THE SCHOOLMA'AM

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA

VOLUME TEN

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINETEEN
THE SCHOOLMA'AM

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NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINETEEN
To
Her of the Springtime Heart
Miss Natalie Lancaster

we dedicate this book
Youth dances in her eyes and in her step
And ripples in her laugh and sunny hair
For this and for the strength of a life
Founded upon a Rock
Little children call to her as she passes
The aged linger to catch her greeting
The stranger in her gracious presence feels at home
The poor watch for her coming
We, her girls, love her
Editorial Staff

HOTTO

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

HAZEL DAVIS ............................................ Editor-in-Chief
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MARGARET PROCTOR

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MARGARET COLEMAN
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Editorial Staff
Foreword

At Blue Stone Hill there are days when the spirit of the school sings aloud; there are moments of happy laughter; there are pauses of awe at twilight glories; there are tears in the hour of parting.

Then the days with Alma Mater enter the beautiful world of memories and there grow more fair in the light of loving hearts. This volume has been made that these radiant memories may lose, in the passing of the years, none of their morning glow.
An Appreciation

The editors of the nineteen nineteen School- 
ma'am feel that the volume would be incomplete 
without the expression of their gratitude to 
the chairman of the committee on publications. 
her interest has been the greatest inspiration 
in the preparation of this book; and her support 
has been the greatest single help which the 
editors have received. We offer our sincere 
appreciation to 
Miss Elizabeth Pendleton Cleveland
Morning

Massanutten Mists

HE blue-grey mist of the morning
Crept softly before the day;
It kissed the flowers and grasses
And chased the wee starlets away.
It came from the distant mountains
And gently around us spread
A curtain as soft and shielding
As the angels' wings overhead.
The mellowed clang of cow bells;
A dog's far, muffled bark;
A faint, pale glimmer of streetlight
A-filtering through the dark.
As the mist thus hung above us
Like a prayer our mountains pray,
The sun looked over the hilltops,
And lo, it had slipped away.

—MARGARET PROCTOR

Evening

Sunset from Spotswood

The sun is sinking in the west, and see,
A flame leaps up and crimson stains the sky.
The hills are wrapped in dusky purplish hue;
The mountains, blacker with the twilight's fall,
Stand out against a flaming wall of light,
That shatters into glowing rainbow hues,
Pale tints of purest green, and turquoise blues.
A Master Hand now blends once more those tones,
Those lights that fade and glows that quickly change.
The dark blue clouds are cast with golden shades,
And high above, a new moon hangs atilt.

It fades; a darksome cloud climbs o'er the moon—
Turns all the world to gray; the gloom of night
Sinks down upon our hearts. We are depressed:
So is't with life—the dark must follow light.
And yet—tomorrow comes a new sunrise.

—NELLA ROARK
THE
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president
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CRITIC, FIRST GRADE

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CRITIC, THIRD GRADE

MARY V. YANCEY
CRITIC, FOURTH GRADE

ORRA BOWMAN
CRITIC, FIFTH GRADE

VADA WHITESEL
CRITIC, SIXTH GRADE

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CRITIC, SEVENTH GRADE

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CRITIC, EIGHTH GRADE

DELIA MEYER
CRITIC, EIGHTH GRADE

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(Governor of Virginia, ex-officio)

HONORABLE HARRIS HART ....................................... Richmond
(State Superintendent of Public Instruction, ex-officio)
OR this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldst say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldst say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.

See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil; in that I command thee this day to love the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, and to keep his commandments and his statutes and his judgments, that thou mayest live and multiply: and the Lord thy God shall bless thee in the land whither thou goest to possess it. But if thine heart turn away, so that thou wilt not hear, but shalt be drawn away, and worship other gods, and serve them; I denounce unto you this day, that ye shall surely perish, and that ye shall not prolong your days upon the land, whither thou passest over Jordan to go to possess it.

I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live: that thou mayest love the Lord thy God, and that thou mayest obey his voice, and that thou mayest cleave unto him: for he is thy life, and the length of thy days.
Prayer

September 25, 1918

FROM the borders of a strange land, O Lord, we call unto Thee! Our feet are at the river’s brink, it may be, and the ark of the covenant is parting the waters; but our vision still would lift itself from the mountains, that we may see the way, the way that lies beyond, the way that we have not known before. Help us to see afar, but put thy word also in our mouth and in our heart. Give us courage to go forward; give us wisdom to choose life.

And for the nations, for all the nations of our troubled world—we pray this wisdom. Give them a courageous wisdom to choose life. And as they pass over into the new time, into the new world, may they indeed find it and make it the land and the time and the world of promise. And help us to be leaders in the crossing of the waters and in the building of our new home.

We thank thee that thou hast let us live in a time like this. We have fainted in the wilderness; we have shuddered at the storm; we have sorrowed in the night; but we thank thee for a faith that waits the dawn. May we see the morning break! May we see the blest sunrise! And may we find new light, new hope, new skill in the full new day!

We thank thee for our brothers and our sisters who have given their lives and who will give their lives that we may live. If we cannot give our lives now, in the crisis, help us to dedicate them to all the future to the same high cause, the same humanity, the same eternal principles. And so may we have a part in a world that has found peace—peace built upon justice, peace that dwells with righteousness.

We pray in Jesus’ name. Amen.
Alumnae Association

Officers

A. Pearl Haldeman .................. President
Agnes Stribling Dingley ............ Vice-President
Dorothy Spooner .................. Recording Secretary
Edna Dechert .............. Corresponding Secretary
Mary Bosserman .................. Treasurer

Members of Executive Board

Mary Scott
Delucia Fletcher
SCENES

THAT WE

LOVE
In the Valley

In the Orchard
Red-Letter Days

SEPTEMBER
25 School opens.
27 Faculty reception.
28 First influenza patient.
29 More flu.
30 First Dormitory turned into an infirmary.

OCTOBER
1 And still they come.
3 Influenza raging.
6 Things reach a climax.
7 School closed.

NOVEMBER
6 Back at school.
10 Thanksgiving services for the passing of the epidemic.
16 Parade! Aeroplane excitement!
22 Old Girls beat New Girls, 28-0.
   Miss Cleveland missed a class!
28 Thanksgiving dinner! Oh, my!

DECEMBER
11 Major King. A message we shall not forget.
15 Christmas music. "Holy Night! Silent Night!"
19 Examinations are over, and we can go home!

JANUARY
  2 School reopens.
17 Junior-Sophomore game, 15-0.
20 Enter Private George Herman, "the twin."
   New lights on the campus. "The great white way."
27 Miss Fleming speaks at chapel.

FEBRUARY
  1 "Hearts of the World"—and tears.
  7 Post-Graduates win from Juniors, 12-9.
  8 Junior Carnival.
 10 Another message from the front. Lieutenant East speaks.
 11 Songs in every English class!
 14 Senior-Sophomore game, 45-2.
 15 Annual Staff Bazaar.
 17 Song Contest. Seniors win.
21 Junior Day. The Juniors present "Washington Crossing the Delaware" at chapel, and give Colonial Ball at night.
22 "The Cooks' Strike," by Business Women's Club. We are prostrate with laughter.
25 Miss Harris gives recital.
27 Mrs. Garst, of Japan, speaks at chapel and Y. W.
28 Senior—Post-Graduate game, 28-18.

MARCH
  1 Ballads—the Laniers, with Miss Martha Davis.
  2 A beautiful spring day. More spring hats!
  4 Prof. Dodd lectures.
  7 Senior Cabaret.
10 We are brought in touch with a great personality—Mr. Hamlin Garland.
13 Reports from Student Volunteer Conference.
14 The Post-Graduates beat the Sophs, 35-0.
18 We are told of holiday! Letters, telegrams, long distance calls—home!
20 Turmoil and strife.
21 More examinations, and then a big rush to catch the train for home.
25 Girls come back, on time.
31 Mrs. Edward McDowell gives lecture recital.

APRIL
1 A strange breakfast! We stand and eat in silence!
4 “The best laid plans of mice and men
   Gang aft agley.”
   First Senior-Junior game, 14-2.
7 Chinese Magician. What became of the ducks?
   Juniors plant “sweet-scented birk.”
8 Seniors plant the first walnut tree of their avenue of trees.
11 Post-Graduates give Spring Program.
15 Senior essays must go in.
   Annual must go to press.
   Girls must pay for Annuals.
18 Dr. Sanger entertains Post-Graduates.
   Easter music at chapel.
23 Senior-Junior game, 19-6.
28 Dr. McMurry.

MAY
1 May Day.
12 Dr. Root.
24 Field Day.
27 Devereux Players: The Great Galeoto; Love and Geography;
28 The Bear; Indian Summer; The Stronger.

JUNE
6 Senior Play.
7 Recital.
8 Commencement Sermon.
   Y. W. C. A. Vesper Service.
9 Exhibit of School Work.
   Faculty Reception.
   Alumnae Banquet.
10 Commencement. Class Day. Graduation.
   “What dost thou bring to me, O fair Today,
   That comest o' er the mountains with swift feet?”
Degree Class

Noto

“All things I thought I knew, but now confess
The more I know I know, I know the less.”

Colors
Purple and Gold

Flower
Violet

Honorary Member
MR. JULIAN A. BURRUSS

Officers
ESTHER BUCKLEY ..................................................President
DELUCIA FLETCHER ...........................................Vice-President
RUTH WITT .....................................................Secretary
VIRGINIA ZIRKLE ............................................Treasurer

Mr. Burruss  Jim Moody, Mascot
Ada Lee Berrey

Criglersville, Virginia

Lanier Literary Society
Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club
Critic Lanier Society, 1918
President Lanier Society, 1919
Art Editor Schoolma'am, 1917-'18, 1918-'19
Y. W. C. A.

