

*Graham H. Smith*

# The Holly Leaf

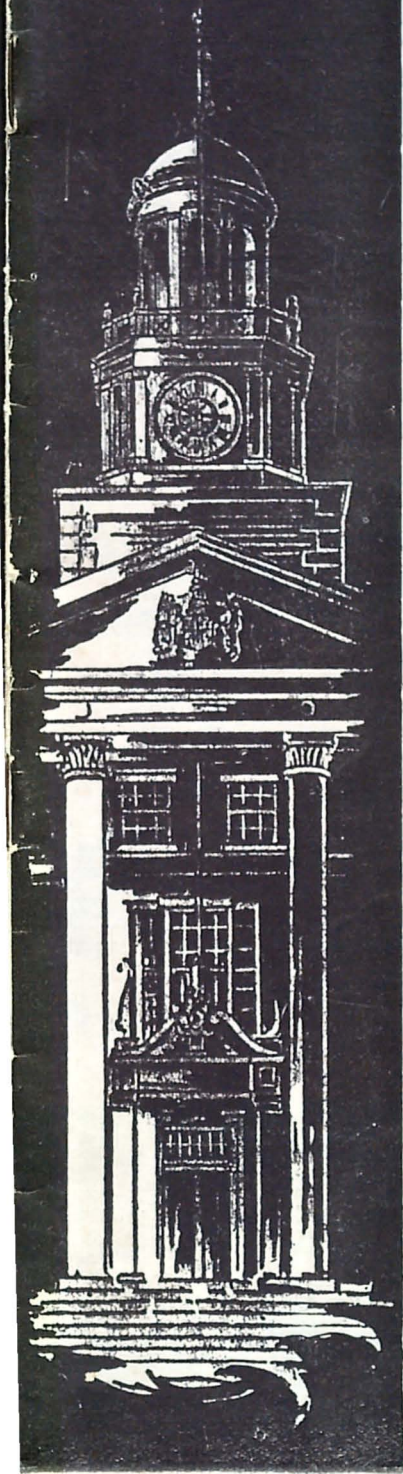
*SPECIAL ISSUE*

*for*

HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS

MARCH 1946

Volume 6, No. 1







# THE HOLLY LEAF



Volume 6

Number 1

## CONTENTS

"Thy Portals Stand" .....	3
Welcome High School Seniors .....	4
Chances and Choices .....	5
Minstrel Show Planned .....	5
Frosh Staff Jingle .....	5
Our Unfinished Task .....	5
For Your Information .....	6-7
Vets Present Views .....	8-9
Veterans Have Enrolled .....	9
Dear Mom and Dad .....	9
Rat Week .....	10
Today's Literature .....	10
Needed Improvements .....	10
Day Students at S. T. C. ....	11
Corridor Chatter .....	11
Scenes From the Day Room .....	11
Shopping for Learning .....	12
Library Jottings .....	12
Down at S. T. C. ....	13
Will They Grow Up? .....	13
Of Human Interest .....	13
Grads Tour .....	14
Thy Fellow Man .....	15
The Challenge .....	16
Wisteria .....	17
Of Things Social .....	18
It's Club Time .....	20
Dad's Dream .....	20
The Re-opening of the Cage .....	23
Future in Sports .....	23
Calendar of Special Events .....	26
Eleventh Annual High-School-Seniors Day Program .....	28

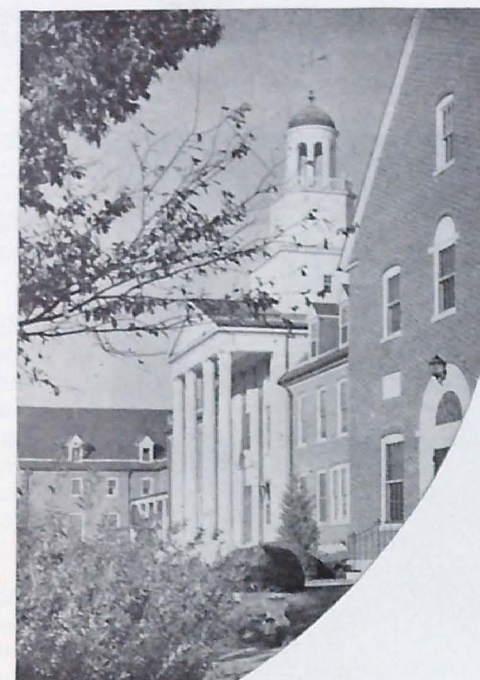
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Freshman Class



"THY PORTALS STAND"

*Front Entrance of S.T.C.*

### TO THE INCOMING FRESHMAN:

College is a new adventure and a great one for all incoming freshmen. You've wanted to go ever since you can remember; it's been your goal through high school. At last you're at its doorstep.

Most of you will be just a little timid. You'll be lost in your new adventure and wonder if you've done the right thing; but never think for one moment you've made a wrong step. College is where you begin your career!

Whether you're planning to be a doctor, teacher, nurse, engineer, or whatever else, your first step is college. Here's where you learn to live and get along with other people. Here's where there's a willing hand to offer guidance. Then, it is the foundation of your career.

Now you're ready to walk up the white marble steps, past huge pillars, and into what we hope will be your Alma Mater. Yes, State Teachers College, standing wise and stately — "Thy portals stand, an open door . . ."

EMMA KRABILL, '49



# Welcome High School Seniors

Greetings, High School Seniors! In a few months now you will be completing the second phase of your education. For many of you this means the beginning of the third phase, college. Before you decide which college, the students of the State Teachers College want to know you and have you know their college better.

There are many features of the college of which we are proud and would like to have you know about. Elsewhere in this magazine you are told of curricula, courses, and opportunities; all of them important. But we want to introduce you to a part of our social life which, in the eyes of both the faculty and the students, is also important. With this in mind the students welcome you to the Eleventh Annual High-School-Seniors Day Program.

Come as early as you can on March 29. The fun begins at 4:15; but registration and dinner arrangements must be made before this. The activities open with a tea dance in the main corridor. The college students who left your high schools one, two, and three years ago will be there, also, and this informal social hour will give you an opportunity to renew old and make new acquaintances. After the dinner we want to take you on a trip through the building; show you where we work and some of the things we do. College has its serious side also.

Some time back in February an election was held to decide whom the students considered the campus leaders. Dr. Blackwell, the president of the College, is going to announce the results.

Following this the physical education classes will present an exhibition in the gymnasium and promptly at nine the big event of the evening, the High-School-Seniors Dance, will begin.

And so we repeat, come early and come prepared to help us enjoy the evening.

— JAMES F. GLENN



CHAIRMAN,  
HIGH-SCHOOL  
SENIORS DAY

JAMES F. GLENN



PRESIDENT BLACKWELL

I wish to extend greetings to you as delegates to the Eleventh High-School-Seniors Day Program. High school seniors should at this time give thoughtful consideration to the desirability of attending a college or university as a preparation for their respective chosen life work. You will find in this issue of "The Holly Leaf" under the caption, "For Your Information", a brief outline on offerings by this Teachers' College, to prospective college students.

This outline presents for your consideration an accredited college consisting of a beautiful and a well-equipped building, a curriculum adapted to your needs, a well-trained and carefully selected faculty, an enthusiastic student body, and an activity program broad enough to meet your needs, available at a comparatively low cost to students.

Please note especially that the tuition to prospective teachers was eliminated effective June 1, 1945. The committee in charge has prepared an excellent program for the purpose of giving you first-hand information relative to college life as it exists at this college.

We shall be delighted to have you share our hospitality.

