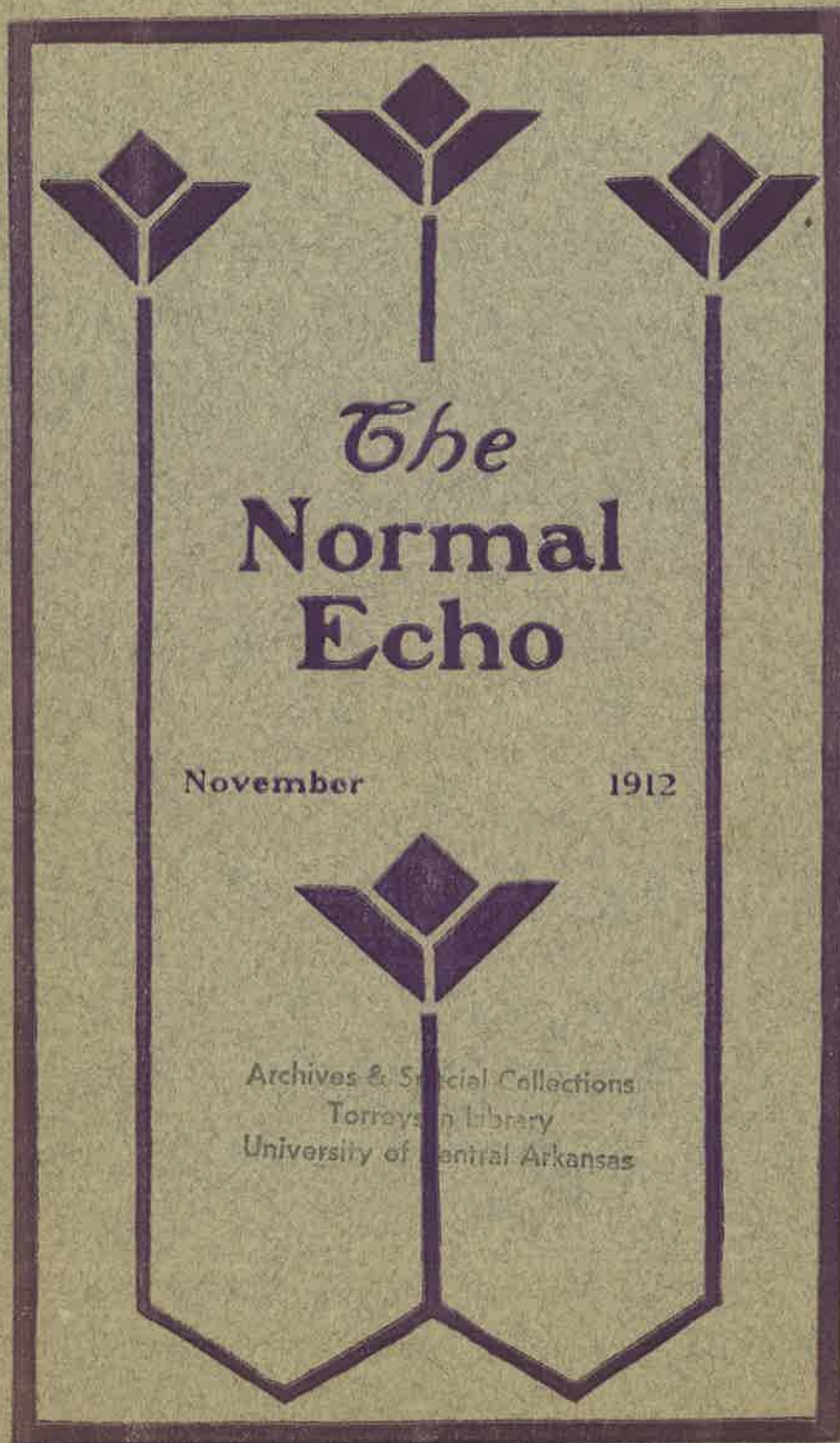


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The
**Normal
Echo**

November

1912

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The knight slowly rose from the ground and painfully
mounted his waiting steed.

Sir Guiless soberly rode away,
His bones and pride were aching;
"I fear," he growled, "this righting wrongs
Is a deuced bum undertaking."

—ANNIE MOORE.

NORMALITE.

Normal seals upon his letters,
Normal pennants on his wall,
Normal letters on his sweaters,
Normal shoes and clothes, and all;
Normal slang he's fond of slinging,
With no end of "savoir faire,"
Normal songs he's fond of singing,
Normal cut he wears his hair.

Oh, he tells of Normal capers,
And he has a Normal walk,
And he reads the Normal papers,
And he talks the Normal talk,
Sports a Normal belt and buckle,
Wears a Normal fob and chain,
Laughs with quite a Normal chuckle,
Swears with quite a Normal strain.

Then he dances Normal fashion,
And he eats at Normal inns,
And he has a perfect passion
For displaying Normal pins;
And you'd never, in creation,
Guess this student—calm and cool—
Got his Normal education
In the Ark. State Normal School.

—OWEN O. GREEN.