

Merry  
Christmas

# Holly THE Leaf

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

Happy  
New Year

VOL. XI

SALISBURY, MARYLAND DECEMBER, 1937

NO. 4

## Live Evergreens On Front Campus Illuminated

### Change In Decorations Adds Color And Variety

Ah! Once again we catch the Yuletide spirit! But this year instead of robbing our forests of an evergreen to be planted on the front portico, S.T.C., for the first time in its history, illuminates real, living evergreens which have for quite a period adorned the front of its exterior. The substitution of the real thing for the artificial symbolizes the genuine greeting we wish to extend.

Formerly there has been a large Christmas tree placed on the administration building porch with the huge star at the top over the tower. Although these decorations have been very lovely, it was decided that, since we have lovely trees on the front campus which are alive and have attained a growth suitable for lighting, the lighting would center around these trees. The new arrangement has added variety, both unusual and artistic.

## Debating Society Schedules First Debate For Jan. 12

### Club Challenges Washington Team To Two Debates

The Bagleian-Carnean Debating Society is busily engaged with plans of the year's work. The primary objective is the formation of a debating team to compete in the intercollegiate debates. In preparation for this, panel discussions and open forums have been conducted at the meetings in order to give every member an opportunity to express his opinion. As a result, the Society has challenged the debating society of Washington College to two debates, which have been scheduled for January 12 (at home) and February 8 (away). No definite arrangements have as yet been made with other schools. If all the plans are carried out, debating will assume its place as an important and interesting extra-curricular activity at this college.

Those who have made the team are Elizabeth Short and Hamilton Fox, affirmative, and Eleanor Bailey and Richard Blackwell, negative.

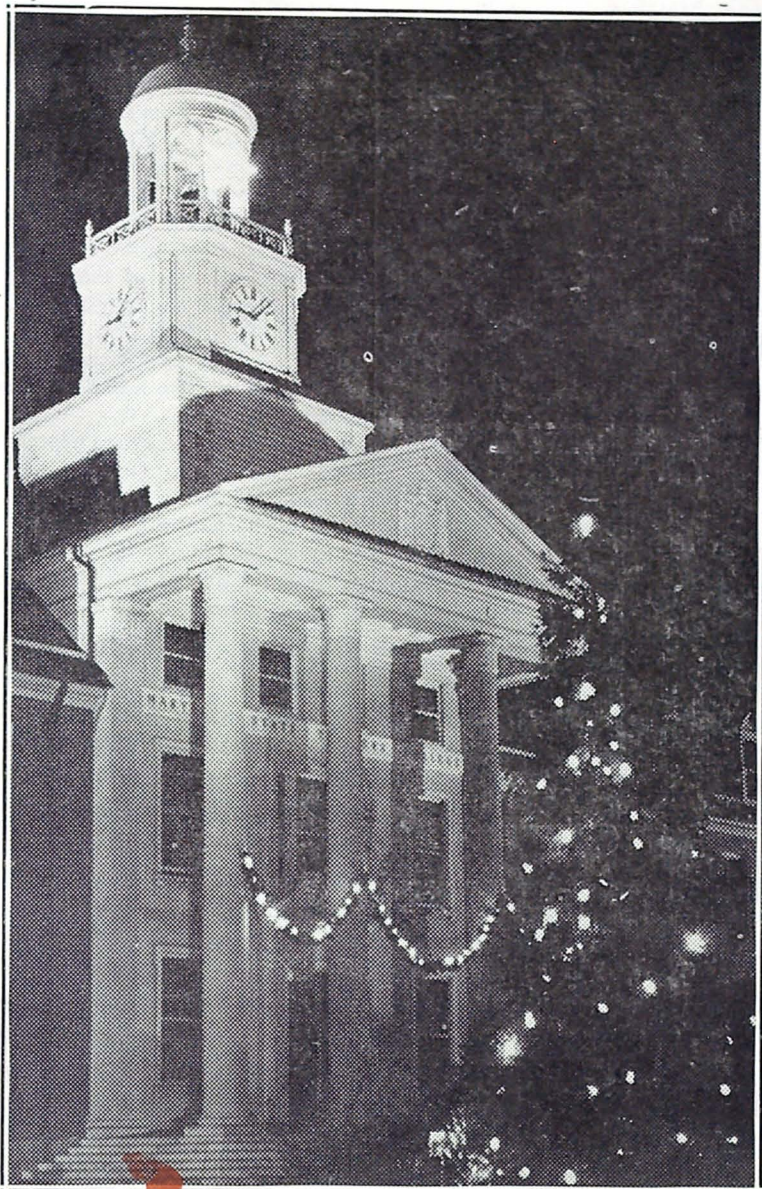
## Student Grangers Attend State Grange Meeting

On December 8 and 9, fourteen members of the Grange Association attended the 65th annual session of the Maryland State Grange, at Westminster, Maryland.

Among the Grangers attending were Katharine Anthony, William Brocato, Louise Mitchell, Helen Dunlock, Aline Travers, Lillian Hough, Lucille Testerman, Irma Brittingham, Katherine Gross, Aubrey Christopher, Goldy Tyler, James Shockley, and Wilson Duncan. Accompanying them were Mrs. Samuel Parsons and Dr. J. D. Blackwell.

Among the outstanding addresses heard by S.T.C. Grangers were: "The Conservation of Wild Life" by Mr. Merhle Towner, Honorary President of the Outdoor Life Federation; "Training for Citizenship" by Mrs. John L. Whitehurst, Chairman of Education of the general Federation of Woman's Clubs; "Maryland in the Present and Prospective Farm Programs" by Dr. T. B. Symons, of University of Maryland.

Entertainment in the form of special music, a banquet, and a dance on Wednesday evening varied the days' program, giving the Grangers a chance for making social contacts.



## Japanese Prints On Display In College Library

### Varied Prints From Sima Art Company On Sale

Did each and everyone of you know that you have an excellent opportunity to see something very educational? In the library is a splendid display of Japanese prints that have been obtained through the Sima Art Company, of New York City. The prints are of oriental woodblock made by hand on genuine rice paper. They are of various sizes and of prices ranging from 15c to \$2.00. For convenience on the bottom of every print the title and author is given. These prints show many characteristics of Japanese people including folkways and mores.

## A New Kind Of Christmas Gift

Have you ever considered the fact that one appreciates more a Christmas gift that is useful and lasting as well as pleasure-giving? If you have not, then steer your thoughts along that line and choose a lasting gift for S.T.C.

I should like to see our college receive an imaginary freight-car of non-material wealth. This car, once received, would remain standing forever, and its contents would radiate to every person in the school. Those contents would be first, a bright candle of school-spirit — so brilliant and outstanding that S.T.C. would shine before us morning and night. Second, a cement block of honesty — so heavy that it could prevent all books from jumping out of their appropriate places. Third, a case of intellectual food — so delicious that we would always be asking for a second helping. Fourth, a shower of love and brotherhood — so steady that every trace of enmity and ill-feeling would be drowned.

Come on, fellow-students, let's start rolling this freight-car of useful, lasting, and beautiful gifts toward S.T.C.!

## Freshies Held Formal Dec. 17

### Peppy Music By Lou Startt

Friday, December 17, marked the first dance sponsored by the freshman class. This formal dance was given in the gym at S.T.C. Lou Startt and his boys, the peppy swingsters of rhythm, furnished the music for this dance. Ice cream and cake were served in the dining room at intermission.

Besides the regular members of the freshman class, student guests and faculty members were invited. Several freshman bids to the dance were given to upper classmen.

## Christmas Comes Again To S. T. C.

Almost two thousand years ago there was started a tradition which today the world perpetuates. Thirteen years ago there were started in our school certain celebrations of Christmas which have become more and more traditional. Again as the Yuletide draws near, we turn to the customs which we have come to look forward to throughout the year.

The spirit of Christmas prevails throughout the school for weeks before the holiday. The library has its tree decorated with book covers, showing everyone new and old favorites. Usually the College Elementary School children produce a play for the college assembly. This play is the culmination of their anticipation of the holiday.

Every year on the eve of the vacation the dormitory students are given a holiday dinner by Miss Ruth. Later that evening the entire student body joins in its annual Christmas party, one of the loveliest of the school's Christmas customs. From time to time as the school has grown the place of celebration has changed, but the manner remains the same. Single file the long line of students carrying a candle and all singing carols,

## Greetings From The College

The usual greeting — "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" — perhaps has a different meaning to each of you, depending upon your individual past experiences. To some of you the greeting will suggest timely programs — lovely carols, colorful pageants, beautiful poems, and significant stories. To others the words will signify dancing, feasting, and a vacation from the usual routine. To still others, including many who feel that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," any reference to Christmas will mean, the giving and the receiving of gifts, many of a material value.

May the living evergreens at the entrance to our college building, now being used as Christmas trees for the first time, be, for each of you, symbolic of a living Christmas and a living New Year. May each of you really live in proportion to the spiritual, intellectual, physical, and material blessings you are receiving daily. May you, too, grow — "in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man," as did the young man of another day whose birthday we will commemorate during this joyous season. May each of you truly enjoy a Living Christmas and a Living New Year.