J. D. BLACKWELL, President

For the eleventh consecutive year, S.T.C. will open its doors to those who are planning to further their education and are interested in what our college may offer. This annual event is sponsored by the administration, assisted by the Student Government Association, the organization which would most directly affect your life here.

To you, High School Senior, we extend a cordial invitation to our "Open House" on March 29.

CHARLOTTE WHITE

THE HOLLY LEAF

## Chances and Choices

Emerson tells us in one of his books that America spells opportunity. His way of putting it expresses a great truth in a few words. He means that there are no barriers that prevent us from moving forward or outward as far as we have the will to go. This ought to give courage to every American. We can either go forward or stand still.

There are young people who think that the chances of other young people are better than their own. They think that they could do better if they had more money, or if they lived on a different street. They forget that Franklin, Lincoln, and Grant, and many other great statesmen were poor. We can do things, if we have the will to do. Money cannot buy will-power. If we have that we can make much of our chances in spite of handicaps.

Whenever a chance comes to us it becomes necessary for us to make a choice. Our parents, teachers, and friends may advise us, but we must decide for ourselves. We may have little or nothing to do with the chances that come to us, but we have everything to do with the choices. The choices we make tell what kind of people we are. We can judge people by their choices of books, of magazines, of amusements, of language, and by their choice of friends.

Our choices show the direction in which we are going. By choosing wisely we win a reputation for wisdom. By making choices we are filled with disappointments and regrets, and our future usefulness is impaired.

It will seem, therefore, that the chances and choices of young people are very important matters in their life plans, and are well worth much careful thinking. Many men and women who have been successful were not geniuses at all, but were wise enough to make the right choices when their chances came. Then they worked with might and main to reach their goal.

Young men, young women, seize the opportunity that is yours at the Salisbury State Teachers College today. Tomorrow may be too late.

STC

## Minstrel Show Planned

Music is in the air! The Annual Music Festival of the College Elementary School will be held Wednesday, April 10, 1946 in the College Auditorium.

The theme, "Familiar Songs of the Old South", will be presented as a Minstrel Show by all the grades. Appropriate scenery will be under the direction of Miss Henrietta Purnell and her art classes. The music will be directed by Miss Isabella Watters, assisted by Mrs. Bernice Brady, Mr. Paul Hyde, Miss Pauline Riall, Miss Martha White, and the students who are teaching in their respective rooms.

MARCH 1946

## Frosh Staff Jingle

The staff of the "Holly Leaf" is made up of many,  
And in their heads there are brains aplenty,  
They suffer and slave for weeks at a time  
For read by all was each little line.

Without the help of our staff advisor  
Mistakes would go through and us none the wiser.  
The editor-in-chief OK'd the best articles  
That concerned S.T.C. in each little particle.

We had lots of fun while making this book,  
And hope our reader will do more than just look.  
The material in it is our freshman best,  
So if you've talent to offer, come join the rest!

— PEGGY HASTINGS, '49

STC

## Our Unfinished Task

Attention Fellow Americans!

The war is over, people of America; half of our job is done. We people of the Allied countries proved ourselves capable of winning the war, and now it is up to us to prove ourselves capable of finishing the task we have begun. What is this task? This task is to make our world a peaceful, happy, prosperous world, free from the terror and ravages of strife. This is a tremendous undertaking, and we will require much hard labor, cooperation, and tolerance to see it through. Honest, fair-minded, intelligent individuals will be needed — individuals who can think things through and are unafraid to meet the foe, whatever that foe might be.

The problems arising today are only a part of the great task confronting us, and if we solve them intelligently and peacefully, we will pave the way for a bright tomorrow. I stress that important word "intelligently"; for surely a promising future cannot be expected if the peoples of the world do not have the intelligence required in this expanding world of interdependence.

We students at State Teachers College are striving to fulfill our obligations to the world by acquiring an education that will help to make us better qualified to meet the situations that will arise. We know that the young people of all the countries of the world will be the makers of the future world. The responsibility for a better world of tomorrow rests on their shoulders. If they hope to have a prosperous, peaceful world, they must put forth every effort to make themselves more intelligent citizens of their country and of the world.

The clouds of war and hate and the shadows of evil have passed. We enter a shining new world of love, brotherhood and peace. That peace must survive, and it is up to every nation of the world to see that it does survive. Our dead must not have died in vain.

— QUEEN ESTHER RYLE, '49



# For Your Information—

## The State Teachers College At Salisbury Has To Offer Prospective College Students—

- I. A college accredited since 1942 by the American Association of Teachers Colleges.
- II. A beautiful and well-equipped building.
  - A. An administration unit, including auditorium, gymnasium, class rooms and office.
  - B. A library, little theatre, faculty offices, post office and college store.
  - C. Social room, dining hall, service room, kitchen and infirmary.
  - D. The laboratory school, including four class rooms, a library and teachers offices.
  - E. Dormitory rooms, accommodating two students each, with lavatory and two closets. All furniture and a limited amount of bedding is furnished. Students may, however, provide draperies, a coverlet and a blanket, if they so desire.
- III. Curricula adapted to needs of most prospective college students.
  - A. A four-year curriculum, leading to a B.S. degree in Education.
    - 1. Tuition for prospective elementary and junior high teachers, eliminated effective June 1, 1945.
    - 2. Beginning salaries of \$1500 per year to graduates.
  - B. A two-year transfer curriculum.
    - 1. Satisfactory completion enables students to transfer to other colleges and universities with junior standing in Arts and Science, Education, Journalism, or law.
    - 2. Students have transferred to Dickinson, Drexel, Haverford, Hood, Madison, Mary Washington, Washington, Washington and Lee, Western Maryland, William and Mary, also to Temple, and the Universities of Maryland, Minnesota, Missouri, Richmond, and Virginia. List of such available upon request.
  - C. One-year transfer curricula in
    - 1. Agriculture, Commerce, Home Economics, Pre-Dental, Pre-Medical and Pre-Nursing.
    - 2. Students have transferred with sophomore standing in each of the above listed fields.
  - D. A one-semester curriculum for nurses
    - 1. In cooperation with Peninsula General Hospital.
    - 2. Includes courses in Anatomy, Chemistry, Massage, Psychology and Sociology.

# For Your Information—

## The State Teachers College At Salisbury Has To Offer Prospective College Students—

- E. Summer session, June 10 to August 16, 1946
  - 1. For freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors.
  - 2. For nurses and teachers in service.
- F. Requirements for admission. See catalogue and application blank, available upon request.
- IV. A well-trained faculty.
  - A. Approximately 50% of college instructors at S.T.C. have doctor's degrees.
  - B. Each selected because of special qualifications.
- V. A comparatively small but enthusiastic student body.
  - A. Provides for individual attention to student needs.
  - B. Students represent best Eastern Shore families.
- VI. Activity program, under the direction of the Student Government Association.
  - A. Athletic, Christian, home, men's, and women's day associations.
  - B. Assembly, camera, chorus, debate, dramatic organizations, and Publications Staff.
- VII. A comparatively low annual cost to students:

	Prospective Teachers	Transfer
A. Board, laundry and room . . . . .	\$216	\$216
B. Fees — activity \$10; breakage \$5 . . . . .	15	15
C. Textbooks . . . . .	10	10
D. Tuition (not required of prospective teachers) . . . . .		100
Total . . . . .	\$241	\$341

For additional details address:

THE REGISTRAR  
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE  
SALISBURY, MARYLAND





PAUL S. HYDE, Lt. USNR  
GRACE S. CHAIRES,  
Lt. (j. g.) (w) USNR  
BENN MAGGS, Lt. USNR

## Vets Present Views

**Editor's Note:** War brings great stresses and hardships; but following the cessation of hostilities, there must follow a period of changes or modifications within a nation. Can this transitional period between war and a return to normal life be one of stability or is it a time of chaos and internal struggles? A chaotic situation now exists in our own nation. Could this have been avoided or is it an inevitable outcome of war? Returned veterans now enrolled at S.T.C. have given the following opinions in regards to this question:

Some confusion is to be expected. Why cannot public leaders anticipate conditions and pen legislation that will lessen the confusion in a critical time? Legislation following issues that have reached the critical stage is probably better than no legislation, but, if public leaders are to lead, then legislation should roll out to thwart or curb conditions before a crisis is reached. Our rights, privileges, and principles certainly deserve that amount of protection.

