

NORMAL TIMES

At Central State Normal School

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YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND CHINA, SAYS DR. WONG

Lays Disturbances to Weak National Spirit, Foreign Interference and Religious Activity.

Three main sources account for China's present turmoil, according to Dr. Tso Yan Wong, director of education in Fengtien province, Manchuria, who spoke to a large audience on February 10. An undeveloped national spirit, the interference of foreigners in matters purely Chinese, and disturbances centering around missionaries. These three causes have produced the disturbances now racking China.

Dr. Wong is a Columbia graduate, and for some time was secretary to Dr. John Dewey. As a thinker and as a speaker he proved to be impressive. He spoke with convictions and he arrived convincingly at his conclusions.

Republic Is Too Young for Strength

Chinese civil troubles, said Dr. Wong, are due entirely to her undeveloped national spirit. The republic is but six years old. Before it Chinese dynasties stretched back thousands of years. It will take time for all China to be educated into friendship, for old suspicions to disappear. In China now the conflict between north and south is but the conflict between progressive and conservative, between those who believe China's feet are set on better paths, and those who see the old profits for themselves in a restoration of former conditions.

China's disaffection for foreigners, Dr. Wong said, came from their recognition of the evils which foreigners have brought into China. Groups came bringing to China opium and grabbing concessions. At the same time came other groups with the cross and the Bible. The average Chinese did not distinguish the one from the other. Add to this that foreigners are not amenable to Chinese laws, that they can break them and escape punishment, and it is possible to understand the average Chinaman's antipathy to foreigners.

America China's Best Friend

Yet the Chinese do make some distinction between foreigners in favor of the American. America has helped China in the past, and the Chinese themselves regard this nation as their best friend. Throughout his talk Dr. Wong emphasized this view, with chapter and verse in proof. Consequently he felt it worth while to compare Chinese views with American views, so that out of better understanding might grow stronger friendship for China here.

Other Talks

Dr. Wong discussed the spirit of China in Friday morning's chapel, and spoke

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DEATHS CALL TRIBUTES FROM DR. ARMSTRONG

The death of two alumnae of this school, Miss Mary Myers, 1927, and Mrs. Louise Emery Mervine, 1908, was announced to the student body by Dr. Armstrong on Monday morning, February 7.

Dr. Armstrong spoke of the lovable qualities of Mary Myers, of her high ideals, and of her earnest, honest work as a student, which work she had just completed here on January 29. "We all thought that life promised much for her," he said, "and that the world would be helped by the excellent work she was so well qualified to do. It seems strange that she, who just a few days ago was with us, has passed away."

Mrs. G. D. Mervine was interested in every movement that made for the betterment of this city and of this school. A member of the Executive Committee of our Alumni Association, Dr. Armstrong said she was always one of our most active alumni, and will be very

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MR. BOWSER IS FIRST JUNIOR PRESIDENT

Dent Bowser is the first president of the class of 1928. At a meeting held Tuesday, February 15, Bowser received the highest number of votes. Christian Feit, receiving the next highest, will hold the office of vice-president. Geraldine Conway was elected secretary. There was a tie for the office of treasurer, Ruth Adams and Lloyd Bauman each receiving an equal number of votes. A third meeting will be held in the near future to break this tie.

At a previous meeting, held Monday noon, it was decided to place the nominees for both president and vice-president together, and vote for only one person, the nominee receiving the highest vote to become president, and the one receiving the next highest, vice-president. Nominations were made for the offices of secretary and treasurer before the meeting adjourned.

STUDENT TEACHERS GO TO NEARBY TOWNS

Four Student Teachers Have Started Practice Teaching in Mill Hall and Flemington—Expansion Has Gone as Far as That.

The largest number of students that ever taught in the history of this school is teaching this semester. There are 140 student teachers and 41 supervisors doing training work. Not only do we have the largest number of student teachers and supervisors ever, but also the largest number of pupils. Including all schools in which practice teaching is done, there are 1250 children.

Forty-one girls are teaching in the primary grades in the Training School, 35 in the Intermediate grades, and 27 in the Junior High School.

Rose Bower, Sarah Felix, and Genevieve Pierson are doing three extra hours this semester, leading to their degree work. They are the first girls in the school ever to do this.

Mr. Trembath has been added to the supervisory force in the Junior High School, supervising part of the Junior High English.

Thirty-three girls are teaching in Lock Haven Schools. There are 8 in the Robb School, under the supervision of Miss Hazel Grey, Miss Martha Lay, Miss Ethel Sloteman, Miss Margaret Hamberger. Seven are in the Penn School under Miss Mary Bryerton, Miss Anna Paeker, Miss Florence Cadot, Miss Christine Haberstroh. In the Roosevelt School 7 girls are teaching under Miss Kathryn Mc Nerney, Miss Florence Van de Bogart, Miss Julia McCabe, Miss Salome Harman. In the Lincoln building there are 11 girls under the supervision of Miss Genevieve Stewart, Miss Esther Lowry, Miss Stella Jenkins, Miss Edna Rich, Miss Bessie Bitner, Miss Julia Coffey, Miss Dorothy Zerbe. Vera Williams and Myra Allen are teaching in Flemington under Mrs. Carroll G. All and Miss Eva Barrett. Likewise Rose DeLeo and Catherine Lynch are teaching in Mill Hall under Miss Mary McLean and Miss Pearl Flannigan.

The girls who are teaching in Lock Haven city schools are: Florence Martin, Leslie Foose, Phyllis Shaefer, Josephine Gallagher, Evelyn Kerrigan, Mary Gailey, Eleanor Smith, Annabel Hayes, Alice Issett, Geraldine Taylor, Miriam Long, Linda Bryan, Hazel Myers, Marie Eckert, Maud Stangel, Helen Kranking, Katherine Hartswick, Florence Sten, Christine Thomas, Martha Dill, Claire Langan, Bernice Beck, Edna Workman, Helen Anstead, Grace Jenkins, Lillian Mitchell, Edna Heim, Kathryn Orth, Margaret Fortney, Agnes McMahon, Violet Duck, Mary Dwyer, Jessie Rahorn.

Lock Haven's Unequaled Practice-Teaching

2 Kindergarten Rooms.
7 First Grade Rooms.
5 Second Grade Rooms.
5 Third Grade Rooms.
11 Fourth Grade Rooms.
7 Fifth Grade Rooms.
6 Sixth Grade Rooms.
10 Junior High School Rooms.

53 Rooms for Training Work.

50 Children in the Kindergarten.
222 In Grade One.
106 In Grade Two.
149 In Grade Three.
314 In Grade Four.
203 In Grade Five.
138 In Grade Six.
99 In Junior High School.

1291 Pupils in Training Classes.

26 Rooms in the Campus Training School.
22 Rooms in the Lock Haven City Schools.
5 Rooms in Flemington and Mill Hall.

53 Teacher-Training Class Rooms.

388 Children Enrolled in the Campus Training School.
737 Children Enrolled in the Training Rooms in the City Schools.
166 Children Enrolled in the Training Rooms in Flemington and Mill Hall.
241 Seniors Teaching This Year.
100 The First Semester.
141 The Second Semester.

