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NINETEEN THIRTY NINE



THE
1939
NEMACOLIN

State Teachers College
Frostburg
Maryland

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Nemacolin

MAY 22 1939



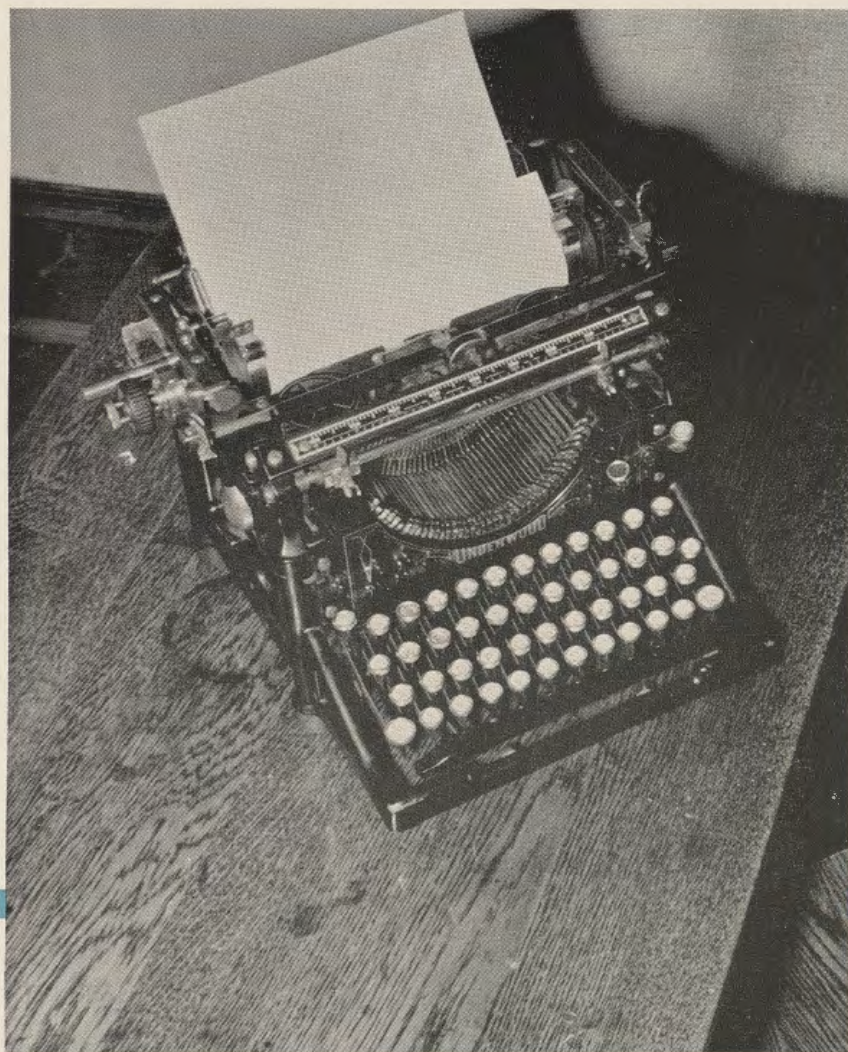
THROUGH THE YEAR....1939

1939—a period of change!—change subjects, change teachers, change classes. A new crop goes out and a new crop comes in. Progress? Yes—more and varied concerts, better assembly programs, improved *Topper*, and a sorority. Remnants of the old? Yes—we still teach in our senior year, smoke from the smoke-stack is still black, and Deb still likes Virginia.

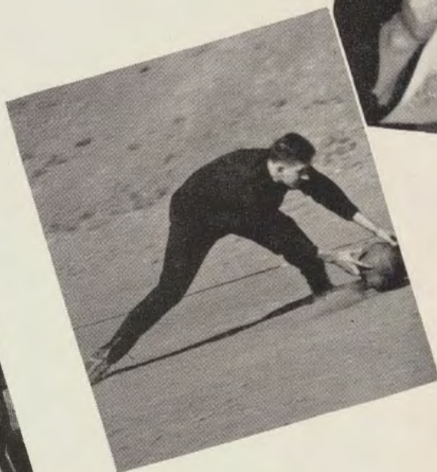
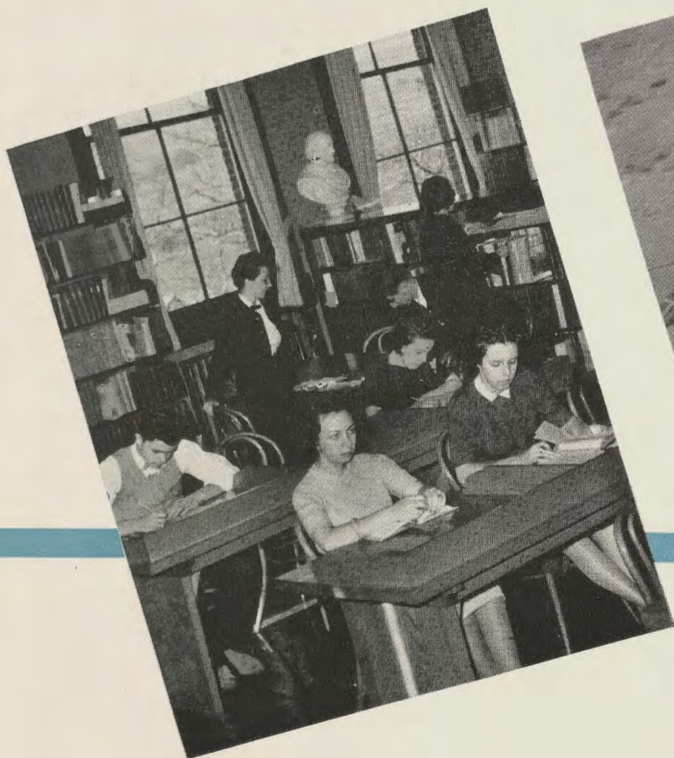
W. E. Homer

and are the first to recognize the supreme significance of the Dark Horse on the Nemacolin Staff—the only staff member unanimously elected every year, and yet whose importance has never been realized. We bring you out in the lime-light, Mrs. Underwood, and acknowledge your true value and willingness to work. We admire you for your few exhibitions of temperament; and your economizing ways—except for a new ribbon, a conservative black, which we simply couldn't begrudge you. As a final, crowning halo, you, Mrs. Underwood, are the only person who has read or ever will read every word in our yearbook—indeed, you spelled out every phrase.

PHILANTHROPIST....CHIROGRAPHER



....AND CONSTANT SERVANT....MRS. UNDERWOOD



Just to prove how unselfish we are, we give you willingly, no strings tied, the *Nemacolin*. We've had it for a whole year and are pretty sick of seeing it around; so now it's all yours, complete with a picture of every student and faculty member—not only their face for you to keep (if you want it), but in the environment you will remember them.

A Word



It is our humble opinion that the best way to find out what's in this book is to read it (there are pictures put in especially for those who can't read); but, since apparently in the best of yearbooks some sort of Contents is always found, far be it from us to go radical. In picture and in story, "the people," comprised of faculty and students; "their deeds," which includes almost everything; and finally, the "finished product," who in the Fall will start once more in the first grade are recorded

....IN THE FOLLOWING THREE BOOKS



Across the Campus

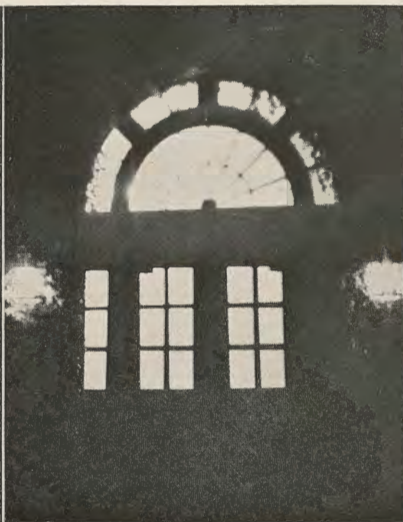
You know as much about this campus as we do, but, since it's spring and there's nothing like a walk in spring, we'll resist the urge to call the whole thing off. We prefer to start from the side door of the dorm, so if you don't like to walk that way you can always begin at the end of this article and read to the front—it makes about as much sense that way anyhow.

Let's go—we'll take it easy since the main people involved in this little jaunt have rationalizing heart trouble—much worse than the usual brand we assure you. On leaving the side door we take to the curb until it runs out. We pass up the idea of walking around the field as too dangerous for unbaseball-conscious girls. We also pass up parking places no. 1 and 2 (since we are just girls) only pausing long enough to gaze at the one semblance of a sky-



scraper we have—better known as the smoke-stack.

At last we're back of the training school. Ain't it excitin'? We skip innumerable parking places (still girls), jump the wire to keep people like us off the grass, and round the corner of the building. Somebody must have beaten us to the trash cans as there wasn't much to be picked up, so we



Campus

still walk. Step up two steps (many's the time those steps have been missed in the dark), and then some more, and then some more, and we reach the doors of the administration building after unsuccessfully evading the bench decorators—these playful boys!

Good night! We're late for arithmetic! Take in the bridge by yourself!



BOOK ONE

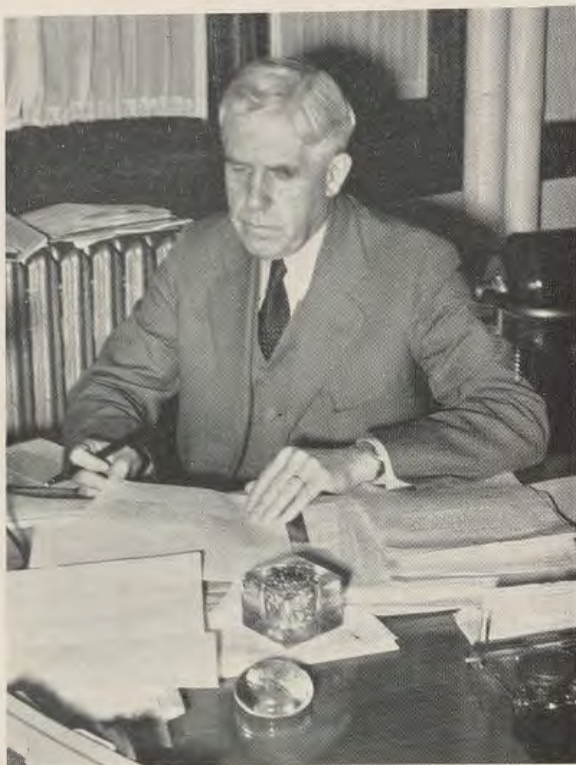
The People

Ladies and gentlemen, we are at last prepared to bring to you—straight from that state institution they have learned to call their home—the people! Having captured some prize specimens, we feel it is our duty to present them to you in their natural environment and absolutely guaranteed to be untouched by human hands. Naturally, we bring forth also for your curious eyes, their caretakers, keepers, and nurses equipped with intelligence tests, thermometers, and other implements for maintaining strict order. Please gaze with reverence and not undue laughter at the following pages.

A PANORAMA OF PEOPLE....ADMINISTRATOR



....FACULTY....SOPHOMORES....JUNIORS....FRESHMEN



Educators
Guide
Future
Educators



PRESIDENTIAL PERSONALITY

Introducing the dominating personality on our campus, the man who oils the wheels of State Teachers College and makes the whole thing run—our smiling, hand-shaking president, John L. Dunkle. We admire him most for his possession of the courage and tact required to quiet the fears and soothe the jangled nerves of us bickering inmates. You know, when people are just banded together with mere ethnical boundaries, there is always a minority group and it is the minorities that cause all the trouble in this world today or haven't you heard? Here's where Czechoslovakia, Poland, and the like could take a lesson from Mr. Dunkle.

Another interesting quality, and no less important in this profession where apparently only psychology works any more, that Mr. Dunkle possesses is the aptitude of calling each student by his first name. This, you will agree, is quite a feat when you consider the number and variety of students that have wandered in and out of the college within the last sixteen years.

In case you've never been in the office before, all those important-looking papers you see strewn on the desk were not put there for the benefit of this picture. Every paper concerns something that must be taken care of today—a bill for castor oil consumed in the dormitory, an ad about how to keep that smile on your family's face, and a schedule of games, dances, parties, etc.—all to be attended the same night (we report seeing no funny papers).

And our mothers told us we'd grow up to be president!

