

GIRLS EXTEND WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS OF TEACHING STAFF

Miss Virginia Harwood and
Mrs. Lena M. McLewee
Give Messages

It is with great pleasure that we welcome Miss Virginia C. Harwood and Mrs. Lena M. McLewee, our new mentors.

Miss Harwood is teaching courses in Education and is supervising practice teaching in graded schools. She is a graduate of the Virginia Intermont College, Bristol, Va., of the East Radford, Va., State Teacher's College, and has taken her M. A. at Teachers College, Columbia University. She has also acted as supervisor in Caroline and Frederick counties, and comes to us with highest recommendations from county and state school officials.

Mrs. McLewee is teaching courses in Education and is assisting with supervision of practice teaching in the rural schools. She is a graduate of Ypsilanti State Normal College, Michigan, and Teachers College, Columbia University. She has taught in elementary and in high school and in Teacher's College of Nebraska and Michigan.



MISS VIRGINIA HARWOOD

The staff wishes most sincerely to welcome to our school these two faculty members, and to say that every member of the student body stands ready to co-operate with them in whatever they choose to do for the betterment of the school.

"Greetings, faculty," say the students. Hear what the faculty says in reply:

MESSAGES FROM THE NEW FACULTY MEMBERS

I am more than pleased with Salisbury, the State Normal School, the teachers and the student body.

I consider it a great privilege to be permitted to work in a school as progressive as the Salisbury State Normal School.



MRS. LENA M. MCLEWEE

The rapid advancement that has been made in five years is most re-

ALUMNI, ATTENTION

Does the thought of Saturday, October 18, Home Coming date, gladden your hearts and at the same time make tears come to your eyes? Think of setting eyes on dear old S. N. S. once more! Imagine seeing the faculty. Think of being back in the kind, industrious, hospitable atmosphere that belongs only to S. N. S. Think of greeting the many classmates and friends. Memories of happy moments will be waiting for you here. You'll enjoy the following telegram from Miss Beulah K. Dixon, Alumni president, which gives plans for the Home Coming.

"Dear Editor: Home Coming October 18. Informal reception three p.m. Business meeting three forty-five. Dinner at school five thirty. Round table discussion seven. Informal dance nine. Urge attendance. Good luck."

Won't you come and help us make this day a wonderful success? We of S. N. S., both faculty and students, will be waiting for you with open arms.

MISS EDNA MARSHALL GRANTED LEAVE

Miss Edna May Marshall, Director of Practice Teaching and Instructor of courses in education subjects in our Normal School since its establishment five years ago, has been granted a year's leave of absence in order to pursue graduate work at Teacher's College, Columbia University. A part of her work will be to complete an experiment in Teacher Training which was carried on here at the Normal School during the years 1926-'27, 1927-'28 and 1928-'29, and continued in some of the Maryland counties with the co-operation of the superintendents and supervisors during the years 1928-'29 and 1929-'30.

Miss Marshall will also serve as a part time assistant in Normal School Education, working directly under Dr. W. C. Bagley (for whom our own Bagleian society is named), Dr. E. Evenden and Dr. Thos. Alexander. Dr. Fannie W. Dunn, whom students know as joint author with Miss Everett in "Four Years in a Country School," will be Miss Marshall's advisor throughout the year.

All members of the Carnean Society will be glad to know that during her stay in New York, Miss Marshall will live in an apartment with Miss Mabel Carney.

Miss Marshall hopes to summarize her findings by June, 1931, and in her own way to bring them back for the benefit of the Maryland State Normal School at Salisbury.

THANK YOU, SENIORS

Just a few words to thank the "big sisters" of S. N. S. for the excellent treatment they have given and are still giving to their Junior "little sisters." What would we have done without them? Perhaps we would have landed in the assembly hall for our meals! Would we ever have found our classrooms and such places? Well, at any rate they have helped us a great deal and we surely appreciate it. Let's hope that

Our Historic Eastern Shore



The Joshua Thomas Chapel at Deals Island showing the tombs of Father Thomas and of Captain Parks in the right foreground.

THE ISLAND PARSON

More than a hundred years ago there lived among the islands of the lower Chesapeake a devout parson whose name was Joshua Thomas. This man of God prayed so fervently and exhorted so powerfully that his fame spread throughout all the Bay country, and his name became a terror to the godless ones of that region. In his sailing canoe, "The Methodist," Parson Thomas carried the Gospel to all the fishermen on the widely-scattered islands, and toward the end of his long life was able to establish a church on Deals Island, the largest of the group. Worn out by his arduous labors, this old parson died soon after this church was built. His tomb today may be seen just a few feet from the doorway of this chapel, where he himself had begged to be placed, so that "he might hear the shouts of the saints at prayer."

This year, the eightieth anniversary of the founding of his church, has been a great pilgrimage to the chapel that he loved so well, and a great revival of interest in the facts of his life and work. Deals Island is having a home coming Memorial week and her children for miles around are flocking to the services in memory of Parson Thomas. Tangier has a whole week's meeting in her churches and pilgrims from as far as California have come home this first week in September, 1930. During the first two weeks of September more than 2000 persons have visited the Joshua Thomas chapel and have heard the facts of Parson Thomas' life as related from hearsay by old residents of the island.

