



The Holly Leaf

October 1941

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State Teachers College
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THE HOLLY LEAF



Volume 2

Number 1

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Pause And Think

Seniors, when someone mentions "seniors", those who are now bearing the worthy name, pause and think. Can it really be that we are that far along in our college careers? Why, it seems only yesterday that we were new and strange in our surroundings as we registered freshmen in September, 1938. And now, for the last time we have registered at this college. We are seniors! It has been a day to which we have been looking for some time. Now that it is here, there seems to be no particular feeling attached to it. Maybe as time goes on, we will see a difference. Perhaps we should realize fully that we are upper classmen. Now we seem to be doing things entirely for ourselves. Have we not a responsibility, not only to ourselves, but to the underclassmen? PAUSE AND THINK! Much activity is put into one school year. Graduation day will arrive all too soon. To you who in one, two, or three years from now will be seniors in our stead, we wish to say this: Time is fleeting; make the most of it while it is with you, so that as you look back you will not regret anything that you might have missed along the way.

Needed--One Sound Mirror

Do you know how your voice sounds to other people? Have you often wondered if it is too high or too low? No doubt, if you have been in one of Mrs. Howard Bennett's classes, you have heard her talk a great deal about one's speaking voice and the reflection of one's personality through his voice.

Last year a sound mirror was brought here by Mr. Glenn Gildersleeve of Delaware. Recall that he told us deeper voices were more pleasing than tiny voices. Then remember the trip to the little microphone whereupon everyone stated his name and proceeded to quote some verse or the "Pledge to the Flag". After listening to yourself as your voice came back over the machine, do you remember the general comment? "Gee, I didn't know I sounded like that!" "Is my voice really that high?" "Do I always sound that bad?" We were disappointed, weren't we? For it really did sound like us! How do you think we can improve our speech? Teachers should have especially pleasing voices and we don't always want to sound as we do now! It would be rather convenient and profitable if S. T. C. owned such a recording machine. Don't you think so?

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With "Mike" In Camp

Into the hands of the editor came a letter from Charles Lavery, who is now in the U. S. Cavalry. "Mike" so vividly describes his life in the army, we thought you might like to hear what he has to say for himself. Here you find parts of his letter of September 28.

"Last Saturday we were graduated from the Cavalry Replacement Training Center. A large demonstration of every one of the 6,000 men at C.R.T.C. ended our basic training in the U. S. Cavalry. We are now ready to be assigned to regular cavalry assignments.

"Since I have been here, I have had thirteen weeks of intensive training with a capital 'I'. We have received an entire education around the Horse Cavalry of the U.S.A. To me it has been a summer school course. Each new subject has to be organized so well for "over learning" that I could almost imagine myself back in S.T.C. learning to be an elementary teacher. The plan reminded me of the first grade pupils learning to read. We learned a few new things one day. The next day we reviewed what we had learned the day before and then learned something new. No one, who tried, could possibly miss out on the training.

"Now after thirteen weeks, we are (I believe) good soldiers, knowing all the basic things needed for a Horse Cavalryman. During this time we have learned to ride a horse 'over any terrain, at any gait'. We have fired the new Garand Rifle and the old .30 caliber Springfield, the automatic pistol and the .45 caliber revolver, and the .30 caliber machine guns, both light and heavy. Aside from this, we have learned scouting and patrolling, which are the outstanding functions of the cavalry in time of war, and also combat training for actual warfare. So, you see, we have had a busy training period.

"Now we are ready for the regiments. From here we shall be sent to cavalry units all over the United States.

"We are all as tense as if we were ready for a soccer game because no one knows where he will go. All are hoping to be sent near home but we know that some of us won't be that lucky. You can feel the tenseness everywhere. The boys are very gay and expectant. Here's hoping that we are all lucky.

"I hope that I shall stay in the Cavalry because it is the best branch — if the hardest — in the service."

A Bird's Eye View of Byrd

In a Virginian home about fifty years ago lived three boys who were known as Tom, Dick, and Harry. Their grandmother, when asked what she thought they might do when they grew to manhood, said that Tom would no doubt stay at home, that Harry would perhaps enter politics, and that—well—Dick, she imagined would do something outstanding—maybe fly! Little was there any thought of flying in those days and little did anyone know how true her words would prove to be—for Tom Byrd is now a great orchard grower in "Ole Virginny", Harry Byrd was once the governor of the state of Virginia, and Dick Byrd, better known as Rear-Admiral Richard E. Byrd, has flown over both the north and south poles. Today, he is one of America's foremost explorers, for he has dared to face the difficulties of living at Little America.

On September 24, it was the privilege of many S. T. C. students to attend the illustrated lecture given by Rear-Admiral Byrd. As one listened to this lecture, he could feel chills creep up his back as great snow scenes flashed on the screen and he described the intense cold of the polar region. To endure the temperature of 83 degrees below zero, the men were obliged to dress in layer upon layer of thick skins and furs. An amazing fact is that the thermometer at the south pole registers about 50 degrees lower than at the north pole. The reason is that the land body at the Antarctic tends to favor coldness more than the water bodies at the Arctic region. The pictures made vivid the fact that underneath the surface of the snow lurked great danger for one never knew when he might

suddenly drop through the snow into a hidden crevice. Drifting ice flows would sometimes nearly maroon members of the expedition. These and many other dangers faced them.

Transportation was difficult for the men, since dog sleds, airplanes, or tractors had to be dug from the snow each time they were to be used. During the long darkness from March to September, travel was nearly at a standstill and the men spent most of their time underground. Dried foods, frozen meats, and chocolate played an important part in the diet of the men.

One source of entertainment was the antics of the penguins who really did quite a jitterbug dance. (The college jitterbugs could well take lessons from them.) The seals were interesting friends, and the film showed how they lived, how they rolled along, and how they got their food. A favorite of the expedition was a calf called "Iceberg," who, having been born on the trip, had seen nothing but snow. Byrd said that when Iceberg returned to America and was turned out into a good pastureland, he absolutely refused to eat grass.

