THE SCHOOLMA'AM

Published by the Students of the

State Normal School

Harrisonburg, Virginia

Volume Eight

Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen
We dedicate this book

in

Dr. John Walter Wayland

first and unfailing friend of "The Schoolma'am"
scholar, citizen, teacher, poet
author of a dozen books
get our familiar friend every day
and trusted leader on the Sabbath

a true gentleman

who makes us want to be good
whose chivalry and faith in us helps each to feel
her high privilege of being a lady
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Greeting

In tomorrow’s happy country,

When a schoolma’am you may be,

May these pages sometimes give you

Just a bit of pleasure, free.

If The Schoolma’am then may bring you

Just a laugh, a smile, a tear—

Bring a whiff of sweet remembrance

Of our life together here—

With love’s fairy wand let mem’ry

Hide all errors of this book,

And for old times’ sake be willing

Every fault to overlook.

The Editors
Editorial Staff

Motto

"This wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost us monie a weary nibble."

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Critic, Sixth Grade

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Critic, Eighth Grade
"That our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."
Julian A. Burruss, B. S., A. M.
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RACHEL E. GREGG

ANNE F. CUMMINS

ETHEL SPILMAN
Faculty

BERTHA SCRIMGER

LILLIE BELLE BISHOP

ELLEN MAE ENGEL

WILLIAM H. KEISTER
“Proudly Waves Old Glory.”
A Song

I hear a song—'tis the song of the sea,
    As it breaks on its granite bar;
I hear a song—'tis the song of the wind,
    As it blows o'er the waves from afar.

I hear a call—'tis the call of war,
    And it rings from sea to sea;
I hear a call—'tis the call of the fight,
    On the earth, in the sky, in me.

I hear a shout—'tis the shout of men,
    As they rise to answer the call;
I hear a shout—'tis the shout of our boys,
    As they follow the colors, all!

    Madge Bryan
In the beginning was the Christ, and the Christ was with God, and the Christ was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made. In Him was life; and the life was the light of men.

He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, but the world knew Him not. He came to His own but His own received Him not. But as many as did receive Him, to them gave He power—power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.

And the Christ was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth. And of His fulness we all have received, and grace for grace. For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared Him.
Prayer

ALMIGHTY GOD, our gracious Father, we thank Thee for Thy blessings; we pray Thee for Thy loving mercy. We thank Thee that thou hast met us here in other days; we pray Thee to meet us now; and every day, when we come here to pray or to work, may we know that Thou art with us.

Keep our bodies strong, O Lord, and make our hands skillful; fill our hearts with sympathy among ourselves and with gratitude to Thee; make us good citizens of our beloved country, and accepted servants of Thine. Give us patience as we seek the truth, and give us honest hearts when the truth is revealed to us. Make us all learners; make us all teachers.

Help us, as we behold the Christ, to learn His matchless lessons. Help us to know that, in spite of bitter failure, the teacher's work may be a glorious success. Help us to see that the true teacher lifts his pupils toward God. Help us to learn that faith is necessary to power and progress. Help us to respect law as necessary to freedom. Help us to see that the pedagogy we are striving after is only God's eternal method. Help us to remember that Christ's life was a light, and that the life of every teacher who follows Him must be a light.

"In Him was life; and the life was the light of men."

O, our gracious Father, make this true of us, we pray in His name. Amen.
GYPSY SMITH, JR.

*He called to the Colors; we hear him still.*
Alumni Association

Officers
Freida Johnson . . . . . President
Mary Cook . . . . . Vice-President
Jone Bell . . . . . Treasurer
Vada Whitesel . . Corresponding Secretary
Mary Lewis . . . . Recording Secretary

Annual Business Meeting, Saturday, June 2
Annual Banquet, Monday, June 4
Red Letter Days

SEPTEMBER
20 Registration of Students.
21 Organization of Classes.

OCTOBER
7 Old-New Girl game. Score, 7-9 in favor of former.
27 Harrisonburg Club entertains Normal girls.
31 New girls entertain old girls.

NOVEMBER
22 Weber Quartette.
27 Mr. Clapp. Slang, or no slang?—That was the question.
30 Thanksgiving dinner.

DECEMBER
1 Mr. and Mrs. Burruss entertain at old-fashioned party.
17 Christmas supper and music.
20 Fall quarter closes.
21 Girls leave for North, East, South, and West.
JANUARY

3 Girls return.
11 Junior-Soph game; score, 8 to 6 in favor of latter.
18 Mr. Gaddo, impersonator. Smiles, laughter, tears!
19 Lee celebration at Virginia Theatre.
20 Jap tea by Juniors.
22 Senior minstrels.
23 Senior Cooking Class entertains Home Economics Club.
27 Soph-Fresh game. Sophs win, 18 to 3.
28 Strawberry shortcake!

FEBRUARY

3 Junior Dutch tea.
8 Annie Dunn kept quiet for forty minutes in Mr. Shriver's class.
9 Junior Cooking Class entertains.
10 Juniors win from Freshmen. Score, 4 to 3.
11 V. P. I. man for breakfast.
12 Laniers entertain.
19 Stratfords entertain.
20 "I. O. U." given by town talent at Virginia Theatre.
22 Ladies of Faculty entertain.
24 Senior-Sophomore game. Score, 5 to 4. Again Sophs win.
25 Grand exchange. Table talk!

MARCH

5 Junior play, "The College Chap."
6 Election of Student Government officers.
8 Y. W. C. A. officers elected.
10 Presentation of three sections of frieze.
17 Lost—All light in second dormitory. Seniors say Freshies cut wire.
20 Joint Recital.
   Miss Laura Combs—Soprano.
   Mr. Angelo Cortese—Harpist.
19 Freshmen win from Seniors. Score, 4 to 3.
23 Ministers Daughters Club entertained by Parson Wayland.
24 Senior-Junior game. Score, 5 to 3 in favor of Juniors.
25 Motion Pictures—Mary Pickford! Maurice Costello! Francis Bushman!!
31 Dr. Wayland entertains the Annual Staff.
APRIL
1 Dumb breakfast. Silence everywhere, and very little of that.
5 Big Game! Alumnae vs. Juniors. Juniors win again—8 to 7.
6 Good Friday, Holiday.
7 Gypsy Smith comes.
   Miss Hoagland and Mr. Cole begin to "brighten the corner."
13 Jules Falk. Oh, contentment!

MAY
1 May Day.
2 Campus Day: We plant, clean up, and play baseball.
21 The Devereux Players.

JUNE
1 Senior Play.
3 Commencement Sermon. Y. W. C. A. Service.
4 Monday—Annual Exhibit of Class-work; Annual Meeting of Alumnae
   Association; President’s Reception to Students; Alumnae Banquet.
5 Commencement Day; Class Day Exercises; Final Exercises. Spring
   Quarter Ends. Everything ends.
May Day

by

The Senior Class

Tuesday Afternoon, May 1

PURITAN SCENE

MIRIAM .................................................. Kathryn Roller
DORCAS .................................................. Frances Bagley
GIDEON .................................................. Nellie Pace

MORRIS DANCES

Bo-Peep ................................................. Lassie Dance
Three Dance .......................................... Maid o' the Mill

WINDING OF MAY POLE

SONGS

A-Maying We Will Go
Merry May Time
Floral Chorus

CROWNING OF MAY QUEEN
A Dark Night At The Normal
Minstrels

Given by the

Senior Class

HARRISONBURG NORMAL SCHOOL

JANUARY 19, 1917

Middleman .................................................. M. Clifford Bennett
Tambo .......................................................... Angelyn Alexander
Bones ............................................................ Kathryn Roller
Fitznoodle .................................................... Florence Shumadine
Sambo ........................................................... Mary Warren

The Parson

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Parson .................................................... Kathryn Roller
Jackson Doolittle ............................................. Kathleen Perry
Marie Barnrakes .............................................. Ruth Vaiden
Topsey .......................................................... Zola Hubbard
Joshua .......................................................... Elizabeth Mowbray
Mehitabel ....................................................... Rachel Rodgers
Mrs. Barnrakes ................................................ Annie Ballard
The Devereux Players

present

Much Ado About Nothing
Monday, May 21, 8:30 p.m.

The Learned Ladies
Tuesday, May 22, 2:30 p.m.

Everyman
Tuesday, May 22, 8:30 p.m.

in the

Open Air Theatre
State Normal School
Senior Class

MOTTO
"Live seriously within, simply without."

COLORS
White and Green

FLOWER
White Rose

HONORARY MEMBER
Miss Frances Mackey

MASCOT
Royall Mauzy

OFFICERS

President .................................................. Elizabeth Mowbray
Vice-President .......................................... Mabel Kendig
Secretary .................................................. Nellie Pace
Treasurer .................................................. Emma Byrd
Sergeant-at-Arms ....................................... Helen Ward
Business Manager ..................................... Hazel Cole
MISS FRANCES I. MACKEY
Honorary Member
ANGELYN ALEXANDER

Secretary Stratford Literary Society; Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; Vice-President Racket Tennis Club; Basket Ball Team, 1916-'17; Chairman Social Committee of Y. W. C. A.

"Alexander" symbolizes greatness; so we look for it in Angelyn, and are not disappointed. She goes for the best things in life, as she goes for the ball when it rolls across the Gym floor. Yet it is her willingness and ability to do, her sportsmanship, and her appreciation of wit, for which we most admire and love her.

EDNA ANDERTON

President Lee Literary Society, '16-'17; Secretary Lee Literary Society, '16-'17; Secretary Glee Club, '17.

"I must play a minute before I can study." Down she runs to the piano. How her fingers move through measures of music, telling her inmost thoughts of love for nature and the beautiful; faithfulness to friends; devotion to religion and family; and sincerity in everything.

Playing isn't her only accomplishment, however. She can sew and cook.

ROBERTA ARMSTRONG

Lanier Literary Society; Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; Hockey Team.

How many times have we wished for lovely chestnut hair like hers! Nothing seems to disturb her peacefulness of mind—not even the breakfast bell ringing before she is expecting it. She is a firm believer in sleep and plenty of it. Roberta studies, it is true; but she is always ready for a good time—and the movies.
FRANCES BAGLEY

Stratford Literary Society; Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; Editor-in-Chief SCHOOLMA'AM; Alumni Committee Y. W. C. A. Representative in Better Speech Council.

Who is this quiet and demure-looking little girl who smiles and drops a merry little note to you as she passes? It is none other than "Frank." Although she has had many ups and downs since coming to H. N. S., she remains on the honor roll, and her disposition is even sweeter than when she came.

ANNIE BALIARD

Secretary Stratford Literary Society; Albemarle Pippin Club; Critic Stratford Literary Society; Glee Club.

Annie's besetting sins are plainly shown by the frequency of such remarks as, "Did you get a box of eats?" "Hurry up, Ruth, we ought to be down at the Training School now." But despite these faults, to the practice teachers she represents something beyond the ken of ordinary mortals—joy on practice teaching.

MARY CLIFFORD BENNETT

Student Editor to the Normal Bulletin; Vice-President Home Economics Club; President Carolina Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Mary Club.

Mary Clifford—better known as "Cliff," except in the Institutional Department—comes from the "Land of the Long-Leaf Pine" or "Noth Caro-li-na." She is true to her colors, and we all love her characteristic Southern speech. Her work on the Bulletin has been excellent, and we predict that her career as a Red Cross nurse will be equally so.
ADA LEE BERRY

Lanier Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.; Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; Hockey Club.

She came to us this year, a traveler in the mathematical field. To her the mysteries of the double-faced quadratic equation, the unreliable numbers that were positive at one time and negative at another and the whole theory of exponents were revealed by the smiling god of mathematics. Next year (so she says) she’s going to rest those brain cells, and raise poultry instead.

DICK BOWMAN

Secretary Y. W. C. A., '17; Chairman Association News Committee, '17; Lanier Literary Society.

Here comes Dick with her quick little step and sunny smile. She has withstood the usual forms of criticisms in “P. T.” without ever losing her temper. When it was once proposed at the training school to give her class to another, one of her distressed pupils said, “That’s all right, Miss Bowman. Don’t give up the ship.” That is her chief characteristic—not giving up the ship.

ZELLE QUINLAND BROWN

Secretary Lanier Literary Society, '17; Home Economics Club; Y. W. C. A.; Shenandoah Camp Fire; Racket Tennis Club: President, '16; Treasurer, '17; Secretary, '17.

Zelle, better known as “Sissy,” reminds one of an April day—first sunshine and then showers. But she is all right, for all of that, and we love her just the same. She often speaks of the little Marys and Johnnies whom she will “teach next year.”
MIRIAM BUCKLEY

Secretary Stratford Literary Society; Pinquet Tennis Club; Hockey Team.

Well, this is Miriam—patient, earnest, and industrious. Perhaps these qualities would lead us to believe that her mind is centered on her studies alone; but as any of us can testify, she is a "jolly good fellow." She is always ready for any kind of fun, and has even been known to go to the "movies" three nights during exams.

EMMA ELIZABETH BYRD

Treasurer Senior Class; Treasurer Kindergarten Club; Secretary and Treasurer High School Club; Treasurer Junior Class, '15-'16; Stratford Literary Society; Racket Tennis Club.

Emma is one of our town girls who can always be depended on to lend their aid in making every undertaking a success. She is beloved of every child in the kindergarten, including John Conrad, who makes it a point to choose "Mith Byrd" as his partner in every game that is played.

KATE EDWENA CLARY

Home Economics Club; Tidewater Club; Lee Literary Society; Glee Club, '16-'17; Executive Board, '16-'17.

Kate came to us from the good old historic city of Richmond. We all know her by the way she says "forward." She has made that her slogan, and has gone forward at H. N. S. in her classes, in the Lee Literary Society, in her friendships, and also in teaching her woodwork classes.
HAZEL DOROTHY COLE

Lee Society; Household Economics Club; Vice-President and Secretary Racket Tennis Club; Tidewater Club; Captain Basket Ball Team, '13-'14 and '16-'17; Secretary Athletic Council, '14-'15, '15-'16, '16-'17.

Hazel D. during her four years here, has divided her time among athletics, fun, study, talking, and doing a hundred and one little things "just so." Special English now conquered, with P. T. and Dietetics (including "calories"), we present her as we have learned to love her best: a dignified schoolma'am, a good sport, and a loving comrade—in short, a "true blue" girl.

NELLIE LOOMIS DAVIES

Glee Club; Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; Ministers' Daughters' Club.

Nellie is a deep thinker, which is shown by the way she grasps the ideas and principles of History of Education, which cause Seniors so many hours of doubt and fear. For the last nine months she has been imparting knowledge to the youth on South Main Street, in which she has been very successful. Hobbies? Glee Club and Art Appreciation, of course.

EMILY GAY ELEY

Home Economics Club; Tidewater Club; Chairman Social Committee; Lee Literary Society.

There goes "Skeeter"! What is she heading for? The room at the head of the stairs in First, for she has many friends in high places. Little Emily has entertained us many times with her readings. Most often, though, we see her finding a seat in the dining-room for some poor, homeless, unfortunate left-out.
VIRGINIA PEGRAM EPPES

Secretary Tidewater Club; Stratford Literary Society, Glee Club; Massanutten Camp Fire.

Whenever you see "Ginnie's" little feet flying up the boardwalk, you may know that something exciting will be happening before long. These numerous errands aren't selfish, however, for she is always doing things for the people—shampooing sunshine abroad. She is a wholesome, all-round girl, who frankly admits her preference for adolescent love rather than crushes.

RUTH EVERETT

Lee Literary Society; The Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club.

Ruth is a Southerner, but one would never know it, for her chief topic of conversation is "The North." Do you want to know the latest news? Ask "Rufus"; she has a monopoly on the newspapers and Life. We hope her ambitions may be realized—that she may be among the ideal Northerners, and a nurse at Johns Hopkins.