Father Thomas, "the Parson of the Islands," was born on Potato Neck in lower Somerset county, August 30, 1776, and until he was thirty years old earned a meagre living as a fisherman on Tangier Island. In the summer of 1807 Lorenzo Don, the great evangelist, held a series of woods meetings on Tangier, and the young Joshua Thomas became an ardent convert to Methodism. The following year Thomas himself conducted great revival camp meetings on Deals and Tangier Islands, which beginning in 1808, lasted until 1814.

by next year we can be as good "big sisters" as the present Seniors have been to us! A JUNIOR

Parson Thomas seems to have no small gift of prophecy, and so great was his belief in the efficacy of prayer that many strange tales are told today of the miracles performed by the "praying parson." One is connected with the war of 1812 when the British, on their way to attack Baltimore, encamped on Tangier Island. Wood was scarce on the island and the soldiers, in their search for fuel, started to cut down the trees in the camp-meeting grove. Parson Thomas prayed fervently that these trees be spared, and pictured so luridly what would happen to those who destroyed them, that the soldiers dropped their axes and hurried away. As George Alfred Townsend has expressed it in his poem, "The Land of Pocomoke,"

"When Kedgis Straits the Torres swept
And Ross's camp fires hid in smoke
The sandy beaches of Tangiers
They plundered all the coast except
The camp the island parson kept
For praying men of Pocomoke."

Just before the attack was made on Baltimore, Parson Thomas preached to the soldiers exhorting them to give up the attempt, for he foresaw failure and the death of their leader, General Ross. After the battle, as the defeated British fleet sailed out of the bay, the soldiers sent word to Parson Thomas that it had all happened exactly as he had foretold.

Another incident illustrating the faith of "Father Thomas" is told in that quaint old book by Reverend Adam Wallace, "The Parson of the Islands." It was winter, and very stormy, and Parson Thomas was summoned to appear as an important witness in court. There was only one boat on the island that could make the trip to the mainland in such weather, and her skipper, Captain Parks, was so crippled with rheumatism that he had not left his house for months. Parson Thomas went to see Captain Parks, whom he found groaning in bed, and after informing him that he was to sail his boat to the mainland next day, returned home. All that night Father Thomas spent in prayer for Captain Parks' recovery and next day the captain was well enough to make the

(Continued on Page 2)

EIGHTY-FOUR JUNIORS REPRESENT FORTY- TWO HIGH SCHOOLS

Girls Come From Fourteen
Counties in Maryland, Del-
aware and Connecticut

Juniors, have you learned yet who is from where? Do you know that there are 84 girls in your class, girls representing 42 high schools scattered throughout the counties? Do you know that the student who has come the greatest distance from home this year is Miss Missouri Kendle, of Williamsport, Washington County? Do you know that the number of counties represented this year tops last year's list, which numbered only 14?

Well, in case you didn't know these things, and "have to be shown," below is a list of names and counties. Look it over and find out where your new friends' homes are!!

High Schools Represented in the Junior Class, 1930-'31

- Dorchester County
Vienna High School—Mary Virginia Brinsfield, Elizabeth Brinsfield, Georgia Fleming, Victoria Wheatley.
Hurlock High School—Sadie Calloway, Mary Corkran, Katherine Willoughby, Annabel Wootten.
Crapo High School—Maggie Jones, Hennie Pritchett, Mary Pritchett, Huldah Robinson.
Cambridge High School—Faith Clift, Erma Mitchell, Jeanette Robinson, Sara Robinson.
Hooper's Island High School—Dorothy Flowers.
East New Market High School—Margaret Jester, Lucy Parker, Mabel Spence.
Wicomico County
Delmar Md. High School—Irma Brewington, Gertrude Robinson, Margaret Sherwood.
Pittsville High School—Mary G. Davis, Alice Kelley.
Wicomico High School—Margaret Parker, Beatrice Parker.
Hebron High School—Pauline Downing, Lillie Hughes.
Mardela High School—Lucille Howard, Nellie Wright.
Nanticoke High School—Frances Insley.
Somerset County
Crisfield High School—Arlintha Cullen, Mary Virginia Horsey, Ruth Nickerson, Margaret Poleyette, Sara Tull, Mary Ward, Mary Woolston.
Marion High School—Eva Massey.
Deals Island High School—Norma Kelley.
Washington High School (Princess Anne)—Audrey Simpkins, Muriel Lively.
Caroline County
Preston High School—Emily Bryan, Ruth Voshell, May Willoughby.
Fedorburg High School—Elizabeth Butler, Ethel Jester.
Greensboro High School—Cathryn Cole.
Ridgely High School—Caroline Ebling, Virginia Holsinger.
Caroline High School—Dorothea

(Continued on Page 4)



The Holly Leaf



Published monthly during the school year by the Salisbury Normal School

Printed by the RHE PUBLISHING CO., DENTON, MD.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Elizabeth Wright
Mable Willis
Margaret McAllister
Margaret Laws
Edith Towers
Pocahontas Somers
Nellie Nordwall

Editor-in-Chief
Associate Editor
Literary Editor
Alumni Editor
Athletic Editor
Art Editor
Business Manager

Names of the Junior reporters will be published in the next issue.

