



The
Holly
Leaf

December 1941

Volume 2, Number 2

State Teachers College
Salisbury, Md.



At This Christmas Season
Let Us Each
Light An Additional
Candle of Faith

Christmas Prayer

Ⓞ Blessed Lord, before Thee now
I bend my head in reverent bow;
While on my lips a smile appears,
My heart in fear, my eyes in tears.
My eyes in tears for hunger tolls,
And aching hearts, and tortured souls;
My heart in fear, for war and bomb,
Sacrifice, murder; O where the calm?
My lips with smiles, O Compassionate One,
For from Thee all my blessings come.
O tears, O fears, O smiles so deep,
Composing Life which I would keep;
I raise my arms in thankful praise
For this wondrous right, ah joyful day!
O Lord, my vibrant voice a prayer
Offers to Thee, whom I worship here;
A prayer which sends to Thee above
My wondrous praise, my thankful love.

Leslie Glover Calhoun

State Teachers College
Salisbury, Md.



THE HOLLY LEAF



Volume 2

Number 2

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Responsibility

"Peace on earth, good will to men". Once a phrase so full of meaning, it now holds little contentment for the citizens of the United States of America. Peace! What a quiet and restful word this once was. Good will!

A war has been forced upon a people who do not wish to fight and kill. It has been forced upon a people who hold democracy as something dear and intangible.

To make this struggle victorious, we must cooperate. We must forget ourselves and become more aware of the fact that there are others living around us. We must forget personal hatreds and political strifes. We must be willing to make sacrifices that have so long been forgotten.

Specifically, what can a college student do for his people in a time such as this? It is his solemn duty to accept his responsibility. He should gain all that college offers. He should put forth all effort to finish his college work to the best of his ability. All this must be done for what lies ahead. America and democracy have a future and it is the thinking and the trained man who will decide what turn that future will take.

When peace comes, we must have leaders who can set our world, our lives aright—leaders who can take the reins of democracy and lead into the paths of freedom and justice.

A Word of Hope

It's Christmas time — rejoice! Oh God, how can we rejoice when our hearts are so full of pain and fear for the morrow? How can we feel peaceful or happy when hate is so rampant? We strain our eyes for the Christmas star but are blinded by the flashing steel of war instruments; we strain our ears for the chapel bells but are deafened by wild, shrill sirens. Has the real old-time celebration of humble hearts welcoming the birth of Christ vanished? The glittering lights in the greedy shops, the stark, abominable commercial use of the Christmas spirit, would seem to say so. And yet — and yet — is there no word of hope, no thought of faith to which we may cling? Yes! Yes! Don't you recall these words, words from God himself—borne back now with new meaning, deeper meaning, richer meaning—

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

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He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still water.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

"Our Boys" In Camp

Editor's Note—Your comments concerning news from our boys in camp indicate that you want more. Limited space makes it necessary to publish only excerpts from some of the letters we receive.

Robert Doenges writes from Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania:

"I do not know to whom I am indebted for an October issue of 'The Holly Leaf' . . . Will you please see that my thanks reach the proper person or persons? . . . I received the issue Wednesday night of this week and have read it from cover to cover . . .

"I was particularly interested to read how the faculty of S.T.C. spent the summer months . . .

"From the alumni news I received much information. I see that some of my classmates are going to make their army life worthwhile. I received a letter from Bryden Moon about a month ago. He is climbing up the ladder. At the time he wrote the letter he had changed his address to: Dept. Hdq. Det., Fort Shafter, T. H. He said that his work was in connection with the new system of filing being used by the Army. At the time of writing he was a private first class, with a third class specialist rating . . .

"The article 'With Mike in Camp' was also very interesting. "Mike" Lavery's basic training was a little different from mine. Mine was done on foot instead of on horseback. Then, too, my training was done without arms, whereas Lavery seems to have been thoroughly trained in the use of arms. I imagine that this was all very interesting, especially if one likes horses. Instead of this I went through thirteen weeks of training in first aid — with a few side dishes. It was just like going back to school. We had eight classes a day. Some of these were in the lecture hall and some in the field. At our Graduation exercises the com-

(Continued on page 16)

The Greatest Job

Virginia P. Kuenzle, Class of '42

Tragedy was dropped from the skies on the American nation. Homes have been wrecked, families separated and cities thrown into darkness.

Every cog in the great machine of national defense is being geared with a precision and calmness that has never been equaled. The American people are determined to ward off this havoc playing enemy.

As terrible as it is to see million dollar cities bombed, ships destroyed, and lives lost, I can't help feeling a greater menace. This menace lies in minds twisted, hearts embittered, and ideals lost in a fog. Not the ideals of adults but of children, the future men and women of this American democracy.

It is our job as teachers to fight this menace. Let us go into the battle with our eyes and minds open to the vastness of the tasks before us. It can't be accomplished after the guns have ceased firing. That will be too late. We must begin right now.

How? A case to illustrate is the lesson taught in the seventh grade, leading those children to see a light in this blackout of Christmas ideals. The Light is that same light that shone in the

world on the first Christmas—a Light that seems obscured by the cloud of airplanes and smoke from trampling feet.

This Light radiates from God as much now as it did in the ages before He sent His Son to show it to the world.

David said, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me . . .".

