

The Holly Leaf

December 1940
Volume 1, Number 2

State Teachers College
Salisbury, Md.



Christmas Prayer

Ⓢ Blessed Lord, before Thee now
I bend my head in reverent bow;
While on my lips a smile appears,
My heart in fear, my eyes in tears.

My eyes in tears for hunger tolls,
And aching hearts, and tortured souls;
My heart in fear, for war and bomb,
Sacrifice, murder; O where the calm?
My lips with smiles, O Compassionate One,
For from Thee all my blessings come.

O tears, O fears, O smiles so deep,
Composing Life which I would keep;
I raise my arms in thankful praise
For this wondrous right, ah joyful day!

O Lord, my vibrant voice a prayer
Offers to Thee, whom I worship here;
A prayer which sends to Thee above
My wondrous praise, my thankful love.

Leslie Glover Calhoun

Bethlehem's Star

Written in the Chapel of the Manger in the church at
Bethlehem, Palestine.

Star of hope to souls in night,
Star of peace above our strife,
Guiding where the gates of death
Open to the endless life;
Wanderer from the nightly throng
Which the Eastern heavens gem,
Guided by the angels' song
To the Child of Bethlehem.

Not alone on Judah's hills
Have earth's weary pilgrims trod;
Nor have heirs of David's throne
Solely right to "reign with God."
But where'er on this green earth
Earnest faith and longing are,
Heavenly light and hope have birth
'Neath the smile of Bethlehem's star.

Author Unknown



THE HOLLY LEAF



Volume I

Number 1

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Published Quarterly During the School
Year by State Teachers College
Printed by The Salisbury Advertiser,
Salisbury, Maryland.

Subscription Price \$1.00 per year.
Third Class Matter.

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What Are We?

Often we have chuckled at the absurdity of the question, "Are we men or mice?" but this question, or one of similar wording, seems extremely appropos at this time. Are we college students, or are we namby-pamby children who are not yet mature enough to have "put aside childish things" in order to take up more important affairs?

Wake up! No one will think you silly if you manage to be a little more considerate of yourself and of other people. On the contrary, they will admire you for it. Gone are the days when truly studious students were considered "drips."

There are always people of every type at every institution of higher education but it seems that here at S.T.C. there has been an excess of discussion of immaturity.

Which are you, student at S.T.C., the type who can attend to studying at the proper time and place, or are you the giggling, talking, laughing, totally undeveloped chatterbox who interferes with his fellow students to the extent that precisely no one accomplishes anything at any time.

Can't you successfully complete this necessary part of life and then forget the hours of grind in a period of wholesome relaxation?

What are we, students? Are we going to sit idly by while our very integrity is being disparagingly discussed? If you fall once or twice and converse with your neighbor in the library don't be disgruntled if you are asked to leave, for it will be your own fault. If you feel the urge to talk, take your urge, and your friend, to a more convenient place — the social room; when the urge is satisfied, return to the "home of books" and study.

Come on students, cooperate and thereby grow.

Christmas Greetings
and the best of good wishes
for the New Year

The Publications Staff

DECEMBER 1940

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

You ask how we liked it — so here it is! Congratulations to you, the faculty advisors, and the remaining staff members. Without a doubt, it is the most pleasant surprise I have had since I received my teaching grade — 'way last February.

I want to especially congratulate you on getting so much good work from the Freshmen — train them early and S.T.C. will have something.

Best of luck. I shall be looking forward to another magazine.

Sincerely,

Anna Brinsfield

EDITOR'S NOTE

Many notes of both criticism and commendation come into the hands of the editor and the staff. This is just such a note received from one who was a student at S.T.C. in 1936-37. What do you think, S.T.C.?

Dear Editor:

I am a junior at the Drew Theological Seminary of Drew University. On the wall of my room is a pennant of the Salisbury State Teachers College. Upon inquiry by fellow students, I reply with pride that I spent a year at that institution before transferring to Dickinson College.

BUT — although I boast of having attended S.T.C., I cannot boast of the pennant which represents it. This letter is a request to the faculty and student body of S.T.C. to modify the arrangement of that pennant. It has too many words upon it; Salisbury, the important word, is sacrificed for the lesser words, Teachers College; and its arrangement might be more unique and attractive.

Your ideas for modification, I am sure, would surpass mine. This letter is written in no mood of harsh criticism or attempt at dictatorship. It comes from the mind of one interested in your institution and mine, and from one who has heard a similar sentiment expressed by other friends of "Salisbury College, school of gracious beauty." We would like to see that "gracious beauty" more graphically portrayed in the college pennant, one of a school's greatest advertisements to the outside world.

Respectfully yours,

John Bunting

National Defense—Democracy—Totalitarianism

A recent survey was made among the presidents of the school organizations and classes concerning these three topics — national defense, democracy, and totalitarianism. They have stated their opinions of these subjects and we have collected them so that you may know what students just like you — your friends — are thinking.

What is your opinion of the National Defense Program?

"Since democracy is being seriously threatened, I approve of the present legislation which seems to uphold it by training men, increasing the navy, and so forth. The tragic thing is that it was not started in 1919."

OLIN BEDSWORTH

"A powerful agent for insuring America against foreign aggression."

WILLIAM NEWCOMB

"It is a great thing. Almost so great that our country will have a hard time executing it."

RICHARD WILLIAMS

"I'm in favor of it."

KATHLEEN TILGHMAN

"The time has come for us to act."

GEORGE JONES

"A small boy, having indulged in green apples, needs a dose of castor oil. So we, the American people, need a good dose of 'building up,' both morally and physically. This program will give us that."

EDWIN KIRCHER

"We must be strong so that we may keep out of war — strong enough to scare them."

EDWARD HAYMAN

"It's a great thing but it takes too much time."

CARROLL WALSH

What is your idea of democracy?

"A government is a democracy when it is run wisely and well by those capable of doing so, giving to the people the rights they deserve. A true democracy is one which under any condition understands the psychology of human nature and takes account of it, giving to people what they should have, governing by right, not by group emotion. A democracy provides for free thought and action made wise by thorough education."

EMILY CLINARD

"A democracy is a government directed by people who are as willing to give as to receive."

BILLIE SHUGART

"It's the only and best form of government."

EDWARD HAYMAN

"I'm all for a government in which the people are represented."

KATHLEEN TILGHMAN

"It isn't perfect because it has too many loopholes, but so far it's the best form of government in existence."

GEORGE JONES

"Democracy is the only system of government today which allows me to be myself, free to decide what is right and what is wrong for myself."

OLIN BEDSWORTH

"It provides the most for public harmony and happiness."

WILLIAM NEWCOMB

"Democracy is a government in which you own your cow and drink the milk yourself."

RICHARD WILLIAMS

"The United States, minus some of the people who are in office, is my ideal."

CARROLL WALSH

"It's the most workable form of government by which humanity may prosper."

EVELYN VINCENT

"Democracy is a government under which you can live and like it."

RALPH KIRBY

"I can't express it any better than — 'A government of the people, by the people, and for the people!'"

AWDREY CHRISTOPHER

What is your opinion of totalitarianism?

"Totalitarianism is an 'ism' government which makes you keep your cow and then buy the milk from them."

RICHARD WILLIAMS

"It's weakness lies in the fact that the objectives may not be those which would tend to give the people what they desire."

WILLIAM NEWCOMB

"Efficient as it is, it destroys the right of the individual to be himself, and is therefore a complete failure."

OLIN BEDSWORTH

"It's too selfish to work."

EDWARD HAYMAN

"I'm against a Country where people can't say or do what they wish."

KATHLEEN TILGHMAN

"Totalitarianism is the curse of modern civilization. It ruins all ideals."

GEORGE JONES

"I believe that 'as a man worketh so should he receive. This is definitely not totalitarianism."

BILLIE SHUGART

"Let those nations keep it."

EDWIN KIRCHER

"Any country where everything is run by and for one man."

CARROLL WALSH

"A government under which you can live if you have the right blood."