MAY FITZPATRICK

Lanier Literary Society; Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; Glee Club, ’15-’16.

May, earnest, deliberate, dignified, abides by this motto: "Procrastination is the thief of time." One rarely sees her when she isn't studying, or on the way to the training school with lesson plans and books under her arm. May seldom shows any excitement unless she sees a mouse; then she gives us a sample of fancy dancing.
MARY GLASSETT

Home Economics Club.

No pen can place Mary, as her individuality gives her a unique position. She is a true Emersonian in love and friendship and in the knowledge of the occult sciences. A further analogy may be drawn by saying that she, like Emerson, is certainly not a "jiner," but any organization she would join might count itself fortunate.

AMMIE ELIZABETH GLENN

Vice-President Stratford Literary Society; Chairman Program Committee.

"Will you sing in the Y. W. C. A. choir to-night?" Ammie is heard asking this nearly any Thursday afternoon; and whether you can sing or not, you are bound to respond to her soft voice, and try. However, her entire time is not consumed by this, for she has to answer those "dailies." She is a staunch Baptist. We wonder why?

MARY GOUND

Lee Literary Society; Home Economics Club; President Rockbridge Club.

Mary, better known as "Nighty," is always ready to help others—whether selling cream for Y. W. C. A., finishing a hat or dress for exhibit, or fixing for a feast. Although she has never experienced the pleasure (?) of P. T., her alarm clock has often awakened us at 5:30 a. m. One cannot tell whether this meant Miss Corbett's office or D. III.
EMILY MARGARET HALDEMAN

Secretary Lee Literary Society, '16; Critic Lee Literary Society, '16; Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '17. Home Economics Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Chairman Alumnae Committee.

We know why Meg doesn't eat any breakfast sometimes. She isn't worrying over lessons, although P. T. and dietetics often cause the blues. But we think it is either Dayton, Winchester, or "My Cousin." Perhaps her dreamy attitude outside of class can be accounted for by the fact that she is planning how to apply her H. A. knowledge next year, for "I am not going to teach."

ZOLA Y. HUBBARD

President Glee Club, '16-'17; Racket Tennis Club, '15-'16; Shenandoah Camp Fire Girls, '15-'16; Hockey Team, '15-'16; Vice-President Stratfords, '16; Vice-President W. C. A., '16-'17; Chairman Membership Committee W. C. A., '16-'17; President Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club, '16-'17.

Can anyone ever forget Zola's smiling face or her cheerful words, which come forth on all occasions? She has been the oasis for every new girl for two years. Zola is a splendid person to listen to our troubles, but when one asks about her "blues," she waves the question aside with a song and, "Aw, that ain't nothin.'"
DAISY WEALTHIA JOHNSON

Lanier Literary Society; Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club.

This little lady from the "Persimmon" County has always a sunny smile for everyone. Practice teaching is her hobby, and she excels under Miss Gregg's supervision. At this time she is very undecided as to whether she will be a schoolma'am or a Red Cross nurse. The immigration problem interests her, too; so she may go to Ellis Island for a year's work.

ELIZABETH LEFTWICH KABLE

Home Economics Club; Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; Secretary of Lee Literary Society; Vice-President of Lee Literary Society; Glee Club.

Whether she was born with dignity, acquired dignity, or had dignity thrust upon her, is a subject for investigation. We all prophesy that Elizabeth will some day be blest by being made a fond housewife. In studying home economics, she has learned that by doing her own tatting she can greatly economize. At any rate, she will be successful, wherever she is.

THELMA LEAH KEAN

Glee Club; Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; Y. W. C. A.

Though usually very quiet and retiring, when she stands up to recite *Thanatopsis*, Thelma waxes eloquent. Her most striking characteristic is her love for practice teaching. But we do not think that even the pleasure of pedagogy can change Thelma from her determination to be a great pianist at some future day.
Frivolous? Oh, no! You don't know her. A truer friend one couldn't wish; a more conscientious teacher can't be found. Her ambition is to have some unique way to introduce her lesson each day at the training school. Hard work is not her only accomplishment, for didn't she have an important part in "Alice in Wonderland"? It was well done, too, as is all of her work.

MABEL LONG KENDIG

Senior Historian; President Stratford Literary Society, '16; Vice-President Glee Club, '17; Kindergarten Club, '16-'17; Senior Class, '17; Junior Class, '16; Stratford Literary Society, '16; Treasurer Sophomore Class, '15; Ministers' Daughters' Club; Massanutten Camp Fire; Racket Tennis Club; Annual Staff, '17; Chairman Social Committee Y. W. C. A.

Mabel has had a monopoly on the position of vice-president during her three years at H. N. S., but has relinquished it long enough to worry over Stratford problems, to work on the SCHOOLMA’AM, and to be a Y. W. C. A. Chairman. She is original, yes; and has a sense of humor. Everyone wants to dance when she plays.

MABEL RUTH KIRACOFÉ

Lee Literary Society; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., '16-'17.

With her good-natured smile and kind heart, Mabel soon won the love of all at H. N. S. Her efficiency in work is shown by the splendid way she discharged the duties of the Y. W. C. A. treasurer. She has never been known to get angry, unless some poor unfortunate made the mistake of thinking she is from Rockingham instead of Augusta—then look out!
ELLA MAY LANE

Y. W. C. A.

Ella May is our scientific friend from Broadway. Last year she came in on the train every day, but she liked us so well that she moved to the Campus. Now we would not know that she had not been with us all the time, except for Saturday evening home-goings. Ella May radiates good will and contentment—two indispensable qualities.

BESSIE LOCKSTAFFER

Kindergarten Club; Y. W. C. A.; Finance Committee.

Although long in name, "Bess" is very short in stature. Nevertheless, she has made a reputation for herself as a kindergarten teacher. She has won the hearts not only of all her little pupils, but of her schoolmates as well. Anxiety over the condition of the incubator changed her for a little while; but she soon came back to us—our cheerful, happy little Bess.

RUTH MARSHALL

Lanier Literary Society; Shenandoah Camp Fire; Hockey Team, '15-'16; Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; Alumnae Committee.

Ruth never says very much. This may go to prove that she is a deep thinker. Her ability to collect money for the class, and to overcome the terrors of all text books, gives fair proof that her work at Harrisonburg has not been in vain.
LILLIE GALLE MASSEY

Treasurer Class of '13-'14; Vice-President Lee Literary Society, '15-'16; Vice-President Student Body, '15-'16; President Student Body, '16-'17; Racket Tennis Club; Massanutten Camp Fire; Home Economics Club; Hockey Team.

Lillie G. puts her troubles down in the bottom of her heart and "sits on the lid 'nd smiles," even if they are "plank" troubles. The glory of her four years is the Student Government presidency. She has tried all phases of H. A. work and will teach unless she returns for post-graduate work in Room 45, D. II.

ELSIE MILLER

President Kindergarten Club, '16-'17.

Elsie is one of the literary lights of our school. The first thing that comes to our minds when we think of her is the chest of silver that she won by her quick wit and ready pen. If you haven't had the good fortune of knowing her, you have missed much, for she is the jolliest kind of girl.

ELIZABETH MOWBRAY

Stratford Literary Society; Treasurer Pinquet Tennis Club; Ministers' Daughters' Club; Treasurer Southwest Virginia Club; President Senior Class, '16-'17; Vice-President Pinquet Tennis Club.

"Good, better, "Bess"—that's the way we decline the adjective good. The best all-round sport, the best in work as well as in play, the best Senior President, the best tennis player, the best little practice teacher, the best pal—is our "Bess" of the class of '17—"Our Good Queen Bess."
ELIZABETH NICOL

President Y. W. C. A., '16; Home Economics Club; Critic Lanier Literary Society.

"Come on, Eva, the breakfast bell has rung!" She doesn't "seem" to think of Kate. But we outsiders know her best in another light. Her sweet dignity has won a place for her in the hearts of all with whom she comes in contact, and Elizabeth will always be remembered with pride and affection as president of the Y. W. C. A.

NELLIE PACE

Secretary Class, '15-'16; Secretary Class, '16-'17; Executive Board, '15-'16, '16-'17; Lee Literary Society; Home Economics Club.

Nellie is a success wherever she is placed—in dramatics, in school work, or in school life. She has the ability to be dignified or gay at the proper time; and all the girls, whether old or new, find her to be most willing to help them in anything—be it composing poetry, or making a hat.

NELLIE SCOTT PAYNE

Lanier Literary Society; Home Economics Club.

We don't need to tell Nell's object in life—she wears it on the third finger of her left hand. One of her most pleasing qualities is her trustworthiness. This is especially true when refreshments are to be served, as those at the Lanier party can testify. But this isn't her only accomplishment, for she does other things just as well.
KATHLEEN DICKINSON PERRY

Stratford Literary Society; Home Economics Club; Y. W. C. A.
Mix together a crooked smile, a cupful of dignity, and a pinch of sadness. Add two cupfuls of sincerity and a tablespoonful of enthusiasm. Stir vigorously for two minutes. Pour into a pan of capability and push into the oven of efficiency. Let cook until you have a well-done Household Arts girl according to the recipe of life—and that will be Kathleen.

EVA LILLIAN PHILLIPS

President, Vice-President, and Secretary of Lanier Literary Society; Executive Board; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Senior Representative in Better Speech Council.
Gentleness, simplicity, and courtesy have we here! How surprising, then, it is to discover that a sudden tempest and flashing eyes are aroused when one calls her “Eva Jane.” From the frequent trips she makes to McGaheysville as substitute teacher, we feel sure that in a very short time she will be one of the leading teachers in Virginia.

SARAH KATHERINE PRUDEN

Tidewater Club; Y. W. C. A.
For four years Katie has smiled through her difficulties at H. N. S. She assumed quite an air of dignity while she was a practice teacher, but with the passing of the winter quarter, and incidentally of “P. T.,” she is again her old joyful self. “Ask Katie. She’ll do it.” This is often heard, and is a fair sample of her willingness to help.
LILLIAN RANKIN

Lanier Literary Society; Hockey Club.
Jeanette Rankin is our first Congresswoman; yet we are sure she is not the last of that name to reach great heights, for by her wonderful powers of argument Lillian has shown us that a lawyer’s career is ahead. No matter what comes between her and her ambition, it must melt before her courage. Even Practice Teaching succumbed, and she marched steadily on to victory.

RACHEL RODGERS

Home Economics Club; Secretary of Racket Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.
Rachel Rodgers? Oh, you mean "Monk." She is the best dancer in school. When she floats on airy wings, scarcely touching the floor, we stand in wonder. In her cooking apron and cap she convinces one of her determination to "make things hum." Her ambition is to teach sewing to girls or woodwork to boys. "Monk’s all right; I like her!" This is what everybody says.

KATHRYN ROLLER

President of H. H. S. Club; Stratford Literary Society; Home Economics Club; Racket Tennis Club; Art Editor SCHOOLMA’AM, ’16-’17.
As the H. H. S. Club President, Kathryn has shown her loyalty to her Alma Mater; and she has given the artistic touch to the SCHOOLMA’AM. Practice Teaching?—Go to Mr. Keister, who will show you the bulletin boards. Last but not least, is her dramatic ability. She can be a saucy little boy, or perform the duties of a minister of the Gospel with equal ease and alacrity.
FRANCES ROLSTON

Chairman Mission Committee, Y. W. C. A.; Sergeant-at-Arms Lee Literary Society; Ministers' Daughters' Club; Executive Board.

Erect a perpendicular to the plane of Normal School life; draw two lines at right angles and parallel to the streets of Harrisonburg. Then you have a geometrical illustration of Frances, sailing down to the Training School to coach on her beloved math. Her eyes have an angle of elevation towards future achievements. We think she'll be the X, Y, Z of success in the mathematical world some day.

LUNA SAUNDERS

Home Economics Club; Y. W. C. A. Bible Study Committee; Glee Club.

For some reason or other, Florida is always mentioned when Luna talks. Next to Florida, Bridgewater stands in her favor. If she is as successful in later life as she has been in giving demonstrations, we shall not be disappointed in our expectation of great things for her.

MARGUERITE SPITLER SHENK

President Lanier Literary Society, '17; Secretary Y. W. C. A., '16; Chairman Association News Committee; Massanutten Camp Fire; Vice-President Pinquet Tennis Club, '17; Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; Secretary Pinquet Tennis Club, '17; Annual Staff, '17.

"Don't forget the Lanier business meeting at 4:30." In Marguerite this society has found one of its best helpers. So has everyone. No matter how she hurries to breakfast, she gets there. That is her chief characteristic—being "right there"; and that, with her numerous other good qualities, makes her what she is—a friend to all.
NETTIE SHIFLETT

Honor Committee, '14-'15; President Sophomore Class, '14-'15; Executive Board; Lee Literary Society.

It is only when Central interrupts her conversation with her sister that Nettie ever shows us she knows such a word as t-e-m-p-e-r. Even these flashes do not last long; and Nettie is as usual, calm, trustworthy, and sincere. She is a lover of art and music.

FLORENCE SHUMADINE

Stratford Literary Society; Tidewater Club; Norfolk Club; Racket Tennis Club; Kindergarten Club.

Florence has made many friends by her attractive personality and sincere disposition. But she thinks it is detrimental to the health to work all the time. She is very sweet-tempered, but some things "ruffle" her. Sh-h! Did any one say "dining room"? Florence will be best remembered by us for her acting ability, as was shown in the Minstrels.

ANNE SMITH

Lee Literary Society; Treasurer Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; Basket Ball Team, '15-'16; Hockey Team.

"There goes the bell! I'm so glad I live in the day of middies, for if I didn't, I'd never get to breakfast. My hair never looks nice anyway; so why worry? Come on!" So we have Anne—commonly called "The Pest"—who hurries through life, but finds time for eating, sleeping, golf, basket ball, fun—and movies.
LUCY SPITZER

President Athletic Association, '16-'17; Captain Basket Ball Team, '15-'16; Secretary Athletic Association, '15-'16; Athletic Representative in Better Speech Council; Racket Tennis Club; Glee Club; Stratford Literary Society; Hockey Team.

Lucy Spitzer? Why, she is the little girl with the dimples and the sunny disposition. She is also our Athletic President. Although small, the four years she has been here have proved to us that this is no hindrance either in studies or in athletics. She "works while she works" and "plays while she plays," and is loved by everyone.

NORA SPITZER

Racket Tennis Club; Lee Literary Society; Basket Ball Team, '16-'17.

Dark hair and eyes, and a quiet disposition has Nora. She makes and trims hats that can stand for Shriver creations, and in basket ball she is a wonder. After making a drawing for a lesson plan, she has frequently been heard to ask, "Now, would you know what that is if I didn't tell you?" However, we always know.

CHRISTINE STANTON

Lanier Literary Society; Racket Tennis Club; Home Economics Club; Ministers' Daughters' Club.

Christine has one of the sweetest, most lovable dispositions a girl could have. She is a splendid teacher, as is shown by her recent success at Mabel Memorial. She is fond of cooking and housekeeping to such a great extent that we are afraid she will not make teaching her profession for any length of time.
LOUISE STANTON

Lanier Literary Society; Racket Tennis Club; Home Economics Club; Ministers' Daughters' Club.

When sitting in class with Louise, always give her the best view of your profile, for she is sure to outline it on the margin of her note paper. Her surplus energy is worked off in millinery class. She is a constant visitor in the library, looking up new ideas for her Dayton pupils.

STELLA THOMPSON

Lee Literary Society; Home Economics Club; Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club.

"Happy-go-lucky" is her rightful name. She always looks on the bright side of life, and has a smile for every occasion. She has never been known to get ruffled, but glides on, dividing her time between McGaheysville, dietetics, the movies, and—sport.

RUTH VAIDEN

President Tidewater Club, '15-'16; President Stratford Literary Society, '17; Secretary Class, '13-'14; Vice-President Racket Tennis Club; Vice-President Stratford Literary Society, '15-'16; Glee Club, '15-'16.

