

General College News

The Citizen
Berea, Ky.

Gentlemen:
Enclosed find my subscription for The Citizen for the coming year. I have promised myself this pleasure ever since I left Berea and at last have carried out my intention.

My best wishes to you for the coming Christmas season which I hope will find all Berea enterprises prospering.

I am teaching at Stoutsville in the High School and would be very glad to hear from any of my old Berea friends at their convenience.

Yours sincerely,
Verne C. Smith.

GATES GIRLS ENJOYING SCHOOL LIFE IN KENTUCKY

Glimpses of life in a school where girls learn the practical things of life in addition to their academic subjects are found in an interesting letter received from Miss Louise Gates and her sister, Miss Lula Gates, who are both students at Berea Academy, Berea, Kentucky.

In the cottage where they stay there are nine other girls and a teacher, and the work of housekeeping is done by them all in turns on the schedule that two girls get breakfast for a week, two luncheon, two dinner, two do the housekeeping, while one is manager and another assistant manager. Then, as the weeks go by, they progress. Last week, for instance, these two West Palm Beach girls prepared the dinners, while this week they are the housekeepers and next week will be the managers, and so on.

They also speak of weaving done at the school, saying "the pieces are beautiful and all our curtains, scarfs, table and couch-covers, pillow-tops, table cloths and napkins that we have are made here by the students. Some of the scarfs are made of linen and some of cotton and all are wonderful."

Much interest, also, is shown there in the raising of flowers and vegetables, while walking trips, tennis and other out-door games furnish recreation and exercise.

Miss Louise Gates is taking English, Latin, algebra, and music and thus it will be seen that with studies, household cares, gardening and tennis, walks, etc., the girls at that school find their days well filled with wholesome occupation.—Palm Beach Post.

THE DROOPING LILIES

(Written after witnessing the memorial service at Chautauqua, 1920).

Throughout the Amphitheatre, a hush Falls slowly o'er the great throng gatherer here

About to pay a tribute to their dead, Whose gentle spirit seems to linger near.

The organ now peals forth its sweetest tones Of melody, a solemn requiem; The people all, with hands uplifted, hold

The kerchief, like a lily on its stem.

Not gaily waving, as in former years, When he for whom they mourn, was wont to stand

Before them; but in sadness drooping now, A silent tribute from this faithful band.

The organ's notes have ceased—the hands are lowered As lilies drooping at the close of day; But in each heart, the memory yet dwells Of him whose work shall never pass away.

—Charlotta M. Osborne,
1301 Brockley Avenue, Lakewood, O.

BEREA STUDENT IN FLORIDA

Dean Edwards writes from Florida that he has visited in Dunedin in the home of Archie Brandenburg and wife. Archie was a student in Berea College Foundation and Normal Departments for eight or nine years. He was there in the days of the Flannery's, Galbards, and Click's. While there he learned brick-laying and has followed that line of work ever since.

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EDWARDS BROS.

Ann Arbor - Michigan

The Hooty-Whoo-Whoo!

A Nursery Rhyme

John F. Smith

The Hooty-Whoo-Whoo was a queer old bird,
Whose song was hooty as ever you heard;
His feathers were hairy, his toes were long,
His eyes were shiny, his wings were strong.
He hooted and looted wherever he went,
For hooting and looting were ever his bent.
He dwelt by day in a roly-hole
That was whittled out by the Bunder-bole;
And he hunted by night in the Whimble Wood,
Catching and snatching whatever he could,
Scuttling the tails of the Skimpy-rees,
Nipping the nuts from off the trees,
Hooting and tooting the whole night long
In a shivery shout and a shivery song.
There never was rover who romped the earth
From the dawn of time to the day of your birth
Who was loved so little, whose friends were so few,
Who was more of a rogue than the Hooty-Whoo-Whoo.

The Whango said to the Skimpy-ree,
As they sat on the bough of a Whimble tree,
"We must catch this rogue of the Whimble Wood,
Pluck his courage and trounce him good,
For he gulps our babes and clips our brushes,
Nips the nuts from the top of our bushes,
Flies by night when bats are about,
Hides by day when the sun is out,
Lives in shadows among the trees,
For the darker the night, the better he sees—
We must catch this rogue and set us free—
So what do you say, Sir Skimpy-ree?"

