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Looking back

Once upon a time, the scene in this photograph from the College archives was a vital part of academic life at Trenton State College. Do you know what's going on here? Is it sociological research into how many college students it takes to park a car? And what advice is the woman on the right giving? Those who can explain when and where this picture was taken, who is taking part, and what is happening are asked to write to: The Editor, *TCNJ Magazine*, Green Hall 202, PO Box 7718, Ewing, NJ 08628-0718.

Miss Bray gave us our start

I found the article about Miss Bray (spring 2005) interesting. I was one of her boys, and had great respect for her. I'm grateful, too, for she was instrumental in getting a first job for Margaret Hower Grohmann '33 and myself. We both owe her many thanks for taking us to Bogota, NJ, to try out for the music position opening up in 1933. We both taught a class and were subject to interviews.

The town had been paying the previous music teacher \$2,900 a year. They decided to more or less split that amount in two and hired us at \$1,300 per year. And so we got a start. A \$100 a month salary was not very much, but we managed. And so we are grateful for Miss Bray's help.

Franklin Grapel '33
Cottkill, NY

Corrections: In a letter in the autumn/winter issue of 2005, we mistakenly gave the late Herbert Treuting's first name as Tod.

In the spring 2006 issue on philanthropy, in an article on RaShawn Adams, we reported he had served as an adjunct professor at TCNJ for nine years, when in fact he had provided book awards to students in TCNJ's EOF program for nine years.

We regret both errors.

That sonnet's missing lines

Congratulations for "The Way It Was in 1910" (autumn/winter 2005). The poem on page 22, however, is tantalizingly incomplete. Could you forward a copy of the complete poem to me?

Theresa Ward '80
Edison, NJ

Editor's note: While our intentions were good, our research was flawed. Edith Cooper '10 included in her memory book a clipping of the sonnet, which we quoted in the article. What we failed to do was to check the original source, the February 1910 *Signal*, which would have revealed that the last three lines missing from the clipping were printed on the following page. In fairness to the anonymous author and *The Signal* editors, here is the full text:

On Our Literature Class

*When we consider
how our days are spent
In writing foolish themes
on this and that,
On which Professor Austin flunks us flat
We long to give our outraged
feelings vent.
To 'Fessor Secor's office we have bent
Our footsteps; there uneasily we sat
To drop our English
was what we were at.
Professor Austin, quickly, to prevent
That murmur stern replies:
The school requires
Each Senior must have
eighty points to pass;
The English course each one must take
in full.
Who cuts his English classes,
the school fires,
Who flunks the course at once drops
from his class,
They only graduate who have a pull.*