

The Record

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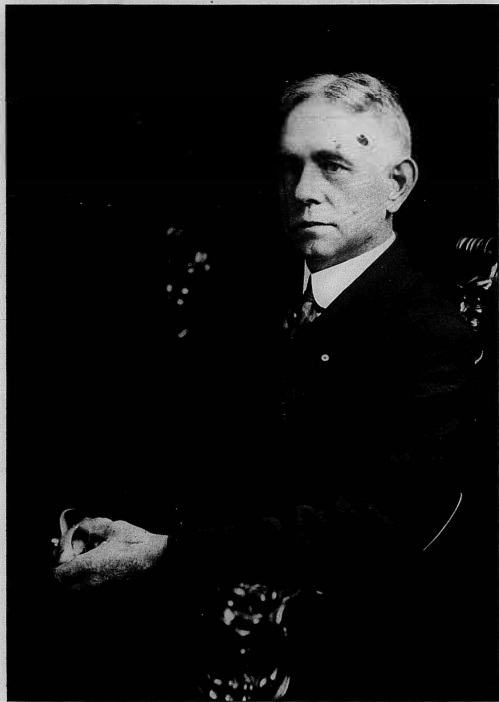
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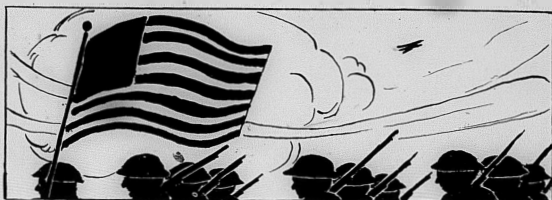
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To the memory of Doctor Daniel Apton, who died July twenty-seventh, nineteen hundred and eighteen, this book is dedicated as an expression of our affection, and in recognition of his faithfulness and devotion as Principal of the Buffalo State Normal School.



ROLL OF HONOR

FACULTY

LOUIS HENDERSHOT
DE WITT T. RING
ROBERT WOELLNER

ALUMNI AND STUDENTS

Raymond Ast	Michael Maher
Alexander M. Bellony	Lowell Mills
Archibald Burrell	V. James Morgan
Francis A. Collins	Alban Nicod
Donato Corretore	Leo O'Hara
John Culkowski	William Roecker
James Farrell	Myron Rudio
David Foss	Walter M. Schaertel
Edwin French	Fred Schultz
Charles Hattenberger	John W. Swannie
Joseph Heaney	*Anthony Thomas
Paul Hohorst	Louis Ulrich
Arthur Hubbard	Paul Wamsley
Howard W. King	Walter P. Wammenmanner
John A. Livingston	Erie Wheeler
Harold Lowe	Frank J. Wiedmann
Arthur McDonnell	Norman Woelfle
Thomas McDonnell	

*Died at Camp Dix, October, 1918.

THE RECORD

Vol. VII

Buffalo, N. Y., December, 1918

No. 1 and 2

WHO GOT THE TURKEY?

"Rags ags agsags! Rags ags agsags!" came the cry through the crisp December air, which was really quite keen for Virginia. Nearer and nearer it sounded, along the village street, until a dilapidated old wagon came into view, drawn by a dilapidated old white mule, which was guided on his way by a dilapidated old darkey.

But there wasn't anything dilapidated about the darkey's grin, or the large, white teeth that showed behind it, or the kinky locks of grayish wool that bristled through the holes in his old felt hat.

"Yo, Ephum," chuckled the little old darkey. "Tink yo' all, mighty 'spectable jes' because yo' white! Whoa, da, yo' ornery mule. Doan' yo' see dat li'l gal! 'Seuse him, honey. He doan' callate to run ovah li'l gals, but Ephum's blind, doan' yo' see, an' he's done got de heaves so bad he eyan't even smell dem roses in yo' pnhly li'l cheeks. Yo' ma done sole all her rags, yo' say, honey! Wall dat's too bad! We'll jes' be a gwine, Ephum. Git dap yo' po' white trash!" And Ragsy, as the children called him, passed out of sight behind the bend in the road.

He hadn't been very successful today, for he was a month late in making his rounds and most of his patrons had cleaned house. But it wasn't Ragsy's fault, for he had just spent a long time in the hospital, where he had been taken after having his left leg amputated by a trolley car.

"But," said Ragsy, "if yo' all eyan't have two laigs, then yo' jes' natchally boum' to get along with a laig an' a half—an' the good Lawd ain' gwine kiek about it if yo' don' get aroun' very fast."

So the cheery strains of "Dixie" came from between his gleaming teeth, and the almost empty wagon was the only mark of his ill luck.

He stopped at the paper mill by the bridge where he unloaded his three sacks of rags. When he had started again, he opened the old leather pouch and proceeded to count his money. All he could produce was just three dimes and a nickel. But Ragsy was a philosopher and so only a slight narrowing of the grin showed what he thought of the prospect of mush and molasses for Mammy and the children for another week.

Ephraim finally came to a halt in front of a little, old log cabin, with a ranshackle shed and chicken coop behind it and seven beaming pickaninnies in front of it. In the doorway also beaming, stood Mrs. Ragsy, and she filled it so amply that one might well wonder whether she were not caught there. She squeezed through, however, and proceeded to marshal her offspring into the house, from Jeremiah, aged fourteen, to Cornelia Clementina, who could barely toddle. Not being used to his *pusstiek* yet, Ragsy was having some trouble in getting out of the wagon; so Mrs. Ragsy lifted him down as if he were an eighth baby. Then she gave him a motherly little pat on the head and went into the house, while Ragsy limped away to attend to Ephraim's inner man, or rather, inner nule.

Inside the house, chaos reigned. Mammy Ragsy was getting supper, and all the Ragsy children were doing their bit to either help or hinder the process, as impulse prompted.

Suddenly, a dreadful squawking noise was heard back of the shed, Mrs. Ragsy grimed and shook the pancake turner menacingly at the window while her big eyes rolled with anticipation, for she knew these two facts: the next day was Christmas, and the neighbors raised turkeys.

Yes, it must be admitted that Ragsy did have one failing. He loved turkey—and he loved to get it just one way. Of course, he felt more at peace with his Methodist conscience after the seolling which Mammy invariably gave him on the occasion of an annual lapse. It might be well to add that as further atonement for his sin, he spelled out two chapters of the worn old Bible, instead of one, every night for a week.

An onslaught of little Africans met Ragsy as he entered the kitchen. "Hyah, yo' low down niggals. Cyah't yo' see yo' pappy's hungry?" And Mammy Ragsy began a process of elimination which finally ended in freeing poor Daddy Ragsy and allowing the family to eat supper in peace.

"What yo' all heah 'bout dem no 'count Browns?" asked Mrs. Ragsy, as she picked up Cornelia Clementina's spoon and restored it to her.

"Po' li'l white trash! Ain gwine be no Christmas for dem dis yeah. Mammy done got de infloonyz so bad she can't set up, an' papp, he's ben drunk fo' a week. All dem li'l chillun ben livin' on mush 'n m'lasses and Susie Brown's mush 'n m'lasses don't taste much like Mammy's. Reekin a bite o' turkey wouldn't taste pow'ful bad jes' 'bout tomorrow noon. Po' li'l chillun!" And kind hearted Ragsy wiped his eyes with his old black hand.

That night about twelve o'clock, a sudden little noise wakened Mammy. Something was going down the stairs, "step-tap, step-tap." Then the key turned in the lock and the step-tapping went outside. Knowing Ragsy as she did, Mammy thought it was high time to investigate. So she went to the window and looked out. By the light of the full moon, she could see a figure limping around. It was Ragsy, stooped under the weight of a huge kettle of water. Presently he went into the shed and came out bearing the feathered corpse of the turkey, which he proceeded to pluck. "Dat ole man o' mine. He shame 'cause he got such a good heart." And Mammy laughed softly.

But the little stooping figure didn't go back to bed. Still carrying the turkey it went limping down the road toward the Browns.

"Whah dat tulkey, ole man?" said Mrs. Ragsy at breakfast next day. "Hain' yo' done fell fum grace dis yeah? Pow'ful po' pickin' 'roun' dis yeah ranch 'thout no tulkey, an' Christmas Day an' all."

"Reekin we all gwine a have a Hoovah Christmas dis yeah," said Ragsy. "Now Presdint Wilson done got his min' off dat dar-Kaiser, ain't nobody got a chance to borrow things no mo' anyhow."

And Ragsy looked sheepishly at his wife—and grimed.

MARION R. WAKEMAN.

In Memoriam

Dorothy Gee Vincent

Mildred K. Smith

KHAKI AND BLUE

Merry Christmas, Khaki; Merry Christmas, Blue!
 All our hearts are singing as we send this word to you.
 Oh, it's fine to know you're through, boys, and you've done your very
 best!
 It's better still to know, boys, that with vict'ry you've been blest.

In the homeland we are praying, oh, boys, to us so dear,
 That the day of your returning may be drawing very near
 But while you're in the farland although your fight is through
 We remember, boys, in khaki, there is more for you to do.

So keep your spirits high, boys, and let your laughter ring,
 Till on the ships of Golden Hope you shall homeward wing.
 Here's to your luck and bravery in that land so far away
 With a hope and prayer for you, boys, on this gladsome Christmas Day.

America, it's Christmas, and Christ is born anew!
 Oh, ask Him for fresh courage for the Khaki and the Blue.

H. GRANT.



THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Ivan Rabinski flattened his small nose against the big plate glass window of Toyland, and for a few minutes forgot his mother's injunction to "hurry" and his father's milder admonition to "step up quick, my son."

Twice daily for the past two weeks he had gazed hungrily at the fairy scene within. Toys of every description were enticingly displayed, but the real attraction for Ivan was the toy automobile that went creeping up the sandpaper road, to roll gently down again to the green paper valley below. Ivan had never had a real store toy, and his soul longed to possess this wonderful thing that was so like the real live automobiles which he had learned so well to dodge.

As it climbed up the sandy track Ivan drew in his breath slowly, and at the descent let it out in a big puff, which left a film upon the glass of the window. When he looked again a dreadful thing had happened. The little toy was gone. The pale young clerk in the green necktie was showing it to the most wonderful little lady Ivan had ever seen. Her white chinestilla coat was offset by the scarlet of her cap and scarf, and with her rosy cheeks and laughing brown eyes she made a pretty picture. Ivan at once decided that she belonged to the Santa Claus family; and when he spied the sprig of holly pinned to her muff he said: "Yes! Yes! she is the Christmas Spirit. Teacher told us about her." Evidently the Christmas spirit was pleased with the little toy, for they moved away to the counter and the pale clerk wrapped it up with other things. Then suddenly the heart of the little boy gave a thump—it was gone, *his* automobile. Hot tears blinded his eyes and he did not see the Christmas Spirit leave the shop.

The thud of a falling body, followed by a little shriek of dismay, made Ivan turn quickly, and there just rising from the snowy sidewalk, stamping and shaking the snow from her skirts was the Christmas Spirit.

She was still smiling, but her bundles were strewn all about in the snow. "Come and help me, little boy" she called, but Ivan was already busy with the packages. The little automobile had burst from its wrappings, and the little boy brushed it off lovingly as he followed the Christmas Spirit back into the shop.

The pale clerk brought heavy wrapping paper and one by one the bundles were handed over to be wrapped into one package.

As Ivan handed up the little automobile, the Christmas Spirit looked down smilingly at him, and it was just at this point that she justified her name. She must have seen the look of love and longing, for she said:

"Thank you so much for helping me; tomorrow will be Christmas and I want to give you this toy for a present. Tell your mother that Santa Claus sent it."

Now Ivan was a polite little boy, but he did not say "Thank you." He knew perfectly well what to do with his cap in the presence of a lady, but he needed both hands to hold his new possession lovingly against his heart.

The "Christmas Spirit" smiled at him understandingly, but the pale clerk was not so tolerant of his apparent lack of appreciation.

"Hey, young man! where's your manners!" he called, as Ivan reached the door. Tears filled the eyes of the little boy, as he came quickly back. He gently touched the soft, white sleeve with his little red hand, saying softly, "So much I tank—so very much"—then like a flash he was off.

GERTRUDE TOWNSEND.

SCHOOL CALENDAR

1918

Tuesday, September 3d. at 9.00, School of Practice (not Normal Department) opens.

Wednesday, September 11th. at 9.00 Normal Department opens.

Wednesday, November 27th. at close of school session, Thanksgiving recess begins.

Monday, December 2d. at 9.00, work resumed.

Friday, December 20th. at close of school session, Christmas recess begins.

1919

Monday, January 6th. at 9.00, work resumed.

Wednesday, February 12th, term examinations begin.

Tuesday, February 17th. at 9.00, second semester begins.

Thursday, April 17th. at close of school session, Easter recess begins.

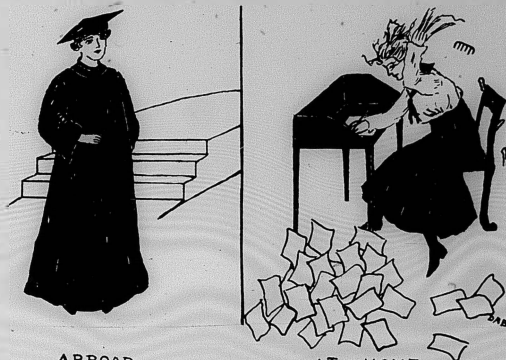
Monday, April 28th. at 9.00, work resumed.

Wednesday, June 20th. term examinations begin.

Sunday, June 22d. Baccalaureate Sunday.

Monday, June 23d. Class Day.

Tuesday, June 24th. Commencement.



ABROAD

AT HOME

"Oh, no!" we heard her say. "I'm not attending Huteh, I'm Normal." We are wondering whether she is.

Does it pay to advertise? Ask the mailbox. The huge placard which adorned that ornament of the corridor on Nomination Day was quite a shock. But perhaps it was necessary, for rumor has it, that once some people tried to make Uncle Sam responsible even for the Normal School class nominations.

Bulletin boards are an important part of school life, we realize. But by the time the one outside the office, those at the head of the stairs, and the one near Mr. Phillippi's room have been scrutinized, our spare time has fled. And on such an occasion the important notices are on the board near Miss Bacon's room.

Assembly exercises have been very interesting of late, and on several occasions cut into the next period. But in one class, at least, the mingling of apperception with apples, habit formation with ham has proved an interesting experiment.

Do you suppose the baby elevators will ever grow up?

What would be the logical "response" to the "situation" during the recent car strike. Walking—one would guess. As we rode luxuriously in some one's limousine we realized that psychological laws are not infallible.

Apparently the mudturtle wanted to follow the poor example of those who aimlessly traverse our corridors, but, having been out-classed in a lively skirmish, he is again in his accustomed place.

Those addicted to English 111 cheerfully carry about with them twelve centuries of English poetry and prose. Yet their mighty intellects are not satisfied. We are interested to discover that the muttered "te-tum-te-tum" so frequently heard about the building is but proof of their ambition to make the poetry division of the weighty book even heavier.

We would suggest to the uninitiated that only children and fools converse in the library.

If one person equals one passenger, how can twelve people ride in a five passenger car? The Professor of Mathematics has solved this interesting problem in a satisfactory way—highly satisfactory, at least, to the grateful passengers.

The eagerness of the student body to resume its labors after assembly must have cheered the Faculty. Having been forced to buffet the crowd, we prefer the more orderly retreat.

We are glad to see the renewal of the lunch period dance. Watching the merry-makers glide around the gym, rhythmically, or otherwise, we have decided that the modern dances have as many variations as they have followers.

One of our freshmen was surrounded by note-books, but peeping over his shoulder we found the volume, on which his eyes were glued, was—well, not a text-book.

The girls scurrying around the campus a short time ago were not newly appointed forestry experts. They were simply anxious to find the eggs of the Tussock moth.

Having seen these same girls walking the streets, with eyes fastened high in the tree tops, muttering strange words; and again, wandering in vacant lots, grabbing innocent plants, we wondered—. But we are glad to announce that a final examination proved their sanity.

THE STROLLING STUDENT.

MILK AN ESSENTIAL FOOD

James (aged three)—Mother!

Mother—Yes, dear.

James—Are all cows good cows?

Mother—I think they are, don't you, when they do so much for us.

James—Well, I hope they are, because I want them to go to Heaven, so I can drink milk there.



PEACE NIGHT AT ST. PAUL'S

We reached the old church at Shelton Square through the crowds that were densely thronging the streets. Their celebration was expressed by the noise from horns, drums, torpedoes, and bagpipes.

Ours was otherwise, for within these brown stone arches, a soft radiance of peace filled the dim spaces, as steadily, reverently, people entered until every seat was occupied.

Above, the chorus played, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean;" then "Auld Lang Syne;" then the "Swanee River," and finally "Keep the homefires burning 'til the boys come home."

Suddenly the organ pealed forth a song of joy which filled the church, now swelling high, now ebbing low, and at last launching fully and decisively into, "Onward Christian Soldiers."

A hush fell over the crowd. The full vested choir was coming in, singing as they passed up the aisle to the chancel, in a long procession. Contrasted with the soft brown color in the pillars, the arches, and the furnishings of the church, were scarlet capes on the choir girls, and clear black and white of the other vestments. But more than this held our eyes, for the flags, of our country, and her Allies were carried just behind the cross.

Hilarity, like that of the crowds in the streets could not satisfy everyone. The people gathered in St. Paul's that night were eager to express their thanksgiving and rejoicing in a different, in a truer way; and their hopes were fully realized.

The solemn joy of that meeting will never be forgotten. Prayers, Scripture reading, and hymns all took on a new meaning.

It was tremendously impressive, as one by one, each triumphant symbol, of the victorious nations was carried to the front of the chancel, while through the music of their national anthems, the spirit of these nations, was conveyed to us who were standing in reverent appreciation.

Then after a benediction the procession filed out, the last amen echoed faintly across rows of bowed heads, and the Victory Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's was over.

FLORENCE E. ALBEE.

See saw, Marjorie Daw,
The Kaiser shall have a new master.
He shan't have a thing to say
Because, you see, he don't dast ter.

L. R. R.

"THE WORDS HAVE GOT ALTERED"

"You are wise, oh good teacher," the pupil said,
"And your precepts we never would slight;
Yet you asked for a ballad just out of our head
Do you think, that from us, it is right?"

"In my youth," the good teacher replied to this one,
(And my teacher was certainly sane)
"We wrote ballads for work and wrote ballads for fun
And I did it again and again."

"You are right," said the girl, "as I mentioned before
And there's none in this class—to doubt that
Yet our brains simply whirl when we think on this lore
Pray, what is the reason for that?"

"It's because," she replied (and she was very wise)
"You lack study, which everyone knows.
All the ballads of old you must read with your eyes,
And to know them, just change them to prose."

So we read all the ballads that ever were wrought
And we tried hard to write, 'just for fun'
But we failed for the lack of a theme and a plot
And so won't you accept this poor one?

"You are wise, oh good teacher," the pupil said,
"And your precepts we never would slight:
Yet you asked for a ballad, just out of our head,
And you know now from us 'twas not right."

I. M. C.



A SOLDIER FOR A DAY

To leave Buffalo at eight o'clock one bright November morning and return at four o'clock the same day—was a more humiliating experience ever accorded a prospective unit of the American Expeditionary Forces! Yet that is exactly what happened to the unit of drafted men of which I was a member. "We" were four hundred and twenty strong, drawn from the local boards of Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Lackawanna, Silver Creek, Dunkirk and Westfield. I thought I was one of the lucky ones to be thus started on the first leg of our trip to Berlin. But alas! for that conclusion it was too hastily drawn to live long.

We left Buffalo on the morning of November eleventh via the New York Central. Rochester was to be the first and by far the most important stop. For it was at Rochester we were to "pick up" our kitchen car, the most important "appendage" on our journey to Camp Humphreys, West Virginia. There was a short stop at Batavia, where the boys threw numbers of post cards to pedestrians to mail for them and then we were on our way to Rochester.

A railroad official had said, as we were leaving Buffalo: "There was never a happier bunch left Buffalo." He surely spoke the truth. We were all happy and we had but one object, which was to get to France as quickly as they would take us.

Another man remarked, "It's the toughest crew that ever pulled out of here." And he, too, spoke the truth. For the majority of these men were of the drinking-gambling sort, who always fight to the man, without much provocation. Just for the love of fighting. They gambled all the way down from Buffalo until we found time to give them post cards, stamps, etc., from the Y. M. C. A. This proved to interest them more than gambling and they stopped to write these cards, that they might post them when we stopped.

There were eight men on the train, of this four hundred and twenty, in whom had been vested the authority of Special Police and credentials had been issued accordingly. By chance, perhaps, I was included in the eight. This meant work and fight. In addition to the khaki band and insignia "U. S. N. A." which all wore on the left arm, we wore a similar band with the insignia "S. P." for identification on our right arm. We found among our orders, one which stated explicitly, that all alcohol, either in evidence or discovered by exercise of the right of search, should be seized and disposed of before reaching camp. This is a very interesting but hazardous task. Another order stated that no one was to leave the train without our permission. This seems easy, but we tried it

and now we know just how easy it was. It's worse than teaching school. But we were not deeply concerned because everyone was so happy.

But just as we arrived at Rochester, our engine broke down and while waiting for another we received new orders, which gave us our destination "Camp Dix." When we heard this we certainly did shout because we assumed that from Camp Dix we should have a much shorter journey to France. Just as we started again, we were suddenly halted for further orders, which read: "Back to Buffalo."

"Back to Buffalo" oh, what news! Rumors arose and they were so confusing that presently we didn't know where our destination was. From the time of that first cry, the situation proved an unexpected trial for "S. P." for the boys said we should know the destination. And from that time until we actually started back we had no relief from that persistent question: "Where we goin'?" At last the news was confirmed by the appearance of the transportation agent with our tickets. A groan greeted the news [which shook the train]. Our air castles tumbled, our happiness fled while in its place, gloom, deep gloom, settled over all, as the train sped us back home. Even the prospects of peace had little or no effect in raising the spirits of the boys. For it was the signing of the armistice which had really called us back.

Yet we could really place the blame on no one but the "Flu"—"Curse the Flu!"—which had delayed our call just one month to the day. The only other reason which we can imagine could have stopped us so suddenly is, that the Kaiser heard we were coming, and knowing full well to expect, decided then and there to quit.

Cheer up, boys! A free trip to Rochester and return, honorable discharge from the army and four days pay. Oh, Boy! not so bad!

So here I am:
And here I'll be
Till school is closed,
For now I'm free.

Fondly dedicated to—The last to go, the first to return.

RALPH M. BONIFACE.



THE SPIRIT OF '18

In New York State there lived a man,
And a goodly man was he.
He had three brave and brawny boys.
They went across the sea.

They went across the sea, my lads,
The world to help make free.
They went across, to do their bit,
And save democracy.

They hadn't been a month from home,
A battle fierce was on.
His boys were foremost in the fight,
Word came their work was done.

They went across the sea, my lads,
The world to help make free.
They went across: they gave their all
To save democracy.

The man mourned not his brawny boys
For a goodly man was he.
Instead he bade his friends goodbye
And now he's 'cross the sea.

N. B.



A LESSON IN ENGLISH

(Or the untimely end of a teacher)

A pedagog there was in town.
With a wig and ten degrees.
He wore big goggles on his eyes—
And talked in Pedagogue.

When Susie brought her 'rithmetic
And said, "Explain it, please,"
He scared her into fits, for he
Explained in Pedagogue.

One day at home, a timely joke
This pedagog did please.
They thought he was insane, because
He laughed in Pedagogue.

At dinner time the hungry man
Asked Jane to pass the cheese.
She gave him chocolate pudding, for
He asked in Pedagogue.

He went to purchase a cravat.
He chose a pale cerise.
They gave him brilliant orange for
He bought in Pedagogue.

He tried to make a speech. Folks said,
"What is this strange disease!"
The doctors sighed. They did not know
'Twas only Pedagogue.

The village imps this poor old man
Forever tried to tease.
He stormed and blustered all in vain—
He stormed in Pedagogue.

Melinda Jane, the village belle
He sought, his heart to ease.
She loved him but she turned him down—
He popped in Pedagogue.

Alas! his ship was sinking fast!
Lifeboats were on the seas.
His screams were all in vain! He drowned!
He had screamed in Pedaguese.

M. R. W.

THE "BETTER ENGLISH" CAMPAIGN

The nation-wide movement for better English has made the students look with pride at the work done by the Buffalo Normal School along this line for the past four years. Although better English has been emphasized at all times, one week has been devoted to a concentrated drive every spring. Last May this took the form of a most interesting program.

The fitting posters in the corridors on Monday prepared the students for the formal presentation of the work in assembly the next day.

In assembly on Tuesday the following extracts were read from a letter written by the Adjutant General's office:

August 28, 1918.

"Perhaps the most glaring faults noted in aspirants to the Officers' Reserve Corps and one that might be corrected by proper attention in our high schools, preparatory schools and colleges, might be characterized by the general word 'Slouchiness.'

"A great number of men have failed at camp because of inability to articulate clearly. Many men disqualified by this handicap might have become officers under their country's flag had they been properly trained in school and college.

"Great improvement could be wrought by instructors in our schools and colleges, regardless of the subject, insisting that all answers be given in a loud, clear, well rounded voice, which, of course, necessitates the opening of the mouth and free movement of the lips.

"In addition to this physical disability and slouchiness, is what might be termed the slowness of mental attitude. Many men have not been trained to appreciate the importance of accuracy in thinking. Too many schools are satisfied with an approximate answer to questions. Little or no incentive is given increased mental effort to co-ordinate one's ideas and present them clearly and unequivocally."

The Reverend Mr. Williams of the Church of the Messiah then spoke on the need of constant vigilance in the cultivation of English.

A further announcement of the plans of the campaign committee was interrupted by the appearance on the platform of a court crier, in heraldic costume, who unrolled and read the following proclamation:

"Whereas:

This fair realm of pure English has for some time been infested with brigands who have plundered and despoiled the realm—corrupting the minds of the youth, boldly calling themselves: "He Don't," "I Ain't," "This Here," "Have Got," "Have Come," and speaking in uncommonly harsh voices that are most harmful to good folks' ears.

"Whereas:

This band has been daringly captured by the knights—I do now decree that on the Ninth day of May, in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen, these culprits be duly executed by the Censor of Speech, at high noon, in the palace court.

Let all good people assemble at the sound of the bugle to witness the punishment worthy of the crime."

Signed "MELIUS DICITE,"

"Rec."

With this exciting announcement the audience was dismissed.

On Thursday, the ninth of May, at the sound of the bugle, every one was on hand to see the procession which was headed by the masked Censor of Speech. He was followed by five stalwart knights, each guarding a brigand. Behind came the happy group of villagers—overjoyed because the terrors of the countryside had been overcome at last.

Outside, in the open court, the bandits were led to the execution block by the knights Pleasant Voice, Clear Enunciation, Correct Pronunciation, Accurate Speech.

As each bad form fell, a good fairy, the correct form, appeared.

Amid the shouting at the downfall of the bad forms, the students returned to the assembly. Here a large poster was displayed.

WILD PHRASES I HAVE MET—TAMED

1. I *have* no pen.
2. I *saw* John yesterday.
3. I *did* the work.
4. It *doesn't* matter.
5. Do *as* I do.

Using these phrases as cheers, a rousing "yell" followed. At its conclusion everyone subscribed to the pledge:

"Because I love my country and honor its institutions, I promise to respect and cherish the purity of the English language.

"I promise to avoid loud, harsh tones and to cultivate an agreeable speaking voice; to enunciate clearly and distinctly; to have a high regard for correct forms; to enrich my vocabulary; and to master the difficulties of our language so that it may become for me an efficient tool.

"As a future teacher, I promise to do all in my power to improve the American speech."



THE RECORD

Vol. VII

Buffalo, N. Y., December, 1918

Nos. 1 and 2

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EDITORIALS

The RECORD Staff wishes you all a Merrier Christmas and a Happier New Year than ever.

We certainly knew "it is good to be alive," when the blowing horns and the ringing bells proclaimed peace. On the eleventh day of the eleventh month at the eleventh hour, Germany acknowledged, quite to our satisfaction, that might does not always make right. Never was there such a Thanksgiving Day, nor can there ever be another Christmas just like one.

Never in the history of the Buffalo State Normal School has the work been carried on under such peculiar circumstances.

The death of Dr. Upton left the school without an authorized head, but because of the thorough organization of the work, school has gone on in much the same manner as before.

The street car strike caused a delay in the work because many of the students couldn't get to school for days, and others who depended on a "chance" drive were late.

The most serious interruption was the influenza quarantine, lasting from October 10 to November 4.

Then our two peace celebrations claimed our time and attention. Now we are at work again, and although we are as ready as ever to welcome regular vacations, we have lost all desire for extra ones.

We are glad Miss Lane came back in time to help with the "Browsing Club."

We are glad to welcome the "Strolling Student," that mysterious being, who has returned to his (or is it her?) haunts, in our halls. Two years ago such a one roamed these same halls, voicing the sentiments of her (or his) fellows, in a most tantalizing manner. It may be his (or her) ghost that again haunts the Buffalo Normal School, and writes again in this number. Be that as it may—friends, be warned, that student has an annoying faculty of being everywhere at the same time. So in the corridors, in the classrooms, in the Cafeteria, in the Assembly or even in the street cars, if you must talk, talk in a wee voice—lest your thoughts be published abroad by that presumptions, unknown Strolling Student.

The Buffalo State Normal School has again proven her indomitable patriotism. Both in the Fourth Liberty Loan and the United War Work Campaign, she went "over the top." In the loan, in spite of the shoal—"Influenza Quarantine," our camouflaged ship not only reached the shores of France but even sailed as far among our fighting men as geography permitted.

In the United War Service Campaign we were a 100% school.

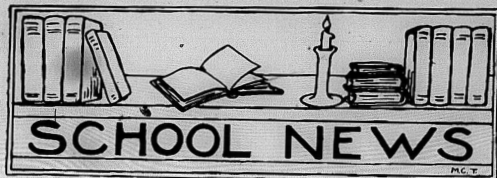
It is interesting to notice how many of the Buffalo State Normal School graduates are now on the Faculty. It makes us wonder what honors we may some day attain.

Visit the Christmas Book exhibit before buying your Christmas presents or writing your letter to Santa Claus.

We are very sorry to have to report the death of John Higgins on December 1 of the class of January, 1918.

Mr. Higgins made an unusual place for himself in the regard of his associates. He was prominent in the activities of the school. He was Business Manager of the *RECORD* during its most successful year. In the Dramatic Club productions, he took the part of Orestes in "Iphigenia in Tauris" and of Bassanio in the "Merchant of Venice."





School will close for the Christmas holidays on Friday, December 20, and reopen on Monday, January 6.

We take pleasure in welcoming the new members of the Faculty:

Mr. Bradley,	Miss Dixon,
Miss Cotton,	Miss Sipp.

We regret losing some of our last year's Faculty members:

Miss Coombs,	Miss Keeler,
Miss Esther Howland,	Mr. Klar,
Miss Joslin,	Miss Roginson.

The New York State Teachers' Association has decided to dispense with its annual session this year. Mr. R. A. Searing, secretary of the association, has announced that the recent epidemic of Spanish influenza made the meeting inadvisable on account of the efforts which are now being made to make up the time which the pupils lost by the closing of schools.

Room 111 is now being used as a lunch-room.

Mr. Edward H. Butler, President of the local board of managers of this school, is one of the American editors who recently visited England and the battle fronts.

Once a month the teachers from the supervisory districts about Buffalo meet in Mr. Root's room to receive special instruction in physical training. Here their gymnasium work for the following month is outlined and demonstrated.

The Senior Class has organized and elected the following officers:

President.....	H. Genevieve Dye
Vice-President.....	Florence E. Albee
Secretary.....	Ferdinand E. Kamprath
Treasurer.....	Helén E. McDonough

On November 21, a most interesting demonstration of the teaching the deaf children at St. Mary's Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, was given in assembly.

Last Memorial Day the 1917 *Elms* Staff and the 1917-18 *Record* Staff presented the school with a fine service flag.

David Foss, who enlisted with the 20th Observation Battery at Camp Zachery Taylor is back again.

The annual exhibit of books suitable for Christmas presents is now being held in the library.

In October, Miss Hoyt of the Y. W. C. A. came to speak to us on our responsibilities as educated leaders. On the same day Miss Cotton gave a talk on the Spanish influenza telling us how to safeguard ourselves against it.

On November 11, the entire school assembled in the Auditorium in observation of Germany's signing of the armistice. After singing hymns and patriotic songs, the school was dismissed.

Each Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock a group of seniors meet in the Library to read, and to talk over things which they have enjoyed reading. Any senior interested is invited to join the "Browsing Club."

The Dramatic Club has resumed regular weekly meetings.

On November 12, Mrs. Arthur Hedstrom and the Rev. Murray Shipley Howland of the Lafayette Presbyterian Church, a Y. M. C. A secretary who had been at the front, addressed us in the interest of the United War Work Campaign.

At the special assembly exercises on the day before Thanksgiving, Rabbi Kopald was the speaker.

THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

At the opening of the Fourth Liberty Loan Drive a booth was erected opposite the west elevator shaft. Here subscriptions for Liberty Bonds were received. The amount raised, though not quite "Double the Third," was very good considering the smaller enrollment at Normal this year, the shorter time used for the drive and the closing of schools because of the epidemic of Spanish influenza, all of which helped to hinder the work. Yet we went over the top, and as a reward we were presented a banner by the city school department.

To show the progress which was being made, Mr. Bradley made a striking poster on which was a ship leaving America's shore, bound for Europe. Each day, as the amount subscribed increased, the ship was moved farther across the ocean until at the end of the drive the question on the poster: "How far will our help get across?" was answered and the ship had touched Europe's shore.

Ralph Boniface designed a monument and erected its skeleton in the auditorium. Each day a few blocks with the sum total of the drive in the Normal department on them, were added. At the end of the drive the last block put on the top of the monument stated the total, \$11,600.

Ruth Kendall, Janet Chase, Marie Henrich, Mildred Kuhn, Theresa Rieman and Ralph Boniface were awarded pins for having brought the largest subscriptions.



THE UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN

The United War Work Campaign began on that never-to-be-forgotten November 11th. A few days before, Miss Hoyt of the National Committee had helped to plan the drive in the Normal School. The School Committee started the campaign by subscribing \$138. Everybody entered into the spirit of the work and we went over the top with a total of \$1,041.19—a 100% school.

On Friday of the week of the drive, at the invitation of Mr. Collins of the Students Committee, some of the Normal School students and teachers attended the daily luncheon of campaign workers at the Iroquois. They were glad to hear announced that the "Blue Division," which included students, was the first to reach its quota.

Sing a song of wartime
A country full of Huns,
Moramillion Yankee boys
Chasing them with guns.

When the Yanks were landed,
The ranks began to fill,
Wasn't that a jolly time
For poor old Kaiser Bill?

Old Bill was in the eating house,
A tickling up his pallet,
Von Hindy, with his Fritziess,
Was fighting with a mallet.

The Huns were in a neighbor's land,
Creating awful scenes,
Along came the Yankees,
And blew off their beans.

E. E. H.

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

Anyone who helped with the Questionnaires will appreciate this—

Please answer promptly and with care,
 The queries in your Questionnaire:
 Divorced, or single, if married tell
 The date when tolled the fatal bell:
 Give age, condition, weight, and race,
 And name each blemish—foot to face;
 If lame, or halt, knock-kneed or blind,
 Please fully state before it's signed.
 If you've had wives, please state how many,
 If not—just why you haven't any:
 If living with your wife's relation,
 Then state who rules the home plantation.
 Does Ma-in-law pay your house rent?
 If so, please state to what extent.
 Please answer, sir, with utmost care
 Before sending in your questionnaire.
 If you've a wife with you to bunk,
 State when your clothes went in one trunk:
 More, give the total of your boodle,
 And state what's wrong with your poor noodle.
 Have you flat feet or wheels in head?
 Are your beef cattle all corn-fed?
 How have you lived for twelve months past?
 If preacher, state where you starved last.
 Have you your last year's taxes paid?
 Are you supporting man or maid?
 If so, is she your wife's relation?
 (Be careful here with explanation).
 Have you trained for war's dread strife
 Aside from battle with your wife?
 Can you talk Kansas, French or Greek?
 And how much English do you speak?
 When all have answered and with care
 The queries in the Questionnaire,
 Then Uncle Sam will be much wiser,
 And will proceed to whip the Kaiser.

