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☆ THE 1942 NEMACOLIN ☆

EDITOR — THEODORE FOOTE

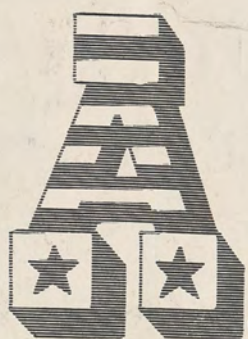
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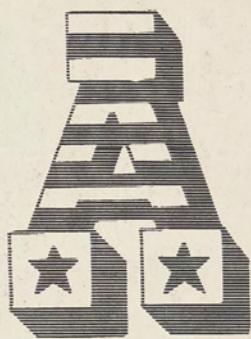
*the common goal is . . . building for
. . . national unity . . . so we . . . the
students of Frostburg State Teachers
College . . . will endeavor to tell . . .
of our efforts . . . in the 1942*

☆ NEMACOLIN ☆

Out of
**FROSTBURG
STATE TEACHERS
COLLEGE**

☆ America calls on its colleges
for its leaders . . . fighters . . . and
builders. We, of Frostburg State
Teachers College, answer the call





MERICA is undergoing changes in all phases of her life. We are working our way through a complex pattern of changes and adaptations. We are facing a new world environment to which we must adjust ourselves. Our nation must strive for and achieve the goals that will preserve our way of life.





Emerson Ridenour and Ralph Swauger Learn To Work With Their Hands
As Well as the Brain by Helping "Chief" McLuckie

THE schools and colleges throughout our nation are striving to build, preserve, and produce a national unity and democratic solidity that will guarantee the existence and continuance of America and what she stands for.

State, as a teachers college, has a very important job to fill, that of supplying capable teachers to the school system of our state. During this past year, we have become a part of an accelerated educational program that is democratically designed to overcome the great shortage of teachers that now exists in the state of Maryland.

"Designed for use in Democracy" should be the trade-mark of all our students who will enter the teaching profession this year. The job facing these new teachers is immense. They have been chosen to guide and build youngsters into good citizens. It is their task to lay the foundation for tomorrow's way of life.

These teachers will play a vital role in the moulding of our youth. They will build toward stronger democracy through understanding and holding what we have been building upon.

Democracy may be referred to as something strong and solid. It is a mass of solid squares that are grouped together to form one large square of tremendous strength and endurance. It is our belief that Frostburg State Teachers College can be compared to that great Democratic Square. Our college is composed of many squares which represent the various phases of college life. When these small squares are considered together, they become one solid group known as "the college."

As a student progresses through his curriculum in the college, he becomes a part of the democratic college life. Slowly, as in the government of our nation, he becomes an integral part of the democratic machine



Mr. Dunkle Obtains Student Viewpoints on School Problems

that operates for the benefit of all. He may be one of the students earning part expenses by performing various N. Y. A. duties that consist of everything from stenographic work to ditch digging; he may be the president, or just a member, of one of the campus organizations; he may be a Student Congressman helping to govern student activities; he may be the outstanding student of the class, or just average; he may meet with our college leaders and plan for the future; he may discuss current events with vigor and zest, or he may just read and listen; yet, no matter what he does, he is one of the all-important parts of the college.

Yet, this body called the college does not operate for its own ends;

through this year it has shown a true nationalistic spirit.

Five hundred books and nine dollars were collected for the U. S. O. Victory Book Campaign. Hours of time were donated by faculty members and students on this worthwhile project to provide reading material for the men in our fighting forces.

In January, twenty-five students and nine faculty members spent thirty hours of their evening time to take the Red Cross First Aid Instructors Course. Later, the student body, taught by those who had taken the instructors course, received first-aid training certificates.

Finally, we must not forget those male members of our student body who are with the armed forces of our nation, fighting on the land, in the air, and on the sea.

Yes, we have dedicated this annual publication to Democracy and the youth of America.

June Hosler, Marion Eilbeck, and Edward Lewis Discuss Current War Events





AS the first of our "democratic squares" we give you that portion of a student's life known as the college.

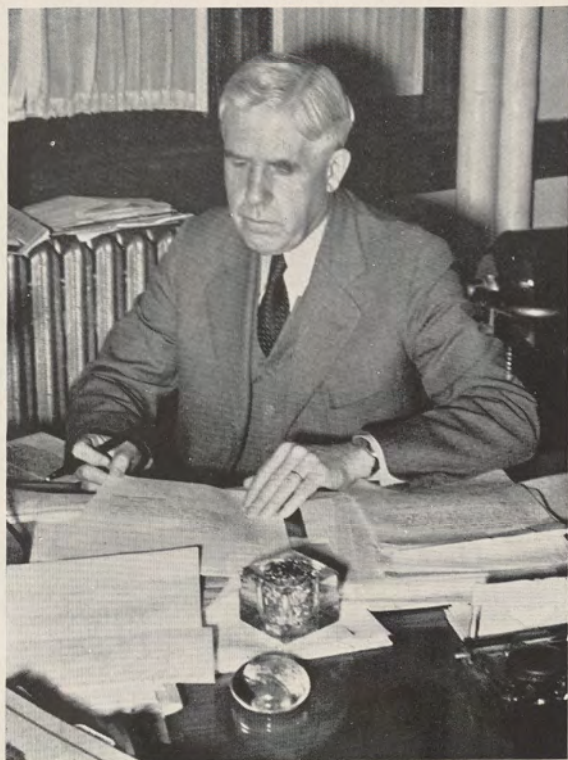
The college is the "business end" of our life. It includes the class time spent doing everything from observing the elementary students at play to finding unknowns in chemistry laboratory.

This important division is the reason we attend college. It is here we meet the president of the college; the brains behind the classes; the critic teachers; the administrative powers; and last, but not least, those who have lived, laughed, studied, crammed, and worked with us—the student body.

May we present, Frostburg State Teachers

COLLEGE

PRESIDENT DUNKLE



TAKE a friendly smile, add a handshake, mix well with a generous dose of understanding, and flavor with a sense of humor—but don't brown in the oven—for this is the recipe for President Dunkle.

Our president was born in Deer Run, West Virginia, and at the ripe old age of fifteen, was teaching in an elementary school. He did not remain there long, however, but began his career as a student and teacher by registering at Shepherds College in 1907. Then he was appointed supervisor in Tennessee and West Virginia districts. In 1908, town supervisor at Port Deposit, Maryland, and, in 1912; and achieved his Master's Degree at Columbia University

through graduate work in 1917. In this same year, he was made a member of Phi Delta Kappa fraternity and appointed as teacher training director at Towson State Normal School. Gee! Sounds like a Horatio Alger, Jr., story, doesn't it? Only the hero's name is President Dunkle, and the story is true.

The year, 1917, was lucky in more ways than one, because it was during this year of teaching that he met Miss Mary Taylor. And she's Mrs. Dunkle now!

In 1923, Mr. Dunkle accepted the principalship of Frostburg State Normal School. Under his leadership, it has grown from a normal school to its present capacities.

Just walk into his office some day and peep over his shoulder. (Don't take this literally.) There are the notes for a speech to be given at the sorority banquet, an important-looking letter from Baltimore, hundreds of invitations lying about, some unopened as yet, the telephone is screaming madly . . .

Well, maybe that is a little exaggerated, but you can get a general idea—he's a very busy man, this President of ours, and yet, if he'd turn suddenly and see you in his office, chances are he'd take time out to discuss any of your problems for as long as you cared to stay.

If we were asked to nominate the man we are looking to for guidance, for help in our job of serving America by entering the field of education—would President Dunkle be our number one candidate? You can bet your life he would!!!

THE FACULTY

SO you want to be a teacher! Or don't you? Well, even if you don't, you want to be a well-rounded American. And the job of building you into a worthwhile personality, of adjusting you to fit into the pattern of America's future—rests a great deal on the faculty of F. S. T. C.

Do they warrant your faith in them? Will you be "well-rounded" when they turn you loose? Well, take a look at them . . .

Miss Hitchins, in the main office, serves as secretary to President Dunkle, irons out the financial difficulties, and, in general, takes care of the business life of the college. The title of junior stenographer designates Miss Tighe. She handles the orders for books, stenciling, teachers' notices—as well as the hearts of all susceptible males. In

Room 8, right across the hall, Dr. McClellan reigns supreme in the kingdom of English. Red hair and genuine journalistic ability are his claims to fame. Just up the hall from Room 8 is located the fraternity headquarters—presided over by Mr. Diehl. One of the dynamic personalities of the campus, he "draws from the daily experiences of those to whom he addresses himself" in order to teach geography to the upper classmen and economics to the freshmen. On the second floor, Miss Shaffer injects pep, vim, and vigor into her history lectures and astounds the juniors with her enormous vocabulary in social studies. Coach Carrington, with a ready grin, serves in two capacities. He teaches government and coaches our athletic teams. However, since men are getting

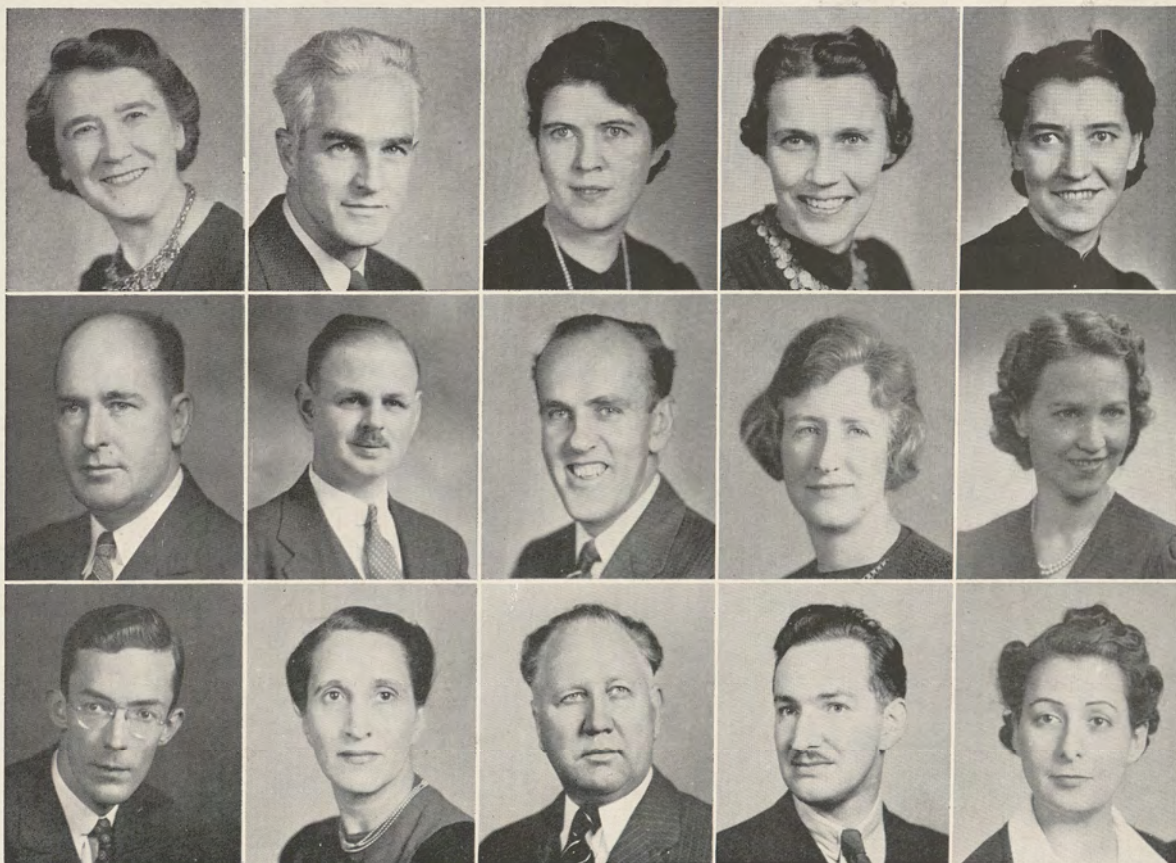
Angela Brady
Ivan C. Diehl
Dr. John Austin Jump

