

HOME COMING AN  
ANNUAL EVENT

## Alumni Day Celebrated

Home coming! Home coming! The long looked for day, December 17th has come and gone. The faculty and students of the normal school have been anticipating the event since the full-fledged teachers left us last June. It is always a pleasure to welcome back the graduates of '26 who have helped to make a name for this beloved school. Although the doors of their school at Salisbury remain ever open to them, it is at this time each year that it most appreciates their presence.

The program of events that marked this home coming as one to be remembered was:

Short business meeting of the Alumni Association.

Planting of the living evergreen tree that will be decorated each year at Christmas time—Y. W. C. A.

Tea dance given by the Home Association in honor of the alumni.

Awarding of diplomas to those who finished their course at summer school last summer.

Experience meeting

What home coming meant to a Senior.

It was with undescrivable pleasure that the Seniors greeted each former graduate. So glad were they to welcome back home those with whom they had had the pleasure of working and the ones they had met at home coming last year.

As is a Senior's privilege their thoughts wandered on to next home coming.

"Will it be possible for me to pay a visit to our dear old normal school next December?"

At any rate we will look forward to

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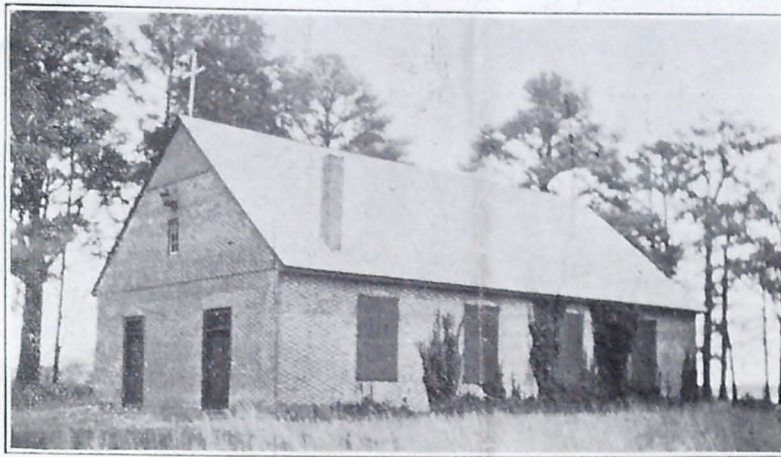
FACULTY MEMBER  
HONORED BY STATE

## Made Head State Association

Those of us who are in any way affiliated with the Salisbury Normal School are justly proud of our Director of Training, Miss Edna M. Marshall.

At the recent annual meeting of the Maryland State Teachers' Association, November 25 and 26, held at Southern Junior High School in Baltimore, Miss Marshall was elected president for the ensuing year. Superintendent M. S. H. Unger of Carroll county, who was president of the association at the Baltimore meeting in 1925, nominated Miss Marshall. We agree with Mr. Unger that she is a true representative of Maryland, since she is a native of the Eastern Shore, and has had much teaching and supervising experience on both Eastern and Western Shores. He added that to have a woman of such a wide experience to lead the association was eminently fitting. Superintendent Unger's nomination was seconded by Dr. W. J. Holloway, our principal. He stated that by temperament, training, experience, and demonstrated ability in his long acquaintance with Miss Marshall as a student in normal school, as a teacher in Frostburg Normal School, as a county supervisor, as a student at Teachers College in New York, and as a member of Salisbury Normal School faculty, she was well qualified to fill the high post of president of the Maryland State Teachers' Association. Superintendent Edwin W. Broome of Montgomery county, closed

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OLD GREEN HILL CHURCH NEAR SALISBURY, MD.

## Our Historic Eastern Shore

## "OLD GREEN HILL CHURCH"

On the banks of the Wicomico River, half hidden from view by the dense green foliage of the century old oak and pine trees, there stands one of the most picturesque and historical buildings on the Del-Mar-Va peninsula—"Old Green Hill Church." Its situation on the shore of the river is due to the fact that colonial churches, homes and even towns were built near or on some navigable water front because boats and ships were about the only means of transportation known to the colonists. One can easily picture the small skiffs and sail boats flocking up the river and tying at the same wharf used today—symbolic of a nation's worship. High up near the old-fashioned beams that meet in a peak at the top of the structure, one can easily see the four proud figures, 1733, which denote the date of the reconstruction of the aged church. The long low building is strictly of the colonial type with wide windows and a low roof. The church is built of red bricks and the original material is said to have been brought to America from the mother country in response to a call from the people for a place of worship. The old church is situated at the top of a little hill and overlooks the Wicomico River. It is surrounded by massive trees and the green of perennial grasses. An old moss-covered graveyard gives the finishing touch to a calm and peaceful picture of contentment.

The interior of the church is striking in its simplicity and its plainness. When one enters, the first impression is of rows and rows of straight-back wooden benches on all sides. At the back of the church there is a dark brown altar on a platform. Until 1885 there was not any altar, only a communion table. Halfway between the front door and the altar is the pulpit, twelve feet above the floor and reached only by a straight, old-fashioned ladder. There is a large Bible here, as old as the church, and with musty, time-worn pages. It is the pulpit which makes the interior so extraordinary and picturesque, and which relieves the stern and straight style of architecture.

As early as 1612, the Church of England began to take interest in the fertile lands across the sea and an act was passed for the "establishment of the Protestant Religion in the parish to the service of Almighty God." It was not until 1682, that only real steps were taken toward furthering this decision in this section, when Rev. John Hewitt became the first Bishop of London for Somerset county (which then included Worcester and Wicomico coun-

ties) and, according to the records, received four hundred acres of land for the services he rendered his parishes.

The exact date for the construction of the original building is unknown, but we do know that in 1733 the church was rebuilt and finished. This was during the marvelous rectorship of Rev. Alexander Adams whose services to Stepheny Parish have made its people forever grateful to his memory. He was rector for sixty-five years—the most remarkable rectorship in history—and it is to him that we owe the fact that real parish life began. It was Rev. Adams who wrote to influential men in England and stressed the needs of a church and begged for the assistance of the Church of England. It was due to him that the church was rebuilt and that extensive plans were made for a town of "Green Hill" for a port of entry—plans that, but for his death, would have been realized. He presented in the later years of his life, to the parish to whose growth he had devoted his life, a silver Communion service, which is still held and used in Old Green Hill.

During the Revolutionary War, there were no services at the church, because the rector, who had been accused of being a Tory, left. There is a small anecdote connected with the days in the church immediately following the close of the war, which has been handed down from generation to generation in family traditions, rather than in the annals of the church history.

The change of power and the wave of patriotism which swept the country naturally changed the wording of the prayers of the churches of America. Rev. Hamilton Bell, who became rector of Green Hill in 1783, used prayers for the welfare of our government and for the security of our nation where hitherto the King and Parliament of England had been the object of supplication. A wealthy Tory and influential parishioner became greatly incensed over this indignity, as he termed it, and, in a tower of rage, he had a lock and key placed on his pew in the church and declared before the startled congregation that he would never sit still in a House of God and hear the government of an upstart people upheld where the King of England rightfully belonged and that, if he should not hear it, no one else should sit in his pew and listen. It is said that the Tory departed for his beloved England and lived there in contentment, but it is certain that his pew remained locked and barred until the recent remodeling of the church.

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ALUMNI ENJOY  
NEWS ITEMS

## Staff Wishes Suggestions

Many of the Alumni have written to tell us how much they have enjoyed their column. These letters are received with keenest pleasure on the part of the Holly Leaf staff. This is your column, Alumni. Make it the best! What would you like to see in your section of the paper? Won't you write and tell us? We believe we are publishing something which will be of real service as well as pleasure to you in locating your classmates.

From personal letters we have gleaned a few items which we think will be of interest to you.

Miss Lena Reid in a letter to a member of the staff says, "I just love my work in Carroll county." She also tells us that she enjoyed the November "Holly Leaf," especially the Alumni column. Memories of happy times at S. N. S. linger with Lena. She said, "I bought some Christmas cards tonight, and while I was choosing one for Miss Ruth I thought about the Christmas party at S. N. S. I'd like ever so much to be there this year." Lena would visit it often were it not that bus and ferry connections make it difficult.

