

SENIOR NUMBER



1928

Dedication

We, the class of January 1928,
dedicate our Normalite Class Book
to one who has steadied our stumb-
ling feet for the past two years, and
whose encouragement and love will
light the rest of our way - our friend
and faculty adviser, Miss Elizabeth
Gill. : : :

The Normalite Class Book

Published by the Graduating Class of

January 1928

Haterson State Normal School



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Normalite Staff.



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The Normalite

: Greetings :

My dear Friend, The Senior A's:

As I write you these words of greeting, I am looking out of the window at the sky. It is occasionally a beautiful blue, but more often than not the blue is obscured by dark, dreary-looking clouds. You, my friends, are about to leave the normal school to begin the work of life. It is a work much worthwhile. Life is a wonderful adventure. It holds much of joy, pleasure, and happiness. Yet, it will meet you as the sky meets my gaze this morning. Often, the happiness of life will seem to be obscured by the clouds of inertia, tradition, self-interest, intolerance, and ignorance. They will at times cause you work and worry. At such times let your mind come back to the normal school, which will ever befriend you. Gather from this thought encouragement, and let it stimulate you to go forward with a new determination to raise every boy and girl whom you teach to appreciate that life is happiness.

Most sincerely I wish you much joy in your chosen profession.

Very truly yours,
ROY L. SHAFFER,
Principal.

To the Class of January, 1928:

My heartiest greetings to you who leave us as students and join us as teachers in our chosen profession.

May the years bring to you all the joy which comes with success to those who, setting high standards, sincerely and consistently follow their gleam.

Very sincerely,
Edith S. Garlick.

My message to you is given in the words of Marcus Aurelius: "Be not uneasy, discouraged, or out of humor because practice falls short of precept in some particulars. If you happen to be beaten, return to the charge.

E. J. Sautter.

To the January, 1928, Seniors:

It seems to me, as I look out over this Country of ours today, that the thing we need most is idealism that will hold us and those with whom we work, both the children and our associates, above and free from the sordid, the mean, the unworthy.

We can maintain our standards and grow in richness of living through association with the great in fiction, in drama, in history. Shall we do it?

Elizabeth M. Gill.

A sense of humor—a dream or two—the gift of understanding—joy in your work—all these I'd like to tuck into this little Bon Voyage message; faith, too, and a bit of blue sky.

With earnest wishes for your success,
Edith L. Jackson.

"Moral virtue consists of being able, anywhere and everywhere, to exercise five particular qualities: self-respect, magnanimity, sincerity, earnestness, and benevolence. Show self-respect and others will respect you; be magnanimous, and you will win all hearts; be sincere, and men will trust you; be earnest, and you will achieve great things; be benevolent, and you will be fit to impose your will on others."

These five qualities, Confucius believes, make one a worthy citizen. May I commend them to you as teachers?

Edith R. Shannon.



Mr. Roy L. Shaffer
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Journey's End.

By Esther S. Brooks

The path was straight and narrow
When our journey had begun,
The clouds hung dark and heavy
And hid the morning sun.

But hopes and dreams were with us,
And many a knowing friend,
Who helped us share the burden,
Until the journey's end.

Sometimes the path was hilly,
Sometimes the road was steep,
And oft the mud of rainy days,
Sunk with our weary feet.

How oft the road was rocky,
As we ventured on our way,
With many a thorn to prick our feet,
And mar another day.

Yet happy days were many,
As on our way we went;
The days we learned and progressed.
Made us happy and content.

We found the worth of living,
We found the prize that taught
The love of life and knowledge
With gold can ne'er be bought.

The sun at last is sinking
Into a crimson west;
Calm night is fast in coming
To lull the world to rest.

But God will send tomorrow,
Another rising sun,
With again a path to follow
Until our work is done.

Whatever path we follow,
Whatever course we pave,
Our thanks rise to our Normal,
For power and strength she gave.



History of the Class of January 1928

Our first glimpse of Paterson State Normal School "in action" was on Monday morning, February 1, 1926. Most of us quaked about the knee joints when we beheld our future instructors; calm, dignified and wearing that learned look that makes any Jr. B's heart quail. The first day we were like so many inmates of Sing Sing, wearing an orange identification tag, which the upper classmen grabbed, gazed at, and passed on. We waited in fear and trembling for initiation. The Jr. B II section will long remember that day when we were all converted into yellow streaks before the eyes of the student body for joyfully disobeying initiation orders. Perhaps some of them will also remember telling our first story in English I, in sneakers, green ribbons, and middies worn back-to-front, before the wondering eyes of first grade tots, who must have conceived the "get up" as just another eccentricity of grown ups.

After initiation we buckled to, as numerous classes before us had done. Cardboards, magazines, observations, "appreceptive basis", geography trips, constituted our thoughts and days. Soon we were preparing for section entertainments (such as nation's dances), going to Kiddie Parties (and acting "natcheral") and getting the real low down on Miss Sautter.

