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The
Kalamazoo Normal Record

Service Number

This number of the Record is dedicated to the one hundred and twenty-nine former Western Normal students and graduates who have loyally answered the call of their country in this her hour of direst need. Some are already at the front while others are in active service in various camps in this country and soon will be “over there”. One and all they have courageously consecrated themselves to the sacred cause of upholding liberty and freedom. Day by day new ones slip away to join the colors. Our hearts ache that such a sacrifice is necessary, but we rejoice wholeheartedly that they see their duty so clearly. We are proud of them, each and every one. In our heart of hearts we envy them their chance. We know they will comport themselves well. We bid them God-speed, hoping that they may all return again with the laurel wreathes of victory. But if for some it be otherwise ordained, we know that having fought a good fight, having kept the faith, they will receive the reward laid up for those who give their lives that freedom may endure.

Letters from the Front

ON BECOMING MARS INCARNATE
An Open Letter
Company H, 343rd Inf.
Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Jan. 5, 1918.
My Dear Dr. McCracken:
Here is the dope I promised you for the Record. It is rambling and formless, but may interest. Use it as you see fit, and if you see fit. Hope it is in time to be of use to you.
Sincerely,
Herbert W. Reed.
My Dear Doctor McCracken:
Some time since you beamed on me very cheerfully and asked, “How did they do it?” You being a man of science, of test-tubes, retorts, and repartees, I took your inquiry as purely scientific, the sober cry for light from one who would know. Later, I wondered if your Caledonian nature hadn’t merely indulged in a canny quizz. I tried to think if you accented the “did” overtly, in which case my pride was to have its sop in sensitive silence. But in my present mood, regardless of your tone of inquiry, I am going to let you know just how they did it, for in some ways it was quite a remarkable performance.
I hardly need to tell you I was obdurate material. In the first place I was—and am yet—bull-headed; in the second place, I was somewhat set in my habits, physical and mental; in the third, I had always been out of step with the procession of humanity. I was individual and insubordinate. If others indicated to me the way I should go, that was usually the way I didn’t go. You will see I was a gloomy prospect for the war department in its search for men to fling in co-ordinate waves on the Hindenburg line.
But the war department was in lamentable ignorance as to the obduracy of my make-up, and the need was too pressing for over-long and close scrutiny. They thumped my chest and found it good; they listened to my heart and discovered that battered veteran still going
strong; and as further I could see, hear, and masticate according to the Martian Hoyle, they decided to take a chance on me. A telegram came to the lake consigning me to Fort Sheridan: I locked the doors of my habitation on the island, turned loose all my pet fish, and started out on the long trail to a possible cannon’s mouth, from which old Bill Shakespeare once said the bubble reputation is wont to emerge.

“Doc,” did I say I was gloomy material? That is putting it mildly. Really, I was so helpless and hopeless and hapless that first month, I actually discouraged my self, inveterate optimist that I am. I couldn’t handle a gun, and as to commands, either they were Greek to me, or my brain was doing a Rip Van Winkle and woke up pitiably late.

Remember the doting boy whose processional Pa was the only one instep? I outdid his dad. I was continually out of step. Worse, I stepped on everybody else, was a veritable riot in the ranks. And my gun I manipulated with the precision and earnestness of a hobo juggling a hot potato, or a father caressing nervously his first-born. That hardly makes for snappiness in the manual of arms; more fitly, it would furnish forth a fascinating supé in a militant musical show, one of those where Hod Hecker, the village simpleton, enters into the glory of the calcium at two bits for each and every performance. You’ve seen them, “Doc;” then imagine me in those terrible weeks of last September. Sherman was right, I would think time and time again. Fortunately, they kept me so busy, I hadn’t time to realize fully the spectacle I was making as a potential son of Mars.

A bugle snatched me from the romancing arms of Morpheus at 5:45; in one leap, three jerks and a couple of granny knots, I was out in line in front of the barracks. Assembly dismissed at six o’clock. I policed a cigarette butt or two, jumped up the stairs and teased my cot and floor space into order. “Chow” call at 6:20 set my heel statooing down the stairs again. A brief bit of sword swallowing; then back to quarters for depilation of my jowls and maneuvering of my rifle. A whistle at 6:55 shot me out for close order drill. And so through the day: conference, signalling, physical and bayonet work, gallery rifle practice, noon “chow,” conference, patrolling, practice march and retreat, evening “chow,” night study in a supervised mess hall, and like a child scarcely out of arms, hustled to bed at 9:30, lights out, and taps at 10:00, at which time I was supposed to be breathing gently in the throes of (soft) slumber.

I shall never forget my first week in the trenches. Monday and Tuesday we dug them. They gave us beautiful picks and shovels, and with beautiful enthusiasm, we started on firing bays and traverses and communication trenches. “Pep,” soft hands and hard heads; it was a great combination! Ever see an ambitious dog mining out a woodchuck? That’s how we began. The spectacle was inspiring. A hopeful observer would have had the Boches already fished. But at the end of an hour the barrage of clods died down to a spasmodic toss or two. Casualties for the regiment were then counted and classified as follows: enthusiasm quite dead, six broken skulls, and eight thousand blisters and minor abrasions. Thereafter we adopted the union pace and kept the first aid stations less busy. But we dug the trenches, drained them properly, and constructed a number of commodious dugouts where we anticipated shelter and rest during reliefs of the coming night.

Alas for the fond plans of men turned mice. They have cute and inscrutable ways in the army, and we get a good demonstration of them the eve of our first occupancy of the trenches over night. They took us out of our newly dug spick and span affairs and assigned us to some badly drained ones, burrowed out by the first camp. The mud therein was of the consistency of thick gravy and knee deep. As they did not take us there until after dark, we got the full effect all at once. It was a black night, fit for a murder or something anyway, and when we were thrust by the brutal force of an army command down into those Stygian labyrinths, I recalled the cheerful sign over Dante’s inferno. However, ours but to do and dive. All night long, we sludged those gumbo gutters: dugout to firing bench, firing bench to dugout, relief by relief, and innumerable stand-tos when patrols had battle
royals along the ravine in front and an attack in force seemed imminent. To the new from civil life a single shot assured a reign of terror; the night was full of excursions and alarms and the fearful mystery of the unknowable. And ever along the parapets that nature had begun to take over for her own the golden rod waved tranquil fronds and the poison ivy caressed the casual cheek.

I got lost in the labyrinths two or three times that weird first night. I have a fair wood sense that has oriented me through many a woodland, dark and strange. Feet that have gone a-forests often have an instinct for the least trace of pathway. But slush discourages the most faithful of feet. There simply isn't any foot-feel about a trench. One traverse is like another in the dark. So I came one time suddenly into a strange firing bay and into a hoarse and startling challenge to know who was there. At the same moment a gun muzzle was shoved into my diaphragm.

You must know, "Doc," getting ready for war is almost as scary a proposition as getting into war itself. The cards are all stacked against you. You don't know what's what in these maneuvers and the enemy is likely to be anywhere. There were two good and sufficient reasons why I wanted to get away from that place at once. One was to avoid the ignominy of being captured; the other was the possibility of that gun going off when it jammed against my anatomy. Rooky warriors have hair trigger nerves. The fact that all cartridges were blank didn't mitigate the matter in the least. At that range and juxtaposition, a gun wad is as deadly as a 42 cm. shell.

I went back up the trench hitting only the high spots, which in this case were two other unoriented members of my company who were following me as one sheep follows another. I just went on, up, and over them, and was on my way back to the straying point ere the echoes of the challenge had died away. At that, the other two almost beat me to the turn of the traverse. It was some stampede.

We came out of those trenches shortly after dawn, and heavy eyed as we were, went back again to our own sector, putting in drains and new traverses. Not till noon did we lay aside our picks and shovels and march back to barracks for mess and a general cleaning-up. We were mud caked and dog tired. I recall the scene in my squad room after dinner where on every bunk a man, lumpy and hard, lay in childlike abandon to fatigue; and particularly the picture presented by one poor fellow who had sat down on a trunk locker to read a letter from his sweetheart, and halfway through had been overtaken by the deadening drowse of fatigue. There he sat, back against the wall, his head on his chest, the half-read letter telling him perhaps everything he most wanted to hear, still held open in his lap by a fond but masterless hand—a genre spectacle, simple, touching, sublime.

During this first month we underwent another characteristic army experience, that of being shot by the doctors. To them, every man's system is a battleground of germs, friendly and hostile. In camp and field, where men congest, sanitation is unsure, and exposure to adverse weather, a matter of regime, invasion by millions of hostiles is always imminent. Medical preparedness consists in the mobilization of friendly millions at strategic points in the system. These mobilizations are called typhoid and paratyphoid shots and vaccine scratches. Each man then experiences a mild fore-taste of what the actual disease would be. He has local irritations and swellings, sore arms, and fevers. If he is high blooded he is likely to drop in the ranks while marching or after standing over-long at attention. Sometimes he goes to the hospital.

"Shooting" time is apparently viewed with keen joy by the doctors, but often with agonies of apprehension by the "shootee." The army procedure is as effective and relentless as marshaling steers through a slaughter house. There is no escape. In private life a parent might share a timid offspring's aversion to the shot and secure exemption. In the army that same offspring falls in line and goes through. The line shortens; each man is brought to the ordeal. An assistant as he passes swabs the right spot with iodine, and then the doctor reaches for the arm and inserts the needle. It is like getting action from a
very healthy and very angry hornet. Most of the agony is in the anticipation.

They tell a story, perhaps perennial, of a man, a member of company seven, who had worried much over the coming shot and when his turn came was in the last stage of nerves. The assistant reached for his arm and stabbed it with the iodine sponge. The man promptly fainted.

I have mentioned the little fevers that follow on the shots. These are not very serious, but in certain types of men delirium ensues during the following night. Then the embryo soldier recounts recent and vivid life experiences. Everyone knows that soldier partings leave peculiar and acute memories.

Thus the recital of an incident that happened in the squadron after the first week's shot will be understood and appreciated. It was near midnight. Though lights had gone out at 9:30, the men were yet awake, uneasy with fever. One poor fellow in a bunk near mine was quite gone, and muttering loudly in his delirium. Finally, his voice lifted in the memory plea of a still poignant parting. "Kiss me again, dear; kiss me again!" And the squadron roared, for all the aching heads and racked bones.

I have spoken too, of the early difficulties I had with my rifle. But inability to juggle it according to the manual of arms was only part of my troubles. There was in addition, that rather meticulous matter of keeping it clean. No rust goes in the army, nor can any man hope to escape the accumulation of it by liberal coatings of oil. Oil may be used, but it must not be in evidence. It must be wiped off. Then every part of the gun will present a shining surface. Elbow grease is the approved and efficacious unguent. The rifle, to pass inspection, must be swabbed and manicured and chiropodized every day of its active life. Thoroughly to clean it and keep it clean is an art, the art of intelligent labor.

I shall never forget my first sight of inspection of arms. The day after I reached camp a company was cut on the parade ground near where our own had been halted, presumably to give us a chance to see the performance. The other went through a maneuver which I subsequently learned was "open ranks." Then an officer, who gave me an impression at that moment of being the most important man in the world, stepped up to the first man of the front rank and jerked his gun away from him, at the same time looking him in the face as though he were sore or something. Next, he twisted the gun this way and that, darting venomous glances at chamber and sights and sling swivels, then squinted viciously down the bore, tilted the gun sharply against the sky, brought it down again, jerked it around and looked at the butt, and all at once crashed that butt against the soldier's face. Only not quite. It stopped most miraculously an inch from his nose. It was a polite way of opening the eyes of the soldier to the fact that a most damnable bit of dirt was visible in the cross-hatched metal there. Then in a seeming last climax of rage the gun was jammed back into the hands of its hapless owner. Thus did that officer to virtually every man in that company. It was a humorous and terrifying spectacle.

My own turn was to come a week later, on a Saturday morning at nine, when a regimental inspection was held. Everyone in the company had been diligently at his gun. I had put in considerable on mine, and by 8:45 had it looking to my eye like a new minted dollar. Comparable to those rusty floberts of my boyhood, it was perfection. As we opened ranks at nine, I was quite confident that not only would my weapon pass, but it would receive special commendation from the regimental commander, why, I actually visioned him holding it aloft as a model.

Down the line he came, the battalion commander and our captain following him as staff. Click, click; bolts opened shot home. I heard the regimental commander's voice. It wasn't all pleasant in tone, so I knew many were getting "bawled out". But I was still confident, assured. My gun at least was clean. He stopped at last in front of me. Up I came to port, drew back the bolt, and lifted a calm and steadfast gaze to his. With impersonal violence he took that hygienic masterpiece. He gave one twist and three squints. A look of disgust came over his face. He turned to my com-
pany commander—"Captain," he said, "the farther down the line, the worse they get." The captain's brows, already thunder black, darkened still further. I was reduced to a grain of dust.

The upshot of it all was, we had to stand a special company inspection at 11:30, and the hapless owners of the guns that didn't pass inspection then would lose leave for a week end. I had planned to go to Chicago, so you can imagine I put in some active moments. 11:30 and out we went.

It was a very warm morning for September and we stood out in the full glare of the sun and for thirty-two minutes we stood there. Only he who has maintained the rigid attitude of attention for that length of time will understand the strain. Seven men who were still fever shot from vaccination fell in the ranks. But we were being punished and no sympathy was in evidence.

The lieutenant, a man with plenty of snap and incisive speech, examined the rear rank—mine. He shared the captain's frame of mind that morning. A sergeant followed him taking the names of those still delinquent in the matter of gun hygiene. I had worked carefully on mine, but wasn't so sure this time. And then I was up against fate, to an extent of which I was only faintly aware. When guns are put away for a period of idleness, they are clogged with cosmoline, something germane to both vaseline and axle grease. The interstices of my rifle were still full of it and the wood of the stock was saturated with it. In the heat of the sun, this cosmoline thinned out and ran down into the chamber. And there I stood at attention, waiting to go to Chicago.

Now, I liked that lieutenant and thought he liked me. But as he jerked that gun from me he might have been an officer of the Spanish inquisition confronting a heretic. He shoved the chamber of the gun up into my face. It was reeking with oil. "Ever clean that gun?" he snapped. "Yes, sir," I answered stoutly, "several times."

"Well, clean it several times more. Take his name, sergeant!" Actually, a lump came up in my throat and tears welled in my eyes. I was hurt as a child punished is hurt. Not only my leave was lost and Chicago out of the question, but my pride was hurt, too. During the rest of that inspection, I stood there in the sun, outwardly a soldier, stolid to fortune, but inwardly a man still a boy with a lump in his throat.

Yet, take it all and by, that three months at Sheridan was a wonderful experience. Things happened in it I would not have detached from my life, either in what was done to me or what simply happened to me, so that memory alone holds trace of them. Even at that time I appreciated the good I was getting out of the work and I would laugh at myself when I was pitifully inept and even ridiculous. Now apart from the tragic significance of that training, all is good to recall. I can revision myself digging down Dead Horse lane, so cognomened because the trench was plotted through the body of a horse not so long defunct that the corpse was all metamorphosed into fragrant field flowers; of sitting on a wet October morning in a dugout, watching a stream of mud flow by; of lying flat on a sodden field at a November maneuver; of learning to shoot and hike and stand guard and even to go to school again. And, somehow more than all, to appreciate the comradeship of men, foregathered for a common purpose and while earnest as crusaders, become simple as children in the living out of a common lot.

