April, 1936

ALUMNAE ISSUE

Specialized Services in the Teaching Profession . . . Hazel Davis
Our Yesterdays: In Two Reels . . . Vergilia Sadler
No Matter What Time Takes from Us . . .
Virginia Gilliam
Alumnae Home-Coming . . . Rachel F. Weems

THE READING TABLE

FILM ESTIMATES

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SPECIALIZED SERVICES
IN THE TEACHING
PROFESSION

THERE are two ways in which we might think of this topic of specialized services in the teaching profession. One would be to canvass the different kinds of work done for the schools, to try to estimate the number of people engaged in each of these different lines of work, and to consider some of the characteristic features of each.

Another way to think of specialized service in the teaching profession is to consider ways in which the regular classroom teacher may specialize within his own position. The teacher who presides over the third and fourth grades, or the one who teaches science and mathematics in the high school may both become specialists in the particular grade level or subject they teach. And in addition each of them may render a special service by developing some professional enthusiasm.

Survey of Numbers in Various Types of Work

When we try to survey the types of work in education and the numbers of people employed, several questions are raised for which we have no answers. No one knows just how many employees work for the schools. We do know that there are over nine hundred thousand teachers, principals, supervisors, and superintendents in the public schools and that they carry on a fascinating variety of activities. More than two-thirds of the total number are classroom teachers in the elementary schools. In that group of about six hundred and forty thousand, you have more than ten thousand kindergarten teachers and about ten thousand teachers of classes for children with physical, mental, or social handicaps. Some teachers in elementary schools specialize in manual training, physical education, home economics, art, and music. In some school systems the older subjects of instruction such as reading, arithmetic, penmanship, and the social studies also are departmentalized. There is no basis for even a guess as to the number of subject specialists in the grades.

In the secondary schools there are at least two hundred and thirty thousand teachers. There is no way to divide that number exactly among the subjects in which those teachers specialize, although a rough estimate can be made, based on the National Survey of the Education of Teachers. It seems that English is the favorite subject. If this audience were made up of a hundred representative teachers of high-school subjects there would be about twenty-two of you who teach English, thirteen who teach mathematics and thirteen who teach some one of the social studies. Those three fields of English, mathematics, and social studies would take nearly half of the audience. Foreign languages and sciences would account for twelve each and commercial work...
for ten. The next largest groups would be home economics, with six teachers; trades and industry with four; health and physical education with four; and two for agriculture and forestry. Art and music each would have one representative. Of course the National Survey’s report included many teachers who divide their time among two or more subjects. Dr. Marjorie Rankin counted heads in fourteen city school systems and worked out figures that are not very different from those of the National Survey. The accompanying table compares the two sets of figures.

PERCENT DISTRIBUTION OF HIGH-SCHOOL TEACHERS BY MAJOR TEACHING FIELD, IN TWO STUDIES

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<tr>
<th>Teaching Field</th>
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<td>History, sociology, economics</td>
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<td>Biological sciences</td>
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<td>Physical sciences</td>
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<td>Commercial work</td>
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<td>Business and commerce</td>
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<td>Home economics</td>
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<td>Home economics</td>
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<tr>
<td>Trades</td>
<td>7.8</td>
<td>Trades and industry</td>
<td>4.2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Physical education and hygiene</td>
<td>7.3</td>
<td>Health and physical education</td>
<td>3.9</td>
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<tr>
<td>Music</td>
<td>3.1</td>
<td>Agriculture and forestry</td>
<td>2.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Art</td>
<td>4.9</td>
<td>Music</td>
<td>1.6</td>
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<td>All others</td>
<td>3.0</td>
<td>Art</td>
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The classroom teachers of all levels account then for nearly ninety-five per cent of the educational staff of the public elementary and secondary schools. To make up the total you have about fifty thousand others, in local school systems and state departments of education, who do little or no classroom teaching. They are the superintendents, principals, vice-principals, deans, counselors, psychologists, research workers, coordinators, visiting teachers, curriculum experts, heads of departments, supervisors; and assistant supervisors. It is through this group that some of the most interesting experiments and innovations in school practice are being developed.

Beyond all of these workers I have mentioned, who are definitely a part of the
teaching profession itself, there are members of other professions and specialized occupations who serve the schools. Among them are the school architects, accountants, engineers, doctors, dentists, nurses, and librarians. We have no estimates as to how many of these employees there are, but the number must be considerable.

Specialization Within the Regular Professional Assignment

It is in the great city school systems that this bewildering array of specialists is most likely to be found. In a state such as ours, where there are few large cities, we naturally find less division of responsibility. In the small school system there are the teachers, the principals, two or three supervisors, and the superintendent. This group has to do all of the professional work which is provided. It is that situation which suggests the other type of specialized service which was mentioned earlier, the professional sideline.

In one small high school in the Middle West, one of the five teachers was a young man who was interested in the individual problems of his students. He found himself becoming an unofficial counsellor and vocational guidance worker. It was such a satisfying experience to help boys and girls in this way that he gave hours of his own free time to this service. The principal was wise enough to recognize the opportunity for his school to have a much-needed professional service which was mentioned earlier, the professional sideline.

In your own experience you have known of many such examples of the teacher who carries a “spare tire” in the form of some special qualification. There was the science teacher whose orderly mind could not endure the confusion of the neglected school library. In trying to get the books in usable condition she became interested enough to devote some time to the study of library practice and to get the library on a working basis for the first time.

There was the teacher of the fourth grade who made a hobby of geography pictures. She collected such a file of fascinating pictures of places and people that other teachers began to contribute items as well as to borrow for their own classes. Before long the picture collection was a cooperative enterprise in which the whole school shared.

There is the teacher who enjoys writing. For example, any of you who have used the lesson unit series edited by William McCall must acknowledge the professional service rendered by the teachers who wrote up those 148 teaching experiments in such detail that other teachers could study them.

Then there are teachers who get infinite satisfaction from some little private specialization that affects only her pupils and herself. I know one teacher who specializes in unlovable children. Not just the bad ones—they are often the most lovable—but the sullen, ugly, whining, stupid, and queer ones. It is her idea that if she visits their homes, and finds out something about these ugly ducklings, there may be something she can do to help them develop happier personalities. It is a discouraging process, because so often the cause seems to be poverty, or an unhappy home, or a doting parent, or a physical handicap that cannot be corrected. But there have been enough apparent successes to keep her at it. In studying those children and in reading books and articles on individual pupil adjustment she has developed into a practical psychologist with a richer understanding of all her pupils.

By emphasizing these supplementary services one should not give less recognition
to one teaching type who is likely to be overlooked in this day of innovation and publicity. No one contributes more than the teacher who is a scholar, the person who is so in love with his subject—English, typewriting, art, or any other—that he continues to explore it, to keep abreast with recent findings, and to be ever studying new ways to share it most persuasively with his pupils. The subject-matter enthusiast does of course face a real danger of becoming one-sided, and perhaps should select whatever special service he renders with an eye to rounding out his professional interests.

It takes time and energy to render these special services. It seems that the teachers most likely to do these extra jobs are not the ones who slight their main teaching responsibility. It is more likely to be the teacher who has first accepted his original assignment as a professional challenge, and has mastered the routine, worked out short cuts, and learned the art of doing the day's work with skill and ease instead of with labored effort. To handle well any regular teaching assignment for five days every week is in itself a professional achievement of real distinction. It would seem that for the first few years of teaching no side-show could be so exciting as the main tent itself, which is the acquiring of skill in the art of teaching. Until the teacher is sure of his strength in classroom management, in the leading of discussion, and the planning of work, no other form of specialization is so stimulating. The best teacher probably continues almost indefinitely to improve in this basic skill. But after the novice stage is past there is time and enthusiasm for going the second mile in professional service.

