

The Record

SUNY Buffalo State
Student Newspaper

Volume 15-16

October 1926-
December 1927

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The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

VOL. XV

October Issue, 1926

No. 1

To the Freshmen

TO thee, oh humble specks of dust,
Whose acts obey our every "must"
Of course, you're insignificant, quite.
But even then we feel it's right
To say you're not a total loss, for
SOME DAY you may be a Soph'more!
Then work on, and later or sooner
You'll become a Jolly Junior.
Struggling daily, you'll get lean-ier
Then evolve----a Solemn Senior!
We, then, your worries to abate
This Freshman Number dedicate.

Josephine Choate, '27



Doctor Daniel Upton

"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do or any kindness I can show to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Doctor Daniel Upton did not pass through this world but once. His work remains as a constant reminder of the great good he accomplished while he was with us. His name is perpetuated in two splendid monuments erected through his efforts. Technical High School and our own Alma Mater.

With these monuments other monuments have been established. In Technical High School, September 29th, at the Upton Memorial Exercises, a portrait of the late principal and a tablet eulogizing him, were unveiled and dedicated. Both portrait and tablet were the gift of the Technical Alumni. These Memorial Exercises were attended by many former associates of Dr. Upton from the Buffalo Normal. Among the Buffalo Normal teachers who attended were Miss Bacon, Miss Cassey, Miss Engelbrecht, Mr. Philippi, Mr. Root, Miss Kempke, and Mr. Grabau, who graduated from the Normal during Dr. Upton's administration. Dr. Rockwell was one of the principal speakers of the occasion, and highly praised the work of his predecessor.

At the exercises, Dr. Rockwell announced the winner of the Tri Sigma Upton Scholarship. This scholarship makes it possible for Dr. Upton to "pass this way each year in spirit" in the institution for which he did so much. The Award goes to "some worthy second or third year student." This year that student is William Brinkerhoff, a second year General Normal man.

Photographer's Luck

"How very difficult it was to get them!" Dr. Rockwell exclaimed as he presented thirteen new faculty members to Buffalo Normal!

The Record has succeeded in securing pictures of eleven of the thirteen. We print them with careless abandon, surely, with triumph!

Pictures taken at four! Six members of the faculty are free at that hour! As the Record photographer takes her place on one of the stone steps, the curtain of the office window is parted! One gentleman appears, and, finding himself among the first of arrival, goes off to phone! Another gentleman arrives and, soon after, the first reappears. They go in search for the rest!

A familiar contour in an upper window! What luck! A wild race up two flights of stairs! Hurry! Hurry! because if the gentlemen return and find no photographer they will gladly leave without a thought of waiting! The professor of familiar contour "isn't leaving" and so forth, and so forth! He comes, however, courageous man and, courageously, he waits alone until the rest arrive in a body!

Two pictures of that group; the one is splendid.

Pictures taken at twelve! Three members appear, among them the professor who spoke so very ephemerally to us of "courageous souls" and "brave." This gentleman has a "courageous soul" himself! His class waited five minutes while the Record photographer tried to "find the center."

After that, two other members and the finish!

These, then, are our new faculty members, "difficult to get," but we present them in triumph!

N. B.—The Editor regrets that we could not reach the Misses Land and Egdall and Mr. Gorham at the time the pictures were taken.

The New Faculty Members

Upper, left to right—Dr. Venmann, Mr. Steel, Mr. Morrice, Dr. Daniels, and Mr. Wilson.

Lower, left to right—Mr. Messner, Miss Allen, Mr. DeMoud, Miss Northrup, Mrs. Lansdale.



NEW FACULTY MEMBERS

In case the Freshmen have been negligent in the reading of the Handbook, we feel required to acquaint them with the names of the new Faculty Members of the General Normal and Homemaking Departments. They are:

Earl Daniels.....English
Clark University, A.B. (cum laude); University of Chicago, A.M.;
Harvard University, A.M., Ph.D.

Robert O. DeMoud.....History
Syracuse University, A.B., A.M. Member of the honorary fraternities,
Phi Kappa Phi and Phi Delta Kappa.

Wilbur Clark Gorham.....Science
University of Illinois, A.B., Teachers College, Columbia, A.M. Mr.
Gorham has completed his residence work for his Ph.D. at Columbia
University. His fraternity memberships include honorary medical
society, Ptolemy, and Phi Delta Kappa.

Charles Arthur Messner.....Latin and French
Wabash College, A.B.; University of Chicago, A.M. (Latin); Harvard
University, A.M. (Romance Languages); residence work for Doctor's
degree completed at Harvard. Mr. Messner is a member of Phi Beta
Kappa.

George Bradford Neumann.....Sociology and Economics
Wesleyan University, A.B. (cum laude); Harvard Theological Seminary,
B.D.; Teachers College, Columbia University, A.M.; residence and dis-
sertation for Doctor's degree (Ph.D.) completed at Columbia.

Frank T. Wilson.....Psychology
University of Washington, A.B.; Teachers College, Columbia, A.M.;
residence work completed for Ph.D.

Harry J. Steel.....Administration and Director of Training
Graduate of State Teachers College, Mankato, Minn.; College of Edu-
cation, University of Minnesota, A.B., M.A.; residence work for Doc-
tor's degree completed.

Edward L. Morrice.....Machine Shop
Buffalo State Normal. Advanced work at Oswego Normal and Uni-
versity of Rochester.

Arla Zoe Kendall.....Methods
Syracuse University, B.S., M.S.

Mrs. Nancye K. Lansdale.....Vocational Dressmaking
Graduate of Pratt Institute; Extension work, Columbia University.

Helen Frances Northrup.....Assistant Librarian
Cornell University, B.A.; New York State Library School.

A Sermon

"When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things."

George A. Dorsey, in his immensely popular, and very interesting book, "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," good-humoredly admits that Paul may have told the truth about himself in those words, but adds that if Paul did put away childish things, he was an exception.

These "childish things" are not toys which we put away when our childhood years are over; they are habits of behavior and thought, conditioned or trained responses which we carry over into our mature life. Large among childish things is play. A childhood without play is a growing time without sunlight, producing a stunted man or woman. Play includes those sports wherein we learn to strive with all our muscle, brain and will to win, and wherein we learn to lose graciously. We learn to fit into a group where each acts his part; our efforts become socialized. This has all been said many times before and everyone recognizes the value of competitive sports. Such childish habits should not be put away.

But there are childish things which, if we are wise, we will push away by forming mature habits. Let us for a moment substitute for "childish habits" the term "high-school habits" and it will be evident that high-school habits are only slightly altered grammar-school habits and so on down to kindergarten. Those are our infancy habits, since infancy really includes all the years we spend in our homes as dependent beings, with little or no responsibility. Responsibility put upon children depends upon home conditions which vary so much that our home years may give us anything from no sense of responsibility at one extreme to old men in boys' bodies at the other, with the average showing a half-hearted sense of responsibility—a dormant power to be awakened and put in command.

And so, if among our childish things we have habits of irresponsibility, we can ill afford to let them remain. We should realize that we are college men and women with a profession awaiting us. To our freshmen is granted a four-year period during which habits of responsibility must be formed which will enable them to answer entirely for themselves and to a great extent for the children they will teach. The time is not too ample. That ultimate responsibility is the larger consideration in degree of importance, yet there is an immediate consideration which is more real to us because it is with us now, affecting our college life and forming the nucleus of our college spirit. It is our attitude toward our Alma Mater.

As we come here we see classrooms and teachers and hear about courses of study. The classrooms are places where the teachers may try to pound enough knowledge of the courses of study into our heads to enable us to pass the examinations. That always has been our attitude toward school and it has become habitual. Our responsibility is that of securing a passing grade; we want to "get by."

Such an attitude is sadly out of place in any school where attendance is not compulsory. Children who do not want to go to school may be forgiven that attitude, but what have passing and getting by to do with us? If we come here because we want this training, we surely do not want short measure. We should challenge any faculty member who "holds out" on us to "come clean." Suppose we were to ask for more than is given us; if the faculty survived the shock another revival of education would be in progress. Then it would not be necessary for any instructor to waste time on discipline. The

hour would be all too short for the business of getting what we came here to get. We would no longer be unwilling children, driven by the teachers, but eager, adventurous men and women, led, by others who know the way, into new fields. We should discover that faculty members are men and women with nothing "on" us save a few years and the sort of activity which we ought to be engaged in. Most of us know them to be human enough outside the classroom and if they are not "human" in the classroom, suppose we ask them why.

Need we ask them why? Our own reason will tell us. Teaching is their life work as it will be ours. Presumably they entered the profession because they wanted to and remained for the same reason. They see what this article is being written to set forth, that men and women in a professional college should be there to get all that college can give them, and if some private matter is of more importance to a member of any class than the subject being presented for the benefit of the group, that member should take his private concern outside the classroom where it may more properly belong. We will have an opportunity to see that truth from the teacher's viewpoint one of these days, and we will, no doubt, become more angry with less reason, for it is not probable that we shall leap from teacher's college to college professorship.

The larger consideration of our purpose swallows up the smaller one of our attitude at all points, yet it would be interesting to picture this Teachers College of Buffalo should the forming of responsible habits become popular. It does not seem that long faces and dull days should result. It is doubtful if a serious, responsible, mature attitude in the classrooms would cause anyone to forget how to play when the business was over. It does seem that a habitual attitude of responsibility for the many things we came here to do, would, like every evidence of purpose, induce others to think of us as men and women rather than as boys and girls. But habits cannot be formed by reading an article any more than college spirit can be born of cheering in class hours. Both must be built into the very body of our life here, into our decoration of our social activities and those activities will take on an added worth.

W. L. BRINKERHOFF, '28.

Building Within a Building

There is the Dean's beautiful office with its "homey" atmosphere, tasteful furnishings, comfortable davenport—just the place for a confidential chat over an afternoon cup of tea in those lovely new cups! Where is Miss Fisher's office? Just across the hall in Miss Cassey's old quarters. Miss Cassey has packed her belongings and has gone to room with Miss Crawford. Miss Harris, Miss Allen, Miss Roach in the small Third Grade room. Are you looking for Doctor Daniels, Doctor Neuman, Mr. Messner, or Mr. DeMond? You might find them in their office in the room next to the Sixth Grade. Do you wish to see the Editor of the Record? Don't go up to the old Record and Elms office in the third floor, because that has become the property of Mr. Steel, Mr. Bruce and Mr. Wilson, but leave a note in the Record Box on the second floor, Room 218A? Walk down the hall to the Junior Assembly and you will find that the object of your quest is a part of that room, a sort of "two-in-one" affair now the partition is up.

Doctor Rockwell went to Minnesota, October second, to address the Central Division of the Minnesota Education Association.

GREETINGS

To the Students,

Buffalo State Normal,

My dear Student Friends

(And incidentally the Faculty if you will permit them to be included):

Without hesitation, I accept the invitation of one of your Editors, for I have something concerning yourselves I very much wish to say to you.

Perhaps you do not know it, but you people have a great faculty for giving joy. I can prove it by documents that date back years and evidences gathered during these months of absence. Your messages and your unexpected gifts are counted among my treasures.

Among the most precious of remembrances were letters. They came in great profusion, many are coming now. I open each one eagerly and wonder how so many people can find it in their hearts to write such lovely words. There are lovely flower stories, too. Some of your flowers went on missions.

And here I must confess to you my regret and my confusion that I cannot answer these letters. They number into the hundreds. At the hospital I could not ask my nurse to do it, there was too much else; and now I am not allowed to spend too much time at the desk. Fresh air and relaxation are the prescription.

I have begun to walk and am so rejoiced over that, I fear I boast unduly. The getting well and strong is assured, but it is a slower process.

Let me tell you what you can do. I have a wee house set in the midst of a flower garden. Come to see me, then I can tell you my appreciation.

Wishing for you all a very happy year,

Your friend,

SUSAN FRANCES CHASE.

Orchard Park, N. Y.

September thirty.

To my Normal Friends, Greetings:

To those who are asking what I am doing, now that I am not in school, I would say, I am building a mountain. One of the old philosophers said, "If I am building a mountain, and stop before the last basketful of earth is placed on the summit, I have failed of my work. But if I have placed but one basketful on the plain, and go on, I am really building a mountain." The last basketful was carried to the summit of but one spur of my mountain, last June; and so, I say, I am still building a mountain. Up here where I am now, the view is wide and unobstructed.

ERNINA S. SMITH.

Orientation

One of the Freshmen stopped me in the hall the other day and said, "I'd really like to know a little bit more about that Oriental Course that we are supposed to take."

Evidently the new term had a very strange sound to her. It seemed to afford considerable relief when I assured her that we were still to adhere to American ideas and American ways even in a Freshman Orientation Course. Even then she continued to look perplexed until I explained to her that the purpose of such a course was the discussion of various problems of adjustment—adjustment to new school ways and tasks, adjustments to new groups and activities, adjustments to new goals and levels of achievement.

All of these are especially necessary for first year people, but there are orientations even for people who have been with us longer.

Our school ways must necessarily change as our curriculum develops by leaps and bounds. Certain habits we have formed in the past are quite outgrown in our present life. Then there are other habits that we wish to build more securely—the habits of professional attitude, of sincere courtesy, and of intelligent loyalty.

The year of 1926-7 offers a world of opportunities for putting these into practice. Of course, we are full of interest and enthusiasm—with all the possibilities that have opened before us. New attitudes and new understandings are continually evolving. Not only do these affect the Fourth Year Class which is already in sight of its degree but also the underclassmen recognize the change and respond gallantly.

With so favorable a start, the year should build successfully within our institution an atmosphere that is truly collegiate. From Freshman Week in the fall to Moving-Up Day in the spring there promises to be a series of activities that will promote this spirit. Do join the Big Parade and make our efforts just that much more successful.

CATHERINE E. REED,

Dean of Women.

Registration

	1925	1926
Brockport	187	227
Buffalo	1102	1141
Cortland	695	860
Fredonia	385	466
Geneseo	436	501
New Platz	545	818
Oneonta	503	589
Oswego	463	471
Plattsburgh	348	365
Potsdam	508	625
	5163	5854

Twenty-two General Normal Fourth Year students will receive the degree of Bachelor of Science in Education, upon graduation in June.

SCHOOL NEWS

The Faculty Reception

The Faculty Reception for the Freshmen was a huge success. We ought to know, because we have attended as Freshmen for the last four years. This time we selected our chaperones, whose identity shall remain secret, assumed a naive and innocent expression and timidly presented ourselves to her. There we found five Freshmen all excited about the approaching ordeal.

What shall we say when we're introduced?

We don't have to talk to them, do we? What could anyone say to the teacher?

The receiving line was awfully long, but when we sat down on the Gymnasium steps to rest, we were nice-to-gently prodded from the rear. When our group got to the receiving line, all the presents must have been given out, because we didn't receive anything. They only shook hands and looked at us a little suspiciously. Maybe they remembered seeing us before.

Next were refreshments, which we received by standing at each of the tables, in turn, and looking hungry. We got around only four tables once before the orchestra started to play.

Then we danced. Oh, what a thrill we got out of dancing a stately minuet with Mr. Quackenbush!

Mr. Bennett didn't dance, but walked about looking for men for his five girls, who followed him at a distance. Now and then he would turn and beckon to them. Finally the orchestra played the "Blue Danube" waltz, so we went home.

Cortland Conference

A conference of General Normal Teachers for the purpose of revising the Three-Year Curriculum, was held in Cortland, October 11 and 12. (Now we realize why the Frosh are so happy. They probably have all those back notes in Observation copied and all that reference reading done. Never mind, they'll know how to work by the time they have reached their Fourth Year.)

Our Student Assemblies

The first Student Assembly of the year on September 21 was an outstanding success. At this Assembly the different organizations of the school were presented by the presidents of the organizations. That it was a success was proved by the number who turned out at the first meetings. Dean Reed most ably filled Mr. Clement's place by presiding over the Assembly. This Assembly established a precedent for us to live up to at our Student Assemblies during the year.

On September 28 the Assembly was turned over to the Central Council at which time Mr. Bradley acted as chairman. The speakers were Mr. McClelland and Marion Slaven, who spoke on the work of the Council at Normal. Their talks were of value to the student body, especially the Freshmen.

Summer Travelers

Some of us joined the ranks of the Business World, some of us absorbed or expounded "ologies" in Summer School, and some of us traveled.

Perhaps the most interesting trip this summer was equipped by Dr. and Mrs. Hockwell. They renewed their acquaintance with France, Italy, cruised the Mediterranean, visiting Athens, Smyrna, Rhodes, and Constantinople. From Beirut they went overland to relive Biblical history in the atmosphere of Damascus, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth. Last, but by no means least in importance, was the journey into Cairo, Egypt, and the overnight camping trip in the renowned Sahara.

Other summer travelers who enjoyed European scenes were Miss Bacon and Mr. and Mrs. DeMond. We sincerely hope to hear more about these very interesting vacations at a later date.

Some friends recreated in their own country. Miss Groves climbed the "Alps" of Colorado. Miss Small enjoyed the beauty of the California coast. Miss Saloni recuperated from the year's work in her new Connecticut home. Miss Hurl and Miss Chapman enjoyed business and pleasure—the former in Plattsburg Normal; the latter in the Palmer School at Boulder, Colorado.

An Honor

The International Typographical Union has retained Mr. Huckins to prepare twenty correspondence teacher-training lessons in printing. It is a distinct honor which comes to Mr. Huckins in being chosen from among three thousand teachers of printing in this country for the preparation of this work.

The Sophomore Teas

The Sophomores are anticipating with pleasure Dean Reed's Thursday teas. The Dean's office is a source of delight to all who visit there and the Sophomores are looking forward to spending a charming afternoon. Miss Reed is having a small group each week from the different Sophomore sections. If this arrangement the students may become acquainted with our Dean, as well as with the other members of their class.

Fourth Year Election

The organization of the Fourth Year Class took place October 1. We wish to extend our heartiest congratulations to our Senior officers.

Ruth Schatz—President.
Dorothy Pagel—Vice-President.
Betty Scott—Secretary.
William Laubahn—Treasurer.
Carl Kamph—Faculty Student Council.

Cradle Roll

Buffalo State Teachers College has two very young and very new faculty members. One, a young gentleman, by the name of John Frederick Phillippi, will preside over the Mathematics department when his sire retires; the other, a promising young woman, is to be Professor of History at some remote date. This young lady's name is—but wait, let me quote from her father's letter to Mr. Root:

"Just a line to say I am the swelled-up papa of a child. It is a little eight-pound girl which came last Friday (August 13). We sort of wanted a boy, but my theories said it would be a girl, and it was. She is so nice that we feel inclined to forgive her for being a girl. Her name is "Agnes Virginia" (Anchampangh).

The Record

Published by the Students of the State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Printed in the State Normal School Print Shop

Terms, \$1.00 a Year Single Copies, 15 cents

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MISS E. MULHOLLAND..... *Faculty Adviser*
MISS M. HANSON..... *Faculty Advisor*

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Freshman Number

The Freshman Class has to be welcomed; custom demands it. But there are welcomes and welcomes. The Record, not to be outdone, makes its nicest bow to the entering class and seeks its approval. This is the Freshman Number for more reasons than meet the eye. Not only is it to honor this worthy new class, but also to prove the mettle of this Freshman Staff. We of the above classification ask indulgence for any breaches of editorial conduct apparent to our fellow Freshmen.

Joining

The unknown is inevitably the source of interest and investigation. These strangers who have come to us as Freshmen are the major unknown quantity at Normal. Collectively, they look congenial enough and undoubtedly they are well worth becoming acquainted with. The habit of making friends is not so much a habit as it is a both-way blessing. The Freshman who desires to break the ice for a subsequent plunge into school activities should wisely consider what he can, or thinks he can, do.

The very effort to become a member of some school organization is of lasting benefit to the beginner, if only from the aspect of acquaintances made. The organizations are largely dependent upon new members for life and growth.

The Upton Memorial Scholarship

The Record wishes to congratulate the first student awarded the Upton Memorial Scholarship—William L. Brinkerhoff. We can only second the wise choice of the awarding jury.

OUR DEAN

Since the beginning of the term, Miss Reed has ably officiated as Dean of Women. All the problems which formerly went uncares for are now the especial care of "our" Dean. The mere masculine element can only imagine the thrill of "having tea with the Dean," the reality exists for the fortunate women of Normal who have acquired an advisor and friend.

Freshman Activities

During the first few weeks our Freshmen were extensively entertained. The first large event of the year was the Sophomore-Freshman dance. Everybody came and the gymnasium was filled to overflowing. From all reports, it was evident that everybody had a good time.

A delightful plan for becoming acquainted was started by the section parties. The Sophomores are giving parties to the Freshmen who now occupy the section which was theirs last year. The novelty of the idea adds much to the pleasure which will surely be derived from these parties.

Contributions

We wish to thank the contributors to this number. While it is unfortunate that all material could not be used, there is the indication that Normal contains many individuals of literary ability. We sincerely hope that the general excellence of contributions for this issue is an indication for the remainder of the year.

There still remain seven perfectly incomplete issues of the Record to be produced, and we earnestly ask the aid of all interested. New members of the Staff are to be chosen from among our regular contributors and will be appointed later in the year. The opportunity is open to all.

"Freshmen, Shake!"

Say, have you ever fancied a Junior who is green? It is a novel vision for you to see, I went; and yet, my fellow students, within our Normal walls, a student, newer, greener than Freshmen walks the halls. Yes, he's the "stranger Junior" from other Normal climes who's joined our jolly company to share our jolly times.

First day, he entered classes I'm sure he'll not forget, because in memory passes a host of blundering slips. To him the halls were mazes that venturing caused to grow still longer and more puzzling wherever he might go. Then when he found his bearings (by Seniors led aright), he made another blunder and missed a class—sad plight!

"My kingdom for a half-way to guide me on my way!" I heard the puzzled stranger lament and tearfully say. Then drew he out his schedule all marked, remarked and checked. I could not help but wonder what more could he expect? With such a jumbled program no Senior e'en could find this way about the building unless the halls were lined!

Next, then, this gentle stranger still further made mistakes and brought a world of chaos around him, in his wake. From off a shelf of volumes he took a needed book, but left it on a chair in the famed cosy nook! We talk about the blunders that foolish Freshmen make. Stay, hear that "Stranger Junior?" Say, "Brother Freshmen, shake!"

H. M. B.

The Species Freshman—A Scientific Indictment

(Report of an investigation conducted by Prof. G. L. Bury, Department of Philology, Oriel College, Oxford University.)

Early in October, 1926, Prof. Weismüller of Heidelberg, Mr. Josef Pauffner of the University of Prague, Dr. Guino Saffold, the famous criminologist, and myself completed an investigation of the special Freshman (*Greeno Freshmanus sapiens*). Our investigation has been construed to mean boob, dumbbell, greenie, frosh, babyface and whatnot. To discover some scientific basis for these epithets was our purpose. Our laboratory for scientific research was the Buffalo State Normal School.

The Buffalo Normal Freshman, ~~he~~ learned, belongs to a race of hybrids. This race is especially noted for its high I. Q., low mentality and voracious appetite (Turkish Journal of Sociology, vol. X). It has high ideals concerning the teaching profession: ideals which persist until the second year when practice teaching begins. Still more striking is its inferiority complex, for the Freshman considers the Senior as his equal, oftentimes concealing the Senior a place of superiority. Another peculiarity of the species is its beautiful physical characteristics "which absolutely discredit Haeckel's theory that the Freshman descended from apelike forebears." (Darwin's "Descent from Heaven" p. 422.) From these facts we have concluded that the Freshman's unpopularity was caused by the envy of the upperclassmen.

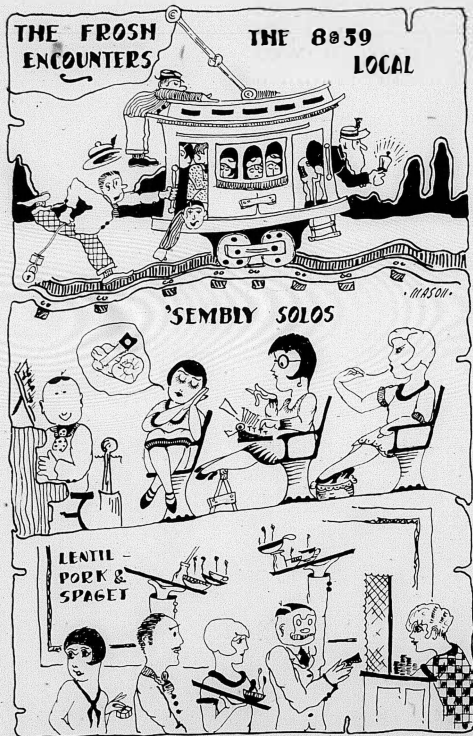
In the first paragraph of this treatise the reader observed our reference to the Freshman's approbrious appellations. We encountered real difficulties in endeavoring to discover why the word Freshman has so many ill-mannered synonyms. The Freshmen didn't know why and their tormentors wouldn't tell. By painstaking experiment and ceaseless observation we obtained the following information:

The Freshman, invariably makes himself at home in all places. He does all the reading assigned by his teachers; he eats in the cafeteria, comes to school on time, joins every organization which allows him to break in; in fact, he does everything which he is not supposed to do. He hears upperclassmen eulogize him in Assembly and really believes that they mean it. These things, we observed, and accordingly drew our conclusions.

We men of science think that the taming of Freshmen is justifiable; we believe, for reasons cited above, that there is more than an emotional cause for his nicknames. His hard work and conscientious efforts give the upperclassmen too much competition. Neither does his beauty and "wit" become him. The upperclassman must show the Freshman his true place in the scheme of things. He must show the Freshman how ignoble he is in his behavior. He must beckon science and history to his aid in raising the bought Freshman race to Upperclass standards of civilization.

Shoes to Fill

Who's going to put on our radio programs this year, preside at Stunt Nite, and fill the school year with good times? Our good-friend, Mr. Clement, has deserted us this year. He has gone to give other people the pleasure of his genial society and to spend the year in study at Columbia. We are surely going to miss him and are conceited enough to believe that the feeling is mutual.



SPORTS

Girls' Athletic Awards

The question concerning the awards for girls' athletics often presents itself to Freshmen. Let this serve in the way of enlightenment.

The last Assembly of each year is known as General Award Day. At this time girls are rewarded for their participation in athletics. Awards are given for basketball, swimming and tennis. A girl receives only the highest award to which she is entitled in any one branch of sport.

Faithful attendance to practice, in basketball particularly, is a very important factor.

All teams, whether winners or losers, are given some form of recognition.

If you do not participate in athletics, prove your school spirit and loyalty to your section by "showing up" for the games and cheering your team on to victory.

Girls' Basketball

"Why," exclaimed a Freshman breathlessly, "Do the girls actually play basketball at Normal! Oh! I just love it!"

We are glad to hear it, little Freshman, and hope that many others in your illustrious class possess the same enthusiasm and spirit. Last year's Freshman class produced some semi-professional players, i. e., those wearing knee-guards and "sweat" jerseys! And just think, children, a team picked from the first year class utterly annihilated the haughty Senior team. That surely did "bring them down a peg."

The basketball season will open very soon. By hook or by crook, rouse a basketball from its summer "hibernation" and start practicing. You'll need it, Freshmen!! There are three last year's championship teams back again!

The number, spirit, ability and good sportsmanship of last year's Freshman basketball team were astounding and gratifying. Freshmen, it is up to you!!

N. B.—After gazing wonderingly at several species of Freshmen in the light of possible basketball material several Upperclassmen are said to have asked if the age of giants was returning.

Splash!!

From observation, one would judge that swimming is a most enjoyable and beneficial sport. However, there is a very pronounced "if" in connection with it and that is, "if" one's mental faculties are capable of commanding one's appendages to move simultaneously.

Freshmen, if you have hitherto swam with your feet on the bottom, come to Lafayette High School on Mondays and learn the art of being a mermaid. "Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest," said Thomas Gray. A more cheerful version of this same idea might be, "Some weak and fearful 'Trudy' here may be." You are assured of good protection, good instruction, and most certainly, a good time. For all of the above mentioned things you are required to pay only one dollar. Surely the latter, alone, is worth many times that sum.

Chorus: Bring your suit and join us at Lafayette next Monday afternoon.

Basketball

This year our basketball team will enter upon its first season in collegiate competition. During the past, Buffalo's teams have played various high schools in this part of the State in addition to the normal schools and several business colleges.

Last year an advance was made and the high schools were dropped from our schedule, while Albany State College was added. This year we have not scheduled any preparatory schools, but instead we have added the University of Buffalo, Canisius College and Albany State College. Besides these schools, we have home and home games with Brockport, Geneseo and Fredonia Normals, Mechanics Institute of Rochester, Bryant and Stratton's Business College and an all-star Alumni team. The precedent established last year of opening and closing the season against the Buffalo State Normal School Alumni team will be continued this season.

As in former years, our home contests will be played in the school gymnasium and the student blanket tax tickets may be used for the admittance of students. A small admission fee will be charged for friends, and dancing will again follow the games.

Prospects for another championship team are extremely brilliant. There are three regulars and several additional squad men back from last year. With these and several new players, we should boast of a team that will be as strong as any that has ever represented the school. Raymond Flick, a regular guard of last year, will captain this year's squad, while Roy Bell and Frank Smith are the other two regulars that will again don B. S. N. S. uniforms. Richard Thiel, who competed in nearly as many contests as the regulars last year, has returned to school, as well as Walter and James Oring, Harry Page, Joseph Crotty and Albert DiCesero, all of whom were members of last year's squad. Mr. Andrew Grabau will coach the teachers for his second season, while Byron Schottin will again guide the managerial reins of the team. In addition to these members from last year's squad, there are many prospects in the entering class. Among these are players from various high schools, other Normal schools and independent teams.

With prospects, such as these, Buffalo Normal should entertain a banner year in basketball. As every one knows, this is only possible with the co-operation of every member of the Faculty and student body. Let's have everyone strive for: A BETTER BACKED BASKETBALL TEAM AT BUFFALO STATE NORMAL.

Tennis

Unfortunately, as soon as the tennis tournament was announced, "Old Sol" immediately frowned his displeasure.

Problem—if one inch of rain falls regularly every day for one week in the location of a tennis court, what will be the result?

Answer—An outdoor swimming pool (perhaps a skating pond).

Still, there is the possibility of playing off the matches while "Old Sol" isn't looking. We shall hope for the best.

Many of the Upperclassmen have actually lost weight getting in trim for the school tennis tournament this fall. Freshmen, don't let that scare you. Things aren't really as bad as they seem.

Some of the matches have already been played; others are waiting the pleasure of the weather. The matches should prove very sensational, since many of the contestants are players of no little repute.

ORGANIZATIONS

Orchestra

Whiz! Bang! The orchestra is off with a great start with a promise of an even bigger year than last.

The first practice was held September 16. The cello which has lain dormant for over a year has been resurrected and taken possession of by Robert Ormsby (last part sounds familiar, doesn't it?). In addition, we have something new in the form of a "big bass horn" and a mellophone.

Already both new and old recruits are being whipped into shape by our local Konsewitsky. Miss Hurd, who promises to turn out a stellar aggregation.

The orchestra bids fair to make this a gala year, socially, as well as musically. As a starter, there is a prospective corn roast looming which will take the form of a "get-together and become acquainted" party. There is promise of many more such good times throughout the year.

P. S.—We sincerely appreciate the rousing welcome given our "green" members by our ever appreciative audience.

Men's Club Smoker

The men's smoker, given jointly by Psi Phi and Tri Kappa Fraternities, was one of the first social events of the school calendar.

The men gathered en masse in the junior assembly where each one made known his name. The male portion of the faculty, however, being largely represented, were asked to spread a few words of wisdom, which they agreeably did.

Among all our previous smokers and also at our most recent one, there is always an element of spirit aroused

among those who attend. This element is the beginning of a school spirit which should exist and grow in every one of us. For this purpose the men's club exists. The intermingling of upper and lower classmen, with a most congenial group of faculty men, creates a feeling of ease and understanding which is a real element of cooperation and school spirit.

Debating Club

The Debating Club was organized for the purpose of interesting the students in the art of debating and developing an organization that will be relatively important to college organizations. Its first year of existence showed a great deal of progress toward that end.

The Debating Club now has thirty active members—members who are anxious to achieve success in the aims of the club. Their enthusiasm alone is sufficient guarantee of its ultimate achievement.

The schedule for the year includes programs which will be open to all. These debates will be held in Room 208 on Wednesday, at four o'clock. The success of the programs necessarily depends on the attendance. Will you be there?

Art Kraft Klub

Are you interested in sketching, in making art novelties: do you enjoy working with need, leather or parchment? If so, come to our studio in the Tower Room Thursdays at four o'clock and enjoy an hour with the Art Kraft Klub. We have planned an interesting program for this year. Freshmen and Upper Classmen, the Art Kraft Klub welcomes you.

The One-Year Group

We, the members of the vocational one-year group, found ourselves in new and strange surroundings when we first came to Normal School this fall.

Most of us had not attended school for many years and it seemed rather strange after working from early morning until late afternoon in the shops and mills.

This year the vocational class contains twenty-seven members.

There are but two women in the group. Miss Cohen, who comes from New York, was awarded a scholarship in trade dress making, and Miss Piscopa, also from New York, holds a scholarship in garment machine operating.

The other trades represented are, seven automobile repairmen, four electricians, four patternmakers, one carpenter, one moulder, three printers, one weaver, one cabinet maker, one baker, one plumber, and one sheet metal worker.

School activities are beginning to show form in the school life of the vocational group. For a few years back the school spirit has merely been smouldering in us, but now it has burst out in flame, so watch our smoke.

Letter from a Freshman

Dear Editor:

I heard you tell us in Assembly that you wanted some contributions for the "Freshman Number."

I have nothing to contribute, but I think I can give you some good advice on how to run your paper. I have had considerable experience in journalism, as I took ads for our high school paper for two years.

It would be a fine idea to print all kinds of jokes and cartoons, as everybody reads them. Whatever you do, don't print articles on Shakespeare, high ideals, etc., as the Faculty members are the only ones who read them and they usually knock them after they finish reading them.

I think it would be a good idea to include a picture of the whole Freshman class, because it will make us proud of ourselves. If you want any more advice please send a notice to next Tuesday's Assembly and I will gladly help you profit by my past experience.

A SPIRITED FRESHMAN.

Erie Canal Essay Contest

The Centennial of the opening of the Erie Canal is the occasion for a prize essay contest to be conducted in this city. Five very liberal prizes, ranging from five hundred to one hundred dollars, will be awarded to the five college students writing the best essay on various subjects dealing with the development, progress, and value of the Erie Canal.

The dear little freshmen—
So small and green,
Come, play with your rattles
And bags of bean.
The seniors just love it—
To see you so—
You make us so happy
Where'er you go.

Come! carry our trays, dears,
And show some speed.
Such service we relish
And surely need.
Now scrub all the halls—
And that will do.
Three cheers for the freshmen—
We're proud of you!

Home Economics News

The upper classmen of the Home Economics Club met for the first time this year on Thursday, September 23. The business considered at this meeting consisted of a discussion of the program for the coming year. Present membership in our department totals 175—40 Seniors, 36 Juniors, 53 Sophomores and 50 Freshmen.

The Freshmen have always been considered the special wards of the Juniors, but this year the idea was carried out to a greater extent. The Frosh received welcoming letters during the vacation from their Junior sisters. Despite the fact that snapshots were exchanged, it was much fun discovering each other for the first time.

The Sophomores were entertained as much as the Freshmen at the party given by them in honor of the new class, September 7. The luncheon served was a splendid example of the skill the Sophomores expect the Freshmen to acquire this year. But there was a penalty attached. The Freshmen were seen next day, green capped and weighed down with a heavy bag as a symbol of their servitude and humbleness.

We have a welcome addition to our department in Mrs. Nancy Lansdale who comes to us from Pratt Institution, Brooklyn, to take Mrs. Taylor's place in "Ye Garment Shoppe." We all wish Mrs. Lansdale success and pleasure in her new position.

Anyone who visited the building after school hours, Wednesday, September 29, might have seen our weary Freshmen and Faculty members climbing stairs, scaling railings, overcoming many obstacles in their attempts to unravel their clues in the Juniors' Treasure Hunt. Dolls, ducks and other treasures were awaiting discovery and each finder gave an exhibition of her gift at the dinner table. Songs were exchanged between the Faculty, Juniors and Freshmen which did a great deal to help us to get acquainted and to promote our friendship.

Yolanda

She is free as nature's wildness.
In her hair the fragrant pine,
In her eyes the depths of canyons—
Spirits nothing can confound.
All the vastness of the mountains,
All the fury of a storm,
All the music of the river,
Are within her slender form.

JULIE BINDEMAN.

Rendezvous

The only person in the whole school that we are really familiar with is George Washington — poor George! Many and varied are his uses, but the most important is as a meeting place. The trouble is that the old familiar cry, "See you at George," is used by so many that there's no parking room and so the crowd sifts into the Social Center. We'll probably be calling that the "George Washington Annex" soon.

A freshman stood at the Record box.
She said, beginning to doubt:
"Just now I put a penny in.
But where do the peanuts come out?"

Funny little freshman
Trying hard to learn
Needn't practice fire drill;
You're too green to burn.
A. C. G.

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Prayer for Teachers

O Lord of Learning and Learners, we are at best but blunderers in this godlike business of teaching.

Our shortcomings shame us, for we are not alone in paying the penalty for them; they have a sorry immortality in the maimed minds of those whom we, in our blunderings, mislead.

We have been content to be merchants of dead yesterdays, when we should have been guides into unborn tomorrows.

We have put conformity to old customs above curiosity about new ideas.

We have thought more about our subject than about our object.

We have been peddlers of petty accuracies, when we should have been priests and prophets of abundant living.

We have schooled our students to be clever competitors in the world as it is, when we should have been helping them to become creative co-operators in the making of the world as it is to be.

We have regarded our schools as training camps for an existing society to the exclusion of making them working-models of an evolving society.

We have counted knowledge more precious than wisdom.

We have tried to teach our students what to think instead of how to think.

We have thought it our business to furnish the minds of our students, when we should have been laboring to free their minds.

And we confess that we have fallen into these sins of the schoolroom because it has been the easiest way. It has been easier to tell our students about the motionless past that we can

learn once for all than to join with them in trying to understand the moving present that must be studied afresh each morning.

From these sins of sloth may we be freed.

May we realize that it is important to know the past only that we may live wisely in the present.

Help us to be more interested in stimulating the builders of modern cathedrals than in retailing to students the glories of ancient temples.

Give us to see that a student's memory should be a tool as well as a treasure-chest.

Help us to say "do" oftener than we say "don't."

May we so awaken interest that discipline will be less necessary.

Help us to realize that, in the deepest sense, we can not teach anybody anything; that the best we can do is to help them to learn for themselves.

Save us from the blight of specialism; give us reverence for our materials, that we may master the facts of our particular fields, but help us to see that all facts are dead until they are related to the rest of knowledge and to the rest of life.

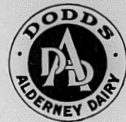
May we know how to "relate the coal scuttle to the universe."

Help us to see that education is, after all, but the adventure of trying to make ourselves at home in the modern world.

May we be shepherds of the spirit as well as masters of the mind.

Give us, O Lord of Learners, a sense of the divinity of our undertaking.

—Glenn Frank.



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The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

Vol. XV

November Issue, 1926

No. 2

Casual Impressions of the Near East

Marjorie D. Rockwell

On the morning of July seventh, before sunrise, as we were entering the Dardanelles, I was on the alert to catch my first glimpse of Asiatic shores. I arose and went on deck. Here on the northwestern shore we saw the Turkish fortification dimly outlined against the fields of grain. Not content with this, I crossed to the other side of the deck, and in the eastern sky, the crescent moon and morning star hung like a symbolic omen of moslem countries. It was a strange feeling we experienced!

Long after sunrise we continued to watch the ever changing shoreline. Along this part of the Dardanelles the waterway is very narrow but as we sailed on the strait broadened. There are many small fishing villages along its shores with their houses of white, box-like in shape, with red tiled roofs. We saw at least one minaret and the dome of a mosque in each village. Between the towns, extending back over the gently sloping hills, were the wheat fields, yellow and ready for the harvest.

As we traveled from place to place we saw interesting things; the people and their dress; their homes; their means of travel; and their shops and bazaars. Some of these are quite European but the native shops and market places have great similarity. In nearly all the cities and towns we visited, we were taken through these districts. We were led through winding streets, with a turn at every corner so narrow that three people walking abreast could just comfortably walk together. On either side of these streets were the shops like tiny holes in a wall. Here the storekeeper heaped his counters and tables with his wares, whether it be a brass shop, a shoe shop, a merchandise shop or a vendor of fruit and vegetables. They were all crowded together in great display. All fruits and vegetables were exposed to sun and dust alike—this included meat in some shops. In some places mosquito netting was used for protection but the precaution was unusual. The fruits, however, were attractively arranged. There were red seedless grapes, yellow fresh apricots, brownish-purple ripe figs, round vivid green melons (not oval as we have) all arranged to please the prospective purchaser.

These shops seemed a meeting place for all. The women with babies astride their shoulders chattered with their friends and cast curious glances as we passed. We saw many women carrying on their head large flat baskets, somewhat resembling a hat, and filled with fruit. The men were busy at the market place, although we saw many smoking the ever ready water-pipe.

While these narrow streets were crowded with people, one had to step quickly to avoid being run down by a donkey heavily laden with his burdens. The donkey boy walked ahead warning people of the approaching animal. Camels also were led through these streets. They passed one by one in pro-

cession, each tied to the other by means of a rope fastened to the head gear. A camel bell, and a string of light blue beads added to the effect of this Oriental manner of transportation. The camels carried huge net bags filled with melons and vegetables. We saw as many as nine camels tied together, one after the other, constituting a "camel train," and led by a man riding a donkey.

Not an uncommon sight was a goat herd, or a flock of sheep passing through the streets well guarded and obeying the call of the shepherd. On the hillsides of Bethlehem and the district of the Dead Sea, we saw many fine flocks of white sheep. The goats and sheep were not always divided. The shepherds wore the ancient costume—little changed since the time of Christ. They were colored brown, blue or black and were used for the dress part which is long and held in place by a colored girdle or belt. The coat is worn over this, loosely caught over the shoulder and hangs to the hem of the dress. The head covering is a triangle of silk—like material held in place by colored cords which are wound around the head in a most picturesque manner. There are many costumes, and they differ from each other according to the tribe, and occupation of the wearer. In the smaller towns and cities of Syria, the fez was still being worn by the men as was the veil by the women.

The roads are poor. Over the Lebanones we drove up the unprotected mountain side, going around sharp turns, and winding through small mountain villages. Our Moslem drivers were careless because they were anxious to show us how fast they could drive. After we left Mt. Carmel where Moslem and Christian were celebrating the Fast Day of Elijah, we skirted the ever-blue Mediterranean shores, passing through Tyre and Sidon to Acre. From here we drove on the sand across the Bay of Acre to Haifa. This was one of the most interesting of drives. The route was unusual and beautiful, and as each wave receded, the sand became hardened, making a good foundation for a road.

Here on the sand we saw our first Mohammedan at prayer. With his face turned toward Mecca, the East, and swaying back and forth on his braced knees oblivious of his surroundings, he offered his devotion as though he were in a mosque.

And just a word about the mosques, especially those we saw in larger cities of greater importance. The general characteristics are the dome and minarets. St. Sophia, once a Christian church, has four minarets; the mosque of Ahmed I has six. These needle-like structures are of great importance, for to the very top of these the muezzin climbs up from within and through a small door enters a balcony extending around the minaret. From here he calls the people to prayer. This call of the muezzin is a strange minor chant, unlike anything we had ever heard. He walks around the balcony several times, stopping to chant at intervals. This is a signal for all Moslems to come to the Fountain of Oblution to prepare for prayer. Every man, woman and child must bathe his face, arms, hands and feet before entering a mosque. These Fountains are circular in structure, containing many faucets and a drain for the disposal of water. They are built in the center of a large stone court yard. When the Oblution has been completed, the shoes are carried to the mosque. On entering, leather overslipppers were tightly strapped over our shoes. We then went to observe the service.

We noticed beauty everywhere. The rugs were oriental, rare, and rich in color and design, being mostly prayer rugs; the interior was decorated with gold, mother of pearl, beautiful glass, wrought iron balconies and lattice work of fine wood. As the services began, we noticed the men assembled in one

place directly beneath the dome and the women and children apart in an adjoining wing. Each knelt, and as the mollah or priest began chanting, the people re-echoed his chant. During this chant the worshippers prostrated themselves till their foreheads touched the floor, then raised themselves upright again on their knees. This was repeated a number of times in unison, while parts of the Koran were read. It was indeed a most impressive religious ceremony. The privilege of attending this service was one of the many fascinating experiences which we enjoyed.

Pseudo-Orient

On Tuesday, the twenty-sixth of October, the Junior Class of the Home Making Department spent the afternoon in the Orient. At the store of Mr. Gullian we reveled in the beautiful products of the Far East.

We were shown the characteristic rugs of the four main weavers. Under the Persian weave we saw the Hamadan Rug with its rich reds and floral patterns. The weave is coarse and wears well. Because of the coarseness of the weave the pattern is not as lovely as some of the other Persian weaves but the colorings make up for that. Also there were the Kurdistan's which were very similar but a finer texture.

In the Turkoman weave we saw a magnificent rug over 500 years old and valued highly. The number of knots to the inch fairly took our breath away, there being 1,200! We were all so thrilled to touch and handle such an exquisite piece of fabric.

The Caucasian Weave is a much coarser and more primitive rug. There is a combination of the geometrical and floral design which is not always pleasing.

The Turkish weaves are indeed lovely with their entirety of the geometric design such as the eight-pointed star inside an octagon. The tree of life with wine-glass designs in the border was also the motive for designs.

Indeed, we spent a most charming afternoon and one to be long remembered.

"East of Siam" by Harry A. Frank, The Century Company, New York.

I have never been exactly sure of the location of Siam, or even "East of Siam", but I have always had delightfully vague ideas about them, including visions of tigers, tinkling bells, huge white elephants, and an occasionally royal retinue. So it was with great expectations that I turned to "East of Siam".

Mr. Frank wandered for almost two years through eastern and south-eastern Asia, mostly afoot, living with, talking with, and observing the people. He writes mostly about the "five teeming provinces" of French Indo-China, which is the "East of Siam". He met not only the common folk, but also the royalty, and was honored by many of the brown kings. He was decorated by the truly elegant-sounding King Luang, he was permitted to witness that ancient pageant—the celebration of the Lunar Year at the court of the Emperor of Annam.

There must be something of the poet in Mr. Frank, for he writes with the keenest appreciation. With eager enthusiasm he enjoys the stately pageants and the formal awarding of decorations, the lively native scenes at Prabang, the life of the natives, at worship, or in the fields with the buffalo.

One is filled with the wish "For to admire, and for to see" the people and the country which is midway between Kim's country and the land of the Arabian Nights—"East of Siam".

The Choicest Bit of London

Gertrude M. Bacon

A passenger on our boat, who crosses yearly on a business trip to London, said of this great city that it was simply inexhaustible in interest, and that one could find something new every day to see at least five years. But it was William Dean Howell who said that Chelsea was "The Choicest Bit of London." I did not know Howell's opinion when I took a bus one afternoon intent upon finding Cheyne Walk in Chelsea. The London bus, by the way, is like the pictures you have seen of it in the movies. It is an immense double deck sort of a schooner plastered on the outside from stem to stern with gaily colored advertisements of all kinds. The busses are quite unlike the genteel, green-painted ones that float down Delaware Avenue in our own city. But they get you there for a pence, or a tuppence, or a thruppence, and there seem to be thousands of them coming and going in a never-ending stream.

I wished to go out to Cheyne Walk because a former Normal School man has his home there. He is known in the London directory as Curtis Brown of the Curtis Brown London Publishing Co., Ltd. We knew him, though, as plain Bert Brown. His interests were literary and journalistic, but I was somewhat surprised to find him living in this most aristocratic street in Chelsea. Its stately houses front upon the river Thames, and between the embankment and the homes is a small park. Cheyne Walk owes its name to Charles, Viscount Cheyne who was lord of the Manor of Chelsea towards the end of the seventeenth century. It has been said that there is more soul in this one short street than you will find in the whole mass of Oxford Street and Piccadilly. Lloyd George now has his home here. But it is the homes that carry with them the suggestion of men and women who have lived in them in days long ago. As you walk along Cheyne Walk you realize that the artists discovered the charm of this spot. And for all time people will come here because Whistler, Turner, Burne-Jones, Rossetti and Edwin Abbey lived and painted here. Others beside artists will come in fancy to your mind as you pass along. George Meredith, Swinburne, Holman Hunt, William Morris, and George Eliot all add a subtle something to this suburb.

A hundred yards or so from Cheyne Walk is Cheyne Row. In this narrow street you will find the house that was once the home of Thomas Carlyle. It is a simple four-story rectangular structure set up on end. You go from floor to floor and the simple, plain furnishing of it suggests that which we always associate with Carlyle—a life of hard living and high thinking. The fourth story has the room that was so well-padded that sounds of the outside world never were heard by the nervous and erratic author of Sartor Resartus. Jane Welsh Carlyle, better known as Jane, had a personality too. It gives one a humorous thrill to go down to that basement kitchen and see the two high-backed kitchen rocking chairs on either side of the fire-place where she sent the "two of them", Alfred Tennyson and Thomas Carlyle to smoke. After they had spent the evening there, smoking, and never speaking a word, we recalled how they bade one another "good-night" and expressed their mutual pleasure in the delightful evening thus spent. When in London, go down to Chelsea, but go when you are in a fanciful, pensive mood, so that the spell of Cheyne Walk and Cheyne Row will mean a never to be forgotten charm for you.

A Night on the Mountains of Thibet

George B. Neumann

It was during the summer of 1920 that a group of us white folks who were living in Western China decided to go on an exploratory trip into the border region between China and Thibet, a region which is left blank on the maps of Asia because so very little is known regarding it. Our trip was to be made largely on foot, so we provided ourselves with the heavy socks and straw sandals which the Chinese travellers have found so effective on the mountain passes over which our trail led. It was necessary to carry with us our own supply of food and bedding because this sparsely settled region provides no accommodations for the traveller, especially the traveller with a white man's notions. With the exception of our guide, a New Zealander of wide local experience, we were all tenderfeet, and the rare atmosphere of the high mountain passes offered a real obstacle to our progress. One afternoon as we were climbing upward, we met a man bringing his Thibetan horses down the mountain to put them out to pasture. We bargained with him for the use of his horses that we might relieve our weary feet by taking turns on the backs of the sturdy pack horses, whose saddles were blankets and whose stirrups were for the most part strips of soft leather. The combination of the soft leather stirrup and rough straw sandal nearly cost me my life, but that is another story. A few days later we hired an additional animal, a Thibetan yak, a long-haired animal somewhat like our cow in appearance but with the combined disposition of an angry bull and a Texas mule. It was necessary to mount the yak with a running high jump for when he saw any of us coming he tried his best to gore us with his horns and at the same time kick us with his hind leg, leaving a very limited space for our gymnastic efforts.

With the aid of these animals we were able to make much better speed than the men who were carrying our supplies of food and bedding, an advantage which allowed us to stop and make the investigations which were the prime object of our trip. One afternoon when we had thus travelled a considerable distance in advance of our loads we saw a bad storm approaching. To be caught out in such a storm on the mountain trails was serious indeed for every day we were passing unpleasant evidences of the disastrous landslides which come without warning and sweep all life before them.

The lonely, isolated houses which serve as the only excuse for hotels along these mountain roads were usually cramped, excessively dirty and offered little in the way of attractions to guide a traveller in his choice. We were near to one such house on this afternoon and should have been glad to enter to escape the storm. We found, however, a most inhospitable welcome from the inmates and a strong aversion on the part of our guide to spend the night in this particular dwelling where he had had a rather gruesome experience a few years previous. It seemed necessary because of the strong feeling of both parties that we should push on to the next house, a considerable distance, and had just reached its shelter when the storm broke. We were dressed in the lightest possible summer garments for the exertion of climbing and felt the chill of the high altitude, the storm and the late hour as soon as we stopped walking. But our extra garments and the food for which we were so hungry were far behind us, and we knew our mountain trained men would not try to come on while the fury of the storm lasted. The canteens which we carried on our backs were empty long before this. There was no hope

of food from the lonely old woman who kept the house, for she had only her own small measure of corn meal. We did hope, however, that we might get a cup of hot tea for one can always find the requisites for tea making in an Asiatic home. Our disappointment was truly tragic when we found that the tiny residue of water in the old woman's kettle had been flavored so strongly by the garlic which had been cooked in that same water for her supper that it refused to give way in any degree to the strongest tea flavor we could secure by use of our compressed tea tablets from my pocket. We were hungry and thought with longing of the supply of corn meal in our baskets back somewhere on the trail in the keeping of our carriers. We were exceedingly thirsty and the house afforded only a cup or two of dirty, garlic-tainted water. We were cold and looked with fear at the dwindling fire which was putting forth much smoke into the chimneyless room, for when that should fail we should be cheerless indeed.

Darkness had now descended and we groped about the hut, dark except for the flickering embers of the fire, and tried to scrape up what chips of wood and pieces of straw we might to prolong the weak fire as far into the night as we could. We had given up all hope of seeing our carriers, extra clothing or food until the next day, and settled down to make the best we could out of a trying situation. I was so sleepy with my hard climbing that it seemed I might sleep anywhere. One of my fellow travellers and I found a few old boards in a corner, dragged them over to the fire and propped them up with one end on a wooden stool, and then laid ourselves down on the boards close together in an effort to warm each other by our nearness and snatch some sleep. It felt fine for about five minutes—and then we roused to realize that all the evil spirits of all the generations who had lived in that house had come to take vengeance on the foreign intruders and had roused all the vermin from all the corners and cracks of every inch of the room to torture us. There was nothing for us to do but to acknowledge defeat, and we bent once more over the scanty fire with our other companions and watched the night out with as good grace as we could muster.

The minutes of that night were like days and the hours like weeks, but at last morning came. The mountains and the mountain air had been washed gloriously clean, the sun shone brighter than it had for days, and when our carriers shortly came up with our food and we had a warm drink the world looked better and we decided that it was wonderful to be alive, even, or rather especially, on the mountain tops in Thibet.

Convocation of the University of the State of New York

Doctor Rockwell, Dean Reed, Miss Caudell, Mrs. Gemmill, and Miss Sipp attended the annual convocation of the Board of Regents in Albany on October 23 and 29. Harry Emerson Fosdick gave an address on the inspiring power of the teacher, which was one of the most remarkable of its kind ever heard in Chancellor's Hall. Following this address, Doctor F. S. Fosdick, former principal of Masten Park High School, was given an honorary Doctor of Letters degree. The same honor was conferred upon Miss Emily Howland, a former teacher in New York State. During the afternoon of the following day the Attorney General of the United States, the Honorable John G. Sargent, presided. Honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Mr. Hiscock, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, and upon William H. Taft, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Mr. Taft was unable to be present and the degree was conferred in absentia and received by his brother, Charles P. Taft.

A Visit to the Valley of the Kings

Robert O. DeMond

Perhaps the most interesting one-day excursion to be made from the upper Nile River is the trip to the "Valley of the Kings." The very start is interesting, especially if it is one's first venture into the desert. Many tourists come by train from Cairo to Luxor for this one inland excursion, and the donkey boys of Luxor have long been adepts at taking advantage of the inexperienced ones. Each tourist chooses his own steed, but his hesitation to mount the poor little animal is increased by the din of countless lusty boys, each one determined that you shall ride his particular donkey. The guide's insistence that each tourist shall choose his own mount saves much trouble to himself later on when each rider is sure that he has selected the laziest animal that ever walked on four legs. Perhaps some former rider has in derision called him "Lightning" and the Egyptian, not fully understanding, insists on retaining the name. It is customary for one boy to lead the animal and for another to follow and beat him with a stick. If you insist on doing your own beating, you immediately lose caste with the whole crowd. If one happens to be encumbered with a camera, a third boy is always at hand to carry it, and he does not do this for the exercise. Thus the innocent traveler rides grandly and expensively with many attendants, and he must not be dismayed if he has to pay four or five boys that evening in Luxor.

The reader must not think, however, that this is at all a pleasure trip. It is merely the best method of reaching the tombs. If the boy with the stick is industrious, he strikes the poor beast and causes him to jump, at frequent though irregular intervals, often unseating the rider. Many of the ladies vowed this was to be their last trip, and wanted to get off and walk. It was of no use to scold the boys, as they gently answered "Yes-ma'am" to everything. These boys ask for "baksheesh" at each stop, both for themselves and for the donkeys. In spite of the requests of the Egyptian Government to discourage begging, the traveller is inclined to listen to their pleas, unless he has just come from the large cities like Cairo and Alexandria, where even greater poverty exists. There are many very rich Egyptians, and many very poor ones. Especially in the cities one feels the marked contrast between the magnificent homes, mosques and private schools of the wealthy sections, and the dirt, and poverty indescribable, of the poor sections. One sees a bundle of rags on the street at midnight, and it is actually a person sleeping—man, woman or child.

Many Egyptians of the upper Nile are black as Negroes, and live in a most primitive fashion. Some are seen with rings in their noses and ears like the Abyssinians, and not unlike some of the ladies to be observed on Cook's luxurious Nile steamers, whose earrings really outshine those of the natives.

Finally when we were all mounted on the sturdy little donkeys, the party started off across the desert. It was January, but the heat was intense. The road lay beside that gigantic Colossi, which in themselves are well worth the trouble of the entire journey, although the vocal Memnon was not singing. Passing the ruined Temple of Amenhotep IV, we stopped at a well preserved temple, dedicated to Seti I, full of interesting sculptures and inscriptions.

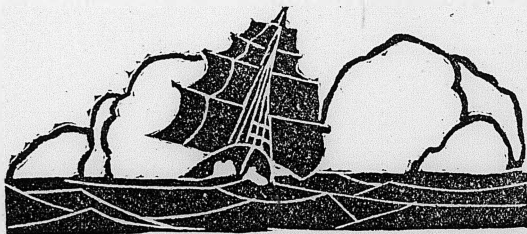
Arriving at the famous "Valley of the Kings," hot, tired and dusty, we left the donkeys at the entrance, and walked a half mile through the sand to the tombs. There is no blade of grass, nor living thing of any kind in this deserted rocky valley.

The tombs of the Kings and Queens form a unique class of monuments; there is nothing like them in Egypt or in the world.

More than thirty elaborate tomb excavations are grouped here, all of similar construction. They were dug between 1700 and 1000 B. C., when the Egyptian dynasty was in its most flourishing condition and when tribute poured in from all the neighboring countries. It is assumed that they were built with forced labor. The size and magnificence of the tomb indicate the length and success of the King's reign. The Tothmes, Amenhetep, Rameses, Seti and many others built their tombs and preserved their stories here. The tombs are now lighted by electricity. They consist of inclined planes with a number of chambers or halls receding into the mountain, sometimes a distance of 300 feet. One first descends a flight of stone steps and enters a hall, whence another flight descends to a sloping corridor, and finally a third flight brings one to the vestibule of the tomb. Then there may be a passage, with rooms on either side, and at the end a chamber which contains the sarcophagus. The walls of the rooms are elaborately decorated with scenes from the life of the ruler, usually showing him at war and slaying his enemies. Most of the tombs were opened and robbed centuries ago, although the mummy of the king was often left, as well as the larger objects. Many of the entrances to the tombs were small and well concealed with blind passageways to deceive the robber. The tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen evaded the search of robbers, and it was only discovered in 1922 by Mr. Howard Carter and Lord Carnarvon after diligent search. At the time of our visit the tomb was closed and a guard maintained day and night by the Egyptian Government.

While we explored the tombs of Kings, the efficient dragomen, descendants of Kings, had prepared a sumptuous dinner, which in spite of the unique surroundings would do credit even to our faculty luncheon room.

That afternoon while journeying back to Luxor, we stopped to rest the donkeys under the cliffs of the Libyan mountains, while we visited the ancient Temple Dayr-el-Bahee, with its sculptures depicting the feat of bringing the great stone obelisks down the river from Assouan. We were destined soon to spend three days on the modern lake formed by the great Dam of Assouan, where we were to take a smaller steamer and ascend the picturesque Upper Nile, past its forests of palms to the Second Cataract.



HOME ECONOMICS NEWS

While the general Normal students enjoyed a vacation October 11, we of the H. E. Department kept vigil over a lonely and almost deserted building. At first no one thought anything of the unusual silence but around noon we were startled by the sudden appearance of an excited Sophomore who had found the library closed. Then it dawned upon us, we were alone. With doubtful hearts we descended to the basement, but we were overjoyed to find the cafeteria was functioning as usual. It seemed great to have it all to ourselves, and many grateful remarks to the effect that there was plenty of room were heard.

The H. E. Alumnae took over the management of the Elmwood Theater, October 26, for the benefit of the scholarship fund. The sale of tickets took form of a contest between two teams, the Seniors and Sophs uniting against the Juniors and Freshmen.

The H. E. Club held a supper party in honor of the Freshmen, October 20. The Seniors were hostesses, the Juniors cooks, and the Sophomores in charge of the entertainment. After supper everyone adjourned to the Gym for impromptu stunts. They were very clever and original and we agreed that the Sophs couldn't have found a better way to amuse everybody.

The Junior Class held a Halloween party at the home of Miss Fanny Greenburg, October 28. Everyone came in costume, some grotesque, some fancy, all very clever. Everyone enjoyed themselves and the party broke up with admonitions not to forget Assembly the next morning.

SCHOLARSHIP NEWS

It is rumored that this group has a basketball team, but from the effect produced in the lone game played there is some doubt as to the truth of the statement. The class represented by "steen" players and "has-beens" went down to a defeat before the January Class, the score being 24 to 15, but we still maintain that we have the brightest team in school—every man that played has a scholarship.

This is the class that never says "Good Morning." The usual greeting given each one is "The checks have come." Which means just about as much as "good morning", since checks are fully as scarce as good mornings in Buffalo.

The group is taking a strong interest in athletics. There is always a good representation at the Tuesday evening swimming classes at Hutch, and the Monday night gym classes at the school are also off to a good start.

A movement is under way to start a bowling team, which should later furnish some good news. No challenges have been issued as yet, but they will be forthcoming as soon as two or three men can be found who know a little about the alley sport. It would be an easy matter to select "alley sports" but they would hardly fill the bill here.

A New Name

Have you been confused when you were confronted with the terms "Faculty Student Council" and "Central Council"? To avoid this confusion in the future, and to distinguish between the Central Council (a board relating to the Student Government in the School) and the Faculty Student Council, the name of the latter is being changed. This organization, therefore, will continue to function concerning the social program, but under an entirely new name.

THE RECORD

The Record

Published by the Students of the State Normal School, Buffalo, N.Y.
 Printed in the State Normal School Print Shop
 Terms, \$1.00 a Year Single Copies, 15 cents

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Travelogue

Following in the famous footsteps of Gulliver, Burton Holmes, and the rest, the Record has conceived a Travel Number. Accordingly, we beg to present the hitherto unpublished experiences and accounts of our traveled associates.

The large sized thrill to be derived from being stranger in a strange land can be experienced by the stay-at-home through a second-hand process only. We are fortunate to have with us such a host of individuals who have seen a fair portion of this globular area of ours. It is always interesting to hear the fact or fiction of those fortunate people who not only know that foreign lands exist, but have actually verified the geography. Our contributors have been especially kind and generous in their co-operation for the manufacture of this Travel Number.