Curiously enough, we rarely talked about the war, those days of training. That is for the civilian who, remote from and in his own person unaffected by the firing line, can ramify his conjectures and opinions to the length and breadth of the English language. When a man comes into the army he is as one consecrated to a purpose. His will, his very individuality, that inexplicable quality within him that conjectures and opinions, is subordinated to a more potent intelligence, that of the war department. Henceforth, the will of that intelligence is his, and sensing that he surrenders his inalienable right as a citizen—within discretionary limits—to discuss, direct, and settle the war. His proper purpose now is to fit himself for that role to which he has committed himself. So he concerns himself with drills, tactics, and man-
euvers, that will fit all wars. He recreates with simple diversions. He doesn’t even want war movies put on the screen before him. A love drama will do nicely, or a music mad congerie of good looking girls. Sometime in the future, he knows when he lets himself think of it, there may be a cold parapet to climb, the threshold of No-Man’s Land. That region will be swept by flying death and it will call out the last ounce of manhood in him to get his first footing there. To dwell on that would be madness, invite the worse disaster of vacillation. So he doesn’t think, but prepares and waits.

Herbert W. Read
Lt. Inf. N. A.
U. S. S. Hancock, Nov. 29, 1917

Dr. Wm. McCracken,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Mr. McCracken:

Today is Thanksgiving and a day of rest, but I am going to try and give you a description of my life so far in the Navy. We were called out August 6, 1917, and sent to Saunders Range, Md., a summer camp, about 10 miles from Baltimore city. Immediately after arrival in camp we were assigned our quarters and issued clothing. As luck would have it, our officers were a fine bunch. The duty of the day was drill forenoons and practice signaling, knot tying, and artillery drill afternoons. Now and then, according to divisions, we went rowing, and had our shooting practice. These two sports are best of all to my notion. I made Marksman, but have a brother here who made Expert and Distinguished Rifleman. After the sweat and toil of the day was over the big “Y” tent was the center of attraction. The “Y” held entertainments quite often and in between these nights some of our boys staged boxing bouts, and the ukelele trio of the camp was highly received. Saturday afternoons and Sundays were our holidays, and baseball, indoor, basketball, football and boxing were our sports. On Friday nights boxing bouts were held in an improvised ring in the “Y.” On one occasion I was a participant with a Maryland lightweight. The result was after two minutes of action, “double time,” the bout was called off by the referee. They say it was in my favor, but my track work under Mr. Hyames at old “Western” must have been the cause of it. Having trained nine weeks on the rifle range, we went to Baltimore to seek warm quarters and await our next orders. We spent three weeks in Baltimore and were finally ordered to Norfolk, Va. On my third day in the Norfolk navy yards a draft of forty men were shipped to the U. S. S. Hancock. My brother and I were fortunate to be on the same draft. From Norfolk the men were scattered and shipped to all points. Mr. Worden is on the U. S. S. Hancock, big marine transport, four hundred and fifty feet in length. The Hancock was anchored in Hampton Roads on the third and since then we have sailed to Philadelphia, Pa. At “Philly” we received orders to transport the 8th Reg. of Marines and supplies to Galveston, Texas, where we are now tied up. On the fifth day at sea I was seasick for the first time, but I had plenty of company. What I have seen of the Navy so far I like fairly well. I have one kick coming, though. I don’t see why they didn’t assign me to a battle ship. I would like to mix it with some of the Kaiser’s sea-going men.

Well, Mr. McCracken, I must bring this to a close, as I have already written a book. Perhaps you can pick out some material from this ragged description of mine. Please excuse hasty scribbling and mistakes. I long to be back at Western, but our country calls now. In case war ends in a couple of years or less I intend to take up work at Normal again. Hoping to hear from you again soon I am

Sincerely,
Neal La Vanway
U. S. S. Hancock, care of N. Y. P. M.

Santo Domingo

Dr. Wm. McCracken,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Dr. McCracken:

I was very glad to receive your letter last night, and as the mail boat leaves for the States tomorrow morning, I will answer immediately. We have been here for five weeks and are doing guard duty. Of all our experiences in this war, I know none of the fellows will forget the
the “boat” camp. It was at Paris Island I took my preliminary training. The island lies close to the South Carolina coast, midway between Charleston and Savannah. Upon arrival we were sent to the Quarantine Camp, where for a few days we had nothing to do but eat, sleep and answer innumerable calls at the demand of the examining surgeon. We were accepted, “sworn in” and given our uniforms in one day.

The Marines have five camps in various parts of the island, being transferred from one to the other as the training progresses. The trip through the different camps is called “Around the world in eighty days.”

The first two weeks were spent in simple movements and trying to keep out of the “awkward” squad. I believe our greatest work here was in the mess hall, where we accomplished wonders.

We hiked to the maneuvering grounds for our next stop, which is known as the hardening process. It was here we did the hardest work of our young lives, which put everyone in fine physical shape. We had an all day task carrying shells, not the three-inch variety, but oyster shells. Some of the fellows would write home and tell about carrying shells, not mentioning the kind.

It goes without saying that our “non-com.” had us on the jump and as some of the fellows expressed it, “Life is one dog-gone inspection after another.”

We were very glad to get our rifles and were soon learning the “Manual of Arms.” Eating out of our mess-gear soon became easy, so that we could balance things in each hand without dropping anything.

One of the greatest tasks of all was, of course, washing clothes. There may have been some fellows that liked it, but I didn’t happen to run across any. Our sergeant inspected our clothes and if he found any dirt, down on the ground they would land to be washed over again.

Our next trip was to the new barracks. Here we had company, regimental and battalion drills and a “pleasant three weeks on the rifle range. We had a week’s practice “snapping in,” then two weeks’ target shooting before we shot for record. Each man receives individual instruction during the time he is on the range.

There are two fine Y. M. C. A. buildings at this camp, basketball courts and athletic supplies of all kinds. Some great programs were given in the Y. M. C. A., it also being a meeting place for the fellows.

Every one in my company was in fine physical shape at the end of our training, never felt better. Of course, we were all eager to see real service, and glad to receive orders to move. In Santo Domingo we have already had great experiences, doing guard duty and getting further training. On Thanksgiving Day we are to have baseball games, boxing and several races.

I was very glad to hear of Western’s success on the football field this year. I know of the fine spirit at Western which helps the team along.

I would like to be remembered at Western to my friends on the faculty.

Yours sincerely,

Private C. D. Welden,
Santo Domingo, B. D., care of Postmaster, New York City.
WHAT I THINK AFTER THREE MONTHS' SERVICE.

When I consented to write an article for the Record it looked easy. "Sure," said I to Doc. McCracken, "What shall I write about?"—just like that. And the editor said: "Oh, anything that you happen to think about. Some of the things that our readers would be interested in, something they haven't heard before, try something new. Just be natural and sane at all times, and whatever happens to ramble through your head, that you think would cause some hesitation in these pages as we glance through them; put it down, and we'll throw the little old blue pencil away when your stuff comes in."

Now that sounds reasonable, and being a man of impulse, I fell for it. I have always cherished the thought of bursting into print, but when confronted with the task of writing something new and interesting, something you haven't heard of in the annals of war, I am seized with confusion and chaos. Undoubtedly there are more incidents related in the daily papers in one day than the average Doughboy witnesses in a month. We sometimes wonder where they find it all, and I might say that these articles are censured by more than a majority of the bunks in the camp. We do appreciate the efforts of the ambitious reporters. It does our hearts good to know that some of our comrades in the camp are reveling in the realism of war. Stretch your imaginations slightly and we would be on the Western front. In the minds of some who read these articles there passes the horrible picture of Camp Custer men going over the top, leaping nimbly over hand grenades, and after struggling through wire fence entanglements and being peppered by machine gun fire, finally arriving in a position where the carving of Kaiser Bill's men is the next thing in order.

Every man drafted in the service had his own idea what army life would be. He hearkened to the sympathetic outbursts of people sorry and not proud of him. He saw hardship ahead of him and just knew he could not stand it. Night after night he undoubtedly tossed in rest, a phantom passing through his mind, in which he would be walking post with spies and snipers at every angle ready and eager to make him a member of the honored thousands. He pictured himself eating hard tack and a piece of bacon, and then after that lying out in the cold with nothing to cover him but a single blanket, suffering untold misery there. Could he stand it? Never! He gave the subject so much of his thought and time that he lost all sense of duty. Up to the last day he carried the dominating idea he was to be dragged from home and loving parents to be crippled for life, and probably killed. There was no other way of looking at it. To consider it from another point of attack was utterly out of the question. Death was inevitable. And so he went to prepare for war.

They say, there's one born every minute; but if believers in the last paragraph were classed as such the number would be more than tripled. I will not say that the majority were disappointed, for the first few nights that they were here they seemed to be lost to civilization. In the years that are to come, I hope I may never have the chance of witnessing so many men in one crowd, putting in their first night away from home. There is a sign displayed around the camp, which reads as follows: "Don't write news. But if you must write news, write good news". I'll try and adhere to that as much as I possibly can; but if I wander from this wise and thoughtful guidance to letter writing, please do not think I am playing for sympathy for the soldier, for the Real Sammy does not care for it.

The object that he desires most after arriving in camp is a uniform. But he is rather disappointed in getting it, for it usually takes from one to two weeks, and sometimes longer than that. The moment that he steps in the finest suit on earth, he is fifty percent soldier. He feels important, an individual, in fact, he passes through a sort of second birth and the new man realizes his first sense of duty. He firmly believes that now he is a soldier; but he must grow to his clothes before he looks like one. "Hands in his pockets Jake" feels in a foreign atmosphere, but being unable to find anything that will image himself, he has the satisfying impression that he is stately.
and grand. Grand in more ways than one. Speaking in terms of the soldier, beautiful and attractive, chiefly the latter.

A large number of civilians judge the man in uniform as a person who imagines that his estate comprises half the world. Incidents of an enormous number give proof to these remarks. I am sorry that the moral standards of the uniform run at such a low rate. But I firmly believe that the conspicuous habiliment has much to do with this impression. The unnoticeable actions of the civilian *masher* never fails to become noticeable on the part of the soldier. For fear that nothing is being done to quell these insults of good moral standards, I will dwell further on the subject in my treatise of the Military Police.

It is the hope of every command that the "All There" effect the uniform places on the soldier in the beginning, will never be lost. He adapts himself to the uniform and gradually loses his individuality, but his confidence never leaves him. If it did he would be useless as a member of this Man's Army. From the time the habit is donned he realizes a sense of sacrifice and obedience. If you ever have the pleasure of seeing the soldiers at work, it would be well to notice the latter. I do not think that the soldier is driven, as it is sometimes reported. Neither do I think that it is forced upon him by rigid Military Law. A realization of the work that he is expected to do, and a conscious understanding of what he is here for directs him in the duties of the soldier. It seems as if you could drill a man a month and he would not act like a soldier till after he has received his uniform. So the khaki plays an important part in the beginning and that's the reason why I say, the initial robing makes him fifty percent soldier.

The last fifty percent, which might be classed as efficiency, does not come so easily. It is going to be work of the hardest kind, and many that looked good in the beginning have fallen by the way side. The first nine months witnessed a number of discharges of this kind. The making of a soldier is sung in every key. Every day some article comes from the press telling how the rookies are transformed into fighting men. It seems flavored with exciting incidents, and I sometimes think it is. Drill to the average soldier becomes a tiresome trade. It is the same thing over again, day after day, with the great aim of perfection. The captain who can make his company move as one man is efficient. The details of this work seem to simmer down to the position of the fingers as they are carried, in handling the gun. I will rehearse for you the general line of prattle and commands that the drilling soldier receives, eight to nine hours a day, and try to imagine yourself, in hobnailed shoes, stepping one hundred and twenty paces to the minute, and obeying all commands and directions. "Attention! Squads right, March, 1 2 3 4 1 2 3—Column Left. Hold that pivot there, Number one man; 1 2 3 Get-the-Step 4—Squads right, March! Step off; the guide is right, dress up, fine, hold it, 1 2 3 4; Don't hurry. QUIT THAT MILLING AND JAMMING DOWN THERE!!!! !—That's better, Hurry up Smith, you'll get lost. Cover off your man. SQUADS LEFT—MARCH!!! Get your distance, don't jam up there in the third squad, 1 2 3 4 I etc. SQUADS RIGHT—HO!!!! COMPANY-Y-Y HALT 1 2 REST. Bring those guns down together, men; think what you're doing. Don't think that you're back home, sitting in the swing with your best girl. The better you do this the quicker you'll get to the barracks. Mavoriski, step off with the left foot this time or I'll put you in the awkward squad. Which is your left foot, Tony? Good! Now see that you step off with it this time. ATTENTION, Get those heads up, FORWARD, MARCH—" and so it goes; the molding of a human machine. It's the drilling of obedience until all men move together. To move in column formation until you do not have to think twice what to do. To relieve the men of hesitation in their actions, until when the command of "OVER THE TOP" is given they rise like one, and advance without thought of what is ahead.

It is needless to say that at last the Y. M. C. A. has stepped into its own, and the good that it does is immeasurable. I cannot imagine what the pastime of the soldier would be if it were not for
this institution. There would probably be more of the Great American game played than there is at the present time. The G. A. G. is known as Stud and Draw Poker, and many a rookie has been relieved of his coin the night after pay day by indulging. It is a pleasure to report to you that in the last three weeks the gambling has been stopped (thanks to the efforts of the Military Police) and the Y. M. C. A. is rapidly taking these men under its wing. You have doubtless heard that the "Y" furnishes free stationery, free motion pictures, your home town paper, regardless of where you come from, a library, all kinds of sports, but to the soldier it means more than that. To him it is "Home". A place to go to after a hard day's work. Something to relieve his mind of mal-content. While he is there he nearly forgets that he is in the Army. It is there that he comes in direct contact with the best that there is. A night never passes without some sort of entertainment, and it grows better as each day passes. Because those back home are giving this we feel closer to them. It breaks the barrier which marked the soldier from the civilian, for it gives the same entertainment to the fighter that the civilian back home is enjoying. To me the Y. M. C. A. is the connecting link between the soldier and the civilian.

There is not an organization in Camp Custer that I prefer to talk or write about more than the Military Police. Probably because I have the honor of being connected with it. As I understand it, the Military Police is something new in the United States Army. It was first tried out on the Mexican border, being composed of the 7th Cavalry unit. It proved such a success that the thought of doing without it would never be considered. When the men were taken from the border, the Seventh Cavalry became an unknown quantity, though a new organization was formed under that head and so it still exists. The unit was divided into details of about twelve men each, and sent to the different cantonments as the nucleus for a Military Police organization.

The Military Police consists of two companies of one hundred and fifty men each, and a headquarters of twelve men. The entire organization being under the supervision of eight officers. The Provost Marshall is the commanding officer of the troop, and controls the disciplinary actions of the Camp.