RALPH KIRBY

"Thumbs down."

AWDREY CHRISTOPHER

"The word in its meaning today is a brief state between the fall of one democracy and the rise of another. Its utter impossibility as a government, with machine-like motions crushing thought, makes it a short-lived rule."

EMILY CLINARD

Someone has said that he who will not learn from his own experience is doomed to repeat each failure, thus never progressing. To this, one would naturally add that he who profits by his own errors may eventually succeed.

But he who learns from the failures of all who have gone before him, if that were possible, might be what other men call — a genius.

THE HOLLY LEAF

Why I Believe In Democracy

Mine is that philosophy which believes that change is the only reality, for without change, progress is impossible. Therefore, I must put my trust in that form of government which is best able to adapt itself to the ever-changing trends in human affairs.

Nations under the rule of one man have risen and fallen, only to rise and fall again. For a nation can go only as far as the wisdom and foresight of its government will let it. Thus, if a ruler is wise, a nation may go far, only to lose all of its gain under the next ruler who happens to lack ability, or even under the same ruler who fails to keep pace with the progress and constant change in this country.

This, of necessity, can point to but one thing. That country which is to go forward must have a

government which can progress with it. This demands that the ruling power of any state not only know all of the trends and movements in that state but also know which of these currents is the most powerful. Now who is best able to feel and know these trends? Can a man on the beach know all of the currents in the water by looking on the surface? Of course not. Only the swimmers can know which — the breakers or the undertow — is stronger.

And so, I pledge myself to that form of government which is, by its very essence, evolution itself. Long will live that form of government which educates its people that they may know where they are going and in which direction they want to go. For knowing this, they may lead themselves.

Carroll Speck

Idiots! Poor Brainless Idiots!

C. EDWIN KEMP

Class of '44

As I glance at the news any day, what I see makes me ashamed. To think that I live in a world with more than three hundred and fifty million people who, as the saying goes, "haven't got the sense they were born with," is very depressing. These people are nothing but a multitude of poor brainless idiots who have lowered themselves to the level of dogs by allowing themselves to be kicked around by men, who are all talk and ideas with but a minority of the people behind them. The people behind the dictators are only there because they are allowed to plunder the conquered territories and to make waste of the land through which they march. The desire to destroy comes to some people sometime in their life, but how long will it last?

Every man has a passion for love, in one form or another. This passion is usually in the form of love for a home and family life. It has been said that "passion ruleth all," and every week we find multiple proofs of this fact. Just how long these people in the oppressed countries will stand

the present rate of subjection, no one can tell, but it can be definitely stated that some day, and a day not very far-off, there will come a time when men will be tired of plodding across war-torn fields, when they will be tired of being far from their beloved ones, and when subjected peoples will fight for the freedom they once enjoyed. Then will the conquerors suffer.

The American colonies revolted because they were sorely oppressed and mistreated. The French revolted because they were urgently in need of social and political reform. The Red Russians revolted because their needs and necessities were ignored by the Czar. The whole world awaits the day when this mass of brainless idiots, three hundred and fifty million strong, shall awaken from their stupor and realize what has been done. They will turn upon their leaders who think only of power and new territory to acquire. This is the day that shall herald peace throughout the world, for where you find contented people, you are sure to find peace and satisfaction.

DECEMBER 1940

Christmas Traditions at S. T. C.

Candlelight service, carolling, decorations, Christmas dinner, faculty party — all of these are traditions at S.T.C. during the Christmas season.

In a changing world one feels secure to be a part of something, however small, which is unchanged. And through periods of change and growth, unchanged and unchanging have been many of the customs at S.T.C. Fifteen years of development have not lessened to any slight degree our feelings of zest, communion, and fellowship as we participate, in our own small way, in the services held at Christmas, which have become known as "tradition."

In 1925 a small group of girls — a part of the Salisbury Normal School — met in the library to commune for a short while in a vesper service. Dr. Wm. J. Holloway, the president of the school, spoke to this small assembly on the subject of — "Christmas." Solemnly, silently, the group filed down the hall to the Little Theatre, then the assembly hall for the school. On this occasion a candle was lighted and a tradition was founded, both of which have continued to live until the present day and will live on as long as there is a feeling of fellowship between men at Christmas. For it was at this meeting that our candle, the Spirit of S.T.C. was lighted and its light has continued to glow in the hearts of both students and faculty.

Candlelight service, 1940, although more elaborate, better attended, in a lovelier room, in a larger school — this service will still maintain the feeling and inspiration first begun in that meeting so long ago.

For as we students go into the Social Room, a feeling of awe pervades everyone. There is no noise, no laughter. We realize the solemnity of the occasion and respect it.

As we walk down the room, each with his own candle, and light it from that one large candle, the real meaning of this traditional service enters us. We do accept the inspiration and enthusiasm which is transmitted from that candle into our souls. We feel humility and express it as we sit upon the floor singing carols and listening to the story of that glorious first Christmas.

Unselfishness and generosity also a part of this

service, are expressed in the gifts piled under Christmas tree. These gifts are given to well children, people less fortunate than we.

Yes, Candlelight service, 1940, will be more elaborate, it will be better attended but the essence of this meeting will be unchanged as service has been unchanged during the life of the school.

No small part of life at S.T.C. are the traditions which are a part of the school. Every year, preceding the Candle lighting, an excellent turkey dinner is enjoyed by all dormitory students. This, too, is tradition.

Every Christmas, the dormitory girls leave school about 4 A.M. and visit the faculty members in the neighborhood, carolling as they go.

The faculty members themselves are entertained at the school on the Monday preceding Christmas at which time they are served tea in the social room.

A lovely sight to behold, the school is delightfully decorated during Christmas.

All of these — tradition. Not only we, a part of S.T.C. appreciate these traditions, for often townspeople visit us and enjoy with us these customs.

Unchanged in a changing world! We, at S.T.C., feel the spirit of Christmas in tradition.

This candle pictured here, was bought in the fall of 1925 from Antonino Ajello and Brothers of New York City. Famous for their candlemaking, the company also made the candle which was to burn at Caruso's bier.

Our candle, which signifies the school spirit, was at first thirty-six inches high. Fifteen years of use have lessened its height to thirty inches. From it we students get inspiration as we light our candles at Christmastide.

For fifteen years it has lived in the hearts of those at S.T.C., and as long as there is an inch to burn, it will signify the undying spirit of "our school."

Poor Confucius!

C. EDWIN KEMP
Class of '44

Less than a year ago the world gave birth to a new fad — "Confucius say" Everywhere you turned you were met by a Confucius saying, a piece of music entitled "Confucius Say," or young peoples' clothes with the sayings either printed or embroidered on them. They were jokes, if you may call them that, attributed falsely to Confucius, but which originated in the minds of people with less common sense than brains, and not much of either.

When someone started to repeat one of these sayings, "Confucius said that . . .," little did he realize what he was doing. This person was only dishonoring and disgracing a philosopher whose intelligence and philosophy has equalled that of the philosophers of even greater renown than he. It is hard to tell where the sayings began, but they grew from mere jokes to the most common and vulgar gags that anyone has ever tried to get across to an audience. If you try to tell these people that they are wrong in misusing the name of Confucius by connecting it with such trashy literature, they retaliate by classing the Chinese as heathens and therefore, unworthy of any consideration for themselves or their philosophers.

When such false remarks are made about Confucius, a true saying of his may very appropriately be applied. It is: "A man who is foolish, and who, while living in the present age, reverts to the ways of antiquity, such a man will bring calamity upon himself." How wisely this is spoken! Surely nothing is gained by using the name of a man dead two thousand five hundred years, and who is worshipped by millions of devoted followers. Why not infer Hitler or Stalin made such statements? Truly each is a more suitable man for this distinct disgrace.

