



# NORMAL TIMES

At Lock Haven State Teachers College

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## "Why the Chimes Rang"

"Why the Chimes Rang" a play in one act by Elizabeth McFadden is to be produced Wednesday December 21 by the people in the Junior High School. An unusual amount of time has been spent in the preparation and the play promises to be very good.

The story tells of two peasant boys who wish to go to the cathedral at Christmas time. One is taken by his uncle. His brother has no gift to give but aids an old lady to the service. His gift although of the more humble kind is the best.

Woven into the play are seven pantomimes which add to the beauty and atmosphere of the play. Near the end come many Christmas carols.

The play is under the direction of Lloyd Bauman and Clarence Williams, both prominent in College dramatics. Mr. All and Mr. Patterson are in charge of the Music.

The play is to be given in conjunction with the usual Christmas program. A tree and an exchange of gifts are to add to the enjoyment of the Junior High School people.

### The Cast of Characters:

Holger, a peasant boy, Robert Ungard, Stein, his brother, Wayne Myers, Bertel, their uncle, Lehr Eckert, An old woman, Nelma Keen, A man, George Sheasley, A courtier, Robert Riffard, An old man, Thomas Alkey, A young girl, Mabel Burd, The King, Eugene Fox, The Angel, Josephine Packer.

## Debating

Debating has been found as especially alluring in Mr. Sullivan's Social and Industrial History class (the class being evenly divided in sexes, we wonder if the females always have the last word.)

The question for the first formal debate is Resolved: That the United States Government Should Subsidize the Merchant Marine.

There is much conjecture as to the outcome, but somewhere we have heard: "The female of the species is more deadly than the male." We wonder.

## He Always Takes Tickets

They don't get by Cerberus, and they don't get by Earl Smith. When he takes tickets, he takes tickets.

Up came a plump, smiling gentleman. He intended to get by with a nod. "Ticket?" said Smitty, commandingly. A polite but puzzled

## Tenor Wins Five Hundred Friends

### Warm, Friendly Personality of McQuhae Lights Up Varied Program

Allen McQuhae, the brilliant and likeable tenor who sang at Teachers College, Lock Haven, Friday evening, December 9, left Lock Haven with five hundred new admirers.

A particularly noticeable characteristic of both man and his choice of song was his versatility. The program ranged from Donizetti's "Una Furtiva Lagrima" from "L'Elisir D'Amore" to the whimsical "Kitty O'Toole" by Protheroe.

Mr. McQuhae's program consisted of five distinct divisions: the first, two selections from Handel; the second, a group of French songs, the third, an aria; the fourth, a group of old Irish folk songs, and fifth, a group of English songs.

### Program Distinctive

Every song was distinctive and

worthy of some special notice. The calm, slow-moving and, withal, fervent "Where ere you walk" from Handel's Semele, Bemberg's "Il Neige," a light, moving picture of a snow storm, and the cleverly dramatized "Au Pays" by Holmes, were possibly the best received.

The snappy "Ballynure Ballad," the laughable "Low Back Car" and "Kitty My Love," carried off honors in the Irish group.

"The Hour" written and composed by Solon Alberti, Mr. McQuhae's accompanist, was lovely. "Come to the Fair" by Martin and Hadyn-Wood's "The Brown Bird Singing" were also outstanding in this group.

Mr. McQuhae was especially liberal with encores, adding ten songs to his long program.

His accompanist Solon Alberti, played beautifully. The accompaniment to "Serenade Italienne" by Chausson was a fine interpretation of a Mediterranean shore scene.

## Revision of Boy's Dorm Constitution

A committee of five has been selected by the men's dormitory to draft a new constitution. The necessity for changes in the old constitution have become vivid, due to the growth of the male element in the school and the change of the institution to a college.

The committee was instructed to obtain a dormitory constitution from the other Teachers Colleges of the state before proceeding with the actual framing of the constitution.

Hope is expressed by the committee that their work will be ready for adoption during the first week in January.

Each class is represented on the committee. Nominations were made by secret ballot, each class selecting its own representative. Three seniors, Rue Fitzsimmons, Feit and Ward were elected. The Juniors are represented by Waterbury and the Freshmen by Bollinger.

## New Lincoln Book by Local Favorite

"Abraham Lincoln. His Words and Deeds" has just come from the press of the F. A. Owen Publishing Company. What makes it of especial interest to T. C. students is that its author, Dr. O. T. Corson was the commencement orator when the class of 1926 graduated, and has spoken many times to local audiences, frequently on Lincoln.

Dr. Corson's book is a full length study of Lincoln as a man. It is not another biography, so much as a simply written, sincerely appreciative study of Lincoln's sterling characteristics: his humility, his reverence, his loyalty, his honesty, his simplicity, his humor, and his magnanimity.

A chapter on the Gettysburg Address, disputing the popular misconception that it was dashed off with little effort or thought, and chapters on Lincoln's education and on the Lincoln Tomb round out a book full of the flavor of Lincoln and of the author.

## The Blue Scarf

It was about seven-thirty the night before Christmas. I was busily wrapping gifts. I had them all wrapped but one, and I prepared to wrap it. I got the box and paper

(Continued on Page 3)



stare by way of response. "Ticket?" repeated Earl.

