

# NORMAL TIMES

At Central State Normal School

VOLUME 1

LOCK HAVEN, PA., JANUARY 3, 1923

NUMBER 4

## SANTA CLAUS COMES TO THE NORMAL GYM

### Y. W. Bazaar a Big Success—A Real Christmas Tree and the "Really Santa Claus"

'Twas not the night before Christmas, but Santa Claus was there. He just had to come to the combined Christmas party and bazaar of the Y. W. on Saturday evening, December 16.

If he had not come, he would have missed the huge Christmas tree, resplendent with colored balls, tinsel, and lights, in the center of the room. He would have missed the wonderful mind-reader, Gushing Gussie, borrowed from Ringling Brothers sideshow for that evening only, together with her suave manager, Hester Liddle; and he would not have seen the energetic shaking-up which, under hypnotic influence, of course, she gave to our sedate Mr. McDougall.

He would have missed the three quaint ladies, redolent of lavender and old hay, who came from the thriving village of Pumpkin Center, to mingle, open-mouthed in wonder, with the fashionable throng of city folks.

He would have missed the wandering gypsy from the wilds of Bohemia, who read past, present, and future in the turning of her cards; the clever Japanese maidens, with their table-load of real oriental antiques; the fish pond; Marcella, the cone-dipper; the candy booths; the fancy work; the leedle shtreet band, led by Mr. Drum and Mr. Trembath; he would have missed everything.

Worse than that—for Santa has lived a long time, and perhaps he has seen such scenes before—all of C. S. N. S. would have missed Santa. For all of C. S. N. S. was there to see him. They crowded the gym; they spent their Christmas car-fare on geggaws; they laughed and shouted and misbehaved like little ladies; but all the time they were just waiting for Santa; he was the lion of the evening.

And when he appeared at last, all in a whirl, with Guy Luck and Herbster, the Benfer twins, picking up the packages that he left in the wake of his sleigh—oh, graybeards, you should have seen Rosetta and Joanna and Edythe and Mildred then. It would have renewed your oft-battered faith in the dear old myths of childhood. They shouted and cheered and jumped up and down, they and all the other children, and asked in incredulous shouts, "Is he real?" and carried on just like—just like C. S. N. S. on a holiday.

Santa surely was a good old sport. No one was disappointed. If anyone had told him of certain high crimes and misdemeanors, he had forgotten them.

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## GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM A REALITY

### Sanctioned by the Faculty, Organized and Ready to Go—at Last!

When a bunch of hard wishers quit wishing and get to shoving, something has to give. There was supposed to be insuperable opposition to a girls' basketball team somewhere about the classic halls of C. S. N. S. For some reason when Miss Butler and a group of local live wires quit wishing and started shoving, the opposition just was not there.

The faculty, assured that athletics for the girls who could make the school team would in no way lessen the opportunity of athletics for everyone, endorsed the formation of the team without a murmur. Mr. Drum promised his support. In jig time there was a husky squad of candidates working out on the gym floor, and, although it is too early to assume that any position is finally assigned, a tentative team is ready to carry the colors of C. S. N. S. into competition with other schools.

Neta White has been elected captain. The guard posts will fall to Ruth Summersgill and Edith Ash. Hilda Leathers and Lucille Burnham appear to have the inside track for center and side center. Sarah Hanna, Anne Kennedy, and Neta White are arguing it out for forwards. Katherine Cawley, Helen Dittmar, Mildred Ericson, and several others are putting up strong bids for positions. Sounds good, doesn't it? (Answer, eacho, answer: "You bet it does!")

Indications point to a satisfactory schedule, despite the late start, especially since many of the first class high schools in this district are beginning to see the light, and are returning to girls rules for girls teams. Just now negotiations are on for a game with Williamsport High girls for January 9, and with Altoona High, Tyrone High, a Bucknell team, and Juniata. At least

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## TELEPHONE TROUBLES EXPLAINED IN CHAPEL

The student body during the chapel period, December 17, took a trip through the central offices of the Bell Telephone Company. A party of four from the Williamsport office of the Bell Telephone Company put on a series of short talks and sketches that, to everyone's surprise, proved to be one of the best entertainment features of the year.

The announcement on the bulletin boards had sounded rather prosy. This write-up achieves the same effect. An apology should be tendered to Mr. Malleu, Miss Anna Hiser, Miss Margaret

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## PLAY PRODUCTION CLASS IN CHRISTMAS PLAY

### Alden's "Why the Chimes Rang" Given in Chapel—Brings Down the House

The play production class literally and figuratively brought down the house by their presentation of "Why the Chimes Rang," in chapel Tuesday morning, December 20. At the climax of the play, when the players and the audience were hushed, waiting for the miraculous chimes to ring, down came the plaster in the off-stage dressing room, half of the ceiling falling. No one was hurt, however; and the cast, recovering more quickly than some members of the audience, went smoothly on as though no interruption had occurred, meriting by their acting as well as by their poise the applause which brought down the house in another sense at the end of the performance.

The story of the play deals with the self-sacrifice of a little Flemish peasant lad, Halgar, played by Beatrice Amour, who gives up his heart's wish, that of going to the big cathedral in the nearby city, to attend the Christmas services, in order to minister to the needs of a poor old woman who has come to their door, half frozen and more than half famished. He watches his Uncle Bertel, Esther Carlson, and his brother Steen, Helen May, depart to see the King and his courtiers at the service, and to see the rumored fulfillment of the promised miracle of the ringing of the chimes in the high steeple of the cathedral, chimes which only the angels could ring, and they only when a perfect gift was offered to the Christ Child at the high altar.

An unannounced miracle occurs: the old woman, a spirit in disguise (Mildred Fickes) causes the walls of Halgar's home to fall away, and he is translated to the cathedral, where, after the King's crown, the rich woman's jewels, and the courtiers' gifts have failed, Halgar's pennies, humbly offered, cause the chimes to peal merrily.

Edith Ash, the priest, in a part to which not a word was assigned, scored a real success.

Others in the cast, not previously named, were:

- Courtier ..... Mary Thompson
- Rich Woman ..... Gertrude Harper
- Noble ..... Dorothea Kessinger
- The King ..... Loretta Funk
- The Angel ..... Amelia List
- The Scholar ..... Hazel Johnson
- Young Girl ..... Elsie Furst

No account of the play would be complete which did not extend well merited praise to Hazel Johnson, Mary Thompson, Genevieve Ricker, and Caroline McClintock for the exceedingly effective

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## NEW TRAINING PLAN GETS UNDER WAY

### Eleven Seniors Assigned for Half Year—Normal Supervisors See Excellent Work

Mr. McDougall and Miss Himes for the past three weeks have been busier than beavers, visiting the new members of the training school faculty in the city schoolrooms, selecting student teachers able to derive the greatest benefit and to do the best actual teaching under the supervision of each; rearranging and adjusting schedules of normal seniors, and so on.

Eleven seniors have been put to work. Four of these are in the Robb School, three in the Penn School, and two each in the Roosevelt and the Lincoln Schools. These eleven will teach for one half of the number of weeks remaining this year, and will then be replaced by eleven others, according to the agreement drawn up between and accepted by the city school board and the normal school.

The new training teachers and the students assigned to them are:

### ROBB SCHOOL

- Miss Martha Lay, Prin.—Ruth Scantlin.
- Miss Dessa Gresser—Amelia List.
- Miss Isabella Mann—Lydia Custer.
- Miss Hazel Grey—Angusta Howard.

### PENN SCHOOL

- Miss Mac Harleman—Marie Moran.
- Miss Frieda Bauman—Sadie Zimmerman.
- Miss Mary Bryerton—Ruth Donovan.

### ROOSEVELT SCHOOL

- Miss Salome Harmon—Ruth Morrall.
- Miss Florence VandeBogart—Elizabeth Gates.