SEPTEMBER, 1930

GOLD OR DROSS?

The beginnings of every new venture constitute a challenge to character. The majority of human minds crave sameness. They look to tradition and custom for a guide to conduct. They believe a thing should be done the way it has been done and that it is too hard work to evolve, by thinking, new and better ways, or, by experiment, to develop improvements over the existing order. Nor can they be happy under conditions to which they have not been accustomed. Adaptability, one certain index of the efficacy of an education, has not yet become an integral part of their nature.

These reflections are inspired by our observation of the reactions of some new students to the different environment in which they find themselves, as well as by the way some recent graduates feel about their new jobs. One would think that a girl who all her life has wanted to be a teacher, who has spent much time and money in preparation for her life career, and been assigned a desirable school would now be in the seventh heaven of delight. On the contrary, some are in the slough of despond. Their air castles are in danger of crumbling into dust. They would give their most cherished possessions to be back at Normal School. And here at school are some Juniors who think they want most of all things to be away from here, convinced in their own minds, at least, that they have chosen the wrong vocation. No matter how well balanced the diet, how plentiful the food, how temptingly cooked and charmingly served, there are those whose appetites fail them and who long to hear the sizzle of the old frying pan. Beds may be more restful, study rooms more attractive, teachers more considerate, companions more stimulating, living in general more healthful, but everything is different from the routine at home and at high school and oh, how we rebel against conditions that are different!

What is the trouble? Simply a natural inability to make the necessary adjustment to a new and strange environment. New ways of living, new modes of thinking must be acquired, new habits formed. These require effort, struggle, the will to conquer. Some humans are too lazy, or too selfish, or too indifferent, or too stubborn, or too narrow-minded, or suffer some other character defect, to make any serious attempt to control their own destiny. A jelly-fish floats lazily with the tide, but who wants to be a jelly-fish? Chaff is helpless before the wind, and if cast into the fire is destroyed. But gold is not consumed by the refiner's fire but is made purer, prettier, and more desirable. Strong natures profit by opposition, weak ones succumb. If you want to rise above the common level of mankind, you must learn to adjust yourself to your environment, and if it is not right, to mold it differently to meet your needs.

This, then, is a word of encouragement to the dissatisfied wherever they may be. Snap out of your despondency. Stop pitying yourself, and be thankful that you have an opportunity to meet new situations under conditions that promise most for your growth and development. React to anything that may be novel in the manner you would expect of a person of sterling worth. Don't be a quitter. Prove yourself real gold. Meet the highest expectations of your family and friends. Finish what you have begun and earn for yourself the satisfaction that comes from achieving a worthy goal. Thus will your "winter of discontent" be made the "glorious summer" of your dreams and ambitions.

W. J. HOLLOWAY

MISS RUTH

Who helps us drive away our tears
Who is the dear of our school,
Who teaches us the Golden Rule?
Miss Ruth.
Who cares for us when we are ill,
And makes us take that awful pill?
Miss Ruth.
Who watches us each nite and day,
And sees to us in every way?
Miss Ruth.

And makes us happy thruout the year?
Miss Ruth.
Whom do we love with all our heart
With whom would we not like to part?
Miss Ruth.

THE HOLLY LEAF

THE HANGER ON

What is a parasite? The dictionary tells us that it is a "hanger on" that attaches itself to another for sustenance.

The species are varied. Yet in principle they are alike, each trying to get the most with the least effort. Most of us have met the school parasite. He is the fellow who always wants to borrow our notebook or lesson plan; the fellow who wishes to get his work without any effort or thought expended on his part. He always comes with the most plausible excuses such as inability to obtain material, lack of time, and others too numerous to mention. These are the excuses given, but as a matter of fact the real reason is a general indifference eventually becoming a habit.

There is an old, old axiom to the effect "That as ye sow, so shall ye reap." Are we not on tenable ground when we apply this axiom to the school parasite? We believe that we are because it requires no great amount of reasoning to become convinced of the fact that the fundamental bases of real knowledge can be obtained only thru the honest effort of the individual.

WORTHY OF THE NAME

For five years the Seniors at the Salisbury Normal School have been "big sisters" to the incoming Juniors. They have made them acquainted with their new home. In a short time Seniors and Juniors have become one big family. At the head of this family has been, and still is, a most capable and loving "mother," Miss Ruth Powell.

This year, which has just begun, has opened in a splendid fashion. The Seniors have been, especially, commended for the way in which they have shown they are truly worthy of being called "big sisters." Not in name alone can one be a "big sister." She must show in every act that she deserves that name. She must be understanding, kindly and helpful. The Seniors have proved themselves worthy of the name.

