

May Offer Prize for Alma Mater Words

The student who can write an Alma Mater worthy to be sung as this college's most honored song may wake up some morning this spring to find himself fifty, one hundred, one hundred and fifty dollars richer. A movement starting among the undergraduates has begun to get beyond the talk stage. Nothing has been settled, yet things are in the air.

An informal meeting to bring the sentiment concerning an Alma Mater song to a head was hastily called last Friday. Nine undergraduate clubs were represented, and others have agreed to get in line. At that meeting it was proposed to get together a prize worth while competing for. Each organization in the school will be asked to contribute whatever it feels that it can contribute, and the results will be reported at another committee meeting as soon as the various clubs can take action.

At their next meeting each organization will be asked to choose an official representative, decide on its contribution, take an expression of opinion on whether the competition should be open to everyone or limited to undergraduates, give its delegate power to act, and send him to the next meeting.

The committee meeting will be called by Samuel Long, elected temporary chairman, as soon as he has heard from each club. At the meeting, if it seems wise to carry on any competition, rules will be drawn up, in part, at least, and a definite start made toward getting all necessary information before the undergraduates and alumni.

Sam Long represented the Y. M. C. A., which has already decided to take up a collection among its members. Shakespeare Literary Society was represented by Margaret Hazel Martin, Price Literary Society by Louise Bowes, Rho Omega Lambda by Betty Stammely, L. A. L. by Ruth McLaughlin, Beta Sigma Chi by Ann G'Illoegly, Alpha Sigma Tau by Geraldine Conway, Y. W. C. A. by Margaret Beeson, the Dramatic Club by Ted Bray, and the Glee Club by Louise Bowes. Other organizations are behind the movement, and will be represented at the next meeting, when the first definite actions may be taken.

Take Heed Ye "Dormers"!

Dr. Armstrong gave his word of warning to the dormitory students

Clyde Lynch First Frosh President

1931 has met, organized, and launched itself as the first full-fledged freshmen class, collegiate model, to tread the local campus. With Clyde Lynch as president and Miss Selma Atherton as class adviser, with a full quota of officers, including even a social chairman, 1931 promises plenty of pep, push, and persistence.

Other officers elected are Francis Mack, Ted Robb, and Clara Miller, vice-president, secretary-treasurer, and social chairman respectively. The duties of the first two are traditional and well understood. The vice-president is to attend all meetings and to preside during Lynch's lunches. The secretary-treasurer is to keep the minutes and the moneys, in and when any. The social director, chairman, or what-have-you, is a new one. What she may develop there is none so rash as to hazard a guess. Clara's program of activities will be watched with interest, for the guidance of future frosh social agents.

Definite Plans for Senior Prom

Valentine decorations are going to be carried out in this year's Senior Prom which will come off, Saturday, February, 18. Lloyd Bauman, who is chairman of the decorating committee, called a meeting Monday, February 5, at which the Valentine idea was suggested and adopted. Red and white hearts, and red and white streamers will be used to produce a striking effect.

Helen Behrer, in charge of the programs, says that they are to be heart-shaped, too.

The "Toreadors" of Lewisburg, have been engaged to furnish the inspiration for the occasion.

Last, but not least, the committee in charge of refreshments will be on hand to help quench the thirst.

in chapel, one morning last week.

He informed them that the light bill has been increased from twelve to fifteen percent, since the students are permitted to turn off their own lights. This bill will have to be reduced considerably, if this permission continues to be granted, so why not work together and do what is expected of you.

Dr. Armstrong also announced that the entire main building is to be re-wired.

"Coeds" Create Hostess Club

A Hostess Club was suggested by Miss Roberts as a desirable feature on the S. T. C. Campus. The present dining room hostess' have made the first move to organize a group of this nature.

The aim of this organization will be to make new students feel at home, to get everybody acquainted and to bring about a better college social life in our school. A series of teas have been decided upon to start things going. Five tables with their respective hostess in charge will be all that can be handled at one time. Nevertheless, everyone will have a chance to drink tea and get acquainted.

