

GIVE A CHEER  
FOR  
BAGLEANS

# Holly THE Leaf

CARNEANS FOREVER!  
TO THEE  
OUR SONG

VOLUME III

Maryland State Normal School, Salisbury, Md., January, 1929

NUMBER 4

## GLEE CLUB TO PRESENT OPERETTA

"The Dragon of Wu Foo" Shows  
Touch of Master in  
Humor and Pathos

### ENTIRE GLEE CLUB IN CAST

Again comes the season of the annual Glee Club operetta—this time a Chinese play, "The Dragon of Wu Foo," supported by a cast that is well suited to the parts and very able to carry them out successfully under the supervision of Miss Gladys E. Feidler. The main character parts are taken by:

Kai Sing, Lord High Mandarin of Wu Foo, John Lord

Ho Tong, His Confidential Secretary, Carlton Bryan

Ling, Lord High Keeper of the Dragon, Charles Fisher

Sing, His Deputy, Robert Smith

Chan, Captain of the Mandarin Guard, Milford Brown

Wee Sing, Page Boy, Ross Collins

Tom, Boatswain of U. S. S. "Florida," Russell Burton

Jerry, His Mate, William Matthews

Kooie Yan, the Mandarin's Daughter, May Willis

Kum Fa and Lila Yan, her friends and confidants, Mary Hicks and Constance Clark

Poo Chow, the Mandarin's aunt, Mildred Taylor

The remaining members of the club all have places in the various choruses. Rehearsing began eagerly and great success is anticipated at the performance in our own auditorium the evening of February 8th.

The story which follows shows the appeal which the operetta with its mixture of humor and pathos is sure to make to any audience.

About seven years before the events portrayed in this veracious work, several prominent citizens of Wu Foo unaccountably disappeared, and the belief became prevalent that they had been destroyed by a terrible dragon. The Mandarin, Kai Sing, having been elected chiefly on the strength of his promise to cause the capture of the dreaded monster, offered the post of Lord High Keeper of the Dragon to the man who should succeed in capturing him. Ling, a not too conscientious politician, finally claimed to have made the dragon

(Continued on Page 4)

## MAIL DELIVERY AT NEW POSTOFFICE

"Mailman, mailman, have you any mail?"

"Yes, ma'am, yes, ma'am, three bags full."

So goes the song of the new post-office, which was opened recently. "Open, Sesame" has never had a keener significance in Salisbury Normal School than on that first eventful day, when the faculty and students, each with a small white card, scanned carefully the figures thereon, and then breathlessly operated the combinations.

"It works!" cried one joyfully, in tune to the doleful complaint of another that she had been working on the wrong box for fifteen minutes.

"My dear, I wish you'd listen to this—Bob and Jack are arriving Friday night—" "Good lands! Baby Sue has the measles, and Mother says that Bill is going around like he's catching them!"—"Can you feature this? Grace Taylor and John Moore were married last Saturday and are spending their honeymoon in Delmar!"—"What in the world am I going to do—I didn't get a check!"

One can hear almost any interesting bit of news by standing in the corridor every morning and noon during the distribution of mail.

## IMPORTANT LESSON PLAN EVOLVED BY ALUMNI IN ANNUAL MEETING

State Divided Into Districts in Order to Improve Alumni Column Through Contributions by Graduates in Various Counties

I Topic—Alumni column for "The Holly Leaf."

II Group—Alumni Association meeting, December 15, 1928.

III Purposes—1. To have a more interesting alumni column. 2. To have more members contributing to the column. 3. For every alumnus to know the where, why, and how of every other alumnus.

IV. Approach—For two years, members, how have we been associated with "The Holly Leaf"? We have had an Alumni column, but how much of the Alumni spirit and pep was brought out? It would nearly reach the zero mark. Does any one have a suggestion as to how we can improve this column so that all concerned might be benefited? Yes, that is a good suggestion. Are there others? Very good! Yes! Interesting! Oh! every one likes this one of having reports from each county. We will see how it works. Of course everyone wants his county to be best and send in the most interesting material. So it is all up to the members.

V. Child's Aim—To help arrange a plan to help make my county the best.

VI. Procedure—(Socialized Recitation).

1. Questions asked to get following plan.

A. Each month certain counties will be featured in the Alumni column of Holly Leaf.

B. Each S. N. S. teacher in the county will send material to a chairman who is appointed for that county.

C. The chairman of the counties and the month for which they will send material for the Holly Leaf are as follows:

January—Somerset, Dorothy Dryden; Worcester, Blanche Reid; Wicomico, Elizabeth Rounds.

February—Garret, Marjorie Sparks; Carroll, Marjorie West; Baltimore, Edwina Anderson; Harford, Marguerite Boulden; Washington, Mary Weller.

March—Dorchester, Mary Ann Bradley; Caroline, John Lankford; Talbot, Anne Coulby; Kent, Anna Jones; Queen Annes, Bertha Truitt; Cecil, Iris Wroten.

April—Howard, Elsie Hall; Montgomery, Madge Thomas; Calvert, Amelia Brown; Prince Georges, Julia L. Waler.

D. Each S. N. S. teacher in the county will send material (anything

that will interest another member) to the chairman for her county.

E. The chairman will forward the material to the Alumni editor.

VI. Summary—All material must be in by the 8th of each month. The chairman will get a notice telling her when the material is due. Who will show the best S. N. S. spirit? Which county will send in the most interesting and beneficial material? Who still remembers and loves our Alma Mater? Our Normal Home? Will you prove it all? Each "Holly Leaf" will answer these various questions.

Seat Work—Write something for "The Holly Leaf" when your turn rolls around. Make it snappy. Make it peppy. Be ready, Alumni. Come on, let's go!!

Seatwork Papers for this month follow:

Somerset County holds the record for sending the most contributions to this issue. Viola Young, Alice Mae Coulbourne, Isabel McDowell, Hazel McDowell, Myrtle Nyquist, Dorothy Dryden, and Margaret Hankins are all teaching in Somerset. Wilsie Griffin and Elizabeth Rounds are the S. N. S. graduates teaching in Wicomico County who responded. Dorothy Shockley, Mabel Scott, and Blanche Reid make up the "The Voice of Worcester County."

### The Week Before Christmas

(Apologies to Clement Moore)

'Twas the week before Christmas  
The Alumni went home,  
After a long six months roam.

In the social room there was such a clatter,

The Juniors ran to see what was the matter.

And what to their wondering eyes should appear?

Their faculty and Seniors whom they loved so dear.

Welcoming each corner as they came

And calling each familiarly by her name.

All through the building they almost flew,

Exchanging greetings with those they knew.

Oh! The ecstasy of that Y. W. dance

Each Alumnus was more entranced

And the dinner was made extra fine.

(Continued on Page 4)

## NO APPROPRIATION IN 1929 BUDGET

School to Remain Incomplete is  
Message of Governor  
to Assembly

### NECESSITY DEMANDS DELAY

We have learned that, through factors beyond our control, the program for completing this building will not be carried out until the next session of the Legislature. Governor Ritchie, in his message to the Maryland General Assembly on Thursday, January 2nd, announced that it would be impossible to appropriate the necessary money to finish the construction of the State Normal School at Salisbury. He said that improvements were desirable, but not essential; therefore, they must wait in favor of the other necessary expenditures.

Among the items of expense he mentioned the Teachers' Retirement Fund, which is being increased. Dr. W. J. Holloway mentioned this matter in a recent assembly. He informed us that he had received a letter from Governor Ritchie regretting the necessity for curtailing the plans for reconstruction, and explaining his reasons for so doing.

We agree with Dr. Holloway that there was nothing to be done about this, unless we could use our influence with such legislators as we should meet. We notice that the institutions for the socially incompetent are being provided for in the budget; so we might become philosophical and flatter ourselves that it is not fitting that we be included in this list of appropriations. At any rate, well—"They also serve who only stand and wait!"

## MARYLAND BOYS GIVE CONCERT

"Then it's Hurrah! Hurrah! for Maryland!"

Then it's Hurrah! Hurrah! for U. of M.

With her banners ever streaming high  
She will always win or die;

Then we'll gather 'round the Alumni

And 'Fight' will be our one reply,  
For we love, we love old Maryland

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

The auditorium rang with the echoes of this song when the curtain rose on Friday evening, December 28 of last year, and thirty fine-looking young men, members of the University of Maryland Glee Club, greeted us from the stage.