FOREST PRESERVATION

Mr. H. N. Wheeler, Chief Lecturer of the U. S. Forest Service, stressed most emphatically the growing need of forest preservation on September 9 during the afternoon assembly. Mr. Wheeler was very ably assisted by Mr. Kenneth J. Sergrworth, District Forester. Through an illustrated lecture Mr. Wheeler explained that the preservation of our forests is not for the mere purpose of increasing the production of lumber; but rather it reaches into many fields. It means the protection of wild life, the assurance of an abundance of rainfall, increased fertility of the soil, and the retention of one of our natural beauties.

Mr. Weaver especially appealed to us as students of S. N. S. to take an active interest in forest preservation. This appeal was based on the fact that as teachers coming directly in contact with the future citizens of America we are offered an unrivaled field for creating within the mind of the child the paramount importance of this great work.

STUDENTS ENJOY MOVIE PROGRAMS

From year to year the students of Salisbury Normal School have found one of the most enjoyable features of normal school life to be the weekly "movie". This year being in no wise different from the preceding one, the incoming Junior class was given its first movie-treat on the opening night, Tuesday, September 2d. This movie took the form of a very interesting history of the school activities, from the first year of its existence, 1925, to the past year. Those who know say that this custom, yearly observed on the first night, has proven to be of great assistance in helping the new students to understand certain traditions and customs of the school and has always done much to make these same students feel more "at home".

With the showing of this picture, an extremely entertaining series of movies was launched. On the first Monday night students enjoyed a miscellaneous program of sports, travels, comedy, and feature. A similar program followed on the Monday after the second week-end, designed to rid the Juniors of "those home-sick blues"—if any.

During the second week of school, the usual Thursday night series of movies was started, the feature being "His First Command," starring William Boyd. On the following Thursday night, Constance Bennett and Neil Hamilton entertained in the feature picture, "Rich People." A week later was seen "Red Hot Rhythm," the stars of the production being Allen Hale and Josephine Dunn.

At the date of writing, no further engagements of pictures have been made. We may rest assured, however, that a year begun so auspiciously cannot be destined for anything other than the very best. From time to time, as bookings are made, the pictures will be announced. It is the desire of all concerned that the student body be a happy one, and for this reason is so much effort being made in this direction. With this in mind, let us attend the movies and enjoy them, knowing that we are thereby able to do better work!

THE ISLAND PARSON

(Continued from Page 1)

journey. Such was the power of the praying parson's prayer.

Today in the cemetery at Deals Island the tomb of Captain Jake Parks is at the foot of the praying parson's grave, and just across the road are two beautiful old trees. It was under these trees, so we are told, that Parson Thomas knelt so often in prayer.

The pilgrim to Deals Island today will find a very different church from the one which Father Thomas built, for fifty years ago a handsome modern building was erected. But just behind the modern church, in the midst of a beautifully kept cemetery, stands the plain white chapel, a monument to one of old Somerset's venerated pioneers. Here are kept, as the church's most precious possessions, the wheel chair and crutches of Father Thomas, for he was a cripple in later life. The most valued relic of all, however, is the praying parson's Bible, from which

ANTI-CLIMAX

One afternoon in the city of Wilmington, Delaware, two girls and I were sitting on a front porch wondering what we could do to pass the time away. Jane Wilkinson, one of the afore-mentioned girls, had lived in the city all her life. Mary Jones, the other girl, had been in the city three weeks spending her vacation there. I had been there a week and two days. During this time we had gone everywhere we could. That is why we were sitting on the front porch. We had run out of something to do.

Jane Wilkinson suggested we go to a place called Farnhurst, so we jumped in her car and rode thru the city out into the suburbs. A little farther on we came to a large building made of brick. We drove up, parked the car, and walked inside.

We walked slowly. A man who was dressed in white and had the name "Guard" printed on his cap met us.

He told us that we could go no further because we were in the violent ward.

I said, "We are in the violent ward of what?"

He replied, "Farnhurst, the insane asylum."

He told us we could go to the ward in the right wing of the building. We left that hall and went into one running to the right. There the first person we met was a man who stared in our direction for one full minute.

I decided to run, and turned to do so. Mary Wright had about an eighth of a minute start on me and was just getting up from one of the beds she had fallen over. We both cleared the door and a guard on the right hall at the same time. The other girl, Jane, could not run fast enough so she stopped, the man passed her by without so much as a glance, but continued to chase us.

We left the building, ran across the lawn on over a hedge fence, and entered a field, in which there were two trees, some shrubbery, and a few bushes at the end.

We looked back—only to see the man still coming! He came within a few feet of the trees, then stopped, and decided which one to choose. He picked the tree that Mary Wright was hiding behind. Mary saw him coming and tried to make it to the shrubbery, but fell. In a second the man was standing over her. She knew it and buried her face in her hands and started yelling at the top of her voice. The man stepped back and Mary quit yelling. The man stopped and struck her on the shoulder saying, "Tag! Now you are it."

he preached and exhorted, for many years, and which contains many entries in the island parson's own angular hand.

Deals Island is off the traveler's beaten path; the oyster shell road is crooked and dusty and the marsh tide is apt to submerge it at times. It is worth a trip there, however, to see the grave of the island parson and to witness the veneration in which his memory is held by the hundreds who annually visit his tomb.