The Jr. B term ended in high hopes for the first entertainment courses and also thoughts of a nice vacation.

In September back we trooped ready and eager (?) for work. During the term "concert course nights" constituted the high spots. Then

came our first "Normal School Night", December 14, 1926. Our class had reason to be especially proud and happy having so many handsome, blooming members in the Glee Club and two famous actors in the plays. Then came our first hobby tree at P. S. N. S., Christmas vacation, examinations, and exit Jr. A. term!

It looked good to most of us to see "Senior" on the top of our programs. It meant we were the upper classmen, no longer compelled to suffer the indignities of initiation and identification cards. We no longer taught lessons only to our classmates but down we marched to grade rooms, there to face with perspiring necks and red faces a group of the "real stuff". This was a term of real work and high hopes. Senior B means the last of classes and a final preparation for launching our boats on the waters of the teaching profession.

No one, except the Senior A's that shall follow us in endless procession, will ever realize the anxiety attached to the first assignment and that first lesson. However, only the first hundred lessons are the hardest and soon we were established in our class rooms, looking forward to Friday afternoon conferences, where we were re-united.

So the weeks rolled by until we realized that in a few weeks we would no longer be students of P. S. N. S. but members of a teaching group. But we had still one last flourish to make; graduation and the Senior Prom. Flowers, congratulations, and diplomas and we shall have to hitch our wagons to another star and begin a new climb. May it be a sure, true climb, classmates, just as this one has been.



Class Prophecy

There it hung! In glazed letters—the fascinating message flared out—tantalizing the susceptible curiosity which still lurks under my gray hair—and combating a conventionality which whispered to a middle-aged sense—what an unmitigated absurdity it would be! However, self-control and will-power also have their weakest links—when weakest links take the form of fascinating glazed letters which spell in all their mystery and allure—THE TRUTH!—YOUR PAST—PRESENT—FUTURE—Well told by Madame Tchip. So with courage in my hand—vaguely reminding me of someone’s famous pocketbook—and wondering—also vaguely—how everybody’s past could be told well—I started from the noisy street and made an uncertain ascent to the ominous door above.

There was no need for a nerve-wracking knock, for a gloomy-faced individual with a sad, vacant stare, opened the door and beckoned me to enter—a feat which I accomplished physically with exertion, and spiritually, not at all. She was followed by a gaudy apparition, who, noticing my abject wonder, explained caustically. “Between meals she tries to remember how to spell two words she once heard at a class meeting. Her name is Rutherford. Sit down.”

I sat with a fervent supplication as the lights went discouragingly out. So with the same spirit which substituted for calm and valor in my youth when teaching Action Verbs and Russian Exports, I held my peace with forced dignity and the chair with both my hands as I listened to the voice of the mysterious individual leaning at an acute angle over a large glass miggles (for what member of the profession can’t recognize large glass miggles?).

“I see,” she began, “a tall individual, who wears a becoming, scholarly expression and a Santa Claus hat, whose height has prohibited his getting under difficulties, but whose adaptability (fostered at his Alma Mater) has caused him to over-work. With him is the kindly founder of Dobol’s Home For Disabled or Disillusioned Ford Owners. They are discussing vehemently the necessity of building another wing for victims of the 1927 model.

The gentlemen have passed hurriedly a pitiful, black-garbed derelict, a remnant, it seems of better days, who murmurs incessantly as she fondles a well-worn fountain pen, “Have you any material? It was due Tuesday.” Atrophy and

lost hope were the ultimate causes of her ruin, as the eminent psychologist, Hon. Blanche Phelan would say it—having known Editor Brooks at the height of her fame.

“I see also a charming picture of a woman with fascinating eyelashes, who sits like a true Roman soldier in the best writing position—with a Palmer certificate in her right hand. The painting of Alice Daly, the World’s Permanent and Most Particular Penman, is being created by no less a personage than Hattie Wuench, who, with long sweeps of a temperamental arm—and a green parrot on her artistic shoulder, depicts the true Bohemian artist in the favorite art-studio of the foremost critics, G. Wall and F. Carroll, who have dropped in for a look and a cup of coffee.

“And there is a great library on whose cold steps sits a frail wisp of a woman named Slack, who kisses methodically a picture of a girl who is going to the library for pictures. ‘An instinct which became a habit,’ she muses tearfully, studying it between kisses, while Mae Havelin, the famous playwright, who is taking notes on the grief Ruth registers, moves to and fro, getting tired and local color for her new drama. Miss Cirangole, chief librarian, leans from the window, meanwhile, heaving heavy sighs and an occasional peanut shell.

