



State-To-Date

State Teachers College, Frostburg, Maryland, February 15, 1950

Vol. 2; No. 4

IN MEMORIAM

Dedication

Jack Stapleton's sudden death leaves sadness and an empty place in the hearts of his school mates. Jack's genuine kindness to all people, his keen sense of humor and willingness to participate in all student activities leaves us no words to adequately speak our deep sorrow at the loss of a friend.

Now as we talk of Jack in the dayroom, in the Student Publication meetings, at square dances, Little Theatre, Alpha Psi Omega, class meetings and in the Varsity shop—we each remember and quote some wise or witty word of Jack's.

As president of the day council (1947-1948) Jack was no dry as a bone executive presiding over meaningless meetings. He exhorted the students to keep their cigarette butts off the floor; he opposed spending all class dues on picnics and food and posted cartoons on the dayroom door to carry his points.

As co-editor of State-To-Date (1948-1949), Jack was a master diplomat—keeping an even keel between faculty and students and between opposing student groups. At student square dances, Jack's exuberant dancing and dependable figure calling will be remembered, especially by this year's freshman group, who have not had the opportunity to observe his participation in other campus activities. Little Theatre play practice was always one continuous, hilarious uproar because of Jack's unpredictable ad libbing. When the curtain was expected to open with a scene in which Jack was washing the dishes, the parting curtain sometimes would reveal Jack in the dish pan himself.

He was a charter member of Alpha Psi Omega (National Honorary Dramatic Fraternity) because of the skill he displayed in many college dramatic productions. Among these were: the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Patience," "You Can't Take It With You," "Hugo in a Hurry," "Laugh That Off" and "Stardust."

Jack Stapleton was president of his class during his junior year. He showed finesse in getting fifty class members to agree sufficiently so the

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Jack Stapleton

Requiem

When from our firmament of night
A brilliant star is plucked
Before its time,

Then must we say:

"Whom better could we choose
As champion, as delegate,
Before the Throne of Grace?"

Speak there for us,

Bright spirit,

An angel, and immortal now

But late with us

As soldier, scholar, friend;

For us remain uncertain years

To thee, star-crossed on earth,

Is Heav'n given.

So gently sleep, beloved son,

For thy tomorrow brings

No promise of earth's barren dawn

With hope of night

But everlasting peace,

To guide the splendid

Step

To manhood's pure and holy place—

That thou hast gained—

In Paradise.

Virginia Rankin

Memorial Resolution

WHEREAS, One who was deeply beloved by us all has gone from our midst, never to return, therefore be it

Resolved: That while we deeply deplore the death of our friend and companion Jack Stapleton, who served us so faithfully as our president during the school year 1947-48, we rejoice in the fact that we are privileged to enjoy the boon of a friendship the memory of which shall abide with us always, and that during so great a part of his brief time on earth he was to us a true leader, ever directing and guiding aright.

Resolved: That we feel pride in his influence upon his school and upon the life of his classmates, and in his achievements as a scholar and actor and in his upholding clean dealing in whatever he did, and that we hold in affectionate remembrance his efforts to keep our standards at a high level.

Resolved, That as members of the Little Theatre we transmit a copy of these resolutions to his family with the expression of our deepest and most sincere sympathy.

Allan Williams, President

Jackie Browning, Vice President

Margaret Robinson, Secretary

Mrs. Lucille Clay, Faculty Advisor

From The Staff

The 1949-50 staff of State-To-Date takes this opportunity to express its deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Stapleton. No other group in the college will miss Jack's help and abilities more than we.

Jack's hard work was responsible to a great extent for the renovation of Student Publications during the college year of 1948-49.

We are proud and privileged to be able to dedicate this issue of State-To-Date to him.

Best Smellers**'Would Be' Wood Jills Jell In Log Jam
Or Sorry, Wrong Number**

This is a story of the great wood-cutting industry of the North Woods, set in Los Angeles, California, in the good old days, when men were men and women were women (which is no more than fair).

