

NORMAL TIMES

At Central State Normal School

VOLUME 5

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NUMBER 6

MORE SUBJECT MATTER FOR JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS

Brings Many New Content Courses, Embodies Superintendents Ideas, Gives Specialized Courses.

What does the change to a teachers college mean to every student taking work here? What does it bring into our courses of study which we have not already had? What will be the rewards which will come to those who take away from here their Bachelor of Science degree?

This is the first of three articles in which Normal Times will attempt to answer the spirit of those questions. This article will concern itself with the four-year course for prospective Junior High School teachers, reserving for later issues the elementary grades. It will not attempt to predict what rewards may come in additional salaries, better positions, securer knowledge of how and what to teach when face to face with a class. It will answer the question which many students are now asking themselves and everyone else: What training can I get that I cannot get in a two-year course?

This article is based on the report to the Board of Normal School Principals of their committee on curricular revision. This report will be closely followed. The committee may add a few electives not mentioned in this report, but it is unlikely to make any great changes in those already promised.

CONTROLLED ELECTIVES

Students who select the Junior High School as their field of work will find that one-third of their total course is elective. This makes it possible to specialize in those subjects for which one feels the greatest affinity, a greater specialization than is now possible. Yet this matter of election steers clear of random selection of courses and other dangers of wild electing. The Junior High School student here will elect his subjects for special training; but the training which he will then receive has been carefully mapped out in every field, to produce efficient teachers of special subjects. Only four hours altogether are open to absolutely uncontrolled election.

Every Junior High School student will be able to major in two subjects, and to earn a certificate which will make him eligible to teach those subjects in any public school. Also, by managing his selections, it seems to be possible for those students who wish to do so to add a third major subject.

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Football Squad and Faculty Enjoy Banquet

Max Bossert Elected Captain for 1927—Members of Faculty Gave Short Addresses—16 Letters Awarded

The members of the football squad and the men of the faculty enjoyed their annual banquet together in the dining room of the school on Thursday evening, December 16.

A few minutes after six that evening the boys entered the dining room. The crowd fell into two groups when it came to age—but that was all. When it came to eating the fine meal that was served, telling stories, and cracking jokes the football fellows found that they had met their match. In fact when "Bull Montana" showed Mr. Ulmer the large plate of bones his table had, Mr. Ulmer actually blamed Mr. Sullivan and the coach. Well, you know what they say about a person when he has a guilty conscience.

The meal served was delicious, and there was lots of it, so everybody made use of his hands and mouth for some time.

When these formalities were completed the informal part of the evening came. Coach Dyck planned the evening to be a pleasant one for everybody; both the speakers and the listeners. There were no formal speeches. It was what Mr. Sullivan would call in sociology a class discussion.

The coach started it off by thanking the boys for the splendid support they had given him by sticking with the team till the end of the season, even though they went into almost every game with defeat staring them in the face.

"Mugs" McCloskey said that the size or number of the fellows didn't count. Eleven are all that are needed to have a team, if these eleven are willing to

sacrifice for the game itself, for their own team-mates, coach and school, as well as fight when they are on the field. The thing a football player must do is think football, feel football, and live football.

Captain Ulmer thanked the fellows for the support they had given him as their leader. He said he thought one of the greatest things he thought had been accomplished during the past season was the fact that the fellows had carried on this past season. The fact that the chain of athletic history has been perpetuated and not allowed to break. During his talk he made mention of the support the girls had given the fellows during the season, and the interest they had shown whether the team played at home or away.

Dr. Armstrong summed up the point of view held by the faculty when he said that they did not demand that the boys win all their games, or complain when they lost. All that they asked was that the fellows play the game fairly and the best they knew how. He asked that the fellows give their support to the solution of the problem of getting more men in school by talking to those who they would like to see here, and handing their names to the coach or to himself, so that additional information and literature might be sent them.

Mr. Gage, Mr. Ritter, Mr. Ulmer, Mr. Trembath and Mr. Patterson responded to the invitation with short but interesting talks.

The matter of organizing a "C" Club was discussed. Such a club would be a

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GLEE CLUB IN ANNUAL CHRISTMAS CONCERT

Costumes, Lights, Transparencies, Make Beautiful Setting for Excellent Cantata.

The annual Glee Club Christmas concert surpassed in every aspect any which has previously been given here. The members of the Glee Club were all dressed in costumes of light blues, white, pinks and green, and as the curtain opened presented a very beautiful picture. Throughout the course of their Christmas cantata traditional Christmas carols were sung. Among these were "Bach's Carole," "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," "Behold a Rose of Beauty," and "Alsatian."

Solos were sung by Ann Orlin and Violet Duck.

Alice Corby, as the Christmas Angel, listened to the beautiful songs and met, one by one, those who wished to see the Christ Child. The first one who came was a man with a bag of grain. He had seen the star in the east and had come to see the Christ Child, but he had nothing to offer, no gift to make, and so he could not see the Child. Next the Wanderer, too, was unwilling to give up anything he had for the Child.

A Pretty Little Girl was the next to meet the Angel. She carried a beautiful basket of flowers, but she was not willing to part with them. The last person was a poor little boy with a lamb. He had nothing to give but the lamb. He dearly loved it but was willing to part with it—and so he was the one privileged to see the Child.

At this moment the thin veil which was covering the singers was lifted and the little boy entered to see Mary and Joseph and the Christ Child.

The Kings from the East and Shepherds then came in and kneel before the Child.

The characters were:

Man With Grain Ruth Adams
Wandered Peg Kane
Pretty Little Girl Adeline Eichler
Boy With Lamb Mary Kirby
Shepherds—Laura Weymouth, Peg Smith,
Pauline Hamilton and Hazel Williams.
Kings—Anna Fahlman, Edith Hopkins
and Elizabeth Robbins.

Mary was portrayed by Esther Fulton; Joseph by Ruth Oechler.

Geneseo, N. Y. Normal is investigating the practicability of an honor point system, whereby a subject passed with a high grade will count more toward graduation than a subject barely passed. Extra point-credits will be planned for excellent scholarship.



DRAMATIC CLUB PLAY CASTS

Reading left to right: Josephine Viering as Antje, Clarence Williams as Jonkheer Ian, Claudia Kelly as Cook, Elverda, Richardson as Mrs. Oakley, Mary Kirby as the Office Boy, Margaret Mortimer as Moeder Kaatje, David Ulmer as Munkeer Cornelius, Betty Hubley as Constance, Wilford Pomeroy as Mr. Penberry, Kathleen Hendricks as Emma, Geraldine Taylor as Miss Hyde, and Edward Sherkel as Howard Sheldon.

