What Is Air Pressure?

The air is composed of molecules. They constantly bombard you from all sides. A thousand taps by a thousand knuckles will close a barn door. The taps as a whole constitute a push. So the constant bombardment of the air molecules constitutes a push. At sea-level the air molecules push against every square inch of you with a total pressure of nearly fifteen pounds.

Pressure, then, is merely a matter of bombarding molecules.

When you boil water you make its molecules fly off. The water molecules collide with the air molecules. It takes a higher temperature to boil water at sea-level than on Pike's Peak. Why? Because there are more bombarding molecules at sea-level—more pressure.

Take away all the air pressure and you have a perfect vacuum. A perfect vacuum has never been created. In the best vacuum obtainable there are still over two billion molecules of air per cubic centimeter, or about as many as there are people on the whole earth.

Heat a substance in a vacuum and you may discover properties not revealed under ordinary pressure. A new field for scientific exploration is opened.

Into this field the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have penetrated. Thus one of the chemists in the Research Laboratories studied the disintegration of heated metals in highly exhausted bulbs. What happened to the glowing filament of a lamp, for example? The glass blackened. But why? He discovered that the metal distilled in the vacuum depositing on the glass.

This was research in pure science—research in what may be called the chemistry and physics of high vacua. It was undertaken to answer a question. It ended in the discovery of a method of filling lamp bulbs with an inert gas under pressure so that the filament would not evaporate so readily. Thus the efficient gas-filled lamp of today grew out of a purely scientific inquiry.

So, unforeseen, practical benefits often result when research is broadly applied.
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Twilight Reveries

ANSON K. MILLS, '23

When the light of day is fading and the night is drawing near,
Comes a vague and nameless longing for the scenes we once held dear,
Comes a host of fondest memories of the blissful days that were,
When our hearts were young and buoyant and our shoulders knew no care;

When the friends we loved were faithful, standing staunchly at our side,
By their gay and cheerful spirits helping stem life's swirling tide,
Ere we drifted far asunder seeking fields and pastures new,
Till they vanished all, completely like the early morning dew;

When our parents watched our slumbers, soothing with their tender care,
Every pain and fancied sorrow, showing love and patience rare,
Teaching us to bear our burdens and to keep our spirits light,
To avoid all sham and falsehood as we would the prince of night.

Now alone we stand and wonder, in this distant, alien land,
Have we done as they would have us, have we always kept our hand
From the deeds they taught were harmful, from the things they said were bad?
If we sometimes failed through weakness, ought we thus to feel so sad?

Paler grows the crimson sunset as we dream of other days,
Closer draws the night around us blotting out the last few rays
That have lingered with us longest, and we turn and seek our rest
While the darkness seems to ask us, "Have you always done your best?"
The Philology of the Sign-Language

[Editor’s Note: The following is the text of a lecture delivered by Miss Elizabeth Peet before the undergraduates in Chapel Hall.]

Those of you who are Seniors and Juniors, and have studied Philology, know what it means. For those of you who have not yet taken up this subject I will explain that “philology” means literally “love of words” or, because of the fact that we study what we love, philology has come to mean the “scientific study of words or language”—how words came into being, from what languages they are descended, how they have been adopted into other languages, and how their meanings have gradually changed.

The Sign-language is as much a real language as any other. It is one of the oldest living languages, as is proved in the hieroglyphics, or picture writing, of Egypt, and the famous “dumb shows” or pantomimes of the old Greek and Roman days, or again in the gestures of the North American Indians. The conventional sign-language, as used in this country today, was brought here by Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, on his return from France, in 1816, and by his companion, Laurent Clerc, the gifted French deaf-mute. It was modified to suit American conditions, and has expanded naturally, in the course of time, as any living language does. Underneath all these gestures are certain underlying principles, and it seems to me that the time has come when those of us who love this language of signs ought to pause and study it, so that we may appreciate its beauties to their fullest extent.

If a child happens to be born in England or America, or any other English-speaking place, is that any reason why he should be allowed to grow up, just “picking up” the language wherever he happens to hear it, and not be taught its correct usages, or be led to an appreciation of its possibilities and beauties? Well-educated children of any nationality are carefully trained in their own language. We would think it absurd to allow them to use it with never a correction, or never a suggestion as to what was proper or beautiful. And yet that is virtually what we are doing today with the sign-language! Just because a child hap-

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pens to be deaf, does not make him a good or correct sign-maker any more than, because a child happens to be able to hear, he should speak correctly and in a well-modulated voice, or, what is more, sing in public! And so, if we want our deaf friends to be able to express their thoughts correctly and accurately in the sign-language, even in ordinary conversations, but especially in public meetings, we must train them in the knowledge of the derivations and meanings of the signs.

It is not the province of a paper like this to go into the old discussion as to which is the better method of teaching the deaf—the manual or the oral. There has been too much bitterness already expended on this subject, and all to no avail, for neither side can ever convince the other. The fact remains, however, that signs are used by the deaf, and if not permitted openly in school, they shoot up in the dark like "weeds," as a noted educator of the deaf called them recently, and the result is a curious and grotesque combination of furtive gestures and expressive faces which no one but the children themselves can understand. I might compare it to the old "Hog Latin" that I learned from my little playmates in school—the chief attraction of which was the thought that the teacher could not possibly understand what we were saying! But when, in after years, I was carefully guided to real Latin, and learned to appreciate its beauties and uses, I was very thankful indeed that I had not been left with my embryo knowledge of the Classics! The child's play-language was a "weed," of no practical use or beauty, but the wise teacher transformed it into a plant of helpfulness and joy.

To illustrate what I mean by the philology of the sign-language, let us examine a few concrete examples, beginning, perhaps, with family relations. The general sign for "man" or "male" is made by grasping with the right hand the brim of an imaginary hat. In the same way, "woman" or "female" is suggested by drawing the tip of the thumb down along the side of the cheek, where a woman's bonnet-string would naturally come. "Baby" is pictured by folding the arms and rocking them, one hand representing the baby's head. With these three signs as a beginning, we can easily represent a "father" as a man who holds a baby, and a mother as a woman who holds a baby—
in the old times, babies were held in the arms more than in these days of sanitary and hygienic nurseries! How much more beautiful and expressive these two signs are, when properly made, than when abbreviated into the meaningless waving of fingers from the temple or from the chin. The two sets of gestures bear about the same relation to one another, as the sacred words "Father" and "Mother" to the flippant schoolboy’s "Dad" and "Mom" or "Pa" and "Ma." In similar fashion the sign for "grandfather" and "grandmother" are made by tossing two generations of babies, and "ancestors," an indefinite number, always going backward to indicate previous time. A "son" is literally a "male baby," and a "daughter" a "female baby," no matter to what age they may attain. A "brother" is a "man," followed by the sign for "same" or "alike," made by the two forefingers outstretched side by side. "Sister" is made in the same way, simply substituting the sign for "female" instead of that for "male." "Children" in general are "men" and "women" in varying heights, indicated by the outstretched hand. A "gentleman" is a man who, in the days when conventional signs were originated, wore a ruffle down his shirt front. The "lady" was "frilly" then, as now.

Domestic animals are pictured by imitating their most prominent characteristics, such as the whiskers of the cat and its soft silky fur that invites petting; the narrow erect ears of the horse; the wide flapping ears of the mule; the bill of the chicken as it scratches the ground—to differentiate it from the bird that is flying; the horns of the cow, followed by the action of milking. "Dog," on the other hand, is suggested not by characteristics of the animal, but of ourselves—the motion which we instinctively make when calling our dog, such as snapping our fingers and patting our knees. Many of these signs may be compared to compound words, and are frequently abbreviated by giving only the first part; but this should not be encouraged as, like abbreviations in spoken or written language, it detracts from clearness and exactness.

