

# Holly THE Leaf

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STC, SALISBURY, MD.

APRIL 28, 1960

## Dr. Ida Belle Thomas Retires After 52 Years of Service

Dr. Ida Belle Thomas, who has taught in this college since it opened in 1925, will retire this year after fifty-two years in the teaching profession. While reminiscing about her long career, Dr. Thomas remarked that there are several outstanding events in her life of which she is proud, but she is proudest of her association with this college which she has watched and helped grow from a very small two-year normal school to a four-year teachers college.

When Dr. Thomas first started teaching at STC she was the youngest faculty member, and now, as she draws her classroom career to a close, she has the distinction of being the eldest. Since 1908, when she began teaching, she has transmitted her eager love of life to hundreds of students in her naturally unpretentious and down-to-earth manner. A person could not sit long in Dr. Thomas' history classes without realizing that she has the basic attribute of the truly good teacher — a genuine dedication to her work kindled with a sincere joy in doing it well.

It would be a gross misinterpretation of reality to say that Dr. Thomas merely taught history to her classes. She recreated even the most formidable historical figures and made them walk, talk, and have emotions for fifty classroom minutes each day. In her classes

no one thought of history as studying the dull lives of dead men and women but regarded them as interesting acquaintances who did the most unusual things.

As Dr. Thomas leaves STC she will take many memories with her. She will remember the rival literary societies, the Bagleans and Carneans, which kept intellectual and social life active with debates, picnics, boating, and hikes. She will remember the Christmas Candlelighting Services when the students would walk in caroling and lighting their smaller candles from the larger one. She will remember the depression years when the townspeople talked seriously of turning the college into a poor house since few people could afford the luxury of education and

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Dr. Thomas shortly after she began teaching at STC



Dr. Thomas retiring after 52 years at STC

## Mr. Burnet Presents Paper To College Professors

A member of our college faculty staff, Mr. MacCurdy Burnet, recently took a trip to Cincinnati, Ohio, for the purpose of presenting a paper dealing with linguistics before an audience of college professors. The paper dealt with prose structure.

Mr. Burnet is one of the foremost in his field and has composed roughly forty or fifty papers concerning linguistics.

Linguists may be roughly defined as the scientific study of language and more explicitly as the science of language, including phonology, morphology, syntax and semantics. It is a relatively new field and may be subdivided into four sections — descriptive, comparative, historical, and geographical. The first, descriptive, involves the fairly detailed analysis of any language. Comparative linguistics contrasts and compares the differences between language, and historical linguistics reconstructs unknown languages. The last, geographical, deals with the difference between dialects in various areas.

Loosely, linguistics contrasts with traditional grammar in both methods of classification and point of view. Part of its purpose is to create an awareness in ways new to human culture. It is a set of techniques which can replace and expand the technical operation we already perform in language, by way of analysis and classification.

In teaching, linguistics may be employed to enhance the student's understanding of language and its beauty. Here, the primary goal sought by the teacher is to aid his students to write well, using the science of linguistics as a helpful tool.

## Social Committee Commended

It cannot justifiably be disputed that this year's Social Committee, under the chairmanship of Pat Bailey, has provided unusually fine organization and variety of activities for Salisbury students. The Committee has thus far presented three Snack Bar dances with bands and exceptionally clever themes ("Little Boy and Girl", "Beatnik", and "French Cafe"), numerous record hops for casual dress, and, cooperatively with the

See Social Committee, Pg. 4

The students of State Teachers College, Salisbury, extend a sincere expression of sympathy to Jack Messick on the recent death of his father, Mr. Harold Messick, of Salisbury, Maryland.

## Players Present Credible Interpretation of Saroyan Play

It is unfortunate that many Salisbury students missed the Sophanes Players very creditable production of William Saroyan's "Hello Out There." The performance was of the sort that makes the viewer wish the play were longer than one act.

The Faculty Room of the Student Center provided a very pleasant setting and seating arrangement. The cell-illusion setting had the finesse of a professional stage arrangement. Props, consisting only of semi-prison bars, a small table, and an uncovered cot, added a highly-polished look. Stage lighting was also skillfully arranged and conducted.

John Payne, not quite so remarkable as he was as Scrooge, nonetheless was well cast in the difficult role of the bitter and disillusioned gambler. Had he been able to portray more emotionalism, Mr. Payne would have perfected his part. Indeed, his portrayal of dying may be said to be nothing short of perfection.

Nancy Miller, with her youthful voice and appearance, was aptly fitted for the role of the young girl who becomes the gambler's potential sweetheart. Mrs. Miller's acting indicated careful study. For the most part, it was obvious that she felt and lived the role.

Jon Willis, as the doubting and jealous husband, depicted well, if not perfectly, the tormented and

indignant character. In his first Sophanes role, Mr. Willis' potential acting ability was notable.

Jerry Pine, as the sheriff, and Dorsey Christhilf as the young wife, were excellent in their walk-on parts. Miss Christhilf delivered her few words with the kind of natural art that might constitute a "find" for a talent scout. Mr. Pine's speech and posture were all that seems typical of a small-town western sheriff.

