

NORMAL TIMES

At Central State Normal School

VOLUME 1

LOCK HAVEN, PA., JANUARY 17, 1923

NUMBER 5

CHICAGO EVANGELIST AND PARTY AT C. S. N. S.

Rev. "Bob" Johnson Speaks in Chapel—Student Body En- joys Talks and Music

Rev. Robert Johnson, the noted Chicago evangelist, who is putting over an evangelistic campaign at the East Main Street Methodist Church, together with his party, took over the chapel exercises on Wednesday morning, January 10. The other members of his party who were present with him were Prof. Mainwaring, pianist; Prof. Carr, baritone soloist and chorus leader, and Miss Killian, young people's worker.

Mr. Mainwaring played transcriptions from Wagner's Tannhauser, and in response to enthusiastic applause his own transcriptions of two old hymns, "Silent Night" and "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," with chimes. He expressed his delight at playing for an audience which so evidently enjoyed listening.

Prof. Carr then entertained the audience with a song, "When the Boys Come Home." His personality and his magnificent voice won enthusiastic applause, to which he responded with "God, Be Merciful," the story of the pharisee and the publican.

Miss Killian talked for a few minutes about the work she is doing among the young people, and especially among the girls, in the city.

Rev. Johnson concluded the heartily enjoyed program with a short talk to the students, in which he quoted from educational statistics to show the relationship of educational advantages to success in life; and continued along the line suggested by his topic, "America First."

Rev. Bidlack, pastor of the East Main Street Church, was in charge of the exercises, introduced the speakers, and led the devotions.

Commencement Committees

The following commencement committees were appointed by President Hunter at the senior class meeting on January 11:

Song Committee—Edna Nevel, Gwendolyn Glise, Louise Richardson.

Poem Committee—Gertrude Harper, Lucretia Summers, William Skelton.

Pennant Committee—Sylvia Breth, Marie Smith, Verna Shank.

Motto Committee—Martha Dice, Grace Hoover, Janetta Hahn.

Flower and Colors—Augusta Howard, Mary Mowrer, Hester Liddle.

Dance Committee—Walter Marcy, Grace Ishler, Ina Chapel.

Cheer Leaders—Guy Luck, Helen Kinney.

FIRST GAME OF SEASON ALL MAROON AND GREY

Renovo Beaten in Fast Game on Their Floor—Good Start for Great Season

The boys' basketball team opened the 1923 season with a bang on Friday evening, January 12, by taking the fast Renovo High School team into camp, and on the Renovo floor, to the tune of 33 to 27.

Renovo was no easy victim, at that. They had won all of the seven games played previous to the arrival of C. S. N. S., Williamsport High School, always a top-notch basketball team, had been numbered among the seven teams defeated, and had been defeated on the Williamsport floor. Not one team had been able to register a win over Renovo on its own floor in three years, and Lock Haven Normal has never been able to do so. All of which makes that 33-27 victory one for Coach Seltzer, our team, and the whole school to feel proud over.

The game was lightning fast. Renovo's team work was excellent. Normal's was just as much better as the score would indicate. And it was remarkably clean in every respect. The Normal team pays tribute to the sportsmanship of the Renovo aggregation, for the good treatment in every way accorded to them.

Schrot and Rydesky were the point-makers for Normal, with seven and five baskets from the floor, respectively. The three-man defense of Marcy, Haney, and MacDonald was almost airtight, and in the second half was phenomenal. At that time Renovo was leading, 18 to 17; but at the outset of the half Rydesky and Schrot shot Normal into a six point lead, which the team maintained throughout the half.

Houstin was high man for Renovo, scoring 11 of their 27 points. Goodman, Green, Sapora, and Fox also broke into the scoring, with two baskets each.

The way to victory:
Normal Renovo
Schrot.....forward..... Houstin
Haney.....forward..... Green
Rydesky.....center..... Goodman
Marcy.....guard..... Sapora
MacDonald.....guard..... Neucker
Field goals—Schrot, 7; Rydesky, 5; Haney, 2; Houstin, 3; Green, 2; Goodman, 2; Sapora, 2; Fox, 2. Fouls—Rydesky, 7 of 17; Houstin, 5 of 9. Substitution—Fox for Green. Referee—Bob Young, Renovo.

There is no news at the Normal just now. Indeed, it is so bad that one girl declared that she was going away for a week-end in order to have something to write about.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS NOT TO BE CHANGED

Sociology Classes Debate Latest Amendment—Decision Fa- vors Present Method

Four members of Mr. Sullivan's sociology classes met in hot debate in chapel on Tuesday morning, January 9, over the merits of the amendment proposed in United States Congress last December 15. The amendment proposes that the President and Vice President be elected by the direct vote of the people, to take office on the third Monday in January, and to hold office for a six-year term, without the right of re-election. Gertrude Harper and Frederick Hunter supported the affirmative opinion, that this amendment would result in a general improvement over the present system, while Grace Hoover and Guy Luck took the negative view. The judges, Miss Gabriel, Mr. High, and Mr. Gage, after having given the careful consideration the closeness of the debate demanded, rendered their decision in favor of the negative.

Mr. Hunter, first speaker for the affirmative, built his talk around these arguments: that the popular election would render it impossible for a president again to be elected who was unable to command a majority of the votes of the people whom he was to lead, a thoroughly undemocratic situation, and would ensure or at least render more likely his support by the nation when crisis occur; and that the President's ineligibility for re-election would reduce to a minimum the amount of political jockeying in which a president who desires re-election must engage.

The first speaker for the negative, Mr. Luck, argued that, to improve the conditions which create undesirable political maneuvering, it was necessary to treat the cause before the result; and that the real cause for dissatisfaction lay in the method of selecting the candidates for election, which method the proposed amendment left untouched. "So long as the candidates for office are selected in political conventions, there can be no such thing in America as the certainty of electing the one man who really was the popular choice," he maintained.

Miss Harper affirmed that the logical time for the beginning of an administration is the beginning of a new year; that the date of the inaugural should be advanced to such a time so that the granting of the wishes of the people, expressed in the election, should not be unnecessarily postponed after the expression of those wishes on election day;

(Continued on page 3)

PENN STATE CREDIT FOR C. S. N. S. WORK

Normal Instructors on State College Faculty for Ex- tension Work

Nine members of the faculty of this school have been approved by Penn State as entitled to offer extension courses with Penn State semester hours credit, wherever desired. Their names and courses will appear in future catalogues issued by Penn State.

A number of these courses are in operation at this time, as Mr. Ulmer's, Miss Himes', and Mr. McDougall's. It is cause for some little self-congratulation that every name and course proposed to State College by Mr. Drum, under the co-operative arrangement that Normal and State have entered into, has been approved by State.

The following letter is self-explanatory:

The Pennsylvania State College
State College, Pa.
December 13, 1922.

Dr. W. N. Drum, Principal,
Central State Normal School,
Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

My dear Doctor Drum: This is to inform you that the following instructors and courses have been approved by our institution:

Carroll R. All—Elementary Public School Music. Advanced Public School Music.

Jessie R. Avery—Library Methods.

H. H. Gage—The Teaching of Reading. The Teaching of English.

M. DeTurk High—Teaching of J. H. S. Mathematics. Teaching of Arithmetic.

Jessie Scott Himes—Kindergarten and Primary Theory and Methods. The Teaching of Primary Subjects. The Teaching of Primary Reading.

Cornelius M. Sullivan—The Teaching of History in Elementary Schools. The Teaching of History in the Junior High School. Educational Sociology.

Roy Stewart McDougall—Educational Measurements.

