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Western Kentucky State Normal School

BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY.

THE ATTENDANCE FOR THE MID-WINTER AND SPRING TERMS HAS BEEN THE LARGEST IN THE HISTORY OF THE NORMAL

The hundreds of former students who have returned to the Normal to continue their work this year have invariably brought their friends with them. The Hill-top is thronged with earnest young men and women, each and all busily preparing to give a better teaching service to Kentucky next year than ever before. Others who will join them later are certain to be delighted with the association as well as the extensive curriculum, the able faculty, and the helpful personal atmosphere that pervades everything.

SEVERAL NEW MEMBERS ADDED TO THE FACULTY THIS YEAR

In order to take care of the increased attendance this year, it was necessary to employ additional teaching talent. President Cherry therefore employed a number of other educators to add to the faculty. They are good ones and have been with us since February 1, 1916.

OPENING OF SUMMER SCHOOL, JUNE 19, 1916

Because of the longer term of the rural school, it was necessary to postpone the opening of the Spring and Summer Terms for one week, consequently the Summer School of six weeks this year will begin June 19th. A new circular giving complete information as to the special talent offered during the Summer School is now ready to be mailed, and we shall be glad to send it to those interested. WRITE FOR IT NOW.

SOME OF THE GOOD THINGS OFFERED STUDENTS IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER TERMS

The MUSIC FESTIVAL, with such soloists as Lucy Marsh, Cecil Fanning, John D. Sample, Carl Schmidt, and the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra; many interesting ATHLETIC EVENTS; DR. E. A. ROSS, of University of Wisconsin, for a series of lectures; BEN GREET WOODLAND PLAYERS for three plays; DR. W. W. BLACK, Dean of Department of Education, University of Indiana, for ten lectures; RICHARD T. WYCHE, President of National Story-Tellers' League of America, six lectures and Stories told at twilight each evening; lectures by distinguished CITY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS of Kentucky; much SPECIAL MUSIC; EXCURSIONS and OUTINGS, are some of the attractions of the Spring and Summer Terms, in addition to the extensive curriculum of academic work.

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When you are ready to enter, write us a few days before you start and we shall be glad to meet you at the train. There is plenty of the very best kind of board in Bowling Green, and we shall be glad to aid you in securing the place you prefer.

For further information, write

PRESIDENT H. H. CHERRY,
Bowling Green, Ky.



BOWLING GREEN, KY., JUNE, 1916

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THE PARK ROW
BARBER!
EVERYTHING SANITARY!
STUDENTS WELCOME

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GREENSPAN BROS. & CO., Proprietors.

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On March 24, 1916, the Continental Teachers' Agency, Bowling Green, Ky, received TWENTY-ONE calls for TEACHERS, salaries ranging from \$600 to \$1,600. Are you interested?

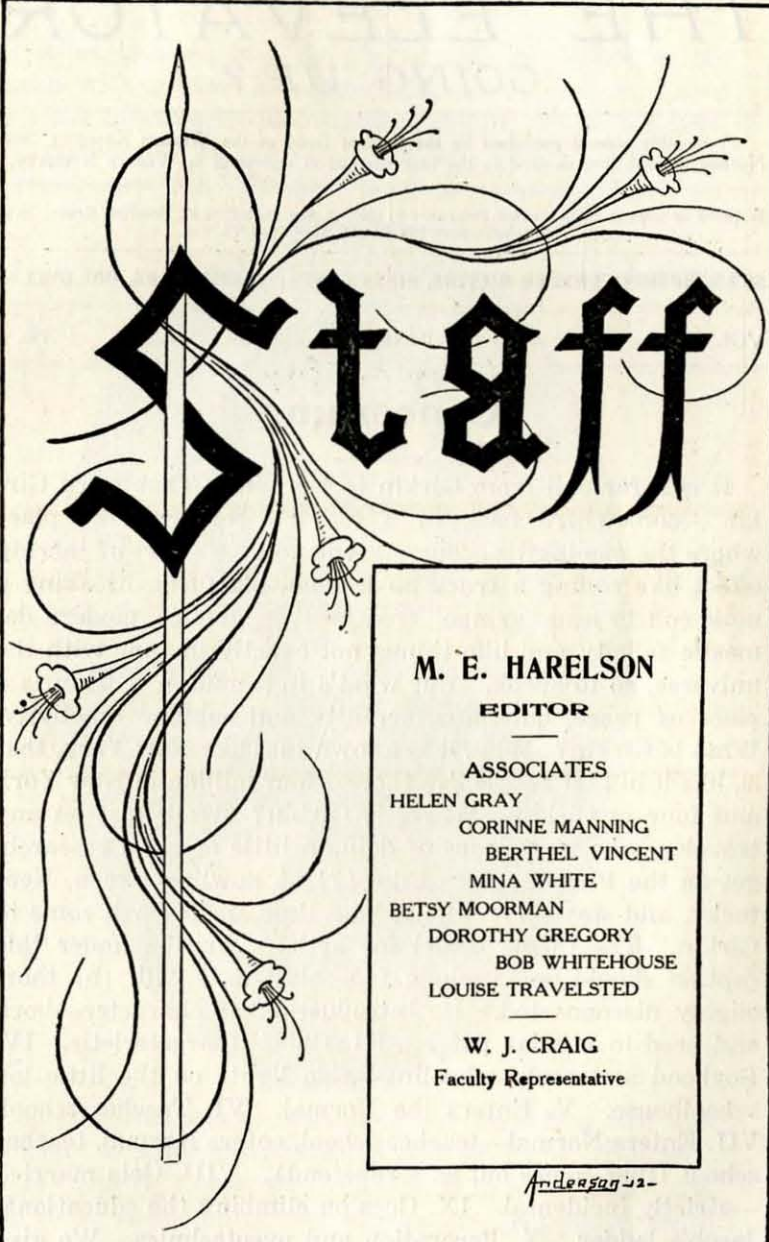
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During the N. E. A. at Detroit in February, the B. G. B. U. was asked for 45 commercial teachers for September at initial salaries of \$90 to \$100 a month.

When buying, mention The Elevator.



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THE ELEVATOR

GOING UP ?

A monthly journal published by the Student Body of the Western Kentucky State Normal School, and devoted to the best interests of education in Western Kentucky.