"Hello Out There," though a short play requiring a minimum of props, is not an easy play to present successfully. The emotion is heavy and tension is suspenseful. When a small, unprofessional group wins the audience's emotion as Sophanes did, they are to be warmly commended.

—Gloria Miller

## May Day Preparations Nearing Completion

May Queen, Pat Bailey, and her escort, Tom Alderson, will reign over the annual STC May Day festivities on May 5 on the front lawn of the campus. Bonnie Farrow, escorted by Douglas Finley, will serve as Maid of Honor to the Queen. Other members of the court, elected by their respective classes, are Joan Cowan and Eugene Carstens, '60; Pat Lloyd and Dick Taylor, '61; Bonnie Jones and Bill Cotton, '62; and Beth Reid and Wayne Towers, '63.

The Queen's approach will be heralded by children from the Campus School; another child will serve as crown bearer and several girls as flower girls and train-bearers.

Queen Bailey and her court will

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### The Holly Leaf Staff

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### A Salute to the Women's Dormitory Association

The Women's Dormitory Association is one of a number of organizations on our campus that has unselfishly endeavored to create within the college an atmosphere of unity of purpose and to make the four years spent here as enjoyable and pleasant as every enrollee has the right to expect them to be. But as so often is the case, the members of the dormitory council, under the capable leadership of President Joanne Moran, have been behind-the-scenes workers and when the time came for the laurels to be passed around they have been passed over without even so much as an expression of gratitude.

The time has long passed since any other administration within the dorm has made such successful efforts to work with other organizations to make intelligent and exhaustive attempts to reach each student, both male and female, in order to make him/her proud of having an association with STC both academically and socially. Success in this is evident when one remembers previous years and compares them to the great improvement in morale and general school spirit.

Within the dorm itself, the council has not only succeeded in making many physical improvements but has done much to help the women students be more successful in living in a democratic society and to handle their own problems within the dormitory. It is now the general concensus of opinion that the association is formed for the benefit of the girls and not just to hand-out punishments for misdemeanors both large and small.

An attempt has been successfully made to intermingle the classes. This has been most clearly manifested perhaps in early attempts to absorb the freshmen into dormitory life and to make them feel a part of the entire college atmosphere. To accomplish this, endless discussions, both with groups and individuals, have been held with the Freshmen women, and song sessions, parties, programs of interest to women, and many other activities too numerous to mention have been planned and presented.

The Womens Dormitory Association and particularly the Council, composed of Joanne Moran, Myrna Baker, Jackie Davis, and Doris Madron and their proctors, have made this school year more pleasant and profitable for a large number of people and have made the WDA an effective organization dedicated to the purpose of making this college a place where people enjoy living. It is hoped that next year's Association will continue with the commendable precedent set this year.

For these things the **Holly Leaf** salutes the '59-'60 Womens Dormitory Association.

**May Day, from Pg. 1**  
be entered through the Women's Physical Education Department, under the direction of Dr. Alethea Whitney. After the procession and the crowning of the queen by Dr. Devilbiss, the royal party will be honored with a grand march, a baton twirling exhibition, gymnastics, modern dances, and folk

dances.  
Following the recessional, a tea will be given in the college drawing room in the Queen's honor.

On May 6, from 9:00 to 12:00 P.M., the annual May Dance will be held in the dining hall. Music for the occasion will be provided by the Bill Shortt Band. Dress will be semi-formal.

### Tom Wimbrow Recipient of Anne H. Matthews Award

Tom Wimbrow has been chosen this year by a faculty committee as the members of the Junior Class who gives the most outstanding evidences of having those personal attributes that serve to constitute those characteristics that make exceptional members of the profession of teaching. In recognition of these capacities Mr. Wimbrow has been awarded the Anne H. Matthews Award for the '59-'60 school year.

The person chosen to receive this award is one who not only reveals evidences of scholarship but also of responsibility, citizenship, Christian character, and an active concern for the college and for the vocation to which this institution is dedicated. The Anne H. Matthews Award is in the form of a monetary gift and Dr. Matthews, former faculty member of STC, makes the presentation personally during the Honors Day Assembly.

Mr. Wimbrow was recently elected to the office of the Student Government Association President of '60-'61. He has formerly served on the Executive Committee of the SGA as Treasurer and as Vice President. He is a member of the Phi Alpha Theta and of the Cultural Affairs Committee. Mr. Wimbrow, of Whaleyville, Maryland, is enrolled under the Junior High Curriculum.

The faculty members who select the Junior to receive the award consists of those within the education department: Dr. Earl Willis, Mr. James DiVigilio, Dr. Leila Stevens, and Dr. Carolyn Dunlap. Miss Margaret Addis, Dean of Women, and Mr. Eugene Faraone, Dean of Men, also assisted in making the selection.

### Dirge for an Infantryman

BY PETE CATHELL

Like a thunderclap in its shattering impact upon an unsuspecting nervous system, the bugle reached its crescendo and instead of fading out, intensified its effort to rouse Private First Class Gunghowich from his alcoholic limbo. For a millisecond he succumbed to that primeval desire to burrow further beneath his issue blanket and sheets but a reaction nurtured by a thousand shouts, curses and kicks from Drill Instructors, Duty NCOs and Platoon Sergeants coupled with the image of an irate First Sergeant's threats to lock him so far back in a Marine Brig that it would take a 155 howitzer to shoot him sandwiches, gave him an almost superhuman strength to propel himself in an upright position.