### LINCOLN SCHOOL

- Miss Edna D. Rich—Gwendolyn Glise.
  - Miss Esther Lowry—Kathryn Cawley.
- Upon the quality of the work done by these eleven girls and upon the spirit

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## NOTED LECTURER INTERPRETS MACBETH

"Macbeth, the disintegration and damnation of a great soul, is the blackest and most hopeless of Shakespeare's tragedies," said Professor Frederick D. Losey, of New York, on Monday afternoon, December 12, in his lecture to the normal students. "The characters in his other tragedies die in comparative peace, but Macbeth dies with a curse on his lips.

"The keynote of the play is 'Fair is foul and foul is fair,' one of the greatest of human truths. Forces of evil always meet a man during his hours of greatest success, as they met Macbeth.

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## Current Events

Chapel was conducted on Tuesday morning, December 12, by the members of Mr. Sullivan's sociology class. Fred Hunter lead the devotional exercises, and introduced Marie Smith and Emily Brown, who spoke on current news events.

Marie Smith's subject was Clemenceau's visit to the United States. Clemenceau, she said, came to the United States to explain to Americans the true condition of France as the result of the war. He wished us to see that the war is not yet to be forgotten, and to enlist the support of the United States in making the treaty with Germany protect France.

Emily Brown spoke on President Harding's message to the Senate, in which he said that the United States must think a great deal upon and weigh carefully these questions: prohibition, agricultural aid, and regulation of transportation. He also stressed the importance of proper examination of immigrants.

### YET WE DO THIS

A current history test was given to all the seniors and juniors during the 11:20 period, Wednesday, December 20. This test, prepared by the Review of Reviews, discovered the extent to which each of us was or was not keeping up to present day history. The following verse sums up the feeling of most of us:

I used to think I knew I knew,  
But now, I must confess,  
The more I know I know I know,  
I know I know the less.

We thank the Review of Reviews for their little gift to us, and wish them a Worried Christmas and a Mope-y New Year.

### A Blanket of Fleecy White

News items are news items, but snow storms are snow storms. That sounds vague, perhaps, but it means a whole lot. When in the wild struggle for news items as is news items, a snow storm drops in unexpectedly, we really should let it go at that, and keep right on hustling for news, but we are not going to. Rather we are going out into the snow and tumble around a bit, wash some one's face and get ours washed in return, make a slippery slide, and slide—and slip—and, throw snowballs, and dodge snowballs, and get snow down our necks and into our system; let the news struggle for itself a while.

It is real fun to be able to forget all of our eighteen years, to be able to yell and run and be a kid again. Of course the real kids laugh at our childish attempts at being eight, but let them have their laugh; the fun is ours while it lasts.

### PLAY PRODUCTION CLASS IN CHRISTMAS PLAY

(Continued from page 1)

altar and stained glass window effect which they produced for the cathedral scene; and to Miss Gabriel, both for the self-control under difficulties of her "coachees," and for working the real miracle of the morning; causing the back wall of the cottage to move when and as it was supposed to. Some bean!

### SOCIOLOGY CLASS CHALLENGE ALPHA SIGMA TAU TO SEE THE SHEIK

The first section of the sociology class has challenged the second section to a debate on the proposed amendment to the Constitution, changing the manner of election and altering the term in office of the President. The challenge has been accepted by the second section. The verbal fray will take place in chapel on Tuesday morning, January 9. Guy Luck and Grace Hoover will oppose Gertrude Harper and Fred Hunter.

Members of the Alpha Sigma Tau found it impossible to wait until December 25 for a Christmas party, so they celebrated on Friday evening, December 15, in their dormitory "home." To make it a real Christmas party, Santa brought each member a present, and also a load of good things to eat. The party would have been going on yet if someone could have choked off the pesky old bell.

The most startling event in current history at C. S. N. S. occurred December 18, when the news spread like wildfire that the girls who wished to do so might go down to see The Sheik. Coats and hats were thrown on any way at all, money was borrowed from all the vulgar rich, and a grand rush was made to the main hall, where the chaperons, Miss Gabriel and Miss Avery, were waiting. Fifty strong, the party went and saw and were conquered. Thanks are extended to all concerned with this dispensation.

Marie: "Why don't you lift your feet?"

Helen: "Say, what else am I doing?"

Marie, complacently: "Setting them down."

Victor Haney spent Sunday, December 10, with his brother at Queens Run.

Frederick Hunter spent the same week-end at Jersey Shore. Always ready to eat, is Freddie.

Laura Delan, '22, came down from Eldred to see what could be done about getting Gertrude into a little mischief.

Martha Dice and Margaret Miller are in the infirmary; tonsillitis; sorry. Cheer up, Martha and Peg; you have the satisfaction of enjoying the new quarters before most of us.

Russell Bowser was operated on for appendicitis at the Lock Haven hospital on December 6. He is recuperating rapidly.

Miss Vivian Livingston, a student at Bucknell, spent Wednesday, December 20, with her little sister, Iva, of the Day Room.

Miss Alice Wiesen, a dormitory social leader, was a recent visitor to the day room. Her visit was very brief, and strictly on business. Welcome, Alice; come again and bring your friends with you. Although our abode is humble,

### HANDWRITING DEMONSTRATION

#### Sixth Grade Lesson Interesting to Observe

That penmanship has an absorbing history was shown to the normal students in chapel on Friday morning, December 8, when thirteen pupils from the sixth grade of the training school gave a demonstration lesson in handwriting. The pupils traced the development of penmanship from the time when men wrote on stone slabs up to the present muscular movement, each pupil taking one of the steps and discussing it fully. A number of the pupils also quoted what various people have said about the value of good handwriting.

Under the direction of Florence Beas, a student teacher, the pupils then gave a demonstration of one of their regular penmanship lessons. They illustrated how in one lesson the necessary preliminary drills for the formation of a given letter are given, the letter introduced and practiced, and its application made in typical words.

Ivan Mechtly conducted the devotional exercises before the demonstration.

Grayee, trying vainly to write a breezy item for Mr. Trembath's class in composition: "Oh, gee, do you think I'll get skinned if I have so many sentences crossed out?"

Cleona: "That's all right, dear; the less he has to read, the less he'll have to correct."

That's sisters for you!

That mysterious sign! Who put it on the bulletin board? What did it mean? Who are the Jaw-Boners? Where is the Temple of Mastication? Who took the sign down? Still a mystery; all a mystery; perhaps always a mystery.

## US AND OTHERS

we, the day room gang, will entertain you to the extent of our limited means.

Having noted, four items previously, that Martha Dice and Peg Miller were in the infirmary, it gives us joy here to announce that they are out again, and home for Christmas with the rest of the crowd. Beats all what some folks will do to get their names in the paper.

Miss Yale's mother spent most of her Christmas holidays in the infirmary. At the time this paper goes to press she has convalesced sufficiently to return to Miss Yale's apartment. We extend to her Normal Times' best wishes for a speedy return to her usual merry good health.

Belvie also spent much of the holiday period in bed, under Dr. McGhee's and Mrs. Cresswell's care. It will take more than nervous indigestion to keep Belvie in bed after January 3, however. No matter what his doctor calls it, we are persuaded that he was lonesome for us, and that all he needs is the sound of our voices in the halls to bring him back to his accustomed posts of duty.

### NOTED LECTURER INTERPRETS MACBETH

(Continued from page 1)

"At the opening of the play he was not a wicked man; he was a good man, but human; but even a man innocent in mind could have responded to evil suggestion as Macbeth did.

"Lady Macbeth is entirely feminine and practical. When Macbeth says, 'I dare do all that may become a man,' she pours out a bit of feminine exaggeration intended to spur him onto the murder.

"As a consequence of the murder, Macbeth sees that he must live a life of fear. He says, 'If it were done, when 'tis done,' realizing that what is done is never done, but goes on throughout eternity. Lady Macbeth learned the eternal truth of this through suffering and agony of soul. Even God cannot take away the scars of sin; He can only forgive.

