



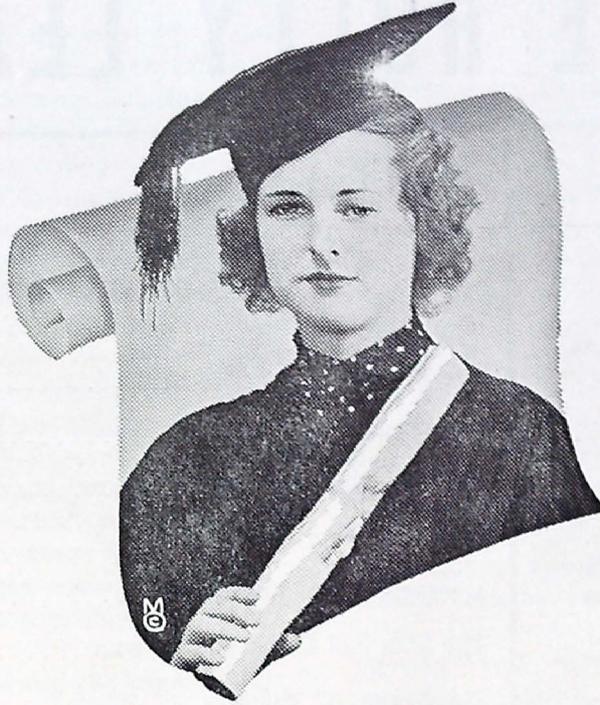
# The Holly Leaf

COMMENCEMENT ISSUE

May 1941

Volume 1, No. 4

State Teachers College  
Salisbury, Md.



### *The Class of '41*

Four years ago,  
They came from Somerset,  
Worcester, and Wicomico.  
Some, too, they say,  
Wandered this way  
Happy, from homes across the Bay.  
Yet, interests and visions were lacking, it seemed,  
And the depth of life's purpose, they never had  
dreamed.

Four years—and now we find  
A class, united in intent and mind.  
A class, yet individuals in thought and deed,  
Ready, each a teacher's task to heed,  
With knowledge, poise, and techniques, too,  
They'll further FREEDOM for me and for you.

—Anonymous.



# THE HOLLY LEAF



Volume 1

Number 4

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## The BEGINNING Or The End?

Commencement! To the millions of young people graduating from one school or another, the significance of Commencement is being fully realized, perhaps, for the first time. To the more hallow, it means the end of a college career. To those who think more deeply, it means the beginning of greater and more lasting responsibilities.

However, whether it is viewed as a commencement or as an ending, graduates of 1941, facing world crisis, need to look into the future with courage and faith. And indeed, they do! Theirs is not a blind faith, but one in which they face a changing civilization and still are able to say, "It's my world; it's my life! May I have the courage to do my best for God, humanity and myself."

It is the duty and the privilege of colleges everywhere to plant these feelings in the hearts of young people. Theirs is the honor of lighting, for each student, education's supreme gift — the torch of inspiration.

We, at S. T. C., who are facing the present day world, say to you who compose the faculty that you have kindled in our hearts an undying torch — one of inspiration, courage, faith, and truth.

## An Appeal

Friends of the State Teachers College at Salisbury will be delighted to learn that by September, 1941, all requirements for the full accrediting of the State Teachers College at Salisbury by the American Association of Teachers Colleges, with the following exception, will have been met.

The college must have 12,750 separate volumes in the library in order to be fully accredited by the accrediting agency. It now has but 8,750 of such volumes. In view of the fact that the college needs 4,000 additional volumes and in view of the fact that it has sufficient funds for the purchase of 3,000 volumes, your cooperation in the securing of the additional 3,000 volumes is requested.

It has been suggested that friends of the college be given an opportunity to donate either new or used books. Used books needing it, will be mended as a part of the college book binding project. The name of the donor will be placed in the front of each book.

If you desire to comply with this suggestion, you should so advise Miss Grace Strickland, Librarian, at the State Teachers College.

MAY 1941

## Letter to the editor

I'm mad!! And, there's something I gotta say. (Others may not agree, but, at least, I can get "this something" out of my system, for the time being anyway.)

I've just come from the movies; before the second show began something went on that I have never seen before in a public place!! Girls, in uniform, passed around pails and asked for money contributions — to "Help Greece, a drop in the bucket of European Blood!" That's the way Melvyn Douglas (who made this "give" plea from the screen) phrased it. People gave, too; there was a continuous clink of money — silver money, not just pennies — until the reel began to roll.

What was on this reel? On it were the seeds of patriotism and hate, the seeds of "we groups" and intolerance, the seeds of war and mass hysteria. One reel showed postoffice authorities burning (and we're going to continue to burn, they say) Russian, Japanese, and German smuggled propaganda. A following reel showed more propaganda, a different kind, a kind Americans are "eating up," "falling for."

The screen shows and a voice tells us what America is doing — how we are equipping and training our Army and Navy, how fast generators of power and production are turning around; telling us that we are ready, rather will be ready, for what may come. I'm bold enough to say, moreover, what is coming! Today, Americans have already decided what side they're on; already America is training her men; right now, Americans are being weaned from peace. I ask you; what can be the outcome?

The climax of it all was the main feature, "Nice Girl?"!! Cleverly war and war preparations are being made glamorous, honorable to the public.

Isn't there something somebody can do to stop all this? Has everybody forgotten that we are building, this very second, those anti-social, anti-economic "things" we spent years learning how to prevent, namely, depressions and future wars? All this makes me clench my fists and stomp my feet in pent up and helpless rage.

Signed,

Georgia White,  
 Class of '43

# Another Year

C. Edwin Kemp, Class of '44

Another year is drawing to a speedy close—and what a year! Yes, it's a freshman talking—but it is a very changed freshman. A freshman with so many new ideas that it is difficult to realize which is the greatest.

Upon entering S. T. C., I had already formed many queer ideas about college and college life. These had been based on experiences in high school and stories related, and no doubt enlarged, by college students. Regardless of fact or better judgment, I went about basing my actions and opinions upon these forerunning impressions. The result—a very bad beginning for an important and new chapter in my life.

Several incidents followed which completely revised my ideas and opinions. Similar incidents happened to more than half of the freshmen—so I was not alone.

I look ahead—with **regret**—that this school year must end. It has taught me so much, scholastically and otherwise. To the school about which I talk so much, I now joyously join the singing, "On State Teachers, On State Teachers,—"

Of course, this year has been no "bowl of cherries." The work, if you do what you are supposed to, was hard—especially hard for a graduate of a large high school where individual attention was lacking and where "getting by" was very easy.

