

The Weekly Almanian

The Student Publication of Alma College

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TOOK ADRIAN INTO CAMP

Maroon and Cream Triumphed Over the Down-Staters Friday Evening.

Although defeated a week ago by the M. A. C. All-Fresh by a score of 25 to 19, the Maroon and Cream did not have the feeling of depression which some of the fans had looked for, and in the Adrian game Friday night brought home another victory for the college, the score being 14 to 12.

The game was a spirited contest and when Funk gathered the first basket for the visitors the energy which the Helmer team displayed in its efforts to bring home the game was evidence of its usual ability. It seemed that the fight might end with a tie, for twice during the second half the scoreboard registered even, but each time Alma broke up the Adrian plays in a way that only men trained by a coach like Helmer, could.

Adrian displayed some clever team work but the poses of their forwards were too aesthetic to be fully appreciated by the audience. Lack of appreciation by the college team was also shown when at the close of the game the score stood 12 to 14 in favor of the Maroons. The sturdy Helmerites again were chalked up with a victory for the coach's last game and the Adrian cripples "fingered" in another defeat.

Line-up and summary:
ALMA—14 ADRIAN—12
F. Smith L. F. Funk
Boyne R. F. Frank
Anderson C Little
Crittenden L. G. Richardson
Tebo R. G. Beck
Substitutions—D. Smith for F. Smith, Richards for Boyne. Field baskets—Frank 4, Funk; Anderson 3, D Smith 2, F. Smith, Richards, Fouls—Little 1 out of 2, Frank 1 out of 2; D Smith 0 out of 4, Boyne 0 out of 1, Anderson 0 out of 1. Score first half—Adrian 8, Alma 6. Referee—Billings, Mt. Pleasant.

COACH HELMER LEADS CHAPEL

Coach Helmer lead chapel Friday morning, perhaps for the last time. The faces in the chapel were very solemn for everyone was unhappy at the thought of losing Coach Helmer. Coach told us something of his ideals for the future. He reminded us again of his hope that Alma might always stand for clean play, and that if she did he would have no fear of her success. He extended a welcome on his farm to all Alma students who should come that way. And he said that probably he will fight Alma's battles over again in fence-post digging and stone piling. In conclusion we sang "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Be With You Until We Meet Again," and then Sharrar led in some healthy yelling for our beloved coach.

FROEBEL NEWS

The Froebel society was opened Monday, January 20, 1919, with the roll call, which was responded to by a short anecdote. The greater portion of the evening, after the business was discussed, was devoted to the installation of officers. The society elected the following:
President, Martha Purdy.
Vice president, Beulah Garland.
Secretary, Birdie Harrison.
Treasurer, Jennie Dudley.
Chairman of the program committee, Dorothy Mitchell.

The Froebel yell was given for the new president, after which Miss Purdy read Hawthorne's "Dr. Heidiger's Experiment." The meeting was then adjourned.

Advertise in the Almanian.

PLEASANT EVENING

"Y" Cabinets are Entertained at the Home of Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon.

Friday evening the cabinets of the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations were given a very delightful evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon. A large number were present and entered with good spirit in the interesting games that were presented. Everyone was given an opportunity to display his literary knowledge by matching and guessing little scraps of familiar poetry.

After this there was some excellent music and then an adjective-less story was presented to the guests as another test of their literary ability. The adjectives that were supplied certainly were evidence of such ability. There was an "astronomical pumpkin with homogenous lines" and a bald-headed prima donna" who was later given a chance to sing. Regardless of what the story said, Miss Hawes' song was very much enjoyed.

The delicious refreshments were no small part of the evening. There were chicken sandwiches, chocolate, cakes, and ice. And no one enjoyed them more than Dr. Randels, who was there in full force. The party finally ended with some jolly songs and many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon for such an entertaining evening.

"A" MEN GIVE BANQUET FOR COACH HELMER

The Paris Cafe Friday night, from 10:00 until we were finished, was the scene of a farewell banquet to Helmer. It was given by the "A" men of Alma college, and the men of the present basketball team. There was a splendid turnout of the men with their ladies from "the hill." Such noteworthy personages as "Don" Smith, who acted as toastmaster, "Rube" Coleman, who ate what his neighbors couldn't, "Ham" Dunham, of newspaper fame, and "Ching-Willy," who grinned and bore it, were on the job in all their glory.

Several speeches were made, the theme in each case being the sterling qualities of our coach. "Don" Smith, "Eddie" Boyne, "Babe" Burtch, "Ham" Dunham, Sinclair Tebo, "Rube" Coleman, "Stub" Warner, and Miss Beatrice Koepfgen vied in paying tribute to Helmer.

