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NEWS AND NOTES OF THE
ALUMNAE

Aurie Law is teaching in Roanoke City. She says: "I want you to give my love and best wishes to each one of the faculty and especially those of 1910-11-12. In my heart Harrisonburg Normal is next to home. Nothing can ever take the place of my two years there except perhaps two more."

Now, if anything can sound better than that we should like to hear it. We suggest that all of our clan write Aurie at 1424 Orange Avenue, N. W., and insist upon her returning for those two more years.

Clara Lambert is teaching in Martinsville High School and is enjoying her work very much. She says: "We expect to commence work on a new building in the spring."

Mary McGehee writes from Prospect, Va., "I so often wish that I could be back at dear old H. N. S. Studying is so much easier than teaching."

Bertha Nuckolls sent a Christmas greeting from Nuckee Farm, at Galax. The last message preceding that we had from her was sent out from her office at the National Capital, but we do not blame her for going back to the old home whenever she can.

Sara Monroe reported from Clarendon at the Thanksgiving luncheon and sent us a Christmas greeting from Rosslyn.

Althea Adams gives Box 174, Riverton, N. J., as her address this year. Last year she taught in Florida. She and Florence Keezell have a fine method for getting acquainted with Uncle Sam's big country.

Mary Quigg is one of the live wires in the Richmond system. Her number is 200 E. Franklin Street. She has recently put us under obligation by sending us the names and addresses of the one hundred and twenty-five persons who were present at the Thanksgiving luncheon.

Mary Settle, who is now Mrs. Amory, sends hearty greetings from Flint Hill, Rappahannock County, the land of the luscious apples, beautiful rural scenes, and hospitable good folks.

Alice Gilliam, who went to the hospital for a severe operation just as our people were gathering for the luncheon at Hotel Richmond, is back at her work. Some of her friends say, "Alice is a jewel." Others say, "She is a trump."

Eunice Lipscomb is down in the land of lucky fairies—right where the famous fairy stones grow. Her address is The Hollow, Patrick County.

Among the most loyal and active friends of Blue-Stone Hill is Mrs. J. E. Dodsworth, whose address is Richmond, R. F. D. 1, Box 86. She is typical of the hundreds of Virginia women who come and spend a summer or two with us and are devoted supporters of the school ever after.

Mrs. M. W. Blakey of Tappahannock is another one of our last summer students who were present at the Thanksgiving banquet. She, Mrs. Dodsworth, and Mrs. McCarty of Fauquier County, made a notable trio at Blue-Stone Hill last summer. We hope to see them all here again.

Susie Rabey may be addressed at Suffolk. Waterford on January 7, reports that Harrisonburg smile.

Mattie Worster writes from Portsmouth, 426 Columbia Street. A letter from her or from Carrie Bishop always makes one ask, "Why were typewriters ever invented?" What is the use of saying "Locker" or "Palmer" to them or to Mrs. LeHew? Carrie is teaching at Hillsboro, Loudoun County.

Mrs. W. C. Chowning of New Smyrna, Florida, who was a summer student with us several years ago, still gladdens us with messages now and then. Her last word of greeting was written on a beautiful picture of orange blossoms.

Freida K. Atwood is still teaching and singing at Front Royal. When she leaves that city we hope that she will come back to Harrisonburg.

Georgie Foreman still registers from Saint Brides. She lets her friends at Harrisonburg know, from time to time, that she remembers them.

Lillian Millner, now Mrs. D. S. Garrison, whose home was in Canton, Ohio, for

a year or two, has returned to Norfolk, the busy city by the sea. We are glad to have her back in Virginia again.

Dr. Gifford, who spoke before the Loudoun County Teachers Association at Waterford on January 7, reports that Harrisonburg girls are making their presence felt in Loudoun. Pamela Ish is at Lincoln; Carrie Bishop, who received her bachelor's degree the past June, is now principal of the Hillsboro Junior High School; and Ellen Collier and Katie Riely, two last year's juniors, are in charge each of a one-room rural school. Another Harrisonburg girl, Anna Potterfield, is teaching at Lovettsville.

Esther Baker and Clarence Barton, of Chinocoteague Island, Accomac County, were married Saturday night, January 1, at the home of the bride. Miss Baker was a Home Economics Senior and spent the first quarter of the year here.

Ruth Marshall, in a recent letter from Callands, Virginia, tells how home-sick she is for alma mater: She writes, in part:

"I shall always remember the five years which I spent there as one of the happiest periods of my life. . . . I am teaching again in my home high school, and am assistant principal this year. We have a four-year high school, with nine teachers, two of whom are Harrisonburg graduates. Margaret Stone, of the 1920 class, is primary teacher. Miss Housman, another one of our teachers, has been to Harrisonburg in the summer. I feel quite proud that the H. N. S. girls are beginning to find their way into this part of the state. Verlie Storey and Frances Ralston are teaching at Whitmel, which is about ten miles from here. . . ."