Whether she was born with dignity, acquired dignity, or had dignity thrust upon her is not exactly known. At any rate, Ada Lee so impressed the proud principal in whose room she had been testing the children, that he asked her to make a speech to the school. Needless to say Ada Lee would not do this, as she says public speaking is out of her line.

However, there are very few things Ada Lee can't do. She's a regular shark at Math, always makes the Honor Roll, and draws like a real artist. For any information as to the construction of educational charts see her. She may be able to give some interesting instruction along that line.

Just happen to mention "What is Your Boy Worth?" or "The Story of Twins," first making sure that small objects such as books, ink bottles, etc., are well out of her reach.

We are expecting a brilliant future for such a versatile artist, for, from the way she bounced from the rear seat of a Ford to the front on one occasion, we feel sure that Ada Lee might even qualify in Keystone comedy.
Esther Buckley

Clifton Station, Virginia

Member Y. W. C. A.
President Pinquet Tennis Club, 1918
President Stratford Literary Society, 1918
Treasurer Glee Club, 1918-19
President of Post-Graduate Class, 1918
President Degree Class, 1919
Home Economics Club
First Lieutenant Company “A”
Basket Ball Team, 1919

No, “We Ain't Got Learnin' Yet,” but under “Buck’s” leadership we have gotten something better, inspiration. She tells us, with her eyes twinkling, of some impossible thing which our class must do and we—oh, well, we do it when she tells us how.

Not only is she our beloved class president, but one of the mainstays of our basket ball team. Even though she is head of the most dignified class in school, we shall tell you a secret, for

Buck went down to a game one night,
And what do you reckon she done?
She jumped right out in the middle of the floor,
And chewed her chewing gum!

Buck teaches drawing, and she wins admiration not only because of the work of her pencil, but because of her winning personality. Brimming over with fun, terribly ticklish, and with loads of common sense, Buck is one of the most attractive girls in school. If all the good wishes of her class were showered upon her we fear she would be a little old gray-haired lady before she could wriggle out from under them.

A long and happy life to you, dear old pal of ours!
Delucia Sarah Fletcher

HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA

Treasurer of Class, 1914
Pinquet Tennis Club
Basket Ball Team, 1914-15-16-19
Secretary of Junior Class, 1915
Lanier Literary Society
Home Economics Club
Athletic Council
Treasurer Lanier Society, 1916
Vice-President Pinquet Tennis Club, 1916
Y. W. C. A.
Vice-President Class, 1918-1919
Vice-President H. H. S. Club, 1918
Captain P. G.—Degree Team
Second Lieutenant Company "D"

LETCHER is a town girl and comes whizzing up the driveway in her "twin-six" Ford coupé just in time for roll-call every morning. She used to swear by "Baby," her faithful old horse; but now she is the best authority in school on the subject of the famous Ford.

Delucia has been at the Normal either as a student or instructor ever since long "befo' de war," and we hate to see her leave. First of all, she's an expert in woodwork, as the Degree Class can testify. How on earth would they have finished their cedar chests without her able assistance? What will the faculty do without her? For she is "errand boy" for every member on Blue Stone Hill and jitney driver for many elsewhere.

How that girl can dance! She and Monk Rodgers rival the very Castles themselves when they teach their dancing class.

Last and not least, Fletcher's a good sport through and through. A champion player of tennis and basket ball, too. Why, the Senior Captain even prays before she enters a basket ball game in which Delucia stars.
Ruth Marshall

Callands, Virginia

Chairman Lanier Society Study Committee, 1919
Y. W. C. A.
Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club
Ruth Club
French Circle

"I DECLARE, I never shall finish correcting Special English papers. Seems I did a thousand last night, and Miss Cleveland gave another written lesson today." Doesn't that sound like Ruth, who even dreams of those dreadful papers? She is certainly one popular girl, however, near the end of the quarter when everyone wants to know if she didn't get "A" this time.

In spite of her Special English trials we believe Ruth likes old Blue Stone Hill, for this is her fifth year here. Somehow this studious-minded lass manages to keep herself in obscurity most of the time. We are inclined to believe that she spends much time reading, for when she gives an oral report in class we sit up and gasp. Her choice of words could not be better if she swallowed the whole dictionary.

Next winter we are expecting to see her at some school as a principal or supervisor, and fortunate will be the one that gets Ruth for its leader.

We suggest that if she does not find a desirable place elsewhere, there is a splendid opening for the establishment of a Young Ladies' Seminary at either Hollar or Cootes Store.
Mary Bell Nash

New Glasgow, Virginia

Lanier Literary Society
Mary Club
Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club
Home Economics Club
Y. W. C. A.

Mary came to us from New Glasgow, Virginia, several years ago. So ambitious was she that after completing her senior course, she decided to work for her degree.

Mary has very fixed notions as to the proper thing to do on certain occasions. For instance, when you are living at the Practice House never ask for anything on the table, since Mary will probably say, "It isn't on the menu." When you enter the library, put all thoughts of chatter and laughter aside, or you will hear a prolonged "Sh-h-h-" if Mary happens to be librarian.

This classmate of ours has a very dignified appearance, as you may see by her picture. She is still more dignified when walking up the aisle in the academic procession.

We do not know exactly what Mary intends to do next winter, but we feel sure she will either teach home economics or be librarian in some school. Wherever she is, the good wishes of her classmates will always follow her.
Elizabeth Hendren Nicol

Rockville, Maryland

President Y. W. C. A., 1916-17
Lanier Literary Society
President Lanier Society, 1917-18
Home Economics Club

Elizabeth has been with us four years. To some she is just quiet, steady Elizabeth. To others she is the true expression of fine friendship. In spite of the fact that she is chronically on the all "A" list, she has some good qualities.

Elizabeth is so serious about everything that we sometimes think she has no sense of humor. Maybe this is because she watches so assiduously over her "kid" sister.

It is hard to bring ourselves to the point of a graceful parting; but on recollection of the fact (see summer catalog) that by kind treatment we can keep her from Washington for a few months, at least, we will give her a hearty send-off to take up her chosen profession—institutional management.

We know that in the game of life Elizabeth will be found among the leaders, and her success will be attributed to her silent, dogged determination to win.
Rachel Rodgers
Staunton, Virginia

Y. W. C. A.
Racket Tennis Club
Secretary Racket Tennis Club, 1916-17
Vice-President Racket Tennis Club, 1917-19
President Racket Tennis Club, 1916-17
Home Economics Club
Second Lieutenant, Company "B"

Are "Monk" and Rachel Rodgers kin? For an answer ask either the Junior who, for the first time, saw Monk dance, or the two town boys who called one evening at "the Rollers'" to see Monk and Rachel Rodgers, or the preacher who saw her on a week-end vacation.

Monk has surely shown marked talent along scientific lines, for who could stain a slide of Bacillus Coli so well as Miss Rodgers, or make such a fine analysis of Blue Stone Hill limestone, or bring the principles of cooking and dietetics so well before a Junior cooking class? Besides these gifts, Monk dances divinely.

But, for all this, Monk is also envied by her whole class for the amount of leisure time she seems to find at her disposal.

She is a great person to read, and almost any time when she is not in class you may find her curled up on her bed surrounded by a pile of magazines.

The best of life is a small wish for dear old Monk.
Frances Rolston

Pulaski, Virginia

Executive Board
Sergeant-at-Arms Lee Literary Society
Chairman Censorship Committee, Student Association
Chairman Missionary Committee, Y. W. C. A.
Bible Study Committee
Ministers’ Daughters’ Club

“COME on, Ada Lee, and let’s work some ‘Cally,’” is a familiar saying of Frances. We don’t believe she has ever found a math problem too difficult for her logical reasoning powers; the more difficult the problem the better she likes it. Why, this mathematical genius even teaches arithmetic and enjoys it. Ask any of her class what a good teacher “Miss Rolston” is. However, it is a debated question as to whether Frances loves math or Miss Lancaster more, for we know each holds a big place in her heart.

You may depend on Frances to do her best in everything she undertakes. For several years she has been a zealous worker for the Y. W. C. A., and any of the Lees will tell you what a fine member of the society she is.

Frances goes about her way in a quiet, thoughtful manner; but one of these days she is going to surprise us all. We are just waiting for those new arithmetic books written by F. Rolston, B. S.

Let’s all wish Frances a future as successful as her life at Alma Mater has been.
OME attain greatness in one line, some in another, but seldom do we find one individual who reaches the heights in a great many different fields. Such a personage, however, we have in Ruth, who vies with O. Henry in her literary productions, rivals Fisher in her drawing, and plays with the divine inspiration of Padrewski. However, when it comes to the more practical things, Ruth is just as efficient. Nothing phases her, whether it be giving a lecture on Perception to the Juniors, drawing charts for the Governor, holding up a train for ten minutes in order to get a package off, or running a Ford up a locust tree.

It would take a seer to predict the future of such a talented person, consequently it is beyond our power. We believe we can say, though, that whether she marries that returning soldier, or chooses one of the many professions open to her, she will fit into her sphere in such a way as to remind one of efficiency plus.
Virginia Zirkle
HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA
Basket Ball Team, 1915-16-17
Treasurer Stratford Literary Society, 1916-17
Business Manager SCHOOLMA'AM, 1916-17
Assistant Business Manager SCHOOLMA'AM, 1917-18
Member of Annual Staff, 1918-19
Treasurer of Class, 1917-19
Captain Company "B"
Racket Tennis Club
Treasurer H. H. S. Club, 1916-17
President Home Economics Club, 1917-18
Chairman Normal Chapter Red Cross, 1918

If we could peep into "Ginny's" diary, we are sure there would be something radically wrong if on every day she hadn't expressed in some way the following as having happened: "Received my usual phone call this afternoon at six o'clock. Couldn't go up to school tonight to that meeting, as I had a date at eight o'clock." For all this, Virginia's name appears regularly on the "All A" list; and so she is one of our honor students.