Isn't that the true spirit of Christmas? It is the spirit that we must keep alive. Let us keep the eyes of the American children on this Light that will lead future America out of the "valley of the shadow of death".

Tuffy, The Kerry Blue

This fall witnessed the passing of a campus favorite, Tuffy. Tuffy was the Kerry Blue Terrier with a champ's pedigree for six generations — familiar to everyone at S.T.C. One often saw Tuffy and "Coach" enjoying a walk across the campus. Tuffy the Second is now being trained by the Maggs' family to get the paper every morning and to obey every command to the letter. Wonder if he will prove to be as intelligent as was the much-loved Tuffy the First.

WHEN YOU GET OUT OF THE CAGE

Make A Beeline To

Benjamins

OUR YOUNGER CROWD SHOP IS THE SHOP FOR YOUR SMART SWISH

Keeping the Spirit of Service

Christmas at S.T.C. is well remembered by its candlelight service, decorations, turkey dinner, carolling, and faculty parties. Though not different from the activities of many other colleges, it means much in the hearts of every one of the students.

This year, with the world conditions a complete turmoil, we may more fervently and sincerely wish and pray for "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men". As yet, we at S.T.C. are still untouched with bombs, shrieking shrapnel, and famine, and know little of the hazards of war; but for the first time in our yet short lives, we will come nearer to the true spirit and feeling of Christmas than ever before — knowing the existing conditions on every continent of the globe.

We will be as solemn as that little band of pioneers in 1925, led by Dr. William J. Holloway — then president of the school — as they very quietly first lit the traditional candle—the Spirit of S.T.C. This spirit has continued to glow ever since in the hearts of all students, being rekindled once every year at our candlelight service.

One who has attended this service at S.T.C., whether student or townsman, will remember this impressive picture — the long line of gay young students, each lighting his candle most reverently from the big one. Everyone realizes the solemnity

of the occasion, remembering the first Christmas and the present world havoc.

As students walk up to the candle, they seem to receive inspiration; they humble themselves before the candle, as those shepherds did before the star in the East. Bible readings and stories carry one back to this first Christmas 1941 years ago, and realizing its significance and importance, all present burst out in songs of hallelujah and "Glory to God in the Highest".

The Wise Men of long ago did not come empty-handed — nor do the students and faculty of S.T.C. While they cannot bring Him gifts, they try to show appreciation by giving to many underprivileged children in the vicinity.

Other activities are not overshadowed by the candlelight service, but rather inspired by it. Preceding the service, the annual turkey dinner is served; while the next morning, the dormitory girls go out carolling at 4:00 A.M. What is Christmas without carollers?

When the air is brisk and crackling, and everyone has the "Christmas spirit", S.T.C. dons its prettiest outfit of evergreens, mistletoe, holly, stars, and many lights. A lovely sight to behold is the school in its traditional Christmas attire. Traditional, all of these are at our college. Who wants to change the exhilarating "Christmas Spirit" at S.T.C.?

The Christmas Story in Tableau

Mary, Joseph, the shepherds, kings, and angels were all a part of the Christmas story presented in tableau form by the children of the first and second grades on December 16 on the stage of the main auditorium. The story was taken from the Bible with the scripture readers — Florence Dallas, Barbara Summers, and Shirley Salmons — telling sections of the story preceding the scenes. The choir, made up of fifteen members of the first and second grades, not in costume, sang the carol that told the story of the scene being presented.

The college orchestra under the direction of Mr. Benn Maggs played the prelude and the postlude from "The Messiah." A medley of Christmas carols, "The Christmas Tide", was also an instrumental selection by the group.

Joseph and Mary were portrayed by Billy Pat Turner and Patsy Ann Waller, respectively. The

shepherds were Graham Hotton, Billy Wyatt, and Ernest Culver, while the kings were Edward Nock, Billy Smith, and Buddy Mott. Those taking the part of angels were Joan Green, Lynne Robins, Betty Jane Melvin, and Patsy Pollitt.

Between the scenes of the tableau, other groups of the campus elementary school children sang Christmas carols that were their preference. Everyone joined in the singing of "Silent Night".

The lovely story of the first Christmas so beautifully given by these little children helped to revive the real Christmas spirit in the hearts of those who saw their rendition.

Miss Jean Sanford, training teacher in the first and second grade room, directed the tableau. Cooperating with her were the juniors and seniors, who helped with the art work, and the parents, who assisted with the costumes.

Alumni News

Just News

Victor Laws, Jr., recently admitted by the Court of Appeals to the practice of law, is now associated with the legal firm of Miles, Bailey and Clark in Salisbury.

Anne Reese, a member of the class of 1931, sends us a new name and address: Mrs. Paul R. Brown, 43 Spring Street, Princeton, N. J.

Charles Lavery, class of '40, who entered the U. S. Army in June is rapidly gaining honors. Now he is a corporal in the Weapons Department, C.R.T.C., Fort Riley, Kansas.

Willard Stevens, of class '38, sends the following address: Battery "A" 6th Battalion, 2nd F. A. Training Reg't., Fort Bragg, N. C.

Lynn Walter is now serving in the U. S. Navy. At present, he is at the Naval Mine Warfare School, Yorktown, Virginia.