He looked around at forty other jostling, puffy-eyed Marines stumbling around in the early morning darkness illuminated by the harsh glare of the overhead lights and concluded that Dante had missed the boat when he failed to include a Marine squadbay at 4:30 in the morning in one of his seven circles of Hades. But this thought passed swiftly from his drugged brain amidst the odor for a clean sweep down, fore and aft.

Like some mechanical being he grabbed his shaving gear and double-timed to the head, determined to get a sink all to himself. His next fuzzy impression was his own face looking bleary-eyed and prematurely aged ten years, thanks to a combination of too little sleep and too much Slop Chute beer. But this too disappeared and Gunghowich found himself clean shaven and standing beside his bunk attempting to quiet the dissonant poundings in his head and the exposed nerves of a twelve-beer hangover. Praying to all the Saints and several pagan deities, he asked for help to survive a day which had not yet seen the rays of a rising sun.

Steeling himself, he threaded his way through the ill-functioning cells of his brain and tried to visualize the day's training schedule, hoping for a soft day of only drill and classes. But by some satiric chance of fate his bleeding eyes fell upon a field marching pack neatly folded, all straps in place, topped by the U-shaped blanket roll lying at the foot of his bunk and he uttered a low moan as the full enormity of his escapades the night before fell upon his drooping shoulders. Today was the day of the Company's twenty-six mile hike which promised to separate the men from the boys, as it always did, and although Gunghowich always made it in with the men it was with the advantage of a clear head, a steady stomach, and a well-functioning metabolism—all of which had deserted him today. He thought for a minute to turn into Sick Bay but realized that a hangover, even one of the classic variety, was insufficient reason to join the ranks of the Sick, Lame and Lazy.

Resigned, he donned his uniform, laced his boots, and asked his buddy to help him on with the hated pack. Leaning against his wall locker he reflected that in today's Atomic Age with it thou-

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**Dirge for an Infantryman from Pg. 2**

sand labor-saving gadgets the luckless infantryman had been struggling for the past three thousand years in just such a fashion as today facing the necessity of covering ground on foot burdened by a pack containing the tools of war and field sanitation. Just before clapping on his steel helmet with its distinctive camouflage cover he wondered what Caesear's legionnaires did when confronted with a situation similar to this.

His melancholy reflections were shattered by the peremptory sound of the bugle hastening the men to fall out in formation as a prelude to the ordeal by fire and sweat and as he checked his area he absent-mindedly reached for his weapon. When his fingers came in contact with the polished stock of the Browning Automatic Rifle, Model 1919A2, the *coup de grace* was administered the second he hefted the heavy weapon to his shoulder. The training manuals gave the objective weight of the weapon as being 19.6 pounds but Gung-howich in his semi-drunken craftiness knew better—this fiendish piece of equipment possessed the strange quality of being able to make a liar out of the Law of Conservation of Mass by its power to increase in weight proportionally to the ground distance being covered.

He staggered out onto the Company street into formation and while he waited for the officers to assemble he wondered if he should smoke a quick cigarette but his stomach retched at the thought. He just stood there waiting, sweat already trickling down his back. As he adjusted the shoulder straps which were already cutting him, he waited hopefully for a benevolent stroke of lightning to strike him so he might escape from his never-ending misery.

Gunghowich, wearing a set of salty khakies with a brand new Private First Class chevron sewn on each shoulder, threaded his way through the crowd of semi-drunken, drunken, and unconscious Marines of the Sixth Regiment balancing a round of ice cold beer ticketed for his comrades of the First Squad, Second Platoon of that same regiment.

He sat down favoring the tortured bones and muscles protesting all over his body and uttered a sigh of complete contentment. Trading a few obscene insults with his buddies, who he knew were the best buddies in the Corps, he rolled up his sleeves several turns as all salty Pfc's will do and thanked someone or something for the privilege of serving with the best outfit in the Corps. He lighted a fresh cigarette and while his fifteeneth or twentieth beer began sliding down his throat, he wondered if there were some way he could bank ears with the clowns down at Headquarters and get out of guard duty this week-end.

The bars in Wilmington were sure beautiful this time of year.

**STC Students Place Second in Zone 3**

Social Committee Chairman Pat Bailey has recently received the announcement that the four STC students who participated in the National Intercollegiate Bridge Tournament, Mary Alice Dyer, Neil LeCompte, Joyce Bennett, and Ronald Allen, placed second in Zone Three of the tournament grouping.

The college has received a plaque, to be engraved with players' names, for participating in the Bridge Tournament. This is the second year Salisbury has been represented. Individuals who participated in the tournament will also receive certificates.

The Social Committee was responsible for arranging the hands to be played, keeping scores, and in general, organizing the playing. Scores were then sent in to the tournament headquarters at the University of Massachusetts. One hundred eighty-five colleges participated in this year's tournament. Columbia University was national winner for the second straight year.

**Salisbury Host to AAUW**

Convention chairman of the American Association of University Women, Mrs. Earl T. Willis, has announced that the local branch of the AAUW will serve as host when the state convention is held here in Salisbury on April 29-30.