The first part of their program dealt with selections from the Glee Club as a whole. These songs consisted of: "Deep River," by Burleigh; "The Lost Chord," by Sullivan; "Love's Old Sweet Song," by Parker, and many others from the musical classics. Part two of the program was introduced by selections from the Maryland Orchestra, better known to most of us as the "Old Liners." A sextet harmonized some of the popular songs of today. Two boys under the name of "Sunshine and Simp" entered as black-faced comedians, and entertained the group with nonsensical chatter. Hammel, the leader of the orchestra, did a specialty dance consisting of clogging and winter skating. Another member of the orchestra gave an instrumental number. The grand finale was one of the good old Maryland songs.

A dance followed on the heels of the entertainment. The Maryland Orchestra furnished the music, and Maryland's sons and daughters attended.



Members of the Glee Club cast for leading roles in operetta,  
"The Dragon of Wu Foo."





# The Holly Leaf



Published monthly during the school year by the Salisbury Normal School  
Printed by the RUE PUBLISHING CO., DENTON, MD.

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Mary Horsey  
Constance Clark  
Polly White  
Miriam Nottingham  
Jennie DeWilde  
May Willis  
Ruth Anderson  
Helen Hering  
William Matthews  
Mary Hall  
Betty Dallas  
Ruth Gretzinger

Editor-in-Chief  
Associate Editor  
Literary Editor  
Assistant Literary Editor  
Humor Editor  
Art Editor  
Assistant Art Editor  
Business Manager  
Assistant Business Manager  
Senior Reporter  
Junior Reporter  
Typist

JANUARY, 1929

## THE DRAGON OF WU FLU!

As usual, history is repeating itself. As we read of the legendary creatures whose coming struck terror in the heart of men, even now we are menaced by a monster more dreadful than these—the terrible dragon called Flu!

There is, however, a difference in their method of attack. Whereas the creatures of old brought sudden death and destruction to all that lay in their paths, ours is a more insidious enemy. In the rush and bustle of everyday affairs, we do not heed his coming—until he is upon us, and we are stricken with his chilly (not fiery) breath.

There is another difference, however, which is more in our favor. There is no possible way to escape the jaws of the mythical dragons; their presence spelled certain death. But our monster strikes at the things about which we are most careless; in that way can we outwit him.

Think of it! Just the ordinary precautions, scorned by many, will baffle and put to flight this awful creature. Remember, in times like this, self-preservation is always the first law—so—beware!

## HAND IT IN

If you have a good suggestion  
Hand it in;  
Or a joke without a question,  
Hand it in;  
A story that is true,  
An incident that is new  
We want to hear from you,  
Hand it in;  
Do not try to look too wise,  
Or stand and criticize,  
Or, just what do you advise?  
Hand it in.

—Exchange

(Editor's note: This applies to members of the faculty as well as to students of S. N. S.)

## A SENIOR HODGE PODGE

A Baker, a Butler, and a Fisher, whom many rude folks familiarly called Hicks, slowly plodded their way to Hurlock on a hot afternoon.

"Oh, for a cool Seabreeze!" sighed the Fisher, as he rearranged his fresh catch of Herring to make them seem lighter. "Being a Walker is no fun on such a day as this." And then with a half smile, he suggested, "How about a ride in my Hudson?"

"Tut, tut, my man," said the Baker. "Tis no use to Teas. We cannot even afford a Horsey."

"What a pleasure it must be to be a Lord," volunteered the Butler, "with a vast estate! It fairly makes my blood tingle. Picture a spacious Hall with Marks of aristocracy and wealth, and a great fireplace where the bright Sparks could scurry up the chimney on bitter nights. My wife would never have to put her hands in Tubbs again. She could wear lovely dresses of White instead of the coarse Brown ones she must use until they are shreds. I sometimes feel like Banning that color from our hut altogether."

The three continued on their way, the Fisher finding his burden ever heavier to feel that our struggles, though they seemed futile and of little consequence, would not be in vain, but would benefit us and those around us in years to come.

## THE JUNIORS' BUGABOO

A certain metaphorical expression frequently heard in halls of the Maryland State Normal School at Salisbury appears from the immediate statistics to have grown into unrecognizable hyperbolism. In other words, the Seniors have unintentionally made practice-teaching a bugaboo to the Juniors.

Now Juniors, take my advice and don't let anybody scare you about practice-teaching. Don't let anyone tell you it's just a necessary evil to be endured with stoic good grace.

Critic teachers are really human beings. Some of them are perfectly lovely ones, too. They have been prospective teachers at one time themselves, and that they have and show sympathy is natural. Supervisors don't come from the world of spirits, Juniors. They give natural helpful comments that will help you with "your own forty little children." Also, by way of consolation, we may say that it is very seldom that practice teachers act ridiculously funny and the supervisors don't laugh with them. We know that their mirth has in many instances been the cause of vague disturbance in the heart of the inexperienced, but it's an effective way to give constructive criticism.

So, Juniors, across the broad gap of our experience we extend a hand of good natured fellowship. When we speak wearily of large units, and of seat work, forgive us, we are boosting our privileges and we like them.

## ASBURY PASTOR GIVES

### MESSAGE FOR NEW YEAR

It seems that one good thing about this Normal School is, that when you have your periods of depression, there is always someone to brighten you with a word of encouragement and sound philosophy. The encouragement seems to come quite as regularly as the depression, which, we must admit, is regular in its visits.

Thus it was that our recent speaker was so timely in his message to us. We were all rather disheartened by the persistent efforts of the monster "Flu" to close our school and disable its members; and when our beloved president succumbed, it seemed almost too much. But our spirits were considerably lifted in assembly, Tuesday, January 8th, when the Rev. Samuel McWilliams of Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, gave us a brief New Year's address. Rev. McWilliams has recently come to this city, and has been cordially welcomed by all who have heard him speak.

It is hardly necessary to repeat his words here, since each of us remembers some part of the message that particularly comforted him. Let it suffice to say that every line of poetry, every bit of philosophy emphasized this fact: That the efforts of man usually terminate in incompleteness and partial failure, but that the world is many times better for those efforts.

His message, beautifully worded and effectively delivered, came just when we most needed it; and we were made to feel that our struggles, though they seemed futile and of little consequence, would not be in vain, but would benefit us and those around us in years to come.

## Watch the Grangers!

"What is this we hear? The Grange is doing what? My, they are a ways doing something!" Yes, we expect to keep these words on the tongues of everybody during the coming year.

Due to the various disturbances in routine, we have just begun work in earnest. Our chapter is "going strong." New equipment has arrived. This accounts in part, perhaps, for our renewed enthusiasm. The "goat" has been feeding on green pastures for some time, but he is now ready to be introduced to those people seeking admittance into this order. We expect him to do his part at our next meeting.

We Grangers have proved our talent in many lines. We are planning to show this in a new line in the near future. The public will have an opportunity to see us in a play. By this we hope to convince even the most doubtful that we have talent along this line.

A trip to Valley Forge during the early spring has been discussed as a sister trip to the visit to Mount Vernon. This trip was taken while we were in Washington in November.

If you wish to follow the activities of a new, but wide-awake and prospering organization, watch the movements of the Salisbury Normal School Grange.

## OUR HOUSE ORGANIZATION

The first Monday evening of each month at 6:15, the resident students of this school meet in the assembly room for the regular meeting of our "House Organization."

This organization has indeed proved its worth in many ways. It is the place where all problems which we wish to discuss may be brought up and discussed in a way pleasing to all. Thus we set standards and ideas upon which we hope to base our claim as one of the best disciplined normal schools in the United States. Through these meetings the desire to "Do unto others as we would have them do unto us," is inculcated deeper in us.

We are proud of our House Organization; and through its ideals and attitude we hope to advance on the road to our greatest aim!

"Be a success and honor to Salisbury Normal, to the home and community in which we serve." M. V. D. Jr. 1

## OLD WASHINGTON ACADEMY

(Continued from Page 3)

Handy to one of his friends in 1876, the colonel states that once the restless classmate poets, High Brackenbridge and Phiy's Freneau of the class of 1771 of Princeton went as teachers to the famous Washington Academy in Somerset County, Md. A school, says Freneau, that was attended by boys belonging to the best families in the state, but who preyed on him like leeches. Freneau failed miserably in his attempt to make a schoolmaster out of himself.