It seems that an organization of three hundred and twelve men would be able to keep the soldiers of Camp Custer well within the bounds of military discipline, and I think that we do. Our patrols are on the streets of the principal towns visited by the soldiers during the days that they have off, and a night and day patrol is kept in the city of Battle Creek at all times.

With the regular patrol men, work the Special Duty men. There is nothing about them, when on duty, that would distinguish them from the ordinary soldier. In fact you would think that they were members of the Infantry, from general appearances. Nevertheless they carry the necessary prerequisite for identification and preserving order if an occasion occurs.

Special Duty is something that every member of the organization wishes to be placed upon, for it means excitement; that is, if he is clever enough. To catch a bootlegger means quite a feather in his cap, and through his efforts many of them are brought in. The immoral vice that the Military Police has to fight in order to keep the physical efficiency of the American Army as high as possible is enormous. This is not a mere passing remark, or I would not make it. It is a bald unpalatable fact, and it is hard to swallow. Knowing the ravages of this disease on the Western front today, it is the aim of the higher authorities of the U. S. Army to place in the trenches men that are physically fit and able to stand the racket. A soldier not in shape for duty is a drag, and his value less than worthless. At present this is the biggest aim of the Military Police, and in it we have to fight the civilian more than we do the soldier. The last few weeks have even found the civil authorities working against us. But there is one thing in this, you can't buck the Military Police, and the records shown in our headquarters prove that our efforts have not been fruitless.

It seems that there are two things that every soldier is supposed to know. Two
LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

Kansas City schools when the idea of the training school sprouted. When the time came for the applicants to apply I put in my application and was accepted. I was released from school duty on May 12, 1917, and left for Fort Riley, Kansas, the following day, arriving Sunday morning. I was assigned to the 12th company. After the first week's training I received my first promotion from a buck private in the rear rank to a corporal. The first five weeks we were all given Infantry training. Then a shake-up occurred and we were all given a chance to go to the branch of the service which we longed for. I chose the Artillery, but after being in that branch for a week, decided that I might be better off in the Infantry, so transferred to the 3rd Co., where I remained throughout the camp. On July 3rd I was again promoted to a sergeant, and at the end of Camp, Aug. 15, 1917, I was handed a commission in the U.S. Reserve Corps, Infantry Section, as a second lieutenant.

We were given a 14 day furlough which pleased us very much, for most of us had not been home in a long while. We were given orders to report back to the Fort not later than Aug. 29. On arriving at the Fort after two weeks of the most enjoyable time, we were given orders to report to the 39th National Guard Division, located at Deming, New Mexico. After arriving at Deming we were assigned to the different units. Myself, I, being rather lucky, drew the Supply Co. of the 134th Infantry, which by the way, used to be the old 5th Nebraska organization. I remained there for seven weeks, when all of us reserve officers were sent to Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma. The 35th National Guard Division is located here and I was assigned, or rather to be more truthful, attached to the Headquarters Company of the 128th Field Artillery, a St. Louis organization.

The Reserve officers refuse to accept a like National Guard commission, so we are waiting to get results. We think we were made for the National Army and long to be with them.

Some life Doctor. I enjoy the army for the country's sake, but if I am a lucky one to come back from over the pond, when Kaiser Bill will be no more,
I will be among the ones who will wish to get back to civilian life.

Yours truly,

Lieut. Roy A. Thomas
Better known as "Tommy."

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1917.

Dear Dr. McCracken:

I suppose that you have been waiting to hear from me for some time. Well, since I wrote you last, I have been transferred off the Massachusetts and at the present time I am at the City Parks Barracks, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Just before leaving Newport, R. I., I caught cold and got a nice sore throat. Saw the doctor as soon as I came here. He put me in an isolation ward with some other fellows and have been here ever since. The hospital apprentice here takes a culture of our throat every day. So far I have been getting nothing but positive cultures. Don't know if you want to call it luck or not. Anyway it means to stay in. We have to have five negatives in order to get out. All in a row, too. I guess I am good enough for New Year's day and maybe longer, too. It's hard telling how long. One of the boys has been in here for over a month. I forgot to tell you the reason for being put in here. It is to see whether we have diphtheria germs or not. All the positive ones are the germ carriers. All of us are feeling good. Not sick at all. Nothing to do but eat, sleep, read and write.

Xmas day we certainly had some meal. Had so much that we ate only one meal all day. Here's our menu:

Celery Olives Gherkins
Tomato Bisque Escallop Oysters Coontons
Roast Maryland Turkey Giblet Gravy Cranberry Sauce
Sage Dressing Baked Stuffed Potatoes Glazed Sweet Potatoes
Creamed Cauliflower Creamed Carrots and Peas Sweet Cider
Christmas Plum Pudding Hard Sauce
Assorted Nuts American Cheese Coffee
Candy Cigars Cigarettes

I don't think that any of the boys went hungry. If they did it was their own fault.

In the evening there was a dance in the mess hall. I am going to make up for all lost time as soon as I am out of this place.

Well, Dr. McCracken, I wish you, the rest of the faculty, and all my Normal friends a very Happy New Year. Hoping to hear from you again, I remain

Yours sincerely,

Marcus Lund

U. S. Armed Guard,
City Parks Barracks
Brooklyn, N. Y.

LIFE ON BOARD SHIP

The routine of the day's work on board ship is as follows:

4:00 A.M. Call ship's of the watch.
4:30 Fires started in running steamer.
4:45 Call masters-at-arms, boatswain's mates, buglers, and hammock stowers.
5:00 Reveille; call all hands, pipe "up hammocks;" serve out coffee; light smoking lamp.
5:15 Haul over hammocks, clothes, and stop them down. Masters-at-arms report decks clear of hammocks.
5:25 Off shoes and socks, or put on boots, according to weather conditions. Get out wash deck gear.
5:30 Turn to. Out smoking lamp. Execute morning orders. Stow away ditty boxes; clear lower decks. Five minutes before sunrise, station men for turning off anchor, boom and gangway lights.
7:15 Mess gear. Light smoking lamp. Publish uniform of the day.
8:00 Colors.
8:15 Turn to; out smoking lamp.
8:30 Sick call.
8:45 Retreat from bright work. Sweep down. Stow away all war deck gear and all ditty boxes. Clear up the deck for quarters.
9:10 Officers' call. Divisions fall in for muster.
9:15 Quarters for muster. (Inspection on Saturdays.) Physical drill followed by drill prescribed.
11:30 Retreat from drill. Sweep down. Light smoking lamp. Muster for reports and requests.
12:00 m. Dinner
12:30 p.m. Band call. Band concert till 1:00.
1:00 Turn to. Out smoking lamp.
Pipe sweepers. Pipe down aired bedding if up. Pipe down wash clothes.
1:30 Drill.
2:30 Retreat from drill. Turn to.
4:00 Knock off work.
4:30 Scrub and wash clothes.
5:45 Mess gear.
6:00 Supper. Five minutes before sunset call guard of the day and band.
Turn on lights at sunset.
6:30 Pipe sweepers.
7:30 Hammocks. No smoking below decks.
8:30 Trice up clothes line.
8:55 First call; out smoking lamp.
9:00 Tattoo. Pipe down. Silence.
Muster and set first anchor watch.
9:05 Taps.
The routine at sea is practically the same as above, with this difference, that the masthead, wheel and lookouts are relieved every two hours. In port the watches are relieved every four hours.
On Mondays and Thursdays all bedding is aired. Friday is "field day." On this day the whole ship is cleaned all over for Saturday's inspection. Each man has his own cleaning quarters and is responsible for it.
Drills, such as fire, abandon ship, clear ship for action or torpedo defense are given whenever they are least expected, to keep the men in training.
Everyone on board ship has a station billet, giving his station for all drills, quarters, place where to swing hammock, eat, and where to keep same and sea bag. Here's my station billet.
U. S. Ship Massachusetts
Division A4, Section 3. Port 1
Name. Lund, M.
Ship's No. A4312. Rate M. M. 2 Class
Gun No., Shellman
Boat No., No. 2 Sailor
Handling Room
Camp B 25
Mess No., Table 23, Seat 8
Stow: Hammocks. Port side superstructure, aft.
Bags: Port mess hall
Fire Station: Spannerman Plug No. 34
Collision Station: Hoggling lines
Abandon Ship: No. 2 Sailor, 1 and 2 trip
Anchor or Underway: Quarters
Dock: Tend spring line
Coaling: On barge
Cleaning: Mess hall
I have not gone very much into detail here, but have given you just a skeleton. It will probably give you an idea of what a sailor has to do each day.

U. S. Ambulance Service,
Allentown, Pa.
Dec. 12, 1917.
Dr. Wm. McCracken.
Dear Friend:
We four Normal men were very happily surprised this morning when we received the boxes. It immediately reminded us that our letter for your special war issue was nearly due.
Three days after the close of the spring term we reported in Battle Creek, ready to leave for Allentown, Pa., the training camp for the United States Army Ambulance Service. There are nearly 5,000 of us here—all enlisted men—and the great majority from colleges and universities. Nearly every school of any importance in the country is represented.
This is a wonderful country—rich in historical interest, and we have utilized every opportunity to visit the various places of interest in this vicinity. We have scoured Philadelphia several times. The Liberty Bell was hidden at a local church for several months during the Revolution.

We have been trained in the customary foot-drill and also in ambulance driving, litter drill and first aid work. For the past five weeks we were in camp near Allentown, where we lived in a primitive cave-man fashion in dugouts, and enjoyed the experience immensely. The story of this camp was featured in all the metropolitan papers, as it was the only military camp of such a nature in the country. We broke camp in a blinding snow storm and marched to Allentown. We were indeed a motley looking crew, hair and eyebrows white with frozen sleet and faces black with dirt and soot and smoke from the burning dugouts. Napoleon's men in their retreat from Moscow had nothing on us.
We expected to leave for France within two weeks after our arrival in camp, but nearly six months have come and gone and we are still here. The indications point to the fact that we shall go across soon after the holidays.

We are indeed very grateful for the gifts.

Henry B. Mulder,
C. M. Austin,
R. F. Dobberteen,
Edwin O. Ashley.

Columbus, O., Sunday, Dec. 16, '17.

Dear Dr. McCracken:

Yours of the 5th was a pleasant surprise. Of course, I couldn't refuse an old friend a request for a letter although there is very little to tell about myself that you would be interested in.

As perhaps you know, I spent most of last summer in France; working in one of the French airplane engine factories and studying the construction of their engines. The factory at which I was stationed was just outside Paris, a half hours' ride on the steam car, or a half hour's ride on the electric train. Their trams do not compare very favorably with our street railways, and so we always used the steam road.

Perhaps a description of a German air raid on Paris would be interesting to you. I was in Paris one Saturday evening in August and had just returned to the hotel after the theater, when the fire wagons came dashing down the street, sounding their sirens in warning of an air raid. The anti aircraft guns began booming as the French fighting machines took the air to drive off the enemy that had been discovered by their scouts. Their lights gleamed like distant stars as they climbed up and up until lost to sight.

Instead of taking cover, the people flocked to the streets which were in total darkness; not a single light was visible anywhere. Everyone craned his neck for a sight of the raiders, but the long searching fingers of the searchlights seemed to reach into the clouds in vain. Then they seemed to focus on a fleck of cloud which was in rapid motion. The flash of bursting shrapnel seemed to gather underneath this fleck, this tiny spot. The French planes darted rapidly toward it and then we realized that it was the Boche. He was climbing and was soon lost to view. In a little while the sirens again sounded, this time to signal that all was clear and that the enemy had been driven off. In the morning we learned that he had attempted to bomb the aerodrome just outside the city but had hit nothing of more strategic importance than a coal yard.

On the ship in which I returned I met a couple of lads who were returning with some fifty others from Syria. These lads, whose name I believe is Crawford, told me that they had an uncle at Kalamazoo Normal, whose name is McCracken. Right away we were on common ground and I enjoyed their society immensely. It's really a small place, this world, isn't it?

Since my return to this country I have been engaged in the Inspection Service of the Signal Corps of the Army. My work consists of inspecting and passing, or rejecting, as the case may be, materials and parts for airplane engine construction. At present my work is here in Columbus, but I hope before long to be transferred back to the Detroit district, where I was stationed before being sent here.

I wonder if you people at the good old school on the hill know how much those Christmas boxes meant to those chaps away from home and friends that you were kind enough to remember. Certainly, I for one was more than glad to know that the old school hadn't forgotten me entirely and that box brought a whole lot more to me than its material contents, which needless to say didn't last long. But the other things it brought will stay with me always.

If you wish to use some, all or none of this letter for the Record, I shall be only too glad to have you do as you see fit. With kindest regards for you and all other friends there, I am

Sincerely yours,

Archie P. Nevins.

P. S. I noticed you addressed me as Captain. Much obliged for the compliment, but the coat is too big. I can't wear it.

A. P. N.
Dear Mr. Hickey:

I'm really ashamed of myself for not writing sooner, but—always something! I'm a confirmed procrastinator. I guess, forever and ever putting off the letters until I get the whole family at my heels—then my letters always take the form of an apology.

First, I must thank you for the letter you wrote for me—which I never used. Neither Ed. nor Ralph would consider going into aviation with me, and when it came to going alone, I didn't want to. We have so many good times together that I decided to stick. If I want to try it when I get there I may still do so, as I have my blank and recommendations still.

We have left Allentown and are now out in the country—"somewhere in Pa." wallowing around in the mud and playing "We are in Flanders." We may be able to return Dec. 1, but the chances are that we will be there until Dec. 15th.

To make things as comfortable as possible we are making a dugout." There are four of us together: "Hank" Mulder, Ralph, Ed. and myself, and we already have it most completed. We have been out there ten days now and are just beginning to understand why the miners and lumberjacks spend a season's earning in one big spree. Last night we came into town and spent about $39.00 in the course of six hours—eating, bathing, "prettying up," and theaters. We came in again today (excepting privilege) and did it again—not the money, I mean, but ate—real meals—and real bath with hot water and all those luxuries.

We have a sergeant who loves Ralph and Ed.—like poison. He put them on a permanent kitchen detail. They were not needed there, so the mess sergeant dismissed them. They did not report this to our sergeant, so they now live like kings. Eat the best (which isn't good) and do no work of any kind—until the sergeant is in sight—they then work like thunder getting out of sight. They answer no roll call, do no exercises, no drill—nothing except as they please. Pretty soft.

Altogether they have a good time of it and are so full of life that they now want to go down town and eat again, so guess I'll have to go too, just to keep my eye on them.

How is Fred Grabo coming? Tell him "hello" for us.

We haven't heard from you in a long, long time, and it's just now that we need a little moral lecture, not the Sunday kind, but the ones you teach in ethics.

I'll have to close now.

Love from the bunch.

Carl.

Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.,
Co. H., 59th Inf

Dr. Wm. McCracken,
Western State Normal,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Sir:

After a somewhat delayed trip thru the storm, we arrived in Charlotte, N. C., and took our first look at the "Sunny South." We found it was anything but what we expected from the name. It was cold, damp and snowy, the kind of cold that goes right thru you no matter how robust you may be.