Ruth is always on the spot with practical aid whenever it is needed, whether for the Stratfords or Seniors. She is a dear little tease, but we shall surely miss her when she leaves to continue her career. And that is the question—what will it be? Good things come in small packages; and this is certainly the case with Ruth.
HELEN WARD

Secretary Executive Board, Student Association, '16-'17. President Lee Literary Society; Chairman Alumnae Committee, Y. W. C. A.; Business Manager Junior Class, '16; Junior-Senior Basket Ball Team; Home Economics Club; Tidewater Club; Racket Tennis Club.

On finding a crowd in Room 50, D. II., one can never be certain whether "Hae Ward" is busy with Student Government problems, Senior work, Lee programs, or the little epistles commonly spoken of as lesson plans, which she daily carries to Waterman. She has many friends, which proves that she shows herself friendly.

MARY JARMAN WARREN

President Lee Literary Society, '16-'17; Tidewater Club; Y. W. C. A.; Class Prophet; Vice-President Lee Society, '16; Mary Club; Home Economics Club.

Behold our Class Prophet! To history's page is added a new lustre in her name. Mary came here with an understanding of affairs, and has kept her head ever since. Capable, dependable, ambitious, she has established a record. Mary's fine sense of humor makes her always ready to laugh at a joke, and even more ready to tell one.

KATHLEEN WATSON

Editor-in-Chief SCHOOLMA'AM, 1917; Representative in Better Speech Council.

A typical Tuckahoe lassie with her native "drawl!" Although she has been with us only one year, she has made herself indispensable to the class of '17. When the necessity for a new Editor-in-Chief of our SCHOOLMA'AM arose, we knew that Kathleen was the one to meet the emergency. We all ask ourselves this question: "Is she an encyclopedia?" For when tests are coming, she is the source of all information.
RACHEL WEEMS

Glee Club; Lee Literary Society; Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; Home Economics Club.

Seen between Science Hall and Training School is Rachel, with saws and planes galore. But whether coming or going, she is ready to smile. She has high aspirations, among which are supervising and industrial work, and doing light-weight potato-raising in the background.

LOIS YANCEY

Stratford Literary Society; Racket Tennis Club; Harrisonburg High School Club.

Lois, a loyal town girl, rejoices because her name is near the end of the teachers' class registers. This enables her to eat just one more hot biscuit before making her daily 8 a.m. rush with a "Come on, Charlotte; you know Normal time is ten minutes fast, and the South Main Jitney doesn't run so early in the morning." However, Lois can always be depended on, except for that eight o'clock class.

MARY V. YANCEY

Business Manager, SCHOOLMA'AM, '15-'16.

"Let's get those notes from Mary V., for she has them all." But don't think she's too serious for fun, for she has just as much "spirit" as any of us. Broadway loves her, and so do we. She left us long enough to make a success of teaching, but she does that in everything; so why say more?
VIRGINIA ZIRKLE

Racket Tennis Club; H. H. S. Club; Treasurer Stratford Literary Society; President Home Economics Club; Athletic Council; Basket Ball Team, '15-'16, '16-'17; Business Manager SCHOOLMA'AM, '17.

Because Zirkle is such a jolly, happy girl, we all love her. She is an accomplished young lady, too. The hustling Business Manager of our Annual is this same little Virginia. She can do anything from making charming frocks and frills to playing basket ball. She also believes that "that which is worth doing at all is worth doing well."
ROYALL MAUZY
Senior Mascot
Class History

Chapter I
FRESHMEN

In the fall of 1913 a few brave explorers set out for the new country of Harri-

sonburg.

The voyage proved a safe one, and land was reached with comparatively few ad-

ventures. The natives were friendly; but, while food and shelter were provided, new

trails had to be blazed.

During that first year of life in the new country, strong leaders were developed,

and many great things were accomplished. The Seniors were beaten in basket ball

by us—the new-comers; the Stratford Literary Society was organized, with some of

our band as charter members; and other brave and flaming deeds were set firmly into

the historic heavens.

But a mighty trouble came upon the tribe. Vaccination was ordered by the Big

Chief, and it was done unto us according to his word—but we survived.

Chapter II
SOPHOMORES

Some of the early tribe dropped out, but many fresh squaws and papooses joined us.

By this time our tribe flourished, and much honor came to us—that of associating with

the Seniors as sisters. "Heap big show" was given by the "Mighty Sophomores."

Now we were completely adopted by the natives, but the Juniors still proved un-

friendly.

Chapter III
JUNIORS

At the beginning of the third year but few of the old band were left, but we had

many new members. A chief counsellor, Miss Mackey, was chosen. To her we owe

our success, for no one could have been a better and kinder helper. Besides, a new

leader from our own number was found for us, and she brought us through a very

successful year.

We helped break ground for a new dormitory, and later helped to lay the corner-

stone.

Now we had more time for social affairs, and were even entertained by the Seniors.

Then we entertained them, and a more friendly feeling prevailed.

The only serious battle was the Junior-Senior basket ball game, in which we were
defeated. But we hid the scars of battle under brave smiles, and stilled the thumping of

our hearts by beating the board walks.

Chapter IV
SENIORS

At last the land of all expectations was reached; but we were sadly disillusioned,

for Senior-land and Utopia are not synonyms.

Senior privileges came, and with them many responsibilities, too numerous to

mention.

The much-feared "P. T." overtook our band, but the disease was not so dreadful as

usual.

Again we had a new leader, Bess Mowbray; and in her we realized the best type of

leadership, for we have been guided safely and wisely, so far.

Thus endeth our history. May our experiences prove of value to other adven-
turers who enter this strange but delightful country.

MABEL KENDIG.
As one who Cons at evening
O'er an album all alone
And muses on the faces
Of the friends that he has known
So I pause awhile in fancy
Till in shadowy design
I see the smiling faces
Of the old classmates of mine.
The Lady of Lyons

By Bulwer Lytton

Presented by
Senior Class, State Normal School

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1917
Open Air Auditorium

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Claude Melnotte.......................... Angelyn Alexander
Colonel Damas.............................. Elsie Miller
Beausant ................................. Kathryn Roller
Glavis ........................................ Florence Shumadine
Monsieur Deschapelles .................... Zola Hubbard
Landlord .................................... Elizabeth Mowbray
Gasper ....................................... Elizabeth Nicol
Captain Gervais ............................ Nellie Pace
Captain Dupont ............................. Miriam Bucklev
Major Desmorelius ........................ Kathleen Perry
Servant .................................... Eva Phillips
Pauline ..................................... Ruth Vaiden
Madame Deschapelles ..................... Annie Ballard
Janet ......................................... Virginia Eppes
Marian ...................................... Lucy Spitzer
Class Poem

Now the tasks of our school days are over,
And we pause at the foot of life's hill.
The old trails which led through the valley
Seemed long and oft challenged our will;
But sometimes the sun shone out brightly—
The joy of a smile lingers still;
The past stretches far o'er the valley,
And the future lies over the hill.

The trails leading upward were many,
And the effort to choose often tired;
But the counsel of others then helped us,
While the thought of achievement inspired.
And our faith in the future will guide us
In blazing new trails up the height,
And others who walk in our footsteps
Will find more of beauty and light.

Ere we make the ascent of life's mountain,
We pause by the spot now so dear,
Where the campfire has long glowed so brightly,
And has gladdened our hearts with its cheer.
Though the light may grow dim in the distance,
Its warmth glows anew in the soul,
Ever bearing us on toward the highest,
Ever speeding us on to the goal.

Though the past may seem fading behind us,
Sweet memory lingers there still,
And the friends we have found shall attend us,
 Though the future lies over the hill.
Their hands no longer may guide us.
Their voices may pass in a day;
But our faith is one in the Father,
Who knoweth the end of the way.
Class Song

To you, dear Alma Mater,
   We raise our songs of praise
For all your riches given
   In joyous Normal Days;
True loyalty you’ve taught us,
   To you and all mankind—
Good-will that all the nations
At last in one shall bind.

CHORUS

Farewell, Alma Mater,
   School we love so well!
You’ll be our guiding light,
   As future years shall tell.

To you, dear Alma Mater,
   We raise our songs of praise
For what you’ll mean forever
   Through all the coming days.
For youth will have more courage
   And life will be more true
Because of the loving service
   Which you would have us do.
AGE OF AMBITION
WILLIAM T. SANGER, A. B., A. M., Ph. D.
Honorary Member of Junior Class
COLORS  
Green and Gold

FLOWER  
Yellow Chrysanthemum

MOTTO  
"Seize the opportunity."

HONORARY MEMBER  
Dr. W. T. Sanger

MEMBERS

Nell Acree  
Helen Acton  
Gretchen Bell  
Carrie Bishop  
Katherine Broughton  
Emmie Brown  
Madge Bryan, President  
Linda Carter  
Mary Clement  
Juliet Coffman  
Elsie Covestone  
Annie Lee Crawford  
Beulah Crigler  
Nellie Critzer  
Evelyn Culton  
Tillie Derflinger  
Esther Derring  
Emily Dickie  
Ruth Donohoe  
Mattie Love Doyne  
Mamie Eppes  
Grace Fisher  
Connie Fletcher  
Kathleen Fletcher  
Georgie Foreman, Treasurer  
Catherine Furr  
Mary Garden  
Grace Gaw  
Mary Anderson Gilliam  
Audrey Girard  
Rebecca Goldman  

Flossie Grant  
Mattie Gregory  
Willie Guthrie  
Susie Hawkins  
Laura Henley, Secretary  
Catherine Hinton  
Ethel Holsinger  
Mae Hoover  
Mildred Hoshour  
Marguerite Householder  
Mary Jones  
Margaret Jordan  
Viola Keefe  
Louie Kellam  
Mae Kellam  
Mildred Kidd  
Louise Lake  
Mary Lifsey  
Adelaide Lytle  
Inez Marable  
Susie Marks  
Helena Marsh  
Katherine McChung  
Etta McDonald  
Ruth McNair  
Pauline Miley  
Estelle Mohler  
Irene Moore  
Maude Moseley  
Violette Newcomer  
Ruth Newman  
Mae Norwood  
Mrs. Madie O’Rork  
Frances Orrison  
Phyllis Page, Vice-President  
Ella Peck  
Gertrude Pierce  
Elizabeth Primrose  
Christine Reaves  
Lucile Reaves  
Mary Rodes  
Elizabeth Rubush  
Mary Seebert  
Julia Silvey  
Allene Sinton  
Imogene Slaughter  
Emily Smith  
Lemna Snider  
Rachel Speas  
Dorothy Spooner  
Virginia Styne  
Teresa Via  
Bannie Walden  
Dallas Warren  
Dorothy Webb  
Margaret Webb  
Emma Wheeler  
Marguerite Whitney  
Dorothy Williamson  
Helen Wilson  
Katie Wilson  
Sallie Zabawa
Our Junior Year '91

The "College Chap"
Presented by Junior Majors
The College Chap
A Comedy Drama in Three Acts

Presented by
The Junior Players

CHARACTERS

Elijah Gooding, a village product............................................ Laura Henley
Seth Hines, just as tired.......................................................... Mary Lifsey
Art Wimpel, chief clerk, Occidental Hotel.................................... Dorothy Spooner
Samuel Crane, proprietor of the Occidental Hotel......................... Gertrude Pierce
Starr Clay, promoter of J. C. Trolley Line.................................. Laura Henley
Bart Eaton, factotum of the "Clarion"....................................... Georgia Foreman
John Drew Irving, advance agent and drummer............................ Helena Marsh
Will Sellum, a traveling salesman............................................. Marguerite Housholder
Bill, a bell-boy........................................................................... Susie Marks
George, another........................................................................... Mary Clement
Dave Crane, the college chap..................................................... Mattie Love Doyne
Sallie Crane, in love with Art..................................................... Violette Newcomer
Mrs. Jane Crane, the mother....................................................... Mary Jones
Madge Clay, the girl..................................................................... Madge Bryan
Gertie Flye, the news-stand girl................................................. Nell Acree
Mrs. Mortimer Jones-Brown, a progressive woman....................... Allene Sinton
Mrs. Heziah Jenks, of the Chester Culture Club........................... Elizabeth Primrose
Miss Margaret Seymour, secretary of Chester Culture Club.............. Emmie Brown

Place—Chester, Minnesota
Time—The Present

SYNOPSIS

Act I—Office of the Occidental Hotel
Act II—Office of the Chester Clarion, six months later
Act III—Office of the Occidental Hotel, eight months later
Junior Greeting

We the Junior Class now greet you—
You who are young, and you who are old—
With our faith in all the future
We will weave a tale untold;
We will sing you songs of wonder,
Build you cities in the sky,
For we’re young, and youth is dauntless,
And we nothing fear to try.
Not in boast do we present this,
But in faith in what’s to come;
And the youth that surges in us
Tells of wonders yet undone.

Linda Carter
AGE OF CONTENTMENT
COLORS
Red and White

FLOWER
Sweet Pea

MOTTO
"Keep going."

HONORARY MEMBER
Miss Margaret V. Hoffman

OFFICERS
President
Dorothy Richardson
Vice-President
Frances Kemper
Secretary
Ruth Rodes
Treasurer
Mary Stallings
Business Manager
Hazel Davis

MEMBERS
Evelyn Alexander
Minnie Bowman
Rosalie Brock
Annie Brown
Pauline Callender
Elizabeth Carter
Lucy Daniel
Hazel Davis
Rebecca Douglas
Mattie Duncan
Margaret Dunlap
Gaylord Gibson
Effie Goode
Mary Greenawalt

Myrtle Haden
Anna Heltzel
Frances Kemper
Anna Lewis
Katherine Lewis
Mary Luttrell
Erna Martin
Merla Matthews
Nellie Maupin
Ruth McGhee
Gladys Mey
Edith Moore
Roberta Moore
Edna Parrish

Kate Parrish
Frances Ponton
Dorothy Richardson
Ruth Rodes
Minnie Shaw
Barbara Smith
Emmette Smith
Grace Snedegar
Mary Stallings
Ennis Strupe
Genoa Swecker
Mary Walters
Margaret Wolfe
Lou Wood
SOME SOPHS
School Nights
Scraps of Sophomore History

ONE July morning in the year 1893, Saunderson and his partner, Jim Duncan, were excavating the ruins of the ancient city of Harrisonburg. They had found nothing of interest until Saunderson turned over a large piece of stone in which the deep letters H. N. S. were cut. Digging below this stone, it was not long before he unearthed a large metal box. Written across the top of this were the words, "Sophomore Class, 1917."

"This is strange," he remarked to his partner. "There must have been a school here. Bring the file and let's open this box."

On the way to the tool chest Jim stepped upon a small piece of brass. Stooping, he picked it up, dropped it into his pocket, and returned to Saunderson with the file. While Saunderson was filing the lock, Jim examined the brass plate. On the front was carved, "Class of 1919"; but on the back was scratched, "Donors of part of the frieze around the lobby of Students Building."

Meanwhile Saunderson had succeeded in opening the box, and was pouring out its contents. On the top lay a roll of cardboard, which crumbled into dust as it was exposed to the air. Below this, however, was a piece of parchment bearing the words, "Best Collection of Posters for Better Speech Week. Field Day Glories. One of the two tennis champions was a Sophomore. The only girl who passed all the athletic tests was a Sophomore. The volley ball game was won by the team of Sophomores. The basket ball score was six to two in favor of the Sophomores." This meant little to the men, and they resumed their search. The next article was a large tray, from which hung bottles, tin spoons, knives, and plates. Across the center ran the sentence, "Sandwiches and Salads of all kinds for sale by the Sophomore vendors."

When the tray was removed, a light from the box struck their eyes. It was the sun shining on a large silver cup. Bending over, they found that it was a trophy cup signifying the championship of the Sophomore Basket Ball Team. Much pleased with this discovery, Saunderson rose and gave the cup to Jim.

