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THE M. A. C. RECORD.

MIXING PLEASURE with business, and a discussion of home subjects with consideration of the political questions of the day, Michigan women will meet at the College from June 28 until July 2 for the annual Women's Conference, which is given as part of the Summer School activities at the college. While much of the work of the conference will be planned especially for teachers and extension workers, most of the subjects discussed will be handled from the point of view of the housewife who is not a specialist in home economics study. Widely known authorities from outside the state will address different meetings of the conference. Among these will be Mary Swartz Rose, associate professor, department of nutrition, Teachers College, Columbia University, who will discuss recent developments in child feeding. Miss Rose is recognized as one of the country's leading nutrition authorities. Laura L. Baldt, also from Columbia University, will take up the question of clothing for children at the Tuesday afternoon meeting. A modern flavor will be given the conference by a series of lectures on political questions which will be given by Mrs. Mary Hendrick, assistant professor of history at the Michigan Agricultural College. Political Parties, Party Organization, Party Processes, and Citizenship and Suffrage will be the subjects of Mrs. Hendrick's talks, one of which will be given on each day of the conference.

AT A MEETING, June 12, the faculty voted to recommend to the State Board of Agriculture that the ban on National fraternities be lifted and that under suitable regution they be permitted to establish chapters at M. A. C. The vote was by secret ballot and stood something like 30 for and 6 against.

RURAL MINISTERS from all parts of the state will gather in East Lansing from July 6 to 16 for the Sixth Annual Conference of Pastors and Laymen, which is to be held in connection with the summer session of the Michigan Agricultural College. More than twenty-five special lecturers are scheduled to address the conference. many of them being nationally known educators. Among these will be: Dr. Warren H. Wilson, of New York City, Church and Country Life Directors; Bishop T. S. Henderson, of Detroit; Prof. C. H. Moehlman, of Rochester, N. Y.; Dr. E. A. Ross, Professor of Sociology at the University of Wisconsin; and Mr. Ralph Felton, department of rural work, New York City. Other special conferences to be held during the college summer term, which runs from June 21 to July 30 this year, will include a conference for teachers of Household Art and Domestic Science, June 29 to July 2; a school of instruction for women in political organization, June 29 to July 2; the Fifth Annual Conference for leaders of Boys and Girls Clubs, July 6 to 9; and special meetings for science teachers and teachers of agriculture.

THE CENTRAL MICHIGAN Grange and farmers' rally will be held on the campus Saturday, July 3. Beginning at 10 o'clock, the forenoon will be given over to an inspection of the agricultural division. The afternoon program, which has been arranged by Mrs. Dora Stockman, member of the State Board of Agriculture, will begin at 1 o'clock, and will include community singing, readings by the Grange lecturer and speeches by John C. Ketcham and Milo Campbell. Campus entertainment including swimming in the pool and baseball for the young folks, games for the children and dancing in the armory for the grown ups is being provided for.

THE DINING ROOM of the Women's building is to be kept in operation during the period of the summer session and will be open to men as well as the women during that time.

PROFESSOR RYDER lectured before a Conference and School for Citizenship for women held at the North Carolina College for Women, Greensboro, June 14-18. The subjects of his lectures were: "The Function of Government in Education," "The Commission Plan and the City Manager Plan of Municipal Government," and "Political Party Organization and Technique." This is the first conference of this kind held in North Carolina and was arranged by E. C. Lindemann, '11, now of that institution. There was a state-wide representation at the meeting, including representatives from many women's clubs and other women's organizations. Community organization was one of the principal subjects for discussion during the conference. Professor Ryder has received a request by the "Inter-Church World Organization" to organize communities in the wheat belt from Oklahoma north through the central states, for the purpose of undertaking welfare work with harvest migrants. He was unable to accept the work because of his college duties during the summer session.

Miss Winiffed Gettemy and Miss Anna Bayha of the Household Arts department, Miss Osee Hughes and Miss Hilda Faust of the Household Science department and Bess Frazer, '11, associate professor of home economics, are in Colorado Springs this week attending the National Home Economics conference.

THE PRINCIPAL SCENES in the pageant given on Monday night of Commencement week will be featured in Sunday's rotogravure section of the Detroit News. A spe-

cial representative was sent to take the pictures.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY is attracting several instructors from the Home Economics department this summer. Miss Edith Casho instructor in physical training, will take summer school work and stay during the first semester of the regular school year. Bess Frazer, '11, Louis Clemens, '13, Ethel Taft, '16, and Miss Hilda Faust of the Household Science department have already left the college for the six weeks' summer course.

M. A. C. IS TO BE WELL represented in military camps this summer. Twelve men have gone to Fortress Monroe to take up Coast Artillery work and forty-one have entered the R. O. T. C. at Camp Custer. Major Wrightson of the military department of the college has been assigned to Camp Custer for six weeks to assist with the work.

THE FIRST ANNUAL MARDI GRAS given by the Seniors on June 10 was so successful as to warrant its being continued as an annual custom. About \$800 was taken in and everyone joined in the carvinal spirit. The Feronian Follies and the dance in the armory drew the biggest crowds, while the African dodger, the wheel of fortune, the Kewpie booth, and the Yellow Dog saloon with a real bartender came in for their share of patronage and reminded the alumnus of the old time "carnival."

TWENTY-FIVE FORESTERS have left for the summer camp at East Jordan. The camp was originally held at Cadillac but a change was made this year because of the extensive lumbering operations which have been carried on near the old site the past year. Prof. Chittenden and Prof. Buttrick accompanied the party.

The Holcad will be issued twice a week during the coming school year, on Tuesdays and Fridays, according to the present plans. This will help to keep the student body in closer touch with the college affairs.

ESTHER SEVERANCE, '20, of Haslett, won the Sayer prize in bacteriology this year for the best work done. This prize is awarded yearly and consists of the interest on \$500 from the estate of William Sayer.

SUMMER SCHOOL enrollment totaled 240 Wednesday night with 50 more teachers and 50 Federal Aid men expected at the end of this week. The number of men and women are about evenly divided. An unusual feature of this year's enrollment, according to Dean E. H. Ryder, is the number of public school men here to qualify in agricultural work under the Smith-Hughes law.

COUNTY AND STATE Boys' and Girls' Club champions numbering about 100, from all

over the lower peninsula, are enjoying the campus and real college life this week. The girls are living in Abbey and the boys in Wells. Classes in cooking, sewing and home nursing for the girls, and in dairying, poultry, stock judging and farm crops work for the boys occupy part of the time. Director Brewer and Miss Grimes have charge of the recreation and swimming periods. On Thursday evening the club champions were the guests of the college at a banquet in Club C, and on Friday they visited the State Capitol. The State Board of Agriculture recently appropriated \$200 for this Club Week in lower Michigan, and the same amount for the upper peninsula. The upper peninsula conferences will be held later.

EVENT AND COMMENT.

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE AND HIS COMMUNITY.

If a key note can be stated for this year's Commencement activities, both on the part of students and alumni, that key note would be the responsibility of college men and women in community service. The part that the college man and woman should play in their communities was stressed in both the commencement address and the whole program of the alumni meeting. Dean Russell urged upon the graduating class the importance of interesting themselves in their home communities and in community work. President Prudden in his retiring message to the alumni brought out the same message in an unusual way. We are pleased to print his remarks in another column

The Union idea as it is developing in American colleges and universities has for its slogan, "Service to the University." The University of Michigan should be given credit for the starting of this movement. The inculcating of the spirit of community service in the student in college develops and is brought to fruit for the service of the community, city, and the state after he graduates.

The man that may be called the founder of the college Union idea lived in Chicago not many years ago. There he found that the graduates of his particular university were seeking worldly gain to the expense of themselves and their communities. It was difficult to interest them in community projects or in university alumni work because of the fact that they were overlooking all else for monetary gain. About that time he had an offer to become a head of a department of a great university. him it appeared that here was an unusual opportunity, a chance for the development of an idea in college which would bear fruit for the community, the state, and the nation in later years when those college students had taken their places in the world of men. He accepted that offer and immediately took up the work of organizing the Michigan. Union with an aim for unrequited service to the University on the part of students and alumni. Last year hundreds of students at Michigan served in the various student activities, worked on committees and worked hard, unrecompensed, for a bigger and better university and university life.

Service to the community is the responsibility of college men and women and the graduating class of 1920 could not fail to grasp its full meaning at their commence-

ment.

AWAKENED INTEREST.

We do not know of a commencement at which there was manifested more of the spirit of service to M. A. C. than at the Commencement this year. In the first place, it was one of the largest reunions that the college has ever had and in the second place, there was foremost in everyone's mind the thought of what can alumni do to build M. A. C. and make her greater and stronger. There was keen spirit shown in the many new plans that were presented for enlarging her scope and making her increasingly powerful and popular.

We should like to draw the attention of every member of the M. A. C. family to the resolutions adopted at the annual meeting. They embody the foremost thought in the mind of the alumni body at large as to what the M. A. C. Association shall stand for in the future development of the Michi-

gan Agricultural College.

THERE'S A REASON.

If you were disappointed at not receiving the regular weekly issues during June we hope that this double issue, the Commencement Number, will appease your grieved feelings somewhat. In order that we might get in all the commencement festivities and a full account of the annual meeting and the class reunions we are a week later than we meant to be. Summer numbers will appear in July and August but the regular weekly issues will not resume until the beginning of the school year in October.

NEWELL H. POWERS '21.

Newell H. Powers, a student at the college in the mechanical engineering department in the class of '21, died at the Sparrow Hospital in Lansing, on June 23, following an operation for strepticoccus infection of the frontal sinus of the brain. He underwent a similar operation a couple of weeks ago. His home is at South Paris, Maine.

M. A. C. Cannot Live on Her Past.

TROOP '78 AND WOODBURY '04 LEAVE PURDUE.

Prof. James Troop and Prof. C. G. Woodbury, two M. A. C. men on the faculty at Purdue, leave the work there on July 1.

Prof. Troop, head of the entomology department, was retired from duty as head of the department at his own request. He is the oldest member on the instructional staff in point of service, having just completed 36 years with Purdue. Prof. W. C. Latta, '77, still holds the honor of spending the most years in active service with the uni-

versity, however. Prof. Woodbury, director of the agricultural experiment station for three years, resigned to become head of the bureau of raw products research of the National Canners Association at Washington, D. C. "The University loses a valuable man in the resignation of Prof. Woodbury," states the In-dianapolis News, "He has been identified with Purdue since 1906, two years after his graduation from the Michigan Agricultural college. He came here as an assistant in horticultural experimental work, and in 1911 became head of the horticultural department, being promoted to his present position in 1917. He has made good as a director of the research work, extending the usefulness of the experimental work in many ways so as to bring it in closer touch with the farmers.

"In his new position he will have charge of various lines of experimental work undertaken by the canners to help solve their food problems."

COL. MARK L. IRELAND '01, HONORED.

Colonel Mark L. Ireland, '01, of the Motor Transport Corps of the U. S. Army, has recently received a distinct honor from the French government in a decoration of Officer d'Academie, Order of the University Palms. He has also been honored in America by an appointment as a member of the National Research Council committee on the Economic Theory of Highway Improvement.

A letter from the War department at Washington, explains the French decoration, order of the University Palm, grade of Officer d'Academie-silver palms, as having been "instituted in 1808, and is now of classes, "Officer de L'Instruction Publique," and Officer d'Academie." They are awarded on the recommendation of the Minister of Education to those who have especially distinguished themselves by their eminent services in connection with teaching in the universities and colleges; and to learned, literary and scientific men who have done particularly brilliant work. The decorations consist of a wreath of laurel and palm suspended from a violet ribbon by means of

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a ring, "L'Officier de L'Instruction Publique" wears the decoration in gold with a rosette on the ribbon, while "L'Officier d'Academic" wears it in silver with no rosettes.

The French decoration was awarded Col. Ireland for work while overseas with the

A. E. F.

OUR NEW PRESIDENT.

Succeeding W. K. Prudden '78, as Helmsman of M. A. C. Association.



HARRIS ELY THOMAS, '85.

In one of the largest and most spirited of gatherings Harris Ely Thomas, '85, was unanimously elected president of the M. A. C. Association at the annual meeting commencement day. Nearly 600 members were present. In endorsing his nomination Judge C. B. Collingwood, '85, a classmate of Mr. Thomas, rose and remarked that this would be the one opportunity we would have this year of electing a democrat for president and that we had better take it.