An understanding smile, this time. "I haven't any."

"Gotta have a ticket."

"Well, possibly not this time."

"Huh? Howzat?" And Earl got ready to bounce, if necessary.

"My name is McQuhae."

## Finds Them at Banquet

In accordance with the traditions of the college, the annual Christmas dinner party was held in the college dining room, Wednesday night. It was greatly enjoyed by the members of the faculty and the en-

tire student body.

The college orchestra and Girls' Glee club added to the spirit of the affair by rendering Christmas carols. The tables and dining room were decorated in the usual holiday colors and the whole place radiated a Christmas feeling. Even Santa Claus came down from the North Pole especially for the occasion and distributed gifts to all present.

After the dinner all went to the gym where music and dancing were the chief features. Special credit needs to go to the College orchestra which furnished the music for the affair.

## Art Club is Hive of Industry

The Art Club is busily engaged in two distinctly different pursuits at the present time. A variety of projects for Christmas gifts are in progress. In fact, on Art Club night, it might pass for Santa's own workshop. Woven hand-bags, tooled leather articles, hand-painted and block printed cards, lamp-shades, and book-ends are among the gifts to be seen in the making.

The other activity is the painting of scenery for the play. A committee headed by Louise Young is in charge of this work.

## L. A. L. Girls Disappointed

The L. A. L. girls had been planning for a big feast December 9, there was general disappointment when the placard: "L. A. L. party post-poned," was displayed on the day-room door. Some of the more inquisitive members found that it was all due to lack of funds.

Who didn't pay their dues? Pay 'em soon, so we can have our party! It isn't good for our general health to be so disappointed.

## "Light Cuts" Given a Trial

"And there was light." At last the demand for lights after ten o'clock is to be given a trial. Until Christmas vacation, and from then on, if the privilege is not abused. Seniors will be allowed three hours a week "light cuts," not more than two hours to be taken any one night. Juniors are given two hours privilege a week, while those who entered this year in the college course are limited to one hour a week. When a light cut is desired the Hall chairman must be notified

previous to ten o'clock as to the amount of time desired.

The permanence of the privilege will be determined by the way the privilege is either used or abused before the Christmas holidays.

## Alpha Sigma Tau Sorority Entertains

A Japanese Tea held in the Y. W. rooms, Monday, December 5, was the first of the rushing parties given by the Alpha Sigma Tau Sorority. Japanese lanterns, parasols, screens, cherry blossoms, and incense featured in the creation of a true Japanese setting. Tea, sandwiches and mints were served from 4:30 to 6:00 by girls in Japanese costume.

A "Coney Island" Cone party was given by the sorority Thursday evening at 9:45. Cones were served from a typical stand. The entrance of a couple from "the Sticks" trying to "do" Coney Island brought forth gales of laughter, bordering on hysteria, from the gang.

## Christmas Shopping

Everyone does Christmas shopping in our house. Mother with her well-planned list of gifts for each aunt, cousin, uncle, friends and even her basket for the poor family that lives down the way.

Sis goes shopping, too. She is quite the most secretive of buyers. Just try to find out what your gift from her is to be! I really believe she hides them so far away she can't find them herself.

Brother is a scream. It is so funny to hear him hinting and inquiring around to see what you want. You can always tell when he has bought a present. His face just beams, and he giggles and teases you all the time. But after all is said, give me my Dad 'cause he surely is the most enthusiastic of Christmas shoppers.

Have you ever gone shopping with your Dad? Every year Dad takes one of us girls shopping with him. The Christmas spirit never really hits him until the last shopping day. Then how he does tear around. Ideas are very cheap the day he starts for he has so many; the few Sis and I have amount to nothing.

He keeps the 'phone ringing continually in the department stores. And when he goes for Mother's present—we'll, the usual result is four or five presents, because he never can make up his mind. Last year he managed to get an electric washer and sweeper plus a new set of silverware into the house without her knowledge. At the last minute he decided to send a floor lamp and some silk underwear as a surprise. Of course there are many other presents, brother's, sister's, granddad's, grandmother's and cigars for all his men friends. An other thing that he is quite fond of doing is

(Continued on Page 3)

## Miss Pepper Meets Lutheran Girls of Teachers College

Miss Matilda Pepper, the Secretary of the Board of Education of the United Lutheran Church, met with the Lutheran students, on Wednesday evening and Thursday morning.

On Wednesday evening she gave a talk to the girls on the work to be done this year and about the mission work in Russia.

On Thursday morning Miss Pepper met all the girls who wished to talk with her on things that interested them.

Miss Pepper visits the girls once a year and all those who met her this year will be looking forward with pleasure for her first visit next year.

## The Rho Omega Lambda Sorority Rushes

The Rho Omega Lambda sorority, opened their formal rushing season on Monday, December 5, with a Japanese Tea given in their sorority room. A Japanese atmosphere reigned throughout the party.

On Wednesday a "Ko-Ko Pour" was held in room 315 West, and on Thursday the sorority room was turned into a Cabaret for the entertainment of the rushees.