Magazines Ordered for 1927

Fifty-one magazines have been subscribed for by Miss Irene McDonald. Her choice has been determined both by general reading value and by special faculty needs.

The following magazines will be on the Library racks next year: American Boy, American Childhood, American Educational Digest, American School Board Journal, Atlantic Monthly, Book Review Digest, Booklet, Century, Child Life, Childhood Education, Cumulative Book Index, Current History, Drama, Educational Administration and Supervision, Elementary English Review, Elementary School Journal, English Journal, Etude, Harper's Monthly, Historical Outlook, International Book Review, Journal of Education, Journal of Educational Method, Journal of Educational Research, Library Journal, Literary Digest, Living Age.

Mathematics Teacher, Mentor, National Geographic Magazine, Nature Magazine, Normal Instructor, Outlook, Popular Educator, Popular Science Monthly, Primary Education, Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, St. Nicholas, School and Society, School Arts Magazine, School Life, School Review, School Science and Mathematics, Scribner's Magazine, Survey, Teachers College Record, Vocational Guidance Magazine, National Vocational Guidance Bulletin, World Work, Design, Journal of Geography.

These newspapers will also be available: Philadelphia Ledger, Harrisburg Telegraph, Pittsburgh Post, Williamsport Sun, New York Times, United States Daily, Lock Haven Express.

Mr. Ulmer Tells About Middle West

The prelude at least of Mr. and Mrs. Ulmer's Western trip was given to the Naturalist Club, December 13. Mr. Ulmer threw on the screen postal card views which he had collected throughout his trip. These views were accompanied by explanations. The Naturalist Club enjoyed them immensely, and are looking forward to seeing the slides taken from Mr. Ulmer's own photographs of his trip. Mr. Ulmer said that he could not always find post card views of the places where he had been, but he could hardly take pictures of places where he had not been.

One of the places which Mr. and Mrs. Ulmer visited was the home of Enos Mills, Long's Peak Inn, in which there is one room the ceiling of which has more than two thousand keys collected from tourists. They also became acquainted with Miss Bond's brother, who has practically developed the village of Estes Park. They spent some time in Denver where schools are schools and of many varieties.

The Normal Drama Club, at Bellingham, will put on something rather more recent. "The Road to Yesterday" is their vehicle. The industrial art department is manufacturing the several sets required.

More Subject Matter for Junior High School Teachers

(Continued from Page 1)

Which brings us to the new courses in the various fields. As you read on from here, think of this article as having selected only the high spots from the whole programme. Notice particularly your favorite subject. What do you think of its attractiveness now? If you ever thought you really enjoyed the work, how would you like what is going to be prepared for you?

NEW COURSES IN ENGLISH

Six totally new courses have been opened in the work in English, some of them to be taken by all students, some of them elective. Courses in English Literature and American Literature, content courses with only incidental reference to teaching problems, are among these.

A course in advanced composition, a content course but with close connection to the point of view of grade school composition, is a new number. So is a solid course in philology and grammar, which should be welcomed by superintendents who have complained, with right, of the lack of knowledge of the fundamental subject discovered in normal school and college graduates.

Reading courses in both the American short story and in contemporary poetry are listed among the electives.

The general committee is considering a number of courses which may be added to the electives in English, but concerning them nothing definite has been given out up to this time.

FIFTEEN SCIENCE COURSES

The science offering is particularly rich. Nine courses are offered in more or less pure science, with six more subjects available in the allied field of geography.

Two double courses in chemistry and physics will be among the electives. So too will be three-credit courses in economic biology, advanced biology, descriptive astronomy, physiography, and the teaching of science in the Junior High School.

The geography electives include economic geography, physiography, the geography of European countries, and geographic influences on American history.

All students will take the courses in educational biology, every-day science, human geography, and world geography.

STRONG MATH COURSE

The mathematics course has been greatly strengthened in content values. The feature of the course is a two-year program in the content of algebra, trigonometry, analytical geometry, differential and integral calculus. Completion of this course by those who specialize in mathematics will entitle Junior High School students to twelve hours of credit.

Two additional courses round out the preparation with essential methods. The teaching of Junior High School mathematics and the teaching of algebra and plane geometry, added to the content subjects, seems calculated to produce teachers of mathematics able to hold their own in any public school faculty.

18 FOREIGN LANGUAGE HOURS ELECTIVE

The special courses in foreign languages are, naturally, elective entirely. Those students who wish to specialize in French and Latin, with an eye on the many positions in public schools which are always opened for qualified language teachers, will receive five semesters of training in French and Latin, with fifteen semester hours of credit. A three-hour course in the teaching of languages provides a total of eighteen hours of credit for foreign languages.

SOCIAL STUDIES OFFER 30 HOURS

There are no less than ten courses open in the field of social studies, of which fifteen hours are open as elective to those who wish to specialize.

American history is particularly well taken care of, one course giving intensive work in American history in 1865, and another giving an intensive treatment to the period from the close of the Civil War to the present time.

Among the other courses which are new to Normal School work are those in American Government, early European history, and modern European history. The courses in guidance, social and industrial history—all of the present courses, in fact, are retained in the new course.

OTHER COURSES NEW HERE

Many other courses will be offered for the first time in the other fields of work. There is, for example, a new course in the history and appreciation of art; a course which is balanced in the field of music by a similar course in the history and appreciation of music.

Introduction to teaching, educational measurements, and most of the other courses in the field of education are retained. A particularly attractive addition to this field, however, in many respects unique in teacher-college offerings, is the course in the history and organization of education in Pennsylvania.

ONE-THIRD OF WORK ELECTIVE

One-third of the course for the four years is elective. That is to say, one-third of the course will be made up of the special subjects in which each student wishes to specialize.

A total of 96 hours will be required of all students. This, with 36 hours in special fields as elected, and four more hours of free elective, makes a total of 136 semester hours of work required for the degree of Bachelor of Science.

INCREASED SUBJECT MATTER

The first reaction in a curricula of that report is that in all curricula the new bill-of-fare adds greatly to the number of subject-matter courses. The present method courses are retained, but there is little increase in their number, and in some cases the amount of methodology has been decreased. In every field of study in the Junior High School the amount of preparation in subject matter here has been more than doubled; in some fields it has been quadrupled.