W. K. Prudden, '78, retires from the office of president after four years of splendid service both to the alumni and to the college. Although urged by his many friends to accept re-election he felt that for business and other reasons he should retire.

Mr. Thomas is a successful and well-known lawyer of Lansing. Chairman E. I. Dail, '02, of the nominating committee, said in reporting, "I think we have to recommend to you a very able president in Mr. Thomas. He is intensely interested in M. A. C. and her alumni. He has been keenly interested in the Union Memorial Building. He is closely allied and associated with the business interests of Lansing. He has taken a very live and active interest in this movement and I believe that our recommendation will meet with your approval."

Henry Haigh, '74, presented a "minority report," urging the renomination of President Prudden on the ground that he should be allowed to complete the Union Memorial Building campaign in which such an excellent start had been made. The chair ruled him out of order, however.

Other officers of the Association elected are: Vice president, Hugh B. Gunnison, '00, of Detroit; treasurer, J. H. Prost, '04, of Chicago; members of the executive committee elected at large are: Samuel Langdon '11, of Hubbardston, Mrs. Helen Esselstyn Wood, '09, of Lansing, and A. C. Anderson, '06, of Flint.

CAMPUS CIRCLE PRESENTED.

Samuel Kennedy, '01, P. B. Woodworth, '86, J. H. Prost, '04, Charles Garfield, '70, and Prof. Gunson spoke briefly on the Campus Circle plan for the future development of the campus and strongly urged leaving the central portion of the campus free of buildings of any sort and in its natural beauty. An informal expression asked for by Mr. Kennedy showed a large number in favor of the Circle Plan in its general aspects.

The class of '70 were given a great ovation when they were announced as celebrating their golden anniversary. Ansel Phinney, Richard Haigh and Charles Garfield were each called upon and gave most interesting talks, of which Mr. Garfield's is printed in another column in the Record. It was inspiring to the younger graduates to witness the splendid spirit shown by this group in their semi-centennial. James Satterlee, '69, who was closely associated with '70, was adopted by the class in its reunion and also responded with a brief talk.

President Kedzie was called upon and told how deeply he was touched by the intense interest shown in the welfare of the college and the splendid attendance at the reunion. He spoke briefly on the matter of attendance and explained the reason for our small enrollment. "Will" Prudden then called attention to the fact that M. A. C. was a young institution comparatively speaking as evidenced by the coincidence that President Kedzie was born on the day

apology for revealing ages.

The alumni ball game and cap night had to be postponed because of a downpour of rain ,which began during the alumni luncheon. In place of cap night an impromptu alumni dance in the Gymnasium helped enliven the festivities.

RESOLUTIONS.

The Unanimous Action of the M. A. C. Association Gathered at its Annual Meeting, June 16, 1920.

RESOLUTION PRESENTED BY M. A. C. CLUB OF DETROIT.

Be it resolved, that the M. A. C. Association is strongly opposed to any movement tending toward the removal of men from the dormitories at M. A. C. and be it further resolved that the Association favors the promotion of some plan which will require that all freshmen be housed in dormitories under proper supervision and that the necessary provisions be made therefor.

RESOLUTION PRESENTED BY M. A. C. CLUB OF DETROIT.

Resolved, that the M. A. C. Association endorse the action of the faculty in recommending to the State Board of Agriculture that under suitable conditions the ban on National Fraternities be lifted.

RESOLUTION PRESENTED BY CENTRAL MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION.

Resolved, that due to increase in the cost of printing, paper, and office administration that the M. A. C. Association dues be raised from \$2.00 per year to \$2.50 per year.

RESOLUTION PRESENTED BY CENTRAL MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION.

Resolved, that the Secretary of the M. A. C. Association establish in his office a system for bringing the superior advantages of M. A. C. to the present attention of prospective college students. This is to include the possible employment of a Field Secretary and the interesting of alumni in furthering the object.

RESOLUTION PRESENTED BY CENTRAL MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION.

Resolved, that the M. A. C. Association solicit the State Board of Agriculture for an appropriation to carry out the work of the alumni office in bringing students to M. A. C. and that a committee of three be appointed to handle the matter.

We believe further that the alumni are disappointed at the lack of growth in numbers of students at M. A. C. viewed in the light of increases at other institutions and that the college can best serve its purpose by reaching the greatest number. We hope that a strong policy of expansion in this direction be adopted.

We most heartily commend the State Board of Agriculture in increasing the scale of salaries of the teaching staff to meet the present living conditions, and also the demands that industry is making for trained workers.

We recommend that the future building expansion of the College be made as much as possible according to plans formulated by the nationally known landscape architects already employed by the College.

A year ago the goal of the Union Memo-rial Building Fund was set at a hundred fifty thousand dollars. During the one year of campaign this has been reached This wonderful progress, indicatpassed. ing excellent organization by those in charge of the campaign as well as a greatly enhanced interest on the part of the alumni, has made it seem advisable that a more adequate sum be placed as a goal, and that our ideal be raised to at least \$300,000 if not \$500,000. In this connection we heartily recommend that the alumni building committee employ in a consulting capacity some architectural firm that has made a special study of buildings of this nature, to the end that our Union Memorial Building be a distinct credit to the campus, a structure worthy of commemorating our memorial ideal and the ideal of service to the students and alumni.

We express our profound sorrow because of the untimely death of our former beloved and honored President Jonathan L. Snyder, who has departed from a most useful life and valued service to M. A. C. since our last meeting. Under President Snyder's untiring administration this institution quadrupled in numbers and in importance, and the value of his work for M. A. C. will continue through many years to come.

It is of great interest to note that just a half century ago Dr. Beal came to this institution as an instructor. It is most gratifying to have him with us today, and we take much pleasure in expressing to him again our appreciation of his invaluable service to M. A. C.

The Committee: C. S. Langdon, '11, Myrl' Bottomly, '16, Louise Haliday Carpenter, '17.

REUNING CLASSES CELEBRATE THEIR BIRTHDAYS.

'17 and '18 Turn Class Gifts to Union Memorial Building.

'81 Cup Winners on Attendance.

June 22, 1920.

Editor M. A. C. Record:

Dear Sir: I desire to report the very happy and most enjoyable meeting the class of '81 had at its banquet the night of June 16th. There were present: Bamber, Clark, Dart, Grover, Hubbert, Lillie, Lincoln, McKenny, B. S. Palmer, Phelps, Root Smith Turner and Voigt. Woodman was on the grounds the evening of the 15th but the writer could not prevail on him to stay over and meet his class. None of the rest saw him. He was at the college attending a meeting of the Board of Agriculture. His excuse for going was that he had to be at home to help in haying. One day would have made but little difference and especially so since the next day was a rainy one. His excuse was not accepted and his action in the matter was resented by the class, with good reason, too, since many of the boys had come so far, at much greater expense than the mere loss of one day's haying would have been to him.

There were 33 graduated in our class, 9 are known to be dead, 2 are missing and cannot be found, 2 were too ill to come. That left us 20, or classing Woodman with the dead, only 19 that we could reasonably expect to come back. But we did have 14

back.

It was most touching, indeed, to see the cordial greetings of old classmates, many of whom had not met in 39 years. Though a few gray hairs and some furrowed brows were manifest, telling the tale of time, still the hearts were young and the old days of college experience were rehearsed. Every member gave a most interesting talk.

The absent ones were not forgotten. Letters and telegrams from some of them were read and a telegram was sent in the name of the class carrying a resolution of sympathy to Mrs. Louis G. Carpenter (Mary J. C. Merrill) who is unable to get about

alone.

No one regretted, I am sure, going back to this reunion. All appreciated the great improvements that are manifest at M. A. C. The campus looks well and the buildings are good and generally well kept up.

Yours very truly,

Ambrose E. Smith.

'98, '99 and Naughters Have Best Ever.

'98, '99, '00 and '01 met at the home of Dewey A. Seeley, '98, and Mrs. Seeley at the Weather Bureau station at East Lansing for a Bohemian supper on Commencement Day. About thirty members of these combined classes met for the supper and an informal jollification time afterwards. A "Circle" game, at which Sam Kennedy excelled was the principal entertainment feature. Later in the evening they attended the alumni party in the gymnasium. "The best reunion we ever had," they claim.

1910 Supports Memorial Building Campaign.

The returning 1910 grads who gathered at the Wildwood Tea rooms for their class dinner on Commencement day took action to further the work of the Memorial Building campaign. A committee of three consisting of Oren Snow, Mabel Rogers of Lansing and Glen P. Burkhart of Fowlerville was appointed to work with the M. A. C. Association office in furthering this project. Minnie Johnson Starr was appointed permanent class secretary.

'17 Was There "With Bells On."—Turn Class Fund to Memorial Building.

That '17, the largest class which was ever graduated from M. A. C., was back strong for its first reunion with plenty of old-time spirit, no one doubted. Upon registering, every member was given a tag in blue and gold—the class colors—on which was written "'17 is here with—" and attached to it were two little bells.

On Wednesday evening, June 16th, Norm Weil, his steam roller and sixty-four members of the old gang, in addition to husbands, wives and friends gathered at the People's Church for the big "pep" feast and banquet. The set program of the evening as planned by the class secretaries, Otto Pino and Lou Butler, was carried out in detail and to speak in the vernacular, it "was a bellowing success."

Following the splendid banquet, which was supervised by our classmate, Mrs. Helen Peterson Cawood, Norm Weil introduced Howard Rather, who took charge of the business meeting. G. O. Stewart was appointed secretary of the evening. The class secretaries and standing committees

reported.

The class voted that the money which they now have, approximately \$850.00, be used to furnish a room in the Memorial Building. An assessment of \$1.00 a year for the next five years was voted in order that the work of the class secretaries may be more properly supported, and that a closer association of former classmates might be maintained. This will also give the class an opportunity to again stage a



Celebrating Their Golden Anniversary Reunion.—Left to right: James Satterlee, '69; Charles Garfield, '70; Richard Haigh, 69, and Ansel Phinney. '70.

"comeback" at their next reunion in 1925. This was rather a new step for a class to take but the continued success of the '17ers would indicate that the idea seems worthy of wider adoption.

Norm Weil called upon the four following "stand-patters" to respond to toasts: C. C. Hood, Louise Hallady Carpenter, A. J. Patch and H. C. Rather. The candid and unreserved remarks of these people touched the heart of every loyal classmate.

Ted England put life in the meeting with the old time "locomotive"; "Bill" Newlon was responsible for the presence of a score of cow bells; Eva Britton gave the '17 "Class Reunion Song."

First Reunion of '18.—Makes Gift to Memorial Building.

Although a steady downpour of rain prevented a few from attending the '18 dinner at Wells Hall on Wednesday evening, June 16, forty-five were in evidence. The tables were lighted with individual yellow candles, and with the green vines in the centers of the tables, carried out the class colors of green and gold. Holmes Froelich acted as toastmaster and short talks were given by "Bill" Coulter, Charles N. Silcox (with), Arthur N. Strang and May E. Foley. It was voted that the \$500 class gift, which was to have been used towards a time system for the college-since installed by the college-be turned over to the Memorial Building committee. It was recommended that if practical the money be used for a fireplace, and a committee was appointed to confer with the Memorial Building executive committee and the architects before making final disposition of the gift, the committee to report at a later date. A plate bearing the class numerals will mark the gift as coming from the class of '18.

TEN ADVANCED DEGREES GRANTED

Eight Masters and two honorary degrees were granted at Commencement, in addition to the regular degrees. Albert Jackson Olney, '13, and Ernest Hart, '14, mastered in Horticulture, Olney's thesis being "Variation of Variety Characteristics in Tomato Production, and Hart's Development of Dry Powders and Machinery for Applying Same for Insecticide and Fungicide Purposes." Two M. A. C. men were given Master of Science degrees; Royce W. Wyant, '16, with a thesis entitled "A Study of the Incorporation of Casein in Creamery Butter," and John Ernest Kotila, '18, who majored in botany work on potato leaf hopper, with a thesis, "Investigations on the Black Leg Disease of Potatoe." John Eric Burnett, '15, who has bee nconnected with the Dairy department since graduation, was granted the degree of Master of Agriculture with the thesis, "Advanced Registry Testing."