When Confucius said, "Reading without thinking gives one a disorderly mind, and thinking without reading makes one flighty (or unbalanced)," little did he realize how well this would apply to a situation connected with him twenty-five centuries later. A pamphlet, containing more than a thousand Confucius sayings was published in 1939. This was a very good seller and a huge profit was undoubtedly harvested from the hordes

of uneducated readers of this paper. Think of the many hundreds that read this without giving a thought to the name, Confucius. Twenty-five years ago a very small percentage of the public knew anything about this man, but in the past decade many works have been published that have brought to light the brilliant career of China's immortal sage.

"Reading without thinking gives one a disorderly mind—." If we took it for its apparent literal meaning, we would consider ourselves in a world of disorderly people, but what it indicates is a lesson well worth learning. We read some of these "phoney" sayings and are probably amused. All well and good, but if we do not stop and see what is beneath these sayings, the chances are that many misunderstandings will result.

We must think twice before we take **anything** for its face value. When Confucius was told that a nobleman of China always thought three times before acting, Confucius said, "Twice would do." Down through the ages has come this bit of advice that is well to remember in all fields. Think twice before you act. Yes, and you will reap heavy profits from such a practice.

When we think of Confucius hereafter, we must think in terms of his worth to the Chinese and his value to the people of the world. Confucius was distinctly different as a philosopher. He preached morals and the beauty of moral virtue, and in so teaching, he lived just as he said everyone should live. This was done by very few philosophers and it shows that Confucius was sincere in his teaching and truthful to his convictions. It is very similar to the contractor who is not afraid to live in the house he built because he knows how it was built and how it will stand usage.

Let us think twice the next time we hear a name that sounds familiar, for it may be that we are getting into something about which we know very little, and about which we might profit by learning more. When a joke is to be applied to an actual person, apply it to someone to whom it fits and not to someone whose knowledge and integrity it disgraces.

Spare Confucius!

A Story About A Story

When I was a very small child, my mother used to amuse me by telling me stories that she made up. One story that I liked very much was about seven little kittens, one of which was PINK. Then my sister and brother grew old enough to listen, the story was handed on to them. The next child in the family who came to like the story, was my little niece, Patty. Practically every mouthful that she ate was done to the theme of those same kittens, told by a loving grandmother.

Several years ago, we all prevailed upon Mother to write the story and try to sell it, so that other children might enjoy it. My sister, Dorothy, who is now an artist, promised to illustrate it. The story was finally accepted by the Whitman Company of Racine, Wisconsin. Several changes had to be made in the original plot in order to modernize it, and the name was changed from **The Seven Little Kittens**, to **The Five Little Pussy-kats**. This change was made largely because groups of five suited the paging size.

My sister spent many hours on the pictures, often taking them to the company representative for criticism. Finally by the Fall of 1939 the complete manuscript was sent to the publishers, and we were assured that the books would be ready for the Christmas trade of the following year. The first edition of **The Five Little Pussy-kats**, written by May M. Purnell with pictures by Dorothy Purnell, came off the press in September, 1940, and can now be obtained at the book counter of the Five and Ten-Cent Stores throughout the country. If people great and small have as much fun with this story as we all have had, everyone will be happy.

(signed) The Other Purnell

I slept and dreamed I was asleep, then 'woke, to find that I was not awake but only dreaming that I was awake. Or — was it that I slept and dreamed I 'woke, then 'woke to find that I was not awake but only dreaming that I was awake.

So, now I know not if I sleep or 'wake.

"Each In His Own Way . . ."

MARTHA KEPLINGER
Class of '44

"Jello — J-E-L-L-O.

"This is a transcribed program of the music of Johannes Brahms. The first number is 'The Beautiful Blue Danube'."

"Oh," you say as you take a draw on your pipe and prop your slippered feet on the arm of the sofa, (under your wife's nose) "the perfect relaxation of it."

But upstairs the young lady who teaches ballet lessons has a different idea of this composition. She jumps out of bed, pulls on her ballet slippers, rushes into the hall on her toes, amid yells of "Louder please." She imagines herself the queen of a score of dancing girls as she goes careening wildly down the hall on her toes. As she leaps, she sees herself as in slow-motion and imagines that she is gracefully suspended in mid-air for the moment. Across the hall is the "fortyish" couple who remembers this music as a great ballroom waltz. They gracefully dance every measure of it.

Each in his own way finds satisfaction for his soul in the music of the great composers.

The Debate Club Is Active

The debate club of S.T.C., the youngest organization in the school, has been growing up fast. Already this year it has produced two assemblies and two radio programs.

Seeking to stimulate critical thought on current problems, the club is satisfied with the national college debate question for the year "Resolved, That nations of the western hemisphere should form a permanent union."

A debate of this question is planned with Washington College to be held here at S.T.C. before Christmas. Edwin Kircher and Bill Hollis will take the negative side.

The club hopes to argue with West Chester Western Maryland, University of Delaware, and University of Maryland, at different times throughout the year.

THE HOLLY LEAF

Faculty Notes



Mr. J. Lloyd Straughn has been granted a leave of absence in order that he may complete the work for his Ph.D. degree at the Johns Hopkins University.

Dr. Densil Cooper, Professor of Science and Mathematics at Huron College, Huron, South Dakota, has been selected as substitute instructor in chemistry, physics, and mathematics for the second semester.

Dr. Cooper received a B.S. degree in Education at the State Teachers College, Maryville, Missouri, in 1936; also a Master of Arts and a Ph.D. degree from the University of Missouri in 1938 and 1940, respectively.

His research findings, as published in a dissertation entitled, **Fine Structure in the Directional Intensity of Cosmic Rays**, have been verified by Dr. E. J. Schremp, Washington University physicist, as a result of his recent experiments at Mexico City, Mexico. Dr. N. S. Gingrich, Associate Professor of Physics at the University of Missouri, states that the importance of Dr. Cooper's findings "lies in the fact that they furnish a lead to the ultimate nature and origin of cosmic rays, the most energetic of all radiation known to man which factors have never been determined by science."

Dr. Cooper, who is but 27 years of age, has had teaching experience in elementary and second-

dary schools and in college, and also has published numerous articles of a scientific nature. He is a member of Sigma XI, national honorary research society.

Dr. Cooper comes to S.T.C. with the highest recommendations from institutions with which he has been associated.

* * *

Dr. John B. May, of the English department, has been selected as chairman of the Student Conference Committee. Saturday, March 29, has been selected as the date for the sixth annual conference. The tentative program as planned by Dr. May and members of his committee include:

1. Athletic and departmental demonstrations.
2. Music by the College Orchestra and Chorus.
3. Panel and forum discussions on the theme, "The College and Democracy."
4. A production by the Sophanes Players.

* * *

Dr. J. D. Blackwell represented the American Association of Teachers Colleges in Washington, D. C., on December 14 and 15. The meeting was called by Dr. Richard E. Jagers, of Frankfort, Kentucky, for the purpose of discussing principles governing the supply, preparation and certification of teachers. The platform, as prepared, includes the following principles:

1. Teacher education in a democracy must have a definite objective.
2. Teacher education must lead to an understanding of the major problems of social life.
3. Teacher education must develop leaders in the major learning areas and learning levels.
4. Teacher education must provide for professional integration and orientation.
5. Teacher education must provide for selection and guidance and for evaluating results.

* * *

Dr. Anne Matthews and Mrs. IdaBelle Wilson Thomas recently took part in a panel discussion at the Wicomico Women's Club on the timely topic, "Education for the Common Defense."

"There is a magic in the very name of Christmas."

Charles Dickens

DECEMBER 1940

Alumni Notes

Doris Lee Elliott and Celia Cooper, of class 1940, are making their home this school year at 112 Battery Lane, Bethesda, Maryland.

Cormedah Fleetwood, who teaches at Libertytown, motored to her home in Bishopville, Friday evening, November 22, with a friend to spend the week end with her parents. Miss Fleetwood is a member of the class of 1936.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jenkins of Baltimore were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will Jenkins the week end of November 22. Mr. Jenkins, a member of the class of 1939, teaches in Baltimore County.

Mr. Ira Todd, Jr., who is employed in Annapolis was the guest of relatives in Crisfield during the Thanksgiving holidays.