The second reaction is that the wishes of practical school men have been squarely met. The content matter which has been added bears mark after mark

of a wish to provide training in those subjects which school superintendents have feared were being neglected. Philology and Grammar; American Government; Geography of European Countries; Mathematical Analysis: the titles of such courses indicated that students will be given what schoolmen have been claiming teachers should have—which should give more than a little courage to the Senior who is attempting to connect with her first position.

The third reaction is that the courses are of the distinctly college caliber. They pass muster anywhere on the maturity of their content. Yet they are not imitation college courses; they are plainly aimed at the best type of teacher-training; they are the kind of courses which should be offered in a technical school devoted to the training of teachers who can teach.

FOOTBALL SQUAD AND FACULTY ENJOY BANQUET

(Continued from Page 1)

big factor in helping to fill the boy's dormitory.

Varsity emblem certificates were given to the sixteen fellows who are eligible to receive letters for football.

The letter men met immediately after the banquet and elected Max Bossert as leader of next year's team. Max played on the championship team of '25 at Lock Haven High School. He has held down left tackle this past season at Normal. He should make a great leader for a great team.

Captain Dave Ulmer, Captain-elect Max Bossert, Manager Feit, McCloskey, Fredericks, Bowser, Bauman, Renninger, Bahn, Barr, M. Fitzsimmons, R. Fitzsimmons, Pomeroy, Larkin, Boyer, and Shetkel received their varsity C's from Coach Dyck.

The Jolly Jester Pays Us a Visit

"Giddap there! Go long there! Whoa!" The Jolly Jester from Healthland was here! In all the glory of his red and white outfit he came cantering down the middle aisle of the auditorium on his faithful old Dobbin, on Friday night, December 1.

After giving Dobbin his oats, the Jolly Jester talked and sang and played for us Normal School folks. He brought Minnie Spinach, Charlie Carrot, Patty Potato, Mr. Coffee Pot, and several others with him, and had them talk to us. He had his little boy, Harry, with him also, and asked him a few questions about his school. The answers Harry gave just about brought down the house.

The Jolly Jester's stunts were enough to please every one and his visit helped make Friday night different from the usual one.

The Redford, Va., State Teachers' College is doubling its dormitory accommodations for girls, erecting a new dormitory which will duplicate the present building.

NORMAL TIMES

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BOARD OF EDITORS

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SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Sweet Feeling of Sorority Initiation..... Ruth Jones
Caught as They Pass.....Rutha Bowman
"The" Kind.....Martha Gaffney
Oh Boy!.....Honora Marks
Just About Jerry.....Iona Potter
Woods Fever.....Charles Vonada
Our Own Little Diary.....Dorothy Riley
The Autocrat of Our Table.....Mary Kirby

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JANUARY 13, 1927

Marks

Some marks don't mean much and some marks mean too much. That may sound like a foolish statement and yet, isn't it true that if our marks are sent to Harrisburg as ones or twos, dropping all plus and minus signs, some of us get credit for nothing, while others lose credit they deserve?

That is especially noticeable when two students are working together in the same class. One received a 1- and the other 2+. Any one can see that there is only a very small percentage of difference between the two marks. Yet the state receives these marks as 1 and 2, dropping the one girl back a half point and giving the other an extra half point, thus making a whole point of difference in the marks.

Editors Approve Our Advancement

"A man's finest recommendation comes when his neighbors speak well of him"; that is a favorite aphorism of Dr. Armstrong's. It would seem to apply as properly to a school.

We are glad to quote below two editorials congratulating this school on its advancement to full college rating. That these congratulations should come from our own home paper and from a Williamsport daily gives us a special glow of good feeling. It means something to know that we have received honor in our own country.

Honors for Normal School

The Lock Haven Express

Alumni of the Lock Haven Normal School and the public in general will feel pride in the signal honor bestowed on the school by the state council of education which last Friday conferred on the local institution the authority to grant degrees. To secure this degree the student must attend school for an additional two years after having secured his Normal diploma. The increased professional advancement will no doubt attract a large number of students for the additional work.

The authority to grant these degrees implies a very high standard in the school so designated, as the state council of education confers these powers only after careful investigation of the school.

That the Lock Haven Normal School was an educational institution of which any community might feel proud was

well known to all; this marked recognition of that fact by the state council of education is indeed gratifying to the many friends of the school.

May Grant Degrees

The Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin The Central State Normal School at Lock Haven has been granted authority to confer degrees.

This means that the school has gained the status of a college.

The honor was conferred by the state council of education at a recent meeting held in Harrisburg.

The people of Williamsport and Lycoming County are interested and gratified because numbers of our young people find it convenient, after finishing the prescribed courses of study of their home schools, to continue their studies at Lock Haven.

The Central State Normal School has always had a high rating, which was fortunate, for authority to grant degrees is not given by the state council to any school unable to measure up to certain requirements.

What its new authority means is that students may receive Normal School certificates and diplomas as usual after completing the required courses of study, but in addition they may gain the bachelor's degree by taking the prescribed course at their convenience.

Faculty and students have every reason to feel highly gratified over the new honor that has come to the C. S. N. S.

The Gazette and Bulletin offers congratulations.

Art Club Worked for Sale

The Art Club meetings had an especial interest for the members lately. The club was very industriously working on the various articles which they made for the Christmas Sale.

At the meeting, December 15, many

illness, etc. At ten o'clock each morning Dr. Blackburn is in the training school, where all cases are referred to him.

Every one in the training school is co-operating gladly with the examiner in his work. There is some feeling of high satisfaction that so excellent an arrangement has been made possible this year.

Second Team Fails to Hold Renovo

The Normal School second team was not fast enough to hold Renovo, baskets were shot all around them, and the first game of the season was dropped, 45-12.

Max Bossert, Cap'n Eddie, Bauman: personal fouls took them off the floor while the game was young, with Renovo ahead but within hailing distance. After that the only thing that seemed like hail was the basketball going through our basket.

Bossert's shooting was excellent while he lasted. Bohn played a creditable game at guard. The exhibition was really good basketball until the Normal Team was reduced to its substitutes. Just before the end of the game Renovo ran in four second-stringers, and after that the game was soberly humorous.

Bratton was the big noise for Renovo, dropping seven baskets and three fouls. Kennan and d'Alphon ran him close seconds.

For Normal, Bossert made four field goals and two fouls. Tommie Hosterman and Bohn each added a single foul goal. Keenan dropped in four baskets for Renovo, d'Alphon 4, Bratton 7, Brown 2, and Haas 2. Keenan and Bratton were each good for three fouls and Whiteman 1, out of a total of 21 chances.