Thomas Wayne Trembath—Methods and Materials for J. H. S. Literature.

L. J. Ulmer—World Problems in Political Geography.

Respectfully yours,

A. S. HURRELL,
Asst. Dean of the Summer
Session and of Education-
al Extension.

The members of the Faculty and of the Student Body learned with deep regret of the critical illness of Miss Edith Hagan's brother, John F. Hagan, and of his death on January 8, at Saranac, N. Y. Our sincerest sympathy goes out to Miss Hagan and her family.

BOOKS OLD AND NEW IN SHORT REVIEW

"The Harvester" is one of the most human and interesting of Gene Stratton Porter's books. It is alive with the appreciation of nature, and includes a charming romance. Ruth Jameson, driven by poverty, marries the Harvester, David Langston, for whom she has no affection, with the agreement that if, after one year, she comes to love him, she will live with him. They go to his home, a farm of medicinal herbs, in the heart of a dense forest; a medley of characters, good and bad, come into the story; and, at the end of the year, she is returning in full the Harvester's love for her.

"Good Indian," by B. M. Bower, is well worth reading by anyone who likes a good, clean, wholesome western story. It is written of the time when the Indians were far from friendly to the white men; there is plenty of gunfire and action; the heroine has a faculty for getting into situations from which she must be rescued; at the end of the story he marries her, to keep her out of further trouble, we suppose. That's that; it isn't deep stuff, but it is good entertainment.

"The Last of the Mobicans," by James Fenimore Cooper, suffers the penalty of fame; few people read it, because they dread the thin entertainment of the sort of stories highbrows praise. It is a story of the warfare in Northern New York during the struggles of France and England for the possession of the New World. Major Duncan, of the 60th, and the two daughters of Colonel Mauro, traveling to meet their father, are lead into the heart of the country of the treacherous Mingo Indians by the villainous Magua. Natty Bumppo, the first and best of all the scouts in fiction, whose adventures run through the Leatherstocking Tales, of which this story is one, and his friends, Chingachgook and Uncas, of the friendly Delawares, pilot the three English folk to their destination. Their many escapes from the dreaded Mingo, the horrors of Indian warfare, the resourcefulness of Hawkeye and his Indian allies, give a fresh thrill in every chapter.

Dailies in the Day Room

Ssh, girls; Mr. Drum will be down here.

Did you skip chapel, too?

Hurry up; we're going to the Beanery.

Say, shut that door!

What does he look like?

Did the bell ring yet?

Sing that again, Betty, will ya?

What you going to write about today?

Are you going past the post office?

Oh, I forgot my portfolio.

Come on, you'll be late.

I haven't got a letter for a whole week.

Hey, help me with this drawing, will you?

Hetty, are you going to let me play on your team?

If I skip music, I can go home for lunch.

Do you want part of my cake?

Are you back again, Davidson?

Dear Mabel:

I am sending you a copy of Normal Times, which comes out every two weeks. By the way, I write to you about every two weeks, don't I? My dear Mabel, I wonder whether it is a wise step for me to send you Normal Times; after you get that, what will there be for me to say to you? I was going to tell you that Sib Breth is sick—it is in the paper. Then there is that debate your old friend Guy Luck was interested in—that's in the paper. I might have told you about the last snowstorm and the fun we had out of it—but I know at least two junior girls who wrote that up for Mr. Trembath's composition class, and that means that it will be in the paper too. Mabel, old dear, I am in despair; if I send you the paper, there will be no news for me to write you—Normal Times gets it all. What would you do in a case like that?

Hopelessly,

BETTY.

Get her to subscribe, Betty, and let it go at that. \$1.50, sent to Amy Peters, C. S. N. S., will do the trick.

US AND OTHERS

Blanchard Gummo, 1921, and at present a student at Yale, was a Saturday night visitor here recently.

Blanche Smart, confined to her home for some time since Christmas by illness, has returned. Her name indicates her hereditary traits so well that it will not be so hard for her as for most of us to make up the work she has missed.

Marian Wilson, absent for a few days for the same reason, had such a longing to see the rest of the day room gang that her recovery was rapid.

Oliver Fore and Lawrence Miller of Kersey spent Sunday, the seventh, here. Don't you really know why?

Hilda Leathers absented herself recently long enough to make a business trip to Bellefonte. Full of business all the time, that Hilda.

Leila Anderson and Sylvia Breth, both of Clearfield, have been home ill since the holidays. Post-Christmas colds, perhaps, aftermaths of too much skating and dancing.

Betty Gates has deserted the day room gang, and taken up her abode in the dormitory.

Anne Kennedy is acting as sub-scrub faculty member in Sylvia Breth's place. This accounts for the dignified way in which, you may have noticed, Anne has been carrying her head lately.

Estella McClintock, the pride of Mill Hall, has been convalescing so rapidly from her recent siege of pneumonia that she was able to visit us on Tuesday, the ninth.

Ione Garbrick has been confined to her home during and since the holidays by an attack of tonsillitis. If she had only managed to start her illness after the holidays had ended, it might have caused her less annoyance.

Gret Williams was held up for a few days in the same way. The popularity of that affliction earns it few friends.

Mary Brosius, a Jersey Shore High School student, visited her sister, Kathryn, January eighth. The day room girls ardently wish her to come often; she can keep Kathryn quiet.

C. S. N. S.

By Heck.

OFTTIMES A NAME SOUNDS NOT THE SAME

Leila And 'er son, Howard, usually spend their Summers in Somerville. With them they take Wil's sons, Burt, Russell and Fritz Zimmerman.

One day the boys went on a trip. They had to Rowe across a river. When they came to the place where Yale was located Howard said, "Landis here."

After landing they found they had to Walk. They were all very tired when they came to a Net White house. They First opened the Gates and went into the yard where they saw the Gardner cultivating the sweet Williams by pouring Ashe(s) at their roots. He yelled, "Sta(i)man!" "Shaw," they said and passed right on.

"What a queer place!" said Burt, as they went up on the porch and opened the front Doerr. They saw before them a long hall. In the distance they heard a bell ringing. They, thinking they would like to explore, walked down the hall and opened the Doerr at the end.

Bea hold! They saw before them a curious sight. A Cook, whose spectacles made her look Wise, stood in the small kitchen with a bell in her hand. Liddle Fritzie said, with a Dutch accent, "Iss Dot the Bell-ve heard?" The cook ignored the question and began to sing in a lusty voice, "When Gabriel toots his Horn, Tra, la, la, la," as she went to the Mantle and placed the bell on it. They would like to have Custer.

She then leisurely began to make Coffey. Next she took the Ryan from a piece of ham which looked as tough as Leather. As she seemed to ignore the visitors, who were not at all abashed, they looked for something else more interesting.

In a dark corner they noticed a man with a sprig of Holly in his buttonhole, who seemed to have very low Morall(s) as he was shooting Dice. Beside him was a big, Skinney, Cawley dog, who had a card around his neck on which was written, "Marey, property of Gret Williams." He, too, ignored the boys.

It seemed useless to remain here so the boys retraced their steps through the hall and walked upstairs. At the top they saw another Doerr which they opened. It opened into a High, Brown room which had nothing in it but a Wardrope. Was it Watson who opened it's door? I have forgotten. But any Howe, inside they found a Skelton. They became so frightened that they lost their Breth. Rushing down the stairs, they ran out the Doerr, through the Garden and the Gates, scared Green, until they got home.

"Oh, Lord! What Luck," cried their mother as she clasped them to her bosom while they told their strange story. Glad because they had come to no Harm.

