

fulness to the utmost detail of color and form, as was the case in this delightful evening's entertainment.

The new buildings, the Auditorium and The Shenandoah Apartments, are giving fine promise of completion by the opening of the Fall Quarter. **New Buildings Ready by Fall** The Alumnae Building, having been used this quarter for the accommodation of the summer students, is already looked upon as one of the old buildings. The plant now has twelve separate buildings, for the use of students, and numerous out-buildings servant quarters, and so on.

Education is frankly recognized by thinking people everywhere as the basis of successful democratic government. Numerous problems are now testing democratic governments as they have never been tested before. Therefore education, now, and in the future needs to be supported and developed as never before. Otherwise the whole structure of civilization is threatened with disaster. Education is at once insurance against danger and the key investment that makes possible greater development in the future.—National Education Association.

IX

NEWS AND NOTES OF THE ALUMNAE

Jean Nicol, who has been keeping house for her father during the past two years, has decided to enter the public health service as an occupational aide. Another sister takes her place as home-maker. She may still be reached with a letter addressed to Rockville, Md.

Grace Heyl started summer work at the University on July 15. She is still keeping an eye on proceedings at Harrisonburg, especially to the end that the new copies of the Student Government Constitution may be ready for use in September.

Mary Louise Overton is spending her vacation at home at Burkeville—and we do not know a better place to spend it.

Hazel Bellerby is also at the University this summer. Under date of July 12 she writes:

"At last I am at that great institution known everywhere by everyone and which is a most inspiring place for a H. N. S. student. It must attract our girls, for there are so many here."

Louise Adams sends a card from "Old Faithful Inn," Yellowstone Park. She writes:

"This is a beautiful place. . . . Will go to Yellowstone Lake this afternoon" (July 7).

Nancy Hufford Furrow's address is 604 Florida, Avenue, Bristol, Tenn. But we dare say that her heart is still in Virginia. She lets her friends at Blue-Stone Hill hear from her now and then. Just now she is preparing a paper for the August D. A. R. meeting on "Powhatan and Pocahontas." She writes:

"We have built us a little home here in Bristol. My husband is in electrical contracting work. He still flies, but not a great deal." She adds (in a postscript), "Am going to register my first time today and will do some real voting in August."

Possibly she remembers the class campaign we had as a civics project while she was at the Normal school.

Lila Deisher sends a card from Niagara Falls. She says:

"I have been visiting Mary Rumburg, and she is here with me. We are enjoying the wonders."

Virginia Leith sends greetings from the Grottoes of the Shenandoah. She ventures to inquire after the health of "the history notebooks."

Margaret Bulloch sends a picture of the U. S. battleship *Vermont*, in Norfolk harbor.

The recently elected officers of the Norfolk-Portsmouth Chapter of the Alumnae Association are: Lelouise Edwards, president; Edith Ward, vice-president; Georgia Foreman Smith, secretary; and Louise Harwell, treasurer. This Chapter contains about one hundred members.

Helena Marsh and Ester Derring, who did critic teaching in the Training School of

Harrisonburg last winter, have decided to give up teaching temporarily. They are now doing library work in New York City. They made a splendid record in Harrisonburg and their many friends here greatly regret their departure.

Pattie Puller is doing government work in Richmond. Her address is 307 North Boulevard, Richmond. Miss Puller has been in government work in Washington for the past four years. We are glad to get her back in the state.

Emily C. Round is spending the summer at the University of Virginia, doing special work in home economics subjects. She will teach in the high school at Alexandria this coming session.

Edith Ward is one of the advisers at the Y. W. C. A. Camp at Norfolk this summer. We have just learned with much regret that she has had the misfortune to lose her father very suddenly. As we understand it, Mr. Ward had not been ill at all.

Katherine Oldfield, of Norfolk, was married to Dr. Dandridge Payne West, on June 15. They are making their home in Norfolk.

Miriam Jones, of Norfolk, paid the school a visit on July 27, as she passed through town with some of her friends.

Marceline A. Gatling, of Norfolk, is visiting in Harrisonburg.