“I hear a blatant sound like a teacher’s convention, and Professor Gurtman, who seems to be the principal of the thing, has called upon Miss De Buck to review her new book, ‘The Necessity of Physical Exertion in Leading Language Lessons—In Two Cheering Sections’. Miss De Buck illustrates at intervals and leads the convention in a long attribute complement or nine rahs and a verbal adjective.

“Among the enthusiastic delegates is one Dot Greenbaum, who has attended for the magnanimous purpose of influencing the adoption of the plan to encourage children being dressed, seated, marked, and classed, etc, in couples in honor of the Misses Klemes, foremost philosophers, authors, scholars and excellent criterions to be held continually before young and enterprising students. The adoption of the plan seems imminent—it pleasing the Board of Education—Frieda Benken-dorf—a prepossessing example of the energetic educator.

“Now, copies of the current popular biography, ‘That Paradox, Seiber,’ written by a clever

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Class Will

Senior A. Room,
Paterson, New Jersey,
January, 1928.

Dear Senior A To Be:

This morning I awoke with a start to the realization that in only three weeks I would be out of school, and you would be a Senior A if you are a Senior B now. If you are a Junior you are a step nearer to the practice teaching term which looms ahead of you. You must feel now the same worry and dread that my classmates and those who came before us for years and years felt. We wished that we had someone to reveal to us the mysteries of practice teaching from a "normal" young lady's point of view, (that's the somewhat unwieldy, but nevertheless polite, title which will attach itself to you in your practice teaching term). The present Senior A class decided that no other class should enter Senior A-dom with fear and trembling for lack of information concerning it.

In the first place, most of us felt worried about our supply of subject matter. This proved to be a groundless fear. Even though we didn't remember every detail we ever learned about the various subjects, our three terms of theory had given us a good background. In the higher grades, which are the only ones in which subject matter can be troublesome, a practice teacher is usually assigned only three lessons a day, sometimes two. When you've passed grammar school, high school, and three terms of normal school, credit yourself with enough intelligence to look up material for two or three lessons without brain fever or nervous prostration. By the end of an assignment you can prepare a whole morning's or afternoon's work without particular strain.

Equal with our anxiety about subject matter was the doubt whether we could hold a class and maintain discipline. This is something about which it is useless to worry in advance. Just try to make your work interesting, have confidence in yourself in order to communicate that feeling to your class, and observe closely the methods that the critic teachers use to obtain order. In the lower grades the desire for approval and love of competition can be utilized to great advantage. The statements, "I wonder which side will do better?" or "I know one boy who is helping splendidly," often spurs a whole class on to conduct deserving of further praise. There is one important "don't". Don't make demands that you cannot enforce. Miss Garlick once said in conference, "I would never humiliate myself by asking a child to do something that I could not make him do." This is worth thinking over a second time.

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We the Class of January 1928, of Paterson State Normal School being of sound and disposing minds, and knowing that our days in the world of Normal School are numbered, do make, declare, and publish our Last Will and Testament.

Primarily, we as a class do bequeath the following:

1. To Miss Gill, all the love, admiration, and respect a class could harbor toward its adviser.
2. To the present Senior B class, (a) our perfection in questioning, (b) our ability to say "ou's" properly, (c) the thrills of ecstasy (?) which entwine themselves around our vertebrae after getting criticisms after charge day, (d) the bogey of black note-books and pencils making a multitude of black notes in said black note books during your lesson.
3. To P. S. N. S., the great peace and emptiness which will reign after our departure.
4. To our critics, the memory of upset routines and astounding lessons.

Secondly, certain members do bequeath certain characteristics to those seemingly worthy among the number who remain here to "carry on":

1. Bertha Gurtman leaves her executive ability to the Senior A President-elect.
2. Grace Fitzgerald leaves her place in "Who's Who" to Terry Bauer.
3. Henri De Olden's, John Dobol's, Frieda Bendorf's, and Ida Bitter's chariots leave their parking space to the lucky four of their Junior B relatives who arrive first.
4. Esther Brooks and Aurora Tavecchio leave their ability to flood the "Normalite" with superior material to Nancy Gammon, Agnes Barkman, and Myra Hayward.

In witness whereof, we, the said Senior Class, the testators, have hereunto set our names and seals this tenth day of January in the year one thousand nine hundred twenty-eight.

Sealed, published, subscribed, and declared in the presence of us, who at their request and in their presence have hereunto signed our names as subscribing witnesses.

Mr. Barton,
Mr. Orr,
Mr. Curry.



Gypsy Masquerade

By Myra C. Hayward

The yearly Masquerade of the Dalton Country Club was in full swing. The orchestra was doing its worst with the blood-curdling syncopation of the day. The dancers whirled and glided, a blur of chaotic colors. The unmasking had not yet taken place; but there remained few concealed identities. A shy, Puritan maid, with her Puritan escort slipped through the open doors to the terrace, while a gay gypsy maiden darted down the path to the lake, pursued by an awe-inspiring red demon. The chase was a merry one. It seemed as though he would surely catch her. But, no, she had disappeared.

