

NORMAL TIMES

At Central State Normal School

VOLUME 5

LOCK HAVEN, PA., APRIL 28, 1927

NUMBER 12

DR. KELLEY SPEAKS AT HISTORY OF ED DINNER

Semi-Annual Banqueters Hear P. S. E. A. Secretary on Teachers' Four Big Problems—20 Student Speakers.

Eighty-five students in the History of Education classes of the Central State Normal School attended the second semi-annual dinner planned by Miss Minnie Jane Merrells of the Department of Education and Psychology, in the dining room of the Hotel Fallon on Saturday, April 9 at 6:30. As the class has been emphasizing Pennsylvania history, the program was in keeping with this theme, opening with "Pennsylvania" sung by the class, led by Blanche Swope, of Lock Haven, with Elizabeth Jordan and Josephine Paul, pianist and violinist, respectively.

Marie McNellis welcomed the members of the classes and their guests, to which Dr. D. W. Armstrong, principal of the school, responded. "We may be proud of the educational record of our state," he said, stressing the fact that from the first it offered religious freedom to all who came to dwell within its borders.

Miss Merrells introduced the speaker of the evening, Dr. James Herbert Kelley, of Harrisburg, executive secretary of the Pennsylvania State Educational Association, who talked on "Teacher Problems as Distinct From Teaching Problems." She spoke of his successful work in education in the Far West and at the University of Pittsburgh, stating that institutional work was too small a parish for his efforts and personality, and that even the present state of Pennsylvania was too small a field.

Teachers have four big problems, the speaker declared: Getting into the teaching profession; living after you are in it; hanging on to your job; and checking out. In getting into the teaching profession there is the problem of preparation, which will soon mean four years of actual professional training in addition to four years of High School training. He urged the teachers to go back to their home high schools and urge their younger brothers and sisters to take up the teaching profession. This is the acid test of loyalty," he declared. Living after you are in the job, he states, means receiving a worthy return for your service, so that life is the professional type not of the menial type.

"By hanging on to the job," Dr. Kelley stated, "he meant tenure for teachers. At present Pennsylvania uses the 'hire and fire' system, which rests entirely with the 26,000 school boards in the state on which there are 14,000 men. In many sections the entire teaching staff is changed with the politics. By checking out he meant that a retirement fund should be invested by the state and the individual for the teacher's pensions.

The county representatives who spoke, and their subjects, are as follows:

Blair—Williamsburg Academy, Esther Smavely.
Cambria—St. Francis Academy, Margaret Sutton.
Cameron—Our Earliest Schools, Esther Fulton.
Centre—The Mother of Governors, Ellen Williams.
Clearfield—County Superintendent Tros-tie's Gift, Nell Holton.

(Continued on Page 6)

MAC MILLAN CLOSES MUSICAL COURSE

Francis MacMillan, the celebrated American violinist, brought the Musical Artist's Course to a close March 18.

Mr. MacMillan's very forceful personality, combined with his supreme ability, scored him a great success. The outstanding characteristic of MacMillan's playing is the broad beauty of his tone. The requisites for producing such a tone are a great art and a great violin, and he has them both. His violin is a Stradivarius, valued at \$30,000, and said to be one of the two finest in the world.

The program which Mr. MacMillan gave us was a most excellent one. D'Er-langer's "A Poem," revealed some very difficult bowing, and Pugnanni's "A Prelude and Allegro," displayed the artist's fine technique. The "Andante and Ron-do" movements from "Symphonie Espagnole," by Lalo, were excellent.

Perhaps the one selection that pleased every one most was his own composition, "Barcarolle," which Mr. MacMillan was forced to repeat several times.

Handel's ever-familiar "Largo" from "Xerxes" was very well received, and the "Polonaise in D Major" made a very fitting climax to the whole program. Among the lighter numbers were Boulanger's "Cortege," "Flageolets," by Gussen; "Valse Caprice," by Saint Saens; "Gigue," by Rust, and "Moonlight," by Burleigh.

The entire program was enthusiastically received by every person present.

Dorm Student Walks Fifty Miles to Classes

"Oh, I'm so tired!"

"Think I'll buy a little wagon to haul these books around in."

"Darn these steps! Wish they'd install elevators."

"Why do we have to trot over to the training school so often, anyway?"

Such familiar exclamations set one student to wondering just how far she did walk in one week. Having no pedometer such as was attached to the housewife's ankle to record how far she walked in the performance of her household duties, the student resorted to a more crude and inaccurate method.

A distracted air, queer mumblings, and moving of lips, and odd jottings of figures could have been noticed by observant girl friends on her journeys to and from class. If others noticed they got no information or explanation. The ambitious student was afraid she'd be bombarded continually with inquiries as to how far she had walked up to that time.

At the end of the week all the necessary data was compiled and the problem was ready for solution. The equivalent of the total number of steps taken, in miles, was computed after much puzzling and scratching of forehead. The result was disappointing. After having the firm conviction that the distance walked was no less than eight or ten miles, the student was chagrined to find that the actual distance was only two and a half miles for one week. It seemed that far in one day!

However, the student was partly consoled. Two and one-half times eighteen is forty-five. The distance walked to classes in one semester approximates fifty miles. And that is no short hike to take with never a hitch, O my sisters!

WAR IS DECLARED BY GIRLS ON WAIST LINES

War is declared on increasing avoirdupois by girls of C. S. N. S. According to those already active in the battle against the calories, they'll fight that line if it takes all summer.

Full-length mirrors on the stair landings reveal increasing waist lines. Just stand on the landing and notice how those who still retain their youthful figure sail by with nary a glance to the right or left. Those inclined to stoutness pause, give themselves a keen scrutiny, heave sighs and walk on.

Conversations at the dining room tables turn to vitamins. Diet lists are propped up against sugar bowls, fat faces scanning them eagerly.

Jerry, whose slender figure has been the envy of the rest of the girls shocked the gang last Friday by not appearing at lunch time. Jerry, yes, even Jerry was dieting.

Whether the universal increase in weight can be credited mainly to the excellence of the meals or the amount consumed still remains a question.

The real test comes at meal-time. The dieter brigand bravely shake their heads and remain intact while the rest madly dash for the dining room. Later in the day, more than one can be seen treading her way carefully down the hall to the Y. W. C. A. sign. Still others walk guiltily toward the direction of the Arbor, casting anxious glances about for fear of being recognized as traitors to the cause. Deep down in their hearts a voice seems to say, "After today, tomorrow I'll begin."

Our Junior Explorers

On a recent Saturday afternoon a few venturesome Juniors decided to explore the attic of the Normal School. Headed by three Seniors, they first went to the attic of West dorm. After crawling over lumber piles, old dressers and beds, the girls decided to go over to East attic.

When all the girls but Aniceta Boylan had gone up into the attic, Aniceta slipped the catch on the door and went back to her room, leaving the girls to explore without any one interfering.

After wandering around looking for a place to get out, the girls tried to break the catch on the door but failed to do so. About fifteen minutes later Aniceta slipped back and opened the door. The girls pursued her to her room but couldn't get in as Aniceta had locked herself in.

All afternoon the girls waited for her to open the door. The girls of third floor west, even with the assistance of Rose Bower, one of the men engaged in work on the gym, failed to get the door open.

After returning from town one of the girls spied Aniceta in the halls and yelled, "Aniceta Boylan!" This brought the girls out and they dragged Aniceta to the B. E. and gave her a cool ducking, until she swore off locking people up in the attic.

Normal Times Increases Membership

At a regular meeting of the Alpha Zeta Pi on March 14, two new members were elected to the Normal Times staff. These new members, Martha Maitland and Mathew Shaw, are the first Juniors to make the staff, and it is felt that these "baby members" will be an asset to the organization.

JONES, LUSK, PAUL HONOR SPEAKERS

Rank First in Scholarship in Three Groups—Room-mates Tie for Honors—Commencement Day Orators.

The names of the Commencement speakers were announced in chapel on Monday, March 28, by Dr. Armstrong. The records of the Senior class as a whole were high, and those of the best students were higher than usual. Dr. Armstrong congratulated both the Senior class and the honor students. The speakers were chosen by the faculty on the basis of scholastic standing, one representing each of the three groups. The Junior High School group is to be represented by Ruth Jones, the Intermediate group by Josephine Paul, and the Primary group by Ruth Lusk.

In the case of the Primary group a curious thing happened. There was a tie between Ruth Lusk and Pearl Moore; all the more curious because the two girls come from the same section of the same town, went through high school together and have roomed together during their two years at Central State. To decide which of the two should speak at Commencement, lots were drawn. Ruth Lusk drew the one that counted.

Ruth Jones comes to Central State from Kylertown. She has always been an active member of the class and has held several important offices, including president of the Art Club, treasurer of the Y. W. C. A., advertising manager of the Normal Times, and president of the Shakespeare Literary Society. She is also a member of the Rho Omega Lambda and the Naturalist Club.

Josephine Paul, valedictorian of her class of the Johnstown High School, has maintained her good record. She has stood high both scholastically and socially, being president of the Alpha Sigma Tau, a member of the Art Club, a member of the Orchestra, of the Glee Club, of several Prom committees.

Ruth Lusk, an honor graduate of the Williamsport High School, is also keeping up to her standard. She is a member of the Art Club, I. K. U., and Glee Club. Pearl Moore, another honor graduate of Williamsport High School, has taken an active part in our activities. She is a member of Art Club, Alpha Sigma Tau, I. K. U., and Glee Club.