44 Supervisors Directing Training.
21 In the Campus School.
4 In Flemington and Mill Hall.
19 In the Lock Haven City Schools.

Closely Supervised Training—Every Minute of It at Home—
and—Every Student Teaching.

A Full-Size Class Under Real School Conditions. CAN ANY
OTHER NORMAL SHOW THAT?

Winter

The first of November comes with its chilly blast and gloomy sky. The frost has turned the green of the maples into gold, red, and yellow, and the sharp wind has blown them into some hidden fence corner. There, covered with snow, they will rest the winter through. The goldenrod, which only a month ago was proudly waving its head to the rhythm of the autumn breezes, now gives up its secret and scatters its seeds about. What it retains are to become the food of the hardy sparrows and jays during the long winter months when daintier morsels of food are hard to obtain. The grass, the marsh weeds, the clover, and all the green forms, which in summer make the earth so full of beauty and life, have given up, willing to rest until spring returns.

The birds, too, seem to think that their work in the Northland is completed and now take flight to the far southern countries where they will feed and rear their young among the warm marshes and highlands of a warmer zone.

The long, pleasant country roads of summer are now deserted, and they stretch away behind the hill or disappear into the grey sky. The lines of the hills, which previously had been indented by the irregular surface of the shady trees, are now hard and sharp.

Yes, like the instinctive nature of the lower forms of life which tells them to prepare for the northern winter, there seems to be in the hearts of many humans a desire, a vivid growing desire, to also seek a fairer climate. They seem unable to face the weather and wintry blasts. They look on winter with some feeling of dread and apprehension, as something to be met and endured. They are like soldiers in the front line of an opposing army. They see the enemy come surging up the valley, and unless they meet it, oppose it, and destroy it, they must necessarily perish under its feet.

What an outlook to have on winter—which, to the true lover of nature, is one of the most beautiful seasons of the year. These people speak of bad weather as though weather had the capacity of being bad, like the actions of an unruly child. Weather is not human, and it cannot be measured in human standards. It is greater than any human activity, for there is power and might beyond the reach of the average mind in the roaring winds that sway the mightiest of trees, rock the strongest structures on their foundations, and toss the ocean waters as easily as a child tosses the loosely drifted snow.

The cold, snappy weather of this season takes as great a part in making the winter what it is as the warm balmy atmosphere of summer does. Persons who can find joy and happiness in the out-of-doors only in pleasing weather have not found real joy and pleasure in the open fields.

We often speak of winter as being bare. It is, when we contrast it with summer, for at that season all things are clothed in fine, summer dresses. The birds, the trees, the wayside flowers, the fields, all have put on an outward show. On the other hand, in winter a new appearance is presented to us. All lies open to our sight; the view is unrestrict-

ed. There are new curves in the foot-path that leads into the forest. We can see the crevices in the stone wall which in summer were covered by the thick mass of woodbine. We can see in the hawthorn bush by the roadside what was once the nest of the wood thrush. We can look at the trees and feel the strength of their framework. We can discover the trail that was lost in summer because of the heavy growth of underbrush. The creek no longer rambles through an archway of ferns and marsh grass but is now entirely disclosed to the eyes of the seeker. This is the season of the year in which to analyze and to examine.

Many people, returning home from a warmer climate, explain that their trip was extremely enjoyable due to the fact that there was no winter. To me this would be a great disadvantage. How could I enjoy winter hikes, sled parties, skating, snow balling, and beautiful scenery after a snow storm, in a country where such things were not? There are things to do, things to see and think about in the winter and spring and how I would miss them.

So let the weak-hearted, those that fear the strong arm of nature, let the warm-weather nature lovers seek a warmer climate, but as for me, let the stinging winds blow and the snow continue to fly. I will feel happy and contented as long as I feel the warmth of a roaring fire, for tomorrow after the storm I may go out, breathe in the healthy air, and explore, examine, know! I can see the strength of the winds and feel that behind them are the arms of the Creator. I can see the lines and curves of the naked forest and the rolling fields, and in them perceive, partially, the great plan of Nature.

Second Semester Increases Student Enrollment

Thirty-six students registered for the second semester. The majority need the student teaching for their Normal School diploma, so that the number of the student teachers have been considerably enlarged.

The following have been recently enrolled as students: Frances Barnhart, Juniata; Martha Barnhart, Bellefonte; Bessie Blackburn, Renton; Pauline Bonjovoni, Barnesboro; Marian Bradley, Lilly; Marion Burt, Coudersport.

Eleanor Close, Ginter; Martha Dill, Wilcox; Nellie Donahue, Patton; Mary Daugherty, Philadelphia; Ethel Ecken-dahl, Renovo; Vendla Faulk, Elbon; Rupert Fitzsimmons, Roulette; Jessie Gregory, Juniata.

Alice Hall, Austin; Eunice Manley, Bellwood; Helen Meisel, Hazellhurst; Margaret Mickelonia, Homestead; Ethel Miller, Altoona; Gene Pierson, Austin; Dorothy Reading, Larry's Creek; Mabel Renner, Duncansville.

Emily Sayers, Juniata; Helen Sharer, Juniata; Louise Smile, Houtzdale; Verna Stanley, Ginter; Ruth Summers, Troy; Anna Taylor, Altoona; Florence Urban, Johnstown; Kathryn Wagner, Mount Union; Frances Waxler, Altoona.

Helen Way, Bellefonte; Ellen Williams, Akron, Ohio; Clara Wilson, Woodland; Lelia Watson, Woodland.

Senior Class Decides on Semi-Formal Prom.

"Formal! Formal! Formal!" one crowd of girls cried at every step on the way to Senior class meeting on January 31.

"We want it semi-formal!" came from another crowd.

With Ed Sherkel presiding, the meeting decided that the Senior Prom will be held February 19. The Senior Class play, which comes early in March, was discussed.

The girls voting for a semi-formal dance won by a large majority. Their contention was that it is "nicer" to have the girls wear evening gowns and the men dark suits, not Tuxedos.

Ed Sherkel appointed heads for four committees as follows:

Program Jo Viering
Refreshment Ruth Oechler
Decoration Jo Paul
Orchestra Max Fitzsimmons

After discussing ways and means of financing the Senior class play, the class decided to charge an admission fee of 75c to townfolks and 50c to Normal School students. This will cover costs of royalties on the play.

Dining-Room Dailies

"Oh, I say, Mary, will you wait tables for me tomorrow morning? I want to sleep in."

"How many minutes until the bell rings, Belvie?"

"Just six, girly, you're late today. Better hurry."

"Golly, I thought I'd never get up this morning. It seems I get worse instead of better. I hope somebody sees this lady in distress and puts milk and butter on for me. There's Cy coming now. Bless my soul, he must have heard my plea. Good boy, Cy! Now go back and grab me a tray quick!"

"Oh, don't you worry about a tray, Sleepy-head, I got it an hour ago—but say, will you give me your extras?"

"Sure an' I will. I thought there was a catch in it somewhere, for you very seldom take pains to hunt anybody but yourself a tray."

