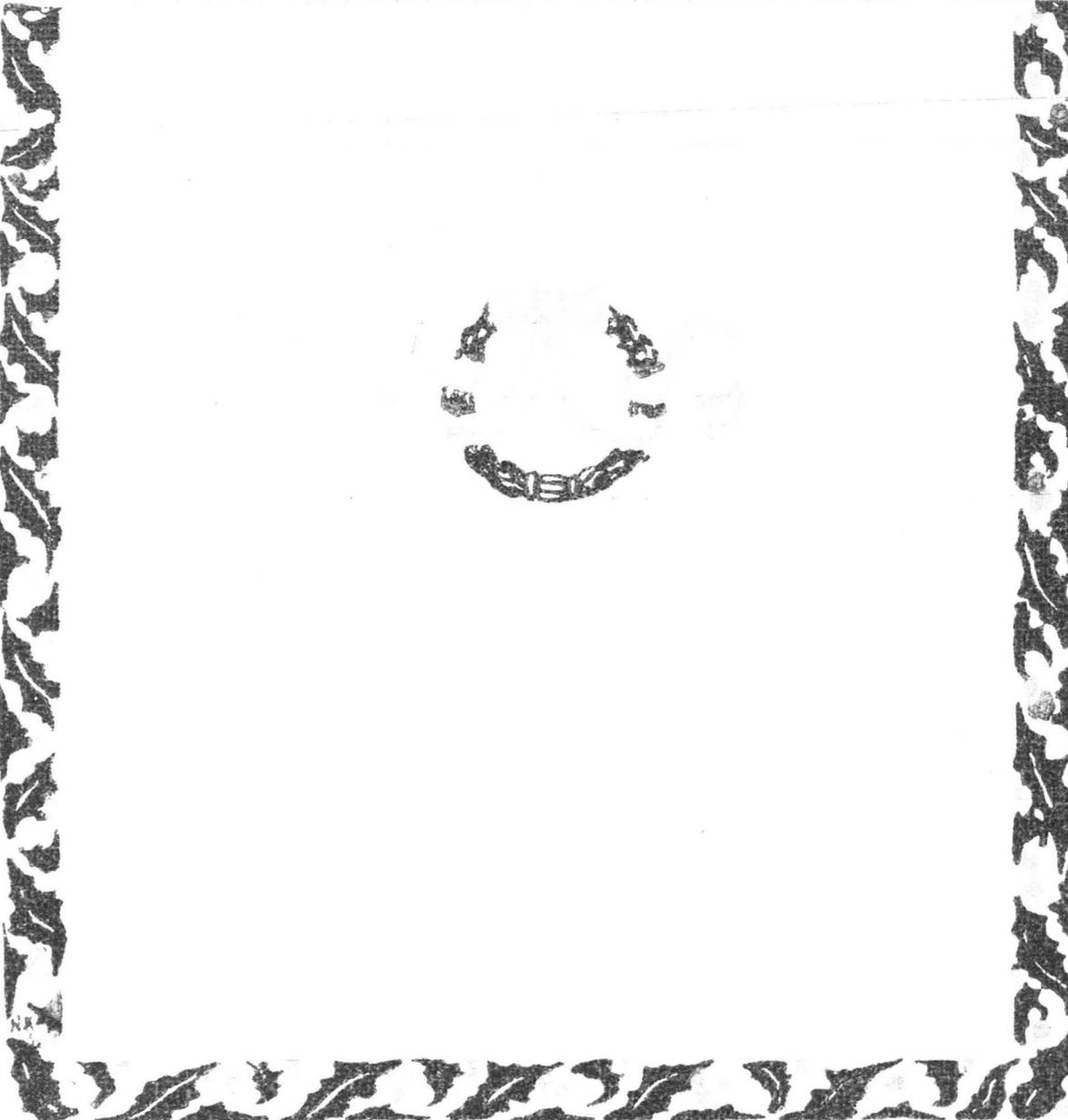


POINTED

MERRY CHRISTMAS



THE NORMAL POINTER

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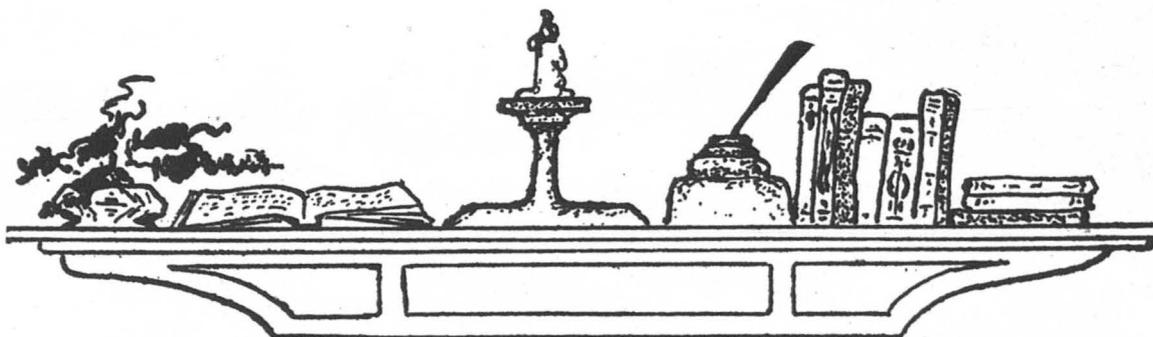
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Assistant.....LEON CARLEY

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EDITORIAL

"The Pointer" extends to all its readers its sincerest wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Vacation at last. Merry Christmas. Now, fellow students, that Thanksgiving has passed away with its savory odor of roast turkey and pumpkin pie, we turn our thoughts and hopes to the greatest of the great holidays—Christmas.

What a wonderful time is this Christmas time. Then our great flock of non-resident students, with eager step and merry eye board the train for home, while the town folk heave a sigh of relief, and go to work to prepare for the holidays; but all with the same joy and hope. The grim old text book is flung groaning into the remote corner of the desk (by most of us), the weary round of theses and experiments are left to prove their own theories, the "eight o'clocks", the plans, the everything of school life gives way to this period of relaxation. And of course, friends, you know why this is.

It's an unconscious co-operation which is practised by everyone at this time of the year. Your love for Christmas co-operates with your love to give; your love to give co-operates with your pocket book, and your pocket book in turn co-operates with the merchant, until you have purchased your desired gift, (or someone else has for you.) But now, leaving aside all illustrations, this Christmas time is

the time when all humanity for one time, at least, can agree to have one joy, one hope, and one blessing of Christmastide.

Beneath the glare of the costliest gift, the sparkle of the Christmas candles, and the beauty of the holiday decorations, burns the most powerful bond of co-operation—Love. And it is humanity's love for humanity, and and for the Higher Power that makes us all rejoice. Now is the time to feel happy. Now is the time to make others happy. Cheer up, Normalites, pass the good word along. SAY your Merry Christmas.

With our great '12-'13 basket ball season just begun we feel it our duty to push another good word along—"Stick by the team".

If there is anything essential to the success and reputation of the school's athletic activities it is the students **BEHIND** the team. The best team Coach Schneller could get together would never last if the school did not stand by it. Co-operation of students will be necessary to balance the other end of teeter.

Now get ready for the greatest season of basketball S. P. N. has ever seen. Get your megaphones, bring your purple and gold colors, bring your voice, your spirit, bring **YOURSELF**. The team will do the rest. Join the crowd that's there every minute of the game. Come.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
 Who never to himself has said:
 "This is my own, my Christmas time".
 Whose heart within him ne'er has burned
 As to his dear home he has turned
 From sixteen weeks of Normal grind;
 If such there breathe, go mark him well,
 For him no praise the "Pointer" 'll yell.
 With apologies to Scott.

Pointer Readers:-

Who is the first one to knock the "bum stories", "stale jokes", "intolerable editorials," "unreadable class notes", and "dead paper", generally?

Who says the paper belongs to the staff, and not much credit to them at that?

Who is the one that does not exert himself to find one good thing in the paper, not even an ad?

Who would be the first one to kick if we had no paper at all?

Who? YOU.

Now,—

Who is the one that hasn't the time to write a good story for the Pointer?

Who knows a good joke, but keeps it to himself?

Who is probably the person who does not subscribe, but sponges his reading off some other student's seventy-five cents?

The very same person—You.

A box will be placed in the corridor for all who desire to display their literary genius, and are too modest to hand their work to the Staff. Now get busy

Our paper goes everywhere. We are judged by it. People that don't know that Stevens Point Normal is on the map receive it, and they will probably never take the trouble to enlighten themselves concerning our existence unless we have a lively paper to arouse their interest. The paper is the mark of our school in the class book of the school world. You recite in class, write a test, and by your work you are judged, and receive a mark of varying from 0 to 100, which is placed in the little red class book. Of course you feel bad if you flunk, and your test work may flunk you. Now how is our paper graded; business management good, staff work, good; but student contribution the school's interest, our test-Nothing, -Unless you get to work and raise the standard of the Pointer, we, you, Flunk.





INTERVIEWS

The Christmas Gift of our Village

This is a tale of two Christmas Eves, how we lost and won back a great blessing; how we, in our native town, are sometimes jealous; but in the end, are true in our love for each other.