On June 24 six of our girls were in the Grand Canyon of Arizona, enroute to California. From the Hotel El Tovar, Grand Canyon National Park, they mailed post cards to Virginia friends, and signed jointly and severally, as follows:

Frieda Johnson
Elizabeth Barbour
Columbia Johnson
Anna Potterfield
Nan Wiley
Ruth Holland

Through the kindness of Professor Logan we are enabled to know something of the Harrisonburg folks at George Peabody College for Teachers. According to his letter of July 13, they are the following:

Rosa M. Tinder, of Winston-Salem, N. C.;

Mamie L. Eppes, also of Winston-Salem, at present;

Bess Lay, who will get her B. S. in September;

Mary H. Nash (B. S. Hbg. 1919), who is working for her M. A.;

Miss Anthony, who will get her M. S. in September.

Mr. Logan seems to be enjoying his teaching at George Peabody, but he does not hesitate to confess that it did sound "kinder good" to hear "Old Virginia" sung at the Stunt Night, July 3.

JUNE WEDDINGS

June 20, Kathleen Huffman to Mr. Charles F. Warren, Cumberland Mountains, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

June 24, Lucile McLeod to Captain Percy S. Haydon, Detroit, Michigan. At home after July 1, 4th Cavalry, Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

June 28, Catherine Harrison to Mr. Alfred L. Leigh, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

June 28, Alpha Holcomb to Mr. Robert P. Jones, Portsmouth, Virginia.

June 28, Anna Page Lewis to Mr. Mark W. Cowell, Lynwood, Virginia. At home, Peoria, Illinois.

June 28, Ruth Marshall to Mr. Harry L. Aron, Danville, Virginia.

A LETTER FROM BRAZIL

Sao Sebastiao do Paraíso,
Estado de Mina, Brazil,
June 10, 1922.

Dear Friends at Home:

"Tempo fuge" in Brazil as it does at Home! During the time since my last letter, I have had varied experiences; a visit to Sao Paulo, the most American-like city of Brazil, a trip to Piracicaba, where there is a Methodist school, my first illness in Brazil, and finally our marching orders—now we are in Sao Sebastiao do Paraíso (in plain English, Paradise) where we expect to be for 18 months.

I should like to tell you a little of Sao Paulo. Were you to go there and meet the lovely Americans, then see the city itself with

its broad beautiful avenues and go into the business sections where the stores are up-to-date and where the people are actually *hurrying* to and fro, you might wonder if you were not in the U. S. A. Then there are native churches of all denominations in this city of half a million. I enjoyed visiting the largest Presbyterian S. S. in the city, in which I saw a well-organized school from the Cradle Roll Department through the Adult Bible Classes doing work I believe Misses Shields and Binford would approve. One thing especially impressed me in that S. S. Each class was named for some missionary—there was the Dabney Class, the G. W. Butler Class, the Edward Lane Class, etc., and I thought this a good plan for the S. S. at Home. If a class bore the name of a missionary, I am sure the boys and girls of that class would be more interested in the country to which this Servant of the King had given his life.

The visit to a friend in the school at Piracicaba was a joy. I still feel lost outside of the schoolroom so it was a delight to get where there were 200 Brazilian girls being prepared as leaders for the future homes of Brazil. Here the teachers face the same problems and think they have the same hard times that each would find in a similar school at Home. A devoted missionary of the Methodist Church founded this school with one pupil, and though no others came for a year, she persisted until once more faith was justified of her children.

I was distressed to delay our coming to Sao Sebastiao by having an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. But with the best treatment from a good physician, splendid nursing, and in answer to prayer, I am quite well again and hope never to have another such illness.

Now that we have come to this tableland of the interior of Brazil where the invigorating air blows fresh and clean from the blue mountains, and where there is so much work to be done, I don't see how one could get sick! Mr. Lane is to substitute in this field for Mr. Daffin. His work will be in the church here and at many outstations, preaching at those already started and opening up others. We feel this is the proper line of advance for this mission and are looking forward to this section of Brazil as the place God has for us in the evangelization of this vast country.