William Champlin, class of '40, is working in Baltimore. His address is 1688 Darley Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Martha Ann Peters sends us word that she is teaching second grade at Essex and has fifty children in her room. Her address is 3904 Ridgecroft Road, Baltimore.

Unable to attend Homecoming, Francis and Jerome Fletcher of New Mexico came a few days later for a visit to their Alma Mater.

On November 24, Raymond Jump was the guest speaker at the faculty meeting. His topic was "The Progress of the Social Studies Program in Talbot County".

Mrs. L. E. LeBel of Avenida Epitacio Pessoa 26F6, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, was a recent visitor at the college. Mrs. LeBel, who will be remembered as the former Ellen Grieg, class of '36, has returned from Brazil after spending two years there. She will spend a year here in Salisbury with her aunt, Miss Roxie Pusey. Mrs. LeBel left the following message:

Boas festas, meus amigos. Eu eston minto contente ser aqui com voces este ano. Feliz ano navo para 1942.

(Good holidays, my friends. I am very happy to be here with you this year for 1942).

Three members of the senior class have been married since the close of their junior year. Jeannette Rencher and Curtis W. Insley were married in June. Irma Wootten became Mrs. Roy

Aydelotte in August and Marcella Smith changed her name to Mrs. Bill Bailey in September. Jeannette and Irma will finish their senior year here.

Charles R. Dulin is now a student at St. Charles College at Catonsville, Maryland. He describes the chapel in following words: "It is claimed to be the second in beauty in the country. . . . It is a copy of an Italian church of the early Renaissance. The decorative scheme on the interior is still incomplete. They have just started putting in the mosaics in the pillars. . . . The sanctuary is really beautiful. The main altar stands beneath an elaborate baldachino supported by imposing columns with richly covered capitals. It is inlaid with precious and semi-precious stones. It is really an impressive place."

News From The Camps

Sam Colgain, a freshman last year, is in Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. He writes: "Well, the army is a great team and I'm almost adjusted to the life. There are many things worse I'm sure. I've had a lucky break; at present, I am going to Radio School. This is for training as a repairman in the radio field. It is, however, very technical and I can only hope that hard study will pull me through. Will be here until January 22, as far as I know.

" . . . The Signal Corp plays an important part in an army. It brings the control of the infantry, tank corps, and air force under one head command. Men from here are sent to air fields, infantry posts, tank corps and various army camps where trained men in telephones, telegraphy, and radio are needed. The old system of flags is obsolete and is very seldom used. Teletyping offers fine opportunities to a skilled typist.

" . . . Received "The Holly Leaf" from Mrs. Cooper and a card from the State Teachers College Alumni. Certainly appreciated them and hope I can receive "The Holly Leaf" again at its next issue."

George "Ink" Davis was graduated from the Air Corps Advanced Flying School of Craig Field on October 31, 1941. His address is A. C. Q. F. S.—41-H, Craig Field, Selma, Alabama. We publish excerpts from a letter recently received from him. He writes: "I received my appointment in March,

(Continued on page 18)

Do You Like Gossip?

"You're A Lucky Fellow, Mr Smith", and we aren't only talking about a song. From what we have heard, a certain Mr. Smith has been occupying quite a bit of Dottie's time. It has gotten us all perplexed. Tell us, Dottie, what's the score?

Whom do we see coming down the walk with Virginia? They're getting a little closer now. "O—tis—White".

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder" is an old saying and it is very appropriate for this couple. At least, George hopes this will hold true. It seems to be working so far, as "Phyll—is" keeping George busy answering her letters.

We are all hoping this will be a very happy new year for everyone. We know it will be for a certain senior lady. Congratulations and best wishes from the staff, "Josie".

We wonder how many "gals" envy the two junior girls from the Western Shore who get a letter a day from the objects of their affections? Some days there are even two letters.

Blue convertibles along with nice young men are not as plentiful as everything we could mention. Perhaps Olie should keep an eye on George. He won't "Walk—er" on dates; she'll ride in that blue convertible.

We're certain that our prof to be, Mr. Walsh, had a very happy birthday. The senior class, always considerate, attached this "bit o' verse" to the present they gave him. We decided to print it for the benefit of those who have not heard it.

"One day I heard a friend that said,
'Carroll Walsh is tetched in the head.
He goes to town occasionally
To hunt some lifeless company.'

"A puzzled person was I then,
And wondered what was wrong with men
That they should travel clear up town
And follow lifeless models 'round.

"It seems our Carroll likes to talk
To lifeless models without heart
That sit upon the counter, yet
Attract no attention without a net.

"If such company is his prize,
We senior girls are ready to oblige;
So to dear Carroll we present
This gift to make him quite content."

Nobody believes in fortune telling. Why, certainly not! Why, then, is the fortune teller having quite a few calls and visits from girls at S.T.C.? It's a good thing all of us don't believe in such nonsense. Uh, by the way, girls, how much does she charge? Not that it would interest us, but, uh, well — is she any good?

The word "Marie" could be a popular song and it could be a popular girl. Right now we are talking about a girl. With all the letters and phone calls she has been receiving, we can't quite determine who ranks first. There's "Bound(s)" to be a favorite. Is it Johnny, Ralph, or Jimmy? Marie gives us three guesses.