It is interesting to notice that all four of these girls have an average of approximately 1.36 for the first three semesters; in the case of Ruth Jones, being a Group III student, five semesters. Esther Snaveley, a Group II student, had an average of 1.37, and so just missed tying with Josephine Paul.

Seniors Given Woodlawn Appointments

Helen Shearer, Betty Hubley, Leona Hayes, Jean Whitehead, Alice Corby, and Margaret Mortimer were the "lucky six" who were chosen to teach in the Woodlawn schools, beginning with the 1927-28 term. Grace Shearer, of the class of '26, will also go to Woodlawn to teach at this time.

Teaching there at present are Betty Shellenberger, Zelda Stiffler, Florence Berkwater and Grace Crocker, of the class of 1926.

Nevertheless Its Normal Life

At ten-thirty the door gradually opened. Its shrill squeak sounded like the blast of a trumpet against the silence of the hall. No one was in sight. From somewhere out of the darkness of the room, a bountiful supply of pillows, books and pencils were produced. Everything ready to begin the lessons that should have been done hours before.

Peg was nicely settled when a door squeaked. A council member! Quickly she prepared for a hasty retreat before she recognized Jerry, another nightly marauder. Again concentration was possible. For awhile everything was still but for the appearance of an occasional mouse.

From the distance came the sound of footsteps—faintly at first, then louder, louder. Pillows, books, everything was grabbed in a helter-skelter fashion, as a wild dash was made for the seclusion of their rooms.

Only Mr. Walk on his hourly tour. A little later work was again resumed, this time with the hope of non-interruption, but no one can reckon with fate. The art principles seemed interwoven with mathematical rules, the speech for Oral Expression acquired the melody that was to be learned in music class. Her head nodded, eyelids drooped, nodding, nodding—*asleep.*

When she awoke at 4 o'clock every muscle in her body was aching from the cramped position in which she had been sitting. "Never again," says Peg, "the results accomplished don't come up to the efforts put forth."

New Lights Installed in Gym

The relics of the past—two large chandeliers—have finally been replaced by the most modern sort of light fixtures for a gym. The work of installing these new lights has been going on for considerable time, but at last they are in use and the old, fancy chandelier light clusters have been removed.

These new lights will be a great improvement for it was necessary to raise these old light fixtures by pulleys in order to get them out of the way for basketball playing. The Decorating Committees for the dances will be relieved, as it was always a problem to transform these lights to conform with the idea of the decorations.

Much conjecture has been made concerning the four flood lights which are located one in each corner of the gym. The suggestion has been vouchsafed that they were to be used to create a moonlight scene for our next dance. Their purpose is of a different nature. These four lights are on a separate circuit so that in case of fire, if the main circuit was cut, these four lights would automatically flash on.

Annual Meet to Include Costume Dancing

Our annual indoor gym meet will be given on Friday evening, May 6. The program includes several unique features this year which no doubt will make the event one of unusual interest.

In addition to the usual series of formal exercises done to music, each class, the Senior and Junior, will give a folk dance and an English country dance. Contests in throwing quoits and in dodge-ball, and a game of volley ball will be staged.

The unusual part of the evening's affair will consist of various kinds of gymnastics by each of Miss Dixon's gym classes, rhythms by the Senior Kindergarten class, and some very thrilling tumbling stunts by the Senior Junior-HI group. There will also be several charming costume dances which are always keenly appreciated.

It is hinted that a fairy tale will be enacted in which the May Queen will have a prominent part. It all promises to be an extremely interesting affair to say the least—so let's go!

Smaller Normal Kids Get Big Party

Hair ribbons, rompers, ruffles, and lollypops came into their own once more on Saturday night, March 19, at the Kid Party given in the gym by the Y. W.

As the kids entered the gym about 8 o'clock, they were given lollypops—any color—to eat. After they got settled in their chairs in the balcony, with their hands folded, Ruth Oechler, Chairman of the Social Committee of the Y—nothing but a kid herself, announced the following program:

Piano Solo Violet Duck
Mother Goose Rhymes—enacted by Miss Russell, Miss Gilkey and a large group of "kids."

Solo Dance Harriet Kelly
Solo Ann Orlin
Solo Dance Miss Dixon
Spring Fashion Show—Max Fitzsimmons, Frizzle Feit, and Wilford Pomeroy.

Piano Solo Edith Hopkins
Recitation Ruth Oechler
When Ruth said "Let's dance," every one came down from the balcony and enjoyed the music and dancing till ten o'clock.

Ice cream cones, candy, and peanuts were on sale, so that the most important part of the party, in a kid's estimation, was not lacking.

A Human Beehive

Did you ever see a human beehive? If you haven't just go into the library anytime between the hours of four and six. Here you will see all kinds of bees doing different kinds of work, and in groups of two's, three's and four's.

Over in one corner of this beehive you will see a group of drone bees who do not care if they work today or tomorrow, or if they work at all. Then you will see the worker bees in another group. Perhaps it will be Mary, Ann and Helen all trying to study from one book. After a few minutes of silence Ann says, "What chapter in this book did she say we were to outline?" Helen says the second and Marys says the third. Then they all disagree and an argument follows.

Right in the midst of it and before the argument is settled, who steps into the room but the queen. Oh, yes, this beehive has a queen. After looking about the room she discovers where the buzzing is coming from, and with one look at the bees in this particular group, they begin to work or pretend to. The queen places some books on a shelf then leaves the room. After she has disappeared the bees settle the argument and begin to outline the fourth chapter in the book.

On Being Large

Most people expend a great amount of sympathy upon the poor unfortunates of the world, but I doubt if even the softest hearted person would give a second thought to the tragedy of my life, the tragedy of a desire that can never be fulfilled.

Ever since childhood, I have been the attribute complement to such phrases as, "Isn't she a nice big girl!" or "My, how big she is for her age!" "Stand up and show the company how you've grown."

At first I was hurt and humiliated at these continues references to my size; I could never quite understand why I had to be singled out for this embarrassment.

As I grew older my pride rebelled, and I longed to be small and dainty like Elinor or Flossie.

I am now eighteen years of age, not as stout as I used to be, but still I'm a "Nice big girl," and still fighting my old enemy by giving up palatables that I crave.

For consolation I visit the scales once a week, and even they are accused of deceit.

Fourth Grade Has Varied Composition Projects

VI.

Training School, Mar. 17, 1927.

Dear Felix:

I am now going to describe our school. It is made of bricks. It has nine-rooms in it and a kindergarten and nice shade trees around it.

We are getting along fine in school. We go to the gym for our exercises. We have a fine spelling chart. In geography we pretend we take trips and see many wonderful things.

Our teachers are very nice. They teach our classes very nice. Miss Mark and Miss Bradley teach language. We have nine teachers.

I am in fourth grade. The sun is shining here. I am eleven years old and am growing fine. We bring our lunches and eat in the room. After lunch we go out to play.

Good-bye.

JAMES PERDY.

VII.

(A fable, "The Lark and Her Young Ones" was studied in the 4A grade, the moral being, "He who wants anything well done must do it himself." Pupils were asked to write an original fable using the same moral).

"The Two School Children."

One day there were a boy and a girl in school.

The little boy could not get his lesson. He asked the girl to help him. She said she would. But she did it wrong and the little boy had to do it after school.

The little boy said, "If I want anything done well I must do it myself."

KATHRYN ERTEL.

VIII.

(Can you guess on what fable this is based?)

"The Mouse and the Cheese."

One day a mouse was very hungry. He began looking around the pantry. Soon he saw a big piece of cheese. He made up his mind to get it. But it was under a glass case.

Then he said, "I don't want that cheese. It would only make me sick."

WILLIAM WATKINS.

IX.

(Original prose based on study of poem, "Talking in their Sleep.")

The apple tree said, "You think I am dead because I have no leaves. I am stooped and my branches are drooping, but I am folding the buds away inside of me. I pity the grass at my feet."

"You think I am dead," the quick grass said, "because I have no blades to show. But I am waiting without a stir for the spring to come dancing here. I pity the flowers without any stem or root."

"You think I am dead," a soft voice said, "because I have no stem or root to show. But I am waiting in a soft pod that the wind has sown. I will come up in the spring and laugh at you out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

MARY JEAN TREMBATH.

Y. M. C. A. Secretary Visits C. S. N. S.

A very interesting talk was given in Chapel Wednesday, April 13, by Mr. Bancroft, the traveling secretary of the Y. M. C. A. He told of an experience he met with at Shippensburg and through it, pointed out to us prospective teachers, the spiritual side of a teacher's duty to his pupils. His speech was very short but it got across to us the idea that we are not to aim merely at perfection and reformation, but to help the pupils to develop in themselves high ideals, and aid him in attaining them.

The fourth grade of the training school has been taught letter writing more thoroughly this year than heretofore. We are giving you several samples of the product. The work has been motivated in a variety of ways. Santa Claus speaks for himself. You will see that some one also had a birthday. One of our number spent several months in the hospital. One letter is written to Miss Charlotte Knapp, now teaching in York, Pa.

The work this semester has been handled by Marion Bradley and Honora Mark. The last letter is one of about forty sent to Miss Bradley's former pupils.