Seniors

The graduating class is of a most diversified and unusual composition. It includes students who will have completed from one to four years of college work. Students are planning to graduate in June who graduated last year and undoubtedly there are some intending to receive a diploma this spring who will

return for a degree and another graduation next year. The eventual installation of a four-year course in all departments will abolish the present jumble of our Senior Classes.

Thanksgiving

The Record is guilty of forsaking Thanksgiving for travel. Nevertheless, the festive holiday retains its importance and significance despite our apparent neglect.

The things for which we should be grateful are far too numerous to mention, but the present is a far cry from the original time of Thanksgiving when the barest essentials of life were considered worthy of thanks and appreciation. Today the essentials are taken for granted and only the extras counted worth consideration. In our so-called modern times we are unduly prone to overlook the principal theme and look upon Thanksgiving Day in terms of turkey and applesauce.

Our New Staff Members

The Staff proudly announces the adoption of three new proteges, lately become associate editors. We have kept a kindly but critical eye upon these promising individuals for some time past and their appointment is the just reward of their sterling ability and ambition.

Messrs. Bentz and Czerniewicz have become our linoleum block experts and form a brace of valuable additions to our art department; Mr. Goodmanson is wondrously skillful in the pursuit of the elusive advertisement and has become a real asset to the business staff.

The Council

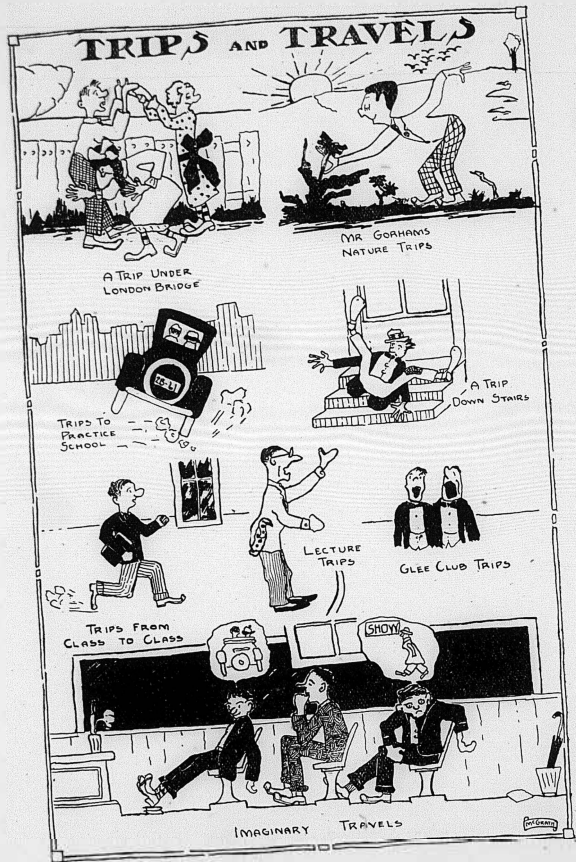
Our brand new Central Council has become one of the vitally constructive agencies of the school. Beginning last year as an experiment, it has rapidly developed into an entirely practical organization and the logical instrument of developed into an entirely practical organization and the logical instrument of scholastic government. It has given students the coveted voice in their own discipline and has proven expedient and efficient in the treatment and disposal of student problems.

The outstanding figure in the actual construction and development of this body has been Mr. Bradley. It was altogether inevitable that Mr. Bradley should be so unanimously re-elected chairman of the Council for this year. With such a capable and interested official at its head, the Central Council is in a position to render immeasurable assistance for the growth of Buffalo Normal.

Fraternity

The student body may soon expect gratis entertainment by way of public initiation ceremonies featuring pledges in the title role. It is appalling to contemplate the utter childishness of some of our hangover preparatory ideals. The seemingly recognized mode of brotherly expression of that era is through the medium of the ridiculously absurd costume and the lavish application of the barrel stave.

How absurd is the vision of alleged higher intellects resorting to the hackneyed methods of puberty as the mode of ushering new members down the aisle of fraternity! Organizations having the avowed purpose of social and intellectual betterment might profitably adopt a more mature viewpoint with a corresponding growth in dignity and worth. May the fickle God of Greek letters guide his patrons to a saner solution of initiation ritual.

**At the Trail's End**

A blue rag of cloud floats
Above the orange sky—
O, fairy godmother, touch the cloud
And make for me a Spanish galleon
Sailing on a moonlight sea:
Then I would sail as a pirate bold
And when I came to the rainbow's end
My pot of gold I'd find.

—Wendy.

The Fairy Train

Commutors cold and weary
Mount the trains each day.
For a bit of travel
On their homeward way.

As they leave the city
In their thoughts they weave
Pictures far from Normal
Lands of Make-Believe.

Darkness dims the landscape,
And the lights come out,
Peeping in the distance
Along the fairy route.

Tiny cities spring up
On the distant plain.
Far across the country—
Then a town again.

Stop for just a moment
By a dim-lit lane,
Other weary travelers
Mount the fairy train.

On until a dragon,
Grinning, full of mirth
Breaks the charm that holds and
Brings one back to earth.

—Julia Forsyth.

Autumn Day

I saw scarlet groves,
And dull, green grass;
A grey warm fence,
And a woody pass,
Soft, purple hills,
Smoke, curling higher.
They'll reappear,
In my winter's fire.

Ballad of the Stay-at-Home

Now that the breeze of autumn nips,
My gloating friends most kindly
deign

To re-enact vacation trips
By motor, steamer, yacht or train
If sing you must the trite refrain
Of sights that left you mute and
awed,

If still my friendship you'd retain,
Don't tell me what you saw abroad.

I know by heart what stylish ships
Plow 'cross the transatlantic lane;
I know that stewards stalk for tips.
I know about those nights in Spain.
And effervescing old champagne
Whose mellow magic travelers laud.
I ask you ere I wax profane—
Don't tell me what you saw abroad.

Ad nauseam, from countless lips
Each fall I hear the same inane
And hoary anecdotal quips
From those who crossed the foaming
main.

I'm sick of hearing folks arraign
America. I'll not applaud
Returning tourist's smug disdain—
Don't tell me what you saw abroad.

I've listened well, despite the strain;
Politely I have hemmed and hawed;
But now, good Lawd, I'm talkin' plain:
Don't tell me what you saw abroad.
—Arthur L. Lippmann.

Tapestry

Proud and still
The Spanish bride stands waiting
For the groom who never comes.
Perhaps, some day, a toreador
Will escape from the silver screen
And rescue that lady fair—
With one sway of his hand.
He will snatch the Spanish shawl.
Wrap up the bride, and carry her off
To his castle in the clouds.
Still the Spanish bride stands wait-
ing—
Will that bridegroom never come?

—Wendy.

A Hike in Yellowstone

It was the first time I was ever called upon to plan a mountain climb. Often I had tried to visualize a mountainous country, but never with the fervor that fired me now. I was actually going to get a bird's eye view of one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful spot in America.

A very extraordinary chain of circumstances started me on a coast to coast hike and guided my steps to Yellowstone Park. There I met a very fine young man by the name of Earl Count who was to become one of my most cherished friends. The manner of our meeting was unique. He was Canyon Camp's woodchopper and had an appetite to fit the job. I had arrived in a starved condition and as a consequence we found ourselves the last two through eating at every meal. The only thing to do was to sit together and share our shame.

Many afternoons I would climb the low hill to the woodpile and swap stories with my friend. The most notable object from this viewpoint was Mt. Washburn. Every clear day we would look towards it and wish we could be on that high place. Some times snow would appear at the top; more often clouds. Its very aloofness was tempting. Its call was clear and so we decided to answer it.

We started from Canyon Camp on a Sunday. Days may be dull in Yellowstone, but they are never depressing. So despite a threatening rain, we were full of high spirits. Once I noticed that the peak of the mountain was hidden from view in a cloud and expressed the desire that there might be a cloud there when we arrived. How unaware I was of the incidents to transpire! For the first hour or so it rained, but when it finally ceased the sun came out, our clothing quickly dried in the rarified atmosphere and we were more eager than ever to press on.

For the most part the road lay along the base of a mountain range of which Mt. Washburn is a part. We had crossed the Yellowstone River at Chittenden Bridge, passed the Canyon Hotel, a massive structure of logs, and were nearing Dunraven Pass, where the real climb was to begin.

The country through which we were passing had not changed since the days when Lewis and Clark fought their way through a few miles to the north. Soon we reached Dunraven Pass. Here the road divided, one section leading through the Pass and on to Mammoth Hot Springs, the other up Mt. Washburn, the highest accessible peak in Yellowstone.

Joyfully we began the three miles' climb. Talking almost ceased due to the high altitude. Each of us was entranced by the splendor and enormity of the panorama spreading below us. I was especially interested in the canyon. It stood out boldly in the sunlight, a yellow and crimson gash in the pine forest. Several times we saw the steam from a hot spring hidden in the forest. This spring reminded me of the fact that Mt. Washburn is an extinct volcano, or to be more exact, a part of the rim of one which was responsible for the present physical appearance of that section of the country. We had reached an observation point and were resting when I heard Earl say, "There's the lake, Dud." I turned and was amazed at what I saw. Approximately forty miles away was Yellowstone Lake. Much larger than I had expected; blue water bounded by forests and mountains. What a thing of beauty!

It was hard to realize that we had been in a rain a few hours earlier. Everything was so bright; the forest and canyon and lake appeared so tranquil. In the light of later events, it seems as though the elements had conspired to lull us into a sense of false security. We could not know what was brewing

on the other side of that mountain range. We did not know until a few moments later we topped a sort of causeway or rather a razorback ridge which led to the summit itself. What contrast! Sunshine on one side; black as night on the other. The wind tugged and tore at us and made us lean and strain against it. There was no time to dally now. We raced to the summit and the one room, stone ranger hut which had been built there.

The sight roundabout us was the most thrilling I have ever seen. Out of the northwest sped the storm. We saw its billowy battlefront rolling and tumbling its way over the valleys and peaks below us. Peak after peak was obscured, Mt. Washburn was the last in line. It struck near the base of the mountain and quickly worked its way to the top. We stayed outside until the storm struck. Hail and snow! If I remember correctly, it was the thirty-first day of August. I ran to the leeward side of the hut and looked toward the canyon. The snow clouds which had divided at the base of the mountain were about to close with those which had come up to and over the top. For an instant an opening was left through which I could see the canyon, thirteen miles away, still serene and beautiful in the sunlight.

Then I went inside and found Earl shivering before an open fireplace. We were never able to find out who left the fire, but decided that forest rangers must have been there sometime before us. Anyway, it was mighty welcome. We found more wood and soon had it blazing in a merry fashion. A ladder led to a loft in which we found a phone. We cranked and cranked, but never a response. After fifteen minutes or so much to our chagrin we noticed that the fuses were pulled out. We found nails on the window sill and tried these. Static was the result. I don't know whether a nail should be used in place of a fuse or not, but from the result obtained I think not.

The cold drove us down again. A makeshift table was built around a center post and on this we found a register. We both signed it and also wrote two or three lines explaining the incident. I scratched my initials on the stone wall and with them the page in the register. One of my ambitions is to go back some day and with this index turn back the pages of that register till I come to the very short story of that hike.

Two hours later the storm let up as quickly as it had begun. Even the wind ceased its fury. I saw a picture then that time will not dim; no pen nor brush can fully describe it. Clouds filled the lowlands; the peaks jutted above them like islands of snow. Thousands of square miles lay within our view. In the west and north were the Gallatin Mountains. On the east lay the Absaroka range, its southern end forming the eastern shore of Yellowstone Lake. West of the lake we saw several geysers in eruption. They must have been at least thirty-five or forty miles away, yet we could see them very clearly rising out of the forest like columns of liquid alabaster. South of the park, in the notorious Jackson Hole country lay Grand Teton, over 14,000 feet above sea level. The Teton range extended on south, fading from view nearly two hundred miles away.

The sun was sinking low over the snowy mountains. Every cloud below us shone like gold. Shadows looked blue or purple. The snow sparkled; everything was brilliant with color; the canyon seemed even more red than before.

With regret we began the long hike back. The road was muddy and hard to travel over. Often we entered depressions where clouds had not risen, then it was very cold. As we crossed Dunraven Pass, we saw a cloud moving down the valley toward it. As we walked we would occasionally turn about and

watch the progress of the cloud. It reminded us of a huge serpent as it crawled along.

Soon the base of Mt. Washburn was obscured from view, but the peak rose above the cloud, still bathed in sunlight. We could see the hut on top, its flag frozen out straight from the pole. A fairy mountain and a castle in the air; it was like a beautiful symphony.

During the two or three hours while we trudged back through the dark, we talked almost incessantly of food and of especially noteworthy dinners we had had in the past. My mind seemed to run to a thick juicy tenderloin steak with mushrooms and French fried potatoes. I tried to explain my thoughts to Earl for the sympathy I might get, but he heeded not. He was very quiet for awhile, only muttering such words as "chicken" and "dumplings" and "biscuit," yes, and lots of "biscuit."

Conversation picked up the last mile or so. Both of us realized that our experiences of the afternoon were worth the hardships. The latter would wear off; our memories of the grandeur of the storm and mountains, never.

Excitement reigned at Canyon Camp when we finally arrived. Eight cabins and scores of trees had been blown down. Questions were shot from all sides as we hurried to the kitchen. We were the hungry heroes of the hour. Dinner was served. At that time I did not notice that it consisted mainly of left overs, neither did Earl. To us it was a banquet.

My bed was as welcome as the food. I lay there wide-eyed, too excited to sleep, listening to the wind murmuring in the pines above.

—Dudley Miller.

Teachers' College Committee

At the last meeting of the American Association of Teachers' Colleges, a committee was appointed for accrediting and classification of teachers' colleges. The committee includes the following—for one year, President Charles McKenney, Michigan State Teachers' College; for two years, President J. C. Brown, St. Cloud Teachers' College; for three years, President E. M. Shackelford, Teachers' College, Troy, Alabama; for four years, President Thomas Butcher, State Teachers' College, Emporia, Kansas; for five years, Principal Harry Rockwell, State Teachers' College, Buffalo. Principal Rockwell is now chairman of this committee.

A Tribute to Mrs. Sprague

Few of us, in our busy lives, stop to realize that many of the rights and privileges that are ours today have come to us through the untiring efforts of such women as Mrs. Sprague, mother of our own Miss Sprague.

Mrs. Sprague began her teaching work in Cincinnati at the age of sixteen and from that time until her death on October 21, was an earnest, forceful woman with advanced ideas for the betterment of womanhood. She was a graduate physician at a time when it was not an accepted idea that women should enjoy the same education as men did in that profession.

Mrs. Sprague was a club woman, being a member of many clubs of civic interest. She was a pioneer worker for Suffrage and because of her leadership and work for the cause, was one of the two women chosen to head the procession when suffrage was granted in her state.

In her later years it must have given her great satisfaction to see so many of the ideas realized, the hopes she had dreamed, and worked for come true.

SPORTS

Girls' Basketball

The season has opened with a grand flourish. Again the "gym" rang with the childish shouts of the Freshmen and the dignified "screams" of the Upperclassmen. "Play today and tomorrow you suffer" is an excellent motto for basketball players, especially after the first practice of the season. Undoubtedly you may have noticed and wondered why several hitherto "peppy" students affected so much sedateness and dignity one day last week. It was a case of necessity.

FRESHMEN TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE

1. Each Freshman section ought to have its own basketball team, if possible.
2. In order to "make" the team you must attend fifty per cent. of the practices. If you attend less, you sub and receive no award.
3. Any student failing in four or more hours of schoolwork cannot play on a team.
4. You do not have to be an experienced player to attend practice. Come out and learn! We want and need you!!

Swimming

The first Monday afternoon swimming class at Lafayette has, thus far, been a great success. Thirty pairs of arms and legs heroically and resolutely defied the monster "Bottom of the pool".

After the last mermaid had left the pool, some observant person remarked surprisedly, "How low the pool is! I am quite sure that it was at least two feet higher before those Normal students came!" Never mind, girls.. Water is cheap!!

Keep up the good attendance and induce your friends to come with you.

Men's Basketball

In the first round of the inter-class basketball tournament, the Third and Fourth Year General Normal team was eliminated by Second Year General Industrial, the Scholarship men were defeated by the General Industrial 1927 Group, and in another well played game the General Normal First and Second Year team effected the elimination of First Year General Industrial.

For the second round of the series, the January men drew bye, while the First and Second Year Generals bested Second Year Industrial. The defeated team was winner of the tournament held last year.

The Industrial January '27 unit boasts the school championship by merit of their victory in the final game.

This preliminary competition has aroused the usual interest in our major sport and on the basis of individual performance, should aid in the selection of varsity material.

Our initial and entirely unprecedented effort at football was the Tri Kappa—Freshman game. A 12-0 victory for the Fraternity team is the first entry for our Football records.

Sentimental Journey

My nerves tingled response to the stuffiness of the tent and the grime of knotty fingers. I feverishly attended the squatty stolidness of the gypsy's figure, heard her speak and met her questioning eye. Illiterate speech, untidy hair; they were repulsive, were they not? I must think so. I must not feel so much, I must think! She traced the lines of my trembling palm, with a pointed stick.

"A good hand but a nervous hand," she weighed the words. The rest was gone and my hand shook with uncontrollable tremors. I must think, I must think only of the indolence of this woman. But, no, the woman was indolent but she had something which I wanted!

"Tom, Tom," it surged to my lips! I knew that I had questioned aloud! Again the stupid eyes regarded me.

"A journey, soon," she drawled, "a letter." I hardened my lips against the utterance of his name. My fingers stiffened with the tension of the moment and I blindly thrust her a coin.

Stumbling into the cool, bracing air I unwittingly traced and retraced my steps. Tom—a letter—a journey. Why had he not written? Tommy! Why had I not seen him? Would he come?

I felt the grip of fingers on my arm. "Trudy, you look ill!" I heard, and turned my gaze on the expressionless face of "Pincher", forward of our basketball team.

"It's nothing, only a headache," I laughed.

"Sorry, Trudy," she sympathized.

"Stupid of her to sympathize," I thought. "I don't need sympathy."

"Guess what, Trudy," she challenged.

"Couldn't guess," was my lifeless answer.

"Big game on Friday! Trip to North Adams! They have one of the best small town teams in the country. We're going in a wagon, regular twenty dollar affair! Oh, woman!—Trudy! aren't you glad we're going? You're ill, Trudy!"

"So that's the journey," I thought, "a darned basketball game and, soon—Friday." I bitterly laughed and retracing no more steps, found my way home.

"Letter for you, Trudy!" I heard my mother call, when I had slammed the front door.

"All right," I grumbled.

It was Tom's writing; I read and reread—

Tuesday.

Gertrude—

Work is coming along fine. Guess I'll stick to this line somehow. Boss told me today, that if I continue as I've been, I may expect a promotion. Will probably be in town Friday, on business.

Hope you find your studies as enjoyable as ever.

Truly,

TOM.

I read the letter the third time and only wondered why he had written at all!

With the passage of blank, expressionless time, Friday came! In the twenty-dollar car, we chugged our way to North Adams and, having played our game, we rattled back again! For all I know, Tom had been home and left!

That he had written and had not asked to see me—it troubled my whole being. I know that I must go to the gypsy again, must meet her expressionless face and find what this dull woman had that I was wanting.

I started for her home. "The home of such a woman," I questioned, "what could it be like?" No definite imagery answered my thoughts; indeed, there could be none. The number, the address showed me the place. I picked my way up lifeless, decaying steps, and rang the bell. A girl, an old woman, or was it a girlish old woman, pulled aside the putrid framework of a door.

"Come in. The mistress will soon be ready," she explained in a gush of words.

I chose the support of a black, unpolished chair, and waited. Ten minutes elapsed! I heard the shuffle of chairs in the next room. The gypsy stood before me, but it was not she whom I saw; it was the person behind her!

"Tom," I joyously cried!

"Trudy,"

The gypsy turned sharply. "I see happiness and a journey—a journey," she drawled.

"Curse the woman, Tommy," I whispered.

"Not at all!" he grinned.

1936—What Will You Be Doing?

Nine years from now! Where will you be and what will you be doing? Will you be covering yourself with glory in the educational field and be sending home a wreath of laurel to your Alma Mater; or will you be among the multitude who meander along aimlessly because they lack, or do not wish to exercise the necessary initiative and energy for advancement?

The coming years should be significant of progress. Buffalo State Normal School anxiously watches the progress of her children after they leave her care, and ever rejoices in their good fortunes. She was filled with pride to learn that Julia Sheehan, a graduate of the Class of '17, is now Principal of the Hunnewell School at Wellesley, Massachusetts. At the 78th Annual Convention of the Norfolk County Teachers' Association, held in Boston October 23 at the Tremont Theater, Miss Sheehan presided as President of the organization.

While a student in this institution, Miss Sheehan was an active participant in school life. She not only received, but she gave. During her Senior year she was the Editor-in-Chief of the Elms.

An "At Home"

No longer is it necessary to apologize to the assembled guests because the hot water for tea does not arrive from the third floor in time for everybody to be served. No longer is the atmosphere in which tea is served somewhat drab and cheerless.

The social center is again open so that all may enjoy its recently acquired decorations and furnishings. Two things have happened to the Center which will make future afternoons "at home" remembered events. First and foremost, the renovation of every nook and cranny. Next, we have electric hot plates and running water!

To Dr. Rockwell we are indebted for the redecoration. To certain organizations of the school we owe gratitude for the installation of the new entertainment facilities.

The Social Center has been made a place for student gatherings. It is a student responsibility that it continue to look as attractive as at present.

The Electric City

Dear Travel Editor—

When I heard you were to issue a Travel Number of the Record I immediately decided to tell of a certain trip of October 22.

The clothing section of the Sophomore Class H. E. went to Niagara Falls to observe several factories.

As usual, I awoke that morning to find it cold and dark and cloudy. I dressed in the warmest clothes I had, and miserable in rubbers, and carrying an umbrella, I set out. We were to meet at the Old Power Plant at the Falls. Most of us going by auto. My party made the trip in record time despite wind, rain and cold and arrived first at our destination. In a few minutes other sufferers arrived and after that the rest, all except one car full, had come.

Our first visit was to the model falls which covers less than an acre of ground and is exactly like the real falls, built to scale. Several men began to wade about in the icy water, placing islands in the river to demonstrate how the flow of water could be controlled. It rather cheered us to see someone damper and colder than ourselves.

Our guide who evidently understood Niagara Falls traffic better than did we, led us from there to the New Power Plant. We were ushered into a warm, comfortable room and allowed to dry out while Mr. Bradbury, our conductor, gave us a most interesting explanation of what we had just seen and what we were about to see.

I'm afraid we would have noticed more details of the plant had the guides not been young, very attractive men. However, a few of the more practical minded girls, like myself, found the electrical workings most absorbing. The roar of the water as it revolves the huge turbines made it necessary for Mr. Bradbury to broadcast his remarks over radios placed at convenient places along the way.

None of us were sorry to find "luncheon" next on the program, and after wandering about located the "xy" and proceeded to eat everything eatable in sight.

That afternoon we visited the cleanest place in the world, the "Home of Shredded Wheat". We agreed that a finer, cleaner building we had never seen. We enjoyed our sample of the shredded product served in a most attractive dining room, in a most attractive way.

I believe we also visited the dirtiest place in the world—the home of Carborundum. Besides the lumps of the glistening carborundum which we pocketed as souvenirs, we also brought away quite a bit on our faces and hands. By this time the sun had come out and most of us were carrying our rubbers and sweaters and were tired, warm and criss. The noise of the factory was astounding and several times we were nearly run down by little electric wagons used to convey materials. They approach with deadly speed and extreme silence, and the operator shouts just before the wagon begins to hit your heels. It's leap or die and I believe I lost several pounds due to fright and unaccustomed exercise.

At last we were again in the open air, and dragging ourselves to the autos, we bid Niagara Falls adieu and collapsed in relief upon the comfortable cushions of our car.

—R. D.

Flowers

A suggestion has been made that we brighten the Social Center with flowers. How are we going to do this and who is going to take charge of the matter? This is something to think about. If you have any suggestions, please report them to the Dean.

A Call to Service

The dogs of war had growled their last. Haggard hands, numbed by war's horror, fumbled at reconstruction. A people, broken in body and spirit came out from the hell to do again what war's outrage had undone. War torn states groped blindly in the darkness of debt and despair. The ravage had seemingly spared none. All mankind realized that a heinous crime had been perpetuated against them; that a hurt had been inflicted upon souls which only generations could soften.

From this chaotic struggle there came a cry directed especially to the students in American colleges, "Fellow students, we are starving, do not fall us." American students could not but heed the appeal. There was established in the United States, with headquarters at New York City, an organization known as the European Student Relief Bureau. With the financial aid of the several sympathetic schools, the organization provided food and shelter for the student refugees—thousands in number.

Unfortunately, even when actual necessities were supplied and shared, the situation did not brighten perceptibly. But rather as the need for necessities lessened, a ghastly panorama of hate and fear was revealed. Older Europe looked to the students; the young intelligents; the prospective leaders. Youth, conscious of its demand, struggled for its life. They had to learn to live together—to rebuild a system of society.

What was to be the objective of this new era? Were they to rebuild structures of dizzy height upon false foundations of international treachery and deceit or were they to turn steadfastly toward the light of lasting peace? American students again directed their energies to aid them. Despite reactionary nationalistic tendencies, there was created a permanent organization known as, "The International Student Relief Movement".

Initial suspicion of ulterior motives was gradually replaced by increased confidence in the sincere spirit actuating the work. Fellowship grew and the interchange of student thought tended to forge bonds of inestimable strength. Impartiality of service with discrimination toward none, regardless of race, nationality, creed, or political affiliation has characterized the work from the beginning.

But the work is not over. The need for information about the world in which we live, is more keenly felt than ever before. The students of all nations are awakening to their responsibility, organizing themselves, seeking channels for self expression, participating in national and international politics; are, in fact, bending every effort to the avoidance of another false structure.

The work of the International Student Friendship Organization is not for a year or five, or ten, but is everlasting. Students must look ahead to the Utopia of international good will. The realization of such a dream can only result from universal support—ethical and financial. The call has come to Buffalo State Normal School.

—ROBERT H. BLACK.

Faculty Dinner

A dinner was given for the new Faculty members at the Hotel Lenox on November 11. This occasion was in celebration of the fact that Normal School is well on its way towards becoming a Teachers' College. Never before has it been possible to entertain fourteen new Faculty members in one year. The entire program was planned for the edification and entertainment for these and other notable guests of honor.

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The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

VOL. XV

December Issue, 1926

No. 3

Wise Hannah, of the Loving Heart

IRMA W. MASON

Christmas Eve is always the best night to tell the Christ stories and one Christmas when we were assembled around the great open fire the Story-teller began:—

"I've often thought when we hear of the Three Shepherds and even The Other Wise Man, why it is we have not heard the story of Hannah, the Helper, the kind woman with the loving heart. Women had loving hearts in those days as they do now and just because the chroniclers of the life of Christ were men, and men who knew little of family life, they have so far neglected to write of Hannah of the Loving Heart.

"It was at the time of the Feast of the Lighted Candles that Hannah's little son, just seven days old, had breathed his last, little quivery sigh, and died in his mother's arms, arms that were to ache again and again for that little baby form. Night after night would Hannah waken thinking she heard the baby move, only to find his little cradle empty and cold and her sorrow would again overwhelm her. For had not Hannah and her husband, Benjamin, counted much on this their little son who now was no more. Stepping to the outer door Hannah would gaze with tear-dimmed eyes at the stars that seemed to swarm in such myriad numbers; and gradually, as she felt the swing of stars through space, a breath seemed to whisper to her: 'Blessed are they who mourn for they shall be comforted'—and her heart would lighten within her and she would return to her couch more at peace and then would gently fall asleep. But in the daytime, the sight of the little baby clothes that she had embroidered and sewed with such infinite skill and patience, weaving such dreams into the tiny garments that they seemed to glow and shimmer as though with the soft, sweet radiance of the pearls of the Orient; her heart would cry out within her and her blood turn to water and life seem but a little incident and only trial and tribulation; yet, as she sank weeping on to her knees at the side of her treasure chest, a soft breath would whisper unto her: 'But a little while and the Comforter will come'. Again would her heart lighten within her and she would rise and go once more about her work, of doing good.

"It was good work that Hannah of the Loving Heart did in those days, for a great crowd had come upon the little city of David. It was the time of the great Emperor Augustus, and he, being a man of great pride and arrogance, had sent out from Rome the edict that all of his vassals must send in the numbering of the peoples in their kingdoms. Herod, the Great, King of Palestine, had set the whole land in motion; for, in accordance with

the ancient custom of the Jews, the census was taken, not at the place where the people then dwelt but at the places to which they belonged as members of the original twelve tribes of Israel. Many people were flocking back to the little city of David and Hannah of the Loving Heart would hold many a tired little one to her breast and comfort it. And when the nights turned cold ever and anon would somebody's baby be warmed by one of the beautiful garments that Hannah had made for her own beloved little son. So gradually her treasure chest became nearly empty and she was appalled when looking within, there remained only one long, most exquisitely made slumber robe, her baby boat, as she called it. This she must keep for memory's sake and she hugged it to her heart, covering it with kisses. Again the whisper came to her: 'Give and it shall be given unto you'—and her heart would lighten within her and she would be up and about her work.

"Night fell and Hannah's house became crowded with kinsfolk who had travelled hundreds of miles and were footsore and weary, so that they might register their names to the King's scroll. At last they had all eaten and Hannah had prepared places for them to sleep, even giving up her own bed so that they might rest more comfortably. Worn and heartsick, thinking that her little son's name would never be upon the register Hannah stepped to the outer door to gaze once more at the stars that had comforted her in previous times. As she gazed skyward, a most beautiful star attracted her attention. Larger and more perfect in every way; it seemed first as a radiant fire, an opal of iridescence, that seemed to quiver with ecstasy, a star that seemed glad and as though it rejoiced and exulted. Wondering, Hannah watched with a heart that almost worshipped this glorious beauty. 'It almost seems like the star one hears of from olden times, when the Savior of Mankind will be so foretold,' she thought with reverent awe stealing over her. Gazing upward, she had not seen the man limping toward her but when a hurried call of 'Help, Kind Woman, my wife is in dire distress' she ran forward and followed the limping figure to her neighbor's stable. There upon the hay in the manger lay a little new born babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, his mother lying beside the manger pale and nearly swooning. Quickly, Hannah went about helping with all the tenderness and love that she had shown to those in need and soon had the Mother Mary smiling up at her wanly as she said: 'Blessed are they that minister unto the needy, my sister. How is my Little One?'

"Hannah leaned over the manger and beheld the baby wrapped just in swaddling clothes, and said: 'Dear One, I will go, but I will return.' She hastened over to her home and quietly slipping into her room, opened the treasure chest and lifted out her last exquisite baby garment and several blankets and returned to the stable. All that I have I give, for this is He, born King of the World,—the Savior of Mankind,' she whispered as she wrapped the babe tenderly in the garment of her dreams."—Copyright.

Educational Week Assembly

Since it is customary for the schools of the United States to observe an Educational Week, it seemed especially fitting that the Senior Class should deliver before the Assembly such addresses and selections as were in keeping with the occasion. The program was under the direction of Mr. Root. Robert Black, who presided, gave an especially pertinent speech on "The Necessity for an Efficient School System".

Amateur Santa

CATHERINE O'BRIEN.

Rodney stood irresolutely on the running board of his car. Large flakes of snow were falling in a continuous and unswerving path on the already deeply covered ground. It would probably be a hard task to start his car later, but at present there were weightier matters resting on the mind of Rodney Frantiss, the young lawyer, whose reputation as a good sport and a friend in need was known throughout Carson. At a word from his companion in the car he chuckled.

"To think that I should play Santa for Dick's kid is a bit thick, isn't it, Bill, old chap?"

Bill, thus addressed, put a restraining hand on his friend's arm.

"Stranger than fiction, isn't it? But say, are you sure this is the right house?" and as Rodney nodded, "it doesn't seem exactly right to me. Well, run along now, but don't be longer than ten minutes."

With a cheery farewell, Rod slung his bag over his shoulder and started to plow his way through the deepening snow toward the house. When he reached the side porch, there was a moment of hesitation and then with a shrug he turned and gently let himself in the low window. His first glance around the living room was a revelation. Faintly lit by the flickering gleam of one lone Christmas candle, the room showed meager, bare and strange. The few pieces of furniture seemed crude and disorganized. Perhaps Dick had not settled, having so recently moved. Ah, that was it! But then, the oval gilt mirror on the wall did not seem like Dick's. However, the reflection it gave back of a good looking Santa entirely satisfied him.

"The kid is scheduled to appear at this time," he mused, but as he glanced about the room he discovered not one, but four surprised little tots staring questionably at him. What was it all about? Had he really blundered into the wrong house? Thoughts ran with lightning rapidity through his confused head. What if he were arrested on Christmas Eve for housebreaking! Impossible! He would be ruined. First of all he would have to hush the awed whisperings of the children.

"Well, well! boys and girls, I'm Santa," and then to himself, "Too high, I'll make it gruffer next time." He started again, and as he received no response, he realized with a shock that the children did not understand English.

Filled with apprehension, yet trying to keep cool and collected, he cast around for a means of escape before the parents of the kiddies should appear upon the scene.

"I'll have to get out mighty soon, but in the meantime, I'll have to keep them quiet," he muttered to himself.

He began to hop lightly around in what he considered a good imitation of a jolly old man. The children began to clap. No time for noise here. He would have to try again. Just then he bethought himself of his role as Santa. Why, of course, give them toys. Extracting a large talking doll from his bag he handed it to the smallest tot. On examination it emitted a whining noise. The startled child dropped the doll and promptly burst into tears. Rod longed to suppress the sobs by means of more drastic measures, but then—he was old Santa, wasn't he?

He picked up the sobbing child and began to soothe her. Wrong move again. She clutched and after a wild jerk, withdrew her hand filled with half

of Rod's white beard. As he pulled his fur collar higher to shield his face he decided that his patience was fast wearing out. He would have to leave before he forgot that he was no longer Rodney Frentris, but Santa—that jolly old friend of all children.

Ah ha—his old trick. It never failed to bring a response. Squatting down he began to waddle toward the window—a perfect imitation of a duck. O woe the day! He felt himself smartly slapped from behind as one of the youngsters, jumping on his shoulders gave evidence of wanting a horse back ride. Immediately the other tots were clawing and straining to mount his back. A crash! Darn that lamp! He'd have to make a jump for it! He vaulted over the sill and gave a sigh of relief as he landed on the soft snow below.

Then as fast as his boots would permit, he hurried to his waiting car. Gaining it, he rudely shook the dozing Bill.

"Man, they're after us," he cried as he fell into his seat.

"Who's after us? What's up?"

"Wrong house," Rod gasped, and then as the house faded in the distance, he started to explain.

"I must admit that I wasn't a half bad Santa, but never again!" he concluded, with a sigh.

"Yes! your face bears mute testimony that your first attempt was an overwhelming success—almost."

That Freshman Letter Home

December.

Dear Daddy:

Well, I thought I'd sit down and write you a letter to let you know I'll be home soon. Please excuse the terrible writing; the teacher's talking disturbs me:

I've got several things to tell you and I'll let you know more when I get home. First I want to tell you not to pay much attention to those three blue slips which were mailed home. Almost everybody here gets them and they're only used to scare the students and make them get their homework in on time. I also want to say that the extra \$2.50 which you sent me to buy winter underwear has been extorted from me for some kind of blanket tacks. I have joined the Glee Club and the Debating Society and have taken an active part eating in the socials which they run every once in a while. I haven't been elected to any office as yet, but you know Napoleon wasn't made commander-in-chief the first day.

I find the gym work interesting but fall down on the fancy dancing stunts. It takes plenty of time to learn a combination Charleston and Japanese cakewalk.

Of course, daddy, all these activities require, er, a—funds. Most of the lads here write to their daddies only when they need money, but that is the last thing I think of when I write.

All the young ladies here are going to teach—they know the value of money and absolutely won't let a fellow spend anything. So you see I need cash for useful purposes only.

Tell mother, dear, that I am well and wear my rubbers to school every day.

—GEORGE.

BOOKS

Galahad. Enough of his life to explain his reputation, by John Erskine.

[It would be so much easier to review a book were it not for its enthusiastically worded paper jacket. I cannot agree with the back flap especially, which claims that the book is "Scintillating, Brilliant, Provoking, Droll, Exquisite."]

After so successfully rescuing Helen of Troy from the dusty, legendary past and making her as vivid as Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Mr. Erskine has tried also to rescue Galahad and the knights and ladies of King Arthur's court. As the title promises, enough is told to make Galahad plausible—not a prig, but a man brave enough to keep his ideal without retiring from life. Galahad is the son of Lancelot and Elaine—not "the lily maid of Astolat," but another Elaine, daughter of King Pelles, and Guinevere's "Masterpiece." Lancelot is the most vividly drawn character, and the real hero. For young Galahad one feels admiration and respect, but for Lancelot, sympathy and a comforting kinship.

As someone says, "An amazing vitality is imparted to every word and gesture of these dim, romantic, far-off immortals—Guinevere and the two Elaines, Arthur and Lancelot and Galahad—who, somehow, become our contemporaries."

Mr. Erskine uses conversation, mostly dialogue, to gain this effect of reality.

King Arthur is rather interesting. "Soon after their wedding he found out that she (Guinevere) had married him to reform him. He would not have minded," he said, "if he had had more leisure, but with the Kingdom on his hands he was too busy to be reformed." Lancelot went further, under Guinevere's inspiration. "But then he fell into a routine and ceased to imagine."

Guinevere, next to Lancelot, interested me most. A woman of high ambition, she tried to achieve vicarious success through three men in her life, Arthur, Lancelot, then Galahad. We can consider Guinevere, as Mr. Erskine sees her, as a famous educator.

"Choose one dream, Galahad, and be faithful to that, but don't say the things you decided not to do were necessarily bad; don't make your choice easier by pretending yours was the only good life possible."

Candaule's Wife, by Emily James Putnam, who does not seem to be related to the famous Nina Wilcox. Told in the modern way, these are fine stories from Herodotus, and belong to the Atlantic Monthly rather than to the Satevepost style of literature.

The Charlot of Fire, by Bernard de Voto. This second book of Mr. de Voto's is a more powerful story than *The Crooked Mile*, dealing, as it does, with the religious havoc created in a pioneer country.

The Poems of Emily Dickinson. To the general reader, a complete collection of any author is usually rather overwhelming, but Emily Dickinson's work is so finely thought out, so conscientiously worded, that a complete collection is not boring.

You Can't Win, by Jack Black. This is the story you have heard of—about crime, by a real criminal. For the sociology student it is of great value; to the small boy it is thrilling. And Carl Sandburg says it is good.

Benjamin Franklin, the First Civilized American. For anyone who has an especial interest in Franklin, the many revealing documents and the hitherto unpublished letters tell many things about him which he did not include in his autobiography.

The China Cow, by Gladys Beto. A charming collection of stories and verses for children.

The Soul of Spain, by Havelock Ellis. A colorful and wise account of Spain, its women, its art, its religion, by a famous thinker.

A December Crime Story

"You mean to say you're going to let her stay?" came the demand in a voice shaking with emotion.

"I certainly am," came the reply in a near shout.

"Throw her out!" issued the order in another, more decisive voice.

"I'll do nothing of the kind."

"She has no business here."

"I know what I'm doing."

"Perhaps you're not feeling well."

"I tell you she's one of the best girls we can possibly get."

The voices were rising. It was clear that trouble might ensue. Then the argument continued:

"He's a big bum."

"He knows his business. This lad can do everything that could be expected of him and I'm sticking to him at this great moment."

"Think of his reputation!"

"That's all right about his reputation. He and I'll take care of that."

"Do you know what they are going to say if you pick this one?"

"Never mind about that."

"They'll say we're getting something out of it."

"That's straight. Throw him out!"

At this point there was a sound of falling chairs and then a groan. The voices increased in volume:

"I tell you she's a flirt with no brains."

"If you weren't a dunce you wouldn't say such a thing."

"Be yourself. If you don't throw her out we'll be the joke of the day."

"She stays, understand? And no more argument."

"You're off your noodle, that's all. Plain crazy."

"You can't talk like that and get away with it."

"Gwan ———!"

"Take that ———!"

Several shots rang out.

There was the sound of falling bodies and then a relieved silence.

(Editor's Note: The coroner's jury, basing its deductions on the conversation, filed a totally erroneous verdict. The truth of the matter is that the well-known and extremely popular victims comprised the Council of the Senior Class and foolishly tried to agree on a nomination for the chairman of the Senior What-Not Committee.)

While the Seniors are gradually tuning up and paying up for their grand symphony—Commencement—their worthy leaders have made an auspicious beginning in choosing such very capable committees.

This, then, is the personnel:

COMMITTEE FOR COMMENCEMENT

Finance Committee—Harry Kabel, Chairman; Agnes Parry, William Lanhann, Walden Cofran, Hubertha Faxlanger, Anastasia Brundage.

Ways and Means Committee—Dorothy Pagel, Chairman; Adolphine Blademann, Kathleen Gunn, Arthur Schuster, Julius Braun, Ralph Palmer.

Class Day Committee—Julie Bindeman, Chairman; Frederica Wasmer, Rosalie Chapman, Ella Coleman, Thomas Cary, David Meade, Catherine Becker, Lydia Nelson.

Prom Committee—Margaret Kinzley, Chairman; Byron Schottin, Myrtle Tout, Martha Simmons, Lynn Bachmann, Gertrude Vincent, Esther Boyd, Mary Caulfield, Alma Tobek, Antoinette Dee.

Invitation Committee—Evelyn Bell, Chairman; Alice Weinheimer, Ruth Vawter, Dorothy Dundon, Katherine Daw.

Gift Committee—Cynthia Reed, Chairman; Mary Winter, Harold Vogt, Marion Slaven.

Ring and Pin Committee—Dorothy Parks, Chairman; Dorothy Potter, Ralph Fraser, Ella Harriet Sherman, Ruth Burket, Amy Neuman.

Picture Committee—Lewis McKee, Chairman; Maurice Rovner, Betty Scott, Mildred Weber.

Cap and Gown Committee—Mary Elizabeth Houghton, Chairman; Nellie Casten, David O'Connell, Lanora Glasby, Annie Rhee Kirby.

Color Committee—Doris Cowen, Chairman; Evelyn Muir, Walter Oring.

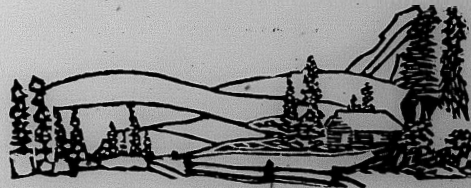
Flower Committee—Daisy Weinmar, Chairman; Emily Trachsell, Beatrice Prenevan.

Song Committee—Josephine Choate, Chairman; Marion Hurst, Janice Laing, Ray Burke.

Motto Committee—Helen Busch, Chairman; Margaret Owens, Doris Hugins, Louise Wolf.

The Family Group

At the suggestion of the President of the Fourth Year Class, arrangements have been made for a merging of the two divisions on Assembly mornings. Now when one walks into the Auditorium on Tuesdays and Fridays, the General Normal and Home Economics Seniors of the Fourth Year Class may be observed chatting confidentially together instead of gazing blankly at each other from two sections of the Auditorium. At last the long-looked-for days have arrived.—"H. E." knows "General Normal" and "General Normal" knows "H. E."



Looking Backward

Looking backward twenty-five years is a long time to most of the students, because that covers more than the period of their years. Looking back to twenty-five years for one whose span of life extends more than double that number of years, does not seem so very long.

It was in November 1901, that my service as janitor of the Buffalo State Normal School began. Dr. James Cassey was Principal of the school at that time. His deeds are not recorded in bronze or marble, but truly live in the hearts and minds of thousands of students and friends whose lives are still largely influenced by his wise and friendly counsel and his fatherly interest.

The sun dial on the campus marks the exact center of the old building. The building was in the form of a capital letter I extending 160 feet in length from Normal Avenue to 14th Street and 80 to 80 feet wide facing Jersey. It was three stories in height, the same as the present building. The science department was in the rear, standing in the court of the present building, connected to the old building by two covered bridges, one from the second and one from the third floor. The present building was built around this science building on three sides with wings of the new building approaching the old structure within thirty feet. It was about half the size of the present building.

Coat rooms in the basement, no lockers, and therefore the teacher of mathematics and the janitor were not importuned several times during the day to unlock lockers. A bank of five wash basins in a circle in one of the coat rooms was all the cleansing facilities for the girl students. Two mirrors only were provided. It was not the custom to renew complexions as often in that day as in the present age and so two mirrors sufficed.

The gymnasium, ballroom and auditorium were on the third floor. Six dances a year were about the limit and as a result of being on the third floor, the audience which is present at the windows of our gymnasium on pleasant evenings was necessarily absent.

There was about the same number of trees on the front campus as at present, but as one of the teachers said at the time that the new building was constructed, it seemed to her that when the old building was standing there was a small forest in front of it, but from the new building the same trees seemed like a narrow fringe along Jersey Street. The campus in the rear, of course, was much larger than at present affording ample room for all outdoor activities at that time.

There was no electricity in the old building, lighting was all with gas. The building was closed at 5 p. m. and as the apparatus for lighting the gas was in charge of the janitor, there was no trouble in getting teachers and students out at that time—especially on short winter days.

There were no Industrial or Homemaking Departments in the old building. Even with the lack of some of the present facilities which are considered necessary, who shall say that the tree of knowledge planted and nourished by the pioneers of the Buffalo Normal was not well done?

We believe that the work which was done then is still being ably carried on and that under the wise leadership of the present Principal and Faculty the growth of the school for the next twenty-five years will fully equal that of the past twenty-five. At the end of the first half of the twentieth century some of you who will be living at that time can say with us of the first quarter of the century, of the work and results accomplished, "it is well."

—Franklin H. Smith

A Model Chem Lab

The beakers and flasks
Are clear rock candy,
Filled with a white precipitate
Of ice cream.
Red and Orange solutions,
Thick and sweet,
Are sauces;
Filter paper pies
Are delicious and tender;
Hot drinks or cold,
All colors and flavors.
There is no assignment,
Experiment—what you please.

—Wendy.

Sister Susie

I.

Susie Liza Meadowgrass just came up
from the farm,
(Her paw sent her to Normal School,
he thought would do no harm).
She found a room and registered, and
many nites did toil,
Susie studied very hard and burned
the midnight oil.
Her hair was gold, her eyes were blue,
as pretty as can be—
The girls then cornered Susie and she
pledged sorority.
Now lessons never bother her—all
wasted time, 'twould seem.
And Susie burns her midnight oil in
someone's limousine.

II.

Susie Liza Meadowgrass became a
humble pledge;
She loved and honored and obeyed
'till nerves were all on edge;
She washed a million dishes and she
had her first blind date;
Was paddled fore and after;—was a
scared initiate.
She then was caught up in a whirl of
dances, sales and sings;
She made dramatics, Record, and a
dozen other things.
She joined the Glee and Art Kraft
Clubs, enough to make you moan;
Susie never has a bit of time to call
her own.

Pirate of My Pantry Store

Pirate of my pantry store,
You're a terror o'er and o'er.
You have worn my youth away,
You have made my hair turn gray
With the daring stunts you do.
I am quite discouraged with you.

If you raid my cookie pall
All my anger seems to fall
When you look at me and grin,
I must laugh and then give in.
Pirate of my pantry store,
You have eaten sweets galore.

Christmas goodies on the shelf
Are your favorite loaf and pelf.
Nuts that I have tried to hide
You have strewn both far and wide.
Window panes are white with mist,
Gray prints from your dirt-smudged
fist.

Ah, they tell me you've discovered
Candy that I thought was covered.
Apples, pears and juicy grapes,
Raisins, figs or sticky dates,
None escape your watchful eye,
The topmost shelf is not too high.

And, oh, there my pumpkin pie
For your hands explored a bit.
Makes me heave a doleful sigh;
Each finger had a taste of it.
Oh, my pantry and its plunder
Fill your baby heart with wonder.

Pirate of my Spanish Main,
Seeking sweetmeats, I would fain
Let you have your hours of pleasure
Plundering shelves of wondrous
treasure.

If Christmas means such jolly fun
Searching shelves when baking's
done.

Little lad, I'll not deny,
None enjoy it more than I.
For I love to hear your shout
As new treasures you draw out.
Oh, I love you more and more,
Pirate of my pantry store.

—Helen Margaret Bunclark.

The Fraternity Attitude

December 3, 1926.

Mr. Editor:

In view of the lack of space in The Record, we wish to suggest that such narrow-minded comment, as appeared in the article entitled "Fraternity," be left unprinted. We realize that such sentiment is a result of ignorance concerning the venerable customs which govern the treatment of "Pledges" in all institutions of Collegiate rank. Until these adopt a different course we shall follow the program of past years. Please be kind enough to print this in the next issue of The Record.

Sincerely,

PSI PHI FRATERNITY.

December 3, 1926.

Editor-in-Chief of Record.

Dear Sir:

We note with great displeasure the editorial "Fraternities" which appeared in the "Travel Issue" of The Record.

It seems to us an unnecessary waste of space in view of the amount of excellent material which has been rejected because of lack of that very feature. We deem it unnecessary to defend a custom which is venerable in all colleges. We shall continue to do in the future as we have done in the past.

We would appreciate very much the printing of this letter in the next issue of The Record.

Sincerely yours,

KAPPA KAPPA KAPPA FRATERNITY.

In Rebuttal

We commend the excellent collaboration of Psi Phi and Kappa Kappa Kappa Fraternities in answering for their "venerable" custom. The antiquity and collegiate popularity of such a method would seem to be the sole excuse for its vogue in Buffalo Normal.

The insistence of a few to foist upon an overwhelming majority the fruits of pledge discipline is altogether out of proportion. The use of the school premises for undesired and distasteful initiation practices is a colossal parade of fraternal ego. The student body does not care for the pledge brand of entertainment.

The mere fact that students are slow in asserting their right to question a doubtful practice is no indication that the right is obsolete. The Editor of The Record entirely sponsors the protest against the use of the student body as an audience for Fraternity Initiations.

We have a very efficient Central Council to decide student matters. Since the fraternal minority cannot interpret the word to the wise, the logical step is formally to present the matter to the Council for a decision which can be nothing but the expression of student opinion.

Experience

I was summoned to the telephone and offered a position as clothing teacher at a Community House on Saturdays. After accepting the offer and fortifying myself with a revival of all my past, present and future knowledge, I set forth on Saturday—the latest addition to the honorable ranks. Since to my surprise and chagrin I discovered that I had arrived three minutes too early, I sat down to compose my opening speech, fervently hoping that none of the children would show up.

However, my hopes were in vain, for when I sauntered into my classroom I met the inquiring stare of ten more girls than I had expected and two tiny additions who had accompanied their big sisters to school. The first remark I heard whispered, "Ain't we got a funny teacher, this year?" did little to put me at my ease. I stood nervously behind a table as between gasps I gave my opening address. In it I had informed them of my name but it was with dismay that I found at the end of the hour that it had lost its first syllable and had consequently lost its respectable Irish nature.

Following this I gave out samples to each girl only to be informed that about half of them were not of as good a grade of material as the rest. The next thing was to supply each with a thimble, and needle and thread, which sounds easy on paper. The children's fingers were of different sizes while the thimbles were of uniform size. At this point one of the thimbles disappeared, to be later traced to the mouth of one of the little tots. When it had been bent back into its original shape I took up the class again.

In the midst of my explanation of the hemming stitch, one of the kiddies considered the time opportune for a prank. All unmindful of my presence, she playfully jostled a stout little girl from her chair to the floor, where she sat in a distorted position and emitted lusty squeals. Upon seeing her rightly seated in her chair, I warily pulled my own under me, and assuming as dignified an expression as the situation warranted, I resumed my discussion.

The clang of the bell put a timely end to my miseries, as with beating pulse and fluttering heart I concluded my day as a teacher.

The Chimes

There is an indefinable something present in all schools and colleges which is known as "School Spirit." Have you ever thought of the factors of which it is composed? They are the little familiar things about the school which endear themselves to us as the charming qualities of the personality of a friend.

It is the end of the hour. Through the quiet of the day, peal the chimes, penetrating with clear, ringing tones into the noisiest and most absorbed of classrooms. Another hour of work has been accomplished and another mile-stone passed on the road to success. Clear and beautiful the chimes ring out with a singularly sweet tone, calling us to work or to play. They are one of Normal's greatest charms, and yet how many students have learned really to know and love them? How many actually know they exist? You know perfectly the loving qualities of your friend, why not those of your Alma Mater? Like many of us, Normal has charming qualities which she reveals only to those who seek them. From the tower comes the voice of Buffalo Normal speaking to her students and sending to the world her message of cheer and enlightenment—the chimes.

—D. G.

Organizations

Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club, with the excellent help of Miss Keeler, has made a good start this year. The new officers are: Adele Nagel, President; Lee Doll, Vice-President; Julia Forsyth, Secretary; Florence Nevins, Treasurer. Olga Craighin is in charge of play productions.

The Christmas play is progressing rapidly under the direction of Miss Keeler. The cast is as follows: Old Irish Women, Dorothy Maccoomb, Vera Gottschalk; Three Kings, Carl Minich, Robert Black, G. Alvis Thorn; Shepherds, Lee Doll, Humphrey Sgroi, Harry Kabel; Mary, Hazel Gilbert; Joseph, Howard Simons; First Angel, Julia Forsyth. This gift to the school is an outstanding feature in the Christmas program.

The Debating Club

Discussions of questions, serious and otherwise, is one of the purposes of this organization. Such questions as "Resolved: That the I. R. C. is justified in raising the fare to ten cents" and "Resolved: That preparation for war is a guarantee of peace" have been debated with great success.

The last debate was held on Wednesday, December 15. The question was: "Resolved: That man is superior to woman in intelligence." Miss Wendel and Messrs. Sgroi and Braun defended the question, and Miss Gast and Messrs. Dunclan and Fried attacked it. The Faculty and Student Body, especially those interested in sociology and psychology, are at all times invited.

Men's Glee Club

The initial assembly appearance of the Men's Glee Club took place Friday morning and plans for the radio concert are now being made.

A large delegation trekked down to the Central Y for the semester supper. Speakers included John Coughlin, first president, and James A. Smealie, a prominent publicity man.

Mr. Wilbur Gorham, who recently consented to act as faculty advisor, was introduced, and received an enthusiastic reception. After miscellaneous business was disposed of, the members abandoned themselves to an orgy of individual and collective harmony.

Junior Glee Club

A very eager and interested organization is manifested in the Junior Glee Club under the direction of Miss McMann. Rehearsals are held regularly and faithfully attended on Tuesday afternoons at four o'clock.

For the comparatively short period of our existence we have accomplished a great deal. On November tenth a supper party was held for the purpose of getting acquainted, inasmuch as the fifty members represent at least the eight freshmen sections. In co-operation with the Senior and Men's Glee Clubs we are broadcasting our wares to the appreciative ears of the people attending chapel on Tuesday and Friday mornings.

We are looking forward to enjoying even better times in the future than we have in the past. With such a spirit it can readily be seen that we will have a most successful organization.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. girls take this opportunity to thank you for your Thanksgiving contributions. Thru the co-operation of the entire school, we were able to supply many families with baskets which were much appreciated.

Normal Industrial Society

The Normal School Industrial Society is entering on its third year of activity. The membership consists of every person in the One Year Industrial group, First and Second Year's Industrial students and all members of the faculty in the Industrial Department.

The program is complete for the coming year and consists of two assembly programs, two lectures for members only, eight sets of films on Industrial work for members only and two trips, one to Niagara Falls and one in Buffalo, to study the types of schools and the results obtained in each.

We have a membership of sixty-two members through the efforts of Mr. Peck in the Scholarship group who secured a hundred percent score; Mr. McKee in the second year Industrial group and Mr. Thiele in the first year group, both of which have a hundred percent score.

Men's Club

Due to certain difficulties, it was thought advisable to postpone any Men's Club activities. However, a committee is working on a plan for a banquet before Christmas. Every man should be looking forward to a great evening of fellowship.

Nu Lambda Sigma

This organization was founded two years ago in our school. A number of persons interested in literature decided to extend their study beyond the classroom, and the literary club Nu Lambda Sigma resulted. Our social meetings have always been open to the entire school and the response has been very delightful. Although our membership is limited, we are glad to welcome anyone who shows a sufficient interest in literature.

The subject of our meetings so far this year has been Contemporary Drama. At our first meeting Dr. Daniels gave an interesting talk on Ibsen. At the following meeting members took parts and read "A Doll's House," by Ibsen. Other programs presented Oscar Wilde and Flinero. Our future program will include such well known dramatists as Barrie, Galsworthy, Shaw, Yeats, Synge and Eugene O'Neil.

The School Choir

The old order changeth! Dignified Seniors occupy the balcony in Assembly, and joyous Frosh proudly sit on the ground floor. The reason for all this upheaval is that the combined Glee Clubs of the school have formed a choir to assist in the Assembly singing.

Is there a new song to be learned? The choir will make short work of it. Does everyone seem to be half asleep, and loath to sing? The choir will put pep and vitality into the drowsiest song.

In other words, the choir is endeavoring to make Assembly singing one of the most inspiring phases of our school life.

The Glee clubs are also hard at work preparing Christmas music for the many holiday activities.

The Record

Published by the Students of the State Normal School, Buffalo, N.Y.
Printed in the State Normal School Print Shop

Terms, \$1.00 a Year Single Copies, 15 cents

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

The New Year

The birth of another, altogether unused year is rapidly approaching. It is a time opportune for reflection, for evaluation, for a comparison of conditions of the past and for the future. It is a time especially suited to be honest with oneself. Has the past year been one of real effort, of genuine accomplishments? Do the coming twelve months hold forth promise for greater attainment? Or has there been no real growth? We are so often guilty of having drifted. The sin is universal. It is rather easy to follow the herd, to agree with everything lest the label of oddity be applied. But it is not the best way. We have the lofty aims. Our experiences, our learning, should tend to enrich our future teaching that we may better guide those many minds to be met later. The first requirement of progress is realization of the need of progress, and the incentive towards better things.

Padded

The Christmas Record has been turned from the press and it leaves a handful of staff members recuperating from overwork. Official staff members, who are nothing more than official "padders," have been obliged to fill a tremendous gap.

When our student clientele plays holiday in the production of colorful material, the Staff is confronted with the inevitable task of filling pages. This time, as previously, it has been no mean task. Chewing an editorial pencil and

thinking of the number of articles yet to be written changes joking humor to subtle elusiveness.

Once more we solicit the interest of students who possess literary ambitions. We attempt to be very liberal in our policy towards potential associates. There are no requirements of hack writing, no sordid rounds of reporting, the utmost freedom for individual expression and effort. We hope to attain originality in the treatment of articles from the simplest news matter to the fetching editorial. To all who are interested we assure assignments worthy of their pen and consideration of their work on the basis of merit.

The Lyric Line

When we hear wisps of favorable comment on an article or item we immediately seek the reason. The process of investigation reveals the horrible fact that some few free-minded and altogether unconventional students have dared to say they like our new poet's corner.

Unfortunately, the reading or writing of poetry is not deemed sufficiently virile to warrant its being popular. Contributions show that individuals exist who not only think it worth-while, but are actually clever in using the metered medium. We sincerely hope that our poets will not abate their efforts, but rather make this feature of The Record a permanent source of interest.

Are We Ready?

A distracted instructor opens a door and begs us to "refrain from talking." It is impossible for her to teach above the racket we are making. We think of an assignment that is due next hour and make our way toward the Library. We seldom arrive. Instead, we join a group of merrymakers who are enroute to the Social Center. The assignment is forgotten, is not ready for next hour, and probably never will be.

A series of unmade up absences and missing assignments form a stout wall against which we will eventually bump. But why worry about such trifles until we have to? We go on living from day to day, making the halls re-echo with our childish joys and sorrows; confidentially discussing our own affairs in Assembly when we cannot hear or are bored with the speaker. We are only young once, and since the period of infancy is longer than it used to be, we are making the most of it.

Can we abandon our childish ways and grow up sufficiently to merit the privilege of taking care of ourselves; or shall we, until the end of our Teacher Training career, be treated as nursery children, under the necessarily strict supervision of vigilant nurses? It's up to us.

Fraternity (continued)

Our fraternities have replied to the mild jibe in the previous issue of The Record. Unfortunately, they miss the point entirely. Apparently, they cannot conceive of anyone rising to dispute their hitherto unmoled course of initiation procedure. We can only wonder where and how they obtained their exclusive rights to the school.

Our criticism of this annual demonstration is not the outgrowth of ignorance or bias. Rather, is it the expression of a too full knowledge of fraternity values. The glamor of a pearl-trimmed pin is a very difficult opponent.

Organizations owing their very existence to the school are not in a position to place their interests above its interests. Since Psi Phi and Tri Kappa are secret fraternities, suppose they make their initiations likewise secret.



The Part the Erie Canal played in Building Up the Empire State

JULIE BINDEMAN



Since the Erie Canal as we know it today is not a gift to the World of one man or one century but the gradual development of an idea conceived by many men through many years, we must date the beginning of any study of it back in the latter part of the 17th Century when the Mohawk River, Wood Creek and Oneida Lake were the accepted route between the Hudson River and Lake Ontario. Even the Indians in their primitive trading felt the need of connecting the Hudson River with the Great Lakes. The reason for this is obvious after a brief topographical survey of the eastern part of our country. There were at that time four possible passes through the chain of Appalachian Mountains, the easiest, because of more level ground, being that one which led through the waterways of what is now New York State. It was evident, if civilization were to flourish west of the range of eastern mountains, that the most expeditious way to establish communication was by means of an improved waterway through New York State. So early was the general course of the future Erie Canal marked out.

It was not, however, until at the time of the Revolutionary War, Gouverneur Morris predicted that "at no very distant day the waters of the great western seas will by the aid of man break their barriers and mingle with those of the Hudson" that we have a definite expression of the possibility of a future artificial waterway. This prediction was followed up by gradual improvements in the existing route until in 1814 definite agitation for a Canal from the Hudson River to Lake Erie was begun, with DeWitt Clinton, then Mayor of New York City, as leader. At that time he wrote a treatise called "New York Memorial" which is now considered the foundation of the present system of internal navigation. It is a tribute to this man's genius and determination that actual work on a canal was begun only three years later.

Although not the greatest, the most immediate influence of the Canal, after completion in 1825, was felt in connection with State politics. People at large and public men were divided into two factions, those for the maintenance and improvement of the Canal and those against it. Far-sighted men like DeWitt Clinton, Gouverneur Morris, Robert Livingston, Stephan Van Rensselaer and many others who at that time had a vision of future possibilities and benefits, were strong in its support. No other question ever had such able and ardent supporters. DeWitt Clinton, after being removed from the Board of Canal Commissioners, was elected Governor of New York State on the Canal issue. From this time on more attention was given to internal improvements and the question of canal improvements became one which was concentrated all the best statesmanship for many years. A partial victory for the cause was achieved when in 1862 the first enlargement of the Erie Canal was completed. Later at the height of its remunerativeness, when Governor Tilden was "cleaning up" state politics, he made an example of the

Canal, exposed the fraud in its management, abolished the office of Canal Commissioners, substituting that of Superintendent of Public Works, and in consequence decreased expenditure fifty per cent. The urge for improvement did not stop there. The battle was taken up by Senator Henry Wayland Hill, who at one time took a lone stand in refusing to support the Republican program unless his party satisfied the desires of the people, for further improvement in the Canal. It was a tribute to this man's faith and determination when work on the New Barge Canal was begun in 1905. As it stands today the Barge Canal is the largest single investment of the State of New York and as such has wielded a continuous influence over the political history of the state ever since its inception.

