

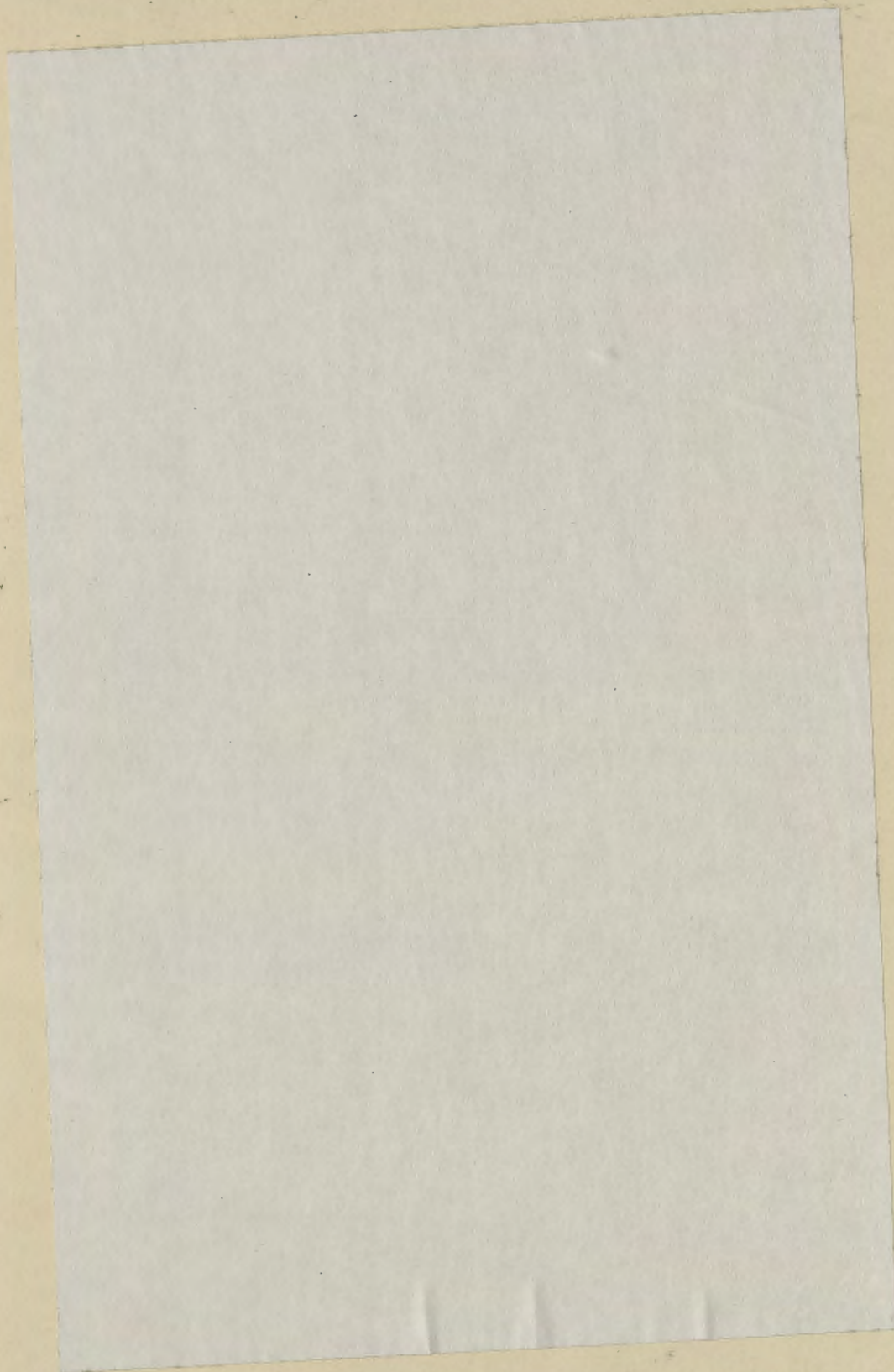
Spc
LB
1885
.F7
N4
1941



NEMACOLIN



Compliments
of 1941 Staff



State Teachers College
Frostburg, Maryland

1941



NEMACOLIN

Nineteen Hundred Forty One

Editor—JESSIE BRYANT

Assistant Editor—JOHN FELDMAN

Business Manager—MILDRED WEBRECK

Assistant Business Manager—WATSON MOWBRAY

The Proving

Manitowagan Achgekinket	- - - - -	4
Freshman Week	- - - - -	6
Valley of Inside Dope	- - - - -	9
Board of Bodily Balance	- - - - -	11
Land of Past and Present	- - - - -	16
Land of Tonic-Sol-Fa	- - - - -	18
Land of Ups and Downs	- - - - -	22
Salon of Smells	- - - - -	24
Race Tracks	- - - - -	26
Oases	- - - - -	27
What's In a Word	- - - - -	28
In the Library	- - - - -	31
Brush, Pencil, and Color	- - - - -	34
Figures of Importance	- - - - -	36
Ladder of Methods	- - - - -	38

The Social Aspect

Student Guidance	- - - - -	40
Market of Clubs and Organizations	- - - - -	43
Just Plain Fun	- - - - -	58

The Teacher Emerges

The End of the Road	- - - - -	46
Seniors	- - - - -	48

Special

Before We End	- - - - -	57
The Wheels Go Around	- - - - -	37
Identification of Pictures	- - - - -	60
Our Advertisers	- - - - -	63

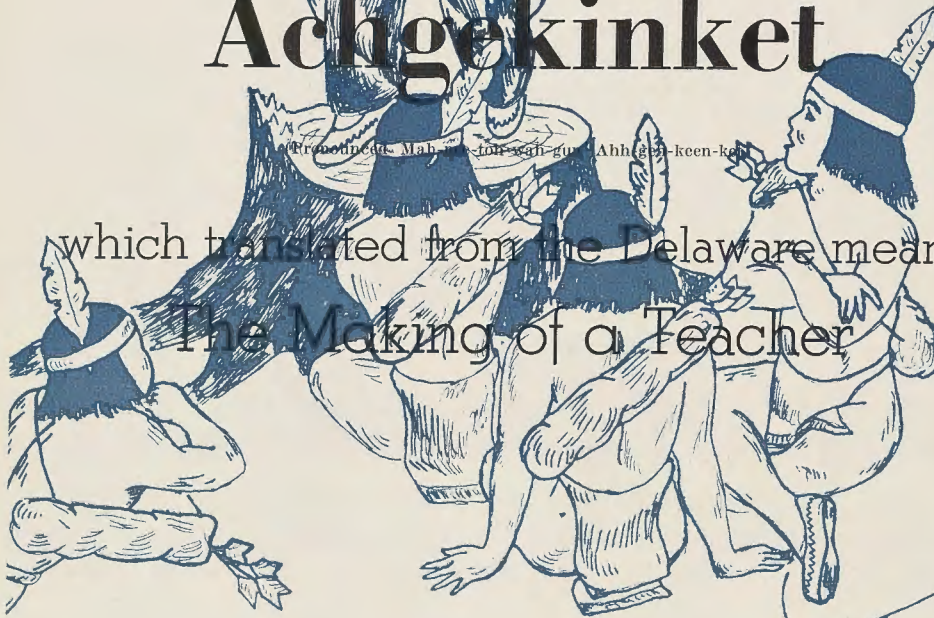


310
W 1885
F 7 N 4
1941



Manitowagan Achgekinket

which translated from the Delaware means
The Making of a Teacher



HZA LANTON

Junior Collegiate Plans Extensive Journey Through State Teachers

LITTLE need be said of my background. I was only one of many from the land of High School. It was a happy land, one in which I enjoyed the company of fellow workers who, like myself, sought a passport to the outer land we called Life. I worked hard sometimes, did little at other times, fell into pits of despair or soared to pinnacles of happiness, but always rapidly striving toward my goal. The goal was the passport called 'diploma.' At times I did not think I could attain the goal, but now as I look back, it seems an easy achievement. I was fortunate in

my pursuit, and when I was handed the paper I felt worthy of all the praise which could be heaped upon me.

Why shouldn't I have felt proud; I had won. After four years, I had mastered my opponents, Fact and Work, and was now able to join friends in the nearby land of Life. It is true that I could not have won the battle with Work and Fact, without the aid of my guides, which we called teachers, but when I felt the bright new passport in my hand, those helpers seemed insignificant in my victory, so why should I credit them with their assist-

ance and let them join the fruits of my spoils? I had won, why should I thank them for their help? Some of the guides made it apparent during my sojourn in the land, that they did not like me. Some were always giving me extra hills to climb and making my passage through the country more difficult. Ha! I felt good then; I had achieved a long desired goal, gained my passport without much trouble. Before long, I would win other battles in the land of Life and these would bring more and more praise from all sides. Thus was my reckoning.

Then I began my journey in the new and different world called Life. I was proud, and sure of myself, but the traveling was hard. Now goals were more difficult to achieve and the thoughts of gaining fame and fortune receded as I was rushed and pounded by new waves of problems. I was being pushed around; it irritated me deeply. My forward progress was impeded by waves of depression, storms of worry, mountainous problems; I was weakened by diseases of self-inadequacy and egotism. The four years' journey through the land of High School had equipped me for some of my problems, but many canyons faced me which I had not learned how to cross.

In a pit of insecurity and indecision, I turned to one of my helpers in the old country of High School. I did not believe my teacher could be of any help, but not knowing what to do next, I placed my problem before her. She had helped me solve many fictitious problems, so now I sought her advice on a pertinent question, 'What to do?' When the problem was made known to her, she became extremely interested and after several moments of deep thought, sagely advised me to gain new knowledge from the surrounding lands which would be helpful in problem solution.

Thenceforth I faced the journey in Life with a double purpose which meant double work, in acquiring new and useful knowledge to assist in achieving my goal of success and still move forward. My new attitude alleviated my suffering little; progress was greatly hampered. The problems were much harder to solve now, than when helped by my teachers. At times my knowledge was too limited to get around a stream of problems, and I found myself at a standstill or being rushed backward. But I still held to the threat of hope of success through my search for knowledge.

My experiences with life taught me that I had developed a sturdiness which

AFB 22 1949

Big Brother Macolin Staff

helped me in general. But I soon realized that advancement made it necessary to become adapted to a specific battle-ground. Moreover, if I had remained in Life, helped by and absorbing a general knowledge, my advancement would have been slow and limited. So I desired my development to grow along definite channels of specific knowledge.

In my quest for specific knowledge, I met Big Brother, a friend who had gained a passport from High School before I had. Upon hearing of my lust for knowledge, this pleasant gentleman advised me to better my mental ability by traveling. Reminding him of my successful journey through High School, I asked him in what other worth-while lands I could travel. He smiled when he realized I thought High School and Life were the only lands in the universe which were worthy of my presence. Correcting my wrong impression, he told me there were many new lands having about the same facilities for knowledge and the one he had chosen for a four-year sojourn was called State Teachers.

Not knowing in which direction to turn, I decided to make inquiry about the land of State Teachers. In answer to my questioning letters, the Country Officials gave me full reports about all the land's facilities for increasing my ability, as well as telling me the equipment I should need for my journey through the land. Some of the necessary equipment would have seemed superficial if I had learned about it before my attempt to journey through Life. But now, battered, beaten, and more worldly experienced, I saw situations in a new light. Nevertheless, I was greatly astonished to find that my passport from High School was only one of the many articles needed for my journey to State Teachers. This new fact caused me to ponder deeply upon my past reasoning, because I had believed my passport from High School would take me anywhere I desired. But the more I thought of the situations involving the use of my passport, the more I realized it was just a means to an end, as the State Teachers Officials had said. At first, I felt the worth of my passport was degraded, but after deep thinking, my pride was restored with the thought that I already held one of the essentials to enter the new country. Not every person could have entered State Teachers.

The other materials I would need in the new land also caused me much wonderment. The clothing and habits were to be simple and adequate. Regu-

lation gym suits and etiquette were necessary. Writing supplies and good tastes could be acquired in the country; but a goodly supply of courage and perseverance should be brought in a small bag of self-confidence, if the immigrant had them, because the country's supply was limited.

I decided to take the journey through State Teachers and, after packing all the afore-mentioned necessities, set forth.

Upon reaching the country, I passed through the ivy-covered walls and presented myself before the customs officials for entrance. After filling out several forms giving an account of myself in the last four years, I was allowed to become a citizen.

Leaving the customs officials, I began looking for suitable lodging. After inquiring from several passersby, I was directed to a nearby home. Walking the short distance to my destination, I passed several of the natives of the land who, seeing I was a fellow traveler, saluted me as though I were an acquaintance of long standing. Being greeted by the people in this pleasant manner caused me to reflect upon my surroundings and I found that, although this was a new world to me, I did not feel like a foreigner. I found these people were extremely friendly and even spoke the same language as I, but with a greater degree of finesse.

While traveling slowly in order to survey the country-side, I was hailed by someone from the rear. My happiness knew no bounds, when turning I saw Big Brother rapidly over-taking me. Reaching my side, he began to question me with answer-taking rapidity. He questioned me as to my health, position of my place of lodging, my

impressions of the land, and so forth. After answering his queries as best I could, I found myself at the end of my journey. And gladly accepting Big Brother's offer to help me unpack, installed myself in my room.

With all my equipment packed away in the various containers provided by the house-mistress, Big Brother partook of some much needed relaxation afforded him by a large overstuffed chair. I drew up another chair and was about to ask him about this new land, when he drew himself up, took a deep breath, and again engulfed me with wave after wave of questions and diverse discourse. After a seemingly endless time, my friend became deflated and sat quietly regarding me while damming up a new flood of speech. During the lull, I began to summarize the previous outbursts, and found that I, as every foreigner entering a new country, had to perform certain acts and learn creeds held dear by all the citizens. By learning these creeds, I became more patriotic and gained a better understanding of the country and its inhabitants.

Taking advantage of my guest's exhaustion, I began asking pertinent questions relative to my action for the ensuing weeks. Big Brother, finding I was zealous to begin my pursuit of knowledge, surprised me by stating that the first week in the country, or as the citizens would say, 'on the campus,' was to be a national festive week to bring about a more friendly relationship between the new citizens and the older travelers. During this week, we were to play many games, have out-door meals, see moving pictures of the country, and attend dances and parties.





Freshman Week

Officials Decree First Week To Be a Nation-Wide Get-Together

LOOKING at his time-piece, he announced that we should be late for our evening's informal dinner out of doors if we did not hurry. On our return to the campus, we passed an individual wearing a small hat atop his beaming brow. Having seen several of these hats, I questioned Big Brother about them. This quizzing set off a new bomb of dissertation on the hats and their significance, and I found myself wanting to possess one.

So, upon reaching the campus, my first act was to acquire a hat typical of those worn by the other immigrants. These black and gold hats were called 'Rat Hats.' The 'rat' being derived from an abbreviation of one of the requirements of all good citizens, and that is rationalization.

I learned later that persons disregarding the wearing of these hats were punished by their fellow citizens for not obeying the custom, and by the teachers for failing to apply oneself. The difference in the two forms of punishment was that the former was physical and the latter, mental. The punishment meted out by the citizens consisted of public paddling by persons one year their senior, who were given the rank of Soph, but as the land was ruled by democratic principles and cooperation, this ranking was purely a custom. The teachers punished the unlawful immigrants by degrading their standing in their class of people when any person failed to think or apply himself to his tasks.

I learned much about these queer customs dealing with the newcomers because I had the misfortune to run afoul of the law in regard to one. This incident occurred several weeks after my entrance to the new land.

Browsing around the campus one sunny day, I was accosted in the following manner:

Soph: Pardon me, but could you give me a match?

J. C. (Junior Collegiate): Surely, I . . . Well, what do you know? . . . I'm plumb out of them right now. Sorry. Wait a minute and I'll get some for you. I . . .

Soph: It don't work, young fellow. You know what the law is in this country. If a new citizen can't supply a match for an old inhabitant, he is subject to court action.

J. C.: But this is the first time I have been without one, and anyway, why can't you fellows carry your own materials?

Soph: Well, it's just to show the new people that they are not better than any others, and must cooperate when something is asked of them. It may seem socialistic or undemocratic or whatever you want to call it, but it works. Many a fine fellow is the product of this system.

J. C.: Now look, old fellow, I had some matches today but now I have given them all away. You wouldn't take it to court, would you?

Soph: If I answer that question, it'll make you feel bad, so I won't tell you.

The Week In Review

MONDAY—September 9

9:12 Registration

12:30 Lunch

1:00-5:00 Registration

Physical exams

1:00-3:00 Library appointments

5:30 Outdoor informal meal—students, faculty, and faculty wives. Student group singing school songs

7:30 Town movies

TUESDAY—September 10

9:00 All-Freshmen assembly

3:00-4:00 Student assembly

4:00-5:00 Faculty reception

8:00-8:30 School movies by Mr. Diehl

WEDNESDAY—September 11

9:00 Freshman assembly

Upper Class registration

1:00-3:00 Short classes

6:00 Dinner

7:30-10:30 Explanation of House Council Constitution

THURSDAY—September 12

Regular classes

Regular study hours

FRIDAY—September 13

Regular classes

6:00 Corn roast

Informal party in auditorium

SATURDAY—September 14

7:30-10:00 Evening scavenger hunt. Entertainments and refreshments

SUNDAY—September 15

9:12 Sunday school and church

1:00 Dinner

2:00 Hike to John's Rock. Supper, games, singing



Entering the Customs House at State Teachers, I saw the Official in charge, Mr. McClellan, seated at his desk, helping the travelers, Frances Nine, La Verda Glime, Rachel Groter, Robert Kerr, William Donahue, James Davis and Emerson Ridenour, file their applications for citizenship.

J. C. (With sinking heart at the thought of a public paddling, began a new attack): Say, I thought I recognized you. Now I know who you are. You got your passport from High School just a year before I did. I remember you were on the fastest track team we had and . . .

Soph: Cut the apple-polishin', my friend. It may have worked in our old country of High School, but here it is of no value. Sorry I have to do this, but it's the law. But a word of advice, old boy. Some of that egotism you new fellows brought with you because you are the owners of a High School passport, better be dropped. The sooner you realize we people here are working together, not for our own praise, but to accomplish something useful, the better you will get along in your travels. Well, see you in court.

Dumbfounded and burning with hatred at his truthful frankness, I restrained some biting retort.

Several days later I appeared before

the court with several other law-breakers. The first case, involving the wearing of a rat hat, was dismissed for lack of evidence. But the second defendant was not so successful. He was an habitual lawbreaker and several citizens appeared against him giving damaging evidence. Shortly after the jury received the case, they returned the verdict of guilty. Because I, too, was at the mercy of the court, and feeling bitter about the reprimand from the Soph, I entertained thoughts of rebelling against the government. But these thoughts were dispersed by the wise decision handed down by the judge.

The judge asked the defendant to step forward and hold out his right hand to receive his just punishment. Gingerly extending his palm, the citizen awaited his fate.

Judge: Before sentence is pronounced, have you anything to say?

Defendant: No, your honor.

Judge (Placing a building brick in the extended palm): You now hold

your future in your hand. Upon that brick you may build good citizenship. For one week, carry it with you at all times as a reminder of your shortcomings. If at the end of that time, you have not begun the reconstruction of your character, drop your brick. And we hope your chance of success does not drop with it. But if you have begun building upon the brick, all the country's citizenry will do all in their power to help you. Depart and reflect.

The defendant, taken aback by this new and unexpected form of punishment, could not cope with it, and slowly walked from the room.

Hearing my name called out from the stand, I stepped before the court with a dim hope of gaining acquittal. While the case was being stated, I began organizing my defense, attempting to conjure some alibi to gain clemency. But as each new idea took shape in my mind, it was dispelled by the advice of my prosecutor, the Soph. Realizing the futility of any alibi, I



Cecil Edwards and Pat Messman make it a good one for Bill Ryan while his Freshman friends—Betty Conrad, Dorothy Lindamood, Jane Peddicord, Charles Lizer, and Frances Nine—take heed.



Stanley Stahl Tips George Chidester, His Underclass Charge, to Some Pleasant Advice

decided to be truthful and suffer the consequences.

Judge: Pilgrim, you have heard the case stated. Do you have any defense to make?

J. C.: No, your Honor. I am guilty.

Judge: Due to the fact that this is your first offense and that you are truthful, the court is pleased to be lenient and suspend the usual sentence of five strokes with the paddle. But let me remind you and other new citizens that you must be prepared to carry out instructions at all times if called upon.

Another of our customs is the learning of all songs and cheers of encouragement. Learning these may seem superficial, but they prove greatly beneficial to arouse us at times when we are not progressing as we should. If at any time you are called upon to bolster the courage of team mates or countrymen, be prepared, or the court will take action. That is all.

Elated by this show of friendliness and helpful advice, I firmly resolved to do all I could to better the land.

To return from the tale of my first outbreak of lawlessness, to the pleasant evening of my first day on the campus, I found the food already being distributed at dinner when I arrived on the scene. Availing myself of some of the food, I sought out Big Brother. Finding him seated at a table with some fellow travelers, I joined his group and began conversing with them while enjoying the delicious repast.

As the last particles of food were disappearing, strains of music reached my ears. Seeking the source of this

discordant phenomena. I saw several male acquaintances circled about a leader who was going through the motions of directing. As I began to smile at the leader's antics and the rhythmic howl of the group, I was addressed by Big Brother.

B. Bro.: Old Buddie, you may smile now, but if someone asks you to sing that song, you may not find it so amusing, especially with the threat of a paddling hanging over your head if you fail.

J. C.: Oh, is that the Rally Song they are singing? I didn't recognize the words through all that groaning.

Senior: You can easily tell that the boys in that choral society have not had Junior Music.

J. C.: How do you arrive at that conclusion?

Senior: If they had, you would have heard the conductor sound 'do,' and he may have had them sing in syllables to be certain they knew the time.

Slink and Snoop: Did we hear that you don't know the Rally Song?

J. C. (With sinking heart and crackling voice): Why, . . . un . . . yes. Er . . . no . . . I mean . . . uh . . . Sure I know them, all the songs.

Snoop: Darn it, I thought we had a victim.

Slink: Yeah, me, too!

Snoop: Well, give me the team yell.

Slink: Yeah, produce.

J. C.: We've got a team,

We've got a yell,

We've got a team that fights like

Yeah! Frostburg!

Snoop: Now, bounce out the Jitterburg Special.

J. C.: Susie-Q and truck on down
Those Frostburg Profs are
going to town
With a swing to the left
And a swing to the right
Frostburg, Frostburg,
Fight, fight, fight!

Snoop: Cling Foo, unscramble the Ching-Chow Yell.

Slink: Yeah, chop on down.

J. C.: Alamacka ching, alamacka
chow,
Alamacka ching, ching, chow,
chow, chow
Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka
Sis! boom! bah!
Frostburg! Frostburg!
Rah! rah! rah!

Snoop: Daw gone! These new fellows are too smart.

Slink: Yeah, let's go.

Senior: Congratulations, J. C. Once you pass the Cheer Exam those two give, you are not bothered any more. And you sure deserve an A on that.

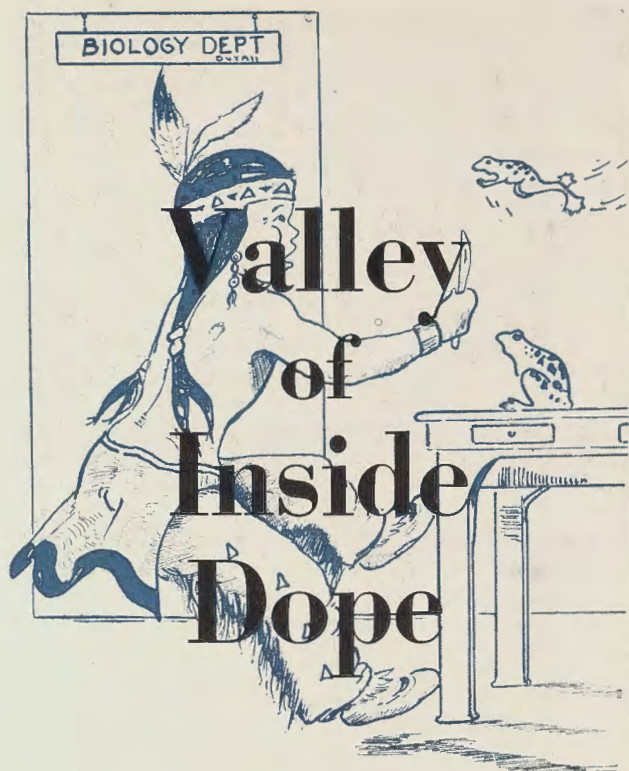
B. Bro.: Yep, he went through them like the Sophs go through Sir Archibald Geikie's contribution to this weary world of worried workers in Geography.

Senior: If you two don't want to sing, what say we go out street to a show?

B. Bro.: Fine. Will you go, J. C.?

J. C.: Certainly, I have nothing else to do.

And so I spent my first day in a very agreeable manner, but this day proved to be only the first of many adventures.



Dr. John A. Jump Looks
Beneath the Surface
of Things



Scientific Travelers Explore Life on Home Front

I was rudely awakened by a violent pull on my left arm, which created a sharp pain in the appendage. Through the thinning veil of rising sleep, I could hear my room mate, Peter Prodding, imploring me to arise.

Prodding: Come, come, J. C. Will you lie abed all the day and allow the first hours of your new quest for knowledge slip away unattended? Awake, it has just turned 7:30 and you have but a half hour to dress and breakfast.

J. C.: I shall arise immediately and join you in a short time. In the meanwhile, please explain to me about the diverse divisions of this land. I understand that it is a group of small states incorporated into what we call State Teachers.

Prod.: Yes, your information is correct, the country is comprised of several independent states which work together as one in helping the traveler. Each of the diverse provinces is located at a different place and provides the citizen travelers with different materials. But the cooperation of the various states is so excellent, the casual observer sees them as a whole.