Admiral Byrd's lecture made one realize the fine morale, the courage, the skill, and the industry that existed among his men. One had a more sympathetic understanding of the Admiral's will to win, and of the hardships, even the illness he endured in order to further scientific knowledge. The students left the lecture hall feeling that a group of trained men risked their lives to learn more of the unknown and that they loved adventure.

MY LIFE'S AMBITION

By Norma Lee Vane, Class of '45

I suppose being a nurse sounds like being a drab, untidy job to you, but to me, it doesn't. Perhaps you have a mental picture of a tiny, fragile nurse tugging frantically at a large feminine bulk on a high, white bed or of a tired nurse dragging herself wearily along endless corridors in answer to the many buzzings of needy patients. Too, you might visualize an angel of mercy poised with blood-spattered uniform and dripping hands. Yes, I know I am exaggerating a great deal but such are the pictures many people have presented to me with the sole purpose of destroying my ambition.

From frequent interviews with nurses and doctors, I have learned nursing is a hard, tough struggle

but no one can anticipate success without working for it. Without doing so, no one deserves it.

Even after having been enlightened to its trials and hardships, I still stick to my desire for I know medicine is the one thing for me—the thing that interests me deeply. It has always fascinated me and probably always shall.

I want not only the title of "nurse" but with it accompanying adjectives such as skillful, understanding, and helpful. I hope that the pre-nursing courses at S. T. C. will profit me greatly in my future life's work.

PARENTS ARE INTRODUCED

Friday evening, September 26, was a great event for the freshmen, for on that night the annual Freshmen-Parent-Faculty Dinner was held in the dining room of S.T.C. It was good to see "Mom" and "Pop" again and to introduce to them that favorite professor or that new friend. (You know, the one I wrote you about in the letter.)

William Newcomb, president of the Student Council, acted as toastmaster. The invocation was given by the Reverend Robert P. Frazier of the St. Peters Episcopal Church. During the dinner, instrumental music under the direction of "Coach" Maggs was furnished by the Misses Betsey Collison and Bettie Harcum, Mrs. Richard Current, Norman Holland, and Benn Maggs.

"Miss Ruth's" fried chicken and "fixins" were the perfect beginning for the program that followed. President Blackwell welcomed the dinner guests following which Dr. Florence Simonds, freshman class advisor, introduced the members of the faculty.

Mr. George Chandler, Salisbury business man, spoke on the subject "What Is Expected of S.T.C. by the Parents"; while Joseph Colgain, freshman class president, told what the freshmen expect of S.T.C. Mr. Colgain said, "In Milton's poem

Lycidas we find this quotation, 'The hungry sheep look up and are not fed'. Referring to the freshmen as the sheep and referring to the teachers as the clergymen, the freshmen expect to be fed, or filled, with wisdom and knowledge.

"We also expect the teachers to guide us in our intellectual pursuits, and to teach us with the interest of each individual. As this is not a large college, we feel that we are justified in this expectation.

"In S.T.C. there are many opportunities for participation in recreational, social, and cultural activities. The library is one place in which we hope to attain knowledge and entertainment by reading.

"This year at S.T.C., which is our first year in college, we freshmen hope to increase our knowledge, share in the happiness of others, and be intelligently guided."

After this, the College Chorus, directed by Miss Black, sang Ward's "America the Beautiful", Youman's "Without A Song", and a group of college songs.

As the dinner ended, the group stood and made the words and music of the "Alma Mater" by M. H. Black most meaningful.

In Full Swing

Here we are back at S.T.C. with everything going strong — lessons and our books, lovers and their nooks, all fitted together again with one hundred new faces to replace those lost by graduation and transfer. Already, upper classmen have become interested in "these new faces." New romances have blossomed as roses on a bush. And, as on every rose bush, there are thorns — making these roses still more beautiful.

"Rat Rules of 1941" are history and the "rat" dance only a memory. Those "new faces" have become a part of S.T.C. So surprisingly quick has this happened that even some of the "old-timers" are amazed and quite naturally pleased. This assimilation has taken place, not because of great effort on the part of the old students and their instructors, but because of the dynamic personalities and talents of the newcomers. Very seldom is it that in one hundred people one finds such an assortment: tap dancers, musicians, scholars, and athletes.

And these newcomers didn't take long to "catch on". Some of them had never seen Salisbury before yet they are perfectly at home in their new surroundings. The people made of such "stuff"

are sure to make this a greater year for both themselves and the college.

Speaking of a greater year, more lights are visible in windows these evenings. The recent flood of tests seems to have brought results from upper classmen as well as from freshmen. The annual complaints from student teachers, combined with the chatter of making "dates," continuously fill the hall during free periods. Everyone is also beginning to look forward to the Hallowe'en dance, the Athletic Formal, and the Freshman Formal.

Then there is "Floyd's Bar." Please don't misinterpret; I am only referring to the newly-installed soda fountain in the "College Cash Market". "Johnny's" has some stiff competition now.

What is all this? It is S.T.C. in full swing, ready to sweep on toward greater victory with everyone fighting. Come on and help — each of you in your own small way.

Dr. Densil Cooper, instructor of algebra and chemistry during the last semester of 1940-41 while Mr. Lloyd Straughn was granted a leave of absence, is now at the University of Cincinnati.

Alumni News

Former S.T.C. Men Report From Training Camp

Robert Doenges is in the Medical Department. His address is Comp D. Bks. 325, 3rd. Medical Tr. Bn., Camp Lee, Virginia.

David Perry, Edward Robertson, and Billy Blades, all members of the class of 1939, left October 1, for Tulsa, Oklahoma. They joined their fellow Alumnus, Walter McAllister, who is already a flying cadet. Walter's address is Air Corps Training Det., Barracks 10, Spartan School Aeronautics, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

James Shockley is attending Radio School. His address is Division 12, U. S. Naval Armory, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Athlyn Waller is now Private Waller, Reg. Hqs. Btry. 57th C. A., Camp Pendleton, Virginia Beach, Virginia.