The subject matter was necessarily different, and the adjustment was hard. But—it can be done!

It may seem funny that I am "eating my own words" but that is just how I feel. After I have at last awakened to the actualities of college, it would be cold-blooded not to give due credit to our school.

The faculty presents another problem to a freshman. In class it is "Mr. Jones" and "Mr. Smith" and outside of class they act as if they were one of the students. When you thought of college "profs" as old, bearded master-minds and when you find them as they are here—well, it takes your breath!

So—to a college who teaches you life and how to live it, as well as lessons, it's hats off and flags up—after a year of real learning, living, and experiencing, received and encountered the hard way. S.T.C., here's wishing you more goals won in the future!

To the juniors, especially, and to the under classmen, we, the seniors, wish to state that we are grateful for the many opportunities afforded us at S. T. C. for academic, professional, social, and spiritual development. Four years here have made the phrase **Alma Mater** a significant one to us. May you find the joy in work and in play that has been our privilege.

—The Senior Class

## Dear Seniors,

How can years of friendship be expressed in a few short sentences? How could a verse of poetry bring out our feeling? So rather than try to state words of wisdom I choose to write the simple message of our hearts.

It's grand to know you, "grand old seniors". There've been great times for all of us. And more great times will come in the future because there will never really be a separation for **you** and **us**. In fact, we think of this as merely another course—a course that requires **you** to contact people outside. Remember, **seniors**, if this course ever gets "stiff," and you need a lift, we stand by.

This isn't a goodbye; it's only "see you later". So off with you, **seniors**, and don't forget to smile! Sincerely yours,

William Newcomb,  
President, Junior Class.

P.S.—Don't forget to come to see us—often!!

## Looking Forward!

The boys and girls of the Campus Elementary School who are looking forward, eagerly and brightly, to graduation include: Richard Allen, Elodie Beale, Donald Bounds, William Bryan, John Dulany, Elmer McDonough, Elizabeth Edwards, Alice Ernst, Patty Hurdle, Adele Larmore, Rod McLennan, Kitty Meise, Mary Jane Nock, Lay Phillips, Jack Purnell, Jack Robins, John Tilghman, and Samuel Tilghman.

Success to you in your high school days!

# The Story of Caps and Gowns

Few of us ever think of the origin or growth of any of the customs observed at Commencement time for the reason, perhaps, that every year the same traditions are carried on.

Had **you** ever wondered why we wear caps and gowns? When they were first used? The significance of them?

To trace the history of academic robes would be to go back seven centuries to the Europe of the 11th and 12th centuries, at a time when there was a revival of learning in some of the universities. At this time, the term **Bachelor** described the apprentice as compared with the master. Of course, **laster**, denoted the master workmen. But as to the time when the title of **Doctor** became superior to master, we are uncertain; however, through a process of growth and evolution, it has come to mean the "highest degree of learning".

The dress of the people at this time, naturally, was quite different from ours. It was their custom for everyone, from royalty to layfolk, to wear long, flowing, full-sleeved robes. Rank was shown by the colorful trimmings and the kind of material. These gowns were always accompanied by a cloak with a cowl-like appendage at the back which they sometimes pulled over their heads for protection from the wind and weather.

The exact origin of the cap is unknown, but an anonymous poet in 1564 wrote a poem entitled

"The Ballad of the Caps", in which he described the headdress of the sailor, the lawyer, and the tradesman. About them, he said:

"Any cap, whate'er it be  
Is still the sign of some degree."

The academic cap was described in this way:

" 'Tis square like scholars and their books:  
The rest are round, but this is square,  
To shew that they more stable are."

Therefore, we may say that during the early years of the medieval universities, scholars wore the same kind of clothing as everyone else—gowns, hoods, and caps. When the fashion changed, the scholars kept their original styles because, they said, "it is honorable and in accordance with the reason that clerks to whom God had given an advantage over the lay-folk in their adornment within, should likewise differ from the lay-folk outwardly in dress."

We, in the United States, as a result of our English heritage, have used this type of academic dress since colonial days. About 1885 students in America expressed a desire to wear these caps and gowns at Commencement ceremonies. They felt the need for this uniform, significant, and dignified apparel. Soon this custom was adopted and, since then, caps and gowns have been the traditional dress on these occasions.

## Placement of Seniors

More than fifty percent of the members of the senior class have already been employed in the elementary schools of Maryland for 1941-42. The demand for Salisbury graduates is indicated by statements from a county superintendent following his visit to S. T. C. for the purpose of selecting teachers for the schools of his county:

"Because of the fine results we have had from our teachers in the past, I came to the Salisbury State Teachers College first. I do not believe I have selected all of the good teachers you have, although I have tried to select the best. I believe I could have selected most anyone on the list and we gotten a good teacher. I want to compliment you and your faculty for the sincere effort you are making to turn out fine teachers for the State of Maryland."

Placements to date for 1941-42 follow:

Anne Arundel County: Catharine Appleton, Olin Bedsworth, Dorothy Fogwell, Lucille Parks, Shirley Powell, Marie Steffens, Goldy Tyler, and Barbara Willing.

Baltimore County: Sara Bradley, Alois Coughlin, and Carroll Speck.

Montgomery County: Helen Johnson, Dorothy Newnam, and Kathleen Tilghman.

The following members of the senior class will return to counties from which they have secured leaves of absence in order to complete the requirements for the B. S. degree at S. T. C.: Pauline Van Pelt, Frederick County; Marie Markley, Harford County; Kathleen Sharp Turner, Talbot County; Mabel Dickey, Prince George's County.

## What Others Think

Students and alumni of S.T.C. will probably be interested in knowing what a fellow educator thinks about our college. The other day we had an opportunity to get a very candid opinion from one of the leading school administrators of the Eastern Shore.

In his talk before the faculty Monday afternoon, May 5, Superintendent Carlson of Somerset County outlined three bases on which he said he and his supervisors make their selections of teachers and by which they also judge the training institutions from which their teachers come. These are: (1) a solid grounding in subject matter; (2) a strong and fully developed personality; and (3) a comprehensive philosophy of education.

Referring to the teacher training offered at S.T.C., Mr. Carlson said that he was pleased to find the first of these requirements supplied by the junior college curriculum. To show how our college had supplied personality training and a

desirable philosophy of education, Mr. Carlson cited several specific cases which he said had come under his observation both as a principal and as a superintendent.