LANGUAGES

Mr. Wade on the spot. For once he's cornered, so to speak, if you'll pardon the expression, and he must be solemn while he listens to the lulling voice of Mr. McClellan (yes, the same who puts all good little freshmen and sophomores to sleep) as he dwells on the poetry he alone, apparently, loves.

PHYSICAL SCIENCES

Oblivious of each other's presence, we see our two scientists deep in the mysteries of the unknown (at least unknown to us poor students). Dr. Jump finds something under the microscope we could swear wasn't there when we looked, while Dr. Hamrick weighs nothing and nothing and finds them in exact "propotion."

MUSIC

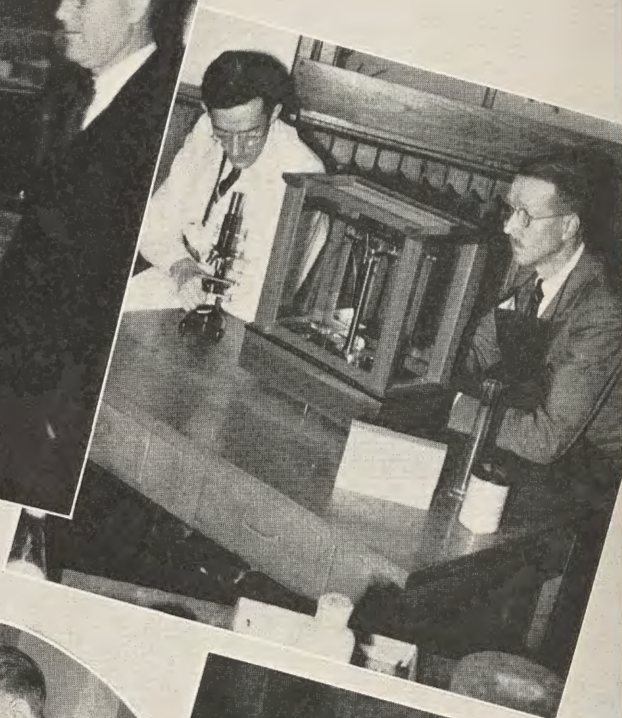
Now for a quick flight into fancy. In our imagination we see Mrs. Matteson sitting in one of Mr. Matteson's classes. She is the only one who can understand everything he says so he marries her. Fancier—We see Mr. Matteson being tortured by having to put in an hour on those do-re-mi syllables.

FINE ARTS

The cameraman finally caught Miss Gray and talked her into a picture. We couldn't make out the mumbled jargon that went on between Miss Gray and one of her best art students, but we're quite sure it had nothing to do with bringing out values. How many think it was? Raise your hands.

COLLEGE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

And now, dear children, we don't mean to frighten you, but herein lies your destiny in your senior year, if you ever get that far. We give you Miss Condry, Miss Brady, Miss Casey, Miss Jones, Miss LaFar, Miss Dahlgren, and Mr. Wade (a touch of the familiar). We advise some serious apple-polishing.





LIBRARY

The girls have stopped giggling and the boys are not up to any mischief so Librarian Miss Hough can take time out to show Assistant Miss Comer the best joke in the current best seller recently adopted by the library. They can't forget their task of providing the right things to read, nor stop worrying about what to do with the excess library fines.

SOCIAL SCIENCES

The social sciences in a huddle, which plays the most important part—history or geography? Mr. Diehl proves his point by demonstrating that it all depends upon the P. V. R., while Miss Shaffer smiles knowingly—she knows Mr. Diehl makes a big part of his geography historical.



DIETETICS

Miss Wall, Social Director, shows her versatility—one minute she's putting to bed little girls who insist on late hours—the next, she's teaching them to be gracious (helpful in this day of stiff competition for the marriage profession). Food is instrumental in getting your man, but flowers can make a good impression.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

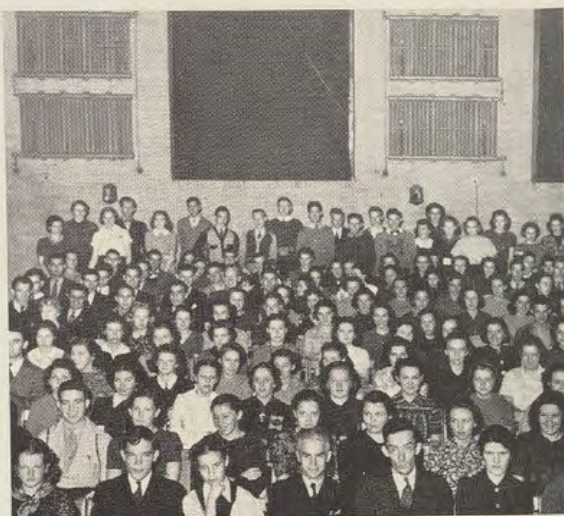
The search for physical fitness can be fun. Look at this scene—the heads of the Physical Education department—Miss Holtzhauser (covering up) selling the idea of badminton for boys—Coach Carington demurs—they'll stick to basketball—there's more economic value—it does draw crowds.



OFFICE

Years of practice and habit gives the occupants of this picture that anticipating what-can-we-do-for-you look. They should be given a medal for being able to smile when angels would disgrace themselves when asked to cope with the students Miss Hitchins and Miss Tighe face every day of their lives.

MONDAY... THE THIRD PERIOD



Once a week, so we are told, all the day and dorm students grab a chair towards the back of the gym and listen to announcements and special entertainment uncovered by the . . . committee, applauding at the proper time. Since there's always the danger of the faculty going to sleep if they're not carefully watched, they are relegated to the front row with some responsible person to rap them gently on the temples when sleep is too obvious. (Of course none of this is true!)

Since it isn't very advisable to tell any of the many things that go on in the audience during this period, we are left with only one alternative—to tell what occurred on the stage.

Probably the most worth-while program from the informational side was a program given sometime last fall. We can actually say that it showed preparation, aided comprehension, and aroused emotions (actual aims and values of all good dramatizations) on both sides of the footlights. Yes, the Nemaclin performance! Pause for cheers. . . . Such linking up of the past with the present, possible with the impossible, ridiculous with the sublime, has yet to be witnessed, we hope!

Since we don't wish to appear partial we shall at least mention one other particularly impressive doin's—that colossal production starring that glamorous creature of the stage—the amoeba. This time we see her in our drinking water along with the pink elephants. Her manager was Dr. something or other that begins with an "R"—we couldn't possibly spell it.

High-strung, nervous, and otherwise afflicted people are hereby, now and forever more advised not to read the next paragraph.

(Notice the tactful omission of the word *assembly* on this page. We were warned that several people would scream at the mere mention of the word.)



Lena Georg, *Treasurer*
 Harriet Callis, *Secretary*
 Donald McLuckie, *President*
 Ruth Wachtel, *Vice President*

JUNIORS, JUNIORS, EVERYWHERE

You can't miss them—you trip over them, you step on them—but still they come at you. You'll find them at the head of prosperous organizations (are there any?). Everywhere—even where they shouldn't be—but that's the lovable nature of a junior.

Believe it or not, you can actually find them in the field of education—the honor rollers, the teacher's petters (or do they call them apple polishers), the class skippers, and the record setters—these juniors!

Now and then, or at least before they got caught swindling, they could be found in the business world selling shares and bonds for that fluctuating and unpredictable, now-we're-in-the-hole-and-now-we're-out product and pet—Nemacolin.

You'll find them (this won't be hard) in the social and amusement world as the sponsors of sports, taxi-dancers, jitterbuggies, and occasionally doing interpretative dancing while in Miss Holtzhausser's clutches.

They'll probably clinch the 1939 pennant for producing the best dance of the year in June. With every little fellow they can find to club and drag in, it should be no small gathering.

That's all folks—just as they are—sometimes simple, sometimes brilliant; sometimes bores, sometimes fascinatin'—but the campus would be a pretty dull place if they were where you usually wish them.

(Ed. note: We're juniors!)

Upper left: "Our music lovers," Hopwood Wooddell, Mary Frances Heckler, and Karl Peck. Upper right: Ruth Wachtel, Ethel Storey, and Lena Georg. Center: Junior I working (?) in art class. Getting Miss Gray's picture taxed Nemacolin diplomacy to the utmost. Lower left: Helen Whitworth, Pauline Forsyth, Vivian Fike, and Lorraine Corwell. Lower right: "Fooling the public;" Vivian Tedrick, Donald McLuckie, and Jane Everline.



MORE JUNIORS

Upper left: "Mid-day snack;" Sarah Jane Craft, Edward Krontz, Dorothy Vandegrift, Pauline McKean, and Robert Kirby. Upper right: Jean Arthur, Katherine Meese, and Mildred Kerr. Center: Junior II as observed in geography class (authentic picture). Lower left: "Plays and games;" Louis Connor, Donald McLuckie, Charles Wilt, Leo Rice, Francis Kenney, and William Thomas. Lower right: "Nothing Doing;" Erma Cook, June Luethke, Harriet Callis, and Charles Morgan.





John Statler, Secretary
Dorothy Dunkle, Vice President
Burns Stanley, President
Virginia Rankin, Treasurer

A SAGA OF THE SOPHOMORES

The anticipation of the sophomore sophisticated saga is so keen that it can be expressed in only one word—"alas." Alas, for what we did accomplish and alas, for what we failed to comprehend. After having successfully or unsuccessfully acquired a two-year liberal-arts course by some questionable means we now find ourselves at the end of the rope.

Whether to tie a knot in the end of that rope and hang the rope away or whether to come back and undertake the long steady grind that will eventually enroll us among the pedagogical annals of the state educational history now looms before us as the problem immediately to be settled. As a serious, educated group of modernistic loose-livers, such a question will be settled only in the case that nothing brighter turns up. Nothing brighter consists of the field of wedded bliss, a field already overcrowded, and any other type of drudgery to which we find it our misfortune to be chained. However, next year will find approximately eighty-five per cent of us back on the campus—this is just one way of saying "whither mankind?"

SOPHOMORES

Upper left: Virginia Rankin and Mildred Price.

Upper right: Sophomore 1 in the act of mixing one of those pungent perfumes all Paris is raving about. Let's hope they keep the formula secret.

Lower left: Martha Friend, Frances Gower and Ruth Hammer.

Lower center: "Page 295 in 'British Poetry and Prose';" Mildred Largent, Leon Klompus and Dorothy Mont.

Lower right: "The last lap;" Bert Parise and Mister X.





Upper left: Helen Simons, Dorothy Dunkle and Mary King Wilson.

Upper right: Sh-h-h! Sophomore II is creating. Well, anyhow they make a nice background.

Lower left: Orva Eye, Lois Young, Naomi Mackley and Fred Sacco.

Lower center: "W. P. A. in relief;" Dorothy Rollins, William Sullivan, John Statler and Mary Katherine Wilson.

Lower right: Goldie Ritchie, Eugenia Miller and Martha Meek.





Mary Helen Gnagey, *Treasurer*
Leo Hovatter, *Vice President*
Robert Keller, *President*
Thomas Stevenson, *Secretary*

PHILOSOPHY OF THE FRESHMEN

College life might be compared to a metamorphosis. This year, as freshmen, we represented the human example of the nymphal stage. We hadn't developed proportionately—Our noses were larger than the organ we were equipped with to operate them. But, with the able assistance of Mr. Diehl, and a few other helpful individuals who helped us put them to the grind-stone, we were tapered down.

Burlesquing a hot, political campaign, Bob Keller and his running mate, Tag Hovatter, led the destiny of our class. Tommy Stevenson, secretary, and Mary Helen Gnagey, treasurer, downed the Kellerites' candidates for their respective offices, and saved the class from the throes of a dictatorship.

"Down in the meadow, where the green grass grows, there stands Nellie—." Folks, that is speaking for the freshman class. We were mighty green, but we've heard it said that we have the neatest looking "Nellies" to hit the 'burg in many a day. Even the seniors admit our girls aren't so bad when they get out their store teeth and hitch on their wooden legs.

The seniors, some of whom we've just learned to love, are leaving. Perhaps it is all for the best—the girls have worn out each other's clothes, and the juniors are already trying on the seniors' shoes. A strange phenomena—all at once we feel as if we are at last "in the know."



Upper left: Freshman 1 scrutinizes Botany under the microscope and classifies it as waste.

Upper right: Mary Helen Gnagey, Marian Boyland, Arvella Swain and Rachel Carey.