Ours is only a tiny hamlet of maybe Three Hundred people. Settled in early days on the banks of the Fox where it wriggles and doubles and glides through forests and marshes and moorlands, it has grown from a row of log huts to a cluster of simple cottages around a little white church.

This was the religious and social center of the little place. To erect it the pioneer fathers and mothers had toiled bravely, eking out the necessary funds from the scanty fruits of their labors on their sandy farms, and when it was newly finished and painted it was their dearest monument to civic pride. It was hardly less dear to their descendants; for, as the years went by, it became hallowed by many tender memories. The fairest brides in the parish went in their snowy white to its altar; infants were consecrated here to the faith of their fathers; and their dead were tenderly borne down its aisles.

But, perhaps, the most glowing recollections of the old church (for it is very old now, and has been twice re-shingled, and the Ladies' Aid has bought new carpets and papered the walls,) are of our Christmas trees and other entertainments,

For, if our town could boast no other comparison with its larger and haughtier neigh-

bors (which hold us in great contempt because we have never incorporated,) we were not at all shame-faced when "entertainments" were mentioned.

Some really fine local talent displayed itself upon our rudely constructed platforms, and the time spent by our conscientious teachers in drilling our little folk resulted in programs that drew large crowds from other towns, and, as old Hi. Stillwell said, "We aint got no electric lights, nor water works, nor autymobeels, but, by hec, we can git up an exhibition with any town in the hull county."

On one Christmas eve there was an unusually large audience in the evergreen decked church. Of course, all of us town people were there; for most of us had children who were to take part. Sleigh-loads came jingling up to the door with loads of merry young people from "the Oxford Bluffs," Sunny Flats, the Lake Shore road, and across the river.

We had a new kind of show that night called a Cantata. It was mostly singing and speaking by the younger children; but at the last, where a group of shepherds stood around a cradle representing the stable-scene on that first blessed Christmas night, the stage was darkened, and an angel appeared, and we heard our Nona's rich voice caroling out the glad tidings that Christ was born.

Didn't I tell you about our Nona? Why, she was our village pride. Just an orphan

girl, helping her aunt for her board, but with such a wonderful voice that wise ones who came to our village prophesied that she would one day do us all proud, and make our hamlet famous as her birth-place.

"The angels stand still to listen when Nona sings," said an Old Comrade, and we all knew it must be true; for sure they must get tired of just their own music.

It was Irene, Nona's friend and school-mate, who had thought up and put on this Cantata. She had no gift for singing; but could contrive little original dialogs to bring in the varied talent in the parish. She could devise and train; but then, poor girl, had to stand back of the scenes and hear others get applause for the numbers she had arranged for them.

Nona sang unusually well that night, and as the building rocked with applause after her last silvery note died away, Irene nudged me to pull down the curtain—and I caught a look of envy as she muttered, "Always Nona! I do the hard work, and she gets all the glory."

Little did she or any of us know how soon that glory was to fade.

Soon after Christmas Nona took a severe cold. It settled in her throat, and she grew so hoarse that she could only speak in whispers. For weeks she was almost dumb; then slowly her voice came back, no longer musical; but harsh and coarsened.

Poor Nona! It was pitiful to see how she clung to her one treasure. At Easter she tried to sing for us once more; but the strained voice broke on a high note, and clasping her throat, then burying her face in her hands, she sat down behind the organ. There was a sound of sobs all over church as though it were a funeral. It was one to us. We had loved so well the beautiful hope that was dead.

Irene, who was teaching in a far northern city, received a letter from her mother telling of that sad Easter service, and bowed her head upon her desk and wept. Then, so

she told me afterward, all the old ugly jealousy in her heart melted away in a better feeling of sorrow for her school-mate's misfortune.

But Irene was not one to waste time in hopeless grieving. In a few weeks she had sought specialists, and had found that Nona's case, though very critical, might yet be saved by an expensive operation. This being quite beyond the straightened means of either Nona or her Aunt, Irene decided upon a most unique idea.

When she came home for the Summer, she planned an entertainment in which there were drills and tableaux as of yore; but to the surprise of all, the solo parts were sung by Irene, who had never been induced to sing in chorus before. Every one wondered why so keen a girl should care to display so indifferent a voice; and some of our people muttered that she was pushing herself in before many better singers in the village. It seemed strange for her to spoil her own program, and invite comparison with Nona's exquisite strains.

But we knew her motive when, after singing Nona's favorite song in unmelodious tones that brought back all too vividly the exquisite rendering we had so often heard. Irene addressed her astonished hearers:

"Dear friends: To-night we've done for you our very best; but still we have failed to satisfy. We know you miss the golden voice we loved so well, To have our song-bird dumb is not her loss alone, but ours: for no one can take her place. We shared her glory, and we share her bitter loss. Shall we not join in sending her to win back for us all her glorious gift of song?"

Then, indeed, we understood how in offering her own poor voice as a comparison to Nona's, she had given up her dearest possession—her own selfish pride; and with a rush the offerings were poured into a receptacle that she placed at her feet.

That was how Nona was sent to that famous surgeon who sent her back cured in six months.

Last Christmas Eve she sang to us once more, her splendid tones deepened by train-

ing, and when we listened, we felt that the Christ-child had indeed come again with her golden message of Peace and Good Will to our village.

Christmas in Hungary

No class or people hail the coming of Christmas with joy than the Hungarian peasants of the middle class. It is a time for them when for a few days, they completely throw aside their work, forget their cares and difficulties, and make it a holy and joyous season.

Plans for obtaining money for which to make Christmas purchases have been made months hence. The peasant has saved a few sacks of grain to sell; his wife some poultry, butter, eggs, linen; the children too, often have simple, home made articles to sell. All these are exchanged for numerous things which aid in promoting the Christmas atmosphere.

The kitchen is first to be considered and stocked with provisions. Wheat flour to be made into "white" bread to take the place of rye or "black" bread, is one necessity; Coffee and the like are also gotten as a luxury, indulged in only a few times during the year. These being provided, the money left is spent for clothes. In but few cases is money spent for toys or presents of no practical use.

In this manner they attempt to provide the best food they can afford for the Christmas table. In like manner, they provide the best forage possible for their cattle and horses.

After due preparation, the time for celebration commences with much solemnity at supper on Christmas Eve. The procedure

and ceremonies which have been handed down each year with close adherence, are followed according to custom. The evening is thus spent in many interesting ways, until the time comes for midnight services in churches.

Christmas is one of quiet and meditation. The very atmosphere seems to be filled with that peace that nothing but the birth of the Redeemer could bring to earth. No visiting is done during the entire day, for custom has almost made it an offense to be seen on the street on Christmas day,

Even in the home, only the absolutely necessary work is done. The house is thoroughly swept the day before; all baking done; potatoes peeled and sometimes cooked; that the day might be spent as it should. In some homes not even a fire is kindled in the cook stoves.

The days following Christmas, however are spent in feasting and merriment. The relatives gather together, and renew family ties. The boys and girls have their fun in playing out of door games, while the older folks spend their time in visiting. To make the time still more like Christmas, short masques are prepared by different groups in the village, and played in the different homes.

Thus the time is spent, and on the fourth day every one goes back to his work with satisfaction, and a better attitude instilled in him by the joyous Christmas season.

Woodland Echoes

"Oh Mother", exclaimed Clara as she finished reading her letter, "Jane says she is coming to stay a few days with us. With her here, I will not be afraid to stay with Baby while you and father go to the party". The party, to which all the country folks had been invited, was a Christmas gathering to be given at one of the homes at the upper end of Tug Hollow.

This valley was rather narrow, and very rugged, but in spite of its surface it contained wealthy farms, on many of which were found modern homes. Clara's home was situated in a sheltered nook on one side of the valley, cut off from view of the other home by hills and rocks on three sides, while the fourth opened out into the farming section, even the school house, nestled among friendly trees on the hillside.

A few minutes walk down the valley took one into the secluded spots, where the sight of towering rocks standing out in bold relief against the gray sky, made one really think that he was in the Rockies. In the solitude of this secluded place Clara was willing to remain at home with her friend. The two girls loved to stray through the valley to these quiet nooks, as the evening shades began to lengthen, and often recited memory gems from their favorite poets.

Just at dusk on the eve of the party, while the supper work was being done, Clara's cousin Jack arrived unexpectedly from a distant city. The thought of a good, old fashioned Christmas party tempted him, but as the journey had been long, he decided to spend the evening at home.

Soon, the full moon coming up over the hill flooded the valley with its light, until it was as bright as day.

"Oh, what a fine evening to play pranks" remarked Jack, as he noted the brightness of the night.

Plans were discussed, but as all the young people of the neighborhood had gone to the party, they gave up the idea, as they must not leave the sleeping babe alone in the house. After spending a very pleasant evening in conversation, music, and games, they bade each other good night, and retired. The girls always had many secrets to tell, so it was some time before the thought of sleep came to either of them. When there was a momentary lull in the whispered confidence, a sound attracted their attention. The front door down stairs softly opened, and steps were heard inside. Thinking it some neighbor, Clara called from the bedroom door, "Who's there?" No reply. Again she called, but still no answer. Then both girls became startled, for they surely a friend would make a reply. What should they do? The more they thought about it, the more frightened they became. They called Jack, and told him that someone was in the house, and they wanted him to go down stairs and see who it was. "Not alone", was his startling answer, "you girls go along too. Get a lamp, and I will go first, but I don't want to meet the intruder alone, and in the dark."