George F. Carrington
Dr. Winslow N. Hallett
Mrs. Maurice J. Matteson

Ann Comer
William Hickey
Maurice J. Matteson

Irene Condry
Helen Y. Hough
Dr. George H. McClellan

Ruby Dahlgren
Margaret Jones
Henrietta Serge





G. Louise Shaffer

Mildred Tighe

Adelaide M. Wall

Dr. Newman A. Wade

R. Yvonne Zenn

as scarce as hen's teeth, maybe he'll just be teaching government pretty soon. Dr. Hallett, a new-comer to the campus this year, has won friends right and left. His rosy cheeks and pleasant manner, no doubt, have helped bewildered students through classes of trigonometry and arithmetic methods. Dr. Wade takes time out from supervising the training school and teaching reading process to the juniors, to look at us quizzically, and drawl, "Didn't I give you that assignment last week?" . . .

"There'll always be an England"—Yes, and there'll always be a music department at F. S. T. C. if Mr. Matteson is as success-

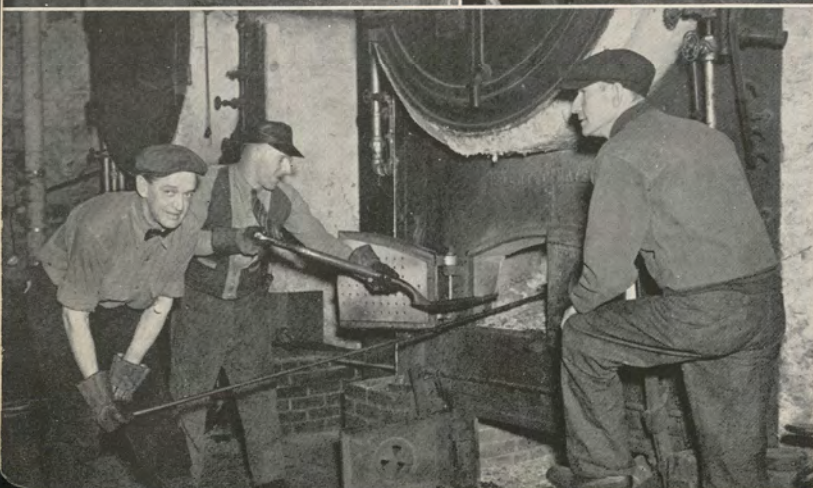
ful in the future as he has been in the past. Under his direction, the Maryland Singers and Orchestra have both developed amazingly. And everybody enjoys music class—except the juniors. Mrs. Matteson is a living contradiction of the theory that you can't be a career woman and homebody, too. She is an able pianist and plays willingly anytime and anywhere. Then, too, she has the job of taking care of Mr. Matteson and the little Mattesons. Dr. Hamrick, our psychologist and chemistry teacher, runs a thread of homespun philosophy through his lectures. Hard-working, conscientious, and intelligent—it may truly be said of him, "Here



Miss Tighe Makes a Sale



The "Calm Before the Storm" in the Dining Hall



Sam, Starkie, and Chief "Keep 'Em Firin'."



Mrs. Haragosh, Miss Murray, and Mrs. Workman Prepare for the Hungry Hordes

is an honest man." The man with the surgeon's hands is Dr. Jump. He uses them to cut-up crayfish in his zoology classes and to illustrate his lectures in biology. He wins real admiration from faculty and students alike by his quiet, unassuming manner and ability.

Modern design—on the ceiling, on the walls, on the blackboard! In the art room, Miss Gray takes full charge, and very capably directs the activities of all would-be artists. Almost any time of the day the swish-swish of paint brushes and the excited chatter of creative genius can be heard in this vicinity.

Left, right, halt! One, two—No, wait a minute, it isn't a blitzkrieg—just Miss Zenn teaching her gym classes to march. A new and enthusiastic addition to the faculty this year, she also teaches the girls to play tennis, basketball, soccer, hockey, to swim, and—whew! running out of breath. But suffice to say, whatever Miss Zenn starts, she finishes—but well!

On the third floor the silence is so profound that you mentally smack yourself for breathing out loud. In the midst of this vast realm of silence, Miss Hough and Miss Comer work diligently. Go ahead and ask them questions—how far is it to Kalazamoo? who wrote Hemingway's latest book? is

Frostburg a low-pressure area?—if they don't know, they'll soon find out for you! In the dormitory Miss Wall is in full charge. She is dietician and also Dean of Women. Between planning all the meals and keeping the dormitory in perfect running order, she's a very busy woman. And keeping a watchful eye on the resident women is a full-time job in itself!

The College Elementary School is a very necessary part of State. Here, the would-be teachers get real training in their profession. Miss Condry initiates the first graders into the rigors of school life—no easy job. A new group of second-graders fall in love with Miss Jones every year. Nobody blames them for that, though. By the time they reach third grade, they transfer their apples to Miss Serge's desk. She, too, is new to State this year. Miss Dahlgren teaches the fourth grade and is the power behind the throne in the Little Theater activities. Mr. Hickey uses the progressive-education system on the fifth graders, who are thriving on their diet, and preparing to grow into nice, big sixth-graders for Miss Brady to handle next year.

Well, there they are—your faculty. Do you, students, take this faculty to be your lawfully appointed guardians until graduation do you part? The answer is, "I do!"

Silence Reigns Supreme as
William Shakespeare Gazes
Down on the "Green
Pastures"



THE SENIOR SAGA



Filler, Roth, Savage, Roemmelmeyer, and Webreck (?) Pose

P EOPLE who reminisce ordinarily do so for one of three reasons—either they are believers in the “good old days”; or they are making a record for posterity; or else they are just trying to remember how they got that way, anyhow. A reminiscence by the present senior class might well be assigned to the last category. And it might well have a title such as “The Battle of the Years.”

Those years were four in number, four that may go down in history as eventful. At least they will for the graduates of '42.

Like all normal students, these graduates-to-be were once the greenest of green freshmen. Like normal students, they entered State Teachers College on a September day, a gray day, offering little encouragement to the homesick eighty-eight. Teas, a corn roast, mixers, and similar activities helped; but it was many a day before the tide of tears in the dormitory began its ebb.

Sophomores are braver people than freshmen. In fact, they are often too brave. In fact, they have been criticized for trying

to tell the world they know it all. Whether or not these were typical sophomores is a matter of opinion. At least, the freshmen of that year were told plenty. That was the year the rat hat first capped the freshman anterior. That was the year the paddle first slapped the freshman posterior. The sophomores had a good time being king for a day. Junior music made rational human beings out of them. But to delay the comments on the junior year—no class can write a history of its goings and comings without some recognition of chemistry lab. That was as much fun as biology lab had been during freshman year—but in a different sort of way. In biology lab they took something out of an animal and made a drawing. In chemistry lab they put something into a test-tube and made a mess. In either case, the odor was an indication of the degree of activity. In either case, the proof of the putting was in the grading.

Grades never seemed to bother them much, however. (There are exceptions to every rule.) They didn't bother them much,

Weimer, Wilson, Eberly, Shade, Shuff, and Davis Glamorize Themselves





Prima Donna Dunn; Stakem and Sheeley; Joe; the Boys in the Backroom; Lammert, Weaver, and Devlin

at least, until the junior year. That was the time when things took a more serious turn. That was the time when professional attitude, methods course, training-school observation, unit, course of study, and similar terms became part of the everyday vocabulary.

Each had its separate meaning. As for a professional attitude, that was something that should have clicked in the conscience when one thought of cutting a class. The methods course was something one "took" this year that—come next year—one could wish one had studied. (The voice of experience. Next year has come.) Then, a training-school observation was a chance to practice writing with a note-book on one's knee—and so it went.

The class of '42 went also—right into the senior year. That was one of those notable passages, the kind that make a coat and tie out of a sweatshirt or silk hose and a permanent out of anklets and a free-as-a-breeze coiffure.

It will be difficult to forget the seniors, for they have four claims to fame . . .

One—they have probably given more parties than any class before or since.

Two—they have lost more men to the armed forces.

Three—they will probably go on record as the largest graduating class at State

Teachers College in a great many years, and . . .

Four—there are already two babies in the family.

Well, and now that we look back on these four years past, reminiscing like anything, we begin to wonder if there wasn't more to it than that—than the fun and the parties and the terrible trials of the training school, than who fell for whom and how long it lasted and why it broke up. Not that all that constitutes non-essentials, but that the fun angle just doesn't account for the way the seniors feel about leaving State. There is not a one of them who would admit to That Sentimental Feeling, but we are willing to make a good-sized bet that not a one is without it.

After all, they came here, these seniors, four years ago as raw and inexperienced boys and girls, fresh out of high school. At State, they grew up, became men and women, and citizens of the world. They owe much of their personalities to State, much of whether or not they succeed in a trying field. It **was** fun, four years of college, and none can deny that. But none can deny that what they are today and will be or hope to become can be attributed to those four years. The seniors leave with high hopes to face a world in need of educators, and with fond memories and deep regret at having to go away.

JUMBLED JUNIORS



The Juniors Give Us That Far-Away Stare
From the Science Building Steps

ONE bright September day in 1939, a group of happy, smiling faces presented themselves before the prelates of State Teachers College at Frostburg. But that was in 1939. Of course, they were initiated into the college circle as were their predecessors and their successors, and, of course, they became a part of the college the hard way. It seemed to be the only way it could be done well and efficiently. After the kinks in their spines had straightened out and their bruises had healed over, the scared little group assumed a little of their former self-confidence. They even managed to smile between work-sheets and classes with Mr. Diehl. Soon their seriousness began to wear off around the edges; they were beginning to become normal human beings again. Times were getting better for all they had to do was work, eat, and sleep. Their worries just didn't exist. True, not many of them knew what it was all about, but that didn't

matter because they didn't have to know what it was about. They were put into their pre-arranged little rut and told to stay there. Everything was under control as far as they knew. "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do or die!" They did, because heaven knows they did not die.