The feature of the evening was the presentation to the coach of a token of our regard. It was to serve as ballast for his luggage on his journey to foreign parts.

After the meal, and the speeches, were finished, the affair broke up with the college song, sung with "the old Alma pep."

ZETA SIGMA

The meeting of Zeta Sigma society on January 20, 1919, was opened with prayer by Edwin Boyne. Charles Creaser gave the critic's report, followed by a talk on rules and the freshmen; and discussion of oratory and debate.

Dr. Brooks, who was at the college, gave a talk on the real old college days, which was very interesting, that was followed with a paper by James Hale on "Demobilization of our National Forces at Home and Abroad." This paper was well enjoyed by everyone.

Forrest Smith read a paper, "After the Armistice," dealing with the reconstruction within the United States. This paper is also worthy of a great deal of praise for it was very interesting.

Cummins gave the impromptu on "The President's Trip to Europe." An unprepared impromptu on "The Opening of the Peace Conference," was given by Crittenden and Hadley.

POST-EXAMINATION JUBILEE STAGED

Clever and Unique Program Celebrates Close of Examinations.

The Post-Examination Jubilee was staged Monday evening, February 3, in the college chapel at 7:30. All of the worries and cares which had arisen over examinations were dispelled and the program of ten clever numbers passed all too rapidly.

The Girls' Glee Club started the fun by singing the catchy old tune, "Grandmother's Advice," with the names of some of our popular campus members introduced. The girls decided not to follow that advice, for had grandmother followed the advice, she "would have died an old maid."

"The Modern Granddaughter," written by Miss Iva Nunn, was presented by the Alpha Theta literary society. The play, produced in three acts, was typical of the Modern American girl with her desires, ambitions an pluck. All of the parts were exceptionally well-filled and great credit is due Miss Nunn for this clever production, which showed exceptional constructive ability in the staging.

Next, two natives of County Cork came skipping and hopping on to the platform. They were Mrs. Irish Washerwoman, Eunice Thompson, with her hair done in the typical Irish pug, and her husband, Grace Rice, who wore a flowing green tie. They executed the Irish jig in the distinctly characteristic Irish manner.

In complete contrast to the preceding number was the dance, "Dancing Spirits," given by the Misses Fay Suffern, Gladys Paul, Margaret Moore, Gertrude Peters, Alice Lansing and Helen Huff. The dance was well executed and showed excellent training.

Then were shown living advertisements, presented by the Philomathean and Phi Phi Alpha literary societies. All of the old favorites were there: Fairy soap, Bakr's chocolate, Eastman kodak, Canthrox and even the girl with the pearly white teeth, who uses Pepsodent every morning. The idea was original and the manner in which it was presented showed great ingenuity. The characters in their various roles were excellently portrayed.

"A Sailor's Hornpipe" by Miriam McIntosh, in navy costume, was most entertaining and won much applause. As we followed her through the different steps of the dance, hoisting the sail, hawling in the anchor and letting out the slack, we instinctively felt the salt air and heard the splashing of the waves.

The scene now changed from the roaring sea to a quiet old-fashioned garden in which the poppies swayed gently in the breeze. The dance, "Poppies," was given by Florence Thompson and Gretchen Gies, dressed in artistic gowns of scarlet, resembling the petals of the poppy, and wearing dainty hats fashioned like the flower.

The Froebel society presented "The Modern and Medieval Ballad of Mary Jane." The characters were Mary Jane, a school teacher, Benjamin, her lover; father of Mary Jane, and Sir Mortimer. The tale is of Benjamin's courtship, of Mary Jane's indifference and refusal, and of Benjamin's subsequent grief. A few weeks later while going home from school, she saves his life from a savage cow. Reconsidering her for-

mer decision she agrees to marry Benjamin but is forbidden to do so by her father, because Benjamin is poor. Lord Mortimer becomes interested in Mary Jane and sues for her hand. She scornfully refuses him and though threatened death by her father, vows she will wed no one except Benjamin. Her father is about to take her life when her lover rushes in, saves her, and announces that he has made a trillion dollars. The cruel parent relents and the marriage ceremony is performed. The ballad was read while the characters acted the story. The action was very cleverly executed as were the characters and the reading progress.

"The Glow-worm" was one of the most beautiful numbers for the rainbow colors of the girls' dresses egected a harmony of soft shades. The dance was given by Dorothy Reed, Blanche Mashin, Dorothy Mitchell, Claudia Swanson, Martha Purdy, Edith Doty, Charlotte Hawes and Neva Knapp. The girls were most graceful in their interpretation of the dance, which was most artistic in its rainbow effect.

