NEWS AND NOTES OF THE ALUMNAE

A postcard, wonderful in "the glows and glories" of a Hawaiian sunset, comes from Miss Mary I. Bell. Even there, with all the tropic novelty to charm her, she was watching the letter-box and scanning the Virginia papers for news of Blue-Stone Hill. Miss Bell belongs to us. We lent her to Richmond in an emergency, and that city has never returned our valued property. Surely her trip to the summer isles was so timed as to have her back for the Harrisonburg luncheon at Thanksgiving.

Carrie Bishop writes from Churchland, proposing to establish there another Lanier Literary Society, using the old badge, the old motto, and the old constitution. This makes the second daughter of which the Harrisonburg society is proud.

The last letters from Lucile and Mary Early are full of the dimpling charm of Mary's baby girl, Julia Almond Parrott.

Elizabeth Matheny is teacher of mathematics and history in McLean High School. She is enjoying her work and is only twenty minutes from Washington.

Fanita Holloman and Reba Suter also teach at McLean. Miss M. M. Snead is principal and has held this position for several past sessions.

Edith Sagle is teaching her second year at Montpelier, and is making a record. Her letter of recent date, headed, "Beaverdam," gives interesting school news and encloses a renewal for The Virginia Teacher. "I just can't do without it," is her adequate reason. Edith also says, "I saw Doris Woodward at our county fair and she was telling me about the new buildings at Blue-Stone Hill."

Minnie Bowman is teaching the seventh grade at Wakefield. She says, "I often think of H. N. S." She is planning to come to her class reunion in 1924.

Annie Sherwood sends her letter from Virginia Beach, in care of Coast Guard Station No. 104. She is making her one-room school a place of wide-awake activities.

Lila Gray writes from Norwood. She is on the lookout for progressive aids in her work as a teacher.

Mary Haskins is teaching the third and fourth grade at Lodi. Under date of November 6 she sends us a message and makes inquiry about certain classroom aids.

Sallie Maupin writes from Lovingston. She has an interesting class in the fifth grade.

Mabel Snidow still keeps Blue-Stone Hill in mind. She is teaching at Kimballton.

Mary Quigg was married on November 4 to Mr. George B. Bridgforth. The wedding took place in the Presbyterian church at Clifton Station.

Julia Silvey (Mrs. Chas. Luttrell) is still working in her home county of Rappahannock. A recent letter was written to the Normal from Amissville.

Mae Padgett writes a breezy letter from Pound, where she is teaching the second year. "I often think," she says, "of the pleasant hours spent in classes at the Normal."

Beulah Crigler inquires, "How is everyone at H. N. S. now?" She declares that she thinks about us often. She is teaching at Williamsburg, in the college training school.

Mary Coakley mails her letter at Arrington. She is teaching three grades in the local school.

Eva Gillespie's address is 22 Houston Street, Lexington. She is seeking the best aids to make her school an enjoyable and wide-awake place.

Coleman Boswell writes from her place of work at Wylliesburg, asking for copies of "Old Virginia." She is planning an entertainment for her school and community.

Ruth Lewis sent us a message from Burnley's, and then did better by paying us a flying visit. She is principal of a three-room school.

Chloe Wells is teaching the seventh grade at Wakefield. She says, "I often think of H. N. S." She is planning to come to her class reunion in 1924.
Helen Browder's address is still 667 Jefferson Street, Danville, and she is just as progressive as ever in her teaching. She says, "I was delighted to find so many of the Danville graduates going to Harrisonburg this fall."

Tacy Shamburg (Mrs. Marchant Fansler) paid Alma Mater a visit a few days ago and brought a donation to the school museum.

Hannah Via writes from Nuttsville and makes inquiry regarding certain publications of interest to teachers. She is teaching the fifth grade.

Jo Warren renews her subscription to the *Virginia Teacher* and tells of her second year's work in Clay county, W. Va. She says: "I teach three hours every Friday night, eighteen miles from Clay, and travel on a freight train to reach the place, where I meet seven teachers. They are required to have four high school credits next summer in order to get their certificates renewed, and they are teaching this winter; so there is no way to get the work except in extension courses or by correspondence—they chose the former. Then on every alternate Saturday I have another class at another place, which I reach by traveling on the B. & O. train for 15 miles and walking up a mountain. I enjoy the work because the people are so appreciative, and it is some diversion too.

"I attended the State Education Association meeting last week at Charleston and had a very good time. Saw Pauline Callendar and Miss Kathleen Watson, who is a daughter of a former pastor of the church at Harrisonburg. Saw Maude Kelly also. Pauline invited me to see her Christmas, and I think I will try to be in Harrisonburg the last Sunday in the year."