Yes, back in the good old days everything was all smooth and sound, but that was back in what are now almost the dark ages. Anyway, the freshmen as of then worked hard, just as every other class before them. They proved that they weren't any less brilliant than those before them; in fact, they tried to prove that they were the greatest bunch of freshmen that ever had the privilege of attending State Teachers College. Maybe they weren't so far from being wrong, either. Just the same, time marched on, but not without the class of ?. They had done

all that could be expected of any freshman group; so the faculty decided to entitle them the privilege of being called sophomores. So sophomores they became. But still they were in their same little rut. Even if that rut's occupants had changed—maybe they grew up, who knows?—it itself had not changed.

Another year in the life of this group was slowly but surely passing. The innocent faces were blossoming into the realization of full-blown man- and woman-hood. But yet their worries were few and far between excepting those as precipitated by classes. They were proceeding according to the schedule laid before them when they entered the institution. Hard work and happy days concluded another year in their lives, but little did they know what was ahead of them. Forever they passed from the smug little world of sophomore, for

now, in 1941, they were the jolly juniors. This year started out like any other year. Lessons to be done and responsibilities to be fulfilled loomed before them just as before. Of course, there was a change, too. Our juniors were now in the professional school. They had a definite purpose ahead of them because they were to become the teachers of tomorrow, and they had to be trained accordingly. Because they were starting on this long and arduous journey, the juniors had a certain degree of honor to uphold.

But then came December 7, 1941. War! And then the new year of 1942. Rumors began to circulate about the dire shortage of elementary teachers. What were we, a state teachers college, going to do about it? More and more rumors. Our juniors began to worry about what was really going to happen to them. Obviously they would be made to bear the brunt of the situation. All this time no one heard anything official. Then, one day in January Mr. Dunkle cleared up the whole matter. Yes, the juniors were the ones to be caught in the web. They would have to go to school all summer and then go out to do cadet teaching in the fall of 1942. On the surface this didn't sound so bad, but the surface did not count. It was

underneath all this that trouble began to rear its ugly head. The juniors were to be deprived of ever becoming seniors except during that short summer session of 1942. In the autumn, when they would have been seniors by rights, they would be doing actual teaching out in the schools of the counties. While they would be doing this teaching, they would be drawing a salary, but they would still be enrolled in the college. The whole thing seemed rather confusing. They take senior subjects in their junior year and don't ever take some of the senior subjects. These, our once happy, jolly, juniors, are now both coming and going at the same time, but half of them are still confused concerning where they will end. Maybe it is not as awful as it seems. War is sometimes inevitable; one single human being cannot avert it or its cause. When war comes we must accept and comply with the needs of the conditions attending it. Maryland needs teachers. We are best fitted to supply them even if it does upset our apple cart and jolt us out of our rut. Maybe a few jolts like this would do a world of good for us. But enough of this moralizing. Defense or not, cause and effect, reason and why; the juniors are still definitely jumbled, but happy.

"V for Victory in Education" . . . Wishful Thinking Among the Juniors





Grinning Sophomores Gaze Down Knowingly at Our Cameraman

SERENE SOPHOMORES

THE scene was State Teachers College; the time, September 1940; and another class was entering this institution of higher learning. Fresh from the victories and the glories of their high school, they came to conquer greater laurels in the field of higher education. Having endured the hardships of initiation, these freshmen, now with full rights and privileges, found themselves a part of the college. They put their noses to the grindstone and worked as only they knew how. This life was different and it was difficult. But they were to be repaid, so they say. As a part of the college, they made themselves known, some as actors, some as musicians, and others as athletes. But their greatest triumph came when they were designated as men and women. At last—at long last—they had grown up.

The first semester came to an end. This new experience served as an incentive for greater achievements, and they continued

to make a new chapter for themselves in the history of the college. The days passed swiftly until all of a sudden June was there. A whole year had gone never to return, and the same had happened to a whole school year in their lives. But it had been wonderful, to some.

Then came September, 1941. Having been admitted to the inner sanctums the hard way (and the only way), they settled down to the normal happy life of a sophomore. But they had acquired a reputation that was in need of upholding, and they did not let themselves down for they were as good as they could be. Work had not been alleviated, however. They plowed and squirmed their way through the drifts of many a work-sheet; they lived through many a class—enjoyable and otherwise. Indeed, they proved themselves equal to anything, within reason, as had those before them.



Wise Sophs Give Us an Atmosphere of Scholarship . . . or Something

Under the guidance of their able class officers, this bold band of sophomores, the largest class group on the campus, has made an impression on the college. They haven't done anything that was particularly out-of-the way, but rather, the little things they did counted. The myriads of little things sponsored by the sophomores have each contributed something to the furthering of the campus morale. For these things, they are to be lauded.

War came in the midst of this school year. To fulfill its demands, the college changed its entire program. Along with the juniors, the sophomores had to change their plans too. They, the last group to do so, will have a whole year of cadet teaching just as the class ahead of them will. They, too, will have no class because they will never have seen the life of a true, really-and-truly, senior. But all of this does not worry this bunch of serene sophs. They realize what must be done, and, as could

be expected, they are willing to cooperate with the college's requests.

However, don't think these sophomore specimens have done nothing but goody-goody things. They like their fun, too. They have skipped when they shouldn't have; cheered like mad at the Potomac State games; politely swore at sophomore English; dozed in the day-room; and even had members who "went the wrong way."

Yet, another college year has become history (just as chemistry lab). They have found in it inspiration and unadulterated enjoyment as well as exasperation and employment. It has been a year of adding knowledge and wisdom to that meager store they have already acquired; a year during which another brick in their educational foundations had been laid.

And who are they? Why, they are the wise, sagey, and modest (?) sophomores.

Responsible, but they wouldn't admit it, for the actions of the sophomores were Edward Athey, president; James Gibbs, vice president; Rachel Lovell, secretary; Ancil Sites, treasurer.

Dr. McClellan's Grades Are Met With a Variety of Expressions



FRENZIED FRESHMEN



Seriousness Prevails as the Freshmen Work for Miss Gray

FRESHMEN are not expected to know much about college—in fact, they are not expected to know much about anything. As a pleasant introduction, all green newcomers were herded about the campus during Freshman Week to a round of teas, corn roasts, and informal mixers, to give them the impression that if this was college, it was wonderful. Well, while Freshman Week lasted, it was.

Even then, however, vague rumors concerning hazing began to circulate. Upperclassmen everywhere were radiating school spirit and good fellowship in their most patronizing manner (and what an upperclassman does not know about patronizing isn't worth telling). Then the new order went into effect—freshmen began to live in terror for their lives. Big Brother and Big Sister suggested that it might be wise to memorize the contents of the newly-arrived handbook and to purchase immediately one of those queer little black and gold hats some people were already wearing. (Black and gold was chosen because, of course, they are the colors of the Free State, where Toleration is a household maxim; and also because the

hats cost twelve cents and were sold to the freshmen for fifty cents.)

During the reign of terror, all "rats" who could be found after lunch each day cheered, sang, played air-raid, or marched around the campus pounding on tin pails with sticks, or carried lighted lanterns and bricks, proclaiming to the world at large that they were RATS. If such action did not meet with the approval of the upperclassmen or passersby, the martyrs were bombarded with acorns until the performance improved. And the better the performance, the more often it was demanded, in true democratic fashion.

A kind of high tribunal was conducted every day or two. After shadowy fugitives glanced over the list of offenders' names, they sighed with relief or sought the comfort of fellow offenders before hiding again. At the appointed hour, the wrecks of what had been confident freshmen entered the court room to receive sentence. Howling mobs gathered on the campus to hear the victims yell when paddles were wielded energetically; to pound on the unfortunates who played leap-frog in the grass or nosed acorns across a finish line. The skinned knees and noses thus incurred, the dislocated bones, the unsittable sitters, and the sundry other mishaps, were regarded as part of the great game of life.

Then the whole thing ended as soon as it began. Freshmen began to act like human beings again, the males began oiling their muscles for the traditional tug-of-war, the females began to date the sophomores. The erstwhile rats were pulled through the icy winter mud in the tug-of-war and showed their appreciation of the treatment they had so well merited by throwing a party for the victors.

But then the rats as were became free men again and were no longer regarded as strange new creatures which had somehow strayed on to the campus and spread cholera. They settled down to a normal routine. Already many of them could look back with tolerance and even amusement on the trials

and the tortures they had endured; already rat hats had taken the place of "The Dying Indian" on dorm walls; and already the now-free freshmen were planning their course of action with regard to next year's rats . . .

Gradually, the freshmen joined the campus organizations—everything from the Little Theater to the I. R. C. had its quota of frosh members. Freshmen athletes did the teams proud on soccer field and basketball floor. The musically talented found their way into the Maryland Singers and the orchestra. The fraternity and sorority saw fit to rush some of the erstwhile ineffable freshmen.

By the time spring came on, the freshmen were as much a part of the college as were the seniors and juniors and sophomores. Having been beaten into submission, hounded and driven and tortured and humiliated in innumerable ways, the frenzied freshman began to see that the world was not all a bed of roses and came to accept it for what it was and was to be for the next three or four years: college. He began to assume his responsibilities to the campus, and to do what he could to be friends with the upperclassmen. Slowly, he won his place and tenaciously he clings to it. Next year's freshmen have much to expect from their

predecessors. Credit must be given to this little group for trying so hard and succeeding so well.