At the head of the stairs, Jack's lamp lighting their way, they paused for further discussion of the attack to make on the thief robber, or whatever he might be. With the assurance of company, courage came to Jack, so he crept down stairs, looking about the rooms. He heard no sound in the house, but peals of laughter seemed to come through the moonlight from the hillside. "Girls", called Jack, "there is someone running up the hill, I can hear them laughing. Let's see who they are. Some one has come down from the party to surprise you; the tables are turned. Now for some fun".

By this time the girls were down stairs, ready to catch their mirthful friends. The

search was carried out of doors. Around the house, and through the orchard they went towards the hill, as farther and farther up the slope the laughter echoed back to them, but the fleeing figures faded from their sight. Soon all was still, save the lonesome hoot of distant owl, and sounds of a wagon wending its way up the winding valley.

The mystery became at once beautiful and weird in the moonlight. No trace of anyone could be found. They had gone as mysteriously as they had come. The three friends were very thoughtful and serious as they returned to the house after their midnight adventure. They knew not what to make of it, they decided to bolt the doors this time before going to their rooms.

A few days later, as the family were seated at the breakfast table, a sound was heard as if the front door were opened. The girls ex-

changed startled glances with each other, for it was a repetition of the sound they had heard on that eventful night. They both hastened to the door, and there came a face to face with ----, a pet kitten, perched on the moulding of the glass door.

As it jumped up, the door moved, sounding as if someone had opened it. Part of the mystery was thus solved. "But we heard someone laughing", said Jack.

"Perhaps some belated guests were going by", answered Clara's father. Instantly all three recalled the fact that they had heard sleigh bells in the distance. They began to laugh as it dawned on them what little cause they had had for their fright, and how their imagination had caused them to choose empty shadows through the night.

E. J. M. '13



SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

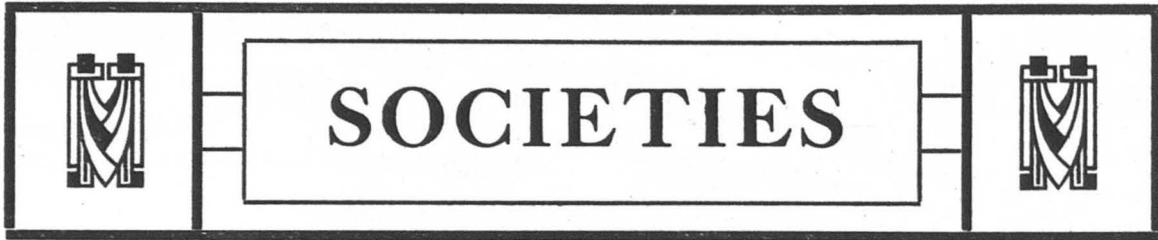
By J. C. Wilberscheid

Again the time approacheth near,
 That gay, that joyous time
 That comes to us once every year,
 In freezing winter's clime.
 Eagerly we do await
 For this day to cheer the cold,
 And prepare again to celebrate
 As they did in the days of old.
 Yes, this joyous festive day
 Is at the threshold of our door;
 When few more days have passed away,
 With us 'twill be once more.
 Happy will we all be then,
 For Peace shall reign on Earth,
 And every heart in S. P. N.
 Will be filled with joy and mirth.
 Our studious strife, it then shall cease,
 For our books we'll lay away;
 Our brain doth need this kind release
 That comes with Christmas day.
 The Normal School 'midst fields of snow,
 We then shall leave alone,
 For Christmas winds are winds that blow
 All the students home.

An Interview with St. Nick.

As I was out a strolling out of town the other night, I beheld a spectacle which was a joyous sight; for as I was sauntering down towards Plover Creek, I met a monstrous motor truck in which sat old St. Nick. I guess he didn't know me; because he drove his car right by. It greatly disappointed me; I heaved a heavy sigh. Then rapidly I turned about and let out an awful roar, and said, "Old St. Nicholas, don't you know me any more?" St. Nicholas slackened his speed somewhat as he turned his head about and took a long and searching look, and then let out an awful shout. With very rapid

motion he then put on the brake, and in less than fifteen seconds I him did overtake. I jumped into the auto's seat with a move which was really quick, grabbed the chauffeur's wrinkled hand and said, "How are you, Nick?" He said that he was glad to see me, and asked me to relate how it happened that he found me in this part of the State. Well, I explained to Nicholas, that in pursuit of Higher Knowledge I had come to Stevens Point to go to Rah! Rah! College. Then immediately a chuckle Old Nick's throat did leave, and I could see that he had something up his sleeve. He then took up the conversation and thus spake he to me, "I have on a heavy load as you can easily see. Yes, the load is very heavy, just hear the engines puff, but every single bit of it is very useful stuff. I came up to Stevens Point before Christmas vacation so as to give the Normal teachers their yearly Christmas ration. Look at yonder bunch of green, that grassy, weedy mess. Those are regular Pteridophytes that I've brot for Prof. Henry Ness. That box contains well seasoned jokes a century old or more. To Prof. Collins they will be brot, for he cracks them by the score. In that package at your foot is nice American slang. E. T. Smith it shall have to dish out with nasal twang. *Flunker's oil* is in this jug; and in that one *Anti Pass*. I've brot them for Prof. Patterson, who feeds them to his class. No, that's not blood; this but red ink which is used to paint up lesson plans. That goes to Miss Wilson. Yes, those two ten gallon cans. Here down in my waist-coat pocket I have a pretty thing which I've brot for Prof. Bowman. See—'tis a wedding ring." Here our little interview ended. I heard no more, he said for my room-mate kicked me in the ribs, and knocked me out out of bed.



SOCIETIES

OHIYESA.

The new girls visited the first meeting of the Ohiyesa Society with more or less feeling of curiosity. They wondered what the Indians were really going to do. They found them quite tame, and very much interested in the subject, everywhere under discussion, that is of "Woman Suffrage."

Many fluent speeches were made by the various members, and the demonstrations were very effective. Whether or not they agreed with the speakers' views on the subject, they were thoroughly interested in the society and decided to join the "Savage Tribe."

The Indians, like the Japanese, are able to assimilate the new ideas and customs that are introduced, and we hear of them giving a Hallowe'en program. Stories were told of its origin, and the customs in other lands; as well as incidents and pranks of the member's own experiences.

After the program, all enjoyed "bobbing for apples," and eating pop corn balls.

The best program given thus far was a Pantomime of the life of Hiawatha. The meeting was held in the Kindergarten. For this purpose one end of the room was transformed into an Indian abode. In the center was the wigwam, while behind it were tacked pine branches to represent the dark and gloomy forest. The floor was thickly strewn with dry leaves. At the door of the wigwam was a camp-fire, shown by an electric light covered with colored paper and leaves.

The principal characters were Miss Helen Stemen as Hiawatha, Miss Bessie Cook as Nokomis, Eliza Montgomery as Minnehaha,

Meta Steffeck as the Ancient Arrow-Maker, and Irene Ballard as the Brown Robed Chief. Several others, also, were dressed as Indians for minor purposes.

When this part of the program began, the lights were all turned out. Only a few candles were used behind the screen to enable the different persons to read the various selections from the poem.

Amid soft strains of music, the Indians marched into the room and seated themselves around the entrance of the wigwam. The reddish glow of the camp-fire illumined their darkly painted faces and showed to the best advantage their jeweled hands and arms. Then all arose and greeted their friends with an Indian yell.

The first scene, pictured old Nokomis seated by the door of the wigwam, rocking to sleep the little Hiawatha. It was accompanied by a low, sweet Indian melody.

In the next scene Hiawatha had grown to manhood. With his bow and arrows, he seemed to be searching for game in the forest, while at the same time was heard read him praises as a huntsman. Then we saw his fasting; how old Nokomis came to him with food, and how he only motioned her away, and she departed weeping.

In third scene, Hiawatha told Nokomis of a maiden he had seen in the land of the Dakotas. She told him not to bring there any idle person, or one of a different Nation; but he finally persuaded her, and started off on his journey.

Then it took us to the home of the Ancient Arrow-maker, who was seated by his wigwam. Beside him sat his daughter, the loveliest of all maidens. From the forest came Hiawatha, dropping his burden at the feet of Minnehaha,

She immediately arose and prepared food for both of them. Then Hiawatha asked the old man for his daughter. He in turn consulted Minnehaha as to her wishes. She rose and walked over to Hiawatha and seated herself beside him.

The scene of the famine was next shown. We saw Hiawatha praying in the forest for food for Minnehaha, who lay dying. On his return to the wigwam, and finding her dead, he fell down on his knees and wept long and silently.

Hiawatha overcame his great sorrow later, and the next scene pictured him as greeting very kindly, the Brown Robed Chief, who came with words of cheer and comfort to tell the people of Christ their Saviour.