Normal	Renovo
Sherkel	Keenan
Forward	
Hosterman	d'Alphon
Forward	
Bossert	Brown
Center	
Ulmer	Bratton
Guard	
Bohn	Whiteman
Guard	
Substitutions: Normal—Bauman, Larkin, Williams, Fredericks. Renovo—Windfelter, Mack, Cowfer, Haas. Referee: Paterbaugh.	

Mr. Gage Rescues Two Teachers

Returning from Williamsport at dusk one evening not so long ago, Mr. Gage observed a car parked along the road on Great Island, and a few moments later recognized the Illinois license.

It was Miss Rearick and Miss Ammon, also returning from Williamsport.

Mr. Gage stopped to see if he could be of any assistance. All three examined the car to try to determine the trouble. Apparently nothing was the matter with the engine, still it wouldn't run.

Mr. Gage drove on to Lock Haven to send expert help, or a tow rope to return and tow the Ladies in Distress back to town. When the mechanic arrived at the balky car he discovered no gasoline in the gasoline tank. Just that and nothing more.

Windows Open in Arctic Weather

The trenches are disappearing from the campus. The long line of triplicate pipes in their concrete runways has gone out of sight, after all joints have been welded and the pipes coated to prevent loss of heat. The concrete blocks which have filled the training school front yard have been set into place to roof over the runways, and workmen are now restoring the earth which was removed in the fall.

The results have been immediately noticeable. The dormitories have never been underheated, except two days this winter when the pipes were being coupled up. Now, far from an undersupply, the amount of heat coming into the building is such that even in the sub-zero weather of the week before Christmas windows had to be opened from time to time for ventilation.

To heat such a huge pile of buildings as those that make up this school, from a central plant situated at such a distance from the school, is no small problem. To be able to furnish so much heat that sub-zero weather is defeated is something for us to feel rather proud over.

Another of the three big boilers still has to be installed in the heating plant, which will furnish an additional amount of reserve heat for all occasions; then the big and costly undertaking will be finished.

Male Serenaders Wake Dorm

In the hours just before midnight on the last night before the Christmas vacation, twenty of the east dorm boys went out carolling. Hobba lent his heavy bass. Larkin was there with his hard-working tenor. The Dean of Men lent the authority of his inches, in case any one along the line of march should prove less pleased than necessary. The rest filled in on whatever part their voices happened to fancy at the moment. The harmony that resulted was surprisingly good.

President Armstrong's, Mr. McDougall's, Mr. Ulmer's, and Mr. Trembath's families were among those serenaded. Miss Barkhuff received attention. Incidental stops were made outside the Nurses' Home at the Lock Haven Hospital, under various arc lights, and below the windows of the girls dorm, where the surprise was almost too much to be borne. It was all the club could do to tear themselves away, so insistent were the demands for encores. Fortunately, the repertoire of Christmas carols was limited, or they might have been singing yet.

President Armstrong invited the crowd into his home, passed out refreshments, and otherwise showed appreciation.

The trip was an entire surprise to all those serenaded, and seemed to be so well appreciated as to encourage a repetition next year.

Lieutenant Commander Byrd lectured at Bloomsburg Normal on November 30, telling the student body the story of his own epoch-making flight to the North Pole.

"Banana Oil" Has Lost Its Prestige

The handkerchief craze has restored the original meaning to the phrase, "banana oil," and partially stopped its use as a slang phrase.

You can't stick your head out the door without being accosted with: "Do you have any banana oil?" Whereupon the reply either that you used your last drop, or that you just have a drop and need it to finish a handkerchief you are painting. Then your assailant proceeds to tell you of her difficulties; how she tried at every hardware store in town and couldn't get a drop.

"Perhaps some one is drinking it, or turning her whole workroom into a golden chamber." She inquires of you if you know any place where there is a possible chance of getting an ounce.

You tell her to try at the drug store where you bought your last supply. She is well pleased with the suggestion, thanks you for the information and invites you down to see her collection.

You, inquisitive to know how many she has made and where she secured her designs, question her about them. She replies that she has finished thirteen, so she simply must paint another one before she stops. As to her designs—well, she boldly asked every person she saw with a cute design, if she could borrow theirs. She names Helen Anstead, Ethel Baumgardener, Jean Whitehead, Jerry Colver, Claudia Kelly, Violet Duck, Mary Gailey, and a few others as her contributors.

And so it is with nearly every person you meet. Each one has a new design to show you and a new method of making her handkerchiefs more beautiful than those of any one else. If you had a notebook at hand everytime you came in contact with a handkerchief maker, you could chalk down some valuable information.

The friends and relatives of the Normal students are going to have some dainty little handkerchiefs to harmonize with each gown they wear during the year 1927.

Gifts Made to Faculty Members

The student body added three surprise notes of cheer to the Christmas celebration. A handsome bridge lamp was presented to Miss Dahle by Santa Claus during the celebration after the Christmas dinner. Miss Gertrude Roberts was called out onto the floor of the gymnasium at the dance which followed the dinner to receive a huge basket of roses. And Belvie, the friend of every student here, was given a muffler and tie, an indication to him that his feeling is reciprocated.

Dr. Armstrong to Go to Seattle

Among the delegates elected to represent the state of Pennsylvania at the National Educational Association meeting in Seattle is Dr. D. W. Armstrong, principal of this school. His election occurred at the meeting on December 29 of the Pennsylvania State Education Association. The meeting at Seattle will occur some time during this coming summer.

Many Sore Throats After Vacation

If it hadn't been for the comforting thought that Christmas vacation would soon be here, the school never could have stood the shock of the sore-throat epidemic which followed the Thanksgiving vacation.

The infirmary became popular over night, putting the Arbor and Saturday night dance in the shade. Mrs. Cresswell was completely swamped with croaky, tearful invalids, but after she had administered the allotment of white pills they came away with a happier expression. New beds and a special nurse were added, and both soon made use of, so that it was rumored that the next student stricken would have to hang on a hook.

A whisper caused a general stir. It was said that if any more came down with sore throats, the school would be closed and every one sent home. This had a noticeable effect. Many who hadn't thought of being ill, suddenly developed a terrible sore throat. They received their share of white pills—but that's all!

The disease ran its course rapidly. Every one improved. However, it wasn't so much a joke as we try to make it.

Primary Subject Classes Go Visiting

Fire Department. Water Works. Dairy. Telephone Exchange. These and many others are the topics for conversation at dinner now. The girls in Dr. Smith's Primary Subjects class are full of information on such subjects.