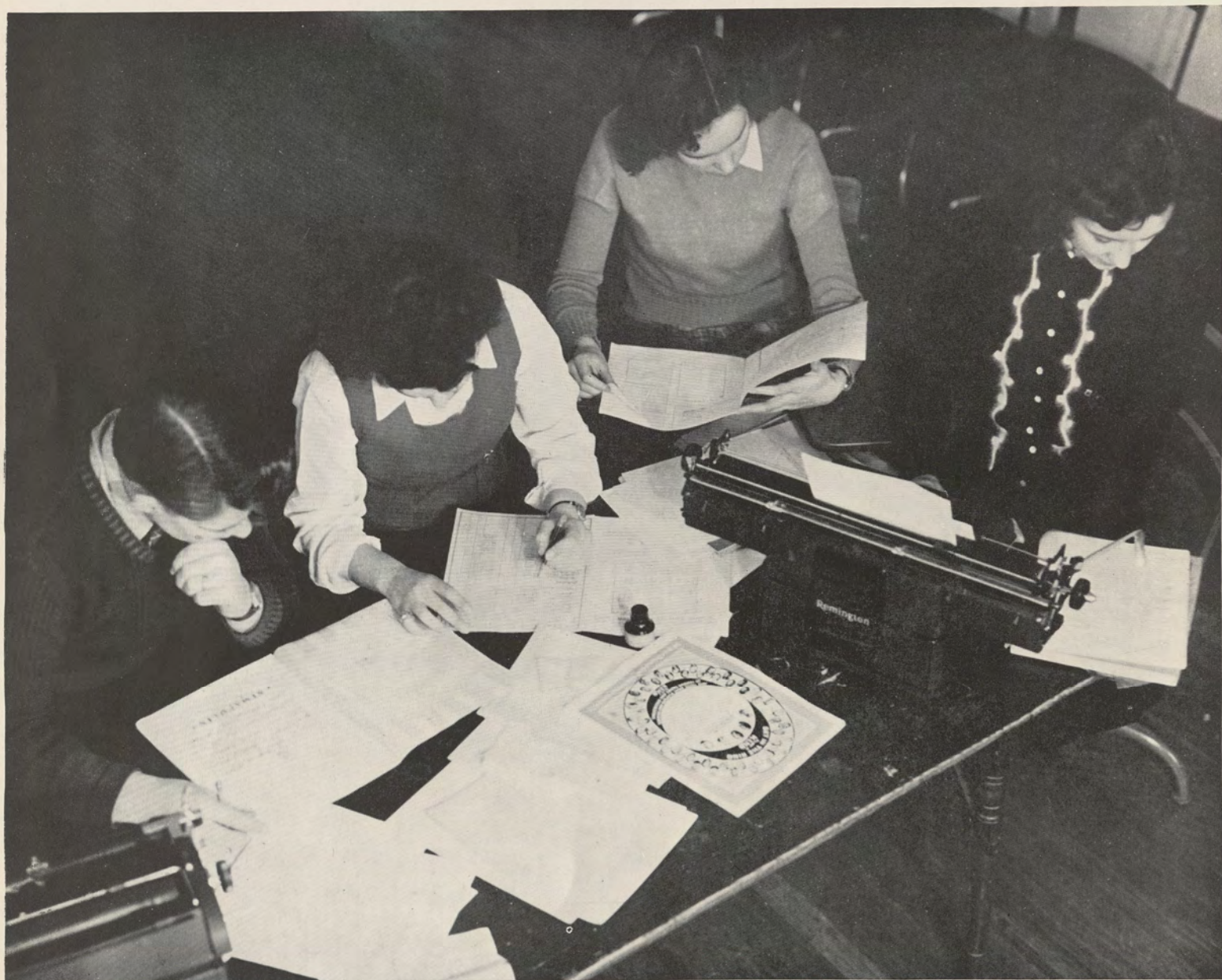
It takes courage to get to be a sophomore, and the Class of 1944 has it. After the first wild rush of hazing passed, and classes and knowledge and homework and rules became part of the freshman's life, he settled back in his comfortable routine. Then the war struck close to home: Bob Stevenson, the president of the freshman class, went into the Naval Reserves. And then, the acceleration program knocked the freshman's happy plans for a loop. But he took it like a man, and is co-operating with the administration in every way. The abolition of student N. Y. A. was another set-back to many students, and the freshmen have had to face that, too.

During all their trials and tribulations, they have been guided by President Bill Williams, who followed Stevenson; Edith Crowe, treasurer; Ruby Hoffman, secretary; and Dale Duling and Bettie Price, section representatives. Proud and free, the freshmen look forward to the day when they will be sophomores—serene and unmolested; when economics and biology are things of the past; and when some other timorous frosh looks at them and says, "Cheese it, a sophomore!"

*One Year's
Hoping we remain
locker pals*

Not a Garrett County Reunion, But Just the Freshmen Basking in the Sun





ACTIVITIES—when we hear this word we think of something involving action and energy. In college life, activities mean just that. They include that portion of college life that occurs when our organizations and clubs are at work.

We believe that our activities involve real democracy. All of them are group developments. It is the group cooperation and the desire to accept a certain amount of individual responsibility that keep them alive, active, and worthwhile. True, many times the organizations have relied on the work and the effort of a few, but they are those who lead the group. Yes, democracy needs leaders and we are developing them. Every student who has attended Frostburg State Teachers College has taken part in at least one of the campus activities.

We present the second of our college democratic squares:

ACTIVITIES



This Is One of the Few Times the Editor "Looked Up to" the Literary Staff

WAY back in October of 1941, the group assembled in the above picture began its long and arduous task of putting together this yearbook. They were high-hearted, enthusiastic, and more than willing to help make this issue of Nemaclin, if not the biggest, certainly the best issue ever. Pencils poised, cameras focused, and advertising itinerary neatly planned, the brave little group set out. What befell them is another matter—a long, and somewhat sad saga which, praise be, ended in—we like to think—success.

We met and we conferred and we met and conferred again—and again and again. We posed for the photographer until we had cramps in our necks as well as in our tempers. When the photographs came back, bright and shiny and truthful, we howled. Those that fitted nicely into the layout played vicious tricks with our figgers; those that flattered us were outsize; those that pleased the staff displeased everyone else; and vice versa and so forth, interminably, it seemed.

Mildred Webreck's advertising campaign, that covered all of Western Maryland and Garrett County, began inauspiciously with small ads from here and there. Gradually, it gained momentum, and the yearbook found itself out of the red and in the lovely, deep, deep black.

The Nemaclin

We thought . . . Then it came about that due to priorities, National Defense, and the numerous exigencies of the time, the price of Nemaclin would have to be raised. The business staff, however, met the crisis manfully, and the student body responded like the generously co-operative group that it is.

So, well into February of 1942, Nemaclin had funds and pictures, and the literary work was shaping up. It remained for the articles to be polished up to Nemaclin standards and for the contracts to be made with the printers. As we began to look forward with confidence to the uninterrupted progression of our brain-child, the printer found that he could not accept our contract. Woe, indeed! What to do? A dark cloud of gloom enveloped the entire staff of the yearbook. For a while it seemed that there might not be a yearbook at all. Then, Mr. Rose of the Herald Printing House (Piedmont, W. Va.) came to our rescue. Eventually, it was all arranged, and we, with many sighs of relief, set out to complete the most difficult task of all—that of writing, actually getting down to the little clicking keys and batting out the "copy."

Well, to recount all that we went through would take more pages than we have at our disposal. Suffice it to say that we toiled far into many nights.

The Business Staff Pauses . . . Before Rushing Out to Gather More Ads



Student Congress



It Must Have Been a Good Joke, Ed!

CONGRESS? Yes, a student congress; composed of representatives of classes, clubs, and organizations. Democratic? Of course, and we are really proud of it. In fact, we deem this organization the "center cog" of our college machine.

It is our Student Congress that regulates and formulates our activity calendar. They tell us when, and how, we may have a dance; they apportion the activity fund; they control the birth or death of an organization according to its benefit to the student body; they regulate student policies; they approve, or disapprove, constitutions; in fact, they do everything that a student governing body could possibly do.

This year, they sponsored Parents' Week-end that made it possible for students, parents, and faculty to become acquainted. They sponsored Campus Day that gave all interested high school students a chance to see our college in

action. A student group composed of two students from each class was sent to New York last spring to attend the convention of the Eastern States Association of Colleges. This delegation included Elizabeth Everline, Rachel Carey, Marjorie Railey, Janet Wishard, Sarah Jones, Joyce Brandenburg, Marian Wintermyer, Wilhelmina McClain, and faculty representative, Ivan C. Diehl.

The Congress this year, as before, was always ahead of the student body by at least a semester. That is, plans were made in advance for any activities that were to take place. Constant planning and arranging details were always being argued out in Mr. Dunkle's office after the regular class day was over.

The officers of the congress were William Saylor, president; Lloyd Marshall, vice-president; Beulah Walter, secretary-treasurer; Mildred Webreck, acting president—fourth quarter; Adelaide M. Wall, G. Louise Shaffer, and John L. Dunkle, advisors.

If Our Student Congress Can Look This Happy, Why Should WE Worry?



The Fraternity

IOTA Alpha Sigma, the only Greek-letter fraternity for men on the campus, has for its purpose the development of leadership and scholarship in its members. Would-be members must be good sports, friendly, popular, and cooperative before they are completely accepted. They must also have a scholastic average of 2.0 or better to be eligible.

The fraternity can always be relied upon to sponsor one of the most interesting dances of the year, usually in the spring. It also sponsors a home-coming dinner and a Christmas party. Without exception, in the merry month of May, the fraternity members splurge. They have a formal banquet—tuxedos, beautiful girls, corsages, and all the trimmings. In the meantime, they have special entertainment at all of their regular meetings.

This year, the fellows have really enjoyed themselves. However, they did not

exist for merely the fraternity itself. During Freshman Week, Iota Alpha Sigma shared the responsibility and expenses with the sorority toward giving a party for the freshmen. And too, they maintain a loan fund for the use of the men of the college, a very commendable project for any organization to undertake. Group first-aid instruction was given weekly to all members during the second semester.

During the first semester, the officers were Ralph Roth, lord admiral; Joseph Shockley, rear admiral; Conway Matthews, chancellor; Harry Keller, watch; Marvin Bell, exchequer. Second-semester officers were Joseph Shockley, lord admiral; James Gibbs, rear admiral; Ancil Sites, chancellor; Ralph Roth, watch; James Davis, exchequer. Late pledges not included in the photograph were Dale Duling and Howard Blank. Ivan C. Diehl is the faculty advisor.

The Fraternity Men and Mr. Deihl . . . and Anything Can Happen!





The Sorority Gals Give You Colgate Smile, Number One

The Sorority

PHI Omicron Delta is the only sorority on our campus. These grinning gals have three definite aims: to stimulate musical talent; to encourage scholastic achievement; and to promote social life. Say all this in one breath and you'll find it's quite a mouthful—and it's no mediocre policy, either!

These sisters of the Greek-letter list maintain their scholastic ideals by requiring prospective members to have at least a "two-point" average. Their pet interest, however, is music, and to further their cause, they annually sponsor a competitive music contest, open to high school seniors and college students, the prize being a scholarship in voice or piano study. They combined their aims this year and sponsored an assembly program consisting of musical numbers by all of the members of the sorority. These gals really stepped out when they presented their radio broadcast which consisted of numbers by some of the talented members.

Since the membership of Phi Omicron Delta is limited to twenty per cent of the women on the campus, we found a select group of pledges parading the campus this year, decked in white and purple, curtsying to their future sisters, and addressing them as "Miss." Pledge week afforded quite a week of social affairs, including hay rides, bowling, movies, concerts, dances, and a formal banquet.

At Home-Coming, the Phi Omicroners gave a luncheon for the alumni members. Last spring group first-aid instruction was held weekly.

The powers behind the Greek Alphabet were Emely Wilson, delta; Elizabeth Everline, vice-delta; Leah Stakem, phi; Adlyn McLane, omicron; Martha Eby, guard; and Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Matteson, advisors. New pledges this year were Marion Eilbeck, Ellen Lovell, Betty B. Wilson, Helen Stakem and Rachel Lovell.