THE IRONY OF LIFE

Why, oh why, can the boys eat so much and never get fat, while we poor girls stop eating altogether and keep on getting fatter just the same?

Girls, wouldn't the trip from Lock Haven to Altoona—and, oh, yes, to Pittsburgh—be tiresome without the conveniences from Bucknell and State?

NORMAL TIMES

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 Faculty Adviser.....T. W. Trembath

JANUARY 17, 1923

The Melting Pot

Young Americans, here at an American school, with American people all around you, did you ever stop to think just how you happened to be here?

It's not like the story of "out of yesterday came you here," but it's a much more serious story of just what kind of "stuff" are you really made.

It has been many years since the first people landed on this side of the continent, but in those years just think of the thousands; yes, millions of people that have sprung up since that first landing. They have come here from many, many different lands; they have spoken many different languages, and they have had many different ways and customs; but when they have all been put in "The Melting Pot," on this side of the ocean, they have come out Americans.

Of course, like all chemicals there is a waste and some may be included in that waste, but the majority is good usable "stuff," and it is with this "stuff" that we have to deal.

You have your opinions about the way things are going on this side and that, and on this hand and the other hand—well enough, but don't tell everybody—it's not all opinions that we want. Be satisfied that you are a product of the Melting Pot, regardless of what went into it, and do your share to make yourself one hundred per cent. American.

You have made a step forward when you want to further your education. Make good use of what you learn, take in all you can get and, if profitable, pass it on to some one less fortunate than yourself.

Do all you can for yourself and for others, but think of "the others" first, last, and always, and you'll be glad in the end you've been through the "Melting Pot" and have turned out a true-blue American.

A SAFETY VALVE

Everyone who has lived around the dorm realizes the pressing need of a way for students to let off excess steam. Healthy young people cannot be penned up for days without generating a certain amount of excess energy.

The gym has been suggested as a suitable place to let off some of this. It is, however, open only on Saturday night. Why not allow it to be open all the time? Then, when we hear a new joke, we can say, "Gee, that's funny; let's go over to the gym and laugh."

A STRICTLY AMERICAN GAME

Basketball, our major winter sport, unlike baseball and football has practically no past. It was invented in 1891 by James Naismith, an instructor in the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. Training School at Springfield, Massachusetts.

A demand had arisen for a game for the gymnasium class which would break the monotony of the long winter months, take the place held by baseball in spring and football in autumn, and not be too rough to be played indoors. Naismith rose to the occasion, creating the game in almost identically its present form.

The idea of the game was first published in the Triangle, the school paper, in 1891. It was 1902 before the game really began to spread beyond the walls of the school, but from that time on its spread has been rapid. It has increased from an insignificant pastime to an intercollegiate and almost an international game of importance. It has become the most popular indoor game of America, for women as well as for men, and has spread to England and elsewhere. At this time there is hardly a town, village, or school that is not supporting enthusiastically at least one basketball team.

Vacations

Can anyone fully describe or measure the joy with which we express the word, vacation? Without even stopping to think, we enjoy the very physical effect which the sound of it produces. To stop, to leave our daily routine for something new, something different, is happiness in itself. And then, there is that mental relief so necessary in the life of a student. To let oneself turn from the vocation to the avocation, sleep, laziness, or whatever it may be, for a few days, just for the sake of variety, is what the youth most desires. If it wasn't for vacation, how stale we'd grow, and how tired we would become of each other! What fun it is to come back, each with a different story, and how glad we are to listen. Oh, wouldn't it be terrible even to dream there were no vacations!

Bud Shoots One In

Breezieton, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Go in back to school after a vacation is the awfulest thing i no of. The first day the teacher was mad as blazes at us kids, cause we thru spitballs at each other. So long as we didnt hit her and so long as we new our lessons i dont see why she shood kick. But thats the way teachers is. You cant do anything without being growled at.

This evning us kids started snowballing after school. We saw old farmer jenks coming down the rode. He wont let us kids ride on his hill so we all made a pile of snoballs and when he passt i guess he thought war had broke out. He moved faster then eny man i ever saw with the roomatiseem go. we kinda fergot that he was on the school bored tho. gee.

Yours trooly,

BUD.

NORMAL TIMES has a want ad outside her door. Ninety Juniors, equipped with pencils and paper ready for duty, are requested to apply at once. Applicants must show some signs of intelligence, need not be good looking, but must be clean cut. They must be sincere and willing to work two days a week, the minimum time it takes to complete their assignment, and any additional time they desire to spend. NORMAL TIMES wants material for publication. She says, "News grows mighty scarce." Ain't it the truth?

PRESIDENT'S ELECTION NOT TO BE CHANGED

(Continued from page 1)

and that the new President and the new Congress should go in at the same time, so that the President should not, as is now the case, be left without a Congress for nine months.

Miss Hoover summarized her own and Mr. Luck's positions by saying:

"The method of selecting the President and Vice President proposed by the amendment would not be sufficiently different from the present system to make it of value, for the political bosses would still be left in control of the selection of all candidates.

"The six year term proposed is so long as to be undemocratic.

"Advancing the inaugural of the President and the opening of Congress to January would result in holding the inaugural at an unfavorable time and in over-hasty and injudicious legislation."

The shortness of the chapel period caused the rebuttal arguments of Mr. Hunter and Mr. Luck to be postponed to the chapel period on Thursday morning, when the debate was completed.

New Teaching Assignments

The student teachers who compose the scrub faculty of the Junior High School are being changed at this time on account of the large number of seniors who must teach this year. Some of the teachers who are teaching now will drop all of their subjects, while others will be permitted to finish out this semester in one of their subjects. The change is being made gradually so that the effect may not be to upset the work of any of the training school grades.

The new faculty is as follows:

Mathematics—Gertrude Harper, Mabel Horn, May Green, Genevieve Ricker, and Catherine Cooper.

History—William Skelton, Glenn Miller, Clarence Thompson, Nellie Johnson, Guy Luck.

Science—Glenn Miller, Warren McCarty, and Nellie Johnson.

Penmanship—Genevieve Ricker, May Green.

Music—Cleta Wheeland.

English—Grace Ishler, Evelyn Fritz, Louise Kintner, Theodore Schreiber.

French—Bernice Lord.

Latin—Mabel Horn, Wilma Ingalsby.

Physical Training—Mabel Horn, William Skelton.

These seniors began observation on January 10, preparatory to teaching on January 15. They will continue teaching for at least nine weeks, many of them longer.

FEBRUARY PLAYS FOR SCHOOLS

The following plays for the February holidays are suggested by the Drama magazine. Better clip this list, and lay it away where you can find it when the necessity for preparing the inevitable program rolls round, and you want yours to be worth watching.

"The Children of February," by Helen Lockwood Coffin. Characters: Father Time, February, Edison, Mendelssohn, Wilhelm Grimm, Buffalo Bill, Daniel Boone, Washington, Lincoln, Cardinal Newman, Longfellow, Handel, Author, Riverside, Cal.

"February Thaw," by Stapp-Cameron. Introduces Washington, Lincoln, and St. Valentine. Theme is honesty and patriotism. Ten boys and girls. 45 minutes. Eldridge Publishing Co.

"Plays for Any Child," by Ursula Payne. Contains ten short seasonal plays, including two for Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays. Intermediate grades. Harpers.

"Patriotic Plays and Pageants," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay. Holt.

"Eagle Feather; in School Plays for All Occasions," by Madeline Barnum. A Washington's Birthday play. In the same book is also Honest Abe. Barse and Hopkins.