Debaters Are Active

No slackers in work are the Baglean Carneans. This debating society is laying claim to being one of the most active organizations on the campus — along with the Men's A.A. Not content with one meeting a month this club holds weekly discussions on debate topics and conducts semi-weekly forums over station WBOC. Led by Dr. Richard N. Current, the members are becoming ardent followers of the job of analyzing and discussing important topics of the day. Recent radio forums have concerned defense strikes, Latin American relations, and the United States' stand on the war. This year the national college debate question regards the pro's and con's of outlawing defense strikes.

The society has recently elected Hugh Smith as its president to fill the vacancy caused by the departure of George Jones.

A Message From Your President

In our united effort to build a strong America may each of us develop a spiritual defense consisting of character, courage, purpose, faith, and the acceptance of an individual responsibility for "Peace on Earth" to all mankind.

Department of Gift Suggestions

Christmas, with all its glamor and festivity, is upon us once more, and with it the trying problem of gift suggestions. This year we would like to offer free some advice in choosing the appropriate Yuletide remembrance. So, we have hustled about, here and there, thither and yon, and all over the place to satisfy these needs. The stores are teeming with all kinds of trinkets; so here we go, racing madly down the list. . .

First of all, let us consider the ladies. After all, our motto is, "The male must come through". Let us dash headlong into those intriguing bits of good cheer that so delight the weaker sex. (Yes, that's exactly what I said.) Now, let's be different. Suppose, my little man, you have an O.A.O. (One and Only). You may be Semper Fidelus (always faithful) but she may not be. Our suggestion is an initialed knitting needle or a left-footed figure skate. In either case, the young lady is literally forced into being faithful until next year when she may be given the other needle or skate, as the case may be.

If she is the athletic type (heaven forbid), flatter her with something utterly feminine. A set of false eyelashes will tickle her to the very eyebrows and make her simply mad with glee to think that you think she likes things like centipede eyes. Do you get the psychological significance of it all? If you do, give it back; I'm the one that lost it.

To the little girl with the big smile in English class, give a red leather address book with your name and address on every page. But for mercy's sake, don't let her know who it's from. She will fairly burst with childish eagerness to find out who could have sent it. Right there the beautiful friendship blossoms.

Now, for the masculine side of the ledger. For the young man who goes steadily with you, what about a nice theatrical make-up kit, so you won't have to see that "pan" all the while. One day he may resemble Pagliacci; the next, Cicero. You'll never have a dull moment, and your friends will be alive with gossip.

As for your best friend's brother, whom you've tried and tried to get to notice you, and without any luck — give him a millstone or a linotype machine — something that he must come to the house to get himself. (I got him up there without his sister. Now don't expect me to do all your thinking for you.)

But, in a more serious vein, we mustn't forget

dear old father who worked himself to the bone so that we can pull boners at school. Every year you leave him until last and favor him with the well-known neckwear. This year, give him the two bits and let him get whatever he wants.

Now, I must be off. Anyway, "Merry Christmas to all, and to all, a speedy recovery".

YOUR HEALTH

To each and every student, the Health and Physical Education Departments extend holiday greetings. Because of the present turmoil encompassing this world in which we live, we would like to use the following article as our message in this issue.

A Christmas Prayer

Oh Lord:

Give me Faith, Courage, Hope and Patience.

Give me the faith of the farmer that I may do my work each day knowing that much plowing and planting have to be done before there can be a harvest.

Give me the courage to shoulder the musket of fair play and to do my share in fighting the forces which would destroy the rights of men.

Give me the hope that the realities and the potentialities of this land are such that neither the fog of recession nor the sun glare of boom can blind me to their true values.

Give me the patience to walk and talk with those who do not see eye to eye with me and keep me from getting angry with them even when all of their answers are wrong.

Let me admire those who have been victorious; but let me keep in my heart a tender spot of sympathy and understanding for those who have gone down in defeat.

Give me the respect of my opponents; the regard of my companions. And above all, Oh Lord, give me the love of little children—and may this Christmas bring to them — the rich and the poor — the bubbling joy which God in His wisdom intended them to have. Amen.

—Exchange.

May the meaning of Christmas be deeper

As it comes to you this year.

The Publications Staff

THE HOLLY LEAF

On Finding A Conscience

As far as I know everyone has, or has had at some time, a conscience. Yet, I very seriously doubt whether many people have had the experience of actually discovering this intangible, non-descript something.

I distinctly remember my first encounter with it. It happened thus.

One hot summer afternoon about ten or fifteen years ago I was playing in a cemetery which isn't far from my home. If I remember correctly there was no point or general aim to my playing — I was just playing for playing's sake. I ran here and there, first to the caretaker's shack and then to the pump. I looked closely at every tombstone, monument, and mausoleum. I played fondly around the old cannon for a long time, imagining myself to be the doughboy who fired it fifteen years previously.

This went on for a few hours, until I tired of it. Then I began to search for another pastime. I decided to try overturning some tombstones. I tried several large ones, and finding that they were practically immovable, I looked for a smaller one. I found one, a mere slab of marble, that I could budge; so I rocked it until it toppled. It broke into three pieces. I was actually proud of myself, at first, for having accomplished such a feat.