Sao Sebastiao is a "day's journey" (I do not give the distance in miles because I have

yet to hear it expressed except in the Biblical way!) from Campinas, up through coffee fazendas and cattle lands, into another state, Minas, and has an elevation of 3,300 feet. It must be a good place if it lives up to its celestial name. Mr. Lane and I after two weeks here, in a little home of our own, think it is not wrongly named. When we get inside of our American home (although it is a queer little Brazilian house) and see the pictures of our friends and loved ones and use in every room the useful and beautiful things you folks gave us, we do not feel as if we were in a foreign land at all, but right AT HOME. Whilst separation from friends and kindred is one of the greatest trials of a missionary's life, still you do not seem far away when each steamer brings us your ever-welcome messages.

In a recent issue of the Missionary Survey there was a sketch of Mr. Daffin's work here and a picture of the church in which we shall work. It is a great privilege and joy to fall heir to such a field. The S. S. of over 100 is one of the best organized in Brazil, the Boys' Club is active as any natural teenage boys' club would be, the Girls' Club is a happy working group, the women's society with its various activities in and around Sao Sebastiao, getting groups together for services in their homes, sewing and distributing garments for the poor, and multiplying their talent money—all will demand our best. We hope you will pray that we may not fail in this our first missionary enterprise.

This town of 6,000 inhabitants with the blue hills all around is in the interior of Brazil. The people in the state of Sao Paulo say it is a "muito longa" journey; but for those of us who have put 5,000 miles between us and those we love, a day's journey is not far. Nor have we found the people as primitive as we were led to expect.

"Tis true I have not seen a woman's hat since I came and barefooted men and women are frequent sights, but the leading people are well dressed and show some signs of culture. They have taken us in very graciously from the time our train stopped at the station. Here we were met by Mr. Daffin and all the men of the church. I had practiced a sentence or two of greeting but when we were welcomed by such a body, it took all the Portuguese out of my mind and certainly off of my tongue. These Christians come daily to see us and are kind in

every way. Some one said "visits are of three kinds, a 'viz', a visit, and a visitation"—they believe in the last and expect the same from us! To sit for hours not being able to express half the thoughts that arise in you is a trying experience, but I feel encouraged to think I shall talk all I want some day. These people are so polite that we can not take too much encouragement from them—they all tell me I speak "muito bem" (very well). Mr. Lane and I are studying with a Brazilian professor and also teaching some Brazilians English, so between the two we hope to get the language some day as we want it.

This being Saturday it is "Beggar Day" and we feel with Mother Goose of old that "the beggars are coming to town, some in rags, all in tags", for they wear big blue license tags. As yet I have not seen any "velvet gowns" but the most imposing one of today was a man riding in a cart pulled by four goats, he sat in this smoking a cigarette while he had a small boy doing the begging for him. In this land of plenty it is heart breaking to see so much dire poverty.

Since I have been telling you of our travels, I am reminded that each month a delightful magazine named "Travel" comes to us and we don't know to whom we are indebted for this pleasure, but we enjoy and appreciate it anyway.

I suppose you all know who "Aunt Lottie of Brazil" is, Miss Charlotte Kemper of Lavras, our senior missionary of all Brazil. "Mildred Welch" has written her life so inspiringly in "The Real Romance Series" published by the Christian Education and Ministerial Relief Committee of our Church. Aunt Lottie is now 84 years old and still actively engaged in missionary work in the schools of Lavras. It is truly an inspiration to know this sained but perfectly human, dear old lady. Her 85th birthday is on August 21st and some of us thought it would gladden her heart to give her a shower of cards, notes, letters, clippings, etc., on that day. Her address is Miss Charlotte Kemper, Lavras, Minas, Brazil.

Springtime in all its freshness and radiance is in full bloom with you now while our days are getting shorter and the roadsides are lined with goldenrod and purple asters, the yards ablaze with brilliant colored dahlias, chrysanthemums, scarlet sage and trees of poinsettias, and the air has that feeling of

"October's bright blue weather". But we are not looking forward to any bare trees nor snow-storms even this month, the height of our winter!

May you all have a happy and restful vacation. With daily thoughts of you, I am,
Gratefully yours,

MARY COOK LANE

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

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

HENRY DEXTER LEARNED, formerly professor of French at the University of Chattanooga, goes to the University of North Carolina this fall as associate professor of Romance languages.

MARY LOUISE OVERTON is a graduate, class of 1922, of the State Normal School at Harrisonburg. Her home is at Burkeville, Nottaway County, Virginia.

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