—Exchange.



ARETHUSA SORORITY, ZETA CHAPTER

President..... Mildred Kuhn
 Vice-President..... Florence Albee
 Corresponding Secretary..... Muriel Miller
 Recording Secretary..... Jean Murray
 Treasurer..... Ruby Donaldson

In the early part of October we had a corn roast and although the car strike rather upset our plans, we had a very jolly time.

Our second party was held at the home of Marian Perry.

On November 17 we had a delightful luncheon and theatre party.

We are 100% in the War Work Campaign, having pledged \$126.

We are very glad to welcome these new members:

Miss Houston,	Hazel Krug,
Esther Cookburn,	Marian Lewis,
Grace Gile,	Eleanor Murray,
Mary Giles,	Hilda Ormer,
Helen Grant,	Jessie Schlosser,
Rose Haas,	Elizabeth Seitz,
Dorothy Keller,	Dorothy Vincent,

Mildred Ward.

CLIONIAN SORORITY, THETA CHAPTER

President..... Hulda Whitwood
 Vice-President..... Emma Rose
 Corresponding Secretary..... Dorothy Barner
 Recording Secretary..... Kathleen Baird
 Treasurer..... Margaret Pecarao

The Clio girls came back eager to repeat the good times of the past. We have given a tea in the grade assembly, a spread at the home of our president and a dinner party at "The Baylis."

In the War Work Campaign we were 100%, besides pledging five dollars for the Sorority.

We are sorry to lose Miss Keeler as a faculty advisor.

We miss our girls of last year who have gone out into their new work but are very glad to welcome as new members:

Arta Sherman,	Norine Bury,
Marie Kolb,	Hildegard Hoffman,
Bernice Herich.	Marjorie McDivitt,
Hazel Cotton,	Evadne Heister,
Mildred Baer.	Emilie Fuller,
Dorothy Cozzens,	Ruth Kinzly,
Thekla Bennion.	Marion Deheek.

Marguerite Kennedy.

SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA

President.....	Ruth Kendall
Vice-President.....	Marian Walker
Corresponding Secretary.....	Julia Flaherty
Recording Secretary.....	Lucy Harris
Treasurer.....	Alice Hall

On Thursday, October 3, we had our first rush party at Alice Hall's. Besides meeting many new girls, we were fortunate in having some of our passive girls with us again.

We were entertained at the home of Gladys Raines on November 14, and in the evening gave a little birthday celebration for one of the girls.

The Belgian blankets, which we have been working on for the past few months, are now completed.

Tri Sigma wishes to announce that we are going to sell Christmas cards for the War Relief Fund:

The following girls will be pledged soon:

Miss Cotton,	Mildred McGown,
Janet Chase,	Loretta Mullen,
Jean Fraser,	Helen Preisch,
Mildred Garret.	Gladys Smith.

Y. W. C. A.

President.....	Evangeline Rosen
Vice-President.....	Gladys Raines
Secretary.....	Kate Townsend
Treasurer.....	Muriel Drake

FACULTY ADVISERS

Miss Sipp,	Miss Brigham,	Miss Robson.
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October 9 the members of the Y. W. C. A. had a supper at the Y. W. C. A. and plans for the coming year were discussed. Miss Hoyt was the principal speaker.



ENGAGED

Brita Marie Murray (1917) to Howard C. Smith.

MARRIED

In Waverly, N. Y., July 27, 1918, Dorothy Atwater (1918) and Granville Swany.

In Buffalo, September 5, 1918, M. Elizabeth Crocker (1915) and William Mitchell. They are living in Auburn, N. Y., where Mr. Mitchell is a student in the theological seminary.

Ida Sperber (1913) and Elmer Young.

Gladys Klehn (1918) to Arthur Terlesson.

Kathleen De Cue (1917) to Captain Arthur Schlosser. Killed in action September 29.

Elsie Greiner (1917) to Harry K. Shaw in September and is living at Hammondsport.

BORN

To Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Ast, a daughter. Mr. Ast was graduated in 1914 and is now in the U. S. Navy.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Russell Washburn (Marion Baxter, 1916) a son, Robert Carrol, on November 25, 1918.

DIED

In Buffalo, November 11, Mrs. Elwood Larkin (Cora Kauth) vice-president of the class of 1912.

On October 31, Mrs. Carl Kraus (Pearl Barney, 1912).

Cora Kauth (1912) wife of Elwood Larkin on November 9.

Anthony Thomas (Ex 1918) in October, at Camp Dix, N. J.

IN WASHINGTON

Jean Wherry, 1917

Sarah V. Wilson, 1918

Pauline O'Brien, 1917

Leah Blaisdell

Adelaide Nicol Weaver (1917) doing social settlement work in Cleveland.

Miss Theodora M. Carrell, class of 1890. and from 1896-1902 a teacher in the Buffalo Normal School, is now teaching English in the Technical High School, Springfield, Mass.

Beulah Hitzel (1916) is studying at the University of Buffalo.

Gertrude Frank (1916) is studying at Columbia.

Emily Dixon (1913) has taken Miss Jane E. Joslin's place as assistant in the Kindergarten Department.

Mildred Sipp (1914) and Esmeralda Trost (1918) are teaching in the Household Arts Department.

Leah Blaisdell (1917) has gone into the service.

Dora May Conger, Ethel Gillula, Mildred Sherk and Marian Walker, of the Kindergarten Class of 1918, have come back to complete the Kindergarten Primary Course.

Florence Roginson (1913) has gone abroad to do canteen work.

APPOINTMENTS OF THE CLASS OF 1918

GENERAL NORMAL

Barth, Olive E., Findlay Lake
 Becker, Edna M., West Seneca, Dist. 3
 Bernald, Grace G., Niagara Falls
 Bickler, Emilie, Bath
 Billet, Margaret M., Niagara Falls
 Bixler, Marjorie E., Wilson
 Bond, Madeline E., Sloan
 Boughner, Lillian M., Niagara Falls
 Brady, Catherine P., Niagara Falls
 Brett, Catherine H., Niagara Falls
 Brooks, Viola M., Williston
 Bryson, Bernice, Perry
 Burch, Pauline D., Dayton
 Burt, Ada F., Orchard Park
 Carrel, Mary, Pendleton
 Cartwright, Una I., East Aurora, Dist. 7
 Chittenden, Roy N., West Valley
 Clark, Wilma E., West Valley
 Cleveland, Ruth A., East Aurora
 Cornwell, Ruth S., Orchard Park
 Crehan, Gertrude C., Linden
 Culver, Agnes M., Sloan
 Currie, Janet A., Franklinville
 Curtis, Katherine A., Little Falls
 Dagon, Margaret G. J., Fort Jervis
 Dahlstedt, Dorothy A., Randolph
 Davis, Gladys V., Middleport
 Delamater, Florence A., Franklinville
 Donohue, Mary A., Stafford
 Ellis, Viola P., Lancaster
 Fagnau, Ruth G., Winchester
 Fogelsonger, Helen E., Blasiell
 Follett, Regina E., Attica Dist
 Fuller, Wilma B., Idlewood
 Gardner, Grace, St. Regis Falls
 Glanz, Evelyn A., West Seneca, Dist. 3
 Gorman, Margaret K., Shelby Center
 Haas, Helen A. M., Wilson
 Hechler, Lucia M., Eden
 Hecht, Marion, N. Tonawanda
 Hensler, Florence L., Clarence
 Higgins, Gordon H., Lancaster
 Hillborn, Isa M., Snyder
 Hoening, Margaretta, Lockport
 Holbel, Antonette J., Kenmore
 Hucker, Mildred G., Holland
 Hutcheson, Ethel J., Marilla
 Jopp, Ethel L., Lewiston
 Keefe, Catherine C., Whitehall
 Kayner, Carrie E., Southampton
 Kayner, Helen C., Southampton
 Kelly, Cors A., Williamsville
 Keane, Elsie M., North Collins
 Kerpen, Selma L., Niagara Falls
 Kipphut, Helen, Tonawanda
 Knapp, Inez M., Lancaster
 Langhin, Margaret, Niagara Falls
 Lazarus, Margaret M., Kenmore
 Lee, Anna R., Lancaster, Dist. 10
 Lee, Mary V., Lancaster, Dist. 1
 Leonard, Julia E., Lockport
 McDonnell, Ann E., Kenmore
 McDonald, Belle E., Troy
 McGee, Ivah, Cherry Creek
 McGuire, Helen E., Elma, Dist. 9
 Mashner, Kathleen A., Newfane
 Mayer, Ethelyn C., West Seneca
 Meadway, Viola S., Kenmore
 Mitscher, Margaret, N. Tonawanda
 Morley, Gladys H., Angola, Dist. 9
 Moss, Mary A., Lackawanna
 Mullany, Genevieve, Lackawanna
 Murphy, Helen K., Tonawanda
 O'Rourke, Alice D., Cheektowaga, Dist. 10
 Peck, Evelyn, Lodi, N. J.
 Pfeffer, Ethel L., Snyder
 Philipp, Laura C., Evans
 Potter, Edna, Evans
 Reagan, Ethel, Niagara Falls
 Reilly, Margaret M., Rush
 Rath, Luella, West Seneca
 Rodwell, Ivy V., Cheektowaga
 Rnef, Anna H., Evans
 Ruh, Dorella E., Williamsville
 Sackett, Grace A., Pine Plains
 Schaefer, Florence B., Lancaster, Dist. 7
 Schoenthaler, M. Lena, Williamsville
 Schurr, Marjory A., Clarence
 Schwidger, Yestia G., Holland
 Scully, Hannah J., Depew
 Schutz, Gertrude, Washington, D. C.
 Schert, Beatrice M., La Salle

Seitz, Alice C., West Seneca, Dist 8.
 Simmons, Twyla M., Ebenezer
 Smith, Gertrude I., Ebenezer
 Smith, Thelma E., Corfu
 Spellee, Alice L., Binghamton
 Stackhouse, Lois E., Medina
 Stall, Mabel E., West Orange
 Strong, Marguerite A., Holland
 Sutley, Ingham K., Tonawanda
 Suttou, Edith A., Lockport
 Swarts, Hazel H., Forestville
 Thill, Cornelia A., Lawtens
 Townsend, Marjorie A., Lockport
 Treichler, Hazel M., Niagara Falls
 Truloy, Clara A., Little Genesee
 Uhl, Pauline B., Tonawanda
 Wamonsker, Agatha C., Cheektowaga.
 Dist. 10
 Weude, Irene C., Gowanda
 Wern, Marion F., Depew
 Wilbur, Frances M., Naples
 Willard, Frances E., Bennington
 Wilson, Sarah, Lancaster
 Woodbury, Marion G., Fal-owar
 Wylie, Anna, Niagara Falls
 Zimmerman, Lydia K., Waukech

HOUSEHOLD ARTS

Bachman, Marjorie, Orchard Park
 Barth, Mafion, Gratzwick Laboratory,
 Buffalo
 Candel, Estelle, Sloan
 Cockburn, Dorothy, Tonawanda
 Cockburn, Ruth, Johnstown
 Harris, Estelle, Kenmore
 Holder, Dorothy, Ellington
 Lewis, Geraldine, Chautaugun
 Regan, Dorothy, Lancaster
 Ros, Margaret, Toronto, Ont.
 Siehoff, Rose, Westminster House, Buf-
 falo
 Townsend, Grace M., Castile
 Yule, Alice, Wyoming

KINDERGARTEN

Dunham, Katherine, Groton
 Harris, Catherine L., Tonawanda
 Hornung, Orlean B., Olean
 Langworthy, Helen L., Niagara Falls
 Lausfale, Harriet M., School 9, Buffalo
 Luk, Martha, Sloan
 Wool, Nellie B., School 7, Annex, Buffalo



SENIOR CLASS

President Marie Henrich
 Vice-President Margaret Pecoraro
 Secretary Naomi Staesser
 Treasurer Muriel Miller

In the latter part of September the Household Arts Faculty and Seniors spent a pleasant afternoon at a corn roast at Wyndom. The chief difficulty of the afternoon was that we could not find the place; but nevertheless we had a good time.

We feel very keenly the loss of Norma Vincent, who died during the epidemic of Spanish influenza.

The vacancies made by the resignations of Miss Helen Coombs and Miss Esther Howland have not as yet been filled. Miss Coombs is kept at home this year by illness in the family and Miss Howland is manager of all the lunch rooms at the Pierce-Arrow plant. Their absence is deeply regretted by all.

We are very glad to have with us Miss Sipp, a graduate of this department and of the Teachers' College, and as substitute teachers Mrs. H. Lee Ward of Cornell University and Miss Esmeraldo Trost.

The Household Arts Club will have regular monthly meetings, at the close of which a lecture will be given by a well-known speaker sent to us through the Red Cross. All are welcome to attend these lectures. The time and date of each will be posted.

This department assisted the Red Cross at the recent linen shower and in collecting old garments throughout the school. These garments will be ripped apart, cleaned and made into garments for refugees.

After so many interruptions, we finally succeeded in having a party to welcome the Freshmen. It was held in the gymnasium, November 21. Refreshments were served in the Senior Sewing Room.

JUNIOR CLASS

President.....	Julia Flaherty
Vice-President.....	Dorothy Barner
Secretary and Treasurer.....	Madeline Kramer

We regret the loss of six of our former classmates. Frances Holbrook now resides in Minneapolis; Beatrice Hosmer is studying at Ann Arbor; Carol Martin is employed by the Government at Washington; Margerie Tallman is teaching in a private school in Los Angeles, California; Jessie Shepard is a clerk in one of Buffalo's big plants, and Ethel Knapp is at home in Fulton, N. Y., trying to regain her strength before entering a missionary school at Chicago.

A hearty welcome is extended Arta Sherman, our new classmate, who is an Alfred University girl.

FRESHMAN CLASS

President.....	Elizabeth Seitz
Vice-President.....	Dorothy Quackenbush
Secretary and Treasurer.....	Clara Paterson

We are all glad to be at Normal and I am sure that we will all try to give her the best we have to give.

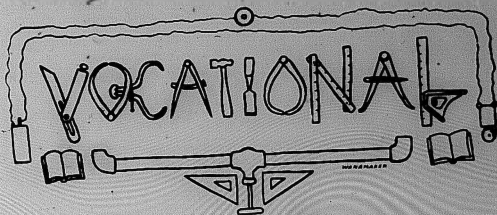
KINDERGARTEN NOTES

There is very little Kinderzarten news. All of the Seniors are back, with the exception of Frances Webster, who is teaching in Town Line.

There are thirteen Freshmen.

Over Thanksgiving vacation, each Senior took home a garment to complete for the Belgian Relief Committee.

Our Christmas work was started on December 2. Since that day we have been busy repairing toys and garments brought in by both children and students, and making new garments from materials purchased with some of the interest from the School Liberty Bond. These toys and garments will be given to children who otherwise would have had no Christmas, and we hope that many little hearts will be made warm with the knowledge that Santa did not forget them.



THE SENIOR VOCATIONAL CLASS

The work of the Senior Vocational Class keeps its members at their schools two evenings of the week. The Friday evening session at the Normal School under Mr. Root and Mr. Woelner consists of reports of experiences gained by those teaching and observing, and as we have members of the class who are teaching in the day schools, questions are many and interesting.

Although the signing of the armistice will probably permit the return of some of our members who are now in military service, we hope to get every man through or the class will be small at graduation.

There is much talk of the coming re-adjustment commercially and industrially; so this should be a harvest time for vocational teaching. Men versed in the trades who have had actual shop experience, combined with the ability to impart this knowledge, should be in demand. In the new democracy for which we have been striving, we must know how to produce those things which we need, in a manner that will make our work pleasant and instructive, yet allow us enough time outside of working hours to keep our physical and mental apparatus in a strong and healthy condition. The man who does shop work has little time for physical culture, and there is great danger of neglect in the cultivation of intellect, as is indicated by our draft boards' showing, of an eight per cent. illiteracy.

The work of the vocational teacher should include those things which make for better men, and the psychometer of the Senior Class shows a marked improvement since the beginning of the course.

HENRY TUTTHILL.

The Buffalo Normal earned a wide reputation in past years under the leadership of Doctor Upton in the field of the training of teachers for vocational schools. An increased opportunity for service in this work has come to the school as a result of the passage of the Smith-Hughes Federal Act, the benefits of which have been accepted by the State Legislature which has designated the Buffalo Normal as a center for vocational teacher-training. For the present school year instruction will be given only at night. Provision has been made for extension classes in Rochester.

The regulations adopted by the State Board of Regents provide for an evening course two years in length. Sixty nights of instruction are to be given each year. Both men and women may be admitted as candidates for a permanent license to teach some specific trade or industrial subject. At least six years of trade experience and graduation from a grammar school are required of applicants.

The registration at Buffalo Normal is: Seniors—men, 35; Juniors—men, 25 and women, 11. The registration in the extension classes at Rochester is: Seniors—men, 7 and women, 8; Juniors—men, 16, and women, 12.

The teaching staff includes six teachers in Buffalo and four in Rochester. The work is under the direction of Mr. Oakley Furney, who is also to serve as agent for the Division of Agricultural and Industrial Education of the State Education Department.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

November 3, 1918.

The world is now making a history greater than we have ever known. In the past we have studied the deeds of conquerors. The victor gloried in his might. That was the kaiser's ambition. Much of that spirit existed in our individual hearts. But today our boys are gallantly facing the foe that democracy be established as the ideal of man. Under this idea alone can society progress. We are truly becoming Christian.

A few days ago I learned of the death of our beloved Doctor Upton. All the martyrs for democracy do not die on the battlefield. Our hero worked until his physical strength could no longer stand the pace and then as Lincoln said: "Gave the full measure of devotion."

Boys, in a few days you will graduate and take upon your shoulders the responsibility of educating our children. They must be taught the meaning of democracy; therefore, whatever subject you teach it will always be subordinate to the social habits you must create.

Your classmate,
PAUL P. HOBBS, G-2-C-Headquarters.
Second Army, France.

SCHOOL OF PRACTICE



Octavia F. Sheldon, who was graduated from the School of Practice last year, has been awarded the golden eaglet, the highest attainable honor for a girl scout. She has taken and passed examinations in housekeeping, interpreting (German), laundering, pathfinding, pioneering, gardening, needlework, invalid cookery, nature study, bird study, public health and civics. Fourteen merit badges entitled her to the high honor. There are only six golden eaglets in the United States.

Octavia is now a sophomore at Lafayette High School.



The School of Practice went over the top with a one hundred per cent record for Victory Boys and Girls in the United War Work Campaign. The sum subscribed was \$394.25. The ninth grade had the honor of sending two speakers, Marion Pray and Katherine Jung, who spoke at several churches and schools to arouse enthusiasm in behalf of the seven organizations. Leland Beckwith and Charlotte Bosworth were the lieutenants for the ninth grade in charge of the subscriptions.

CHARLOTTE BOSWORTH,
Ninth Grade.

The pupils of the Normal School of Practice went to work with such vim and enthusiasm for the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign that as a result the school went "over the top" and had the honor of getting the Sixth Liberty Loan Leader Banner in one group of schools. The number of bonds received was 461, making a total amount of \$60,000, which was \$10,000 over its quota. The ninth grade led the school in both the number of bonds sold and the amount received, which was \$21,300. George Kirby of this grade brought in the amount of \$12,300 in 33 bonds, giving him the honor of being both class and school leader. The other room leaders were:

First Grade.....	Janet Suhrnek
Second Grade.....	Lucy Hoole
Third Grade.....	Harriet Flierl, Rita Fochner, Edward Lars
Fourth Grade.....	Edward Brady, Mildred Doering
Fifth Grade.....	Hubert Perry, Emily Tucker
Sixth Grade.....	James Parkhill
Seventh Grade.....	Jean Kemp, Carl Hoffman
Eighth Grade.....	Edythe Campbell

ANONA T. LUDWIG.

PEACE PROGRAM

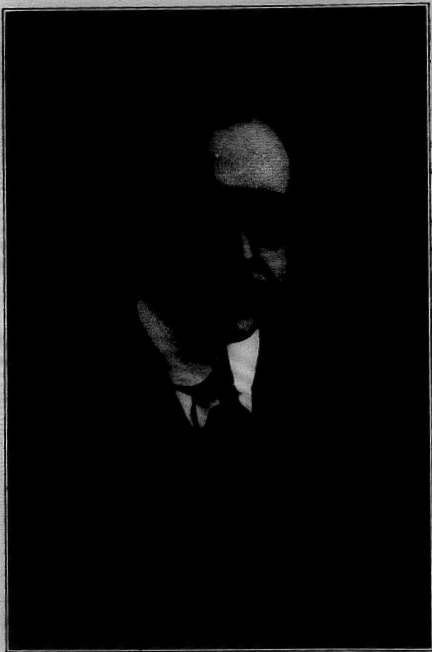
In connection with the signing of the armistice the ninth grade planned and gave the following program in the Oral English Class:

1. A Backward Glance in the Great War, by William Blackburn.
2. President Wilson's Fourteen Peace Terms, by George Kirby, June Wilson, Margaret Whyte, Ethel Ess, Laura Jones, Charlotte Kennedy, Helen Holohan, Martha Hoole, Gladys Lyon, Gertrude Tucker, Marjorie D'Arcy, Archibald Stevenson.
3. Surrender of Bulgaria and Turkey, by Miller Pierce.
4. Surrender of Austria, by Katherine Kelley.
5. Surrender of Germany, by Charlotte Bosworth.
6. Conditions in Germany, by Dorothy Dewey.
7. Our Responsibilities:
 - (a) To our Men, by Marion Pray and Katherine Jung.
 - (b) To our Allies, by Mabel Bandlow.
 - (c) At Home, by Myrtle Foster.

MABEL E. BANDLOW.

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HARRY WESTCOTT ROCKWELL
Principal of the Buffalo State Normal School

DEDICATION AND INSTALLATION EXERCISES

Edward H. Butler, B. A. Presiding
President, Local Board of Managers

Processional—Tannhauser March *Wagner*

Invocation Rev. Cameron J. Davis, D.D.
Rector of Trinity Church

Address . Charles Alexander Richmond, M.A., D.D., LL.D.
President Union University

Address of Dedication and Installation
Thomas E. Finegan, M.A., ED.D., LL.D.

Acting Commissioner of Education of the State of New York

Response Principal Harry W. Rockwell, B.A., M.A.

Soprano Solo—Aya Maria *Schubert*

Mrs. Edna Busc, accompanied by
Miss Martha Gomph, Harpist
Mr. William J. Gomph at the Organ.

Address James Byrne, B.A., LL.B., LL.D.
Regent of the University of the State of New York

Benediction:

Recessional—Marche Solenne *Mendelssohn*

THE RECORD

Vol. VII

Buffalo, N. Y., April, 1919

No. 3

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

It was Easter Sunday afternoon. Outside, the rain poured down furiously. Robert and Jane were stretched on a rug in the library, listening attentively while Grandfather told a story.

"But poor old Ponce de Leon," said grandfather in conclusion, "never found the fountain, and indeed, no one else has succeeded in finding it to this day."

"But is the Fountain of Youth really somewhere here?" asked little Robert, his eyes fairly dancing with interest.

"I have no doubt at all that it is," answered grandfather, with a twinkle in his eye, "I have always said that we ought to pay more attention to the stories of the old Indian sachems."

"Then, someday, I am going to look for it."

"Well, you may be sure of one thing," said grandfather, "since in all these years no one has found it, it is in a place very hard to reach. Who knows, perhaps we might come across it out there in the swamp."

"O-o-o. If it's in the swamp, I guess they were so scared of alligators they didn't dare to look. But if you were along, grandfather, I would never be afraid of the alligators or snakes or anything."

Down in Florida where there are numerous alligator farms, and the negro boys sell baby alligators for pets, those reptiles are quite familiar to the small boys and girls, but it was quite another thing to consider meeting them on their own ground in the dense swampy jungles, such as the one just outside the little town where Robert and Jane lived.

Robert shuddered as he thought of the alligators and snakes and deep slimy pools, half hidden by long grasses, that made the swamp a fearsome place to venture into.

Grandfather picked up his glasses and left the room chucking to himself, and Robert and Jane were left to speculate on the interesting theme.

"If grandfather could bathe in that fountain, do you suppose he would come out a little boy like me?" began Robert.

"I think he would look like that picture in the album that mother showed us the other day—you know that picture of grandfather when

he was a little boy—where he wears that funny jacket. But what do you want him to bathe in the fountain for? I don't want another boy in the family."

"Oh, of course you wouldn't, but just think what a good time grandfather and I would have together! He is such fun, anyway."

But Jane had lost interest in the discussion, and was now idly drumming on the window pane.

"It's going to stop raining soon," she said half to herself. "When it stops, I will get grandfather to help me look for the fountain," said Robert, as he rolled over on his back, and stared at the ceiling.

And so, it wasn't long after the last trickle of rain had ceased, that Robert, holding tightly to grandfather's hand, was walking along a narrow path through the dismal swamp. They penetrated farther and farther into the dim twilight, until just ahead, Robert spied an open space where the sun had pierced through the dense foliage.

There, on one side of the path lay a clear, smiling pool, bubbling in the sunshine, while on the other were the Everglades, dismal and terrifying.

"Grandfather, we've found it, we've found it—it's the Fountain of Youth!"

"Yes, yes it must be," said grandfather musingly, and without other warning, plunged in.

When he rose to the surface, Robert hardly knew him, and yet it seemed that he had seen some such a little boy before.

Grandfather's white hair was gone, and his head was covered with a thick yellow mop. Where were all the wrinkles—and what a funny jacket—why it must be the little boy whose picture was in the album!

The two lads hugged each other and danced in glee.

"Are you grandfather or the little boy in the album?" asked Robert, whirling around on one toe as he spoke.

But as he turned, he was given a terrible fright. From the swamp at the other side of the road crawled a huge slimy alligator.

"Oh, Grandfather," cried Robert and he turned instinctively to him for protection. But there at his side was only a small boy like himself and what could he do?

The two small boys having nowhere to turn clung frantically to each other, shutting their eyes tight as the alligator came on with jaws wide open, and then—

"Robert, Robert," said a voice, "what are you doing?"

Robert's eyes flew open, and there he was in the library, clutching tightly a small footstool, while over him stood grandfather—the same dear old grandfather, large as he ever was.

Robert jumped up and hugged him ecstatically.

"Oh, grandfather, I don't want to ever find the Fountain of Youth. I'd rather have *you*, just as you are, than all the little boys in Florida."

MARGARET W. HOLMLUND,

Freshman, Section III.

LILIES

Lilies, the symbol of Easter stand
Pure and lovely on every hand.
Telling of days with skies of blue.
Of youth and hope and strength anew.

Lilies of gentle kindly grace,
No flower that blooms can take your place.
A message of peace to all you bring
With flowers and song and the glory of spring.

Oh, have you seen the lilies stand
Pure and lovely on every hand?
In them a golden message lies,
Of love and life that never dies.

HELEN GRANT,

Freshman, Section II.

THE EASTER HAT

Ethel Thomas walked briskly down the village street, her whole being in tune with the beauties of the April morning. Easter was but two days off. Buds of snowdrops and crocuses made bright patches against velvet lawns; the shimmer of green was upon the trees, and birds everywhere were bursting their throats in praise of the spring time.

That morning, as she had taken her place opposite her husband at the breakfast table, she had found upon her plate a check for a generous sum, and as her questioning blue eyes met Jack's laughing brown ones, he had said:

"Buy your Easter hat, my dear, but you cannot possibly look prettier in it than in the old one."

Jack was a dear, and now she would buy the prettiest hat she could find, and she must also buy a plant for Grandma Brown. Poor soul—she had been shut in all winter with the rheumatism.

The hat selected, Ethel turned to the window where the village florist displayed his cut flowers and potted plants for the Easter trade. A pot of primroses was purchased, and addressed cards given to both florist and milliner to insure prompt delivery.

It was the afternoon of the day before Easter and the new hat had not arrived. Ethel determined to walk around the block to Grandma Brown's, and then back by way of the store to inquire for the delayed hat.

"Come in," called a cheery voice, in response to Ethel's knock; and stepping into the little room, Ethel Thomas received the greatest surprise of her life.

Beside the window, in her old-fashioned rocker, sat Grandma Brown, her faded blue eyes very bright, and her wrinkled cheeks pink with excitement. In her lap she held a new spring hat.

"I'm so glad you've come; I want you to see my new spring hat, some one has been so good. Oh! how did they know that I wanted it so?"

Ethel had not said a word. She brought a chair, and sitting down beside the little old lady, was about to claim her hat and explain how the cards must have been mixed; but Grandma Brown went right on talking.

"Perhaps you'll think me wicked, but I prayed to have a pretty new hat just once more, and here it is, almost as pretty as the one John bought me years ago, when we were just young folks. Money was scarce then, and John must have saved a long time to buy that hat."

It had a pretty flower like this, and some lace and velvet too. And now that I am so much better I can go to church and hear the Easter music. Oh, what a happy Easter it will be!"

Ethel swallowed hard against the rising lump in her throat, but not for a dozen hats could she spoil the pleasure of that trusting little old lady. Somehow she managed to be glad with her, and as quickly as she could she said good-bye, and hurried home.

No one but her husband knew why Ethel Thomas wore her last year's hat to the Easter service, and Ethel herself forgot all about it in the joy of watching the happy face of a little old lady in shabby black, wearing a wonderful Easter hat.

GERTRUDE TOWNSEND,
Freshman, Section I.

Consider the Freshmen, how freely they grow,
They toil not, they weep not,
No blues do they show.
They smile all the school year,
All shining and bright,
Just look at the Freshmen!
You'll say they're all right.

Consider the Seniors, how stately they grow,
They toil so, they weep so,
The blues they do show.
They work all the school year,
So earnest and true.
Just look at the Seniors!
But they're all right too.

R. M. II.
Freshman, Section IV.

CHROMATIC CLUB CONCERTS

Among the most delightful events of the school year are the three concerts given annually by members of the Chromatic Club as part of the club's extension work.

The programs for this year were as follows:

January 9, 1919

Il mio bel foco.....	Marcello
Selve amichi.....	Caldara
Danza.....	Durante

(From 1670 to 1750)

Mrs. Mary Ward Prentiss

Siciliano.....	Dominico Scarlatti
Seherzo.....	Martini
Gavotte.....	Alessandro Scarlatti
Minnetto.....	

Miss Doris Silbert

Douce dame jolie (1300)

Aux echus de bois (1570)

Nuit étoilée.....	Debussy
Nell.....	Fauré

Mrs. Prentiss

Impromptu, A flat.....	Chopin
Valse, D flat.....	
Humoresque in G.....	Tschaikowski

Miss Silbert

Blow, blow, thou winter wind.....	Arne
Soft-footed snow.....	Lie
My Jean.....	Minetti
The nightingale has a lyre of gold.....	Whelpley

Mrs. Prentiss

Miss Harriet Morgan, Accompanist

February 28, 1919

Piano:
Ballade *Debussy*
Minnette *D'Indy*
Miss Mary Moore

Songs:
Calm is the Lake *Pfaff*
A Flight of Clouds *Cariacillo*
Tuscan Folk Song
In Our Boat *Frances Alltisen*
Miss Harriet Keating, Miss Elizabeth B. Neill

Mrs. Russell gave a sketch of Franck's music and of French feeling.

Piano:
Aria and Finale *Cisar Franck*
Miss Moore

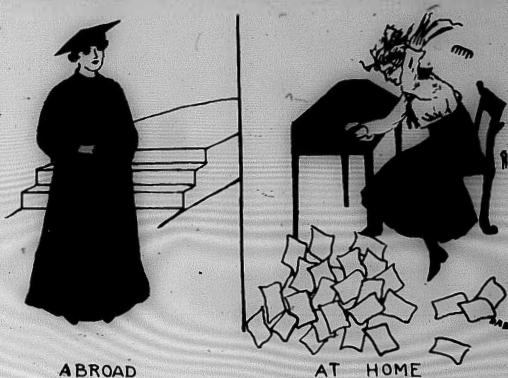
April 3, 1919

Piano:
Ballade, G Minor *Brahms*
Waldesrauschen *Liszt*
Miss Charlotte Elsheimer

Songs:
Lungi dal Caro Bene *Secchi*
Down in the Forest *Ronald*
Cradle Song, 1915 *Kreiser*
Miss Dorothy Hobbie

Piano:
Tambourin *Rameau-Gondowsky*
Melody, G flat *Paderewski*
Etude, op. 10, No. 8 *Chopin*
Miss Elsheimer

Songs:
I Am Thy Harp *Huntington Woodman*
Twilight Dreams *Sibella*
Miss Hobbie



We welcomed the renewal of the daylight-saving plan for we should feel very much at loss if we did not have to grope for our particular locker every morning.

The drinking fountain on the third floor always strikes the spot you least expect.

We saw a note for Miss Understood read by no fewer than eleven people. Are the students getting morbid?

Is there any truth in the rumor that our "fraters" intend to become "sorors"?

Now that our duties involve a supervision of the School of Practice lunch period, we give a sympathetic glance to every traffic cop we meet.

One Freshman section thought it a huge joke to have their smallest member teach the singing class "I wonder what I'll do when I am big some day." We used to laugh at such things, too.

We can scarcely wait until we have attained enough dignity to enable us to push a little red wagon around without exciting adverse comment.

Have you noticed the loss of "Standards in Modern English?"

The happy, eager faces of the Seniors-as they hurry to the Grade Assembly Friday afternoon at three o'clock, make us wonder.

"Make up" work has taken all the joy out of substituting.

Personally we dislike washing dishes, scrubbing floors and collecting papers, so we wonder why positions on the "clean-up" committee are so popular.

The St. Patrick's Day party was a great success—green decorations, green shades, green Freshman, green student teachers and even—well, it was a St. Patrick's Day party.

If the weather man had to dust the pictures, polish the desks and wash the rubber plant and arrange a tasteful exhibit of class work, perhaps he would be more considerate on state occasions.

Those who practice at School No. 38 seem to be forever coming and going. We will give three cents toward a school automobile. What will those who teach at School No. 38 contribute?

THE STROLLING STUDENT.

ERIE COUNTY TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

On February 20 and 21, the annual meeting of the Erie County Teachers' Association was held at the Buffalo Normal School. The two-day session began with a general assembly of the teachers, after which separate conferences were held in the academic, elementary and rural divisions. Mr. Frederick Woelner welcomed the visiting teachers.

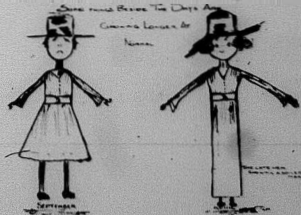
Dr. A. C. Thompson, of the Brockport Normal School, addressed two of the morning conferences, speaking on child nature and the art of telling stories to children. Mrs. Bryant Glenn spoke before the elementary and rural divisions on the work of the Junior Red Cross.

Some problems in secondary education were discussed by Mr. Root. Miss Small talked on English in the grades.

At 2:30 o'clock, Captain A. P. Simmonds, military observer, and Mr. C. F. Pritchard, manager of the school bureau of the War Savings Committee, New York, gave a brief outline of the plans made for developing the saving habit among school children. An illustrated lecture on the history of the Niagara Frontier was delivered by Mr. Houghton.

On Friday morning, February 21, the program included an address by A. N. Palmer, a round table discussion in the elementary division, led by B. D. Small, Mr. Holeomb, and Mr. Palmer, and in the rural conference a discussion on food for school children, by Mary G. McCormick, with demonstration by Miss Sipp and papers by M. Palmer and Mr. Holeomb.

Following a music program in the afternoon, Mr. Harry W. Rockwell addressed the teachers. The meeting closed with the motion pictures, "How Life Begins."