Seeing I was prepared to depart, he dropped his conversation with the promise to meet me immediately after breakfast and delve deeper into the governmental set-up of the country.

My curiosity was deeply stirred and I became desirous to begin my new adventures. I ate but little of the food that was placed before me, and shortly after, rushed to my appointment with Peter.

Prod.: We have but little time, so I must hurry with my explanation. If you will step into this building, I shall

show you a road map of the country which will enlighten my discussion.

Passing from the outside, we walked the short distance through the building and stopped before a bulletin board. The map was pointed out to me. It was entitled Freshman Schedule. This map was different from all other road maps I had seen. It was a queer jumble of words arranged in columns with a number before each word. Before Peter could begin his explanation, Big Brother turned up and joined him in my enlightenment.

Prod.: Notice those queer-looking words, such as Zoology. Those are the names of the states through which you will pass.

J. C.: Do I visit all of those states today?

B. Brother: No, you see at the top of each column of states, "day of the week." That is the day on which you will visit those states in that column. Note, too, the numerals before each state name; that is the time of day the trains leave.

J. C.: Well, I shall need a time-piece or I may be late for some of my journeys; I can not let that happen.

Prod.: No, you do not need to know the time; as each train is about to leave, a bell will ring, warning the travelers that they must be away. Three minutes after the first warning, the bell is sounded again, telling the travelers that they must get to the land they seek, before the bell stops ringing, or they are liable to a penalty.

Big Brother charted my courses for me, and when the 8:10 bell rang, I traveled the short distance to the place marked Valley of Inside Dope.

When I arrived in the state, I sat down among those fellow citizens already assembled and seeing several of my acquaintances, exchanged greetings.

Then I began to observe my surroundings closely. It was then I saw a scholarly-looking gentleman, deeply absorbed in looking at some object before him. Occasionally his deft fingers were set in motion, as he worked upon the object of his attention. His fingers ceased moving and he sat pensively regarding his work. My curiosity was aroused beyond the point of endurance. Who was the gentleman? What was he doing?

When the gentleman seemed unlikely to take notice of me I quickly jumped to my feet, stretched my neck, and gazed. Slowly I came to the realization that I was seeing Doctor Jump, who would guide our passage through the Valley of Inside Dope. Before Doctor Jump lay a frog in its next to last resting place.

My interest was held by a study of the frog's anatomy. I stretched and strained my body to gain a better view and more closely to observe the investigation going on. Some of my fellow

travelers, seeing my neck-breaking attitude, had to stand to satisfy their curiosity as to what I could have found so interesting. As some of my male countrymen saw the object of my attention, they, too, became pop-eyed with interest, stretching closer and closer to the attractive frog. But with most of the feminine members of our party, the scene was not so attractive. Once they had seen the frog, they were too weak from fright to do aught but gasp for breath.

One of the less backward of the weaker sex made conversation with the gentleman on her right with, "Wouldn't it be fun if the frog hopped right up to some of those frightened girls, or is the poor thing dead?"

The young gentleman lost his interested look, smiled and quietly replied, "Well, I can't see if the frog's dead or not, but being soaked in formaldehyde like he is sure should slow him down until the morning after."

Doctor Jump ceased his work and suddenly looked up. Seeing the circle of bewildered, open-mouthed countenances, he was greatly amused. The

spell broken, we fell into our seats, abashed with the realization that we must have made an interesting show. Several of my companions released groans of pain as their over-taxed limbs and muscles began to straighten out.

It was in this land that I began to delve deep into the knowledge of sundry animals and plants. We sometimes had our knowledge driven home in a realistic manner by dissecting plants and some small animals, to discover their inner mechanism. At first, some of the lady travelers looked with disdainful nausea upon the stiff form of some creature and would begin the dissection with a 'hope to die' expression flooding their comely features. One would begin her work by assuming a dignified position, cautiously, slowly lifting the scalpel, praying something would happen before the sharp, cold metal descended upon the lifeless subject before her.

But as the days passed the lust for knowledge overcame the annoyed feelings, and the repulsive work became a source of pleasure as many new facts and mechanisms came to light under the ectoblast of the animals and plants.

At times, the animals would hold secrets which could not be seen by the unaided eye, so a microscope was put into position to shed light through the mystery of the animal. Then the study sometimes sought for animals too small to be seen by the naked eye, so again the microscope was put into play.

The travelers frantically searched all over the enormous area of a drop of water to see animals in their natural habitat. Sometimes their disappointment grew to great depths as they were told they were drawing a speck of dust on the lens, and not a new specie of life.

The quest for knowledge led us to spend hours, using drop after drop of water, to see a queer-looking creature peep at you from behind a plant. Most of the animals were shy little things that hid in the dark and behind trees, but we persevered and chased him around until he tired out and would pause so we could draw his image.

Then came the fatal hour—exams. The travelers passed into the Science Building, mumbling last-minute answers or praying that the ghosts of the poor creatures they had worked on, would not return to wreck vengeance on them during the test period. As the papers were handed out, some seemed to put the biology of the chameleon into practice as they turned the color of the test papers when they saw its contents.

In the laboratory, I encountered Robert Kerr, Ancil Sites, Aza Stanton and Donald Workman, deeply absorbed in their study of life, while Doctor Jump explained a reaction to Irene Routzahn.



Board of Bodily Balance

Top, Coach Carrington maps out fast break for Meyers, Wagner, Shockley, Bell, Carrington, Evans and Sacco.

Below, J. V. Manager Ted Foote, Coach John Meyers and Players Wilson, Lamberson, Shockley, Roth, Junkins, and Jack Thomas watch Conrad sink one.

Equilibrium of Work and Play Sought « « «

THE Board of Bodily Balance, which governs the state of Yalp (Play), is represented by two coaches, Miss Wellner and Mr. Carrington, who are the able assistants of the other members of the board. The other components of this governing body are silent members. It has been rumored that the father of my good friend Coop Oration is one of them, while Sportsman, Entertainment, and Health also hold positions with the body.

The state itself is divided into smaller provinces or townships which are known by sundry names. The largest of these provinces, which is the capital of the state, is known as Pec (Physical Education Class.)

From the capital, the inhabitants of the other townships are sent to perform their tasks for the betterment of their country as well as for their own welfare. Therefore, Pec is the nucleus from which the state evolves.

Among the other towns are Inter-class, J. V's, and Varsity. I understand that the traveler may progress through these towns in that order in which I have given them. But the citizen must excell in his work in his present township before he is eligible to make his home in the next.

The advantages of being an inhabitant of these more advanced towns are numerous. And as the citizen makes each advancement, the towns become more exclusive and life in them more luxurious.

All of State Teachers are allowed to become inhabitants of Pec, but only the better equipped are allowed to ad-



vance to the other towns. These townships are supported by the diverse industries which occupy the time of the citizens. The time of the people in J. V's and Varsity is divided among the shops of Soccer, Basketball and Baseball.

Even though only a few travelers are allowed to become inhabitants of the towns of Varsity and J. V's, the other citizens of State Teachers are allowed to view the life and work in these towns at certain times which we call games. As I was interested in seeing how the other half lived, I attended many of these games.

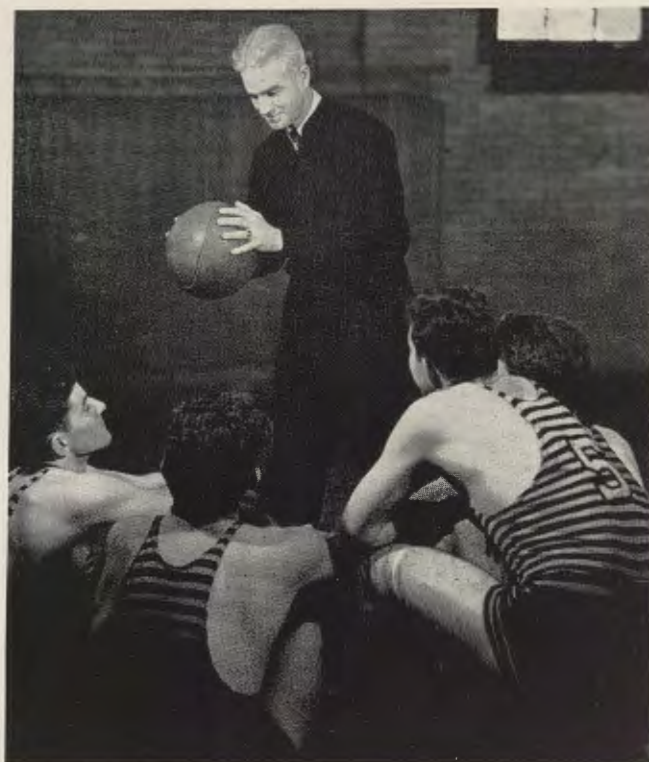
I found in the Sure Shot Munitions factory of Basketball, that Joseph Wagner was the foreman, or the captain, as the citizens would call him. His salary of 183 points for the year, was earned through his position as half of the home guard. The other guard of the goal was Jake Carrington who, because of his excellent work in protecting this vital point, was paid 133 points.

The center of production was "Hank" Bell. His excellent work in catching the rebounds of defective shots, netted him 114.

The most forward salesman of the staff was John Meyers, whose net salary and bonus for the season of 22 working days was 362 points. This was the largest salary ever drawn by any college player in Maryland and Johnny was chosen to work for a day in the Maryland All-Star factory in Baltimore where he earned the total of 11 out of 14 shots for high scorer. Ed Athey, the next forward man in the shops, drew a salary of 188 points for his sure-fire shots.

Other key men in the factory and their wages are: Bill Thomas, 77; Harold Conrad, 26; Joseph Shockley, 20; Ray Evans, 11; John Thomas, 10; Fred Sacco, 8; and William Lamberson, 2.

But the high salaries of these workers would not have been possible without the excellent work of Coach Carrington, who ran the Sure Shooting Munitions Company from the sidelines. He was widely applauded for the financial report



Carrington shows Carrington, Meyers, Wagner and Bell how it's done.

Unofficial Soccer Champs, Shuff, Elsentrou, Jack Thomas, Merriman, Bill Thomas, Junkins, Sacco, Athey, Meyers, Houck, Conrad, Wagner, Manager Swauger, Lamberson, John Thomas, 'Jake' Carrington, Koontz, and Coach Carrington.



Profit and Loss Statement

Year of 1940-41

F. S. T. C. Basketball Co.

Assets

Frostburg	62	Blue Ridge	40
Frostburg	82	Shenandoah	38
Frostburg	46	St. Francis	42
Frostburg	60	Shepherd	32
Frostburg	45	Potomac State	23
Frostburg	59	Westinghouse	40
Frostburg	91	Shenandoah	40
Frostburg	50	Mt. St. Marys	41
Frostburg	42	Blue Ridge	31
Frostburg	55	Shepherd	35
Frostburg	67	Westinghouse	46
Frostburg	68	Towson	41
Frostburg	71	Crisfield	18
Frostburg	53	Cambridge	47

Liabilities

Frostburg	34	Loyola	48
Frostburg	41	St. Francis	47
Frostburg	36	Mt. St. Marys	43
Frostburg	28	Shippensburg	47
Frostburg	36	California	46
Frostburg	35	California	42
Frostburg	41	Potomac State	42
Frostburg	32	California	45

Swinging Shoe Soccer Shops

Grade 'A' Production

Frostburg	6	Blue Ridge	0
Frostburg	4	Loyola	1
Frostburg	2	Salisbury	1
Frostburg	2	Duke	0
Frostburg	2	Carnegie Tech	0
Frostburg	2	Slippery Rock	1

Grade 'B' Production

Frostburg	1	Towson	1
Frostburg	1	High Point	1



Coach lets the boys rest for a few seconds and Athey, Carrington, Meyers, Eisentrout, Bell, Conrad, Swauger, Jack Thomas, Peretti, Wagner, Eberly, Manning, and Sleeman take advantage of it.



Jack Junkins and Fred Manning Have a Game Between Classes

THE production record of the number of boots produced in the Swinging Shoe Soccer Company again shows Coach Carrington's wizardry at factory management. This shop went through the season without being bettered in production by any rival firms, giving State Teachers the best season ever experienced by any of the sporting groups. This company also claims the honor of being Maryland's Unofficial Collegiate Champs of the year.

In the shops of this company, I found the assembly line making the boots consisting of Fred Sacco and Bill Merriman, fullbacks; Johnny Meyers, center half; Harold Conrad, center forward; and John Thomas was the fifth-columnist (goalie) that hindered production of the rival shops. Standing by to offer assistance if a rush occurred, were Les Eisentrout, Bill Thomas, William Shuff, Joseph Wagner, Jack Thomas, and Jack Junkins. While on the preferred waiting list appeared Bill Lamberson, Ralph Koontz, and Frank Carrington. Assistant Manager Ralph Swauger aided the work by getting orders for games.

In the town of J. V's, I found President Johnny Meyers helping his employees become better equipped to be future citizens of Varsity where they would work in the Sure Shooting Munitions factory. With the aid of Manager Ted Foote, Meyers helped his workers break about even on their production record with rival groups. But in the rivalry for S. A. A. championship honors, in the 145 pound class, the Locker Room A. A. was flooded out in its first encounter. The inhabitants of J. V's included, Bill Lamberson, Ray Evans, Ralph Roth, Joe Shockley, Fred Sacco, Harold Conrad, John Junkins, Jack Thomas, Bob Wilson and John Thomas.

In the more populated town of Interclass, one evening was set aside for the selection of champions in all fields of industry. This momentous occasion, known locally as Gym Jam, was highly entertaining to the large group of citizens that attended.

(I realize that etiquette places the ladies before the gentlemen, but Robert's Rules of Parliamentary Procedure recognizes the first member to be seen, so I shall speak of the men's events first because the steady stream of shouting from the Shower Room shouters could be heard above all else. Later I shall consider the women's events.)

In the first event of the evening, the basket making industry was represented. The contest was won by the Junior assembly line, who made more baskets than the

opposing Sophomores. The champs, who were employed by J. C. Meyers, were Bill Lamberson, Irvin DuVall, "Gus" Peretti, LeRoy Himmelwright, Ralph Koontz, Jack Thomas, Ralph Roth, and William Saylor.

Next came representatives of the packing house. Boxers Ralph Swauger and Fred Manning, both experienced packers of wallop, were toe to toe or back to floor for three hard run rounds. The winner of the battle, having only been knocked down once, was the referee, "Tubby" Himmelwright by a double knockout.

I saw Irvin DuVall pound his way into the first Official table-tennis championship by defeating the wondrous defense of Edward Lizer.

The Physical Laboratory Company's medal was won by Eleanor Eisel and Harry Keller in their demonstration of perpetual motion with the maximum waste of energy in their jitterbug production. On the other hand, Alyce Wilkes and William Ryan became champs in smooth dancing performance.

To explain about life in the land of Pec, let me relate the following conversation I had with two friends.

Coop Oration: Well, here we are in the land of Gym. There is a larger population here, so more industries are needed to occupy them. Among these industries are ping pong, billiards, softball, tennis, shuffle-board, boxing, basketball and badminton. Boy, will we have fun!

J. C.: Did you say Gym's land? Who is that?

Coop: Oh, no one has ever seen or heard him, but you know he is there because he can be felt when you want to help your team mates gain goals. In this way, we will develop better personalities; thus helping ourselves when helping others. Incidentally, it is said that Gym is the off-spring of the gentleman that gathers the white color from snow as it melts.

U. N. Sportsman: Bah! You are sadly disillusioned. Gym won't help anyone, he's a sissy. I prefer the he-man's friend, Rec Class.

J. C.: Rec Class?

U. N. S.: Yes, wreck your opponents so they can offer but little resistance to your aims and thereby gain goals with less effort. Coop, you can't change me after playing two years with Coach Cutlas and his Clipping Cut-throats in the Slashing Scratch league of Batterton.

But slowly and surely, the latter's name changed to Good Sportsman.



Miss Wellner does a good job of playing a tennis racquet and keeping professional at the same time.

Wherein the Women Take More Than a Hand in Pec . . .

It was accident that brought to my attention the fact that the men of this college were not the only ones who spent a great deal of time in sports and athletics. All this came about through a sign on the bulletin board announcing a W. A. A. meeting at four o'clock in the gym. Curiosity routed good manners and I resolved to learn the meaning of these letters. So I found a place behind the cyclorama—a place which had been well served and patched, but which provided one hole for sightseeing. Incidentally, I thought how convenient this was for prompting a play and wondered if that was why it was there.

Well, the W. A. A., I found from the Secretary's minutes, was the Women's Athletic Association, and I cast aside all my previous titles of World's Active Anarchists, Workers Automatic Autocracy, and such in favor of this new one which was so much pleasanter. It was even pleasanter when the president, whom I later identified as a senior by the name of Claudine Opel, took over the meeting and announced a great many plans for this athletic organization for women on the campus. First of all, in order to promote a harmony, division was necessary and two sub-countries were organized called Club I and Club II—equally divided as to women membership. These clubs were to compete with each other in various ways and games—ping pong, shuffleboard, badminton, archery, ring tennis, basketball, for some of them. Practices beforehand in their various skills were to lead up to a competitive game where Clubs I and II battled each other for athletic honors. Curiosity again led me to watch the progress of this group and I found that, though it was sometimes difficult to get people away from lessons long enough to turn out for practice, there was a goodly portion of women who enjoyed these games considerably.

The biggest exhibit of this association came at the social function called by these people a Gym Jam, and mentioned previously. Here the association captured the spotlight of attention in a basketball match and a ping pong tournament. In the former, the green (referring to clothing, of course) Club II took the lead and held it till the close of the game, thereby winning for the team members an extremely good looking bronze trophy of a basketballer in action—a prize worth working for. In the pingpong games Thelma Manahan took the upperclassmen for a real fall to win a bronze medal on a chain bearing the insignia of a pingpong table with two paddles crossed above it. I really felt that the medals added considerably to the games and the Gym Jam, and were, as a well-educated upperclassman observed, 'No mean lookers.'

Now, back in the land of High School, I was always impatient for warm weather to come so that I could fulfill my anticipation for a submergence in some familiar swimming hole. Not so the women of S. T. C. They took advantage of the indoor pool at the Y. M. C. A., collected up bathing suits—though 'tis said these were not always self-owned—and headed once a week through the fall and winter for an hour or more of swimming in the Y pool. I discovered that later the men took over this idea and arranged swimming dates of their own.

The early fall saw some work with hockey sticks and pucks. Not for competition exactly, nor for any playing with other teams, but particularly to have these people know a little bit about everything in the line of women's sports.

Bright sunny days of spring found my feminine friends out on the tennis courts putting to work some of the techniques learned in physical education classes or Pec, a land where they were well acquainted. Tennis was a favorite game with most of them and if one did not know how, it was easy to secure personal instruction from any young lady who possessed considerable skill with the game. She was perfectly willing to put me through the fundamentals of the game—service, strokes, scoring, and how to win.

Another very popular sport was badminton. This was especially so, when the net, rackets, and birds were placed in the gym for use and setting up in anyone's free times. Singles and doubles were adequate excuse for plenty of action and a lot of fun.

Once when passing through the stage behind the curtain I heard a great deal of lively music and shuffling of feet. Now I always considered myself a passable dancer, so I dashed out to see what was going on. I found that I was just one of a number of spectators who enjoyed looking on when the girls had the floor. A number of folk dances were in progress and I thought the grace and liveliness of these was more than comparable to our own form of dancing. Really, one was required to know a great many more steps, even more than for the Conga, and I desired to be out there cutting a buck and wing with them.

I found that the senior women particularly looked forward to a trip to Baltimore in the winter to referee at the Winter Carnival held there for the Baltimore High Schools. For two days the girls kept scores, blew whistles, and gained a great deal of experience in that kind of work—or fun—depending on your professional attitude. Of course, Baltimore's theaters and interesting sights come in for a once-over as well, and 'tis said that Annapolis and Washington did, too.

Now these people proved themselves to be no stay-at-homes, engrossed in their own artificial rivalry between Club I and Club II. Belonging to the A. A. A., a much

The W. A. A. Shows an Affinity for Laurel Leaves

larger organization, it was necessary to keep the eyes open and at least one on what the rest of the athletic world was up to. It was really this quality which led them to become W. A. A.'s at all for it all began when several people and Miss Wellner packed up overnight duds and opened the good-time-education hatches plus the cylinders of the State Plymouth and bailed out for Morgantown, in W. Va. Evidently their athletic soil was ploughed, harrowed, and ready for planting, and the W. A. A. idea found homing place, blossoming the next year—1940-41—into actual practice at F. S. T. C. You have already heard me tell about this year's harvest.

Washington was the W. A. A. meeting place this time, and if you have passed and repassed the banquet picture in Miss Gray's show case without either inquiring or investigating for the meaning of it, especially when you saw such familiar faces as those of June Lee Shade, Helene Hansel, Claudine Opel, Dorothy Williams, Mary Louise Larkin, Nina Weaver, Margaret Whitson, Betty Lee, and Miss Wellner—well, are you sure you have your shoes tied, and did you wash behind those ears? The banquet was the dessert for the whole conference of W. A. A.'s in the eastern section of the U. S., and what with panel meetings, teas, a dance recital, and dance after the banquet, our W. A. A.'s all wrote success at the end

of the page in their diaries describing these days.

Slightly closer home, but just as much fun, was the California Play Day, which another tribe from this nation attended. No tepees or overnight equipment was needed, just a supply of sportsmanship, and these girls had a large treasury to draw from. Helen Lechlitter, Leah Stakem, Louyse Eldridge, Marjorie Railey, June Carr, Betty Conrad, and Ann Devlin made tracks to California State Teachers College for a session of badminton, shuffleboard, volleyball, pingpong, basketball, and swimming. The teams were accorded a number of points for each accomplishment and Louyse Eldridge found herself on the winning team. All the girls were winners at the banquet that evening, before the "All out for F. S. T. C." call was given.

I found these people of F. S. T. C. quick to utilize all possibilities, even to those implied in the first five letters of their local name. A little more than frost was required, and forthcoming, in the winter months in this land to turn the spring and summer tennis courts into an ice skating rink, but with such things as water and 32° above already provided, such was done. Enough so that ice skates and ski pants could not become rusty or moth-eaten for one winter at least.

For skiing one could have his choice between Guntertown and Buckwheat,

and it was no trouble at all to bribe a sled from some small townsman who was still in the sled-riding stage.

In their later years, I found the women interested in machinery, particularly a curious machine called the human body, and each one acquired an immense tool kit of works for this work. Some of the instruments I found very difficult to handle, especially with such names as I overheard in the following conversation; but the women seemed alert to apply these to actual selections.

"I can't imagine why the paint doesn't go on the outside of this job in the right way. So many bumps I never saw."

"Bumps! that's pellagra. Get out the Vitamin B, and see what happens."

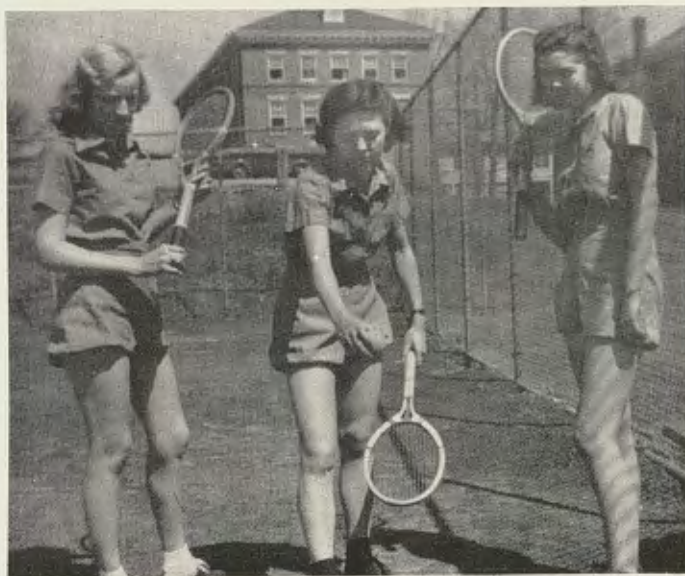
"Where's the supply of vitamin A? That's for night blindness, and I'd like to apply a little on these people who can't see eleven P. M. on their watches."

"Am I out of breath! I just followed the blood from the stomach to the head, and can't say I ever traveled so fast in all my life."

"Most of the machines around here are only running on one when they should be 90% efficient at least."

"Let's save that for the S. P.'s. I'd rather make a good one and keep it in shape than begin on the past models. Though it does seem that people deliberately avoid buying that inexpensive fuel, sleep, which is so plentiful."

Sophomore tennis technique on display by Kathleen Barnard, Lorraine Everett to Roberta Ritchie.



Ralph Roth and Theo Carnell get aboard the "Old Locomotive" in the absence of Daisie Shannon, the other member of the trio.





Miss Shaffer leads the Sophomores to a consideration of modern problems.

An Argument of Then and Now Settles Something

As I journeyed along I came to a sign bearing two arrows. On one of these arrows pointing back the way I had come were the informative letters, "Land of the Past." On the other was the equally enlightening transcript "Land of the Present."

To perplex me even more I saw beneath the sign two of the strangest yet most interesting people I met in my whole four years. One was an old, old man who kept beneath the part of the sign entitled "Land of the Past," and worked very industriously with a large round wheel shaped very much like a clock and displaying numbers of this kind on one side. Beside him was an ever-mounting pile of materials of many curious designs, innumerable shapes, and unusual makes. From time to time he selected articles from the pile, and, using the wheel, attempted to alter and polish them. Sometimes he grouped several articles of similar design together though they might be drawn from different levels of the pile.

I turned my attention to the other side of the sign and saw there a great contrast to the "Land of the Past." Here was a much younger man, fine looking, and apparently as full of vigor as the other man was of years. Now I saw that it was his activities which caused the pile of the older man to increase, for he was engaged in drawing the many articles which made it up from nowhere as I could see. Seemingly from the air he plucked many of these commodities and examined them carefully as he found them. Then he relegated them to the assortment possessed by the older man, relinquishing some of them gladly, some gracefully, and some reluctantly.