Mary Lee Perry has the primary work at Broadford, Va. Under date of November 20 she sends a newsy letter "home"—that is, to Blue-Stone Hill. Virginia Leith is teaching near Broadford.

Catherine Moore is now continuing her work at William and Mary. She still remembers her friends at the Normal.

Josephine Harnsberger is teaching English and history in the Floris Vocational High School near Washington. She reports a fine school spirit, which reminds her of Harrisonburg.

Mary Lancaster Smith (Mrs. E. E. Garrison) is now living at 101 Wellington street, Springfield, Mass. She encloses with her letter a photo showing her house, her husband, and her son.

Loomis McCray writes from Page's Mill. She is teaching intermediate grades in Back Creek School.

Minnie B. Shaw was married on August 16 to Mr. Clarence P. Robinson of Winchester. The happy couple are now at home at 1868 Ingleside Terrace, Washington, D. C.

Margaret Ropp (Mrs. E. G. Currin, Jr.) writes a good letter from her home, "Englewood," near Meredithville. She is looking out for the welfare of students from her vicinity and is outlining a course of training for her two young sons.

Bernice Gay is teaching first grade in Portsmouth. Frances Sawyer is again in Norfolk. Besse Lay and Margaret Seebert, class of 1920, are in the Cloverdale High School, Montgomery County, Alabama, teaching home economics and science, respectively. Louise Walker, same class, now Mrs. John F. Jennings, 3122 Third Avenue, H. P., Richmond, has a son, J. F. Jennings, Jr.

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A LETTER FROM BRAZIL

Sao Sebastiao do Paraíso,
Estado de Minas, Brazil,
September 29, 1922.

Dear Friends:

One year ago today I stepped ashore on Brazilian soil so this letter may be called my first year in Brazil! As I look back, my deepest feeling is one of joy and thankfulness—grateful, first of all, that God let me come to this land, then thankful for many other things of which I shall tell you now.

We are thankful that our work is in a land so endowed with natural beauty, and among people so responsive, so eager to be taught, and I might also say, so in need, for surely it greatly adds to the joy of life to serve where you feel so keenly your opportunity. The new-found friends among the missionaries are some of our best gifts; in addition to these are the many Brazilians who have opened their hearts to us. As I left the homeland, I confess now I wondered whether I should ever make any real friends.
again, and at the close of this, my first year in a foreign land, I realize that was a shortsighted and faithless wonder.

I am glad of all the getting “acostumada” to Brazilian ways and customs and for every word in my new and meagre vocabulary. Some one says, “There are four stages in language study, (1) When you know what you say, but no one else does. (2) When you get an intelligent reply. (3) When the people say, ‘How well you speak.’ (4) When there are no comments at all.” Mr. Lane has successfully passed into the third stage but I sometimes feel I am only half through stage No. 1. I never realized before how much I had to be thankful for when I could express my thoughts to those around me.

Before Mrs. Daffin left I was “a outra Americanna,” but now I am “a Americanna” (feminine form) of Paradise, being the only American woman for miles and miles. However, this does not feel as strange as it sounds. When I go with Mr. Lane on the train or into sections where I am the first American woman the people have ever seen, I certainly get what we call at Home “the once-over,” and I feel that I must be a living wonder.

We have at last faced one of our American missionary’s problems—the striking of an even balance between a sanitary and a simple home. The ordinary comforts of American life are to these people luxuries, and what would pass at Home as a very modest home is to them a palace. In a land so full of dirt, however, we feel that we cannot have our home too striking an example of neatness and cleanliness and homeliness. It is hard for you, so accustomed to sanitation in the U. S. A., to imagine conditions here. Only the tropical sun saves Brazil from an early grave. Dirty garments, dirty faces, dirt in the streets, dirt in the so-called homes, dirt everywhere! This can truly be described as the land “where the little children know not the blessing of being clean.” There is just so much filth and disease that sometimes you feel like picking up your skirts and running away—but then you realize what you are here for and you are GLAD you can have a part in lifting people who have not had your chance from a low level up to a higher and cleaner life physically and spiritually.