Rumor has it that Miss Gordy's room at Perryville has made remarkable progress since the state wide tests were given, and she has set as her goal the attainment of standard for the present year. If anyone can do it, Martha can.

One of our frequent and welcome visitors is Miss Lina Lecates. She recently told us that she and her pupils have started serving hot lunches. She seemed as enthusiastic over her Christmas decorations and plans for

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ACTIVITIES SHOW  
TRUE XMAS SPIRIT

## Traditions Being Established

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." This phrase sets forth in words the basic thought of our Christmas celebrations. The spirit of Christmas found a place in our hearts when first we began to lay foundations for the celebration and merry-making. The work in preparation of the program instilled within us deeper each day, the real meaning of Christmas.

Caroling in the early morning on December 21st, was one feature of our program which afforded great pleasure to our Salisbury friends. We sang to the ladies at the Home for the Aged, to the patients at Pine Bluff Sanatorium and to many citizens.

The annual Christmas party, given by the Normal Home Association gave pleasure to every resident student and many visitors. At 8 o'clock on the evening of December 20 the girls descended the stairs two by two, singing and carrying unlighted candles, which they lighted from the large Christmas candle. The girls, when seated on the floor, listened reverently to the story of Christ's birth. The Glee Club presented an inspiring pageant portraying scenes of the true Christmas story. The twenty pairs of stockings containing books, toys and goodies which had been previously filled by the students were presented by Maude Eskridge, the president of the Normal Home Association, to Mr. Atwood Bennett. Our gift was gratefully accepted

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# The Holly Leaf



Published monthly during the school year by the Normal School

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Elsie Hall	Editor-in-Chief
Mary Horsey	Associate Editor
Mildred Gale	Literary Editor
Helen Hering	Humor Editor
Norman Ellis	Art Editor
Marguerite Bolden	Assistant Art Editor
Isabel McDowell	Business Manager
Beulah Dixon	Assistant Business Manager
Clara Hastings	Senior Reporter
Polly White	Junior Reporter
Mary Bradford	Typist

DECEMBER, 1927

## THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

The "glad tidings of great joy" are renewed as Christmas again draws near. What is this spirit that pervades the atmosphere at this time? Is the sentiment confined to this special season and to this particular people of the Christian faith?

We give. We receive. But is not the giving better than the receiving? We want to give because we feel the necessity of expressing this pervading spirit in a concrete form. It would be very inhuman for us not to give and be grateful at some moment of this season, for all of our numberless personal benefits.

Therefore, this form of giving gifts must be our outward expressions of thanks to Him Who was given to us so long ago. Giving to others we give back to Him.

We may go further than the giving of concrete gifts. Can we not give ourselves in love and friendship and service to those who need these things? Everyone needs love! everyone needs a friend; and everyone needs someone's service. The greatest of all is service.

Then, it is not a matter alone of this particular holiday. This spirit, the true Christmas spirit, is lasting. It is for us "and for all mankind" alike. When we are able to recognize that every man, be he Jew or Gentile, is our neighbor; when we feel that we can love and work together, then we shall truly possess the Christmas spirit.

## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Henry Van Dyke

I am thinking of you today because it is Christmas and I wish you happiness and tomorrow, because it will be the day after Christmas, I shall still wish you happiness and so on clear through the year. I may not be able to tell you about it every day, because I may be far away; or because both of us may be very busy; or perhaps because I cannot afford to pay postage on so many letters, or find time to write them. But that makes no difference. The thought and the wish will be here just the same. In my work and in the business of life I mean to try not to be unfair to you or injure you in any way. In my pleasure if we could be together, I would like to share the fun with you. Whatever joy or success comes to you will make me glad. Without pretense and in plain words, good will to you is what I mean in the spirit of Christmas.

Four things a man must learn to do if he would make his record true: To think without confusion clearly; To love his fellow-men sincerely; To act from honest motives purely; To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—Henry Van Dyke

## BAGLEAN EDITORIAL

Bagleams, yours is the spirit that thrills us! Yours is the spirit that inspires us and stimulates us to action; yours is the spirit that serves as a compass pointing ever to success.

Of what service is the Baglean society to C. N. S. and to its members? In the school it creates a friendly rivalry, instrumental in furthering the excellent school spirit for which we are noted. It raises the standard of our literary work. It gives us renewed vigor for mental and physical contests. In the individual it develops latent talent, encourages free expression and leadership, and instills ideals of fair play.

Bagleams, you have those characteristics so essential to good citizenship. You are good winners; we have seen you win in the right spirit. You are good losers; we have seen manifested in you that much to be desired characteristic.

You have in view the accomplishment of a definite aim. That aim is to achieve and surpass the high standards you have set. With such a noble spirit, such steadfast principles and characteristics, what heights are unattainable?

## THE CONTEST

Wake up! You organizations of Salisbury Normal School. Get your reporter on the job and hand to the Holly Leaf a first class article before the next issue is to be published. Bear in mind the rules and standards which will be used in judging your news item, and be guided by them.

Do you know that the Bagleams won in the November contest and that the society is honored by having an editorial in this issue?

"Don't you want the next one to be yours?"

"Well, I should say you do."

Then get to work and keep awake to this fact that the contest is still in order.

Wanted—An experienced tutor to teach John Lankford how to neck a bottle.

Evelyn (entering Music class)—Gee, all we hear when we come in here is do! do! do! do!

Etta—Yes, and all we hear when we go to Miss Ruth's class is so! so! so! so! (Meaning sew.)

Jump really used his head when he was on the tennis court the other day—but it was for a racket.

In the Bakery

Teacher—John, what is a synonym? John—Why it's the stuff we put in the buns every day.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE DORM

(Apologies to Clement Moore)  
'Twas the night of the 20th and in S. N. S.  
Not a creature was stirring—which caused no distress—  
Suitcases and boxes stood packed with great care  
In the hope that 1:30 soon would be there.

The girls were all nestled snug in their beds

While visions of Red Star Buses danced thru their heads.

Miss Ruth in her kerchief and Miss Breeding in cap

Had (it seemed) just settled for a long, peaceful nap

But soon in the dormitories there arose such a clatter.

Miss Ruth sprang up to see what was the matter.

And what to her wondering eyes should appear

But two girls arousing all others near?

More rapid than eagles their courses they came.

As they whistled and shouted and called out the name:

"Up Dixon! up Shockley! Up Townsend and Trull!"

Up Horsey! Up Hankins! Up Parker and Pruitt!

Now out of your rooms and all down the hall!

Hurry up! Hurry up! Hurry up, all!"

As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly.

When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky.

So thru the hallways the girls all flew.

Each ready for classes and Christmas days too.

Their eyes—how they twinkled—their dimples how merry!

Their cheeks were like roses, their mouths like a cherry.

By the wink of an eye and the twist of a head

Miss Ruth soon knew she had nothing to dread.

They loafed not a bit, but went straight to the task

Finished lesson plans and classes and were all thru at last!

Then up to their rooms for their luggage they flew

And had boarded the bus ere to a standstill it drew.

The driver sprang to the wheel and the bus gave a whistle.

And away they all blew like the down of a thistle

But each one explained 'ere he drove far away.

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good day."

Jennie De Wilde

## WHO IS PANDORA?

Imagine the surprise of the young lady who was handed the following letter by the mail proctor for her floor. Later she learned that it was written by a classmate with whom she had been studying myths.

Asgard, No. Land  
Sept. 33, 1940

My dear Ann:

Oh I just had the most wonderful ride with Phaethon in his father's chariot. It was not a bit hot as you would suppose. It took us just twenty-four hours to make the trip.

I am thrilled to a "Miraculous Pitcher." I was at the wedding feast of Peleus and Thetis last week. All the gods and goddesses were there but Ate, who caused a great deal of confusion by throwing a golden apple among us. The words on it were "For the Most Beautiful." I am hoping that I will get the apple.

The most awful thing just happened here. Loke, a very evil man, killed Balder, a man of great sunlight. I don't know what is going to become of this generation.

