

Merry Christmas
To All

Holly THE Leaf

Welcome The New
Year With Charity

MARYLAND STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Volume IX

SALISBURY, MD., DECEMBER, 1934

No. 3

DR. JEFFERSON DAVIS BLACKWELL NAMED PRINCIPAL OF S.N.S.

Dr. Cook Makes Announcement That Dr. Blackwell Will Be- gin Duties On April 1

Dr. Jefferson D. Blackwell, State Director of Vocational Education, was recently named as new principal of the State Normal School at Salisbury. The announcement was made after a special meeting of the State Board of Education.

In a recent statement, Dr. Albert C. Cook, State Superintendent of Schools, announced that Dr. Blackwell will begin his duties as principal here not later than April 1, 1935.

Since 1923, Dr. Blackwell has been connected with education in the state of Maryland. A native of Missouri, Dr. Blackwell graduated from the Missouri State Teachers College in 1910. His bachelor of science degree was granted him from the University of Missouri in 1914. In 1923, he obtained his master's degree, and his school administration diploma from Columbia University. In 1929, he received his doctorate from Johns Hopkins University.

From 1914 to 1917, Dr. Blackwell was associate professor of education at Texas A. and M.; at the same time serving as chairman of vocational education in the Texas State Department of Education. Immediately before his coming to Maryland Dr. Blackwell was connected with the Pennsylvania State Department of Public Instruction.

Dr. and Mrs. Blackwell and their three children will move to Salisbury in the early spring. The daughter, Miss Edith is a freshman at Randolph Macon College, Lynchburg, Virginia; Harold is a sophomore in the Towson High School, and David is a pupil in the elementary school at Towson.

CONTEST GIVEN BETWEEN SOCIETIES

Written Spelling and
Story Telling

On Thursday, December 6, members of the two rival societies assembled in the auditorium for a written spelling contest. Before the test began, the Bagleams and Carneans each tried to outdo each other in the songs and yells, with which they greeted the contest.

The contest began when Mr. Caruthers dictated a series of fifty words to be written correctly. The second part of the test consisted of a paper containing a hundred words, many of which were misspelled. The object of the test was not only to spell correctly, but also to be able to recognize words which are incorrectly spelled.

The story telling contest was told in the little auditorium. Inez Craig presented "The Golden Cobwebs," a story for the primary grades, for the Bagleams. Jessie Travers was her opponent with the story "Millions of Cats." "The Little Pine Tree" was the Bagleam contribution for the Intermediate grades, told by Eileen Hales, while Harriet Burns presented "The Elephant's Child" for the Carneans. "The Christmas Nightingale" told by Cormedah Fleetwood for the Bagleams, contested "The Other Wise Man" by Virginia Haddaway for the upper grade honors.



DR. J. D. BLACKWELL

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Once again the faculty and the student body will be assembled in the dining room on Thursday evening, December 20, at 6.00 P.M. to enjoy a dinner given in celebration of this Christmas season.

At about 7.30 P.M., students, each bearing an unlighted candle will form a procession in the lobby. They will march into the social room singing carols, will light their tapers from the large candle, which has been used every Christmas since the school was founded ten years ago, and then will seat themselves before the Christmas tree.

During the ensuing program the Christmas stockings, filled by the S.N.S.'s students, will be presented to a representative of the Welfare Association to be distributed to the poor children of the community. Then while the guests assemble in the social room, a string ensemble will play a number of selections.

During the dinner, a chorus composed of members of the Glee Club, and the Boy's Chorus will sing carols. The tradition of reciting "Twas The Night Before Christmas" in unison will be followed again this year.

LIBRARY'S APPEARANCE WELCOMES CHRISTMAS

Mrs. Lucy Bennett, our able librarian has turned our staid library into the incarnated spirit of Christmas. With the aid of Mr. Richardson, a cypress tree, now grows in the center of the room. The use of holly and other festive materials, have turned the tables and walls into cheery notes of Yuletide.

Best of all however, are the two tables covered with Christmas presents. Yes, they are books, best sellers, written by the best writers. Our library certainly caters to our desires, for among the volumes may be found "So Red The Rose", "English Journey", "The White Plumed Henry", "Through Space and Time", "Within the Gates", "Omar Khayyam", "The Unknown God", and many, many others that we wish we could read.

ALUMNA TO WED IN SOCIAL ROOM ON CHRISTMAS EVE

Miss Mary Ann Bradley First To
Designate School For
Wedding

The wedding of Miss Mary Ann Bradley, of Cambridge, Md., and Mr. Laurence C. Reynolds, of Bridgeville, Del., will take place in the social room of this school on Christmas Eve, at four o'clock in the afternoon, with the Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Corkran of Seaford, Del., officiating.

The date will mark the forty-third wedding anniversary of William O. Bradley and the late Emma Russell Bradley, parents of Miss Bradley, and the ring of the bride-elect's mother will be used. Little Norman Whittington, Jr., of Marion, Md., nephew of Miss Bradley, will act as ring bearer, and little Mary Ann Bradley of Linkwood, Md., namesake and niece of Miss Bradley, will act as flower girl. The Rev. Irving Carpenter of Federalburg, Md., will sing "The Sweetest Story Every Told", and Miss Frances Hackett, also of Federalburg will play the wedding music.

Miss Bradley received her diploma here in 1927, being a member of the first full-fledged graduating class. She is the first graduate to designate this school as the place for her wedding. Among her wedding guests will be numbered many of our faculty members, who were once her teachers.

Following graduation Miss Bradley was made principal of a graded school in Dorchester County. In the Fall of '28 she was appointed Attendance Officer for the county and has served in this capacity since. At present she is serving as president of the Student Loan Fund Board of this institution.