AMERICA'S BEST

"Aw, wot show's a guy got anyways!" Peter mused as he deliberately aimed a paper wad at the big blue-bottle fly on the dirty window pane and prepared to shoot.

It was Friday, April, and three o'clock and Peter was staying after school for the heinous crime of dipping Susie Heinowich's yellow braid into his ink-well and then slapping Sam Cohen's hand with it as he passed by on his way to the teacher's throne for punishment. You see, the teacher, being a substitute, had innocently grasped the same hand to hold it securely for the blow and received thereby a great daub of inky blackness on her new georgette waist.

Teacher was unjustly angry, Peter reasoned. How'd a feller know which hand she was a goin' a wallop! Gee, she's a cranky ole maid! And he dug a deep scratch in his desk.

How slowly that old hand ticked around the clock! One by one the few habitual culprits had straggled out. Now it was five minutes of four and the room was strangely quiet. Teacher was making great red marks on test papers. She could make ten in two minutes and a half. Peter reckoned that that would be two hundred and forty an hour. He wondered how soon the pencil would be used up and if she would have to pay for the new one. He resolved to make all the mistakes he could from that time on if she did.

And then something happened. It wasn't Peter's fault. Oh, no! How could he tell that General Pershing, an ugly, little, red-eyed, white-mouse, but the pride of Peter's life and half of the swiftest team in School 114, was going to take that particular moment to escape from among the apples cores in Peter's pocket? And how could any one imagine that General Pershing would be so foolish as to run right up teacher's arm? And who ever thought of being afraid of a white mouse anyway!

But this is just what did happen. General Pershing, having exhausted Peter's supply of apple cores and gum, got hungry. He slipped out of Peter's pocket and scurried across the floor right up Teacher's dress and out on her arm. Oh! how Teacher did scream. She jumped right up on a chair and held her skirts tight for fear of the tiny thing. Peter's eyes danced with mischief. "Sic 'em, Pershing! You kin lick her!" and he jumped up and down and howled with boyish glee.

But he had counted too much on the deserted condition of the building and had yelled too loudly. Retribution was at hand. The awful

steps of the Principal were coming down the hall. Then Peter had an idea. There was a tall pipe that went up to the roof right past the window, so out he scrambled and shinned down as fast as he could go.

He was safe till Monday now, and as he took the hastily rescued Pershing out of his pocket to make sure of his well being, he waved his dirty cap at the window and yelled "Good-by Submarine!"

But Peter hurried right along for he knew it was getting late and he did not care to advertise at home the fact that he had been kept after school. As he came to the alley he heard the heavenly notes of "The Old Gray Mare" issuing from the new simola in the front part of the house. This told him the probable location of his mother, and having decided that discretion was the better part of valor, he prepared to do a little scouting and avoid an open attack.

So, after reassuring himself by peeping in the parlor window he ran around to the back of the house. Peter slipped in through the back door, under the washing machine and back of the stove. On the way he knocked down a dishpan, two kettles and the dirty mop, which struck him right in the face, adding a tenth coat to the grime already there, calling forth an angry expletive from the boy as he thought of the extra washing it would take to remove the traces, and bringing his mother, who was one of those incomprehensible people who believe that boys do not need to play most of the time.

She boxed his ears soundly with a few remarks about boys that stayed after school to play. This over Peter's spirits rose, and after feeding the hungry Pershing, he started out, according to instructions with a basket for the purpose of "snitching coal off the railroad." He even felt cheerful enough to whistle now, and once he giggled when he thought of Susie's braid. "Gee, I didn't know that old yella hair 'd turn green. Ain't she sore? Bet eba dollar she don't tattle on me no more!"

Then again his wrath rose, as he thought of the awful injustice that had been done him in being compelled to slide down a pipe at the risk of life and limb. "She'd a cared a lot if I'd busted me bean!" Peter muttered, and he threw a piece of coal at the basket, pretending that was Teacher. That wasn't far enough away to make a good whack so he aimed at the sign board instead.

But he paused, his arm raised, all ready to throw, for something met his eye. On the board was a new poster—a wonderful affair with a flag and Uncle Sam beaming down with his hat in his hand.

"Attention, America's Best!" Peter spelled. "Uncle Sam is hungry. He depends for food on his most loyal subjects, the school children of America! Help him by making a Victory Garden!"

"America's Best!" Peter had to look twice to make sure that it didn't say school teachers or mothers or principals. There it was in big red letters—"The School Children of America."

"Well, ole Uncle Sam," chuckled Peter. "Who tole you wot kind of kids ns guys was? Reckon you ain't scared o' mice nor teachers neither. Gee whiz, I ain't got no time to be a feedin' useless animals, nor a stayin' after school plaguing school teachers no more. Guess I better git my land plowed so I kin plant my 'aters 'n water melins tomorra. Us guys 'll show you wot kind o' feedin' you're agoin' a git when you eat stuff raised by America's Best!"

And Peter the Proud threw his old ragged cap in the air and turned a handspring.

MARION WAKEMAN,
Senior, Section II.

SOME DAY

Time: "When I Am Big."

I wonder what I'll do when I can think some day.
At 42 or 3 when I can think some day
Perhaps I will be able
To understand a fable
But any way I doubt if I can think some day.

I wonder what I'll do when I can teach some day
At 51 or 2 when I can teach some day,
Perhaps it will be spelling or
Or maybe story-telling
But still I hope that I can teach some day.

N. K.,
Freshman, Section IV.



English III Pilgrims

A student fressh there was in Buffalo
That unto Englyshe III had long-i-go.
For hym was lever have reserved for he
A boke of Chubblic or Englyshe balladrie
Then gette fyrst choyse of puddynge or cookie
Or reache on tyme hys Physiologie.

STUDENT AID FUND

In the spring of 1900, the Buffalo State Normal Alumni Association, through a large and successful fair, laid the foundation of a fund to be loaned to worthy students who required financial aid in securing an education. The amount raised at that time was something over twelve hundred dollars. Additions have been made to this amount from time to time, through gifts and interest on the original amount, which have considerably increased the sum now on deposit in the bank.

These funds are administered by a committee of three appointed by the Alumni, consisting of the Principal of the school, the Superintendent of Teaching and a member of the Alumni Association. Application for loans are made to the Principal of the school.

Through the resources of this fund in the past, many students have been financially assisted to complete their course at the Buffalo Normal School, who otherwise might not have been able so to do, and who are now valuable teachers in this state and in other parts of the country.

TOURING THE COUNTRY

On a certain Saturday morning promptly at six o'clock, a little party of nine started out in two cars for the Hamburg Fair. Mrs. Peterson, mother of the twins, Paul and Phil, was the chaperon. These three together with two girl friends, Vera and Eleanor rode in the Peterson's Four-Ninety car. Back of them, in a "stiff" new Ford, came the other four—Ralph Meade, owner of that car, and his sister Ruth with Dora Mack and Dick Wells. All were confident of a good trip, for what could happen to a new Ford or to a Four-Ninety with four good tires?

For six miles the speedometers registered in a healthy way. Then the Peterson's car stopped. "Wh-r-r-r," went the crank as one boy after another spun it around. Finally Mrs. Peterson peered into the gasoline tank and found it to be "dry." But where there's a will there's a way, so soon a tin cup had been procured from the lunch basket and Phil was lying flat on his back under the Ford, filling the cup from the tank. The cup was fast filling, but oh horrors, where was the cap to the tank? He found it just as a flood of oil came down in his face. Strangling and sputtering, he emerged from beneath the car while Ralph, snatching the cap from his hand, hastened to stop the flow.

In a few minutes enough gasoline was transferred to the Four-Ninety to last until the first oil station was reached. There, both tanks were filled.

Soon they were merrily speeding toward Buffalo, where several people enjoyed hair-breadth escapes from Ralph's driving, as he ploughed his way through the Elk Street Market in his search for the Hamburg Road. That road was found at last; but it was long after ten before they reached Hamburg where they found not even the rumors of a fair. They had made a mistake in the date!

"Let's go home a different way, anyhow," begged Ruth.

"Yes, let's," chimed in the rest.

In a few minutes they were speeding eastward. Soon hills began to appear and oh, the long winding roads which disappeared up their sides! One road looked so inviting as they passed it, that Mrs. Peterson suggested they go back and eat their lunch at the top. A moment later found them beginning the steep ascent with the Ford leading. But the new car was not yet limber enough to make hills on "high" or even on "low" as was soon proved. Perhaps it was mostly Ralph's fault in not shifting gears while there was enough speed; at any rate the machine went slower and slower and finally simply stopped as Ralph shifted into

"low." Nor would she budge a stop even in "low." So Ralph, biting his under lip in vexation, informed the occupants they would have to get out and push.

"All the way up!" asked Dora.

"Well, no," said Ralph. "Only until I can get a start."

Dora, Ruth and Dick cheerfully got out and pushed. Then suddenly they found that the Ford was gaining rapidly, leaving them to walk. It was noon now and the sun was beating pitilessly down upon them. The Petersons' car gave signs of slowing down, so its occupants also jumped out and walked. The two cars soon gained the top but the little party declared they would exert themselves no longer and sat down to rest under a wide-spreading apple tree at the left of the road. "Oh, what a pretty place!" exclaimed Vera. "Let's eat our lunch here instead of at the top of the hill."

Soon the boys drove back and built a fire while the girls got out the lunch baskets. What a feast they had!—roasted corn and wieners, pickles, cake, sandwiches and hot coffee.

Lunch was over and everything ready for starting out again when Eleanor asked: "Where do we go from here, boys?"

"Why, Java Center can't be far away, so let's go there," suggested Ruth.

Another minute found them starting for Java Center. Fate led them over the worst roads and the steepest hills. On every hill Ralph's car was given a push and every time she was just ungrateful enough to leave the "pushers" to climb up.

Java Center isn't a metropolis, yet it took a whole hour to go through that place. You see, as both cars were apparently running nicely; Dick suddenly noticed that a tire of the Four-Ninety had come off the rim and was merrily wobbling around the axle. Luckily a garage was nearby and so at five o'clock they were on their way again. At ten minutes after five there was a loud report. The Petersons had had a "blow-out." The last good extra tire was soon on.

"We must hurry, boys, and strike an improved road for home," remarked Mrs. Peterson.

"What say we go through Letchworth Park on our way home, Mother?" asked Phil.

"Is Portage on our way home?" questioned his mother.

"Yes," cheerfully fibbed Dick.

So they started for Portage.

Good roads and good luck brought them to the park entrance just as the sun was setting. Hurriedly they drove up and down the beautiful

drives. Then they all left the cars and stood on the rock table overlooking the Genesee River to gaze upon those wonderful falls. But Elenor grew anxious and begged them to hurry out of the spooky place. Only then did they realize that it was beginning to get dark. They had spent a whole hour in the park!

At break-neck speed they hurried on toward home. About nine o'clock, as they were passing through Gainesville, the Four-Ninety developed a squeak in a left wheel. While the boys investigated and applied remedies, the girls and Mrs. Peterson spread out the remains of the lunch. Refreshed and repaired they left Gainesville singing at the top of their lungs: "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary."

But mischief was still brewing. Ralph had driven so fast that his lights burned out soon after they left Gainesville. This made driving a little dangerous even though the Petersons did lead the way.

About midnight everyone began to wonder what the people at home were thinking. So at the next farm house, where a light was still burning, one of the boys "called" home. You may be sure it was a voice, full of relief, which answered at the other end of the line.

When they started out again bedtime was long since past. Ruth and Dora even fell asleep despite the lumpy roads.

At one-thirty Sunday morning, home was only forty miles away. Luck seemed to be with them at last and mile after mile passed without a mishap.

"All's well that ends well, Mumsy," Paul informed his mother.

They were exactly one-half mile from home when Ralph boastingly said, "Maybe this bus *didn't* go up hills very well; but anyway we haven't had any tire trouble."

"Sh-h-h," went something.

"Oh! a flat tire," growled Ralph. "Why did I brag!"

But a fresh inner tube soon remedied the trouble and the remainder of the trip was spent "boastlessly."

Three forty-five found everybody in bed. Strange to say, not one of the party was seen at church that Sunday. Each and everyone had a face the exact color of a beet.

It was not until a week later that Ralph's and Ruth's mother confessed that she had swept and dusted her parlor at eleven o'clock that Saturday night so that everything would be ready for the bodies which she fully expected to be brought in at any minute.

DOROTHY J. COZZENS.
Senior, Section II.

VERS LIBRE

(As a Freshman conceives it) with apologies to "K. C. B."

In High School
They taught me
How to write themes
And notes of congratulations
And condolence,
And how to order
The Youth's Companion
Politely and properly
But somehow they omitted
This kind of literature
That authorities have baptized
"Vers Libre."
So I don't know
Anything about it.
But neither do you.
So I'm safe
In writing it.
And anyway
It's the latest thing,
And I'm for style
Almost every time.
But there's just one thing
About the present styles
That makes me wonder.
And that is.
Are the ladies happy
When they get on those skirts,
Those terrible, tight skirts,
Those hampering, crippling skirts,
That Dame Fashion demands
This season?
It seems to me
That if I had one,
I'd hang it—on the clothes line
In the back yard,
Just to show the neighbors
That I was stylish.
And had one too.

He received his A. M. from Columbia University, in the Summer of 1917, and comes to us from Pelham Manor where he was supervising Principal of the Pelham schools.

We hope that he has come to the Buffalo State Normal School to stay.

Who would have believed on a solemn morning, long ago when a Regent's Examination paper lay on our desk, and we thought, not at all cordially of the mysterious Body, which was causing us such quaking, that a time would ever come when we should welcome with positive enthusiasm a visit of that same Board to our school?

We certainly did enjoy having the opportunity to learn that a Regent is not what Alice thought the Unicorn, before she "saw one alive," a "Fabulous Monster"—but in reality a very charming gentleman. A member of the Record Staff said—after one of the Regents volunteered to help her with her duties in the office—"Why, he was just like one of us!"

One of the most interesting assemblies we have had this year was the one at which the work of the Batavia School for the Blind was demonstrated. The bulky books, the arithmetic table, that was a division as well as a multiplication table, and the geometric implements would have easily compelled our attention. But what we were more interested in was the students themselves. Their evident cheerfulness and enthusiasm for their work made us feel that although they are deprived of "that one talent which is death to hide," yet they have an intangible something which most of us lack.

The toys on the platform certainly didn't forecast such a portentous debate as that held by the Kindergarten Freshman. We surely would have liked to try running that tank and we are quite satisfied we could do it without injury to ourselves. But then, we, like Benjamin Franklin, are over ten years old.

Our "Youngest Activity," certainly was a delightful surprise. Its instant and continued popularity is just as we expected—"the reason is—why don't you know?" Could there exist a student among us, so unappreciative as not to enjoy a chorus made up of all the boys in the Senior Class?

The party given the school by the Y. W. C. A. girls was a great success. It was a rare treat to stand on the gymnasium stairs and watch the Faculty and students in brilliant caps of fancy shapes come marching, marching. But it was a still rarer treat to be one of that rollicking, marching throng. We do hope that party will not be the last of its kind.

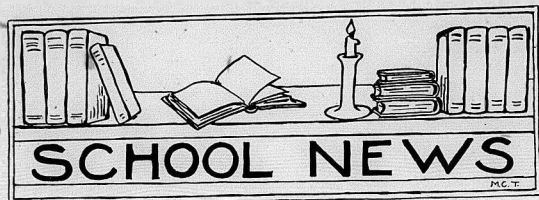
And now as the Record goes to press, we sigh, partly in relief and partly in genuine regret. We have had a good time working together over our difficulties and successes. We feel that this is a definite branch of work with which we have become at least tolerably well acquainted.

We could hope nothing better for the Record Staff of next year, than that they shall have just as successful a year as we have enjoyed.

Found by the Thirteen to illustrate what they learned in Phonetics.

"If an S and an I and an O and a U
With an X at the end spell "Sn,"
And an E and a Y and an E spell I.
Pray what is a speller to do?
Then if an S and an I and a G
And an H E D spell "side,"
There's nothing much for a speller to do,
But go commit "Sioux Eye Sighed."





The Normal School will close for the Easter vacation on Thursday, April 17, at the end of the school session. Work will be resumed at 9 o'clock on Monday morning, April 28.

Miss Bacon attended the annual meeting of the N. E. A. Department of Superintendence, held recently in Chicago.

A candy sale was held on March 17 by the Senior Class. The proceeds, about forty-eight dollars, are to help pay the expenses of graduation.

On March 19, a reception was given to Mr. and Mrs. Rockwell by the Normal students. After the games, which were played in the gymnasium, refreshments were served. Dancing followed.

The school is indebted to the Dramatic Club for the opportunity of hearing Edith Wynne Matthison on Monday evening March 31, read the Rosalind scenes of "As You Like It."

On Friday, May 2, the Record Staff and the *Elms* Staff will give a dance in the gymnasium.

EVENTS IN ASSEMBLY

January 9, 1919—Concert given by the Chromatic Club.

January 24—Talk on physical education by Miss Cotton illustrated by the first grade demonstrating group play; the second grade, individual play, and the fifth grade, the regular work done in the gymnasium.

January 30—Talk by Ralph Boniface, who urged us to patronize the dealers who advertise in the school papers.

The much anticipated first appearance of our "Youngest School Activity," a quartet made up of Ralph Boniface, David Foss, Ferdinand Kamprath, and Milton Pfeffer.

February 4 and 5—Motion pictures: "How Life Begins."

February 11—Demonstration by teachers and pupils of the Batavia Institute for the Blind.

February 17—Introduction to the school by President Butler of the Board of Managers of our new principal, Mr. Harry Westcott Rockwell.

February 20—Stereopticon talk on school-room decoration given by eight Seniors of the H. A. Department.

February 28—Concert given by the Chromatic Club.

Talk by Dr. Howell of the State Health Department.

March 4—Talk by Mr. Rockwell on the recent meeting of the N. E. A. Department of Superintendence.

March 6—Debate by the Kindergarten Freshmen on the question: "Resolved, That mechanical toys are injurious to a child under ten years of age." The decision was in favor of the negative side.

March 11—Reading by Mr. John D. Wells of some of his own poems.

March 13—A stereopticon lecture on "Birds," given by the Nature Study Class.

March 18—Talk by Mr. Rockwell on the "League of Nations."

March 25—Address by Mr. Pillsbury, Secretary to Superintendent Hartwell, on "The Junior High School."

April 3—Concert given by the Chromatic Club.

REPORT OF RED CROSS CHRISTMAS ROLL CALL

The Faculty and students responded splendidly to the call of the Red Cross for members during the drive of December 17, 1919, and these three days occurred just before the Christmas holidays—these days when money, or rather, ready cash, is so scarce. One hundred and fifteen new members enrolled, subscribing in all \$125.00. "Normal Never Fails" in a good cause.

F. E. K., *Chairman.*



EASTER GREETINGS

1919

FACULTY-STUDENT COUNCIL

OFFICERS

President..... Miss Lane
Secretary..... Florence Albee

FACULTY MEMBERS:

Mr. Rockwell, *ex-officio*,
Miss Kempke, June, '19,
Miss Olmstead, June, '20,
Mr. Root, June, '20,
Miss Smith, June, '19,
Miss Spragne, January, '20.

STUDENT MEMBERS:

H. Genevieve Dye, '19,
Julia Flaherty, '20,
Eleanor Murray, '20,
Doris Will, '20,
Milton Pfeffer, '19.

The Faculty-Student Council was organized in 1911, its purpose being to bring teachers and students together to discuss matters vital to the general welfare of our school. Regular meetings are held the last Monday of every month.

The Council is made up of two committees, the Faculty Committee, of which the President is chairman, and the Student Committee, of which the Secretary is chairman. There is also an Auxiliary Committee which includes a representative of each of the Freshman and Senior sections.

Within a few days after a meeting of the Council, it is a duty of the Secretary to call a meeting of the Auxiliary Committee to make known to these representatives the proceedings of the previous meeting. The Auxiliary Committee will in turn inform its respective sections, and thus the proceedings of the Council will be spread throughout the school.

Some of the results secured by the Council have been: The equipment of a girls' hospital room on the first floor, the organization of Freshman and Senior Classes, the placing of chairs in the third floor corridors, the launching and prosecuting of two "Better English Campaigns," one of which the Seniors, at least, will remember as the Pageant of last Spring.

March 7, 1919, was the date of the first meeting of the Council this year. At that meeting the following business was transacted: Election of officers, the decision to repeat the appeal to the New York Telephone Company for a public telephone booth, and the decision to place a suggestion box in the corridor of the first floor.

Another meeting was held March 25, 1919, at which the following amendments were made to the Constitution and By-Laws:

To the Constitution: "A representative of the men of the student body to be elected prior to the first regular meeting in September."

To the By-Laws: "The Council shall meet on the last Monday of every month instead of the first as heretofore."

FLORENCE E. ALBEE,
Secretary.

THIRTEEN

When the tardy bell is ringing
 From the basement corridor,
 Have you seen the flying figures
 Rushing to the second floor?
 As they shove and push and scurry,
 Fearing lest they shall be late,
 Ask Miss Kempke why they do it,
 Must the Thirteen keep a date?

Have you seen them in their costumes
 Hopping, dancing, in the gym?
 How they always come to order
 When Miss Houston says, "Fall in!"
 Noon hour finds them calmly eating
 (What they did not eat before!)
 Next the Thirteen act as song birds,
 Or over pedagogy pour.

We're not noted for distinctions,
 Which is easy to be seen.
 Green, green, Kindergarten Freshmen,
 But a lucky class.—Thirteen!
 If you have a heavy burden,
 Even if it weighs a ton,
 We will do our best to help you,
 "Thirteen!"—when you want things done.

DOROTHY VINCENT,
 Kindergarten Freshman.

HEARD IN THE CAFETERIA

M.—"I don't believe there's any turtle in this soup at all!"

S—"Turtle? I know there isn't. If you ordered cottage pudding you wouldn't expect to find a cottage in it, would you?"



SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA

President	Marjory Schuff
Vice-President	Theresa Rieman
Corresponding Secretary	Helen Spaulding
Recording Secretary	Ruth Lamy
Treasurer	Gladys Raines

December 13, 1918—Tri Sigma held a dance in the gymnasium. Although it was on Friday, the thirteenth, the event did prove to be an enjoyable and successful one.

January 14, 1919—Initiation followed by a very delightful dinner party, was held at the home of Olga Nye.

January 28 and February 20—Tri Sigma had two candy sales.

March 1—We entertained the Passive Chapter and the new girls at a tea at the College Club. The old and new officers were hostesses and Miss Roehsler and Miss Enulebreck poured tea. The decorations were spring flowers.

March 11—There was a St. Patrick's Day party at the home of Ruth Kendall for the "rushees."

March 14—There was a "movie" party at the Elmwood Theatre for the "rush" girls.

March 17—A "rush" party was held in the Grade Assembly. Indeed it may seem as if we had done nothing for others, but this is not so. Both at Thanksgiving and Christmas time we have sent baskets with food, clothing and toys to those who are less fortunate and in need.

Ruth Kendall has been chosen to represent our chapter at Tri Sigma's National Convention at Kansas City next August.

We are very glad to welcome these new members:

Florence Gould,	Clara Patterson.
Elmyra Hand,	Dorothy Reynolds,
Sophie Jasknbowska,	Gladys Reynolds.

CLIONIAN SORORITY, THETA CHAPTER

<i>President</i>	Marion B. Wakeman
<i>Vice-President</i>	Anna Jones
<i>Treasurer</i>	Arta Sherman
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	Hazel Cotton
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	Emilie G. Fuller

Although our girls have been very busy, we have been able to get together occasionally for enjoyable evenings, which has done much to keep Jill from being a dull girl.

Theta Chapter is to be represented at Convocation, held at Plattsburg in May, by Hul'ah Whitwood as Grand Vice-President, and by Dorothy Barner, as Junior Delegate.

We are glad to welcome as new members the following:

Miss Olmstead,	Mary McArthur,
Beatrice Effinger,	Alma McKee,
Ruth Jackman,	Edith Prentice,

Carmen Watkeys.

ARETHUSA SORORITY, ZETA CHAPTER

<i>President</i>	Rubie Donaldson
<i>Vice-President</i>	Marian Perry
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	Ruth Hunt
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	Grace Gile
<i>Treasurer</i>	Rose Haas

Florence Albee, Senior delegate and Helen Grant, Junior delegate, who attended Convocation at New Paltz, January 6-9, as representatives of this Chapter, returned with splendid reports.

We were delightfully entertained at the Chapter House by the Passive Chapter and at the homes of Mildred Kuhn, Jean Murray and Marie Henrich.

THE BROWSING CLUB

We can not name our officers as we have none.

There is no use mentioning the day we meet, for we change so often.

It would be difficult to tell all we do because we do so many things.

We can say that whenever we meet we have a good time and whatever we do turns out to be fun.

There is another thing we are certain of. We wish you would watch the notices and join us some afternoon in the library.

DRAMATIC CLUB

<i>President</i>	Norine Bury
<i>Vice-President</i>	Anne Burkhardt
<i>Secretary</i>	Ferdinand E. Kamprath
<i>Treasurer</i>	Milton J. Pfeffer

Through the co-operation of Miss Small, the present director of the Dramatic Club, and Miss Keeler, who, in her work as teacher of dramatics at the Bennett School, at Millbrook, N. Y., is associated with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy, the Dramatic Club was able to secure Mrs. Kennedy, (better known as Edith Wynne Matthison) for a reading of "As You Like It" in the Normal School Auditorium on Monday evening, March 31. The members of the Club who played in Miss Keeler's production of "As You Like It" last year were especially interested in Miss Matthison's interpretation, and in meeting her.

THIS YEAR'S PLAY

"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," a fairy tale play by Jessie Braun White, will be given by the Dramatic Club, Saturday afternoon, May 17, and Monday evening, May 19, with the following cast:

Princess Snow White.....	Edith Prentice
Queen Brangomar.....	Anne Burkhardt
Witch Hex.....	Norine Bury
Maids to Snow White.....	Sarah Hammonds
Marion Wakeman, Flossie Lortz, Rachel Gladys, Sophie Jaebowska, Lorraine Burch, Mary Carey, Nellie Karlak.	
Sir Dandiprat Bombas.....	David C. Foss
Berthold, the Huntsman.....	Milton J. Pfeffer
Prince Florimond.....	Ferdinand E. Kamprath
Dwarfs: R. Kenneth Johnson, William Beachner, Francis De Fields from the 6th grade and Eleanor Sill, Jack Henry, James A. Cormack, Oliver Schantz, from the 5th grade.	



We are glad to welcome as principal of the H. A. Department, Miss Myrtle V. Caudell, who comes to us from Kentucky College and Women's College, Delaware.

On February 13, this department held an informal afternoon reception in honor of Miss Caudell.

At a meeting of the Household Arts Club, held February 27, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

<i>President</i>	Muriel Miller
<i>Vice-President</i>	Norma MacKenzie
<i>Secretary</i>	Esther Egner
<i>Treasurer</i>	Grace Carroll

Initiation of these officers took place at a stunt party, March 6.

The H. A. Seniors entertained the Faculty, Juniors, and Freshmen of this department at a St. Patrick's Day masquerade, Thursday, March 13, in the gymnasium.

At a recent regular meeting of the H. A. Club, we decided to renovate the H. A. dressing room and have a spring opening about Easter time. Clean walls and lockers, new pictures and enshions will greatly improve the appearance of the room. At the same meeting we enjoyed stereopticon views of cane, beet and maple sugar, with lectures by members of the Freshman class. After the pictures we were treated to delicious maple sugar.

Our next meeting will be held at the General Electric Building where we will observe a demonstration on food conservation through cooking with electricity.

Through the efforts of the H. A. students, one hundred and twenty dollars was cleared on the luncheons served in the cafeteria to the 650 teachers and principals who attended the Erie County Teachers' Association meetings in February. Seventy dollars goes to the cafeteria and the remainder to the H. A. department.

This department was congratulated for the good work done in managing the feeding of so large a number at one time.

KINDERGARTEN NOTES

The Kindergarten girls gave an informal dance on January twenty-fourth in the school gymnasium for the benefit of the Kindergarten Unit in France. The gymnasium was decorated with the flags of the Allies. We were chaperoned by Miss Cassety, Miss Sprague, and Miss Legge.

On January fifteenth, the girls of the Kindergarten department held an exhibit of clothing which they had made for the Belgian refugees. Over three hundred articles were displayed, including aprons, underwear, dresses, booties, and tronsers. The number could not have been so large had it not been for Miss Cassety, who supervised our work and worked untiringly with us.

We were very much pleased to receive from the Belgian Relief Committee in New York, a French picture which arrived in time for the exhibit and which still hangs in the Methods Room.

On March seventh, the Kewpies were at home to the Kindergarten Senior girls in the Kindergarten rooms. During the evening we reviewed the Kewpie courtship which prepared us for the wedding in the cafeteria.

The girls all agreed that, as entertainers, the Kewpies could not be surpassed.

G. V.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

Wouldn't it be nice if we could drop a problem into a hopper, turn a crank and the problem would come out solved?"

"Consider the lilies of the field!

"Know thyself!"

"Books up! Books up!"

"A perfect little gem!"

"Is that reasonably clear?"

"On the floor!"

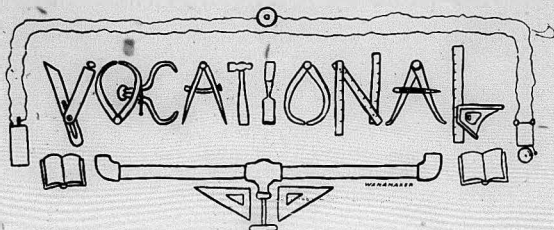
"Is that necessary?"

"That's very subtle."

"There are no sharp lines in nature."

"Children, would you like to learn a new song this morning?"

"Well, so much for that."



SENIOR VOCATIONAL CLASS

The social life of the Senior Class has revived since the cessation of hostilities, and we are trying to make up for lost time, as there were no social affairs during last year.

A banquet was given at the Touraine Hotel on February 18, which took the form of a welcome to our new principal, Mr. Rockwell. The Faculty was well represented. After the good dinner, cigars were passed and a smoke screen produced which rivaled anything our navy ever used during the war. Mr. Furney acted as toastmaster and proved as smooth and satisfying as ice cream on a hot summer's day. He called on the "choir," a purely home product, which, after a struggle, succeeded in penetrating the barrage of smoke, but it was found necessary to call in "help" to clear the room before we could see the speakers. Everything all set, the toastmaster gave some very interesting information on vocational teaching of today and what is expected in the future. Then came the speakers. Mr. Root gave the address of welcome to Principal Rockwell, whose reply assured us that he is here to work with us and help us to the best of his ability.

The dance in honor of the Senior Class held on the 4th of March was a very pleasant affair.

On the 13th of March, Mr. Harry B. Smith, a representative of the Vocational Department of the United States Government, gave a very interesting lecture to the Vocational students.

SWAN SONG

This being our last effort for the Record we want to say that though our second year was spoiled to quite an extent through the change in studies made by the school, the course has been a very beneficial one to all those who have attended. Though we may have been a little in the rough the first year we soon yielded to treatment; and while speaking of the first year, we must say that it was a hummer. We will always remember Mr. Pease and the classes in psychology and physiology. Mr. Phillippi will always be with us in our mathematics, and Miss Lane and Miss Kempke did great work in correcting our English. Why some of these subjects have been cut from the curriculum is beyond us, but if any of "the powers that be" believe that they are saving anything for the State by so doing, the lack of them will be shown in the future vocational teachers. To complete our work we had Mr. Fred Woellner as interlocutor, and no matter what our vocations may be in the future we will be able to use what we have learned through his cross-examinations. We all feel that we have received full value for the time we spent in the course, but if it ever happens that the State Superintendent of Vocational Education solicits our opinion, we will suggest that the course be not only brought back to its old standard, but made even broader.

HENRY TUTTILL.

THE VOCATIONAL FRESHMEN.

Of the twenty-four Freshmen who started the course in October, eighteen remained to the finish. The return to school after a period of several years was an experience as interesting and profitable as it was puzzling. We have many pleasant recollections of our first year—as for instance—the banquet and our introduction to Mr. Rockwell, the visit of the Divisional Supervisor of the Federal Government, to say nothing of the social service spirit of the U. S. Department. We've been busy these last few weeks understudying the Seniors, that next year we may carry on and subsequently pass on to the coming crop of incipient Seniors, that sage and sophisticated Senior way that has so impressed us all this year.

ALUMNI NEWS



Florence Roginson (1912) is in England doing Y. M. C. A. work.
Marian Chase (1914) sailed for France the first week in March to do Y. M. C. A. work.

Arline and Evelyn Peck (1916) are both enjoying their teaching in Hackensack, N. J.

Mabel Day (1918) is Kindergarten teacher at the Children's Aid Society.

Katharine Praemassing (1918) is substituting in the Buffalo schools.

MARRIAGES

Elsie Greiner (1917) and Harold E. Shaw were married July 10, 1918. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw are now living in Buffalo.

In Washington, D. C., Constance Norton Lord, Class of 1911, to Henry Morgan Honey, February 27.

DEATHS

Mary Stevens (1916) died of pneumonia. November, 1918.

Georgia Kiley (1917) was burned to death, March, 1919.

Gertrude Frank (1917) died in October, 1918, in New York City.

APPOINTMENTS—FEBRUARY, 1919

GENERAL NORMAL

Bicksler, Emilie E. Bath, N. Y.
Draine, May St. Mary's Academy, Buffalo
Greenough, Wallace Substituting, No. 16, Buffalo
Law, Isabel V. Winchester, N. Y.

Lewis, Leona F. N. Tonawanda
Regan, Ethel M. Niagara Falls
Rodwell, Ivy Cheektowaga
Swart, Wilemina Verdeen Tonawanda
Thomas, Erica Hamburg, rural school
Wern, Marian Frances Depew

KINDERGARTEN—PRIMARY

Conger, Dora Mae Niagara Falls
Gillula, Ethel Tonawanda
Sherk, Mildred E. N. Tonawanda
Walker, E. Marian Lockport

KINDERGARTEN

Ray, Ida Belle Niagara Falls

SCHOOL OF PRACTICE



The Class of 1919 has been organized with the following officers:

President Leland Beckwith
Vice-President Charlotte Bosworth
Secretary June Wilson
Treasurer Archibald Stevenson
Historian George Kirby
Poet Laura Jones
Prophet Seth Hill

The class colors are pink and blue and the class song is as follows, to the tune of "Till We Meet Again."

Smile the while we bid you adieu.
In future years we'll all remember you,
In tender thoughts you'll always dwell
As the school we loved so well.
When the bell shall ring so cheerily
Tolling out the hour so merrily,
It seems to say, "Remember me
Till we meet again."

JUNE WISON,

"HUMANE SOCIETY" ESSAY CONTEST

It was very hard to decide which was the best of the stories written by the Ninth Grade in the Humane Society Competition.

Margaret Whyte's story was finally selected and sent to represent the grade among the city schools.

The RECORD found it impossible to choose among the other three, so a members of the Staff was blindfolded and drew Katherine Jung's story. We are sorry that lack of space prevents our publishing Charlotte Bosworth's and Miller Pierce's also.

AN INNOCENT VICTIM

"Forward, Pedro! They are after us! We must get—" The sentence remained unfinished, for the speaker had been shot and had fallen from his horse.

"Go on without me, old boy. Back to headquarters! Hurry!" gasped the rider as he fell.

The gallant black war-horse seemed almost human as he stopped for an instant, gazing wonderingly at his master. Then as he heard the parting words of the young rider, he leaped forward, dashing away like the wind.

Bob Arnold and his faithful steed, Pedro, had the night before gone from the American lines and had succeeded, under cover of darkness in getting into the German camp, undiscovered. Bob was disguised in a German uniform, and wore a false mustache. With this disguise and the proud strut which he assumed, he looked greatly like a German officer.

Bob's mission was that of a spy. He was going into the camp at the risk of his life, to get some information regarding the German plans for the next attack.

As the horse and rider drew up before the German headquarters, Bob was challenged; but upon hearing a deep, guttural, German voice say that he had been sent to see the commander on important business, Bob was allowed to pass.