"Lois," called the red-masked pursuer, "Lois, you win, where are you?" But Lois was crouching in the deep grass. She laughed softly to herself. Let him search for a while. She would use these few moments to rest and regain her breath. She heard him trampling about, mumbling to himself.

"Dear old Tom," she thought, "how angry he must be!" She'd keep him waiting just a little longer. Then she heard his steps grow fainter and fainter. He was returning to the Club House without her. Lois felt disappointment surge through her. She wearily tore off the black mask and ran her fingers through her dark, thick hair. She was about to rise when she felt a hand grasp her's. It closed about her wrist in a vice-like grip. She was startled, but only for an instant. It was one of the masqueraders, surely. She turned, and in the semi-darkness she saw the gaudiness of gypsy apparel. This sight reassured her although she could not distinguish his features. Still grasping her wrist, he led her through the bushes to the road. Why was he taking her away from the Club, away from

the lights? She didn't even know who he was! She sensed a repressed excitement in her companion, a mysterious excitement. Of course it might be Jack or Art Saunders—it was Halloween and either of them would be quite likely to play a joke upon her. For the moment she felt quite free from the misgivings which had assailed her.

They reached the road. She saw before her a strange car. It had no lights. Her companion relaxed his grip on her wrist to climb into the car, not stopping to open the door, but climbing over the side. He motioned her to follow. Fear clutched Lois' heart at this strange act. Why had she allowed herself to be taken so far from the Club House? But it might be a prank and she prided herself that she was known as the best sport in her crowd and she was not going to surrender this title for a few fears, perhaps foolish.

With a rumbling, grinding noise the old vehicle started in motion. It surely could go! They were speeding toward the turnpike, guided only by a pair of very dim headlights. Lois was glad that they would soon reach the lighted turnpike. Then the suspense would be over, and they would laugh over this silly prank. Suddenly the car swerved sharply to the left. They had left the road and were following an old unused cow-path to Beggar's Hollow. On they flew. Lois tried to remember who knew this deserted road so well, but could not. Suddenly she heard the sound of joyous voices ringing in laughter and song. As the car drew nearer, she realized they were singing in a foreign tongue. Before the significance of this fact could penetrate her consciousness they had rounded a curve. There in

full view was the gaudy splendor of a gypsy encampment! Lois stifled the cry that rose in her breast. Her companion grasped her hand and murmured something unintelligible in her ear. His tone was soft and caressing. Lois felt all her strength desert her as her dark companion gathered her in his arms. He bore her triumphantly toward the dancing gypsy lights. Suddenly, as the light fell across her face, she felt herself being dropped rudely to the ground. An exclamation of amazement barely reached her dull consciousness. Faintly she heard the excited shouts of the innumerable gaily-garbed persons who gathered about her. Then she relapsed into thankful unconsciousness. She was awakened by the unpleasant sensation of cold water descending upon her face. She opened her eyes and arose sputtering. By her side, a dusky-skinned, kindly-faced woman was regarding her curiously.

"Why—what—where?" asked Lois vacantly.

"You safe, mees," said the woman in broken English. Then Lois remembered. She felt relief at the reassurance in the woman's voice.

"Why was I brought here?" demanded Lois.

"It eez da night marriage, mees. Nuncio he bring by mistake you. He want so much hees Maria, who he marries tonight, but now he go off—cry—feela so bad. Maria no here—no there—only you." Lois grasped the situation immediately. She had been mistaken for Nuncio's bride.

"But," protested Lois, "why was he looking for Maria at the Club House?"

"Maria," sighed the woman, "she child not like us; she read and she speak English good. She love da beeg time. She say, 'Nuncio, me like so much to see da beeg dance up at the Club. I go—yes? And Maria, she ask so sweet that Nuncio, he say, 'Yes, I come for you and then we maka da wed.' But all go wrong."

Lois was filled with pity but she did not long remain inactive. A plan had formed in his quick mind. She turned to the woman beside her.

"Go get Nuncio," she said. "We will find his Maria." Not much later they were again speeding down the road back to the Club House. Nuncio gazed disconsolately ahead. Lois felt her pulses leaping with the thrill of adventure. Silently she stole through the bushes to the spot where she had hidden. There sleeping peacefully in the grass was little Maria. Nuncio wakened her gently, while Lois stole discreetly up the path but not before she had seen, grasped tightly in Maria's hand, her own black mask and a red feather from Tom's gay devil's cap.

❧ *Finis* ❧

Meditation

The desires of life
Crush heart's freedom
With heavy stones of care,
Of want, of longings,
To conquer the world—
Both hard and heartless.

Oh, but to tear away
The pall of care,
Never to care nor yearn,
Nor long for the heart's desires—
Oh, to fling the shroud of want
To the carefree winds.