"Mrs. Murrays' Dinner Party; in Little Plays From American History," by Alice Johnstone. A school play in 3 acts; time, 1776; 6 boys, 7 girls, 10 to 16 years old; plays 1 hour. In the same book are four scenes from the life of Lincoln. Holt.

"The Greatness of Washington; in Special Plays for Special Days," by Cecil Richmond. In the same book is "The Heart of Lincoln." Edridge.

"The Truth for a Day," by Helen Darley. A clever comedy for girls; the complications caused in a boarding school by the determination on Washington's Birthday to tell only the truth. Eldridge.

"Abraham Lincoln," by Mary H. Wade. Six scenes from Lincoln's life. 22 boys, 4 girls; time, 30 minutes. Richard Badger.

Chapel Attendance

Miss Yale—says she will always be there and she always is.

Edith Morrall—can't remember the number of her seat.

The Boys—cut because it makes them blush to walk past the girls to the front seats.

Julia Coffey—cuts because there is no rack provided for her coat and hat—she never gets there early enough to leave them where they belong.

Mr. Trembath—takes this opportunity to gather material for the joke department of the Normal Times.

Mr. All—Nothing could go on or out without him.

The three little girls in the back seat—like to sit near the faculty.

All of us—Can hardly wait to get out so that we may get back to our classes.

If many more society, sorority, organization, or frat pins arrive in the West Dorm, some of the girls will have to patch or in some way strengthen their dress fronts. Two or three of them look like Mexican generals.

HASTY PUDDING

The Christmas Vesper Service was held Sunday, December 17, with Miss Jean Hahn as leader. Christmas hymns were sung and a very appropriate Christmas reading entitled, "The Lost Word," written by Henry VanDyke, was given by Miss Gabriel.

Miss Catherine Cooper took several pictures of various school organizations. She first took a picture of the Boys' Basketball Team, followed by individual pictures of each one on the team. She also took a picture of the members of the A. P. T. Fraternity. Miss Cooper is to be congratulated on her good work, as all of the pictures were very good.

If old Santa ever gets laid up the student teachers in the Training School ought to make pretty fair substitutes, for him as they have been receiving good training and doing excellent work along this line in the Training School. They have trimmed trees, hung up stockings, strung pop-corn—everything, in fact, except come down chimneys.

Marguerite Fishburne, a pupil in the ninth grade of the C. S. N. S. Training School, made the remarkable record of 100% in the Music Memory Contest held in the High School Auditorium by the Community Service Corporation on Friday, December 15.

Miss Fishburne, who is the daughter of Mrs. Marguerite Fishburne, of South Fairview Street, is eleven years old. She is a gifted musician and a pianist of great ability. The week previous to the contest she took part in the review of the contest selections, playing McDowell's, "To a Wild Rose."

Several other of the contestants made a record of 99½%.

Sunday afternoon several C. S. N. S. students enjoyed a sermon of the Mount Pleasant Methodist Church of Schenectady, N. Y. The sermon was heard by radio in Price Hall. The phone was in excellent working order and under Mr. Ulmer's careful supervision the

New Skipper for Team

Following the resignation of Warren McCarty as manager of the basketball team, caused by a combination of circumstances over which he had no control, at a meeting in the Y. M. C. A. on January 6, the members of the team elected Albert Eberly to the post.

The new manager expects, despite the lateness of the season, to be able to arrange games with a number of teams whom C. S. N. S. has not met in recent years. He has already booked games with Bellefonte Y and with the ex-high team from Renovo, bringing the total of games arranged up to ten.

NOTICE

All those wishing to have their fortunes told, call at Room 237-W. Make an early appointment with Virginia, she is doing a rushing business.

TIME FLIES

But Iva flies faster when she makes the down-town bus in five minutes.

voice of the speaker could be heard throughout the entire hall. The sermon was on "Love," and the speaker proved to be very interesting. Occasionally a word or two was missed, but the general idea of the sermon was caught by all of the audience.

Vesper services were conducted by Guy Luck on Sunday evening, January 7. Beside the regular song service, the leader gave a short talk, suggestive that the students take a more active part in the services.

The Junior Oral Expression Class on Wednesday, January 11, began the study of parliamentary law. A chairman was appointed, who, under the supervision of Miss Gabriel, conducted the meeting in accordance with strict parliamentary procedure. The class began by attempting to organize itself into a formal organization. At the close of the meeting a committee was appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws.

Mr. McDougall took four members of the Educational Measurements Class to Mill Hall January 8 to give standardized arithmetic tests in four of the elementary grades. The members of the class who went along were Laetitia Summers, Emily Brown, Evelyn Fritz, and Gertrude Harper.

The senior class at a meeting on Friday, January 11, elected Helen Kinney and Guy Luck cheer leaders for 1923. A committee was appointed to see about an orchestra for the dance to be given to the seniors whose work is completed this February. The committee consists of Grace Ishler, Ina Chapel, and Walter Marey.

Shakespeare Literary Society held a meeting in the chapel on Friday evening for the purpose of electing officers for next semester. The successful candidates were: President, Ivan Meechly; Vice President, Martha Dice; Secretary, Bernice Lord; Treasurer, Clarence Thompson; Pianist, Grace Ishler; Monitor, Frederick Hunter.

Y. W. Missions

Missions in Latin America was the topic developed by Mildred Fickes at the Y. W. C. A. meeting on Wednesday evening, January 3. Readings were given, showing the work which the Y. W. is carrying on in those countries.

"The Land That God Forgot" was the subject of the meeting on Thursday evening, January 11. Gertrude Dolan, in charge of the meeting, told of conditions in Russia, of the oppression of the peasants by the ruling classes which lead to the present Bolshevistic reaction. She then read the Scripture lesson, and a poem which suited her topic. Helen Dittmar spoke of the good work being done by the Y. W. in Russia.

Mr. All has added another suggestion which he claims will improve our voices. This is to drop our jaws when preparing a music lesson.

Excitement on Sunday, January 7, caused by grape fruit for breakfast and lights out at 10:10 P. M.!

IT KILLS WHITE MICE, TOO

Curiosity is a commendable quality, in the right quantity and at the right time; but it was curiosity that lost the life of the little white mice who, for the past four weeks, have been our pets in nature study.

We had enjoyed them, but they were a trifle fed up with us. They longed for travel and higher education. They were consumed with curiosity about the world that lay beyond the walls of their cage. Someone heedlessly raised the wire netting which had served to confine them, and with a bound they were off to freedom.

One little fellow may have succeeded in his purpose, got further into the world than his fellows, and did not return. He may have acquired the education for which he longed, and so satisfied the curiosity which had been consuming him; or he may have found fate waiting for him just around the corner; we cannot say.

Another came back for a visit one evening; but it was for a visit only, for he was gone again before he could be restrained. He evidently has found somewhere a more congenial environment.

The third possessed a more timid disposition than his brothers. The world, seen too closely, terrified him. He liked it not. Mr. Ulmer rose to the height of heroism demanded by the occasion, and rescued him. You should have seen Mr. Ulmer rising to it. You really should have seen that rescue. The memory of it would have cheered up many a long winter's evening.

The moral of this tale is obvious: The next time you feel impelled to satisfy your curiosity, count ten.

Junior Teams Organize

The junior class has organized two teams, to compete with two teams to be organized in the senior class for the school championship. Helen Dittmar and Hetty Staver have been selected to captain these.

Both teams will be fortified with strong players, several of the girls having played on high school varsity teams before entering normal. It will keep the varsity team stepping to keep ahead of the juniors in practice games, and as for the seniors—well, their chance of capturing the championship, these juniors say, is less than the least thing the littlest mind in school is capable of conceiving. Strong language, that; but the juniors claim they can back it up.