Time, in all its divisions of day, night, week, month, season, year, may be very vividly portrayed in the sign-language, but it is "time" in the abstract sense that I am speaking of now, not "time" as measured off by the mechanical ticking of watch
or clock. And right here let me make the distinction between these two signs for "time." If we wish to ask "What time is it?" we would indicate the ticking of the timepiece by tapping the forefinger of the right hand on the back of the closed or rounded left hand, followed by the sign for "how many," made by suddenly opening all the fingers from the two closed hands, palms up, as if to let you count them. But, "Did you have a good time?" is the abstract idea, and cannot be measured in seconds and minutes, and must therefore be indicated by the manual letter "t" traveling indefinitely about the face of a clock, suggested by the open palm of the left hand. This is a distinction that is not often adhered to, I regret to say, and yet it is these little distinctions that make the niceties and accuracy of the sign-language just as of spoken language. But to go back to the signs for the divisions of time—the origin of them is very interesting, as they are based on the relative positions of the sun and the earth, the right hand representing the sun in its course through the sky, while the left hand represents the horizon. Thus, the entire day is indicated by outlining with the forefinger the arch that the sun travels. In "morning" the sun is rising; at "noon" the sun is directly overhead; in the "afternoon" the sun is sinking; at "evening" the sun has just gone over the horizon, while "night" is the time when the sun is entirely below the horizon. The sign for "week" came from the idea of seven fingers, to represent the seven days, slipping forward together to make one unit. It is surprising to find the number of persons who do not know why the sign for week is so made, and who in consequence make the sign incorrectly. A "month" is a longer division of time, measured on the twelfth finger, while a "season" is literally "months three," followed by the appropriate adjective of "growing," "hot," "falling leaves," or "cold." A "year" is one clenched fist revolving about the other to represent the earth's yearly revolution around the sun. The "future" is always in front of us, while the "past" is always behind, so that time phrases like "next week" or "next month," "last year," etc., are easily made by adding the desired sign for future or past.
Perhaps this is as good a place as any to speak of the idiomatic order of the sign-language. The tendency now is like that of spoken language, to simplify it as much as possible, and for the sake of the "English" of our pupils to make it as much like English as possible. There are certain idiomatic constructions, however, that tend toward vigor and emphasis. One of these is the same as the French order—because, as has been said, our sign-language came from France—namely, to put most adjectives after the noun. This makes for clearness and vividness when, as frequently happens, the modifiers are a series of descriptions pictured in the air. We want, first of all, to know what the speaker is talking about. Is it a man, or a mountain, or a mouse? Once we know that, we can follow the descriptions much better than if we must wait until we reach the end of the phrase before we grasp the subject.

The senses are generally indicated in the sign-language by pointing to their respective organs, as to "hear," to "see," to "feel," physically by touching the back of the left hand with the tip of the middle finger of the right hand, emotionally, by touching the heart; to "taste" and to "smell." "Deafness is the ear that is "closed," while "blindness" is the eye from which the light is shut out.

The signs for mental ideas are very suggestive, for without exception they are made by touching the forehead, to indicate the mind. "To think" seriously of something is to revolve the matter in our minds. This can be easily pictured by the forefinger revolving over the forehead. "To know" is to pat the forehead with the tips of all the fingers of one hand, as if to signify that something of value is stored away there. We "remember" a thing if we first "know" it and then press it in, or seal it into the mind with the same gesture that our ancestors sealed their letters with little red wafers on the end of their thumb. When we "forget" something it is wiped off our mind as a sponge wipes off the writing on a slate. "Wisdom" is measured by the depth of the mind, while "folly" is its shallowness, and "smartness" or "clearness" appears to scintillate from the mind in an upward and outward motion. "To dream," "to imagine," to follow an "ideal," "to persevere," "to hope,"
"to despair," all depend upon the mind, and all, except the last, have an upward tendency.

In a similar way, as the heart is supposed to be the seat of the emotions, the passions are portrayed by touching the heart with varying gestures of affection or abhorrence, grief, anger, and so on. The passions may also be acted out, and here the person with the dramatic instinct excels. I am looking forward to the time when our moving picture "stars" may have among their numbers some of our own deaf boys and girls.

After all, what is the sign-language but a comprehensive and effective combination of pantomime, facial expression, and gesture? Just as an artistic piece of sculpture may depict an emotion or even a story, without words or without action, so the beautiful sign-language seems to become a series of animated statues, and may convey to the eye what the modulations of the voice carry to the ear. A good sign-maker, then, may become a power among his fellow-men. The deaf man or woman who can express his thoughts in only halting signs is greatly handicapped in his association with others—but let him learn the exact meaning of every sign in the most forceful and clear manner, and he can sway his audience as a speaking orator can. We cannot all make graceful signs, but we can all make correct and clear signs, if we take pains to do so.

Badly made signs are confusing even to persons thoroughly conversant with the sign-language, just as poor enunciation and slip-shod methods of speaking are difficult to understand. To be clear and effective, four general principles of sign-making should be remembered:

1. The signs should be slow—not funereal, of course, but dignified, so that the eye may follow every motion.

2. The signs should be expansive—made from the shoulder, not from the elbow or wrist, just as a good walker swings from the hip, not merely from the knee or the ankle. Try a comparison of signs made from the elbow and those made from the shoulder, and you will quickly appreciate the beauty and force of the latter.

3. The idea found in a word or phrase should be translated, but not the literal meaning word for word. For instance, the sign for "meaning" or "intention" should be quite different
from the sign for the "meaning" of a word. A "thin" person and a "thin" dress are not the same. There are three different signs for the little word "but," according as it is used as a conjunction, a preposition, or an adverb. "I am sick" and "I am sick of him" are not signed alike. The sign for being "satisfied" at the table, in the sense of having had sufficient to eat, is frequently misused for the proper sign of being "satisfied" with a person or his behavior.

4. Every sign should be clear-cut. Do not be careless. If a gesture should be upward, do not make it straight out in front of you, or downward. Do not abbreviate. And, above all, I would say to you College students, do not use slang signs just because they are amusing. Slang signs may corrupt good signs, just as spoken slang corrupts good English. As College graduates and students you will be looked up to as leaders in your own communities and you will frequently be called upon to express your ideas. If you cannot make yourself understood, if the only signs you know are slang, invented by a very small group of students and absolutely unintelligible to the deaf as a whole, of what real use is your College course? The members of the faculty at Gallaudet are sometimes said to be a group of good sign-makers. At any rate, they have had the advantage of studying under such men as Dr. Gallaudet, Dr. Fay, Dr. Peet, and others. With such examples and such teachers before you, you have a wonderful opportunity to learn the sign-language correctly. When you do not realize the importance of this, but carelessly go on making your own slangy signs, or making the wrong signs, you are giving the opponents of the language another chance to criticize it. A great step in advance was made at the last play given by the Jollity Club—not a single slang sign was used. It is only when the sign-language becomes what it was intended to be—dignified, expressive, and beautiful—that its opponents will be silenced. How soon that time will arrive depends on each one of us as individuals.

I plead with you all, not for more signs, or for signs instead of speech, but for better signs, in addition to better speech!
LAURENCE H. RANDALL, '23

So they told you to come here if you would see Ariane Lapman? Ah, Monsieur, those idle tongues who told you that have been drinking again of the strong rum which Colonel Kasper sells them. They have lied to you as they have lied to many others. I am not Ariane Lapmau; I am Yomba, the crazy one. Ariane Lapmau is dead.

Yes, people say that Ariane was a very brave man. The fame of his noble deed has spread through all the islands. Many come seeking him, but all go away disappointed, for Ariane Lapmau lives no more.

Take that seat, Monsieur, and in the cupboard you will find a glass and a bottle of the sweet wine of Tiflai; there is none like it in the world. While you drink I will tell you the story of the man you came to seek. I will tell you something about him that is not generally known. Those who know it never whisper it because they fear the evil spirit. They cringe with fright when they think of it.

The thing they fear to mention is that Ariane Lapmau was a coward. Do not laugh, Monsieur; it is the truth. Ariane Lapmau was a coward.

It was fifteen years ago in the moon of Good Luck, which you Americans call September, that Ariane Lapmau took unto himself a wife, the beautiful daughter of Gaffja Muratea, the richest pearler on the island. This daughter was called Aimata, which means "Pearl of the Sea," and she could not have been better named if all the poets in the world had sought to find a name which better suited her.

Aimata! I can see her now. How beautiful she was! Ah, Monsieur, I cannot explain—I cannot find words to describe her. She was beautiful. Let those simple words suffice.

Aimata was a born pearl diver. She inherited it from her father. With the grace of a sea nymph she would slip from the outrigger of a canoe and disappear into the green depths.
of the lagoon to pluck a few shells from the rocks far below. When she appeared again the little basket about her neck would be filled with the choicest shells—great hinged lids which yielded many of the delicate blue-tinted pearls which you foreigners prize so highly.

Aimata, you see, had been taught to dive by her father, a master himself, and I may safely say that she knew more about the pearl oyster than he did. But it was not her knowledge of the pearl oyster which was so remarkable; it was her mastery of the art of breathing under water, or, as you would say, of holding the breath—that gift which so few pearlers possess. I have seen her remain five minutes beneath the surface and come up smiling as freshly as the lilies which grow upon your mountain crags.

So Ariane Lapman considered himself a very lucky man when he wedded Aimata Muratea, and well he might, for every youth in the village had aspired at one time or another to win the hand of the beautiful Aimata.

After the wedding feast, a great festive occasion which lasted two whole days, life in the village resumed its normal course, save that a new house appeared under the palms where the cataract fell—a very large and handsome house which cost Ariane much money.

Then came the pearling season, and with it much happiness to the two lovers. With light hearts they went daily to the lagoon to dive for pearls. They did not think of it as work because they were so happy. They sang all day long, or, rather, Aimata did, for Ariane was very fond of whistling, and then in the evening when the cool breezes were blowing, they would sit on the beach beneath the whispering palms and watch the great golden moon climb out of the eastern sea. Then Ariane would pick up his guitar and play again the old love songs which he knew so well. He put his very soul into the music. The beautiful Aimata would look at the moon and fancy that the fairies who lived there heard the song and were in love with Ariane. Then she would make faces at the great round orb until she fell asleep.