Oh, but to sweep away
The thought of fleeting time,
Ne'er to be stung and hurt
By love's enticing sting,
To flee from civilization's
Multitudinous streaming crowd.

Yet stay! Life is care,
Life is want and desire!
Life without work is futile;
Life without love is barren;
So live, e'er the grinding stones of death
Crush dust back again to dust.

Esther S. Brooks.

Coming Home Late at Night

(Tune: "Coming Through the Rye")

If a body leaves a party rather late at night,
And a body tries to get upstairs without a light;
Every board in floor and staircase squeaks with
all its might,
To let the entire family know you've come home
late that night.

The old front door, it creaks and groans—it never
does by day.
The furniture and carpets seem to get right in
your way.
And before you find your room, you meet 'most
every chair.
And listen to your father cry out loudly, "Who is
there?"

If a body leaves a party rather late at night,
I advise him to provide him with some kind of
light,
Or next morn the family will shout with greatest
vim,
Don't try to bluff, we know 'twas two-thirty you
came in!"

Ruth Slack.

Portraits and Awards

By Aurora E. Tavecchio

Prologue

It was winter in northern Russia! Over the vast velt, the howling of the wind could be heard mingled with that of the wolves. In the distance you could see a small hut with tiny windows. A dim light pours forth from these, scattering the darkness without. Inside the hut was a small fire, slowly breathing forth its last. The hut was divided into two rooms, a kitchen and a bedroom. A big, bearded man was sitting by the small iron bed in the latter room. Beside him, sitting on the bare floor was a small boy, vainly asking questions of him. During this night Olga Marinoff was born.

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Sixteen years have passed since that night. It is now the Spring of 1914. Outside the cottage Olga and her mother are sewing. Suddenly their silence is broken by the hurried footsteps and cries of the brother—

“Mother, Olga, the War has begun!”

How soon the news spread! How incredible it seemed, but how true! During the next few months, the father and brother were sent to the front. Then followed days of waiting. Again winter passed and another spring came, but still no news. During this time Olga’s mother was taken ill and soon Olga was left alone in the little home.

A few months later she went to Petrograd to enlist as a nurse. This would help her to forget and perhaps she might find her father or brother there. After a few months’ training she was sent to the front, among the wounded and the dead. It was here that she met John Dawson.

One day as she was passing through a room filled with wounded soldiers, she heard a moan. Hurrying in its direction, she found a smooth-shaven young man, who seemed to be suffering greatly. When he saw her, he slowly pulled out a small portrait from under his pillow and handed it to her. She took it, and after looking at it cried.

“Where did you get this? Who gave it to you? Where is he?”

“It was given to me by a buddy who went West.”

With a moan, she sank to the floor in a faint. For this was the picture which she had given to her brother when parting. For several days she was kept in bed. Then when at last she was strong enough, she hurried to the young man’s bed, only to find that he was—gone!

During the time she was ill, he had recovered and was speedily sent to the front. This was the note he left for her:

“Dear Miss Marinoff:

“For days I have been waiting for your recovery. But now, as I know I must go, I am leaving this, which is perhaps my last message to you. A few months before I was shot I met your brother. We became great pals in the days that followed.

He told me all about your home and of you. Then came that day, when he was killed. Before dying, he gave me your picture and asked me to find you if I lived to see this war end. But as chance would have it, I saw you here in the hospital and at once I saw a resemblance between the picture and you. Then I tried my best to attract your attention. You already know what happened after this. In this envelope you will also find a medal which your brother earned with his life. So this is good-bye. I shall pray that we may meet again and that God will keep you safely.

John Dawson.”

When she finished reading, she quietly dried her tears.

The war was over! Soon Olga returned to her home to see if her father had returned, but after days of waiting, she gave up all hope. Then, when Russia became overrun by Bolsheviki, she escaped to America.

It was not long before she found a position in one of the New York City hospitals. Every day soldiers came from Europe. The hospitals were filled with them. All New York was helping the Red Cross to take care of them.

One night a great ball was given at the Carlton Hotel. This was held to commemorate the brave soldiers who gave their lives and to award the brave who were present.

(Continued on Page 28)

✂ The Normalite ✂

Class Prophecy

(Continued from Page 17)

and learned contemporary, Ruth Singer, is being distributed to the interested throng. One of the most vivid episodes in its pages is the glowing account of how, in her youth, Miss Seiber stepped into fame, fortune, and a position.

"In one corner, Rose Blumenthal, the famous contralto, is demonstrating to a group of attentive music supervisors the advisability of using Ding Ding!—instead of Toot-Toot!—when testing tones. 'The harsher sound has a depressing psychological effect,' is the startling conclusion which Miss Blumenthal draws.