The teams:

Helen Dittmar	forward	Hetty Staver
Ruth Langsford	forward	Julia Coffey
Joanna Sweeney	center	Hazel Barrett
Esther Wardrope	sub-center	Frieda Staiman
Harriet White	guard	Edythe Morrall
Cleona Coppersmith	guard	Martha Cunneen

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ANYBODY CURIOUS

Another mysterious sign has appeared on the bulletin board, this one signed by the A. C.'s. Who or what is an A. C.? Is it a club? A secret organization of night walkers? Or is it just an effervescence of a disturbed intellect?

It might mean Another Curiosity or Awful Calamitists; or All-night Carousers; or Abnormal Children. Our inquisitive spirit has been almost distracted trying to satisfy itself as to just what an A. C. is, but so far without result.

They cannot remain a secret forever. Some day, some day, murder will out.

NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN

A recent scene in Industrial History class.

Davidson—"I surely wish I could gain some weight."

(Enter Mr. Sullivan, quietly.)

Edna Nevel—"Oh my land, anything but a fat man!" In acknowledgement of which compliment Mr. Sullivan made a clever little bow to the embarrassed Miss Nevel.

It's not the first of April, but Hilda and Leila have made a decided move—from third floor to second. There are many attractions in their new home; the chief of which is the carpet. It is some of that fine old pre-war stock of guaranteed durability and fast color which hasn't lost its original tint as yet,—a cardinal red, you'd call it. Anyway, they'll never get the "blues" in that room.

WHEN WE WERE A "PASSEL" OF KIDS

When you look out of the window, these afternoons, at the bare trees and the snow, do you ever think of the time when you were about seven years old?

Oh, take me back to my tom-boy days when all of the year seemed like summer, and when in my bare feet I'd start out across the field to go swimming, fishing or picnicking. If I didn't have my brother or sister or playmate I'd take my dog along and he would rub his cold little nose on my bare legs when I stepped on a bee in the clover patch.

Do you remember the afternoon that you and your side kicks had the show down in the old barn? "Admission, six safety pins, one good sized cookie, seven nails, or a piece of gingerbread." It was quite a problem to drag all those old comforts out of the attic, without mother seeing you; but a stage curtain was an essential part of the show. Old barrels, soap boxes, wooden buckets, the old broken churn,—all made excellent seats.

When the afternoon arrived, such excitement in the neighborhood, my, everyone was afraid of being late. When you think of all these old familiar places, the happy carefree air of it all, doesn't it make you feel funny inside? Well, let's pass by the regrets and imagine ourselves young together again.

As we look back over the audience we see little Skinny with her long red hair hanging in beautiful shiny curls, and sure enough she has on a little blue apron, and as she sits there on top of that old barrel swinging her bare feet she looks as happy as possible, but why not,—isn't she eating a big piece of bread and butter and apple sauce? Beside her, yes, on the barrel, too, is little Ruthie Langsford in rompers. She's regarding her friends quietly, but now we know that she must have been thinking a lot.

In the front row on the old churn are Katherine and Marcy. Katherine has been crying 'cause her mother made her wear her shoes and stockings. And sure enough, there are the red-headed Cuppersmith sisters occupying the old soap box.

Ah! the show begins.

"A Scene in Africa" says the stage hand. "First you will see Elizabeth, the captured wild racoon, then the wild gorilla, and finally the elephants."

Ethylene Lee nearly broke up the whole show at this point by falling off the bucket and setting up a howl.

Just then, in comes little Albert Eberly in his overalls and straw hat, leading a grey pussy cat by a chain. Loud applause.

Ah! Here is a—but no use—father arrived with a load of hay and drove right into the barn.

Watch for the next episode of the show in the next issue of Normal Times.

One of the Training School Teachers examining a very dirty hand of one of her pupils: "Class, has anyone ever seen a hand as dirty as this?"

The owner of the hand, presenting its mate—"Yes, teacher, this one."

WM. KEINER

Special Sales every day in our Ready-to-Wear Department.

Highest grade Garments at a very low price—best assortment in this city.

WM. KEINER

Ten Best Sellers

In the library there is quite a novel collection of books listed to be read by persons between the ages of twenty and forty-five. They have been selected by a committee of ninety-six educated men and women, all of whose names can be found in "Who's Who in America." There are one hundred books in the list and they are arranged in the order of their popularity with the members of the committee. Here is the list of the first ten with the names of their authors:

- 1—Ivanhoe—Scott.
- 2—David Copperfield—Dickens.
- 3—Scarlet Letter—Hawthorne.
- 4—Les Miserables—Hugo.
- 5—Autobiography—Franklin.
- 6—Man Without a Country—Hale.
- 7—Ben Hur—Wallace.
- 8—Tempest, King Lear, Hamlet—Shakespeare.
- 9—Boswell's Life of Johnson—Osgood.
- 10—Pilgrims Progress—Bunyan.

Charles Herbster objects to Normal Times' wondering why he doesn't grow up. He says he's bigger than some of the other fellows in the dormitory. Lead us to 'em, Charles!

Miss Gabriel—"Miss Burgeson, please read the next verse."

Edith—"I am settled—"

Miss Gabriel—"Not yet, read the line above."

Magazine Articles of Interest

Debaters, have you seen the article in the World's Work, the "Jews in America," by Burton J. Hendrick? Will the Jews really dominate the United States? It sounds interesting, how about it?

"Pioneer Life," an article in the Normal Instructor and Primary Plans, by Mary Blosser, may prove a valuable help to teachers. How much do you know about our pioneers? You should know much more.

Perhaps, even if we're not preparing to be tillers of the soil, we might very profitably read, "The American Farmer and Europe," by Benjamin Anderson, Jr., Ph.D. It's in the World's Work. "Franklin!" Who of us does not love this great American? Let us learn how we can help to do our bit in keeping his name immortal. Read John Clyde Oswald's article in the Normal Instructor and Primary Plans entitled, "Helps for Observance of Franklin's Birthday."

Mr. McDougall—"Name the sequences in mathematics."

Class—"Arithmetic, algebra, plane geometry, solid geometry—"

Mr. McDougall—"And then?"

Helen Dittmar—"You flunk."

Eberly—"Horror! horror! horror!"

Hayes—"Help! help! What's the matter?"

Eberly—"Skelton's in the Y. M. pounding my 'Dearheart' on the piano!"

SITTING UP AND TAKING NOURISHMENT

The boys' basketball team defeated tannery team of the Community League for the fourth time this season in a practice game played in the Normal Gym on January 4. This was the first practice for the boys since Christmas, but they showed the same old speed by doubling the score on their opponents, the final result being 40-20.

Coach Dick Seltzer is very carefully avoiding anything that might lead to early-season overconfidence. He is far from convinced that each man on the team has as yet begun to play his best game; but it is easy to see that he is reasonably pleased with the spirit with which the boys are working, and that he will be disagreeably surprised if this season's record does not turn out to be a highly creditable one.

The amount of practice that the team has been able to get from the various teams that compose the Community League has been exceedingly helpful. Play has been faster and more spirited, and the opposition encountered far stiffer than if the team had had to depend on going up against any possible Normal second team. No Normal team has had better or more solid, valuable practice than this one.

At the time this article is written, Renovo High School, our first opponent, has not been met; but we opine thus early that they will have no cause for rejoicing. If Normal does not put a stop to their unbroken string of seven victories this season, Coach Seltzer and the followers of the team will be somewhat disappointed. That is how confident the school feels that the boys who will wear the Maroon and Grey this year make up a REAL TEAM.