Entered as second-class matter February 8, 1910, at the postoffice at Bowling Green, Kentucky, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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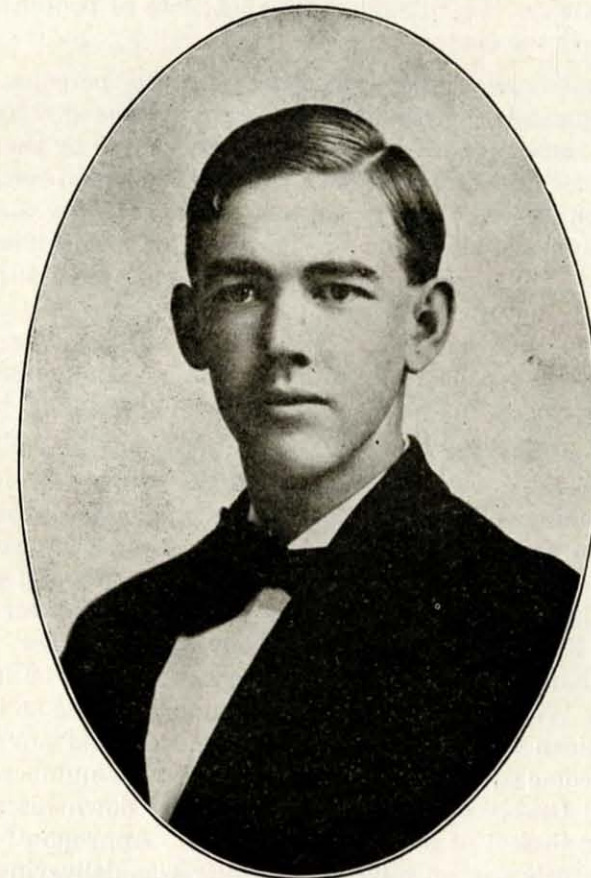
JUNE, 1916

No. 9

Concerning

It is a far call from Girkin to Gotham. That word Girkin:—somewhere back in a fellow's cerebro (the place where the meningitis occurs) seems to give a sort of jarring effect like rolling a truck on a depot platform, breaking a mule colt to lead "gringo" treatment in Mexico, modern domestic felicity and like things not exactly in tune with the universe, so to speak. But what's in a name? Girkin is a place of peace, quietness, serenity and sublime inactivity. What is Girkin? Why, it is a town just like New York, that is, like it in that people live there—four million in New York and four in Girkin. Where is Girkin? Well, just let any traveler, who is desirous of doing a little original research, get on the Plum Springs Pike (?) at Bowling Green, Kentucky, and stay on it a long, long time and he will come to Girkin. The theme model for articles written under this caption should be—Prelude (a) selected at will, (b) thoroughly disconnected. II. Introduction of character—born and bred in a briar patch. III. Chief Characteristic. IV. Boyhood and early schooling—side lights on the little log schoolhouse. V. Enters the Normal. VI. Teaches school. VII. Enters Normal—teaches school, enters Normal, teaches school (that comes out as a repetend). VIII. Gets married—strictly incidental. IX. Goes on climbing the educational Jacob's ladder. X. Peroration and pyrotechnics. We give

the outline here so that the reader may sit steady in the tonneau with perfect assurance that he will not be jolted over some unexplored biographical bypath by an inexperienced chauffeur. In the discussion of Girkin we feel that the requirements of the first heading of the outline have



been satisfied, as it was chosen of our own free will and accord and, is sufficiently disconnected, all right. But why begin at Girkin? Because Alfred Leland Crabb began there. Began in an unassuming way with hands, feet and voice to demand something of this rather unheeding world. We say

unassuming, for Mr. Crabb at all times gives the appearance of being an "unassuming" individual. For genuine "unassumption" Alfred L. is past grand master. For meekness he prides himself on being a many times great-grandson of Moses himself, and has already engaged an attorney to prosecute his claims along with that class of people, who shall inherit the earth.

The specifications and blue prints for his personal appearance partake neither of the massive nor the skyscraper style, but rather the modest and attractive house by the side of the road. Foundation light but secure, floor plan compact and convenient, a commodious attic surmounted by a well-combed Mansard roof, and the lines of the front elevation fair to middling graceful. Such is the gross structure of our friend, but the histological aspect of the countenance deserves further mention. His chin is neither obtrusive nor weak—just conservative, his mouth good and for the most part closed, his nose peculiarly well shaped for keeping out of other people's affairs, and his eyes—ah! "there's the rub."

The genuine observer—that is, the student of physiognomy who suddenly allows his eyes to wander under the heavy brows into the dark brown orbs of Alfred Leland Crabb is in for a shock that will make an electric chair current feel like summer sunshine. Now, gentle reader, bear witness that we said above our hero *appeared* to be unaggressive. Well, his eyes are about as unaggressive as those of a Mexican bandit, and it is not recorded that any man has ever come squarely upon that 'Ive-got-your-number look of Alfred Crabb, who did not begin to let down his chest a bit, and to feel of his belt in the back. Appropo of this, on one occasion when a lyceum speaker was delivering one of those so-called great messages on the duties of the husband in the home, just as he had reached his climax and trope and metaphor were flying in the air, he suddenly stopped, turned red, forgot his lines and grabbed wildly for the ice water. Only the initiated knew what had hap-

pened—he had caught the cut-out-the-con look in the eyes of Alfred L. sitting in the front row, and suddenly remembering having gone off without making the kitchen fire for his sick wife, his conscience had risen up and smitten him. Yes! the keep-your-feet-on-the-ground look of our friend has a very salutary effect. But enough on this subject; we must jog along through, heeding IV to X.

His boyhood was spent in very much the same way as that of all other country boys. He attended the country school where his father was instructor. That gentleman was and is yet a teacher of the good old personal influence type, who was teaching boys clean living and high thinking in the days before the modern renaissance of Froeble and Pestalozia.

Mr. Crabb taught his first school when he was eighteen, and as he speaks a language understood by all children, found it dead easy. In 1904 he entered the Normal and by a judicious policy of watchful waiting until he had gotten on to the delivery of the members of the faculty, batted out a home run on that mighty grammatical slab artist, Col. Guilliams, and graduated from the Scientific Course of the Southern Normal. After two years as Superintendent of schools in Sunshine, Louisiana, he then returned to the State Normal and in 1910 took out a life certificate from that institution. It was at this time, that having the ability to write readable things and a natural love for all literary efforts, he in connection with others established THE ELEVATOR, the students' paper of the Western Kentucky State Normal School, and became its first and most original editor. That fall he went to Paducah as principal of the McKinley School. The following summer he took a bride and a bridal trip. Miss Bertha Gardner, a classmate in the State Normal, was the lady who accompanied him on the trip. You know, it is said that when a married couple live together happily for twenty or more years they grow to be alike, both in disposition and personal appearance—Mr. and Mrs. Crabb will not have to wait that long, as nature has