J. D. Blackwell.

## Mrs. Blackwell Guest Speaker At Vespers

A thoroughly enjoyable Christmas vesper service was held in the social room on December 12. The guest-speaker for the evening was Mrs. J. D. Blackwell, who gave an inspiring Christmas message. A soprano solo, "Glory to God in the Highest," sung by Kathylee Pusey and the reading of "Room for the Christ Child" by Louise Mitchell were included in the program.

Basing her talk on a statement once made by Maude Roydon, of England, who said "The God in us is the spirit which makes us care for truth, desire beauty, and love people," Mrs. Blackwell pointed out that people can learn to care for truth by reading the Bible. Desire for beauty can be increased by building high ideals. Love for people grows by forgetting petty selfishness and thinking of others. This spirit is the eternal message of Christmas.

## Sophanes Players And College Chorus Present "Gloria"

### Demonstration School Pupils Assist In Production Choral Drama

The Sophanes Players of the State Teachers College, under the direction of Mrs. William Howard Bennett, in collaboration with the College Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Margaret Black was presented on the evening of December the twentieth, Gloria, a choral drama of the Nativity. This production was probably the most elaborate production that the college has ever presented. A large cast rehearsed for weeks to put on a finished and artistic production that would embody the spirit of Christmas and live long in the memory of the community. In elaborateness of setting, unusual lighting effects, and in beauty of costumes this play bids fair to excell "Why The Chimes Rang," which pleased a large audience two years ago.

Gloria is a moving and stirring drama which lends itself to beautiful pageantry and inspiring music. The singers found that the demands of the authors include singing in Hebrew and Latin, as well as in English. In addition to the college students, many children from the Campus Elementary School took part in the angel choir.

The play tells the story of a shepherd, who stayed behind to tend to a sick lamb; of the frightened Elizabeth, Mother of John the Baptist who flees from the wrath of Herod, of a Wise Man, separated from his fellow travelers who buys the liberty of Elizabeth and of her son, John the Baptist, from the Roman soldiers. As a reward for their loving sacrifices, those who stayed behind are granted a mission of the Holy Family and of the Angel Choir.

In the play Miss Phoebe Nock of Snow Hill played the feminine lead, the part of Elizabeth. Mr. William Blades of St. Michaels, and Mr. Jerome Fletcher of Waldorf, Maryland, were the masculine leads. Miss Kathylee Pusey of Crisfield, Mr. Harry McCann of Girdletrree, Mr. Olin Bedsworth of Crisfield and Mr. Wade Caruthers of Salisbury, were the principals. (Continued on Page Six)

## 1000 Members Attend Concert On December 3

It has been estimated that approximately 1000 people attended the first concert of the year presented by the Salisbury Cooperative Concert Association at S.T.C. on December 3. The artist for the evening was Rose Bampton, celebrated star of the Metropolitan Opera.

Outstanding in her program were Puccini's "Visse d'Arte" from the opera "Tosca" and Benber's "La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc." Her accompanist, Nils Nelson, played a group including his own "Valse."

## The Barnyard Concert

After hearing so much about Rose Bampton and the Metropolitan Opera stars, a certain dormitory crowd decided to put on a concert — one of a very different sort, and one not soon to be forgotten. About eleven o'clock the doors silently opened, and the girls assembled for the final rehearsal. When the leader gave the signal, they all picked up their notes.

The cow said moo,  
The dog bow wow,  
The sheep cried baa,  
And the cat meow,  
The rooster chimed in Cockle-doo-doo-doo  
Then the light snapped on!  
And, the girls just flew!



## THE LETTER BAG



## The Holly Leaf



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## THE HOLLY LEAF AT YOUR SERVICE

Stimulated by worthwhile criticism, the Staff of this paper wishes to clarify, for the students, its policy in presenting them a paper based on the high standards of collegiate news organs.

We aim to give you ALL the news of S.T.C.

We try to stimulate good wholesome, worthwhile criticism.

We try to stimulate action on the "ailments" of the school.

We aim to give you a paper you will enjoy reading.

We aim to keep our columns free of malicious backbiting—any personal references are intended as wholesome fun.

We want all of you to help us build a solid structure for future staffs by cooperating with us.

We invite you to express in these pages your opinions if your opinions are well meant and constructive.

We want to keep our paper on the highest collegiate basis possible. This is a college — not a high school.

## THANKS—

To The Reverend Albert H. Frost, the members of his student body wish to express their thanks for awakening them from their lethargy. We needed just those words to raise us out of our lackadaisical attitudes toward the true appreciation of the Christmas season.

As you said, we have lost the two most important syllables of the word—"Christ" and "mass." We do not put the "Christ of Christmas in every day living."

We of this younger generation have become rather cynical toward things that former generations have looked upon as the very essence of Christianity. Because we see so much that is wrong about us, we have developed an attitude of indifference toward everything—Yes, even toward religion. So many of us ask ourselves each day what is the use of trying to make anything of our lives. It can be destroyed so quickly with the simple merits of water so popular today. Life has little meaning for us because it seems so futile!

But with your challenge to us the other day we have come to see a light. You said that if we thought of Christmas as only a myth, then we should rid ourselves of it. How could we think of it as a myth if we read the story of Christ's life as you advised. The story of His Life does give meaning to life — we can see seasons for living now.

Because you have "dynamited" us, so to speak, from our sophisticated paths of thought, we feel that this Christmas will be a better Christmas, for we have looked into the heart of the matter and have come out with what we needed — a true Christmas spirit and understanding.

## HIS TWILIGHT SERVICE

Bread without salt is tasteless, as is coffee without sugar, or cake without icing. Many of us take these things for granted; we have not had to do without the "withouts." Would not a Sunday without a devotional service seem lacking? True, there is Sunday School and Church, but isn't there something about twilight that makes one feel His presence? Why do we sometimes think of Vespers as a task, a duty that must be attended by persuasion — and sometimes skipped if the "powers that be" relax vigilance? Isn't there some innate desire that compels you to join those at the service solely for the benefit that you, yourself, will derive from it? Start this Sunday night. You may surprise yourself.

## TAKE-ITIS

Who is the physician we need to check our epidemic? It matters not whether he is tall, short, homely or handsome — but give us one who is mentally qualified.

You shouldn't have to think hard nor long, to acquaint yourself with the subject. You all possibly come into daily contact with the same disaster. May I ask you a personal question? Have you ever seen one of the day students rush hurriedly into the Day Students' room, glance into her compartment and sarcastically remark, "I suppose someone has borrowed my book for awhile now?"

Is it not such a daily occurrence that it is merely taken for granted as "one of those things"? Rarely, the student, whose book seems to have disappeared into thin air, tacks a notice on the bulletin board or reports it to the library.

On the other hand what are the symptoms, causes, treatments, and remedies for this disease? (If it might be called a disease.)

I wilfully bequeath to the qualified physician, the problem of checking the epidemic so commonly known to S.T.C. students as "Take-itis."

## SOME CALL IT PLAGIARISM

There seems to be an idea, possessed by many, that other people do not object to thinking for themselves and for others. If these thoughtless people would inquire around, they might learn, to their amazement, that thinking up ideas is rather a difficult task, and that those people from whom they are borrowing do not appreciate their materials being used as public property. If they even went further into the question, it might surprise them to know that it is, in plain language, just common stealing. This is rather a blunt term, but it is only the truth.

Of course this is only a call to honor. Whether or not it's accepted, or even read is unknown. But just bear in mind, "Honesty is the best policy."

Dear Santa Claus,

We have been good, an' we hope you are the same. If it is within your power, send us the following:

1 large size black mouth stopper that fits well; Extra Merrimac and Monitors for Assemblies; Something to stop Mal-de-mer on a high "C"; Someone to play footnotes on the shoe-horn; Taxi license for a certain student; 1 Passport to New Zealand; A few passports to anywhere; A couple of one-way tickets to Alcatraz; 1 Pinch Bar to remove Shingles; 1 Fox trap; 1 Experimental Farm for Husbandry; 1 Remote Controller; 1 Baedeker (black); 1 Set Skyhooks; 1 Twin SOS; 2000 can openers for our cook; 1 Snooervizor; 1 Social annex for the library; 1 Set of brakes for a truckload of Big Apples; 1 Bottle Nervine for the editors who publish this.

with love an' kisses,

Carroll Speck,

Rachel Mitchell,

Jerome Fletcher, secretary.

Dear Santa,

In spite of the rumor that the juniors are not working, I have been working very hard this year. All I am asking for this Christmas is five units for teaching, which are due before January 20. May they consist of a unit on the Constitution, containing the lessons plans; another unit on the geography of Great Britain, one on the geography of Maryland, one on story telling, and one on some phase of American history. This would be greatly appreciated.

A Busy Junior.

Dear Santa Claus

Please send me some information on our little masculine friend from Stockton. He flits around from rose to rose, but, oh me, it would be much better if we knew which was the One Rose.

Sincerely yours,

The Snooper.

Dear Santa Claus,

Please bring Anna Rose a list of new reasons for skipping class; last year's are worn out.

Her Associates.