These "get togethers" may be held in the reception room providing the boys like tea and don't mind a little gossip. The Dean of Women also suggested that music—other than the sipping of tea—might be a desirable feature and add to the program.

"Gerry" Conway, has the honor of being the first President, "Jo" Vierling, Vice President and Verna Mae Kurtz, Secretary. These executives started in immediately to make more detailed plans.

—More Later—

Classes Held in Library

The Library Methods classes are being held in the library this year. This enables the students to do their practice work during the class period with the assistance of the librarians.

The course includes the study of the card catalog, encyclopedias, dictionaries, year books, magazine indexes and other indexes, special reference books, magazines and government documents. It will also be of special value in the selection and purchase of books.

The classes are held Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 3:20; and Tuesday and Thursday at 1:20. During these periods the library will be closed but students may arrange to borrow library material at 1:00 and 3:00 to use while classes are in sessions.

For the convenience of non-resident students, the library will be open until 5:45.

Tennis

Tennis must be a lot of fun, I mused as I sat staring out my window at the tennis courts. I really must go out some day and learn. As I sat there by my window, two girls passed—my they looked hot and tired! There must be some exercise

(Continued on Page 4)

National Honors go to Praeco

1927 Yearbook Gets All-American Rating at Minnesota U.

Many Sections Scored Perfect

All-American honors went to last year's beautiful Praeco in the C. I. P. A. competition at the University of Minnesota. Lenore Sharp, last year's editor-in-chief, Tommy Hosterman, business manager, and the rest of last year's staff carried the 1927 book to the highest honor-class in which yearbooks can be placed, against competition from teachers colleges all over the country.

Perfect scores went to Praeco for its general theme, its border and panel designs, and for its general coherent planning. The administrative section, scored more severely this year than has been the C. I. P. A. policy, also stood out with a perfect, and drew a note of especial commendation from the judges, written on the margin of the score-sheet.

Other sections of the book receiving 100 percent scores are the school life and the organization sections, the campus views—"very good scenes indeed," the judges scribbled on the score-book—the snapshot sections, and many features of the editing.

Specimen comments drawn from the judges by certain features in Praeco are: Good grouping of kodak pictures, "Scenes on the album (senior) pages an excellent idea," "Omission of advertising section most commendable," with "most commendable" heavily underlined.

Maximum scores also went to the cover and binding, to the general photography, to the type of paper stock, and to the business management.

"Just Have to Do Better"

The pleasing information reached here somewhat later than usual. The three years previous the contest had been concluded and the ratings had been returned by November. The larger number of entries this year, the closer judging of each book point by point, and certain delays at the University of Minnesota held up this year's return until February 8.

The 1924, 1925, and 1926 books each placed as First Class books, in the upper twenty-five percent in their classes, but short of All-American honors. The 1927 staff, profiting by the criticisms of those earlier books, worked like beavers to go them one better. When the good

(Continued on Page 3)

Plans Made for Junior-Senior Meet

Nobody knew it but it won't be long now. While nobody knew, all was O. K. but soon the discussions pro and con will begin. The Junior-Senior meet is going to be earlier this year than ever before in order to pave the way for another competition meet later.

March 30 will be the day of the meet. It will be almost all strict gymnastics and the later fete will feature almost all folk dances and the like.

As plans have been arranged by Miss Dixon and Miss Rearick the first thing on the program will be marching and calisthenics. Marching single file and in groups of eight are the striking characteristics of each group. Opening order features prominently as it causes so much distress to participants. A series of eight exercises will be done, Juniors and Seniors competing for honors.

Games such as volley ball, dodge ball and some one other not yet decided upon, will be an exciting part of the evening's entertainment, considering the skill of both teams in the art of playing them.

One folk dance and one English mair dance will be done by Juniors and Seniors in competition.

While awaiting the judges' decision as to who are better—Juniors or Seniors—the groups might do some other stunts, etcetera to keep the impatient and the nervous from getting worse.