Harry Ordmond Hubbard's address is 66 Field Artillery, Battery A, 1st sec., Pine Camp, New York.

John Reed is clerking for Uncle Sam at Camp Croft. He is a member of Company D., 28th Tr. Bn., Camp Croft, South Carolina.

Bryden Moon is in Hawaii. His address is Station Veterinary Detachment, Schoolfield Barracks, T. H.

Since June 11, Charles L. Lavery has been with Troop C, 1st Training Squadron, Cavalry Replacement Training Center, Bldg. 2048, Fort Riley, Kansas.

Charles Lee Elliott is a member of Company D., 15th Training Battalion, Camp Wheeler, Macon, Georgia.

Samuel Colgain's address is Co. B., 3rd Sig. Trn. Bn., Fort Monmouth, Red Bank, New Jersey.

Recent Weddings

Samuel L. Sherwell, class '37, to Mrs. Vera York Morris of Salisbury, September 19, 1941. "Sam" is now a member of the Maryland State Police. They will make their home in Salisbury.

Anna Louise Parker, class '37, to Lieutenant Charles Grubb Brooke, Jr., Friday, August 29, at six o'clock at the Bethesda Methodist Church, Salisbury, Maryland. Mr. Brooke, a graduate of the Johns Hopkins University, is a First Lieutenant in the Third Medical Corps at Camp Lee, Virginia. They will make their home at 2634 Guilford Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland.

Lucile Testerman, of class of '38, to Mr. Wilmer Brinton Sagle, Jr., Friday, the fourth of July, 1941.

They will make their home at 405 Montgomery Street, Laurel, Maryland.

Eleanor Taylor to Mr. Charles E. Bounds, August 23, 1941. They will live in Salisbury.

Alma Slaughter, class of '27, to Mr. Robert E. Lee Emerson, Saturday, June 21, 1941.

Lillian Hough, class of '38, to Mr. Arthur Cole Somervell, class of '38, August 16, 1941.

Engagement Announced

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd S. Bounds of Elkton, Md., are announcing the engagement of their daughter, Vivian Loraine, to Edward B. Edelen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Edelen, of Bryantown, Md. The wedding will take place in the late fall. Vivian, a former "Holly Leaf" editor, was graduated in the class of 1938.

Just News

W. Wilson Duncan, of class '39, is now working in a defense industry in Elkton, Maryland.

Ruth K. Harcum, who studied at S. T. C. for two years and transferred to Western Maryland, is teaching this year at Mardela High School, Mardela, Maryland.

Alfred Jerome Fletcher, of class of '38, is now in New Mexico. His address is 1403 W. 8th Street, Silver City, New Mexico.

Leslie Ann Glover (Mrs. Harry P. Calhoun), a former member of the staff, sends us the following address: Helene Apartments B 12, 3rd and Cooper Streets, Camden, New Jersey.

Homecoming

Homecoming will be Saturday, October 11, 1941. The president of the Alumni Association, Mrs. Ruth Voshell Mezick, class of '33, met with Miss Pauline Riall, Mrs. Ida Belle W. Thomas, and Mrs. Floyd Cooper, Thursday, September 25, to plan a "peppy" program for the day. This is the tenth anniversary for class 1932. Will you be present?

Perhaps many of that two-year class numbering seventy-five members will return. Mrs. William Howard Bennett was class adviser for this class which was led by Ruth V. Nickerson as president; Rebecca Biddle, vice-president; Margaret C. Johnson, secretary; and S. Kathryn Sudler, treasurer.

Members of the class of '32 will enjoy this item which was printed 10 years ago in "The Holly Leaf". Miss Blodwin Shipley, a member of that famous class, was the editor that year.

"With the close of the 1932 Popularity Contest of the Evergreen staff we are very happy to

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100 Freshmen Register

To Kenneth Warrington, of Greenwood, Delaware, goes the distinction of being the one hundredth freshman to register for the 1941-42 season. Of this number, 37 are young men and 63 are young women. The total registration by classes is as follows:

	Men	Women	Total
Freshman	37	63	100
Sophomore	24	27	51*
Junior	7	30	37
Senior	5	24	29
Grand Totals	73	144	217

Two students have, since registration, withdrawn in order to accept scholarships at the University of Maryland while one young man has transferred to business college. Four other students have withdrawn for various reasons, leaving the total enrollment to date 210.

* Includes two special students.

Secret Thoughts Of A College Student

In Gym Class (a hockey game)

The object, of course, is to hit the ball with this stick in the general direction of the goal. The difficulty lies in knowing where the ball lies and which goal is mine, ours, I should say. Always foster the "we group feeling". In that mass of limbs, shins, and what not, are my teammates, friends. Killing each other with mere pieces of wood. Mass murder.

I love everyone. Oh, my friends, my friends! I don't want to hurt them in the innocence of their youth. Neither doth this little chicken desire a lacerated knee either. I have a right to live, too, just like anyone else.

What a beautiful morning. Birds singing and all that. Monday morning, too. Oh, I didn't ask to commit mayhem with a hockey stick on Monday morning. Honestly I didn't. It was put on my schedule.

The mass is coming this way. Don't, please don't come down on this end of the field. I have no courage. Essentially my parts are meek and mild. My blood hath turned to water. Here comes the ball down the green grass. Pigeons on the grass, alas, alas. Here it comes. Now to hit it. Steady, old girl, steady.

I'm going to sock it right toward Peggie's stomach. I never did like her anyhow.

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BOOK NEWS

With the fifty dollars that the Class of '41 presented to the Library as their gift to the College before graduation last June, seventy-four books were purchased by the librarian and they have been added to the growing collection of the College Library.

Some of the outstanding titles purchased were: "Famous Songs and their Stories" by Geller, "Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians" by Parkhurst, "Story of American Literature" by Lewisoohn, "Living Biographies of Great Poets" by Thomas, "Living Biographies of Great Philosophers" by Thomas, "Living Biographies of Great Rulers" by Thomas, "A Modern Reader" by Walter Lippmann, "New Anthology of Modern Poetry" by Rodman, "Education of an American" by Mark Sullivan, "English Philosophers from Bacon to Mill" by Burt, "The Medici" by Young, "Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes" by Bent, "New Dealers" by an Unofficial Observer, "Education in Latin America" by Smith, "Story of Gems" by Whitlock, "Death and Taxes" by Dorothy Parker, "Human Relations" by Taylor, "Coming Struggle for Latin America" by Beals.