"There's the bell and I haven't put water on yet. If I don't get a move on I'll go to sleep again."

"Good land, three minutes up and not a soul in sight. Oh, yes, here comes Freddie—good old faithful. Look at them rush now. Even Mr. Dyack is on time. It looks like they're all in and I don't believe I have a soul, neither do you, Tona. Wish I had stayed in bed. Sh-h-h, bow your heads when they tap that bell. Have a bit of sense. Well, of all things, if the late comers didn't slip into the chairs at my tables. No extras for you, waiter. Well, here goes—there's no rest for the wicked."

(After the meal is over).

"I believe my tables mustn't have had any dinner last night. They just ate and ate and ate. Oh, well, bless their hearts, they won't eat so much at noon. Aren't these rolls good today? No wonder those kids ate so long. It sure must have been Hughie's 'Lucky Day!'"

"Well, I have an eight o'clock class, so I guess I'll be running along. See you at noon, everybody."

J. H. S. Student Teachers Take Up Their Work

Junior High student teachers for second semester took hold of their new work January 31. There are twenty-two new student teachers in the Junior High school. Their assignments follow:

William Bittner—Two classes of English.

Isabel Boylan—Civics and English.

Dorothy Campbell—History, Math, and Health Ed.

Eleanor Campbell—Music, Math, and Physiology.

Geraldine Donahue—Art, Physiology and Geography.

Mildred Erickson—Latin, French and Health Ed.

Reginald Fitzsimmons—Gen. Science and Health Ed.

Arlene Johnson—History and Spelling.

Ella Mae Lilly—Civics, Music and Art.

Wilford Pomeroy—Math, Gen. Science and Health Ed.

Ruth Remaley—English, Math.

Helen Rettger—Latin, Civics and Health Ed.

Edward Sherkel—English, Gen. Science.

Margaret Sutton—English, Civics.

Clyde Swoyer—Biology, Health Ed. and Art.

Josephine Viering—Civics, Music and Art.

Paul Vonada—Art, Math.

Anne Winkelbleek—Geography, French and Art.

David Ulmer—Biology and Math.

Thelma Harris—English, Spelling and Health Ed.

Agnes Kelly—Math., Geography and Music.

Hazel Williams—Spelling, Geography and Math.

Belvie Re-Fuses Lights

Several doors burst open simultaneously on third floor East the other night about five-thirty, and several heads were thrust out.

"Are your lights out, too?"

"Yes, are yours?"

"Yeh, isn't this the limit? It's getting so you sit and hold your breath every minute the lights are on for fear they'll go out."

"That's what I say! This is the second time this week. I wonder who is pressing in their room this time. It hadn't better be the same person. I don't suppose they'll bother to fix them before tomorrow morning, like they did the last time."

"Well, they better had; only if they didn't we'd have a good excuse for having unprepared lessons tomorrow. But I'm going to yell for Belvie now, so that they can't say that we didn't tell them."

After several shouts down Hogan's Alley that would have roused the dead, they received Belvie's promise to attend to the matter. But no Belvie appeared, and it was now getting near six o'clock. Mutterings were heard in the hall, as—"Well, he needn't have hurried so," and "How do they expect us to dress for dinner in the dark?"

Any one would think that Belvie had turned out the lights for their especial discomfort. Soon after dinner he put in a new fuse plug, and peace and quiet reigned once more on third floor East.

NORMAL TIMES

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Ione Potter.....Just About Jerry
Laura Stuart.....Mother of Student Dies
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Ruth Geehler.....All in a Lifetime
Elizabeth Stummeley.....Junior High Supervisors
Lola Stephens.....Library Should Open Nooks
Mary Margaret Adams.....New Day Dawns
Mary Gordon.....Lizard Music

FEBRUARY 24, 1927

Sorry!

"Sorry!" and she hurried away. But was she? There are in this world, hundreds of thousands of people who say "sorry" and mean nothing—nothing at all. 'Tis far better to say nothing when one feels that way, than to say something as only a matter of form. How we should like to ring some one's neck sometimes. It absolutely gets on my nerves to hear "sorry," "sorry"—again and again. If you are sorry, then you will try not to offend again.

Sorry as a by-word is a sacrilege. Don't use it. Overworked words are a bore, common and uninteresting. Why talk when there is nothing to say? Let's be true to our emotions, say "sorry" when we mean it, and nothing when we mean nothing.

Inadequate Book Supply

"Hey! Do you have a geography for sale?"

"No, I just sold mine."

"Well, do you know where I can get a psychology?"

"Nope. Sorry."

The beginning of the second term was attended by the usual shortage of books in the book-room in many subjects. Can anything be done to secure an adequate supply of all texts when they are needed?

Play Production Class Will Present Two Plays

The Play Production class is beginning work on two one-act plays to be given sometime in the near future, "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil" and "The Truth Party." The former uses about ten characters, the foremost one that of a boy who watches the lentils while his mother is away. His part will be taken by Gwen Stringfellow.

"The Truth Party" is what the name indicates, a party of women at which the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is to be told. This play's cast includes a great many characters. Both plays are very interesting and promise hard work for the members of the class as well as an evening of enjoyment for the Normal students.



Ruth Jones

Is she the liveliest wire in the school? The President of the Art Club, Treasurer of the Y. W. C. A., Business Manager of the Normal Times, active member of the Rho Omega Lambda Sorority, out for athletics, and gets "ones" as grades, right and left. Can you beat that? Name your candidate!

Juniors See the Movies

The Junior girls were allowed to go to the movies Monday night. The news soon spread from floor to floor, from east to west, and before long most all the Juniors had their coats and hats on ready to start out.

The girls were all in the front office trying to sign up at once. Then the "Big Parade" started down Main Street, each group of girls trying to beat the other. In front of the first movie there was a discussion as to which one to go to. In about 20 minutes after leaving the Normal School anybody could have found a Junior in one of the movies comfortably seated, waiting for the big show to begin.

Mother of Former Student Dies

Mrs. C. F. Bartlett, of Warren, Pa., mother of Marion Bartlett, a former student in the present Senior class, passed away on February 5, at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, where she had just undergone a very serious operation.

Marion Bartlett entered this school as a Junior one year ago last September. She was pledged a Beta Sigma Chi, but was compelled to leave school after Christmas, when she suffered a nervous breakdown. She has been home ever since. Marion was on her way to Baltimore at the time of her mother's death, unaware that her mother had passed away.

Y. M. C. A. Has Charge of Vespers

The Y. M. C. A. took charge of Vespers Sunday evening, January 30. The feature of the evening was slides on the story of Joseph. As the slides were shown the story was told by David Ulmer, Cy Williams, Bill Sweet, John Varner, Thomas Hosterman and Albert Hobba. The meeting was led by Sterl Artley.

CHINESE COURTSHIP CUSTOMS EXPLAINED TO SOCIOLOGY CLASS

"No sweetheart, no broken heart," said Dr. Wong in discussing Chinese marriage customs before the Sociology class on Friday, February 11. The discussion was rather informal, and during its course the students became better acquainted with Dr. Wong.