MR. CARUTHERS SPEAKS ON "THE SPIRIT OF EDUCATION"

Gives Inspired Talk At Assembly
December 4

The faculty and student body of Salisbury Normal School at the regular assembly meeting on Tuesday, December 4, heard, addressed to them, by Mr. Caruthers, an inspiring talk. The title of which was "The Spirit of Education". What encouragement, what wealth of truth and advice were given in what the speaker termed "not a sermon or address, but if one wished to term it that—a talk from the heart".

Quoting Professor Caruthers—"The true spirit of education calls for a spirit of fair play" for, using athletics as an example "the true athlete is not defeated so long as he has exhibited fair play and has put his best into the game. Indeed, education also calls for the spirit of sacrifice".

Regarding the newly appointed principal of Salisbury Normal School, Dr. J. D. Blackwell, Mr. Caruthers said, "He is a man, who stands for a high degree of scholarship, of industry; he has ideals". Likewise regarding that period of time that will exist before the new principal assumes his post, he has asked that the student body "show an optimistic and helpful attitude".

(Mr. Caruthers' entire speech begins in the Editorial Column.)

GOVERNOR-ELECT NICE HERE MONDAY NIGHT

Attends Dinner And Dance
Sponsored By Knights
Of Pythias



MISS M. A. BRADLEY

MEN MOVE INTO NEW CLUBROOM

The old room situated on the main hall next to the post office having proved too small for the increased enrollment of young men, Mr. Caruthers, our acting head, called a committee of six to discuss with them the possibilities of finding some larger place for the men.

The final consensus of opinion was that the old dining room would serve the purpose very well. The reasons being: that it is much larger, that it is close to the library and classrooms, while still far enough away to dispel all sounds emanating from it, and that it permits for the localization of showers, toilets and study room.

The plans that are to be carried out in furnishing this room, include several easy chairs, two or three floor lamps, study tables, a small radio, curtains for the windows and other furnishings, that would make the men's clubroom look homelike.

Though all these improvements have not been carried out, enough had been done to allow the men to move in last Monday. They all received their new quarters with a great deal of enthusiasm. A house-warming party was planned and carried out to everybody's satisfaction.

FIRESIDE SALE HELD AT NORMAL SCHOOL

Many helpful suggestions for Christmas shoppers and a wide variety of unusual gifts were displayed at the Fireside Sale sponsored by the Wicomico Garden Club. The sale began on Friday afternoon, Dec. 7, at 2.30 and was continued through until Saturday afternoon, Dec. 8.

Among the many helpful suggestions were: pottery from old Jamestown, handcraft from other states, the latest magazines, winter bouquets, delicious home-made candies and jellies, and many novelties.

One of the most interesting features of the sale was the winter feeding stations for the birds. One of the windows in the social room was very attractively arranged on the outside with one of these stations.

Governor-elect Harry W. Nice of Baltimore, a Past Grand Chancellor of Maryland, Knights of Pythias, was one of the principal speakers at the big public meeting held in our auditorium last Monday night.

Other speakers on the program were: Reno S. Harp of Frederick, Supreme Chancellor of the United States, Canada and Mexico, and ex-Mayor William F. Broening, of Baltimore, Deputy Supreme Chancellor for Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia.

Among those present were the Grand Chancellors of Maryland and Delaware. A majority of members from the Delaware and Eastern Shore of Maryland lodges, with a sprinkling of Western Shore members helped to fill the auditorium.

Following the speaking, Salisbury Lodge No. 56 was the host at a dance held in our gymnasium. This proved to be a great success.

Hon. Clarence W. Whealton was chairman of the committee on arrangements for the meeting, and Joseph L. Knotts, was chairman of the committee on parade and publicity. Dr. J. R. Bishop is Chancellor Commander of the local lodge.

PRIMARY GRADES OF NORMAL SCHOOL GIVE ASSEMBLY PROGRAM

Varied Assembly Program To Take
Place Of Customary
Christmas Program

On Thursday, December 20, the primary grades had charge of the assembly program. Heretofore it has been the custom to have a play but this year they had a varied assembly program. it was as follows:

- (1) Carol—"O Little Town of Bethlehem" Student Body
- (2) Bible reading, Orland Langrall
- (3) "Twas The Night Before Christmas" Ellin North Early
- (4) Poem—"Santa Claus"

John Dulany.

- (5) Song—"There's Music in the Air" and "Three Boats A Sailing" 3rd and 4th Grades
- (6) "The Golden Cobweb"

Margaret Anne Cerey

- (7) Kinder Band—First and second grades.

The two selections were:

- (a) "March" by Hollander
- (b) "Waltz" by Glazunov

- (8) Dramatization of "The Fir Tree"—H. C. Anderson. Characters selected from the third and fourth grades.

- (9) Poem—"Pine Tree Song"

Kitty Meise

- (10) Song—"The Christmas Tree" Chorus selected from the first and second grades.

- (11) Presentation of gifts by Normal Elementary School to a representative of the Welfare Association of Wicomico County.

- (12) "Silent Night" Student Body



The Holly Leaf



Published Monthly During the School Year by the Salisbury State Teachers College. Printed by The Salisbury Advertiser, Salisbury, Maryland.
Subscription Price 75c per year.
Entered as second class matter Oct. 1, 1931 at P.O. at Salisbury, Md. under Act of March 3, 1879.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-chiefElizabeth McMahon '35
Associate EditorSamuel Sherwell '36
Literary EditorMadalene Horsey '35
Business ManagerRuth Todd '36
Assistant Business ManagerNellie Mitchell '35
Proof ReaderHilda Todd '35
Copy ReaderClotilde Drechsler '36
Junior ReporterRaymond Dixon '36
TypistHelen Smith '36
Freshman ReporterCarolyn Horsey '35
Freshman ReporterWade Caruthers '35
Freshman ReporterFrances Parsons '35
Freshman ReporterFlorence Waters '35
Faculty Editorial AdvisorMiss Anne Matthews
Faculty Business AdvisorMr. T. J. Caruthers

DECEMBER, 1934

JOIN IN THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Christmas — Is there a word in the whole world that has a deeper, more profound, more beautiful meaning? Is there a word that can compare with it in grandeur of thought? Is there a word in all the universe so sacred, so divine? There is not! For Christmas is a commemoration of the birth of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, The Saviour of His people. Poor mortals that we are, can we be filled with joy and bliss enough when we celebrate this blessed event?