If in need of some one to pull your purse strings, call on Virginia, as her ability to handle money has been well tested as Business Manager of the SCHOOLMA'AM, and Treasurer of her class.

She has made such a success of her dietetics class that her student nurses insist on meeting at night to make up work missed on account of operations.

"Ginny" says she's going to teach next winter, but there is many a doubtful mind as to the truth of this statement.
Post-Graduate Class

Colors
Blue and White

Flower
Lily-of-the-Valley

Honorary Member
DR. WILLIAM T. SANGER

Officers
DOROTHY SPOONER ........................................... President
DOROTHY WILLIAMS ........................................... Vice-President
JO WARREN ..................................................... Secretary
CARRIE BISHOP ............................................... Treasurer

Members
ANNA ALLEN
CARRIE BISHOP
BEULAH CRIGLER
NELL CRITZER
GRACE FISHER
PAULINE LAYMAN
MERLA MATTHEWS
PAULINE MILEY
MARY SEEBERT
DOROTHY SPOONER
JO WARREN
MARGUERITE WHITNEY
DOROTHY WILLIAMS

Mascot
JULIAN DOUGLASS SANGER
Dorothy Williams
Merla Matthews

Anna Allen
Dr. Sanger
Jo Warren

Pauline Layman
Grace Fisher
Motto

"Francher le parapet"

Colors
Green and White

Flower
White Rose

Honorary Member
MR. JAMES C. JOHNSTON

Advisory Member
MISS MARGARET V. HOFFMAN

Officers
FRANCES KEMPER ........................................... President
PAULINE CALLENDER ..................................... Vice-President
ELIZABETH BLACK ........................................ Secretary
MARY STALLINGS ......................................... Treasurer
PHYLLIS PAGE ............................................ Business Manager
MARGARET PRUER .......................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

Mascot
ROBERT JOHNSTON
O thou, who ever hast been one of us,
'Twas thou who from the first did'st show the way
With thy dear smile, kind word, sweet comradeship.
And even in this day of victory
Thou leadest on into the far unknown—
How oft in needy hours will come again
Thy spirit in a counsel wise and calm!
Adviser, leader, teacher, patron-saint,
We give to thee our very best, our love.
FRANCES LOUISE ADAMS
Piedmont-Midland Club; Y.W.C.A.

Our highest ambition in regard to Louise is to see her get worked up to some strong state of emotion and shock everybody to death by slinging things around during study hour. If you penetrate that exterior quietness of hers, you will find a loyal and sympathetic heart.

FLORENCE EVELYNE ALEXANDER
Piedmont-Midland Club; Racket Tennis Club; Stratford Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

What means that naughty twinkle in Evelyne's eyes? It seems a foreign element at first; but look closer, and you will discover your mistake. She agrees that "essay" and "trial" are good synonyms, but we know she will get through it, as she does everything else.
Call on Virginia. She'll help you out every time. She will even lend you her Sunday hat indefinitely. When she goes down the board walk, all dressed up, we envy her, for she is going to "Auntie's," where she will get the best things to eat! Only Virginia’s friends fully appreciate her worth.

WILLIE ELIZABETH BARBOUR
Lanier Literary Society; Piedmont-Midland Club; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.

She refuses to look anywhere except at the bright side of life, and her laughter is most contagious. However, do we not know that she studies? The "busy" sign on her door is a sure indication of work, isn’t it?—though Miss Lyons interprets it as "just wearin’ out that counterpane.”
SALLIE HENDREN BELL
Eastern Shore Club; Y. W. C. A.;
Racket Tennis Club

The Eastern Shore has sent us a precious package of good-nature in the shape of Sallie. Someone has told us that she never gets mad. There is also an exaggerated activity in her laughter reflex which rather alarms us at times.

ELIZABETH OTEY BLACK
Vice-President and President
Racket Tennis Club; Secretary
Junior Class; Secretary Senior
Class; Secretary, Critic Lanier
Literary Society; Substitute Senior
Basket Ball Team; Second
Lieutenant Company "C"; Y. W.
C. A.

Everybody asks, "How does Blep get the men?" Hardly can one appear before she has him on her string. This is a long string—reaching away into France—and the parcel post service is swamped with the foreign souvenirs she receives. There is no better sport than Blep. That's the reason, we guess.
HELEN LOUISE BOWMAN
Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club
Stratford Literary Society
Y. W. C. A.

Helen is a lover of music, though no singer. "I even think that sentimentally I am disposed to harmony, but organically I am incapable of a tune." She does not easily become excited or enthusiastic; but if you want to see her move quickly, just let the blast go off.

MINNIE MOORE BOWMAN
Lanier Literary Society
Y. W. C. A.

Minnie is a substantial friend, and always a saver of situations. Nothing has ever disturbed her equilibrium except being separated from Miss Spilman. We shall never forget the tears she shed on that memorable occasion. But she wasn't the only one.
RUBY MAE BRILL

Senior Basket Ball Team; Glee Club; Stratford Literary Society; Fourth Sergeant Company "D"; Y. W. C. A.

She likes a lawyer. She insists that he is a good one, though she says she has never heard him plead but one case. She and Pauline tell the most wonderful tales about their marvelous "new" men. Brill is a person you like to have around. Her very presence soothes.

ROSALIE TERESA BROCK

Pinquet Tennis Club; Secretary Lanier Literary Society; Executive Board; First Corporal Company "A"; Y. W. C. A.

Rosalie's independence has been a feature of Class '19 for four years. Once she wrote a poem about her tatting shuttle, but we remember her by other things as well—her weekend trips, her letters to "Frenchy," her frankly-spoken opinions, and her sincerity.
SALLIE LEWIS BROWNE  
Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club;  
Lee Literary Society; President Y. W. C. A.

“Oh, there goes that bell, and we haven’t finished!” Can’t you hear Sallie saying that now in Cabinet meeting? She is always ready to help everybody, and will be just as ready to do her part in the world. It’s a revelation to watch her face while she takes Gym.

MARGARET EVELYN BUCHANAN  
Lee Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

The rhythm in her soul comes out through her feet. Happy is the partner who drifts away with her on some witching melody. Eyes that twinkle, a smile, a curl, and A on P. T. Yes, that’s Evelyn!
To look at her, one would think she had consecrated her life to carrying hymnbooks up and down the steps for Y. W., but she is full of plans for nobler things than this. Which will have the greater influence—the foreign fields, or the recipient of the daily letter?
Out in Virginia somewhere you will find Lucile next year, a primary teacher who is queen of the first grade. Her pupils will all have clean hands and faces, even if she has to provide the soap, towels, and basin. Lucile is a lass of gentle and wholesome manner.

We can't help thinking what a nice-looking old lady Katherine will make. There is a serenity in her face which is not usually found in one so young, and yet she has a buoyant spirit which even spilling lemon pie will not down.
CATHARINE CASH

Racket Tennis Club; Home Economics Club; Glee Club; Corporal Company "D"; Y. W. C. A.

The one worry of Kitty’s life is her pink cheeks, which are constantly getting pinker. If diamonds and innumerable letters are able to tell us anything, these cheeks have done a good work. She is always the first to finish her tasks, and then kindly helps the “slow folks.”

MARGARET ESTHER COLEMAN

Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; Glee Club; Sergeant-at-Arms and Treasurer Lee Literary Society; Schoolma’am Staff; Chairman Missionary Committee Y. W. C. A.

Margaret loves to show off her special abilities, as well as to conceal the fact that her heart has wandered off. She exercises her boundless energies in taking pictures for the annual. No one could have a truer friend than the wholesome cheery Margaret.
MARGARET BUCHANAN COWLING

Eastern Shore Club; Home Economics Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Glee Club; Fifth Corporal Company "D"; Y. W. C. A.

Margaret is an eternal surprise. She unbends only to the inner circle of friends, but this is a delightful unbending. Her pet abominations are being on time and wearing hats. We read her gentleness in her soft, blue-gray eyes.

ROBBIE DART

Secretary-Treasurer Kindergarten Club; Vice-President Lee Literary Society; First Lieutenant Company "C"; Y. W. C. A.

"She likes Ole Virginia
And her canned beans fine;
But give her Ole Georgia,
Where they grow 'em on the vine."

Robbie gets cross only when Dr. Wayland's notes pile up on her. She's a brave soldier, though, and tackles them in a way befitting a First Lieutenant.
HAZEL LOUISE DAVIS
Piedmont-Midland Club; Home Economics Club; Glee Club; Business Manager Sophomore Class; Secretary Lanier Literary Society; Executive Board; Fourth Corporal Company “A”; Editor-in-Chief Schoolma’am; Secretary Y.W.C.A.

Little Hazel has been called efficient until she hates the word; and indeed we know softer epithets that fit her as well. Truly her level-headed, reliable way of thinking and acting has laid upon her many hard things to carry through. For a taste of her quality, see this annual or else try her biscuits.

RUTH BIRCH DEAHL
Ruth Club; Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; Secretary Pin-quet Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

Do you know somebody who is always trim and neat, always in a good humor, and always ready for a good time? Why, surely, that’s Ruth Deahl. It’s sad, but undoubtedly true, that Ruth won’t join us in the profession of old-maid schoolteachers.
MARTHA ELIZABETH EDWARDS
Y. W. C. A.

Her sincerity is splendid. Her trouble has been unique: “Lessons too easy.” For her the Hill of Difficulty is one of the Delectable Mountains. She will probably hew her way through hardest university courses and then flop limply into a Chair of Latin or Math, casting at her stern Muses the reproach, “Is this all?”

EMILY LAURA DOUGHTY
EASTERN SHORE CLUB; HOME ECONOMICS CLUB; SERGEANT COMPANY “D”; Y. W. C. A.