Needed—an adding machine to count the points won by the Juniors against the Seniors in Volley Ball. So the Juniors say!

JUNIORS CHOOSE THEIR SOCIETIES

On September 9 there was quite a bit of excitement among the student body. The Juniors were excited about the society they would soon belong to. The Seniors were also very enthusiastic about the new members that were entering their society.

Both Carneans and Bagleans seemed to welcome each new member with the greatest joy.

Some Juniors wished to be Carneans and some wished to be Bagleans. We hope that each new member chose the society they longed for.

As Dr. Holloway called out the names of the new students, each one, after her name was called, went to the front of the room and chose a slip of paper. Inside this paper was the name of the society that she would belong to the rest of her time in normal school. When the student opened the slip and read the name of her society she took her place among the Bagleans or Carneans whichever she happened to be.

An onlooker could see a different expression on each face as the student read out her society. Some expressions were of joy, some of disappointment. But the few that were disappointed looked as though they would be loyal to either side they happened to choose.

We hope that every new member will do everything possible to bring her society out on top at the end of the season. We also hope that the struggle will be very close and hard between the two societies.



ELIZABETH WRIGHT
Editor-in-Chief

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

Slap! Slap! Slap!—From morning until night. "What is the matter?" Only a stranger in a strange land could have asked this question and yet have escaped with his head. Anyone within the normal zone would have cried piteously, "Need you ask?" The U. S. army of trained mosquitoes has attacked us. Our leisure time is spent in scratching, rubbing, and moaning for citronella and screens. Alas, alack, and woe to me!!!

Now—ah, now things are changed at the normal school. Happy smiles greet newcomers, who, if possessing sufficient powers of perception, ask, "What is the secret of your great happiness?" Thankful smiles and grateful words are wafted heavenward as the questioned student replies, "Miss Ruth has made possible what we called the impossible. Realizing what it means to try to study while slapping mosquitoes, she thoughtfully arranged for screens to be made for every bedroom in the house. You can readily see what a difference this would make in our dispositions. Of course the screens cost quite a sum, but Miss Ruth's motto is to 'Make Happiness for All.' She surely succeeded, didn't she?"

And heavenward rolls the answer, "Yea!"

CARNEAN

Pep is unleashed again! During the summer months he has been hibernating, but with the return of loyal Carneans, how could he remain asleep? Accordingly he graced the piano in the auditorium, surveying the first Carnean business meeting on Thursday, September 11. The usual business was transacted, new members were greeted, and participated in the election of officers. Our president, Miss Ottilie Baker, taking charge, we elected the following:



OTILLIE BAKER
President Carnean Society

Ruth Voshell, vice president
Wanda Vickers, secretary
Mary Frances Crowe, treasurer
This able corps of officers will be ably assisted by Mrs. Lucy W. Bennett, who has consented to again act as our faculty advisor. After the business meeting, the following program was presented and enjoyed:

Carnean songs, Florence Wimbrow, Virginia Buffett, Kathryn Harrison, Sue Jones.

Reading, Mary Frances Crowe
Piano solo, Margaret McAllister
Life of Mabel Carney, Kathleen Covey

Duet, Mary Frances Crowe, Mabel Willis
Reading, Dorothy Clow

As we adjourned, we decided that the best thing for the good of all Carneans will be to again crown Pep with the laurel wreath. Come on, Carneans; let's keep victory "in the family."

SHO' ECHO ACTIVITIES

The thirty-five members of the Sho' Echo Glee Club with Miss Gladys Feidler as sponsor and Miss Florence Wimbrow as president, are beginning, what seems to them, a most promising year. Already several programs of major significance to the school as well as to the club, have been arranged. A group from



FLORENCE WIMBROW
President Sho' Echo

the club will sing at the Knights Templar Ladies night banquet in the near future. On October 25 the entire glee club is going to Baltimore to sing before the Maryland

State Teacher's Association. They will also give an evening program of music in the normal school auditorium early in the winter to which the entire public will be invited.

THEY AIM TO PLEASE

"To be, or not to be—that is the question." In this case, the question debated upon is gloom. Do you enjoy a Home Circle? Would you rather air your troubles and woes and let them all blow away, or would you prefer to keep these same troubles locked up within, to breed discontent? Our Normal Home Association is an organization which does its best to decide us all in favor of "not to be." "Is it a success?" Of course it is. It could hardly be anything else, having all the good things it has within it. "What things?" Well, for instance, it has for members the "peppiest" group of girls in the United States; it has all the spirit of a good organization; it has Miss Ruth Powell to speak a word—several words—now and then, and last, but by no means least, it has four of the best officers obtainable anywhere. These are:

Edith Towers, president
Carolyn Ebling, vice president
Dorothy Clow, secretary
Sarah Robinson, treasurer
Do you think you will like our Home Association? We hope you will. "We aim to please."



EDITH TOWERS
President Home Association

SENIOR CLASS MEETS

On September the eighth Catherine Spry, president elect of the Class of 31, called the first meeting of the year. The new officers who were elected were Pauline Ellis, vice president, Maude Brannock, secretary, and Virginia Buffett, treasurer.