The scholastic standing of Washington Academy has always been high. Eighty-two years ago, many prominent men received their education at the old Academy. Among the trustees and graduates were such men as: Samuel Chase, chief justice; Luther Martin, prominent lawyer; Judge John R. Franklin, of Worcester County; Judge E. K. Wilson, United States senator; James U. Dennis, state senator; Hon. William W. Handy, Col. Levin T. Handy, Hon. John W. Crisfield, Judge Levin T. H. Irving, Dr. W. H. Gale, Hon. Robert F. Bratten, Judge Henry Page, and many others.

The high scholastic ranking of the Washington High School still continues and a successful and interesting future is anticipated.

## Bibliography

1. Essay on Washington Academy, published in June 11, 1927, issue of Marylander and Herald.
2. June 16, 1928 issue of Marylander and Herald.
3. "Reminiscences," manuscript written by Col. Levin T. Handy; published in July 14, 1927 issue of Somerset News.

## WHY TEACHERS GET MARRIED

Question—What are glaciers?  
Answer—Guys who fix windows, when they are broken.  
Question—What is a peninsula?

## OUR POET'S CORNER

### YOUR BEST

The best that is in you, my son,  
Is the least to put forth in the strife.  
And then when the battle is won,  
And a purpose accomplished in life,  
Look forward to new tasks ahead,  
And ever keep wide your heart's door.  
Some thoughtful, kind word, be it said,  
Your lips uttered many times o'er.  
MAY WILLIS, '29

### WINTER

Merrily, merrily, let us go  
Where the ground is heaped with snow.  
The air is crisp; the air is cold,  
In that land of the young and old.

In that land where sleigh bells ring  
With the same old ting-a-ling,  
The children's voices sound so sweet,  
Praising the world about their feet.

Now let us think of God alone,  
Who has made these joys be known.  
And, as each winter comes around,  
May our hearts His praises sound.  
LOUISE MEREDITH, '30

## THE NEW YEAR

(Written for Grade IV)

The evening shadows are falling,  
And I sit alone in my room;  
Wondering what the New Year will  
bring forth  
Will it be sadness, gladness, or gloom?

The Old Year has gone forever  
Leaving many events in our lives,  
But the New Year is another tomorrow,  
Bringing longings for many desires.  
Let us be cheerful and happy,  
And always wear a smile;  
And then at the end of the Old Year,  
We can say "It has been worth-while."

DOROTHY KNOTTS, '30

## THE MISSION OF THE SNOWFLAKES

(Written for Grade I)

"Little white feathers  
Coming through the air,—  
Little white snowflakes  
Why are you there?"

"We came from the cloud-birds,  
Flying so high  
To the New Year  
When he comes nigh."

"Little white feathers  
Like lightning you go!  
Little white snowflakes  
I love you so."

"Dear little schoolgirl  
We're swift for we greet  
The New Year  
And the children so sweet."  
FLORENCE MATTHEWS, '30

## NEW YEAR PROGRAM

The Junior II's gave their first Assembly program on Thursday, January 10, under the guidance of Miss Matthews in her Children's Literature Class. It was not a specially planned unit, but a combination of material on New Year's. The whole section scoured the magazines, story books, books of plays, and elementary readers for material to use in their future teaching. The acquaintance with the books was equally as important as the materials gleaned from them. The program grew out of this study. Some original stories and poems contributed by the class added to the value of the work.

The responsibility of this program rested upon the group as well as the individuals, thereby developing self-reliance and co-operation. Miss Nellie Pahlman was chosen chairman for this unit of work.

Answer—A bird that lives on ice-bergs.

Question—What is a volcano?  
Answer—A mountain with a hole in the top. If you look down you can see the creator smoking.

Question—Why does a dog hang out its tongue when it is running?

Answer—To balance its tail.

Question—What is steel wool?  
Answer—The fleece of a hydraulic ram.

Question—What is etiquette?  
Answer—Saying no, thank you, when you mean gimme.—Exchange.



## SENIOR I CHATTER

Heard in "The Bus" when Senior I's embarked from S. N. S. on Friday, the last day of Senior I's practice teaching. (The first unit of work.)

"Everyone here?"

"Where's Farier?"

"Jackson here?"

"Yes, and someday, I'll be made a hunchback if this bus isn't made taller."

"I wonder if Miss Krackowizer is coming today?"

"What did you teach yesterday?"

"What will I teach those kids today?"

"Here come Miss Wilson and Miss Krackowizer."

"Good morning, children, I see you have my little corner all ready for me."

"Yes, I looked out my window and told Miss Krackowizer our Cadillac had arrived."

"But I said it was our Packard."

"No, I feel better in a Cadillac. Dave, do you know anyone who is going West? I don't want to go on the train and surely not in a Ford!"

"Where's Miss Hall?"

"She's sick this morning, Miss Krackowizer."

"Where's Miss Farier?"

"She got industrious this morning and walked in."

"There are a lot of sick, aren't there?"

"Yes, just as soon as Miss Ruth gets rid of one she gets another."

(Exit Imogene at the corner of Division and Camden.)

"Today is our last day in these rooms. What can we do to celebrate?"

"Cry!"

"Walk home!"

"Here we are Grammar School!"

"Where's my identity?"

"Help! My wig's falling off!"

"What are we going to do?"

"Member the 'Try Again' smelling salts?"

"Pray for us!"

"Good-bye!"

(Exit the Grammar School teachers. Brief silence.)

"What is Miss Brown's first name?"

"Maude."

"Then who is Ruth Brown?"

"Never heard of her. Why?"

"I got a Christmas card from her!"

(Halt for traffic. Bump. Bump. Bumpety, Bump.)

"Brace yourself!"

(Heard just as they get out.)

"How long is your lesson going to last?"

"Why?"

"The longer you teach the shorter my lesson will be."

(Brief intermission during which we can imagine the girls teaching!)

East Salisbury crowd:

"Gee, I'm happy! Haven't got my Music Current Events, but I can't cry!"

"No lesson plans to make this week end!"

"I'm happy—just walking on air!"

"Da-do-dede-do-da-de-dum!"

Enter Grammar crowd.

"Did you get your last hunk of the telephone pole?"

"Did I? I nearly took the whole thing with me!"

"Pop! Let's celebrate and go down Main Street!"

"They don't want to see this hack on Main Street."

"We don't care. We're happy."

"Are you really glad to be through?"

"Am I?"

"Well, whoever gets my room will have an ideal crowd."

"Miss Wiedefeld observed Tingle this morning. Said it was a good lesson."

"We thought they were coming in Miss Hearn's room but, thank Heaven, they fooled us."

"One thing we surely ran on time this morning."

"You did? I ran overtime ten minutes."

"Do you realize that no one has had to walk home these four weeks?"

"Walk home!?!?"

"Don't you remember we decided the first day to make anyone who cried walk home?"

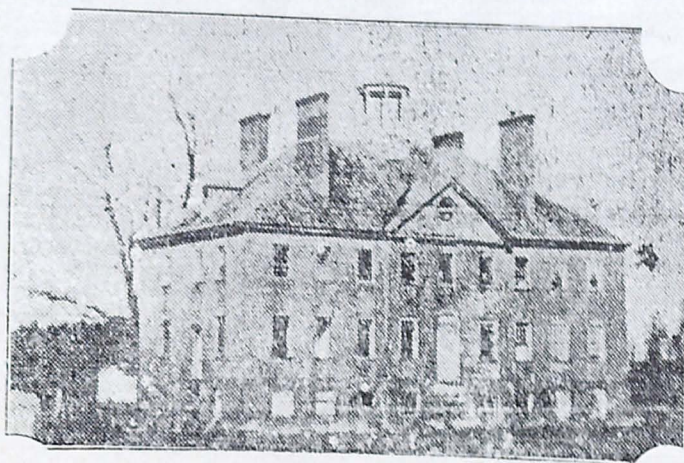
"Mr. Richardson!"

"Well?"

"Isn't that a record? No tears for four weeks?"

"It certainly is."

## Our Historic Eastern Shore



OLD WASHINGTON ACADEMY

The beginning of Washington Academy dates from the year 1757, when a number of prominent citizens, led by the late Samuel Wilson of Westover, realizing that "intelligence and virtue are indispensable pre-requisites to good citizenship and that these can only be accomplished by education," laid the plans for the building of this institution at Back Creek, about six miles from Princess Anne and near the village of Westover.