We also studied fables this year, then told some original fables. You have one of each to enjoy. The last piece of written work is based on the poem "Talking in Their Sleep," which we studied recently.

I.

Flemington, Pa., Dec. 1, 1926.

Dear Santa Claus:

I have tried to be a good girl. I have 94 on our conduct chart. I have done my best.

I wanted to ask you if you would bring me a freshman cap, and a set of books on anything you like if that isn't too much.

I will hang a stocking up for my little brother, John Martin, by the fireplace. It is not open, but I will unlock the door so you can get in without getting dirty.

My stocking will be at my bed post. If you don't want to fill it you don't need to. I would like to have a set of books mostly.

With much love,

FLORENCE LONG.

II.

Training School, Jan. 25, 1927.

Dear Santa Claus:

I thank you for the set of handkerchiefs, the washing set and for the six Fairy Tale Books. I appreciated them very much.

Your friend,

VERNA MACKEY.

III.

Dear Miss Knapp:

This year I would like to have a birthday party and invite all my cousins. Last year I spent my birthday on the way to California. I had enough of car riding then. I was glad when I got back.

DOROTHY WINSLOW.

IV.

Training School, Jan. 20, 1927.

Death Ruth:

How are you getting along? I am glad that you are home and that you can come back to school soon.

We are getting new teachers on Monday. I think I will like them all very much. I don't know their names.

Your friend,

LUCILLE HAGAR.

V.

714 Bellefonte Ave., Mar. 16, 1927.

Dear Miss Knapp:

We are writing this letter in language. We are learning how to do long-division in arithmetic. Miss Mark teaches us English. We wrote to some children in Lilly, Pa. William Watkins and Dorothy Winslow were put in the B class. Our teachers are Miss Mark, Miss Cannon, Miss Bowman, Miss Barnhart, Miss Lipez, Miss Cornmesser, Miss Todhunter and Miss McNally.

What grade are you teaching? What are you doing in your school?

Show this letter to Miss Stewart. Barbara said she was teaching with you.

Your former pupil,

ANNA BRUNGARD.

NORMAL TIMES

Normal Times is published at Central State Normal School, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, by the Board of Editors of Normal Times.

The subscription rate to all alumni and undergraduates of the school is 75 cents.

BOARD OF EDITORS

Lenore Sharp, Rose Bower, Harriett Kelt, David Ulmer, Elvinda Richardson, Steryl Artley, Blanche Wahl, Margaret Sutton, Ella Mae Lilly, Edward Shekel, Mary Margaret Adams, Mildred Stewart, Thomas Hosterman, Dorothy Riley, Paul Vonada, Reginald Fitzsimmons, Ruth Jones, Helen Rettger, Ruth McLaughlin, Matthew Shaw, Mary Kirby, Martha Mattland, Elizabeth Spotts, Lucille Rosa.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Caroline Eckels.....Walks Fifty Miles to Class
Lucille Rosa.....War on Waistlines
Ruth Eckenrode.....Spirit of C. S. N. S.
Edith Hopkins.....Our Paper
Helen Young.....Inja Ellwood Capper
Helen Young.....The Pine Creek Elm
Elizabeth Rebb.....Going Up!
Mary Davidson.....Those Balls Keep Rolling
Mary Kell.....Not the Clock's Fault
Helen Carden.....Our Junior Explorers
Mary App.....Why Girls Arrived on Time
Dorothy Reading.....Renovation of Girls' Dayroom
Rose Snyder.....Little Brown Schoolhouse
Edith Hopkins.....The Old Mud Church
Neil Holton.....Human Beehive

APRIL 28, 1927

Our Paper

"Why look here! The mail boxes are running over with mail. I swear there must have been a cloudburst. Here, hold my books, while I open my box. It's running over—Oh, it's only the Normal Times."

"Only the Normal Times! Good Heavens, girl, are you crazy? It seems to me, that's a lot all in one day. I wish they put them out more often. I can scarcely wait to read them."

"Oh, yes, I know, but what's Normal Times compared to a letter from home—from Mother?"

"Hm—m—m! Is your Mother the only one who writes to you?"

"Oh, don't be silly. Of course she isn't, but she's the only one who really tells me any news. That is she's the only one beside the Normal Times. But of course that isn't home news."

"Oh, so you admit you like to get the Normal Times, too?"

"Why, certainly I do. It's the newsiest little paper I've ever read. And when it contains my name a time or two, it's newswier than ever."

"My, but you don't have an exalted opinion of yourself or anything."

"If I don't have, who will? Oh, I wonder if I can steal time to read this now. It looks very interesting."

"And say, may I read it when you're finished? You know, I forgot to subscribe."

"Well, of all the nerve! You telling me where to head in because I wasn't as enthusiastic over the paper as I should have been. Yes, my girl, you may read it. But the paper needs boosters like you. Subscribe!"

Those Balls Keep Rolling

Were you ever so excited you could scream? Try and imagine yourself in my position. The dance is tomorrow night. I'm having a fellow from the best fraternity at State; he is, without a doubt, my idea of a nice kid, and, well try and imagine the rest. The family never sent my dress!

Now don't think this is a wonderful creation, for it is not. It is just an ordinary evening dress, but oh! Ted has seen my other dress so many times it isn't even funny. No, I will not wear my old brown velvet. It makes me look drab and commonplace. Ted does like variety, I know, and oh, we girls do like to look our best, don't we?

You know, I'm just dying to get to the next dance at State. Let's see, oh, yes, it's the Military Ball, isn't it? Hope Ted asks me. I hope I get my dress because I must look my very best for tomorrow night. Say, who'll loan me an evening dress?

Inja Ellwood Capper

"Inja Ellwood Capper next!" calls out Judge Linn. As he does so, in, gingerly, walks Inja Ellwood. Judge Linn immediately casts off his official reserve, and in no time is striking up a jesting conversation.

There Inja stands, a man of average size, of spare build, a round jovial, rather good looking face, a derby hat, a light Palm Beach suit of stylish cut, though rather thread-bare and a little too large for Inja Ellwood, highly polished shoes and a large old-fashioned parasol which he calls an umbrella. Beneath his hat is a brain that displays the mentality of a child of eight years old. By the way, herein lies the secret of the peculiar popularity of this old man who resents the word "old" and insists that he is a young man and always will be. His actions and speech bear out this idea. Dressed as he is and with his snappy manner, he has the appearance of the best sport around the town. Indeed, he takes great pride in his dress as well as in his umbrella, which he never fails to carry with him, rain or shine, except when it is temporarily changed, on special occasions, for a gold headed cane.

Perhaps because of his mentality, Inja Ellwood has not a cent in the world; but Inja Ellwood has more than money; he has thousands of friends who delight in joshing him about his best girl, the fact that he might get caught in a shower without his umbrella, or come to misfortune of some kind. They are the ones who provide for his wants and needs. He doesn't know the value of money and doesn't have use for it. He is not a beggar, but in the eyes of these friends he is just a child, a mirth provoker who drives dull care away.

Judge Linn, more so than any of his other friends, realizes Inja Ellwood's ambition to be well dressed.

"What can I do for you today?" says Judge Linn.

"Hello! Judge, old posey, what do you think of me now?"

Judge Linn glances at Inja Ellwood. "You're sort of a sport, aren't you? What's up? Hanging around that girl again? Say, you're not going to get hitched are you?"

Inja Ellwood reaches in his pocket, pulls out a ring. "Yes, Judge; see that ring, ain't it a dandy? My best girl gave me that. You see—er—we're going to be married."

"When's this happy event going to occur?"

"Well, I don't just know yet; my girl's all togged out, but I can't say so much for myself. You know, she'd like to have me married in a stove pipe hat and other clothes to match—oh! you know what they wear when they get married."

"Inja Ellwood, it's been a long time since I was married; I rather forget just what they wear. Let's take a look at my old wedding outfit in my wardrobe." Here he presents an old time black broad-cloth suit with a coat of "claw hammer" style edges trimmed in black silk, a stiff white pleated bosom shirt, stiff collar and cuffs, a dandy pair of shoes of patent leather and last, but not least, a proverbial "ten-quart" stove pipe hat and a gold-headed cane.

"Try these on, Inja; see how they fit. I'll help you."

In a few minutes Inja Ellwood makes his appearance from an adjoining room and after eyeing himself before a large mirror, declared them just the fit and up to the minute. Indeed, they do fit him better than any clothes he has worn for ten years. The Judge walked over to a dresser and procures a bright red tie, fixes it on Inja, and then gives his approval of the outfit: "Just the fit, Inja Ellwood, just the fit! That's the way I've been wanting to see you dressed for a long time."

"Right you are, Judge," says Inja, as he looks in the mirror. "Where did you get this outfit? Tell me so I can get rigged up; you know I won't care for expenses when I get married."

"Well, I'll tell you," says the Judge. "I'll lend you this suit. You won't have to return it either until I ask for it, but on this one condition, that I'll get an in-

itation to this affair. When's it going to come off, and who's the lucky woman?"

"Just goin' to see about that now, Judge; will let you know later." Inja Ellwood Capper departs with his gold-headed cane in one hand and his old umbrella in the other.

"Good-bye, Judge, old posey."

"Good-bye, Inja Ellwood."