Concerning Degrees

When school opened on September 2, no changes had been made in the faculty. However, some members have been granted additional degrees.

After a semester's leave of absence, during which he studied at the Johns Hopkins University, Mr. Lloyd Straughn, our instructor in chemistry, will have a Doctor's degree conferred upon him in October.

Mr. Benn Maggs, director of the men's physical education and the college orchestra, as well as the athletic coach, has completed requirements for a master's degree in the New York University.

Two of our training teachers, Miss Pauline Riall and Mr. Paul Hyde, completed the work for the M. A. degree in education from Teachers College, Columbia University during the past summer, and will receive their degrees in October.

Come and join the fun
For there is only one
Hallowe'en Party
at S.T.C.
October 31, 1941

They Study! They Travel!

"From the mountain to the prairie,
To the ocean white with foam"

would sum up the vacation experiences of the combined faculty and the administrative officers of S. T. C. While several worked during the summer, others were taking sunbaths on the ocean front or climbing mountain peaks.

Mrs. Ida Belle Thomas had an especially variable summer since she was at first engrossed with the philosophy of Plato at New York University and wound up at Ocean City, Maryland, specializing in surfboard riding and bicycling with some of the alumni of S. T. C.

Miss Lucy Gardner declares she spent most of the summer right here in the office. However, she took time off to return to her home in Kentucky, from which she went to Michigan with friends. She reports that the Soo locks were very interesting.

Our librarian, Miss Grace Strickland, was one of those fortunate people who really enjoyed going to school. For eight weeks, she was at the Library School of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor where she tells us there is a lovely campus. While there, she had the opportunity to hear Carl Sandburg, Paul Engel, a poet from Iowa who recently did some work for "Life", and John Daniels, author of "A Southerner Discovers the South" and "A Southerner Discovers New England".

Ocean City seems to have lured several of our faculty members from the heat of the city, for Mrs. William H. Bennett spent her entire summer there. "Miss Ruth" was also at the resort for a week and the rest of the time she spent "just running around", she said.

Mrs. Margaret Hopkins of the office staff spent most of her summer here at the office but she managed to get in a trip to Williamsburg, Yorktown, Richmond, and other places of equal historic interest. Her route included the scenic Skyline Drive of Virginia.

Although Dr. Richard Current spent much of his vacation here in town, he spent July in Colorado. Here he enjoyed getting away from the heat of 85 degrees by going up to the top of Pike's Peak where he experienced a drastic change in temperature—32 degrees and snow.

The two assistant librarians, Mrs. Anna J. Cooper and Miss Gladys Lewis, report a quiet summer on the Eastern Shore. Mrs. Cooper spent most of her time decorating her new home in Willards and Miss Lewis was at home in Cambridge.

Miss Jean Sanford, first and second grade teacher in the campus school, returned to her home in Kentucky by way of Yorktown, Williamsburg, and other points of interest. While on her vacation, she visited Saginaw Bay, Michigan, and her Alma Mater, George Peabody College for Teachers, at Nashville, Tennessee.

Miss Margaret Black remarked, "I spent a summer more frivolous than serious. The cooks were worried because while they were getting bleaches to get light, I was down on the Miles River trying to get dark."

Two faculty members, Dr. Florence Simonds and Dr. John B. May, decided to take their vacation as a honeymoon. After their marriage on August 14, they left for western New York where they visited a relative at Pine Camp and learned all about the "jeeps and peeps". Going to Montreal, Dr. and Mrs. May crossed the Thousand Islands Bridge. (Incidentally, Dr. May decided he'd like to buy an island there.) The return trip included Lake Champlain, Vermont, and, finally, New York City.

Miss Henrietta Purnell spent her summer in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, as a member of the art colony which was supervised by Frank L. Allen, director of art in Massachusetts. While away, Miss Purnell experienced many new things and met many very interesting people.

The president of our college, Dr. J. D. Blackwell, spent most of his summer in Maryland where he visited prospective S. T. C. students. He left his job for only two weeks, during which time he enjoyed the Ozarks in Missouri.

Our two physical education teachers, Miss Helen Jamart and Mr. Benn Maggs, were in summer school much of the time. "It was not much of a vacation," said "Coach" Maggs who went to the New York University. Miss Jamart was at Columbia University.

Three of our campus teachers had the same idea for Miss Pauline Riall, Miss Margaret Weant, and Mr. Paul B. Hyde spent much of their summer at Columbia University in New York City where Miss Riall and Mr. Hyde each completed requirements for a master's degree.

After Mr. Lloyd Straughn had been working toward a Ph.D. degree in chemistry at the Johns Hopkins University during most of the summer, he "turned a garage mechanic for a while", he said. Following this he and his family packed up and came back to Salisbury.

Mr. Henry Nelson enjoyed an unusually interesting vacation tour this summer. Going by way of Youngstown, Ohio, he went to Niagara Falls. On the return trip, he came by scenic Watkins Glen, N. Y. Not satisfied only by a northern trip, he continued his tour by going to Washington, D. C., West Virginia, and finally over the beautiful Skyline Drive of Virginia.

Two weeks in the hospital was the one thing to mar an enjoyable vacation for Dr. T. J. Caruthers. Minus these two weeks he had ten weeks to get caught up in reading, yardwork, and painting ("utility painting", he explains). All in all, this summer he was a "Woman's Home Companion".

Nine weeks of pleasure greeting old friends and enjoying points of historic interest and scenic beauty is what Dr. Anne H. Matthews reports. Her circle tour of the West carried her to the Rocky Mountain Region, the Pueblo at Taos, N. M., Carlsbad Caverns, well-known points of interest on the Pacific Coast, and the Canadian Rockies, culminating, of course, in Lake Louise and Banff.