So the days passed swiftly, as days do when hearts are light. Ariane and Aimata gathered many pearls, and placed much
money in the bank of Colonel Kasper. And they began to dream of the future. They planned to build a great house of bricks like that of Colonel Kasper, which you saw on the hill as you came up here. The house was to be fitted with many fine things such as Colonel Kasper often talked about. And Colonel Kasper was to build it. The bricks for the house and the things to go in it would be brought in a great ship from the country which is called France. It would cost much money to build the house, but this did not trouble Ariane and Aimata. They would dive for pearls. Pearls paid for everything—pearls would pay for the house of bricks.

The dream was very grand, and Ariane and the beautiful Aimata were very happy. But the dream never came true. Disaster fell upon the house of Ariane Lapman.

On a beautiful sunny morning, three days before the season closed, Ariane and Aimata were sitting on the outrigger of their canoe before commencing the day's labor. They were down near the entrance of the lagoon, just opposite the copra shed of Colonel Kasper. It was an old pearl bed, one that had been worked several times before that season—but then one place was as good as another.

Aimata studied the floor of the lagoon far below and glanced at Ariane.

"There will be many large shells under the ledge of red coral," she said.

Ariane looked down and smiled. He did not believe her.

"Aimata saw it and rebuked him.

"Nay, do you disbelieve me?" she said.

"No, no; O Pearl of the Sea, it were shame to do that, but it struck me that such prophesies are like unto those which are made by Tuluu, that arch-beggar who calls himself a medicine man."

Aimata laughed softly, a low, musical laugh. She was amused.

"Who said that I prophesied, O man of mine?" she inquired and laughed again. "'T but told thee a truth. Hast thou forgotten that when we dived here on the going of the last moon I cut my arm on that same ledge of red coral? It was then that I discovered them. There are more shells hidden under that
ledge than thou hast hairs upon thy thick head.' She was very fond of referring to the thickness of his head.

"By the Tabu of Death!" exclaimed Ariane, "I remember now! I remember!"

Then he kissed his hand to the laughing Aimata, slipped lightly into the water, and began swimming slowly down through the depths.

Above, the beautiful Aimata watched faithfully. She always did. One must watch while the other dives; that was an unwritten law among the pearl fishers. To Aimata it was not law; it was love. She knew only too well the dangers which her Ariane faced when he dove into the depths, and if something should happen to him—well, it would be up to her to fetch him up.

Ariane had reached the ledge now. Aimata saw him look under it, saw him wrench loose a big shell. He examined it and slipped it into the little wire basket which hung from his neck. He seized another, glanced at it, and dropped it in disgust. It was dead—empty. He bent lower and looked under the ledge again——

Aimata screamed.

Forth from the shadows of the deep a huge silvery shadow emerged and glided swiftly toward the unsuspecting diver. For a moment she was too horrified to move. Then, seizing a long-bladed cutlass which lay in the canoe, she plunged overboard and vanished. Only a few widening ripples marked the spot.

The descending diver fought her way madly downward. Ariane knew nothing of the monster shark which was rushing upon him. And Ariane had no knife.

The gray shadow swept onward. Now it was only fifty feet from him, now twenty, ten——

Aimata wanted to close her eyes and shut out the sight which rose before her vision, but she could not. To kill the thing she must keep her eyes open. So Aimata saw all that happened.

Ariane straightened in time to wiggle aside from the direct path of the fiend's murderous teeth, but he was not quick enough to escape entirely. He had a flashing vision of a monster tiger shark, felt a horrible pain in his arm, and then the great lashing tail struck him a fearful blow across the chest. For a moment
he lost consciousness, and in that moment he lost the precious air which he had been holding.

The water around him turned red. He was half conscious that it was stained with his own blood. His arm ached dully. A curious dizziness seized him, and everything turned black. A thousand lights flashed before his eyes, and then—Ariane Lapman had fainted.

Now, Monsieur, Ariane Lapman lost his right hand that day. He lost something else, too. He lost his courage. In losing his courage he became a coward. It was very simple, yet it was very strange. Ariane Lapman became a coward?—you ask why. I do not know; nobody knows; he did not know himself. It was not because he had lost his hand, though. He hardly missed that. It was something else, then. Let us call it the Evil Spirit.

The evil spirit dwelt within the heart of Ariane Lapman for five years. In all that time, he never dove into the lagoon; not once. He went out to the pearling beds with Aimata, but nothing could induce him to dive. Aimata pleaded with him, begged and scoffed, but all to no avail. His fear held him in a grip of iron.

So Aimata was forced to support The Coward, as he came to be known in the village. Without her he would have starved. He knew it and was ashamed. He wondered why she did not desert him and return to her father’s house. Once he even begged her to. But Aimata, poor Aimata, she loved him. She was true to the last.

Ariane Lapman grew old. His face was careworn and lined, his hair began to turn gray, and his shoulders were stooped as are those of the aged. No fire flashed in his eye; he no longer smiled, but plodded along without hope, never free from the evil spirit which was slowly killing him.

Thus, Ariane Lapman merely nodded and shook his head sadly when one day Aimata announced that it was time for him to overhaul their canoe for the coming pearling season. He rummaged around until he found a can of paint, and then departed in the general direction of the beach to unearth his canoe which had lain there under a pile of palm leaves untouched for eight months.
The canoe was in a sad state of decay. A large hole had rotted through the bottom, one of the thwarts was broken, the outrigger had fallen to pieces, and the paddles were gone. Some young vandal from the village had probably stolen them. But Ariane went painfully to work, and when Aimata went down to the beach the morning that the pearling season opened the canoe was patched, painted, and otherwise ready for service.

So came the opening day of the pearling season at last.

Have you ever witnessed one of those opening day affairs, Monsieur? You have? It is a great sight, is it not? Yes, it is a great sight! First the fleet lines up on the shore; not one canoe prow ahead of another. Then the signal gun roars, and the fleet races madly to the pearling bed that has been staked off for the race. The divers leap overboard as soon as their canoes cross the line. It is wonderful. One moment you see the fleet straining ahead at full speed and the next a fleet of empty canoes floating idly upon the water. Fifty feet down, fifty feet up; you can imagine it; and then someone springs into a canoe and waves an oyster on high. He has won the race.

Thus at noon on the day of which I am about to tell, Ariane Lapmanu and Aimata found themselves lined up for the race. All the canoes available on the island had joined the race, and they were drawn up in a long line in the shallow water just off the beach. In all, there were perhaps a hundred canoes, large and small. It was a very beautiful sight. The colors of the newly painted canoes, the oiled skins of the divers glistening in the sunlight, the fresh cool breeze which raised little ripples on the water, and all. It was as the French say, enchanté.

A great crowd lined the shore or ran up and down shouting encouragement. They were men and women of the upper class; wives, friends, and relatives of the divers; herdsmen and farmers from back in the hills; loafers, beach-combers, and beggars, not to mention pearl buyers and visitors from Papeete. The divers were happy, too. They shouted, laughed, and waved their paddles in wild abandon. You know what it is like, Monsieur, but can you blame them? No! The opening of the season means more pearls; therefore, more money and good living. The whole island must celebrate.
But Ariane Lapmau did not laugh with the others. The evil spirit was heavy upon him. He sat back against the thwart with head bowed, and gazed with unseeing eyes across the lagoon to where a red flag, fluttering from a buoy, marked the finish line of the race. The color of the pennant seemed to remind him of another day. He glanced at his maimed arm and shuddered.

Aimata looked at him and smiled lovingly. She understood, and was very, very sorry for him. He was so pathetic. She wished—O, well, I do not know what she wished, Monsieur.

Then a hush fell upon the gay throng. The divers grasped their paddles more firmly. Colonel Kasper was standing upon the wharf beside the signal gun; his hand was raised for silence. A moment he gazed down the long line of waiting canoes, and he smiled as he noted the eagerness of the divers. Then he stooped and applied a match to the touch hole.

"Bam-m-m-m!" roared the cannon. The season was open.

Out across the water shot the fleet. It was a glorious sight. On and on they raced, neck to neck. In their wake the sea foamed and boiled. A few of the heavier canoes began to lose ground, but as yet none had forged to the front. No, one of the smaller canoes was drawing ahead. How the two paddlers were working. Who were they? What, was it possible?—
The cheering crowd on shore could hardly believe their eyes. The leading canoe was that of Ariane Lapmau.

It was indeed true. An insane light gleamed in the eye of The Coward. Despite his crippled arm he was paddling as he had never paddled before. Behind him the whole fleet was in hot pursuit. Ariane Lapmau smiled grimly and redoubled his efforts. He would show them yet. The distance widened.

Then the canoe of Ariane Lapmau shot past the buoy. Aimata dropped her paddle and sprang up.

"Thy head is very thick, O man of mine," she cried, "but I love thee still." Then she was gone.