The Pine Creek Elm

Standing on the right bank of Pine Creek, about a mile from its junction with the Susquehanna River, there is a large, stately old elm tree, which possesses deep interest, especially for the students of local history. Its huge trunk provides a limb spread expansive enough for hundreds of people to stand beneath its branches. This old tree was a silent witness to many an Indian council meeting, and it sheltered the early settlers in Colonial times. No man can measure its age accurately or the number of secrets it has, for prior to the coming of the white men the red man held undisturbed possession of the country round about.

The spirit of patriotism ran high among the settlers of the West Branch Valley in Colonial times, and when it was rumored that the continental congress contemplates declaring the colonies independent the leading Fair Play Men, as they were called, living on the "forbidden territory" west of Lycoming creek, were greatly elated. As they lived on the Indian lands outside the jurisdiction of all provincial law, they at once set about making preparations to indorse the proposed action of Congress by an emphatic mass meeting beneath this elm tree. From the meager accounts that have been handed down, the meeting was organized and its object was stated by one of the leading men. The proposition was warmly discussed and a number of patriotic speeches made, when it was decided to indorse the proposition under discussion in Congress by a formal Declaration of Independence! A series of resolutions was drawn up and passed, absolving the settlers from all allegiance to Great Britain and henceforth declaring themselves free and independent.

The result of this meeting was the most remarkable coincident of the Revolutionary struggle. The "Declaration" was proclaimed at the same time the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia. It was remarkable that the Continental Congress and the "Squatter Sovereigns" on the West Branch, separated by more than 200 miles,

and without any knowledge of what each other was doing, should declare for freedom and independence about the same time. The coincidence stands without parallel in the annals of history.

The following are the names of some of the people who were present and took part in the Pine Creek Declaration of Independence: Thomas, Francis and John Clark, Alexander Donaldson, John Jackson, Adam Carson, Henry McCracken, Adam DeWitt, Robert Love and Hugh Nicholas. Among these names will be recognized several whose descendants still live in that part of Clinton County. Their ancestors, notably Hamilton, Love and Clark, were distinguished for their ability and representative character, and did much in their day to give tone and stability to the new settlement.

This grand old tree still stands a silent witness of the benefits of civil liberty. How wonderful that it has been held in such reverence for hundreds of years. That it has not only escaped the ravages of time, but also escaped the Indian's tomahawk and the settler's ax. As I stood beneath its shade last summer and tried to pry from it the secrets of history which it holds, tried to guess the secret of its sturdy preservation throughout all this time, it was then I understood better than ever before what must have been the feelings of the author of the famous lines as he was inspired to write:

"Woodman, spare that tree!"

All Photos

At reduced rates to
C. S. N. S. Students

Use Eastman Films
in the yellow box.
We sell them.

Leave your films
today—get your
pictures tomorrow

The Swope Studio

Dear Cynthia

The teacher at
School
yesterday
told
Sister
Betty that
the best
definition of
"value" is the
wearing apparel
that is sold at

Grossman's
SUCCESSOR TO
Hecht's Womens Shop



We carry all sizes of
Films and Cameras
and Kodaks in stock.

Hilton & Heffner
Lock Haven's Leading Drug Store

The Big Ben Goes Fishing

"You know, when fishing season comes around, I always have a hankering to get out my old rod and line, even if my rheumatism does protest, and my legs keep telling me my seventieth birthday is nigh on its way," mused Uncle Jake one evening.

All of us were silent when Uncle Jake gave the signal that he was beginning to stroll back to his boyhood days.

We knew what would be forthcoming. A delightful tale or a rollicking story. How Uncle Jake remembered them all was more than I could tell, but as each tale was new and interesting none of us cared much whether they were real or imaginary.

"Yes'm, I used to haul the trout out of old Rocky Run by the tens and twenties, some of them 15, 18, and, yes, some 20 inches. Maybe," as an afterthought, "they weren't all that big. Well, now I remember one time, ha—ha—ha—I always hafta laugh when I think of it—when I went fishing with little Jimmie Grant."

"Little, Uncle. Why, Jimmie is at college now and is as big as father," put in Jane, a little vexed.

"Aw, shut up," whispered Joe. "Let Uncle Jake talk."

"Tut, tut, Janie," laughed Uncle Jake. "Jimmie was only ten years old then. Ha! ha! I remember how he begged me to take him with me when I went fishing. Just to tease the little rascal I told him to be over at my place at 4 the next morning, or I'd leave him behind. I never thought the little fellow would do it, and so intended to take him with me at 8 o'clock. Well, by heck, if that youngster wasn't over at my place at 4 o'clock, hanging on the door like a—like everything," he added quickly. "There he was, fish basket, rod, line, lunch, and yes, even an alarm clock. When he saw that I was not dressed to go, he said, 'Why, Uncle, hurry up or we'll be too late to go; everybody will have all the fish fished out.' So I got into my clothes as quickly as I could to please the little fellow, packed a lunch and we started out, over the hill to old Rocky Run.

"Whatcha got the Big Ben for, sonny?" I asked him.

"Well, you see Uncle Jake, dad said if I didn't get home by one o'clock to help him cultivate, I could never go again. This clock doesn't run very good, but if I watch it close and wind it every time it stops, I think I can tell what time it is."

"I didn't laugh at the little scamp as I wanted to, but rather took it seriously. You'd better watch close, Jimmie, I admonished. We had not been going five minutes when Jimmie stopped, held the alarm clock to his ear, shook the Big Ben, and then solemnly wound it up.

"There, I guess it didn't lose more than a minute."

"Every five minutes the old clock would stop, and every time Jimmie, with all the patience of Job, and the seriousness of Solomon, would wind it up again, and always set it ahead one minute for the time lost in winding it.

"When we arrived at Bournong Well, I wager Jimmie had wound that clock up thirty times. Poor little fellow, he was worried sick that it would stop. Well, I fixed his rod and line, put his bait on the hook and told him to try his luck. I then fixed my rod and going up the stream a few feet, threw my line in, always keeping my eye on the little fellow. Every few minutes I would see him put the clock to his ear, and if it was still going, lay it down with a sigh of satisfaction.

"After a while he called softly (the little fellow had brains), 'Uncle Jake, I got a bite.' I went to him, pulled up his line, and took off of his hook a monstrous crab. His disappointment showed in his face. 'Never mind, sonny,' I said, 'you'll have better luck the next time.'

"I rebaited his hook, and went back to my own line. I pulled in a large rainbow trout, and cast my line in again. My luck wasn't very good here, so I went up the stream a little farther. It was about ten-thirty now. I pulled in two more beauties—one a brook trout, the other a rainbow trout. I had been gone

about fifteen minutes when Jimmie's silence became conspicuous. A little frightened, I hurried back to him. There he was, the little mite, sound asleep, his pole dangling in the water. As I watched it, it gave a jerk. I quickly pulled it in. Flopping from the end was a trout larger than any of mine.

"Jimmie woke with a start when he heard the splash. 'See what you caught, sonny,' I said, holding up the sparkling trout. Disregarding me, he hurriedly picked up his clock. I knew it had stopped when I saw the two big tears go rolling down his cheeks.

"'Oh Uncle,' he sobbed, 'I don't know what time it is, and I'm afraid it is after one o'clock. 'Let's go home.'

"All my assurance that it wasn't noon yet, would not soothe him. So packing our things we set out for home. We had not gone more than a quarter of a mile when I noticed how tired he looked, so, picking him up, I carried him the rest of the way home. It was amusing to see the worried look on his face. Every once in a while a tear would steal down his cheek. When we got home nothing would do until Jimmie had looked at the clock. I never saw a more relieved boy than when he found out that it was only 12:30. As I was leaving for my own place, he came out and begged that I take him fishing again."

"And did you, Uncle?" asked Jane.

"Sure, and I gave him an Ingersoll to keep with him the next time we went. And the fish that he caught, ha, ha, every boy in town saw it. Jimmie with his Big Ben was sure some chap. And he hasn't changed a mite. Jimmy hasn't. Darn faithful little cuss!"

Maude Stangel.

Us and Others

Helen Keister visited her aunt, Mrs. Edward Green, at Howard, over the week-end of March 19.

Reba Johnson and Betty McKee spent the week-end of March 19 at their homes in Altoona. We know why Betty went home. What's Reba's reason?

Dickinson's spring vacation solves the mystery of Cile Herritt's deserting us on March 20.

Mary Davidson was made happy over Saturday and Sunday, March 19 and 20, by a visit from her cousin, Beatrice Jordan, of Scranton.

Alice Corby entertained her mother over the week-end of March 19. Alice wasn't the only lucky one cheered up by her family.

Jo Paul thinks she won't get lonesome any more since her mother and sister, Edith, told her all the Johnstown news.

Sara Felix found time to enjoy a visit at her home in Williamsport on March 19 and 20.

Ruth Jones, Jerry Conway, and Helen Shearer had a delightful time at their homes in Kylertown over the week-end. Alice Hesser went along as Helen's guest.

Peg Sutton and Diz Statler visited their parents in Johnstown the week-end of March 19.

Connie and Ann Gilloegy are very fortunate to have two uncles so near the school. Connie and her roomie, Isabel Boylan, enjoyed the week-end of March 19 with Rev. M. A. Gilloegy at Jersey Shore. Ann and her friends, Betty Jordan, Helen Cardon, Helen Horan and Agnes Gallagher spent the week-end with Rev. J. F. Gilloegy in Williamsport.

