

## Cast for "Captain Applejack" Chosen

Try-outs for Walter Hackett's "Captain Applejack" a mystery play to be presented by the Senior class on Friday evening March 9, were held Monday afternoon, January 30 in Shake Hall. Miss Alber will direct the practices for the play which is of an entirely different nature than those before presented here and which requires an unusually large cast. Practices began Wednesday evening, February 1.

The characters and those selected for the parts are as follows: Lush, a typical English Butler—Victor Peters; Poppy Faire, a quaint little old-fashioned person of 25 years ago—Joe Viering; Mrs. Agatha Whatcombe, a handsome gray-haired lady of middle age, refined, aristocratic, fussy and easily agitated—Bee Mokle; Ambrose Applejack, a man in his early forties who has settled down, easy-going disposition, and accustomed to refined surroundings—Clarence Williams; Anna Valeska, a young woman of 25 or 30, quick, impulsive and fiery—Reba Johnson; Mrs. Pengard, a tall domineering woman of gushing manner—Joe Robinson; Mr. Pengard, a sallow-faced man with an air of mystery about him—Lloyd Bauman; Ivan Borolsky, a tall forceful man, so perfectly dressed as to be polished—Sterl Artley; Dennet, an officer of the law—Ray Zaner; Johnny Jason, a friend of the family, refined, good-natured and a sense of humor—Ted Pray; maid, typical English—Dot McCloskey; Chinaman, secret, oily, sly—Emerson Packard; the cabin boy—Louise Young. Peg Laird doubled the part of Anna in Act II.

The pirates are: Gordon McCloskey, Albert Hobba, Tim Ferguson, James Quigg, Walter Miller, Glen Nolan, Fred Barr, Charles Vonada, and Earl Smith.

## Mental Telepathy or What?

"Red's the favorite color this winter, d'ya' know it?"

"Oh, I dunno! What makes ya' think so?"

"Were you at the dance Saturday night?"

"What's that got to do with wearin' red?"

"Well, I was just gonna finish—"

"Oh-h-h!"

"There musta' been about forty-seven red dresses over there! Everybody that had a red dress had it on Saturday night and to top it off, there must have been almost as many green ones. The only others worn were about one or two dark blues and a couple o' gray and brown ones! And it wasn't fire prevention week or Christmas Eve either!"

## Training School Physical Education Festival

When we were very young, examinations were dreadful, awful things. Fairy Queens hid in fear when 'Xaminations stalked into view. On the same day, each was as far from the other as the two poles.

What is all this? What have fairy queens and examinations in common? Come now, no foolishness, what is this?

We know they are now on speaking terms. And being most generous-hearted, we'll let you know.

Last Wednesday afternoon, January 25, the Training School had a Festival. No ice-cream and cake, but everyone was served with a generous slice of fun and lots to see. It was a Physical Educational Festival. If you had been there, you would have taken on a "Visit to Health-Land." Can't you just see how adorable the little first grader was as Fairy Queen, really the Sleep Queen you know. On the same road to Health-Land most all the little first graders lost their way and kind Fairy Sleep led them there. Very, very simple. When one got there one was entertained by grown-up sixth graders, all dressed up. What fun! And what dancing! Just like people way, way off, dance Hungry and Denmark those dances come from. Awful funny names. Ho, ho, look at those clowns—three of them. My sides ache from laughing. Now the Minuet, just as George and

Martha Washington danced when he cut down the cherry-tree. When he was older? Oh, well, anyway. Health-Land was fun.

But still what of fairier and examinations? Here it is. Of course the dear souls never expected it, but all this work comprised in a large measure was their Physical Education of the first semester—and they were being examined. This clever idea was the work of two students who worked up this novel project—a fun examination, under the Supervision of Miss Dixon. Liz Robb was the sixth grade teacher, and Maude Caldwell was the first grade teacher.

All the grades weren't lost, of course, so the remaining ones dramatized The Toy Shop, helped by Helen Carden. And there were tumblers too, trained by Elizabeth Bressler. Fun, fun, fun!

There were specially invited guests, too, even more grown up than sixth grade—Mothers were there.

