

XI

NEWS AND NOTES OF THE
ALUMNAE

Mary Rumburg is at home in Macedonia, Ohio. Recently she sent her friends at the Normal a handsome souvenir from the city of Cleveland.

Kate Turlington wishes all the folks at Blue-Stone Hill a happy new year. Her home is at Melfa, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

Annie Hundley sends greetings from Whitmell. Can one think of her without thinking of Frances Oakes too?

Era Showalter is teaching at Warrenton, but she spent part of her Christmas holidays in the National Capital.

Alpha Holcomb is at home in Portsmouth. She is one of the hustlers for Alma Mater in the seaside cities.

Margaret and Marie Purcell live in Washington City. Their address is 2701 Woodley Road, N. W.

Lucile Early Fray sends a cheering message from her home at Advance Mills, Va.

Annie Johnson is at South Boston. Her friends at the Normal are always glad to hear from her.

Bertha Nuckolls wrote recently from Galax. Her old home, Nuckee Farm, is an old camping ground of the Cherokee Indians.

Anna Potterfield writes from Lovettsville. Loudoun County is full of good friends of the Normal.

Octavia Goode is still in Richmond. She is making a great success there as a teacher.

Louise Fuqua sends greetings from Drewry's Bluff. No doubt she finds historic Chesterfield increasingly interesting.

Dr. and Mrs. George W. Oast are at home in Portsmouth, but they do not forget Blue-Stone Hill. Mrs. Oast was Ethel Kaufman.

Sara A. Monroe is teaching in Roanoke City. She is another Loudoun girl, if we are not mistaken. She, Ida Monroe, and Edith Martz all came to the Normal together.

Margaret Proctor sends a good report from Danville. We are watching the Normal Club in Danville grow. The city is a loyal center for Normal girls.

Lucy S. Gatling is teaching this year near Sutherland. She sends us a word now and then and is always pleased to hear from her friends. Address her R. F. D. No. 2.

Mary McDonald sends a good word to Alma Mater from Roanoke City. She has our best wishes.

Lillian Millner Garrison is at home in Norfolk. Now and then she lets her friends at Blue-Stone Hill have a line from her. They remember her fine work here and at Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Neale send a cordial message from their home in Upper Lehigh, Penna. Mrs. Neale was Miss Fay Morgan of Roanoke. We also associate her with Dorchester, where she lived until a year or two ago.

Marie Kilby remembered us recently in a message from Winchester. A happy new year, Marie! Let us hear from you again.

Mabel Hitt was offered a position in Norfolk for this year, but she decided to marry Professor Lester S. Hill on November 4. So now she lives at Orono, Maine. A few days ago she sent us a collection of handsome post cards showing pictures of the university buildings at Orono and some attractive scenes on the Penobscot River. Orono is up the river seven miles from Bangor.

Grace Fisher still lives in Roanoke. Just a few days ago she sent Alma Mater holiday greetings and good wishes for the new year. Can anybody think of her without thinking of music?

Caroline Eisenberg is teaching the primary pupils this year at Mary Baldwin Seminary. On January 1 she sent in a nice check for Alumnae Hall.

Christine Reaves is teaching at Huntersville, N. C. The \$25 check reported in the last issue of THE VIRGINIA TEACHER should have been credited to her. She heard of the movement for building the "Home-Coming House" and would not be left out, although she had been overlooked in the canvass. Such loyalty will raise more than one memorial at Blue-Stone Hill.

On December 19 Bess Turner became Mrs. A. H. Hamaker. The wedding took place in Berryville. After a trip to the South, Mr. and Mrs. Hamaker returned to their home in Harrisonburg.

Margaret Martin writes from Middlebrook. She says: "I often think of you folks down there and even get homesick for H. N. S. After Christmas I want to come down for the week-end sometime."

Come often, all ye homesick ones!

Lillian Rankin (Mrs. C. H. Strader) writes from Eggleston, Giles County, where she and her husband are teaching. They want another teacher for their school about January 15.