It must be dreadful to be in love. One of my friends, Echo was very much in love with a man by the name of Narcissus. But he was vain and turned into a flower. She just wasted away. Now nothing is left of her but her voice. Take my advice and don't fall in love.

I just received the worst news. My Uncle Curry Clippinger is dying of the gallstones.

Love,

PANDORA



## TAKE A PEEP

I wonder if you have seen the miniature loving cup presented to the Seniors on November the twenty-first by Dr. Holloway? Did I hear you say "Why?" They, the Seniors, won the inter-class field ball game.

The presentation of the award to Miss Mabel Scott, captain of the Senior team, greatly surprised the spectators as well as the participants of the game, who unknowingly fought so valiantly. At the supreme moment of presentation that beautiful cup seemed large to the eyes of every Senior and to be filled with the hearty appreciation, sincere loyalty, lofty ideals and ambitions of his class. When you peep inside the cup, you peep into the heart of every true Senior.

ANNE H. COULBY

## P. T. A. MEETING

The Parent-Teacher's Association of the elementary school met Wednesday night, December 7, to discuss the problem of Moral Education. As a prelude to the business meeting, selections were given by the Sho' Echo Glee Club after which Forrest Blund, principal of Marion High School, gave a very instructive talk on Moral Education in the School.

Mr. Atwood Bennett, well known Salisbury, concluded the program with an interesting discussion of Moral Education in the Home.

## "OLD GREEN HILL CHURCH"

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In 1779, the church was given by an act of Maryland Assembly, all the property it had held under the rule of the Lord Baltimore. The records of the church, from the days of the Revolution to the Civil War, report that the church was used both as a church and as a court house, for at the services the rector became the judge and condemned, upbraided, placated, and prayed for the erring congregation. Often severe punishments were inflicted on the sinner from the pulpit. This was while Rt. Rev. William Murray Stone was rector in 1803. The Rt. Rev. Stone is one of the most eminent early men of the "Sho" in that he has the distinction of being both a rector of St. Anne's Parish and one of the first and foremost Bishops of the Diocese of Maryland. In 1827, the church separated from Salisbury and Spring Hill Chapels and had a much smaller congregation under its supervision. Rev. Simon Wilmer, Bishop Stone's immediate successor, established the Sunday Schools and temperance societies of today.

At the time of the Civil War, Green Hill was very much out of repair, but services were still held there. When the war broke out and the northern and southern forces met in bloody strife on the soil of Maryland, the old church was put to necessary and sacrilegious use by the troops of both sections. It is with indignation that we Eastern Sho' men appreciate the feelings of the people at the sight of their one meeting place with God, always held sacred and revered among them, used as quarters for men indulging in anything but a Crusade. Perhaps the old church could tell of many harrowing episodes to fill in the blank spaces of our Maryland history concerning the battles where her sons fought for their honor. Perhaps it could tell us how and why its calm serenity was disturbed by the habitation of crude soldiers, and why there nearly wasn't any Old Green Hill Church.

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## WHO AM I?

I am named for one of the sweetest women in the country. The colors that I wear are green and gold. My purpose is to give away along with a little knowledge as much enjoyment as possible. I have quite a friendly, even sisterly affection for a dear old rooster who on all occasions, brings me some sort of good luck. Yes, I will admit, they are rather peculiar, unrelated things to tell about myself, but really they are my outstanding features. And you don't recognize me yet? Then possibly you will allow me to tell you what I have done.

I have elected my vice president, secretary and treasurer for the year 1927. They are Miss Ruth Stevens, Miss Viola Young and Miss Iris Humphreys, respectively. My meetings, it has been decided, are to be held the second Wednesday of every month instead of the first. Although, as yet, there has been only one regular meeting I, with the aid of some older people, have scheduled certain important events and dates. On Friday, January 27, I am to contest with another specimen of the same order as I, in a basket ball game; on March 30, a story telling contest will be held; on April 20, a play will be staged, and in May, a tennis tournament will be played. My monthly programs are, as far as possible, to be related to my main undertakings. Let me further explain my first event, which needs preparation and practice, is that of the story-telling. Our program, to a great extent, until the contest is over, will center around that one object. Also before our play the same plan will be carried out.

So you see, although I have been put together only once, parts of me have been working faithfully for the time when I shall meet again in order to put over what I intend to, as a strong body with every part working and overwhelm that other "creation" so similar to me.

Now, surely you cannot help knowing who I am. Why yes! Who else could I be? Who else would I be? Why nobody else but the Carnean Society.

## HOME COMING AN ANNUAL EVENT

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it, as we feel sure every alumnus did this year.

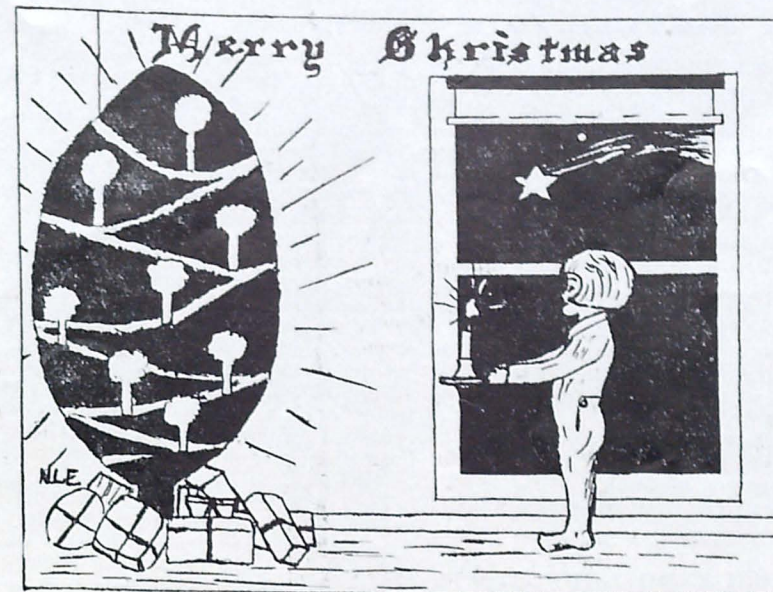
We hope each home coming will remain as a cherished memory in the heart of every student of the Salisbury Normal school.

## What Come Comine Meant to an Alumnus:

Wasn't it pleasant, O alumnus, just to get back within those familiar Salisbury Normal walls for a period even as brief as a home coming? Could anything have been better than the smiling faces of the "gang" who were waiting already, hungry for a chat with you? And wasn't it fun to hear from every corner, "Remember the day Betty had to climb in the window?" Remember how inseparable she and Flex used to be? Have you forgotten the day we took off the faculty? What do you think of schoolteaching anyway? And so on—far into the night.

To me each year home coming means something indefinitely pleasant. It is an inspiration, a renewing of old friendships and associations, an opportunity to compare experiences with those of others facing the same problems. More than at any other time one's scholastic home seems nearer and dearer. There are the members of the faculty who helped prepare each of us for service ready to welcome us with good fellowship and hospitality. The minutes were precious for we were home again with two or three years of life rolled away, back in school, carefree, with the world and field of service untried. We were ambitious, anxious, eager, enjoying school life to the utmost.

There were two days of perfect school life, school life all gladness and bubbling good spirits for one to live over before going back. And how we live them. Even as I think of it now I'm wishing it might have been longer and something within me seems to sing to a tune like this:



## THE BLESSED NIGHT

By POLLY WHITE

As she gave the finishing touches to Christmas tree, Mary Devon sighed. It wasn't much of a sigh, but the little indrawn breath at the conclusion gave it quite a claim to that title. Anyway, in that part of the universe where the immortals dwell, the Three Fates heard it and immediately started to diagnose it. Probably, if you and I had been immortals, we would have heard the following conversation.

"Mary Devon sighing," said Clotho shaking her head. "She must be tired."

"No one should ever be tired enough to sigh on Christmas Eve," replied Lachesis, her sister. Both turned to hear the other of the two announce the decision for she was the wisest of the three.

"She is in love," said Atropos and straightaway the three heads came together and.....but we must go on further because their plans made this story.