Rosa Lee Hinkley was surprised to have her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hinkley, and her sister's family drive down to see her on Sunday, March 20.

Priscilla Heath had her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Foster Heath, and her brother, John, with her on Sunday, March 20.

Spring

According to the wordiest man in the world, who was christened Daniel Webster when but a child and has kept that name ever since, "Spring is the portion of the year when plants begin to vegetate; usually including March, April, and May in the north temperate zone. Spring of the astronomical year begins with the vernal equinox and ends with the summer solstice." That's what Webster thinks Spring is!

A famous bard, fired by imagination, probably wrote, "Spring is the time when a young man's fancy turns lightly to thoughts of love."

Of course, both of these learned gentlemen may have been right; no doubt they were. Our friend, Mr. Webster, for instance, says, "Spring is the time of year when plants begin to vegetate!" Even automobile plants begin to put on double shifts in order that the speeding American may knock down the required number of fences and telephone poles along the great highways during the summer "survival of the fittest" cross country Sunday race that some people call motoring.

Then again Webster says, "usually including March, April and May in the north temperate zone." Now we all know that times have changed. There isn't any temperate zone in America; it's either dry or wet. This may account for the fact that there was no spring at all in March, that April boasted several snows, and May—well, May reminds me of a Ford; just enough spring in it to make me tired!

Going on with Webster, we find that Spring begins with the vernal equinox and ends with the summer solstice. It may be true, but frankly if I would have to look around until I found a vernal equinox, I am afraid that it would be time to get my skates. Big words like these are all right in dictionaries, just as elephants are all right in circuses, but I hate to have either of them around me when I am just full of "spring fever." So much for our friend Mr. Webster.

Consider what the poet has said: "Spring—when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love!" Out of date! Young men these days turn only to thoughts of love during the whole year. In the spring their thoughts are concentrated on financing the purchase of that new roadster. The more serious minded, however, turn their thoughts to getting the winter's ashes out of the cellar. Unfortunately, they only think about it.

No, Spring isn't what it used to be! It would seem ridiculously out of date to hang over a girl's front gate just because it was Spring and one's fancy had turned lightly to thoughts of love, wouldn't it? Today the young fellows step right into the house, slap "dad" on the back, and help themselves to his favorite smokes.

Personally, I have my own ideas on this Spring question.

Now, first of all, when Mother gets a scoured bottle of sulphur and molasses down from the top shelf of the medicine chest, and literally forces it into our daily rations, when the odor of that terrible mixture that some folks call spring tonic, fills every nook and corner of the house, then I think to myself, "Well, Spring is coming."

About the time that the medicine-taking is about half over, I see every lad in the neighborhood apparently looking for some muddy field in order that a game of agates may be waged. It's curious, but true, that marbles just can't be played except on some muddy field! It would take half the joy out of the game not to track up all the sidewalks in the district. A broken window here, a trampled lawn there, give evidence to the fact that some future "Babe Ruth" has "knocked out" a foul ball. The electric wires are bedecked with kites that have become hopeless wrecks, and the cords make the wires look like a mardi-gras. When I see these signs, I think to myself with a little assurance, "Spring must be just around the corner."

Now comes that clarion call. "It's housecleaning time," and back yards take on the appearance of a fleet of targets such as the Navy uses. Windows take on that bare aspect that betrays no curtains, amateur painters proceed to splash much paint and spread a little where it belongs, and some carefree sons of toil proceed to spade and hoe, and hoe and spade, in earnest hopes that there may be a garden before the neighbors adopt a dog. There's a lot of cutting up done, too, for some folks prune out the dead branches of their favorite rosebush, while others just prune out everything but the roots, with no chance of even a first rose of summer. When I see these signs of progress, I say, almost audibly, "Surely Spring is coming!"

When the billboards are posted with the glorious news that a circus will soon be here, when the shop windows are decorated with beautiful flowers that are supposed to spring open dad's purse, and bright reds, yellows, and greens stroll along the boulevards; when these things come to pass I say in a whisper, "I believe that Spring is here."

When branches once more are covered with green, and the skies are blue, almost cloudless, I find myself singing under my breath, "Spring is here."

But when I sit down to write, and my mind wanders to the "great open spaces where men are men, and some women are married," when I rebel, at first secretly, and then openly, at the close classroom, and the heavy assignments; when I write a composition, and count the words about every five minutes in the hope that I have reached the limit; when I yawn and stretch and yawn again even though the whole world sings out, calls out to me that I am young, and life is good; that there is joy today and no tomorrow; in fine, when I write a composition so vague as this—then I know, beyond a doubt that "Spring has come!"

Josephine Paul.

Not the Clock's Fault

"Um-m-m-m gosh!" and an arm stretched out from beneath the heap of covers on the bed. "I wonder how many blamed old alarm clocks go off here in a morning. 'Hey, did you hear me, room-mate?'"

"Uh-huh!" The room-mate was so sleepy she scarcely got this sound out.

"Well, do you hear those blamed old clocks? Bur-r-r-r, ting-a-ling-ling, one after the other," she added as she stretched still further.

"Gee, I'll say I do. Wonder how many go off here before six o'clock," she finally answered, between stretches and yawns.

"I believe, you didn't hear me. I just asked you the same question."

"Oh, well, then! I don't know, but how I do care. Must be a couple hundred of the little nuisances from the number of times I've been half asleep and then awakened again by a new ting-a-ling-ling-ling."

"Well, I wouldn't care if this happened to be one of the mornings I had something to do and had to get up early. Why yesterday when we did get up early I didn't hear a single sound. The old halls sounded like a morgue. So still I was afraid some one would interrupt any minute, and ask me to go back to bed."

"So was I. O-o-o-o-o, I'm sleepy."

"Well, then, let's both get quiet long enough to get back to sleep. If I don't get some more sleep I'll be yawning around all day. Anyway, if we get the kids next door awake with our talking, they'll feel like we do about the alarm clocks. Maybe we sound worse than the clocks to them."

Wiedhahn Jewelry Co.

117 East Main St., Lock Haven, Pa.
Established 1855

Everything Guaranteed

FINE JEWELRY and
SILVERWARE

C. S. N. S. RINGS

Fine Wrist Watch Repairing

Parker, Wahl and
Waterman
Fountain Pens

Henry Keller's Sons

Style Quality

New Spring Styles in
Oxfords and Slippers

103 Main St., Lock Haven, Pa.

School Essentials

Electric }
Curlers
Hot Plates
Irons
Grills
Toasters
Fans

Chafing Dishes
Manicuring Sets
Pen Knives, Shears
Alarm Clocks
Safety Razors, Etc.

We Have Them

Shaffer,
Candor & Hopkins

17 East Main Street

ON OTHER CAMPUSES

Somewhere They Read Us

Normal Times evidently gets a reading not entirely discreditable when it lands in the hands of brother editors. Forty-two quotations, clippings, or comments of or on our "stuff" have appeared in other papers since the first of the year. The Buffalo Normal Record, in its very clever Follies Number, just received, makes the number 43 by quoting in full Marie Gordon's "I Buys da Ford."

Then They May Want Signals Off

Harvard students are advocating the hude system for use in examinations.—The Eastern, Madison, S. D.

Loving Cups of Another Sort

Fraternities of the University of Nebraska who did not participate in the inter-fraternity track meet received tea-cups from the coach "in behalf of their services."—The Eastern, Madison, S. D.

A Worthy Class Memorial

The class of 1927 at California, in presenting to the school a sum of money to be used in the future as a senior loan fund is setting up for itself a living memorial. Senior students in years to come will be recalling with gratitude the thoughtfulness of a class which was not content with a picture or a tablet on the wall.

Western Penn Normal Conference

Representatives from Indiana, Clarion, Edinboro, Slippery Rock, and California Normals met at Pittsburgh on March 18 to establish an athletic conference for the western division of the state normal schools.

West Chester Wants Alma Mater

Prizes of five dollars each are being offered by both the music and the English Departments at West Chester Normal for a worthy Alma Mater song, the English Department to select the prize-winning words and the Music Department the tune which fits them most worthily.

Ka Kumukula Comes From Honolulu

The long distance championship is hereby awarded to Ka Kumukula, all the way from Honolulu to our editorial table. Published by the students of the Territorial Normal School in that Hawaiian city, appearing weekly, a three-column, four page news journal of 9x12 size, Ka Kumukula is at once our youngest and our most traveled compeer.

The names of the student board of editors suggests in miniature the complex of peoples struggling there on equal footing to enter the profession of teaching as American teachers in American schools. To each of these editors the Board of Editors of Normal Times, struggling on equally uncertain footing to turn out a similar publication, extend personal greetings and professional sympathies:

Editor-in-Chief Lorraine Freitas
Alumni Editor Lorna Awai
Club Notes Emille Freitas
Literary Notes Rosina Chock
Girls Sports Blanche Doi
Boys Sports Ralph Shimokawa

TITUS'

Serve Dainty Lunches and Tasty Sandwiches

Delicious Sundaes made with Shaffer's
White Deer Ice Cream

Enjoy a noonday luncheon just off the Campus.

We deliver Ice Cream or Lunches to Normal Students at 9:45 P. M.

Exchange Editor M. Chung Hoon
Joke Editor Douglas Farm
Business Manager Henry Gouveia
Circulation Manager Miriam Kinney
Advertising Manager Ed. Namakura
Reporters—Ah Lu Lum, Katsumi Onishi, K. H. Mau.