The great "hit" of the evening though, was the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Worse Than-Useless, who were followed by their two beautiful children, Toodles and Susie. Toodles arrived in a beautiful painted wagon, and his beautiful sister with her lovely poinsetta bonnet was the proud possessor of a charming pickaninny dolly. They seemed to enjoy the program immensely and everyone was sorry they were unable to remain until it was finished.

NEWS ITEMS

Mrs. E. B. MacDonald (Lois Fraker) and little son, Allen, have been very ill with the "flu" but are much better now. Mrs. Fraker is in New York City with her daughter.

Violet Elliot is now one of the dignified teachers at Dexter, Mich.

Gladys Dressander of Vassar is spending a few days with Doris Deane.

Lois Pettibone visited Jennie Dudley last week. Miss Pettibone returned to Armada Saturday.

Geneva Parker of Caro is to enroll as a student this semester. Miss Parker is a sister of Fred Parker, who was in Alma two years ago.

Richard Bailey is enrolled among the new students. Yes, he's Jennie's sailor cousin.

Donald Smith will enroll with the seniors this semester.

Saturday morning witnessed a great hulla-baloo in Pioneer, for who should kick up the dust from his leather puttees but "Bullet" Fitch. He's just he same as ever—lots of pep and some more Alma spirit on the campus.

There were many changes at the beginning of the school year last fall and the old students almost felt as though they had come to a new place. Everything seemed topsy turvy. The S. A. T. C. was changing everything and many of the old college "landmarks" were forgotten. Now that we are beginning a new semester of the old college life we miss some of the old institutions whose absences were not noted before. Among these are the Science and Classical clubs. These offer an opportunity for study which the classroom cannot afford. Shall we not organize them and put in a good semester's study?

They also serve who buy War Savings Stamps—if they save and buy to the utmost of their ability, and buy in time.

COACH HELMER LEAVES COLLEGE

He Was a Warm Friend and Ally of Students at All Times.

Alma put the skids under Adrian and attached another M. I. A. A. victory but it could never conceal the gloom that reigns.

Alma lost Coach Helmer Saturday morning at 6:43 via the Ann Arbor south. The coach was the firm friend and ally of the students in all their endeavors. He represented their spirit in faculty meetings, and acted as their advisor in their trials. The title, "Coach," to us means more than trainer of men for athletic contests. Indeed it conveys a meaning of affection; it's a nickname for a pal.

The writer, as well as many readers of the Almanian, can vividly remember "the good old days" when Harry Helmer was representing his Alma Mater in intercollegiate games, on the gridiron, track, diamond and arena. He was an all-around athlete. But his brilliancy was at its zenith when baseball bloomed. In those days, Alma played Michigan and other big schools and won her way to glory behind the big stick of Helmer. His specialty was filling the bases and boating a home run over the right field fence in Davis field.



COACH HELMER

He could do it consistently and earned an appropriate title as "fence buster" Helmer. Only two men playing baseball on that field since have performed the same feat and they not so consistently.

It is to be remembered fondly how we urehins of the town used to skip school—do anything—to see Helmer play ball. He was the idol of the college, the town, and the kids. Likewise he was the jinx of the other state colleges when it came to brawn. In those days when Alma spirit was the spirit of a live, fighting, school, everyone would have fought to the last ditch anyone who might deny that Helmer was Alma's greatest athlete—and I guess we never have quit have we?

We cannot alone connect the coach with the athletic history of his college but in all fairness to him, we must give him credit for being a "prof" of extraordinary ability. He has been teaching classes in history and political science and his students reap a goodly harvest from the field of individualism. That is Helmer's doctrine.

(Continued on page four)

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NOTICE

All material for the Almanian except week end happenings should be in the Almanian box by the Friday noon preceding the issue for which it is intended. It is important that all who contribute bear this in mind.

HELL'S NIGHTMARE

"Swipedom" is Hell's nightmare. Knives and forks mean pork and beef—mean potatoes and meat scattered over the corn-starched tablecloth. The "swipe" who has witnessed this garnished battlefield after action can never efface it from his memory. The ceiling and the floor seem to groan with the last pitious call of the famished and the starving. One can almost feel the hot breath of the distorted mouths as they beg for food—some praying, and many more cursing the swipe, yet inaudibly.

Here and there, and everywhere are "swipes" gathering up the remnants of the struggle and carrying off the half-emptied plates saturated with grease. Some of the famished rise tottering and drag their emaciated bodies past their hungry comrades. Others with faces aghast and with dreamy eyes aimlessly on the field of struggle while everywhere you hear the rasping groans of knife and fork.