The Chinese marriage is completed only after several unvarying steps have been taken. The betrothal and arrangements for the wedding are affected through the efforts of a "match-maker" and the parents of the bride and groom. The bride and groom do not see each other until after the ceremony. All arrangements are made for them. Even on the girl's first meeting with her intended husband she wears a heavy veil.

The young man presents the young women with some silk, a betrothal sign just as the ring is with people of the West. This silk is given to the girl through her parents or the match-maker.

An older custom had the groom go and fetch his bride, but this proved too expensive for the bride's family so the custom was abolished. Now the bride goes to the home of the groom. She plans her arrival for before sunrise on the wedding morning. The splendor of her equipage indicates her social and economic status. If she is rich she travels in a sedan chair carried by eight men; if not so rich, the chair is supported by six men; if poorer by four and then by two. She may have to travel in an oxen or donkey cart or circumstances may force her to come on foot.

In this list of steps in a Chinese betrothal one can see but little resemblance to any of our customs. These are the ceremonies in the order as given by Dr. Wong:

1. Telling the name.
2. Presenting the silk.
3. Fixing the date.
4. Actual marriage.
5. Pouring the libations on the ground before two wild geese to symbolize faithfulness, because a wild goose never deserts its mate.
6. Presentation of bride to groom's family.

Dr. Wong stated that after the ceremony the young couple become sweetheart husband and sweetheart wife. He held that the Chinese system is superior to ours. Very little divorce is heard of in China. The bride is under the control of her mother-in-law, and, contrary to popular belief that two women cannot live under the same roof, the Chinese seem to be happy in this arrangement. The bride comforts herself with the hope that some day she may be able to boss her own daughter-in-law. Chinese marriage is so lasting largely because there is no racial intercourse outside the family.

"Our way is better than yours," he concluded. "It makes far wiser matches. It is more economical. And—few of our parents ever wish to be divorced."

Lizard Music

Say, do you know there's nothin' sweeter'n lizard music? Maybe you folks think I'm crazy when I say there's lizard music, but there is, and it's mighty nice music, too.

Last night as I was layin' out under the stars I heard them old lizards singin' for all they was worth, and gee, it sounded purty. It sorta makes ya feel blue and lonesome-like at first, and maybe it'll bring a dull little ache around your heart, but you'll get used to it and like it.

It sorta brings back mem'ries to yuh, and it kinda makes yuh long to have 'em back again, them old times. It makes you wonder at things, too, makes yuh think of God and how he's sorta responsible for so many things that's comfordin' just to have around.

Some of you folks that maybe never heard lizards singing better get out into the open air some night, 'n' listen, 'n' see if it don't do yuh good. But don't go if yuh got the blues, because it'll make yuh feel worse at first, 'n' it may come mighty close to makin' yuh cry. But after that, if yuh just keep listenin', maybe yuh'll get to like it like I do.

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JUST ABOUT JERRY

Jerry Develops Class-Room Methods

Jerry's class-room methods were the result of experience. She had reduced the matter of recitation to a system and could foretell the day she would be called upon. Her tactics varied with the subject and the instructor.

In Chemistry, her instructor allowed no napping. Jerry discovered this early in the year and acted accordingly. As long as she did not understand the experiment in hand she would watch him with a face beaming with intelligence; but when she did understand, and wished to recite, she would let her eyes wander dreamily to the window. Upon being asked a question she would come back to realities with a start, and after a moment's pondering, make a brilliant recitation.

In French her tactics were exactly opposite. The instructor called on those who caught her eye and appeared willing and anxious to recite. This made

the matter simple. Jerry dropped her pen, spilled pages from her note-book and even sneezed in order not to catch her eye at inconvenient moments. The rest of the class were not as clever, but merely lowered their eyes as she looked along the line—a method which in Jerry's mind said as plainly as words, "Please don't call on me; I don't know."

But with Professor Whitely it was more difficult. Jerry had searched in vain for a clue. Some said that he called on every seventh girl. Jerry announced early in the course that she had discovered the secret—that on Monday he called on yellow-haired girls, on Tuesday those with red hair, Wednesday and Thursday those with brown hair, and on Friday those with black hair. But this solution like many others fell down when put into actual practice.

"I'll find a key to his method yet," said Jerry to her room-mate as they were on their way to their room after an especially trying hour in that particular professor's class-room.

Curin' Josiah

I don't know as I ever told you what a time Josiah and me had with them calves. Well, if I hain't I will.

You know, Josiah always had a hankerin' after the farm, but I allus said as how he wasn't cut out for farmin'. But that didn't make no difference to Josiah. All my wallin' and gnashin' of teeth had no more effect on that man than if I'd kept quiet. So I decided that the best way to cure him of sech a notion was to let him cure himself.

It didn't take long. One day he just naturally went out and bought himself a farm. Then he started in right and left buyin' all sorts of critters and machinery to clutter it up.

The first thing he got him two cows, and each one of them cows had a calf attached. He bought them that way a-purpose, he said, so that he could sell the calves and git enough back to pay for the cows. Josiah always was the awfulest hand to count the pennies I ever did see.

I never was very much for these here home-grown animiles, but them calves was certainly two of the prettiest critters you ever laid eyes on, if I do say it myself as shouldn't. The one was one of them Chester Whites with big black spots, and the other was a Rhode Island Red, with white spots all around his anatomy. I was so stuck on them I wanted to keep them for pets, but Josiah just grunted and said that some people had the consarndest notions, and who ever heard tell of havin' calves for pets anyhow.

Well, Josiah had his head set on takin' them right to the butchers. But what with the mud two feet deep and no tellin' when we would be likely to sink through one of them mud holes that look like nothin' in the world but a piece of level road and when you hit it feels like nothin' so much as a well withouten any bottom, I thought it was like flyin' in the face of Providence to

attempt it and said so. If the butcher wanted them calves, why couldn't he come after 'em?

But Josiah didn't see it that way. He said the butcher would give a cent and a half more for bringin' them over, and he wasn't gona be cheated outa any easy money like that.

Secin' as how he had to go I wanted Josiah to get out the old nags he had bought and hitch 'em up to the wagon and take the calves in that way, but no sir, nothin' would do but that obstreperous flyver he had insisted on buyin' against my better judgment and which he knew just about as much about runnin' as he knew about farmin'. Now I couldn't for the life of me see how he was agoin' to get them two great big full-grown life-sized calves into that puny little bit of a Ford, but I knew there wasn't no use askin' questions unless I wanted to get my head bit off, which I didn't.

Well, as true as I tell you, Josiah spent the whole blessed forenoon just a-monkeyin' and a-tinkerin' around with a hammer and a couple o' boards and some nails; and along about eleven o'clock or half after he screeched for me to come out and help him load the pesky things.

Josiah knew nothin' at all about loadin' calves, this bein' his first adventure at it, as you might say, and I knew less yet, but after about half an hour of persuadin' and pullin' on my part and pushin' and cussin' on the part of Josiah and buckin' and back-firin' on the part of the calf, we finally got one of 'em up to the box Josiah had fastened on the back of the car, and then—"For the land's sake, Josiah," says I, "why didn't you measure the calf before you made a box for him?" For would you believe it, that box was six sizes too little for that calf.