"Of the two principals, Macbeth has the stronger character; Lady Macbeth commits suicide, but he challenges fate until the end."

The lecture of the afternoon paved the way for a deeper understanding of the forces at work in the play, brought into life in Professor Losey's dramatic presentation of all but the minor scenes of the play that evening. His excellent speaking voice caused every word to carry over to the fair-sized audience, and his dramatic ability caused the significance of each speech to carry over also. Despite the difficulty of shifting from character to character, the human qualities of each of the more striking personalities of the play were vividly delineated. As an emotional experience, Professor Losey's presentation could be second only to that created by one of the greatest Shakespearean companies in the same play. If such a company should come here now, those C. S. N. S. students who attended Professor Losey's presentation could follow the play with the rich reward that only those who give intelligent attention can receive.

### Page Sherlock Holmes!

As yet the collector of scientific objects responsible for the mysterious specimen of Monday morning, December 18, has not been discovered, but the net is being drawn closer; the science class's investigation is well under way.

On that Monday morning a small, roundish, greenish, cotton-filled ball was passed around the class. The amount of curiosity it aroused was positively alarming.

"What in the world is it?"

"Huh! that's a Polyphemus cocoon—no. I mean a Prometheus cocoon."

"It is not; it is the nest of the cotton-ball weevil."

"Say, Mr. Ulmer, isn't that a puff-ball?"

And so on, and much more to this effect.

With the instinct of a gifted teacher, Mr. Ulmer seized the opportunity, and for five minutes, while the class situation was thus motivated, he discoursed on the habits of the male and female humbug, whose curious nest had been so thoroughly examined.

The moral of all this is: Never spring on a science instructor of more than six months experience a cherry from last season's Easter bonnet.



# NORMAL TIMES

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JANUARY 3, 1923

## Playing the Game

Yes, Belva helps to make life miserable at 6:30 in the morning; you forgot to turn the heat on before you went to bed last night; one of your shoes is up at Skinney's room; you've got one of your roommate's stockings on; the ten minute bell rings before you are ready; breakfast comes entirely too soon for your convenience. What else doesn't suit you?

Laura, or whoever happens to wait on your table, brings you prunes for breakfast, and this is what you say, "Goodness, do we have prunes again this morning?" You said the very same thing Monday morning when you had oranges for breakfast, and at noon when baked beans were served you said, "Gee, I hate them; why don't they feed us something different?" In the evening you complained because the lemon ice cream wasn't pineapple. That is not all that makes your young life miserable; there is that terrible gym class. You rave because Miss Butler knows her business, and is doing what she can to put across to you things that will stick in your mind instead of letting a note book remember it for you. And Mr. Trembath is terrible; he actually requires you to hand him at least two news items per week. Such is life for some folks.

We hope we haven't any of this kind of students at C. S. N. S., but we do have. Why? Because they have not yet felt that big game they are in, the game that is called "the Game of Life." You are your own referee, coach, and opponent; it is up to you to play it clean and fair and call your own fouls. You can't "set back and jest rock." You have to play and play hard. And—when you are playing that game yourself, you haven't time to kick and complain.

## Very Much at Home

Miss Himes' class in history of education visited her home on December 12 in order to study several of her pictures, in connection with the study of the art of the Renaissance. Some of the paintings studied were: "The Last Supper," da Vinci; "Holy Night," Corregio; "The Sistine Madonna," Raphael; "The Night Watch" and "Elizabeth Bas," Rembrandt; and several of Michael Angelo's.

The class became so interested that they forgot all about lunch. We can't omit mentioning their self-righteous looks when they paraded into the dining-room, twenty minutes late.

# THEY ALSO PLAY WHO ONLY SIT AND CHEER

By the time this issue of Normal Times reaches you, the basketball season will be in full swing. You who are going to sit on the sidelines, this year you have what you have asked for: a strong boys' team, capable of winning many of the games listed on its hard schedule; and a girls' team too, as yet an unknown quantity so far as winning goes, but full of that good old C. S. N. S. pep and ginger.

Now, you who are going to sit on the side lines, if you have enough red-blooded corpuscles to stock the circulatory system of an anglerworm, you are not going to sit on the sidelines. You are going to bounce up and down. You are going to yell, to shout, to cheer from the moment those teams come on the floor until they go off. If they are ahead, you are going to cheer your head off. If they are behind you are going to cheer twice as hard, to show that you, too, have the same kind of sportsmanship in you that you want the team to have.

Do you know the Normal yells? What about two or three cheering practices to make sure? What about electing two or three cheer-leaders who have ginger enough to keep things going?

Are you going to be at every game? There isn't a known reason in all the catalogue of customary excuses good enough to excuse you from being there except illness or death. If you are absent, prepare to give one or the other to those who were there.

Are you a 100 per cent good sport? Then you will make visiting teams feel welcome here from the moment they arrive. You will show them around, if possible. You will not boo or catcall or show a lack of high sportsmanship during any game, no matter what, in the heat of the game, an opponent may do. You will not "kid" an opposing player, no matter how inviting a target for alleged humorous flings he may present. You will take referees' decisions, good or bad, as a good sport should. You will be back of the team in every game, win or lose. You will not kick, whine, grouch, or complain; the knocker at C. S. N. S. is just hanging out crepe to show that his own backbone is dead.

This old school you are attending is just exactly what you make it. In one respect it has never fallen down in the past; and that is, in playing up to the highest ethics of good sport. You have that tradition behind you; live up to it.

Be at the game; get back of the team; get into the game; and play up, every minute, to the standards of true blue, loyal, royal, C. S. N. S. good sports.

## Glee Club Constitution

The Glee Club held its regular meeting Wednesday night, December 13. A constitution was presented by the following committee: Helen Kinney, Edna Nevel, Alice Kunes, and Marie Crain. It was read to the club by Edna Nevel, and will be voted upon at the next meeting.

# NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS NO DEAN WILL KEEP

I do hereby resolve, this first day of January, 1923, to let the girls of my school do the following things without let or hindrance from me:

1. Yell and run in the halls at all times.
2. Sing in the dining room.
3. Retire whenever the spirit moves.
4. Chew gum anywhere, even in my classes.
5. Use the Blue Room at any time and for as long as desired.
6. Stay down town until the longing to return to Normal arises.
7. Accept all invitations for week-end visits, for dances, for dinners, etc.
8. Have social hour every night in the week.
9. Attend the movies whenever they wish.
10. Any other little thing that I have forgotten that will make their lives comfortable, amusing, and properly useless.

Signed  
(Not yet).

## Training School Items

The pupils of the sixth grade are now studying Ivanhoe, Sir Galahad, and the vision of Sir Launfal. Should you go into the sixth grade room now you could pick up one decidedly valuable device for making the pupils visualize such reading. They have built a castle so real that even you, a grown-up, can almost see Sir Launfal riding across the drawbridge, and tossing a coin to the poor leper; or see Ulrica raging atop the flaming tower and chanting her Saxon vengeance.

Impromptu plays are given in the same grade twice a week by different groups of pupils. The captains of each group are responsible for the acting and telling of a story in their own words.

## SANTA CLAUS COMES TO THE NORMAL GYM

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He carried a present for everyone, and something that each most desired—or needed.

Who knows but that Miss Yale may find no better friend than her little broom? Didn't Bill Skelton have a crying need for his popgun? Won't Edythe Barefoot learn many a lesson of life from her copy of Slow but Sure? Hasn't Mr. McDougall plenty of use for that feeding bib, now that he has gone to housekeeping? Won't Martha Fillman feel more comfortable if she has at least that little monkey to ride home with her? Oh, Santa, how did you find out just what we all wanted?