A letter has just been received from Mrs. Anne Houser Holt, 15 Guarantee Street, Petersburg, enclosing a check from the Harrisonburg Club in her city. This is to be applied to the "Home-Coming House." And the Petersburg girls promise another check soon.

Mrs. Holt is secretary of the Petersburg chapter—and "Guarantee Street" has a mighty good sound.

On November 15 Sarah Shields wrote a letter from her place of work in the A. P. Mission, Jagraon, Punjab, India. She says: "It is nearly Christmas time and I cannot forget Harrisonburg. I hope you have had as happy a year as the one that is nearly over has been for me. We have the biggest school we have ever had."

Her letter arrived just the day before Christmas. She inquires about Frances Mackey, Miss Lancaster, Miss Cleveland, Mrs. Brooke, and others who were here when she was a student.

A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING

Miss Susie Rabey Interests Whole Neighborhood in Her Work

Suffolk, Dec. 8.—Nansemond County is boasting a teacher that has revolutionized a neighborhood and a school that has forged its way to the forefront of country schools with a celerity that has amazed the educational forces of the county.

The teacher is Miss Susie Rabey, and the school is at Cypress Chapel.

Miss Rabey, just out of school herself, took charge at Cypress about two years ago. Immediately she began to work on a plan to get the community interested in the school—a thing that had been sadly lacking. The result was a community spirit such as school journals and magazines would delight to portray.

The Cypress School is now the center of all kinds of activities. Its auditorium is filled, one or two nights each week with some gathering for some civic or school purpose. Everything from political talks to prayer meetings have been held in this hall, and best of all, its spaces have been utilized for many worthy purposes. Through the influence of Miss Rabey Governor Westmoreland Davis has been a visitor at Cypress, and other distinguished men from time to time have spoken to the people of this neighborhood at the school. The course of study has been enlarged, the faculty being one of excellence.

Miss Rabey has met with hearty co-operation from the people, and the latest venture is the "Teacherage," which is now about completed and will be thrown open January 1, with a big house warming. In this building the teachers of the school will make their home, and will be more admirably located than ever before, in that they will be living together, and will be better able to carry on the big program laid out by Miss Rabey.

Besides the "Teacherage," the school has a Banner Patrons' League, and new equipment is being added daily to the already well arranged school building. A school garden was a feature last spring and will be again during the coming year.

Miss Rabey was made chairman for the recent Red Cross annual membership campaign, and with the assistance of her committees, made a good canvass.

Cypress has an excellent school board, whose spirit is that of co-operation and with the thoroughly alive and public spirited young teacher as the moving force.

FROM THE FIELD

Rua General Carneiro, 241 Campinas,
Estado de S. Paulo, Brazil,

November 9, 1921.

Dear Friends at Home:—

When on the morning of October 29, after a most delightful voyage, we sailed into the bay of Rio amidst the morning freshness, with a broom tied to our ship's mast, showing we had swept the sea's record, into all the grandeur of the mountains rising abruptly from the rolling sea and the quaintness of this city of a million people all nestled between the hills and outlying waters, I rubbed my eyes to see if all the beauty about

me was not a dream, for I have never imagined anything like it outside of a fairy-book. It was only with conscious effort that we realized we had come to a land full of ignorance, superstition, and sin, where foreign missionaries were needed.

After spending several days in the city, exchanging our money for queer Brazilian coins, getting through the dreaded Custom House, and doing some sight-seeing, and further realizing the beauty of Rio, with its avenues of palm trees, its trees of poinsettias, oleanders, and jessamine, its wealth of fruits and flowers of every kind and color, we took the train for Lavras, where one of our schools is located. The all-day trip seemed all too short; for the train went through miles of orange groves in bloom and also yellow with fruit, through fields lined with banana trees, through coffee groves and towering Brazilian pines, which look like huge umbrellas against the sky. As our train followed the river, which wound in between the most beautiful mountains I had ever seen and later went over these ranges, I felt I had been cheated in my anticipation of this land of the Southern Cross. I had never realized we were coming to the most beautiful place in the world. That day I felt as never before,

"Earth is crammed with heaven,
And every bush alive with God."

