

NORMAL TIMES

At Central State Normal School

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SENIOR CLASS WILL GIVE "ADAM AND EVA"

Broadway Hit, With Scenery 'n' Everything, and All-1927 Cast, Is Class Play Production.

On Friday evening, March 11, the Senior class will "spread" itself over the foot-lights for all those who may care to come, see and hear. It will be the occasion of the annual Senior play, which this year is "Adam and Eva."

This year there will be a departure from the custom that has been prevalent the last few years. Formerly it has been the policy of the class to present three one-act plays in giving an evening's program. Before preparations were started for the play this year, the class voted to present a three-act play that would complete an evening's entertainment in itself, and selected "Adam and Eva," a comedy in three acts and four scenes, written by Guy Bolton and George Middleton. The cast consists of six men and four women. Included in the cast are Kathleen Hendricks, Marie McNellis, Edith Hopkins, Helen Secor, David Ulmer, Ed Sherkel, Cy Williams, Gordon McCloskey, Lloyd Bauman and Sterl Artley.

The part of Mr. King, played by Ed Sherkel, is that of a prosperous rubber manufacturer who has become tired of paying the bills that his two daughters, Eva and Julie, his son-in-law, Clinton DeWitt, and his sister-in-law, Abby, seem to manage to run up each month. The family, on the other hand, has taken the head of the house much as a permanent fixture—necessary but yet very unbecoming to have around.

Mr. King finally arranges to trade places with his general manager, Adam Smith, played by Dave Ulmer. He installs Adam as head of the family "with full fatherly powers" and then goes to Brazil on a business trip. The situation thus created Adam proceeds to solve according to several ideas of his own.

Kathleen Hendricks and Marie McNellis take the parts of Mr. King's daughters. Cy Williams is Julie's husband. Edith Hopkins, who is "Aunt Abby Roeker," makes a typical club woman, with so many engagements that she has to use the Pierce Arrow in order to be able to meet them all.

Little Drops of Plaster

The quiet of the library was recently and suddenly broken, when, with a crash, a large section of plaster fell from the ceiling in the sample book room. Even Miss McDonald jumped for her life. Work stopped, but not for long. Belvie arrived and cleared away the debris.

Senior Prom Biggest Dance of the Year

The "Boy Friends" Enjoy Dancing in Summer Garden to Royal Serenaders' Music

The Senior Prom of C. S. N. S., held Saturday evening, February 19, in the gym was without a doubt one of the most successful affairs of the season. Dr. Armstrong and Mrs. Armstrong, with Miss Roberts, Mr. Dyck, Miss Gilkey, Edward Sherkel, and Miss Margaret Sherkel made up the receiving line and greeted the girls and their friends in a charming manner. Members of the faculty were included among the patrons and patronesses.

The gym was attractively decorated. A Spring Garden setting was given the gym by the use of potted rose trees, as a background, with rustic benches scattered around, lattice-work booths with lovely furniture, and a rainbow canopy as the central features.

The orchestra was placed in an attractively decorated booth in the center of the floor.

Punch and light refreshments were served during the dance and judging from the numbers always at the tables, were enjoyed.

Perhaps this dance was more largely attended than any dance preceding it. Williamsport, State College, Jersey Shore, Altoona, and Lock Haven were well represented. Despite the crowded condition every one danced gaily to the Jersey Shore Royal Serenaders' music.

The committees in charge were: Decorations, Josephine Paul, chairman; Paul Vonada, Edith Morrison, Harriet Kelt, Mike Kirby, Ruth Jones, Alice Hesser, Helen Shearer, Tommy Hosterman.

Program: Josephine Viering, chairman; Margaret Sutton, Betty Jordan.

Refreshment: Ruth Oechler, chairman; Amelia Martin.

Orchestra: Max Fitzsimmons, chairman; Tommy Larkin.

Committees for Senior Play Appointed

The following committees have been appointed for the Senior play, "Adam and Eva," which will be given on March 11:

Stage manager, Charles Dale.

Assistant stage manager, Walter Miller.

Property committee: Edith Morrison, chairman; Mary Angus, Elverda Richardson, Josephine Viering, Isabelle Boylan, Christian Feit, and Fred Barr.

Advertising committee: Thomas Larkin, Harriet Kelt, Rose Bower, Ruth Oechler, Max Fitzsimmons, Clyde Swoyer, and Ruth Jones.

Are We Excited About Prohibition?

Somehow C. S. N. S. does not appear to be all het up and worried to death over the prohibition issue. "Prohibition at its Worst," by Irving Fisher, has recently been added to the library. Dr. Armstrong called it to the attention of the student body in chapel, wishing to discover whether it would be worth while to add additional copies to the stock.

Two weeks have passed. The book has occupied a prominent place on the librarian's desk. Not once, apparently, has it been used. Whatever the explanation, C. S. N. S. does not appear to be strongly concerned over the prohibition question.

Dickinson Wins Debate From Penn State

C. S. N. S. enjoyed its neutrality in the auditorium on Friday night, February 25, when Dickinson College and Penn State met in debate, the issue: "Resolved that the Volstead Act should be so modified as to permit the manufacture and sale of light wines and beers." The affirmative, taken by Penn State, was ably upheld by M. R. Davis, H. K. Dodge, and M. D. Berryhill. The negative was defended by Horace Vought, W. Arthur Foss, and Howard G. Stutzman.

The votes of the judges, Professor E. L. Craik, of Juniata College; Principal S. F. W. Morrison, Clearfield, and Henry Hipple, Esq., Lock Haven, stood two to one in favor of Dickinson. When Dr. Armstrong, who was chairman, announced the winning team, applause filled the auditorium. Although the Normal school has a great feeling of affection for Penn State, it could not help but recognize the oratorical ability of the Dickinson team, that of Stutzman especially. Davis, the first speaker on the affirmative, held the audience spellbound with his speech, but in the end Dickinson won, deservedly.

Many were the discussions in the dorm over the week-end on who should have won, or who the best speaker was, or which school is the better. No matter how the Normalites felt about it, they are grateful for the privilege of hearing such a debate.

VARSITY C CLUB FORMS TO BOOST ATHLETICS

New Campus Organization to Back All Teams, Protect the Varsity Letter, and Work for Larger Enrollment.

Varsity lettermen, all those entitled to wear the letter of Central State, have organized a varsity letter club, christened it the C Club, elected officers, and started actively several lines of work to increase the interest in wearing of the school emblem and the success of all boys athletics.

First discussed last December at the football banquet, the idea has gained momentum rapidly. On January 13 all letter wearers met in the Y. M. C. A. and elected a committee to draw up a tentative constitution. Max Fitzsimmons, Hugh Fredericks, David Ulmer, and Thomas Larkin were elected to the committee, with Christian Feit as chairman. After several weeks of consultation, they drew up a constitution which was presented to the rest of the lettermen, voted upon, and adopted on February 11.