Assignments have been given and the girls in pairs or groups have been visiting various departments of the city. Ethel Hartsoek and Alice Hesser have called on the Fire Department. Florence Martin and Frances Miller sought a man who knew something of the water works of the city. Mabel Klein and Mary Margaret Adams went on an excursion to the dairy; inspected the cows and examined all the processes of dairying. Hilda Passarelli and Helen Anstead were interested in the workings of the telephone and hid themselves down to the exchange. The whole class went through the Post Office one day and realized for the first time, probably, how much work is involved in the mail service.

Many other topics are being worked on. The girls of the Normal School may soon know more about the work of the city than some of its residents.

Christmas Stories Told in Vespers

The Y. W. presented an unusual program in Vespers, December 12. Three girls from the Story Telling Class gave Christmas stories. These were varied and interesting and reminded every one that Christmas was not far ahead.

The stories were "The Christmas Bells"—Helen Kranking; "Gretchen's Shoes"—Amelia Vincent; "Christmas Visitors"—Florence Martin.

Columbia University has a teaching staff of 2234.

Dinner Given New L. A. L. Members

After the formal initiation held Friday afternoon, December 7, the new members of the L. A. L. Society were entertained by the Seniors at Herlocker's Restaurant.

The dinner was a very informal affair, minus the speeches that usually accompany dinners. After dinner the majority of the girls came back to school to see the Dramatic Club plays.

Those present at the dinner were: Kathleen Hendricks, Miriam Moore, Charlotte Knapp, Eva Witmeyer, Ruth McLaughlin, Eloise Brungard, Margaret Fortney, Esther Fulton, Elizabeth Robb, Rhea Mae Brungard, Miriam Long, Margaret Creighton, Mary Brosius, Betty Baird, Rotha Bowman, Anna Moberg, Hazel Myers, Thelma Harris, Wiletta Cummings, Esther Smith, Ethel Dechant, Dorothy Bickle and Faye Bitner.

Caught as They Pass

"Ezra Flynn sez that he can't save 'nuff money to git his house painted, nohow. 'Taint none of my business, but I think that if he'd stop buyin' fancy clothes for his wimmin-folk he'd have enough by now."

"Yeh! did ye ever see a gal with so many clothes as his gal has? And yit my Liza sez that whenever Sara Ann gits an invite to a party, Sara declares she ain't got nuthin' to wear. Why, if Liza hed half as many we'd never git her to work a tall—she'd always be paradin' before the mirror."

"And his wife! Ye'd think she wuz the Queen o' Sheber 'stead of plain old Mrs. Flynn. Beats tarnation how they doll up and play sassiety folk, don't it? Wal, I must git home 'er the wife'll have dinner and I won't git any. So long!"

"Derbies" Entertain

"The Derbies" (dayroom boys) entertained the school with a dance in the Gym, Saturday evening, December 11, from 8 until 10 P. M. Music for the occasion was provided by Brown Bosert and his orchestra and, with all respects to the girls who play the piano, with the added instruments there was a big difference in the music.

Brown was a Derby himself when he attended school, so that the entire affair was in the hands of the boys.

The Autocrat of Our Table

A Play in One Act—Two Scenes.

Scene I. The Dorm. A rainy day.

Ding-a-ling-ling—is heard or rather is sounded through the halls.

"Lunch"—screams some knowing Junior and the procession starts. Arm in arm the girls saunter down the stairs. Every one stops to read all notices on all billboards. "Hello Belvy"—time and again.

Scene II. Dining Room.

Characters in this Scene.

- A. Hostess.
- B. Girl.
- C. Girl.
- D. Girl.
- E. Girl.
- F. Girl.
- G. Girl.
- H. Host.

G. enters, draps herself gracefully over or around chair, sees a friend on other side of room, skips over to say Hello.

D. now enters, also leans upon chair for support.

Slowly, one or two at a time the others stroll in, reading letters or singing softly.

"Hello! Say what do you think about that Psychology Club? Are you going to music class today?"

"I hate to think of it myself."—Etc.

Ding-a-ling—

Silence—save for the dropping of some one's spoon and the consequent suppressed giggle.

Ding-a-ling—again.

Then bedlam reigns.

A. "Beans again! Heavens, I hate them."

D. (sarcastically) "Really? Well, they are quite fattening."

Black look from A. darkens the table for the second. Then H. starts a discussion on the Stone Age, F. differs, and an argument ensues.

C. (bored to tears). "May I be excused, please?" (apologetically) "Training School duties, you know."

One second elapses—C. is now out of sight and hearing.

G. "She scarcely eats a bite; 'fraid she'll add a pound—crazy. Well I believe in eating, I do."

D. "So I notice!" (The others are waiting for G. to finish her second helping of beans).

Another dusky look shades the table. Then until dessert is served, all talk at once about—waiting, Miss Merrills, Mr. Sullivan, (all the faculty come in for their share), the weather, vacation, etc., etc.

Laugh rings through the room. All turn toward faculty table—none talk.

E. "Ah!—the dessert!"

D. "At last."

They eat silently (?)

F. pushes chair back, rises sees D. pick up her glass for another drink, sinks to chair, sighs and glares at the drinking D. Finally all rise and wait for the faculty to pass out, then, one at a time, follow suit, the host bringing up the rear.

Curtain.

The Sweet Feeling of Sorority Initiation

If there is ever a time when you feel so meek and unnecessary, it is during your initiation into a sorority. And if there is ever a time when you see the other sides of people, it is then. It is the time when slams, harsh words, lashing tongues, black looks, and general torment reign supreme.

But my room-mate and I had loads of fun over it. Partners in misery, we used to sit down on the bed together and tell about this girl being simply awful, another smart, another a terrible tyrant, and another just lovely.

After pitying ourselves for a while, the funny part of the whole thing would strike us. It tickled us to think that when an order was given we inwardly rebelled but outwardly smilingly gave assent and trotted off to be everybody's lackey in general. We would wonder why we aimed so hard to please. Then we would pretend that we were squelching some poor little Junior.

When I would come in from class Peggy would greet me with, "Hello, room-mate."

Drawing myself up to look highly superior and important, we would reply haughtily, "Have you not forgotten something, Miss Smith?"

Instantly she would rise to her feet, and, meek as Moses, would say, "Good afternoon, Miss Brown."

"All right; you may sit."

Then we giggled.

Probably Peggy would take a notion that she needed a drink and would make her wants known by—"What nice little Junior would like to run over and get me a drink?"