Music Makers

MUSIC Makers, that's what we call them. Really, they are the Maryland Singers and the College Orchestra, the largest organization on the campus—over half of the students in the college are members.

Their program for the past year reads like a full-time job. In October, the group, in conjunction with the Little Theater, presented the Parents' Week-end program. December came, and a radio program was presented by part of the group; later came public presentation of the now famous Carol Services which feature student talent. In February, the singers participated in a concert of the Cumberland Music and Arts Club held at the Centre Street Methodist Church; soloists and a program of great choral works were featured. The big feature came in April

when the group played host to the State Convention of the Maryland Federation of Music Clubs. At this convention, the campus buzzed with members of the musical world. In May, the group provided the music for the commencement program. Besides these, assembly programs were presented, an informal party was given, and the Winter Carnival dance was co-sponsored. "Gosh," you say; we agree with you—they really work together, these Music Makers.

In conjunction with Maurice J. Matteson, the director, the club leaders were Theodore Foote, president; Adlyn McLane, vice-president; Velma Richmond, secretary; George Chidester, treasurer; Martha Eby, librarian; Mrs. Maurice J. Matteson, Nina Weaver, and Marion Eilbeck, pianists.

The Maryland Singers Listen (With Their Mouths Closed) While the Orchestra Tunes Up





Council Chiefs Confer in Quietude

IT is 8:05 A. M.—zip, the doors of the college are flung open and commuting students (have it your way, then—day students) rush into college life. Their college day begins with their first class, or at least, it should, and ends anywhere from twelve noon to twelve midnight. When not in class, they can be found in the library browsing among the books (and sometimes studying), on the campus, in the day-lounge, in the shower rooms, in the men's room, in the office, at a meeting, in Mr. McLuckie's tool room, or just roaming through the corridors and rooms.

These day students are governed by a legislative body called the Day Council. It is made up of two representatives from each class and a faculty advisor. The Council included Francis Lammert, president; Anna Davis, vice-president; Louise Wilson, secretary; Marian Wintermyer, treasurer; and members Bill Williams, Leroy Himmelwright, and Charles Gover. G. Louise Shaffer is the advisor.

The council began the school year with a program of activities aimed at the freshmen day student. These included a tea and several mixers sponsored in conjunction with the House Council. Early in November, a spaghetti dinner was held in the day lounge, followed by a dance in the gym, where the members worked off the dinner.

Day Dodgers

At Christmas, a gift party and a dinner were held in the decorated lounge. Everything, from a real honest-to-goodness Santa Claus to a turkey with all the trimmings, was there.

Last spring, the Council in partnership with the Resident Students' Council, held a Spring Swing, a semi-formal dance with a bright spring motif. Also, the spring brought the planning and arranging of another social calendar for the coming year.

To culminate the year, a picnic was held that was attended by everyone, including the busy little Western Maryland ants.

Time for Afternoon Siesta in the Day-Room



The F. T. A.

EDUCATION, a career, an understanding, a purpose. That is what the Future Teachers of America say. This club, the Benjamin Franklin Chapter of the National Education Association's F. T. A. groups, believes in interesting young men and young women in educational careers and promoting a richer understanding between students and teachers.

The F. T. A. plays a large part in bringing the State Teachers College at Frostburg to the attention of groups of high school seniors throughout the state, seeing to it that these young people obtain a clear picture of the teachers college, as it is today, and the opportunities which exist in the field of elementary education.

On the campus itself, the F. T. A. is one of the most active of all the student organizations. In addition to its regular meetings, at which problems of modern education are frequently thrashed out, this year the F. T. A. obtained speakers well-known in educational circles; secured a flag and a flag-pole for the college, and made plans for the beautification of the campus. Furthermore, the F. T. A. obtained stickers and stationery carrying the college seal which were offered for sale to the student body. A party was also squeezed in—the merry Hard Luck Party that was held on Friday the Thirteenth.

The F. T. A. officers were Mary Filler, president; Betty Greenya, vice-president; Mary Weimer, secretary; Lloyd Niland, treasurer; and John L. Dunkle, advisor.

President Dunkle Tells the F. T. A. 'ers How to Keep Away From W. P. A.



Conway's Saying, "C'mon Fellers, Do Your Gripping Inside 'The Gripe!'"

The Gripe

GRIPLE—a strange name for the college mimeographed student opinion paper, isn't it? Yet, that is what Matthews says it is—plain and unadulterated. He should know.

This journalistic classic, resurrected from the remains of the ill-fated Topper, appeared on the campus whenever conditions warranted its appearance. Its contents were wide and varied. It included choice bits of student opinion (passed by means of the "grape-vine"), poetry of a sort, short short stories, faculty impressions and depressions, nose news, and campus cartoons.

When we speak of something democratic, this Gripe is our idea of a good example. It was born from the dust of a filing cabinet and relies on student contributions for its life-blood. It is young (began February, 1942) and its strength increases with each passing stencil copy.

The slogan of this masterpiece goes something like this, "If something disturbs you, write it up, toss it toward the staff, and if it's Ripe, it's Gripe." Wouldn't that grab you?

The powers behind the groan were Conway Matthews, editor; Nina Weaver, business manager; Edward Shaffer, assistant business manager; Josephine Reichard, ace typist; Ted Foote, art editor; Kate Lang, ace contributor; and a group of the college's foremost "gripeists."

Resident Realm

THE resident student's day, on the other hand, begins at seven, and for the women, at least, ends at ten-thirty most nights. (The resident men are free as air, having only to be in the dormitory at mealtimes.) Between classes, the men hie themselves to wherever it is that resident men seclude themselves in their off-hours, and the women congregate in the dormitory lounge to smoke and knit and chatter—and sometimes even to study. The living-room of the dormitory serves as “front parlor” for the residents—magazines, radio, sofas, and a general homey atmosphere are here. And it was in the living-room that the freshmen first came to know the faculty; the House Council sponsored a reception and tea for faculty members and in-coming students which helped greatly in making the poor little freshies feel at home. It is in the living-room that most of the resident social life goes on—dates are met, broken, arranged, and exchanged there; a card game is usually in



Resident Students Collect in the Living Room to Gather Gossip . . . and Dates?

progress. If you're lonesome, try the living-room.

The House Council, one of whose good deeds we mentioned, is the governing body for the resident students. It represents them to the administration, formulates resident rules, and co-operates generously in getting the resident body what it wants. If you are a resident student and have a gripe, see the House Council. In addition to its legislative duties, the House Council sponsored several

teas last year, and co-sponsored the Joint Council Spring Swing. The House Council president was Rachel Carey; Marjorie Railey was vice president; Adlyn McLane, secretary; and Conway Mathews, treasurer. Class representatives Betty Butler, James Gibbs, Hilleary Rockwell, and Marvin Bell did their duty admirably. Miss Adelaide Wall, the social director, is advisor to the resident women, and Professor Diehl plays guardian angel to the men.

The Resident Student Government Discuss Their Problems in Miss Wall's Apartment



4-H Club

PROBABLY no organization on the campus comes in for so much razzing and does so much worthwhile work as the 4-H. Its membership is serious and gets things done; members regard the 4-H as an integral part of their lives, in college and afterwards, which is more than can be said for most of the other campus organizations. In the school, the Parents' Day reception, the Christmas party, and the sunrise service may be credited to the 4-H, and so may many other campus activities. There's a refreshing whole-heartedness about the people who belong to this club, and it's not the kind of bovine wholesomeness that too many commentators attribute to them. They really mean what they say, these 4-H people; promotion of health, pureness of heart, willing hands, and clear-thinking head. When there's something to be done, the 4-H quietly pitches in and does it. The dances are well-organized, the to-dos are smoothly planned; and it's all done without fanfare.

Officers guiding the activities and services of the club were Helen Lechlitter, president; Jessie Bryant, vice-president; Joyce Brandenburg, treasurer; Myra Ruth Snyder, secretary; and Helene Hansel, program chairman.



4-H Members Gaze Appraisingly at President, Helen Lechlitter

Y. W. C. A.

THROUGHOUT the world Y. W. C. A. groups have been organized. Frostburg State Teachers College can boast of one of the best among them. A common spirit unites those who are fighting for "the desire to realize a more creative life in a growing knowledge of God." The method of achieving this goal is through seven ideals that have been set up. The seven ideals are: beauty, truth, love, faith, knowledge, health, and service. As a result, the members hope to defend the principles and truths that make men free.

There are many opportunities to develop those high ideals, to stimulate lasting friendships, and to lay a foundation by studying vital economic and religious problems of interest to all. Every woman student is permitted to become a member of this organization. Because of this fact, its membership is usually high, and there is a greater possibility to develop leadership in those who perhaps would have fallen behind.

Since many of the college students have joined the service, there has been a campaign to collect books for their personal benefit. The Y. W. C. A. became active in this work.

Much of the splendid work carried on by this organization is due to the efforts of its officers. They are Betty Roemmelmeyer, president; Beulah Walter, vice-president; Hilda Wetnight, secretary; Adlyn McLane, chorister; Thelma Manahan, pianist; and Margaret Jones, faculty advisor.

The Y. W. C. A. and Their Right-Hand Man, er Woman, Betty Roemmelmeyer



French Club

FRANCE may be bowed under a tyrant's heel and her glorious literature come, for a time, to an end; but her language will never die. It is the language of the poets, the language of love, the language of liberty. And State Teachers College does its part in keeping alive this tradition through the agency of the French Club.

State has no foreign-language department, and so the students who are interested in keeping their French fresh and growing have formed the club. They hold all its meetings in French, and have a grand time. No courses here; no papers and workbooks and grades; just the fun of forever adding to their knowledge and knowing that they are accomplishing painlessly something fine and useful.

The members of the French Club have frequently invited guest speakers to their meetings, and interested faculty members and students drop in just for the fun of it. An organization such as this club gives the students, as well as the faculty, a new slant on the business of learning: for the French Club people, it is vital, alive, and forever growing. And no one can quarrel with that!

Dr. John Austin Jump, the faculty advisor, and Betty Lee, the president, are the mainstays of the French Club, but each and every member contributes a large share to the organization. Long may the French Club live! "Vive la Francaise!"

Parlez-vous Francais? Well, They Do



The I. R. C.

WHAT'S going on in the world? What are we doing and why are we doing it? What are we most likely to be doing ten years from now? No, these aren't twenty-dollar questions, but just elementary samples of the sort of questions that any member of the International Relations Club can answer in a flash. I. R. C. members really keep up with the world; current events are their meat. They are concerned with our twentieth-century, topsy-turvy world in an active, positive way. The I. R. C. has sponsored several worth-while assembly programs, and through the I. R. C. the college library receives many sound and important books about contemporary foreign and domestic problems. Last November, a representative delegation from State attended the Regional Conference of International Relations Clubs at Lehigh University, and engaged in stimulating panel discussions of vital current affairs. Sponsored by Miss Louise Shaffer and guided also by its president, Sarah Jones; vice-president and program chairman, Lloyd Niland; and Betty Everline, the secretary-treasurer, the I. R. C. is one of the most worthwhile organizations on the campus. And anybody's welcome at the meetings—as long as he has something worth listening to to contribute.

