

NORMAL TIMES

At Lock Haven State Teachers College

VOLUME 6

LOCK HAVEN, PENNA., FEBRUARY 6, 1928

NUMBER 13

Eighteen Complete Courses, With Two Earning Degrees

First Sheepskins Earned by Men at This College Go to Jesse Ward and Clyde Swoyer--Dr. Armstrong Says Farewell for School

Inside Information

Well, I suppose I may as well get at that Art. You know, we have to make a calendar for next week, with scenes and stick men chasing each other all about. If you ask me, I think it's a lot of bologney, but nobody seems to consult me much. Anyway, it's got to be done.

Say, do you think this scene would do for October? See, there are corn shocks--and these little things down here are pumpkins. Looks like Fujiyama? I tell you it's a harvest scene and that is just a hill. You and your Japanese project make me sick. The next thing you'll be thinking you're a little Japanese and start off to class in your kimona.

We have a poster to make, too, and I can't think of an earthly thing. Oh, I don't feel like doing Art, anyway; I guess I'll start that penmanship. We have a whole gang stuff to do for her, too. Honest, I think it's awful the amount of labor we have to do here. I guess that is all they think we came here for, to work.

You like these A's? So do I. They look just like the ones in the book; I think so too. Say, you have it all over Miss Atherton; she can't see the resemblance at all.

But I don't think so much of the ones in the book anyway. Why, every once in a while there's a letter in there that even I know isn't right. I suppose that after old Zander died they kind of lost the knack; maybe no one else knew how to do it.

Anyway I think I can make these A's pretty nice if I just take my time, but that's where we don't agree again. What do you think she told me the other day in class? I was doing these A's so nice and careful when she came along and said, "You're doing those too slowly."

"I know it," I said, "but I can't get them right unless I do."

"Huh!" she said, "I don't see that it's making much difference."

I thought they were good, but I
(Continued on Page 3)

Their undergraduate work at Teachers College ended, eighteen students, including the first two men to receive Lock Haven's baccalaureate in science, were added to the alumni roster at an impromptu farewell in the auditorium on January 26. Dr. D. W. Armstrong gave them both the farewell of the school and the welcome of Lock Haven's five thousand alumni.

Two of the eighteen, Jesse Ward, of Kane, and Clyde Swoyer, of Renovo, completed their four years in the college courses and were acknowledged ready to receive from the State of Pennsylvania and Lock Haven Teachers College their degree of Bachelor of Science in Education. The actual conferring of the degrees will not take place formally until Commencement in May of this year, at which time also the diplomas will be given to the six midyear graduates of the Kindergarten-Primary course and to the ten graduates in the Intermediate Grade Curriculum.

Jesse Ward has already left for New Castle, Penna., where he is to be supervisor of health education in the junior high school. Clyde Swoyer intends taking postgraduate work here this coming semester, increasing the number of majors with which he is accredited.

Exercise is Surprise

The sight of the eighteen students on the platform Thursday morning came as a surprise to the undergraduates and to the faculty. Formalities had not been planned. The feeling that these eighteen ought not wait until next May for some expression of Lock Haven's good will toward them was something of a last minute idea. Invitations to sit

on the platform were issued as rapidly as Dr. Armstrong could locate each of the eighteen. The faculty and the students had no advance notice.

Each of the eighteen was called up by name at the close of Dr. Armstrong's short address, to receive a round of clapping as he advanced. "Auld Lang Syne" closed the exercises appropriately.

"We Expect No Failures"

"We expect no failures in this group of graduates," Dr. Armstrong said in his short talk. "Most of them have worked hard, their record shows it, they have been wise enough to do that work in Lock Haven--and I know of no school anywhere that can give better training to teach than this school offers--and the results of that work will now begin to show."

The 5000 alumni of Lock Haven make so large a group, Dr. Armstrong pointed out, that it would take graduation exercises twice a day for a whole year, twenty graduates in every group, every day of the regular sessions and the summer sessions, to send out so large a body. That should help, he said, to "comprehend what a wonderful influence in Pennsylvania schools has come from this institution."