Carlyle Wilson Bennett of the University of Kentucky 1917, and Robert L. Tweed of Oregon Agricultural College 1916, were granted Master of Science degrees. Bennett has been a graduate assistant in the Botany department and his thesis was "A Phoma Root Rot of Celery," and Tweed, who has been doing graduate bacteriology work took for the subject of his thesis, "A Study of the Effect of Milk Upon the Bacterial Flora of the Intestinal Tract."

Harold Leonard Smith, '14, mastering in electrical engineering, was granted the degree of Electrical Engineer. His thesis was "Commutation of D. C. Machinery."

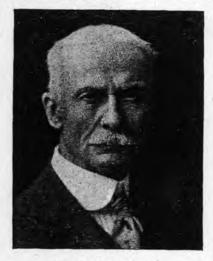
Honorary degrees of D. Sc. were conferred upon Hiram Taylor French, '85, at Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins; and Philip Bell Woodworth, '86, Dean of Engineering at Lewis Institute, Chicago.

"GET INTO COMMUNITY WORK."

The Message of the Retiring President W. K. Prudden '78, Spoken at the Alumni Luncheon.

VOU know what I promised and I think I was elected from time to time on the strength of this, that I wouldn't inflict a speech upon you. Under the president's privilege I am going to take about three minutes. First I want to say a word to the graduating class, which I understand numbers over two hundred. You probably were given a lot of good advice at commencement this morning and I shall not preach a sermon to you. You have now come to the time when you have finished the preparatory course and are starting upon your real course in life. There is just this, that I wish to leave with youthat when you go out into your several communities and homes start with the one idea at least that you are going to try to do your mission in life not alone for yourselves, but for others. In other words, get interested in community work.

S AN illustration of this I want to give you a little incident. Some of you have heard it and some have not. During the period of war it was our first campaign for Red Cross funds and this was an incident that happened to me. I have in my vicinity two neighbors. The first man is one of those men whom you might call a cold-blooded business proposition. I never knew him to enter into a proposition or subscribe a dollar unless he could see two in return. He never did anything unless he could receive some direct return. We were standing talking when the second neighbor came up. He was a man of different type, possessed with very few of this world's goods, but always "Johnnie on the Spot." He not only subscribed to the subscription paper, but he paid it promptly and did his part in the community with his neighbors. Now listen to the conversation. First man said, "Jim, I notice that you are not flying the American flag." Jim hung his head. He said, "No, Bill, I am not, but I'll tell you what I am doing. I am trying to do some of the things that the flag that



W. K. PRUDDEN, '78,

Retiring After Four Years as President of
the M. A. C. Ass'n.

you fly stands for." My friends that was one of the greatest arraignments that any man could make. The flag was all right but it was only the bunting, the signs, and the colors. He did not typify one thing in that flag. The flag in the front yard will mean more when you plant a garden in the back yard. I am pleased to say that that man changed. I believe it was chiefly through the influence of this reply. This is the lesson I would give to this graduating class, who are soon to become members of the M.A. C. Association.

THERE has been some criticism that we do not get the class of students we should have. If that is a fact, then you and I are to blame because we have the same field that the University of Michigan and other colleges in Michigan, and other foreign schools have, and I say to you now that one way is to not only take an interest in the work of the college but to get in touch with high school students and recommend the Michigan Agricultural College as a place to finish their education. I think it says on the first page of the Record, "M. A. C. cannot live on her past, what will you do for her future?" When you read it again think down in your heart and think, "What am I doing and what will I do for M. A. C.?"

READJUSTMENT AND THE FARMER.

Extracts from the Commencement Address of Dr. H. L. Russell, Dean of Agriculture at University of Wisconsin.

Expansion is always easy; contraction hard. Shrinking produces pressure; pressure friction; friction heat, and then things boil over, whether in the physical or social world. We are satisfied with wage increases, with larger incomes, but we growl over any reverse movement. Under normal world conditions, changes in the economic and social structure are not sufficiently violent to affect profoundly mankind, but war has upset all calculations, dislocated all normal adjustments. War is waste—expense, blood, treasure, a backward slide of civilization, and with it comes reduced production, increased costs, inequalities in returns.

We are through with war, but now comes the aftermath: Readjust we must—all of us, whether we are farmers and manufacturers, producing commodities and food supplies, or everybody who are consumers. One positive certainty obtains—deflation must follow inflation. The question is, how rapidly will it come. Will it be gradual or sudden? Will it be a panic or an adjusted decline.

The basal cause of the present situation is our inflated currency and the accompanying inflated credit, but to avoid trouble we must get back to normal conditions gradually. If someone would cut the total amount of money in two over night, or by magic double the products in existence, panic would ensue and ruin result. But if the period of adjustment can be gradual, the storm can best be weathered. It is easier and quicker to reach the ground from the top of a skyscraper by stepping over the side of the building, but it is slower and safer to come down the stairs. In the process of deflation, shall we come down the stairs or go over the top? * * *

AMERICA'S PRODUCTION DECLINE.

The fundamental basis for lessened crop production lies in the tremendous increase in labor costs this season. This increases much the farmers' hazards. Against the weather he must always take his chances, but facing an increase of at least 20 per cent in hired labor costs, and with the possible prospects of declining markets, he is hesitating to engage as large an amount of labor, and with the extreme shortage which now obtains, in many instances it is actually impossible for him to secure this labor. He is doing this year what he can, capitalizing his own labor, but thousands of acres of land will lie unused this year on account of the labor shortage. The farmer is not in position to shove production costs of his products on to the next man, like the contractor did on the costplus basis during the war. The farmers' price is based on the wholesale price of his commodity in the world's market; be it wheat in Liverpool, meat in Chicago, or butter at the seaboard. The farmer has no special brand for which there exists a distinct trade market. His own crop is too small in the aggregate to affect the market condition. He competes with his neighbor; sometimes even with himself. * *

THE FARMERS' HAZARD.

The farmer, however (if he stays a farmer), must continue to play the game. His labor and capital are tied together. He can quit the game if he thinks best, and in many sections that is what he is doing. In Michigan, three times as many men left Michigan farms in the past three years as were killed or died in the Civil War. This year over 18,000 farms lie idle in your state, 8.7 per cent of your total number, involving an aggregate area of nearly 1,700,000 acres. And these farms are by no means in the poorer sections of the state, but in the southern central counties, nearly 5 percent of the farms are reported as being idle this year.

The merchant can sell his stock, he can drop his lease and quit. Labor may pre-cipitate a strike on call, as was the case within the last month or two, when over 100,000 men were thrown out of employment due to the strike that was precipitated in Chicago through the demotion of a single workman, but suppose the farmer should strike? Suppose that he was to receive his pay on the basis of eight hours per day and time and a half for overtime, and double time for Sundays? What would food costs then be? You can't feed the world or clothe it on a 48-hour labor week. And why shouldn't he receive these wages that are now being received in the city? Labor takes no business risk. The farmer must always gamble upon weather conditions, and he knows from experience that a short crop often brings better prices for him with less labor than a bumper crop. Any forward look to the future that is going to result in an improvement of existing conditions must see reasonable living conditions, not only in the factory, but on the farm as well. Otherwise, unrest will be fanned into dissatisfaction and discontent. Naturally the farmers are not bolshevistic any more than labor, but unrighted wrongs on the part of either are sure to breed discontent and trouble in the future.

AMERICA MUST KEEP THE SMALL FARM UNIT.

Heretofore improvements in machines have constantly emancipated labor from the

farm, but under existing conditions not rapidly enough to overcome the loss in man power which is now developing. It would be unwise and un-American to attempt to factorize farms, like a shop or mine. The American farm must always remain an individual unit in which its owner or manager not only will have to oversee, but will be obliged to do a considerable fraction of the work himself. The amalgamation into large farms which is here and there to be noted has resulted in a deterioration of the countryside. A 1,400-acre farm with which I am familiar has wiped out 14 individual American farm homes, and it has replaced the steady, yoeman stock of the country with foreign laborers imported from Chicago under the eye of a high-priced farm manager.

OBLIGATION OF EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

What is the place of our educational institutions in this readjustment? Educational institutions are not in position to legislate, but as policies of government are based upon enlightened and educated public opinion (we sometimes wonder if practically this is always true), the educational institution is of importance fundamentally in the training of these men who are to de-termine public opinion. Our function should be to train students broadly, to act wisely on the problems of the day, and it is here that the applied school, as is found in the land grant colleges, has direct associations of superior importance in these contacts with everyday life. The engineer is the expert adviser of construction policy, whether individual, community, or government, women's work must now be broadened as she is about to assume the functions of suffrage; and the agricultural student with his vision turned toward the land-all meet here in close companionship. The farmer's occupation has generally been considered individualistic, but the function of the present day agricultural college is to teach all rural relations in terms of their organization with society. The farmer has too long been regarded as apart from business life of city, and society is now becoming apprehensive of the future. It more fully ap-preciates the complete interdependence of the whole fabric of civilization than ever before. The life and functions of the farmer, who as the basal producer of the food supply of the world, cannot be disassociated from the life and functions of transportation, of commerce, of industry. The present drain of farm blood to the city now obvious, is beginning to frighten the city He is wondering whether the flour bin will be full next winter. It is a matter of as much importance for him to know this positively as it is to know whether his coal bin is likewise prepared for winter's

Food margins are always comparatively small. A single crop disaster would throw

the world into starvation, and if farms are not worked, who will go hungry first—the city or the country? In Europe starvation stalks in congested urban areas, not in peasant homes. The peasants of Russia have had their wheat buried in the ground while famine stalked in Moscow or Petrograd. More and more is it incumbent upon our agricultural institutions to train their boys to utilize all possible applications of science; to lessen the cost of production; to improve their feed and stock; to eradicate weeds and disease; and to apply business methods to the farm.



At this year's Reunion the camera man succeeded in snapping Dr. Beal on his favorite job—The Wildgarden.

NOTES BY DR. BEAL.

Again at this Commencement time alumni had the privilege of greeting Dr. Beal, "M. A. C.'s Grand Old Man." It was his golden anniversary on the campus, it having been fifty years ago that he came to M. A. C. as an instructor. He was given great ovations at all the meetings he attended and always he was the center of groups of congratulating friends. He was accompanied

by his daughter, Mrs. Ray Stannard Baker of Amherst, Massachusetts. That he enjoyed his visit as much as did his old friends he wished every one to know and has furnished the Record. with the following very characteristically titled "Notes by Dr. Beal."—Ed.

"Glad I came. Too many to see at one Fifty years ago, and several times I labeled some trees on the campus; now 75 in variety in frequented places are much in need of labels. Many narrow vistas shut out by growing trees. A large open for center would make it inconvenient changing classes, as is now the case at Massachusetts Agricultural College with its open center in the campus, where they have to have their classes, fifteen minutes apart on different sides of the campus. Many open centers would be cut up by paths; big cotton wood near Abbot Hall is very nearly the age of M. A. C. Two Siberian arborvitae now making an arch placed there to keep teams from driving or attempting to go over the foot bridge near the big willows. Especially gratified with M. A. C. for leading America with red rock wheat. Rozen rve and other farm crops; breeding fine cattle and horses; pleased with extension work starting boys and girls in education. Gratified with the starting of 400 prosperous co-operative associations. Especially carried away by cordial greetings of old students and friends."

ATHLETICS.

WILLMAN AND ERNST TO HEAD 1921 SPRING SPORTS.

Walter K. Willman of Negaunee is the captain of the 1921 Aggie baseball team and DeGay Ernst of Grand Rapids will serve as captain of the 1921 track team at M. A. C. Election of the new field leaders was held when announcement was made by the athletic board of control as to the winners of monograms this season.

Awards to varsity baseball men are as follows: Captain Johnson, Oas, Mills, Donnelly, Hartwig, Brown, Hendershott. Carr, Andrews, Snider, Willman and Springer. Track men who are to receive letters are Captain Hoffman, Ernst, Neal, Waite, Adolph, Wilson, Schwei, Beltz and Thurston.

In the 15 games played, M. A. C. outscored their opponents 90 to 83 and outhit the other teams 130 to 111, but poor defensive work let games slip. It is doubtful if the Aggies have ever been represented by a team which was made up of better base runners than that of the past season.

Donnelly followed his record of last year and led in the batting averages with .381. The four others who can be classed with Donnelly as the leading five are Brown,

Hendershott, Willman and Snider. It is hard to pick the most valuable man on the past season's team, but choice would undoubtedly lie between Snider, Willman and Brown. All are veterans and have helped to keep the nine cool in the pinches.

FATHER TIME LEADS SEVENTEEN AGGIES OFF THE FIELD.