Red hair is said to indicate a high temper; but in Emily the exception proves the rule, for her wonderful copper-hued Titian tresses do not seem to have instilled any fiery traits. She has a humorous way of saying things, and her voice has caught the gentle murmur of the ocean.
MARY WOODVILLE FERGUSON

Mary Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Glee Club.

We hear that the hobby of the impassive “Maynie” is lecturing for Woman’s Suffrage, especially since Miss Hudson told her that her voice is very pleasant. We envy Mary her hair, for isn’t it that wonderful auburn shade which even a red hair net can’t give to ordinary locks?

LUCILLE MARTIN FAGG

Glee Club; Critic Lanier Literary Society; Sergeant Company “C”; Y. W. C. A.

Almost any minute the inhabitants of Ashby can hear Lucille running down the hall yelling, “Oh Lib, lend me your veil.” She atones for this borrowing habit by kindly dispensing medicine of every description to all ailers. Lucille’s black eyes and hair make her a very striking looking young lady.
SUE WHEATLEY FOSTER

Vice-President Piedmont-Midland Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Secretary Lee Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

"She was as fresh as is the month of May."

Sue's charm and beauty make us think of Rosalind in Arden; and on top of all this, she has known the answer to every question that Dr. Wayland and Miss Cleveland have asked in the last two years.

KATHLEEN GAYLORD GIBSON

Piedmont-Midland Club; President and Treasurer Lee Literary Society; Executive Board; Corporal Company "C"; Y. W. C. A.

Gaylord came at first with the idea of leaving, but Blue Stone Hill got a hold on her heart. She always means what she says, and says it with an emphasis. She is famous for solving weighty problems, such as the Executive Board and Lee Literary Society demand.
EFFIE MYRLE GOODE
(July)
Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club;
Lee Literary Society; Executive Board; Y. W. C. A.

“Let perseverance conquer fate.”
This is the lodestar of Effie’s life. Because of many interruptions, her education at Blue Stone Hill has come by the installment plan. She sometimes gets peeved about the annual secrets — so near, and yet so far — but more often she ignores her roommates’ mysterious airs and kindly cleans up their scattered papers.

MARY ELIZABETH GREENAWALT
Mary Club; Home Economics Club;
Vice-President Lanier Literary Society; Glee Club; Corporal Company “B”; Y. W. C. A.

She hates to get up in the mornings; but when she does, then she goes! She finds difficulty in liking everybody, though there are many who like her. A pretty girl and a graceful dancer, but withal a good cook. These varied gifts are a “good-enough” combination for anybody.
MARY SUE GROVE
(July)
Mary Club; Home Economics Club; Y. W. C. A.

When a junior, Mary Sue was famed among monitors; as a senior, she is praised among student teachers. Her many visits from her home folks make us envious; but her boxes from home have made us grateful.

MYRTLE GOULD HADEN
Piedmont-Midland Club; Canning Club; Y. W. C. A.

“A companion that is cheerful is worth gold.”

Through Myrtle we get much news of the successes of a certain football team in Lynchburg. Myrtle finds some consolation in being of a large build—she can always see over all the heads crowded around the mailboxes.
RAY LOUISE HANGER

Stratford Literary Society; Sergeant Company “B”; Chairman Religious Meetings Committee of Y. W. C. A.

Ray has wonderful powers of persuasion. She not only can persuade girls to lead in Y. W., but also can persuade her math problems to come out beautifully. We wonder why her deep, rich alto voice has never been heard in the Glee Club.

FRANCES LOUISE HAWKINS

Glee Club: Lanier Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

Louise is a quiet little girl who always goes softly about her business and makes no fuss over it. In P. T. she has some difficulty in framing her questions; but as she has distant visions of housekeeping with unlimited means, she doesn’t bother much about teaching.
MARY ELIZABETH HAWKINS
Glee Club; Vice-President Lanier
Literary Society; First Sergeant Company "C"; Y. W. C. A.

We admire Mary's calm sweetness and dignity, but she has almost ruined both by trying to acquire an animated expression for practical teaching. We predict that she will be back at H. N. S. next year as Miss Lancaster's math assistant.

NANNIE LOIS HENDERSON
Piedmont-Midland Club; Lanier Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

Lois to most people is an undiscovered country. Her store of practical knowledge, her kindly sense of humor, and her love of the beautiful help us to forget her singing voice. Sometimes her gift of discrimination is astonishing.
ELOISE MINOR HINTON
Pinquet Tennis Club; Home Economics Club; Glee Club; Secretary Stratford Literary Society; Annual Staff; Corporal Company "D"; Y. W. C. A.

"Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful."
Despite this fact she has a charming modesty about her. Eloise has the happy faculty of seeing things as they are. This is shown by her apt and clever comments on people and things. She is genuine, and her distinctive personality will live in our memories.

MARY ALICE HODGES
Vice-President Mary Club; Kindergarten Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Glee Club; Treasurer Stratford Literary Society; Sergeant Company "A"; Y. W. C. A.

The Kindergarten Club is selling ice-cream cones; and they'll make money, for Mary Alice is directing the performance, and she has already bought five. Mary Alice knows and likes everybody, and furthermore, she is a capable person. Everything she does is a success—witness the Senior Cabaret.
"Oh, how I hate to get up!" Ruth sighs, but finally she murmurs, "Even so!" and creeps out of bed. She uses her artistic talent in the drawing of house plans, and occupies her spare minutes in copying recipes. We wonder what this means.

No, her hair is not the victim of a curling iron, as one would suspect. It is "that" curly in spite of, rather than because of, her efforts. Her refreshing presence and competent ways help her to achieve all her aims. And didn't she donate Lanier's own writing table to our infant museum?
MILDRED BOLLING JONES
Pinquet Tennis Club; Glee Club; Corporal Company "A"; Y. W. C. A.

She wishes to marry the owner of a drug store. We infer from this that she has an overpowering tendency toward the luxuries of life. We have a little example of temperament here. Her valleys are deep, but her mountain tops are sublime.

SUE MAUDE KELLY
Piedmont-Midland Club; Racket Tennis Club; Glee Club; Lee Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

Whenever there is dancing in the Gym, Maude is always in demand, for she surely can "bang the box," and she is always very obliging. She will even come and play the fiddle for you when you get homesick. You just ought to hear some of her jokes, too.
She's little, but loud; and her roommates say she is noted for her "squeal." She shows great taste in the choice of her friends, and is such a loyal patron of Genoa's Y. W. store that she often is fain to call upon Miss Godfrey.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."
She has about the most attractive personality we have ever run across. That's why she is our senior president. Of only one dark deed has she ever been found guilty; we saw her chewing a piece of Wrigley's once.
DOROTHY ELNA LACY
Secretary and Treasurer Piedmont-Midland Club; Glee Club; Lanier Literary Society, Vice-President and President; Y. W. C. A.

Dorothy is extremely good-natured about everything except her size and appetite. She has a voice that is appreciated by everybody in school except the librarian. Her hobby is Latin and Miss Hoffman

MARY STRINGFELLOW LANCASTER
Norfolk Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Glee Club; Executive Board; First Sergeant Company "B"; Y. W. C. A.

Mary is as dainty and as fragile-looking as any Dresden china lady. Her abundance of nervous energy finds various outlets. She must have something to do all the time. Her chief talent lies in managing things. And were ever gowns at once so girlish and so elegant?
ANNA PAGE LEWIS

Pinquet Tennis Club; Home Economics Club; Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior Basket Ball Teams; Stratford Literary Society; Executive Board; Vice-President Student Government; President Student Government; Captain Company “D”; Y. W. C. A.

We can't tell you just what we love about her—we just love Anna. She makes the most sympathetic and successful of Student Government presidents, the most interesting of drawing teachers, the staunchest little basket ball guard, and the truest and most satisfying friend.

KATHERINE STUART LEWIS

Treasurer Pinquet Tennis Club; Executive Board; Y. W. C. A.

Does she giggle? “We'll say she does.” Room 65 is well known to the monitors, but “It's the visitors that do it.” So this just goes to prove how popular the inmates are. Katherine's hobbies are dogs, automobil-ing, music, and nephews.
ELISE AUGUSTA LOEWNER
Harrisonburg High School Club; Kindergarten Club; Glee Club; Stratford Literary Society; Battalion Color Guard; Business Manager Schoolma'am; Y. W. C. A.

Ideas! Ideas! "Lise" can furnish any number—and furthermore, she can raise the money to carry them out, as the annual staff will testify. In her eyes there are subtle suggestions of far countries and mystery and things that cannot be put into words. Elise loves a companion who knows and thinks.

SARAH JAQUELINE McCOWN
President Rockbridge Club; Secretary Stratford Literary Society; Corporal Company "C"; Y. W. C. A.

"Not too serious, not too gay, but a rare good pal."

If she were not good natured the pranks played on her by a sophomore room-mate would not be taken with a smile and a determination to "pay them back." No girl in school can grace a Scottish costume so well as this bonnie lassie with the Celtic name.
ERN A EULA MARTIN
Albemare Pippin Club; President
Canning Club; Piedmont-Mid-
Land Virginia Club; Y.
W. C. A.

Her critic teachers say she talks
too fast, but this goes to prove that
she thinks fast. We shouldn't be
afraid to bet that she has a ton of
history notes in her closet. She is
an ardent suffragette, and her motto
is, "Down with the men!"

MERLA GLENN MATTHEWS
Vice-President and President
Racket Tennis Club; Sophomore
and Post-Graduate Basket Ball
Teams; Captain Junior Basket
Ball Team; Athletic Council;
President Athletic Association;
Home Economics Club; Stratford
Literary Society; Piedmont-Mid-
Land Virginia Club; Sergeant-at-
Arms Junior Class; Captain Com-
pany "C"; Y. W. C. A.