The party was a great start-off for the real Christmas spirit. If there were any regrets, they were the Y. W.'s, for they sold every last thing they had so early that, if they had only known, they could have doubled the substantial profit the affair netted them to help carry on their year's work.

And was Santa real? Of course he was; isn't he always? He couldn't have been any more real than Ivan Mechtly made him; now, could he?

# THE LIFE OF A GOOD RESOLUTION

## The Same Old Story in a Normal Setting

January 1, 1923—and thereby hangs a tale, as tales have a habit of hanging.

I had been told so often of the trials and tribulations people encounter in the endeavor to keep New Year resolutions that I determined to investigate. As an initial experiment, abolition of afternoon lunches at Ach's would serve the purpose. Further reflection caused me to add an amendment: Saturday afternoons were to be exceptions.

On Wednesday afternoon came my first trial. As I walked up Main Street, there in the store sat four of my closest eating companions. They were munching away on fried ham sandwiches. The thought of the luscious hot meat, the sight of their steaming coffee, fairly made my mouth water. Should I try one? Why not?

Ah, but it was only Wednesday. Thursday, Friday, Saturday—three more days of growing hunger before I could partake. With a will power second only to Caesar's, I turned away. Mind triumphant over matter! Triumph of will over appetite! I urged myself up the street.

Short-lived triumph! My legs moved me forward; my mind traveled back. I began to pile up reason upon reason why I should have, must have, one of those sandwiches. Was I not almost overcome with hunger? Could I apply myself to my studies with proper efficiency in a half-famished condition? Ought not the store-keeper be patronized? Did he not advertise in Normal Times? Crowning argument; irresistible logic. I turned back; I went in; I sat down; I ordered; I munched; I was happy.

Had I lived in that golden age, I could never have merited the guerdon of knighthood at the Table Round? I sat at my little round table, with the consciousness of my guilt upon me. I had my sense of failure, of weakness of will, but—I had my sandwich too.

January 1, 1923, and I have made my second and last resolution for this life: Never again to take a vow upon me for or against any of my normal inclinations. I am satisfied.

## Ancient History

Something mysterious made the dormitory girls unusually quiet. It was almost time for them to go home for the Christmas holiday, yet they were quiet. Every occasional noise—for spirits did break forth every now and then—was followed by "S-sh."

What was the cause of this? It might have been for fear that Santa Claus might catch on to how they had been behaving, but it wasn't. It might have been, "Be careful; if your campus-ed you may not go home"; but it wasn't. It might have been a dozen might-have-beens that it wasn't.

It was Miss Yale's statement in the last girls' meeting: "If you are all good this week, we will not have another girls' meeting before going home."

S-sh, girls, sssssh.

# The Abnormal Column

## FACULTY SNAPSHOTS

"Do you get it?"  
 "It is, is it not?"  
 "Exactly so."  
 "You are a little flat."  
 "And-ah . . . ."  
 "All eyes on me, please."  
 "I'll make a note of that."  
 "That shows good thinking."  
 "For instance . . ."  
 "For-ward—Barch!"  
 "You've grasped the idea."  
 "Consequently—"  
 "Exquisite!"

## OUR OWN INTELLIGENCE TEST

Hints to examiners:  
 Distribute the papers face down.  
 As you were; then announce:  
 "You are to answer as many of these questions as you can without giggling. If you succeed in getting through without a giggle, you are mentally hopeless, and you will be sent to Edison for work. You will be allowed as much time as you need—to recover.

"Just below you will find a sample question; it reads:

In what term will Gertrude Dolan flunk?

"The correct answer is, "Quitcher kidding," or any similar wording showing that you have fully reacted to the situation.

"Are you ready? Thinkers up! Begin!"

Allow exactly one half hour, taking time out for hysterics. At the end of that time, gather all papers, carefully separating the sheep from the goats.

To find the median: Drop the papers in one of the Victrolas. Stir for five minutes. When Belvie empties the little thing, the last paper out will be your median. Make sure he burns it before you examine it: **this is important.**

## TEST NO. ONE

### Simple Ability to Recall

Where is the librarian every Wednesday until 7:15?

What was the exact connection between Spanish rice and some third floor girls leaving the dining-room?

What does every advertisement of Rodolph in "The Sheik" recall to twenty of last year's students?

Why do certain students spend so much time in the Blue Room?

Who are they?

Where will they go now?

Who is the Senior Professor?

Where does Mr. High take the new women faculty members out to dinner?

Why do some of our parents think that 5 is the highest grade?

Why did the third floor girls say, "Ssssh, be quiet!"

Why is Amy Baker so popular some evenings?

Why does Fred Hunter, who never eats breakfast, always go down to it?

Why are the day room girls kept in cold storage?

How often has Mutt Burnham's mailbox been empty so far?

How many more times are we going to get chicken and waffle dinners?

Why doesn't Pete fix the floorboards so that we can go visiting at night?

Will Steve Rydesky come back from vacation in knee pants?

Why does not Fred Hunter pick his neckties to match his hair?

## TEST NO. TWO

### True or False Test

Mr. Trembath has the habit of dismissing fifteen minutes early.

Mr. McDougall can be depended upon to forget his Ed class when he goes on institute trips.

Ethel Wilson has been before the student council twelve times for shouting in the halls.

Blanche Smith goes down town with the kindergarten kiddies when she wishes to be unobserved.

Every day in every way we sing the same old songs in chapel.

"Why, girls, there is no need to come to me for a permit; just run along."

Movie parties are regular tri-weekly social features here.

Gertrude Harper has resolved to burn her powderpuff.

## TEST NO. THREE

### Development of Reasoning Power

What would happen if Mr. McDougall were late to class?

Does heredity or environment explain better why Amy Baker always asks for "chocolate" during the first course?

How does Eberly preserve that patent-leather finish up above?

Where and why does Marie Smith find all those questions she has to ask Fred?

Why do some people who never rise early persist in setting alarm clocks?

Why has the light been placed in Hogan's Alley?

Why is it that Esther Carlson sings so much lately?

Why does the day room gang have to pay four dollars a semester to use the refrigerator under the main office?

Why do the chimes ring at 6:30?

How long would a student have to attend C. S. N. S. before he could sleep through them?

What authority has May Green for insisting, "Mr. Schreiber isn't right?"

Why does Gertrude Lynott sleep with her hat on?

Did Hungry Burgeson's stiff neck have anything to do with the concert she gave the evening before?

Where does Skinny get that stuff when she lectures to us on politeness in the dormitory?

How does Neta White get her work done so that she can always be visiting someone in the dorm?

How can we do our reference work for Ed when the books are always in reserve?

## TEST NO. FOUR

### Imaginative Faculties

What would happen if:

Girls' meetings were eliminated?  
 The Arbor and Titus were closed?

Art, Ed, and Gym were expelled?  
 All items handed in for Normal Times were accepted?

Mr. McDougall's secretary were to resign?

Helen Cherry and Marie Crain failed to get specials?

The night watchman forgot to turn off the lights at ten o'clock?

Helen Dittmar said that she did not care for Arts?

Charles Herbster grew up?

Ethel Wilson tried vamping?

Marcy used peroxide?

Ivan Mechtly decided to stick to oratory?

Ann Peters took life seriously?

Gussie Howard took life quietly?

## TEST NO. FIVE

### Current Events

Why is Emily Brown taking that course in etiquette?

Who made the biggest hit with her Christmas presents?

Who tried hardest?

Who had to ride back alone?

Who didn't? and why not?

Why is Ann Peters to "keep her down?"

Why does the traction company make more money in the winter time?

Why is Esther Agnew always talking to herself?

What is making Mary McLean so popular in the dayroom?

Who pied Hester's room?

What did the faculty say about us at their last meeting?

Who lengthened 'em on G. W.?

Who taught George Grugan how to walk?

Tell all that Ruth Donovan saw in Harrisburg.

How will Gret exist when she gets that brown sweater finished?

