Secretary, Marion Hurst; Corresponding Secretary, Grace Nagel; Treasurer, Marion Peterson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Vera Overfield; Keeper of Archives, Iva Williams; Editor, Dorothy Roth.

Psi Phi

Psi Phi will close its social calendar at a banquet at the Hotel Statler on June 8. A real pleasure is in store for all who go to Psi Phi's dance at Grand View, Angola, N. Y. June 25 is the date. Granger's will make the music. Nuff said!

Meetings for the month of May were held at the homes of Brothers Hardy, Hansen and Dahl.

Glee Club Notes

The Girls' Glee Club is closing the year with a dinner and theater party June ninth. No rehearsals required.

Sigma Sigma Sigma

Tri Sigma's new officers for next year are: Juanita Dingler, President; Margaret Van Volkenberg, Vice-President; Myrtle Tout, Treasurer; Ruth Frel, Corresponding Secretary; Jean Thompson, Recording Secretary.

We are happy to announce the installation of a new chapter, Alpha Delta, at Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, Pa. Juanita Dingler, our new president, assisted at the installation.

Graduation Night

Lots of noise,
Girls and boys,
Graduation day;
Far and near
One can hear

Bits of what they say:
"Glad I'm thru!"
"Game to you!"

"Slippers pinch my feet."

"C in Ed—"

"Where is Fred?"

"Second row, aisle seat."

"Pop and mom!"

"At the prom."

"Had a double date. . . ."

"Boring speech."

"Crystal Beach?"

"Twelve hundred in this State!"

"Gown's too long!"

"Senior Song!"

"Gee, my hair's a sight!"

So it goes!

I suppose,

Graduation Nite!

Epitaph!

She studied hard for every quiz,
Her marks were quite the best;
But in the chemistry exam,
She met the acid test!

There was an instructor named Philippi
Who rendered this neat little colloquy:

"My Deanship of Women
Is very near ended,
But I've always served it most willingly."

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