Today the sun is shining brightly and the snow will soon be gone, so we can take our "rookies" out on the parade grounds and put them thru some of the same stuff that we had while at Fort Sheridan, Ill.

We have a great company. There are Austrians, Poles, Italians, Russians and several other nationalities that I have never heard of before. Many of them can't talk English, so we have to use the sign language. They are a husky bunch and seem to be willing as long as you keep your eye on them, and are very proficient in the use of profanity. That is the one language they can all understand and use. I think that we'll have a good time with them before we get them ready for the trenches.

We officers have many more privileges than I even dared to hope for. We have Wednesday and Saturday afternoons off beside Sunday, and are allowed to leave camp any day after 5:00 p.m., provided we get back before 7:30 a.m. I think that will be fine for me, as I rarely sit up.
later than that.
There are four of us lieutenants in this tent, and the other three are all nice fellows. I’m sure we shall get along well. The older officers in the regiment seem to be glad to help us in any way possible.

My equipment was late in arriving, so I had to sleep on an old straw tick and some stolen blankets for two nights—nearly froze to death. The second night I went to bed with my underwear, socks, sweater and pajamas on and still was cold, but now since my blankets and bed-roll have arrived, I’m very comfortable at night.

We have an Officers’ mess here, and the food is very good, altho it is a bit expensive. If any of my friends wish to send anything down here, tell them to send candy or something sweet, as that is what we crave more than anything else in eats.

Charlotte is the largest town in North Carolina and the people seem to be very hospitable, altho my stay here is of such brief duration that I can’t tell you any of the details yet.

They have two Officers’ dances every week, which ought to help break the monotony—that is provided we can find any girls to take. The old officers seem to have the monopoly at present, but they may be sent away soon or get lost in the trenches, so we may have some opportunities.

We have two orderlies come to our tent every morning and build our fire, make the beds, carry water, wood, etc. I am still able to dress myself. I don’t know why they come, but it is all right with me.

Hope to hear from you soon.
Sincerely yours,
John A. Petrie
1st Lieut. 59th Inf., O. R. C.

Battery A, 330th F. A.
Camp Custer, Michigan,
December 29, 1917.

Dear Sir:
You will pardon my inability to prepare the article for you at an earlier date. You remember, I spoke of the way things were going and it seems that things are getting tighter every day. The change of the Commandant of the camp has brought about a great many changes, which makes things more lively for the officers.

I just returned from a four-day holiday leave. I visited my parents and saw many of the friends from various camps. The men who remained here with the battery I am told had a very enjoyable time. I think I have been home for the last time, as I expect to be transferred to the Aviation Corps for a ten weeks’ course in training for an Aerial Observer. The other officers have quite a bit of fun kidding me about joining the “Umbrella Brigade.”

I hope you had a very pleasant Christmas and I wish you a Happy New Year. Hoping the enclosed article will have reached you in time, I remain

Sincerely yours,
Lieut. J. L. Surateaux.

WHAT ARE YOUR IDEAS OF THE SERVICE?

People in general have various ideas as regards the Service, some of which are very amusing to those who are trying to do “their bit”. About the first question an officer or non-commissioned officer is asked is, “How many men have you under you?” They never think of this one: “How many men have you over you?” The idea seems to be that every officer or non-com. is a living despot. If he is, he has a mighty hard time getting away with it.

The old proverb, “The first impression is a lasting one,” is somewhat contradicted. Because, when a man on entering finds the napkin and the brightly polished silver a missing quantity, his first impression is that the Army is one sinful place. But in about a week of life quite close to nature he finds it very agreeable considering the circumstances.

Then, too, a civilian’s ideas of an officer’s duties give us much amusement, when they tell us what they think they are. They seem, first of all, to regard us as human tyrants with nothing to do but look wise and “pass the buck” to the fellow below. Believe me, if we do that we enjoy no bed of roses.

But let us return to the more serious side of the matter. Most of the men in the National Army are not in the Service because of their own desire for the
I may not be able to go to France with my squadron. I am at the base hospital here at Ellington Field. Send my mail to the old address and I will get it. Enclosed you will find the best record of events I can write with my foot out straight, and lying flat on my back.

Remember me to all the fellows.

Your friend,

(Corp.) Scott P. Matthews.

France,

Dec. 12, 1917.

Prof. Wm. McCracken.

Dear Doctor:

Your letter of Oct. 29th just received, and to say that I was pleased to hear from someone at the "old school" inadequately expresses my feelings. I am very sorry to say that existing General Orders prevent anyone in the service from writing anything for publication. Please remember me to any of the old friends who are still there, and extend my best wishes to the students of W. S. N. W. Wishing you every success, I am,

Very truly yours,

Glen M. Crosby,
2nd Lt. F. A., U. S. R.

France,

Dec. 16, 1917.

Dear Dr. McCracken:

Yes, this letter is late, but it is the best I could do. I found everybody busy here. I was behind in my work. It is at rest for a while now. I guess. I got in an accident yesterday. In fact, I should say, a big accident. I had a squad of men out on the flying field inside the safety zone. One of the men yelled "Look out." We all scattered, but one poor fellow, Lester Lewis, who either got bewildered or thought he was running to safety. He ran straight into the propeller of the plane that was coming down in the wrong place. The propeller cut him almost in two across his shoulder and back. He never came to. His overcoat was torn to shreds and thrown up into the air. When I saw that I couldn't get away I fell flat on my face and it bumped me in the side and perhaps broke my right leg. The doctor says my ribs are broken.

This is a gay life. I am in best of care and except that breathing comes pretty hard, I feel fine as could be expected.

A. E. F.

Dr. Wm. McCracken.

Dear Dr.

Received your letter today; It was delayed because of my Company and Regiment being lacking. My address is, Co. D, 1st U. S. Eng., A. E. F., via N. Y.

Was very glad to hear from you. Little I thought when I was attending your chemistry class that I would go "over the top" so soon. Would very much like to tell of my experiences in the trenches and on the ocean, but it would only compel the censor to use his blotting pad, so I will tell you all about them when I see you, if I do. I think I will, though, because I have become adept at shell dodging. They certainly do have humorous ways of "driving us west," if they can't get by with rifle bullets, they can fall back on their bayonets, hand grenades, bombs, trench mortars, heavy and light artillery, liquid fire, whizz bangs, gases, machine guns, and a few other things. But the best part of it all is that we have got it all over
them in every way and the sooner they
discover that fact the better off they
will be.

Everything "over here" is peculiar to
the American soldier, especially for the
first couple of months. We (1st Eng.)
are just beginning to adjust ourselves
to the life; we understand the language
fairly well, although the people at home
would be shocked to see the calisthenics
we go through in the public places while
we are talking.

The farmers in France live in a town
about the size of Lawrence, Paw Paw,
or Oshtemo, and go out during the day
four or five miles, sometimes, to culti-
vate their soil. You very seldom see a
farmer or any able-bodied man in civil-
ian clothes over here. They certainly
are patriotic over here, too, and are will-
ing to sacrifice nearly all they own for
their country.

Well, Doctor, I believe I have told you
nearly all that I know will pass the
censor. Would like to hear from you
again if you have a few spare moments.

Dr. Burnam a letter about a
week ago.

Very truly,

WILL N. BRAYBROOKS.

Ft. Sheridan, Nov. 17 1917.

Dr. Wm. McCracken,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Dr. McCracken,

Your letter came some time ago and
I must plead the old one about having
too busy to answer. However, I’ll
say this in my own behalf, that for the
first time in my life there is one element
of truth in the excuse.

I shall be glad to comply with your
request. I really have very little time
for literary pursuits outside of The Manual
of Courts-Martial, etc., but will do
the best I can in the limited time at my
disposal.

Normal must have a whale of a team
this year. I have watched the results of
the games with interest, particularly the
M. A. C. game, profiting somewhat
thereby.

Sincerely,

GLENN SOOY.

Camp MacArthur, Jan. 11, 1918

Dear Miss Cole:

I received the box from the school
O. K., and I am sending my thanks. It
was delayed a little on account of the
address, but everything was still fresh.

We are still drilling hard down here.
Yesterday we took a 25-mile hike with
full pack. The pack and equipment only
weighs about 75 pounds. We hiked
back on a field dinner, corned beef, cof-
fee and hard tack. We are ready to
go to France any time now and we are
expecting to go sometime before Spring.

I would certainly like to be back to
that dance tonight. I put in for a fur-
lough but I couldn’t get one long enough
to get up there and back.
I want you to be sure and thank whoever is to be thanked for that box. And let me hear from you soon and tell me about the old school. As ever,

DON HAMS.

Address: Pot. 1-e Don. J. Hams, Field Hospital, No. 7, Fort Clark, Texas.

National Army,
Co. C, 328th M. G. Bn., Barracks 218
Camp Custer, Michigan

December 29, 1917.

To the Students of W. S. N. S.

Dear Friends:

I wish to thank you very much for the Christmas box you sent me.

Respectfully,

H. W. Perry.

National Army
Co. C, 328th M. G. Bn., Barracks 218.

December 19, 1917.

I wish to take this occasion to thank you for the Christmas box I received. It is hard to put into words the feeling such remembrances arouse, especially when there are so many concerned, but nevertheless I assure you they are present in abundance.

There are times when we get pretty blue and ready to give up, but then comes a letter or box from some friend or friends, or perhaps its the “Herald,” and then the gloom rather fades.

The “Herald” is as much looked for as is the mess call, “Come get it.”

Thanking you again I will close.

Normal man with the Colors.

FLOYD L. EARLY, ’17.

328 Hqdl., Co. F A. Barracks 1183

Miss Marie Cole,
W. S. N. S., Kalamazoo, Mich.

My Dear Miss Cole:

Received the X-mas box sent by the Normal, which I believe you were instrumental in sending to me. I wish to thank you very much for the same. This goes a long ways towards keeping up the spirits of a soldier. I am enjoying my line of service and trust that the Normal may continue to be true blue to the colors.

Sincerely yours,

L. H. TANIS.

THE CALL

Out of the silent dusk
A message pure and clear
Calling a loving heart
From friends and home so dear

Brave soldier lad, we love you
Wherever you are tonight,
Be it deep in crowded city,
Or 'neath the stars so bright.

Remember, that we are thinking,
We’re praying each hour for you,
And we’re proud of our Soldier Boy
And his loyal heart so true

Mt. Mercy Convent
Grand Rapids, Mich.

APPLE BLOOMS

Just a dainty apple blossom, fashioned by a fairy mind,
Petals make a snowy chalice stained with drops of fairy wine,
Holds a thousand faint caresses of to springtime wind and sun,
Gives them lavish to the breezes, gives—yet keeps them everyone.
Faint, elusive piquant perfume, tempts the languid poet’s muse;
Plays at hide and seek with fancy; pranks with those who books pursue.
Singles out e’en humble grasses, gives to them a fragrance rare;
They in turn their borrowed glory give to others not so fair.
Damask petal, blush-like tinted, golden pistil; fairy toy.
Like a maiden’s golden tresses and her cheeks with blushes coy,
Oh, the time of apple blossoms; sweetest time of all the year.
Blushing cheeks and golden tresses, maidens, blossoms, everywhere.

GERALD BUSH.
MISS DWYER listened with apprehension and fear to every footstep which approached her schoolroom door.

Alice Stacey, the juvenile gossip of her room, had greeted her that morning with: "O, Miss Dwyer! You're goin' to ketch it!" Mrs. Delaney's baby was almost drowned in the wash tub last night and she says you're to blame, and she's comin' to school this mornin' to lay you out! She says you're teachin' us kids a lot of nonsense, an' she's goin' to have the Board of Edg-ka-shun fire ye!

"That's enough, Alice," interrupted the teacher as she noted a group of pupils, eyes wide open and mouths agape, gatherning about the loquacious Alice.

"You may pass to your seats, children, and find something to read until school begins," said the teacher.

Miss Dwyer meanwhile vainly endeavored to concentrate on preparatory work for the day, but visiors of the muscular and aggressive Mrs. Delaney would rise before her, and forbodings filled her heart.

"How could she be responsible for nearly drowning the Delaney baby?" she questioned herself again and again.

It was with intense relief that the teacher heard the gong for noon dismissal.

"Perhaps," she thought, "the irate mother had come to look more calmly on her grievance whatsoever it chanced to be."

The pupils of the second floor were in line awaiting the signal to march out when a voice—loud and threatening—was heard ascending the stairs, and demanding, "Where's that Miss Dwyer? I want to get me hands on her!"

A suppressed titter ran through the ranks of juvenile auditors as Mrs. Delaney appeared at the head of the stairs and looked menacingly about her.

The principal, a woman of tact, sensed the situation and dismissed Miss Dwyer's line. The teacher meanwhile repaired to her room to await the onslaught.

"So you're Miss Dwyer!" exclaimed Mrs. Delaney as she strode into the room and glared disdainfully at the teacher now seated at her desk "Well I might 'av guessed yer kind! I've seen ye at church many's the time, never guessin' by yer airs that ye had to earn yer livin'. Sure I thought ye was a duchess! an' its fer the likes av ye that I've been washin' an' scrubbin' an' diggin' an' payin' taxes! I'll do it no longer! Me boy's to have a new teacher. I'll see to that!"

"I sind him to school to be edu-cated—to learn readin', writin' an' arithmetic; an' ye spend yer time talkin' 'hi-jeans' an' the likes o' that to him. As though a mother can't take care of her own child! An' last night he even takes it into his head to scrub me poor baby girl. If I hadn't come in, in the nick o'
time, she'd be dead this minit, and he off searchin' fer soap and a wash cloth. "If ye're one of the Dwyers as I've heard of, yer kinsman ain't much to be proud of, an' I'll schwear their baths were few and far betwaene. After this, Miss, 'mind yer nittin' and lave me an' mine alone."

Miss Dwyer had determined that neither excuses nor argument would avail, and it came to her that the proverbial "soft answer" might appease the angry mother. "You have a very bright, lovable little boy, Mrs. Delaney," said the teacher. "Were all my pupils as responsive to my instructions and as clean and manly as your son, school-teaching would be a joy."

"Don't try any uv yer salve on me, Miss Dwyer; I understhand yer game!" replied the mother.

"Well, perhaps it will interest you to know that the visiting nurse, or: her last visit, singled your boy out as the bright-est and cleanest of all my little band. Furthermore, she paid you a compli-

"She don't know me," declared the mother.

"I consider it a compliment to you, however, when she stated that most children reflect the atmosphere of the home; that where one finds a boy clean and responsive, one finds a clean home and willing hearts as well."

"I do thry to keep me home clean, an' I'm not ashamed to own to it aither!" responded the mother.

"Don't you think every child should have a chance for health and happiness, Mrs. Delaney?"

"Shure, ye know I do! what a fool question!" retorted the mother.

"Do you think a child has a fair chance for health in foul air and unclean surroundings?" asked the teacher.

"Say, what 'er you gettin' at anyway!" responded Mrs. Delaney.