The purpose of the founders was mainly to benefit their own children, but the reputation of the school soon became such that soon there were many applications for admittance. So, in 1772, the building was enlarged enough to accommodate seventy students.

As the school was enlarged more instructors were added, Latin, Greek, Oratory, and all the branches of Mathematics with the other general subjects were taught. In the year 1779 this institution was incorporated under the name of "The Washington Academy," after our illustrious leader in the first fight for independence. Trustees were appointed and incorporated the same year by the General Assembly as "Trustees of Washington Academy." The state appropriated \$600 per annum, and in tuition twelve students were given tuition. The teachers were paid a salary of \$400 per annum.

The school spread so rapidly that it became necessary to enlarge its capacity. This was made possible by gifts of large and small sums of money obtained by subscriptions. Over 5,000 pounds (\$25,000) were given. We read from an old account of that time:

"The funds, it is expected, will be sufficiently adequate to the support of able teachers and to the purchase of mathematical and philosophical apparatus, as buildings, maps, globes, and a considerable library are already provided.

"At present the following persons are teachers in the Academy: The Rev. William Linn, A. M., president, who teaches oratory and moral philosophy; Archibald Walker, A. M., of the University of Glasgow, who teaches the mathematics and natural philosophy; Joseph Miller, A. M., of the University of Philadelphia, who teaches geography and history. These gentlemen also attend the classes learning the Latin and Greek languages.

"Very particular care is taken in training the boys to pronounce the English tongue, a matter of great importance in the pulpit and at the bar.

"You just wait until I get the first grade, and then there'll be tears."

(Serious conversation in the rear. Serious on the last day!)

Normal School in sight!!

And the four weeks ending with voices singing, fifteen of 'em singing:

"Do not give up but do your best

Senior I's, my Senior I's

Out Practicing Teaching like the rest

Senior I's, my Senior I's

Throw out your chest

And up your chin

Cast care aside

Determined that some day you'll win

Senior I's, my Senior I's."

## DID YOU GO HOME?

"We may enter whenever we will." Thirty-two loyal members of the Alumni Association of the Salisbury Normal School remembered this line in our school song and responded to the invitation.

"Where are you teaching? What grades do you have? Do you have your allotted forty children? Do you like teaching as well as the others do? How long have you been here? Shame our president can't be here, isn't it? Where's Miss Ruth and Dr. Holloway and all of the other faculty members?" But no time was given for answering as we fired question after question at one another. We did, however, get a chance to answer some during the dinner hour. Each member introduced himself to the new Juniors.

The students treated us royally. We found school spirit just the same never-dying flame. The new students are fast acquiring that indescribable spirit that shines from the soul of every true graduate of the Salisbury Normal School. For that alone we would heartily welcome them as friends and co-workers in our profession.

Homecoming would not be complete without the inspirational candle lighting service. After several months or years of teaching our little flames of inspiration and ambition need the re-kindling received from contact with our Alma Mater.

If your name is not here you were missed at Salisbury Normal School Saturday, December 15.

## Class of '26

Wilsie Griffin  
Blanche Reid  
Helen Windsor  
Mary Ann Bradley  
Dorothy Dryden  
Phyllis Elliott  
Irene Hastings  
Hilda Hearne  
Elizabeth Hillman  
Betty Hopkins  
Elizabeth Rounds  
Alma Slaughter

## Class of '28

Marian Brinsford  
Mary Bradford  
Mary Bratten  
Allee Mae Coulbourne  
Anne Coulby  
Norman Ellis  
Maud Eskridge  
Margaret Hanks  
Isabel Hastings  
Etta Kilmon  
Aline Krause  
John Lankford  
Hazel McDowell  
Isabel McDowell  
Mildred Medford  
Evelyn Moore  
Mabel Scott  
Lula Mae Sinclair  
Elsie Webb  
Viola Young  
Did you go home? A. H. COULBY

## I GO ABROAD

I want a book. Guess I'll run down thru Pig's Alley to the library.

(Out in the hall.) I don't see a

soul. Gee whiz, what's the matter? Somebody sick? No, I suppose not.

There are lights in all the rooms. I'll peep thru this door. I can hear Callahan muttering, "Lister, my children, and you shall hear of the midnight ride of Paul Revere. Who was Paul Revere, Billy?"

Humph! There in that room sits Godfrey. She has about twenty-five paper turkeys flopping about her.

What is that she's saying? "How many kids are there in that first grade room anyway, Dot?"

And Turner. My cow, how will I ever get twenty-five questions on that little bit of a story? Oh gee! There sit Hoge and Brown.

Did they say something about lesson plans? And Neal and Horsey! I believe they mentioned seat work.

And Ashley's pitch pipe! "Sound 'do', class. Sing do-so." Good grief. All this industry! I'm going downstairs.

(On the first floor.) What's that mob doing around the bulletin board? Oh, I see. The practice teachers have just found out to which rural schools they are going. Isn't that a mess?

And that book I wanted? Oh yes. The Baltimore County Course of Study.

They say that farmers notice the crops. Preachers notice the churches. Teachers notice—that reminds me, I'd better go back to my room, I'm out practice teaching myself!

"The strictest attention will be paid to their moral's, and it is hoped that while they advance in sound literature, they will also be trained by good example and admonition, in the ways of virtue and religion.

"No preference shall be shown to any particular denomination.

"The price of boarding, washing and lodging in the Academy will be from eighteen to twenty pounds per annum (\$100). The tuition money is six pounds (\$30) per annum.

"One examination is given in May with three weeks vacation."

The following "Rules and Regulations" governing the students' behavior will give us an idea what the life of the school was like:

1. The students shall attend prayer in the Hall every morning at 6 o'clock in the summer, and 7 o'clock in the winter; and they shall attend prayers at 5 o'clock in the evening.

2. The students shall study from 6 a. m. to 8 a. m.; 9 a. m. to 12 n.; 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.

3. No student shall go beyond the green during those hours.

4. No student shall leave his room after 8 o'clock in the evening.

5. The students shall attend the sermon every Sabbath at the Hall.

6. No victuals nor liquors shall be in the students' room except in case of sickness.

7. The pupils must stay in their rooms on the Sabbath day with no amusements.

8. Each student must know the catechism and keep by him a copy of the New Testament.

9. There shall be no snatching, pulling, or throwing of victuals, no unnecessary talking or running about during meals, and no one shall leave until all are dismissed.

In the year 1797 the school was destroyed by fire. After the destruction of the old Academy, the work was carried on at Eden, until a new school was erected at King's Creek.

The Franklin School, an academy located in the old Masonic Hall in Princess Anne, was incorporated in 1837. Its location seemed very suitable for a school, so the trustees of the Washington Academy and the trustees of the Franklin School met in agreement and in 1843 the two schools became one. The new school was located where the Franklin Academy had been, under the name of Washington Academy, and it took only day students. Later the building was moved to the present site of the Washington High School. About fifty years later, old Washington Academy, on King's Creek, was torn down. The bricks were brought to Princess Anne, where they were used in the building of the present high school in 1892.

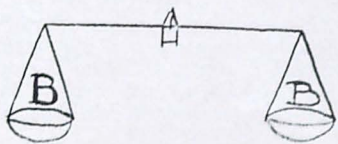
In 1892 the trustees of Washington Academy "believing that the object of its creation can at this day be more successfully secured through the union with the public schools" unwillingly, but sadly, turned all except the name of the building over to the state, the name of Washington High School, which, for thirty-five years as such, has continued its work.

In a letter written by Col. Levin T.

(Continued on Page 2)

JAN 1929 issue





You're wondering about the "B's"? Well, it's just this way, folks. When basket ball season is here, BAGLEAN and BASKET BALL are synonymous. "What's back of all this?" you ask. It's that same old Baglean spirit coming to the top again. Coming back, yes, and yet, it is not returning with its head in the air mindful only of last year's victories. There are memories of defeats stored away—memories that can be banished only by success. And that success means more than merely winning the game—it means winning it—well. Why it might even mean losing the game—losing it—well.

Last year and the year before and even the year before that we lost the game, but you'll have to give it to us, we lost them well. This year things are going to be different. We think we've had quite enough practice in being the losing sports. Now is the time to see how well we can win.