Not long after the arrival of the White man, Hiawatha told his people of his intended departure. All the red men flocked to him to bid him a last farewell. With a smile upon his face, he entered his canoe and sailed away as he had told them—

**“To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah!
To the Land of the Hereafter.”**

Following the strenuous work of Final week, the Ohiyesa deemed it advisable to give a Relaxation Program, and at seven fifteen you could see the braves gathering from all quarters, bearing with them their pillows of soft down. The interesting debate, the restful talks, and the soothing music, cast a spell upon the listeners who were comfortably seated in groups about the room.

When the spell at last was broken, all began to discuss the plans for the next meeting, when they were to entertain the Arena Society in true Roman style.

When the evening came, the Arenaites were welcomed at the door of the gymnasium by the customary grunt of the Indians. They then enjoyed a literary treat—songs, orations, and poems being given in their

own Latin language, Virgil, Cæsar, and Cicero, who were represented in costume by Rose Maloney, Dorothy Hamilton, and Kyren Kittleson. So that all might enjoy the program some of the numbers were given partly or wholly in English, including the conversation of the ghosts of Rome.

Perhaps the most exciting features of the evening were the Roman sports. How the people applauded when the chariots swung into the arena drawn by fiery steeds. The signal was given. The race was on. Cheer after cheer went up as the well trained animals held to their course even after the driver had been thrown from his commanding position. The winner circled around to the center, and amid the joyous shouts was crowned with laurel.

Soon all eyes were turned toward the approaching figure which proved to be a gladiator—full armor. The second figure was even more startling. The gladiator was to combat with a powerful hungry Black Bear. Thrust after thrust was made by the trained swordsman, as again and again the bear rose on its hind feet and made a lunge at the enemy. For some time the victory was doubtful, but a clever movement of the gladiator made him the hero, and as the spectators awarded him the honors, the victim was dragged from the scene of action to give place to the champion gladiator of previous combats of this sort.

Each of two successful gladiators showed much skill in handling their own swords, and in evading that of the other. They surprised every one very much when they simultaneously threw aside sword, shield, and helmet, and began a hand to hand struggle. So nimble and active were they. Now here, now there! First one having the advantage, and then the other. It was all done so quickly that before anyone realized it, the conqueror stood with head proudly erect, sword in hand, with one foot resting on the form of his fallen foe.

The Indians have been doing good work, and are very enthusiastic. They are always ready and willing to co-operate with the committees, and to aid in every way possible. Neither are they found wanting in attendance or reliability. It is rumored that the Christmas gift which they will bring us will display unusual ability and thoughtful preparation.

Arena.

Since the first meeting on the fourth of October, the Arena has met regularly every Friday evening, with the exception of a few evenings which were set aside for other activities of the school. I will mention some of the more interesting programs which have been given since the first issue of this paper. On the evening of October 18 a Mock Contest was held. The program was as follows:

Debate: Resolved, that it is for the best interests of the U. S. that the S. P. N. students should bluff.

Affirmative—Adelaide Williams;

Negative—Gladys Levenseller.

Orations.....Fay Holum, Loretta Boursier.

Instrumental Music.....Helen Collins.

Readings....Tena MaCallin, Ruth Beattie.

Vocal Music,.....Sarah Loan, Mable Rice.

The judges were, Jessie Burce, Agnes Morissey, and Mrs. Short. The program was humorous throughout, and the decision rendered was; "It takes the Irish to beat the Dutch." This was not only amusing, but revealed some very good talent, which will be made use of in the contest with the other society.

On the evening of Oct. 25 the following officers were elected for the new quarter;

President—Mabel Rice.

Vice Pres.—Jessie Burce.

Secy.—Loretta Shilling.

Treas.—Ethel Paulson.

The most interesting and entertaining program given this year was the Country School held Nov. 1. Those who took part in the work of the School were: County Supt.

Adelaide Williams; Clerk of the School Board Mable Rossman; Secy. of the School Board—Olive Garwick; Treas. of the School Board—Lulu Moll; Teacher—Gladys Levenseller; Pupils—Jessie Burce, Ruth Beattie, Loretta Boursier, Merce Williams, Agnes Morissey, Fay Holum, Irene Wilhelm.

When the school bell rang the children poured in after the usual fashion of country school children. After much talking and some forceful persuasion on the part of the teacher, the children were finally made to understand that this was to be a sort of gala day, as the school was to be visited by the County Supt. The pupils did excellent work in Phonics, pronouncing such words as "Levenseller," "Wilberschied", by the use of phonograms. After the school work was completed the pupils gave a short program for the entertainment of the visiting officials. Supt. Williams not quite satisfied with the rendering of "Mary had a little lamb", with her great command of oratory, presented it as it should be. Then little Fay Holum, whose power of imitation is great, gave it exactly as it should be given. Each of the visitors then gave it exactly as it should have been given. In order to show the pupils the standard of of classical music, to which it was hoped the school might attain, Clerk Rossman played a piano solo, and Secy. Garwick sang a classical song. Shortly before dismissal the school was favored by a visit from Pres. Sims of S. P. N.

After recess school was called, and the Supt. told the pupils that in appreciation of the work they were doing, the visitors had furnished a treat, but upon going for it, discovered that some of the mischievous boys from the neighboring school had taken all the treat but a few grapes, However. the children enjoyed the grapes, and expressed the wish that hungry boys were enjoying the bananas equally as much.

On Nov. 8 a musical program was presented, followed by initiation of the new members. It is pleasing to note the number

of students this year who have voluntarily joined either of the societies. Many new members were added to the roll since the first of the year, but there are still a number of girls in the school who have not yet joined either society. It is for your own good as well as a help to the society that we urge you to join. If you miss the society life, you are losing something which you will afterwards regret.

One of the most charming receptions given in the Gym this year was the reception tendered the Romans by the Indians, Nov. 24. The Arena takes this opportunity of thanking their sister society for the royal entertainment given them. It was intensely amusing to the Romans to witness the attempts of so savage and uncultured a tribe to imitate the manners, customs, and even the speech of civilized people. So twisted and contorted were some of the speeches, that they might have been taken as bitter sarcasm, but coming as they did, from a people who understood not themselves what they were saying, we pardon all to ignorance of our language, and enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

Through the hustle and worry of school, we often forget the regard due our fellow students; we even become disturbed over petty differences, but at this time of the year something better and greater creeps into our hearts, and swallows up the little feelings. And as this year of 1912 closes, through this issue of the Pointer, the Arena wishes to extend to its sister and brother societies the feeling of good fellowship, which the Christmas Spirits brings.

Forum Atheneum.

The work of the Forum-Atheneum is getting better slowly but surely. At last the boys who are taking part in the programs are doing their level best to accomplish the purposes of the society; but as yet there are also a large number who do not attend the meeting. Boys, get busy and see what the Society can do for you in the line of Public Speaking.

At present the boys are working hard for the Public Program which will be given at some date after the holiday recess. The program is as follows:

Song.....Glee Club.

Reading.....Martin Rieschl.

Current Events..Otto Schreiner.

Vocal Solo.....Norman Knutzen,

Debate, Resolved, that women be given the right of suffrage.

Affirmative—

Myron Williams.

Alvin Peterson.

Clarinet Duet—

Negative:

Earl Edes,

Harold Brady.

Leslie Hanson,

Earl Moxon.

Recitation—Willis Clack.

Parliamentary Practise George Messer

Song—Glee Club.

The officers elected for the second quarter are.

Pres,.....Lynn Grover.

Vice Pres.....Alvin Peterson.

Secy,.....Leon Carley.

Treas.....Arthur Murphy

Segeant-at-Arms—Launcelot Gordon.



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

At the regular meeting on October 17, Foril Ostrum lead, the topic being "Opportunity". The subject was presented well, and the meeting was a pleasant one. It was held in the kindergarten room, because the Treble Clef were practicing in the art annex, thus making it impossible for any other meeting on the third floor.

Irene Ballard lead the meeting of October 24th. The meeting was a Bible meeting so she chose for her topic "The Parables of Jesus", elaborating considerably upon two parables, those of the "Hidden Treasure" and "The Sower".

The fourth devotional meeting of each month is devoted to some missionary topic. The association will study Japan and its people for some time. The first lesson was presented by Sarah Loan. Miss Loan had many fine ideas on Japan, having taken that course while at the Geneva Conference.

Because of so much work we held no meeting examination week, but the following Thursday one of the largest meetings of the year was held. Nearly every girl was present. The meeting was called a Committee Rally Meeting. Each chairman met with her committee and made their plan for the rest of the quarter. Many good things are in store for the Association. After the business was attended to all came together and enjoyed a social time. Refreshments were served by the social committee.

The hour for the regular meeting on Nov. 21st was spent on preparations for the carnival. Time had to be taken to assign

special work and urge the girls to strive to make it a success.