Equally gratifying were the remarks of Mr. Carlson in the latter part of his talk with regard to the cooperation of S.T.C. and the schools of Somerset County. He stated that he was glad to have our student teachers work in his schools. He also expressed his appreciation of the cooperation of our college in promoting both forensic and physical education programs in the public schools of his county. In concluding, Mr. Carlson made a special point of expressing to Dr. Matthews his appreciation, and that of his high school teachers, for the series of lectures in the "Teaching of Reading in the Content Subjects."

Shouldn't we feel proud of this report? We should perhaps do more to extend the sphere of our cooperation with the public schools.

## The Spring Music Festival

In observance of National Music Week the College Elementary School held its annual "Spring Music Festival" on Tuesday, May the sixth. From the beginning of the school year, the demonstration training teachers guide the pupils in building up a repertoire of songs. Not infrequently creative work, usually a song or dance, grows out of the program of music.

The latter was especially true with the musical work in the upper grades. Just a few Mexican songs, with a little Spanish influence, set the stage for a fine exhibition of the "Tango" by Bill Bryan and Ann Kuhn, accompanied quite effectively by the use of castanets, moroccos, and marimbas. The atmosphere was one of old Spain with a background of grilled balconies and beautiful laughing señoritas. The keynote struck by the introduction of this new element has added unexpected zest to the musical activities. Everyone is doing it — the tango, I mean.

In strict contrast to this, the fifth and sixth grades of Miss Weant's room displayed a varied skill by using Chinese songs, negro spirituals, and

Kentucky mountaineer songs. If variety is the "spice" of life, then these pupils were "well-seasoned", for monotony was not present at all. As a special feature, the flute band played five selections, using solos in some of the numbers. No, not real flutes, but toy ones, such as those used in the elementary schools of the East.

The first, second, third, and fourth grades expressed many times the feeling of spring in their light folk songs and waltzes. Not to be overshadowed by the upper grades, the rhythm band of the first and second grades played two selections. In this way, they, too, have interpreted music and expressed themselves.

Without doubt, the "Music Festival" this year expressed more variety, more life, and more "spring activity" than ever before. The eagerness of the children, who were skillfully guided by teachers, student teachers, the music director, Miss Margaret Black, and athletic director, Miss Helen Jamart, has made this a Music Festival long to be remembered.

## The 1941 Commencement

To the strains of the stately Coronation March played by the College Orchestra, graduates of 1941 will take their places on the stage in the State Teachers College auditorium, on Monday, June the second.

Immediately following the processional, the invocation by the Reverend John M. Donohoe will be given. A regular part of the annual Commencement program, the College Glee Club, will sing two selections: "Clouds" by Charles, and "By the River Glomen" by Grieg.

Members of the graduating class of the sixteenth annual Commencement will be highly honored by the presence of The Honorable Herbert O'Connor, Governor of the State of Maryland, who will present the address of the day.

Dr. T. J. Caruthers, Director of Teacher Education, will present the senior class to Dr. J. D. Blackwell who will confer the Bachelor of Science degrees, and present merit awards to those students who have won them.

To conclude the program, the faculty and guests, the thirty-three seniors, and the audience will sing the "Alma Mater" by Miss Margaret Black.

Following the pronouncement of the benediction by Father Donohoe, the graduates will leave as the orchestra plays the recessional.

Many members of the State Board of Education have been invited to the Commencement exercises.

Those seniors who will receive Bachelor of Science degrees are:

Anna Catharine Appleton, Olin Ross Bedsworth, Edward Farrell Bowen, II, Thelma Elizabeth Bowman, Sara Ellen Bradley, Awdrey Calvin Christopher, Mary Alois Coughlin, Mabel Swann



HERBERT R. O'CONNOR

Dickey, Alexander Edward Dougherty, II, Annabelle Gertrude Dulin, Dorothy Christine Fogwell, Edward Algie Hayman, Camilla Elizabeth Heins, Helen Marie Johnson, Maxine Helen Frances Johnson, Catherine Erma Keilholtz, Charles Lincoln Lavery, Ethel Marie Markley, Emily Collins Morris, Dorothy Mary Newnam, Lucille Callena Parks, Martha Ann Peters, Shirley Marie Powell, Virgil Evelyn Roberts, Carroll Lee Speck, Marie Elfriede Steffens, Kathleen Frances Tilghman, Kathleen Sharp Turner, S. Goldsborough Tyler, Jr., Pauline Cornelia Van Pelt, Mary Evelyn Vincent, Barbara Ann Willing, Marjorie Cooper Wright.

## The Social Seniors

Fun, as well as serious matters, culminated college days for the seniors! The month of May was filled with trips thither and yon, and with social events of all kinds.

Educational trips were enjoyed along with those in a lighter vein. The trip to the Delaware schools to observe their musical program, the trip to the Princess Anne Academy, a visit to the Nursery School—all these were combined with a two-day jaunt to the Upper Shore for a few seniors, the Junior Prom, refereeing, parties, picnics, and other social gatherings for all.

Last days at college found yet a few more events on the senior social calendar.

Eight o'clock, May 17, will find bright, eager-eyed (?) seniors on the steps of S. T. C. waiting to be conveyed to Crisfield. When they arrive at their destination at nine o'clock, it will be to wait again for conveyance—but this time by boat—to the islands of the lower Chesapeake Bay. On their return, we predict that sunburned seniors will tell of iced soft drinks, delectable lunches, swimming, and other delights of their trip.

The Senior Ball on May 30, as always, brings thoughts of rhythm, soft lights, and dancing—a real night to live long in memories!

The traditional buffet supper at which Dr. and Mrs. Blackwell will be hosts to the senior class will be given on Sunday evening after the Baccalaureate Service.

To these and other events which will occur along the way, seniors are looking forward with a great deal of anticipation!

## Thoughts Worth Saving

Gleaned from Special Addresses and Activities on  
And Around The Campus.

March 22—A comment heard around the halls after the visit of Mr. Glenn Gildersleeve when he demonstrated the sound mirror, which so faithfully reflected the tone of the voice: "It sounds like everybody else but it doesn't sound a bit like me."

March 29—On All-High-School-Seniors-Day, all students, especially the class of 1941, demonstrated understanding of the symbolic meaning of the carved pineapple decorating our portals: friendship, gracious hospitality, and good cheer.

April 4—Capt. Victor H. Harding, in his address "Education and Preparedness" at the Regional Meeting of Maryland State Teachers' Association said: "If America means nothing to you, at least do not destroy the faith of youth . . . It is the right of the youngest citizen to say, 'I AM AN AMERICAN'."