The examples of specialized service already mentioned are for the most part examples of individual work—counseling, librarianship, collecting visual aids, writing, studying individual pupils, personal scholarship. There are also many group activities through which the teacher may serve the profession and the whole cause of education. Teachers who work on committees for selecting textbooks, revising curriculum units, revising pupil record and report systems, and supervising extra-curriculum activities—to mention a few examples—are rendering a necessary and valuable service. Not every teacher is able to work effectively as a member of a committee. When such an ability has been acquired, the teacher has a real professional contribution to make.

Service Through Professional Organizations

One form of group service which deserves attention is that of taking part as an active member of professional organizations. The teacher as a citizen has an individual responsibility to vote and to take an interest in public affairs, in general. But when policies affecting the schools are being debated the individual teacher who takes sides finds it hard to escape the charge, however unjust, of considering only his own personal interest. When school issues are at stake the teacher can exert his influence most effectively through the impersonal voice of the teachers' professional organization.

Every teacher may be a member of the state education association and the National Education Association. In most communities there is also a local teachers' association which is affiliated with the state and national organizations. A recent study of salary schedules shows that in a surprisingly large number of school systems the local teachers' club has been asked by the school authorities to take a part in drafting the teachers' salary schedule. Those of you who are familiar with the reports of the Department of Classroom Teachers of the National Education Association will have in mind many activities which local groups have sponsored. Professional magazines, lecture courses, study groups, social gatherings, credit unions, group insurance, and the promotion of legislation are typical projects.

It is hard to overestimate the public serv-
ice which teachers have rendered through their state associations. In state after state the forward steps in school legislation for school financing, teacher certification standards, compulsory education, school textbooks, and other significant measures have been started or vigorously supported by the state teachers association. This college has a special pride in the Virginia Education Association in the fact that its own Dr. Heatwole has been the executive officer of the Association during its recent years. The Virginia Association is outstanding in the splendid *Virginia Journal of Education* which it publishes, the substantial headquarters building which it maintains in Richmond, the preventorium for teachers at Blue Ridge, its enthusiastic annual convention, and its distinguished record of leadership in promoting progressive school legislation. Every Virginia teacher may be proud of the privilege of membership.

The National Education Association has been for more than seventy-five years the national professional organization for teachers in the United States. It has served the schools well. The Association and its twenty-four departments cover nearly the whole range of professional interest in education. The Association of Teachers Colleges, which is a Department of the National Education Association, has taken the lead in the reorganization of the last twenty years in the education of teachers. Three major fields of service by the National Education Association have been to raise standards in the teaching profession, to improve the service rendered by the schools, and to interpret the schools to the public. The Association renders individual service to every one of its more than 180,000 members by the monthly *Journal*, which brings to them a thoughtfully selected body of professional reading. The teachers of this country have every right to be proud of the professional service which they render through membership in their national organization.

**Summary**

Two kinds of specialized service have been discussed. First was the broad specialization which determines the position one holds in the school system. The second type of service considered was the professional avocation or side-line. Illustrations were drawn from school systems where staffs are limited and the opportunity great for rendering a real service by developing an extra ability. Membership in educational organizations, local, state, and national, gives the teacher a chance to render public service beyond the scope of his own individual efforts, and to work for the schools in the state and in the nation.

Whatever our field of special service may be, we can count it an honor to be a member of the teaching profession. I know of no better field in which to win “some victory for humanity.”

Hazel Davis

**OUR YESTERDAYS: IN TWO REELS**

THREE years ago, when celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of this school, alumnae and faculty-members gave a rich feast of personal reminiscences of those opening days back in 1909-10. Now we come to the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first graduation, and I too am thinking back to those beginning days. If I repeat things which have been said before on this rostrum, “I cry you mercy.”

Much has been said of how, during those early years, “the Harrisonburg girl of twenty-five years hence” was held constantly in mind by all those who were contributing to the founding of this school. Why, the spirit of that young lady fairly hounded everybody around here! Some of you remember that the first *Schoolma’am*, that of 1910, contained a direful threat that the Shades of the Original Students might at
any time come back to “hant” you. I should now like to present myself as one of those who made that threat. I have returned!

When I received a note from Rachel Weems (Pardon me—Dr. Weems!) asking me to take a part on this program, I felt flattered, of course, but scared. This platform has grown since I used to be here. I do feel unworthy of this honor. So many of Alma Mater’s daughters have done more than I to bring credit upon her name. I hold no position of prominence in the state. I bring back no laurel wreaths to lay at her feet. Why, I do not even have in tow any rotund, bald-headed gentleman, such as some of my sister alumnae now proudly exhibit as “My husband, Mr. ———.”

Of course, the committee just had to have some member of that first class on this program, and I have reached that comfortable age where I can admit, without too great a pang, that I do indeed belong to that band of illustrious personages, The Oldest Living Graduates. Not only so, but I was twice a graduate, coming back for my degree in 1921. Thus I am a relic, not only of antiquity, but also of the middle ages. Now, wasn’t that committee clever? They could represent both classes and yet inflict upon you only one speech! But I shall, of course, expect twice the time allotted the other speakers!

Now, may I tell you just two or three more things about my personal connection with Harrisonburg? One thing in my career here I believe is truly unique: I did practice-teaching for a part of each of the four years I spent here, and if any other girl has had this experience, I have never heard of it. If you have doubts in my case, I shall be glad to give you particulars, including the time I was put in charge of the second grade for three weeks while the regular teacher was quarantined with measles. That was the hardest work I ever did! I felt greatly humiliated once during that period because I had to call on Mr. Keister in a matter of discipline, but his kindly sympathy won for him a warm place in my heart. For me one of the proudest moments of a happy Home-coming here two years ago was when Mr. Keister, as he greeted me, not only called me by name, but even knew where I was teaching! How does he remember us?

For four years I served on the School-ma’am staff, and I am glad that I had that privilege. That was the most delightful of my Harrisonburg jobs. During the past two or three weeks I have been leafing through those old annuals, growing a bit tearful at times as I looked upon the faces of those girls of yesterday, then almost shouting with laughter at the crazy, inverted-dishpan hats we wore. Those books brought back memories—memories not only of the care-free, happy hours, but memories also of the work that staff put on them—the mad rush to get certain pages off on time—all the dear, familiar tasks so well-known to many of you.

Of course, I belonged to various organizations here—all of us do. I was even a charter member of some, for somebody had to be, and there were not so many to select from in the old days. But I am the initial member of a group which has gradually grown up here. There is on the College faculty a teacher who has aided and abetted a number of the members of her family in their aspirations for an education. In fact, if these aspirations did not seem very much in evidence, she has at times resorted to some cajolery or even coercion to accelerate their pace up a not-too-royal road to learning. By her guidance and help eleven of her nieces and grand-nieces have been led to Harrisonburg, besides various neighbors and friends. You know that teacher as Miss Cleveland, but to me she is “Aunt Betty.” Proudly I claim for my sister and myself the honor of being first in “The Tribe of Betty.” (But I had better change this subject, or I shall find no welcome at Carter House.)
I wish that I might now gather together many of the Harrisonburg pictures from my memory and place them on a strip of film so that I could flash them upon a screen before you. These pictures would naturally group themselves into two reels. The first would bear the caption, "Bravely Burruss Begins"; the second I might name "Dauntlessly Duke Develops."