already arranged that for them. In the summer of 1913 the Superintendent of the schools in Louisville, Kentucky, wrote to the people at the Normal asking them to recommend the best ward principal in the State. That was an easy one, so the powers that be from Cherry to Church voted for Crabb. On the strength of that our hero received a polite note asking him to call on the Superintendent. When our unobtrusive friend appeared quietly in the office of the Superintendent the interview was a brief one. The great Mogul glanced him over, omitting the telltale eyes, and went on with his work. Mr. Crabb went back to Paducah. Shortly after President Cherry received a letter in rather an injured tone to the effect—What manner of man are you, when I ask you for bread you send me a dough-nut? Whereupon the President seized his Emersonian pen and began to sling ink—Why! there must be some mistake. Mr. Crabb is a young man with Life—More Life! He never fishes for minnows. He paints his fence posts red, and always swims in deep water. More than that, he is an ideal and a spiritual democracy. If you do not like Mr. Crabb, I remain respectfully yours. Somewhat jarred by this, the gentleman wrote to Crabb asking that he write him somewhat about himself. Now, writing is something in Alfred L.'s line, and he took his pen in hand to the following effect: Dear Sir—The manifold responsibilities incumbent upon my present honourous position renders prolonged correspondence on my personal peculiarities impossible. However, I will respond in passing that my soul is soothed into somnambulant serenity by my present habitat in this cosmopolitan metropolis of Paducah, which to my certain knowledge took its name from not only one Indian, but a whole continental tribe of Indians, Chicago artist to the contrary notwithstanding. I might add in conclusion that the perquisites and pecuniary emoluments connected with my present occupation are peculiarly pleasing to my sensorium. Serenely yours.—The literal translation of the foregoing is obviously—go to “—,” Mr. Superintendent, I've got a job; but it did the work. The next day he got a telegram, “Come at

once; you are elected—and the government at Washington still stands.” So Mr. Crabb has had charge of the Salisbury School in Louisville ever since, to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. This summer he will graduate from the Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville, Tennessee, and in the fall will go to Columbia University, in New York City. And this brings me to heading X of the outline.

Alfred Crabb is a literary man of ability and has published some very pleasing stories and sketches. There is a quaint philosophy about his writings, and a strain of pure humor—genuine stingless humor without a headache. Personally there is nothing of the aesthetic about Crabb. He is a philosopher, not a poet. He makes no stab at higher culture. There is no record of his having wandered miles through the halls of art galleries studying a catalogue. Music from the second bar of the tenth rhapsody by Chopin down to the bush-league ballad entitled, “Willie get a hatchet, there's a fly on baby's head,” is merely incidental to him. Nor does the siren call of Nature allure—when the dew is on the rose leaf. He prefers to be on his ostemore. He cares for human nature, not nature. He studies mankind en masse and in particular, and Abou Ben Adhem is his middle name.

In his unassuming way he will work on through the course at Columbia and the faculty of that great university will learn to know and like him. And he will learn from them, but more will he learn from the stream of human arts in Broadway. For little old New York is none too big for Alfred Leland Crabb, who takes to the city as one to the manor born. Who said it was a far call from Girkin to Gotham?

—oOo—

Standpipe or Silo

Mr.s Cunningham (on the train on the way to the K. E. A.): “Well, Oma, that's the tallest silo I ever have seen.”

Mr. Cunningham: “Haw, haw, haw; that's no silo, that's the reservoir here at Elizabethtown.”

A Letter to the Cherry Club

6457 AURELIA STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA., April 8, 1916.

Dear Friends:

The other day, as I was leaving the school building, a bit fagged by the day's work and the too-well-known Pittsburgh atmosphere, the postman put into my hand your invitation to be present at the physical banquet and the spiritual feast to be held in Louisville on the 21st.

As the sleeping jitney-bus arouses from its slumber and emits a snort of defiance from its weary cylinders, at the sound of a nickel dropped on the pavement; so I aroused and declared, "I'll be there." But even as the jitney-bus, after its initial snort, discovers that it has a puncture, and a dirty spark-plug, and a broken transmission, and a cracked cylinder; so did I slowly begin to realize that it could not be.

And it is so, even so.

I shall remain in Pittsburgh, in sackcloth and ashes—no, I can't decorate myself with ashes, for we burn natural gas in Pittsburgh, and write the unnatural sort, by the way!—and as sackcloth is not at all de rigeur without the ashes, I shall have to forego both in favor of my usual accoutrements and habiliments. However, the fact remains, I am not coming; so don't save a plate for me.

Still, I venture to hope that you will not so far forget those of us who must remain in the smoke of duty as to use up the entire available supply of enthusiasm and spiritual "pep" at this banquet. Leave a little, I pray you, for the rest of us, the great unhonored and unsung, though, in Pittsburgh, it is impossible to be of the unwashed, despite appearances. There may come a time, when YOU will be the absentees and WE the sons and daughters returned from a far and dirty city. Then remember, as you sit at this festal board, how the price of everything is advanced by the war, and the supply of everything is so rapidly reaching the vanishing point. Therefore, you cannot

afford to squander *all* your "life and more life" at this particular time.

Without having been elected to this post by anybody in particular, permit me, in the name of the absent ones, to send you all a hearty "God speed, and more power to run." Permit me to hope that each of you will carry away a fully satisfied digestion, an over-flowing heart, and the fool idea that you are still as young as you feel.

Permit me to felicitate you on any and all your newly-acquired wives and husbands, if any, and to hope that neither party is very badly cheated in the bargain. Permit me to extend the final wish that you may be as happy as you deserve, and deserve every possible happiness, both at this banquet and forever, or as long as possible.

Now, as no letter of mine, or speech of mine, seems quite complete without a near-poem, here 'tis. I have called it the "Clan of Cherry."

East and West the Clan comes,
High and low degree,
Marching to the banquet,
All are there but me.

Led, of course, by Himself,
As he's always led;
There'd be no "Clan of Cherry,"
Had it not a head!

Here, likewise, the Dean comes,
With forty-horse-power grin;
Stickles with his firm tread;
Leiper hustles in.

Harman with his hand-shake;
Dickey with his quip;
A. L. Crabb with humor
Spilling from his lip.

THE ELEVATOR

Green with information
Of the G. O. P. ;
Alexander, hair combed,
Like it used to be.

P. C. Smith with face set,
Merry as a church ;
Donovan and Whitehead ;
Shemwell with a birch.

Mutchler with bacteria
Scattered through his talk ;
Craig from Daviess County,
With deliberate walk.

Sigler comes a-bringing
His ultra-slender form ;
Denton with his law-book,
Talking in a storm.

Miss Mattie with her records,
The one surnamed McLean ;
While Mattye Reid is telling
What gave Hamlett a pain.

T. C. still discoursing
Of science as she plods ;
M. C. Ford, forgetting,
Strawberries and clods.

Maybe friend Bohannon,
John D. Spears, or—gee !
What's the use o' talking ?
All are there but me.

Trusting that each and every one, from the President to
the most unsuccessful and the most discouraged person

THE ELEVATOR

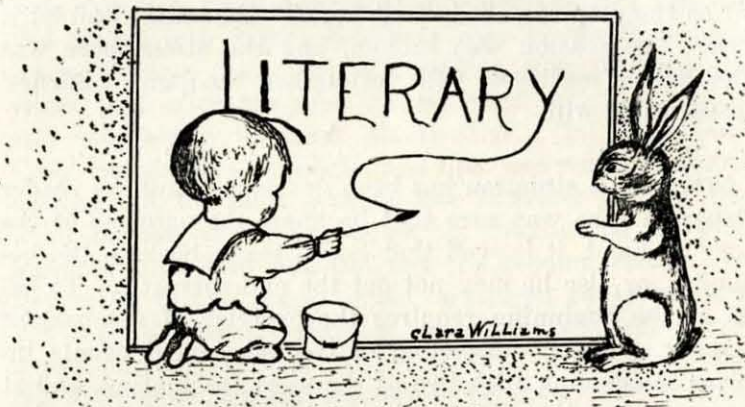
present at the banquet may get a new lease on life, a new
"vision," as Mr. Cherry would put it, and a new determina-
tion to do and to be the most for yourself and for all those
with whom you come in contact—this is my wish.