Now as I stood there staring at this scene and trying desperately to grasp the meaning of it, I saw coming toward me a person whom I had previously met in "Freshman Week." This person was Miss Shaffer and I turned to her to inquire for some meaning to all this.

W. B. T.: Miss Shaffer, can you read me the meaning

of this sign and the behavior of these strange gentlemen? Frankly, I don't remember passing through such a place as "Land of the Past," and though I had no definite plans in mind, "Land of the Present" was not my particular destination. Since you seem to be better acquainted with this general landscape of F. S. T. C., could you donate a little information?

Miss Shaffer laughed at my perplexity. "Suppose we let them introduce themselves," she said.

Both the gentlemen seemed eager to answer and would have spoken at once but the younger man seemed the quicker of the two so he carried off the vocal prize.

Young Man: I am Mr. Present. This is Mr. Past. And I think you are a bit mistaken in your conclusions. Of course, you come from the Land of the Past—his land—and you are always journeying to mine. Everything that you have done belongs to him, everything you have seen is his; in fact, everything that has happened goes into his pile there. Now with me it is the opposite—everything that you do and see today and everything that you do and see tomorrow—that is mine. I do not hold you long. I do not even keep your passport, but he does.

Mr. Past: A record is a better thing than you know. It is like—

Mr. Present (interrupting): You are going to say a guidepost, a measuring stick, a lamp for your feet, and all those other expressions you have used for the last thousand years.

I began to be a little bit uneasy, for I noticed a continually increasing note of irritation appearing in the words of these two who were settled by some fate to work beside each other for the rest of time.

Mr. Past: You needn't take that one of voice. You are always trying to belittle my importance. (To me) Really, sir, he rather embarrasses me in front of gentlemen like yourself.

Mr. Present: I do not. It's just that our requirements are so different, and sometimes, Past, you seem unduly proud of yours. Now I prefer not to ask anything of a person traveling in my land except that he be observant and of the kind who likes more and new experiences—who can take things as he finds them and having tasted of it once, pass on to something else. In other words I am simply trying to find company congenial to myself.

Mr. Past: But there are not so many things new under the sun, Present, that a person may go on indefinitely, that may—that is, anyone but you. Seems to me that there are a great many small by-roads in your land, ones our traveler here may pass again and again, and if he has no knowledge of passing that way before, why, he is likely to be admiring the same flower the hundredth time as the first, which is all right, but admiring it for the same qualities and never realizing that it has more because he has made no record of any other he has seen like it.

Present: But you don't ask a person to have any initiative. You merely take what I give you and never get anything for yourself.

Past (excited): Not so! Is it not that I wait on your gifts, rather that I accept the things you use only for an hour, a minute, a few seconds, and discard as useless. I like to take these things you despise and put them together again in new shapes and designs, maybe add some part to it from something I already have and make of it something new and beautiful—something to last and look at often,

something to keep. Why, some of the things I've made—!

Present: Bah! Tinkering! I haven't time for it!

Past (severely): In some ways, Present, you are a very foolish man. You never have time for anything, yet all that you throw away has a bit of time mixed up in it somewhere.

(To me very earnestly)

Now time is my emery wheel, here, with which I smooth everything, take off all the rough corners and make the surfaces graceful and round. I enjoy taking out the ugly places, the places which are deformed from bad management by him. Then when I show them to him again, he becomes rather proud of them and says, 'Why, I didn't know I had done such a good job on the fundamentals. It seemed such a failure when I did it.' Take this for example

Present: Perhaps my fickleness is a fault, but I like it better that way. I like the new and different and the more I get the more I hunger for it. I

Past: Well, Present, we certainly have to admit that things couldn't go on without you. I don't want to minimize your significance in the affairs of the world at all. I suppose you are really the more necessary of the two of us if one examines the fine points, and I should not like to have a helper in my work who was not first apprenticed in yours. Perhaps we might change characters there, too, Present, for anyone who worked with me would do so with the understanding that he returned to you at the end of his trade, so that he might send me better and

finer materials with which to work. (He stretched himself carefully but with some look of being tired). Ho-hm! I guess it's old age creeping up on me.

I saw by this time that these gentlemen were rapidly being restored to good humor.

Just then a fellow collegiate came by and we asked him where he was going. He said, "To International Relations Club, of course." Miss Shaffer said, "Oh, I almost forgot. Would you like to come, too?" I said I would, so we pushed off for Room 1.

"We've had quite an expansion problem on our hands," my fellow J. C. told me. "You see, some years or so ago we were just the Current Events Club of F. S. T. C. doing things in our own small way, breaking out in an assembly and a trip to Washington every now and then. Then we heard about this man Carnegie and the Carnegie Endowment Fund for International Relations Clubs, and we found that we had the stuff it takes to become a member of that. A bi-monthly meeting, and discussion of current affairs (and I don't mean the campus romances) had always been our policy. Add to that each member's receiving the *Fortnightly Review*, a number of excellent books to the library, an opportunity to send delegates to the I. R. C. conventions, and you can see that branching out hasn't harmed us any. A sizeable gang of us were in Washington for the inauguration (in spite of party affiliations; even our Independent went) and we had a great time putting on the assembly again this year."

Alice Bamey centers a discussion of I. R. C. members while Miss Shaffer and the Club keep check on the News-of-the-week map.



G. Louise Shaffer unites freshman and senior in world interests.



Land of Tonic Sol Fa

Mr. Matteson Denies Form Bureau
Statements That New Crop of
Music Students Are Corny

PERHAPS the most trying journey I ever encountered on this engrossing trip was the journey through the Land of Tonic Sol-Fa. This proved a real testing ground for my ability to "take it"—and began with my first descent into its quarters. I was first made to pass through a maze again and again, and this maze being shaped like an endless music clef was supposed to condition me for what was to come later. Back and forth and around and around I travelled until the keepers here thought I had had enough. Then, this part of my conditioning over, I was carefully measured for the next job and given a worried brow and haunted eyes as the accoutrements for it. This job consisted of a daily washday chore. Each of us J. C's were given a certain area marked off by lines and spaces, five lines and four spaces with a music clef sign to hold them on one end and a bar line on the other. We each had charge over an immense number of little creatures called sharps, flats, and naturals, obviously cousins, but who behaved in entirely different ways, and it was our duty to give them a daily wash and hang them on the designated lines and spaces to dry. The difficult part of it was that they had to be arranged in congenial groups, and the flats detested their cousins, the sharps, and vice versa, while the naturals, wicked little fellows, liked to slip in here and there just to change the original plans of either of them. When we became pretty efficient at making peaceful groups of these pesky potentates, our working abilities were stretched to include the washing and hanging on the same lines and spaces of great quantities of little dark people, related, too, and known universally as quarter notes, half notes, eighths, sixteenths, and a

great many other terms. For effect and discipline we might use a couple dots here and there, judiciously, of course, for they were just as temperamental as to position as were the other creatures. I and most of my companions became afflicted with many diseases while working here. I became crazy with the beat; and when the base of our composition was melody, I found myself trebbling on the edge of a clef, ready to pitch 20 measures down to the foreboding flat of failure dotted by sharp stones. I recovered only to find my major difficulty had become a relative minor and I was again at the end of my string.

Now it wasn't long until we discovered these creatures had a hiding place

called a keyboard, where they liked to retire when they didn't want to be washed. Believing wholeheartedly in the theory that white is white and black is black, they hid themselves with much sagacity in codified form among the white and black parts of the keyboard and we were reduced to despair to find them at all. Every time we would put our finger on one—you could tell by the noise he made if he was the right one—it would be something different. We finally decided to begin all over again, going away back to our A, B, C's to solve this riddle if so we must. It was a lucky guess as to a course of action for we found we needn't go any farther than the G's to discover the answer to the puzzle. There, too, we found that some of them always stayed together, the A's close to the B's, the B's beside the C's, etc. Knowing this we began to feel that we had the draw on them at last and even got to the point of making up war cries to scare them into our power. "Every Good Boy Does Fine," we would shout, and all the trebles would come falling out in our hands. "Good Boys Die From Ambition" brought the basses on the run.

Every now and then, though, they gave us a workout by hoisting us onto a treadmill which they called a circle of keys and making us go round and round. Perhaps that was good for our form, for we found it just another way of getting the upper hand on them.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Matteson look over a score before treating their audience to some ballads.



Arlene Davis plays Maestro to Junior I, represented by Watson Mowbray, Frances Lammert, Eleanor Eisel, Hank Bell, Leroy Himmelwright, June Carr, and Bill Shuff.

Adlyn McLane subdues the marimba for some very melodic selections.

The Ford Sunday Evening Hour broadcasts some favorite musical recipes to Mary Dolphin, Evelyn Keller, Janet Wishard, Mary Shaffer, Polly Wilt, Helen Lechlitter, and Louyse Eldridge.

Percussion, brass, and woodwinds know how to behave for Charles Eberly, Leon Klompus, Joe Shockley, Earle Savage, and Hugh Coleman.



» » » Five Fellows Fall to Flats of Failure « « «

Our fighting with these people over at last, our trainers, who were really kind people after all, decided that we should banquet for the length of a semester. The main dish was appreciation, and famous chefs from all over the world were brought to cook us generous portions of it. After a refreshing dip into The Blue Danube, a side dish, I knew I was going to like this course, and greedily ate all the lighter things served up first. These lighter dishes were prepared by such chefs as Schubert, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, and they really knew how to add the seasoning. Now Beethoven's dishes had a flavor we didn't like at first, and they would have gone untouched, had not our trainers persuaded, coaxed, and forced us to have more until we found that we actually had a taste for him after all. Bach, only a few of us learned to relish, but they thought him excellent. Now with such famous chefs and at a semester-long banquet, we felt that we wanted to know something about these people who prepared our food. And so it was that a discussion of the various dishes was in order, and we learned many interesting details about each of the chefs, including an understanding of what influenced them to prepare their foods in the manner in which they did.

In their off hours the chefs used to broadcast their favorite recipes, and we made it a point to tune in at least one hour a week for a copy of some of these. In writing these up, however, we experienced some language difficulties. The

queer-sounding names of the servants who were preparing these meals of the great chefs caused us to wonder. The group at the top of the page are in much of that quandary. Says one: Hey, what's the name of that ingredient that sounds like Roll Out the Barrel?

One More: What's the name of the composition that The Lone Ranger shouts himself out of every night?

Another: Why in heck can't these fellows spell their names in the United States?

Our guide then took us aside to a little place called Baltimore to enjoy several dishes we would not otherwise experience. Even a couple of wet feet and a January snowstorm could not dampen our enthusiasm for this trip.

And so, after our guide thought we had digested enough materials about instrumental color schemes, form, composers, and compositions, we were allowed to advance to the next battle ground called Junior Music.

Now, would you believe it, those creatures we met on our first entry into this land weren't through with us yet. We weren't long in recognizing them dressed up again in the guise of formidable syllables. Brave of heart, we began as the giant had in Jack and the Beanstalk with a lusty "fe-fi-fo-fum," but were completely routed and found these syllables were all wrong. Driven from our front-line position, we retreated into trenches and recollected all our past knowledge of these people. They were not using their black

and white these days but were hurling devastating bombs at us in the form of 140 *Rote Songs*, and a number of other exceedingly primary songs. "Good Morning to You" became a nightmare instead.

Our guide, who was on our side and saw our distress, advised us of a magic weapon called a pitch pipe, and we made straightway for the storeroom to secure a defense order of these. Fortunately, no strikes hampered their production and our dollars went into their purchase. It was finally with these that we found we would call their tune, and call it we did. This, plus the aid of their own language and much practice, enabled us so to understand and confuse them that we successfully won the battle, though our guide often expressed strange head-shakings at our tactics. After this, our dealings in the land of Tonic Sol-Fa were of the pleasantest order, as I shall relate later. In fact, we had some rebels in our ranks who did not call these doings a battle at all, nor even a skirmish, but enjoyed the whole thing. It may be because of my own scars that I am a little prejudiced in this matter, and you don't have to believe it at all. I am merely telling my side of the story.

In fact, some people liked it so well that they were fully prepared to spend an extra hour once a day or at least twice a week with it, and banded together into a group known as The Maryland Singers. These people, as you can see, formed themselves into four companies, the sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses, in order to work together better. Though they all enjoyed doing different things, they did them so well and so cooperatively that they produced a much better situation than each alone could have done.

The first indication at F. S. T. C. that these Maryland Singers were on the job usually came at the time of the Carol Service just before the Christmas vacation began. For many weeks before, the various songs had been getting the sour notes sweetened, but the really heavy workout came about a week before. Then it was that other professors despaired of our choral efforts, and a great deal of red and colored cambric went into costumes under the supervision of Miss Gray's artistry. On the last night before, yes, after dress rehearsal, a binge was staged and everyone went home exhausted and happy, to reappear the next night with all notes in tune.

The Maryland Singers had an able cohort in all this in the persons of the members of the College Orchestra. These people appeared attired in trombones, saxes, violins, and various other instruments. If the little gym (visual aid room, projection room, and many other aliases also accepted) had ears, it must have heard more than its share of vocal and instrumental rendering of the same songs. I understand our guide got almost to the point of wanting to import a little saccharine to use here. However, all must have fallen in tune at the right moment, if we can judge by the subsequent tasks assigned to them. These people have a permanent "Wanted to Join" bugle hung on their standard and are always passing out the cry, "Calling All Talent! Calling All Talent! Bring your instrument to S. T. C. and if you don't have one we do. In fact, if you are interested we'll show you how to play and give you the instrument with it. Calling All—" What's more, Doc Savage and his men make an annual roundup of all

persons who look like likely tune-makers and invite them into the service. In addition to playing for such college affairs as Little Theatre plays, the carol service, the spring music festival, baccalaureate, and graduation, the Orchestra is often asked out into Frostburg for Rotary dinners and British Relief performances.

Now back to the Carol Service—only we've been gone so long that it is now spring and time for the annual music festival. Last year ambition ran riot, and in spite of newspaper comments, the grand opera, "Faust," was accomplished to the delight of everyone. And if no other value was recognized from it, the Faust music was made popular with everyone on the campus. As Sigmund Spaeth remarks, "We really applaud our own recognition in clapping so heartily for a particular piece of music," and to put a college Faust-wise as far as music is concerned is a real job accomplished. Three persons have retreated from the campus who contributed to that occasion—Bill Klipp, John Blackwell, and David Beck.

Now once again spring has begun her stirring of ideas and the result is "The Waltz Dream" by Oscar Strauss. The cast of characters includes such people as

Pat Messman—Maxmillian X, King of Sylvania. Baritone

June Lee Schade—Princess Helene, his daughter. Soprano

Don Golden—Prince Rupert, her cousin. Speaking part
Dick Pagenhardt—Lieutenant Niki, an Austrian Army officer. Tenor

Mary Lou Dunne—Kay Robinson, an American artist. Soprano

Katherine Vandegrift—Princess Matilda, a sister of the king. Alto

Harry Keller—Lieutenant Montschi, of the Sylvania Army. Speaking part

Alma Moore—Louisa, a Duchess. Soprano

Theodore Foote—Bertram Budgett, an American efficiency expert. Speaking part

Harold Green—Count Lothar of the Sylvania court. Baritone

Aza Stanton—Count Sigismund of the Sylvania court. Tenor

Frank Carrington—Nicholas of the Sylvania court. Baritone

Louyse Eldridge—Fifi, a singer. Soprano

Orchestral instruments unite in producing melodies from "The Waltz Dream."





The Maryland Singers take up the chord also, while Phi Omicron Delta holds a cozy meeting with their president, Helen Simons.

Velma Richmond—Annerl, a singer, Mezzo

A chorus of tourists, soldiers, ladies and gentlemen of the Court, townspeople, etc.

THE STORY

ACT I—Maximillian X, King of Sylvania, returns home with his daughter, the Princess Helene, and his prospective son-in-law, a mysterious Niki, who is a lowly lieutenant of the Austrian Hussars. The court is gratified to learn that the obstinate Princess Helene has finally selected a husband as the marriage will stabilize the dynasty, quiet the populace, and also be the means of getting a foreign loan for the bankrupt monarchy.

Helene has selected Niki as her future husband because he reminds her so much of her childhood sweetheart, Rupert, who is now in exile in England. Although Niki finds Helene dull

and greatly prefers the free and easy life of a Hussar, he obeys his Emperor's command to go to Sylvania to wed Helene.

But, upon his arrival, he falls in love with an American artist, Kay Robinson, who is paying her way on a sketching tour by singing at a little cafe. Niki declares that he will not go through with the wedding, and he plans to slip out to the cafe with his friend, Montschi, so that he can see Kay, who is still unaware that fate has chosen him to be the Prince Consort of Sylvania.

ACT II—Niki and Montschi come to the cafe garden where Kay is singing. Niki tells her of his love. He is followed by the King and a foppish courtier, Lothar, who plan to intercept him and return him to the palace. He is also followed by two rival suitors, Sigismund and Rupert, who intend to kidnap him,

and by Helene and her Aunt Matilda. Niki is caught spectacularly as he professes his affection for Kay. The crowd recognizes him as the new Prince Regent. Kay is broken-hearted when she learns that he is to marry the Princess Helene the next day.

ACT III—Niki and Rupert are tricked by Sigismund and shipped off to London in the King's airplane. Sigismund plans to replace Niki at the wedding, for he knows that the King dare not postpone the ceremony because of the angry mood of the populace. Niki and Rupert overpower their pilot and return to Sylvania just as the wedding is about to begin.

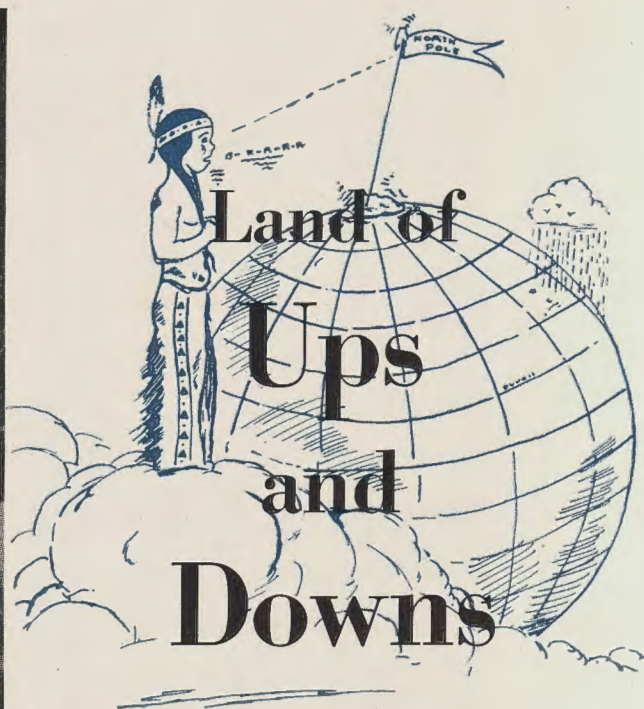
Helene is overjoyed to see Rupert. The King is forced to consent to their marriage when he learns that Rupert has already managed to arrange a foreign loan for Sylvania. Niki, released from his royal obligations, is free to marry Kay, and a double wedding is in prospect as the play comes to a close.

The All-star Concert Course is a big term to describe all the personalities who appear in our auditorium to aid in the musical development of all the people on the F. S. T. C. Campus. The course this year began with The Chicago Little Philharmonic Orchestra. Russell Horton appeared as a soloist. Maurice Dumesnil, a French pianist, played several numbers from Debussy, as well as some music from our own Appalachian section. The Madrigalists gave a program of excellent songs with a great deal of interpretation.

In connection with the fine arts and music, another group appeared on the campus some few years ago, of special interest to the women of the College. Phi Omicron Delta specializes in scholarship, social functions, character, and interest in the fine arts. The bi-annual initiations, in September for the upper class women, in February for the freshmen women, arouse many a hope and provide lots of color—both purple and white, and local. These Greeks keep themselves well-known in this land through excellent assembly entertainment. The one this year featured an original play by Dorothy Lindamood, "The Hen Party," an informal dance where the pledges perform for their public, an informal affair for the Fraternity, and an Alumnae luncheon. They also provide a scholarship prize to the college open to participants from the college and high-school seniors either in voice or instrumental accomplishments.



A patch of green color attains significance for Charles Eberly and Mary Filler with Mr. Diehl close to the map.



Flash . . . Disturbances Felt in Belt of Non-Workers

FILLER!" scolded Mr. Diehl, the economist, geographer, and meteorologist, "You know better than to say that the Rhine Graben is in Germany. Be specific and say it forms the border between Germany and France."

Filler: But I can't, Mr. Diehl. Hitler just took France this morning, so the Rhine is in Germany now.

Eberly: And Mr. Diehl, yesterday, you said that Germany is getting her iron ore from Norway, but the papers say England has her coast blockaded and no ships are entering the Rhine. Some one got his communiques crossed.

Diehl: You're both right, but for all practical purposes, the Rhine Graben does separate Hitler from French iron and Germany will get Norway, regardless of the blockade . . . Did I say that right?

Eberly (remindingly): Now, Mr. Diehl; stop, think, talk.

J. C.: Mr. Diehl, do you think Germany will lose her wealth at another Versailles?

Diehl: That's hard to say; we can't tell yet, but one thing is certain: It won't be said that 'She had to go and lose it at the Astor!'

Thus, our guide had to keep doubly alert. He had to perform the double duty of guiding the pilgrims through the Lands of Ups and Downs as well as keep one jump ahead of the current news interpretations of the students.

But I am two years ahead of my story; I first encountered Mr. Diehl as an economist. Before I entered the land of supply and demand, older residents would tell me, "Wait till you get Mr. Diehl. Gabriel's horn doesn't have anything

on him. When Ivan the Terrible blows, you jump or else." And having no desire to discover what the alternative was, I jumped.

"I don't know what type of work you have been doing for the other people on the campus, but you are going to do your best for me. I know some of you talk about some courses and say, 'Oh that course. It was a snap course. I never cracked a book all year and got a B in the subject.' I know, I have heard you say it before.

"But in here, you're going to work and work hard or I'll know the reason why, yours but to do or die. You'll have to crack a book in here, and crack it hard, before you get a passing mark. Another thing: apple-polishing doesn't work with me. You can come in and say, 'Oh, Mr. Diehl, you look so nice this morning,' or, 'Gee, that's a pretty tie you're wearing; but that's all the good it will do you. You can't flatter me and expect to get a passing grade. In here you have to produce the goods before you get anything out of me.

"Now, folks, you just have to knuckle down. This is a tough course, and you have to work and work hard. You've got to work the two extra outside hours for every class hour, before you can expect to pass. You have to spend two solid hours of undivided attention on your economics. The Lord helps those who help themselves, and the Lord help you if you don't do the work.

"I know some of you think two hours is too much time to spend on economics, but if you have time to take a sun bath every afternoon or sit out front on the lawn or loaf in

the day room, you have time to do your economics. I know, I see you loafing out front for hours at a time, when you should be in the library working.

"It's going to be tough for some of you, but if you put in your two hours for every class hour and keep up on the daily assignments, you'll do all right. Now for the next hour, I want you to jump in and . . ."

And I jumped. Who wants to play with a blitzkrieg?

My first year's encounter with the business-like economics was one of understanding the fundamentals of supply and demand, big business, private enterprise, and diverse related topics. We rushed over smooth hills of memorized laws and principles. We sat in class trying to look as though we knew something, and we did until we heard . . .

"Athey. State the law of diminishing returns."

Then our minds went blank. If we were fortunate enough to have our grey matter function at normal again, our voice failed to reproduce the stream of thought flowing through the brain. But after several weeks of hard work, our guide made us immune to the pounding surf of stage fright, and we produced the goods.

After producing the goods in private enterprise and under mass production at times, as well as by the other fundamental methods of economics, we were allowed to pass into the true Land of Ups and Downs.

Here we found that the bottom of a map was always the south, that the latitude and longitude lines were painted around the earth with water colors, that the major objective of geography was a headache, that the earth was perfectly round, that the sun rotated around the earth, that the international date line was an escort bureau, and lastly that geography should not be included in the curriculum because it had no subject matter which is not included in some other subjects.

In the first part of the third year, we studied Maryland and the other less significant 47 states. We discovered how many of everything were raised, or were made in all the counties. Then we went dot-daffy making maps showing these data. During this period, our rhythmic conversations usually rose above the tapping sounds, thus:

Dot: 21-2-3-4-What's ya doin'-5-6-7-8-sowin' oats?

Dash: 52-3-4-5-nope-6-7-8-9-countin' goats.

Darn: Darn! I lost count again. You guys shut up before you get wrecked.

Dot: Sit down before you get tossed into the next county.

Dash: I think I'll dribble along now; I hope I hear someone calling me, I think.

Darn: You better . . . you fugitive from the Morse code.

Splash (with rising temperature as a splash of ink following the course of the Potomac ran across his map): one, tuh, three, four, five, six, nine, ten. Lemme at 'em. You . . . You . . . you . . . CENSORED.

In the second part of the third year, we moved to the quiet, restful countries of warring Europe to study the where and how of everything. After many weeks of hard work, the blitzkrieg struck:

Mr. Diehl: Tomorrow we are going to play

A game called 'Who gets the A?'

So, the next day, you could find groups of test-takers jamming and cramming to assimilate as many brain-busters as possible. So, upon arriving on the campus, I proceeded to the day room where many of my classmates were assembled. An overview of all our conversations of the years ran thus:

Droop: Why worry about suppositions? If the earth were stationary and motionless, we wouldn't be here to talk about that one, so why study it?

Swift: Wonder how much time we have before the test? Say, Droop, do you have the time?

Droop: Sure . . . got lots of time, but not the energy.

Swift: If Sweden produces six millions tons of iron and trades ninety percent of it to Germany, how much does she make a year?

Droop: Not much.