Seventeen men who have been prominent in Michigan Aggie athletics will be lost to the athletic world of the institution this year through graduation the coming week. This includes seven men who have won baseball letters, seven who have won football letters, five who have won basketball letters and three of track fame.

The names of the graduates with the number of letters they have won follows: Snider 8, Kurtz 5, W. Andrews 4, Archer 4, Franson 4, Johnson 3, Garrett 3, Coryell 3, Ramsey 3, B. Miller, Doscher and Mills all 2, and Hendershott, H. Andrews, C. Miller, Shumway and Warren, all 1.

Snider is the only three sport man on the list. He has won three letters in football, two in basketball and three in baseball. Kurtz approaches him most closely as an all-around athlete, having won monograms in track and basketball and having captained the Aggie team one year in each sport.

When the total number of the Aggie monogram men who are to be lost is considered, it is evident that a big hole is to be made in M. A. C. athletic teams, but with the promising material which has exhibited itself in the all-fresh teams of the season and in spring football practice, which closed about two weeks ago, Aggie backers are looking for stronger teams next year.

MARRIAGES.

Morse-Bridge—Marian Morse, '18, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Morse of Lansing, and Robert Bridge of Charlevoix, were married at the home of the bride's parents on June 15. They will make their home in Charlevoix.

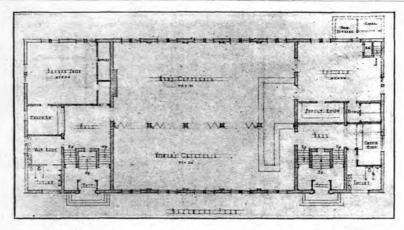
Taggart-Bryant—Grace May Bryant, '17, and V. C. Taggart, '16, were married on April 26, 1920, at Chicago. Taggart is secretary of the Fry Brokerage Co., Distributors of Fruit and Vegetable products, with offices at 192 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Latter-Stoll.—Byron Latter, '19, and Miss Myrll Margaret Stoll of Lansing were married on June 3 at East Lansing by Rev. N. A. McCune, '01. They are living at 1615 James St., Lansing.

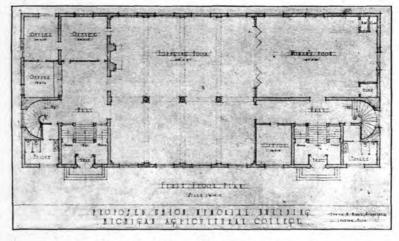
Chadwick-Butterfield—Eleanor Chadwick, '15, and D. O. Butterfield were married at Jackson on Friday, June 4.

Hoffmaster-Seibly—Percy J. Hoffmaster, '18, and Miss Leah Seibly of Lansing were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Seibly, on Friday, June 18. The Hoffmasters will live at Marysville.

M. A. C. Cannot Live on Her Past. What Will You Do for Her Future?



Basement Plan, Cafeterias.



First Floor, Lobby and General Gathering Places, Offices,

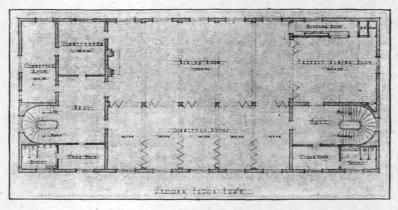
PRELIMINARY PLANS FOR THE UNION MEMORIAL BUILDING.

The preliminary sketches of the Union Memorial Building were presented to alumni at the annual meeting by the plans committee.

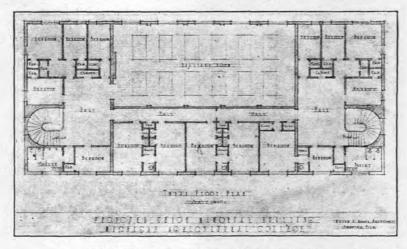
The committee was increased from three to five members by action of the executive committee of the Association and the following now constitute the committee as appointed by President Prudden: W. O. Hedrick, '91; J. R. McColl, '90; Mrs. Tressie Bristol Ranney, '99; Herbert Bamber, '81, P. B. Woodworth, '86, and H. T. Thomas, '01.

J. R. McColl presented the plans for the committee. He said:

"I wish to emphasize that these plans before you prepared by Mr. Bowd are merely preliminary. We have yet to work out the fundamental principles of this Building. What will have to go into this building is for you to decide. We will need your advice. They picked us out as the committee, but the suggestions will come from you. We have, for instance, in the plans a barber shop in the basement. The men may not



Second Floor, Dining and Assembly Room, Committee Rooms.



Third Floor, Rooms for Alumni, Billiards.

want a barber shop. The ladies may want a hair-dressing department, we don't know. The girls may want a bowling alley, the men may not.

Several, some 10 or 15 years ago, the University of Michigan built a memorial building on the campus. When they built, they did not know what should go into that building. There are one or two things that the building is good for, but it is useless as an alumni building or a memorial building. It is now practically nothing but a museum. Recently, however, the Union Building has been built which is one of the leading of the country, and we intend to pattern this after that.

The first suggestion I wish to make is that you take these plans and study them

because after all, it is guess work from top to bottom. Some of these guesses are safe, guesses based upon questions that have arisen, but this is a building of unusual type and most of it will be guess work. This building must be a building for us all.

There is another feature of importance. We are trying to plan this building for both men and women, separating the sheep from the goats. We plan to put the women at one end and the men at the other, with features in the center for common usage, for instance, a dance hall. It is only an experiment, whether a building of this type can be a success. We hope it will be a success. That building at Ann Arbor is distinctly a man's building. Safeguards against this will be incorporated in this building. We want to make it a success from every standpoint. So my only request today is that you think about these plans and give us your suggestions."

TWO ALUMNI GIVEN HONORARY DE-GREES.

Doctor of Science degrees were conferred Commencement upon Hiram Taylor French, '85, director of extension and state leader in farm demonstration work at Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, and Philip Bell Woodworth, consulting expert, Education and Recreation Branch of the War Plans Division of the Army, headquarters of the Central Department, Chicago.

These two men have distinguished themselves in their particular lines of work and the degrees come from their Alma Mater in recognition of their attainment.

Dean Woodworth entered the Michigan Agricultural College as a student when he was 17 years old. He was connected with the college for 17 years. From there he went to the Lewis Institute, Chicago, where he remained for 17 years. He is now on his third year of service with the General Staff of the War Department.

While at College, he was successively student, instructor in chemistry and assistant professor of physics. At the Lewis Institute, he was assistant professor of electrical engineering, professor of electrical engineering, and dean of engineering. While he was at M. A. C. three of the long winter vacations were spent at Cornell University, where he completed the regular course, and graduated, receiving the degree of mechanical engineering and one was spent at the University of Berlin.

He did all the engineering work with the Piatt Electrical Power Company of Lansing, installing the mechanical and electrical equipment which furnished electricity for the Lansing Electric Railway the State Capitol, and the College. He was also consulting engineer to several of the municipal plants, including Portland, Grand Ledge, and Lowell, Michigan.

Dean Woodworth has the credit of having developed an educational scheme of training men for industry, based upon a careful classification of the men in training, and the specifications of the industries which the men are being trained. While connected with the Lewis Institute, over 30,000 men took this training work and when the war emergency arose, the War Plans Division adopted in part the methods as developed by Mr. Woodworth. In 1918, he was placed in charge of the soldier training in the north central states, where 33% of all the soldiers in the United States training detachments were located. The very first contract made by the War Dept. through Mr. Woodworth was with President Kedzie at the Michigan Agricultural

Mr. Woodworth is consulting engineer for and a member of the firm of Rummler & Rummler, Attorneys-at-Law, Mr. W. R.



PHILIP B. WOODWORTH.

Rummler, senior member of the firm, being an M. A. C. classmate.

He is a member of Chicago M. A. C. Association, Chicago Electric Club, University Club, American Institute of Electrical Engineers, Western Society of Engineers and the Society of Automotive Engineers.

"Pete," as he is familiarly called by M. A. C. people, is also a member of the Union Memorial Building Plans committee.

Prof. French has spent practically all of his time since graduation in the Rocky Mountain states, except two years immediately following when he was foreman of the college farm and assistant in agricultural experiments. He left M. A. C. to accept the chair of Agriculture in Oregon Agricultural College. In 1899 he became professor of agriculture and agriculturalist at the experiment station at Moscow, Idaho. Before taking his present position at Colorado Agricultural College he was associate editor of the Gem State Rural and Live Stock Journal and manager of the Can-Ada Stock Farm at Caldwell, Idaho.

WHEN THE CLANS GATHERED.

There were present at the Commencement reunions:

'61—James H. Gunnison (w).
'67—H. H. Jenison.
'69—James Satterlee, Richard Haigh.
'70—A. H. Phinney, Chas. W. Garfield. 70—A. H. Phinney, Chas. W. Garfi 74—Henry A. Haigh. 776—R. E. Caine. 78—W. K. Prudden, E. D. A. True.

'79—Eva D. (Coryell) McBain, H. M. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Gulley.

'80—F. A. Gulley.

'81—A. H. Voight, Byron S. Palmer, John F. Root (w), C. P. Dart, D. A. Lincoln, Dr. Ambrose E. Smith, Herbert Bamber, A. B. Turner, Chas. D. Phelps, C. W. Clark, W. I. Lillie, Geo. Grover, Chas. McKenny.

'82—Alice Weed Coulter, T. F. Millspaugh, Wm. T. Langley, J. E. Coulter, John W. Beaumont, J. L. McClear, W. L. Snyder, W. E. Hale.

Beathania, J. E. Rogers, H. A. Danville.

'83—Frank F. Rogers, H. A. Danville.

'84—John I. Breck, Colon C. Lillie, E. E. Vance, Fred Herrington.

'85—J. D. Towar, Charles B. Collingwood, Harris E. Thomas.

'25—Janua Towar Woodward, Phillip B.

86-Jennie Towar Woodward, Phillip B. Woodworth.

/oodworth.

*87—Frank E. Rood (w).

*88—C. B. Cook.

*89—W. L. Rossman, Harry A. Martin, F.

Clark, E. N. Pagelsen, E. Holden.

'90—F. E. Mills, R. B. McPherson, J. R. McColl.

'99—F. E. Mills, R. B. McPherson, J. R. McColl.

'91—W. O. Hedrick, B. A. Holden, A. F. Gordon, Wm. F. Johnston.

'92—H. Arnold White, G. Elmer (Buck) Ewing, L. C. Brooks, A. N. Bateman.

'93—A. B. Cook, L. Whitney Watkins, Luther Baker, Herbert F. Palmer, C. E. Holmes.

'94—C. J. Barnum.

'95—Chace Newman (w), H. R. Parrish ("Josh"), A. C. McKinnon, Howard R. Smith, C. P. Close, Frank Johnson, Wm. A. Ansorge, J. S. Mitchel.

'96—Mrs. Warren Babcock, E. E. Gallup.

'97—N. C. Thomas.

'98—Homer C. Skeels, D. A. Seeley, E. A. Calkins, Pearl Kedzie Plant, Floyd W. Robinson, Alex C. Krentel, Fred L. Woodworth.

'99—Chas. E. Calkins, Marie E. Johnson, S. F. Edwards, C. F. Austin, Geo. A. True, S. L. Ingerson, Tressa Bristol Ranney, F. N. Lowry.

S. L. Ingerson, Tressa Bristol Ranney, F. N. Lowry.

'00—Chas. H. Spring, Coral Havens (w), Grace Lundy Drolett (w), E. W. Ranney, H. B. Gunnison. Addie McCook, Arthur Lyons, H. T. Thomas.

'01—V. M. Shoesmith, Sam J. Kennedy, N. A. McCune, C. P. Reed, Gertrude Lowe Woodworth (w), A. C. Karkau, F. L. Radford, H. T. Thomas.

worth (w), A. C. Karkau, F. D. L. W. T. Thomas.

'02—E. T. Dail, H. L. Mills.
'03—Elsie M. Shoesmith (w), H. W. Norton, Nina B. Wells Pratt, Edna V. Smith, L. A. Barrack, O. D. Dales (w).
'04—Marguerite Barrows, M. W. Taber, Bess Rouser Seeyle, E. A. Seelye, J. H. Prost, R. J. Baldwin, L. T. Clark, Geo. S. McMullen, Tie Bowerman Edwards (w), D. L. Porter.
'05—Clem C. Ford, Zoe Benton Ford, Helen Baker Morgan, F. S. Dunks, Emma B. Morrison (w).