"I'm trying to show you that I'm doing my best to give your boy and other mother's boys, a chance for health and happiness and better scholarship by emphasizing cleanliness in my school-room."

"Let me read you a note I received yesterday. It will show you the attitude of another mother on this question," and producing a paper from her file, she read as follows:

"My Dear Miss Dwyer:

"Elsie is sitting near a child in school who is so dirty as to be offensive. She declares that both his body and his clothes need attention. I'm doing my best to co-operate with your efforts to have a clean and healthy school-room, and I do not want my child subjected to the unpleasantness which is now being thrust upon her. Kindly change her seat and oblige. Mrs. L. Moran"

"Well, ye needn't put my boy near that dirty child! I'll not sthand fer it!" exclaimed Mrs. Delaney excitedly.

"Here's another note, Mrs. Delaney, which shows that some mothers feel our duties are not confined to the school-room alone", and again she read:

Dear Miss Dwyer: 

"The pupils of your building are careless about throwing papers on the lawns and sidewalks as they go to and from school. 

"How can we expect to co-operate successfully toward a cleaner and more beautiful city when such carelessness is allowed?"

"Will you, in your talks on cleanliness, extend your influence in this direction likewise? And please ask your principal to request her other teachers to do the same. Very cordially,

"Mrs. James Lawrence."

"Well, I don't blame that woman much!" responded Mrs Delaney.

"Me an' me boys have worked 'tooth an' nail' to keep our yard lookin' foine. And so have our neighbors—all but those dirty Massollos—and their yard's a sight to behold!"

"If you enjoy these notes, Mrs. Delaney, I'd like to read you still another."

"Go on, I don't mind!" replied the woman, her attitude of aggression apparently on the wane. And Miss Dwyer read as follows:

"My Dear Miss Dwyer: 

"Will you kindly use your influence among the teachers of your building and your friends to elect Mr. Tully on the School Board?"

"He promises, in case he's elected, to have baths installed in all school build-

ings wherein are found children who haven't proper bathing facilities at home.
"Now, I as a mother, favor health and cleanliness as the 'first, last and always policy' of the school-room. I'm convinced that these attributes are necessary to the proper development of the child; hence, it behooves us to have in office the type of men who will help to conserve the health of the child and thereby promote his proper development and conduct to better mentality and to better citizenship for the future. Hoping for your co-operation, I am

"Very sincerely,

"Mrs. W. Woodrow."

"Shure, I'm wondering if there's any more duties they could lay on yer shoulders!" exclaimed the now apparently placated mother.

"Just one more note, Mrs. Delaney. I'm sure you'll enjoy this note quite as much as I did." And again she read:

"Teacher:

"I want my Robbie to cut out them gymnasticks, as he calls them. I can give him all them things he needs to home. You just learn him an' leave the rest to his mother.

Mrs. L. Delaro.

Glancing at Mrs. Delaney, the teacher fancied she now saw companion reflected on her face."

"Well, did ye ever hear the likes of that impudence!" ejaculated Mrs. Delaney. "An' me Jimmy likes them gymnastics best of all!"

Just then a small boy rushed into the room and to the teachers' side.

Looking up at the woman before them, he exclaimed, "Mamma, I'm not goin' to let you hurt Miss Dwyer! She's a swell teacher and I like her! She didn't tell me to scrub Katie; she only said we could be little knights if we helped our poor, tired mothers at home. If you put her out, I'll never go to school again!"—and an outburst of tears followed.

Putting her arms about the sobbing boy, Miss Dwyer said, "Don't worry, James. Your mother and I are going to be very good friends. She realizes how much I admire her splendid boy and she is not going to do anything to make either of us unhappy.—Are you, Mrs. Delaney?" And she extended her hand to the mother whose eyes were misty with unshed tears.

"Indeed, I'll not be the one to separate ye," exclaimed Mrs. Delaney. "May God bless ye and give me more sinse! Come, Jimmy, me boy!"

A moment later a teacher sat alone in her class-room—tremulous, but happy—and she wondered why she and all humans didn't have the good sense to always 'Throw oil upon the troubled waters.'"

Elizabeth Roden Brady, '13.

PSYCHOLOGY IN THE WAR

O THE last dregs must those pedants who have so blatantly shouted, "Psychology has lost her soul," drink the proverbial hemlock, following the action of the Surgeon General's office upon our entry into the war. For, mirabile dictu, Psychologists are now being commissioned on equal rank with Physicians!

Dr. Robert M. Yerkes, Chairman of the American Psychological Association, and of the Psychological Committee of the National Research Council, was commissioned a Major and a score or more of prominent workers in the field were given the rank of Captain and First Lieutenant to devise tests and test measures for the psychological examining of the enlisted men in the National Army Camps. Thus far such progress has been made as to warrant extension and elaboration of the original plans of the Surgeon General. Work is now being carried on in but four of the sixteen camps—Lee, Taylor, Dix and Devens. Not only do the tests eliminate the some 2% who are mentally unfit for service, but company officers are furnished with valuable information concerning the intellectual ability and probable serviceability of their men. Other "personnel" examiners in each camp are systematically handling the vocational problem and each man can be more happily and efficiently fitted to some form of the service in keeping with his training, aptitudes, etc.

Dr. Raymond Dodge has developed methods particularly suited to Naval Examinations. Major John B. Watson (Johns Hopkins) and assistants are examining men and devising more adequate tests for men to be commissioned
Letters From the Front

in the Aviation Service. Dr. Walter Dill Scott's "Rating" methods have been ordered extended to all subsequent Officers' Training Camps, so adequately have they borne fruit. Space forbids here a detailed description of the tests and their technique.

Then, too, new problems in the handling of men under the new and unusual conditions imposed by the present exigency, the question of post-martial re-education, care and treatment of "shock" cases, many of which develop before the men have seen actual service at the front, "personnel" work, etc., are daily demonstrating in these four cantonments that even granted that "Psychology has lost her soul"—the "soul" of philosophical schemata and speculation, of "faculty," "common-sense" and "phrenology"—she has done so by issuing, through scientific rebirth, into a new and vaster scope of human utility, for the "safety of democracy".

Two Michigan men are serving as Civilian Examiners at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky. They are Drs. E. C. Rowe, of the Central State Normal School, and C. S. Berry, of the State University. It is highly probable that the work will soon be extended to all the cantonments and a demand will be made for every available man who is competent to do this work. When the oppressive Boche-fetters are broken and "the world is made safe for democracy," the value of the information now being compiled by these workers in the camps for American Industry and Education will be incalculable. It used to be considered the effete thing to do, when someone inadvertently mentioned the term "psychology" to sniff pedantically and turn up the nose. It is hardly necessary to add that the world is made safe for democracy," the value of the information now being compiled by these workers in the camps for American Industry and Education will be incalculable. It used to be considered the effete thing to do, when someone inadvertently mentioned the term "psychology" to sniff pedantically and turn up the nose. It is hardly necessary to add that the world has grown and is growing daily. Canada's experience has been that about 13 men in each 1,000 are unfit for service because of mentality of inferior level. It is estimated that the training of each recruit costs the government approximately $2,000. The economic significance of the testing can be seen at once. And this is one of the least effects of the work.

Briefly, the mode of testing in the camps is largely determined by the nature of the test. These are in the first instance largely of the "group" variety. An officer presents to each group of about 80 men pencils and the printed forms, which comprise, first of all, some tests involving command of the language forms. All men who fail in these tests are then segregated and examined with "performance" tests which do not involve familiarity with the language forms. The remainder are then required to do the several tests which make up a graded series. These are then sent to Columbia University, where, in Mr. Thorndike's laboratory, he and a score or more of computers, working with adding machines, are compiling norms, deviations, and correlations. Most of the tests are of the types which have been tried and subjected to the acid tests which science imposes. These records are then sent back to the camps where all the individuals whose deviations have been found sufficient to warrant it are subjected to a rigid and careful individual examination by a psychologist, an alienist, and a neurologist, and they are then given a careful going over by a physician and physiological chemist as to blood, glands, excretions, etc. The men are then ranked according to abilities, with special notations as to specific indications and in each case, where experimental facts warrant, a prognosis is made, with recommendations. This information has been found exceptionally useful to the ranking officers, and the importance of the work has grown and is growing daily. Brief summaries of the work may be found in the editorial sections of current numbers of the Journal of Educational Psychology, Journal of Applied Psychology, School and Society, and the Journal of Abnormal Psychology, and the Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology.
More extended reports of the work are to follow in the immediate future.

S. R.

A PLEASANT SUMMER

T WAS my privilege to spend the first month of my vacation this summer at College Camp, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, one of nature's beauty spots. Here work and pleasure were combined in happy proportions. Most of the six hundred residents of this summer school community were engaged in preparing themselves to follow the flag as "Y" workers either in this country or abroad. It may be said that already several of these young men have crossed the seas and are in service among the allied peoples.

Our curriculum consisted of history in order to understand why's of the present world confusion; hygiene in order to know how to keep alert and in good condition in the camp and to understand camp sanitary conditions and regulations; Y. M. C. A. history and administration in order that the purpose of the "Y" should be clear to all its workers, and Bible study in order to help men when they are sorest pressed. Other courses taken were: First aid, army Y. M. C. A. work, and physical activities. As this was the first war work school much of the instruction was not directly applicable to the actual camp conditions, but the whole course developed in the worker the right spirit, attitude and outlook that is necessary to carry on courageously, hopefully and successfully the work that our boys and those of other nations are so much in need of.

In order to make practical use of the training received at Lake Geneva and to make good use of the time, I spent the next month at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Here again I enjoyed myself. Again pleasure and work were well combined because work was a pleasure. Here I was only an assistant, but an assistant in an army "Y" has to do practically everything that has to be done, so my time was well occupied. The man behind the counter must be "all things to all men." He must sell postage stamps and express money orders, hand out library books, wrap up packages, figure out railroad routes, run the movie machine, sweep floors, give counsel, dole out advice, and at all times be friendly and sympathetic.

My stay at the fort covered the last part of the first training camp, and the first part of the second. The last month of my vacation I spent in Pennsylvania, Ohio and New York State. While East I revisited Niagara Falls. Never expecting to meet a Normal student there, I was happily surprised when a young lady, a former student of mine, greeted me. My last week was spent in Ohio helping the farmers stamp ensilage.

H. P. Greenwall.

WHAT TO READ.

IN DECIDING what to read in the history and literature of the present war, one is not confronted with a lack of material. It is rather an embarrassment of riches that presents itself to the student or patriotic propagandists who would keep abreast of the high tide of publication. Possibly a few hints will be welcomed by the wary reader in making selections from this bewildering array of war material.

Causes of the War.

1. For the immediate causes of the war, as officially stated, read : Diplomatic Documents (relating to the outbreak of the European war)—T. Fisher Unwin, London, W. C.

2. For the war plan as hatched in German thought, or the causes traced some twenty to forty years back, read: The Pan-German Plot Unmasked, by Andre Cheradame, C. Scribner's Sons. This sets forth Berlin's formidable peace trap of "The Drawn War." Germany and the Next War, by Friedrich von Bernhardi. Longmans Green & Co. This is the word of the war lord. To introduce the philosophy of Nietzsche, read: Who is to be Master of the World by Anthony M. Ludovisi. T. N. Foulis, London. For the historian's influence, read: Treitschke; His Doctrine of German Destiny and of International Relations, by Adolf Hansrath. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

3. For European political rivalries and efforts of the great powers to maintain in Europe since 1815 the "balance of power" up to 1914, read: The New Map
of Europe, by Herbert Adams Gibbons, Century Co. This clearly sets forth and illuminates the Polish problem, the question of Alsace-Lorraine, the relation of Turkey and the Balkans to the question of balance; the Rumanian, Serbian and Italian irredentist ambitions; the German "weltpolitik;" the unrest of the subject peoples of Turkey, and the rise of the Entente in clashes with Germany as to colonial rivalries. Read also, by the same author: The New Map of Africa, and Reconstruction of Poland and the Far East.

4. For some light on Germany's pre-war attitude toward the United States, read: Twenty Years of the Republic, 1885-1905, by Harry Thurston Peck. Dodd Mead & Co. Also, by a correspondent who lived in Germany the first three years of the war: Germany, the Next Republic, by Carl Ackerman, N. Y. George H. Doran Co.

5. For a survey of forces and conditions in Europe, read: Rebuilding of Europe, by David Jayne Hill. Century Co.


Excellent magazine articles for the busy reader are appearing in the Atlantic, the North American Review, the World's Work, etc.

Indispensable are: Andre Cheradame's articles in the June, November and December Atlantic analyzing German plans and achievements, and proposing plans. Appearing in Scribner's this fall have been Henry Van Dyke's story of the war from his vantage ground in Holland; and in Everybody's, now, Brand Whitlock's experiences and observations in Belgium. In the Saturday Evening Post there have been some noteworthy articles of late.


United States Government Documents:


Battle Lines and Campaigns.


Russia.


Sketches and Personal Experiences of Literary Value.

The First One Hundred Thousand, and All In It, K7 Carries On, by Ian Hay. Houghton Mifflin.

The Hill Top on the Marne, and, On the Edge of the War Zone, by Mildred
LYRIC POETRY

Poems of Rupert Brooke, N. Y. John Lane Co.

Poems of Alan Seeger. C. Scribner's Sons.


NEWSPAPERS RELIABLE

The Providence Journal, The Philadelphia Public Ledger, and North American, the Springfield Republican, the New York Times, the Kansas City Star, the Grand Rapids News, the Chicago Herald.

The great weeklies are also invaluable, as: The New Republic, The Literary Digest, The Independent, The Nation, The Public, The Outlook, and The Saturday Evening Post.

THE ARTIST BRUSH

You little brush, are the mirror of the artist's soul so true;
Each thought, each hope of the noble heart
You model and sketch anew.

What beautiful thoughts awakened
By the touch of his loving hand;
Ah, little brush, what wealth of joy
Is found in his command.

Mt. Mercy Convent

THE LAMP-LIGHTER

I was sitting in the gloaming in a quaint old English town,
The western sky was crimson where the sun was going down
And the light of day was fading, for the even-time was come,
Twinkling stars in the sky o'er arching slowly lighted in the dark,
Brightening Heavens solemn portals and the earth beneath—but Hark!
Footsteps slow I hear approaching, and adown the village street
Comes an old man, bent and aged, toiling past on tired feet.
Now he stops before a lamp post, slowly trims the battered torch,
Patiently he shields the flicker till it blazes strongly forth,
Then resumes his careful trudging till his form is seen no more.
But behind he leaves the beauty of a lighted, cheerful street,
Bright for discontented toilers; safe for blithesome children's feet;
And he's made the whole world better, life worth living, toil more sweet.

Gerald Bush.
VARIOUS ACTIVITIES

TRAINING SCHOOL

RED CROSS WORK IN THE TRAINING SCHOOL

The children of the training school have been doing their part in Red Cross work this year. The second, third and fourth grades have cut hundreds of gun wipers for the soldiers at the cantonments. The fourth grade girl's knitted bright-colored squares, which they crocheted together with black, to make two cheery coverlids for some little French orphans. Another group of seventh grade girls made hospital leggings and bandages, while others made wristlets and sweaters, all of which have been accepted by the Red Cross. All feel proud to have been able to have done this work, small though it seem.