Tradition, as the years have rolled by, has played so great a part in celebration of the Lord's birth that the Christmas season has come to possess certain fixed customs. Carol singing, decoration, and gift-presenting are the highlights of the Christmas celebration, and each backed with spirit does its part in forwarding Christmas cheer.

Then let us all — young and old, wise and foolish — make this another joyful Yuletide by putting our "all" in these celebrations. Let us forget our rank in life and remember only that we have a Saviour who will protect us in any danger that may overtake us. Let us help those less fortunate than we are; let us be thankful all the while for what we have.

Yes, let us do these things so that, above all, we may have "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men."

WHAT DOES WINTER MEAN TO YOU?

"Barren winter with his wrathful nipping cold is upon us." Though he is bringing the festive occasion of Christmas, we have watched him snatch from beneath our eyes the very things we hold most dear, and we have allowed him to bring in their stead, bleak coldness, grey skies, and chilling winter winds.

What will kill this dull old fellow?

Ale that's bright, and wine that's mellow!
Dear old songs forever new;
Some true love, and laughter too;
Pleasant wit, and harmless fun;
And a dance when day is done.
Music, friends so true and tried
Whispered love by warm fireside
Mirth at all times all together,
Make sweet May of Winter weather.

But who would trade the glories of this season for all the alluring charms of another? Who would turn his eyes from the splendor of a sunset above a snow-crested peak to the picture of an expanding ocean dotted by thousands of sport lovers? And who would forfeit the beautiful meaning of this season for all the festivities of spring, of autumn, or of summer? We should not forget that we are entering the most impressive time of the year — impressive because of the spirit of approaching Christmas that pervades the atmosphere, and impressive because nearly 2,000 years ago in the far recess of a tiny manger-stall in Bethlehem, Earth yielded to us in the form of a little Child a power so mighty that we recognize today in that lowly Babe the Ruler of all Nations.

Aside from the gayety and festivity of all that Christmas implies, let us remember the sublime beauty of the occasion. Winter recalls to our minds — white snow, bleak coldness, and ice. Winter recalls to our minds — Christmas, the Christ Child, and joy!

ELLEN GREIG '36

THE SPIRIT OF EDUCATION

To The Students And Faculty Of This School:

It is not my object to preach a sermon or to make an address, but merely to speak sincerely of a few things that I think should be spoken of at this time. There are two main reasons why I should speak just now. One is the school spirit which has recently been expressed and witnessed in our soccer games, during the school dinner which we had on November 19, and also, by the recent activity of the Student Council. The second reason for speaking is the official action of the State Board of Education on November 30 with reference to this college, for this action marks a step in the history of our school.

With reference to the first reason, school spirit, I should like to say that the true spirit of education calls for a spirit of fair play. In this each person accomplishes something for himself while at the same time his competitors are encouraged to do their best. Any type of education based on the weakness of the other person is negative and destructive. In a football game some years ago, one of the famous players was injured and had to call for time. When the time was up it seemed that the player was not able to go, and that he might have to leave the game. The captain of the opposing team, then, called time on his own team in order to give one of his opponents time to recover. This is the proper spirit, wanting to win the game when the opponent can do his best, it being a greater honor to win or be defeated when the opponent has done his best. Tom Heeney in his contest with Gene Tunney remarked to Gene before the contest that he hoped he (Gene) would do his best. This is truly the spirit of fair play. The proper interpretation of education, I believe, calls for this spirit.

Education in its fullest sense also calls for the spirit of adventure and exploration. The student who enters college as a matter of course will never do his best until he gets to where he regards his college work in the spirit of adventure and exploration. There are two kinds of adventures: one is physical; the other is mental. History is replete with examples of physical adventure and exploration. The Lewis and Clark expedition, Daniel Boone's adventures, and all of the military operations that history records are fine examples of physical adventure and exploration.

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 4)

POINTS OF VIEW

Dear Editor,

Did we enjoy tea Wednesday afternoon? I'll say we did and I find it fitting at this time to express the thought of the student body along this line.

Every day at school we trudge along at studies. We enjoy our classes, yes, but we are not all together. Some go one way and others another. Our conversation between classes is always, lessons, lessons, lessons. Isn't it pleasing to take time off from all this hum drum to gather in the social room for a delicious cup of tea? It isn't particularly the tea or cookies that we're after. Is it? No. It's the fine fellowship, pleasure and a bit of recreation that helps put us all in better humor. It also adds a more sophisticated atmosphere, shall we say, to our college.

Now, we thank Miss Ruth and sincerely hope that these splendid Wednesday afternoon teas will continue throughout the year.

(Editor's Note: The teas are served by the Y.V.C.A. with the kind cooperation of Miss Ruth.)

Student

Dear Editor,

If some stranger should come to our school and see us as we are during the day, I am sure he would get a thrill. What do I mean?

I mean that he would marvel at the wonderful spirit our school is showing? For instance, there are many girls coming out for basketball this season—girls who say, "I perhaps will not make the team, but at least I have tried. I am coming out for the sake of school spirit". What better girls can we wish for?

May I recall to your mind what our acting President, Mr. Caruthers, said in his address on Tuesday, the fourth. He mentioned the spirit shown at our games with other schools. He spoke of the fine feeling of fair competition between our societies. But here let me express the feeling of the student body. What better example could we have than Mr. Caruthers? He imparted to us in that talk some of his wonderful personality. His attitude toward fair play and keeping up the fight is one that we shall never forget. We are fortunate in having such a teacher in our school. As long as we have Mr. Caruthers around, we shall never give up hope.