It was getting rather late, and I was getting rather hungry, so I went home. On the way, I naturally marveled at the grandeur of the heavens splashed with a glorious array of colors produced by the setting sun, at the greenness of the grass and the fragrance of the late afternoon air. Yet with all of this I couldn't help thinking of those three shattered pieces of marble. The vision of that marker of some poor sinner's place of interment, that I had desecrated, was burned in my memory forever. When I got home I had to wait a few minutes for supper, and so I sat down on the front porch and waited in the quiet of the evening. There was a very strange feeling in the pit of my stomach, as though there were bees or hornets inside trying to get out. I blamed my hunger for this.

I ate supper and 'twas a good one, but strangely enough this feeling which I had attributed to hunger was not appeased. As a matter of fact, it grew worse instead of better. I couldn't stop thinking about that tombstone. It preyed upon my mind and grew worse by leaps and bounds. I went to bed to try and sleep it off, but instead of going to sleep as I should have, I lay and tossed.

I imagined myself going to Hell or being eaten alive by a terrible ogre or some thing. I started sobbing rather hoarsely, because I couldn't control myself any longer. Then everything seemed to start whirling around in a haze.

Mother must have heard me, because the next thing I remember she was shaking me and rubbing my wrists. At first, I refused to tell her what the matter was, but finally when I couldn't restrain myself any longer, I broke down and confessed my sin. I fully expected to be sent to the wood-shed for a go-around with the paddle, but instead she told me that I had been amply reprimanded.

I knew then what a conscience was!

Vibrations

Music, maestro! Opera season in the city of New York is well under way and S.T.C. is not to be left out. The regular annual band concerts have started. With the downbeat of an imaginary baton, the conductor opens the season here in our own building. Stokowski and Ormandy had better beware since Dick Williams and a few other juniors have become such conductors. For rhythm bands have once more boomed at passersby from behind closed doors and tantalizing strains have been conquered by our junior artists.

The Salisbury Concert Association opened its season with the appearance of Ruth Draper last week. In four selections, "In County Kerry", "Three Breakfasts", "A Class In Greek Poise", and "In A Church In Italy", Miss Draper captivated her audience with her various dialects. Voice control, poise, grace, vivacity — all these might describe the manner in which she entertains. Not many of us will soon forget her delightful performance.

Nor will the members of the College Chorus easily forget the hours of practice they spent in preparing for the Choral Service last Sunday night. This is the first time this type of program has been used here in the college. Members of this group sang Christmas songs while George Reeves read the story of the nativity.

Senior student teachers at Princess Anne are busily coaching young voices to celebrate in play, pageant, or musical program the one thousand nine hundred and forty-first celebration of Christmas.



Sports News



A "Cager" Talks

Perhaps you haven't heard that S.T.C.'s basketball season has opened with a "bang". For the first time in local basketball history, the gallant lads of Salisbury turned the tables on Towson cagers and came out on the long end of a 32-21 score.

Perhaps, too, you're unaware that this victory was the beginning of an S.T.C. "Hall of Fame". Only three "imaginative busts" occupy places in the "hall" at present because only three men have played on both a soccer team and basketball team which has beaten Towson. Ralph Kirby, Ed Fatzer, and "Swiv" Newcomb are the only ones with this distinction.

(In appreciation, the Wrigley Chewing Gum Company is erecting a statue of Coach Maggs. The date of the unveiling has not been announced.) . . .

Our Editor has just advised me that this is the place and time to thank our friendly rival, The Baltimore Sun, for that very eloquent write-up of our first victory of this season.

Have you joined the Booster Club? No!! When do you expect to join? After all we (censored by the Men's A.A.).

To get back on the subject — by the way, what is the subject? — the squad this year is made up of representatives from each class. From the senior class, "Al" Atkinson and "Swiv" Newcomb are playing their last games for S.T.C. Ralph Kirby is back again this year which brings the junior class into the basketball picture. Ed Fatzer and "Cloudy" Elwood Day are the sophomore's "cage dreams". (Here's hoping they aren't nightmares except to opposition.) With hopes soaring, Donald Day, Harry Groton, Dick Malone, Bill Smith, and Bill Woolston — all freshmen — make the squad an "all college" aggregation, working together as one unit and wearing the colors of S.T.C.

The final schedule has not been completed as yet, but it looks as if the boys are going to be very busy. Beacom, Goldy, and Frostburg are already signed and several Eastern Shore town teams are clamoring for games.

If there's any other thing that you would like to know, ask someone else — this column has done its talking; and now I'll be running along.

Soccer Roundup

Twееееет!! The last whistle has been blown on the 1941 soccer season; the suits are in the moth-balls and the players are in the gym. The end of the season was almost welcomed by a crippled team for during the entire season at least one man was on the crutches. After a good start, the team slumped and did not come up to expectations.

They began the season by beating the Alumni very decisively. The "Grads" went down under a score of 4-0. What was one of the best games of the season was played with Greensboro, one of the best teams in the Eastern Shore Soccer League. This highly favored team had to be satisfied with a 2-2 score.

It seemed that the boys were in for ties for although they expected to win, they had to be content with another tie with Towson. At West Chester in a driving rainstorm and on a muddy field, the Pennsylvania team proved to be the better "mudders", taking the game by the lop-sided score of 6-0.