## NEW TRAINING PLAN

### GETS UNDER WAY

(Continued from page 1)

with which they work depends much of the effectiveness with which this new training plan will continue to work. They have its reputation to make or mar. Of the spirit of the eleven training teachers there is no question. Mr. McDougall and Miss Himes, in answer to direct questions, both commented vigorously on the high professional spirit of the teachers each visited, and upon the wholesomeness of the spirit of co-operation among them. No captious criticism will come from them; their spirit is constructive.

It is evident that both of our supervisors are highly pleased, and that they believe the new co-operative training plan will work as all plans work when every one concerned is pulling together.

Miss Himes commented enthusiastically also upon the delightful semi-directed freedom of the smaller children in a number of the classrooms she visited; upon the remarkable development even in some of the first grade rooms of children's initiative and self-responsibility; upon the happiness of the children at their work; upon, in brief, the evidences of well-balanced development.

Mr. McDougall mentioned the orderly, systematic, and prompt exchange of rooms by the departmental classes, and the well-planned programs and supervisory schedules shown to him, evidences of an efficient administrative policy; also upon the provision of equipment for visual education, a most progressive departure in school work.

Both supervisors stated that the professional spirit of the teachers of the elementary schools of this city would be with difficulty exceeded in any school system in the state.

*Our  
Reputation  
Demands—*

## Good Service

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Clubs for 1923

*Start the  
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## BETTY JANE'S RESOLUTION

"Hurry up, girls, the proctor is coming"; that was the beginning of the disaster. With thumps and bangs a wash-basin dropped from third floor down to second, and on down to first, while coffee streamed over the stairs and balusters. A scramble in the hall; the basin and as much of the coffee as could be gathered up were hidden under towel and bathrobe.

When the poor, sleepy proctor came down the hall, she saw nothing but innocent little Betty Jane, quietly but swiftly making her way up the stairs, disturbing no one. Yet no proctor after such a racket could go back to bed without scolding someone; she set sail after Betty Jane.

Betty Jane put on more speed. Her appearance was innocent enough, but the basin and the coffee, not to mention the coffee on the stairs, would be hard to explain, should they be discovered.

The proctor hastened also, temper mounting, sleep disappearing; she had not expected to climb all those stairs at 11:30; besides, Betty Jane had almost reached her room. She called but received no answer. Just as her temper began to subside, she subsided also, sharply, swiftly, on the stairs, into the slippery coffee.

And so, next morning, Betty Jane reported to the Student Council. She told her story, carefully, minutely, exactly; then waited for her sentence. What would happen now? Her heart was in her throat.

There are many, many sentences that might have been passed on Betty Jane, and justly. There are many, many sentences that should have been passed. But the council was full of the merry charity of Christmastime. After all, Betty Jane had been before them only three times. After all, the slip from grace—Betty Jane's, not the coffee's—was understandable. They excused her this time. They wish her "Merry Christmas."

Now, this explains Betty Jane's New Year's resolutions:

1. Never to make coffee again in the student kitchen after 10:00 p. m. and
2. Before she comes back from her vacation to get a holder that will hold, just in case.

### The Brushwood Boy

The other evening Bill Skelton and Ernest Schrot decided to have a slumber party. The night being rather cold, Ernest piled on his bed all the covers he could find.

In the morning Skelton awoke with a bang. He could see on the other bed nothing but a heap of covers. After a drowsy moment, he called, "Is that you, Ernest?"

In a wee, small, smothered, doubtful voice came back: "I don't know; is it?"

And that is why Belvie's bell rings a half hour early.

Gret, inspecting one of the renovated rooms: "Oh, they vaccinated your room, didn't they. . . . "Of course I meant 'varnished' it."

## WM. KEINER

After Christmas Sale  
In Our Ready-to-Wear Department

Wonderful Values  
In Dresses, Coats and Suits—all  
High Grade Garments

## WM. KEINER

### THE CALENDAR

(Note:—Just as old and more important than usual).

December 12: The girls who went to Harrisburg are still raving about the eats at the Plaza.

December 13: No 9:20 classes; faculty meets; obey that impulse: Hooray.

December 14: Skelton and Eberly spent the evening in Flemington.

December 15: Skinny was not hungry.

December 16: This being the last Saturday before vacation, Miss Yale offered 10:20 permits to all those desiring them. There were no applicants.

December 17: Third floor took a silence test. No one passed.

December 18: Mildred Stonemetz smiled.

December 19: Mr. Trembath excused all classes three minutes early.

December 20: Mary Hile received a special delivery from State.

December 21: Everyone downhearted; compelled to go home.

### Once in the Stilly Night

At 10:00 p. m. Amy Peters started down the hall, with her, "Good-night, girls. Good-night, girls."

She came to Hazel Barrett's door. "Good-night, Hazel. . . . Good-night, Hazel."

No reply.

Hester Little poked her head out of her door, and volunteered, "Hazel went to bed at 8:00."

Amy passed on, but turned sharply and came back to call again, "Good-night, Hazel. Hazel! We must have an answer from her."

Ethylene Lee, all worked up about it, went to the door also, and rapped and pounded until the noise penetrated Hazel's slumbers. She came to her door, still in a dream.

"What's wrong? What time is it? What do you want, Ethylene?"

"We just wanted to find out whether you were asleep, that's all."

"Well! The next time I find myself falling off to sleep early, I'll put a sign on my door to tell you so."

That is a good idea; but why not practice talking in your sleep, Hazel?

## CLINTON TRUST CO.

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## THE CAMPUS COURSES

Have you ever eaten ice cream in a refrigerator on a cold day in winter? That is exactly what Mr. Ulmer's geography class did on Saturday morning, December 9, when that popular instructor gave fresh evidence of his pleasing habit of taking his classes to visit places of interest. In connection with a methods project for searching out first-hand information in home geography, the will-be teachers went to Achenbach's ice cream and refrigerating plant, where they both saw ice and ice cream actually manufactured, and learned how fresh made ice cream right out of an honest-to-goodness freezer tastes.

### PATIENCE REWARDED

"Yep, they were out, and we have seen them—at last," say the juniors.

What? The stars.

For four long weeks Mr. Ulmer planned a star-gazing trip. Dates were set, and set, and set; and they passed, and passed, and passed. The stars simply would not accommodate Mr. Ulmer; when he was ready to go out, they did not come out; when they did come out, one of those extension courses had appropriated him; we believe they knew it.

However, a propitious day, weather, night, did arrive; and when it did a large class—yes, an unusually large class—accompanied their professor on a purely scientific expedition to the rear tennis courts. From this point of vantage were observed the North Star, two sizes of Dippers, and other heavenly bodies less well known to but of equal interest to the class. 'Twas worth waiting for.

### A LITTLE GAME OF FREEZE-OUT

The ever vigilant class in nature study has lived up to its name once more. Tuesday morning, December 12, the students fared forth, clad in variously appropriate and appropriated wraps, from scarfs to goo-lashes, and armed with pencils and note-books, to tread the frozen grass of the front campus in search of varieties of maple trees.

Studiously they detect-ivated and classified six types, distinct as to kind, structure, and color, by noting bark, branches, and leaves, while the thermometer dropped steadily.

Time for the bell summoning to the next class found the trees still there, observable; but only a few of the juniors were observing. The rest? Ask the weather man.

### Tough Luck, Gus

The first group seniors have been making projects in arts class. Augusta Howard was chairman of the "desert project." She had one large tent by the oasis and what seemed to be several smaller ones at some distance.

"Why don't you move the smaller tents nearer to the large one?" asked Miss Yale.

"What smaller tents?" inquired Gus.

"I mean these," answered Miss Yale, as she pointed to the smaller white things.

"Oh, they're not tents; they're Arabs," replied Gus, as she looked frantically about for a knot hole to crawl into.