Drizzle: What's born in Baltimore and raised everywhere?

Swift: Raised everywhere? Tell me one person who raised it.

Drizzle: Prime Minister Chamberlain.

Droop: Oh, you mean that which can be put up a chimney down but not down a chimney up?

Swift: I give up. You fellows are getting too complicated for me.

Drizzle: An umbrella. Just shows that Baltimore is the city of firsts.

Swift: What are the Irish noted for producing?

Droop: You couldn't mean Irish confetti?

Swift: What does J. R. Smith say the colored boys in Florida said they lived on?

Drizzle: That's the easiest one of all—watermelons in summer and sick Yankees in winter.

Droop: What's the name of the lines on a map? You know, they've got a Chinese name or something?

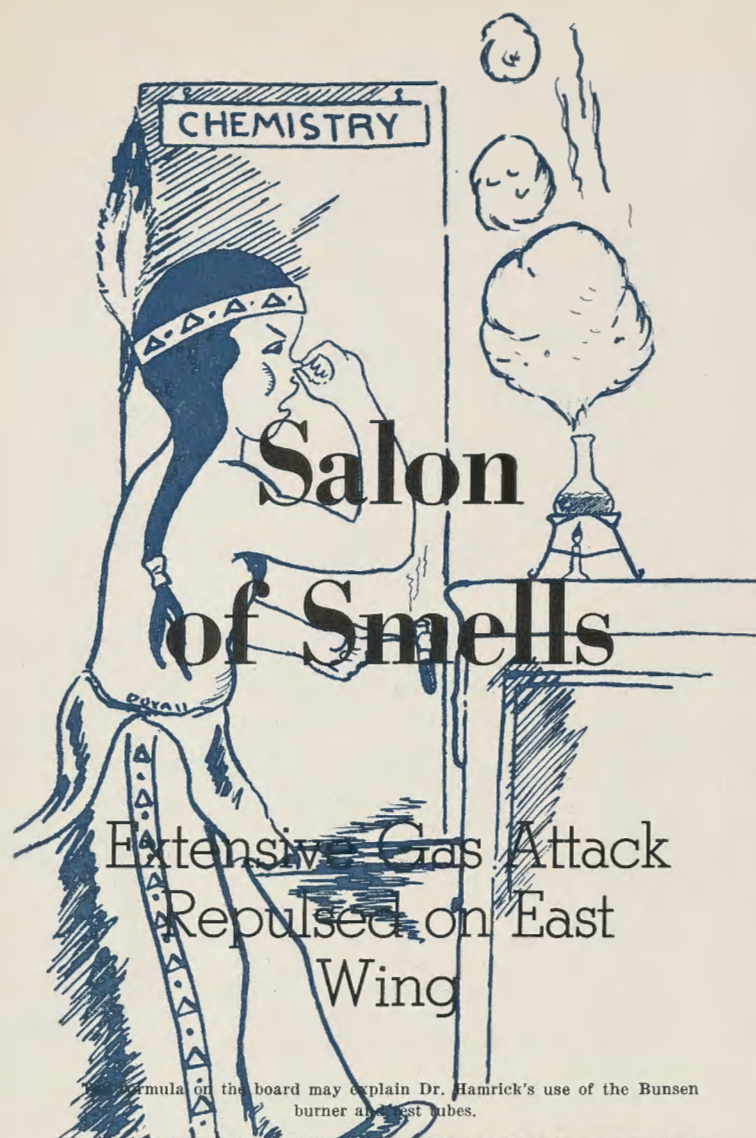
Swift: You couldn't be meaning orientation marks?

Droop: Yeah, that's them.

This was really nothing to the amount of fever heat produced when it was necessary to take a perfectly good fifty-cent piece, money that would otherwise have gone on ice-cream sandwiches, Wrigley's Spearmint, lemon cokes, or vanilla milkshakes, and invest it in a couple of physiographic diagrams accompanied by a bottle of red ink and a crow quill pin.

Mary Martin, Fred Sheeley, Vernon Robeson, Bill Lamberson, Margaret Whitson, and Ralph Koontz capture a physiographic diagram and leave their marks in red ink.





JUNIOR COLLEGIATE: What is that disagreeable odor I smell?

Mad Scientist: He . . . he . . . It's got you, too, huh? That's the Salon of Smells . . . he . . . he . . . that's where I'm going to shine . . . he.

Care Full: Didn't you know that you are about to travel through the Salon of Smells, J. C.?

J. C.: I thought that was where we were going, but I wasn't sure.

Mad Sc.: Hurry, Hurry, something may happen and we'll miss it. Can't you smell that invigorating odor becoming stronger and stronger? . . . he . . . he . . . we're almost there . . . hurry . . . hurry . . .

Care Full: Why hurry? Haste makes waste.

J. C.: Well, here we are in . . .

Mad Sc.: Look! Look! Doctor Hamrick is doing an experiment. Boy! I hope it blows up . . . he . . . he . . . Aw, gee, he's putting the stuff away already and nothing happened. But it will, he . . . he . . . Wait 'till I start working . . . he . . . he.

Doctor Hamrick: This is going to be a pretty stiff course and it's going to be new to some of you, but don't let that worry you. I never had any chemistry until I was in college and I got as good marks as some that had had it before.

Chemistry is an interesting subject. It's something you see every day; it's all around you, you breathe it, eat it, and sleep with it, but still some of you don't know it and don't see it. You never see what's going on around you. You don't take the time to think about the things you see happen every day around you—to wonder what makes it happen.

Here you'll use *Smith's College Chemistry* text and have two lectures a week and four lab hours. In the lectures you'll study the elements and laws of the course, and in the lab, over yonder, you'll work the experiments and see the things you read about in the text. You'll see the properties and work with the elements you discuss in the lectures.

It's not going to be an easy subject, so you'll have to work and work hard at it to get something out of it. It's all in the book, but it won't jump out for you. You have to dig for it. It won't be handed to you on a silver platter; you have to get to work and dig it out. You can't just scratch the surface and expect to get by, either.

Over yonder in the laboratory, you do experiments and see how the things happen, but you'll have to know what's going on before you can get anything out of it. Some of the experiments are dangerous, too, so be careful; if the book says to use three grams of zinc, it means three grams, or it wouldn't say so. Follow directions, or you may get hurt. You can't play with fire all the time and not get burned.

If any of you find any problems you can't solve, bring them to me and I'll help you with them, but only after you have done your best by yourself. Remember, everything is in the book, but you have to dig for it. That's the way I got it.

Mad Sc.: Dig, dig, dig. Well, all right. Let's get to work in the lab . . . he . . . he . . . I want to dig . . . even if it is a grave.

Doctor Hamrick: If you will go into the laboratory now, I will distribute the equipment so you can begin working. If you want to learn, know what you're doing and how to do it, before you start mixing anything. You can't just watch the reactions and expect to learn; you have to know what's going on. After each experiment you'll have to write

up the reactions that took place, so you'll have to make notes on what happens.

Another thing, don't try any home-made formulas; if you don't know what the reaction will be, don't put the chemicals together or you may be taken apart. I remember one time several years back, a young chap poured all the waste chemicals into a beaker he called his slot machine, and then he watched for a reaction. Well, he put stuff together for a time and finally hit the jackpot. Only instead of getting three bells, he almost got a harp. Get on over to the lab now, and I'll give you your lockers so you can start right off.

Krack: Well, J. C., now that we are partners, we must share our responsibilities, so while I clean these test tubes, you can set up the equipment and start the experiment.

Mad Sc. (watching *Krack*): The tube is hot, the water is not, the tube is aught. Don't they crack funny? . . . he . . . he . . . he.

Krack: Can't understand it, J. C., these tubes must be defective. I have boiled water in five of them and every time I run cold water over them to cool it off, they crack.

J. C.: Elementary, my dear fellow, elementary. You . . . what . . . all our new test-tubes cracked?

Krack: Oh, don't worry, they make them everyday. I'll get some more.

Mad Sc. (glancing furtively around): Hiss . . . J. C. Look what I got in this tube. Isn't it wonderful? Right here in my own little tube, I have some. A whole tube full.

J. C.: You may have it, all right. But I can't see anything in that test-tube.

Mad Sc.: I can't see it, either, but it's here. Right here in this tube and I got it all by myself. Not every one can have a test-tube full of it . . . he . . . he. Don't tell anyone I have it, or my life may be in danger; they may want to steal it. It's so valuable everyone wants it, but they won't get it now. I have it . . . he . . . he.

J. C.: If it's that valuable, why not put it away in a safe place? What is it, anyway?

Mad Sc. (leaning close and whispering): Air!

J. C. (exasperated): Air! plain, common, ordinary, everyday air?

Mad Sc.: Yes, don't tell anyone, though, and I'll tell you how I got it. I set the test-tube in the rack and I thought the air would have to be nosey and go into the tube, to see if there was anything in it. So I unconcernedly walked away, leaving the tube in the rack. When I thought the air had enough time to get into the tube, I sneaked up on it, keeping out of sight . . . then I pounced on it and quickly put my hand over the opening. I had it . . . it couldn't get out. Don't you think I'm pretty smart?

J. C.: I'll say you are; not everyone could think of that.

Mad Sc.: A pinch of this, a drop of that, some H_2O , then watch her go . . . ha . . . ha. Look how red the tube is . . . blow . . . blow . . . blow . . . no go.

Care Full: Look out, Maddy is at it again.

Mad Sc.: A little phosphorus, a piece of zinc, a little sulphur, a gram of this, then apply heat . . . J. C., take to your feet.

Care Full: Duck everyone—a blitzkrieg!

J. C.: Man the life boats, men.

Mad Sc.: He . . . he . . . hold on, everyone, we're going up . . . he . . . he. Blow the man down, blow, blow. Blow them all down.

BAM! WHIZ! CRACK!

Care Full: It's all over now, boys; you can come out now.

Mad Sc.: I jump with joy and shout with glee, Hitler could win if he only had me. I say there, old chap, did you see my trouser pocket around here any place?

As the days passed the work became more complicated, and my zest for knowledge lagged behind the seeking of pretty colored reactions and diverse entertainment. The reading of the text slowed down while the interest in lab reactions increased. But one afternoon, I was given a lecture by a friend in the day room. This lecture made me think and finally to take more interest in the gaining of knowledge.

Care Full: Hello, you cracked tube. How's reactions?

J. C.: Hi, there, you jumble of fats and proteins. Sit down, and let's discuss the foreign situations.

Care Full: Boy, it must be terrible over there with all the bombing, gas attacks, and the suspense of it all.

J. C.: What do you mean? After coming from the Salon of Smells, you say that. What's Hitler got that we haven't? Boy, don't we have fun in there now?

Red Gret: Listen, friends. I have traveled through that land, too, and I thought it was a lot of fun. Just to go to lab, see what we could make the chemicals do, not understanding what was taking place. Now I see my mistake. I wish I had read the text as I should have, and found out what was going on. I see something happen now and wonder what made it do that. I know my chemistry should explain it, but my knowledge would be too inadequate to explain it. I feel as though I had lost something. I see ads in the newspapers and wonder if the claims of some products are true. My chemistry would tell me if it were or not, but I can't remember because I didn't study enough. You'll see, if you don't apply yourself.

These Sophomores learn to put two and two together and produce some strange combinations but it is still fun for Helen Corwell, Pat Messman, Mary Schaefer, Elsie Beeman, Kathleen Barnard, Bill Merriman, Margaret Welmer, Lorraine Everett, and Mary Nairn.





President John L. Dunkle Confers
With Coach Carrington



The Sociology Class Discusses Morals
With President Dunkle

Race Track

President Dunkle Advises Against Betting on Future of Social Races

WHAT could sociology mean? What could it mean to me? Those were the selections which I expected to play while at the track of social races.

After waiting several minutes for the rest of our group to arrive, we stepped over the border of the track into the grounds. Here we found our guide, President Dunkle, busily explaining some sociological situation confronting the people in the nation of State Teachers, to Mr. Carrington. When the discussion was finished, we seated ourselves around President Dunkle in the following arrangement; which can be seen in the upper right; Paul Morgan, James Davis, Ancil Sites, Jujean Carson, Lucille Greenwood, Thelma Close, Harriet Brode, Louise Wilson, Evelyn Cage, Helen Carr, Mary Byrnes, Edward Shaffer, Agnes Boyd, Sarah Jones, Bernice Michaels, Mary Louise Larkin, Joyce Brandenburg.

Our guide began with a dissertation on the usefulness of sociology in this modern world:

"Apparently, some of you wonder why this subject is included in the curriculum here, so today I will take it upon myself to acquaint you with the subject and tell of the disturbing situations with which sociology deals. How much can the sociological interpretations be relied upon? I don't know. Sociology, as other sciences, is susceptible to error."

At the end of the discourse, I saw the definite effect the subject could have upon me in influencing my future judgments and interpretations of social relationships. While at the track, we studied the fast-running, first-place motives which influenced the races throughout the ages. We saw the effect of the interrelationships of the components of social groups and how our life was made happy by the winning of some motives or made miserable by the losing of others.

After my sojourn at the track, I was the winner by

a goodly margin. Who was the loser? Why, a fellow by the name of Dick Drowse. He lost much in all his work.

The case of Dick Drowse was related to me by my friend Peter Prodding as he found me dozing in the day room one day.

Prod.: Well, what have we here? Aren't you supposed to be traveling toward the language Oases? Don't you know the 4:05 bell has rung?

J. C.: Yep, I know, but I feel like resting and the applause at the Oases will not allow me to sleep comfortably.

Prod.: But don't you know you are not allowed any more cuts, and you may have to take an extra credit hour to get through this country's traveling? What will you tell Dr. Wade?

J. C.: Oh, I'll just tell him I was indisposed.

Prod.: That will not work. It was all right when I was a new citizen here, but now you can't take as many cuts as you want. I fear you shall become afflicted as was my friend Dick Drowse.

J. C.: Who cares about Drowse? I'm too sleepy; even though I have been rising ten minutes later than usual, I can't seem to get enough sleep.

Prod.: Ah! That is the way Drowse began. It all started when he began to arise ten minutes later than he should have. Then he rushed about in a great hurry, to be on time for his trains. These periods of great haste went on for several weeks; then we saw he was becoming afflicted. Several of his friends diagnosed his case and discovered that he tired himself out so in his periods of great speed, he had to doze at times during the day to regain his lost energy, thereby missing much of his life here. You can observe him in all the lands, dozing when he should be learning.

Big Brother: Sorry to interrupt, Prodding, but the last bell is ringing and we must be off. After delivering that sermon about Drowse, you will lose face if you are late.



Hilda Wetnight, Donald Workman, William Moody, The Little Man That's Almost There, Robert Kerr, Mary Larkin, and Jane Showe watch Dr. Wade operate the recording machine, while Betty Breakiron is interested in the script Charles Lizer is reading.



Dr. Newman A. Wade
Is Really Reading
That Book

Oases

Stop !!! Seek Some Scenic Speech

FEELING I needed better speech habits to achieve my goals, I decided to travel to the land of Oases, which means "Our Aim—Seeking Effective Speech."

As I said before, I missed my train, so I arrived in the land a little late, and work had already been started. A guest speaker was addressing the group. His speech outlined the aims of a speech course, and he also cited some of the problems of modern grammar. The speech proved so interesting that I decided to write some of it down; the text of the oration, touched by some propaganda, is as follows:

"Some speakers of sagacious speech should stop scandalizing sane scholars with wrong wording. So sit still while we work wonders with successful speech. Almost all Americans abuse adjectives and adverbs by absurd, abominable arrangement and abundance in daintily decorating daily descriptions dealing with deplorable deteriorations of demented, delusive dictators.

"In closing, let me warn you against another danger in daily speech, especially that speech of the weaker sex. This danger is forcibly brought home by the following newspaper article. Quote 'Judge John Jones justified Oliver O'Malley's obnoxious habit of howling in his home near Norfolk. Frantic from failures of every evening's entertainment, lost little by little, let loose the defendant's deluges of distasteful dialogue, directed mainly and maliciously at all Aunt Alice's nasty, never-ending nagging.'"

At first, I thought we would learn by observing good speakers speak, but Doctor Wade quickly corrected any false idea in this connection. As he expressed it,

"You can not learn to speak well by listening to others speak. You can only learn to walk by walking, so here we are going to learn to talk by talking. Do I make myself clear on that?"

So, immediately after the speech of our guest, Doctor

Wade assigned speeches to be delivered by myself and my fellow travelers. Upon receiving my first assignment, I conceived the idea that I was going to dislike the work, but later, after hearing several interesting speeches by my classmates, I took heart again.

At first, the way was made hard to travel by the stumbling stones of poor enunciation which impeded our progress a great deal, but our guide helped us over them as we talked on. At times, mountainous problems of pronunciation lay before us, or treacherous streams of smooth-flowing foreign derivities would hinder our progress. But we crossed the mountains and forded impeding streams. We used every available opportunity to put our speech work into practice, and I discovered that this was the only course in the land which I had to talk my way through.

Debates were held and floods of narration were let loose, anything to improve our defects. As can be seen in the upper right, our guide was deeply interested in finding new methods of helping us. When he found some good reading materials, the travelers were asked to read them and gain insights into our individual problems which could be solved.

We learned proper poise by posing; enunciation by enunciating and pronunciation by denouncing the evils of modern speech habits. As our speeches were presented, we were criticized by fellow travelers and our guide. Then we were able to criticize our own presentations by having a speech recorded, as you can see in the picture at the upper left. Here Hilda Wetnight, Donald Workman, William Moody, the Little Man That's Almost There, Robert Kerr, Mary Larkin, and Jane Showe watch Dr. Wade operate the recording machine (with the exception of Mr. Workman), while in the foreground, Betty Breakiron is interested in the script being presented by Edward Lizer.

What's in a Word?

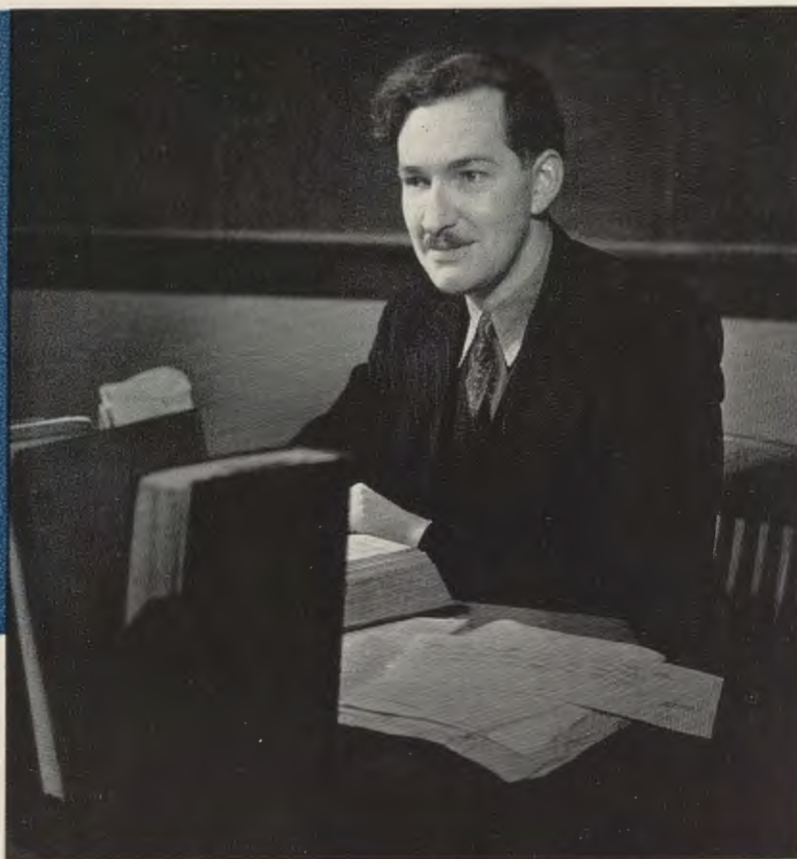
The Question Is Answered
When a Traveler Pays His
Fare on College Omnibus

As I have said before, the inhabitants of State Teachers spoke the same language as I, but the natives had a greater degree of finesse. Desiring to improve myself and do as the Romans do, I decided to travel through the land of What's in a Word? and acquire this finesse.

One day, passing near the border of this land, I saw a sign-post saying, 'What's in a Word?' This caused me to do some deep thinking as to the meaning of the sign. I realized that this was just another commercial slogan like 'Ask the man who owns one'

or 'They Satisfy,' but I knew it went much deeper than that; there had to be some basis for the slogan. So I seated myself under the sign and began to think.

The English library shelf holds the combined attentions of Joyce Brandenburg, Fred Manning, Bernice Michaels, Connie Davis, Evelyn Cage, Harriet Brode, Agnes Boyd, John Wolford, Hilda Wetnight. Maybe a term paper is due.



From Behind the Consulting Desk Dr. George H. McClellan
Gives Prescriptions for All Wordly Ills

Big Brother, seeing my pensive mood, feared something was wrong, so he came up to me.

Big Brother: What's wrong, J. C.?

J. C.: What's in a Word?

B. Bro.: What's in a . . . Oh, that sign has you stumped, huh? Well, it's a long story, so let's duck into the Duchess and down a milk-shake while I explain it.

J. C.: If you can do it, I'll set you up.

B. Bro.: Easy milk-shake. You see, J. C., that question is the one which will guide you in your travels through the land. You know, of course, that there are such animals as words, so while in the land, you will discover of what they are made and how they can be manufactured into new things.

It sounds simple, but it isn't. You will be amazed by the difficulty experienced in explaining what some simple words mean. When you discover the true meaning of a word by yourself, you are on the path to success in the land.

J. C.: How so?

B. Bro.: Well, your object will be to improve your self-expression by experience. So when you give a good definition of a word, your ability is thereby increased.

» » Word Trouble Finds Its Cure in Journalism « «

J. C.: Did you say awhile back that we manufactured new words?

B. Bro.: No, you will manufacture larger bodies of language from words which are of standard size and use. For example, you will be asked to manufacture a short story. When you begin working, you take many standard words and make them into a new article. See what I mean?

J. C.: I get it. The drinks are on me this time.

So with Big Brother's explanation, I entered the land where language was being analyzed, the defects corrected, and the words polished, under the direction of a certified doctor.

The first year here, I was loaded into a big blue, bulky bus with my classmates to begin our traveling. This "College Omnibus" was to carry us through many strange tales. But the bus would have been useless without fuel. Having worked in a garage in Life, I had a natural interest in discovering in what manner the vehicle was set in motion, and how it was propelled.

To my surprise, I found that the fuel of this vehicle which was to carry us on our way, was of two kinds, the first of which was made from the many papers we would write concerning our reactions to the things we found in

words. The second fuel supply was furnished by the gas from the many, many discussions we would have in the land. Which of these two sources of supply had the higher value, I cannot say, but the gas seemed to produce hotter flames of speech. Sometimes the production of this gas was slow, but when the supply began to run low, our guide began asking very debatable questions, and the flow of natural gas was greatly increased.

The fuel content of the papers was judged by our guide, who, with his little red pencil, would check off any defective parts. And as in other factories, he graded the papers in accordance with its fuel content, which was its total value. In grading, he used a standard system which consisted of the grades A to E. (The E meaning "Ef at first you don't succeed, try again.")

Then because the guide had a Doctor's degree, he could prescribe remedies for improvements in the health of our papers. He could diagnose any defective organs, and help the traveler in putting them in good order.

The journey itself was an enjoyable one. En route to our goal, we stopped for a "Hair Cut" and had some pretty close shaves with Cyrano de Bergerac. Then we had the honor of meeting "Emperor Jones" and other notables. We played with "Benny and His Bird Dogs" and were on hand to see the "Return of the Native."

I was having a wonderful time eating up the points of interest pointed out by our guide, but not so with some of my fellow travelers.

Woid Less: Who de heck does Dr. McClellan t'ink we are, anyways? We write a t'ousand woids this week and another, nex' week. Why, me right arm's about busted now. Look at them blisters on me fingers from pushin' 'em over the papers.

Knocker: Yes, he's got a red complex, too. He'll say, 'Have you read this?' or 'Have you read that?' I wonder if that much reading will make my hair red, too.

J. C.: Don't you boys like the course? I think it is simply grand.

Woid Less: Ye Gads and big woids. We got a maniac here. Skuttle him, mateys, while I call da little men in white coats.

Down Wright: Well, how are you going to learn if you do not do the things Dr. McClellan prescribes?

Knocker: Oh, now we are learning?

TOPPER Gets Assignments From Its Editor. While the Business Staff Outnumbers the Literary in the NEMACOLIN Below



That's fine, but how? All we do is read a story, discuss it, and then write about it. Occasionally we talk about grammar, but how are we expected to learn anything about good English by reading and discussions? I know we learn about good classics and stuff, but who wants to pay money to learn that when we can read them any time?

Down Wright: You boys don't see how you are learning? In High School, you studied grammar, but have you put it into practice very much? No! Here it is taken for granted that you know the fundamentals of grammar, so you are asked to put them into use. In this way, you learn by experience. Those discussions just lead to develop better expression.

You read a classic, see how things should be done, and then discuss it. In the discussion, you are gaining experience in self-expression, as well as finding out things about classics you could not find yourself. This idea of self-expression development is true of most of the other states in this country.

Woid: Yeah, but where does the papers come in?

Down Wright: Those are the final and most exacting checks. Through them, as well as by everyday speech, Dr. McClellan can see if you are using the King's English as you should.

Woid: Huh! Why worry about the King's English. There ain't goin' to be none after a while. It's goin' to be German English after Hitler is finished.

J. C.: That's beside the point.

Woid: What, the point of diminishing return of battalions?

By the end of the tour with the "Col-

lege Omnibus," I discovered that I had gained a greater degree of self-expression. But desiring to go the limit in acquiring my finesse, I decided to travel through the land for a second year. Preparing for the second leg of my travel, I stopped just long enough to console Woid Less in his sad plight.