Another influence readily determined by a statistical study of the period following 1825, is that on the population of the state. The census for the next ten years discloses the fact that some internal factor caused an increase in the population of New York State way beyond the rate of increase in any other state. The fact that the greatest rate of increase was along the canal and that the valuation of property increased even more rapidly than the population, supports the contention that this added population was directly due to the new Erie Canal. A change in the nature of the population is also disclosed. The western counties increased 56% in population, most of this increase being due to the flooding of alien immigration to this area, contrary to natural tendencies. This was a desirable location for the foreign element because later it proved a source of supply for skilled and unskilled labor in the industrial development of this section. New York City also serves as an excellent study in the trend of distribution of population after 1825. Before the completion of the canal, or in 1820, New York City contained less than ten per cent. of the state population and was by no means an important port. Now New York City contains fifty per cent. of the state population and has become the American Metropolis; besides being the second largest city in the world. As far as population is concerned, then, we find that New York leads the Nation ever since 1830.

In order to appreciate the cause of this great influx of population it is necessary to consider the industrial possibilities opened up by the building of such a canal. Not only an enormous amount of grain is shipped over the Erie Canal but also coal, iron ore, and building material. It needed only cheap transportation of these products to make this state the most favored spot in the world for assembling raw materials and converting them into manufactured products. In this light the effect of the canal on industry is readily appreciated.

It was only a natural consequence of such industrial growth that Buffalo should become a large milling center and that other industrial cities should grow along a water-way providing every advantage for such development. One signal industrial victory, directly due to the advantage of nearness to the Erie Canal, was the removal of the Lackawanna Steel Company from Pennsylvania to Buffalo. As people tend to concentrate where such industries offer the greater possibilities of employment, the Erie Canal in past years has created a chain of industrial cities and towns of wealth not to be found in any other state in the Union.

Inasmuch as we have attributed industrial growth to the commercial influence of the canal we must finally consider the entire commercial aspect of the canal. The canal played its greatest relative role in a commercial way before the advent of railroads. It gave the first decisive impulse to commerce to move across the country instead of down the Ohio and Mississippi

Rivers. Such an impulse prevented the disastrous effect a union of South and Northwest would have had on the outcome of the Civil War. Also it procured for New York State the carrying trade both of raw products from the West and of manufactured products to the West. As a direct result of this cheap transportation, made possible by the canal, the cost of living was reduced throughout the commercial world. In this way the West was made more attractive to settlers and grain poured into the Buffalo port so fast that it could not have been handled except for the timely invention by Joseph Dart of the commercial grain elevator. Tolls from this commerce mounted until in 1847 the annual tolls amounted to \$3,000,000.00. At that time Governor Young said that the revenue from the canal would provide for the ultimate extinction of the state debt.

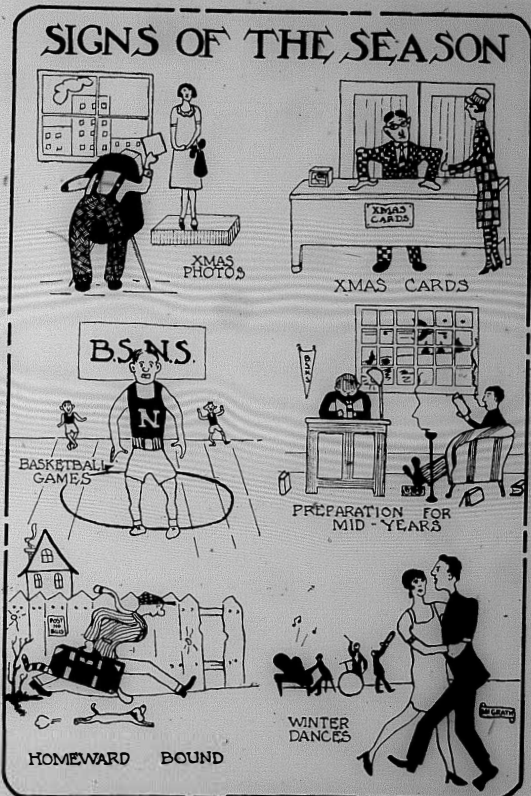
In her struggle for commercial supremacy, New York had rivals within the Union and without. Canada would have been enriched commercially and strategically at our expense if the tide of commerce had not been diverted from the St. Lawrence River by the convenience of our canal. Rivalry was even more keen within the Union. In 1811 Massachusetts and New York were on a par commercially but in 1841 New York exported three times as much as Massachusetts. Then too, Pennsylvania would have taken up the matter of water transportation if New York had not done so first. Her chief city, Philadelphia, was for a time a formidable rival of New York City. In 1796 she exported forty per cent. more than New York City and after 1825—forty per cent. less. A Philadelphia historian admitted, "Be the cause whatever it may, the fact stands out prominent that from the completion of the Erie Canal, New York has become what Philadelphia had previously been—the commercial emporium of the United States."

The greatest contribution of the canal in its commercial aspect is its service as a regulator of railroad rates. All of the northeastern railroad rates are regulated by the through rate from Chicago to New York City. These roads are forced to lower their rates in order to compete with the canal freight rate which is very cheap since the abolition of tolls. Although the Barge Canal probably has passed its greatest carrying days, it must still remain the only governmental check on the combined power and capital of the railroads.

Used primarily as a check on autocratic power, the canal is fundamentally a democratic institution. At the same time, we see it as the foundation of all those things which together make us the Empire State (i. e., population, industry and commerce). Besides thus designating us as a leader, it has given us the prestige of being the sole donor of a gift which through its commercial services has united in harmony and interdependence the greatest country in the world today, the United States of America. We may be proud, then, to claim as the foundation of our wealth and prosperity such a worthy monument to patriotism and constructive genius as the Erie Canal.

Looking Forward

The Christmas program for the school is something to look forward to. Coming as it does, just before the Christmas recess, it sends us home with a feeling of great pleasure that comes from participating in community activities. To some of us it will be entirely new. To the others it will mean another delightful Christmas tide. Surely, it is one of the outstanding pleasures at Buffalo Normal.



SCHOOL NEWS

How Will They Rank?

The Division of Educational Measurements of the State Department of Education is making a study of the organization and classification of the pupils in the Schools of Practice in all Normal Schools. This study is being based upon the Otis Classification Test.

The Tests were given in our own School of Practice and School No. 38 during the latter part of October by Messrs. Root, Steel, and Wilson.

Classes in Educational Measurements have been scoring these papers and helping to compile the necessary data for the State Department.

It will be very interesting to see just how the children of the largest State Normal's School of Practice compare with those of the other schools.

In addition to these Tests, other Tests of mentality and achievement were given in Grades 2 to 8 (inclusive) in common with all the city schools. It is to be hoped that the rating will be as high as in previous years.

Report of Convention of League of Women Voters in Syracuse December 1 and 2, 1926

At first she was a mere household ornament. Then she became a creature of fine impulses and of many and varied emotions which were partially recognized. Then the schools and colleges opened to her and in a few years she was standing on a mental level with men, though the latter were still a controlling element. Now she is in every profession and making an impressive success in whatever she undertakes. I refer to the modern woman at her best.

Politics now claim a great part of her attention. On December 1 and 2 the New York League of Women Voters held their Seventh Annual Convention. The absorbing interest of these women in the political questions of the day was a complete revelation to me. I never before so forcibly realized how much they will be able to do with an institution that has been the monopoly of men for so long. They bring to their work not only a fresh interest but an overwhelming desire to put idealism in politics if such a thing can be done.

The purpose of the organization is to promote education in citizenship, efficiency in government, needed legislation and international co-operation to prevent war. As Miss Belle Sherwin, National President of the League, said:—"Our organization should endeavor to interest women in politics and in much needed improvements. In order that this may be done with success, we must be educated. Consequently political education is our important aim."

One of the most interesting features of the conference was a talk given by the ex-Governor of Wyoming, Mrs. Nellie T. Ross. Extremely feminine and charming, she is also an aggressive speaker and a clear thinker. One may readily understand why the State of Wyoming chose her to finish the unexpired term of her husband. By her reception into office, the cause of women in politics was given a great impetus. She will certainly be heard from again.

The legislative program for the next year includes such measures as Water Power in the United States and in the State of New York, the Shepard-

Towner Act, the State's child labor and school laws, child marriage as well as many others. The counties will discuss these points in their own organizations and thus legislation will be endorsed by a special committee in Albany.

What may we do about these things? The girls of Oswego Normal have a working organization of the League of Women Voters. They discuss such civic and state questions that are of especial interest to them. Rochester, too, has a group of this kind. Let us not eliminate Buffalo State Normal from this forward-looking movement. Let us interest ourselves in discussions of this kind so that when we have reached the voting age we may do it with intelligence.

—Marion E. Slavin.

The Michigan Conference

All students should appreciate the encouraging interest of the Faculty in student affairs. Again the name of the Buffalo State Normal School was filed as a delegate in a conference of the American Federation of Students held at the University of Michigan on December 3 and 4. Of course we had at the University of Michigan the reports of the representatives with regard to shall anticipate hearing the reports of the representatives with regard to the conference activities, but better than that, it should give us a certain pleasurable pride in our school to know that we are in touch with other students in all part of the United States.

—R. H. B.

An Oversight

To whom it may concern: Be it known that a humble apology is hereby tendered a certain trio of Faculty members, who, by some oversight, did not have their pre-Summer School Tour published in the Travel Number.

Therefore, we now take the opportunity to acquaint all with the details of that trip. Messrs. Philippi, Root, and Bruce, accompanied by Mr. Root's trusty "gasoline coach" betook themselves to Philadelphia for a brief respite before the Summer Session. As may have been surmised, this vacation was strictly educational. The trio attended the Summer Meeting of the National Educational Association; visited points of historical interest in and about Philadelphia, and of course—the Sesqui Centennial, at least what there was of it at the time.

The number of punctures, breakdowns, and detours enjoyed on the return journey is not on record, but the "trippers" must have arrived in Buffalo in fairly good condition, because they immediately embarked upon careers as Summer School Instructors,—as many of you know.

Social Program Committee

Students of Buffalo State Teachers' College! Take notice of the new name which has been adopted by an organization which for many years has been extremely active and influential in school affairs,—the Faculty Student Council.

Due to the formation of the Central Council, which took over many of its duties, and to the confusion resulting from the similarity of these two names, the Faculty Student Council has adopted the name of Social Program Committee. The duties of this organization, which are extra curricular in nature, in themselves suggested this new name, and include class elections, student assemblies, the Freshman hand book, appointment of Editor-in-Chief of the

Elms, the enforcement of the point system, the blanket tax, and anything concerned with the social program of the school.

The membership of this organization consists of five Faculty members and ten students. The Faculty Committee includes the Dean, representing the entire school, two from General Normal, and one from each of the Vocational and Home Making Departments. The Student Committee includes the president and faculty student council representative from each of the Home Making and Vocational Departments at large.

This organization has held four meetings this semester, Dean Reed acting as temporary chairman in the absence of Mr. Clement. However, at the last meeting the permanent officers were elected, Dr. Neumann as chairman and Gladys Weir as secretary.

The Social Program Committee shows great promise. As the successor of the Faculty Student Council, it will without a doubt continue to be a "live-wire" organization and a great asset to our school life.

Thanksgiving Assembly

The sketch "Thanksgiving, Yesterday and Today," presented in Assembly by the Third-Year Class, helped to bring home to us some of the real significance of Thanksgiving. Although the colonial children droned their psalms and catechisms while the Twentieth Century pupils joyously sang and recited, both rejoiced and gave thanks, each in his own way. This program, the third in the Student Assemblies, was suitably closed by a short talk on "Student Friendship" by the Dean of Women.

HOME ECONOMICS NEWS

Miss Marian Van Lien, accompanied by Miss Treva Kaufmann, spent Thursday, November 30, in the H. E. Department. Miss Van Lien is Supervisor of the Board of Home Economics of the State of New York.

The H. E. Seniors entertained the entire Fourth Year Class and the Faculty, Thursday, December 2. Open House was held at the Practice House, and tea was served from three to five o'clock.

Friday, December 3, was the occasion of the observance of the birthday of Mrs. Ellen H. Richards. Mrs. Richards was the founder and earnest promoter of Home Economics in school. She was active in these interests all her life. Mrs. Richards has spent her entire lifetime in practical careful study, and to her we owe the evolution of the great subjects of Home Economics.

The December meeting of the H. E. Club, held December 13, was in charge of the Seniors. The November meeting was a complete success, providing music, an interesting talk by Dr. Rockwell and finally tea in the Social Center.

Phi Upsilon Omicron

The professional Home-making Sorority is having a series of teas every Tuesday afternoon in the Social Center from three to five o'clock. These teas are for the purpose of encouraging a social spirit between the Home-making students and those of the General Normal. The faculty are also urged to attend and enter into this spirit of sociability.

Editorial Woe

Dear Mr. Editor:

I'm in the what-does-it-matter stage. I have personally asked really huge numbers of people to write for the dear old sheet, from Freshmen up, and I've asked others who were especially recommended and almost everyone:

- (a) "Must have inspiration"—alas, we, too!
- (b) "Haven't a single minute."
- (c) "Oh, I forgot it."

I feel more like doing a "Hymn of Hate Number" or a "Depressing Moments Magazine." The suggestion has just reached me that all we have to do is find out what's wrong with The Record—and then correct it.

Suppose we run a "Blank Number" and dedicate it to contributors. I think it would start something. So runs my tale of woe. All I need is a little de-inferlorating.

Morbidly yours,

J. C.

Addenda:

Please tear this up violently. While I do nothing, our other scribes work on and on—like Columbus.

Christmas As Of Old

Across the cold, still winter night
The landscape seemed to me
As if it were a desert great
Stretched off to Gallilee.

The figures that passed by my side
Were forms that might have been
The Shepherds searching in the night
For wonders to be seen.

Beside the road a dwelling was:
And there for all to see,
Stood framed beside the lowly door
A wondrous Christmas tree.

It very simply grew alone
With branches bowed in prayer—
And at the top, as if of old,
A glorious star shone there.

And as I paused, there stood beside,
An old man from afar,
Who might have been a wise man too,
Still searching for the star.

—Julia Forsyth.

The Dance

Fluttering streamers—red, yellow,
black;
The smiling receiving line,
The crash of traps, a trumpet's blast
and the plaintive saxophone's whine.
"My Sweetheart— a slithering of
feet—
"How that man can Ritz! Such danc-
ing's a treat—"
Shining eyes and soft, flushed cheeks,

Low masculine murmurs, little femin-
ine squeaks;
A head as blond as yellow wheat,
A scarlet dress, a perfumed hair.

Frater Nouns

The winter winds blow cold and
chill,

He rambles gaily down the hill,
His coat spread to the breezes.
With fortitude he bares his breast,
Protected only by a vest;
He cares not if he freezes.

What causes him thus to defy
Pneumonia as he passes by?
What spartan test demands it?
The soft, slow-sinking in the west,
Reflects a glitter from his vest,
And then—you understand it.

A Wish

If we still believed in fairies,
And magic wands and things
Like gnomes and fays and pixies,
And Genii of the rings—

If we'd be given just one wish
We wouldn't ask for much;
We'd not demand a limousine,
Or gold or jewels or such—
There's just one thing for which
we'd pray

To help the human cause:
That we could find a come-back
For the feminine "Because."

—G. B.

SPORTS

Girls' Basketball

Do we have fun at basketball practice? You bet we do! It's "more fun than a circus."

The following are a few of the incidents which serve to make basketball practice of exceptional enjoyment.

One of our centers, Alice Wilnot by name, blissfully took it upon herself during the progress of a game, to guard a forward. One of the many evidences of "boys' rules."

Alice Weinheimer exhibited unusual skill in meeting the floor gracefully. Guard after guard, utterly exhausted, graced the benches. Why? "Dottie" Parks played forward.

At some future time one might see—"Corky" Corcoran, professional basketball "basketer"—baskets made from any angle.

"Gracefully she swayed like unto a willow tree." That's "Scotty" Duly waiting to get the ball before it leaves the net.

"Dot" Schmidt has instituted a new method of signaling which seems to have some magnetic effect upon the ball.

We had great fun trying to find Daisy Weinmar. Our conversation was something like "There she is! No she isn't! She's over there."

Caroline Goldstein gets so excited.

It would be impossible to "Record" all the funny incidents since we are mere human beings and are capable of focusing our attention on only one at a time. However, it might be mentioned that among others who added much to our enjoyment were such celebrities as Mary "Fitz," Alice Holden, Margaret Miller and other stars of lesser magnitude, e. g., Freshmen.

Basketball Attendance

The attendance at practice, thus far, has been very gratifying. We are glad to see the many Freshmen who are interested in learning to play. The Seniors and Juniors will have to look to their laurels not only in regard to attendance but also to playing.

Don't forget that faithful attendance to practice will add five points to your health mark. You might need it!

Athletic Association

At a recent election of the Athletic Association the following members were elected: President, Roy Bell; Vice-President, Dorothy Parks; Treasurer, Walter Chavel; Secretary, Arlene Dohmeier.

As yet the program of events has not been completed for this year, but hope is held out for a wider range of sports and activities. Only with the moral support of the students can this be accomplished.

Can we share the bounty with which we, as American citizens, have been blessed?

Normal Has Strenuous Schedule

Yes, we have finally placed ourselves on a strictly collegiate basis. Almost two years ago the bill was passed which made us a college and this last September it went into effect. Now our basketball team has a schedule that includes some of the leading colleges from the western part of New York State.

Up to the 1925-26 season, Normal had always included preparatory schools and Normal schools but this year only advanced institutions are included on the schedule. The Athletic Association has plans laid whereby at least one college will be added each year until the schedule is equal in size and quality to any college in this part of the state. This year much credit is due to the team for the splendid game against the University of Buffalo which was the most important in Normal's athletic history.

The schedule for the 1926-27 season is as follows:

Saturday, December 4—Alumni at Normal.

Friday, December 10—University of Buffalo at Music Hall.

Saturday, December 18—Canisius College at Buffalo Normal.

Saturday, January 8—Brockport Normal at Brockport.

Saturday, January 15—Geneseo Normal at Buffalo Normal.

Saturday, February 5—Fredonia Normal at Fredonia.

Wednesday, February 9—Canisius College at Music Hall.

Friday, February 18—Mechanics Institute at Buffalo Normal.

Saturday, February 25—Geneseo Normal at Buffalo Normal.

Friday, March 4—Fredonia Normal at Buffalo Normal (pending).

Friday, March 11—Mechanics Institute at Rochester.

Saturday, March 12—Albany State College at Albany.

Friday, March 18—Brockport Normal at Buffalo Normal.

Saturday, March 26—Alumni at Buffalo Normal.

Normal Easily Defeats Alumni

The first game of the season brought our boys face to face with an Alumni team that harbored four ex-captains, namely, Abate, Cleary, McMahan and Stark. Other members of the team were Coughlin, Harsh and Shea.

Undaunted by this, our boys entered the game with a determination that was bound to win and at the end of the first half had established a twelve to eight lead. The second half showed a new spirit and from the first whistle the undergrads had things their own way. Smith's all-around play featured, while Murphy played a marvelous defensive game, breaking up many plays and blocking numerous shots. Abate was a tower of strength for the Alumni lineups:

VARSITY (30)	(13) ALUMNI
Whittington, rf. (4)	(2) rf. Stark
Smith, lf. (13)	(4) lf. McMahan, (0) Harsh
Bell, c. (0)	(3) c. Coughlin, (0) Shea
Murphy (7), Oring, rg. (0)	(0) rg., Cleary
Fick, lg. (6)	(4) lg. Abate

Referee—Burt (Canisius).

In a preliminary game, the Normal Reserves defeated Elm Vocational School sixteen to fifteen.

Our Canine Visitors

"Mary had a little lamb" has nothing on the students at Normal. Nearly every day we have a dog or two roaming around in search of his master. But, perhaps we misjudge, and it is really an intelligent dog in search of knowledge. Nevertheless, there have been several of them traversing the corridors, seemingly quite at home. One even entered a gym class and joined the students around the gymnasium.

Perhaps we could gain some valuable aid in practicing our teaching methods upon these seemingly intelligent animals. But we are afraid that such would bring upon us the wrath of the S. P. C. A. So the only thing to do is to callously thrust the ambitious canines out of doors.

Christmas On Foreign Strands

We hardly ever stop to consider how natives of foreign countries celebrate their Christmas. Here are presented a few cases which will illustrate the observances of other lands:

The Wazi-Waziri of Central Africa generally do their Xmas shopping before June first. They are busy fighting the Somiland apes from June to December, and it is almost impossible to do Yuletide shopping and combat gorillas at the same time.

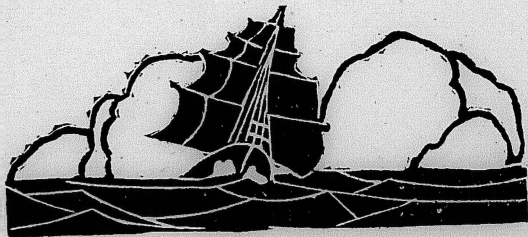
On the precipitous heights of Thibet the Ung Wang Chuai people have a Santa Claus (called Wong Wang). He drives six fleet-footed Ovus Poli. His presents for children consist of animal crackers, spelling books, air guns and clubs—signs that the western civilization is fast encroaching on their customs.

In Siam there are two Santa Clauses—twins.

In Madagascar the Sohori tribes dance around the bamboo tree brandishing wild boar's tails. Since cranberries are scarce they use cocconut sauce for the Christmas Eve supper.

The Esquimaux of the Arctic circle sing carols during the long northern Christmas Eve which lasts six months.

In North-western Australia the Koritoris have passed an anti-smoking amendment to their constitution. On Christmas, however, everyone is allowed to indulge. The chief smokes El Dorado while his wife puffs Old Gold. They also play dominoes under the mistletoe.



The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

VOL. XV

January Issue, 1927

No. 4

A Pennsylvania Dutch Idyll

JOSEPHINE CHOATE

Martin Ensinger, fat and swarthy as Kim's Babu, sat on the front porch and sighed. He looked about, rather guiltily, to see if papa had noticed. For why should he be uneasy? Was this not the evening of a happy birthday? Even as he sat on the porch smoking a huge and very black cigar, like most good husbands of Sittiztown, he could hear his wife clattering the supper dishes, like most good wives of Sittiztown. Beside him sat papa-in-law, pink and placid; in one corner was little Emma, his only daughter. Martin was certainly a power in the community. He had his family and his friends; his post office—for he was Postmaster General of Sittiztown, and his Band: Was not his band the Sittiztown City Band, Martin P. Enginger, Conductor—famous and popular throughout southeastern Pennsylvania?

Martin was especially proud of his band. He had organized, and still conducted it, and every member was dear to him. Again he sighed. Yes, that was the trouble. From his own band—his boys—he had received nothing. For the first time there had been not even a greeting card. It was sad.

Mabel came out, and they all talked calmly.

Suddenly, around the corner, a band struck up, playing a horrible discord. Martin shuddered. Then, as the band approached, and, swinging around the corner in perfect formation, changed harmoniously to his favorite march, finally stopping in front of the house, he jumped to his feet, and sobbed with joy.

The boys! Friendly neighbors gathered around to see the fun. The boys presented Mart with a huge bouquet, and began to serenade him with his favorite pieces. But as they continued, Martin's joy again was clouded. After such an ovation, what could he do but invite them all in for some refreshments? And there was nothing ready for a real Pennsylvania Dutch party.

Visions of what they should have passed through his mind like the memories before a drowning man. He ceased to hear the music. A real Pennsylvania Dutch party must have food—much food—succulent, clove-studded hams, stacks of salty pretzels, loaves of pumpernickel. There must be bowls of potato salad and of schmiercase. There must be luscious deep apple pies, paper thin apple cookies, pungent Moravian mints, and plenty of cigars. As the serenade seemed to be over, Martin's hospitable soul was in despair.

"Mabel! what should we do? There is nothing for the boys!" Mabel gave papa-in-law a knowing look.

"You tell him, father." But papa-in-law nudged her jovially in the ribs: "No, you gif it to him, Mabel!" So Mabel, with wifely unconcern, brushed Martin aside, and followed his embarrassed thanks to the Band with a hearty: "Come all in, boys! Make your way right through the house."

The boys trouped in. Mabel and Martin followed. They found the band joyously seated, ready to begin to eat. In the morning Mabel and papa-in-law and little Emma had had the cars moved out of the garage; and long tables moved in. On the table was enough food to make any party a success, and in one corner, a keg of Mabel's famous home brewed mead. Glasses were filled.

"A toast, Mart!"

Martin gulped; sought eloquent words. Then, simply:

"Boys, to Mabel!"

The Elms

Graduation seems very near to us when we hear of the appointment of the Editor-in-Chief for the 1927 Elms. In Miss Amy Newman, a member of Third Year Section Grammar II, we have an unusually capable editor for our year book. Miss Newman was selected for this position by the Social Program Committee and Miss Kempke.

Conscience

Who is there who has not some time or other,
Witnessed the misfortune of his brother,
And felt a pang of conscience at the thought
Of what the Lord above to him hath brought.
And how the bliss of health and all the rest,
Hath chosen him alone—with that same zest,
An eagle hovering above its nest,
With some unseen emotion oft possessed,
Doth choose her prey.

—Mary Ann McCarthy.

Home Economics News

The Home Economics Department is looking forward to the end of January with many regrets, for it is then that Miss Hanson is forsaking us to attend Columbia for a semester.

During her three and a half years at Normal, Miss Hanson has made a place in the school which will be hard to fill during her absence. Many of us think we will be lost without Miss Hanson; but, then, we will be all the more delighted to see her when she returns to us again in the Fall.

The Practice House has been newly decorated. The handiwork of the Juniors and Seniors is noticeable throughout the house in the problems which they carried out in Home Decorations for its improvement.

On January 2, Baby Jane's first birthday was celebrated by a party held in her honor. She received many delightful gifts and showed her appreciation in true baby fashion.

At the December Home Economics meeting the girl in the Sophomore class who was voted by her class the best student in scholarship and leadership, was presented with the book, entitled, "Art in Everyday Life," by Phi U. The girl to receive this honor was Edith Hubeler. Ruth Topping received honorable mention.

The Beggar on Market Street

IRMA W. MASON

I was all set for a holiday, for this was the first trip to town I had had for six weeks and six weeks of daily toil without any change makes one feel rather gay and joyful when he does get his little vacation. I had one hour to do what I pleased before the Carrie Chapman Catt lecture on "Peace or War,—Which?" would begin. Market Street was one festive row of gayly decorated stores and banks and theatres. Beautiful furs, exquisite gifts of all kinds were being displayed in the shop windows to lure the passer-by.

As I passed the corner by the Post Office, a recruiting officer flashed a lordly look at me as though, he like Alexander the Great, was sighing for more worlds to conquer. I gave him a cold stare, for to tell the truth, the World War had nearly put my best beloved on the blink and it has taken the courage of both of us to pull through the lean days after the war was over—and somehow, I don't believe in recruiting officers.

My heart was singing within me and I could hardly keep my feet from dancing a little bit, although, no one to look at me could tell I was feeling so springy, even though the air was keen and cold and penetrating, but one does certainly feel glorious when they are having something a little out of the ordinary. I was swinging down towards the Library to look over the latest books when from the corner of my eye I beheld a sight that shook me thru and thru. Sitting on the bare pavement with his back against the door by Cary's restaurant was a soldier boy, one foot gone and the other leg entirely off; two crutches lay beside him; in one hand he held out his cap, begging. I glanced at him, then away, my heart contracting painfully, for I had no money to put in his extended cap. With a queer little crooked smile he said: "Hello" half under his breath, and I did not have the courage to answer him, but looked away as though I had not heard him.—So like the boys that would stagger in to my little chocolate shop in the parlor of the Mill House on the Marne and with that same old little grin would say: "Hello, any sweets today?" Weary, half-blinded by the flares, some nursing fresh wounds, yet able to greet one with a smile.

I passed him by—ashamed to stop and help him or talk with him. I was by before I could make up my mind what to do and glanced quickly across the street, away so that I would not see the hurt in his eyes, and mockery of mockeries was the sign hanging over one of the large banks, "Savings Club. Join Now." How the little gods of coincidence must have laughed and danced in impish glee at such a sign and such a beggar across the way.

Someway my happy feeling was gone and I found myself trying to justify what I had done. If it had been "over there" and one of my doughboys had asked or even looked as though he needed help it would have been given as his right but now what a difference there was—only in me, however, for he had given more than life and I would give nothing, not even a smile or a cheery word. He would have been better off dead than to live like that in such a way. And one after another such accusations came tumbling through my mind that I could not enjoy any more the gladsome winter appearance of things but life seemed futile and mean and sad. When I became aware of my surroundings I had doubled around the block and was coming back toward the Post Office, saying over to myself: "No coins in his cap, what if he were hungry—I had, at least, enough money in my purse to pay for a bite to eat. Think how forlorn and despairing one would feel if hungry and cold and alone—uncared for."

His Royal Highness, the recruiting officer, was at hand. I approached him and said: "Come with me, you believe in war, do you not?"

He laughed and shook his head: "Not so fast, Sister, I didn't say so, did I?" "But," I answered, "you are trying to get other boys to join, so you must believe in it."

"Oh, no, one has to eat, this is a job like any other," he said.

"But I want you to come and take the beggar soldier boy's place while he eats his supper. You could beg so much better than he for people like your pretty uniform and polished shoes, and your clothes are new and warm." He looked at me as I argued with him and as though he were afraid I were going crazy.

"Say, Girlie," he said, "go on, git, or I'll have you arrested for molesting an officer in the discharge of his duty. What da you think I am, sit down and beg on the street! Not me."

"Yes," I said, "but what about the boys you are recruiting—they may have to beg some day."

"Well, I should worry," he sneered, and with a salute turned on his heel, and walked away.

I went on to where the beggar, soldier-boy was sitting. As I came, his eyes lit up with recognition. I walked up to him and said: "What are you doing here? A soldier boy?"

He smiled and said: "What would you do if you were me?"

"Doesn't Uncle Sammy take care of boys like you? Have you had your supper?"

He grinned and said: "Not so you can notice it."

"Well, then, come and we'll go in here and see what a little supper will do for you. Can you get up by yourself?"

He laughed and answered: "Sure, you get the table and I'll be there."

The waiter quickly came at my call and arranged a table for us over in the corner and I told him to have some hot soup ready for a hungry soldier laddy was coming. That seemed to hit the mark for he said: "Oh, Boy, they were hungry, too," and he hustled around getting a big bowl of crackers and other fillers.

The few men who still were eating their late supper looked up when the beggar slung along on his crutches and dropped into the chair I pulled out for him. Dinner was ordered and between mouthfuls of food, my guest told me of the battles he had been in and how he had known nothing but hospital life for three years. We compared experiences and could appreciate each other's story for we both knew what it had been like; that wild, hectic excitement of battle line; that deadly inertia of the wait between; that deathly coldness that seemed to tug at one's very backbone when in the trenches; and so on.

"But why aren't you taken care of, now?" I asked.

"It is just one of the many cases that the American Legion are working on—and so far, mine has had nothing done," he said, "and I'm just supposed to live on some way until the red tape finally adjusts itself around me."

The lecture on "Peace or War—Which?" was most thrilling and made one want to get to working for Peace with all the force at his command.

While eating my breakfast the next morning, an article in the paper caught my eye: "Unknown soldier commits suicide. Officer McGranahan found

two crutches and a cap on the bridge over Wheeling Creek this morning. Inserted in the head band of the cap was the following terse note: "I did my part then and will do it now. Begging didn't use to be my profession and it's too late in life to begin. When the girls even don't say 'Hello' I go—perhaps to prepare a place for them."—and so on—

I have never forgotten the Beggar on Market Street.

Seven Stages of Subjects

(Shakespeare was too much for the inexperienced Frosh.)

All the school's a stage;
And all the studes and teachers merely players.
They have their flunking and their passing marks,
And the stude in his course plays many tricks
In work of seven subjects. At first is **History**,
Warring and fighting to a bloody C,
Then **Introduction** with its sneeping,
And deadly, hourly bore, creeping like a snail,
Unwillingly to B. And then the **English**,
Sighing like tragedy with woeful ballads
Made for Miss Keeler's B. Then the **Music**
Full of strange sounds and singing like the bird,
Jealous of head tones—sudden and quick on D—
Seeking the highest reputation
Even in the sight of A. And then the **Drawing**
With fair round letters and good balance made,
With lines severe and plan of formal cut,
Full of wild flowers and common flower pots—
And so he gets his B. The sixth one shifts
Into the **Health and Floorwork** in the Gym,
With bloomers backside fore and tie not there;
His black silk hose well saved, and blouse too wide
For his reduced shape. And her fine **Teaching** voice
Turning again toward childish, gleeful crows,
Over a fat and bulky C: Last one of all,
That ends this strange examination week,
Is just **Arithmetic**—oh, mere oblivion—
Not E—not D—but C—C's everything!

—Janice Dixon.

Normal School Principals' Conference

On January 13 and 14 the Normal School principals of this State held a conference at Buffalo. Among the principal speakers at the conference were Dr. Dearborn, head of the Teacher Training Department, and Principal Brubacher of the State Teachers Training College at Albany.

The Debating Club

The Debating Club held its first annual banquet in the Normal School Cafeteria January 12, 1927. A short debate on the topic, "Resolved, That the shape of the pretzel should be changed," entertained the club. The importance of this issue was cleverly brought out by the debaters. Indeed, so vital was the point of discussion, that the Sgroi Pretzel Company had a representative present to consider the proposition.

THE RECORD

CINDERELLA

A Freudian Fairy Tale for
Sophisticated Infants

Chapter I

Now there was once a beautiful motherless girl whose father had foolishly acquired another wife with two hardballed daughters. They would rag the poor child something awful. They took all her pretty clothes away and gave her an old wrapper and a pair of shoes that had been through two Charleston contests. The poor child's real name was not Cinderella, but they called her that for short. She worked all the time and never had any fun, so naturally she was inhibited with acute inferiority complex.

Chapter II

Now one day the Prince gave a great ball and the wicked step-mother and her daughters rushed to the festival like perishable goods. But Cinderella had to stay home and mind the kitten. So the unhappy girl, who liked her fun as well as the next one, gracefully reclined in her cinder seat by the fireplace and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. Suddenly, her Fairy Godmother came out from behind the piano with the jazziest ball gown of the season and a pair of those new, no-strap, glass slippers.

Chapter III

"Now the trouble with you, my dear," said the Fairy Godmother, "is your repressions. The repression of emotions has made of you a psychopathic introvert. Have you ever been psychoanalyzed?"

"Mother and sisters get psychoanalyzed all the time, but I never get psychoanalyzed at all!" sobbed Cinderella.

"Just as I thought. What you need is to liberate your inhibitions." And the Fairy Godmother waved her wand in the conventional manner, and what do you think! The niftiest, pumpkin-colored Rolls-Royce you ever imagined rolled up to the door with an escort of ushers from Shea's Buffalo!

Chapter IV

Now when the Prince saw Cinderella, he put on his lavender and green Christmas tie and went across the floor like lubricated lightning.

"Look what I've found!" he cried and danced with her again and again. But Cinderella had to punch the clock at midnight, so when the bell in the tower tolled twelve she dashed away, but in her haste lost one of her boots on the stair.

Chapter V

Now the Prince was no mean Freudian himself, so he took the slipper to the local psychoanalyst and told him all his dreams, childhood terrors, slips of speech, and phobias in order to find the relation of Cinderella to his sub-consciousness. The local psychoanalyst sat up all night studying his Thorn-dyke and finally came to the conclusion that the glass slipper was too big for its wearer or it wouldn't have come off. So the Prince searched high and low for that wonderful girl whose foot was too small for the slipper, and when eventually he discovered Cinderella he was very much beside himself with glee and immediately compromised himself to the extent of saying, "Will you be my Princess?"

Chapter VI

Now Cinderella would not say "yes," owing to her inferiority complex. But the Prince was no dumb-benny and so he said, "I know how it is. You

don't like me. I don't wonder. I'm a pretty punk Prince anyhow, and rather stupid, too."

"Oh, you have an inferiority complex, too!" cried Cinderella.

"Yes, indeed," said the Prince. "Dear Cinderella, be my clinker and we will sublimate our complexes together."

So they were wed and sublimated happily ever after, but the wicked step-mother and sisters were so jealous that they became pronounced psychopathological neurotics with every kind of psychosis and neurosis and acidosis and metempsychosis.

Sounds at Normal

The things I overhear in the halls at Normal are very, very mysterious. Not long ago I heard someone exclaim, "That's the berries!" I looked eagerly around, but no one seemed to have any berries. Just yesterday, a girl called to a group of us, "Come here, I want to show you something! They're the cat's pajamas!" We all rushed over, and they were no such thing! No indeed! They were only Christmas cards. Frequently I hear students shouting "Applesauce!" "Bologna!" "Banana oil!" When I was a freshman, I thought someone sold these things, but it is not so. Again I hear such sage advice as, "Fan your feet!" "Beat it!" "Don't be a seed!" or a delicate compliment like, "You crazy egg!" "Dumb Dora!" or "John Apple!"

The table conversations in the cafeteria are almost as puzzling as those in the halls. Last Friday at luncheon, I very carefully explained to a friend, my views on prohibition—to which she replied thoughtfully, "So's your old man!" As I couldn't think of a suitable response to his clever speech, I hastily began to discuss the food we were eating. "This jelly is the cat's whiskers," answered my friend. I didn't finish mine.

As soon as possible, I went to the penmanship room to study, hoping to escape these queer remarks, but they were there. Someone began to fill inkwells, and a girl cried out, "I filled those inkwells yesterday!"

"That's a lot of oil!" scoffed another.

"I don't want any oil in my ink," I protested. They all laughed, and said I was clever. I know it. But what has that to do with oil in my ink?

Neither oil nor ink disturbed the girl who sat opposite me, for she continued to study, without looking up.

"What are you studying?" I inquired.

"Economics," she told me.

"Do you like it?" I asked.

"It's the bunk!" she replied. I didn't want to show my ignorance, so I looked up "bunk" in the dictionary. It is a wooden case for a bed. That didn't seem like a courteous answer to my question.

Feeling rather discouraged, I went out in the hall and stood near a radiator with a young couple. They seemed to be planning a lunch, for I heard him say, "Sweet sugar! You take the cake!" Before I could find out, however, my chum came along, and dragged me away.

"Don't you know any better than to listen in on a love scene?" she demanded.

"That wasn't a love scene. They were talking about things to eat," I replied.

"Gee, but you're dumb!" said she. Maybe I am, for I have not yet discovered the meaning of it all.

—Neva M. Croll.

BOOKS

Our Christmas Present Books

Fairy Tales from India, collected and illustrated by Katherine Pyle. These are for those of us who still enjoy the Arabian Nights, and the Just So Stories—tales of pink cities, langorous princesses, and magic clouds of smoke. Katherine Pyle's illustrations are as magic as the stories, colorful and full of mystery.

My Mortal Enemy, by Willa Cather. Willa Cather's style seems to be crystallized in the slim volume of **My Mortal Enemy**. Both manner and plot are clear, sensitive, not so beautiful, as vivid. Outwardly an account of a great love, it really traces, in a few brief chapters, the development of a strangely emotional, tempestuous soul, and of her mortal enemy. It was the neatness of technique rather than the story itself, which appealed so strongly.

Benjamin Franklin: The First Civilized American, by Phillips Russell. This story of an unknown candle-maker's son who died the greatest man of his time, is really thrilling. Benjamin Franklin, who was lucky enough to be born at just the right time to use best his liberal ideas for the growth and progress of his nation, taught himself seven languages, and kept his own secrets. It hardly seems sporting of the author to divulge those secrets, as he does in this book.

This Charming Green Hat Fair, by Barry Pain, is a rather clever and very amusing parody on, of course, Michael Arlen's **The Green Hat**, with the insertion of several **Mayfair** stories. Since, as the preface says, "Parody is an acknowledgment of the personality in the parodied," Arlen's books offer delicious opportunity, even for amateurs. The 98 pages are especially good reading also because the author evidently had such a very good time in writing them.

The Linebook—selections from R. H. L.'s famous "column" in the Chicago Tribune. Imagine **Around the Town**, in one of our evening newspapers, improved several hundred per cent, to picture **A Line o' Type or Two**, as it is called; and consider its motto:

"Hew to the Line, let the quips fall where they may."

Each December, from the files of the entire year, the best contributions are selected and printed in a little book, a "column" wide and 64 pages through. The Line is, I think, typically American, with the typical American forms of humor, exaggeration and good-natured satire. There are comments on current news; paragraphs, mostly by R. H. L., on all sorts of subjects; and occasionally, as it should be, a really good poem, all signed mysteriously enuf, only by secret nom de plumes.

Winter Moon

The moon is a shut-in boy
Bent over a book.
From tales of chivalry and romance
He looks wistfully
At his lusty brother, wind,
Who can race with clouds.
—Wendy.

On Hearing Jeritza in "La Tosca"

My soul wears two dresses—
One, dull and grey
For sober everyday.
But glints of gold show
In its everyday dress.
With a lovely smile
Or with the far-away roundness
Of mellow church bells.
But suddenly it changes
From drab to glory bright
When a sound of heavenly beauty
Pours from the throat of a goddess,
Like liquid gold.
And then it becomes as glitteringly
golden
As that voice.
—Marion Bebee.

Report of the Second Annual Congress of the National Student Federation of America

The second annual Congress of the National Student Federation of America was held at the University of Michigan the first week in December.

The delegates were welcomed by Thomas Cavanaugh on behalf of the University of Michigan Students' Council and by Dean Alfred Lloyd of the graduate School on behalf of the University.

The opening address was made by Lewis Fox, the president, who grouped the outstanding needs which face us as students under three heads. The first was the need of recognizing intellectual attainment as the unifying factor in our college life. He presented four types of students. One was the type who was interested in neither scholarship or activities. The next was a leader in activities only. The brilliant scholar, who is a recluse and is essentially selfish, was the third. The last was the scholar combined with the leader of activities. This is a minority group which is gradually increasing and is the type which we must develop in our colleges. The second was the need of more "intimate relations and closer co-operation between teachers and undergraduates." Third we must recognize that a college's greatness can only be determined by the contributions of its members to the intellectual, political and social life of the country. He said further that we were confining our Conference discussions to the "Student's Part in Education" because we realized that before we could discuss national or international questions we must know and understand our own problems.

Dr. Duggan, of the Institute of International Education, spoke on the European and American Universities. He told of the work in the French lycées and the German gymnasium where their general education is completed preparatory to entering a graduate or professional school. This work is equivalent to the work at the conclusion of the sophomore year. The European school is a place of intellectual discipline and hard work with none of the extra-curricula activity which is typical of our colleges. He regrets that so few students are interested in the political, social and economic problems of the country. He believes that the country may justly look to its college graduates for at least help in solving these problems and that so far we have not kept that faith. The lesson he draws from the comparison of European and American Universities is the Junior College as the possible solution of our problem.

Dr. Meiklejohn, of the University of Wisconsin, defines a liberal education as "the process of so informing and training and inciting the mind that you can count on it that that mind will travel, will go a certain way, will keep on going that way as long as it lives". He cites our large body of stagnant alumnae as the "prize exhibit" against the belief that our students are getting a liberal education. He criticizes both faculty and students as being responsible for this. He condemns the students as having a general inability to stand on their own feet.

Many other interesting as well as important matters were discussed. The Constitution was ratified. Several committees met and after much discussion on various pertinent questions compiled and presented the results of their findings. The findings, with a copy of the Constitution, a copy of the principal speeches and a full report of the Congress are available in the Dean's office to any one who is interested.

—Ada Bindeman.

The Villun Still Pursood Her

A Mellerdramer

Ladies and gentlemen, we are now in the village opera house. The orchestra is playing sweetly, the footlights gleam, and here and there you see mobility. The curtains go up for

Act I

Hero: "What! half-past nine and my love has not yet arrived! I think I'll down to the corner and get a glass of ice cream sundae."
 Heroine: "Harold! Harold! Oh where can my lover be!"

Enter Papa

Papa: "Good morning, my child!"
 Heroine: "Why, what is the matter, papa?"
 Papa: "Oh, my child, it is a cruel, cruel world!"
 Heroine: "Why, papa, what is the matter! See how the sun casts its golden rays o'er the little cabbage plants in yonder garden!"
 Papa: "Oh, my child; but the mortgage is due tomorrow and we cannot meet it."

Heroine: "Never mind, papa, I will find a way."

Papa: "I hope you can, my child."

Exit Papa—Enter Villain.

Villain: "Woman!"

Heroine: "Sir!"

Villain: "At last I have you in my power!"

Heroine: "Sir! don't you dare to touch me!"

Enter Hero

Hero: "What's this!"

Heroine: "Harold!"

And the hero, with one thrust of his trusty right arm knocks the villain blooey and the heroine faints in the hero's arms as the curtain goes down on the first act.

Act II

Ladies and gentlemen, we are again in the theatre—the music is still sweet, the footlights still gleam, but the mobility seems to be more evident.

Enter Villain

Villain: "Oh it is night! Here is my chance! I will fire the house and her papa will be burned, but I shall save her."

Exit Villain

Enter Heroine

Heroine: "Harold! Harold!"

Enter Hero

Hero: "What is the matter, my love?"

Heroine: "Oh, Harold! the house is on fire and papa is asleep on the billiard table!"

Hero: "Oh, never mind, my love, I will fix it." And with one blow of his trusty lungs he puts out the fire. As he is escaping with the heroine he sees the villain lurking in the bushes, and with one blow of his trusty left arm he knocks the villain kerplunk and the heroine faints in her lover's arms as the curtain goes down on the second act.

Act III

Again, ladies and gentlemen, the theater is the same. The weary orchestra plays sad, sad music. The hero is in a Russian prison owned by the villain.

Hero: "Fourteen years in this awful hole and nothing to eat! And tomorrow I am to be hanged!"

Enter Heroine

Heroine: "At last, after many years of wandering, I have come to my lover's prison!"

Enter Villain

Villain: "Woman!"

Heroine: "Oh, Harold!"

Villain: "Woman! Again you are in me power!"

Heroine: "Harold, save me!"

Villain: "Will you have me? If you do I shall free your lover!"

Heroine: "Never!"

Hero: "What! Hark! Methinks I hear my lover's sweet voice. I will escape with my trusty parachute!"

And the hero draws his trusty revolver and puts an end to the villain. The heroine faints in the hero's arms as the curtain goes down on the third and last act.

Phi Upsilon Omicron

Phi Upsilon Omicron, the professional Home Economics fraternity, recently initiated into honorary membership, Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, Director of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell. Miss Van Rensselaer is a noted pioneer and leader in the field of Home Economics.

In honor of Ellen H. Richards, the founder of Home Economics, Phi Upsilon Omicron has instituted the Ellen H. Richards Award, to be given to a Home Economics sophomore selected because of high scholarship, leadership, and professional attitude. This year the award was presented to Miss Edith Hubeler. Miss Ruth Topping received honorable mention.

What! No Checks!

This head I found on one of the stories in a magazine I was reading a few days ago. One of the fond members of our class, I think, edited this article. It was very interesting and educational, starting from Albany it ran the gauntlet of emotions, the arrival, the bread line, the cashing and the parting; fond memories. A few of the fellows being electricians, are studying hard on that fascinating subject, illumination. Others are figuring the disposal of ink wells. We also have a few mathematical sharks in our midst.

But going from the ridiculous to the sublime; is that permissible? The scholarship class is an energetic and scholarly group. They are studious and best of all they are good scouts, every single one of them.

No one can say the One Year Vocational class is not doing its share in the social activities of the school. There is at least one representative in every organization. We are still doing our daily dozen in the Gym. How we love football.

Do we love our school and its goal, which is to assist in the perfection of an education? I'll say we do!

This, the school year, is going to be altogether too short in the estimation of every one.

The Record

Published by the Students of the State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Printed in the State Normal School Print Shop

Terms, \$1.00 a Year

Single Copies, 15 cents

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Examinitis

The climax of the scholastic term has approached with unerring swiftness and we have visions of long and highly enlightening seances with friend textbook. The put-it-off complex, like most student failings, probably has a psychological explanation, but the fact remains that it is essentially a most human trait and commonly—very commonly, the blight of student careers.

Examinations are no respecters of persons, particularly those individuals who neglected to do their preparing early. The cram system, whereby one tempts fate and sanity in a momentary orgy of application, is but confession of a listless student attitude during the term proper. It would seem that terms, as they are now, contain altogether too many weeks in which to master the details of the ordinary course. We refer to those master-minded people who consider a flying start and an imposing finish the sole requisites to credit for a course. The in-between portion of the semester is to them merely a boring formality—an unpleasantly necessary routine of just enough preparation to evade the wrath of instructors.

This delayed rush to the front of learning is so very clearly recognized that ample provision is made for the faculty and guidance of the crammer in his last minute gulps. The usual distractions are removed when social functions taper off to nothingness. Instructors issue outlines and digests that classes may have before them the scope of the course as a tangible guide in

their twentieth-week endeavors. Then, too, those deliciously vague, and religiously followed hints as to what the well-informed student will know for examination purposes are inevitable. Our guides of learning are so kindly considerate when they ultimately relent and stress the ease with which classes may work wonders in the ordeal of finals.

Doubtless, examinations are unavoidable. Since they form such a necessary portion of the term's work, it would be well to accept them at their true worth. Adequate preparation, based on the principle of an honest term's work for full credit in a course is the best insurance for the successful handling of examinations. There is abundant talk of an honor system in examinations. It requires no seer to observe the possibilities of an honor system of preparation.

Ambition

We question the wisdom of a basketball schedule which calls for three strenuous games within a week. The fact would not be so extremely evident were it not for the class of opponents scheduled for those three unfortunate engagements. Buffalo, Niagara, and Canisius invariably produce basketball combinations of a rank admittedly superior to that of Buffalo Normal. It is quite impossible to find the sporting element in an encounter between teams so varied in excellence. Normal's team automatically becomes a something upon which the opponent may experiment and test the respective merits of substitutes.

Our comment is not based on the loss of three games in a row. It should be immaterial whether we lose every game on the schedule, provided there has been a real chance to play the game in each contest. We have only the utmost regard and appreciation for the efforts of our team. The factors of difficulty in organizing and training the squad are too obvious to require mention and only serve to disclose the need for modifying and tempering the ambition of the basketball schedule. Why not clearly recognize the limitations and confine our efforts to opponents of our own class and character? Athletically we are the very antithesis of Peter Pan. We are altogether too eager to grow up into "big company."

Bill-board

As a natural sequel to examination week we inevitably foresee those class lists on which individuals are labelled very frankly—A, B, C, D, or, unhappily, E. We contend that the grade a student may receive in a course is entirely his own business rather than a public indication of his class standing. The student with a private knowledge of his grade is entirely able to determine his relative standing if merely the respective numbers of A's, B's, etc., earned by the class be posted.

Perhaps the public-posting scheme has back of it the idea of incentive. Comparisons can be only odious when applied to class-mates' marks. The grade-A student has no need for further advertisement of his worth; the lesser individual cannot but suffer from the condescending attitude born in others by knowledge of their posted superiority.

Should, by any chance, the idea of private property in term marks become universally student desire, the means to the end would seem to be expression of opinion—and lots of it. The Faculty is always graciously eager to see the student viewpoint, but the convincing influence of the bally-hoo is no mean agent of persuasion. Acknowledged students of the first quartile have nothing to lose should they take up the matter as a boon to their fellows.



Y. W. C. A.

Clamp! Clump! Swish! On they go, darting here and there, avoiding one another by a fraction of an inch. We hear snatches of laughter, fragments of song, whispered bits of Normal gossip. What is this happy confusion? Another Y. W. C. A. skating party at Scott's roller skating rink on Main Street, near Burton. When? Thursday night, February third. Do you remember the good time you had last year? That was the first time in five weeks you had a long chat with Grace. That was the night you saw Lucy's diamond.

This party promises to be even more enjoyable. When Dot asks you what you are going to do Thursday night after exams, tell her about the skating party. I know she will want to go. And I am sure you will have the best time in your life. Do not tell this to everyone—but I have heard it is a wonderful way to reduce.

Heir Apparent

To us, the heirs of all the ages,
 Heirs to all that men have known;
 To everything they've found or learned,
 And left us for our own;
 Accessible to all alike—
 To us Old Time is speaking:
 This legacy of priceless worth
 Is yours but for the seeking.

—Olga Cragin.

Alumni News

- Howard W. Schwenk, 1926, is teaching mechanical drawing at Technical High School, Buffalo.
- Laura Rischman, 1916, holds the position of Home Economist at the Buffalo General Electric Company.
- Clarence Young, 1926, is instructor of electrical work in the High School at Woodlawn, Penna.
- Harriet Cook, 1926, has a position at the Buffalo Home Bureau.
- Wendell Applebee, 1921, is Director of Vocational Education at Olean, N. Y.
- Helen Olmstead, 1907, is Principal of Grammar School No. 36, and she also has charge of special work in Schools 10 and 46.
- Merlin Finch, 1923, is teaching manual arts subjects in the High School at West Orange, New Jersey.
- Helen Lewis, 1922, is Instructor in the Art Department at Cortland Normal School.
- Elmer A. Barrett, 1914, is Boy Scout Executive at Lockport, N. Y.
- Cora Wadsworth, 1911, is a Critic Teacher at New Paltz Normal School.
- Fred Schultz, 1916, is Instructor of Psychology and Education at Cortland Normal School.
- George Biddlecombe, 1926, is Critic Teacher in Manual Arts Department at Genesee Normal School.
- Harold Engdahl, 1926, is teaching printing and related book work in Erie Academy, Erie, Penna.
- Paul Green, 1921, is Instructor of Printing and Woodworking at Cortland Normal School.
- Phillip Repert, 1926, is teaching manual arts subjects in the Home for Boys at Jamesburg, N. J.

EXCHANGE

Co-education

Whether co-education shall prevail is the debate question in eastern colleges this winter. In all the various strongholds of segregated learning debaters are arguing the question, "Resolved, that a system of co-education similar to that in state universities should be introduced in Eastern colleges." Harvard, Brown, Dartmouth, Yale and Wesleyan are some of the colleges participating. There are also debates between men's and women's colleges.

In the Yale-Wellesley debate (Yale was the winner) the Yale team declared that non-co-educational colleges do not hamper women in search of education, since nine-tenths of the American colleges are co-educational and one-half of the rest admit women only. The Yale men denied the common statement that relationship between men and women in learning is intellectually fruitful.

In the West, where co-education is a tradition the women are beginning to demand more equality. They want responsible jobs on the student government. As elsewhere the tradition at the University of Kansas has been for a man to be elected to Senior class presidency. And when the Men's Student Council recently called a meeting of the entire class to vote on nominees elected in secret caucus the women objected. The Women's Student Government Association demanded that the nomination be made in a mass meeting open to all.

One Dean Crawford of the University of Southern California is quoted in the Trojan as saying that the time is past when women should be the Vice-President of things. "That," says the Trojan, "is just a little beyond popular thinking, but she says it ought not to be beyond Southern California

thinking and she goes a step further and proposes a system of government whereby the men and women alternate, having the president serve automatically as president every other year."—"The New Student," Intercollegiate Paper.

Dry Point

Sometimes I think I loathe
Small souls like mine,
Intensifying fine
To superfine;
Which treasure tiny things,
Mere trivialities,
Then try to weave the bits
To rhymes like these.
Weaklings weep,

But worse
Are poets' memories
In verse.

—Grace Woodford, '28, State College Quarterly.

Moulds for the Unprofessional

"The salvation of public schools lies in keeping each an individual school, differing from all others," said Prof. C. J. Anderson, of the University of Wisconsin, at a meeting of the Schoolmasters' Club. He warned the schoolmen against models, such as the Gary system, the Winnetka plan, and the platoon school. Standardization, he thought, is one of the evils of our times.

Prof. Anderson's warning is a timely one. Student teachers that lack initiative and originality, are exposed to these systems, and are liable to accept them religiously.

The mere acceptance would be harmless in itself, but rather a pity. The great evil would lie, however, in these young teachers attempting to go out into schools and cast the child into the iron mould of the system. These particular teachers will not be clever enough to utilize the system by making it over to suit local conditions.

As long as there are such ready-educational models, there will exist

those would-be teachers who will welcome the ready-made systems thinking they are teaching, when in reality, they are mere conveyors—machines.

There would be a far more professional set of teachers turned out if there were fewer ready-made moulds into which they cast their pupils. Poor, unprofessional teaching would be reduced to no small degree if teachers would do the teaching themselves.

Teaching is not being a medium for systems which usually work out far better in theory than in practice, at least in their original form.—"The Echo," Milwaukee State Normal School.

Don't

Dr. Albert Marion Hyde, whose ten "don'ts for women" have been spread broadcast, celebrated Christmas by formulating ten "don't for young men." His product, just as it came from the typewriter, is as follows:

"Do not speak of the 'old gent' and the 'old woman.' Fathers and mothers are a necessary evil in the present system of things. They have spoken respectfully of you when outsiders could not see anything on which they could hang even a small compliment.

"Do not give all your attention to education of the brains on the outside of your head. Football hair and a letter on your jersey are not a sufficient training for life. The young fellow who is old-fashioned enough to go to school for study still has a place in the world.

"Do not invest your nickel in a glass of beer, then afterward criticize the other fellow who has invested his nickel in a savings bank. Beer checks and saving bank checks as investments are not in the same class.

"Do not put the money of your tailor and your washwoman in \$5 opera seats and \$2 theatre tickets. They may prefer to spend their earnings in some other way.

"Do not measure your job entirely by the size of the pay envelope and the length of the vacation. Highway robbery is an ideal vocation measured in these ways.

"Do not try to get rich quick; smarter men than you, who have come to town without a cent, have tried it and lost all they had.

"Do not wrong a woman. Every woman is some mother's daughter. The white life you ask from your mother's daughter you have no right to take from the daughter of another.

"Do not defile your tongue with profane and vulgar speech, revealing ignorance and showing the coarseness in your soul.

"Do not think you have sounded all the ocean of truth when you have let out all your little line. The ocean on whose shore Newton had gathered only a few pebbles can never be all in your tin cup.

"Do not be a stranger to the church of your father. The old pew looks lonesome without you. Your father went to his honor and his prosperity straight from the church door. The path is still there. You need the Church and the Church needs you."

—"The Ypsilanti Normal College News."

The Girl Friend Says—

Because great minds flow along the same lines it is one of the penalties of greatness that all of one's best thoughts have been expressed before.

When envying each other, folks seldom consider the attendant, but often unknown, foe that each apparent blessing brings.

There is but one crime—inconsideration; under that fall all the rest, both those of commission and omission.

Open-mindedness is like the latest scandal; people like to talk about it. —"Green Stone," West Chester Normal.

Who's the Chauffeur of My Car?

Who's the chauffeur of my car?
Little lad, I guess you are.
Where's a greater childhood bliss
Than to wreck a car like this?

Every time I choose to drive
You endanger all our lives
Refusing to sit safely still
As we're travelling up a hill.

Just because I won't give in
To your selfish, childish whim.
You must use the foremost seat
Where your wishes you can speak.

Even from the very start
You tried to take it all apart.
The horn is just the thing for play.
You keep it blareing all the day.

The lights are great to manage, too.
Their sparkle quite amuses you.
Let me warn you, little lad,
That's what makes the battery bad.

The fender is a dandy place
For you to, at a lightning pace,
Slide upon its surface smooth
And rob my life of peace, forsooth.

Let them close within your grasp
And gave me one more puzzling task
Of sorting nuts and bolts and screws
Which you have found you could not use.

The window-shield, too, has not failed
To show where sticky hands have trailed.

While every cushion bears a mar.
The carpet's thickly daubed with tar.

Peppermints once white, now black,
Meet one's neatly tailored back
As he leans back with a sigh
Wondering what new prank you'll try.

But he need not ponder long
Nor is he very far from wrong
If he guesses you have tried
To plan diversion for our ride.

You can run this car of mine,
But I've watched, and so I find
When there's trouble, off you run.
Mending mischief is no fun.

You can take this car apart.
That is just a glorious lark,
But, who's the owner of this car?
I give in—I guess you are.
—Helen Margaret Bunclark.

The Cathedral

Like a veiled nun you stand.
Aloof, and coldly chaste,
Below, the endless traffic streams,
Relentless in its haste.

Your towers ever search the sky,
The velvet of the night,
To find a fleeting, sparkling star,
To crown you with its light.
—Marion Bebee.

It Snowed on New Year's Eve

Jupiter, high god, had a party
To celebrate the New Year's birth.
All the beauties of Olympus came,
With all the gracious gods and lesser gods.

Orpheus played.
Under the lanterns of the Aurora
Borealis.

Every goddess, every god
Joined in a stately measure.
Cupid, son of Venus, laughed with glee,
And he danced, too.

As the clock of the moon struck mid-
night,

Juno raised her hand
For silence.
Then to her guests she said,
"My friends,

Let us amuse ourselves by watching
How mortals on the earth are making
merry."

With clamorous jest, they all leaned
over
From Jupiter's high balcony.

Cupid, little rascal, with his bow
Knocked down a great Carrara marble
vase

Of silverish confetti.
—Amy Marie Newman.

Introducing Mr. Morris

George W. Morris, an instructor in Nature Study and Introduction to Teaching, has been recently added to our faculty. Mr. Morris comes well prepared to take up his work at Buffalo Normal. He took his A.B. degree at the University of Cincinnati. Mr. Morris attended Harvard for two years, taking his master's degree, and at that time had a university scholarship and was an instructor at Radcliffe College. During his second year at college he was an Austin Teachers Fellow in meteorology and palaeontology. Last year he had a fellowship at Clark University and worked off his residence requirement for a doctorate. The faculty take pleasure in welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Morris to their faculty circle.

The Orchestra

We doughty players who sat serene way up on the platform for show,
now fear we will not all be seen in the orchestra pit below.

We were away up in the air, a hundred feet or more, it seems. You could pick out each performer there in the colorful footlight beams.

But there the story ends, 'tis true. Yet how can we help being content—
You march in while we play for you and sing to our accompaniment.

And when each number is ended, the applause we receive is rare; the plaster from the walls is rended and a great tumult fills the air.
But we have one consolation.—If you are tired enough to drop, 'twould be an act of desecration to sit before we choose to stop.

Moods

I like to be alone
With the fierce, impulsive waves,
For I feel that they can understand
The storms and torments
Of my mind.

I like to be alone
With the gentle sunset:
To feel its soft, deep beauty
All around me,
And be content.

—Wendy.

Sunset in a New York Street

I looked
Down a long, narrow street
In New York.
A soft, pink glamour
Softened the stark ugliness
Of office buildings,
Making them ethereal.
Below
In the street
The hard brightness
Of city lights
Stared
Like cat's eyes
In the dark.

—Marion Bebee.