P. S. HYDE, Lt. USNR

\* \* \* \* \*

As we know, the war ended almost a year before expected, plans had been begun for a more painless reconversion to peace but since peace arrived, happily, before peace plans had been completed, the machinery had not been completed which could avert what is termed the present chaos.

The people over the country who had bent every effort and nerve toward war were very happy that peace was here, but with the end of the tenseness that had been present, a reaction set in. Instead of pulling together, which they had done during the war, they began to disintegrate into groups of discontented people.

It is my feeling that as soon as the nervous strain, which was present throughout the breadth of the land, has subsided we will regain our sanity and put an end to the present disorder.

The country can be likened to a person who has had a long illness. The crisis has been passed, the stage we are now in is the convalescent period when folks are often said to be irritable, with little patience, and hard to please. As soon as this passes, we can look forward to being well, with renewed vigor and strength to deal with the problems which confront us. And being over this period of strain, mentioned above, the problems will not assume such gigantic proportions as they now seem to possess.

GRACE S. CHAIRES,  
Lt. (j. g.) (w) USNR

\* \* \* \* \*

A certain degree of social and economic confusion is to be expected. However, much of the present chaos could have been prevented.

LT. BEN MAGGS, U.S.N.R.

\* \* \* \* \*

The chaos in our country at present is inevitable to a certain extent. It seems that if President Truman would exercise his powers as he should, and not let unions run the country, the situation would not be as bad as it is.

CHARLES C. LITTLETON,  
S/Sgt., Army Air Forces, Italy

\* \* \* \* \*

The nature of man through rapidly changing experiences would indicate that the present state of unrest and confusion existing in our nation and the world is an inevitable outgrowth of war. Just how much has been accomplished by state and national control probably cannot be accurately determined, but certainly much has been gained by these measures and certainly the total is less serious. The dis-

(Continued on next page)

## VETS PRESENT VIEWS ...

(Continued from page four)

troubling fact to veterans is the fact that now we are witnessing the gradual undermining of our entire economic system. Whether or not our leaders were aware of this possibility before the termination of the war does not now matter. They most certainly are aware of it now; and the sooner we start binding up our nation's wounds the better. Let's, with our leaders, define a clear-cut and sound pattern in our dealings with labor, prices, housing, and foreign policies. Let us do it now before it is too late!

SAM COLGAIN,  
Warrent Officer, Australia

\* \* \* \* \*

I believe that this chaos is inevitable, but that is no excuse for not trying to do something to straighten things out. Prompt action by Congress would help. It seems to me they are moving too slowly.

HERBERT E. RYLE,  
Sgt., U.S.M.C.R., South Pacific

\* \* \* \* \*

The period following previous wars has always been a chaotic one. The present situation is no exception. The problems of today are more serious than those of past years. Probably our economic outlook would be less serious if some of our national domestic problems had been "ironed out" before the close of the war. After the war the pressure of world affairs offset these and as yet most have been left unanswered.

We must forget our self-interest and work now with unity in democratic ideas if we can hope to relieve the present economic situation.

JOE B. COLGAIN,  
S/Sgt., Army, Europe

\* \* \* \* \*

It seems that many people labor under the philosophy that war must breed chaos at its termination — that no powers on earth can prevent that condition. The reason that the present upheaval was fomented is purely psychological. After a terrific strain human beings must have some release. If our government had been as interested in the post-war period as it was in the war period, this whole affair could have been avoided. Must the control over industries, rationing, and O.P.A. end when the Peace Treaty is signed? Why couldn't they have been held over for the complete reconversion period? Our government has failed us in this main problem; it will continue to fail us until the elections are over.

SGT. JAMES B. HYDE

\* \* \* \* \*

Chaos is hardly the word that I would choose to describe the present state of the nation. I really believe that the current conditions merely represent healthy evolutions of a democracy too long suppressed by war time restrictions.

W. MILLER WHITE, Phm 3/c

The following Veterans have enrolled for the second semester of 1945-46:

### Freshmen

Hubert Duffy, Joseph Elzey, Hall Harris, Charles Hemming, Charles Littleton, Walter Miles, Herbert Ryle, W. E. Kelly, and William P. Woolston.

### Sophomores

Joseph Colgain, Jack Shockley, and Henry Mikelait

### Juniors

Samuel Colgain, and James Hyde

### Special

Albert Adams

### Extension

Russell Nichols, and Albert H. Reynolds

STC

State Teachers College  
Salisbury, Maryland  
March, 1946

Dear Mom and Dad,

In two more months I'll be a freshman no longer. It's pretty hard to realize that I've been here seven months, isn't it? Remember how frightened I was when you left me here that first Sunday evening, September 9th? I was pretty homesick that first night, and I felt as if I would give anything to be at home with you. Many things have happened since then.

I am a student at at S.T.C. When I say that I always feel proud. I believe that ever since I got my first glimpse of S.T.C. I have thought of it as my college.

I'm awfully glad I picked teaching as my profession. Teaching, I know, is a great responsibility, but it's worth all the effort one puts into it. I think I've heard you tell me that, Dad.

I wish I had an opportunity to speak to every high school student in America. I'd tell them just how I feel about teaching and why I feel the way I do. I have several reasons for wanting to be a teacher, as you know, but the one I'd like to share with them is this: America needs teachers and needs them badly. There are millions of young minds that must be trained and someone has to take the responsibility of training them. It's a big job and I like to think that I will soon have a part in that great task. If the high school students were told this, I think many of them would feel the way I do.

Gosh, here I am blowing off steam to you all about something you've known for years when I should be writing my theme for English composition. I'll have to close now.

Lots of love to everyone,

Your daughter,

QUEENIE

P.S. Don't forget to come All-Senior's Day. It's the 29th of March. I'm anxious for you to see more of our college. You'll have a swell time. Q.E.R.



## Rat Week

Rat Week at State Teachers College really is not the week to clear out the rodents on the campus; it is the week of initiation of the freshmen. If these long suffering mortals did not comply with the list of "rat rules", they were subjected to most any gruesome punishment the upper-classmen could devise.

The girls were very queerly dressed as charwomen, I suppose; however, I never quite knew what personage we were imitating. We wore our hair piled up on the top of our heads in a most unglamorous coiffure, topped with a "comic-strip" dunce hat made from the Sunday newspaper. The most original hat was the one which had been accidentally folded so that the letters formed "The Timid Soul" across the front. We wore huge aprons with dust cloths falling out of the pockets. Of course, we carried a scrub-woman's mop and broom. Our hose were worn in a very sloppy fashion, one rolled below the knee, tied with a polkadot ribbon instead of a garter.

The boys were such beautiful "babies". Baby bonnets, pink and blue, with matching ribbons adorned their heads. They wore their coats backward and one pants leg was rolled up to the knee. Each carried a rattler.