So the second and third and fourth and fifth graders, not to be outdone, had something on Friday morning, under the supervision of Eve Impress. The second grade girls, very zealous indeed, insisted upon performing their rhythmic—for their own benefit Wednesday morning and for the pupils Friday morning. The

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## Praeco Progressing Nicely

The 50th Anniversary Praeco Yearbook is well on its way. The 1928 Staff, with Sherman Francisco as Editor and Chief, is working hard to put out an Annual that will surpass any put out before.

A number of new ideas are being incorporated in this year's Praeco; perhaps the most important of which is the planning of the work along the lines of the 50th Anniversary, since this is the 50th year that the school has been in progress. New ideas are also being used in the faculty and senior sections besides many others which will make the book unique and attractive.

The members of the staff hope that they will have the cooperation of every member of the senior class besides the undergraduates, in the purchase of annuals. "The more orders booked, the better your book will be."

## Alpha Zeta Pi Held Banquet

The Alpha Zeta Pi club held its annual banquet at the New Fallon Hotel at 8:30 P. M. on Saturday, January 28.

Sterl Artley acted as toastmaster, and everyone shed a tear when he called upon Jake Ward to speak. Jake has left with his degree, ready to start on in this wide world. We wish him the greatest success.

It was quite a pleasure for all of us to have some of our alumni club members with us. There was Sylvia Breth, of the class of '23, who is teaching in Clearfield, and Jack Pollmer, '24, who is principal of one of the schools in Lewisburg, Pa., and, by the way, still the same jolly Jack. David Ulmer, '27, was also here and reported that he is "crazy about his teaching in Corry."

The dinner was a real success. After a few words from our alumni, our faithful faculty advisor, Mr. Trembath, and Jake Ward, "good eats and lots of fun" was reported by all.

## Senior Class Dedicates Praeco

At the Senior class meeting held Thursday, January 26, it was decided that The 1928 Praeco will be dedicated to the first Senior class of this school.

Walter Miller resigned his office as treasurer for the Senior class as he is not classed a Senior. Ruth Adams was elected in his place.

### Program Committees Appointed

Arrangements were made for the Senior dance which will be held in the gym on Saturday, February 18. Committees were appointed which will take charge of the arrangements.

The following will serve on the decorating committee: Lloyd Bauman, Louise Bowes, Bertha Wolfe, James Quigg, Mildred Beam, Ivan Fritz, Reba Johnson, Russell Bohn, Joe Viering, Rosa Lee Hinkley, Walter Miller, Dent Bowser, Sue Tomko, Dorothy Eickel, Mowrie Ebner, Clarence Williams, Charles Dale, Helen Behrer, Rupert Fitzsimmons, Max Fitzsimmons, Ruth McCall, Geraldine Conway, Margaret Melvin, Glenn Nolan, Dorothy Killen, Kathleen Spengler, Elizabeth Bressler, Dorothy Bastian, Helen Westerick and Josephine Robinson.

Sterl Artley, Helen Westerick and Clarence Williams will take charge of securing an orchestra.

Louise Bowes and Harriet Kelley were appointed to serve on the refreshment committee.

Other committees appointed were program committee—Helen Behrer and Tom Larkin; the play committee—Lloyd Bauman, Reba Johnson, Josephine Robinson, Dent Bowser and Jerry Conway; the insignia committee—Louise Young, Albert Hobba and Bee Mokle.

## Magazines in Library Newly Bound

Eighteen different magazines have been newly bound in the library. Among this number are seven that have not been bound before including: Childhood Education, Current History, Educational Administration and Supervision, Literary Digest, Nature Magazine, Journal of Educational Research, and Normal Times. (Nov. 1922—Aug. 1925) The remainder of the list includes: Atlantic Monthly, Elementary School Journal, English Journal, National Geographic, School Review, World's Work, Historical Outlook, Central State Normal School Bulletin, Normal Bulletin, and Annual Catalogs.



### Mary's Love Affair

I don't know how they met, but all of a sudden quite a case developed, and Henry called on Mary several times a week. Some nights when he called, they would go out, and others they would stay home; but one Saturday night when Henry did want to stay home, Mary insisted on going to the movies. "All right," she said, "if you won't take me, I'll go alone!" and grabbing her hat and coat she was gone, leaving Henry alone.

Mary did go to the movies. Of course she did not expect Henry to be there when she got back. But she opened the door and there he sat, still playing that cracked Hawaiian record he was playing when she left. He seemed deep in thought. Poor Henry! How could she treat him so? "Mary, why did you run off that way?" he asked.