Well, Josiah pushed, and I pushed, and we both pushed, and at last we got the poor critter crammed in somehow,

though he stuck out at the sides and the lid wouldn't go on nohow. But Josiah lowed as how that wouldn't matter, for he would drive nice and slow so he wouldn't fall out. For my part I didn't see how he could fall out, he fit in so tight. He looked to me as if he had been poured in and left to cool.

We made short work of the other calf. We tied his feet together and put him in between the front and back seats. Then Josiah sort of lowed as how I had better sit in the back and put my feet on his neck to sorta hold him down.

Well, everything went along fine until we got a piece down the road to one of them mudholes I was a-tellin' you about, and there the first thing we saw was six cars a-standin' waitin' to get through. "My land, Josiah," says I, "if all them folks has got stuck, you'd better not try it."

"If that aint just like a woman!" Josiah he snorted. "D'ye think I'm goin' to be put off by a confounded pesky mudhole?"

Well, by this time all the other cars had got on and went through, leavin' a clean sweep for Josiah. I was thankful they had, too. Josiah made a dash for that mudhole, but just as he got a-goin' I yelled out, "Oh, Josiah! Josiah, you're in the wrong rut. You'll never get there at all!"

Josiah, bein' mad, slammed on his brakes kind of sudden-like; there was the most awful crash; then—"Josiah! Josiah, the calf! He's squashed!" I screamed. For as true as I live and breathe there was that pesky critter rollin' out from under the car.

Josiah was so astonished he swallowed his tobacco without ever knowing it. He pushed open the door and made a jump for dry land, meanin' to rescue the calf, but instead of that he missed his calculation and landed in the middle of the mudhole on top of the calf. Well, if Josiah and the calf hadda both been killed I woulda had to 've laughed, I couldn't a helped it. For what with the two of them in that puddle covered with mud and rollin' over and over one another, I couldn't a told for the life of me which was the calf and which was Josiah.

Josiah finally extricated himself from the calf and they both scrambled out of the mud, though a madder man than Josiah you never did see. He spit and sputtered and cursed and swore, and when he did get the mud out of his eyes so's he could see he looked at me. I guess I musta had a kind of amusin' look on my face yet, for he started to cuss worse than ever, mutterin' somethin' about a woman's place was in the home and she shoulda stayed in it. I thought as much myself, thinkin' likely it woulda been a sight more comfortable than settin' in a mudhole. But I didn't say nothin', not likin' to aggravate him any further.

Then I happened to think about the tobacco, and I says, says I, "Why, Josiah, where's your tobacco? Did you swaller it?"

He looked at me like he thought maybe I was a-chewin' it before he realized he musta swallowed it. Then he snorted, "Hump! Guess you woulda swallowed your tongue if you'da gone

through what I did—and I don't know but what it woulda been a good thing if you hadda." With that Josiah grasped the calf by the strap and they started up across the field, Josiah shoutin' back that he was hungry and that he was a-goin' home where he could get somethin' to eat, and that if I was gona set there all day I could set by myself.

I set there a little spell just to show him that I enjoyed the calf's company better than hissen; then I got up and went home. Josiah went back after the car and the other calf that night, and the next day he phoned for the butcher to come after the calves, which he did the same day yet.

A couple days after that Josiah was a-settin' by the stove a-smokin' his old corncob when he says, "Marthy, I believe I'll sell the farm and move back to civilization. There's too tarnal much work around here for any livin' man to do, and besides everythin's goin' up so farmin' ain't what it used to be."

He was cured all right, only he didn't know he was cured, secin' as how he hadn't any idee there had been anythin' wrong with him in the first place, which is always the best way to leave a cure, ain't it?

All in a Life-Time

"Mother, what time is it?—Heavens! 7:45 and I'm not nearly dressed. Oh!! Hey, sis, loan me that new pair o' socks you bought today. Be a sport. Come on—they'll just go with that dress Peg's loaning me—Gee, you're a brick! Oh say, please run over to Peg's and get that dress, will you? She said I could have it at 7:30—and ask her if she's nearly ready too. Oh—where is that shoe cream? My shoes just have to be cleaned—they're a wreck."

(Five minutes elapse. Time to "make-up").

"Now where in heck do you suppose that powder is? Hey, sis, where d'ja put the powder? You used it last—you did too. It is not. I've looked all over for it—there I told you so. You never put anything back where you get it.

"Oho-o-o—What's happened? Where? What the? That little imp. Wait'll I get my hands on him. He will put soot in my rouge, will he? Now I have to wash my face again and—Hey, downstairs, is it 8 o'clock yet? It is! Good grief! there's the door-bell—Who was it, Ma? Only a neighbor? What a relief. Say, where d'ja put my new shoes—in the closet? Yes, I found them, thanks. Now, where did Sis put that dress? Oh, here it is—Gosh it's rather tight. Can I wear it? 'Spect I can if I'm not too active.

"Oh-o-o-o! Here he comes! Look all right, Sis! You're some ducky little maid, I'll say. Thanks for the assistance.

"Lo, Joe—yes—like it? Glad you do, 'cause I wore it 'specially for you. (So he thinks I look so cool and sweet, does he?) Oh I always take my time, don't believe in fussing and rushing around. (Gee, I'd better steer him out of here before that kid brother puts in an appearance). Oh—what a dance? Sure, lead me to it. I'm not tired. What I crave is action."

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Mrs. Louise Emery Mervine, '08

Mrs. Louise Emery Mervine, wife of Dr. G. D. Mervine, of Lock Haven, died at 7:30 Sunday evening, February 16, in the Teah Hospital. A blood clot, the result of an injury received four weeks earlier, brought death suddenly, just as it appeared that she was making rapid recovery.

This school, and particularly the alumni of the school, will miss her greatly. A member of the Executive Committee, she rarely missed a meeting. She was on hand early at every reunion, working hard to make it a success. Frequently she sang at the traditional afternoon alumni meetings. Few alumni have been as quick to share in every movement for the betterment of the school.

Her community spirit was as strong. After her graduation and marriage she lived at Bitumen until 1918, when she moved to Lock Haven. From then on she was active in civic life. She was a member of the D. A. R., of the Daughters of 1812, of the American Legion Auxiliary, of the Civic Club, of the Community Choral Club, and of the Methodist choir. She gave herself generously and ungrudgingly, and had her rewards in the numbers of those who gladly called her "Friend."

At 10 o'clock on Thursday, February 10, Rev. J. Merrill Williams, of Trinity Methodist Church, conducted her funeral services at her West Main Street home, assisted by Rev. E. D. Parkhill, pastor of the Presbyterian Church. She was buried in Highland Cemetery.

**DEATHS CALL TRIBUTES
FROM DR. ARMSTRONG**

(Continued from Page 1)
greatly missed in all the activities of the association.

To a very quiet auditorium, stilled by the unexpectedness of his message, Dr. Armstrong ended his brief tribute with the words of President Garfield:

"There is nothing in all the world we can do for the dead. They are past our help and past our praise. They do not need us, but forever and forevermore we need them."