P.S. If you could come before Christmas, it would be greatly appreciated.

Dear Santa Claus,

I am sending you this letter not for myself alone, but for others also who would like to tell you but are a little shy. What they want is a little vague but I think you get the general idea. I will number them so that you will be sure to not get them mixed up.

1. Evelyn Vincent would like a new set of words for her Christmas "Carroll."

2. "Conny" Warner would like a general idea or hint as to what she is going to receive from a certain source.

3. Mary Richardson and Kathlee Pusey would like to have an extra clothes closet out in the hall on the third floor. They wouldn't want a lock on it.

4. Jefferson and Brinsfield would like beds which would not turn over and sheets and blankets that would stay put and not go walking down to the telephone booth.

5. Miss Ruth wants a much quieter bunch of freshman girls on the second floor—a bunch that will stick by her and put on their hats, galoshes, gloves, etc., every time they walk outdoors.

6. Gracie Valliant and Roberta Morris would like some automatic horns to keep them from bumping.

7. "Dot" Brookhart would like the White & Leonard "Special" advertised in the magazines in the Social Room.

8. Bill Kent would like to have a pair of streamlined crutches for his after dinner walks.

9. "Johnny" and "Peggy" would like some more of that special brand of haid to remember S.T.C. by. They relish it.

10. Jackie Lemmon would like a box of those special apples a "Day."

11. "Foo" Price would like a column in the Comics of the Sunday Papers.

12. Ruth K. Harcum would like a special car from Duncan's Garage at Pocomoke.

13. Helen Pastorfield would like a tool box to keep her "Chisel" in.

The rest will tell you what they want, I think. Those listed above were a little shy, but I am sure they will be satisfied if you give them those things for which they asked. Thank you a lot Santa and be sure to put on your nose warmer on December 24. We don't go to bed as early as we used to so make your trip a little later on in the evening.

Wishing You a Merry Christmas,

S. T. C.

P.S. Please don't forget to bring me a book containing additional ideas.

Dear Editor:

My first glimpse of the Holly Leaf filled me with eagerness to scan it quickly. It presented a fine appearance that filled me with a desire to read some of the latest happenings around school.

When I examined the paper I found that I was very much disappointed. The entire paper seemed to me rather "dry". The only grounds that I have as a base of proof is my personal opinion. I am no authority on the proper contents of a college paper, but I do know that it did not suit my taste, the taste, I believe, of an average young man.

I believe that in our paper we should have a department concerning humor. Now this department can be interpreted broadly. By humor we do not mean jokes alone, but humorous articles such as: incidents concerning the faculty and students.

I personally believe that the insertion of humorous and interesting articles will create an interest in The Holly Leaf, so that it will be enjoyed by all.

Edward Dougherty

Dear Editor,

When one whispers in the library even in almost inaudible tones, the librarian immediately appears with her whispered, "sh-h-hh," or "Please stop talking." That is all very well. We need silence to study. Miscellaneous sounds cause our minds to wander. BUT when an instructor comes in does he talk with modulated voice or a delicate whisper? NO! he speaks out loud, and when I say loud, I mean that his voice is audible throughout the room. Instantly everyone's head pops up from what he is doing whether it be a study of Karl Marx's "scientific socialism," or a desperate endeavor to finish a term paper on the. As a result it takes some little time to get back to the former state of intense concentration. By the time one succeeds in doing this the bell rings for the next class. Another period wasted!

True! the students are more guilty of this offense than are the faculty member but it seems to be a lack of consideration.

Respectfully,

Sockratease.

Dear Students,

In answer to many inquiries as to the who's and wherefore's of the school store, we wish to give you the following information:

Why is store?

For the benefit of students. To have close at hand the materials needed for our school work.

Who is responsible?

The Student Council, with Mr. Caruthers and Mrs. Cooper as manager, treasurer, and assistant manager respectively, who are giving, without charge, their own time to manage and supervise the stock and operation of the store.

How?

Two college students are appointed to give service in the store at hours permitted by the college schedule. The store is a self-supporting project making only enough profits to restock its shelves and pay its employees.

When

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday: 7.50 A.M.-8.30 A.M., 1.00 Noon-12.35 P.M., 3.10 P.M.-3.4 P.M.; Saturday: 8.30 A.M.-9.00 A.M.

T. J. Caruthers,

Anna Jones Thompson,

Gwynette Thompson,

Carolyn Warner.

The editor wishes to apologize to the member of the faculty who might have had reasons for reprimanding the editor for not publishing certain material submitted by the one who has written the following note.

"If a member of the faculty went to all the trouble to write up some scraps of faculty gossip, and rather spicy, I thought, I'd be only too glad to print it. I'm amazed that you did not consider it so."

The Injured Member.

The editor humbly begs your pardon, Injured Member, BUT—she would like to give reasons for the action taken. You see, the last issue of the paper was to have been a six page one but unforeseen circumstances altered well laid plans. As the paper went to press, a great deal of the really good material submitted had to be cut out. Unfortunately your article went under the "cutting knife." Paper space did not fit the size of your article. We did not incriminate against any particular article—we chose the ones best suited to the space we had to fill.

We hope you will understand—and, truly, we would like to hear from you again. We guarantee you space in the next issue!

Dear Editor:

It seems as if we are up against the same racketeering that caused such a furor last year. I am referring to that popular practice better known to quite a few as "library technique."

Upperclassmen will remember the editorial written upon this problem last year, but for the benefit of the new students, and those who don't read editorials, I'll try to define "library technique." This appropriate phrase covers the graceful (?) art of leaving the library with an unsigned book, "borrowing" a book signed for in someone else's name, collecting for one's private library books bought for the use of many, and other graceful (?) accomplishments.

Once again we have with us those who have developed these arts left-over from last year, or newcomers who don't know any better, I don't know which. I do know that they are here now and something should be done about them.

I guess the first suggestion would be: "Let the librarian take care of them; it's their duty." But is it? Doesn't the librarian have enough to do in checking books, keeping the library in order, filing pictures and cataloguing books, keeping the library quiet, and last, but by no means least, finding material for ignorant, indifferent, or just plain lazy students? Does she have to be made a policeman for every book taken from the shelves? Even if she had nothing but this to do, how well could she watch every book every student uses?

The suggestion that the riddance of offenders be taken care of by the librarian is ridiculous. It is not ridiculous, however, to say that it is up to each individual student, up to every one of us, to take stock of ourselves and say, do I do this? And, if the answer is yes, is this fair to everyone else?

Might I offer another solution? Frowning upon someone else's practice will help, too. Oh, I know it isn't easy to tell someone else to stop. No one likes to be classed as a "model student," but letting that person see you practice what you preach may put a new light on the subject.

No doubt there will still be some who insist upon taking advantage of others. But may I be one to say that now since the semester is drawing to a close, and many theses and research papers are coming due, these culprits will be among those who find needed material missing. Maybe it will teach these masters of Library Technique a lesson.

Jeanne Holloway.

## WANT ADS

Wanted: In Holly Leaf

More humor

More humorists

More spice

More "Freshie" news

Wanted: By the Holly Leaf

More constructive criticism

Lots of cooperation

More pecuniary support



# Glimpses of Far East from Student's Letter

Dear Alumni



By MRS. ANNA JONES COOPER

Class of 1928—that's what we will be professionally, this coming June; it was just ten years ago that we were launched in this great field of Education. Since then we have been riding the high seas, sometimes on the high waves and sometimes on the low ones.

Many of that class have won recognition as teachers. Others have branched off into other fields—matrimony taking a goodly number.

Come back Home, class members, on June 4. Let's celebrate this decade. Those who have married come and bring your husbands and your family, from the smallest to the tallest. And don't let distance keep you from meeting your class members. If it's the cost of transportation for those who have wandered, cut down on that budget some place.

Get out those old songs and yells and go over them to revive that school spirit and the feeling down in each heart for our Alma Mater.

What say we have a birthday cake with ten candles and a good round-table discussion of our successes or failures?

Maude Eskridge.  
Class of 1928.

S.T.C. may well be proud of Sam Carey, a graduate in 1937, who has won recognition on the legitimate stage. He is with the Vagabond Players, taking the lead in "The Good Fairy." Sam is teaching at Sparks in Baltimore county.

Several alumni were present at the Physical Education meeting held here on Thursday, December 9. Among them were Alice Mae Colbourne, Dorothy Dagnaway Jones, Margaret Powell Hales, Eileen Hales and Isabel M. Hampton.

## News From The Far East

(Editor's Note—We are indebted to Dorothy Mellott McElrath, Wicomico High School teacher, who has selected for our publication excerpts from letters written by Alice Mellott Laughon, a former editor of the Publications Staff and a member of the Class of '30.)

After you asked for some news of my sister Alice for the school paper I felt that I wanted to furnish the information for a number of reasons. In the first place, I want to do it; and, in the second place, Alice would want me to help you, for she recalls with pleasure her association with you and the school paper at State Teachers College.