And tomorrow a second struggle is ordered, and thrice each day. Again students grapple hand to hand with poisoned beef and stringy steak; they claw, shove, sweat, and expire. Disdainful looks and revengeful smiles snarl like wild beasts in ferocious glee, thrusting their cruel fangs down deep in the swipe's heart; and the rules of etiquette—the angry messengers of silence—go ripping with a sick splash as they strike the aproned body.

But the student body does not care to listen to the truth of "swipedom." And when I hear someone thoughtlessly and slightly speak of the "swipe," I feel it is more a lack of understanding that a lack of a human heart.

When they come out of this maelstrom, out from the shadow of serfdom with its load of hereditary hates and hazards, what are you going to say to the "swipes" who in pain of soul cried out though their lips were mute?

They lied who swore that "swipedom" had rot our fiber and shrunk our measure to that of the common servant. We serve true to form and days of riotous living have not dulled the splendor of or ancient achievements, over-eating has not seduced the "swipe."

Behold our sextette as we go forth to serve Duty, and hark to the Recording Angel as he shudders at our coming trials.

The "swipe" sacrifices everything; meat, potatoes, bread, butter, milk or cheese, and though half Wright Hall be wrecked, and half our classmates angry, "swipedom" shall persist in honor. "We, too, Lacedaemon, can perish in the pass! We, too, O Winkelreid, have hearts to harvest despot spears!"

We could have ransomed all hunger and lighted the last black corner of Wright Hall with the energy and zeal now promoting woe. We might have made a sun-ladder out of the timbers in your crucifix, Oh Wright Hall! And yet we shall not count the present a loss, nor have suffered in vain, if those whom we serve shall have gained in kindness, and in co-operative spirit, and if our successor shall inherit stars instead of scars.

EYES OF THE WORLD

Perhaps you have never noticed—and you wouldn't, that is providing your mind doesn't run along such trite and trivial channels—the eyes of the world peering at you morning

after morning as you sit in your seat in chapel. Nevertheless, they are there and through them alone may you look and see the bright and glorious world beyond. Eyes that are liquid and deep, yet far too often critical, beam for you and open the world to you in panoramic view. One morning you behold a little church in Wisconsin tucked away in the remote recesses of antiquity struggling under a burden of false ideals, or sitting with the driver of a western stagecoach, you are jolted backward and forward along a rugged trail of the Rockies. Again you are transferred to a quiet country spot in Indiana, listening to James Whitcomb Riley and his songs of rollicking youth, or, standing on Fifth avenue, you blandly stare at whirling humanity and wonder what it all can mean. A third morning the eyes open and you behold in all their ancient splendor the palaces of Rome and Greece, nay even more modern, the Palace of Versailles. And you ask, where can these eyes be, and laden with what missive to struggling youths who never pass beyond the wall of home and classroom. Confined to a campus with five buildings you say, they cannot be watching me, and yet they are there. And what gain of soul they represent, and what striving, yea even more, what blessing. Note more carefully, two spots of unvarnished floor, directly behind the little table on the chapel platform, signifying those who have spoken to us and brought in fresh life from without—The Eyes of the World.

Amidst all the changes that have come to Alma with the new year there is none perhaps that affects the student body like the loss of her coach. For years he has been a true friend of Alma and of every student here. Whether it was in the classroom or on the gridiron he was always the same unassuming and loyal friend with an unswerving ideal of manhood and justice: "Play the game fellows and play it square—"

Alma will miss him as only the friend of every Alma student can be missed. He has left behind him an Alma spirit that will last and an assurance that he will not be forgotten.

MANY ANCIENT BOOKS IN LIBRARY

By Charles Digory Brokenshire

(Continued from previous issue) Carey preached before his fellow-preachers from Isaith 54:2,3, the verses "which follow the picture of the Face and Form marred more than any man, who was to sprinkle many nations; of Him whose soul was made an offering for sin, that He might see His seed and might prolong his days and that the pleasure of the Lord might prosper in His hands." The preacher developed his since famous mottoes: "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God."