Fraternally yours,

A. W. WILHOYTE,

Westinghouse High School, Pittsburgh, Pa.

oOo



The Handiwork of Fate

"Play ba-all."

With a long, typical drawl the umpire called out the words, "Play ball," and the game was on. It was an ideal day for a baseball game. The sun was shining with all his might, and as the long, lanky lead-off man of the opposing team threw down the extra bat he was swinging and stepped into place, a sharp, penetrating silence settled over the crowded grandstand, for the game was on. Old enemies were opposing each other and the nerves of the fans were worked up to the highest pitch, ready for the "feature" play necessary to break the tension and afford relief in a prolonged yell. Dawes was working in the box, and he was a popular idol. What would be the outcome of the day? Why, not even the fates could tell.

The batter as he stood calmly swinging his bat and waiting for the first ball to be thrown, looked dangerous. He was too composed in his bearing. What if he should swing hard on the first thrown ball? Would the team go to "pieces," as sometimes happens? Many such questions passed through the minds of the crowd as they watched the pitcher prepare to deliver the ball. Slowly he made his windup and then, "plunk" they heard it slip into James' mit as the umpire called "strike one"—the batter had let it pass. The tension was broken, and the atmosphere was filled with a medley of yells throughout the game. Barnes' Grove would win.

Now that a situation has been developed, and the reader wishes that he was sure that he knew the outcome of the story in hand, it is well that he be taken back to the beginning, or else he may not get the end correctly. To begin at the beginning requires the exercise of a tenacious memory, and the unraveling of the subsequent events involves the dealing with two of the most fascinating, and at the same time the most elusive problems of real lives; *i.e.*, the problems of interpreting two human hearts.

The exact time of the beginning is uncertain, because the exact ages of the two leading parties are uncertain; but since it must have been in the early years of their lives, when the hearts of each were in the stage of final adjustment and each was ultimately fashioned to suit the other, it was at any rate some years ago. Be that as it may, their hearts were finally shaped to suit only each other, locked away in the chests of their affections, Cupid was given the keys that would open them, and Father Time was assigned the task of bringing them together. That was the beginning. The end is what? They lived happily ever afterward? Well, we'll leave that for you to judge.

For quite a while Old Time worked diligently before he was able to bring face to face the hero and heroine of the story. It was longer still before Cupid was fully aware

that he possessed the key that would open the hearts of two people to each other, but Cupid's delay was not without cause. Hearts are many and Cupid had others to open up than these, but that was not his most serious trouble in this instance, as we shall see. He had been on the wrong track.

Long before Sally Smedly had entered the elementary course up at the Barnes' Grove School she had met Hal Haloday, the chief ball tosser of the Gray Belt ball team. When Sally met Hal she thought her destiny was settled, and when Hal looked into Sally's blue-gray eyes he thought he saw there the fate that had been leading him for long, long years, and after the first formal introduction it was Hal and Sally everywhere and all the time. Hal wrote poetry about Sally's eyes, and hair, and lips, and when no one was looking but the moon and no one listening but the night wind, he sang to her the verses his imagination had pieced together since they had last met the evening before. Lest the writer of this story should be judged guilty of indulging in similar sentimentalities, he will refrain from quoting a few passages of Hal's honey-coated verses. Sally spent her afternoons reading the box score, especially the strike-out records which were usually high for Hal, and waiting for evening and Hal.

By and by Hal went away to join the big league, and Sally went away to school to pass the time away until Hal returned, and there began another phase of this somewhat illogically worked out story.

In the Barnes' Grove Academy there was a youth of uncertain age, unusual dimensions, and unaccepted affections. He was known by all his comrades as Preacher, and a generally good natured fellow when his wrath was not aroused. His name by the way is Gerry Pearson. His chief characteristics are his capacity for the nutritious elements of life, and the devoted attention he desired to pay to some one of the fair sex. One other element that belongs to his character is his ability to make his instructors believe he has ab-

sorted a fair portion of the world's knowledge. He was soon to receive his sheepskin.

Well, Gerry plodded on, coming always on time for his meals, in fact, he was almost always slightly ahead of time, for he did not want anyone to get ahead of Pearson on the menu. He usually ate beefsteak, or roast, and a handsome lot of other things for seasoning, and never felt that he had not done his duty by what was placed before him. That was then. Things are different now.

Then Sally was not in town, now she is, and that explains it if you know Gerry and Sally. When the latter first arrived in Barnes' Grove boarding house, she was assigned a place just across the table from Gerry. Now, Sally's eyes are very apt to reveal the destiny of any young man if he once looks into them. Well, Gerry looked, and he saw and was conquered. Not many days later the chaps at the Hall became uneasy about Pearson's welfare. He had always come early before to his meals, but now he came late one time and early another, and, by accident it must have been, Sally always came just as early or as late as Gerry did. Things went on for some time, and then the faculty discovered that they were always seated side by side in chapel, and if possible removed from crowd somewhat, and then the poor fellow's loss of appetite was understood: he was in love.

The day for the Gray Belt vs. Barnes' Grove arrived at last, and with the Gray Belts was Hal Halloday. He had returned from the big leagues and was again hurling for his old team mates. He had come to play Sally's school team, and was determined to win, if possible. The game opened with both teams about evenly matched, and an exciting contest seemed assured. The first, second, third, fourth innings had passed and neither side could score. Dawes, for Barnes' Grove, was going fine. Avery, Benson, James and Hallings had each gathered in hits, but no runs had been counted. It began to look as if the game would go extra innings. Halloday had all the confidence of a veteran and his curves were breaking fine.

Just as the Gray Belts were taking the field, Gerry and Sally were seen approaching the entrance to the grandstand. For a moment they parleyed with the gatekeeper, and then turned sadly away and started slowly up the hill. Only a short distance away they met Mills Haskins. Gerry had a confab with Mills, and then all three returned to the grandstand, *i.e.*, after Gerry had bought a ticket.

It was the last half of the sixth, and Avery was the first up. He drew four wide ones, and took first just as Gerry and Sally came into the grandstand. Hal looked once at Sally, twice at Gerry, and then plumped Bronson one in the ribs. Hal looked again at Sally and Wells got a single to right. The bases were full when Hallings came to bat. Hal looked again at Sally and then grooved one. When the ball was returned to the diamond, Barnes' Grove had four scores and the Gray Belts had another pitcher in the box. The game, however, was won, and when it was over, Sally did not even look at Hal, and that evening at supper there was a look of relief on Gerry's countenance, and a smile in his eyes as he looked at Sally, and—great victory was won that day at Barnes' Grove.