A banquet, with the Shoreman's Quartet providing the entertainment, will occur Friday evening. This event will be held at the Hotel Wicomico.

Dr. A. W. Morrison of the United States Office of Education and Miss Alice Beeman of the University of Michigan, are featured speakers.

Dr. Leila Stevens of the Salisbury State Teachers College faculty is the incoming president of the local organization.

**Chorus Under Heavy Performance Schedule**

The College Chorus is beginning a busy schedule of performances as the '59-'60 school year draws to a close.

On Thursday, April 21, the Men's Chorus traveled to Cambridge to render a program of music for the See Chorus, Pg. 4

**Student Body Hears Of Russian Education**

Dr. George Kirk, superintendent of schools in Delaware, spoke at a recent assembly telling of his trip to Russia as a member of a sixty-man group of educators. The purpose of the visit was to gather first-hand information regarding the educational system behind the iron curtain.

The party was divided into two sections and in that manner toured the Soviet Union, visiting government-selected cities, farms, and schools. Upon disembarking, Dr. Kirk was especially impressed by three things: first, by the tremendous building program evidence everywhere; second, by the amount of women performing so-called masculine jobs; and, third, by the extent of government control and ownership.

The citizens of the Soviet Union are trained by their educational program to operate successfully as cogs in a wheel. Three months after birth, children are removed from the sanctuary of their homes and placed in nursery schools. The obvious purpose of this is to allow the mothers to return to work as soon as possible. From three to seven, Soviet children are in kindergarten and at seven they start the "ten year" school.

The primary purpose of the ten year schools is to educate each person not according to their individual needs or desires, but to those of the government. The student has relatively little or no choice of curriculum. For example, the educational system is devised so that a certain number of students will be learning Chinese, a certain number English, and so on. Thus, the government is able to direct the abilities of its people towards previously determined goals.

Besides the foreign language, Russian students are compelled to embrace certain other studies. Subject matter such as algebra and history is standardized with every student reading from identical material. In the ten year school, additional references are not permitted.

Exams are given in the seventh and tenth grades. The questions are distributed three months previous to the examination so that the student will be able to determine what is expected of him.

The college entrance requirements include being a graduate of a ten year school and passing a given examination. Records made in high school are not considered important as the student is admitted solely on his comprehensive knowledge of the work he has done throughout his years of schooling as evidenced by the exam results.

Admitted students are given tuition and room and board free plus a stipend toward text books. Individual lab work is done and reference books may be used in college as contrasted to the lack of both in the ten year schools.

Dr. Kirk answered questions presented by the audience and then followed up his lecture with a

**Wesley Foundation to Present UN Affiliate**

In an assembly program sponsored by the Wesley Foundation on Tuesday, May 3, Mr. Nirmal Chaudhuri will speak on "Awakening Asia and the United States." Having recently returned from a trip to Asia, Mr. Chudhuri can draw on experiences in Japan, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Philippines, Vietnam, Thailand, Ceylon, Malaya, and Singapore. Also his two months in Indonesia and on the Indian sub-continent have provided an opportunity to judge further the strength of Asia's awakening.

Mr. Chaudhuri was born in Calcutta, was graduated from the University of Calcutta and did graduate work at the University of Edinburgh. During World War II, he worked in Great Britain as an administrative officer in a munitions plant, and after the war broadcasted on international affairs on the Overseas Program of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Working in the offices of Departments of Education, Mass Communications, and in the office of the Director General, Mr. Chaudhuri spent six and one half years at the Headquarters of UNESCO in Paris.

Presently, Mr. Chaudhuri is the U.N. correspondent of the "Straits Times" (Malaya), and a member of the Executive Committee of the International Association for the writers for the U.N.

In 1958 Mr. Chaudhuri became an American citizen. Since then he has lectured extensively throughout the United States and Canada. In November of 1959, he was the opening speaker of the Annual Conference of the American Institute of Adult Education in Buffalo.

Since Mr. Chaudhuri's very recent return from his trip to Israel where he was guest of the government of Israel, he has traveled 25,000 miles in the United States and Canada.

Traveling as an American citizen, this legally trained, practicing journalist of Asian birth and education, interprets Asian misconceptions of the American scene, policy, and objectives.

A coffee hour and informal discussion in the Student Center will follow the program. The program is sponsored by the Wesley Foundation.

Mary Anna Lake is president of the campus chapter which is supported by the Peninsula Conference of the Methodist Church.

When your dentist is doing a major job without a pre-arranged fee, and asks you how's business, you wonder whether you should admit it was never better or tell him you never knew it to be worse.

showing of slides taken inside the Soviet Union. The attending student body was much impressed by both the informative and interesting way Dr. Kirk reviewed his impressions of his trip to the Soviet Union.

### Phi Alpha Theta Awards Key

The Eta Iota Chapter of the Phi Alpha Theta Historical Society presented its first key for scholarship and leadership to Mary Alice Dyer at the annual Honors Assembly. This key, which is the highest honor that can be awarded by an individual chapter of the society, is given to that Senior student who has given outstanding contributions both within the Chapter and college as well as the outside community.