## SCIENTIFIC PUBLIC SPEAKING

Several of our boys have been introduced to the oratory-loving public recently. Mr. L. J. Ulmer had promised to give a lecture and to provide some other entertainment to the Chemistry Club of the Avis High School on Friday evening, December 8. He kept his promise, made his speech, and—furnished the entertainment: Stephen Rydesky, Ivan Mechtly, Ernest Schrot, and William Skelton, the Impromptu Vaudevillians.

Stephen spoke first, contenting himself with acknowledging his introduction and blushing vigorously, to enthusiastic applause.

His thoughtfulness made it possible for Ivan Mechtly to devote ample time to "A Short Story From a Scientific Point of View." He talked so long and earnestly to the teachers and fair young ladies and lads that Ernest Schrot began to fear that his little stunt would be crowded out.

To Schrot's delight, Mechtly eventually ran out of breath. Seizing the opportunity, Schrot gave his favorite reading, "Boys were Queer When We Were Young."

His deviation from science made such a hit that William decided to follow suit. With introductory remarks about the life at C. S. N. S., he launched into Edgar Guest's "She Powders Her Nose." What that has to do with life at C. S. N. S. we were not there fail to see. When we powder, the nose is only one incident in the day's work.

For some reason, the boys made a genuine hit. When the members of the science club felt that they could not claim any more of the party's time, they extended a very, very pressing invitation to Mr. Ulmer to come back again, and to bring the young men with him. It must have been Steve's blushes that did it.

### Price's Christmas Program

Price is always glad to welcome Christmas and with it Santa Claus. Friday evening, December 15, found her with the stage all set for a real "night before Christmas" program. She had it, too, with all the trimmings.

The program:

Price song.

Reading, "A Providential Christmas"

Mary Hile

Selections by the Price Quartet—Helen Mantle, Lucile Burnham, Blanche Smith, Rosetta Schenck.

Reading, "The Ruggles' Christmas"

Miss Gabriel

### The Night Before Christmas

Mother ..... Jean Sissler  
Children—Mary Thompson, Jean Hahn,  
Joanna Sweeney.

Santa Claus ..... Hilda Leathers

Jack-in-the-Box ..... Rosetta Schenck

Hobby-Horse ..... Leila Anderson

Mamma-Doll ..... Mildred Fiekes

Mechanical Train—Lydia Custer, Gretchen Williams, Ethel Brumbaugh, Kay Cawley.

Comments ..... Mr. Trembath

Keep up the good work, Price; this program was "real."

## Hart Schaffner & Marx and Michael Sterns Clothes

Every garment must give satisfaction or money back

Keith Shoes, Stetson Hats, Eagle Shirts and  
Patrick Woolens

# WILSON & SHAFFER

Money's Worth or Money Back

### TELEPHONE TROUBLES EXPLAINED IN CHAPEL

(Continued from page 1)

Lundy, and Mr. Young for our inability to put into print the real enjoy-ability of their explanations and manner of presentation.

Mr. Mallalieu showed in stereopticon slides the telephone lines and offices as they were in the early days of the telephone. He then introduced Miss Lundy, a long distance operator, who talked of her work, and explained the difference between the station-to-station call, the person-to-person call, and the appointment call. She gave a number of surprises when she explained the rates of some of these calls. "More people would use the telephone," she said, "if they knew the change in rates at certain hours of the day. It is possible to telephone to Chicago for seventy-five cents, if one uses the station-to-station call after twelve P. M. The same call in the day time would be \$3.75."

Miss Anne Hiser showed what happened when the telephone receiver is lifted, and why the telephone user, through carelessness or lack of information, is often responsible for the poor service of which he complains.

Miss Hiser, Miss Lundy, Mr. Mallalieu, and Mr. Young finished their program with a most amusing skit, showing the habits of certain types of telephone users. It was high comedy, and not a few of us recognized ourselves or some of our friends in the telefriends they satirized.

### C. S. N. S. BOOK REVIEWS

"Deerslayer," Ethel Crider.  
"Lost in the Wilds," Steve Rydesky.  
"Seventeen," Isabel Watson.  
"The Keeper of the Door," Mr. Walk.  
"A Wild Life," William Skelton.  
"Nobody Knows," Miss Gabriel.  
"Up and at 'Em," Dawson MacDonald.  
"Why Girls Leave Home," Miss Yale.  
"Kidnaped," Betty Gates.  
"The Lady of the Lake," Esther Agnew.  
"The Sheik," Albert Eberly.

A suggested motto for the school paper: "Be considerate of others, and thereby show your good breeding."

S'matter, pop? Did we step on your toes too?

Anne K. put her Tom's letter in an envelope addressed to her mother. 'Nuf sed.

Mr. All occasionally addresses his class with little regard to their feelings, as when he beat time thus: "Ripe nuts—Ripe nuts—ready, sing."

The next time those girls use clay for beautifying purposes, they are expected to give a public demonstration; too many of us did not get the chance to peep in the transom.

Frieda Staiman is objecting to the bell system of the school; she claims that it wakes her up too violently at the end of lectures.

## MARTIN THEATRE

WE wish to take this opportunity to thank our patrons for their excellent support of our enterprise during the year just drawn to its close, and, knowing that we have pleased you in the past, we will try to please even more in 1923.

¶ We wish you, one and all, a very Happy New Year.

The Management

### Shake's Juniors Perform

The juniors in Shakespeare Literary Society proved that they could put on as good a program as the seniors did, on Friday evening, December 15.

When such little girls as Cleona Coppersmith, Ruth Summersgill, Caroline Mallison, Laura Hanes, Ethel Wilson, Catherine Devereaux, Bertha Burt, Edith Burgeson, and others whose names (but not actions) have been forgotten, sang nursery rhymes, some forgetting the words, others forgetting the audience, they reminded the audience of the first graders who gave nursery rhymes voluntarily.

After this came a dramatization of Little Elsie. Gertrude Dolan was a perfect Little Elsie, and Helen Gregory and Gertrude Lynott had not the least trouble being the tough kids who were always getting into something.

The umbrella stunt brought to light a hitherto unknown school doctor, Esther Wardrope. The little fat lady who wanted to be tall and thin like Fred Hunter was Marie Howe. The very tall lady who wanted to be short and—chubby—like Marie Smith was Amy Baker.

Marie Crain's song, Desert Sand, reminded the seniors forcibly of "The Sheik."

Perhaps the hit of the program was the lady-who-sees-both-ways, Grayce Coppersmith, assisted by Ernest Schrot.

Anne Peters ended the program, as the little country girl at the theatre. Anne, why not play in "Why Girls Leave the Farm?"

The seniors gave a rising and rousing cheer for the juniors who had done so well. Hence those swelled heads you may have observed. 'Sgreat to be appreciated.

### SPEAKING OF BEANS

C. S. N. S. has had all sorts of tests. First it was the medical test; then the posture test; but the very latest is the flathead test, put on by Miss Butler. Such questions as "Are you perfect?" or "Say, what did you make in posture?" are ancient history. The great campus question of today is, "Are you a flathead?"

If you are concerned about this test, place a beanbag on your head; proceed to the far end of the gym with all possible speed; if the beanbag is still on your head when the goal is reached, you win—flathead!

Laura Hanes, reporting on an observation in education class: "Miss Lockhart had the pupils face each other in three places." . . . For instance?

Catherine Cooper: "I'm Irish; what are you, Nellie?"

Nellie Johnson: "Oh, I'm Scotch-Irish."

Miriam Decker: "Well, I'm not; I'm a Dutelman, pure and simple."

O-o-oh, Miriam, ve don't belief you.

Bertha B., tragically: "The carpenter fixed my door today, and, do you know, he came inside and locked it!"

Edith B.: "Never! Why, Bertha!"

B.: "Now, now, don't get excited; I was in class."