—oOo—

Athletics and the Boy

Athletics and the boy. The boy and athletics. It matters but little how we put it. The one suggests the other. The two are inseparable. From the time the boy, confined to his cradle, seeks to while away his leisure hours by striving to bring his region of future gout infection into juxtaposition with his incisors yet to be, until the time he gallantly swings Mary in the hammock, he is more or less interested in athletics. More in the former instance, probably, less in the latter. It is this innate desire and indispensable need for physical activity that causes him to set aside the pious admonition of his progenitors and through a system of unassailable perjury establish his innocence of repeatedly risk-

ing the manifold dangers attendant upon a few hours' hallucination in the old swimming hole.

His surplus energy must have an outlet. Dam up these outlets and you produce a dullard and criminal. You not only dwarf the body but clog the brain and suffocate the spirit. It is the acme of folly and the superlative of ignorance to expect to find an alert mind and a sensitive spirit in a stagnant, vapid and hibernated body. And yet thousands of schools are engaged in the damming business.

The country boy before entering school lives in a world of freedom that knows no limitations. This realm of juvenile delight contains woods, creeks, hills, rivers, and many other attractions that afford ample opportunity for physical development. On entering school he is excluded from this paradise of liberty and placed on a small and too often unattractive corner of terra firma; and by the inexorable decree of the rural pedagogue is forbidden to wander from its sacred premises. And yet, no provision for physical training is made on territory to which he is confined. The few games that he has known from time immemorial soon grow monotonous and he becomes a creature of gloomy thought and habit.

In two-thirds of the rural schools if you should happen along at play time, you would find a gang of boys ranging in age from eight to eighteen lazily lounging on the stunted grass concocting schemes whereby they may add to the trials and tribulations of the school ma'am. Or, else, you would probably find them perched on a nearby fence or log discussing the short-comings of the county school and longing for the time when they should flee from its fold never to return. Or, else, you may find them in the school room assuming unsymmetrical positions on top of the desks and improving their English by exchanging compliments with the calico element of the school.

When the bell jingles they take their seats, no better prepared for work than when playtime began. This surplus energy is still unexpended. It must find an outlet. At last

the limit of retaining capacity is reached. A dispatch flies over the sensory nerves to the brain. After some consideration the brain sends a command over the motor wires. The command in substance is as follows: Turn loose your rapid-fire-paper-wads-machine guns on whomsoever it pleases you most; and discommode the enemy in every conceivable way that the ingenuity of your mind is capable of originating. If the county boy so barely escapes ruin because of a lack of proper athletics, where, oh, where will the city and village boy appear?—those boys who have never had an opportunity for proper physical development.

A proper system of athletics in the school will greatly increase the boy's deportment and attendance and decrease the teacher's difficulties accordingly. That school that makes no provision for athletics, through neglect of one duty, imposes upon itself ten problems. The physical side of education cannot be neglected without serious results.

—oOo—

The Call to the Tennis Court

June the first. The transition period is over. Winter is spring. Lovers are mated—dogs, cats, birds, human beings and other reptiles.

One afternoon very late I was sitting on the campus of the Western Normal, and I heard a call. It was a far-away, faint call, but I heard it just the same, though I didn't know who called or whence. So I just sat on, thinking to myself, "If you want me, why, you can just call again. I ain't particular whether I go or not, anyway."

Then I heard it again, loud and clear, and I wasn't the only one to hear it, either; for just then seemed like everybody was going by, and they all had their eyes set on something. I know they did, because they looked like they did—and each one had another pair of shoes, too, like they were going a long piece.

When I saw that everybody was going by, why, I just

swung in and went, too. We hadn't gone very far until we came to some square places where there wasn't any grass or weeds or anything. They all hurried to put on the shoes they were carrying,—of course, they had to pull off the ones they had on when they got there—and just about that time somebody came running out of a little square house, and began to build a fence right up through the middle of these little square places like he didn't want them to be on there, but they didn't pay any attention to him—actually some of them helped him do it.

I sat down and looked on. That was a funny looking bunch. Some were tall; some short. Some had their hair combed away back; some didn't have any to comb. Some of the girls had on red ties; some green. Some forgot to put on any at all. Most of them chewed wax. My ma won't let me chew wax. And all of them had paddles of looking things in their hands, like we boys used to have in school where I used to go, only what they had were wider. I don't suppose they could hit like we could. But that would be hard to do, anyway.

Well, they commenced to divide up by two's and two's and play what I supposed was some sort of a game. I think it was a little like what the girls used to do in the school I told you about a while ago. The girls where I used to go to school would go out into the woods right down there below the schoolhouse, and get them lots of ferns, and they would pull all the leaves off to see if they could tell when they would get married. You could hear these people talking about how many they loved and all that. Why, some said they actually loved thirty. And one fellow I didn't like much even said he loved forty. Then you could hear them call each other "goose," and they would hit big and hard at the things that they had which looked like big white marbles.

Now, I think this is a mighty good thing to be doing. I believe I would like it, and I know they all like it. But I reckon they finally got tired, for they started back like they

went, only they were still in two's and two's; and they went back a heap slower than they had come. I suppose it was because they were tired. I had forgot to tell you it was then dark.

When I was back that night to the place where I stay, I began to study out what it was they were all doing down there. I had already decided who it was calling everybody. He lives in the little square house. I asked the boy that sleeps with me if he knew what they were doing, but he didn't know. Now, my teacher one time told me, "If you don't know anything, look in the Dictionary." I looked, and I found a picture of a little square place like the one they were at. It said underneath it, "Tennis Court." So I suppose this is the name of the place where they were.

Now, I just know I'd like to do what they were doing, too; and I think I'll go down town right now and get me some things like they had and go with them next time. That fellow calls everybody, and why shouldn't I be there like everybody else?

—oOo—

Boy Training

The boy we have with us always. The father who has reared his own boys to maturity has the best understanding of boy-nature. But he is not in position to use his knowledge again, and cannot bequeath it to anyone who could use it. What a pity the male of the species can't be instantaneously translated from the age of "cutety" to later adolescence! Why, there would be a surplus of smiles and not a pessimist in the land. Teachers, teachers, what a blessing! Cats would have no need of nine lives, stonebruises would go out of use, and the lives of bumblebees and hornets would be one grand, sweet song. But who could wear all those sore toes? After all, boys will have to be boys.