Tie Bowerman Edwards (w), D. L. Porter.

'05—Clem C. Ford, Zoe Benton Ford, Helen
Baker Morgan, F. S. Dunks, Emma B. Morrison (w).

'06—W. E. Morgan, Cara Farmer Sanford
(w), Zoe Northrup Wyant, L. O. Gordon,
Mrs. J. E. Pratt (w).

'07—Trix Skeels Tanner (w), Helen Ashley
Hill, Calla Krentel Eylar, Earl P. Robinson,
Geo. A. Brown, A. C. Pratt, E. L. Grover,
Bernice Black Dail (w), T. J. Mead.

'08—Annabel Campbell (w), Mabel Mosher,
Lelah G. Burkhart, Lora Hyde Kratz.

'09—R. V. Tanner, R. A. Turner, J. E.
Pratt, Olive Graham Bennett, L. H. Belknap.

'10—Thos. K. Burt, Norma Vedder Andrews, E. Lakin Brown, Mabel Sweet Riddell' (w), O. L. Snow, Jack Knecht, S. C.
Hagenbush, Minnie Johnson Starr, Lloyd W.
Dougherty, M. Blanche Blair, Mabel C. Rogers Max L. Johnston, Chas. H. Ponitz, Chas.
A. Griffin, G. P. Burkhart.

'11—Zella M. Kimmel, Cliff McKibbin, Bess
J. Frezer, C. S. Langdon, Ralph W. Scott (w),
Nina B. Hewitt, H. A. Taft, Mrs. Fuchia
Ryall Taft, Helen Dodge Stack, Winifred
Felton Duthie, G. H. Collingwood, Betty
Palm, I. J. Cortright, Jim Hays, F. J. Gibbs,
O. M. Elliott, E. W. Steck, Mrs. J. A. Mitchell (Amy Ruth Edwards), W.

'12-Lutie Robinson Gunson, C. H. Dick-con Frances Mosley Dickinson, Louise inson, Frances Mosley Dickinson, Louise Norton Knecht, M. W. Gardner, Phila Smith Pratt, Ella L. Brown, B. P. Pattison, A. G. Bovay, H. A. Taft, H. Earle Hotchin.

13—Clara M. Waldron, F. T. Riddell, O. T. Goodwin, Frank Sandhammer, Fanny Smyth Robinson, Harriett B. Gardner, Hazel Lamoreaux Lynch, Louise I. Clemens, Hazel Powell Publow, E. Belle Alger, Christal G. Colvin (w), Ruth Russel, G. C. Dillman, W. A. McDonald, Max Wershow, Ruth Norming-

Damoreaux Lynch, Louise I. Clemens, Hazel Powell Publow, E. Belle Alger, Christal G. Colvin (w), Ruth Russel, G. C. Dillman, W. A. McDonaid, Max Wershow, Ruth Normington.

"14—G. E. Gauthier, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Barman, Mabel Tussing Barron, DeLoss Towar, Robert Snyder, J. W. Weston. H. Blakeslee Crane, Muriel Smith Crane. Betty Andrews Hays, H. L. Publow, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hart, Mary Ellen Graham, Clara G. Rogers, R. M. Hamilton, Mark A. Chambers, Stace Griggs, Carl F. Vinton, H. L. Smith, M. M. Sly. Bessie Rogers Sears, Raiph I. Dodge, D. M. Pierson, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Dendel, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Bird, Mrs. R. J. Baldwin (Bertha L. Van Orden), Maizie Gitchell, John G. Fowle (w).

15—Evelyn Harbottle Gauthier, A. Verne Lester, Harold F. Klein, "Fat" Taylor, Karl G. Meschke, Roy E. Decker, Walter W. Barron, Jane Todd Henning, J. E. Burnett, A. Bibbns, P. R. Taylor, Gladys Renwick McGregor, M. C. Hengst, Malcolm G. Dickinson, W. Albert H. W. Steight, J. W. Nicolson, Ray Campbell, R. W. Steight, L. R. Stanley, R. A. Runnels, T. L. Jackson, George L. Henning, Imo Marrow Sandhammar (w). Albert H. Bottomley, Olive Normington, H. G. Cooper, Florence Stoll, W. G. Kincherbocker, A. L. Alderman, Bernard Moll, A. W. Earron, Carol C. Foster (w), Ruth Hurd Snyder, Elda Robb.

"17-K. B. Spaulding, L. L. Frimodig, C. M. Kidman, Norman O. Weil, Howard G. Smith, A. J. Patch, R. E. Hetrick, W. A. Anderson, H. C. Rather, J. T. Bregger, W. E. Newlon, Grace Holtrop, Esther Parker Bottomley Percy O'Meara, Ralph J. Morgan, Louise Holliday, Carpenter, Anne Carson, W. F. Carpelter, Ode Dorris, Ted England, C. J. Schneider, A. B. Love, Mary LaSelle, J. E. Foess, F. M. Wilson, Blanche Snook Atchison, L. J. Tasker, K. L. Cadmus, Glenn W. Osgood, Josephine Fry Nicholson, G. H. Giller, L. Frimodig, C. Arderson, H. C. Rather, J. T. Bregger, W. E. Newlon, Grace Holtrop, Esther Parker Bottomley Percy O'Meara, Ralph J. Morgan, Louise Holliday, Carpenter, Anne Carson, W. F. Carpelter, A. B. Love, Mary LaSelle, J. E. Foess, F. M. Wilson, Blanche

Gladys Gruner, W. N. Cawood, May E. Foley, W. G. Harris, C. V. Funke (w), Holmes L. Froelich, Lorina Zimmerman, Julia Rigter-

ink.

'19—Hazel M. Sutherland, Marian L. Templeton, Clarence M. Hatland, Nenna Dunlap, Aletha Keiser, Einar E. Ungren, Ralph Tenny, Gertrude Cole, K. F. Krueger, Margaret E. Holliday, Forrest F. Musselman, L. W. Miller, Marion Templeton, Hazel Deadman, Madge Dilts, Marian C. Thomas, Florence

Simonson Sims, LeMoyne Snyder, Betty Porter Deal, Kirk J. Deal, Wilbur H. Thies, Mayne H. Black, Erma Preston, Don L. Lyon, Robert B. Huxtable, Agnes McIntyre, Newton L. Reed.

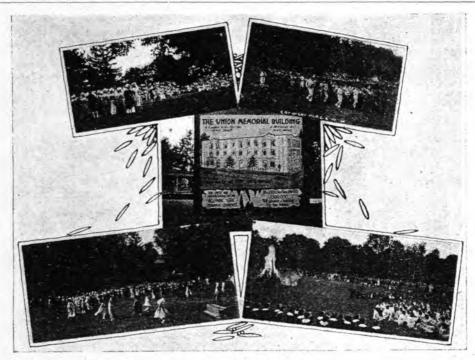
'20—Dee Maier (w), Erma Scramlin (w),

'20—Dee Maier (w), Erma Scramlin (w), Deborah P. Cummings, Rebecca Collingwood, Trangmar (w), Larry Kurtz, Harold Bird,

Erma Scramlin.

'21—Florence Thompson (w).

'22—F. M. Wise (w).



Commencement Week Pictures.

PAGEANT SEEN BY THOUSANDS.

An audience which filled the Forest of Arden amphitheater to capacity witnessed the presentation of "Triumph of a Nation's Faith," on Monday of Commencement week. Places in front of the stands and every other vantage point on the campus were utilized by people unable to obtain seats.

Following the review of the nation's history depicted by 500 students in costumes, folk dances, and song, Marjorie Williams of Geneva, N. Y., preceded by heralds and wearing the green and white robe of the queen, took her place on the throne on the center of the stage. Miss Williams was elected by the women of the college as the senior girl who was to play the leading role, Peace. With her were Ruth Miles of Glenn Ridge, N. J., and Lennah Kyes of Lansing, who were elected too the next two highest places of honor, Patriotism and Service. Mary Emily Ranney, '23, of Greenville, as the Spirit of Gayety and the Dance appeared frequently in the portrayal, and brought forth unlimited favorable comment.

The pageant throughout was unusually well presented in smoothness of action and beauty. Much credit is due Mrs. Norma Gilchrist Roseboom, who directed the entire affair, Miss Edith Casho who had charge of the dancing, and Prof. J. S. Taylor for the work of the band and chorus.

M. A. C. CLUB LUNCHEONS.

Detroit—Every Friday noon at 12:30, Fellowcraft Club, 70 Washington Blvd. Chicago—First and third Fridays of every month at 12:15, Inter-collegiate Club, 16 W. Jackson Blvd.

Lansing—Second and fourth Mondays of every month, 12:15, Hotel Kerns.

HIGH LIGHTS IN THE YEAR'S LITERARY WORK.

Student Productions Winning the Prizes in Literature.

Other departments have come in for special mention from time to time, but the English department we ordinarily accept as one of the essentials not needing special mention, as we accept English in our every day life-as food and drink. issue we are featuring the best essay, story and poem in this year's Eunomium-Holcad and George Lawson contests. These represent the high lights of literary achievement during the past year. At various times in the past we have been represented with productions in the College Anthology-The Poets of the Future, when other institutions, avowedly literary, have not had a better showing. We print these literary selections in the belief that they will be enjoyed and appreciated by the former students of a practical and scientific institution.—Ed.

ESSAY WINNING THE LAWSON PRIZE 1920.

JAZZ AND BOLSHEVISM.

By Fred W. Henshaw, '23.

There is something suggestive about "jazz." When you casually mention the word to your next door neighbor, he may conceive any one of a number of pictures. Perhaps he thinks of several musicians in postures both interesting and unique, in that while their instruments send forth a jumble of strange and strident sounds, they may be rolling about the floor or standing upon their heads. Or perhaps he sees a ballroom scene crowded with swaying, wriggling figures which recall the wild ecstacy of an Indian war dance. The mere allusion to the word may set his feet in motion, may start him humming some recent "jazzland hit." Indeed, if he is susceptible to the call of jazz, he may want to one-step with you forthwith.

Likewise a subtle air of suggestion clings to the word "bolshevik." But its effects are not the same. Only whisper the word, and your neighbor's enthusiasm is gone. He will grin derisively. He will mutter something about "shipping them all back where they came from." He will assure you they are a menace to the country. He may become excited and launch into a tirade; and he is likely to finish by advocating a wholesale lynching bee.

It is only logical that your neighbor should be able to inform you fully about either jazz or bolshevism. One word or the other continually meets his ear or his eye. He hears them at the breakfast table, the shop, office, the theater. They are blazoned forth in newspapers and on billboards. He might recite to you how jazz originated in Korea or Borneo, or he might relate how Trotzky, from the humble role of New York reporter slipped to Russia and rose to a leading part in the government by the soviet. Yet he would look bewildered and incredulous if you inquired what the one had to do with the other.

True, these two spectacles of recent years seem utterly unlike. It is just because in outward form they appear so different that

the other.

True, these two spectacles of recent years seem utterly unlike. It is just because in outward form they appear so different that they challenge attention. To examine parallel cases in history is in general the most effective method of determining the meaning of the present events; and only when events are without parallel, when conditions assume a form distinctly new, does it become impossible to predict with any certainty. Such a situation now prevails. We must be content to sift the facts at hand and accept the conclusions for what they are worth. In consideration of the inconsistent and unreliable reports about bolshevism and its progress in Russia and the

rest of Europe, and in the light of varying conceptions of jazz, even this procedure is uncertain. However, if we dig beneath the surface, it is possible we shall find surprising links between some of the great movements now affecting the world and the human state of mind.

Let us first consider bolshevism. It matters little what leading tenets have been set forth by Lenine and Trotzky. We may seriously question whether a great many of their followers know or care. In general, we have come to associate with the word "bolshevik" the ideas of unshorn beards, of soviet rule, and of justice for the proletariat as opposed to the "tyrannous" domination of the bourgeoise. Now and then some one comes forward with the plea that bolshevists and their creed are badly misunderstood. Perhaps they are. In any case, the result in Russia seems to have been one of complete chaos, and significant rumblings in the United States attest that something is broiling in the depths of our own melting pot.

Varied reasons have been assigned by ob-

pot.