As a result of Carey's seemingly Quixotic enthusiasms, twelve ministers, retiring to "the little parlor" of the widow Beeby Wallis in a white house in Kettering, still visible from the Midland Railway, formed "The particular (or Calvinistic) Baptist Society for propagating the Gospel among the Heathen." This was in 1791 and may be regarded as the starting point for the energetic modern missionary movement. We do not forget the precious efforts of the S. P. G or the devotions of the Moravians and the missionaries sent from Halle with the encouragement of the King of Denmark. In spite of the jovial sneer of Sydney Smith at the consecrated cobbler going out to convert the world on the basis of that first collection of 13 pounds, 2 shillings and 6 pence, the missionaries actually reached India, and from that Serampore press issued the first complete or partial translations of the Bible printed in forty languages and dialects of India, China, Central Asia, and neighboring lands, at a cost of 80,143 English pounds. As the result of the labors of this serampore mission founded by Carey, Marshman, and Ward there followed "the first prose work and vernacular newspaper in Bengalee, the language of seventy millions of human beings; the first printing press on an organized scale, papermill and steam engine seen in India; the first Christian

primary school in North India; the efforts to educate girls and women; the first college to train native ministers and Christianize educated Hindoos; the first Hindoo Protestant convert, Krishna Chundra Pal, baptized in 1800; the first medical mission of which that convert was to some extent the fruit; the establishment and maintenance of at least thirty separate large mission stations, besides Judson's great work in Burma which resulted in the foundation of the missionary society; the first private garden, and society for the improvement of native and European agriculture and Horticulture in India; the first savings bank in India; the first translations into English of the great Sanskrit epics, the Ramayan and Mahabharat, and the first translation of the bible into Sanskrit, both as means of bringing the learned classes of India and the gospel into sympathetic accord."

Carey died in 1834. The several volumes from the Serampore press in our library attic were published in his lifetime. Harotee, Kashmara, Kunkuna, Telinga, Vikanera—what memorials of missionary devotion these versions are!

We must pass hurriedly on. Here is the Mongolian new testament, the version of missionaries in Siberia. Here are many dialects of India: Gujarati, Marathi, Nepala, Pushtoo, Telegu, Bengali, Hinduwee, Tamil. What a story this Malagasy Bible could tell of its marvelous influence when persecution swept the native church of Madagascar! Feejeean and Samoan and Fongan are here. Here is the Ainu, the tongue of the hairy aboigeres of Japan.

Flemish, Mayan, Mikmak, Maltese, the tongues of Europe and Asia and America and the isoles of the sea!

Here are the Gospels in African dialects. Here is a portion rendered by the slave boy who became a bishop—Samuel Crowther, whose life was a romance. Turkish, Persian, Russian, Chinese, Japanese—we shall just have to omit the rest. Yet what a story we could extract from this queer Dutch gibberish for the plantation slaves or "Creols—"

French, Spanish, Portuguese, Catalan, Italian—each has a history. We are sorry to stop. We should like to print specimens and translations, but we lack type and time.

Yet if anything we have said arouses interest in the Bible, in universal literature, in comparative philology, in missionary endeavor, in consecrated scholarship in contrast to effeminate sentimental and pretentious laziness cloaked under the guise of the motto "practical" or "spiritual"—words that cover a multitude of sins—we shall feel repaid for our trouble.

One thing is certain. The diffusion of religious knowledge and of true culture is no task for the shallow and the superficial student. Let us learn from the brave souls who have left us the legacy of their laborious translations, "to dig deep" like the builder of the house on the rock and not to trifle away our time in acquiring only the easiest or most entertaining subjects offered in the curriculum either of college or of life!

Y. W. C. A.

This short but interesting meeting was lead by Gertrude Peters. The subject was "Service." She discussed it very well using John, chapter 13, and Mark, chapter 10, as references. The thought of her talk was that big opportunities for service do not come everyday but there are many smaller ones which are perhaps more valuable. Charlotte Hawes sang "Just for Today," after the scripture reading.

PHILOMATHEAN

On Monday evening the Philomathean literary society held its election of officers for the coming semester. After roll call, which was responded to by current events, the following persons were elected: Ellen Doty, president. Jean Jackson, vice president. Dorothy Reid, secretary. Blanche Mashin, treasurer. Dorothy Hall, Corresponding sec'y. Ruby Hamilton, Almanian reporter Louise Hainline, sentinel.

TOO EMBARRASSING

Iva Nunn, in French class—Je fus, tu fus, il fus— Then looking appealingly up at Professor Brokenshire—"I could write it better."

Gosh! It's a good thing for us that Coach Helmer is married, after his speech at the banquet.

BATHS

BATHS

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Proprietor



FROM OUR BOYS IN THE SERVICE

From Clair Perrigo
Base Hospital 123, Hospital Cen-
ter, A. P. O. 780, A. E. F.,
France.

Dear Folks:

It is Sunday night, Dec. 8, 1918, 16 more days to do the Christmas shopping. I am wondering if I will see anything of Santa Claus this year; wish I could be there to aid in making the others happy. Hope that you get this in time for Christmas or New Years, as it is all the present I can raise.