Super-imposed upon the key is the figure of a serpent which is representative of eternity and fruitfulness. There are also symbols of the divine father, the eternal spirit, and the word of truth. The human element is included by symbolizations of blood, water, and man's mental spirit.

Mrs. Dyer, who is enrolled in the Elementary Curriculum, has been a member of Phi Alpha Theta since its beginning in the spring of 1959. She lives in Salisbury with her husband and two children and has maintained an above average academic record since her enrollment in STC.

The recipient of the key was voted upon by members of the Chapter and the faculty advisors, Dr. William Wroten, Mr. LesCallette, and Dr. IdaBelle Thomas. Dr. Wilbur Devilbiss presented the award.

#### Social Committee, from Pg. 1

Women's Dormitory Association, three "conversations" scheduled with the aim of answering women student's questions regarding wardrobe and glamour, social graces, and health.

One function of the Social Committee is that of assisting individual classes in organization of the four formal dances of the year. In the past, there have been years when leadership in the Committee was such that little more than this duty, and that not particularly successfully, was carried out. The complaint of would-be leaders at Salisbury has been, from time immemorial, that there is no cooperation and dependability forthcoming from the student body. Paradoxically, Miss Bailey says that she has found student cooperation little short of excellence.

It is a rare thing to find in a

college student originality of ideas coupled with organizational competence. It is most refreshing to find just that in this year's Social Committee Chairman. Miss Bailey admits that the planning of social activities has required much time and effort, but she adds that representatives and the student body have cooperated so well that it has been well worth the effort. "No matter how well any activity is organized," she says, "it is no good without cooperation and interest."

Although Social Committee Chairman is the only big office Miss Bailey has held at STC, her interest and work has been notable since she entered STC in 1956. Last year, as Junior Class Representative to the Committee, a great deal of the responsibility was shifted to her shoulders, and she was largely responsible for the Committee's successful work last year. This year, she was justly honored by being included in Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities. She will grace the activities of May Day as May Queen.

—Gloria Miller

#### Dr. Thomas, from Pg. 1

the number of people who just could not make a living rapidly increased. She will remember the war years when so many of STC's men students were taken from their classes, many never to return. She will remember the great occasion when the Masons gave the college the flag pole and when Governor Ritchie had to speak out doors because the Little Theatre was too small. She will long remember such people as "Pop" Richardson, "Miss Ruth" Powell, Dr. Matthews, and Dr. Caruthers who gave so much of themselves to the students and through them, to the college.

Dr. Thomas attended Baltimore Normal School, the University of Maryland, Columbia University, and New York University. She received her bachelor and master degrees from Columbia and her doctorate from New York University.

Although Dr. Thomas admits that she will miss teaching and her intimate association with STC, she hopes to take a tour around the world some day. It is with sincere regret that the students of this college bid Dr. Thomas, who seems such an inseparable part of Salisbury State Teachers College, farewell.

—J.L.H.

### Exceptional Child Viewed At Inter-State Education Conference

On March 24, 1960 Miss Margaret Addis attended the Inter-State Education Conference at Yeshiva University in New York City. The subject of the conference was the exceptional child.

The conference featured Dr. Abraham Tannenbaum and Dr. Charles W. McCracken as speakers using John Hershey's pamphlet, "Intelligence, Choice, and Consent" as their basis. Other aspects of the conference were concerned with pro and con discussions of the Hershey pamphlet.

According to Miss Addis, one of the main points of the conference was that the teacher too often fails to realize the abilities of the gifted child. Various types of grouping, in which the gifted child would have the best opportunity to develop, is one way to alleviate this problem in the individual classroom. Special attention was paid to programs for the gifted child, especially a sequential program which would allow the gifted child to develop and to be exposed to subject matter according to a set pattern.

It would seem that the moral of

the conference was that any one child or adult responds most where careful attention is paid to the individual and what he is achieving. This should be determined not only by analyzing the child's growth in relation to the group with which he is working, but also in relation to his own native ability.

#### Chorus, from Pg. 3

Dorchester County Homemakers Association. Along with many old favorites such as "I Believe" and "If I Had My Way," the men sang "Little Tin Box" from the musical, *Fiorello*. This was the first engagement this semester for the men's chorus.

On Monday evening, April 25, director Dr. Jesse Fleming and the full chorus journeyed to Federalsburg to perform there for the local Rotary Club. After performing before a very appreciative audience, the chorus enjoyed refreshments at the home of Jerome B. Framptom, President of the State Board of Education. Members of the chorus reported a most enjoyable evening in Federalsburg.

The next scheduled performance of the chorus is the annual spring concert to be given in the college auditorium on May 17. All students, faculty, and friends of the college are invited to attend.