The only game played on the home field this season was with the Frostburg Teachers College team which took the boys from Salisbury to the tune of 2-1. George Jones tallied the only goal for the home team.

Here's hoping that conditions next year favor the team with a larger schedule and a better season. We'll all be backing them!!

Sophs Are Champs

To the class of '44 goes the honor and distinction of having the first hockey team to defeat the class of '42 since their victory in 1938. The sophs also overcame their other rival, the juniors, to become champs of the hockey season.

Hockey sticks and shin guards had scarcely been packed away when the basketball put in its appearance. As yet, there have been no games but predictions are that old members plus new members equal a winning team.

As in other colleges, all women do not wield sticks and throw balls. There is a way, however, that those people can help. A good cheering squad is always an asset. Did our cheering squad fall down on the job earlier this year? We'll let you answer that for yourself. Chances are that an even better job of cooperating to make this a banner season can be done. Are you willing to help?

Craftsmanship

"And this is the senior arts and crafts class," explained Miss Purnell to the two visiting professors. "If you so much as touch anything in here, trouble is bound to follow — sticky fingers (or a slapped hand) — because students really take this work seriously."

Threatening at one time to become the opportunity for a "furnish-your-own-home project", the art-craft class is turning out some really useful as well as decorative objects. Even the disinterested observer can always find some outstanding examples of some senior's patience and ingenuity, plus the Purnell touch of inspiration, in the process of manufacture. Trays — large and round or small and oblong — have been painted, shellaced, and otherwise coaxed into a masterpiece of design. Bookends have been decorated with paints, bits of felt and metal, or wood-burning. While bracelets, buttons, belts, and costume jewelry vied for greatest popularity, the group of girls who have worked, or struggled, in transferring designs to the insides of salad bowls numbers almost the entire class. Ash trays or coasters made by twisting colored strips of paper into a circular plate, pushing up the outer edges, and shellacing again and again, may be found in every color combination in (or out) the rainbow. The tool for wood-burning has left designs on buttons, bracelets, bookends, and awkward hands.

Nor is this an entirely feminine class. The male element has learned to spool-knit, weave, carve, and decorate wood plaques and bookends. The time spent here has provided ample opportunity for adult creative activity, a growth in knowledge of color and design, and worthwhile achievement.

Shortage of Teachers Looms

The shortage of elementary teachers is national in scope as is shown by the following quotations from a report entitled, "Shortage of Teachers Looms as Possibility in near Future", by the N. E. A. Research Division, as of November 1, 1941:

An inquiry was circulated recently among the placement officers of teacher education institutions. On the basis of replies from 233 placement officers representing all parts of the country, the following conclusions have been drawn:

- (1) There is nationwide agreement that an acute shortage of teachers exists in rural schools.
- (2) Next to the rural shortage there is agreement that the small towns are having difficulties in obtaining enough teachers.
- (3) Placement officers agree that there is at present little shortage in city school systems.
- (4) As might be expected from the widespread rural shortage, the deficiency is much more acute in the supply of teachers trained for elementary schools.
- (5) Evidence on the shortage of the supply of junior high-school teachers is scattered and inconclusive.
- (6) There is a clear-cut deficiency in teacher supply at the senior high-school level.
- (7) The subject areas in which it is most difficult to meet the demand for teachers are: industrial arts, business, science, mathematics, physical education, home economics, and music".

As is shown by the following number of graduates and number of inexperienced teachers employed in the counties of Maryland from 1938 to 1940, inclusive, a shortage has existed in the number of elementary teachers of Maryland for the past two years:

Year	Frostburg	Salisbury	Towson (County Students Only)	Total
1938-39	30	34	31	95
1939-40	31	24	39	94

The number of inexperienced teachers employed in Maryland counties in 1938-39 was one hundred six while in 1939-40 the number was one hundred ten.

The following enrollments in the Maryland Teachers Colleges also show a corresponding decrease in the number of students enrolling for teacher training during the same years:

Year	Frostburg	Salisbury	Towson (County Student Only)	Total
1938-39	223	273	249	745
1939-40	221	221	234	676

This represents a decrease of approximately 9 per cent.

"OUR BOYS" IN CAMP

(Continued from page 5)

manding officer of our battalion said that we were all first class medical soldiers. Of course, I think he was stretching the point a little but I guess we did absorb a little of what was shoved at us. The Army instructors used one of the basic principles of learning — repetition.

"On the tenth of October we had completed our basic training and I was sent here. I am on the administration side of the fence now. I'm working in the office of the Student Officers' Battalion. Officers come here for a two-months course in field work. A new class just began this week. We have registered 456 for this class. This is one of the oldest Army posts in the country and at one time was an Indian School. It is not a very large post but is more attractive than are some of the new camps which have an over abundance of mud during the winter and sand during the summer.

"I haven't really disowned you people at Salisbury even though I haven't been back to see you. . . . Will you please tell those I know that I say, 'Hello!'"

From a letter written by Charles Elliott, class of 1940, we clipped these news items. Charles is a member of the First Platoon, Company C, 4th Trg. Bu.

" . . . I wish to acknowledge receipt of a copy of the 'Holly Leaf' of some time ago. I thoroughly enjoyed it. It shows that the old Publications Staff is still on the ball, and brings memories of the days when I did by bit to fill up space in the college paper.