Lower left: Jean Weaver and Jack Lewis.

Lower center: "A lesson in music appreciation;" Kenneth Sleeman, Earle Savage, Leroy Himelwright and Mary Louise Dunn.

Lower right: "The ideal home;" Constance Pitts, Robert Browning, James Townsend, William Saylor, William Herbert, Jean Weaver and Mary Filler.





Upper left: Charles Appel, Kathryn Wonn and Helen Hansel.

Upper center: "Refugees from the science building;" Charles Cooling, John Meyers, Jack Lewis and Leo Hovatter.

Upper right: Elizabeth Eves, Constance Pitts, Jane Wolfe, Isabel McKenzie, Mary Filler and Ellen Devlin.

Lower left: Freshman II being annoyed by the European situation in history class.

Lower right: "Four score;" William Lamberson, Robert Metger, Watson Mowbray, Vernon Robeson and Jack Thomas.



Upper left: top row—William Rankin, Roy Bell, William Lamberson, Claude Byers; bottom row—Carl Langham, Leroy Himelwright and Irvin DuVall.

Upper right: Freshman III eating the words of the president.

Lower left: Jessie Bryant, Elizabeth Eves, June Lee Shade, Anne Nichols and Charles Eberly.

Lower center: Arlene Davis, Janet Connor, Emely Wilson and Alma Moore.

Lower right: Leah Stakem, Frances Jane Peacher, Alan Mowbray, Ellen Devlin, Kenneth Sleeman, June Carr, John Feldmann and James Peters.



SPECIALS

Virgil R. Gillum

Florence Howell

Alice Howard

Helen Merat

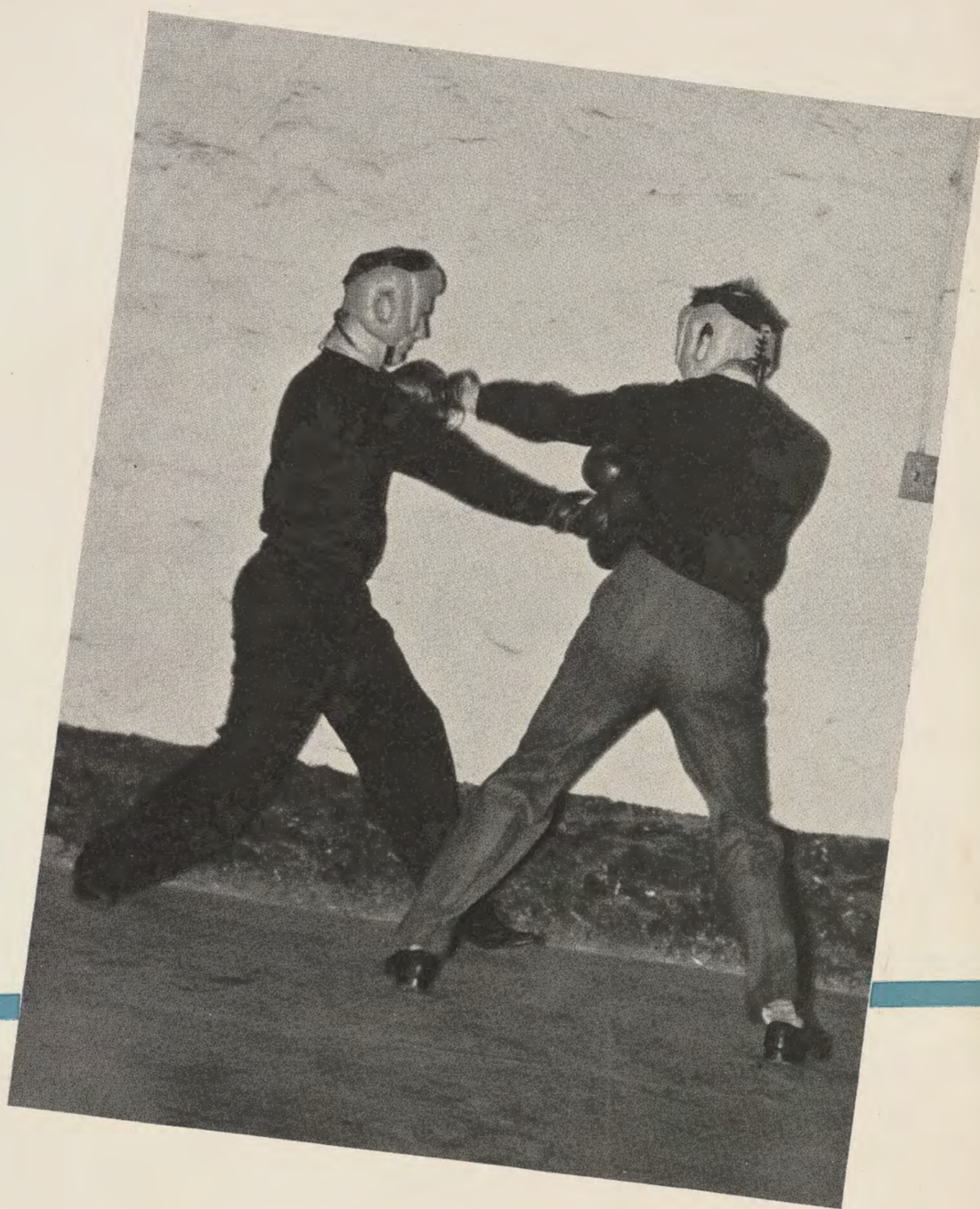


BOOK TWO

Their Deeds

Having complete knowledge of the peculiar people that swing from the trees of this institution, you will not be unduly surprised at the activities they specialize in on the rare occasions when they are not working. Those care-free few that put on good behavior are given the privilege of putting the skids on the rest—psychologically, it works swell. The absolute crack-pots, hopeless would-be-wonders-of-the-world, are allowed to ramble on with pencil and paper in the confines of their miserable cells. The picture on the right shows some of the “in-betweens” in full dress—muzzle and strait jacket. All they need is a sign—“Please do not feed the elephants.”

CAMPUS ACTIVITIES...MUSIC...DRAMA...FRATERNITIES



GOVERNING BODIES...BASEBALL...BASKETBALL...SOCCER

SOCIAL CALENDAR

September

12. Registration for Freshmen
13. Faculty Reception, School Movies
14. Upperclassmen Registration, Scavenger Hunt
15. Corn Roast
18. Hike
24. 4H Outing
28. Y. W. C. A. Tea
30. College Mixer

October

3. Little Theatre Party
7. Soccer Game (Towson)
13. Concert
14. 4H Dance
19. Y. W. C. A. Candlelight Service
22. Soccer Game (Carnegie Tech.)
29. Soccer Game (University of Maryland)

November

4. Day Council Barn Dance
7. Concert
11. Dancing Class
12. Homecoming Week-end
14. Soccer Game (Western Maryland)
18. Dancing Class
19. Soccer Game (University of Virginia)
24. Thanksgiving Recess

December

2. Dancing Class
5. Concert
9. Dancing Class
13. Day Student Party
20. Carol Service
22. Christmas Vacation
28. Alumni Christmas Dance

January

3. Christmas vacation ends
13. Fraternity Dance
14. Basketball Game (St. Francis)

January

30. Concert

February

4. Girls' Basketball Game (Alderson-Broadus)
7. Basketball Game (Duquesne)
10. The Silver Cord
11. Girls' Basketball Game (Shenandoah)
13. Concert
14. Glee Club Party
16. Basketball Game (Davis and Elkins)
18. Basketball Game (Shepherdstown)
21. Basketball Game (California)
23. Basketball Game (Shepherdstown)
24. Fraternity Dance
28. Music Department Recital

March

1. Basketball Game (Shenandoah)
4. Basketball Game (Salisbury)
10. Basketball Game (Towson)
23. Skating (Day Student Party)
31. Nemacolin Dance

April

5. Easter Vacation
14. Alumni Card Party
19. Marionette Show
21. Joint Council Dance
28. Men's Athletic Banquet

May

12. Music Day
13. Track and Field Meet
19. May Dance
27. Alumni Reunion

June

3. Art Exhibit
9. Senior Prom
10. Class Outings
11. Baccalaureate
12. Commencement

OF THE PEOPLE

So law and order will prevail to some extent in these mountains, a system of government was devised that goes under the name of student government. Led by Jeanette Dwyer and made up of a representative from each class and organization, the Student Congress spends its time signing away our free nights.

One of their main functions is to wash away our troubles and iron out our difficulties leaving us the more trivial things to worry about such as where our next coke is coming from and when to start wearing white shoes. (We might even introduce a bill to fix that up for us).

Their most difficult task is to choose from among the beauties gracing the senior class, two or three to be voted upon by the students to be a princess in the Apple Blossom Festival in Winchester. After days of huddling, these requirements were decided upon: she must be a she, a brunette, in possession of her own teeth—no mortgage attached, and minus bow legs, flat feet, and crossed eyes. Somebody won.

Next year, they start all over again and do the same thing. (See last year's yearbook for anything we've missed).



Edward Krantz, *Vice President*
Jeanette Dwyer, *President*
Betty Schneider, *Treasurer*
Dorothy Rollins, *Secretary*





LEFT:

Helen Simons, *Secretary*
Miss Rita Casey, *Adviser*
Lois Williams, *President*
Gertrude Carter, *Treasurer*

RIGHT:

Class representatives
Alan Mowbray
Mildred Kerr
Frances Lammert
Karl Peck

BY THE PEOPLE

The dorm of the day students, being the well-known, get-together half of the lower floor, frequented by all the students at various times for various purposes in various ways, needs no explanation. It was set up as a rendezvous, a study forum, and sleeping quarters (in the good old days) for the non-resident students.

For the benefit, welfare, and otherwise good cheer of the commuting half of the campus brethren, a Day Council is provided, authorized to keep harmony among this heterogeneous group of students—a task not as difficult as it is ticklish.

Whipped into action by the enthusiastic president, Lois Williams, and under the leadership of Miss Casey, this governing body, composed of delegates from every class, sets for its annual goal, the aim of making each particular year an outstanding one, and not unpleasantly so. This is accomplished by the various feeds, hoe-downs, and skating parties indulged in now and then for so-called recreation.

The Council is actually the Senate of the Day Students, acting as a go-between for all those little inevitable scraps that come up among the people.





LEFT: Fearer, Rafter, Arnold, and Forsyth.

RIGHT: *Back row*—Wilson, Daugherty, Glotfelty, Wall, and Bryant. *Front row*—Nordeck, Wachtel, Nichols, Jenkins, and Arnold.

FOR THE PEOPLE

Faced with the dire necessity of nothing less than a police force to keep us out of each other's hair, we dormitory students voted for our best friends also throwing in two boys to provide argument and gave them the fun of trying to make us behave. Since the worst evil in our young lives is to be kept under lock and key for any amount of time, this was used most unfairly against us. Campuses of all degrees and flavors were dished out—the week end campus being a special favorite, just introduced this year by some ingenious soul. Contrary to all expectations, they became quite a fad, indulged in by nearly everyone during the year.

Don't get the idea that the House Council has a heart of solid ice! On certain occasions they've been known to warm up to 32 degrees and go social on us, throwing some swanky affairs. Probably dearest to our hearts and stomachs are those big Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners like mother used to fix, with informal parties and the like running a close second.

All in all, their jobs are quite thankless ones and only the hardest dare apply.



AND SO--CHRISTIANITY.....

....or rather, Y. W. C. A. for those young ladies who wish to congregate with President "Toots" in the day room on Wednesday afternoons for the sole purpose of grasping what may be termed "the sunnier outlook on every day dustiness"—or "a young woman's place in worldly affairs."

Imbued with our worthiness and importance as an organization on the campus, we did our little part to make the freshmen welcome and, just to keep in touch with things, let the faculty in on it, too. Welcome consisted of something to eat which, after all, as anyone knows, is the only way to gain confidence, new members, or weight. Now that the freshmen know they get at least one feed a year, they beg to be brought within our circle. Initiation excludes all rough stuff except burning the new recruits' hands with hot candle wax and includes subjecting them to an explanation of the jobs we manage to pull during the year and getting their support, eager or otherwise.

This may seem as if our mind is on our stomachs; but, we consider the biggest splurge of the year to be our Y. W. banquet, when we kill the fatted calf for our returning prodigal daughters. It's enough to convert the most heathenish heathen! Our theme was "Around the World" and it was carried out in place cards, musical program, and in a talk given by Miss Compton.