How can we express to Mr. Caruthers our deep appreciation? By doing as he says. Let us work and cooperate with Mr. Caruthers in "setting the stage for our new President, Dr. Blackwell".

Student

PLANS AND PLANS

Oh, but it is so much fun to make lesson plans. When one interviews a junior or senior student upon school work he undoubtedly must have lesson plans introduced to him.

In the dormitory one may hear such discussions as: "What purpose did she use? What was her first step in the procedure?" Evidently the class had been observing one of the teachers of the elementary school.

Anyway, lesson plans are not as horrid as they may seem. When once they are started they become interesting, and one step leads smoothly on to the next.

The real fun of making lesson plans comes in the senior year. This is when the student teacher makes her lesson plan not only to hand to the teacher but to help carry on her practice teaching.

Rebecca Adams, '36.

STICKERS

So she said, "Dad, dad-di, dada, dum, dum".

Romance, like a hot-house flower, often blooms in the middle of winter, if you dunt beliv, question W.C. N.M., C.D., J.G. and others.

There is nothing like a little scandal to warm the heart of a cold blooded columnist. If it weren't for the lack of it, the heart, the blood, or the scandal, this would be an easier job, or would there be any job?

The girl, who blew out a tire, is figuring out ways and means for non-blow outs, when there is no male assistance to be had.

You know that little story about the boy, who asked his mother to do his arithmetic example? No? Well, find out and tell us.

Some fun, girls and all—big accident—no one hurt, but a free ride to Centerville—going my way buddy?

Canned oysters a la Maryland—or maybe it's an oyster roast—perhaps oyster stew, certainly not fried oysters—it still is a tummy ache. Just to think of them—Suppose you have to write about them. Pass around the plate, and we'll all take an other one.

When you are writing a story, or news article don't forget the queries why, when, where, what, how. As little Archie useta say, "whatell." Well, don't write them and see if I care.

More kittens in the boy's room, first gray, then a little black, now all black, has anybody seen my cat?

Come on fella's break a couple wonders, tear up the front lawn, break a leg, or elope. This here paper, and 'specially this column needs news. So what, you could be a little bit obliging.

Wall now, durn ifn it don't look like a little bit of snow, 'ould be droapin' on us afore Christmas gits heare.

Doggon if ut don't Marsa Black, tain't nuthin' lake it uster be, but you all cain't allus tell.

Skip it, you wouldn't understand anyhow.

Oh, oh, the agony of it all, getting up or not getting up, so early Christmas morning. Swell time was had by all. Oh, yeah! Shut up, no remarks from the peanut gallery.

A few days earlier in the year, almost the same remarks were heard about the carol singing. It may have been sung, but we still think it was a sin.

Once upon a time there was a little girl, who didn't believe in Santa Claus. She was bad, as bad could be, and always said, "I don't care, I know there ain't no Santa Claus. Mama will buy me my presents, so there!" Well, one day she went out walking, and the snow was falling all around her. She walked toward a great big forest, that hid the world from view, and soon she saw the great black trees all around her. The snow had covered all her tracks, and she couldn't find her way back but . . .

(Continued to next issue)

It isn't my fault, she is such a headstrong little cuss, but if she doesn't find her way to the January issue, I'll write up her obituary.

Shams.

Notice!

We are asking the elementary department to take more care of our library. We have many fine books and good references, and we wish to keep them in order. We are asking you to read the books and use the books of reference, but please replace them in their right positions. The papers are kept their for your pleasure. Please do the same with them as you do with the books.

Librarian,
S. NORMAN HOLLAND, Jr.

ANOTHER BOOK

GOOD-BYE MR. CHIPS

"The strangest novel I've read in a long time".

"Well, what do you think is the theme of the thing. Of course I realize that Hilton is presenting the essence of England, but there is certainly something else lurking in those few pages."

"Something else! I should say so. Why he pictures an entire generation in a few casual lines; and not only does he do this, but he presents human tragedies, tragedies that influence entire lives, in one or two phrases."

"Then you really think the man is a genius?"

"I do, a genius of the miniature. Don't you think the book is great?"

"Yes, I agree with you on that issue, but it didn't affect me like that. The atmosphere and tone of the thing crept up on me before I knew it. At the beginning, I disliked it, and I honestly didn't realize that I liked it at all until I finished. Now that I am finished, I don't know just what appealed to me. There is some element that is very attractive, but that I can't name."

"Didn't those 'umphs'—'umphs' annoy you? They made me terribly nervous."

"To tell you the truth, I skipped the 'umphs'."

"You skipped them! Why they show so much of the man's character."

"Be that as it may—etc., etc., (and so on, far into the night.)"

I suppose you are wondering by now, what all this is about, that is if you have stumbled through this far. Well, the answer is "Good-bye Mr. Chips", a short novel by James Hilton, which has been a subject of discussion, dissension, and everything else among its readers. Everyone has a different idea of the author's idea.

I suggest that you read "Good-bye Mr. Chips" and join in the argument. If you don't, I am afraid you will be out of the picture as much as the person, last year, who didn't read Anthony Adverse.

VISIONS

It seems hard
To feel the things that are our life
Drop by our eyes
Before we sense which look
To remember as the last.

And yet, that look, if caught
Would stand more molded than the rest
And leave uneven sweetness
For them all.

The things in life should be
Not level fields with colored strings
dividing
But hills that range to peaks
And valleys—all like thunder, dimly
recollected.

Iy See.

SANS-SENIOR EDITION

As mentionad in last month's issue, this monthly has been written up by the under-classesmen; the reason is that our senior conferees are more than busy with their rural practice teaching.