Protection of the varsity letter is one of the club's major purposes. To make sure that it will not be awarded unworthily, or worn by those other than those entitled to do so, definite minimum requirements have been set up, governing the number of periods required in each sport, reserving the rights, under specific conditions, to withhold the letter where any suspicion of unworthiness may exist, or to award it where justice would indicate it should be awarded, and specifying in detail the qualifications under which the letter may be granted.

In order to ensure a rapid increase in the number of boys attending Central State, and to encourage their coming out for the teams, the club hopes to help wherever possible to make conditions here increasingly attractive to students, and intends to encourage the enrollment here of possible letter-winners.

On February 18 Christian Feit was elected president; Max Fitzsimmons, vice president; Thomas Larkin, secretary, and Gordon McCloskey, treasurer.

Several Alumnae Return for Senior Dance

Quite a few of our alumnae returned to join with the students in tripping the light fantastic at the Senior Ball. It seemed like old times to the Seniors to see Margaret Sloey, Mildred Myers, Mary Nason, Ruth Epler, Mary Adams, Amelia Welsh, Grace Beck, and Byron McDowell back with them again.

Juniors Give Unusual Party for Seniors

The Junior girls have recalled to the minds of the faculty what the "days of long ago" were like, and gave to the younger members of C. S. N. S. some idea also. The Junior party, taking its cue from Washington's Birthday, started in a dining-room whose tables and pillars were decorated with red, white, and blue bows, and continued with a colonial program in the gym. At seven-thirty, February 26, the gym balcony was crowded with spectators.

The first Junior to appear was a dainty colonial maiden—none other than Flo Reed—who sang "Tis the Last Rose of Summer." A violin solo was then given by Mollie Evin. This was followed by a recitation, "The Minuet," by Louise Young.

The next and the biggest attraction of the evening was a Minuet by sixteen Junior girls. Jo Robinson, Helen Carden, Caroline Eckels, Frances Waxler, Mowrie Ebner, Helen Westrick, Elinor Patterson, and Rebecca Johnson acted the part of men and presented a very pretty picture in their tweed knickers, black velvet jackets and white frills. The colonial maidens for the evening were: Jerry Conway, Agnes Gallagher, Flo Reed, Louise Young, Rachel Hevener, Dorothy McCloskey, Christine Edler, and Ellaline Stevens.

These same girls gave the Square Dance for the next act, Dot Killen "calling out." This made such a hit with the appreciative audience that the girls appeared a second time.

The closing number was a solo by Pauline Bongiovoni. The rest of the evening was given over to dancing and the drinking of punch.

Heard at the Arbor

"I'll be loving you always—z-z-z." The needle caught in a groove and for a moment, "With a love that's true" wavered and didn't know whether to go on or not.

"Oh I guess I'll have a chocolate roll—no, what else have you got that's good? Are the honey rolls fresh? Well, I'll have two of them and—"

And I said, "Well, Art McKane, if you can't arrange to come to this dance, you'll never, never get another bid from me. And he got here. Didn't you—"

"So, she said, Miss Larkin, your notebook wasn't among these," and Jane! I was petrified; and I said, "But I passed it in and she looked all over the place, and no sign of it, and all of a sudden—"

"I got a letter from my man today, kids and he sent you all his regards, but you should see what he said at the end for me. Girls, he's the most wonderful lover I ever—"

"Well, I've got my two notebooks to do, and that thesis and those readings. Gee, I'm a busy woman."

"Catherine, may I have more honey rolls? Those are good."

"I'll be loving you always." For the seventy-eighth time that afternoon the needle caught in the groove and "With a love that's true," waited uncertainly as to whether to go on or not.

ALUMNI—

HAVE YOU TOLD OUR PLACEMENT BUREAU ABOUT THAT POSITION TO BE VACANT? SOMEBODY IN THE CLASS OF 1927 WOULD LIKE THE APPOINTMENT

Calf Dies For Love of Psychology Class

When members of the Educational Psychology Class entered the clinic Friday morning they saw, spread on the table, ready for the morning's work, a pair of eyes of a beautiful blue hue, a brain, and three others nearly like it, a bit messy looking, a large tongue, and a skull on which the blood had not yet dried. Murder had not been committed in the cause of science; the remains were those of a freshly slaughtered calf, but they bore a horribly interesting resemblance to human organs.

First to come under Miss Merrells' knife was one of the eyes. It proved a bit tough for the small scalpel or the dull kitchen knife in the hands of the operators but Rupert Fitzsimmons came to the rescue with his razor. With this she penetrated the eye-ball, the class watching, between fascination and repulsion, as the jelly-like interior fell out. Then Dorothy Bickel arranged on slides bits of the three layers which formed the covering of the eye-ball, and the class took turns squinting vigorously at them through the microscope.

Just about this time arrived Mr. Brion with his camera to explain how closely its mechanism resembles that of the eye. And the resemblance was close, but it did not take the class long to see that the eye is a much more marvelous instrument.

After having seen the complicated lens of the camera, it was doubly interesting to the class to watch Miss Merrells remove the tiny lens from the second eye and lay it on the slide. It looked so like a bit of gray gelatine that it was difficult to believe that it plays so important a part in human existence.

With the brain, Miss Merrells had an easier time; it wasn't nearly so tough. The cerebrum, with its many convolutions; the cerebellum, called by the ancients the "arbor vitae" because of a tree-like arrangement of its nerve fibers; and the thalamus, lately the subject of so much investigation: these were examined minutely. The sutures of the skull was penetrated and disclosed how perfectly the brain must have fitted in to it. With a little more time, the class

might have measured the intelligence of the subject and computed its IQ. Vivian Eberhart volunteered that he must have been a very bright calf, his brain had so many convolutions.

Then the ears of a pig were studied, but he had been dead so long that the class derived a better idea of the hearing process from studying the telephone and its connections, which had been borrowed from Mr. Edler, the repairman of the local telephone company. The snout of a pig was in even worse condition, so the class made a very hasty study, indeed, of the hairs which furnish the stimulus to the sensory neurons of the olfactory nerve. The class period was so nearly over that only a hasty look was possible at the taste buds and at a cross-section of the tongue.

The actual dissecting of these organs by Miss Merrells and the squints through the microscope had illustrated to the class more physiological psychology than the diagrams in a dozen text-books. Psychology, no longer a matter of text-books and recitations, had become a live, fascinating, even though somewhat gruesome, smelly subject, to which any reaction might be possible except indifference.

Rev. Parkhill Talks in Geog Class

Rev. Parkhill, pastor of the local Presbyterian Church, brought to the geography class on February 23 some first hand information on Syria. He spent three years in Syria himself, even coming to know the elusive Mr. Lawrence, the power behind the throne in Arabia, whose articles have lately been appearing in the *World's Work*.

He discussed particularly the variety of religions in Syria, and the tenacity with which Syrians cling to their beliefs. Because they do not interfere in religious matters in their colonies, Rev. Parkhill said, the English are much preferred by the Syrians to the French as the controlling foreign power.