The company received the first mail today since leaving the States, but I was not among the fortunate ones that received a letter. Gee! but it would seem good to get a letter. But I am not going to get disappointed and peeved, if I don't hear for a while yet, as mail is very irregular don't be disappointed if you don't get letters regular for the same reason.

Well, I had some time this afternoon, got a pass to Nevers, but not knowing all the ropes yet, didn't get to go. So three of us walked about 8 kilos (5 miles) to St. Pierre to see what we could see. The French country is beautiful, grass green, with cattle grazing, the fields separated by stone fences and by hedgerows. Wish that you could see it, but it has one big drawback and that is mud. The winters here are rainy seasons and the mud is a fright; our pig pens are nice in comparison to some of the places. I am anxious to see what it will be like when the summer time comes and it dries up.

Finally we reached a town of about 25,000 and started to take in the sights. How many times I have wished that I could talk French so as to talk with these birds. The streets are narrow, and the walks are so narrow that many of the people walk in the streets. You see no tall buildings at all, and they all are of stone, many are probably hundreds of years old. Finally we got hungry and tried to get something to eat. If you were ever in the army you would know how a soldier always figures on big eats in a town when he gets there. We had dreams of steak and French-fried potatoes, but began to lose hope at the end of about half an hour's search, then one of the fellows told us how to get eats. There were three of us and here is what we had to eat: Bread, one franc; cheese three francs; meat, two francs; grapes, three francs; dates, three francs. Total 15 francs, or \$2.40.

We bought the bread at one place and carried it around in our hands, then went to the butcher shop. There are two kinds of meat markets, handling cooked and raw meats. We took the cooked meat. Then we went to another store for our fruit. If one has time he can go and get a real meal, buy beefsteak raw potatoes, then peel them and the rest of his stuff and take them some place to get cooked. And to think that I used to complain of American restaurant service!

December 18.

This is Sunday morning about 9:30. You are all sleeping now, because it is only about three o'clock in old St. Louis. Sundays are my hardest days because I miss the church so much. It seems ages since I have been inside of a church, because it is some different over here. Some Sundays have passed since I have been in the army that I didn't know were Sunday till someone happened to mention it. An office man doesn't get the chance to get off that the other men do.

Well, I can't remember what I wrote in that last letter so I will just fire away at anything that comes into my mind.

I received a letter that you had written to Camp Mills on Nov. 7 and it sure seemed great to get it. Also the newspaper of that date. I just about read everything in it. When you wrote that letter the false rumor about the German surrender was out, New York went wild, girls rushed up

to soldiers on the street and kissed, people threw books and magazines and junk out of windows, the bells rung and the whistles blew. I would have liked to have been in New York, but couldn't go. So near to the big city and yet not allowed to visit it, it sure made me peeved. On the 11th the day the armistice was signed, we went on board His Majesty's Ship, the Adriatic, an English White Star liner. On the 13th we pulled out and started on our journey. It is some sensation to watch your country fade into the horizon and wonder when you were to see it again. But I think now that I will be back in time for college next fall. It is funny, but I have dreamed that I was going to college at least a dozen times. Wish that it will be sure and come true. Six months in the army and two weeks over and it seems like six years. I'll bet that a good many changes have taken place since I left.

But I started to tell you about my trip. Well, I got sick, beastly sick, but I didn't throw up. I believe that I would have felt better if I could have. Some of the poor devils sure spent some time at the rail. But I had a miserable headache all the trip; out of the first sixteen meals I only ate six, so you can see how I felt.

A couple or three days before the boat landed we gave a show on board the ship. It was great sport I will enclose the program. We landed in Liverpool Nov. 24 and solid land felt good to my feet, I tell you. It was the funniest thing, for several days it seemed to me that the land was moving just like the ship did. We landed from the boat at dusk and hiked to a depot. Here we entrained, and we rode till four in the morning. I wish you could see the English trains. I won't try to describe them now, but will tell you about them when I get home.