Spring

The spring of the year
Is a little child
Just awakened from his nap.
There is wonder in his eyes,
And his damp curls glisten;
But even the wisest fairies
Cannot tell whether he will
Laugh, or cry. —Wendy.

Ode to Mr. Bennett

(Tune: Left All Alone Again Blues)
We've got the Blues—
Those silly Economic-al Blues.
We've got the longest ever,
Over never,
Indigo, ten to four Blues!

Greedy Fate

Fate is a greedy, fat bandit
With a little black mustache.
He has a habit of stealing
The most precious
Of jewels.
I have watched his unscrupulous ways
Fascinated—
For I wonder what
He is going to take from me.
—Wendy.

BASKET BALL

Normal Bows to U. B.

When Normal took the court in the first college game of the season, it faced a team far superior to any opponent previously played by a Normal School team. The University of Buffalo has always produced a team which ranked well up in collegiate basketball circles. This year is no exception.

During the first half of the game, our boys appeared a bit frightened at being in big company and were entirely outscored by the Blue and White. Between halves they seemed to pull together and showed positive signs of improvement, holding their rivals to three field goals.

Lineups:

NORMAL (9)		(35) U. of B.
Smith (1), Page (2)	R. F.	Harrington (16)
Whittington (2)	L. F.	Bass (4), Purple (1)
Bell (1)	C.	Bridle (5), Gabbe (2)
Fick	R. G.	Stroeser (2), Dunn
Murphy (3), Oring	L. G.	Potter (4), Israel (1)

The Niagara Game

Traveling to the Falls, Normal lost its second regular game of the season to the Niagara University team. The Orange and Black, however, showed splendid improvement over the form displayed in the U. of B. game.

Field goals were scored alternately by Buffalo and Niagara until the latter part of the half, when the Purple scored out of turn and concluded the half leading 12 to 8. The second half of the game showed the decided advantage of frequent practice and consequently, closer teamwork. The University boys enjoyed a 34-16 victory.

Lineups:

NORMAL (16)		(34) NIAGARA
Whittington (5)	R. F.	Curran (5), Lamb
Smith (4)	L. F.	Dever (9)
Bell (3)	C.	Page (10), Curtin
Fick (1), Page, Murphy	R. G.	Cadzow (8)
Oring (4)	L. G.	Mason (2), Demore, Gibney

Canisius

Playing its third college game in seven days, Normal emerged at the short end of a 39-23 score. Canisius College boasts one of the strongest local quintets in years. This game was the first that Normal has lost at home in over two years.

The first half, as in the Niagara game, was a see-saw until the final minutes, when Canisius rallied and led by several points. During the second half, Canisius played errorless ball and when the final whistle blew, they had tallied 39 points to Normal's 23. The Canisius five-man defense was a feature of the game.

Lineups:

NORMAL (23)
Smith (8), Page (2)
Whittington (3)

(39) CANISIUS
Conners (3), Morgan (8)
Ferraro (8), Allen (4)
Stahl (0), Murphy (0)
McNally (6), Molynarczk (0)
Shanahan (5), Gallagher (0)
Guarnieri (3)

Bell (8)
Fick (0)
Oring (0), Murphy (2)

R. F.
L. F.
C.
R. G.
L. G.

Normal Defeats Brockport

With a strong determination to re-enter the win column, Buffalo Normal journeyed to Brockport and defeated that Normal quintet seventeen to thirteen. Brockport scored a foul goal at the beginning of the contest but a field basket by Buffalo soon followed and we were never headed throughout the contest. Our lineup was changed considerably and showed to advantage. Roy Bell, at guard, was easily the star for Buffalo, scoring eleven points and holding his man to one basket. Eddie Whittington also played well for us.

Lineups:

BUFFALO (17)
Whittington (2)

(13) BROCKPORT
Kuppinger (0), Chapman (0)
Hoffman (3)
Iveson (8)
Hoffman (0)
Hill (2)
Hogan (0)

Smith (2)
Murphy (2)
Fick (0), Oring (0)
Bell (1)

Referee—Brice.
Scorer—Schottin.

Girls' Basket Ball—An Incentive

Freshman—don't you think that orange is a pretty color? It is. You must say so to be a truly loyal Normalite. How would you like to wear a gorgeous orange N? Yes? Then practice hard, for each year a basketball tournament is conducted between the various sections of the Freshman class. By the process of elimination does the victor emerge and each member of that worthy team is duly honored with the aforesaid N. It is really worth trying for.

"Exams"

What is this dark spectre which stalks so forebodingly about the halls of our hitherto cheerful school; which sends a shiver to our spines, a shake to our knees, a tremor to our hearts and our eyes to our books? Of course you know? My! how bright you are!

This spectre and examinations are synonymous. He has peered into every "nook and corner" of the building, including the gym. Even our happy basketball enthusiasts succumbed to his indomitable will. One precious practice period was spent in an attempt to satisfy his insatiable curiosity. The following are the causes and results:

Ques.—What is "holding?"

Ans.—Holding is very similar to "necking." You gracefully and adeptly drape your arms around that particular portion of your opponent which best suits your immediate purpose and grab the ball.

The above is a sample of the unusual amount of valuable knowledge which our basketballers have absorbed from their strenuous course—"Technique of Basketball."

Vacation Activity

During the Christmas vacation a number of our Faculty attended special meetings in connection with their work. They were as follows:

Dr. Daniels—The Modern Language Association meeting at Boston.
 Dr. DeMond—The American Historical Association meeting at Rochester.
 Mr. Gorham—The State Science Teachers Association meeting at Syracuse.
 Miss Thomas and Mr. Gorham—The meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Philadelphia.

The Four of Us

Melinda was old and gray and keen,
 Belinda was old and gray and lean,
 Priscilla was young and good to be seen

Melinda liked warmth and cookies and tea,
 Belinda liked warmth and some company,
 Priscilla was young and she liked me.

Melinda was cook and cleaner and head,
 Belinda spent most of her time in bed,
 Priscilla was young and always wore red.

Melinda has gone to a well-earned rest,
 Belinda has gone and it's for the best,
 Priscilla's still young, but she's moved west.

And now I'm most grown as you can see,
 But sometimes I'd like it again to be—
 Just Melinda, Belinda, Priscilla, and me.
 —Julia Forsyth.

Dr. Rockwell—Trustee

Principal Rockwell was recently elected a member of the Board of Trustees of the new Museum which is being built by the city for the accommodation of the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences.

Impressions—The Student Federation

A thrilling and exciting week—a dream come true—delegate to the National Student Federation of America—the hustle and bustle of packing—off on one's first long tunnel under the St. Clair river—Detroit—6:30—Ann Arbor—the University Campus early in the morning—a wild rush of students at 8:00 o'clock—the Union, and registering—the first meeting—Dr. Little, President of Michigan—presentation of the constitution—Helen Newberry residence, our temporary home—dinner—afternoon meeting—a small group of interesting papers—the red-headed man from the University of Virginia, a real Southern type; strong for the honor system—a walk around a college town at dusk—group meetings—bed—constitutional discussion officers—dinner at Union—last session of conference—capable Lewis Fox, retiring president—the end—another college dance—Sunday in a college town—another night on a "sleeper"—home—it all seems a dream.
 —Ada Bindeman.

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The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

Vol. XV

February Issue, 1927

No. 5

Sandbagged at Sea

Really, I cannot explain how I came to find myself adrift in the broad and bounding Atlantic in a wooden bath tub; but I recall the events leading up to that predicament with perfect clearness. We had just cleared Sandy Hook and I was amusing the passengers with the well-known story of the man who could not resist a light love affair and consequently married an Albino. I was recounting this charming little anecdote to the skipper for the third or fourth time, when suddenly I felt a severe blow on the back of my head and at the same time I was plunged into utter darkness. When I regained consciousness, I was in the circumstances already mentioned, with the blue sky overhead and half an inch of Northern nutwood underfoot.

There could be but one possible explanation; the ship must have struck a rock and I had probably been thrown against a bulkhead. In taking to the boats, my friend, the captain, had probably favored me with a tub to myself, because of my unfortunate injury. Reasoning thus, the keel of my frail craft grated on a sandy bottom and I arose to confront the deserted shore of an unknown land.

In my younger days I had been a Boy Scout—quite a good one, too, for I used to do at least one good turn every day before I got out of bed—so being stranded on the shore of a strange land was for me mere pastime. To construct a rude camp, a rude fireplace, a rude bed, and several rude chairs to match, was but play for a former Vocational man like myself.

Unraveling five cents worth of my left sock, I contrived a stout fishline, to which I attached a bent pin as a hook, and in a few minutes I had as pretty a mess of horse mackerel as one could wish. Then I built a roaring fire and over this prepared a most delicious breakfast of scrambled mackerel, garnished with baked seaweed.

After breakfast I went prospecting for water, and my search was soon rewarded with the discovery of a well of pure, sweet water, though I must complain the pump was a rickety old wooden affair, such as one might expect to find on a desert island. On my return from this expedition, I made my first startling discovery—you guessed it, gentle reader—a footprint in the sand!

It was a dainty, refined foot; a woman's beyond a doubt. Surely there is no justice. A man can't even be a Crusoe without having some Crusoes butt into the privacy of his desert island. What was my surprise when next morning I was awakened by a rustling outside my shelter. As I peeped, in alarm, from beneath my covering of leaves and branches, the first object that met my vision was a foot—the Foot!

THE RECORD

"My dear madam!" I cried, leaping to my feet in confusion, "Pardon my—"
 "Say, mister," interrupted the female appended to the foot, "Paw says to tell you he's gonna let the cows loose in his here field, and you'd better move your camp if you don't wanta get stepped on."

"What! Is this desert spot inhabited?" I asked. "How many thousand miles are we from civilization?"

"Half a mile from the Joisey Central, and then forty minutes from N'York," replied the freckled gingham girl, striding off toward the prehistoric fence which I had discovered the day before.

Famous Words of Famous People

The class room door was shut at last,
 The teacher stood before her class
 And said through lips locked hard and fast
 "Sing up in your noses."

"Try not your fingers," the teacher said,
 "Sit up straight, don't bow your head,"
 But still the class wrote on half-dead,
 "Everybody happy?"

"Come, try to keep up taking notes;
 Ask me, and not your neighbor."
 But still the class wrote on like mad,
 "Ja get it?"

The door had slammed, the class had aimed,
 To give a five-minute talk on "Famed."
 From the back of the room, a voice proclaimed,
 "It's quite aw-right."

The class sat gazing out the window
 Watching the dead leaves and whirling snow,
 When to their consciousness came the blow,
 "Come, come, girls!"

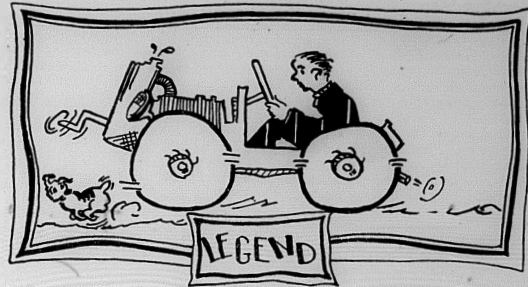
The boy stood before his class
 Trying his best so he would pass,
 Waiting for the words that came, alas,
 "Deadly uninteresting."

—C. M. D.

My Experience as a Chorine

I smiled up into the eyes of my escort, as we swayed to the refrains of "Thinking of You." Around us were whispered comments such as "What a handsome couple, that's Jack Filbert of the movies, and Louise Hooks, the most beautiful chorus girl of the 'Great White Way'; and, "Can't they dance!" or "I hope they will give us an exhibition." So much admiration made me warm with exultation. Why had I spent so many years of my life doing such a humdrum thing as teaching school? This was life! Suddenly the music stopped with an abruptness that warned us of something unusual. A whisper went around the dancers, "A raid." I stood paralyzed, my thoughts running in one trend: "What will the friends at home say?" A bluecoat with a pad stood before me requesting my name, and then—"You better get up now, Sis: Pop's going to burn that pile of theatrical books if you're late for school again."

B. R. K. S.



I

Benny came to Normal School on an extensive scale,
 With an eye for entertainment and a crate or so of kale.
 To help the doleful hours along he bought a little car
 With silver-plated gear-shift and a double bumper bar.
 He took in dances liberally, and every show in town,
 Lest by some chance a good one come and find he'd not gone down.

II

Now these things kept him busy, as you'll easily understand,
 And left no time to monkey with the other things on hand.
 He planned to spend some fifteen minutes at his desk each day,
 But found he couldn't spare them, so he threw his books away.
 'Twas quite the same old story—we've seen it all before,
 But Benny couldn't grasp it till they offered him the door.



Literally Speaking

The proverb which declares that a man is known by the company he keeps may, or may not, be true. But the most exacting test of character is to be found in the love letters which the smitten compose, receive, and ultimately tie with a red ribbon. Each type of heart artist has his or her own individual differences as concerned with the fond missives calculated to kindle the elusive passion.

But mere statement of fact is no proof. In witness, let there be submitted for judgment this carefully selected set of typical love letters. It is needless to say that they are authentic, for each of them is actually a sample carefully abstracted from the most respectable trunks and shoe boxes. Such examples happen in even the best of regulated romances.

Ye Olde-Fashioned Style

Love letter of the vintage of 1827 delivered by carrier from Mr. Ardent Heartful to Miss Angela Blushingham, begging her acceptance of a fish:
"Respected Miss Angela:

"With the consent of your honored father and esteemed mother, I dare the venture of sending to you by the messenger who brings you this, a fish. It has, my respected Miss Angela, for some time been my ardent desire that I might have the good fortune to present to you as a fruit of my own endeavors, a fish. It was this very morning my good fortune to land while angling in the brook that traverses your property, with the consent of your honored father, a fish.

"In presenting for your consumption, with your parent's consent, respected Miss Angela, this fish, may I say that the fate of this fish which will thus have the inestimable privilege of languishing upon your table conveys nothing but envy to one who, while what he feels cannot be spoken, still feels as deeply as should feel, it it does feel, this fish.

"With the expression of perfect regard for your honored father and esteemed mother, truly believe me,

"Your devoted,

"Ardent Heartful."

And Ye Olde-Fashioned Replie

Received by Mr. Ardent Heartful; delivered by a servant of the honored House of Blushingham:

"Sir Joshua and Lady Blushingham present their compliments to Mr. Ardent Heartful and desire to thank him for the fish which he had the kindness to forward to their daughter, Angela, and which they have greatly enjoyed. Sir Joshua and Lady Blushingham will be pleased if Mr. Ardent Heartful will present himself in person for such further conversation in regard to this fish as connects it with his future intentions."

The Truly Rural

Being a passionate love billet from Mr. Ezekial Cloverseed of Cowlick Crossing to Miss Anastasia Peabody, late of ditto, who has gone to the big city to become one of Woolworth's nickel snatchers:

"Dear Anastasia:

"There was a sharp frost last night which may do heaps of harm to the spring wheat. Till last Tuesday there had not been no frost that you wouldn't have noticed some. Paw thinks we are goin to have a late spring but some, think if we have a warm spell between now and ground-hog day it may not be, but some don't. I seen a couple of crows in the south pasture the other day but you can't bank on that. Gertrude, our prize heifer, had a calf last week.

We are going to name it Matilda. I've been troubled again with my toe, but my rheumatism seems a whole lot better from that stuff the snake-oil man sold me. My left leg has been pretty stiff again but the Peppo Liniment has done my right arm good. Well, I will now close."

"Ezekial."

Anastasia must have immediately dashed off this charming little note in reply:

"Dear Ezekial:

"I was glad to get your letter. I was sorry to hear there have been so much frost. I was glad to hear about Gertrude and Matilda. I was sorry to hear your toe is still bad. I was glad to hear your rheumatism is better. I am sorry your leg is stiff again. I am glad your arm is nicely. I must now close.

"Anastasia."

Technical Love

Letter from Mr. John Q. Smith, hydraulic engineer, writing from Sagebrush Delta, Saskatchewan, to Miss Gwendolyn Quincey. Everybody knows that Jack is just crazy about Wendy.

"Dear Gwendolyn:

"We got in here through the brush yesterday and it certainly is a heck of a place to run needle-checked azimuth. The rock is mostly basaltic trap, but there are faults here and there that have been filled with alluvial deposit. We had difficulty lately because of an error in our calculation of converging meridians; but everything is going nicely since we re-established our co-ordinates. Tomorrow I am to start an isogonic survey of this grata. Isn't that great? Well, Gwendolyn, I must now close.

"John."

There is no record of Miss Quincey's having answered this love note.

The Present Vogue

Love letter revealing the intense emotion of Professor Albert Dingleberry, senior professor of rhetoric and diction at Schmidt University, and an internationally famous essayist and critic, to Miss Maisie Muggins of the chorus of the Fiji Frivolities.

"Pet

"Cuckoo! my little peacherino, and how is she now? I wish she was right here, yum! yum! I got her tootsie woosie little letter this morning,"—and so on for eighteen pages. After which, the professor got back to work on his treatise—"A Specific Analysis of Metabolism in the Bronze Age."

What the Professor Got

"My dear Professor:

"It was with the most agreeable feelings of gratification that I received your letter this morning. The sentiments which you express and the very evident manifestation thus conveyed of your affection towards myself fill me, sir, with the most enduring satisfaction—" After which Masie tired of copying word after word of the Complete Letter-Writer and so just added her own style,

"Aint you the kidder though?"

"Masie."

Query

Will the reader ponder just a moment? Which of these various couples were married first and which stayed put longest? Quite right—you guessed it immediately. There's no doubt about it to persons of judgment in such matters.

No Wonder We Need Follies

The load on Bunyan's Christian could certainly not be heavier than the one on the back of any student just before examinations. The fact that it is only a figurative one doesn't make it any lighter. Each subject which has an examination attached increases the weight of his load until the mere thought of examinations crushes him. The shuddering anticipation increases as the instructors cast sly allusions to the approaching ordeal and even the thought of past conquests doesn't seem to have any bearing at this particular time.

The day of the first examination relentlessly approaches and dawns. The student awakens with the sense of some dire impending event, which the uncomfortable projections of his history book under his pillow recall. After cramming until nothing mattered any more, he had decided to try the efficacy of his sub-conscious mind. Nothing seems to help, though; his mind is a blank. He tries weakly to scoff at the idea of the examination, because theoretically he had never believed in them. But as he gets to school and meets his fellow-sufferers, his theoretical convictions fail him and the appalling practical exigency embraces him.

As he walks into the room he realizes it is an issue of life or death—the instructors all look it, anyway. At last, after impressive ceremonies, he gets the examination, face-down. He turns it over and reads it, remembering hazily previous instructions. He reads it once, slowly, trying to get into a historical mood. He reads it again, this time forgetting the desired mood in his attempt to find a question which he can answer. In despair, he lays it down. His mind seems like "a vast, uncharted area," with an isolated unattached factor or two wandering about. He tries vainly to think, saying to himself, "I must organize my knowledge." But how can he organize a negative quantity? He looks around to see if anybody else feels the same. Yes, they all do. He looks at the clock and seizes his pen when he sees how much of his precious time is gone. But what an overwhelming paucity of ideas! His sub-conscious mind must have ceased functioning, let alone his active mind.

Desperately he writes something—anything. Suddenly his sub-conscious mind begins to work. A vague shadow of some dimly remembered facts come to him. He pursues them energetically, and wrests them from chaotic confusion, and victoriously elaborates upon them. He always was good at elaborating. Just then he hears an ominous voice, "Half an hour more." And he has only two questions done! Somehow or other the other half hour passes and he marshals up his scanty array of facts for inspection. He tries to look sorry that it's over for the instructor's sake, but realizes how difficult it is to be a hypocrite.

He gathers up his few papers hastily and thankfully puts them forever out of his sight in the instructor's hands. He walks weakly back to his seat, only to hear the instructor say, "You've forgotten your declaration!"

—Marion Bebee.

The next page is a mute monument solemnly dedicated to the 99% of our pedagogic population who did NOT contribute to the Follies Number.

If It Only Happened This Way

PRISCILLA TURGEON

The Princess strode angrily across the room, kicked vigorously at a tasseled satin cushion, and felt much better when it toppled over a slender gilded chair. She flung open the French doors to the little balcony, and the morning sun streamed into the room, touching her shining hair with a new radiance. But for all its cheery splendor it could not brighten her face nor change her mood. Behind her in the luxurious room, the bed was tumbled and rumpled, and the many little embroidered pillows were scattered on the floor around it. And the cause of it all, the handsome Prince!

At the ball the night before, he had danced with her, of course, but he had been so haughty and aloof. The Princess flung her proud little head higher, and wrinkled her nose disdainfully as she remembered. She had thrilled to his touch, as to no other man's, and during the dance she had looked up into his eyes and smiled, an appealing little smile which asked, "Don't you like me? A little?" And he had smiled back, with his lips, but his eyes had been cold and repelling. Such a rebuff she had never met with before! Indeed the tables had always been turned! Many a man had smiled appealingly at her, to be coolly snubbed. How had he dared? He must pay for it, somehow! She turned with a grim little smile on her face, closing the doors behind her.

A fetching little figure in knickers, a soft silk blouse turned in at the throat, a small green hat pulled over her golden head, she climbed the side of the hill, straight into the path of the morning sun, as it peeped over the crest. "And straight was the path of gold 'to him," for there he stood, looking down at her, and so much handsomer than he'd seemed the night before. She longed to shoot, to stab, to strangle, to hurt him! But, instead, she said, "Oh, good morning! Isn't it a lovely morning?" He was looking at her in such a surprised way, as though he couldn't look enough. "It surely is lovely," he said, meaningly, and strode eagerly toward her, cap in hand.

Everything was beginning just wonderfully. She wondered if he knew her, and to test him, asked, "Are you staying in town?" For a moment he seemed puzzled, then answered, "For a few days. Let's walk on down the hill, if you don't mind."

"I'd love it," said the Princess. She was no longer sure-footed, as when she had climbed the hill, but stumbled frequently so that the Prince must take her arm to aid her.

"Are you, too, staying in town?" he inquired rather eagerly, and the Princess hugged herself with delight. (He didn't recognize her, then.)

"For today only," she sighed.

"Then we must enjoy every moment of it," said the Prince. They wandered on, arm in arm, in lovely warm sunlight and leafy shade, until the Prince discovered that he was beginning to feel hungry. "I do believe there's a little inn over here to the right," he said delightedly. "Do you know, I'm frightfully hungry, and I know you must be."

Now the Princess could have walked on forever, without eating, but she thought it would be heavenly to sit at one of the darling little sheltered tables with him and she had been guiding him toward the inn for an hour. So they lunched sumptuously, at least the Prince did. The Princess really only looked at the Prince, though she seemed to be eating! When the old servant, who

had known her from babyhood, bowed and scraped and said, "Your Majesty," the Prince thought he was speaking to *him*, so that was that.

The shadows were lengthening when they rose and walked on, this time toward her favorite spot, a secluded little nook, where she came often alone. She knew very well the way affairs were shaping themselves, and when, as they sat on the mossy bank by the little spring, the Prince put his arm back of her, seemingly for support, she merely looked at the spring. But when he sat ever so much closer, she turned and looked at him, reprovingly, so that he blushed, and removed his arm. "Remember your wife and family," said the Princess, rebukingly.

"But, I have no wife," cried the Prince, indignantly.

"Oh, then you must be betrothed to the Princess in yonder castle."

"Never," cried the Prince, starting up in dismay. "She is a most heartless creature, and takes the greatest delight in enslaving men, only to laugh at them. She tried her wiles on me last evening as we danced. Ah, no! My heart has ever been free, until this morning, when I beheld YOU, coming up the golden sunpath. Tell me, pleadingly, 'could you learn to care if I spent the rest of my life in trying to teach you?'"

Then the Princess rose to her feet, and held out both hands to the Prince. A beautiful light shone in her eyes. Gone were all thoughts of vengeance. "I hated you so, this morning," she cried, but hatred must come only when we love greatly. Let's go and tell Father." And so they went, walking very closely together, arm in arm.

In the Auditorium

The center of the school building of Normal is the auditorium, so is it also the center of her social life. Walk into the assembly some day during a vacant hour and judge for yourself. There are groups of students scattered over the entire room, each preoccupied in her own particular activity. If you should investigate each group you would no doubt find a variety of activities. Over near the windows, perhaps we would find six or seven earnest young women trying to prepare their work for every new topic has to be discussed and plished very rapidly, however, for over to another group of little bits of private conversation drift in. We pass on to another group, the fair sex who are busily engaged in amusing themselves by light conversation. Over in a far corner are a few of our men, gathered in a single group, perhaps for protection. Their deep voices discussing the mysteries of the male mind, and, no doubt, the peculiarities of feminine minds, add a pleasant bass tone to the soprano of the girls' voices. And then we have the ambitious and music pupils who are a source of agony to the groups around them. Five earnest students trying to sing the same song but all in a different key and with widely differing opinions as to the syllables. The effect is unharmonious, to say the least. Here and there we find a studious individual sitting alone and actually studying in all the hubbub.

Even romance enters in, for over in a far corner sit a lad and lass, unconscious of the social life around them and interested only in their own conversation.

There are many more groups, each symbolic of some phase of the school life, work, friendship, play. It is here we find the true spirit of Normal, hovering over the pleasant hum of voices in the assembly.

Wether:
ALL WET

The Normal Nooze

Follies
Edishun

Volume: One Pint

"MORE TO BE PITIED THAN CENSORED"

One Sent

Love Nest Exposed!

Before Chief Justice Mogul of the Supreme Court today was unfolded the grim tragedy of Harriet (Cutie) Skandel, pretty demure Buffalo Normal girl. It was alleged that the young lady had eaten fudge made by sorority girls. This confectionate concoction had been named "Love Nest" by the manufacturing artists of the sore-orty.

In a private interview, the Dean of Men at the local pedagogical factory declared that these vicious candy merchants will be handled with drastic measurements. The Dean's motto is "An eye for an eye and a sweet tooth for a sweet tooth."

Heah and Theah

Donald D. Drone, '26, has busted his contract with the State of Nova Scotia. Instead of teaching, D. D. Drone has turned to the stage. Of course after alumnus, has refused to accept her pension, due to her forthcoming plunge into the matrimonial whirlpool. John Oldbuoy is the lucky lad. Johnny and Altruria B. were childhood sweethearts down in the same old alleyway back in '60.

When asked for a statement, the future Mrs. Oldbury charmingly replied, "Girls will be girls."

Norman A. Nuisance, a student teacher, threw a monkey wrench at Philip Bosser, his critic, early yesterday afternoon. Professor Bosser, in retaliation, heaved a tool post and a half-dozen assorted lathe dogs at the rebel student teacher.

Shocked students from the electrical department forced the combatants apart.

A check up served to show that the situation arose from a dispute about the respective merits of left handed curry combs.

The principals of the encounter parted apparently the best of friends, although it is rumored that Norman's A in Practice Teaching is all shot to pieces.

Exclusive View - Someone's Ship Coming In!



Foreign Nooze Flashes

Brockport—Two cheerleaders collide in mid-air. There was only a slight degree of abrasion.

Albany—Washington's birthday celebrated with appropriate cherry tree ceremonies.

New Platz—All students pass Psychology. Teachers pass out.

Cortland—New course in Tree Climbing instituted for apple pickers, tomboys, and phone-pole acrobats.

Geneseo—New supply of midnight wicks for the librarians.

Heart Burners

Albert Clarence Navarrow, our scintillating collegiate Romeo, was recently seen conversing earnestly with the same girl twice in one day. Albert Clarence has been sent to the City Hospital for examination.

JOKE!!

'Nother Joke!

Room—"What does this mean, 'They were in sackcloth and ashes'?"

Mate—"Probably meant that they wore Oxford bags to a Fraternity smoker."

Evolution of the Epithet

(By Irwin Anger Bitts)

Here is the book the cussing public has long been waiting for. The author's motto has seemingly been, "Bigger and better epithets," and his ambition to present an unexcelled selection of choice ejaculations for every occasion has been limited only by his vocabulary. One may find the proper things to say under any circumstance from a one-cent sale to a faculty reception.—Adv.

No More Exams!

Get your eyeglasses fitted for you at Doctor Ocular's studio. No examination necessary.—Adv.

WAR?

(Nosy News Service)—Diplomatic circles in Boloney, Pretzelgrad, and Hamburg-on-the-Lake are buzzing with excitement today. Brilliant students of the Buffalo State Normal School have predicted that this glorious country will soon declare war against any other nation willing to go ten rounds to a decision.

"These students having studied European History for one semester undoubtedly know what they are talking about," are the very words Premier Baldwin is said to have uttered to his barber last Saturday night. Noozepaper correspondents expect that "Cal" and "Kel," who are balled up on their foreign policy, will call on these students for the low down on what to do.

Become Popular Overnight!



How often have you not envied your accomplished friends—You sit dumb while they entertain a whole roomful of people—statesmen, ambassadors, II Traversors, girls. Try this wonderful new discovery. Find eight (8) faces in the above picture and then mail this coupon. Free. Do it now. Astonish your friends. Be sought after. Free.

I'll Bite.

Signed

Personal

It has come to our attention that one of the girls in this school uses lipstick and rouge. Her name will be printed in our next issue if she persists in this unladylike practice.

It is with a great deal of regret that the Printers of this issue of the RECORD are aware that they have no knowledge of what it is all about. Nevertheless they have done their best to faithfully represent the ideas of reflection on their typewriter.

Nite o' the Dance

A Tragedy o' the
Light Fantastic

Chapter I

Bruno Hopscotch was happy. Why was he happy? Well, why shouldn't he be happy? It's none of your business why he was happy; but as a matter of fact Bruno was happy because it was the nite o' the dance—and his one, his own, his only Cynthia Cinnamon was at his side. And she was not only at his side—she was in front of him, she was around him, she was draped all over him; in fact, they were dancing! The aristocratic ears of Bruno Hopscotch throbbled to the sensuous beat of the rhythmic music; his eyes shone brightly, magnified beautifully through his bi-focals. Thoughts of the dance, thoughts of Cynthia, thoughts of romance were running through his head; his nose—but never mind his nose; suffice it to say that our hero had a bad cold.

Chapter II

On—on into the night they danced—it was already nine-thirty—forgetful of the morrow, forgetful of the day after; forgetful—and then, right then; the inevitable occurred! Bruno had feared it, yet he hadn't thought of it; he had expected it, yet he hadn't looked for it—yet here it was: he had been bumped! He—Bruno Hopscotch—had been bumped! A torrent of rage ran through his brain, up and down his spine, back and forth across his toe-nails.

A shot rang out, accompanied by a bullet. Bruno rolled the body aside and danced on. Seven heavenly steps he stepped—again it happened! And not only again, but again!

Chapter III

Hours passed; the bodies lay stacked around the orchestra; the sky was growing light, and so was Bruno's cartridge belt; but Bruno Hopscotch danced on—alone, unhindered, unbumped, he and Cynthia Cinnamon danced on and on.

But short was our hero's hard-earned bliss. A shrill whistle sounded suddenly; the footsteps of the arm of the law resounded on the floor—the Police! In three and five-tenths seconds our Bruno was bound, gagged, and tied to the window stick.

Chapter IV

Then came torture. Before his very eyes, the eyes of Bruno Hopscotch, right in front of him, they danced—danced with Cynthia Cinnamon! First the Sheriff, then the Deputy Sheriff, then the Sub-Deputy Sheriff—in turn, each danced with the beautiful Cynthia Cinnamon! Bruno squirmed savagely within his bonds . . . hours, it seemed . . . till finally his fingers gasped his double-barreled shooting iron . . . one cartridge still remained . . .

Really, this is too sad. Let time be granted to wipe the salty brine of tears from the typewriter keys. Now—once more to resume the thread of our yarn.

Chapter V

Well, do you think he shot himself? No, he didn't, either; he shot the orchestra leader (they're such bores anyhow). And so the music had to stop, and the police went home to bed—and Bruno Hopscotch, thoughtful lad that he was, hailed a passing street car and let Cynthia pay the fare.

Finis

The Record

Published by the Students of the State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Printed in the State Normal School Print Shop

Terms, \$1.00 a Year

Single Copies, 15 cents

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We wish to acknowledge having received a number of excellent contributions not of a Follies nature. This material will be considered for our next issue.

— The Editor

EXCHANGE

Loony Loomatks

Dear Fekity:

Ve, de loji majority

Of de nummal school stoodnts

Riquaast dat ven de mooks

Dey coming out dees sizzn

Vill you plizz rewoissing

De mooks so det hinstad

Of it should being

A means haxillent

B means wery goot

C means hevridge

D means pessing

Und E means failure

De mooks dey should be

A means awful

B means bad

C means commendable

D means dgendy

Und E means excellent

Dees vill be a hedventidge

BicOrz den de keptil latters

Vould halping you himmansly

Und you vould safang tiyim

Und tiyim. you know. iss money.

But above ull, dear titchers.

Eef you hiccommidating oss

Plizz dunt fergatting dees:

You shouldn't tell anything

To de rejistrer.

I taynking you.

—"The Echo," Milwaukee State Normal School.

Mush-tache

Goofey—"I'm raising a mustache. What color do you think it will be?"
Shattuck—"Gray, at the rate it is growing."

A Crool Tale

The Sunday school teacher was talking to the children about cruelty to animals: "I once know a little boy who cut a cat's tail right off. Think of it, children; took a knife and cut the tail right off. Can anyone tell me a verse in the Bible that would have taught the little boy that this was cruelty."

A moment of silence, then a small boy with a happy thought expression held up his hand. "What is it, my boy?" asked the teacher hopefully. "What God has joined together let no man put asunder," responded the small boy.—"The Lamron," Genesee State Normal.

A Crammer's Lament

Time. Oh time—

Go back in thy crawl

And give me the free hours

I squandered last fall.

My books I let lie in my locker each night.

Where my mind was not burdened

And, Oh, felt so light!

But now it's exam time

And skating time, too.

Where's time for study?

I don't know; do you?

Romance in Short

Adoration
Contemplation
Gallant thinks her great.
Preparation
Decoration
Off to learn his fate.
Palpitation
Trepidation
On the lover's side.
Desparation
Osculation
Now she is his bride

I Buya Da Ford

I wanta da Ford. I have no money. I no know what to do. My wife Marie, she wanta da Ford too. What we gonna do—no Ford, no money? We can go no place this summer when it is too warm. I so-as worried, we no can do nothing. Marie, she wanta go see her mamma, I wanta see my papa, we no can go. We have no money.

Ah, how I getta da idea. I get washings for Marie. She maka lots of money. I keepa da house, she can do da work. I maka da sign. I put it up. It bring her lotsa da work. We maka money, money, money. We buys da Ford. Not new, but da man he tella me she is made justa like new.

Marie she is so happy. I am too. We make out we go see her mamma first. Just like that, alla ways—she first. Sunday he come. We start. We go along, oh, so nice. Gee, it is nice to have da Ford. Then Bang, I hear a da noise, da bump. What is it? I wonder. I stop. I get off. One tire is flat. I get mad. Darna da Ford, she maka me tired. Poor Tony, he hafta fix. I get warm. I no can get dat tire off. I no can put him on. One nice man, he come along. He fix it. We go along. I guess da Ford, she's all right. Da fresh air, she feel so good.

We came to da big hill say, "Come on now, Lizzie, showa da stuff!" We go up . . . up . . . halfway

up, then we slida back. It is that I am scared, I no know what to do. I can do nothing. I leave her go. We get to da bottom alla right.

I tella Marie to get out. I tella Marie to push. We get up halfway. Den woosh, we go gack. Marie she is knock down. Me and Lizzie go boomp into da fireplug. It smasha da Ford. I taka Marie to da hospital.

I no have da Ford now. I paya da hospital. I paya da city fora damage. I have no money. Taka da washings to paya da bills. Bymbye Marie maybe she come home. Then she wash. If we getta more money, I buya da bicycle. Marie, she can walk.—"The Normal Times," Central State Normal School, Lock Haven, Pa.

A Mean Look

Woman was made long before mirrors and she has kept in front of them ever since.

Poses

I am so sophisticated
When I am with Fritz.
He sends expensive orchids
And he takes me to the Ritz.

I am the athletic girl
When Jimmie is with me,
We play six sets of tennis,
We swim, we golf, we ski.

When George or Harold come to call,
We don another pose,
It's tea and cakes before the fire,
New poetry and prose.

The scene is once more shifted
When Archibald is here,
He looks so soulful, holds my hand,
And calls me "Honey dear!"

But when my hero really comes
I'll be myself—oh joy!
He'll love me for what I am,
One of the hol polloi.

—"Green Stone," West Chester Normal.

Light Literature and Hash

The Record, like every worth while periodical, has become a subject for criticism. Students recognize its redeeming literary qualities in terms of dullness, and they frankly demand a paper that is more humorous and more slapstick. I, for one, have this critical viewpoint and prefer slap-dash humor to general educational remarks. Indeed, I find the conversation of Irishman Pat and his friend, Mike, more stimulating than the speech of some educational leader at some educational convention. I see little brilliance in sober book reviews, and I would more readily turn to "funny-bone" cartoons. On the other hand, I have read Judge and College Humor consistently for two consecutive hours, and I have been impressed by lack of variety and wearisome lightness. In a sentence, I realize that the Record may need humor or it may not; it may be dull and significant, or it may be light and trivial.

As one who appreciates criticism, I shall write on a light subject, namely "hash-houses," and not treat it trivially. If my reader finds humor, it will be entirely of his own whimsical construing. I shall attempt not to write humorously but, rather, to aim at definite organization and to write for literary effectiveness. Of course, I shall find "hash-houses" an irresistible subject, and "hash" will not yield very definitely to organization, but I recognize my difficulties, and I shall proceed to overcome them.

To reach my locker, in the morning, I must edge my way thru rows of Freshmen nibbling at these same lunches, at any hour of the day. Indeed, same Freshmen nibbling at these same lunches, from nine until four, and my only interest I encounter this same situation, from nine until four, and my only interest is that there should be such a simple solution to the intense problem. This problem, of where and how to spend one's lunch hour, is a complex one. If you doubt my statement, then study your neighbor. Monday, she may sponge her lunch, two bites of sandwich and one of cake; Tuesday, you may find her devouring a banana in the assembly; Wednesday, it may be a lunch from home; Thursday, no lunch at all; and, Friday, she may eat "Glorified Rice" in the cafeteria.

Such a concoctive regime should not be encouraged, and I offer as a solution, my original classification of all available "hash-houses." There are three bases for classification, size, distance from school, and menu. However, hospitable roominess and scorched corn are often coexistent; distance is only enchanting when one has an aversion to study; and menu requires the complicated subdivisions of nationality, intrinsic worth and economic diversity. Consequently, I disregard these inadequate classifications, and group "hash-houses" according to their eccentricities. In this respect, I class the "Hand Over" as a distinctive cafeteria. Here, one subjects his sensibilities to a hodge-podge of democratic lunch line and receives at the end, his compensation—a free dish of lemon ice. I class the "Normal" as a type of cafeteria and the "Push Across" as a specialist in the effective use of heavy spoons with light soup.

I group restaurants as either regular "Greasy Spoons" or "converted ice cream parlors." I mark "Greasy Spoons" as essentially quick lunches, and I am certain that if an individual asks for sliced bananas, he waits ten minutes. At the end of this time, the "pancake lady" tells him, banteringly, that the fruit had to ripen, which leads him to believe that bananas are not quick lunch and, perhaps, he shouldn't order them again.

The "progressive" lunch, I frankly admit, to be unwieldy. It may mean a "lucky strike" and a corned beef sandwich at a men's hotel, or it may

mean the hasty consumption of a mild cheese sandwich at the corner of Fourteenth and Connecticut streets. It could mean a whipped cream-puff and a number of Luden's cough drops. It might be a transparently frosted cupcake and a pie. Too often, it is a granular bit of fudge and a practice teacher on the roundel seat of a Hoyt car.

These are the various types, however, and the individual may suit his personality. The "poetic" temperament, who broods on eternal mysteries and peers deeply into the darkness, to find the darkness still beyond, requires solitude, and it can be found only in a Greek chocolate shop, where at an early morning hour, he loses himself in conglomerate sundaes. The person of rare duality may picturesquely shrink into the chocolate shop on Mondays, and, on Tuesdays, he may find an encompassing wild recklessness in pan-cakes, syrup and coffee for thirty cents at the "Greasy Spoon." Indeed, the "Greasy Spoon" is the last word in Bohemian life. One is compelled to knock over a step-ladder to get in, and once in, the flapjacks are certain to be heavy. The fortunate student, enrolled in Health Education V, should try the Normal Cafeteria for a balanced ration, because what he doesn't get one day, he will be certain to get the next. If the pie has no cocoanut on it, he has but to wait a day or so, and its surface will be duly sprinkled with the cocoanut.

I shall finish my attempt at a satisfying editorial. Here, then, is my subject "hash" in all its literary excellence. My classifications are capricious; my words choice but not over-choice, and the grouping of food and personality hardly subtle.

Woman Is Like

- A book—Usually bound to please.
- A train—Often gets on the wrong track.
- A magazine—Lots of fiction beneath the cover.
- A program—Subject to change without notice.
- An automobile—Often runs people down.
- A banjo—Is picked on by her friends.
- A thermometer—Often of a high degree.
- A cigar—Inclined to be puffed up at times.
- A church—Men make sacrifices for her.
- A stove—often needs a new lid.

But still the average man admits that there is nothing like her.

Scholarship Froth

Labor ended; Jordan passed. Weren't our folks proud of us? Referring to examinations, be it ever so jumbled there's nothing like Trade Analysis. Somehow we shall always be able to associate the letter "D" with Buffalónian Atmosphere. Some are more blest with it than others; others aren't so blest.

Many of the group are out on location at the present time, but park benches are few, and as the squirrel are still hibernating, a half day is the limit.

Speaking of financial difficulties, wouldn't it be grand and glorious if "Abide with Me" could only find its place on the United States Dollar? The auto mechanics are the real financial monitors of the class in-as much as they are able to raise a little "jack", when necessity demands. The baker is the man who really "needs the dough," due principally to the "crummy" nature of his job.

Taken all around, the Scholarship Men are the best group of fellows that ever jerked a wire, wiped a joint, or slung ink.

Natural Selection

(A Fairy Tale by Mr. Bruce)

Once upon a time there lived a beautiful, young spider in the deepest, darkest corner of a spacious attic. She spun an alluring web in the middle of which she awaited her suitors—for this dear lady was looking, strange as it may seem, for a husband. Far and wide they came to win the coveted prize, but the test was a mortal combat with two alternatives, to be killed and eaten by the object of their affections or to secure her as a mate. One after another the invincible maiden calmly ate until at last came Prince Charming in the guise of a real Beau Brummel spider! There was nothing of the sheik about him as he, boldly advancing, rendered his Beloved unconscious in a truly admirable, honest-to-goodness cave-man style. As she was fast leaving this world of consciousness she murmured fondly, "This is so sudden!" Needless to say that the two lovers were married and lived happily ever after.

Men's Faculty Club

The men of the Faculty have increased to the number of twenty-two so that they have found it necessary and worthwhile to form an organization of their own. They think they have been outdone long enough by the other sex. This organization meets once a month to have dinner and a friendly discussion of some interesting subject by a member.

At the first meeting, Dr. Rockwell read a paper on the general development of Normal Schools, finally taking Buffalo particularly, after which open forum was held. February 7, a second meeting was held, at which Mr. Du Mond entertained his listeners with a most delightful account of his experiences in Egypt and on the Nile.

Michigan Conference Continued

"Give us a Pullman berth," sayeth me.

"Upper or lower?" asketh the agent.

"What's the difference?"

"A difference of 50 cents in this case," sayeth he politely. "The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want to go lower you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower; in other words, the higher the lower. Most people don't like the upper, although it is lower on account of being higher. When you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed and get down when you get up. You can have the lower if you pay the higher. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher. If you are willing to go higher it will be lower."

"I don't believe you, but say it again."

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Species

Another interesting, in fact, fascinating subject is the variety of girlish types to be seen flitting about the corridors, standing staunchly before sorority boxes, or ardently embracing a luke-warm radiator. But the sort of co-ed who is first in the hearts of her countrymen is the girl with the Queen-of-the-May complex—the kind who leads them off into dark corners of the "institootion" and talks to them as if she were a composite of Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, and the siren sisters. The kind who says, "I am not the sort of girl who unfolds herself to anyone interested enough to endure the revelation—some call me proud."

Of course, in life, as in all good literature, such a female is usually left—

1. In the lurch, or—
2. Waiting at the church—

(or must be killed off like Mercutio in order to save the plot).

Then, too, we have the "touch-me-not" young thing who knows that Columbus discovered America and what kind of cold cream to use, and lets it go at that.

Last, and decidedly not least, there is the contrary species. Every reverse lever sends her forward. She is the living representative of vice versa, and no matter what she is expected to don't, she does. She giggles in church and cries at the movies and maybe it is right to talk about her, for masculine counterparts like to tell about things they know nothing about.

Attention!! Miss Thomas

We have informed and notified all automobile agencies, as well as owners of live-stock, that Miss Thomas would appreciate a visit from them. Therefore, some day when you see the geography room overflowing with men, you will not think they are signing up for a course in geography, but on the contrary, are trying to urge her to buy their special type of car or livestock. Does not this combination of automobiles and livestock seem ludicrous? It is all too true, nevertheless, for has not the said member of our Faculty had on her desk for weeks a miniature cow and automobile? Drop in some day to see.

Senior—"What do you expect to do in your old age?"

Freshman—"Guess I'll graduate."

He—"I certainly enjoyed that dance."

She—"I'm so glad. Now I feel that I lost my slippers in a good cause."

Professor (dismissing class)—"May I hold you for a moment after class, Miss Plant?"

"My, how absorbing," remarked the student after he had blotted his notes.

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Wesel

Mearl
Fagan

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Morning!

The word brings thoughts

Of tangy grapefruit,

Bacon sizzling in the pan,

Aromatic coffee in which to gedunk

Crisp cinnamon buns---

Far more alluring to me, these,

Than empty dreams of love.

---Wendy.





The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

VOL. XV

April Issue, 1927

No. 6

What Every Woman Knows

ERVA PERKINS

A secret society whose motto is "Equal Rights for Men" has been recently organized in Chicago to prevent the male species from becoming completely submerged.

"Man has become so completely domesticated that not only is he tame but he is almost useless," says one of the members. "The league feels that the world is going to the dogs when all that men have left for their own are whiskers and chewing tobacco. Where is there a sport or task men undertake that women do not assume?"

However, it isn't that which frightens them, it is because they feel their own sense of superiority shaking in its shoes, as they observe the much-exploited accomplishments of women today. Nature gave women the advantage—a sense of humor. Man can laugh, of course, loudly enough; but what man possesses the gift and grace to see himself as a joke? What man wants the spiritual exaltation of protecting something which is too frail to care for itself. His energy cannot survive the strain of thinking his brain inferior or even equal to a woman's.

Men who take themselves as seriously as children, thoroughly enjoy protecting women and rescuing them from perils. A woman need not be in danger; a man need not feel that she is in danger; but he must think that she thinks she is, for it more firmly establishes the sense of superiority so vital to him. And the most profound joy of being feminine, is woman's joy of conscious supremacy. Truthfully, women are not really afraid of anything, but they are intellectually cognizant of how much splendid incentive would be lost to this world, if they did not pretend to be.

The modern stand of we interiorists to the male mind suggests not alone commercial, professional, and political careers for women, but something less tangible, more terrible—the entrance of the "New Woman". It is a sturdy argument for woman's own superiority, that nothing frightens a man so much as a woman's threatening to become like him.

The Men's Defense League is simply a big noise—a childish means to assure themselves that they are yet legitimate lords of the household. We work to nourish man's fear of losing his prestige, as the best way of making man appreciate it and so preserving it for him—and for ourselves. What man can help envying a woman's self-control which allows man to seem superior at her expense?

The Brontë Lecture

Mr. Herbert Hitchen, on Tuesday, March 8, gave us an illuminating lecture on the Brontë sisters. Born, himself, a few miles from Haworth, the home of these authors, he was well-fitted to give us an idea of this environment. Not only did he show his intimate knowledge of the lives and background of the family, but also he enabled us to interpret their familiar books with new insight.

Most of us, of course, have been brought up upon *Jane Eyre* and those of us who have read *Wuthering Heights* will not easily forget that weird tale. Very few of us, however, have realized to what a great extent the writings of these sisters were influenced by their lives. Mr. Hitchen, with the aid of appropriate slides, gave us a vivid picture of the drab and uneventful lives of the Brontës, spent, as it was, in a tiny village in Yorkshire, with only the strait-laced Reverend Patrick Brontë and a dissolute brother for companions. Caught up in such a life and saturated with the loneliness of the surrounding moors, it is only natural that these girls should escape into the land of romance and imagination afforded them by their writing.

It is even more natural that their writings should be highly colored by the wildness and desolation of those moors, which formed such an integral part of their lives. Only with an understanding of the life of Charlotte Brontë can we understand why *Jane Eyre* is the exciting romance it is. Clearly this can be an escape through imagination from a life of unmitigated monotony. More important still is the new light thrown upon *Wuthering Heights* by an understanding of Emily Brontë's life. Now we can conceive of a place like "Wuthering Heights," standing bleakly alone on the moor, with the wind "wuthering" about it; perhaps now we can understand the unnatural figures and happenings—products of a mind distorted by its surroundings.

Exception might be taken, however, to Mr. Hitchen's statement that *Wuthering Heights* is the most impassioned novel ever written by a woman. *Wuthering Heights* is certainly a novel of great passion, it is a *Wuthering Heights* is certainly a novel of great passion, it is a question whether a novel pitched in an unnatural, strained tone, and concerned almost entirely with unbridled, animal passions, is a truly great novel.

—MARION BEBEE.

Strata

There are two big divisions of society prevalent in Buffalo Normal School today. These are the "highbrows" and the "lowbrows." To be perfectly frank I do not know what a highbrow actually is, but I certainly know what he represents. As for the lowbrow, I am somewhat more familiar with this genus of the socially undesirable, although I am not certain what he means to the world.

The "highbrow" gathers about him his own ilk, sublimely unconscious of external disturbances in the form of his underbrother; is completely satisfied, finding all in his world adequate for a comfortable existence.

The "lowbrow" is left to his own devices, to join arms with other "lowbrows," or plod on alone, always made to feel his inferiority, never seen or heard; a bit biased in his theories of social progress.

The "House of Lords" may well sit elevated in their self-appointed places and bask in smiles of approval, for it is the "House of Commons" who have made it possible for their smiles to continue to beam. Were it not for the commoners, where would the upper strata find nourishment for their superiority?

—MARION MILLER.

Defense of Modern Art

MARGRETHE OVERBECK

Visitors at the Albright Art Gallery were shocked, dally, from February 23 to March 20. During that time there has hung on the walls the only truly representative exhibition of Modern Art that ever made its way in Buffalo. And most of the visitors decided that it "wasn't Art!"

Why? Because, they found such a rapid change, such a sudden newness to this art that their minds could not grasp it. Here was something so profound that it required study—not the mere "looking over" that the ordinary visitor of galleries would give. Yet, these people condemned the modern work as "not art" after such a superficial looking over.

We all know that fully to enjoy the abstract profundity of Bach's music, the listener must have had many previous contacts with such music. The treasures of that music are never gathered by the casual listener. We all admit that Milton's sublime poetry is not obvious and understandable to the casual reader. Then, why do we expect to understand great painting or sculpture as we casually take it in for the first time? Why do we turn up our noses at Modern Art which does not speak to us before we have studied it or had previous contacts with it? Before we pass judgment on it, let us hear its argument, let us understand its principles.

The Modern Artist, seeing the great number of beautiful things created in the past, says, "I shall not paint after the manner of Michael Angelo or Rembrandt; they have perfected their type of art; I cannot surpass them in their way; I must have a new way. They lived in the Renaissance; I live in the Machine Age. I will not paint the shepherds of the field or the "white-winged sea," for these things are not in my world. I will paint the things of my age or I will prophesy the things of the next, for I live in the present and hope in the future. The past is my background only. My world has in it new sciences, new forces and I will use all this new knowledge in my painting.

I leave the copying of Nature to the camera, which is more accurate than the copying artist. I will venture into introspective or abstract metaphysical fields, new fields untouched by the Old Masters.

I will paint, not Nature, but my reactions to Nature. If the boy is running, I will paint the feeling of the movement of a boy running. This is the essence of nature, not her outward appearance.

Or I will paint my emotions as I look at nature. If the fact that New York City is full of skyscrapers depresses me, I will paint cruel heavy stone arching; descending over me and shutting out the joyful sky. But if the sight of the tall buildings uplifts me, I paint rushing walls of soaring expanding colors.

And my composition shall be simple yet comprehensive; brief yet eloquent. Purposeful, not aimless and impractical.

My compositions shall have the ethereal qualities of Shelley's Poetry; the completeness of Bach's Music, the profound emotion of Wagner's Opera, and the simple, humanitarianism of Lincoln's philosophy expressed in line and color.

These are only a few of Modern Art's many justifications.

Do not join with the enemies of Modern Art too quickly. Do you know who these enemies are? They are the tradition-bound whose minds are worm-eaten and whose vision is blighted with the mould of yesterday. They live in the darkness of the past, and they blink and cover their eyes before the sudden light of the present. They do not understand, therefore they fear. And they

cloak their fear in the ignorant derision that is so commonly manifest against Modern Art today.

How futile are their protests! For as surely as the new year follows the old year in the endless undulations of time, so does the New Art now succeed the worn-out old.

Spring

There is joy in all the sunbeams on the hill,
In every drop of silvery April rain,
In after-shower blue skies come again,
And in the gay, gold, smiling daffodill;
The robin pipes his joy in song so shrill;
His mate the echo trills in soft refrain.
New grass is showing green where snow has lain
And Springtime is the jottime by God's will.
Then He refreshes mortals bowed with toil,
With Heaven's treasures wafted down to earth;
A song of birds a flow'r's awakening—
An impulse and a movement in the soil—
Black trees budded in green have a rebirth.
Contagious joy abounds. We call it Spring.

—EVELINA MEDLICOTT.

Those Phi U Teas

Are you looking for a place to have that committee meeting? Perchance you want a place to meet that friend in another section whom you seldom see? Maybe you wish you could meet some other girls in the school and are wondering how such a thing would be possible. Perhaps you are looking for a place to rest after a long day filled with innumerable lessons and tasks. Or you may be a weary faculty member looking for a place to recuperate after your struggles with your many classes.

For all these needs we offer a splendid solution—we suggest that you come to Phi U's Silver Teas. "Where are they held?" you ask. In the Social Center Room every Thursday afternoon from three-thirty to five-thirty. For our part we will serve you tea and cookies or sandwiches and we hope you will go away refreshed and happy, determined to come back again the next week.

What Is It?

Five minutes to twelve—it won't be long now, as the little dog said as the groom bit off his tail. Books are packed, notebooks closed, fountain pens put away, all in readiness to leave on the stroke of twelve. Tick-tock—two minutes to go. Not a great football game, nor a burning fuse. One minute—pupils dangling on seat edges—Thorndyke's law of readiness. The bell—a wild dash to the locker room. A bite of sandwich, a bite of pickle, a bite of cake—repeat four times—a long drink at the fountain to wash it all down—a mad race to the corner, hat in one hand, books in the other; overshoes flapping, scarfs streaming, coats flying open. Passers-by wildly wonder if Normal's on fire. Along comes a Hoyt; we board it, breathless, excited, terrified, suffering from anticipation and indigestion. No, it isn't a fire; it isn't a big sale; it isn't the Prince of Wales or Ramon Navarro in town—it's only Practice teachers, getting to outside schools on time.

C. M. D.



Spring Fashions

Do you know that Ye Garment Shoppe under the direction of Nancy Landsdale is a real style center? It receives daily and weekly fashion forecasts from both New York and Paris. Some of the latest fashion hints are as follows:

The outstanding idea is the compose effect, produced by combining several shades of the same color in one costume. This is especially interesting when carried out in shades of blue where the new purple and sky blues may be used. Ensembles still hold sway among the fashionably dressed. Smart New Yorkers are sponsoring black usually touched with white, salmon or yellow in Spring costumes.

There is a strong fashion tendency to use little all over designs—geometric or floral—in daytime dresses, and larger more dashing effects for dinner and dance frocks. Checks and plaids are meeting with marked approval in both printed and woven patterns done in chiffons, silk voiles and georgettes—a style trend which cannot be overlooked. The vitality of summer silk fashions are based on the vogue for transparent weaves.

Plain rather than novelty linens attain chief importance. White and pastel shades in handkerchief weight are emphasized in new sports costume types.

The arresting note in suits is the tendency to mark the normal waist, frequently by the use of a stitched down belt at this line or by fitting the hip length jacket to outline the normal waist. The jacket is accompanied by a brief skirt, wrap around but made of a contrasting fabric. The small check effect is used in skirts and costume cloths which comes into play for the coats.

The revival of old-fashioned crisp cottons represents one of the newest fashion notes of the season, their quaint appeal, emphasized through demure designs, distinctly mid-Victorian in feeling. Dimities, piques and dotted Swisses are highly approved. Cottons are particularly adaptable to the compose mode and interpret well smart jacket costumes for sports wear, sometimes in combination with a silk or flannel.

In hats there is a tendency for more feminine styles and the use of flower trimmings. Variety is gained by having the flowers in different amounts, uses and applications. Small hats are still considered correct. Hats, gloves, shoes and bags are in the same color as the rest of the outfit or in a contrasting color. Blue shoes and patent shoes trimmed with red are new. Snake and lizard are also used as shoe trimmings.

Flowers are extremely large and fluffy. Those made of feathers are of especial interest. Bows are not only worn on the dresses, but toward the back of the coat collar, in the same or a contrasting color.

COMMENT

Maurice B. Rovner

In this issue we take our first chance at column writing. In our estimation Heywood Brown is America's best columnist, while Frank Crane is the most atrocious. We must strike some medium. If any reader thinks that our comment is "destructive criticism," he should remember that ours is but a young and unadjusted soul.

The March "English Journal" contains an article by H. W. James on "The Effect of Handwriting Upon Grades." He states that in many cases, handwriting in compositions has been considered even more important than the composition itself. He also says that influence of writing upon grades is too much. We have held this opinion for the past eight years, and hold it to today. Perhaps it may change when we have a composition class of our own.

The last Junior Prom at the University of Colorado cost about \$8,000. We at Buffalo Normal must wait until we move to the new site before we spend that much on a prom.

We have heard considerable foolishness recently, regarding student suicides. Most of the men who gave opinions maintained that the causes were irreligion, unconventionality, materialism, and what not. These men have their tailor-made opinions at hand to explain all and any cases for which youth goes astray. They think, but not with their heads. As yet we have read only a single, sane viewpoint that of Doctor C. A. Bennett,

professor of philosophy at Yale, who said, "I firmly believe each of the cases was an individual case. . . . I certainly do not believe there is any general attitude among young American students that would account for a number of deaths such as these."

The 'anti-evolution bug has now spread to Arkansas. Small wonder that Brother Mencken never runs out of jokes, when there is so much material to laugh at in this country.

We are happy to observe that the magazine room in our school library is generally well filled. We venture to say that, for its size, it is one of the best magazine rooms in the world. *The Yale Review, The North American Review, Harper's, The Survey, The Manchester Guardian, The Nation,* and many other good things to read should make the magazine department important in school life. If we were asked to find the poorest students in the school we could do it easily. We would simply point out the students who have never looked at those publications.

Almost every speaker who ever addressed a Normal assembly has not failed to remind his auditors that theirs was "the noblest profession" in the world. "In your hands," say the speakers, "lies the destiny of mankind." To the Freshman these are words of wonder and splendor, but for one who has already heard them countless times the words are bore-some, to say the least. Telling a teacher that hers is the noblest profession is like informing Henry Ford that he puts out a popular vehicle.

Says George Bernard Shaw in a recent student publication, "If the students of America do not organize their own education they will not get any."

In that case we will never get any education in this country. We can't expect much from students who need coaches to show them how to play their games.

The Stanford University library safeguards the student morals by keeping under lock and key Havelock Ellis' "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" and Barton's translation of "The Arabian Nights." The librarians are headed straight for heaven. When they die they will become official librarians to the angels.

One hundred and eighty-one years have passed since the birth of Pestalozzi. This educator used to frighten strangers because he looked and acted like a monkey. Their mistrust turned to love, however, when he began to speak. Very suitable to these troublous times are the words which he uttered so long ago: "It is only by ennobling men that we can put an end to the misery and ferment of the people, and also to the abuses of despotism, whether it be of princes or of mobs." Monarchs, philosophers and revolutionists, by turns, either praised or reviled him. He was a poor man during his entire life. At death his only possession was a tombstone upon which was inscribed, "Everything for others, nothing for himself."

It will be rather difficult for us as future teachers to instill patriotism in our pupils when we come to explain American policy in China, Nicaragua and the Philippines. Which reminds us that the Ohio State Bar Association is trying to force passage of a bill "making it an offense to libel the dead." Violation of this law would call for a fine of \$500 or a six months jail term. This bill, obviously, is aimed at our hero smashers; men like Rupert Hughes and Woodworth, who in their

recent books tried to remove the halo from Washington's head. If this law passes, does it not indicate that people who libel Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr will also be convicted?

The heavily endowed Duke University is attracting great scholars from our older colleges. This time they caught Doctor William McDougall, the famous Harvard psychologist. Some professors are not so astounded when it comes to pay checks.

The Orthophonic Electrola

At the Sophomore dance the new orthophonic electrola was introduced to the school. Of course, there was much discussion today, both for and against its purchase. The negative side has the majority at present. The main objections to its use, especially for dancing, is that it echoes in the gymnasium and the melody is not heard past the middle of the room. Also the music had to be magnified to such an extent that the main theme was lost. It was mentioned that the main purpose for its purchase was to further the musical education and appreciation of the school, but it seems to me that a regular orthophonic virola would accomplish this aim just as well.—Ethel Knowlden.

Our creation of a brand new comment department is but one more attempt at an outlet for opinion. We feel that to express individual sentiment on scholastic matters, whether constructive, on-the-fence, or "morbidly destructive," is a better policy than a continuance of the present don't-give-a-damn attitude of the student body.

This attempt at an airing of opinion is decidedly an experiment. The opportunity is cordially extended to both the Students and the Faculty. May the most be made of it.

Our Screenic Fame

About two years ago the Spencer Lens Co. filmed four reels of life at the Practice House. At the Federal Conference for the North Atlantic States, held recently, Miss Caudell showed these pictures. That they were a great success was evidenced when Dr. John Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education negotiated for the use of these pictures in Home Economics classes throughout the country. Imagine the thrill we will receive when seeing our friends or even ourselves flashed upon the screen!

Will He Come Today?

We have waited for you,
Wanting, yet half afraid.
Coming today? Ah! the suspense
Of not knowing! Not today.

But tomorrow? You do not know.
Tell us, do not make us wait.
He came to you today? What did
He say? You're good? That's great.

He came today. It was not
Half so bad. He just sat,
And looked, and went away.
Why fear the coming of Mr. Steel?

C. M. D.

Congratulations

It is a strange fact that a person may feel very happy and at the same time very sad. This is the way a great number of the students and faculty feel when they learn that Miss Helen C. Smith will not be with us next year. Miss Smith has been offered a Laura Spellman Rockefeller Fellowship for this graduate study and research work along the lines of Child Welfare. This is a signal honor for not only Miss Smith but for our Normal School. We extend our heartiest congratulations and best wishes to Miss Smith for a successful year in the work in which she is so interested.