This meet is always greatly anticipated because of the work involved as well as the fun. Work, ye children, you might accomplish great things.

A Tragic Sketch

Scene—Room D of Training School
Time—From 2:15 to 2:35

Stage Setting—Forepresent a large square room with a social appearance. Desk, teacher's chair and blackboard at front of room. About six or seven rooms of antique chairs; another desk at back of room.

Characters: A Social Studies Teacher, nine or ten college students.

First and only act

Curtain, flying up, reveals professor at lowly task of erasing work of a previous class from blackboard.

Professor: (talking to himself about a great economic problem) I need a new tire for that car. The one on the left back is pretty far gone. But should I wait till next month to get one. Wonder what my balance is?

Enter two or three students who nod to the professor and sit down.

Professor gathers up papers and books from front desk and walks back to back desk and sits down, rearranging articles on it.

Enter—meanwhile—remainder of class.

Twenty-after bell rings and class assumes that concentrating gaze. Professor remains at work. When—

The Empty Coach Behind

On Saturday morn the old clock rang, piercing my slumbers "Bingety Bang!" Out I crawled more dead than alive. It was fifteen minutes after five. I looked with longing at the bed—if I only had the guy who said the line about the early riser I sure would make him somewhat wiser. I thought to myself, "Old girl keep cool, you c'n take a snooze on the way to school." But, ye gods when I boarded the train and looked for a seat t'was all in vain. Now, not because I wasn't on time but some hens are so fond of a dime they'd ride from here to Timbuctu if they thought they'd save a cent or two. Now twice every week they break their necks—down to Lock Haven to spend their checks. They filled up the train with all their truck and us poor youngsters were outta luck. Down in the back we raved and we tore, we cursed those hens and we stamped the floor. Gone were my dreams of a peaceful snooze and my system won't stand such abuse. Desperate to find a place to snore I glanced in agony out the door and lo and behold what did I find but another coach hitched on behind. I cooed aloud in my joy and glee and those hens all turned and glared at me. I thought to those hens, "Now don't you cry, You c'n

have this whole car by and by." So we bid them all an "Aw revour" and soon were ready to sleep some more. If you think we went to sleep right then you can just sit down and think again. The lights were out and we tried to sleep but that long dark car just made us creep. Long shapeless things from out of the sky peeped in the windows as we rushed by. The old car groaned and the brakes all roared and we heard the creaking of every board. So I thought to myself "I'll be wise—I'll plug up my ears and close my eyes." I was drifting back to dream-land when—a sudden noise woke me up again. I looked above in horror and fright at a queer looking thing, long and white.

I sprang from the seat with many screams that awoke the kids from the land of dreams. I picked up my courage to look around and what dear friends do you think I found? It was only Patsy Foley's feet sticking over the back of the seat. I grabbed my coat and hat and fled—my thoughts no longer on sleep and bed. Tho' my friends all howled in mirthful glee the old maid's car's good enough for me. For a squeak a groan, a ghostly smile are pos-i-bly not my style—

R. O. L'S Have Party

The girls of the Rho Omega Lambda sorority held a "get-together party" on Saturday evening, February 11th, to welcome back their sister, Grace Ott, '27, of Williamsport, Pa.

Another guest at the happy affair was Sylvia Kurtz who was spending the week-end with her sister, Verna Mae.

Grace, who by the way is teaching in third and fourth grades at home, told of her various experiences as a "dignified school marm."

A delightful luncheon was served and everyone left the sorority room in happy spirits.

Deliberately the professor takes hat from desk and walks from room. Class relaxes.

Five minutes pass and no professor appears.

Class, in general—Do you suppose he'll be back?"—anxiously.

Half-past two—class looks hopeful.

At two-thirty-five, one of the students—Bowser—has an inspiration—Why! say, fellows, he had his hat when he left!

Exit or beat it—class.

Orchestra accompaniment of "It Made You Happy When You Made Me Cry."

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Eventually-Why Not Now?