Harrisonburg has been truly fortunate in her two presidents, and I am glad that I had the chance to be here under each administration. Though so unlike in some ways, these are both men of vision, men who considered not only what was best for us, "the girls," but considered also the highest good of the future student. They have both been builders—builders of fine, substantial, beautiful walls; builders of a splendid reputation for the school; builders of a faith in its possibilities.

In my first reel I would show you the simplicity of the beginnings—just three buildings upon a slope which was itself somewhat bare and unlovely. But on Blue- Stone Hill one gained a sense of space—of room for growth. And all around it lay beauty: the distant mountain-peaks, the splendid sunset-skies, the low-lying orchard tufts, peaceful cattle in the valley. It was truly a land of promise.

I would flash before you the piles of unused lumber and débris not yet fully cleared away since the buildings were completed. (See opening chapters of Miss Bishop by Bess Streeter Aldrich.) You would walk with me down the slippery new board-walk, where so many of us had a tumble, for it rained a lot in the fall of 1909. I would show you the crowded conditions in classroom and dormitory and let you compare those with this lovely administration building or with the luxurious elegance of Senior Hall. I would take you into the old dining-room in the basement ofJackson, or into our assembly room in Science Hall (Maury). In that assembly room we had our devotional exercises, gymnasium classes, literary society meetings, receptions, socials, and dances (Rare!). I should even like to take you for a moment to that first dance and let you contrast our evening dresses with those you will see here tonight. (My nearest approach to an evening dress that first year was a flowered organdy made at home. Total cost, $1.25.)

I should certainly introduce you to a group of girls, my playmates back in 1910-11: Amelia Brooke, more accustomed to the ways of society and to school-life than the rest of us, since she came from Stuart Hall; Elsie Shickel, with calm, quiet, dignity; M'Ledge Moffett, now Dean of Women at Radford, our happy-go-lucky M'Ledge, always the leader in any harmless fun, yet never failing to ring true when a question of right and wrong was at stake; Helen Drummond, who put us all to shame by being always "spick and span," though she had no more clothes than the rest of us; Florence Keezell, modest and retiring, daughter of our Senator Keezell, who did so much for this school. (I remember the day Florence hid in her closet rather than have Mr. Keezell introduce her to some visiting celebrity.) You would meet Frances Mackey, later "Miss Mackey" of the faculty here, always so pretty and so smiling; my own sister Mary, a rosy-cheeked maid (now Mrs. Pollard and mother of one of the Juniors); Katherine Royce, calm and collected; Minnie Diedrich, studious and sweet; pink-cheeked Alma Harper; happy Kathleen Harnsberger; Billye White, who packed her trunk by tossing her clothes into it, then jumping in herself to tramp them down, saying "Mother will press them for me"; clever and witty Ruth MacCorkle; Eva Massey, steady and dependable; Octavia Goode, holding many a position of responsibility—Octavia, the lovable, with a saucy bow of ribbon perched atop her brown hair, while laughter played around her mouth.

I should like to go on giving you glimpses of these comrades of yesterday, for these
are very dear to me. But in my screen version of those beginning days the “close-ups” should be saved for the faculty members. Those first teachers deserve the center of that picture. They should have the credit for whatever success was ours. They had to deal with a group of about two hundred girls—a varied assortment. And five-sixths of those girls were doing high-school work. That left about thirty-five college freshmen, and the most of us in that group were totally untrained along the line of organization. We had to be guided at every step, and there were no upper-classmen to do this.

That first faculty was only fifteen strong, all told, and that included the president, registrar, and matron. I wonder that the whole group didn’t have nervous breakdowns, individually and collectively. There was Mr. Burruss, with a broken arm, caused by that same board-walk, working all day and nearly all night in Science Hall in a tiny cubicle of an “office” no bigger than the entrance hall in a small city apartment; there was Miss Bell, who was librarian, registrar, and Mr. Burruss’s secretary, as well as his protector and guardian when our youthful voices too stridently penetrated the walls of that temporary partition. She always smiled most graciously, but she could very effectively “shoo” us down when occasion arose, as it often did. Dear Miss Bell! She was merely a loan to the State Board of Health, but she has never been returned. I think that Harrisonburg should look into this.

Dr. Wayland, the first teacher elected to a position in this school, was a young, though dignified, professor in 1910, with a smiling, bright-eyed wife and two quiet, well-behaved little boys, dressed in Russian-blouse suits, or some sort of near-infant apparel. (And now those “little boys” have all manner of M.A.’s and Ph.D.’s, and recently they have acquired wives, I understand). I cannot put into words my very deep feeling regarding Dr. Wayland’s contribution to this school. Nor do I need to do so; you know him. To your hearts and mine he has spoken and will continue to “speak for himself, John.”

Mrs. Brooke, no strand of her lovely white hair ever awry, was social director, matron, housekeeper, nurse. She even had charge of the mail! There was no infirmary, but Mrs. Brooke might be seen at any hour of the night or day bustling around to the various rooms to administer first-aid.

Miss Sale, energetic and business-like, had charge of the Household Arts department, which she handled as efficiently as she now handles the work for the Feild Cooperative Association, for whom she manages a student loan fund of one and a half million dollars. She is truly well-fitted for this responsible position.

Miss Lancaster, from whose eyes looked forth the soul of a poet and dreamer, taught us mathematics, or, at least, faithfully tried to do so. Her influence upon this school was vital, particularly in the way of spiritual inspiration. She seems ideally suited for the position she now holds, that of Dean of Women in the Presbyterian Training School in Richmond, where she combines active religious work with her keen interest in girls.

Miss Shoninger, strong, quiet, restful, led us through the intricate mazes of the training school and practice-teaching; Miss Harington, soft-voiced and lovely, had charge of the kindergarten; Miss King, striding briskly over the hills, led us on nature-study excursions where we “learned of every bird its language”; Miss Speck, dainty in person and dress, taught us basketry, or had us make water-color sketches. (I never dared to display mine except to the younger members of my family, who would be lenient in criticism!)

Men were decidedly in the minority on Blue-Stone Hill in 1911—Mr. Burruss, Dr. Wayland, and Mr. Heatwole, now Dr. Heatwole, Secretary of the State Board of Education. He initiated us into the mysteries of psychology, and great was his de-
light when one of us was bold enough to take issue with him in some discussion. He liked to provoke individual thinking, but found us usually rather timid about speaking up.

Then there was the Cleveland Clan: "Miss Annie", who taught French and Bible and "mothered" us all, the other girls as well as the two motherless nieces; "Miss Elizabeth", who struggled with us over participles and pronouns; and "Miss Lida", the youthful music teacher, now wife of Dr. Edmister of the University of North Carolina.

There was another young girl in that faculty, a maiden with soft coils of dark hair and smiling, lustrous eyes—Miss Althea Loose. She had charge of physical education and still does—our Mrs. Johnston.

These were our fifteen leaders, our guardian spirits. It was these who laid the foundation, who set up the guide-posts for those first little freshmen and prep. students. To them let us give all praise, for they did a great work, with Mr. Burruss as the "very pulse of the machine."

The second reel begins. Ten years have elapsed. The scene shows decided change. There are now five or six imposing gray stone buildings besides Hillcrest and Cleveland Cottage. Vines are beginning to soften the outlines of the buildings. Thanks to Mr. Chappelear and his helpers, there is now enough shrubbery to afford a little variety in the background of pictures for the Schoolma'am, and the tree planted by the Class of 1911 begins to cast a welcome shade.