Wisconsin Normals in Forensic League

Wisconsin's nine normal schools were all represented in the oratorical contests staged at Eau Claire, March 18. This is the annual free-for-all of the Wisconsin Inter-Normal Forensic League.

Baseball Prospects at C. S. N. S.

Is C. S. N. S. going to have a varsity baseball team this year? Is there a schedule of games? Do we have any material?

These and other questions were brought to the attention of the boys at a meeting held by Coach Dyck on Wednesday evening. There were different reactions; some held the opinion that there should not be a varsity team, but rather, a series of equally matched teams chosen from the student body. Yes, of course, there is enough material—forty boys all interested in baseball.

It was finally agreed that there shall be at least three competing teams organized among the boys—that from this group the coach shall select ten of the best "performers" to play an occasional game with the City League Team. This means that there will be no regular schedule of games.

Art Club Initiation

As a rule, the members of the various school organizations take great pleasure in initiating their new members. The Senior members of the Art Club are not exceptions to this rule as any Junior will readily testify, after what he or she endured at their hands Friday, April 7.

Price Hall was the scene of activity; active activity, that would have kept a first class newspaper reporter busy to note just half of what took place. It will suffice to say that no Junior was permitted to relax either mentally or physically during the entire evening.

After a brief intermission the formal initiation was conducted in the Art room, after which Juniors and Seniors met on equal terms around the art desks to enjoy the refreshments which were served.

Silvia Breth, of Clearfield, the first president of the Art Club, was present.

Spirit of C. S. N. S.

There is a distinct spirit about C. S. N. S. which is marked by every one who visits it. It is the spirit of honesty, friendship, and co-operation. This spirit is shown not only in the relation of the students one to another, but also in the relation of students to the faculty. Here in C. S. N. S., there is not the disposition to fence one's self off and to separate one's self from the common crowd. The students have a spirit of real democracy; each one is as good as the other is, she behaves herself and does her work earnestly and honestly.

Quality
Shoe Repairing and
Shoe Shining

J. F. TORSELL
BELLEFONTE AVE.

Why the Girls Arrived on Time

The Glee Club girls were very happily surprised when they learned they were to have the evening out on Tuesday night. That is they were permitted to go as far as the Methodist Church to help in the opening exercises of the Methodist Episcopal Church Conference.

There was the usual scurrying around and borrowing. At last after the "Who has a clean middy?" and "Honey, do you have a black tie you can lend me?" "Oh, dear, I haven't any black stockings, wonder where I could get a pair?" had died away, the girls were all ready to start.

An almost unheard of thing happened this night. All the girls were there on time and ready to begin. How come? Well, the meeting was delayed about twenty minutes and that gave all the last ones a chance to get into their places without the usual breathless rush and confusion.

The cause of the delay was not so unusual, but of course it just had to happen on that night of all nights, during the opening night of an important and very large conference. While the people were coming in and others were standing or sitting around talking and still others were glancing over their programs, suddenly, without the slightest warning they were left in total darkness. Immediately a buzzing and suppressed giggles filled the room and about three minutes later a faint light appeared in one corner of the church, but it disappeared very suddenly followed by an "ouch." About five minutes later the tricky lights popped on and then out again, they went, leaving the startled congregation blinking and squinting. After ten minutes more of darkness, they finally decided not to hold up the meeting any longer, so during the rest of the evening they behaved as perfectly good lights should.

New Laundry Ready April First

The new laundry is completed and was ready for operation on April first.

Most of the machinery is in and set up and the rest is in transit.

The building is of brick trimmed with red stone. The laundry will occupy the main floor, and the basement will be used for a carpenter shop and pipe room. It is equipped with the most modern steam and electric machinery placed in accordance with the best plans.

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

"Old Mud Church"

"The Old Mud Church," a famous landmark in Phillipsburg, Pennsylvania, is the center of attraction for many tourists who pass through the little mountain city. Hardman Phillips, the founder of Phillipsburg, very little realized that the little Church where he and his family worshipped over a hundred years ago, would today be the proud boast of that city.

The somewhat small building on Presque Isle Street is not a great deal unlike a little old country school house. Just as its name would suggest, it is made of mud, preserved by frequent coats of yellow paint. The small frame windows are protected by the characteristic shutter of that early period.

The ground surrounding the Church is a cemetery. There most of the early settlers are buried, also a great many Civil War Veterans.

The interior of the Church has not been greatly changed. Plain walls and

uncarpeted floor greet the travelers' eyes. Straight, uninviting benches, upon which early settlers sat for hours at a time, are still being used. No grand organ and choir loft graces the front. The little old organ of years gone by is still in use; that is, when any one volunteers to play it. Even the preacher's pulpit is the same. People vow and declare it will fall apart some day, when he is pounding especially hard.

Although services are still held in the Church, it's upkeep has become a problem for Phillipsburg to solve. But it is not a great problem, for every one considers it a privilege to help the Old Mud Church, and so digs down deep in his pocket, as many times as he is asked.

Coach Is a Backslider

The coach (and his Buick) received a jar some time ago. He fell (with his Buick) into a predicament. It was because he has a "fast" car that the entire affair happened, and it was because there were a number of his friends available that he got out all right.

It all happened this way. He was trying to make a quick get-away after one of the dances. (We don't know why). He stepped on the gas and because it is the habit of his car never to stay long in one place, it traveled over the ground so swiftly that the next thing the aforementioned chauffeur had to get the help of several of the boys to push him out of the ditch.

DR. KELLEY SPEAKS AT HISTORY OF ED DINNER

(Continued from Page 1)

Clinton—The Pine Creek Declaration of Independence, David Ulmer.

Dauphin—John Harris, Mary Margaret Adams.

Elk—Old Time School Books, Margaret Mortimer.

Lackawanna—The Baby County, Constance Gilloigly.

Luzerne—Wilkes-Barre Academy, Margaret McHale.

Lycoming—The Underground Railway, Edith Morrison.

McKean—Cance Place, Beatrice Richardson.

Northumberland—Northumberland Academy, Helen Thornton.

Philadelphia—Franklin's Academy, Mary Daugherty.

Potter—Ole Bull's Colony, Wilford Pomeroy.

Venango—Oil in 1859, Margaret Kane.

Warren—Cobham's Castle, Josephine Guild.

Clyde Swoyer and Harriet Kelt were the financial committee and deserved much credit for the success of the banquet.

Rhea Brungard sketched the life of William Penn as a closing feature.

Mrs. J. Franklin Long, of Flemington, made a brief address in which she lauded the work of the psychology and education courses, and spoke of the human interest brought into these classes by Miss Merrells. The gift of a history of Clearfield County, from Superintendent Troelle, of the Clearfield County Schools, was announced.

Another Day for School Room Observance

March 4th is to have a two-fold meaning for Pennsylvanians, especially school teachers, in the future. This day is to be observed in the school room, not as the day of the inauguration of state and national officers, but in commemoration of the granting of the charter to William Penn by Charles II of England.

Remember how you sat up and took notice when your teacher, back in the grades, announced that you were going to observe such and such a day because of its historic significance? Let every C. S. N. S. student remember his experience as a grade pupil and when he takes up his charge as teacher, make these special days mean something for his pupils.

State Official Advises Care of Teeth

A brief address on the importance of the care of the teeth was given in chapel, Friday morning, April 8, by Dr. C. J. Hollister of the Chief Dental Division of the Health Department, Harrisburg, Pa.

During his talk he stressed particularly the relation of the care of the teeth to the health of the body and to the general appearance. The importance of teachers carrying out the simple dental rules of health was brought out forcibly.

Compliments of

"The Clinton"

Restaurant-Delicatessen
Table Luxuries

312 Vesper St., Lock Haven

Prieson's Pharmacy

MAKE OUR STORE YOUR
HEADQUARTERS FOR

Beauty Clays
Face Powders
Single Compacts
Double Compacts
Talcum Powders
Cold Creams
Shampoos
Hair Nets
Tooth Paste
Tooth Brushes
Soaps
Stationery
Films
Fountain Pens
Shaving Creams
Razor Blades
Razors
Shaving Brushes
Playing Cards, Etc.

We carry the largest stock of
Drugs in Clinton County.

LET US FILL YOUR
PRESCRIPTIONS

Prieson's Pharmacy

PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS
S. E. Corner Main and Vesper Sts.

Hungry?

Satisfy It With
Good Food

Achenbach's Arbor

Lunches Served

Candy	Ice Cream
Fruit	Sodas

Susquehanna Avenue

Normal Students
Welcome

to

Grugan's Hardware

(Class '08)

Electric Heaters, Electric
Curling Irons, Electric
Irons, Alarm Clocks, Pen
Knives, Mops, Polish,
Double Sockets, etc.

H. M. Grugan

45-47 Bellefonte Ave.



The Newest Models
Are Here for Your Choosing

Velvets, Satins, Patents,
Straps or Plain

KLEWAN'S SHOE STORE

21 E. Main St.

Kamp's Shoe Store

for the
Latest Styles in Footwear

Guaranteed Hosiery

110 East Main Street

DAINTY SERVICE
DELICIOUS CANDIES
DELIGHTFUL SUNDAES

The Sugar Bowl

Lock Haven's Shopping Center

We invite the Student Body to visit this store with a feeling of freedom and under no obligation whatever to buy.