"This is the last in the box, Jim. Come, let's go back to camp. I'll carry this box and these trinkets, but you wrap that cup in this chamois. Be careful; don't drop it, as it will be a valuable addition to our collection."

So the two men tramped over the piles of ragged blue-stone and fragments of red tile to their camp in the hills, and thus out of our story.
"Keep Going"

"Keep Going," that's what we Sophomores say—
"Keep Going," we sing the live-long day;
Not just for a day, but all through the year
We'll sing to the end and not shed a tear—
Not even if Freshmen should learn the tune,
Not even if we should be Juniors in June!

"Keep Going," we say, and that we'll do,
And ready we'll be for the hopes we knew
When first we flourished the red and white
And ardently wished that once we might
Be Seniors and sing the same old tune—
"Keep Going"—and be real Seniors next June!

"Keep Going!" Why, surely we've just begun!
When we leave the Normal our task's not done.
But never we've found that we went quite wrong
When we've followed our colors and kept up our song;
And now we'll tell you what you must do:
"Keep Going!"—just that—is our message to you.
AGE OF INNOCENCE
COLORS
Sky Blue and Gold

FLOWER
Bluet

MOTTO
"Grow, grow, keep on a-growing."

HONORARY MEMBER
Miss Agnes Stribling

OFFICERS

President .................................................. Sarah Wilson
Vice-President ............................................. Margaret Proctor
Secretary ................................................... Charlotte Yancey
Treasurer .................................................... Lena Rector

MEMBERS
Virginia Andes
Bernice Harper
Daisy Hentone
Blanche Payne
Blanche Payne
Margaret Proctor
Elizabeth Pugh
Lena Rector
Ruth Walters
Sarah Wilson
Charlotte Yancey
Freshman Annual Money

Said President Wilson to our Secretary,
"My dear, we're in terrible need;
The Annual Fund will be due in a week;
We must really do something indeed."

"Bright idea, I'm sure," came the troubled reply;
"They strike you quite often these days.
I propose that we go to our Ladyship's room;
And for plans, we'll see what she says."

The immediate result of the conference was
This sign on the President's door:
"BEAUTY PARLORS WITHIN—YOUTH RENEWED—ENTER HERE!
Of these wonderful powers learn more."

The dresser-top served for a luncheon sale,
With sandwiches, cocoa, and pickle;
An old suitcase was a shoe-shining kit—
"All beautifully done for a nickel!"

On the table we spread out the manicure set;
Our President o'er it presided;
While we shampooed black hair and blonde
And afterward carefully dried it.

Our efforts, though crude, were richly rewarded;
Cash profits went into this book;
Each customer, too, is a fluff of style—
Have you noticed how stunning they look?
Other New Fixtures Besides Ourselves

Spotless kitchen, for nutrition.
Dining Hall—No late admission.
Our efficient dietitian.
Mrs. M’s kind disposition.
Joan of Arc to stir ambition.
Lobby frieze—great acquisition.
Our own “movie” exhibition.
A young, brilliant mathematician,
Planning many an expedition.
Registrar—metaphysician.
Red Cross nurse—diagnostician.
Matron, given to inhibition.
Man with photographic vision.
Bright Miss Button, the musician.
Town made dry by prohibition.
Sixth new building in position,
Filled with girls—a big addition.
And, for special recognition,
Our Miss Stribling’s gentle mission.
AGE OF HAPPINESS
Special Class

COLORS
Black and Yellow

FLOWER
Black-eyed Susan

MOTTO
"No victory without labor."

HONORARY MEMBER
Miss Natalie Lancaster

OFFICERS
President ........................................... Edith White
Vice-President ...................................... Elise Whitlock
Secretary and Treasurer ......................... Kathleen Moomaw

MEMBERS
Mary E. Alexander          Annie Dunn          Mrs. C. E. Loewner          Mrs. R. M. Roudabush
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Bertha Burkholder          Virginia Fowler      Kathleen Moomaw           Elizabeth Strayer
Mary K. Campbell           Welby Funkhouser     Bessie Moore              Willie Mae Stultz
Edmonia Chapman            Julia Glascok       Marion Nesbitt            Helen Tatem
Olive Cole                 Catherine Gover       Sadie Payne               Ellen Utterback
Sadie W. Cox               Virginia Harnsberger  Nellie Pearl         Mary Ware
Caroline Crawford          Halle Heath          Elizabeth Puryear         Edith White
Mrs. Frank Crawford        Frances Virginia Helms Virginia Ross            Elise Whitlock
Sallie Harriet Curtis      Corneal Henry      Sallie F. Ross             Catherine Willis
Cora Davis                 Virginia Johnson     Virginia Ross             Lois Winn
Amy Douglass
MRS. G. DORSEY EBBERT
Our Lady of the Sunshine
(In her wedding dress of thirty-six years ago)
A COSY, CLASSIC CORNER
A MIDNIGHT FEAST
(For Rembrandt's Night Watch)
A Pocketful of Jingles for the

**The Daisy’s Smile**

The daisy smiled at the sun one day
Through a cloud above the tree;
The west wind drove the cloud away
And the daisy danced in glee.

"O good west wind," the daisy said,
"I thank you for your grace."
Then went to sleep in her little bed
With the smile still on her face.

**Little Tom Try and the Moon**

Little Tom Try
Looked up at the sky;
The Man in the Moon looked down;
Little Tom Try
Began to cry,
And the Moon-Man seemed to frown.

"Why do you frown
As you look down?"
Said Tom to the Man in the Moon;
But never a word
That little Tom heard
Was said by the Man in the Moon.

But bye and bye,
When Little Tom Try
Had played and laughed awhile,
He looked again
At the big Moon-Man,
And the Moon-Man seemed to smile.

"Why do you smile
Now all the while?"
Said Tom; but the Man in the Moon
Just screwed up his chin
In a big broad grin—
That merry old Man in the Moon!

**Little Brown Chestnut**

Little brown chestnut
Up in the tree,
I see you—
Do you see me?

Sweet little chestnut,
Clad all in brown,
I want you—
Will you come down?

Said little chestnut,
With his eye crossed,
"I'll wait here
For Old Jack Frost."
Schoolma'ams and the Kiddies

Little Leaf Green

A little leaf clad all in green
Peeped out upon the tree,
And lo! a big old leaf was seen,
As brown as brown could be.

Said Leafy Green to Big Leaf Brown,
"'Tis very strange to me
That when the other leaves flew down
You held fast to the tree."

Said Big Leaf Brown to Leafy Green,
"What else was I to do?
I had my orders from the Queen
To stay and welcome you."

The Daisy's Death

The dewdrops turned to tears one morn,
One morn of early May,
And the little flowers newly born
Were frightened at their play.

A band of hunters fierce and wild
Came charging o'er the plain,
And the daisy, though she bowed and smiled,
Was hanged in a daisy chain.

Three Black Crows

Three black crows at early morn
Watched the farmer plant his corn;
Three black crows the farmer saw,
For they shouted, "Rah, rah, rah!"

"You bold rogues," the farmer cried,
"My seed corn you must have spied;
Such keen eyes I never saw."
Three black crows said, "Yah, yah, yah!"

When the farmer's work was done
Three black crows had lots of fun;
Stealing corn with beak and claw,
Loud they chattered, "Cah, cah, cah!"

When the farmer got his gun
Three black crows did fly and run;
When he made a man of straw
Three black crows laughed, "Hah, hah, hah!"
Inseparables

Lemma Snider and Mary Clement.
Laura Henley and her black dress.
Ethel Holsinger and her “naps.”
Mary Rodes and her letters.
Evelyn Culton and her powder puff.
Roberta Moore and a “Guy.”
Helen Marsh and her “Ukulele.”
Mrs. Moody and Miss Corbett.
Two other members of the faculty (?).
Miss Cleveland and her “Johnnie over the mountain.”
Annie Johnson and Gertrude Pierce.
Mary Stallings and her “pranks.”
Dr. Wayland and his “A-hem.”
Linda Carter and her “little girl airs.”
Miss Gregg and her dignity.
Lucy Spitzer and her dimples.
Miss Bell and fresh air.
Dr. Firebaugh and his satchel.
Kathryn Roller and her three-cornered hats.
Miss Mackey and her “Big Ben.”
Bess Mowbray and her “curlers.”
Lillie Massey and her student problems.
The Annual Staff and hard work.
Mr. Burruss and his repugnance toward chewing-gum.
ORGANIZATIONS
Student Association

OFFICERS

President ............................................ Lillie Massey
Vice-President ....................................... Dorothy Spooner
Secretary ............................................. Helen Ward

SENIORS

Kate Clary
Elizabeth Mowbray
Eva Phillips

JUNIORS

Mary Clement
Annie Lee Crawford
Margaret Webb

SOPHOMORES

Rosalie Brock
Frances Kemper
Genoa Swecker

FRESHMEN

Margaret Proctor

SPECIAL

Elizabeth Ellis
Y. W. C. A.

MOTTO

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

CABINET—1916-1917

President ........................................ Elizabeth Nicol
Vice-President ................................. Zola Hubbard
Secretary ..................................... Dick Bowman
Treasurer ..................................... Mabel Kiracofe

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Membership ..................................... Zola Hubbard
Finance ........................................ Mabel Kiracofe
Association News ............................. Dick Bowman
Mission ........................................ Frances Rolston
Social ........................................... Angelyn Alexander
Alumnae ....................................... Emily Haldeman
Religious Meetings ........................... Ammie Glenn
Bible Study ................................... Eva Phillips

ADVISORY MEMBER

Miss Natalie Lancaster

OFFICERS—1917-1918

President ..................................... Margaret Webb
Vice-President ................................. Audrey Girard
Secretary .................................... Hazel Davis
Treasurer ................................... Pauline Callender
Y. W. C. A. CABINET
# Stratford Literary Society

**COLORS**
Pink and Green

**FLOWER**
Primrose

**MOTTO**
"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

## OFFICERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
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<td>Bess Mo..bray</td>
<td>Susie Marks</td>
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## MEMBERS

- Angelyn Alexander
- Evelyn Alexander
- Frances Bagley
- Annie Ballard
- Eminie Brown
- Miriam Buckley
- Emma Byrd
- Pauline Callender
- Linda Carter
- Juliet Coffman
- Evelyn Culton
- Tillie Derflinger
- Virginia Eppes
- Georgie Foreman
- Ammie Glenn
- Laura Henley
- Marguerite Housholder
- Zola Hubbard
- Kathleen Huffman
- Mary Jones
- Frances Kemper
- Mabel Kendig
- Anna Lewis
- Mary Lifsey
- Inez Marable
- Susie Marks
- Merla Matthews
- Katharine McClung
- Maude Moseley
- Elizabeth Mowbray
- Violette Newcomer
- Mae Norwood
- Kathleen Perry
- Elizabeth Primrose
- Elizabeth Pugh
- Lucile Reaves
- Dorothy Richardson
- Kathryn Roller
- Florence Shumadine
- Allene Sinton
- Emily Smith
- Lucy Spitzer
- Dorothy Spooner
- Ruth Vaiden
- Banie Walden
- Dorothy Webb
- Edith White
- Dorothy Williams
- Lois Yancey
- Virginia Zirkle

**Professor James C. Johnston, Advisory Member**

## WAITING LIST

- Gretchen Bell
- Catherine Hinton
- Mae Kellam
- Helena Marsh
- Roberta Moore
- Margaret Webb
STRATFORD LITERARY SOCIETY
LANIER LITERARY SOCIETY

FLOWER
Violet

COLORS
Violet and White

MOTTO
"His song was only living aloud,
His work a singing with his hand."

OFFICERS

President
Mary Clement
Eva Phillips
Margaret Jordan
Elizabeth Nicol

Vice-President
Gertrude Pierce
Eva Phillips
Margaret Jordan

Secretary
Eva Phillips
Margaret Jordan

Treasurer
Margaret Jordan
Lillian Rankin

Critic
Elizabeth Nicol

MEMBERS
Roberta Armstrong
Cliff Bennett
Ada Berry
Dick Bowman
Zelle Brown
May Clement
Hazel Davis
Mamie Eppes
May Fitzpatrick
Mary Garden
Grace Gaw
Flossie Grant
Mary Greenawalt
Susie Hawkins
Daisy Johnson
Margaret Jordan
Ruth Marshall

Elizabeth Nicol
Nell Payne
Ella Peck
Eva Phillips
Gertrude Pierce
Lillian Rankin
Christine Reaves
Ruth Rodes
Mary Seebert
Marguerite Shenk
Imogen Slaughter
Lemma Snider
Christine Stanton
Louise Stanton
Virginia Styne
Katie Wilson

Miss Elizabeth P. Cleveland, Advisory Member
Lee Literary Society

FLOWER
White Carnation

COLORS
Gold and Gray

MOTTO
"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

OFFICERS

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<td>Esther Derring</td>
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MEMBERS

Edna Anderton
Carrie Bishop
Annie Brown
Madge Bryan
Kate Clary
Hazel Cole
Nellie Critzer
Lucy Daniel
Esther Derring
Emily Eley
Ruth Everett
Kathleen Fletcher
Catherine Furr
Gaylord Gibson
Audrey Girard
Effie Goode
Mary Gound
Mattie Gregory
Emily Haldeman
Mae Hoover
Annie Johnson
Elizabeth Kabler
Mabel Kiracofe
Louise Lake
Elizabeth Lam

Mary Luttrell
Adelaide Lyttle
Lillie Massey
Ruth McNair
Gladys Mey
Estelle Mohler
Kathleen Moomaw
Nellie Pace
Phyllis Page
Margaret Proctor
Frances Kolston
Nettie Shiflett
Julia Silvey
Anne Smith
Emmette Smith
Nora Spitzer
Mary Stallings
Stella Thompson
Helen Ward
Mary Warren
Rachel Weems
Elise Whitlock
Marguerite Whitney
Lou Wood

Dr. J. W. Wayland, Advisory Member
Lee

Thou who leddest our gray-clad band
Far beyond Virginia's land—
Oh, to give a name to thee,
One that will forever be
Builded out of love for thee—
This Virginia gives to Lee.

Thou who hold'st the hearts of all—
Listen and hear Virginia's call:
"Oh, to weave a wreath for thee,
One that will forever be
Woven out of love for thee"—
This Virginia weaves for Lee.

Thou whom fate could not cast down,
Thou whose courage was a crown—
Oh, to voice a song for thee,
One that sweeter e'er shall be,
Spoken from the heart of me—
This my wish, beloved Lee!

Madge Bryan
Harrisonburg High School Club

FLOWER                          COLORS
Morning Glory                    Blue and White

MOTTO
"Up, up, up with the lark!"

OFFICERS

President       ............... Kathryn Roller
Vice-President   ..................... Juliet Coffman
Secretary-Treasurer ................ Emma Byrd

MEMBERS

Virginia Andes
Louise Billhimer
Emma Byrd
Juliet Coffman
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Mr. Raymond Dingledine
Mamie Eppes
Welby Funkhouser
Virginia Harnsberger
Daisy Hentone
Anna Lewis
Kathryn McNeill
Kathryn Roller
Julia Sprinkel
Ethel Sprinkel
Ruth Walters
Mary Weiner
Vada Whitesel
Charlotte Yancey
Lois Yancey
Virginia Zirkle

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mr. W. H. Keister           Miss Mary I. Bell
Mr. James C. Johnston, Associate Member
Mary Club

OFFICERS

President
Mary Rodes

Vice-President
Mary Gertrude Pierce

Treasurer
Mary Echols

Secretary
Mary Garden

MEMBERS

Mary I. Bell
Mary Clifford Bennett
Mary Clement
Mary Evelyn Colton
Mary Lucy Daniel
Mary Echols

Mary Garden
Mary Anderson Gilliam
Mary Gound
Mary Greenawalt
Mary Jones
Mary Lifsey

Mary Luttrell
Mary Katharine McClung
Mary Gertrude Pierce
Mary Elizabeth Pugh
Mary Lucile Reaves
Mary Rodes

Mary Seehert
Mary Seeger
Mary Stallings
Mary Stynie
Mary Walters
Mary Warren
Norfolk Club

FLOWER
Sea Weed

COLORS
Green and Yellow

AIM
"Eat, drink, and be merry."