Ariane Lapmau came very near diving at that moment, but just as he poised to spring, the evil spirit clutched his heart again, and Ariane sank into the bottom of the canoe like a beaten cur.
The other canoes came on and crossed the line. Ariane did not see them. He sat with head bowed and eyes closed. The evil spirit had benumbed his mind.

When the man opened his eyes again, a hundred empty canoes were bumping idly against each other on every hand as they rocked to and fro on the gentle swell. He wondered dimly where Aimata was. Why was she not in the canoe? And then he remembered. They had been the first to cross the finish line, and she had been the first to dive. She was a good swimmer. Perhaps she would bring up the first oyster. He hoped she would; there was much honor for her if she did. What was that she had said about the thickness of his head?

Suddenly at his elbow a diver broke water. But it was not Aimata. Ariane's heart sank. Aimata had lost the race—but, no, this diver did not have an oyster in the little basket at his neck. Aimata might yet win. But what was the diver shouting?

"Tu-lu! Tu-lu!" he cried wildly as he sprang into a canoe and began to wave his arms and dance in a frenzy. "A devil-fish! A devil-fish!"

Ariane groaned audibly. His face went white. A devil-fish, the demon which a pearler fears more than death. And Aimata was down there. O Heavenly Spirit!

The whole fleet was coming up now—coming up hurriedly and climbing pell-mell into their canoes. In awe they stared into the water. A pall as black as night lay upon the floor of the lagoon far below.

The octopus, you know, Monsieur, emits an inky fluid from his mouth when he seizes his prey or when he is attacked. This minglesthe surrounding water and forms an excellent concealment. Besides, an enemy becomes confused in water stained by this musk, and falls an easy prey to the fiendish squid. It was at such a black pall as this that the divers were staring.

The whole fleet had fallen silent. The crowds on shore were silent, too. It was horrible—that silence. It made the flesh creep. It was like the quiet before a storm. It was the quiet before a storm. An instant later the storm broke.

"Where is Kafa?" shouted one of the divers. "Where is Yaba?" shouted another. "Where is Tu-to? and Bekki? and
Aimata?" Then the divers began to wail and tear their hair. They were mourning for the dead. The crowds on shore took up the cry, and the air rang with the mournful chant.

And what of Ariane Lapman? It is very curious, Monsieur, but he did not weep with the rest. There was a wild look in his eyes, and his face was very pale.

Suddenly the man did a very strange thing. He seized a knife from a diver who had climbed into his canoe, and springing upon the prow, began to sing.

Do you know what he sang, Monsieur? No, of course, you cannot guess. Ariane Lapman sang the Hymn of Death, that song which men sing before they take their lives. The man sang from the depths of his soul, and poured forth his grief and woe in the wild melody.

The whole fleet ceased their wailing to look at him. He was a strange figure standing there in the sunlight, and he sang a strange song. Not a diver in the whole fleet but who expected to see him take his life. They thought that he would stab himself with the knife which he held in his upraised hand.

Suddenly Ariane Lapman ceased singing. Then everyone gasped in amazement. There was a movement and a splash. The Coward had dived into the lagoon.

"Where is Ariane?" shouted someone. Then the divers began to wail again.

"The devil-fish is big!" cried one.
"It is bigger than a cow!" wailed another.
"It is as big as a house!" chanted a third.
"And it has swallowed six pearlers!" came the chorus.

Three minutes passed, Monsieur, and then the supernatural happened. Ariane Lapman came to the surface. In his left hand he grasped an unconscious pearler, and in his teeth he held another by the hair. He uttered no word; he offered no explanation. He took a breath of air and then was gone.

Down, down, down, he went, as swiftly as a stone. Above, the watchers saw him disappear into that awful pall of night which hung suspended in the depths. Two minutes passed, three, four, and then a chain of air bubbles came out of the cloud and shot toward the surface. Still Ariane appeared not. Another
minute passed, and the watching fleet shook their heads. He would not come up—alive. But a moment later a great shout was heard by the crowds on shore. Ariane Lapmou was coming up.

It was true! Ariane Lapmou had emerged from the cloud of death and was slowly ascending. Again he held two inert forms, but this time he held them both in his teeth. He was weak and needed the aid of his other arm. Blood flowed from many wounds, and he was blinded by the hair of two unconscious divers.

A hundred pearlers dived to assist the rescuer, and it was well they did, for Ariane Lapmou could never have reached the surface alone. They brought him up unconscious. When they had revived him he became delirious, and he raved and babbled crazily for a whole week.

You say that it is strange that a diver should become delirious from merely remaining under the water five minutes. It would seem strange, if that had been the cause of it, but it was not.

When Ariane Lapmou regained consciousness in the canoe that day, he asked a question. He asked for Aimata.

He had killed the devil-fish and saved the lives of four men. Monsieur, do you understand? Men! He did not save the beautiful Aimata; in the horrible blackness he could not find her.

That, Monsieur, is the tale of Ariane Lapmou.

Here the visitor set down his glass and gazed curiously at the aged story teller. He noticed that the old man was very pale, and that he was trembling. Although the cool evening breeze was blowing through the hut, large beads of perspiration were streaming down his face. The aged man raised his left hand to brush them away. In doing so the bed clothes became disarranged and the other arm was uncovered.

The visitor gasped. The man's right hand was gone.
The Red Cross Nurse

ANSON K. MILLS, '23

Angel of Mercy! healing the sick,
Giving strength to the weak,
Stilling the sufferers' moans of pain,
Bringing the comfort they seek,
Teaching them patience to bear and to hope,
Cooling the fevered brow:
Help us to model our lives like yours,
God's commands and wishes to know.

Serving the world in its time of need,
Bearing the Holy Cross,
Giving new meaning and beauty to life,
Atoning for Eden's loss,
Enthroned in a shrine in our heart of hearts,
A vision which time cannot fade:
Sweet soldier of Christ and assuager of woes,
At whose feet all our homage is laid.
Draftsmanship as a Profession for the Deaf

OLOF HANSON, '86

In response to the request of the editor of THE BUFF AND BLUE for an article on Draftsmanship, I am glad to send a few thoughts which may be interesting and possibly useful to some readers of the magazine. When at College and trying to decide on my life work I endeavored to obtain just such information, with only partial success.

Draftsmanship is an occupation well suited to the deaf, as the work is done chiefly with the eyes and hands, in which the deaf are on an equal footing with the hearing.

Draftsmanship divides into many branches, but the leading ones are Architectural, Engineering, and Mechanical Drafting.

Architectural drafting has to do chiefly with the planning and designing of buildings, with emphasis on the artistic side of the work. A good architectural draftsman should be an artist.

Engineering has to do with the constructive parts of buildings, bridges, railroads, water systems, etc. An artistic temperament is not conducive to making a good engineer. A mind inclined toward mathematics is more apt to succeed in that direction.

Mechanical drafting has to do with the production of drawings for machines and mechanisms of all sorts. It includes patent drawings and elementary drawing taught in schools in connection with sloyd and shop work.

The usual method of becoming an architectural draftsman is for a boy of artistic inclination to enter an architect's office and serve an apprenticeship. In the office he learns routine work, tracing and copying drawings, and there is usually opportunity to develop his talents by sketching and studying under the direction of the Architectural League. About five years is required before one can command full wages. It is desirable to get into a good office, even if one gets no pay at first. Such opportunities are not always open, and if you have an influential
friend with a pull who can help you, it is well to keep on his
good side. A good plan, after serving three or four years in an
office, is to go to a technical school. The Carnegie Institute in
Pittsburgh offers a good course.

An architect should be both an artist and an engineer. But
these qualifications seldom go together, and in practice either
the artistic or the constructive side predominates.

Architectural engineering is a branch of architecture well
adapted to those with a constructive rather than an artistic tem­
perament. It includes steel construction, design, and details,
and reinforced concrete work. The latter is coming into use
more and more. Both call for a large amount of drafting and
computation. I would strongly recommend it to the deaf who
possess the required mental qualifications, but to these only.
Thorough mathematical training is desirable, including the
calculus.

Mechanical equipment is another branch of architecture in
which specialists are often in demand. It includes the laying
out of heating and ventilation, plumbing, and electric wiring.
On small work the regular draftsmen may do this work; but on
large buildings it is usually done separately from the archi­
tectural plans. Heating contractors often employ draftsmen to
lay out their heatings plans.

Large construction companies like the Fuller and the Aber­
thaw construction companies employ their own staffs of drafts­
men and computers. Terra cotta manufacturers have a great
deal of drafting to be done.

Every one who has to do with drafting and computation
should learn to use the slide rule. It is easily learned and
extremely useful for multiplication and division, squares, cubes,
and roots. Hardly a day passes that I do not have occasion to
use my slide rule.

Lettering is very important for draftsmen, and students
should practice neat and careful, as well as rapid, lettering.

The wages of draftsmen before the war were generally from
$125 to $150 per month for architectural draftsmen, and from
$150 to $175 for engineering draftsmen. During the war there
was a great demand for engineering and mechanical draftsmen.
and wages up to $300 a month were common. Architectural draftsmen, on the other hand, were, many of them, obliged to turn to other occupations, as the government discouraged and finally stopped building not essential to the war. Such draftsmen as had work, however, received good pay, especially those engaged on government building projects for war purposes.