Varied reasons have been assigned by observers and editorial critics for the existence and spread of bolshevism. On the one hand it has been claimed that food and working conditions have increased poverty and invited starvation, so that it has been produced as a natural consequence; on the other it has been charged that a mercenary propaganda on the part of clever and unscrupulous leaders is responsible. Almost all the theories offered have appeared reasonable, but they have been at such variance that it seems obvious the complete explanation has not yet been given. It is little wonder we should still be groping in the dark for the true shape of this new factor in world affairs, when it is remembered that Alexander Kerensky's government in Russia, undermined by bolshevik propaganda, collapsed less than three years ago. The effects of bolshevism have been as swift as its character has been unintelligible.

So it is with jazz. We are not even agreed unintelligible

have been as swift as its character has been unintelligible.

So it is with jazz. We are not even agreed upon the meaning of the word. How then should we know the manner in which the thing it represents has come about? We know that it did not affect the lives of our grandparents or even our parents a few years ago. Imagine "Silver Threads Among the Gold" as it would be written today. It is to shudder. What has wrought this change in the habits of our daily life?

Great movements in world history do not grow overnight, like mushrooms. They take their roots in the soil of past centuries and decades. So there seems little doubt that bolshevism, whatever its political form or the manner of its development, with the frivolous jazz has resulted from gradual forces. Because they are themselves unparalleled, nothing is more logical than to look to unparalleled forces for the cause.

We need not seek far. The industrial rev-

olution in the last century was the great movement which transformed living conditions in America and Europe. The use of steam and electrical power and the invention of labor-saving devices increased production, multiplied luxuries, and made possible shorter hours for the working man. On its face, such a change appeared nothing but a blessing to mankind. It freed the laborer from the drudgery of long hours. It gave him commodities for the enjoyment of pleasure and time for its pursuit. But together with these self-evident benefits it set at work new forces. A new industrial society with a closely-woven fabric of inter-relations was brought about, and the appetite of man for pleasure to be derived from material goods was awakened.

It is this appetite, whetted in proportion as industrial processes have grown in speed, which gives the complexion of modern society its most striking color. Even before the war its effects began to be apparent. As the machinery of society became more complex and highly organized, strikes and other labor troubles increased. Year by year the cost of living mounted. There were murmurs against big business and government extravagance, against this and that. Now we have learned the true source of much of the rise in prices—crystallized in the popular phrase, "cost of high living" and "high cost of loafing." As more human wants were satisfied, more wants were born; and the public developed a passion for evanescent popular songs, freak dances, melodramatic movies, and death spectacles of automobile and aeroplane races. In a word, there was a craving for anything that thrilled. The public "wished something would happen." Signs of the times crept into art and literature and music. Successive fads for cubist and impressionistic painting prevailed; free verse began to be the fashion in poetry; music took on a wild, disordered strain.

Then the dread form of the great war the fashion in poetry; music took on a wild, disordered strain.

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Then the dread form of the great war overshadowed all else. It was the supreme thrill. Scientists and sociologists were filled with apprehension for the future when they considered the vast destruction of life and property. The last year's campaign in 1918, however, became highly idealistic and the allied spirit was characterized by a strong religious note, so that even the most cold-blooded of observers expected some sort of Utopian world to emerge. Whereas at first they had seen the war's inevitable reaction, they almost lost sight of it in the heat of battle; and when it came—as always at a certain happening for a long time expected—they were surprised.

In a sense, the reaction was so great it was overwhelming. Yet the swift march of events in the brief period since the signing of the armistice in November, 1918, has been, after all, only a much accelerated continuation of the most significant pre-war tendencies.

A world weary of the searifices and the

A world weary of the sacrifices and the

A world weary of the sacrifices and the cares of war turned eagerly to any form of distraction. It had faced the realities of death too long. It had had enough of idealism and unselfishness. It wanted to forget. This desire for the oblivion of forgetfuness found expression here in the popular word, "jazz." Originally it was applied to a peculiar, strident form of revolt, an incitement to break the bounds of ordinary conventions. It was generally, though perhaps unconsciously, realized that this type of music had in it all the elements of the thirst for excitement, and the term has come to be applied, in the slang of the street, to any activities provoking such a state of mind. How much this appetite has been due to the war's reaction and how much to pre-war causes, it is impossible to say; but "jazz" in a single word epitomizes the spirit of our country today.

A GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY MESSAGE TO ALUMNI.

The Speech of Charles Garfield, '70, at the Alumni Luncheon.

The president of the class of '70 is here and commands me to speak. I am glad for the privilege of meeting this splendid association today-fifty years from the time when we left college. I am glad to see the things this wonderful institution has developed. Of the four members now living two I am glad to say to you that are here. with all the advantages you have developed we had something of which we are proud that you can't have. We had Dr. Abbot! We had Prof. Fairchild! We had Dr. Ked-zie! And we initiated Dr. Beal! Just a word about the remnant of '70. We are not a mournful lot. We are proud of our classmates, who have lived their lives and passed on, and as long as we can we will love the laugh of a child and revere old age; we will have something to do that will be of value and our words to alumni present today, the Board of Agriculture, and the faculty are VanDyke's when he said, "Hold your lamp so that there will be more light and less smoke; hold it in front so that the shadow will be cast behind."

In the United States there were easy facilities and a considerable store of economic goods for the pursuit of pleasure's will-o'the-wisp; whereas the tyranneous rule of the bureaucracy and long years of suffering had reduced Russia to such a state of poverty that avenues of pleasure on which to forget the horrors of battle were closed. The Russian people are at the same time brave, ferocious, imaginative, tender and childlike. Upon the fertile soil of this impressionistic race fell the seeds of bolshevism. And lowhat a tree has been raised! Here, west of the Atlantic, these identical root causes—the industrial revolution and the great war—have produced our American jazz. In the two countries there were merely different In the United States there were easy fathe industrial revolution and the great war—have produced our American jazz. In the two countries there were merely different conditions of environment. At first thought the poison of the Russian plant seems far the more deadly; yet when we reckon with the fact that both tend toward demoralization and decay in the social structure, there is but one conclusion—at core they are one and the same. For in America, wherever prosperity has smiled, there jazz has prevailed; wherever Russia circumstances have been duplicated, bolshevism has cast its sinister shadow. ister shadow.

ister shadow.

Day by day dissatisfaction and discontent stalk among Americans, and like Poe's tale of Morella, the harmless jazz assumes more and more the horrible aspect of bolshevism. The desire for sensual pleasure in novel forms has brought on an era of extravagance, both in the spending of money and time. Our store of material goods has been sapped, while underproduction has failed to make up the loss. The nearer we reach the point where there are not enough commodities to go around, no matter what the price, the more likely is bolshevism to take root. All of life finds expression in rhythms. In a time of great spiritual elation, such as during the war, the world moved in sonor-

ous epic feet, in pipe organ strains. Now we have the direct antithesis, to an unequaled degree. The disordered phrases of free verse and the jangled notes of jazz are only manifestations of the chaotic state of the world mind. What shall be the outcome no human being is wise enough to say with certainty. The strings of the human harp cannot be expected indefinitely to undergo the stress of such unnatural music. Either humanity must return to its old pulsing rhythm or a tremendous cataclysm appears inevitable. What may the next decade hold in store? in store?

ACCORDED SECOND PLACE IN THE **EUNOMIAN CONTEST 1920.**

THE RHYME OF THE RUSTIC. HUNTSMAN.

By R. S. Clark, '20.

In the shank end of September
When the granary's like to pop,
And the new hired man's a-plowin'
For the comin' season's crop,
Comes a day the place can spare me,
And I'm quick to take the cue,—
For I've somehow sort of noticed
Week-day holidays are few.

So I shoulder my old shotgun
And meander down the lane,
Past the shocked and waitin' cornlot,
Past the one-time fields of grain,
Past the cat-hole, where the blackbirds
Hold a choir a thousand strong,—
And the farm dog, sort of sheepish,
Follers, just to be along.

Through the stumpy old back pasture
Where the cattle seem to say,
"What's the matter, you two fellows?
Do we milk at noon today?"
Till we reach the gorgeous woodlot,
"Where we find a mossy log
And just set and gape in wonder,
Me and Wag, the old farm dog.

The wild bees on the yellowbloom
Are out in force today,—
They better be, for mighty soon
They'll shut up shop till May.
And see the fox-squirrels scamper
In that golden hickory's boughs:
They're stockin' up their storehouse
Just the best the Lord allows.

Here's a red-squirrel with a nubbin,
Just the biggest he can haul;
Seems to me he sort of figures,
Go whole hog or not at all.
All the wee wood Folk are happy
Fat and sassy, sleek and prime,—
It's the woodlot's busy season,
Mother Nature's harvest time.

Hear the noisy crow convention,—
Crows are gossips, I believe;
They discuss the summer's doin's,
While they're makin' plans to leave.
Snuff the smell of withered oak leaves;
Nothin' like it anywhere—
For you see they wave all summer
In the woodland's fragrant air.

What's that bell? It can't be supper.
Wag is whinin'. Where's the sun?
Well, I swan, it's time we started,—
Wonder why I brought the gun?
All the powder in creation,
All the shot and ball afloat,
Wouldn't make me choke the gladness
In a single Wood-folk throat.

For the Lord provides the harvest,
And the reapers are His own,
And it ain't for sportin' reasons
That His wisdom thus is shown;
Nor it ain't for any humans,
Least of all for me and you,
To destroy the Master's reapers
When there's harvestin' to do.

MANUSCRIPT WINNING FIRST PLACE IN EUNOMIAN CONTEST 1920.

THE TALE OF ELIZABETH ANN.

By Priscilla Proseus, '23.

"Come here this minit, "Lizabeth Ann, and help me get them dishes on the table before your pa comes in for his supper—seems to me," mourned Mrs. Grey, a tall meager woman, to her visiting neighbors, "that that child does nothin' but get into deviltry and write poetry. When it ain't one, it's the other, and I come nigh to screechin' my head off at her, mornin,' noon and night. As for poetry, I don't see no sense in such stuff anyhow; wastin' one's time scribblin' such twaddle, when she might better be darnin' her stockin's, or tendin' the baby."

"Why, only yesterday, I sent her into the "celler" for some wood, and she didn't come, an' she didn't come, so I went down, and there she stood on top of a crate, recitin' at the top o' her voice,

"Oh, the cellar is a nasty place,
It is so dark and drear,
And only rats an' mice an' such
Can make their homes down here."

In the middle of this moralizing speech, the main topic of its discussion appeared upon the scene.

Elizabeth Ann was no beauty, being at that glorious epoch of childhood when life's greatest tragedy presents itself in the perplexing problem of what to do with one's hands and feet. She was, moreover, endowed with an astounding crop of freckles, which flourished in golden array, from the tip of her saucy, upturned nose, to the four corners of her roguish face. But from out their maze, a pair of large blue eyes looked forth, twinkling with an innate impish mirth—for Elizabeth Ann was no angel either.

Her russet-colored hair hung from her head in two thick braids. Her checkered apron betrayed evidence of frequent journeys to the berry patch—precincts forbidden by maternal orders; but then were not rules invented for the very purpose of being broken?

She came skipping into the kitchen merrily, and bounding across the threshold she

invented for the very purpose of being broken?

She came skipping into the kitchen merrily, and bounding across the threshold she queried, "Did you call me, ma?" But ere her mother could answer, the entire room resounded with a crash. "Good heavens! If it ain't the alarm clock this time," groaned the anguished mother. For in her haste Elizabeth Ann's pig-tails had unfortunately switched the venerable time-piece from its customary abode on the kitchen shelf, and sent it clattering to the floor with a bang. With one dive, Mrs. Grey clutched at the unfortunate Elizabeth Ann and between intermittent words and shakes, made those same guilty pig-tails dance back and forth for several harrowing moments. "Honest, ma," sobbed the weeping Elizabeth Ann, "I didn't mean it; really I didn't."

But by this time the piercing eyes of the mother had espied the traces of the berrystained apron, and instead of lessening her hold, she increased her shakes with more vigor than ever. "But them berry stains—you didn't mean them either I suppose! How many times have I told you not to eat them raspberries, and to stay out o' that patch? You go to bed, young lady. No supper for you tonight."

And so with bitter resentment in her heart, and catching sobs in her voice, the vanquished Elizabeth Ann made her way up

back stairs to her room.