"Well, you wouldn't take me to the movies when I wanted to go," she said.

For a few minutes they were silent, then Henry told Mary that he wanted to talk to her that night; that was the reason he wanted to stay home. He wanted to be with her alone. He was tired of always going where there were crowds.

Then Henry proposed. Of course, Mary had never thought of marrying him. Of course she liked him, but she couldn't marry him. Why she hadn't thought of such a thing! It was either marry him or quit and Mary reluctantly chose the latter. I never could find out just why she would not marry him. When I asked her, all she said was, "He was too serious, so we decided to quit. He wanted me to marry him right away and I couldn't see it."

They did quit. For a long time neither saw anything of the other. Mary often mentioned his name. She seemed to long to see him again, but she would not ask him to come back.

Then one day she heard that he was engaged to another girl—Henry, who said that no other girl could mean anything to him? Could it be true? How could he have forgotten her so soon? Secretly she did care. Things became unbearable. She must find out the truth from him! She stayed up late that night, writing him a letter. One after another she tore up until she wrote one that had to do. It read: "Dear Henry, I must know the truth from you. No, I don't want you to come back, but I do want to know whether you are engaged. Please answer, but please do not come back. Mary."

The very next day Henry called. They had a long talk alone. She never told me much about his visit, but when Henry left that night, Mary looked like a new person. She looked so happy. Her eyes had lost that longing look. "Have you decided to go back together?" I asked.

"No," she answered. "We have quit, but I just had to see him once more; I just had to talk to him."

## MAPLE SYRUP

One early March day, three years ago, I chanced to overhear a scrap of conversation in a local department store.

An late housekeeper was vigorously berating an apologetic and perspiring clerk. "It's preposterous," she exclaimed. "Four dollars and twenty-five cents for a gallon of ordinary maple syrup! I never heard of the like! It's robbery, that's what it is, downright robbery! Why, all you have to do to get all the syrup you want, absolutely free, is to hold a bucket under a tree! And to think you have the nerve to bring it here and charge four dollars and twenty-five cents a gallon for it! It's outrageous and I won't stand for it!" And she founced indignantly out of the shop.

That set me thinking. In front of our house there was a good sized forest containing a large stand of sugar maples. So far as I knew, the precious fluid rising annually in their stems had never been tapped. A fortune, locked up in tree trunks, had been going to waste all these years! I resolved that it should no longer be wasted.

Accordingly I told a few of my friends of my newly conceived plan and we set to work enthusiastically to secure the necessary materials. Our united efforts produced an imposing array of jars, buckets, pots and pans with which to catch sap. The spouts—dozens of them—we made from the always useful elder branch; and, having secured an auger, we set out to make our fortunes.

In spite of our seemingly inexhaustible supply of utensils we were soon forced to scour the neighborhood for lard tins and old buckets. All available elder of suitable diameter was cut to meet our needs. We tapped all the maples we saw—so many that we never afterwards could find more than half of them. In fact we didn't confine ourselves to maples, we even tapped an occasional chestnut and a beech or two. But these were small mistakes and no one can comprehend what dreams

of wealth and luxury the steady, satisfying drip of clear, sweet sap conjured in our heads.

Within a few hours enough sap had oozed out to begin boiling. We collected it in buckets, poured it into a large white preserving kettle capable of holding four or five gallons, and set the kettle on the kitchen stove.

It began to boil shortly, and as fast as it boiled away we poured more sugar water in. But that kettle could dispose of an unbelievable amount of sap. Gallon after gallon went into its ample interior. Clouds of steam rose continually from its wide mouth to collect on the window and roll in big drops down the pane.

After a few days the contents of the thirsty kettle began to look muddy. More days and many more gallons produced a muddier effect. Still more time and sap only tended to make the contents of the kettle still muddier.

As the days passed and the thirst of the big kettle seemed unquenchable, our enthusiasm slowly waned. After almost two weeks of steady boiling, a time came when our interest sank to the zero point and none of us carried any sugar water that day. The stuff in the kettle boiled down slowly. Towards the end it began to thicken. Finally we took it off the stove—a scant pint of sticky syrup flavored with a fly or two and bits of bark, and bugs and leaves, all that great volume of sugar water.