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Welcome**

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KLUB KORNER

Miss Alber Gives a Tea

The Rho Omega Lambda sorority girls were given a tea by Miss Alber, January 31, in room 313 West dormitory.

Around 4:30 o'clock Monday evening the R. O. L. girls drifted in the direction of 313 West, where they were greeted by Miss Alber, a very pleasant hostess. The girls were served with tea, cakes and many other dainties. Mary Margaret Adams poured and was assisted by Mabel Klein and Mildred Stewart. The fortunate persons who attended this tea were: Aniceta Boylan, Dorothy Joy, Elizabeth McKee, Betty Jordan, Elizabeth Stammely, Elizabeth Welsh, Grace Ott, Helen Retgar, Harriet Kelly, Kathryn Lynch, Josephine Viering, Mary Davidson, Margaret Smith, Margaret Melvin, Mary Margaret Adams, Mabel Klein, Mildred Stewart, Verna Mae Kurtz, and Ruth McCall.

Hike Planned by Naturalists

The Naturalist Club planned a hike, elected new members and appointed new members at a meeting held in Shakespeare Hall, Monday evening, January 31.

Perhaps the most important feature of the meeting was the arrangement for a hike, to be taken Saturday afternoon, February 5. The hikers will meet at 1:30 at the home of Mr. Ulmer. At that time the destination of the hikers will be decided upon.

They had a larger attendance than usual, sixteen of the twenty-two members being present.

A new amendment, known only to club members, was added to the Constitution.

Committees were appointed to look after the initiation of new members. The names of these committeemen were not made public.

The members present were: Ruth Oechler, Sarah Felix, Pat Riley, Maude Stangle, Fay Bitner, Catherine Orth, Peg Dubler, Cy Williams, Sterle Artley, Christian Feit, Ella Mae Lilly, Mildred Ericson, Mary Ulmer, Naomi Lemar, Blanche Wahl, and Mr. Ulmer.

**New Members Added to Normal
Times Staff**

Helen Rettger, Mary Kirby and Ruth McLaughlin were the three new members added to the Normal Times staff this semester. They were chosen to fill the vacancies caused by the graduation of Lucy Mae Mitchell, Janet Stewart and Marian Smith.

Their initiation will be deferred until the spring banquet.

**Quality
Shoe Repairing and
Shoe Shining**

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**Art Club Will Paint Scenery
for Senior Play**

An important meeting of the Art Club was held at 12:45 Friday, February 11. Miss Atherton conducted the meeting. The question before the club was whether or not they should assume the responsibility of painting the stage scenery for the Senior play. Several discussions were heard and Miss Alber explained to the club what was needed. A vote was taken and it was unanimously decided that the members should get this scenery ready for the play. The painting will be done in the Art rooms, under the supervision of Miss Atherton.

It was also decided that the club will hold its banquet on April first.

**Naturalists Initiate Seven
New Members**

Mary App, Russel Bohn, Matilda Cornmesser, Florence Haven, Margaret Laird, Lucille Rosa and Helen Westrick became members of the Naturalist Club on Monday night, February 14. The initiation was held in Shake Hall.

The initiates duly entertained the old members of the club during the course of the evening's performance. At a late hour, Valentine refreshments, in the form of sandwiches, pickles, cake, punch and candy, were served.

**Club Activities Organized
in J. H. S.**

The three grades of the Junior High School have been organized separately to carry on their extra curricular activities. Each class has a president and secretary-treasurer. One period each week is given to the pupils to present programs and hold general business meetings. Four types of programs will be given by the pupils under the direction of their English teachers. This is followed by a social program which will consist of parties, games, or a general good time period. The third week is devoted to a miscellaneous program under the direction of the social studies teachers. This program will be mostly guidance through "trade talks" by men or women from the industries of the city. The last period of the month will be used for a class business meeting.

Time for a New Moon

While many of the students at the afternoon performance of the Garden Theatre's vaudeville were marvelling at the Moon Girl singing above their heads, the moon crashed into bits. Mr. Ulmer will be asked to explain the phenomena as soon as his classes take up star study.

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paper fails to reach you
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§ You are entitled to every issue—but errors will happen. Your information will correct them more certainly than our intuition.

Junior High Supervisors Entertained at Dinner

The student teachers of the Junior High School department in the Training School entertained their supervisors at a dinner party, Thursday evening, February 3, at Roster's.

The supervisors present were Messrs. Patterson, Dyack, Gage, Ulmer, and the Misses Gilkey, Dubois, Russell, Ammon, and Dixon. The student teachers were Ruth Jones, Sarah Felix, Mildred Reiter, Marie McNellis, Gwen Stringfellow, Harriett Kelt, Mildred Stewart, Rose Bower, Lenore Sharp, Elverda Richardson, Rhea Brungard, Betty McKee, Tommy Hosterman, Tommy Larkin, and Max Fitzsimmons.

During the course of the evening informal talks were given by Mr. Patterson, Mr. Gage, Miss Russell and Elverda Richardson.

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SHOE STORE**

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Mary G. Myers, '27

Miss Mary G. Myers died on Sunday morning, February 6, at her home in Lusk Run. Pneumonia had taken her away so suddenly that her many, many friends in the school were stunned at the news.

Just a week before her friends had been wishing her well. There had been little parties among the students in her especial honor. Many of her teachers had gone out of their ways to show their response to her graciousness, her singularly sweet ways, the essential rightness of her whole spirit.

Just a week before, on Saturday morning, she had cleared out her desk in the dayroom. She had completed her course here. Commencement, formally, might not come until June, but she was, nevertheless, a graduate, ready to teach.

She wanted to teach. Her supervisors hoped that she would teach, for she seemed to have every qualification for unusual success. But her mother is ill; and Mary, at her request, postponed her teaching until September, and went home that Saturday morning, to help, as sweetly and willingly as she had done everything else.

On Monday she became ill. On Tuesday she plainly had pneumonia. Until Sunday she kept up the short struggle. At three in the morning she died.

Rev. J. Merrill Williams, of Trinity Methodist Church, conducted her funeral services Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock. The Rho Omega Lambda girls attended the funeral together. Mary is sleeping in Sunnyside Cemetery.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Myers, and her sisters, Gladys and Hazel, survive her.

Mr. Ulmer Controls Sun and Planets

Sun shone in Mr. Ulmer's Geography class, Tuesday morning, February 8, proving that miracles still happen. Mr. Ulmer invented a sun to demonstrate the way the sun shines on the earth during the different seasons of the year.

When the students entered the class on Tuesday morning an electric light was noticed on a stool in a circle, but slightly to the side of the circle. This aroused a great deal of curiosity, which was satisfied by the end of the class period. Mr. Ulmer showed how the earth rotates, causing night and day, at degree the earth slants, and why nights are shorter in winter than in summer. The students were kept interested the entire period, and understood the mysteries of night and day more clearly than ever before. The demonstration as a whole proved quite successful.

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ON OTHER CAMPUSES

Are Red Heads More Intelligent?