### Big Saturday

The big day began with a breakfast in the Y. W. C. A. rooms. This was followed by a Theatre party in the afternoon, where the sorority girls and their guests saw "The Fire Brigade," at the Garden Theatre.

At the informal dinner which was given at the "Pop Inn Tea Room" in Mill Hall, Miss Alber, faculty advisor, told after dinner stories and Elizabeth Stammely president, spoke a few words to the girls.

Nine fifteen o'clock found the girls in the gym, ready for a few dances before ending the day with a "P. J." party in the sorority room.

At Achenbach's—

Novelty ice cream and cake for sorority parties.

## NOTICE!

We have at your convenience a full assortment of Christmas greetings including attractive money-holders and greetings for the Shut-ins.

Jarboe's

131 E. Main Street

## Treasure Hunt Again Planned

The T. H. R. club are again making arrangements for their Treasure Hunt. They had planned on it before Thanksgiving but it had to be post-poned because of the rain.

The committee has already made the instructions and maps and are now awaiting the time to place them in the various hiding places. The hunt will take place near the campus, and all are hoping that Mr. Weather will have something better in store for them than he had before.

At Achenbach's—

Old fashioned springerlees, sand-tarts, and nut cookies.

At Achenbach's—

Small birthday parties given special attention.

## Hungry?

Satisfy It with  
Good Food

## Achenbach's Arbor

Lunches Served

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|-------|-----------|
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| Fruit | Soda      |

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### The Blue Scarf (Continued from Page 1)

I searched my room high and low, but no gift. And it was the one I had bought for my sister. I was positive that I had bought her a blue georgette scarf, because she had bought herself a new felt hat and I had heard her mention that she wishes she would get a scarf for Christmas to match it.

Well what was I to do? There was nothing left but to don my coat and hat, go over town and buy another one.

I was just going out the door when mother called and asked me if I had put my galoshes on. Of course I hadn't and I had to go back and get them.

I got to the street car line just in time to miss a car. It seemed like hours until another one came along. There was a crowd of people waiting to get on, and they were pushing and shoving like a crowd of women at a bargain counter.

Somebody bumped into me and knocked my car-fare out of my hand. As luck happened I had some more with me. The car stopped, I think at every corner. The more I looked at my watch the faster it seemed to go around.

At last I was in the store, and of course everybody would have to be buying scarfs. I shoved my way to the counter, getting black looks and remarks about being so ignorant, but I didn't mind that in the least. All I was concerned about was getting a blue scarf.

I rattled off to the clerk what I wanted. She replied very sweetly, "I am very sorry, but I just sold the last one." I turned around and made a dive out of the store, running right into some big fat man. He started to say something, but I didn't wait to hear.

I ran into the next store and here I found just what I wanted. I picked up the package and started out when I heard somebody call: "Say come back here with that." I looked and discovered that I had picked up the wrong package. "Pardon me," I said, and meekly handed it to a big colored lady.

"Well, you had better watch what you are doing the next time!" she cried.

I finally got home with the scarf and went up to my room to wrap it. I picked up the paper and box off the cedar chest—there was the other blue scarf.

### Christmas Shopping (Continued from Page 2)

buying fruit and candy and nuts for the holidays. We certainly have enough to last because when he begins buying he doesn't know when to stop. The hustle and bustle and hurry of it all makes one gasp for breath. I wish it were my turn to shop with him this year, but Sis is the lucky one.

### Choral and Glee Clubs Carol Throughout the City

The Boys' Choral Club and Girls' Glee Club spent the early part of the morning Thursday carolling throughout this section of the city. The hospital and children's home were visited, while other stops included Dr. Armstrong's home, Mr. Ulmer's home and Mr. McDougal's home.

The newly organized boys' Choral Club added to this event, although some of the fellows were out on a similar expedition last year.

Both of these organizations spent their last meetings in preparation, looking forward to this expedition.

### Preparing for Christmas

Preparations for Christmas celebration in the Training School is in full swing. Every child is awaiting the day of celebration to arrive, with its fun, parties and plays.

The primary department plans to hold its group celebrations in the Kindergarten room on Wednesday, December 21. There will a Christmas tree, presents for each child and everything that comes with a party.

In the Intermediate and Junior High departments plans are being made for group plays and entertainments.

### Red Cross Christmas Seals

Who has wondered how and when the idea of selling Red Cross Christmas seals, as a means of carrying on the war against tuberculosis, started? Probably most everyone has simply taken it for granted. The way the idea originated and developed is really quite interesting and surprising.

It was begun in Denmark by a postal clerk twenty-three years ago. When the Christmas mail passed through his hands, hundreds of letters were sealed with a small stamp on which was the royal insignia, also a brief message and a date. This postal clerk conceived the idea of a seal which would carry a happy thought to the sick people throughout Denmark. Many people liked the idea and it was finally carried to America where now each year, more and more of these stamps are sold. The fund raised from the sale of these stamps should reach several million dollars.

Why all the rush? Didn't you know that its Monday night and Juniors are allowed out to see "Ben Hur"? I guess that's enough to make anyone hurry out and join the big parade to the Garden.

A song service was held by the Y. M. at its regular meeting on Wednesday evening, December 7.