Engineering draftsmen as a rule are college trained, but this does not hold true of architectural draftsmen, whose chief recommendation is their artistic ability. There appears to be a surplus of engineers, which means strong competition. Consequently only such deaf as possess strong qualifications should take up this profession. Architectural draftsmen also cannot be sure of steady work, but must count on occasional layoffs, especially when a depression in business comes along.

A set of drawing instruments is an essential equipment for a draftsman. A good set of Keuffel and Essere make will cost about $40, but will last a lifetime. Transparent celluloid triangles with raised heads to reduce frictional electricity are useful. T squares for large work are usually furnished by the employer.

Scales are of two general kinds. The decimal scale is chiefly used by engineers and surveyors. In the architect’s scale the inch is divided into halves, quarters, eighths, and sixteenths. The best all around scale for an architectural draftsman is an ordinary two-foot carpenter’s folding rule. Learn to use it. It serves as a scale for 1-16, 1-8, 1-4, 3-8, 3-4, 1 1-2, and 3 inches to the foot, which embraces nearly all the scales in general use except the inch and half inch, for which it is not so well adapted. Plans and elevations are generally drawn to 1-8 or 1-4 inch scale, and details to 3-4 and 1 1-2 inch to the foot. Engineers use the inch and half inch scale to a great extent, but architects and architectural engineers use the 3-4 inch scale more and more.

As to civil engineering in its broad sense, I cannot speak with authority, but in the drafting room there is much work the deaf can do. On railroad surveys and map work, Mr. O. H. Blanchard, who is with the Union Pacific Railroad in Omaha, can give more information.
Mechanical drafting includes such work as steam engines, locomotives, and machinery of every description. To get into this line of work one must study the particular industry to which it applies. Shop work is good preliminary training, and good men are often promoted from this department to the drafting room. The pay, I understand, is about the same as for architectural drafting.

Shipbuilding is another line employing many draftsmen. During the war the demand for ship draftsmen was far in excess of the supply. Where shipbuilding goes on there is opportunity for work in this line. In Europe several deaf men hold good positions in the shipyards on the Clyde.

In the way of reading and studying for architectural draftsmen the following books are useful: Kidder’s Building Construction and Superintendence, in three volumes, and Kidder’s Architect’s and Builder’s Pocket Book. Also the works of Russell Sturgis, particularly his book, “How to Judge Architecture,” and his History of Architecture, in four volumes.

If any one should desire further information I shall be glad to answer questions.
The Alumni Association has very kindly renewed its offer of prizes for the best story, essay, and poem appearing in The Buff and Blue during the current year. Each must be contributed by a student of the College.

The offer is voluntary and is made in the hope that it will stimulate writing among the undergraduates. It is undeniable that these prizes have contributed towards some excellence in the
literary work of this magazine in the past, but *The Buff and Blue* this year has received very little general support from the undergraduates. The steady support of the Alumni Association ought to impress upon the students that it is their duty to show that this support is appreciated and should be continued.
OFFICERS OF THE GALLAUDET COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

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THE EDWARD MINER GALLAUDET FUND

The following sums have been added since the last bulletin:
March 9, 1920. Robert C. and Mrs. Hemstreet ................................ $1.00
March 15. Grace Evans .......................................................... 3.00
March 15. Six months interest on Third Liberty Loan bonds ...... 13.81

Heretofore reported .......................................................... 6,988.29

Total to date ................................................................. $7,006.10

JNO. B. HOTCHKISS, Treasurer.

MARCH 15, 1921.

Student, home-missionary, minister, soldier, factory superintendent and social worker, and now back to the ministry—such is the career of Herbert Draper Gallaudet, youngest son of former President Gallaudet. His military record justly entitles him to be called "the fighting parson," if there is any merit in that: he was overseas as commander of a battery of field artillery. But it isn't the fighting that he is after; he seeks only to be where his efforts will do good—do the most good, and this has
led him, after years of study and preparation, to devote himself successively to missionary work among the mountaineers of Western North Carolina, and to church work in Boston, and to military work in France, and to shop-work in Waterbury, Connecticut. As he says, he left the church for shop-work three years ago, "to be one of the large and evergrowing numbers of those in industry who are trying to make the human side of things still more human, the conditions of life and work better and fairer and more normal, and the going easier for all concerned. In going back from industrial work to the pulpit, as I have now done, a minister is just shifting his job from one department of this big overgrown complicated factory which we call modern life to another. It is all part of the same factory—producing as its main and most important output a happier, more efficient, more Christian lot of men and women in the world. It doesn't make so much difference where a man works in the factory; the important thing is that he shall make a good honest faithful Christian job of it." And so, this worthy son of the Gallaudets is carrying on in a wider field the great work of human uplift to which his fathers gave their lives.

'99. They had a "typhoid scare" in Talladega, Alabama, some months since, and the State Department of Health picked out the best qualified chemist it could find to analyze samples from the water-supply of the city. The chemist selected was our boy, Daniel C. Picard, of Birmingham. His analysis showed the water so pure that Talladega was congratulated, and immediately sank back with a sigh of relief to quench its thirst of many days.

'93. We are happy to read that Robert M. Rives is prosperous and has sons who know how to help themselves. The elder, Frank, works as a radio-operator on an ocean steamer during the long vacations at the University of Texas, and the younger, Davis, earns his salt teaching people how to manage skittish Fords, and in selling them auto-feed.

'99. W. H. Davis spends his vacations helping his good wife, and in running a farm near Bishop, Texas, that he owns. He runs down there from his home in Fairview in his five-year-old Dodge car. He has run it fifty-thousand miles, and it still hops along as gaily as ever.
'99. G. A. Brooks completes the list of thrifty Texas boys. He works as a carpenter during his vacations, and so gets the out-door life, and air, and muscular exercise, that a teacher needs.

Ex-'08. James M. Robertson is working as an expert carpenter in Anniston, Alabama.

Ex-'15. G. F. and Mrs. Katherine Martin Fancher have returned to Mrs. Fancher's childhood home in Dalton, Kentucky, because the glories of Akron are obscured. A. D. Martin, '16, has had to follow to his old Kentucky home, but says the Good-year Company assures him that, when business revives, they will want all their deaf hands back.

Ex-'05. We are told that a new monthly paper for the deaf has started in Omaha, Nebraska, with P. E. Seely as editor and Ora H. Blanchard as business manager. We have not seen a copy, but understand it is called Silent Facts. Well, we wish it all good luck, and hope that our friends will make their silent facts as evident as the Silent Sphinx.

Ex-'91. Charles R. Neillie, having worn out his old "tin Lizzie," the city of Cleveland has presented him with a new touring car for use as a foreman in the city departments of parks. Charley's eldest son, Clarence, has matriculated at the University of Columbus.

A. M. Johnson (we suppose it is Frank A., '03) is reported to have secured a job in Cleveland, Ohio, and to have brought thither from the wilds of Michigan a most lovely wife.

'95. J. C. Howard's son, Julius, was a member of the Duluth senior eight that was beaten by Syracuse (New York) University crew last summer. Julius was not only conquered but was led away captive, and hopes before he graduates to help Syracuse beat a few more.

'04. The California News, in calling the roll of the men who have been employed as supervisors in the California School, mentions that our Professor Drake, while there, began a special course in agriculture in the University of California, and, we will add, continued it after coming to Washington in the University of Maryland, and there took the degree of Master of Science.
'01. W. S. Runde, as assistant editor of the *California News*, keeps his editorial eye on his Alma Mater and records such of its doings as interest him, and, therefore, ought to interest other Californians who have been or will be denizens of Kendall Green. In philosophizing recently on the public notice that Gallaudet College athletes have won, he says that the all-seeing eye of Walter Camp has in time past singled out Gallaudet for an interesting article in "a leading sporting magazine." We have no knowledge of this—it may be so; but our friend goes on to say, "It was at that time that Harvard challenged Gallaudet, but, as the trip from Washington to Cambridge would have necessitated the return trip on Sunday, Dr. Gallaudet refused permission." Our memory puts it differently: it was Yale, not Harvard, that sought a game with Gallaudet. One of the teams on Yale's schedule had failed her at the last moment, and, as she had heard that Gallaudet could give her good practice, she telegraphed for a game. The boys were nearly paralyzed at the idea of playing Yale, but, as they never dreamed that the Faculty would permit them to go so far from home, they declined. When Dr. Gallaudet heard of the action of the boys, he was much exercised thereat, and urged them to accept. Surprised at the Doctor's attitude, the boys telegraphed again, but received answer that Yale had secured another team upon which to practice.

'08. "Mr. Herman Harper still dreams of a soft job in a country office, preferably in Florida, and is contemplating making a change in position. Wanderlust!"—*The Messenger*. And will not that adorable Missus put her pretty foot down firmly and make Herman 'stay put?'"