While in another corner sits Celia Fisher, the philosopher, who has unselfishly devoted her whole career to showering literary gems and rhapsodic sayings on the impressionable world. "All that I am, I owe to the Normal Specials with chocolate cream, which nourished my impressionable young brain,' she remarked generously as she autographed two cuffs.

"Two prominent members of the Actors' Guild strolled in to renew acquaintances. L. Dolan and E. Booth forsook the profession for the lure of the wig and raised eyebrow, when they met with tremendous success in a production—charming but uproarious—twenty years ago. They are putting on an act with the aid of M. Master-son, wealthy actress, who has barked her famous dog-bark at the feet of royalty. All three profusely apologize for the absence of Aurora Tavecchio, who found an unaccustomed flat in her silver throat while singing the opera score of the 'Parkerhouse Role'. Vociferous applause of sympathetic good-will greets this announcement while the three hurry away to meet E. Michelini, the financier, who waits without in chauffeured splendor.

"The Heddon-Cadmus Co. has arrived to serve refreshments. Down in the kitchen I see two stoics squeezing oranges, methodically and efficiently, while a professional taster, long known to persons in the refreshment business as Ida, periodically and expertly samples the punch.

"The scene changes! A troupe of dancers—Milles. Sagorka, Gruthedde, and Gilbert, all toasts of the terpsichorean art, are embarking on a read in Allan's Asia,' was Miss Gruthedde's statement to the people of the press, who clamor for more at the gangplank.

"Among them is Gert White, journalist, who, not minding either black looks or blackening shins, shames Horatius in the tilt for news, while

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Dear Senior A to Be

(Continued from Page 18)

In regard to charge days, there is nothing to worry about. The critic teachers are not in the room at all except in the first assignment. When they do stay in the room it is just to be helpful. Take comfort in the fact that the normal school supervisors have so many girls to see that they can't stay long with you. The only real strain that I can recall is the strain on the voice. It is a bit trying to talk all morning long when you are not used to it.

Few girls are disturbed by the visits of the normal school supervisors during the month. They enter the room very quietly and unobtrusively. After a nod of greeting you can usually forget them and proceed about your work. If you are busy with your lessons and your pupils you won't have time to be self conscious.

Once a week we had conferences at which we discussed problems that confronted us. Also, at these conferences, the supervisors pointed out the outstanding weak points or strong points of the class as a whole. Conference days were the opportunities for us to be pupils again, after having been teachers all week.

I know one girl who was on the verge of tears before each new assignment because of the critic teacher she had been assigned to, and, on the verge of tears at the end of the assignment because she had to leave that same critic teacher, which shows the foolishness of forming prejudices beforehand. Of course, the critic teachers aren't all alike—but then neither are the girls in your class, if you come to think of it. Some of the critic teachers are very informal with practice girls, others are quite formal, but each one, whether she seems chummy or distant, is trying to help you. If you want to find out whether the critic you are going to, is informal or formal, and what she expects of you, ask a girl who is with her directly. You may be able to avoid friction by knowing what traits or actions a certain critic likes or dislikes. Use the information for this purpose only, and not for forming prejudices. Since your personality is different from that of the girl who is giving you information, the chances are that you will get along splendidly with the new critic teacher, even if your predecessor had a slight collision. If you are courteous and diligent you will get on famously with them all.

We hope that you will have good luck during your school days, and will all be placed soon after graduation.

Sincerely,

Senior A Class, Feb. 1928.

Poets' Corner

Tables Turned

One day, May, an elf of five
Was romping in the grass;
And little Dick, who lived next door,
Was playing with the lass.

"Kiss me, Dick," said Baby May,
And raised her golden head,
Off'ring two rosebud lips,
So smooth and soft and red.

Dick gave Mary a scornful glance,
Then twinked a golden curl.
"I am eight years old to-day,"
He said, "I don't kiss girls!"

The years pass by with steady tread—
Eighteen years went round.
A prettier girl than our May,
Nowhere can be found.

One soft, silvery, summer night,
Dick dropped upon one knee,
And taking hold of her tiny hand,
Began to make his plea.

"Just one kiss," Dick begged in vain,
As with a flower she toyed;
And holding high her dainty head,
Replied, "I don't kiss boys!"

Ruth Slack.

Friendship

Who cares how high the hill may be,
How steep and rough the road,
As long as friendship's cheer is near
To lighter make the load?

Who cares if sometimes skies are grey?
(They can't be always blue),
That's the time a friend's dear hand,
Helps the sun break through.

True friendship! Heaven's gift to man,
As sacred as a prayer;
More precious than the richest mine,
And wealth that's hidden there.

Ruth Slack.

Good-Bye

Stars of night are glowing brightly,
In a spacious, velvet sky.
Our task is done, we must part now,
With a brave and sad good-bye.

Winds are sighing thru the branches
Secrets that are wont to tell,
For they know our hearts are heavy,
With an ache of sad farewell.