With the aid of generous contributions (?) made by some members of the student body and taken out by other students, we managed to play Santa Claus to the poor. Shirts, dresses, dolls, fur coats, diamond rings, catsup bottles, hair pins, tomato cans, and shoe laces were among the durable and non-durable goods contributed by the "haves" for the use of the "have-nots."

Now, at the end of the year, with the Golden Keys dangling from our waist, positively glowing with health; thoroughly saturated with culture, charm, and personality; fairly reeking with friendliness and wisdom; and beautified beyond all our former hopes, we ask you—aren't we your idea of womanhood ideals at their best?

Upper left: Ruth McKee, president, and Miss Margaret Jones, adviser.

Upper right: Ruth McKee, Anna Estelle Jennings, Leona Jenkins and Helen Whitworth at a Y. W. tea. To disillusion all you young hopefuls, the punch is not spiked.

Lower left: Evelyn Eisentrout, vice president; Ruth McKee, president; and Helen Simons, treasurer.

Lower right: Cabinet—Dorothy Dunkle, Leona Jenkins, Mary King Wilson, Elaine Kitchie, Evelyn Eisentrout, Dorothy Mont, Helen Simons and Jane Everline.

SO YOU WANT TO BE A MEMBER

Probably one of the most desirable features of this small but mighty organization is that it is the hardest fraternity on the campus to get into. The thing that causes most of the otherwise acceptable men to fall by the wayside is the difficulty of maintaining a scholastic average of "C" or better. This, however, is only the first rung of the ladder, if we must use a ladder, and there are many more to be clumb. You have to have all those vague complimentary terms applied to you such as popular, good sport, cooperative, friendly, kind to animals, etc., to be finally and completely accepted. So much for sticking your nose in.

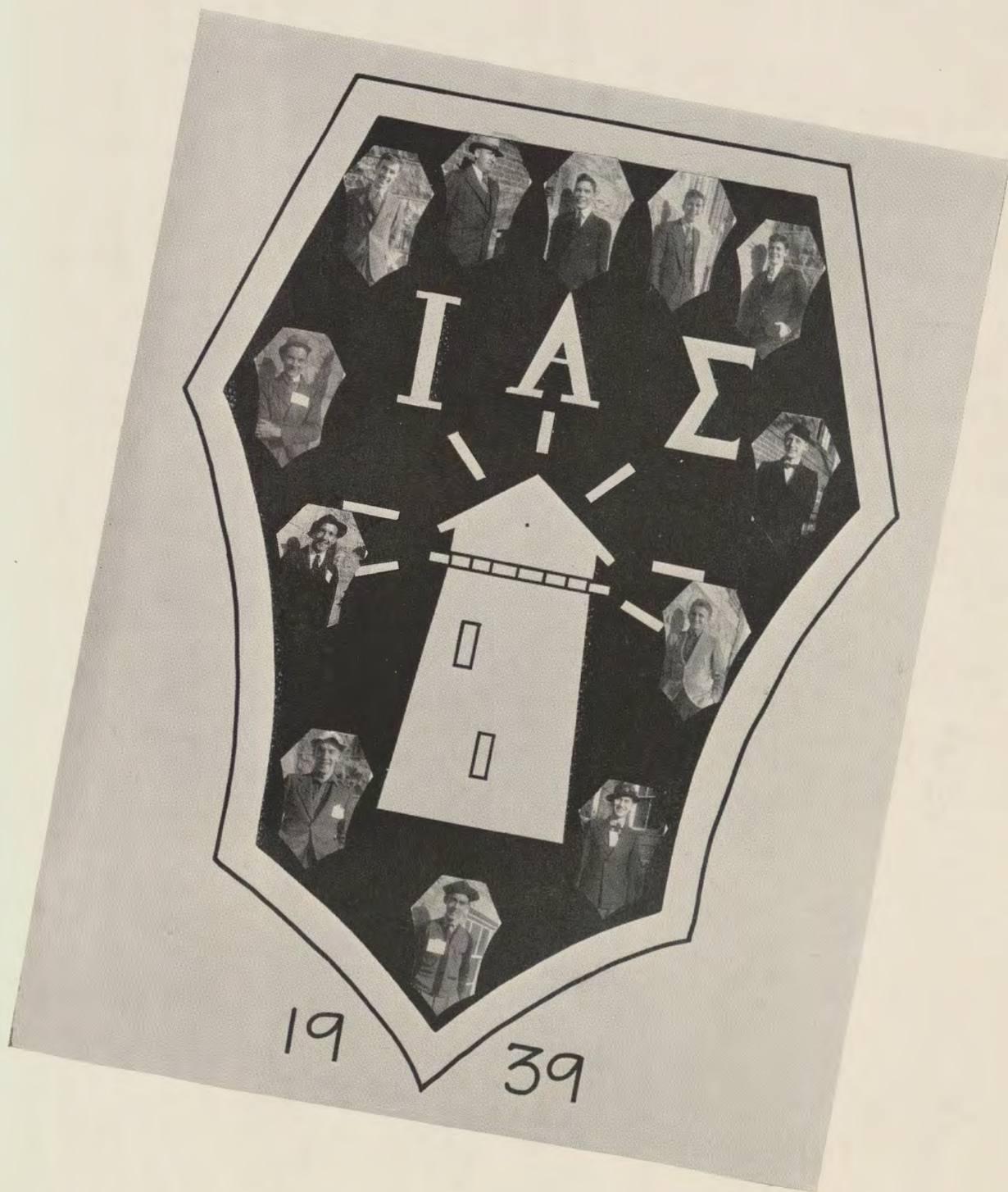
The first person you meet, or at least you should meet, is Mr. Ivan C. Diehl—adviser of the fraternity and holder upper of the ideals their charter claims. You will find him friendly and quite easy to get along with—quite different from the I-mean-business slant of him you get in class. Yes, and while we're on the subject—Puff is a nice, gentle member of the dog family who rarely hurts anyone except referees who deserve it, and we refuse to use the poor defenseless (?) creature as the butt of any unjust cracks.

Ranking high in its importance, and, incidentally, a great enticement to the campus girls, ladies, or what will the fraternity have, there is that unbroken precedent that the Iota Alpha Sigma stages the biggest dances and social affairs since the days of Barnum and Bailey—the private affairs worth any girl's date with two non-fraternity members.

A true symbol of their good will is their annual loan fund, for the lone purpose of preserving that particular species of intelligentsia that seems to thrive in this especial fraternity—namely—what?

Yes, my man, look for the fraternity, the college's only live, guaranteed harmless, collection of brain, brawn, and beauty, on the campus—there actually is a difference!





PHI OMICRON DELTA MAKES ITS DEBUT

Not to be outdone by the boys, if such a thing were possible, eight little girls, with the help of Mr. Maurice Matteson, pulled themselves together and set up an institution similar to the fraternity, announcing "No Men Allowed" and "No Children Under the Mental Age of a Freshman," which admits nearly everyone.

Because of her age and good looks, Frances DeHaven was elected president. Mrs. Augusta Lofton Matteson was chosen as adviser, her most difficult duty being to keep us from doing anything rash.

Apparently one just can't decide to have a sorority without going through weeks and months of preparation to present a constitution that absolutely meets the standards, namely—enough pages, five two-bit words to a page, and typewritten without any mistakes. Until such a time as a suitable constitution was composed we endured the horrible penalty of being called the Euterpe Club with all the strange twists and adornments such a name can have.

By December 14, we deserved to be recognized so Mr. Dunkle relented and presented us with a piece of paper saying we were, could be, and evermore had to be, Phi Omicron Delta. Before he could change his mind, the thing was framed and hung on the wall, too high to be reached.

Immediately extensive plans were made for the future of the sorority by preparing to lead more lambs to the slaughter on February 15. The only decent thing to do was to make their last days happy ones so two weeks of merry-making preceded the finale. When we finally had them in our power, they worked as hard as the rest of us.

Since every good organization must have some worthwhile reasons to exist, we found ourselves a few. Our main interest is in the fine arts with a little partiality shown to music. Two of our objectives are to further the depreciation of music in this college by giving one or two musical programs a year, and to present at least one twenty-five dollar scholarship to State Teachers College to some musical person who would like to go to college.

All of which sounds like a very nice beginning.







"The Play's the Thing"



LITTLE THEATRE ACTS UP

We bathers in the limelight contributed our part toward distracting the students from their worries or else adding to them and generally created a bit of atmosphere within the ivy-covered walls of this so-called institution of great learning. Having nothing better to do and feeling mean enough to waste everyone else's spare time, we ascended the stage, took on an alias, and strutted our stuff. Anything went—for art's sake—even to good Christian girls tainting their lips with nicotine. What would their poor mothers say?—or did you hear!

To relieve the monotony of just meeting (the Constitution said we had to), we dragged in unsuspecting outsiders to deliver lengthy orations on different aspects of the stage. Naming only a few of the outstanding ones, there were Mrs. John Hafer, Mr. H. R. Aldridge, Mrs. Shyrock, and Miss Adelaide Wall. On those days when no manner of bribing or coaxing could supply us with a single congenial soul, we were forced to call upon the talented members of our own crew to demonstrate why they were ever chosen to twiddle their thumbs with the rest of us—we still don't know.

Just as affairs had settled down and we were beginning to be quite contented in our fur-lined rut, some cruel joy-killer reminded us of our divine purpose on earth and more

particularly—in the college. In other words, in a not-too-distant future we were to entertain the feminine half of our parents, putting on exhibition our talent—if we could find any. Since freshmen are the closest to that elementary stage when we are prone to imitate our elders, we conceived the brilliant idea of dressing them up in their older sister's and brother's high heels and dish rags and called the whole thing, "Thursday Evening." Making it as simple as possible, we still had many abilities to develop in our juvenile hams. Since Jim was still cutting his second teeth, he was minus the required number and shape of molars to keep his pipe from falling into the dish pan. Finally he borrowed his grandmother's store teeth for the occasion—you know, the one who lives in Baltimore. Surprisingly enough, comment was restricted to applause only.

Mother-in-lawing seemed to have been our theme this year so our annual big-scale performance followed in the same pattern with *The Silver Cord*. With such an industrious stage crew (see picture), such darling sons as Dwight and Doc, such Greta Garbos as Betty and Jessie, such a Jane, and with Sally playing the heavy mother, we were guaranteed enough shekels to keep the performers in cigarettes and glue crackers (Dimples makes them). Ho, hum, another year gone by and another gray hair for Miss La Far and Miss Dahlgren to divide between them.



Miss Ruby Dahlgren, *adviser*
Gertrude Carter, *president*
Miss Margaret La Far, *adviser*.

Stage Crew
Peters and Hager



Craft, Roy, Schneider, Daugherty,
and Bryant.



Hannon, Peacher, Schneider,
and Roy



MUSIC--MAESTRO MATTESON

With bright hopes of a big bilious B on that all important white paper that eventually wends its way into every student's home provided he has paid his tuition, eighty-four men and women signed that coveted third period away for two days out of each week. All that was required besides attendance was to protect yourself from the wavering baton of Mr. Maurice Matteson, that persevering soul who could actually bring forth a touch of professionalism from a motley crew of changing voices.

To discover who belonged to all the names on the roll, several little throw-togethers were held. After consuming four hundred slices of bread, at least five people felt obligated to attend the next class to repay the good time.

At Christmas time, the Maryland Singers, alias the above, racking ear drums, wrecking their voices, and reeking of self-applied grease paint, opened their mouths and emitted "Christmas in Many Lands." In March, thirty of those who crowed the best and who were adept in the tomato-dodging field were chosen to go on a short tour, exhibiting, at different schools, the results of at least a year's direction.

The high water mark of the year will be Music Day in May when, slightly assisted by a Wagnerian opera singer, the combined chorus will sing several selections. Audience is requested to please keep their seats.





HARMONY UNSTRUNG

Boasting twenty-two pieces, a hectic conglomeration of wood, catgut, and tin, the orchestra took on a little class enlarging its repertoire to include "O Dem Golden Slippers" and "The Old Gray Mare," well-known operatic numbers from that recent popular film, "Horse Hash." They were seen and heard in all the well-frequented (this excludes assemblies) spots-about-town and, to date, thrown out of none.