#### BAGLEAN DANCE

Snowballs whizzing through the air, Confetti flying everywhere!

The Baglean dancers and merry-makers with their escorts were received into the S. N. S. hall on Friday evening, January 18, by Miss Beulah Dixon, president of the society, and her escort, Miss Ida Belle Wilson, society advisor, Miss Ruth Powell, and Dr. and Mrs. Holloway. They entered into a land of evergreens and snow and ice. Indeed, it might easily have been called Eskimo Land for the alcove was decorated and arranged as an igloo and huge snow men grinned from dark corners. Music for the occasion was furnished by Bill White's "Play Boys." After a gay evening of foxtrots and "moonlights," prizes were awarded to the best dancers and the revelers dispersed amid showers of confetti and shouts of laughter.

#### GLEE CLUB TO PRESENT OPERETTA

(Continued from Page 1)

captive, and has contrived to convince the Mandarin and all others that his claim is a valid one, although nobody has actually seen the dragon. Finally Kai Sung becomes suspicious and lets it be known that he desires a sight of the dragon. This places Ling in an embarrassing predicament, for, as you have suspected, he has no dragon; but Captain Chan of the Mandarin's Guard, who is devoted to Kooie Yan, the lovely daughter of Kai Sung, opportunely suggests a plan by which the Mandarin can properly be convinced and at the same time be placed in a position which would make it difficult for him to withhold his consent to the marriage of Chan and Kooie Yan, a project to which Kai Sung has declared himself as unalterably opposed. Chan's plan is a simple one. Two sailors from a U. S. warship are to be persuaded to impersonate the dragon in the presence of the Mandarin. At a preconcerted signal the dragon is to seize the fair Kooie Yan and bear her away to the House of the Dragon, whereupon Chan will rush in, rescue her and restore her to the arms of her anguished parent, who cannot in common decency refuse his blessing on the pair.

All preparations having been made by the conspirators, everybody assembles to behold the famous dragon of Wu Foo. The Mandarin's party includes his aunt, a strong-minded lady, not over-popular with her distinguished nephew.

Well, the moment arrives; the dragon appears as per schedule, a quite convincing apparition in a genuine dragon skin. All goes well until the critical moment, when Tom, the head of the dragon, overcome by excitement, instead of seizing Kooie Yan according to directions, precipitately carries off the elderly Poo Chow! Confusion ensues and the curtain descends on this somewhat disconcerting situation.

(Continued on Page 6)

#### IMPORTANT LESSON PLAN EVOLVED BY ALUMNI IN ANNUAL MEETING

(Continued from page 1)

When Prof. Caruthers taught "The Fly Rhyme." Oh! the experience meeting by candle-light Helped each one to make the future more bright. And at the dark eleventh hour The Alumni enjoyed the trip to the tower. Those that were absent surely did miss Seeing our Maude receive a kiss (?) Ready to leave? Dear no! But time passed quickly and we had to go.

Dear Alma Mater long as your candle burns, We will love you and return For homecoming with all its bountiful joys Cannot be missed by your girls and boys. And when we see your shining light Our candles grow more bright. So when we are worn and hard beset With sorrows that we would forget, When we need help that will keep Our hearts from faltering, our souls from sleep, We will come home to you.

VIOLA G. YOUNG '28

#### THE VALUE OF CO-OPERATION

What a wonderful word co-operation is! Anything can be accomplished through it, but this co-operation must be used in the right way or more harm than good will be the result.

In no profession is co-operation of more value than in school teaching. Right ideals and attitudes are the major elements to be developed in the children. Co-operation to advance the welfare of one's self and others is the most important of these ideals. It will always be a real life situation. In order to bring this ideal about, each individual must have the correct attitude toward each other individual. The child must realize the value to his success of co-operation of his parents, classmates, and teaching supervisors. He must also give credit to the educators of the years gone by for it has been through their co-operation that he is able to get vicariously the experiences that have made the world advance.

Not only must the children co-operate with those who have control over their advancement but those responsible for their education must work together. There is no question that the teacher and parents must co-operate in order that the teacher understand the home environment of the children and acquire some of the parents' knowledge of the children's individual differences. The teacher must also co-operate with the educators of the past and present. This co-operation may be in the form of accepting the proved methods and facts found in books, as well as in personal contact.

There is no quotation more true than "In union there is strength." With everyone working together there is almost nothing which cannot be accomplished. ISABEL McDOWELL '28

#### THRILLS

One of the many thrills of a new teacher comes at home coming. Home coming to me was a great inspiration. In that dimly candle-lighted circle, I received many suggestions which I shall use. Best of all was meeting and chatting with old friends. The addition of the new building did not make Normal School seem different, for the same S. N. S. spirit caused it to be home to us. Words cannot express the value of home coming. My only regret was that more could not have attended. HAZEL McDOWELL '28

#### THE JOY OF A TEACHER

Here is a poem by a child in the Second grade:

##### Happy New Year

"This is Happy New Year's Day, The little children are happy and gay, Frolic and fun always come their way. For this is Happy New Year's Day."

#### THE FIGHT IS ON

Cock-a-doodle-doo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o  
Bow-wow wo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-w

The whole school resounds with the animal battle-cry! Bagleans! Carneans! And on January 25th, the first clash will come. Who will win? For three consecutive years the Carneans have won the basket ball, but the Bagleans are boasting the best team yet and we think the teams seem evenly balanced.

February 19th, the spelling contest will be opened. Mrs. Lucy Bennett and Miss Anne Matthews will select the words for this, and conspicuous among these will be the "Hundred Demons." A week later the written contest will be held. Fifty of the words will be dictated and one hundred will be given for selection of correct and incorrect spelling.

On March 15th, the call to arms will again be sounded and the two societies will meet to rival one another in story telling—and no one knows who will win that. We have our suspicions however. May 1st the creative effort contest will be held. This is the first year we've had a contest of this sort, and it will probably incite more curiosity than any other contest.

The year's conflict will close with the tennis tournament sometime late in May.

That last assembly! Around whose head will the laurel wreath rest? All we can do is our best for our colors! The Green and White! The Green and Gold!

Perryhawkin school got the attendance banner for the month of November with an attendance percentage of 97.7 per cent. We are very proud of it.

ALICE MAE COULBOURNE '28

#### THE FIRST DAY'S TEACHING

We have heard of fairy tales and read them. This experience will sound like one but comes very near being the truth.

Before September 4, 1928, came (which was the first of my real teaching day), I taught that day (in my dreams last summer) three different times before the honest-to-goodness day came. I worried, wondered, planned, dreamed and memorized each sentence for the day. In fact in one dream I greeted all of the parents.

As it happened (and always will) the day, children, and other situations which arose surely upset my memorization, but as fate would have it my plans were carried out to a great extent.

I would advise everyone to plan his work for the first week well, as well as the first day but do not memorize each sentence and greet all of the parents beforehand.

MARGARET HANKINS, '28

#### CHEER UP! S. N. S.

S. N. S. girls' bedtime—10:00 P. M.  
Rural teachers' bedtime—9:00 P. M.

##### We Wonder

No one would ever recognize the Princess Anne Isabel and the Fairmount Miss McDowell, as the same person.

##### Did You Know It?

Dorothy Dryden was telling the story of "The Fir Tree." During the introduction of the lesson the question was asked, "Who knows what a fir tree looks like?" One little boy quickly raised his hand and said, "Oh, I know, Miss Dryden, it is a tree with fur growing on it."

Somerset teachers—let's be 100 per cent subscribers to Holly Leaf! The girls in Somerset County wish The Holly Leaf the best of success in the National School Paper contest.

#### SOME SUGGESTIONS

We try to be sure that each child gets a chance to take a library book home. We have our entire roll divided into groups. There are about five children in each group, one of which acts as captain. The captain's duty is to see that each group member gets a book if he wishes it. We have seven groups—each of which takes turns in taking books, for instance—Group No. I takes them one night, Group No. II the next, and so on.

A reliable child is appointed librarian and makes a list of books taken and



I'm sitting here by the window looking at the sunset. The most prominent color tonight is a pure untinted gold—and far off on the horizon, a tall pine tree is standing against the sky. Green and Gold! Carnean! Even the sky and the twilight foretell that all's well with us! If we lived in the days of Caesar, we would probably say this is an omen, like Jupiter's—an omen of well being—and one we hope will spell victory in basket ball for Carnean in '29 as it did in all the other years of inter-society contests. Before the contests begin, the Carneans want to extend the hand of good fellowship to the Bagleans and to express the hope that we can be as good and as clean opponents to them as they have been, will be, and are to the Green and Gold.