Bob knew, that at this time, he would probably find the German commander alone. The American lad was a good actor and carried his part through successfully.

After consulting with the commander about the coming German attack (planned for an earlier time than the Americans expected) Bob asked to see the plans. As the commander handed the papers to the American, Bob, with one short step, drew back of the commander's chair. As the commander turned back to his work, evidently thinking to give Bob time to look over the plans, Bob drew out his revolver and reversing it, struck the officer on the head. He then made a rush for the door, walking calmly out as if nothing had happened.

It was not long however, before the Germans found out what had happened and soon they were in hot pursuit of the spy.

Now everything depended on Pedro's swiftness. Bob resolved that even if he himself never reached headquarters, the papers must; so he quickly thrust them into the knapsack, strapped on Pedro's back.

The gallant horse, having lost his rider, knew instinctively that it was his duty to carry the message forward. Suddenly, Pedro felt a stinging something pass through his leg. He did not falter however, and after an heroic effort, dashed into the American camp with the message and so saved the Americans from being taken by surprise.

Poor Bob! He was found shortly afterward but he did not live to see the wonderful tribute paid to him for his bravery.

Poor Pedro! Fifteen minutes after his mad dash across No Man's Land, he breathed his last. The gallant horse's memory will always be honored among the members of the company which he, at the loss of his own life, so heroically saved.

KATHERINE L. JUNG

ANNOUNCING
THE NORMAL COMPANY

Incorporated March, 1919

PRESENT STOCKHOLDERS:

C. C. Root,	D. Foss,	A. Lord.
J. F. Phillippi,	R. Boniface,	W. Englund,
C. C. Bradley,	F. Kamprath,	M. Reiser.
F. Woelner,	M. Pfeffer,	L. Rupert.

We cordially invite your patronage in any of the following lines:
Moving, hoisting, piano moving, carting, janitor service, painting, decorating, taxi service, electric wiring and repairing, advertising, dramatic work, stenography and typewriting, salesman, waiters and table service, ushers, movie operators, lecturers, carpenters, messengers, laborers, and teachers.

Music furnished for all occasions.

Cashiers our Specialty.

ESTABLISHES CHEERFULLY GIVEN

FINDON & MISCHLER

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THE RECORD

Vol. VIII

Buffalo, N. Y., November, 1919

No. 1

A PROJECT IN U. S. HISTORY

The following project was written as a part of the work in Mr. Woelner's History Class and was selected as the best one of the group:

HOW OTHER MEN'S FAILURES AIDED COLUMBUS

- A. Who tried to find a way to India before Columbus?
1. What did Lief Eriesson do? What was the effect of his journey?
 2. What did the journey of Marco Polo prove?
 3. To what extent was the school of Prince Henry a success?
 4. What did Diaz contribute to the knowledge of the sea?

With these questions in mind, the children consult their texts or—

- (a) "The Dawn of American History in Europe," by William L. Nida: Chapters IV, XVII, XXIII.
(b) Maco—"How Europe Found America."
(c) Ashley—"Europe During the Fifteenth Century."

- B. Why did these men fail to reach their objective?
1. How did they determine direction?
 2. What kind of maps and charts did they have?
 3. What kind of ships did they have? How do they compare with the Lusitania?
 4. What means of communication had they?

With these questions in mind, the children consult their texts or—

- (a) "Dawn of American History in Europe," by Wm. Nida: Chapters XV and XXIV.
(b) Maco—"How Europe Found America."
(c) Ashley—Chapter I.

- C. Let us see how each failure lead to some discovery:

Divide the class into committees and let each study and report one of the following:

1. How the compass was discovered.
2. How men learned to preserve food for a long journey.
3. How men learned to make ships large enough for the seas.

4. How Toscanelli made maps.
5. On his journey, what did Columbus use, for which he could thank other men?

Readings:

(a) "The Dawn of American History in Europe," by Wm. Nida: Chapter XVII.

(b) Mace—"How Europe Found America."

D. Where did Columbus get his ideas of the world?

1. See how Aristotle's works may have helped him.
2. What books did Columbus read?
3. Where did he learn that Japan was 2500 miles west of the Canaries?

(a) What effect would this have on his decision to find a new route to India?

4. What mistakes were made in the books which Columbus read that helped him?

With these questions in mind, the children consult their texts or—

(a) "The Dawn of American History in Europe," by Wm. Nida: Chapters III, IV, V.

(b) Mace—"How Europe Found America."

(c) Ashley—"Europe During the Fifteenth Century."

E. Why did Columbus have a hard time in getting other men interested in his undertaking?

1. Why would not the Italian merchants invest in his enterprise?
2. How did this opposition from the "folks at home" affect Columbus?
3. Why did Isabet and Ferdinand finally give him aid?
4. How much did the king and queen of Spain invest and how much did they expect to realize on the investment?
5. Why did Spain fail to give Columbus the proper support at once?

With these questions in mind, the children consult their texts or—

(a) "The Dawn of American History in Europe," by Wm. Nida: Chapter XXV.

(b) Ashley—Chapter II—Discovery of a New World.

F. Summary:

1. How did the mistakes of other men aid Columbus?
2. What is the difference between a discovery and an invention?
3. Why is every inventor and discoverer in debt to those who came before him?

ALICE M. TINGLER,

Junior Section VI.

PADRE MIO' CONTRIBUTES

"So, boys and girls," Dorothy Allen concluded to her class, "if you have in your homes any of these things I have told you about that your fathers or your mothers learned to make in their native country, tell me about them, and, perhaps you, little citizens, can help this great country of ours to a better appreciation of your own parents."

The class nodded complacently. "I wonder," reflected Dorothy, later, "if they knew what I was talking about? Could those grubby dirty little foreigners know anything about art or beauty?" It was Dorothy's first year of teaching. Her fifth grade was made up entirely of the children of Italian workers in a nearby steel plant. So far in her work she had had boundless faith in her charges; and in her committee meeting the night before, when she had promised to get material from the children, her dreams had been many and bright. But now, with realities staring her in the face, she wondered—Well, she would wait and see.

"Don't forget to show the leaflets I have given you to your people at home," she reminded them as they were leaving. "And who is going to find out why Lucia is not in school?" Many willing hands were raised; for Lucia had been absent for two days. The entire class missed the little, keen-eyed, sweet faced child, so eager to learn and so bubbling over with fun. Dorothy had begun to worry.

School had just been dismissed when a little lad, strong limbed and sturdy, appeared and shyly told her that his Madre mia' was not well. Lucia was staying home to care for her.

"My poor little girl! I must see if I can help," Dorothy quickly put on her hat and coat, telling the little messenger that she would go home with him. He led the way to a shabby two story building nearby. The entire structure had a tired air as though at any moment, and without further warning, it might settle into a comfortable heap.

Leaving her guide to play marbles on the doorstep, Dorothy opened a door which was hanging loosely on one hinge, and found herself in the quarters occupied by Lucia's family. There were only two rooms. A large table stood in the center of the first, and on either side ran two benches without backs. A cupboard in one corner, evidently serving as a refrigerator, completed the furnishings. In all the room there was no hint of brightness, nor of beauty.

In an instant, Dorothy felt two arms fling around her neck, and heard Lucia's eager voice crying out, "Oh, Miss Allan! I'm so perfectly glad you've come! I want you to see our 'bambina,' the little sister." And in a flash she had placed in Dorothy's arms a baby girl with a wistful little face that held the promise that she would grow to look like Lucia.

"Her name is Rosa Marie," informed the little mother.

"Rosa Ma-ree-ya," Dorothy murmured, carefully imitating the Italian pronunciation of the name. "It just suits her exactly. She is like one of the little pink rosebuds in our garden at home. Oh, I love that name for her, Rosa Ma-ree-ya."

"And you must see 'Madre mia,'" Lucia cried, catching hold of Dorothy's skirt and pulling her into the next room, which served as a bedroom for the entire family. On one of the beds lay a small, black-eyed woman.

"Mother, Miss Allan has come to see us!" exclaimed Lucia. Before Dorothy had an opportunity to say a word, she was greeted with a volley of jubilant Italian, sounding to her very much like a game of marbles, cracking together and pulling every way.

Dorothy was startled, but her kind heart prevented her from showing her astonishment. Stepping to the bedside, she said, "So you are Lucia's mother? I am very glad to see you. Tonio told me that you were not well, and I came to see if I could help in any way."

"Si—Si, Signorita," cried the Italian, "I understanda de Englis, —but not spika. Lucia, she spika." At this point Lucia appeared with a three-legged stool for the visitor. Dorothy, still holding the baby, sat down on the stool, while Lucia placed herself at the foot of her mother's bed.

"'Madre mia' has been very ill," informed the little girl, "but she is better now. Tomorrow my Aunt Emma, who lives next door, is going to take care of Rosa Maria that I may go to school. Now tell us, please, Miss Allan, what you have been doing at school while I have been home?"

In a few words Dorothy told her of the school work and then, remembering her latest topic, she explained to the little group about the Arts and Crafts Exposition, and of how eager she was to have her class represented. "Perhaps you have some beautiful thing which will show America the beauty of Italy," she said, in a voice expressing more enthusiasm than her survey of the rooms made her feel.

The mother immediately began to talk in a very rapid, excited way. Lucia said to Dorothy, "Mother wishes me to show you some thing 'Padre mio' has been doing," and going to the cupboard she brought out a long strip of wood, wonderfully carved. Dorothy exclaimed with surprise. Never had she seen such delicately executed work. The design was that of a rose vine, gracefully entwining a garden trellis.

"Our 'Padre' works all day in the steel factory, but at night he carves upon the wood as he did in Italy. Those roses are like those which grew on our little cottage wall. 'Padre mio' is putting them in wood so that we may remember," explained Lucia.

"It could not be more beautiful," exclaimed Dorothy. "If your

father can do this carving so well, why does he not do this work instead of drudging at the steel plant?"

"Oh, but Miss Allen, Americans do not want such work—not beautiful things, only useful things, my father says."

"We are learning now to love the beautiful," Dorothy replied, "and I am sure that there must be a demand for such carving. But it is exactly what I am looking for to show at the Exposition. Tell your father about it, and ask him if we may use the carving."

Here again came a tempest of sounds from the mother, and again Lucia translated. "Mother says to tell you that 'Padre mio' will lend it to you and that I may take it to school tomorrow."

True to her word, on the following day Lucia, aided by Tonio, carried the precious burden to their beloved Miss Allan, and that very afternoon Dorothy herself took it to the Art Gallery.

It was only a week later, on the opening day, that Dorothy, accompanied by her new friends, discovered that the wood carving held the place of honor in the Italian exhibit. Never was there a prouder nor a happier group. But the crowning event came the following week. Lucia came running into the school room all out of breath.

"Miss Allan, what do you think! Papa got this letter last night." Dorothy opened the paper, which proved to be a letter from one of the leading cabinet-making shops of the city, offering a position to Lucia's 'padre' to do carving.

"'Padre mio' is so glad because it is what he loves to do, and he is going to get more money, too!" At this point Lucia began to dance up and down the room. "Tonight we are going to have a real 'festa,' and 'Madre' wants me to take you home from school with me. Say, you'll go, Miss Allan, please!"

CATHERINE L. COWEN.

EVENTS IN THE FIELD OF EDUCATION

The teachers of the City of Buffalo are having the unique opportunity of taking an extension lecture course under professors from Teachers' College, Columbia University. The lectures are held in Hutchinson High School every Friday evening. Credit will be granted to those who desire it. The lectures began October 3, and will continue until May 21. Buffalo Normal School students will recognize many an oracle among the following names of the professors who are coming to Buffalo as speakers:

Professor Strayer—

"Changing Conceptions in Education."

"Administration From the Teacher's Point of View."

- Professor Suedden—
 "A New Principle of General Method."
 "Soft vs. Hard Pedagogy."
 Professor Bonser—
 "Socializing the Curriculum."
 Professor Monroe—
 "Education and National Development."
 Professor Bigelow—
 "The Teaching of Science."
 Professor Kilpatrick—
 "A Project Method in Teaching."
 Professor Thorndike—
 "Individual Differences and Their Measurements."
 Professor Upton—
 "The Teaching of Mathematics."
 Professor Hill—
 "Changing Ideals in the Education of School Children."
 Professor Briggs—
 "The Junior High School."
 Professor Bagley—
 "The Technique of Teaching."
 Professor Baker—
 "The Teaching of English."
 Professor McMurry—
 "Teaching Children to Study."
 Miss Tall—
 "Experimental Work in Education."
 Professor Gambrell—
 "Teaching of History."
 Professor McFarlane—
 "Teaching of Geography."
 Professor Engelhardt—
 "Measuring the Achievements of Children."
 Examinations for those wishing credit, January 30 and May 21.
 Required Reading:
 First half-year—Strayer and Norsworthy, "How to Teach."
 Second half-year—Dewey, "School and Society"; Freeland, "Modern Elementary School Practice."

The Smith-Towner bill, a piece of legislation in which all connected with the teaching profession should feel a vital interest, is now before Congress. The most important features of this bill are the establishment of a Department of Education with a Secretary of Education in the President's Cabinet; the appropriation of \$500,000 for administrative purposes, and \$100,000,000 to be apportioned as follows: \$7,500,000 for the removal of illiteracy, \$7,500,000 for Americanization, \$50,000,000 for equalizing educational opportunities, \$20,000,000 for physical education, including health education and sanitation, \$15,000,000 for the reparation of teachers. This money is to be apportioned among the several States, provided the State appropriates an equal amount.

It will be the duty of the Department of Education to conduct research in illiteracy, immigration education, public school education, rural education, preparation and supply of teachers, and in other such fields as may be necessary.

While aiding the advancement of education in the several States, the proposed Federal Department of Education will not take any control away from the State authorities. The passage of this bill will be a long stride toward raising teaching to the dignity of a true profession.

• • • • •

The war against illiteracy is on in New York State. The Legislature has just passed a bill appropriating \$100,000 for Americanizing and carrying instruction to illiterate and non-English-speaking adults. The State has been divided into fifteen zones by the Education Department and institutes are being conducted for the training of Americanization workers.

• • • • •

The Junior High School has been given legal recognition in Wisconsin under a recent bill passed by the legislature.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"But mother, you must remember, I did not intend to buy the bouquet out of my regular salary, but out of the money I earned working overtime."

"So much the worse, Clara. Would you sell that extra energy for a corsage bouquet? Just a waste of money, anyway you fix it. Corsage bouquets, indeed! The name itself is enough. In my day such a name would have been considered immodest. What is this world a-coming to anyhow?"

"If you loved flowers as much as I do, you wouldn't disapprove of my buying a bouquet to wear to Julia's wedding. I don't believe you care anything about flowers."

"Nonsense, Clara; haven't I a whole book of pressed flowers that I gathered myself, out of your grandmother's garden? But those bouquets are just one of the many foolish fads girls have nowadays. You can't afford to buy them, and besides, I do not approve of them. To me they are just as foolish as wearing silk stockings and low shoes, with lace hats and fur coats in January. I suppose you'll be coming to that next; or, perhaps, want to wear to the office, a peek-a-boo waist, with a big corsage bouquet, like the rest of those foolish girls."

"Weren't there any fads in your day, mother?"

"Fads, if you call good, sensible clothes, suitable to the season, such, yes. Folks wore what they could afford to buy. It wasn't a fad to wear corsage bouquets to church, or to work, or just to promenade in, down the main street. We had flowers, too, and always carried them to parties. We used to carry bouquets, that would make you girls envious. They weren't any one kind, or any one color, let me tell you, and always had pretty paper frills around them."

"A whole flower garden," said Clara. "Almost as superfluous, I would say, as the 'leg-o'-mitten' sleeve and the necessary bustle, and the dust ruffle, which was certainly well named."

"All very well, Clara, that reasoning, I suppose you call it, but that doesn't convince me that corsage bouquets are not extravagant for working girls. Let's drop it. I'll never get my packing done at this rate."

"Don't see why your aunt wouldn't come here, thought, instead of wanting me to join her in New York. Twenty years, she's been buried out west there! But, since she has sent the ticket, I'll go. I feel it is my duty, though I've never had any desire to go to New York. It's only 150 miles from here, but I always look at it as another one of those foolish fads, this running over to New York."

"Will you be back in time for the wedding, mother?"

"Oh, yes; I gave my word I'd be there, and I will."

* * * * *

GRAND CENTRAL STATION, SEVERAL DAYS LATER

"And you really have enjoyed your trip, even though at first I was the only attraction? I suppose I should have felt flattered, but I didn't. I felt a motherly interest in you, strange as that may sound to you, that you were not getting your share out of this big, wonderful world."

"I must confess, Elizabeth, these few days spent with you here in New York have broken down many barriers that put you and me in different ages. You see, I've been taking Ma as my guide all these days. You know how long I had to be mother to you and the others, and I tried to do as ma did."

"Yes, but you forgot ma was always ahead of all the other mothers

in all she did. Don't you remember how she would never wear anything but a hat, though custom decreed bonnets were proper? Mother was a radical, though she didn't know it."

"I guess I haven't been following her after all, but you have. Everything about you, from your appearance to your thoughts, satisfies me, and convinces me that today is a better day than yesterday was."

"Here comes our porter, Maria."

"Your train is ready, madam, gate 14. This way, please."

"I wish you could go through with me, Elizabeth, but you say it's against the rules."

"Good-bye, Maria, take good care of yourself, until we meet here next year."

"Good-bye, I'll write right away."

* * * * *

AT THE WEDDING

"How are you, Mrs. Moss? I hear you took a little run over to New York. Greatest place in the world, isn't it?"

"The greatest I've ever been in, Mrs. Waldron."

"Oh, Maria, I wondered if you'd get back in time. Clara was real anxious, when you didn't come last night. Let me squeeze in here, and get a good look at you. Why, you look like a bride yourself tonight. And flowers, too, roses and——"

"Orchids,—I brought them from New York."

"Why, Clara, you have some, too! Guess your mother brought them to you. Nothing so gorgeous ever came from here."

"Sh—sh——" (strains of wedding march striking up).

DORA N. LEE.

ON "LACK OF APPRECIATION"

"Twas the same old, old, old story—
Something due at half-past three!
And the way that she bit her pencil
Was pitiful to see.

She couldn't go talking and singing,

No, today it couldn't be;

Today 'twas a Record story,

And 'twas due at half-past three.

She sat in a seat and pondered,

She puckered her wrinkled brow,

And she wished and she searched for a topic

From somewhere, sometime, somehow.

It was thought and technique she was planning,

But that thought—oh, where could it be?

“Why, of course, a Thanksgiving story—

How very stupid of me!

“First, grandpa killed the turkey—

But that one will never do,

For it wouldn't be inspiring,

And—it's just a quarter of two!

“I'll try the Elizabethans,

As Marlowe, Shakespeare, Kyd—

He throttled the bismashed dragon

And died as all knights did.

“But that's a little too ancient,

I'd like to try something new;

I have it! A “modern” poem!

That even a child can do.

“They're all so simple and common,

They don't even have to rhyme:

Just a fact, and a fact, and another—

(My goodness! Look at the time!)

“I'll take a little shoe button,

That popped itself right off,

A saw, or a box of crackers,

Or a pin, or a drinking trough.”

She wrote on the merits of saw teeth,

She told what a pin can do;

She fussed and she blinked and she scribbled

Till forty after two.

She abandoned the poetry modern

For an ode “To An Old Elm Tree”:

“O, elm tree, so spreading and graceful,

O, giant, so lofty and free.”

“But I can't get any further,

Now, next what shall it be?”

Then, a *lesson plan* sprang from habit;

And 'twas quarter after three.

She rushed to the Record office,

And straight to the editor's knee.

There she laid her precious offering,

That was due at half-past three;

And this dear, dear child of genius

Came back at half-past three.

F. R. H.

“A NORMAL DAY”

It's up in the morning at seven-fifteen—

Such hustling and bustling never was seen.

Dress plainly and neatly and rush off to school;

“Assembly on time” is an excellent rule.

It's sitting through classes that you do not teach,

It's listening to methods while out your thoughts reach

To Mary and John in your history class,

And how in the world you can help them to pass.

Then it's going to teach, and your heart's in your mouth

When nobody knows the “Campaign in the South.”

Then after it's over, you suddenly know

That you haven't eaten and energy's low.

So it's hustle and bustle to eat just a bite,

For work must be heavy and food must be light.

Then gently you pick up your dear old “McMurry,”

And off to your two-thirty conference hurry.

It's then that you learn that your manner is great,

But really your method is quite out of date.

Your heart seems like lead as the boards you erase,

But although you feel blue, there's a smile on your face.

H. A. GRANT.



IS IT POSSIBLE?

It was the mind of youth, with its ever reaching out for knowledge,

that caused Mary Elizabeth to devour the essay on "Reincarnation" with such interest.

(To be continued)

WHILE WE ARE GOING TO NORMAL

(Tune—"Marching Through Georgia.")

1. Bring the good old pitchpipe, girls,
We'll sing another song;
Sing it in a head tone
So the children won't sing wrong;
Come join us, do not sit alone
As if you don't belong;
While we are going to Normal.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah!
We bring the jubilee.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We all are full of glee.
So we sing the chorus
From the campus to floor three;
While we are going to Normal.

2. We are always happy here—
Though we've enough to do.
For we take geography
And mathematics, too,
English, science, history
And education new;
While we are going to Normal.

LOUISE BENDER.



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EDITORIALS

WELCOME, NEW STUDENTS!

The Buffalo State Normal School hums with renewed life this fall. The registration begins to show signs of growing to its pre-war size. Changes have been made in the observation plans, new subjects have been introduced and new vigor has been injected into the old ones.

The Record is not to be left behind in the march of events. As the publication of the School, the aim of The Record is to be representative of the student body—of the kind of work accomplished and of the spirit that pervades this institution.

As such, The Record is what you make it, Every Student. Remember, it is your contributions that make this paper what it is...

* * * *

You will notice two new features in this issue, the project and the educational news. The Record staff wishes to make these important features permanent. We regret that no Senior Project is represented in this issue, but we hope that the art of writing lesson plans will be fully mastered before the next issue comes out. As it is, the Junior Class has reason to feel proud of having the first project contributed by one of their number.

With fresh strikes breaking out daily all over the country; with a sugar famine now upon us, and a coal famine in sight; with the nation at last fully realizing the acute-ness of the Americanization problem, it is no time for any candidate for the teaching profession to live calmly on in blissful ignorance of the alarming conditions and great problems which exist.

To the teacher is given the responsibility of training the children, so that as adults, they will have the power to reason clearly, to make just decisions, and to come to agreements without using cut-throat methods. When all the people in every nation are able to do these things, strikes and wars will be obsolete.

It is not necessary to emphasize the imperative need for the Americanization of every foreign born citizen. Our own state has just appropriated \$100,000 for carrying on the Americanization program and for stamping out illiteracy among adults. The public school has the task of instructing the children in the true ideals of liberty and democracy, and it is reasonable to feel that the work among the children is the more valuable. It is of longer duration and also, Americanizing the adult is largely to safeguard the present; in making a true American and an intelligent citizen of the child, we are building for the future. Therefore, because the work of the school is to make intelligent citizens of the children who come to it, students in training in the Normal School should, among other things, realize that they must pay attention to what is taking place in the world, if, as teachers, they are to fit their pupils to meet their problems intelligently.

The tea and party given by the Y. W. C. A. during the first week of school, performed their mission quite successfully in making the new students feel more at home. Let us hope that the precedent thus set will be followed in the ensuing years. Such affairs are invaluable in promoting a friendly feeling in the school and in helping foster the growth of School Spirit.

We wonder how many have ever stopped to consider what School Spirit is, and whether it is a living thing in the Buffalo Normal School. After all, it is difficult to define, but where that Spirit exists, the whole atmosphere breathes life, every student feels bound to co-operate with every other for the good of the school, and selfish ends are forgotten in working for the common good. A feeling of unity pervades the whole institution. Friendliness, co-operation and loyalty in equal parts constitute a recipe for School Spirit.

Is this Spirit a vital force at the Buffalo Normal School? We believe that every student should take this question to heart and act her (or his) part in making School Spirit a reality. Unquestionably

it is a desirable thing. The Y. W. C. A. club should receive full credit for the part it is playing in this cause. What are you doing toward promoting a live School Spirit?

Are you, Buffalo Normal student, taking advantage of the Teachers' College extension lectures at Hutchinson High School every Friday evening? Such a rare opportunity should be grasped by every Senior, and by as many Juniors as possible. Attendance is the mark of the ambitious student. Are you one?

Our twice a week family gatherings in the assembly room are happier occasions than ever this year. Perhaps this is partly because the pangs of hunger do not interfere with our appreciation of the exercises.

Farewell Logic and Forensics! A Health course required by the State and an extended Pennmanship course have taken their places.

STAFF NOTES

Our Motto:

Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand
Naught for "The Record" done.

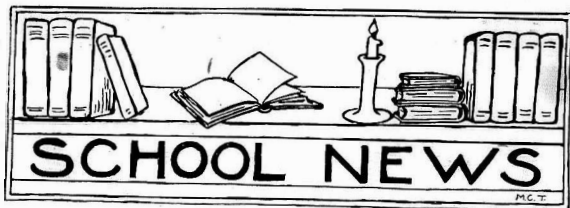
The Record Staff had its first party Friday afternoon, October 10. It was a sort of Children-of-Israel-leaving-Egypt affair, eaten in haste, as some of the members wished to catch the 4:45 B. & L. E. car.

P. S.—The sad part of it was that they missed that car anyway. But cheer up, there was one at 5:05.

We are sorry that Rose Haas, Circulation Manager, had to resign. We miss her very much, but realize that being President of the Senior Class is a great enough responsibility.

To whom it may concern:

The next time you pick up a black hair ribbon, please refrain from displaying it on top of the "Record" box. It savors too much of creep on the door. In any case, the place for lost articles is in the Library.



The Buffalo State Normal School opened its doors Sept. 10, with a hearty welcome to all. Mr. Rockwell spoke briefly on the merits of the teaching profession.

Sept. 10—The Y. W. C. A. entertained the incoming students at a reception in Room 111.

Sept. 12—The Y. W. C. A. entertained the Juniors at a "baby party" given in the Gym.

Sept. 26—Miss Harris spoke to us on Ideals of the Y. W. C. A.

Sept. 30—Mr. Rockwell read selections from Kipling's book, "The Years Between."

Oct. 1—The faculty of the Buffalo State Normal, the School of Practice, and School 38, together with the Seniors, tendered a reception to the Juniors. One and all enjoyed the fun!

Oct. 3—Thrift Registration Day for the children of New York State. A plea for thrift, and the reading of the governor's proclamation made up the program.

Oct. 6—A memorable day for Buffalo! King Alfred and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium were the honored guests of our city.

Oct. 7—An interesting exhibition of aesthetic dancing was given in the Gymnasium by the Buffalo Seminary Girls under the direction of Miss Curtin.

Oct. 13—Holiday—Columbus Day.

Oct. 15—Buffalo was honored by the presence of Cardinal Mercier.

Oct. 17—Mr. Christopher Gramer spoke to us on American Ideals and our responsibility as American women to uphold these ideals.

Oct. 21—Mrs. Louis Wright Simpson spoke in Assembly about the "New Poetry" and read selections illustrative of this poetry.

Oct. 24—Mr. Rockwell spoke of several incidents in the life of Colonel Roosevelt which emphasized his Americanism.

Oct. 30-31—The annual meeting of Eric County Teachers' Association at the Buffalo State Normal.

Room 111 is being used as a lunch room.

Assembly is held Tuesday and Friday mornings at 9.00 o'clock.

We take pleasure in welcoming the following new members of the Faculty:

Mr. Burkhardt	Miss Hein
Miss Garvin	Miss McKay
Miss Groves	Miss Weiss
Miss Donaldson	

We regret losing the following last year's Faculty members:

Miss Colton	Miss Legge
Miss Cooley	Mr. Furney
Miss Johnson	Miss Olmstead

Mr. Robert Woellner

The Senior Class has organized and elected the following officers:

<i>President</i>	Rose Haas
<i>Vice-President</i>	Helou Grant
<i>Secretary</i>	Eleanor Murray
<i>Treasurer</i>	Carmen R. Watkeys

The Junior Class has organized and elected the following officers:

<i>President</i>	Bessie O'Brian
<i>Vice-President</i>	Marie Smith
<i>Secretary</i>	Altheo Krauss
<i>Treasurer</i>	Mildred Gast

The Juniors entertained the Seniors at a masquerade in the Gymnasium Oct. 31.

In conjunction with the excellent course of lectures given by Teachers' College Professors, several lectures will be provided by the Normal School. These will include Professor Wm. S. Gray, author of the well-known Gray Reading Tests; Dr. Judd, Director of the School of Education, Chicago University; Dr. Coffman, Dean of the School of Education of the University of Minnesota, and Professor Brown of the last named institution. Although it is impossible to state definitely at this time the dates when these men will appear in Buffalo, we may be sure that in securing them the Buffalo teachers will be assured of hearing some of the latest exponents of modern education from the Middle-west.

The window frames and sash have recently been painted, and this improvement has increased to a marked degree the attractiveness of our beautiful building. It is probable that the bell tower will also be painted. A citizen of Buffalo who is not without an appreciation of good architecture recently said that the Albright Art Gallery and the Normal School were the two most successful buildings architecturally in the city. The central tower of the Normal School building was designed after the well known Independence Hall, Philadelphia. In the way of improvement to the building, the objectionable wire fences which surround the stairways will soon be removed. On November twenty, bids will be opened in Albany for the construction of balustrades about this opening which will harmonize with balustrades in other parts of the building. An electric dumbwaiter will also be installed, connecting the Cafeteria with the Household Arts Department. It is also hoped that material progress will be made on painting the walls of the halls of the building during the present year. All these improvements are greatly needed.

Dr. John H. Finley, Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, recently visited the Normal and delivered an address before the Erie County Teachers' Association. Dr. Finley has only recently returned from his important mission to the Holy Land whither he was sent in charge of the Red Cross Unit which was delegated to look after the needs of that remote part of the world. This is Dr. Finley's second important international mission, his first having been undertaken in 1917 when he was sent to France to convey the greetings of the American Colleges and Universities to those of France. During Dr. Finley's recent visit, he told of his association with General Allenby at the time of the capture of Jerusalem. A few days before this important event, General Allenby had joined Dr. Finley in his tent near Jerusalem and informed him that his cavalry were fighting at Armageddon. This remarkable incident was the inspiration of Dr. Finley's well known poem which appeared in last February's Atlantic, entitled, "The Battle of Armageddon." When General Allenby was recently knighted by the King of England, he assumed the title, Lord Allenby of Megiddo; or, as we translate the latter term, Lord of Armageddon.

Doctor Smith of the City Department of Education has recently accomplished a noteworthy enterprise in bringing together representative delegations from all the foreign peoples of the City of Buffalo and securing their co-operation in a great international Arts and Crafts Exhibit at the Albright Art Gallery. A large portion of the gallery was assigned to this exhibit and numerous specimens of handiwork of the various peoples were brought there and arranged in sections reserved by the nationalities represented. The exhibition was held for a period

of ten days and aroused the greatest enthusiasm throughout the city. Each evening was given up to a program carried out by the representatives of a single nation, and throngs of people crowded the rotunda to witness this spectacle. It cannot be denied that such a noteworthy enterprise will go far toward increasing a better international good will and understanding.

A new plan of observation has been inaugurated this year. The classes in reading, language and grammar, literature, penmanship, arithmetic, geography, history, elementary science, music, drawing and physical education observe one period a week in the grades. The critic teacher and Normal instructor alternate in teaching the lesson.

The Board of Regents has voted to grant a degree of B. S. in Home Economics on completion of the new four-year course in our H. A. Department.

1,018,338 enrolled in Thrift Army in New York State. Are you a part of this army?

Following are the extracts from a letter received by Miss Walker from Florence Albee, one of last year's graduates:

"Would you like to listen to a line about this place? There's not much else to tell, because gossip has run low.

"To reach Raquette Lake, take the New York Central to Utica. Then take the Malone and Mohawk to Carter. At Carter, which is mostly a name, take the Raquette Lake Railroad through the woods and through the woods, up hills and up hills, till Raquette Lake settlements are reached. The reason it is called Raquette Lake is because the first white people in this section found an Indian snowshoe, called by the red people a raquette.

"All there is to Raquette Lake as a settlement is a large station, a fine hotel, a supply house, a post office, a few barns, a long covered boat landing, and barber shop open summers only.

"From the station one can only see a very meagre part of the lake which has nearly one hundred miles of extremely winding, densely wooded shores. In the lake are many islands, and on some of these islands, besides all around the shores, are picturesque camps owned chiefly by millionaires. If you should like to buy a camp, Collier's of Collier's Magazine is for sale now. The price is three hundred thousand dollars—only buy now while the chance is good.

"North Point Camp, owned by the Carnegie family, is in the wildest part of these woods. I have seen a bear and a lynx stuffed, that were shot there a few years ago.

"The other night after school, the two other teachers and myself took the ride to the children's homes around the lake, and that is how I happened to see part of it. Most of these children who attend our

school belong to the caretakers of the big camps around the lake. Some of the children—oh! a very few—are bright; some have the ordinary amount of furnishing in their upper stories; but many have been so slighted in that direction. For instance, I have four degenerates, Lucy, Julia, Rachel and Henry, belonging to a half-witted, dirty looking, notorious character around here, known as Emeline. Julia has had her hair amputated like a boy's as the only sure delouser.

"The ride on the school boat takes two hours and a half twice a day. When the lake freezes, these children must stay home until spring. That is one reason why they don't advance like meteors in school.

"As I said before, to reach the school is most poetic. Walk through the main buildings of the town, stub your toes on a few tree roots, bump your head on a clothesline, till you reach the long wooden bridge. This long wooden bridge crosses a timberlost swamp where there are hundreds of dead trees, brush, pangs, cat-tails, streams, tamaracks, lites, and beaver houses. From the bridge is one of the best views of "Old Blue" mountain.

"When you have crossed the bridge, enter by the sand road the deep woods. This sand road leads to "Uncas," J. Pierpont Morgan's estate, and "Sagamore Lodge," belonging to the Vanderbilts. After walking a short distance in the woods, turn off on to a little trail that was dim and narrow in September, but is now wide and well beaten, till you reach a clearing. The school, which is modern in every respect, is all alone in the clearing by the lake. On the outside are brown shingles; the trimmings are white which make the building resemble a devil's food cake. It was built on State forest land.

"I have the Primary work; thirty children in I B, H B, I A, III B, and III A grades—ages five to fifteen; two rooms, one to work in and the other for play; also a piano.

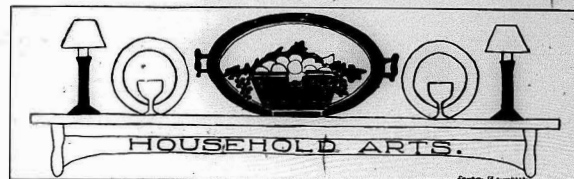
"The children are, as a rule, wild and rough; but the work is very interesting; time advances with some velocity when there are twenty-four classes on the program daily."

SUMMER SCHOOL

One of the most insuring sessions in the history of the Normal School came to an end with the closing of the summer school of 1919.

The summer school was attended by over five hundred earnest and ambitious students from Western New York. The instruction was in the hands of a number of our regular Normal School faculty and special courses were offered by Miss Emma Bolensins, Mr. Pillsbury, Mr. A. J. Abbott, Miss McCarthy and Mr. Burkhardt.

There was not only a fine spirit of work between students and faculty, but also a very happy spirit of fellowship and play.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

<i>President</i>	Helen Nesper
<i>Vice-President</i>	Esther Egner
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	Hazel Krug

We have returned to Normal for our second year in almost full force. One classmate is missing, but we are looking forward to her return in January. We also welcome Jessie Shepard, a former member of the Junior Class to our ranks.

Keeping to our old policy of frequent good times together, we had a Halloween party at Helen Nesper's home.