At an interesting fall assembly there was an exhibition of the children's work—wristlets, scarfs, sweaters, wash cloths and knitted squares being shown. The children were very proud of these samples of their skill.

There are now over one hundred boys and girls of the training school wearing Red Cross buttons. There is every prospect that when the Red Cross Junior is organized that this school will register 100%.

THE Y. M. C. A. WAR FUND

The training school children contributed a total of $60.49 to the $3,600 contribution of the whole school to this cause. The amounts by grades were as follows: Grades 1 and 2, $5.62; grade 3, $6.50; grade 4, $6.30; grade 5, $15.07; grade 6, $10.00; grade 7, $7.00; grade 8, $10.00. Washing dishes, running errands, shoveling snow, tending baby, and saving money from candy and movies have been the principal means employed in raising the funds.

FOOD PRODUCTION

The sixth, seventh and eighth grades did some real work in the line of food production during 1917. The sixth grade raised a plot of wax beans which brought them $15.00, while the seventh and eighth grades prepared and planted one-half bushel of potatoes. The new eighth grade this fall dug and sold this crop for $7.00. This garden money was used for the support of three French war waifs as described later. This garden work is believed to be of great value to the children.

THE TRAINING SCHOOL AND ITS FRENCH WAR ORPHANS

The call of the little orphaned children of France made a peculiarly deep appeal to both teachers and children and brought forth a quick response. Seventy-three dollars were raised by popular subscription and by selling small French flags. Two brothers, Victor Louis Planque and his baby brother, were adopted, and later another orphan.

Interest in this work was heightened by a very interesting talk by Miss Braley describing graphically the devastated villages of France and the needs of the poor inhabitants. As a result of her appeal two large boxes of warm woolen garments were soon dispatched to France and not much later a special Christmas box for the orphans, containing dates and nuts, toys, chocolate and garments—made by the 7th grade girls for baby Planque—was on its way also.

The interest of the children has been much increased by the following letters and photograph received from the mother and Victor:

Livosart, Pas de Calais
29 Nov., 1917

Dear Madame:

You will excuse me if I have delayed a little in answering your letter, for we are in such a little village that we had to walk five and a half miles to have the picture taken. Dear Madame, I hope it will please both you and your pupils.

Since you ask me what has happened to us since the beginning of the war, I shall try to tell you.

I, with my two children, left our country October 9, 1914, at noon, when the Germans came. We finally reached a village where we slept in a barn, for the houses were full of refugees like ourselves. At midnight, in spite of the rain we had to move on. We came to another town where we found an empty house. About 200 of us slept there on a little straw. After two weeks the French soldiers told us we must go farther south in France. I stayed with a family outside the village; at first, all went well, but it did not last long. All the refugees had passed and I had to go to live...
in a neighboring village. There I had a little house, and my two children and I were a little more comfortable, but as I had only forty-two cents a day for the three of us, we didn't have too much to eat.

On August 12, 1915, I had the joy of seeing my husband once more—he had six days' furlough. November 24 he was wounded and taken to a hospital and the next day he died.

In May, 1916, our baby boy was born, who will never see his father.

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May 19, 1916, the Germans bombarded the village where we were; the shells fell right near our house. My father died three days after, then we moved on; it was very hard, for there were no carts left (we had to carry the baby and what things we could take).

I had an uncle in Palfart, so he found us a home in a village near, and here we are, with my mother and orphaned niece. That is our small part of this dreadful war, Madame. We pray for victory and for the deliverance of our dear country. Please accept, Madame, for yourself and your pupils, my deepest respect and my thanks.

As for the children, my daughter will be 11 years old March 7; Louis was 7 the last of November, and both go to school. The baby, as I said, will be 2 on May 12.

THE WIDOW PLANQUE,
A Refugee in France.

Livosart, Pas de Calais
27 Nov., 1917

Dear Benefactrice and Friends:

As I have your address I hasten to send you a few words to thank you for the kindness you have shown me, and I add to the letter the photograph of our little family. I hope that you will accept it with pleasure. Please accept, Madame, for yourself and your pupils, my deepest respect and my thanks.

As for the children, my daughter will be 11 years old March 7; Louis was 7 the last of November, and both go to school. The baby, as I said, will be 2 on May 12.

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A Refugee in France.

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flies a splendid nineteen foot flag. On the brow of the hill in front of the training school, it commands a view of the whole valley. The story of this flag and pole is most interesting. Beginning with a desire on the part of some of the patriotic pupils to see the school more adequately represented in this way, the movement soon enlisted the activities of the whole group, the Normal proper, and even extended to the homes of the children and the patrons of the school.

After a period of formulating and testing various schemes proposed by the children and discussed in assemblies, a plan was at length adopted. First, the Old Glory Savings Bank was incorporated and from the first did a thriving business. Here each child deposited his savings and earnings, receiving a bank book card furnished by the school press. One penny entitled a child to open an account and the amounts of his deposits were punched on his card. Accounts were kept on the individual cards and the record sheet, and a balance of the two taken at close of business each day. A 'Bureau of Labor' was also established to bring the workers and the work together.

All sorts of ways of raising money, such as running errands, washing dishes, doing housework, selling dandelion greens, mowing lawns, etc., were resorted to. Group efforts as spelling matches, slide lectures and dramatizations, to which an admission was charged, helped swell the total. One class earned $3.00 this way, and another $5.00.

A "bond issue" and sale of stock, common at ten cents, and preferred at fifty, brought more money. The bonds done at the school press, bore an emblem and a pledge of allegiance to the flag.

Finally, at a Patriotic Parents' meeting the parents of the children were entertained with songs, a playlet by the third grade, "The Making of the First Flag," and tales of "How I made my money for the Flag Pole." Some of the latter were humorous and all appealing. The parents responded instantly to the appeal and helped materially to dispose of blocks of bonds.

So contagious was the enthusiasm of the children that a Kalamazoo company dealing in steel products donated through a loyal patron, a fine collapsible steel pole, while the company from whom the flag was purchased made a splendid price discount. This opportune help from the outside left the children with funds in plenty to prepare the concrete base, paint the pole, pay for labor and establish a fund to keep the pole in repair and purchase a new flag when needed.

The statement of the treasurer is as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Grade Projects</th>
<th>$</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Grade I, Play</td>
<td>4.81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grade III, Spelling Match</td>
<td>4.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grade V, Play</td>
<td>4.80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grade VIII, Candy Sale</td>
<td>3.81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grade VIII, Industrial Exhibit</td>
<td>4.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>$22.32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sale stocks and bonds</td>
<td>$60.46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bank deposits, Training School, High School and Normal and Special gifts</td>
<td>$113.69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grand Total</td>
<td>$202.47</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The whole story shows clearly what cheerful organized effort can accomplish. Hereafter the flag will mean more to each child who contributed to it. And now that our banner is waving proudly before us we shall in a yet deeper and more patriotic sense continue to work for our flag.

While each grade had a part in this work, especial credit is due to the fifth grade, and in particular to the fifth grade supervisor, Miss Irene Steele, the initiating and guiding spirit of the entire enterprise.

HIGH SCHOOL

High School Debating

This fall the high school has entered the interscholastic debating field under the tutelage of Miss Rousseau. Four teams have so far been selected, consisting of Allan MacLagan, Lawrence Moser, Clarence Somers, Elva Henderson, Olive Elliott, Mary Cutting, Paul Wing, Donald Somers, Theodore Blakeslee, Lottie Easlick, Gladys Armstrong and Geraldine Blowers. The question for debate this year is, "Resolved, that the Federal government should own and operate all inter-state railroads," constitutionality waived. The debate scheduled for Jan. 26 with Muskegon High School was canceled by them. Members of the Senate, the girls' debating society have acted as judges at the team debates.
It is hoped that interest in this line of endeavor will grow.

The Dramatic Club

On Saturday evening, January 19, the Dramatic club gave, by request, a repetition of the "Little Princess" at the City Hospital Sanitorium.

On Thursday, Jan. 17, "The Neighbors," by Zona Gale, was presented by the following cast: Grandma—Gertrude Grawcock; Mis' Diantha Abel—Howardine Wood; Ezra Williams—Marion Ayers; Peter—Geraldine Blowers; Inez—Elizabeth Nicholson; Mis' Elmira Moran—Helen Hartzell; Mis' Trot—Olive Elliot; Mis' Carry Ellsworth—Mande Taylor.

Four new members, Mary Cryan, Esther Huntley, Helen Stein and Mabel Unrath, have been chosen. The membership is now twenty-one. American authors only are being studied this year.

At the last meeting Helen Jones gave a reading of "The Witching Hour," and Marjorie Loveland a review of the author, Augustus Thomas.

Later in the year the club will have charge of one of the high school assemblies.

Track Work

Hitherto in most schools track athletics have been for the chosen few. The same has been true of football and basketball. The majority of students in college and secondary schools have not been on the teams and so have failed to get the moral, spiritual and physical development so well enforced by this kind of training.

This winter the Normal High school boys are having a chance to compete indoors in track athletics on a group and team basis. When the plan is fully developed boys from the fifth through the eighth grade should be included on a height, weight and age basis. It is the intention to have each boy compete in a series of five events such as running high and broad jumping, and chinning the bar. The fundamentals of track athletics will be taught to the entire group, getting on the mark, starting, measuring for a take off in high and broad jumps, and the proper way to run. Hurdling, shot putting, pole vaulting and distance running will be practised by the groups showing special abilities along these lines.

The events used for group competition are the standing broad, running broad and running high jumps, chinning the bar and running one lap (100 yards) on the track. Each event is marked on a 100 point basis and every boy who tries receives 50 points. A mediocre performer can score close to 75 points in each event. A boy totaling 375 points in the 5 events receives a special felt emblem. Special prize ribbons will be given for 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th places. Complete totals for all the boys completing the events will be published in The Herald.

After the group competition is completed, group athletic meets will be run off and a track meet held with the Central High 9th and 10th grades. The spring term athletics will be on the same basis out of doors and it is hoped that the Normal High will be represented in the annual Public school athletic games and also in the Interscholastic meets.

Basket Ball

The Normal high school basketball team has been going good and winning games right along. The following men compose the team: Sidney Fisher, captain; Bruce Shepherd and Edgar Smith, forwards; Clarence Somers, Lawrence Moser and Frank Thomas, guards; Frederick Statler, Frank Stein, Donald Somers, Leroy Gilbert, Pearce Shepherd, John Lusk, Edward Kline and Robert Ell, substitutes.

The record to date is as follows:


"Brown and Gold" Staff

The following staff is announced for the high school section of the "Brown and Gold", all being members of the Junior class. Editor, Allan MacLagan; assistant editor, Helen Jones; art editor, Florence Ackley; music, Geraldine Blowers; dramatics, Marjorie Loveland; debate, Mary Cutting.

Class Organizations

During the fall term the high school classes organized and have begun various activities. The officers follow:

Freshman Class—President, Ralph Chappell; vice president, Lucille Wig-
ginton; Sec.-Treas., Irene Osborne.

Sophomore Class—President, Theodore Blakeslee; vice president, Ross Chatelain; sec.-treas., Helen Gorham.

Junior Class—President, Mary Cutting; vice president, Helen Jones; sec.-treas., Beatrice Schau.

Senior Class—President, Bruce Shepherd; vice-pres., Helen MacLagan; sec.-treas., Winifred Coleman.

EXTENSION ACTIVITIES

The work of the first term for Extension students is drawing to a close. In tabulating data relative to extension activities during this term it is found that 13 instructors conducted 21 classes at 18 separate centers. The enrollment in all classes totals 327, as compared with 294 for the first term in 1916-1917. The number of correspondence students to date is 31 as compared with a total of 13 for the year 1916-1917.

Of the new classes started at the opening of the first term by way of experiment it has been found necessary, owing to lack of support, to discontinue those at Remus and at Three Rivers.

The schedule of classes for Term 2 has been issued and is in the hands of extension students and those whom we hope to interest in this type of work. During the second term 12 instructors will conduct 24 classes in 19 centers. New classes are being started at Marshall and at St. Joseph. An additional class is being organized both at Grand Rapids and at Kalamazoo.

Advance enrollment indicates that the total number of extension students during the second term will exceed that for the first term.

Extension classes are being conducted in the following counties: Allegan (1), Barry (1), Berrien (3), Branch (1), Calhoun (2), Cass (2), Eaton (1), Kalamazoo (2), Kent (6), Mecosta (1), Muskegon (1), Ottawa (1), St. Joseph (1), Van Buren (1).

CLUBS

THE KINDERGARTEN KLUB

The attendance at club meetings on the part of members of the early elementary department has been large. At the January meeting Miss Gage gave a resume of the program for the June meeting in Chicago. She also reviewed the play, "A Kiss for Cinderella" in which Maude Adams is now playing.

The club expects to have Miss Lucine Finch of New York city, a professional story teller here in February. Her specialty is Negro dialect stories.

Miss Kern's resignation is much regretted by the members of the club, all of whom found her work very inspiring. Miss Coppens, of Ypsilanti, takes her place. An informal farewell party for Miss Kern was held in the Kindergarten room just before the holidays.

THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE

An enjoyable and thankful letter has been received from the French child adopted by the league.

The contribution of the league to the Y. M. C. A. fund was $15.00. War relief work has been the keynote of the fall meetings. Group seven, under Mildred Ruddy, has prepared and made garments for the French Relief. Francis Van Brook's group, helped by all members, sold 1200 Red Cross stamps. Many of the members, supplied with Red Cross yarn, have been knitting. Several enjoyable social meetings have also been held.

THE SENATE

The first meeting of 1918 was at the home of Miss Rousseau, when members from the junior class having the necessary scholastic standing were elected. Sometime during the winter term a debate will be staged with the Hickey Debating club, probably at an assembly.

During the coming months the Senate is to have instruction in the rules of debate and judging debates.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL CLUB

This club was organized Nov. 17, 1917, and now has 22 members. Mildred Ruddy is president and Madolin Hutchins, secretary. During the fall term, "Psychology of Attention" was the topic for discussion.

Professors Renshaw and Henry have given interesting addresses before the club, the former speaking on the topics, "The Concept of Clearness in Psychology" and Experimental Studies of At-
tention, Hysteria, Shell Shock and Multiple Neurosis," and the latter on the "Doctrine of the Focus and Margin."

Nellie Williams and Madolin Hutchins, Lena Snyder, Herbert VerVeer and Marguerite Almroth contributed reports of current psychological literature.

HICKEY DEBATING CLUB
The following officers have been elected: Ray Grabo, president; Wm. Levey, secretary-treasurer; C. E. Burkland, chairman program committee. A debate with the Senate has been arranged on the subject, "Resolved, that the United States and England should form a protective alliance after the war." It is planned this term to take up a study of the fundamentals of parliamentary law as outlined in Roberts' "Rules of Order". Every man in school is urged to join this organization which aims to give facility in public speaking.