The success of each teacher, he reminded the audience, brings credit to every teacher in the profession. The failure of a single teacher inevitably reflects upon the standing of the entire teaching body. Every graduate of this college owes it to the college and to the teaching profession as much as he owes it to himself, perhaps more than he owes

(Continued on Page 3)

Miss Keener's Concert Best of Year

Undoubtedly the most popular and charming musical program ever presented at Central State Teachers College was given Friday evening, January 27, by Miss Suzanne Keener, coloratura soprano, and formerly of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Youth, musicianship, personality, beauty and historic and dramatic ability are all combined in this one charming little woman to make her real greatness. All of these also won the hearts of her audience from the first.

Miss Keener presented a charming and varied program of Modern English, Russian, Spanish, Colonial, Scandinavian and French numbers with a generous number of encores. The Scandinavian and French groups were presented in the typical costumes of each country; the later costume being of the Louis XVI period.

Not only is Miss Keener a great singer but she is also an actress and designer. She designs all her own clothes. The lovely black evening dress in which she appeared gave evidence of her ability as the latter.

Mr. Underwood, who accompanied her upon the piano, presented musical numbers from time to time throughout the program.

Miss Leshur Surprises Student Teachers

Instead of the usual conference, Tuesday, Jan. 24, Miss Leshur invited all the girls who had taught for her during the first semester, and much to their surprise, introduced a game, for which a prize was awarded to Helen Behrer. At the conclusion of the game, Miss Leshur took the crowd to Titus' where she treated them to sundaes and cakes.

"How much emotion springs from the idea, how much from the desire to be emotional? The former makes good writing; the latter piffle." -- "Better Writing" (Henry S. Canby)

'28 Pays Homage to '78

The senior class of 1928 has paid the greatest compliment in its power to those who went out from Lock Haven in its first graduating class, just fifty years ago this Commencement. Departing from the habit, never before broken, of dedicating the senior class yearbook, PRAECO, to some member of the faculty, the seniors at their last class meeting voted overwhelmingly to dedicate this year's volume to the Class of 1878.

The book will contain unusual features, photographs of '78 as undergraduates, and many pictures of the college's early history.

Her Fatal Beauty

Her eyes were dark and dewy;
Her lips were red and gowy;
She looked like a doll
Till she started to boll,
Then her whole effect went flewy.

Sister Does Her Lessons

"Well, Mother, I can't study to-night. I don't feel like it and I will get up at six o'clock tomorrow morning if you'll call me. Honestly I will.

Oh, yes, I will get up this time, Mother. Please. Well, yesterday I couldn't get up early because—well, I guess I didn't sleep very good, so I couldn't get awake. But, honestly and truly, I will this time, Mother, if you'll only let me. Huh?

Oh, I guess I'll have to then, sugar! Other kids don't have to, I don't see why I have to."

A rattle of papers, the slam of books on the table, the aimless flutter of the pages of the book for a minute or two.

"Oh! Esther, may I wear your new tie tomorrow? It just matches my—why, Mother I am studying. "Fourscore and seven years ago, our forefathers brought forth"—it just matches my hat. May I huh? Thanks—"Our forefathers brought forth upon this continent"—Mother I can't study when she is playing the piano; make her stop.

Oh, heck, now I spose I'll have to do this darn old Arithmetic. I'll bet the teacher can't work them herself.

Esther—oh—Esther! Come here a minute. Do you multiply or divide in this problem? Well, I could think it out for myself if Mother would only let me do it in the morning, I'm too tired now. Oh, yes.

Eta Lambda Rho's Entertains at Dinner

The Eta Lambda Rho club, better known as the Scranton gang, entertained their president, Katherine Kelly, and Mary Grier who finished school in February, at a formal farewell dinner given Wednesday evening, January 25, in the private dining-room of the New Fallon Hotel. The dinner was followed by a theatre party at the Garden.

The sixteen members of the club and two extra guests, Ann Orlin and Olga Theodorwich, were present.

The tables were decorated with roses and novelty favors. Remembrances were presented to the guests of honor.

Bittersweets Give Farewell Bridge

Ruth Craine, who finished school in February was entertained at a farewell bridge given for her by the Bittersweets, in Miss Whitwell's music studio on Wednesday, January 25.