Jeanne Gertrude Holloway, daughter of Mrs. W. J. Holloway and the late Professor W. J. Holloway, former president of the College, became the bride of William G. Day, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Day, of Salisbury, Maryland, at 11:30, November 19, 1940. The Reverend Albert Harvey Frost of Staten Island, New York, performed the ceremony in St. Peter's Church, of which he was formerly rector.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, Weller Holloway, wore a light blue sheer woolen dress on princess lines with hat to match. She carried a white prayer book, which her mother had carried at her wedding, decorated with a corsage of autumn roses.

Betty Holloway, maid of honor and only attendant for her sister; wore a sheer wool frock of tan with hat to match and carried an arm bouquet of autumn roses.

Mr. Day had as his best man, Miller White, of Salisbury. The ushers were S. W. Day, Jr., brother of the groom and Everett Williams, Jr.

Mr. Day and his bride left immediately for a wedding trip north and upon their return will make their home with the bride's mother on Camden Avenue, Salisbury, Maryland.

Irma Brittingham, of class 1938, teaches in Frederick County.

Wilson Duncan of class 1939, who is studying at Western Maryland College, attended a "Sadie

Hawkins' dance at the college, November 16. Mr. Duncan is also a member of the Western Maryland soccer team this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Erickson are now residing in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where Mr. Erickson is connected with the Navy. Mrs. Erickson is the former Miriam Beachley of the class of '38.

Elizabeth Owens is advancing rapidly in her chosen profession. She is now a demonstration teacher in Dr. Brunner's Experimental School at Jenkinsville in Anne Arundel County. Miss Owen is a member of the class of 1938.

At 8 o'clock Thursday morning, November 22 Miss Pauline White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin White of Fruitland, became the bride of Samuel S. Carey, class of 1936, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marion Carey of Salisbury, Maryland, in the Alle Memorial Baptist Church. The wedding was performed by the Reverend Dr. J. N. Stewart, with only the families and intimate friends present.

Samuel L. Sherwell, class of 1936, and Miss Katherine Disharoon of Fruitland, were their attendants. Mr. Carey and his bride left immediately for a wedding trip through the Shenando Valley and over the Skyline Drive, and upon their return will be at home at 700 South Division Street, Salisbury, Maryland.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller White are announcing the birth of a daughter, Leslie Purnell, on October 19, 1940. Mrs. White is the former Leslie Purnell who attended S.T.C. in 1934-1936.

Wish we had space to publish all of He Adkins' recent newsy letter, but here are a few excerpts from it:

"I'm actually teaching. Yes, an activity program for the most part. We have no textbook. I had much to learn about the system. But I like it very much. I feel, also, S.T.C. did a good job of teaching me."

"As to the other people in this part of county, Eleanor Bosse and Celia Cooper were at dancing class (folk dances taught by the new supervisor) and they both looked grand. Ray McMahan has a first grade in Jefferson and is getting along very well. Charles Elliott, who is always keenly original, seems to have perfect water clock that runs. This was an active connection with the teaching of time."

"I think S.T.C. and all its teachers are fine."

THE HOLLY

In Memoriam



He was among the most loved of all men or women ever connected with the faculty or administration of the Salisbury State Teachers College. His name will live on through the history of our Alma Mater.

James B. Richardson, for the period of time from 1925 until 1937, devotedly pursued his task as ground and building superintendent at the State Teachers College, the position now filled by Henry E. Nelson.

"Pop" as he was known to his many friends, was a cheerful and willing helper in any task, for the benefit of the school, or for someone outside the school life. Rarely did he refuse to help one who needed help, even though his tasks at hand were heavy and burdensome. He had an almost uncanny ability for "lending a helping hand."

Always one who enjoyed the ability to be up and going, especially out-of-doors, it was one of

"Pop's" greatest disappointments when he became an invalid in July, 1938, following a paralytic stroke. Ever it was "Pop's" greatest desire to be able to be up and moving around again. But seldom was he out of his bed for more than two hours at a time during the period of his illness. His death occurred on November 12, 1940.

During the months of his illness, "Pop" retained his cheerful disposition, and that sunny smile. His remarks, always witty, seemed to gather a sort of mellowness, and his thoughts showed his active brain. Regardless of pain, suffering, or despair, apparently all was right with "Pop," who reflected a sense of contentment.

Truly "one man in a thousand," he was always ready with a word of encouragement and confidence when one felt low and blue. When a man lying on his bed suffering pain can make others feel better, there must be truly something great inside. "Pop" was one, I think, who had that definite something.

"Pop" passed away after his long illness at his residence on College Avenue. As the Greek cynic, Diogenes, looked for so long a time, with the help of a lantern, to find an honest man on the streets, so someone would have to search a long time, in much the same manner, to find a personality to equal that of "Pop" Richardson.

Goldy Tyler

A Friend

Who is it gives us hope and cheer
When all the world seems wrong?
Who is it makes the dark clouds clear
And brightens life with song?
Who listens to our tale of woe
And makes us see the light,
Then helps us suffer every blow?
Who shows us what is right?

It is a friend, the dearest friend
In all the world we hold.
It is the gift which God does send
To all both young and old.
Sometimes we think we've lost them all;
It seems we're all alone,
But someone always heeds our call—
It is our friend best known.

Jon Reed

In the words of Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one."—"A Christmas Carol."

Charles Dickens

DECEMBER 1940

13

Tudor Hall and the Booths

JAMES WRIGHT
Class of '43

Junius Brutus Booth, the great tragic actor who built his home, Tudor Hall, in Harford county, was not a naturalized citizen of the United States, and had to lease the land. He leased it for 999 years at one cent per year. When Mr. Booth first came to Maryland, he rented a farm near the one he later bought. Due to the fact that his well went dry, Mr. Booth had to drive across this place to get water from the Beech Spring, which is still in use today. He was attracted to the place and later bought it. He built a small cabin on the place near the Beech Spring which he needed. Here the family's summers were spent for quite a number of years. They lived in Baltimore in winter until the new house was built, then the entire family came to live here permanently. This was about 1850. Mrs. Booth sold the house in Baltimore after Mr. Booth's death a short time later.

The new house which Mr. Booth built and named Tudor Hall, is still standing, and in good condition. The brick structure contained ten rooms, and was built by the same architect that built Ford's Theatre in Washington — the one in which John Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln. Much of the original furniture is still in the house.

It was on this place that John Wilkes Booth, the ninth of the ten children of Junius Brutus Booth and Mary Anne Booth, was born on May 10, 1838. John W. Booth went to school with his brothers and sisters. He was not quick at acquiring knowledge, and had trouble in keeping up with his classmates. But when he did learn something, he never forgot it.

John Wilkes Booth never hoped to be as great an actor as his father, or to rival his brother, Edwin. He wanted to be essentially a southern actor. He made his first appearance at the St. Charles' Theatre in Baltimore. He had acted in the play "Richmond" and had been successful. From that time on, he studied very hard, especially Shakespeare's works.

When the Civil War broke out, John W. Booth was a rich actor. He was bitterly against the North, but still he acted in the North. When visiting his mother at Edwin's home in New York, he was asked why he didn't go fight in the Southern

Army? He answered: "I have only an arm to give; my brains are worth twenty men, my money worth a hundred. I have a free pass anywhere by my profession, my name, is my passport; my knowledge of drugs is valuable; my beloved precious money — Oh, never beloved till now! — the means, one of the means, by which I may serve the South."

This shows how John W. Booth felt about the war. He helped smuggle quinine into the South and traveled from place to place during the war. Because Maryland was a Southern state, he resented Maryland's being taken by the North and not allowed to join the Confederacy; therefore, he worked secretly for the South.

Many believed John W. Booth to be mad because he killed Lincoln, but he felt it was the only way to save the South. John W. Booth must not have been mad because he planned every detail very sensibly. He was home three days before the assassination, wrote to his mother, saw his friend and gave his sister, Asia, a package containing money, valuable papers, letters, etc., to be opened if he did not return.