### The Day Before

Holly and mistletoe, ground pine, bittersweets, cranberries, turkeys, geese, chickens, and all the meat adorn the market stands the day before Christmas. These things alone are enough to tell one that Christmas is here.

And then crowds, sparkling, laughing, carolling "Merry Christmas" to friends and enemies alike. The crowds with wreaths of holly over their arms and sprigs of holly on their coats; with all the bundles, such Christmasy bundles; green and red and gold ribbons must tie the bundles on this day. Big packages, little packages, round and flat, long and short, all sorts of packages everyone carries the day before Christmas.

And the snow, so beautiful and white, wears colors of red and green most charmingly. It steadily but gently falls, insistent that every heart shall be gratified with a snowy Christmas.

The windows: toys enough to make any child's heart beat a little faster as he gazes at them; such beautiful toys, so new and shiny. Christmas toys always seem prettier and brighter than everyday toys.

Then there are gifts displayed for Mother, Father, Sister, Brother, Grandfather and Grandmother and all the rest. But there's no use lingering, for one simply cannot buy all he sees. The next window and the next and the next are the same.

Now we have passed the stores and offices. Now we are going home! In every window a holly wreath with a big, red bow looks out upon the world, and in every window sits a tall red candle waiting to be lit to show the traveler the way home. And on every porch lays the pine tree waiting for evening, knowing full-well that the next morning he will be far more cheerful and brighter looking than the people who hurry by.

And then to go into your own home and find holly and mistletoe, and to see a fire burning cheerily in the hearth and the stockings already hanging in a row—why, that is a positive sign of Christmas.

### Art Classes in Training School

Christmas is almost here and Training School pupils are working hard to be ready in time.

The classes in the primary department are decorating their rooms, making tree trimmings and toys for smaller children. Fifth and sixth grades are making stocking dolls, wooden animals from cigar boxes, and hot dish mats.

Junior High school girls and boys are making calendars, block-printed Christmas greetings, raffia bags, and toys of wood.

### Letter to Santa

Day-room, U. S. A.  
Jest 'Fore Christmas

Dear Santa and Mrs:

As I gaze about me here in this refrigerated zone, some inner urge seems to prompt me to write a letter to you in behalf of my fellow-men. If you will be kind enough to grant these few favors, I shall never forget you—most kids never do, you know. Well to get down to business, I shall ask first of all in the name of society that folding doors be sent P. D. Q. to supplant those cast-iron boards we can't even bore through and that serve as a partition between boys' and girls' quarters. This is especially desired by the following: Dorothy Askey, Clyde Swoyer, Ethel Dechant, Charles Dale, Gladys Carstatter, Earl Smith, etc.

Item 2. That Foley girl's zoo-like behavior lacks just one thing to make it perfect: a cage, my dear St. Nicholas. Please remit.

Item 3. Are the new Fords equipped with higher ceilings this year? If so, crank one up for Thelma Moore who keeps the heat pipes dusted off.

Item 4. Rumor has it that Charles Russo is musical. But perhaps that was only a day-rumor. Take a chance, St. Chimney-Sweep and throw him a hand-box—or a rubber band would do just as well, I suppose.

Item 5. Kindly equip Grace Mack with a small red lantern so that her voice will not disturb the commuters when she flags the train at Sixth Street, Renovo, Pa.

Item 6. If you can wedge a cubic centimeter of seriousness into Miss Harmon's stock of nonsense, your next to Lindbergh, old dear.

Item 7. Also would it be possible to install a wide-aisle detour for Vera Duke so that she may walk around in a more comfortable manner?

Item 8. And now that Ethel Dechant has adopted Ichabod Crane's "capacity of an anacondo" pray hand over a cedar chest of doughnuts for her.

There are quite a few other things dear Santa, which I would like to ask for, but I will not be unreasonable so that is all for this time.

With the best of intentions,  
Santa's Little Helper

### Betty Gates Married

Frances Elizabeth Gates, (Betty), '23 of Renovo was married to Robert E. Taylor, Emporium, on November 24.

The marriage was held in Emporium where Betty has been teaching since graduation.

Mr. Taylor is assistant cashier in the First National Bank of that town.

A<sup>t</sup> Achenbach's—

For rent—Linen, dishes, and silver.

## Squirrel Has Busy Day Dodging Bird

Belva's pet red squirrel has all sorts of faith in human nature, especially Belva's, but he puts no trust whatever in the good intention of birds.

For several weeks now Belva has been feeding regularly an intelligent little red squirrel, one of the small flock that inhabit the campus trees. Belva scatters his offerings including corn, at the foot of a big elm. In next to no time the squirrel has arrived, has chattered his thanks, and has begun carting everything up into his storage quarters, a hollow in the trunk of the elm tree.

Lately a swashbuckling pigeon has been sharing the feast. The pigeon has Belva timed; and as soon as he has scattered any corn over the ground the pigeon arrives, and goes to work without saying anything.