Shall the Radio and the Outline Reign in the Home?

Typical of this modern age are the radio and outlines, which cover everything from science to philosophy. Both of these foster American love of effortless achievement. It is so much easier for the average business man to lounge in his easy chair, smoking his cigar, while the radio shrieks into his ear, than to go to a concert. It is so much simpler for him to skim through an outline of literature than laboriously to dig out knowledge.

But, shall these aids to mental softness rule in the average home? If we want a race of intellectual weaklings, Yes. If, on the other hand, we are still old-fashioned enough to admire mental alertness and virility and to think that nothing can be substituted for these, No.

Such mental traits will never be assured until the idea of getting appreciation for music through the radio and a knowledge of literature through an

outline, is displaced. In truth, there is no "Royal Road to Learning" and appreciation, such as the radio and outlines alluringly promise. Such a promise ignores the unescapable principle of give and take. The business man cannot expect to obtain gratis such priceless things as a real appreciation and true knowledge, for life is not that easy. He may buy the most expensive radio on the market and a complete set of outlines, but until he gives of himself, he has gained nothing.

—MARION BEBEE.

Industrial Society

The following officers have been elected for next year:

President	Ernest Bishop
Vice-President	John McGrath
Secretary	Edward Vella
Treasurer	Allan Stevenson

The annual banquet of the society will be held in the near future.

—HARRY PAGE (President).

Industrial Murmurs

It may be that the General Industrial department has been more or less associated with the lower regions of our institution, but it has in no way been confined there. Our men may be found in almost every extra curricular activity.

Speaking of extra curricular activity, we would like to know what took Goldberg and Caruana so long to repair the window over at the practice house. Sol Gilman still thinks that he has a chance of making the Men's Glee Club. Now and then, while busily engaged at his bench in the wood working shop, his melodious voice can be heard over the hum of the surfacer. Only those who have heard this machine in operation can realize what a powerful voice Sol must have.

To the rear of the electrical shop "Dada" conducts the sheet metal class. He is a representative of the Scholarship class. In speaking of the progress of the class he said that some of the fellows swing a nasty soldering iron. Just what he means by that word nasty, I do not know. Perhaps our able instructor has come in close contact with that instrument while someone was in the act of swinging it.

Not so long ago the Scholarship group played the Reserves in what they called a game of basketball. Being a close observer, I have my doubts as to whether or not that was the proper name for that particular game. The Scholarship boys surely are handy with their feet. Nevertheless, the game was worth the price of the admission, and we admire the pep that this group has shown this year.

Midget would like to get a scholarship for next year. Upon thinking it over he is rather small and perhaps school would be the best place for him after all.

Ed Mead, one of our electricians, is credited with having "that pedagogical look," so we think that he has earned his marks.

Big Murphy has produced sufficient evidence to convince us that he is a basketball star, but if reports from McKinley are authentic, he would make a better teacher.

Touring, is Harry Kabel's favorite pastime.

H. F. L.

The Record

Published by the Students of the State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Printed in the State Normal School Print Shop

Terms, \$1.00 a Year

Single Copies, 15 cents

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Fosdick

In the Spring Number of last year there appeared a tribute to Dr. Frank Sheldon Fosdick on the occasion of his retirement from active service:

"Would that everyone in the teaching profession were like Frank Sheldon Fosdick of Mason 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 enkindled there forever."

No further expression could be as fitting to the occasion of the death of Dr. Fosdick as the reprinting of such a comment upon his lifetime achievement.

WHAT OTHERS THINK

Knowing that our High School Principals are always interested in anything that pertains to the furthering of educational opportunities of our city, we have asked for their opinions on the proposed moving of the Normal School. Here are their replies:

March 15, 1927.

Believing as I do that every possible step should be taken not only to prepare for teaching all those who feel the call of that great work, but that the call itself should be made most attractive by having adequate and attractive places both to recite and to live, I most heartily rejoice in the prospects for moving the Normal School and College from its present inadequate quarters to such as would be the pride of the city and the state. I wish you every success in attaining your highest ambition and I shall rejoice with you when you do attain it.

CHARLES ELBERT RHODES.

Bennett High School,
Buffalo, N. Y.

March 17, 1927.

In reply to your letter of March 14th. I would say that I would consider the proposed moving of the Normal School from its present site to the State Hospital grounds to be a very excellent proposition. An unusual opportunity for growth is assured through the immense tract of land that will surround the new building.

Buffalo State Normal has a remarkable history. Its influence has been of the highest type and I firmly believe that this institution with its wonderful record should be allowed the fullest opportunity for growth and advancement. This transfer from the present site to the new site will adequately provide for a brilliant future.

Very truly Yours,

CALVIN K. MELLEN.
Lafayette High School.

Spring—Clothes—Dad

When rubbers are worn on dry walks, felts begin to droop, and the winter coat feels exceptionally heavy, it's high time for thoughts of the annual thrill and worry—getting the Easter outfit! What feminine heart does not flutter at the prospect of a new chapeau, a pair of those French heeled beauties and, possibly, a lovely corded silk coat? And neither are the boys immune. They contemplate trig gray suits, new cravats and speculate as to the prevalent mode in panamas.

However, across the happy horizon of these day dreams, comes a cloud—how to approach Dad? How to convince him that the new outfit is essential? How to prove that we are in tatters? It demands all of our powers of argument to refute the inevitable and lusty assertions of the Pater to the contrary. Whoever heard of Easter and nothing new to wear? Somehow Dads just can't understand. They obstinately insist that last year's coat is perfectly all right and as good as new. There's where the difficulty comes in. That is the time when one must say the right thing at just the right time.

People may speak of the beauty of Spring, but to us every sunshiny day is clouded with doubts, until at last—Easter Sunday is here, and we "step out" chic and lovely in our new spring togs.

—ESTHER NERENBERG.



The Urge of Spring

Ethelbert awoke that morning to see the sun boldly streaming through the window. Outside a bird was haughtily warbling a tune which poignantly reminded him of Valencia. He was incensed with the new things about him. A lump came to his throat but he quickly washed it down with Listerine. "Goody! Goody!" he ejaculated, " 'Tis spring!"

As he brushed his teeth humming a happy tune, a feeling of enchantment enveloped him. There was something tugging within him, something which had to be released. Passionate thoughts flashed through his mind—of the Sirens "Gay Paree" and— Again he thought " 'Tis spring!"

As he waited for his car dreamily watching the muddy water run along the trolley track he saw signs of Spring all about him.

When he arrived for his ten o'clock class he saw the Nature Study class observing bits of grass here and there on the campus. Seniors were sitting about the fountain smoking and undoubtedly talking about the home-work for next class.

"I wish I had studied my History," he thought as he heard a Soph ask, "Have you heard the one about Cleopatra?"

K. P. students had discarded their fur coats and were walking about in all their glory. As Ethelbert gazed he felt his heart go pitter-patter. In his next of hour he sat in assembly reading poetry. He was very glad he had that appointment with Clemmie on the shelf that noon hour. "We can discuss that new problem in Methods," he thought to himself.

Clemmie was still chewing an apple core as he came to sit with her. Her straw colored hair hung listlessly over the side of her tortoise rimmed glasses. Her sensibly shod feet were crossed on the ledge.

"One of the Gods' own women," he thought as he sank into the chair beside her. Gazing at her sitting there so enticingly, thoughts surged through his mind—thoughts which he had never had before. Lethargy seized him—he was unconscious of the piano below.

"Shall we do our Methods?" asked Clemmie.

Their eyes met.

"Clemmie," he said firmly, "it is Spring. Let's not do our methods—let's talk of something—er—more in the keeping of nature."

He gazed again into her eyes and saw reflected there something of his own compassionate mood. Clemmie suddenly looked down fingering her books seemingly nervous. She suddenly looked upward, a new light in her eyes, something Ethelbert had not seen before.

"You are right," she said deliberately. "Methods is too laborious of a day like this: Suppose—suppose we do our Math?"

Ethelbert sighed heavily, then with one motion pushed her off the shelf. Then he slipped across the aisle where a girl in a red dress was keeping time to the piano below.

—A. G.

Looking Ahead

Although we like to come to school and enjoy our studies immensely, it is rather a delightful idea to look forward to things which will lighten the general routine of school work.

Easter vacation starts Wednesday, April 13, at 12 o'clock. Studies are resumed Monday, April 25, at 9 o'clock.

EXCHANGE

Assembly

Despite the desire of some that the weekly assembly be classed as an elective, the fact remains that it is compulsory for all students. Perhaps the flagrant violation of law that is seen and deplored in recent attendance records might be reduced by more active efforts on the part of those who plan the programs to consult student taste. At any rate, whether it's good or bad, whether we want it or not, there's no conscientious way of getting around the requirement.—"The Campus," University of Rochester.

Who Loses?

There is a ruling in almost all colleges that if the teacher fails to appear ten minutes after the beginning of the hour, the class is automatically dismissed.

It would seem that normal college students would take offense at such a ruling, in that it is little less than an insult to their ability to conduct a class without a teacher. Nevertheless, many students apparently think that when the teacher is not there a class recitation is impossible. They should remember that such an attitude puts them on a level with kindergarteners, as far as class rules are concerned.

College people should be able to see that when a class is dismissed, no one loses but themselves. Instead of looking upon such a situation as an unexpected holiday, they should look upon it as an opportunity to clear up misunderstood points for which they would be held responsible if the teacher were there with the class cards and a pencil in his hand.

Some years ago, while the instructors of the Music School attended a conference, the school was conducted

entirely by students for a period of two weeks. A general supervisor was appointed, as was a student teacher in each class. An accurate record of all that was done was kept by these student teachers. The record was given to the instructors when they returned from the conference. As a result of this student supervision, nothing was lost. Quite the opposite was found to be true. The students gained more knowledge and experience in those two weeks when they worked without a teacher than they did at any other time in the semester.

Now, if students can conduct a whole department for a period of two weeks, a class under student supervision for one period would certainly be possible.—"The Echo," Milwaukee State Normal.

Cheating

What to do to prevent cheating? The State College Times, San Jose, California offers these solutions:

1. Students will march to examination in column of squads and halt at the doorway of the classroom, where they will be searched for contraband notes.
2. Before entering classroom, each student will submit to psychological test to determine whether or not he has any idea of cheating.
3. Classrooms will be decorated with mottos such as, "Honesty is the Best Policy" and "Think Before You Cheat."
4. Each student will be required to wear blinders.
5. If student has suspicious look, he will be gagged to prevent communication.
6. Students and professors will enter together, and the doors will be locked, barred, and hermetically sealed.
7. Students will sit two seats apart, with a professor standing between each two students. Professors will be armed with blackjacks, to inspire additional respect.

8. Additional professors, on the outside, will watch through peepholes in the wall.

9. Highly tuned dictaphones will be attached behind the pictures to catch the slightest whisper.

10. When the student has finished his examination, a lie detector will be brought out and he will be asked if he has cheated.

11. In marking the papers, professors will discount ten points from each paper, on the possibility that the student has cheated.—"The New Student," Intercollegiate Paper.

Students In All Ages

Students in all ages have struggled with problems as knotty as any by which we are beset. It is no less true that our attitudes toward life are essentially as healthy and normal as were those of our fathers. Each generation, as it passes into the discard, spreads the alarm that youth is heading for hell. A more unbiased and sane analysis always shows that the youth of the past was no less radical than the youth of the present.

Our era is said to be one of unprecedented changes. It is said that we have given up the old before we have grasped the new, and that we are hanging in the void, "waiting for something to happen." These are the alarms of the generation preceding us, the generation that pales at the mention of Red. The last generation can no more understand us than will we be able to understand the next generation. The alarms of our elders are not to be taken seriously.

Many young men, as a result of unjustified conclusions drawn from student suicides this year, are losing their heads, yielding to the temptation to believe that perhaps the elders are right in their prognostications, and that there is something wrong. The following statement attributed to Dr. Charles A. Bennett, professor of philosophy at Yale University, puts the matter of the recent suicides in its proper light: "I firmly believe

each of the cases was an individual case, the outcome of personal troubles or infirmities of which persons removed from the case cannot possibly be aware. I certainly do not believe there is any general attitude among young American students that would account for a number of deaths such as these."—"The Campus," University of Rochester.

Honor System

Like an approaching storm, the question of West Chester Normal and the honor system has gathered force until the first squall of discussion is upon us. Student government in this school is working toward education for and inauguration of the honor system in the future. The objective may be far removed, but we believe a step in the path of its accomplishment has been built this year.

All of us do not favor the honor system. We know reasons why it wouldn't work. But all of this is in theory. We are gathering viewpoints, exchanging ideas, all with the idea of reaching a conclusion which will most benefit student government organization at West Chester.—"Green Stone," West Chester State Normal.

Getting Warmer

Each morning Jo Normal found it a great difficulty to arise at 7:30 because his room was so very cold and Miss Seger insisted that he must always keep his window open, at night. One morning at about 7:30 there came a knock at Jo's door. "Come in," he cried. The door opened and a messenger boy entered and handed him a special delivery letter.

As the boy started to leave the room Jo called him back and asked him if he would mind closing the window and turning on the radiator. As the room became warmer, so also did Jo's idea. So every morning Jo sent himself a special delivery letter, and each morning the messenger boy closed the window and turned on the heater.

BASKET BALL

Normal Takes Another from Geneseo

Normal duplicated by another game over Geneseo Normal on the latter's court. At no time during the encounter was there any doubt as to the result of the game.

The first half Geneseo had not been able to find themselves, score 26—9. The next quarter was the hardest fought of the entire game, each team scoring little. In the final period Normal opened the bombardment and kept it up to a victory of 41—23.

NORMAL (41) Page, Right Forward Smith, Left Forward Murphy, Center Bell, Right Guard Fick—Oring, Left Guard	(23) GENESEO NORMAL Right Forward, Schradet Left Forward, Bryant Center, Osborne Right Guard, Collier Left Guard, Twinning—Hart
---	---

Another Victory

The following night found Normal facing the flashy Mechanics of Rochester. A few weeks previous Normal had won a hard fought battle by 26—25. The whistle at the half found Normal on the small end of the score, 8—6. This had been a game of fouls. Following the intermission the baskets rolled in. The final score, Normal 26, Rochester Mechanics 20.

NORMAL (26) Page, Right Forward Smith, Left Forward Murphy, Center Bell, Right Guard Fick—Oring, Left Guard	(20) ROCHESTER MECHANICS Right Forward, Baltzel—Saulle Left Forward, Murray Center, Proctor Right Guard, Marshall Left Guard, Punnett
---	---

A State Championship Lost

The next night Normal camped at Albany State Teachers' College. Last year, Normal had been on the short end of the tally and had come back for revenge.

The score at the half showed near accomplishment of the goal, 10—9, but Smith had injured his knee. Albany outscored Normal the rest of the game and the whistle proclaimed Albany's victory, 27—14.

NORMAL (14) Page, Right Forward Smith—Oring, Left Forward Murphy, Center Bell, Right Guard Fick—Smith, Left Guard	(27) ALBANY STATE COLLEGE Right Forward, Griffin—Thanson Left Forward, Kuezynski—Carr Center, Nephew—Goff Right Guard, Klein—Whiston Left Guard, Herney—Allan
---	---

A Successful Finish

Six Varsity men played their last game for Normal against Brockport. Normal had played Brockport earlier in the season and had won.

Normal started off with a rush and kept Brockport on the short end of the score all through the game, due to splendid team-work, guarding and to the

shooting ability of Bell and Murphy. The final whistle, score 44—24, ended a very successful season—a season which the team and the school can feel proud of.

NORMAL (44) Page, Right Forward Smith—Oring, Left Forward Murphy, Center Bell, Right Guard Fick, Left Guard	(24) BROCKPORT NORMAL Right Forward, Erison—Fults Left Forward, Hogan—Chapman Center, Hoffman Right Guard, Hill—Huppinger Left Guard, Higgins
---	---

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

Freshman Basketball Tournament

Sections Five and Seven opened the Freshman basketball tournament. The teams were quite evenly matched, and the game was very close and exciting. The cooperation and spirit of Section Seven and the cheering squad on the sidelines was very noticeable. The final score was 9—8 in favor of Section Seven.

The second game of the afternoon was the Freshman Homemaking Section and Section Six. The Homemakers took their opponents by surprise. Grace Hahn with her long arms and legs never failed to put the ball into the basket. The Homemaking team won by a score of 25—11.

The next week, Section Six redeemed itself by defeating Section Five by a score of 19—6. It was evident that Section Six had become warmed up. Captain Mickey Munn could hardly be kept tract of, and she certainly displayed her ability as a star forward.

Section Six came out victorious over Section Three by a score of 17—6. Mickey Munn scared the little Freshman Section Three.

Another exciting game took place between the Homemaking Section and Section Seven. The latter looked with awe at that fast Homemaking Section. It looked as though the Homemaking Section would walk off with the game. But Section Seven put up such a good fight that the final score in favor of the Homemakers was only 14—7.

The last game that has been played so far was between Section Three and Section Seven. Section Seven had a streak of bad luck that day. It evidently was too warm a day for them to show their usual work. The pluck, hard work and cooperation of Section Three, however, is worthy of mention. They won a deserving game from Section Seven by a score of 18—8.

This leaves Sections Three, Six and Freshman Homemaking still in the tournament. The remaining games will certainly be exciting and worth seeing.

Third Year Vs. Second Year—Grammar I

You certainly missed "the thrill of a life time" if you didn't see the basketball controversy between the Third Year and Second Year Grammar I. It was a fight to the finish. The first quarter ended with a score of 14—1 in favor of Third year.

And then what clenching of fists and gnashing of teeth! Hooray! the fight is on! The score after much "hardship and toil" is 22—20, Third Year leading. What's this? The Senior guards are getting rather rough in these last two minutes. The Sophomores have two free throws. The first one is netted. (Don't breathe, anyone.) The second one...missed. Oh well! at least it wasn't a 90—1 game as the quaking Sophs had pictured. Final score 22—21!

Adventure

Early in the fall, you might have been surprised to see one of the faculty, struggling to gain admittance to an over-crowded elevator bound for the second floor of "Hutch." Had you followed her to 2-D, you might have witnessed her efforts to cope with such phrases as, "Une tasse de thé et des gateaux s'il vous plait," or in minor cadence, "Oh! J'ai perdu ma bourse."

All this, because I expect to sail on the "S.S. Colombo" for Naples and have been told that French is the universal language.

To paraphrase, I might say that "Abroad Thoughts From Home" have been seething in my head for six months and I have longed to be in Italy when April is there.

Now that April has really come at last, allow me to introduce my brave companion, Miss Helen Thomson, who is to venture with me into the wilds of continental Europe.

We start forth on Part I of our journey, with such alluring visions as: Glorious days on the Bay of Naples. Motor trips over the lovely Italian hills to some of the famous hill towns. Easter in Rome. The Italian lakes with sunrise seen from the top of Monte Motterone. The International Exhibition of Music at Genoa, including such supreme offerings as the Paris Opéra Comique, a German Opera Festival, celebrated orchestras, etc., etc. The French Riviera, from which we shall try to escape with enough money to continue on our way. Paris, with trips to Mr. Bradlev's Chartres, to Fountainbleau, etc. Holland, with an air trip to London. I hope.

Right here comes the intermission.

Part II begins at Plymouth where we stand on the wharf awaiting "The Carmania."

Dean Reed and Miss Weis will be enthusiastically greeted and escorted to a T.5 Citroën.

Being optimistic, we are counting on no difficulty in complying with the British traffic laws and expect to start off gallily for the quaint high-ways and by-ways of Devonshire and the Cornwall Coast.

Next, to Ireland! We will visit the Killarney Lakes in a jaunting car, to lend local color or perhaps from lack of petrol or perhaps from a healthy respect of the Irish traffic cop.

The Scottish Lakes, English Lakes, Wales, Shakespeare country and London, all these we hope to include in our eight weeks in the British Isles.

Motoring, jaunting, bicycling, punting, char-a-bancing and hiking—on these will hang our adventures of an enchanted journey.

RUTH E. SPEIR.

Sororities at Normal

Perhaps you have observed the worried countenances of various sorority members these past few weeks. National examinations were upon them and they studied as never before. Sorority life is not all play and social life, as one must suppose, neither is it all work, but a happy combination of both.

The aims of the sorority are many. They continually foster high scholarship within their own group and the school as a whole. This is not an ideal, but a reality. A reality, indeed, when failure to acquire a C average in the term's grades caused the automatic dropping of several girls from the sorority rush lists. Not only is it a requisite for membership, but all members who fail to keep a C grade throughout the year lose their privilege of voting and

their offices, if they hold any. The Tri Sigma Upton Memorial Scholarship Fund and the Bishop Honor Award, given respectively by Tri Sigma Sorority and Delta Sigma Epsilon each year, do much to promote and reward high scholarship, leadership and sportsmanship throughout the entire student body.

Sororities also take an active part in welfare work and endeavor to give hearty co-operation to their Alma Mater in any charitable undertaking. Last Thanksgiving and Christmas these organizations working individually and together through Panhellenic were able to supply many needy families with food and clothing. This year they undertook to foster a movement to furnish the Social Center Room with the necessary equipment for serving refreshments. This was accomplished through the co-operation of the sororities and various school organizations. Since then the Social Center has become an important factor in developing social spirit and good times.

The many business activities of the sorority develop good judgment, appreciation of many values and a sense of real leadership and responsibility.

The various social events promote a fine regard for social observances. Such wholesome good times make school life immeasurably brighter.

Sometimes students think that it is the physically attractive girl who is desired for membership. But the girl who is friendly and understanding, who is co-operative and dependable, who seeks higher education and ideals—that is the type of girl our sororities desire to add to their ranks.

In general, the sororities, through their duties, activities and responsibilities, endeavor to develop leaders among women and promote self-reliance, initiative and personality among their members.

—MARION M. HURST,
Chairman, Panhellenic Association.

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BOOKS

Some Books for Spring Reading

The Royal Road to Romance, by Richard Halliburton. This is a delightful book, but a dangerous one, for spring reading, as the author found his royal road by running away from school. He writes informally of his many adventures all over the world, one of which was climbing the fence of the Taj Mahal and spending a night in the sacred gardens. Mr. Halliburton speaks at Hutchinson High School, April 1, on **The Royal Road to Romance**.

The Story of My Life, by Carl Christian Jensen. As a boy in Denmark, Carl Christian Jensen heard the sea calling. Finally he went to sea, then came to the United States, learned a trade, and to read and write English, and found himself an American wife. They had many adventures; became prophets of Doomsday; finally attended the University of Minnesota. Mr. Jensen has a fresh, sensitive style; he has selected his most significant style and the result is a delightful story of personality and adventure.

An old book which will help to survive the warm Spring days is **The Story of My Life**, by Richard Jefferies. Christopher Morley said of it:

"If your mind needs a whiff of strong air, blue and cleansing from hilltops and primrose valleys, try 'The Story of My Life,' by Richard Jefferies."

The Doctor Looks at Love and Life, by Joseph Collins. This latest collection of essays on psychology is well written and more absorbing than many novels. Two especially interesting chapters are **Voices Crying in**

the Wilderness, and **Why We Behave Like Human Beings**, which refer to many books and authors.

J. E. C.

Ode

Sapphire sky with cotton clouds—
Graceful, fine-etched elms
Wayed by the wind on high.
Of you I sing.
Reflected in a puddle of slush,
You are the city's spring!

Textbook Tea

A few weeks ago the Second Year Intermediate Section II held a Textbook Tea in the Social Center. Guests examined the many old textbooks which the girls had found by rummaging through trunks and attics, and to which were added books from Hiss Kempke's and Mr. Root's collections of old texts. There was a duplicate of an old horn book, a square piece of wood with a handle, printed with the alphabet and the Lord's Prayer, and covered with a thin layer of horn, to keep the lettering clear. Then there were old primers, with the alphabet and sums told in doggerel, with catechisms and very moral stories for practice reading.

A book dated 1799 presented an old system for "Strengthening the Mind and Memory." By a complicated process of translating the letters of the alphabet into numbers, and then remembering the numbers, one can accomplish wonders, it seems, with one's mind.

A very eloquently written **History of the United States**, of a hundred years ago, was signed, simply, A Patriot. Mr. Bennett would surely doubt its authenticity, as a reference book.

Perhaps the choicest text—certainly the only one so carefully planned to suit the students' mentality—was the **Arithmetic for the Female Sex**, with detailed explanation everywhere, and the correct answer stated alongside every problem!

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Our Second Team

Very little has been heard of the Second Team which has played eight games during the season with varied success.

A brief summary follows:

This shows that we have some good material for next year's team. The men who played on the Reserve Team are: Mundy, Caruana, Arcara, Bachman, May, Black, DiCesaro, Noble, and Stewart. These players were under the leadership of Mr. Grabau, coach, and Williams, manager.

Normal Reserves	16	Elm Vocational	15
Normal Reserves	32	Elm Vocational	21
Normal Reserves	23	Seneca Vocational	20
Normal Reserves	23	McKinley Vocational	11
Normal Reserves	19	Nichols Prep.	46
Normal Reserves	21	Central Continuation	24
Normal Reserves	28	Scholarship Group	9
Normal Reserves	21	Night Schol No. 70	14

Total	184	Opponent's Total	160
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APPRECIATION

Very evidently this has become the Spring Number. The overwhelming dominance of contributions dealing with the ephemeral season is a pleasing sign of our annual emancipation from the frigid toils of winter.

At this same time we have a very kindly feeling towards our contributing associates. The fine spirit of endeavor shown by these writers for the Record is one of the things that make its production worth-while. Would that such spirit were more contagious.

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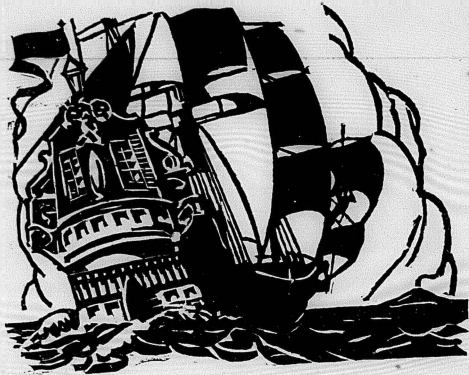
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There is a memory stays upon old ships,
A weightless cargo in the musty hold—
Of bright lagoons and prow careasing lips,
Of stormy midnights,—and a tale untold.

— David Morton

The Record

State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

VOL. XV

May Issue, 1927

No. 7

Statistically Speaking

Marie L. Bullock

"Mary, let it grow. You'll be perfectly stunning with long hair. Comb it high in the back in a fan—perfectly gorgeous!"

"But Kay, it will have to look so horrid before I can do it up. You know—that ugly length."

"You make me tired! When it gets long you can get sidepieces or wear a hairnet or something."

So Mary proceeds to let her hair grow to the stage where "something" must be done. After much deliberation, she decides on sidepieces as her only salvation; and Papa pays!

Blithely on her way, she goes again until that eventful day when she can do it up without outside aid. Then she, in turn, preaches the doctrine, "You'd be perfectly stunning with long hair, So-and-So. Let it grow!"

It's quite surprising how many young women about Buffalo Normal have succumbed to this disease. And do you know that most of them, once started on the path, never give up until they, too, come to that most thrilling moment, "I can do it up without them!"

But alas, there are a few backsliders, traitors—oh, where is a word bad enough—who start bravely but never achieve a woman's crown of glory. They have dozens of excuses but the favorite is—"I just had to have sidepieces and—well, Dad isn't very susceptible to argument or flattery." As if to give up personal appearance for awhile were not a fitting sacrifice for the final Day of Achievement.

In the first year class, six per cent. of the fair sex are resplendent with long hair, twenty-five per cent. are in the agonizing process, a wonderful start for a successful second year.

The Sophomores claim thirty-four per cent. of their number in the "entirely grown-out" group and twenty-five per cent. in the terrible stages between.

Keep on. Perseverance counts. Look at the Third Year girls: forty per cent. of them have long hair and fifteen per cent. are enduring the hardships of letting it grow. Victory for the cause!

Unfortunately I can not report concerning the Fourth Year girls. They were so busy rushing from class to class, I could not obtain interviews with any of them.

Nevertheless, we can see that Normal has laid her sacrifices on the altar of Fashion or Beauty or whatever it is that gives the girls the impulse.

THE RECORD

Nocturnal Humor

(The author has used the recently accepted site for the new Normal College as a setting for this story.)

A wall separated the Normal College and State hospital, looming darkly in the moonlight, and distorting the lucid brightness. In the spotted drab of the shadow, two girls were bent in friendly attitude.

"Cap," the one explained, "why under the sun did you bring this brute?" She touched a hound cautiously with her foot.

"Who? Jiggs?" Cap heartily thumped the dog in the ribs, "We'll need him. Tommy, don't you think?"

"You mean to say that when we go over that wall," Tommy used both hands to point to the exact wall, "that we will take the dog with us to help pick Primroses, in the garden of the insane?"

"No, I don't! I mean that you can pick the roses, and I'll hold Jiggs."

Was Cap laughing at her? Tommy studied the stitching of her shoe. Great projecting canine jaws touched her ankle; she started violently! What power there was in her clenched fists! What a tussle it would be to shake the life from the beast! She set her teeth into her lip. Her face became eloquent in a variety of muscular contortions. "Cap," she cried, "hold the thing, will you? I'd pick a dozen roses to be rid of it!"

For unspeakably long minutes, Cap leaned across the brick surface of the wall. Irregular lines of underbrush stretched before her in a tantalizing design and, nearby, two willows drooped gracefully while rows of poplars stood tall. A rustling swish of leaves attracted her; she thought she breathed an odor of roses. Then Jiggs yawned dog-like, and she laughed aloud at his commonness. A brick crumbled beneath her fingers, and pebbles fell away into the darkness. "Cap!" she heard Tommy's voice break, "I can't find any roses." "Back!" she called to Tommy, "Go back farther!"

Cap wondered what Tommy could possibly find back there in the blackness. Would there be smooth boulders, and snakes under the boulders? What if weird characters, from the hospital, were gliding in and out of filmy shadows? She imagined she saw Tommy lighting her fair face to the gentle features of some "Prince"; she fancied Tommy lending an intelligent ear to picturesque and flighty phrases. Then—a scream pulled her nerves taut! She saw someone running—Tommy! A beast-like creature seemed to start away from the shadowy trees! Her throat felt tight, parched; she tried to call, and a low, tremulous groan shook her. Jiggs stirred in his sleep and whimpered, or was it a canine sneer? She laughed into the face of her own terror. What a fool she had been! Tommy had been frightened by the grinding of a motor washer at the hospital. The rest was imagination! But, Tommy was down there in the dark; she had let the flashlight slip among the briars. Could Tommy find the rope ladder? Yes! Wait, though—they needed a relic. She called to Tommy to grab anything, and waited.

The ladder quivered; and Tommy came up with the whites of her eyes decidedly out of proportion. "Oh!" she labored for breath. Her lips moved tentatively without forming words, and she put a limp hand against the duskiness of a tree's trunk.

"Human bones," she gasped.

"Where, Tommy?"

"At—the foot of the ladder."

"I must have them!" Cap swung clear of the bricks; her dark features as expressive as those of a freckled lad in a cowboy hat. At the ledge, she turned.

"Tommy," she asked, "you aren't afraid of Jiggs?"

"No, not afraid of Jiggs!" Tommy put two fingers on the big animal's temple and drew them away quickly, when Jiggs exposed canine teeth without yawning. "Nice puppy," she simpered, trying to secure his collar. Jiggs growled, and gazed with mild brown eyes, made ugly by overhanging wrinkles. Tommy twisted her mouth into a smile. "There, there, old man," she whispered.

Cap grinned and left her. Then, above the creak of the ladder, Cap caught fragments of sweet and simple words that were addressed to the great brute.

* * *

Two minutes later, Cap dropped an armful of bones onto the campus. Parts of the bony tissue had been eaten away by age or some other blundering acid; and against a ghastly yellow, there stood out dirty, jagged crevices. Cap picked one of the bones from the grass.

"Don't come near me with that!" Tommy warned, her round mouth stiffening to a straight line.

"Six thigh bones," Cap grumbled to the milkweeds.

"Six thigh bones, Cap?" Tommy asked from a few trees' distance.

"Didn't I say so?"

"I know," Tommy patted Jigg's head, mechanically, "but that makes things different."

"Well?"

"What do you think happened to the arm and skull bones?" Tommy asked, coming closer. Then—"Cap," she stated, "I've seen them, before!"

"Tommy, the perverse, you touched them five minutes ago, in the dark."

"Don't fool, Cap—I tell you, the bones look familiar!"

"Familiar bones, eh?" Cap chewed at a blade of grass. "You didn't plant your family tree in this garden?"

"Cap, hold that bone up! It looks like the bone of the old Spanish seaman, from the morgue. Cap, it's tagged!" She righted the printed slip that was attached, and together they read the words inscribed:—

"Mickey, etc.

This is what happened to the last person who looked for Primroses in the Fall. Hoping you get back safe.

—Cousin Bill.

* * *

The hands of the clock moved into the eternity of a cycle. In the spotted drab of a wall's shadow, two girls bent in hysterical attitudes, and a burly mastiff parted his wrinkled lips, and chewed at a human thigh bone.

Curiosity's Quest

R-r-um-h! R-r-um-h! What could it be? It was nearly five o'clock and on Friday too.

Curiosity reigned supreme. A hasty journey to the gym only to have the door slammed in my face, with a harsh "No admittance," served to spur it on.

Investigations began. A comrade or two and a trip down those convenient back stairs to the door of the gym.

What a sight! Would you believe it? There were two of our fair teachers being instructed in the art of roller skating by one of the faculty men. A

graceful bend; an awkward turn; ooh! almost a tumble; but perseverance is winning out.

First the instructor rolls with one fair pupil and then the other. Both begin to show improvement.—the Law of Exercise, probably.

A sudden hush. Someone is coming. A hurried getaway; a lost pencil; a bruised shin; but, never mind, curiosity is satisfied and a deep, dark secret has been discovered.

Oh, ye party givers, a word to the wise is sufficient. There are some in our school who need practice in roller skating.

—Eleanor Smith.

The Apple Tree Next Door

All winter standing
Like a shy, young girl
Drooping bare arms.
In spring
Awakening into radiant life
With green lace
And a bridal veil.

—Marion Bebee.

Imagine It!

"I wonder what they'll feed us tonight?" came in a hushed chorus from the mouths of our worthy Faculty.

"If the cook is good-looking I shall help wash the dishes," was the illogical statement of a small begoggled scientific looking individual.

"We have to serve the dinner ourselves tonight, because the Home-making girls have refused to serve us," was Mr. Phillippi's bland announcement.

A shuffle of chairs, after three of our "Drs." were chosen as the only perfect, excellent, etc. waiters in the world. Bang, bang from the kitchen.

"Throw them out the window, there are some more back here."

"No, we had better do them up in paper first."

"Phillippi, you should know how to do this better than we can."

"You, too, Perkins. You need the practice."

"Where's the butter, anyway? You'd think they'd keep it in the refrigerator. Guess you'll have to eat your rolls without butter."

"No, here it is, already on the rolls. If you would only observe more closely"

Clash! Bang!

"Only dropped the glasses. Didn't break."

In disgust, one of the happy though married members of the Faculty suggested the use of trays upon which to carry the food.

"We're going to have ple a la mode," was the stage whisperish announcement of the now rather bedraggled and worn out waiters, "and first come, first served. We resign."

A rush to the kitchen with one of our most bashful men, parading gallantly to the table. Yes, and with two dishes.

"We will now adjourn to the Social Center where the speech for the evening will be—How to Serve the Public."

But the announcement was lost because of the unusual condition of drowsiness that had taken possession of all.

This, ladies, was the Men's Faculty Club at one of its pleasant gatherings.

Normal DeLuxe

"I am going to give the youth of the vicinity the finest teacher training establishment the world has ever seen," declared our favorite architect and vegetarian, Mr. Alcibiades Fozzle.

"Splendid," agreed the reporter from The Record.

"It won't be merely a school," continued the archie, his eyes gleaming. "It will be a great, cathedral-like monument to pedagogy! It will occupy a space the size of five and one-quarter entire city blocks and no expense will be spared to make it a magnificent work of art."

"What do they plan to spend?" asked the awed reporter.

"Fifty million dollars, maybe sixty," replied the designer of our institutional future. "What do we care? Money is nothing where beauty and perfection and service is concerned. It will have three of the most commodious social centers ever seen in any building in history," he raved on, pacing the floor in his enthusiasm and now and then scaling a radiator or leaping over a desk. "Each center will be filled with works of art and will hold 8,462 students upright or 5,692,001 stacked in layers 19 deep. The floors will be of mother-of-pearl over lapis lazuli."

"You don't say so!"

"Absolutely! There will be a gentlemen's lounge larger than ever designed before, and four smoking rooms with pool tables, bowling alleys, swimming pools, indoor golf courses and free 50-cent cigars. There will also be an art gallery with paintings by all the old masters and the originals of Record covers. Priceless Chinese, Turkish and Syrian rugs will be spread four deep all over the place and we will have domestic rugs for the Homemakers to take home as souvenirs."

"Oh golly!" was all our listener could exclaim.

"The President's suite of offices will be done in robin's egg blue. It'll just about knock his eye out. He likes something swagger."

"Do tell about the Dean's study."

"Cherry blossom pink with an orange stripe and a cardinal red waste-paper basket. Very smart."

"Jeepers!" exclaimed our associate.

"The assembly will contain 11,492 seats, each twice as large as any ever designed. Beside each seat there will be a radio set, a luncheonette and a dressing table. Each seat will be convertible into a Murphy bed by the pressing of an electric push button."

"No."

"Yes! The orchestra will occupy a pit 1519 feet long by 723 feet wide and will hold 3574 musicians, each of whom will rise from the basement on an individual elevator of old gold and"

"But just a minute," interrupted the Record reporter. "What about the class rooms?"

"What class rooms?" gasped the puzzled architect.

"The rooms in which the bright, intelligent young men and women will lap up learning. After all, you know, our palace of pedagogy is to be a school."

"Oh, yes," confessed Alcibiades frowning. "I'd forgotten. Well, we consider class rooms a minor detail. Relatively unimportant."

"The more terrible the better," suggested our Record disciple.

"Exactly," concluded the architect.

COMMENT

Maurice B. Rovner

Dean Lord of Boston University is now carrying on a nation-wide survey in order to discover how much a college education is worth in "cold cash." After he gets through America will no doubt find fifty more Siwash Alma Maters to prepare young hopefuls for the BUSINESS of life.

On April 24, John Dewey of Columbia, Doctor Albert Barnes and others, spoke at a mass meeting in denunciation of "the meddlesome tactics of the American Legion in our schools and colleges." This meeting was called as a result of the recent expulsion of two professors from the West Chester (Pa.) State Normal School. Professor Kerlin and Kinneman were discharged upon the ground of a "reorganization of courses." Their records, however, are so admirable that this "organization" alibi proves itself to be a deliberate perversion of fact.

Doctor Kerlin, advisor of the Normal Liberal Club, was accused of encouraging the club in criticizing President Coolidge's Nicaraguan policy. The American Legion, getting wind of this horrible red radicalism, used its influence in having Professor Kerlin ousted. Professor Kinneman of the School Social Science Department protested the dismissal in a letter to the Local News. School officials decided that he, also, was too radical, and he was discharged forthwith.

These two liberal teachers were within their constitutional rights. They used their rights of free speech and a free press for what, in their opinion, was a just cause. The American college student exists in a state of inertia and contentment. These

professors were trying their best to make them think—an opening wedge, perhaps, in a campaign to awaken the somnolent American student. Sing praises to such men; they are hard to find. If the American Legion has its own way in this case it will not be long before our American citizen is muzzled, and ready to shake hands with the compatriots of Stalin and Mussolini.

Today, in one university, the idea of a Utopian college has become a reality. At the Rochester Medical School there is no attendance schedule, no formal quizzes, no lectures, and no examination. The students, it is said, work harder than most students in other more particular educational institutions. Explain the paradox.

In some of our courses at Normal we studied about the latest developments in education. We learned about a number of theories, and thought that certain of these theories were but of recent origin. Now we have changed our viewpoint, having read a certain statement in Plato's Republic. It was a genuine surprise to discover that his idea, which we had thought was a recent one, was so many centuries old. This is the starter which Plato uttered: "Knowledge which is acquired under compulsion has no hold on the mind. Therefore do not use compulsion, but let early education be rather a sort of amusement; this will better enable you to find out the natural bent of the child."

College years are a time when youth begins to doubt some of the teachings which have been forced upon him. The question of religion, especially, causes sleepless nights. At this period youth should not be dismayed; it is youth's prerogative to wonder. After a period of mental roaming youth will return to the fold

the better for it. George Bernard Shaw once said that a young man who is conservative is not worth his salt. In the conservative youth, as a rule, sociological ideas never get beyond the unconscious.

A few weeks ago the Reverend Mr. Perkins spoke upon the significance and power of words. Before one can claim to be the master of a word he should know its structure, history and meaning. Look at these words: Coward, gentleman, radical, Ku Kluxer, "old fogey", Babbitt. Such words are used hundreds of times by people who know little or nothing about them. The foregoing sentence ought never apply to a person who considers himself educated.

Three cheers and a hallelujah! The fight for a virtuous world is gaining ground. A girls' college in Germany has abolished biology from its curriculum, because that science is "incompatible with maidenly modesty."

A group of students in this school have started a "Current Events Club." Our enthusiasm for this noteworthy undertaking was somewhat dampened when we discovered that this club was formed so that its members might prepare for the Buffalo teachers' examination. One does not have to join a club to pass the simple current events examination that the city gives; reading a good newspaper or magazine is sufficient. We shall regard this organization with more respect when it assumes better purposes than mere preparation for examinations.

Movie officials representing "First National Pictures, Inc.", have made trips to many American colleges. They have selected a number of young men and women as prospects for future movie stardom. For some rea-

sons the movie officials did not come to Buffalo Normal. Of course, they knew there is plenty of movie material here, but they correctly decided not to come. They knew that no prospective teacher in Buffalo would consent to become a movie star.

We have been somewhat of a bibliomaniac ever since we can remember. We recommend the following five books because they are thought-provoking and are also a constant joy. The books: The History of Civilization in Europe—Guizot; History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science—White; The Dance of Life—Ellis; Story of An African Farm—Schreiner; Looking Backward—Bellamy.

The sex war is becoming more and more furious at Oxford. The men resent the harboring of females in a place which has been made sacred by masculine tradition. The women declare that the true reason for the men's discomfiture is jealousy, because every woman at Oxford is an honor student. Before a girl can enter Oxford she must pass a rigid examination. In commenting upon this sex struggle the New Student quotes Tenneyson's opinion:

..... Pretty were the sight
if our halls would change their sex,
and flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dowagers
for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their
golden hair.

For a moment we will join the fraternity of the curricular axe-grinders. We believe that all of the courses on the fourth year curriculum are worthwhile. We think, however, that one more good subject is necessary: That is, a good survey course in philosophy. Surely, a Normal school of all places ought to have such a course.

To Catherine Becker

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies:
And from the west
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late dark singing.
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene.
Death.

—William Ernest Henley.

To Catherine Becker the Senior Class lovingly dedicates these lines. We cannot feel that the promise of so young a life has been fulfilled, or that the "long day" is done; but we have in our hearts the assurance that she leaves an influence "splendid and serene". Thus, the poet Henley must say for us what we would say but cannot.

A Durant Book

Professor Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy" has been one of the much-discussed books of this year. The fact of its large sales shows its great popularity, but does not necessarily indicate its merit. Many books achieve the distinction of being "best sellers", to be practically non-existent in a few years. I am reasonably sure that such will not be the case with this book, however. It is obviously the work of a scholar, with its careful organization and specific proof for each point. Written in an interesting, but not "popular" manner, it contains much food for thought, and real information about the leading philosophers. Starting with Socrates, it comes up through such philosophers as Santyana and William James. Each philosopher is dealt with in the same way; his particular section containing a general background of the times; his life and principal theories.

One of the book's principal merits is that it pretends to be nothing more than an introduction to a real study of philosophy. In the vast field of such a dangerous study, it is difficult to know where to begin, and for the average person a book like this offers an excellent starting point, being not only interesting, but exact.

Waning Interest

One thing we have heard very little about lately is our Central Council. The previous rush to organize some form of Student Government is in distinct contrast with the present show of student interest in the matter.

A student form of government in any school is a decided step towards the scholastic democracy of that institution. Our Central Council has displaced the former absolute form of Faculty supervision. It has given the student that coveted voice in his own discipline. It has tendered the reins of disciplinary authority into the hands of the undergraduate himself and in so doing has provided the opportunity for a student government by the students.

It should be distinctly recognized that student democracy is an idealistic sort of thing. There can be a maximum of efficiency only in an ideal setting, and with ideal characters to play the parts. When we attempt to establish such a democracy in a non-ideal environment, there must of necessity be some hitch.

The most trying obstacle with which the Council has yet had to contend is the passive, unresponsive, and totally indifferent attitude of the layman student. The very organization of the Council has presented no problem to be compared with the one of prodding the dormant student mind to an exhibition of intelligent interest for mutual benefit. The occasions when the Council must consider the prescribing of unusual disciplinary measures in unusual cases is the only time when some smattering of interest is shown.

Nor is the rank and file of students entirely at fault. Representatives are not at all adept in reporting Council news back to their sections. The usual report is a hum-drum, parrot-like formality which does very little to kindle an immediate interest and nothing to arouse a permanent, conscious enthusiasm. The subject matter of these verbal reports is usually of such a fossilized nature that a Representative must be super-endowed to give it any semblance of interest. Since the Representative is the connecting link between forum and section the continuity of that relation should of necessity be observed and, if possible, enlarged upon.

Council members are singularly lacking in another respect. The great majority have none of that divine spark of self-assertion which distinguishes the individualistic from the complacent. At meetings the average Representative may be considered as just one more present—a necessary unit of a quorum. There are indeed exceptions. The Central Council does contain individuals who in no small degree have made possible the fine, constructive measures the Council has accomplished. But at all times the quorum is influenced too largely and too easily by the opinions and efforts of its more aggressive members.

There should be more of an effort directed towards having people elected to the Council who are something more than merely popular. Representatives to the Central Council, like most other student officials, are elected to executive position because they happen to be in the public eye, in some cases the election hinging upon membership in the right organization. When we adopt a more judicious method of selection perhaps the Council will have a more select membership.

Sitting down to the basic essentials, our Student Government can be no stronger than the sum of its constituents and no more necessary than it is vital in the destiny of those it exists to serve.

The Record

Published by the Students of the State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

Printed in the State Normal School Print Shop

Terms, \$1.00 a Year

Single Copies, 15 cents

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

"Policy"

We have frequently heard the editorial efforts of The Record termed as cynical, unduly caustic, and destructively critical. We have been asked whether our policy embraces a program of criticism. And in reply we can only state that our "policy" is entirely an elastic quantity; that at all times we endeavor to fit our statements to the facts at hand.

We have considered it our essential duty to direct interest towards and obtain action on scholastic matters which seemingly have needed it. Where the situation has induced nothing but neutrality, there have we attempted to arouse an intelligent interest. Where the situation has produced pleasure and satisfaction, there have we discreetly and sparingly praised. Where the elements of a situation have offended our sense of good taste, there have we endeavored to unlease the criticism warranted. We have tried consistently to secure definite reactions for what we consider the welfare of the school. Whether our measures have been constructive or destructive has depended largely upon our agreeing or disagreeing with the factions involved.

Central Council

The matter of student government has long been before us and is still a decidedly live issue. Throughout the organization period of our Central Council, the subject was a popular one—a topic which aroused both discussion and comment.

Now that we have a representative, governmental body fully organized and firmly established, all elements of interest have seemingly vanished. The student body is no longer concerned as to Council progress; the central body itself can apparently find nothing more pertinent to consider than the comparative merits of alien honor systems.

The schedule for Central Council meetings is decidedly against efficient work. Four o'clock in the afternoon is a time scarcely conducive to original thinking and decisive action. A Council meeting is not a particularly joyous occasion for students or teachers who have directed the efforts of the day towards class room work. If a radiantly fresh and vigorous attitude is to be demanded of Representatives they might well be allowed to convene at an earlier hour.

We suggest that the Central Council hold its next regular meeting during an assembly period. It is not necessary to devise a special program. Only the usual business need be considered. Allow the student body to observe the work of its Representatives. Let the Council members feel that they are truly representative. We feel that such an assembly meeting of the Central Council would foster that quality of interest which is at present on the ebb.

The Masculine Malady

The oft discussed question of man's declining status is justified locally by the decline and fall of what was once our Men's Club. There was a time when good fellows could assemble—that is to say—get together for a strictly stag party with all that goes with such.

There was indeed a time when the masculine element gathered about the festive board, harked to those charming, after-dinner, heart-to-heart talks by good men and true, and thereby was lulled to a jovial and complacent mood. On such occasion was even the mellow aroma of the Havana Special to be detected in our otherwise cloistered halls. And the joy of pugilistic enterprise! Oh! Combat, where is thy champion?

No more. Curfew has rung down the asbestos on the scene of Men's Club activities and there will be no more.

For no apparent reason the program of events at such banquets has come under the taboo of censorship. But each curtailment is unnecessary restriction. The arrangement of a program could well be left to the good judgment of the Club's officers and the gentlemen of the faculty who in the past have been liberal with their patronage.

Tea is by no means a substitute for the comparative luxuries of former Men's Club banquets. Boiled water and polite conversation is all very well for those so inclined but a more virile activity is necessary for the entertainment of the alleged baser creatures.

The school year has seen but one social occasion especially for the men. It is not likely that there will be another until the Men's Club finds a way to change the present conditions.

The Extra-Curricular Survey

The extra-curricular data as compiled by the Social Program Committee affords an interesting study of student participation in such activities. Neither The Record nor the Social Program Committee desires to draw a moral or shape an issue from the facts presented. Our entire purpose is to acquaint the student body with the amount and distribution of such participation in non-academic pursuits.

The gathering of such information is a vast undertaking and a decided accomplishment. The Social Program Committee is to be commended both on the nature and the excellence of its work.

Section Representation in Extra-Curricular Activities

First Year

Section	Number Active	Number Non-Active	Per Cent. Active
Section I	14	23	38%
Section II	10	21	32%
Section III	21	14	60%
Section IV	13	20	39%
Section V	17	14	55%
Section VI	15	17	47%
Section VII	21	11	66%
Section VIII	10	19	34%

Second Year

K. P. I	21	23	48%
K. P. II	21	16	57%
Int. I	12	36	25%
Int. II	7	25	22%
Grammar I	23	23	55%
Grammar II	22	25	47%

Third Year

K. P. I	25	16	61%
K. P. II	19	19	50%
Int. I	10	21	32%
Int. II	16	23	41%
Grammar I	30	17	64%
Grammar II	29	16	64%

Fourth Year

Fourth Year	10	8	56%
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Vocational

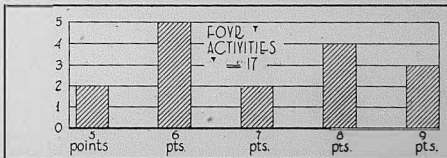
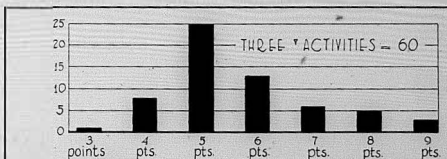
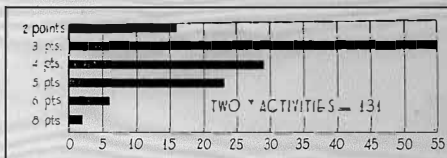
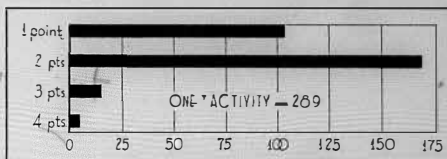
Gen. Indus. Yr. I	15	6	71%
Gen. Indus. Yr. II	25	7	78%
Scholarship	14	12	54%

Homemaking

Freshman	21	26	45%
Sophomore	16	26	38%
Junior	20	12	63%
Senior	25	11	79%

Average Per Cent. Active..... 51%

SUMMARY OF STUDENT PARTICIPATION IN EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES



— MAJOR —

Signing Up the Senior

Superintendent: You would consider the position?

Senior: Yes, sir.

Superintendent: Are you quite sure you are worthy of it?

Senior (with humility): I can only hope so.

Superintendent (putting his feet on the desk): Have you searched your innermost life to make certain that there has been no act or thought that would cause me, as a school superintendent, to hide my head in shame?

Senior: Yes.

Superintendent: We've gotta be careful. Jim Schuzzlefest signed up a young woman the other day to teach Arabian out in Kenmore and then found that she had once been seen with her feet on the balcony railing. It broke him all up.

Senior: Oh, sir! I would never think of doing such a thing. My life has been very sheltered.

Superintendent: Have you ever had any love affairs?

Senior: What are love affairs?

Superintendent: I mean, have you ever had suitors, ever been engaged?

Senior: There was a boy named Maxie Muddle who used to like me. He used to buy sorority fudge for me. Poor Maxie! They say he quibbled in Organization class. Once he wrote "Oh You Kiddo" on the black board.

Superintendent: Sh-h-h! On the blackboard, you say!

Senior: Yes.

Superintendent: Did anybody see it?

Senior: I think so.

Superintendent (rising and pacing the floor): This is most distressing. Suppose some of your schoolmates should ever come forward and tell about it! An incident like that might be all right in Normal School but we would never stand for it out in Dunkirk!

Senior: I'm so sorry.

Superintendent: You should be. Now then, about your mode of living. What are your habits? How do you spend your time?

Senior: I'm always in bed by 8:30 and up about 6. I rise early so that I can take a nice long walk and commune with nature in the beautiful morning hours. I love the birds and bees.

Superintendent: Tut! Tut! It isn't nice!

Senior: What isn't nice?

Superintendent: Loving birds and bees. At least it isn't nice to admit it. What if the taxpayers should find out.

Senior: I never thought of that.

Superintendent: You must be more discreet. Now then, do you ever smoke?

Senior: Oh! No sir!

Superintendent: Talk back to your folks?

Senior: No.

Superintendent: Use the wrong fork?

Senior: No, sir.

Superintendent: Forget to say your prayers at night?

Senior: Never.

Superintendent: Well, you might possibly do. I'll talk it over with the Board of Education and see if you are the type of girl it would be prudent for us to employ.

The Girl of '27

Mildred McNail

Some of us pronounce her the "flapper". More of us designate her the modern girl. Some of us speak of her with amused tolerance. More of us condemn her with uncharitable rancor. However, neither attitude is fair to her. For, indeed, she is not a plaything to be lightly tossed about by the careless throng, nor is she an evil influence to be feared and shunned. I am not contradicting that she has her many faults, vices, and follies, yet I do claim they are but the errors of youth. For it is easily proved that her grandmother possessed the same type of weaknesses as our modern girl possesses.

I am quite aware that grandmother would without doubt give vent to a statement of shocked protest at this thought. But perhaps she will bear with me while I try to answer some of her earnest remonstrances. I know what will be the first conflicting idea.

It is concerning the modern girl's type of dress. Let us then look at the fashion plates in some colonial book of our grandmother's day and justly compare it with a modern fashion plate. Yes, the modern girl bobs her hair. Grandmother did not. But indeed, she piled her hair high with "rats"—cushions of coarse horse hair, or some other such ridiculous unhygienic material, and then combed and frizzed her locks over that. On top of all this were pinned artificial puffs. At the back artificial curls hung down over one shoulder and occasionally over both. I ask you which is more sensible and hygienic? At any rate there is no danger of bobbed hair coming off even during the most strenuous of exercise.

The next charge which grandmother may wish to bring against the flapper, is the immodesty of her dress. Perhaps it is immodest to some extent. But is it as much wanting in the restraint required, by decency as that of grandmother's was? Look at any ancient family portrait and note how perilously low some of the bodices were cut. The stay of that day was a high-busted affair, drawn in closely about the middle. When grandmother hurried she was all out of breath. She did not run, of course, because long skirts and hoops made such exercise impossible. Behold our old time young lady on a rainy day: In seeking to save her voluminous skirt from utter ruin, she lifted it on one side at least far above the point that is now considered modest, thus revealing to the over-curious male population a knee! This was much more provocative of curious comment than the one of today, for now the gentlemen are used to it and thus not over-curious. The modern girl's dress I admit is a bit shorter than is necessary some times, but yet, is not such a loose gown, more sensible than the yards and yards in grandmother's dress?

Now, let us turn to the foot wear. Grandmother's shoes were very narrow in the toe and very high in the heel. Exercise was not possible in this shoe. But grandmother was not given to exercise. The flapper has high heeled shoes for the proper occasion. Our modern girl wears comfortable shoes with broad, low heels—shoes in which she can walk for miles, play tennis and take such exercise as nature means young creatures to take. Let us not forget that fashions in the days of yore differed very considerably from the fashions of '27, just as the fashions differed in the days of the first Isaiah.

One might imagine that in the course of time it would occur to the men and women who relieve their feelings of disappointments and disillusion by attacking the girl of the period, that there was a time when they were young

and when their generation was vigorously assaulted by their own elders. The girls of their period were held responsible for the evil of the world, just as they themselves are now holding responsible the girls of '27. Yet they survived disapproval and the girls grew up to be the women of the present day—the elderly women—who are now held up as examples of what girls ought to be.

However, the characteristics of the girl of today have changed, not necessarily for the worse, but have modified to meet the other changing activities and conditions of this progressive world. Grandmother, when young, could nurse the sick and be a ministering angel. So can the modern girl. But added to that she can do innumerable other things, the mere mention of which would have left grandmother fainting and helpless. She is as useful as a boy in driving a nail—or a car.

Professor Johnson of Vassar defends her thus, "The worldly wisdom which the college girl attains is more of an advantage than disadvantage and does not raise a blush of pretended youth and innocence. The girl of today is a marrying girl as much as she ever was but she postpones it. During her four years at college, she acquires poise, culture, and practical knowledge that enables her to meet situations intelligently. The college girl is not forced to marry merely for a meal ticket, because she is qualified to make a living for herself. Furthermore, man has made a new discovery. He is no longer seeking a butterfly for a wife. He has discovered that an educated girl can be a business partner as well as a charming wife. In other words she is financially independent."

Even grandmother says that the physical exercise of which the modern girl is capable would have killed her. No doubt it would. But it does not kill the flapper. The very activity at which elderly people shake their heads, the training that is like a boy's in its freedom, the exercise, the camp life, yes, even the help of short skirts and loose clothings, are making of our modern girl a specimen capable of becoming a mother of such a race of men and women and a promoter of such political and righteous problems as this old world needs.

With the consideration of this defense of our modern girl, let us leave the flapper alone until she passes the flapper age; stop flattering her by waving attention to her eccentricities. Then see into what a splendid woman she will develop. Until then, let us forbear to judge her, for she can be young but once and for such a little while!

The Prospective Orthophonic Electrola

An article in last month's Record about the new orthophonic electrola led to a desire to defend such a worthy project. Opportunities for musical education of any sort are always welcome, for a developed musical appreciation certainly leads to a more enriched life. Such an instrument would decidedly further our musical education and would lead to many delightful possibilities for its use. We could have special music assemblies in which the symphonies could be studied, the operas explained, or special kinds of music played. The trouble with most of us is that we know too little about music, and going to concerts and operas would mean a thousand times more if we knew more about what we were hearing. A chance to be a more intelligent audience at concerts, however, is only one of the advantages of owning an electrola. We could use it in the assembly room hours and even at dances

where, if it were placed in the center of the room, it could be heard with facility. It is not, though, primarily an instrument for dances, and this use was only suggested as a means of purchasing one. Surely having one, and a good one, for our new school, is worth considering seriously. The possibility of everyone adding fifty cents to the blanket tax toward buying one for the school would be one way of getting an instrument, and would show in a small way our appreciation for the school. It would also show that we appreciate something which great artists are praising.

—Marion Bebee.

Cake Class

When I do sit and watch the clock
That tells the time that I must wait
Before the hour ends and I can go
And eat my lunch in happier state;
When between gulping bites I fear
That Dr. Stoke will call on me
And in a splutter of cake I hear
Me say, "I'm unprepared today."
Then of his mercy do I question make
That he'll forgive the spluttered cake;
Deep down in me I have a hunch
He'd say, "Take ten minutes to eat your lunch."
Then of that eleven o'clock class we'd make
A picnic and would all eat cake.

—C. M. D.

Spirit

Now we are being asked to produce from the material at hand, a suitable annex to our "school spirit", and obligingly label it "college spirit". Obviously, the author of that suggestion is an incurable optimist, or is it merely a ruse to arouse a bit of interest concerning student and faculty relationship?

Ostensibly the relationship is ideal: the students and faculty members have joined hands, promoting school spirit and student responsibility. Yet the pull is not so much one of good fellowship, as the attraction of the lesser force to the greater force—a simple law of gravitation. To the faculty, we are a means to a certain standard in scholastic efficiency; to us, the faculty are the omnipotent powers in our own little universe. Thus we are advancing along the road to deeper understanding, always together, but ever apart.

This institution is not so much for the production of excellently equipped workmen, turned from an identical mold, as for the growth of individual initiative guided by the demands of society. This can only be effected through a thorough and tolerant bond of understanding between the students and their faculty. When such a bond is firmly established "college spirit" is founded without the asking.

—Erva Perkins.

EXCHANGE

Lit

Students in English lit classes read Shelley, but he's only words to most of them. Compare their reaction with that of George Moore, as he describes it in his "Confessions of a Young Man." "Shelley's atheism had led me to read Kant, Spinoza, Godwin, Darwin, and Mill, and these, again, in their turn, introduced me to many writers and various literature." Why don't students in college follow ideas through in this way? Is it lack of interest? Or is it that they are laboring under an artificial system of education which leaves no time for thoughtful intellectual pursuits?—"The Campus." Rochester University.

Let's Be—

Collegiate, collegiate, collegiate! One hears it everywhere one goes. Every foolish style, every indiscretion, every useless, frivolous action is excused on the ground of collegiatism. It's the accepted thing you know. "They do that sort of thing in colleges." Such is the maxim of the public, supported by the press, portrayed on the screen, and countenanced by the student. College men and women allow themselves to be classed as a curious breed of hybrids, half fools, half intellectuals. And the curious part about it is that most of the crazy publicity given the collegian is cooked up by men and women who have no "dear old Alma Mater" for which to cheer when Thanksgiving day rolls around.

Collegiate humor magazines brazenly advertise college life as a ceaseless round of drinks, petting parties, and cut classes. The motion pictures teem with films of so-called college

life, presented in a preposterous manner by actors who do not know a Greek-letter fraternity from the Odd Fellows. The general public accepts it all as gospel truth and speaks of the perils of higher education. High school youngsters swallow it like a robin does a fat, juicy grub-worm. And come to school with misfit ready-made ideas about college life. Those ideas must be broken and eliminated before college can do the student any sort of lasting good.

The fanciful tales of hectic college days must be stopped. Naturally, when one accused of indiscretion finds that nothing he may say or do will prove him different in the eyes of his fellow men, there is a strong tendency to live up to one's reputation. The untruths must be refuted.—The Bulletin, Kansas State Teachers' College.

The Oral Ordeal at Northwestern

Twenty of the thirty-one best students in Economics A last semester came through the oral examination successfully, and, in consequence, received an A grade in economics without taking the final written examination.