At the present, we are thrilled over the chance to work in Sao Sebastiao for a year, a field so white unto harvest, so full of opportunities calling for our best, and where our training and experience at Home can count for so much. As you know, we are only sojourners here while Mr. Daffin is teaching in the Seminary. My bounding joy is the Primary Department of the S. S. Two months ago we organized this department with 18 children in the basement of the church. Last Sunday there were 110 children present and we literally had a “houseful and yardful,” so the session of the church is getting ready to build us a room all our own. The growth in members is not the only way we have spread out. How I wish all of you could hear the little children sing, “Ao trono de Jesus” (Around the throne) and “Sei que Jesus me quer ben” (Jesus Loves Me), and recite the Bible Alphabet and the 23rd Psalm. Last Sunday one of the tiniest tots stood on the platform before the whole school and lead them in the Lord’s Prayer. There were few dry eyes in the room when he said, “Amen” in his clear little childish voice. Just now we are making a special effort to recruit new members in the Sunday School for Rally Day, October 24. There were 300 persons last Sunday, many of them never having heard before the heartening truths from the Bible. There are many new doors open to us now through this unusual interest and attendance at our Sunday School and the responsibility is very great. We ask for your continued earnest prayers that we may grasp every opportunity of entering these homes, and that we may have the wisdom that cometh down from above, that cometh only to the children of the King.

The Girls’ Society is another arm of the service in which I am especially interested. They recently raised 150 milreis for the church debt and had lots of fun doing it. They meet every week, and all 15 members are always there on time. They conduct the meetings themselves, leading in prayer, giving short talks on the Bible and carrying on the business in a very happy way. Today we organized a basketball team and had our first practice in this new-to-them sport. That and tennis, which the men enjoy very much, are greatly helping the social development of our work and are putting us in contact with persons we could not reach otherwise. The attendance at the church services is very encouraging and many new persons are interested and we hope may become
Christians. We can truly appreciate the joy of the angels over one sinner that repenteth in this land where accepting Christ means giving up social position and bearing many things we know nothing of in our Homeland. Each one must count the cost before taking the step but they all feel the cost is not to be counted as compared with the joy they have in their hearts and show in their faces.

I am also greatly interested in a class of young men to whom I am teaching English just now. One thing I can certainly say of their teacher is that she could not be more sympathetic. They are so anxious to learn and I find it very pleasant to be able to teach somebody something. But I am ashamed of my lack of progress in their language alongside of their rapid progress in English. They help me a great deal in learning their language, we compare ways of saying the same thing in the two tongues. I asked one the other night how to say "if I have time" and he said, "You never find Brazilians talking much about time." You would have to live here to appreciate that statement. The nation's motto is, "Espera um pouco," and they practice it at all times. Mr. Lane laughs at me every day for not learning that proverb, which really means "wait a little," and for thinking I can get things done ON TIME in this country.

Another cause for true gratitude in our hearts is the recent decision of the Mission as to our future location. Next year we are to go to a brand-new locality, hundreds of miles from Paradise, and further into the interior, where our parish will be as large as all of South Carolina, and where there are no churches, and no schools. Here we will have a chance to work out our own salvation, and that, after this year's experience in this progressive church, where we shall have seen what things can lie and have been done in Brazil.

We are also mindful of our temporal blessings. We have fallen heir to the Daffin Mission Home, which is roomy and comfortable and has a flower garden radiant just now with flowers of every color of the rainbow, and also has a grape vineyard, many orange, lemon, mamao, alligator pear, plum, and jaboticabo trees.

I really have reserved my greatest cause for gratitude for the last—for you folks at Home, for your love and prayers and letters we are truly and deeply thankful. Thank you every one for your great part in our work! I think it is the realization of your faithfulness and in answer to your prayers that so many good things have come to us and that we are so full of joy. You certainly are a continual inspiration to us.

I know this sounds like a missionary's edition of Polly Anna but I also know you want your missionary to be a GLAD one—and I am! We wouldn't go back for "keeps," not even if you sent an airplane for us—but we do love you and the work in the Homeland in the same old way, and the days the boats get in from the U. S. A. will always be our Red-Letter days until our Red-Letter year—1928—when we can really see you again.

Gladly your missionary,
MARY COOK LANE
Nashville, Tennessee, November, 1922.

Any letter with two cents postage, addressed to Mrs. E. E. Lane, Sao Sebastião de Paraíso, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil, will reach her in due course of mail.

The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend; when I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

If you are in Doubt of any Thing, don't be asham'd to ask; or if you have committed an Error, to be corrected. A little before you go to sleep read something that is exquisite, and worth remembering; and contemplate upon it until you fall asleep; and when you awake in the Morning, call yourself to an Account for it.—DESIDERIUS ERASMUS.

In Books we find, the dead as it were living; in Books we foresee things to come. These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferrules, without hard words and anger. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.—RICHARD DE BURY.