Holding a Scandal Up to Nature

Bill Skelton's birthday was celebrated by a general clean-up of his room. Don't tell anyone I told you, but Mac just couldn't stand it any longer.

Someone told me, in strict confidence, that McCarty can handle a shovel as well as a knife. (Don't you dare tell.)

Even that nice little Ernest Schrot is liking Alice now. (Of course, my dear, I never gossip, but . . .)

They said in sewing circle yesterday that Guy Luck won't change his mind at all, because he is afraid, if he did, he wouldn't be able to recognize it. Isn't that awful? And that Steve won't change his because he's afraid that he would.

Marcy had a film yesterday, and he just gets red when you ask him why he didn't have it developed down town.

Ain't men terrible?

Skinney—"Where's the ring that you got from Ed for Christmas?"

Catherine S.—"Oh, it was so big I couldn't bring it back in my suit case."

Mr. Ulmer—"Now which acid shall I take, sulphuric or hydrochloric?"

Schrot (intelligently)—"Both."

Lost! Somewhere in the gymnasium, the Chapel twins.

QUALITY MEATS

and

PRODUCE

ZUBER & SON

KITTEN IN THE DAY ROOM

One sunny morning, back in the days before the snow first fell, a kitten was discovered making itself very much at home in the day room. Nothing very remarkable about such an event, is there? Yet that poor little innocent kitten was the cause of day-long uproar.

It was surmised that Harriet White was at the bottom of its being there. Harriet insisted that it had just followed her to school, but—well, you know Harriet.

It was not much of a kitten, at that: just a tiny, thin, gray catkin that shivered with the cold so violently that some kindhearted girl picked it up and put it into Mary McLean's desk. When Mary discovered it there, she—can you believe it?—despite its chills, she threw it out.

There were tenderer hearts than Mary's in the room. It is said that it is possible to kill with kindness; and Betty (for so she had been christened) passed from hand to hand until, when she was at last set on the floor, she was exhausted.

Hunting lodging, she wandered about from place to place, and finally found a suitable napping place—on Esther Agnew's coat. Once more the humanity of humankind failed her: She had just comfortably settled down when Esther, returning, found her, and shook her violently back to the floor, screaming, "Get out! Get out of here!"

Kitty Campbell came to Betty's rescue, and carried her to her own desk, where the gray mite was able to slumber comfortably all the rest of the afternoon.

One by one the gang went home. Betty slumbered on. The next to the last—the last one left; Betty slumbered on. The lights went out at 10:00; and then—and then—

But who ever cared about the and—then of a homeless cat?

Guide to Good Reading

Two "headliners" were furnished in the chapel exercises on Friday, January 5, one by the third grade of the Training School, and the other by Miss Gabriel.

Little Julia McGhee read the ever wonderful and beautiful Christmas story from the Bible, after which Miss Gabriel read Tennyson's "Ode to the New Year," and also Dana's charming reply to the little girl who, during his editorship, wrote to the New York Sun to learn whether there really was a Santa Claus.

Faye Conklin, a third grade pupil, then announced a demonstration of a socialized reading lesson, "The Stars in the Sky," and introduced the pupils who were to read. This the children did, creditably, interestingly, and naturally, after arranging themselves comfortably about the stage on chairs or on the floor, as they wished. The demonstration presented fair evidence of the success attainable in reading under more homelike conditions than usually obtain in a classroom.

Money Saving Time Is Here

Here is your opportunity to save \$ \$ on

Sweaters, Men's and Ladies' Hosiery, Suits,
Overcoats, Mackinaws, Underwear, etc.

WILSON & SHAFFER

Money's Worth or Money Back

Abnormal Calendar

Jan. 3—Just 362 days more to keep good.

Jan. 4—Coming out party of new diamonds.

Jan. 5—Hosiery display on third.

Jan. 6—National holiday; Gert Lynott's birthday.

Jan. 7—New Year's resoluters go to church; others roll over for thirty more.

Jan. 8—Council gets intimate, and sends a few personal notes.

Jan. 9—Girls on first decide to use wire to tie the next door knob.

Jan. 10—Spanish rice comes back into our lives; tastes like Rudy's last picture at the Martin.

Jan. 11—Pillow fight in West Dorm; Mr. Walk ejected for interference.

Jan. 12—Renovated Renovo; score, 33-27; results announced at two A. M.

Jan. 13—Seniors, beginning teaching, realize the value of conflicts.

The Man in White

There is a man who has been haunting the girl's campus. Once or twice before in history that has occurred, but never has a nocturnal visitor had the consummate nerve of this one. Day and night he is out there. He dares to stand where Miss Yale can see him, should she look out of her window. Yet he seems to have no designs on any dorm student; many of them have

passed him, some running as though to get by as quickly as possible, some just sauntering, but he has spoken to none. It is the dayroom that he seems to be watching, and watching continually.

It is disappointing to the dorm girls to find him so cold and reserved. Some of them would be surprised, even delighted, if he should tip his hat to them. Perhaps, if nothing interferes, and if he continues to hang about, we may be able to melt him when warm weather arrives. We really are becoming rather attached to him; and it is a comfort to know that, if we must be stared at, this starrer is no trifter, but almost frigidly gentlemanly.

He is rather pale, far too pale to be handsome; yet there is something about him that is distinctive, something about his features that we have seldom noted in human faces; a little touch of that *je ne sais quoi* that marks the aristocrat.

LATER NEWS

The prowler has been caught. On close inspection he is disappointing, due perhaps to the rough handling that he received at the hands of his captors. His left arm is broken at the shoulder. A part of his nose has been carried away. His face is minus most of its spare parts. His chest has caved down over his knees. As a snowman, he is a wreck.

A SUDDEN CHANGE OF MIND

"Oh, dear! isn't it awful, girls? What is awful? Oh! this school, the cats, and everything; the teachers are fairly piling the work on us without showing any sympathy whatever; the nights are just wonderful, and yet we have to be in bed at ten o'clock; at home I stayed in bed in the mornings as long as I wished but here I have to crawl out every morning at 6:30 sharp or miss my breakfast; I can't even have anything standing around in my room to eat, but what the pesky mice destroy it, or some one becomes mirthful and snatches it. It's just one bloomin' thing after another. I tell you I hate it, and I am not coming back to this place another year.—What did you say?—What am I going to wear to the dance?—What dance are you talking about?—You say we are having a big dance in the gym the latter part of this month? Oh! isn't that great! Let me see—whom shall I invite?—Yes, I know now. I will call him tonight and tell him about it. And I'll wear my blue crepe dress—Oh! no, I won't either, for that wouldn't make a good contrast with his hair and eyes. Let me think—I have it, girls; he always admired my pink silk chiffon with the silver ornaments, so that is what I shall wear. Oh! isn't this great? We always have such wonderful times. I think we have more pleasures here than any one could possibly have any where else. Just think of all the parties, dances, entertainments, and programs that are planned for our amusement. Oh! girls, I just love Central State.

Resolutions They Have Kept

To avoid all discomforts to which I might subject my classes, mechanical included—Mr. Trembath.

To have a change in color.—Miss Yale.

To keep on smiling, and mean some of it.—Helen Dittmar.

To tell the truth, the whole, etc.—Albert Eberly.

Never to let myself get broke.—Helen Gregory.

To wake the living.—Belvie.

To make the fullest use of all conveniences, as cuts, etc.—Gretchen Williams.

To use the blue room regularly.—Rosetta Schenck.