The evening was spent playing cards and dancing. Refreshments were served later in the evening, after which the party broke up.

THE FRIEND TO CHOOSE

What a fine, heartening thing is cheerfulness! Do we appreciate it as highly it deserves? There is a flavor about it that is delightful, and a sense of stimulation in it, like that of a cup of hot tea or coffee on a cold day, or a draught of cold, sparkling water bubbling from a spring on a shady hillside in mid-summer.

There are as many kinds of friends perhaps, as there are pickles of a well known brand.

For example there is the philosophical friend who pours words of wisdom into our inattentive ears; the jolly friend who slaps us on the back and swears to stand by us until certain highly improbable events arise; the kind and sympathetic friend who weeps at our misfortunes and holds our hand intimately; the generous friend who insists on lending us money or giving us tickets to the ball game; the anxious friend who inquires after the state of our health; the grateful friend who overwhelms us with thanks for some trifling favor; the visionary friend who expects us to rave with him over his latest project; the deceiving friend who tells us vain things; and so on.

All these are fine in their way, and we should miss them sadly if they did not come around; but it is the cheerful soul who makes us see the spark of silver through the blackest clouds and who does the most to help us over the stony places in the pathway in life. He makes us see all the sunshine of yesterday and tomorrow when it is raining today. He makes us hear the birds singing joyously, and scent perfume of lovely wild flowers when the winter winds and the glistening, pearly, white snow is down upon the desolate little world. He turns our sadness into gladness, our self-pity into self-forgiveness, and our feeble stumblings along the weary road of work into a triumphant march.

We fancy ourselves, with all of our friends as guests, cruising the seven seas on board a palatial yacht. One day we are captured by a pirate off the shore of a tropical island. The cruel pirate tells us that we are to be made stay on the island, with only one companion, while the other ones are to be forced to serve with the crew. We are given the privilege of choosing the companion who is to share our exile on the island. Whom shall we choose?

Our jolly friend would tell us wise cracks and funny stories over and over again, until in desperation we would wish to slay him.

Our philosophical friend would sit around and tell us to live the example of Robinson Crusoe.

Our sympathetic friend would spend most of his time weeping over our cruel fate, while we went around for something to eat.

Our generous friend would be

quite helpless, for soon he would have nothing left to lend us or to give us.

Our grateful friend would make life miserable by his protests of gratitude.

Our visionary friend would annoy us by thinking of all kinds of impractical schemes to escape from the island.

Our deceiving friend would fill our brains with flattery at a time we would need to keep alert and level-headed.

But our cheerful friend. There is the one we would be content with, for an indefinite stay on an uninhabited island in mid-ocean. If the fish did not bite or the birds became aware of the traps, he would not complain, but cheerfully climb a coconut tree and cheerfully throw down some nuts. He would perform his duties without a murmur, and would even find something pleasant about them. Nor would he annoy us by referring to Palm Beach Suits while we were sweltering in goat-skin regalla.

Yes, without a doubt, if we had to choose a companion under these or any other circumstances, we would choose the cheerful friend. We could live with him in peace and comfort and he would help us to live in courage and hope.

Personals

Mary Louise Lewis and Doris Matern spent the week-end in Avis.

Dorothy Gearhart, Geraldine Greaser, Lillian Smith and Martha Turner were at their homes in Altoona.

Gerry Conway and Mildred Beam were at their homes in Kylertown over the week-end.

Pat Thornton spent the week-end at her home in Watsonstown.

Sal Wilson and Alce Read were at Sal's home in Altoona over Sunday.

Martha Funk and Beatrice Erickson were home for the week-end.

Geraldine Jones, Laura Stuart and Rosa Lee Hinkley were in Williamsport.

Lois Stephens and Rowena Glossner motored to Monsfield Normal on Saturday where they visited with friends.

Henry Keller's Sons

Style Quality

Newest Styles in
Oxfords and Slippers

103 Main St., Lock Haven, Pa.

Electric

Curling Irons,
Toasters, Globes,
and Study Lamps

Electric Supply Co.