"Mutt" is our best athlete. She
stars in basket ball, tennis, and danc-
ing. She is such an "Exceptional"
type that even the faculty could not
classify her for a long time. But
now she is a post-graduate.
ELIZABETH KATHERINE MILLER
Lee Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

Elizabeth has got enunciation down to such a fine point that the rest of us poor mortals turn green with envy in expression class. She has a classical tendency, but she will even leave Latin to clean up for inspection of a Saturday morning.

ROBERTA LEE MOORE
Treasurer Home Economics Club; Racket Tennis Club; Glee Club; Stratford Literary Society; Sergeant Company "A"; Y. W. C. A.

"Why is R. L. so dressed up?"—"Oh, she is going to A. M. A. to the dance!" Her garments always become her well, even to the snowy cap and apron which she of necessity affects so often.
ANNIE FORD MOSELEY

Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; Racket Tennis Club; Glee Club; Stratford Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

We are sure that she didn't make her dimples with a shoe-buttoner. They are the result of a joyous nature and a continual smile. We became acquainted with her dramatic ability when, on the night of initiations, she so gallantly stood at the bottom of the steps and shouted her love up to Juliet.

ELIZABETH CARROLL MURPHY

(August)
Home Economics Club; Glee Club; Stratford Literary Society

“Lib” has a sweet disposition, and wears a smile that won't rub off. She is loved by many, her roommate included. Her one hobby is letter-writing, especially to the “Dean of the Navy.”
Virginia's matter-of-fact outlook upon life seems to have saved her from many of the worries of senior year. Even practising teaching did not reduce her plumpness. Her brown eyes do not lose their twinkle, even when Eva's teasing is at its height.

Mary Lizzie says she doesn't expect to teach long. Wonder what she thinks she will do? And why does she always give this quotation in Miss Hudson's class?

"The 'darling Hope is the Hope we leave behind.' Whatever she does, she will do it well, for that's Mary Lizzie.
“Bless Pat!” That’s Jean’s favorite exclamation. Those who do not know her so well marvel at the frequency of it, but her friends have heard her say “Pat” many times without the blessing. A carefree, happy-go-lucky Scotch lassie is Jean. She meets trouble with a smile that conquers every time.

“Lead me out of the narrow life To the peace of the hills and skies.” When Schoolma’am elections came, there was no doubt as to who would be the senior representative. For isn’t Mamie a poet and withal voted the wittiest and most original? It takes a high velocity to keep up with Mamie’s varying moods and fancies.
PHYLLIS HOLLINGSWORTH
PAGE

Piedmont-Midland Club; Home Economics Club; President Racket Tennis Club; Critic Lee Literary Society; Secretary Glee Club; Vice-President Junior Class; Business Manager Senior Class; Corporal Company "D"; Y. W. C. A.

"The charm of her features—
While over the whole
Played the hues of the heart
And the sunshine of soul."

Phyllis sandwiched teaching experience between her years at H. N. S. and found the student slices better than the filling. Yes, the boys like Phyllis, and she likes them.

JULIA ETHEL PARROTT

Piedmont-Midland Club; Secretary, Treasurer, and President Racket Tennis Club; Athletic Council; Senior Basketball Team; Lee Literary Society; First Lieutenant Company "B"; Y. W. C. A.

Wonder what fruit Polly likes best? If we were to guess, we should say "dates," for she has more of them! She talks with her hands as much as she does with her mouth, and she has an alarming affinity for hair nets.
Almost before the faculty had finished giving directions about senior essays, Elise had hers written, handed in, and approved. We think she ought to have a salary for staying at the Normal School; she is such a good example in promptness for the girls.

If you want to find the way to Pealre’s heart, just say the word “Lexington.” It must be a good place to live in, if the candy and boxes are any sign. Her comfortable and optimistic way of looking at things has smoothed her path, though we have always heard that there is no royal road to learning.
ANNA REBECCA POTTERFIELD

Racket Tennis Club; Secretary, Treasurer, and President Piedmont-Midland Club; Lassiter Literary Society; Battalion Color Corporal; Y. W. C. A.

"'Pon my soul, I don't believe I'll study tonight!" We agree with her that it is out of the question to expect one to work her brain both day and night. She is domestic and kind-hearted. These assets, linked with her common sense, will make her a teacher—or something else—of whom H. N. S. will be very proud.

LOUDELLE VIRGINIA POTTST

Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; Home Economics Club; Glee Club; Corporal Company "A"; Y. W. C. A.

Loudelle has an inclination towards flowery beds of ease—"Don't work unless you have to," is her motto. However, her mind is always alert. She sits and thinks, then speaks of things that are astonishingly deep for one so young.
MARGARET MILLER PRUFER

Glee Club; Lee Literary Society; Corporal Company "A"; Y. W. C. A.

"For even though vanquished, she could argue still."
Margaret is the most unselfish of girls, always ready to lend a helping hand. If she has a fault, it is not allowing the other fellow to get a word in edgeways. But we overlook this and in enforced silence admire her sincerity and frankness.

VIOLETTE HOPE RAINNEY

(August)

Hiking Club; Y. W. C. A.

She is a girl of the dawn and springtime, as her name would suggest. We should all like to be better acquainted with the violet who is behind that smile, but perhaps because of her shyness, only a few have accomplished this.
Elsie is a girl who is always full of fun. She knows her lessons, too, which is an important side-issue in school life. Her witty remarks especially enliven the agriculture class. Her only ambition in the world of letters is that U. Va. might be as close to H. N. S. as is A. M. A.

LEN A MAUDE REED

Stratford Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

Our classical friend hugs a Vergil close to her heart and wanders off at intervals into the old, old world of mighty deeds. She knows Latin "just as easy," but that doesn't interfere with good housekeeping on her part.
RUTH RODES

President Ruth Club; Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; President Albemarle Pippin Club; Home Economics Club; Secretary and Treasurer Lanier Literary Society; Secretary Sophomore Class; Sergeant Company "A"; Secretary Y. W. C. A.

Ruth's schoolboy humor, as well as her good sound judgment, may be seen in the way she divides people into three classes—"obsequious," "jelly-fish," and "backboned." The thing about Ruth which we shall remember longest is her loyalty to "Mamie and Foddy" and Albemarle.

SARA FRANCES ROLLER

French Circle; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.

Sara is an energetic and determined, yet unselfish, little person, who not only walks but, at times, strides along over obstacles. Her worst fault is taking people and things too seriously.
Who has ever seen Eva's equal in friendly good-humor? It fairly scintillates from her sparkling brown eyes. Any one who can tell jokes while a flu victim, deserves special recognition. Eva is one of the forms of energy not mentioned in the physics book.

Not only does Doris shine in the classroom, but she is a queen of the kitchen as well. Any girl at H. N. S. will tell you that when it comes to making candy, Doris is worth her weight in gold—which is a great deal to say of her.
To any one who wants to "get rich quick" we recommend the opening of a peanut stand next door to Daisy. Goobers are her fatal weakness. She gets up all her lessons well, but her chief delight is to parlez-vous with her pupils.

"Precious packages are put up in small parcels." Marie is a precocious infant, a dramatist, a historian, a mathematician all in one. Her tears and laughter are so closely connected that we often have a rainbow resulting.
MINNIE BELLE SHAW

Rockbridge Club; Glee Club; Lanier Literary Society;
Y. W. C. A.

Minnie, so neat and fresh-looking, is the embodiment of serviceableness—always ready to do her part. Almost any night about 9:45 you may see her patrolling the halls of Spottswood collecting Red Cross money. Ask Miss Sale to tell you about "that sailor brother." O. Shaw, Minnie!

HARRIET LOUISE SHORT

Pinquet Tennis Club; Glee Club;
Corporal Company "D";
Y. W. C. A.

Harriet is a winsome, fun-loving lassie. If a taxicab were equipped with a speedometer efficient enough to keep up with her tongue, its driver would be a millionaire in a few months, for she is the biggest and fastest talker in school.
JANE WINIFRED SIMPSON

Vice-President Kindergarten Club; Racket Tennis Club; Athletic Council; Captain Senior Basket Ball Team; Glee Club; Vice-President Stratford Literary Society; Sergeant Company "D"; Y. W. C. A.

Any one would hang around for hours just to see Winnie smile once. We can say of her that which is true of but few—she is a well rounded girl. Her talents are numerous, and you just ought to see her play basket ball!

ROSE LEE SIMPSON

Piedmont-Midland Club; Home Economics Club; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.

Bare white walls were too monotonous for her; so, assisted by a lot of stickers, she adorned her room with beautiful pictures. The next day she paid a quarter. It was the same old story—damage to school property. We prophesy that this artistic talent will have more encouraging results some day.
BARBARA CLARKE SMITH
Y. W. C. A.

She never minded anything so much as having her senior picture taken—no, not even P. T. She says she is going to devote her future to teaching, but we hear too much of her love of a life on the farm to believe that the claims of pedagogy have such an overmastering attraction.

CAROLINE ENID SNYDER
Substitute Senior Basket Ball Team; Corporal Company "C"; Y. W. C. A.

We can vouch for Carrie's good judgment, for didn't she come to H. N. S. for her graduating year? Just one session; but it has made us familiar with Carrie's strong common sense, her infectious good-nature, and her practical teaching ability.
CARRIE SPRADLIN

PIEDMONT CLUB; LANIER LITERARY SOCIETY; Y. W. C. A.

Carrie's meekness will compare favorably with our old conception of the proverbial character of Moses, until something goes wrong at the training school—then look out! She has a genial nature, and there is sunshine in her smile. Thoroughness and careful preparation—that's Carrie "all over." She says that "Mother" is the only sweetheart on her string.

MARY LOVE STALLINGS

VICE-PRESIDENT AND PRESIDENT MARY CLUB; TIDewater Club; PRESIDENT HOME ECONOMICS Club; TREasurer and Sergeant-at-Arms LEE LITERARY SOCIETY; TREasurer SOPHOMORE, JUNIOR, AND SENIOR CLASSES; VICE-PRESIDENT Y. W. C. A.