As you know, sister sailed aboard the S. S. President Harrison on July 3 from San Francisco to begin a period of three years on Asiatic duty as the wife of a lieutenant in the United States Navy. Aboard ship she enjoyed all the sports and entertainment furnished by the ship's company; she also experienced the wretched feeling of an extremely seasick person. She says, "A Chinese boy, an authority on diets for seasick persons, said to each 'orange juice, dry toast, and plain dried beef'—and it works."

Arriving in Honolulu for a day's stop-over, they were greeted first by the diving boys, then by five Hawaiians singing native songs, and finally by a number of navy friends who covered them with lovely leis—one of hers made entirely of gardenias.

While still aboard ship they received orders to proceed immediately from Shanghai, their objective, to Manila, because of the war between China and Japan.

The program of events included deep-sea fishing on Thursday, July 15.

Since that was lost when they crossed the International Date Line, the officers thoroughly enjoyed their little joke at the passengers' expense!

Arriving at Kobe, Japan, on July 23, they got ashore at about five-thirty. I quote from her letter of July 25:

"At about six we took a ricksha. There were four of us in the party, but we each had a separate ricksha. The men rode us first to a Japanese shrine. Then we rode up and down Motomachi Street which is the main shopping street. It has no side-walks, and motor vehicles are not allowed on it. It was a most interesting place.

"The people on the streets were dressed in anything and everything, but we noticed that about seventy-five percent of the women were wearing the native kimono and the elaborate obi, or sash. They wore either wooden clogs with straps between their toes to hold them on, or else a flat, soft-soled slipper which also had straps.

"We noticed little groups along the streets doing some kind of embroidery. They seemed to be covering long white scarfs with French knots. We later learned that it was a practice based on an old superstition. Each scarf represented a soldier who was in China. Each knot is put in the scarf by a different person and represents a prayer for the soldier's safe return.

"At seven o'clock we joined about ten other navy people for dinner. We went to Kikasui's. It is a large house of about a hundred rooms and is famous as a museum and a Japanese restaurant. It is built in Japanese style, and each room contains various works of art. It also had a beautiful garden in which a large statue of Buddha was located. At the entrance a man removed our shoes and put on slippers. These we wore upstairs but removed them before entering the room where we ate. Fifteen of us had a private room. We had four tables, a little smaller than a card table, but with legs about a foot high. Each table had a round hole in the center. We sat on cushions on the floor around the table. Each table had a Japanese girl who prepared the meal. First, we were given chop sticks and a napkin. Next, they brought us a small dish of something corresponding, I suppose, to hors d'oeuvres. We were given next a bowl of rice and a bowl containing a raw egg. In the meantime, the girl had brought in a pan of hot charcoal which was placed in the hole in the table. This was covered with a pan containing a little water. When the water was hot, the girl put in pieces of raw chicken, onions, long rice, some green stuff, soy sauce, salt, and two other things which we were unable to recognize. After it had cooked a short while, she gave each of us some of the mixture in the bowl on top of the raw egg. We ate it and the rice with our chop sticks, and it was some job. We were also served a handleless cup of unsweetened green tea. That dinner was sukiyaki, the national dish of Japan. We didn't enjoy the food so much, but it was very interesting.

"On Friday six of us hired a car and a driver who thought that he could speak English. He took us on a sightseeing trip from nine A.M. until seven P.M. We drove from Kobe via Osaka. Osaka is the second largest city in Japan, having a population of about three and a half million. The houses and shops along the way were more shacks than buildings. Everything looked rather dilapidated and dirty. We passed many rice fields still in the stage of growth where the fields have to be flooded. At several places we saw men pumping the water into the fields with treadmill water wheels. We saw all kinds of transportation systems, from the most ancient methods, such as the yoke, to modern trucks and motorcycle carts. Bicycles were used to carry unbelievably heavy and cumbersome loads. We saw carts and wagons, heavily loaded, pulled by horses, oxen, dogs and men.

"Kyoto is a very interesting city. It was the capital of Japan for more

than a thousand years, up until eighty years ago. It is said to be one of the most interesting places in the world for tourists; it contains much of the art and culture of ancient Japan. We had lunch at the Miyako Hotel, a most interesting place. It was built on the side of a hill. The dining room was on the fourth floor, opening onto a Japanese garden which had a mountain stream running through it. We had a delicious lunch there with the most delicious iced tea we have had since we left home.

"During the day we visited numerous temples and shrines, some, Buddhist temples, and some, shrines dedicated to Emperors and statesmen. They were all built in a quite similar style and had very elaborate carvings and other works of art. The shrine altars were quite beautiful, containing much gold. One temple was particularly interesting because of its musical floors. The floors were built with special nails and squeaked when walked on. They called it music. Another temple had been destroyed by fire a few hundred years before. When it was rebuilt, the women gave their hair to make ropes strong enough to pull and lift the huge pillars. Some of these ropes are still on exhibit.

"We had to visit a zoo to make the trip complete.

"We got back in Kobe in time for dinner. We had quite a time making ourselves understood where we ate, and the dinner was none too good when we finally got it. After dinner we spent at least an hour in Daimu-ru's the only large department store in Kobe. We were surprised to find practically anything one could want. We also spent some time on Motomachi Street, looking at the little shops."

Alice spent three days in Shanghai and was not greatly impressed. The river as they approached Shanghai was muddy, and there was a noticeable odor. They visited many points of interest, including the native section where she saw swarms of dirty little children. The place was dirty; but the people, dirtier.

From one of her letters I quote her description of their visit to the Chinese Theatre in Shanghai:

"We made our seat reservations through the hotel where we ate dinner. We had no tickets, but the man who called the theatre wrote a word on a small piece of paper. This we presented at the door, and it really worked magic. We took with us from the hotel a very clean and refined-looking Chinese boy who could speak a little English. He was a big help to us. We were ushered up by no less than four other boys—there were six of us. We were put in one of the two boxes of which the theatre could boast. From that point we could get a good view of not only the stage but the audience as well. The seats were much like the seats in one of our theatres except that they were much farther apart—the rows I mean. On the back of the seat was a little shelf that served as a table for the people behind. All during the performance men passed hot tea and various things to eat. The lights were never turned out, and the people bought tea or chatted with each other, seemingly quite oblivious of the actors on the stage. When I first went in, I felt that no one was listening to the play; however, as I became more accustomed to it, I realized that they listened when it was interesting or exciting and drank tea and talked when it was not. Hot towels were passed periodically, and the Chinese people mopped their faces and tossed them back to the boys passing them. As to the play itself I can say very little. Our boy could speak so little that all we got were a few pieces of story that were too difficult to piece together. We were able to find the rich young man, the poor girl, the very bad aunt, the emperor, etc., but that was about all. The play lasted for five hours, but we saw only about two hours of it. The costumes were quite elaborate, and the scenery was changed as if by magic. The lights would go out for a minute; when they came

on again, the whole would be changed. They used no furniture on the stage; but, if anyone had to sit down for a part of a scene, the property men would run in with a chair. As soon as the person got up, they would come in again and remove it from the stage. The acting was quite dramatic, but the most exciting scene of far was a battle. The men were each armed with a huge knife; they danced around the stage swinging at each other and just missed by a hair's breadth. It was all rhythmic, and it certainly would have been disastrous for anyone to get out of step or time. The music defies description; to me it wasn't music at all. The most used instrument was something akin to a cymbal. It crashed constantly, making the most deafening noise imaginable. The whole thing was most unusual and interesting. I thoroughly enjoyed it."

After a visit in Hong Kong, Alice felt much better about a possible sojourn in China. To mother she wrote:

"I was very pleasantly surprised when we arrived at Hong King yesterday. It is really a beautiful place. Of course, it is a British island and therefore cleaner and more modern than other parts of China. We took a motor car drive around the island which lasted about 2½ hours. The scenery is quite beautiful. In fact, I thought it lovelier than Hawaii. The whole drive was through beautiful green hills overlooking numerous bays of the bluest water I have ever seen. On the sides of the hills were quite spacious homes owned mostly, I imagine, by the British. It liked China much better after visiting Hong Kong."

Proceeding directly from Hong Kong to Manila, they arrived at their present home—Cavite—in time to experience the worst earthquake since 1880. She wrote:

"The biggest thing of importance that has happened here since I wrote last is the earthquake. I'm sure you have heard about it. I was in that little one in Long Beach, but I didn't really know anything!

"We had another couple here for dinner Friday evening. The six of us were at the dining room table when it started. At first the room rocked very gently. It reminded me very much of the ship rocking. Instead of stopping then as it had in Long Beach it rocked harder and faster, getting more jerky all the time. By that time the chandeliers were swinging furiously. Mr. Olsen told us we'd better get out from under the one over the table. We scrambled to our feet, and just then the lights went out. You can't imagine how we felt. It was bad enough with the lights on, but in the dark, I admit, I was terrified. We shook like that for four minutes—the longest four minutes of my life. When it stopped, the lights came on. Leo and Aurelia had left the kitchen and were in the dining room with us. If you've ever seen a negro turn pale, you have some idea of what Aurelia looked like. She had turned a ghastly ashen color. She looked like I felt! We sat down and finished dinner. Just as we left the table, it started again. However, the second quake was over in a few seconds. I was so scared Willard had to hold me up. My knees were weak and banged together. When we got organized, we took stock of our belongings. Nothing here was damaged. Our big suitcases had fallen over, golf bags were flat, table lamps were over, and small pieces of paint had fallen off the walls. Leo reported the only thing that happened in the kitchen—the coffee pot had jumped off the stove!"