To diet.—Helen Kinney.

To protect my leaden heels.—Lydia Custer.

To develop a freezeless battery.—Mr. McDougall.

To dissect a humbug.—Mr. Ulmer.

To take my daily exercises, regardless.—Gussie Howard.

To keep in step.—Steve Rydesky.

Not to tell anybody her name.—Bill Skelton.

To have the best Praeco in history.—Bernice Lord.

To get Normal Times out on time.—The Editors.

To appear at our best under all circumstances.—The Juniors.

To make sure that they do.—The Seniors.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR ASSORTMENT OF WRIST WATCHES?

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For Your
Inspection



In White,
Yellow and
Green Gold

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Where you get what you
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You will receive our
Prompt, Personal
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The Store That
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Indian Moons

The pupils of the fourth grade gave a short entertainment in chapel on Friday morning, January 12, entitled "How the Indians Named Their Months." Each pupil as he was introduced gave a short recitation appropriate to the month which he represented. Joseph Furst acted as interlocutor, and delivered a short lecture, explanatory of the Indian name for each month, as a sort of introduction to each of the twelve others who spoke.

Virginia Wilcox and Sammie Fredericks, also fourth grade pupils, lead the devotions.

The other pupils who spoke were: Wynn Bitner, "The Month of Melting Snow"; Warren Schreiber, "The Hungry Moon"; Richard Rathgeber, "The Moon of Winds"; Audrey Laubscher, "The Moon of Opening Buds"; Mabel Burd, "The Moon of Green Leaves"; Marjorie Deise, "The Moon of Sprouting Corn"; Christine Conklin, "The Thunder Moon"; Myra Burd, "The Green Corn Moon"; Lena Pettingill, "The Honey Moon"; Jesse Walizer, "The Moon of Painted Leaves"; Thomas Aikley, "The Ice Forming Moon," and John Killinger, "Moon of Long Nights."

Marie Smith—"Do you have your Sociology thesis written?"

Mabel Horn—"No, not yet."

Marie—"Have you your material collected for it then?"

Mabel—"No, but I have two librarians working on it!"

The Abnormal Column

AUNT NIBBY'S DAILY DOZEN

Have you heard anything about the use of this new fangled complexion clay?
B. S., Shortly, Pa.

Yes, my dear, I heard all about it, but the crowd was so great that I could not look over the transom to see for myself.

Why is not Jean Sissler carrying any noon lunch?
BOTHERED.

A weighty question, Bothered; she is trying to reduce herself to a proper fraction.

From whom does Helen Cherry get that letter every day?
SENTIMENTAL GERTIE.

If you will send Aunt Nibby a self-addressed envelope and a stamp, she will tell you. Or ask anyone in the dorm. Also, you are not quite accurate in your statement; she gets two on Mondays.

How long has it been since Gladys Harm got up for breakfast?
G. D., Mealtown.

My dear little girl, how old do you think your Aunt Nibby is?

When will the Juniors get some of the new furniture?
PARTICULAR JUNIOR.

Let me see, P. J.; how many seniors are there?

Why does Mr. Sullivan say that your paper always gives Belvie at least a half page write-up?
BLONDE BOBBIE.

Blondie, when you grow up, don't you have a jealous disposition.

Why does Bill Skelton go to the library every evening?
WINSOME WINNIE.

He wants to rest his eyes from so much study; you know where he rests them or you would not have written me.

Helen Nace looks out of the window at the stars every night for thirty minutes. Is there anything wrong?
INNOCENT.

She is thinking what she should have said when he said that, so that he would have been able to say—aw, you know.

Is there any good reason why Miss Gabriel's room should be cold as ice?
BROWN EYES.

None whatever; she has steam and hot air both.

Why are Hester and Gussie always the victims whenever anybody wants to be funny?
ANXIOUS.

Well, you can't pull off anything in this place without having one of them coming around, can you?

Can't you publish an issue of Normal Times without having Skinny's name in it?
DAY ROOM.

Every time we try someone comes along with a fool question like this.

Why does Mary Powers still wear a question mark in the middle of her forehead when we all know the reason?
COLLEEN BAWN.

To show that she is beginning to suspect it herself.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME

It was on a pitch-dark, dreary night that, as I walked down the narrow, lonely street which winds through the center of the town, I heard behind me a low, steady, purring sound, which seemed to be rapidly approaching. Vaguely uneasy, I had begun to quicken my steps, when suddenly—a shot—the scream of a woman—then silence.

Dodging behind the corner of a projecting porch, I peered out, trying to pierce the inky darkness of the street. Nothing.

I strained my ears, to catch the faintest sound. The bushes in the vacant lot across were rustling, as though something heavy were crawling—or being dragged—through them.

As I straightened up, petrified, a man's voice cut through the night like the crack of an answering pistol shot: "A blowout! . . . And I haven't a spare on the car!"

On the evening of the tenth Grace Hoover was so deeply wrapped up in memories of "Manslaughter" that she crawled into bed with her galoshes on.

Isn't it remarkable the number of "hope chests" that have been started since the Christmas vacation?

HOW WILL YOU HAVE 'EM TODAY?

Once to every day student there comes the desire to eat beans. Immediately she goes up to the Arbor, and the rest is easy.

That is once; the desire has been satisfied. The next day she must eat again. She says to herself, "No beans today; something else." But she takes beans; and beans she eats.

The habit of eating persists. There are always beans at hand; nothing else is. Beans, beans, beans, beans, beans.

And so the dayroom occasionally lifts up its voice, and howls at the moon in unison:

Beans! Beans! Beans!
There is nothing in life, so it seems,
When I go for a treat
Or simply to eat,
But those dinged little beans, beans,
beans.

WHAT TEACHING MEANS TO SOME OF US

1—Putting our hair up. 2—Writing lesson plans. 3—Evading the critic teacher whenever possible; when impossible, meet her with a broad grin. 4—Developing our physical as well as our mental strength—it might come in handy.

At Achenbach's

**Coue
Sundae
15c**

Day by day in every way—we
make them better and better

Just Arrived

Page & Shaw's, Norris',
and Schrafft's Chocolates
and Bonbons

At Achenbach's

Don'ts for the Dance

1. Be careful not to mar the furniture in the gym.
2. Don't dress up—dress down; it's all the fashion now.
3. Don't forget to eat your share of sauer-kraut at dinner before the dance.
4. Take enough of your pictures along for all.
5. Don't forget and wear the wrong fraternity pin, or forget which hand your diamond will look best on.
6. Don't forget to be on the right side of the chaps—only remember also that distance lends enchantment.
7. Don't forget to ask Mr. Ulmer to study the stars soon after the dance.
8. Don't forget about that dress, hat, shoes, 'n everything you promised to loan—and the ones you want to borrow.
9. Don't eat too much and don't spill what you do have. Remember, with few exceptions, what you have on isn't yours.
10. Don't stay VERY late in the blue room saying good night, but when you do come out, call Belvie for breakfast.

Facts discovered from the Current Event Test—1. A person must have a forgiving spirit in order to check such papers. 2. A "flexible tariff" is one that can be stretched.

Helen Gregory, reporting an observation lesson in Education class—"I think Miss Rowe was developing William Penn."

Normal Times HAS Normal Spirit

Have You?

Get together for the rest of the year—\$1 to the Business Manager does it

WHO'S WHO IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Bringing nature into the classroom or going out to her is so vastly much more instructive and enjoyable than mere reading from a text book. Mr. Ulmer, our science instructor, has for many years made use of this principle. One of the many interesting things which we have been doing is the first-hand studying of small animals, such as dogs, cats, white mice, etc.