In this part of my journey, I witnessed a parade of English Literature through the ages. In the parade, I saw some of the queerest-looking creatures come forth to perform their tricks and show their finest array of colorful descriptions and discourses.

Lead by Beowulf, the parade marched past our reviewing stand, down through the centuries. As each representative of a new group came to light, the parade was halted and the new trends were studied from all angles. We saw the influence of customs, religion, and ways of thinking, on the growth of literature.

Even though some of these ideas and creatures were many centuries old, they had a remarkable resemblance to some of the present day. For example, when one of the oldest men, Beowulf, appeared, he was immediately associated with a great man of the present day:

Dr. McClellan: Tell me how Beowulf conquered the monster in the third fitte.

J. C.: Third fitte . . . third fitte? Oh, yes, he was attacked by Slug Gunning and his gang in an army tank. They shot him with cannons and hit him with bombs, but that didn't stop Beowulf. He just hit the tank with his fist and tore it . . . No, wait a minute . . . that was Superman in yesterday's paper.

Dr. McClellan: Come, come now, their type of deeds may have been similar, but the time element should enable you to distinguish between them.

J. C.: Just a minute, now . . . till I organize my home defense . . . let me see . . . sorry, my mind must have had a black-out because I don't remember.

Dr. M.: Pay Hook, do you remember?

Pay Hook: Sure thing. That's the round when the hero starts his blitzkrieg and puts the screws on the nasty old dragon.

Dr. M.: That's enough. We get the general idea.

Following Beowulf, came sundry men and creatures. But one of the most unusual personages I met was an Indian.

One cold wintry day, I arrived in the country to find a huge ghostly figure sitting in front of the Administration building. It had the resemblance of a man, but to my horror it was entirely white. As I drew nearer, I saw it was an Indian, sitting motionless, staring ahead, as though looking for new trails to blaze. I was terrified; imagine a giant, almost naked, Indian sitting in the path of your journey.

Even though we people in the land of State Teachers are extremely friendly with visitors, I hurriedly skirted the figure and passed into the safety of the Capital Building. Here I met Big Brother and began relating my experience.

J. C.: What manner of man is that creature on the front lawn?

B. Bro.: Man? On the front . . . Oh, you mean Nemmy?

J. C.: I don't know who I mean but he's there, all the same. Who is it?

B. Bro.: That's Nemaquin. He was a brave that stayed with Daniel Cresap when the rest of his tribe moved west before the advancing white men. You know the old National Trail, the one General Braddock and Washington followed a little when they were moving through here to fight the French? He helped blaze that trail. Then every year here, a group of citizens get together and revive his spirit. You will be able to read a report on this revival near the end of the year. It's published under the auspices of the land through which you are now traveling. You have seen some of the members of the group.

J. C.: Oh, it's something like the *Topper*.

B. Bro.: Yes, they have purposes somewhat alike. By the way, why don't you try to join the Press Club now that you have had an article in the *Topper*?

The Press Club Has Safety in Numbers, But Gets a Lot of Work Done That Way



In the Library

The Storeroom of Knowledge Presents an Open Door Policy to all Comers



Helen Fuller Seeks Miss Hough's Assistance
In Gaining Information

ONE of the most interesting and helpful states I encountered in all my travels, was the store room of knowledge, which was inhabited by a cross-section of all the sundry things and peoples with which I had contact in the four years of my journey. This store room was centrally located in the Capital or Administration Building of the country. It had the uppermost position of all the states in the land, and was sometimes referred to as 'heaven' by the travelers because of its high elevation and because it was the resting place of diverse bodies of knowledge.

On this floor were stack upon stack of knowledge and entertainment which could be carried away by the travelers. There were cloth-bound canoes to help ford streams of ignorance, brightly colored books called fiction to fill in pits of despair; then, too, there were many portable bridges which could be borrowed to gap valleys of indecision.

Even though this storeroom is considered the crypt of knowledge, it is not a cemetery of lost bodies. Better it should be considered the treasure isle of understanding. For here, we find funds of facts which can be dug up by the travelers and carried away to be used in increasing his value.

This storeroom is considered as a state in itself, but this conclusion is incorrect. It is a state, created and supported by the union of the other states. The materials contained in it are parts of the diverse other states, but they are located here to relieve the congestion of the other states. That is, it acts as a central store house for copies of the facts found in the other states, and its people help the travelers find knowledge relative to that of the lands through which they are traveling. Thus, this land specializes in service. From eight in the morning to nine in the evening, the traveler may call upon this service to find materials for any subject.

The first time I entered this store house, I found a traveler availing herself of this service. Having had an appointment to acquaint ourselves with the inner mechanism of the store room, and how to set it into motion to supply our needs, five fellow journeymen and myself went to the desk of the chief guide. Here we found a citizen seeking aid in finding knowledge.

Helen Fuller: Miss Hough, could you tell me where I could find an analysis and description of an atom of water?

Miss Hough (smiling): Yes, step over here and I will find something for you.

A. Verage: This is a pretty big place to look for a little thing like an atom of water.

Knute Interested: Did you say something to me?

J. C.: Look at all the books she has found already.

Kent Finde: From the looks of things, I bet she could get you a picture of Yehudie if you wanted it. Sherlock Holmes didn't have anything on her.

A. Verage: I wonder how they got the name 'Library' for this state, anyhow?

Boke Worme: I have been told that the word is derived from the first letters of the motto "Living in books, rests all rationalization yieldings."

A. Verage: Look at all the books back there and those stacks of magazines on the other side. I don't see how anyone would know where to find a book in all those stacks.

J. C.: Miss Hough must have found the water atom already because here she comes back.

Miss Hough: Do you have an appointment with me?

Book Worme: Yes, Ma'm. We have come to discover how to avail ourselves of the knowledge of finding facts here.

Miss Hough: Here is a copy of the regulations of the library. It contains a more detailed discussion of the explanation I'll give you today. Now here in the foyer is the filing cabinet containing all the names of the books we have, filed in alphabetical order, of course. At the upper left of each card is a number which is called a call number. You write that number on one of these pieces of paper up here, and then present it to the desk. There an assistant will get the book for you and you sign your name on a card allowing you to keep the book for a week.

Diligence Finds Its Own Domain on the Third Floor

We also have periodicals in bound volumes and some unbound, back there. We have a large collection of pictures which you may be able to use for a variety of purposes. Well, I think I have given you a general idea of the arrangement, but if at any time you can not find something, just let me help you. We are always glad to be of service.

Boke Worme: Well, let's browse around and see what we have. Say, what happened to what's-his-name?

A. Verge: Yeah, where's Knute Interested, and Kent Finde?

J. C.: That's right. They should have been with us. Oh, there they are back there looking at a *Life* magazine. They probably didn't hear any of the directions we have received.

Knute Interested: Hello, boys, nothing exciting happened did it? They didn't repair the "Light That Failed" yet, did they?

Boke: You won't know how to use the facilities here, so how are you going to find something when you seek it?

Knute: Oh, I have found where they keep the picture magazines. What more could I want to know about this place? But I wish they would get the *Colliers* or *Esquire*; they have good cartoons in them.

A. Verge: I think I'll try out this service and check out a novel . . . Now . . . Oh yes, over here in these stacks.

Kent: That reminds me, I want to read a novel by Van Dyke.

Boke: Which one? He wrote several, you know.

Kent: He did? I don't know what the name was, I just saw a fellow reading it, and he said it was pretty good.

J. C.: Do you know how to find the name of the book and its call number by using the card index?

Kent: Call number? What's that? Do you have to run up and down the aisles paging the books . . . Calling Mr. Van Dyke . . . Mr. Van Dyke . . . Calling Mr. . .

Boke: You're hopeless. I wonder if the lady at the desk would let me look at the books on the stacks back there?

Kent: I wouldn't do that if I were you. You may not be able to find the *Road Back*, or you may tramp on the *Tale of Two Cities* and get the Dickens. Then, too, you have to *Watch for the Dawn* because if Valtin comes *Out of the Night* again he may sic *White Fang* on you and chase you out of London. And then on your way down *Main Street* peep into the *House of Seven Gables* and see if Ellery Queen found out *Who Killed Aunt Maggie*?

J. C.: Splash on, drip. Come, Boke, let's look over the books.

Kent: May I have Van Dyke's novel?

Miss Comer: Certainly, which do you mean? *The Bishop Murder Case* or the *Green* . . .

No Crowd Has Ever Been Turned Away From the Library Doors, But the Vacant Chairs Are in the Minority in This Picture.



Kent: I don't know . . . it has an orange cover on it and it's about so big . . . yes, that's it.

Boke: Miss Comer, could we browse around the books back here?

Miss Comer: Yes, but when you take a book down, please turn it over like this when replacing it.

Kent: Hey, Boke, when worming your way through the pages, do me a favor. See that trap door in the ceiling up there? See if you can't find the secret staircase and we may be able to climb up and . . .

J. C.: Look what I found, Boke! A secret log book of Columbus. It says this is his diary on his first trip to the Americas. It was written for one of his sons. He says he is writing in English so his Italian crew can't read it . . . Gee!

And here is the Queen's commission to outfit the boats; look at the seal! And here is a copy of a letter to a London historical society from the finder, describing how he found it inside an old keg that washed up on the shore. Boy! Are we lucky, we can read the real thoughts of Columbus on his voyage.

Boke: Gee! Look how water-soaked it looks, and here's a sea shell still clinging to the parchment. That must be a pretty valuable parchment to be in a little box all to itself like that. Imagine, finding something like that right here. I'm going to read that right away.

J. C.: But wait . . . what's this? A newspaper clipping . . . well . . . son-of-a-gun. It says another old fake log book was found in Moscow. One of the few false log books turned up in an obscure Russian library. The Russians were feeling pretty good until they found out that it was a fake book. It said the author of these fakes is unknown, but I bet he collected plenty of cabbage on his simple ruse.

Boke: Daw Gone . . . I thought we had something. Well, anyway these are pretty rare at that. Not every library has one.

As Boke and I moved through the row upon row of books, I began to realize the immensity of the knowledge stored before me. Here were the results of many great men's lives, hours of research, thoughts, philosophy, expressions of art, descriptions of life—here to be signed out by anyone wishing entertainment or knowledge.

Here hibernated some of the great men and ideas of the past. As each page was rustled in turning over, the ideas were awakened, revealed themselves if the reader was observant, and as the page closed over them, darkness enveloped them and they fell into sleep again.

But not only the citizens of the country are allowed to use these materials; the people from the surrounding world may avail themselves of the facts and revelations contained in the store house. Many times I have seen citizens from the land of High School use the services. Then, too, many citizens of the land of Life come in to bask in the light shed by the knowledges of the books. These aliens are given the same privileges as the citizens and are only



The Book Exhibit opens its doors for the evening with Martha Payne and Dwight Roy in charge.

asked to furnish data as to the part of the world in which they live and other pertinent facts.

It is said that my friend, Knute Interested, after a prolonged absence from the library, was finally forced to seek facts there. Because it was his first visit for some time, he was asked if he were a citizen of the country by the attendant.

An interesting outcome of this visit was immediately made apparent to Knute. He discovered that as a result of his visit here his ability to partake of the discussions of the lands through which he was traveling was greatly increased. Thereafter, his visits to the state were very frequent and his pay rose from the fourth rate to one of the highest of the country. He discovered that this state was as much a part of the country as any of the other lands through which he traveled and that to successfully complete his travels, frequent visits to this state were necessary.

One day the state was called upon to set forth its wares in what was called the book exhibit. A group of citizens traveling through the land of Child's Literature decided to make known the latest books developing children's reading habits. So this group, under the direction of Dr. Howard from the Children's Literature division, and Miss Hough from this state, provided an excellent exhibit of the latest books for children. But many old citizens found the stories of *Little Toot and Hercules*, as well as some others, so attractive looking they had to read them. Once starting to read them, one could see these old citizens hastily reading through all they could before they were called into another land.



Exclusive! Rainbow Captured

Now in the course of my experience in this land and elsewhere that I had traveled, I discovered that the industrial and intellectual revolutions had brought about great changes in men's lives. As the machines had so usurped the clothing manufacturing that few had any or very little knowledge of the original fibres, I thought that our desire for learning sometimes exceeds our capacity for practice, and soon we find ourselves with a great many odd-sounding theories unproven by any practical labor. I could even recall how this condition could get us into violent quarrels, until the day arrived when we faced it down as mere batrachomyomachia, and returned to normality.

So it was with these ideas in the farther regions of my mind that I was ferried across from the library to the dominions of art and found there a practical application of my theories. This class I found to combine mental labor with hand labor in such a way as to produce an immense amount of creative satisfaction. The desire to make something, something concrete which we could actually see, was strong with everyone of us J. C's, and whatever expression was within us was given a chance to appear in creative form here.

Developed in the form of excursions with a definite though not strictly concrete time limit, we discovered many avenues up which to pursue beauty.

One of these streets was laid out in lines. We were asked to study it, its designs, its spacing, and coloring, and then produce streets of our own for the rest of this section of the city. First we planned rough blue-prints, then polished their contours up on good drawing supplies and added the color we thought necessary. These "plaids," as they were also called in this city, were then placed on exhibition in the room and thus we had an initial lesson in creative expression.

One street at first glance seemed to be very dirty and black, but upon experimentation we found that it was laid out very well with some dark material called charcoal. Intrigued by this we began to work with it under our guide's advice and found it to be one of an artistic family called "mediums." Later on our journey we were to meet many of these relations.



Miss Annie B. Gray explains color to Oliver Hager, Donald Golden, Ralph Swauger, and Jane Ramey Marshall.

The beginning of the next journey put us into a frightful quandary and we began to suspect our guide of fifth-column efforts or sabotage to put us out of commission for the rest of the semester. The street was extremely mirey, made of a changing, mud-like substance which, try as we would, stuck fast to our hands and feet, wherever we should place them. We were pretty certain that no beauty could be manufactured from this, but then our guide reestablished her reputation and began to show us how to manage this mirey material. Clay was the local name for it, and once a person found out how to manipulate its stickiness it became extremely pleasant to work with. Soon we found we could fashion figures from it and we were sorry to leave when our guide proposed a journey on another avenue. We went reluctantly but left behind a generous collection of bowls, animals of all families and species, and a number of original ideas imprinted in clay.

Frequently in our tour we found pleasant parks where we might do as we liked in giving form to any artistic impulses we might possess. These took many forms from water colors, leather-working, tin-working, weaving, beaded articles, yarn novelties, embroidery, handicrafts, batiks, and many other ideas for bringing to light the unknown talents so many possessed and did not know they owned.

We stopped for a while before the holidays at the city's postcard shop. The number of ideas so apparent here stimulated our imagination and we wanted to make some original ones for ourselves.

Crayons, water colors, colored paper, scraps of gingham, scissors, paste, even egg shells and postage stamps appeared as if by magic, and from such an assortment of material emerged many clever ideas for home-made, original greeting-

cards for Christmas and Easter. The wall case nearby bloomed soon afterward with all our efforts, and all the rest of S. T. C. who passed by on main street stopped to exclaim, judge, and admire.

About this time our guide stopped at a theatre and we all went in. This theatre differed from other theatres in two ways, first, in having the movie machine in the front of the theatre instead of in the back. The picture for the day was called "Masterpieces of Painting" starring Franz Hals, Anthony Van Dyke, Madame Lebrun, and an all-star cast whose parts also might be considered starring roles. A guide accompanied each dramatic appearance of one of the performers and explained to us about his personality and why he chose that particular scene. We learned a lot about producing pictures of this sort. The second difference was that this was a cooperative, non-profit theatre, and we quickly secured several shares of stock each. In this way we were enabled to become our own producers and speak for our famous actors. In time we invited other audiences in to hear our rendition of the movies presented, and hoped they felt it successful.

Once again we went touring and came to the lane called Social Studies. Thinking that this was a strange lane to be in the domain of Art, we questioned our guide about it and asked what opportunities for creative expression were to be found in this place, and why she had brought us there. A short explanation, and we found that this might almost be termed the happy hunting grounds for artistic let-go. We found six different Social Studies in action, so we divided into six groups to see what we could do to help enlighten this subject with art. We made plans and more plans and went to work with a will. Houses were constructed, skyscrapers also, and a kitchen from colonial days. Strange people were brought to this street, in graphic form at least, and the Indians and the Herder Lapps seemed at home in their new surroundings. The Greeks, too, seemed satisfied, and so it was that we considered our tour of this street to be highly successful, and an experience those who traveled after us should not miss.

We came to a town which seemed to have been literally taken from the Middle Ages and the days before printing began. Here we saw the monks making tools by hand, and not to be outdone, we, too, attempted illuminated books, but on a small scale which the booklet indicates. A great deal of

knowledge about printing was absorbed here, both through our guide's efforts and our own experiences.

Up Scissors Alley we proceeded next and found it to be a blind alley out of which we must cut our way. So, scissors in hand, we began rescuing ourselves, but this was so easy and so much fun, that again our artistic abilities came to the fore and we decided to do this up in style. We left our marks in many different designs—Pop-eyes, Donald Ducks, Wimpys, Peter Rabbits, Baby Bear, and saved the replicas to show to our First Grade of S. P's.

Now when the weather was beautiful enough we retired again to the park, this time with pencils in hand and easels at hand for a session of sketching. We found more than enough inspiration in the land of F. S. T. C., and records are still kept of the results of this labor.

The advertising world did not escape us either, and we all became local talk-men, not strictly from the standpoint of copy, but to see how attractive we might make our advertisements. Occasionally some ideas from the Maryland Art Institute in Baltimore adorned our workrooms as evidence of what could be accomplished along these intentions.

On one street we were compelled to

use our hands in a different manner from the accustomed pencil-or-brush-holding and became a little more closely acquainted with our paint. This was known as finger-painting, and some of the effects were startling indeed. Perhaps we discovered the meaning of grace from this more than from any other part of our trip.

Once we became inspired by seeing market day, and decided to do some still-life work. The peppers and apples were only in the stage of decay and the jug was anything but antique, but at least they were willing subjects.

Hearing of what some other people had done with art in a nearby town of Pittsburgh, we decided to pack our lunches and stake out claims for a day at least in the Carnegie Art Exhibit. Because the Europeans would not behave themselves long enough to send over some unbombed pictures, modern American art was the main dish of the exhibit. Here we had a first-hand acquaintance with Wood, Bentley, and others, and just a touch of surrealism.

The grand finale to all this was an art exhibit of our own with samples of all accomplishments in every branch of the art course. A three-day affair, with specially appointed guides, it attracted many people, and sometimes it is actually fun to look at your own handiwork.

Colors, pencils, and needles hold the attention of Martha Eby, Charles Gover, Betty Conrad, Dorothy Glenn, Betty Stewart, Roberta Ritchie, Louise Wilson, Thelma Monahan, and Mary Byrnes.



Figures of Importance

Diet of Numbers Is Found to Make Improvements in Figures

Big Brother had a habit of silencing my more radical urges by saying:

"Now, J. C., there's nothing new under the sun," and from here would proceed to tell me of such things as had happened that I retired to a more conventional tone merely because of inability to equal any of these. Even second fiddles have some similarity with the top tones, but the bass—

Still, I learned that new things continued to occur in this land of F. S.

T. C. and one was the addition of another guide to the ranks of those already there. I found that Dr. Howard dealt with a number of numbers and manipulated them for the mathematical enlightenment of the people you see in the picture below. These people found much pleasure in the further study of the arabic numerals and with such a leader were all set for a profitable semester. The terms themselves seemed unusually delighted about it all.

I listened as several of them addressed themselves to me.

Pi.: Really I've never had such exercise for a long time.

Hyperbola: Me, either.

Cosine: I like the way these people take care of me. Usually I get rushed by them so fiercely that they just think of me as Page 17 or some such insane designation, and we never really get to know each other. You'd be surprised at the amount of social consciousness I have, and I would so much like to stay with the people I meet for a little longer that they usually keep me.

Sine: Now, that's the way I feel about it too. Here are these ten people really interested in math, and, after this course, likely to stay that way. By letting them get acquainted with us in their own time and way—Well, it makes me feel as if they regarded me as more than just another cipher, there.

Cipher: Please be careful in speaking of me that way. You know I am more than nothing. Why, you'd think you had never been in this class at all if you don't know that. You've heard my past history and know the places where I stand.

In spite of this bit of squalling I realized that the terms, as well as the students, felt that they were getting a fair treatment and I said to Big Brother in rather common language, "Now what do you know about that?"

But he was still busy craning his neck for another look at Sine, Cosine, Cipher, Dr. Howard, and the other figures of importance who inhabited this place.

Dr. Howard Juggles the Arabics for This Session of the Math Class



The Wheels Go Round

I COULD not long be in a land of this sort without wondering how the parts of it all could fit into each other so smoothly and work so well together. I knew about the faculty, the guides in various regions, the part of the J. C's and W. B. T's, but it seemed to me that somewhere there must be an oil which made it all work so smoothly. My first intimation of this came when I overheard a feminine member of the land saying:

Fem. (to Chief): The sweeper on third floor is completely out of whack, and who wants a note and a week-end campus?

Fem. No. 2: All the lights in our room are burned out. We let them go one at a time and kept putting off telling you, and now we find it won't be any fun to sit in the dark by ourselves.

Fem. No. 3: Chief, I bought the wrong kind of dress zipper. Will you cut off this end for me?

So I was encouraged to keep my eyes open for people who saw to it that S. T. C. continued in its twenty-four hours of rotations with the globe in the best possible way. I have drawn their pictures for you as I met them. In the upper left corner you can see Miss Mildred Tighe, who reigns in the storeroom and dispenses books such as she is handing to Sarah Jones. Additional articles are colored pencils and inks, paints, physiographic diagrams, and all the necessary articles one needs in journeying through the various lands encountered.

Then I soon made the acquaintance of the dining-room crew in the dormitory who let snowy tablecloths, uniforms, and gleaming glasses represent

their part of the general college life. They worked in cooperation with the cooks in the kitchen who are busying themselves below in the right corner.

The boiler-room gang keep the showers hot on Frostburg's famous freezing mornings. Their work consists of a lot more than this in preparing the auditorium for assemblies and meetings, the stage for basketball games, the tennis courts for playing, the snow out of the way for walking, the lawn cut, the trees pruned and trimmed, the lights fixed, the class bell in running condition, and a host of other jobs which contribute so many things to smooth organizations. The missing party to all this is Mr. Carter, the night watchman; but perhaps I can say that he is so well known that it was not necessary for me to pin him down in black and white.



Ladder of Methods

W. B. T. Climbs Toward the End of the Road

Now I found my way blocked as by a solid wall, and apparently there was no way to pass it except to scale it although I saw green country up above and beyond it. I looked back the way I had come intending to find there some tools by which I might make my way to the country on the other side. I espied my brief case which I had used to carry my books to classes, and though hopeless of finding any real implements of use, I looked inside. The books I found as usual, but they did not appear to be mere books and the titles on some had been changed. One was called *Your Philosophy*, and looking inside I found all the thoughts that had occurred to me in the last two years about the people I had met, the places I had seen, and the things I had done. I glanced over them hastily and found them satisfactory so I laid this book down as the first rung of a ladder to scale this wall. Reaching in I drew out another book called *Your Background*. This was most enlightening to me, for while I had made many journeys to many places I found in this book the reasons for my going to all these and the values I had received from them. Most of these values I had not even realized were there and some of these were couched in such words that I could not even now understand them. However, I thought that it, too, would help in the building of my ladder, and I found that it made a considerable addition. I was interested, too, to find every now and then a blank page which somewhere I had neglected to fill.

Next I found a great deal of some elastic stuff called "Personality" and I bound and rebound my other pieces of equipment with this so that the elasticity would not let me down too hard or in unexpected moments, and

with much thought and considering I finally reached the top of the wall and pulled myself to a standing position. I very carefully drew up my improvised ladder, and leaving all the parts attached to each other, replaced it in my brief case.

My first view of the new country made me exceedingly glad I had done this for I saw that it was built in a system of very steep terraces and any traveling over it would have to be much in the same fashion as that I had just used to get onto it. Then I saw coming toward me a man with a pencil and paper in his hand and when he stopped before me, he extended both for my use.

"Merely a pledge," he said, "that

everybody signs who intends to go to the 'End of the Road.'"

Now my signature was not lightly put onto papers whose contents were not clear to me, and I did a lot of thinking before I could finally place my writing on the pledge. After all, my intentions were to continue to the End of the Road and, in spite of the pledge or anything on the contrary, the country still looked as inviting as any I had seen anywhere before. I realized that this journey might not be so blithe a one as the ones I had taken earlier, but considered that the prize was worth it. And I signed with a bold flourish and high hopes. As a small ornament he gave me a pin saying "Would-Be-Teacher" and W. B. T. were to be my initials for the rest of the journey.

The first of these terraces which were quite extensive—in fact, the mileage of them was laid out according to the measuring unit called semester, though you could make them seem as long or short as you cared to—was called Reading Process. I saw here a great many of my collegiate friends and we greeted each other very happily and discovered that we had all decided to go on to the End of the Road. Having been here a little before me, they knew their way about and I found each carrying two books under his arm and trading a third among them. Curiosity led me to examine these. One was a green-backed book and the other a blue one. Since they were constructed much like other books I ventured to display my ignorance by

Juniors Get an Eyeful in the Third Grade





The Weasel Goes "Pop!" in Junior I Dance Hour of Plays and Games

asking one of my friends for their significance. He stared at me and said, "Why, one is Pennell and Cusack, and the other is Storm and Smith. Say, you'd better get hold of a couple of them. When your chance comes, acquire that *Thirty-Sixth Yearbook*. There is a hostile professor lurking around here who is in the habit of shooting heavily-laden worksheets at us, and the only protection we have is to answer the questions hastily with the aid of these magic books. Look out! Here comes one now!"