Remember Homecoming, October 11. Welcome home, Alumni.

A Freshie "Airs Off"

By Lida Wilson—Class of '45

Now it is getting late and I don't want to wake the house. Besides, it runs in my mind that Confucius said, (or maybe it was Dr. Blackwell), "Late hours are not good for a co-ed." However, now that I am really a freshman, I just want to "air" a little bit!

It would not be very polite to plunge right in discussing oneself, and so I want to introduce to you "Pocomoke City, Maryland", the writer's home town. Sprawling along the banks of the deepest river in the world in proportion to its width, namely, the Pocomoke, is the friendly little town called "Pocomoke City." It is considered quite an insult to omit the "City" part of the name.

It is rumored that a new minister came to the town and asked a dirty-faced little boy hanging around the Pennsylvania Railroad station if this was the town of Pocomoke. The boy curtly returned, "No, sir, but if you are looking for Pocomoke City this is the joint."

Although Pocomoke City is like most other small towns, there is something about its friendliness that makes it particularly outstanding. It is really amazing how the people react to strangers. There are no cliques in which it is like "pulling eye teeth" to enter. The little town is quick to take

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strangers under its wing and make them feel quite at home.

No doubt these surroundings have imbedded in me this friendliness idea so that I, upon entering a strange town, find a longing for that hospitality. I have found that same friendliness here at S. T. C. and I trust the freshmen will help retain this atmosphere.

My reason for attending college is to cultivate the ability to deal with people. No doubt that is the object, either directly or indirectly, of each and every student here. Therefore, I see no reason why the friendly atmosphere should not prevail. What is your candid opinion?

Where They Are

If one would have looked closely at the groups of students standing in the corridors of S.T.C. on September 2, 1941, he would have missed many faces, since many of last year's students took advantage of the transfer courses that S.T.C. offers to students. One may come to this college and then transfer to the colleges of Maryland, or other states, with full credit.

Eleven members of the former sophomore class have been transferred. Haunting the campus of the University of Maryland, which seems to have claimed most of our transfer students, are David Dayton, Preston Daisey, Mildred Garvin, Sam Seidel, Lingo Hudson, and Edwin Kircher. William Slemmer is at Washington College this year. Three other states beside Maryland claim former students of this class. Arthur Ward is enrolled at the University of Minnesota; Rebecca Jenkins is attending Madison College; and Stokes Sharp is at Dickinson College.

There is record of eight students of the former freshman class who have gone to other schools: Elizabeth Hyslop, Wheaton College; George Long and Allen Schoolfield, St. John's College; Arianna Roberts, High Point College; Wendall Shawn and Katherine Wieland to the University of Maryland; and Marjorie Randall to a California college.

Billie Shugart, a junior of '41, has enrolled at Mary Washington College at Fredericksburg, Virginia.

But S.T.C. has not been just the loser of students, for it has enrolled one hundred freshmen. There are also two transfer students who have been welcomed into our midst. They are Betty Simpers from St. Mary's Seminary and William Chatham from Blue Ridge College.

Vibrations

What's new in the music department this year? It seems that Miss Black and members of the student committee have done a great job of handling memberships for the concerts. The best part of it was that no lengthy sales talks were given, for the students sought tickets themselves. Fifty-nine memberships have been obtained through the school and that means that more than 59 persons are anxiously awaiting the arrival of Ruth Draper, famed monologist, the production of Mozart's opera, "The Marriage of Figaro", in modern dress and in English by the Nine O'Clock Opera Company, and the Barrere Trio, including the world's greatest flautist, a cellist, and a pianist.

While waiting for these concerts, why not enjoy some good music by means of recordings? It is rumored that the first record of Tschaiowsky's "B-Flat Minor Piano Concerto" is almost worn out since so many students have heard a popular arrangement of it and have liked the melody. The music department would rather rave the records worn out through use than to keep them and have no one enjoy them. (Ad.) The only thing that seems annoying is that "The Blue Danube" too often strays from its course. (Incidentally, the freshmen gave that record an enthusiastic reception, which shows that they have good taste since it was recorded by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.)

It looks as if the freshmen are "all out" for music since there are eleven freshmen students in the College Chorus this year. They are Millie Schaefer, Carolyn Robertson, Josephine Gray, Mary Jane Grey, Dorothy Reed, Sara Britton, Hazel Dunnock, Kathleen Smithson, Pauline Trice, Mary Marshall, and Charles Pitts. Besides these, there are several upperclassmen who have joined the Chorus: Lois Pittman, Norma Mezick, Norma Adkins, Dorothy Wanex, Georgia White, Muriel Lewis, Betty Carey, Virginia Harcum, Emily Dryden, Edgar Ryle, William Chatham, Thomas Hardy, James Wright, and Ben Nelson. This brings the total to forty-eight. Some of these newcomers are on probation and there is a waiting list. Cheerful thought—knowing someone is hoping you can't learn your part, or that you don't enunciate according to Hoyle.

The new members joined the old ones in a first appearance at the Freshmen-Parent-Faculty Dinner. They sang "Without A Song" which in itself seems to be quite a feat.

The next musical program will be at Homecom-

ing when there will be a "return of the stars", for the trio of '41, the possum quartet, and soloist Bedsworth will be on hand to remind us of "ye olde school days".

Ballad To The Seniors

The seniors are a happy lot
Here at S.T.C.,
Our time is spent with Robin Hood
And world geography;
Not to mention music and
The songs that we've conducted—
From some of these we all admit
We'd like to be abducted.
Now there's Turk and Albert Atkinson
Who wave their long batons,
And peek behind the front porch posts
With musical machine guns.
Gus Heath was shot in music class
And so was Olie Horsman
Although their ghosts attend each class;
I'll confess I am the worst one.
(The line above was just stuck in
To make the sentence rhyme—
I must hurry for my editor
Wants my article in on time.)
There are more dignified seniors.
It would be most unfair
To forget them, for although they're
Not seen, they're really there.
If you'll arise some early morn
And keep your feet from laggin'
You'll see them gathered all out front
Waiting for the station wagon.
Then merrily off to school they go—
Each armed with a lesson plan,
To teach at old Wicomico,
Pinehurst, or Princess Anne.
"Oh, will I be observed today?
Is Dr. Matthews home?"
You'll hear the wail day in, day out,
No matter where you roam.
Their troubles are all little ones,
(Take that any way you choose)
Nor are they aided by long stockings,
Coats, ties, or high heeled shoes.
Now from the lines that you have read
I'm sure you all agree,
We're the spirit of grandeur and dignity
Here at S. T. C.