We appreciate your patronage and will serve you to the best of our ability.

HOSIERY, Silk or Cotton—UNDERTHINGS—NECKWEAR

Complete Dry Goods Department

China—Houseware—Gift Department

Rugs—Draperies—Curtains

The Smith & Winter Department Store

SPORTS

Bloomsburg Secures Another Victory Over Normal

In one of the most peculiarly contested games of the season, Normal lost to Bloomsburg on Bloomsburg's court, Friday, February 25. Normal took off to a whirl-wind start and ran up seven points before Bloomsburg could get set. Sherkel and Hosterman divided the scoring.

Bloomsburg, however, settled down and drew up to six points making the score at the end of the quarter 7-6. The second quarter Normal gained another 7 points but Bloomsburg made their total 25. Bloomsburg came back the second half with a new team, the second stringers, but these boys seemed to have a good brand of playing, for they chalked up basket after basket, running the score up to 77-23 at the end of the game. The last half was slowed down considerably for Normal by the close refereeing.

Summary:

Lock Haven	Bloomsburg
Bauman	McGrath
Hosterman	Fisher
Sherkel	Austin
Ulmer	Wadas
Bohn	Garrity
	Guard

Field goals: Kraynack, 9; Fisher, 5; McGrath, 3; Austin, 4; Shruser, 1; Wadas, 5; Garrity, 3; Hosterman, 6; Sherkel, 2; Bauman, 1.

Foul goals: McGrath, 4 out of 8; Austin, 6 out of 14; Shruser, 3 out of 6; Wadas, 3 out of 4; Kraynack, 4 out of 10;

Garity, 0 out of 3; Hosterman, 1 out of 5; Sherkel, 3 out of 6; Fredericks, 1 out of 2.

Referee: Serda.

Mansfield Drubs Normal

On Friday evening, March 4, the Normal basketeers journeyed to Mansfield, confident of a victory, but were disappointed. Mansfield cut loose to an early start which they maintained to the end. The final score being 72-8.

Mansfield's stocky center was the star, caging 13 field goals.

The game was ragged and slow throughout, neither side demonstrating any good basketball.

Summary:

Lock Haven	Mansfield
Bauman	Kelley
Hosterman	Miller
Sherkel	Woodward
Ulmer	Brace
Bohn	Sorber
	Guard

Field goals: Woodward, 13; Brace, 9; Miller, 4; Johns, 2; Sorber, 7; Renninger, 1; Sherkel, 1; Bohn, 1.

Fouls: Miller, 1 out of 2; Sorber, 2 out of 3; Bauman, 1 out of 1; Sherkel, 1 out of 1.

Normal Loses to California

Normal lost to the fast California Normal team to the tune of 51-14. The game was close and interesting the first quarter, with Tommy Hosterman plunging through the giant defense of California

for repeated attempts at field goals. Tommy, however, missed many of his shots.

At the beginning of the second quarter, Normal's guards loosened up and let the California boys through for field goals repeatedly. From then on the visitors seemed to pile up the points at will.

Summary:

C. S. N. S.	California
Hosterman	Drum
Renninger	Irwin
Ulmer	Baughman
Bohn	Linquist
Williams	Smith

Field goals: Smith, 9; Linquist, 6; Baughman, 4; Hosterman, 3; Springer, 3; Renninger, 2; Bohn, 2; Drum, 1.

Foul goals: Drum, 1 out of 2; Baughman, 2 out of 4; Smith, 1 out of 2; Linquist, 1 out of 2.

Referee: Stewart.

Coaching Days

Dr-r-ring went the bell for retiring. Bong, bong, eight, nine, ten, struck the clock. Snap! Out went the lights.

But the fellows were not in bed. They were out in the halls, talking or doing some other extra-curricular work.

Tramp, tramp, tramp. The dean was coming down the hall. "What are you doing out here?" he said. "Get to bed." That was Monday night.

Dr-r-ring went the bell for retiring. Bong, bong, eight, nine, ten went the clock. Snap! Out went the lights.

Again the fellows were not in bed. They were out in the hall where they didn't belong.

Tramp, tramp, tramp. The dean was coming down the hall. "Say, will some of you fellows come out and help me push my car out of the ditch. I'm stuck over by the gym." That was Saturday night.

Coaching Class Commands Gymnasium

While Miss Rearick and Miss Dixon attended an athletic conference at Washington, D. C., the class in coaching took full charge of the gym classes. Practice for the approaching spring meet was the emphatic point of the work and quoit-pitching and dodge-ball went on quite merrily, in spite of the teachers' absence. No casualties have been reported, so it may be assumed that the students accepted the substitution at least resignedly. Thus does the coaching class obtain first-hand practice.

Those who had charge of the classes were: Dorothy Campbell, Sarah Felix, Ruth Jones, Harriet Kelt, Edith Morrison, Elverda Richardson, Lenore Sharp, Gwendolyn Stringfellow, and Anne Winklebleck.

The Little Brown School House

The little brown school house from a distance looks like a cottage at the top of the highest road leading from the country store. Large maple trees grow against the school, spreading their limbs around it.

The school was also remarkable for the "dumb" windows with the most artful blinds painted on them. On each side of the building there was a large playground, one for the boys, the other for the girls, although they always played together.

There were two rooms in the building, the school-room which was down stairs and the brown and white room above. The school-room was so long that it looked very low in the ceiling. On the walls were maps and shelves holding texts. The teacher's desk was in the middle of the room and there was another desk in the corner where she put the pupils who did not behave.

One of the teachers was very queer. She made the pupils bring handkerchiefs, which lead to its being called the Hanky School. In time these handkerchiefs may be said to have assumed a religious character, though their purpose was merely to protect their stockings. She opened each scholastic day by reading fifteen verses from the Bible, and then she said sternly, "Hankies!" whereupon her pupils took out their handkerchiefs, spread them on the floor, and kneeled on them while the teacher repeated the Lord's Prayer. School always closed at 4 o'clock. No one was kept after that time to do their work.

Only on great occasions were the boys and girls admitted to the brown and white room, for example when they were sick, or when they were just entering school. Everything in this room was brown and white. There were white blinds and brown curtains; a white table scarf, a brown foot-stool, brown chairs with white dots on them. Only white flowers came into this room where there were brown vases for them. Not a book was to be seen without a brown cover. Here, this teacher received her visitors and enrolled new pupils in blue ink and a white pen. Some laughed at her, while others pitied her.

The teacher's name was Miss Carrie Rydesky. She was somewhat beyond middle age, and stoutly built, which gave her a masculine appearance, but as the days passed she grew so timid, that when she spoke you felt that either her figure or her manner must have been intended for some one else. In conversation she had a way of ending a sentence in the middle, which gave her the reputation of being "through wither," though an artificial tooth was the cause. It was slightly loose, and had she not at times shut her mouth suddenly and then done something with her tongue, an accident might have happened. This tooth fascinated Tommy, one of her pupils, and when she was talking to the class as a whole, he cried excitedly, "Quick, it's coming!" whereupon her mouth snapped shut, and she fainted in the middle of her lecture.

LINTZ'S

*Wearing Apparel
at
Money Saving
Prices*

We can tell you the most beautiful way to say it



CARLSON, Florist
AT THE MONUMENT



We Serve the Ladies Also

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.

Come to the

Sanitary Barber Shop



*You can't play a topnotch game without topnotch equipment
Get the satisfaction of playing up to your best*

Buy your Tennis Racquets, Tennis Shoes,
Tennis Balls and all Sport Accessories at

Stevenson's Sporting Goods Store
East Main Street

OUR OWN LITTLE DIARY

Monday, March 14

This weather makes you feel like doing nothing. They are even playing tennis—sort of rushing the season. Worked for awhile in the library. Went to a couple of meetings. That's about all.

Tuesday, March 15

Work! Work! Work! If everybody keeps up the good work I'll be going around with gray hair. I never thought people were capable of thinking up so much for other people to do. It must be the weather.

Went down to the movies this afternoon. too. Enjoyed it immensely. Met Cookies afterwards. She would go in the Sugar Bowl. I can sit through anything though.

Wednesday, March 16

This is about the only day in the week that there isn't anything to do besides work. There's lots of that to keep me busy if I only look for it.

Haven't heard from home for an awful long time. I wish they would write. I wouldn't mind hearing from them occasionally.

Thursday, March 17

Talk about being stunned. They almost had to use a stimulator to bring me around. When Helen told me I could hardly believe her. I guess it's so though. We've been craving excitement for the last month. We certainly have our share now. I still can't realize it.

Girls' Meeting, short and sweet!

Friday, March 18

This is my easy day. Played tennis for awhile. The rain dampened our spirits to some extent.

Such a crowd. I think we are jinxed. F. has to go home. If any more of us leave right away I'll know we're jinxed.

The violinist was simply wonderful. When he was playing you'd think he was there alone. It was too short to suit me.

Saturday, March 19

Rain! Rain! That's about all it can do I guess. I'm ready for it to quit any time now.

Keis went out this week-end. Another gone.

Went to the movies this afternoon.

The Kid Party was cute. A few co-eds stepped out this evening. Looked snappy in some things taken from the third floor wardrobes. The effect was great. I think we all could take a few lessons or get a few pointers, especially in the matter of dancing.

Sunday, March 20

Went down to church this morning. I was only out a few minutes when I wished I had gone prepared for a flood instead of a slight shower.