The new staff which was formed for this purpose is as follows: Samuel L. Sherwell, Editor-in-Chief; Helen Smith, Associate Editor; Wade Caruthers, Business Manager; Caroline Horsey, Literary Editor; Nellie Mitchell, Ass. Business Manager; Clotilde Drechsler, Proof Reader; Frances Parsons, Copy Reader; Mary Elizabeth Spilman and Ellen Greig, Junior Reporters; Henry White, Bettie Harcum, Charlotte Powell, and Florence Waters, Freshman Reporters.

Librarian,

S. NORMAN HOLLAND, Jr.

ON AND OFF THE CAMPUS

Miss Mildred Burlingame, teacher of grades five and six in the Rehoboth, Delaware schools, spent Monday, December 10, observing in our Demonstration School.

Miss Emily Horner was the guest of her roommate, Miss Louise Langrell during the week end of December 7.

Miss Gwynette Thompson spent the week end of December 7 in Wilmington, Delaware, and Penn's Grove, N. J.

Miss Purnell of our Art Department visited in Berlin the past week end. Samuel Sherwell attended the Beacom College Club Dance at the Hotel Dupont, Wilmington, on Friday night, December 7.

Miss Virginia Haddaway spent Sunday, December 9, at Washington College, Chestertown, Maryland.

Thirteen harassed seniors are trudging off, not literally but mentally to the little schoolhouses, where they are going through their baptism of fire. The schools are at Siloam, Shad Point, Mt. Herman, Allen, and Eden.

Mr. and Miss S.N.S. Student will visit their parents in their respective towns during the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Arthur Williams (better known as Bill) entertained the men students to a dinner and card party at his home, last Friday night.

ALUMNI NEWS COLLECTED AT RANDOM

On Friday night, Dec. 21, the Wicomco Chapter of the Alumni Association will hold its regular meeting at the school. Mrs. Margaret Denson Butler and Mrs. Woodland Bounds are in charge of the program.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Kathryn Harrison to Mr. Alex Spencer, which took place on Friday, Dec. 7.

Edna North, '34, who resides in Talbot County, visited the school during the week end of Dec. 1.

Emily Givans, '34, is doing special work with a small group of handicapped children in Wicomico County.

Word has been received of the recent appointment of Hilda Gross, '34, to a position in the Elementary School at Havre-de-Grace.

Miss Mary Evelyn Corkran and Mr. James Simpson Bradley both of Hurlock, were quietly married on Saturday evening at the Asbury M. E. parsonage, this city, by the Rev. George W. Humphreys. Miss Corkran graduated from this school in 1932. She has been teaching at Hurlock since then.

We hear that one of our girls from the class of '34 is contemplating marriage in a very short time, as a matter of fact even before this month is out, she will have changed her maiden name of _____ to _____.

Guess who?

From Jessie Travers—
"MILLIONS OF CATS"

. . . and I ought to know for haven't I seen millions of cats, billions, and trillions of cats.

THE HOLLY LEAFLET

PUBLISHED BY NORMAL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

FIRST AND SECOND GRADE NOTES

The children in the primary room expect to have thirty-eight new tables. It makes the children happy to think about such pretty tables.

Dick Dashiell has had his tonsils removed. He is going to school and feeling much better.

Donald Hall stayed in the hospital for a while. His playmates will be glad when he can go to school.

Second grade made clay bowls. Mr. James Richardson baked them in the furnace. They painted them white.

They painted orange and black designs near the top. Miss Elizabeth M-Mahon helped the children.

Miss Parker's pupils have learned how wreaths can be made so that they will look nice for two years.

When Mrs. Ross gives an instrument to a child in the first or second grade he or she tries to keep the right time. They want to be in the Kinder Band. Fifteen children are in it, now.

Mr. T. J. Caruthers will order new books for the elementary school. The P.T.A. will pay ten dollars for books in each room.

THIRD AND FOURTH GRADE NOTES

History of O' Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks wrote a beautiful poem when he was preaching in the Holy Trinity Church of Philadelphia. It was first used by the children at their first Christmas service in the year 1868. Those children never thought what a famous song that would be. The tune was written for the beautiful Christmas Carol by Louis H. Rednor. It was in the middle of the night before that Christmas service that Mr. Rednor woke up suddenly with angelic strains ringing his ears. He took a piece of music-paper and wrote down the melody of the tune then the next morning before going to church he filled in the harmony. It was a long time before people thought what a beautiful song it was.

Mary Jane Clark,
Grade 4.

Jan's Christmas

Jan is a little Dutch friend, who lives across the sea and his Christmas is so different from our Christmas. In Holland the children call Santa Claus St. Nicholas. Jan puts his wooden shoes by the fireplace instead of hanging a stocking on the mantle piece. He also leaves some hay in his shoe for St. Nicholas' horse, which pulls him from place to place. As soon as St. Nick sees the shoe, he takes out the hay and puts in some toys. When Jan wakes up he is pleasantly surprised.

Ellen North Early,
Grade 3.

A Great Surprise

I shall never forget last Christmas. I had been wishing for a bicycle, but mother was afraid for me to have one. I could not believe my Christmas would be a happy one unless I got it. Early Christmas morning I was disappointed for not finding that bicycle in the middle of the floor. After looking under the tree for my many gifts I saw the wheels of it behind that tree. I was so happy I just cried.

Carolyn Wilson,
Grade 4.

FIFTH AND SIX GRADE NOTES

Dear Santa Claus

A lonely pair of children
Sat crying in the snow.
'T was Christmas Eve for many
But not for these to know.

Some sleigh bells in the distance
Showed signs of life about.
For Santa Claus was coming
And coming with a shout.

The children jumped up quickly
To see a jolly face,
Give signals to his reindeer
To stop their lively pace.

They stood in awe and wonder
And gazed up in his eyes.
He looked upon them sweetly,
His face took on surprise.

"Why are you children wandering
When you should be in bed?"
"We cannot go to any home
For none is ours," they said.

