

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 *alumnæ* 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 debris 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 of Jackson, 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 Co-operative 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 Harrington, 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. Chappellear 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 Lan-

caster, 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; Gertrude 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 nickname implies; the wholesome home-loving Rodes sisters, Ruth, Alberta, and Clotilde; Virginia Drew, with mischief dancing in her eyes; dear little Sallie Browne, so modest, so conscientious, and so lovable; literary Estelle Baldwin; spirited Grace Heyl; versatile little Edith Ward, playing on the varsity, 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 wanted "no more Education", 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 dramatic.

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. Chappellear taught science, and poor Mr. Chappellear struggled manfully 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 faculty, 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 faculty, giving us high ideals for personal conduct, for citizenship, and for our profession. These were teachers in the truest sense.

I have tried to give you a few snapshots of the Harrisonburg of our yesterdays. Incomplete 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 beginnings, 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. He accepted the telephone only under dire necessity, swore at the operator, and never conceived that his strong but good-natured oaths were marks of his own closed and unseeing mind.

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-

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