In the little town of Rene, Mary Devon, quite unaware of what her sigh had caused, turned to her mother, who was in front of the fire and said, "I am retiring to my couch of down mother mine. Tomorrow will be a busy day."

"Why, Mary, you mean you're not going to the midnight service with me? I will be the first you've missed for years."

"I know," said her daughter, "but I guess I won't go tonight." Quite unexpectedly the tears came to her eyes.

"May," said her mother, "what has happened between you and Alan Wentworth? I haven't been able to get you to go to church for nearly two weeks. Have you quarreled?"

"Oh mother—I hadn't any idea it would last this long—he and I disagreed about the duties of a minister's wife. I think that I should help him in his parish duties, but he said he wanted his wife to be wedded to him and not to the rest of the world—oh—"

There was an uncertain pause and finally her mother said softly, "But tomorrow is Christmas and you know, that day shall change all grief and sorrow into love."

"Mother, I know it sounds silly to say, 'I'll die without him—but one"

Wasn't it pleasant, O alumnus, just a few glad days ago

To climb in the good old normal bus With lots of scurrying and plenty of fuss

And alight at the normal school do?

Just a frolic for all of us With friends not seen for a year, Faculty, students and a host Of welcome and good cheer

A meeting or two, a party and then Oh dear! must we really go back again?

Won't we remember it now and then When you are as tired as I am blue, And memories come crowding back again

Of carefree, school days way back when

You and I were so proud to be Just two of old Normal's family?

HAZEL JENKINS, '26

cannot seem to help it. Oh, what shall I do?"

Mrs. Devon smiled wisely and it was due to her counsel that it was quite a different Mary who emerged from the house with her a few hours later; a Mary whose brown eyes were steady and clear, and whose light blue hat framed the oval of her face and gave the tiny nose and determined chin the essential air of poquancy; a Mary whose very step gave the world a glimpse of the hope and happiness and love that dwelt within her heart.

Overhead the stars shone with a celestial brilliance—a brilliance saved only for the blessed night, the night of the Nativity. A few fluttering snow flakes fell to join their fellows on the ground. On both sides of the street, the houses were merry decorated for Christmas and through a row of the windows, Mary could see where "Santa Claus" had visited.

"I imagine there will be quite a few in church," said her mother sadly, "so we had better hurry. We won't want to be late."

"No," said Mary with a little catch in her voice, "we wouldn't want to be late."

It seemed to Mary that, as they entered the church door, a brilliant star rested directly overhead and that the sound of angels' voices could be heard. The church, itself, was dimly lighted, and a solemn air or hush hung over all. The service at midnight on Christmas Eve is the most beautiful service of the church year, and, as it proceeded, Mary couldn't violate its perfect commemoration of His birth by looking at Alan as he stood in the pulpit.

When she received the sacrament from his hands, the glory in her eyes must have told him why she came, for his voice trembled as he repeated the service. At last it was ended.

The Christmas bells—doesn't the spirit of them seem to surround you and lift you up and up until you reach the Heavens where a paean of joy and goodness and reverence is being carolled? Walking home, side by side, thru the snow, Alan and Mary heard the echo of bells in their hearts and with the rest of the world they sang:

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth, peace and good will to men."

## A LETTER TO SANTA

Murylan Stait Normal Schule  
December, 1927

Dere Santy Claws,—

We're jut 2 lytle normal schule gurls. We're riting 2 thank U fer the meny presents thet U brot us lass yere and 2 tel U wut 2 bring 2 the juneyus clas, the senyur clas, an hour dere techurs this yere, pyle hour juneyus clas up wif all kines uv diffenit buks az we or hafing it 2 ey. Bring the SeenYur clas a bunch uv lesen planz an don't ferget 2 sic in sum seet wurk. 2 hour dere techurs bring the folowin:

Mistr Hollyway, a nu menyramdum buk.

Mistr Cruthers, sum toy arcticals fer hiz toy stoar.

Mis Feedler, a nu set uv fingur tips.

## THE HISTORY EXHIBIT

"Why all the rush in the reading room?"

"Oh, the Juniors are having a history exhibit."

"Let's take a look."

Had the persons, whose conversation is recorded above, suited action to word they would have seen an attractive display of scrapbooks, portfolios, pictures and charts pertaining to ancient, medieval, and colonial history. This being a desirable outcome of a project accompanying the course in history, the Juniors were privileged to exhibit their best work in the alcove of the library reading room on November 30.

Each Junior had made a collection of pictures, a series of charts or a scrapbook, depicting a phase of the life of the early Greeks, the Romans, or American colonists. Among this collection were lesson plans to aid in the teaching of history in the elementary grades.

The work showed critical judgment in selection of topics and pictures, and artistic ability of arrangement. Furthermore the exhibit emphatically proved the wealth of material obtainable from surrounding sources.

## INTERMENT OF

## PRACTICE TEACHING

A deep shadow of gloom shrouded the normal school, on Tuesday, November 22, when the Senior 1 B's viewed the remains of their deceased companion, Practice Teaching. Friends and relatives gathered in the S. N. S. courtyard at 6 A. M. to pay last respects to their beloved friend. There the funeral procession started, led by "Parson" John Langford, Dr. Holloway and Prof. Caruthers followed, drawing the hearse. Next came the Dodge, driven by Mr. Richardson and occupied by Miss Marshall, a cousin of the deceased. Following the chief mourner's coach were the grief stricken associates of Practice Teaching. The remains, lesson plans and seat work, were interred in the field near the peach orchard. Parson Langford conducted the impressive interment ceremony. Very appropriate selections, "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," and "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah," were sung by the choir. Many offerings of dead flowers and weeds were contributed by the Senior 1 B's and other friends.

After the obsequies, a funeral breakfast was prepared. The sizzling hot bacon and eggs, the fruit and sandwiches served to mitigate the depressing clouds from the hearts of the mourners.

## AMONG THE GRANGERS

What is the cost of a "Hobo Soda"? Did Marion Brinsfield have a reason for squealing on the way home from Easton?

In which round did Elsie Hall make a "knock out?"

Why should Margaret Hankins always carry an extra fork to a banquet?

What reason can Jennie De Wilde give for not being able to stand up?

From where did all the roses come?

Why was dinner served in Oxford, Md?

What is the difference between coconuts custard pie and bill poster's paste?

Miss Mathues—a storie buk Kalled, "Lengthy Assignments."

Misrs Benit, a alubany came-jigger 2 tech hur 2 dase.

Mis Marshyul, a PhD.

Miss Willson a partner fer the squair dase.

Miss Crackywitzter, a coddley dol.

Mis Pal, a Kat o' nine tales fer the 3rd floor.

This is all so we'll sine off.

Statyyn D. B. R. A. broadkastin.

P. s. Pleeze, Santy claws, don't ferget eny uv theze presents.

Miss Ruth—Have you left this room as you found it?

Elsie—As far as I can see, Miss Ruth.

Mildred—She can't see through the wardrobe doors.



A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

By CLYTICE ELLER

Jack Randel was as proud of his wife as a man could be. She was young, pretty, lovable and good-tempered. What more could a man ask? And yet Jack missed just one thing. Elsie could not cook—at least, not a bit as "mother used to." Jack tried very hard to keep Elsie from the knowledge that her cooking was not all what it should be; and whenever anything tasted at all as he wanted it, he gave her very generous praise, which was the wise thing to do. Jack did not do it for this reason though; he did it because he loved Elsie and wanted her to hear pleasing things. He did not want her to know that as a cook she was an utter failure. Often he congratulated himself that he was so cleverly hiding this fact from her. But alas! for the density of the male sex.

Lately Elsie had seemed to be very busy, and several evenings, they had to go to the little restaurant near by for their evening meal. She had been going out quite a bit and pleaded fatigue. Jack went with her rather willingly for the food at the little restaurant was made better than Elsie's. Consolation filled him one morning when Elsie announced that she was going to give a big Christmas dinner and invite his mother and other guests. He pleaded with her that the work was too hard for her to do and that they would go out somewhere. All his efforts were in vain. Elsie was determined to give the dinner.