By 1921 we have been promoted from the basement dining-room to our present spacious one in Harrison. But we use only half of it for dining; the other half is the auditorium. On gala occasions, such as the graduation exercises, the temporary partition, put up in sections, is removed and the whole room used.

Classrooms are still found tucked away in odd and unexpected places. Miss Lancaster, the social director, has her office in a little "cubby" in the basement of Jackson. In Harrison are the offices of President Duke, Dr. Gifford, the dean, and Dr. Converse, registrar, as well as the post-office, faculty-room, library, and supply-room. The gymnasium is in the basement of Ashby. (The present "little gym", though it seemed very commodious to those of us who had known the old assembly room in Maury).

By 1921 nearly twice as many girls are flitting about the campus and these are of college rank. Skirts have gone up a little; "rats" have come down and settled just above the ears. Nobody has a "permanent" as yet and very few girls have short hair; a half-dozen brave souls dare to visit the barber during the spring of 1921. The faculty has doubled in numbers, but they are yet a very busy set indeed, for a more varied curriculum is offered. It is now really a college, not just a normal school, and fourteen young women in caps and gowns appear on the rostrum on June 7, 1921.

The girls were a bright-faced, happy lot. The relaxation of play had a little larger part in the school life of these girls than in those of ten years before. Probably the sense of establishing precedents bore a little less heavily upon us than it formerly did. Whatever the reason, while there seemed to be no lessening of the serious duties of school life, there was, to one coming back as I did, a noticeable increase in other phases of schoolgirl activity. Even I, who should have been a sadder and wiser woman after eight years of teaching, felt decidedly rejuvenated by those two years here. (If I pass this information around to other jaded teachers, Dr. Duke will have to begin on another dormitory!)

I should like to flash on the screen before you the faces of all those fine girls who were here in 1921, girls younger than I for the most part, but a friendly lot, who welcomed me back as cordially as though I had
never been away. But space is given for
only a few typical ones: starry-eyed Elise
Loewner; dependable Anne Gilliam; Ger-
trude and “Dolly”, the inseparable Smiths;
Gladys Hopkins and Eunice Lambert, loyal
citizens of nearby McGaheysville; Iona
Wimbrough, with an all-A report; peppy
“Polly” Parrott, as talkative as the nick-
name implies; the wholesome home-loving
Rodes sisters, Ruth, Alberta, and Clotilde;
Virginia Drew, with mischief dancing in
her eyes; dear little Sallie Browne, so mod-
est, so conscientious, and so lovable; literary
Estelle Baldwin; spirited Grace Heyl; ver-
satile little Edith Ward, playing on the var-
sity, serving on the Y. W. cabinet, editing a
beautiful edition of the Schoolma'am; good
old Sally Loving, whose faithful green
sweater saw her safely through on many a
hasty dash to breakfast.

Many changes had taken place in the
faculty group. Some had sought wider
fields of usefulness, while the beloved “Miss
Annie” had gone to be with the Great
Teacher, whose example she had so truly
followed here.

There were many new faces, but on those
faces only friendliness, and these new
teachers soon made places for themselves in
our lives and in our hearts. At once Mr.
Duke won our liking by showing a genuine
interest in us; Dr. Gifford, the new Dean,
helped us to get properly adjusted, and
thought it quite a joke that Sallie Browne
and I insisted that we wanted “no more Edu-
cation”, we insisting that we wanted to learn something
to teach rather than how to teach it. Dr.
Converse presided over the report cards;
Miss Shaeffer, with several assistants, was
in charge of the music department, now
growing rapidly; Miss Mackey was back
teaching art and helping us tremendously
on the Schoolma'am; Miss Anthony was
skilfully directing the training-school. Lena
Reed, Sallie Browne, and I read Horace
and Livy under Miss Hoffman's gentle
guidance, and I “took a liking” to Latin as
well as to my teacher; Mr. Logan increased
our interest in literature by a fascinating
course in the novel; Miss Hudson taught us
public speaking and coached, so efficiently,
the Stratford play and other things dra-
matic.

My roommates, Minnie Jones and Sally
Loving, “raved” over the many perfections
of Mrs. Moody and Miss Wilson of the
Home Economics department; Mr. Dingle-
dine and Mr. Chappelear taught science,
and poor Mr. Chappelear struggled manful-
tly to save his little evergreens, carefully
tended for future plantings on the campus,
from the vandalism of girls decorating the
gym for a dance or some other function.

These were some of our teachers in the
years 1919-21. This was a well-trained fac-
ulty, prepared to give us food for the
minds; it was a sympathetic faculty, ready
to enter into our problems, our joys, or our
sorrows; it was, moreover, an inspiring fac-
culty, giving us high ideals for personal con-
duct, for citizenship, and for our profes-
sion. These were teachers in the truest
sense.

I have tried to give you a few snapshots
of the Harrisonburg of our yesterdays. In-
complete and blurred as they are, I have
hoped thus to bring you one thought—that
not to us, the original students, the students
of the past, or the students of the present,
should praise be given for the wonderful
progress which Harrisonburg has made.
That credit belongs to the lawmakers of our
state, who have had sufficient faith in the
school to provide for it financially; to our
two presidents who have builded wisely and
well; and to our teachers, who have taught
us, trained us, inspired us, and loved us.

Rooted in the soil of those simple begin-
nings, nurtured by the untiring efforts of
our leaders, and cherished by the girls, old
and new, a very lovely thing has grown up
here—the thing we call the Harrisonburg
Spirit. Though difficult to define, this is
pervasive and powerful. It is more than
merely cheering our girls when they are
winning on the gym floor, though we can
still do that with great gusto; it is more than rejoicing in the material development and growth of the College, though we do that heartily; it is more than glorying in the scholastic attainments and professional success of our graduates, though that gladdens our hearts. This Harrisonburg Spirit is compounded of memories of the past, pride in the present, faith in the future, and love for each other. May we, the Alumnae, guard well this sacred thing, so that all the girls of tomorrow may possess it as abundantly as did the girls of yesterday.

Vergilia P. Sadler

WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH FATHER?

CLARENCE DAY is without doubt one of our first modern humorists. Nevertheless, his two books, God and My Father and Life With Father, have brought me nearer to the edge of tears than of laughter. Any books bearing such titles are bound to have deep religious implications. I would not go so far as to say that the titles denote a "father complex"; nevertheless, the impression of the father upon the son is so strong that he becomes the pivot on which turns many a vital religious picture. Here we see as powerful an influence at work as we saw years ago in Edmund Gosse's Father and Son. Clarence Day, with an absolutely honest line-drawing, with a style that is pungent, clear, and biting in its sincerity, has etched a picture whose truth is deeper than its humor.

The first thing one sees in this etching is a world that has passed away. Business men no longer wear Prince Albert coats, silk hats and canes. They no longer have a class consciousness that regulates their attitude. That world has gone. It was a world in which honor and uprightness were keywords. "Common decency" was the elder Mr. Day's guiding principle. But business is no longer the prerogative of the few upright men who rent pews in churches and live by a certain standard. The silk hat and the cane have gone from it.

A Static World

It is not only our outer world that has been thus outgrown; our inner world has gone as well. We hunger for something more fundamental than mere decency and honor. Unless we get that more fundamental thing not only shall we personally go on unsatisfied, but our human society is threatened at its base. For in the hilarious daily adventures of Clarence Day's father we see a world that refused to grow. In the elder Mr. Day there was not a single sign of development. He could not change; he would not change. His plan was complete and satisfactory for him; he saw no reason why it was not equally so for everyone else. He despised the binding dogma of the religious creeds but his own creed of personal conduct, of relationship with others, was as dogmatic and quite as narrow as those he denied. His was a fixed and finished world.