113 Main Street

YOU

Can always get what
you want at

Heffner's

In Drugs, Toilet Articles
Stationery, Fountain
Pens, Etc.

Students will find our Service
Prompt and Satisfactory

Edgar F. Heffner, Ph. G.

The Quality Drug Store

Expert Prescription Service.

Lock Haven, Pa.

Lock Haven's Shopping Center

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

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

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

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

Smith & Winter Department Store

Normal Times

Normal Times is published at Lock Haven State Teachers College, Lock Haven, Penna., by the Board of Editors of Normal Times.

The subscription rate to all alumni and undergraduates of the school is \$1.00 per annum.

Board of Editors

Managing Editor Rowena Glossner
 Editor-in-chief Dorothy McCloskey
 Alumni Editor Lenore Sharp
 Business Manager, Ruth McLaughlin

Associate Editors: Verna Mae Kurtz, Geraldine Jones, Elizabeth Spotts, Reba Johnson, Florence Haven, Helen Young, Lucinda Johnson, Jesse Ward, Sterl Artley, Martha Maitland, Matthew Shaw, Lucille Taylor, William Sweet, Georgia Hursh, Ruth Adams, Helen Klepper.
 Circulation Manager, Harriet Rohrbaugh.

Subscription Manager, Samuel Long.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 3, 1923.

FEBRUARY 6, 1928

Practice Happiness

Someone has said that happiness is something to be practiced like a violin. Put the finest instrument that was ever made into unskilled hands and what a doleful whining is the result. But out of the cheapest fiddle, the real master can bring strains that will charm the senses. Happiness is not so much a question of instrument, then, as of practice. Your circumstances may be far from ideal, but if you are bent on practicing the art of happiness, you can draw sweet music from them. And it does not matter how perfect your instrument is, how much you are surrounded by all that is desirable, without the practice of happiness, discordant strains are all that you can expect.

The school girl, dividing her time up among a number of tasks ought not give to the violin or piano more than an hour's practice a day. Those who are devoting themselves to the study of music, frequently practice five or six hours or even more. But that which is sufficient for the study of music is not sufficient for the student of happiness. All your waking hours should be given over to the practice of your art, yes, and your sleeping hours, too, for you can go to sleep in such a cheerful and grateful mood that your very dreams help you ahead. Twenty-four hours a day is not too much to devote to the practice of happiness.

Inside Information

(Continued from Page 1)

suppose she is so used to that old book...

Well, I've got my penmanship done, and now I may as well go to work at that Art again.

Oh, gee, vacation time is almost

Editorials

Have You Had a Week?

The new semester is a week old. Did you give yourself a good send-off? A week to get situated and have you taken the opportunity to start right? If you haven't, you have wasted a whole week. You are saying, "Well, my time is my own to do with as I please," but is it? It is not too late to begin now, but if you wait another day or another hour, it might be.

Success

"Success is not an accident; it comes to the man who does his work a little better than the other fellow."—Busca.

"I'm Sorry"

It's sing-songed at you from one end of the day to the other, and what does it mean? Usually, not a thing; it is merely another of the extravagant phrases we use. To be sorry is to feel regret for a sin, or to feel pity. How many times when we say, "I'm sorry" are we feeling regret? When a conventional phrase of courtesy and respect is due the other person, a good one is just, "Excuse me."

A Word to The Wise

President Coolidge has never yet been reproached for being wasteful of words. He never uses three or four where one or two will serve, and the words he uses express the exact shade of meaning he intends to convey.

Father Puts Son to Bed

"John, pick up your things now and get ready for bed."

"Just wait till I build this castle, Daddy."

"No; right away, John."

(Father goes on reading paper. John sits on floor and pouts. After a few seconds he thinks his father has forgotten about it, and goes on playing.)

(Ten minutes later, when the noise is getting pretty loud.)

"John, I told you to get ready for bed. Now you get those play things picked up right away."

"Yes-s Daddy," and he starts to build another castle with his blocks.

(From behind the paper a few minutes later.)

"Are you getting them picked up?"

"Yes, I am."

(Fifteen minutes later.)

"John, are you still playing? I have told you for the last time to pick up those things. You are going to bed."

(John pouts again.)