If the World Would Only Listen to the I. R. C. . . .



Little Theater

LIGHTS! Places! Curtain! And loud applause for the Little Theater. It is the group that brings Broadway to the Alleghenies, and fun and more to the students and audiences of the State Teachers College. What the group lacks (if anything) in professional polish, it makes up for a thousand times in enthusiasm. From the lowliest curtain-puller-backer to the star of the show, every member of the Little Theater has his (or—naturally—her) heart in the work. It is one of the best examples of team-work on the campus.

Producing a play is no small task; props must be accumulated from somewhere, costumes have to be found, the right actor must be found for the right part—and not too much money spent for it all. Where shall we get a tall, thin red-headed man with green eyes and a Southern accent? Who has a parlor melodeon? The heroine has to be able to sing and to play the mandolin. We need someone to play a small boy and someone else to be an eighty-year-old woman. And these are just a few of the problems the Little Theater has to struggle with.

Is it any wonder, then, that they are proud of themselves when the audience cheers their performances? Last spring, the audience got a surprise of the first order: six members of the Little Theater—male and (horrors!) female—shared an apartment for three months. It so happened that these kids were driven to join forces thus because

of the lack of economic security. The braves were Lloyd Niland, William Moody, Hillary Rockwell, Mary Larkins, Martha Eby, Theo Carnell, Rachel Carey, Eleanor Eisel, Charles Gover, Edison Harley, Bill Ryan, and Charles Lizer. But all, we assure you, for art's sake! For the sharing occurred only in the play, "Out of the Frying Pan." Needless to say, it was one of the most successful performances ever given at State . . .

In addition to presenting Broadway hits to Frostburg audiences, the Little Theater can claim its own personal playwright—Dorothy Lindamood, whose "Love for Christmas" was given at the beginning of the holidays.

As a part of the dramatic program of the college, the Little Theater enabled college students to attend "Life With Father" when it came to Cumberland. They sponsored jointly the Winter Carnival dance. They can be credited with the Mothers' Week-end play, "The Man Upstairs." And furthermore, the Little Theater can be credited for the widespread and active interest in the theater that there is on the campus of the college.

Guiding the group in its enterprises are Eleanor Eisel, president; Earl Savage, vice-president; and Betty Stewart, secretary. Members of the college faculty and of the college elementary school faculty are always active in the Little Theater, too.

The Little Theatre Group Emotes Before the Camera





Press Club Awaits the Orders of Editor, Louise Wilson

Press Club

WHO finds out who is doing what before they do it? Or isn't that good English? Anyway, the answer makes sense—the Press Club!

Louise Wilson held the office of president with Sarah Jones, vice-president; Margaret Winner, secretary; Dorothy Lindamood, treasurer; and Lloyd Niland, program chairman, as her assistants.

Although a mere infant on the campus—having just been born last year—the Press Club has already been responsible for many of the snoops—or scoops—in the local newspapers and school papers.

One of the most worthwhile projects this year was the sponsoring of a defense stamp drive, the proceeds of which are to be used as scholarships for the college. And that isn't all—this club has also provided a way for students to help in the national emergency by collecting paper, aluminum, and other much needed articles.

But as to the members themselves. Every nook and cranny of the college is searched carefully by these amateur sleuths. They pounce on any living bit of news they can find and send it, still alive and kicking, to the newspapers.

So if you see your name in the paper or suddenly realize that that's your picture staring out at you from the front page, you'll know who's behind it all.

Press Club, take a bow!

Training School

MOST of the interesting notes on the training school belong in a special column—one of those Brilliant Babble of Babes, or Childhood's Cheerful Chatter.

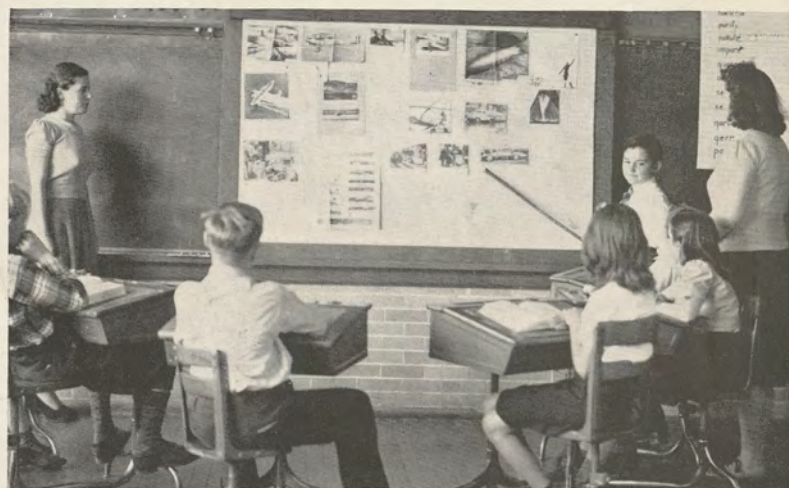
The College Elementary School begins to have an active place in the life of the student during the junior year. Before that it's just what one can pick up at the congregating sanctums about the latest pranks of Billy Jones or from contacts at the receiving end of a snowball fight.

But during the third year one becomes practiced in the arts of folding and unfolding black chairs, maintaining a poker face during observations, and conducting picture studies in the various grades.

As a senior, one has the real chance to see what this teaching business is all about. It is then that the training school becomes the proving ground. And its democracy is not to be questioned—

This year, the juniors, too, had their chance. Their training school, however, was not here at the college. Elementary schools in Frostburg, Cumberland, La Vale, Lonaconing, Cresaptown, and Mt. Savage served as their testing domains.

Dunn, Weimer, and DuVall Do Some Practice Teaching in the Training School





WILD cheering . . . victory . . .
or defeat . . . hours upon hours of
practice and drill . . . tryouts . . .
class games . . . college champion-
ships . . . friendly rivalry . . . cher-
ished uniforms . . . trophies . . .
jammed cars filled with players . . .
rifle clubs . . . committees . . . hours
of planning . . . celebrations . . . ban-
quets . . . coveted letters and medals
. . . Yes, this is Athletics.

Our college democracy with all
the important democratic squares
and divisions, would be incomplete
without that one known to all by the
simple name . . . athletics.

During the past year, the entire
nation has become health conscious.
Our men and women must be phy-
sically fit to meet the demands of
war-time life. Here at State, we have
done our best to guarantee that all
understand, and practice, healthful
development, physical as well as
mental.

We present to you . . . Frostburg
State Teachers College and

A series of eight small, five-pointed stars arranged in a circular pattern around the word 'ATHLETICS'.

ATHLETICS



"Well, It Wasn't My Fault It Went In!"

NATIONAL Defense" seemed to be the all-important key-note for the season in all realms of activity, but the bright spot in the whole picture was the order that all colleges should continue their sports programs, even to a greater extent than before the outbreak of the war. On all sides we heard the call, "Are you doing your part?" Back came the answer that at Frostburg State Teachers College the basketball program was doing its best to keep men physically fit for Uncle Sam. Even before the season opened, the team did its part by lending Johnnie Meyers to National Defense. Also, on Uncle Sam's roster may be found the names of many other former "hoopmen."

Then, too, we hear all about the different priorities. For example, we hear that Coach Carrington has a priority on the deans of women at the various colleges. Even his son (pardon me, I mean Jake) is on the priority list, but it's the "1-A" list.

All of the "boys," (well, most of them, "Howie") got a Valentine's Day present from you know whom. It was a momentous tagging party, and each one was given a number. All of this put an uncertain note on the future of basketball, but here's hoping! If in doubt, see Shockley.

The squad was evenly distributed as far as height was concerned. Even Junkins had company when Howie Nesbitt enrolled,

Basketball . . .

and, thus, the team had the slight range of from five feet plus to the short six feet five of "Hank" Bell.

For two consecutive games the team average soared at the coveted "1,000 mark," but for reasons unknown (maybe sabotage) it suddenly hit the skids, and (censored). Seriously, though, the team deserves real praise. From comparative scores with last year, they did better against the "tough" teams, had hard luck on the easy ones. After the primary obstacles of "good" referees;

Remember This?—Potomac State Game—Wow!





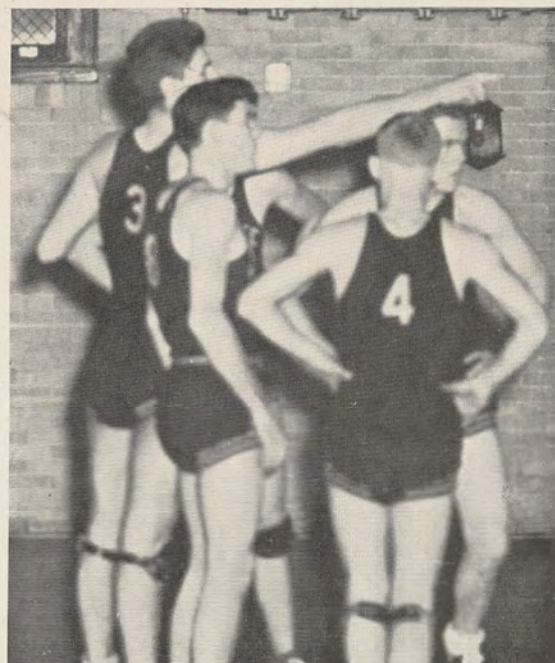
Ed Athey, Coach Carrington, and "Hank" Bell Lay Plans for Men's Athletics

the fouling out of Brode, Bell, and Athey; and the one-point defeats were overcome, the team had a chance to find its footing.

We must not forget the "little brothers" and "old buddies" of the team. (Yes, we mean the JayVees.) They, too, had a share of hard luck, but we still feel loyal to them. Someone said that if they'd fight as hard for Athey as they do against him, they'd be tops.

The 1942 basketball season, passing in review, gives us—

Frostburg	Opponents
75	Shenandoah - - - - 24
56	Shenandoah - - - - 24
35	Potomac State - - - - 38
41	Shepherd - - - - 47
32	W. Va. Frosh - - - - 44
44	Westinghouse - - - - 41
28	Loyola - - - - 46
39	St. Francis - - - - 40
39	Shippensburg - - - - 50
61	West Liberty - - - - 76
42	California - - - - 61
61	Shepherd - - - - 40
42	Potomac State - - - - 33
46	St. Francis - - - - 28
68	Johns Hopkins - - - - 36
50	California - - - - 49
55	Towson - - - - 21
<hr/> 796	<hr/> 714



"That Thar" Fellow Over There Is the One—Watch Him"

A Corner of the Stands at a Tense Moment





"Goalie's View of a Penalty Shot"

Soccer . . .

and the players feel the urge to play democratically. The development of athletes who live together is the key-note of any coach's aim.