April 16—"Art Grows With the American Way" was the general theme of the Eastern Arts Association Convention held at Pennsylvania Hotel in New York City. Outstanding artists, including Simon Moselsio, sculptor, and Eliot O'Hara, noted water color painter, were among the speakers during the four day session. After attending conference groups, in which there was a close relationship between the nature of art and ideals of democracy, Miss Henrietta Purnell returned to S. T. C. feeling that she had been "highly inspired."

**Editor's Note:** Creative expression, in all its phases, is emphasized in the Campus School. The following is an attempt by a fourth grade child.

One day while playing on the lawn,  
I heard an awful clatter;  
It made me look up in the sky  
To see what was the matter.

There were airplanes flying  
As far as I could see;  
But I did not have to run and hide  
In this land of liberty.

—Mary Louise Stevens.

State Teachers College - Salisbury, Maryland

### COMMENCEMENT ACTIVITIES

May the thirtieth to June the second, 1941

Friday, May Thirtieth:

9:00 P. M. . . . . Senior Ball

Saturday, May Thirty-first:

4:15 P. M. . . . . Informal Tea

5:30 P. M. . . . . Senior Dinner

6:30 P. M. . . . . Presentation of Gift  
—Class of 1941

7:00 P. M. . . . . Induction of Seniors  
into Alumni Association

Sunday, June First:

3:00 P. M. . . . . Baccalaureate Sermon  
Auditorium

5:30 P. M. . . . . Senior Buffet Supper  
President's Home

Monday, June Second:

11:00 A. M. . . . . Commencement  
Auditorium

### So They Say

In the fall all the seniors who can, I am told  
Try to fill all the freshmen with fear;  
But their dignity wanes and their high rank as  
well

Many days 'fore the end of the year.

From the way that they talk you would think  
not a one

Of the seniors did other than work,  
But if someone would enter their study-room  
door

He would find there that mischief doth lurk.

The problems of teaching they cannot refrain  
From expounding whenever they may,  
For they never remember that dim yester-year  
When the work of the "Frosh" wasn't play.

Although it may seem that these terms are quite  
cruel

They cannot be wholly unjust,  
But a few years from now when we gain their  
state

'Twill atone for harsh words about us.

—Ellen Page Libis

## VIBRATIONS

May Day is over and gone! For weeks the music department, and others as well, was busy getting ready for this festivity. Corridors hummed with comments from both students and faculty members, who had all they could do to "find the crown". Now, another great event is dawning—commencement. At this time, thirty-three seniors will be awarded the sheepskin for which they have worked four long (or were they short?) years. At the commencement exercises, the Glee Club will sing two selections, "By The River Glommen" and "Clouds". This year the College Chorus loses fifteen members.

Not only has the business of getting ready for graduation kept several seniors busy, but also the fact that the quartet, trio, soloist, and music director have been "barnstorming" with the President at some of the high schools on "the shore". They have had very exciting times and though the same program becomes monotonous after repeating it two or three times a day, they still have fun picnicking at lunch time. Those left in college will often wonder what those out "gallivanting" are doing. It is rumored that they have already had a couple of flat tires, not counting those in the station wagon, of course. Then there's the time the songsters were locked on the stage. Wasn't that in Cambridge? I've often been warned of going there because sometimes they "keep" people, at, for the life of me, I don't see why they wanted to keep them in a school. By the way, it was the school, wasn't it? Nevertheless, I believe some of those left here at S. T. C. would like to have a

A la Gertrude Stein

It is spring and May again, again, again.  
Spring, May alas, alas they walked on the dew  
in the May, for spring. They crowned her, her  
they crowned. Cry, cry, cry for her they crowned.  
And April has gone, gone and laughed her girlish  
laughter. Spring and May, alas, the grass wanted  
fitting.

A la John Dewey (maybe)

By a priori, I recognized that the primitive  
Homo Sapiens had asserted itself at State  
Teachers College. The students' participation in  
the pagan May Day celebration in a mode of  
response reminiscent of original state of con-  
sciousness; i.e., compensation of desire to worship

chance of being a flat tire or being kept in Cambridge.

I'm told those male members of the junior class are still wondering if they'll ever be able to sing one-thirtieth as well as the soloist heard here at the last concert. Lansing Hatfield displayed to his listeners wonderful voice control, perfect enunciation, and resonant tones. His charming personality and captivating smile went straight to the hearts of each member of his audience. In several selections, he showed remarkable dramatic ability. (By the way, do you remember that aria which had such a surprising ending? One faculty member who was so interested that his mouth was open while following the baritone up the scale bit his tongue when his mouth came to so suddenly at the end.) The sincerity with which he sang was brought more to the fore, when upon being congratulated for having won a contract with the Metropolitan, he said, "Of course, I am thrilled to have a contract with Metropolitan, but I hope I will never be deprived of singing before such audiences as this." Some day when he has achieved the fame which we hope fate will bestow upon him, each of us can look back to April 29, 1941, when he sang in the auditorium of S. T. C.

This concert brought to a close the successful season of the Salisbury Cooperative Concert Association and, likewise, Father Time is bringing to a close the successful school year 1940-41. When another term rolls around, new faces will be seen while still others will be missing. Seniors, may we, the writers of this page, VIBRATIONS, sincerely wish you all the luck and happiness that anyone can possibly be wished.

### May Day

higher states of certain types of behavior.

A la May Queen

Well, Mother, yesterday I was Queen of the  
May. Some stuff, I'll say.

A la Walter Winchell

'Tis rumored in some quarters that a hot time  
was had at a college campus yesterday. A beau-  
tiful babe was crowned as queen for the day  
while others, lovelier, tripped around in scant  
veils. Tsh, tsh. What higher education does!

A la Court Jester

I'm sore in every muscle and I can't move an  
inch. I'll never make a fool of myself again. (1)

(1) She said that last year.—Ed.

# Alumni Notes

The 1941-42 Alumni Association officers are as follows:

Mrs. Ruth Voshel, President.

Mabel Dickey, Vice-President.

May Willoughby, Secretary.

Mrs. Ralph Davis, Treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Osbourn are announcing the birth of a baby girl, named Shirley Elaine Osbourn. Mrs. Osbourn will be remembered by her friends as Doris Jones, class of 1933.

Mrs. Florence Pierce Smith, class of 1931, has had a very successful beginning with the organization of a Cecil County Chapter of the Alumni Association. She reported at the Alumni business meeting, Saturday, May 3, that they had collected dues amounting to \$7.50. This amount was given to the treasurer of the Alumni Association. They planned to further organize in the fall.

Mildred Hurley's new name and address is Mrs. Charles Phillips, Cambridge, Maryland. Mrs. Phillips was graduated in June, 1931.