Jack had many misgivings in the week that followed, and when Christmas morning came he was more than nervous. He tried to hide his feelings from Elsie as much as possible. She would not allow him in the kitchen at all; but let him help a little with setting the table. Jack had to admit to himself that it looked very inviting indeed. If there were only some real food to put on it!

Jack had just finished laying the table when the telephone rang. He went to answer it. It was his mother calling. She wanted him to come after her, for she, at the last moment could not obtain a chauffeur. Of course Elsie wanted his mother to be present and he had to go after her.

When he returned with his mother all the other guests had arrived and were waiting for them to come. Jack put the car in the garage and came into the house through the dining room. What he saw was very pleasing to the eye. The table was loaded with delicious foods.

He was puzzled, but said nothing. He was still very nervous for fear that as the dinner progressed something would go wrong. They all were seated at the table, and now it came Jack's time to carve the turkey. Would it be as tough as leather? Would the knife go through it? He was sure that everything would go wrong. He was perfectly miserable, for he was so certain she would make some mistake in serving. Would she serve spoons with the pie? Would she have individual plates for the pie? Hundreds of questions came to his mind, he was so certain she would make a mistake. After the dinner was served they went into the next room. Everyone complimented Elsie on her dinner. It had really proved to be a great success. Jack began to think, "How did it all happen anyway? Where did Elsie learn to cook like that?—wow! Where had she been when she came home too late to cook supper?—What a turkey!"

Perhaps if Jack had known what Elsie knew, (and you and I are going to know) he would not have been so completely bewildered. Perhaps if he knew, as Elsie did, that around the corner was a brand new household and school, where all unaccomplished young ladies finally ended, he would have understood the twinkle in his wife's eye. All of which goes to prove that no one—especially a mere man—can explain or understand a woman (especially his wife.)

Heard After Geography Class

Austria got Sungry, ate Turkey shipped on Greece and broke China.

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK

Is it not surprising what a masterful air a piece of furniture can radiate? Walk into our social room to see the grandfather clock that was purchased in Chestertown and brought to us Saturday, December 3. You will then have answered my first question. But does it not seem unkind to speak of a dear, friendly grandfather clock as a piece of furniture? Would it not seem better to think of it as a father, who keeps vigil over our work and our pleasure with unflinching patience? The unflinching "tick-tock" is an inspiration to us to achieve our aims in life. The clock's a constant reminder of the poet's words:

"To each man is given a day,

And his work for that day;

And once and no more,

Is he given to travel that way."

ALUMNI ENJOY NEWS ITEMS

(Continued from Page 1)

her program as she says the children are. That explains in part, doesn't it? Although away over in Westminster, "Smootie" is still a loyal Bagleam. In proof we quote from her last letter, "May the Bagleams be as successful in the contests as were the Seniors in the field ball game." Of course Frances Smoot is enjoying her work. She describes teaching as being "royal." "Stuff" Gooden appeals to her former S. N. S. schoolmates for letters. "Maybe you will realize how it is," she says, "when you get forty pairs of little eyes looking at you," as Miss Ruth used to say. My, I would love to hear her voice once more. I just long to see all my old school chums. . . I love my work and the pupils, too."

Emma Gooden writes, "You can't realize what school teaching is like. I'm just crazy about it." She promises us a visit soon.

We are proud of you, Anna Jones. We have learned that Miss Jones executed a Thanksgiving project so efficiently that her county supervisor called a special meeting of rural teachers to observe her work.

A letter from Grace Hallam gives us helpful messages from the "field." "How we girls of last year used to dream and sigh over that expression, 'When you get out in the field.' I wish it were possible for me to impress upon the girls of the Normal School the fact that they can make use of every note, cart, lesson plan or device which they make while in school. The above sounds a bit stiff, perhaps sophisticated. I do not wish to say that teaching is a 'died in the wool' science, but I do wish to state that it has many joys when you see the ideas you learned in Normal School really functioning." Miss Hallam also tells us of some of her work. "The first two months of school teaching have been very happy ones. My children have been cooperative. As I attempt to enumerate some of the things we have accomplished, I shall revert to Lindy's 'We.'"

The first two weeks of school we converted an old slanting top desk into a very practical and substantial sand table. We also organized a school club which is now functioning. The club ties up the various activities of the school putting especial stress upon citizenship and health.

"The second month of school we had a social and had after expenses were paid, twenty dollars. With this money we are purchasing some library books and some hot lunch equipment. We have celebrated all special days and are planning a program for the P. T. A. we hope to organize this month."

"In our school work we have successfully worked out a few projects, one showing the people and interior of a colonial home, and another a puppet show of 'The Hare and the Tortoise.' Our efforts now are combined to publish a school paper. We have our staff elected, and our paper named Bivalve School Echoes. This is motivating our English work."

"Even though I love my work, I often get homesick for old school days at S. N. S. I can truthfully say they were two of the happiest years of my school life."

JUNIOR-SENIOR FIELD BALL

What an outburst of enthusiasm was displayed at the Junior-Senior field ball game on November 21, 1927!

At the shrill call of the whistle the forward lines crashed one into the other. The ensuing fight was urged on by the inciting songs and cheers of both classes.

The Seniors scored four points during the first quarter, but in the second quarter the alert Juniors defended and quartered the Seniors in the goal and held the Seniors in the field. At the end of the first half the score was 4-0 in favor of the Seniors.

During the five minutes rest period all spectators eagerly anticipated the result of the last half. Would the Seniors continue to hold the tide turn the entire game or would the tide turn in favor of the Juniors?

The persevering Seniors awakened by the grim determination of the Juniors, plunged into the game with renewed vigor. For a time the Seniors were anxious as their opponent team exceeded their score by two points.

The final score however was 8-6 in favor of the Seniors who played splendidly throughout the entire game—first last and always.

The line up for the game is as follows:

Pos.	Juniors	Seniors
g.	M. McAllister	E. Hearne
r. f. b.	M. Hall	A. Coulby
l. f. b.	H. Hudson	L. Britlingham
c. h. b.	Humphreys	M. Brinsfield
r. h. b.	M. Hancock	B. Wheatley
l. h. b.	J. DeWilde	M. Beall
c.	M. Horsey	M. Scott
r. i. f.	D. Donoway	E. Moore
l. i. f.	P. Comegys	M. Weller
r. o. f.	E. Marks	A. Cooper
l. o. f.	E. Marks	D. Riggan
Senior goals made by: M. Scott, 3;		
M. Weller, 1.		
Junior goals made by: M. Horsey, 2;		
E. Godfrey, 1.		

C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S

C—is for Christmas, the time of the year.

H—stands for holly that gives us good cheer.

R—is for ringing of bells clear and bright.

I—is for interest in snow pure and white.

S—stands for Santa, who brings with him joys.

T—is for toys for little girls and boys.

M—stands for mistletoe, so white and clear.

A—stands for antlers on Santa's deer.

S—is for the season which we now celebrate.

With joy and laughter early and late.

MEMORIES AT CHRISTMAS TIDE

In memory a star gleams bright—

Mother Mary and the babe on her breast.

Heavenly spirit hovering around

Over the King and mother blest.

Angels sing of Messiah's birth

To the shepherds watching their sheep.

And guide them to the manger low,

Where the Christ Child lies asleep.

With love and faith to guide them on

And following the heavenly light,

Three wise men bring their gifts of gold

To our King, the Savior, the Bright.

Men's hearts are filled with wondrous joy,

To have people forever on earth.

For Christ left lilies of heaven

To mortals by His holy birth.

To memory we trust ourselves,

Give us the spirit of old.

Let us worship Him with reverent love

Instead of frankincense and gold.

VIOLA G. YOUNG

Following the Alumni reunion, on Saturday December 17th, a large number of former students were entertained in the school dormitory. We are always glad to have the graduates back home to see the S. N. S. family. We are always glad to hear from you, to hear of your school problems and pleasures.

GLEE CLUB CHRISTMAS DANCE

Amid decorations appropriate to the approaching holiday season the members of the Sho' Echo Glee Club held their annual dance at the normal school, Friday, December 2. Miss Clara Jones, president of the club and escort, Dr. and Mrs. William J. Holloway, and Miss Gladys Feidler formed the receiving line. Music for the occasion was furnished by the Kelley Bros. Orchestra of Salisbury. Many guests from Salisbury and near by towns enjoyed this, one of the outstanding social events of the school this season.