Will C. Wood, superintendent of education out in California, declares, as the results of a state-wide survey come in, that red heads are the most intelligent and efficient teachers. Does bobbing help or hinder? Somehow, we always thought that one had to go a little deeper than one's thatch to locate intelligence.

"The Goose Hangs High" was the Junior class play at Bloomsburg this year.

What About Mothers' Day

Four hundred and fifty mothers of students attended Mothers' Day, one of the year's big celebrations at Muncie, Indiana, Teachers College. That sounds like an idea worth cultivating on Pennsylvania soil.

Swimming has been added to the list of varsity sports at Kent, Ohio.

We Get Our Dues

Once there was a man
Who spoke at chapel—
Yes, I said Chapel—
And he started thus:
"Mr. President,
Faculty of the College, and—"
Here he turned to us students
And finished his salutation
By saying,
"Ladies and Gentlemen!"
For his fine discrimination
And the courage of his convictions
We thank him.
We had never quite dared
To put it that way
Ourselves.

—(The Winonan).

Principal Becomes State Superintendent

Dr. John A. H. Keith, principal of Indiana State Normal School, who has contributed so largely to the success of that institution, is the new state superintendent of schools of Pennsylvania, succeeding Dr. Francis B. Haas. Dr. Keith's appointment by our new governor augurs peace, prosperity, and progress for all the schools of the state.

Hans Kindler at West Chester

Hans Kindler, the famous cellist, who opened our musical course last year, appeared at Winona, Minn., Normal last month.

Santa Barbara "Eagle" Appears Blue

Inspired by the emotional insanity of

the examination season, the Santa Barbara, Calif., Eagle appeared in bright blue, most of its items exhibiting a high degree of lunacy. As a stunt number, it succeeded in amusing a number of us Pennsylvanians.

High Schools Contest in Music

A high school music contest will draw entries from 34 South Dakota high schools to the normal college at Madison this April. Vocal solos, piano, violin, cello, cornet, and other instrumental solos; glee clubs, orchestras, and bands are all entered in separate contests.

Arizona Queen Chosen

The girl who has done the most for the school, in the opinion of the students, is annually elected Campus Queen at Tempe, Arizona, T. C. This year's choice is president of her class, editor of the annual, active in other organizations, and high in scholarship.

Lock Haven Alumnus Takes Honors

Julia Fisher, ex-'25, who transferred to State College at the end of her Junior year here, graduated this February as one of the small group accorded highest scholarship honors.

Eleven New Exchanges in Two Weeks

Eleven new exchanges from teachers colleges north, south, east, and west, have joined Normal Times circle of intimate acquaintances since the last issue. Within the past ten days we have received, for the first time in our history, the Teachers College Scout, of Kansas City, Missouri; the Cullowhee Yodel, from Cullowhee, North Carolina; the Quill, from Louisville, Kentucky; The Chicago Normalite, from Chicago, Illinois; the South Texan, from Kingsville, Texas; the Northern Illinois, from De Kalb, Illinois; the Aztec, from San Diego, California; the Voentionist, from Oswego, New York; the Flashlight, from Mansfield, Penna.; the Normal Leader, from Fredonia, New York; the Teachers College Budget, Valley City, North Dakota.

Every one of our sixty exchanges comes from a normal school or teachers college. It is an education in itself to discover how variously we do things in the cause of teacher training. All the good ideas have never been corralled in any one corner of the United States.

Library Should Be Open Noons

Day-room students who have to make an early train, bus or car are out of luck with the Library. Many have few vacant periods during the day; and when they can go to the Library they cannot find the book they need; some dorm student has it. When are the day students to get their turn?

Why not have the Library open at noon for the benefit of the day-room students? Why not let them take books out for the noon hour? Surely there ought to be some solution to their problem. Some action ought to be taken. What will it be?

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beautiful way to say it



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Two Graduates Given Farewell

Kathryn Weidert and Helen Radomsky were given a farewell party January 29 in Room 231 East, by the members of the Tweet Tweet Club of C. S. N. S.

Most of the girls had received boxes from home, and every one enjoyed the "eats": Fine pork meats, potato salad, baked beans, pickles, celery, fudge, oranges, grapes and cake.

Both of these girls will return in June for the regular Commencement exercises.

The following members of the club were present: Kathryn Weidert, Helen Radomsky, Maude Stangel, Vera May Duke, Christine Thomas, Martha Funk, Lucille Rosa, Mary App and Rose Snyder.



Normal Loses to Indiana

The Normal five fully acknowledged the superiority of the Indiana team when beaten by the score 46-7 on the home floor, Friday evening, February 11.

The local team was unable to solve the fast passing attack put on by the Indiana boys. Not only in offence, but also in defense, Indiana displayed a skill not matched by the home team.

So effective a barrier was set up by Indiana on defense that only once did the Normal team break through to score a basket during the first half.

The Central State boys were seriously handicapped through the loss of their big center—Max Bossert, unable to play because of a fractured shoulder. This meant that Central State lost the center jump throughout the game. Then again the passing of the home team was inaccurate; a natural consequence of the new combination of players on the floor.

The Indiana team was exceptionally good in scoring field baskets, especially in their "follow up" type. This is another point on which the local team fell down.

Lock Haven	B.	F.	T.
Bauman, R. F.	0	0	0
McCloskey, R. F.	0	0	0
Hosterman, L. F.	1	0	2
Renninger, L. F.	0	0	0
Sherkel, C.	2	1	5
Ulmer, R. G.	0	0	0
Fredericks, R. G.	0	0	0
Williams, L. G.	0	0	0
Bohn, L. G.	0	0	0

Indiana	B.	F.	T.
Alerick, L. G.	1	1	3
Barr, L. G.	0	0	0
Solsquire, R. G.	0	0	0
McKnight, C.	6	0	12
Leanord, C.	0	0	0
McCormick, L. F.	1	0	2
Lohr, L. F.	8	0	16
Bishop, R. F.	6	1	13
Total	22	2	46



By Dent Bowser

The Selection and Care of the Racket Is Important

Any one intending to take up tennis seriously should be careful about choosing a racket which will give him the best and longest service with the maximum efficiency. The balance and weight of the racket are of first importance. The weight should range between 13½ to 14½ ounces, depending on the strength of the player. In choosing a racket for balance one should always try a few strokes with it. One of the chief points in the care of the racket is to keep it away from all dampness. Dampness will cause the gut to break and the frame to be pulled out of shape. If the racket is laid aside for a long period of time, such as over winter, it should be put in a press. When playing one should use as new and lively a set of balls as possible and be careful to keep the net at its proper height.

Types and Lay-Out of Courts

There are many different kinds of tennis courts, such as grass, asphalt, cement, clay, wood, etc. The grass court is generally conceded to be the best court, especially for tournament play, although it is harder to keep in condition for playing. The clay or dirt court is the most common and if given some attention now and then, will give very satisfactory service. The court should be so situated that the sun passes across it in line with the net, and not longitudinally. The backstop netting should be high and wide enough to stop all ordinary balls which go out of the court.

Care should be taken not to have the backstops too near the base line as this will interfere in returning high bounding balls at the base line. The back-stop should be at least ten feet from the base line.