Mrs. Loraine Wagner, class of 1932, is spending all her leisure time teaching her young son, Larry Gordon. Her address is 2506 Calverton Heights Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Henry are living in their new home on Pinehurst Avenue, Salisbury, Maryland. Mrs. Henry will be remembered by her friends as Nellie Wright, class of 1932.

Dear Folks:

It's been a long time since I've have a real Eastern Shore chat. I'd love to see you all, and somehow a paper chat just won't do.

I had Margaret's letter about a local chapter and I hardly know what to say about the chances in Harford. I'm sending cards to the girls to find out what they think about it . . .

Love,

FLORA

Doris Lee Elliott, last year's May Queen, who teaches at Bethesda, returned to pay homage to her successor. Other former Queens attending the ceremony were Eleanor Bosse, Hughesville; Bettie Harcum, Salisbury; Eileen Hales, Cambridge, and Mrs. Alton Hughes, Salisbury.

1941 Seniors will be inducted into the Alumni Association at 7 A. M. on Saturday, May 31.

## Will You Be Accepted?

What worries and excitement more than forty of the sophs have gone through in the past few weeks is known only to themselves.

The first part of May heralded conferences with instructors and supervisors as a result of their desire to enter the teacher-education curriculum.

As in years before, the sophomores are placed on what might be termed as "witness stands."

Scholarship, subject matter, personality, habits and attitudes, socialized attitude, habits of study, speech—all these form the basis for judging. Each applicant is checked in these major categories according to below average, average, or above average by every instructor in the college. This year the new rating scale was passed to the applicants themselves in order that they, the ones deeply concerned, might not only evaluate themselves, but see how the committee selects and rejects its students.

By the end of this month, next year's junior class will have been carefully selected. The two years of academic training will be over and most of you (we hope all!) will be looking at life from an entirely different angle. You will see problems and their solutions quite differently.

When the letter comes saying that you have been accepted into the teacher-education curriculum, do not cast it over your shoulder without glancing at it. Remember that there is more to that letter than just that which meets the eye.

Coincidental as it may seem, the Governor of the State, The Honorable Albert C. Ritchie, visited the State Normal School ten years ago. This year, at the State Teachers College, The Honorable Herbert R. O'Connor, Governor of the State, will address the graduates at the annual commencement.

Students will regret to hear of the death of Levin W. Jolly at Fort Howard, Maryland, on May 7. Levin was an efficient member of the kitchen staff.

## Gratitude

By C. Edwin Kemp — Class of '44

It is a very strange world in which we live, much stranger than it was when our grandfathers and their grandfathers were children. During the life of our great-grandfathers there were two kinds of people: good and bad. Now there are three kinds of people: good, bad, and indifferent. Although our lives and mode of living have been influenced by innumerable recent inventions, the greatest change is in the people themselves.

With the coming of new inventions and conveniences, the indifferent type of individual has developed from both good and bad groups. You are no doubt one of this kind, for an overwhelming majority of the people are. That is bad.

One of the chief shortcomings of the indifferent people is a complete, or nearly-complete, lack of gratitude. Roger North said, "It is strange men cannot praise the bridge they go over, or be thankful for favors they have had." This is the situation very adequately and concisely summed up. Strange? It is more than strange — it is disappointing. How much gratitude means is easy to ascertain by placing yourself in an imaginary situation. But then, it need not be imaginary since everyone has been a part of such a scene at one time or another, where gratitude was concerned.

You will find that the people who show sincere gratitude are usually the best people all around, just as Aesop said, "Gratitude is the sign of noble soul."

But why all this fuss about gratitude? Why bother about it anyway? The answer is simple. Gratitude arises from a favor or service rendered someone else. Gratitude usually arises between friends, and is one of the positive proofs of true friendship. Nothing hurts more than to have a friend disregard gratitude. Whenever gratitude is or should be present, the person who should be grateful is indebted to someone else. Seneca said, "He who receives a benefit with gratitude, repays the first installment of his debt." How many first installments are lacking today!

It seems that everyone would make an attempt to be grateful, since it would make life easier and better. It is logical that good, bad, and indifferent

people would see this clearly, but apparently they don't. Cicero believed that "Gratitude is one of those things that cannot be bought. It must be born with men, or else all the obligations in the world will not create it." Therefore, we can conclude that only the good people may display gratitude.

Gratitude is a means of showing thanks, increasing the bonds of friendship, and making each person's place in the world a little brighter. One cannot forget Seneca's remark: "Nothing is more honorable than a grateful heart."

## Nine-Thirty

Arianna Roberts, Class of '44

When the nine-thirty whistle blows, not in a factory but in the dorm of S. T. C., it sounds like noon at Times Square, N. Y. As the ice cream peddler calls out "ice cream!" the girl in charge begins to think that Times Square could be no more boisterous. She's nearly knocked down by the pushing and grabbing of the girls who want to buy (that is, by the girls who don't worry about their waistlines). No sooner has the bell rung than the radio swings out in full blast and a few jitterbugs try out the latest dance creations quite gaily and loudly. From one end of the hall comes that luscious smell of toasted cheese sandwiches, which lets us know that someone is having a party—the lucky people!! But they aren't the only lucky ones because before long there are phone calls for others and from the rapt expressions on their faces, I'm sure that's better than eating. Honestly, you've never seen so much hair brushing, so many curlers, so much cold cream as you do about this time. Girls in pajamas and housecoats lounging around are a familiar sight in the dorm. Such noise, such jokes, such good times!! About five minutes of ten, they start straggling back to their rooms very reluctantly. But, good times can't last forever! Besides, it won't be long before it's nine-thirty again!

# Dew Upon Their Feet

A ONE-ACT PLAY

By Emily Fox Clinard

(Dedicated to E. W., W. C., A. M., & R. M., because they can understand better than I can.)

Scene: A small store off the campus of a college. A group of students are milling around the booths and counters looking only as students can look.

Characters:

Jon David, an artist to the very tip of his long hair.

Oscar Smith, who has the unique feeling that he is the most unique person in the world.

Bill Smith, top soccer man: his head being so hard that the ball bounces off easily.

Betty Inman, growing out of adolescence and often called superficial.

Jean Bronson, a co-ed whose aim in life is to me "in the groove".

(The five characters are sitting in one booth, but find it very crowded. Bill moves to stand up.)

Bill—Someone is sure putting on weight. I can't even sit down there. (Laughs ha, ha, ha. Everyone laughs with him.)

Jean—Bill, you're a card.