All things come to them who wait, but sometimes the waiting is rather inconvenient. Class dues for example; they have to be paid and every student knows it, yet he puts off paying till the eleventh hour. It really doesn't matter to him when he pays his dues while it would make some poor collector's duties much lighter. Why not pay up and be a good sport by helping the class instead of being a drag?

Mr. Sullivan: Miss Smeed, will you take this report on the Dutch; not the Pennsylvania Dutch, you understand, but the Rotterdam Dutch, the Amsterdam Dutch and all the other dam Dutch.

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Normal Times

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FEBRUARY 20, 1928

"Timers" Throw Chest Out

Chests held high—ardent gazings and exclamations of "Oh, isn't that cute. I like it heaps" have caused some sensation about S. T. C. and have forced some people to ask—who? What?

Have you wondered why there are so many "puffed up" people about the campus lately? Well here 'tis. I've Alpha Zeta Pi members—commonly called "Normal Timers"—have received their pins and are proudly displaying them.

Senior Lassies Try Stunts

Tumbling, Pyramid Building and Stunts are reigning supreme in the Senior girls "Gym" classes at the present time. Under Miss Rearick's supervision and clever instruction the almost impossible is being done.

Many interesting features such as "Run the Scale," "Tandem," "Kid-die Car" and "Twin Walk" are being practiced with great "stick-to-it-iveness." By the time of the Junior-Senior meet these future experts will present the real stuff.

"Last but not least" they have learned a new way of "Greeting." Ask them how they do it.

Excitement Holds Sway in Dorm

Excitement! That was no name for it. The west dormitory was in a great uproar on Saturday evening at about 11:30.

The lights in the entire town were extinguished due to the explosion of one of the transformers, therefore the corridors were also put in utter darkness. The girls were somewhat frightened and headed for the Gymnasium, where the emergency lights were burning brightly.

Candles were soon put in convenient places, and the girls wandered to their rooms with their minds more at ease.

Editorials

A Crisis

"Heroes are made not born" may be true enough, but one may become either a hero or a coward in a minute's time. It is in a crisis that the stuff of which a hero is made, shows itself. However one may wish or may try otherwise, what he really is, shows up in a crisis.

Saturday night, Feb. 11, when the place was plunged suddenly into darkness, after a brilliant flash of light across the sky, might well be considered a crisis here at school. Webster defines a crisis as an emergency. In an emergency, a person acts quickly with little or no time for thought. Impulse holds sway. Whether we are acting foolishly or wisely, we have no time to judge. Our previous experiences and our innermost character determines our action. If we have always lost our nerve, been undecided, or been easily carried away by happenings, we doubtless shrieked, ran and acted like a frightened colt. If we have previously kept our heads, controlled our emotions, and acted on our own initiative rather than the way of the crowd, we probably attempted to find out the cause of the situation.

Perhaps we may not think it of much importance how we did act, but we are to be the future leaders of Young America. There are many emergencies happening in school-rooms. If we are the type to let our emotions run riot, how can we possibly expect to keep these young Americans, who are looking to us for an example, under control? Think of the future! Show some real strength of character, check your impulse, keep your nerve in the minor experiences and you'll be building up a back-bone you will need when you are guardian of some school-room not long hence.

Us and Others

Kay Hall and Connie Newcombe spent the week-end of February 12 at their homes in Huntingdon.

Peg Miller visited at her home in Tyrone.

Rosa Lee Hinkley spent the week-end at her home in Sheffield.

Irene Weest and Thelma Weest spent the week-end at their home in Altoona.

Gwen Penfield and Lucille Taylor spent the week-end at their homes in Ridgway.

Ann Orlin was at her home in Bradford.

Florence Huther was in Watson-town for Sunday.

Peg Wambaugh was Martie Maitland's guest. Seems like old times!

Sara Vonada, Pauline McElhattan, Adda and Ethel Edwards visited friends in Bloomsburg.

Rho Omega Lambda Initiates Formally

The R. O. L. sorority formally initiated its nine pledges early Saturday afternoon, February 4.