I found myself the bull's eye for one of the professor's worksheets, and thanks to my friend's advice I was able to take away much of the sting of it by borrowing his two books. You can believe me that I secured two of them and waited anxiously for the *Thirty-Sixth Yearbook*, keeping them close to my side throughout the rest of the semester.

We were able to reach the next terrace just before its W. B. T's had all gone on to the third terrace, and we watched them perform strange rites to equally strange music. However, the more we listened the more familiar became the music, so much so that we were able to recognize the tune as "Go In and Out the Windows," a song we had sung and played when we were Schoolhouse Papooses instead of W. B. T's. We knew that we also would be required to do as these others were doing, but it was not until one of our fellow W. B. T's said, 'Oh, I know,

this is Plays and Games class. Come on, let's get in on the fun.'

However, the class before us was leaving quickly so we were left to our own devices and a redhaired instructor who gave us a few pointers on how to play games we'd played before, with a view to teaching them to other S. P's and taught us many new ones.

We thought we had covered this part of the country most successfully and were in the midst of "Carrousel" when a group of fourth grade S. P's trooped through. Needless to say, we were all enjoying ourselves and they lost no time in enjoying, too, but somehow we felt that our pleasure contained two different elements. We were having fun in the game, but they were having fun with us, and we became just the least bit uncomfortable. We added a considerable score to the knowledge side of our learning accounts in realizing that S. P's cherished the illusion that W. B. T's were grown up, and we knew we weren't measuring up. We finally put a happy ending on the whole situation by letting the S. P's do a few dances for us and we hoped our hand-clapping carried the enthusiasm we felt.

The third terrace contained some things we knew and a great many things we didn't. We found that in common with the other terraces the object of crossing through it was to learn to deal with S. P's, and, where we had attempted to teach them to read on the first one and educate them physi-

cally on the second one, we attempted to make them become better citizens, among other things, in this one. The label of this particular location was Social Studies.

A couple of bats were given us in the form of brown and yellow Maryland School Bulletins, and with the familiar geography and history at first base and home plate we were entitled, nay compelled, to play the various other positions involving sociology, economics, civics, art, music, and many other ideas of learning. All of these were necessary to a good game of Social Studies, and we found a familiar motto which occurred in land of Ups and Downs of use here, namely, 'KNOW YOUR STUFF, KNOW HOW TO TEACH IT, GET BUSY AND TEACH IT.'

We spent some time, however, conditioning ourselves for this course. This required a most painful operation involving the removal of all bright red polish from the women's finger nails and the exchanging of a beloved collarless shirt for the conventional tie and shirt on the men. This, we felt, was the last link with our old life, the real symbol of our growing up into W. B. T's, so it was with a slightly sad and extremely philosophical heart that we cleaned our finger nails every morning, or at least three minutes before class, as long as we journeyed through this land. The burdens some are required to carry have queer shapes indeed, we thought, but in spite of this involved no less of self-denial and sacrifice than many of the more familiar ones. Oh, for a little Ruby Red.

By this time the fourth terrace was in sight, and were we glad for the helping hand reached down over the side to help pull us up onto the Plateau of Arithmetic. Most of us had been living on a mental plateau of arithmetic for many years with neither a desire to jump off or to climb higher to the mountains, but on this terrace it was impossible to stay put. Furthermore, most of the arithmetic we knew had been acquired from our experiences as S. P's, and it still held for us all the superstitious elements of mysticism with which one regards such things as electricity and dynamite—all good articles of use but not quite understood by that incompetent blunderer—man. Now comes along a guide who lets us look at it—not as a set of practice exercises or tables to be learned, or rules to be memorized because our parents and grandparents cried out for us to have a little 'rithmetic with our 'ritin' and reading', but from the other side of the fence where one knows how and why.

In the Dorm

SOON after I had passed by the land where there were so many ladders of methods to climb I came out into an open space filled with many booths and activities, much like a market. Upon inquiry of a fellow W. B. T., I found that my first guess had been right. It was a market—a market of extra-curricular clubs and organizations. Some of these I had already met earlier in my journey, but here were the majority, and I was interested to find out their wares. Some of them, I found, were not really selling their ideas, but had appointed scouts to go among the collegiates who came by the place and look for likely people to bring into their particular fold, ones whom they thought would do well in their traditions.

Such a one was the House Council which held sway in the residence hall. Many were the stories I had heard of this since being on the campus, of the dire punishments it could hand out, of campuses scattered freely here and there, and even a decampus or two when the gentlemen refused to be gentlemen. A great deal more than electricity often went into the ringing of the doorbell after 11:00 P. M., and the mop and sweeper usually worked overtime on Saturday for a case of spring fever during the month, as attested by three yellow slips of paper.

Less mention was made of the other side of this Council's activities, but the

Student Guidance

Social Chairman and Recreation Chairman were no sit-down-strikers in their jobs. When I saw the resident men and women glide gracefully (don't mind the trips) into dinner in formal clothing, I was told this was the beginning of a birthday dinner held every month to celebrate for all those people who had somehow become of a greater age than yesterday. Candlelight and damask napkins replaced the everyday fare of overheads and the best-flowered paper variety.

These latter articles were also on display at the Christmas Dinner and Thanksgiving Dinner. These two necessitated a pre-dinner course in carving etiquette for the men, and the Robeson turkeys made a real impression. Or maybe it was the other way around, because the diners were not shy about

leaving their marks. The wishbone over the door of 312 is a silent testimony.

When finances failed on a semi-formal dance the House Council was led to try the other extreme, and sold floor space in the gym for a real, honest-to-goodness carnival with side shows, special features, and all the trimmin's. Gypsy fortune-tellers, fan dancers, Zeke and all the Ranch Boys and Ellie Mae, and a dozen other means for calling in your stray pennies gave even the S. P's from the training school who attended a really good time.

The Council will now adjourn to the living room and push its nose into the latest *Saturday Evening Post*. Of course every member isn't required to read it, but what do you think they bought them for?

Miss Adelaide M. Wall does needlepoint in a spare moment from her dean's duties.



Rachel Carey, Bill Saylor, Mary Rankin, Lucy Greenwood, Dorothy Rollins, Bill Houck, Jack Junkins, and Dwight Roy hear Miss Wall in Council meeting.



Day Dodgers

THE next booth held an organized body similar in purposes to the one I had just passed by—the Day Council. This group rules that most famous—some are so unkind as to call it notorious—basement quarters known locally as the Day Room. I soon found that this place was one of the most interesting of all to visit. The only passport required was that you leave most intellectual interests under the lockers before entering, and come in with the intention of investing in the rise and fall of personalities. This place, which received *Topper's* vote as the most interesting spot on the campus, is usually quite animated with arguments of many types progressing all at once, and has become so animated that even President Dunkle bestowed a few visits there—not, however, for the purpose of participation. He had merely seen the advisability of a little soundproofing, the absence of which was to be replaced by a presidential word now and then. Yet it is said that many a good nap has been acquired by turning the comforting sofa to face the wall and water pipes—not a cheering scene, but perfectly acceptable with the eyes closed. And many a chemistry formula has been passed around, or a last-minute geography map rescued from a dangerous ink bottle over the Day Room tables. And in the spring a young man's fancy—but then that's just another season in the Day Room. Nothing unusual at all.

The Day Dodgers specialized in feeds—real works of satisfaction for a hungry population. Those baked beans and hot dogs tasted good either in the gym or in the Junior Order Park—picnic style. A little dancing in the gym afterwards—well, it all proved so attractive that a number of resident people were seen skulking around in the midst—mere dorm wolves in a day-man's sheepskin—with or without invitations.

The Day Council also joined in sponsoring an annual dance with the House Council. In spite of red, white, and blue on the walls and ceilings, only red was left as the color of the profit, but usually they are so successful that the Day Men have one of those feeds soon afterwards.

This gang also tried on skates at least once a year, on a party of their own, that is; they are in front-line attendance at most skating jamborees. Usually it is Crystal, but this year the

Junior Order Park rink served to hold them and a supply of dormers.

Problems of discipline such as rest on the shoulders of the House Council are few and far between on the programs of the Day Council. I had heard tell of where a little less breathing (great amounts of it, accompanied by voice, and gesticulation) was advised, and someone was advised to do his eight hours of sleep somewhere else—library not intended. Evidently the Day Council works wisely, and not too well, so that everyone continues to be as happy as birds in the Day Room nest usually are.

An advisor is a great deal like umbrella protection against the rain, sometimes as a lightning rod against the storm, and these people called on the help of Mrs. Clarke in the training school for their insurance. Except for swapping names, in the middle of the school year (which was really a chance for rejoicing but made everyone a little tongue-tied for a while trying to remember that the only similarity between Clarke and Casey was a C at

the beginning), she has been an excellent help to the Day Council.

One afternoon, after having hastily eaten my lunch, I found I had some time to wait until I was due in the next land. Passing from the dining hall, I encountered two of my classmates, Mirtle and Stillwater, indulging in a cigarette.

J. C.: Well, boys, we have half an hour to wait before traveling to the next land. What shall we do?

Stillwater: I have found some very entertaining questions to solve and I should like to enter into a discussion of them.

Mirtle: Well, let us go into the Day Room; you can always find some discussions taking place there, and some of them are pretty punny. Ha. Ha.

J. C.: Why is it called the Day Room?

Mirtle: I don't know, maybe it's because day are bright people dat stay there.

Stillwater: Really, Mirtle, your type of humor astounds me. There have not been any of your relatives killed recently, have there?

Top—The Council Is Always Seriously Considering Matters
Below—Slumming in the Day Room



Coup d'e' tat' Strikes State

I AM always amazed at the things you can hear if you listen closely enough, and under the tone of Mr. Shockley's address at the monthly meeting of the Student-Congress were these comments:

The Budget (reeling in): H-here I am, folks. I told you I'd be here. Oops! I didn't mean to fall over the rug.

Treasury Report: Tippy again—and I told him to stay away from Shockley.

Budget: Now don't go blaming people. It really isn't his fault any more than it is the rest of them. They all persuaded me and—oops! There I go again. Maybe you shouldn't have chairs in here.

T. R. (to the Social Calendar): And he acts like that, while I'm supposed to keep account of his finances. You're lucky you aren't a treasury report. If you were—

Social Calendar: Oh, don't bother me with things like that. I have a date.

Minutes (maliciously): Thanks to the Press Club. Requested by Miss Weaver. Moved, and seconded by Miss Webreck.

T. R.: Social Calendar, you are the vainest thing I know. Now if I really wanted to boast about what I've done—why, there's the E. A. S. A. M. in N. Y.

Minutes: You aren't fooling me a bit. I've got all that decoded right here on my shirt cuff—Eastern States Association Meeting in New York. It was for representatives of Teachers Colleges. But I would like to hear more about it.

T. R.: I might criticize you for not going to assembly, but we'll let that pass. Really, I am glad to have made part of that possible, for Dot Rollins, Shirley Gattens, Shirley Driscoll, and Kathleen Barnard are still talking about it. As usual, the women have gotten the last word on the men of the party—George Chidester, Conway Matthews, Harry Keller and Mr. Diehl. Budget, what are you doing? Here, help me catch him, Minutes.

Budget: *Topper*, he wanted a piece of my scalp. Of course, I appreciate all this sentiment for me, but it's just tearing me apart. I'm sorry, I thought that foot was in the right place. Oops!

S. C.: Honestly, I believe Budget is unbalanced. Now I want to tell you about the biggest date I've had.

Minutes: October 25, 1940?

S. C.: Minutes, you know everything. That was the day Shockley put his feet on the desk, and the students took over for the day while the faculty

went to a meeting in Baltimore. Not a faculty person on the campus, but things met as usual with various students in charge of classes. That was really student government with a bang.

S. C.: Minutes, your encyclopedic mind astounds me.

Minutes (taking out pen): I'd like to remember that. (Budget bumps into him and ink splatters all over Minute's shirt cuffs.)

Minutes: Now, see what you've done.

Budget: Oops! I am sorry. Honestly, there must be something wrong with me.

From conversation of this sort you can see the need for some kind of discipline among four such characters as here, however well it be done. Part

of the job of Student Congress is to stabilize poor Budget. He is so often in a precarious situation from so many demands upon him. New organizations bring their constitutions to this body to be ratified, and it wades victoriously through all the requests for dates with Social Calendar and attempts to stabilize the college social life. A date book is kept for Social Calendar and recorded for use on the bulletin board so that all may keep their obligations and be prepared for them in advance.

In the picture you see presidents of all descriptions — musical presidents, Greek presidents, class-y presidents, French presidents, ink-stained presidents, and you can count the rest for yourself. At least once a month they gather to control the four conversationalists mentioned before, and initiate a great many reforms which they think the college may need.

Top—Ex-President Joseph Shockley Parks

Below—Student Governing Body Heeds Discourse of Their President



Market of Clubs and Organizations

Iota Alpha Sigma Pauses Long Enough for a Photograph, While Below the F. T. A. Goes on as Usual



Leadership

It was Big Brother who read the meaning of the Sign of the Lighthouse to me. "That's Iota Alpha Sigma in condensed form," he said, "Just listen to them add up their score for the year."

Roth: Now the handbook says we develop our members intellectually. Dear old handbook. Couldn't let it down, so to back that up I have listed as speakers for our meetings Mr. Dunkle, Dr. McClellan, Dr. Jump, Dr. Hamrick, and Dr. Howard. If that doesn't do something for us intellectually, I'd say we aren't Iota Alpha Sigma men.

Hedrick: There's something else that handbook says—we make men out of ourselves socially. Now I've got something on that score. Remember our homecoming banquet for the Alumni fraternity men and the Christmas party? Of course, we have that every year and we enjoy treating the children.

Shockley: Don't forget the dance and the spring banquet.

Morgan: Have you made a report to Mr. Diehl yet on the Scholarship loan fund? I hear it is about \$600 now, and with the forty added this year—some fortunate J. C. is going to be glad we're here.

However, knowing that members were asked into the campus fraternity, we moved on to the next place where a sign and a number of N. E. A. Journals made haste to inform us that these were the Future Teachers of America on display. They had been a comparatively new group in F. S. T. C., but had made progress rapidly and they, too, received the right to elect their members from the campus group. The journals we saw were the copies of the members sent by their sponsor, the N. E. A. A number of small pamphlet-size articles are also received from this source. As we stood there, they were distributing the prize for the College Seal contest which they had organized. Irvin Duvall accepted the honor, and the F. T. A. displayed some college stationery already made up with the seal in the corner. 'You'll see more of this,' they prophesied. Some other ideas were apparent also—the campus beautification, for one. This added very much to the general appearance of the S. T. C. grounds. I also heard them debating upon a plan for honoring veteran teachers at S. T. C. and discussing the placement of a city sign in Frostburg so that visitors might know that this was the town in which F. S. T. C. was located.

Ideals

WHEN again I noticed that some of those organizations in this market used a different technique, and by placing their wares directly on the counter invited me to come and buy. In one of these, which used this method, were four young women who called themselves Y., W., C., and A., and they discoursed with me in this fashion:

Y.: You can't possibly invest your time more profitably than in association with other people of your own age with the common desire to seek the best in religious understanding.

W.: There are seven ideals which we pursue and they are things of which all have a need, if they are to be worthy people — beauty, truth, love, faith, knowledge, health, and service.

W. B. T.: And how do you propose to secure all these things in the crowded lives of J. C.'s and W. B. T.'s here on the campus?

C.: Through regular meetings, of course, twice a month, and through a great many common activities. For example, we begin early in the year to do our work by giving a tea for the incoming freshmen who might care to be one of us. For our own closer associations we have a Christmas party and provide gifts for needy children. Every year we carry through a banquet for the Alumni and past and present Y. W. C. A. members in the college. We like to send delegates to all conferences which come up dealing with our activities, and we did dispatch a sizeable group to the Conference at Jackson's Mill, W. Va. We also like to have special speakers for our meetings.

A.: Don't forget to mention Sherwood Eddy. To have him speak for us, we consider a worthy project, and the assembly committee thought so too. So much so, that we both united our efforts to bring him to a morning assembly for the S. T. C. students and an afternoon lecture for the public. We were all pleased with the message he had to offer.

Now I was certainly convinced that here was a good place to invest my time and I considered carefully all the words of these people. Still I decided to wait before making a decision until I had been all through the market and then make my choice from among those I considered of most value to me.

In the next place, I was presented with a green four-leaf clover and noted that this booth was decorated attractively in green and white colors, and

some of its occupants were wearing pins. On the green background of the clover I held, were four white H's and I noticed this insignia in nearly all the decorations. Of course, my curiosity overcame me and I asked the meaning of these symbols.

One: They are the signs of our 4-H club, head, heart, hands, and health. These are the things of human personality we consider most worth developing. We welcome all who are interested in these ideas.

W. B. T.: I have just passed by another group who are much interested in promoting ideals similar to yours. Tell me more about how you manage to inculcate these qualities into the people who stay with you.

4-H'er: Your interest, of course, is our starting point. Some of you will already know how we have managed this for you have been 4-H'ers for a

long time, as far back as when you were S. P.'s. You know how we have meetings every month with the county demonstration agent as our advisor. Perhaps you even know how we are organized in local groups, county groups, and state groups, with national groups at the top. At F. S. T. C. our local club is behind the Parent's Day Reception in October, and the first semi-formal dance of the year. With the funds which this puts in our treasury we can prepare ourselves for a day or a week-end at the 4-H Camp near Bittering, with plenty of outdoor life to suit everyone, and swimming in the lake. This year we added an assembly program using an original play.

This quite overwhelmed me and again I found myself undecided about pledging my support to this group. Once again caution rescued me and I continued around the market grounds.

Y. W. C. A. and 4-H Club Approximate Each Other in Numbers and General Aims





Little Theatre Has an Informal Gathering for the Camera, and French Club Does Its Best to Keep From Representing a Harem

Drama and Far Places

As we continued on around the market of clubs and organizations, we paused before a platform where two people, strangely dressed with queer-looking masks, were calling to the crowd of us to come in and sample their wares. Big Brother, as usual, enlightened me upon their character by telling me they were Comedy and Tragedy, the two advertisers for the Little Theatre which lived within. These two were constantly searching the Student Throng for buyers whom they might persuade to be regular customers of the Little Theatre. They first of all looked for those who were interested, then suggested that we give them some signs that we knew the worth of their wares before we might buy. In order to make it worth our while to want to purchase, they had to bring out a list of the products they had made so far this year. One was a play for Parents' Evening. Another was for P. T. A. Convention. But the best-looking one of all was the "Thirteenth Chair," a fine piece designed by Bayard Veiller, with parts as follows:

Helen O'Neill - - - MARTHA EBY
Will Crosby - - - LLOYD NILAND
Mrs. Crosby - - - THELMA MANAHAN
Mr. Crosby - - - AZA STANTON
Edward Wales - - - WILLIAM MOODY
Mary Eastwood - - - THEO CARNELL
Braddish Trent - - - EARL SAVAGE
Helen Trent - - - SHIRLEY DRISCOLL
Grace Standish - - - DOROTHY ROLLINS
Howard Standish - - - DWIGHT ROY
Philip Mason - - - WILLIAM HOUCK
Elizabeth Erskine - - - ELEANOR EISEL
Pollock - - - CHARLES GOVER
Rosalie LaGrange - HANNAH GOLLADAY

Inspector Donahue - HAROLD MESSMAN
Sergeant Dunn - GEORGE CHIDESTER
Doolan - - - - JOHN DUNKLE

"Oh, don't sit in that chair!"
"Nonsense, I'm not superstitious."
Lights out and the scene begins.
"Oh, my back. My God, my back!"
A woman's scream.
"Father, he's pulling on my hand, so hard—oh."
"Lights, son, lights."

The lights revealed the falling body of Edward Wales with a knife between his shoulders.

This mystery drew a large crowd from among the inhabitants of S. T. C. and the Frostburg community. With the help of the staging and lighting committees the dramatic plays were a real success. Excess profit goes to a student loan fund.

The next and last booth in the market blazed a sign mapped out as follows:

"Il'y ura une seance de la clube francaise dans la solle de M. McClellan, 7:15, Mardi, April 22nd, Membres, vous-presentez-vous, sil-vous-plait!"

I was about to tell Big Brother that it was all Greek to me when he beat me to it to tell me it was all French to him. Trusting Big Brother as I did, for I found that he knew just about everything, I asked him what it meant and found it was a poster of the French Club, just a year established in this land of F. S. T. C.

Says Big Brother, "Your only passport to this booth is a knowledge of spoken and written French and a desire to continue your interest in it here in this land. Want to go in?"

I said I didn't mind it at all since

we had managed to hit it on the Tuesday evenings twice a month that it was open. This seemed quite a stroke of luck to me. My French from the land of High School now seemed singularly valuable to me, and I was able to understand all of the meeting which was conducted in French throughout. I saw here the guide of The Valley of Inside Dope, not realizing that he did other things beside helping us look beneath the surface of things. Big Brother told me that the meetings were all as interesting as the one in progress before me, and I resolved to keep an eye on this rapidly growing French Club. If I had come here earlier, he said, a few weeks after Freshman week was over, I might have gotten in on the prize furnished at the end of the scavenger hunt for interested freshmen like myself who wanted our evening's fun in a new club. I had also missed a talk and moving-picture display of Dr. Jump on a tour through New England and the New York World's Fair. Since all this was in French I thought of how much training in this interesting language the members of this club must have received.

So it was that our tour of this market of clubs and organizations came to a close. It required me to do a great deal of thinking, for I had but a little time and all these articles for sale seemed interesting to me. I was hard put, indeed, to make a choice. I knew that I might neglect them all together and then miss a great deal of the enjoyment of this new land through which I was traveling. I might choose so many that I should be completely poverty stricken of time and should have to go a-begging from some other place or let my incurred debts go unpaid. I found it best to choose a very few.

End of the Road

The Celestial City Appears at Last to a Weary Pilgrim's Eyes

SOMEHOW it seemed to me that I had always seen the glow in the distance, but my journeys were so many, the sights so new and strange, the place and people so interesting to my eyes that I had never really considered the glow as meaning anything. More and more as I approached it, it commanded my attentions by its increasing brightness and at last I could be no longer unaware of its significance. Some bit of intuition warned me even before it entered my consciousness as a fact, that this might be—yes, it was—the Celestial City, that I was nearing. Now with the end of the road in sight I began to tremble for fear that I should not go on, and so weak did I become that I stopped and sat down to consider my course.

Up to now ambition had dominated me so that I was not turned aside, and my steps had been always in one direction. No faltering was necessary, for was I not going on to the End of the Road? Had I not filled out my passport with the Celestial City as my destination? I recalled the boldness with which I applied for it fully determined that no hardship should deter me, and now here I was, with no obstructions in my way but a shadow of myself which came out to question me. This shadow was called You-Can't-Do-It and he talked to me saying, "Well, let's go back. At least you've had a lot of fun, but you'd better call it off and leave with the experiences you've had. Come on, I know a side road here which will get you out of sight of this place in less than a second."

I felt thoroughly beaten, and this part of me went on: "It's no use. You just haven't got any abilities which will ever make you recognized in that place. It takes people with much talent and many learnings to make even a good showing in there. Why, a person really should be almost an expert in everything. If you only knew one-half of the things which you merely dream about now, you might begin to hope to pass the Watchman who stands at the gate. But of course you can't help it. You never had what it takes and never will. Come on, I'm tired waiting."

I rose to go and gathered up my dusty robes, but another part of my character called Determination now stepped forward and steadied me where I stood. He took my part against You-Can't-Do-It and very sternly replied to his arguments.

"What you say is true, but you aren't telling the whole story. You are forgetting that I was with this pilgrim when he first set his feet in this way, and I've come along with him up to now. I don't mean to turn back or to let him turn back either."

"You don't seem to remember that as a beginning J. C. in a strange land, he started right in to chart a course of travel when so many thought traveling schedules were useless. I recall his passing Freshman Week gracefully and cheerfully, and his applying himself observingly and diligently in all of the other lands he passed through. Of course, a side road or two did distract him now and then, but a bit of reverse haste when he saw where it was leading him quickly rectified all this and really proved a valuable asset in the long run. I found him choosing wisely and well with regard to time among the Markets of Clubs and Organizations. His share of time he handled with much wisdom and tact, apportioning it in the best places of use so that by its division he was able to secure generous quantities of all the work, play, and life which went on in this land of F. S. T. C. Best of all I never heard him use the expression, 'I haven't got time,' for he always had just enough in reserve when special events should arise. I found that he made a wise choice of friends in Big Brother and Peter Prodding, and while he and Drowse always remained acquaintances he knew that the way which Drowse traveled was not the same road he intended to take, and he was able successfully to mark the parting of the way, when the time came.

"I have seen him cultivate habits of work and attitudes when he found that these things made the traveling on the road much easier. I think that if he has all these things he is at least equipped for a try at the Celestial City. If he fails then, he will know that he must travel on to another city which is more to his liking or his needs, but I see no reason to persuade him to leave now."

The courage had now returned to me with Determination's words, especially when I saw the other party look rather downcast and then shrug his shoulders.

"You can always try," he said, "but I just wanted to save you the trouble of trying all over again at some other city."

"There's just as good a chance that this try may be his last," said Determination.

Then, wishing to stop this quarrel about myself, espe-

Three Seniors Take Over the Third Grade for the Day
As Well as for the Camera



pecially since I now knew what I wanted to do, I said

"You are both my friends and have guided me carefully in many things. It seems best to me to follow Determination's advice just now, before I admit that You-Can't-Do-It is right. So now you may go back to your places and know that you have helped me make a very important decision."

I gathered up my dusty robes and started.

So it was that I came to the end of the road. My feet were weary and sore, and my head was a burden of rules and procedures. I had traveled afar for four long years of labor and toil and now the reward was mine.

The Celestial City was ahead and the curtain of the stage of my destiny was slowly dividing. The first peek at the future lay promising before my starved yet overfed eyes. Ah, the Wilderness of the dim and ancient past was far away. I had fought and had won. The only scars that I bore were now distinguished marks of a battle that many had entered and few had ploughed their way through.