Jon—(Jumps up, moans while beating his forehead with a Coca-Cola bottle—an empty.) Gad! Gad! Why can't someone think I'm clever. Why can't women look at me the way Jean looked at Bill? I have the soul of an artist. I write poetry from the depths of my cosmic consciousness.

Oscar—(Pulling Jon back in his seat.) Ai! Ai! 'Tis no good, my boy, to speak thusly. One cannot win.

Betty—Oh, shut up!

Oscar—(Clasping his hands and gazing at the ceiling) Once I, too, felt as Jon, but now I know no one can understand me. The skeleton of my soul has been picked clean and bare by the slings and arrows of—of ah—of—

Betty—Outrageous fortune.

Jean—Gee, that's an awful pretty line. Did you make that up, Oscar?

Betty—Neither the words nor his line is original, Jean.

Jon—(Pulling his hair out by the roots) This can hurt no more than life has hurt me. I am going mad, mad!

Jean—He is acting queer.

Bill—What he needs is a two-mile run every morning. Look what it's done to me. (Picks up three textbooks, tears them to bits, then eats them.)

Jean—I adore you, Bill. Will you go to the freshman prom with me?

Bill—Sorry, I gotta take my sister.

Jean—You're hateful. I can't stand it. I'll never put my hair up again.

Betty—Where! Where can I find a man? One that understands me and can follow my dancing.

Jon—If you would understand me, I'd take you to the prom.

Bill—Who cares who understands who? All you're gonna do is dance. Look at this new step I picked up. (He goes to middle of floor, throws both feet out, does a split, then a handstand, shagging on his hands. He throws himself upright, slings arms in and out and criss-crosses legs and feet all in time to "Hit me, Father, with a Slap Stick Saucepan".)

Jean—I've never seen anyone so marvelous.

Jon—Tripe, trivia, and tripe!

(Curtain is lowered so that the scenery can be cleaned. During the interval, popsicles can be sold for the Committee to Defend England, Norway, Sweden, Netherlands, Finland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Ethiopia, Albania, Greece, and Italy. If the audience becomes restless, a ballet could be given—"Progressive Education vs. Traditional Education". Twelve children dance. Six "express themselves" by dashing paint over walls and floors, others composing songs, one building a bridge. The other six mumble words from texts over and over. All twelve collapse on the floor and the curtain is opened on the same scene.)

Jon—I can't stand it. I'm going to have a coca-cola. (Walks up C. L. and tearfully shuffles bottles around in cooler.)

Betty—It's murder to let him do that. He'll fall in. (Betty's words are true and Jon falls in the

(Continued on Page 16)

# I'm Mixed Up!

"The Holly Leaf" box receives contributions of all sorts. Perhaps, one of the cleverest and yet most puzzling is the letter which follows. Can you figure it out?

Collxgx and Camdxn  
Salisbury, Md.

Dear Folks,

Boy oboy, havx wx had loads of fun sinx I wrotx you last from Studxnt Confxrnxnx Wxxxk-nd. First of all, Spring is hxr x and that mxans all of us gxt our Ph.D.s on thx Front stxps. Miss Ruth vxvn had suppxr outsidx for us during thx warm spxll a wxxx ago. It is vxvn warm xnough to go swimming, (just ask somx of thx Frxshman boys if you don't bxlivx mx). Onx of thx funnixst things happxnd, folks, thx Faculty had a party and it sxxms that Dr. Simonds \_\_\_\_\_ (deleted by S.T.C. Censor) \_\_\_\_\_ lab for thrxx days.

Wx havx thx most clxvrx txachxr. You know that instxad of rudxly awakxning us at thx xnd of thx pxriod (Dr. Currxnt doxs it at thx bxginning of class by "Formal xjxction" — to somx, I mxan, not mx.), Miss Black mxrxly givxs us a cadxnza of Boogy Woogy or Hot Dorsxy, vxry xfixxivly, too.

Last wxxxkxnd was thx Junior Danx, which was thx bxst yxt (Whxrx's my class spirit, I ain't no Junior). Anyway, I undxrstand that thxy had a big timx vxvrywhxrx. Just onx morx thing folks, I will nxxd approximatxly \$5 (fivx) morx dollars to finish paying for my Botany Txxt Book, and thxn I will bx all straight until aftxr thx Dramatic Club Danx. But I am also running short on spxnding monxy, you can sxnd somx of that along if you likx.

You don't know what a thrill I'm having with this nxw typxwritxr, but although I gxt good rxsulx with it (Dr. May says it improvxs by lxxgibility but I ought to try writing somxthing, I don't undxrstand him) I find that I havx onx troublx and that is vxvry timx I makx an "X," it makxs an "X" instxad. What do you rxcommxnd that I do about it?

Wxll, so long, and as this typxwritxr says to thx papxr, "I dot my xyxs on you." (I got this from thx "Blux Dxvils"). I'll sxx you latxr.

Your loving son,  
Woof Woof

# FLOYD'S

Taylor Williams, Class of '44

On the south side of Salisbury at the corner of College and Camden Avenues you may see a distinguished building of colonial style. Yes, you are right; it's the State's own institution of higher learning. To you and me, it is the Salisbury State Teachers College. However, it is not S.T.C. as an institution which I am planning to discuss; it is the unpretentious college club which is located on East College Avenue, facing the college. To the tax collector, it is the "College Market," but to you, co-eds, it's "Floyd's."

A typical sight during one of the assemblies at Floyd's is a pantomime of laborious shoveling accompanying some professor who has recently received his Ph.D.

"Put a nickle in the 'chine" is a frequent greeting which you may receive as you enter "Floyd's." This is followed by a chorus of "Come on", "Don't be so tight", and in the distance you will hear "Come on; put a nickle in it". If you are lucky enough to be followed into this place by Coach Maggs, the irresistible 'chine player who can't "ooge it," your day is saved. Coach will at once take up where you left off, and after clearing himself some room (which he always demands) will put a nickle in the "robber". Did I say a nickle? Well, don't tell anybody, I was only fooling. It's usually a dollar.

As you see, "Floyd's" is not only frequented by the average student. Occasionally, if you look closely you will see two people who no longer occupy the student seats of the classroom, but the swivel chair of the lecture room. Their heads are bent as if in deep thought but on this occasion they are bent only for the convenience of sipping a "coke".

Before you leave "Floyd's", however, don't fail to notice, on the balcony, the orchestra. And whatever you do, don't forget to put a nickle in the slot before requesting your favorite piece.