*The best of success  
to you C. S. N. S.,  
throughout 1923.*

**Fredericks  
Pharmacy**

You can find whatever you  
want for 1923—Quicker,  
Easier and Cheaper

AT

**Griffith's  
Variety Store**

**There! Little Girl, Don't Cry!**

(With Apologies to James Whitcomb Riley)  
There! little girl; don't cry!  
They have given you "5," I know,  
And your heart is blue,  
And your eyes are wet too,  
As sadly to classes you go;  
But the trouble will soon pass by, I  
know—  
There! little girl; don't cry!  
There! little girl; don't cry!  
You've no letter from home, I know,  
And you feel so forlorn  
As you rise every morn  
And the mail times come and go.  
But a letter will come after while, I  
know—  
There! little girl; don't cry!  
There! little girl; don't cry!  
It's hard to keep going, I know,  
When your mind's on home,  
And your thoughts will roam  
As you think how soon you'll go.  
Just smile and the days will fly, I know—  
There! little girl; don't cry!

**NEW-ISMS IN TEACHING**

Gertrude, teaching her gym class a  
new game:  
"We will divide ourselves into three  
divisions of ten parts each."  
"Ready, now; run up between our-  
selves."  
"When your turn comes, slide up the  
line on a song."  
"Join hands, and run around a circle."  
Now, wid de instructions like dat so  
plain, w'y didn't they did it?

**HASTY PUDDING**

Since a number of the seniors are to  
leave school at the end of this semester,  
it has been suggested that a dance be  
held for them during January. No defi-  
nite arrangements have been made, but  
we hope to be able to provide a fitting  
send-off for them.

Notice, students: the faculty is to  
hold faculty meetings every Wednesday  
for the remainder of the semester, the  
meetings to last an hour. Ahem! No  
teacher, no classes.

New furniture was again dished out  
in the west dorm. Third floor worked  
Mrs. Cresswell for most of it, but every  
here and there a piece was dropped on  
second.

The floor of the auditorium seems to  
be a more comfortable resting-place than  
one of the chairs, especially for those  
who come unprepared to music class.  
For instruction, see Catharine Stangel.

Hurrah for Christmas vacation. It  
began December 21, at noon, and ends  
January 3, at 9:00 a. m. Some of the  
brighter students in mathematics have  
counted not only the days but also the  
hours and minutes.

William Skelton lead vesper services  
Sunday evening, December 10.

The following people from Mr. Mc-  
Dougall's Educational Measurements  
class gave intelligence tests in the Mill  
Hall schools on December 13 in the first  
six grades: Grace Russell, Christine  
Holly, Catherine Tribbley, Evelyn Fritz,  
and George Grugan.

At last they have come—lesson plans  
for the juniors. In gym, under Miss  
Butler's supervision, each girl is teach-  
ing an assigned game of folk dance. So  
far, teaching has been very successful,  
but writing those plans is like eating  
Spanish rice—the flavor lasts.

The students who have been taking the  
course in the use of the library under  
Miss Avery have completed their work  
and have taken the required final exam-  
ination. Those who have passed are—  
but that wouldn't be fair to the others.

Memories! Home, the children at  
school, the lovers' quarrel, seeing home  
the first girl, the last rose of summer—  
all these and more were at Price Lit-  
erary Society Friday evening, December  
8. "Yes, we liked that meeting; it  
was so different."

Helen's air plant, sitting on the win-  
dowsill, had turned yellow. A good  
neighbor of Helen's across the hall told  
her about the man who had an air plant,  
and who, in his haste when going on a  
journey, forgot about the plant stand-  
ing in a darkened corner. Upon his  
return he found that it had grown  
down from the table, across the floor  
and out under the doorsill. Helen's air  
plant is now seen resting on top of her  
clothes press, near the ceiling. The  
night-watchman is hereby warned that  
in passing room 218-W to "Keep off the  
Grass."

**Morals for Most of Us**

Here are a few of the morals that  
have been chosen from among the many  
to be found in room 236 West. Choose  
early and avoid the mush:

He who talks without thinking takes  
more chances than he who thinks with-  
out talking.

The fellow who does it now has time  
to do something else while the other fel-  
low is thinking about it.

Think big; talk little.

Today is the tomorrow you were  
worrying about yesterday.

Dont' worry because the tide is going  
out; it always comes back.

A sunbeam has the right to penetrate  
anywhere.

A stitch in time has saved many a  
pair.

An ounce of work outweighs a pound  
of worry.

A cheerful grin will lighten any labor.

The person who is overworked is the  
person who takes a whole day to do a  
three-hour job.

Do it now; do it right; do it cheer-  
fully.

**Warmed-Over Pudding**

The Sociology classes under Mr. Sulli-  
van have been giving special reports on  
important present day social problems.  
Each row was given a topic on which to  
report, and a chairman has been assigned  
for each. The subjects so far discussed  
are Crime, Defectives, Child Labor, Pev-  
erty and Immigration. The history, past  
reforms, and the place of education in  
aiding these reforms, have been the chief  
items dwelt upon in each discussion.

Rosetta Schenk and Mary Hile con-  
ducted chapel exercises on Tuesday, De-  
cember 5. Rosetta had charge of the  
devotional exercises, and Miss Hile read  
four of Edgar A. Guest's poems: "What  
I Call Living," "A Boy On His Stom-  
ach," "Nothing to Laugh At," and "For-  
gotten Boyhood."

Mr. J. F. Howard has probably been  
forgotten by most of us, but there are  
a few in which his memory shall live.  
When Mr. Howard gave his interpreta-  
tion of Hamlet here the poor fellow had  
to meet a few members of the Girls'  
Dorms and since that time has sent  
copies of several of his original poems  
and songs.

**ECHOES FROM THE DAY ROOM**

Did you see Esther Agnew's bird cages?  
Gimme a bite.  
Have you heard this one?  
Once I loved a blue eyed sailor.  
What shall I write about?  
Did you hear the ten after car?  
Anybody got a pencil?

We do hereby suggest that the eleva-  
tor be put into use for the benefit of the  
Juniors. The last epidemic of stiff  
muscles seems to have lasted longer than  
usual. (Hey, Juniors, was it really  
stair-climbing that gave you the rheu-  
matiz?)

**The Arbor**  
Extends New Year's  
Greetings to the  
Classes of  
1923 and 1924

**FRESH  
CANDIES**

The place to  
lunch and to  
talk over the  
Old Year and  
the New

**RAY FOR ED**

Not all the dark spots are in the men-  
talities of the Junior class. One of our  
seniors shed this little ray of blackness  
yesterday, when discussing her pupils:  
"If Mr. McDougall ever gave an intelli-  
gence test in my grade, he'd find more  
than half of them mongrels." (If you  
don't see that one, just think a little  
moron it).

There are any number of things that  
one cannot do in the West Dorm, but  
one thing that everyone is permitted to  
do to his heart's content is to make  
noiseless noise.

We know that it was an oversight on  
Emily Brown's part, yet we feel that  
we should mention how much more ro-  
mantic it would have been, the other  
mornning in chapel, if she had occupied  
the other chair.

Ethel Crider may have successfully  
vamped one deer, but that isn't sufficient  
practice to be starting on Mr. High with.

**THE PERFECT PROCTOR'S CODE**

First rap: Girls, don't make so much  
noise.  
Second rap: Stop this noise.  
Third rap: If this noise is not imme-  
diately stopped, I shall have to report  
you.  
Fourth rap: Appear before the Stu-  
dent Council at 9:45.

## Special Sale

OF

Clothing  
Shoes  
and  
Furnishings

AT

**LESTER'S**  
Men's Shop

MAIN STREET

### Training School Christmas Party

The primary department of the training school held their annual Christmas party on the morning of December 20 from 10:00 to 12:00 in the kindergarten room of the training school. The room was decorated for the occasion, with large red bells hanging from the walls, and with a huge Christmas tree, placed in the center of the room, and trimmed for the most part with the children's handiwork.