We got off at Winchester, England, and then took a hike into the country for about three miles, got our breakfast and hiked back again. Our packs weighed about a ton apiece before we were through. We were on the train again at ten a. m. and went a short distance to Southampton; there at 5 o'clock started across the English Channel. At 7:00 the next morning we got off at La Havre, France. We were a pretty tired bunch, had little or no sleep for two nights and were tired of travel. We walked five miles up hills to a British Rest Camp. Although it was a hard grind, it was interesting to see all the strange people and sights. Little children ran alongside trying to sell us whisky or beer, or begging for pennies and cigarettes. I have seen little shavers that would scarcely reach my waist begging for "cigaretts, monsieur." I disliked to be so far away from home, but I surely would have disliked to miss this trip. I only wish that we had more liberty to get out and see things. After we got to the camp and as we were going, what was my surprise to hear "Perrigo, Perrigo," on all sides, and what did I run into but my old company, base hospital 91, which I had left along in July. You can imagine my delight at seeing all my old friends again. We sure did some swapping of yarns. We spent Thanksgiving day at the rest camp and for dinner had stew. It was a British camp and we slept on the soft side of boards. The night after Thanksgiving four of us got hold of some blank passes and went to town. We had a delightful time and I had a bath for the first time in a month. I will tell you all about it when I get back. We met some of our officers up town and they told us we were to pull out in the morning. We beat it back but one of our fellows got lost and we have never heard of him to this day.

Well, I will go on with my story at some other time as I must get to work now. Write and tell me all the

The Liberty

Mat. 2:30—Mon., Tues. and
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—"The Romance of Tarzan,"
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FRIDAY—All-Star cast in a
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lightful comedy.

SATURDAY—The Big Day!
Charlie Chaplin in the great-
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"Shoulder Arms." Don't let
anything keep you from see-
ing this. Also Corrine Grif-
fith in "The Clutch of Cir-
cumstances."

SUNDAY—Charlie Chaplin in
"Shoulder Arms," and Mae
Marsh in "Money Mad."

The Idlehour

Mat. 2:30—Thurs., Fri. and
Sat. Eve. 7:15-8:45

WEDNESDAY - THURSDAY
—Tom Moore in "Thirty a
Week." We urge our patrons
to see this. It's a pippin. Also
Goldwyn comedy, "Billie's
Predicament."

FRIDAY—Enid Bennett in
"Fuss and Feathers," a de-
lightful comedy drama, also
Harold Lloyd comedy.

SATURDAY—Wm. Desmond
in "The Pretender," also
Mack Sennett Re-issue com-
edy with Fatty Arbuckle in
"Cheating."

SUNDAY—Madge Kennedy in
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news and tell Roy and Vesper to write and all my friends. I am going to try and answer some of the letters that I owe. I have lost Clio's address and he might be in the same camp with me as far as I know.

Serg. Clair Perrigo,
Base Hospital 123, Hospital Center,
A. P. O. 780, A. E. F., France.

From J. Bryan Hicks

January 23, 1919

*** I am sorry but I could not get my discharge. We have orders to go to Honolulu within 60 days, so things look as though it would be another year or so before I can return to college. It is rumored that we are to go to Siberia, but I guess it is just a rumor. We have lots of them. But the order to go to the Hawaiians is real. I want to come back to college but I am glad of the chance to see something new. At present I am working in the regimental postoffice. It is a pretty easy job, as I could do all the work myself in not more than three hours each day, and there are four of us to do it. The hardest work we four have is horse exercise and that is better than loafing. I rode about fourteen miles this afternoon and went out to the mountains east of town and camp. ***

With best regards to all

Sincerely,

Bryan Hicks,
Camp Harry J. Jones, Douglas, Ariz.

Just a Smile from Jimmy

Dear Pug:

Having some fancy stationery and the inclination I thought I might bother you with some junk. Am sitting pretty in this old world now and certainly enjoy this part of it. The River Cher mentioned by Victor Hugo in "Les Miserables" happens to meander through this joint and I had the pleasure of washing a perfectly good O. D. uniform in it.

The castle in which King Richard the Lion Hearted was held captive lies about two kilometres from camp and it cost me a franc to inspect the shack, and I certainly feel for Dick if he stayed there very long.

The trip coming over is about the only war I have seen thus far, and you know what war is. I really stood the trip better than I expected, but the real tonic was the way some of those negroes behaved. Many of them got down on their knees and begged the "gude lawd" to call the ocean to attention and put them at ease.

The feed after we reached England was quite full of shortening, and at many of the "rest camps" that we visited we rested nothing but our stomachs. We "Non-Sufficient" officers had a little better of the argument than the privates.

"Tickets" Stafford is with the Amb. C. A. in the same camp with me here, and as the camp covers only one half square miles we see a lot of each other and are going out together tomorrow night. Here's hoping I don't go to sleep on the post. "Staff" hears from Ed Johnson and others and I have begun to receive mail now. We hope to keep posted on Alma in that way. "Baldy" French from Olivet is also with us and so we have some one to kid. So don't fail to send us the results of the Alma-Olivet fracas, etc.