Generosity! Sheaves of jonquils, buckets of oysters, dozens of chrysanthemums, errands by the mile, bushels of peanuts, holly by the wagon load, and gallons and gallons of mayonnaise! Minimum size: maximum heart. The librarian is always delighted to see her come in, for she can entertain the crowd with her guttural gymnastics.
"You say it is twenty minutes after seven? Well, I'll never get to breakfast this morning." Later, to her roommate, who is rushing down the hall, "Say, if I don't get there, be sure to get the mail." Although this getting up late is a daily occurrence, Mary gets to breakfast just as she always gets the other things she goes after. One thing she does not get—get mad.

"The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates, The life that wears, the spirit that creates."

She never wastes her thoughts in oral expression, but keeps them silent until time for writing stories or poems, and then they speak for her. Often she is so busy weaving pretty fancies that she forgets about the commonplace things. Once she even absent-mindedly locked Miss Bell in the library—though Miss Bell is far from commonplace.
ENNIS LOUVENIA STRUPE
Carolina Club; Home Economics Club; Glee Club; Stratford Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

"Any mail in our box?"—"Just a 'Bill'-et-doux for Strupey!" And we all understand. The one Tarheel of the senior class is as loyal to the Old North State as she is to her friends and to her beloved home economics.

EVA LILY SULLIVAN
Piedmont-Midland Club; Home Economics Club; Racket Tennis Club; Stratford Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

Though Eva Lily is devoted to Ruth, she seems ready also to give help to any one else who wants it. The Practise House girls tell us that Eva Lily stars in the role of head cook, and surpasses all others in gaining Jim Moody's admiration.
Brains and maidenly charm are not always found together, but nature made an exception in Genoa. Even twentieth-century childhood can not ruffle her soft Southern voice and practise-teaching self-control. "In the years swift-winging" we shall recall her counting over Y. W. money and shall taste in memory the Y. W. chocolate.
DORIS VIRGINIA TURNER
Treasurer Eastern Shore Club; Stratford Literary Society; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.

"Doris, I believe you get a letter every morning."—"No; I get one a week, and read that over every morning." Doris is considered one of the school beauties, but she has not let this fact turn her head. Her good-nature and easy-going ways seem typical of the Eastern Shore trio.

RUTH BAGLEY WALLACE
Ruth Club; President Pinquet Tennis Club; Kindergarten Club; Glee Club; President Lanier Literary Society; Treasurer Sophomore Class; Sergeant Company "C"; Vice-President, Secretary Athletic Association; Annual Staff; Executive Board; Secretary Student Government Association; Y. W. C. A.

Popular! That's her all over. She has at some time belonged to almost every organization in school, even though they did put her out of one for laughing at the wrong time. She always gets up before breakfast and does all her lessons—does she?
**BIRDIE BELLE WARREN**

*Home Economics Club; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.*

Quiet and unassuming, Birdie does not believe in wasting words unnecessarily—or necessarily. When she speaks, she says something. Just lately we are realizing a talent she has kept concealed heretofore, namely, her ability along artistic lines, especially poster making.

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**CARRIE CONSTANCE WATSON**

*Lee Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.*

Carrie’s ambition is mission work in the Kentucky mountains; but after witnessing “The Cooks’ Strike,” we think she should rather develop her dramatic talent. We shall not forget her letters from the brother in France, her jokes about gray-haired men, and her delight in teasing everybody within hearing.
CHLOE ELIZA WELLS
(August)

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

She comes to us from Dinwiddie county. If you ask her just where, she says, "Near Petersburg, of course!" Even the flu season did not dampen her love for H. N. S., though she now shares some of it with the hospital on the hill.

MARCIA TAYLOR WHITE

Lee Literary Society; Glee Club;
Y. W. C. A.

Often at eve there come to us strains of music from some distant part of the campus. The wandering minstrels are at it again. Marcia is one of this happy band. She strolls along through life to the tune of some sweet ditty in her soul, which finds its way out through the medium of her guitar.
"That reminds me, did you ever hear the joke about?" There she goes! Always ready to brighten doleful corners with funny little incidents. She has one big aim in life—to learn how to camouflage one's hair supply after influenza. Around this center practice teaching, graduation, matrimony, "an' everything!"

You can always see Elizabeth when the ten o'clock C. W. train comes in, for remember she is a Dayton girl. She is witty and good-natured; care sits lightly upon her. She is always ready for a good time, and often shares those good times with her two chums. We would fain extol her other virtues and her complexion had not our stock of adjectives been exhausted in the earlier part of the alphabet.
In Loving Memory of

Annie Mary Brown

Member of the Senior Class

Born July 8, 1898

Died in St. Louis, Missouri

January 19, 1919
The Class of Nineteen Nineteen

HY came these many maidens forth
From sea-swept east, from south, and north?
"They came to learn old truths and new
Of art, great lives, and service true."

"Where learned these maids such loyalty—
Their close, unselfish unity?"
"'Tis in the air, this spirit clear,
Good folk and wise have lived it here."

"And must they part, this happy band
That were such comrades hand in hand?
"Their hearts shall never parted be,
For theirs is love, and loyalty."

HAZEL DAVIS
Robert Johnston
Senior Class Mascot
Class History

In the fall of 1915, a band of girls, tall ones and small ones, seventeen in number, entered the mysterious land of "normal" learning. They were easily distinguished from the other inhabitants of the campus by shyness and fear of treading the wrong paths.

Guided by those who had drunk at the fountain of this land for one, two, or three years, we were introduced to the mysteries of registration, classrooms, and the disappearance of all our worldly substance. And then we were turned loose.

Three times during this year sand storms rushed upon us, but after each the gale fell, leaving our sky calm and cloudless as before—reports were good.

Sometimes the ways were hard, but each of the seventeen had the sympathy of the other sixteen—it was a refreshing case of "sweet sixteen."

Spring came and along with it, commencement. We saw those who had fought the battles of experience carry away a "roll of paper," and for the first time there was a mite of envy.

When the bugle blew for our next assembly, two of our number had chosen other paths; but others, hearing of the brave deeds of those who had gone before, swelled our ranks to forty-three. The Seniors gave us good counsel, and our mutual feeling and close association with them made us realize that we too had started on a quest—a quest for a "golden fleece" (or other sheepskin), as did Jason in days of old.

Three times we met in the underworld and fought our battles with the other classes; and three times 'mid din of war-cries and turbulent vociferation we came out victorious. Moreover, we strode through the thick forest and finally plucked the golden fruits of the "geome-tree." The greatest glory of this year was won in the open-air battle between our class and the Juniors. The trophy was a
silver cup; and we, the sophs, carried it off. Interspersed among these pugna-
cious onslaughts, we held out to our enemies the olive branch of peace in the
form of sandwiches. Time soon came for another dispersion.

The next year the Soph returned a Junior, knowing the goal in view. With
invincible courage and grim determination, we took up the conquest of the world
for the third time. Being a Junior meant being a member of the largest clan in
the history of the institution; being a Junior was having the best chief, Mr.
Johnston, the bravest commander, Frances Kemper, and the sweetest patron-saint,
Miss Hoffman.

The principal combat of this year was with the Protean giant, Methods. The
fight in which we conquered this giant showed the same strength with which we
met the Seniors and carried off another silver cup. We halted in our conquests
long enough to present the achievements of the goddess, Psyche, in the guise of
the Junior vaudeville.

Nearer and nearer to the “golden fleece” the onward-pressing band ap-
proached, when in June the march was halted.

Summer months flew by, and before we knew it, one hundred of us were
back on our quest. This time there was a rough and dangerous sea to sail. We
launched forth into the foaming waves and plowed our way 'mid jutting rocks
and treacherous breakers of practise teaching. The first ray of light was caught
when we were granted the Senior privileges. Away off in the far distance we
cought a gleam of the glory of the “golden fleece.”

We pressed forward until we entered a calmer sea, and then disembarked to
plant the avenue of trees in order that the way of those who were to follow might
be made easier, and to join in the dances of May.

In the view of all who will tread the same paths we have left the god of
strength and the goddess of love that have helped us on our way.

After conquering the dragon of All-Essay, our shields anointed with the
balm of knowledge, we pressed through the last thick woods. Now the “golden
fleece” is in view—Jason carried away one; the Class of Nineteen carries away
ninety-seven.

- Genoa Swecker
Senior Cabaret

March 7, 1919

1. ENTRANCE OF PIERROT AND PIERRETTE

2. ORIENTAL CHORUS
   Leader ................................................................. Eloise Hinton

3. "SIX CUPS OF CHOCOLATE"
   Adeline Marks .................................................. Elise Loewner
   Marion Lee ......................................................... Frances Kemper
   Dorothy Green .................................................... Lucille Fagg
   Hester Beacon .................................................... Jean Nicol
   Beatrice Brown ................................................... Ethel Parrott
   Jeannette Durand ................................................ Marie Scribner

4. SCOTCH SOLO DANCE
   Winifred Simpson

5. FOLLIES
   Heralds ............................................................ Scribner and Stallings
   (a) Speed—Helen Bowman
   (b) Dance—Winnie Simpson
   (c) Fame—Jean Nicol
   (d) Drink—Elise Loewner
   (e) Clothes—Mary E. Nichols
   (f) Vanity—Sue Foster
   (g) Laughter—Elizabeth Barbour
   (h) Love—Mary A. Hodges
   (i) Blue Stone Hill—Anna Lewis
Senior Class

PRESENTS

THE ART OF BEING BORED

BY

EDOUARD PAILLERON

TRANSLATED BY

BARRETT H. CLARK AND HILMER BANKHAGE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Bellac .......................................................... Ethel Parrott
Roger De Céran ............................................... Mary E. Nichols
Paul Raymond .................................................. Helen Hopkins
Toulonnier ........................................................ Elizabeth Murphy
General De Briais ............................................. Jean Nicol
Virot ............................................................... Elizabeth Black
François .......................................................... Mary Hawkins
Saint-Réault ..................................................... Violette Rainey
Gaïac ............................................................... Winifred Simpson
Melchior De Boines ............................................. Phyllis Page
Des Millets ........................................................ Mamie Omohundro
Duchess De Réville .............................................. Elise Loewner
Madam De Soudan .............................................. Frances Kemper
Jeanne Raymond ................................................ Ruth Wallace
Lucy Watson ..................................................... Dorothy Lacy
Suzanne De Villiers .............................................. Marie Scribner
Countess De Céran ............................................. Eloise Hinton
Madame Arriégo ................................................ Lucille Fagg
Madame De Boines ............................................. Mary Lancaster
Madame De Saint-Réault .................................... Evelyn Buchanan
Columbia University,
New York,
May 29, 1929.