(Editor's note: The publication staff is not prepared to assume responsibility for any reverberations kindled by this article.)

STUDENT TEACHERS' RIGHTS

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for all student teachers to dissolve the bands which have connected them with all classes and to assume the role of the "schoolmarm" we do declare some things insufferable.

We hold these truths to be self-evident — that all teachers are created with the same powers of doing the wrong thing at the right time and of using incorrect English. That to further improve these powers, supervisors appear. Prudence, indeed, shows that these teachers are not easily changed, and do constantly revert to the methods of childhood instructors, or to methods which are wholly undesirable.

It is our duty as student teachers to throw off such oppressors, unless they throw us out first.

To prove this, let facts be submitted to the naive underclassmen, or other non-teachers.

Parents shouldn't leave more than nine-tenths of the child's training to the teacher.

Supervisors shouldn't come more often than five times a week.

Tea should be served in all conferences. (You know that tea is energizing.)

All stores should carry the extra set of eyes which is said to be found in the back of every schoolteacher's head.

A portable coat of personality should be the next invention for the underprivileged.

And last, children should be born with some powers of knowledge.

Editor:

You have asked me, a junior, to write my reaction to the teacher education course. Many reactions of juniors have been written before and so my observations will be no more original than a college student who wears saddle shoes.

The prime difficulty of my class seems to lie in locating a steady chair in which to sit for observing classes. One camp stool did a nice rip under my weight last week. Also, invariably one of our broad backed junior men will settle himself in front of me. I can always hear what's going on but the visibility is at times a bit vague.

My greatest fear is at being caught in my ignorance by the pupils of the elementary school. I suffered from acute horror last week when a second grader whom I was helping to read corrected me on the pronunciation of the word "the".

The terminology of teaching is at times more confusing than amusing. One is never quite sure whether he is motivating, integrating, imitating, or aggravating.

We often wonder, as we hear theory after theory on teaching various subjects if any were ever applied to us. How I would enjoy reverting back to my third grade self. I would sit in my school room and yell at the teacher, "Ha! I know what you're doing—using a pivotal question for motivation."

The education course is worth all of it. There is one definite thing that we have learned. It is that children are not dumb. Children possess an embarrassing amount of intelligence. Let us pray that the junior class keeps one jump ahead of them.

Try Again

By Lorraine Hartsoe—Class of '45

When I walked into the large building known as the State Teachers College at Salisbury, I shall never forget how my knees were shaking and my voice was trembling. I imagine that I looked as if I were among a tribe of savages. I was over a hundred miles from a familiar place; I knew no one except one other student from my home town. Somehow, I got registered, and later ate supper in the dining room with Dr. Blackwell and a few other people.

I have only a hazy memory of the happenings of the next few days, except for my "parading" through the building with the secret hope that something would open its mouth and swallow me.

With the use of my handbook I tried to find my classes, following the number designated in the book. Suddenly, I would notice that the room was lacking a teacher and also students. I, then, would set out to discover the trouble—usually ending up in the office, almost in tears. The secretary would "lend me a willing hand" by escorting me to the proper class room. Being late added only to my humiliation and embarrassment.

After about three days of this, I burst into the office one morning to confront Miss Ruth with the fact that "I was going home". After telling her that I couldn't stay in Salisbury another day because I was so homesick, she talked to me in that motherly and consoling manner, and after digest-

(Continued on page 18)

Sports News

Make Your Own Prediction

By "SWIVE"

"Hi-ho, hi-ho, it's off to work we go." So the lads of S. T. C. once again bring out the old equipment and face the challenge of another soccer season.

The grind is on (strictly squad colloquialism)—and what a grind. "O. K., boys, only four times around the track today—after the scrimmage which won't take more than an hour!" Sounds like the Coach! And if you think those dreaded laps help our food budget any, just ask Miss Ruth. (More laps—more food—more money—a good soccer squad.) But the girls aren't eating much this year so the "more money" can be scratched from the formula.

During the past few days, the question, "Will the soccer squad be any good this year?" has been raised. Naturally the Staff isn't going to come out on a limb with the prediction that the squad will be a great one. Make your own prediction!

Every afternoon between the hours of 4:00 P.M. and 5:30 P.M. the air over the athletic field is filled with soccer balls. Peep out of your window and watch the boys go through the paces. You'll see them, one by one, making his way around the track. Then watch as they go through some stiff scrimmaging. If work means anything, this squad should round off into a powerful aggregation. But—make your own prediction!

Perhaps the squad may raise this question: "Will the student body be cooperative this year?" Last year S. T. C. had one of its most successful soccer seasons. Does all the glory belong to the squad? No! Why?

Every game was played before a gallery of yelling enthusiastic students who were out there to

win! Towson met defeat. (The first time we've ever beaten them.) Beacom and Goldy suffered the same fate. Only two teams could boast of victory over our maroon and gold—West Chester Teachers and Frostburg Teachers. Indeed it was a great season for S. T. C. Will the students help make this year as great?

You make your own prediction ! !

How's Your Sports Patriotism

College without sports is like a country without patriotism. This is a broad statement to make, but I think "school spirit" in a college is similar to patriotism in a country. Sports give one a chance to fight for one's school, just as a war gives a man a chance to prove his patriotism by the service he gives; and, just as patriotism is at its highest pitch when war is about to be declared, so school spirit is strongest just before an important athletic contest. It follows, therefore, that to be able to serve country or school is just about that which "patriotism" and "school spirit" consists. If there is no chance of ever having this honor, the pride that one feels in his country or school is at a minimum.