THE MANUAL ARTS CLUB
The following men were elected to serve as officers during the winter term: Mark Terman, president; Earl Gaskill, vice-president; Walter Scharmach; secretary-treasurer; and Ray Toonder, chairman of program committee. Members are just beginning to realize the possibilities of the club. Subjects of importance to the teacher but not touched on in the classroom are here brought up and discussed. For the present the meetings are held in the afternoon at 4 o'clock.

MUSIC ASSOCIATION
The Messiah was given in the Armory, Sunday, Dec. 16, before a large and appreciative audience. The Choral Union of 350 voices gave an excellent rendition of Handel's masterpiece. The soloists for the occasion were: Bertha Shean Davis, Mrs. Harper C. Maybee, Miss Leoti Combs, Mrs. G. B. Rogers, Miss Della Sprague, Miss Gwendolin Grace, Messrs. Perry, Olmstead, Pell and Moseley. Local musicians constituted the orchestra assisted by Mr. Arthur Bryce of Battle Creek. H. Glenn Henderson presided at the piano. The work was given under the direction of Harper C. Maybee.

Leopold Stowkowski, gave a most wonderful performance of a Tschaikowski program before a large and appreciative audience Friday, January 11.

The Ladies' Quartet of the Music Department, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Maybee, gave a concert for the Athelstan club in Battle Creek early in December.

The glee clubs and orchestra have all appeared in assembly and are showing active interest in their work. Plans are being made for concerts in the near future.

The Music club had a very interesting Christmas program at the home of Miss Mabel Schaffner.

The date for Alma Gluck has been set for Thursday, Feb. 14. A sold-out house is anticipated, as nearly all tickets were sold before the postponement of the concert, Dec. 7.

Jascha Heifetz, the sensation of the musical world this season, will be heard March 1. A capacity house is anticipated.

The Choral Union are rehearsing on Saint Saens' Samson and Delilah, which will be given during the annual May Festival, May 24-5 with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

Y. W. C. A.
Marie Dieterman is now filling Gertrude Haeger’s place as president. The Y. W.'s were hostesses to the Y. M.'s at a Thanksgiving party. Games, music, by Mrs. Davis and the girls' vocal and stringed quartettes, and eats in the shape of apples and popcorn made the time pass quickly. A Christmas program closed the term's activities. On January 10, Dr. Henry spoke before the association on the "Psychology of Good Resolutions," and on January 23, Miss Baughman had charge of a novel meeting, "An Etiquette Match".

Under the direction of Cornelia Formsma, the rest of this term's meetings will be given up to the study of "Our South American Neighbors".
THE AMPHICTYON SOCIETY.

The society opens the new year with many new members. The new officers are: Lloyd Hutt, president; Helen Rix, vice-president; Edith Butler, secretary; Fred Grabo, treasurer. The society will be well represented in the coming extemporaneous speaking contest. More students, however, should enter this contest. The new program committee promises many good programs for this term.

THE RURAL SEMINAR

The bi-weekly meetings of the fall term closed with a Christmas party at the home of Miss Ensfield. The various programs have so far related to rural life and the problems of the rural teacher. The aim of the society is to emphasize the importance of rural teaching and to develop leadership for rural communities.

NORMAL LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society now numbers forty members, under the leadership of Edward Dorgan, president, and Edna Schutt, secretary. On account of the fuel situation at the Normal, the meetings are held at the home of Dr. Brown.

Several members will appear in the extemporaneous speaking contest and a prize will be given to the member successful in the finals. Miss Margaret McKay heads the program committee. Martha Pressley, Mildred Broesamle, Leo Applegarth and Lucile Hutchinson the other members will each be responsible for one program.

THE ENGLISH CONFERENCE

Under the leadership of Mr. Sprau this conference has recently been organized from among the students and faculty of the English department. Meetings are held the first Monday of each month, and both students and instructors take part, original papers being contributed by the latter, and reviews of pertinent articles from current literature by the former. There are also interesting open discussions. Definite problems facing teachers of English will be discussed from time to time.

At the first meeting, Nov. 19, 35 were present and Esther Nyland and Eleanor Osborn reviewed articles from the October and November numbers of the English Journal. On December 3rd Miss Irene Steele presented a paper on "The Teaching of Spelling," and Atta Chapman and Marion Boyd gave the reviews, the latter advocating doing away with required reading lists and allowing the pupils to select their own reading.

At the third meeting Miss Seckell and Mr. Bullock presented some of the recent chapters in the history of the teaching of grammar. The claims of formal grammar as a disciplinary subject were presented; then a typical attack on such claims based upon experimental grounds; and lastly the most representative recent articles of faith—that grammar teaching should function in correct oral and written English usage. A course of study worked out in the Kansas City schools, published in a bulletin of the University of Missouri, was used for illustration.

CHRISTMAS RED CROSS DRIVE

This drive for new members, led by Dr. Harvey, Miss Gage and Mr. Wood, was a great success. The date was December 19th and the goal set, 300 members. When the totals were all in it was found that 500 members had been gained. A big red cross was hung in the lobby of the Administration Building and Red Cross stickers attached as fast as new members were enrolled. The committee desires to express its thanks to the hearty co-operation of the students and faculties of the Training School, High school and Normal, which alone made the drive such a success.

EFFECT OF WAR ON DOMESTIC ART IN THE NORMAL

No department has been more affected by the war than this. Our students have been unselfully interested in all sorts of relief work and this has served to bring the department and the home in close and vital contact. Seventy-five per cent. of the girls in school are knitters—mak-
The girls in each class spend one period a week making garments and surgical supplies. In the December drive for 4,500 surgical dressings from Kalamazoo, the girls took a splendid part, turning out 600 pads.

The general interest in such work will mean much for every girl not only because of the chance to take part in this immediate need, but also because of the valuable experience it will give them in the work of reconstructing and readjusting the home and restoring it to its importance as a social unit.

Alice Blair

WAR WORK IN THE KINDERGARTEN

The little children, even, have caught the spirit of the times and are as proud of the motto, "Our Country First," as any adults. Fresh from their enthusiastic efforts in the Flag Pole campaign they quickly embraced the opportunity to help the orphans across the seas and were among the first to bring clothing and money for the Christmas box. The French orphans seem very near to them.

They are adepts at the snipping of bits of cloth for pillows and attack such work with enthusiasm. One morning this conversation was overheard: "My mother says the soldiers at Ft. Sheridan slept out in the trenches last night without beds, right on the ground." A little voice piped up, "Oh, yes; but they had pillows, you know we made some," and so the opportunity comes daily for the child's first lesson in good citizenship.

COOKERY IN WAR TIMES

The question is often asked, "What are you teaching in Home Economics under the present economic conditions?" Now, as never before, there is an opportunity of service offered to all women trained in home economics. Doubtless no department has been called upon to alter its practices so as to conform to present food conditions, as has the cookery department. But we hope that our students may be able to make plain the reasons why America with her abundance of food material asks her people to select carefully, wisely, and waste not one particle; and show how this may be accomplished.

The government asks us to use less of the foods that are so greatly needed by our armies, our Allies' armies, and the people behind them. We are asked to conserve wheat, meat, sugar, fats and milk. We are doing this by teaching substitutes for these foods. Since many men and women eat one or more meals each day away from home, it is essential that they possess such knowledge of food requirements as will enable them wisely to select those foods that will satisfy their bodily needs.

Last spring classes were held in canning, and this fall many lessons consisted of canning and preserving. This food was sent to soldiers in camp, was used for noon lunch, or sold to some person in the community.

Attractive ways of serving vegetables have been multiplied. New recipes are being used wherein the mixture of small quantities of meat or meat flavors may be introduced, thus satisfying the craving for meat while using but little. Cottage cheese contains a larger per cent. of protein (the chief material of body building) than most meats, and furnishes this material at a lower cost. Peas, beans, and legumes may well be used in various ways. Up to the present time Soy beans have been grown in America as a food for stock only, but the United States Department of Agriculture has recently suggested that they may be used as food for man. Soy beans contain almost twice as much tissue building material as meat, and a large proportion of fat as well. They may be substituted not only for the more expensive white bean, but for meat. The yellow Soy bean is well adapted for baking, while the black and green varieties may be served in the form of soup, vegetable, or salad with bananas, celery or cucumbers.

Molasses, honey and corn syrup are the perishables to be used wherever possible for sugar. Candy making, except with molasses and corn syrup, may well be omitted this winter. Good sweets may be made from corn syrup and pop-
VARIOUS ACTIVITIES

corn or puffed rice, from a mixture of dried fruits, as dates, figs and raisins, with the addition of a few nuts, and all ground together and molded.

We are told by the Food Administration that it is necessary for the people of the United States to reduce consumption of wheat by one-fourth. This can only be accomplished by a hearty cooperation of each individual and household. Practical suggestions as to how this may be done are being given daily through the press by demonstrators, teachers of home economics, and directly by pamphlets issued for free distribution by the Food Administration. A bulletin on "War Breads" may be secured from the cookery department for the asking.

In order to supply the fats needed by our Allies the consumption by the adults per day should be reduced to two ounces. Use fats other than butter for your cooking. If you reduce the amount of butter, use milk, top-milk in place of cream, cheese and vegetables freely in the diet. The following recipe will make two pounds of butter: Estimating butter at fifty cents per pound, two pounds may be made for sixty-five cents instead of one dollar—a saving of seventeen and one-half cents on a pound:

**Economy Butter**—1 lb. butter; 2 lbs. granulated gelatin; 1 pt. milk; salt.

Cream butter thoroughly; soak gelatin in cold milk for five minutes; heat milk until gelatin dissolves. Add milk slowly to butter, being careful not to melt it. Mold in bread tins. A little vegetable coloring may be added, if desired.

This fall the children in the cooking classes of the Training school have been doing their bit toward keeping the Hoover pledge. Their enthusiasm and patriotism should be an inspiration to the women of this community. The motive this term was to have the thrift spirit carried home through the children, and the result has been a splendid cooperation between these two institutions. Substitution was the general theme in all the classes. Work was done largely in substitutes for wheat, the food which is needed most by our Allies. The use of local food stuffs, the gospel of the clean plate, and economy in the use of fats and sugars completed the term's work.

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**OUR SLOGANS**

Abandon food prejudices. Be willing to try new foods. Remove from your vocabulary "Don't like," or "Can't eat". Most individual prejudices against widely popular foods are either imaginary or baseless. Above all, conserve wheat, meat, fat and sugar.

**MARY MOORE**

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**PAGEANT FOR MICHIGAN DAY**

As the curtain is raised the following scene is discovered: The stricken nations of Europe—Belgium, France, Servia, Roumania, Montenegro, Russia, and Armenia—each represented by a girl in the national costume of that country—are imploring help of the United States. As our government, recognized as Uncle Sam, turns to aid them, a woman representing the state of Michigan comes forward to offer her share. As the groups pass before her, depositing their gifts on the platform, she explains her offering.—Departments of Speech and Physical Education.

A. First, the natural resources are shown. The mining industries—copper, iron, and soft coal—are followed by the lumber industry. These men group themselves at one side, to make room for the other groups—Glee Clubs.

Then come the farmers, offering the fruits of the earth—wheat, corn, oats, peaches, grapes, apples, etc. They also bring in the results of last year's gardening, and show the extent to which the conservation of food has been carried.—Elementary School.

Following them, the manufacturing industries are shown. The airplanes, automobiles, and munitions of war are shown, together with the textile and leather industries.—Department of Manual Arts.

Then come the chemists, showing to what extent the manufacture of chemicals in Michigan is helping to win the war.—Department of Science.

This ends the display of natural resources.

B. The second division shows the influence of the war upon education, and the contributions of education to the war.

First come the public schools. As part of this movement, the Boy Scouts are allowed to offer their contribution.

Then comes the higher education, represented by the university, the normal schools, and the colleges.

Next, the various forms of specialized industrial education are shown.

To conclude, the influence of Michigan in Americanizing her aliens will be shown. Various groups of aliens, Dutch, German, Polish, Bohemian, Austrian, Galician, etc., do their national dances. Under the influence of Patriotic America, they are all brought together under the American flag.—Department of Physical Education.

C. The third division shows the efforts
Michigan is making to make special contributions to the war.

First in this group comes the Y. M. C. A. Closely associated with it, the Y. W. C. A., next shows what it is doing toward the war. French relief work, in all its phases occupies the stage next.

Following it, the Red Cross shows first what it is doing for first aid; second, its work in surgical dressings, and third, the extent of its knitting.

As a supreme offering, Michigan next offers her own sons. An army camp scene attracts the attention for a moment, and with nurses to the front.

As this group enters, all the preceding groups come closer, uniting in singing, "Michigan, My Michigan," followed by "The Star Spangled Banner", in which the audience joins.

—Lousene Rousseau

IND of a gloomy sort o' day,
Feelin' in such a lazy way,
Just layin' 'round, not carin' to play;
Just a sort o' setin'.

Tired 'o tryin' to do what's hard,
'N sick o' what's easy, while yer peace is marred
By the kids a'yellin' in the ole back yard,
'N you feel like just a setin'.

'N there you set, a thinkin' now,
O' the days that's past, 'n wonderin' how
They've slipt by so quick; 'n then you frown,
For you've been sort o' setin'.

And yer dreams go back to the old home farm,
'Nd th' familiar place behind the barn,
Where yer Pap'd go 'an use his arm,
Till you got cured o' setin'.

Aint it queer how yer dreams 'll make you think,
And sort o' shame you for that lazy kink,
Till you want to work, and in it sink?
From just o' sort o' setin'.