That age, says Clarence Day plainly, was an age that produced autocrats. We live in the day of public dictators. But the generation of my boyhood was far worse in its production of private dictators. Parental authority like that of the elder Mr. Day was a bad thing while it existed; it always will be a bad thing, and should have no place either in our training of children or in our conceptions of society.

One sign of that age of autocrats was autocracy in religion. God's power had once for all come down through the hands of Moses, had been passed on to us by an infallible Bible, had then been handed over to John Calvin to polish up, and to the bishops and the prayer book to apply locally and in-
dividually over the lives of the people. So there was forged, link by link, the chain of dogmatism of which the elder Mr. Day was a victim. His lack of vision, his lack of all sense of a developing world, had back of it much that was good; but as an incentive to thinking and to religious living it was fearfully negative. It left him a man of sad nature, always hungry for something more substantial, always lonely, always kinder than he could express, always bottled up with gloomy suppressions; so kind and strong a man that in spite of superficial angers and autocracies he nevertheless commanded the allegiance of his son and the affection of his wife.

Religion in His Wife's Name

In the smaller book of the two, *God and My Father*, we have the picture of a man whose religion was carried in his wife's name. "Father didn't expect God to regard him affectionately ... they stood up man to man ... but naturally God loved my mother, as everyone must. At the gate of heaven, if there was any misunderstanding about his own ticket, Father counted on Mother to get him in. That was her affair." That sort of man is of course not unknown among us today.

What it meant in Mr. Day's case was that he had a substitute religion. The priests were its guardians. The churches were its organized clubs. Women were its chief promoters and beneficiaries. So long as these kept the wheels going round a man had no real reason to object. A man's main business was business; and not only must religion never interfere with that, but also religion must not interfere with a man's inner and deeper thoughts. It must not come poking its fingers into the privacies of his soul.

"My Father," says Clarence Day, "expected a good deal of God, apparently. Not that he wanted God's help, of course; or far less his guidance. No, but it seemed that God—like the rest of us—spoiled Father's plans. He, Father, was always trying to bring this or that good thing to pass, only to find that there were obstacles in the way. These of course roused his wrath. He would call God's attention to such things; they should not have been there. He didn't actually accuse God of gross inefficiency, but when he prayed his tone was loud and angry, like that of a dissatisfied guest in a carelessly managed hotel.

"As to creeds, he knew nothing about them, and cared nothing, either; yet he seemed to know which sect he belonged with. It had to be a sect with the minimum of nonsense about it; no total immersion, no exhorters, no holy confession. He would have been a Unitarian, naturally, if he'd lived in Boston. Since he was a respectable New Yorker, he belonged in the Episcopal Church."

Sad Reading

On this poor, inwardly-and-unconsciously-hungry man, family pressure was brought by Mrs. Day that he be christened. She and the children could not bear the idea that he would be sent to hell, while they, having been christened, would be enjoying the bliss of Paradise. This was no joke with them. They truly believed it. It is sad reading. Kidnapped one morning, put in a cab and taken to a suburban church, he stands before the childlike minister and allows him to go through the formality of the prayer book service. Allows him to pray that he, respectable, honest, Clarence Day, senior, of Wall street, might be "delivered from the wrath to come; and might renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful desires of the flesh.... might live godly, righteously and soberly in this present world." Young Clarence shut his eyes when the minister tried to put water on his father's forehead and says that he does "not know whether he landed it or not."

The tragedy of this conception of religion eats into our very hearts. No sadder
picture of its kind is known to me than that of Mr. Day on his way out of that church swearing at the deception of it all, feeling that his honest manhood had come face to face with a religion which in its outer expression was a falsehood and an insult. In many another church he might have felt the same. The last sentences of the book are a sharp picture of this defeated man and of the whole process of his defeat:

"Father got out at the nearest elevated station, to take a train for the office, with the air of a man who had thoroughly wasted his morning. He slammed the cab-door on us, leaving us to drive home alone. But before he went away to climb the elevated stairs, he thrust his red face in the window, and with a burning look at Mother said, 'I hope to God you are satisfied.' Then this new son of the church took out his watch, gave a start, and Mother and I heard him shout 'Hell!' as he raced up the steps."

Yes, that may be humorous writing! But it fills me with unutterable regret. Not only was a good man being deceived by a wife who loved him; but neither of them knew that back of their own deception lay the still deeper deception of religious formality. Neither of them knew where to turn for light. Their faith was in a closed compartment. The tragedy that fills the book is this perverted idea of religion. The marvel of Clarence Day's style is that he makes that perverted idea paint its own picture. A more sincere piece of writing has not been seen in a long time. It is high art!

George Lawrence Parker

Liberty leagues are frequently organized in order to give a few men and women license to rob many men and women of the little liberty they possess.—Supt. Leslie D. Kline.

True education lies in learning to distinguish what is ours from what does not belong to us.—Epictetus.

No matter what Time takes from us—
Some things remain always.
Years cannot fade the memories
Sharp etched by joyous days.
Gray walls, red-capped, the tense blue hills,
The shifting haze, the distant snow
Are dear to us; but yet more dear
Are voices, words, the thoughts unspoken,
Yet somehow shared, and love of friends,
That, once our own, will never go.
This comes to me on looking back—
There was so much we did not know,
We knew so much that was not so,
And yet we had a fellowship
Transcending praise or blame,
Or age, position, even self; there was no higher claim,
And this, though time may change much else,
Will always be the same.

Virginia Gilliam

The "Miscellaneous"
Alexander Woolcott

"Once I was rebuked by the president of one of our universities because, through some published endorsement of mine, he had bought at Christmas time for his presumably cloistered niece one of the more ruffianly yarns of Master Dashiell Hammett. Did I really wish it believed, asked the outraged uncle, that so coarse a work represented my taste in literature? I was happy to be able to reply that it did, indeed. And, adding that so did Alice in Wonderland, Emma, and The Early Life of Charles James Fox, I left him to deplore me as incorrigibly miscellaneous."—The Woolcott Reader, p. ix., (Viking).
THE TEACHERS’ JOE MILLER

BONERS FROM BOSTON

Period costumes are dresses all covered with dots.

Shakespeare lived at Windsor with his merry wives. He wrote tragedies, comedies, and errors.

The people of India are divided into casts and outcasts.

Norway's capital is called Christianity.

Lipton is the capital of Ceylon.

The natives of Martha's Vineyard live on fish and summer visitors.

Tennyson wrote a most beautiful poem called “In Memorandum.”

DOUBLING UP

A teacher of music in a public school was trying to impress upon her pupils the meaning of f and ff in a song that they were about to learn. After explaining the first sign, she said:

Now, children, what do you say; if f means forte, what does ff mean?

“Eighty,” shouted one enthusiastic pupil.

FOR GARDEN WEEK

Teacher: “Give the names of three of the most prominent gardens in history.”

Young America: “Eden, Madison Square, and Mary.”

NO W’NDER HE PLAYED HALF BACK!

Football Coach: “What experience have you had?”

Freshman: “Well, last summer I was hit by two autos and a truck.”

PARADOXICAL

One of the freshmen at V. P. I. can’t understand why he has to take courses in husbandry in order to get his bachelor’s degree.

Teacher: “What is a pedestrian?”

Pupil: “A pedestrian is the raw material for a motor accident.”

PROTECTION FOR PA

“Did Noah have a wife, Pa?”

“Yes, and please don’t bother me any more.”

“What was her name, Pa?”