In sober silence we strained the sickening stuff through numerous salt bags; but no amount of straining could remove the taint of the foreign matter that had been in it. By common consent it was put in a jar and relegated to a dark shelf of an old cupboard, where it remains to this day, a mute witness of the disappointment which invariably follows the bite of the get-rich-quick bug.

Sugar water, I have found, may be had for the taking, but maple syrup, to my mind, is worth its weight in gold!

### L. H. Kohl, State Student-Secretary of Y. M. C. A.

Tells of Life in Mexico

Mexico's need for teachers who have built into their lives a spiritual reserve and determination to serve was the outstanding thing in a short chapel talk, given by Mr. L. H. Kohl, State Student-Secretary of Y. M. C. A., Wednesday, January 25.

Mr. Kohl stated that Mexico is a country rich in natural resources but poor in spiritual stamina. Mexico, too, is, in the large, a misjudged nation, anxious to learn and to develop.

Mr. Kohl spent several days in the school.

### Rev. Young Conducts Chapel Exercises

The young Reverend Howard Young of the First Baptist Church of Lock Haven took charge of the chapel exercises, Wednesday morning, February 1. The scripture was read by Rev. Young. The famous evangelist, Nathan Lewis, who was then conducting a series of evangelistic services in the Baptist Church, gave a short but forceful talk on "blood and thunder" religion.

Rev. Young, his brother, John, and Mr. Smart, sang two numbers which were well received by the student body.

### Sister Doing Her Lessons

(Continued from last week)

Oh, yes, now I see how to do it. I guess I will let the rest go, I think I'll have time to finish them in school tomorrow.

Now, I can finish in a few minutes. I've only my Gogerly to do yet. Where is my book? Who took it? I don't care, it was here a minute ago and now it's gone, and oh, yes—I forgot, here it is back of me. Well, I guess I know these. Maine, New Hampshire—Gee! Miss Long was cross today in class, she gives me a pain; she is always—oh, Mother I wasn't going to say anything about her. I was only telling—all right, I will. Where was I? Oh, yes, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut—Oh the telephone—Hope its for me.

"Hello, yes, goody! Wait a minute. Mother, Marg wants me to come over to help her make fudge. May I? Oh, please Mother, my lessons are all done. Why yes they are. I studied for a whole half hour until my head aches now. Well, then if I get up in the morning and study. May I go? Hello, Peg, yes, I'll be over in a jiffy. Bye."

Again the rattle of papers, and the banging of books. Then like a whirlwind, she is gone.

### Exchanges

A book exchange is being installed in the College Union, whereby the students may get rid of their second hand books and may likewise

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# Normal Times

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FEBRUARY 13, 1928

## Alumni Mailsack

Dear Times:

Glad to see how you are improving; you printed one of my articles recently.

It is Friday evening and thankfulness bristles from every hair on my head. We've made books this whole bloomin' week, and if the kids are not glad we're through, the teacher is. What with relieving the art teacher of her duties in the matter and making glue tracks on the floor, world without end! But our books are made. We shall now have a little more reading material.

Perhaps those books might interest a few readers of Normal Times. I, not, stop here.

In eighth grade, we have taken our most recent classic, Tales of a Wayside Inn, and reported the most interesting parts. Books made on these tales would, of course, furnish little new material. Some of us, however, have been reading Greek myths, and the bug of invention crawled under our caps.

One booklet, in particular, contains a thrilling story of How Apeathas Won Fame. It is original in plot, but it shows clearly that Greek is Greek, no matter how we dress it up. Another book is a collection of poetry belonging to the Civil War period. This one comes right in the nick of time for History, too.

Then, we have a stab or two at original poetry which isn't bad if you forget a lot about feet.

Sixth grade contents itself with clippings from favorite magazines. These stories will find space in our regular reading period. An example of group work on booklets is our Picture Study in eighth grade. We have written our impressions on such pictures as the Angelus, Song of the Lark, End of the Trail, Boyhood of Sir Walter Raleigh, Feeding Her Birds, Shoeing the Horse, and

# Editorials

## A Center of Attraction

In spite of the combined efforts of Miss Macdonald, Miss Robinson and Helen Klepper, some students still seem to have the mistaken idea that the library is one of the social and recreational centers of the school. They still seem to think that the library is the place for a pleasant little chat; or the place where by moving books from one place to another, scraping chairs back and forth, or strolling about among the tables, they can get their daily dozen. The library is as good a place as any for getting their fountain pens filled, for "borrowing" a few sheets of paper, or for getting that assignment that they didn't bother to take notes on.