To the Rooster we promise our fealty and promise him good reason to crow long and loud on January 25th.

by whom they are taken each night, the list being checked off as returned the next morning.

This plan seems to work very well and the children enjoy the "business" attached to it.

We have a spelling contest going on for the month of January in the Fourth and Fifth grades. Since there are exactly thirty-four people in the room it is evenly divided. Each "A" on both sentences and words counts one point. Naturally, each child shows some team spirit in trying to make points for his side.

Having tried a similar contest in December with good results, we are sure this month's contest will accelerate interest and progress.

WILSIE GRIFFIN '26

Mardela School

#### WHY USE CHARTS?

It seemed that during my two years at Normal School the word which I heard more than any other was the word, "Chart." I wondered then if they could really be as valuable as the frequent repetition seemed to imply. But now I know that without the use of charts our attendance this year could never have been so much improved. Each month we have a different chart representing some special feature during that month. We always have the boys competing with the girls, as the school is about evenly divided.

Last month, for instance, they trimmed a Christmas tree with attendance ornaments. The red ornaments represented the boys' attendance while the blue represented the girls'. At the end of the month the tree contained the most red ornaments, meaning that the boys had won. Strange to say the boys have won three months out of the four.

We hope that by means of these charts, our attendance this year will far surpass that of last year.

ELIZABETH ROUNDS '28

Mt. Holly School

#### "THE VOICE OF WOR-

##### CESTER COUNTY"

We all remember Dorothy Shockley of the first graduating class of S. N. S. in '26.

Dorothy is teaching in a one room rural school near Eden. Here is what she has to say in regards to her school: "One of the objectives of our school for 1928-29 is to enlarge our school library. Last year with the aid of the P. T. A., and the Board of Education, we were able to begin a small library. Most of the books we purchased last

(Continued on Page 5)



## THE ARBOR MYSTERY

## CHAPTER IV

By DOROTHY NORDWALL

Bab's wonder at this unexpected turn of affairs grew greater as she danced with the Colonial Gentleman, and he made no reference by word, look, or action to the afternoon's proceedings. Her curiosity grew until she felt as if she'd burst if he did say something. But when he did speak it was to comment on the orchestra, the beauty of the costumes, the size of the crowd and everything in this world but a grape arbor and a can of paint.

"If this is Bill," thought Babs resentfully, "why doesn't he say something?" Seeing her perplexity the Gods of Chance took things in their hands, and, with what must have been a chuckle, suggested to some mischief-maker the fun that would result if the lights should go out.

So, just as Bab was about to burst out with "Bill Steelman or not"—or its equivalent—the lights went out. In the usual hilarity and exaggerated confusion that followed at once, Bab was propelled forward by the strong arm which had been resting around her waist during the dance. For a moment she was utterly terrified. Suppose it wasn't Bill. Then who could be carrying her off like this? She struggled a little weakly, but it was useless.

Suddenly she felt a breath of cool air on her hot cheek and knew they had arrived at the tiny side porch into which the ball room led.

"So," said her captor, "we meet again?"

"Oh," breathed Bab immensely reassured, "it is you!" Inside the ball-room the lights came back on and the orchestra swung into the familiar strains of "Doin' the Raccoon." Two figures grotesquely clothed came from the dance floor and stood in the doorway. Bab caught her breath and pulled Bill's arm until he, too, drew back into the shadow.

"He's here," said one of them in an excited whisper. "I saw him dancing with that Hartzell girl. He has on a Colonial costume. The girl I was dancing with pointed them out as a perfect couple," Bill pressed her arm, "and I recognized him at once."

"What makes me so mad," said the other, "is that some idiot chose that moment to turn out the lights and now he isn't to be found."

"The boy is clever anyhow," said the other. "He's perfectly within his rights to come to the dance or anything because we haven't been able to serve his summons yet; and until he gets it, he is as privileged as anyone else."

"We've got to serve that summons on him tonight. We promised to do it yesterday and we couldn't find even a trace of him."

"Even," said the other grimly, "if we have to kidnap him."

"That's an idea—let's kidnap him! He will never recognize us in these get-ups and we can call him outside on some pretext and have the gang there ready to grab him. Take him up to my room—cowboy stuff y' know—and keep him there until meeting tomorrow."

"That won't be necessary," disagreed the other, "all you have to do is give Bill the papers and you know he'll be at meeting. I don't understand why he's running anyhow."

"He's rotten, that's all," said the first one.

"It certainly looks like it."

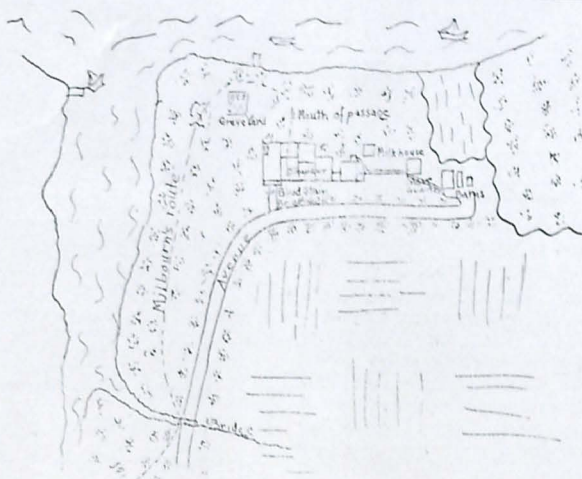
"Well, come on, and get going. We've got to find him." They withdrew from the porch and Bab felt Bill give a sigh. She tried to read his face but she saw only pain there. It may have been the situation, it may have been the music, but as he turned to her in the shadows of the porch something happened to Bab's heart.

"Rotten!" repeated the man. His voice hardened. "Rotten." There was a pause while Bab counted her heart beats. She wanted to tell him she believed in him, but she didn't know how.

"Bab," and she thrilled to hear him say her name for the first time, "no matter how rotten it seems, I've got to run again. Someday I hope I can explain to you."

Bab tilted her stubborn chin, "I'm going too," she announced. "I couldn't

(Continued on Page 6)



Ground Plan of Milbourne Mansion and Surroundings.

## Our Eastern Shore In Legendary Lore

## "STAY ON YOUR HORSE"

It happened long ago—not long enough, however, to be "once upon a time," but this tale has been told ever since the Civil War. About two miles from a little settlement in the southern part of the Eastern Shore of Maryland there was and still is to my knowledge, a stately old colonial mansion. Many years before this incident the house had been built by members of a well known family on a large tract of land, which had been granted to them by the King. Tradition tells us that the bricks of this typical southern home were brought from England in little boats, which sailed up the Chesapeake Bay into the Annapomix River and finally into what is now known as Coulbourn's Creek.

The house, which plays an important part in our story, was nestled among the murmuring cedars in the midst of an old fashioned garden, which was rivaled by none. So close to the creek it was built that the inhabitants, sometimes wakeful at night, were lulled to sleep by the lapping of the ripples on the hard sand. To the west of the house lay the slave quarters and the barns, which showed by their appearance how richly endowed the farmer was with worldly goods.

Until the outbreak of the Civil War this happy and prosperous family (which we will call Milbourne for convenience) lived in peace and plenty, tilling the goodly acres with the aid of its slaves. When this occurred the head of the house took his stand with the South. This was done for two reasons—one, because he was not in sympathy with President Lincoln's plan; another, because his wealth would be swept away, and he feared his wife and children might come to want. There was nothing selfish in Milbourne's attitude, for never was there a more generous man nor a Southern gentleman who was kinder to slaves.

Numerous times during the months of the war Northern soldiers rode up to his hospitable door, and like Southern soldiers, were treated with all the respect that southerners show their guests. On leaving, however, they would plunder the household and out buildings, taking with them what they fancied, stripping the meathouse bare of the winter's stores, carrying off the livestock, opening chests and trunks looking for money, and even going so far as to run their dirty hands around in the pans of milk searching for coins, as well as insulting the women by remarks and curses.

This kind of thing went on until all the fire in the spirit of John Milbourne was aglow and for the sake of his family he swore to put it to a stop or sacrifice his life in the attempt. Though he was too old for active service he kept his firearms cleaned and polished ready for immediate service.