Everyone has an inborn sense of loyalty to a certain group in which he finds himself. Thus, for example, a man in the navy feels a certain competitive spirit toward the army; a man living in any country will fight for the things he deems worthy of battle; and a good athlete will fight for his school. College sports are one means by which a group of students in any college express loyalty either on the field of action or in the cheering section. This is the sort of spirit that has prompted men and women to fight for their countries down through the ages, and which gives solidarity and dynamic power to any social group.

A Pal

Were you ever in despair,
In urgent need of a friend?
Did you feel like giving up
By not working to the end?

By giving up your task
You falter by the way,
And fail to start that climb
For rewards on judgment day.

When the clouds of life are dark
And the world seems very blue,
It's your pal that's by your side,
Always there to comfort you.

A pal is just the thing
To start you on the road,
Together you can travel
And together bear the load —E. Kemp '44

THE HOLLY LEAF

YOUR HEALTH

(Editor's note: This column will be set aside in each issue for an article from the Health Education Department. It will concern you and your health habits. Why not make it a habit to read it?)

REST—A VITAL SUBJECT

In this busy world of hurry, excitement, and noise, we all need to pause and take an inventory of ourselves. Wouldn't it be wise to check those personal habits that affect our nervous mechanism? Think of fatigue you experience on a long drive when listening to a stirring, noisy radio. Compare with this the pleasure that is yours on a similar drive when restful music from the soothing strains of a Strauss waltz entertains you.

In war-torn Britain, munition employees work to quieting music; those that labor where the noise is loud are given rest periods to enjoy concert music. It has been found that by so doing production is stepped up materially. Therefore, it is well known that industry finds it profitable to give definite rest periods. If they find it to their advantage, should we not heed their example? We might, also, take a lesson from our animal friends. Observe how completely a cat relaxes, or, how a dog or horse slumps into a relaxed position while standing. Mental fatigue plays more havoc with our nervous system than physical tiredness does with our bodies. Observe that a physically tired boy can be revived by good food and rest. Have you

noticed that overtaxed nerves greatly reduces one's efficiency?

Health authorities agree that a portion of each day should be set aside for mental relaxation. If we learn to recognize the signs of fatigue, and learn how and when to relax, we shall, through such health consciousness, learn to keep efficiency at par. Teachers and pupils are affected alike by overcrowding of classrooms, high-tension living, and multifarious duties. As educators, we set an example to the youth of the nation. It should be a calm, dignified one for we are guiding them in meeting life's situations. They need to be taught how to relax and how to rest. These two rules should be as vital as any subject in the curriculum—not just incidental. You cannot successfully teach a subject about which you know little or nothing. If children are to be taught rest and relaxation the teacher herself must be adept in the art.

If you have a bit of news,
Send it in;
Or a joke that will amuse,
Send it in;
A story that is true,
Or something that is new.
We want to hear from you,
Send it in;
If its' only worth the while,
Never mind the style,
Send it in! —Exchange

Out Of The Hazing

By Margaret Jones—Class of '45

WHO—The verdant freshmen.

WHAT—Rat rules.

WHERE—On the bulletin board of ye ole institution of learning, S.T.C.

WHEN—Beginning of the second week.

WHY—The curse of being freshmen had befallen a group of one hundred sweet young darlings.

HOW LONG—Eight "whole" days.

HOW MUCH—You'll never know!

"Air raid!" "Hi rat!" "Sound off!" "Sing Sunshine!" All these were typical sophomore requests of that week of hazing. Things of the past—gone but not forgotten! How could any of us girls forget the oatmeal from top to toe and from ear to ear, the very delectable fly soup, those slimy ooz-

ing spaghetti worms, green ribbons, name cards, and the million other trivial things? As for the men, it is doubtful that they will soon forget those paddles, sandburrs, and the "goosey" molasses.

Thanks to the frosh the steps are much cleaner and the tennis courts are no longer incognito.

For some of us lower than low rodents, those days were fun; for others, the assignment was tough. However, each of us has learned to "take it",

"For sportsmanship we've got it

And it suits us to a "T."

So the eight days of slavery to the sophs "est fini" and we freshmen are saying—

"Just wait until next year!"

Do You Like Gossip?

The freshmen boys certainly do learn fast. They've already discovered under which windows to play "Romeo". This will hit quite a few of our young Cassanovas, won't it? So if the shoe fits, boys — wear it!

Norma Lee really believes in hitting the "Pitts" of the male hearts. Do we see the bud of a new romance? Your guess will probably be the same as mine.

Beauty, beauty, everywhere. Especially in the freshman class, says a prospective teacher. Well we always say, "Flowers" for the beautiful, and Tom really thinks so.

It certainly isn't spring, but it looks that way to us. A good sign of it is the fact that the president of the sophomore class has gone "that way" about a certain senior femme.

It does our hearts good to see that some of our last year's couples are still going together this year. Maybe this clue will help you. The girl is still crazy about "Jim."

At first we thought that blonde senior man wasn't going for the women, as he hasn't seemed to be interested in a "steady" in past years; however, we're fooled again, as a freshman lassie seems to be taking up a lot of Jack's time.

It looks as if Donna wants to keep it in the family. Danny is doing a good job of "Ward"-ing

off a lonesome feeling that might come with the absence of a last year's soph.

Talk about love — this fellow must have it. If making long trips from the Western shore, and sending presents constantly, isn't a good sign of it — then we're terribly mistaken, and I don't think we are. Congratulations, little dark-haired girl.

If a certain junior athletic genius doesn't stop getting mail from the object of his affections in Annapolis, the people who put out mail will be working overtime.

Well, well, another couple from last year are still in evidence. Yes sir, giggling Fritzie still likes her George.

I wonder what the attraction down at Princess Anne can be. It must be a very nice one, for Wayne (and I don't mean Wayne King) has been making quite a few trips in that direction. What's the secret?

College offers nothing new in the way of romance for one of the Salisbury freshmen. None of the other girls can hold a candle to the old flame, can they, Dopey?