The formal ceremony, in charge of Betty Stammely, president of the sorority, was held in the sorority room.

All the pledges received, as part of the initiation, the pin of the sorority.

Those initiated were: Evelyn Bosworth, Mary Albaugh, Dorothy Lawrence, Genevieve Kennedy, Irene Langan, Mary McNichols, Mary Shea, Phoebe Varner and Ruth Grier.

Violet Madden, a pledge of the group, could not be initiated as she has moved with her family to Pittsburg.

National Honors go to Praeco

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news of their success was carried to Lenore Sharp, she threw out arms and legs and went three feet up in the air.

Sherman Francisco, editor of this year's book, received the news a little later. "Great," he said; "that's great! Now all we have to do is to go them one better."

Imperfect in few Details

\$90 points out of a possible thousand was the final rating, after every detail of the book had been combed and the results tabulated on a list of items which filled a 22 page booklet.

15 points were lost because athletics were not carried separately from other activities and given more space. 15 more points were lost because the athletic section photos were only groups, action pictures being missing. 5 points were deducted because the opening pages of the book left the reader unprepared for the theme and art motif.

10 points were deducted because the art work, excellent in conception and balance, was only fair in its execution; and five points because the names of class officers were not conspicuous.

The heaviest single penalty, 20 points, was incurred because of the wide variety of organization pictures, with their various styles of mounting, "good in themselves, but giving the book a scrapping effect. Should be more nearly uniform in style."

Twenty-five additional points were scattered over several minor defects.

Eighty-five Points Treated

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In Reverse Order, March!

One fine morning in chapel, Dr. Armstrong surprised the student body by announcing that we should march out of chapel in reverse order. This meant that the students in the center section would march out first, leaving the students in the side sections until last, those in the rear preceding those up front. So the last were first and the first last.

The new manner of leaving chapel was welcomed by those who sat in the center sections, but for some reason, those who sat in the side sections were not so pleased with it. Almost everyone however was glad for the change.

After chapel the first morning the new marching orders were given, one student was heard to remark that after the monotony wore off, we would probably go back to the old way.

Pennsylvania Slides

Before they were returned to the State Museum at Harrisburg, everybody in C. S. T. C. had to see them. Thursday, February 8 was chosen as the day.

We were surprised, on going into chapel to see the lantern standing in the middle of the floor but as soon as Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Ulmer went up to the stage, it was a well-known fact that we were in for a treat.

The morning exercises proved very interesting in that we viewed much of the beautiful scenery and water wonders of our own state, Pennsylvania. In order to bring us back home and to a realization of where we were, a scene of the Susquehanna River, near Lock Haven was shown. It was the last of a large series of pictures of different parts of Pennsylvania, much enjoyed by students and teachers of C. S. T. C.

Art Club Members Put Through Students

Who hasn't pinched himself on an average of once daily for the last week? But these creatures of nightmare are only the future Art Club members going through the ropes, and you're not seeing things.

Evidences of the artistic ability and taste of these members have been in plain view from the first. Red hair ribbons and self portraits threaten to become a popular fad. Taking a look into the Art room, any day would introduce you to the Faculty without even a squint at those persons.

Perhaps you've felt quite grown up upon seeing these cherries pulling a fire engine, automobile, toy duck or what not at the end of a string, or quite out of style when they flashed forth with a sensation "clothes backward," or "gloves and hat" movement, or a "black and white stocking."

If you have, think of your own initiation days and sympathize.

Washington Hatchet Bricks
At Achenbach's

In Gage's Class the Modern Novel

Dechie and Sue had just come to class. Great discussion was going on as to the meaning of "novel."

Suddenly Mr. Gage espied the two late-comers. Dechie raised her hand.

"Yes?"—Mr. Gage.

"We're new!"—only as Dechie could say it.

From Mr. Gage—"Novel, you mean?"

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has acquired
an "air!"
She seemed
to read my
mind for she
said—"My dear, I,
too, have learned
to buy my clothes
at

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SUCCESSOR TO
Hecht's Women's Shop

Tennis

(Continued from page 1)

connected with the game, or—well they just wouldn't look like that. Nevertheless I was determined to learn.