Spake Skimpy-ree with a chuckle and caw
As he clucked and looked at his gooly claw.
"Let's call a council of all our folk,
To meet in the boughs of the magic oak—
The magic oak with the magic hole
That was whittled out by the Bunder bole—
To try this rogue of a Hooty-Whoo-Whoo,
And decide the thing which they ought to do.

"We'll do it, my sir," said Whango-weet
As he sat on the bough of the Whimble tree;
So gather your plumes and let us fly
And scatter the message far and nigh.

They made it known to the folks below,
Who passed it on to the Craney-crow.
He wobbled off with never a word
And told the news to the Whittle-bird,
Who winked his eyes and snapped his bill
And flew to the top of the highest hill
To scatter the news afar.

He warbled down to the folks below,
And whacked the dust with his taily-po.
Screaming the message to all he could
Who dwelt in the land of the Whimble Wood,
And calling the clans to war.

So the council came to the magic oak,
Bringing their wisdom and all their folk,
To try the rogue of a Hooty-Whoo-Whoo
And decide the thing which they ought to do.

There were Flub-a-dub-dub and Whango-weet,
Whittle-dy-bird and the Skimpy-ree,
Oogla, Scoopy, and Floppy-O,
Willo-the-whip and Craney-crow,
Rabbit-hash and Henny-py-ruff,
Starky-Larky and Pigeony-puff,
Coony-loony and Pecky-hole,
Squirly-twirly and Bunder-bole,
With all their kin and all their kind
A-flapping and clapping along behind.
They came to the boughs of the magic oak,
Each one thinking what no one spoke,
Wondering how in the name of blue
They could do away with the Hooty-Whoo-Whoo.

The Whango-weet and the Skimpy-ree,
Who had talked of this in the Whimble tree,
Nudged each other with nod and wink,
As much as to say, "Just let me think,
And I shall fashion a mighty trap
That will catch the Hooty-Whoo-Whoo with a clap,
And pluck his feathers and shorten his toes,
Put out his eyes and plug up his nose
So he never can smell or fly or see
To carry our babes to his hole in the tree."

"Let's pluck his wings!" cried Willo-the-whip.
"No," said Scoopy, "let's go like a flip
And trounce his hide till his eyes grow pale,

now largely as contractor. He owns a home in Dunedin and is one of its prominent citizens.

Mrs. Brandenburg, as well as Archie, is a Kentuckian, her home having been in London, where she was a student in Sue Bennett. While she was never a student in Berea, she, as well as her husband, was interested in hearing about Berea and the Berea students of other days. They are much in love with Florida, and especially with Dunedin, which is a beautiful little town at the head of Clearwater Bay.

Dunedin is the home of Dr. Gladding, who three years ago taught carpentry in our Vocational Department. Dean Edwards did not see him, as he had been called to Asheville, N. C., by the illness of his son, who for sometime has been in the tubercular hospital at that place and who was reported as rapidly sinking. Bereans will sympathize with Dr. and Mrs. Gladding in their great bereavement. Their son was a soldier in the Great War, spending sometime in France.

Dr. Gladding has a neat little cottage home in Dunedin, but he himself is in poor health.

TWO SUCCESSFUL TEACHERS

V. A. Travis, formerly of the Academy, and Mrs. Lorena Lewis Travis, who graduated from our Normal School and taught one year in the Training School, are now in Oklahoma, and both are teaching in the Christie School. The following article was clipped from their county paper. It is of special interest to the students of Berea Normal School, because we can see the influence of Miss Boatright and Miss Bowersox in the kind of work they are now doing. "Quite a bit of interest is being manifested in the Christie Literary Society, or Community Club, which was organized recently. This club has a two-fold purpose. First, it offers an opportunity for all the peo-

Chop off his claws and pluck out his tail,
And bury him down in the earth so deep
That he never can wake from his sleepy sleep."

"No," said Craney, "let's roast him brown!
We'll build up a fire and dance around,
And pluck out his feathers thick and fast
While he stews and broils and breathes his last."