One evening at dusk, just at the time when the shutters were closed, and the candles were lit, but when the afterglow of the sun had not yet faded, a party of Northern soldiers rode up the long avenue through the trees. The children playing out of doors, upon seeing them, ran crying with fear into the house.

"Soldiers are coming, soldiers are coming!"

"Northern or Southern?" questioned the father.

"Northern," replied the children in chorus.

Immediately every one in the household was hurrying about barring doors and windows, and hardly had the last one been fastened when a loud call was heard at the front of the house, and the pawing of horses' hoofs was deafening to the ears of the frightened people behind the shutters.

Milbourne took his stand at an upstairs window over the massive front door, then called out, "What do you want?"

"We want food and lodging," replied the captain with a curse.

"This is a Southern home, but I have entertained Northern soldiers. As a reward they have plundered my house, stolen my stock, ruined my crops, and insulted my family. Therefore, sir, I beg you not to dismount and start up that walk, or by the will of God I will shoot you dead in your tracks."

"Enough of that prattle, you rebel! Open those doors or I will have my men batter them down," returned the captain, starting to dismount.

"Stay on your horse," shrieked Milbourne.

The captain disregarded the warning and cried, "As for your threat—shoot me if you dare, and my men will hang you on one of your own trees." Saying this he started up the brick walk. Milbourne's finger touched the cold steel of the trigger; his muscles contracted. There was a deafening noise which echoed and re-echoed through the halls; and when the smoke cleared, the captain was found dead on the walk with a bullet in his heart, and his red blood staining the bricks. For a moment the soldiers stood aghast, but soon realized what had happened. The next in command stepped forward and called in a loud voice, "Open those doors and step out here or we will set your house afire and burn you all like rats. I will give you five minutes to decide which you would rather do—hang or burn."

Inside the house was a distracted family, until Mrs. Milbourne declared, "John, you are not going to walk out there to your death. There's another way out of this. We can save you." She ran to the library, and, pulling back a rag rug, caught an iron ring in her hands and pulled up a trap door. It led into a dusty, dirty passage. Quickly she helped her husband into the passage saying, "Go to the Savannah swamp—to the 'twin oaks' and stay there until I come to you. Don't fear for us—they dare not harm us."

The soldiers were growing impatient, when suddenly the door opened; but no one came out. They rushed inside and found Mrs. Milbourne sitting in the library with the sobbing children held closely in her arms. They questioned her, but all she would say was, "I give you permission to search the house until you are convinced that my husband is not here." Fear instead of weakening her had made her strong to meet her problem. One false glance from her eye might give away to the men that she was sitting over the very trap door through which her husband had escaped. After hours of fruitless search the soldiers left with threats

## IMPORTANT LESSON PLAN

## EVOLVED BY ALUMNI

(Continued from Page 2)

year contained reference or work-type material. This year, we are adding books for pleasure or enjoyment. In addition to the books in our own library, we have been fortunate in being able to borrow good books from the Public Library."

Mabel Scott of the Class of '28 says: "I have a very nice rural school near the Atlantic Ocean and Ocean City. This school is situated only six miles from home which enables me to board at home. My group of children is wonderful. I do like teaching. I am inspired to give the best there is in me when I stand before the children and see how eager they are to try to grasp everything put before them."

"Discipline, yes, but firmness has been my guard. Those large trying boys have learned to frolic, work, and eat with the rest of us. We lead a great, lively life during playtime but settle to real work during work time. We have learned to work with zeal. Library books and athletic materials have been added to our equipment. These were realized from the proceeds of a festival, Halloween play, and a Christmas program."

"Our school is walking hand in hand with the church, enabling us to organize an Epworth League. In every way we are striving to make our school the center of a rural community. Now, we want to reach that goal—P. T. A. This Spring, for the first time, my pupils will enter the Field Meet. We are trying to be awake and ready always. What will be our outcome?"

Mabel is surely enthusiastic, is she not? I'm sure we've all faced her problems but some of us haven't been quite so successful in solving ours, perhaps.

Let us read what Blanche Reid has to say about her school and herself: "We have a very nice two-teacher school at Girdletree. We have a great many good things to help us, for instance, a large assembly hall, a piano, good maps, a good globe, good blackboards and bright children. However, we do have our handicaps. Some of these are: Inadequate water supply, few and uninteresting library books, unjacketed stoves, soiled and poorly painted rooms and furniture. This year, we have determined to do away with a great many of those handicaps."

"With this purpose in mind, we gave a Christmas entertainment which was a success beyond our expectations. With the proceeds from this and money we already had in the bank, which amounts to ninety-four dollars and twelve cents (\$94.12) we are going to buy a drinking fountain, forty dollars worth of library books, jackets for our stoves, flowers for our window boxes, varnish for our desks, and whatever else we have money enough to buy that will help make up some of the lacks of our school."

"Already this year, our pupils have been working. They have, by their unceasing efforts, attained three large framed pictures and a pencil sharpener. We have had window boxes made and put up. We are striving to make our rooms more home-like and cozier places in which to live and work. With the help of my assistant teacher, our supervisors and the inspiration attained through the connection with my Alma Mater, we hope to make this a red letter year at Girdletree School."

"This is my third year in the field, and with the passing of each year, a greater satisfaction comes to one whose life affects and mingles with the lives of the future men and women of America. We can't realize the great responsibility that is placed in our hands as we try to mold the characters, minds, and ideals of our pupils, but to me teaching is one of the noblest works that can be done. May God help us all to have great understanding hearts and to accomplish much good."

that to their dying day the Milbournes would be sorry for what had happened there that night.

In the meantime Milbourne crawled down the passage feeling his way until he finally came to fresh air, some hundred feet from the house, the end of

(Continued on Page 6)



## GLEE CLUB TO PRESENT OPERETTA

(Continued from Page 4)

Naturally Chan is annoyed at the failure of his carefully laid plans. He upbraids the sailors, but Tom suggests the rescue of Poo Chow as the best course to pursue in the circumstances. This does not strike the gallant Captain as a very promising alternative, since he suspects that Kai Sung probably regards the removal of his aunt with some satisfaction and will not be very keen to reward anybody for restoring her. Suddenly he remembers that at the moment she was borne away, Poo Chow was wearing a precious amulet, the property of Kai Sung, a talisman against harm of all kinds, valued by the Mandarin above all his earthly possessions. This puts a new aspect on the matter of rescue, and the proposal is made to Kai Sung that Chan shall recover the amulet and incidentally restore Auntie.

The Mandarin, in his anxiety to regain possession of his priceless talisman, is forced to accede to the terms imposed by Chan, who proceeds to carry

the enterprise into effect. His plans again fail to come off successfully, but the resourceful Poo Chow brings matters to a satisfactory conclusion, and all ends well.

## THE ARBOR MYSTERY

(Continued from Page 5)

go back to the dance alone, anyhow—and I want to go."

There was no time for argument. So taking her arm, Bill quickly jumped over the small railing and they landed in a soft bed of violets. No time to drink of their fragrance now! They ran, Bab holding her hoops in one hand and Bill's hand in the other. They ran through the moonlit streets until they came to where there was nothing but the moon, three empty cars, and themselves.

"Now, where," said Bab whimsically, "can I hide you?"

"I can't stay here tonight," thoughtfully, "because they are watching my rooms, and—"

"It's a shame," she cried indignantly, "I know you didn't cheat. Why don't they give you a chance to defend yourself?"

"That," he began—around the corner came two figures, headed for the couple.

"There's nothing to do but run," whispered Bill. Bab's only answer was to slip her hand into his, and gather up her skirts.

"Fred's car is here—the blue roadster—we'll have to take it!" Into it they jumped, and as Bill pressed the starter and released the clutch, they heard a shout. She peeped out the back window and saw another car speeding up.

"The old Campus road—they see us!"

## "STAY ON YOUR HORSE"

(Continued from Page 5)

the passage being concealed by a heavy clump of bushes. He ran as fast as he could and finally, when he was exhausted, he lay under a bridge to wait until the soldiers passed. At last they came, and to him it sounded that his heart beat louder than the horses' hoofs as they tapped across the bridge under which he was lying.