Then Santa Claus took pity
And with a smiling face,
Lifted each up in the sleigh
And started the reindeer's pace.

Soon an invitation came
From both a girl and boy,
That each wished for a comrade,
Then came a shout of joy.

A home at last was found
And neither had to part,
Before the dear Saint left
They had thanked him in their heart.

Ruth Valesca Allen,
Grade 6.

Jack's Reward

The family who lived in a certain barely furnished house in a very poor neighborhood was gloomy. Jane was making a thin mince meat pie for Christmas. Jack, the only son of the house was out running errands for neighbors.

Christmas Eve was there before they realized it. The children had gone to bed and the mother too. In the middle of the night a figure could be seen working noiselessly about the house. He worked for a long time and then went upstairs. When the mother and Jane came down next morning they had cause for rejoicing. Much to her surprise there were toys, useful gifts, and a tree. In the kitchen there was a fine turkey. Jack had worked

be keeping a cow in her bedroom? A certain type of mascot is certainly in harmony with collegiate ideas, but playing a nursemaid to a cow would grate on my dignity. The poor thing soon ceases to mourn, and out of the very same room where the cow should have been steps a fair young damsel with a saxophone in her hand. A feeling of relief sweeps over me; it wasn't a cow after all.

Keats was indeed a true genius; he knew good music and was able to appreciate it. He expresses in a few words what it has taken me several pages to say. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

Circumstances? I sit erect in my chair. Those Russians would never have retreated if Nero had played such a stirring melody for them as this.

I wander restlessly through the halls. A curious lilting jingle greets me as I pass the music room "Sweet Kitty Clover she bothers me so, Oh-o-o-o, Oh-o-o-o." Can it be possible that college students who are soon to qualify for a degree engage in such juvenile form of expression? I rush madly past the music room, and dash into the dormitory, seeking a haven of peace and quiet. A low moan in A flat minor welcomes me. The Saints preserve us! Who in the world could

EDITORIAL STAFF

EditorMary Louise Long
Asst. EditorAudrey Stewart
Reporter for Grade 7Billy Gavin
Reporters for Grade 6
Reporter for Grade 5 ..Eloise Morris
Huston Smith and Betty Duncan

secretly to earn money. It was he who had come down that night and fixed everything. There was joy in that house.

William Greene,
Grade 6.

Holy Christmas

This is why we have Christmas. There were three shepherds watching their sheep by night. They heard the voices of angels singing. This is what they seemed to say.

"There is a new born King in Bethlehem".

The shepherds decided to go to see the baby. They took many gifts. The baby was named Jesus.

Ernest Townsend,
Grade 6.

Chine's Joke

Dick and Billy were looking for a Christmas tree. They saw a spruce tree so they decided to take it. When they had finished chopping it down the root moved and there appeared a bag of gold. When they reached home Chine, the monkey, and Polly Parrot were wild with joy at sight of the treasure. Dick and Billy were so excited that they had gone home without the tree. They had to make another trip for it.

When they came back the money was missing. They searched the whole house without success. Suddenly they heard a screeching call from Polly Parrot.

"Chine has it! Chine has it!"
Dick turned around in surprise. They went to the monkey's cage and there was the bag of gold. Chine laughed at his joke and they all had a Merry Christmas. Charles White,
Grade 5.

Quick Action

On Christmas Eve Mother put me to bed early. I couldn't sleep because of the excitement and fun to come. The people across the street had invited Mother and Daddy to a party after their work was done. When they went out I heard the door close.

I decided to go downstairs and see what Santa had brought. While looking around I heard footsteps on the front porch. There was nothing to do but scot. Every rug in the living room twisted when my feet touched it.

When Mother and Daddy came in they saw rugs scattered every place but no one was in sight. They called. I was too scared to answer. Christmas day I told them all about it. You should have heard them laugh.

Betty Nock,
Grade 5.

SEVENTH GRADE NOTES

New Book Presented to Seventh Grade

The seventh grade was presented with a new dictionary and reference library combined on Tuesday, December 11,

"FIFTEEN MEN ON A DEADMAN'S CHEST"

It was a cold dark night, a night when only those bent on mischief prowled the streets. In a small corner room facing Camden and Colege Avenues, three girls were busily plotting.

The room was in semi-darkness, the small lamp set in the middle of the room cast grotesque shadows upon the alabaster walls. The girls were still busily plotting.

Outside the wind whirled around the building sighing and sighing, piercing the stillness with the wailing of a lost soul, but the three girls kept right on busily plotting.

Heavy, rain laden clouds scurried across the face of the dead moon, the barren branches of the campus trees moved in protest against the weight of the wind. The three girls moved—but kept on busily plotting.

The hour has struck said one. They looked out of a window. The night was dark, the room was semi-dark, the wind was sighing, the clouds were still scurrying. They looked at each other, and giggled.

It was a nervous strain sitting there plotting. When the action started it would be all right. The plunder would be great, the damage irreparable, their enemies squelched, ah! it would be a great night.

They had to drink to bolster up their courage, so hastening to the closet they pulled out a hidden bottle of pop, and upended it. "Ah, that was good, now I am ready for murder," said the smallest of the three, scowling until she looked like Mr. Hyde.

"Avast there you h dash double lion," said the tallest, "I want no killings tonight, or I'll have you in the brig over the week end, and then where will poor Dink be?"

"Oh, stop your chattering," said the third, "we mustn't waste any more time, I have to get my beauty sleep."

"Well, then to the attack, and mind you no nonsense," said the tallest.

So tripping gaily over the chair, rug, table, that which goes under the bed, the bed, and not over looking the study table, (the little one never could anyhow) they started on their adventure. Two doors down the hall they stopped. They listened at the keyhole, they peeked over the transom. They saw nothing, they heard nothing. "The room must be empty" said the littlest.