— And so ends the gossip for this time, but remember, you can never tell when ye ole reporter is around, and you might be the next to have your name in the Gossip Column.

The Class Of '41

"Where, oh where are the grand old seniors?" And the answer that all of us can sing is—

"Safe now in the wide, wide world!"

It is doubtful if all of the seniors felt "safe" when they had the degree of B.S. conferred upon them last June. Many were wondering where they would be when September, 1941, rolled around. Would there be sufficient positions for everyone? Would the boys be in war or in training?

Holding true to its record since 1936, the State Teachers College at Salisbury is proud that all its available 1941 B.S. degree graduates have been placed. Between 1936 and 1941 only two graduates have not been placed.

This year more of the graduates were placed in ANNE ARUNDEL COUNTY than in any other county. Those who are now teaching there are: Catherine Appleton, Olin Bedsworth, Awdrey Christopher, Dorothy Fogwell, Lucille Parks,

Shirley Powell, Marie Steffens, S. Goldy Tyler, Jr., Evelyn Vincent, and Barbara Willing.

The other counties having 1941 graduates as teachers are: BALTIMORE COUNTY, Sara Bradley, Edward Dougherty, Martha Ann Peters, Carroll Speck, and Maxine Johnson; CECIL COUNTY, Catherine Keilholtz; CALVERT COUNTY, Camilla Heins; FREDERICK COUNTY, Virgil Roberts; HOWARD COUNTY, Annabelle Dulin; MONTGOMERY COUNTY, Helen Johnson, Dorothy Newnam, and Kathleen Tilghman; PRINCE GEORGE'S COUNTY, Marjorie Wright; SOMERSET COUNTY, Alois Coughlin and Edward Hayman; and TALBOT COUNTY, Thelma Bowman.

Only two members of the class are in training. Charles Lavery left June 14 for camp and Eddie Bowen is an inspector of fruits and vegetables for the government at Camden, New Jersey.

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"WANTS TO BE YOUR CLEANER"

Alumni News

(Continued from page 8)

announce the winners of the contest: Miss Caroline Ebling is to represent 'Miss S. N. S.'; the senior with the highest scholastic standing is Miss Audrey Simpkins, while Miss Faith Clift was a close second to Miss Simpkins; Miss Virginia Horsey was chosen 'Most Literary'; Miss Susie Lee Spriggs, 'Most Beautiful'; and Miss Mary Corkran, the 'Best Athlete'.

No doubt, class of '32, you will desire to sing your class song which we reprint from the "Evergreen" of 1932—

Alma Mater, We Love You So
(Tune—Miami Moon)

Of all the world, that's lost in dreamland,
Where pine trees sway and evergreens are
growing,

We stand today, in memories so golden,
To say adieu, for we must be gone.

Our Alma Mater, we love you so,
The friends we've made here, will ever live;
And in our memories of these two years,
We'll e'er remember the joys and tears.
Oh, may your light forever shine,
Salisbury Normal, our Alma Mater.

—Mary Woolston

Attend Junior Class Assembly Program

Adele Somers, Georgia White, Ben Nelson, and Tom Hardy form a committee selected by the junior class to plan a program to be given in assembly early in November. Advance information concerning these plans point to a timely and an appropriate observance of American Education Week, which this year has the significant general theme "Education for a Strong America".

The reporter wonders in what way the juniors will work out this program, but he feels confident that it will be original, worthwhile, and entertaining. In short it will be one that all students (and faculty members) will want to attend.

Try Again

(Continued from page 13)

ing her advice I decided to turn over a new leaf and begin again. It was hard, especially with rat rules in full swing. But I stuck it out! Now I can say that I'm glad I did. It's just an example of the need for remembering "If at first you don't succeed, try again".

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The Harvest

Twenty years ago came harvest, the harvest of tears,
For where were gone the armies that fought so many years?
To the crosses on the hillside, where death had held his dance,
That year was tearful harvesting in the sacred fields of France.

Twenty years ago came harvest, the harvest of tears,
Twenty years followed, the harvest of fears.
Were we again to give Death a chance to hold his dance
On the hillsides, the sacred hillsides of France?
Virginia Gardner—'43

"Forward With Books"

Group I of the senior class, and the sixth graders of the campus school, have not waited for Book Week to begin to go "Forward with Books", the slogan announced for this year's observance of Book Week, November 2-8. It happened this way. The sixth graders decided early in September to go forward with a dramatization of the story of "Robin Hood", and they invited the members of the senior class in children's literature to share in their activity. The result was a five-act play given in assembly on October 8. All the work of the production was in the hands of joint committees composed of sixth graders and seniors.

Members of these committees from the senior class were: Dorothy Siddons, general chairman; Virginia Rose Vincent, and Agnes Martin, play writing; Augusta Heath and Carroll Walsh, rehearsal; Albert Atkinson, Doris Gross, and Dot Siddons, scenery; Ruth Brandon, Margaret Hornbarger, Phyllis Seese, and Marie Bounds, costumes; Marcella Smith, Doris McVey, Julia Jones, and Olie Horsman, properties.

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Mr. Hanna will personally teach the various classes in stringed instruments. Pupils are now being enrolled for the October 15 classes and both beginners and those of advanced training will be carefully taught in the Peninsula School of Music. Mr. Hanna will give students, children and adults a thorough study for musical talent without charge or obligation. Call for appointment.
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Benjamino

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Put These Dates On Your Fall Calendar

- Oct. 11—Homecoming of Alumni.
- Oct. 24—Dismiss at 12:05 P.M. for the State Teachers Association Meeting.
- Oct. 31—Hallowe'en Party.
- Nov. 7—A.A. Dance.
- Nov. 13—"Little Women" by Claire Tree Major Players.
- Nov. 19—12:05 P.M.—Thanksgiving Holidays Begin.
- Dec. 5—Freshman Formal.
- Dec. 10—Cooperative Concert—Ruth Draper.
- Dec. 19—12:05 P.M.—Christmas Holidays Begin.