Peggy Hastings, of this year's freshmen class, was moved to poetry.

The freshies were young and innocent, 'tis true,  
And in the first week we were in quite a stew.  
The sophomores were evil and did make us suffer,  
'Cause the class before them had been even rougher.

The girls wore no jewelry and their hair was pulled back,  
When lunch time came they put their mops on a rack.  
A funny paper served very well as a cap,  
And if sophomores desired, they could give us a tap.

Boys in their wee baby caps of light blue,  
Were made to take a long walk, that's true.  
"Rock-a-bye-baby" was heard sung by all,  
Sophomores heard this when passed in the hall.

The "Quality of Mercy" was not learned by Cloak,  
She carried a bucket and mop as a joke.  
Margie limped — but pain did not cause it,  
Her uneven heels were picked from her closet.

One girl crawled to class on her knees.  
Sophomores said, "Do it!" They didn't say "Please".  
The bibs the boys wore were a sight to behold,  
To future classes, this will be told.

Sophs' shoes just glistened for once,  
For this job was done by a freshie, the dunce.  
Rattles the boys had to possess  
Or else pay penalties to all the rest.

So, incoming freshies, take warning right now,  
Do what you are told and be sure you know how.  
Or else pretend to suffer as we did this year,  
But we'll recall with laughter — not a tear.

— PEGGY HASTINGS, '49

Bright remarks were inspired by some of the punishments inflicted. A group of boys who were forced to walk eight miles claimed that their official theme song was "There's A Long, Long Trail A-Winding". Tommy Young commented, "I'm having a high time" as he climbed the flag pole on the front lawn. Margie Philbin, who wore one high heel and one low one, remarked, "I certainly am having my ups and downs." The general consensus of student opinion is "we'll be looking forward to seeing you next September (You'd better run!)"

STC

## Today's Literature

Oh! through thy long and spacious halls  
Where naught but a studious footstep falls,  
I've heard some strange remarks of late;  
Hubba! Hubba! and Hiya date bait!  
In the library where silence reigns  
Sinatra shatters the window panes.  
And even the tower's stately clocks  
Throb to the chatter of bobby socks.  
Must we then in this age thrive  
On a diet of boggie and a line of jive?  
Are these the ends of our consecration  
To the modern system of education?

— BETTY MOORE, '49

STC

## Needed Improvements

At present one complete side of the girls' day room is lined with bins or pigeon holes for books and whatnots. There are three rather comfortable couches and two wall mirrors. The table in the center of the room covers an area of about 3'x6'. Then there are several straight chairs and a dilapidated club-chair. The floor is completely bare except for the blanket of dust.

Now, don't get discouraged, girls, because it took us "freshies" to do something about it. Very soon it will be completely remodeled. The floor will be bright with inlaid linoleum. New blue and red upholstered furniture will take its place in the "modern designed" day room. The bins will be no more, and the books will be kept in the adjacent locker room. The old straight chairs will be replaced by comfortable ones similar to those in the library.

Come on, girls! You will love it here, as we have, even with the ancient furniture.

THE HOLLY LEAF

## Day Students At STC

"Say, Jean, are you going to the store?" This is the most familiar phrase among the day students at S.T.C. We're composed of about twenty-five slick chicks along with the usual 5% wolves. The difference between us and the rest of the student body is that we live in town and commute to college by another S.T.C., the Salisbury Transit Company.

We have a large room on the first floor all to our lonesome in which we're not any too careful about coats and books. Our motto: "A place for everything and everything in its place", is not always strictly observed. There is the nook where one throws himself on the nearest couch and preaches the gospel, or in your tongue, maybe it's who dated whom last night, and am I glad so and so broke up for I never did like them together. Then there's that familiar phrase first stated. This involves Taylor's store across the campus which is really a hang-out for those of us who have a sweet tooth. Despite the fact that Dr. Simonds (science professor) tells us dreadful tales of what happens to such offenders, one can still hear the cry — "Bring me back a large cake."

Although we're heard complaining at times,  
we're still standing and singing with pride our  
"Alma Mater".

— DORIS SCARBOROUGH, '49

STC

## Corridor Chatter

In the halls at S.T.C. many things can be seen, but one of the first would be Helen Adams holding the wall up while talking to Ward Jump. Or maybe it would be Jeannie Holland and Jimmy Lee; it's just according to their schedules.

Draped around the men's day room, we would probably find Tom Young, "Pud" Owens, Joe Elzey, or Sonny Heilig looking at the scenery — made up of Bette Moore or some other slick chick.

Jean Dallam might be near and accidentally bump into her dream from Pocomoke, Charles Littleton. And speaking of dreams, Virginia Anthony has decided on Charlie Hemming, but the "dorm" can't make up its mind as to whom shall have top honors in the dream class — Hubert Duffy or Sam Colgain. Either one isn't bad!

In the front entrance, waiting for the mail to come in, we would find "Gillie", Norma Lee, and Jean Davis, wise girls who keep their men a secret! Miriam Clopper isn't waiting any more because Joe is here at last.

The walls suffer a lot though, because the stars in the eyes of Elsie English and the sparkle of the ring on her finger are sort of blinding and she can't steer a straight course. Betty Brinsfield is having the same trouble.

Frank Lynch and Hilary Taylor are usually down by the ever-faithful water fountain. You know why, girls. Two nice quiet boys who never in-

MARCH 1946

dulge in this are Herman Wilkins and Jack Callo-way. (How many believe this.)

On the two benches in the front hall there are reserved signs for Petie and Dyksie, Dottie and Fairbanks, and George and Audie. Between classes, they go there as if drawn by a magnet.

Mr. Glenn, on one occasion, was surprised to see Ruth Cloak outside his door without Bob Cal-loway.

Down in the junction of the hall in the dorm, Toddy tells Margie about Jerry, and Margie tells Toddy about her man down at St. Andrews. Whether they listen to each other, I don't know. Jean Parsley can be seen trying to convince Joan and Polly that Bill Cropper had no influence on her coming to S.T.C.—I wonder.

So, having bothered so many people in the halls, we go out the door in back of Ginny and Nick and over to Taylor's for a coke.

— SNOOPY

STC

## Scenes From The Day Room

8:05 a.m. A few early risers wander in leisurely. They calmly comb their hair, put on lipstick, and otherwise prepare for classes.

8:30 a.m. The rest of the "daydodgers" dash in — books are thrown hither and yon, and other books are grabbed from the bins. There is a steady stream of conversation that sounds like this: "Does anybody have a kleenex? . . . Have you seen my economics book; it was right here in my bin? . . . Do you have a comb? . . . Could you do that English? . . . That's funny, I couldn't either." There is a sudden whoosh! and the room is empty for a while.

9:21 a.m. "Is the mail in? . . . I wouldn't get a letter anyhow . . . I never get anything but library slips . . . Look in my box, please; it's 272."

9:22 a.m. "I wish you'd look — it's a letter from Johnny! . . . I knew there was no use in looking . . . Maybe tomorrow . . . Anybody want to go to the store? . . . Will you take this book for me if you're going to the library? . . . Wait for me! . . . Bring me a coke!"

12:00 p.m. Wham! Bang! Watch out! About half of the students make a mad dash for the lunch room, while the other half made a rush for Taylor's. It's a mad house!

1:25 p.m. About the same as 9:21 and 9:22 a.m. More rushing to the mailboxes. Similar conversation.

2:20-3:15 p.m. "Are you going to take any books home? . . . No, I'm going to the movies . . . What's on? . . . I don't know . . . How'd you make out on that quiz? . . . Flunked it, as usual."