One of the aims of the Association is to create more school spirit among the girls. The first step taken toward this was the "At Home" party given on the 30th of October. There were four hostesses, two association girls, Ruth Arneson and Edna Taylor, and the two girls who were not association girls, namely Ruth Hetzel and Hilda Kaiserman. The girls and the lady members of the faculty were entertained in the kindergarten room. A musical program was rendered with the following numbers:

Vocal Solo..... Olive Garwick

Vocal Solo..... Miss Menaul

Vocal Solo..... Miss Parkhurst

After this every one participated in singing college songs. Cocoa and wafers were served.

Mrs. Walbridge, a patroness of the Y. W. C. A. of this school invited groups A and B of the association girls out to her home, at the River Pines Sanitorium last Saturday.

At about half past eleven, twenty-five association girls and Miss Bronson, as chaperon, left the Soo Depot for a tramp of two and one-half miles to the Sanitorium. Each girl carried her own lunch and everyone seemed to be in a jolly mood. It seemed no time before we were in the beautiful home of Dr. and Mrs. Walbridge. After removing our wraps and raffling off the lunch boxes

for peanuts we proceeded to the dining room where we were served with coffee and punch in addition to our lunches.

The afternoon was spent in roaming about the woods, visiting the paper mills and becoming acquainted with the buildings within the Sanitorium grounds, after which Mrs. Walbridge entertained us with selections on their Victorola. But it soon began to turn dark and we were compelled to leave, after thanking Mrs. Walbridge for the delightful way in which she helped us spend the afternoon.

One of the best "Entertainments" of the school year so far was the Y. W. C. A. Carnival. Altho the carnival wasn't as large as usual in the number of attractions and the attendance it cannot help but be called a success because of the spirit that was shown on the part of those taking part and those attending.

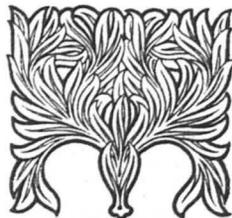
The most entertaining feature of the evening was "Amateur Night" presented by the members of the Dramatic Club coached by Mr. Smith. There were several numbers on the program of which the following is the order:

Captain Billy Brown's Double Quartet
Impersonations.....Helen Stemen
Negro Lullaby.....Bernice Bentley

Cartoonist.....Norman Knutzen
Folk Dance...Madame Marano and
Company
Pantomine....]Marion Weltman
]Mercy Williams
Oration.....J. C. Wilberscheid
An experience of Mr. Dooly
with microbes....Charles Fulton
Illustrated Song...Miss Carver and
Company
Farce—Aunt Jemimas' Money
Aunt Jemima.....Tina McCallin
Miss Mary.....Kathryn Wilson
Miss Mary's Sister...Ruth Peterson
Sarah Bounce, servant girl
Gladys Levenseller

In the gymnasium there were arranged a number of interesting features among which were the Katzen Jammer Castle, Pigmy Girls Fortune Telling and a booth in which a noted phrenologist predicted the future attainments of the aspiring youths and maidens. Many were interested in the candy, ice cream and hot lunch booths. After expenses are paid the association expects to clear about twenty-two dollars.

The executive committee wishes to express its earnest appreciation for the general help given them by the students of the school, as well as association girls and Mr. Smith who was so willing to devote his time and attention which helped so much in making the entertainment a success.





On November 21 a reunion of the following S. P. N. students was held at Madison: Florence Anna Ziegler, Ellen Wheelock, Hazel Lee Sheldon, Edith M. Olson, Theresa Gleason, Alice Keegan, Herbert Steiner, Clara A. Whitney, Pearl Drew, Alma Wosocki Estelle Wells, Vivian Hainer, O.R. Weinandy, Thos. M. Olson, Edward Mach, H. J. Ninman, Elmer Geraldson. D. W. Kumm.

At this reunion a club known as the S. P. N. Alumni Club was formed. The following officers were elected:

Pres. Thos. Olson.

Sec'y. and Treas. Edward Mach.

Committee on Entertainment and Program: Weinandy, Miss Keegan.

Mr. Sims and Mr. Hippensteel were away visiting schools the first week in December.

For the past few years Mr and Mrs. Hyer have entertained at their home all Seniors who did not go home at Thanksgiving time. This year covers were laid for fourteen, and a sumptuous dinner was served. All agreed in declaring Mr. and Mrs. Hyer ideal hosts.

The following members of the faculty attended the Teacher's Convention at Milwaukee; Pres. Sims, Prof. Ames, Phelan, Hyer, Olson, Schneller, Collins, Flanagan, Parkhurst, Vail, Bronson, Fecht, Gilruth.

Miss Flanagan gave a talk at the convention on the subject "Elementary Hand Work". She discussed two phases of the handwork we do here, weaving, and its re-

lation to design, and application as it is developed at the Normal, and all over pasting, which deals with the making of useful objects made from strawboard or tagboard as foundation, and covered with paper or textile. This talk was illustrated with examples of work done along these lines in the elementary handwork classes in the Normal.

Stevens Point, Wis., Nov. 4, 1912.

To the Alumni of the Stevens Point Normal School.

Dear friend:

Your Alma Master stands, first, for strong physical development, second, for the development of character and, third, for high intellectual training, believing in disciplining the mind, awakening enthusiasm and fitting for the teaching career. The diploma graduates now number over seven hundred, and reports concerning them in their fields of work indicate that they are filling their position with credit to themselves and with honor to the school. The Normal considers its Alumni as interested and intelligent partners in the conduct of the school and invites its hearty cooperation, knowing that its efficiency will be greatly increased by the loyal and enthusiastic support of every alumnus.

The Domestic Science courses have been reorganized into two and three year courses for High School graduates and a five year course for others. A general Domestic Science course for students not intending to

teach was introduced September 1912. Sixty students are enrolled exclusively in these courses.

The normal schools are junior colleges open to high school graduates. Students can now take the first two years of college work here without going far away from home and secure such training at the maximum efficiency at the minimum of expense.

A two years' course preparing students for teaching in the rural schools was opened in September. The director of this course, in combination with the teacher of Agriculture, is doing purposeful extension work in the Portage County rural schools.

The courses in physical training have been improved through more effective organization of the work, through the employment of a women physician who devotes her time and energy to the physical needs of the students in the several normal schools and through the employment of a coach in athletics who ranks as a regular member of the faculty.

These extensions have necessitated the employment of additional faculty members, the total now being thirty-one, three of whom are alumni of the school.

There is a demand for our graduates, far exceeding the supply. This demand, with its recognition by superintendents and prospective students, has resulted in an enrollment of three hundred sixteen, an increase of thirty-six over a year ago.

A kitchen for the use of the grades has been equipped in the basement. During the past year over \$3000 has been expended for scientific apparatus. Extensive additions

have been made to the library. At Commencement last June the class 1910 presented two statues, to-wit: "The Minute Man" and "The Medicine Man", finished in bronze. \$350 will be spent on athletic equipment.

Provision has been made for the construction next year of an East Wing to the building, which will house, on the first floor the Domestic Science department and on the second floor make possible a splendid auditorium for assembly purposes, the old assembly room to be converted into a library.

It is the plan to construct a moderate priced cottage, possibly two, in which the young women of the Senior Domestic Science will live in turn, in groups of four, for short periods, putting into practice the principles taught in the department.

The school desires the heartiest cooperation of its alumni. It will be pleased to hear of you and your work. It invites you to report the names of prospective students and it will appreciate any effort, personal or otherwise, that will result in an increased student body of ambitious young men and women of character, these making a strong school. The Normal suggests that you organize in your locality a Stevens Point Normal School Club to meet occasionally for the purpose of entering into that fellowship which strengthens the cords of professional spirit and loyalty to the Purple and Gold. It hopes to see you in generous numbers at the next Alumni Banquet, prays for your success and is ready at all times to render you its best services.

Cordially Yours,
John F. Sims, President.





MUSIC



These last weeks there has been great activity along the musical lines in our school. We have enjoyed the Becker Recital, the Treble Clef Club Operetta, and other short musical entertainments.

On Nov. 15th the Treble Clef entertained the school and public with a magnificent performance of the operetta, "The Japanese Girl". It was the last appearance of the Club under the direction of Miss Menaul, and we are safe in saying that the performance was an entire satisfaction to the large audience as well as to Miss Menaul. The principals, Misses, Menaul, Hetzel, Trowbridge, Stemen, Steffek, Todd, and Hodges impressed with their fine singing and clever acting, while the choruses were well balanced and well rendered. Great credit is also due to the Misses Flannagan, Hitchcock and Bronson, under whose capable supervision, the scenery, costumes, and dancing, added to the success and beauty of the performance.

On November 19 Ludwig Becker, violin virtuoso, gave the school and people of Stevens Point a musical entertainment which will take its place among the best of musical attractions ever presented in this city. Mr. Becker's program consisted of selections from Strauss, Wagner, Wieniawski, Kriesler, Saint-Saens, and several other of the standard composers. They were rendered with beauty and ease, mastery of technique, and wonderful artistic temperament.

His accompanist, Mr. Granquist, pleased with his artistic accompaniments as well as with his solos; which showed a beautiful tone and well developed technic. It is hoped that in the future more entertainments of this standard will be offered the students of this school.

A rejuvenation of old time school spirit has been accomplished by the organization of a Boy's Glee Club. At the first meeting the following officers were elected:—

Pres.— Norman Knutzen.
Vice Pres.— Alvin Peterson.
Secy.— Leslie Hanson.
Tres.— Earl Edes.