John W. Booth went to Ford's Theatre in Washington where he was well known, and where Lincoln was to be that night. He waited until the stage was clear, shot Lincoln and leaped over the box to the stage. But in doing so, he broke his leg which made his escape much more difficult. He managed to get to a doctor, Doctor McGuire, who set his leg. Next morning he went to a Southern sympathizer who helped him hide. After six days he got across the Potomac river and five days later into Virginia, where he stayed with the Garrett family until he was betrayed by an unknown person. The following is a quotation describing his plight after the assassination from Booth's own diary. "After being hunted like a dog, with every man's hand against me, I am in despair and why? For doing what Brutus was honored for, which made him a hero, and yet for striking down a greater tyrant than he knew, am looked upon as a common cutthroat. My action was purer than either of theirs. I hoped to be great; the other had not his countenance but his wrong to avenge; hoped for no gain but knew no private wrong: I struck for my country and it alone, a country beneath this tyranny."

A reward of \$100,000 was offered for his capture. When he was betrayed, officers from W

(Continued on page 28)

Vibrations

The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.
—Wordsworth

Who hears music, feels his
solitude
Peopled at once.
—Browning

We've been hearing a lot lately about S.T.C. students who don't do as much as they should. But — there are a few who have been meeting the requirements and a little more.

Why, just the other day when I was "chatting" with Miss Black in her office, a sophomore came in and asked if she might use some Wagnerian records. Beaming with satisfaction, Miss Black gladly gave her full consent.

Why don't you follow their example? If you're feeling particularly low in spirits, listen to the **Ballad for Americans** sung by the baritone Paul Robeson and a chorus. The highlights of American history are given in song by the chorus who interrupt Mr. Robeson as he is telling what he is — the merchant, the farmer, the capitalist, mountains, prairies, lakes, and rivers. What is he? He finally tells you in a grand climax to the song. If you've never heard it, then spend a few minutes listening to a song worthy of every American's attention. And if you've heard it — well, I know that you'll want to hear it again.

Very few of us have had an opportunity to see and hear great opera singers. There's always the radio to which one might listen. Then there is a victrola! You can hear your favorite opera stars. Combining the music and voice into one is an essential for which all musicians strive. One of the finest records illustrating that is **Farewell, O Earth** from the opera, **Aida**, by Verdi. There is also another fine example: The **Liebsteid** from Wagner's opera, "Tristan and Isolde." (No doubt

this sounds familiar to the class in Music Appreciation.) When one thinks of Wagner's music, he thinks of noble music with little melody.

From the "Nutcracker Suite" by Tschaikowsky, you will, no doubt, enjoy the **Dance of the Toy Flutes**. Perhaps it is the cadenza at the beginning which gains attention at once. It is soothing to hear the music of the French composer Debussy, whose peculiar characteristic is writing in the whole tone scale. If you don't think there's much difference between half-steps and whole steps, I suggest you listen to **Clair de lune** and the **Afternoon of a Faun**!

There are several records that reflect the humorous side. Have you ever heard the **Golliwog Cakewalk**? Maybe it is the odd rhythm that gains attention. Another one which you will probably enjoy is the **Flight of the Bumblebee**. It sounds like a bee and moves just as quickly as that insect does. Time it! See if it only takes them one minute. Probably you are familiar with a catchy tune, which is arranged and called **Fugato on a Well Known Theme**. Musical nonsense? Well, maybe that is a good name for it.

Everyone, no doubt, has his favorite composition. It may be the **Festival March** or **Parade of the Little Lead Soldiers**. There is a store of good records at your command. Why not spend a half-hour or longer some day listening to the music that you yourself enjoy? (And incidentally, get in good with "teacher.")

The President Extends Greetings

May each of us, as we approach the 1940 Christmas season, look backward with pride, upon a year filled with genuine accomplishments, and forward with confidence, that even greater successes will be ours during 1941.

Place: The Bowery—New York City.

Time: December 20, 1940.

Setting: Under the shadow of the elevated railway is seen a group of Christmas carolers, singing on the steps of a mission with Butch, Joe, Tony, and Nick looking on in disgust.

Characters:

Butch: a son of the slums, who thinks he is tough, though he is only about seven or eight years of age.

Joe: same as Butch.

Tony: same as Butch.

Nick: same as Butch.

Father Murphy: priest of the mission.

Christmas Carolers: fifteen in number.

Vice-President: of the club of which Joe, Butch, Tony, and Nick are members.

Secretary: of the club of which Joe, Butch, Tony, and Nick are members.

Scene I

Setting: Carolers are singing "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem."

Butch: (to his three companions) Well fellows, what do you think of that bunch of sissies?

Tony: (dryly) I ain't thinkin'.

Nick: What I would like to know is why they're singin'.

Joe: I can answer dat, because they ain't got no sense.

Nick: (quizzically) If they ain't got no sense why do they do the same thing ever' year?

Butch: It's just like Joe said, if a person is dumb they'll do anything.

Joe: Well I'll never be dumb enough to do dat singin'.

Tony: (with deep concern) I jus' bin thinkin' . . . a whole lot of people sing them kind of songs around Christmas.

Nick: (in agreement with Tony) Dat's right.

Tony: (timidly) Do you tink we oughta sing some ourselves?

Joe: (with anger) Shut up, Tony! I believe you're turnin' soft. Of course we ain't gonna sing them carls, or whatever they call 'em.

Butch: You're right, only them rich people do such things.

Tony: (inquisitively) If that's so, why is Father Murphy leading them, he ain't rich?

Christmas Carolers

CARROLL WALSH

Nick: He's different, he's friends with everybody, he even treats us like we was men.

Butch: (with deep respect) He's a great guy, it weren't for him we'd never had a football team this year. Outside of pop, he's the only man like. Pop and mon say he's wise. Why ever Christmas he gives gifts to some of us fellows.

(At this point the carolers begin singing "Three Kings," and the boys remain quiet and attentive.)

Nick: (looking at the carolers) Those people certainly like to do dat singin', look how they are laughin' and jokin'. Look there's Spike Jarvis with 'em and he's one of our gang.

Butch: I'll betcha he's gettin' paid, or he'd never be with that crowd.

Tony: (with reverence) No, dat's not it, people sing those songs because they are showing thanks to God. Everybody should do da same thing Christmas.

Joe: Well smart guy, I ain't gonna do it and I ain't either. Just because Father Murphy is leader — is dat da reason why we gotta do what they are? I'm

Nick: Quiet Joe, here he comes now.

(Father Murphy has left his carolers and is advancing toward the boys with a smile on his face. The boys, with the exception of Tony, have pulled their caps down over their foreheads and are standing with their hands deep in their pockets.)

Father Murphy: (pleasantly) Hello boys, do you like our singing?

Tony: (showing respect and admiration) I like it, Father Murphy. It sorta makes tears come in my eyes. (The other boys cast angry looks at him, which Father Murphy observes.) Do you hav' to be a good singer to do that?

Father Murphy: No, that isn't necessary. We just sing carols to remind us of how good and kind Christ was and everyone should be thankful for what he did, this singing is just one way to show our gratitude. Why I'm not even a good singer

on the Bowery

Class of '42

myself, Listen . . .

(He sings a few phrases from "Hark the Herald Angels Sing") See, I'm a poor singer. Wouldn't you boys like to join us?

Joe, Butch and Nick: (in unison) No.

Father Murphy: (looking at Tony) How about you, Tony?

Tony: I'll try. (Looks at the angry stares of his companions and moves toward Father Murphy.)

Father Murphy: If you boys decide to join us you are always welcome. Tonight we are singing at the church over on 23rd Street; come along if you wish.

(He and Tony leave and go toward the mission, leaving the boys shifting uneasily on their feet.)

Joe: (standing with hands on his hips) Ain't that somethin'! Just imagine Tony singin' dem songs. He ain't tough, maybe we should kick him out of our gang.