JEANNETTE WILLIAMS, '49



Shopping For Learning

One of the questions uppermost in the minds of students and parents from the time the student starts to school until he graduates is the problem "What College Shall Be My Choice?"

Some would choose a certain college because a member of their family had gone there, while others rely on an old established name. Sometimes finances make it necessary to go to a near-by school. Frequently a particular fraternity or a sorority in one school may be more desirable than one in another. But, in many cases, people who go to a college for social life find that maybe another college would have made them a finer lady or gentleman. No matter which college you choose, be sure it is the best one for you.

First of all, estimate your finances, state your course desired, and then start looking for a college. After one or two colleges have been sighted as probable Alma Maters of the future, visit them if possible. See the buildings and campus; meet the faculty and students; and learn about its curricula and social life. In this manner, you are more able to select a college in which you will be happy and satisfied.

If there is any doubt in your mind as to whether or not you're going to college, always remember higher education pays. A college education today is almost a necessity in the business world. If possible, go to college, but be sure it's the right college.

— EMILY ANNE GILSON, '49

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Library Jottings

We are constantly adding books of current interest to our Library collection. Some books recently received are:

- Frost, Frances M.—Legends of the United Nations
- Wriston, Henry M. — Strategy of Peace
- Gibson, Hugh — Road to Foreign Policy
- Cournes, John — Treasury of Russian Life and Humor
- Willkie, Wendell L. — One World
- Field, Carter — Barnard Baruch, Park Bench Statesman
- Preston, George H. — Substance of Mental Health
- Bromfield, Louis — Pleasant Valley
- Evans, Eva Knox — So You're Going to Teach
- Clark, Fred George — How We Live

A particularly interesting group of books and material has been collected due to the course offered by Dr. Anne Matthews on the subject of Audio-Visual Education. This subject was taken by many teachers in service. One such teacher, Miss Lottie F. Holston, of the Snow Hill Elementary school, Snow Hill, Maryland, stimulated by the course, has written an article entitled "Teaching the Basic Seven" which appears in the January, 1946 issue of the new magazine "See and Hear", the Journal on Audio-Visual Learning.

Other collections of which the Library is particularly proud are the Drama and Maryland History sections. These have been added to over a period of years with the advice and aid of Mrs. Lucy Bennett and Dr. Ida Belle Wilson Thomas, who offer courses in these subjects.— G. S. CHAIRES

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Come, ye lads and lassies,  
And I'll tell you of a school  
Where everyone's intelligent,  
And no one is a fool.  
They have the brightest people there  
That ever you did see.  
You will never find a moron  
Down at S.T.C.

The men are bold Sir Galahads.  
In athletics they excel.  
Of all their sports achievements  
'Twould take too long to tell.  
They're also good to look at,  
Just as handsome as can be . . .  
Those Clark Gables and Van Johnsons  
Down at S.T.C.

The girls there are said to be  
The fairest in the land.  
If you could only see them, too,  
I'm sure you'd understand.  
Their sparkling personalities  
Are known across the sea . . .  
Those witty girls who make their homes  
Down at S.T.C.

The members of the faculty  
Are also widely known.  
Under their wise guidance  
S.T.C. has larger grown.  
They make wonderful advisors:  
They are so scholarly . . .  
This group of friendly teachers  
Down at S.T.C.

We love our Alma Mater,  
And we prove it every day  
By the way we all co-operate  
In our work as in our play.  
We always help each other,  
And we never disagree.  
We're just one big happy family  
Down at S.T.C.

— EUNICE WHEATLEY, '49

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Will They Grow Up?

There is never a dull moment if you happen to reside in the dormitory. There is something going on constantly from the time you are awakened in the morning to that classical tune "Pepsi Cola Hits The Spot" until you retire at eleven to the horrible sound of some member of the disciplinary committee saying to freshmen, "When are you going to grow up?"

The favorite pass time of our dorm students is playing practical jokes on each other. Our freshmen are particularly fond of this. It is nothing to go to bed very tired to find your bed short sheeted, filled with cracker crumbs or burdened with a mouse trap. That is, if you are lucky enough to get in bed because often the beds are so arranged as to collapse. The members of the disciplinary committee seem to suffer, because if one belongs to that group her name is "mud".

Recently some of the girls have been up to new pranks. Since a cup of water has very conveniently been set on top of your door you are given a shower as you walk through. The only thing that seems to worry the girls about this is that their hair might go straight and although our supply of men has increased considerably we can't afford to let that happen.

So many funny and interesting things happen in the dorm that anyone with enough talent and ability could write the best comic strip the papers have ever had.

— RUTH CLOAK, '49

STC

Of Human Interest

ENGAGED!

- Elsie English, '46, and Bill Jones, Hebron.
- Margaret Jones, '44, and John Albert Bloodsworth, Princess Anne.
- Betsey Collison, '43, and James Clark.
- Betty Brinsfield, '46, and Pvt. Harold G. Moyer, Vienna.
- Martha White, '36, and Wilson Duncan, '39, Pocomoke.
- Fowler Cottingham, '46, and Pauline Lang.

MARRIED!

- Virginia Lee Callahan, '44, and Otis White, '44.
- Mary Jane Grey, '44, and Capt. Francis Bragg.
- Edna Mae Ellis, '43, and Edward Lee Twilley.
- Evelyn Crockett, '43, and Joe Callis.
- Norma Adkins, '44, and Edgar Nottingham.
- Nancy Jane Kline, '40, and Woodrow Taylor.
- Kathleen Benson, '49, and William Bloodsworth.
- Rhoda Ann Cooper, '44, and Thomas Luff, '44.
- Dorothy Lee Quesinberry, '39, and John Francis Ward.
- Charles Elliott, '40, and Virginia Willing.
- Phyllis Vincent, '46, and Capt. Walter McAllister, '38.
- Mark Atkinson, '44, and Betty Jane German.
- Betty Grier, '45, and Walter J. Runyon, Jr.
- Shirley Powell, '41, and Ralph Kirby, '43.
- James Kerr, '42, and Virginia Wieland.



## Grads Tour

It is five minutes of seven when we begin our tour with our guide. As we enter the dorm the loud blare of a radio — or is it two radios? — greets us.

"Just as soon as the bell rings we will continue," says our guide. "The girls are having their last bit of fun now. I'm sure you don't mind standing here for a few moments."

We stand outside the dorm door and watch with interest the last minute activities. What was that flash over there at that door? Oh, just a girl rushing in the shower room.

"Quick, move!" shouts our guide. "Here come some girls on their way to the library! The girls are under rules which they must obey, one of which is to be on their way to the library **before** seven o'clock." We all jump back quickly, clear the doorway and let the girls pass.

Suddenly we all jump again as the bell rings. We glance ahead of us to see the same red flash going out of the shower room that went in a few moments before. All the rest of the girls are gone, and the radio is off. Everything is so quiet that our ears seem to ring.

"Now we'll see the rest of the dorm," whispers the guide.

We walk up the hall and stop at a door on our right where whispering seems to be going on. We peek in and see two girls washing and ironing clothes. Our guide shuts the door, and we go on.

Clackety—clackety—clack goes someone's typewriter. R-i-n-g-g goes a telephone, and a girl darts quickly into the booth to answer it. Almost immediately she comes out of the booth and goes to a room at the far end of the hall. Then the lucky girl runs to receive her call. All of those who had been hopefully hanging out of their doors now return to their lessons greatly disappointed.