Ex-'03. We note that Mengele Philip Beausoleil dropped in on his old school in Hartford in January; and, as work was slack in the Indian motor cycle shops in Springfield, Massachusetts, where he is regularly employed, he was using his time off in selling stock of the New England Tire and Rubber Company of Holyoke, Massachusetts. Well, rubber does seem to have an attraction for the deaf, or, the other way back. We wonder if it is because we are such "rubber necks."

'20. W. P. Valiant has been appointed instructor of printing and assistant editor of the *Outlook* in the Oregon School.
'83. Dr. J. L. Smith made a flying visit to Sioux City, South Dakota, to conduct a wake at the death of the Old Year and to superintendent the birth of the New Year. He started for home as soon as the New Year had been bathed and dressed and put to sleep, having had the time of his life.

'09. R. L. Davis spent last summer in California, and, as his work permitted, explored the wonders and admired the glories of the golden gate state. He is one of those fortunate mortals who have married a California girl and had all his sightseeing directed by experience and economy.

CHAPTER MEETINGS

In Winnipeg, Manitoba, on the tenth of February last, Miss Ethelwynne Nicholson, ex-'24, entertained the Gallaudet College people of the locality, to commemorate the eighty-fourth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet. The dining table was artistically decorated in buff and blue, and the hand-painted place-cards with blue forget-me-nots and Dr. Gallaudet's name in buff, carried out the scheme of College colors effectively. Reminiscences of College days were indulged in by all and thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. J. T. Shilton, of the University of Toronto, was the guest of honor, and the others present were Mrs. Anna MacPhail Cook, '03, D. E. Tomlinson, '08, and Mrs. Louise Turner Tomlinson, ex-'09, Archibald Wright, '12, and Mrs. Fern Herrington Wright, ex-'16, Archie McDonald, '12, Misses Muriel McShane, Ethelwynne Nicholson, and Kathleen Stinson, ex-'24.

Steps were taken to organize a chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association in Cleveland, Ohio, at the home of Mrs. Helene Froelich Smolk, '12, who entertained the alumni on the evening of the anniversary of Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet's birth in February last. The movement was started at a luncheon given by Robert C. and Mrs. Hemstreet, '03 and '99, in January, and has now crystallized into a temporary organization with Mrs. Smolk as chairlady and J. C. Winemiller as secretary-treasurer.

Alabama celebrated the anniversary of the birth of the elder Gallaudet by a meeting under the auspices of John W. McCandless. Mr. Manning, the principal of the Alabama School, gave
the use of his commodious living room with its open fire, and the meeting was for this reason much more cheerful and homelike than it would have been in bachelors' hall, where John lives. Mrs. Florence Harper MacFarlane, '18, gave an interesting sketch of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, and then the company yielded themselves to the seductive wiles of that Mid-West craze, "500."

The Alabama Chapter was entertained in February by Mrs. Davirson and Mr. Finegan. The weather was discouraging, but several "reels" of Mutt and Jeff, alias McCandless and Hofsieator—real reels—relieved the gloom and caused every face to reel off smiles in endless profusion.

**BIRTHS**

A son was born to Francis M. and Mrs. Sara Streby Holliday, '99 and '10, on the twenty-sixth of last February and named Francis Marion, Junior.

**DEATHS**

All their many friends will sympathize with J. B. and Mrs. Bumgardner, '99, in their sorrow for the loss of their beautiful daughter Ruth, who died several months ago.
An Auditing Committee, composed of Bros. Guire, '21, Werner, '22, and Lindholm, '23, was appointed at a recent council of the Shrine. They will audit all financial reports for the year.

At the same council Bro. O. D. Guire, '21, was appointed Chartophylax. His duties will embrace the whole of Kappa Gamma's brotherhood. It will be an arduous task, but with his efficiency he will be able to bring it to a happy conclusion.

Bro. Rendall, '16, alighted upon the precincts of the Shrine Saturday, March 19, and was able to be present at the Athletic Association supper held that evening. Bro. Rendall is farming at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and seems to enjoy it. It's a great life if you don't weaken.

Bro. Valiant, '20, whose facile pen last year chronicled the doings of the brethren for this department, will take charge of the printing office at the Oregon School, besides serving in the capacity of assistant editor of the Oregon Outlook. We have no doubt that he will succeed very well in initiating his youngsters into the mysteries of the trade. Also the Outlook ought to scintillate under the magic touch of his Waterman self-filler No. 52.

Bro. Peard, '19, has returned to Akron. Besides being significant for Bro. Peard it is significant for the rest of us. Let us speculate a little: Bro. Peard's return to the Rubber City may mean that Goodyear and Firestone are recuperating from the depressing spell. This ought to indicate a return to prosperity generally. Therefore we breathe a sigh of relief and meanwhile wish Bro. Peard the best o' luck.
Scene from Act I of "I Pagliacci," the play given by the Saturday Night Dramatic Club, Saturday evening, February 19
The tragedy "I Pagliacci," from the opera of Leoncavallo, was presented by the Saturday Night Dramatic Club in Chapel Hall on Saturday evening, February 19. The story of "I Pagliacci" is simple. A troupe of strolling players arrive in Cambra, a small Italian village. The head of the troupe, Canio, and Nedda, his wife, are the chief actors. The plot revolves around the faithlessness of Nedda, who has given her love to Silvio, a young villager. One afternoon Canio is told of Nedda's relations with Silvio and comes upon her just as she is bidding adieu to her lover. That night they give their play. Harlequin induces Columbine (Nedda) to fly with him. Punchinello (Canio) appears just as Harlequin has made his escape. Punchinello demands the name of the person who had been with her. As the play progresses Punchinello forgets himself in Canio and assumes a threatening attitude. When Columbine becomes aware of this, she likewise forgets herself in Nedda. They both fly into a passion. The result is that Canio stabs Nedda. As Nedda falls mortally wounded, Silvio rushes forth. Canio stabs him. Then as he is seized by the villagers he says: "The comedy is ended."

An inner stage was constructed and a pony and cart used on it. The whole cast was appropriately costumed, as few plays in the past have been. To Mr. Guire, '21, President of the Club, belongs a good share of the success. All the players did well, especially Mr. Guire, '21, as Canio; Mr. Orman, '23, as Nedda; Mr. Werner, '22, as Tonio; and Mr. Lindholm, '23, as Beppe. The cast:

Canio, master of a strolling troupe (in the play, Punchinello) .Oscar Guire, '21
Nedda, his wife and player (in the play, Columbine) .James Orman, '23
Tonio, a player (in the play, Taddeo) .Maurice Werner, '22
Beppe, a player (in the play, Harlequin) .Toivo Lindholm, '23
Silvio, a villager in love with Nedda .Gordon Kannapell, '21
Leading villager .Edward Harmon, '21
Other villagers, Anson Mills, '23, Robert Werdig, '23, Anton Netusil, '24,
Charles Schrager, '24, Nathan Zimble, '24, Nathan Lahn, S. S., Charles
Falk, P. C., and Benjamin Yaffey, P. C.
One morning the following clipping from a local daily was found posted on the bulletin board in Fowler Hall:

**HAPPY IN MISFORTUNE**

I strolled
BY Kendall Green
AND watched
SOME girl students
AS they walked along
AND talked
THEY seemed happy
AND contented
AND I wondered
HOW contented
SOME women I know
WOULD be
IF they had
TO talk
WITHOUT being heard.

LESTER B.

At the end of the second term Miss Weiss gave an exhibition of the work done by her classes in Domestic Art. To all appearances the room in which the exhibit was held looked like a real ladies' shop. The millinery department could well boast of many new stylish spring hats, while the dresses and other things on display were equally attractive.

On Sunday evening, February 20, a Y. W. C. A. meeting was held in the Girls' Reading Room. Miss Edith Anderson opened the program with a prayer. Miss Sydney Leedle gracefully signed the hymn "Advent." Mrs. Richardson, who is connected with the Y. W. C. A., had intended to deliver an address entitled "The Three Bs," but to the girls' disappointment it was impossible for her to be with them that night. However, a few of the members voluntarily gave short impromptu talks. Miss Helen Moss interestingly talked about "Beauty." She explained that a beautiful character was much more to be desired than a beautiful face, or physical beauty, because everyone is judged by their character. Miss Franke gave a short talk on "Loving Kindness," followed by Miss Bradley and Miss Edwards on related subjects. Miss Peet then made a few remarks in connection with the Y. W. C. A. work, and closed the program with a prayer.

Saturday night, February 21, the students of Colonial School invited the co-eds to their school to see a play entitled "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." The play was well staged, and the co-eds would have enjoyed it more, but they were in a rather embarrassing predicament; as one of them aptly put it, "we were all dolled up in our best evening gowns with a bundle containing our evening slippers under our arms, and 'oxfords' on our feet."
In the early part of March, Miss Helen Pence, formerly of the Class of 1923, returned to College to complete her course. Miss Pence left us last spring because of her health. The girls are very happy to have her with them again, and rejoice that she has improved so much.