THE JUNIOR H. A. CLASS

OFFICERS:

<i>President</i>	Alice Hall
<i>Vice-President</i>	Helen Tillou
<i>Secretary</i>	Madeline Kramer
<i>Treasurer</i>	Ruth Lamy

The Juniors have commenced this year's work with a renewed zeal, and are now fully initiated into the responsibilities that fall upon upper classmen. Eight of our number are majoring in foods, while the remaining six are specializing in clothing. We are anticipating earning our college degree upon graduation next year, and this certainly adds enthusiasm to our work.

HOUSEHOLD ARTS CLUB

<i>President</i>	Marjory Schutt
<i>Vice-President</i>	Dorothy Barner
<i>Secretary</i>	Elmyra Hand
<i>Treasurer</i>	Bertha Brankiewicz

Although we have only had two meetings, we are very enthusiastic in our work for the coming year. We are happy to announce that the entire Freshman Class has joined—in fact, every student in the H. A. Department is a member of our club.

The first meeting of the H. A. Club was held on September 25, and work for the ensuing year was discussed. We decided to supply the H. A. dressing room with various monthly magazines, so that our vacant moments will not be idle ones. At the same meeting, we enjoyed singing with Miss Dodge, who taught us several of the new school songs.

On October 28, we were very glad to have Mr. Rockwell with us. He talked to us on "The History and Development of the Normal School." We sincerely hope that he will come often to our meetings.

It is our plan to have our regular business meetings once a month, with a short program, or speaker, and we are looking forward to a very profitable year.

THE ORACLE

The Oracle has an answer for every want question in the school. Frequent consultations are invited. However, The Oracle declines to answer any question concerning psychology, ornithology, metallurgy, astrology or bogology.

What has become of the movement for a students' social room?
B. X. S.;

After all, a room is a room, no matter how furnished. Any room may be made social, depending on the attitude of the persons in it. Infuse a social spirit into every room in the building, and soon the whole school will wake up to the fact that a special social room is needed. The matter has merely been tabled until a more concerted support is offered.

Lonesome Liz.—You are referred to the prefatory note. You might have chosen a more dignified name when enquiring into so weighty a subject.



The Kindergarten Seniors and Faculty extend a hearty welcome to the large class of thirty-five Juniors entering our Department this year. We also welcome back four of last year's class who are taking primary work, Francis Rosen, Ruth Kendall, Bernice Hirsch and Dorothy Greenwood. We are glad that every member of the class of 1920 is still with us so that we remain Thirteen.

A reception and tea was held in the Kindergarten Rooms on Friday, September 19th, in honor of the entering students.

The Senior Class planned a picnic like on Saturday September 20th. Those who attended had a very enjoyable time.

On Thursday, October 23d, the Kindergarten Department gave a dance in the School Gymnasium. We are glad to report that we made \$56.00 which will be sent to the Kindergarten Unit in France. The dance was a great success and was greatly enjoyed by all.

We deeply regret the loss of Dorothy Greenwood from our Department and hope that her absence may not be permanent.

We are greatly honored in having two of the officers of the Freshman Class in our Department, President Bessie O'Brian and Secretary Althea Krausz.

One of the new features in equipment in the Kindergarten this year are the Patty Hill blocks. We are watching the children's experiments with this material with great interest.

KINDERGARTEN DAY

The Kindergarten Department of the Buffalo State Normal School celebrated "Kindergarten Day" June 10, 1919, at the School. The following program was given:

PROGRAM

Chapel, 11:15 A. M.

I. Kindergarten Songs

By the Seniors and Juniors under the direction of Miss Legge. These songs will be dramatized by the children.

Room 210

II. Special Lectures,.....Mr. Frederic Woelner

9:00—9:45 A. M.

1. "Frederick Froebel—An Appreciation"

12:45—1:30 P. M.

2. "The Kindergarten in America"

Grade Assembly

III. An Exhibit

One thousand different types of toys made by the Kindergarten Seniors under the direction of Mr. Robert Woelner. An elaborate display of other kinds of handwork developed in Miss Dixon's classes is also ready for inspection. The children will follow their regular day's work in the Kindergarten Rooms.

Every teacher in the Elementary School, as well as every Kindergarten teacher, will find inspiration in the number and character of these types of educational activity.

The day was a great success, and we are looking forward to making "Kindergarten Day" an annual event in the school life. The Seniors are already at work in the shop on the toys which are to feature in the exhibit next June. Help us boost it.



ENGAGEMENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Gerson Hecht announce the engagement of their daughter, Marion Estelle Hecht, '18, to Dr. Samuel J. Lewis of Kalamazoo, Mich.

MARRIAGES

Married: Mary Ludlow, '15, and Andrew Grabau, '15, on August 23, 1919.

Married: Vincent Carberry, '13, and Eleanor Irllbacher, '13, on October 8, 1919.

Married: Bertha McDermott, '11, to Mr. Walter Mueller, on June 5, 1919.

Married: Margaret C. Borden, '16, to Mr. John C. Moench, on September 6, 1919.

Married: Marguerite Georger, '16, to Mr. George R. Kinney, on October 8, 1919.

Married: Kathryn M. Hueker, '13, to Mr. George T. Griffin, September 17, 1919.

Married: Dorothy Steele, '17, to Mr. Rolf Olsen, on October 14, 1919.

Married: Shirley Hagerer, '19, to Mr. Frank Felton, on July 22, 1919.

Olga Jean Mueller, '15, to Mr. W. H. Garber in September, 1919. They are living in Rochester.

BIRTHS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Carrigg (Virginia Story, '17), a daughter, Margaret Mary, October 3, 1919.

To Mr. and Mrs. Granville Swany (Dorothy Atwater, '18), a son, Douglas Reed, July 10, 1919.

The Class of 1919 has lost one of its members: Miss Carrie Vosburgh died at her home on September 15, 1919.

All General Normal 1919 Seniors have accepted positions with the exception of David C. Foss, who has gone to Hobart College; Shirley R. Hagerer, who was married in the summer, and Theresa R. Rieman.

APPOINTMENTS

Hilda Ortner.....	Lackawanna
Naomi Stoesser.....	Sloam
Evadne Heisler.....	Quessque, L. T.
Ruth A. Schryver.....	Omar, N. Y.
Mildred Kuhn.....	Memorial Chapel, Buffalo
Florence Albee.....	Raquette Lake, N. Y.
Ida Mae Johnson.....	Corfu, N. Y.
Genevieve P. Vossler.....	Bolivar, N. Y.
Ellen S. Pother.....	Arcade, N. Y.
Harriet Ella Godfrey.....	Snyder, N. Y.
Franella Chapin.....	Lancaster, N. Y.
Hazel Cotton.....	Bolivar, N. Y.
Anna M. Hurley.....	Olean
Grace Wiley.....	Hamburg
Mabel E. Heim.....	Bench Ridge
Anna Elizabeth Hamel.....	San Francisco, Cal.
Edith A. Childs.....	Eden, N. Y.
Carrie Vosburgh.....	West Valley
Mary Dunn.....	Athol Springs
Mary E. Giles.....	Hornell, N. Y.
Dorothy Walter.....	La Salle
Alice Maguire.....	La Salle
Ruth De Remer.....	Collins Center
Mabel Sager.....	East Hamburg
Anna E. Jones.....	Hornell, N. Y.
Margaret Pecoraro.....	Charity Organization, Buffalo
Mabel Dunningan.....	Sloam
Genevieve Dye.....	Portville
Helen Nasch.....	Sloam
Katharine Sullivan.....	Silver Springs
Mary Murty.....	Checktowaga
Maillie Clarke.....	Augusta, Ga.
Margaret Smith.....	Medina
Ruth McGill.....	Franklinville
Kathleen Baird.....	Sloam
Anna Dagon.....	Hornell
Isbell Newton.....	Arcade
Ralph Boniface.....	Orchard Park
Mary Berlin.....	Wilson
Ruby A. Hagerer.....	Springville

Mildred Blair.....	Attica
Emily Arnold.....	La Salle
Mary Carey.....	Lackawanna
Mary Joyce.....	Lackawanna
Frances Sipson.....	Lockport
Martha Brauer.....	Tonawanda
Barbara Riegler.....	Checktowaga
Ida Bruce.....	Armor
Norine Bury.....	Kenmore
Marion Smith.....	Kenmore
Marion Hollywood.....	Orchard Park
Virginia Cole.....	Blasdell
Bessie Bender.....	Ebenezer
Mildred Tamm.....	Alden
Virginia Chilcott.....	Scottsville
Marian Perry.....	Roslyn, L. I.
Harriet Green.....	Lockport
Mary Gibbs.....	Lockport
Edith Prentice.....	Elmira
Sarah Munn.....	West Seneca
Esther Binkley.....	La Salle
Ethel Trigg.....	Niagara Falls
Florence Gould.....	Elmira
Ferdinand Kamprath.....	Ebenezer
Marion Wakeman.....	Eden
Ida M. Cooke.....	Eden
Helen M. Greeley.....	Batavia
Ruth Bush.....	Hemlock
Violet Hoffman.....	Bolivar
Dorothy Cozzens.....	Newfane
Marion McClumphat.....	Newfane
Huldah Whitewood.....	Blasdell
Charlotte Gunman.....	Eden Center

WANTED—Suggestions for a finish to the story on page 19.

FACULTY-STUDENT COUNCIL

President.....Miss Lane
 Secretary (pro tem).....Rose M. Haas

Faculty Members

Mr. Roekwell, ex-officio
 Miss Dodge, to January, '21
 Miss Groves, to January, '21
 Miss Ella Smith, to June, '21
 Mr. Root, to June, '21
 Miss Sprague, to January, '20

Student Members

Rose M. Haas, '20
 Bessie O'Brien, '21
 Doris Will, '20
 Clarence Howard, '21

The purpose of the council is to bring teachers and students together to discuss matters vital to the general welfare of our school. Regular meetings are held on the last Monday of every month.

On October 14, 1919, a meeting was held and the following amendment to the constitution was made:

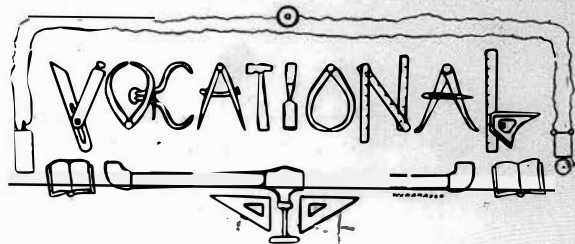
The Faculty-Student Council shall consist of the Principal of the school, ex-officio, Faculty Committee and Student Committee:

The Faculty Committee shall consist of six members, four of which shall be from the Normal Department and two from the Practice Department.

The Student Committee shall consist of

1. Senior President, ex-officio.
2. Junior President, ex-officio.
3. Senior Representative.
4. Junior Representative, elected at end of first semester.
5. Household Arts Representative, to be elected in September from Sophomore or Junior Class.
6. Representative for men.

The Council will be grateful for any suggestions which will further the welfare of our school.



The Buffalo State Normal School welcomes Mr. Kane as the new head of the Vocational Department. He comes to us as the successor of Mr. Furney, who is now in charge of the Continuation School Work in New York State.

A new class of work undertaken in the Vocational Department of the school this year is the rehabilitation of the disabled soldiers under the direction of the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

Mr. Rockwell, in conference with Mr. Noyes of the Federal Board and Mr. Wing, City Supervisor of Industrial Education, planned this activity, which will be growing into a large class in the near future. The work of the rehabilitation wing of the Federal Board has reached large proportions; at this time about 15,000 men are in training and over 100,000 applications are to be considered. It may not be generally known that now, one year after armistice day, many thousands of American soldiers are confined to the hospitals, and all these will have to be put in their places in the commercial and industrial world in the time to come. The training covers nearly every vocation and all with the intent to care for the incapacitated men so to leave no human wreckage.

In the class in our school we have eighteen men representing the Army, the Navy and the Naval Militia, all of whom served in France and were wounded there, several having been in the hospital for six months and one man a prisoner in a German hospital.

The subjects taught are, machine shop practice, tool making and mechanical drawing.

The class roll:
 Benj. Buckens
 Irving Banson
 Gordon Dockstader
 Gustave Easterburg
 Joseph Eardo
 James Furey
 Joseph Furdell
 Stanley Kalinowski

Stanley Kramczak
 Harry Kramer
 Ed. J. Mohart
 Clarence Paddock
 Walter Rydzewski
 Nick Steinbaek
 John Ulatowski
 Tony Vara —

Darwin Wood

W. C. J.



Y. W. C. A.

Officers are:

<i>President</i>	Eleanor S. Murray
<i>Vice-President</i> (pro tem)	Gladys C. Sanderson
<i>Secretary</i>	Dorothy S. Barner
<i>Treasurer</i>	Hildegard Hoffman
<i>Annual Member</i> (Field Representative)	Rose M. Haas
<i>Faculty Advisors</i>	Miss Brigham, Miss Robson and Miss Sipp

EVENTS

- Sept. 10—The Big Sisters gave an informal tea for their Little Sisters. Before school reopened the out-of-town girls that had registered were sent letters of welcome by the Y. W. girls and arrangements were made to meet them. We hope this movement will be annual.
- Sept. 14—A get-acquainted school party was held in the gymnasium. We were glad so many Freshmen entered into the spirit of it and came dressed as they looked *two* years ago. A most enjoyable time was spent singing, eating ice cream cones and dancing.
- Sept. 24-Oct. 1—Our membership campaign was floated and has resulted in a registration of about 140 members. Miss Harris' impressive talk in chapel was contributive to the best campaign Normal ever had.
- Sept. 29—Miss Rhoda Harris, our Student Secretary, gave a helpful talk in Assembly.
- Oct. 10-13—A week-end house party was held at the Edelweiss Cottage at Lakeview. Our chaperons were Miss Brigham, Miss Dodge, Miss Houston, Miss Harris, Miss Dixon and Miss Sipp. Its purpose was to band the school together, by having the leaders of each organization become well-acquainted and to find the place for Y. W. in our school. Plans for the coming year were made, among which social meetings will take a prominent part.
- Oct. 17 to May—Bible Study Class is held every Friday evening at 5:30 p. m.

CONFERENCES

June 20-30—College Student Conference was held at Silver Bay, Lake George. We were represented by Dorothy Barner, Rose M. Haas, Eleanor L. Murray and May Post. Much was gained from the Conference, and the girls came back filled with enthusiasm.

October—Rochester Convention. Normal was represented by Dorothy Barner.

The cabinet is planning a big program for this school year, including religious, political and social phases.

ARETHUSA SORORITY, ZETA CHAPTER

<i>President</i>	Esther Cockburn
<i>Vice-President</i>	Helen Grant
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	Marion Lewis
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	Dorothy Vincent
<i>Treasurer</i>	Elizabeth Seitz

CALENDAR

- September 27—Party at Eleanor Murray's home.
- October 8—Kazoo party in Gymnasium.
- October 17—The third party at the Chapter House.
- October 25—Luncheon and theater party.
- November 5—Faculty tea at the College Club.

We are glad to welcome these new girls:

Katherine Allen	Mary Foss
Bernice Bachman	Dorothy Grampp
Helen Barnett	Edith Kennedy
Dorothy Bell	Ethel Messmer
Caroline Burnhardt	May Nottelman
Doris Culp	Bessie O'Brien
Helen Dye	Doris Parker
Laura Endsworth	Edith Potter
Irene Fay	Gladys Sanderson

Arethusa is glad to welcome in her faculty group Mrs. Gemmill, a former member.

In the future, convocations of the Arethusa Sororities will be held here.

CLIONIAN SORORITY. THETA CHAPTER

President.....Dorothy Barner
 Vice-President.....Hildegarde Hoffman
 Corresponding Secretary.....Marjorie McDevitt
 Recording Secretary.....Carmen R. Watkeys
 Treasurer.....Mary McArthur

Since school opened, the Clio girls have had a tea in the Grade Assembly, a dinner at the home of our president, and a theatre party. The Sorority, including a number of the passive members, was delightfully entertained at the home of Miss Small.

We are sorry to lose Miss Obmstead as a faculty advisor.

The following girls were pledged this fall:

Ethel Barnes ✓	Gertrude McKernon
Beatrice Carver ✓	Edith Stickney ✓
Gladys Clark ✓	Grace Wakeman
Irene Jacobs ✓	Laura Willgan ✓
Ella Lowack ✓	Ruth Wolf ✓

DRAMATIC CLUB

At the last meeting of the Dramatic Club, which was held last June, the Club was organized as a permanent school activity with the following officers:

President.....Sophie Jakubowski
 Vice-President.....Irene Jacobs
 Recording Secretary.....Arthur Lord
 Corresponding Secretary.....Rachel Glavy
 Treasurer.....Lorraine Burch
 Miss Small is our director.

The Dramatic Club extends a cordial invitation to all who are interested in dramatic work. For those who wish to join, the only qualification is that you at once assume the responsibilities of active membership.

SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA

Established 1898

<i>Faculty Members</i>		<i>Honorary Members</i>	
Miss Englebreck		Miss Howland	
Miss Roeschler		Miss Sprague	

<i>Active Members</i>	
President.....	Helen Preisch
Vice-President.....	Mildred Garget
Recording Secretary.....	Sophie Jakubowski
Corresponding Secretary.....	Alice M. Hall
Treasurer.....	Jean Fraser

Marjorie Schust	Ruth Kendall
Julia Flaherty	Gladys Smith
Ruth Lamy	Elnyra Hand
Rachel Harmon	Gladys Reynolds
Clara Paterson	Dorothy Reynolds

<i>Pledges</i>	
Ruth Condon	Beulah Mills
Alma Hoffman	Lenore Neil

<i>CHAPTER ROLL</i>	<i>NATIONAL OFFICERS.</i>
Alpha—Virginia.	Grand President, Mabel Walton.
Sigma Phi—Tennessee.	Grand Vice-President, Mrs. Devor.
Kappa—Ohio.	Business Manager, Mabel West.
Phi—Ohio.	Grand Secretary, Hazel Ceer.
Iota—Colorado.	Grand Treasurer, Carrie Masen.
My—Missouri.	Grand Inspector, Genevieve Kirkbride.
Nu—Missouri.	Alumnae Representative, Mrs. Hugh Tisdall.
Ni—Oklahoma.	Editor, Mrs. Eaton.
Omicron—Michigan.	
Pi—Kansas.	

SOCIAL EVENTS

Dinner party at home of Olya Nye.
 Wiener Roast at Eric Beach.
 Luncheon at Clara Paterson's.
 Theater Party at Shea's.
 Hallow'en Party at Alice Hall's.
 We are very sorry, indeed, to have lost two of our honorary members, Miss Egge and Miss Goffin.

Sigma Sigma Sigma's Convention was held at Kansas City in August. Zeta was represented by Miss Ruth Kendall who brought us back many ideas from the Greek World upon which we can work for a successful year in sorority life.



AT THE SIGN OF THE OWL'S FEATHER

The owl looked down from his perch on the tree,
 And winked his eye as he said to me,
 "No student is wise, as I can see,
 Who does not once in a while hee-hee."

With apologies to Francis Bacon:

Studying maketh a full Normal student; thinking a ready Normal student; writing lesson plans an exact Normal student. And, therefore, if a Normal student write few lesson plans she had need have a great memory in order to remember her questions; if she think little, she had need make sure that the thoughts of others which she is forced to use are not trite; if she study little, she had need to cram mightily for the examination, and even at that we fear that the dead will not arise.

* * * *

First Student—Don't you admire the Greek Court in front of the Normal School?

Second Student—Why yes; it's just like the Parathon.

After thinking this over, we have decided that she must have meant Marathon. If you should stroll out there during the School of Practice recess, you would think so, too.

* * * *

After the Eighth Grade had considered the fact that Massachusetts received so much attention in history texts because they were written mainly by native sons of Massachusetts, one Eighth Grader had an idea:

"Then all the geographies must have been written by men from New York, because there's always a whole hook in the back about New York State."

* * * *

From a history paper:

Benedict Arnold's bad points: He married a Tory lady while in Philadelphia for her money.

* * * *

What mathematicians are to be expected from the arithmetic class in which it becomes necessary to turn on the lights in order to see the fine points which are discussed!

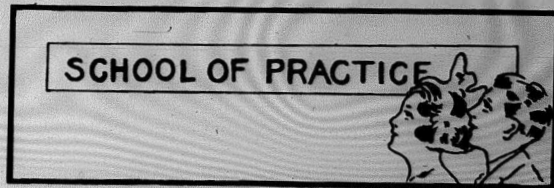
IMPORTANT ISLANDS

"What are the most important islands on the globe?" asked the geography teacher.

And without hesitation the boy from New York answered, "Ellis, Manhattan and Coney."

* * * *

Scott—"I guess there's none of us better than we should be."
 Mott—"Indeed, no! I was thinking it over last night. Why, only yesterday I was guilty of killing time, murdering a tune, smothering a yawn, stealing a kiss, cutting a creditor and breaking into a perspiration."—*Boston Transcript*.



SCHOOL OF PRACTICE

The Ninth Grade invited the Senior Class to a program given Wednesday, October 29.

PROGRAM

Our Belgian Guests

America	School
Introduction	Virginia Stuart
King Albert in Belgium	Joseph Gintzler
The King in America	Mary Mills
The King's Letter to His Soldiers	George Kent
Queen Elizabeth at Home	Olivia Stuart
The Queen in America	Ruth Milson
Cardinal Mercier	Elythe Campbell
The Cardinal's Pastoral Letter	Lorraine Frost
The Brabantonne	Ninth Grade

RED CROSS ROLL CALL

The Third Red Cross Roll Call, November 2-11, has given the public an opportunity to renew membership in the Red Cross. Membership makes one a participant in the great, world-embracing plans for the relief of suffering humanity. The plans are outlined in a pamphlet by Dr. Stockton Axson, Secretary of the American Red Cross.

The International Red Cross Committee at Geneva has called a convention of the Red Cross organizations of the world to meet at Geneva thirty days after the declaration of peace.

This call was issued at the request of the Red Cross Societies of the United States of America, France, Great Britain, Italy, and Japan, whose representatives have constituted themselves a "Committee of Red Cross societies" to formulate and to propose to Red Cross societies of the world an extended program of Red-Cross activities in the interest of humanity.

It is expected that out of this world gathering there will emerge an international organization through which the peoples of the world may co-operate in stimulating and developing activities in the respective countries for the betterment of mankind. Such activities would foster the study of human disease, promote sound measures for public health and sanitation, the welfare of children and mothers, the education and training of nurses and the care and prevention of tuberculosis, venereal diseases, malaria and other chronic or infectious diseases, and would provide measures for handling problems of world relief in emergencies, such as fire, famine, and pestilence.

The conception involves not merely efforts to relieve human suffering, but to prevent it; not alone the suffering of one people but an attempt to arouse all peoples to a sense of their responsibility for the welfare of their fellow-beings throughout the world.

Surely, the operation of such a plan would develop a new fraternity and sympathy among the peoples. By so doing, an important contribution will have been made toward the success of the League of Nations, and this present plan should be viewed as a vital factor in the larger undertaking.

The League of Nations aims to hold all peoples together in an effort to avoid war and to insure freedom; this particular plan aims at devising a procedure whereby all peoples may co-operate actively in promoting the health and happiness of one another."

The great war has demonstrated the capability of the Red Cross for carrying on such a work. Your dollar will do its bit toward making this possible. Join! The drive is over, but it is never too late.



BOOKCASES

Will meet your most particular needs. Not necessary to have a cabinet built to order at great expense. The style and finish you desire is ready for delivery.

**They do not look sectional
—but they are!**

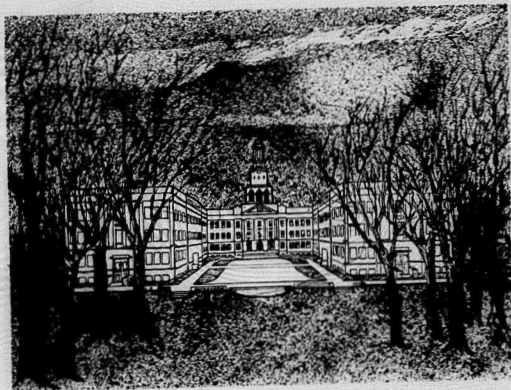


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THE BEST RESOLUTION

THE best resolution, indeed the only resolution, that you can make is one that has the word **NOW** in it. The resolution that is to begin **Next Week** is the kind that paves the way to failure. Begin **NOW** to save your money, and save it in a rational way, by depositing it in this Bank, where it can draw interest.

JANUARY FIRST is the beginning of an interest quarter. Money deposited up to and including January 10th will bear interest from the first of the month.

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THE RECORD

Vol. VIII

Buffalo, N. Y., December, 1919

No. 2

MILDRED'S CHRISTMAS STORY

Mildred Goode sat down in the large chair at her desk and gave a sigh of relief. The busy day was over and the promise of two happy weeks' vacation lay before her. On her desk were many packages of different shapes and sizes, all tied with gaily colored ribbons—the tokens of her fifth grade's love for her. The sight of them brought a flush of pleasure to her cheeks. It was Mildred's first year of teaching and she was doing her best to make good. Evidently she had at least won her pupils' love.

She reached for one of the parcels and began to undo it, determined to look at the gifts now, and risk missing the train which would leave the Erie depot in just one hour.

But suddenly, in trooped several of her merry youngsters, making Mildred hastily replace the package she had just started to open.

"Please, Miss Goode, won't you tell us a Christmas story?" pleaded curly haired Bob, and his request was so earnestly seconded by the rest that Mildred could not refuse, and answered: "Well, children, it will have to be a short one, as I must catch a train soon. I'll tell you a story which my teacher once told me when I was a little girl."

"A long, long time ago there dwelt in a quaint little town, tucked away in a far-off corner of Holland, an old blacksmith. He was fat and jolly, and his hair and long beard were snow white. This blacksmith was a great favorite of the children of the village, for he would tell them many stories, and when business was slack he would whittle them boats and whistles, and other toys. After the summer was over there were few horses to be shod, so on long winter days old Claus would whittle a great many toys. On Christmas eve everyone would leave their doors unlocked or a window open and Claus would leave some gift at each child's home.

One year, a great snowstorm came on the day before Christmas. The snow came down thicker and faster, and piled higher and higher until by the time evening came, it was high above the doors and windows and almost even with the roofs of the houses. "What shall I do?" thought Claus, "the children must have their gifts, but how can I get them to them? I can never dig my way through this snow." He sat and thought awhile. "I have it," he cried suddenly. "I'll go out through the chimney." So, gathering the toys in a large bag, he climbed up through the

chimney leading up from his large comfortable fireplace. When he reached the top, he stepped carefully onto the roof, which was deeply covered with snow. To his surprise it held him as though a hard crust were over it. "That is strange," he murmured.

"Suddenly a great light illumined the sky and he heard a voice say, 'Be not afraid, good Claus. Thou shalt be an immortal and live forever to carry on thy good work.' 'How shall I ever get around to all the dear little children,' thought Claus, when, as if in answer to his thoughts the voice continued, 'Here is a means to aid thee,' and a tiny sleigh drawn by prancing reindeer appeared.

"Claus seated himself in the sleigh and rode swiftly through the air, lowering himself through the chimneys and disposing of his gifts.

"And so it came about that the children in that far-off town were not disappointed but received their gifts after all. In awe they listened to the tale of Claus and gave him the name of Santa or Saint. As for Claus he no longer worked as a blacksmith, but spent all his time making toys, while he delivers every year all over the world."

"Miss Goode, you'd better hurry or you'll miss your train," murmured a small voice in Mildred's ear. With a start she looked up.

"Why, I declare, I've been dreaming!" she exclaimed. Then, looking at the clock, "I'll have to hurry." With a sweep of the hand all the presents went into her bag. Mildred rushed her things on and fairly flew to the station to hear, "Train one hour late." So she settled herself comfortably to look at her gifts while waiting in the pleasant atmosphere of the Erie depot.

ALICE M. T. INGLER, Junior Section VI.

"A SENIOR CHRISTMAS"

Oh, we Seniors are so happy that Christmas time is here,
And Juniors you'll be happy when it comes around next year.

We love the songs and gifts and other Christmas things,
But most of all we love the rest that Christmas surely brings.

The faculty have lesson plans for all vacation through,
I've never seen a Senior with a mind like that, have you?

Oh, Juniors, list for it is we, the Seniors wise and grave
Who weary from our heavy tasks a long vacation crave.

We seniors need a week or so to stir up brains and pep,
To learn to teach a lesson well from first to final step.

Yes Junior it is true that when you hear us shout
"A merry merry Christmas!" you'll know what it's all about.

But you cannot know the meaning of Merry Christmas cheer
Until you' relimp and weary in the middle of the year.

II. A. GRANT.

EVENTS IN THE FIELD OF EDUCATION

One hundred fifty men will be added to the student body and four teachers to the faculty of the Buffalo Normal School next year, as the result of the decision of the Board of Trustees of the State College for Teachers at Albany to transfer the Day Vocational Department from Albany to Buffalo. Thirty thousand dollars' worth of equipment will be removed to Buffalo next July. The superior position of Buffalo as an industrial center is the cause of the transfer. It is expected that many graduates of Technical High School as well as recruits from the industries will take advantage of these courses.

National Council of Teachers of English

The ninth annual meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English, held in the Boston Public Library, November 24-26, was attended by teachers from all parts of the country. At the opening session the president, Professor Joseph M. Thomas of the University of Minnesota addressed the teachers in part as follows:

"Greater stress must be laid on sincerity and honesty of opinion, both in composition and classroom discussion of literature," said Prof. Thomas. "The evil of our teaching is that it tends to develop conventionality, insincerity and even dishonesty on the part of the students. The hesecere expression of an immature opinion should be regarded more highly than the mere repetition or reflection of the opinion of others. No one would uphold the theory that the work of children is to be judged by the standard of accomplishment of our greatest artists and our most profound critics. Yet, as a matter of practice, I fear that this is too often done.

"Honesty of opinion and the courage to express that opinion will prove one of the greatest safeguards against the danger of our future citizens being swept away by the waves of hysterical radicalism now sweeping over the country. There must be freedom of speech in the schools to prevent license of speech and action in the future.

"The whole apparatus of high school texts seems to be an ingenious device for making any possible pleasure that the student might get out of reading the work itself an excuse for loading him with a mass of miscellaneous information, which, in some mysterious way, is supposed to do him good. The unpopularity of the classics is due not so much to the fact that they have not the qualities that appeal to students as to the fact that teachers have expected from children the reactions and opinions that are natural to mature, educated readers.

"The present chaotic conditions of secondary education through-

out the country is, in a large measure, due to an attempt to awaken a great responsiveness, more appreciation and enthusiasm on the part of students towards high school training. Educators have assumed that the fault lay not with the students but in what was offered them. If they have no appetite for learning, let us change the diet and instead of giving them Latin and mathematics, offer them agriculture and domestic science.

The great diversity of English in our public schools, the feverish experimentation with all sorts of new material, is only evidence that English teachers are following these leaders. Many of them have given up trying to interest the students in what they think he ought to be interested in and are experimenting in a vain effort to find out what he will like.

All this, euphemistically termed 'broadening the content of the English course,' is but setting up a brazen serpent. It is evident, I believe, that too many teachers of English are lacking confidence in their subject and confidence in themselves. More than any other subject in the curriculum, English suffers from lack of organization. In the work of any given year, whether first year in high school or freshman year at college, there are too few teachers who have any definite plan of procedure, who know how the work of any one day, or week, or even month, is to lead to and prepare for that which follows.

What the Schools Have a Right to Expect of the Colleges

Miss Emma Breck of the University School of the University of California, precipitated a spirited discussion at the close of her address on Tuesday morning, which was reported in the Boston Transcript as follows:

Miss Breck quoted with approval from the declaration of the platform of the British Labor Party with reference to education a statement that the youth of the land should be given the opportunity to attain to the full physical, mental and moral, literary, technical and artistic attainment of which they are capable. She then spoke of the changes which had been brought about in this country since the days when the student body of the ordinary high school was composed of pupils from the same social stratum.

"I look in Boston and it is hard to find on the streets the type that I once knew here," said Miss Breck. "It is here, I know. It is in your clubs, it is on the platform, it is in the audiences at public meetings, but there it is hard to find because of the presence of the newer elements in the population.

Watch the growing power of our labor party and you will recognize that our leaders in the future may not be of the old sort. But it is a significant and a hopeful sign that labor leaders in this coun-

try are asking for more and broader opportunities for education. To me, the only hope for this nation lies in more education for the masses. Our colleges should accept pupils from the trade, the technical, the agricultural and the commercial schools.

Here is an inspiring fact. Many of our young people go out with the determination in their hearts for more education. But they meet not a wide open door, not a half open door, but a door that is a little ajar. Conditions are easier in the Middle West and in the extreme West than they are in the East.

"Try as we will to Americanize, we are going to do it only on the surface until long years have passed and we can speak to the people of foreign descent in a language that is their own. In the meantime their children must be given the educational opportunities that they seek. If the endowed college cannot do it, then the State must establish its State university which is the university of the people. Perhaps, the old, endowed college may lift up the selected few to a super degree of excellence and leave the others to the State.

"I know it is said that numbers do not count, and they don't count if you are trying to educate the selected few, but if you are trying to educate the great common people then numbers do count."

Miss Breck referred to catalogues and examination questions which had been sent here from colleges in response to her request and from which she gathered the information on which she based her statements, especially with reference to the eastern colleges. She commended the entrance requirements as established for the School of Business Administration of Boston University.

One of the first speakers in the discussion following the address was George H. Browne of the Browne and Nichols school in Cambridge. He counselled patience in dealing with the problems suggested and predicted that in time they would be satisfactorily solved. Mr. Browne said that he was glad that Miss Breck had commended public forums; "although," he added, "if you take part in one in this section you are classed as a Bolshevik or a pro-German."

Miss Breck had also said that in view of what had recently happened in the United States Senate she felt that perhaps too much stress had been laid on some of the teachings of George Washington and it would be well, regardless of politics, to pay some attention to the idealism of Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Browne, in commenting on this remark, said that he hoped Miss Breck did not look upon the United States Senate as educated.

Several speakers suggested that Miss Breck had been misinformed in some particulars with reference to the entrance requirements of the college and read from catalogues in support of their statements. The lady from California, in her turn, said that she had carefully read

the material sent her and so far as the material went it justified her conclusions.

In beginning his remarks, President Thomas said that he was connected with a university which had not only opened the doors but went out and grabbed students by the scruff of their necks and dragged them in. "And when we have got them we wonder what we are going to do with them," he said. "I am serving on a committee which is dealing with that question.

"It seems to me that Miss Breck has a false idea of democracy. To me democracy means equality of opportunity, but it does not mean that all are of equal capacity. There are those to whom a college training may do more harm than good. I see them. I sometimes feel like saying: 'Go downtown where you can punch a time-clock at 8:25 every morning in a department store. They can do a lot more for you down there than we can up here. It is to be remembered that all education is not obtained from books. The boy who leaves school may yet get an education in his experiences in the world of affairs.

"Miss Breck was autobiographical, I may be pardoned for also speaking in that vein. I am the son of immigrant parents. They came to this country in a sailing ship. If there had been a steerage then I suppose they would have come in it. One of the best English students in Minnesota is a daughter of Scandinavian parents. A friend in one of the universities elsewhere, tells me that his best English scholar is an Armenian boy. There is the same opportunity here now that there has always been."

Then Mr. Kingsley of the State Board of Education, whose especial work relates to the requirements for college admission, gave the teachers the results of his observations. He said, "The high school people very seriously feel the incursions of the rigid scheme of college entrance requirements. We desire a free margin of four out of fifteen units.

"If you will turn back on the files of the Outlook you will find an editorial by Theodore Roosevelt on what he had learned concerning a girl who was a student in the William Penn High School in Philadelphia. She had taken a commercial course but, during her last year in school, decided to become a social worker and to enter college in preparation for that work. She found that there was no college to which she could go that had entrance requirements she could meet. Theodore Roosevelt pointed out the essential undemocracy of that condition."