Self-appointed investigators, self-deluded sociologists, and self-constituted boys' friends have ransacked their brains and other musty storerooms in a vain attempt to devise

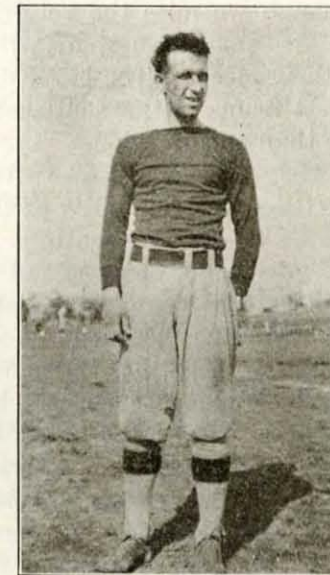
plans for boy culture a la scientific formula. "It 'cawn't be done, Steve." All, or almost all, of those plans are too inelastic, too artificial. They call for too much formality. And your boy is not formal. He doesn't do anything formally. Watch him if you think he does. Oh! He might be made formal, but a forked stick dressed up in fresh-ironed clothes would be just as satisfying. I tell you, you have got to turn him loose, and hold to him. You have got to let him follow his inclinations absolutely unhindered, and not allow him to do a single thing undirected. You have got to let him get dirty and keep him clean at the same time. Let him stand over the very brink of destruction, so to speak, and lean a little on the debit side, yet hold him up all the while—casually, calmly, and with infinite love. But don't "slobber" over him. Boys—little boys—don't like to be kissed and everything. If they do, why do they always rub them off? Whoever can reconcile such paradoxes as these, if he adds to himself infinite, unselfish, unobtrusive love, may become a fit companion for boys. Whoever else must continue to be bunglers and candidates for millstones.

Scoutcraft? Yes. Athletics? Yes. Directed? Yes, but as if they were directed not. The best teacher for the small boy is the right kind of a boy—a little older, and the best teacher for that boy would be the right kind of a boy a little older than he, and so on up to manhood.

I doubt whether different degrees in Scoutcraft are advisable—that is, the present custom. Certainly it gives the boy a goal, but it gives him a conscious task as well, which may be well enough if it cannot be better. Furthermore, the degrees make castes possible, and therefore snobbery. Perish the thought! Anyhow, why can a boy not grow without a pair of scales and a tape measure? I cannot tell how boy-training should be done. I do not know—few people do. But, if I have succeedd in more befuddling the points I have tried to clarify, I have done the usual thing. And so, I must be content. No charges.

Our Coach

A very high tribute is due our coach, Mr. Arthur, for the high class athletic work he has done for the Normal School. No man, however great his talents, and ability, can build a team without material with which to work, but on the other hand no team, be the individual talent great as it may, can do its best work without the guiding hand of a skillful



trainer. Both are essential, and the absence of either works a tremendous hardship upon the team thus handicapped.

The Normal has been very fortunate in securing the services of a coach who knows the games, and who knows how to train his men. To take a team of raw recruits and develop out of it one of skill and ability is a task for any man, and this is practically what was done in football for the Normal last fall. Notwithstanding the fact that a majority of the games were lost or tied, the record of the year is good,

and we are proud of the boys and the coach who made it. In basketball the results were more favorable from the standpoint of the number of games won, but here the team had the advantage of having on it a greater per cent of trained men. It was not a team of recruits by any means, and it was able to return victorious from an engagement with some of the strongest teams of the South. Baseball has always been the Western's strong feature in athletics, and this year was no exception in many respects. Coach Arthur has been able to fill the places of the old "heads" with new men, and although we miss the veterans who are no longer with us, we welcome the new men that Mr. Arthur has secured to fill their places. The baseball boys also met some of the strongest teams in the South, and defeated the invincibles on more than one occasion.

The reasons for these things are two: the training the coach has given the team and the ability of the players with which he has worked. The coach's motto is work, and then work some more; work with a purpose and an understanding of the thing that is to be done. Work all the time, and if there is any time left, work then, too. Work is the secret of success on the athletic field just the same as anywhere else. If you don't believe it, ask Coach, he'll tell you. Again let's give him the credit that is due him. He has worked under difficulties, real difficulties, but it was all the same to him. As a result of his labors the Normal School had a good football team, a winning basketball team, and a playing baseball team of which the institution is justly proud. Along with this he assembled a track team that was able to overcome the strong Richmond team by a safe margin. Under his guidance there are bright prospects for a successful athletic year for 1916-17. Here's wishing him all the success that he can bring his way. The Western is for him, the students are for him, and the boys are all for him, for he is their coach, and they want to win for him—and for us. Here's to you, Mr. Arthur, for a great year in athletics.

Athletics for Next Year

The field will be put in condition early in September for practice, which will start about the 15th of the month. Games will be scheduled with Middle Tennessee Normal, Castle Heights, Owensboro, Hopkinsville, Clarksville and Eastern Normal. The Thanksgiving game will be played in Bowling Green this year, and Eastern being our opponent, will draw an enormous crowd. Prospects for the team are exceedingly bright. Of the past season's team we will have back, Botto, Simpson, Johnson, Welch, Davis (captain-elect), and Singleton. Skaggs from the 1914 team will return for the '16 season. In addition to these men, a number of men from some fast high school teams are expected to enroll in September, and Western Normal should have a good football season in '16.

Basketball always finds us with a strong team, and our schedule will include such teams as Castle Heights, Cumberland University, S. P. U., St. Mary's College, Eastern, Owensboro and other strong teams. Arrangements will be tried to secure a place where the team can practice every day and not be limited to one or two practices a week, as in the past. It is hoped that a large hall may be secured so our entire student-body may attend each game.

The girls will come in for their share of basketball, and most likely the league which was such a success this past season will play a schedule and a representative team also selected for match games.

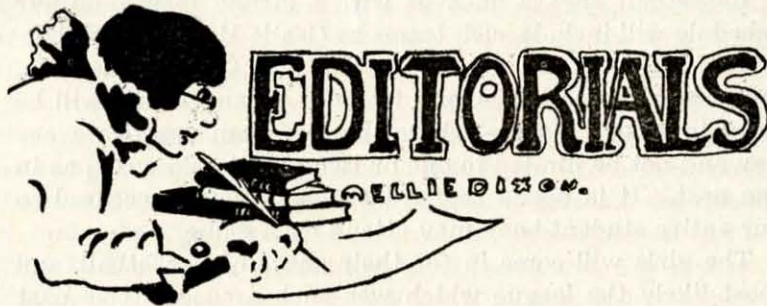
The track team goes to Richmond next spring, and the interest shown in track athletics stamps this branch of athletics as being on the incline, and it is receiving major attention from the student-body.

The first Saturday in May will see a mammoth athletic meet on our athletic field. This meet will be conducted by

Coach Arthur, and invitations will be sent to a great many high schools in the State to send teams here to compete. This will bring a large number of boys to Bowling Green—they may see what is being done by our institution, consequently we can draw from the schools that send athletes, as they will have been here, and knowing what a great institution we have here from personal observation, will not hesitate in joining our already large student-body. This athletic meet will be an annual affair, and suitable prizes will be awarded to the victors. It is planned to have a cinder running track put around athletic field and other improvements are under consideration.

Our baseball prospects are as bright as ever before, and great things are expected next season. We have played the best teams in this State and in Tennessee, and have kept pace with all of them.