Rigged up in dust cloths, bathrobes, and tinsel (these temperamental artists), they bravely took their lives in their hands and ascended a platform suspended somewhere between heaven and earth, to assume the duties of the Heavenly Deities, and all for a Christmas program. In perfect discord, they accompanied the strange maneuvers and feeble noises of the earthlings below until the audience cried for mercy—or could that have been applause?

With hearts beating in Wagner time and feet tapping out anything else but, the orchestra spruces up for the big moment when it will beat out the accompaniment for the Maryland Singers on Music Day. All members of the orchestra occupying seats closest to the audience are advised to bring their own armor—the school will accept no responsibility for damaged clothing or pride.





June Luethke, *editor*
 Sarah Jane Craft, *business editor*
 Dorothy Vandegrift, *associate editor*

THE STAFF OF LIFE....

"If the Nemacolin staff can sell an hour of assembly program and make it possible for the students not to regret the hour spent in the call of Duty, and at the same time sell an unusual number of subscriptions, they are to be congratulated."

So said the sophomores, and the freshmen followed. The freshmen are impressed by a lot of things other than good-looking upperclassmen and clever lines. They also attain after a few months of paying out good hard-earned money not just the innards of an earthworm and the fundamental social, political, and economic aspects of our whole civilization, but how to discriminate, label, and bow down to superior ability running around the campus and clearly recognized as juniors. The juniors did a little on their own—They are without a doubt radical, changing the old formalish yearbook to a strictly informal one, bearing up remarkably in the absence of all optimum conditions for its growth.

The whole junior tribe gained the deep respect of the underclassmen so that the approval was unanimous when the juniors gave as their gift to posterity and civilization—the skill of a Luethke, the literary genius of a Vandegrift, and the power of a Craft, these being constantly surrounded by a shining and individual group of satellites known as the staff.





SPOKESMAN FOR THE MEEK

One of the most decorative, colorful magazines that has had the fortune to outlive the censor-board, and still stand alone, is the new, re-organized *Topper*, the literary grab-bag of the campus.

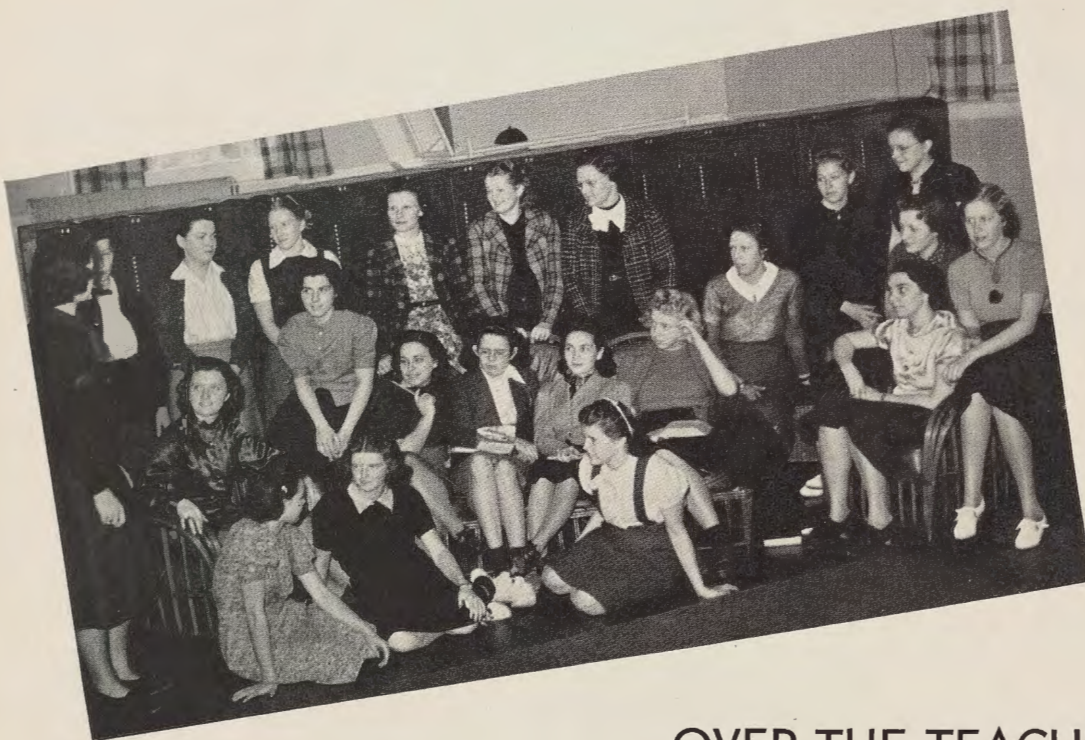
This *Topper* is not only a magazine but an organization of young, vigorous, independent pen-pushers who seek in this particular, if not peculiar, manner, all sorts of obnoxious material to inflict on the intelligent hoi-polloi inhabiting the neighborhood.

Shocking the public by appearing on time, it heralds the advent of past events, becomes the torch of burning editorials, the receiving end of incidental scandal, and the god-mother of those stories the A. P. are clamoring for.

The *Topper* believes itself destined to be the instrument of revolutionizing the college administrative tactics, and the means of arousing the students from the luxury of procrastination.

The success of this year's staff depended upon originality, a pugilistic nature, and the undimmed hope that their brain child had a future. The optimism of the *Topper* is unbelievable in this advanced age of unpredictable futures; but it is, to say the least, refreshing.





OVER THE TEACUPS...

While the rest of the student body prepares for only one vocation, we of the 4-H, future scrubwomen of the nation, make sure we don't get left out. If we get tired of teaching in that little ramshackle school-house, we can always present Miss Bean's recommendation of our abilities along other lines to the first likely lookin' felar that makes the mistake of crossing our path. Not only can we give tea cups that extra little polish that delights the eye, but we can knit the dear man's socks and sweaters and make perfectly lovely ink blotters for Christmas presents.

A good example of our money-making ability was the dance we gave in the fall. With people out of work, the children across the sea without homes, the Africans without clothes, and most of us without a leg to stand on, the 4-H managed to leave the bill-collectors in the dust.

In the spring we made the most of a chance to shift for ourselves, if only over-night. We attended the National 4-H Club camp, near Bitteringer—you remember—they grow that deelyshus Vermont maple syrup there.

After countless meetings discussing budgets, etiquette, etc., and spreading sandwiches so dainty they would have been a scandal in grandma's day, we feel we are quite prepared to take that all-important step—finding a job this summer.



...WE LOOK AT THE BOARD

With the Athletic Association giving tips on how to play, what to play, when to play, and whom to play, we spent a fightin', rough-and-tumble year. The casualty list reached gigantic proportions by June, including innocent by-standers as well as those designated to protect our honor and stuff. Nevertheless, we chalk it all up under good, clean fun.

The "corniest" affair of the year was offered when the new students were guests of honor at our annual fall corn feed. This pre-season lubrication undoubtedly accounts for our smooth-running athletic machine—the industry ranking first at Frostburg.

Many activities were designed to add spice to the long cold winter. Splinters in unmentionable places (paging Ruth Wachtel), bow-legs, and flat feet gave evidence of definite activity in certain sections.

May Day will be a celebration fit for a king—with a reigning queen and lovely court ladies—anyhow other girls. With this royal welcoming of spring, we stage a gala shin-dig. The men will bring their spring hair cuts according to the one-inch-specification and their women decked out in their prettiest pink orgundeeds.

Also in May, we introduce high-school students from nearby towns, via a Saturday Play Day, to State Teachers College. After running them to death and completely wearing down their resistance, we'll feed them southern hospitality with Frostburg dressing.



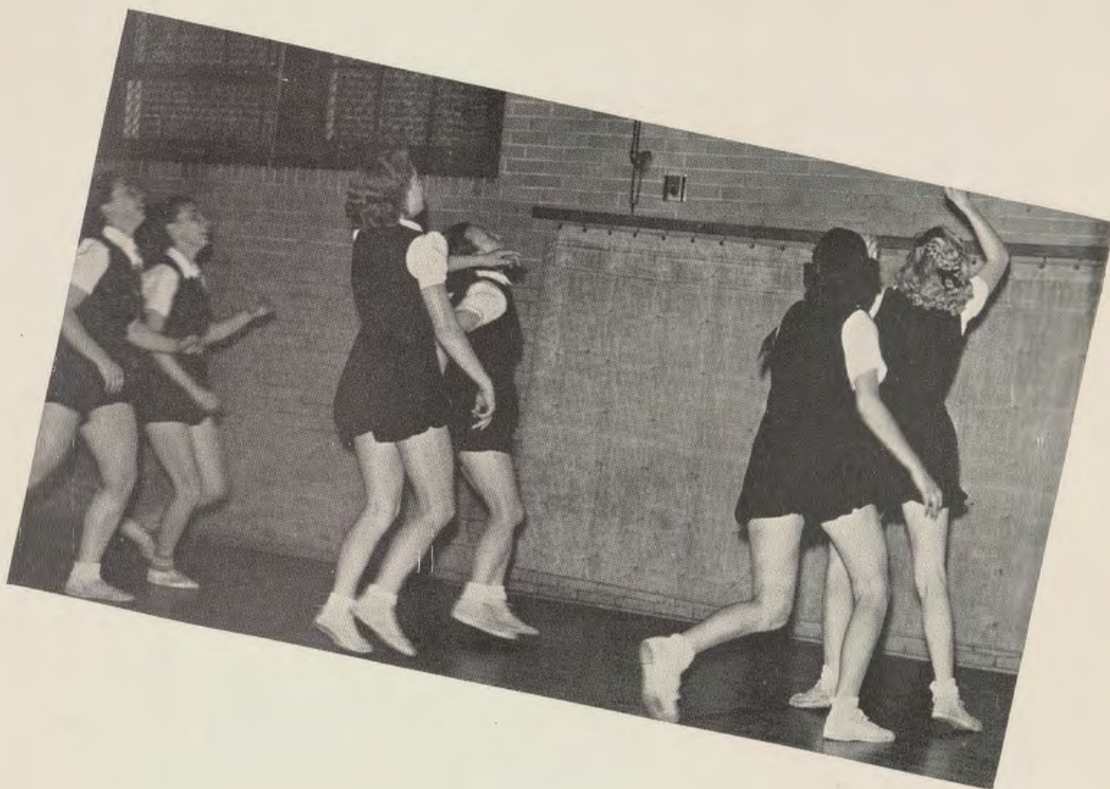
AND YELL FOR MORE

Working on our glands, hearts, nerves, and so on in a most disastrous way, we can probably blame basketball for most of our ill-health this past winter. We caught colds running to and from the games without coats, got indigestion from a combination of excitement and Nemacolin candy, heart trouble at close scores, and black eyes from the wildly swinging arms of our more excitable neighbors. Yet, we can name it the cure-all for lagging school spirit!

This year the boys outdid themselves to provide us with some thrills during the long winter months. For the first time since the training school boys have been keeping score (arithmetic experience) Frostburg's Annette, Cecile, Emily, Yvonne, and Marie defeated Potomac State. (We'll gracefully skip over mention of the results of the return game!) This is just a sample of what your activity fee does for you.

With the perfect integration of Hank Bell's left hand artistry, Pat Rice's overhead specialty, Johnny Meyer's outstanding guarding and the combined assault and battery committed by Max Nordeck, Deb Clark, and Joe Wagner, success was assured. Although Deb's and Joe's absence will leave a hole in an otherwise perfected piece of teamwork, there will be much good competition which should ably fill it next year.





BASKETBALL

A GAME OF CHANCE

Six out of seven is a wee bit more than a scant majority! They are entitled, we think, to wear the smirk of superiority and to assume the stride peculiar to that species known as top-notch athletes. An interview with their able coach, Miss Elizabeth Holtzhausser, revealed a few reasons for these numerous successes.

Realizing the utter ridiculousness of chasing each other up and down the floor just for the thrill of putting a ball through a steel hoop, a new scheme was worked out this year by Captain Schneider and Manager Mont. After many experiments, the nature of which must be kept an absolute secret, it was finally perfected—an idea that enabled an entire game to be played with no accidents and only perfect ladylike behavior exhibited. Before the game dice were rolled and whoever won two out of three throws won the game—no struggle, no fuss, no dirt! This left a little more time for eyes to rove toward the bleachers to the row of young hopefuls who had nominated themselves to show the visiting girls a good time with a few monuments thrown in.