Mr. Kingsley described the scheme of entrance requirements adopted by the University of Chicago eight years ago and said that he was assured this liberal measure had worked well. Continuing, he said:

(Continued on page 36)



PROJECT—HOW TO SEW ON BUTTONS

What are the various methods of fastening our clothes?

Buttons, hooks and eyes, snaps, laces and eyelets for middies, and tape.

What determines the method one uses?

Each method has its definite advantages and disadvantages.

These are presented and discussed.

Which is the best for general use?

Button.

Why are buttons most commonly used?

Buttons are most commonly used because they are easier to fasten on goods, and allow more convenient ironing. Hooks and eyes rust; eyelets tear and tape is not pretty.

What determines the kind of buttons one uses?

The kind of garment on which they are used.

The class examines a chart containing buttons of good and poor design.

What is the difference between these two buttons?

The buttons are evaluated according to use, cost, etc.

What is the difference between the so-called inexpensive and the so-called cheap buttons?

Cheap buttons are gaudy and of poor design; inexpensive buttons are of good design.

Read "British Manufacturing Industry" by Bevan.

How many have sewed on buttons?

How did you do it? Why did you do it?

Out of the experiences of the class the way of putting on buttons is developed.

Which is the better way to place buttons? (a or b) Why?

- a. **X** | This way stretches the buttonhole out of shape
and strains material under button.
- b. **+** - This is the proper way.

Why are some buttons of two holes and others of four?

On which side does the knot come?

Right side under the button.

Why?

In laundering, the knob is not rubbed off.

Why is a pin placed under the thread?

Why are shanks put on buttons?

To make room for material under the button when garment is buttoned.

What determines the length of the shank?

What kind of thread do we use?

Medium, because if coarse thread is used, only a few threads can be put through the holes and if one or two threads wear, the button soon comes off.

How can one tell the difference between thread?

Summary—Review: What must one keep in mind when sewing on buttons?

KATHERINE WEIFFENBACH.

For two weeks during the school year, the Vocational men visit the Industrial Schools of Buffalo for observation. Mr. Wing, the director in charge, has made the schools of Buffalo second to none.

Demonstration lessons are given in Room 210 every evening, followed by a free for all discussion. A recent demonstration on "How to Sew on Buttons," given by Miss Weiffenbach, is printed above. The project method, which is causing so much discussion at present, is merely the application of the methods of trade instruction to other lines.

The removal of the Day Vocational School from Albany to Buffalo will bring 150 vocational men to the Buffalo Normal School during the day, and will add five men to the faculty.

The Vocational Seniors have elected the following officers:

President—Clarence Becker.

Vice-President—William H. Dryer.

Secretary—Katherine Weiffenbach.

Treasurer—Carl J. Roecker.

Mr. Foley has been chosen as the representative of the Vocational Department on the Record Staff.

The arrangements for the mid-year dance to be held January 20, 1920, are in the hands of a committee, consisting of:

Charlotte Bonnar,
Harriet Windisch,
Paul Clifford,
Jules G. Zinter,
John C. Koch.

The Vocational Department had 100 per cent enrollment on the subscription list for the November number of the Record.



HOUSEHOLD ARTS' CLUB

On Thursday, November 20th, two former members of our club, Miss Helen Spaulding and Miss Margaret Pecararo, spoke to us about their work among the poor. Thanksgiving baskets were provided for six families who were recommended by our speakers as worthy of them.

At the luncheon served to the teachers and principals of the Erie County Teachers' Association, \$142.93 was realized. Of this sum, \$59.82 goes to the cafeteria and the remainder to our department.

On Wednesday, December 3rd, we paid tribute to Miss Ellen Richards, who was first in our field of work. The history of her life made us appreciate the importance of her work, which she carried on successfully, although under difficulties which make our own appear as nothing.

We are looking forward to a Christmas party to be held in place of our regular meeting. We are also planning to—but it is a secret.



KINDERGARTEN NOTES

Merry Christmas and a Happy and Successful New Year!

The Kindergarten department wishes to extend its very best wishes and a pledge of its co-operation in all the projects entered upon by the school. In our work at this time it is very essential that we remember the Christmas spirit, that of giving, and not receiving.

"Tis not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare."

This is the spirit which we hope will fill the hearts of all our students. This year our Christmas should be a time of great joy, and this joy should be expressed in doing for others.

The Kindergarten will, in accordance with its usual custom, do its bit in the way of bringing in toys and other playthings to be distributed among those children who are less fortunate. At this time the entire program of the Kindergarten is turned over to the making of Christmas gifts for others—mother, father, sisters and brothers. In this way the children gain the spirit of Christmas which should prevail in all the earth. And when this Christmas Day we count our blessings, let us all think of that first Christmas, when an Angel descending, sang the glad tidings, "Peace on Earth, Good-will toward Men."

The Kindergarten department wishes to announce that Helen Preisch has been elected as our representative to the Auxiliary Committee of the Faculty-Student Council.

THE RECORD

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EDITORIALS

We are now surrounded by the bustle of preparation for the Christmas holidays. It is hoped that the Christmas spirit will reach all people in the school, causing them to forget for a while any cares and burdens in whole-souled enjoyment of the happiness of the holiday season.

As this time of the year is very important to the grades, enlarged space has been given to their work in this number.

* * * *

The Americanization problem, which is attracting everyone's attention at present, should be of special interest to teachers; for the school is the most potent factor in solving that problem. Americanization involves more than naturalization—training the foreign-born in American ideals and standards of living, teaching him the true meanings of liberty and democracy, and giving him the language of the country, by no means the least in importance.

Although Americanizing the adult immigrant is the more urgent and necessary, Americanization should begin in the first grade and continue until the child leaves the school, and it may be added that it is as

necessary to reach native-born children under this program as it is to extend it to foreign-born children, or children of foreign parentage. Then there will be no fear that the Bolshevik agitator may work upon the young industrial workers and instill into them false ideas of liberty and democracy.

But we must also remember that there is much that the immigrant can give to us. This was fully demonstrated at the Arts and Crafts exhibit.

It is of prime importance that we investigate the problem closely, for the need for workers is great, and we should seriously consider whether we are fitted to prepare for and take up this work. No field in education offers greater opportunities for service than this. Moreover it is the duty of every teacher to keep the true American ideals constantly before her class.

The transfer of the Day Vocational Department from Albany to Buffalo will be of immense advantage to the Buffalo Normal School. The presence of one hundred fifty men will be a stimulating and agreeable addition to the student body. School activities cannot help but benefit by a little more of the masculine viewpoint, from which they certainly cannot be said to be suffering excessively at the present moment. This is even of greater importance to the teaching profession as a whole. These courses will attract an increasing number of men to the profession each year. Unquestionably more men are needed in the ranks of teachers. At present the future looks bright, both for meeting the need and the advancement of the profession in every direction.

Nothing is more needed in Buffalo Normal School at present than a room for the students' own use, where they can meet mothers or friends who come to visit them at the school, or which is especially for their use for meetings, teas, or a moment's leisure. Plans are being made for setting aside and furnishing Room 111 for this purpose. We cannot urge too strongly the co-operation of every student for carrying out these arrangements. If every one will give her (or his) whole support, the time will not be long before "111" will no longer be the bare "lunchroom," but an inviting and cosy "social room."

The Evening School was one hundred per cent in subscriptions for the Record for this year, for which full credit is deserved for the spirit of loyalty shown.

There are several different ways in which the students can show their loyalty to *The Record*. The one which costs the least effort, and in

which everyone can have a part, is "to patronize our advertisers and mention *The Record*." We cannot emphasize this strongly enough. It will take little time and effort when ordering for school affairs or as individuals, to look over the advertisements in *The Record* first for the one to fill your need; and it will take but little more to state the fact that an advertisement in *The Record* is responsible for your patronage. Thus the work of the Business Manager for future numbers will be greatly facilitated.

STAFF NOTES

We are greatly indebted to the person responsible for providing books as a support for *The Record* contribution box.

The following have been appointed as assistants to the business manager: Eshier Cockburn, Lenore Neill, Florence Riedl, Laura Endsworth, Gladys Sanderson.

BASKETBALL

George Kent, John Hoffman, forwards; Edgar Cheney, center; Elmer Bowie, Joseph Gintzer, guards.

Thursday, December 11, the School of Practice team defeated School 34 with a score of 54 to 15.

THANKSGIVING PROGRAM

- 1 The President's Proclamation..... Arthur Lord
- 2 America the Beautiful..... School
- 3 Our New England Forefathers—
The Land of the Pilgrims..... School of Practice
The Pilgrims Going to Church..... Grades 1, 2, 3
Farewell to the Mayflower..... Grades 1, 2, 3
Welcome Englishmen..... Grades 1, 2, 3
The Lesson..... Grades 1, 2, 3
A Pilgrim Home..... Grades 1, 2, 3
The First Thanksgiving..... Grades 1, 2, 3
The First Harvest..... Kindergarten
- 4 We Plow the Fields, Song..... School
- 5 Some New England Ideals—
Education..... Jean Kane, 7th grade
Respect for Law..... Dorothy Vincent
- 6 Thanksgiving Hymn..... School
- 7 American Ideals—
Citizenship..... Helen Tillan
The Flag—
Flag March..... Fifth Grade
Salute..... School
(The color guards will give the signal for the salute)
- 8 The Star-Spangled Banner.

CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE

December 19th, at 11 A. M.

1. Processional—
Christmas Day in the Morning
2. Carol Singing—
While to Bethlehem We Are Going,
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing,
I Saw Three Ships,
Christmas Comes Again,
Hymn for Christmas Day,
Good King Wenceslas,
Christmas Eve,
Watching in the Meadows.

3. The Christmas Story:

The Shepherds—

The Story according to St. Luke.

Picture: The Shepherds Hear the Glad Tidings.

Carol: It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

The Wise Men—

The Story according to St. Matthew.

Picture: The Coming of the Wise Men.

Carol: We Three Kings of Orient Are.

The Adoration—

Carol: Holy Night, Silent Night.

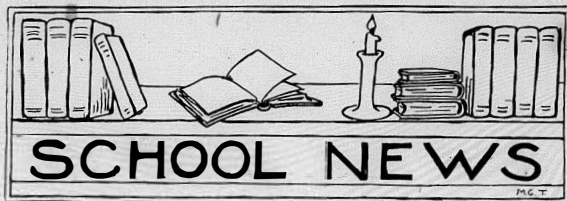
Picture: The Adoration.

Carols: A Night Peaceful and Blest. A Holy Night.

4. Recessional—

Shout the Glad Tidings.





Nov. 18—The Quartette from Hampton Institute rendered a number of delightful selections, which were interpreted by Miss Scoville, an accompanying member of the Faculty.

Nov. 21—Mr. Hanlin, President of the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences, gave an interesting account of the work carried on by the Society and mentioned the valuable exhibits to be arranged at their museum in the near future.

Nov. 26—The Normal Department in co-operation with the School of Practice, offered an impressive program typical of the Thanksgiving spirit.

December 5—Mrs. Hedstrom gave an inspiring talk.

Dr. William H. Kilpatrick of Teachers' College, on the occasion of his lecture at Hutchinson High School, November twenty-first, was introduced by Mr. Woellner.

Mr. Rockwell, Miss Bacon, Miss Caudell, Miss Sprague and Miss Brigham attended the meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association during the week of November 24th, at Albany. Miss Sprague and Miss Brigham were on the programs of their respective sections. Mr. Rockwell was elected Chairman and Miss Bacon Secretary of the Normal Section.

Miss Kempke and Miss Lane attended the meeting of National Council of Teachers of English in Boston, during the week of November 24th.

Mr. Woellner has been appointed chairman of the history committee by Superintendent Hartwell. This is very gratifying to the school.



AT THE SIGN OF THE OWL'S FEATHER

The owl looked down from his perch on the tree,
And winked his eye as he said to me:
"No student is wise as I can see,
Who does not once in a while hee-hee."

- "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-teaching, sir," she said.
"What are you teaching, my pretty maid?"
"Geography and 'rithmetic, sir," she said.
"How do you teach them, my pretty maid?"
"By the project method, sir," she said.
"Do you use drill them, my pretty maid?"
"Both hard pedagogy and soft," she said.
"The aim of your method, my pretty maid?"
"It fosters fine purposes, sir," she said.
"What else does it foster, my pretty maid?"
"The problem attitude, sir," she said.
"And the children's school work, my pretty maid?"
"It's made more concrete for them, sir," she said.
"And the children's future, my pretty maid?"
"Their lives are lived worthily, sir," she said.
"What trend does it follow, my pretty maid?"
"All modern tendencies, sir," she said.
"Quite an up-to-date schoolma'am, my pretty maid!"
"Your discernment's amazing, sir," she said.

She was one of these Co-eds,
He was a Varsity man;
And in the heat of summer
They gathered a coat of tan,
Which caused unlimited wonder—
Knockers cried, "What a disgrace,"
For each of the pair was sun-burned
On the opposite side of the face.

—U. of Rochester "Campus."

JUNIOR SECTION I

- A stands for Emma,
Her fame is Albricht.
- B stands for Bender,
And she is alright.
- C stands for Christner,
And Coveny, too.
- D stands for Dempsey,
And Dwyer; Kerchoo!
- F stands for Frank,
Who plays many a prank.
- G stands for Grace
And her smiling face.
- H stands for Haake;
She never feels shaky.
- J stands for Jones,
She loves ice-cream cones.
- K stands for Kinzly,
With wit ever ready.
- L stands for Leonhart,
Who always does her part..
- M stands for Marshall,
And McKernon, both dear to all.
- O stands for O'Connor,
We can't do without her.
- P stands for Powers,
As fair as the flowers.
- S stands for Sanderson, whom
It's jolly to be with,
And also for Silvermail, Suttle and Smith.
- U stands for Uhl,
Our last precious jewel.

JUNIOR SECTION I.

Have you each made out your daily program?
Remember it's the surest way to efficiency!

IN GEOGRAPHY CLASS:

Miss Walker: Why hasn't Chicago a marine type of climate?

Ruth Grace: Because it's on the wrong side of the lake.

We wonder if Chicago's location on the wrong side of the lake has anything to do with new poetry's charges of brutality and viciousness!

To illustrate a good tumble for drawing M. Christine Kinzly might make her's a little less realistic.

IN DRAWING CLASS:

Erma Jones: What does this look like? How do you put a coat on a man?

According to Miss Groves, Kathryn Haake is becoming a first rate right hand man.

Talking about new poetry, we also have new "Mother Goose Rhymes." The latest production was trying to illustrate the second scene of "Jack Sprat could eat no fat, etc." by throwing the platter "out the window."

The girls of Section I need not now be afraid to go home in the dark, for Mr. Woellner has given them such an excellent illustration of the fighting posture, that they will be perfectly able to defend themselves. Always start with your hand open—don't waste your energies by clenching your fist. Keep your chin down and drive.

Look at Tommy! Of whom does she remind you? She reminds us of everything, from a little rosy-checked girl in Florida—we don't know what color—to a very august instructor of Vassar.

Is this history or geography? Hogs came over with our forefathers. Heard in the geography room: Where do you find those prices?
Ans.—In one of those "Streets."

Since the beginning of the second ten weeks, Junior Section I lacks the exercises of running a race after Mrs. MacClintock.

We want "our little girl," Louise, to refrain from playing with her chain, ring and belt.

Christine Kinzly announced the other day that she was going to eat the last half of the hour. We hope that she enjoyed her lunch that day.

"Edward, who discovered America?"

"Ohio."

"Why, no, it was Columbus."

"Oh, well, I sort of hate to call him by his first name."

We wonder if it is deceitful to sing the song, "We're So Happy Here at Normal School," if we happen not to be happy.

Our senior students felt very much elated at the completion of some animals—until they went to the second grade and saw the identical animals being made by the second graders.

At least one consolation of teaching at School 38, is that exercise and fresh air are procured.

We have heard one junior student exclaim how "awfully frightened" she was, for she had to teach a song in music class. Years ago we used to be frightened at the prospect of those things too.

AN OBSERVANT STUDENT.

Teacher—What are the two longest days of the year?
 Florence—Thursday and Friday.

And Still She Lives

All of the following happened to a modern young girl in a single day, according to her:

"It was a *perfect torture* to get up this morning."

"This room is so hot, I'm *cooked alive*."

"I've gone *crazy* over tatting."

"The light here is so poor, I'm fairly *blind*."

"Speak louder; I *can't hear a thing*."

"I was *petrified*."

"Her impudence makes me simply *wild*."

"Do shut that window; I'm *frozen stiff*."

"I'm so tired I *can't move*."

"My clothes are *worn to tatters*."

"I was perfectly *dumb*."

"You make me *sick*."

"I'm completely *exhausted*."

"It was so funny I was *just splitting*."

"I'm simply *stuffed*."

"That Bill Watkins drove me *insane*."

"Tennis till I *dropped*."

"I nearly had a *fit*."

"My dear! I'm just *DEAD!*"—*Christian Endeavor World*.

HEARD AROUND NORMAL SCHOOL

Miss Walker: I'm surely going into the millinery business. I know I can trim hats.

Miss Lanning: Anyway you want to. Paste it on with a pin.

Mr. Bradley: Got enough to do!

Miss Groves (rhythm, two hundred per minute): "Push, push, push, etc. Try it to that rhythm.

Miss Small (taking roll): Miss Albright, — — — —, Miss Uhl. Yes, we're all here.

Miss Dodge: Your attack is bad, very bad! Now both parts. "Fall on your knees."

Miss Kempke: Young ladies! Do you know that you have a diaphragm? Your position is very bad.

Miss Lanning: "I haven't been able to find any one with any pep in Section I, except one person, and she seems out of her element." Each one of us has the shaky feeling that she is the one out of her element in Primary Methods.

SCHOOL OF PRACTICE



HER GIFTS

On the cold, grey day of Christmas Eve, Patricia Hall was wrapping her gifts in snowy tissue paper. In each package was tucked a pretty little card, with the name of the one to whom it was going. At last they were all wrapped, and the table looked like a snowbank.

"Jerry, come here," she called to her brother Gerald.

"What d'ya want?," he answered crossly.

"I want you to take these presents around."

"Aw, I promised to play with Jimmy Castle. Why don't you take them 'round yourself?"

"I would, but mother and I are going down town."

"Gee, I don't want to go. I have to do everything in this house."

"Here's a quarter if you will go," coaxed Patty.

"Well, all right," he said, pacified by the money. "Where are they?"

"On the library table. Don't be long, for it is four o'clock now."

Jerry, happy at the thought of what a quarter would buy, gathered the gifts, which filled his small arms, and swung out of the house, whistling merrily. The first house he came to was the home of Patricia's dearest friend, Constance Morey. Running up the steps, he rang the bell. Soon the door was opened by a young girl.

"Hello, Jerry!" she said. "How are you?"

Jerry mumbled something not distinguishable, and thrust the present into the girl's hands. He ran down the steps, and was soon quite a distance away.

At each house he acted the same way, for he dreaded girls. At last he had but one gift left, and that was for Dick Frazer. Jerry liked Dick, and when he arrived at his house, he had lost his bashfulness. After visiting awhile he hurried home.

The next day was Christmas, and as Patricia was walking to church, she saw a figure in the distance, which looked like Constance. She hurried, and soon caught up to her friend.

"Merry Christmas, Connie!" she said.

"Merry Christmas!"

"Your gift was lovely, Connie. An opera bag was just what I wanted. Thank you for it."

"Er—your gift was—m—a—very pretty."

This was said so stammeringly that Patty wanted to cry, for she had planned the gift with great care and had spent much time on it. But she swallowed her tears and put on a cheery smile.

The girls talked on, but the subject of gifts was not touched upon again. Constance invited Patty over to her home for the afternoon, but Patty evaded giving a direct reply. When the girls parted, each was wondering at the behavior of the other.

In the afternoon Dick Frazer came over to Patty's. They chatted merrily, but Dick said nothing about Patty's gift. At last Patty said, "Dick", the candy was delicious. It's almost gone already. Did you like your present?"

"It was—a—awfully pretty. Thanks for it."

"What's the matter, Dick. I thought it would be useful. I spent a lot of time on it. Don't you like it?"

"Oh, yes! but it was rather queer to give it to a boy."

"I don't see why, unless you don't like crocheted neck-ties."

"Neck-tie! Why, it wasn't that, but a pink, fussy thing. I guess it was a cap of some kind."

"What! It must have been Jerry's fault. That was a bonhair cap which I made for Constance."

"I don't think it was Jerry's fault, because the card had my name on it."

"Oh! I see it all now! I had all of the packages wrapped when I put the cards in. Constance acted queerly this morning and no wonder! I'll call her up right away and ask her over, for we must exchange the presents on Christmas. And hereafter, I'll put the card in when I do each present up."

DOROTHY GILLESPIE, 9th Grade.

TEDDY'S SANTA CLAUS

A large fire burned brightly in the great fireplace at one end of the long living room. In front of it, curled up in a deep, cozy chair sat a little brown-haired, blue-eyed boy in pajamas. It was Christmas Eve, and after Mother and Daddy had gone out to finish their shopping, Teddy had come down stairs to wait for "Thanta Clauth." The grand-father clock in the hall struck nine and that is rather late for "Teddies" who are only four years old. As he sat there in the rosy, red light he was repeating all the things he had asked Santa to bring him. He wanted a "tholdier thuit like big brotherth, a toy gun to thoot thujanth

and Germanth with, a picture book and a rocking-horth, a rock-ing-horth, and"—as the curly, sleepy head began to nod—"a r. o. c. k. . ing-horth."

As the clock struck ten, there was a slight sound at one of the long French windows. Slowly it was pushed open and a tall figure stepped stealthily in. At the sight of little Teddy sleeping so soundly the kindly face lit up with pleasure and the man walked quietly over and lifted the lad in his arms. At this the sleepy eyes opened slowly and Teddy said, "Thanta Clauth, I want a tholdier thuit, a picture book, a toy gun and a rocking-horth. Why! You're not Thanta, you're my great, big brother Hugh!" and Teddy squealed for joy.

"Sh! let's wost and surprise Dad and Mother to-morrow morning," said Hugh.

"Mother thaid that you weren't never comin' home again," said Teddy, as he sat on Hugh's knee.

"Well, here I am, and to-morrow you'll hear all about it, so come to bed now, Kiddie," answered Hugh, as he started to take the child upstairs.

"Oh, I wanted to see Thanta Clauth," pleaded Ted, sleepily.

"But Santa never comes to houses where the children are awake, so come on."

Five minutes later when Hugh was sitting in front of the dying fire thinking about the contrast between the German prison camp, where he had been for a year and a half, and the beautifully furnished room, he heard the voices of his father and mother as they came into the house and shook the snow off. Quickly hiding behind a screen in the corner, he listened to the conversation of these two people as they wrapped the gifts for little Teddy and trimmed the Christmas tree.

"Oh, Tom," said Mrs. Montgomery, "aren't you glad that we could get that nice soldier suit for Ted? He wanted one so much."

"Yes, dear, I am, and he'll like those blocks and puzzles, too, I'm sure," answered her husband. "There, now everything is ready and we can go to bed."

"Merry Christmas, folks," called a merry voice from the corner, and as they turned in surprise out stepped their son, who had been reported "Missing in Action" at the time of the breaking of the Hindenburg line. Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery had hoped that he had been taken prisoner and that some day their son would come home, but never had they thought their dreams would come true in this manner.

Then after many exclamations, questions and explanations, they sat down and listened to stories Hugh told them.

The Christmas of 1919 surely made up for those of the two previous years when Hugh had been away.

MARY D. MILLER,
Ninth Grade, School of Practice.

A VISIT TO BARMON'S

Wednesday, November seventeenth, the eighth grade class and the freshman class in sewing made a visit to Barmon's, which is a large factory on Broadway, near Fillmore. This is a dress factory, where all kinds of wash dresses are made. On the way we had lots of fun, because there were so many of us together.

We reached there about three o'clock in the afternoon. We first went into a large room. Mr. Schen, who is the manager of the factory, came and talked to us for a few minutes. He said that the room which we were in was the dining room and that the girls could buy their luncheons there.

Then we started on our trip through the factory. First we visited the stock room. Here the stock coming in is checked and put on shelves. One gross of buttons is weighed; then the number of gross is counted. They multiply the number of gross by the weight of the first gross and in this way the buttons are all soon checked.

Next we visited the cutting room. Here the patterns are made ready to be put on the cloth. Then the cloth is folded by machinery. Next the cloth is cut. This is quite hard for three hundred eighty thicknesses are cut at one time. The cloth is cut by an electric knife. A man with strong muscles is needed for this. The day we were there, they were cutting gingham. An electric machine is used to show where to place tucks or pockets. It goes perpendicularly through the thickness of cloth. This is called a perforating machine. It leaves a small perforation at the top and bottom where a tack is to be placed.

From the cutting room we went to the sewing room. They have a machine to turn the edges of cloth for a belt. When we make a belt we turn the edges by hand which is a slow and laborious process. There were many girls sewing on dresses. There were special machines for binding and hemstitching. All the machines running at once made a very loud noise.

From the sewing room we went to the button room. Here the buttons were sewed on by machinery. The button holes are also made by machinery. Of course the buttonholes do not look nearly as nice as hand made ones, but many more buttonholes can be made by machinery than by hand in the same amount of time.

Then we visited the finishing room. Here the threads are clipped and the dresses are buttoned. The girls have a large hairpin with which they button the dresses very rapidly. After the dresses are buttoned and the threads are clipped they are turned over to the inspector, who carefully looks them over to see that everything is all right. Then the dresses are pressed, folded, tagged, put into boxes, and sent to the shipping room.

There is a new belt in Barmon's which goes from the top floor to the bottom one. The boxes are put on this and taken to the shipping room.

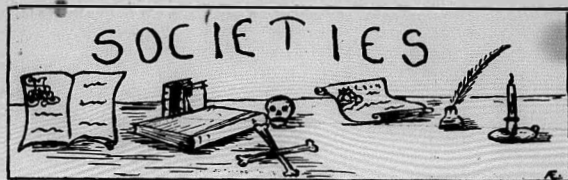
We all went back to the dining room from which we had started. Mr. Schen had us write our names and addresses on slips of paper and hand them to him. He said that he hoped some of us would go there to work some time. The class on the whole enjoyed the visit very much.

MILDRED J. GRAVES, Eighth Grade.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

'Twas the morning of the battle
As we stood on Bunker Hill.
Each soldier was awaiting for
A Britisher to kill,
Until at last the redcoats came
As like a mighty flame,
And we all plucked up our courage
Just to show that we were game.
Then the command was given:
"Wait for the glister of their eyes,"
And when the smoke had risen
There lay hundreds ne'er to rise.
And then once more they stormed us,
With their great, great, long red ranks,
And when again we fired
Another hundred sank,
But when once more they stormed us
We could not hold our ground
For of our ammunition
There remained not one more round.
So they claimed the battle
And said they won the fight.
We had bravely shown them
That the colonists could fight.

Eighth Grade.



ARETHUSA SORORITY, ZETA CHAPTER

President	Esther Cockburn.
Vice-President	Helen Grant.
Corresponding Secretary	Marion Lewis.
Recording Secretary	Dorothy Vincent.
Treasurer	Elizabeth Seitz

CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

December 9—The first dance of the season was held in the School Gymnasium.

December 12—The active chapter was entertained at Miss Walker's home from four to seven o'clock. In the evening they attended Professor Upton's lecture at Hutchinson High School.

February 7, 8, 9—The annual convention of Arethusa Sororities will be held in Buffalo.

While the girls of Arethusa are happy in their own joyous preparations for the Christmas holidays, they have not forgotten those less fortunate, and they are preparing a number of baskets to bring cheer to some of the city's poor.

CLIONIAN SORORITY, THETA CHAPTER

President	Dorothy Barner
Vice President	Hildegarde Hoffman
Corresponding Secretary	Marjorie McDivett
Recording Secretary	Carmen R. Watkeys
Treasurer	Mary McArthur

The first dance of the season, which was held in the Gymnasium, November 18th, was a great success.

The Glee Club organized December 3 in the Assembly room. The following officers were elected:

President—	Hildegarde Hoffman.
Vice-President—	Beatrice Neudeck.
Treasurer—	Ruth Mackaig.
Secretary—	Edith Potter.

It was decided to hold the regular meetings on Fridays at 2:30 and have one social meeting a month. The Glee Club will hold a carol service on the evening of December 23 and serenade the members of the Board. The girls will wear red gowns and carry torches, which will be effective in the evening. Any girls who wish to join and have not been asked may give their names to Miss Dodge and she will test their voices. The dues are \$1.00 a year.

SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA

A dance will be held in the gymnasium, Thursday evening, December 18.

Continued from page 14

"I believe a change is coming over the college mind. The high school and college people must meet in making the colleges institutions of service. In the past we have not thought deeply enough of the fundamental problems of democracy."

At the session on Wednesday morning, Professor Harry G. Paul, of the University of Illinois, told of the speech drive in an address which was also devoted to a consideration of follow-up methods. "There was much of half-baked knowledge and pumped-in enthusiasm in connection with the drive," he said. "Among the meetings I addressed was one that was described as a 'pep' meeting for better English. It was immediately followed by a 'pep' football meeting with an exhibition of the 'pep' English that is characteristic of the football field. But, notwithstanding such things as these, a wondrous amount of good was accomplished by the drive."

In his consideration of the follow-up methods, Mr. Paul said that it was found the appeal embodied in the expression, "Better speech, better jobs," was especially effective with the boys. The boy appreciates the force of the statement that the man who is the leader is a man who can express himself. Business men are giving aid to the better-speech movement. There has been a notable demand in St. Louis, for example, on the part of business houses for a higher standard of English among their employees.

With the girls, the argument that a woman's social status is revealed by her speech proves to be effective. Mr. Paul amused the teachers by telling of the way in which a high-voiced woman in a street car revealed her characteristics and social position when she loudly exclaimed, "My man didn't get no beer." As a further example of the kind of English which it is hoped to banish from ordinary speech, he quoted the clerk in the department store who said, "Her steady is a swell, elegant guy."

This was followed by some plain talk to the teachers concerning some of the instruction in English on which, in the opinion of the speaker, too much stress had been laid. He spoke among other things of the futility of the fine-drawn distinctions in the use of "shall" and "will," and pointed out that the present-day rule against the double negative was a matter of fashion rather than of logic. Shakespeare wrote:

"That was the most unkindest cut of all." and it was good English in Shakespeare's day.

Slang was to be condemned, said Mr. Paul, when it represented mental poverty and mental laziness. It was also to be remembered that much of the slang was of vulgar parentage, originating with thieves and gamblers and other violators of the law. Nevertheless there was slang which was apt and forceful. He referred specifically to "cut it out" and "make good" as falling within this class.

Mr. Paul denounced the English of the newspaper "comics" which, he said, to him were indications of narrow, mean, barren mental lives. In conclusion, he said: "Speech is a reflection of the person who uses it. Command of language comes with thinking, and thinking is such hard work that many want to belong to some mental labor union with short hours and limited production."

Among other speakers who addressed the teachers were the following: Professor Irving Babbitt of Harvard University, Professor Henry S. Canby of Yale University, Professor Horace A. Eaton of Syracuse University, Professor Frederick H. Fair of the University of Wisconsin, and the Reverend Doctor Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge.

The meeting of the Council was concluded on Wednesday afternoon with a conference on Teacher Training at Harvard University.

It may be of interest to the students of the Normal School to learn that a cordial invitation from the Buffalo Chamber of Commerce was extended to the Council to hold its next meeting in the city of Buffalo. The matter was referred to the Executive Board of the Council.

NEW YORK STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

The convention of the New York State Teachers' Association was held in Albany, November 24-26. Among the speakers were Dr. John H. Finley, Commissioner of Education of New York State, and Mayor Hansen of Seattle, Washington.

Dr. Finley told the teachers that civilization is looking to education as the bulwark of future generations.

Dr. Finley said in part:

"Here is our specific problem: To make this great Empire State one 'consolidated district' in spirit and fact as it is in law—a district in which all selfish duality will disappear in a concern for all the children of the state, whether born in the country or in the city, a district in which equality of educational opportunity will be guaranteed to all so far as that is humanly and physically possible, and in which the burden of paying the 'eternal debt that maturity owes to youth' will be fairly and willingly, yes gladly, borne.

"The eternal debt to youth! As our individual debt is more than a debt to our direct forbears, so we must pay it not alone to our own individual children, but to the whole generation of youth who are to 'carry on.'

"I am happy to say that the state of New York has made notable progress, even during the five years of the great war, in meeting this debt to youth.

"The first address to the superintendents of the state which I made after entering this office, a little before the war, was to urge that we unite to eliminate illiteracy and make here a 'permanent Pentecost' in which every man will understand his neighbor in our one tongue. The state has enacted every recommended measure to make this possible, and a vigorous campaign in which the communities generally are giving most cordial support, is on to make this a one-tongue literate state. The language is but the basis for Americanization but it is absolutely essential to Americanization. 'All the good or bad that gets done in this world is done by words.'

"In the second place, the state has adopted a plan of compulsory physical training and health education more comprehensive in content and in scope than that of any other state, of course probably, since it includes every boy and every girl eight years of age or over in the state. With this is coupled a health provision which it is hoped will be strengthened by larger appropriations in the coming year.

"In the third place, the state has enacted a program of universal selective training, which transcends and crowns all other state provision; that or not only making every youth conscious of his obligation to the state and nation, but also of helping him to meet that obligation by insisting that he shall prepare himself for some 'service useful to the state.' I am hoping the federal government will take over all the technical military training part of this program, but the state will keep the other features of this basic universal training plan.

"Supplementing this is the splendid legislative initiation of the compulsory continuation school, under which every boy and girl shall be under training at least four hours a week, up to eighteen years of age. This is the main feature of the British law, which has been called the 'children's charter' and with all this law involves here, with those just enumerated, it should become the 'New York children's charter.'

"Finally the practical doubling of the appropriation made by the state for the increase of teachers' salaries throughout the state. But until teachers are assured of enough to warrant the years of enriched and thorough training and to give them freedom from daily anxiety can it be expected that they will keep in this service, upon which, more than any other, save perhaps the service of mothers, the future glory of the state depends."

In his address at the convention of the New York State Teachers' Association in Albany, Senator Frederick M. Davenport briefly indicated how the teachers can materially assist in abating the social and industrial unrest so prevalent in America.

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THE RECORD

Vol. VIII

Buffalo, N. Y., March, 1920

No. 3

LANGUAGE

LESSON PLAN FIRST GRADE

- I. The Topic: Memorization of the poem, "The Wind," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
- II. The Teacher's Aims: Realization that wind is a force which cannot be seen and which man cannot govern.
Value of the wind.
Appreciation of the poem.
- III. Subject Matter Procedure.
(A) (A)
- Children's Experiences When I came to school this morning I felt Pictures— the wind. Did you feel it? Different children will be given opportunity to tell of feeling the wind.
- Wind blowing kites. Pictures will be placed in room before school, in class teacher will ask, "Who noticed Wind blowing clothes on line. pictures about what the wind does?" Choose your picture and tell what the wind is doing.
- Windmill. Where do we sometimes see kites? Sometimes we see them low, near the ground, and Wind blowing little girl. heard the wind pass softly? What does it sound like? It sounds like a lady's skirt when she walks.

Teacher gains as much of this discussion from the children as possible, the rest she supplies. I have seen the different things he does, have felt him push me, and heard him, but have never been able to see him. I often wander about him. I wonder if he is young or old, because sometimes he is weak and

sometimes so strong. He can be cold, too. What do you think he is? I guess he is a beast, an animal that lives in the fields, or maybe among the trees, or perhaps he is just a stronger child than me. Do you like to talk about the wind? Would you like to hear what Stevenson said about the wind?"

Pupils' Aim: We would like to hear what Stevenson said about the wind.

B

Organization of new matter.

The Wind.

I saw you toss the kites on high,
And blow the birds about the sky.
And all around I heard you pass
Like ladies' skirts across the grass.
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all.
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

R. L. S.

SUMMARY

C
Teacher will expect children to realize that wind is a force, which cannot be seen and which man cannot govern. She will expect children to know the value of wind and appreciate the poem.

