

Crash! Boom! Whiz!

The armistice was signed. The end of the greatest war in history had come. The city went wild with excitement that November afternoon when the shriek of the whistles announced that peace had come. Due to our friend Spanish influenza, the Normal School was not in session on that day, and the students were scattered to their homes. But, in her home town, every one celebrated victory with horns and whistles and bells. When school finally reopened, the talk was not of conservation and war work, but of peace and the return of brothers and friends from Europe.

San Jose Normal stood among the foremost in war activities last year, and the school began its work in September with intent to equal its record. Activity in surgical dressings and Red Cross sewing began. The girls gathered in Society Hall and sewed about 50 pairs of pajamas for the Red Cross. A number of girls signed up for knitting and began making sweaters.

With the signing of the armistice, this work ceased, but Normal has responded to calls for help for the devastated countries of Europe. Last winter the committee in charge of Belgian relief issued a closing appeal for funds to aid the Belgian people through the winter. A well-advertised fruit jar was circulated among the student body, and about \$16 in pennies, nickels and quarters jingled in it when it was turned over to the relief committee. During the last week in March, the Y. W. C. A. took charge in the Red Cross drive for used clothing, and Normal helped swell San Jose's quota.

Just before the close of the last school year, a faculty committee under Mr.

Bland organized the Serbian relief work in the school. Student volunteers kept open the Serbian relief headquarters on San Antonio Street during the fall and winter, and received contributions of money and useful articles. Their help made possible the collection of \$300, besides expenses, for relief work in Serbia.

Very picturesque and fascinating was the making of scrapbooks for the soldiers, which was quite the rage at school in the spring. Miss Evans donated the books. Miss Arnold took charge of the work, and a most artistic and attractive group of scrapbooks was turned out. Each registration class made several, and the societies made them the motif at parties. Miss Rowell's psychology classes also devoted themselves to scrapbooks. At Christmas time 50 of the books were sent to the Base Hospital at Camp Fremont, and in March nearly 300 were sent to the Letterman Hospital in San Francisco, where they gave enjoyment to wounded soldiers.

It seems a far cry from our banquets and parties to the time when wheatless bread was the order of the day, and we spent our spare moments making surgical dressings. But in seven months all this has faded into the shadowy past, and a thousand things occupy the place in student life where war-work was pre-eminent. We have not forgotten that seven million men died to bring this peace, but,

"Where war has left its wage of whitened bone,
Soft stems of summer grass shall wave again,
And all the blood that war has ever strewn
Is but a passing stain."