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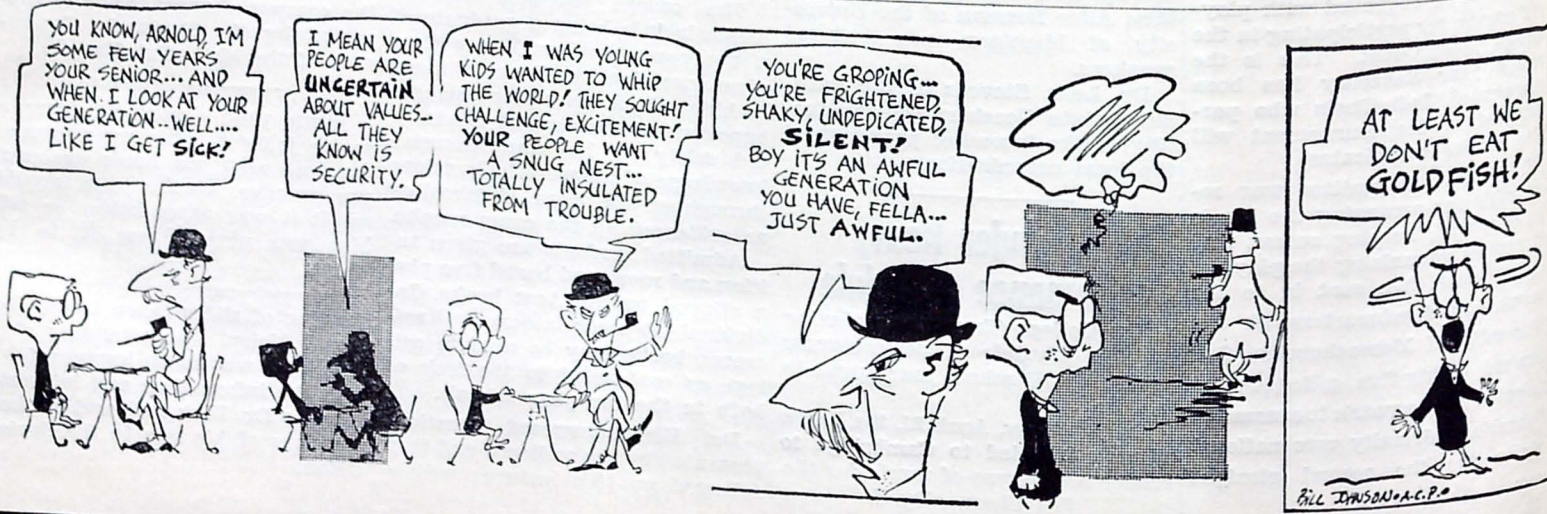
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# Literary Supplement

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT OF APRIL 28, 1960, HOLLY LEAF

SALISBURY STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

## The Cracker Barrel Incident

By Hazel M. Joy

Its funny how some men never seem to die,—even after they're buried. I mean, sometimes a man comes along that folks just can't seem to forgit; they're always sayin' "Well, so and so would'a done this or so and so wouldn'ta tolerated that!—Man don't have to be rich or loud mouthed or always talkin' other folks down,—its' just that they got a special way about 'em—makes folks take to 'em an' respect 'em. Ben was that kinda' man.

I knowed Ben since I was a young'n. He was a wirey sorta little man,—always movin' quick, but not sharp like. His face was the color of red clay that was dried and cracked in the sun. I 'member I used to think, that nose 'a his, stickin' out'a all them wrinkles, looked like a piece 'a rock some body'd chunked into a shaller pond.—An when he laughed (which he did a good part of the time), he squinched his eyes up tight, till all you could see was a twinkle of blue mischief dancin' above the pink-rimmed, toothless cavern of his mouth.

He was a mixture of saint and scamp and folks was drawn to him like sinners to a revival meetin'! When he had a mind to, he could out-bargain, out-talk an' out-wit, any slick-haired city shyster with-in a hunnert miles 'a "Fairley's Junction"! It was also a well-known fact, (but Ben'd never say so), that he was always ready with a helpin' hand to folks what needed it. Guess if anybody'd ast us who was the town's leadin' citizen, we'd all said Ben was, (course a town the size 'a Fairley's Junction don't need much leadin'!) but anyway, Ben was the one who always gave us advice on business and such, when we ast for it,—an' he was always right, too!

There's been a lot'a changes in our town since Ben passed away; lot'sa new folks moved in. They're even puttin' one of them new super highways right outside town. Use'ta be we wouldn't see a stranger for a month at a time, 'cept maybe one of them travelin' salesmen that'd stop at Bill Dodd's General store.

I 'member one time me and Jim Hitchens was down at Bill Dodd's, (all us fellers used to congregate down at Bill's,)—he had the Post Office right there, and since he wasn't opposed to us helpin' him sort the mail, we got the latest news first hand,—stead'a listenin' over the party line. Anyway, this one day, Ben was sittin' in his rockin' chair over in the corner by the dry-goods counter, workin' one 'a them cross-word puzzles,—not sayin' nothin', just rockin' back and forth;—we was all starin' at him 'cause every now an' then

them bushy eyebrows of his would go creepin' up high on his forehead, like they was two fuzzy caterpillars wigglin' together over a dry, wrinkled leaf—only sometimes one would switch way up while the other kinda' skittered down over his eye, an' he'd pop his mouth open like he was tryin' to kitch it,—then he'd go "ah, ha!" and scribble letters in them little blocks with his stubby pencil.

While we was watchin' him,—we was placin' bets on how long before the next "ah, ha!" — this here roly-poly feller comes into the store; waddles over to the sody cooler, takes a bottle'a sarsaparilla out, and plunks hisself right a'top the cooler lid. We're all right much surprised at this, 'cause aint nobody ever dared set a'top Bill Dodd's shiny red sody cooler before!—But this feller sure did!