The plan used is to give the best students the privilege of not taking the written examinations, and giving them instead an oral examination. If they pass this exam successfully they have earned an A in the course. The oral examination is given before the faculty of economics.

Prof. Ernest Hahne, of the economics department, reports that the plan, which is original with Northwestern university, is receiving much favorable comment, both in the papers and from other universities.

Although the economics department of Northwestern university has employed this scheme of determining A students for several years, it is the only school in which oral examinations are used. Other universities are

in favor of the plan in spite of the fact that many of the candidates may fail to pass the oral examination. Sophomores are not given the privilege of oral examinations in any other university.

Not only the faculty, but also the students themselves, are endorsing the oral examination plan. At a recent student meeting the scheme was declared to be successful.

The twenty successful economists at Northwestern consider the plan a good one, whether anyone else does or not.

To A Little House

Small house, I hurry back to you.
Help me forget
The rapture and delight
Of roads;
Lock out my dreams;
Dreams are not safe, small house.
I am afraid.

Help me to be content with simple things.

Blue hyacinths and fragrant, peaceful rooms.

—Dorothy L. Wardell, '27; State College Quarterly.

Values of a Cut System

In the Geneseo Normal School, the faculty are still considering the question of unexcused absences there. The first recommendation, that the grade of the student be lowered one letter, has been abandoned, as it is thought that this is not the most appropriate penalty—observing, as it does the actual scholastic attainment of the student. It has also been suggested that the penalty of a zero standing for the first unexcused absence be given. The Lamron says, "Apparently there is common agreement on the recommendation that three unexcused absences constitute failure in, and immediate withdrawal from, any course. The at-

tendance at Geneseo for last semester was roughly 94 per cent. perfect; the percentage of absence from all causes was only about six.

It was not so long ago that here in the Cortland Normal School this same problem was being discussed. Perhaps the cut system in Geneseo would answer the question there as it did here.—"The Co-No Press," Cortland Normal School.

Heard At The Arbor

"I'll be loving you always—z-z-z." The needle caught in a groove and for a moment, "With a love that's true" wavered and didn't know whether to go on or not.

"Oh, I guess I'll have a chocolate roll—no, what else have you got that's good? Are the honey rolls fresh? Well, I'll have two of them and—"

And I said, "Well, Art McKane, if you can't arrange to come to this dance, you'll never, never get another bid from me. And he got here. Didn't you—"

"So, she said, Miss Larkin, your notebook wasn't among these," and Jane! I was petrified; and I said, "But I passed it in and she looked all over the place, and no sign of it, and all of a sudden—"

"I got a letter from my man today, kids, and he sent you all his regards, but you should see what he said at the end for me. Girls, he's the most wonderful lover I ever—"

"Well, I've got my two notebooks to do, and that thesis and those readings. Gee, I'm a busy woman."

"Catherine, may I have more honey rolls! Those are good."

"I'll be loving you always." For the seventy-eighth time that afternoon the needle caught in the groove and "With a love that's true," waited uncertainly as to whether to go on or not.—"The Normal Times", Central State Normal School, Lock Haven, Pa.

Honor Students First Term, 1926

In Order of Rank

(Average Credit Points per Semester Hour)

Schnatz, Ruth	3.00	Traub, Eleanor	2.25
Aderman, Price	2.85	Day, Frank	2.24
Gardiner, Charlotte	2.70	Casten, Kathryn	2.21
Bebee, Marion	2.66	Backus, Elanore	2.21
Palmer, Ralph	2.66	Braun, Julius	2.20
Sexton, Ethel	2.63	Healy, Mabel Bullett	2.20
McKee, Lewis	2.62	Erickson, Alice	2.18
Hicks, Lillian J.	2.61	Rodgers, Alice	2.18
Dautch, Charlotte	2.57	Schlei, Mildred	2.16
Bachmann, Lynn	2.56	Stephenson, Lucy	2.16
Dingler, Juanita	2.53	DeMarchi, Linda	2.15
Huber, George	2.50	Hanser, Dorothea	2.15
Newton, Helen	2.50	Robertson, Marion	2.15
Turpell, Gladys	2.48	Coleman, Ella	2.13
O'Connell, David	2.47	Merrill, Neva	2.13
Bindeman, Julie	2.47	Busch, Helen R.	2.10
Glunz, Doris	2.44	Davis, Carol	2.10
Goldstein, Bessie	2.44	Desmon, Dolores	2.10
Medlicott, Evalina	2.44	Miller, Alice	2.10
Newman, Amy	2.44	Ormsby, Linn	2.10
Webster, Marion	2.44	Paine, Mildred	2.10
Bilodeau, Emil	2.43	Fisher, Wesley	2.09
Frisbee, Eunice	2.43	Meade, David	2.07
Choate, Josephine	2.41	Emerson, Estelle	2.06
Ernst, Arthur	2.40	Gulick, Adaline	2.06
Pagel, Dorothy	2.40	Hubeler, Edith	2.06
Agle, Amelia	2.37	Keller, Mildred	2.06
Paltzik, Gertrude	2.37	Murray, Marjorie	2.06
Rietter, Lois	2.36	Bullock, Marie	2.05
Elliott, Mildred	2.35	Burton, Doris G.	2.05
Mosett, Marion	2.35	Eckhardt, Ruth	2.05
Mosett, Marion	2.35	Vannis, Ernestine	2.05
Persons, Evelyn	2.34	Adams, Rose	2.00
Mason, Kenneth	2.34	Fontana, John	2.00
Peak, Harry	2.34	Hillery, Mary	2.00
Nerenberg, Esther	2.33	Levin, Edith	2.00
Dorsett, Frances	2.27	Moser, Katherine	2.00
Cooper, Letha	2.26	Rodgers, Gertrude	2.00
Cantor, Mary	2.25	Shurgot, Stella	2.00
Cleary, Grace	2.25	Smith, Frank	2.00
Dobmeier, Arlene	2.25	Thomas, Katherine	2.00
Foltz, Antoinette	2.25	Wendel, Marguerite	2.00
Joseph, Alice	2.25	Winter, Mary	2.00
Tober, Alma	2.25		

Scholarship News

There never has been a time in the history of this old universe when danger has not lain in wait for some unfortunate man just around the corner of life. Eve took the initiative in the Garden of Eden and Adam was the goat. Samson slept; and the crafty Delilah, jealous of a power which she could not attain, clipped him for the count.

Strange, but you just can't win. It is a far cry from then 'til now and much could be said in the passing but, we will draw from antiquity only the comparisons which we need to balance our present situation.

According to all reports, a new menace has beset the Scholarship Men in Normal Halls. It lurks for us on the Campus; it lies in wait for us outside the rear door of Room 210; we are made aware of its presence in the bosky corridors of the third floor and even our gymnasium, that most democratic of all meeting places, is not to be freed from its presence.

Many is the fond mother who has kissed her offspring goodbye and sent him out to meet the unknown and to battle in the strength of his own might. How many tearful wives watched their "meal tickets" depart last September and be swallowed up in the Maelstrom of what we are pleased to call our Curricular Life? Still they wonder, and even their best friends won't tell them.

We have been taught since infancy that every cloud has a silver lining and at present there appears to be succor for the oppressed. A champion has appeared and, if signs do not deceive us, mere man at Normal, will soon be protected from the wiles of calamity. We rejoice in the fact that there are only two short months to go and then we shall return to the protection of our own—glad, but wiser for the experience.

C. G. J.

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The Record

State Teachers' College at Buffalo, N. Y.

Vol. XV

June Issue, 1927

No. 8

PHILOSOPHY

Priscilla Turgeon

Jane pressed the accelerator a little harder and the car flew on. She stretched her neck to see, in the mirror over the windshield, a charming piquant face, glowing cheeks framed in a new close fitting little hat. Her coat collar of soft, white fur, felt warm and sleek about her throat, and the tip of a new patent leather shoe gleamed on the throttle. A girl must have been happy in such circumstances, even though the day itself were not so perfect.

As far as she could see over the countryside, Spring flaunted itself in the waving fringes of the willows, and the white masses of wild cherry trees in the fence corners. Jane slowed down a little for the houses were appearing closer together now, each framed in its setting of soft green grass. Tulips were aflame among clumps of shrubbery and magnolias dropped creamy leaves on the green carpet. She drew a deep breath of complete happiness and lifted shining eyes to the blue sky above.

"Oh, You, up there, You do take care of us all in this beautiful, wonderful world of Yours! How can anyone doubt it?"

Through the park, no less beautiful in its ordered beds of tulips, its effective grouping of trees and shrubs against the background of the lake, the car sped on. Happy, smiling children, accompanied by equally cheerful nursemaids, thronged the drives and parkways. Servants gossiped at back doors and mistresses from front porches.

Traffic was growing thicker, and the sidewalk crowds more dense. Shop windows were attractive and the throng stopped its ceaseless parade to collect in little groups about the ones which appealed to them. Taxis darted through the traffic, keeping a driver constantly on the alert. Only one more block to the garage where Jane's father was waiting with the matinee tickets.

A light flamed red overhead and Jane stopped and shifted to second, holding the clutch down with one foot as she watched the traffic stream by. It all happened so suddenly that no one had time to interfere. A big car was hurrying to cross; a happy, laughing baby ran directly in its path. There came a shriek of brakes and a woman's scream! Jane cried out, "Oh, God, No!" and flung the back of one hand against trembling lips. Her knees went limp and the clutch slipped, sending the car ahead into a clear traffic lane. She caught a glimpse in the mirror, of a man on his knees on the pavement, something white and broken dangling from his arms. The crowd was surging out into the street.

She drew up to the curb, sick and dizzy, to see her father's face at the window, and to hear his agonized, "Jane, girl. What is it? What has happened?"

Her emotion was too great to allow for speech, she could only move over and motion him to drive. She sat stiffly erect as the car rolled quietly on, out of the city, fingering the rough tweed of his coat sleeve and seeing before her, only that white little face with the ominous dark stain; thinking, wong-
ng, questioning.

"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"

Jesse Braham White's play as presented by the Dramatic Club:

Snow White—Ann Rothschild.

Prince Florimond—Fred Ambellan.

Queen Brangomar—Julia Forsythe.

Berthold—Robert H. Black.

Maid of honor—Margaret Sider, Evelina Medlicott, Charlotte Dautch,

Mary Mulroy, Margaret Poole, Kathryn Kranichfeld, Eileen Bourk, Helen King.

The Dwarfs—Roberts Grille, William Rose, Jacob Chasen, Lawrence Manno,

Frank Bondanzo, Rosemary McBride, Helen Meade.

Witch Hex—Olga Cragin.

Sir Dandiprat—Lee Doll.

The Cats—Aurelia Brown, Marjorie Leininger.

The Duchesses—Marjorie Moore, Mildred Keller.

The Dukes—Allan Jaffe, Richard Thiele.

Play directed by Miss Keeler.

Dances taught by Miss Salom.

Scenery designed and painted by Sheldon K. Viele.

Songs by Miss McMahon.

Costumes designed by Mr. Velie and Mrs. Urquhart Wilcox and executed

by the Homemaking Classes in Play Production.

Lighting arranged by Mr. Weber.

Freshman Musings

"Moving Up Day" and election of Second Year officers! Delight, indeed, and surprise also, to us snails upon earth who view our wildest dreams coming to possible fruition. Do such occurrences indicate that we have, after a long period of subordination, at last risen to the wondrous level of Sophomores? Judging from some of the treatment we received at the hands of our "superiors," we have not as yet risen to Parnassus. However, there is a slight minority which makes us feel that we are fast "growing up." Just the other day a Junior actually said she was sorry for keeping me waiting longer than fifteen minutes for the use of the telephone! Such incidents encourage us and cause speculation as to the advisability of withdrawing from our shells. Then again, the cold disdain of an older sister extinguishes all anticipation. What causes mental torment, however, is the fact that we are spoken of as Freshmen and then told to elect second year officers in the same breath. It puts us in a position that is extremely difficult. We are forever either soaring in air, or falling into dejection, within such an alarming short period that we fear our emotional systems are endangered. Nevertheless, we find consolation in the thought that in four weeks comes the supreme moment, when our status no longer depends upon others. It is then that will shall automatically move up or—

—Esther Nerenberg.

Relocation

When one looks closely, inevitably there is more to be seen than any superficial glance might indicate. So, when we peer beneath the sugar-coated surface of the rosy dreams for a new normal school there are decidedly inescapable issues of a sort other than rosy.

While the transplanting of anything involves toil, the relocation of a school is a project calling for rolled-up sleeves and an abundance of vitamins in the diet. There is nothing at all facile in the prospect of starting anew. To what extent will an unfamiliarly new building and a raw, muddy, elmless campus help to kindle that scholastic warmth that is so desirable? The true pioneer student will welcome the opportunity for a healthy migration to an untrammeled and unlimited future. But the aggregate of virile, honest-to-god, pioneer students is anything but overwhelming.

While the plans for a new building go forward, it would be well to plan just as earnestly for new ideals and new attitudes—modern ideals and attitudes in every sense of the word modern. Let there be as little as possible carry-over of our present pettiness and selfishness. The things which are so worth while in our present condition will evolve into our existence of the future because they are worth while. There must be a wholesale weeding out of those insidious prejudices which tend to blight our immediate school life. They are in no measure worth while; but they will transplant along with the desirable unless carefully and deliberately eliminated.

There is one mistaken notion which has needed correction for a long time. Our tendency to ape the college of popular fiction and imagination is altogether our most ridiculous ambition. We eagerly seek to imitate the traditions and pet functions of the colleges without knowing very much about the status to which we aspire. May we never attain the tradition-bound and utterly precedent ruled condition of the college of today.

It should be clearly realized that ours is a teachers' college. We have an organization, a purpose, a future just as distinctly our own as could be desired. Plans for our growth should be designed about the particular and individual needs of this sort of institution. Recognize that teacher training methods are incompatible with the methods employed by the colleges to produce their super-commercialized professionals. Let it be understood that the same type of student who goes to college does not come to teachers' college.

The basis for planning is to be found in our present condition. The future must be more than mere enlargement upon the present. Elimination and reconstruction are the essential operations. See not how much bigger we are to become, but how much better. Let there be no planning for model glass rooms without a corresponding consideration for improved class room work and effort. Have no auditorium at all unless it is to be used for some purpose other than compulsory chapel attendance. If there are to be ample athletic facilities, make participation in them popular rather than selective. If there are to be societies, at least convert them to democracy. Assist student government in changing from its present doubtful standing in the community to a representative guardian and administrator. By fair means or foul jog the student multitude from its present half-scared-to-death attitude. If there is to be a new school, let there most decidedly be a new school life.

Our Scajaquada residence will quickly enough assume a character other than that of architectural effect in brick or Indiana limestone. Let there be more than casual provision made for the formation of that character.

—The Editor

COMMENT

Maurice B. Rovner

The student who does not take part in extra-curricular activities will regret it most after he graduates. He will realize that he missed much that would have made life richer for him. His Alma Mater will seem to be a stranger rather than a friend. At class reunions people think in terms of organizations and clubs, rather than in terms of individuals. This person, they remember, played on a certain team, this one took part in a school debate, that one played in the orchestra, and so on. All students coming back next year should return resolved to share in the school life.

"Masters of Pedagogy," the leading article in the May "American Mercury," is a muckraking attack upon education in America today. To T. N. Gillespie, the author, master pedagogs like Judd, Betts, and Horne, are men who create much noise about nothing. They are but leaders in an era of educational faddism. In like manner he considers teachers' colleges and normal schools as diploma mills turning out a pinkish product, and granting to their graduates the worst baccalaureate degree on earth—the B. S. in Ed.

Gillespie also derides the new psychology of education, educational measurement tests, systems of education like the Winnetka plan, and especially bewails the tons of rubbish dashed off annually from the pedagogic presses which are swallowed by a "voracious market". Everything modern education considers sacred receives a Sinclair Lewis deathblow.

The young student comes to such an article with perplexity; he needs a Maimmonides to act as his steering gear. The student feels that some-

thing is wrong and when he takes his examinations in the education courses he "parrots" what he has been taught, not what he actually believes. Still, the educational mills will grind, and millions of these students will, as the gullible pedagogs of the future, succumb to all the new theories. If such be the case perhaps Gillespie is right in ending his article thus: "If Pestalozzi has any just claims to the fatherhood of modern pedagogy, then his offspring in America has degenerated into a dull and dangerous cripple with nothing save oblivion for its future."

This school has had committees and student boards of various kinds. Not one of these bodies has ever worked out as well as has the Student Program Committee. The success of the committee is due to the fact that Dr. Neumann, as its excellent leader, has capable, enterprising students working with him. Those who have faith in student government are going to watch the workings of this committee rather carefully. We hope that in time the most optimistic hopes of these well-wishers may be fulfilled.

A New York Daily recently ran a prize contest on the definition of the word "education". One contestant wrote, "Man is like marble in the quarry. Education polishes the surface of the marble and reveals all its inherent beauties." Another said that education is "a mental vaccine injected in time to prevent the development of that pernicious ailment—originality of ideas." A third definition was this: "Education is the knowledge that gives us the skill to lead a full and harmonious life."

Education is a most difficult word to define, and probably few people would agree with each other on the meaning of this term. We would like to raise one question which was not brought out in the various definitions. Why is it that supposedly well educated men

like Hilaire Belloc and Lothrop Stoddard display such an unscientific and intolerant attitude in their treatment of modern human relations? Despite the best educational background a man who displays such a mind-set is not educated.

Some of our Fourth Year students have signed up with teachers' employment agencies. One of the most ambitious men in the class has received an offer to teach sewing and cooking to maidens in a rural metropolis. Another student has received an offer to teach athletics, biology, mathematics, English, history and related subjects. He replied that he would take the position if they would double the salary and give him ten assistants. A Fourth Year girl was offered one thousand dollars a year as principal of a one-room school. She flatly refused the job without a tremor. Such being the situation, the class has decided to open up a high school of its own.

Perhaps the best thing that the Third Year Graduate can do is to return for the Fourth Year. Against any one reason for leaving there are a thousand for staying.

The National Society of Scabbard and Blade, an organization of 100% Americans, has published a list of fifty-six dangerous Un-American people. Included in this list of the condemned are: Miss Jane Addams, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Senator William E. Borah, Senator Robert M. La Follette, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Zona Gale, John Dewey, Sherwood Eddy, Rev. C. W. Gilkey, Prof. Francis B. Sayre (son-in-law of Woodrow Wilson), Ex-Governor William E. Sweet of Colorado and Oswald Garrison Villard. If such people are on the list of "dangerous un-American personages," then it is our highest ambition to work "up" to that status.

"The New Student," an intercollegiate paper, has recently been running articles on an American kicked-out-of-college list. This is a list of famous people who were expelled from college in their student days. In England the list includes Shelly, John Locke, Edward Gibbon and William Penn. In America we have Stephen Crane, Theodore Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill and Edna St. Vincent Millay (almost kicked out). Such lists are interesting to read—that is the only moral we have to offer.

In last month's issue we recommended five books which were interesting classics in their respective fields. In reply to several requests we submit five more: "News From Nowhere," by William Morris; "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," by John W. Draper; "What I Believe," by Bertrand Russell; "The Honorable Peter Stirling," by Paul Leicester Ford; "Heroes and Hero Worship," by Thomas Carlyle.

We have a friend who is an authority on the flunking of subjects. He gave us advice which we in turn give the reader: Never take difficult subjects in summer school!

As we write these last words a hurdy-gurdy is playing a merry tune. The joy of that song strangely brings on a mood of sadness.

"Goodby, joyful friends of our school life," it seems to say, "Farewell."

To those who had the patience to wade through our comments we give thanks, and assure them that what we wrote was meant in all sincerity. Thanks again to our readers, in this last issue. Perhaps we shall meet again.

Arla Zoe Kendall

Died May 8, 1927

God has seen fit to endow certain personalities with a fortitude that surpasses the average share of endurance. Such an endowment was Miss Kendall's. She came into our busy school with a bodily handicap far more serious than any of us realized. Yet such was her smiling courage that she clung tenaciously to the accomplishment of her smallest task.

Teaching had been her constant inspiration and her goal. To her, therefore, a wealth of opportunity was opened when she became part of a faculty with teacher-training interests. Here she devoted without stint the precious store of strength which she possessed. She remained with us for only a brief teaching period, but she has left for us all the enduring impressions of devotion to the higher motives of existence.

The Credit Point System

In a recent issue of The Record a list of honor students was printed. Much discussion has been heard about the school as to what it all means. What are these credit points, anyway?

A committee has been at work since last fall on the subject of scholarship standards. Various suggestions were proposed as means for improvement of the standard and ideals of scholarship in B. S. N. S. One such suggestion, seemingly very easy and simple of administration, is known as the "credit point" system. For each semester hour of credit a number of credit points is allotted or deducted according to the scholastic grade.

Briefly the system is as follows:

- Each hour of A— 3 credit points.
- Each hour of B— 2 credit points.
- Each hour of C— 1 credit point.
- Each hour of D— 0 credit points.
- Each hour of E— -1 credit point.

A requirement, adopted by the Faculty, for those graduating from the three-year course and for admission to the fourth year, is the prescribed 120 semester hours and 120 credit points. This means a "C" average. This will be effective beginning after this year, and will not be retroactive. That is, those having now finished two years will have to maintain a "C" average for the remaining year or two years, with no reference to the former two years' average.

Joint Charities

The report of Mr. Root on our own Joint Charities drive shows an interesting and significant fact. A 100% co-operation on the part of students and faculty to contribute to this very worthy project is an indication that we can unite in a common cause. While we did not approximate last year's efforts in amount, this factor overshadows any such deficit. The report shows that indeed we have attained a complete participation in an activity that is more than extra-curricular.

The Guilty Day-Dreamer

(On glancing at the oil painting of Edward H. Butler in the school library, after a moment of day-dreaming.)

Eh, what! you smile?
How could you know
The many thoughts
That come and go
Within my mind?

Your gray eyes gleam,
Your lips, too, mock
The day-dreams that
So swiftly flock
To comfort me.

But there—I'm through.
I say, I'm done.
Your scornful smile
At last has won.
To work again!

No, stay, I still
Desire to know
What caused that smile.
What pleased you so?
I ask in vain.

Malloney's touch
Swift must have been
To catch the smile
That I have seen
Upon this canvas.

Mayhap you knew
The artist's brush
Would catch and hold
It there for us
To see and heed?

For in such place
'Tis studies' turn
To claim our minds,
And we must learn.
No time for dreaming!

If 'twas not, then,
Your real intent
To keep our thoughts
On studies bent,
What could it be?

I still am left
To wonder why;
And others far
More wise than I
May wonder, too,

While you in state
The secret hold
And smiling gaze
On scenes of old—
The student dreamer!

—Helen M. Bunclark.

WE Sophomores

Which class has shown the most "get-up and git" during this past year? This question is easily answered by any Second Year student. Of course, it was the Sophomore Class! This opinion is not merely the impression of some few persons but of many, including the lowly Freshman and lofty Seniors. So! You are skeptical!! You say you want proof! That can be furnished easily enough. Do you not recall the lovely party and dance given in honor of the Freshman? Yes, wasn't it a great party? We heartily agree with you in that respect. Then there is the matter of hazing. Who formulated those dignified, yet becoming, Freshman "regulations"? Why, the Sophs, of course! The Freshmen may not be so enthusiastic over that point, but we know that they would not have missed that epoch in their school life for worlds.

It was at a Sophomore dance that you first heard the new Orthophonic Electrola. Saint Patrick's Day was duly honored and celebrated by a most colorful dance, the color being furnished by green paper hats (made by loyal classmates) and lollypops. Everyone had a good time that day, but that is to be expected under the circumstances.

As a final triumph to an unusually successful year, our intellects were sharpened and our information storehouses greatly increased through a lecturer sponsored by the Second Year Class. This was our very own Assembly period. Now, there cannot possibly be any doubt in your minds as to the superiority of the Second Year Class.

On the Banks of the Scajaquada

Oh Doctor Rockwell, oh Doctor Rockwell,
Do you think we'll get the college that we seek?
Do you think we'll have to say,
Come around some other day,
When our friends would like to see us at the creek.
My fellow mates, each fellow mate,
If our buildings are not built before too late,
I'll establish a new rule,
And conduct a Fresh-Air School!
Absolutely, Doctor Rockwell! Positively, my dear mate!
Oh Doctor Rockwell. Ah, yes, Miss Smith?
I've a plan for a new kind of Practice House:
We can build a Noah's Ark,
On the river we can park,
And the baby in Scajaquada we'll souse!
Oh yes, Miss Smith; why, Helen C.,
That's a plan that certainly appeals to me,
And 'twill surely start a whim
For Vocational men to swim.
Absolutely, Doctor Rockwell! Positively, Helen C!
Oh, Doctor Rockwell. Yes, Mister Root?
I've a plan that surely will appeal to you:
Let us lease the Elmwood bridge,
Board it up with roof and ridge,
Then when Chapel bores us, still we'll have the view!
Oh, Doctor Rockwell. Yes, Wilbur G?
Let us build a big balloon, and then, you see;
The hot air from all the classes
Would supply the needed gases,
Absolutely, Doctor Rockwell! Positively, Wilbur G!

Noon

Two minutes to go. Messages flashed from one corner of the room to the other. Audible whispers of "Greasy Spoon" or cafeteria, win over the instructor's vain attempt to assign a chapter from such and such a book. At length he retires to the backfield, feeling he is a martyr to a lost cause.

One minute to go. The books which were collected from various sources during the previous minute, are clasped to the student's heart. Silence reigns. All eyes are glued to the clock. Every muscle is tense. Everyone is sitting on seat edge, straining forward.

Slowly, solemnly the clock peals twelve. A rush, a dash, innumerable voices raised high, a last scramble and push through the door—the instructor wipes his brow, and silence reigns again in the class room.

History of the New School Project

Martin B. Fried

On March 23, 1926, an Albany dispatch to the Buffalo press announced that State Architect, Sullivan Jones, Frank P. Graves, state education commissioner, and Dr. C. Floyd Haviland, president of the State Hospital Commission, were considering the removal of the Buffalo State Hospital to Gowanda and, subsequently, the housing of the Buffalo State Normal School in the vacated hospital. Consequently, under the auspices of the City Planning Commission, a three-day hearing was held in Buffalo, beginning on April 12. At the close of the session, Chauncy J. Hamlin, chairman of the Niagara frontier planning board, was quoted as saying that the State Hospital could not be moved in the near future, but that this did not "necessarily foreclose the possibility of the use of a portion that site for the expansion of the Normal School."

Notwithstanding this, it appeared that the project would not go through. However, at a meeting of the city council on October 20, 1926, the communication of Commissioner Frank C. Perkins was adopted, requesting the State of New York to convey back to the city for Normal School purposes a portion of the State Hospital property on Elmwood avenue opposite the Albright Art Gallery. On this same date, the council directed that a bill be prepared for introduction at the next session of the legislature authorizing the conveyance by the State of New York of fifteen acres at the northwest corner of the Hospital grounds, such property to be used for school and park purposes. Shortly after, however, the city papers published a plan under the caption: "Buffalo's New Educational Center Recommended by Frank C. Perkins, Commissioner of Public Affairs." As developed by Mr. Perkins, the plan called for cutting through the present hospital grounds a wide boulevard and several streets. The boulevard would separate 130 acres to the north of the tract, which, according to the hospital authorities, would never be used. On this area, the commissioner suggested that the State Normal School, the Black Rock High School, an elementary school, a physical training school, a vocational school, and a huge stadium be erected.

Early in December, therefore, Mayor Frank X. Schwab called a hearing in the city council chambers, where such vigorous opposition was expressed to the plan by the Board of Education that the possibility of locating the Riverside High School and the Bissell Vocational School on this tract was abandoned. The essential feature of the segregation of this property and its use by the city and state jointly as an educational center, made such a strong appeal to the Mayor, however, that at this time he took charge of the project, and with unremitting persistence and unflagging interest secured the first hearing with the Governor on December 28, heading a delegation of city officials, legislators, and other men, representative of Normal School interests. Let it be said in passing that the Governor, at this time, left a sickbed to meet the Buffalo delegation. Governor Smith was, moreover, entirely familiar with the situation, having visited the present Normal School property and the State Hospital grounds on August 21, 1926.

On the occasion of this hearing, Governor Smith indicated that nothing could be done until the legislature convened. He recommended, however, that the same delegation confer with the legislative leaders soon after the beginning of the session. Such a hearing was subsequently arranged on January 11, 1927, but no decisive result was attained. The leaders listened respectfully, but without special interest, and advised Mayor Schwab and others in the

group that the whole subject would be taken up at an executive session by members of the State Land Board. After waiting some days, however, since no announcement was made, practically the same group again pressed the Governor in his private office for a decision. Senator Hewitt, Speaker McGinnies, Senator Knight, Assemblyman Hutchinson, all the Senators and Assemblymen from Erie County, together with all others interested, were present. Strong opposition, however, was expressed by Dr. Frederick W. Parsons, head of the State Department of Mental Hygiene. At this crisis, it seemed as though the conference had reached an impasse and that further efforts in this direction were absolutely futile.

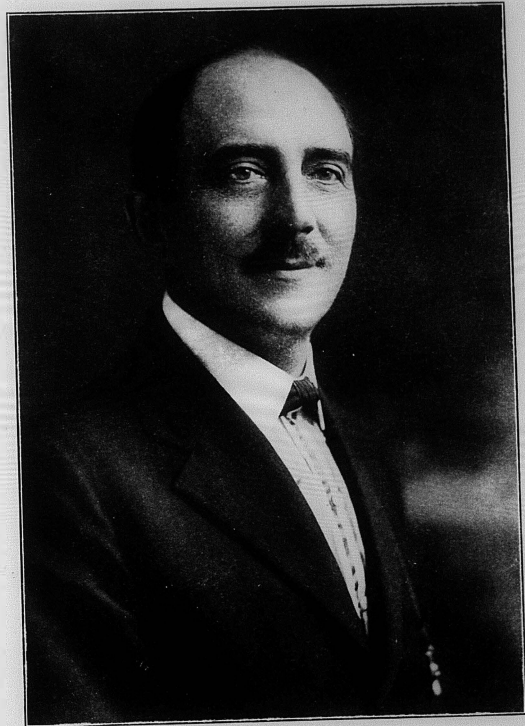
At this time, however, Mayor Schwab, always keen to sense the psychological moment, came forward with an interesting proposal, which indicated that the city would remove the large reception building of the State Hospital to ground available near the corner of Forest and Elmwood avenues. This would relieve a fine frontage of 624 feet on Elmwood avenue opposite the Art Gallery, which could be used by the new Normal School. The Governor immediately assumed a new interest in the project. There was a hurried, whispered conference between Governor Smith and Senator McGinnies. Shortly afterwards, the Governor presented to Mayor Schwab this clean cut and rather startling proposal:

1. That the State of New York cede to the City of Buffalo 85 acres comprising approximately the northern half of the State Hospital grounds.
2. That the State of New York deed over to the City of Buffalo the present Normal School property and grounds.
3. That the City of Buffalo move the reception building from its present location to another to be determined later.
4. That the City of Buffalo, under the direction of the State Department of Education, erect a new Normal School building on this tract, facing Elmwood avenue, at a cost not to exceed one and one-half million dollars.

Mayor Schwab sensed the feasibility of this proposal and said that he would refer it at once to the city council. Consequently, a public hearing on the entire proposal was called for Tuesday afternoon, March 1, 1927. Meanwhile, a vigorous campaign of publicity was undertaken and the assistance of many civic and educational organizations was enlisted so that when the hearing was held, no less than forty-three such groups were represented in favor of the proposal. Among these were:

The Chamber of Commerce
 The Board of Education
 The Central Labor Council
 The City Federation of Women's Clubs
 The Buffalo Federation of Business Organizations
 The Rotary Club
 The Greater Buffalo Ad Club
 _____ and others.

For a time the possibility of a referendum threatened, but it was voted down. The speech of Henry F. Jerge, a member of the Board of Education, was especially noteworthy on this occasion. Moreover, opposition had loomed from Riverside and Black Rock groups, but this disappeared when Mayor Schwab stated that the proposed agreement included no scheme to place a Black Rock-Riverside high school on this site. Therefore, after those advocating acceptance of the plan, led by Edward H. Butler, President of the Local Board, had spoken, the Council consequently moved to discontinue the discussion and voted unanimously for the proposal. Corporation Counsel

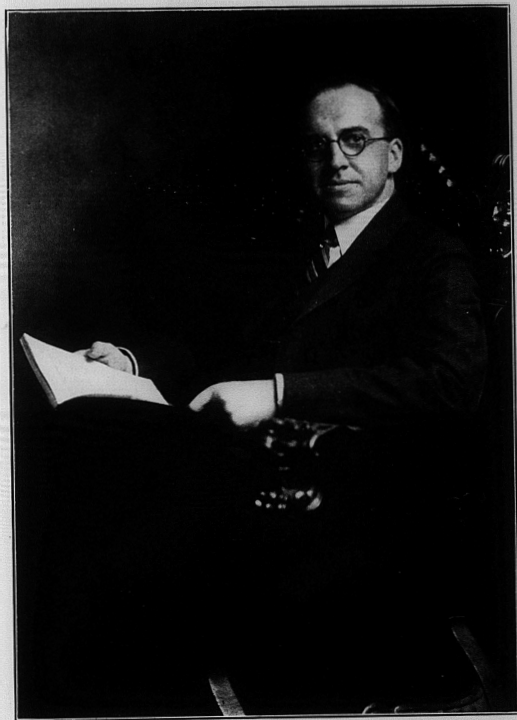


FRANK X. SCHWAB
 Mayor of Buffalo



EDWARD H. BUTLER

President, Local Board, State Teacher's College at Buffalo



HARRY W. ROCKWELL

Gregory U. Harmon was then authorized by Mayor Schwab to prepare a legislative bill; he was given invaluable assistance in this by Ex-Senator Henry W. Hill.

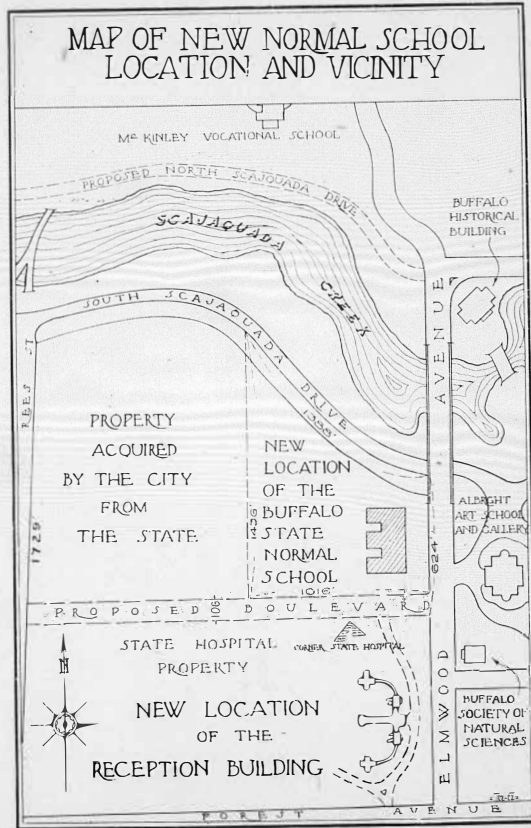
The bill was finally introduced in the Senate by Senator William J. Hickey and in the Assembly by Assemblyman Henry Hutt on March 8, 1927. Sharp objections, however, were raised by Sullivan W. Jones, state architect, to certain provisions of the measure. A new bill was therefore framed which threatened to nullify some of the original proposals and kill the entire proposition. But these disheartening factors tended only to arouse the representatives of Buffalo, especially Mayor Schwab, who immediately sought a conference with Governor Smith. At this conference, the original proposals were discussed with such characteristic frankness that every hostile objection raised by state department officials was overcome and success was finally achieved. The original bill, with slight modifications, was subsequently introduced into the Senate by Senator William J. Hickey on March 21, and into the Assembly by Assemblyman Henry Hutt on March 23, and was passed unanimously in both houses. In both these cases, moreover, passage was facilitated by emergency measures obtained by Assistant Corporation Counsel Harmon from the Governor, who put his signature to the bill on March 31, 1927. Thus the bill became a law.

According to the terms of the law, the State will have ninety days in which to vacate the reception building, and ninety days for the preparation of plans for the new reception building. The state architect who will prepare the plans for the new state normal school must begin, according to law, on July 1, 1927, and must complete the same on or before February 1, 1928; these plans will be subject to the approval of the State Department of Education.

The city contemplates the construction of a boulevard 106 feet wide and over one-half mile in length which will separate the hospital property from the newly acquired 91 acres; on this land the city will doubtless erect, in time, a new athletic stadium seating approximately 60,000 people. The Normal School tract will have a depth of 1,016 feet along a line drawn at right angles to Elmwood Avenue; the rear line of this property will be 1,428.5 feet in length and will intercept Scajaquada Drive at a point just east of the little promontory projecting into the creek. This tract will be ample to provide for a football gridiron, a baseball diamond, tennis courts, and several new buildings as needed for future years. The pressing requirements of the present dictate a necessity for a girls' dormitory in the near future. The proximity of Delaware Lake will provide for boating and for such winter sports as skating and hockey.

It is the general consensus of opinion that nowhere in the city could a more advantageous location have been found. It combines beauty of unusual park and landscape effects with an atmosphere of cultural and educational achievement already assured by the presence in the neighborhood of the classic Albright Art Gallery, the McKinley Vocational School, a branch of the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences, a prospective open air theatre and the beautiful Historical Building. A co-operative plan will be worked out whereby Normal School students may avail themselves of the educational opportunities offered by these institutions.

(The details in this survey were supplied by Dr. Harry W. Rockwell, principal of the Buffalo State Normal School.)



The Record

Published by the Students of the State Teachers' College at Buffalo, N. Y.
Printed in the State Teachers' College Print Shop

Terms, \$1.00 a Year Single Copies, 15 cents

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Class

We feel that the Senior Class of this year is a disappointment. As surely, it compares favorably enough with previous graduating classes, a statement which in itself is no flattery. The outstanding criticism we have to make is the clearly divided nature of the Class and the incompatibility of those divisions.

There are definite reasons for this semi-separation of what should be a unit. We have a Fourth Year Class, pushed to the fore and overly arrogant in its new-found importance. There is the Third Year Class, apparently relegated to second place honors and evincing an ill-concealed wrath at such displacement. Another cause of dissention is the vocational element which realizes that it is considered a necessary evil and accordingly thumbs its nose at the others. The situation is quite interesting.

There is no patent remedy for the situation. The responsibility lies in the avoidance of similar conditions in those graduating classes of what we are pleased to call our future.

TEACHERS' COLLEGE

The moment might well be called psychological when first we heard of our change in scholastic name. No longer does "Normal School" figure as the prime motive in our literature. Herein and hereafter will "Teachers' College" grace the printed page as an indication of our rank.

The new name is one not only to be assumed, but to be used. Accordingly, The Record is very happy to conclude its year by incorporating this brand new title in its final number. As we have mentioned, the change of name arrived just in time to become a part of this number. Appropriate is it indeed that in our issue dedicated to the new school, there should be the first use of our new name.

The Future

Our editorial efforts of this year have been to build The Record into a virile and individual publication. Consistently have we tried to break away from the die-cast conventional of the past. Persistently we have endeavored to obtain a literary excellence rather than a mere popular appeal, a character of our own in place of the usual adherence to precedent.

The very criticisms made of The Record have been an encouraging influence, for in some measure we have accomplished our end. Our purpose is fulfilled if only we wake somebody up to view, weigh, and consider the things that have been so lazily accepted. Virtually, we have had to shock into consciousness. There are far pleasanter forms of awaking than being jolted. We agree, but some of us have needed the jolts.

It is entirely strange and perhaps discouraging that in such a vast populace there should be so few with the individualistic viewpoint. While we do not advocate a wholesale output of cynics, we do advise a questioning attitude instead of a lamblike acceptance of what's what just because other people behave that way.

What The Record of succeeding years will be is a matter of how successfully we have established a pattern to be improved upon. The degree of that improvement will depend altogether on the particular makeup of subsequent Record Staffs. The future popularity of The Record seemingly will depend upon the degree of coincidence of what the student body wants in the way of literature and what the Staff of the future thinks is good for it.

Dedication

It is with a distinct sense of the fitting and proper that we attempt to feature the movement for a new normal school. We are very sincere in our efforts to present the historic and legal facts bearing upon that successful campaign.

Our purpose is something other than one of triumphal advertisement. Nor do we endeavor merely to laud those whose efforts have secured the wherewithal for this desirable expansion. Rather is our motive one of deserved recognition for the services of those farsighted gentlemen whose interests have been so unselfish in our behalf.

Cassie at the Bellevue

Priscilla Turgeon

I had dropped into a little restaurant on Elmwood, before going down to the Grosvenor to study and was looking over the Evening News to see what had happened to Ella Cinders and Ben Hardy, as I waited to be served. Interested in the comic sheet, I scarcely noticed when two people took the chairs opposite me, until, out of the corner of my eye I saw that one had disappeared. I looked up to find that the girl opposite me was almost standing on her head in the aisle between the tables, and just as I was about to imitate her out of sheer curiosity, she bobbed up, nudging her companion who was intent on the menu.

"Say, Fan, didya see that woman went out? She had on one pointee heel and one square one. Canya beat it, Fan? What ya gonta have?" Here the waitress brought my dinner and greeted my neighbor warmly. "Hello, Cassie, say, that boy friend of yours was in last night, and wants ta know why ya don't speak ta him."

"Yea, I know, Mame! The one that took me to Jamestown the other night! He knows why, the fresh thing! Let'm try ta speak to me again! Say, Mame, I'll have an omelette. What's yours, Fan? Sure, I'll have coffee with my dinner; don't high hat me, Mame."

As Mame departed, Cassie opened her bag, took out the indispensable compact, and twisting and craning her neck, touched up her cheeks and whitened her nose. She was slender, clad in a black suit with a checkered vest of black and white, and she wore a bright green hat pulled over her golden hair, which, if the waves which curled on her cheeks were evidence, had been treated to a henna rinse. Cassie now surveyed the room, discovering that a convenient mirror gave a good view of three young men who were talking and eating, wholly unconscious of her presence. This would never do so, pitching her voice a little higher, she began.

"Say, Fan, I got a new pair of knickers and lumber jacket today at Hens and Kellys. I asked the clerk to show me something snappy, and what dya think she brought out? Bright yellow! I says, 'Good Lord, girl, I didn't ask for no clown suit!'"

By this time the men had glanced surreptitiously around, and Cassie had smiled sweetly and invitingly. She even pulled a lock of hair a little over one cheek.

"I waited all the afternoon for my bootlegger to call me, Fan. Gee, he's got a swell new Willys-Knight. Here's Mame. Oh! some more of that fancy salad! Here, Fan, you eat mine, too. What's that omelette got in it? Liver! I never heard of such a thing! Djou, Fan? Whatd'ya get? Lamb chops? Ya won't like 'm. Pass the pepper. Ya know Bill Peterson, Mame? Say that guy don't know the war's over!"

"Pass that salad back, Fan. Guess I'll try it, anyway. Say, I gotta go home, and do some washing, or I'll be wearin' a barrel around. Say, Mame, if ya see me walkin' around in a barrel, don't be surprised!!!"

This was too much. I left suddenly and abruptly, without as much as a backward look!

BOOKS

MISS MARY WILKINS
Josephine Choate

With her individuality, singleness of impression, and delicate and exquisite workmanship, Miss Mary Wilkins has tried many types of short stories. One form of story in which she is very expert is the vignette of personality or character study, like those in *A New England Nun*, *The Copy Cat*, and *Edgewater People*. In the stories in these books, the plot is simple, and subordinate to the character study. In *A New England Nun* for example, childhood sweethearts are planning to marry after fifteen years of separation, in which time Louisa has become a prim old maid, but Joe has changed little. The whole emphasis of the story lies in describing Louisa, rather than in developing any plot. In *A Gala Dress* the action itself is subordinate to the study of the proud old sisters and their inquisitive neighbors.

In stories like *A Waytaring Couple* and *Louisa*, Miss Wilkins describes courageous character; in *The Copy Cat*, the simplicity of childhood. Her stories of rebellious characters are especially enjoyable. *The Revolt of Mother*, *The Balking of Christopher*, and *A Dear Annie* are very satisfying to read, because the hero of dad receives his just reward.

In *Edgewater People* Miss Wilkins characterizes not people, but a village. The village itself is the personality to which details are subordinated. Each story, concerning a single character or group, outlines a characteristic of the village as clearly as each action describes an individual.

Miss Wilkins does well with another type of story besides the personality study. This type is the journalistic, condensed history type. An example is *A New England Prophet*, in the volume *Silence*. Each char-

acter—the idiot son, the skeptical brother, the credulous people—strengthens the story, in which the fanatical New Englander inspires a group of villagers to prepare for the end of the world. All sell their goods, settle their affairs, dress in white robes, and wait, praying, on the hill top. The last scene is that of the disillusioned people moving away from the heart-broken prophet, alone on the hillside.

It does not seem, after reading Miss Wilkins' stories of character study and action, that the same author is responsible for such childishly imagined and studiously picturesque stories as *The Fair Lavinia*, *Amarina's Roses*, *Eglantina*. They are the kind of stories that are printed in women's magazines, or adapted for scenarios. They are artificial, stilted, too-obvious in plot. In her ghost stories Miss Wilkins is a little more successful, because, although she imagines the plots, she uses setting and characters of the village type she does best. In *The Wind in the Rosebush* the aunt sees a rosebush blowing when there is no wind, and later learns that her niece had died. In *The Twelfth Guest* Christine, a little waif taken in on Christmas day, secures the papers, unites the lovers, and disappears forever. The stories are not effective, because they produce only a mild mystification rather than the pleasant horror one expects from a ghost story.

In writing her novels, Miss Wilkins has not let her fine sense for short story writing influence her enough. If she could give to her novels a dominant, though perhaps complex, idea of content and form, she could make them as successful as her short stories. To the reader it seems that after deciding upon a plot, and carefully dividing it into different phases, Miss Wilkins has then started in to write, finishing each chapter before going on to another. Each chapter, almost perfect in itself, is so distracting in its completeness that the action is painfully slow. The chapters of a novel,

The *Debtor*, are not as clearly connected to form a single impression as are the separate short stories of *Edgewater People*.

In *The Debtor*, Miss Wilkins has developed her characters thoroughly but at the expense of the plot. The action is retarded and the hero pushed into the background by many chapters of pure description. If Miss Wilkins had omitted or subordinated descriptions of the village ladies, the devotees of the barber shop and soda fountain, John Anderson's past career and present grocery store business, she would have had a more strongly constructed story.

By *The Light of the Soul* has neither good characterization nor a good plot. The heroine is so very beautiful and noble (her name is Maria), the hero so handsome and worthy, the step-mother so heartless, the rich old lady so bizarre, that the whole effect is saved from dime novel style only by bits of description of a New England village. The plot, which is not taken up before page 209, hinges on the fear of a boy and girl that their marriage will be discovered. Even though they had been tricked into the marriage, they and Miss Wilkins seemed to have an abnormal fear of divorce. After years of mental suffering, Maria dis-

appears, leaving the hero free to marry Maria's beautiful half-sister.

Even if Miss Wilkins should bring to her novels the individuality and singleness of impression—for she has already brought the delicate workmanship—which she puts in her short stories, she would still lack the elements of novel-writing. She would need to grasp some larger and more stable ideas for plots than she has used in her preceding novels. Miss Wilkins' plots are weak because they are based on false, weak standards which she evidently accepts. In *The Debtor*, Arthur Carroll prefers to run his whole family into hopeless debt, rather than earn a living for them (in the only way he could) by performing in a music hall. In *By the Light of the Soul*, the heroine ruins her life to avoid divorce. Miss Wilkins is very impersonal, and makes no comment on the action in her stories. It does seem that when presenting such false standards, that an honest author should show some lack of respect for them.

I should say, therefore, that Miss Wilkins' special talent is that of short story writing; that her art is not broad enough and not deep enough successfully to include novel writing.

Kindergarten-Primary Department Day

The annual program of the K.-P. department is to be presented June 10th to the student body. If the past programs are any criterion of future programs we are assured of excellent entertainment. The program is to be presented in Assembly, while exhibits of handwork will be held in Room 211 during the day.

The program is of an unusual type this year. The main theme is to be that of the development of the months from spring to summer, each grade representing the different months with most appropriate costumes. March will be represented by a wind program, dances, solos and choruses expressive of wind. April will be ushered in by raindrops and cunning youngsters clad in slickers, raincoats and umbrellas. The May queen will reign over birds and flowers and the most lifelike frog you have ever seen. The final culmination of the work of the former three months is reached in June, in a most remarkable flower garden. No artificial flowers grow in this garden but most lively sweet peas, violets, roses, and summer flowers.

The Validity of Pie

Dorothy Pagel

The Bernhardt home for all its need of paint, might have rested comfortably among the maples, if the maples hadn't taken to mingling on the outskirts of the lawn, but there it stood, with its blistered clapboards scorching in the relentless sunlight. Fragrance, from the petaled flowers of some nearby garden, oppressed the air with richness, and, occasionally, golden wings flashed through the foliage, leaving behind a calm, similar to that of placid country life without the presence of cows.

In one shady corner of the veranda, Jacob Bernhardt dropped his foot from the railing, and upset ashes from his pipe on to the curled figure of a cat.

Jacob Bernhardt had a skin of bronze, but he also had a figure built on flabby lines so that one suspected him of dabbling in a garden rather than in manual labor. Inches of mud had dried on the favored side of his run-over heels, and his stodgy wrists were not to be concealed by tattered remains of cuff. Folds of his suit hung shapelessly about the immense extent of his shoulders. With an over large collar, he wore a tie that combined all of the brighter colors in its broad stripe—one of the variety called "neckties for the spring-weather."

Having helped the cat to regain her sleepy peace of mind, Bernhardt packed more Old Velvet into his pipe, and turned to his friend, Smith. But for a veil of smoke, or rather because of it, one would hardly fail to notice the presence of Smith. He had only a precocious ability to smoke, and yellow features to distinguish him from the rest of the Smith multitude.

Addressing his friend, then, but still paying the politest of attention to a portion of the veranda railing, Bernhardt remarked, "I just hired a teacher for thirty-five a week."

A puff of smoke from Smith's blackened cob took on the curves of a question mark, "Yeah?" he queried, "what did the trustees say?"

"What could they say? They didn't know about it."

"You hired her on your own?"

"Sure. I couldn't see any reason why I shouldn't. I'm as big a trustee as the rest." Bernhardt changed the position of his flabby hand. "You remember," he questioned slowly, "the woman we had teachin' here about nine years ago?"

"Yes."

"She was around today. Said she had fifteen years' experience, and wanted forty-five a week. I asked why she wasn't around the day of the meeting, if she wanted forty-five, an' she said she took the children to the woods—she should a' stayed away from the woods. I told her it cost her dear—it cost her forty-five dollars a week to go to the woods. I guess I'd look around 'fore I gave her the job, anyway. She knows enough, that's not the point, but she flies off her hook too quick. She's too much of an old nag. I coulda given the place to my wife, but—"

"But what?" questioned Smith. "Do you call your wife an old nag, too?"

Bernhardt tread deep water with rapidity. "Not that exactly, but she has a lot to do." By way of further comment, he pulled at his pipe.

Someone was mixing batter in the kitchen; there was no other sound above the chorus of crickets. Bernhardt stared through the pickets of the railing. The fatty tissues about his eyes appeared to lose their heaviness,

and puffs of smoke rose and fell from his pipe with the motion of a laboring engine. Bernhardt puffed to a point of ultimate consumption, and, then chose a cigar from an inner pocket.

Suddenly, bringing his hand into violent proximity with the chair's frail arm, he exclaimed, "Smith, I want to tell you how I met my wife!"

He studied his overlapping ankle a minute, but no longer. "I was jest two years old," he began, "when my folks died. They tell me my father was a 'good-for-nothin', and my mother—'good for nothin' but worry.'" I don't remember about them, you understand, except they left no money. At tender years, I was sent east to New York to live on a farm, under the eye and hand of Uncle John. My Uncle John believed in work. I was sent to school, and besides that I was told to take care of chickens, pigs and bees. At fourteen years of age, I was the sole guardian of everything, including the cattle. 'Chores' was a long word in those days; longer than it is now. I guess I learned to work from my Uncle John, and I've worked ever since."

Bernhardt drew himself up to the full extent of his immensity, revelling in the dignity of work.

"I musta been about sixteen when I took to horses. Drove to market every day, and rode 'em for pleasure on Sunday. They say that when a man gets interested in horses, he gets so 'dippy' about horse flesh that he can't see women. 'Twasn't so, in my case. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

"I was a thin fella, at that time. I've changed a little since then. One gets away from such things, you understand. Women shoulda liked me, at first sight, but they never got th' first sight. I was buried alive in Uncle John's bee hives and chores. I shouldn't say it is exactly that way, though, because often I hitched 'Silver Spot' and 'Happy Thought' to the old wagon, and went to market. Just the same, you understand. It wasn't much of an adventure for a healthy lad to ride in a rig, that remained standin' only because it wasn't certain on which side to fall.

"I remember one day, I couldn't take the one horse, and there were hives to go to market. I hitched 'Happy Thought' with a single harness, and got in a good sleep for the first few miles. After that, I began to feel uneasy, and I woke up to see Ida (of course, I didn't know my wife by that name, then,) a few paces behind, ridin' like an Amazon. I thought her a peach of a rosy color, all right." Bernhardt repeated the expression, softly. His thick lips had parted, and his eyes followed a circle of smoke, dreamily. Unexpectedly, a sharp rattle of kitchen utensils distorted his brows. Dropping pans was his wife's especial warning. Of all times for her to stage one of her fits—

"Jacob!" he heard her shrill voice carry well from the kitchen, "when do you intend to cut the grass?"

When would he cut the grass? She knew darn well that he would never cut the grass! Bernhardt passed the square ends of his fingers across his brow as though to straighten the knotted folds. He listened to Smith. Smith had stopped smoking long enough to say that he, too, had experienced "something like that."

"Was it?" Bernhardt asked coldly. "Humph!" He plunged back into the story. "Ida drew up rein beside my wagon," he continued, "and she dared me to race! I can't see how she looked, you understand, but she could handle a horse. My wife and I haven't ridden for a long time. One gets away from those things, but I always remember that she could ride."

"Damn!"—Bernhardt swore under his breath. Hadn't his wife stopped scolding, yet? It was hard to concentrate when she went on harpin' in the kitchen. What had he said last? Oh, yes, he was talking about the race.

"Ida challenged me to race, you understand, and I took her up on it. In the beginning, she blistered her hand holdin' her horse in, and I broke a whip

'cacin' 'Happy Thought' to canter. 'Happy Thought' had never cantered before. I'm almost positive of that. I taught her two new gaits, that day. She changed from a gallop to a limp in twenty-four minutes. I'll tell you how it was! Ida was half a mile ahead, and I thought she might ride off without saying 'good-bye,' so I gave 'Happy Thought' the remains of the whip, and we took the stones as they came. Half of the bees was killed by jolts. Yes sir, half were killed by jolts, and the other half escaped and planted their sting in the back of my neck. Golly! my neck was swollen to a size, twice the ordinary." Bernhardt put his hand on the back of his neck, unconsciously illustrating the point. "Two rear wheels were torn from the wagon, and we left a shaft along the road somewhere. My wife told me later that she *was* riding away when she noticed that 'Happy Thought' had gone lame. When she got back, she said I needed more care than the lame horse. There I was, according to her description, with my lithe form bent across the front of the wagon, and my eyes flashing; thoroughly unconscious of the fact that 'Happy Thought' was walkin' slowly on three, and painfully dragging the fourth."

Bernhardt disclosed a set of teeth en masse, and continued in tones that had lost some of their original stupidity.

"Ida was more concerned about the horse, at any rate. She told me how to take care of it, and then she left. Every day after that, I had an attack of something or other—call it 'love' if you want to. I'd feel so badly that I'd have to harness 'Happy Thought' and go for a limp along Pokeweek Lane, and back through the Martin forest. I never met Ida again on that road, but I was sure to meet 'thunder' when I got home. It was either too late for chores, or else, the chances were that I had fed rotten apples to the chickens, and dried corn to the pigs. The pigs, at any rate, got thin. I never saw pigs look less like swine, in all my life. I got thin, too, and not only thin but groggy— Smith! do you smell something burning? Something like feathers?"

"There's been something burning for the last two minutes."

"Oh, ho!" Bernhardt exclaimed, bending over a round hole in the knee of his trouser leg. "I forgot about my cigar, and it burnt clean through. Do you think I could sew the hole, or something?"

Smith grinned.

Well, there was no use in being weak; Bernhardt shrugged his shoulders and grinned, too. "Where did I leave off?" he asked, and he wondered what his wife would find to say about his carelessness, this time.

"You were 'groggy,'" Smith stated dryly.

"I was groggy," repeated Bernhardt, "almost unconscious, you understand—"

"Jacob!" a voice wanting in richness, but not in volume, called from the kitchen, "do you need a special invitation for supper?"

Bernhardt stirred lazily, and tried kicking ashes into the corner.

A woman, with a mop of oily hair strung about her face, appeared in the doorway, taking up all of the space it afforded.

Bernhardt looked at her, from under heavy eyelids. What was the matter, anyway? He thought her shoes had lost their heels, somehow. What had she done to her hair? It looked like a dirty duster—like the one she switched around the kitchen every morning. Maybe—maybe it would be better if it was combed. She shoulda put a pin in her shoulder to keep th' sleeve up. He would buy a new dress for her. No, he didn't want to say that. She would nag about it being "all right because she never had anything, anyway." An old nag? Good God, she was worse!

Bernhardt yawned broadly without trying to cover the width of his open mouth.

There was Smith! Damnation, what would Smith say? What had he told

Smith, before? A peach of a rosy color? O God! Just that one expression, though. The rest wasn't so bad, because Ida wasn't fixed up now. You had to make allowances. What did Ida say now? They were gonna have pie for supper? Pie meant real crust, and tart Baldwins cooked to juiciness. He could see the pie, already. Pie meant a chunk of steak and baked potatoes. Smith would get a good meal, for once! Ida was all right, too. She'd been working, that was all!

Bernhardt put stodgy fingers on the ordinary arm of Smith. "You have to stay and eat with us, old fella," he smirked. "My wife is famous for her pies!"

The Social Program Committee

Active and successful, always working together, ever attempting to promote among the students a democratic participation in school interests; such an organization is the Social Program Committee.

This organization, the successor of the Faculty Student Council, has developed rapidly the past year, under the able leadership of Dr. Neumann. Recognizing the cultural and developmental value of extra curricular activities, and believing that successful participation in such pursuits is a professional asset to the teacher, the Social Program Committee has done much toward building and administering a program of such activities.

An important part of their work during the past year has been the development and enforcement of the Point System regulating two extra curricular activities. Such a system not only gives more students opportunity to participate, and develop their abilities along these lines, but also prevents students from allowing outside interests to interfere with their scholastic achievement. The sub-committee in charge of this part of the work is Miss Backus, chairman; Miss Salom and Miss Sumner.

Class elections this year have been in charge of a sub-committee of the Social Program Committee which has worked together very efficiently. This committee includes Miss Lipp, chairman; Mr. Kumpf, Miss Biddlecombe and Miss Weir.

A personnel sub-committee has also played an important part in acting in an advisory capacity when organizations have referred to them in such matters as awarding scholarships and making appointments to the school publications. Dean Reed is chairman of this committee, which includes Mr. Grabau, Miss Croll, Miss Barcellona and Miss Sumner.

New organizations come to this body for admittance and advice—and not only does this fact hold true with the new organizations—but any one which is in need of help. This extension sub-committee is composed of Dr. Neumann, chairman; Dean Reed, Miss Schnatz, Miss McFarlane and Mr. Bachman.

The Social Program Committee also appoints the Editor of the Student Handbook. Gladys Weir was appointed the editor of the 1927-'28 Handbook, and her committee includes Miss Williams, Miss Merrell, Miss Biddlecombe, Mr. Lidstrom and Mr. Aderman.

The Social Program Committee is well started as one of the foremost organizations of the school, and its plans for the future show great promise.

Statement of Blanket Tax 1926-1927

Hand Books	\$146.00
Athletics	850.00
Music Clubs	217.46
Record	1136.00
Central Council dinner	24.25
Conference delegates	83.62
Magazines for Social Center	20.00
Dramatics	156.60
Christmas Party	19.06
Social Program Committee	5.00
Total disbursements	\$2657.99
Balance, 1925-26	\$ 425.85
Receipts, 1926-27	2889.00
Total	\$3314.85
Disbursements, 1926-27	2657.99
Balance, May 20, 1927	\$ 656.86

—J. F. PHILLIPPI, Treas.

Frosh

June 8th is the last chance the green and grassy Frosh will have to prove to the upper classmen that they aren't as green as they look and act. Freshmen may wonder or rage at this statement.

You have been preparing, dear youngsters, in the Gym for an annual event, which even your class can't escape. Alas, you have guessed it—The Freshman Tournament. The campus is entirely given up for your use, and upper classmen's voices are raised in cheering you and your efforts.

The Orange and Black teams will fight to the end for honors and we all hope you can attain at least half the honors upper classmen have attained in the past.

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The Record

State Teachers College at Buffalo

VOL. XVI

October Issue, 1927

No. 1

A Word to the Wise

Dear "Frosh",

They say that advice given freely is worth every cent that it costs. I trust you will evaluate this lecture for exactly what it is worth.

You know that word "orientation." It is derived from "ju-jitsu." I think, or some other foreign football language. It simply means "getting in right." That's important: make a note of it! "Getting in right is half the fight." The other half is **keeping up the bluff!**

Now, in order to get in right at college you must understand the game that's being played. But it's even more important that you have a working knowledge of your teammates, your opponents, and the officers who referee the match. About these—lend me your ear:

The Sophomores are your special friends, the enemy. Not having erased all traces of "green" in themselves, they like to see this color shine forth resplendent in all Freshmen. It is generally good policy to humor them. ("Sophomore", by the way, is a Greek derivative. The first part of the word means "wise"; the last may be translated "acre" or "cracker" according to circumstance and personality.)

A "junior", Mr. Webster informs me, is anyone who is younger than somebody else. My boy of four is called "Junior". I also know a boy of 82 who signs himself "A. Helms, Jr." There seems to be some latitude in the interpretation of youth. However, it is well to remember that many Juniors carry a hangover from Sophomoric "wisecravage". Also they may grow up some day, and be a great help to their seniors. **Always be kind to your juniors!**

You can recognize a Senior, I'm sure. He is that long-faced, melancholic individual, whom the weight of years and of learning, seems to bow down in sorrow toward the grave of graduation. You cannot help him: he is too far gone. **Hang a "Don't disturb" sign on him, and clear his path.** Let his few remaining hours be passed in dignity and peace.

Of course, there are other Freshmen. And some of these are green! I know a "Frosh" so ignorant he gambled on Gene Tunney to retain his boxing crown! (He bet with me: I paid! Moral: **don't gamble on a fellow-freshman's greenness!**)

The final test of orientation is this: Can you smile at your professor in such a way as to convince him that you understand his language? Can

Freshman News

Freshmen Daze

In 1930 or 1931 the present Frosh can look back and feel rather honored by the fact that their famous class was the first to be given special "Freshmen Days". Surely it is something extraordinary and a custom worth maintaining in future years.