MOTTO
"Laugh, and the world laughs with you."

OFFICERS

President .................................................. Dorothy Webb
Vice-President ............................................. Esther Derring
Secretary .................................................... Georgie Foreman
Treasurer .................................................... Margaret Jordan

MEMBERS

Nell Acree
Helen Acton
Katherine Broughton
Madge Bryan
Linda Carter
Esther Derring
Georgie Foreman
Laura Henley
Margaret Jordan
Viola Keefe
Helena Marsh
Violette Newcomer
Georgie Foreman
Laura Henley
Margaret Jordan
Viola Keefe
Helena Marsh
Violette Newcomer
Florence Shumadine
Helen Tatem
Dorothy Webb
Margaret Jordan
Helen Wilson
Sarah Wilson
Tidewater Club

COLOR
Sea Green

FLOWER
Sea Weed

MOTTO
"All work and no play makes Mary a dull girl."

OFFICERS

President .................................................. Margaret Jordan
Vice-President .............................................. Georgie Foreman
Secretary .................................................. Virginia Eppes
Treasurer .................................................. Dorothy Webb

MEMBERS

Helen Acton
Evelyn Alexander
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Linda Carter
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Hazel Cole
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Virginia Eppes
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Mary Anderson Gilliam

Rebecca Goldman
Mattie Gregory
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Viola Keefe
Mae Kellam
Joulie Kellam
Adelaide Lyttle
Inez Marable
Susie Marks
Helena Marsh
Ruth McGhee
Roberta Moore
Violette Newcomer

Mae Norwood
Elizabeth Primrose
Katie Pruden
Florence Shumadine
Allene Sinton
Ruth Vaiden
Helen Ward
Dallas Warren
Mary Warren
Dorothy Webb
Margaret Webb
Dorothy Williams
Sarah Wilson
Carolina Club

FLOWER
Cotton Blossom

AIM
To have good understanding—tar-heels.

MOTTO
"While we live, we cherish, protect, and defend her."

OFFICERS
President ........................................ Irene Moore
Vice-President .................................... Rachel Speas
Secretary ........................................ Mary Clifford Bennett
Treasurer .......................................... Luna Saunders

MEMBERS
Mary Clifford Bennett
Emmie Brown
Virginia Helms
Irene Moore
Luna Saunders
Rachel Speas
Miss Simons
Ennis Strupe
Rockbridge Club

COLORS
Gray and Green

AIM
To be like the Rock Bridge—natural.

OFFICERS
President ........................................ Mary Gound
Secretary and Treasurer .............................. Ruth McNair

MEMBERS
Mary Gound
Katharine McClung
Ruth McNair
Pauline Miley
Elizabeth Rubush
Mary Seebert

HONORARY MEMBER
Miss Frances Mackey

Minnie Shaw
Lemma Snider
Marguerite Whitney
**Peidmont-Midland Virginia Club**

**COLORS**
Mountain Blue and White

**FLOWER**
Wood Violet

**FRUIT**
Persimmon

**MOTTO**
"I'll tell you there is good men born at Monmouth."

**HONORARY MEMBER**
Miss Elizabeth Cleveland

**OFFICERS**

- **President**: Zola Hubbard
- **Vice-President**: Mary Clement
- **Secretary**: Annie Johnson
- **Treasurer**: Anne Smith

**MEMBERS**

- Angelyn Alexander
- Roberta Armstrong
- Frances Bagley
- Gretchen Bell
- Zelle Brown
- Elizabeth Carter
- Mary Clement
- Beulah Crigler
- Nellie Critter
- Hazel Davis
- Annie Dunn
- Madeline Dunn
- Mary Echols
- Ruth Everett
- May Fitzpatrick
- Kathleen Fletcher
- Catherine Furr
- Grace Gaw
- Gavlord Gibson
- Zola Hubbard
- Annie Johnson
- Daisy Johnson
- Virginia Johnson
- Elizabeth Kabler
- Thelma Kean
- Bessie Keeton
- Mary Lifsey
- Louise Lake
- Mary Luttrell
- Ruth Marshall
- Bessie Moore
- Maude Mosley
- Marion Nesbitt
- Irene Norwood
- Edna Parrish
- Kate Parrish
- Gertrude Pierce
- Christine Reaves
- Lucile Reaves
- Marguerite Shenk
- Julia Silvey
- Anne Smith
- Dorothy Spooner
- Verlie Storv
- Stella Thompson
- Banie Walden
- Rachel Weems
- Sallie Zabawa
Ministers' Daughters' Club

COLORS
Black and White

FAVORITE OCCUPATION
Finding hymns!

FAVORITE SAYING
A Man!

FAVORITE MEETING PLACE
Amen Corner

AIM
"To marry a minister???

MOTTO
"No place for a minister's daughter."

MEMBERS

Mary I. Bell
Nellie Davies
Flossie Grant
Mabel Kendig
Elizabeth Mowbray
Frances Rolston

Dorothy Spooner
Agnes Stribling
Christine Stanton
Louise Stanton
Kathleen Watson
Dorothy Webb
Glee Club

OFFICERS

President ........................................ Zolia Hubbard
Vice-President .................................. Mabel Kendig
Secretary ......................................... Edna Anderton
Treasurer ......................................... Mary Lifsey
Director .......................................... Miss Edna T. Shaeffer

MEMBERS

Helen Acton
Edna Anderton
Gretchen Bell
Carrie Bishop
Emmie Brown
Mary Clement
Annie Lee Crawford
Tillie Derflinger
Ruth Donohoe
Amy Douglass
Mattie Duncan
Elizabeth Ellis
Virginia Epps
Audrey Girard
Flossie Grant

Mary Greenawalt
Susie Hawkins
Catherine Hinton
Mae Hoover
Zola Hubbard
Mary Jones
Thelma Kean
Mabel Kendig
Mary Lifsey
Adelaide Lyttle
Inez Marable
Susie Marks
Helena Marsh
Ruth McGhee
Kathryn McNeill

Estelle Mohler
Maude Moseley
Violette Newcomer
Mae Norwood
Phyllis Page
Elizabeth Primrose
Margaret Proctor
Elizabeth Pugh
Allene Sinton
Imogen Slaughter
Emmette Smith
Emily Smith
Dorothy Webb
Margaret Webb
Dorothy Williams
# Home Economics Club

**FLOWER**
Dark Red Carnation

**COLORS**
Red and White

**MOTTO**
"Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

**OFFICERS**

President .................................................. Virginia Zirkle
Vice-President ............................................. Dorothy Spooner
Secretary and Treasurer ............................... Anna Lewis

**MEMBERS**

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<td>Mr. Russell Shriver</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Miss Frances Sale</td>
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</table>
Institutional Class

*Instructor* ........................................ Miss Hannah Butterfield Corbett

**MEMBERS**

Mary Clifford Bennett
Emily Gay Eley
Mary Margaret Gound
Frances Virginia Helms
Elizabeth Hendren Nicol
Nell Scott Payne

THE FINISHED PRODUCT
Kindergarten Club

COLORS
Baby-blue and Pink

FLOWER
Forget-me-not

MOTTO
“A little child shall lead them.”

OFFICERS
President Elsie Miller
Vice-President Mabel Kendig
Secretary and Treasurer Mae Norwood

MEMBERS
Emma Byrd
Linda Carter
Evelyn Culton
Laura Henley
Catherine Hinton
Marguerite Housholder
Annie Johnson
Mabel Kendig
Bessie Lockstampfer
Elsie Miller
Pauline Miley
Mae Norwood
Gertrude Pierce
Elizabeth Primrose
Mary Rodes
Imogen Slaughter
Florence Shumadine
Dorothy Williams

Mascot Beverly McGlaughlin

HONORARY MEMBERS
Miss Gregg Miss King Miss Seeger
KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN

BEVERLY McGLAUGHLIN
Kindergarten Mascot
Billikin Club

SONG
"Billikin, Billikin"

MOTTO
"Laugh and grow fat."

"I do not think 'fat girls' need so much sympathy. They may be 'in misery' in some respects; but there is an old saying, which must be more or less true, that everybody likes a fat man, and I do not see why it is not just as true of women!"

Very truly yours,
Julian A. Burruss
President

MEMBERS

Gretchen Bell
Willie Guthrie
Laura Henley
Loulie Kellam
Roberta Moore
Maude Moseley

Sarah Wilson

HONORARY MEMBER
Miss Edna Shaeffer

Dorothy Richardson
Virginia Styne
Helen Tatem
Teresa Via
Dorothy Webb
Dorothy Williams
Athletic Association

OFFICERS

President ........................................ Lucy Spitzer
Vice-President .................................. Grace Snedegar
Secretary ....................................... Hazel Cole
Treasurer ........................................ Gertrude Pierce

Georgia Foreman
Virginia Zirkle

BASKET BALL GAMES

Old-New ........................................... 9-7
Junior-Sophomore ............................... 6-8
Sophomore-Freshman ........................... 18-3
Senior-Sophomore ............................... 7-9
Senior-Freshman ................................ 3-6
Senior-Junior ................................... 3-5
Alumni-Junior ................................... 7-8
Junior-Sophomore (Field Day) ............... 3-6
Senior Basketball Team

CAPTAIN
Hazel Cole

FORWARDS
Angelyn Alexander
Hazel Cole

GUARDS
Lucy Spitzer
Virginia Zirkle

CENTER
Nora Spitzer

SUBSTITUTES
Helen Ward
Anne Smith

Coach .......................................................... Miss Ruth Hudson
Referee ...................................................... Professor James Johnston
"Are you a Junior?"
"Yes; I’m a Junior—
Where the green and gold both beckon to me.
We know we’re in it;
We’re going to win it;
And we’ll make those Sophomores fall!"
"Are you a member
Of this noted and this honorable band—
The team of teams, the classiest class in all the land?
Are you a Junior?"
"Yes; I’m a Junior!"
"Then we are Juniors—all!"
Junior Basket Ball Team

CAPTAIN
Annie Johnson

FORWARDS
Georgie Foreman
Annie Johnson

GUARDS
Elizabeth Primrose
Marguerite Housholder

CENTER
Gertrude Pierce

SUBSTITUTES
Nellie Critzer
Catherine Furr

YELL
Juniors! Juniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Umph! Ya! Ya!
Umph! Ya! Ya!
Sophomore Basket Ball Team

CAPTAIN
Pauline Callender

FORWARDS
Pauline Callender
Irene Norwood

GUARDS
Merla Matthews
Anna Lewis

CENTER
Gladys Mey

SUBSTITUTES
Mary Luttrell
Hazel Davis
Ruth Rodes

YELL
Rickety-rah! Rickety-russ!
What in the world's the matter with us?
Nothing at all!
Nothing at all!
Sophomores, Sophomores,
Beat 'em all!
Freshman-Special Basket Ball Team

CAPTAIN
Charlotte Yancey

FORWARDS
Kathryn McNeill
Margaret Proctor
Charlotte Yancey

GUARDS
Margaret Proctor
Louise Billheimer

CENTER
Lena Rector

SUBSTITUTE
Ruth Walters

YELL
Don’t you worry;
Don’t you fret;
This Freshman team
Will beat you yet.
Rah! Rah! Rah! for Freshmen!
Racket Tennis Club

COLORS
Red and Blue

MOTTO
"Root, little pig, or die."

OFFICERS

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Quarter</th>
<th>Second Quarter</th>
<th>Third Quarter</th>
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<td>Mary Clement</td>
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<tr>
<td>Secretary-Treasurer</td>
<td>Linda Carter</td>
<td>Zelle Brown</td>
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MEMBERS

Angelyn Alexander
Evelyn Alexander
Gretchen Bell
Carrie Bishop
Nancy Brown
Zelle Brown
Madge Bryan
Emma Byrd
Elizabeth Carter
Linda Carter
Mary Clement
Hazel Cole
Laura Henley
Marguerite Housholder

Zola Hubbard
Kathleen Huffman
Loulie Kellam
Mabel Kenoig
Lillie Massey
Merla Matthews
Maude Moseley
Marion Nesbitt
Irene Norwood
Mae Norwood
Frances Orrison
Phyllis Page
Elizabeth Primrose
Dorothy Richardson
Rachel Rodgers

Kathryn Roller
Florence Shumadine
Imogen Slaughter
Grace Snedegar
Lucy Spitzer
Nora Spitzer
Dorothy Spooner
Christine Stanton
Louise Stanton
Ruth Vaiden
Helen Ward
Dorothy Webb
Lois Yancey
Virginia Zirkle

YELLS

Ra, Re, Ri, Ro,
Ring, Ching, Chang!
Racket! Racket!
Rip, Boom, Bang!
RACKET TENNIS CLUB—CHAMPIONS FOR 1917
## Pinquet Tennis Club

### MOTTO

"Go and play."

### COLORS

Red and White

### OFFICERS

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<td>Gertrude Pierce</td>
<td>Susie Marks</td>
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<td>Margaret Jordan</td>
<td>Marguerite Shenk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treasurer</td>
<td>Elizabeth Mowbray</td>
<td>Edith White</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### MEMBERS

| Miriam Buckley      | Margaret Jordan      | Gertrude Pierce     |
| Pauline Callender   | Frances Kemper       | Lucile Reaves      |
| Georgie Foreman     | Katherine Lewis      | Marguerite Shenk   |
| Mary Garden         | Inez Marable         | Allene Sinton      |
| Emily Haldeman      | Susie Marks          | Edith White        |
| Annie Johnson       | Elizabeth Mowbray    |                    |
Field Day—May 14, 1917

Harrisonburg State Normal School Campus
3 P.M.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Pinguets
Georgie Foreman
Elizabeth Mowbray

Rackets
Maude Moseley
Merla Matthews

Winners of
Alumnx Cup
3-1

VOLLEY BALL

Juniors
Marion Nesbitt
Gertrude Pierce
Annie Johnson
Georgie Foreman
Phyllis Page
Carrie Bishop
Tillie Derflinger
Laura Henley
Adelaide Lyttle
Flossie Grant
Catherine Furr
Emmie Brown
Nellie Critzer

Sophomores
Pauline Callender
Ruth McGhee
Anna Lewis
Merla Matthews
Mary Greenawalt
Frances Kemper
Evelyn Alexander
Mary Luttrell
Ruth Rodes
Anna Heltzel
Rosalie Brock
Edith Moore
Gladys Mey

Winners
20-16

ATHLETIC TESTS

Relay Race
Balancing Beam
Striking Volley Ball
Basket Ball Throwing

Annie Johnson
Gertrude Pierce
Georgie Foreman
Marion Nesbitt
Nellie Critzer
Margaret Proctor
Mattie Love Doyne
Merla Matthews
Mary Greenawalt
Mary Luttrell

PAULINE CALLENDER

Winner of badge given by Playground and Recreation Association of America

BASKET BALL

Juniors
Georgie Foreman
Elizabeth Primrose
Gertrude Pierce
Marguerite Householder
Annie Johnson

Forwards
Pauline Callender
Merla Matthews
Gladys Mey
Irene Norwood
Anna Lewis

Sophomores

Center

Guards

Substitutes

Mary Luttrell
Ruth Rodes

Substitutes

Winners of
Athletic Association Cup
6-2
Your Sins Upon Your Own Head

I

"This is Garland Farrar's umbrella. Here's her name in it. I ought to mail it to her, I suppose. But she left it last June. I'm not to blame. And it has a weak spring anyway—shuts up of its own accord sometimes. Maybe it isn't worth the postage. Besides, it is convenient to use when mine is out of place."