I guess he must'a been one of them there travelin' salesmen, 'cause he carried a satchel with advertisin' written on it, an' he plunked it right down next to 'im.

It was awful hot that day,—reckon it must'a been a hunnert an' five in the shade — an' this feller, the fattest thing ever I did see, looked like he'd fell in a rain barrel with his clothes on, an' them all kinda' stickin' to him. He kept moppin' his face with this ole piece of gray rag — I guess it might'a been a handkerchief — an' with every wipe he'd say, "My Gawd, ain't it hot!"

His face was puffy an' round, the kind that makes you think'a dough raisin' in a pan. But the thing that made you want to stare at was his eyes; they must'a been poorly 'cause he was wearin' them big, thick bi-focals, an' every time he turned his head it looked like his big, brownish-green eyes was gonna jump right out at you.

First thing you know, he starts blabberin' about how—aint it awful the way the cost'a livin's going up; an' if-in the gov'ment don't soon put a stop to it the whole dang country's gonna go to the dogs. Then he starts going on about how them "Rueshons" has got the right idea,—how they (them Reushons) all git a shear of the country's profit an' everything. I just stood there with my mouth hangin' open —lookin' kind'a stupid, I guess—'cause he switches hisself around so's his back's to me, an' keeps on a rattlin' to a 'know not when', to the other boys. Well sir, they all just stood there real quiet-like, listenin' to every word this dude's got to say — noddin' their heads an' ever now an' then givin' out with a "tsh-tsh" or a "my, ya" don't say?" — just like he was preachin' gospel or somethin' 'stead a runnin' their country down.

All this time ole Ben's settin' over there in the corner just a-takin' it all in. After about fifteen or twenty minutes '-listenin' to this hog-wash, he sort'a eases hisself

outta his chair an' meanders over to where this here city feller's a-standin',—wavin' his arms an' shaking his finger like he come down with chilblains. Ben comes up behind him, waits a few minutes, then clears his throat, so as to let the feller know he's got a piece to say. Well, the feller must not-a heard 'im, (he was that riled up in what he was sayin'), so Ben clears his throat again, a little louder this time, but the drummer still didn't pay him no mind; so Ben reaches up an' taps him kinda light-like on the shoulder. The drummer jumped like he was shot, an' he let out with a whoop such as I ain't never heard before nor since;—he spun 'round so quick, his glasses flopped on his nose, makin' his eyes look like two big warty-toads jumpin' in a muddy puddle.

I don't know what Ben had in mind to say, but whatever it was, when he opened his mouth to say it, this big squashy pumpkin head was glarin' right in his face, an' Ben got so tickled he busts right out laughin', — I mean he commenced to "hee-haw"!

Well sir, Bill and Jim and the other boys stood there kinda "shock-eyed" for a minute or two, 'till Jim starts to give a silly little giggle; then they all start to look at each other, then over at Ben an' the drummer and back again, — then they really let go — it was like somebody shook up a bottle of warm sody an' then popped open the cap. They rocked an' stomped an' ever' now an' then they would point to this here drummer, an' double over in a real belly clutch-er!

The drummer starts in to hiss'in' like the serpent in the Good Book; the poor critter looks like he's about ready to come apart at the seams! Finally he starts in to yellin' an' cussin' an' sputterin' about how it's people like them that makes this country not a fit place to live in; an' how, if he had his way, he'd like to see 'em all in hell! — All this time he's backin' to the door, histin' up his pants, wipin' his face on that ole gray rag, an' shakin' his fist at them jackasses rollin' on the floor laughin'.

Just as he got to the door, Ole Ben manages to draw two breaths, an' yells, "Son, I sure wouldn't worry none about you seein' us here in hell, if I was you, 'cause I ain't never seen a feller yet, who had a clean conscience jump near outta his skin the way you just done!"

I guess that was just too much for him, 'cause he high-tailed it outta there, — left town that very night an' we ain't never seen him since.

What some people don't know they guess, and soon they report their conclusion as something they saw.

## A Sailor

By Carolyn Willer

Between the security of childhood and the insecurity of second childhood, we find a fascinating group of humanity called sailors. They come in all assorted sizes, weights, and states of sobriety, ships, at shore stations, in bars, on ships, at short stations, in bars, on leave, in love, and always in debt. Girls love them, towns tolerate them, and the government supports them. A sailor is laziness with a deck of cards, bravery with a tatoed arm, and the protector of the seas with a copy of "Play-boy." He has the energy of a turtle, the slyness of a fox, the brains of an idiot, the stories of a sea captain, the sincerity of a man on twenty four hours leave, the aspirations of a Casanova, and when he wants something it is usually connected with a liberty card. Some of his likes are women, girls, females, dames, in short, the opposite sex. He dislikes wearing his uniform, superior officers, the chow, and getting in on time. No one else can cram into one jumper pocket a little black book, a comb, a pack of crushed cigarettes, a Kim Novak photo, a bottle opener, and what is left of last month's pay. He likes to spend some of his pay on girls, some playing cards, and the rest foolishly. A sailor is a magic creature: you can scratch him off your mailing list, but not off your mind; you can lock him out of your home, but not out of your heart. But all your shattered dreams become insignificant when your sailor docks, and looks at you with those blurry, blood-shot eyes and says, "Hi ya, honey."