“Joan of Arc, of course. Mother, isn’t it time for this young man to be in bed?”

Professor (in the middle of a joke):

“Have I ever told the class this one before?”

Class (in a chorus): “Yes.”

Professor (proceeding): “Good! You will probably understand it this time.”

SO THIS IS LIFE!

Dolly was just home after her first day at school. “Well, darling,” asked her mother, “what did they teach you?”

“No much,” replied the child. “I’ve got to go again.”

SCIENTIST

Teacher: “Why are there no pre-historic animals on the earth today?”

Student: “They were too big for Noah to get them on the Ark.”

SUPPORT

Visitor: “Well, Johnny, how are you getting on at school?”

Johnny (aged 7): “Fine! I ain’t doing as well as some of the other boys. I can stand on my head, but I have to put my feet against the wall.”

BY ALL MEANS!

Doting Mother: “Now, Reginald, you have finished your college course and have your degree. Your education has cost us a great deal. So I think you should start looking for employment of some kind.”

Reginald: “But don’t you think, mother, that it would be more dignified for me to wait till the offers begin coming in, so I can take my choice?”
EDUCATIONAL COMMENT

SALARIES IN LAND-GRANT COLLEGES

A study of salaries paid to presidents, deans, professors, associate professors, and instructors in 51 land-grant colleges located in every state, Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico, has been made by the Office of Education, U.S. Department of the Interior.

Dr. Walter J. Greenleaf, Office of Education Specialist in Higher Education, who made the survey and prepared a circular report, explains that the study was made to determine the present status of salaries paid to members of the various faculty ranks in the land-grant colleges and universities throughout the country, and to compare present salaries with those before and during the depression.

Depression's axe fell heavily on salaries of the more than 400 deans, according to the survey. Those employed on a nine-month basis saw their median salaries decreased from $5,193 in 1928-29, to $4,187 in 1934-35, an average decrease of more than $1,000.

Similar depression-period slashes are revealed in salaries paid to professors. Full-time professors on a nine-month basis received an average salary of $4,278 in 1928-29. By 1934-35 their annual income had decreased to $3,775. Those on an eleven-twelve month basis had their salaries cut from $4,161 to $3,682 over the same period of time. Associate professors dropped from $3,352 in 1928-29 to $2,903 in 1934-35; assistant professors from $2,738 in 1928-29 to $2,449 in 1934-35; and instructors from $2,005 to $1,769 over the four-year period. Information reveals that salaries for the present year are higher than last year.

The Greenleaf study revealed a total of 11,416 full-time staff members instructing 179,973 resident and 77,710 extension and correspondence land-grant college students. Of these 11,416 staff members, one-third were deans or full professors, while two-thirds or nearly 7,500 held ranks below that of professor. Approximately 85 percent of the staff members receive less than $4,000 salary per year. The median range of salaries for the entire group of staff members in the land-grant institutions was found to be $2,500 to $2,749, representing a $500 cut from the median range of $3,000 to $3,249 for the years 1929-31.

Dr. Greenleaf's report, "Salaries in Land-Grant Colleges," is available from the Federal Office of Education, in Washington, as Circular No. 157, single copies of which are free.

GOOD WILL DAY MATERIAL AVAILABLE

The International Relations Committee of the National Council of Teachers of English has prepared a bulletin for teachers containing plans for the celebration of Good Will Day (May 18) and suggestions for other activities to promote international understanding. The booklet covers classroom projects, assembly programs, special
day observances, extra-curricular activities, Red Cross co-operation, and panel discussions and gives a list of essays, poems, and plays suitable for students' reading. Anyone wishing a copy of the bulletin should write to National Council of Teachers of English, 211 West 68th Street, Chicago, Illinois, enclosing ten cents in stamps or coin.

THE READING TABLE

AMERICAN SPEECH


Within the last generation scholars have suddenly become aware of the American use of the English language as a fascinating and important study. The result has been a rash of articles and books on American speech. George Philip Krapp's The Pronunciation of Standard English in America (1919), and The English Language in America (1925) are the standard works on this subject. H. L. Mencken's The American Language (1921) is a significant contribution to the study. At the present time a large group of researchers are at work on a Linguistic Atlas of America, under the general leadership of Hans Curath, and a definitive Dictionary of American English is being prepared by the Chicago University Press, under the editorship of Sir William Craigie. John Samuel Kenyon's American Pronunciation, first published in 1924, has held a vital place in the scholarship of American speech. Now in its new revised edition it is at once an admirable textbook on pronunciation for the student and an authoritative, up-to-date survey of the whole subject of American English for the teacher.

The author, professor of English in Hiram College, consulting editor of pronunciation for Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition, and a member of the Administrative Council of the International Phonetic Association, approaches his difficult subject with candid pedagogical purpose. His desire is "to awaken the interest of students in their mother tongue, its behavior and laws of development, particularly as these have a bearing on an intelligent attitude toward what constitutes good English speech." He believes that because of a general lack of knowledge of phonetics many teachers have wrong habits of speech and that they unintentionally mislead their pupils in pronunciation; that a study of phonetics will broaden interest in the pronunciation of English in different regions of America and England, and help to establish a rational attitude towards questions of authority and standards of usage, as well as to stimulate good articulation. This work in phonetics, he declares, "involves the same mental processes of accurate observation, comparison, logical deduction, and generalized concepts, that have been rightly the chief argument for the disciplinary value of the study of Latin and Greek."

One section of this book is devoted to a brief review of the history of English and a frank consideration of the various estimates of "standard English speech." He does not try to set up any rules for a uniform English, but accepting the several types of American and British English, he proceeds to discuss "a science of pronunciation" that will apply to all sections of this country. His observations are based on the "familiar, cultivated colloquial" speech of northern Ohio, representative of what has come to be known as General American English. Everywhere, however, he explains the variations from this type, as they appear in the Eastern and Southern types.

Another section is given over to the organs of speech, with some excellent charts of mouth-positions in the forming of English sounds. In other sections the many troublesome problems of phonetics are dealt with, including clear explanation of such phenomena as assimilation and the influence of spelling on standard pronunciation.
There is also an illuminating discussion of British and American accent.

The bulk of the book, of course, is taken up with an examination in detail of English consonants, vowels, and diphthongs, with helpful exercises for the student. These descriptions are interesting and thorough, notably in the treatment of that battleground of pronunciation, the "broad a."

Kenyon writes lucidly, handling his abundant illustrative material and his documentary evidence without dogmatism or confusion of detail. His faithfulness to the International Phonetic Alphabet, especially in his symbols for the various uses of r, is a little daunting at first, but in the main what he says is astonishingly clear, even to the tyro. Many teachers will probably find that this book is easier to use and more complete than Krapp’s Pronunciation of Standard English in America, though Krapp manages to deal with more individual words than Kenyon and gives more transcriptions. Kenyon’s index is disappointingly meager.

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**Budgeting in Public Schools.** By Chris A. De-Young. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 1936. 610 pp. $3.50.

Well-organized, mechanically excellent, splendidly illustrated with concrete materials, this book is a credit to the publishers and the author. A factual presentation, built out of intimate knowledge of, and illustration of, current practices in budget-making in the various states and local school divisions,—this book should furnish excellent materials for the in-service and pre-service budget education of administrative officials.

The reviewer would have welcomed a statement at the opening of the book to show very briefly the philosophy of education on which it is built, and also a display of present practice as to the proportion of the total expenses of a local or state division now devoted to the public schools. It would seem equally significant to have added as a conclusion some summary of the best techniques in budget-making. The author has, however, preferred to let the display of current practice, well-organized and well-documented, speak for itself, thus preventing any possible charge of indoctrination.