GLEE CLUB NEWS

Sho' Echo Glee Club presented a pageant, a series of living pictures depicting scenes of the Nativity, accompanied by descriptive Yuletide music, to the Woman's Club on Tuesday afternoon, December 20.

Salisburyans expressed delight as Sho' Echo and other normal school students sang Christmas carols early on the morning of December 21.

The normal school assembly greatly enjoyed the pageant presented by Sho' Echo.

THE GUIDING STAR

'Twas a star of the heavens  
With rays so bright,  
That guided three men  
Through the silent night,  
To Bethlehem.

They followed the gleam  
O'er the sands they filed,  
To the place which did beam  
From the dear Christ Child,  
In Bethlehem.

Now to all the world  
On this sacred day,  
To the Christ of love  
We bow, we pray,  
As in Bethlehem.

HELEN HERING

ACTIVITIES SHOW

TRUE XMAS SPIRIT

(Continued from Page 1)  
ed by Mr. Bennett, president of the Wicomico County Welfare Association, and will be distributed to the less fortunate but deserving boys and girls, by the county nurses, Misses Helen Fisher and Beatrice Pryor. Clement Moore's poem, "The Night Before Christmas," ever a favorite among old and young alike, was recited in unison. Candy canes were the suitable dainty refreshments, which delighted all.

The Normal Elementary School is to be congratulated upon its contribution to the general activities of the season. A delightful entertainment based upon the Christmas Bible story was given in the reading room on the evening of December 19. A small admission was charged, the proceeds from which will be used for additional equipment for the elementary school.

The Sunday evening vesper services were during the advent, in close keeping with the season. Those beautifully conducted services inculcated within us the lovely Christmas spirit.

Not only was our Christmas spirit shown collectively, but individually as well. At no other time in all the year are the students so happy among themselves, and at no other time are there such loving thoughtful plans for gifts. The little festivities which take place in the dormitory student's rooms will be long remembered. But longer still will be remembered the beautiful message emphasized in the Christmas activities during our Normal School days.

BOWIE PRINCIPAL

VISITS S. N. S.

On the invitation of Dr. Wm. J. Holloway and the permission of the State Superintendent, Albert S. Cook, Mr. L. S. James, Principal of the Maryland Normal School for Colored Youth at Bowie, visited us on Tuesday, December 20.

Mr. James came to study the organization and the management of this "infant" school saying that he considered it a great opportunity to be honored with the privilege to study the operation of this new, but renowned institution.

TREASURE HOUSE GEMS

Christmas Nuggets

Jingles Prepared by Senior I Children's Literature Class

1.  
Riddle, come riddle, come right  
Where were the Ruggles on Christmas night?  
What's the title of the book they're in,  
And who's the author?  
Tell me if you kin!

2.  
My daughters' sacrificed  
Jellied fruit and toast;  
Brought happiness to others  
And their kindness did not boast.  
My little girl's initials,  
Jewels of all the alphabet,  
Boldly written twice in line,  
And still you can't their names get!

3.  
Away in the forest  
Deep and still,  
I lived and longed  
To grow big and strong;  
Rejoiced not when I would  
Nor when I should;  
Therefore, my life was miserably spent,  
And at last, into the fire I went.  
What am I?

4.  
I was always a very poor little girl,  
I suffered from hunger and cold.  
One New Year's Eve, while sitting on  
the street corner,  
I flew to a land of eternal joy,  
Do you know who I am?

5.  
I am a character in Dicken's Christmas Carol.  
At first, I love to fuss and scowl,  
Christmas was to me just a "humbug,"  
And children I did no more than snub.  
Now, I can say Merry Christmas to everyone I see,  
And my heart is filled with the happiness and glee  
The three Christmas spirits gave to me.  
Who am I?

6.  
I am a poem of a land far away,  
Folks there know little about Christmas.  
As I shall try plainly to show,  
My Creator was born there  
So the truth he should know.  
What poem am I?  
Who wrote me?

STUDENT GRANGE ORGANIZED

November 21, 1927, a date of historical importance to the Maryland State Normal School at Salisbury, has been stored away in the hearts and minds of some of the students of the school as being a day to cherish and remember.

It was on this date that all of those who were interested in agricultural conditions in rural community life, and in other factors concerning the welfare of the country were given the opportunity to form a Student Grange. Mr. Roy T. Brooks, Maryland State Grange Organizer, was in attendance in order to assist in organizing the Grange.

At the opening of the meeting Mr. Brooks gave a short talk concerning the interests, duties and functions of the order. The grange was then organized. The members adopted the title "Salisbury Normal School Grange" for the name of their organization. Mr. Brooks concluded with another interesting talk telling of the use and value of such an order as had been formed.

Due to the fact that Salisbury Normal School Grange will be the second Student Grange in the state of Maryland we feel proud that we were able to organize a grange at this school.

We hope that in the near future this organization will grow and be such a success that every member will be proud to say, "I am a member of the Salisbury Normal School Grange."

JOHN LANGFORD, W. M.

ALUMNI ROLL

Class of '26

NAME	WHERE TEACHING	ADDRESS
Beatty, Katherine	Moore	Barclay, Md.
Bell, Anna	Oak Grove	Oak Grove, Md.
Boyce, Helen	Buiseville	Keymar, Md.
Brown, Virginia	Deals Island	Deals Island, Md.
Griffin, Wilsie	Mardela	Mardela Springs, Md.
Hearne, Stella	Oakland	Salisbury, Md.
Jenkins, Hazel	Salisbury	Salisbury, Md.
Lang, Mary	Laurel	Laurel, Del.
Palmer, Clara	Massey	Massey, Md.
Payne, Mable	Wango	Willards, Md.
Reid, Blanche	Girdletree	Girdletree, Md.
Richards, Mildred	Newsport	Mt. Airy, Md.
Shockley, Dorothy	Bomds	Eden, Md. R. D.
Smack, Anna	Pocomoke	Pocomoke City, Md.
Thorne, Grace	Morris	Hebron, Md.
Townsend, Henrietta	Taylorville	Ocean City, Md.
Watson, Katherine	Chestertown	Chestertown, Md.
West, Margie	Stonesifer	Westminster, Md.
Willey, Rebecca	Yellowbridge	East New Market, Md.
Windsor, Helen	Galeston	Galeston, Md.