Unusual Farm Produces Timber Wolves for Sale

Is the most interesting farm in the United States located at Kane, Pa.? Right on the city limits in that North Pennsylvania city is located the tract on which Dr. McCleery breeds, raises, and markets wolves, full-sized, savage, beautiful wolves, both timber wolves and the lesser breeds.

Dr. McCleery's fame has spread the world over. Wolves from his farm have been used in many motion pictures; the wolf in "Brown of the North" is from his collection. The Pittsburgh Zoo is only one of those who have purchased Dr. McCleery's wolves. An Englishman of noble rank came to Kane a short time ago, and bought and departed with the now famous "Lady Helen."

The owner has made a study of the habits and lives of wolves. He has brought them in from the Rocky Mountain region, and his farm manager has selected only those who were in every respect superior animals, with the result that the wolves bred on the farm are magnificent specimens.

The wolves are kept in pens fifty feet square and eight feet high, with wire laid on the ground inside at the foot of the fence to prevent burrowing out. Seven pens altogether there are in the center of the four acre field, which is also carefully enclosed in wire fencing.

Large, beautiful animals are these wolves, much resembling collie dogs. Some are brownish in color, others grizzled grey. The young wolves, shy at first, soon become quite tame, and follow their master around like dogs; though later they turn so savage that only Dr. McCleery and his farm manager trust themselves inside the pens.

On a clear, cold winter night the howls of the hundred wolves, pacing their pens and baying the moon, can be heard for miles around.

"Them Marks Again!"

Once more Miss Ritter's desk has been the center of action for the Normalites. At regular intervals Miss Ritter attains a doubtful popularity, as sudden in its decrease as in its increase. There's no doubt at all that Miss Ritter deserves popularity, but why does every one rush her at once? Is she the only person eligible for an approaching dance? does she grant desired permissions, or just what does she do that one finds this crowd gazing with admiration? Here is the key to the whole solution. Marks! Wiggly, curly marks of blue ink on a piece of white paper, in the custody of Miss Ritter.

What agonies have been suffered? What hopes lowered or sometimes even raised by that innocent looking sheet of paper? What member of the faculty are praised and, it has been known, what ones have been dragged through the dark slime of abuse, all because of those same blue marks?

Yes, the marks were out February 18, and now that every one got up the courage to take first a glance and then a concentrated look, the rest of the time has been spent in writing home explaining this fave and headlining that one. Through the halls have gone the cries, "What did you get in teaching?" "What did you get in Sociology?" Oh, yes, the marks are out once more.

NORMAL TIMES

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Margaret Coira.....Hikers Arouse Country
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Building a Name

When you want to read a good story, you pick up your favorite magazine, and then you look for the name of the author whom you know writes, don't you? Or if you want to see a good movie, you like to get one by a good author like Emerson Hough or Curwood, with a good actor like Tom Mix or Harold Lloyd—somebody whose name guarantees all that you should expect.

If it turned out poor, you'd be awfully disappointed, and you wouldn't have much faith in that name again. It would have cheated you. But you do not often find disappointment in a name that you have come to trust. The men or women who have built up these names so that you look to them with confidence know that you do look for their names and trust them, and they have to keep them up to standard. It pays them to do so.

You wouldn't go out of your way for a show by an unknown actor, or to read a story by somebody that you had never heard of. Of course you would occasionally. If you liked it you would look for that same name again, and pretty soon that would be another name that you could trust.

Then, because other people knew and trusted that name, they would go to that show, or buy that magazine—and that man's name has become a thing of real value.

But if he fell down once—no one would trust him again. That is the way it is with building a name or a reputation—it is worth a lot if you do it right. But you have always got to live up to it, keep to the same high standard. Your present name is your strongest guarantee for your future. How much have you made yours worth?

Animated Pens Accounted For

Mysterious disappearance of fountain pens during the last few weeks at C. S. N. S. may be accounted for by the fact that they were full when they left and that they took their barrels along.

Fountain pens do not often go on tears, but Gladys Wilson has had four desert her this year and is contemplating buying another. She may keep this one full of water so it will find its way home.

That Story!

That story! — — —! Springing upon me with blinding surprise, emerging abruptly from the shifting mauve shadows of my inner consciousness, comes the alarming realization of the well-nigh forgotten request. I was bidden to plot a tale for you but last month! Oh that eternity of nocturnal sufferings of doubts, fears, hideous imaginings, raucous jamborees—those hours of upheavals due to lumps in the mattress; well, what d'ye expect? How could one "remember?" Not even Irving Berlin.

Acting upon impulse, as is customary with me when I seat myself upon a lighted oil stove, I have hastily accumulated all my material resources and throw them into the production of the sweetest story ever filmed. Like a bustle in a fictitious tale based upon a stern reality.

Be warned! Leave reason behind and check all valuables, for today we are responsible only to Benito's Mussolini and his courageous cohorts with gay black shirts, "les shurtz noire" as the French would say, if they only knew the mechanical procedure for such osculations.

Well, it seems there were two Irishmen, one named Pat, the other staggering sadly under the pseudonym of Michaelovitch; and Pat says "Mike, what makes youse do them things?" thereby hoping to expose certain psychoanalytical maunderings which were beyond the ken of his immediate comprehension. But our hero was too very, very wary for him. In a jiffy he was off like a flash; and since he has gone out of the story, we will introduce the first string quarter-back from the second team, named Oscar Budweisser, because his parents were both unfortunate mentally you know—you know—gone nuts and couldn't for the life of them think of anything more appropriate. Pat's Irish temper was rising fast and threatened to overflow its banks, so Pat let out a "Dam!" and held it back temporarily. Meanwhile events were conspiring to make a fool out of somebody.

"If I ever get a chance to strike that thing I'll strike it hard," said Oscar, whose normal eye was riveted fast upon the purple, blooming tip of Pat's nose. There the orb rested, I repeat, slowly opening and closing its gorgeous wings in the moonlight until, in answer to a whistle from out of the great beyond, it trotted obediently in that direction, leaving behind a faint thin bark, such as is found on white birches in Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, and—well I guess you can find it most anywhere by looking hard enough for it.

Oh, the pathos of those silly words. You can't imagine how any one could think up such things, let alone Oscar, for we as much as told you he was cuckoo in the beginning. Yes. In the beginning were created Heaven and Earth, and who should come around the corner, but Michaelovitch, who is now in his hey-day and owns the most of Manhattan Island, besides six she-goats who faithfully provide the children with cottage cheese.

Now there: you should see what we have come to and how smoothly the plot works itself out. You have Pat, Michaelovitch, and Oscar—The Eternal

Triangle! Select any likely solution of the problem and work it out for yourself.