Dear Kemper:

You're busy at the Normal—
I hardly thought you'd write.
Since you are now the president,
We'll surely reunite.

I've scoured the world's four corners,
And it's no small job, I ween.
I've heard from every member
Of the dear old Class Nineteen.

They all have proven worthy
In the playing of life's game,
But some have been exceptions,
And won the highest fame.

There's Scribner at the Normal
In Dr. Wayland's chair.
He governs Ole Virginia,
But the strain has grayed his hair.

Now Whitesell is a lawyer;
Rose Simpson is a nurse;
Anne Moseley is an actress,
And Prufer drives a hearse.

So many girls are married—
There's Turner, Cash, and Browne,
And Grove, and Goode, and Greenawalt,
And Potter, and McCown.

Tho R. L. Moore's a widow,
Men for her hand still strive;
She's lived a life of pleasure,
And buried husbands five.

Mutt Matthews rules in Africa,
For missions fell her lot.
She, aided by Sue Foster,
Converts the Hottentot.

And Edwards is a genius—
She's famous. They all say
No greater prodigy exists
Now in the present day.

And Story's wed a preacher;
White has a candy store;
In partnership the Hawkins girls
Now manage the Big Four.

And Hinton with her chorus
Has traveled all through Spain.
And kings who once beheld them
Were ne'er the same again.
They all are very famous;  
Their equal is not known.  
There's Short, and Jones, and Simpson,  
And Deahl, and Black, and Stone.

Yes, Lancaster is with them.  
She's left the New York band  
In charge of Lois Henderson  
While she's not in command.

And Nichols now is happy;  
She has achieved her Hope.  
Maud Kelly sells red pepper;  
And Elsie Ranes, pink soap.

Poor Roller's in a convent;  
Her heart was broke by love.  
She carries now a prayer book;  
Her eyes are fixed above.

And Davis is a taster  
In several large hotels.  
Her valuable assistants  
Are Strupe and Chloe Wells.

Yes, Swecker's gone to Congress,  
And so has Ruby Brill.  
Anne Potterfield is teaching  
Not far from Pleasant Hill.

And Minnie Shaw has written  
A book on "Teaching Aims."  
And Sox is now the umpire  
Of all the Big League games.

And Adams, too, has written  
On "The Conversing Art."  
Buchanan owns a steamer,  
Which is run by Robbie Dart.

Calhoun's a Red Cross worker;  
She lives with Sallie Bell,  
Who runs a manicuring shop.  
They say she's doing well.

And Hodges lives at Newport,  
A leader of the styles;  
To hear her talk on Culture  
The people flock for miles.

Dot Lacy's at Cape Henry;  
She went down there for rest.  
And Thrasher's in a mining camp  
Out in the golden West.

Yes, Callender's a doctor;  
She either cures or kills.  
And Snyder is an artist;  
She paints the circus bills.

And have you heard of Sanders,  
Lib Murphy, Rodes, and Reed?  
They've founded an asylum  
For orphans who're in need.

Yes, Evelyne Alexander  
Has a cat and corkscrew curls.  
And Sullivan's quite wealthy;  
You should see her strings of pearls!

And Watson's in a vaudeville;  
She dances on her toes.  
Lib Yancey is a specialist  
In eyes and ears and nose.

And Perkinson's uplifting youth—  
Its morals, so to speak —  
She has a normal school for girls  
On Massanutten Peak.

Now Barbour is a millionaire;  
She entertains each night.  
But Martin with much reading  
Has almost lost her sight.

Poll Parrott runs an aeroplane,  
And Cowling, Page, and Brock  
Are famous ballet dancers.  
Take care! Don't get a shock.

The Bowmans are quite famous;  
In concerts Helen plays.  
And Minnie's found a new style,  
Which is the present craze.
And Andes lives in Utah;  
   And Hopkins runs a mill.  
Lise Loewner of travel  
   At last has got her fill.

I heard from Anna Lewis,  
   Who he's to edit Life.  
She's been to visit Katharine,  
   Who is a consul's wife.

A suffragette is Campbell;  
   She marches in parades.  
Ruth Holland now is starring  
   In the opera "Spring Maids."

But Ferguson, and Haden,  
   And Kemp, and Nelson too.  
Are true to Normal training;  
   They're teaching in Peru.

Jean Nicol is a poet;  
   She maketh many a rhyme;  
And Sandridge raises peanuts  
   In all of her spare time.

Ray Hanger dwells in China;  
   She has a mission band.  
And Gibson gives performances  
   In feats of sleight o' hand.

And Miller's a contortionist;  
   She ties herself in knots.  
Smith is a bareback rider,  
   And so is Loudelle Potts.

And Eva Rooshup's farming;  
   She's raising pigs and cows;  
And Rainey's teaching swimming.  
   Ruth Wallace plucks eyebrows.

And Spradlin's in the movies;  
   She's in a vampire cast.  
And then there's Margaret Coleman—  
   I left her till the last.

She's such a learned woman  
   The great before her kneel.  
To think I used to room with her  
   'Most makes my poor brain reel.

I've sent them each a postal,  
   And I'll see you very soon.  
I think each one will strain a point  
   To meet the tenth of June.

—Mamie Omohundro
Juniors

Motto
"Climb, though the heights be rugged."

Colors
Gold and White

Flower
Maréchal Neil Rose

Honorary Member
MISS SHAEFFER

Advisory Member
MISS SEEGER

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MAY WILLIAMS
GLADYS WOOD
CHARLOTTE YANCEY
GLADYS YOWELL

GILLIAM CONRAD
MASCOT
The Joyous Juniors

There is a lofty hilltop where apple blossoms blow,
And Eden scarce was fairer, nor any land we know;
The sunshine blinks so bonny, the shadows fall so slow,
And far off in the distance lie mountains bathed in snow.

Upon that lofty hilltop, behold dear Blue Stone towers!
Our pleasures all are heightened to view that school of ours—
Its charms, its dear enchantments, the magic of its powers,
Its beauty, and the blessings which all around it showers.

And there in joy and gladness doth dwell our Junior band;
A-tiptoe for achievement, a hundred-plus we stand,
So eager-hearted, willing to serve with mind or hand,
And yet the gladdest, gayest—the merriest in the land.

—Katherine Pettus
The Bachelor's Reverie
Junior Carnival
SOPHOMORE-SPECIAL CLASS

H motto
"Follow the Gleam,"

Colors
Red and Blue

Flower
Red Rose

Honorary Member
MISS FRANCES I. MACKEY

Mascot
CHARLOTTE MAUZY

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ALMA WILBERGER
GENEVRA WILKINSON
RACHEL WOLFE
Miss Frances Isabel Mackey
honorary member
Riches

VE never had a hankerin' to elbow up to fame,
No' had no special reason to boast a rich man's claim,
Although I own my cattle and fields of wheat and sike,
I find poor consolation in jes' a-bein' rich.

A-bein' rich means more'n gold; it means old friends, you see;
It means the treasure of His love poured out for you an' me;
It means a great big reachin' out in God's great world of men;

It means the tender, lovin' touch that gives folks heart again.

Today I jes' set here and think in my split-bottomed chair
An' watch the sunlight restin' soft on Nancy's silver hair—
Her hair that once was all the gold that meant a thing to me,
When I followed Stonewall Jackson in the days of Sixty-three.

I turn my mind from them old times to Marne's field far away,
For Bill, our son, he volunteered and marched to war one day—
Marched like his dad in Sixty-three, with hope a-beatin' high—
Marched 'neath our country's starry flag, for he warn't afeared to die.

Nance hung the little service flag above his baby chair
And said, "I know he'll do his best to represent us there."
A tear stole down my hardened cheek, for I thought of our son so true,
Who'd maybe die in a foreign land for the world an' me an' you.

The smoke of the battle swept over Marne in a rain of shot an' shell,
Our boy he went an' done his best, an' there a-fightin' fell.
There's a star of gold in place of the blue for the boy we both loved so,
But he fought for his country an' home an' God, and warn't afeard to go.

So me an' Nance meander on through life's long, weary day,
A-thinkin' of our only son on Marne's field far away—
Of the heart of gold hid in his breast, of his life laid down so true:
He fought for the world on the field of France an' died for me an' you.

—Carrie Watson
ORGANIZATIONS
Mary Club

Colors
White and Gold

Motto
"Make many merry."

Flower
Marigold

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D. MARY SANDERS
MARY SEEGER
MARY SMITH
MARY VIRGINIA SPITLER
MARY STALLINGS
MARY STONE

Miss Bell
Ruth Club

Botto
"The more, the merrier."

Officers

RUTH SULLIVAN ........................................... President
GENOA RUTH SWECKER ..................................... Vice-President
RUTH WITT ........................................ Secretary-Treasurer

Honorary Member
MISS RUTH HUDSON

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RUTH HOLLAND
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RUTH RODES
RUTH ROYSTON
RUTH SULLIVAN
GENOA RUTH SWECKER
RUTH WALLACE
RUTH WITT

Miss Hudson
Norfolk Club

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

Colors
Green and Gold

Flower
Seaweed

Aim
"Eat, drink, and be merry."