B

I. Development.

A Presentation of whole poem. Teacher will recite whole poem with feeling and emphasis, bringing out the feeling of wonder that all children feel toward the wind.

(B) Analysis.

Teacher reads first stanza. Children tell it in their own words. Each stanza taken in that way Which do you like best, Stevenson's way of saying it or yours? Teacher then re-reads whole poem.

II. Drill.

(A) Oral Reading.

Teacher will have poem presented. Teacher will have poem printed on board. She will read it, pointing to beginning of each line. Children may now read from the board.

(B) Memorization.

Teacher recite first thought group. Children repeat it. Each thought group will be taken until entire poem has been covered. Class will then recite together and then individually.

C

Children will be given opportunity to recite, and their recitation will show if they understand and appreciate the poem.

EXPERIMENTATION IN READING

Throughout the country teachers are beginning to realize the importance of teaching children to read silently, since so much of adult reading is silent rather than oral. Everywhere teachers are experimenting, too, in the hope that more satisfactory methods may be developed for securing more effective results in this important and fundamental feature of a child's education.

The exercises that follow show some of the ways in which experimentation is going on at the Buffalo Normal School.

On Wednesday afternoon, March 4, Miss McKay gave a demonstration lesson in reading in the first grade at School No. 38 for Junior Section IV.

At the beginning of the lesson, the teacher told the children that she would do no talking that the blackboard could do for her. The first thing that it said for her was "Smile," but the class was already doing that. Next came "Watch," and then "Ready." By this time they certainly were ready, and very eager to begin the work.

Then followed more blackboard work: The child who first knew what the words said, was allowed to perform the action. These directions were placed on the board: Stand, Run, Clap, Hop, Bow, Laugh, Sing, Rest. Next the word Class was written and after it: Stand, Bow, Stand, Sit.

These were followed by longer commands, such as: Run around the room; Stand on a chair; Bow to me; Find something green; Draw an apple; and, Bring me a ball. After the last sentence of this group was given the words, "Thank you" were introduced for the first time.

This work had been done voluntarily. Now Miss McKay made it apply to certain individuals only. For example, she wrote "William, stand. Bow to a girl. Skip together, Sit." And, "Put on a soldier hat, Marvin. Have the class stand, face, march, halt, face, sit."

Throughout the lesson, the children paid the closest attention. Some of the words were familiar, but some also were new. With these the children were assisted by calling attention to a familiar phonogram. The lesson showed what can be accomplished by introducing material that is of vital interest to children. To them it was not a reading lesson, but a lively game. For us who were observing, it was an opportunity to see the more modern methods of teaching reading.

JUNIOR SECTION IV.

SECOND GRADE

In the University Extension lecture at the Hutchinson High School March 5, Dr. McMurry referred to the fact that many children fail in their arithmetic because they do not comprehend the meaning of the problem and cannot retain the sequence of steps necessary to solve it.

As an exercise to establish habits of accuracy and concentration, the following lesson plan was recently carried out in the Second Grade:

Aims: (a) To teach children to attach meanings to printed symbols.

(b) To cultivate right habits of thinking.

Material: Sentences on the blackboard containing directions which are to be read silently by the children and executed.

Procedure: "I want to see how well you can read this morning. Let us pretend that we are Brownies and that we cannot talk as people do. I shall write a sentence on the blackboard. When I touch a child with this magic stick, he will do what the sentence tells him to do."

Step 1.—The teacher writes on the blackboard the following sentences. These are read silently by the children and executed by the child who is tapped on the shoulder.

Run around the sand table.

Shake hands with me.

Come and stand next to me.

Walk to the sand table and pick up the flag.

Come and touch the pointer.

Walk to the sand table and skip back to your seat.

How does a soldier march?

How does a rabbit run?

How does a chicken drink?

How do we salute the flag?

Show me how to jump.

Show me how to skate.

Step 2.—After each of the following sentences is written on the blackboard and read by the children, it will immediately be erased. To keep up the play spirit, the child who is tapped on the shoulder will carry out the command.

Get an eraser and put it on the radiator.

Go to the cupboard and bring me a book.

Get a wooden shoe and place it in front of the desk.

Go to the cupboard, get a hook and lay it on the piano.

Walk around the sand table, touch the chair, and an eraser before taking your seat.

Get a piece of green paper from the table and place it under the blue book on the window sill.

Get a piece of blue paper and a piece of red paper. Place the blue paper on the piano and the red paper on the sand table.

THIRD GRADE

Aims: (a) Teacher's aim—to test the silent reading ability of the class.

(b) Pupils' aim—To read the story and enjoy it.

Material: The Lark and the Farmer. Fairy Stories and Fables, page 165.

Approach to the Reading: Interpretation of the title.

"The lark, which sings so sweetly and of which poets have written, is not found in this country. It is very common in England. There is, however, a bird in this country which somewhat resembles the English lark and which we call the meadow lark."

"Do you think the lark is accustomed to see farmers at work in the meadow?"

"Would the farmers be likely to harm the lark?"

"What do you think might have taken place to bring the lark and the farmer into this story?"

During the discussion these words are developed and pronounced: reapers, promised.

Silent Reading: Let us read silently to "She was hardly out of sight" to find out where the story takes place and who the characters are.

Discussion of the second situation and development of words likely to be troublesome in the next reading unit: neighbors, kinsfolk.

"Let us read silently to see what happened the next day when the lark flew away for the day."

Discussion of the third situation and development of unfamiliar words: cousins, scythes.

You may read what finally happened."

Oral Reproduction: Four children will be called upon to give an oral reproduction of the four situations of the story.

A READING PROJECT

An interesting reading project was recently carried out in the Fifth Grade. After the children had listened to the story of the birth and boyhood of King Arthur, a desire was expressed to know more about the life of those times. Some of the questions which arose and on which the children wished to be informed were as follows:

Why did the people live in castles?

Where did they build them?

How did the people dress in those days?

What did they eat?

How did they fight?

Were there schools?

What did the children learn?

Were there children's sports and games in those days? etc., etc.

The following books were placed at the disposal of the class:
 The Reading Facts of English History. Montgomery.
 The Age of Chivalry. Bullfinch.
 When Knights Were Bold. Eva March Tappan.
 Heroes of Chivalry. Kindersley.
 Chivalry. Gautier.
 The Book of King Arthur and His Nobles. Mary Macleod.
 The Book of Knowledge, Dictionary on Science, Literature and Art.
 The Age of Elizabeth. Brande.

As the interest in the reading developed, the children suggested that a sand table be prepared on which to erect a miniature castle and illustrate, as far as possible, the life and customs of the period. The class was also organized and definite topics assigned to individual children on which to report.

A castle with its towers and parapets was built out of cardboard, and knights and ladies were made out of clothes pins. Toy horses were brought in and appropriately adorned for the tournament with gay trappings. Much of the equipment of the mediaeval castle, particularly that of the castle yard, was carefully planned and worked out on the table.

About seven recitations were devoted to the discussion of plans, the hearing of reports, and the reading of interesting material by individual pupils. Some of the children reported that they had read very widely and had covered some particular field in several books.

What reading ability or educational value have the children derived from this exercise?

In the first place a very deep interest was aroused in one of the richest and most worth-while topics of English literature.

Some training was given in using the resources of the library, reference books, pictures, etc.

Many of the children had practice in reading in a real audience situation.

The children were trained in interpreting the facts gained through the reading and in making inferences from them.

Finally, the exercise offered opportunities for cultivating the habit of more purposeful reading which should result in more effective habits of study in all lines of work.

LESSON PLAN

Drawing—4-A

1. The topic—Drawing of a cylinder or cylindrical object below the eye-level and the drawing of an ellipse.

I. The teacher's aim:

(a) To get children to see that a circle below the eye-level is a circle, but appears different.

(b) To draw ellipses below the eye-level, some near the eye-level and some quite a distance below.

(c) To be able to draw an ellipse as they see it on any object.

III. SUBJECT MATTER:

A

The following object based on the cylinder have been drawn at the eye-level in previous lessons: A bowl, plant crock, past jar and baking powder can.

Pupils aim—To draw a can, which is cylindrical in shape, when they can see down into it.

PROCEDURE:

A

Holding up a small cylinder, the teacher asks, "What is this called?" A cylinder.

What objects have we drawn that are the same shape as the cylinder? Child names objects.

We have drawn these objects directly in front of our eyes.

Today how many would like to draw it in a different position?

Several ways are suggested; teacher takes the one "to draw it when we can see down into it."

SUBJECT MATTER:

B

(a) The top of the can—a circle.

(b) The change in appearance of the circle as it is placed below the eye-level.

(c) Drawing of a straight line 12 inches long on board, three inches long on paper. Below this line draw ellipses, the first as the top of the can appears a little way below eye-level and others as they appear as can is lowered.

PROCEDURE:

B

(a) Can in hand with top toward pupils, cover off.

Teacher questions to get from pupils that the top of the can is a circle.

(b) The teacher lowers the can, keeping sides of can vertical so that pupils can see down into it. She then questions to find out what shape the children see from front to back. The teacher continues to lower the can and question pupils until the can is so far below the eye-level that the top appears a circle.
 their seats.

(c) 1. Part of pupils pass to the board and the rest work at their seats.

2. Draw a straight line as long as your ruler on the board and three inches long on paper.

3. Draw the circle as it looks a little bit below your eye; keep your ellipse the same length as your line.

The children draw ellipses representing the circle as it appears at several different distances below the eye-level.

4. Draw this can a little way below your eye-level.

C

The children know that a circle below the eye-level appears smaller from front to back, but is still a circle, and they are able to draw ellipses.

C

In the next lesson children will draw a cylindrical object below the eye-level and color the drawing.

EDNA V. QUINN.

THE TEAR-DROP FAIRIES*

Once, in a far-away country, there lived a poor little girl and her grandmother. They lived in a tiny house in the middle of a great wood and Bercelle had never been able to find her way out of it. She had never known any other home and her grandmother could not remember where they had come from or how they had reached there, for she was very old. Bercelle had wandered many miles in different directions, marking the trees as she went, but she had never been able to find her way out of the wood—instead, she had always seen just trees. All that she and her grandmother had to eat was the fruit and nuts that Bercelle gathered from the trees and bushes, but they found that enough in the pleasant summer time. It was when the winter came with its ice and snow that they were hungry and cold. They tried to save enough in the summer to keep them during the winter, but it was very hard. Bercelle had wished so many times that she might find her way out into a land where there would always be enough to eat and where one would never be cold again, but she never could—there were so many trees.

There came a time when the snow fell heavily and the ice coated all the streams in the wood. It was very cold and made one shiver just to look out of the window. Poor little Bercelle could find nothing more to eat and she knew that in a few days they would have eaten all that she had saved for the winter. What they would do then—she did not know.

Finally the day came when they had eaten everything and there was nothing left. Their little house shook as the wind whistled by, and inside, Bercelle and her grandmother shivered. They had no fire because there was no dry wood left with which to build one.

*This story was written as part of the work of the Kindergarten Department.

The snow was piled high and there seemed nothing to do but stay in their little house and go hungry.

That night after her grandmother had gone to bed, Bercelle sat a long time, thinking and wondering what she could do. She was so tired and cold and hungry, that she began to cry. She did not know that every little tear had frozen and that inside of each one was a wee little fairy. Looking down, she saw that in every spot where a tear had fallen there stood a tiny fairy dressed all in shimmering ice. Each one carried a little icicle wand and it seemed as if every one was trying to sparkle more beautifully than the others. They all looked at her and smiled and Bercelle rubbed her eyes to see if she was dreaming. Then one of them spoke:

"We are the tear-fairies of Tear-drop Land. We've come to help you tonight, but we can help only those who do as we say. You must not cry again. You have set us free now but if you cry just once more we will have to go back inside of the tears, and you will never see us again. Every time you feel like crying, smile instead, and that will make us very happy. Now you may name one thing that you want very much and we will bring it to you."

"I want something to eat," said Bercelle. No sooner had she said it than she saw the table set with delicious hot foods, waiting to be eaten.

"Now, we must go," said one of the little fairies.

"If you need us again, you may call us by looking in your mirror and smiling." And then they were all gone.

Bercelle called her grandmother to the meal and they soon forgot how hungry they had been, but remembered to save some of the food for the days to come. And then they went to bed.

The next day, as Bercelle was thinking about the little fairies, she suddenly remembered that they had said that she might call them again. Picking up her mirror, she smiled at her reflection. Immediately her dear little friends came back and they sparkled more beautifully than before.

"I want to be warm," said Bercelle.

Just then she looked at the fireplace and there was a fine crackling fire and a large pile of wood beside it.

Bercelle was so happy just to have enough to eat and to be warm that she did not wish to call on her little friends for help for some time. One day as she was looking out of the window, she began to wish again that she might leave the woods. She was not lonely in the summer time because she always made friends with the birds and rabbits and they loved her also, but in the cold winter time she missed her little animal friends very much. Taking up her mirror, she smiled and all the little fairies came dancing back to her.

"I want to get out of the woods," said Bercelle.

The little fairies looked at her and smiled. Then one of them said:

"You have broken the spell that was over us by doing three things: first, you have not cried since we left our tear-houses; second, you have asked us no questions about ourselves; third, you have been satisfied with what we have given to you. If you had not done all of these things, we would have had to go back to Tear-drop Land, never to return, but now we are free forever and you have freed us. But there is one thing more that only you can do. In a land far away from here, there is a great palace and many little fairy-houses. That is where the little tear-fairies who have been freed before us, live. There are a great many and they are very happy except for one thing—they have no queen. They have sent us to you to beg you to come to their land. Will you be our Fairy-Queen, Bercelle?" At this all the little fairies knelt at her feet to pay homage to their leader.

Bercelle looked at the dainty little creatures and knew she would love to go with them so she told them that she would be delighted to be their queen if she might take her grandmother with her. When the fairies heard this they told her how happy her grandmother would be in Fairy-Land, because then, she might be Fairy God-mother to any little person she wished.

So it was that Bercelle left the cold woods and went to the land of the Fairies. There she lived in a great palace made of glass. She had many precious jewels and lovely dresses, and in her gardens were the most beautiful flowers she had ever seen, while birds sang everywhere. The little fairies grew to love her because she was so very kind and did such lovely things for others.

And so, I think—if anyone could ever find that Fairy-Land, they would see Bercelle there still—Queen of the Fairies from Tear-drop Land.

JEAN FRASER.

The following original story was used in the First Grade as a supplementary reading to the Story Hour Primer. It took the place of a review of the vocabulary and was taught according to the Story Hour method:

Mother Bunting's Easter Party

Mother Bunting gave an Easter Party.
The party was in the tall grass near Mother Bunting's nest.
Bunny Bunting was there.
Gray Duck and White Goose were there.
Red Hen was there.
White Rabbit was there too.
"Let us have an Easter Hunt," said Mother Bunting.
So they all began to hunt.
Bunny Bunting found a carrot.
Gray Duck found some clover.
White Goose found some cakes.

Red Hen found some corn.
White Rabbit found a cabbage.
Then Mother Bunting gave them some candy rabbits.
"What fine candy rabbits!" they said.
Then Red Hen played the fiddle.
Bunny Bunting and White Rabbit danced together.
Gray Duck and White Goose sang together.
Gray Duck sang, "Quack, quack."
White Duck sang, "S-s-s-s-s-s."
Then they all said good-by to Mother Bunting and went home.

BERTHA WADE.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

In the November number we published the first paragraph of this story and asked for suggestions as to a conclusion. Below are three complete stories, including one by the original author, Marjorie McDivitt, one by Kathryn Haake and one by an anonymous contributor.

* * * *

It was the mind of youth with its ever-reaching out for knowledge that caused Mary Elizabeth to devour the essay on reincarnation with such interest.

With a yawn, she laid the magazine down and strolled aimlessly through the back yard into the fields beyond, wondering—Could it be possible? Had she ever been on the earth in any form before? Then she remembered that in Virgil she had read that those who had spent a thousand years in the fields of Elysium returned. It must be so,

"Suddenly she was stopped by the sound of running water and coming to, saw that she was by a gently flowing, sparkling river. Seated on a rock, near it, was a peculiar looking old man.

"Is this water good to drink?" asked Mary Elizabeth, coming nearer.

"Wall! Ye kin drink it, if ye likes but he who drinks often remembers odd things. There is a river of remembrance, as wal' as one of forgetfulness," he drawled, and then looked away.

Mary Elizabeth regarded him with a very disgusted look and said to herself: "Well, there surely are a lot of funny people in this world. He acts as if he were crazy. I am thirsty, and I am going to drink this water."

Mary Elizabeth stooped and drank of the clear, refreshing water.

* * * * *

In a far-off land, out of the silent spaces of the night, into the rosy glow of dawn, flew a little bird, bringing with it a wealth of golden song.

It sang of the golden sunbeams and a song of the sparkling dew. It perched on the swaying tendril of a vine outside a cottage

window. Inside, a little child tossed with fever. Through the ravages of the fever came the thrill of the joyous song. With a wonderful charm, which music alone has, it soothed the weary brain and the child slept.

Impelled by the spirit of roving, the bird flew on. Lightly it rested on a rose bush and poured forth its love of the world and its beauty in song.

Crouched under the bush was an old man clothed in rags. Hugged to his heart was a battered violin. He lifted his head as the bird sang and murmured softly, "You used to sing like that my beauty. Do you remember? Sing now! And sing of roses, too."

He lifted a bow and only a faint sound resounded. Slowly, the old man's head dropped forward. His soul was borne away on the wings of the song of the bird.

* * * * *

"Wake up! you old day-dreamer. I have looked for you almost an hour and find you with your eyes fixed on the horizon and your feet dangling in a brook," cried Mary Elizabeth's cousin Jane.

Mary Elizabeth looked at her blankly and said, "Could it be possible? Was it imagination or was I really a bird before I was?"

FINIS

It was the mind of youth with its ever reaching out for knowledge that caused Mary Elizabeth to devour the essay on reincarnation with such interest.

When she had finished, she tossed the book in the direction of a copy of the "Arabian Nights" on the grass near the hammock and yawned. If the essay were right, what interesting experiences she might have had in former existences. How much more thrilling than her present prosy life, would be the passing of her days as an Amazon, a Christian slave or an Egyptian princess. Oh, dear; how tired she was of waiting all the hot morning! Waiting for what? She looked down at herself as if she had never seen, these garments before, and suddenly she knew that her name was Ishubad.

Ishubad, the beggar, sat by the road and waited. All morning he had been waiting for the coming of his king, sometimes patiently, and sometimes grumbling the king's delay. All the time he was waiting he asked alms from the passersby.

At last the dust of a distant cavalcade appeared on the edge of the desert. Ishubad, the beggar, hurriedly rose from his seat at the side of the road, and crouched ready with his insistent cry of "Alms! for the poor Ishubad!"

The cavalcade drew near and stopped before Ishubad, the beggar. Before Ishubad, the beggar, could utter his cry, Rabel-mahib, the king, spoke these words, "What gift hast thou brought thy king?"

It is meet that all should bring gifts when Rabel-mahib passes. Speak, thou dog of a beggar!"

Silent with surprise, Ishubad, the beggar, reached into the bag at his side, and the king stretched out his hand and took the grain of corn without a word. The cavalcade moved on and Ishubad, the beggar, was left alone.

All day long Ishubad, the beggar, sat by the roadside and asked alms, grumbling in the meantime, that he had given away even a grain of corn and had received nothing in return.

At night he opened his bag and prepared to set forth his evening meal of crushed corn and water. Suddenly his eye was caught by a bright glitter, and eagerly clawing among the grains of corn, he found a piece of gold as long as the grain of corn he had given the king.

"Would to Allah," cried Ishubad, the beggar, "that I had given my all to the king!"

* * * * *

Mary Elizabeth sat up in the hammock and rubbed her eyes. "Is it possible that in a former existence I was a man?"

It was the mind of youth with its ever reaching out for knowledge that caused Mary Elizabeth to devour the essay on reincarnation, with such interest.

As she laid down her magazine, her little dog, Topsy, came running into the room and jumped on her lap.

"Good old Topsy," said Mary Elizabeth, as she patted his head. The little terrier licked her hand affectionately and looked up into her face. As Mary Elizabeth looked down into the eyes of her little pet, a thought flashed into her mind. Suppose these eyes belonged to a soul that had once inhabited a human body! With a feeling of awe, Mary Elizabeth carefully set the terrier down and fled from the room.

The full significance of the essay dawned upon her. What if the cats which held their nightly concert on the roof were the souls of long-dead minne-singers bewailing their past estate!

She walked into the parlor and gazed out of the window. The family doctor passed by. How much he reminded one of a medieval alchemist as he walked slowly along, his beard sunk on his chest!

"Mary Elizabeth," called her mother, from the kitchen, and in the rush of preparing supper, Mary forgot all about the essay. But that night she dreamed that she was a Christian martyr and awoke just in time to save herself from being devoured by a lion.

The idea remained in her head the next morning. The billboards she passed on her way to school bore the announcement of a lecture on "Reincarnation" by a noted Hindoo authority. In her History class she let her mind speculate as to whether General Grant had the soul of Hannibal, Napoleon or Caesar. While talking and

laughing with her schoolmates she was wondering whether they would be animals, birds or fishes in their next existence. And to cap the climax the assembly exercises that day consisted of a demonstration of the Patheolian, a reincarnation of the human voice.

When Mary Elizabeth reached home, she found the magazine and took it down to the furnace.

"I don't want to hear a word about reincarnation again," she said as she tossed it in.

SENIORS

It's not that we're sorry we've finished
And our Normal days are through,
It's not that we dread independence
And some real work to do,
It's not that we aren't very happy
To enter the teaching field,
And make use of the "socialized" theory
Which influences great may wield.

It's just that we're very sorry
Our days together are through,
It's just that our good time's ending
Just as good times do,
It's because we have been together
And worked and played so well,
That we're sad the time is nearing
Last farewells to tell.

So here's to the school we honor
And here's to the Faculty,
The Seniors of 1920 and the Seniors yet to be.

HELEN GRANT.

NELLIE MENG'S PIES

"Mother, mother," called Nellie as she closed the front door, "where are you?"

"All the way back, dear" answered Mrs. Meng.

"I'm so tired," said Nellie, as she dropped on a chair. "It was late when I left school today, and from there I went to the library."

"And I've been anxiously waiting for you to come, as I wanted to answer this letter that came this morning. It is from Mrs. Parker Harrison. She expects to go away for several months and wants me to take complete charge of her home in her absence. She understands thoroughly that I would not come unless I brought you, too."

"And that means," said Nellie thoughtfully, "that we would be able to meet all our expenses, but at the sacrifice of giving up our own home. I do not like the idea, and yet I don't see how I can help pay the bills right now. You can't risk your sight again by sewing. Oh, if I were only through school or could help in some way that would not interfere with my work. I don't dare take a job, for senior year is such a heavy one, and the hours so irregular."

Suddenly they heard a clear, childish voice outside singing:

"My Nellie Meng's pies,
My Nellie Meng's pies,
They use them in Rome
For keeping a home,
My Nellie Meng's pies."

Nellie looked questioningly at her mother, who explained: "That is our new little neighbor next door; Marian, I hear them call her."

"But what is she singing?" asked Nellie. "It sounds sort of familiar to me. Does she know my name?"

"Well, it's that very thing that has given me the idea I want to tell you about right now. As I heard her sing about Nellie Meng's pies, I began to think about your pies, and then to wonder if pies wouldn't help us solve our difficulties. I was thinking about it, when this letter came. Oh, you probably do not realize it, chiefly because I have been careful not to say much about it, but you can make the best pies that I have eaten since your great-grandmother Brill died. Mother often told us how famous grandmother Brill's pies became, and I remember how we youngsters used to feast on them. Many a time she'd threaten we shouldn't have a piece if we didn't stay out of the kitchen. Grown-ups were kept out, too, because she considered the success of her pies to her own secret. You seem to have inherited it.

"Grandmother Brill would never have thought of selling a pie. And somehow I never thought of our selling pies until I heard that song. Then it seemed that the words, Nellie Meng's pies, rang in my ears all the time, until I felt as if it were opportunity knocking at our door. I figured you could run an advertisement in rhyme, patterned after that song, and then get your pies placed in the stores. You could make the crust and I could do the rest, while you were at school. Doesn't that seem possible to you, Nellie?"

"You take me so by surprise," said Nellie, "but I think it's a capital idea. I know I could make the crust if you could do the rest. Why, I'm sure it could be done!"

Jelli; jumped up, opened the door and called Marian, and brought her into the house. She took her in her lap.

"Won't you sing that song to me about pies that you were singing outside?" asked Nellie. "Maybe you'll teach it to me. I'll listen while you sing, shall I?"

Then Marian sang:

"My Nellie Men's pies,
My Nellie Men's pies,
They use them in Spain,
For wheels on a train,
My Nellie Men's pies.

"My Nellie Men's pies,
My Nellie Men's pies,
They use them in France,
For buttons on pants,
My Nellie Men's pies."

"Good! Now see if I can sing it," said Nellie
"My Nellie's mince pies,
My Nellie's mince pies.

"Is that much right?"

"Umh—umh," said Marian, nodding her head.

"So they are mince pies! Now let's go on. What comes next?" asked Nellie.

"They use them in Greece,
For bribing police,
My Nellie's m—mince pies."

"Fine," said Nellie. "But how our ears can deceive us! Marian was satisfied to call them Nellie Men's pies. You and I both heard it Nellie Meng's pies, and it's easy to see they are really mince pies.

"Go on, Marian. I didn't mean to stop you," said Nellie.

"My Nellie Men's pies,
My Nellie Men's pies—"

"Just a minute," said Nellie. "didn't we say they were mince pies. Now go on."

"My Nellie's m—mince pies,
My Nellie's mince pies,
But up in the sky,
They use them for pies,
My Nellie's mince pies."

"Any more, Marian?" asked Nellie.
Marian shook her head.

"Well, thank you, dearie. Won't you come over and sing to me again?" With a hug she let Marian go.

"Oh mother, that is a great idea of yours. I am going to get right to work at it, and you'll let Mrs. Harrison know, won't you, that we can't help her?"

Almost two months later, six-year-old Marian, riding in a street car with her mother, exclaimed suddenly, "Look at that man in the picture eating that big slice of pie!" and then to the great amusement of those around her, she began to read slowly in a clear voice—

"Buy Nellie Meng's pies,
Buy Nellie Meng's pies,
They're made of the best,
But trial is the test—"

"Come, Marian, we get off here." Marian got off rather reluctantly, and as she did, said, "Mother, I wanted to find reading that because it was about Miss Nellie Meng's pies. Oh look, Mother! there comes Miss Meng in her pie automobile, and she's waving at me."

At that Nellie drew up to the curb.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Powell, may I take Marian out to the north end of the city with me to deliver some pies?"

"Why yes, if she wants to go, and let me thank you for that delicious pie you sent over yesterday, by Marian. Mr. Powell has begun to be a great pie eater since he has eaten your pies. You don't give me a chance to buy any of your pies, for you are always sending me one by Marian."

"Well," said Nellie, "you probably do not know what a great part Marian had in making it possible for me to make my first pie for sale. Jump me, Marian. Shake good-bye to mother."

DORA NEEDHAM LEE.

A SCHOOL HOUSE IN THE SAND HILLS

"Say, Miss Montague, I wish you wouldn't go 'way from 'ere. Yah've done lots fer me."

"Is that so, Mike? I'm glad if I have been of any help to you."

"Did yuh know I quit chewin' terbaccer?"

"Chewing what?"

"Chewing tobacco."

"No."

"Well, I have an' you're the one that's ter blame fer it."

"How is that, Mike?"

"Well, yuh wouldn't let me have no box and yuh wouldn't let me spit on the floor so I had to quit chewin'."

Mike was a fifteen-year-old lad, who by laborious work had acquired the much desired slip of paper which would entitle him to enter the fourth grade the coming year. And he was mighty proud of it, too.

This boy, so childlike in the simplicity of his thankfulness to me, was a man in stature. He had not had an opportunity to attend school at all since his people had "settled on land" three years before I made his acquaintance.

He was one of the fourteen pupils who came to school to me in a little sod school house, fourteen by sixteen feet, out in the sand-hills of Western Nebraska.

This school house, located eighteen miles from the railroad and fifty miles from the nearest town of any size, was situated in a valley

of perhaps two hundred acres. All that could be seen from it, except the long stretch of hills and sky, was a ranch house and buildings a quarter of a mile away and at times the cattle and horses grazing as they roamed, or a cowboy "rounding up" a bunch of calves in the meadow near the ranch.

There was nothing about the structure itself to characterize it as a school building for it had been the dwelling of a bachelor "Kin-kaidler" who had kindly let it to the district for a school house. It was just like the majority of the homes of the people who had "filed on government land."

It was built of chunks of sod, laid together like bricks and held in place by pieces of wire put here and there in the wall. The roof was made of planks covered with tar paper and a layer of sod blocks. These sod blocks, each two feet by one foot by six inches, used for the walls and roof, had been obtained by plowing and cross-plowing, while the ground was quite damp.

The walls had been finished by plastering with cement over the sod. The floor was also of cement, which necessitated the fifteen seats, which were arranged in three rows, being nailed to boards, thus making them movable. These seats and the few other pieces of furniture were much better than might have been expected in such a school room. The teacher's desk, which stood in the front of the room, was a nice oak one with drawers and there was a comfortable swing chair to match. These had been furnished by the wealthy rancher who was trustee, and who was interested because he had two boys in school. The other furniture consisted of a heating stove, a coal bucket and a wooden blackboard extending across the front of the room.

There were three windows. The two on the east side of the room came within two feet of the floor and on account of the thickness of the wall, the window sills were wide enough to be used for window seats when they were not filled with the lunch buckets of the children. The window at the back of the room was just a small square one.

This room, bare of any adornments, might have seemed unattractive to some people. Not so to the boys and girls who considered it a treat to be there because no school had ever been held in the district since their people had become homesteaders three years before!

These boys and girls, ranging in age from six to fifteen years, came from within a radius of five miles, some riding horseback, others driving, four or five in a rickety old buggy.

I myself boarded six miles from the school and came on either "Snowball" or "Goodboy" who had a little less broncho blood in their veins than most of the horses on the ranch and therefore were a little safer for a woman to ride.

All the horses had to be kept at the nearby ranch as there was no barn on the school grounds. However, I did not walk that quarter

of a mile many times, since "Mike" or, in fact any of the boys, was always only too glad to make the trip for me.

I well remember that first day of school for it was an eventful one for all concerned. "School" not only was a new experience to many of the children but this day was the first time I had ever seen the inside of a country school. So here is where I got my first experience as a teacher, and such experience, I believe, as falls to the lot of few.

The children came straggling in from eight-thirty in the morning to one o'clock in the afternoon! My first work was to find out what they could do and as those who had been to school before, had not been in the past three years, it was quite a proposition. Then I had to hunt through a "Nebraska Course of Study" to determine or guess, (for most of it was guess work), the grade in which to place each child.

The first week, all we had to work with, was the blackboard and chalk, paper and pencils. On Friday night, however, I went to the trustee's ranch and made a list of the books needed and Saturday morning at five-thirty o'clock, he and I left the ranch for Oshkosh, the County Seat. In a top buggy, drawn by a pair of lively bronchos, we drove the forty-five miles, stopping for dinner at a ranch house on the way. That evening, with suggestions from the County Superintendent, we bought books for the entire school and made the return journey the following day.

Can you imagine the excitement and joy on Monday morning when the children were given the books and real work began? And it continued. Of course, there were other trips to Oshkosh and a small library was added before the term was ended.

I hardly need to say that I was not favored, or bothered, with a visit from the County Superintendent, although he helped me in many ways through correspondence.

I have never worked harder in any school since but have never taken more pleasure in teaching, as it would be impossible to find such eagerness to learn and such desire for knowledge in any school other than one composed of children who had been deprived for so long a time of the privilege of learning.

And I often think that my love for the teaching profession was born right out in that little sod school house in the sandhills, where inexperienced though I was, I had the opportunity and the privilege of helping to lift a few girls and boys (as Mike once expressed it), "to know more'n they ust ta."

PEARL E. MONTAGUE.

EVENTS IN THE EDUCATIONAL FIELD

One of the most constructive pieces of legislation passed by the New York State Legislature is the Part-Time or Continuation School Law of 1919. This law, which is essentially a school for wage-earning boys and girls, requires that all children between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, who are not High School graduates and who are not in attendance upon any full-time public, private or parochial school, attend a part-time school for not less than four, not more than eight hours a week.

It is a continuation school only in the sense that the education of the children is continued for the general school work of the grades will be displaced by such instruction as will help the children to choose intelligently some specific occupation and then is so far as possible, prepare him for that occupation.

The great function of the school is to meet the individual needs of the children. This means that classes will be limited in number to not more than twenty and preferably to fifteen.

The law also provides for establishing centers for training workers in these schools.

Mr. Furney, former head of the Vocational Department in the Buffalo State Normal School, has charge of the work throughout the State.

The annual meeting of the National Educational Association, Department of Superintendence, was held in Cleveland, February 20-28. Besides the Department of Superintendence, fifty-three other educational organizations, groups and conferences were represented in the largest convention in the history of the association. 1,200 delegates being present.

The questions discussed show the present trend of thought along educational lines. The most prominent topics were the Smith-Towner Bill, a national program of Americanization, removal of illiteracy by a nation-wide program, the increased use of scientific scales and tests, the participation of teachers in the management of schools, the crisis in Normal school attendance, a subsidy for teachers in training, advanced credit relations, and standardizing training departments in State Normal Schools.

One of the most interesting events of the week was a pageant "The Light," by Catherine T. Bryce, Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Cleveland, showing the progress of education. The pageant was staged in eleven glimmers and an epilogue. "Please, Mr. Citizen, more money for education!" was the cry running through the piece.

The Buffalo State Normal School was represented at the convention by ten members of the faculty.

The City of Denver has plans now under way for building four new Junior High Schools, and one or two additional elementary

schools. The Board of Education has recently passed a new salary schedule under which elementary teachers are given a minimum of one thousand dollars a year, with an annual increase of one hundred dollars until the maximum of eighteen hundred dollars is reached.

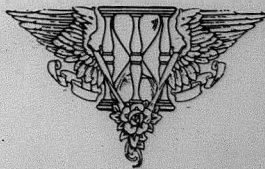
Alhion consolidated school, Marshall, Iowa, conducted some interesting extension vocational work in 1919. The pupils raised potatoes, cabbages, beans, peas, beets, lettuce, and radishes in a five-acre lot, formerly a pasture.

The University of Buffalo has purchased an additional forty-six acres of land adjacent to its present site. The land is at present occupied by the poorhouse.

One thousand schools in rural districts of New York State have been closed owing to dearth of teachers. The children in these localities have been sent to other towns for their education.

The N. E. A. reports one hundred thousand teaching positions vacant or filled by teachers below standard. No relief adequate for the needs is in sight, according to the report, for attendance at Normal and Teacher Training schools has decreased twenty per cent. in the last three years.

The Chinese Educational Commission of thirteen members, headed by S. T. Yuan, former Imperial Vice-Minister of Education in China, is now in the U. S. and will spend several months visiting leading American educational institutions.



One of the aims of the Physical Education department is to bring to the attention of the student, recreation for large numbers of children and adults by means of personal participation in various simple activities that require limited space and equipment. When our junior classes were organized in the fall, each section was divided into two groups, a leader for each being selected by the section. Bernice Bachman was chosen to lead Group A and Cecelia Gleason Group B of Section 2; Group C with Anna Duncan and Group D with Ruth Mackaig represented Section 4; Group E under Florence Johnson and Group F under Genevieve Shields championed the cause of Section 6.

During the fall term games were played for a part of each period at which time one group played against the other, or whenever possible an entire section matched its ability against another section. Each game counted a definite number of points and the cumulative score of the individual group was put on record. Due to this method of scoring, at the end of the semester the tally was: Group A, 14; Group B, 13; Group C, 11; Group D, 13; Group E, 12; Group F, 10.