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This book is perhaps the best of its kind on tree sketching within recent years. Directions regarding elimination and handling of detail, seeing the characteristics of tree growth as a complete unit, legitimate changes in composition, light and shade, technique and handling of different sketching mediums are given by one who thoroughly knows trees and how to instruct others about trees. The fifty artistic illustrations of well-known species range from the simplest to the most advanced, and a discussion of the particular characteristics of each species follows. Sketches are rendered mostly in pencil and the effect is made splendid by a soft-textured paper.

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A study of birds, fowls, animals, fruits, vegetables, still life, houses, trees, faces, and the human figure. It resembles a well planned sketchbook arrangement with simple sketches in line proceeding systematically from the simplest basic forms. The method of developing animals, fruits, and faces from circles or ovals is so clearly shown that it should delight and instruct children and help adults. There are no written explanations, for they are not needed. A bright, sketchy, linen cover adds to the attractiveness of the book.

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Again Melvin tries to clear up the con-
fusion concerning the activity program in its philosophy and use in the schools. He emphasizes and explains the real meaning of organic school life. The “learning experience,” he says, “is an emerging, organic affair in which the inner drive of the learner moulds the structure of the situation to his own ends.”

The aim of education is the development of individual personality through a process of whole-hearted adjustment in a program of good living. “The activity program is but a means of living out the acts of life, those real and vital things which men and children do in realizing themselves. Children cry out for concreteness of goals to attain, and those goals are best found in a definite personality.” Teachers, then, should first of all be a real person and shake off the idea that they can teach in the abstract. They must lead children to see the world around them and to the feet of the great men in the world. They should be aware that the force now changing the world is that of single individuals working alone and creatively. In order to advance the best in civilization, we must not discourage or maltreat individual creation.

At the same time the author pleads for stability and yet flexibility in the school program and organization. His suggested outline is a somewhat better one than that found in most progressive schools. He prophesies disaster to the school system and to teachers who disregard the responsibility for orderly behavior and for “systematic and sequential learning”. He presents an interesting study of the attainments of children in progressive and non-progressive schools. In nearly every instance the study shows superiority in the learning of children in good progressive schools.

Teachers who are following the Virginia Elementary Course of Study should read this book to get a clearer idea of what real activities are and to help clear up any confusion concerning the organic nature of learning.

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**Tennis for Teachers.** By Helen Irene Driver. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. 1936. Pp. 191. $2.50.

It is only after years of experience in playing and teaching tennis that an instructor can collect the common probable mistakes of her students and so with forehand knowledge incorporate them in her teaching. These mistakes plus their causes and effects are set forth with such simplicity and such clearness that this book should be of great value as a short-cut to excellent teaching for new instructors and as a splendid reference for experienced teachers. Besides this unusual contribution, there is included the method, organization, and analysis of every teaching aspect of the game. As such it is not only of utmost value to a tennis instructor, but a necessity.

**Helen Marbut**

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**Unit Activity Reading Series.** By Nila Barton Smith. New York: Silver, Burdett, & Co.

This series of readers consists of a pre-primer, *Tom’s Trip*; primer, *At Home and Away*; first reader, *In City and Country*; second reader, *Round About You*; third reader, *Near and Far*, together with a Teacher’s Guide for the first year. These books are timely, since the material in them ties up so well with the activity program based on social studies. Besides containing worthwhile, meaningful reading matter, the readers are attractively illustrated and give many opportunities for review and practice in reading.

**M. L. S.**

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**NEWS OF THE COLLEGE**

Frances Wells, Suffolk, retiring president of the Student Government Association, was chosen by the student body to reign as queen of the annual May Day festival to be held on May 2. Elizabeth Gilley will be maid of honor.

The queen’s court was announced as follows: Gene Averett, Lynchburg; Melva Burnette, Leesburg; Margaret Hottle, Manassas; Sylvia Kamisky, Richmond; Ann
Kellam, Wierwood; Annie Glenn Darden, Holland; Martha Way, Kenova, W. Va.; Bertha Jenkins, Waynesboro; Marjorie Fulton, Gate City; Katherine Beale, Holland; Virginia Blaine, Clifton Forge; and Mary B. Cox, Independence.

In accordance with the one-year-old custom of electing class officers in the spring, Betty Martin, Catawba, and Ila Arrington, Pembroke, were recently elected presidents of the senior and junior classes, respectively. Maxine Cardwell, Clarendon, will lead the sophomore class.

Frances Wells was chosen H. T. C. princess to the annual Apple Blossom Festival to be held at Winchester, Virginia. The Glee Club will also participate in the program of the festival, serving as the queen's chorus.

With a 33-29 victory over Savage School of Physical Education and a 31-24 triumph over New College of Columbia University, the Schoolma'am sextet closed its intercollegiate basketball season in New York City the last of March.

The results of the northern trip make a total of five intercollegiate contests won by the H. T. C. basketeers. One game was lost by seven points to Farmville State Teachers College, making the first defeat of the varsity team in three years. Another game against an independent team of Augusta County was won by a large score.

Margaret Byer, Hagerstown, was chosen captain of the State Teachers College basketball team for the coming year. At the assembly exercises where the announcement of Miss Byer's selection was made, Ann Kellam, Weirwood, retiring captain, presented the new leader with the rabbit's foot, the captain's talisman of good luck.

Letters and numerals were also awarded members of the varsity and class teams. Dr. Samuel P. Duke presented the letters of service to Margaret Byer, Catherine Brennan, New York City; Florence Stearns, Bayonne, New Jersey; Billie Powell, Hopewell; Ruth Pullen, Portland, Maine; and Virginia Duncan, Chilhowie. Anne Kellam and Helen Irby, Blackstone, received stars, signifying that they had previously won school letters.

Making its first trip of the year, the Harrisonburg Glee Club, under the able direction of Miss Edna T. Shaeffer, gave three musical programs in Richmond the first of last month. The club broadcast over WRVA Saturday afternoon, gave a concert on the roof garden of the John Marshall Hotel in the evening, and sang at the Centenary Methodist Church on Sunday morning.

Following successful try-outs, Elizabeth Schumacher, Washington, D. C., and Josephine Moncure, Alexandria, have recently been accepted as members of the Glee Club.

Electing Ellen Eastham, Harrisonburg, as president, Kappa Delta Pi recently chose its officers for next year. Evelyn Hughes, Harrisonburg, was elected vice-president; Vergilia Pollard, Scottsville, recording secretary; Martha Way, Kenova, W. Va., treasurer; Daisy May Gifford, Harrisonburg, corresponding secretary; and Lois Sloop, Harrisonburg, historian.

ALUMNAE NOTES

ALUMNÆ HOME-COMING

Saturday morning at the annual Alumnae business meeting—well, although stragglingly, attended—Mary Brown Allgood, '30, of Richmond, was elected president for the next two years, succeeding Shirley Miller, '32, of Edinburg, Rachel Weems, '17, was re-elected secretary.

Interesting reports were given from different chapters. Betty Bush told how the Augusta County Chapter had already raised $35 toward its scholarship fund; Evelyn Wilson Gunter, newly elected president of the Richmond Chapter, told of their plans
for the coming year, and of their efforts to get better publicity. Encouraging reports were made from Roanoke, Portsmouth, Norfolk, Harrisonburg, and Culpeper, where a wide-awake group has organized the most recent chapter.

It was agreed that such funds as are unused each year by the Alumnae secretary for alumnae expenses are to be set aside in a special fund which will accumulate until it is sufficient to provide for an oil painting of Dr. Julian A. Burruss, first president of the college.