But you had only to study the faces of your fellow travellers to realize that despite all this beauty, which is "God's handwriting", that they did not see Him. In fact, the faces of both the men and the women you meet are tragic in the absence of refinement and the marks of Christian gentlemanliness and womanliness, and I never saw so many typical street waifs as the children here seem.

It was my pleasure to meet the fellow missionaries at Lavras and to see the splendid work that is being done in the schools. Indeed it was most gratifying to find them giving to the young people the same things we are giving our young people in the United States. The light in the faces of these young people in the schools, in contrast to the lack of it in others, made you feel that all the money and life expended had been worth while.

Then, too, when you saw the deep joy reflected on the faces of the missionaries, you were glad—glad all over again—that

God had let you come out on this errand for Him. I had always heard missionaries were the happiest people in the world, for "those who bring so much happiness into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves;" and this was easy to believe in the face of this group. Among them is "Aunt Lotty" (Miss Charlotte Kemper), who for over 40 years has faithfully served the Master on this "far-flung battle-line", and although she is 84 years old, she is teaching every day as interested in life as the youngest of us.

We visited Miss See's school, at Campo Bello. On the way up from the station we felt we had stepped into Africa, for we ran into a large group of natives dressed like clowns, going through the streets yelling and dancing, following an awful, weird, degrading sort of music, supposedly to accompany somebody under a canopy. At each street corner the procession stopped and paid homage to this image, supposed to represent St. Benedict. This had been going on continually for three days and nights. Amidst all this African heathenism this Protestant school stands for the best in the Church, and its influence is shown in the home-life of the girls, in their application in the schoolroom, and in their bright faces.

We are now in Campinas, where Mr. Lane was born, studying Portuguese, and wishing all the time that everybody spoke English! Here we have met other kind missionaries who have "taken us in" and made us feel at home in this far-away land. I am hoping soon to understand and to be understood. It is a very helpless feeling not to be able to do either. The great needs all around us are the strongest incentives to us to acquire the language as soon as possible. Mr. Lane has already gotten it so he has taken a Sunday-School class and is now working on a sermon in Portuguese. I, too, have started a little afternoon Sunday-School with the help of my teacher, who, for the present, has to be dictionary, mouthpiece, and almost everything for me.

Some of the customs of the people seem just as queer to us as ours probably seem to them. Each day we realize that Brazil is not just a land of orange blossoms and marvellous sunsets—there is another side, a very dark side. On the streets are lepers and all

sorts of pitiful human beings, beggars of every description who are licensed to beg on Saturday, called "Beggars' Day"! There is no word in Portuguese corresponding to our beloved word HOME. The people do not know its meaning, as is plainly shown in their houses with their bare floors, jail-like windows and blinds, stiff array of furniture that seems to defy you to be comfortable in it, and with the women hanging out of the windows seemingly with nothing to do while their children play in the dirt on the streets.

Think us always well, happy, and busy—eating five meals a day, for that is the custom here—and thinking of you folks "back home" every day. Your friendship and prayers will always be an inspiration and help to us to be and do our best for the Master.

You will be hearing from us from time to time and I am sure if you knew how much the Home Mail means to us, you would let us hear from you oftener. I hope by next time to have something to tell you about our work, and to also tell you we speak Portuguese fluently!

With constant thoughts of you and wishing for each one the best always, I am

Your representative and friend,

MARY COOK LANE

Any letter with five cents postage, or postcard with two cents postage, addressed to Mrs. E. E. Lane, Rua General Carneiro, 241, Campinas, Estado de S. Paulo, Brazil, will reach her in due course of mail.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

LUCY S. SAUNDERS, Supervisor of Primary and Kindergarten departments of the Norfolk schools, was in November elected treasurer of the Virginia State Teachers Association.

MARY L. BROWN is a teacher of home economics in the Lincoln High School, Loudoun County, Virginia.

W. J. GIFFORD is the head of the department of Education of the State Normal School at Harrisonburg.

ZOE PORTER is a critic teacher of the third grade of the Harrisonburg Training School.

R. B. MARSTON is superintendent of schools at Sistersville, West Virginia.

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