"How do you know?" said the tallest.

"Why, I see nothing, and I hear nothing," the pygmy replied.

"Don't tell us your afflictions," said the third, "we've still got to find our plunder, and I am getting cold."

At this moment, they heard the gentle rasping sound of a saw getting to work, (or was it someone snoring?). It came from the empty room. "Ghosts," cried the lame tall duck. "Nuts," said the medium sized waddle, "that's our victim in the throes of her death agony. She is so afraid of the dark, that she shivers even when she is asleep." This brought on a fit of giggles, that could not be stopped, it stopped the stentorian breathing however. A bed creaked, a light flashed on in the room, and with frightened gasps the conspirators fled to their rooms.

CAROL SINGING

This year the custom of arising early in the morning to sing carols has been broken and has given way to the singing of such on Thursday evening, December 20 at 9.00 P.M. after the candle-lighting service.

The carol singers will divide into groups and will go to the Parsons Home for the Aged, the Baptist Home, and the Sanitorium.

MIRACLES STILL HAPPEN

While practice teaching our little "gabbler" Anna Baden found herself with nothing more to say after only 8 minutes of her time had elapsed.

OUR HISTORIC MARYLAND

Stephen Decatur

One of the most outstanding and romantic figures in the history of the United States navy is Stephen Decatur. Born during the revolutionary war, Decatur's life is the story of one of our greatest warriors.

Stephen was born in Sinnepuxent, Maryland, where his father and mother had fled after the capture of Philadelphia by the British. Soon after the war, however, they returned to Philadelphia. During the first eight years of his life, Stephen's father was seldom home from sea, and his mother, realizing the anxiety of having one member of the family away most of the time, planned to have Stephen enter the ministry. This could not be, however, for Stephen was not very healthy and when his father returned he had developed a very uncomfortable cough. Stephen was only eight when his father took him to sea and cured him of this cough.

Stephen soon learned to love the sea, and it was with deep regret that he returned, and in 1788 began his formal education at the Episcopal Academy. It was at this time that his body developed into a man with a splendid physique.

He soon felt that his education was a waste of time, and although he could not bring himself to run away to sea, neither could he face another year of school. As a compromise, in 1796 he entered into the counting house of Gurney and Smith. Here he drank in the sea stories told by sailors, who did business with the company, and although when at college he had hated mathematics, here he tackled it with a will.

When congress authorized the building of four frigates to free some Americans in Algiers, Gurney and Smith were chosen as naval agents to work with Mr. Humphres in the building of one of the ships. As naval agents they sent Decatur to help get the keel pieces for the boat and it was here that the lad learned to live with men in a temporary camp.

When the Algerian treaty was signed, work on the ships was automatically stopped, but another act of congress caused the completion of three of the ships.

At the outbreak of the war with France, Decatur was commissioned midshipman, and in July, 1798, he sailed on the "United States", one of the new ships. On the second cruise to the West Indies, he was promoted to acting lieutenant.

Decatur's rise to fame began during the Tripolitan war. Decatur was second in command while the "Enterprise" was off Tripoli. He captured the Ketch "Mastico" and with her proposed to destroy the "Philadelphia", which had stranded and fallen

into the hands of the Tripolitans. Decatur, with about 81 men from the crews of the fleet entered the harbor of Tripoli and came within 200 yards of the "Philadelphia" before they were hailed. The pilot of the "Mastico" told the Tripolitans that they had lost their anchors and wished to tie up with them for the night. This was granted them, but as they tied up, the Americans leaped aboard, swept the surprised Tripolitans overboard and destroyed the boat with the injury of only one man.

The other war in which Decatur made such a heroic standing was the war of 1812. His ship, the "United States" made the second, of the three famous frigate victories at the onset of the war: this was the capture of the "Macedonian". After a celebration in New York over the victory, he attempted to run the blockade thru the Long Island sound, but his ships were driven into New London, where he remained throughout the rest of the war.

Decatur and his whole devoted crew were transferred in May from this ship to the "President", but when they attempted to run the blockade, they were chased by several of the British fleet. However, they outran all of them save the "Endymion", and the Americans turned and with expert maneuvering stripped them of sails, suffering heavily themselves. Unfortunately, when they limped on after this encounter, they met with the rest of their pursuers. This time Decatur surrendered without firing.

Decatur died as the result of a duel with Captain Barron, with whom he had had heated correspondence, in which Decatur opposed Barron's efforts at reinstatement in the navy, saying that he had not made efforts enough to enter in 1812. The meeting was at Bladensburg, near Washington. Decatur said that he would aim low to avoid mortal injury, and selected the shortest distance in deference to Barron's poor eyesight. He was first buried in the Joel Barlow vault, but later removed to St. Peter's Churchyard, in Philadelphia.

Decatur's remarkable personality can well be illustrated by the undying devotion of all his crews, and his always friendly relations with his fellow officers. A famous toast of his "Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right, but our country, right or wrong", shows us his love of his country and the spirit of real patriotism. He had a slightly mechanical trend, and could converse intelligently and lively. Although perhaps not the greatest of our naval heroes, Decatur is undoubtedly the most vivid and popular. His stainless character and lovable personality put him foremost in our hearts. Henry White.

Dear Old Santa Claus

By Earle Hooker Eaton

THERE'S lots of folks I'd like to know
Who live in summer rain and snow;
Who dwell as well, in cold and heat,
And on earth's good old Easy Street,
But here's the chap for loud applause,
Our good old friend, dear Santa Claus.

Though men may come and men may go,
Though kings speed fast and then go slow,
There's one who gets here every year,
On time with his old jingle deer,
So hail this chap for loud applause,
Our good old friend, dear Santa Claus.

The world is full of heroes great,
On deck today, then out of date
But where's the child who does not cheer
For one famed Saint to mem'ry dear,
Who does not give her loud applause
For her good friend, old Santa Claus?