For weeks Milbourne hid in the swamp—fearing to return to his home;

and his wife came daily, bringing him food. At last, when he returned he started up the walk—and there on the bricks was the stain of the captain's blood. Milbourne stopped as if shot. His only movement was to call to someone to bring him a shovel. With it he took from the lawn sods of grass and covered the stain, directing a slave to cover all of the walk.

The next morning when Milbourne arose his hair, which had been black the night before, was perfectly white; and the grass covering the blood stain was green and fresh while the rest of it appeared wilted and lifeless.

Soon the war closed and Milbourne lived a number of years after it; but the deed, which to Southerners was a brave one, haunted him until his death. His last words were, "Stay on your horse."

And now at dusk, when the wind is stirring the cedars in the old garden in which he is buried, there comes to one, between the lapping of the water, the mournful sound of the trees seeming to whisper, "Stay on your horse, stay on your horse," while around by the old colonial door the shape of the blood stain still stands out in fresh, green grass.

# The Holly Leaflet

## THE CHILDREN'S SNOWHOUSE

Sue and Bobby went out to play. There was snow on the ground. Bobby said, "Sue, let us make a snowhouse." So they did.

Then Sue ran in the house to ask mother for something to eat in their new house. When she was talking to her mother, they heard someone calling, "Hee, hee!" Sue ran to the door. The snowhouse had fallen down. Bobby was in it. Mother had to help Sue get him out.

They never made a snowhouse again.

JACK HODGES,

Grade 3

## FUN IN THE SNOW

Santa Claus gave Russell a sled. He wished it would snow. The next day the ground was covered with hard snow. Then he went to Billy's house. They rode on the sled. They had fun.

WILLIAM BOOTH,

Grade 2

## THE SNOWMAN

Mary and John wanted a snow storm. One morning the ground was covered. They were very happy.

They asked their mother if they might go out and make a snowman. Mother said, "Yes." They put on their coats, hats, gloves, and galoshes.

First they made a big ball for the snowman's body. Then they made a little ball for his head. They took some coal for his eyes. An old rake was used for his teeth. They put an old hat on his head.

After they had finished they asked their mother to go out and see it. She said it was a nice man.

They were sorry when the sun drove the snowman away.

SHIRLEY POWELL,

Grade 3

## IN JANUARY

Often it will snow or rain  
Dancing on my window pane.  
Whirling, whirling in the street  
Dancing on our little feet.

VIRGINIA ROSE VINCENT,

Grade 2

## A NIGHT IN FAIRYLAND

I lived in fairyland all night. I sang fairy songs. They played games with me. When the sun came up I had to come home. They must have liked me because they asked me to visit them again.

FLORENCE BYRD ALLEN,

Grade 2

## A FOREIGN TRIP

We are now going sightseeing in Czechoslovakia. We see a boy about the age of sixteen. He is dressed in a very bright jacket, blue pants and a cap of yellow. After talking with him we find he is a guide. As we go along the streets we see many kinds of people. Our guide tells us the names of

them. He now shows us a Czech crossing the street. Further down he shows us a German. Soon we see a Slovak.

Our guide says to us, that "Czechoslovakia is an inland republic of Central Europe, that the western part projects into Germany, that Poland lies to the north, and that Austria, Hungary, and Rumania are its immediate neighbors to the south. The Carpathian Mountains, which are near the center of this country, send a spur southward. This spur divides the western section, inhabited by the Czechs and consisting of the provinces of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, where the Slovaks dwell. Transportation is provided by the Elbe River in the South and the Danube River in the North, and by nearly 9,000 miles of railroad.

We find that the area of the country is 54,405 square miles, and the population is 13,610,405. There are 6,000,000 Czechs, 3,700,000 Germans, 1,700,000 Slovaks. About 85 per cent are Roman Catholics.

The guide asks us if we want to go to the capital of the country. This is Prague. We say that we haven't time but will probably go later.

The guide tells us that Czechoslovakia has 4 universities, 4 technical schools, and nearly 200 agricultural schools.

As we pass along we see very valuable forests. As we come along to some farm houses we see farmers gathering wheat. We also see other grains growing in the fields along the road.

There are some Temperate Zone fruits. Once in a while we see sugar cane. We do not go to see the mines in which are found gold, silver, copper, lead and rock salt. Glass, furniture, sugar, chemicals and metals are manufactured. Our guide tells us that Czechoslovakia supports the world with quick silver. He also tells us that this country is the most important manufacturing country in Europe.

"I hope you have enjoyed this visit in Czechoslovakia, and will come again," we hear our guide say as we are going back to our hotel.

RUBY ELLEN ROBERTS,

Grade 6

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Jo and Molly Brown were poor children. Their father was dead and their mother was sick.

They lived in the country in a little house. There were three rooms on the first floor. It had only an attic for the second floor. This was Jo's and Molly's bedroom. It had a small table, two chairs, and a bed in it.

In the woods near their house was an old castle. Its grey dingy stones made it look haunted.

One day Jo and Molly went into the woods.

"Let's go into the old castle," said Jo.

Molly was afraid at first but at last she consented to go. They went up the steps and Jo pushed open the big iron door. They were in the house. All at once there came a "Who-o-o-o-o-o!" Molly took hold of Jo's arm but went on. They were up the steps! In the hall! They were up in the tower! Jo pushed open the door! They saw an old man sitting by the fireside. His long white beard reached his knees. "What are you doing here?" he inquired rather gruffly.

"We were just looking at the house," was the answer.

"What are your names?" he asked more pleasantly.

"This is Molly and I am Jo," answered Jo.

"What is your last name?"

"Brown," said Molly.

No one can express the joy of the old man then.

Why? Read in the next issue of "Holly Leaflet."

JEANNE HOLLOWAY,

Grade 6

## MY BOOK FRIENDS

When I am tired and lonely  
With nothing else to do,  
When the world is left behind me  
And friends seem very few,  
I find some friends in reading,  
I'm sure that you could too,  
Fine books for girls and books for boys,  
And books for me and you.

I go to the far off Wonderland

With Alice at the lead

I leave there in a hurry

And off to China speed.

I see the gay Aladdin

And go within his home.

I see his many riches

And through the castle roam.

Then I am no more lonely,

My friends seem very true,

And I am very happy,

Although my books are few.

EVELYN EKSTROM,

Grade 6

Salisbury, Md.

Jan. 11, 1929.

Dear Peggy,

I am very sorry you are sick. I hope you will soon be able to come to school.

The parents were invited to come to school Thursday, but only one came. I think the others did not come because the weather was bad.

We had Industrial Arts yesterday. We made snow pictures out of black and white paper. Some children put snowmen and trees in their pictures. We could make them any way we wanted.

We made a time chart. We time ourselves when we study at home and at school.

Ruth and I are making a book of the

United States. We do not have many pictures now, but we are going to get many more.

Miss Jamart gave us our Health books. We are going to make Health booklets. We are getting Health pictures for them. I hope you will be back in time to make your Health booklet.

Your loving friend,  
LOUISE EKSTROM,  
Grade 4

Normal Elementary School,  
Salisbury, Md.  
Jan. 11, 1929.

Dear Dicky:

I am very sorry that you are sick. I will be glad when you are able to come back to school.

Thursday in Industrial Arts class we made snow scenes. Some have houses and snowmen in the snow. Others have hills with paths leading to the houses. We cut them freehand. The colors of the paper we used were black and white.

On Friday morning, during morning exercises, Miss Marshall talked to us about New York City. She told us that while she was on the train, it went under the Hudson River. She said that some stores were under the ground.

The whole room made study charts to keep a record of the time we spend on our studies.

Sincerely yours,  
E. CARLYLE PHILLIPS,  
Grade 4

The following stories were written after an oral preparation with a picture:

## A Snow Battle

One snowy day some girls were playing war. One girl was the leader. Their hiding place was called a trench. All the boys were their enemies. They used snowballs instead of hard shells and guns.

I hope the girls won.

PHYLLIS WILLIAMS,  
Grade 3

## A Snow Battle

Nancy is having a good time. She is playing war with some other little girls and boys. She fights her enemy with snowballs. To keep from getting hit, they have dugouts.

I do not know which will win.

WILLIAM GAVIN,  
Grade 2

## The Toys' Ride

Betty is taking her toys for a ride. They are riding on a scooter. Her toys are tied with a ribbon so they will not fall off. If the ribbon is not tied tightly she might lose them.

I think Santa Claus left her the scooter and her toys.

VIRGINIA ROSE VINCENT,  
Grade 2