I first met Bessie Bilgewater, a lumberjill, at an exclusive lynching, sponsored by the Apex Fan and Balloon Company, the proceeds of which were going toward a home for the aged butlesque queens who haven't a stitch to take off their backs. Bessie was in the company of two co-workers, Sawdust Aflyin and Splinter O'Brien, a Russian by birth who had just had his name changed; it was previously O'Malley. These two lumberjerks are vieing over Bessie's calloused hand, but Bessie keeps reminding them that the rest of her anatomy (also calloused) is included in the bargain. As I came upon this delightful trio (for the Scandinavian word byorch meaning two), Bessie was recovering her balance after doing three successive backflips, a remarkable habit she copied from a man in Colorado that she hasn't met, and who would never think of doing any such thing in the first place. Sawdust had been trying for ten minutes to light a cigarette which he forgot to borrow from Splinter, who is sitting in a bed of dead daisies sucking his toe.

Not having formally met the two gentlemen before, I directed my conversation at Bessie, whom I had met many weeks ago at the L.S.M.F.T. Path (an amateur presentation of Tobacco Road). Bessie was quick to remind me that the star of tonight's lynching was Vladimir Leeboroskovity (a South American refugee) who was exiled for whistling at Eva Peron, and one of Bessie's former suitors. From persistent rumors and the newspaper clippings which were being passed around secretly, I gathered that someone had caught Vladimir committing the unpardonable sin—not knowing which Twin had the Toni.

Bessie introduced Sawdust as the man who would soon be her twelfth husband. This being an even dozen we decided to celebrate, as Sawdust pledged his love by singing "When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver, I'll Love You Just The Same As I Did Through All the Other Colors." Bessie blushed thereby illuminating the entire garden.

Upon hearing of Sawdust's good fortune, Splinter became discouraged and decided that the toe he was suck-

ing had become only a bottle-neck, so he replaced it immediately with the neck of the bottle. Sawdust and I shook hands, and then he bit me. We all laughed hysterically as blood ran down my arm. I happened to glance sideways and I noticed that Splinter had already imbibed a little too freely. In fact it was difficult to tell Splinter from the other wilted pan-sies. Since Bessie and Sawdust were busy whispering sweet nothing-dos in each other's ears, I decided to wander away, with the hope of meeting Rose Pork, a half-baked hypochondriac I met last year at a putty knife sale.

I was still wandering about an hour and a half later, so I returned to the front lawn just in time to see Splinter swinging by the neck from the highly illuminated scaffold where Vladimir was to have met his fate. Splinter had mistaken the lights for those of a tavern and had accidentally been hung, which is probably just as well, because this story has to end somewhere.—"Stinky" Stapleton.

**Dogpatch Seesyity Hoomins
Hold Anyal Sadie Hawkins
Scrambl in Jimaseum**

Tha mos soshful evunt of Dogpatch seesyity, Tha Sadie Hawkins Scramble, wuz held Friday evenun in the jimnaseum. Tha shindig wuz sponsored by tha Day Stewdents of State Teechers Colluge. All famblys wuz thar alsew. Those predominate'n what hommins fum Dogpatch (Frostburg), Skunk Holler (Eckhart) and Lower Slobbovia (Cumberland).

Tha deckerashuns wuz beeofutiful crepe paypur strang around the sides 'n acros tha seeling wuz the same thing. Since it wuz a seesyity afare programmes wuz past out an everywon had won fur a suveneer.

Tha music of hie calibur wuz furreesh'd by Martha Norris, and only a fen miner akcidents resalted; them abein' broken taybul and chare legs.

This bein' tha most elagunt okasun o tha yhar aproprate dressin wuz rewarded fur tha bess dressed boy and tha bess dressed gurl. Daisy Mae Schulte and Hairless Joe Burgess won tha prizus. Prof, Deel and Doctur Bawden split a box of sweet things.

Mainly since the hoomins gayzed afektionately at tha lovin schmooos an thay drapped daid, tha refreshmints wuz fum schmoo vittles. An tha unwelcum guests et some jingerbread that Mammy whopped up in

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Jest Jokin'

Despite the risk of following in Dr. Gallup's shameful footsteps, I, the Jester, hereby make known the fate of State for the coming semester. It must be borne in mind that these peeks into the future are not based on impartial surveys, unbiased reports, or past statistics. Now let's take a look into the crystal ball.

February

School will be reopened.

"Red" Stowell will retire to Mount Savage, awaiting 1950 soccer season.

Augustine Diaz will be awarded the annual Pulp Mill Trophy as the outstanding soccer player of 1948.