II

Breakfast bell ! ! !

She ought to have started earlier. She knew it. She barely could hope to "make" the dining room before the great, pitiless doors would shut. The rain was coming down as she ran at full tilt. Something else was coming down too. Dark, steely fing'rs clutched cruelly at the hair piled high on her head. Avenging Fate, in the form of a black umbrella, closed down upon her with relentless grip and tore her coiffure to very "hanks."—She retraced her steps, to chew the cud of bitter reflection—for lack of anything else to chew—until dinner.
POLICE HUNTED
MEMBER OF FACULTY

Suspicious Bottle Seen

Yesterday morning in the midst of a chemistry lesson, a thundering knock was heard on the Laboratory door. The whole class was startled, while the teacher in charge appeared quite nervous. Wending his way anxiously down the aisle, this popular and highly-esteemed gentleman of the faculty gained the door and found there a massive man in a uniform of blue. The policeman immediately placed his heavy, official hand on the professor's shoulder and indicated that he must follow him. Some of the girls became weak with fright; others blazed with indignation. Our instructor hopelessly looked back at the class, hesitated, then walked manfully out of the room.

It was explained later, in defense, by this same chemistry teacher, whom the class supposed then to be out on bond, that he had been greatly relieved to find the police only wanted him to determine the per cent of alcohol in a "bottle of booze."

The strongest evidence in his favor is the testimony of the Senior Chemistry Class, that they saw, with their own eyes, their beloved teacher distilling the alcohol from the said "bottle of booze." Their statement is accepted unanimously on the campus, despite the tendency on the part of this class to take up for their instructor "in all kinds of weather"—cold or hot, dry or wet.

JUNIOR-ENGLISH

Brilliant Wedding of Well-Known Couple

The chapel was a scene of surprising loveliness on Wednesday, November 22, when Mr. Normal Junior led Miss Good English to the altar.

The bride, exquisitely dressed in a gown of beauty and grace, entered on the arm of her father, the well-known Judge Dictionary. They were met at the altar by the groom and the minister, who united them in solemn wedlock, while Miss Mary Clement, Junior, rendered most beautifully the masterpiece, "Oh, Perfect Love."

After the ceremony, friends gathered to congratulate the lovely bride and the fortunate groom, both of whom are held in high esteem by the public.

Girl Bitten by Wild Beast

Last night, about twelve o'clock, when everything was quiet and everybody in the land of dreams, a loud shriek from Room 48 awoke the dormitory. Flash lights flashed and sleepy maidens ran out into the hall to discover the cause. They stood around terrified. In a second Louie Kellam issued from her door, screaming, "A mouse bit my nose! ! !"

The injured member was soon properly fixed up, and the girls went back to their beds to continue their interrupted slumbers.

Miss Kellam's nose was not entirely put out of commission. It is doing well to-day in spite of the two distinct toothprints that remain.

DID FRESHIES CUT WIRES

Seniors Frantic--Great Crowd

Mar. 19.—It is true that the most pleasant scenes are often changed suddenly into the most boring ones of discontentment. The great populace of Harrisonburg had gathered on the porch and steps of Second Dormitory, hoping to be allowed to enter the Gymnasium to witness the Senior-Freshman game; but their hopes were in vain, for not a ray of shining light gleamed from a window of "Lyons' Den." The Seniors say the Freshmen cut the wires; the Freshmen say differently. Each Senior glared with heated indignation at each Freshman; each Freshman gazed with utter contempt at each Senior; each anxious Sophomore and Junior walked the length of the porch with her invited guest.

The affair has been tactfully "hushed up" by the Special Class; but we hear whispers are circulating that the Seniors are going to take the matter to a private court, while the Freshmen say that they will bring evidence for the defense which will beat the Seniors in more than one way.

New Denizens of Dormitory

New arrivals on the campus were given a party and a welcome on the night of March 24. As soon as the hands of the clock reached ten, a tin horn was blown lustily; and the girls walked, danced, and ran to the end room in the upper hall.

Little time was lost in preliminaries.

(Continued on Page Two.)
This is the first time that The Notebook has held a place in our annual, despite the valuable information it always contains. It is the aim and purpose of this piece of printed matter to reflect the life of the students at H. N. S., in order that the public may be enlightened as well as amused.

We are confident that anyone reading The Notebook will be convinced that the contents are far from serious; yet if we can cause a smile to play over the countenances of some kind reader, we shall feel amply repaid.

We sincerely hope that The Notebook will become one of the main factors of interest in our annual during the future years.

The Extension Workers

Suddenly, and much to the surprise of their many friends, Misses Gertrude Pierce and Annie Johnson have become intensely interested in extension work. Last week they left for Dale Enterprise, where they conducted a song service in the church. Evidently they accomplished a great deal of good, for at the Gypsy Smith meeting several nights ago they were waylaid by a host of representatives from that place, carrying large hymn books and beseeching the young ladies to visit them again.

Denizens of Dormitory

(Continued from page one.)

Stunts were performed and applauded; songs were sung; and it is even said that a dignified and very important lady of our school did the Bear Dance. A huge basket of “eats” was then drawn from the closet. These promptly disappeared. So did the girls when bedtime could no longer be put off.

DOT FIFTEEN SPOT

Oh, vere is dot fifteen spot gone?
Oh, how, oh, how is it spent?
In chapel one day we all vas told
By our goot President.

“For de food ve pays fifty-seven per cent,
In order dot you may live;
De food you get is not rich fare,
But de best dat ve can give.”

Den eleven per cent, he said, it vent
To pay de laundry bill;
For come vat may and come vat won’t,
De vashing goes on still.

Dirteen per cent—dot goes for hire,
And it’s mighty small at dot;
For dese here peoples has to work
In veder cold or hot.

Tings will get broke and haf to be mend;
And dot takes seven per cents;
For in de best-kept homes, you know,
Dere will be accidents.

And den, for power, fuel, light,
Not forgetting de vater-rate—
For ve haf to keep varm, and study too—
De per cent for dis is eight.

For room rent goes full four per cent;
Our crowd begins to swell.
So ve do not complain, or ever raise
Cain;
For ve dink ve are treated quite vell.

D. M. S.

In Sporting Circles

Rumor has it that two esteemed and dignified Seniors have become great sportswomen. One Sunday night Misses Daisy Johnson and Ruth Marshall, armed with clothes bags and followed by the eager public, were seen wending their way over Maypole Hill. They were going snipe hunting. Whether they caught any or not—the public did not wait to see—ask them for the particulars of this trip.

Great Athletic Meet

Free-for-All Races. Three Times a Day.
Tracks: Board Walk, Driveways, Paths, By-paths, Goose-paths, and No-paths.
Stakes: Beefsteaks.
Hours: 7:29 a.m.; 12:29 p.m.; 5:59 p.m.

Overheard

“You know Miss Spooner?”
“Yes, she studies cooking out at the Normal.”
“Well, is that so? What does she cook?”
“Johnny-cakes.”
“Does she go to breakfast all the time?”
“She surely does. They have Pettijohn’s for breakfast out there.”
“Is that so? Who is her favorite teacher?”
“Well, she likes them all; but Mr. Johnston is the one.”
“You don’t say! I hear she is a preacher’s daughter. Does she read her Bible?”
“Well, one part I know she reads.”
“What is that?”
“St. John.”
“She likes flowers, doesn’t she?”
“Yes, Johnnie-Jump-ups are her favorites when she can’t get John-quils; and she wants to see Jack-in-the-Pulpit.”
“Didn’t somebody send her some apples?”
“Yes; John-son’s Fine Winters.”
“Where is Miss Spoon-er from?”
“Dan-ville.”
“Well, it’s a wonder it’s not Johnstown.”

Donation

The life-size statue of Joan of Arc in the centre of the lobby of the Students Building was the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Julian A. Burruss.
Things We Have Laughed About

Jaxon self-filling pens, taken by mistake.

Those waddling men in evening clothes—the penguins.

The Assembly Hall clocks—each flatly contradicting the other to his face.

The Irish potato—opening wide his astonished eyes at his own importance.

The Harpist inquiring for Miss Virginia Theatre.

The Freshman refusing to root for either team—declaring herself “mutual.”

(Lucy) Daniel in the Lyon’s Den.

The H. A. student who smiled “croquetishly” and urged the advice: “Cross your eyes and dot your teas.”

“Here come some more boys!”

The Albermarle Pippins, who didn’t get good photographs because they were just out of cold storage.

The new girl who fluttered into our midst in rose-colored suit, and whose story runneth thus:

“One again;
On again;
Gone again.”

Society News

Soon after the September arrivals a grand reception was held at ten o’clock in the upper hall of Dormitory II. All the new students who were not present exactly on time soon wished that they had been, for the old students had not been neglecting their duty. The selected audience was favored with a barefoot dance, a quartette, and a number of solos, which had to be urged from various new girls. Some of the guests were asked to roll marbles with their noses down the entire length of the brilliantly lighted hall. If they did not comply with the requests of the hostesses they soon wished they had not been so ill-mannered.

There is talk of giving the new students next year more notice as to the exact time of the initiation—but we have our doubts.

Beauty Questions

All questions meant to be answered in this column should be directed to “Beauty Editor,” care of THE NOTEBOOK.

Is it fashionable now to wear long dresses? If so, what is the proper length?—Anxious Style.

The Normal girls set the fashion. Notice the length of their dresses. Nine inches from the floor is the proper length. Abbreviated skirts are not worn by the dames of fashion.

I cannot decide on the size of hat I wish this spring. Could you give me any relief on this subject?

My suggestion is, “If a cap fits you, wear it.”

I am a member of the Billikin Club, and I wish to join the “Skinny Lanks.” How shall I reduce my weight in order that I may become an eligible applicant for membership among “the lean kin?”—Anti-Fat.

I should suggest walking around the Hudson in the Gym three times a day applying the Heavy Weight stride.

In cold weather my nose turns red. Could you suggest any remedy for the same?

Paint your face to match your nose. The effect is very glowing.

I have such large hands. What shall I do?—Handsome.

Put them to work.

Is it the right thing to do to invite a young man into the reception room on Sunday?

Experience is the best teacher. Try it once.

Society Entertains

The Three-Ninety-Nine gave a very elaborate and charming party one night during the winter quarter. Invitations—hand-painted ones—were flying here and there. After dark, automobiles were heard and evening-gowned ladies were deposited at the entrance of Dormitory I. Inside, a wonderful color scheme of pink and green was effectively carried out. The latest music greeted one’s ears, and to the sound of these enchanting strains wonders in the culinary line were served the guests. Taken all in all, the society editor can only say it was a most elaborate affair and worthy of the Four Hundred, as well as the Three-Ninety-Nine.

Ads You Never See

Don’t pay your money on pay day. The treasurers don’t want it.

Don’t bring your aprons and caps to the cooking class. They are not needed.

The doors will be left open. Do not rush to breakfast.

Buy some of the Sophs’ salads and keep well.

Wear your dress the length it happened to be.

Wear sleeveless gowns. They are more becoming.

Do not come to class meetings. You will not be fined.

Do not keep quiet in the library. Go riding with the “gents.”

Charge your ice-cream cones. You may not need them again.

Editors, do not work on the Annual. You should worry.

Seniors, do not be on time for Senior Play practice. Miss Hudson loves a wait.

Juniors, you are too quiet.

The Sophs will not sell salads tonight.

Freshies, never pay attention to Sophs.

Specials, never make a specialty of an subject.

The trains will wait. Take your time.

Miss supper. You will not be called up.

Be sure to jostle the waiters as she carries the soup.
Clean-up Day

Fair Damsels Become Horny-Handed Daughters of Toil

Gypsy Smith says, "Clean up!" Faculty says, "Clean up!"
The girls of the Normal School spent Thursday, the tenth of May, on the Campus, working with hands and hearts, as well as heads. There were as many groups as there are instructors, and they accomplished wonders. Mr. Johnston's crowd trundled wheelbarrows with much grace and felicity, gathering up rubbish from Miss Mackey's group, who had the Herculean job of cleaning the cellar of Science Hall. The wheelbarrow gang did not confine its activities to one direction, however, but whisked away rocks and weeds and all manner of unsightly debris.
The goose paths were spaded and hopefully sown with grass seed by Mr. Devier et al. Mr. Shriver, with a pair of gloves and a pickaxe superintended the weeding; Miss Gregg, the planting of geraniums. Miss Hudson hoed; Miss Bell planted; Dr. Wavland ploughed up the steepy hill by the Laundry and planted corn.
There were many other energetic groups of workers, of whose splendid achievements our limited space and vocabulary forbid mention.

More Society Items

Dr. Sanger Entertains His Juniors in Bacon Hollow

Mrs. Sanger, Ice-Cream, Nabisco's, May 21.
The Junior Class was delightfully entertained by its honorary members in Bacon Hollow. It has been the scene of many frolics but this was by far the most fun. The decorations were a very wet brook, (all inquiries may be addressed to Mr. Burns), green grass and "blue mountains that kiss the skies." Surely nothing could be more charming. Dr. Sanger built a fire and we toasted marshmallows. Everyone desired to toast him one and then poke it into his mouth. He consumed a surprising number, but then you know "Noblesse oblige." Furthermore "He loves the ladies." Mrs. Sanger was in a chronic state of apology because she had to turn her back on some one all the time, being the center of an admiring group.
Having demolished marshmallows, ice cream, Nabiscos and lemonade, the girls surrounded their host and hostess and gave fifteen 'rahs. Ditto again, say we. Everybody had such a pretty time.

The Clifford Devereux Players Present Three Plays

The open-air auditorium at the Normal School was the scene of three delightfully enacted plays on May 21 and 22. Cedars made a background for the natural stage, which was flanked by spreading apple trees, and well lighted.

CLIFFORD DEVEREUX
for the night performance by large electric lights.
The program was as follows:
Much Ado About Nothing, May 21; The School for Scandal, Matinee, May 22;
Everyman, May 22.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING WELL PRESENTED

Monday night the company gave Much Ado About Nothing, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the appreciative audience. The characters of Beatrice and Benedick were played in a sprightly manner, which swept the audience with gales of laughter. Hero was a charming sweetheart for the most noble and accomplished Claudio; and Don Pedro and Don John as well as the other characters, were well presented.
The scene in the garden was particularly well done, and Benedick's changing expression called forth from the audience an echo of the snickers and chuckles of the conspirators. The love affair of Claudio and Hero was breathlessly followed by tender-hearted maidens, who sniffed audibly at the groom's denunciation, and clapped hands ecstatically over the reunion.

Everybody laughed at Don Pedro's toothache; Mr. Dinglede and Mr. Dillon have been complaining of the same affliction.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

Tuesday afternoon a matinee performance of The School for Scandal was given and equally well presented and enjoyed. The play, being by Sheridan, was necessarily clever and bright. Sir Peter and Lady Teagle, Joseph Surface, and his brother Charles, were particularly well done. So also were the characters of Sir Oliver and Moses, the Jew moneylender. The audience appreciated the quips and quirks and also the good acting which handled a rather delicate situation so well. The players worked under a disadvantage because of the strong winds; but they were true philosophers—they grinned and bore it.

EVERYMAN

Everyman differs from the other two plays in that it is not light and entertaining. It is a Morality play, and, in school girl language, deep stuff. The players did very well, and we considered it splendid. The open air theatre was not available because of a threatened storm, and the performance was given in the Assembly Hall.
Mr. Sanford, as Everyman, did splendid work. His lines were very long and hard—of the character of Hamlet's.