The Unusual in Books

The unusual is always interesting. The Bible seems to have been the object of eccentricities of publishers from the time of the first printing press, somewhere near the middle of the 15th century, down until the present. To begin with there is the Thumb Bible, then the Murderers Bible, the Wife-Hater Bible, the Discharged Bible, the Breeches Bible, the Leda Bible, the Bugge Bible, and the Wicked Bible. All these are extremely valuable. Blunders have made them interesting. The Vinegar Bible stated the "parable of the vineyard" rather than of the "vineyard"; the Wicked Bible printed the Seventh Commandment minus the negative; the Breeches Bible translated "Adam and Eve made themselves breeches"; a Belfast Bible in 1716 stated "sin on more" instead of "sin no more." The Thumb Bible is no bigger than a postage stamp but yet it contains copper plates. In 1862 the invention of a microscopic writing machine made possible, according to calculations, the writing of the whole Bible twenty-two times within the space of a square inch.

Oddities made other books world-famous. In the Palace of the Escorial in Spain reposed volumes six feet high and four feet wide. In 1851 Gray's "Elegy" containing thirty-two stanzas of four lines was printed in a space of four inches by three. The smallest book was published in 1897 by Salmin of Padua, a Lilliputian printer. It is approximately one-half an inch by one-quarter inch.

Another factor affecting the unusual in books is the use of color. As early as 1613 a book, "Elegy on the Death of Prince Henry" was printed in white on black paper. At Paris in 1720 was printed the "Book of Four Colors," using four different colored inks. A notion akin to modern ideas prompted the author of a book, the "Book of Tomorrow," to issue his selections on variegated paper in varicolored inks. He maintained that each article was most effective when printed on a type of paper in a type of ink peculiar to it. Thus his love poems were published on rose-colored paper with light ink. A most unique book, Babbage's "Specimens of Logarithms," was printed in London in 1831. Only one copy was made but it consisted of twenty-one volumes. It was printed on one hundred and fifty-one different colored papers in the following inks: black, purple, dark red, light red, olive, yellow, dark green, light green, dark blue and light blue. Volume XXI contained metallic printing in gold, silver and copper bronzes upon vellum and colored paper.

One of the most interesting departures from the ordinary was at its height during the French Revolution. The French aristocracy ridiculed Rousseau's "The Social Contract" as a mere theory but their skins, Carlyle wrote, furnished the binding for the second edition. During the despotic reign of the guillotine, a tannery was established to prepare the human skin for use as leather. A book bound in the skin of Corder the Red Barn Murderer is kept in the

Athenaeum Library of Bury Street, Edmunds, England. The Marlborough House, London, boasts two volumes bound in the skin of Mary Putnam, a witch of Yorkshire, who was hanged for murder, and one bound from the skin of George Cudmore, who was hanged in 1830.

Woman, as ever, drew upon the extraordinary to further her purposes. A devoted woman admirer of Camille Flammarion, a French astronomer, before her death bequeathed by will her skin to be used to bind an edition of his works.

National Normal News

Warrensburg, Mo.—The Denishawn dancers, with Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, Tony Sarg's Marionettes, and a concert by Galli-Curci star the last semester with red-letter evenings of entertainment.

Edmond, Okla.—Enid Hayward, a freshman here, is the winner of a national short story contest for high school students, sponsored by the Writers Magazine. The award is the result, just announced, of a story which she had written while a senior in high school.

North Adams, Mass.—The worst evil which a school can inflict upon a pupil is so to manage its activities that he acquires an inferiority complex, says the State Director of Physical Education for Massachusetts. Nothing fails like failure, he believes.

Chicago, Ill.—The Student Council operates a Book Exchange, in which second-hand books are passed on to new owners for half price. Three hundred and seventy-five dollars in sales in a single day indicates how hard the council was worked. (Wonder how many of the students said, or even thought, "Thank you for the kindness.")

Kingsville, Tex.—High schools of Texas are competing in one-act play contests, under the general auspices of the state teachers colleges. Nine schools meet here at South Texas Teachers College, the winner later meeting other sectional winners for the state championship.

Kingsville, Tex.—The "South Texan" pleasantly reviews the Christmas issue of "Normal Times" in their issue of February 8. The "South Texan" is one of "Normal Times" newest exchanges, a six-column, full newspaper size, four-page publication, with a professional front page make-up, a well-achieved news style, and many evidences of enterprise in covering the run of the news. It ranks in the first group of our hundred normal school exchanges.

Nacogdoches, Tex.—A hitherto unpublished letter of George Washington, pertaining to an exchange of prisoners, has been found by a Mr. West, of Lufkin, Tex., according to the "Pine Log," of S. F. Austin Teachers College.

Ellensburg, Wash.—Sixth grade pupils at the Edison School are making their own ukuleles, violins, drums, etc., from apple boxes, cigar boxes, chopping bowls, and other materials. In connection with the project the class is studying the history of musical instruments.

De Kalb, Ill.—Student government is being launched at Northern Illinois T. C. The movement was launched by the students, and has met with the approval of the administration.

KLUB KORNER

Hikers Aroused Countryside

Mill Hall rubbed its eyes and looked askance at the lively crowd of hikers that congregated there on the afternoon of Saturday, February 12.

One group of hikers, the Johnstown bunch, in search of some fun and lured by the atmosphere of Spring, set out from the school just after the bell for lunch rang. They carried their own eats with them. Residents of Fairview Street thought that one of the Sunday Schools had started the picnic season early.

Part of the Scranton gang got going at about 2 o'clock. They had decided to stay at school and study a bit, but finally could not resist the temptation to explore the countryside.

The parties passed each other in the middle of Mill Hall's spacious business center. Jolly greetings of surprise and gay hulloos of good fellowship, culminating in a mad rush to one side of the street, where a mock college rush ensued, so suddenly broke the peaceful quiet of that calm village that its bewildered inhabitants could only stand and wonder.

At last, when some one could make himself heard by the mob, one of the gay Scrantonians started a dash to the sunny side of the thoroughfare where Junior and Senior squatted, knelt, and stood packed together in an effort to have their sparkling countenances reproduced by the camera.

Sarcastic farewells and light repartee preceded a general breakup and division of the ways. The last hiker, buttoning up his sweater under his chin, bid good-bye to Mill Hall at 4:30 and about an hour later wearily climbed the dormitory stairs.

O. D. C. Party

The O. D. C. Club enjoyed a Valentine party Saturday evening, February 12, at 340 West. The party was given for the pledges to the Club, who will be initiated soon. The pledges are Jean Whitehead, Florence Martin, Lucille Herriott, and Katherine Hartwick. Miss Ruth Whitehead, of Patton, Pa., was the guest of the evening. To "Texas" Holmberg and "Tiny" Potter, belong the honors of the delicious lunch served. "Keis" Keister and "Impie" Workman decorated the room to suit the occasion and made Valentine favors for every one.

"Cookies" Kranking, the president of the Club, gave a short talk. Owing to a slight indisposition, she gave it from a sitting position, however this did not effect her peppy spirit. "Pat" Riley could not let the day pass without relating a few anecdotes about Abraham Lincoln. Pat's roomie, "Tae" Rettger gave a brief talk on the life of Lincoln. "Plump" Mortimer contributed to the entertainment by singing a few Valentine songs. The pledges surprised the members of the Club by giving a short original play.