Members of the Club are:— Garthwait, Fulton, Schanen, Oden, O'Connell, Young, Knutzen, Hanson, Van Tassel, Peterson, Edes, Johnson, Moxon, Anderson, Murphy, Rieschl, Gordon, Ostrum, Conant, Carley. Rehearsals are held weekly, and preparations for a concert to be given some time after the holidays are being made. Music books have already been sent for, and it is hoped that the Club will hold its own with the musical organizations of the school.

On Nov. 26 Miss Menaul gave her farewell appearance to the school by rendering vocal solos which were thoroughly appreciated, and encored. The Orchestra, under her direction, and to our pleasure, played some fine orchestral numbers, during the chorus period.

The school regrets very much the departure of Miss Menaul, and wishes her all success and happiness in her new position. Her successor, Miss Baker, will assume her duties after the holidays. In the meantime the chorus is being directed by Miss Parkhurst.

An S. P. N. Band has been organized the following officers have been chosen to lead the organization:

Pres.— Leslie Hanson.
Vice Pres.— Sidney Murat.
Secy.— Gla Fuller.
Director.— Earl Moxon.

Rehearsals have been started, and the Band will soon, it is hoped, entertain the school with some selections.



The Senior Halloween Party.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 2, the Senior class entertained the Juniors at a Halloween Party. We cannot say that they were only entertained in the Gym, for on every floor of our vast building, mysterious looking Seniors had stationed themselves in their grewsome dens.

Each Junior made his or her entry into the building by sliding down a plank. After this "rapid transit", two ghosts grabbed hold of the powerless Juniors, and took them on the great and wonderful tour through the weird realms of Ghostdom. Down long, dark halls they passed, deathly silent, except for the moaning and shrieking of the ghosts. From the "tombs of their ancestors" to the "River of Styx", they were hurried, finally entering the Senior Hades, where they pledged allegiance to the Senior Class.

From here they entered the Gym, which was beautifully decorated with long streamers of the Senior colors—green and white. In every window a saucy jack-o-lantern gleamed among the branches, while in two corners of the Gym were stationed the booths of the fortune tellers. The entire room was dimmed by the decorations on the lights, making the general effect strictly, "Halloween".

Games were played, and light refreshments served. The Senior Halloween Party is an annual event, and next year this year's victims will have an opportunity to "torment" the new Juniors.

After a very heated debate the class rings and pins were finally selected, and will be here before Christmas. The pins are a small round seal of Roman Gold, with the date and letters raised. For the rings, the same seal has been set on a heavy band of dull gold.

A committee consisting of Lucy Keyasky, Helen Stemen, Ruth Hetzel, J. C. Wilberscheid, and Norman Knutzen has been selected to aid in the selection of the class play. As we are getting to work so early in the year, we expect a better class play than has ever before been staged.

While most of the Faculty members were at the Milwaukee Convention, some of Seniors took possession of the rostrum, and entertained the school during opening exercises. Mr. Sims was represented by J. C. Wilberscheid, who showed great skill in impersonation. Mr. Brown was with us again in the person of Charles Fulton, who gave us a highly instructive talk on "The Self-Made Man". We hardly expected a visit from Miss Pearson so soon after her departure, but were delighted with the little that Mable Rice left with us. Worth Dafoe, as Pres. Carrier of Carrol College, spoke on "Honesty in the Schoolroom"; while last but not least a noted suffragette—Helen Stemen, spoke on the cause of Woman Suffrage.

Several of the Alumni have visited the School lately; Miss Reyan '10, Myrle Young '11, Alice Garvin, '12, and Florence Lincoln, '12.

JUNIORS

The Junior German Class is reading one of Lessing's plays entitled. "Minna Von Barnhelm". The Sophomores are reading with the Juniors this quarter. Those who were in the class last quarter are reading the fifth act of "Mary Stuart" alone. At least we think they are.

On the evening of Nov. 2 the Seniors entertained the Junior Class at the annual Halloween Party. The guests were entertained by taking a very realistic trip through Hades. None of the horrors within the power of man to devise were omitted.

The Calendar Committee is perfecting its plans for the Calendar, and work will be well under way in a very short time.

The German Class devotes a few minutes each day to throat and mouth exercises, to aid in pronunciation. This part of the work is very entertaining, when the class recites in concert.

Mr. Patterson: "Should the custom of shaking hands when people meet. become permanent?"

Mr. — "I think it should, because it shows affection, and it's the only way we have of showing affection, — I mean- it's the best way."

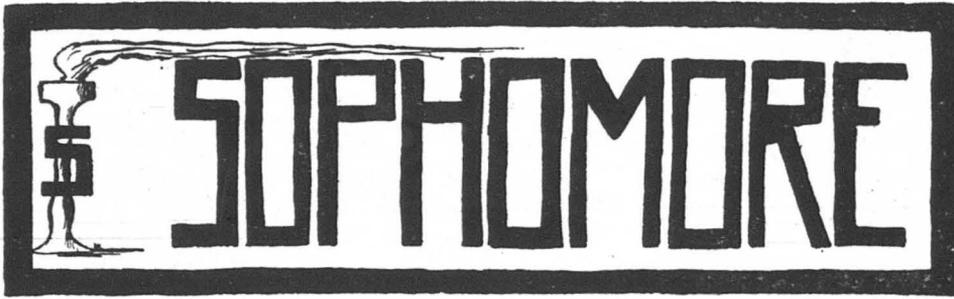
The first preliminary contest for the Junior Debate was held Thursday evening, Dec. 5. The number of students who entered the Contest this year was just double the amount of contestants last year.

All those who took part in the contest gave evidence of their loyalty to their class and school, and their readiness to work for its honor. Those who were victorious in the preliminary debates are to be congratulated, for their success is undoubtedly due, in a large measure to conscientious work and effort, in addition to what ever ability they possess. Great credit is also due to those who entered the contest, and were unsuccessful. The greater their effort, the stronger must be the efforts, of a victorious team to defeat them.

The successful contestants in the preliminary debate are: Worth Dafoe, Earl Edes Clarence Strand, and Miss Lillia Johnson.

The Junior Class is deeply grateful to all those who took part in the contest, for surely, with such a splendid enthusiasm as you have shown, the rest of the class ought to fall in line and match your loyalty with ours.





SOPHOMORE

It is with a feeling of humble pride that we again dip our trusty quill into the fountain of darkness, and proceed to scrawl off the Sophomore notes. However, we are sorry to relate that, putting it in the time worn and weather beaten phrase used by the last seventeen generations, "News is scarce". The only thing of interest, that occurred to arouse any amount of excitement as well as enjoyment was the Sophomore-Freshmen Reception.

We all know that the World's Fair and the Presidential Nominating Convention require a large amount of preparation, but they were not 'in it' at all when compared with the amount of preparation necessary in order to make the reception a success. On the afternoon of the festive day, just as the clock in the Polish church steeple proclaimed that one third the time between dinner and supper had already elapsed, a little group of Sophs and Freshies entered the Gym, and began the work of decoration. Decoration, yes that was a task. The Sophomore colors yellow and white were on the deck, but low and behold, the Freshmen had neglected to secure their colors, green and white. Immediately the president of the Freshies, in his authoritative manner, used his executive power to appoint one Frank Hyer as a committee of one, to go down town and purchase the colors. Frank sped his trusty "walko-

mobile" to such a rate that Detective Pinkey had to warn him regarding the speed limit. Soon he returned, but informed us that there was no green crepe paper in town. What was to be done? Many suggestions were offered, but none seemed to satisfy. Finally, the president of the Sophs thought of an excellent scheme. Said he: "I think that the idea of getting green paper is an extravagant waste of money anyway. Why the Freshmen are naturally so green that you could not notice green paper anywhere. You see, there wouldn't be any contrast." Although somewhat "hushified" the Freshmen had to admit that Blume's logic was uncondemable. Soon the decorations were completed, except the Freshmen president's hair cut, which was later executed by means of a broken window glass, and rumor has it that with the aid of a microscope Willard Newton found seventeen sprouted whiskers, which he proceeded to demolish with a kitchen knife.

The reception was a great success, but as our friend, the Freshmen editor, who has considerable "barditic" ability, has promised to write it up in 'barditic' form, we leave the task to him.

Prof.- Blume, give me your definition of the word "love".

Blume-Love is an ecstatic sensation that renders the unfortunate victim utterly destitute of common sense and good judgment.





The Freshman-Sophomore Reception

Listen, kind reader,
And without deception,
I'll attempt to describe
The F.-S. Reception.

On the Sixteenth of November,
With vigor and vim,
We labored three hours,
To fix up the Gym.
And all the guests said,
"What a pleasing effect,"
For with our class colors,
The walls were bedecked.

The Faculty turned out,
A generous number,
In fact, 'twas a shame
To keep them from (their) slumber.
But we were all pleased
To have them attend,
And to each in their turn,
The glad hand did extend.

As each one came in,
He was given a slip,
Upon which were directions,
With which class to ship.