For ages, it seemed that my dream of this great and glorious Celestial City was a dream that held an eternity of happiness in a second of its pleasure. I, the unknown, was now to receive the waited prize given only to the one who proved himself worthy of entering the City whose facilities were limited to the first and the best. I was the standard bearer. I was the carrier of the Torch of the Future.

The curtain had now divided; the city lay spread at my feet. Each house that lined each street threw open its door to me. Each house did so but a few in the back, the lowly houses near the hedges and shrubs, and a few of the greater houses with huge watch dogs.

"Ah," says I to the Watchman at the City Gate, "What is my work herein?"

"It is thy duty," said he, "to fill each house with the proper furnishings. To do so with an artist's touch. To use each corner, bring out the highlights, make the less beautiful spots obscure. It is thy duty to make each house in itself a mansion apart. Yet, in thy work, thou must never forget that the whole must be a whole setting that is in itself a masterpiece."

"Ah," says I, "Thou asks a lot of such a lowly subject as myself. I fear that the task can never be mine."

"But you can't turn back," said he, "You have chosen your task, you have asked for your reward. Now take it



A round-table conference between Miss Irene Condry, Miss Margaret Jones, Mrs. Rita Casey Clark, Miss Ruby Dahlgren, Miss Margaret LaFar, and Miss Angela Brady results in improvements in the training school.

and be thankful to whatever the gods that be for your chance."

I glanced once more and marked the open doors, and marked, besides, those that held a foreboding silence.

"Please give a few well-chosen rules, dear Watchman, before you turn me loose to do my work."

The Watchman smiled without his eyes, which never changed their dark and unfathomable stare, and said, "It is well to ask. It is good to give advice to one who seeketh it. Mark well what I shall say for it shall not be repeated, ever."

I marked well and knew what he meant.

The open doors would lead me to houses that would be easy to work with and work in. These held no great aspects of wonderful pieces of art, no matter how skillful my approach, but these homes each had a place in the whole of my finished masterpiece. Under no condition must I neglect these, or leave them to a chance spare moment. I must spend my time in finding a few of the better points. I must never neglect to pounce on a single ray of light that would further brighten the interior decoration, or the exterior landscape.

But the lowly houses near the hedges and shrubs presented an obstacle too wide to skip with a light and gay air. These neglected homes held possibilities that only the greatest of artists would be able to realize and bring forth. These were the homes with hidden nooks, covered with vines that should be removed. These were the

houses that needed drapes, and air, and light, and a bit of color here and there. These were the places with obscure gardens of rare and beautiful flowers that required a gardener's care to rescue them from a wild and destructive stage.

This would require such tact as only a patient soul possesses. One neglected place, and my finished picture would have a smear that even an amateur would soon detect. This would require time. But my time was now divided between the open doors and these more destitute places.

I bowed my head, and would have turned away. I would have gladly given up my chance of entering this Celestial City if such was expected of me, but before I could take such a drastic action, the watchman reminded me of the great houses with the ugly watch dogs.

"There," said he, "If you can re-do those to suit your fancy and your skill, you shall well deserve to answer the name of 'Artist.'"

It seemed that within these mansions dwelled unknown depths of beauty that few had ever witnessed, and from all aspects, few would ever witness. If one could only bribe the dogs, in a very subtle manner for they were old and wise, then one might have a chance within. This was my task. So the Watchman said.

"And do you intend to give me a pass-key to this city until the job is finished?" I asked.

"That I do," said he, "here it is."

He handed me a roll of paper tied in the middle with some faint color.



S E N

NINETEEN HUND

Pauline Beachy, GRANTSVILLE . . . Been in land of S. T. C. last two years . . . concentrates on studies . . . an ability to shock people which makes her all the more interesting to know . . . helped organize the book exhibit . . . avid magazine reader . . . the life of the senior dormitory parties . . . rather retiring in everyday life, hiding a light under a bushel . . . helps support the American Tobacco Company . . . independent . . . would like to have taken a detour around the Land of Tonic Sol Fa, but would like to have camped for good in the Chemical Salon of Smells . . . even Jiggs can not outquote her on formulas.

Amelia Brode, FROSTBURG . . . Y. W. C. A. for three years . . . W. A. A. . . . Musical—sings in church choir, “Faust” and “Waltz Dream,” plays piano very well, glee club . . . sense of humor . . . willingly changed favorite color from brown to green when the government decided to change uniforms . . . concert, assemblies, roller-skating, ball games . . . Murphy extra . . . Sunday School class, Vacation Bible School . . . leaves thumb marks on many magazines . . . invitations committee and guide for Book Exhibit . . . hard worker and nice to know.

Frances Crist, CUMBERLAND . . . Library fan . . . was almost sued by the senior class for plagiarism of all the books there . . . senior class vice-president . . . Y. W. C. A. for three years . . . mimeograph mind . . . active program arranger in training school Christmas program in particular . . . P. T. A. meetings . . . movies often . . . New York, too . . . in audience at broadcasting stations . . . camera fan . . . very dependable . . . always good humored.



I O R S

RED FORTY ONE



Orva Mae Eye, FROSTBURG . . . Freshman dormitory gal and House Council member . . . junior class secretary . . . Phi Omicron Delta . . . matron of honor of Queen's court at Winter Carnival Dance . . . tickets at the Lyric six days a week, movie attendance once a week . . . sounds like busman's holiday . . . legs, face and personality . . . would never stake out claims in either music or art . . . youngest senior . . . believes in the old adage—a tooth for a tooth, and an eye for jones.

Martha Friend, SANG RUN . . . Call her Pat or Friendly . . . House Council secretary in junior year . . . 4-H member . . . W. A. A. . . . invitation committee and guide for book exhibit . . . assemblies and concerts . . . popular song fan . . . art of baby-talk . . . dancing and radio . . . has a monopoly on the back window in the dormitory, the one which overlooks the parking lot . . . with no Scotch ancestry, whatsoever, believes two can live as cheaply as one . . . neat . . . well-groomed . . . well-liked . . . friendly.

Shirley Gattens, BARTON . . . Conscientious . . . a thing worth doing at all is worth doing right and like Thomas Edison has no regard for time limits . . . Little Theatre actress and booster . . . vice-president as a junior, program chairman sophomore year . . . *Who's Who* . . . straight *Topper* and associate editor as a senior . . . as a junior, associate editor of *Nemacolin* . . . secretarial experience in Current Events Club and Miller Coal Company . . . athletically active—basketball team, play day, Winter Carnival in Baltimore, California Teachers Play Day . . . works way through college . . . makes good chili . . . outstanding giggle . . . knows own mind . . . lately given over to seeing the sights . . . Phi Omicron Delta.



SEN

NINETEEN HUND

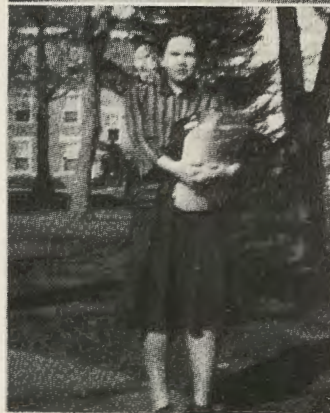
Frances Gower, WILLIAMSPORT . . . A chuckle . . . 4-H booster, sophomore secretary, junior treasurer . . . Y. W. for two years . . . W. A. A. for four, but never touched a ball . . . senior secretary of class . . . church and Sunday School, with Sunday School class in summer . . . from Leathertown . . . not too studious . . . always has work done . . . part of the Opel-Friend-Gower pact . . . guide for Book Exhibit . . . well-liked.



Ruth Hammer, CUMBERLAND . . . Music—well, look at this list—orchestral pianist, Maryland Singers pianist, president of Maryland Singers, playing and accompanying for assemblies, turned pages for Rudolph Reuter, work with Klompus on Elementary Christmas program, Phi Omicron Delta . . . Y. W. C. A. for three years . . . 4-H for one . . . counter clerk in family store on Saturdays and holidays . . . positive, says what she thinks . . . grand profile . . . makes own clothes . . . writes a letter every night to her Congressman in Washington . . . Winter Carnival Queen . . . skater . . . *Who's Who*.

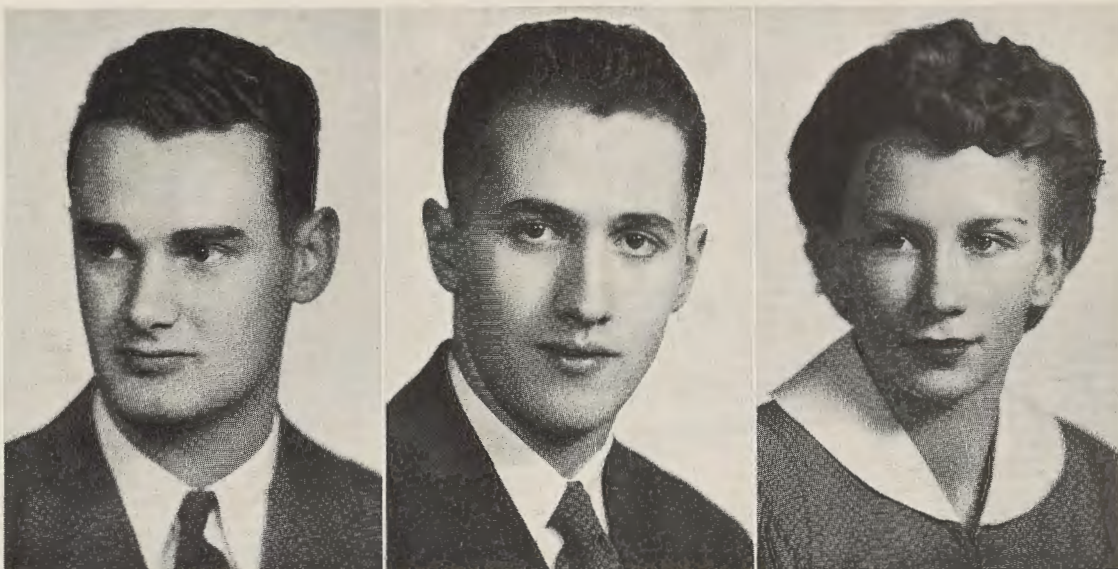


Angela Hannon, CUMBERLAND . . . Poet—winner of poetry contest, printed in *Mountain Voices*, *Topper*, *Nemacolin* . . . orator, winner of oratorical contest, impressive reader . . . voice, Maryland Singers tour, recital in assembly, Carol Service, local program . . . four years Little Theatre booster . . . staffs of *Topper*, *Nemacolin* . . . member of Press Club . . . silent . . . drives a car and is always late . . . dreamy blue eyes.



I O R S

RED FORTY ONE



Walter Hedrick, CUMBERLAND . . . Gets around from the Maryland Mountains to Florida Sands . . . full-time job at Celanese and S. T. C. at same time . . . presidential honors—junior Current Events, F. T. A., senior class, assembly committee, Joint Athletic Council . . . exchequer in fraternity . . . won *Nemacolin* photography contest—only contestant . . . Dr. Hamrick's right-hand man . . . fishes and hunts . . . Abernethy at College Carnival, just missed job as yodeler with Texas Crystals on radio . . . enterprising . . . aggressive . . . interested in science . . . knows both sides of a nickel . . . keep an eye on that chin . . . *Who's Who*.

Leon Klompus, CUMBERLAND . . . Maestro, Tchaikowsky for Elementary Christmas program, and college orchestra at such strategic times as that at Beall High—can clarinet anything from blue minor, to swinging a carol service . . . first possessor of the senior little red shovel . . . F. T. A. . . . Day Student Council . . . committee man . . . I. R. C. . . . tenor of the Jiggs-Roy-Klompus trio . . . Zeke in college carnival . . . *Who's Who* . . . mixes metaphors . . . Saturday worker . . . dancer . . . "Hi, Men."

Mildred Largent, FROSTBURG . . . Kittenish, kute, kwick . . . dances . . . potential artistic ability . . . sportswoman, referee at Garrett County meets, play day executive W. A. A. . . . ping-ponger . . . Little Theatre actress . . . committee woman . . . *Topper* typist . . . Press Conference at Washington and Lee . . . *Nemacolin* . . . Y. W. C. A. . . . Locker-room crowd . . . Sunday School teacher . . . magazine fan.



SEN

NINETEEN HUND

Naomi Mackley, THURMONT . . . Musical—can be found at any piano in S. T. C. almost any time, recitals, and assemblies, elementary school program . . . attends all concerts . . . voice—choir on Sundays, Maryland Singers . . . 4-H'er . . . Y. W. C. A. . . . publicity for the Book Exhibit . . . church activities . . . choir, pianist for Christian Endeavor Meetings outside college . . . I. R. C. member . . . violinist in orchestra . . . art . . . likes animals.

Martha Meek, FROSTBURG . . . Frostburger . . . reads well . . . accused of using red rinse on blonde hair . . . loyal Y. W. C. A. member . . . same for Maryland Singers . . . French Club since its beginning, and finally secretary and program chairman . . . attendee at concerts, assemblies, P. T. A. . . . church activities outside of college . . . library employee.

Dorothy Mont Hoyle, FROSTBURG . . . Confusing situations—picture in the M-Section, name in the H's . . . F stands for Fuzzy . . . outstanding sportswoman—basketball team, play day executive, referee at Winter Carnival in Baltimore and Garrett County Track meets, W. A. A. president, attended conferences, intramural games, booster . . . dancer—college dances, Hungarian Rhapsody . . . Saturday dime-store gal . . . Y. W. C. A. . . . Girl Scouts . . . graceful . . . Duchess.



I O R S

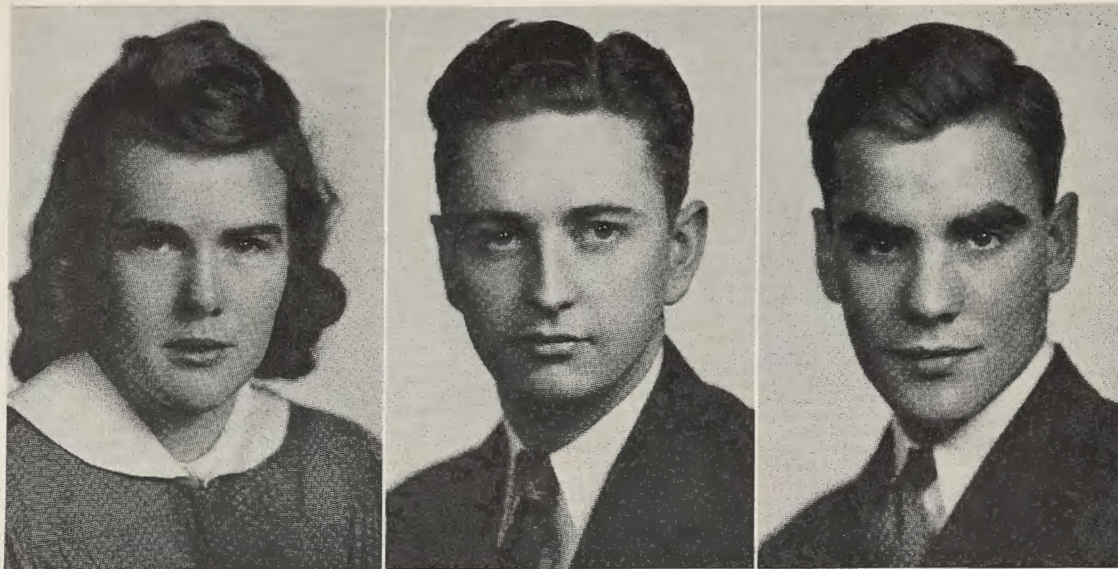
RED FORTY ONE



Claudine Opel, ACCIDENT . . . Clean cut . . . honest . . . conscientious . . . German . . . Y. W. C. A., 4-H secretary and vice president . . . House Council's social chairman . . . I. R. C. . . . W. A. A. president and attendance at conference at Washington . . . makes own clothes . . . Sacco fan . . . church and movies . . . works for college education . . . very well liked . . . fine committeewoman.

Alice Ramey, FROSTBURG . . . Outspoken . . . conscientious objector . . . sometimes tactless . . . straight *Topper*, business manager or contributor . . . *Nemacolin* Business Manager who put money in the bank . . . Y. W. C. A. . . . I. R. C. . . . program chairman . . . spitfire from the South . . . rooms with Rollins and Gattens . . . skis . . . bowls . . . movies . . . ice skating . . . roller skating . . . book reader and magazine fan . . . likes dogs and cats . . . Sunday School teacher—infant class . . . constant trip-taker.

Goldie Ritchie, FROSTBURG . . . Hard worker . . . always a smile . . . Y. W. C. A. for all four years . . . works for her education . . . Maryland Singers . . . 4-H club and Current Events for a year each . . . attendance at all concerts . . . senior treasurer . . . carol service . . . Sunday School Class . . . movies.



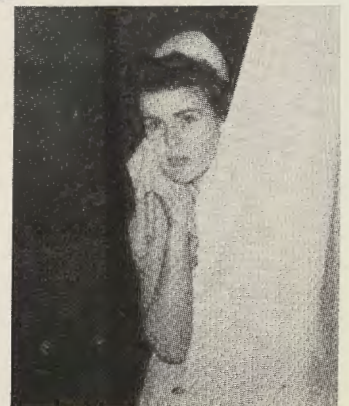
S E N

NINETEEN HUND

Dorothy Rollins, WESTERNPORT . . . Author of half a dozen plays including "The Christmas Scissors" for elementary Christmas program . . . editor of *Topper* when a sophomore, *Nemacolin* when a junior . . . secretary and treasurer for Student Congress . . . president of House Council . . . program chairman for Little Theatre . . . Phi Omicron Delta . . . committeewoman of best . . . F. T. A. . . . I. R. C. . . . Eastern States Association Delegate . . . reader . . . *Who's Who* . . . Y. W. C. A. . . . Space does not permit more.

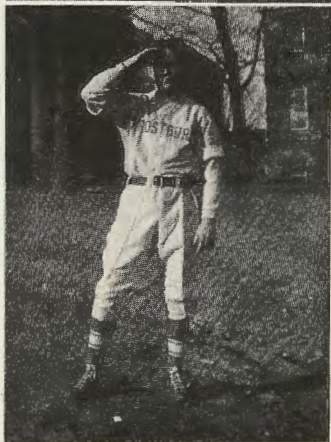
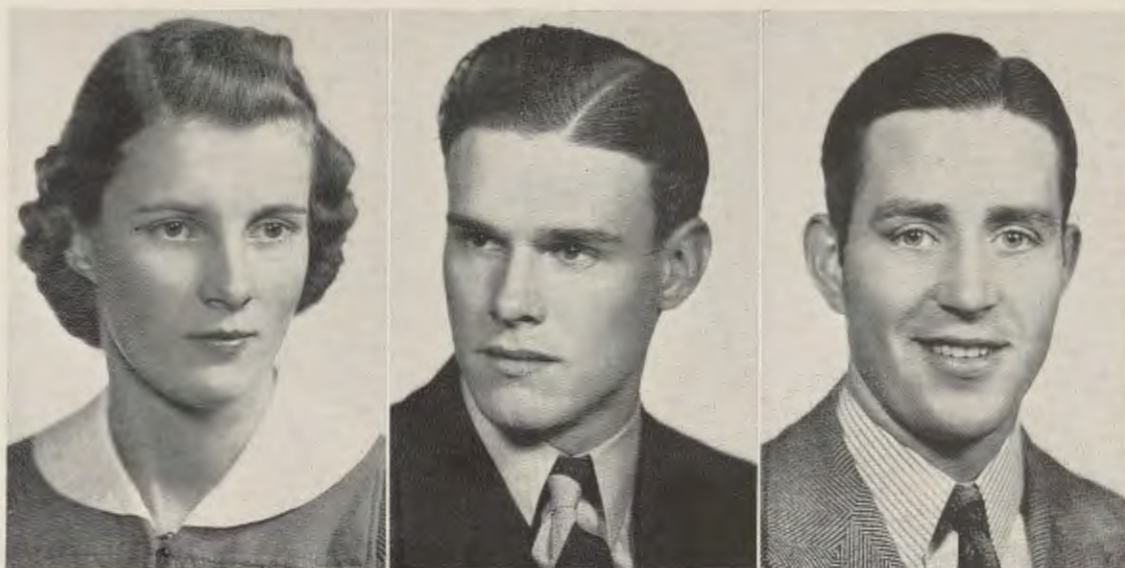
Dwight Roy, MT. LAKE PARK . . . Actor, Little Theatre president, member of Town Hall Players in Cumberland, numerous roles in college plays, original and clever . . . Ellie May in House Council carnival . . . House Council . . . treasurer of junior class . . . circulation manager for 1940 *Nemacolin* . . . Student Congress . . . fiction reader . . . historical movie-goer . . . room committee for book exhibit . . . works for education . . . well-liked . . . sense of humor . . . neat . . . well-dressed.

Fred Sacco, FROSTBURG . . . Ball man—soccer, baseball, J. V. basketball . . . many trips to other colleges on teams . . . good looking, favorite gem an opel . . . Maryland Singers . . . junior year was secretary to Day Student Council . . . leader of tug-of-war between freshmen and sophomores . . . referee for basketball games . . . nice smile . . . committeeman for dances . . . good dancer . . . movies and the radio.



I O R S

RED FORTY ONE



Helen Simons, FROSTBURG . . . Athletic and musical . . . basketball team . . . interclass basketball . . . W. A. A. committee . . . plays piano for assemblies and Sunday School . . . Maryland Singers alto, vice-president when a junior . . . Phi Omicron Delta president and committeewoman . . . Y. M. C. A. vice-president when a sophomore . . . junior class president . . . Student Congress . . . Day Councillor all four years, secretary . . . F. T. A. committee for school seal . . . tall . . . skating parties . . . dignified . . . Sunday School teacher . . . flag drill for fourth grade.

Kenneth Sleeman, ECKHART . . . Prime Minister to King Wilson . . . half senior, half junior . . . witty . . . baseball liner . . . twin to Himmelwright . . . Ford coupe, where are you now? . . . golfs . . . wide smile . . . neat . . . well-dressed.

Joseph Wagner, CUMBERLAND . . . Had the same idea as Mrs. Hoyle except that he changed somebody else's name . . . another ball man—soccer, baseball, basketball—star in all . . . always an officer in the Men's Athletic Association, now vice-president . . . vice-president of the House Council . . . secretary of freshman class . . . *Nemacolin* staff junior year . . . stage manager for training-school operetta . . . reads sports page . . . bowls for a church team . . . movies . . . wide grin . . . *Who's Who*.



Mary Katherine Wilson, FROSTBURG . . . Athletics . . . manager of ancient girls' fieldball team . . . basketball team . . . play day executive . . . referee at Baltimore and Garrett County track meets . . . athletic conference at W. Va. University . . . W. A. A. member of outstanding note and junior vice president . . . Little Theatre treasurer and committeewoman . . . dances . . . Locker-room gang . . . library employee . . . assistant captain of troop No. 4 of Girl Scouts . . . committee for book exhibit . . . five and dime on Saturdays.



Mary King Wilson, RAWLINGS . . . Red-haired energy . . . music—Maryland Singers alto, orchestra violin and piano . . . Phi Omicron Delta officer . . . 4-H member . . . Y. W. C. A. president . . . Student Congress . . . House Council social chairman as a sophomore . . . *Nemacolin* advertising manager as a junior . . . helped write script for fourth grade assembly program, made up two Dutch dances . . . attends concerts, ball games, skating parties . . . dances.



February Graduates

PAULINE FORSYTHE, CLEARSRING

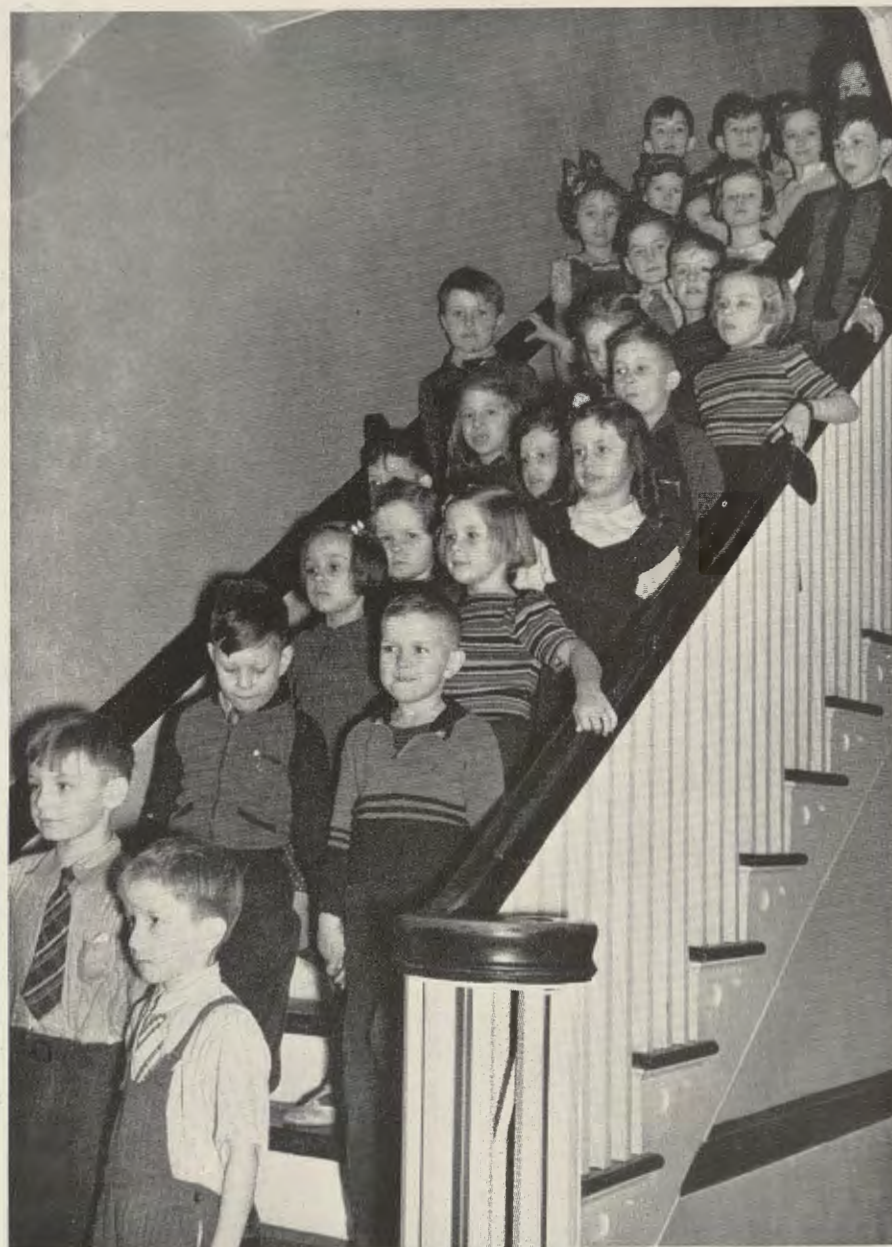
MILDRED KERR, FROSTBURG

JOHN G. THOMAS, BARTON

WILLIAM THOMAS, FROSTBURG

BEFORE WE END

We Pause to Consider the Beginning of Progress



BECAUSE a well-prepared beginning is the best way to a successful end, because an individual's accomplishments depend so much upon his initial training, and because these people descending the stairs have been the source of inspiration of our book, we should like to dedicate it to them. We have viewed our stay here at State Teachers College as a

journey of progress in search of something. This is not a new idea, certainly, but one which may serve as a vehicle for transmitting memories. To the greater number of us, work in the training school and a teacher's vocation represent a Celestial City in our lives, an end worth traveling the length of the road to receive.