We could appreciate that, but when it came to darning stockings that were so full of holes that there was no place to hang the thread to, to darn them, it was altogether a different matter. The only consolation that we could get out of this was that, should we ever be asked to join a Ladies' Aid Society, we would know how to act at the meetings.

As to cleaning up rooms that were littered up for our benefit, it was sweet to think that should be ever—at some time—decide to turn from the noble profession, we would at least make good housekeepers.

Keeping a Confidant

I find that keeping a diary is great fun. I am getting more confidential with my big blank book every day. To me it is a real friend. I don't know when I could feel happier than after I have filled a blank page. I never could have believed that I could find so much to put into it, but I soon discovered that one thing leads to another and sometimes my sentences overflow. Writing up one's own diary is not such a difficult thing to do after all.

The news must be of the weather and daily happenings at C. S. N. S. Each page reminds me of an adventure. Oftentimes I compare these pages to adventures and I find that that's what a real diary is. At any rate, it is a relief to have found a real confidant when one is away from home.

"Oh Boy"

"Oh, boy, I'm going to be married!" These were the words of a recent bride as she began the march to the altar, where waited the bridegroom.

They must have been due to nervous strain. Most people when they are under nervous tension are apt to say or do things of which they are ashamed afterwards. We lost self-control somehow or other when our emotions are raised to a high pitch.

"Oh, boy, I'm going to be married!" There was a period of giggling. One of the attendants had to tell the damsel to be more serious.

It is said that in our subconscious mind we really betray ourselves, and show our feelings and real thoughts.

If that is true then the bride who exclaimed, "Oh, boy, I'm going to be married!" gave evidence of her state of mind. To her marriage was just a lot of fun, instead of a great adventure. "Oh, boy."

Every word the preacher said went over her head. Neither bride nor bridegroom listened to what was being told them. All they knew was that they were being married.

The following conversation is heard here and there:

"What did she marry him for?"

"Well, if she doesn't like him she can always get a divorce."

"Easy come and easy go."

"Sallie, I'm going to be married."

"What's your fellow doing?"

"Not much, but you should see him dance!"

"Where you goin' to live?"

"Mother's, of course."

"Goin' to work?"

"Sure thing, he doesn't make much."

"Oh, boy, I'm going to be married."

It's great fun getting married, to be sure. Never mind the responsibility, never care for the morrow.

If we don't hit it off, there's always the judge.

"Good morning, Judge. We got married, and now we want it off again." Great fun, isn't it? Life is too much jazzed. There is too much Charleston about everything. Life has become too easy all along the line.

Today one gal; today one fellow; tomorrow another gal; tomorrow another fellow. That's how it goes.

"Oh, boy, ain't it grand?"

Let the old people worry.

"Oh, boy, I'm going to be married!"

Miss Rowe Entertained

Miss Rowe was the guest of her student teachers at a chicken dinner on Thursday evening, December 16.

The delicious dinner was served at Herlocker's. The table, set on the balcony, was made festive with Christmas decorations. The girls took this occasion to present Miss Rowe with a gold pin as a Christmas gift.

After dinner Miss Rowe took the girls to the movies and later to the Sugar Bowl.

Glee Club Assisted Candle Service

The Glee Club contributed to the program for the Candle Service at the Methodist Church, Sunday, December 19.

Now You Laugh

We may not be suspicious, but—well, if you have one of those week-end heroes who always gets up a quarrel with you in time to make it last over Christmas, he is too thrifty to live with permanently.

One nice thing about winter; you don't have to insult your system at wiener roasts.

We nominate for the Croix de Jeer the little lassie who says: "I don't weigh that much really; it's these heavy things I have to wear."

Any decent man driver is willing to give a woman half of the road just as soon as he can discover which half she is wanting.

If you can't get the hang of the Charleston, try sitting on the entrance to a beehive.

All men are born equal; it is what they are born equal to that makes the difference.

Language does make a difference; it costs me just as much for my "laundry" as it used to cost for the family "wash."

The latest applicant for the Moron Club has been blackballed. She was the young thing who wanted to patch the awful holes in those baskets so that the ball wouldn't drop out all the time. The Club wants 'em dumb, not dumber.

We nominate in her place the Junior who just can't get the hang of those traffic lights. Her record is perfect; she always scuttles across the street the moment the lights turn red.

Plans are under way for a \$3,500,000 building, twenty-one stories high, for the school of education at New York University.



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JUST ABOUT JERRY

JERRY AT GIRL'S MEETING

"Girls, I have a few things to say to you this evening. First of all, our study hour is entirely too noisy. I don't intend to repeat this many more times. If you must go to the library, walk through the halls quietly and speak in low tones so that you do not disturb those who are studying in their rooms.

"And—about telephone calls—there are to be none during study hour. It is a very simple matter to tell central to call at 9:45. I hope you will keep this in mind, girls."

Jerry and Betty listen so hard that it hurt, for truly they had broken more than one hard and fast rule of late, and they listen for the slightest word that will suggest to them that they have been found out.

"Betty!" Jerry nudges her and whispers, "Do you suppose she knows I had a call during study-hour last night? Oh—do you? You know it was Harry and I didn't have the heart to tell him that he'd have to wait and call later. I just had to talk to him then and there." They exchange glances and once more their ears are on duty, ready to catch each word.

"With the coming of spring, girls, the young men of Lock Haven become interested in the Normal School and its occupants." Nudges—giggles—and ex-

changed glances. Betty whispers secretively, "I went to a movie with Bill Heris only last week. It sounds as if—oh—you don't suppose—what's that she's saying?"

"Character, my dear girls, is a plant of slow growth, and the seeds must be planted early. Besides I want you to remember that you are here for the purpose of work, and after all, isn't work one of our many blessings?"

"Perhaps," said Jerry, as the girls scramble to the door to see who can get there first, "perhaps she really doesn't know after all."

"Monday night will settle that," said Betty. "I'm not so sure."

Training School Adopts Formal Dismissal

"Tramp, tramp, round about the school room" was dramatized in the Training School the week of December 13. Miss Dixon is training the children in the ethics of marching in preparation for the formal dismissal which is to become part of the regular routine. All the grades are to be dismissed to music furnished by the Victrola. This will be a big improvement and will eliminate much noise and confusion.

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Steer a Straight Course!

(Read from "The Journal of Education," by Principal Armstrong to the entire student body. A wonderfully written message).