Essentials for a good "date," as gathered from a general survey of men around the campus:

1. She doesn't eat much.
2. She's good-looking.
3. She doesn't eat much.
4. She's a good dancer.
5. She doesn't eat much. —Exchange.

# Sports Roundup

"Swive" Newcomb

And so the major seasons of sports have been erased by "Father Time". Pardon the reminiscing, but such seasons are bound to leave many memories.

Think back to those cold blustery days of the fall. Every afternoon was filled with intense soccer activity. The time wasn't wasted — remember that record — only two defeats and both of those by close margins. The highlight of the season was S. T. C.'s triumph over Towson—first time we ever beat 'em, yes-sir, the first time in any sport. The aggression is looking forward to another great season in 1941 even though the shoes of several top ranking seniors will be elsewhere. Here's hoping that "Goldy" Tyler, "Ed" Dougherty, "Pee-Wee" Hayman, "Mike" Lavery and "Chris" Christopher wallop that teaching job with the same punch they used to beat that old soccer ball.

The passing of the soccer season ushered in basketball. Basketball with all its thrills and spills—and we got both. Even though the string of victories was somewhat "tied up" for the season, the boys showed that they really could fight even against great odds.

This year was successful because the basketball program is beginning to round up. All we have to do now, is to keep the boys in our own backyard—this has been our greatest problem. By the time the boys get accustomed to playing together, the end of the season always shows up and many of the "old hands" don't show their faces at school

## Dew Upon Their Feet

(Continued from Page 14)

cooler. Seven students jump in and pull him out.)

Jon(sputtering) Why didn't you let me be? I had visions of immortality while sinking in those icy depths.

Oscar—Life, life, life.

Jon—Listen, I have a silvery sheen of poetry just budding from my bosom.

Betty—Burst it out, Buster.

Jon—(throwing back his head and speaking in a low chant.)

Beauty, beauty, thou art part of me  
My mental thoughts run very deep;  
Of me, there are things people never do see  
And I weep, weep, weep, weep, weep.

the next year. Do you wonder why our Coach is getting gray? The solution of the problem lies with the feminine majority in our student body. (And this is one case where majority really rules!! and how!) If any of you girls find a basketball star running loose this summer, be sure to nab him. Of course we can't expect you to look after him all the time while he's at school—there are other guys here other than freshmen. How about that, Coach? Is it a good plan or not? You're the "boss"—("right on the nose!").

Well, spring has finally sprung. Shivering has been such a problem this year—it's just impossible to keep P g E i O r P I L s E warm. As far as spring athletics are concerned—well I ain't talking. Tennis, tennis, tennis, and tennis (with soft ball thrown in as a side-line) make up the program. Of course you can swim if you want—but that water is mighty cold! If this doesn't keep you in trim, the Coach will look after you **personally!!**

Before "riding this last bronco", the athletes of this school, join to applaud the great support that they have received from the student body. Everyone feels this support reached a high point this year. Keep it up, students, you're doing fine! Batting Average—1.000.

So with the next sports season practically looking us in the face, the writer of this column wishes the departing seniors "lots of luck for the coming contests".

Betty—It rhymes.

Oscar—It's not as good as mine.

Jon—(throws him a scathing glance) Of course, you're exceptional. (Strides out of store.)

Jean—Somehow I can't understand people like that.

Oscar—Life, life, life.

Bill—Oh, relax in your slacks, Max. (Laughs riotously as he and Jean leave R. up C.)

Betty—Pardon me, I know it isn't decent but do you mind if I go in the corner and cry?

Oscar—It matters little to me. (Betty moves away and Oscar blows bubbles into his pop bottle muttering) Life, life, life.

CURTAIN

# My Day at the University

(as William Saroyan might have written it)

When I was eighteen years old I decided to go to college. I had always been a smart boy and I didn't see why I couldn't do better than some of the dumb ones who had already gotten through.

So I worked hard to save enough money on a down payment for an A.B. and went to the office of the biggest University in the West and asked if I could enter. A lady was in the front office.

What is your name? The lady said.

I told her.

She asked me where I was from.

I told her.

She asked me if I had gotten through high school.

With difficulty, I said.

Hmm, she said.

I mean my attitude wasn't right, I said.

The lady blew her nose and sent me to the dean. He was a huge man with hair resembling a pair of wings and a big fatherly voice.

Sit down, he said.

I sat down.

So you want to go to college? he said.

I assured him I did.

Well, well, he said in a rather surprised way. Do you have your credits?

I gave them to him.

What sort of course do you want? he asked.

Oh, I'd like to take up literature, philosophy, and stuff like that, I answered.

Hmm, he said. Not much background.

What's wrong with it? I asked.

He didn't answer, but said, Have you read our catalogue?

No, I said.

Have you registered? was his next question.

No, I said.

What do you plan to do with your life? he asked.

Nothing much, I answered.

Well, he said. Saroyan fill out these cards and come back tomorrow.

I took the cards he gave me and left. I went

back the next day and was told to see the president of the College, which I did.

Saroyan, he said, do you play football?

No, I answered.

Hmm, he said, do you play basketball.

No, I answered.

Hmm, he said, do you play badminton?

No, I answered.

Well do you play bridge? he shouted.

Pretty poorly, I answered.

Hmm, he said, you'd better make up your mind about what sort of work you intend to do at college. With that I was dismissed.

Since then I have been getting my education in 5 minutes a day by reading Dr. Elliott's 5 foot shelf.

Life is like that and soon—

## Lonely Hearts

Think of the lonely hearts at home  
Which long for their husbands and sons,  
Think of the boys who fought over there;  
Their ears, filled with sounds of guns.

But still, why was this battle fought?  
No one knows; no one seems to care,  
Only the boys who fought over there.

Think of the mothers, who with aching hearts,  
Placed their sons in the hands of God.  
Think of the suffering, dying lad,  
Seeking peace beneath the sod.

But still, why was this battle fought?  
No one knows; on one seems to care,  
Only the boys who fought there.

Think of the wives, who with eager hearts  
Await that glorious day,  
When perhaps their loved ones again shall meet  
Along the heavenly way.

But still, why was this battle fought?  
No one knows; no one seems to care,  
Only the boys that fought over there.

—Philip Haddaway

# Echoes Of Freshman English Class

## What Puzzles Me

There're many things I never knew.  
And things I still don't know.  
But the thing that puzzles me the most  
Is why the winds do blow.

It might be puffed up gusts of air  
That rush all o'er the earth,  
When men begin to brag and boast  
About their rank and worth.

Or could it be the stirring up  
Of all the atmosphere,  
From clashing of great cannon balls  
Which echo far and near?