"Transferred from a rifle battalion, the 15th, here at Camp Wheeler, I am now in the Army Intelligence School in the 4th, which means, among other things, no Christmas leave.

"The men in the battalion represent the cream of American youth — every man hand picked, every man with a degree. Talking to some of them is an education within itself.

"Please extend my kindest regards to the Publications Staff, the faculty, and all my friends at S.T.C."

Bells Of Peace

Ring out, O bells at Christmas time!
Ring out your sweet refrain
Of holly wreaths and mistletoe,
And old St. Nick again.

Skull and Crossbones

A skull and crossbones! To everyone, the words may bring a shudder, but the sight of a skull and crossbones on a freshman theme brings a feeling of appreciation. Mrs. Bennett's class in freshman composition has drawn up what they call a skull and crossbones list of faults in writing. They have agreed that if one of the errors on the list occurs on a paper submitted to the instructor they will take an "F" grade on that paper. The list is short and composed of reprehensible sins in grammar, punctuation, and sentence structure, with the misspelling of common words, which should unquestionably have been cleared away before if human nature had been less fallible. The class realizes that drastic surgery is necessary at times to preserve the health of the body; therefore, they have agreed to amputate excrescent deformities, the warts and corns and adenoids of bad language habits. It may sound like cruel surgery — that an otherwise "A" theme with an inadvertent dangling participle should be marked "F"; but like all good surgery, it is immediately curative. The special thought and effort given to errors that have crystallized into habit soon break the habit, and casualties are few. When there is a transgression, however, the penalty follows automatically. The class hopes to add to the list in the future. The present list is as follows:

1. Failure to write a complete sentence
2. Use of a dangling or misrelated participle
3. Use of a double subject
4. Failure to have proper agreement of subject and predicate
5. Use of double negative
6. Use of the ampersand in formal composition
7. Failure to capitalize a proper name
8. Failure to use indefinite pronouns correctly
9. Failure to use the correct forms of the following irregular verbs: a. lie; b. lay; c. set; d. sit; e. rise; f. raise; g. burst; h. sing.
10. Failure to spell the following words correctly: a. receive; b. believe; c. all right; d. already; e. develop; f. writing; g. lose; h. too (adv.); i. tragedy; j. their; k. there; l. villain.

Never cease your ringing,
O bells so sweet and clear!
Ring out o'er all the world!
Ring in peace during the year!
—Shirley Churchill, Class of '45

THE HOLLY LEAF

To Be Included In Who's Who

Over nine years ago an idea of creating a national basis of recognition for students was conceived, and "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges" was born. Each year this book publishes a volume which includes the biographies of students selected from many colleges and universities of the country. This is done without payment of dues or fees from the students so honored. Only upper classmen and students in advanced work are eligible to be included. The purpose of this volume, to quote the statements made by the publishers, is to serve "as an incentive for students to get the most out of their college careers; as a means of compensation to students for what they have already done; as a standard of measurement for students comparable to such agencies as Phi Beta Kappa and the Rhodes Scholarship Award; and as a recommendation to the business world."

Because of their recognition in "Who's Who", many students obtain positions with some of the largest companies in the United States.

Six students from the State Teachers College at Salisbury will be included in the eighth annual publication of "Who's Who" this winter. The choice of these persons was based on scholarship and leadership. Among those whose biographies will appear are four seniors: Dorothy Siddons, Jeannette Rencher, Augusta Heath, and William Newcomb. One junior, Lorraine Hall, and one sophomore, Edgar Ryle, will also be honored by the inclusion of their biographies.

FOUND

—by a Junior Student Teacher

The following list was compiled by a junior who did her annual housecleaning. Wonder if other juniors could compile a similar list — that is, when and if they clean house.

1. One hundred twenty-six and a half pages of handwriting practice work
2. Physical and political map of every country
3. One whistle
4. Pictures of everything printable
5. One broken pitchpipe
6. Two letters from the Consul General of Peru
7. One torn "Wordo" game card
8. Six mixed sets of mimeographed aid material
9. Forty-six library slips
10. One jingle stick

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NEWS FROM THE CAMPS

(Continued from page 10)

and was stationed at Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida. I fell in love with this place on first sight. The territory around Arcadia, is very flat with cattle raising the largest occupation. Also, there are plenty of rattle snakes, orange groves, and pretty girls . . .

"My next post was Macon, Georgia, in peach season. I enjoyed it very much there, particularly the flying. At Macon, Uncle Sam decided to make a pursuit pilot of me, so consequently that is why I am here at Pursuit School in Selma. Here we receive combat flying, all types of formation flying, altitude oxygen missions, and gunnery. Also a big thrill is night country flying. I have been scared to death so many times, that now it seems as though nothing scares me any more . . .

"We have a swell bunch of boys from all parts of the United States. They come from Maine,

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Massachusetts, Vermont, New York; also the South is well represented. We have Pennsylvania "Coal miners", Kentucky "hog callers" (whom we have officially appointed as our vocal air raid siren), Tennessee "ridge runners" who have fought the Civil war incessantly, and, of course, there has to be one outcast due to home location and odd speech—that's me, but I manage to hold my own in the stiff competition, with the help of a couple of Baltimore boys . . .