Our Normal we must leave thee,
Father Time now bids us go
Forth to try our wings in teaching,
And radiate precepts we know.

The moon looks down upon our Normal,
With a guarding, watchful eye.
God be with us, ever, always,
Normal, teachers, friends, good-bye!
Esther S. Brooks.

Twisting a Tryst

They met in a trolley car one day,
But each on a different side;
And he looked at her as though to say:
"Why is this aisle so wide!"

And she, though a demure, sweet girl,
Rewarded him with a smile—
Disclosing her teeth that rivalled the pearl—
Yet with no intent to beguile.

She admired his youthful, upright mien,
And the curly wave of his hair.
The girl was the fairest he'd ever seen,
Still all they could do was stare.

Oh, gods of fate had never meant
That they should meet—'twas sad;
For she was posing for Pepsodent,
While he was a collar ad.

Frances Jones.

A Grecian Tragedy

Alpha Omega was Eta Jones' beau
One fine summer night they went for a Rho.

A silvery Mu-n beamed down on the river,
Poor Alpha Omega was all of a quiver.

They hired a Rho-boat, and each took an oar,
And, slowly but surely, pulled from the shore.

In a pretty Nu dress Eta sat by his Psi-d.
Alpha wanted to ask her if she'd be his bride.

For Eta could cook and she baked luscious Pi-s,
"As a wife," Alpha thought, "she'd be a first prize.

"Oh, Eta," said Alpha, "we pull well together,
Can't we keep right on pulling together forever?"

"You'll have to ask father," she said with a Psi.
Alpha was doubtful, but said he would try.

He asked Eta's father, who Delta cruel blow,
That landed full soundly on poor Alpha's nose.

So Alpha was Eta's first and last beau,
Thus ends at last this Greek tale of woe.

Ruth Slack.

Do You Remember

As Junior B's—

Yellow stripes on our backs—
That first lesson in history—
The May Program and the May Pole Dance—
Circus Program demonstrating attention—
Trip to the Museum and Statue of Liberty?

As Junior A's—

Weeping crocodile tears because sections
were changed—
More objective material—
Our Junior A Halloween Dance?

As Senior B's—

More wailing and gnashing of teeth—
The study of the child—
Making the rounds in History of Ed.—
Indian Play about the Vanishing of Winter
and Spring's approach, with:
Mary Kerr as Spring
Esther Brooks as Cherry Blossom
George Hayward as Youth
Henri De Olden as Old Chief
John Dobol as Electrician.
The Senior Prom—Should it be formal or
not?
Garlands we held for June, 1927, graduation?

As Senior A's—

The first lesson—
The first charge—
Black notebooks—
The waiting line in front of Miss Garlick's
office—
Rehearsals with Miss Madden—
The last Senior Prom (the one for which we
didn't have to pay)—

GRADUATION.

Finis

Class Prophecy

(Continued from Page 22)

she signals courage to reporter Reick, who stands,
with fire in her eye and idoline on her finger in the
background.

"I see (by candle-light in Charlotte's Tea
Shope in Greenwich Village), Alfreda, the poet
entertaining her loyal Muse with charming light
lyrics to the low sweet strains of the famous Hay-
ward's cornet, while near the fireplace sit the
Separatists and Nester, who philosophize moodily
and stroke the cat in turn, scowling meanwhile at
F. Polizotti and H. Izen, the stock-brokers, who
play checkers in gay movements. All six break
into sing when they hear the opening bars of
'Soap-ose I had never met you'—while Miller, a
musical critic of merit, shakes a sympathetic
head at the awful supposition and harmony.

"They sing on—and loud—and long!" The
voice stopped; the crystal-gazer put a shaking
hand to her puzzled head as I relaxed carefully—

"I see," she began with renewed vigor, "a
kaleidoscopic view of all"—

"G-r-r-r!", I interposed feebly, incapable of
standing such a strain at my age, but not mean-
ing to spoil the spell in its deepest throes. Single
pictures were wearying—but no imagination could
determine the scope of a kaleidoscopic view!

But the woman rose frigidly, took my dollar,
and lowered a bristling eyebrow. Somehow I
realized that the interview was ended. The door
closed decidedly on me and my ruffled pride.

* * * * *

"She knew a lot!" I decided at the bottom of
the stairs, "and she had remarkable discipline—
thinking of the clutched chair as I regained my
composure. "That voice!"—I bought a pair of
shoes in a little shop on Broad Avenue—"that
eye-brow!—her discipline! eyebrows
eyebrows! eye—"

I've always thought from that moment, she
must have been Mary Kerr!

HUMOR



R. Cirangole to young hopeful: "You have your shoes on the wrong feet, John."

Young Hopeful: "Yes'm, but these are the only feet I have."

* * *

Senior B's, Attention!

Now that you are looking forward to a term of actual teaching, prepare yourselves to answer any such question as the following:

Pupil: "Do Chinese people have two lungs, like everyone else?"