—oOo—



THE ATHLETIC SPIRIT

Somehow, we cannot explain in just what way, or just why it is so, there comes to all of us a feeling of exultation when we see an athletic team in which we are interested vanquish a foe that is hostile, athletically speaking, not only to the opposing team but to all who support them. The rich red blood courses through our veins at a more rapid rate than is usual; we forget the rights of our neighbors and

willfully rise at the psychological moment and obstruct the view of those behind us; we discard all notions of the monetary value of hats and handkerchiefs, at least, we often consign them to the mercies of the atmosphere and the temperament of an excited crowd in such a manner that it seems they were useless except as missiles to hurl about in order that we may give vent to pent-up energy; we wave the popcorn vendor aside, and forget to heed the score-card that some loud-voiced urchin persuaded us was absolutely essential to a complete enjoyment of the event. All of these things we do at a baseball game, and why? Because we love a fight. A victory does not count for much unless there is a fight behind it. A slow baseball game is about as conducive to an over-abundance of excited enthusiasm as is an afternoon nap in the shade of an apple tree. There must be a fight or it is no go. That is the athletic spirit. A fight is what we want to see. If men in battle did no more than walk up and slap a foe lightly on the cheek and say be good, disarmament would soon be accomplished, because of the inability to get soldiers.

The spirit of athletics is a fighting spirit, and that is what makes us enjoy the spirit. The Spaniard and the Mexican enjoys seeing a bull-fight because it is a life and death contest. It seems cruel to us, and indeed it is cruel, but the spirit that manifests itself at the ringside of the arena, is the same spirit that calls for prolonged applause when a very striking play is executed on the ball diamond. It's the spirit of a true fight. The spirit of athletics, the fighting spirit, is the spirit of life. It enters into everything we undertake. We admire the man who does, because to do he must fight. The spirit is the same, though methods differ. In the commercial world we admire the fighter, the successful man, but nobody feels anything but pity for the loser, unless he lost fighting. In contests of any kind the man who fights hardest wins oftenest. The fighting does not all occur in the actual contest; it may have been a long, long siege of thorough preparation and then a charge at double-

quick to victory. The spirit of athletics is the spirit of life, and we like it.

APPRECIATION

We are often found in the act of contemplating whether or not we are always as appreciative of the achievements of our fellow-laborers as we should be. Sometimes we think not, or at best we do not make known our appreciation, which to the other party is equal to the same thing. If some one accomplishes something really worthy of praise we should not withhold it, but on the other hand we should encourage that one by telling him we are glad he did it, and if we are the beneficiaries of the act we are duty bound to express in more impressive terms than words at least a portion of the appreciation we feel. So often we forget what our athletic teams have done almost as soon as we learn the final result. We do not make the men feel that we are for them, win or lose. This seeming apathy on the part of a body of students is all wrong. If athletics is right, and we believe no one disputes that it is, then we should feel more interest in the work that our teams have done than we seem to do. Some kind of demonstration goes a long way toward making a team feel that we are for it all the time. An occasional half-holiday which permits full attendance, it seems to us, is not a bad policy, although we would not urge it to an extreme. We believe in appreciation, but we believe more in allowing it to become known if we want it to bring us returns, or to benefit others, a higher motive still.

MR. CRABB

We feel that we cannot permit this opportunity to pass without expressing our sincere appreciation of the work that has been given us by our staunch friend and supporter, Mr. A. L. Crabb, of Louisville, Ky. During the year he has contributed a number of "Concerning" articles, and stories, all of which have been splendid examples of what a

man with real talent can do. We just wanted to publicly thank Mr. Crabb for his most valuable contributions.

Baseball Dope

BY AL

With the last issue of our paper Al promised that he would write up the dope for the remaining games of the season, and here it is:

On our first trip we dropped a twelve-inning game to St. Mary's at the close-up mark of 5 to 4. It was some game, and Joe Davis, our sterling little pitcher, let them down with four hits. He deserved to win, but the breaks



did not favor him. Our boys got in on Kowalskie's delivery in the first inning for five hits and three scores. Davis worked like a "vet" and it was a hard game to lose. Joe is the best pitcher Western has had since the days of Woody.

Our next game was with our ancient rival, Eastern. We copped three out of four from them for the season. Western lost some of her best men before the season ended, but the subs played well enough to please any Mr. Fan.

On the last trip to Tennessee we played C. U., but all we could do was to break even with them.

Viewing the season as a whole, it can be said that Western has had wonderful success. This year the *boys* went up against the best teams of the State, and even of the South. Among them are St. Mary's College, Cumberland University, S. P. U., Castle Heights, and Transylvania, the champions of the K. S. A. A. We won games from all of these.

Our infield played tip-top ball throughout the season, and few teams can boast of a better bunch of fighters for the first line of trenches. Those who faced the fire from this front are: Jones, Welsh, Tally, Brown, B. Holland and Sears. Every one of them knew how to play ball, which is enough said. Little need be said of the outfielders, except that every one of them hit the pill savagely, and took in long flies like fiends. These boys are, Lawhorn, Akers, N. Holland and Vincent.

We lose four men by graduation, but hope to get some new material by next season to fill their places. We lost some hard-luck games this season by one score, and four of these went extra innings, and some of them it took twelve innings to beat us.

Now, Al has given you the dope and he wishes to bid you a kind farewell. Maybe you wish to know who Al is, but what does that matter, so long as you get the dope. Here's wishing that Western will always have good, clean athletics.

—oOo—

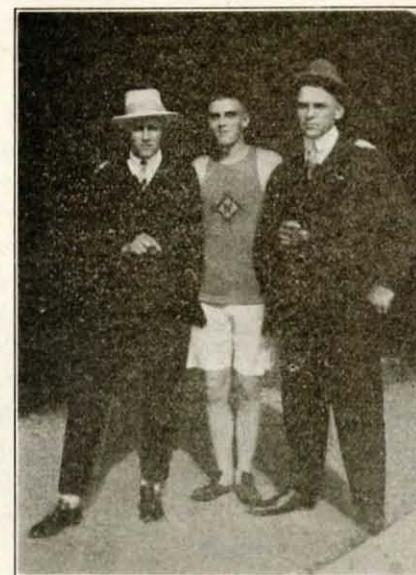
Track Meet

On the mark—get set—bang! And believe me they went. Steeled up to the point where the spirit of contest says "go after it," our boys were determined "to do or die." And when the thing was over with the number of points to our credit convinced us that they "did do." They had met the old-time enemy, the Eastern Normal, and had simply mopped up with them.

The first contest was the one hundred yard dash, in which our men lost first place but won an easy second.

Next came the one hundred and twenty yard hurdle, Williams winning by a safe margin.

In the shot put Jones took second and Hughes third, while in the hammer throw Lawhorn won first and Rogers third.



Williams and Tally tied in the running high jumps, both outstripping their opponents.

The discus throw was easy picking for Jones, Hughes winning third.

In the broad jump Williams captured second place, and Holland came out second in the two hundred and twenty yard dash, Harvey winning third. Holland also came out second in the four hundred and twenty yard dash, and Harvey took third. It took Guy Welch to put the fixin' on 'em in the two-mile run, taking first place, and Boone pulled in as third. The pole vault was thrown out because the pole broke before the contest was finished.