"But list," said the skimpering Skimpy-ree,
"Come all you folks and listen to me,
And tell me, what shall we ever do
When we go to catch the Hooty-Whoo-Whoo?"

The Whango-weet, with a knowing wink,
Wiggled his ear and began to think,
And said, "I'll tell you the very cue
That will land this rogue of a Hooty-Whoo-Whoo.
He lives in a hole in a Whimble tree,
A hole that's bigger than you and me;
Let's catch him asleep in that hole some day
And plaster him up and let him stay."

"That's the tune!" cried the Skimpy-ree,
"Let's take the advice of the Whango-weet."

Then Coony-loony twitched his tail,
And Pigeony-puff began to sail;
Oogla winked at the Craney-crow,
And Whittle-bird whacked with his taily-po,
And all the clatter you ever heard
Came from the tongue of beast and bird,
For this was the thing which they ought to do,
To throttle the rogue of a Hooty-Whoo-Whoo.

So off they scuttled in highest glee
And set a guard at the Whimble tree
To watch for Hooty and spread the news
When they found the rover in a snooze.

Oogla, Craney, and Whittle-bird
Watched and waited with never a word
Till at length, with many a leery peep,
They found the Hooty-Whoo-Whoo asleep.
Then from the depths of the Whimble Wood
They hurried as fast as ever they could,
Hurried with wing and tooth and claw
In the stealthiest manner you ever saw,
To call a council of all their folk
To meet in the boughs of the magic oak
And decide the thing which they ought to do
To rid themselves of the Hooty-Whoo-Whoo.

They came from bush and tree and heather—
Fur and tooth and claw and feather—
Some from far and some from nigh,
Some from low and some from high,
Some by earth and some by air,
All in haste from everywhere,
And settled down in silent mood
To hear the news from the Whimble Wood.

"He's asleep, he's asleep," quoth Craney-crow.
"He's asleep, he's asleep," said the next below;
And they passed it on to every ear
And whispered it loud so all could hear.
So there in the boughs of the magic oak,
Where each one whispered and no one spoke,
They passed the sentence and then they flew
To take revenge on the Hooty-Whoo-Whoo.

There in the depths of the Whimble Wood,
Working as fast as ever they could,
They got them mud and leaves and clay
And mixed it all in a magic tray,
And filled the hole in the Whimble tree,
Where the Hooty-Whoo slept so cozily.
They pushed and packed and patted it down,
Twirled it about and scraped it round,
Polished the wall with their patty-tails,
Strengthened it all with whimble fails,
Clucked and gurgled and chatted about
While they plastered him in and shut him out.

Then when their gruesome work was over,
They called their folk from their leafy cover
And danced around the whimble tree,
Whooping and shouting merrily—
For the roguish rover who flew by night,
Gulping their babes in the starry light,
Driving them off from their woodland play
And keeping them frightened all the day,
Was plastered up in the whimble tree
To sleep through all eternity.

So this is the tale which you have heard
Of Craney-crow and Whittle-dy-bird,
Willo-the-whip and Whango-weet,
Rabbit-hash and the Skimpy-ree,
And all the others and all their folk
Who met in the boughs of the magic oak
And decided the thing which they ought to do
To rid the land of the Hooty-Whoo-Whoo.

flowing behind the wall and flooding the city during severe storms, the grade of a large portion of the city was raised from 2 to 17 feet. This necessitated the raising of about 2,500 buildings and the readjustment of streets, sidewalks, street car tracks, electric lights, water and gas pipes to the new level.

The filling-in material was taken from the bay. The dredges, after pumping their holds full, steamed up a canal behind the wall and discharged their load through pipe lines leading down the various streets. When the work was completed the canal was filled. The magnitude of this undertaking is unparalleled in America.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE home of the president of the United States, generally known as the White House, first became known as such when it was painted white to cover the marks of fire after being partially burned by the British in 1814. The foundation of this world-famous structure was put down in October, 1792. It was the first building erected in Washington. The site was picked by President George Washington, who also laid the corner stone.