SPIRIT OF EDUCATION

(Continued from Editorial Column)

The days of physical explorations are largely over, but the days of mental exploration are increasing steadily. There is more to learn all the time; there are more applications to be made. The fundamental question in this for college students is: Are you willing to trust your mental capacities for economic power and comfort? This is the thing that should distinguish a college student from the one who is not interested in education. The student should be marked by his attitude toward mental adventure and willingness, and by his bravery to depend on mental powers and mental effort for his success in life.

True education also calls for the spirit of sacrifice. The first evident sacrifice in education is economic. Having observed many fellow students getting an education, I have been impressed with the spirit of economic sacrifice evidenced by them for the purpose of securing an education. In one University in which I was a student more than half the men in school were working their own way through. But this is not the greatest sacrifice to be made if we are to accomplish anything in the field of education or in the field of mental adventure. The greatest sacrifice is demanded where none has become skilled in some trade or art. Recently we had a skilled musician in our school. After watching this lady and observing the skill of her fingers on the violin, one could not help but think of and be impressed with the enormous sacrifice I knew had been necessary to gain this skill. A type of sacrifice is also required of a writer, of a carpenter, or of a teacher. Are we willing to make a personal sacrifice for the purpose of gaining efficiency in some line of work? This is the challenge of the true spirit of education.

Again, education should cause the student or the person to show an inclination to pick the best. There are thousands of books one could select for his reading; some of them I suppose are positively bad; others are harmless; there are valuable. True education will not ask which is the worst; it will say which is the best. Why select a useless book? Education would say select the best. This same thing would hold true with reference to moving pictures and entertainments. Likewise, education would call for a choice of the best habits. It would say of all the various little habits one might form why not form the best? These are the marks of the spirit of education.

Now, with reference to the outlook of the college, as indicated by the recent action of the State Board of Education, I should like to say two things. First, in connection with the appointive power: the appointment of principal of this school is largely in the hands of the executive officer of the State Board of Education, known as the State Superintendent of Schools. I want it understood by this student body and faculty that in my opinion this appointment was made sincerely and conscientiously with regard to what the State Superintendent of Schools though was the best for this college at this time, and under the conditions now existing. We will therefore accept this appointment in the true spirit of education. And, second, in connection with the appointee himself, Dr. J. D. Blackwell, I want to say that in my opinion he is ideal for the position for which he is chosen. He is a man who stands for a high degree of scholarship, of industry; he has high ideals. These things will build any individual or any college. We should, therefore, feel fortunate that Dr. Blackwell is to come to us during this school year. What shall we do in the interim?

I am deeply concerned as your executive officer for the time being that everything go along as smoothly as possible, and the only thing that I can ask of you as a student body is to show an optimistic and helpful attitude. The best illustration I can give you of this attitude already existing is the recent action of the Student Council. This Council, of its own initiative, has outlined a plan of action for the purpose of supporting this school. I commend this attitude to all of you because it is not a question of what happens to any particular individual — for that is relatively unimportant; but what happens to the school is of paramount importance.

Will you point me, then, in doing anything and everything that can be done to further the best interests of this college? Surely the spirit of education calls also for the spirit of adjustment. If we cannot intelligently adjust ourselves we are not truly educated.

If I may draw further illustrations from the field of athletics, I would say that in an ideal game with ideal athletes, nobody is defeated. It is true that the score may be in favor of one team or another, but with the proper ideal no one need be defeated. The true athlete is not defeated as long as he has exhibited fair play and has put his best into the game. For "when the one great scorer comes to write down the score beside your name he will ask not what you have lost or what you have won, but how you played the game".

Mr. T. J. Caruthers.

ATHLETIC NOTES

GAME WITH BEACOM

On December fifth, the soccer team wound up its season with a game with Beacom Business College. The game was played at Wilmington, on the Beacom home field. A strong, cold wind was blowing, and the field was slightly muddy. As a result, both teams found it difficult to get under way.

The game was started promptly at 3.15. The Beacom men kicked off with the disadvantage of the wind. Although the first quarter, the ball was rallied up and down the field by both teams, the defensive playing being very tight.

In the next quarter, the S.N.S. men were bucking the wind, and after several furious scrimmages, Beacom with much skill and speed succeeded in scoring a field goal.

At the beginning of the half, the S.N.S. team kicked off but again, in the first quarter, both teams sought vainly for an opening in the other defense. The quarter ended with the score still in favor of Beacom, 1 to 0.

In the fourth quarter, the play was fast and furious and both teams seemed to be getting warmed up. However late in the quarter, the Beacom team got the edge on the S.N.S. team, and scored another field goal. The final score was 2 to 0.

This game like the previous one was marked by fine sportsmanship which was shown by both teams. It is hoped that next season an other exchange of games will be arranged.

S.N.S. Lineup
Smith Left Outside
Hughes Left Inside
M. Day Center
G. Day Right Inside
Winters Right Outside
Williams Left Halfback
Gillis N. Center Half
F. Fletcher Right Half
De Fries Left Fullback
Elderdice Right Fullback
J. Fletcher Goal Keeper

JOINT DINNER SERVED FOR MAIL CARRIERS AND LADIES AUXILIARY

On Saturday night, Dec. 8, a supper was served to the members of the Rural Mail Carriers Association. Members of the Ladies Auxiliary acted as hostesses. There were representatives from all the counties on the shore as well as the president of the National Organization of Rural Mail Carriers. Mr. W. G. Armstrong. During the program the Men's Chorus of this School sang three numbers. The speakers of the evening were Mr. Sheldon Jones, Mayor of Salisbury, Md., Mr. C. J. Kellar of Princess Anne, Md., and Mr. W. G. Armstrong. The program lasted three hours, and after many responses, readings, and remarks, came to a close by the group singing the old familiar song, "Let Me Call You Sweetheart".