Realizing the busy year ahead of us, we discussed a few of the Senior activities for this year. The problem of paramount importance is our gift to the school, for it must be parallel in value with those presented in previous years. Salisbury Normal School has never yet been disappointed in her students and nineteen hundred and thirty-one shall not mark the beginning.



CATHERINE SPRY
President Senior Class

BAGLEANS

Let's go is our motto. Guess who we are. Why, Bagleans! Bagleans! We held our first meeting for the year 1930 in room 113 on September 11, 1930. First of all we re-elected our advisor of last year, Mr. Caruthers. He explained very fully the meaning of the society and what its duties were. After that we elected Dorothy Scott as vice president, Mollie Wheatley as secretary, and Hennie Pritchett as treasurer for the coming year. A program committee to make out the program for



POCAHONTAS SOMERS
President Bagleam Society

the first half year was appointed. It consisted of Misses Pauline Ellis, Almora Keyser, Caroline Ebling, Elizabeth Thomas, Dorothea O'Connor, and Katherine Willoughby. We were then entertained by "The Life of Dr. Bagley" by Edith Towers and the story, "The Red Piece of Calico" by Pauline Ellis. We adjourned with a high spirit of determination to win the laurel of victory in June, 1931 for Mickey, our ever faithful mascot.



PAULINE VAN PELT
President Y. W. C. A.

Senior Breezes

Have you completed your unit? I have four lesson plans to do tonight.

I have a date tomorrow night, if Miss Ruth will let me. Who are you going to have to the Home-Coming dance?

Editor's Note

The staff wishes to acknowledge its appreciation to the typists and to all, who have contributed to this issue.

REAL ATHLETES ARE NEVER IDLE

What a queer little box in the gym. Locked, too! Must be a regular Pandora box. "Better than that," says some tennis enthusiast, "it holds the names of the ones entering the tennis tournament." In a few days, a schedule posted on the gym bulletin board will show the tennis victor of Salisbury Normal School. Nothing to do? Just get into the game!

"What are those girls doing?" asked a Junior of the ever faithful big sis.

"Playing Badminton," replied the big sis. "Miss Helen Jamart is going to teach it in her physical education class and then put on a tournament for after dinner entertainment. The Seniors don't know much about it so you Juniors have a fine chance to show your ability."

Most of all of the high schools offer volley as an extra curricular activity. So does Salisbury Normal School. Pretty soon will be inter-class games and more inter-section games.

Not satisfied yet? Well, does Field Ball suit you? One of the biggest events of the year is the Junior-Senior Field Ball game. Seniors won last year. Who'll have their name on the cup this year? Juniors practice Tuesday, 3:45 and



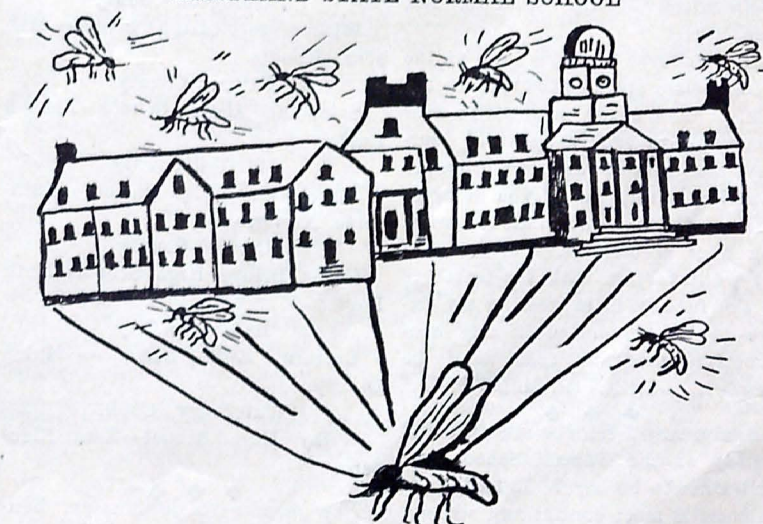
HELEN WIMBROW
President Athletic Association

Seniors Thursday, 3:45. "Practice makes perfect."

Some of the Juniors are so anxious to dance. The door of opportunity stands open. As soon as a convenient time appears, social dancing lessons will be given. Miss Helen Jamart gives her time for this. One night during the week, she also gives an hour of clogging lessons to anyone interested.

Longing for activity? Watch the gym bulletin board, and get in a game. Real athletes are never idle.

MARYLAND STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



S.N.S. takes a flight on the famous Zeppelin, Miss Mosquito.

HOLLY STICKERS

Better Soon

Senior: Why is a supervisor like Easter oil?

Junior: I'll bite, why?

Senior: You'll dread her, but after you take her and get it over with, you'll feel fine.

Sing, Seniors

When the supervisor fails to get off the bus at Grammar School, Senior II practice teachers who remain on the bus to go to the next school invariably sing, "When I pretend I'm gay, I never feel that way, I'm only painting the clouds with sunshine."

Less Dry

Miss M. (as it began to rain): I'll rush home. The material for my dissertation is right by an open window.