She had explained to us that aboard ship one day they raced and successfully evaded a typhoon. Since her arrival in Cavite she has also been through several typhoons.

In response to my "S.O.S." for information concerning the place in which she lives she wrote:

"You can easily find Manila's position on a map of the Philippines. It is located on the island of Luzon. Cavite is in reality a tiny little island itself, but is considered a part of Luzon. Our Cavite, the island, is a village in the

province of Cavite. So you see we really live in Cavite, Cavite! The island is so small that you can walk from shore to shore across the widest part in about ten minutes! There are three streets only running lengthwise with several short streets crossing them.

"The Philippines are in the tropics, but are not as far south as the equator. It is always warm here, but March, April, and May, are said to be the hottest months of the year. It is then that schools have their vacations. From August to November we have our rainy season; and, when I say rainy, I mean rainy. It rains every day. Some days it drizzles off and on, some it showers, some it rains steadily, and frequently the heavens open up and the water comes down in torrents. I've never seen more rain in my life than I've seen here, and I've never seen it rain harder than it does at times. The rain gets on some people's nerves, but it doesn't bother me.

"The houses in Cavite are all the old Spanish houses. The ones the white people live in are the same as the natives except that the Navy selected the best houses for their personnel. They had them wired with electricity, put in a water system, and built on bath rooms, installed telephones, added electric refrigerators and stoves. Of course these houses have been cleaned up and are in much better condition than those of the natives.

"In Cavite the natives all have these regular Spanish houses. However, between here and Manila most of them live in Nepa shacks. They are thatched huts built up on stilts. None of the houses have water or bathrooms. There are public faucets at several places along the streets. The people all bring containers to fill with water. Every bit they use they have to get in this manner.

"Cock fighting seems to be the favorite sport around here. Practically everyone owns a rooster. The number in Cavite can easily be determined about 5 A.M. almost any day.

"Our neighbors across the street own hogs which are kept in a pen in their side yard. The hogs can be heard at almost any time during day or night—especially night!"

I hope that from all this you can find something of interest for your paper. If you have the time, I am sure sister would enjoy a letter from you. She just begs for mail. Address it to:

Mrs. Willard R. Laughon,  
c/o Lt. (j.g.) W. R. Laughon, U.S.N.  
U. S. S. S-40,  
c/o Postmaster,  
San Francisco,  
California.

Sincerely,  
Dorothy Mellott McElrath.

## A Coed's Dictionary

Acorn—a sore place on your toe.  
Address—a lovely creation of fashion worn by a lady.

Afford—a Model T car.

Agent—a man who offers you his seat in a crowded trolley.

Allot—a great deal of anything.

Ally—a big fib.

Almanac—a part of a play in which a man does all the acting.

Amend—the place where your mother has darned your socks.

Amiable—I don't know—are you able?

Announce—it takes 16 of them to make a pound.

Apparent—either your "Pop" or "Mom."

Appear—a nobleman in England.

Arraign—water coming down from the sky.

Attack—a little pointed nail your best pal (?) had so deliberately placed just where you will sit on it.

Avail—a net thingamabob like they're wearing on all those newfangled hats.

Averse—the only part of a song we know.

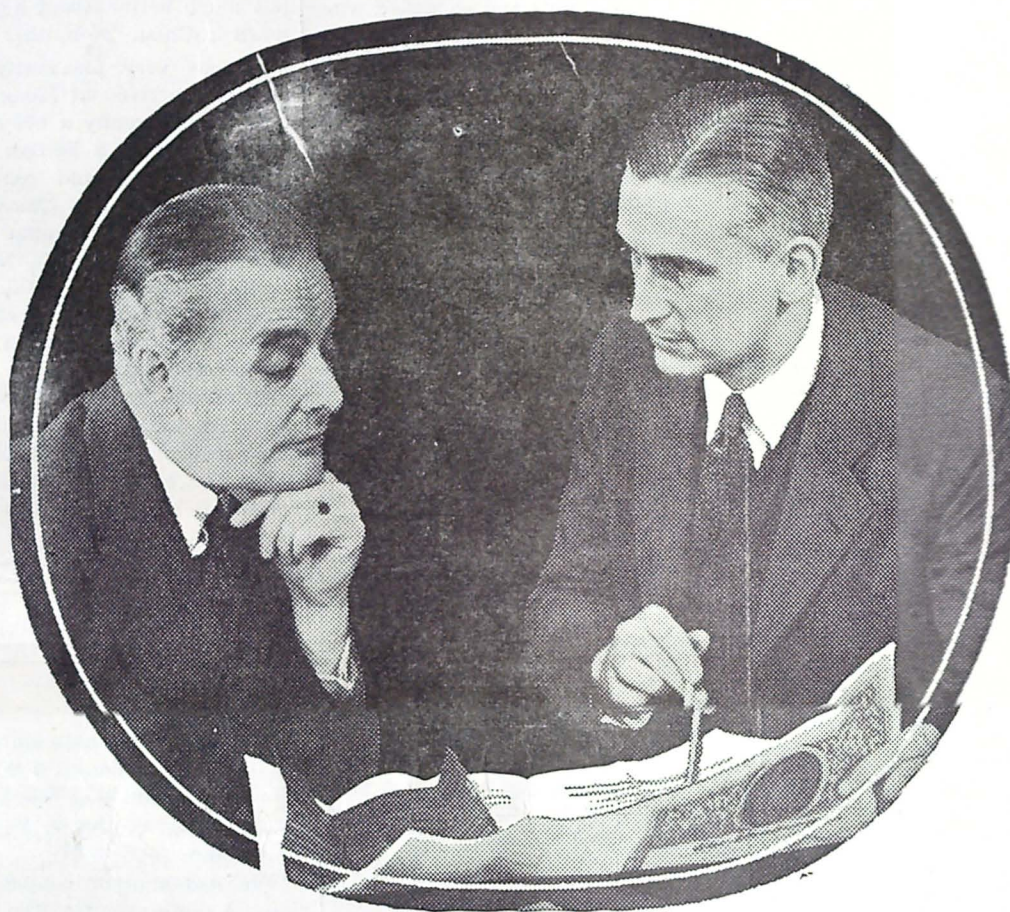
Avow—what you take when you get married—"to love cherish, for better or for worse."



# *This Ad Expresses*

WHAT TWO INTER-DEPENDENT GROUPS  
OF PEOPLE THINK OF EACH OTHER

## *1. Business Men Of Salisbury and Vicinity Appreciate the Value of the---*



### State Teachers College at Salisbury

We realize that its presence here in Salisbury means much to the business houses of Salisbury.

We recognize it as an institution of which we may be proud. We recognize its contributions toward the education of hundreds of young men and women of the Eastern Shore in particular and of the State as a whole.

We find it a pleasure to co-operate with the students, and we trust that your school days will be pleasant and remain a happy memory. And as a seasonly greeting, may we add, — May your Christmas be joyful and your New Year Prosperous.

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.  
Salisbury

FARMERS & PLANTERS CO.  
Blue Coal

MAYFLOWER GRILL  
Phone 781

N O C K ' S  
Shoes & Hosiery of Distinction

SUNSHINE LAUNDRY  
Salisbury

RUBENSTONE'S  
Clothing — Shoes — Dry Goods

L. PAIGE PENNEWELL  
Frigidaire

THE GORDY DRUG CO.  
BLANCHE'S BEAUTY SALON  
Mrs. Charles Huston

MILLER And MORGAN  
Salisbury

WICOMICO SHOE REPAIRING  
Market Street

CHERRY'S ARMY & NAVY  
Everything For Sport Wear

McCRORY'S  
5c and 10c

R. J. WALLER & SON  
Cigars — Cigarettes — Magazines

L. W. GUNBY CO.  
Salisbury

A Friendly Invitation to The  
WILLIAM PENN HOTEL And GRILL

DENNIS STORAGE & MOVING CO.

WEAVER'S FLOWERS  
Riverside Drive

DOODY BROS.  
Main Street

## *2. S.T.C. Students (Representatives of the State) Appreciate the Value and Service of Local Business Houses.*

Necessity demands that we College Students become acquainted with local business houses. This acquaintance has introduced us to real values and services offered the college students. Naturally we appreciate this. And naturally we like to see your advertisements in one official representative of our college, "The Holly Leaf."

A MERRY CHRISTMAS And A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL.



## TALLY-SNOOPS

For years we have been wondering how David Perry managed to have such pretty hair. We have managed to discover the truth at last. He uses tin curlers—who he even 'fessed up in Miss Matthews' English class. Don't take my word for it, just ask David.

One of our junior girls needs an appointment book. Just imagine any girls having two or three dates for one Saturday night, but then perhaps it is a woman's privilege to be forgetful now and then. Eh? B. T.?

It would perhaps be wise to warn certain freshman boys that in the future they had better beware of snow balling in the halls. I shudder to think what would have happened had that snowball hit its mark.