The proctor's "lights out, girls," brought the party to an abrupt end, with a unanimous blind dive for souvenirs.

Lincoln's Faith Defended

That Lincoln was a good church member and a firm believer in prayer was asserted strongly by Miss Rowe at the Y. W. meeting following his birthday. She denied recent assertions about his lack of faith, and produced anecdotes and biographical material which effectually disposed of the stories. Her talk was followed by several readings on the life of Lincoln, given by Helen Klepper and Marie Eckert. The meeting had been arranged as a special Lincoln memorial service, Ruth Adams acting as general chairman.

Y. W. C. A. Elects New Officers

At a well attended meeting of the Y. W. C. A. the following officers were chosen for the coming year: President, Kathleen Spangler; vice president, Dorothy Bastian; secretary, Alice Edler; treasurer, Verna Mae Kurtz. These new officers will be installed soon.

The retiring officers are: President, Mary Margaret Adams; vice president, Connie Gilloegly; secretary, Evelyn Hetherlin; treasurer, Ruth Jones.

Where Shall We Go for a Walk?

In a school of any kind it seems that there are people who are willing to go for a hike or a walk but don't know where to go, and either from inability to ask questions, or fear of getting themselves lost (I don't believe that), or from lack of ability to make up their minds, don't get started on that long thought of plan of exploring the country round about by the slow but certain method of perambulation. Right here and now let me warn away any person who desires to find in this a set of directions which one finds in the State Syllabus of Health Education; such as, arms side-ward fling, heels raise—until every muscle is properly exercised. Some people like that sort of thing, but they are the mechanical type, the type who can read nothing unless it is useful, play no games that are not definitely healthful, and in general must be busy about something that is definitely and concretely practical. From such as these let me preserve such knowledge of the hikes as I am going to set forth. Was it not against something like this that an authority on sports, whom I heard just the other day, spoke definitely and forcefully? Did I not myself hear him say that he had never yet entered a sport thinking about the definite health value of the game, but always for the sheer joy of it? Then may I ask what person, what mere person I repeat, should have the nerve to go on these hikes, which presently and in my own good time I am going to describe to you, for the purpose of reducing or taking needed exercise? Right here and now let me advise them to rise thirty minutes early, collect the letters of their friends, and proceed on a trip to the post office to which they can rush in high-heeled shoes and a half-awake manner. There is much that you can miss on such a trip but then we all miss

enough—it doesn't matter where we walk so, as I don't want any reducers taking the hikes that I expect to describe, I would suggest that they follow some method such as that. A person may be allowed his peculiarities, I hope.

Since I have definitely stated the people whom I think these suggestions won't help, I will now say that any person who really likes to get away from rows of brick houses and pretend that he's seeing the real country (he daren't mind getting muddy by the way) may be interested in reading these suggestions, noting the ones he has taken that I haven't even heard of and feeling superior about it, and also noting mistakes in the directions given which after all lead to more discoveries than a strict following of directions ever will. It is for these people and for the sake of getting a required thesis written that I am employing this ink. Authors now-a-days write for the lucrative value of it so you will understand when I say I am not the big-hearted individual to write for the welfare and information of a group of individuals whom I know only remotely and about whom I care less.

Now that you know whether or not you are the person to verify these hikes, I will say that most of them are within the limits of the dormitories and do not require more than two or three hours if you are not tempted away from the beaten path by a small by-way or by the temptation to sit on the planks of a narrow bridge and swing your feet. Time is your own, spend it as you choose, but before I tell you of the specific details of the comings and goings of these walks, I will suggest that it is always best to discover your own. I have now done my best to warn you away from this so you proceed at your own risk.

Walk No. 1

Time: Before breakfast preferably.

Route: Go up Girls' Glen until you reach the Cottage, the first house on the right after you leave the Normal. Then turn left and follow the path up over the hill. By and by you will meet the road that goes up Boys' Glen. When you reach this, turn left once more, follow the road until you see the home of Dr. Armstrong looming up before you. If you prefer, when you come to a narrow, grassy road that crosses a stone culvert, you may turn left across this, go up over the hill to the old reservoir and by going down either of two paths up there you may precipitate yourself into your own back door. If you want to go steep, take the one farther east. If you are not in such a hurry, take the one toward the west and dodge the briars. This likewise deposits you at the back door, or more specifically the tennis court back of the gym.

This is the simplest form of the walk that I have described to you. It is a walk that abounds in spirits and shades of the past, partly because you pass two cemeteries with another one out of sight over the hill to the right of you as you go down Boys' Glen, and partly because the place itself is haunted by the spirits of departed Normalites. On this hill, years ago, was situated the Central State Normal School. A brave position it held and towering over the city it stood unblinking for many years. Go carefully

lest you offend one of those spirits and perchance the grandfather bunny (I don't know that he is but as far as I know there's no reason why he can't be) who dwells on this peaceful hillside. If you are careful and do not make too much noise by chance you may see him disappearing into the briars or bounding down the hillside two jumps ahead of you, a distance which he soon increases. You may even catch sight of a ground hog moving along more leisurely.

Then certain it is for those who like birds that in the spring you cannot fail to see the downy woodpecker, tapping out his morning song. I'm sure that's the way they sing although no ornithologist will commit himself. A great many of the birds make this their choir box for their matin songs and in the spring I would not be much surprised if you would meet a group of Nature Study people led by Mr. Ulmer, chasing to and fro trying to catch up with some songster in order to shoot him with their field-glasses. All this I say can be seen on this simple hike that I have specified took one hour (at a moderate gait). I do not specify that all this can be seen in one hour unless you are quick of eye and nimble of foot.

Now if you would spare more time you might keep on up the hill until you reach another old reservoir. This I might mention is the especial haven of the woodpeckers during their courting season. At no other place are they displayed to such a fine advantage (maybe they know it too). From here also you can see the sunrise although it is from the lower hill that the sun shows itself most fully and rises over a scene broader and more varied. First of all you may see the Normal, looking like an old castle from the back, then the town, river and the hills beyond. It is good to get out of bed in the morning during spring.

One more suggestion and I will let you discover the remainder of things to be found here for yourself. If by any chance you are infatuated with wandering feet and a sniffing nose you can wander over these hills to your heart's content, not finding anything so wonderful perhaps, maybe now and then an unexpected view, an especially velvety patch of moss, or hearing the lovely trill of some bird. You may do so without fear of getting lost for you will end either in Boys' or Girls' Glen. Then follow your nose and you will be back again at your own dormitory.

Walk No. 2

Time: One hour and a half at a steady pace, less by running, more by rambling. Before breakfast by starting at 5:15 A. M.

Route: Go up Girls' Glen but do not let your feet stray from the beaten track this morning. On and on up the road past farmhouses and barking dogs until you reach the Fairpoint School, a distance of about three miles. Then turn left onto the road which leads to Flemington, there's a little hill you must journey up and down again, and in about ten or fifteen minutes you will come to a white farmhouse and a burned barn. Right there you turn left once more into a narrower, less used road, which generally contrives to stay muddy in a spot not very far from the place where

you turn. This is the Boys' Glen road and the rest is simple. Follow this road and in time you will recognize the cemeteries that I spoke of previously. Do just as you did before from this point and you will return once more to the place from which you started.