## The Intellectual

By Nancy Gibbons

Intelligence is the ability to apprehend the interrelationships of presented facts in such a way as to guide action towards a desired goal.

The intellectual in college is one who, on a long range assignment, has not begun the work the night before it is due; and, when the assignments are turned in, his is the first on top. He does not understand why others stay up late to do their work. He does not know why he got an "A" on his paper, and his roommate who slaved over his paper for weeks got a "C".

On tests also, he has not opened a book before the class. When the tests are returned, he made the highest grade and is the one who ruined the curve. He does not understand why his friend, who got a light extension and got up early in the morning to study, just got a passing grade. Again when the instructor calls on students in class, the intellectual answers his question; but, the friends are lost for words.

## The American Politician

By Carolyn Moore

Politics is that game of chance in which a few vie to win the vote and control of many.

The American politician is one example of exuberance personified. He is the hand-shaking, baby-kissing, pie-sampling, cigar-smoking proponent of anti-intoxicants (although he may hold a share or two in Slim's All-Nite Bar and Grille) and anti-gambling (although he just can't resist a "sure thing" at the track now and then). While the politician invariably finds himself stereotyped thusly, he may claim himself to be an individual not to be filed under any generalized cliché. But he can only assert his individuality by his personal name as he has been neatly categorized according to size and shape and purpose for the benefit and convenience of the conscientious voter. There are the "giant-economy" sized vote-seekers who will promise lower taxes ("... and I do mean lower, suhr!") and "more playgrounds for the kiddies." There is usually a large slice of the political pie desired here, a mayorship or a seat in Congress, when gentlemen shake the dust from their stovepipe or ten-gallon hats and begin polishing their rusty Southern accents. We may work our way down the political ladder gradually until we reach the "regular" sized political ball-handlers who may only be able to offer to erect a new flagpole in the middle of the town square or to plant a flower bed in the front lawn of the library. From the town councilman to the governor to the President of the United States, each politician, or man if you will, is after his share of the political spoils.

## Eta Iota Elects 1960-61 Officers

Members of Eta Iota Chapter of Phi Alpha Theta elected 1960-61 officers at their last meeting, held on April 21.

Elected by secret ballot to the office of President was Dick Taylor, a Salisbury resident majoring in Junior High Education, and minoring in English-Social Studies. Mr. Taylor became a member of the history fraternity the past year.

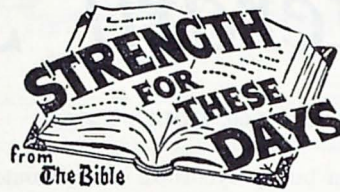
Sylvia Stant, a member of the Class of '60, also majoring in Junior High Education, will serve as Vice-President. Miss Stant, a day student from Mardela, is a 1959 Achievement Key winner.

Isabelle Rush, a resident of Salisbury, was elected to the office of Secretary-Treasurer. Mrs. Rush is also a Junior High Education major, minoring in English-Social Studies.

At the same meeting, Eta Iota established the office of Social Program Chairman. This officer will fulfill the duty of planning and organizing meetings. Maryanna Lake, also an Achievement Key holder, was elected to the newly-established office. Helen Mae Ellis fulfilled the function the past year, without the honor of bearing the title.

The new officers will assume their posts in the fall. The chapter's first officers, Pete Cathell, Joan Cowan, and Mary Alice Dyer, will be graduated this year.

You subscribe for a magazine for two years and in each of 104 issues a subscription blank is enclosed, and between issues the mail brings still another plea to please subscribe.



But your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid His face from you.— (Isaiah 59:2)

It is our own willfulness, selfishness, weakness, that keep us from living and being fully in God's love, His perfect good. Yet His mercy forgives and accepts the truly repentant heart.

## My Neighbors



"Of course that price doesn't include the federal, state, local, excise or sales taxes..."

You tell the captain you want the best, and the captain tells the waiter, and the waiter tells the seven chefs, and you get precisely what the other customers get.

## Seniors Evaluated In National Education Exam

For the second year in STC's history the seniors have taken a national Teachers Education Examination. Through this examination, individual colleges, which offer professional education training, can judge the effectiveness of their program by studying the national norm in relation to the scores made by the students of their college.

This year the examination was administered by Dr. John May with the assistance of Dr. Leila Stevens and Mr. James Glenn on April 19. The tests will be sent to the testing bureau where they will be graded electronically. The derived individual scores, norms for our college, and national norms will be available in May. These should be interesting to examine since the professional courses of STC are under constant criticism by many of the students and the scores will be one indication of the merit of the courses. Last year's over-all scores indicated for this college an above-average rating, which speaks well of not only that individual class but of the college as a whole.

The examination includes not only evaluation of classroom procedures but of general academic knowledge and ability of the students as well. Although the examination for future teachers is a comparatively new service and few public school systems require a passing grade, it will be an indisputable indication of the general quality of teachers American colleges are graduating and of the quality of the individual college's educational program.