"I have just received a letter tonight from Ada Lee Berrey, telling about her work at Elkins, West Virginia. I am always so glad to receive any news from H. N. S. I can hardly wait for THE VIRGINIA TEACHER each month. I think I enjoy everything in it, but especially the school and alumnae news."

Miss Frances Sale, a former head of the home economics department of our school, writes from Columbus, Mississippi:

"With love for all and best wishes for 'our big fat letter from home'—THE VIRGINIA TEACHER."

Emily Doughty, of the Class of 1919, writes from Windsor, Virginia:

"I am teaching this winter in Windsor, the same position I held last year. The work is very interesting. We are working at present on a new building for agriculture and home economics alone. I am to have the whole second floor, which will consist of a large cooking laboratory, dining room, and delightful serving room.

"I think of every one that I knew at H. N. S. very, very often; and many times I have wished that I had taken the four-year course. The importance of continuing the work can not be stressed enough. If the girls would only recognize the importance of this and stay in school, the efficiency of both the teachers and pupils would be doubly increased."

Besse Lay, of last year's graduating class, writes an interesting account of her work at Peabody, where she is continuing her study in home economics.

"The most interesting class I have is catering. . . . We have five in the class—one Miss Ray, a Miss Day, and a Lay, and two others. We have one class meeting on Monday; then, once a week we serve some kind of tea, social, or party. We make all kinds of nice new things for such occasions. One week we had a woman's barbecue on the campus. We sold tickets at fifty cents each and served a plate of a large serving of pork, haven salad, roast sweet potatoes, a roll, a glass of butter milk or a cup of coffee, a piece of mince, chocolate, or cocoanut pie. Then, when it got dark, we toasted marshmallows over the fire."

"One thing that H. N. S. has that I crave for Peabody is the School Spirit; we miss it so much here. We have wished and wished that we might present H. N. S. with a Social-Religious Building like ours here."

ANOTHER GOOD WORD

Roberta Lee Moore is teaching in the high school of Pocomoke, Md. Since November 25, 1920, she has been Mrs. Mark Callahan.

In a letter of December 10, to Miss Lancaster, she says:

"I am writing to let you know I am thinking of you and your large family. . . . I suppose time has brought forth many changes among the students and graduates who left Blue-Stone Hill in the past years, but I am sure they will never forget that spirit of love and loyalty for our dear Alma Mater."

FROM "MISS LIDA CLEVELAND"

From the University of Porto Rico—where her husband, Dr. Edmister, is professor in the scientific department and she herself is librarian—a former member of our faculty writes all sorts of good wishes to Harrisonburg. Her letter is saturated with the beauty of the island and the sea, the brilliance of sky and cloud, the marvel of tropical trees and fruits and flowers. She adds: "I was coming out of a movie theatre the other evening when some one touched my arm and said, Howdy-do, Miss Lida Cleveland! I was astounded and knew I was seeing a familiar face, but couldn't recognize her. It was Mabel Hitt, who taught here all last year also, in Central High School. How much prettier she is! I think she is happy in her work here, though I haven't had time to go to see he yet."

FROM MARY SCOTT

Mary Scott again writes from Caen, France, regretting that the four American girls in that school have "stuck together and talked English too much" for their best development in French conversation. "We believe we know how to talk enough, however, to carry us through a good time in Paris Christmas. We are promised all sorts of gaiety. . . . We had a great time Thanksgiving. We bought ourselves a roast chicken and had a mince pie that tasted almost American. We have all got fat and rosy, with our regular sleeping and eating habits here. . . . The mothers and grandmothers of the town girls invite us out to tea, which we sip in old French houses behind high dark walls, while we tell a circle of old French ladies why Thanksgiving is—or anything else American that excites their curiosity. One of these the other lay showed us a magni-

ficant old gown of heavy, heavy satin—brown and gray flowered—that was six hundred years old."

FROM SARAH SHIELDS

Sarah Shields again writes from India of her pleasure in news from Blue-stone Hill and in the fact that her mother, brother, and sister had visited Harrisonburg and had caught an enthusiasm similar to her own for the place. In the kodak pictures, Sarah's own face, grown happier, shines out from her oriental-looking headgear and surroundings.

"On the road in front of the compound the camels travel back and forth all day long. Near by, a wedding is going on. For days we have heard and for days shall hear the bombs exploded in honor of the bridegroom—the center of attraction in India. Five times a day the muezzin sounds from the parapet of the Mohammedan mosque not far away—the call to prayer, like the wild cry of some passionate religious fanatic; while from the other side the conch shells are blown from the Hindu temples morning and evening when the idols are being awakened or put to sleep. One never gets away from the oppressiveness and blackness of it all. But I am glad that on Christmas morning, instead of these sounds, it has long been the customs of our girls to waken us early by singing the old Christmas carols in Hindustani, on the ground below the roof where we sleep."

If I were advising young men and young women regarding the matter of a profession, I should specifically say that there is no better time to enter a calling from the point of view of opportunity than the one when people are leaving it and looking for chances in other directions.—Frank L. McVey.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

GRACE BRINTON is the head of the Home Economics Department.

CONRAD T. LOGAN is an instructor in English.

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