The last thing on the docket was the relay race, in which our boys, Holland, Williams, Boone and Harvey, showed the real "stuff," winning by a large margin.

In the final count our boys had forty-two points to their credit against forty-one for the visitors. So whoop up for next year. We are just startin'. What you say, Eastern?

—oOo—

News

We have often wished that our friends who have gone out from the Normal to work in the various fields of education would send us greetings occasionally that we might, in turn, pass them on again and comrades who are likewise engaged in the teaching profession, or some other. True, we have received some letters and cards, but they have been too few to justify a regular monthly "News Department" in THE ELEVATOR, desirable as such a department would be to our subscribers who are not in our midst. At this time, however, we have again with us many of our last year's friends, and we shall publish some of the things they report. To those in the field we extend our most cordial greetings, and from them any word will be highly appreciated.

Miss Mary Brown, of the '15 class, has been re-elected to a position in the Benton public schools. Miss Brown is remembered by the entire student-body of last year, for many reasons, but most of all, perhaps, for the excellent way in which she acted the leading role in the play, "Mid-summer Night's Dream." At the close of the past season the Benton High School played "Everywoman," in which Miss Brown scored a phenomenal success as Everywoman. So highly pleased were the Benton people that a second engagement was asked by them. We wish Miss Brown success for the coming year, and know that it will be hers.

Miss Estella Woosley, also of the '15 class, has finished

a successful year in Hickman, and is now spending the summer at her home in Caneyville, Ky.

Mr. Roy Mitchell, who has been teaching for some time in the Campbellsville High School, is now in the Normal for the summer. Mr. Mitchell has been re-elected to his old position for another year, which speaks well for Roy. He reports that his brother, Clyde, who is now teaching in Indiana, has taken unto himself a wife, and that he will enter the Normal for the summer term.

Our old friend, Walter Evans, who has been teaching at Brodhead, Ky., has returned to the Heights for more "spizerincktum." Walter is a true Normal-spirited fellow.

Mr. Herbert Rebarker, another of the '15 graduating class, has just closed a successful school at Lowes, Ky. Mr. Rebarker is the second of the '15 boys to land a position in Graves County and to make good. Mr. J. S. Brown is the other, and both have been retained for another term. By way of parenthesis we might add that Rebarker spent a few days visiting in Bowling Green, and his old friends know what that means.

The Normal was favored a few days ago by a visit from Bradley Logan, who has been teaching at Hardinsburg.

Mr. J. D. Falls, known in Shakespearean circles as "Bottom," is spending the summer in and near Bowling Green. J. D. was one of the leading lights of the '15 class, and is too well known for anything to be added here about him, except, perhaps, that after a brief but persistent courtship he was married during the winter to Miss Ethel Cherry.

One of the Normal's best friends, and also THE ELEVATOR'S, Mr. Otis B. Taylor, is spending the present few weeks in the city. O. B. has spent the year just ended as a

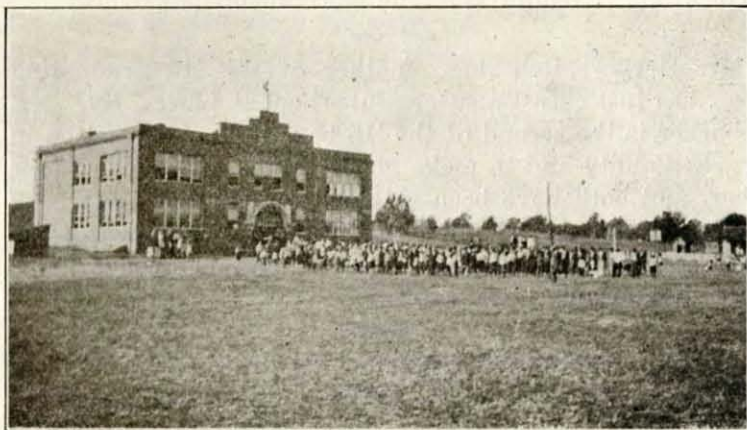
student in the agricultural department of the University of Wisconsin.

The many friends of Miss Huel Larkins will be pleased to know that she is soon to be married, and congratulate her, one and all, through THE ELEVATOR.

—oOo—

“The Sparks of School Spirit”

If you want to break the barriers that have been hindering enthusiasm, and if you want the whole public—men, women and children alike—to be attracted to your efforts



in school work, just have a “Field Day.” It certainly sets the sparks to flying and it isn’t long before you have kindled a real fire that makes the school appear worth while.

Athletics have been a great drawing card for amusement seekers since the days of the Olympian games. That same desire to see the physical man prove a hero still predominates, and there isn’t anything that does a community more good than to see some of her best heirs win a great game. A Field Day will draw a crowd when nothing else will. The children think it a great treat to have something interesting

in which to partake, at school outside of their books, and their interest growing with field practice, they begin to talk games at home. Field Day is announced. A crowd comes. The people are interested in what you are directing on the play-ground, and soon become curious to know what goes on inside the school building. Consequently, an investigation takes place and school talk begins. Every movement in the school is of interest to the patron now. Belief in you is somewhat established and the opportunity is yours for much development and improvement in school facilities.

A “Field Day” not only improves the public school spirit, but it improves the spirit of the pupils. It puts a new life into the child. He soon learns to delight in athletics for its physical development. Besides being a means through which to develop public school spirit, a Field Day is a means of developing athletics. A phase of education that should be taught in every school. There are many parts to the whole of school spirit, and in order to build an effective spirit we should do something that is good within itself and at the same time appeals to the whole community, which we must win at heart.

These few words have been written, hoping to give encouragement along the line of making life more abundant in our schools. We need a **greater school spirit** in our communities and the means by which “A Greater School Spirit” has been obtained in the McHenry Central Park Graded and High School are found herein. We have a school spirit that we are proud of, and we attribute the **great interest** to our **earliest efforts along lines** of outside activities.

(The above picture speaks for itself. We have a crowd, and they are interested.)

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EXCHANGES

Exchanges, farewell! In the fall we welcomed you, strangers, some, but most of you old acquaintances.

Throughout the year we eagerly looked forward to your coming, some weekly (but not weakly), others monthly, all with something to repay our waiting. Your compliments were enjoyed, and your criticisms taken in the same friendly spirit in which you gave them. Through the Exchange Column we have grown—gained a broader vision—and we are glad we had you on our list. We wish for all of you a pleasant vacation and we hope to see you again next fall. Exchanges, farewell!

—oOo—

Miss Powell (looking up from the morning paper which she had been reading): "Roberta, it says here that another octogenarian is dead. What is an octogenarian?"

Miss Cox: "Well, I don't know what they are, but they must be awful sickly creatures. You never hear of them but they're dying."

Mrs. Nichols was in an imaginative way and after talking for two hours almost incessantly she said: "Guy, dear, I sometimes wish I were a mermaid."

"It would be fatal," snapped out her weary husband as he wearily turned the pages of his history.

"Fatal," said she; "in what way?"

"Why," said he, "you couldn't keep your mouth closed long enough to keep from drowning."

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