From snooping around in the boys' room, the "Ole Fox" found a very personal letter which attracted his eyes. I dare not quote the words here, but I will say the president of the sophomore class has introduced a new type of salutation when writing to the girl friend—namely, "Dearest Goofus." This may be a tip to those who are now teaching the writing of friendly letters, or to those who find it necessary to enter into this type of correspondence.

From general observation one might think that S. T. C. is an institution for the deaf and dumb from the way the "inmates" go around using certain signs—that is with their fingers stuck in the air. At least, the stress on manners is being made, for very time, there is a "goat" who has to meekly bring forth an "excuse me."

What reaction does a teacher expect when she asks all the people who are absent to please raise their hands? Maybe Miss Matthews would know.

Perhaps Helen Pastorfield will learn to consult her parents after this before making rash changes—in regards to suddenly moving out of the dormitory for instance.

Billy Blades shows his ignorance of Bible history by going to the library and asking for a book called "The Four Wise Men." What he meant was Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man."

The "Ole Fox" is confronted with a great problem, and that is whether some seniors possess "professionalism" or "non-professionalism." It must be the former, for that group who taught the Romeo of the class that "punctuality" is one of the basic factors of successful teaching. It wasn't their fault that he wasn't ready to leave until "one-half minute" after the set time, and it sure wasn't their fault that he was seen walking (rather than riding) to his teaching center. Must have been a remedial measure though—it worked! I understand from the group that this was only the initial teaching, and that it will be followed up continuously with drill. However, it must be the latter (non) for some. For instance, that senior man (not so "high" in this world) who takes his daily nap down in the basement every noon. Well, he hasn't been to college four years for nothing. "Sawing the log" is easier than swinging the chalk.

It used to be that a girl must have personality plus in order to be popular, but now she must have electricity plus. Just ask our little freshie pal, Gracie. That must be what draws all the men, for she surely can afford to be fickle.

Excitement surely reigned in the halls of historic S.T.C., Friday morning, December 10, 1937. Then occurred the sit-down strike which ended in a runner up the silk stocking of a junior girl. I'll bet she was sorry they went on the strike. The stockings were new, too!

Among the other qualifications of our faculty, we now find that they are mind readers. For instance, the notice that appeared on the bulletin board before the petition signed by the students ever reached Dr. Blackwell.

If you are interested in exercises to reduce just come down to the Girls Day Room on a Friday afternoon and ask for Eleanor and Sylvia. They'll be glad to give a free demonstration.

A problem—that argumentative girl who spends her time thinking of

alibies. The "Ole Fox" caught her producing dark circles on her eyes with a pencil in order to make the infirmary. Why? Because she expected her supervisor to visit her that day. Observations for her benefit: the supervisor was not even in town that day; there are still more Thursdays on which to vary this type of procedure.

The Snooper suggests that the girls in the Day Room watch their personal references. It can be very embarrassing at times. How about it, Rachel?

There must be something somewhere when WSAL plays a piece for a girl at S.T.C. and calls special attention (3 times) to the fact that the piece "Once in a While" was played for Miss Betty Lynch. Somebody must rate.

Little Johnny's clothes are gone, His pants he'll see no more. For what the girl knocked over Wasn't H2O but H2SO4.

That tall red-haired Freshman girl who rushes into the Day Students Room bursting with gossip, should look around for hidden faculty members, etc. For instance, Miss Ruth wouldn't be interested in the fact that a whole group of students were expelled from the library for various reasons.

A certain dormitory student seems to be a trifle worried over the fact that there is a play rehearsal scheduled for Saturday night at which time she evidently has a date. Cheer up, Kathryn, your Russell will still love you—unless he finds out about that increase in correspondence!

"He floats through the air with the greatest of ease." Such is definitely the case of the young fellow on the crutches. There seems to be something about a person who has been hurt that attracts the women. Oh! what a price popularity!!

That faculty member who was giving the girls a lecture on "trucking" on the sidewalks downtown, should give a certain freshman boy that same lecture. He seems to think the corridors were made for him to "truck" in. Little boy, did papa say it was all right?

What talent have those two junior girls (with identical first names) revealed to become so popular with station WSAL? No, they don't perform during the broadcasting hours. They do so at night. The "snooper" saw them in company with the announcer and operator, but wasn't near enough to discover whether or not it was an audition.

I wish to advise those two freshman girls of Salisbury that it would be much more socially discreet to spend their Sunday nights in church or a like place rather than off in solitude, enjoying Salisbury's scenic spots along the river. The suggestion may be passed profitably to the two escorts—the sophomore from Stockton and "the faculty's nephew." Since the latter's father has an automobile agency, he might change his car occasionally and avoid the chance of easy recognition.

As the "Ole Fox" passed by the residence of the staff typist, he noticed that she opened the garage doors with her car instead of her hands. She must have the rational idea of "Tear 'em up; there are more made everyday."

What ability could that calm senior possess when he was won the high admiration of his critic teacher. She has gone so far as to state the fact that she envies the girls in her class when they speak his name. More power to you, but I will say this means your personality must have reached maturity. This is revealed for the benefit of "the real interest" (G. T.) in the senior class, so that she may draw her strings tighter.

Miss Purnell told the juniors in geography class the other day, in speaking of grading scales and the absence of a perfect one in a recent test, that "We can't always have curves." Hm-m-m.

I. L. D., while she really was justified in correcting D. P.'s spelling of tomb, should learn that when observing a fellow class-mate teaching in the elementary school, she should reserve her criticisms until later instead

of calling out in the middle of the lesson.

What would you call it when a child translates the song "For health and strength and daily food, We praise Thy name, O Lord," into "For help and trains and daily food, We praise Thy name, O Lord"?

There must have been a conspiracy afoot when seven Juniors walked into music class at a late hour the other day.

You could always hear a certain junior coming before she arrived; that is until she gave those squeaky shoes away.

Willamae isn't "Miss Brocato" to the third and fourth grades; she is "Miss Potato."

## Christmas For A Moment

Ann, nine year old, world wise cynic, scoffed at the idea of Santa Claus. That was just a child's fairy-tale told at Christmas time which she was too old to believe. She smiled smugly to herself as the other second-graders, headed by Shirley, the aristocrat of the class, told of their letters to the mythical figure and of their expectations. She smiled wistfully, however, as they talked of toys, dolls, and sleds that she dared not think of. Impatiently she put such ideas from her mind as she thought of her father, the perpetual drunk, who had told her that such tales were not for such as she. She smiled, wistfully again, as she dimly recalled a frail young person, her mother, who had died long ago, telling her of the Christmas story and of Santa Claus. Deep in her heart she cherished the memory.

Ann went home and to bed that Christmas Eve to dream of toys, trees and other delights of Christmas. Many wonderful things passed through her mind, and the next morning she was reluctant to awaken. Slowly she dressed and let her mind go on dreaming. When she got to the bottom of the steps she thought how queer it was that the door of the living room was closed. It always stood open as though it begged someone to come into the lonely home. She started to pass on but her curiosity won. Cautiously she opened the door, and, to her great surprise, on the living room table was a tiny tree and under it a large doll. Her father? He was asleep and probably did not even remember his momentary thought of her.

Santa Claus? Perhaps not in reality, but the Christmas spirit had entered that home if only for a few minutes. Ann put away the doll to cherish always.

Helen Johnson.

## On and Off The Campus

By C. HORSEY

"Jo" Warren certainly attained that "primary aim" during the Thanksgiving Holidays. Though she is still "Jo" to us, she is legally Mrs. Nelson Hudson, of Showells, Maryland.

Both the Home Association and the Day Association have recently been investing their savings. The former has at last purchased a lovely piano for the dining hall, while the latter has just acquired new draperies for the window and a new studio couch.

The Publication Staff opened the college "tea parties" when it served tea in the social room to all student and faculty members, on December 8. Music was furnished by Marjorie Wright.

Jean Burbage, a sophomore, was operated upon for appendicitis during the week of December 5. We all hope she will soon be back with us.

As we go to press we hear that Margaret Laws is planning to spend the holidays in Florida. Absorb a little of that sunshine for us, too, Margaret.

We also hear that Mr. and Mrs. E. Bruce Thompson are going to South Carolina for Christmas.

## JOHNNY AUSTIN SAYS



## Teachers In League With Seven Md. Colleges

## "Dave" Day Cited Right Inside By West Chester

Old S.T.C. is really going places next year in soccer. We are now in a league with some of the best teams in the East. On Friday evening, December 3, a meeting was held at Towson State Teachers College, for the coaches of the different colleges in Maryland to work out a soccer schedule and league. Coach Maggs was Salisbury's representative.

The league is composed of seven colleges in Maryland. They are: Johns Hopkins, University of Maryland, Western Maryland, Blue Ridge, Frostburg, Towson and Salisbury State Teachers Colleges. Each team will play six games, three home and three away. Salisbury will play three extra games, besides their league games, with Goldey, Beacom and West Chester.

In naming an all opposition team at the close of the soccer season, the West Chester State Teachers College selected David Day as the man to play right inside on the mythical all opposition team.