There was a great deal of discussion favoring a change in the time of home-coming, since for the past three years the weather has been so unfavorable. It was decided finally, however, to leave the selection of the date to the president of the college and the alumnae secretary.

As special features of the alumnae home-coming, the Stratford Dramatic Club presented The Late Christopher Bean before a large audience and the alumnae defeated the varsity in a special basketball game Saturday afternoon by a score of 21-18. The alumnae line-up contained five of the members of the undefeated sextet of 1935.

MRS. SHRIVER SPEAKS

At the Saturday morning meeting of the Alumnae Association, Louise Elliott Shriver, '26, Norfolk, speaking on the topic “Teacher Training Extraordinary,” offered a suggestion to the college course of study committee. Mrs. Shriver, who as Louise Westervelt Elliott was president of the Student Government Association here in 1925, spoke out of her experience as a teacher, a wife, and a mother:

“I believe that the fundamental principles of dietetics are essential for every woman to know. Since feeding the family is primarily a woman’s job, she should know how to do that job efficiently and scientifically, for her own health’s sake as well as her family’s. Therefore I believe that a thoroughly practical but modified course of dietetics could be added to the required course of study here.”

One no longer asks today “Can she cook a cherry pie?” said Mrs. Shriver, but rather “Does she know her balanced diet?”

HOME-COMING ALUMNÆ

Although high water and bad roads changed the plans of many alumnae at the last moment, there was a goodly representation. During the week-end of March 20-22 a considerable number registered at the desk in Alumnae Hall; these are listed below in alphabetical order. For the benefit of friends who may wish to renew former correspondences, addresses have been included here.

Present occupation is indicated by the letters following each name; thus (B) stands for business, (D) for dietitian, (G) for government work, (H) for homemaking, (HD) for home demonstration work, (HE) for home economist, (L) for librarian, (N) for nurse, (R) for researcher, (S) for supervisor, (Sec.) for secretary, (St) for student, (T) for teacher, and (Tech) for technician.

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VERGILIA SADLER is teacher of English in the Buckingham High School in her native Fluvanna county. Miss Sadler tells of her two class affiliations at Harrisonburg—first in the fabled class of 1911, and again in the class of 1921.

VIRGINIA GILLIAM is teacher of home economics at Prince George, Virginia. She is a Harrisonburg graduate of the class of 1931.
Progressive teachers will find dependable advice in these estimates on current film releases. Recognizing that one man's meat may be another man's poison, the National Committee on Current Theatrical Films gives three ratings: A, for discriminating adults; Y, for youth; and C, for children. These estimates are prepared by special arrangement with The Educational Screen, Chicago.

**Ah Wilderness** (Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery) (MGM) Eugene O'Neill's play finely screened with rich characterization and wistful charm. Barrymore splendid as father trying to handle dreamer-son's mental indigestion. True-to-life picture of village life of early 1900's. Beery alone inadequate. 2-25-36

(A) Notable (Y) Good (C) Little interest

**Countryside Doctor, The** (Jean Hersholt, Dionne Quintuplets) (Fox) Imaginative dramatization of Dr. Dafoe's life and work as obscure practitioner raised to fame by keeping quintuplets alive. Some cheap touches, highly emotional moments, and brief glimpses of the babies but mostly a very human, absorbing picture. 3-24-36

(A) Good (Y) Very good (C) Doubtful

**Desire** (Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper) (Para.) Mostly skillful crook drama, smoothly played, and with real comedy values. Then, a grace note. Reduction of week's liaison furnishes same old "sex-stuff" of a few years ago. Dietrich, absurdly made up, acts typically. Cooper good. 3-3-36

(A) Good of kind (Y) Unwholesome (C) No

**Fang and Claw** (Frank Buck) (RKO) Thrilling, informative record of Buck's expedition to Malayan jungle to bring back animals for American zoos. By ingenious methods, pythons, monkeys, tigers, etc., are captured. Notable for abysmal zoos. By ingenious methods, pythons, monkeys, etc., are captured. Notable for abysmal zoos.

**Follow the Fleet** (Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers) (RKO) Pleasing musical comedy in best tradition of the gavotte. Astaire dances solo and ensemble singing. Good fun. 3-3-36

(A) Excellent (Y) Excellent (C) Good

**Lady of Secrets** (Ruth Chatterton, Otto Kruger) (Columbia) Slow-moving but intriguing story of rich girl's long struggle against domineering father. Thwarted by death of her wartime lover, she manages to save her daughter from loveless marriage and wins happiness for herself at last. 3-3-36

(A) Good (Y) Doubtful (C) No interest

**Modern Times** (Charlie Chaplin) (U. A.) A great film, delightfully amusing, with sound and music but no dialog. Chaplin as same wistful hero seeking his niche in the complex modern world. Same costume, antics, and matchless pantomime, proving Chaplin's silence as potent as Hollywood's speech. 2-25-36

(A) Excellent (Y) Excellent (C) Excellent

**Passing of the Third Floor Back** (Conrad Veidt) (Para.) Beautifully filmed of famous allegorical drama about mysterious stranger and his influence for good over selfish, unhappy members of London boarding-house, till their awakenings achieved. Some weaknesses but well acted and effective as awhole. 2-25-36

(A) Very good (Y) Very good (C) Beyond them

**Return of Jimmy Valentine** (Roger Pryor, Charlotte Henry) (Republic) Novel of Robinson Crusoe, not over blatant, engineers exciting search for famous crook now incog as highly respected bank president. Lively complications when daughter nearly betrays her father unwittingly, but all ends well. 3-10-36

(A) Good of kind (Y) Good (C) Exciting

**Rose Marie** (Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy) (MGM) Melodious Friml operetta-romance richly done, with glorious singing in outdoor settings of scenic splendor. Grand opera interludes for background. Temperamentally same old "sex-stuff" of a few years ago. Dietrich, absurdly made up, acts typically. Cooper good. 3-3-36

(A) Excellent (Y) Excellent (C) Good

**Story of Louis Pasteur** (Paul Muni) (Warner) Truly great picture realizing screen's true power. Moving, inspiring portrayal of great scientist and his struggle to combat deadly germs. Dramatic, factual, tensely interesting blending of the biographical and scientific. Muni practically perfect. 3-17-36

(A-Y) Excellent (C) Unless too mature

**These Three** (M. Hopkins, M. Oberon, J. McCreary) (U. A.) Expert production, finely acted by all, with amazing child part by Bonita Granville as evil, spiteful schoolgirl whose slanderous lies bring tragedy to three innocent people—one man and two girls. Credible, poignant drama of real merit. 3-24-36

(A) Fine of kind (Y) Good but mature (C) No

**The New Gulliver** (Russian production) (Amo) Extraordinary novelty picture presenting Swift's classic with one living actor and countless remarkable puppets. Pasticcio, thoughtful, striking. But shuddery puppet motions tire, and usual Soviet propaganda permeates and deadens whole. 3-3-36

(A) Novel (Y) Novel (C) Perhaps

**The Petrified Forest** (Conrad Veidt) (U. A.) Excellent acting. 3-10-36

(A) Excellent (Y) Mature (C) No

**Trail of the Lonesome Pine** (Fred MacMurray, Sylvia Sidney) (Para.) Gorgeous production of old tale of violent feuds in Virginia mountains, in full and approximately true color. Costly, eye-filling novelty, but dramatic value weakened by dragging scenes, poor make-up, and hero's inept acting. 3-10-36

(A-Y) Interesting novelty (C) Too strong
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