Warning! to those students who still have the above-mentioned mistaken idea: there is safety in numbers, and to be on the safe side you had better join the ranks of those who go to the library to work. At present the latter are in the majority, and indications, and the fact that history repeats itself, show that they always will be.

## Personality

Do you do things just because the crowd does? Did you come here to school just because your best friend did? Do you study for no reason at all, except that you might be called upon for a recitation, or because the family sees your marks? Are all your actions and decisions governed by what someone else might do, or say, or think? A slave of public opinion is a wishy-washy sort of person, and needs to develop his personality.

The Appeal to the Great Spirit. The best of these have found their way into a class book, and the class artist has completed the cover design.

No, the seventh grade isn't in it. Individually, the members of this class have collected post cards and snapshots of Renovo and South Renovo for a Civics book. These have been pasted upon notebook paper and accounts and explanations have been written beneath each picture. As yet, we have not attempted to bind our efforts here. We await another set of five days.

Now, just to let you know there is an end to everything, I shall shove this into an envelope.

With the best of intentions,  
Another Old Maid

## Us and Others

Sal Wilson's mother visited her Sunday, February 5.

Doris Mattern was fortunate in having her parents here to visit her on Sunday.

Kathryn Shipman spent the weekend at her home in Altoona.

Margaret Beeson and Reba Johnson entertained guests Saturday evening.

Lena Helsel visited at her home in Altoona.

## Teller of Tall Tales

There had been a terrible rain, and windstorm. The following day Bill had driven into town. He engaged a carpenter to stop in sometime; the wind, he said, had blown his summer house five inches off its foundation. Knowing him too well

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seemed delighted to see me. His dry hand felt like a piece of the leather with which he promised to fix my shoes some six months before, as he took my hand in a friendly grasp. Without saying a word he pulled his spectacles from his eyes, and, turning his back to me, he looked up and down his three shelves of shoes fastened to a side wall. With a movement of delight he hobbled across the floor to the far end of the second shelf and took down my other shoe—mended exactly like the one I had at home in my trunk of forgotten valuables.

His wry little face gleamed "Wait till you hear," as he approached me with the shoe in his hand. He motioned me to come and sit by him on a sturdy looking brown bench, a lighter shade of brown than himself. He put his spectacles on his nose again at an angle that would enable him to see either through them or over them without much effort, and spat into the little stove near the bench—he was chewing tobacco all the time that I had been quietly observing him, and now, with this relief he began to talk.

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## Bill Sweet Drops Us a Line

Bill Sweet, who was forced to drop out of school at mid-years because of ill-health writes from Geisinger Memorial Hospital:

"Here is a news bulletin. The fellows all told me to write and let them know how I got along, but since I was just wheeled in from the operating room this afternoon I don't feel like writing more than one letter.

"They pulled a few of my uppers and cut a chunk out of my lower jaw bone where two teeth had been pulled before, and the dentist had failed to remove the abscess. My lips and tongue have been seemingly inflated about three times. But perhaps it won't be funny when the anesthetic wears off.

"They used everything from pile-drivers and chisels to butcher-knives and augers in this job."

## T. S. Physical Education Festival

(Continued from Page 1)

second grade boys made scrap-books—Hygiene ones. Amelia Vincent helped them. The third grade had a circus with animals and tumbling; no, no peanuts, but there were elephants. Geraldine Taylor managed the menage. The fourth grade marched just like soldiers, parading with drums and everything with Kate Warfel as first Bandmaster. The fifth grade had a peachy time playing all sorts of games, which Thelma Livingston directed.

And would you believe it? Not a single animal had to be sent to the hospital, no departure of performers, no absent performers, no slackers, no ACCIDENTS—in the ranks.

Yes, times have changed since we were very young.

## A Letter

Kock's Farm,  
May 20.