At 10:00 the kindergarten children marched into the room and around the tree, followed by the pupils of grades one, two, and three, in order. When all had found seats, the following program was given:

Quiet Music, "Silent Night" . . . Miss Shaw  
Scripture Reading . . . . .  
..... Julia McGhee, Grade III  
Hymn, "Every Morning Seems to  
Say" . . . . . All  
Recitation, "Why Do Bells of Christ-  
mas Ring" . . . Lillian Gordon, Grade II  
Song, "Away in a Manger" . . . Grade III  
Kindergarten Stories—Jack Gilbody,  
Marguerite Herrman, Gladys Claster.  
Kindergarten Bowling Dance.  
Stories—Neil Sullivan and Dorothy Cal-  
houn, Grade I.  
Old English Carol . . . . . Grade I  
Song, "The Christmas Tree" . . . Grade II  
Recitation, "Santa Claus" . . . . .  
..... Stephen Crosswell, Grade III  
Song, "Santa Land" . . . Grades II and III

After the program the tree was untrimmed, each child's beads, calendar, or pan holder being handed to him, and presented by him to his mother or father, most of the parents being present. In addition, each was given a cornucopia filled with candy and nuts, the gift of the training teachers, which last feature, for some reason unknown, seemed to be the hit of the morning.

Mr. Trembath, giving examples of ambiguous sentences: "Mr. Jones was struck by a street-car crossing the street. Who objects to that?"

Bowser, sotto voce: "Mr. Jones."

## ALUMNI NOTES

### WHERE THEY ARE NOW

Harriet Jones, '21, teaching the second grade in the Smethport, Pa., borough schools.

Lina Stonemetz and Geneva Stull, '21, teaching at Willow Grove, Pa.

Grace Brooks, '21, and Lena Stillson, '22, teaching at Emporium, Pa.

Mildred Moyer, '21, teaching in Woodlawn, Pa.

Nellie Dolan, '21, attending college in Syracuse, N. Y.

Zeruah Harris, '20, and Homer Sherman, '21, teaching in Oswayo, Pa.

Bessie Graham, '22, attending State College.

Reva Harris, '22, teaching in Clara, Pa.

Marian Schreckengast, '21, teaching in Eldred, Pa.

J. M. Lord, former Science instructor, supervising principal in Emporium, Pa.

Mrs. Howard Densmore, '22, known to us as Emily Stillson, teaching in Olean, N. Y.

Edna Zimmer, '20, teaching in the Emporium, Pa., High School.

Earl Davis, '18, principal of the Tidoute, Pa., High School.

Ted Lyons, '21, teaching Latin in the high school at Emporium, Pa.

Betty Bowser, '22, teaching in the high school at Hazelhurst, Pa.

Margaret Farwell, '22, teaching at Mill Hall, Pa.

Mrs. T. T. Quimbee, '18, formerly Ruth Harris, living in Coudersport, Pa.

Ruth Shanley, '17, teaching in the high school at Bellwood, Pa.

Alice Bradley, '16, now Mrs. J. J. Fisher, living at North Stradford, N. H.

Leroy L. Smith, '18, principal of the Roulette, Pa., high school.

Merle A. Sweitzer, '17, attending a school of pharmacy at Philadelphia, Pa.

Cecelia Dwyer, '20, teaching at Kane, Pa.

Joseph J. Harrington, '09, also a graduate of St. Bonaventure College, principal of the Eldred, Pa., high school.

### MY WIFE'S GONE TO THE COUNTRY

Mr. Trembath may be right up to the minute in many things, but he was just thirty minutes behind the time in going into the dining room on Sunday evening, December 12. He wore his overcoat at the time. The supposition is that he wore it so as to have more room for the transportation of buns.

Senior, reporting in sociology class: "It has been found that many people go insane after marriage."

Mr. Sullivan, solemnly: "Well . . . I'm not sure whether marriage makes such people insane, or whether the fact that they marry is evidence of previous insanity."

Laura Dolan, '22, teaching in the high school at Eldred, Pa.

Mrs. Donald B. Gardner (Pearl Fletcher) living in Howard, Pa.

Isabel Lee and Ethel Musser, who attended C. S. N. S. last summer, teaching in the vicinity of their homes at Spring Mills, Pa.

Jacob Bartges, also a summer student, teaching near his home at Coburn, Pa.

Carl Winkelblech, who roomed with Jake last summer, enrolled as a Freshman at Franklin and Marshall. Frank Dively, '21, also a student at Franklin and Marshall.

Mrs. R. R. Lyman, '19, her husband and baby, Robert, Jr., spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Williams, of Howard, Pa.

Malita Sherer, '21, visited C. S. N. S. Wednesday, December 6, on her way home to Jersey Shore. We hear that she has resigned her position in Porto Rico, and will soon be wearing a wedding ring.

Laura Dolan really found time to spend the week-end of December 9 with us.

The engagement of Anna B. Geary, '20, to Malcolm W. Myers, of Hanover, Pa., was recently announced. Miss Geary is at present teaching at Mill Hall.

A communication from the Coatesville public schools expresses pleasure with the work of Florence Marolf, '22.

Miss Leotta Paeker, '15, principal of the Syracuse, Indiana, high school, visited the school during the holidays.

**Communications from former graduates who are seeking mid-year appointments will be welcome at the training school office. C. S. N. S. once your school is always your school. Any assistance our placement bureau can give you is yours for the asking. At the present time there are more vacancies listed for the mid-term, many of them in city and borough schools, than we have teachers available. Address R. S. McDougall, Director of the Training School, Lock Haven, Pa.**

### WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF BELVIE—

Didn't dance? A lot of us would just naturally be wallflowers.

Didn't empty the "Victrolas?" We wouldn't be able to use the halls.

Didn't gather up the song books after chapel? We'd sing some good songs; try us.

Didn't get awake in the morning? We'd all sleep until he did; give him a shot, somebody, one of these days.

Wasn't here? We'd have somebody else—but he wouldn't be Belvie.

Math Prof.—"Mr. Smith gave me a 100 per cent solution."

Plunk—"No wonder he got an A."

## Prieson's Pharmacy

*We extend to  
the students  
of C. S. N. S.  
heartiest greet-  
ings and best  
wishes for the  
New Year.*

### GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM A REALITY

(Continued from page 1)

two two-day week-end trips will be taken. Home games will be played on Friday nights, and visiting games on Saturday nights.

### BOYS ARE SHOT ON THE ICE

The boys of the basketball squad were photographed on the steps of the gymnasium on Saturday afternoon, December 11. Catherine Cooper understudied for Brion, and made it easier for the boys to sit still on the icy steps than he might have. By the time they had posed for several pictures, most of them found themselves frozen fast. Begging Catherine to depart as speedily and completely as possible, and stationing a guard in the rear to engage Miss Butler's attentions in another direction, they squirmed, pulled, and pried themselves loose. Luck held good, however; no one had to be pulled over past the west dorm on a sled, and carefully seated.

After eating a regular-sized Thanksgiving dinner, Ella fell asleep and dreamed that she had gone to a place hotter than Mr. Sullivan's class-room. Ali Baba kettles are sizzling over wood fires.

Ella: "What a strange place this is." She peeps into several of the kettles. Gert Lynott, Sally Hanna, Guy Luck, and several old friends salute her, cheerfully, considering the circumstances. She sees a kettle off in a corner by itself, goes over to it, and prepares to peep in.

Old Nick: "Here, here, here. Don't lift that lid."

Ella: "Why on earth not?"

Old Nick: "Because Laura Hanes is in there, and if she gets out all the little devils in the place couldn't get her back again."

Some of our sleepier fellow citizenesses, during the mad scramble for breakfast, are said to be trying to commit suicide by substituting Bradley's glue for Pebecco toothpaste.