The principal activities of the work in games were various kinds of relay races, progressive dodge ball, Newcomb, and volley ball. The last three were studied in detail because of their importance to the students with reference to their grade teaching later, in illustrating progression from the simplest to the complicated form of game, new elements of difficulty being added for each successive grade.

The final test of skillful playing was a game competition between the six groups on January 22, at which the faculty acted as officials. The various groups appeared on the gymnasium floor in spik and span attire, each member wearing a black letter and the leader a red letter on her collar to designate the group to which she belonged. A competition in tactics opened the series of events, followed by different types of relay races—over-head and stride basket ball throw, wand, dumbbell, Indian club—progressive dodge ball, Newcomb, and volley ball. In the tactics and the relays first place counted 5 points, 2nd 3 points, and 3rd one point. Excitement filled the air as enthusiastic supporters encouraged their favorite group, and so keen was the competition that even the winners did not realize they had surpassed the others until the final score was announced as follows: A, 28; B, 32; C, 28; D, 21; E, 26; F, 19.

In addition to the pleasure of participation in the contest the students gained suggestions for their future work by learning the organization and value of a simple form of competition as an aid in stimulating interest in recreative activities for large groups.

E. BARNES, Section 4.

THE RECORD

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EDITORIAL

The work of the 1919-20 RECORD Staff has ended. We have had our share of the fever, chills, anxieties, joys, delights and grievances that fall to the lot of every editorial staff.

We have quaked in the awful dread of a dearth of material; we have even trembled that there might be an overwhelming flood; we have been on many a wild rush for "ads"; we have interviewed, implored, sought advice and admonished many people; we have felt the glow of success and also the gloom of failure. But through it all we have sensed the sympathy of the school standing back of us, and in the worst and best times have found all ready to lend a helping hand. And so we do not feel that our work has been well finished unless we express to all who have helped THE RECORD this year, faculty and students, the gratitude of THE RECORD Staff.

We hope that in the three numbers of the year The Record has accomplished its aim—giving a reflection of the work and activities carried on in the school and a view of the trend of thought in the broad field of education, holding up a literary standard, and not omitting its mission of also bringing a few smiles to the faces of careworn students.

* * * * *

There are two events in our school life to which we should be looking forward eagerly. One of these is the presentation by the Dramatic Club of two very interesting plays. No student can afford to miss this occasion, which gives an opportunity for spending one of the most enjoyable evenings in our Normal School career.

The Glee Club concert is the other approaching event on our calendar.

Keep the events in mind and do not fail to avail yourselves of these splendid opportunities for enjoyment.

A great opportunity is offered the teachers of the City of Buffalo under the plan of co-operation between the City Department of Education, the University of Buffalo, and the State Normal School. Normal School graduates who enter the city system have the opportunity of earning their degree from the University while pursuing their regular work teaching in the Buffalo Schools. As the teaching during this period will be supervised, credit will be granted for it as well as for regular University courses.

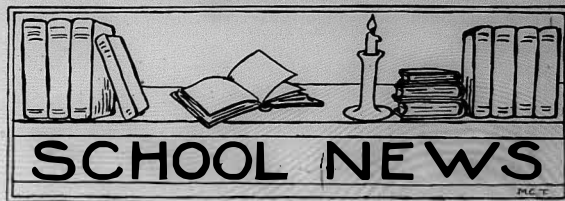
The increase in efficiency in the teaching force under this scheme cannot now be comprehended. Citizens of Buffalo may well be proud of the public spirit and foresight which has brought this to pass.

The dream of a social center room is rapidly becoming a reality. Several delightful functions have all ready been enjoyed in that room which have shown us what a unifying social force it may be. However the possibilities of the place have hardly been touched. These will develop as time goes on. As a plant for producing school spirit may the career of the social center room be long and brilliant!

One of the signs that the State fully realizes the importance of education is the Part-Time School Law passed in 1919. Children who are forced to support themselves before graduating from High School are given a chance to prepare themselves for their struggle with the world more adequately than is possible with merely elementary education, and in a way especially suited to their needs. This law works both ways in that the state receives benefit as well as the individual, for such schools will not only help the child choose a definite occupation, and do something to prepare him for it, but will make him a better citizen by leading him to see the advantages and duties of citizenship in a democracy. Such a scheme might once have been branded as Utopian, and it is a distinct evidence of the advance of civilization that it is now being put to test, for no plan ever really set to work has had so much in it which makes for common welfare.

An issue in which every teacher should have a decided interest is the Government Thrift Campaign. One of the great lessons needed by our American people is in curbing the extravagance which is our national characteristic. There is only one way to do this efficiently—inspire the children to practice saving in little things. If every child were led to follow a systematic program of saving, the citizens of the future will have no occasion to remonstrate against wasteful use of the public funds. And the question is even closer to the individual. Extravagance on the part of the individual is largely responsible for the present high cost of living, which is one of the present burning issues.

As teachers it will be part of our duty to encourage our pupils to emulate the great example of Benjamin Franklin in forming regular habits of saving. We must prepare to discharge our responsibility efficiently.



- January 6—Resume of the year of 1919 by Mr. Rockwell.
 January 7—Senior Conference in Grade Assembly. Dr. Chase spoke on "Intelligence Tests."
 January 13—Mr. Abbott welcomed to the music department of the Buffalo State Normal School.
 January 14—Senior Conference in Grade Assembly. Mr. Pillsburg offered advice to new teachers.
 January 20—Mr. Rockwell, in behalf of the Class of 1919, presented to the school copies of four pictures of note.
 January 21—Senior Conference in Grade Assembly. Miss Kempke spoke briefly on the New English Syllabus.
 January 23—Mr. Brown, of the Manhattan Single Tax League, spoke in assembly.
 January 27—Dr. Earl P. Lathrop gave a talk in assembly, explaining why members of the medical profession oppose Compulsory Health Insurance.
 February 3—Illustrated lecture on "Art Appreciation," by Miss Sprague.
 February 6—Visit to the school of delegates to the Arethusa Sorority convocation.
 February 10—Mr. Rockwell spoke on the worthy character of Abraham Lincoln.
 February 12—Holiday. Lincoln's birthday.
 The Lincoln performance at Victoria Theater held a special interest for Normal, since it netted the school \$73.75, to be used for the social center room.
 February 13—Miss Viele talked briefly in chapel on the use of the school library.
 February 17—Inspiring concert by the Chromatic Club.
 March 1-5—Meeting of the National Educational Association at Cleveland, Ohio, attended by a number of the members of the Faculty.



The Kindergarten Department has had an eventful year.

The Senior Class of our department was delightfully entertained on December 16th, at a Christmas party at the home of Helen Preisch, where Santa had left appropriate toys for each of the thirteen.

Jean Fraser entertained the Kindergarten Seniors at her home on January 22nd. We say, "If you would see yourselves as others, see you, have a truth party. A good time will also be insured."

The Seniors and Faculty of the Kindergarten Department were entertained by Marian Lewis at luncheon at the University Club January 31st.

The Kindergarten Department had a severe drop in attendance in the month of February, due to sickness. Those who stood by were able to put theory into practice in the kindergarten, and we congratulate them on their success.

The large class of Juniors is thriving and we feel sure they will more than fill our places. (At least in the Methods Room.)

We ask you to remember June 10th, 1919, and to look forward to June 10th. of this year.

TO THE KINDERGARTEN JUNIORS

Kindergartners have to be
Ev'rything, it seems to me;
Teacher, Doctor, Comforter,
Playmate, Friend and Carpenter.
Now, dear Juniors, can't you see
Why a Senior's never free?

But we will a secret tell,
And next year you'll know it well;

Work or play or hammered thumb,
Rain or shine,—IT'S LOTS OF FUN!
So just learn your lessons well;
Time will weave a magic spell.

And next June, although you'll say
To your friends, "Tis not all play,"
Though you work from morn 'till night,
Work will be a pure delight.
If you smile in work and play,
Glad you'll rest at close of day.

So, dear Juniors, may you be
Faithful, working happily,
Teacher, Doctor, Comforter,
Playmate, Friend and Carpenter;
Kindergartners learn to be
Ev'rything, it seems to me.

DOROTHY L. VINCENT, a Kindergarten Senior.

GENERAL NORMAL SECTION NOTES

On Tuesday, March 2, the girls of Section I gave a double birthday party in the Social Center room, in honor of two of their section mates, Miss Kathryn Haake and Miss Laura Silvernail. The three tables which were arranged in the form of a Roman I were attractively decorated.

In final preparation for the arrival of the two guests the room was darkened and the tiny candles on the large birthday cake were lighted, giving the room a very pleasing effect.

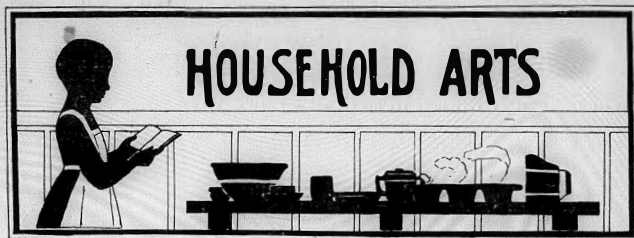
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE SENIOR CLASS

On December 11, 1919, the Senior class had an informal party in the gymnasium. The afternoon was spent dancing, playing games, singing songs and becoming acquainted. Miss Houston acted as chaperone at this time.

Perhaps you have noticed an epidemic of Reed's chocolate bars for the last two months. The Senior class is responsible for the spreading of it. Perhaps you have not bought a bar yet, if not, why not? Please patronize the Senior class!

On March 18, 1920, the Senior class is giving a Saint Patrick's tea in the Grade Assembly, the faculty and student-body being our guests.

Since this is the last issue of the school paper, the Senior class takes this opportunity to wish the Junior class all the joy and happiness possible in their Senior year, and it will not be long before "the old order changeth, yielding place to new."



HOUSEHOLD PHYSICS

The revised schedule for the Household Arts course was eagerly read and criticized by all the students of the department. One of the most troublesome innovations was "Household Physics." The majority of us were not sufficiently removed from high school days to have completely forgotten the subject "Physics." To many it was not a pleasant memory.

However, the difficulty was faced with cheerfulness and a determination to conquer it. The instructor met us with great enthusiasm, and after her introductory talk our outlook became decidedly more cheerful. One of the astounding announcements was, "There will be no text-books for this course." Another of these joy-producing remarks was that physics, considered from the mathematical viewpoint, was obsolete for all except professions which needed it. Hence, we were not going to consider that phase of the subject. After this we were prepared for anything and were delighted to learn there was no definite amount of work to cover and the course rested, to a large extent, in our hands.

Our work began with the subject of heat. Following the preliminary discussions came the study of the various types of heating systems. This investigation has yielded much interesting information. We know:

- (a) The advantages and disadvantages of the hot air, hot water, steam and pipeless systems;
- (b) How to regulate stoves;
- (c) Why the radiator often pounds as if it were inhabited by some noisy band;
- (d) A subject suitable for debate, "A radiator should be painted";
- (e) How to read the meter and estimate the cost of running stoves, burners, lights and ovens (if you have the gas to operate them).

One of the most interesting parts of this work was a trip through a region below the gymnasium. Did you know it existed? We had a very proficient guide and learned a great deal about the school heating system.

Although heat is the only subject covered thus far, we have great hopes that our old acquaintances, mechanics, magnetism, electricity, light and sound, will also become friends under this new guise.

Day by day, the course grows and develops new possibilities. Interest in any special device warrants its study in the laboratory. Sewing machines, hot water tanks, chimneys and victrolas are only a few of the objects assuming more intelligible relations in our lives. Our equipment is unusual and original. If we haven't exactly what we need we discover something to take its place. We have one stumbling block, however, a Ford motor. There's a great desire and need for one, and unfortunately our initiative fails us. Any person having a useless Ford or a suggestion for making one is hereby invited to and assured of a hearty reception at the physics laboratory on the third floor.

THE HOUSEHOLD ARTS CLUB

President.....	Dorothy Barner
Vice-President.....	Ruth Hunt
Secretary.....	Hazel Krug
Treasurer.....	Dorothy Bell

On December 17, 1919 each girl brought as a Christmas offering a stocking which had been filled for a child at the Protestant Home for Unprotected Children. At this meeting Miss Gasley, a Y. W. C. A. worker, told of her experience overseas. After this interesting talk refreshments were served in the dining room.

Officers for the second term were elected on Thursday, January 22, 1920. Following a suggestion made at a previous meeting each class sang the songs they had written. A committee, composed of faculty members, gave a decision in favor of the Junior class.

On Tuesday, March 2, 1920, three faculty members, who attended the conventions the previous week, gave a resume of what had been discussed in the Home Economics field. Miss Sipp told about the practice houses of the various schools. Mrs. Ward talked of some interesting experiments on the study of the "Nutrition of School Children." Miss Brigham explained the work in connection with the standardization of various fabrics. She hopes soon to have some tangible evidence of the Textile Committee's efforts, by which we may all profit.

H. A. FRESHMAN

Officers

President.....	Lora Eusworth
Vice-President.....	Lois Culp
Secretary.....	Caroline J. Bernhardt
Treasurer.....	Grace A. Vincent

In previous numbers of "The Record" no mention has been made of the H. A. Freshman, but we are a thriving young division of the Buffalo Normal. Our officers were elected at the beginning of the school year and we have had regular meetings ever since. Perhaps the Juniors know where part of our ice-cream went before our last Freshman party.

H. A. SOPHOMORES

During the holiday season we had two delightful parties, one at the home of Ella Windisch where all peeped into the future, and the other at Eleanor Eckert's when much unknown literary ability was disclosed. In March, after a long steady interval of work we relieved the usual routine by applying our art at a taffy pull.

After a period when our numbers were badly depleted we are very glad to welcome all our returning comrades. We hope for a complete reunion very soon.

THE JUNIOR H. A. CLASS

Class Officers:

President.....	Alice Hall
Vice-President.....	Helen Tilloh
Secretary.....	Madeline Kramer
Treasurer.....	Ruth Lamy

The Juniors have had several interesting factory trips in connection with our Vocations for Women Class. The main object of these visits was to inquire into the Welfare Work for women in industrial plants.

In December we entertained the Kindergarten girls at an afternoon tea.

Our most recent event was "a lemon ice" party given by our little Freshies. We certainly appreciate their consideration and respect for upper-classmen.



Milton Pfeffer of 1919 is teaching at Elm Vocational, and in addition to his regular work is conducting a boys' orchestra.

Milton Pfeffer and Ferdinand Kamprath of the class of 1919 are in the cast of "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" which will be given in May by the Dramatic Club.

SOLDIER TRAINING

The soldier training work carried on for the Federal Board of Vocational Education in our school has grown until there are now thirty-six men receiving instruction.

Having started last September with one instructor and four men, in the near future the department will have the third instructor and about forty men. In its training policy the Federal Board aims to remove the vocational disabilities so that when a man is able to be placed in industry and maintain himself the Federal Board has finished its job.

Physical disabilities are cared for by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance where a man has paid to him a sum commensurate with his per cent. of disability.

Our school can feel proud that we have the facilities for this work and Mr. Rockwell the willingness to have a part in the restoration of our soldier men, this being part of our contribution to the reconstruction program. The work has been favorably compared with that in other places.

The men realize their opportunity and those who visit the transformed Mill room and Machine Shop will see evidence of close attention and serious work, showing the interest taken. About one hundred and forty men are being instructed in the Buffalo vocational schools and each week several are being added to the number.

The work is nation-wide, at present having about 20,000 disabled men in about 300 schools, and in as many different vocations. This will serve to give some idea of the problems of the Federal Board.

What is being done in our school for these men will present to those interested a cross-section of the results of the census of the draftees in the National army and will emphasize the need of an elementary and vocational education for all and give support to all Americanization plans.

W. C. J.



SCHOOL OF PRACTICE

The Graduating Class of 1920 was organized in the latter part of January. The class officers are:

President.....John F. Wolf
 Vice-President.....Loraine H. Frost
 Secretary.....Ruth L. Wilson
 Treasurer.....George Allen Kent
 Historian.....Elmer T. Bowie
 Prophet.....Joseph Ginzler
 Poet.....Margaret Gallagher

At a class meeting held on February 4th, the following committees were appointed:

Color Committee: Virginia R. Stuart; James Huntley; Frances Scott; T. J. Reynolds.

Motto Committee: Isabelle M. Calton; Elmer T. Bowie; Helen Harrod; Henry Chemnitz.

Ring and Pin Committee: Joseph Ginzler; Dorothy H. Gillespie; Harvey Griffith; Pearl Diamant.

Flower Committee: Mary D. Mills; George McGreevy; Herbert Hunter; Philip Pirson.

Old Rose and silver were chosen as the class colors.

The flowers are to be roses tied with silver ribbon.

The design for the rings and pins is to be the same as in previous years.

The following is the class song, written by Margaret Gallagher, class poet:

Tune: Hand in Hand Again.

We will now be leaving,
 And we all are grieving,
 In the many years to come we'll think of you,
 Sorrow's reigning o'er us,
 While we sing this chorus:
 Since the year we've started here
 We've gone hand in hand all through.

RUTH WILSON, Secretary.

The Minim basketball team, representing the Ninth Grade of the Normal School of Practice have an undefeated record for this year!

The line-up is as follows:

J. Hoffman, Captain, forward; G. Kent, forward; Edgar Cheney, center; Elmer Bowie, guard; Joe Ginzler, guard; Jack Wolf, center; T. J. Reynolds, guard; James C. Huntley, manager.

We hope to play a few out-of-town games.

G. KE. & J. C. H.

The Humane Essay, which was chosen as the best Ninth Grade composition, was written by Henry Chemnitz.

Although the essay which has been chosen as the one to send to the Humane Society, is unavailable, there were several other compositions of merit, among the Ninth Grade essays, one of which is printed below.

MOSIE'S CONVERSATION

Captain Bonavilla had been watching Mosie and Caesar for some time. He was interested in his new pupils but he would have been more interested if he could have understood Mosie as she purred to her neighbor close to the bars of their cages, this is what he would have heard:

In a shady little patch of soft grass closed in by the tangle of trees and vines, I had made my home. Soon I was being kept busy by a little family. I was ever on the lookout for their safe-keeping, bringing in tender meat and punishing an occasional intruder.

One day they became restless as they did when hungry and I darted off to get them something to quarrel over. I had not gone far when I heard the cries of a young kid. I crouched close to the ground and crept noiselessly to the edge of a clearing from whence the cry came. Pausing for a moment I made the spring freezing the trembling kid with my cry.

What a surprise. The kid was under my paw, to be gathered together in a squirming mass in a tangle of ropes. I had been made captive while making a capture. Many times I had been careful and avoided the traps of men. Desperately I fought to free myself. But the ropes only became tighter, and at last, breathless and exhausted I was forced to give up.

Entangled together was a little one who was taken from a mother that must cry in vain for its return, and a mother who for many days will call in vain for her little ones waiting their dinner until they are too weak to stand and watch till they can cry no more and starvation takes them.

There must have been men watching close by for as soon as I stopped my struggling they pulled me out of the pit. With little

effort I was placed in a small cage. From then on I was to live an entirely different life from that of my free kind.

With some other unfortunate ones, I was shipped away. What a time I did have. I was soon out at sea. The floor began to rock back and forth and I became dreadfully sick nor could I eat for some time. I certainly was glad to find myself on solid earth again.

The first morning after I reached here I was awakened by a rope thrown over my head. Before I knew it I was tied hand and foot against the bars of my cage. A heavy collar was placed around my neck and I had my claws manicured for the first time. The following day I was led into a larger cage, followed by a man with a heavy whip. The man scared me by cracking his whip. I learned what this meant though when I was swung into the air at the rope's end onto one of the small tubs nearby. The whip hurt and the strangle made my head blur. I started to spring at my tormentor but my feet slipped and I got a terrible shock which stunned me as the rope gave a jerk. When I awoke I was all wet and I was taken back to my cage. I am glad my first lesson is over.

MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI.

REVENGE IS SWEET

Ha! how well we do remember,
In our hearts 't will be forever,
On February twenty-sixth,
Two quarts of sherbet we did miss.

The aged Juniors sleek and sly,
Did eat enough to make them die.
But as the future would see it,
Still do they in their classes sit.

We will our watchful vigil keep,
Until we see those Juniors weep:
Spitefully face to face to meet
And say, Ha! Ha! revenge is sweet.

THE FROSH.
H. A. Dept.



The owl looked down from his perch on
the tree,
And winked his eye as he said to me:
"No student is wise as I can see,
Who does not once in a while hee-hee."

AT THE SIGN OF THE OWL'S FEATHER

Johnson
GrUndkoski
MahoNey
I
O'Conner
Roer

CaStren
DEboben
GmErek
BeCker
M Farland
YaTes
TIngler
POTter
KeNney
Smith
Lemle
FoX

—Yes, we're all here.

A FEW "IFS" ABOUT SECTION I

If Kathryn Haake is captain of the Section, is Dorothy Marshall?
If Helen Uhl is dull, is Emma Albright?
If Christine Kinzley has agility, has Ruth Grace?
If Irma Jones is a watchmaker, is Marie A. Smith?
If Mary Suttle's well, does Lanra Silvern-ail?
If Julianna Frank is blind, can Lillian Demp-sey?
If Gertrude McKernon is soft, is Helene Leon-hard?
If Margaret Dwyer is stiff, can Louise Bender?
If Mary O'Connor is shy, is Julianna Frank?
If Margaret Coveney has charm, has Margaret Powers?
If G. Sanderson is called Tommy, did Betty Christ-n-er?
If Helen Uhl is dense, is Mary Suttle?

RESPONDEO-

Now whom do you think you like the best,
 These moulders of human minds,
 The folks we love to talk about
 In blank verse, riddle and rhyme?
 Now first comes that most learned sir,
 The head of our institution,
 Who has both dignity and charm,
 But started a revolution.
 He moved green benches right and left
 And ordered us to our rooms,
 "Why are you here?" said he to me,
 And I looked up to the moon.
 To choir rehearsal we always go
 By a special invitation.
 For such a fine time we dare not decline
 Though it's never a bad temptation.
 Then next in place with the air of a queen
 And a person of great renown,
 Beware! She holdeth the seat of judgment,
 And marketh you up or down.
 "Where are your cards, Miss Hettie Green,
 "I'll see you in my office.
 "Your teaching is good, but your discipline bad,
 "You surely are only a novice."
 The English department will criticize me
 For such language and lines as these,
 But this is the best that I can transpose
 And who doesn't enjoy a breeze?
 Well, there's Primary Methods and poems galore
 And "English" (es), one up to ten.
 You must take every one and still you're not done
 For three you take over again.
 So listen to this from that very tall critic,
 As graceful as she is so slender.
 You must learn every word 'bout these two lovely birds,
 Syllabus and Emerson Bender:
 "My children! my children! where are your long themes?
 "'Tis a very serious matter.
 "Place them right on my desk,
 "I will give you no rest,
 "And tomorrow you may write up on Klapper."
 Now there's speech, 'tentions and argumentation,
 And rolling your R's up and down.
 We holler and shout, knowing what we're about
 For we never would act up like clowns.
 Of History I could write many big books

Orating my facts with a rip,
 'Bout Stonewall Jackson at old Bunker Hill,
 And a Tea Party held on a ship.
 There's another Prof. who knows everything
 On machinery, Latin and numbers.
 You ask him why the old world is round,
 He'll tell you 'twas just a blunder.
 Then you learn how to think
 Give the Binet test.
 Every character analyze,
 Help the poor and needy in the school,
 And every one else advise.
 You must draw a bonnet for a gentleman's head
 And keep your perspective in line,
 And paint the curves on a prism wall,
 And do it in two years' time.
 Who is he who stands near the chapel door,
 And acts as a ballot box.
 We cannot help it being late,—
 It is all the fault of the clocks.
 He is very important—this very tall man,
 Has the biggest room in the school,
 And a typewriter too, does all of his work,
 But still he can't find time to fool.
 "Hey there!" says another Prof. in our midst.
 "Wake up, don't die in your jacket.
 "Get an arm; feel the need;
 "Give the kids a push,
 "When you get there, just keep at it."
 Then there's a Sage who teaches much
 On science and bones of the back,
 He nearly expelled a whole room once—
 But they all stopped chewing Black Jack.
 To the Library you're welcome, my dear,
 To the books and pictures and all.
 But don't you dare talk and don't you dare walk
 For this is a study hall.
 Left, right, hep two, skip, jump and hop,—
 Oh! how we all love gym!
 But you would too, if you came through
 And only just saw him.
 Last call to arms! this ten you take,
 That stiff course on your health.
 "I want two posters every week,
 "And all in on the twelfth."
 You have to know just everything
 On ailments of the child,

And learn those kid diseases
 'Till you nearly just go wild.
 Do re mi fa, I saw a little birdie in the tree.
 Toot, toot-a-toot, your pitch is low,
 All head tones, don't you see.
 The earth is round, just like a hall.
 How dare you question that?
 Bring in your notebooks everyone
 And prove to me it's flat.
 "Girls! Girls! Why do you talk,
 "When your sewing's just begun?
 "Tomorrow you bring a placket and a flat-felt seam in one.
 "What is a fold?"
 "A twice turned seam," says everyone at once.
 If we didn't know that
 We would be called a dunce.
 "How many calories in that meat
 "We cooked in class today?"
 "A thousand," shouted one meek maid.
 The rest all said, "Aye! Aye!"
 There is only one teacher of Rithmetic this ten,
 And she is very, very strict.
 For on methods she won't bend
 You have to know them hackwards
 And forwards everyway
 And get up and teach a lesson
 Before her every day.
 If you want to learn to be polite
 And grow up very quick.
 And know the birds and animals
 And every kind of chick,
 And sing a song and learn to skip
 And how to tell the time,
 And what the weather is,
 In every land and clime.
 Develop every talent
 And know how the birdies fly.
 Come to our Kindergarten
 And you'll know the reason why.
 "Over, over, stand ready, count and loop it 1, 2, 3.
 "I don't like your B's Miss Brownie.
 "Please try that again for me."
 Oh! it's very hard this writing,
 Making letters with your arm.
 They say the other hurts the fingers,
 But it never did *me* harm.
 In the Practice School Department

All the critics I adore.
 But they're very hard to manage
 When they watch you hold the floor.
 The Soldier boys have teachers.
 I've often wondered what they do.
 When any don't behave.
 So this is the end of a perfect day.
 Do you think you know each one?
 Some times I do and then I don't,
 But then I've just begun:
 If you would like to know their names
 I'll tell you, one, two, three.
 It's just the folks we all love well,
 The Normal Faculty.

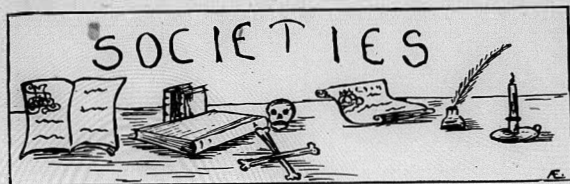
"Clothes do not make the man!" said the Old Fogey.
 "Don't you believe it!" responded the Grouch. "Suits have made
 many a lawyer."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Your husband seems less careworn than formerly."
 "Yes; now that the baseball season is over he hasn't anything but his
 business to worry about."—*Boston Transcript*.

Customer—How can one tell the imitation pearls from the real
 ones?
 Salesman—Ah, madam, you do not tell; you just keep it to yourself.
 —*New York World*.

"I've just bought a fine motor car."
 "What style car did you get?"
 "A Dashing Demon Six. Now, if I could only get half a pound of
 sugar somewhere the whole family would be happy."—*New York World*.

"This paper says that eighty-five thousand women are now employed
 by the railway systems of the United States."
 "Hardly proper work for women, I should say."
 "Why, who's had more experience in looking after trains and
 switches than women, I'd like to know?"—*Yonkers Statesman*.



THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club will present in the first week in May two one-act plays, "Spreading the News," by Lady Gregory, and "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," by Anatole France.

The casts for the plays are as follows:

Spreading the News

Bartley Fallon.....	Katherine Haake
Mrs. Fallon.....	Louise Bender
Jack Smith.....	Jane Murray
Shawn Early.....	Alice Tingler
Tim Casey.....	Christine Kinzley
James Ryan.....	Marguerite Baldwin
Mrs. Tarpey.....	Beulah Mills
Mrs. Tully.....	Margaret Holmlund
Jo Muldoon, a Policeman.....	Pearl Montague
A Removable Magistrate.....	Helen Preisch

The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife

Master Leonard Botal, Judge.....	Milton Pfeffer, '19
Master Adam Fumec, Lawyer.....	Ferdinand Kamprath, '19
Master Simon Colline, Doctor.....	Arthur Lord
Master Jean Mangier, Surgeon.....	Walter Palmer
Master Serafin Dulaurier, Apothecary.....	Wallie England
Giles Boiscountier, Secretary.....	Lawrence Rupert
A Blind Fiddler.....	Jean Fraser
Catherine, Botal's Wife.....	Sophie Jakubowska
Alison, Botal's Servant.....	Sarah Hammond
Mademoiselle de la Garandiere.....	Rachel Glavy
Madame de la Bruine.....	Cheryl Cowen
Page to Mademoiselle de la Garandiere.....	Christine Kinzley
Footman to Madame de la Bruine.....	Elsa Kolbe
First Doctor's Attendant.....	Nellie Kariak
Second Doctor's Attendant.....	Leah Greenberg

Y. W. C. A.

The members of our Y. W. C. A. have been enjoying an active spring term and have entertained many guests and speakers.

The week of February 16-20th, we were visited by Miss Alice Hoyt, the Y. W. C. A. Secretary of the Northeastern Field. On Friday of that week a banquet was held in the cafeteria, after which Miss Hoyt gave an interesting account of the Des Moines Student Conference.

On March 2nd, Miss Hoyt returned with Miss Smithers, who transferred us in thought to Central Africa, where she has taught for several years. The great need of Africa for teachers was surprising to us. If a position isn't open here, remember Africa calls.

Our first group discussion was held on Thursday afternoon, March 4th, under the leadership of Miss Dickenson, who first spoke to us on the necessity of religious education and training for our Sunday School teachers. Prepare now for our next meeting to bring the questions you wish answered or discussed.

To aid the students to better understand the principles of other religions a series of three talks was planned by the Y. W. C. A. to be given by representatives of Judaism, Catholicism and Protestantism. The first was given in the auditorium on March 8th by Rabbi Kopald.

Has everyone been entertained at our fortnightly Thursday teas in the social center room? Come and acquire the habit.

DOROTHY BARNER.

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 Kappa—Ohio
 Phi—Ohio
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 Mu—Missouri
 Xi—Oklahoma
 Omicron—Michigan
 Pi—Kansas

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Social Events

A very enjoyable dinner party, followed by installation of officers, at the home of Helen Preisch.

Dinner party, at the home of Alice Hall.

Waffle supper, at Helen Preisch's.

Pledge party, for new girls, at Mildred Garret's.

We are eagerly looking forward to the visit of Miss Genevieve Kirkbride, of Chicago, the National Inspector, who comes to us March 19th and 20th.

We are very glad to welcome as honorary members, Mrs. Taylor and Miss Bacon.

Following are extracts from a paper on Social Service by Bess Brower Willis, ex-Grand President of Tri Sigma, which may be interesting to all girls.

The time has come when service is the great national demand. Women's sphere is changing radically. No longer is it permissible that she give her time to the pursuit of pleasure while Dad and Brother provide the usefulness of the family. In the years that are ahead of us there will be no sheltered places for women. Your own efficiency or your inefficiency will decide whether your life will be a success or a failure.

Big forces are at work, elemental transformations are taking place, and no one who is worth a place in our great country can afford to stand aside selfishly and indifferently without contributing anything toward making these changes take an upward trend. Girls, we are all needed now, with the combined weight of our wills and our brains to help work out the economic problems that threaten our very existence.

Beginning with your school days, on thru social business and home life, opportunities for service are as many, and as varied as you have the desire and personality to see. Above all things the country needs now a sane, healthy public opinion to offset the bitterness of soreheads, the unreasoning folly of strikers, the greed of profiteers. Public opinion is simply the sum total of individual opinion, and now I ask you, what do you contribute? Have you a grievance that you can't see over or around? Do you hold that you should have the same as every one else whether you earn it or not? Do you help foster the ancient feud of capital vs. labor? Do you believe that everything is wrong and that no one can straighten it out? Is some one always doing something mean to you? If you have to answer Yes to any of these questions, let me assure you, you are not in a position to administer social service to others. You need it for yourself. If you would serve humanity you must be big enough not to harbor a grievance, strong enough not to want what you are unable to deserve in competition with others, broad enough to know that brains and the means to accomplish big things are as necessary to public welfare as individual piecework of those who have not brains or means for bigger things, and above all you must have faith in God and your fellow man to believe that Right will ultimately prevail.

In your social and business life see to it that you are wholesome and fair-dealing. Don't worry about the cruel world's designs against you. It probably isn't bothering about you in the least. Make it respect your womanhood, and then concern yourself with your responsibilities to serve your generation to the fullest.

In your homes, girls, is your greatest chance. Try and understand each member of your family—the viewpoint makes such a difference you know. There will be so many chances to help if you really understand. Remember that sometimes Mother needs help as well as the outside world—and every one needs love and consideration from those about them.

Now, I wish you again, the biggest year of your history. If you have difficulties in getting started in the work, I should appreciate it if you would write me about it, for I am interested in you personally, and I want to see each Chapter make a success of the work. Your Chairman will of course be the first one to write to, and she can give you more detailed information than I had time for, but do let me hear what you are doing.

Bess Brower Willis, Ex-Grand President.

CLIONIAN SORORITY—THETA CHAPTER

President.....	Hildegard Hoffman
Vice-President.....	Carmen R. Watkeys
Corresponding Secretary.....	Ruth F. Jackman
Recording Secretary.....	Edith Stickney
Treasurer.....	Jeanette Diemer

On February 6th, the Active and Passive Chapters of the Sorority gave a tea at the home of Florence Throm in honor of the Arethusa delegates.

On February 14th, luncheon and theater party for the "rush" girls.

On February 26th, floor frolic for the "rushes" at the home of Harriet Davenport.

On March 5th, Pledge party.

On March 11th, Initiation at Hotel Markeen.

We are glad to welcome as new members the following:

Miss Groves	Lydia Krentz	
Margaret Donavan	Dona McKnight	
Ruth Grace	Doris Swick	
Althea Krauss	Marie Smith	H. H.

ARETHUSA SORORITY

President.....	Lorraine Burch
Vice-President.....	Jessie Schlosser
Recording Secretary.....	Gladys Sanderson
Corresponding Secretary.....	Ruth Hunt
Treasurer.....	Grace Gile

Since the last issue of "The Record," Arethusa Sorority has been unusually busy.

The operetta, "Sylvia," which was presented in January, proved to be a great success.

Perhaps the most important event of the year for us was Convocation. We then had the pleasure of entertaining delegates from the various chapters of the state. The Convocation not only brought us in touch with the other girls personally, but also brought us in touch with their work. We received many fine suggestions and a new inspiration from them. We would, at this time, like to thank all of the members of the school who helped to make our sisters' visit with us pleasant.

Grand Officers

President.....	Helen Grant, Buffalo
Vice-President.....	Mary Marshall, New Paltz
Secretary.....	Rose Haas, Buffalo
Treasurer.....	Ruth Hunt, Buffalo

Our rushing season consisted of a party at the home of Ethel Mesmer and a party at the College Club. The pledge party was held at the Chapter House, and the initiation at the school.

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Be Patient



HEY are such dear familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow
But trying to keep pace; if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor hope until it bleed,
We must be mute;
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go, can be
Together such a little while upon the way—
We must be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find.
We see them, for not blind
Is love. We see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them, some by and by,
They will not be
Faults then, grave faults, to you and me
But just odd ways, mistakes, or even less—
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things, yes hours;
We see so differently in sun and showers!
Mistaken words tonight
May be so cherished by tomorrow's light—
We shall be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to go.

—George Kipling.

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IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and pain—
Would the grim, eternal roughness
Seem—I wonder—just the same!
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame!

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force—
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
And we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we would find it better,
Purer than we judge we should—
We should love each other better
If we only understood.
—Rudyard Kipling.

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