It was a very little room and sparsely furnished, except for a few pathetic attempts at childish adornment. Elizabeth Ann had once discovered the old, shredded remains of a magazine in that favorite retreat of rats and mice; namely, the cellar. These had opened to her the realm of decorative possibilities in the form of several pages of colored pictures, illustrating in concrete form the alluring magic of fairlyland. The prints themselves were anything but lovely. However, to her unprejudiced appreciation they served their purpose. Tacked along the glaring white-washed surfaces of her walls they lessened the severity of the glare and at the same time brought more vividly to her imagination the seeming real unrealities of fairlyland. Evenings before the sun had set, when she had left for bed at eight o'clock according to the prevailing household rule, she lay here, her eyes feasting on her pictures until she would wander off into fairy reveries of gobblins, gnomes, sprites, into the dells of elfland. Then her drowzy eyelids closing, she would find sleep in that remoter land of dreams.

In another corner propped upright against the wall sat her once beloved rag doll. Betwas a very little room and sparsely

remoter land of dreams.

In another corner propped upright against the wall sat her once beloved rag doll, Betsey Barbara, manufactured by the unique artistry of Elizabeth Ann herself, Grotesque and most unlovely, it had once held complete dominion over her heart until its place was rudely usurped by the arrival of Dickory Dock, her cherished over-grown dog pup. So here it sat, day after day, to accumulate the week's dust which was vigorously removed each Saturday morning by the combined efforts of Elizabeth Ann and a feather duster, and then left to complete another weekly vigil in its corner, wholly forgotten by the once fond little mother.

The old four-posted bed stood squarely

another weekly vigil in its corner, wholly forgotten by the once fond little mother.

The old four-posted bed stood squarely against the wall, covered with one of those ancient quilts, more conspicuous for the conglommeration of color, which fairly screamed at one another across its surface, than for any particular beauty of its own. However, it did afford one bright spot in the heart of the little girl, for with all its hideousness, Elizabeth Ann loved this quilt. Within its comforting folds she had often wept her tears of childish disappointment, and as often whispered here her childish secrets except for Dickory Dock, and last but not always least, Timby (the least being adjusted by the barometrical rises and falls in their friendship) she treasured it more than anything else in the world. On special occasions Timby went by the startling appellation of Timothy Archibald Brown.

To say that Elizabeth Ann was squelched, as she ascended the stairs, would be depriving her of considerable merit. She was humiliated and hurt, and the scornful anger rankling in her heart grew so in intensity that by the time she had reached the topmost tread, nearly every freckle was obliterated and completely overwhelmed in a sea of surging blood.

Stubborn resistance and determination rose to combat the weaker emotional elements that were desperately striving for rec-

Stubborn resistance and determination rose to combat the weaker emotional elements that were desperately striving for recognition on the surface. The effect was rendered doubly ludicrous when, taking her place before the much polished surface of her small cracked looking glass, she shook her clenched fists at her distorted image saying, "Lizabeth Ann, don't you dare to cry! You may be homely and freckled, but you ain't a cry baby—an' I won't stand for your cryin."

Somewhat astonished and greatly disgusted at her own appearance, her pride crushed, although she fought bravely to sustain it, her lips trembling with inward grief, and a tear that would leak out despite her frantic

winking, finally convinced her of her defeat. Going to her window, she leaned her head upon its paint-warped sill and cried, as only children can cry. The evening breeze stirred the tendrils of hair upon her feverish foreupon its paint-warped sill and cried, as only children can cry. The evening breeze stirred the tendrils of hair upon her feverish forehead, and below she could hear the drone of voices from the kitchen. Evidently her father had returned, and was being enlightened as to the reason for her absence from the family meal.

lightened as to the reason for her absence from the family meal.

But then—she didn't care. She was tired of life anyway. Why couldn't she die the way the princess in the fairy tale did when her step-mother treated her so harshly? It would be such a nice way to die—or then she might hide herself quietly away like the Babes in the Wood, and covering herself with leaves, died, with only the birds to know where she had gone,—and they would never tell.

But then she decided that it would bring greater grief to her sorrowing family if she undertook to perform these ceremonies nearer home. Why not do away with herself as that queer old demented lady in the funny little house down the lane had done? (When she hanged herself so effectively to the bedpost). Yes, that was better. They would know then that she was surely dead, and how they would weep when they beheld her hanging from the bedpost—stiff and cold. And then she thought of Timby and how sorry he would be to have no one with whom to play jacks, or to climb cherry trees or go fishing in the brook, or dare in games that he declared most girls to be afraid of. For with all the fights and differences that she and Timby had undergone, he still retained a tender spot in her memory.

At these thoughts, her tears broke out afresh, when suddenly in the midst of a tremendous sob, she heard some one calling to her from the ground. Peering over the sill she beheld the red-haired Timby standing below, hands stuffed in his pockets, an audience to her misery. "What's the matter, Lizzie? What you cryin' like that for? It sounds worse'n the frogs down in the swamp."

With all the effort of her young will, Elizabeth Ann choked back the other half of that sob, and with fury in her heart for

wamp."
With all the effort of her young will. Elizabeth Ann choked back the other half of that sob, and with fury in her heart for the boy whom only a moment ago she had been considering so tenderly she leaned from her window, and with a scorching dignity becoming to her eleven summers replied, "My name ain't Lizzie, Timothy Brown, and don't you dare to ask me why I was cryin'! Tellin' me I sound like the frogs—why, I hate you, I hate you; don't ever speak to me again." again.

again."
"Well, you needn't get so huffy," retorted the boy, "You've said worse things'n that to me, an' I never cared, but just the same, you did sound like a frog—the way you gurgled in your throat."

you did sound like a frog—the way you gurgled in your throat."

That was too much for the harrassed temper of Elizabeth Ann, and with eyes blazing with outraged wrath, she bounded to her washstand, grabbed up her heavy-handled hair brush, and hurled it at the fiery head of the unsuspecting Timby without waiting to see if her missle struck the shining object of her aim. Fortunately it did not, or this story might have ended here. She slammed the window shut with such force that its rickety panes were in imminent danger of following in the wake of that same hair brush. With desperate haste she slipped from out her clothes, and for once omitting her nightly prayers, scrambled into bed, and cried herself to sleep.

In the morning she awoke to hear her mother calling to her from below. She jumped out of bed, and, opening her window, glanced out across the fields. They rolled off into endless stretches the birds twittered in the trees, and the sun rising in his golden glory over the hill tops filled her for a moment with a child's joy of living.

She caught the reflection of his light from the windows of Timby's house in the valley. Momentarily happy in the beauty of this summer morning, the remembrance of last night returned to her doubly depressing.

Momentarily happy in the beauty of this summer morning, the remembrance of last night returned to her doubly depressing. Hastily putting on her clothes, she descended to the kitchen. Her father and the hired help had nearly finished their morning meal, and her mother was busy at the stove. Seeing that no one paid her any especial attention she slipped into her place and ate her breakfast in silence.

After she had helped her mother with the dishes, made the beds and swept the kitchen floor, she called Dickory Dock and with peneil and paper fied to the quiet solitude of the little brook, several hundred feet from the house. How often she and Timby had fished and waded here for pollywogs.

At length reaching the brook, she chose a shady spot, and propping herself against a tree upon its bank, sought immediate inspiration for a dismal poem on the episode of the previous evening in a very unpoetical attempt at chewing the muse of verse from out the end of her lead pencil. For several moments she sat thus, rehearsing within her mind yesterday's unfortunate incident, which grew in pathos the more she dwelt upon it. Suddenly in the distance she heard the sound of voices, and rising to peer through the bushes, screening their owners from view, she beheld Timby his rod and line dangling aimlessly in the water engaged in animated conversation with a little goldenhaired girl, of Elizabeth Ann's own age, whom she recognized as the parish minister's daughter, Dorothy.

Finally she heard Timby say, "Jump this brook? Well, I guess I can. There!" and with one bound he had spanned it.

"My, but your legs are long. I'd be afraid to do that." cried Dorothy, bobbing her curls in delight.

"Why, Elizabeth Ann and me do that lots," the boy replied, "We catch pollywogs here, too, and put 'em in crocks for our circus aquarium."

"You mean that funny girl with all the freckles who lives on the hill?" asked Dorothy. "Well, I always thought she was like

"You mean that funny girl with all the freckles who lives on the hill?" asked Dorothy. "Well, I always thought she was like that. Plays with pollywogs! Ugh! the nasty things; and her legs are so thin—just like noles."

nasty things; and her legs are so thin—just like poles."
Elizabeth Ann clapped her hands to her burning ears. "That funny girl with all the freckles." She always had hated those freckles, but now she loathed them. Frequent applications of lemon juice had availed her nothing, and finally she had given them up in despair. They just simply would stick. So that was the girl that Timby would have to fill her place? That was the girl whom he would listen to call her names! Afraid of pollywogs! At least she wasn't such a scare baby.

whom he would listen to call her names! Afraid of pollywogs! At least she wasn't such a scare baby.

"Oh, well—hum—why should she care"—in fact, she didn't. If Timothy had fallen with a bang from the pedestal she had erected to him, she wasn't going to pick up the pieces. It was all his own fault, and besides, she still had Dickory Dock. But that Dorothy person, that still pricked her sorely. At this thought she made a wry face that tangled her little countenance up into an endless maze of wrinkles which caused her upturned nose to tilt more nearly skyward than ever while her little chin set firmly in a straight determined line. Of course, that girl was to blame, it was with her she must get even. Undoubtedly she had poked fun at her to Timothy before, but then she would show them how much she cared. She must be revenged. Every fibre in her little being was brought to bear upon this point, and this one alone. Timothy was a back number now. Her every thought was centered on the first real tragedy of her childhood.

She racked her brain, but could think of

She racked her brain, but could think of

nothing. At last she once more snatched up her pencil and fell to work with a vim. It fairly flew along the lines, nor did she stop until the last word had been written. Then,

fairly flew along the lines, nor did she stop until the last word had been written. Then, laying the paper in a favorite nook of Timby's, she sped back to her home.

After dinner that day Timby came back to fish alone, as Dorothy had gone to her grandmother's. He was feeling rather blue, for after all, Elizabeth Ann was a very comfortable person to have around, even if they did have their variances at times. She wasn't afraid of pollywors or worms the way most

did have their variances at times. She wasn't afraid of pollywogs, or worms the way most girls were, and when one went fishing she didn't laugh and giggle the way Dorothy did, and scare the fish away.

Wandering along the bank rather disconsolately, he upbraided himself for his behavior of the morning and, halting in his walk, he wreaked his vengeance on the toe of his boot by kicking at a huge rock conveniently embedded in the dirt, when all at once he espied the slip of paper and picking it up he read thus:

"I just can't tell oh, dear D. D., How much I think of you, And 'cept my quilt, there's no one else I love as hard as you. For you are, oh, so very nice, You do not call me names. I like you better every day, In sunshine and in rains.

Elizabeth Ann coudn't quite reconcile herself to the "rains," but then it had to rhyme and her poetical muse being decidedly perturbed, she had decided to let it stay. That wouldn't annoy Timby even if it did fall below her severe standard of criticism.

Timby read it again—more carefully this time. E. A.—Why Elizabeth Ann, of course; what other person's initials could they be? He knew she wrote poetry, but who could D. D. be? He could remember no one by that name, and besides he had a very decided feeling that he didn't like it anyway. But what could he do? Elizabeth Ann had threatened never to speak to him again, and besides he hadn't forgotten the almost fatal event centering around a hair brush. Fishing somehow had suddenly lost its savour, and he decided to go home. All the afternoon he attempted to whistle it off, or to do something that would make him forget. Even while he was chopping wood for the empty box behind the kitchen stove, the haunting lines kept whirling through his rain.

haunting lines kept whirling through his brain.

That evening after supper, he strolled up the customary hill, but Elizabeth Ann was nowhere discernible. He whistled, but no answer greeted his waiting ears—and finally in despair he turned about toward home, when he espied the object of his mission by the barn yard gate.

Assuming an attitude of impressive bravado—which he far from felt—he walked up to her. She ignored him completely. This was a new Elizabeth Ann, and one a little beyond the pale of his masculine powers of comprehension. Her chilliness quite overcome him, but still refusing to appear daunted he said, "I thought I'd ask you to go wadin' in Deep Meadow with me tomorrow, Elizabeth Ann, if your ma' ud let you go."

Still she scorned his presence. Then with one last effort, he rallied his bewildered faculties in a final appeal, "Gosh, I didn't mean to make you so mad yesterday, when I said you sounded like a frog, and here's some new jacks I bought you today," and reaching in his pockets, he drew forth the effective articles and laid them on the post by the gate.