But whatever the pigeon has omitted to say the squirrel more than makes up for. He runs down the tree within a foot of the ground, and, head downward, tells that pigeon what he thinks of his table manners. He darts out on the grass a foot or two away from base, and tells that pigeon what he thinks of pigeons in general. He makes a mad dash for the tree again if the pigeon bats an eye in his direction, and as he sails up the trunk he tells that pigeon what he thinks of a certain pigeon's private and particular family tree.

If he arrives at the first branch before he has exhausted the topic, he runs out along it until he is directly over the pigeon's head, and there proceeds to exhibit every variation in personal vituperation a squirrel can invent. His inventiveness seems to be remarkable.

Sunday Belva determined to take a hand in the game. Belva was feeding squirrels, not pigeons. Consequently Belva scattered no corn on the ground; instead he placed it directly in the squirrel's storage hollow in the elm trunk.

Did that satisfy? Not so you could notice. In due course of time the squirrel presented himself for dinner. No dinner! He hung around for a few minutes, getting wrathier. With no dinner in sight, he finally thought of that reservoir of food in the hollow tree, climbed slowly and protestingly upward, poked his head in the opening, and—gasped.

First he looked amazed. Then he looked studious. Then he looked worried. Then he looked angry, and angrier, and angriest, and stayed that way. He looked around for that pigeon without success; he had a masterpiece on his mind, and he wanted to get it off.

Then he got down to business. No partnership with any thieving son of a pigeon for him. Bad enough to have it gobble everything set out on the ground; he wasn't going to give up everything he had scrimped

and saved for a wintry day. Not without a fight he wasn't.

He pouched all the corn his mouth would hold, took a header down the tree, scampered clear over to the other side of the campus, scooped and scooped and scooped himself a hole big enough for six squirrels at the foot of a tall pine tree, and dropped his corn therein. Then back to the elm for another mountful; then back to the pine to deposit it.

All day Sunday he worked, and sweated, and bottled up his wrath. When he could get all the work out of the way—that was the important thing, and well he knew it—he would show that pigeon some cussing that was cussing! He feasted his mind with the bigger and better epithets that occurred to him, pausing sometimes for two seconds to get a phrase just right.

But as Sunday wore on, as his weariness mounted, the pauses came further and further apart. Well along in the dim of the evening he made his last trip. The bottom of the hollow was scraped clean. He dropped the last mouthful in the new pit; scraped ground over until no one but he could find the place again; climbed painfully up into the branches of the pine, still with some idea of exercising that philippic against pigeons; thought for one moment of that winter savings deposit, safe now from all thieves and sons of thieves; and gave the faint beginnings of a contented chuckle. It ended in a snore.

## Parted Center Ways !!

"Lo kid."

"Lo—Did ya get balled out at conference?"

"No, and it was the most interesting conference I've been to ever. I was so surprised, I actually enjoyed it. What've ya been doin'?"

"O jest foolin' around as usual. I've been trying to find out who that kid is that sits up in the third row in chapel. You said she parted her hair in the middle, and she had black hair, and she's leavin' it grow. I've asked most o' the kids in that row, but they don't know her name. She sits next to that light-haired Irene Herzog, doesn't she?"

"Yeh. Have ya found any more kids that part their hair in the middle?"

"Oh yeh, there's that Frances Johnson, she's got bangs and straight hair—she sits next to Lucinda Johnson. And Mae Millward parts her hair in the middle."

"She does? Gosh! I never noticed. Well, I'll have to dub you Bright Eyes; you did see somethin' fer once."

"An so's Mary Kell; you know her, she teaches in fifth grade in the T. S."

"Oh yeh."

"An' Esther Hamlin."

"Who under tarnation is she?"

"Don't you know her? She's in Teaching of English class; sits right front of Jo Robinson. She's tall, has

long hair, parts it in the middle."

"Say! do you know that Viola Fulman?"

"Nope, who's she?"

"She's in the day-room. I don't know where she's from, but she's not from Renovo; I asked Grace Mack."

"Well, what's she look like?"

"She's got dark hair and she wears it somethin' like Frances Johnson, parted in the middle and bangs over her forehead."

"Yeh, I know who you mean. I don't know her though. Grace Mack has got a clever hair-cut, did ya see it?"

"No! I saw Net Mader up there spoutin' off about somethin' but I didn't see what it was all about."

"Well, she's got her hair cut long and combed just like Fulman's, but she forgot the part. Mindja, she hasn't any part at all, though you'd think it would part in the middle; but it won't, I tried it."

"Well, if that isn't the limit. That's as bad as Peg Melvin's, did you notice how her hair is parted?"

"Yeh, you mean cat-a-cornered, huh?"

"Yeh, she starts to part it on one side, then swings over, and the front of her part is almost on the other side. Sorta cute like. Wonder if she's gonna let her hair grow for sure?"

"Well, if she's anything like you she'd have it cut before this and be lettin' it grow again. You're the worst person I ever saw to be so undecided about lettin' their hair grow."

"Oh don't get so upish, you're not so swell yourself. You've left your hair grow three times since school began an' now you're startin' again."

"Oh, you gowan!"

"Well, I'll see ya later when you feel more like slingin' compliments than you do now."