One word about our equipment, especially our brogans, alias hob-nails. Nearly had a row with a civilian the other day because I stepped on his meal ticket and punched \$44.30 more or less. Our helmets make capital wash basins and as there is no responsibility here they can be frequently seen in that capacity.

I suppose you are taking good care of the pretty freshman girls and taking up my work exactly where I left off. By the way, you still owe "Vic" and me an oyster stew, but I am willing to sign off if you will write me a perfectly good letter concerning the chances of winning one in the same way next fall. If you will remember I always maintained that the Kaiser would realize he had started something when I reached here.

Would give my meal ticket for an edition of the Almanian, for the only thing I have that smacks of Alma C. is a maroon and cream hat cord, an occasional Friday afternoon shave, and a French maiden—not to be called ugly.

Well, Pug, old boy, it is nearly Taps and I had better bring this to a focus or some one will "tap" me. Write me, as I would be mighty tickled to hear from Alma.

Your old side-kick Jim.

Corp. James G. Howe,
Training School for Sanitary Troops,
A. P. O. 727, France.

P. S.—Give my address to anyone who you think would be interested enough to write, as I am too busy to write to all those I should like to hear from.

Same Guy.

Advertise in the Almanian.

CAMPUS BREEZES

The Missionary "Paul" is doing wonders for the Heathen Chinese. Teaching them English speech, you know. The slant-eyed "mishy-wishies" can already say, "Like um fish—come aloud next Fliday," "Velly cold dis mornin'."

Miriam—Why do crabs dress themselves in seaweed?

Dr. MacCurdy—Well, now, that's a difficult question to answer. I have often wondered myself why women wear such colors and shapes in hats.

Note—"Doc" was right.

Sam (in the good old days)—I wouldn't argue with you for the whole world.

Jennie—Well, you couldn't get it that way, anyhow, so there.

Lee—See that gray-haired man over there? His hair turned gray during a week on the firing line?

Bob—Mine wouldn't do that.

Lee—Oh, don't be so sure, it might.

Bob—Nope, I wouldn't have any left. I'd run right out from under it.

Dorothy Mitchell had just returned from one of those rearing, tearing—Idlehour, DeLuxe, total 54c—evenings with Johnstone. Reaching into her pocket, she extracted to her amazement, a nice fat kiss, all wrapped up in paper. Sez "Dot": "Humph, is that as well as he can do!"

Eddie—That girl hasn't a brain in her head.

Bob—Oh yes she has—just one—and that's what rattles.

Note—Eddie couldn't have been talking about Wright Hall girls. It must have been one of the others.

"What is the height of curiosity?" "Bay asking Mrs. Bearsley when her husband is coming home.

"Nope, that ain't curiosity, that's headwork."

That play of Douglas Fairbanks', entitled "Headin' South," reminds us of the college bell clapper.

"Bea" (after an exam in economics)—He asked us about a debtor, and I just couldn't think what a debtor was until I had said the Lord's Prayer through six times!

"Gracie Jean" hazed a Freshman, Friday—whoa back! No, Saturday morning about 12:30 she was seen marching a Freshman up the middle of the street in plain view of everyone. She must have humiliated him awfully.

Thursday—A big fat letter arrived for Audrey Kelly from up in Canada.

Friday—Kelly takes Miss Cashmore "out" and shows her a regular time.

"Babe" and "Stub" say that a senior in Alma College is almost through with his college course.

It seems that Vreeland nailed an old cat, blessed with three legs and the mange, up in a box and dropped her in the drink. When he got home there was the cat on the porch wagging its tail and barking like a canary.

ALPHA THETA

The evening of January 20th was reserved by the society for the initiation of Miss Neva Knapp, Miss Marion McIntosh, and Miss Helen Stroupe, who would have been with us sometime ago had it not been for illness. The customary initiation was observed and the entire meeting was practically given over to this function, which was followed by the most cordial and hearty welcoming from the old members.

COACH HELMER LEAVES

(Continued from page one)

The coach has now left us and we lose. But we all have the satisfaction of knowing that there is down in southern Michigan, about ten miles from Jackson, a rendezvous for us all, where we will all be heartily welcome, and where even the bray of mules and the moo of cows will be overcome by the old familiar notes of the college bell-clapper. What's more it will sound the call for meals!

PHI PHI ALPHA

After a considerable volume of business, Phi Phi Alpha's attention was given to a very worthy debate on the intercollegiate question for this year: Resolved, that Congress should adopt McAdoo's plan for the control of the railroads. The affirmative was debated by Messrs. Amos, Williams and Wenger; the negative by Barnhart, Johnstone and Fillmore.

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