The curiously puzzling question that has been troubling our nature study class is—when is a dog not a dog? Prince, Professor Ulmer's prize dog, behaved in a manner befitting his name when he was brought into our nature study class, so that we might be able to partly solve this annoying question. Even Prince dislikes observers; and, as a consequence, he had to be fed with oyster crackers, so that he might partly forget the one hundred gazing eyes. Poor fellow, he was measured from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail.

We couldn't help partly solving the question when we saw how almost human he acted under the inspiration of his beloved master. Perhaps the most fitting compliment we can pay Prince is that he reminded us of Greyfriar's Bobby.

Another august personage who has been horribly annoyed is poor puss. Her teeth have been counted, claws measured, whiskers observed, head adjusted, etc. No wonder she growls when someone tries to pet her.

She can't blame us though. It's all Mr. Ulmer's fault, since he told us to observe a cat and what could we do but obey

ALUMNI NOTES

Central State's summer session alumni are hard at work. Here are a few of them who are finding plenty to do to keep them out of mischief until the next session rolls around, teaching in schools at the places named:

Margaret Kyler Renovo
Clara Poorman Renovo
Christine Dubler Renovo
Ceecilia Anderson North Bend
Dorothy Nuss Farwell
Irene McCloskey Westport
Viola Campbell Hyner
Gerald Lanks Sterling Run
Helen Summerson Renovo
Mary Lucas Renovo
Margery Brown Hicks Run
Ora Mackley Crosby
Ruth Brehm Daguseahonda
Edna Johnson South Kersey
Kenneth Meyer Ridgway
Edna Hallgren Dagus Mines
Cora Anderson Kersey
Sigrid Benson Loby
Emma Magistrella Dagus Mines
Beatrice Thompson Instanter
Beatrice Ottinger Almont
Oleen Schuler Rensselaer
Teresa Miller Wilcox
Lorina Petersen Straights
Louise Pomeroy Scranton
Myrtle Burgeson Instanter
Loretta Caldwell Flemington
Helen Johnsonbaugh Beech Creek
Esther Winslow Crenshaw
Ruth Mitsche Jersey Shore
Ruth Snyder Jersey Shore
Florence Shaw Porter Township
Sarah Peterman Jersey Shore
Eva Getgen Antes Fort
Henrietta Meyer Jersey Shore
Margaret Kyler Renovo
Miriam Keiser Williamsport
Lillian Strawbridge Sterling Run
Dorothy Cornelius Renovo
Catherine Long North Bend
Eleanor Sehnars Westport
Eleanor Stewart Jersey Shore
Hazel Baird Flemington
Naney Brumberg Shawmut
Rella Wertz Roekton
Betty Nolden Luthersburg
Edna Lehman Loganton
Grace Gordon Driftwood
Myra Boone Beech Creek
Myrtle Mead Weedville

The Lyeoming County Alumni Association organized on Thursday, December 21, during the county institute at Muncy. M. R. Yarrison, of South Williamsport, was elected president; Miss Florence Shaw, of Jersey Shore, treasurer; and Miss Ocie M. Drick, of Montoursville, secretary. The association is planning to hold an alumni reunion, banquet and dance in Williamsport during March or April.

Betty Jeane Wilson arrived at 2017 Derry Street, Harrisburg, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray B. Wilson, on December 29, 1922. Mrs. Wilson was Elizabeth Miller, 1915.

Evan H. Manwiller, '16, is teaching in the grammar grades at Hamburg, Berks County.

Mrs. George Johnstonbaugh (Marjorie Aaron, '17), is living at Mill Hall.

Mrs. B. M. Hoag, formerly Kathryn White, is living at 1108 Park Avenue, Williamsport.

Florence Laubscher, '17, is teaching in the junior high school at Mill Hall.

Florence Holmberg, '19, is finding plenty to do at Norristown.

Anna Simeox, '18, is teaching in the high school at Bellwood.

Katherine Baird, '20, of Island, and Ralph Bauman, of Lockport, were married at the M. E. parsonage at McElhattan on New Year's Eve by Rev. J. T. Cobiak. They will live at Elizabeth, N. J., where Katherine has been teaching.

Anna Conner, '22, is teaching second and third grades at South Bethlehem. Do you find any time to play tennis now, Anna?

Mrs. Donald Rothrock (Beryl Clendennen, '17) is living at Bitumen.

Bertha Clendennen, '17, and Clara Clendennen, '10, are teaching at Youngstown, Ohio.

Elizabeth Allanach, '10, is training in the Presbyterian Hospital, New York City.

Elizabeth Wagner, '20, is attending Bucknell this year.

James May, '17, is principal of the high school, Weedville.

Central State is well represented at St. Marys. Among the alumni teaching there are L. T. Kelly, '16, Esther Smith, '18, Lorene Howe, '18, Eleanor Dunn, '21, and Martha O'Brien, '21.

The hard-working office boy, who does not really exist, but who has been invented by us because all up-to-date editorial offices are supplied with at least one of them to keep the editors humble, has just brought in another group of names and locations of our last summer session students. How many of them have you been lucky enough to meet?

Orrie Lovell Glasgow
Eugenia Mallison Export
Frances Pearson Colegrove
Ai Eckert Curwensville
Max Norris Emporium
Mary Haskins Austin
Beatrice Harris Shadford Center, N. H.
Elva Rees Costello
Anna Smith Roulette
Kathryn Tyler Roulette
Lillian Dexter Kane
Anna Cotter Austin
Constance Tubbs Wrights
Winifred Brosius Jersey Shore
Nina Tyler Shinglehouse
Naomi Taylor Port Allegheny
Esther Rodgers Rexford
Marietta and Janet Burt Force
Mary McMackin Elbon
Katherine Geary Johnsonburg

Beatrice Packer, '21, is teaching in the fifth grade of the Logan School, Juniata.

Elizabeth Young, '21, is stenographer for Meyer, Jonasson & Company, of Altoona.

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Hildred Foutz is teaching in Bellwood.

Margaret Walsh, '15, of Dushore, her sister, Florence, also an alumni of C. S. N. S., are holding down government positions in Washington, D. C.

Mildred Harrington, '16, is in partnership with her brother, operating Harrington and Company's creamery at Dushore.

Margaret Garey, '12, is teaching near State College.

Sam Diehl is teaching and taking life seriously at Lamar.

Here is a sample section of the Altoona alumni, now teaching in the Altoona schools:

Ethel Casselberry, '21; Helen Loose, '21; Vendetta McKenzie, '21; Alma Sissler, '22; Marion Buehler, '22; Gretchen Kleinsorgen, '22; Romayne Embick, '22; Alma Miller, '22, and Olga Neff, '22.

Pretty keen, eh, what?

Laura Keller, '22, is clerking at Bush & Bull's store in Williamsport.

Herbert Neefe, '21, spent a recent week end with us.

Harriet White, '22, and Bethel Miller, '22, called here on the seventh, cheering up an otherwise dull hour or two for a group of their friends.

The engagement of Sarah Peterman, '21, to J. G. Calvert, of Jersey Shore, has recently been announced.

C. S. N. S.

Do you know what the first two letters stand for? Central State? Guess again. According to Miss Yale, the answer is "Common Sense." Agreed? (Wonder what the last two stand for?)

STYLES AT C. S. N. S.

Some members of the faculty spent Christmas vacation in New York City, and, oh, the marceis and new hair combs! Why, oh, why, did we get our hair bobbed? We'll never, never do it again, will we, girls? Just watch us!