Teacher: "Yes."

Pupil: "Then why do they call them 'One Lung'?"

Moreover you must be very self-possessed to calmly accept such statements as follows:

Teacher: "Name a cereal."

First Pupil: "Ice cream."

Second Pupil: "Sweet Potatoes."

* * *

Means of Classifying People at P. S. N. S.

If she is loaded down with pictures and is worrying about a Geography report for Miss Shannon—she is a Junior B.

If she works diligently on a Science Project for Mr. Fox and belongs to at least five clubs—she is a Jr. A.

If she is buried in a book by Penell and Cusack or Smith, on how to teach reading—she is a Sr. B.

But—if she mutters something incoherently and looks into space, undoubtedly she is a Sr. A. thinking of a good blackboard outline.

* * *

Before and After

Before—you have taught a lesson that you think was all wrong and you enter the portal to the critic's room with heavy-laden heart—she opens her little black book—you picture yourself working in the "five and ten".

She says: "That lesson went very nicely, Miss Blank, your summary was good."

You heave a deep sigh of relief and walk home on clouds of delight.

J. Dobil: "What makes you think that old fellow is Scotch?"

H. Hedden: "I saw him licking his eye-glasses after he ate his grapefruit."

* * *

Doctor: "I don't like your heart action. You've had some trouble with Angina Pectoris."

Henri De Olden: "You're partly right, but that isn't her name."

* * *

Talkative Barber—"Shall I go over the top?"

Weary Customer—"Yes, as soon as your gas attack is over."

* * *

Conductor: "I've been on this train seven years."

Sympathetic Passenger: "That so? Where did you get on?"

* * *

R. Blumenthal: "How do you like my new police dog?"

Celia Fisher: "Police dog! He looks like a poodle."

Rose: "Sh-sh-sh—secret service police dog. He's disguised."

* * *

R. Slack: "Run upstairs and get my watch."

R. Singer: "Oh, wait awhile and it'll run down."

R. Slack: "No, it won't, ours is a winding staircase."

* * *

Favorite Foods

Historians	Dates
Critics	Dates
Plumbers	Leeks
Policemen	Beets
Clown	Capers
Gamblers	Steaks
Alienists	Nuts

✎ The Normalite ✎

✎ *Autographs* ✎

✂ The Normalite ✂

✂ *Autographs* ✂

Portraits and Awards

(Continued from Page 21)

Olga arrived at the ball with a group of nurses. All around were soldiers. Wounded, strong, happy, sad, and all kinds of soldiers; but no one whom she knew. The world about her seemed cold even in this brilliantly lighted room. Then suddenly a great general announced that the awards would be given to the soldiers who had distinguished themselves during the war. Name after name was called off. Then, as if in a dream, she heard the name,

"Captain John Dawson."

Could she be dreaming? No, it was true, for a tall, strapping soldier marched up to receive his medal. His features were hollowed, his manner grave; but as he turned to go back to his place he saw something which made a fine light spring into his face. He rushed up to Olga, and, taking her arm, he drew her from the crowded room.

Epilogue

Another Spring had come! And yet another ball! This being given to celebrate the betrothal of Olga Marinoff and Captain John Dawson.

Dr. Shaffer: "Did you get my letter?"

H. De Olden: "Yes, sir. On the inside it said, 'You are expelled'. On the outside it said, 'Return in five days'."

* * *

Miss Sautter: "Who fiddled while Rome burned?"

L. Dolan: "Hector."

Miss Sautter: "No."

Lillian: "Towser."

Miss Sautter: "Towser! What do you mean? It was Nero."

Lillian: "Well I knew it was somebody with a dog's name."

* * *

Every man is a hero to his son except the one who tries to help work his arithmetic problems.

* * *

Here lie the remains of a radio fan,

Now mourned by his many relations.

He went to a powder-mill smoking a pipe,

And was picked up by twenty-one stations.

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OTTO FISCHER

If You Are Pleased, Tell Others

If not, Tell Us.

Paterson Normal

By Nancy Gammon

Dear Paterson Normal,
To you we give praise;
Our love and our rev'rence
The whole of our days.
And though we may stray from th' encircling wall,
We'll hear in our hearts, thy soft memory call—

Oh Normal; our Normal!
We greet you with singing.
And when we are gone from
Thy dear friendly halls—
You'll still be the brightest and dearest of mem'ries,
Till mem'ries end, till day is done, and darkness falls.

Dear Paterson Normal,
The work and the play
We've shared in your halls,
We now earnestly pray,
May bind us securely, not only to you,
But to all of thy daughters, in all that they do.

Dear Paterson Normal,
The days soon pass on,
And now from thy presence
We'll shortly be gone;
But deep in our hearts is the memory green,
And we'll never forget you, and days that have been.

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