The master said to His servant: "Prepare my boat, for this day you and I shall start on a long voyage over new seas and beside new lands carrying to a port beyond a precious cargo of choicest merchandise."

"The boat is ready," answered the servant.

"Then unfurl the sail and steer a straight course into the west," said the Master.

"But the skies are dark over the west," said the servant.

"It matters not," answered the Master. "Beyond the darkness there is a greater beauty in the sunlit skies. Shall darkness hinder us—we who have suns revolving in our souls? Steer a straight course!"

"The storm bursts upon us!" cried the servant.

"It matters not," answered the Master. "The boat is staunch. The sail is new. The rudder answers to your touch. Shall the storm deter us—we of the mighty purpose who bear lightning in our souls? Steer a straight course!"

"The seas threaten to fall upon our deck!" cried the servant.

"It matters not," answered the Master, "our will is greater than the seas. Shall a billow frighten us—we of the undying fame? Shall we not trust to the soundness of our souls? Only the weak falter and are drowned. Steer a straight course!"

"The seas are deep and full of unseen foes," cried the servant.

"It matters not," answered the Master. "Our courage knows no depth and heeds no foe. Shall we tremble—we who have steel within our souls? Steer a straight course!"

"The water is white upon the shoals ahead," cried the servant.

"It matters not," answered the Master. "Have you not the tiller in your hand? Shall the shoals dismay us—we of the inner eye whose sight can cleave the depths and scale the very walls of heaven? Steer a straight course!"

"The rocks are close under the side," cried the servant.

"It matters not," answered the Master. "The chart is true and we are safe here in the deep. Only those are ground upon the cruel fangs who leave the charted way. Steer a straight course!"

"There is gold in yonder cove," cried the servant. "I see it shining on the cliff."

"Fools' gold! The lure of the tempter," answered the Master. "To land means death. Shall a dull metal trap us—we who have ledges of pure gold within our souls? Steer a straight course!"

"The wind fails," cried the servant.

"It matters not," answered the Master. "Here we can hide in peace until it spring up again. Shall the calm hold us back forever—we who have leagues of unruffled patience in our souls. Keep the prow pointed towards the goal."

"A gleaming island rises through the mist," cried the servant.

"It matters much," answered the Master. "Within it lies the harbor of our intent. There we shall leave the precious dreams wrought into wood and stone and human hearts. There, is the peace all men seek and the joy all men desire. Furl up the sail! Cast out the anchor! You have steered a straight course and won the goal."

Woods Fever

Autumn is a rare season. It is the time when late crops begin to mellow and need their final bit of attention. But this is not all. It is the real pleasure season for all sportsmen.

What is it that attracts that sun-tanned farmer's eye as he leans over the grindstone in the shed to edge the axe against cutting the morning's kindling? It may be the crispness in the still air that makes him glance over his shoulder at a big bunch of chains suspending from a long peg in the wall. What is it? You are right! It's the bunch of traps he used on last winter's line. Yes, it is time to get them down from the peg and give them an inspection before the season starts. It is time to make some new stretching boards—a big bunch for muskrats and skunks, some big long ones for that otter or two or three that will surely range by on his travels.

Yes, about the time that last pumpkin is in the shed that bunch of traps will need attention.

Before long the woodsman will hear the dry rustle of dead leaves under his feet as he scuffles along the old logging road. He smells that unmistakable fall smell of withered grass and leaves. Overhead is the lead-gray streak of clouds that betokens Autumn. The mornings are pretty snappy and the nights make the old mackinaw welcome.

It is fall, and now the bucks will begin to run, and you will think of the morning when it is damp and your cautious feet won't make a sound among the wet leaves. Take down that rifle and run through a couple of rags to get the grease out; then be sure you get the license in time. Bill or Jim may drop in tomorrow with full shell-belts, rifles under arm, and that long anticipated invitation to "come on and let's get one."

This is the real spirit of sportsmanship. All is ready for a big season. The woods become inhabited with sportsmen who are eagerly awaiting the first of December.

The first is here. The thunder of rifles rings through the timbers. The snap of brush beneath the hunter's feet, and a pheasant drumming here and there fill the woods with Autumn's music. The hunter will have nothing to do with the rest of the world for at least fifteen days.

Warrensburg, Missouri, whose football team carried off the M. I. A. A. conference championship, has expanded accordingly, purchasing a large new tract of land for stadium purposes.

The Senior Class at Millersville, Pa., Normal has shown ambition, at least, by attempting "As You Like It" as their Senior Play.

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OUR OWN LITTLE DIARY

MONDAY, DECEMBER 6

Just made breakfast and that's all! Tumbled out of bed when the little whistle tooted.

Went down-town after conference. Keis and I were strolling up the street so nice when—sock!—right in the ankle. But that wasn't all—I never had so many snowballs hit me in all my life. After they got through with us we looked as though we had just hailed from the North Pole. I was mad! It isn't any fun having little hunks of snow sliding around your neck and all over.

Went to the movies in the auditorium.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7

This was Plump's birthday. Bet she wished it wasn't about 7:30 this morning.

Was down in the library for awhile. Got some work done, too. Came up and had a feed. Thought I wasn't hungry, but after I saw everything I changed my mind.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8

Went to church this morning. All the kids are getting sick. There are nine in the infirmary and from the looks of some of the kids around here there will be nine more. If many more land in there maybe we'll all land home—Maybe.

Some one hit me with a snow ball. It got me right on the side of the head. If I had turned my head a little bit more I wouldn't have had to wash my face for dinner. Close-whew!!

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9

Went to the movies. It was wonderful out—snowing a little. Going down I did everything but fall. Came up and started working. Nice ending to an enjoyable evening—what do you say?

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10

Went down-town. The class went to the Post Office. It was very interesting.

The Dramatic Club gave three plays tonight. Every one of them was good.

I had to sit up until after 12 o'clock. Helen got a package and it had ham sandwiches, so I waited till I could eat one. I had company all the time. It tasted good—just like another one. But that's all there happened to be.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11

Well, they tumbled at home and wrote me a letter. Something must have happened. They usually need the kick and hint both. I suppose Totty thinks as long as she calls up I don't like letters.

The dance in the gym was good. I had a lot of fun. It lasted until 10 o'clock—that's pretty good. I could have danced still longer.

We had something to eat. I wasn't very hungry for once.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12

Only one more week-end! Isn't it glorious? I can hardly wait. It's not a month since I was home, but it seems just ages.

We came in from church and De-nuts received some news. She was dumb-founded. She was shaking in her boots all day.