Freshmen were both surprised and pleased at the way they were royally-treated Sept. 12-13. The rest of the week has not been spoken of with such praise, though, and we are wondering why. Various representatives of the sophomore class, social program committee and senior class did their best to help the freshmen feel right at home. Mr. Steele and Mr. Messener contributed by most interesting talks on studying and taking notes. The sophomore class directed the frosh on a tour around the building to save the cost of having policemen around to direct lost, strayed or stolen youngsters.

The third year-class then allowed the frosh to frolic on the campus so that they might relieve themselves of any excess energy that might interrupt their progress in the tests of the ensuing days. Of course what appealed to them most was the free candy and ice-cream. To the chagrin of one of our well known upper classmen, the broadest grin contest was won by that very person's sister. She said she received quite a bit of practice at home with her sister.

When, at 6 o'clock the Alma Mater rang out over the campus, everyone felt the Freshmen to be a real part of our school and all went home rather joyous and proud to have successfully survived "Freshman Week".

Phi U Teas

For the benefit of the Freshmen, yes, also for the benefit of upper classmen, we would like to explain to each and everyone of you the real meaning of the Phi U Teas.

One doesn't have to be formally invited, one doesn't have to be fearful of not doing the socially right thing—all that is required is a desire to be sociable and join in pleasant conversation and cup of tea.

So, when, on Thursday afternoon, you are strolling past the Social Center, wondering just what those friendly looking people are doing in there, just step in yourself, bring in some friends and enjoy yourself for a sociable half hour or so. Phi U welcomes everybody!!!

New York State Teachers' Association Meeting

The eighty-second Annual Meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association, Western District, will be held in Buffalo, at the Statler Hotel, November 4 and 5, 1927. Because of the objection on the part of Boards of Education to closing school for two days, the session is restricted to one school day and to one-half of Saturday. One general session will be held this year in contrast to two which were formerly scheduled. The single general session at the Broadway Auditorium will open the convention. Addresses by Honorable J. J. Tigert, U. S. Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C., and Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn; President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and author of the "Daily Counsel", are especially noteworthy. Dr. Rockwell, President of the Western District of this Association, will preside.

you jolly him into believing you were sick when they extracted your I. Q.? That's important: make a note of it! If you let that I. Q. stand unchallenged, your "Prof" will "have your number"! Take no chances! Invoke the gods of "behaviorism" to prove Dr. Terman a dummy! Then cudgel your incipient brain, and figure out why Mary Ann pulled Susie's hair, though both their fathers were Irish! Always remember: **it's easier to work a professor than to solve educational problems!**

Immanuel Kant was reputed to be "not so dumb". He began his "Critique of Pure Reason" with the statement: "I think—therefore I am." Sounds reasonable, doesn't it? But Kant **didn't know** who he was, or what he was, **why** he was living, or **whether** he had existed before he began to think! He didn't know anything. And recently a certain Dr. Einstein has made even ignorance a matter of "relative" doubt!

So don't be discouraged if you're "green". You know a few things now. Keep plugging along; and there will come a time when all your present knowledge will dissolve, leaving the truth-sheet of your mind a blank. You will then be a Freshman no longer; you will be a solemn senior, a graduate, or a professor, just entering your freshman year of life. When that time comes, remember:

"The first thirty years are the hardest!"

Paternally yours,

"Father Frank"

(Freshman-at-large in the University of Life)

Class Officers, 1927-28

Fourth Year

- President..... Raymond C. Burke
- Vice-President..... Geraldine Heardt
- Secretary..... Janette Wilcox
- Treasurer..... Wahlther, Chavel
- Social Program Committee Representative..... Evelyn Gast

Third Year

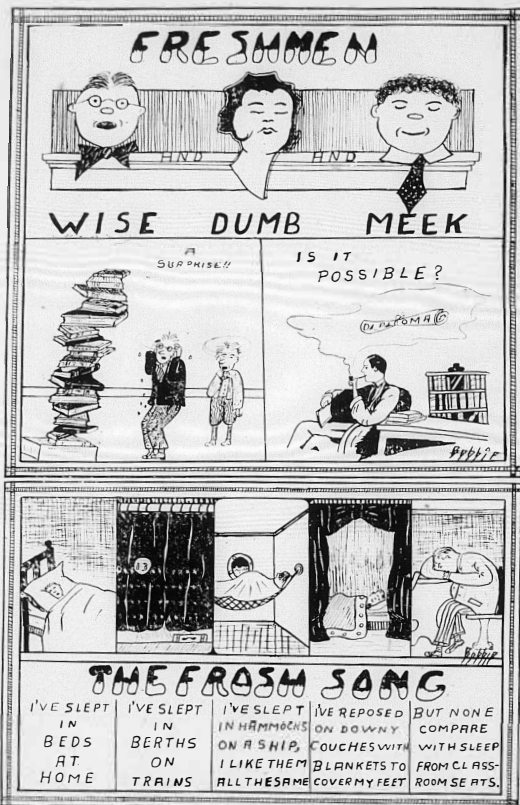
- President..... Ruth Williams
- Vice-President..... Gladys Wier
- Secretary..... Alice Braems
- Treasurer..... Frederick Wunch
- Social Program Committee Representative..... Frances Lehman

Second Year

- President..... Sally Otto
- Vice-President..... Verna Barcellona
- Secretary..... Fred Ambellan
- Treasurer..... Stella Shurgot
- Social Program Committee Representative..... Kathryn Laney

first year

- president..... Jerome wilker
- vice-president..... george shultz
- secretary..... elenor hickey
- treasurer..... bertram miller
- social program committee representative..... carlton beck



Athletics

Basketball

Carrying for the first time the colors of a full fledged college, our basketball team will enter upon its second season of collegiate competition. Having graduated from competition with local preparatory schools into bigger company, our team is scheduled to play colleges and normal schools of this section.

We again include the University of Buffalo, Canisius College, and Niagara University in our schedule. We have home and home games arranged with Brockport, Fredonia, and Geneseo Normals, and Mechanics Institute at Rochester. In addition to these schools, we have games pending with Cortland Normal, Oswego Normal, and Indianapolis State Normal. Following the precedent of the last few years we will again open and close the season against an alumni aggregation.

As in former years, home games will be played in the gymnasium, and followed by dancing. Blanket tax tickets will serve as the admission for students, and a small admission fee will be charged for friends.

Although only two letter men have returned to school, prospects for another championship team are exceptionally brilliant. With these and several new players, we should boast a team as strong as any that has ever represented the school. Frank Smith, regular forward of last year, and Harry Abate, captain of the team in '25, are the two regulars who will don S. T. C. jerseys. Edward Whittington, who held a regular berth part of last season, has returned to school, as well as William Stuart, John Arcara, Franklyn Bachman, Robert May, Francis Mundy, and Vincent Caruana, all members of last year's squad. Mr. Andrew Grabau will again coach the teachers, while Fred Ambellan will manage the team. In addition to these members of last year's squad there are many prospects in the entering class. Among these are players who have made brilliant records in high schools and on independent teams.

Such prospects should promise a banner year in this sport. Our basketball success, however, depends mainly upon the co-operation of every member of the faculty and student body. Let's stand unanimously behind our basketball team at State Teachers College.

Girls' Basketball

Girls—Basketball starts the first week in November, practices to be held Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. There will be a freshmen and an upper-classmen tournament. Regularity of attendance, playing ability, and scholarship are the basis of choosing the teams. Remember, you do not have to be an experienced player; if you have never played before, come and learn and make your team.

Swimming

Don't forget the swimming class. On the first day fifty girls registered. There were big girls, little girls, fat girls, thin girls, tall girls, short girls, girls blonde and brunette. There were good swimmers, there were poor swimmers, and there were would-be swimmers who couldn't swim at all.

Surely you fit into one of those groups. Come and join us at the Lafayette High School pool, on Mondays at five-thirty o'clock.

ORGANIZATIONS

Panhellenic Association

The Panhellenic Association, an inter-sorority council representing the sororities of the State Teachers College, welcomes the freshmen. Panhellenic is composed of three delegates from each sorority, who work together to formulate "rushline" agreements, to settle any sorority difficulties which may arise and to plan intersorority parties. Panhellenic upholds school laws, and checks carefully on the scholarship of sorority members. This year a new sorority, Phi Delta Beta, brings the total of our sororities to seven.

Y. W. C. A.

After our first supper party of the year, there was a wild rush to join "the Y," and at the end of the first week of the membership campaign, there were 150 paid members. Membership is open to every girl in the college. If you have not yet joined, and wish to, see one of us.

The Eastern Student Conference at Silver Bay should be of interest to the entire school, as well as to the Y. W. C. A. Girls who work diligently in "the Y" are sent by that organization, their expenses paid in part or in full, but every girl who is interested in the conference may go. The conference is a rich experience and never to be forgotten.

Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club inaugurated what promises to be a very successful year on September 16, when it held tryouts. The society contemplates a very ambitious program for the ensuing months. Some of the plans are: giving assembly programs, bringing

artists to the school, or to club meetings, presenting several plays. To these ends members are being selected.

Miss Goossen, the new dramatic teacher, is very enthusiastic about the work for the year. With her support and the co-operation of the students and faculty, the Dramatic Club hopes to make great strides.

Home Economics Club

The Home Economics Club was formed to encourage high professional standards, to stimulate the desire of each member to be of service and to promote loyalty and fellowship among its members. Any girl in the Home Economics Department is eligible to become a member if she so desires.

With the opening of the new school year, the club has already begun its activities. On Monday, September 19th, it held a supper party to welcome the entering freshmen. Each of the honored guests was designated by wearing a green bandana and by carrying a doll dressed in the appropriate freshman color. Games and school singing at the tables added to the merriment and made the freshmen feel that they were really part of the department.

The first regular meeting of the year was held on Monday, October 10th. At this time, in addition to the regular business meeting, a play, "Feeding the Brute," was given by members of the Junior Class, also a piano solo by Elizabeth McFarlane, one of the freshmen.

Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club has begun its work for the coming year with many additions to its personnel. We welcome the former members of the Junior Glee Club, who were our "little sisters" last year, our new singers from other college and Normal school glee clubs, and some of our last year's

girls who have returned for the fourth year.

Our first get-together party was a supper preceding Dr. Spaitz's lecture on October 18. We are looking forward to a season of combined social activity and musical work.

Men's Glee Club

Now that all of our applicants have sung the scales and our old members have answered the mobilization call, we are at work on the year's program. It is, indeed, gratifying to know that so many of our old members are back with us and also that a few of the new men have had previous experience in choral work.

Our first rehearsal was very promising. Miss Spier, our director, and the officers of the Club, have sufficient evidence on which to base the claim that this year shall be a very successful one for the organization.

L'Alliance Francaise

Once more, we see L'Alliance Francaise busy. The members of this organization met on Tuesday, September 20, to discuss plans for the year. With the opening of our membership, there came a fine response from the students.

L'Alliance Francaise invites all students and faculty members who are interested in French to attend the meetings on Thursday at four o'clock.

Orchestra Notes

The baton is in position, the musicians have their eyes upon the director, four strokes of the assembly gong and YOUR orchestra breaks forth with lively strains of a march. That is

what one student witnessed as he looked through the auditorium doors at nine o'clock on the morning of September 30. That is what is going to happen every Friday morning throughout the school year.

Our congratulations go out to the Freshmen class for the recruits that it has sent us.

S. T. C. Gossip

Congratulations are open for Dr. Rockwell. He was elected president of the Western District of the New York State Teachers' Association this year. He has prepared a most interesting and extensive program for the convention.

Mr. Bruce in Principles of Education was heard advising certain students never to go to Pittsburgh. Of course, if you would like to know the reason, he surely will tell you upon request.

Report is rampant that Miss Kempe was heard to say she wanted two or three strong men. Due to fear of losing a capable English teacher, we investigated and found the reason for so odd a demand to be—she wants some pictures hung.

The upper classmen were certainly brought down a few pegs the first two weeks of school, especially when they were trying to be so dignified. Assignment to the correcting of freshmen tests was the cause of all this embarrassment. Remarks have been flying about us to the lack of education some freshmen possess—not school education, but literary, such as reading of advertisements in magazines and finding out the difference between halitosis and a Greek philosopher.

CONTRIBUTOR'S COLUMN

Curiosity: Its Excitation and Appeasement

Curiosity is a passion very susceptible of increase by cultivation. Why anyone should want to exaggerate the force of an instinct already quite beyond our control is an unsolved mystery. But it is true that modern science and education are deliberately and intensively cultivating our natural proclivity for "snooping". And most of us have learned the lesson well. We have become past masters in the art of pushing our noses into every conceivable crevice. We can smell out a rodent anywhere, or a colored gentleman concealed in a pile of wood. But sometimes our probosces get pinched.

Dr. Ralph MacDargh, otherwise "Mac", is my window cleaning foreman. A few weeks ago, while plying his trade unobtrusively at a house on Norwood avenue, he was interrupted by the overstudied mistress of an adjacent house who stuck her head out of a window and inquired: "Do you use any cleaning fluid on the windows?" "Absolutely," "Mac" replied. "The oldest and best known: pure unadulterated H₂O." "Oh, thank you," ejaculated the woman, her curiosity temporarily appeased. "I suppose you can get it at any hardware store."

But "Mac" is sometimes curious himself. Last week he was working for an old customer on Ashland avenue. The daughter of the house, aged five, is a great admirer of "Mac"; he is, in her opinion, a human encyclopedia. This time he had answered a score or two of her questions when she thought of this: "Oh, Mr. Mac, can you tell me what's the difference between white onions and green onions?" Now it isn't easy to "stump" our "Mac", but this time he had to confess his ignorance. He almost fell off his ladder when the little girl smiled sweetly and remarked: "You don't know your onions, do you?"

Cleaning windows is a very instructive occupation. If you are curious to learn how people live, come, join my force. You will meet snobbish washerwomen and democratic "queens", refined and generous women in cheap apartments, and vulgarians on "Nob Hill". You will be called upon to console self-pitying wives, to sample Christmas cigars, to mind babies, to play bridge. You will be asked to accept payment in home-brew, Airdale pups, or dental service. In fine, you will satisfy a great many bumps of curiosity that have been bothering you.

Finally, as a window cleaner you will have an opportunity to test out a number of scientific theories that you have heretofore merely accepted on the authority of Darwin, Newton, or Einstein. A little slip when you are standing in a third story window, and you discover you are not related to the monkey: Darwin was mistaken. You observe that you fall down instead of up:

Newton was right. The earth comes up to meet you, that nice soft earth you trod on so lightly before, and you find it has grown hard and unyielding: Einstein "said a mouthful". And then you get a nice long, glorious vacation, while nurses give you "shots in the arm", and doctors tear you to pieces. They put you back together and life becomes sweet again. Everyone treats you kindly. You find that even the income tax collector has decided not to bother you next year. But when you get back in that third floor window you watch your step more closely, for you will no longer have any doubt about the merits of various scientists and their theories. Your curiosity in their regard will have been completely satisfied.

Excuses

Excuses play a leading part in our everyday life. Everyone uses them, from the small school boy, who hasn't prepared his lesson, to the industrial magnate, who doesn't wish to attend a conference. Most excuses are time-worn from being constantly used. One can hardly tolerate the person who continually blames his tardiness on "Big Ben's" stopping or on the late arrival of his street car. Why doesn't someone collect and publish a book of clever and original excuses? I am sure that it would be a great help to humanity to lift the burden of making excuses from the shoulders of amateur excuse-makers to those of the professional.

—Goldine Finkelstein.

The article below seems to have been intended for The Atlantic Monthly's Contributors' Column but to have been sent by mistake to the Editor of The Record. Possibly the article written for our column will be seen in the Atlantic during the winter. As this article concerns us we take the liberty of printing it.

—The Editor.

Fear Atlantic:—

I have been extremely interested in "The Revolt of a Middle-aged Father" in your May issue and all the comments which it drew forth—some of them are extremely witty—as William H. Lloyd's in the July number, in which he suggests that we award at birth the degrees "A.B." (A Boy) and "A.G." (A Girl) and thus prevent the struggle to get a degree.

Yet, I don't believe that the college youth of today is quite so workless or as love looney as Dr. Rubinow seems to think—certainly not in the colleges I have attended, one in West Virginia and one in New York. Some foolishness there may be and a little strolling hand in hand in the gloaming, but after all isn't that part of their training?

At present I am going back again to college after an interval of sixteen years of bringing up a family and I see things from a more mature standpoint. It seems to me that many of those very same youths that appear to be just strolling around having a good time are really working intensely hard and are putting up with frightful odds to secure that degree which, at

least, will give them a chance to launch out in the world without a handicap. There are men in our college who are working eight hours after school is over to help pay their way. There are women who are cooking dinner every night, and working Saturdays at housework or as salesgirls in stores, getting a wide line of experience. I grant you these students who are working are getting their practical experience right along with their school work will amount to more and will go farther along the road to fame than those who have that school of experience ahead of them after their four years of college are over.

Somehow I feel that Dr. Rubinow's article—although he said that I believed in the youth of today and all that—did not lay the blame where it belongs on the shoulders of the fathers and mothers of those college youths. The parents of college students should instill into these youngsters' minds the idea that they have to work their own salvation, be it good or bad.

Sincerely yours,

L. W. M.

Buffalo, New York.

Dear Record:—

You're positively wicked!

You expect us poor little "Freshies" to arrive, be put, be scared, to survive and think that we are smart enough to write for this, your worthy paper, all in one lone month. Although we may be quite literary—and we hope some of us are—we could hardly have the gumption to become acclimated to this dear T. C. at Buff-al-000 as it sounds in the song, for you see we hardly know what kind of masterpieces you want. Of course, we can turn out any kind you wish as we will show you later on. WATCH OUR PRINT! No, I didn't say SPRINT nor TINT, I said print meaning all the stories we are going to write for you some day, some where, some time.

Pop says I better stop this foolishness and go to bed—I just wanted you to know I was here.

Signed, "Not an author yet."

GREEN BUT GROWING.

Registration

Oxfords, shoes, pumps, ties and even goloshes treading their way, some fast, some slow, through the corridors and across the campus. I counted and I counted—one hundred thirty-nine, one hundred forty. My job as a cub reporter was no easy one—to find out the registration of the four classes at college. Another new pair of shoes sped by—yellow ones with bull dog toes—just another Freshman. Would-I never get finished? And then a thought, an inspiration, all of my own. Why not just count the students, letting the number of books they carried be their characterizing point. It would be so much easier than counting feet and deciding on the ages of shoes and besides dividing by two was always so confusing to me.

Miss Cassety Resigns

When we record the resignation of Louise M. Cassety from the faculty of State Teachers College at Buffalo, we try to accept a very unpleasant fact; we try to become accustomed to the idea that an intense, dynamic personality is withdrawn from our midst; that a gracious, generous friend is with us no longer as teacher and administrator.

Miss Cassety's life has been inextricably bound to the institution from which she now takes leave. Her father, Doctor James M. Cassety, was principal of Buffalo State Normal in the early days of the school's history, serving from 1886 to 1909. For years Miss Cassety must have thought of Normal as a most intimate and personal possession, not only as her own Alma Mater, but as her father's life work. For over twenty years he built and saw his work increase. Then, when his labor finally ceased, it would seem, almost, that the spark of creative interest must have been transferred to his daughter's vivid personality. At any rate, we know that her contribution for many years the Head of the Kindergarten Department, added gloriously to her father's years of service. For one family to have invested over forty years to the development of education in one institution is an unusual record of singleness of purpose and devoted loyalty. To say the investment paid is to express results inadequately. To try to compute the sum would be as futile as to add the smiles of gratitude, the words of appreciative acknowledgement that students have repeated year after year.

For there never was a more generous giver than Miss Cassety. Our rooms are adorned with her pictures, her pottery, her treasures from foreign travel. She bestowed her affection as lavishly as her material possessions. Body and soul she threw unreservedly into the project which most absorbed her, whether it was sharing her famous collection of Madonnas, or presenting a spring program, presiding over the children's Christmas party, or encouraging a young teacher who needed suggestion and guidance. She had the rare power of entering imaginatively into the lives of others; students, friends on the faculty, children, all realized her understanding sympathy. It was not merely school children who interested Miss Cassety; it was any child, no matter how poor and frail.

Paradoxical as it may seem, however, we like to feel that Miss Cassety has not gone at all.

Though the door has closed, we are hoping she will soon return; that she will never cease to contribute her interest and affection; and that as often as she can, she will smile into our midst again.

The Record

Published by the Students of the State Teachers College at Buffalo
 Terms, \$1.00 a Year Single Copies, 15 cents
 Printed in the State Teachers College Print Shop

MEMBER, THE COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Joining

The freshmen who have so far submitted rather strenuously to the vigorous "Freshman Week" program—who has been registered, tested, assigned, enrolled, explained to, advised, and welcomed with a thoroughness and speed that must have been bewildering—at last have an opportunity to take the initiative. At an early assembly the extra-curricular activities of the school were described and the freshmen especially invited to try out for whichever ones they found most interesting. Since there will be no further invitations to join any group, it is for each student himself to decide whether he wishes to do anything in school besides study.

It is true that every organization is dependent upon recruits from the entering students. It is also true that almost every student can profit by joining in some extra-curricular activity. Besides making many congenial acquaintances and (perhaps) a few friends, the club member finds pleasure in working with others for a common end, and of doing it under his own leadership. There is a pleasant security in belonging to a group of any kind.

One mistake that the freshmen may make is that of joining only to have joined. Unless he is interested and intends to work, the freshman had better not join any group. Another classmate may be so interested in the activities that he joins too many of them and so has time for none. Another may follow the example of many busy seniors and let activities monopolize his time, slighting his studies as he does so. A reputation as an efficient chairman is no recompense for a B that might have been an A, or a C reduced from a B, because of time spent managing an initiation banquet or class party. The new point system and the dropping of D students may impress upon the freshmen the essential part of school life—good work.

Back Stage

Students who have enjoyed working with Miss Keeler before she left our college to establish her own school, The Studio School of the Theatre, would especially enjoy a visit to the studio on Elmwood avenue. A small office, a few dressing rooms, a large, very light studio comprise the school. Each room is made distinctive by shelves of books, tiny porcelain figures, old bowls and pitchers. Miss Keeler says:

"The Studio School of the Theatre has been established to give opportunity for training in the arts of the theatre, and to develop in potential actors and audiences an appreciation of dramatic literature."

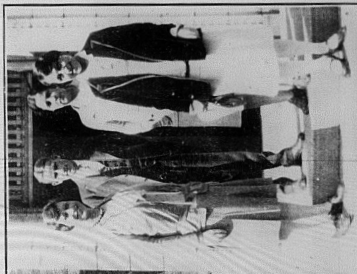
Although Miss Keeler is so definitely established away from our school, we are not to miss the charming plays which she directs so well. The Studio School of the Theatre each year will give a series of public performances for which a year's associate membership (admitting two persons) may be secured at ten dollars. Everyone who has seen any of Miss Keeler's plays at our school will be glad of the opportunity to see more of them this year. It has been suggested that, as with the concert series, several students buy one ticket together, so that each may attend a few of the plays. The plays to be given are: the modern comedy, "You and I", by Philip Barry; a Christmas play; "Twelfth Night"; "The Duenna", by Sheridan, and a modern drama to be announced later.

Associate members who wish to take part in any of the productions or to assist with the work back-stage, may apply to Miss Keeler and will be given opportunities for participation in acting or production. This opportunity alone should be a great inducement!

Susan Frances Chase

Dr. Susan F. Chase is dead. To the friends who enjoyed the distinct privilege of knowing her personally, this comes as a disheartening blow. For, despite the fact that her doctors held very little hope for her life after that memorable accident just previous to the date of her proposed retirement, Dr. Chase possessed the faculty of transferring her optimism to all those about her. Indeed, we understand that it was this very optimism which kept her alive for over a year after the accident which broke her hip and kept her from enjoying the vacation she so well deserved.

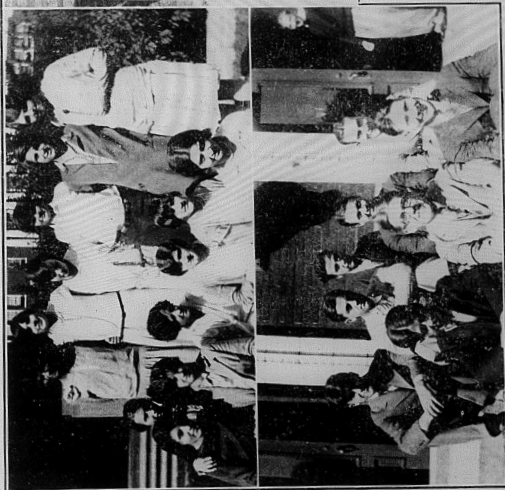
We can only hope that the spirit which she so happily imbued in us still lives as a heritage and a gift from that most capable teacher and admirable friend. She was without a doubt the greatest philosopher this school has ever known. In those last days at Orchard Park, surrounded by the simplest environment, her characteristic gifts were manifested by the spirit in which she accepted her fate, not with hopeless abandonment, but with lovely, disarming optimism. She deceived us all into believing that she had many years to live, that there was still a great and happy future before her. That was Dr. Chase, whom we all loved.



New Faculty Members

Left to right — Dr. Reynolds, Dr. Bethel, Mrs. Glunz, Miss Goossen.

To the left — freshmen.



Our New Faculty Members

Five teachers, Dr. Reynolds, Dr. Bethel, Miss Cook, Mrs. Glunz, and Miss Goossen, have been added to our college faculty. Dr. Reynolds comes to teach psychology. She took her A.B. at Vassar, her M.A. at Columbia, her Ph.D. at Teachers' College at Columbia. During her two years as a graduate student she was recipient of the Laura Spellman Rockefeller fellowship. She was in France with the Young Women's Christian Association in 1919, and has since made European tours for travel or for study. Dr. Reynolds specializes in the study of the pre-school child and her thesis is on that subject. For two years before coming here she was psychologist with the Board of Education at Rochester.

Dr. Bethel comes to the English department as an instructor in composition. He took his A.B. at McGill University and his master and doctor's degrees at Harvard.

At McGill, he received the Reford prize in English and philosophy and first honors in English and psychology. At Harvard he was recipient of the Townsend Shattuck scholarship. His teaching experience has been in Queens' College, Nassau, the Bahamas. The subject of his dissertation was "The Influence of Dante on Chaucer's Thought and Expression." He has written for the American Journal of Psychology.

Miss Mary Cook, who is in charge of the Practice House, has had wide and varied experience. After receiving the B.S. degree from Teachers' College at Columbia, she was instructor in the Garland School of Home Management in Boston. Her next position was that of house manager in the Santa Barbara Girls' School in California. From there she went to the West Saban Girls' School in Los Angeles. In addition to this Miss Cook traveled in Europe in 1914, just before the World War.

Mrs. Glunz is taking Miss Houston's place for the winter. Miss Goossen has been appointed instructor in expression and dramatics in the English department. She has the degree of Bachelor of Oral English from Syracuse University, and has taken special work at the summer sessions of the Lehigh Powers School of the Spoken Word. She is a member of several honorary fraternities in her field of work. Miss Goossen will also have charge of coaching dramatics, including the Christmas play and the annual college play.

Travelogue

Miss Ruth Houston, Head of our Physical Department, is on leave of absence, traveling through Norway, Sweden, France and England. We understand that she will take short courses in physical education at various universities in these countries for the purpose of improving her technique, if such a thing is possible.

A number of our women faculty spent the summer in European travel; Miss Reed, Miss Weiss, and Miss Spier motored through England, Scotland and Wales; Miss Small spent about five months in Switzerland; Miss Honck took a general tour down through Europe; Miss Stella O'Reilly spent the summer in the British Isles and France.

(Apropos of travel, Dr. George B. Neumann, spent the summer traveling through European and American government, up in Room 316.)

COMMENT

Maurice B. Rovner

A friend has asked us how the Freshmen are hazed at Dr. Meiklejohn's new experimental college. Our supposition is that they are given about one month in which to read the complete works of Herodotus, Spinoza, Swedenborg, Carlyle and Wordsworth. Upon becoming Sophomores next year, they will probably spend one month in reading back numbers of "College Humor."

In "School and Society," Katherine H. Pollak writes that Vassar girls are influenced mainly by "interest in the subject and the amount of work expected or necessary, with sense of future value and marks next, but of considerably less importance." She was, no doubt, thinking of the new courses in matrimony when she made that statement.

Another fight has been added to Creasy's collection of the world's decisive battles. This was the Tunney-Dempsey combat conducted in Chicago a short time ago. Not belonging to any humane or anti-violence society, we do not care whether or not the fight was brutal. Neither are we distracted because so much money was spent foolishly.

The day before the fight, Damon Runyon, famous sports writer, declared that in lieu of the oncoming carnival, he failed to understand why we had so many colleges and schools in this country. We believe with him that something is rotten when two mosquitoes glaring at each other can rock a nation. Some statistician ought to compare the amount of comment on the controversy over naval expenditures with the talk concerning the two pugilists. That would be a

fine thing to demonstrate America's estimate of social values.

The other day we came across an interesting piece of college poetry by Herbert Dremion which was published in the "Carolina Magazine." It requires no comment, but is so good that we do not want our readers to miss it. He calls the poem "A Study in Pragmatism."

Philosophers may addle their wits

To find the All in One, the One in All;

Jargonize the universe to bits,

Stalking the metaphysical.

They may prove that Time is, or is not,

And that Space is a categorical notion,

Dame Truth a hybrid polyglot,

And Love a Freudian emotion.

But I shall wind my watch at nights,

Each morning race to catch the street cars,

Vote for democratic rights,

And smoke Republican cigars!

The covers of the new Woolworth five cent writing tablets are now decorated with the portraits of Nina Naldi, John Gilbert, Colleen Moore and the like. Such "nickel pads" should be excluded from the classroom: we see too much Hollywood junk as it is.

Thinking students will find much mental pabulum (fancy way of saying food for thought) in Professor De Voto's article in the September "Harper's." His case for the supremacy of the co-ed in the college classroom is convincing enough to disconcert the most confident college man.

We, however, were more interested in another section of his article which confirms a statement we made in our columns last year when we complained

of the college student's inertia. Says Professor DeVoto: "Ideally college students should charge destructively against all the institutions of a family world and all the conventions of a silly one. I need not say that they do not. . . . A caucus of the Republican Old Guard is distinctly radical in comparison with the men of a normal American college." The colleges certainly are conventional and dead, and if there ever is to be a renaissance we expect it to come from the ladies.

Those who are pessimists about American education were vindicated a few weeks ago when the "Buffalo Evening News" carried the following statement attributed to Dean Marsh of the University of Buffalo: "It is inevitable that the time is coming when the real estate course will take its place with other courses in the college curriculum." It is too bad that P. T. Barnum is dead; the real estate course would be the ideal subject for him to handle.

For two semesters we were a student of the late Doctor Susan Frances Chase, thus we fully agree with the tribute which the president of our college tendered her at a recent assembly. We have never heard a truer message to honor the memory of a departed one. Her contacts were indeed wide and varied; well do we remember the many confiding chats in which she told us of her days at Quincy, Massachusetts, days when her greatest delight was in the reading of Dickens. We remember also that sweet smile of hers when she became reminiscent of her experiences at the various American universities, and of her journey abroad as a visiting educator.

We recall that wintry day when she saw a man grasping a shovel in his frozen hands as he cleared away the snow from the school sidewalk. She insisted that he permit her to buy him a pair of gloves, and he had to

work hard in talking her out of it. Many a time she put herself to much inconvenience to help out a troubled student. Now we think of the day on which she left; the day when we had our last talk with her. She told us that she was going to do the things which she hoped to do for so long. We recited the lines of "Rabbi Ben Ezra" to her as she listened eagerly. Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first is made.

Then came the terrible news. It was not destined that Doctor Chase should complete her life work as she had wished, but so far as her students are concerned, she trebled an ordinary life work in the service which she rendered. She taught individuals, not subjects. Her character shined for students that there still were some heavenly souls living on this earth.

Musings of a Vocational Student (Dedicated to the One Year Group)

Once I was a laboring man,
Working in unison minds and hand,
Now all is changed;
A new era is here:
Instead of working each day,
Seems I'm lying round for a fear,
They say I'm collegiate
And supposed to be smart,
But it's hard to consider
Studying as an art
Then there's the subjects,
So unique and diverse;
I'm satisfied with them—
They could be much worse.
There's psychology—so hard to define;
Near as I can make out
It's a disease of the mind,
They seem easy to learn,
And to some it's all bunk,
But it's best to be careful
Because you might think
But all things considered,
I'm glad to be here,
The State College needs me,
And say—as a teacher,
I'll be without a peer!

What I Saw With My Eyes Closed

G. Frank Glaser

Struck blind! Some called it a curse of God, for I belonged to the wrong church in Mitchell. I had even dared to accept the challenge of an itinerant evangelist who had branded my associates and myself "a pack of cowards, who cram this damnable theory (of Evolution) down the throats of children too young to defend themselves". I had answered the revivalist so effectively that he had cancelled his engagements in our town.

Worse still, I had published a paper. For two years "Wildfire" had been bearing its way into the minds of Omaha teachers. No "soft-soapy" periodical was this "Wildfire", but a virile and insistent protest against maladministration of politics, education, and religion. Five thousand copies of this journal had been sent sizzling thronout the state every month. And so far no backfire had been availing.

Then—I went blind. It happened one afternoon in the course of a history discussion. One of my clever disciples had emitted a cough that made us all laugh till we cried. At least I was crying, for my first interpretation of the darkness was that my tears were blinding me. But, after I had blinked, brushed away the tears, and rubbed my eyes several times, I began to realize the fateful truth. I found my chair and assigned work to the class. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and still I could not see. The bell rang for dismissal. The class filed noisily out into the corridor. I was alone, and blind.

I rose and walked over to a window. The hot sun burned my skin, but it gave no light. Groping further my fingers encountered a small hand. From beside me, not from the direction in which I quickly turned my smile, came a small reproving voice: "Why don't you look at me, Mr. Palmer?"

Lorraine! Dear little Lorraine! My "pet", and I couldn't see her! Tears sprang irrepresibly into my eyes. They coursed down my cheeks, and fell on her hands and mine. "I can't see you, Lorraine," I managed at last to tell her. "I am blind."

The news of my affliction spread quickly. For two years I had been the storm center of Mitchell, and "Father Confessor" to half its population. But only now did I begin to realize how inextricably this community had entwined itself in my heart. During the few remaining weeks of the school year I saw the souls of men and of children laid open before me. A thousand eyes watched over me and smiled when they saw me smile. Even my wife began to take a kindly interest in me.

Then came vacation, an operation, and added weeks of darkness, while bandages covered my eyes. I watched the mad rush of life all around me as it raced toward the maelstrom of eternity. I smiled with Life, and thanked God for the respite He had given me. I came to realize more fully than ever before the truth of a quotation I had chosen to hox in the heading of "Wildfire":

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the trust of pure women and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world a little better than he found it; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauties, nor failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, whose memory a benediction."

BOOKS

The Educabilia

Bernard De Voto, in his article on co-education in the September issue of "Happer's Monthly," says, "By and large, the American school is a training school. In the mass, young men come to college to learn how to sell. In the mass, they are not interested in the kind of education that is generally called liberal or humanistic or cultural or intellectual.—The women, these scatter-brained co-eds, are another matter. In the mass they see no need to prepare themselves for law or dentistry, and feel no call to become expert at selling. Their lives still have room for the qualities the education once dealt with. They have time for wisdom—and knowledge—and truth and beauty—and cultural development—and individuality. That is why they are so significant for the future if society has any use for liberal education."

We are continually facing the un-founded charge that college for girls is little more than a matrimonial agency; that it is an old delusion, that you cannot educate women. Tradition—or fact, gives men a mental superiority which they accept, but which modern women seriously question. So far as their work in college is concerned, there is small basal difference between men and women, beyond a certain level of intelligence. The co-ed has a genuine admiration for the masculine mind, but she does not respect his mental "powers."

Mr. De Voto claims, "The liberally educated man is supposed to possess an intelligently discriminating mind." Yet the average college man is faithful to his conviction that whatever is right. It can't be wrong if you're paying money to be told so. While the glorious privilege of youth is to

dubiously examine the deeply rooted institutions of life in hopes of uncovering astounding flaws, to expound against marriage, religion, government, they are becoming tragically reactionary. It is when youth attacks custom, that we are assured that the intelligence of the nation still progresses.

But the co-eds as a class are more liberal. They maintain a bit of the revolutionary musings that evolve a fuller growth of the intelligence, are less terrified by the prospects of social or intellectual upheaval and less suspicious of novelty. They are willing to examine, while the men merely shut their eyes and howl for safety. The excitements and ecstasies of life for the higher centers of the mind, are not for them. They haven't the longing for the impractical, dangerous, exhilarating wisdoms that build and broaden the soul. A woman's curiosity leads her to the beginning of knowledge; her dominant obstinacy carries her on into new adventures.

The college men are becoming a type—high-pressure salesmen; a production that will go on. But there is a counter-force that surges with this one. The co-eds in common, become individuals. They, at least can analyse and appraise without preconception.

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Overheard in Assembly

Freshman—"I don't know about this class—'Orientation.' I looked it up in the dictionary, but couldn't find much."
Another Fresh—"Let's see; how do you spell it? Oh, that must be the study of the East. The Orient is the East, you know."

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"Owed"

Under his stern and watchful eye
 His admiring students sit
 They do not note the lapse of time
 Nor hear the seconds thit.

They do not watch the clock, (oh, no!)
 Their minutes are not timed
 They simply sit enthralled to hear
 Him say they have no mind.

Perhaps it's so, but then I ask
 What is inside this "dome"?
 What made me take this pen in hand
 And write this little "pome"?

—C. M. Duty.

The Record

State Teachers College at Buffalo

VOL. XVI

November Issue, 1927

No. 2

"What Doth It Profit---?"

Dear "Soph":

Your name seems to indicate that you are a seeker of wisdom. Whether this pursuit be wise or foolish is a question not so frivolous as it sounds. For "wisdom" is nothing more than "knowledge" and "knowledge", presumably, is "truth", but so far no philosopher has been able to concoct a satisfactory answer to the question: "What is Truth?"

They say that knowledge is power. So is faith. So is hope. So is love. Are you ready to sacrifice, if truth demands them, your dreams, your religion, your friends on the altar of knowledge? Are you ready to follow the great god Science, wherever he leads you?

After all, we know very little of life. Most of our study concerns theories. What we learn is not the absolute truth, but truth as it is seen through the eyes of our instructors and contemporaries. Scientists disagree among themselves. Educators contradict one another. Churches condemn other churches. or preach "toleration" as a dogma! And nations fight against war!

Does it make any difference to you whether your opinions will stand the test of scientific investigation so long as they satisfy you? Does it matter whether you are infallibly right in your views, so long as you conform with the beliefs and prejudices of the group to which you belong? Isn't it a deal more comfortable to say, "All these, my friends, believe as I do," than to know that your friends are in error?

For myself, I confess a great yearning for the faith of my childhood and youth. Its beauty, its power, its harmony, its warmth—all these attract and hold me. I would gladly sacrifice the little "knowledge" I have gained to be one with my old friends again. But who can resist the force of his own deep convictions? Who can withstand the weight of accumulating facts? Like an avalanche my destiny overtook me, crushing out every vestige of my old beliefs. There followed months of darkness—almost of despair. Then new vistas opened before me, and hope began to revive.

Today I am sound, sure, contented, happy. I have discovered another "Truth." But I would not willingly subject any person to such a baptism of spiritual abandonment as I went thru to gain this coveted "knowledge." I try to be open-minded. But I confess it would distinctly hurt if any scientist or professor should knock the props of my present "knowledge" from under my castle of dreams, and crash the beautiful structure of my newest faith.

"Education" is a spoiler of dreams. It is forever casting doubts upon our creeds, demanding proofs, destroying idols. It is aiming to "reform the world!"

—God made the world—and made it right. Reformers cannot “improve” it. We cannot stop “sin,” or war, or death. But we can laugh, and love, and dream.

—And that, my child, is Wisdom.

“FATHER FRANK.”

The Teachers' Convention

Every year it is our privilege, as prospective teachers, to attend the meetings of the teachers' convention. The 82nd annual meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association, Western District, which met in Buffalo, November 4-5, was unusually (or shall I say as usual) successful. Dr. Harry Westcott Rockwell, as president of the district, presided at the general meeting. The Hon. J. J. Tigert, U. S. Commissioner of Education, was the principal speaker. The following members of our college faculty took part in the various sectional meetings: Mr. Messner, Mr. Perkins, Miss Viele, Mr. Steele and Miss Thomas. We are looking forward to the time when we shall attend these meetings as real members.

Theater Guild Repertory Company

The students of the State Teachers College will have an opportunity to attend several unusual performances of the Theater Guild Repertory Company. This touring company is sent out by the New York Theater Guild to organize audiences for their plays outside of New York City. The players are being presented at the Consistory, November 14, November 21, November 28 and December 5, in a series of the Guild's best known plays, including, “Arms and the Man,” “The Guardsman,” “Mr. Pim Passes By” and “The Silver Cord”. Although the company produces few plays these are real achievements in the dramatic art.

School of Practice News

Miss Grace Allen, who has taken Miss Cassey's place as instructor in methods in the Kindergarten-Primary Department, is well-equipped for her new position. She came here in September, 1926, from Mt. Vernon, where she was the Primary Supervisor. She is a graduate of the Oswego Normal School and for two summers has been a teacher at the Onconta State Normal School. We feel that though Miss Cassey's resignation is a great loss to the school, that Miss Allen, in her new work, will be a great addition to the teaching staff.

Miss Edith H. Metz is now First Grade critic teacher in the Practice School. Miss Metz is not new to our school, having been for several years a critic teacher at School 38. At School 38 Miss Metz's room was distinguished by its informal type of instruction, seating arrangement and discipline, as advanced development, which requires special knowledge of the teacher. Miss Metz is a graduate of the Normal School and has studied at Teachers College.

ORGANIZATIONS

Social Program Committee

The Social Program Committee has renewed its effort in developing and encouraging the participation in extra curricular activities with its usual vigor.

Aside from its regular meetings, during which many plans for the coming year have been in progress, the Social Program Committee gave a tea for the Section Captains. This was not only successful as a social gathering, but also gave many valuable suggestions for encouraging college spirit and participation in extra curricular activities.

The officers for the coming year as elected at a recent meeting are: Chairman, Dr. Neumann; Vice-Chairman, Gladys Weir; Secretary, Ruth Williams; Treasurer, Carlton Beck.

The Social Program Committee will be very glad to receive any suggestions from the Faculty or Student Body which will make our extra curricular life more valuable to all.

G. I. W.

Home Economics Club

The November meeting of the Home Economics Club was an Old Fashioned Sewing Bee. At this time we all helped to make new couch covers and curtains for our dressing room. A program was also given to entertain the girls as they sewed. It was a very successful meeting since it combined both sociability and real service to the department.

ANGELINE RICE,

Y. W. C. A.

At a recent conference in Elmira to which we sent delegates, we were led and inspired by such leaders as K. Ashworth and Leslie Blanchard. The delegates were guests of Elmira College and were treated royally. They

brought back with them many new ideas which we intend to carry out during the year.

C. MARJORIE DULY.

L'Alliance Francaise

Except pity is felt for our readers, this account would be rendered in French. A regular meeting of L'Alliance Francaise was held on Thursday, November 3. Members of committees reported on individual work. The sale of college stationery was discussed and samples were shown to the members. We hope that the sale of this stationery will be a precedent for members of L'Alliance Francaise in future years. After a discussion, in French, of parliamentary procedure, the meeting was adjourned with hopes of a French program next time.

MARY CANTOR.

Orchestra Notes

At a special election of the orchestra Frederick Wunsch was elected president of that organization. This election was necessary because of the fact that Herbert Lidstrom, the president elected last semester, was carrying too many extra-curricular credits. For our new president we wish nothing but the best. We are sure that through his leadership we are to enjoy a fruitful year.

HERBERT LIDSTROM.

Current Events Club

The Current Events Club has been newly organized. At a recent meeting the following officers and faculty advisor were elected: President, Ida Gabriel; Vice-President, Frank Metzger; Corresponding Secretary, Linda De Marchi; Recording Secretary, Angeline Faso; Treasurer, C. Marjorie Duly; Faculty Advisor, Mr. De Mond.

The club meets every two weeks on Thursday at 4 o'clock. It plans to keep the members in contact with affairs of the world. Membership is open to all.

C. MARJORIE DULY.

Freshman Week

Freshman week was a trying one for the Frosh, who had to perform all the duties which the upper classmen did not want to do. They were real sports, however, and did everything with great zest and willingness. To start them on the right road toward the gates of our Alma Mater, the Sophomores gave them ten commandments to follow:

1. We are your eternal superiors, the Sophomores.
2. Thou shalt have no other thoughts than of us.
3. Thou shalt not take the advice of the Sophomores in vain.
4. Remember your school days to keep them busy—seven days and nights shall thou labor and do all thy work—for in five days thou canst not do it all—cleaning lockers of all Sophomores, all dishes in the Sophomore kitchen, and all floors on which the Sophomores tread.
5. Honor thy sisters—the Sophomores—that thy days may be long suffering in the halls which they have allowed you to have.
6. Thou shalt not kill time.
7. Thou shalt not commit adulteration of foods nor compacts.
8. Thou shalt not steal each other's chemistry notes nor gym bloomers.
9. Thou shalt not covet the Sophomores' good looks nor brains for unto these ye cannot attain.
10. Thou shalt not bear false hair into classes and ye shall dwell in the house of horrors forever.

Then for fear that the Freshies would go astray there were large posters in all the halls. The girls were all to wear white middies, green ties, and dunce caps. Since our Sophomore weather prophets saw approaching cold weather, they deemed it necessary for the Freshies to wear gloves. It has sometimes been noted that Freshies have the habit of losing their books. Therefore all books were to be carried in pillow cases. The Sophs have not altogether grown up, for we saw several of them eating the Freshmen's lollypops!

A big event of the week was the Campus Frolic, conducted by the Fourth Year Class. Each Freshman section put on a stunt for the upper classmen. There was a circus, a fashion show, a singing school, a football game, and other clever acts.

On Friday morning the Third Year class rewarded the Freshmen's good-natured obedience by inviting them to be honor guests at the Junior Vaudeville. The Freshmen had the very front seats, and are now dreaming of the days when they as upperclassmen, may occupy those seats again, and be able to see and hear everything that goes on in assembly.

Freshman Week was a great success, for the Freshmen feel now that they are a part of the school, and that they want to show the upperclassmen that they can work as well as play.

ALICE BAGG.

Reaction

Specialized Psychology is a very funny class
Where one tries to analyze the adolescent mass
All their queer behavior as it's acted through the day,
Don't you think the subject a strange one anyway?

SALLY BEARD.

SCHOOL NEWS

Section Party

Graduation sections I and II joined forces to have a party last month—some party! Confiscating Toastmasters Jeffe and Stewart, assisted by Mr. Gorham and, "the end of the table" made the dinner a big success. Miss Hazel Barber undertook the role of dancing instructor and initiated Messrs. Schaeffer, Griffin and Schultz into the mysteries of Terpsichore. Observers were inclined to question the sincerity of the professed neophytes.

Debating Club

The Debating Club program got off to a fighting start, November 2nd when President Ray Burke, aided and abetted by Jake Chazin, undertook to establish that debating in school is all, "phooey". Ray's eloquence was no match for the logic of Al Dunklin, who, with Joe McMahon, defended the debating institution. The diplomacy of Acting Chairman Bill Adermann prevented any fist encounter.

Men's Club Meeting

Hats off to the Scholarship Men, who were hosts at the first meeting of the Men's Club, November 2nd! Hats off to some 300 men of our faculty, student-body and night classes whose spirited co-operation made this smoker a rip-roarin' glorious catastrophe! Girls, you missed the hottest show in Teachers College history! And education? What you might have learned about yourselves from Harold Thomas! Or of history in the cross-examination of Barbara (Callahan) Fretchie, and in the battle of Waterloo, wherein big Benny Von Wellington overthrew Mr. (Parker) Napoleon! Elmer Trew out-Padrewski-ed Rachmaninoff, while the Charleston-ations of the dancing Daniels brought down the house. And if you think the Dempsey-Tunney fight was brutal you should have seen the honest-to-sure-enough mauling the Maul brothers handed each other! Ten sandwiches after the show the Teachers College base quartet opened up; the writer it opened the baser it got till finally the whole gang was yelling in-dissension under the henceforth notorious conductor, Herr "Dutch" Pfaffenbach. All in all, it was the best calamity we ever enjoyed. Thanks, Scholarship Men! We'll try to make it as hot for you next time!

New Central Council Chairman

Mr. Mesener has been elected chairman of the Central Council to succeed Mr. Bradley.

COMMENT

Maurice B. Rovner

For a long time we have been searching the columns of college editorials in quest of "the great editorial", but it was not until last month that we found one which deserves to win the celluloid frying pan. The editorial "Clean Minds—Clean Feet" was published in the "Orange and Blue", student publication of Carson-Newman college.

The writer dashes off a list of things which he is thankful for: the passing away of the "red" element from Carson-Newman; the increase of those who are willing to co-operate in building a greater college; the fact that "we have a Senior Class who have in their hearts love, mercy and pity for the Freshmen". But last and most important of all the writer is grateful because "Everyone has an opportunity to take a bath three times a week, therefore there is no reason anyone should go to class with his feet offensive to them who have to be present."

Congratulations are in order for this original editorial writer. His knowledge of the English language, his hatred for the thinking student and his desire for "a greater Carson-Newman" will make him an expert bond salesman upon graduation.

* * *

In the last issue of "The Record" we said that we expected the American cultural Renaissance to come from the ladies. If it were the polite thing to do we would now say "We told you so", and you would agree with us upon reading "Volume Two of the Vassar Journal of Undergraduate Studies". The scholarship of the debs reaches its apogee in articles entitled: "Studies Touching Moot Questions in Wordsworth Criticism", "Conditions Underlying the Spread of

Religion", and "The Application to Bacteriology of the Determination of Hydrogen Ions". Ponderous footnotes, long bibliographies and abundant data accompany the articles.

Can any fellow imagine himself under the moon on a June night with the girl who wrote the article on Wordsworth criticism? But why waste the time on idle suppositions? Most fellows haven't learned to think, and under the moon is not the best place for the first lesson.

* * *

Dr. W. R. Atkinson, instructor of psychology at Southwestern College, reports that the average intelligence of the Freshman class is equal to that of a United States army major. You, the reader, must decide which of the two is being flattered.

* * *

We have met with a bit of interesting writing lately in the form of a letter which a young lady wrote to "The Spectator" in the early part of the eighteenth century. She complains to Addison and Steele of the immorality of the following passage from the play "Funeral," when a young lover speaking of his beloved cries out: "Oh that Harriott! to fold these arms about the waist of that beauteous, struggling, and at last yielding fair!" "The Spectator" agrees that this is a most obscene and smutty statement for a young man to make. It is enough to make the most callous American shudder when he thinks of England's moral corruption back in those evil days.

* * *

Several weeks ago some members of our Faculty in an Assembly report told of the great international educational convention at Toronto. They spoke in glowing terms of the sentiment which prevailed at that meeting, as the students listened eager to learn of the growing international good will. As the meeting adjourned, our blood quickened when Dr. Neumann told of the Japanese who leaped

up to echo a cry of friendship. But at the same time reason held our emotion in check, for we wondered just how much lasting good such a demonstration could accomplish.

An article in the November "New Student" by Professor Oscar Jaszi has somewhat clarified our perplexity. Professor Jaszi of Oberlin, formerly Minister of Education in Hungary, says that English and American statesmen "make a cold lip service to the goddess of Peace, but simultaneously they prepare for the new biological and chemical warfare compared with which the World War will appear as the skirmishes of savages". He likewise believes that "reiterated expressions of good will and amity" are insufficient because "there can be no real good will and amity as long as the causes of conflict and distrust still continue." He declares that "a real policy of peace must be dynamic and not static. On the basis of the status quo there cannot be a real peace".

Before the World War we had grandiloquent speeches for international friendship. Monarchs and potentates made triumphant visits to country after country. The Hague Tribunal stood as a symbol of peace and righteousness. A few shots at Sarajevo showed the superficiality of it all. These were the thoughts which checked our emotion as we heard of our Japanese brother. Teachers cannot sit back and smile in indolent self-satisfaction contented merely with expressions of tolerance. Wars will return despite discussions at enthusiastic meetings. Not until this World Educational Federation aggressively approaches the problems of overpopulation, of economic inequality, of the domination over minorities and backward races, of the ridding of wretched conditions, can it hope to accomplish its aim. Text-book cleansing is one healthful sign, but the thing to remember is that the

bulwarks of modern society may require some shifting and it will take more than friendly speeches to do this.

* * *

Mayor Thompson of Chicago has proved himself to be the best entertainer in the country, not excepting Will Rogers. He speaks "American", not English, and believes that John Bull is waiting to seize us at first opportunity. He is carrying the joke too far, however. Let us hope that he will soon be squelched.

* * *

Some of us may still be worried about the ending of Frank R. Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger?". Mr. H. G. Clarke writing in the London "Daily Herald" has attempted this conclusion:

"Taking in the situation at a glance, he promptly snatched a sword from a soldier, rushed up to the king, decapitated him with one sweep of the sword, took the princess by the hand, led her to the officiating priest, and compelled him, under threat of instant death, to perform the marriage ceremony!"

Boy, page John Barrymore!

* * *

NOT IN THE LESSON PLAN

(Note to the Editor: I can vouch for the originality of these gems, for they all happened in my own experience.)

Used to Be

Teacher (getting acquainted with pupil after class): "Are you related to Mrs. Nichols, Elsie?"

Elsie: "Yes, she's my aunt. She used to be my father's sister before she got married."

Should Have Been Shot

(From a seventh grade essay on Lincoln): "While sitting on his wife in a Ford at the theatre, an actor slipped up behind Lincoln and shot him in the balcony."

ATHLETICS

Inter-Class Basketball

The initial game in the first round of interclass tournament eliminated the Second Year General Industrial team, the Scholarship men getting the long end of a 10-11 score. In another spirited game the General Normal First and Second Year team emerged with a 22-19 score, having defeated an all-star Industrial '28 outfit. The last game in the first round effected the elimination of the Third Year Industrial team, the Third and Fourth Year General Normals scoring 13 points to their opponent's 7.

In the second round of the series the General Normal seniors draw bye, while the First and Second Year Generals besied the Scholarship Group 21-9.

The final game of the tournament is still unplayed as "The Record" goes to press. The General Normal Third and Fourth Year team will play the First and Second Year General Normals, a game which promises to be a battle royal.

Lineups for first round:

Scholarship (11)	(10) 1 Yr. Gen. Industrial
Maul, r. f. (3)	(0) r. l. Ernst
Dick, l. f. (0)	(2) l. f. O'Toote
Jensen, c. (4)	(2) c. Caraliere
Diebold, r. g. (3)	(0) Ladsuca, (4) r. g. Caruana
Thomas, l. g. (0)	(0) l. g. Goldberg

General Normal I and II (22)	(18) First Yr. General Industrial
Goodnow, r. f. (0)	(5) r. l. Whitlington
Ambellan, l. f. (4)	(2) l. f. Janowski
May, c. (5)	(3) c. Wilker
Maticio, r. g. (0)	(3) Owens, (0) r. g. Sharrow
Arcera, l. g. (4)	(0) Uhl, (0) l. g. Algier

General Normal III and IV (13)	(7) Third Year Industrial
Coffran, r. f. (4)	(2) r. l. Mundy
Burke, l. f. (2)	(2) l. f. Smith
Abate, c. (7)	(2) Holser, (0) c. Braun
Saterlee, r. g. (0)	(1) Sgroi, (0) r. g. Holser
Jenor, l. g. (0)	(0) l. g. Koehier

Lineups for the second round:

General Normal I and II (21)	(9) Scholarship
Bachman, r. f. (7)	(1) Parker, (2) r. l. Dick
May, l. f. (0)	(2) l. f. Maul
Stuart, c. (6)	(4) c. Jensen
Ambellan (0)	(0) ? g. Diebold
Gitin (2)	(0) Owen, (0) l. g. Thofsaas
Arcera, l. g. (0)	(0) l. g. Thofsaas

FRED AMBELLAN

Swimming

The swimming class at Lafayette High School pool is still going strong. An enthusiastic crowd turns out, or rather, jumps in, every Monday at 4:30. Marked improvement in the ability of the members is very evident. The beginners are beginning to float; the floaters are beginning to swim; and the swimmers are beginning to feel like "Trudy".

C. MARJORIE DULY.

Faculty Team

Our college recently branched off into another sport when our men faculty members organized a bowling team. Mr. Perkins is captain of the team, which includes Mr. Perkins, Mr. Root, Mr. De Mond and Mr. Clement, and comprises a part of the Buffalo Schoolmasters' Bowling League. We are expecting much from this group.

Varsity Basketball Practice

November 2nd witnessed one of the largest turnouts of basketball candidates in the school's history. We know that a large squad may soon dwindle if its candidates are too easily discouraged, but the squad upon which State Teachers College's success in 1927-28 depends seems to be made of finer stuff.

FRED AMBELLAN.

Model Vaudeville

On October 21, for the purpose of setting up a standard by which the Freshmen might judge and select the very best vaudeville, the Third Year class presented in assembly a "Variegated Programme of Unprecedented Scintillation". Helen Block and Dr. Daniels directed the cast which was selected for its exceptional beauty and talent.

Ruth Horton and Alice Brems appeared in "Grass Skirts", an act of Hawaiian music. The outstanding properties of this act were the grass skirts and a palm tree, both of which were very lifelike.

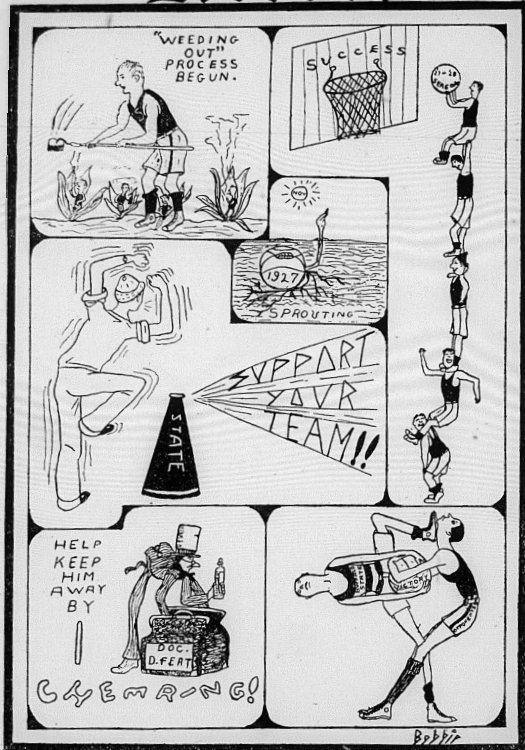
For the James Whitcomb Riley act, an original black mammy was imported from the south. Sally Beard coupled her talent with that of Marion Senecal, for a rollicking, dignified "Sallyhoop". Sally wore her grandmother's really and truly own wedding dress, while Marion appeared in a red chaille of the Spirit of '76. Lee Doll and Bob Grile, "Just Two Good Boys Gone Wrong", sang lustily of "Wiolets". Florence Nevins, champion puppeteer, pulled the strings that brought the audience to "Cinderella's" feet.

There were other extremely good features on the bill, but the "wow" of the performance was "Song and Mirth" by Udie and Welive. Aurelia Brown starred in this act, playing opposite Homer Bruce. The interesting part of the whole thing was that the hero was unaware of his part until the heroine suddenly turned to him and with soulful eyes and gesture bade him to meet her "Under the Moon".

Due to popular demand, the bill will be reinforced with added attractions and presented to the general public on the evening of December 1, 1927.

ALICE BREMS.

THE LITTLE Record

 NOVEMBER
29th 30th
 


EXCHANGE

Teach Them To Think

Not what to think, but how to think, says President Lowell of Harvard, is the task of the American college for the youth of this country.

Here, then, is an ingenious intelligence test of the college man. How mature is he? What are his hobbies and amusements? How easily is he led around by fads and fancies? What are his prejudices? How easily can he be stampeded in this direction or that? In the answers to these and other similar questions we may find the mental age of the student.

By this test also we may discover whether he is being taught to think for himself, or merely to sit placidly taking notes on the thoughts of others.

President Lowell has hit the nail on the head. He says, politically men are born free and equal. But intellectually they are neither free nor equal. And hence to teach men how to think and what to exercise their thoughts upon as cultivated individuals, is the object of the college that is not primarily vocational.

One barrier stands in the way of the realization of President Lowell's ideal. The present crowded condition of the colleges; the necessary size of the classes; and the pressure thus exerted on the instructor to generalize his teaching, makes the business of teaching the youthful mind how to think a serious one. In present circumstances it is so much easier to teach them what to think.—Campus, Rochester.

Berkeley, Calif. (IP).—College women are becoming smaller and college men larger, according to unofficial investigation made by the department of physical education at the University

of California. According to the department the average size of swimming suits given out to co-eds has decreased from the "Perfect 36" to 34. Men are becoming larger, however, as indicated by actual measurements during the past few years.

Mere man has found a defender in Indiana University. Prof. T. E. Nicholson, a member of the department of psychology there, says, "I think girls are quicker to see a point than men, but they do not think as profoundly."—Campus, Rochester.

Colgate has abolished practically all freshman regulations this year, apparently in the hope that by doing so freshmen will find their proper place in college life sooner than they would when regulated by strict rulings.

The establishment of a co-operative book exchange at Colgate this year has proved a successful venture, and students are now demanding that the exchange handle new books as well as second-hand ones.—Campus, Rochester.

Compulsory Chapel Abolished

Rochester, N. Y. (IP).—Compulsory chapel has been abolished at the University of Rochester by action of the board of trustees of that institution. In place of the required chapel services there will be held two weekly meetings of the students, both voluntary. One will be of a religious purpose, and the other for the transacting of student government business.

Same Thing

(From a sixth grade composition): "My little brother had been out with daddy in the car when they ran over a porcupine. When brother came home he said to Mama: 'We were out for a ride and daddy killed a box of toothpicks.'"

The Record

Published by the Students of the State Teachers College at Buffalo
 Terms, \$1.00 a Year Single Copies, 15 cents
 Printed in the State Teachers College Print Shop

MEMBER, THE COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Loud Speakers

It is not only trying to the audience, but embarrassing to the speaker, when the person talking in assembly cannot be heard throughout the auditorium. Nothing is so discouraging as, when one is giving a carefully prepared talk, to see heads bobbing and turning and to imagine the buzz of conversation in the sections to which his voice hardly carries. Often even a good speaker cannot be heard unless one gives very close attention. Some sort of amplifier should be provided for the platform. If it is not advisable to spend a large sum on this building, perhaps the Vocational men could set up a temporary form of loud speaker.

Whether they can hear or not, however, is no excuse for the downright rudeness of students who talk together when they cannot very well hear the speaker. They forget entirely that others around them may have keener ears or more constant attention. They forget, too, any responsibility toward the school itself, and to the speaker. Under almost any conditions, the students of a teacher training college ought to have enough self-control to sit quietly and politely through an assembly period.

Contributions

We are proud of the long list of contributors to this number of our magazine. The work of thirty-two students and the staff members ought to create a very representative record of our school life, and does bring us nearer to our ideal of a school magazine, which, in the confusion of many extra-curricular activities, reaches, interests, and, in a way, unites all the students.