We walk on a little farther. Suddenly we all jump as a loud bang echoes through the hall. We turn around and see behind us a few doors down the hall a paper bag with the bottom torn out. Then a door slams, another opens, and,

"Can't you girls keep quiet? Maybe you don't have any lessons to do, but the rest of us have! Why don't you grow up? **NOW KEEP QUIET!**"

A few giggles follow, and then we have more silence.

After completing our tour of the halls, we stop at the "Home Corner" where the radio that we heard blaring so loudly a few minutes before sits mutely. We sit down in the comfortable chairs covered with a gay chintz. We gaze at each other and then the furniture again, and then we realize the gay chintz is slightly dingy and a faint odor of smoke is everywhere. As we start to rise we hear a door open gently and then slam shut.

"Darn that wind," whispers someone loudly. Then a girl with her hair up and a flowered robe on skips down the hall. She stops at a door and goes in. Slam!

"Can't you stop slamming doors?" A girl stands in the hall, holding her door open with one hand. "I have work to do! Please keep quiet! **THIS IS STUDY HOUR!!**" She turns around and starts to go in her room. Then Slam! goes another door. "SHUT UP!" she yells again and goes in her room. Then the girl who left her room comes back, and as she gently opens her door we hear a whisper. "Don't slam the door." "I won't"—Bang!

As we open a door to take a look at one of the dorm rooms, we hear a lot of scurrying and doors shutting gently. Then we look in. Two girls are studying at their desks. On their beds are crackers, cheese, cookies, and a couple of knives. On the floor are four glasses of soft drinks. The guide tells the girls we are visitors, and he asks them if they mind showing us the room.

"No indeed," whispers one girl, as she gets up from her desk. "Please excuse the food every place — we were just—" Suddenly a closet door opens.

"May we come out?" whispers someone. Then we hear a gasp.

"Come on," says our hostess, "it's too late now." Four girls emerge from two closets, and the room becomes rather crowded.

"You see," says our guide, "perhaps we'd better leave." So we tiptoe out of the dorm.

We return at nine-thirty just in time to hear the bell ring. When it stops we hear several loud yells and the dorm is alive with girls. They are dressed in pajamas and robes of many colors and styles. Their hair is up and their faces are washed bare of make-up. They settle themselves in the Home Corner. As we leave this jolly atmosphere, we hear one voice a little louder than any of the others say,

"I didn't get a bit of work done tonight. For some reason I just wasn't in the mood."

— JOAN MULLIKIN, '49

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## Thy Fellow Man

Night comes like a benediction in our city. It creeps up on the teeming streets and bustling humanity with deep, black shadows to cover and soften the ugly squalidness of its poverty. Under the glory of winking stars, neon signs of heaven, is played the everlasting drama of life, good and evil. And who knows or cares where goeth his fellow man.

\* \* \* \* \*

East Side — that's my part of town. You know me — I'm the guy you saw sitting on the curb reading the news under the street lights in front of Tony's delete. You remember, it was the last time you went on a whirl with your friends and came "slumming", as you laughingly put it. You pointed at me and called me a "character" in your silver-plated voices. I'm just a nobody all right, no home, no nothing, but I see things — and what I saw that night made me thank God I'm me instead of you.

You weren't in Tony's very long — got bored, I guess. I had just finished looking at the paper I had found and was walking down toward the river when I heard that agonized scream of pain. I thought at first it was one of the kids in the tenements, just kicking up for the heck of it, until I heard the pitiful little yelpings that came after the first scream. It was a dog.

I turned back toward Tony's. By the time I got there, a little girl was already cradling a small, curly poodle in her arms — its suffering reflected in her big, grey eyes. Her playmates were standing around awed by the sight of blood. Lady had just walked right in front of your car as you were leaving Tony's. She was an old dog, slow and gentle, with hair growing down over her eyes so she could hardly see. You didn't know that she had a friendly, moist nose for all the kids and wanderers like me, or that she could lick the ice cream out of any sized cone going. All you knew was that you'd half-killed a worthless little mongrel; that didn't matter enough to you even to apologize to its owner. Maybe one of the women with you felt a rush of pity for the little creature, but she wouldn't have been kill-joy enough to admit it.

Well, the kid with the grey eyes helped me lift Lady onto the newspaper I'd left under the light and, using it as a stretcher, we carried her to her master. The kid led the way up the four flights of stairs to a narrow room squeezed into the end of the hall. Pop, that's Lady's owner, was just coming out of the dark doorway, one hand hesitantly guiding him along the wall. You see, Pop's blind, and Lady was Pop's eyes. The dog whined at the familiar smell of

MARCH 1946

her master and struggled feebly to get to him. We carried her through the door Pop had left open. The room was dark but for the fitful lights coming in the windows from the neon sign of the cheap hotel across the street. It was an eerie red light, but Pop couldn't see it anyhow. We laid Lady on the floor while the old man hovered over us. He wasn't saying a word and neither were we, but Lady's trembling body and yelps were telling their own story. He knew from her first whimper that this all of it.

Pop knelt by the lop-sided couch with its straw mattress and poured out a little milk into a chipped blue bowl. Maybe, maybe this would revive her! With love and yearning on his anguished face he groped to find the wooly head of the only friend he had. The garish, red light lit up the aura of white, silky hair circling his sightless face. Tears streamed down the little kid's face, but she seemed to know with the wisdom of the very young that this was just between Pop and Lady. She bit her lip to keep from sobbing aloud as, with the blinding loyalty given only by a dog, Lady lapped at the milk obediently, thumped her tail hard on the floor, and sighed. I took the kid's hand and left the old man with his dead; you drove on to the next floor-show.

— JETTA BELLE PARKS, '49

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# The Challenge

All through her high school days Mary had been a quiet person. She was not disliked by her class members, but no one ever paid any special attention to her. Her high school days were not exceptionally happy ones, and she was one of the few girls who did not cry at graduation.

All her life Mary had planned to go to college, and after her graduation she chose a small college to attend in the coming fall. She was not enthusiastic about this new venture for she was afraid it would be a repetition of her high school days. She even considered withdrawing her application from the college, but something made her give up this idea. The summer went swiftly by and Mary began to realize that the beginning of her college career was at hand.

Mary left home for college one warm day in September. She had secretly vowed that she would come home after the first quarter, but she wanted to prove to herself that she wouldn't like this new life among more people.

The beginning of Mary's college life was just as she had expected. She hardly had time to settle down into the routine of studies, though, for the many activities seemed to draw her entire attention. Her class was about the size of her high school class, and the girls and boys seemed about the same. She did not mix with anybody at first, but it seemed to her that there was a magnet drawing her into the crowd that was everywhere. People would smile at her as they passed her in the halls; utter strangers would sit beside her at the table and begin to draw her into conversation. She began to develop a sense of humor, but she timidly kept this to herself at first. The time sped by, and as it went, so did the first quarter. Only once did Mary consider leaving at this time, and then she quickly put the idea in the back of her head. For some reason she did not want to leave.

The days and weeks then passed, and soon Christmas and a vacation at home arrived. Mary went home, and while she was there she decided to leave college at the beginning of the new semester. After two weeks at home Mary came back to college, and she had a strange feeling that she was glad to see her friends. After thinking it over she decided that she was glad to see everybody. Two days after her return to college she wrote home to tell her family she had decided to stay through the year.

Mary realized, as she wrote the letter home, that her friends were as glad to see her as she had been to see them. She realized that she was no longer noted for her quietness, and that she could make a joke from almost anything. She realized that college had been the thing most necessary in her life for many reasons. Not only had it developed her personality more, but it had given her a broader view-point on everything. And perhaps the thing

that surprised her the most was the fact that she had learned something!