The Sweetheart Dance will be a huge success. This year's sweetheart will be a Blonde.

The basketball team will be very successful after a slow start.

March

Groundhog Day will be celebrated by a special assembly. Campus Groundhog will be selected by popular vote of the student body.

Gene Flinn and Bill Morley will collaborate on a mathematical equation for determining which twin has the "Toni."

Hugh Hopwood will make his annual trip to the Barber Shop.

Millie Stotler will begin looking for a vacant parsonage.

Comic Valentines will be received by all members of the faculty.

Ike Stakem will be unjustly suspected of this foul deed.

April

Television will be installed in the Dayroom as a final effort to discourage pinochle playing.

Zembower, Stotler, McGee and Ringler will return to natural brown.

Lucky Strike will be first again with tobacco men.

Bob Lancaster will put his fur hat back in mothballs for another winter.

Bernie Price will be selected as a man of distinction.

May

Elevators will be installed from the dayroom to the library in an effort to avoid congestion in the stairways.

The May Queen will again be crowned with the traditional pillow.

Maryland Singers, the baseball team, American Folk Literature class, and International Relations Club will all have field trips planned for May 13, and all will be requesting the use of the school car, which situation will develop into mural confusion, excessive irritation, and one case of apoplexy.

An improved bell system will replace the whimsical affair which is now used. Students will be very confused when the bells begin ringing again.

A Letter From Germany

Saturday, March 16
Landsberg, Germany

Dear Bean,

My goodness, Auntie! You're quite a poet.

You may have thought so, but now you know it.

I'll do good to equal that last long letter,

For try as I may, I'll never do better.

I read with delight the woes of a teacher,

And I guess life's the same for a doctor or preacher.

But take me for instance, and that schedule will change some,

For my life isn't dullish, or boring, or hum-drum.

I wake up and stretch every morning 'round eight,

Most GI's envy that chance to sleep late.

(Of course I must give my 7:00 meal, But it's worth it for those extra winks that I steal).

I grab all my clothes and in no time I'm dressed,

In a shirt bright and clean, and pants neatly pressed.

I scrub and I wash and I brush and I comb,

And in no time I'm ready to take off from home.

I arrive at my job next, right on the dot,

I don't want to loose it, 'cause I like it a lot.

I park myself down on a soft-cushioned chair,

Behind a huge desk, shiny and square.

"Open for business," I think with a grin,

And pick up my pen, the day's work to begin.

In comes a guy for a money-order, So I fix him up in double quick order.

A few more fellows with like desires, Help pass away the first few hours,

Then comes a jerk who'd like to cash one,

I gladly oblige—it's lots of fun!

Before it's started, the morning's past, And dinner time is here at last.

I fill myself from toes to dome, (You saw how I ate when I was home.)

Then back to the office I set the pace, And in a moment or two, re-open the place.

The grind is repeated, fill out some more blanks,

Grab their money, then count it, smile, and say "Thanks."

If business is slow, and it is every day, I scratch a few letters, and mail them away.

It's four now, so with no further ado, I close up my window, and say, "Jack, you're through."

Now comes the part I really like best,

I start to count money, just when some little pest,

Looks stupid, and asks, "Are you closed for today?"

So I put down my bills and shoo him away.

I finish my counting, and check with my blanks,

"Thirty cents over,"—I sigh, and breathe thanks.

Next I make my report, and wrap up the dough,

Lock the safe and the desk, and I'm ready to go.

Supper awaits me, so I dash off to eat, Spinach, potatoes, and some kind of meat.

I hurriedly chew it, keeping my eye, On that extra large piece of baked apple pie.

Back to my room, to read, maybe write,

Or haven't I seen that movie tonight?

To bed about ten, and soon sleeping sound,

'Till eight the next morning comes rolling around.

The same old routine, I go through it once more,

So often in fact, I've stopped keeping score.

Did I say this life wasn't boring or hum-drum?

I was kidding; Even so, I like it, and then some!!!!

'Yer slap-happy nephew,

Jack

'GI'

Wating on my GI bed,

My GI hat upon my head,

My GI pants, my GI shoes,

Everything free, nothing to lose,

GI razor, GI comb

But GI wish that I were home!

They issue everything we need—

Paper to write on, books to read.

They issue food to make you grow

But GI want a furlough!