Coach Carrington soundly implied a fighting and determined squad with the ideals of good sport. He alone must be given credit for his masterful handling of his men. He will long be remembered for his exerting work in making Frostburg State Teachers College a collegiate power.

The outstanding climax of the season was the hard-fought victory over our most honored rival, Towson. This 2-1 victory gave State the undisputed State Teachers College Championship of Maryland, as Salisbury Teachers also met their "downfall" in their game with our "Mountain Booters."

Frostburg		Opponents	
2	Towson	- - - - -	1
0	Loyola	- - - - -	4
0	Slippery Rock	- - - - -	4
3	Carnegie Tech	- - - - -	0
2	Salisbury	- - - - -	1
<hr/>		<hr/>	
7			10

POISE, agility, and self-determination made each individual soccer player, that played for State in the season of 1941, a master of the game of kick or get kicked, a great success. To "Little Jack" Junkins and "Wille" Shuff, we must stop to commend them for their soccer ability par excellence. Our men were against great odds the past season. After losing several key-men to the armed forces, State still continued her uphill march to gain honors of the field. We can not forget the outstanding soccerites who booted us to victory on the grassy turf.

A defeat is not bad if a game is well played, if sportsmanship was courteous, and if the game was hard-fought. A game of soccer resembles life in one of its athletic stages, a life in which democratic rules exist

Front Row: Blair, Foote, Pagenhardt, Junkins, Peretti
Back Row: Swauger, Athey, Sites, Brode, Blank, Kilduff, Carrington, and Coach Carrington





Coach Demonstrates to Williams, Oglebay, Duling, Harley, Wolford, Nesblitt, Baker, Kilduff, Rockwell, and Peretti

Baseball . . .

IN these modern days of war and world problems, baseball can be one of the best upholders of public morale. Indeed, when we think, "How lucky we are to be free to play baseball in these times of drastic limitations," we cannot forget the more cheerful ends that we have gained playing baseball in the past years. It is true that team spirit and the ideals of democracy were practiced and played on the baseball diamond to their greatest extent.

The necessity to "Keep 'em flying," "Keep 'em rolling," and "Keep 'em floating" have taken their toll of baseball stars. In other words, State has suffered the effects of the draft (we don't mean Frostburg winds, either). The Mountaineers were on the high road to glory in athletics. They will adeptly continue on this road of glory even if it is sighted down the barrel of an army rifle or through the bomb-sight of a flying fortress.

The 1941 baseball season was, without a doubt, Frostburg's greatest ever. Not only was the team the undefeated league champion of the Tri-State Intercollegiate Base-

ball Conference, but in all games only four defeats were suffered.

This past year brought about the rise of newer men, freshmen and all, into our baseball limelight. Although they met with defeat, we believe that we should give them credit for "keeping that old pill flitting around the diamond as it was in years gone by."

Although "gone from these portals," we believe that these men should go down in our "Hall of Baseball Fame": Joe Wagner, Johnny Meyers, Bill Merriman, Hal Conrad, Hank Bell, Jack Thomas, Willie Shuff, Fred Sacco, Jake Carrington, Peck Eisentrout, Ed Athey, and John Thomas. All of these men have helped place the laurel wreath of baseball glory here at State.

Games to be remembered this year were those with St. Vincent, Shepherd, Indiana Teachers, St. Francis and Fairmont.

All Games Are Re-Played Here



Sportswomen . . .



Eldridge, Nevy, Lechlitter, Coblentz Demonstrate
Shin-Wacking Hockey

ATTENTION! Up, down, In, out! Left, right! Forward, march." Yes, the Women's Recreational Association is on the march. Calisthenics has become an important part of the training or physical-fitness program of the women on the Frostburg campus, and the marching and drill formations have made impressive sights both for students on the campus, as well as outsiders. However, they have not aimed primarily at securing impressive sights. The women feel that they have a contribution to make toward defending their nation on all fronts. Our preparations for physical fitness are colored by war and its demands. They realize that these times demand fitness, not the fitness of fighters only, but the fitness of all.

The women feel that they need a few endurance tests and have been only too willing to welcome them into their program. Marksmanship has been another test for the

women, since riflery has been introduced as an all-important sport.

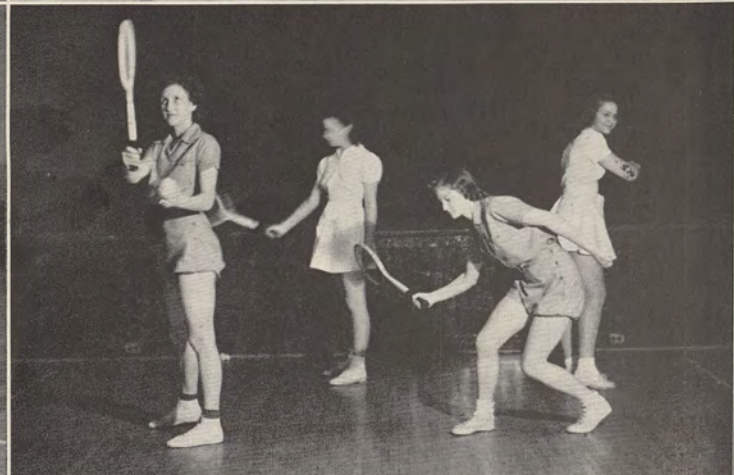
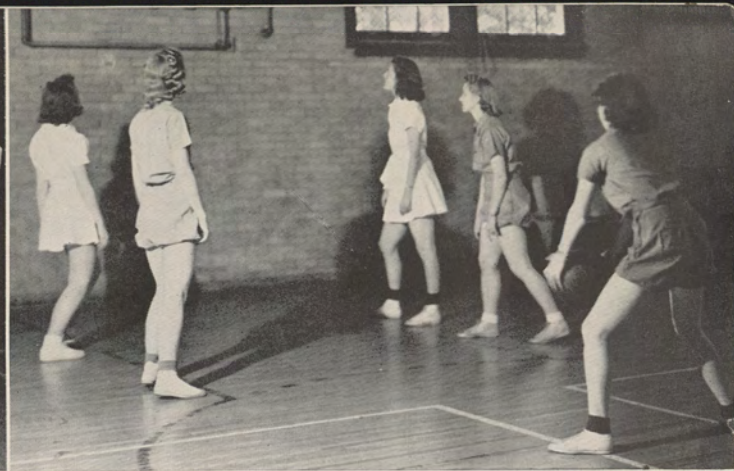
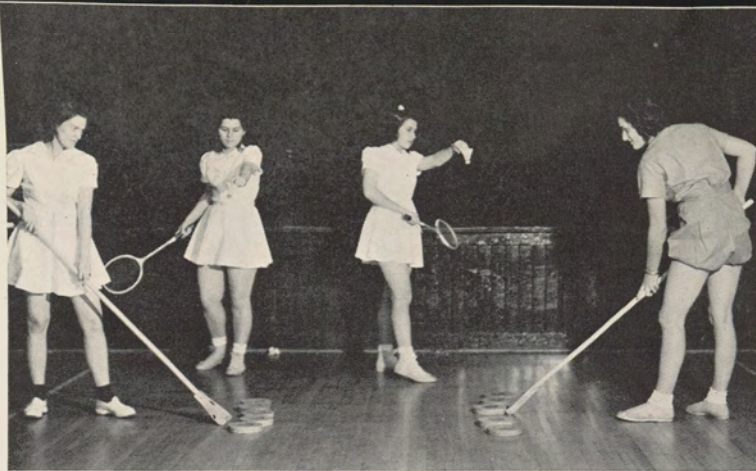
Hiking cannot be stressed too much, and the W. R. A. advocated all types of hikes, a favorite being the "chain" which often culminated in a picnic supper at a beautiful grassy spot in the Maryland hills. Following the singing of medleys, the group would walk home in the moonlight.

The women of Frostburg State Teachers College have tried to set up as democratic a program as possible because they feel it is most essential in these trying days. Last May, 1941, two carloads of women, then members of the Women's Athletic Association, embarked for Summit Hotel, Pennsylvania, where they formulated plans for the current year. Last November, the association changed its name to the Women's Recreational Association which is the modern trend.

During the year, a Constitution was formulated and adopted by the association. A Hand Book was published for the benefit of the women of the college, as well as for high school students, alumni, and others interested in the association. The women also arranged and adopted a record system of participation in recreational activities based upon democratic principles.

These Are the Gals Who Contrive Those Parties and Activities for the W. R. A.





Panorama of Some of the Sports of the Women's Recreation Association

Besides hiking and riflery, the women have participated in the following individual and team sports throughout the fall, winter, and spring seasons: hockey, tennis, soccer, swimming, bowling, badminton, ping-pong, shuffle-board, basketball, archery, volleyball, horseback riding, and softball. During the badminton season an important highlight was the visit of Mr. Jack Purcell to the campus, who displayed various skills of the game. "Play for Play's Sake" is the goal of the W. R. A. "A sport for every girl and a girl for every sport," is their motto.

Tournaments were sponsored in both individual and team sports. Badminton, basketball, riflery, volleyball, ping-pong, shuffle-board, and baseball seemed to get the largest following. Each member of the association was credited with a certain number of points for her participation in practices and tournaments. These points were all totaled and recorded, and will enable those securing them to obtain a scholastic letter "M" after a certain total has been reached.

The social program as well as the activity program is very important in the eyes

of the college women. A social chairman and two assistants, along with a special committee who arranged a social calendar, helped make the year 1941-'42 a social success. During the year, both the women's and men's athletic groups assisted in sponsoring the annual corn roast, a Halloween party, a Jamboree, and the annual May Dance. In February, the W. R. A. held a "Cupid Serenade Informal Dance" at which time the Sweetheart of the Campus was named and honored. The women have also held rallies within their own group and have entertained and been entertained by other colleges at play days.

The Women's Recreational Board comprising twenty members is one of the largest governing bodies on the campus. In addition to the advisor, president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and club chairmen pictured on this page, other members of the board were: Ann Devlin, Mary Louise Larkin, Rachel Lovell, Beulah Walter, Adlyn McLane, Harriet Brode, Wilhelmina McClain, Helen Fuller, Helen Parks, Helen Corwell, Helene Hansel, Betty B. Wilson, Betty Whitworth Robinson, and Betty Greenya.

CAMPUS LIFE



Cross-Cut Section of Life at State

IT'S a five-day 120-hour week, and you can't study all the time. Well, you can; but it isn't encouraged—ask any senior and he'll tell you that a C-D student stands a much better chance of getting a job than an A-B anomaly. Anyway, the richest part of your college experience is the social life, developing your personality, shedding teen-age inhibitions, and adopting the professional attitude. State is mindful of this and has provided the student with every opportunity for personal development: Campus Life does the trick.

Say you're a fresh freshman, down from the wilds of Garrett, or up from the lowland marshes of Hagerstown. That little gnawing fear that you'll be left out of things disappears the first day. You'll get adjusted fast. Hazing, they call it. For at least a week, the school is a mad-house. Paddles whack the innocent freshmen on the—front lawn; skinned noses push acorns for miles. In every hall-way a cornered freshie sings the school songs lustily and makes speeches on "Why I Like the Sophomores."