This no small honor, for the West Chester eleven is rated as one of the five best in the country. Day was selected over opponents from Western Maryland, Delaware and Franklin and Marshall.

Although the boys lost this game 5-0, it was dubbed the best the Teachers had played.

The men's A.A. of the college has organized a gym club with Athlyn Waller as the man to head it, under the guidance of Coach Maggs.

The object of the club is not primarily to foster competition. Coach Maggs pointed out, but to give the boys an opportunity to develop their bodies and to learn something of the gymnastic art.

## STUDY IN THE LIBRARY

By a freshmen

Upon entering college, I am told that the library is a quiet place to study. I march in armed with my sociology guide-sheet and find a place at a table. I break the point of my pencil. What to do? Then I see an upper-classman tread with heavy footsteps to a pencil sharpener. On the return trip he stops to converse with a neighbor. After much hesitation, I tip-toe to the pencil sharpener. When the length of my pencil has been reduced to the size of four inches, I give it up as a bad job, deciding to take no notes, but just to read. After a frantic search for a sociology book, I finally ask the librarian who calmly walks to a shelf on which I thought I had looked and picks out the book.

While I am getting the sociology book, two students occupy the table where I sit. Evidently these students have not seen each other for a few hours. Such talking I have never heard. Of course this conversation is much more interesting than the sociology, especially when I know nothing about sociology in the first place. Just as the conversation across the way becomes really interesting, the bell rings. Time to go, and then ended an hour of quiet and peaceful study on the part of a freshman.

Maybe I'm just one of those freshmen walking around in a daze trying to realize that I didn't get a slip in my mailbox telling me that I was doing unsatisfactory work and that I should report to the office, but in my opinion, the library hasn't improved with time.

## Towson Teachers Take State Title In Basketball

Towson Teachers retained their championship in the Teachers Colleges' basketball tournament by defeating Frostburg Teachers 41-28 on December 2, and by conquering the Salisbury Teachers that evening, by a score of 50-32.

The Salisbury boys looked good even in defeat, Lee Burton, of the local dribblers, hung up a total of 25 points in the two games.

## Cage Victory To Frostburg In State Tourney

Frostburg Teachers College basketball team defeated Salisbury Teachers 57-20 at Towson, December 3, to win runner up honors in the State first teachers cage tourney.

Towson defeated Frostburg 41-28, and Salisbury 50-32, to win the title. Next year's tournament will be held at Towson.

Coach Maggs' boys displayed a good passing attack, but Frostburg took a 22-6 lead at the first quarter, and Salisbury never threatened.

## Basketball For Women In Swing

At 4:15 nowadays one can hear shouts of laughter and talking in the girls' locker room, and in the dormitory, while the girls are pulling on their gym suits for basketball practice. Everything points to a fast and scoring team this year. So far there has been a good crowd out for practice this season. Keep up the fine spirit, girls! The more girls we have to practice the more material we shall have from which to pick our team. The more we have out to practice the more and better practice we can give the varsity team. The old members of the squad are pleased to see the fine spirit showed by the freshmen who come to practice. But there still seems to be something lacking. Maybe it's those old members of last year's team who have not been out for practice so far this season. What's the matter girls?

## Five Thoughts Of An "Observing" Junior

1. After ten minutes on a camp stool:

There's one thing certain, a ditch-digger can keep moving—and it seems a prospective school teacher can't.

2. After twenty minutes on a camp stool:

When one has moved one's feet in several positions to keep them from going to sleep and still they feel drowsy, what should one do?

3. After thirty minutes on a camp stool:

Granted that youth is sublime, wonderful, etc., but if only one could be young and educated at the same time...

4. After forty minutes on a camp stool:

Learning how to become a school teacher is very fascinating and absorbing, of course, but couldn't a system be worked out whereby one could be comfortable while learning? (Suggestion: couches, comfortable chairs, pillows.)

5. After fifty minutes on a camp stool:

Ah, the bell! Now that the period is over it seems to me that I should have taken notes—or something. Anyway, I'm sure the time has been very profitably spent!!



# SOPHANES PLAYERS AND COLLEGE CHORUS PRESENT GLORIA

(Continued from Page One)  
cipal soloists.

The rest of the case were:  
The Prophet Priest, Carroll Speck.  
Worshippers in Temple: Willamae Brocata, Helen Adkins, Elizabeth Hastings, Betsy Owens, Nan Cullen, June Purnell, Ruth Harcum, Stewart Bennett, and Richard Blackwell.  
Aled: Robert Vincent.  
Judah: Billy Blades.  
Saradin of Chaldea: Jerome Fletcher.

Elizabeth: Phoebe Nock.  
Three Soldiers of Herod: Edward Dougherty, Audrey Cristopher, and Paul Phillips.  
Heavenly Messenger: Rachel Mitchell.

Angels: Ann Robins, Barbara Mitchell.  
The Madonna: Kathylee Pusey.  
The Three Kings: Wade Caruthers, Olin Bedsworth, and Wilson Duncan.

The Celestial Choir: Jeanne Holloway, Irma Lee Disharoon, Carolyn Warner, Dorothy Brookhart, Louise Mitchell, Edna Williams, Mary Emily Byrd, Miriam Beachley, Carolyn Horsey, Frances Wallace, Aline Travers, Katherine Gross, Helen Johnson, Dorothy Wilkins, Hateva Smith, Mary Patricia Meise, Katherine Meise, Barbara Carey, May Langrall, Marie Meise, Ann Pierce, Julia Clark, Ruth Feldman, Mark Adkinson, Edward Robinson, Richard Crosswell, Roderick McLennan, William Crosswell, Samuel Tilghman, George Leonard, Ralph Williams, John Holt, Jr., Marjorie Wright, Loma Dryden, Sara Bradley, Kathleen Tilghman, Sylvia Gordon, Dolly Waters, Betty Taylor, Dorothy Quezinberry, Anna Rose Smith, Mary Ellen Rounds, Jane Burbage, Ann Kuhn, Joanne Erwin, Jean Crosswell, Mary Jane Clark, Joan Disharoon, Margaret Jean Kolb, Willard Stevens, Harold Jenkins, John Dulany, Walter Allen, H. Brittingham Roberts, John Purnell, Edward Holloway, Daniel Ward, Alfred Truitt, Jr., Charles Hemming, Dale Ball, James Perry, John Krusen, Thomas Barnes, William Dashields, Jr., Orland Langelier, Jr., and David Blackwell.

## Fifty Alumni Attend Teacher's Meeting At S.T.C.

Olds Grads Heard  
Dr. Brewer On  
Nov. 20

Over fifty of S.T.C.'s alumni attended the meeting of teachers from Dorchester, Somerset, Wicomico and Worcester counties in the college auditorium on November 20, at which time Dr. John Brewer, Associate Professor of Education at Harvard University, spoke on educational guidance.

Among those present were Constance Clark, Wyona Todd, Thelma Blake, Olivia Thompson, Gladys Lewis, Margaret Laws, Victoria Wheatley, Mildred McAllister, Louise McAllister, Lizzie Taylor, Eileen Hales, Elizabeth Wilson Leutner, Betty Dallas, Roberta Butler, Sara Hayward, Louise Brittingham, Margaret Powell, Maude Brannock, Huldah Robinson, Sadie Calloway, Charles Fisher, Alice Howeth, Mary Virginia Brinsfield, Elizabeth Brinsfield, Gladys Gibbons, Mrs. Emily Collins Morris, Anna B. Jones, Hennie Pritchett, Lillian Pritchett, Alice May Coulbourne, Mildred West Davis, Mildred Richardson, Robert Smith, Jennie Jones, Maggie Murrell Parks, Emma Marks, Mrs. Ralph Parsons, Isobel McDowell, Gladys Brohawn, Mabel Willis, Esther Collins Riggan, Leona Banning, Alta Hoge, Frances Robinson, Willie Johnson, Norman Ellis, Mary Tubbs, Louise Brittingham, Maude Eskridge, Anna Jones Cooper, Ruth Anderson Willing.

Space Will Be Given To

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

In The Next Issue

## Former Student Praises S.T.C.

John Bunting, Jr., Commends  
Music And New  
Work

Former students of S.T.C. frequently write back to us telling what they are now doing, how much S.T.C. has done for them, and how much they miss being here. Recently we received a letter from one of last year's freshmen, John J. Bunting, Jr., who is now attending Dickinson College. See what he has to say about dear old Alma Mater!

"Now that I have been in Dickinson College for over two months, I am in a position to give to you my opinions of the College. The campus is the most beautiful that I have ever seen. The fellows and professors almost match the Eastern Shore with their hospitality. And President Corson is an able man in every respect, especially in regard to public speaking. Some of us even hope that he will become a bishop in the Methodist Church some day.

"The studies demand a separate paragraph. They are difficult enough, in my case, to limit my activities to one major interest, debating. I feel, however, that it is only through such intensified effort that one really becomes educated. And the methods of study and procedure that I acquired at S.T.C. last year have saved me many an hour of wasted and inefficient labor. The thanks must go to you!