Your belt, your shoes, your GI tie,

Everything free, nothing to buy.

You eat your food from GI plates,

Buy your needs at GI rates.

It's GI this, and GI that—

GI haircut, and GI hat,

Everything here is Governmeent Issue

But—GI wish that I could kiss you.

Ramblings

This column received such enthusiastic response following its initial appearance (two people were overheard saying it wasn't too bad), here it is again (under a new name for the sake of variety).

The latest novelty in the dayroom is the collapsible furniture. Some of it is so readily collapsible, it might even be called undependable. Rough treatment or old age?

Worthwhile quote, source unknown "we have a head on us for the same reason a pin has—to keep us from going too far."

"Augie" Diaz, a perpetual newsmaker, has now managed to get his name in the Sporting News, as one of the referees of the year. Augie has placed said newspaper on reserve in library for all who are interested.

The next time the going gets rough, don't indulge in too much self-sympathy. Shed a tear for the little boy who spent weeks trying to throw away his boomerang.

The people who persist in roaming through the halls and vocalizing to the maximum extent of their lungs, might try turning their musical abilities in another direction. We could use a few more school songs and cheers.

And then there's a little gem about a fellow who stole the block of marble. Of course, he didn't really steal it; he just took it for granite.

With due apologies to Mrs. Clay and the Language Arts class, may we be permitted to say, "Where, oh where have our cheerleaders went?" The little gals, who received an allotment from the activities fees, seem to have pulled a disappearing act.

Movie of the Week: "My Own True Love" starring Margaret O'Brien and Eoris Karloff. An interesting if some what unusual starring team make this movie a "must" for all children under the age of five.

Is this in your vocabulary? Blotter: Something you look for while you're waiting for the ink to dry.

Congratulations to the Resident Students for presenting a fine assembly. We haven't yet heard anyone say they didn't like it.

A worthwhile thought: We would not worry so much about what other people think if we realized how seldom they do.

We applaud: Mrs. Clay for giving up her free time on Tuesdays at 1:30 to conduct an unscheduled session of her Language Arts Class for any and all who need extra help. This type of unselfish behavior should be considered before we hear any more complaints concerning faculty-student relationship.

Jest Jokin' With The Jester

Perhaps you enjoy the radio entertainment of today, possibly you're immune to it, or maybe you just don't give a Philco about it. In any case, here's what a few hours of unadulterated American "radio-activity" would sound like to a recent immigrant from Slabtown.

Announcer's Voice (disgustingly cheerful): Goood morning, folks! It's eight o'clock and here's old Uncle Ralphie back again with your favorite morning program, "Rise and Shine—It's almost nine." Now as the chorus sings "Don't Wake Me Up Let Me Hibernate—Can't You See I'm a Little Bear," I'll bring you a few words from our sponsor. Remember, folks, this program is brought to you by Water! Water is rapidly becoming America's number one product, useful for just hundreds of things. This week's grand prize winner in the "I've Found a New Use for Water" contest is Mrs. Althea Flagenstein of Brooklyn who says in her letter, "The other night we're having no beer in the icebox; mine husband is saying to me, 'Gives water for everything else, why not to drink?' Since then we're drinking water." That is certainly a wonderful idea, Mrs. Flagenstein, so with the compliments of our sponsor we are sending you a ten year supply of gold fish food. Let me remind you again, friends, that water can be bought in pints, quarts, gallons, and in large economical reservoirs. Next time you want to lead a horse to something and not make him drink, try Water. See you again tomorrow same time, same place.

Announcer (Tragic and a little hoarse): At this time every day, the manufacturer of Doctor cigarettes bring you "Brenda Slump, Candy Packer No. 36529." Doctor cigarettes contain no harsh irritants, no nicotine, no apple-honey; in fact they don't even contain tobacco. They are a fine mixture of American and Turkish blend paper, designed especially for your smoking pleasure. Light a Doctor cigarette, watch it go up in flames immediately. No need to waste time holding it, no bother flicking off the ashes. If you aren't completely satisfied with your package of Doctor cigarettes, just mail them to F. E. Boone, Lexington, Kentucky, and you might get a Christmas card from him next year.

And now our story. When we left Brenda yesterday she was in the candy factory, talking to her husband Steve, who had just escaped from the local asylum. Steve thinks he is Charles Lindbergh and wants to do nothing but learn to fly a plane. Let's listen.