(More Coming)

## German Christmas

In Germany Christmas is the greatest festival of the year, as a family festival. It is celebrated to a greater extent than in any other country. Before Christmas there is a vast amount of preparation: fixing of dainty delicacies to tempt the appetite, endeavoring to find out the wants of children and friends, procuring of a nice big Christmas tree. In Germany everybody has a Christmas tree and everyone gets a present.

It is characteristic of the German people to think of others, as on this day of days there is a happy time of supplying trees to hospitals, barracks, work-houses, institutions and places where Christmas would not be celebrated but for thoughtful charity.

The Christmas tree in many countries has gone out of fashion, but in Germany it occupies an important place, and probably always will in the domestic affections.

The real celebration of Christmas

in Germany begins on Christmas Eve, Holy Eve, as they call it. At fall of dusk one would notice that the streets are quickly emptying and that traffic and day's work is at an end.

Families gather around the Christmas trees, and good old Father Christmas distributes the presents. Everyone, old and young, gets a present, and the good old man gives them additional praise or blame for their conduct during the year.

In this country the celebration is not complete without the singing of Christmas carols, a custom which is said to have originated in Germany.

The gentlest and most reverent traits of German character are brought out in their spirit of Christmas.

## Our Lizzie's Opinion

"Land's sake! Hain't I got 'nuff work to do 'thout tendin' to Mary Ann's yung'un? Ezry, you must think I'm made of steel, guaranteed not to wear out! Yes, I s'pose you did want to help her out, but you do the offerin' and I do the work. Besides, that yung'un's a regular bad kid. He makes more work in one hour than my three yung'uns put together. And, Ezry, let me tell you this—since you offered to take care of him, you just can! 'Course I'll help you, if he squalls too much, but unless he does, you can do it yourself. Maybe, if you have to mind him you'll get over your willingness to take care of other people's children; anyway, I hope it'll teach you a lesson: not to be quite too willing to "do unto others," for someday you will be gettin' done."

"Why, Lizzie, are you thet angry with me? I thought you'd be pleased to help out Mis' Brown specially when she's president of your lodge and sets such store by you. I thought maybe she could help you out sometime. That's why I offered our services."

"No, Ezry, I hain't angry. I guess I'm just a mite put out, for I didn't get any of them cookies baked and Johnny Brown does just love 'em. We'll take care of Johnny together, and our yung'uns can entertain him."

The Beauty Contest which is conducted every fall by the South Texas State Teachers College opened with a peaceful calm with only one nomination. South Texan

They ought to come North.

To keep the home fires burning seems to be fully as pleasant to Cortland's "sweet girl graduates," as the more spectacular business of bearing aloft the flaming torch of knowledge. Statistics compiled by the main office show that nearly 50 percent of the alumnae of C. N. S. discard the ruler for the switch by the time they have been out eight years. Co-No Press

# Normal Times

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DECEMBER 19, 1927

## Us and Others

Kay Hall and Connie Newcombe spent the weekend at their homes in Huntingdon.

Elsie Lundgren, a graduate of '27 spent the weekend with Beatrice Engstrom and Flo Haven.

Sal Wilson's mother and father visited her Sunday.

"Socks" Hartsock, graduate of the class of '27, spent Saturday with her old roomie, Patty Thornton. Sunday the girls paid their respects to Williamsport.

Kathryn Shipman had as her guests Sunday, her three brothers.

"Cille" Herrit was here for a few minutes Saturday.

Bid Spotts' parents visited her Sunday.

Ann Gilloeghly, Jule Gibbons, Helen Horan, and Helen Carden were in Williamsport over the week-end.

## Alumni Mailsack

Mrs. Vernon Robinson, formerly Esther Agnew '23, of Mill Hall, writes Normal Times from Lubbock, Texas. Professor Robinson teaches in that city. Both Mr. and Mrs. Robinson plan to attend University of Chicago next year, where Prof. Robinson will get his Ph.D and Mrs. Robinson her M. A. degree.

Esther secured her B. A. degree from Tulsa University in one year after graduating from Lock Haven.

Barbara Champlin '25, is holding forth for her third year in East McKeesport. She has forty of E. McKeesport's young hopefuls in her second grade.

Hilda Burrows '25, teaches in Hughesville.

The last alumni subscription to come in before Normal Times goes to press comes from Gertrude Harper '23, of Irvona. This year finds her in Altoona. Gertrude was first editor-in-chief of Normal Times.

# Editorials

Football season's over but basket ball season's just coming, so we've still got a chance to show how well we can back that team--our team.

Who wants to play on a team when the students don't give a snap whether you win or lose, unless they can get a chance to hand you a little ridicule?

Those teams that are the best winners are the ones that have had the best support. Some of the very worst teams show as their "backers" a measly few intimate friends and chums of the "fellows" usually! Is that the kind of help we want to give our team? No!! We want that team to work and work hard--we want it to be a winning team. We can help that to come true--and how?

### HERE'S HOW

You and I need a cheer when we're going to try something. We want whole-hearted praise, and assurance so that we can give the best that's in us! Can we work if some one says, "Oh, you'll never be able to do it--don't even attempt it"? That's practically what we've been saying to our team, but we've got to make it up. And we've got to make it up three-fold, for they need our cheering, they need our backing at the games--our games!