From my correspondents and from the newspaper, I derive the delightful news that activities at S.T.C. are proceeding with renewed energy this year. With radio broadcasts and new feature articles in "The Holly Leaf," there is certainly a marvelous opportunity to put your school and MY school on the map. My best wishes for continued success.

"I must admit (or should I say that I'm glad to admit?) that good old S.T.C. has it over Dickinson in one respect. Whereas S.T.C. has a music instructor who has produced an original song of Alma Mater, Dickinson was forced to go back to the great state of Maryland to find a tune for its Alma Mater, that tune being "Maryland, My Maryland." Congratulations Miss Black, and Greetings to old and new students at S.T.C.!"

## The Spirit Of The Thing

She was a haughty woman, proud and stern looking. A kind of person you look at twice and think, "Oh, I'll bet she is someone swell and elegant." Well, she was just that. She happened to be the Mrs. Vander, the social leader of the town. She was to that town what the rooster is to the barnyard. Whenever she "quacked" the ladies flew.

On this particular December 24th, Mrs. Vander was coming home from a Christmas social. She was just a little vexed today as some the ladies had suggested that she go over to the other side of the tracks tomorrow and give that awful Black family a Christmas box. Really, it was just to absurd. Why should she bother with such scum? She was going to sing for the Orphans tomorrow and even that was distasteful, but, at least, her voice would be heard over the radio. That consoled her to a certain extent. But actually, to think of going over to those awful Blacks with a Christmas box. How disturbing! Giving things to the poor was very fine indeed but she was not going to humble herself by carrying the things to them. In fact, she only gave because she felt it was her duty to do so. She experienced no joy at donating a little something at Christmas to someone who really needed it. She didn't give from the heart, oh, no, when she gave she wanted something in return. Christmas spirit! Who cared for Christmas spirit? Let the poor look after themselves! She had too many other things to take up her valuable time.

"Oh, well, I'll pretend to be interested in giving to others and helping them enjoy Christmas but, deep down I don't care whether they enjoy it or not. The truth is, I'm interested in

## A TRIBUTE TO WICOMICO HIGH

They have done the impossible! After all these years the school with "no school spirit" has finally gotten somewhere. Wicomico High is publishing a paper. And what a paper!

Judging from the first issue it can't fail. Since so many years have elapsed since the school had a paper, an new name will be given this one, a bi-weekly of eight pages.

We who hail from Wicomico's tepee know the trouble you have had in reviving a paper. So here's to you! S.T.C. hopes Wicomico High will continue to be "school-spirited" not only in publishing a paper, but in all you do.

## Faculty Spice

Students, you needn't think that you are the only ones who had interesting things happen to you on the long week-end. The after effects, too, were just as startling and maybe more so than those experienced by you. If you know, for instance, that,

1. There was a great competition between the longest and the shortest members as to which one could bring back the biggest and most interesting reports of the Teachers Meeting.
2. The week-end proved too much for one member who had to go to bed because of a bad cold and the shock of reckless driving through Baltimore traffic.
3. It gave another member such a bad cold that he talked like a growley bear.
4. There were varied and spicy comments on the play, "I'd Rather Be Right" by five different faculty members.
5. One member brought back his wife and little brother when he returned to Salisbury.
6. One member bought a new hat which is supposed to be very unusual.
7. Another brought back a whole car load of musical notes.
8. There was one member who spent her week-end teaching Modern Nursery Rhymes to her small niece.
9. One Faculty man waited three quarters of an hour for a dinner appointment at the Lord Baltimore Hotel (With A Man, so he said.) We're wondering about that, however.
10. Another followed a bus all over the city trying to find her way to Baltimore.
11. One member chose her mode of transportation by the fact that she could spend fifteen more minutes with her family.
12. One member arrived at the meeting a day late, but we can excuse her because we think she was checking up with methods at Towson.
13. One young lady got a ticket for parking over time on the wrong street corner.
14. And finally, one member toured the highlands and waded through floods, and brought back a load of furniture and a fever blister.

A Member

## MAKE YOUR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS EARLY!

Avoid The Rush!

the recognition I obtain when I give something to others. I want people to say "My, how kind of Mrs. Vander."

I wonder if Mrs. Vander enjoyed her Christmas? Don't you pity her? How much more needy she is than some of those poor people she was talking about. In a way I respect her. She was honest with herself. She admitted she cared nothing for the other fellow. Do we? No, we make ourselves believe we are just bubbling over with the good old Christmas spirit. God knows whether we are or not. He knows if we give with our hearts or whether we give because we feel that it is the thing to do. Let us try to practice that little precept, "It is more blessed to give than to receive!"

Catherine Kielholtz

## Introducing— I. KNOWITALL

Girls! Do men ignore you?  
Are you always wall-flowers?  
Do you know how to handle your first date?

Ask I. Knowitall!!!  
Men! Do girls find you boring?  
Is the maid of your dreams unaware of your charms?

Are you always alone on moonlight nights?

Confide in I. Knowitall!!!  
Students! Are your financial worries too great to bear alone?

Do your lessons interfere with your college education?

Consult I. Knowitall!!!

Faculty! Are your students sleeping through your classes?

Are their papers always late?

Do you have fallen arches from standing?

Let I. Knowitall help you!

This column is dedicated to you who need help. Drop a note in the box outside of the staff office and your answer will appear in the next issue of the Holly Leaf.

Tell I. Knowitall.

## WILL SHAKESPEARE MADE EASY

Like plays?

You think they're boring?

Well, I guess you don't know how to take Shakespeare. "Billy" had plenty of sense, the only catch is, you have to have plenty of sense to understand him.

Before I attempt to discuss some of Billy's works, let me explain the difference between tragedy and comedy, something which you really should know, something which professors call a "vital concept."

Take a noble character (good guy), evil character (bad guy), an endearing female (good goil), and a nasty wench (bad goil). If the good guy kills the bad guy, spurns the bad goil, and marries and has kids with the good goil, you have a comedy, a real funny one. If the bad guy kills the good guy, forces the good goil into marriage and is unfaithful with the bad goil, you have a tragedy. Now those are our standards. Don't forget them!

Getting back to Billy's works, let's discuss "Hamlet". The story contains the following incidents. Hamlet's uncle (the bad guy) kills Hamlet's father. Hamlet kills Ophelia's father (Ophelia is the good goil). Ophelia goes crazy and drowns (tragedy). Hamlet kills two of his closest friends, Hamlet kills Ophelia's brother, Hamlet's uncle poisons Hamlet's mother, Hamlet kills his uncle (bad guy), Hamlet gets killed.

Now that you have that play fixed firmly in your mind (joke) we'll proceed to another of Billy's masterpieces "Romeo and Juliet". Romeo falls in love with Juliet (good goil). Juliet falls in love with Romeo (good guy). They get married. Tybalt calls Romeo a villain (he is a bad guy). Mercutio, Romeo's friend, fights Tybalt for doing such a thing. Mercutio get killed (tragedy). Romeo kills Tybalt in turn. Romeo is ordered to leave Verona. Juliet is supposed to marry Paris (triangle). Friar Laurence gives her excellent advice. Romeo hears that Juliet is dead. He buys a quick-acting poison and goes to Verona. Romeo and Paris meet. Paris soon dead. Romeo drinks the poison. Juliet awakens, uses Romeo's dagger (tragedy).

So you see, it's just like that. Still think Billy was all sense and no nonsense?

Listen and I shall quote, by heart, by gum, some of Billy's lines:

"Buddy, can ye spare an ear?"

Mark Anthony

"Tear it down, Macduff, keed, tear it down"

Macbeth

"Goodyear—ah, dat's de rub."

Hamlet

"Hey, Nonny, nonny."

Much Ado About Nothing

As long as I have done so much about nothing, I'll sign off.

## Supervisors Guests At S.T.C. During Visit To Schools

J. E. Rogers Speaks On  
Recreation In School  
Program

District supervisors from the Western Shore were guests of S.T.C., on December 9 and 10, when they met here to visit the schools of Worcester and Wicomico counties, under the guidance of Miss I. Jewell Simpson, assistant state superintendent in charge of elementary schools.

Among those visiting the schools of St. Mary's County: Miss E. Violet Young, supervisor of the schools of St. Mary's County; Miss Julia Wetherington, supervisor of the schools of Anne Arundel County; Miss Anne H. Richardson, rural supervisor, and Mrs. Grace B. Downin, primary supervisor, both of Washington County; Miss Elizabeth Mundy, Supervisor of the schools of Worcester County; Miss Tempe Dameron, supervisor of the schools of Queen Anne's County; and Mrs. Albert S. Cook, wife of State Superintendent Albert S. Cook. Supervisors of Dorchester and Somerset Counties also attended the meetings.

On Thursday, December 9, Mr. James Edward Rogers, director of the National Physical Education Service of the National Recreation Association conveyed his personal observations of the recreation program to more than 150 persons including county superintendents, supervisors, teachers, and to students interested in physical education. Mr. Rogers is a recognized national leader in the field of recreation and education. Accompanying him was T. C. Ferguson, State Supervisor of Physical Education and Recreation. Physical education books were exhibited for inspection.

The  
Publications

Staff

Wishes

Christmas

Cheer

And

New Year

Happiness

To

ALL