VIOLA KNOTT
Some Personal Equations

In Terms of Known and Unknown Quantities

A. A. = Amiable Alexander
F. B. = Fairy Bagley
D. B. = Darling Bowman
E. B. = Early Byrd
P. C. = Pre-eminent Callender
L. C. = Lyrical Carter
H. C. = Honor-roll Davis
M. G. = Merry Garden
M. K. = Musical Kendig
D. S. = Dear Spooner
H. W. = Hard-working Ward
V. Z. = Vigorous Zirkle
M. S. = Mirthful Stallings
M. M. = Madcap Matthews
K. W. = K-neaded Watson
G. P. = Genial Pierce
M. R. = Model-of-neatness Rodes
H. M. = Hilarious Marsh
M. W. = Monumental Whitney
F. K. = Faithful Kemper
F. S. = Fashionable Shumadine
L. M. = Loyal Massey
A. L. = Attractive Lewis
E. M. = Executive Mowbray
L. S. = Laughing Spitzer
M. N. = Melodious Norwood
M. B. = Melodramatic Bryan
M. J. = Mild Jones
E. H. = Exhausted Holsinger
K. R. = Keen Roller
N. A. = Noisy Acree
E. N. = Efficient Nicol
E. P. = Evening Primrose
L. M. D. = Mannish-Looking Doyne
Some of Those We Miss

MRS. R. B. BROOKE, matron at Blue-Stone Hill from the beginning until 1916. Now she is matron at the Episcopal Theological Seminary, near Alexandria.

MISS AMELIA H. BROOKE, one of our first students; later a teacher and the matron's assistant. In goodly company she is still following ambition's star. Columbia University may well open its gates and welcome her.

PROFESSOR HEATWOLE, who is absent on leave and scoring again at Columbia, close on the goal for another degree.

MISS RHEA C. SCOTT, who wrote a book and went to Arkansas. She is giving her hand to home demonstration work, her hopes to progress, and her name to fame, but we still claim her heart for Old Virginia.

MISS BESSIE LEFTWICH, who taught household arts skilfully and read good papers at faculty meetings. She now holds a desirable position near Danville.

MISS VELMA MOESCHLER, who also taught household arts and who was an all-round stand-by. This year she has been teaching near Lynchburg.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM R. SMITHEY, who was a patient registrar and a power in math. He is getting a close grip on a Ph. D. at Wisconsin, but his heart is still in Harrisonburg.
Alma Mater

Massive, substantial, of blue stone,
Rough-hewn from the bosom of nature,
Standeth our dear Alma Mater,
Out-stretching her arms to her daughters,—
To those who have left her and others
Who will enter her doors in the future.
Around her tower the mountains—
The North, Blue Ridge, Massanutten—
Massive, rugged, substantial,
Shielding, protecting her always.
Above her the blue sky is shedding
Its lights and its shadows upon her.
Her halls are ever resounding
With voices of Youth and of Joy.
May Fortune smile ever upon her,
May men her ideals enthrone;
Her name may we ever cherish,
Her honor as ever our own.

Ruth Rodep
The Harvest

A wounded man lay in a trench
   And dreamed deliriously
Of golden fields and quiet peace,
   Of the drowsy summer sea.

For in happy lands 'twas harvest time
   And the breeze was murmuring through
The shining, swaying, bending wheat,
   Where shone the glistening dew.

But a different harvest lies around
   Of fainting, rattling breath,
Of sword and cannon, hunger, want—
   The harvest of grim Death.

HELENA MARSH
The Two Captains

HE old University campus never looked prettier than to-day, tinted in the rich coloring of the October afternoon. The gigantic dome of the Rotunda rose in its magnificent splendor towards the blue heavens. Long purple shadows stretched themselves over the velvety lawn, which was strewn with the gorgeous leaves—a place in which to dream, not to settle difficult problems. Anyway, this is what Marjorie Burk thought as she sauntered along the winding walk that led from the University Post Office.

“Oh, how can I decide? I don’t know which one I love!” she exclaimed in August as she saw her sister approaching.

“No letters for you Ruth, and only two for Dad,” Marjorie explained, linking her arm through her sister’s.

“You have three there,” said Ruth, glancing at the letters which Marjorie held in her other hand. “Is the third one from Dupree? Let me see them,” continued Ruth, holding out her hand as if to take the letters.

“Oh, no! That you won’t!” laughed Marjorie, backing away from her sister’s reach. “Can’t tell you anything about this one until after the game tomorrow,” finished Marjorie, shaking the letter in the air childishly.

“Pshaw! Then I know it’s from Dupree. Did he say what train the Georgia boys would come in on?” Ruth continued as if she knew that the letter was from Dupree.

“Can’t tell you. And then, I didn’t say it was from Dupree,” answered Marjorie, laughing tantalizingly and keeping the letter at a safe distance.

“Well, anyway, Virginia’s going to win. She’ll never let those Georgia Crackers come up here and beat us on our home grounds, even if they do boast that they have a stronger team than ours,” Ruth remarked emphatically.

“I don’t know so much about that,” Marjorie exclaimed, coloring a little at her sister’s teasing remark.

“Of course you don’t, with the captains of both teams tagging at your heels. I’ll bet if they were my suitors I’d decide in a minute!” retorted Ruth, running up the steps of their home.

Marjorie, left alone, sat down on the steps and tried to pick up her thoughts where her sister had broken in upon them a few minutes before.

For two years Dupree Stone had loved Marjorie Burk—ever since his memorable trip to the University at Christmas. Marjorie had returned his affection to some extent until Jack Coleman had come into her life one bleak day the winter before, when he had saved her from drowning while skating on the reservoir. A warm friendship had grown up between them. Then Jack had spoilt it all by falling in love with her too. This is how matters stand when our story opens.

Lost to everything around her, Marjorie sat with her chin resting on
the palms of her hands—her favorite position when thinking. She was startled by a voice at her side.

"Is this the way you keep dates to go walking? Here I have been standing for five perfectly good minutes waiting for your dream to end, when we might have been swinging along some highway," laughed Jack Coleman.

"You mean thing! How dare you break in upon my thoughts?" exclaimed Marjorie, jumping up and pinning on her hat to hide her confusion.

They walked rapidly across the campus, past the Dining Hall and out on the pike which led to the Observatory.

"Why do you so often, Marjorie, fail to keep your dates with me lately?" asked Jack, after a pause in their lively conversation.

"Well, to tell you the very plain truth, I forgot to-day. But I will make up for it now by being very pleasant if you don't make me angry," answered Marjorie, looking at him out of the corner of her eye and ignoring part of his question.

"That's the bargain, provided you allow me to talk of the subject that's nearest my heart, although you failed to answer me," said Jack, meeting Marjorie's eyes as a challenge.

"All right. Fire away—and let's have it over with, for I know you can't talk, think, or read about anything else except football until after the game tomorrow," chattered Marjorie, knowing full well he did not mean football.

"Look here, Marjorie," said Jack, stopping short in their swinging pace, "You know what's nearest my heart, regardless of how dear my team and victory are to me. Please be serious, and tell me just how matters stand between Dupree Stone and me. Taking Marjorie's hands, Jack continued in a voice hoarse and tense, "You know I love you, Marjorie, and it's useless to go over it again and again. Why do you keep us both in suspense—each gasping for a word, a look, and both hanging on to the last for a spark of hope." He paused for breath, and looked down at Marjorie's pale face.

"Jack, I can't. I have thought and thought, until my brain is almost turned. All day I've been trying to reach some decision that would be fair to both—and it is so hard. When I am with you, I feel as if it must be you. Then, when I am with Dupree, I think he is the one. If either of you went out of my life to-day, I'd miss you the same, I think. But I have reached this much of a conclusion, and it's the one hope left: I shall see you both tomorrow on common ground. I shall judge you there, and accept one or ask you both to cease your attentions, except as friends. That's the best I can do," answered Marjorie, dropping her eyes from Jack's dark appealing ones and turning in the direction of the Campus.

"O Marjorie, don't think I am blaming you; for, come what may, I'll love you until I die. But I just couldn't stand for jesting this evening, of all evenings. I felt I must have some firm ground on which to stand," pleaded Jack, as he fell into step with Marjorie.
They walked on in silence, each conscious of the other's presence, but knowing that words could only make matters more unexplainable. Group after group of students passed them and thought, "What's wrong with our Captain and the Professor's daughter? Silence between them is something new." When they reached Marjorie's home, Jack broke the awkward silence and asked,

"You'll let me come over tonight, won't you, Marjorie?"

"No, not tonight, Jack; I have promised to see Dupree, if his train gets here in time," answered Marjorie, feeling called upon to explain.

A shade of disappointment passed over Jack's face; but he thought, "If I must go down, I shall die game." He spoke aloud, "Well, I can't ask you to wish me luck. It wouldn't be fair to the other fellow. But I give you warning, I am going to play with every ounce of strength to win—not only the game of football, but the game of hearts as well." Turning, without another word, he vanished in the gathering darkness.

The day for the game dawned bright and clear, with a hint of frost in the air, making one feel glad to be alive, and ready for almost anything. Excitement reigned supreme at the University. The very atmosphere vibrated with the uncertainty of battle. As the hour for the game drew near, Lambeth Field seemed to be the Mecca for everyone. The stands were filled to overflowing. Long streams of blue and orange bunting fluttered out on the evening breeze. Golden chrysanthemums nodded from pretty girls' coats. The whole world seemed to be one moving picture of Orange and Blue. Every now and then the mellow notes of the band would be drowned by a rousing chorus from the students' section.

"That good old song of Wah-hoo-wah,
   We'll sing it o'er and o'er;
It cheers the heart and warms the blood
   To yell and shout and roar.
We come from Old Virginia,
   Where all is bright and gay.
Let's all join hands and give a yell
   For the dear old U.-V.-A.
Wah-hoo-wah! Wah-hoo-wah!
   U-ni-V. Vir-gin-i-a!
Hoorah-ray! Hoorah-ray, ray, ray!
   U.-V.-A.!!"

A pause, a hush, fell for an instant on the scene, as the Orange and Blue, and the Red and Black trotted out and took their places on the field. Then one long-drawn-out yell went up on every side, "T-e-a-m!"

Marjorie Burk sat in the grandstand—pale, every nerve tense, all knowledge of time and surroundings lost, her eyes glued on the moving mass below. She heard, or seemed to hear, some one say, "Look, Virginia is being
pushed back on her own lines.” But she saw only Coleman—saw him rise with the ball, jerk himself loose from the tangled heap of arms and legs, and dash towards goal. Yell after yell rose, urging him on. “Go on, Coleman! We know you can do it!” She saw him stagger, fall, rise, and stumble at last over the goal. Virginia had scored. Then above the yelling mob the whistle sounded. The first half was over.

Georgia took a decided stand in the second half. Her lines stood like Gibraltar. Again and again Virginia tried to break them, but without success. Coleman saw his team being pushed back gradually inch by inch. Stand after stand was made, only to be broken. He saw Dupree start with the ball, and tried to block the play. A ton of humanity seemed to fall on him. Would they never get up? At last he was jerked to his feet, and someone gave him a keen slap between the shoulders just as Dupree made one of the prettiest touchdowns that had ever been made, even on that field. The haze gradually left Coleman and, stunned and sore, he took his place again. Then the whistle blew clear and shrill. It seemed to say, “Virginia beaten, 14-6. Can it be true?” Not a sound was heard as the teams filed out, tired and trembling. A hush like that of death fell over the crowd.

Jack, pale and dirty, slipped unnoticed through the silent mob, and hurried to his room in the Randall Building. He could not face his team now. He could not let them read the disappointment and misery which he knew must be printed there. He wanted to be alone and think. Once inside his room, he turned the key in the lock, threw himself into a chair, with his face in his hands, and sat for an eternity it seemed—going over each point of the game, weighing in the balance their failure. Why had he failed, when the victory meant so much? How could he stand any show against such a hero as Dupree Stone? His marvelous strength, his wonderful plays that had brought the Georgians their victory—and woven through all these merits was his towering personality. But why go over it all? He could reach no conclusion to any of his endless questions. At last he rose, turned on the light, and prepared to change his suit, for he still wore his football togs. Just as he was about to open the door to the besieging mob on the outside, his eye fell on a little square envelope that had been shoved under it some time during his meditation. His face blanched, for he did not fail to recognize the even handwriting of Marjorie Burke. He broke the seal madly, eager to have it all over with, and drew out the little white card with this written across it, “Jack, you are the one.” He gazed with bulging eyes. Was he dreaming or had the day’s proceedings maddened him? He was brought back to earth by a renewed banging on the door. Looking at the card once more to make sure, he exclaimed—almost in a whisper—“Heavens, how women love!” Then with radiant face he threw the door open to meet his team and fellow-students, their captain once again.

CARRIE LEE BISHOP


**Clean-up Day**

'Twas on a sunny morn of May,  
With will to work and then to play,  
That mostly maids came singing;  
In shoes low-heeled and broad at toes,  
All sorts of rakes and plows and hoes  
The marshalled hosts came bringing.  

They planted corn, they planted beans,  
They wired the paths, they mowed the greens,  
They trundled barrows bumping;  
While some so deftly pruned a tree,  
Some grubbed the flowers that shouldn't be—  
The trash in quarries dumping.

They planted much, they cleaned up well,  
They barely heard the dinner bell—  
So diligently spading;  
Or was it that the signal rang  
While marching lines so loudly sang,  
Far down the field parading?

The lunch upon green May Pole Hill  
Was calculated well to fill  
The most expectant longing;  
And when the games and sports began,  
Soon every gentle maid and man  
Unto the lists went thronging.

The dignity of cap and gown  
Was soon perceptibly let down,  
In racing and in chasing;  
And when the faculty played ball,  
With pitching hard and batting tall,  
The fun was all-embracing.

At last the sun went laughing down,  
And denizens of school and town  
Went homeward lamely limping;  
But soon for blistered neck and palm  
Dame Nature mixed a soothing balm,  
And for the backs nigh crimping.
The past session has been made notable by the large number of appropriate gifts that have come to the school from persons outside the institution as well as from those connected with it. The plaster casts, reproducing famous works of art, that are now to be seen in the main lobby, in the library, and in the dining room are fine evidence of the generous spirit and good taste that have distinguished the recent remembrances of friends.

Just here our purpose is to call particular attention to the elaborate frieze that is being placed around the lobby of the Students Building.

More than a century ago, when Napoleon was planning a visit to Rome, Thorwaldsen, the eminent Danish sculptor, was charged with the task of decorating the Quirinal palace for the conqueror’s reception. Under this charge he produced that masterpiece, “The Entry of Alexander the Great into Babylon,” which achieved prodigious distinction and which has been copied in different parts of the Old World.

Our lobby frieze is a replica of the above masterpiece, and is being put in place block by block. The four sections already up are the gifts of the following groups of persons: The Kindergarten Club, 1914-17; the Summer School Students of 1916; the Industrial Classes of the Main Street School, 1917; and the Faculty of the Normal School.
With gratitude unfeigned we would in fair
Acknowledgement express how pleasure grows
Upon a gift when love doth tender it.
Joan of Arc

(To Mr. and Mrs. Burruss)

Maid of old France, maid of old France,
   Girl of the warring nation,
Voices in the old time called to you,
Voices that spoke from out the blue,
When the right was weak and the wrong did dance
   To the sound of battle's confusion.

A flash of thy sword! a flash of thy sword!
   A wave of thy dusky-brown arm!
And forth the brave sons of France did come,
And forth thou ledd'st till martyrdom,
From the clutch of flame and hostile horde,
   Brought peace and the victor's palm.

Teach us to hear, teach us to hear—
   Us of this later day—
The voices that call to the right and the true,
The voices of old that called to you;
Upon us breathe down thy spirit clear—
   We, too, would be brave and obey.

Kathleen Watson
OUR PHOTO MAN

Ha! Here he stands, our Photo Man!
Who takes these pictures—best he can.
He photographs us for this book
With not a frown or worried look—
But then, for him we'll always smile.
(Sh-h! Someone snaps him the while.)
The SCHOOLMA'AM, therefore, curtsies low
To him whose work these pages show
And thanks him, too, with all her heart
For the faithful way he did his part.