We all went down to dinner and the tables were taken. It seemed so funny not to sit with the crowd. First in a long time that we were scattered like that.

Heek, nearly all the kids can go home on the early morning train, but here I have to sit until afternoon!!!!

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14

Part of the gang went to the movies; the better part stayed home. Can't see why they always pick on Monday—Thursday is every bit as good.

I guess the Post Office at home must be out of stamps.

Late for a meeting. That bell rang early. Went to the library but didn't do much.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15

Work! and more of it. I think I'll apply for a printer's position when I'm through here.

Went to the movies in the auditorium and covered a lot of territory in an hour. Saw Kinzua Bridge. It doesn't seem possible that I walked over it—creepy feeling isn't in it. I was petrified all the time I was on it.

Girl's Meeting. First one we've had since we went home for Thanksgiving. Christmas Party and a few other topics were the chief discussions.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16

I wasn't reared in the Arctic regions by the way. They seem to think so

around here, though. Our room is like an ice-box. Wish the radiator would strut its stuff.

Well, I received a letter from Totty today. Guess they have stamps after all. I was just getting ready to send them a stamped, addressed envelope.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17

Our room is getting the least bit warmer. It isn't what you'd call warm yet. Jean's room is awfully cold. They've been living out.

Went to town after conference. The football men received their letters this evening.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18

Loafed all evening. Our gang quits working on Friday night and it's Tuesday or Wednesday before it gets into the swing of things again. Don't think any of us will ever die of hard work.

The men are constructing an elevator outside of our end of the dorm. They are all getting up in the world it seems.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19

Cleaned our headquarters to begin with. It certainly needed it.

We were down-town a powerfully long time it seems. We haven't a thing to show for all our buying—and I'm even hungry.

The Basketball game was great. We lost, but that doesn't say our playing wasn't any good. I think the fellows played well. Now that the fellows are putting forth their best to play, the cheering section ought to help them along. Let's get together on it.

The dancing didn't last long enough. Seems we only started and had to stop.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20

Whew!! but it's cold out. Not so much tonight as this morning. I went down to church but can't say how I got there. I was numb from the place where my coat ended on down. Good thing it isn't a three-quarter length.

We must have scared the rest of the crowd. None of them would be dragged out the rest of the day.

Skip and I went out for a walk in the afternoon. The weather had changed for the better.

The O. D. C.'s have taken in some new members. Twelve is the limit.

Only two more real days—the last day doesn't count.



We Serve the Ladies Also

We invite the ladies to come to our barber shop for their hair cutting and trimming and permanent waving. We are specially equipped to render a prompt and satisfactory service. When you or the children require tonsorial attention you will find us ready to serve you. We have a chart that shows the very latest modes of bobbing, cutting and trimming.

Come to the

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We invite the Student Body to visit this store with a feeling of freedom and under no obligation whatever to buy.

We appreciate your patronage and will serve you to the best of our ability.

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The Smith & Winter Department Store

ALUMNI NOTES

DR. O. H. ROSSER, 1883, DIES

Dr. O. H. Rosser, physician and surgeon, died at his Renovo home on the afternoon of January 2, of pneumonia, after an illness of one week. Thus suddenly ended his successful life after thirty-five years of service to Renovo.

Dr. Rosser graduated from this Normal School in June, 1883. In June, 1887, he began the study of medicine with Dr. W. J. Shoemaker here, and in April, 1890, he received his degree from the Medical and Surgical College of Philadelphia. From that time he practised his profession in Renovo until this short illness ended his useful career.

Dorothy Lynds, 1926, has been elected by the school board of South Renovo to succeed Bernice Day, 1925.

Peg Gledhill, president of last year's graduating class, now teaching at Bear Lake, and Margaret Cunningham, main-spring of the Naturalist Club and last term an assistant in the Junior High School here, now hard at work at Emporium, were both visitors over the week-end of December 19.

ALICE KUNES, '24, MARRIED

Alice Kunes, 1924, an honor teacher here and a most successful teacher for the past two years in the Logan Township Schools, will complete her term there this year, but will not return for 1927. Instead, she will go to Binghamton, N. Y., where as Mrs. Donald C. Miller she will begin keeping her own house.

Alice was married by the Rev. J. A. Rudisell in Bethany Lutheran Church, Altoona, on December 24, to Mr. D. C. Miller, a graduate of State College and a bond salesman in Binghamton for Clarence Hudson and Company. Her maid-of-honor was her "twin sister" throughout her course here, Anna Mae Landis, 1924. Mr. Normal Miller, brother of the bridegroom, was his best man.

Immediately following the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Miller left for New York City.

"Ted" Schreiber, 1924, is seeing the country. Last year he taught in Hurley, New Mexico, from which he wrote several letters full of local color to his friends here. This year Ted has moved on to Los Angeles, California. His street address is 422 S. Grand Street, where he is willing to read all the letters his old acquaintances may feel moved to send him.

ALUMNI, ATTENTION

Recollect your excitement when you were about to graduate? You just had to have a school, and you wouldn't, couldn't, and didn't have a moment's peace until your contract was safely in your hand? Remember?

There will soon be another graduating class. In fact, this February a number of students here will be ready to begin teaching. If you know of any vacancies which will occur in your school system, why not help put to rest the anxieties of some one who is feeling now just the way you did?

A letter to Mr. R. S. McDougall, director of our placement bureau, will do it.

Evidently the students of the Muncie, Indiana, Normal School have access to a school bowling alley. That is an idea we could use here.

We continue to be pleased with the huge improvement of Bloomsburg Normal's Maroon and Gold over the rather helpless little paper published last year.

Normal Students Welcome

to

Grugan's Hardware

(Class '08)

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Waterman
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"The" Kind

He was marvelous! The type we all admire—I mean the type the girls admire and small men are jealous of. He was six feet tall, and stood there so unconcerned and yet so important and business-like. Judging from appearances, at that moment he looked like a man who had just returned from a trip of perhaps two or three months in a warm and sultry climate. His skin was tanned from the life of the great outdoors and his physique was perfect. The fine black hair showed from under his soft felt business hat, and his clear gray eyes wandered as though looking for some one. That great out-thrust chin showed great determination, while the dark business suit and great chinchilla coat only added to his attractiveness and made him more conspicuous to the flapper or man-hunter. In other words, he was the "ideal" man we all admire and desire to have on our social list, and the type any one would be glad to make acquaintance with.

But why try. He was only a model in the "Town's Smartest Men's Clothing Store" window.

This is the Hunter's Moon

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