The building was first occupied by President John Adams, during the summer of 1800. It is two stories and basement, and contains 31 rooms. It is surrounded by a spacious lawn and gardens, which are enclosed by a huge iron fence. Whether viewed through the heavy foliage of the giant trees or across winter's mantle of snow, it always looks restful and dignified.

The White House naturally has been the scene of many tragedies and comedies, much joy, and also has had its share of anxiety and grief. It holds a peculiar interest for the people of all nations, those of the United States in particular. It is a point of pilgrimage for thousands and thousands of people annually, who come to admire its decorations and paintings, study the relics of past occupants and, if opportunity offers, grasp the hand of the first citizen of the land. To a greater degree perhaps than any other building in the world, people of all ages and ranks have mingled under its roof.

The Wonders of America

By T. T. MAXEY

THE GALVESTON SEA WALL.

GALVESTON has the finest harbor on the gulf coast, and ranks high as a city of delightful homes. Although not a resort, the semitropical climate attracts thousands of tourists annually to her long, gradually sloping beach. To prevent a recurrence of the terrible flood of 1900, the sea wall—consisting of the sights of the country—was constructed along the gulf side of the city. This great wall is 22,403 feet long, 17 feet high, 16 feet wide at the bottom and five feet wide on top. It is built of concrete and granite and rests on a foundation of piling. These piles are 40 feet long, not less than 12 inches in diameter at the small end, four rows wide, set four feet apart. The top of the wall is used for a walk. To prevent water from the gulf

Berea College Alumni Association

(This space belongs to the Alumni Association of Berea College. Articles, news items and personal letters from graduates will be published in full or in abstract every week. The Alumni Editor, Secy. M. E. Vaughn, Berea College, Berea, Ky., will be pleased to receive any communication of interest from members of the Association.)

Clayton, New Mexico,
December 11, 1920

Berea Citizen,
Berea, Ky.

Gentlemen:

At the request of your editor I am sending you a few words from an old Berea student who still believes in the future of the greatest institution in the South. In this great southwest one who has a love for Berea may become dissatisfied; the weekly visit of The Citizen eliminates this, for I am kept in touch with the work of Berea, my boyhood friends as well as friendships that were later formed at school.

Was called to the pastorate of

First Christian Church in Clayton, 1919. We are beginning our second year, with the erection of a \$30,000 church home which we hope to complete by June. In this great field one has given them an opportunity for a great work. Our church is the only one within the county which is larger than the state of New Jersey. My Sunday afternoons are usually spent by driving twenty or thirty miles to preach at some schoolhouse. We have the people and the opportunity, but we do not have the preachers to supply our needs.

With best wishes for Berea College and The Citizen, I am
Yours very truly,
J. F. Lunsford

MOTOR MECHANICS

New Course is Provided in the Vocational Department

The Vocational Department of Berea College will offer this winter a two-hour course in Motor Mechanics. The course will be taught by Professor Churchill, who is a graduate of one of our leading Mechanical Schools and who has had many years experience in practical and educational work. There should be at least twenty men in this course. All applicants must have completed the eighth grade. A student may take this course in connection with any other in Berea College. We are especially pushing work in Carpentry and Agriculture. Any one interested in taking such courses should write Dean F. O. Clark. This class will meet from 2:45 to 4:35 o'clock, four days a week. The following is a description of the course as given by Professor Churchill:

The course in Motor Mechanics aims to make the men thoroughly familiar with the principles made use of in deriving power from heat in the modern engine, with especial reference to the internal combustion engine.

The course will be "practical" by which is meant that it will deal with the principles and practices met "in practice," in the garage and on the road and in the factory. However, it is not our intention, nor have we time allotted in the course, to "make a motor mechanic" of each member in the class.

We propose to have apparatus for illustration of every essential principle involved in the construction and operation of the power-plant as well as of the chassis of a motor car. We propose to have it in such shape that each student can handle and operate that about which he studies, with every facility offered for him to question and challenge until he feels that he knows and we feel that he knows intimately the nature of the subjects touched.

In so far as there is time the course will include not alone such things as the adjustment of bearings, but why they are so adjusted; what would happen were they otherwise adjusted. And then it will be illustrated by making it happen.