(Five minutes later, from behind the paper.)

"John, I am going to spank you if I have to speak to you again."

John gives his father a look out of the corner of his eye, picks up three blocks. Waits a minute, then gets out his toy engine.

(From behind the paper)

"Are you getting them picked up?"

here. I wonder what we'll be doing next week this time. Hooray, there's the victrola. I think I'll Charleston a while; I always could use my feet better than my head any day.

"Yes-s."

"All right hurry up."

"Pick up your blocks and everything."

"Yes-s."

"That's a good boy."

Silence.

(Fifteen minutes later. Father is again absorbed in his paper.)

"Daddy, will you play soldier with me?"

"Play! Play soldier nothing! I thought you had those things all picked up and were ready for bed. I have a notion to spank you."

"No, I'll pick them up."

"Well, you get them picked up pretty quick. I'm getting tired of waiting for you."

Silence.

"Are you almost ready?"

"Yes."

"Do you have all your blocks put away?"

"No, wait till I build another castle."

"I said you were to put those blocks away this minute."

"Yes."

(Fifteen minutes later.)

"John, are you ready?"

No answer?"

"John!"

Silence.

Father peers out around newspaper. John is sound asleep on the floor among his toys.

"Well, the little rascal!"

"A crust of ornamental words, upon a thought fully expressible by simpler means is as incongruous as icing on a lily."

"Without the support of reasoned thought the fabric of writing may collapse into a jelly of words."

On the Telephone

Hello..Who? Oh, now I know.. Just fine, thank you..How are you? ..That's good..What?..Oh! My gosh..You don't say so? When did that happen?..Isn't that nice? What? I can't hear very well.. When? Saturday night?..Oh, I'm going to the dance..Now wouldn't you like to know?..I wouldn't dare tell you. Maybe you wouldn't like it. You know I wouldn't want you to get angry for the world..Oh, he's a wonderful dancer..Yeh, that is the only reason I'm taking him.. No, I can't tell you..Oh, I don't know, perhaps I can. When? Wednesday evening. Oh! I'd love to ..Who's going?..Gee, that'll be great..He's such a joke..We'll have lots of fun with him, and Sal's a good kid, too..Pardon me, I didn't hear you..Yes, surely..Is he going to be there?..Say that's great.. Who's he taking?..Oh! her..She's such—Oh! I don't know what..She is such a bore..You know?..Who else?..Oh, she's wonderful..She won first prize at Stunt dancing last fall..Yes, surely I'll go..Yeh, I'll be ready at eight, sharp..Oh say.. I just happened to think, my girl friend is coming, Wednesday. What will I do about her?..She's adorable ..Oh, I know..Get Jim for her.. He'll like her..Yes, oh, yes, she's a marvelous dancer; real clever, too ..Well, round up some one..Yeh, thanks a lot Dick. (The receiver is hung) Oh, gee! Isn't that swell? I'm going to a party with Dick, some thrill, that helps a lot.

Eighteen Complete Courses

(Continued from Page 1)

it to himself, to make his teaching GO.

"Get Your Degree"

To those who have completed the shorter curricula and who expect to continue in teaching Dr. Armstrong issued a friendly warning. Sooner or later the profession of a bachelor's degree will be required of every teacher in Pennsylvania. The earlier that degree can be earned the better it will be, not only for securing and holding a position in Pennsylvania, but also for the betterment of each graduate's teaching and for his satisfaction in the worth of his work. The bachelor's degree from Lock Haven Teachers College, he pointed out, opened up every position in the schools of the state, including senior high school positions in those subjects in which students have majored.

"More and more," he gave as his belief, "the school superintendents are going to look to the teacher-training colleges for their teachers, not only in the grades but also in the senior high schools, because they are beginning to realize that we are trying to do one thing and one thing only; to teach people to teach school."

The names of the graduates will be found in another column.

LINTZ'S

Wearing Apparel
at Money Saving
Prices.

For Dancers

The silk stockings New York wears. Superb, long-lasting Gotham Gold Stripes in syncopated colors.