"Please give my regards to any of my friends that you may see . . ."

The following special news release was sent to the Holly Leaf from Public Relation Office, Southeast Air Corps Training Center, Montgomery, Alabama: "Eugene Messick, Jr., of Salisbury, a former student at Maryland State Teachers College, is now an aviation cadet and is enrolled in the replacement center of the Southeast Air Corps Training Center which has its headquarters at Maxwell Field here.

"Messick entered the center early in November and will soon go to one of the numerous primary schools in the southeast for his first flight training.

"Upon completion of 30 weeks of pilot training he will be awarded a commission as a second lieutenant in the Army Air Corps and will enter a tactical or a training unit as a pilot officer."

John Reed, who is located at Headquarters, 28th Inf. Inq. Bn., Camp Croft, South Carolina, sends a rather clever description of his life in the army. He says: ". . . We lie around in bed every morning until 5:30. This, of course, gives us plenty of time to wash, dress, make our bunks, etc., until 5:40. Breakfast consists of an unidentified liquid and a hearty choice of white hard tack, or rye crust. Then we have nothing to do until 7:00 o'clock so we just sit around and mop floors, shine shoes and pickup all the cigarette stubs and match sticks within a radius of 150 feet of the barracks area.

"Soon the Sgt. asks us, 'Come on out in the sun, kids', so out we go and bask in the wonderful sunshine . . .

"At 8:00 o'clock we put on our light packs and start walking through the swamps. The light pack is not to be confused with the heavy pack.

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The light pack consists of a gun, bayonet, canteen, raincoat (fits like a tent), cartridge belt, first aid kit, shelterhalf, tent pins, and a few other negligible items. The heavy or full field pack also has a blanket. Carrying my light pack I weigh 203 pounds. You can see how easy it is to romp and play . . .

"At 12 noon those who can limp go to the infirmary. Here the patients are divided into two classes, those who have athletes foot and those who have colds. If you have athletes foot, you get your foot bathed in iodine; if you have a cold, you get your throat swabbed with iodine. Anyone who claims he has neither cold nor athletes foot is sent to the guard house for impersonating an officer . . .

"Life in the Army is a little different for me now . . . I am assistant to the Plans and Training Officer, a Lieut. Sasinek, formerly a teacher of Binghamton, New York . . .

"Give my fondest regards to S.T.C. faculty and student body. Special regards to the juniors and seniors. Make them write to me. Also I would appreciate a copy of the Holly Leaf."

Sophanes Notes

"Finders keepers" was the theme of the play by the same name which was presented before the Dramatic Club the other day. Otis White, as the husband, did a fine bit of acting.

Orchids to the freshmen, Margaret Darrow, Mary Jane Pennewell, Norma Lee Vane, Edward Dryden, and Charles Pitts, for their performances in the Dramatic Club plays.

Alack, alas! The dream of any dramatic club member is to be able to act like Ruth Draper. (Wasn't she wonderful?) Well, just keep on wishing and maybe some day we can say, "We knew them when—".

We congratulate the directors of "Red Carnations" and "Finders Keepers", Margaret Jones and Ellen Libis, whose splendid work was responsible for the plays. (We realize that the director's job is all work and no thanks.)

Worry, worry, worry! February 14, besides being Valentines Day, is the date set for the Dramatic Club dance. How in the world are we going to decorate? All suggestions will be gratefully accepted.

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Faculty Notes

On Thursday, December 4, Dr. J. D. Blackwell spoke at the Germantown P.T.A. on the subject "Education for a Strong America". This is one of the national objectives for education this year. Five members of the class of '41, Catherine Appleton, Barbara Willing, Marie Steffens, Lucille Parks, and Goldy Tyler, were present on this occasion. Lucille and Goldy are members of the Germantown Elementary School faculty.

At the monthly meeting of the Princess Anne Parent-Teacher Association, Dr. Anne H. Matthews spoke on the topic "The Selection of Books for Children". On December 9, she gave a review of the recent publication of the Educational Policies Commission, "The Education of Freemen in a Democracy" before the North Salisbury parent-teacher group.

Dr. T. J. Caruthers was guest speaker at Upton Street School P.T.A. on Nov. 11, 1941. His topic was "The Parent and the Teachers' Child" in which he discussed the questions: What is a child? What must be done for him, to him, and with him?

Two faculty members have been chosen for offices of the Delmarva Boy Scouts. Dr. Blackwell is the chairman of Boy Scouts for this district while Dr. Lloyd Straughn is one of the District Commissioners.

Each Monday and Wednesday evening finds Miss Helen Jamart instructing groups of townspeople in First Aid.

Mrs. IdaBelle W. Thomas is giving a series of talks over WBOC on Latin American Relations. John Gunther's "Inside Latin America" was the subject of the first of this series on Tuesday evening, December 2, at 7:30 o'clock. Mrs. Thomas is also writing a series of articles on Maryland women for the magazine, "Maryland Club Woman". In the November issue, the "Drama of Maryland" was discussed.

Dr. John B. May has been selected by the College English Association to submit ten original college themes, two for each of the five major grades for marking. All themes should be corrected and graded with a comment explaining the reasons for the grades. These samples will be used in a pamphlet "Proposal for Articulative High School and College Training in English".

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