Then and not until then did Elizabeth Ann

by the gate.

Then and not until then did Elizabeth Ann descend from her icy pinnacle, but even then not wholly. "You had no business to say what you did, Timby—but since you say you didn't mean it, why—"

"And now," quoth the ever braver Tim-othy, but still exceedingly abashed for he realized that he was not yet master of the situation—as he very gingerly drew a piece situation—as he very singerly drew a piece of much begrimed paper from another pocket. "Did you write this? I found it by the brook; and say"—here his fourteen-year-old curiosity asserted itself—"Who's D. D. any-

way?"
"Yes, that's mine," and Elizabeth snatched the paper from his grasp, "an' what's it to you who D. D. is? I saw you at the brook yesterday with that curly-headed Dorothy and I heard all the names she called me; 'Freckles! with legs like poles,' but then Mr. Timothy Archibald Brown, I'm not afraid of pollywogs or jumping creeks, so there."

Norplussed for the moment by this outburst, Timby was at a loss what to say next, but finally asserted, "Oh, well, I never liked her very well anyway, but she had to come tagging' along and teased so—until what could I do? An' Lizabeth Ann, she can't play jacks half as good as you can."

Then Elizabeth Ann smiled softly in the dusk, for she had won her battle—as women do—and going to Timby's side she whispered, "Why, silly, D. D. is only Dickory Dock, my dog"—and before the astonished Timby could utter one syllable, Elizabeth Ann had fled.

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Class Notes 💸 💸

J. W. Gunnison, 200 Josephine St., Flint, was not able to be back for Commencement because of illness.

The Peerless Messenger, the house organ of the Van Cortlandt Vehicle Corporation, New York agents for Peerless cars, is edited by Charles C. Percival (with). This little booster for Peerless cars made its initial bow to Peerless people with the June issue. The Van Cortlandt Co, is at 1896 Broadway and 63d Sts. New York City.

Clara M. Steele, 88 Broad St., Plattsburg, N. Y., sends this, "Household arts teacher, Plattsburg State Normal School. Mother and I have a very pleasant home here, to which we would be very glad to welcome anyone from M. A. C."

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STORES IN LANSING AND EAST LANSING

'02. Frances W. Sly who is spending the summer with her parents in Lansing will go to Casa Granda, Arizona, next fall, where she will have charge of vocational education.

F. G. Carpenter and Chloe Goodrich Carpenter are living at 1706 Morningside Ave., Sioux City, Iowa.

George E. Martin has asked to have his address changed to 4209 N. Harding Ave., Chicago.

Chicago.

'05.

From R. T. Stevens, landscape architect, Santa Barbara, Calif., we have this, "just returned from vacation trip to Grand Canon, Arizona. Tell everyone who comes west by southern route to stop over. Undoubtedly one of those greatest world wonders. Absolutely wonderful, stupendous and beyond imagination. Still unmarried and looking for the right one. Terribly sorry not to be in a position to make the class reunion."

'07.

Mrs. Calla Krental Eylar of La Mesa, New Mexico, and baby daughter are spending the summer with her father, Andrew P. Krental, foreman of the wood shop.

Ira W. Cargo is pastor of the M. E. church at Clarkston.

'08.

S. L. Christensen has returned to Marquette, and is living at 612 High St.

709.

P. H. Elwood is a member of the firm of Elwood & Frye, landscape architects at Columbus, Ohio.

H. L. Cantrick is living at Erie, Pa. He can be reached care Telegraph department, N. Y. C. R. R., Erie.

Alice L. Latson, Lucas county hospital, Toledo, Ohio, writes, "The report of the progress of the Memorial Building Fund is surely gratifying."

From Leta Hyde Keller, 333 W. Green St., Hastings, we have this, "At present teaching English and assisting in household arts in Hastings high school. Mrs. O. A. Kratz (Lora Hyde) of Ontario, Oregon, is at present in Hastings, where she expects to spend the summer."

Myra Lawrence Spilman may be addressed at Audobon Park, Louisville, Ky.

at Audobon Park, Louisville, Ky.

"Bob" Sloss was elected mayor of Big Rapids at the April election.

S. W. Perrin lives at 716 Coplin Ave., Detroit, and is connected with Smith, Hinchman Grylls, architects and builders.

J. F. Campbell (with) has asked to have his address changed to Box 282, Station C, Rt. 6, Milwaukee, Wis. He is employed by the Kerner Incinerator Co.

Harry A. Peterson and Mrs. Peterson (Grace McKinley, '16), formerly of Philadel-

Speaking of Reunions

we shall be glad to renew acquaintances with M. A. C. people, any time they may want

BOOKS, INSTRUMENTS, DRAFTING SUP-PLIES. SOUVENIRS.

or the 101 other things they used to buy at the Co-Op. Store.

M. A. C. Book Buying Assn.

New Bank Block. Norma L. Ensign, Mgr.



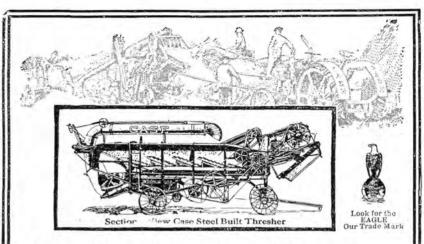
The Feed That Makes the Milk Yield



If you have not made up your mind as to what is the best feed for large milk production, for either summer conditions or heavy feeding in winter, visit the dairy farmers in the eastern states and see what they feed. These farmers are supplying large markets with milk. Their principal production is dairy products.

Ask them what high-protein feed they are using to make up the main strength of their rations. The answer will invariably be that they are feeding Buffalo Corn Gluten Feed, and, have fed it for a good many years—and in a great many cases, their fathers fed it before them.

Corn Products Refining Co.
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Case Threshers Save Your Crop

OOD threshing is the climax of good farming. It's what GOOD threshing is the chinax of good Animal of you have been working for ever since you began preparing ground for seeding. It's just as important as fertile soil, summer showers and harvest sunshine, -and it's up to you. If you do not own a Case Thresher, the next best thing is to employ one.

The Case Steel Built Thresher, in any of the six sizes we manufacture, is the machine of clean threshing, thorough separation, perfect cleaning and unequalled saving.

You owe it to yourself to save all you harvest. You can do twith a Case Machine. It successfully handles Rice, Flax, Peanuts, Peas and Beans, Rye, Oats, Barley, Wheat, Clover and Alfalfa, Millet, Buckwheat, Timothy, Orchard Grass, Kaffir Corn, Sorghum, Broom Grass Speltz, Hungarian Grass, Red Top, Blue Grass, Milo Maize, Sudan Grass and Feterita.

After passing the cylinder, where all the grain is threshed and most of it separated, the straw is shaken,—shaken—shaken;—230 shakes a minute! Note the improved strawrack, the great separating surface and ample space for straw.

Write for catalog of Case Steel Built Threshers showing sizes suitable for the individual farm or for custom threshing on the largest scale.

J. I. CASE THRESHING MACHINE CO., Inc.

Dept. CH-6, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Making Superior Farm Machinery Since 1842

To avoid confusion, the J. I. CASE THRESH-ING MACHINE COM-PANY desires to have it known that it is not now and never has been interested in, or in any way connected or affliated with the J.I. Case Plow Works, or the Wallis Tractor Company, or the J. I. Case Plow Works Co.



NOTE:

NOTE:
We want the public to know that our plows and harrows are NOT the Case plows and harrows made by the J. I. Case Plow Works Co.

phia, are now living in Detroit, at 341 Col-

lingwood Ave.

Bob Russell (with) sends this, "Robert Stanton Russell, Ir., did his little durndest to get to the Commencement jollification, but won't be out of the hospital in time to make it. Says he is sorry and begs you to excuse his dad. He arrived June 2 and weighs 7 peunds. Sounds like a crap shooter."

'12.

Alfred Iddles, mechanical engineer with Day & Zimmerman, Inc., lives at 611 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

H. W. Schneider is vice president and treasurer of the Schneider & Brown Lumber Co. of Marquette.

D. F. Fisher, pathologist for the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Wenatchee, Washington, was at the college June 1.

Pete Bancroft, city forester of Lansing, is wearing an exceptionally broad smile these days and passing out fat seegars. A son, Robert Lee, weight 6 pounds, came to the Bancroft home on June 12.

Carl F. Barnum, who has been connected with the chemical experiment station at the college for four years, left that work June 15 to become associated with the seed department of the Michigan Farm Bureau at Lansing.

Ralph Chamberlain is with the School of Engineering, Milwaukee, Wis.

Max Wershaw (with) has just graduated from the college of medicine, University of Michigan, and attended the commencement

reunion.

William A. Kishigo (with) is in the insurance business with the North American Life Insurance Co., at Mitchell, S. Dakota. He lives at 513 Edmunds St.

The Lansing plant of the Connor Ice Cream Co., of which W. A. McDonald is manager, has increased its manufacturing capacity 300 per cent this season, according to an article in a State Journal of last week. The plant is located at 310-12 S. Capitol Ave., where "Mac" has his office.

"14.

C. H. Taylor, Perryville, Maryland, sends

H. Taylor, Perryville, Maryland, sends

C. H. Taylor, Perryville, Maryland, sends greetings.

R. D. Jennings, who is connected with the Farm Management office at Washington, D. C., was a caller at the Record office on May 29.

In a recent issue of the Record we gave the occupation of S. C. Allen as experimental engineer of the Holt Manufacturing Co. It should have been experimental engineer, ordnance engineering laboratory, tank, tractor and trailer division.

Norman L. Spencer, "Baldy," left Saturday, June 16, for a trip to the coast with the Shriners. He will visit Portland, San Francisco, and other points in California. He will be looking for M. A. C.-ites, and warns them to be on the lookout for a bald head whenever they see a bunch of Shriners. He adds that he is in favor of national frats and the Campus Circle.

R. M. Roland, "Dad," has left the extension department of the University of Missouri, and is now connected with the advertising department of Montgomery, Ward & Co., of Chicago.

16.

George E. Piper is located in the Kesner

& Co., of Chicago.

16.

George E. Piper is located in the Kesner Bldg., Chicago.

Wallace S. Beden of Lansing left a short time ago for Portland and California points to attend a field convention of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. Only men who have written a million dollars of business during the past year are eligible. While in Oregon, Beden will attend a convention of the Kiwanis Club as a Lansing delegate.

Edward W. Martin is living at 425 Clairmont Ave., Detroit.

James McNutt, Jr., arrived at the home of

his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Stafford of Lawrence, on May 31, 1920. He is also a grandson of J. C. Stafford, '88, and a nephew of H. Maude Stafford, '20.

grandson of J. C. stantord, so, and a negnew of H. Maude Stafford, '20.

177.

Earl Trangmar has been made chief of the advertising department of the Ralph H. Jones Agency of Cincinnati. "Trang" has been in the employ of this concern for a little over a year. He was first connected with the copy department.

Austin Pino, who has been with the U. S. Bureau of Markets in Detroit, has recently accepted a position as assistant to Verne Branch, '12, city market director for Detroit. Prof. J. F. Cox and Mrs. Cox (Katherine Crane, with '17) have a niew son, Joseph Crane, born on May 29.

Bernice Horton Fowler has just completed a nine months' term of school at Bath, but has five weeks more to teach as principal of the Haslett school. She expects to teach near Detroit next year. She is sorry not to be able to come down for the '17 reunion.

S. T. Wellman and Mrs. Wellman, announce the arrival of Mary Louise on May 31. The Wellmans are living at 157 W. Carr

31. The Wellmans are living at 157 W. Carr St., Jackson.

John Wales Randall is a drug salesman with the Abbott Laboratories, and is living at 615 E. Fifth St., Little Rock, Arkansas. Willard N. Coulter, "Bill," who has been an inspector with the California Fruit Growers Exchange, left that work June 12 to be associated with his father, J. E. Coulter, "82, of Grand Rapids, in the lumber business. He will live at his former home, 457 Union Ave. S. E.

Mary Harrington is now a dietician at the Iowa Lutheran Hospital, 712 Parnell St., Des Moines, Iowa.

The Mills Dry Goods Co.

LANSING'S REPRESENTATIVE STORE.

Highest Quality of-

Women's and Children's Apparel, Millinery, Underclothing, Accessories of Dress.

Toilet Requisites.

"In the Heart of Lansing," 108-110 South WASHINGTON AVENUE



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