Just Plain "FUN"

OCCASIONALLY, throughout this land of F. S. T. C., I found small islands scattered here and there. My great delight was to get on one of these for they were all very much alike, having the same kind of vegetation and general characteristics. This vegetation consisted of a very luxuriant plant, which needed little or no care and yielded a distillate called scientifically F1 and F2 but which were known locally as laughter and fun, and as the inhabitants here (F. S. T. C. members) seemed always in a spirit like this, I concluded that it was a very popular agricultural necessity.

One of these islands was heavily timbered and almost completely round. Before landing we were given a pair of odd-looking articles with four wooden wheels on the bottom and left to our own devices as to their use. We soon saw that they were a means of transportation used here, and with the help of a couple straps attached them to our feet. Then I saw that the reason for the island's being built round was to provide something of a track for one to navigate around and around its contours. When the music began I knew why these people were so anxious to meet with one of these islands in their travels, for it all went back to an old urge of humans to do anything but walk, and I remembered my own envy of birds and fishes. Some time was

required to manipulate the wheels, so that they were always beneath the feet instead of hanging fire in the air above one's head, but this was soon placed among my accomplishments and I enjoyed my stay on this island as much as any other place I ever visited. Frequently *Topper* was in attendance, and I discovered that a great deal of his existence was dependent upon our passage money received from these trips.

Several times in our travels we came to what was apparently a closed, dark castle with only one entry of admittance. The first time we saw it, our curiosity of the musical selections from popular writers, which seemed to come from somewhere within, so overcame us that we established ourselves near the doorway to investigate. Soon a number of people, some of whom we recognized as past and present F. S. T. C. travelers, swished out in taffetas, organdies, silks, broadcloths, serges, and laces. We took the opportunity to slip into the doorway unnoticed but once inside were stopped for certain requirements, which varied according to the sex. So we departed, still determined to secure the necessary equipment to storm this place, and returned to be admitted at last. We were just in time to see the Queen of the country being crowned, and we learned that this was a place where several coronations were held, for May Day, and Winter Carnival particularly. Liking it so well, we came often and shoved our feet vigorously, sedately, or slowly as the music—the real sovereign of the place—indicated.

On one of these islands we heard much commotion long before we were even in sight of the place and could distinguish none of it except two words and sentences which occurred in the proportion of 90:1 of the rest of the language. The words were "Willkie" and "Roosevelt" and the sen-





tences "He will win!" and "He will not!" We were met at the shore by an ambassador who was waiting to give us a ride in his car drawn by a donkey and who introduced himself to us as Charles Edward Lizer of Leathertown.

Mr. Lizer: Come right aboard, folks. I'll take you to your hotel and pay your expenses as well. Here take this pin and let it be your ticket to a certain party I am promoting from now on till November 5, 1940.

He was very generous with the pins and literally plastered us with them. We found him always ready to engage in a speech and learned that he was the vociferation of all the "Mr. Roosevelt's" which filled the air.

Our friends on the other side of the island were met by a Mr. Morgan and his transportation and equipment consisted of an elephant and a party also. Needless to say the hospitality of these two people was very gratifying to us and we could hardly decide whose pins were the best, and spent long hours arguing the respective merits of these. That is, until we encountered Mr. Shaffer in the interior of the island on what he called the middle ground and independence. He disappointed us a little by not adding any pins to our

overflowing collections, but we liked his attitude anyhow. Then came the great day when we were all to have chosen a party to which we were going, and to put it in black and white. Returns showed that Mr. Morgan would have to set one more place at his table. Only one unidentified person wrote his in red, and doubtless this Communist is dining somewhere today with his own literature for a cloth.

We have spoken before of having met the fraternity and sorority and now we came across them again on some pleasure islands of their own. The sorority's was hung out very brightly in purple and white, and from behind the ribbons and bows we saw proud pledges—potential sorority members of the first degree. A great many acts of valor and courage were necessary for this, and below the camera has caught some of them in the act, so to speak, of dancing publicly with brooms.

The fraternity was a bit more strenuous. Their sign was a paddle and if you look closely at the picture of these men you'll see some examples in the front line. Good oak, and when placed in a fraternity man's hand—that's probably what the cushions were for but we suspected a little of it to be camouflaged.

Particularly do we remember Mr. Messman who was so especially graceful when he bent forward every morning to receive his quota of whacks on the front campus. The mode of shirts turned backward was prevalent here, too.

Now when we came to one island we were not quite sure that it would be a safe landing field at all. The interior of it seemed to be one great hole of muddy water, with enough land for spectators on the sides. However, it being our policy not to be left out of any excitement, we inquired and found that this physical change in the earth's appearance was intended to be so; was, indeed, made especially that way. November had filled the bill for a bright and sunny day to play off the Sophomore-Freshmen Tug O' War as a climax to all the court proceedings and campus whackings. The freshmen rallied for their own spirit and Mr. Diehl's camera on the gym field. The sophomores streamed forth from all directions, and with a drummer and standard bearer encircled the campus grounds. War whoops were their specialty. Armored in gym outfits for the fray and all possible outcomes, the opposers formed on the front for action. You know the

story, and of how the sophomores' hopes were fulfilled that they could live another week without buying any more soap. The rope left over from this battle has a part in one on the same island next year. Have you bought your tickets yet?

Somewhere before we had had wind of the House Council hitting the sawdust trail, but now we came to the actual site of this carnival. Anything for a penny, and the coppers left us in for a lot of excitement. We were gullible enough to be taken in on the sideshows and fooled on the Ruination of all Women, the Headless Calf, Incubator

Baby, Snake Charmer, and Atlas. Some of us couldn't resist a peek at the future and consulted Hannah Galladay for anything she could tell us. The senior men treated us to a little guitar serenade as Abernethy, Ebenezer, and Ellie May, the Hill Billies, Yes, sir. The senior gals went in for a chorus act, with fan-dancers, flappers, strip-teasers, all of which sounded that way to us and turned out to be something different. Some actually tangible—no foolin'—things were the penny pitch, roulette wheel, dart gallery, and candy and soft drinks stands. Long remembered by us, was a show where Bill Lam-

berson jumped on strong man Duvall from a ladder.

Toward the end of our journey, before the Celestial City was reached, we landed on the island of step-singing, and stayed here for a campus supper and an evening of original songs, in words at least. We found the various stages of people had set aside this evening to sing to each other and to those who were near the end of the road.

Soon after all this we continued on, but these smaller locations lived with our memories, sometimes as long as the larger ones.

Identification of Pictures

PAGE 16 SOPHOMORE HISTORY

Front Row: Betty Whitworth, Elsie Hunter, Velma Richmond, Lloyd Marshall, Cecil Edwards, Betty Jane Ridenour, Helen Stakem, Margaret Winner, Elsie Beeman.

Second Row: Ralph Swauger, William Merriman, Theo Carnell, Mary Nairn, Harold Messman, Ted Foote.

Third Row: Shirley Driscoll, Myra Ruth Snyder, Kathleen Barnard, Janet Wishard, Louyse Eldridge, Helen Lechlitter, Helen Corwell, Pauline Wilt.

Miss Shaffer, Mr. Carrington.

PAGE 17 INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

Dorothy Rollins, Shirley Gattens, Lloyd Niland, Walter Hedrick, Leon Klompus, Richard Pagenhardt, Naomi Mackley, Elizabeth Everline, Sarah Jones, Bernice Michaels, Edward Shaffer, Alice Ramey, Miss Shaffer.

PAGE 20 ORCHESTRA

June Lee Shade, Mary King Wilson, Nina Weaver, Roberta Ritchie, Beulah Walter, Hannah Golladay, Hugh Coleman, Leon Klompus, William Lamberson, Joe Shockley, Earle Savage, Charles Eberly, Aza Stanton, William Hanks, Harold Messman, Harry Turney, Ruth Hammer, Betty Jane Ridenour, Bernice Michaels, Anna DeVore.

PAGE 21 (Top) MARYLAND SINGERS

Back Row: Ted Foote, Jack Thomas, Richard Pagenhardt, Hugh Coleman, Francis Carrington, Marvin Bell, Donald Golden, Harold Messman, Conway Matthews, George Chidester, John Dunkle, Lloyd Niland.

Fourth Row: Elizabeth DeWitt, Margaret Cline, Josephine Reichard, Margaret Winner, Louyse Eldridge, Mary Rankin, Helen Porter, Naomi Mackley, Bernice Michaels, Louise Wilson, Agnes Boyd, Thelma Close, Helen Karr, Mary Larkin, Edna Elliott.

Third Row: Nina Weaver, Charlotte Kuhn, La Verda Glime, Eleanor Miller, Anna De Vore, Ann Devlin, Sarah Jones, Leah Stakem, Ellen Devlin, Edith Skidmore, Eva Beck, June Lee Shade, Elsie Beeman.

Second Row: Mary Byrnes, Harriet Brode, Roberta Ritchie, Mary Nairn, Rachel Lovell, Theo Carnell, Kathleen Barnard, Betty Breakiron, Jane Showe.

Front Row: Alma Moore, Martha Eby, Beulah Walter, Velma Richmond, Mary Lou Dunn, Eleanor Eisel, Helen Simons, Mary King Wilson, Katherine Vandegrift, Shirley Driscoll, Frances Lammert, Jujean Carson.

Pianist, Ruth Hammer.

Director, Mr. Matteson.

PAGE 21 (Below) SORORITY

Alma Moore, Helen Simons, Irene Routzhan, Orva Eye, Ellen Devlin, Shirley Driscoll, Leah Stakem, Marjorie Railey, Betty Greenya, Adlyn McLane, Nina Weaver, Rachel Carey, Velma Richmond, Dorothy Lindamood, Martha Eby, Shirley Gattens, Dorothy Rollins, Mary King Wilson, Ruth Hammer, Emily Wilson, June Lee Shade, Mary Filler.

PAGE 26 SOCIOLOGY

Irene Routzhan, Evelyn Cage, Paul Morgan, James Davis, Ancil Sites, Mary Larkin, Helen Karr, Jujean Carson, Lucille Greenwood, Thelma Close, Harriet Brode, Louise Wilson, Mary Byrnes, Edward Shaffer, Agnes Boyd, Sarah Jones, Joyce Brandenburg, Mr. Dunkle.

PAGE 29 TOPPER

John Feldmann, Beulah Walter, Jean Weaver, Kay Wonn, Shirley Gattens, Ted Foote, Mildred Webreck, Stanley Stahl, Elizabeth Everline, Hannah Golladay, Dorothy Rollins.

PAGE 30 PRESS CLUB

Jean Weaver, Thelma Monahan, La Verda Glime, Rachel Carey, Margaret Winner, Thelma Close, Thelma Shay, Janet Wishard, Louyse Eldridge, Alma Moore, Dorothy Williams, Lloyd Niland, Frances Lammert, Kay Wonn, Ralph Swauger, Helen Corwell, Mary Rankin, Elsie Hunter, Arlene Davis, William Houck, Harold Conrad, Margaret Weimer, John Feldmann, Ancil Sites, Louyse Wilson, Sarah Jones, Edward Shaffer, Shirley Gattens.

PAGE 32 LIBRARY

Donald Workman, Beulah Walter, Adlyn McLane, Mildred Llewellyn, Ellen Devlin, John Meyers, Velma Richmond, Leah Stakem, Dorothy Williams, Emely Wilson (back), Charles Eberly, Charles Lizer, Fred Sheeley, Joseph Shockley, Betty Conrad, Kay Wonn, Margaret Weimer, Thelma Shay, Elvie Bowman, Daisie Shannon, Josephine Reichard, Frances Crist, Stanley Stahl, Dorothy Rollins, Leon Klompus, Martha Meek.

PAGE 37 WHEELS GO ROUND

Upper left: Sarah Jones, Mildred Tighe.

Upper right: Donald Golden, Helene Hansel, Ralph Roth, James Gibbs, Harry Turney, Fred Manning, Joseph Shockley, Alyce Wilkes.

Lower left: Mr. Davis, Mr. Stark, Mr. McLuckie.

Lower right: Mrs. Hargarsh, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Workman.

PAGE 38 JUNIORS OBSERVING

Jean Weaver, Bill Saylor, Charles Eberly, Ellen Devlin, Joseph Shockley, Ralph Roth, Elizabeth Everline, Leah Stakem, Mary Lou Dunn, Mary Kenney, Mary Filler, Augustine Peretti, Helen Hansel, Mary Weimer, Earle Savage, June Lee Shade, Kay Wonn, Dorothy Williams.

PAGE 39 JUNIORS DANCING

Vernon Robeson, Rachel Carey, Irwin Du Vall, Margaret Whitson, John Meyers, June Carr, Miss Wellner, Jack Thomas, Mary Martin, Eleanor Eisel (center), Emely Wilson, Leroy Himmelwright, Alma Moore, Fred Sheeley, Frances Lammert, Watson Mowbray, Nina Weaver, William Lamberson, Ralph Koontz, Arlene Davis, William Shuff, Mildred Webreck.

PAGE 41 (Top) DAY COUNCIL

Standing: Leslie Eisentrout, Helen Simons, Roberta Ritchie, Watson Mowbray.

Seated: Leon Klompus, Lloyd Niland, Mrs. Clarke, Frances Lammert.

PAGE 41 (Below) DAY ROOM

Anna Davis, Elsie Hunter, Betty Lee, Martha Payne, Rachel Groter, Ann Devlin, Thelma Shay, John Feldmann, Harold Messman, Charles Lizer, Vernon Robeson, Fred Sheeley, Lloyd Marshall, Norma Grove, Cecil Edwards, Harold Green, Joseph Shockley, Jessie Bryant.

PAGE 42 STUDENT CONGRESS

Seated, back: Ralph Roth, Earle Savage, Nina Weaver, Mildred Webreck, Helen Simons, Watson Mowbray.

Seated, front: Mary King Wilson, Ruth Hammer, Dorothy Rollins.

Standing, back: Walter Hedrick, John Meyers, Bill Saylor, Dwight Roy, Jessie Bryant.

Standing, front: Joseph Shockley.

PAGE 43 (Top) FRATERNITY

Standing: Walter Hedrick, Mr. Diehl, Ralph Roth, Marvin Bell.

Seated: Harold Messman, Joseph Shockley, John Dunkle, Paul Morgan, Harry Keller.

PAGE 43 (Below) F. T. A.

Standing: Nina Weaver, Mary Weimer, Walter Hedrick, Velma Richmond, Donald Golden, John Meyers, Helen Simons, Leon Klompus, Lloyd Niland, Conway Matthews, Ralph Roth, Ted Foote, Mr. Dunkle.

Seated: Richard Pagenhardt, Emely Wilson, Mary Filler, Bernice Michaels, Roberta Ritchie, Dorothy Rollins, Thelma Monahan, Shirley Driscoll, Betty Greenya, Betty Whitworth.

PAGE 44 (Top) Y. W. C. A.

Standing: Martha Meek, Louyse Eldridge, Rachel Lovell, Daisie Shannon, Goldie Ritchie, Thelma Shay, Louise Wilson, Hilda Wetnight, Juean Carson, Adlyn McLane, Kay Wonn, Betty Whitworth, Rachel Carey, Arlene Davis, Miss Jones.

Seated: Jane Showe, Josephine Reichard, Janet Wishard, Mary Larkin, Roberta Ritchie, Edna Elliott, Helen Porter, Mary Rankin, Thelma Manahan, Martha Eby, Beulah Walter, Mary Filler, Lucile Greenwood, June Lee Shade, Mary Dolphin, Mary King Wilson, Helen Hansel.

PAGE 44 (Below) 4-H CLUB

Standing: Jessie Bryant, Joyce Brandenburg, Helen Karr, Margaret Cline, Rachel Carey, Beulah Walter, Adlyn McLane, Josephine Reichard, Charlotte Kuhn, Roberta Ritchie, Helen Lechlitter, Mildred Webreck.

Seated: Rachel Lovell, Arlene Davis, Myra Ruth Snyder, Lucille Greenwood, Mary Dolphin, Martha Eby, Mary Rankin, Hilda Wetnight, Jane Showe, Marjorie Railey, Betty Jane Ridenour, Helen Corwell, Thelma Monahan, Pauline Wilt, Janet Wishard, Louyse Eldridge.



PAGE 45 (Left) LITTLE THEATRE

Standing: Dorothy Rollins, Velma Richmond, Mary Byrnes, Harold Messman, Aza Stanton, Lloyd Niland, James Davis, Roberta Ritchie, Rachel Carey, Miss La Far, William Houck.

Seated: Thelma Manahan, Theo Carnell, Shirley Driscoll, Helen Corwell, Eleanor Eisel, Hannah Golladay, Betty Stewart, Martha Eby, Jessie Bryant, Dwight Roy, Charles Gover, George Chidester, Earle Savage, Paul Morgan, William Moody.

FRENCH CLUB

Martha Payne, La Verda Glime, Anna Davis, Daisie Shannon, Hilda Wetnight, Betty Breakiron, Rachel Lovell, Norma Grove, Betty Lee, Helen Park, Janet Wishard, Elsie Hunter, Conway Matthews, Mildred Llewellyn.

PAGE 46 IN TRAINING SCHOOL

Dorothy Mont Hoyle, Shirley Gattens, Walter Hedrick.



Nemacolin Staff



Editor - - - - - JESSIE BRYANT

Associate Editor - - - - - JOHN FELDMANN

Business Manager - - - - - MILDRED WEBRECK

Associate Business Manager - - - - - WATSON MOWBRAY

Literary Staff

ELIZABETH EVERLINE EMELY WILSON DOROTHY ROLLINS

Business Staff

MILDRED LLEWELLYN BEULAH WALTER JOHN MEYERS RACHEL CAREY
NINA WEAVER ARLENE DAVIS MARJORIE RILEY

Art Editors

IRVIN DUVALL AZA STANTON

Student Photographers

GEORGE CHIDESTER JOHN DUNKLE

Advisor - - - - - DR. GEORGE H. MCCLELLAN

Make a Habit of

Rosenbaum's

for All Your Shopping

Cumberland's Own Store for 93 Years



Fidelity's Personal Loans

Are Particularly Fitted to the Needs of

TEACHERS

Wherever Located

Use Our Convenient Loan Plan to Finance Your

SCHOOLING TRAVEL AUTOMOBILE

PERSONAL NEEDS HOME BUILDING & IMPROVEMENTS

Available at Low Bank Rates

Confidential Interview at Your Convenience

THE FIDELITY SAVINGS BANK

"The Bank With the Town Clock"

Frostburg

MEMBER
F. D. I. C.

Maryland



Official
Photographers for Nemasolin

F. W. WOOLWORTH COMPANY
The Original 5c and 10c Store

Frostburg, Maryland

Compliments of
VIA'S FOOD MARKET
Phone 26

*We Congratulate
The Graduate . . .*

and assure him that
we can take care of
his clothing needs in
a manner which a Col-
lege man will appre-
ciate

Schwarzenbach & Son
Cumberland, Maryland

Potomac Produce Company



*"Wholesale Produce
Only"*



Cumberland, Maryland
Phone 1855

Wilson Hardware Co.
Cumberland, Maryland

—
Sports Equipment
and Athletic Goods

BIG SAVAGE INN HOTEL

Cater to Private Parties and Banquets

Coolest Spot on Route 40

Your Kodak Dealer

T. & S. DRUG STORE

Opposite Post Office

Frostburg, Maryland



Phone 936

201 South Mechanic Street Cumberland, Maryland

The Evening Times
The Cumberland News
The Sunday Times

Leading Newspapers
of the Tri-State Area

Modern Banking Service
For Western Maryland

The
Liberty Trust
Company

Cumberland

Branch Office: Lonaconing

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

- ☆ WHAT YOU WANT
- ☆ WHEN YOU WANT IT
- ☆ *At the Price You Want to Pay!*

Frostburg
DEPARTMENT STORE

Your Family's Shopping Center for 86 Years

L. BERNSTEIN
Furniture Company

Cumberland, Maryland

Palace Theatre

Home of the
Mirror Screen

Main Street

Frostburg, Maryland

Jeffries Bros.

Jewelers

Diamonds
Watches
Jewelry

*Exclusive Agency
for
Stieff Silver*

Frostburg, Maryland



'Everything in Music'

Pianos, Orchestra and Band Instruments,
Radios, Sheet Music, and Records.

MUSIC SHOP, INC.

5-7 S. Liberty Street

Cumberland, Md.

Donahue's

Red Hill

Cut Rate Shoe Store

Main Street

Frostburg, Md.

CABIN LODGE

Playground of Alleghenies

Deep Creek Lake

Dancing — Swimming — Boating



The Place Where
Careers Are Made!

Better Than Ever

None Ever Better

That Unsurpassed Product

The Original

Old German BEER

Still Without a Peer

For Sale Everywhere

In Export Bottles

In Steinie Bottles

In Crown Sealed Cans

Imitated More Than Fifty Times

Famous for Flavor

Fun!

New Colonial Inn

5 Miles West of Frostburg


Get Your New Hair Styles
at
Grace Beauty Shoppe
Phone Frostburg 52-W

Compliments of
Sears, Roebuck
& Company
179 Baltimore Street
Cumberland, Maryland

Casselman Motor Company
Chevrolet Sales and Service
Phone 12-G-12, Grantsville, Md.
F. C. DIEHL C. O. BENDER

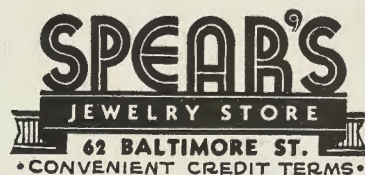
J. W. JACKSON CO.
Oakland, Md.
and
Lonaconing, Md.

Tell Our Advertisers
That You Saw Their Ad
In Nemaconlin


The Cumberland
& Westernport
Transit Co.



Diamonds — Watches
Agents for
Stieff Silver



Cumberland, Maryland

THOMAS ELIAS
Tailor

Phone 76

10 W. Main Street

Frostburg, Maryland

*We Will Clean, Press . . . Even
Dye for You!*

When Building a New House or Making Improvements Be Sure
And Specify That Your Heating Plant and Plumbing
Fixtures Come From

Tri-State Mine and Mill Supply Company

310 Commerce Street, Cumberland, Md.



Estimates Cheerfully Given



OWEN E. HITCHINS, *President*

JOHN STEWART, *Secretary*



QUEEN CITY DAIRY

Incorporated

Pasteurized Milk and Dairy Products
Cumberland, Md.

Morton's Garage

Chrysler Plymouth

"Sales and Service"

Phone 300

Frostburg, Maryland



Clarysville Inn

Entertainment Nightly

10 Miles West of Cumberland

Best Wishes to the Graduates



The Gift Shop

20 Broadway

Frostburg, Md.

Wise Graduates Buy Their Clothes
at

Burton's

129 Baltimore St. Cumberland

Try Our
Advertisers'
Products

Frostburg Nut Shoppe

HARRIS' RESTAURANT

DINE and DANCE

47 Main Street

Frostburg, Md.

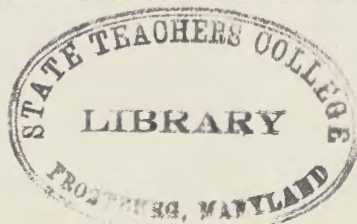
THOMAS H. TAYLOR

The Agency of Service

Insurance

Automobile, Bonding, Fire, Wind Storm and Surety

MIDLAND, MARYLAND





Business and Professional Directory

Kaplon's Young Men's Shop, Cumberland, Md.

Crystal Park Roller Rink

Wolf Furniture Store, Cumberland, Md.

Dr. Franklin Spear, S. Liberty St., Cumberland, Md.

S. T. Little Jewelry Co., Cumberland, Md.

Harry Ward Hinebaugh, Jr., Oakland, Md.

Wm. R. Offutt, Oakland, Md.

Warnick's Semi-Self Service Market, Oakland, Md.

Dick Ray, Oakland, Md.

Photoengravings by
Pontiac Engraving & Electrotype Co.
Chicago, Ill.

Printed by
Herald Printing House
Piedmont, W. Va.

FROSTBURG STATE UNIVERSITY



3 2060 00220740 1