Let's show 'em we've got the school spirit we've been accused of not having. Let's be out 100 per cent for that first game in January.

Let's show them that we want them--they who represent our school--to play the best they've ever played and to show to outsiders and to opponents just what stuff we're made of, and what we've got.

### WHAT XMAS MEANS

Christmas has come to mean, "what shall I buy?" "What will I get?" We are losing sight of the real spirit of Christmas, and the greetings we once heard have been smothered under the great god Dollar. Where our fathers were once content with clear toys, we must have Whitman's very best; where our fathers were overjoyed at finding a book, or a toy engine, we must have a whole library, and when we were at the toy stage, we had to have the tracks to match the engine, or we'd cry ourselves to sleep.

Young America may not be as bad as some think, but our riches have gone to our heads. We have forgotten in the rush for money, what that Star of Bethlehem stood for. Christmas means an exchange of gifts which more than lots of us can really afford. I ask you, is there a Santa Clause? and if there is, don't you suppose he'd rather go back to the days of clear toys, with the heartwhole, sincere greeting: "Merry Christmas"?

## Harry L. Kriner, 13, Dean of Instruction at California

Harry L. Kriner, alumnus of Lock Haven, class of 1913, now holds the position of Dean of Instruction in California Normal, California, Pa.

Mr. Kriner's professional progress has gone on quickly. Immediately after graduation he was made principal of Fourth Ward schools of Clearfield. In 1914 he accepted the principalship of Central School of DuBois, supervising seventeen teachers.

Mr. Kriner attended the University of Pittsburgh during the 1916-20 period. From this university he received, in 1920, the bachelor of arts degree both in Liberal Arts and in Education. While in Pittsburgh, Mr. Kriner taught night school the years 1916-17.

Mr. Kriner's university course was broken by twenty-two months of service in the army. He writes thus "Was in foreign lands 18 months with First Army Corps. Drove cars for the Signal Corps and was attached to numerous American units as well as to several French and

English units. Service took me into England, France, Spain, and Belgium, getting into every French Port, the principal cities, and on three battle-fronts. Came from the Cambrai front on November 10, 1918 and spent November 11 in Paris, from which place I returned to the U. S. with the 41st. Casual Division."

After graduation from Pitt, Mr. Kriner taught Social Studies in Clarion Normal for three years.

The year 1923-24 was spent as principal of Warren High School.

Since 1924 Mr. Kriner has been at California. For two years he functioned as head of the Social Studies Department. Here, too, he was director of Summer Sessions and now, since this last June, he holds the position of Dean of Instruction.

Mr. Kriner has recently been granted his Masters degree from the University of Pittsburgh.

At Pitt, Mr. Kriner was made a member of Kappa Sigma social fraternity and Phi Delta Kappa educational fraternity.

Price Literary society claims him, too, as one of her alumni members.

# Our Own Little Diary

Monday, December 5.

Back to the old grind. Thought I'd never make it. Spent a long vacation, "out where horse-chestnuts grow."

Discovered to things on returning to the grade-1. They hate school, yet; 2. I can't teach. Some folks have more patience, I should have been put out of my misery seven weeks ago.

Tuesday, Dec. 6

The next week is full. There are only seven things that I can think of that must be done. Hardly seems enough. I wonder what will happen. Jo didn't go to breakfast this morning. And poor me spilled ink all over the G. F.'s floor. I sacrificed a pair of my P. J.'s, a bottle of ink, and a blotter. After this I retire at 10. Saw Ben Hur--Oh!

Wednesday, Dec. 7.

Two lesson plans vetoed. I'm getting 6 for a final mark. I know. I won't start excuses, though, why should I? I'm not up to par, and what's worse--(but who cares about that?)

The Irisher owes me a letter. I spent a perfectly great evening writing her four pages.

No more shall the peaceful calm of the dorm be shattered, I broke my vic.

Thursday, Dec. 8

Was wondering all along why the cold in my head hangs on. Found out, at last. I asked my nose and got the following. "I do not choose to run in '28. (That's original, I'm thinking of selling the rights of it to College Humor.)

The hand crocheted bathtug goes to the Junior who asked where they put the coal in at? She was looking down the laundry chute. Whoop-ee! She really put the "at" on the end, too.

Friday, Dec. 9.

Went places and saw things last night. Oh my! I've decided to spend my first million in Venice, talking to the gondliers, etc. (Mostly-etc.) Duty calls--must trip over to the Training School. I shall certainly have to have new shoes, or else a new walk, "trip" over there is right.

Saturday, Dec. 10.

"If I were a king" first of all there'd be seven Saturdays to think about working; then there would be one in which to get ready; then we would change our minds, and start thinking again.

Two weeks from today I'll be waiting for--but there "Ain't no Santa Claus." However, there's a lesson plan to write, have to do it now. Never work on Sunday.

At Achenbueh's--

Clartoy favors on a stick.

**Exchanges**

"The question of whether or not the college student is becoming less religious has aroused much discussion and debating. We say, "no". He is merely outgrowing his youthful fantasies concerning his feeling of mysteries and his near-superstitious awe of all things of a religious

nature. He is becoming critical of his own beliefs."