Class of '27

Alder, Mae	Manchester	Manchester, Md.
Anderson, Edwina	Chance	Chance, Md. R. F. D.
Bailey, Nelda	Keysville	Keymar, Md.
Banks, Helen	Liberty Grove	Liberty Grove, Md.
Barnes, Louise	Miles River	Trappe, Md.
Beauchamp, Leuna	Salem	Westminster, Md.
Bell, Linnie	Elliotts	Elliotts, Md.
Bounds, Gladys	Hobsons Grove	Middleburg, Md.
Bradley, Mary Ann	Hudson	Hudson, Md.
Brown, Minnie	Solomon	Solomon, Md.
Clark, Katie	Oak Grove	North East, Md. R. D.
Coleman, Clyde	Tighman	Sherwood, Md.
Cordrey, Madeline	Charles Carroll	Westminster, Md.
Dashiell, Winifred	Fairmount	Hampstead, Md.
Doughty, Theo	Chaney	Chaney, Md.
Downes, Iven	Harmony	Preston, Md.
Dryden, Dorothy	Rehoboth	Rehoboth, Del.
Elliott, Phyllis	East New Market	East New Market, Md.
Fisher, Mildred	Colora	Colora, Md.
Gibbons, Gladys	Libertytown	Berlin, Md. R. D.
Gooden, Sara	Hickman	Hickman, Del.
Gooden, Emma	Preston	Preston, Md.
Gordy, Martha	Perryville	Perryville, Md.
Hallam, Grace	Bivalve	Salisbury, Md.
Hastings, Irene	Lawson	Ahrey, Md. R. F. D.
Hastings, Evelyn	Milton	Milton, Del.
Hearne, Hilda	Union Grove	North East, Md.
Hillman, Elizabeth	Corbin	Snow Hill, Md.
Hopkins, Blanche	Ellicott City	Ellicott City, Md.
Hopkins, Elizabeth	Cordova	Cordova, Md.
Hudson, Elizabeth	Rowlandsville	Rowlandsville, Md.
Ivins, May	Cedar Grove	Cedar Grove, Md.
Johnson, Willye	Walston	Salisbury, R. D. S.
Jones, Mae	George Biddle	Cecilton, Md.
Jones, Anna	Chesterville	Millington, Md.
King, Dolly	Pilot	Conowingo, Md. R. D.
Leates, Lina	Hambdin	Whaleyville, Md.
Livingston, Lola	Morgan Run	Westminster, Md.
Matthews, Elizabeth	Smithville	Dunkirk, Md.
Nelson, Rebecca	Clarksville	Clarksville, Md.
Nyquist, Myrtle	Dames Quarter	Dames Quarter, Md.
Ozman, Hazel	Fulton	Fulton, Md.
Pearson, Anna	Bridgetown	Henderson, Md.
Pilchard, Lucille	Otterdale	Taneytown, Md.
Powell, Florence	Morelock	Westminster, Md.
Powell, Mabel	Mechanicville	Finksburg, Md. R. D.
Ragains, Vesta	Brown School	Westminster, Md.
Reid, Lena	Westminster	Westminster, Md.
Riley, Hilda	Mt. Zion	Snow Hill, Md.
Ring, Ruth	Rhodes Point	Rhodes Point, Md.
Rounds, Elizabeth	Mt. Holly	Salisbury, Md.
Scott, Louise	Ebenezer	Bishop, Md.
Sheridan, Endora	Rising Sun	Rising Sun, Md.
Shockley, Pearl	Springville	Alesia, Md.
Shockley, Bryan	Red Oak	Gormanian, Md.
Slaughter, Alma	Wye Mills	Easton, Md. R. D.
Smith, Mildred	Island Creek	Island Creek, Md.
Smoot, Frances	Westminster	Westminster, Md.
Sparks, Bertie	Marydel	Marydel, Md.
Sterling, Irma	Kingston	Kingston, Md.
Stevens, Mildred	Bethlehem	Preston, Md.
Sturgis, Mary	Queponco	Newark, Md.
Taylor, Ruth	Alberton	Alberton, Md.
Tingle, Nellie	Riley	Parsonsburg, Md.
Truitt, Bertha	Alberton	Alberton, Md.
West, Mattie	McGinnis	Chestertown, Md. R. R.
Wheatley, Tamsey	Cranberry	Westminster, Md.
Young, Bessie	Taneytown	Taneytown, Md.
	Cokesbury	Pocomoke City, Md.

FACULTY MEMBER

HONORED BY STATE

(Continued from Page 1)

the nominations. The election was unanimous, the vote being cast from the chair. Dr. Holloway and Superintendent Broome were appointed the committee to escort Miss Marshall to the platform, where she was introduced by the retiring president, Assistant Superintendent of Education of Baltimore City, John Coulbourne.

Miss Marshall made a brief talk expressing her gratitude for the honor be-

stowed upon her. She complimented the association upon the excellent 1927 program and expressed the hope that the committee for 1928 do as well in planning next year's meeting.

Miss Marshall is the second woman to fill the position of president of the Maryland State Teachers' Association, the first being Miss Sarah E. Richmond, who officiated at the Mountain Lake Park meeting in 1909. Moreover, Miss Marshall is the third Wicomico countian to fill this high position, the first being Mr. H. Crawford Bounds, and the second, Mr. Wm. J. Holloway.

OUR PRACTICE SCHOOLS

Leonard

There are countless ways of instilling a holiday spirit in a school room to match the inimitable "Christmas-sev" thrill in the hearts of children. Some of them we have tried this year, distributing the activities as nearly equally as possible, so that no one class would feel left out. The room is cheery with pictures of every kind, alike in the holiday spirit they radiate, and invite the smiles of the children who are interested in each new one. On the bulletin board likewise there are pictures—pictures of Santa and the reindeer and of the Magi following the star; of Mary bending over the Babe; and a Christmas poem or two.

The blackboard contains a December calendar with Santa smiling from a holly wreath hung just above a fireplace, where stockings are hung in readiness. Each day the pupils blot out the day before and count the days remaining.

So much for mere decoration. After all, the activities in the regular work are of more interest than value. The main Christmas activity of the second and third grades is in the keeping of a spelling record. Each A score for a member of the second grade gives him the right to make a red bell and a green one for a chain of bells rapidly growing to trim the Christmas tree. Each word missed means a hole punched in a Santa Claus sack which if full of holes, will hold less. The third grade pupils have individual charts on which chimneys are drawn. Each perfect score allows them to color one brick finishing the chimney just in time for Santa to climb down with his toys on Christmas Eve. The older people are having in English a unit on Christmas poems and stories to be concluded by the writing of original poems and stories, for a Christmas booklet. The sand table is to be their responsibility too. This year the sand table will be the yard for the tree; it is to depict Santa Claus Land. One will see Santa's tovsion, his home, the tables for the reindeer and outside Santa will be seen ready to climb into the sleigh, to which the brownies and dwarfs are harnessing the reindeer.

Already the holiday spirit is showing itself in the desire to work on the extra activities. There is a certain "busy ness" which denotes interest, and eagerness pleasing to the watcher who planned the activity and is hoping to see it "carry over" satisfactorily.

Shad Point

Our sand table has arrived. It is a very good one. It was a present from "an old boy" who made it from "some scraps of lumber which Dad had." The legs are from "an old table Mother had thrown away."

Our Parent-Teacher Association held a social in the school house on the evening of December 2. Twenty-two dollars and ten cents were the net proceeds.

THE "Y'S" GIFT

Stop! Look! Listen! Where did we get our Christmas Tree? Wouldn't you like to ask the Y. M. C. A.?

Through the efforts of Mabel Scott, president of the "Y" Senator Orlando Harrison of Berlin, Worcester county, generously donated to our school a beautiful Norway spruce. The tree was planted on the campus between the cement walk and College Avenue. The planting of this valuable gift was one of the main features on "Homecoming Day," December 17. It will be a joy to the eye not only at Christmas, when it will be so beautifully illuminated, but on the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year.

May the little white bear fall with the rainbow each year and decorate our tree with the beautiful colored Christmas lights, and may it be an inspiration to others to use growing Christmas trees!

M. SCOTT



TREASURE HOUSE GEMS

ANSWERS

- (a) At Carol Bird's dinner party.
- (b) The Bird's Christmas Carol.
- (c) Kate Douglas Wiggin.
- Meg, Jo, Beth, Amy.
- The Fir Tree.
- The Little Match Girl.
- Scrooge.
- (a) Christmas in India.
- (b) Rudyard Kipling.

"OLD GREEN HILL CHURCH"

(Continued from Page 2)

Since these days, the church has not regained its strength of colonial times, although it was completely restored in 1885. As it was built fifty-one years before there was a bishop in America, the service of consecration was held in the church by the Rt. Rev. William Adams in 1887. It was given the formal name of St. Bartholomew's Church but the old title, "Green Hill," handed down through the centuries, has clung to the structure. In the restored church we find many and various improvements. An altar has been erected in place of the Communion table and an organ has been presented to the church by the Ladies Aid. The Ladies Society of St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, gave a complete set of altar linens and decorations in 1924.

There are no regular services in Green Hill Church now, but when one is held the boats come flocking up the river, the yard is filled with horses

and buggies and Fords, and in the church, the expectant congregation lifts its face to the minister in the pulpit, preaching the Gospel of God and inspiring one with truth. Our county and even our peninsula might well be proud of a building so flourishing in history; so wealthy in tradition; so pregnant with memories, and so serene in appearance.