Steve: Brenda, I want a divorce.

Brenda: But Steve—

Steve: Don't argue, Brenda, I must be free to fly.

Brenda: And if I refuse?

Steve: If you refuse, Brenda, I shall be forced to push you into that vat of boiling peppermint fudge which tastes so yommy and delicious.

Brenda: You mean that peppermint fudge that comes in the bright red and white wrapper and can be bought for only five cents?

Steve: Yes, Brenda, I shall be forced to push you in the peppermint fudge that everyone should buy today.

Brenda: I can't divorce you, Steve. I love you.

Steve: Very well, Brenda; then I'll have to kill you by pushing you in that tasty, tangy, peppermint fudge. I must learn to fly.

Brenda screams.

Announcer: Will there be a slump in the candy business? Will Steve make an Ace of himself? Tune in to tomorrow for another heartwarming episode of "Brenda Slump, Candy Packer No. 36529," and in the meantime, remember that more camels smoke Doctors than all the other leading cigarettes combined.

Announcer: And here's that treat you've been waiting for—the big quiz show with big prizes—"You Can Take It With You." And now who's our first mental giant for tonight?

Lady's Voice: I'm Mrs. Lorelei Finch from Little Rock, Arkansas. I'm in New York looking for my husband who is a traveling salesman. I'm a housewife; now where are my prizes?

Announcer: Oooh, isn't she cute? But not so fast, Mrs. Finch. May I ask you what gift you received when you entered our studio tonight?

Mrs. Finch: A female rhinoceros.

Announcer: Well, isn't that nice. Now here's your question, Mrs. Finch. Think carefully, "We know what a rose bud is, Mrs. Finch, but can you tell me, what is a taste bud?"

Mrs. Finch: Oh, my goodness. It's right on the tip of my tongue . . .

Announcer: That's it! You've won our giant jackpot filled with wonderful prizes. Listen carefully, Mrs. Finch. Here's what you have just won: Thirty million dollars, 500 pairs of shoe-laces for every member of your family, lifetime supply of prunes, the Grand Canyon, your lost husband, mice for every room in your house, the Gulf of Mexico, a trailer and 500 miles of highway, King Tut's mummy and a pyramid to keep it in, four truckloads of putty, and Clark Gable. Thank you.

Dissa' and Data

The following was originally written in Sanskrit with the help of a turkey feather and some gopher blood; please overlook the liberal translation.

This column is guaranteed to have no effect on your blood pressure. It has no specific purpose, but since you've been foolish enough to read it thus far, don't give up now.

According to Mr. Ivan C. Diehl, Calvert county is one of the least populated in the State of Maryland. This should disprove the idea that everyone is switching to Calvert.

Word has reached us that one freshman finished the first semester still under the illusion that the name of his English course is "Composition and Temporary Literature."

At this present writing, only one-tenth percent of the people in these United States realize that a duck billed platypus lays eggs. Better remember that—you never know when it might turn up on some test around here.

We take great pride in the fact that State-To-Date predicted Auggie Diaz would win the annual Pulp Mill award as the outstanding soccer player of 1948. Auggie is currently sporting the jacket he received.

One of State's more intelligent juniors just stopped by to ask if he should send his income tax to the Department of Eternal Revenue. What is the matter with that guy—doesn't he have an advisor?

Since "Dopey" Hughes wanted his name in this issue, here it is (again).

A little applause: for the first assembly of this semester—one of the best of the year; for the Campus Sweetheart of '49, the favorite gal among the campus guys, for the few people who work on this newspaper.