H. M.
Our Virginia

Have you been to our Virginia,
Where she nestles by the sea?

Have you felt the breath of heaven,
O'er her hills so freely given?
Have you heard the thawing river?
Heard the winds through pine trees quiver?
Have you heard the robins sing
In the budding trees in spring,
When through fragrant woods a-creeping
Sweet arbutus comes a-peeping?
Have you seen the darkies dancing
By queer music, soft, entrancing?
Have you ever joined their chasing
In the winter, cold and bracing,
When the 'possum tracks remind them
Hungry mouths were left behind them?

Then you've been to our Virginia,
Where she lies beside the sea.

Dorothy Richardson
The boy stood close by his mother's side,
   But never a word said she;
She had longed, and wished, and even prayed
   That he need not go to sea;
But the call had come and he was to fight
   For the flag of his "ain countrie."

His uniform was new and clean,
   And he wore it with youthful pride;
He fingered his hat, his head held high,
   As he stood at his mother's side.
Her face wore a smile, but in her eye
   Was a tear that she could not hide.

The bugle blew; the boy gave a start—
   He knew it was time to go;
"I hate to leave you, Mother," he said,
   "But it's the only way, you know;
'Twas not our wish to fight, but it seems
   That Heaven has willed it so."

"We stand for the right; so pray, Mother dear—
   Good-bye—cheer up if you can."
And he waved his hat, and he threw a kiss
   As down to the ship he ran.
The mother sighed, but she whispered low,
   "Thank God! the boy is a man!"

Dorothy Spooner
Miss Annie Vergilia Cleveland

August 9, 1847
December 19, 1916

When the great war of our fathers ended, Miss Annie (always called "Miss Nannie" in her home county of Fluvanna) was not quite eighteen. Her county had been in the path of ruin; her home had suffered much and often.

The tall, slender young woman saw before her a task—the task of helping father and mother, the task of getting an education for herself and for her sisters, the task of strengthening and sweetening all the life about her. Ever since the day her father had said to her, as he went away to battle, "I leave you, my daughter, to care for mother and the children," she had felt the strong call of responsibility. It never ceased to speak mightily to her.

And so, along with her kindred and her neighbors, she set her hand at once to making things better. She found pleasure in her task. Indeed, strange as it may seem, she had found keen joy during the war in helping to meet emergencies. She was young enough to revel in the excitement of it all. She loved the father, the uncles, the cousins, the friends that were in it. She loved to talk of the days when a brave people battled for a great cause; and for a good while before the end came to her she kept saying that she wanted a flag—a flag of the days when a brave people battled for a great cause; and for a good

One who knew Miss Annie well said: "I should not call her naturally patient—rather impatient, certainly in the sense that she was much more apt to set to work to right a wrong or heal a pain than to resign herself from the beginning to enduring it."

Enduring was the last thing she would do—but she did much of it. Nearly a year, in all, she spent in the hospitals of Richmond and Baltimore—many months and years of pain elsewhere; but in it all and through it all she sang the psalm of the brave heart. In watching her in the last days one understood the words, "And having done all, to stand."

And she moved others to do too. While she got an education for herself,
When the heart is young,
   No carping tongue
Can set the world awry;
   The sun will keep his wonted place,
   The stars bestow a gentle grace,
   The earth will show a smiling face,
When the heart is young.

When the heart is young
   No arrow flung
From dark hate's quiver vile
   Can pierce the virtue of a friend,
   Or put sweet kindness at an end.
   But friends their friendship will defend.
When the heart is young.

When the heart is young
   No dirge is sung
O'er dead hopes of the past;
   The face is bright, though the head be gray,
   The tears of night pass as dew away—
   New hope is born with each new day,
When the heart is young.  

John W. Wayland
Kathleen Purcell

STUDENT AT THIS SCHOOL FROM SEPTEMBER 1913, TO JUNE 1915

Died April 2, 1917

AT HER HOME IN WASHINGTON, D. C.
July 18, 1915
Miss Mamie Evalyn McMillan to Mr. William James McMillan, of Mouth of Wilson, Virginia.

October 14, 1915
Miss Mary Gamble Wilson to Mr. R. C. Turnbull, of Jamestown, Ohio.

July 8, 1916
Miss Mary Wilma Proctor to Mr. John B. Roberts, of Colfax, Louisiana.

August 3, 1916
Miss Marie Allebaugh Beard to Mr. James Gaillard Scott, of Petersburg, Virginia.

September 2, 1916
Miss Edna Ewing Hyer to Mr. Merrill Webster Newbanks, of Orlando, Florida.

September 7, 1916
Miss Ella Elizabeth Miller to Mr. Earl Wilbur Flohr, of Bridgewater, Virginia.

October 7, 1916
Miss Corinne Jones to Mr. Delucius Fletcher, of Harrisonburg, Virginia.

October 18, 1916
Miss Mary Beckham Settle to Mr. Capres Potts Amory, of South Flint Hill, Virginia.

November 2, 1916
Miss Lelia C. Holsinger to Mr. Charles E. Taylor, of Harrisonburg, Virginia.

November 2, 1916
Miss Katherine Walker Allen to Mr. William W. Middleton, of Red Banks, Virginia.
December 17, 1916
Miss Margaret Harvey Mays to Mr. Thomas Edward Britt,
of Christiansburg, Virginia.

December 21, 1916
Miss Mary Virginia White to Mr. Charles Felix Cross, Jr.,
of Red Hill, Virginia.

January 4, 1917
Miss Trecie Etelka Burtner to Mr. William Frederick Tietje,
of Roanoke, Louisiana.

January 23, 1917
Miss Marion Charlton Brand, to Mr. Henry Hall Hardenbergh,
of Frederick Hall, Virginia.
Miss Bertie Mundy to Mr. Cleveland Beam,
of Clover Hill, Virginia.

May 1, 1917
Miss Mary Carter Buckner to Mr. James Albert Blackmon,
of Cartersville, Virginia.

September 8, 1916
Miss Sarah Achesah Moffett to Mr. William Nicholas Walters,
of Roanoke, Virginia.

April 3, 1916
Miss Mary Virginia Ruebush to Hubert Willard Ester,
of Coeburn, Virginia.

May 3, 1917
Miss Serena Rives Barger to Mr. Abner Nash Johnston, Jr.,
of Rockbridge County, Virginia.
Violet and Gold

Two little crocuses in the dark ground
Through the bleak winter slept snug and so sound.
Loud called the wind and the cold snows would fall,
But the crocuses waited for spring's gentle call.

Then early one morning they heard a soft rap;
A gentle voice whispered, "Wake up from your nap."
They knew it was time to begin to get dressed;
So quickly they sprang from their long winter rest.

They were the first ones to timidly peep,
But soon more awoke from their long winter sleep;
And each little crocus in its dainty dress
Wore proudly the colors of our H. N. S.

Mae Norwood
Better Speech Week

It began in the first of November,
   And busily week after week
We planned for our stunts and our posters,
   That should teach us all how to speak.

Our language grew wondrously polished;
   We spoke with a skill unsurpassed,
Recalling the tenses and adverbs
   We'd been taught in the schools of the past.

And no one said "I ain't knowin',"
   For our knowledge had grown, you see;
"It was her" was completely forgotten,
   As we all said with ease, "It is she."

Poor old "Carry the horses to water"
   Was examined by doctors prime,
And overstrained muscles taught her
   To "lead" the beasts next time.

But when Mr. Clapp had departed,
   BETTER ENGLISH after him flew;
I'm afraid we resumed our old errors
   And practised the new ones too.
BETTER SPEECH WEEK
An Ideal H.N.S. Girl
Sophomore: How am I going to keep it straight? Yesterday we shirred cloth, and today we shirred eggs.

Merla: Which sonnet are you going to take to memorize?
Rene: The shortest one I can find.

"I want to go to the front and nurse the soldiers, like Jenny Wren."
"Do you mean Florence Nightingale?"
"Oh, yes; I knew it was some kind of bird."

Dr. Sanger: This was Binet's theory.
Student: I thought he kept a dry goods store.

Miss S.: Why did you miss breakfast?
Rene: 'Cause I couldn't run any faster.

Embryo Dressmaker: Mr. Shriver, I got this design out of my head.
Mr. Shriver: Then your head must feel better.

The Training School boy was telling about the Boston Tea Party: "The Americans stood everything until the British got to putting tacks in their tea."

A Sophomore looked up into the sky and caught sight of the dipper. "Oh," she said, "there's the funnel!"

First Junior: I wouldn't teach Math if I were to be shot at sunrise.
Second Junior: Well, I'd have to be shot if the children should tell their parents how I did it.

They were talking about cleaning their rooms. "Well," said one rash girl, "our room gets swept once a week, whether it needs it or not."

Junior: Miss Mackey, will the girls who take the Manual Arts course get the M. A. degree?

After a muddy tramp, they were lined up by the gushing young thing to have their picture taken.

"Be sure to get my feet in," said the one who had the most mud on his shoes.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because then you'll have a landscape."
TEACHER: What did Milton say about the war in Heaven?
FRESHMAN: I don't know. When did it start?

JUST 'FORE CHRISMAS

How doth the busy little girl
Improve each shining minute,
And crochet all the whole day through
Till there is no sense in it!
Still did she tat, and still the wonder grew
That one small bag held all that she could do.

MISS SIMONS: I haven't the bell here this morning; so the tables will just have to get up and go out. (We should not have thought she would favor table-walking.)

KATHLEEN: Where did you spend the Thanksgiving holidays?
ELsie: In The Deserted Village.

Esther was vainly trying to study in the Library while the minstrels thumped and banged and clogged up above. "My!" she said, "they certainly are practising hard."

"All extremely bright people are conceited."
"Oh, I don't know. I'm not."

Mr. Shriver's class was making a dress for Miss Sale. Turning to one of the girls, he said: "Tell Miss Sale to come down, please, and have a fit."

"Why does Pauline know so many dates?"
"Because she is a Callender."

The music heard through the thin partition at breakfast is I Have Sighed to Rest Me, Home Sweet Home, and other mournful tunes played by the hungry left-outs, who lost in the race for the door.

TEACHER: Miss Doyne, what have you read?
MATTIE LOVE: I have red hair.

It was hard for Miss Corbett to know her duty in regard to the European soldier laddie whose picture came with that beautiful lace at Christmas. But the Postal Customs office settled it that her duty in the matter was $1.50.

"Helena, what did you get on your math?"
"D, with a dash behind it."

MISS LYONS (to sick girl): Miss S., are you 'sleep?
GIRL: Yes'm.

SOPHOMORE: My roommate wakes up in the middle of the night and talks in her sleep.
Miss Lyons: All right, then.
April was ushered in for us with a musical shower by Miss Sprinkel and Mrs. Sprinkel.

Student in House-Planning: How many feet do you need to go down to the basement?
Answer: Two.

Freshman: I think I shall pass with ease.
Senior: Well, I never was able to get through with E's.

They were talking of the proposed trip to Massanutten. "But the peak goes up in a point," objected the girl from the flat country. "Where will you sit down to rest?"

A definite notice: "Miss So-and-So will please call at the Registrar's office this afternoon at four-thirty today."

They were taking the faculty picture, and the ground was wet.
"This is to be a frieze for the Annual," Miss Cleveland said.
"I think it will be," Mr. Burruss replied. "I'm getting cold feet already."

Do Practice Teachers have sweet dreams??
"Tis gracious parting with good company."

George Eliot
Register of Students

Acre, Nell Louise ........................................ 1624 Brambleton Ave., Norfolk
Acton, Helen Primrose .................................. 212 London St., Portsmouth
Alexander, Angelyn Eliza .................................. Chase City, Mecklenburg County
Alexander, Florence Evelyn ................................ Highland Springs, Hanover County
Alexander, Mary .............................................. Stuarts Draft, Augusta County
Anderton, Edwena ..................................... Chincoteague, Accomac County
Andres, Virginia Mary .................................. Fredericks Hall, Louisa County
Armstrong, Roberta ....................................... Palmyra, Fluvanna County
Bagley, Frances ........................................ Crewe, Nottoway County
Ballard, Annie Elizabeth ................................. 1205 W. Main St., Charlottesville
Bell, Gretchen Parr ....................................... Bedford, Bedford County
Bennett, Mary Clifford ................................... Rockingham, N. C., Richmond County
Benton, Rosalie Miller .................................. Middleburg, Loudoun County
Berrey, Ada Lee ........................................ Criglersville, Madison County
Biddlecomb, Florence Mae ................................ Fairport, Northumberland County
Billhimer, Louise Iva ................................... Harrisonburg, Rockingham County
Bishop, Carrie Elizabeth ................................ Profitt, Albemarle County
Black, Nannie .............................................. Harrisonburg, Rockingham County
Blancowe, Dorothy ...................................... Berryville, Clark County
Bowman, Dick ............................................... Woodstock, Shenandoah County
Bowman, Minnie Moore .................................. Harrisonburg, Rockingham County
Brock, Rosalie Teresa .................................. Harrisonburg, Rockingham County
Broughton, Katherine Virginia ......................... Reeves Ave., Norfolk
Brown, Annie Mary ....................................... Cumberland, Cumberland County
Brown, Emmie Anderson ................................ Albemarle, N. C., Stanley County
Brown, Zelle Quinnland ................................ Lynchburg, Campbell County
Bryan, Margaret A. ...................................... 1913 Llewlyn Ave., Norfolk
Buckley, Miriam ........................................ Clifton Station, Fairfax County
Burkholder, Bertha Catherine ......................... Harrisonburg, Rockingham County
Byrd, Emma Elizabeth ................................ Harrisonburg, Rockingham County
Callender, Pauline ...................................... Pleasant Valley, Rockingham County
Campbell, Mary K. ...................................... Warm Springs, Bath County
Carter, Elizabeth Wylder ................................ 173 W. Main St., Danville
Carter, Linda ............................................... 433 W. 28th St., Norfolk
Chapman, Edmonia ......................................... Harrisonburg, Rockingham County
Clyde, Kate Edwena .................................. 1117 W. Main St., Richmond
Clement, Mary Womack ................................ 1601 N. Main St., Danville
Coffman, Juliet ............................................ Harrisonburg, Rockingham County
Cole, Hazel D. .............................................. Chester, Chesterfield County
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dunn, Martha Madeline</td>
<td>Baskerville, Mecklenburg County</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coverstone, Elsie</td>
<td>Shenandoah, Page County</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cox, Sadie</td>
<td>126 Walnut St., Norfolk</td>
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<tr>
<td>Crawford, Annie Lee</td>
<td>Staunton, Augusta County</td>
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<td>Crawford, Caroline Anderson</td>
<td>Harrisonburg, Rockingham County</td>
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<td>Crigler, Beulah</td>
<td>Madison, Madison County</td>
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<td>Critzer, Nellie Martin</td>
<td>Afton, Albemarle County</td>
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<td>Culfost, Mary Evelyn</td>
<td>Waynesboro, Augusta County</td>
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Gaw, Grace Bell .................................................. 410 Tenth St., Charlottesville
Gibson, Kathleen Gaylord ................................. Delaplane, Fauquier County
Gilliam, Mary Anderson ................................. 401 S. Jefferson St., Petersburg
Girard, Lucetta Audrey ..................................... 205 N. Jefferson St., Staunton
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Reaves, Mary Lucile ................................ South Boston, Halifax County
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Rodes, Ruth .......................................... Greenwood, Albemarle County
Rodgers, Rachel ..................................... 204 East Frederick St., Staunton
Roller, Kathryn Brown .............................. Harrisonburg, Rockingham County
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Walters, Ruth Stickley ...................................... Mossy Creek, Augusta County
Warren, Mary Jarman .......................... Chincateague, Accomac County
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Watson, Margaret ............................................. Salem, Roanoke County
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Warren, Dallas .............................................. Carson, Prince George County
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     Help us in a pinch.

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ARE MANY THINGS:
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