A New Day Dawns

It is early morning and our room is dark and quiet. Nothing is moving but the curtains at the window, as the winter air enters making the room colder and colder. Suddenly there is a great pounding and rumbling, followed by a comfortable sizzling, and the room becomes a little warmer. When the lights begin to flicker and go on, my roommate, Ruth, turns over, troubled only for a moment by the noise and light. Deep silence again fills the room and we two sleep sweetly on.

Belvy's bell which once seemed so loud comes faintly now and still we sleep, not even stirring when our neighbors call loudly to each other. The ten minute bell rings and as the noise grows greater in the hall, Ruth opens one eye and mutters, "Aren't you going to get up now, Peg?" And I merely groan and turn over, while Ruth lies in her bed, blinking in the light, trying to gather courage to put one foot out on the cold floor.

Suddenly the big bell, the bell, begins to ring. Out we both jump, slam the window down, grab the handiest pieces of clothing we have, pull on hose and slippers, dash down to wash our faces, and when the bell stops ringing we are walking calmly into the dining room, looking forward to a breakfast eaten in leisure.

Thus our busy day begins.

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We invite the ladies to come to our barber shop for their hair cutting and trimming and permanent waving. We are specially equipped to render a prompt and satisfactory service. When you or the children require tonsorial attention you will find us ready to serve you. We have a chart that shows the very latest modes of bobbing, cutting and trimming.

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has complete equipment for every hunter, every fisherman—every player of every sport.

Are you ready to get the most enjoyment out of skiing, skating and hiking over the snowy hills?



OUR OWN LITTLE DIARY

Monday, February 7

Started the day with story telling class. I wish I had told my story but I didn't so what's the use of wishing, it would be a relief though. Some of the kids went to the movies. Was down town, talking to C. Hope everything materializes.

Tuesday, February 8

Not many classes today, but one of them was enough to make up for what we didn't have.

No mail this whole day. Can't see what I did to everybody. Seems as though every one is swearing off me.

Girls' meeting.

Wednesday, February 9

Another exciting day. Don't know how I'll ever live through it. Told my story in class. I have callouses on my knees. It is a wonder that they aren't bruised. I was so scared that it wasn't even funny. Now that it's over I have to laugh.

Down town with the kids. Cookies took her watch down. After dinner we came up and played cards. Did some work in the library also.

Thursday, February 10

Cookies had a call. Totty called me too. So glad to hear her. Talked to the whole gang. Got the news of the town. Nothing doing, as usual. They can go out though.

Mr. Wong spoke in the auditorium this evening. It was more interesting than I thought it would be.

No mail again from home. I'm getting mad.

Friday, February 11

What's going to happen—I got some mail! Something must be wrong. The game between Group I and III ended in a tie. I just saw the end of it, but what I saw was pretty good.

Had a lot of fun at the game tonight. Ruth Oechler knows how to sit on people. I thought for a minute that something was going to happen.

Cookies almost ruined herself.

Saturday, February 12

Cookies can hardly move. She's far from her old self. She can't even hop around with us; seems funny, too.

Came in from class and almost fell in the door. Talk about being surprised, I was stunned. I picked up the package and you could have knocked me over with a feather when I discovered who sent it. Pretty nice, though.

Took pictures of the O. D. C.'s.

Got a package of eats from home. It pays to write weekly instead of daily. They even called me up to see if I was still here. (Very much so).

Had a feed in our room after the dance. Everything was delicious. I sat next to the door though and I was run off my feet—never again—right hand up.

The new record Jean has is great. I swear we have it worn thin already, and she just got it this afternoon.

Cookies was having fits. She couldn't move when and how she wanted to. It's a good thing she's good natured.

Sunday, February 13

Our room doesn't look half bad. Never even know we had a gang in here eating if you didn't see all the cups. Red and Kus did them while we were at Church, so we got out of it pretty easy. We, my roomies and I returned all the borrowed furniture.

Mom called me this morning. I was so thrilled to hear her. It is ages since I've seen her. Easter vacation will have to take care of that.

Went out to Church tonight. Such miserable weather. It certainly takes the cake.

Almost forgot. Cookies went in to get her watch. The Jeweler told her everything that ever could be wrong with a watch was wrong with hers. She's decided to buy a new one.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND CHINA, SAYS DR. WONG

(Continued from Page 1)

also to the sociology classes on Chinese wedding customs.

The spirit of the Chinese as a nation, the doctrines of Chinese philosophers, the meaning and reason of many Chinese customs, he explained at length in the chapel talk, making comparisons with American habits and beliefs. As Mr. Gage said later, it would be well if the customs and the philosophies of all nations could be made as clear to all others, in the interest of friendship among nations.

Dr. Wong's talk on marriage customs is discussed elsewhere in this issue.

His talk made a strong impression, particularly on his more mature hearers. It was commented on at length and with approval by the Lock Haven Express in an editorial, in which was endorsed Dr. Wong's belief that China can be trusted to work out her own problems with equity to all nations.

1915 Graduate Appreciates N. T.

Miss Edna Rich, the Alumni Editor of the Normal Times, is in receipt of a letter from A. W. Myers, class of 1915. Part of this letter may be of interest to the alumni.

"I received a copy of the Times today. This was the first I knew there was such a paper, and hence I hurry to send you my 'mite.'

"Our schools in New York State never close until the third week in June and for that reason I have failed to get back at Commencement time to renew friendship. The Times will at least keep me in touch with the 'doings' back at C. S. N. S.

"I like New York State very much. The Regents' system of examinations tends to keep both teachers and pupils up to par and makes the administration end easy. This is my first year in the Supervisory Principalship at Camden and it has kept me on my toes all the time. For the past seven years this school has ranked among the first five in the state, having a percentage averaging 85 in the Regents' Examinations as compared with a state-wide average of 70%. So you see it is my job to keep it at that standard and it is a real job."

Strange Phenomena Startle Movie Patrons

That Yellow Perch are exceptional in their ability to swim backward and upside down, that water of a pond or lake can be reversed to become sky and is still able to retain its position in the heavens without letting a drop spill; that boats and boatmen are able to propel themselves upside down through this watery sky; that reversed printing greatly resembles Greek, but it can be deciphered upon careful observance or if

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one reverses his own position—all these things were displayed to the great surprise and enjoyment of the Normal School students on February 3. The fact that all these strange scenes had been taken in our own state of Pennsylvania, only added to the remarkable interest that was aroused.

The students were aware of the fact that they were cheated out of part of the picture. The reversed section was not repeated in correct position. However, perhaps more enjoyment was obtained from the backward swimming fish and up-turned lake than would have come from the picture in its natural state.

Superintendents Visit School

Superintendent March, of Greensburg, and Superintendent Butterworth, of Bradford, recently visited the Normal School and the training school. Many of the Seniors interviewed each of the visitors, in the Blue Room and elsewhere.

The home of
**Hart Schaffner
& Marx
Clothes**

HARRY H. WILSON

Your Visitors
Campus Humor—if it really
happens
Your Real Opinions

Anything you think you
should find in this
paper

Place in the Normal Times P. O.
It's in Room 24

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Candy	Ice Cream
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