Thermodynamics, while underlying the workings of every automobile that runs down the street, is the least of the worries of the driver or owner of a car. What is more likely to trouble him is a broken stud in his crank case. The principles of broken studs and of sound ones, what that must be taken that they do not break or get loose will be as thoroughly and earnestly gone into as heat principles.

The student will be required to make adjustments and explain why he did what he did. He will be required, for example to twist off a connecting-rod stud, or strip a thread, in order to know intimately what these irregularities mean, how they are to be avoided, and what the consequences are likely to be from the work of careless workman in the everyday life in a garage.

The course will go thoroughly into the relations between the parts of the engine, the "timing" of the spark, the gears, the valve openings and closings, etc.

Lastly, the theory of advancing the spark, the relation between this advance, the opening of the throttle, the richness of the mixture and the speed of the engine will be developed in principle and illustrated on actual motors by manipulation by the students themselves.

A gasoline bomb is to be a part of the equipment by means of which the student will be able to corroborate or repudiate by laboratory methods the explanations offered by teacher or fellow student, of the phenomena of the intricate varied effects of different relations of fuel mixture, spark advance, speed, etc.—Advertisement.

CHRISTMAS WEEK IN ENGLAND

Time When Scattered Families Are United and Tender Memories Are Revived.

MANY and great are the changes which have occurred in England since Dickens wrote "A Christmas Carol," but they have not affected the national love for the festival and the determination to preserve unimpaired the traditional warmth and heartiness of its celebration. Christmas week is still the great week of the year for the English people. It is the one week when scattered families are reunited, when tender memories and old associations are revived, when friend greetings strike with a cheery expansiveness in striking contrast with the characteristic reserve of the English nature, so unobtrusive to those who do not know it well, apparently so distant and unsympathetic.

From Wednesday all business will be suspended, not to be resumed till Monday morning. The whole nation will give itself up to good cheer and good fellowship, and for a brief season, all strife and controversy are hushed, and peace, charity and concord reign supreme.

Substitute for a Tree.

We are not going to have a Christmas tree, writes a correspondent. To make them brilliant many pretty little ornaments are needed and they cost a good deal. My plan is for a barrel in place of a tree. I have the barrel now in a closet. It is covered with old dark green cambric and the day before the great holiday I am going to pin sprigs of evergreen and holly over it. It will look pretty gay, I think, when it is filled with the gifts that are going into it now, all prettily tissue and tied, and my son as jolly Old Santa Claus stands over it to delve into its mysteries and to proclaim the names of those who are to solve them. I am sure we will enjoy our barrel as much as we would a tree.

KENTUCKY NEWS

(Continued from Page One)

Adjutant General of Kentucky. The plan calls for one complete regiment of infantry, one battalion of field artillery, one field artillery brigade ammunition train, one tank corps, one cavalry machine gun squadron and one unattached cavalry machine gun company.

Frankfort, Dec. 16.—Fewer, larger and better schools are needed in Kentucky and county boards of education created under the new school law in Kentucky are being urged by State Superintendent George Colvin to decrease the number of schools and apply funds to making those remaining as highly efficient as possible. It has been a practice in the past, he asserts in a communication to the boards, to multiply schools and divide the revenue, sometimes to secure votes and sometimes to please individuals in the district.

UNITED STATES NEWS

(Continued from Page One)

dence Friday three conspicuous Democrats, William Jennings Bryan, James W. Gerard and James A. Reed, and asked their advice and their aid in fashioning a program behind which the nations can unite.

"I believe Senator Harding not only as an honest man, and a conscientious man, but a man whose whole purpose is to do what he believes is best for the American people," Mr. Bryan said.

New York, Dec. 18.—A flying squadron of fifty experienced detectives was sent out today by Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright to aid in combatting the crime wave which has called forth expressions of alarm from judges, city officials and numerous civic and business organizations.

The detectives, equipped with high speed automobiles, were ordered to tour the city, in day and night relays, on the lookout for gangsters. They also were instructed to aid in tracing the slender clues in the department's possession to solve recent mysterious crimes.