Nick: (undecidedly) Maybe we should and maybe we shouldn't. Anyhow I ain't gonna listen to 'em anymore.

Butch: (with sarcasm) Tony's a good guy, maybe he'll have a good time.

(The three boys begin walking away.)

Joe: Don't forget our meetin' tonight fellows, the whole gang will be there. That is except Tony, the sissy.

(Last sentence with sarcasm.)

Scene II

Setting: At the gang's meeting house in an old ware-room, filled with barrels and boxes and lighted by lanterns. The meeting is just beginning.)

Vice-Pres.: The meetin' will now come to order. As many of you know, Spike is with Father Murphy tonight singing Christmas carols and I'm in charge. We will ha' to make this short because some of you guys are gonna sing, too. Everybody that's gonna sing raise your hands.

(Seven hands go up, and all the while Nick, Butch, and Joe have been looking at each other with bewilderment in their eyes.)

Secretary: Roll call: Bud, here; Jack, here; Butch, here; Dick, here; Les, here; Joe, here, Nick,

here; Harry, here; Spud, here; Mike, here; Don, here; Everybody's here except Spike and Tony.

Vice-Pres.: (looking at a pocket watch) It's gettin' late so you song birds better leave.

(Everyone except Butch, Nick, and Joe leave, after all have gone the boys huddle around a large packing box.)

Butch: (still puzzled over what he has seen) Boy, dat beats all, almost the whole gang is gonna sing. I never thought anyone in our club would do a thing like that. It must not make you a sissy to sing those carols.

Nick: (in agreement) You must be right.

Joe: Shut up, I guess you two want'a go with 'em.

Butch and Nick: (in unison) Well, no, not exactly.

Joe: (in disgust) Well, let's go home.

Butch: You know maybe we oughta just try it once. It wouldn't do no harm and we might have fun. What do you say, Joe?

Joe: No!

Nick: Come on Joe, be a sport. It won't make us sissies, we can sing and after Christmas we can forget it.

Joe: (less sure of himself) I ain't gonna sing. You guys suit yourself; I'm leaving.

(Just as the boys are about to leave a group of people are walking up the street singing "Silent Night." The boys remain where they are until the singers have past, then they leave.)

Butch: We should have gone with 'em.

Joe: (absently) Yeah. No! I didn't mean dat. Good night!

(Joe exits and curtain closes with Butch and Nick smiling at each other.)

Scene III

Setting: Same as Scene I. Butch, Nick, and Joe are standing about fifty feet from the mission steps as the carolers sing "Jingle Bells." Butch and Nick are smiling, but Joe is trying to pretend indifference. Tony is among those singing and he is smiling at his three friends. The song ends.)

Butch: That's a swell song and they sure can sing it. Sounds like a radio program, don't it Joe?

Joe: (startled) Yeah, oh, I don't know anybody could sing that good.

Nick: Can you?

(Continued on next page)

Christmas Carolers on the Bowery

(Continued)

Joe: Sure.

(Then realizing that he may be trapped says,) But not with them.

Nick: (displaying jealousy) Tony sure was singing. Look at all the fuss Father Murphy is making over him.

(Father Murphy has been talking to him, then he looks in the direction of Butch, Nick, and Joe who quickly look in another direction. The carolers are resting and the three boys mingle among them talking to people they know. The carolers begin to take their places and Father Murphy singles out Butch, Nick, and Joe.)

Father Murphy: Hello, boys, how does our singing sound today?

Nick: (with praise) Great! Better than yesterday.

Butch: Is Tony a good singer, Father Murphy?

Father Murphy: Not any better than you three. Won't you join us?

Butch: I think I'll try it. I was talkin' to pop about it last night and he said I oughta.

Nick: That's what my pop said, so if Butch is gonna sing so am I. How about you Joe?

Joe: (unconvincingly) No.

Father Murphy: Very well, Joe, I won't ask you again but you are welcome at any time. Come along boys we are ready to start.

(The three leave Joe standing by himself and proceed to the mission steps. Butch and Nick stand beside Tony and all three beckon for Joe, who almost walks over, but decides to remain where he is. The carolers begin singing "Noel." Butch, Nick, and Tony are singing with smiles on their faces. Joe begins humming and slowly edges his way to the steps. He finally walks up beside his friends and begins singing. As the curtain closes he is smiling and looking intently at Father Murphy.)

Note: The carols used in this play may be found in the book entitled **Christmas Carols We Love To Sing**.—Theodore Presser Co.

A TOAST

Cruising along the Potomac en route to Washington last summer, John Derr and I were talking of war and war conditions. In a lull in the conversation he began reciting to me the article you see below. Upon inquiry, he told me that he had given it as a declamation at Mercersburg just before entering Washington and Lee University.

In such troublous times as these, many of us hear of "war and rumors of war" and all of us have our own particular views on the subject.

I offer the following as one college student's idea. Do you agree?

William R. Slemmer, Jr., '43

"Let's drink to the dead — three cheers to the who carried the gun, hurrah-hurrah-hurrah though they lost not won. They were brave, true, and their mother, red white and blue, pinned medals on a few who survived the first great drive only to be crushed by a second. 'Tis too bad and doubly sad that the cream of a nation, youth should cross the ocean, eat by ration, know the wrath of a cannon's frown, and wallow in its desolation. Is it God's will that he shall live while we shall die? Does God deem it necessary to make for life a once happy soul, now distorted, gouged and torn, bloody and broken, hating the fact that he was born, only to be thwarted when life began to show what richness and fulness it can unfold in a lucky few? But I suppose that all horrors are inevitable, and although many abhor the blood and filth of modern battle, to say, 'There will be more war,' would be met with sneers. 'Tis only the dream of an idle man. Men before have had such hopes, but down the years cross history's span, the banners of troops as sure as there were nations, have passed in somewhat arrogant review before the Lord God of Hosts who died for peace. Wars will go on and on, so let us drink ere we are gone to those that follow, fall and wallow, on the battlefield. There is no glory, only a gory end awaits the valiant vanquished. So here it is. Let us drink and inwardly hope and pray, and think not of the possibility that we may do as our friends have done — be lost, not won, and be likewise forgotten."

John S. Derr, Jr.

THE HOLLY LEAF

Sports News

Soccer Review

With a blazing finish, S.T.C. on November 20 ended a soccer season which was considered by many to be the most successful season ever experienced by a Salisbury team. The season's totals show four victories on the asset side of the ledger and two losses on the liability side. The two liabilities were one-point defeats, one to Frostburg by the score of 2 to 1, and the other to West Chester Teachers of Pennsylvania, by the score of 1 to 0.

Salisbury won its first victory when it defeated the Goldey Business College boys of Wilmington by the score of 4 to 0. Kirby, Jones and Hayman did the shooting for the Salisbury booters, while the backfield kept the business boys from scoring.

The highlight of the season came when S.T.C. of Salisbury beat their traditional rivals the S.T.C. of Towson, for the first time in the history of soccer relations between the two schools. Coach Maggs desired to win this game above all the rest. Knowing the coach's feeling and themselves eager for a victory, the boys played like a bunch of fighting tigers, with equal amounts of ferocity and skill combined.

Towson scored first on a free kick which slithered out of the hands of Kircher, star goalie for Salisbury. But the boys of Salisbury dug in a little deeper and before the half was up the score was 2-1. Although Towson rallied a little toward the close, Salisbury pushed another goal across, while the backfield held the Towson boys scoreless. Kirby with two goals and Jones, a freshman with one, contributed greatly to the defeat of the Baltimore County group. Much credit was due to the great fullbacking of Lavery and Newcomb and the defensive play of Dougherty and Twilley right and left halfbacks. Kircher also made several nifty saves to share in the glory.

For the first mark on the negative side, the S.T.C. players were defeated by Frostburg at Towson by the score of 2-1. The Salisbury boys

deserved to lose the game, for by their own confession, were overconfident and did not begin to play ball until the second half.