From time immemorial it has been the custom for the fair sex to begin the spring season with a "spring housecleaning," but not so with a number of the inhabitants of Fowler Hall. They preferred to begin the new season with a red-hot game of baseball played over on Tidal Field.

The co-ed basketball season closed in a blaze of glory. The last game was played against the co-eds of George Washington University. Our girls came out victorious. The basketball team this year was one of the best that the girls have ever produced.

We regret very much that one of our number will soon leave us. Miss Ella Clarkson, '23, has decided to resign in order to return to her home in South Carolina to be with her mother. The class, especially the girls, will greatly miss her, as her loving disposition has won for her a warm place in the hearts of all.

A few days ago the Sophomore girls received a very pleasant as well as a delicious surprise. It came in the shape of a delicately tinted neatly prepared box of real home-made "sweets." The aforesaid girls felt quite elated to realize that an old classmate remembered them in that way. The "chocolates" were from Miss Anna Bausch, who was a student here for two years.

The fair young thing had the toothache so she set out for the dentist to have the tooth pulled. But fate had arranged beforehand that she should get the wrong address, which led to her following the wrong road. Imagine her surprise, when she discovered just after she had opened wide her mouth for him to examine the tooth, that he was not a dentist, or in any way connected with dentistry.

Miss Suttka, P. C., who was describing a certain friend, remarked, "You can never tell what she will do next. She has three moods."

Miss Leclere, P. C., (evidently dreaming of Latin) interposed: "You mean the indicative, the subjunctive, and the infinitive moods?"

How quickly things happen these days! One day some weeks ago, George Kannapell, '21, a mainstay of the track team, took a quarter mile gallop around Faculty Row. It was an unlucky day for the team, for alas! our Georgie was stricken with appendicitis that very afternoon. A two weeks rest in the private ward of a local hospital following an operation resulted. However, he is now at his studies again, thanks to a rapid recovery. Nothing can beat Kannapell down. He says that he will be in his sprinting togs in another week. We believe him.
To an onlooker it would seem that the Sophomore girls are breaking all records when it comes to eating. On the morning of March 21, they tramped out to the farm in search of a couple of frying chickens. After much bargaining they finally succeeded in buying them. Then the fun began. It fell to Miss Bible's lot to kill them, while the other girls breathlessly watched the proceeding. Even if no one else will admit it every girl in that class thinks she is an excellent cook. The dinner was a real feast.

Recently someone asserted: "College spirit is always the same. It is exemplified in the dialogue of the two juniors.

"What shall we do tonight?" asked the first junior.

"I'll toss up a coin for it," the second junior replied. "If it's heads, we'll go to the movies; if it's tails, we'll go out for a chop suey; and if it stands on edge we'll study."

Despite the weather man's forecast of fair and warmer, the old King of the North descended suddenly upon Washington on the afternoon of Friday, February 18, and paid his parting visit to the Green. For a whole week the College was wrapped in a chilly blanket of snow and ice, much to the delight of the undergraduate outdoor enthusiasts, who sallied forth in high spirits to greet the first and last snowfall of the winter. The crust was not deep enough for the use of the bob sleds, but snow fights and pitched battles made up for the loss. Messrs. Robert Kannapell, Randall, and Stewart, on a midnight expedition to the Capitol, reported excellent sledding on Capitol Hill, but the next day warm weather melted the snow. Thus departed the winter of 1920-21.

A curious incident of the cold weather, above mentioned, was the stopping of the tower clock. The sudden change in the weather caused it to die a sudden death at 6:42 o'clock on the afternoon of the storm—a very treacherous thing for it to do judging from the confusion it caused. For exactly seven days it remained at 6:42 o'clock, and during that time many demerits were given forgetful students.

While the varsity basketball players were in New York they received a pleasant surprise when out of a big crowd of strange faces suddenly emerged a familiar and fair face, smiling broadly. What is more, she was waving their own College pennants! The smiling lady was Miss Belle Pusrin, '23, who had followed on a later train as a representative of the co-eds.

Guire, '21, strolled casually into the Laboratory lecture room one morning not long ago, and, rolling up his sleeves, picked up a text book and began to lecture to the Sophomores on compounds of sulphur. An enforced absence of Dr. Ely was the explanation. As to the success of the lecture, we will venture that if Dr. Ely should resign, Oscar would receive strong and vigorous support from the Sophs as a candidate to fill the vacancy.
Among those who went to New York with the basketball team on its northern trip, were Messrs. Lauritsen, '22, Maczkowski, '22, and Lucado, '23. They reported a most enjoyable time, and spoke in chilly terms of the blizzard which swept down upon New York while they were in that city.

A: You say he fell?
B: He did!
A: How?
B: I don't know. Go ask 'Her.'

Danofsky, P. C., the doughty little guard on whom Gallaudet depended a great deal on the basketball trip, sustained a serious injury to his knee in a game in the skyscraper city. As a result Dan could not make the journey home with the rest of the team, and it was several days before he again put in his appearance. The injured knee has given Danofsky much trouble in the spring baseball practice on Garlic Field.

Mr. Drake, Professor of Agriculture, walked briskly into the class-room, placed his hat on the desk, and, unobserved by many, slipped an egg beneath it. At that moment he was called to the door on business. A member of the class now advanced stealthily, removed the egg and inserted in its place a piece of chalk. Drake returned.

"Now," said he, "we are talking about the egg this afternoon. I will need an egg to illustrate my talk. I am a fair magician and will now proceed to produce the needed egg."

Having made several mystic passes, he removed the hat. Behold! A piece of chalk.

Do you know what Gallaudet jazz music is? No? Then investigate. The Junior jazz in the men's refectory is worth while hearing.

On the evening of Monday, March 21, the undergraduates gathered in the chapel to witness the presentation of basketball letters to members of the varsity and staff. Messrs. Bouchard, '21, LaFountain, '23, and Boatwright, '24, received varsity letters. Mr. May, '21, and Mr. Cooper, coach, were presented with honorary letters. Mr. Danofsky, P. C., was given honorable mention.

On Friday evening, March 11, the Literary Society held one of its semi-monthly meetings in Chapel Hall, and an excellent program was presented. Mr. Oscar Guire, '21, delivered an essay entitled "Collegiate Drama" and, considering the difficulty of the subject, he did well. In a heated debate, in which it was resolved that the United States Government should recognize Soviet Russia, Messrs. May and Harmon, '21, of the negative side, defeated the affirmative team, composed of Messrs. Rosen and Dobbins, '21. Mr. Rebal, Mr. Bouchard, and Mr. Matthew, of the Class of '21, then presented a humorous dialogue entitled "The 178th Congress." Mr. Paxton, '21, delivered the beautiful but rather difficult poem "The Daffodils."
The second term examinations came heralded this year, as of yore, by the odor of kerosene in the corridors of College Hall. The burning of the midnight oil had its effect in a sudden falling off of attendance at breakfast. Bleary eyes at nine in the morning were common, not to mention a sudden epidemic of headaches. But now one sighs with relief, for a great burden has been lifted from the mind. The examinations are over, unless—there are re-exams for those who "flunked."

The park benches are again upon the young men's side of the campus after a long winter in the cellar. Robins flying north light upon them to rest. One young wit of the Freshman class dubbed these benches "bird rests." We think the name is a good one. "Bird rests," for feathered birds, and otherwise.

At a recent meeting of the Gallaudet College Y. M. C. A., Mr. Wesley Lauritsen, '22, was elected to the office of President for next year. Mr. Lauritsen served a term as Vice President satisfactorily, and was elected to the higher office by his supporters.

The many friends of Miss Elizabeth Peet, Professor of Latin, will be glad to hear that she was recently honored by election to the presidency of the Columbian Women, an alumni club of women graduates of George Washington University.

An auto accident on Florida avenue near the east entrance created quite a little excitement on the afternoon of Sunday, March 20. A Dodge car filled to overflowing with negro merrymakers met a sad end. Evidently the car did not live up to its name, that is, it did not dodge, for it hit a lamp post and bent it almost double—the lamp post we mean—and the party was spilled all over the place. Not much was left of the car, but a junk man hauled it off at last.

The annual camp week which usually occurs immediately after the second term examinations, has this year been postponed until the 14th of April. It is hoped that this action will enable the campers to enjoy themselves instead of being compelled to slide around in the mud and dodge raindrops. Another change is that there will be no visitors' day at the camp this year. The faculty made this ruling at a recent meeting at which certain social problems of the College were discussed.

Professor Hughes' beloved moving picture machine suffered a disastrous accident during the latter part of February. While working on the stage in Chapel Hall, two robust Preps attempted to move the machine into the wings. They succeeded after some effort in upsetting it and with a crash it fell to the stage. At first it seemed as though the machine would only be fit for junk, but has since been repaired, and now works as good as ever.

In his reading, Mr. Marty told the beautiful story of the hero pigeon, Chere Ami, which during the last days of the war saved the lives of over one hundred and fifty of our soldiers, the survivors of the famous Lost Battalion. In the debate the negative side won easily.