Gerald Bush.
VARIOUS ACTIVITIES

ADDRESSES AND NAMES OF NORMAL BOYS "WITH THE COLORS"

Ashley, Edwin, Sec. 100 U. S. A. A. C., Allentown, Pa.
Austin, Carl, Sec. 100 U. S. A. A. C., Allentown, Pa.
Dobberteen, Ralph, Sec. 100 U.S.A.A.C., Allentown, Pa.
Mulder, Henry, Sec. 100 U. S. A. A. C., Allentown, Pa.
Baskey, Cadet Earl, 1st Provisional Squadron, Ellington Field, Houston, Texas.
Bel, John A., U. S. S. Iowa, c.o. Postmaster, New York City, N. Y.
Broberg, Sargent John, Co. 1, 340th Infantry, Camp Custer, Michigan.
Burke, F. Scott, 338th Infantry, Machine Gun Bn., Camp Custer, Michigan.
Byers, Robert, Great Lakes Training Sta., U. S. S. Essex, Great Lakes, Ill.
Chenery, Howard, 1st Co. Military Police, Camp Custer, Michigan.
Chenery, Roy, Co. 6, 310th Engineers, Camp Custer, Michigan.
Clark, Horace, School of Military Aeronautics, Class of January 19, Post Exchange, Princeton, N. J.
Coleman, Andrew, Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas.
Early, Floyd, Co. C, 328th Machine Gun Bn., Camp Custer, Michigan.
Foley, Lawrence, 32nd Co., 8th Battalion 16th Depot Brigade, Camp Custer, Michigan.
French, Ralph, 87 Aero Squadron, Park Field, Memphis, Tenn.
Glassford, Lieut. A. A., U. S. R.
Hams, Don J., 1st Class Private, Field Hospital Co. No. 7, Fort Clark, Texas.
Holmes, J. E., Gas Defense Dept., Infantry School of Arms, Ft. Sill, Oklahoma.
Howe, Emil, Y. M. C. A., Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia.
Hoyt, Howard, 310 Engineer's Train, Camp Custer, Michigan.
Hoyt, John, 121st Heavy Artillery, Battery F, Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas.
Jacox, Verne, Co. D, Machine Gun Battalion 328, Camp Custer, Michigan.
LaVanway, Neal, U. S. S. Hancock, % Postmaster, New York City, N. Y.
Land Marcus, U. S. S. Massachusetts, % Postmaster, New York City, N. Y.
Maloney, Carl, 310 Supply Train, 85th Division, Co. 4 Headquarters, Camp Custer, Michigan.
Myers, Alba, Co. C, Main Camp, Hospital Corps Training School, U. S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill.
Naylor, Corporal Milton, 12th Field Artillery, Battery D, Ft Myer, Virginia.
Nicholas, Rolland, 17th Field Artillery, Headquarters Co., Camp Robinson, Wisconsin.
Sooy, Sargent Rush M., Co. H, 342 Infantry, Camp Grant, Ill.
Surateaux, 2nd Lieut. La Velle U.S.R., 330th Field Artillery, Battery A, Camp Custer, Michigan.
Wade, Murray, Co. 3, 310 Engineers, Camp Custer, Michigan.
Waldo, Herbert S., 2214 Dana St., Berkeley, Cal. Aviation Barracks
Walters, Alfred, Co. B, 120th Machine
Gun Battalion, Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas.

Welden, Charles, 113th Co., 3rd Provisional Regiment, U.S. Marines, San Domingo City, % Postmaster R. D., New York City, N. Y.

Worden, Stewart, U. S. S. Culgoa, M. N. M., % Postmaster, New York City, N. Y.

Lyons, Maurice, Infantry, Camp Custer, Michigan.


Myers, Melvin, 9th Co. 3rd Battalion, 160th Depot Brigade, Camp Custer, Michigan.

Tanis, Lawrence, 328th Field Artillery Headquarters Co., Camp Custer, Mich.


Boyd, William

Yeakey, Leon L.

Keim, Clifford

Perry, Harlo, Co. C, 328th Machine Gun Battalion, Camp Custer, Michigan.


Fisher, Ralph E., Field Hospital No. 4, Division 28, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Georgia.


Hyames, Judson A., Y. M. C. A. No. 181, Camp Custer, Michigan.

Ransom, Dr. T. H., Y. M. C. A. No. 86, Camp Custer, Michigan.

Possi, John C., Benicia Arsenal, Benicia, California.

Cross, Corporal Fred, Battery E, 15th Field Artillery, Pine Camp, E M Il Branch, Watertown, N. Y.

Nevis, Archie, % Atlas Brass Foundry Co., Columbus, Ohio.


Sherwood, Cecil, % Armed Guard 58, Receiving Ship, Norfolk, Va.

Burdick, Laurence, School of Military Aeronautics, Cornell Univ.

Burdick, Willis, with A. E. F. in France.


Yeakey, Roy, Co. 37, 10th Battalion, 160th Depot Brigade, Camp Custer, Michigan.

Barton, Merritt, Co. Commander 22, 3rd Regiment, Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill.


Stout, 2nd Lieut. Grover, U. S. R.

Miller, Orlo, Sargeant, Quartermaster’s Dept.

Baxter, Merritt, 32nd Co., 8th Battalion, 100th Depot Brigade, Camp Custer, Mich.

Naughton, Woodworth, Battery F, 121st Regiment F. A., Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas.

Boyles, Victor, Battery E, 328th Field Artillery, Camp Custer, Michigan.


Dunlap, Cadet Lionel, Detachment of Flying Cadets, Ellington Field, Houston, Texas.


Peck, Melvin, U. S. S. Massachusetts, % Postmaster New York City, N. Y.

Dohy, Lieut. Mark, U. S. R.


Tice Don. 36th Co., 9th Battalion, 160th Depot Brigade, Camp Custer, Mich.


Price, Lieut. Clyde, U. S. R.


Green, William, 340th Infantry Band, Camp Custer, Michigan.
Matthews, Preston, Ellington Field, Houston, Texas.
Thorsberg, Alphonso, Co. I, 337th Infantry, Camp Custer, Michigan.
Green, Edward, Great Lakes Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill.
Sooy, Donald, Rifle Range, Ft. Logan, Zion City, Ill.
Cutting, Richard, Rifle Range, Ft. Logan, Zion City, Ill.
Wallace, Donald, Y. M. C. A., Camp Custer, Michigan.
Harboldt, Harold, Aerial Service.

ATHLETICS

Athletic activities have so far been confined to basket ball. Despite difficulties in filling the schedule, a number of games have been played. On the whole the team has done very well, though the illness of some of the players has interfered with success more than once. The following men made up the regular team: Olsen, C.; Vroegindeweij, L.G.; Houston, R.G.; Westgate, L.F.; Angell and Swain, R.F.

The first game was with Camp Custer enlisted men, on January 4, and was a tight contest from start to finish. The final whistle left the score 40 to 38 in our favor.

Line-up and Summary:
Camp Custer (Enlisted Men) Western Normal
Ballagh (Det. Cent.) L.F. Brown
Pillefant (Waukegan) R.F. Angell, Westgate
Malbager (U. of M.) C. Olsen
Martin (Det. Y.M.C.A.) L.G. Westgate, Vroegindeweij
Score, first half—Custer 19, W. Normal 14.
Field goals—Brown 6, Olsen 5, Angell 2, Westgate, Houston; Ballagh 6, Malbager 4, Miller 4.
Miller 4.

CAMP CUSTER OFFICERS’ TEAM vs. WESTERN NORMAL

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 9, the Officers’ Team from Camp Custer ceased laboring for Uncle Sam long enough to come over and storm our trenches. This team is composed of veteran Wisconsin college men from Appleton, Lawrence and U. of W. They were a clean-cut husky bunch of bone and muscle, and made our boys in comparison look like Lilliputians. The game was fast and clean and kept the large crowd on edge with excitement. We were ahead by a point or two in the first attack, but in the counter thrust they seized and held one-half a kilometer of our front trench to a depth of ten decimeters, winning the game by the score of 22-21. A little luck would have tied the game and a little more beef given us the victory.

Line-up and Summary:
Camp Custer Officers Western Normal
Kellar (Carroll) L.F. Westgate
Thompson (Lawrence) R.F. Angell, Swain
Wyman (Ripon) C. Olsen
Langhoff (Wisconsin) L.G. Vroegindeweij
Tippett (Lawrence) R.G. Houston
Score, first half—Officers 13, Western Normal 14.
Field goals—Olsen 6, Angell 3, Kellar 5, Thompson 3, Tippett.
Free shots—Thompson 4 out of 8, Olsen 3 out of 6.
Referee—Capt. N. A. Kellogg, U. of M.
Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Line-up and Summary:

HOPE COLLEGE vs. W. NORMAL

Friday night, January 11, will be long remembered in our basketball annals. For on that date, in spite of the Hague Conventions, we beat the Dutch to it. On that date our William the Silent, led his cohorts to Holland and came home with the cheese. Not straight home be it understood. Some one in Calgary or Medicine Hat had evidently bet on Hope and was so provoked at losing his kale that he turned loose a storm that was a blinger. When the team reached Grand Rapids on their return the government had temporarily gone out of the railroad business and as a consequence the boys were marooned in the Furniture City until Monday morning. The joyful score was 22-15 in our favor.

Hope College Western Normal
Subbers, DeRoo L. F. Westgate
Nykamp R. F. Angell, Swain
Ramaker C. Olsen
Van Hazel L.G. Vroegindeweij
Klomparens R.G. Houston
Score, end of half—Western Normal 11; Hope 7.
Field goals—Olsen 5, Angell 2, Westgate, Swain; Ramaker 2, Nykamp 2, Subers.
Free throws—Olsen 4 out of 4, Ramaker 5 out of 8, Nykamp 0 out of 3.
Referee, VonTongren, Hope and Olds, Ypsilanti. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

THE GRAND RAPIDS "Y" GAME

Western Normal speed boys trimmed the strong G. R. Y. M. C. A. team at Grand Rapids, Wednesday night, January 16, by a 36 to 20 count. The Furniture City stars were expecting to put a crimp in the Westerners, inasmuch as they had recently licked Hope College and M. A. C., but after a few minutes of the fastest play ever seen in the big "Y" gym, the local lads found the pace too stiff and had to be content with only 5 field goals. Hooper, the sturdy guard of the "Y" team, kept his team in the running through his good work in shooting, driving and taking the free shot route. Olsen was the big noise for the Pedagogues, knocking in 9 field goals and 10 free counters. Angell and Westgate contributed 4 points each and did some excellent passing and guarding. Houston and Vroegindeweij had the "Y" forwards smothered almost completely and they didn't get a clean shot all evening.

Line-up and Summary:

Grand Rapids "Y" Western Normal
Stander, Willard L. F. Westgate
Brown R. F. Angell
Cook C. Olsen
Hooker L.G. Vroegindeweij
Mills R. G. Houston
Score, first half—Western Normal 11; Grand Rapids "Y" 10.
Field goals—Olsen 9, Angell 2, Westgate 2, Hooker 3, Cook, Brown.
Goals from Fouls—Olsen 10 out of 15, Hooker 10 out of 15.
Referee—Olds, Ypsilanti. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

NOTRE DAME 17; W. NORMAL 14

Western Normal lost a close game at Notre Dame, Saturday afternoon, Jan. 19, by a 17 to 14 score. The teams were so evenly matched that it was "anybody's game during the entire last half. The dirt floor severely handicapped the boys, causing them to lose their footing many times, especially during the first half. The team played a fine defensive game and the Catholics had only a few chances to shoot. On the other hand the Normals missed a great number of easy shots at the basket.

Hayes Bader, McVain Ronchetti
Pearson Stine, Brandy

Field goals—Bader 2, Ronchetti 2, Hayes, McVain; Olsen 2, Angell, Westgate, Houston.
Goals from fouls—Ronchetti 5 out of 9; Stine 1 out of 3; Olsen 4 out of 9.
Referee—Cooper, South Bend.
Timer, Rockne. Time of halves, 20 minutes.
THE TEACHER’S OPPORTUNITY

The present crisis offers the schoolmaster the opportunity of a lifetime. Whole-hearted and enthusiastic loyalty is the least that can be expected of him. Both in school and out of it he has an unparalleled opportunity for service.

The present condition of the German people shows to what a pass a whole nation may be brought by intensified teaching. For there we find a whole people bowing down before the fetich of the divine right of kings; entirely committed to the claim of a super-state which can do no wrong and to which the people must yield a blind obedience; gladly accepting the claim that German Kultur was ordained by a German God to be impressed upon all other peoples; a whole people giving themselves joyfully to an insensate hate of all their neighbors and so lost to all sense of decency that they fairly revel in all forms of fiendish cruelty. And why? Why largely because a lot of subservient school masters day in and day out have been for the past 40 years drilling these frightful ideas into the minds of the German youth.

Yes, the school teacher has a magnificent opportunity right now and should hasten to embrace it. What, then, can he do?

1. Drive home the lesson of patriotism—not that of the German brand, but that of pure Americanism. Pupils should be given intensive drill in the history of their own country to the end that they may realize our national ideals and the great cost in money and lives of bringing our republic to its present position. The Prussian scheme of world power should be pointed out, the nature of the system made plain and the terrible menace of this system to our plan of freedom emphasized.

2. The duty and responsibility of the citizen to the government should be dwelt upon in order that higher ideals of citizenship may be inculcated. We take our duties too lightly. They are real duties and should be assumed by all.

3. Stress the necessity of sacrifice on the part of all. Unless each individual does his share, victory can not be attained. Each can do something. We are all selfish and pleasure loving. Extravagance weakens the arm of the government and makes its efforts of slight value. Self denial should be driven home into the consciousness of every child and he should be encouraged to do what he can to help. Here we have a magnificent opportunity to lay stress on thrift.

4. Emphasize the importance of discipline. Every one knows that the American youth is a law unto himself. The household revolves about him. Now is a most excellent opportunity to set him firmly in his place and put the fear of God and the school teacher in his heart. He surely needs this experience and we should, all of us, joyfully accept this chance.

Space forbids the further elaboration of this theme. Outside of the school room the teacher also has a duty to perform toward the community. He should master the events leading up to the war so as to be able to place the blame squarely on Germany. He should acquaint himself with the causes that impelled us to enter the war. He should have at his command data as to the infractions of international law and the policy of frightfulness pursued by Germany, so as to show what sort of supermen these Huns really are. He should study the German governmental scheme so as to know how the state is organized and how completely the autocracy dominates the people. He should give of his time and means to support all the schemes for carrying on the war to a successful end. He should be on the lookout for any form of insidious German propaganda—and there is much of it—and be quick and bold to denounce those engaged in it. In short, he should doff his scholastic robes and be a real individual.

This is a fair sized program for a school man, but it is one well worth his best efforts. No loyal teacher need hesitate to embrace it. Nor need he worry about his job. Opposition to loyal efforts will be distinctly unpopular. And if perchance one should lose his job, there are lots better ones open now-a-days. So pitch in and do your bit.
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3. Splendid new three-story Science Building 147½ feet long and 29½ feet wide, one of the best planned structures in its kind in the United States.

4. The Training School building is one of the best equipped in the country. It is regarded by educational authorities as a model.

5. The largest Normal School gymnasium in the "Old Northwest" Territory. The floor measures 119 feet by 65 feet. Running track, swimming pool, shower baths, lockers.

6. Fine new athletic field of over 14 acres. Includes two football endrunds, two baseball diamonds, running track, hockey field.

7. Graduates in demand. Now teaching in more than 25 states and in every section of Michigan. 165 cities and villages engaged members of the 1917 class.

8. Young men who have completed the life certificate course receive from $1000 to $1100 the first year. More than 200 graduates of Western Normal hold important administrative positions in Michigan, including superintendencies, principalships, supervisorships, county normal directorships, and county commissionerships.

9. Department of Commerce. A thorough course, based on sound, economic principles. Our graduates receive not only specialized training, but also broad normal education.

10. Manual Training. The Western Normal is the only Normal School in Michigan granting a special manual training course. Graduates of this department are teaching in 50 cities in Michigan and in several states outside of Michigan.

11. Rural education. Courses of study for the preparation of teachers of rural schools, and of training classes for rural teachers. Also courses for the qualification of supervisors and administrators in rural education. These courses lead to limited and to life certificates.

12. Graduates of the Normal School complete the A. B. course at Ann Arbor in two years. Many former Western Normal students are now in residence at the University. Western Normal graduates of recent years who have completed the A. B. course at Ann Arbor are receiving an average salary of more than $2000 per year.

Spring term will begin April 1, 1918.
Summer term will begin June 24, 1918.
Fall term will begin September 30, 1918.

For catalog address Secretary.