Pink Slips

One of our faculty members has said that no one should have more than a day's notice for an assignment. Now that mid-semester examinations are so near, we find that the statement applies, perhaps, to us. It is a natural and doubtless permanent habit of students to "put off" doing their work, to do just enough to get through each day, and to "cram" for each test as it is announced. The best students, however—we have heard this so many times, yet still seem to learn only by experience—are those who do consistently good, steady work. The only royal road to mastery of a subject is the one of application and interest that makes one do a little more than is assigned.

The student who excuses his "putting off" habit by telling of the number of school parties that he has had to attend must find another reason, for the parties, dances, assembly programs last all through the year. He who thinks that the year is just beginning must realize that the school year is one-quarter over. If every one who receives a "pink slip" regards it as a warning instead of a threat, he still has time to get on the honor roll in January.

Christmas Play

The Christmas play to be given this year under the direction of Miss Goossen is "The Shepherd's Pipe" by Adelaide Nichols. The play is, in a sense, a miracle play, not because it follows the form of the old Miracles, but because it deals with "mortals who find themselves on the edge of a world beyond reality." It is a simple story, almost legendary in quality, of a group of peasants in twelfth century France. The scenes are lovely, including a cathedral square and the cathedral. A spirit of mysticism pervades the play.

There is a cast of about thirty-five, including three children from the School of Practice. The leading parts are:

Pierre, a shepherd boy.....Dorothy Purdy
 Marie, a peasant girl.....Fay Leidy
 Old Paul.....Tom Finsterback
 Mother.....Dorothy Marley
 Gaspard.....Carl Minniek
 Count Bertrand.....Lee Doll
 The Countess.....Julia Forsythe

An interesting feature about the play is that scenery, costumes, lighting, music, all will be the work of students. With the aid of Mr. Bradley, Miss Hanson, Miss Keever, Mr. Weber and Miss Speir, students will plan and execute many of the details of play production. Student Chairmen are: Costume design, Eleanor Peacey; costume execution, Amelia Age; scenery, Walther Chavel; lighting, Humphrey Sgrol; properties, Francis Moulton. The play as presented will be an example of loyal student co-operation.

ALUMNI NEWS

The Alumni Association

The Alumni Association of the Buffalo State Normal School celebrated its fiftieth jubilee as an organization more than four years ago. Both as an organization and in the achievements of its individual members, it has to its credit a record of high ideals and worthy accomplishment. During this half century and more, over six thousand, five hundred students have been recipients of the earnest, painstaking instruction which the state so generously furnishes in its desire to open wide the doors of opportunity to the youth within its borders, and to meet to the full its obligations to the Commonwealth.

Of those who have been partakers of the benefits so freely bestowed, a goodly number have manifested their appreciation by permanently allying themselves, as members of the Alumni Association, with the institution which contributed so freely to their development. The response of these loyal members is most gratifying to all who have the best interests of Old Normal at heart. As we move onward under the new name which gives verbal expression to the enlarged opportunity for service our Alma Mater now enjoys, it is hoped that many more of those who are entitled to the privilege will likewise manifest their continued interest by becoming active members of the Alumni Association of the State Teachers College at Buffalo.

For several years the annual gathering of the Association has taken the form of a banquet with some speaker of note to address the members. Those responsible for the next meeting have under consideration plans for a reunion within the walls of Old Normal. To those who are actively interested in the welfare and advancement of both School and Association, the presence of former graduates at the yearly gathering is a great source of inspiration and encouragement. Be assured the welcome to all will be most cordial and sincere.

New Officers

At the last meeting of the Alumni Association, the following officers and directors were elected for the current year:

President	Mr. Andrew W. Grabau
Vice-President	Mrs. Ella K. Sporr
Secretary	Miss Evelyn E. Russell
Treasurer and Registrar	Miss Annie E. Davies
Directors—Miss Henrietta K. Straub, Miss Rubie B. Donaldson, Miss Eleanor L. Murray, Mr. James P. Smyth, Miss Alice McKay, Miss Theresa Hoehlsler.	

Alumni Doings

Miss Margaret Wylie, '10, is working for her Ph.D. at the University of Michigan. She attended Cornell University for two years, after a few years of teaching. Her work in psychology is well known in this section of the State.

Miss Winifred Naylor, '08, is at present Head of the English Department of the Niagara Falls High School. Miss Naylor and Dr. Brubancner are writing an English book for Junior High School work.

Ruth Fedder, Alice Hitchcock, Marion Bebee, Anna Klaus and Catherine Daw, all of the class of '27, are teaching in the schools of Niagara Falls.

Eleanore Backus, '27, is at the University of Buffalo, working for her degree. Eleanore hopes to go to Africa as a missionary, after graduating from U. B.

Harry Abate, '25, after teaching two years, has returned to our college for the fourth year course.

Marriages

Mildred Weiss, '24, to Edward Magee, on September 24, 1927.

Mary Alice Dwyer, '26, to Donald Stark, on July 2, 1927.

Florence Stinson, '27, to John Dentin, on June 24, 1927.

Mildred Shank, '27, to Charles Hansen, on May 8, 1927.

Mary Elizabeth Houghton, '27, to James Wells, Jr.

Alumni Letters

Unlontown, Penna.

The school paper, of which I now find myself the proud advisor, was left in deplorable shape by whoever handled it last year. I have had to enlist a new staff and to date I have about forty youngsters under my authoritative wing.

To familiarize this green staff with writing methods, I have organized a class in what I call "Junior Journalism." The leaders in local educational circles have become quite enthusiastic over the novelty and I am enjoying their support and commendation.

I think that this is the first attempt to give scholastic credit for what is actually extra-curricular work. You see, I plan to use the class periods for writing up articles for the school paper—The Junior Ally.

Of course, I would not have been satisfied unless I could change the paper all around. I have made it over almost entirely—enlarged the size, changed the name, instituted a new system of gathering subscriptions, and in other words, been my natural self.

KENNETH J. MASON.

Dream or Reality?

I had always dreamed that such a place existed. But, to find it in actuality, no—that was too much to expect in this life. And, incomprehensibly enough, Sorrento was real; very real, indeed, to a travel-worn body. After Naples, the paradox, with its glorious bay and unspeakable filth; the decayed grandeur of Pompeii, and the brilliance of the Amalfi Drive, blurred by a veil of dust; I came to Sorrento as to a long sought haven. Sorrento, with its wickeria; its quiet, and peace. Standing on my balcony, I was suspended in space—between the soft tropical sky and the pellicud Mediterranean, with Vesuvius and its eternal spiral of smoke standing sentinel in the distance. When I descended countless stone steps, presently to plunge into the smooth velvet of the sea, and to swim on forever into the horizon,

time was negligible. As I swam on and on, nothing intercepted me except an occasional slow moving sailboat; its sail orange against sapphire sky. Then—dinner on the terrace overlooking the water, with the sun sinking slowly into a lavender horizon, and the curl of smoke over Mt. Vesuvius drifting across the sky like a streak of sunset cloud. As the lavender became black, a string of brilliants were flung over the black hulk of Vesuvius—the lights of the Finicula. Stars trembled in the soft blackness—time flowed by, each moment an eternity. The water lapped monotonously on the shore. No, it could not be real, idyllic as it was—but, incomprehensibly enough, it was.

MARION BEBEE.

Educational Opportunities

Musical Assemblies

If the musical assemblies, which have entertained us so far, are an evidence of those which are coming, we may expect some very fine programs. At the first of these, we were introduced to the Ampico reproducing piano, offering Anton Rubinstein's Kamenoi Ostrow, played by Josef Lhevinne. Since then, the student body has enjoyed many other selective programs Monday and Friday, at noon, under the direction of Rosamond Ojlef and Price Aderman. At the second assembly, the student body as a whole took part, practicing school songs and learning a new four part song, "Barcarolle," from "Tales of Hoffman." The rehabilitated orchestra, too, helped make these assemblies a success.

MARTIN FRIED.

The Blumenschein Exhibit

On Thursday, October 26, instead of holding its regular meeting, the Art Kraft Klub visited the Albright Art Galleries, to see the special exhibit. Miss Hanson gave a very interesting review of the life and work of the artist, Ernest L. Blumenschein.

Mr. Blumenschein first visited Taos, New Mexico, in 1898, before any other artist. He finally settled permanently at Taos, and began an extensive study of the Indian and his customs. Upon his observances are based the majority of his pictures, as "Superstition", which was awarded the first Altman prize, and "Sangre de Christo Mountains", which won the second Altman prize at the National Academy of Design in New York City.

Originally, Blumenschein was a poster painter, a fact which accounts for the vividness and almost impressionistic quality of his pictures. Only an artist of great ability could blend the intense colors, as he did, to obtain such interesting results.

MARY BENZINGER.

CONTRIBUTOR'S COLUMN

A Trip to the Moon

Far, far below me was the earth. Just above me was the rim of the moon, and in a very few minutes I had reached it. I was just detaching my wings, when there came into sight the queerest group of creatures that I had ever seen. Their skin was a brilliant green, their hair stood up straight on their heads, and in the center of the forehead of each was one eye, which looked more like an automobile headlight than an optic.

"At last you have come. We have been expecting you for so long. We will go to the Queen's palace immediately, and feast on cream puffs and chicken salad," said one of the group, grinning as he approached me.

Hurrying me forward he assisted me to mount a steed, which I saw to my astonishment, was a rocking horse. As soon, however, as I was seated upon it, the horse began its gallop backward at a terrifying rate of speed. Looking over my shoulder, I saw that he was swiftly approaching the edge of the moon. Then I was falling, falling through space for millions of miles.

"Oh, I wish I had my wings," I said aloud, "or that I were back on earth again."

At that moment I awoke! I had not been to the moon. It was all a dream!

EVELYN T. RICH.

Personal Reaction

The class began. Roll call was taken and then everyone sat in strained silence. I remember perfectly that Mary was biting her finger nails and Ruth was alternately flushing and paling. I found out later that my handkerchief was torn in shreds. Not a word was said. My throat was parched and my breath came in gasps. Finally, after five long minutes the tension was broken. The teacher said, "We will have no stories told today, girls. You may use this hour in any way that you wish."

KATHRYN KRANICHPELD.

The "E" That Wasn't an "E"

When I had satisfied myself that my eyes were not deceiving me but that I had really received an "E" on my first theme, I gave myself up to the praise and exultation I considered myself worthy of. The realization that I was the only one in the class who had been honored with the coveted grade added immensely to my pleasure. Lacking in even the slightest sympathetic emotions I literally beamed on the glum countenances of those surrounding me. These poor unfortunates were not gifted, that was all. Yet in High School, I had never received over seventy-five or eighty percent on a composition.

When the first wave of emotion had receded, that was all. It irritated passion in my neighbor's expression as she glanced at the solution that it was a me extremely but finally I satisfied myself with the solution that it was a look of envy rather than pity, for she had only received a "C". Gradually, however, I found myself questioning this solution and my discomfiture increasing

as I became aware of similar expressions from those around me. Imagine the rude awakening due me when I heard the girl beside me comforting me and explaining that in college "E" does not stand for excellence, but is, on the other hand, the lowest mark obtainable.

MARIE MARTIN.

I have noticed that education is not so much having something, as conquering something. If in some way our memory could be trained to store all the things we learn in school, while we did nothing but accept them, it would be worth very little. The most valuable thing is not so much what we learn but the hard work it takes to learn it.

ARLEIN KEEN.

Faculty News

Faculty Men's Club

The Faculty Men's Club is an active and industrious organization. The first meeting this year was held October 14 at Mr. Phillip's summer home near Angola-on-the-Lake. Mr. Perkins presided over a New England clam bake and Mr. Gorham was the speaker of the evening.

On November 11 the second meeting was held at the home of Mr. De Mond. Mr. Perkins spoke on vocational education.

New Development in Extension Work

This school year marks a new development in the extension work under the direction of Mr. Clement. In addition to the regular Saturday morning classes, the extension work now includes groups at various centers at Niagara Falls, Tonawanda, Jamestown and Hamburg.

Faculty Meeting

At the Faculty meeting, held October 31, several important questions were discussed.

The Faculty voted on whether they should pay the blanket tax and they decided that they would. Of course, they have been paying their blanket tax up to this date, but the question had not been discussed at a meeting before.

Dean Reed gave a report of the Convocation which she attended with Miss Caudell and Mrs. Gemmil.

Mr. Root was elected our representative to the General Assembly, State Teachers Associations. He will attend the meeting at Troy over Thanksgiving week. We feel that we will be well represented by Mr. Root's presence and are looking forward to hearing about it when he returns.

CATHERINE O'BRIEN.

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BOOKS

Chaos or Cosmos

In the October number of the "Atlantic Monthly" appears an article by Henry W. Holmes, Dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, entitled, "Chaos or Cosmos in American Education." In this article Mr. Holmes has clearly shown that American Education is in a chaotic state. This condition is due to the fact that we do not know what to teach in our secondary schools, nor how to organize a system with a definite start and finish. We put too much emphasis on points and credentials, instead of on definite aims which will give the pupil a thorough knowledge of the subject. We gabble in numerous subjects with the main idea of getting just enough to pass the final examinations, so that it is surprising, Mr. Holmes says, that the secondary school student does as well as he does.

In order to bring order out of chaos, Mr. Holmes suggests that the college entrance examination should not be entirely abolished, but that to be of real value it must be given at the right time, in other words, when the pupil has mastered a definite division of the subject. He says a new plan has already been tried at Harvard. This plan in our system, Mr. Holmes thinks, will be a success only when school masters in our secondary schools work hand in hand with college authorities.

PAUL D. GRIFFIN.

Opinion

In last month's issue the name of Neva Merrill, with an average of 2.11, was omitted from the Honor Roll of June, 1927.

We Doubt It

(From a sixth grade history examination): "The Dictation of Independence was a treaty between the King of England and the close of the Revolutionary War."

Have you heard the queer noises issuing from 218 during the noon hour? Many of us have heard them, and we at last resolved to find out their cause. We discovered to our surprise and joy that we are to have a S. T. C. Band! We are sure that our teams will appreciate the band, because music always lends encouragement and expresses victory.

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Impressions at Lunch

A jogging line, a lagging line,
Waiting at the door.
A long line, a hungry line,
Yet always gaining more.

A lean girl, a fat girl,
Deciding on her diet.
A sad girl, a glad girl;
Are they never quiet?

A homely face, a pretty face,
Glad to have been fed.
A big check, a little check;
What more can be said?

DOROTHY MARLEY

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The Christmas Candle

A Christmas candle sputtered
In a window, Christmas night,
And a grouchy one, who muttered,
Plodded past and saw its light.

His footsteps grew less heavy
With his petty woes forgot;
A tiny smile was born in him
At some wee happy thought.

A woman turned the road bend,
With a bitter heart she sighed,
"True Christmas, long has ended—
Gifts are only bought for pride."

The Christmas candle's wee light
Strove so hard to catch her eye;
It did;—her heart grew warm and bright,
And prayer replaced her sigh.

But one who claimed to know much,
Blew away the little light.
He laughed, "A waste of wax, is such!
Who'll see that thing tonight?"

Virginia Van Pelt.

The Record

State Teachers College at Buffalo

VOL. XVI

Christmas Issue, 1927

No. 3



Greetings From "Father Frank"

I like to think that everyone means just as well as I;
I hope we'll learn to understand each other by and by.
I pray that Life may be as kind to others as to me—
That all may find Contentment in the arms of Destiny!

Dear Editor:

This being a season of amnesty, I am forgetting the blue pencil that stands between us and the perversity of your proof-reader who insists on correcting my spelling. To you and to your staff, and to all my other acquaintances at Teachers' College—many friends! happy days! indigestion! I hope Santa Claus will be good to all of you, and bring you fur coats and sport roadsters. I hope you will be good to Santa Claus, not choosing his neckwear for him nor giving him the wrong brand of cigars. I trust the New Year will find us all full of turkey, nuts, candy, and good resolutions. May the nuts not go to our heads, nor the good resolutions to our stomachs!

For me, Christmas time is a season of fond recollections. These are the blessings of age—of which youth is so frankly impatient. Ah, well! I used to think hair on the top of my head was becoming, but now I feel wiser, without it. I used to write verses to a dozen sweethearts; but now I can only remember.

I've been speeding along Life's race-course
In a madly gay career—
Leaving behind in a dust-cloud
My friends, of yester-year.

But the course turns back each Christmas—
I flash past the grandstand of Love.
I wave to my friends, hear them answer—
Then off across country I shove.

Now the gears of my speed-car are slipping.
The wheels of my youth have slowed down.
Will they carry me back at the finish
To the "pits" of my old home town?

I wonder if any will greet me
When the last lap of life has been run?
Will God give me one final Christmas
Back home—when my work is done?

I doubt it. But it's pleasant to dream!
Adios, everybody! A Merry Christmas to you!

"Father Frank."

[Note to the Editor: I am well aware that I'm handing you trash; but the "Muse" has been terribly mulish! I guess the trouble is age. I no longer look forward to merriment, but rather to peace. I hope you have plenty of good material. Merry Christmas!

"Father F.]"

[Note by the Editor: Next to "Father Frank," Mr. Ellsworth seems but a babe in arms.]

Man and Destiny

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

Life is a problem, not a mystery. Because we have not solved the problem of life is no reason for believing that it cannot be solved. Most people today discount the theory of man's saltatory origin. They accept modern phenomenal discoveries and inventions as natural solutions of physical problems. But the stone which rolls down hill still arouses the fear of God in man.

The fate of man has not been predestined. The power of environment over heredity and of heredity over environment discounts the psychical control of human action. Despite Hardy and "Father Frank," man is still capable of controlling his own affairs, limited, not by destiny, but by heredity and environment.

But, some may ask, why believe in a materialistic, metaphysical world when one can be so much happier in a world of spiritual values? To these I grant that it is a much happier view to accept some consolation in psychical fervor, in psychological prayer, but I must insist that it is not necessary, in doing this, to take for granted and axiomatic products of the human imagination, such as concrete descriptions of abstract characters. To those who ask this question I present these two advantages of my point of view: first, that it is logical and its proofs are more evident to the human eye and brain, and, second, that it is the more optimistic and philosophic point of view, in that it teaches that each individual, by self-education, may control his own life and get the very best things out of it according to his own values, limited only by his heredity and environment.

Martin B. Fried.

Ambition

An ogre deep within my soul have I,
Dissatisfaction's son, his sire my Wounded Pride.
From whose monopolizing wants I fly,
With appetite enormous, jaws open wide,
He gulps his food and sends me out for more.
I bred this demon who consumes my time.
I bound myself to satisfy his yawning maw
When he a weakling was. Now must I climb,
And strive and sweat to ward away his mangling claws
Lest maddened with hunger, he me devour.
Achievement is the meat I must supply
Till he be satiated or I die.

Hazel M. Barber.

A New Christmas Story

Anyone who is bored in advance by Christmas stories which cram the December magazines may find a fresh joy in one of the earliest English dramas. A miracle play, "The Shepherds," written in the latter part of the fifteenth century, has charm, vigor of action, and a simple reverence that many modern stories lack.

The play devotes ten of its twelve pages to a rollicking incident in the day of the three shepherds, and needs only two for a delicate vignette of the Nativity and the visit of the shepherds. The scene and the ancient story are delightfully incongruous. The three shepherds, who are as English as any of Hardy's Wessex characters, complain of the icy weather—"Lord, what these waders are cold!"—rail at their heartless English landlords, and swear by Christ before they know of His birth. Then Mak, the incorrigible thief, comes along, assures them that he will be honest now, as ". . . tren as steyll," and, as soon as they are all asleep, steals their fattest sheep. He takes it home to his wife, Gyll, a perfect match for him, and they conspire to outwit the shepherds. They tuck it into a cradle, and when the shepherds come to search the cottage, Mak tells them that he has a fine son. The shepherds find no sheep and leave, but the third one returns to bless the baby. He says:

. . . let me gyf youre barne
Bot sex pence.
Mak. Nay, do way! He sleyps.
Shep. Me thynk he pepys.
Mak. When he wakens he wepys!
I pray you go hence."

But the sentimental shepherd insists upon kissing the baby, and discovers that it is a sheep. The three shepherds seize the sheep, give Mak a vigorous tossing in a blanket, and go back to rest.

As they fall asleep, they hear the angel sing "Gloria in excelsis," then bade them "at Bedlem go see" the Babe Who lies
"In a cryb full poorly
Betwix two bestys."

Marveling at the lovely song, they go, and arrive at the stable to present their gifts, "a bob of cherys," "a byrd," and a ball. Mary greets them, and they go out singing.

The play may be found in a book edited by John Quincy Adams: *Chief Shakespearean Dramas*, in our library.

Josephine Choate.

LEAVES FROM FRESHMAN NOTEBOOKS

Note: The following sketches were written by members of a section in Freshman Composition, after certain poems by Amy Lowell—"Patterns" and a few of the "Lacquer Prints" like "The Fisherman's Wife," "The Lover" and "A Year Passes"—had been read aloud to the class. They are included here, not as finished products, but rather as a few tentative answers to the question, "What does poetry mean to me?"

My Reaction to "Patterns"

The reading of "Patterns" left me with a feeling of great pity for the poor, desolate lady of the stiff brocade. I felt her sorrow as she paced up and down the garden walk, stunned by the news of her lover's death in action, and dimly remembering that they were to have been married in a month.

I understood her bitter rebellion at the pattern life had made of her; a pattern of whale-bone and brocade that formed a barrier from which she could not possibly escape to happiness. As the elaborately gowned figure in pink and silver envied the gay, free, fluttering daffodils and squills, I knew that gladly would she have exchanged her pattern for theirs. Drearly, however, she looked into the future and saw herself, in the years to come, lonely, and destined forever to pace the garden walk, dreaming of what might have been. My pity deepened as with the climax of her thoughts came the cry, "Christ, what are patterns for?"

A Poem Reflected on a Passive Mind

The poem "Patterns" affected me in a manner similar to a tragedy-comedy. My immediate impulse, for some unaccountable reason, was to laugh at the distress of the unfortunate maiden; yet, at the same instant, I pitied and admired her. To me, this young creature, dressed in her tightly fitting and cumbersome gown, who doomed herself to tread the same old-fashioned garden path for countless seasons, presented a picture of utter foolishness. I felt that I wanted to give her some of my own loose, comfortable clothing, together with some advice about brooding over lost lovers. This sad person, in her stiff brocaded gowns, seemed weighted down with unnecessary burdens; yet, all this was fashion, a pattern from which the convention of style would not permit her to depart. She realized her weakness, and longed to escape from the imprisonment. She wished that she might sob forth her grief to the garden flowers, which, themselves, were arranged in a hateful fixed pattern. Nevertheless, she resolved to carry herself upright, to do as fashion dictated. While I pitied her sorrow, I admired this moral courage. The reminder of it has made me ashamed of my first impression.

Patterns Are for Those Who Can See

"Christ, what are patterns for?" Certainly they must have some reason for being. James Truslow Adams, in his much-discussed "Home Thoughts from Abroad," maintains that their object is to simplify manufacturing. He believes that we Americans are being made to conform to a pattern of standardized thoughts and desires. Mr. Adams, of course, considers the question from only one point of view. Other writers have said much the same thing. Robert Benchley tells of being unable to say anything but "Coca-Cola," when suddenly asked for his order. He says that this may be one of the objects of high-pressure advertising, to so impress the reader with the name of the advertised article that in an emergency he can think of nothing else. Logan Pearsall Smith is a little more subtle. All through his delightful little book, *Trivia*, he expresses a protest against patterns. He calls the following miniature "Drawbacks."

"I should be all right . . . if it weren't for these sudden visitations of Happiness, the down-pourings of Heaven's blue, little invasions of Paradise, or wafflings to the Happy islands, or whatever you may call these disconcerting Moments, I should be like everybody else, and as blameless a rate-payer as any in our Row."

But it seems to me that patterns are made for people like him, who refuse to conform to them. Only one who is not a part of the pattern can get a view of the whole thing; only he can appreciate the advantage of not belonging to it.

The Fisherman's Wife

The picture was that of an old lady waiting patiently for the return of her husband, who had gone out early in the morning on a fishing boat. She appeared to be a very happy and contented type of person as she sat peacefully before the fireplace in an old rocking-chair. Her grey head lay gently against the back of the chair, and her small, sparkling eyes shone with admiration as she gazed at the various types of mounted fish about the room. In her lap was curled a small kitten which she was softly caressing with her small and bony hands. The time passed slowly on. The fisherman did not arrive but the old woman, undoubtedly accustomed to the late arrival of her husband, did not show any signs of uneasiness as she continually rocked back and forth.

A Cape Cod Scene

A choppy sea splashed over the rocks at the edge of a white cliff. An old fishing dory tossed and creaked upon the waves. A fisherman's wife pacing across the sand, shaded her eyes and glanced worriedly across the water. A raw wind whipped a faded, grey shawl about her angular shoulders. White cotton stockings showed below her woolen skirt. As a little, one-sailed fishing skiff appeared on the bay she clambered down the sandy path and halloo-ed to the boat. As the craft neared land, the fisherman threw a long line ashore. Seizing the rope, the woman pulled the boat aground and made it fast to a tiny dock. The two unloaded several wicker baskets full of fish and hung the wet nets between two posts.

A Lover

"If I could catch the green lantern of the firefly,
I could see to write you a letter."

I wonder if love is so sensitive as that? I have never experienced a feeling that I could not later write about, or talk about, if I wished to; nor have I found anyone among my friends with the same loss of power. But I have played the part of an awe-struck lover, and so have many of my acquaintances. Somewhere, in the centuries long past, a man let slip the famous statement, "I cannot express my love of you," and he found it worked in his favor. Ever since that time, one generation of men has handed down that secret phrase to the next, and each found it successful. Thus, today, this is the only masculine secret to have lasted more than a week, and still be useful. Poets, Romeos and the less prominent gentlemen express the same feeling that that ancestor uttered, but in various manners and tongues, and each with the same idea of joking with woman. Paris gained Helen by these words. Anthony fooled Cleopatra, Raleigh gained riches from Elizabeth, and you and I gain woman's captivating smile.

A Painting of Fancy

My imagination has painted a lovely scene, inspired by the poem "The Lover." It is twilight, and the moon has not yet risen. Here and there, through the grey dusk, the greenish light of the firefly glows for a moment, then fades away. The gentle breeze carries with it the perfume of lilacs in full bloom. Through the trees, tiny lights from the windows in the distance gleam dimly. In a corner of the garden, where the shadows are thickest, a lady is seated on a low bench. The jazy wind rustles her stiff silk gown as she passes by. She is dreaming of her absent lover, to whom she has not written. The garden is so charming that she is reluctant to enter the house. If she could but catch the green lantern of the firefly, she could see to write him a letter.

SCHOOL NEWS

FOURTH YEAR CLASS MEETS

Supper Served, Business Discussed and Committees Announced

On Thursday, November 3, the Senior Class of the State Teachers College held its first real meeting, at which it discussed class business for the remainder of the year. Supper was served in the cafeteria and impromptu speeches were made by members of the class.

President Ray Burke says: "Violating all precedent, those invisible barriers between the Home Economics and General College groups were eliminated, resulting in a general good time." Mr. Burke announced the personnel of several of the Senior Committees, and stated that the complete list was not ready. Those given out are:

Prom—Helen Block, chairman; Eleanor Teeple, Marion Senecal, Moire Kerr, Ann Luther, Ella Rose Willoughby, Joseph Howlin, John McGrath, Harry Abate, Winifred Mahoney, Anna Duffy.

Cap and Gown—Mildred Johnson, chairman; Herman Porter, Helen Bunclarke, Price Aderman, Catherine Weber, Thelma Sherwood, Marjory Murray, Anna Warren, Juanita Dingler, Alton Dunklin, Evelyn Slocum.

Finance—Paul Thomae, chairman; Wesley Leech, Mildred Purplow, Verna Corcoran, Dorothy Parks, Eleanor Radder.

Ways and Means—Walden Cofran, chairman; Neva Merrill, Ernest Bishop, William Sisler, Dolores Desmond, Aurelia Brown.

Ring and Pin—Sylvia Wagner, chairman; Esther Sergel, Mary Lalle, Thomas O'Toole, Elmer Trew, Gertrude Vincent, Myra Sumner.

Picture—Frances Dorsett, chair-

man; Paula Eiseman, Evelyn Gast, Arthur Ernst, Alice Weinheimer, Alice Beard.

CROWDED HOUSE GREET'S STARS

Junior Vaude-Villians Give Return Engagement

On the evening of December 1, the Third Year Class presented a "special return engagement" of "The Junior Vaude-Villians" in the college auditorium. Many of the feature numbers of the former Assembly performance were repeated, and several new ones added.

Groups of late arrivals had to stand in the rear of the hall. There were many calls for encores.

The program was given under the supervision of Dr. Daniels. The committee in charge consisted of Helen Block, chairman; Dorothy Hyde, C. Marjorie Duly, Lee Doll, Alice Beard, William Rose and Grace Lichtenstein.

Non-Resident Association Organized by Girls

The Non-Residents Association, the newest organization at State Teachers College, has been formed to meet the needs of the two hundred non-resident girls of the college. Trips have been planned for Saturday afternoons to points of interest in Buffalo, as well as church attendance in a body for as many as wish to go.

Officers of the Non-Residents Association are: Letha Cooper, president; Caroline Lum, vice-president; Neva Merrill, secretary; and Cora Hunt, treasurer. A committee chosen from girls who are student helpers, who are rooming, or who are doing light housekeeping makes the executive board a representative one. Faculty advisors are: Dean Reed, Miss Chapman, Miss Robson and Miss Keever. Neva Merrill.

FREE U. B. LECTURES

Diversity of Subjects Offered by University Faculty at Grosvenor Library

Nine lectures remain of the annual series of Faculty Lectures scheduled by the University of Buffalo for the school year of 1927-28. These talks are given by members of the teaching staff of the University, and cover many subjects. They are free to the public. The lectures will be given in the Grosvenor Library auditorium from 4:30 to 5:30 o'clock on the Tuesdays of the schedule given below. Questions and discussions will follow many of the lectures.

Jan. 10—Leslie A. White, Instructor in Sociology and Anthropology, "Indians of the Southwest."

Jan. 17—Francis H. Bangs, Assistant Professor of English, "John Kendrick Bangs, Humorist and Editor of the '90s."

Jan. 24—Charles D. Abbott, Instructor in English, "Some Contemporary British Poets."

Jan. 31—John T. Horton, Instructor in History and Government, "John Adams and the British Commonwealth of Nations."

Feb. 7—Ballard L. Bowen, Assistant Professor of Psychology, "The Problem Child."

Feb. 14—Reginald H. Pegrum, Instructor in Geology, "The Oldest Rocks Known."

Feb. 21—Oscar A. Silverman, Instructor in English, "Thomas Hardy and the Epic."

Feb. 28—Edmund D. McGarry, Assistant Professor of Economics, "The Use of Science in Business Administration."

March 6—Richard H. Templeton, Professor of the Law of Corporations, "Has Democracy Failed in America?"

Turks No Worse Than Other People

"Even the Turks can teach us some lessons," says Dr. Reed. Dr. Reed is a professor in the University of Serbia. "Very few people have ever looked upon Turkey as anything except the sick man of Europe." In his talk on Tuesday, Nov. 29, Dr. Reed brought out the points of Turkey's greatness. For many years the Turks were the leading civilization in Asia Minor.

Their history has been the same as that of other countries. They have had a long struggle for national unity. They have been trying to introduce modern science, and invention into Turkey within recent years.

The war of 1914 forced the subject peoples out of Turkey so that Turkey today is nearer national unity than ever before.

Dr. Reed appealed to the future teachers, "Teach peace and to do away with hatred and war."

Hejen I. Bruce.

MRS. MOTT TALKS ON BUDGETING

Home Economics Girls Hear New Methods of Budgeting

"The American women spend 85 per cent of the 66 million dollar annual pay roll in America," says Mrs. Bessie Mott. "Therefore it is necessary for women to have a definite plan for spending."

It is always difficult for a person to live within his income, because so often it curtails personal desires. However, by using a budget one can put first the things he desires most. He thereby satisfies his own desires and at the same time lives within his income.

Many times it is hard to keep a budget because there are trivial things that one does not like to put down in a budget. Mrs. Mott has worked out a budget that allows a certain amount of petty cash to be spent for minor daily expenses. This is not accounted

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THE RECORD

for item by item, but is budgeted as a regular weekly expense.

"Spending is an art and budgeting makes this art practical for everyday life," says Mrs. Mott. "A budget is a definite plan for spending, not a keeping of records."

Helen Bruce.

K-P's Hold Theatre Party

On Monday, November 13, the Kindergarten Primary Section I saw Robert Mantell and his company play "The Merchant of Venice," at the Erlanger Theatre. This was the first section party of the year, but plans are being made for a Christmas party which is to include a dinner, followed by caroling at the Children's Hospital and later in the evening attendance at the Christmas play.

Grace Harry.

Seniors and Critics Banquet

Ninety students and critic teachers of the Third Year Grammar II sections held a banquet on November 22 at Reickert's Tea Room. Frances Lehman, section captain, made the welcoming speech. Mr. Steele and Price Aderman were other speakers. Miss Wels, Evelyn Westphal and Valma Wells were in charge of games.

Debating Club

In an informal debate on November 16, Irene Curley and G. Frank Glaser almost convinced the other members of the Debating Club that the United States should not have uniform divorce laws. It had been decided the previous Wednesday, by the victory of Harold Owen and Cora Hunt over Price Aderman and Eleanor Pierce, that the movies are an unmitigated social evil. At its present rate of dispatch, the Debating Club will soon have solved all the vital problems of political and social life, and Congress may at once adjourn, or devote itself (as it will, anyhow) to the issue of the 1928 elections.

G. Frank Glaser.

"FROSH" SECTION III HAS PARTY

First Event of the Year a Great Success

Song and laughter issuing from the Junior Assembly on Nov. 29 made it evident that Section III Freshmen were having a good time. The Charleston and the Black Bottom were done by some of the girls. Also, there were a number of solos.

"It seems that these talented members of our section have chosen the wrong vocation," says one member.

Supper was served in the cafeteria. After supper there was dancing in 218 and at 7:45 "Home, Sweet Home" was played.

Helen I. Bruce.

Exchanges

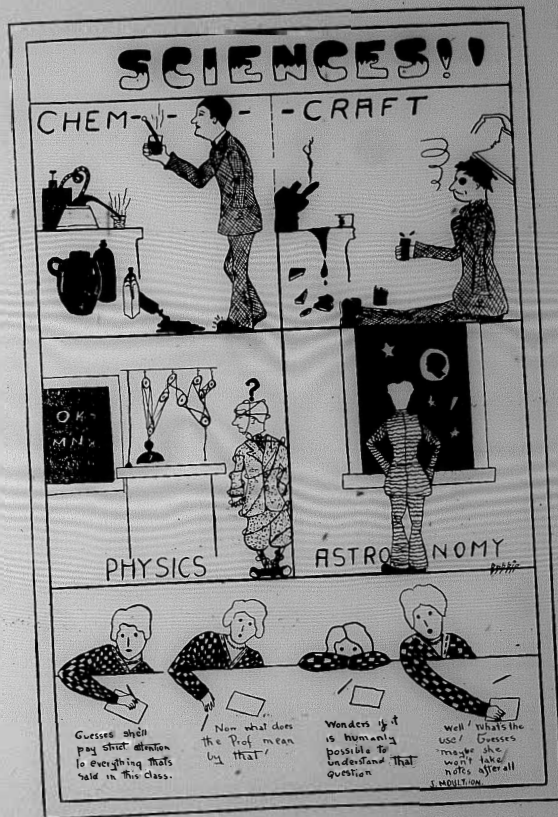
We are a college—so they tell us. But after searching for evidences we are still wondering just how a College differs from a Normal. From what we know of colleges, it seems that students are allowed to cut class several times a semester. We are a college—yet we can cut no class without a special permission. Why is this? We fail to see why we should not live up to the standards of colleges all about us.

—"The Green Stone," West Chester State Teachers College.

Los Angeles, Cal. (IP)—Students at the University of California, S. B., have numerous ways of earning their way through college, according to a report of the secretary of the alumni employment bureau, but the most novel, for men students at least, is that of two men who earn money by caring for babies while the parents are visiting away.

Three students are motormen on street cars, while several operate taxis in their spare time.

Two more students act as interpreters to German motion picture celebrities living in Hollywood.—"The Bee," University of Buffalo.



The Record

Published by the Students of the State Teachers College at Buffalo

Terms, \$1.00 a Year Single Copies, 15 cents

Printed in the State Teachers College Print Shop

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Perfect Editorial

As we sat pondering the ideal Christmas number editorial we thought of many things. Perhaps the best would be the story of the first Christmas, simply told—but Matthew and Luke had written that, perfectly. Perhaps a jolly or poignant story of another Christmas—but Dickens and O. Henry had done those too well. Perhaps, since New Year's is so near, a few wise, terse, pointed reflections on Truth, or Riches, or Adversity—but Bacon, in his essays had shown a depth of wisdom far greater than mine. Or a tender appreciation of Friendship—but Montaigne had already told many lovely fruits of friendship. Since we are all to become school teachers, how about a sound description of a Good Schoolmaster?—but Sir Thomas Browne, long ago, had analyzed him so shrewdly that his essay needs only a few bits of jargon to equal any modern text.

We can say little that is of value about most of these subjects; we can add nothing about them better than Matthew, and Dickens, and Bacon, and Montaigne have said. There is just a little advice that we can sincerely give. And some of it—this will do for both Christmas and New Year's—is, "Buy a book or so," and the rest, of course, is "and read it."

Professional Generosity

Anyone reading the announcement and list of lectures of the University of Buffalo's Faculty Lectures for this year, must feel surprise both at the variety of interesting topics offered, and at the generosity of a University which offers those lectures to the public, free of any fee or restriction. Not only the general public, but students in every department of our college, interested in subjects as far apart as "The Problem Child" or "Some Contemporary British Poets" and "The Use of Science in Business Administration," may take advantage of the splendid offer of a sister school. The questions and discussions which follow the lectures give students an opportunity to supplement or improve upon their work at our Teachers' College.

Basic Recipe

A change in news reporting adopted by The Record should need no editorial to call attention to it. However, analysis of the journalistic style sought for there may help the reader to criticize the new news section.

Journalistic style differs from literary style in that it is essentially objective, "trying always," as Dix Harwood says, in *Getting and Writing News*, "to reproduce a photographic impression of the events [it] covers." There is neither analysis nor comment. Factors of a good journalistic style are that it be brief, accurate and consistent. Except for variety, paragraphs, sentences and words should be short.

Details like these sound too familiar to the Freshman or to others who are struggling with a composition course. Perhaps that familiarity explains the fundamental quality of journalistic style—that is, as the Home Economics Department would say, a basic recipe, which may be varied at will, but which represents the essential requirements for a good product.

Belated Thanks

The speech which Mr. Du Mond gave in Assembly on Friday, November 11, was too late to go into the Thanksgiving number of The Record. We are thankful, however, for his speech—for the spirit of reverence which filled the Assembly at the close of his talk. In a quiet, reserved manner which expressed more strongly than any oratorical gestures, Mr. Du Mond told us of the horrors of war; made us thankful that we were not in the horrible battles, and then filled us each with a wish to stop war, even at heavy costs. The desire so strongly in everyone's mind created an almost tangible atmosphere that surely would have convinced the most hardened "behaviorist" that we are creatures not only of heredity and environment, but of the spirit as well.

What Price Absence?

We think that the program of our bi-weekly assembly should be announced in advance. Of course, we realize that, as a general plan, Tuesdays are set aside for outside speakers, and Fridays for student singing or program, but, we have learned, to our disappointment, that often this informal rule is disregarded. Surely the Faculty or Assembly Committee know the week before what the programs are to be for the next two Assembly periods. A small notice could be read in Assembly, and later posted on the bulletin board, along with other school news.

The Assembly programs have been so uniformly interesting, and the speakers, especially, so good, that there is a real price for absence from any assembly.

ATHLETICS

State Teachers College Basketball Schedule

Saturday, Dec. 3 Alumni at State Teachers College
Friday, Dec. 9 University of Buffalo at Music Hall
Saturday, Dec. 17 Canisius at State Teachers College
Friday, Dec. 23 Buffalo players on Indianapolis Normal College at State Teachers College (pending)
Friday, Jan. 7 Brockport Normal at State Teachers College
Tuesday, Jan. 10 Niagara University at Niagara Falls
Friday, Jan. 20 Cortland Normal at State Teachers College
Friday, Jan. 27 Geneseo Normal at State Teachers College
Friday, Feb. 3 Brockport Normal at Brockport
Saturday, Feb. 11 Canisius College at Music Hall
Tuesday, Feb. 14 Fredonia Normal at Fredonia
Saturday, Feb. 18 Mechanics Institute at State Teachers College
Friday, Feb. 24 Fredonia Normal at State Teachers College
Friday, March 3 Mechanics Institute at Rochester
Saturday, March 4 Geneseo Normal at Geneseo
Friday, March 9 Alumni at State Teachers College

State Defeats Powerful Alumni

The opening game of the season brought our varsity against one of the strongest Alumni combinations in the school's history. Bell, Stark, McMahon, Cleary, Baldwin and Swannie were on hand to battle for the Alumni.

The game was close in the first half, the varsity holding the long end of a 13 to 10 score. The second half found the Alumni unable to cope with the superior teamwork of the varsity, baskets by Abate, Smith and Jackson proving too great a handicap for the Alumni. Bell and Cleary, featured on the Alumni five.

STATE TEACHERS (25)	(17) ALUMNI
Wojnowski (1), Caruana, rf. (0)	(0) rl., Stark
Smith, lf. (8)	(0) lf., Baldwin, (0) McMahon
Wilker, c. (1)	(0) c., Cleary
Jackson, rg. (3), Genor (2)	(3) rg., Swannie
Abate, lg. (10)	(8) lg., Bell
Referee, Russell Burt, Canisius College.	Fred Ambellan.

Baseball

With the advent of our institution into collegiate circles we have extended the scope of our athletic activities by including baseball as a major sport for the first time in the history of the school.

Thanks to the enthusiasm and spirited work shown by the men of last year's group, an increase of \$2.50 in the blanket tax was voted by the student body which made possible an appropriation for baseball.

So far as can be determined so early in the season, prospects for a good team are excellent. There are many former high school baseball players enrolled in our college who will no doubt form a strong nucleus for a formidable team.

Mr. Grabau, who has won the deep respect of the student body in athletic circles by the splendid work he has done in the development of athletics at

S. T. C., will assume the responsibility of training this promising material into a fighting combination.

Although the 1928 baseball season is several months off, negotiations for games with Fredonia, Geneseo, Brockport and others are being made.

In addition to the increased tax which has been paid by the students, and which has made a baseball team possible, we need also the moral assistance of our student body in order to have a successful season.

Ercle Liberatore.

Girls' Basketball

Inter-class and inter-section games begin after Christmas. The turnout at practice has been very large. Nearly every section has a team, so the Freshmen and Upper Classmen tournaments will prove both interesting and exciting.

It's fortunate that we do not live in Turkey, where revolutionary remarks are taboo, because some of the oft-repeated expressions heard during basketball practice are, "Guard your man!" and "Shoot! shoot!"

C. Marjorie Duly.

A Toast

Here's to school, which is so tough,
We never will get all its stuff,
Our books we rustle home at night,
And sometimes hit with lots of fight,
We've learned our A's, and B's and C's
But learn again when we get E's,
So keep good hours, stay home at night,
You'll be rewarded, if you're bright.

Carleton E. Beck.

Comments Comments

We who travel, travel daily,
Travel to acquire culture,
Travel too in search of learning,
Often find that daily journey
Tends to make us rather weary
Even though we sometimes gather
Several winks of needed slumber
While we ride the rambling trolley
Seems to me you resident students
Have a life both free and easy,
Rising late, you eat with leisure
Breakfast that we grab and swallow
While we run to catch the trolley.
Kind of tough we seem to find it,
Chasing learning in a trolley
Losing sleep and bolting breakfast
All to catch an education,
While you poor downtrodden locals
Rise at eight and amble slowly
Toward that goal of education.

Kemel Kor-

COMMENT

Maurice B. Rovner

The preacher who declared that America's youth was corrupt was not entirely correct. Only a few weeks ago a University of Nebraska student complained because the "Prairie Schooner," the university literary magazine, had discussed Carl Sandburg's poetry. This student thought that it was most improper for a college journal to discuss such an immoral immorality as Carl Sandburg. When we discover what the name of that student is, we shall mail him a letter of thanks for his pioneer work of raising the American youth above the sordidness and evil of modern poetry. Three hallelujahs for a purer world!

"The New Student" reports that student leaders in the University of Rochester have had several nervous breakdowns. This wholesale prostration was caused by the results shown in a survey made by Professor Charles E. Watkeys, director of statistics. From a large number of Rochester alumni, both men and women, Doctor Watkeys learned that participation in student activities was considered the least valuable factor in college life. The gaining of a liberal education, on the other hand, was considered the most valuable thing.

We were indeed glad to see that the results of Doctor Watkeys's survey came out in just that way. Too often does a student imagine that he is partaking of the cream of college life because he happens to be active in some extra-curricular activity; for such unfortunates this report should be an eye opener. The prime objective in any institution of higher learning must be for the advancement of its students in liberal education. These ideas can be well applied to our

own Alma Mater, and will furnish much material upon which the thinking student may ponder.

One of the tests of a great speech is its thought-provoking proclivities. Judged by such a standard Doctor Reed's address in our auditorium ranked very high. With clenched hands and a trembling body he spoke of "the unspeakable Turk," and proved after all the Turk is but a human being "even as you and I." As he spoke we saw unfolded before us the tragedy of human ignorance and prejudice; we felt with him as we considered the injustice of it all. Yet we thought of something else which is far more tragic, more hopeless, more to be bewailed. That was the fact that our "educated" people are themselves guilty of prejudice.

As the speaker told of the prejudice of the Turkish and Greek peoples, we thought of those post-war dark days when university professors and students in Austria shouted, "Away with the Jews, invoke the numerous clausus!" We reminded ourselves of the Indiana-Michigan State football game when a colored player on the Michigan team was jeered by Indiana students; and of Italy, too, where only a few weeks ago Fascist students yelled, "Down with the Croats," and we thought also of Gary, Indiana, where another scene of shame was enacted. "Can it be true?" we reflected. Enlightened people? Ah, no, we had to face the biting truth. Far, far, must the human race travel before it reaches even the road to the good life, and woe betide us all if we allow such people to be in the vanguard.

We hear that the discussions of the Debating Society are not as well attended as they might be, but we believe we have a solution to offer. One way to get a packed house is to try a debate on Judge Lindsey's companionate marriage scheme. We guarantee excitement.

Every Buffalonian interested in education will profit by reading Doctor Dean's daily articles in the Buffalo Evening News. His writing is sometimes very dull and commonplace, but most often his message is both interesting and sensible. We were especially glad to read his article, "A Very Pretty Web," which was published on Saturday, December 4. He comments on a question raised by a prominent member of the National Association of Manufacturers' Convention. "Why can't you," asks the manufacturer, "work with us on the construction of curricula, define the conditions of a progressive training which entitles employers to use the labor of children, and carry this mass of people forward with a creative ideal of accomplishment in place of the ideas of idleness that you are instilling today?" We congratulate Doctor Dean on the daring way in which he "roasted" and exposed this crafty manufacturer. The schools are run for the benefit and welfare of individual, community and nation; not to fill the pockets of some bloated exploiter of child labor. If educators desire to do their calling full justice they should assert their ideas just as bravely as did Doctor Dean in that splendid article.

Any teacher can enjoy a merry Christmas if she reads the same paragraphs which we did in the Reverend Doctor Alexander Lyons' magazine, "The Supplement." The New York divine says: "In my latest visit to Europe I was again impressed with a large number of female American teachers everywhere in evidence. Bright, lively, venturesome maidens, they work ten months, save and go abroad for culture, inspiration and recreation. God bless them, I admire them profoundly and intensely. It is good

that I am not a disciple of Brigham Young. I could take every one of them to my heart . . . they are not appreciated at home . . . taken too much as a matter of course."

Such a master on the art of complimenting should not go unrewarded. Will the teachers of America rise to the occasion?

Early this month Buffalo newspapers carried dispatches regarding the suspension of Frank Learnman, a Buffalo boy, from the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, because he wrote editorials which were opposed to the faculty ruling on student hazing. We had read Mr. Learnman's article some weeks before we saw the newspaper report, and had decided that it was very mediocre and silly.

It seems to us, however, that the administrators at R. P. I. would have done far more nobly and wisely had they allowed the young man to continue his vaporings. The editorials would have died a natural death, and the engineering school would have gained in the eyes of its sons.

The reciprocal flattery of young men and women of today is very weak, if not insane. At the expense of appearing reactionary, we will again refer our readers to the dim past, as we did in our comment in the last issue of *The Record*. Young lovers who wish to flatter each other would do well to take lessons from Mitford's characters, Miss Seward and Mr. Hayley:

Miss Seward—
Pride of Sussex, England's glory,
Mr. Hayley, that is you.

Mr. Hayley—
Ma'am you carry all before you,
Trust me, Lichfield swan, you do.

Miss Seward—
Ode, dramatic, epic, sonnet,
Mr. Hayley, you're divine.

Mr. Hayley—
Ma'am, I'll give my word upon it,
You yourself are—all the nine, etc.

ALUMNI NEWS

1927 Graduates Teaching In Buffalo

School Address:

Mr. Karl Kumpf.....	Elm Vocational School
Mr. William Lanahan	School No. 18
Miss Dorothy Pagel	School No. 63
Miss Leonora Glasby	School No. 32

1927 Graduates Teaching Out of Town

School Address:

Miss Adah M. Frank.....	Kenmore, N. Y.
Miss Lois S. Rieffer.....	Olean, N. Y.
Miss Doris Peard	Batavia, N. Y.
Miss Marian Kappe	Perry, N. Y.
Miss Zillah E. Jackson.....	Lawton, N. Y.
Miss Kathleen Gunn	Batavia, N. Y.
Miss Marguerite Wendel	Lockport, N. Y.
Miss Margaret Ensminger	Tonawanda, N. Y.
Miss Hubertha Faxlanger	Olean, N. Y.
Miss Margaret Miller	Batavia, N. Y.
Miss Emily Trachsel	Kenmore, N. Y.
Mr. Richard Thiele	Rochester, N. Y.
Mr. Wesley Fisher	Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Mr. Robert Black is principal of the elementary school at Irondequoit, N. Y.	

Letters From the Alumni

"Government Employees"

If such a thing as "Home Bureau" appeared in the dictionary the probable meaning would read: "A government organization teaching extension courses in home economics subjects to organized groups of women." So it is that we, in the work, are kept busy, busy every minute of the day, five and a half days a week.

Although the Buffalo Home Bureau teaches all imaginable subjects from "how to reduce" to "how to block men's felts into women's chic Parisian models," my work, with a very few exceptions, deals with foods! You could easily realize, were you to see our "meeting places" which include churches, schools and community houses, that the work given must be taught through demonstration methods, and so it is.

Each day brings a new problem. Today the subject may be "cakes"; tomorrow, "desserts"; the next day, "casserole cookery," and so on through the days of the week and the year—the topic varying with the season and the group.

With the day's dishes decided upon and the marketing done, one sets about making and packing a collection of utensils, for generally it is necessary for us to carry everything, even to teaspoons and matches. (A car comes with the job, though.) When salt is forgotten one quickly suggests the reason

for omitting salt from the diet, when an egg beater is missing it may be necessary to ransack the neighborhood, hoping to beg, borrow, or if worse comes to worse, steal one. (Sometimes it does amount to the "worst.")

The days when the topics are simple, reading perhaps, "Fifteen minute meals," "Candies," "Cheese dishes," "Pastries," all is well but it isn't so funny when the program reads, "slip covers for furniture," "dress forms," "dyeing," or even "the making of fireless cookers" and one's name appears after it. It is on those days that one feels like "dying" in the true sense of the word.

The contact with people is one of the nicest parts of the work. There are all the famous people: Mary Barber, Arnold Surcliffe, the salad book man; Miss Van, and all the others at the college; Ina Lindman, the canning expert; Robert McLean, the excellent bread demonstrator; and besides these individuals one has the choicest—the groups as a whole and their individuals. The negro groups are such enthusiastic folk that they inspire; the Italians, so quick and eager that one reddens with shame at impatience with them; and along with these the other groups whose individuals unload their burdens on you—all of which makes one thrill at the reward for some of the long, but varied, days in Home Bureau work.

Harriet Cooke, '26.

"Following graduation from Buffalo Normal School, I taught for several years in the schools of Niagara Falls. I received my A. B. in 1918, from the University of Michigan, where I specialized in sociology and psychology, and acted as assistant in the Psychology Laboratory during my Senior year.

In 1918-19 I served as psychologist in the United States Public Health Service in Detroit. From 1919-25 I was associated with the Wayne County Psychopathic Clinic of the Juvenile Court, in Detroit.

In 1924 I took my M. A. at the University of Michigan, and at this time received the Butzel Fellowship in applied sociology.

In 1925 I visited nursery schools and children's clinics in England and Scotland. From 1925-27 I was Assistant Professor of Child Training at Cornell University. I have resigned my position to continue work on my doctorate thesis. I hope to get my degree of Doctor of Philosophy in June, 1928.

I am a member of Pi Lambda Theta [National Honorary Education Fraternity], Pi Gamma Mu [National Honorary Social Science Fraternity], Phi Beta Kappa, Michigan Academy of Science, American Association for Advancement of Science."

Margaret Wylie, '10.

To My Professor

I love to go to English
To hear him rave and shout,
But I often wish I had the brains
To know what it's about.

I sit so stupid for the hour;
Don't move a foot or hand,
And listen to him jabber
Should this be "as" or "and"?

I think he knows an awful lot
Although I'm not so sure
'Cause he gives the other kids an A,
But says my paper's poor!

Elsie Gisel.

CONTRIBUTOR'S COLUMN

A Complaint

December 2, 1927.

Dear Editor:

I have a complaint to make against someone—I don't know whom—and I thought it quite reasonable to address it to you. I have not signed my full name because if it got out I am afraid the result might be bad for me.

You see, I am a member of the School Orchestra, which practices every Tuesday morning—while you are enjoying those assemblies for which I subscribed in my increased blanket tax fee, and last Tuesday, rather than miss Mr. Ellsworth's address, I cut orchestra practice. That's why I can't give my full name. You see, I wouldn't be popular, even if I did hear a wonderful speaker.

Well, anyway, I went to hear Mr. Ellsworth. I'm not quite sure as to what magazine he was editor of, but I understood that he was an officer of the Century Publishing Company—you know—the Quality Group.

Mr. Ellsworth impressed me as being a successful man. He did say that in his youth somebody discouraged his writing, and that a great writer was lost. I am inclined to believe that more great writers should have been lost the same way. Anyway, his thesis was that if anyone wanted to develop into a writer, he should read of the best and write some little bit every day. Tennyson followed the first piece of advice and Horatio Q. Alger the second. Draw your own conclusions.

I wouldn't have missed any of the personal views of great writers as presented by Mr. Ellsworth, however, for any number of orchestra rehearsals. They did more to reveal the character and genius of these writers than even their own works have done. But, I'd almost forgotten! I started out to complain, not to explain. No doubt you've already guessed that I wanted to get out of orchestra practice every Tuesday in order to go to Assembly. Perhaps it can be managed by having orchestra practice Friday morning. I could miss those assemblies very nicely. Can you do anything about it?

M. F. B.

Warning!

Little groups of students collected in the halls, comparing notes, voicing their protests. This teacher is unfair; that one has his favorites. No teacher seems to escape some form of criticism. Everywhere one hears, "I didn't deserve this. Why should I get a warning?"

There is something wrong with a situation like this. If we can discover the causes, perhaps we may suggest some possible remedy which may be adopted practically to the situation.

I do not believe all warnings are given fairly. The basis for grading students may be too narrow. One teacher I know gave out warnings on the basis of a simple examination; another graded his students according to class recitations. As a student, I should not heed either of these warnings.

Personally, however, I believe most students know when they are doing poor work. The purpose of the warning, then, is to make sure of this. It is entirely possible that some students may believe that their work is satisfactory when it is not. In such cases alone are warnings successful.

The teacher and the pupil may disagree in this. Mr. Blank may say that my work is not satisfactory, while I believe it is. Mr. Blank's judgment in the matter is to be respected. I may go along, working in the same way as I did before, sure of myself, retaining my attitude, but Mr. Blank has relieved himself of his responsibility; he has revealed to both of us the factors in the situation. If I cannot come up to Mr. Blank's standard after that, it is my own fault and I must accept the consequences.

When the warning is unfair, however, the student ought to be able to present his case to some sympathetic, able judge, other than the teacher. We cannot say dogmatically that the teacher is always sufficiently prepared to treat all cases impartially. The presentation of the student's viewpoint, and perhaps the teacher's, also, if necessary, to an unbiased advisor may help to put a student on the right path. I understand that this system has been used in the case of the underclassmen. But, in my opinion, it is still more necessary and vital a matter in the cases of upperclassmen, since a misunderstanding and vital a matter in the cases of upperclassmen, since a misunderstanding at any time during the Senior year may result in a failure, which would be fatal to the student's graduation. If a consultation with a Faculty Advisor can avert any such catastrophe, let us, by all means, have a consultation.

We realize, however, the individuality of each particular case. We know that no single cause can be attached to a number of cases. For this very reason, we believe that no particular single remedy should be attached to all cases. That is exactly what is being done.

Every student should be made to understand the true significance of the warning: it should never be a death blow behind the neck, but always an encouraging piece of advice. Failing to be this, the warning becomes a superfluous means of antagonizing the students.

Warning! Warning! Who heeds the warning? Not so many, I am sure, as should, in a school for teachers.

Martin B. Fried.

The Appreciation of Music

Music, as well as any other art, can be appreciated only through cultivation of one's self for that art. In my discussion, I shall confine myself to the appreciation of instrumental music.

To untrained or uneducated people, such music as is produced by military bands, self-player pianos, or dance and popular orchestras, is perhaps most satisfactory, for that is what they can understand. The beauty of expression of a musical composition, however, can be produced more readily through chamber music and large concert orchestras. Chamber music, represented by the violin's brilliant voice, the viola's richness of tone, the 'cello, and the patriarchal double bass that provides the foundation for the harmonic structure of the music; is perhaps the best representation of pure thought, lofty imagination and deep learning. The large concert orchestra consisting of a number of these string instruments, with the addition of wood-winds, brass, drums, and other instruments, can produce a stirring-up of pleasurable emotions, and can strike like a thunderbolt, or murmur like a zephyr.

To find a unique intellectual enjoyment and a thousand beauties in a musical composition, one must be able to distinguish the characteristic timbre of the various musical instruments. Indeed, one can take home with him from a concert much if he is prepared and ready to receive what is offered to him through the artists' performance and the composers' creative ingenuity.

Lillian Zdarsky.

BOOKS

Margaret Kennedy's *Red Sky at Morning* is vividly real, startling in wit and brilliance that grips you strangely while you wait for "blood to tell." She leaves you feeling naked and a little sick.

O. E. Rølvaag, a professor in an American College, wrote *Giants In the Earth* in Norwegian, and first published it in Norway. A book loses a little of its bloom in translation, yet this *Saga of the Prairie* has vast power. Written of Norwegian immigrants to this land, it is American to the core; a valuable account of a great movement in American life.

The Glorious Adventure, by Richard Halliburton, is the most intriguing book of travel of the month. Freshly written, it is the exhilarating account of life in the Near-East, made fascinating by a boundless enthusiasm and charm.

James Boyd's *Marching On* glows with warmth and humanness. His love affair is as charming as an ivory miniature—a truly quaint, living story of the Civil War.

The Hon. Evan Charteris, K. C., has written a biography so distinctive and real that you forget to ask whether John Sargent was a truly great artist. You know that if he was not, he should have been.

O Rare Ben Johnson lives and creates, in Byron Steele's biography, more really than he has even been told before. The most powerful writer of Elizabeth's era, Johnson becomes real again in a book which reads as fascinatingly as fiction.

C. E. Montague is a satirist. His successful novel, *Right On the Map*, is brilliant satire against war. But Montague is not a moralist with "ideals"—he does not preach. Here is one who can divide villainess and nobility among both heroes and villains—quite amazing for all its irony.

E. Perkins.

Books Purchased for the Library in September

Benson, C. E.	Psychology for Teachers
Bennett	Psychology and Self-development
Anderson, Nelson	The Hobo
Terence	Comedies (ed. by Ashmore)
Sumner & Keller	Science of Society (in 2 vol.)
Garrett	Diogenes
Lee, Vernon	Prometheus
Jennings	Prometheus
McColvin	Euterpe
Patten	Passing of the Phantom
Goodenough	Measurement by Drawings
Ruch & Stoddard	Tests in High School Instruction
Webster & Smith	Teaching English in Junior High School
Penton	Self-direction and Adjustment
Pressey	Methods of Handling Test Scores
Meyer	Abnormal Psychology
Armentrout	Conduct of Student Teaching

"Spilled" Into Print

"Father Frank" (at The Record dinner, November 17): "I notice that, in spite of all the reporters who converged around and 'covered' it, and in spite of its paramount importance in sustaining the physical strength of our literati, the last Record dinner did not get into The Record!"

Cartoonist Karkan ("magna cum" sarcasm): "You're all wet, Frank! The last Record dinner did get into The Record! You spilled it into my copy while you were autographing Harry's!"

G. Frank Glaser.



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Ellis, W. T.	Bible-lands Today
Gleason	Spelling Games
Reed	Psychology of Elementary School Subjects
Whitney	Growth of Teachers in Service
Brubacher	Teaching: Profession and Practice
Holley	The Practical Teacher
Jones, A. J.	Education and the Individual
Koos	The Junior High School
Cubberkey	State School Administration
Randall	Making of the Modern Mind
Hansen	Early Educational Leadership in the Ohio Valley
Moehlman	Public Education in Detroit
Whitney	Prediction of Teaching Success
Gesell	The Retarded Child
Baker	Characteristic Difference in Bright and Dull Pupils
Osburn	Are We Making Good at Teaching History?
Lübke	Outlines of History of Art (in 2 vol.)
Mable, H. W.	Norse Stories
Van Wageningen	Educational Diagnosis
La Rue	Mental Hygiene
Frank, Turney	Virgil—A Biography
Huges	Mothers in Industry
De Lima	The Child, the Clinic, the Court
Van Waters	Youth in Conflict
Slaughter	Roman Portraits
Abercrombie	Romanticism
Dowd	The Negro in American Life
Fairchild	Melting-pot Mistake
Bode	Fundamentals of Education
Elmer	Social Statistics
Cooper (Lant ed.)	Theories of Style
Hart	Psychology of Insanity
Bogardus	Introduction to Sociology
Prescott	Development of Virgil
Laidler, Thomas	New Tactics in Social Conflict
Herrington	Catullus and His Influence
Cicero	"Offices"—Everyman's Library

Books Transferred to Library

Coffin	How to Study Architecture
Chase & Post	History of Sculpture
Kimball & Edgell	History of Architecture
Plum	Short History of Art (ed. by Tatlock)
Dienlafoy	Art in Spain and Portugal
Ricci	Art in Northern Italy
Hourticq	Art in France
Armstrong	Art in Great Britain
Rooses	Art in Flanders
	E. Perkins.