Remarks: If instead of turning left at the white farmhouse and burned barn you had gone straight on, you would have come to the town of Flemington. Here if you will turn left (have you noticed how frequently you turn left?) and follow the car track you will reach Normal via the city streets. On this hike you will pass the paper mill (the largest in the United States and perhaps of the world, I'm not sure) with its piles of lumber all about. Take notice of it, it is worthwhile. It is on the right, not along the street, but still plainly visible. This makes a longer hike and perhaps you had better take an afternoon for it. Along this road you will also catch sight of the canal. This is before you come to Flemington. If you ever come here in the summer, you will want to know the location of it for aquatic reasons. It is also of deep historic interest since it is part of the system that was to connect Pittsburgh and Philadelphia and never got itself completed. The railroads saw to that.

Now let's go back still a little farther on our journey. At the place where you reach the school house if instead of turning left, you turn right, you will reach the Sugar Run Road. At what point I don't know for this is one of the hikes I have never taken. But when you reach another main road, turn right

and stick to the same road (If it's spring you'll have no trouble, that road produces the stickiest mud next to the river road that I know of). You will come out on Susquehanna Avenue. This hike is especially nice for a large group since you have plenty of room in which to chase around.

Walk No. 3

Here's another one to acquaint you with Girls' Glen.

Time: Two hours, more if you like to explore the by-ways.

Route: Go up Girls' Glen again, until you come to the third lane on the right hand side of the road, if it isn't the third one, it's the fourth. The one distinguishing make is a peach orchard without a fence, two hundred feet from the main road. This is an especially fine hike to take in the fall. Of course, you turn into this road and if you do not have wandering feet you will follow it until you come to a school house which faces on the Sugar Run Road. It will be to the left of you. Here you turn right and walk down the Sugar Run Road. If you can plan your time properly you will be able to do this at the same pace at which you started, but if you stop, as any group I have been with has, you will have to race down Susquehanna Avenue to get there in time for lunch, breakfast, or what not.

Remarks: There are some lovely views along here. In one place you can see hills and more hills and then the river with a puff of smoke now and then to show that this is an enterprising community. One thing that has always proved a snare for a good many people, unless they have passed in the dark, has been the enticement of paths disappearing off into the woods. This region has been cut out by lumbermen and some of the old roads are left. In these woods you can always hear the pheasants rising with the thundering noise they make and if you keep your eyes open you can find a variety of wuzzy caterpillars to carry home on a leaf. (I have never yet had anything useful to carry them in) and lose every five hundred feet of the way. In here you can well believe that you are away from everything for it is quiet and still save for the wind caught in the trees now and then. There is no certain path that you can take into these woods but you can follow any variety you please and you'll come out somewhere. It's fun once in a while not to know where you are going. It isn't good business but it's pleasant walking.

Walk No. 4

Time: An hour at the least, a day at the most, according to the Dormitory Rules.

Route: Have you ever noticed the paths along the side of the hill that is on the right of the Girls' Glen Road? Cross the run the first chance you get and follow the path. It is the upper one, by the way, the lower one takes you to a ravine which is an ideal spot for a picnic supper. This hill is a nice place in which to find arbutus in the spring, and there are also violets. Well, as I was saying, follow this path wherever it leads you and it will seem to end in an uncultivated field. Cross this and turn left on an old grassy road. Follow this and you will see, if you go far

enough, an old house, a tumble-down barn, and the remains of a saw-mill. Then the road dwindles down into a trail and then into branching paths which are always going around turns just to tempt you to see what's next, I honestly believe. When you return follow the same road and if you don't want to go across the field again, just keep going on the road and you will come out on Susquehanna Avenue right above the Children's Home.

Remarks: When you follow the path, it leads through some pine thickets. Here you can always find juncos in the winter time. There are other varieties of our winter birds here too, but none that seem to be such persistent visitors. Quite often it is up here that you will find the blue jays. If you don't succeed in seeing them you can at least hear them. But when you get up past the saw mill the place seems curiously quiet, save for the noise of the small stream that is there. There are very few birds but it is a fine place for butterflies. You can find a great variety of moths and butterflies but the problem is to catch them. The place seems ideally protected for them. Thorny and spikey bushes abound with the increased impediment of an uncertain path. I have gotten a great many more scratches, bumps, and falls, than butterflies and bugs but I once kidded a katydid into thinking I was harmless and took him down from his perch in the tree. That was a real victory and one not easily accomplished. I believe I was advertised after that for I have never again even succeeded in getting one to wink at me.

Walk No. 5

Time: An afternoon and a long one.

Route: Up Susquehanna Avenue we will go this time. At the first by-way to the right, turn off and follow it down the hill and across the wooden bridge. Then go by a white house, you're really trespassing but the man who lives there doesn't mind, and take the path going up the hill. When you reach the top, lo and behold, you are on the river road. After that it is simple, turn right and follow the road. If you keep on you will come to Riverview, which is a collection of summer cottages. After that it is about a mile to Ice Mines, which was really our destination all the time.

There is no definite mine but some small holes in the side of the hill which contain ice in the summer. You will

(Continued on page 8)

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OUR OWN LITTLE DIARY

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21

The past week-end went like lightning. I wish the dance was just coming. Not much doing today. This place is so exciting? I guess the trains aren't running from home to Lock Haven.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22

Another uneventful day. Wish something would happen. Went down town. This was Cookie's afternoon off so we celebrated. I wish there was a Washington's Birthday every month in the year.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23

I'm getting to be a regular artist. Missed my vocation so the gang thinks. Went through all my other classes as usual. There's one class I haven't the courage to recite in. Some day I will, maybe.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24

Yesterday was a big day at home. Hope some of the returns float in this direction. Went out to the movies. We were almost late getting in. We certainly stepped on it coming back. Made it, too. It's a wonder there wasn't a freight train a mile long to hold us up. We were lucky.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25

Tried to work in the Library but couldn't. My mind wandered too much so I wandered out. Every one looked so busy it made me feel funny.

J. and F. went to State. Keis and Edna went home, that's four gone. This end of the floor is almost deserted. Might look lonesome but I guess we can still be heard. Hope the spirit for going out doesn't move any more of us right away.

The debate was rather interesting.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26

This is the first Saturday since I've come down here that I've worked. I didn't even go down town. That's another rare occurrence. That Art is finished now and my arm is nearly paralyzed. I've been looking at colors so long now that I'm color blind.

The Junior party was cute. Everything was clever. Enjoyed the dancing too. No feed tonight and I'm starved.

The box of candy disappeared rather fast. That's the last one I'll get until after Lent.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27

Told my story to myself this morning—interesting!! Locked my door and studied. The whole gang was in the next room talking. It was misery to stay out but I did. Don't know as I got very much out of it. I was in my room in body but with the kids in spirit.