THE SPIRIT OF

PRACTICE TEACHING

I do not know that I could make entirely clear to an outsider the pleasure I have in teaching. I had rather earn my living by teaching than in any other way. In my mind, teaching is not merely a life work, a profession, an occupation, a struggle; it is a passion. I love to teach, I love to teach as a painter loves to paint, as a musician loves to play, as a singer loves to sing, as a strong man rejoices to run a race. Teaching is an art—an art so great and so difficult to master that a man or woman can spend a long life at it without realizing much more than his limitations and mistakes, and his distance from the ideal. But the main aim of my happy days at normal school has been to become a good teacher. Just as every architect wishes to excel, and every professional poet strives towards perfection, so I shall strive towards excellence in my own teaching.

ESTELLA V. MORRIS

Dumb Dora (reading sign over ticket office)—Oh, John, it says "Entire Balcony 35c!" Let's get it so we'll be alone.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

The class of '28 has recently reorganized with the following officers to lead it through a banner year:

President—Anne H. Coulby, Talbot county.

Vice president—Maurille Insley, Dorchester county.

Secretary—Marjorie Sparks, Queen Annes County.

Treasurer—Madge Thomas, Caroline county.

Adviser—Miss Helen L. Jamart, of the Normal School faculty.

With these officers and the spirited class behind them who knows what the outcomes of the inter-class athletic events, the Senior ball, and the final scholastic tests in June will be?

Every Senior feels confident that 27-28 will be the best in the history of dear old S. N. S.

BILLY'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING

By Loleta Callahan

It was Christmas Eve. A newly fallen snow covered the ground. The moon that night cast a golden hue across the clear, blue sky.

A little boy, thinly clad, trudged wearily through the snow. His heart was heavy for he knew that his Christmas would be sad this year. He was a poor boy and his mother was a widow, who mended clothes for a living. They lived in a two-roomed house one mile from Salisbury. This year his mother had been ill and there was no money in the house for Christmas presents.

When he opened the door his heart sank, and tears came into his eyes.

when he thought of the sad Christmas in store for him. Finally he dried his tears and went in. His mother lay on the couch sleeping soundly. The fire on the hearth burned low. He stired it up and piled on wood and fire on the hearth burned low. He tiptoed out of the room.

When he finished his evening chores, he came back into the house. His scanty meal consisted chiefly of the bread which he had just brought home and some scraps of cheese.

Presently his mother awoke.

"Mother, may I bring you some bread and cheese?"

"Not now, Billy, I will eat something later."

Soon there came a knock at the door. He opened it, but there was no one there. What do you think he found hanging on the door knob? He found a large, red stocking brimming over with gifts. He dragged the heavy stocking into his mother. Billy was overjoyed. You could see the sad face of his mother brighten and smiles appeared at the very sight of Billy's presents. There was a card pinned to the stocking. It read, "To Billy, from Normal School."

Together they opened the stocking. They found on top a big, red rubber ball and a mouth organ. A little farther down there was a box of checkers and a checker board, a story book, a box of paints, a pair of woolen mittens and a pair of stockings. In the very toe they found some candy, nuts, apples, and oranges. When the bottom was reached Billy danced for joy with these wonderful presents. Billy and his mother spent a very happy Christmas. It was all due to the generosity of the Normal School students.

Editor .....Rebecca Wootten  
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# The Holly Leaflet

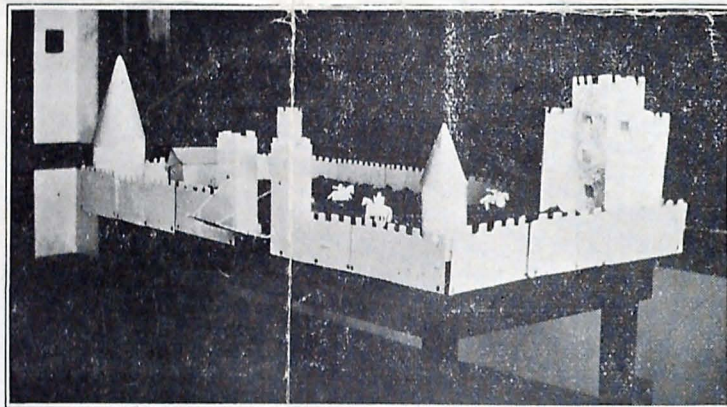
7th Grade Reporter ....Eileen Truitt  
6th Grade Reporter ....Jack Englar  
5th Grade Reporter .....Jane Allen  
4th Grade Rep. ..Margaret Townsend

DECEMBER, 1927

A CASTLE OF THE MIDDLE AGES

The sixth and seventh grades of the Normal Elementary school decided to make a castle. We are making it because that is what we are studying in history. It is made on the sand table at the end of the room.

Around the edge of the table a cardboard wall was made and fastened on with tacks. Then two boys made a drawbridge and set it up in the middle of one side of the wall. For grass there is moss all over the yard which the boys got in the woods. There is also a stable for the animals and two watch towers. A prison is on the side of the yard for the people who disobey. On another side of the yard there is a main castle made of paper. Many knights and ladies are walking and riding over the yard. After we had finished Mr. Holloway took a picture of it. —Rebecca Wootten, Grade 7



A CASTLE OF THE MIDDLE AGES

OUR CHRISTMAS PLAY

The upper grades are planning a Christmas play. The play is called "On Christmas Eve." The characters of the play have been selected. These characters include some of our book friends, such as Alice in Wonderland, Robinson Crusoe, and The Rock-a-bye Lady. We think you will like the play. It is to be given Monday evening, December 19.

Leslie Purnell, Grade 5

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Once there was a little girl who had been very good. She had helped her mother and father.

On Christmas Eve she hung up her stocking and went to bed. She had left some candy for Santa Claus.

In the morning she awoke early. She dressed and went down stairs to see what Santa had left. Around the tree she found many toys. There was a note, too. She read, "Thanks for the candy."

The little girl had a very merry Christmas. —Ruth Long, Grade 3

A LITTLE BOY'S CHRISTMAS

It was nearly Christmas time. John's mother and father said he had been a very bad boy. They did not think Santa Claus would come to see him. John was very sad. So he changed his ways. He was afraid it was too late.

On Christmas Eve he did not eat any supper. His mother asked the doctor to look at him. Doctor said, "John, you are not sick. Go down stairs. Maybe you will see Santa." He jumped out of bed and ran. His little dog ran behind him. They did not see old Santa but there were the toys he wanted. He was surprised and very happy. He decided to be a good boy always.

Mildred Smith, Grade 3

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

We are all having much fun playing ball with Miss Jamart. We have two periods a week of Physical Education. We have learned four interesting games this year. They are German Bat Ball, Sprint Ball, and Kick Ball. We are playing Kick Ball this week.

All of our team wish to win the next time we play.—Margaret Townsend & Pauline Long, Grade 4.

A Christmas Wish

Little girls and little boys,  
May this Christmas bring you joys,  
May your happiness be as bright  
As the moon that shines at night.

On Christmas night when you're asleep  
And through the house does Santa creep,  
May he fill your stocking with many things

Such as candy, balls, and rings.  
Calvin T. Grier, Jr., Grade 7



Christmas Eve is nearly here  
Full of hope, love and cheer,  
Happiness in every heart,  
Everyone will do his part.

Santa rides through the dark night  
Driving deer with all his might,  
Dressed in red from head to toe  
Through the chimney he will go.

Stockings will be hanging there  
He will fill them with great care  
Leaving something for each one  
Thinking of their joy and fun.

Dashing through the midnight clear  
Silently so you can not hear  
Feeling that he's done his part  
Keeping joy in every heart.

SANTA CLAUS  
GRADES 2 AND 3

LETTERS TO SANTA

Normal School,  
Dec. 12, 1927

Dear Santa Claus,

Please bring me a book to read, a doll, a toy to ride on, and other gifts around the Christmas tree.

Lovingly  
Roberta Morris, Grade 2



Normal School  
Dec. 12, 1927

Dear Santa,

Please bring me a cowboy suit, a base ball suit and some books.

Lovingly  
William Smith, Grade 2



Normal School,  
Dec. 12, 1927

Dear Santa,

Will you please bring me a book, a doll, some toys, bedroom slippers and a pair of overshoes.

Lovingly  
Charlotte Simms

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