And then they must acredit some of their success to the little hot toddy containing peculiar green leaves that Coach Holtzhausser furnished free gratis at bedtime. Ah me, to make the basketball team!





FROM WHENCE COME GREAT MEN

Now we come to those spunky little fighters—the Jay Vees, pretenders to the Varsity crown. Most of their activities were confined to being practice material for the varsity boys to play with and to provide a little preliminary excitement while their lordships digested their dinners and primped for the main game. Oh, well, many a varsity boy had his start on the bench!

The Jay Vees took trips, or should we say the trips took them, just like their big brothers only on a smaller scale. The trip to Oakland, whom they beat, was uneventful this year probably due to the poor apple crop. Manager Wilt served water instead.

It is from such stuff as the Junior Varsity that the first string players are made. This was proven by the fact that their numbers slowly dwindled as the year progressed and as the varsity grabbed them up. Among the top-rankers who saw some play with the Jay Vees are Bob Browning, Jim Peters, Duke Cooling, Joe Shockley, Louie Conner, John Thomas, Jack Lewis, Haldane Kington, Tag Hovatter, and Ace Cohill.



A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

It is a well-known fact in the medical gossip (if it isn't, it's about time somebody thought it up) that man is a peculiar beast. He is apparently placid and well-satisfied with everything in general and himself in particular for days on end and then—pffft!—he lets off steam. Mother Nature, in the disguise of Coach "Gimp" Carrington, has taken care of this with some novel ideas (can't guarantee their originality, but then everything Mother Nature does is old stuff) namely soccer for fall, basketball for winter, and love and baseball in the spring. Letting the former take care of itself, we'll annoy the baseball angle.

Taking things in logical order, the season first has to open—and so it did! From his vantage point on Johns Rock (see page 57), Manager Pete Kreigh looked over his imitation-Doc-Hamrick for any likely-lookin' prospects in near-by hamlets. When the season closes, if you'll pardon us for anticipating, he'll still be there looking for the balls "Sparkplug" Conner gave the air.

Now if you'll just sprinkle a few words like screwball, knuckleball, home run, and underhand curve plus a few names like Louie Conner, Fred Sacco, Joe Wagner, Bill Thomas, Pat Rice, and Hank Bell over this page; call the whole thing baseball, you'll just about have it.

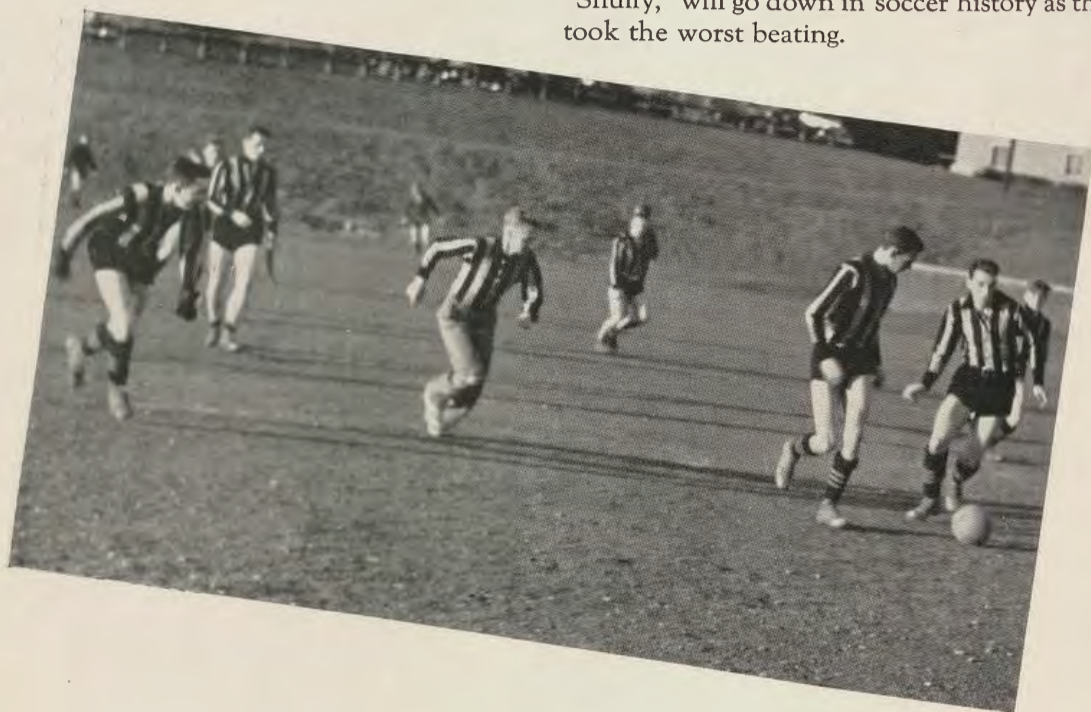


WITH SOMETHING TO KICK ABOUT

For those who don't understand the game of soccer, perhaps a concise and comprehensive explanation of the main principles involved in playing this game would be helpful. Observing the game from this side of the field, the point seems to be to see how many convenient places you can find to kick a member of the opposing team. When the soccer ball gets in the way, as it frequently does, it is kicked in almost any direction and the fight goes on. The team having the most men left on it in the end, wins.

Now, having a clear idea of the agility and toughness necessary for a soccer player, you can really appreciate what our men were up against as well as the worries of the other teams.

Our first few games were losing ones; but after Coach put the players wise to the excellent results obtained from eating Wheaties, we lost not a single man, at least not in a soccer game. We can't forget the outstanding players who kicked us our victories on that field. Shower room talk would have it (if that holds any water) that John Meyers put up the best fight against some of the biggest odds the other teams had to put up, with the aid of Joe Wagner's excellent interference. Louie Connor should be commended for his remarkable retrieving, while our "Little Napoleon," "Shuffy," will go down in soccer history as the guy who took the worst beating.



IN RETROSPECTION

Listlessly sitting here facing Mrs. Underwood and gazing unseeingly at the four close walls of this little cell, memories of the past year play havoc with our brains and force themselves relentlessly into our thoughts. Maybe we're getting old, or maybe we just haven't any geography to do. We well-read people, if you'll excuse us for having the presumption to assume that there actually are a few, ponder over events of vast world significance that have occurred during the year. Important dates like 1492, 1215, not to mention 8:10, enter our minds and we wonder what the future holds—if anything. Yet there are dates of more pleasant events of which the world will never hear, we hope, which we want to remember—holidays we had to go to school, those hectic examinations that came every other day, and the joy of returning to the old grind after vacations—or more specifically, we can take each month—



SEPTEMBER. This month belonged to the freshmen—everything their little hearts desired and stuff. It was almost like fattening them up for the execution which came much later at the end of January.....We all joined in on the Scavenger Hunt and initiated the freshmen to all the back alleys which everyone learns to know sooner or later. Many learnings were acquired—namely, honesty is not the best policy, and a Plymouth Rock will not take the place of a Rhode Island Red in even the best of families or even lay the same kind of eggs..... Outings, teas, receptions, movies—oh, the usual round, don't you know!

OCTOBER. Kryl and his symphony orchestra scored a hit and started off our concert season on a sweet note. Some jam session! A few romantic souls were satisfied with cooking up a romance between the coloratura soprano and the baritone—the rest of us did our best to make some headway with the "youthful musicians.".... 4-H gave us one of the loveliest dances of the year and yet managed to make money. Their formula was destroyed.....The Y. W. salvaged the birthday candles and prepared to initiate some of the freshmen into the deep secrets of the organization. The eats helped them to make their final decision.

NOVEMBER. The Day Council went rustic on us and treated us to a barn dance using the gym for the barn. Inhibitions were checked at the door and every wiggle known to man, plus a bit of the unknown, was utilized.....Second in the concert series was Emma Redell, Wagnerian soprano—just a sample of local (well, Baltimore *is* Maryland) girl makes good. Mrs. Matteson accompanied.....Election Day—no school—annual trek to Garrett County!.....Homesick alumni deserted their one-room school-houses. The fraternity and Y. W. satisfied those country appeties and the seniors gave them a chance to dance away the pounds.....Time to talk turkey!

DECEMBER. The second violins put in a few hours of appreciation December 5, marveling at the virtuosity of Roman Totenberg, well-known Polish violinist. Lack of time prevented his playing that beautiful "Melody for the A String" from that series of melodies for the E, D, and G strings respectfully.....December 14, the charter members of Phi Omicron Delta, the first sorority on the campus, finally had their long hours of labor rewarded with a charter.....The Maryland Singers and the college orchestra, in some mysterious way, contrived to play together producing the most impressive Carol Service to date.....We tore ourselves away for two weeks. Oh well, it's not like we couldn't ever come back!



JANUARY. Our New Year celebration didn't come until January 30 but we condescended to cheer up with the rest.....The fraternity (notice the frequency with which they demand attention) started the year out right for us with their annual dance—always a looked-for affair.....The basketball team continued to thrill us with another one of those close victories. This time St. Francis helped provide the excitement.....One hectic week of getting in last-minute notebooks that looked it and singing songs until we were hoarse and Mr. Matteson's nerves were touchy. Then one heavenly weekend of justified idleness.....Rudolph Reuter was our new year surprise. Knabe piano used!

FEBRUARY. The Little Theatre presented a two-ring circus on February 10. Only an exclusive few were permitted to witness the backstage production starring those lovers of stage and screen fame—Duke Peters and Dimples Hager (Shirley Temple's stand-in). The rest of us squeezed out real tears at the pathos of "The Silver Cord.".....The Metropolitan Quartet closed our concert series on a slightly lighter note—very entertaining!.....Since the Maryland Singers seemed to have accumulated the wealth essential to the throwing of all good parties, they invited their poor country cousins, the orchestra, to help fill up the gym. Such classics as "Flat Foot Floogee" were aired.

JUNE. Appealing to that show-off instinct in us, Miss Gray displayed all those dear things we made with our own little hands. Well, that was something to work for!....Just a few more days until the seniors pass on. Those last days were made happy ones with exams, picnics, dance, and sermon....Grand Finale: Appropriately attired in mourning, those brave seniors with measured step and chins dragging covered the last lap to receive the paper forever binding them to their duty as educators of the underworld—not a life sentence we hope!....The curtain draws shut hiding another year. Maybe it's just as well!

SPORTS SCORES

SOCCER

OPPONENT	SCORE	
	We	They
Towson State Teachers	0	1
Salisbury State Teachers	1	2
Carnegie Tech	5	0
University of Maryland	0	3
Blue Ridge College	7	1
University of Pittsburgh	1	1
Western Maryland	4	2
University of Virginia	0	0

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

OPPONENT	SCORE	
	We	They
Alderson Broaddus	21	17
Alderson Broaddus	19	7
Salisbury State Teachers	43	11
Shepherdstown State Teachers	25	46
Shepherdstown State Teachers	30	17
Shenandoah	24	22

MEN'S BASKETBALL (Varsity)