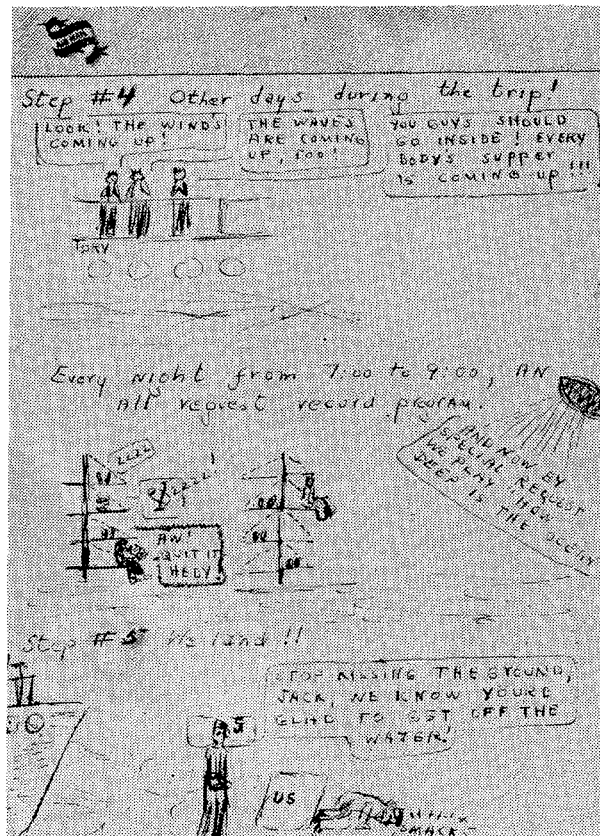
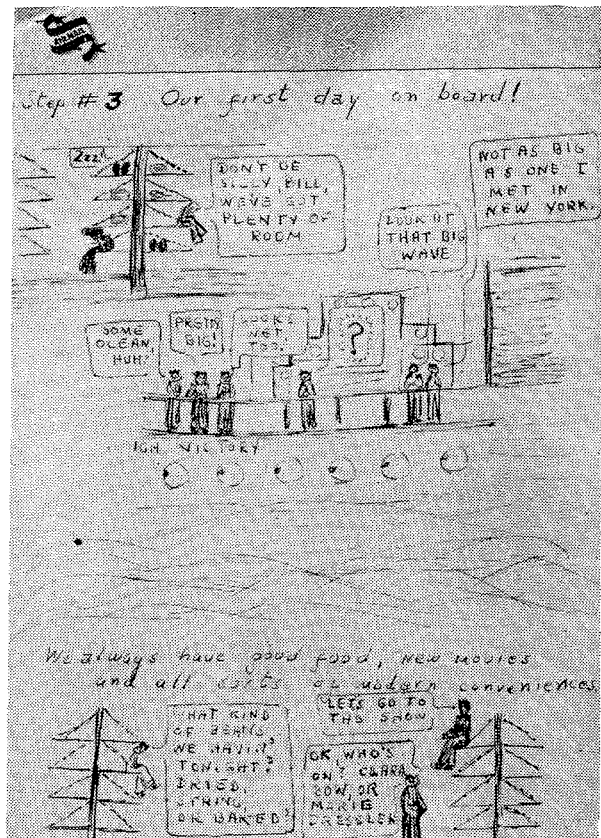
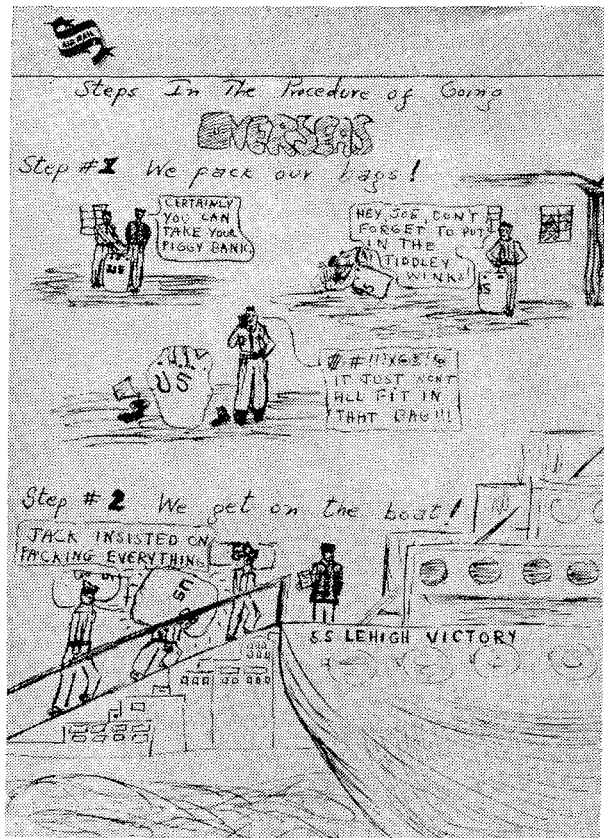
A few dirty looks for: the uncooperative students who failed to return the questionnaire included in the last issue of State-To-Date; all arm-chair gripers; organizations who fail to turn in news items and wonder why their activities never make the headlines.