Professor in Astronomy: Can you tell me what is meant by the transit of Venus?
Senior: Yes, sir!
Professor: You have answered the question correctly.

The Gallaudet College Athletic Association held its annual banquet in the young men's refectory on Saturday evening, March 19. A very attractive menu was served, which consisted of mock bisque, crisp crackers, celery, sweet pickles, dinner rolls, chicken a la Maryland, potato fluff, gravy, creamed peas, fruit salad, salted peanuts, vanilla ice cream, Nabisco wafers, mints, and coffee. Following the various courses, several toasts and speeches were given. Professor Herbert E. Day spoke on "Beginnings," Mr. William May spoke on "The Press," and Mr. Roy J. Stewart gave an interesting talk on "Schedules." Mr. Alex B. Rosen concluded with some words on "First Impressions." Mr. Oscar D. Guire, Jr., was toastmaster.

The annual O. W. L. S. play, which was given in Chapel Hall on Saturday night, March 12, was one of the best that the society has ever presented. It was not a play in the real sense of the word, but a program so varied as to appeal to the hearts of an audience of the most diversified tastes. The first number on the program was a scene taken from Richard B. Sheridan's "School for Scandal," given by Miss F. Lewis, '21, as Lady Teazle, and Miss Sowell, P. C., as Sir Peter. In an attempt to cure each other of living "a cat and dog's" life they fall into a quarrel which results in an appeal to the divorce courts.

The second number was called "The Spelling Match." The scene was a country schoolroom; the dramatis personae were the schoolmistress, Miss Katherine Kilcoyne, '24, and the pupils: Isabelle Toner, '21, as Joe; Mary Klaitis, '24, as Nellie; Sarah Tuck, '22; Helen Moss, '23; Ella Clarkson, '23; Dorothy Durrant, '24; and Dorris Ballance, P. C. The scene vividly brought to the onlookers a flood of memories of the poem entitled "School Days," when the country schools taught nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic. The curtain fell together upon the schoolroom and opened to admit Miss Leclere, P. C., who held the full attention of the audience as she appeared in the song, "Coming Through the Bye."
The next number on the program was the second scene of Act II of the Tragedy of Macbeth. Miss F. Lewis, '21, as Lady Macbeth and Miss Sowell, P. C., as Macbeth, vividly portrayed the two characters. The setting was the interior of a castle.

However, the real feature of the evening was the last—an allegory beautifully depicting Deafness. The scene was a lovely garden. Miss Bodden, P. C., entered first as Sight, followed by Miss Leclere, P. C., as Smell, Miss Durrant, '24, as Taste, Miss Klaits, '24, as Hearing, and Miss Sandberg, P. C., as Touch. Each one came in and took her proper place after some Greek dancing. Then the Deaf Child, Miss Belle Pusrin, '23, was brought in by Knowledge, Miss Mine Jensen, '24. The senses of sight, smell, taste, and touch are bestowed upon the Child, but not hearing. When the Child realizes her loss, she weeps; but not for long, for she is made to understand through Christianity, in the person of Miss Alma Daley, '24, that “God is over all,” and that He comforts, cheers, and brings happiness and sunshine to those who are unfortunate. All the actresses were beautifully gowned in light, flowing garments, peculiarly Greek. Each sense was represented by some visible sign which gave greater pleasure to the audience.
The call for baseball candidates was sounded following the close of the basketball season and a good number of men responded. Among the number were several veterans from last year’s team. The pitching staff remains intact; the infield too, with the exception of second base. Danofsky, a new comer, will take care of the keystone sack. An injured knee, received in basketball, has been keeping him from showing his true form. In the early workouts he has shown himself to be a clever fielder but rather weak with the stick.

Of the new comers, Fergason and Cusack have shown the best form so far. The former is an outfielder while the latter is a third baseman.

The schedule for the season is as follows:

March 19—Catholic University, at Brookland.
March 30—Holy Cross College, at home.
April 2—University of Maryland, at College Park.
April 6—Camp Humphreys, at home.
April 9—George Washington University, at home.
April 22—Bridgewater College, at home.
April 23—Western Maryland College, at Westminster, Maryland.
April 27—
April 30—
May 4—George Washington University, at American League Park.
May 7—Drexel Institute, at Philadelphia.
May 11—Catholic University, at home.
May 14—Camp Humphreys, at Camp Humphreys.
May 18—Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore.
May 21—University of Maryland, at home.

Baseball is not the only sport that is making headway on the Green. The track team gave a good account of itself in the
Johns Hopkins games when it ran away from Harrisburg Tech. The Buff and Blue runners covered the mile relay in 3:46, which is very good on an indoor track. Those who received gold medals were Captain Matthew, Harmon, Connor, and Randall.

The team received its first setback in the Catholic University meet. The Kendall Greeners were stacked up against Delaware College. Connor, the first man off, finished ten yards ahead of his man. Harmon received the baton and held the lead, although his man gained a few yards on him. The Delawarians went into the lead on the third relay. Matthew was off form and finished in the rear. Randall, running as anchor man, found the lead too big a handicap to overcome. However, the Buff and Blue ran a splendid race on an indoor track that had perils with two bad turns.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, 18—GALLAUDET, 1

Gallaudet opened the baseball season with Catholic University at Brookland on the 19th and received a severe drubbing, 18 to 1. It was C. U.’s game all the way. The Brooklanders fell on Hartin’s slants and hammered him to all corners of the lot. Dollard, who started on the mound for the home team, pitched masterly ball. The Buff and Blue was woefully weak with the willow and played erratic ball on the field.

Boatwright relieved Hartin, hoping to stem the tide. He held the heavy hitting Brooklanders safe in his first two innings, but they also fell on him for timely clouts that were good for extra bases.

Hartin, who finished the game in center field, was the only Kendall Greener who showed no weakness with the bat. He got a double and a single and made a great running catch of a liner that would have been good for a triple.

The line-up and summary:
### Athletics

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<th>Catholic University</th>
<th>Ab.</th>
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<th>Bh.</th>
<th>Po.</th>
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<td>3</td>
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Score by innings—

| Catholic University                      | 620 | 700 | 3*—18 |
| Gallaudet                               | 000 | 100 | 0—1   |

Summary: Two-base hits—Lynch, Mack, Corwin (2), Hartin; three-base hits—Dunn, Curran (2), Dollard; home run—Driscoll; hits—off Dollard (0 in 2 innings), off May (3 in 3 innings), off Jackson (2 in 3 innings), off Hartin (14 in 3 1-3 innings), off Boatwright (4 in 3 2-3 innings); stolen bases—De Nault, Lynch, Curran, Driscoll (2), Seipp, Benedict; double play—Curran to Driscoll; left on bases—Catholic University (4), Gallaudet (7); first base on balls—Off Dollard (1), off May (1), off Hartin (3), off Boatwright (1); struck out—By Dollard (2), by May (1), by Jackson (5), by Hartin (2); passed balls—By Cusack (2); wild pitches—Hartin (4); umpire—Mr. Crooke; time of game—1 hour and 45 minutes.
**THE BUFF AND BLUE**

**DIRECTORY OF STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS**

**Gallaudet College Athletic Association**

- President: Oscar Guire, '21
- First Vice President: Earl Maczowski, '22
- Second Vice President: Bernhard Teitelbaum, '23
- Secretary: Toivo Lindholm, '23
- Treasurer: Anson Mills, '23
- Basketball Manager: William May, '21
- Basketball Captain: Joseph Bouchard, '21

**Gallaudet College Literary Society**

- President: Lawrence Paxton, '21
- Vice President: Earl Maczowski, '22
- Secretary: Harry Baynes, '23
- Treasurer: Louis LaFountain, '23

**Y.M.C.A.**

- President: George Kannapell, '21
- Vice President: Wesley Lauritsen, '22
- Secretary: Anson Mills, '23
- Treasurer: John Marty, '22

**Saturday Night Dramatic Club**

- President: Oscar Guire, '21
- Vice President: James Orman, '23
- Secretary: Louis Arnonovitz, '23
- Treasurer: John Boatwright, '24

**O.W.L.S.**

- President: Isabelle Toner, '21
- Vice President: Meta Hansman, '22
- Secretary: Lenore Bible, '23
- Treasurer: Mine Jensen, '24
- Critic: Estella Maxwell, '21

**Y.W.C.A.**

- President: Elizabeth Moss, '21
- Vice President: Sophie Boatwright, '21
- Secretary: Sara Tuck, '22
- Treasurer: Mary Klaits, '24

**Women's Athletic Association**

- President: Isabelle Toner, '21
- Vice President: Doris Francis, '21
- Secretary: Etta Earsley, '22
- Treasurer: Helen Moss, '23

**Jollity Club**

- President: Florence Lewis, '21
- Vice President: Meta Hansman, '22
- Secretary: Helen Moss, '23
- Treasurer: Emma Franke, '24
- Chairman: Estella Maxwell, '21
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