So the next day I went out by the courts and watched two real stars perform. To myself I then said—"Tis very simple. You stand behind the back line and serve—from right to right. Simple! When the other side serves, you guard either right or left court and that is all. I watched these two for some time, then moved to the next court to witness a game of doubles. "More simple," I said to myself. "Just the same as singles, only you have a helper." Then I began to wonder why tennis—such an easy, simple game should attract so many fans. Why indeed, at that very moment I could lay my tongue on six or seven who ever missed meals to play. Yes, and ten or twelve who got up at 5:30 to be sure of a good game. Maybe, I considered they want to reduce. But at a glance at one skeleton on the court I changed my mind. Or maybe they feel that the exercise strengthens their muscles—oh, more than likely they play just 'cause they think it's smart and clever—a whim or fancy. I was satisfied, so I left.

The next afternoon, in the very hottest part of the day, I walked on to the court with a friend, who had agreed to show me some pointers of the game. I had informed him, in few words, that I understood the fundamentals, etc., and he had smiled and said, "Oh, yes—you simply need practice." Now a tennis racket looks like a very mild weapon, but when you try to throw one ball up in the air and hold another in your hand and bat the ball in the air, hard, but not too hard—you have tried something. I laid one ball down. It would be easier I thought, to pick it up when needed than to have so much trouble trying not to drop it. I then threw one ball up, clutched my racket with two hands and hit that ball. Wow! It was in the run. Unfortunately I had hit it the wrong direction. The sun gets in your eyes, you know. Well he rescued the ball and took it over in the grass to become itself again. "Bet-

ter luck next time." But heck, no! Serving is not easy and the net seems to run back as you try to drive your ball over. Up to this time I had not had a chance to return a ball as none had gone over to be returned by me. But now, my friend was serving. "Ready?" "Yes." Heavens! I'd have sworn I could have hit that. Funny how the ball hits a stone and bounces the other way. Try, try and try again, I did. It was getting hotter. My freckles, I thought—and hurriedly said, "Let's come out some morning and try again." "Yes," my friend answered, "you'll love it after while—you just need practice."

National Honors go to Praeco

(Continued from Page 3)

Eighty-five points in all were judged, and on 73 of these, including all but one of the heavily-scored items, Praeco was judged a 100 percent book.

The complete report, including the other books in the competition, will appear in "The Scholastic Editor."

Last year's staff included Lenore Sharp, editor-in-chief; Blanche Swope, assistant editor; Kathryn Arth, Helen Rettger, Maude Stangel, Mary Sue Gordon, and Gale Mitchell, associate editors; Ella Mae Lilly, art editor; Claudia Kelly, photograph editor; Thomas Hosyerman, business manager; Margaret McCauley, Mary C. Kirby, and Ruth Jones, feature editors; Fay Bitner and Priscilla Heath, typist; and T. W. Trembath, faculty adviser.

Ant Hill Woods Destroyed

Between Altoona and Hollidaysburg and just south of Lakemont Park is a large grove, known as Ant Hill Woods. Until a few years ago, this woods contained a great natural curiosity, in the form of hundreds of ant hills. They were quite close together and of many sizes. Some were several feet in height.

The people of the vicinity were rather proud of the fact that no curiosity of this sort existed in this part of the country. Strangers were curious to see this ant community.

The building of a state road and street car track through the woods seemed to disturb the ants. Many of the colonies disappeared.

Later the grove was selected as a wealthy residential section. The part containing the ant hills, was left intact, but the numbers of colonies steadily decreased. The ants did not appreciate the nearness of their new Sylvan neighbors.

The Historical Society, who had been very much interested in the ant hills, decided to move part of them to another location. They did, at the expense of much time and money. The experiment was not successful.

Now, ten or fifteen years after the first disturbance, there are only a few ant colonies at each place. In a few more years the little town of hundreds of earth mounds will have entirely disappeared.

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