Mr. C.: Never mind, it will keep it from being so dry.

Are You Good in Anatomy?

An announcement recently heard in assembly was, "We are now ready to vaccinate all girls on the second floor."

A New Sea Food?

First Inst.: I ate delicious squab Saturday. Do you like squab?

Second Inst.: Really, I've eaten very little of your fish since I've been in Maryland.

Fish Stories

Miss F. had just related a story of a marvelous catch of fish in the Wicomico River to Mr. R.

Mr. R.: Now Miss F., I made a similar catch recently in the Nanticoke. I had a trout on my line, but it went overboard before I could get it. It weighed exactly 15 pounds.

Miss F. (with eyes and mouth open): But, Mr. R., how in the world do you know how much it weighed if you didn't get it off the line?

Mr. R.: It had scales.

When we told a Junior to eat a piece of pie, she asked "Is it compulsory?"

Juniors: Kindly take notice—it's always "lemon."

Love your roommate, but don't let her open your letters.

MESSAGES FROM THE NEW FACULTY MEMBERS

(Continued from Page 1)

markable. This could not have been accomplished, I am sure, without the co-operation of the students and teachers.

The students that are here at the present time are no exception to the rule. I have never met with a finer group. With such a spirit of courtesy, helpfulness and devotion to your ideals that all of you seem to possess, there is no limit to what you may accomplish.

I want to join with the members of the faculty in expressing my desire to be of service in any constructive program that may be adopted. LENA M. McLEWEE

Again, may I tell the students and faculty of the Normal School how glad I am to be here? Indeed, your welcome is most cordial and sincere. It seems that the architectural pine-

apple over the front doorway and the bayberry shrubs on the lawn are not only symbols of, but are, actual forces of hospitality and friendliness.

It seems that there are many attractions here for the newcomers as well as the older residents. It is surprising to know how many members of the faculty have been in the institution since its beginning. These people do not seem to tire of the comfortable and attractive buildings and grounds, the close contact of a smaller faculty and student group, the continuous work and play that make up the passing days. Newcomers seem to catch the fine spirit of these people and become either seriously happy or frivolously sober as the occasion requires.

I am wondering if this is a place where the inevitable work and pleasure, discomfort and joy, run so smoothly together that Balzac would have us say that "We exaggerate misfortune and happiness alike. We are never either so wretched nor so happy as we say we are." VIRGINIA C. HARWOOD

Eighty-Four Juniors Represent

Forty-Two High Schools

(Continued from Page 1)

O'Connor, Louise Seeders, Mary Anna Wyatt.

Worcester County
Ocean City High School—Lola Birch, Catherine MacTavish, Catherine Williams.

Buckingham High School (Berlin)—Mary E. Davis, Dorothy Scott.
Pocomoke High School—Margaret Johnson.

Snow Hill High School—Anna Jones, Mildred West.

Stockton High School—Rachel Lang.

Queen Anne's County
Centreville High School—Agnes Golt.

Sudlersville High School—Kathryn Sudler.

Tri-County High School (Queen Anne)—Mary Virginia Sherwood, Anna Wood.

Anne Arundel County
Arundel High School (Millersville)—Alma Erickson.

Glen Burnie High School—Ada Owens, Anna Metta Pridham, Blodwin Shipley.

Talbot County
Cordova High School—Kathryn Geib, Stella Hutchison.

Eastern High School—Leila Sechrist.

Cecil County
Cecil County High School (Elkton)—Rebecca Biddle.

Howard County
Lisbon High School—Ryda Crook.

Washington County
Williamsport High School—Missouri Kendle.

Calvert County
Solomons High School—Thelma Lusby.

Harford County
Jarrettsville High School—Katherine Norris.

Carroll County
Union Bridge High School—Ruth Fogle.

Baltimore City
Eastern High School—Mabel Diekey.

Waterbury, Conn.
Wilby High School—Rose Rieupero.

New Senior—Essie Massey, Laurel High School, Laurel, Delaware.

Once every week the children in the first and second grades have a "Story Hour." During this period children read stories, parts of stories, and poems. Often they dramatize stories and have puppet shows. At this time of the year children in the first grade do not read so they sing songs and tell stories they have heard or made.

The following stories were told during the second "Story Hour":

One time a little cat was sitting in the yard. A little mouse came creeping along. This mouse was a little bit afraid so it went back. The cat was looking and started after him. When the mouse ran into the hole, the cat started after it and stuck his head into the hole. And he could not get it out. The mice didn't like him in there so they took a tin shovel and started to dig it out. The cat said, "Thank you. I will go back and bring you some cheese." "TED" WHITE

A little pig was sitting in the yard eating grass. A dog came along and bit his tail off. Little pig squealed. JACK BRYAN

A little boy was eating his supper. A lady put a box down beside him. He opened it. What do you think was in it?—A Jumping Jack! CHARLES WHITE

Once there was a little girl. She had a flower garden. One day she forgot to water the flowers. Her mother was cross. Then the little girl did not forget any more. She always watered the flowers after that. ANNE HOLT

Once there was a little boy. He sat down behind the grass and started to think what to do. He started to walk along and met a dog and a cat. Then they all started to walk along. By and by they came to a house. There were so many people in the house that they were afraid and ran away. They never came back again. BILLY ALLEN

Grade 1

Autumn
Golden Autumn has come at last, With blustering winds moving fast, With flitting leaves all red and gold, Gifts for people, young and old. In its wealth of delicious fruit Surely this season must suit.