Chiffon
\$1.95 a pair



Grossman's
SUCCESSOR TO
Hecht's Woman's Shop
LOCK HAVEN

Titus

Just off the Campus

Serve:

Dainty Lunches
Tasty Sandwiches
Delicious Sundaes

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

Gramley's

Where Service and
Satisfaction is
Guaranteed by 5 Expert
Barbers

THE NORMAL SHOP

See our line of

Parker and Waterman
Fountain Pens

Jarboe's

131 E. Main Street

Student Teachers Entertain

"Was it a surprise?"
"Well, sorta!"
"What'd you do?"
"We had a chicken dinner an' all that goes with it."
"Oh, boy-y-y!"
"And then we took her to the show."
"What?"
"You're always bustin' in about ten minutes after, kid—"
"Well, what's it all about?"
"Oh, we had a dinner for Miss Pollock last Wednesday."
"Who's we?"
"Miss Pollock's eleven student teachers—where have you been girl?"
"Well, after you took her to dinner what'd you do? Where did you have dinner?"
"We had dinner at Roster's—downtown—chicken dinner, and good! Nothing to beat it. Then we took her to see "Silk Stockings" at the Martin."
"Gee, isn't that great? Wonder if we'll do that next year when we're seniors? I wouldn't mind only I'd kinda like to be the teacher most!"

"Jo" Hubler Is Leaving

Mrs. Francis Baughman entertained at her home on High Street in honor of Josephine Hubler who is leaving at the end of the first semester. Helen Varner, Esther Keyser, Mary Ulmer, and Beatrice Helm were guests. The evening was spent in playing five hundred. Refreshments were served.

The Teller of Tall Tales

Bill Brown is a notorious story teller. He is a great favorite among the town loafers because he furnishes amusement for them, and because they don't have a chance to get tired of him; for he lives on a farm outside of town and they don't have to put up with him very often.

Bill never tells anything to hurt anyone; he just exaggerates everything to the nth degree. Everyone takes it for what it's worth, and when it is passed on it is with a wink and "Bill Brown told me that."

The fun of it is that he is perfectly justified in stretching things. This is how it all happened. As a joke, some of the men drew up a paper, had it signed by the Justice of the Peace, and gave it to Bill. It gave him the legal right to lie—and he still has the paper in case anyone should take him to account for any of his yarns.

Just to show how he puts things across:

Bill had just come in one morning when one of his friends came up and asked, "Well, Bill, any whoppers to tell us this morning?"

"No," he answered, "and you wouldn't have time to listen if I did because I just came past your house and the cows had broken the pasture and were in the corn."

The man raced home, to find that Bill had been stringing him.

That is only one of the many that we have heard.

OUR NEW ALUMNI

COLLEGE

Jesse Ward, Kane
Clyde Swoyer, Renovo

INTERMEDIATE GRADE TEACHING

Mercedes Biter, Gallitzin
Ruth Craine, Bellwood
Mary Dougherty, Gloucester, N. J.
Ruth Eckenrode, Lilly
Emma Goodman, Lock Haven
Rovena Goodman, Lock Haven
Mary Grier, Scranton
Relda Heaton, Nittany
Catherine Miller, Jersey Shore
Verona O'Donnell, Jersey Shore

KINDERGARTEN-PRIMARY

Mary Angus, Johnstown
Mrs. Cleo Bull, Hughesville
Emilie Johnson, Ridgway
Kathryn Kelly, Scranton
Margaret Tyson, Gettysburg
Amelia Vincent, Houtzdale

The Home of

**Hart Shaffner
& Marx
Clothes**

HARRY H. WILSON

Hungry?

Satisfy It with
Good Food

**Achenbach's
Arbor**

Lunches Served

Candy Ice Cream
Fruit Soda

Susquehanna Avenue

Weidhahn Jewelry Co.

117 E. Main St., Lock Haven, Pa.

Established 1855

Everything Guaranteed

**FINE JEWELRY and
SILVERWARE**

Fine Wrist Watch Repairing

Parker, Whal and Waterman
Fountain Pens

KLEWAN'S

for the--

Season's Snappiest Shoes

—IN—

Patents, Satins, Suedes
and Velvets

Straps and Pumps

Klewans' Shoe Store