Didn't go out tonight. Expected Totty to call and she did. I'm so glad I stayed in.

J. and F. came back tonight. The gang will soon be reunited. Keis and Edna will be in later. Anxious to get the news of the town.

Mr. Gage Speaks at Port Allegheny Institute

Prof. Gage had his name on the local Institute program at Port Allegheny, February 19.

The district Institute, held for the benefit of McKean County teachers, was in session during the entire week, beginning February 14.

Mr. Gage addressed the McKean County teachers on Saturday, the 19th, with a talk relating to the fundamental importance of reading in the schools and out of the school. He stressed particularly the necessity of developing better attitude toward the selection of reading material in general.

Mr. Gage tells us that among the seventy-five teachers who attended the institute, about thirty were formerly students at old C. S. N. S. "It seemed like a home-coming to me." He said he had a very enjoyable time meeting old friends in Port Allegheny. Among others he met was a present teacher in the Port Allegheny school, who happened to be a student of his when he first started to teach in a high school in New York State.

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Clothes**

HARRY H. WILSON

JUST ABOUT JERRY

Examination Time

It was time for the semester examinations and a gloom had fallen over the school. The ones who had worked all year were working harder than ever, and the frivolous ones who had played all year were working with a desperate frenzy. But Jerry was not working—no indeed. The day before exams is not the time to begin to study. One has impressed the instructor with one's intelligence or one has not, and the result is as sure as if the marks were already down in black and white.

Her friends, all of them, were subjecting themselves to what was known as a "regular exam." Her own room-mate even drove her from the room because she laughed out loud over the book she was reading. She wandered around to the rooms of her friends, and was confronted by a "Very Busy" on every door. She finally thought of some Juniors that she had not visited for some time, so she turned down the hall to 320 and found a "Positively Engaged to Every One" across the door. Jerry heaved a disappointed sigh loud enough to carry through the transom.

Jerry wrote a note under the "Engaged" sign and tip-toed down the hall, then back again. The door opened and a face peered out. "Jerry Stewart, was that you?" she asked. "We thought it was some one coming to have some work explained, so we kept still. Come in!"

"With an 'Engaged' sign like that on the door!" said Jerry. "Not for anything!"

"Do come in, Jerry, and cheer us up," they chorused. "We're so scared we don't know what to do. The Seniors have been telling us the most dreadful stories about exams. They aren't true, are they?"

"Of course not," replied Jerry. "Don't believe a word those Seniors tell you. They were Juniors themselves last year and if the examinations were as bad as they say, they wouldn't have passed them."

A relieved expression passed over the two faces.

"It all depends on chance," continued Jerry. "Some classes are so large that the professors haven't time to read the papers so they just go down the list and flunk every thirteenth girl. Just

hope none of you will be number thirteen."

Jerry rose. "Well, good-bye, girls," she said. "Above all things don't worry. I'm glad if I've been able to cheer you up a little bit—but don't believe any of those silly stories the Seniors tell," she called back over her shoulder, "they're just trying to frighten you."

Student Council Approves Mailless Days

George Washington's Birthday was celebrated by at least one of the student council members, the one whose turn it may have been to place the mail in the mailboxes. Ann Orlin—it was even she—k ran around happily all day, knowing that no mail would be delivered on the holiday.

The popularity of our half thousand is alarming to those who daily sort and struggle through the mailing. The student council heartily approves mailless days—but, of course, since they can never be sure themselves just which days would be letterless for them, they intend to do nothing whatever about starting a possibly unpopular new custom.

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SPORTS

Normal Loses to Dickinson Seminary

Central State was again forced to defeat when the Dickinson Seminary boys beat them on Friday evening, February 18, by 34-19.

The game, played on Central State's floor, was hard fought. The Normal team showed not a few signs of improvement since the game with Indiana. Their passing and shooting made Dickinson feel uneasy at several stages of the game. The Dickinson boys led from the first quarter to the last, but it kept them busy to keep Normal at a wholesome distance.

At the end of the first half the score stood 19-9 in Dickinson's favor. The Normal fought with renewed vigor in the third quarter and raised the score to a point where Dickinson began to worry. Slowly the margin narrowed, but Normal's dreams vanished when Dickinson tightened up her defense during the fourth quarter. While Normal was making a final attempt with long shots, the Dickinson forwards slipped around Central State's guards for three baskets and clinched the game.

The final score was 34-19. The lineup:

Lock Haven			
	FG	F	T
Bauman, R. F.	1	0	1
Renniger, R. F.	0	0	0
McCloskey, R. F.	0	0	0
Hosterman, L. F.	3	1	7
Sherkel, C.	4	0	8
Ulmer, L. G.	0	0	0
Williams, R. G.	0	1	1
Bohn, R. G.	0	1	1
	8	3	19

Dickinson			
	FG	F	T
Clewns, L. G.	0	0	0
Lindimoch, L. G.	0	0	0
Schugart, R. G.	1	1	3
Hohenshelt, R. G.	1	0	2
Fryberger, C.	0	0	0
Neal, C.	1	0	2
VanAntwerp, L. F.	4	0	8
Shugart, L. F.	2	0	4
McKay, R. F.	5	1	11
Chambers, R. F.	2	0	4
Schuers, R. F.	0	0	0
	16	2	34

Faculty Plays Seniors—Group I

The few students who knew about the basketball game between Group I Seniors and the Faculty, and who ventured over to see it on Wednesday, February 16, were more than glad they had done so. The reason so few knew about it was that it was only a practice game, and thus not meant for spectators. The Seniors managed to win by a score of 14-13. However, it was not the closeness of the score that made the game so intensely interesting.

Just to see Mike Kirby playing against Miss Barkhuff and Katy Orth guarding Miss Dixon was quite enough to furnish amusement for the spectators. Miss Barkhuff and Miss Russell seemed quite perplexed when the ball landed in their arms, but when it came to guarding they were hard at it.

During the last quarter, the Faculty passed the hat to the spectators. The exact amount of this free-will offering was sixteen cents!

It is often said that a practice game is better than a scheduled one, and again this proved true. This game was worth an admission fee to all who saw it.

Tona Hosterman scored largely for the Seniors, and Miss Dixon and Miss Rearick divided the honors for the Faculty. Gwen Stringfellow, in the capacity as referee, handled the game well.

Faculty	Seniors
Miss Linderman	Guin Knapp
	Center
Miss Pollock	
Miss Dixon	Mike Kirby
	Side Center
Miss Barkhuff	
Miss Ammond	Agnes Matson
	Guard
Miss Gilkey	Kathryn Orth
	Guard
Miss Rearick	Lucille Herriot
	Forward
Miss Pollock	Tona Hosterman
	Forward

Snow Once More Envelopes Town

Snow—snow—more snow! Since Friday, February 18, the Normal has not promenaded Main Street hatless and artless. On that evening snow began to fall, continued all night, all the next day, and then all day Sunday. Many of the girls of the dorm thought their boys would never get here in time for the dance, but despite the drifts and piles of snow, they came. After they got here some were heard to say that they didn't care how much it snowed. No matter how they felt about it, the snow continued to come down, and by Sunday morning it was really hard for the "old regulars" to get to church. By noon the residents had paths made and it was a pleasure to walk between the great banks.