The next defeat was at the hands of West Chester, rated by most experts as one of the three best teams of the East. The Rams were very lucky in pushing through the only clear shot which the Salisbury defense allowed all day. Salisbury frequently threatened the West Chester goal but the brilliant work of the Pennsylvania team's goalie repeatedly repulsed the Maryland squad.

Goldey College fell victim for the second time of the season at Wilmington for another asset on the book, by the score of 5-0. The game was played on an ankle-deep mud field, with the skies threatening to burst with rain at any time. The smooth passing attack of the Salisbury aggregation held up under fire and the defense bottled up the Goldey forwards all afternoon.

Beacom College of Wilmington lost to the S.T.C. soccer team in the final game, on the Teachers College field. The offense of Salisbury was not up to par and the defense at times cracked wide open, but lucky shots saved the day.

At the conclusion of this successful season it seemed appropriate to honor the soccer team in some manner, and so a dinner was planned after the Beacom game. Numerous short speeches were given and the cheering and the band playing gave the school an air of goodwill and spirit of cooperation.

The soccer team, which was so successful this year, will lose seniors Lavery, Hayman, Dougherty, Christopher, and Tyler, as well as sophomore Kircher who is a transfer student.

Hoopster Gab

"SWIV" NEWCOMB
Class of '42

"Hep de hoopster—hoy, hoy!" The basketball season has been ushered in, and the minds of many are sending forth questions on the subject.

(Continued on next page)

Hoopster Gab

(Continued)

What kind of team will we have this year? To answer this one, just refer to the past soccer season — the same question was asked with its start. The grind was hard in soccer, and the grind will be just as hard in basketball, but we had a winning team in soccer, and with the same spirit and attitude of that season, we can have a winning team in basketball.

A quick look at the material will help to size up the situation. The first important item along this line reveals that there is a great interest for the hoop game. Twenty boys reported for the first practice — enough for four good teams, and we want only **ONE**. When one thinks about the ratio of twenty to our entire number of men students, he can appreciate this amount of enthusiasm. Seniors, juniors, sophomores, and freshmen, all classes are represented.

From last year's squad only three men remain. Goldy "Solly" Tyler will be playing a bang-up game. "Solly" has proved to be a genuine ball-handler and he also has the ability to take them from the tall boys when the leather is bouncing from the back-board — that's a "wow" of a job. Ed "Highland Goat" Dougherty is back in his usual top-notch form. During past years, Ed's tenacity and fight have wearied more than one fast-stepping forward. "Swiv" Newcomb continues dropping that "pill" through the net. Last year's performances showed "Swiv" can menace practically any opposing line-up.

So much for our old liners

The newcomers, bringing new spirit and zest, are real timber for an aggressive squad. "Sammy" Seidel, Elwood "Cloudy" Day and "Artie" Ward from Wicomico High are really veterans having worked in many games. The season's surprise is the appearance of Carroll "Turk" Walsh stepping from behind a veil of athletic prowess to add new strength to the prospective line-ups. "Ed" Fatzer from Cambridge High and Ralph Kirby from Easton High are playing a capable brand of ball. "Alcatraz Al" Atkinson, "Will" Hoge, Edgar "Cowboy" Ryle, Hugh Smith, Johnny Reed, "Bob" Potter, Lingo "Dad-burn it" Hudson, Tom Hardy, "Bill" Adair, Ralph "Penny" Pennewell, and "Hairbreadth Harry" Collins promise to be serious competition to anyone working for positions on

the squad.

The late afternoon shadows creeping around the corners will be sprinkled with beams of light darting from the gym. Under that light machine will take form; a machine made up of determined humans plodding themselves into condition. Every machine needs fuel to keep it running. The fuel for this machine happens to be **"YOU!"** So keep up that fighting spirit; "hep for the hoopsters!"

Let's Keep It!

School spirit, once an integral part of S.T.C. has returned. Let's capture it, cage it, and feed it! The signs during soccer season were favorable, and basketball season shall be no exception. An asset to a school it is, not only valuable to the team but also outsiders, who feel very definite effects and form very definite conclusions. This fact is evidenced in the letter received from Fred Messing, a student at the school last year. Perhaps you will be interested—

Dear Dr. Blackwell,

I was so glad to hear how well the West Chester team was taken care of while playing the game Saturday. Even though West Chester won, boys had nothing but praise for S.T.C. Tonight a few of the players came up to me after I arrived home and asked me if I had previously attended S.T.C.

All the players want to return for another year. They wondered how you could have so much school spirit with such a small school body. Without going any further, I am enclosing an article which appeared in this week's "Quad Angles," a weekly publication, (concerning the game).

Sincerely,

Frederick S. Messing

A section of the clipping mentioned follows: "Saturday the soccer team journeyed down the Eastern Shore to engage the booters of the University States Teachers College. The boys came home with a story that surprised our students. Who wouldn't be surprised to hear of a band blaring away at a soccer game?

"Prior to the game on Saturday afternoon the student body, which numbers about 250, gathered for a final fling. We don't mean a toss; we mean a real honest to goodness toss. More cheering and music followed by the

ance of the team on the stage. The band struck up "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here" and the team started out for the field, followed by the student body.

"One might expect a crowd of this nature to be intensely partisan, but things didn't turn out that way. The cheer that went up when the Rams took the field was every bit as loud as the applause that follows our trumpet fanfare prior to the kick-off at football games."

What Is It To Be A Poet?

JOSEPHINE TAYLOR

Class of '42

"What is it to be a poet? It is to see at a glance the glory of the world, to see beauty in all its forms and manifestations, to feel ugliness like pain, to resent the wrongs of others as bitterly as one's own, to know mankind as others know single men, to know Nature as botanists know a flower, to be thought a fool, to hear at moments the clear voice of God."

These are the oft-quoted words of Lord Dunsany, who, though considered a playwright, was a poet first, and is today essentially a poet. Lord Dunsany, the man who said that the work of an artist is to add something to the world that was not there before. In his autobiography, "Patches of Sunlight," Lord Dunsany tells the circumstances under which he first felt the urge to write. As Assistant Press Censor at Capetown, Africa, as the cables came in, he got the feeling of "a restless world talking at night." He seemed to feel poems racing through his head faster than he could get them down on paper. How many, many people, he observed, experience the same sensations and are unable to transmit their thoughts to paper?

A writer of great imagination, Dunsany most frequently developed whole plays from a scrap of

an idea or from the slightest impression. He tells how, one day while out for a walk, he came upon an old mill full of cobwebs and wrote a tale that he called "The Lord of Cities," meaning the spider, who regarded all cities as built for him. One of his stories called "The Field," told of a field "with such powerful feeling about it that a man makes urgent inquiries and, having found a suitable person to tell him, learns that the emanations that troubled him whenever he passed the field arose because the field was a battlefield, not of the past but of the future." He likewise got inspirations for many of his plays from looking at Mr. S. H. Simme's pictures. One such picture, very weird and surrealistic, had but one figure, which, might have been a man. Lord Dunsany was puzzled by its meaning; he could not understand it. However, not to be outdone, he decided the picture was of a madman, and at once he had the nucleus for another of his plays.

Most of his plays are tales of the East, which some people think strange, as Dunsany was typically an Englishman, and spent very little time in the East. A day and a half at Tangier; a study of the Bible at Cheam; his father's tales of Egypt; Kipling's influence; a short while in Kimberley in the South African war — these are the experiences from which he drew. These are the "patches of sunlight" which awoke in his mind such vibrant tales as "Gods of the Mountains"; "Time and the Gods"; "The Fall of Babbulkund"; and "The Terrible Dream."


In his autobiography, Lord Dunsany relates many experiences which he believes influenced him in his writing. His child life; later days of hunting grouse, deer, foxes, and hare; war-time experiences — all of these contributed to his success as a writer. All of his works are guided by poetry and humour. It is the poetry, the rhythm of his prose, that attracts one most, for Dunsany is a poet.

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This Thing Called Teaching

Blue Monday! Back to school to noisy boys and girls — forgetful, impolite, withdrawn! Monday! Dust the room; raise the windows; let out the musty air. Blue Monday! But is it really?