Air-raid warnings are the signal for timid freshmen to fall flat on the ground, while the more courageous ones view the night lights of Frostburg from telephone poles.

So finally you get into the swing of things, black and blue and happily adjusted. There's a Mixer coming up, and Llewellyn Smartenbrot asks you to go with him. Llewellyn is the junior with the shoulders and the frat pin, it's your first State date, and you already have one warning for talking to him on the phone during study hour. As a matter of fact, it's love, and dreams of a campus romance dance through your head, somewhat impeded by the Law of Gaseous Interchange, diminishing returns, and the "Old Locomotive." Gloriously confused, you find yourself in the gym, where dreamy dance music is provided by Luke Zender's Solid Senders (a four-piece job that's really in the groove). Llewellyn disappears soon, and you're dancing with his best friend who rips your net skirt while demonstrating the Bunny Hug. You make for the side-lines, and get into a conversation with an impressive-looking lady who asks you if you belong to the 4-H. You confess somewhat shamefacedly that you don't as yet, but that you intend to join. By the time Llewellyn comes back, you're bubbling over with good news.

A Pretty Girl Must Have Passed!





From the Portals of the Girls' Dormitory to the Men's Recreation Room, It's State

You're going to learn to milk a cow with one hand and whip up a spring suit with the other! Llewellyn is properly enthusiastic and you spend the rest of the evening dancing dreamily, or fiendishly, according to the music. After taking just one more look at the moon, you rush back to the dorm two minutes after eleven—in time to get another warning. (What happens to day students is another matter; they roam as free as air and never go to bed at all.)

This formal stuff, however, is only a small part of your personality development. Much more typical are the noon-hour gym jams, where high and low, rich and poor, whiz and grind, meet and mingle and dance to the juke box. The juke box has an extensive collection of the latest records, includ-

ing "Chattanooga Choo-Choo," "String of Pearls," and "I Dowanna Sedda Wall Ofiah." At periodic intervals, the machine breaks down, your partner releases you abruptly, and yells "Make it out!" The boys and girls come out from behind the curtains on the stage and take up the cry. By the time it's fixed, the bell rings and you're back in class. You gaze at the teacher with as intelligent look as you can muster, scribble notes diligently, and hide your chewing gum in the back of your mouth. One hour later the bell rings again and you dash off to your NYA job, and then go upstreet. By the time you get back, you just have ten minutes to wash and dress for the Mixer. This is the outdoor supper held every year so the student body can get acquainted munching corn off the

cob and eating with their fingers. Of course baked beans spill down over your vest, but you wash them off with coffee, and keep on singing until the bonfire somebody has built is down to its last dying ember.

Tuesday night you decide you're going to the library and really study for that stiff

President Dunkle Stands in Line at the Alumni Tea



test that's coming up Friday. You study diligently until some one comes over to your table and tells you that Bob Hope is at the movies. Besides, you have until Friday for that test. You dash back, get a late special from the Dean, sit through ninety minutes of Bob Hope, Chevrolet advertisements, newsreels about Florida beauty contests, and an All-Technicolor short about "Gassy Grasshopper." The lights go up, and there are ten of your friends. Amid hoots and hey-look-at-its from the male element, the eleven of you dash off for a coke and a hot dog at the College Shoppe where the campus intelligentsia has foregathered to discuss world problems to the accompaniment of: "Did you see Mary with Joe last night? Is she going with him again, fahgos-sake?" "Who's taking you to the dance Sardy night?—he is? Well, HONey, dinchu know?—he asted Susie first and she wunt go with him!" "Say, migod, will you look who's with Frances tonight?" "I said to him, if you're going to make remarks like that, maybe you'd better get another girl insteda me, I said, and he got so mad!" "Well, I don't care; she's a stuck-up, big-mouthed—hoo, there she is! Hello, honey, c'mon and havva coke with us, why donchu?"

Exhilarated by the conversation, and your mind tingling with intellectual curiosity, you hurry back and do your economics assignment. Somehow it doesn't seem to go so well, and you decide to apple-polish Mr. Diehl. You hate to have to refuse another date with Llewellyn, but you have to hand in a special report for Mr. Diehl, and so there's nothing doing till Friday night. Then there's the Little Theater play.

This brings us to a consideration of the cultural side of Campus Life. The purely social side follows the above pattern throughout



What Goes on After Classes Are Over!

the year, with only occasional seasonal changes—you roller-skate at Crystal Park and have a falling good time. You sleigh-ride up the mountain singing lustily and keep your mouth open so long you freeze your tonsils, you skate, you bowl, you play basketball and attend innumerable games—basketball, soccer, football, hockey—and watch the Jayvees lick the stuffing out of Chattahoochee Tech, Snedeker High, Gen. Ulysses Grant Elementary, and Sanger Pre-School, in that order. That little blonde over there on the front row of the bleachers goes steady with the captain of our team. Yeah. And see this brunette over here? She goes steady with him, too; that good-looking man down there with the team is our coach. No! He's married. Hand me another pack of gum—that man out on the floor doing all the running is the referee. What did you say? WHAT? I can't hear a word you're saying!—somebody must have made a score—oh, I dunno which side . . .

But the cultural aspect. The Little Theater play is always one of the highlights of the year. You sit palpitating in your seat while the hero stabs the villain and kisses the heroine or the heroine stabs the hero and kisses the villain, or—well, anyway, you palpitate. The actors may be amateurs, but you'd never know it—and it's not that

Campus Pulchritude Without



you're prejudiced, either. No sir! As far as you're concerned, they're tops!

The concert course features frequent musicales, which some people attend in evening dress to uphold the dignity of the institution. This regard for the amenities is further exemplified by the politeness of gum-chewers in leaving their sticks of gum at home. You couldn't exactly hear a pin drop, but there aren't the coughs, swift, clever snapping of gum, and cellophane cracklings that are heard on "game" nights. If the artist pleases you, or even if he doesn't, you applaud vociferously and don't desist until he comes back on the stage, a trifle embarrassed, but obviously tickled to death. His encore is usually "Ave Maria," "Intermezzo," or "Dark Eyes." And when all this is over, you get the bobby pins knocked out of your hair and a scratch over one eye, trying to get near enough to get his autograph. But don't worry about the scratch. That'll be taken care of in First Aid class tomorrow when your best friend (or the person you thought was your best friend) pours oil of vitriol into the wound to be sure it's clean.

In addition to organized culture, you will encounter, not only as a freshman, but during all your years at State, myriad opportunities for stimulating conversation about the arts and sciences. Music in the gym every noon hour interpreted by the musically elite, illimitably versed in the finer points of modern composition; literature as discussed ten minutes before the bell rings in the hall outside Mr. Diehl's room; the theater, and many gay evenings of talk about Abbott and Costello, the Lanes, and Robert Carson; science—take heed: many's

Sophomores Watch Gleeefully, But the Freshmen Just Watch



Campus Pulchritude Indoors and Out

the senior who made a C in biology and elements without cracking a book: you, too, can succeed! Religion—"Why doesn't Marlene go to the Methodist church anymore?" "Well, that certain fellow isn't in the choir now." Dancing, sports, necking—no student, not even you, need fear that he or she will be left out of things. One year at dear old State will furnish you and you and you with an intellectual and social background unequalled in any teachers college on the Eastern Seaboard. Study is not all!—Personality, my young friends, is our aim, and Campus Life is what'll develop it.

Special Notice!

The State Teachers College at Frostburg is offering two scholarships to the State Sanitarium at Sykesville for the man and woman juniors who have maintained a point-average of 3.4 or better during their freshman, sophomore, and junior years. Additional requirements: non-membership in Phi Omicron Delta, student government associations, athletic organizations, 4-H, Y, Iota Alpha Sigma, Maryland Singers, Orchestra, Little Theater, Nemacolin, Topper, FTA, International Relations Club, French Club, and Press Club.

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IT is with pleasure and gratitude that we present this next section of Nemacolin. Do not expect the story of outstanding college events, athletics, or campus organizations. However, do take heed, on the following pages are examples of the true American democratic spirit.

We present to you the individuals and groups who have helped to make this yearbook, the nineteen hundred and forty-two Nemacolin, possible. Read these following pages, they represent the faith and trust of various people in Frostburg State Teachers College and its students. Democracy is cooperation; this section signifies cooperation between students and business.

Take a bow,

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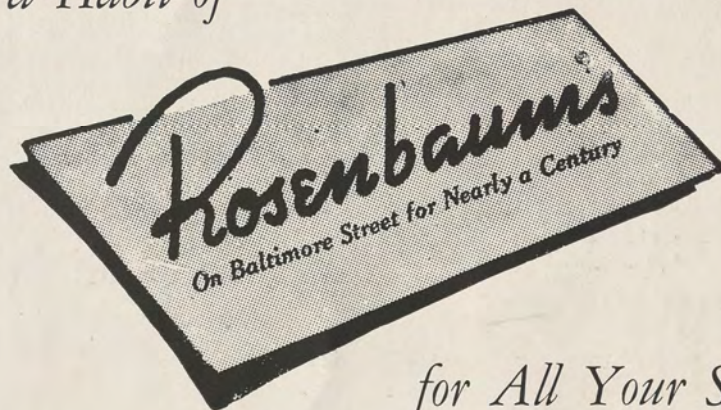
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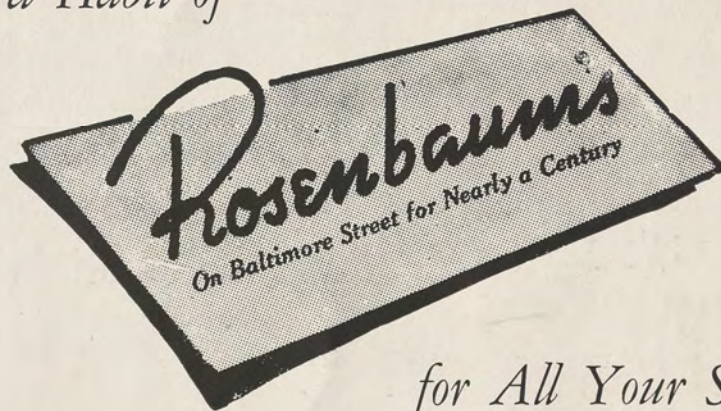
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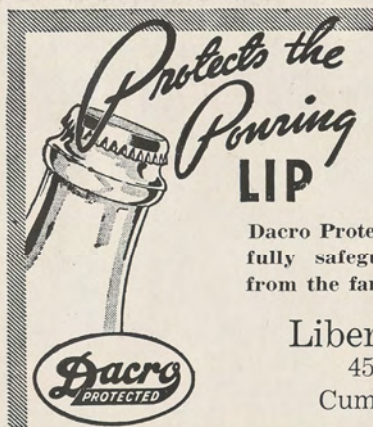
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