Dear Y—:

You must hear how the story of my mended shoe ended. I'm sure you cannot have forgotten the funny old brown shoemaker in Cherry Run who has been mending and making boots the sixty years of his life in the little shop his father built before him. And you remember how he offered to put soles and heels on my boots which would stand the wear and tear of those mountains that seem to protect Cherry Run from the rest of the world. I suppose it was old John's age that made him think I'd bring my left shoe to be mended when he couldn't find it's mate to return to me.

Well early this May I decided that I should like to see Cherry Run in the Spring. Those autumn days we spent there together were beautiful, but Y—, you should see Spring in that valley. The jolly reds and browns which you saw covering the hillsides were all changed to the dainties of yellows and greens. And the trees that rollicked merrily in the October winds were showing their pride by swaying graciously in the low breezes. The new grasses not yet old enough to talk, sat up meekly where the tall ones had stood and whispered winter warnings to the trees. The significance of new life in that country could never be expressed and adequately in our language, but the purple violets that grow along the run and the snow white cherry blossoms over their heads can tell it beautifully.

I stopped in to see old John, and even he seemed to look a little less brown. He knew me instantly and



**Teller of Tall Tales**

to believe this, the carpenter waited until he happened to be passing and then dropped in. Bill was not at home, but he met him on the way back to town.

"Well, I was up to your place," he said, "but I didn't see anything wrong."

"Oh, the wind came the other way and blew it back again," Bill answered calmly.

**A Letter**

(Continued from Page 3)

"Now that's a dread funny thing about that shoe." I did not interrupt him to tell him that the other

was certainly standing the wear and the tear of the mountains. He went on, looking first at the shoe, then at me, and then through the window that opened on the spring brightness, and then at the shoe and then at me, and again through the window until he had finished a fanciful tale. He told me in his squeaky voice how a man who had lived and labored in Cherry Run all his life with no other aim than to visit his birthplace in England, had come into his shop not long after I had in October with some shoes to be mended. He was preparing against the time when he should achieve his life's ambition. Whether my shoes were so very large or that old John was so busy finding out the Run gossip when he wrapped up the man's shoes is a question. But the man who went to England took my shoe with him.

That this man is honest as all men in Cherry Run are, is evident, for he sent that shoe back to old John from way across the sea, only a month after he landed. But perhaps you wonder why he did not send it sooner. Well, only because he had no occasion before to use his own mended ones, which were packed in his trunk just as old John had wrapped them.

Old John parted with that shoe with reluctance, but would not have it for his own as I wished him to do.

"Now, those stories are best just remembered; and it's right for you to know it," he said and because I agreed with him, I have almost outworn the soles that were to stand the wear and tear of Cherry Run mountains hiking over the brown roads in back of our own little town.

Perhaps next fall, we shall take another pair of shoes to old John and see again those flaming hills of Cherry Run in the October evening sunlight.

braska. The student observes the class he is to teach later, learns the problems of the group and is allowed to teach when he is able to handle the work.

Antelope

G. G. Reed, President of International College at Smyrna, Turkey, spoke to the class at Fresno on the subject of Turkey. He has been there fifteen years and declares America has played an important part in introducing modern customs. The Collegian

**L. A. L. Has Lunch and Card Party**

The L. A. L. society put on a farewell lunch and card party in the dayroom, Friday evening, January 27, for two of its members who graduated at mid-semester, Catherine Miller and Emily Johnson.

Lunch was served at five-thirty by a committee headed by Sue Tomko.

After lunch bridge and five hundred were played. High and low prize winners at bridge were Grace Mack and Peggy Creighton; at five hundred they were "Willie" Cummings and Ethel Dechant.

Both Miss Ammon and Miss Rearick, faculty members of the society, were present.

Hazel Myers, '27, an alumna L. A. L. member was also a guest.

**Better Writing**  
(Henry S. Canby)

"Good writing is perhaps as difficult as good playing on the piano, more difficult than good cooking, less difficult than good living, but to know how to do it is no great secret."

"Thinking hard never brings an idea with any certainty, but ideas never come except after brooding, reflection, and thought in a brain that is working with full power."

"There should be an intelligence test through which all ideas, big and little, simple and subtle, would have to pass before writers are allowed to write."

"The first preparation for writing is... education, as much as you can get of it."

**Exchanges**

(Continued on Page 2)

buy second-hand books at a large saving. Good idea! It does away with the bulletin board method of buying and selling them.

The Collegian

Student Teaching is being handled a new way at Kearney, Ne-

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