\* \* \* \* \*

To you, the college freshmen of the coming year, is this challenge: You are challenged to make changes in the "Marys" in your class. You are challenged to become known in the history of your college as "The Class of 1950: The Class of Great Achievements."

—JOAN MULLIKIN, '49

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# Wisteria

Sandra King thoughtfully looked in the mirror and smiled. The last rays of the setting sun turned her hair a polished gold and put an impish sparkle in her deep blue eyes. The perfection of her body in the cream dress, and the satisfaction of knowing she was indeed beautiful were not her only reasons for smiling. Downstairs she could hear the deep murmur of George's voice, setting in relief the crystal tinkle of her mother's. George was George Crandall, The George Crandall, whose father owned the Crandall Glass works in Lexington and who was considered the town's most eligible bachelor. But not for long, Sandra thought, if everything turns out tonight. The first time Sandra had seen George and had found out who he was, she had decided to marry him and had carefully laid her plans. The fact that George had been engaged to Mary Willing, Sandra's next-door neighbor, had made little difference; and in a month it was taken for granted that Sandra would be Mrs. Crandall. Tonight was the climax. Her gown, hair-do, make-up, everything, had been carefully chosen. Down to the perfume. That was her stroke of genius — a light, sweet, airy fragrance, catching the true scent of "wisteria". If George seemed a little restless these last few weeks, who could resist Sandra, the moonlight, and a perfume that must have been made for Venus.

At last she was ready. She paused on the platform for a moment, enjoying the admiration in George's eyes and the affection in her mother's. Calling "good nite", Sandra and George went out to the car. Suddenly Sandra stiffened. There in the driveway, her arms filled with red roses, stood Mary Willing. There was nothing more than a casual greeting by everyone; yet as the car pulled off there seemed to be a sudden tension. Sandra frowned. She had to admit that Mary had been lovely, smiling through the hurt in her eyes, but she soon passed that off, gaily chattering as they drove down the road.

Dinner was perfect, the little gypsy orchestra at its best; but George didn't seem to notice. Dancing, he had an aloof air, even when Sandra swayed against him, and in between he answered only vaguely the subtle hints Sandra gave. He didn't even seem to notice the perfume. And still later, as the blue convertible raced down the beach, he was silent. Sandra told him to stop as they came to a moonlight stretch, and they both sat still, watching the rippling lake and the silver moon. Then George kissed her, not tenderly as usual, but with a roughness totally unexpected. It was no good. He released her just as suddenly as he had kissed her. Then he noticed the perfume. He stood for a minute looking down on her but not seeing her. When he started the car, Sandra did not have to ask what he was going to do. She knew. He was going back to Mary. She could see him now ring

the doorbell, wait impatiently for Mary to come; she could see the surprise, then joy, in Mary's eyes as she shyly invited her man to walk into her life again. Suddenly Sandra started. She remembered something that had vaguely troubled her at the time. The "wisteria" perfume, which had somehow seemed oddly familiar, was the kind Mary Willing always used.

— BARBARA WEBSTER, '49

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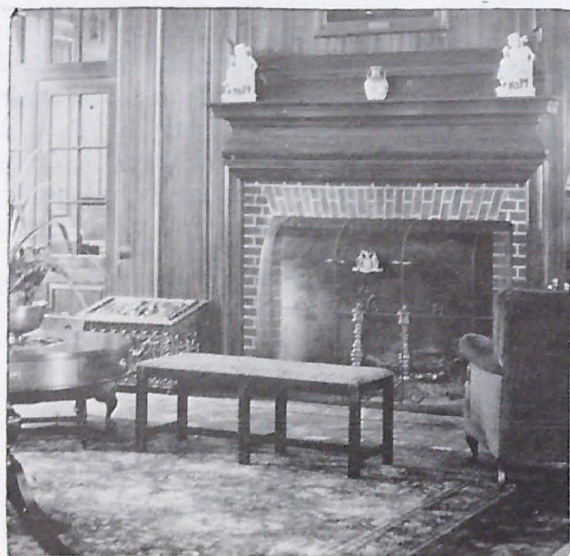
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# Of Things Social

Listen, High-School Seniors, do you like to dance? Do you enjoy the company of others? Do you like the recreation of afternoon teas? When selecting a college, why not choose one that offers these things among many others I might mention?

As the students slowly drift from the dining room after a good meal, there is a buzz of gossip. Before one can even leave the social room some talented soul is lightly touching the keys of the piano, giving the room an air of wonderland. Wandering on into the hall, one sees the ambitious jitterbugs beating out a song, or the sentimental members gliding dreamily across the floor. Some go on into the dorm as some things have to be done before study hour. More dancing, singing and joking is being carried on there.

All this is "O.K." for informal entertainment, but you say what about formals? Oh, you can't fool us, we have those, too. Thanksgiving along with Christmas finds the gym gaily decorated and all ready for the delightful evening. An intermission provides a breathing spell and refreshments for all. This also gives the girls a chance to freshen up. February 14 — Valentine's Day — sweethearts — we're right "on the beam" with another super-duper dance. The best local orchestras are booked for all these dances and everyone calls that special "dream" for a date.

Dancing gets monotonous you may observe and wonder if we do anything else. Certainly. The occasional afternoon teas in the social room give us a chance to chat with our friends and faculty members while relaxing over a cup of hot tea. There are also frequent movies or bowling when one is free from studies. Then some like to go for a brisk walk which is always refreshing and invigorating.

Are you interested in sports, Senior? Even

though you may not make the team you may like to join a good cheering section. This gives the "yellers" of the college a chance to really yell and relax.

I must say, if you want entertainment along with studies in your college life, then, S.T.C. is the place for you.

Our motto is "All work and no play make Jack and Jill dull people".

—NORMA LEE PARKER, '49

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## It's Club Time

Within our college there are to be found many clubs and associations to which the student body along with a faculty advisor may belong. Membership is opened to anyone who has the ability to participate in the program of the organization.

Headed by Miss Watters, the music teacher, the Glee Club is truly a credit to the college; it is often invited to perform at various functions on the Eastern Shore.

The Bagleian-Carnean society has as its purpose providing an opportunity for free discussion of current social problems. Monthly meetings are held in which the organization strives to make debating an outstanding extra-curricular activity of the college.

One, two, three, hip! Yes, you've guessed that it is the athletic association, the one dual organization of the college. In the male section are found such vigorous games as football, soccer, basketball, and baseball. The "weaker sex" is found thriving in fieldball, hockey and basketball.

The Christian Association holds Sunday night vespers, sponsors teas, and contributes to welfare work in cooperation with the Wicomico Welfare Association.

In order to provide training and talent for dramatic interests, a group known as the Sophanes Players have an active association. One-act plays are the order at present, though full-length plays

have been successfully staged.

At the first of the year everyone is warned of hearing clicks behind a bush for that is the activity of the Camera Club. All that goes with photography is an active part of the fun of this club. It is through its work that the publication staff is enabled to have within its files various pictures for the magazine and yearbook.

The work of "The Staff" includes putting out issues of "The Holly Leaf" the school magazine, and the "Evergreen", the college yearbook.

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## SPORTS AT A GLANCE



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### The Re-Opening Of The Cage

For the past three years "The Cage", besides having a few holes kicked in it, has done nothing but gather dust. The "Cage" is really nothing more than a space about 12' by 15' in the men's dressing room that is enclosed with wire on a wooden base. But since Lt. Benn Maggs said good-bye to the Navy, you wouldn't recognize the place. The cage has not only been rebuilt, but refurnished, and has turned out to be the gathering point for the boys who like "to shoot the breeze" about sports. Well, that's enough about the "Cage"; now, what about the man who uses it for an office, Mr. Maggs, our coach and physical education instructor.