This question long has puzzled me  
And doubtless always will,  
But, I always know, at least,  
A cold wind brings a chill.

—Marian Pranis

## Our Country

We love the country that we're in.  
We're pleased with all its ways —  
The freedom and the liberty  
We share in all our days.

We go to school and speak our minds  
And never have to "hush,"  
For fear our hearer is a spy  
To jail us in a rush.

Elections are the people's voice  
The power for which they fought,  
They vote for whom they think is best,  
And not because they're bought.

"The land of the free, the home of the brave"  
Is what we'll fight to keep,  
So all our future fellowmen  
True happiness may reap.

—Marian Pranis

## We're On Hitler's List

We read each day that English towns  
Are bombed by Luftwaffe planes;  
That British ships in "Mare Nostrum"  
Control the shipping lanes.

'Imperial forces on the run'  
Reports the D.N.B.  
'Asmara falls in Africa'  
Says Reuters Agency.

Reports conflict — it's left to us  
To choose what to believe;  
But there's no doubt that British troops  
From Dunkirk had to flee.

In Hitler's book, *Mein Kamph*, he has  
The U.S. on his list.  
With this clear warning we began  
To build up our defense.

Against the Axis Tri-Partite,  
Our country to defend,  
The Congress and the President  
Have passed the bill, "Lease Lend."

Bill H.R. 1776  
Was passed in '41.  
We gave them aid but not before  
Conscription had begun.

If England falls we'll be prepared  
To carry on the fight.  
Democracy will not go down  
Before the Axis might!

—Hugh Smith

## INFERIORS

Men want to be understood, but if a woman understands them too much, they are afraid of her. They like a woman who is intelligent so long as she does or says nothing to prove that she is. Their masculine sense demands that woman be sweet and gentle, yet they are irked if she is a "poor sport". Men are not egotistical; rather they possess an inferiority complex realizing that women are more subtle, more perceptive, and more clever than they are.

## TEN YEARS AGO

Editor's Note: The following items concerning students now enrolled at S.T.C. were gleaned from "The Holly Leaf" of the year 1930-31.

### AT EASTER

Once upon a time a little rabbit was hunting for eggs. While he was hunting, he saw a nest. Can you guess what was in it? There were eggs. So the rabbit went to his painting shop to paint the eggs.

When Easter came, little rabbit got up very early and left the eggs for the children when they were not peeping.

Arthur Downs Ward  
Grade 2

### 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

Pauline Van Pelt was elected president of the Y.W.C.A.

Mabel Dickey was elected president of the junior class.

Glee Club sang at State Teachers Meeting in Baltimore.

### SPRING

Oh! Spring has come, I'm full of joy  
It brings cheer to each girl and boy  
The flowers spring up and the birds do sing  
Then everyone knows that it is spring.

The grass peeps out and the sky grows blue,  
The frogs come out and they sing too,  
The trees are in blossom, white, pink, and red,  
"Oh, spring is here," everyone said.

Virginia Rose Vincent  
Grade 3



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## Advice to a Successful Salesman

from — "Salesman Beware"

Author: I. M. N. EGG

(Mr. Egg was a pupil of that noted philosopher and statesman, Sir Francis Bacon. George Clendaniel, noted philosopher and psychologist of STC states: "Bacon and Egg make up one of the best combinations of the present century." By the way, eggs are now selling for 35 cents per dozen.)

Foreword: Salesmen of the world, take heed: This document of pure unadulterated fact comes to you through the courtesy of Miracle Hat Company — "If the hat fits you, its a miracle."

Before proceeding any further, it seems that a general classification of customers is almost a necessity to a knowing salesman. Doubtless the world is full of people with idiosyncrasies but perhaps the following three classifications will help future salesmen:

1. "Can't sell" type. No matter what you do, if you could stand on your nose, you can't sell to this individual. Moral: don't fool with this type customer, ignore him. This person is generally the type that wanders inside the store to get out of the cold.

2. "The timid boy" type—The man will probably (in this case) swagger, I mean stagger, up behind his wife. Then, with an unlifted finger, she points to her husband and asks for a hat. After he tries on the hat, she decides whether she likes it. The strategy of the salesman in this case is either to smile sweetly at the wife, or if worst comes to worst, to get the type hat that the customer wants.

3. "The buy anything" type—In this case, no matter what you show, they'll buy. Now this represents a great problem to business in general. Just think, (if you are one of these few persons endowed with such a quality), suppose these people were allowed to run loose buying everything? I ask you, what products would be left for the average individual? By all means, beware. As a precautionary measure, it is best to insult this customer right at the start so that he won't buy everything in the store. If this doesn't work, have him thrown out.

Since the installment man just came in for the typewriter, I'll have to quit writing. All persons who have taken this book review seriously, go to your nearest Miracle Hat Store and get a free copy of "Salesman Beware."

## DO YOU LIKE GOSSIP?

"In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns." This thought can't be disputed, for we notice that a senior man has cast his eyes on the lovely May of 1941, and prefers to keep them there.

Three cheers for the head of the cheering squad. He must have decided to take a vacation from the strenuous task of cheering. Lately he has been about with a senior "Dottie".

Put an end to our curiosity and answer this for Clem. Is it "Ford" or "Stani-Ford"?

Well it looks like the Count and his femme have called quits—but definitely! Ah, another man enters the picture. His name isn't Gable, but it could be "Clark". She seems to like him whether his name is "Clark" or "Gable".

Wedding bells will soon ring for a freshman Miss. Congratulations and best wishes from the staff, Kate.

It is reported that everyone enjoyed the play, **Command Performance**. The leading lady and her scientist lover **must** have enjoyed playing together for we have seen them together very often since.

Some like Harvard, some like Goucher, but Dayton will take Yale every time.

Love is "Laws" as far as Wendel Shawn is concerned, but there seems to be another fellow in the picture. Could be—Kirby.

We haven't seen the "Baker" around lately. Wonder why?

Hmmmm . . . We've seen a certain flower truck parked in front of the college door quite frequently. This isn't all. Every time I answer the phone a voice says, "Is Pattie there." Yes—well you know the rest.

You know, it's hard to tell deep friendship from love these days, and this case is perplexing. Tell us, Carmel, is Pusey the one?

They say that old things are the best. Lucille says her case is "Gene"uine, and Todd says Bud is "Wiel-an (d)" her along the road to happiness.

It looks funny that none of the staff's names appear in the "Gossip Column". "Mike" says he doesn't mind if his femme is "Willing".

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of

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at

Homecoming!

Happy Vacation

to all!

*The Publications Staff*