Bowman and Herrick,
Both went to the Sophs;
While Olson and Schneller,
Those two loyal Profs.,
Stuck by the Freshmen,
As wise people would.
And each fought for his class,
The best that he could.

That Bowmans' a walker,
Of ability rare,
He and Ed. Weston,
Would make a fast pair.
And now ye poor scribe
Is grievously sore,
For he thot that Prof. Bowman
Couldn't walk any more.
For what did that
Wondrous gentleman do
But walk off with two honors
For the Sophomore crew.

Profs. Olson and Herrick,
Each were heroes that night,
And each worked for us
With all of his might.

Now comes Schneller,
An Athlete great.
But, alas! that night,
He fell out with fate.
The Freshies one best bet
Was he,
Who never drinks
Cocoa, Coffee, or Tea!

But as he was running,
We thot he had starr'd,
His heels flew up,
And he sat down hard.
Though doomed to defeat,
He still was game,
And won for himself
Everlasting fame.

The Sophomores beat us,
By a margin slim,
Which would not have happened
Had we been in trim.

Then, Mr. Sims
The trophy gave 'way,
Which the Sophomores will keep,
'Till a year from that day.
It was a goblet,
Of beauty rare,
Sent down on a special,
Direct from Eau Claire.
'Twas made of cut glass,
Burnished with gold,
And indeed was a gift,
That a king might behold.

The beauteous present,
Which we'll see no more,
Cost only Ten Cents,
At Prink's Department Store.

Then most of those present,
Gave us a speech.
After which we walked home,
Side by each.

But of Newton and Hyer (Jr.),
I'll say no more,
For each one lingered,
At another door.

In every way,
Our Reception was great,
And we'll give another,
At a later date.

A Word to the Wise is Sufficient:

Oh! Freshmen dear, and did you hear,
Sad news that's going round?

The Faculty have got the "bug,"
To wipe us in the ground.

When Spin. arose to give his speech,
He gave it with a will,

But proud were all the Freshmen,
To be both barrel and swill.

No more we'll show our colors,
That were once so fair and brave,
For soon we shall have dwindled,
To a mere swill barrel stave.

A Christmas Prayer.

Oh! Santa, you're kind,
Of mortals the best,

Now please try to answer,
Each coming request.

What you bring to the Seniors,
I don't care a pin.

But I'm sure they'll expect,
A long-sought-for sheep-skin.

You may give to the Juniors,
Who harvest good crops,

That which they seek for,
Those large cherry tops.

Here comes a Sophomore,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Give him a sit down,
And send him home to pa.

And now to the Freshmen,
Who must be on your list,

Dear Sir, won't you bring us,
The right to exist?





The Sub-Freshmen and Rural School Course students gave a reception, Nov. 21, which was enjoyed by all who were present. Supper was served by eight of the girls; and if you would like to know what was served, ask some of the Senior girls; or perhaps "Monty" could tell you, because he got a "hand out" from one of the girls in the kitchen.

After supper, games were played. At about this time Mr. Phelan and Mr. Herrick appeared. Supper was of course over, but they enjoyed the last feature of the program which was a race between the students of the Rural School Course and the Sub-Freshmen. The Rural School people own their defeat in a "foot race", but it is still to be proven that they can be beaten in a "mental race".

The class in Geography 2 took a trip to Custer and Stockton, Saturday, Nov. 16. The day was rather cold and dark, so every body had to keep busy to keep warm. Some glacial drift, moraines, and out wash plain were examined and observed.

While returning to Stockton, after the close of the work, we were fooled by a freight train, which we thought was our passenger train, and all started for Stockton at a sixty mile pace, but were soon overtaken

by the freight which stopped as it reached us, and so we slowly walked into Stockton. We were obliged to wait there almost until one o'clock, before the train brought us back to Stevens Point, cold and hungry.

What we would like to know:-

Who gave Martin R. the sandwiches the night of the reception?

What makes Voigt tremble so in Psychology class when called to recite?

What was Bruno Vetter thinking about when Miss Pat---e---s--- called, "come on, honey bunch"?

What W--ar--n Z-y---rt did with one of his pictures?

Does Miss F--n---n think it is fun to make Pointer cuts?

Why Mr. H--ri--k pays so much attention to the "little girls"?

Mr. Ph--a-: May I please see you a moment, Martha?

Martha: Why, I guess so.

Mr. S--nd---r asks a question.

Miss Bu--ey: "No".

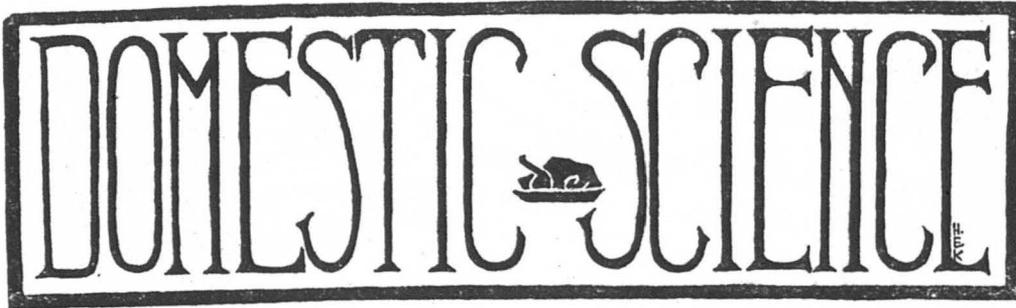
Mr. S. : "What was that?"

Miss B. : "O, I mean yes".

Nr. S.: "I know lots of girls who meant "yes" when they said "no".



DOMESTIC SCIENCE



The work in the Domestic Science Department since the publication of our last number, has been exceptionally good as well as very interesting. The studies of the quarter are practically the same as those of the previous quarter, the only change being the different phases of work which are being carried out in their various branches,

It is to be noted that Thanksgiving and Christmas occur during the second quarter, and these holidays offer opportunity for the students to put into practice the knowledge gained in cookery. Since the class in cookery had work in preparing, stuffing, roasting, carving and serving of fowls as well as baking of cakes and pies, they undoubtedly made good use of this training by assisting in making Thanksgiving dinners, and who did not go home during the recess will surely have an opportunity to do so at Christmas time.

At the time of this writing Christmas is but three weeks from us and during this period more work in connection with preparing and serving meals will be covered. A thorough study is being made of the food in the home. This is as interesting as instructive.

Since the girls, who finished their work in cookery this quarter and are soon to take

up serving in the dining room, lessons have been given in setting tables according to good form. The class is also learning duties of "hostess" and "waitress"

The Household management class composed of Senior Domestic Science girls are studying housekeeping from the professional standpoint, and have made a close study of typical and ideal budgets.

The sewing classes have made the cooking aprons to be used in cookery next quarter. Crocheting and knitting have also been taught and many useful articles have been made—the latter serving as Christmas presents.

At the time of the Business Mens' visitation to our school, the Domestic Science girls served coffee and sandwiches to them and to the Faculty, in the dining room.

The following day the cooking class enjoyed an informal party in the dining room. All enjoyed a pleasant hour.

The Superior Normal foot ball team not only received a taste of S. P. N. foot ball—but they were also given a taste of S. P. N. cookery, prepared by the girls of the D. S. department, who served a luncheon to both the home and the visiting teams.





With the ushering out of the football season, indoor baseball was ushered in. Seven teams were organized, six being composed of students and one of the faculty members. The boys team were guided by Captains— Oden, Fulton, Williams, Schreiner, Waite, and Alf Anderson. The faculty team, being composed of "All Star Athletes" needed no captain. Perhaps it would be better to say that Coach Schneller was captain ex-officio.

The six captains together with Coach Schneller drafted a schedule for the season. The Final standing of the teams was as follows:

Team	won	lost	percentage
Oden	4	0	1000
Williams	4	2	667
Faculty	3	3	500
Schreiner	2	3	400
Waite	2	3	400
Anderson	2	3	400
Fulton	1	4	200

The student support and interest taken in the games was poor and as a whole the season was not very successful one.

During the Thanksgiving vacation all of our athletes were given a rest, only to come back prepared to work harder than ever to make our basket ball season a success. Everyone is becoming enthusiastic upon hearing the soft, melodious whistle in the Gym. Practise began Tuesday, Dec. 3. The squad was very small the first night, but has been increasing constantly since then. The first team possibilities are: Fulton, Schanen, Oden Garthwait, Edes, Murat, Brady, with a long

list of other capable men to pick from. The line up of the second team will appear in our next issue.

The season opens with a game with the Marshfield Highs on our floor, the 14th of December. On the 20th, our boys go to Wausau to play the Y. M. C. A. of that city. Our schedule for the season consists of eleven or twelve games. The following are the probable games: Grand Rapids High, Wausau Y. M. C. A., two games, Ripon College, one game, La Crosse Normal, two games, River Falls Normal, two games, and Superior Normal, two games.

An athletic conference of the eight State Normals has been formed. Two divisions have been made, the northern and the southern. The southern is composed of Milwaukee, Oshkosh, Whitewater, and Platteville. The northern division is composed of Superior, River Falls, La Crosse, and Stevens Point. In each division each Normal plays every other Normal two games. The champions of each division play off for the State Normal School Championship.