Campus Chronicle

"Get 100 points and join the W. A. A.—the athletic club. Earn 500 and get a red and white W. A. A. emblem; 800 and get a silver loving cup; 1200 and win. Indulge in basketball, volley ball, hiking, swimming, track, skating, bowling, or any such sport to win your points."

A wonderful motive for encouraging athletics.

The Easterner

The new athletic field at Indiana Normal, including track, football and baseball fields, tennis courts and girls' field will soon be completed.

The Easterner

The library is the greatest source of knowledge; the basis of academic activity. New buildings, added faculty members, increased enrollment are superficial signs of growth. That sounds good to us.

Egyptian

School management is easy. "There is really no mischief compared with olden times," says a mother of a student.

"In spite of all the improvement in the schools now, I would not change my school for yours of today. The fun then was fun and the pleasures were real. How we longed for gloomy days when the coal oil lamps would be lit."

Junior College Journal

The new sign at Southern Illinois Normal University door: "Come in, don't knock. Go out the same way." If practiced around here would be beneficial.

Egyptian

Every year about one thousand feet of pictures of important events, taken with Normal's new camera, will be put into a school album. Among these pictures will be included those of social hour parties, important athletic events, graduation and like activities.

This camera and equipment necessary to operate it to the best advantage, costs over \$300, and was paid for out of the general school fund.

Chicago Normalite

Kathryn Gummo '26 has taken a position in South Renovo, opened by Mildred Reiter's acceptance of a position in Weedville.

Dorothy Brua, '25 is teaching at Pleasantville, N. J. Dot has been teaching there since graduation from Lock Haven.

**Christmas -To a Pair of Book-Ends**

He:—Well, we seem to have suddenly come into prominence.

She:—Here two years, and back into style—I'll never get my face clean. That is absolutely the dirtiest stock room I ever saw.

He:—Cooped up for two years and now we're out here on the counter. If you could ever see yourself, you're crusty!

She:—Well, you're no Barrymore yourself. What's the idea? Why not clean us up before we go on display?

He:—Don't be so dumb; we are supposed to be antiques. I've just fig—

She:—Yes, so we are—but don't you remember, we were on this very counter two years ago? And how clean we were; they didn't even look at us then. Why?

He:—I've just figured—

She:—Oh, I know—they ran out of ideas for Christmas gifts and so they raked us out of the dirt and—

He:—As I was saying—I've just figured it all out—

She:—Yes, dear—and we are antiques now! Look Henry, the customers are looking us over.

He:—(weakly) As I was saying—you are all—

She:—Oh, Henry, why are they looking at me? As if I were dirty or something.

He:—Can you keep quiet just a minute, dear?

No answer.

Well—you're feet are gone. You are a perfect relic.

She:—Why, Henry Sphinx—you terrible person—if we didn't have our backs to each other—

He:—Now, now, Elmira—I mean you are a marvel as an antique. You are going over big!

She:—What was the word we learned in the stock room from that apache doll?

He:—Ripping! That's it, you're simply ripping!

She:—(with the vanity of Eve)—Henry there's a terrible smudge across your nose. I can just see it be twisting my head around as far as it will go.

He:—Thanks, Elmira (absently). I think I'll fall off the counter. I wish my feet were gone. You know, Elmira, people just won't buy real antiques—just let them get hold of something that looks musty, tho' and they take to it like ducks to water.

She:—Henry, that lady is going to buy us—we're really supposed to be antiques. And the card here says we're "Special at \$105.00." Oh—

and we started out as "made in U. S. A. bronze bargains for \$.50 apiece!"

The Home of  
**Hart Shaffner  
& Marx  
Clothes**  
HARRY H. WILSON

The Boston  
**Candy Kitchen**  
Fancy Boxes for Xmas  
Special Candies  
Delicious Ice Cream  
LIGHT LUNCH

Henry Keller's Sons  
Style Quality  
Newest Styles in  
Oxfords and Slippers  
103 Main St., Lock Haven, Pa.

**Lock Haven's Shopping Center**

This store is always pleased to greet the students attending The Lock Haven Teachers College.

Here you will find two floors of high grade standard merchandise, fairly priced, displayed to make your shopping easy.

FIRST FLOOR---Dry Goods-Hosiery- Underwear- Gloves-Notions-Neckwear-Hand Bags-Jewelry.

SECOND FLOOR --- Draperies - Curtains - Rugs- Fancy China and Glass---Gifts:Lamps, Houseware.

**Smith & Winter Department Store**

**LINTZ'S**

Wearing Apparel  
at Money Saving  
Prices.

We can tell you the  
most beautiful way to  
say it.

**CARLSON, Florist**  
At the Monument

**Electric**

Curling Irons,  
Toasters, Globes,  
and Study Lamps

**Electric Supply Co.**  
113 Main Street

**Titus**

Just off the Campus

Serve:  
Dainty Lunches  
Tasty Sandwiches  
Delicious Sundaes

We deliver ice cream or lunches to  
College Students at 9:45

**Gramley's**

Where Service and  
Satisfaction is  
Guaranteed by 5 Expert  
Barbers

**THE NORMAL SHOP**