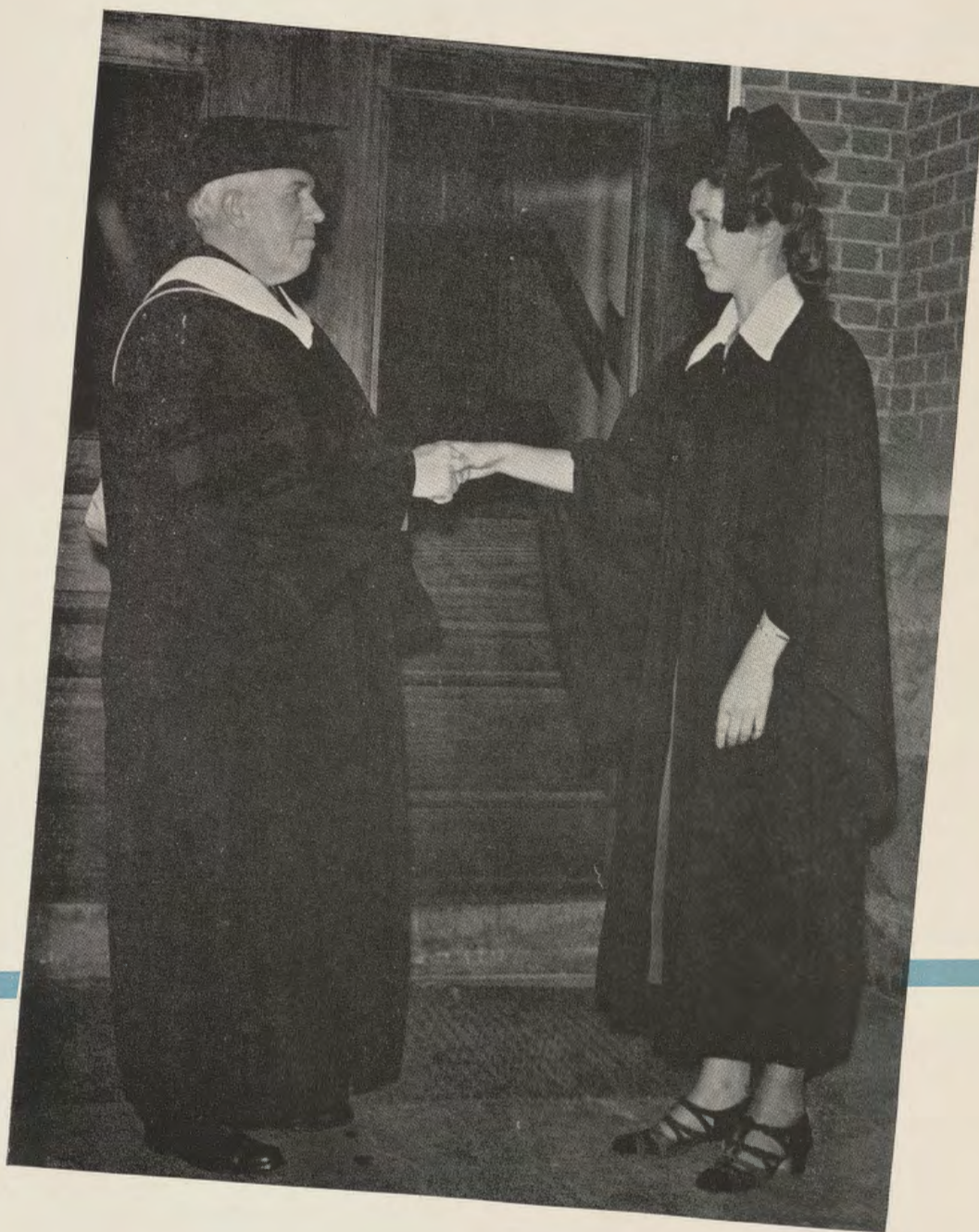
OPPONENT	SCORE	
	We	They
Loyola	34	42
St. Francis	18	31
Western Maryland	57	48
Blue Ridge	51	42
St. Francis	41	39
Potomac State	56	50
California State Teachers	44	50
Potomac State	42	68
Towson State Teachers	55	41
Davis and Elkins	39	44
Shepherdstown	53	43
California State Teachers	36	53
Shepherdstown	64	40
Salisbury State Teachers	63	19
Shenandoah	94	27
Crisfield Collegians	40	20
Waynesburg	26	61

BOOK THREE

Graduates

With tears in our eyes and fond memories of the past ringing through our brain, we present our new-born teachers. After four long years of good behavior, catering to innumerable teachers' eccentricities, and doing their homework faithfully every single night, they have finally gained that long-sought pardon and are at last permitted to leave this institution. There is no need to wish them luck—they already have that or they could never have gotten through here—so we'll just give them a piece of paper and a yearbook to remember us by.

A PROCESSION OF GRADUATES....



DIPLOMAS....AND WE CLOSE OUR CHAPTER

WE WILL REMEMBER

One, five, or fifty years from now—
What difference will it make
Who was who and what was what?
Faces fade and friendships are not
Always strong enough to bind.

The things we saw and understood
Will be forgotten—because we understood them
And accepted them. They were
A part of the pattern.

It'll be the intimate little bits of nothing
That'll creep up when we're
Drying dishes, correcting papers,
Or even plowing a straight furrow.
And maybe if we reach our Indian Summer
We'll call them back—
And see them mirrored for a moment
Like the first wild geese
Streaking suddenly across October skies,
Heedless of the blur that is their shadow on the water.
And then the tiny things like smiles and hand clasps,
Sound of muffled sobbing when test grades went up,
Murmur and babble in a candle-lighted dining room,
Music and marching and tear-choked laughter,
Ivy hungrily hugging the arches over the entrance,
Little quirks in our professors
And in each other—nameless then,
Memory of a mad moon tugging at a tired oak tree,
The exhilaration of life tumbling, tearing through our veins,
Will pass in sudden consciousness across our being—
And we'll remember!

—Virginia Kuhn



Dorsey Devlin, *Secretary*
Virginia Blank, *Vice President*
Rita Delaney, *President*
Virginia Kuhn, *Treasurer*

WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO TEACH

The president—the faculty—the students—all agree that a senior class is always remarkable. Remarkable yes, because it takes stamina, will power, and a lot of “g” factor, constantly exercised for a period of four years of one’s sweet and peaceful life to spend in the preparation to teach the youth of Maryland and of the nation how to build up their minds so they can, in the next generation, take our place to make school go on—a trick of Nature for the preservation of education, leaving us struggling for an existence.

We have here the finished product—no evidences of lordosis or scyphosis; conditioned to every stimulus; imbued with benevolence for every form of lower life—of course we mean amoeba; an understanding of the importance of man’s habitat in the making of men, from Tarzan up until the reign of the O’Connor’s.

This homogeneous group we call the senior class meets these requirements (also the State requirements—we hope) and a little more. Expert geographers, musicians, dancers are scattered throughout this better than average class and here and there a few versatile leaders possessed of compelling personalities and so active in extra curricular activities that the underclassmen are entirely without shame to be seen shedding a few despondent tears at their prolonged departure.

PAULINE ARNOLD. One moment please while Polly makes a momentous decision—either to uphold the dignity of house president or to break out with a cheer, her other method of leading the student body.



VIRGINIA BLANK. Don't look now, Virginia; but that "birdie" you're looking for happens to be in the bushes where you threw it. Never mind, skiing has it all over badminton any day, huh?



LEE BLUBAUGH. Bing gives the birds some pretty serious competition when it comes to vocalizing. We've heard that he also has a way with the doors.



JAMES CROSS. Flash's one big ambition is to lose himself in Singapore. Maybe that's where he picked up the idea of using crayons as a substitute for colored chalk for blackboard work.

RUTH BURGER. Demonstrating the fact that "apple blossoms" can have brains, we see Ruth studiously poring over the efforts of the first grade. Maybe that's what keeps that smile on her face.



GERTRUDE CARTER. When the president of the Little Theatre adjusted her bustle and anchored the feather in her hat, even woman-proof Ed Krontz risked splitting in obvious places to bow.



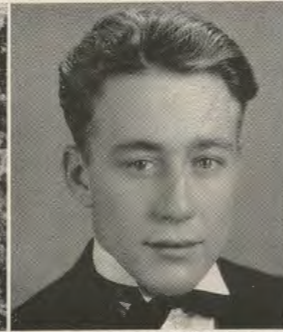


HAROLD DAUGHERTY. By no means a backward lad, we find Doc in a little bit of everything. When he's not courtin' the girls, he's playing handy man—in-dispensable either way you take it—or do you?

FRANCES DEHAVEN. Frances discards the hot water bottle and medicine cabinet for some recreation between accidents. She still finds time to be president of the Maryland Singers and the Sorority.

RITA DELANEY. Rita is mainly to be admired for her utter frankness. You asked for it and you get it! By the way, Miss Delaney, what do you think of the seniors' attitude? (Time to duck!)

DORSEY DEVLIN. Putting on exhibition that certain little knack that puts that Barton boy across with his fourth graders. We heard he accomplished a few minor miracles, but we didn't know he resorted to swing.



JEANETTE DWYER. The camera catches Netsy in the act of swiping a tire for Johnny's car (?). What a career for the girl that turns out constitutions and rule books wholesale!



EVELYN EISENTROUT. "Little Hitler" won't have a chance against those six foot first graders she'll meet in that little red school-house in Mr. Diehl's Utopia—Podunk. Advise using "Elliott Method."



CHARLOTTA ELLIOTT. Charlotta deals with the discipline problem. She finds a brick the most satisfactory weapon—the red color stimulates interest and motivates something or other.



EVELYN HUTSON. Contemplating what mischievous prank to pull next. We find it impossible to predict the future of such an unpredictable girl—the youngster of the senior class.

MILDRED GROSSNICKLE. We are told that Mildred is actually able to sit through an opera, via the radio, without batting an eye. Oh well, let's not hold that against her—possibly she's human!



ANNA LEE HAMMOND. Here comes Flash back from her week in the country—or is she just going? Anyhow, when she looks you in the eye and starts to sing, you forget whether you're going or coming.





ANNA ESTELLE JENNINGS. Just giving a little pal a boost out into this cold, cruel world—perhaps to perish or even—to teach! As for herself—she has better plans?

LEONA JENKINS. Jinks just can't get over a homesick feeling even in this big city. Ginny shows her how to keep in practice while Jinks relieves that pent-up feeling by helping the cow swing its tail.

PETER KREIGH. In answer to the plea of all his fans, Pete has given us an authentic picture of himself while in the midst of that ticklish job called shaving. Over-indulgence accounts for his nickname, "Fireman."

VIRGINIA KUHN. At last, we can put Ginny (we promised not to call her Little Audrey) right where she belongs—watching Pete shave. Ho, hum! Isn't anybody going to teach?



GERALDINE KUNES. Jerry needs no fortune-teller to give her a peep at the future. One look at that diamond weighing down her left hand gives her all the security she needs. Gee!



GERALDINE LEWIS. This is either an optical illusion or a cameraman's trick—Jerry is never dressed this early in the morning. Besides, where's that curl?—you know, the "twiddling" curl.



HAYDEN LEWIS. Swank goes from beatin' around the bush to beatin' around the garbage can! If school-teaching doesn't pan out, it's good to be master of another trade.



LORENE POWELL. TIMARIE say Lorene will mjarie good, but two bits gase no she can't fix bones I jun Old Mother Hubbard. e'll w well, get Miss Wall's or po cipe for Saturday haswinkle it's just as economical!

EDNA McDERMOTT. Dear, little Eddy—she beats any first grader when it comes to asking questions. (Ed. note: We refuse to even look for anything to pun with Blank).



RUTH McKEE. Toots, our headless horsewoman, has finally slipped the noose around Archie's neck. Don't worry, she's not going to ride him; she just feeds him peanuts (ad for Kenney's).





MARIE SEIFARTH. Just so Marie will never forget those nerve-racking days in junior music class, I'll write these words for posterity—"Twinkle, Twinkle Little Flower."

MARY ELLEN SMITH. It is our humble opinion, for whatever that counts, that Mary Ellen missed her calling. Look, she even handles those books like they were a baby.

LOIS WILLIAMS. Lois believes fervently in the necessity of "The Care of the Eyes," especially when it comes to giving them exercise in certain directions.

MARION YATES. When she rests those specs on the end of her nose, pulls her hair tight, and dons that prim black dress, we have what no senior class would be complete without—the typical school-marm!



OTHER SENIORS

Marie McDonald Winner

Mary Brennan Shea

Orgie Hawkins Norris



CLASS INDEX

Freshman Class

Appel, Charles	McKenzie, Isabel
Bell, Roy	Metger, Robert
Boyd, Helen	Meyers, John
Boyland, Marian	Middleton, Lionel
Browning, Robert	Miller, Evelyn
Bryant, Jessie	Moore, Alma
Byers, Claude	Morgan, Eugene
Carey, Rachel	Mowbray, Watson
Carr, June	Nichols, Anne
Connor, Janet	Peacher, Frances Jane
Conrad, Harold	Peretti, Augustine
Cook, Kathryn	Peters, James
Cooling, Charles	Pitts, Constance
Cosgrove, Francis	Ramey, Jane
Davis, Arlene	Rankin, William
Devlin, Ellen	Robeson, Vernon
Downs, Eugene	Robinette, James
Dunn, Mary Louise	Roemmelmeyer, Betty
DuVall, Irvin	Roth, Ralph
Eberly, Charles	Savage, Earle
Eckis, Virginia	Saylor, William
Eisel, Eleanore	Shade, June Lee
Everline, Elizabeth	Sheeley, Frederick
Eves, Elizabeth	Shockley, Joseph
Feldmann, John	Shuff, William
Ferree, Delores	Skidmore, Edith
Filler, Mary	Smith, Ervin S., Jr.
Fisher, Gerald	Spates, John
Fratz, Hazel	Stakem, Leah
Gnagey, Mary Helen	Stevenson, Thomas
Hager, Donald	Stilwell, Walter
Hager, Verna	Swain, Arvella
Hansel, Helen	Thomas, Jack
Hauger, Ward	Townsend, James
Himelwright, Leroy	Weaver, Jean
Hovatter, Leo	Weaver, Nina
Huff, Luther	Webreck, Mildred
Keller, Robert	Weimer, Mary
Kelly, Delbert	Whitson, Margaret
Kington, John Haldane	Williams, Dorothy
Klipp, William	Wilson, Emely
Koontz, Ralph	Wolfe, Sara Jane
Lamberson, William	Wolford, Charles
Lammert, Frances	Wonn, Kathryn
Langham, Carl	Yates, Elizabeth
Larkins, Mary	<i>Unclassified</i>
Lewis, Jack	Gillum, Virgil R.