Who is to get the State Championship of the Normals? Who is to get the championship of the northern division? This we cannot prophecy, for such championship is not inherited, but won. All that we can say is that no one has any more claim to it than we have, nor do we claim to have any more right to it than any one else. But we do intend to put up a hard fight for it. Coach Schneller says that we have the material, and with the support of the school we ought

to win the State Championship. But for the present, let's plan on winning the northern championship first. Besides having good material in the line of men, we also have brand new purple and gold suits.

Now, S. P. N. students, show that you are loyal to the Purple and the Gold. If you are loyal, you will attend the basket ball games, and bring your friends with you. If you are NOT loyal, you ought to arrange your course of study so as to have time to spend six or seven evenings in the Gymnasium gallery during the winter months. If you are afraid to be in a large crowd all alone, you had better bring your friend with you, HE may be interested in basket ball.

The Hikers.

A Ramble.

On Oct. 12, a ramble was taken in the woods back of the Polish Academy, and over by the Brick Yard. This was one of our most enjoyable hikes.

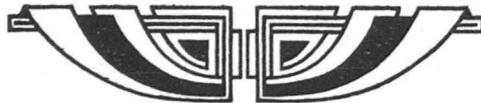
To Plover Hills.

On Oct. 19, the merry Hikers climbed the banks and left footprints on the sands (of time) on the bank. Then they took a cross country hike through the woods and fields, returning by way of the Jordan Road.

To the Stone Quarry.

The Hikers journeyed out here on Nov. 2, and after a discussion on the rock formation by Bessie Cook, the merry band hiked down the River Road in search of new adventures.

Seeing that the boys have finished monopolizing the Gym for Indoor Baseball, the girls will now try and organize their basket ball teams, and get ready for the big Tournament which will be held in the near future.





Exchanges, we present to our Christmas number of the Pointer. Criticize it either unfavorably or otherwise, for it is only in this way that we can better our paper. We are glad to have received so many exchanges. They come from the East, West, and South. We hope by our next issue to have received as many more. Through them we can keep in the touch with what other schools are doing along this line, and let you know what we are doing.

“Mercury”, East Division High School, Milwaukee. Up to your usual standard. Your paper, is by far the best paper we receive. Literary material is excellent, so are the cuts. The arrangement is beyond criticism.

“Royal Purple”, Whitewater Normal. Your paper is well gotten up. Arrangement good. Why not head each department with appropriate cuts? They would add much to the appearance of your paper.

“The Nooz”, Stevens Point High. Your first issue is very good. Insert an Exchange in your next number, is our advice.

“Anemone”, Spearfish S. D. A few more cuts will add much to the appearance of your paper.

“Messenger”, Normal School, Bellingham, Wash. You bring messages from far away. Your cover designs are excellent.

“Criterion”, Waupaca. Your paper is well worthy of mention. Arrangement good. A few more cuts would add much to the appearance of your paper.

“Crescent Beach Echo”, Algoma, Glad to get “Echoes”.— Your cover could be improved. Make it bright and cheerful, Literary Department is good.

“Exponent”, Platteville Normal. Your material is good, but arrangement is poor. Where is your Exchange Department?

“Student” Richmond, Ky. Exchange from the South, we greet you, Your paper is a credit to your school. But why mix advertisements with locals? Let us hear from you again.

“Otaknam”, Mankato, Minn. You have a good well put up paper. We would like to see an Exchange Department in your paper.

“Aerolith”, Plymouth. A few more cuts would add greatly to the attractiveness of your paper.

“Review”, Shamokin, Pa. You have come a long ways. Keep on coming. Your paper presents a good appearance. Why not have more material on your school organizations, etc.?

“Echo”, Carrol College, Wuakesha. You are to commended upon the frequency of your issues. We like your paper very much. Come again.

“Sphinx”, Sate University, Madison. Fine publication. Shows clever work through out.

Conductor- “How old is that boy, madam?”

Lady- “You have no right to ask such an impertinent question, sir”.

Conductor- “Excuse me, madam, but it's a fare question”.

Exch.



WIT • HUMOR

"Merry Christmas to you all!"

Oh, no; that isn't a joke. Merely an editorial out of place.

Professor Patterson (in Civics) — What classes of people are barred from voting?

Student—Idiots, criminals, and, —women.

Mr. Sims (At Roll Call)—Any seats vacant in row 7?

Archie Gould (standing up and looking around)—Yes. Row 7, seat 18. Funny I never noticed that before.

Professor—Name some great person who carries a bright and shining light far above the rest of the world.

Freshman—G. G. Fuller.

Joe Barber (in Current Events)—According to the new Income tax, a single man has \$800 exempt from taxation. For each extra wife he has \$200 more.

James Ostrum (In Algebra IV.) Oh, what's the use, anyway? I worked for half an hour on that problem and then it came out plus or minus zero.

H. E. Grover— I wish I was taking the Home Maker's Course, so I wouldn't have to take practice.....Never mind, the practice comes later.

Mr. Spindler— There is a big difference between imagination and memory. For instance, if Gladys Levenseller thought of some one holding her hand that would be imagination, not memory,

Dear Editor :—Do you think a change of environment would influence George Messer to take an interest in us girls?

MOLLIE OLSON.

Answer—Beyond a doubt. At present he sits across from Joe Barber, behind H. E. Grover and Charlie Tesky, and with Don Waite. Put him over there in Row 8, Seat 16, where he would be in the immediate neighborhood of Billy O'Connell, Agatha Houlehan, J. C. Wilberscheid, Norman Knutzen, Worth DaFoe, and Archie Gould, then watch developments.

Dear Editor :—Is there any way in which I can win the heart of Harry Young?

DORIS MASON.

Answer—Only one, my child. If you have not already subscribed for THE POINTER, do so. If you have, pay your subscription.

Concerning the Senior Hades.

Juniors, on entering Hades— Oh, what makes it so hot in here?

And we were compelled to answer to One hundred Juniors that it's always that way in those regions.

Satan—Now you are to swear allegiance to the Senior Class of 1913. Swear. Do you hear me? Swear.

Eda Dickson—Gol darn—a—darn you. (Pretty good for a kid, isn't it?)

The Faculty were conspicuous for their absence. Wonder why? We never done nothin' to them.

Marguerite Harshaw (to Mr. Collins)—
When you don't know what you are talking
about, you say plus or minus zero.

Question—Why is the Becker recital like
noodle soup?

Answer—Because it is stringy.

Concerning the Mock Faculty.

Mr. Spindler—It would have been all right
if they hadn't put that crazy fool, Schanen,
up there to show off. His antics make me
sick.

Mr. Patterson (at 12:20)—I like what Mr.
DaFoe said concerning co-operation at exam-
ination time. Some system to that.

At 2:45—The next person I catch helping
his neighbor on this examination, is going
to get canned; so there.

Charlie Fulton—I stand here as a grand
example of what self esteem can do.

Mr. Sims—I can't see why they don't have
some of their mock Faculty stunts when I
am here. I'd like to see them. It is queer,
isn't it?

Wilberscheid—Want a definition of honesty?
When you leave Schanen and Fulton alone
with Ten Cents worth of note paper, for
about two seconds, and they only take half
of it. That's real honesty for you.

LOST—A postal card addressed to a certain
young lady in a certain town. Finder please
return to me without reading.

EARL EDES.

To the Sophomore Editor:

Yes, dear child, we had all noticed your
advent into long trousers, and they are just
too cunning for anything; but why waste
good POINTER space telling us about so
trivial a matter?

Professor—I dare say, you don't even know
that Plato and Aristotle are dead.

Helen Walters—Er—why, I didn't even
know they were sick.

Clifford Anderson—"You didn't have a
good time at Hyer's Thanksgiving party,
did you?"

Otto Schreiner—"Well, I guess yes."

C.—"Aw, go on. Why weren't you sick
the next day, then?"

Santa Claus Letters.

Dear Santa—I'd like a little black apron
and some nice black cuffs to wear when
Myron lets me be head clerk at the counter,
Lovingly, LUCILLE DALY.

Dear Santie—Bring me a new Paris dress
for Christmas, please. Only one from Worth
will suit me.. CATHERINE MORAN.

Santa:- Some new beaus for Christmas.
Any sort, not particular.

Lulu Ripley.

Mr. Santa Claus:-
Dear Sir:-

Enclosed please find my
best regards, for which please bring me an
automatic lesson plan writer, a self- opera-
ting spanking machine to use on the practise
kids (Ma says I'm wasting the wood pile.)
Also, I'd like a girl, a nice one like those
Billy O'Connell has-

Very truly yours,
Leon Carley.

St. Nick:- Will you please bring me a
candy, cake, and pie receipt book? Also any
thing else that will help hold the love of Clif-
ford Anderson,

Ruth McCreedy.

LOST—Somewhere between the Normal
School and the Public Square, or on Main
Street, Church Street, Strongs Avenue,
Soo depot, or near Forest Cemetery, a black
velvet, tailor made (bow) beau, highly val-
ued because of many intimate associations.
Finder please return to VIOLET FISHER.

Excuse Slip—"Called home to eat Thanks-
giving dinner." CHARLES BLUME.