The sun has wrought havoc with the white covering now, but while it was still here it was surely enjoyed.

Derbies Cut Down Two High Hats

Two of the few remaining high hats of the dorm have been cut down and made over into regular Derbies. The D. R. B.'s have lately concluded initiating Max Bossert and Norman Morgain.



By Dent Bowser

SERVING THE BALL

A good service is of the greatest importance to a tennis player, and it is not so hard to master as many beginners seem to think. In serving, the ball should not be hit down into the service court; rather it should be hit away from the server. It already has downward motion when hit and gravitation will help to bring it down. To deliver the service the weight should be on the right foot (for right-handed players), the ball thrown up six or nine inches beyond the reach of the racket; and the ball struck with the center of the racket as it descends. An important thing to remember in serving, as well as in all strokes, is to keep your eye on the ball and let the body follow through with the stroke. Of almost equal importance is hitting the ball on the service at the full extent of the reach. The service should always be under control so that the server can keep his opponent guessing as to what part of the receiving court the ball is going to land in. In serving the placing of the ball counts more than a terrific drive because the drive is very difficult to control.

THE TECHNIQUE OF RETURNING BALLS

In receiving the service the receiver should be sure to play back far enough so that he can get a swing on the ball that will not be cramped. The best way to play the serve is to hit the ball at the top of its bound. The higher the ball is, the more command is had of the opposite court. The weight of the body should be evenly distributed on the balls of both feet to facilitate a quick and well-balanced shifting of position. The placing of the return of one opponent's serve should be the primary object, rather than a certain kind of stroke. When receiving a serve one should try to anticipate the general direction that the ball will take. This will give the receiver a chance to get "set" for the return. Most champion players believe in the "center" theory, that is, returning the service down the center of one's opponent's court. This lessens the angle at which the ball can be returned. The most usual return of a service is cross-court, that is, across the center portion of the net rather than up the side lines. The reason for this is natural, for a player is apt to make a large number of his shots through the medium of least risk. Thus playing over the center portion of the net involves the least amount of risk both as to direction and elevation, for the net is lowest at this point. The best weapon is a varied attack which will keep one's opponent guessing.

The average player is naturally stronger on his forehand than on his backhand. In both strokes the position is

side-wise to the net, and the ball should not be played too close, preferably near arm's length. The ball also should be played a little in advance of the body. The swing should be free and natural, the weight at first evenly distributed on the balls of the feet.

Seniors Choose Class Day Speakers

At a recent Senior class meeting four class day speakers were elected. Their speeches will appear in *Praceo*, hence their early selection.

Class History	Ruth Jones
Class Prophecy	Rose Bower
Class Will	Marie McNellis
Class Song	Blanche Swope

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Where Shall We Go for a Walk?

(Continued from Page 5)

know when you've reached it by a watering trough along the side of the road just after you've crossed a small wooden bridge. Generally there is a haze on the mountain at the spots which contain ice. You must climb to see the ice but it is worth it. To return-right-about face, and retrace your footsteps.

Remarks: This is the longest hike I have mentioned but the river road is always fun to walk on, at least it was, and here also you can turn off at quite a number of places. There is a hair-pin turn in it that is especially fine for turning off. A path runs along the side of a brook here and leads to what is known as the Old Sullivan Farm. Here I saw my first and also my last cardinal. Here is another place in which to find the spring flowers and to wander around over the hills.

Along the river road are springs but I fear they have not been properly tested so I expect you had better not drink from them. I must tell you that under the wooden bridge is a fine place to get away from a shower. You do not get the

same amount of water that you do out in the open but what you get has been enriched with a fine yellow variety of mud. It is fine for the skin. If there aren't many of you there are one or two dry places but alas for the rest! They must take the mud without a groan and even if it does run in their eyes pretend they are beautifully dry.

Walk No. 6

Time: An hour and a half if you hurry.

Route: From the Normal School, go down to Titus' along Water Street and across the Lock Port Bridge, turn left and then take the right hand road. A walk of about five minutes will bring you to a steep hill made of rocks. At the foot of this along the road is a narrow path that leads straight up. As you get farther up, it becomes steps in the rock. This is known as Peter's Steps. From the top of this you can get a fine view of Lock Haven. There are also raspberry bushes to help make the climb more pleasant.

Remarks: There are paths up on top which, as usual lead you anywhere. By taking a northerly direction you may go out in the country and after crossing field come to a road. By turning left you come back to the base of Peter's Steps again by means of a nice orderly way which almost makes you wonder why you toiled up that steep path.

By keeping on up the main road you will come to Queen's Run, which is the home of bricks I suppose from the number I've seen here with that name on them. Continue and you come to Renovo. By turning right at the bridge you go through Lock Port and then Dunnstown, a pleasant walk along the river.

Returning to Peter's Steps there are several fascinating legends connected with it which make the spot still more charming. I will not repeat them, having never gotten a story correct in my life and hating to convict myself on paper. Go to natives of the place for your information. I will say though that I once got some lovely wild roses there.

In conclusion, there are many more hikes but those are for you to discover.

What Do Girls Talk About?

They discuss what kind of a fellow their future husband will be. Caesar's wife probably had some definite ideas in mind when she got Caesar. Her ideals would have been shattered if she could have heard the girls in the East dorm argue on this question.

Caesar's wife was determined that her husband would be a leader of men. Strange as it may seem Ethel Hartsock's husband must be a leader of women. In other words he must be a dancer. Ethel says a man that can't stand on his own feet and up for his own rights is never going to be her man.

Caesar's wife wanted a keen-minded guy. Girls of today want open-minded fellows according to an East Derm girl. Not only must he be open-minded but he must be broad-minded. A girl's idea of a broad-minded fellow is one whose brains are so thinly scattered over his broad mind that there is not enough wit concentrated in one point to see her pulling the wool over his eyes.

Caesar's wife wanted a wealthy man. Girls of today want one also. One girl says she does not think she would be happy with a man if she had to pay the parson. That kind of guy doesn't get married.

Well, to sum it all up, Pat Thornton says her man must have his own hair. She once went to a wedding where the groom's wig fell off during the ceremony. That sure was embarrassing to the girl, to say nothing of the fellow. How sorry I feel for Mrs. Caesar. She must have had a very rudimentary appreciation of what a husband ought to be, Caesar was bald-headed.

Artley Back From Mystery Trip

Sterl Artley left the boys' dormitory February 26 without notifying even his room-mate where he was going. The purpose of his secret journey has been the main topic of discussion since that date.

Some of the boys came to the conclusion that he was paying a short visit to relatives. The larger group, those who held to the opinion that he had left to be married the following Sunday, have made preparations to serenade him on the first dark evening after his return.



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