There is Jane stepping from a taxi. Shining black shoes — heavy woolen scarf. Hers is a good home. The maid fixed her breakfast this morning. Mother didn't get up — a party last night. This afternoon it's bridge and another party. Then, school lets out, lessons to do, dinner, and to mother's room. She hasn't seen mother before today.

"Good-day, Mother," she will say. Polite—she is. The nurse has done her job well!

"Good night, Jane," absently, "Trot along to bed now. Mother has guests."

Push her into the background — forget her. She's only your daughter. You give her everything. But do you? She wants love and companionship. She needs my help.

How different is Billy! Tiny ill-shod feet. wondered if he had any breakfast. He came early this morning. His mother is dead. But he is a brave little red-head; an unquenchable little boy grin.

"Good morning, teacher."
 "Good morning, Billy."
 He hasn't a mother, I'll be especially nice to him.
 "Read us a story, teacher," he asks at noon.

No one to read to him at home, but he is complaining. Why he isn't little — he is big, bigger than I am. I'm complaining, but he isn't.

Why, there's Mrs. Smith! She wants to know about Bobbie. She doesn't have a nurse but does have time for her children. Yes, Bobbie doing well. The Bobbies always do well. The the leaders, the builders, the followers. The the middle class. There are quite a few more that family, though. Mrs. Smith needs my cooperation — so that Bobbie may grow up to be a man she has already met so often in her dream — not a president — but an honorable, respectable citizen. A man she can point to with and say, "My Son." I'll help you, Mrs. Smith

(Continued on page 28)

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Name It and You're Stuck With It

Christmas comes but once a year, and I'm da...
 da... darn glad of it. Yes, this is that gay season
 when old girl friends start to become friendly with
 the old sucker, (pardon, I mean flame), again.

I thought that it would be very interesting to
 take a tour of the school building, and find just
 what some of our students want this Christmas.
 Here is a collection of the replies; (take heed, ye
 wise men and women), an opportunity such as
 this does not appear very often (thank goodness).
 As I passed on the second floor, by the by, I found
 out where Mr. Straughn holds his lab classes (very
 interesting). I shall tarry no longer — here is the
 uncensored list of gifts to be:

Bill Slemmer: "I'd like to have blond hair
 that I'd look like Bing Crosby, too."

Lingo Hudson: "I'd like to have bigger and
 better meals."

George Clendaniel: "I'd like a pretty girl, about
 5'4", with golden hair, rosy-red lips, pearly-white
 teeth, lily-white complexion, etc. (Oh, yes, at
 five cents for a coca-cola)."

Edwin Kemp: "I'd just relish a copy of E.
 Stein's latest and greatest thriller — *The Four
 Dimension.*"

Ralph Pennewell: "I want a new set of 'lect
 twains."

Juanita Evans: "I just wish that more
 students would enter the second semester."

"In keeping with the spirit and good fellows
 of Christmas, remember it is better to give than
 to receive. So I am giving all you students
 opportunity to be happy. Yes, I'm going to
 you all give me presents. Just drop your
 gifts in the school store in care of Box 21, (which
 by some strange quirk of fate, is the exact spot
 that I received on my last Chemistry exam).

I'll be seeing you at some later date, maybe.

P.S. By the way, this inside information comes
 directly from your correspondent; hold your
 breath now, as I know that this is going to
 shock, but there is no Santa Claus!

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This Thing Called Teaching

(Continued from page 24)

Why they **all** need me, these children — each in his own way. Why did I walk so dully to school? Because it was Monday? Monday means that Jane spent two whole days in adult companionship or seclusion. I must draw her out more. Monday means that Billy hasn't had enough attention, **not enough** adult companionship, or **not enough** seclusion — too **much** playing in the streets. Monday means that in the midst of a happy family group Bobbie has let thoughts of school slip away. I must not be dull — I must be even more alert today. I must help them more.

This thing called teaching — it gives you a soul!

A Senior

Tudor Hall and the Booths

(Continued from page 14)

ington came at once, but Booth swore he would not be taken alive. In order to get Booth, the Federal officers set on fire the building in which Booth took refuge. Booth knowing there was no chance of escape, shot himself.

Booth was only twenty-six years old when he died; April 24, 1865. He never married. He was very good-looking and not long before his death was secretly engaged to a senator's daughter. Many disbelieved the story of his death, and even today, the ghost of John Wilkes Booth haunts the pages of history.

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

1. *The Unlocked Book* by Asia Booth Clarke.
2. From a personal visit to Tudor Hall, and interview with Mrs. Ella V. Mahoney, the present owner of Tudor Hall, who is writing a book about the Booths.

The play, "The Gifts," written by Edward F. Man in Music 301 is being produced by the first and sixth grades in the Princess Anne Elementary School under the direction of Olin Bedsworth, senior student teacher.

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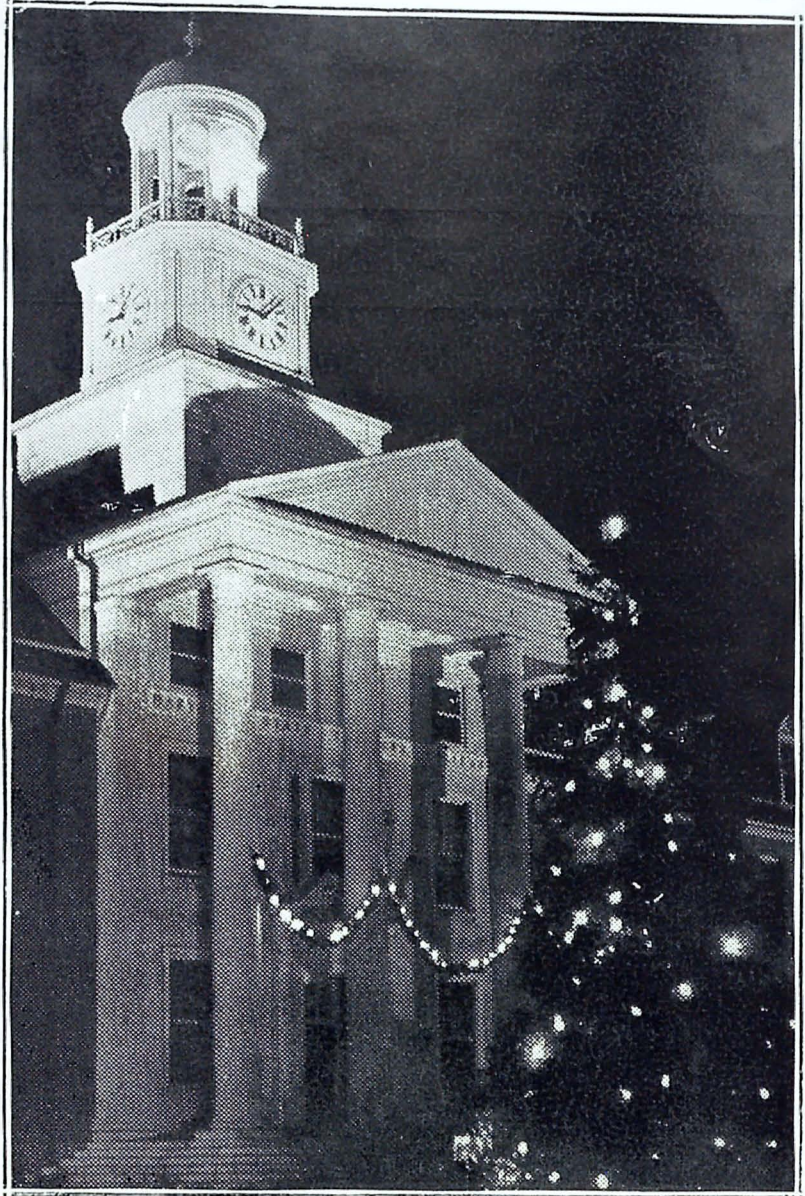
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