Dogpatch Seesyty . . .

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a hurrie, and drunk Pappy's apple squeezins dorin' entermeshun en tha varseety shoppe.

In sum in up my repurt a tha brawl, I'd sa that a gud time wuz had by all—cept me, and thet' cuz woomins wuz thar.

Writ by hand fur
State Ta Date
Lil Abner Yokum, Esq.
Dogpatch,? Hevan's
nos whar! ! !



Scribblings

All of you regular readers (both of you) have probably noticed this interesting column has adopted another name. Our titles seem just about as permanent as most waves of the same name.

A news flash from the Varsity Shop indicates that hot soup is the latest addition to the noon time menu. A complete Heinz Soup unit has been installed, but as yet only 56 of the 57 varieties are available. There's just no demand for elephant-hoof bouillon. This seems to be the proper time and place to extend a word of congratulations to Flo Cook, this year's shop manager, for the wonderful job she's done.

Foolosophy: Note to all teachers—Soft soap is always ninety per cent lye.

Congratulations to the people who had too much to drink and made a spectacle of himself.

We hear (from reliable sources, of course) that Alan Williams has been drinking milk because it's a good bonebuilder. Too bad the idea went to his head.

Movie of the Week: "How Green Was My Pool Table." This tender story is significant due to the fact that there are absolutely no people in the cast. Although it was banned in Boston ((the pool table is presented sympathetically)) this movie should be seen by all 82 year old college students.

A certain junior, observing in Beall High School, was overheard saying: "Let's go into the Home Economics class and see what's cookin'?" No further comment is necessary.

For your early morning radio enjoyment, try the latest serial concerning a young interne's marital problems. It's called "John's Other Hopkins."

Turning more seriously to radio programs, the problems of the teacher are well dramatized in "Our Miss Brooks," a CBS presentation, Sunday at 6:30 p. m. It's a comedy, by the way.

After spending many hours of observation on Midlothian road, we have come to the conclusion that the street lights of Frostburg, viewed from this location, spell absolutely nothing.

From all indication the Little Theatre Play for this year, "Stardust," will be up to their usual high standards. It's a comedy in three acts; the action taking place in a dramatic school.

Another Letter From Germany

Tuesday Morning

Got your pages of witty verse,
And to tell the truth, it could've been
"verse."

Seriously, though, I liked your
rhymes,

They surely gave me a few good
times!

But I won't be out-done! No sir, not
me!

So here's some original poetry.

Today we're leaving for a ride on
the boat

With a bag, a pack, a hat and a coat.
It's hard to tell when I'll return.

So from now on, I've got time to
burn.

I think we're European bound

(Can't say I don't get around!)

From the looks of this, and my old
world map,

I'll never get to kill a Jap!

Now, Gram, don't get so hotsy-totsy

Do you still want me to choke a Nazi?

I miss you all since I'm back again,

And I get sort of homesick now and
then.

Your letters sure help out a lot, Bean,

So write more often, if you get what
I mean.

See any movies or shows of late?

Bingoos, parties, or a bowling date?

Or are you staying home with Mom

And being true to "good old Tom."

(OK—that joke just wasn't funny

—But neither's the personage of
Thomas Tunney)

How're things at that grand old relic,
Known to kids as Midland Public?

And do you still sit each night, and
count your dough

To see how far you've got to go!

Now let's stop for a moment's pause

And say a prayer for the curtain
cause.

I believe that's all I have to say

So I'll sign off now 'till another day.

Love,

Jack

Dedication . . .

Continued from Page One
meetings could be adjourned. He was especially adept at pacifying classmates who insisted on sleigh rides when there wasn't any snow. During this, his senior year, Jack and his fellow seniors held regular hash sessions in the Varsity Shop discussing the profound problems of student teaching. Critic teachers, core curriculum, forty kids, and four different schools in one semester formed the agenda of these informal meetings. Jack's sense of humor saved some otherwise hopeless situations for all of us.

Jack's humor was always kind. He laughed with people and not at them. He was frank without hurting feelings. He was honest and always sincere. Nowhere will we find another to take his place.