Grade 4

My Vacation
Would you like to know what I did during my vacation? I took a trip to Western Maryland to visit my cousins. I saw beautiful grass-covered mountains. I enjoyed playing some new games and also went riding many times. That was a real vacation for me.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Grade 3

Circus Day
I will never forget Circus Day. Twenty-five children in our room brought excuses to attend it that

PUBLISHED BY NORMAL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—Margaret Townsend
Asst. Editor Ruth Long
Rep. Pri. Room..... Gladys Allen
Rep. Inter. Room..... Audrey Stewart
Rep. U. G. Room..... Robert Atkinson

afternoon, so Miss Riall dismissed us at noon and we all went. I saw many interesting sights. The menagerie was wonderful. There were many elephants, two humped camels, growling lions, spotted leopards, tigers, barking seals, hyenas, monkeys, and an enormous hippopotamus. Tom Mix with his favorite pony Tony rode round the ring several times. I enjoyed the funny clowns and their tricks, too. That was a good circus.

MARY ANNE BLOXOM
BETTY HANDY

Grade 3

There are thirty-one children in the third and fourth grades this year. Some children moved away and we surely do miss them. But we have some new ones to take their places, and are very fond of them now. AUDREY STEWART

Grade 4

My Trip to Hog Island, Virginia

One morning very early I awoke to find every body up bustling around getting dressed. I was wondering where they were going when mother came in and told me they were going on a boat trip to Hog Island, Virginia.

We went in the car as far as Exmore, Virginia; then we went to see my cousin in the country. Mr. Elzey, two of my cousins and I took the food to the boat, before the others came. The boat ride was about 18 miles. The day was a very clear one so we didn't mind that. When we were in the middle of the bay where it was very rough because the Inlet came in there, we stopped and fished. As we didn't catch anything we started again.

We arrived at Hog Island about a half hour later. We ate our lunch before we went to see the lighthouse. The walk was not far but we saw some interesting things. There were altogether about three cars on the island. The people did not have licenses or license tags on their cars. One car had tags but they were 1928. When we got to the lighthouse no one was around so we had to send some one to find somebody. The government built the keepers of the lighthouse very nice brick houses with nice front and back yards.

When the keeper came I went up first. It was a long tiresome walk but we got to the top at last. When I went outside I could see all around the island. To the right was the bay. To the left was the ocean and farther down was the Inlet. Going down somebody counted the steps and there were 243 steps. The keeper said the height was 198 feet.

When we got down again we went to the ocean side. The ocean was beautiful. I heard one lady say that when she was down here 35 years ago the ocean was a quarter of a mile farther out than it is now. Right now it is washing clear

up in the woods. We went wading down the beach to see the old lighthouse, the bricks of which had been brought from England a long time ago. We all got a brick to bring home; then we went to the boat.

We stopped and fished on the way back and I caught three fish. It surely was fun pulling them in.

We didn't start home until late but I didn't mind that because I had enjoyed the boat trip so very much.

MARGARET TOWNSEND

Grade 7

My First Attempt at Miniature Golf

On many occasions I have watched the playing of miniature golf, but have not had the pleasure of being one of the players. Daddy, my uncle, and I went out on the Ocean City road to play. There were 18 holes and each hole we had to make in two or three. Some of the holes were difficult and others were easy. It seems that some of the difficult holes could be made in less strokes than the easy ones. I made all 18 holes in 76. Don't you think that was a good score for the first time?

PHYLLIS WILLIAMS

Grade 8

A Trip to the Statue of Liberty

There was one day that I especially enjoyed while I was in New York. It was Wednesday morning when all of a sudden I awoke and heard Lorraine, the little girl with whom I was staying, calling, "Ruth! Ruth! Wake up! We are going to the Statue of Liberty today."

It was nine o'clock when we started and at ten o'clock we were on the little boat that was to take us to the statue. We bought something to eat and drink. By the time we had finished we were at the statue.

It was an excellent day. The sun was shining brightly and the sky was extremely blue. We got off of the boat and went straight to the statue. It was very hot there. Nevertheless we started climbing. Stairs after stairs we climbed! They were so winding and narrow that only one person at a time could go up. But at last there we were, way up at the top. There was an odd little window out of which we looked. When I looked down, the people appeared to be gay little insects crawling about.

After we had some fresh air, we started down. There were 365 steps to go down as well as to go up. Just as you might expect, the elevator was broken and we couldn't go down in it. At last we got down but the boat had not come so we climbed the stairs again. What an exciting time! The boat was ready to leave when we got down. If we had been a minute later we would have been left. At half-past five we started home.

I'll leave it to you to imagine how we felt the next day after climbing 730 steps and coming down the same amount.

RUTH LONG

Grade 6