I never knew magazines were so scarce. I spent the best part of the day looking around for them.

Heck, if it doesn't stop raining I'll go mad.

Monday, March 21

Another blue Monday spent peacefully, quietly is more like it. The school is as calm as Sunday in the Blue Law State. It stopped raining. It's a wonder.

Tuesday, March 22

Whew! I'm glad this day is over. If all classes were like that one—excuse me. I feel about ten pounds lighter now. Girls' meeting was rather interesting. Went down to the library to look for a story. Wasn't quite as lucky as I might have been.

Wednesday, March 23

Down town today for the first time this week. I wish the Sugar Bowl was some other place. Cookies can't pass the place. I'm with her and of course I can't either, so there we are.

Looked for a story again. I was a little more successful this time. I mean the librarian was. I couldn't imagine where to look for it. After I did have it I came up and Texas greeted me with the news

that the story was in our book. After I spent a perfectly good hour looking for it.

Dropped my fountain pen today and it's a wreck now. It looks as though it was through a war.

We had a test today. The next time the gang tells us not to study for one, I'm going to clean house. I answered everything, but I can't say how near I came to the question.

Thursday, March 24

Three weeks from today I won't be sitting in this room. How these weeks have dragged. It seems years since I've been home. Teny, Texas, and Kus went to the movies. They came home thrilled to death. The rest of the gang stayed in. We all are very good at doing nothing. Sent out for something to eat. I was so hungry it wasn't even funny.

Friday, March 25

This is the one day in the week I really do enjoy. I hate to see it pass. It means another week-end spent here. I wouldn't mind them so much if something interesting would happen.

Danced a while in the Gym then we went to the play down at the High School. It was adorable, but I thought ours was every bit as good, if not better.

Saturday, March 26

No mail from home. I'd just as soon not get any mail as not to hear from home. Helen got another package of eats, and it certainly was a box. Nine of us made quick work of it.

Sunday, March 27

Went to church early this morning. Talk about work, it all come at once. I started at 10 this morning and I'm not through yet. Owing to a little interference and recreation taken now and then. Going here and there, and doing this and that.

Monday, March 28

One test over and I'm not the least bit sorry. It certainly was more than I expected. Didn't get any mail. I'm getting used to not hearing from home. Dotty called but I'd rather have a letter I think. There isn't time enough to say everything to every one over the phone.

Tuesday, March 29

We danced a while in the Gym, returned to our rooms, from there went to Girls' Meeting, from Girls' Meeting back to our rooms, and finally we went to bed. Exciting—what? I almost forgot. Jean, Plump and I went to the movies.

Wednesday, March 30

Every one came to at once. I never received so many letters in my life. Even my sisters tumbled and dropped me a line. This is too much for me. Down town, Cookie bought a new dress. Went to the plays given by the Play Production class, enjoyed them immensely. After the plays we all came over to our room and fooled the remainder of the evening away. I don't know how we do it, but when it comes to leisuring we all succeed beautifully.

Thursday, March 31

This is Billy's birthday and I forgot all about it. What's done can't be helped now. I ought to be kicked though. Danced as usual in the Gym. It is getting so monotonous going over there. I think I'll quit and use my time to better advantage. Studied my story until I almost believe I could tell it backwards. Was just getting out of the shower when I had a phone call. I did some wild dashing around. It was Dotty and the whole gang talking. I was tickled to death. They're all looking forward to the dance as much as we are, I mean the Easter Monday Ball. I can hardly wait. Only two more weeks. If this weather keeps up we'll be playing tennis tomorrow.

Friday, April 1

I weathered the day pretty well. I was afraid to move or look though. Played two sets of tennis with Jean. There

wasn't much action. There couldn't have been because I was colder than heck. My hands were numb.

Had a feed in Keis' room. Thirteen eggs, oh my! The O. D. C.'s took in three new members. There are only eleven and there has to be twelve to get going.

Saturday, April 2

Such weather, I could scream. We had a truth party after lunch. I was laid low. I'm thinking I had better start all over again. Never knew what was wrong with me, but I do now. Truth—nothing but. We'll have to have the whole gang in on the next one. That seems to have gone over big. Wonder where all the pineapples are coming from. I used to have a sneaking liking for them, but now the further away I am from a dish of them or a picture of them the better.

Didn't go over to the dance tonight. After missing one I believe I could miss all the Saturday night dances, and not feel bad. The music was peppy though. It would be when I wasn't there. Had a feed after the dance. We had our dancing to the accompaniment of Paul Whiteman's band.

Sunday, April 3

I was so tired this morning. My eyes felt as though they were ready to drop out of my head. I finished my book after all the kids went to bed. I went to bed and couldn't sleep, so I got up and read. After I finished it I went to sleep in a minute it seemed. Our dinner was good too. Cookies and I discovered something. I really believe we accomplished something, anyhow we are going to try it again.

Monday, April 4

There seems to be lots of things to do, but for some reason or other I can't do them. It might be Spring fever. I've never had a siege of it like this. Went to all my classes—in body, but not in spirit.

Tacs and I fooled around and we almost had J and Cookies tied in, but the scheme didn't work. We gave it up and went to our room. That was all right, but when we tried to get out, the door-knob wouldn't budge. The crowd outside was having a howling good time, at our expense. I wouldn't have asked to be let out if it was the last thing I did. Our S. O. S.'s finally resulted in action on their part.

Tuesday, April 5

I'm simply lost when I don't go over to the Gym to dance. I watched though, but that's worse than dancing.

We had an exciting girl's meeting. The place just buzzed. I heard something that didn't suit me. I wonder if it's true. If it is, I might as well start in now and look for sympathy, for I'll be sadly in need of it.

Wednesday, April 6

Can't say that anything unusual happened. The sun didn't even shine. Talk about gloom, the school, the weather and myself register it to perfection.

Thursday, April 7

I need something most awfully bad and if I don't soon get it—Down in the library doing my History of Ed. I made a little progress. The lecture this evening was interesting.

We made our rounds before going to our rooms. It takes a good hall-chairman to hold third floor down. I never laughed so much in all my life. Those kids were funny.

Friday, April 8

I haven't been downtown for so long that I've almost forgotten what it looks like. Played tennis for a while. My arm is so weak now.

Went to Church. The gang marked it up, not that we don't go often, but that we went on that particular night. That was the first time for me. Came back and filled out a blank.

Saturday, April 9

I must have crawled out the wrong side of the bed this morning. I certainly was in a beautiful humor. My conversation for the most part of the

morning wouldn't have covered two inches of an ordinary piece of paper. I felt so mean that I got silent instead of noisy.

Sunday, April 10

Our last week-end! I can hardly wait. I've spent it the same as I have all the rest. So much to do that none of it gets done, and I sit around and fool. My hair ought to be gray from so much worrying.

Going Up!

The door opened and out rushed a crowd of talkative people. A girl's voice, "Watch your step," and a new crowd, including our party, piled in the "box" and up, up we went. A man said, "Sixteenth, please," and with a jerk, a rush of air, we came to a stop and out stepped the passenger. The door closed, and again we had that feeling of the floor dropping from under us, but we all stuck together and up we flew again. Twentieth, thirty-first, forty-seventh, fiftieth, and fifty-third, we gathered ourselves together and waited. Another jerk and we stepped out on the fifty-fourth floor. Through the gate we went and found ourselves in an observing room, with windows all around, and at one end of a small room, a booth where they were selling souvenirs.

We walked to one of the windows and looked out across the river, noting the different New Jersey cities. From another window we could see the Statue of Liberty.

But why waste our time here? We fell in line and waited our turn to go up the remaining distance. We finally stepped into a little cylindrical elevator which only five or six people could squeeze into at one time. So it was in this little "affair" that we rode up the last three floors. We stepped out on a little platform of about twenty-five or thirty feet. Around it was a railing about four feet high.

What a sight! Looking down we were almost led to think the people were ants or dots, moving about. The automobiles and trolleys looked like the toys you buy in the five and ten-cent store. It made us shiver to think of the tumble we would take if we should happen to lean over the railing too far.

All around we could see wonders: the Brooklyn Bridge, Long Island, Ellis Island, Statue of Liberty, Wall Street, Broadway, Fifth Avenue, Chinatown, Greenwich Village, the new telephone building, and other buildings that tower above the streets of New York.

The day was rather windy, and whenever a hard gust of wind came along we could feel the building giving a little. Imagine if it should have happened to fall over, we probably would have landed over in the Hudson river or somewhere near there.

After about twenty minutes of sight-seeing from the tallest building in the world, we got in the cylindrical, shaped elevator which took us back down to the fifty-fourth floor. There we got on the elevator and continued our trip downward. Before we entered, we had been told that if in the course of the drop, our ear drums felt like bursting, we were to open our mouth and swallow. We found we were compelled to do this quite often in the ride from the fifty fourth floor to the first.

We all agreed that our fifty-cents was well spent in our visit to the Woolworth Tower.

Renovation of Girls' Day Room

The Day Room girls were delightfully surprised when they came back from their early classes Thursday morning. The dressing room was furnished with chairs, benches and mirrors. Mrs. Cresswell also promised to get some paint to complete the renovation of both dressing room and day room. There is little need to say that the girls appreciate this change, for if Mrs. Cresswell could have been present when they returned she would have found all of them "trying out" the new accessories with great satisfaction.