Mr. Maggs has returned to S.T.C. after spending three years in the Navy. The would-be athletes have realized it in more ways than one. The physical education classes are hard spots in our schedule, for "the Coach" really believes in practice. You will find him a man with whom you can discuss your problems. If it is possible, he will help you solve them. He is very close to all of the boys who play for S.T.C.; he demands respect and usually gets it.

Before Coach Maggs went into the service his athletic teams, whether baseball, basketball, or soccer, always gave a good account of themselves. Now they hope to resume that pace. Let this serve as a warning to all S.T.C. opponents for the coming years. You will have to "fight for everything you get" because that is the Maggs policy.

— TOMMY YOUNG, '49

### Future In Sports

Coach Benn Maggs is looking forward to a successful baseball season this year. He will begin practice with three holdovers from last year's squad, and new candidates, many of whom are ex-service-men who starred on pre-war peninsula teams.

The team will play a heavy schedule, meeting sandlot clubs and possibly some high school opposition. The three veteran players are Tommy Young, Delmar Railroaders slab artist; Bill Dykes, Salisbury A. A. second sacker, and Nolan "Pud" Owens, who cavorted at the keystone for Sharptown.

Fielding prospects are Joe and Sam Colgain, discharged veterans, who previously played with Denton High; Bill Horsey of Salisbury, and Johnny Long, a Double A outfielder in 1945.

Infield aspirants are Walter Miles, Princess Anne, and Joe Elzey, ex-GI and former Wicomico High first baseman. Batterymen consist of Jack Shockley, who played with the college team before entering the service; Hilary Taylor, twirler of the Wi-Hi nine, and Ralph Nichols, a catcher.

Other candidates expected to report are Bob Fairbanks, Francis Heilig, Hall Harris, Charley Hemming, Bill Solum and Jack Calloway.



## Calendar Of Special Events

The Regional Meeting of the American Association of School Administrators was held at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York City on March 4 to 7, inclusive. President J. D. Blackwell represented S.T.C. at this meeting.

Dr. T. J. Caruthers, the Misses Elsie English, Betty Lee Hillman, Charlotte White, and Mrs. Betty Jane Langrall attended the meeting of the Eastern State Association of Professional Schools for Teachers at the Hotel Commodore in New York on March 14-15. Miss White was secretary to one of the discussion groups.

Dr. Ida Belle Wilson Thomas plans to attend the meeting of the National Girl Scouts of America at Atlantic City on March 20-22, inclusive. Dr. Thomas is President of the Wicomico County Council of Girl Scouts.

Miss Grace Alder, State Supervisor of Elementary Schools, will conduct the third of a series of Conferences on Child Growth and Development at the College on March 21-22.

The Community Players of Salisbury will present "The Man Who Came to Dinner" in the College Auditorium on Friday, May 3. This is the third of a series of plays presented by the local artists.

Stanley Hummel, American pianist, will give a concert on March 22 in the College Auditorium, under the auspices of the Kiwanis Club of Salisbury.

The Columbia Concerts Association under the auspices of the Eastern Shore Community Concerts Association will present the Foxhole Ballet on April 22. Charles Kuhlman, tenor, will also be presented by the Association in the near future.

The fifth summer session of S.T.C. will begin on Monday, June 10, and close with Commencement Exercises on Friday, August 16, when more than thirty seniors will be graduated. Teachers in service desiring certificate renewals, only, may attend the six weeks session from June 10 to July 19, inclusive.

Representatives of a number of the County School Boards of Education plan to visit the college soon for the purpose of interviewing prospective elementary and junior high school teachers for 1946-47.

May Day activities are being planned for Wednesday, May the 1st, at 2:30 p.m., Miss Helen Jamart is chairman of the program committee.

The Music Festival, under the direction of Miss Isabella M. Watters, is scheduled for April 10.

Monday, September 9, has been selected as the tentative date for the opening of the 1946-47 session. A material increase in the enrollment is anticipated, perhaps the largest in the history of the college. Prospective students are therefore urged to submit applications for admission at an early date.



### BAILEY'S ELECTRIC SHOP

LAMPS - FIXTURES - CORDING

APPLIANCES

Salisbury Boulevard

Salisbury, Md.

## LeCates & Company

Structural Steel

DELMAR, DELAWARE

## STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

### Invitation High-School - Basketball Tournament

#### SCHEDULE:

#### Monday Night, March 11, 1946

7:00 ----- Snow Hill vs. Pocomoke (Girls)

8:00 ----- Cambridge vs. Hurlock (Girls)

9:00 ----- Cambridge vs. Hurlock (Boys)

#### Wednesday Night, March 13, 1946

7:00 ----- Easton vs. Dorchester winner (Girls)

8:00 ----- St. Michaels vs. Easton (Boys)

9:00 ----- Ocean City vs. Pocomoke (Boys)

#### Friday Night, March 15, 1946

7:00 ----- Wicomico vs. Worcester winner (Girls)

8:00 ----- Wicomico vs. Worcester winner (Boys)

9:00 ----- Winner of Talbot vs. winner of Dorchester (Boys)

#### Tuesday Night, March 19, 1946

7:30 ----- Undefeated girls' teams

8:30 ----- Undefeated boys' teams

It is important that all teams be on the floor, ready to go at the times assigned them. The coaches of the individual teams will see that there is no delay in beginning the games on time.

Trophies are to be awarded to the winning boys' and girls' teams. In the event that delivery is delayed, the trophies will be awarded at a later date. In order to keep permanent possession of the trophy, a team must win it three times.



# *Eleventh Annual High-School-Seniors Day*

**The State Teachers College, Salisbury, Maryland**

**Friday, March 29, 1946**

## AFTERNOON PROGRAM

4:00 . . .	Registration . . . . .	Registrar's Office
4:15 . . .	Tea Dance . . . . .	Main Corridor
5:15 . . .	Dinner . . . . .	Dining Hall
6:15 . . .	Tour Through The College Building	

## EVENING PROGRAM

7:00 . . .	Glee Club . . . . .	Auditorium
7:15 . . .	Announcement of Campus Leaders . . . . .	Auditorium
8:00 . . .	Physical Education Demonstration by College Students . . . . .	Gymnasium
9:00 . . .	Dance — Theis Orchestra . . . . .	Gymnasium

## MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR-DAY COMMITTEE

Mr. J. F. Glenn . . . . .	General Chairman
Mrs. Lucy Bennett . . . . .	Dramatics
Dr. T. J. Caruthers . . . . .	Class Room Exhibits
Mrs. Grace S. Chaires . . . . .	Library Exhibit
Mrs. Anne Jones Cooper . . . . .	Library Exhibit
Mr. A. L. Fleming . . . . .	Publicity
Mrs. Rosalie Griffith . . . . .	Publicity
Miss Helen Jamart . . . . .	Gym Exhibition
Miss Gladys Lewis . . . . .	Library Exhibit
Mr. Benn Maggs . . . . .	Gym Exhibition
Dr. Anne Matthews . . . . .	Publicity
Miss Ruth Powell . . . . .	Meals and Lodging
Miss Henrietta Purnell . . . . .	Posters
Miss Pauline Riall . . . . .	Dance
Dr. Florence Simonds . . . . .	Hospitality
Dr. Ida Belle Wilson Thomas . . . . .	Historical Exhibit
Miss Isabella Watters . . . . .	Music
Miss Charlotte White . . . . .	Student Government
Mr. Miller White . . . . .	Registration
Dr. J. D. Blackwell . . . . .	Ex Officio