CLASS INDEX

Sophomore Class

Bonneville, Alberta
Brode, Amelia
Byrnes, Michael J.
Clark, Delbert
Cohill, Gale
Crist, Thelma Frances
Dietle, Pauline
Dunkle, Dorothy Lee
Engle, James
Eye, Orva Mae
Fearer, Margaret
Friend, Mary Martha
Gattens, Shirley
Glotsfelty, Mary Lyle
Gnegy, Delbert
Gower, Frances
Hammer, Ruth
Hannon, Angela
Hedrick, Walter
Herbert, William
Klompus, Leon
Largent, Mildred
Mackley, Naomi
Martin, Mary
Meek, Martha

Miller, Eugenia
Mont, Dorothy
Opel, Claudine
Parise, Bert
Price, Mildred
Rafter, Aldine
Ramey, Alice
Rankin, Virginia
Ritchie, Elaine
Ritchie, Goldie
Rollins, Dorothy
Roy, Dwight
Sacco, Fred
Simons, Helen
Sleeman, Kenneth
Stanley, Burns
Statler, John
Sullivan, William
Thomas, John Galen
Vandegrift, Kathryn
Wagner, Joseph
Wilson, Mary Katherine
Wilson, Mary King
Yeager, Mary Catherine
Young, Lois

Junior Class

Arthur, Jeanne
Ault, Ruth
Callis, Harriet
Chaney, Clarabelle
Connor, Louis
Cook, Erma
Corwell, Lorraine
Craft, Sara Jane
Everline, Mary Jane
Fike, Vivian
Forsyth, Pauline
Georg, Lena
Heckler, Mary Frances
Kenney, Francis
Kerr, Mildred
Kirby, Robert
Krontz, Edward

Luethke, June
McKean, Pauline
McLuckie, Donald
Meese, Katherine
Morgan, Charles
Nordeck, Max
Peck, Karl
Rice, Leo
Schneider, Betty
Storey, Ethel
Tedrick, Vivian
Thomas, William
Vandegrift, Dorothy
Wachtel, Ruth
Whitworth, Helen
Wilt, Charles
Wooddell, Hopwood

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Jean Weaver

Artist—Irvin Du Vall

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SOCCER

Joseph Wagner	John Thomas
Louis Connor	William Thomas
Max Nordeck	James Peters
Fred Sacco	Charles Morgan
John Meyers	William Shuff
Delbert Gnegy	Robert Metger
Robert Browning	Harold Conrad
Jack Lewis	Leo Rice

Hopwood Wooddell

MEN'S BASKETBALL

Varsity

Joseph Wagner	William Thomas
Leo Rice	John Meyers
Max Nordeck	Delbert Clark

Marvin Bell

JUNIOR Varsity

Robert Browning	James Townsend
Louis Connor	Gale Cohill
James Peters	Leo Hovatter
John Thomas	Charles Cooling
William Saylor	Jack Lewis

William Shockley

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Eugenia Miller	Dorothy Mont
Shirley Gattens	Jane Ramey
Betty Schneider	Mary Kathryn Wilson
Marian Boyland	Pauline Arnold
Mary Lyle Glotfelty	Helen Simons

June Lee Shade

BASEBALL

Louis Connor	Gale Cohill
Charles Wilt	James Peters
Harold Conrad	Leo Rice
Fred Sacco	Joseph Wagner
Marvin Bell	William Thomas

Jack Lewis

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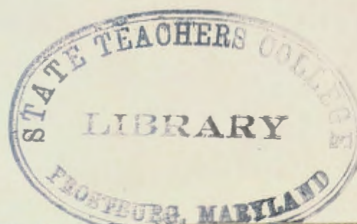
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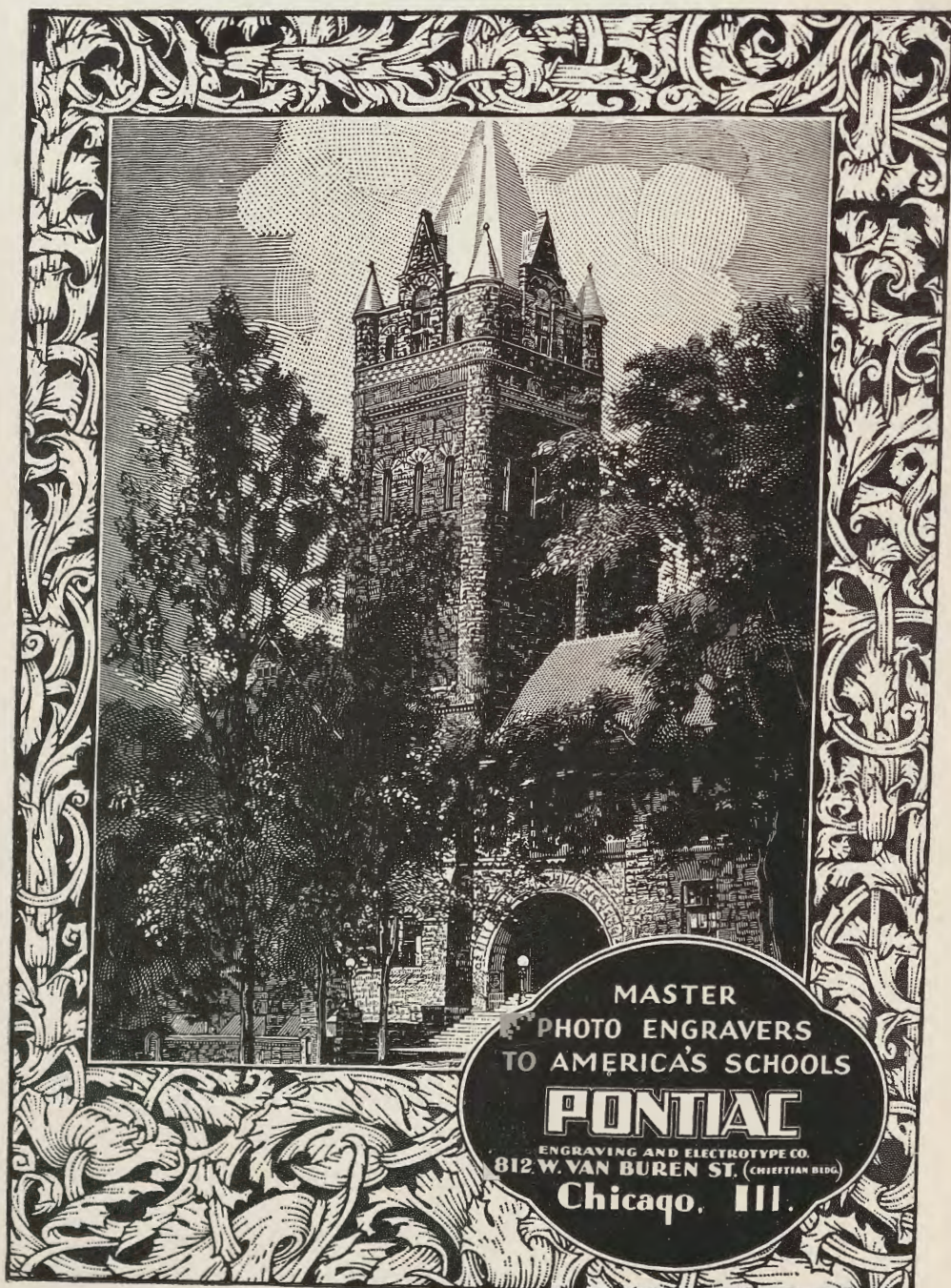
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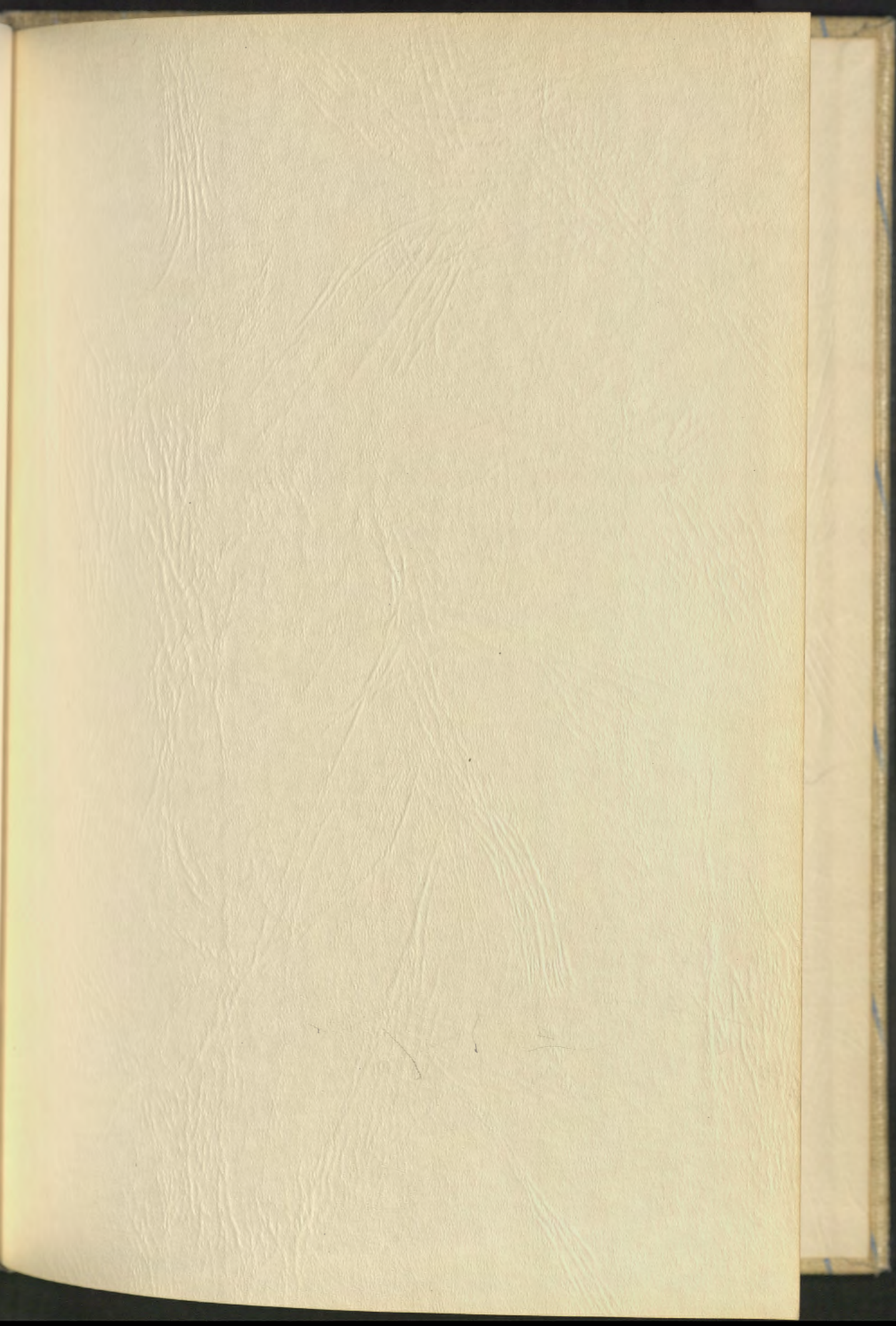


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