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MARGARET NORFLEET
LOUISE SHUMADINE
FRANCES STELL
SARAH WILSON
GLADYS WOOD
Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club

Motto

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

Colors

Mountain Blue and White

Flower

Wood Violet

Fruit

Persimmon

Honorary Member

MISS ELIZABETH CLEVELAND

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GLADYS YOWELL
Albemarle Pippins

Honorary Member
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RUTH RODES

EDNA SCRIBNER
MARIE SCRIBNER
RUBY SMITH
MABEL STARGELL
RACHEL WOLFE

Mr. Chappelear
Rockbridge Club

Colors
Gray and Green

Aim
To be like the Rock Bridge—natural.

JAQUELINE McCOWN ...................................................... President

Members
MARY DAVIDSON
LOUISE HOUSTON
JAQUELINE M'COWN
PAULINE MILEY
PEARLE POTTER
LORRAINE ROADCAP

Honorary Member
MISS FRANCES I. MACKEY
Kindergarten Club

Motto
“A little child shall lead them.”

Colors
Pink and Blue

Flower
Forget-me-not

Honorary Members

MISS SEEGER

MISS GREGG

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ROBBIE DART ........................................................... Secretary-Treasurer

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RUTH WITT

MISS SEEGER
Le Cercle Français

Les Couleurs
Le Drapeau Tricolore
Le Filleul
M. Louis de Liège

La Fleur
Fleur-de-lis
La Sainte Patronne
Jeanne d'Arc

La Devise
"Ici on parle français."

Les Membres Honoraires
MISS CLEVELAND, MISS CORBETT, MISS HOFFMAN, DR. WAYLAND
Glee Club

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ESTHER BUCKLEY .......................................................... Treasurer
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TITA BLAND
ELIZABETH BOWDEN
GERTRUDE BOWLER
RUBY BRILL
MAE BRINDEL
HELEN BROWDER
MARY BROWN
RUTH BROWN
ESTHER BUCKLEY
FRANCES BUCKLEY
ELIZABETH CALLENDER
KATHERINE CANNON

MARGARET CARPENTER
CATHARINE CASH
ETHEL CHANNING
MARGARET COWLING
KATHLEEN CREEL
LELOUISE EDWARDS
LUCILLE FAGG
MARY FERGUSON
GRACE FISHER
MARY FOLLIARD
REBECCA GOLDMAN
LENNA HAMILTON
GLADYS HAMLETT
GOLDIE HAMMER
LOUISE HARWELL
LOUISE HAWKINS
MARY HAWKINS

ROSA HEIDELBERG
ELOISE HINTON
MARY ALICE HODGES
FLORA MAY HOOD
HELEN HOPKINS
LOUISE HOUSTON
HELEN JARMAN
PAULINE JOHNSON
MILDRED JONES
MIRIAM JONES
REBECCA JONES
JANE KANE
ETHEL KAUFMAN
DOROTHY LACY
MARY LANCASTER
ETHEL LANIER
Slee Club, Continued

ELISE LOEWNER
LUCILLE McLUNG
MARY M'GEHEE
OLIVE MAGRUDER
KATHERINE MAHONEY
MARION MARSHALL
CLAAR MENZEL
GRACE MILTON
LOUISE MILTON
ROBERTA MOORE
ANNIE MOSELEY
ELIZABETH MURPHY
EMILY NICHOLS
MARY ELIZABETH NICHOLS
MARGARET NORFLEET
MAMIE OMOHUNDRO
PHYLLIS PAGE

KATHERINE PETTUS
MARY PHILLIPS
LOUDELLE POTTS
KATHLEEN PRINCE
MARGARET PROCTOR
MARGARET PRUFER
ELSIE RANES
JANE RAWLINGS
NELLA ROARK
SARA ROLLER
EDITH SAGLE
DORIS SANDERS
DAISY SANDRIDGE
MINNIE SHAW
LOUISE SHUMADINE
HARRIET SHORT
ROSALIE SIMPSON

WINNIE SIMPSON
DOROTHY SPOONER
LUTIE SPOTTS
MABEL STARGELL
FRANCES STELL
MARY STONE
DORIS TURNER
RUTH WALLACE
MIRIAM WALTON
MARCIA WHITE
AGNES WILLIAMS
DOROTHY WILLIAMS
MAY WILLIAMS
SARAH WILSON
RUTH WITT
CHARLOTTE YANCEY
Home Economics Club

Colors
Red and White

Flower
Red Carnation

Miss Sale

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

Officers

MARY STALLINGS .................................................................President
MARION MARSHALL .............................................................Vice-President
ALBERTA RODES .................................................................Secretary
ANNIE TOMKO .................................................................Treasurer

Members

SENIORS
KATHERINE CANNON
CATHERINE CASH
MARGARET COWLING
HAZEL DAVIS
EMILY DOUGHTY
MARY GREENAWALT
ELOISE HINTON
RUTH HOLLAND
HELEN HOPKINS
ANNA LEWIS
MERLA MATTHEWS
ROBERTA MOORE
ELIZABETH MURPHY
PHYLLIS PAGE
LOUDELLE POTTS
RUTH RODES

JUNIORS
EVA ROOSHUP
DORIS SANDERS
ROSE LEE SIMPSON
CAROLINE SNYDER
MARY STALLINGS
MARY STONE
ENNIS STRUPE
EVA LILY SULLIVAN
BIRDIE WARREN

MAM ARTHUR
EDNA BONNEY
ELIZABETH BOWDEN
MARY BROWN
ELLEN CAMPBELL
CECILE CHAPMAN
ELIZABETH EWING

CLARE HARNISBERGER
ROSA HEIDELBURG
EMMA HUPP
MIRIAM JONES
ETHEL KAUFMAN
BESSIE LAY
DAISY M'KENNALLY
MARY M'GEEHEE
MARION MARSHALL
MERLE MILLER
EMILY NICHOLS
MARY PHILLIPS
MAXWELL QUINSENBERRY
EDITH SAGLE
ELIZABETH SLATER
LUTIE SPOTTS
RUTH SULLIVAN
MARION THOMAS

ERMA TIECHE
ANNIE TOMKO
SARAH WILSON
LE CLAIRE HUGHES

DEGREE STUDENTS
ESTHER BUCKLEY
BELULIA FLETCHER
MARY NASH
ELIZABETH NICOL
RACHEL RODGERS
VIRGINIA ZIRKLE

POST-GRADUATES
ANNA ALLEN
PAULINE LAYMAN
BOROTHY SPONER

Honorary Members

MRS. BURRUSS
MR. BURRUSS
MRS. MOODY
MRS. CHAPPELEAR

MRS. JOHNSTON
MR. JOHNSTON
MISS CORBETT
MR. CHAPPELEAR

MRS. McMICKEN
MISS MCMAHON
MISS MACKEY
MISS SALE
Institutional Class

Motto
"Nothing but the best."

Members

ANNA ALLEN
MARY GREENAWALT

ROBERTA MOORE
MARY STALLINGS

Miss Corbett
Instructor
Battalion

Staff Officers

FRANCES KEMPER .................................. Captain and Adjutant
JO WARREN ........................................... Sergeant-Major
PAULINE CALLENDER ................................ Color Sergeant
ANNE POTTERFIELD ................................ Color Corporal
ELISE LOEWNER ..................................... Color Guard
ETHEL KAUFMAN .................................... Color Guard
GOLDIE HAMMER .................................... Musician

Company “A”

Captain .................. Ruth Witt
First Lieutenant .......... Esther Buckley
Second Lieutenant ....... Nell Critzer

Sergeants

SPOONER
HODGES
MOORE
SCRIBE R
RODS

Corporals

BROCK
JONES, M.
POTTS
DAVIS
NICHOLS, E.
PRUFER

Company “C”

Captain .................. Merla Matthews
First Lieutenant .......... Robbie Dart
Second Lieutenant ...... Elizabeth Black

Sergeants

HAWKINS, M.
WALLACE
FAGG
STONE
WILLIAMS

Corporals

Snyder
GIBSON
McCOWN
SPOTTS
BEAR
MAYS

Company “B”

Captain .................. Virginia Zirkle
First Lieutenant .......... Ethel Parrott
Second Lieutenant ....... Rachel Rodgers

Sergeants

LANCASTER
NICHOLS, M. E.
HANGER
OMOHUN DRO
FISHER

Corporals

HOPKINS
Nicol, J.
GREENAWALT
BOOSHUP
JONES, R.
RAWLINGS

Company “D”

Captain .................. Anna Lewis
First Lieutenant .......... Pauline Layman
Second Lieutenant ...... Delucia Fletcher

Sergeants

BISHOP
SIMPSON
SWECKER
BRILL
DOUGHTY

Corporals

PAGE
CASH
HINTON
SHORT
COWLING
HARNESBERGER
Lanier Literary Society

Motto

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

Colors
Violet and White

Flower
Violet

Officers

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Quarter</th>
<th>Second Quarter</th>
<th>Third Quarter</th>
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<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>Mamie Omohundro</td>
<td>Ada Lee Berrey</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>Dorothy Lacy</td>
<td>Jean Nicol</td>
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<tr>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>Rebecca Goldman</td>
<td>Rosalie Brock</td>
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<tr>
<td>Treasurer</td>
<td>Ruth Rodes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Critic</td>
<td>Ada Lee Berrey</td>
<td>Ruth Wallace</td>
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</tbody>
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Members

ELIZABETH BARBOUR
ADA LEE BERREY
ELIZABETH BLACK
MINNIE BOWMAN
ROSALIE BROCK
MARY DAVIDSON
HAZEL DAVIS
LUCILLE FAGG
LUCIE FARRAR
DELCIA FLETCHER
MARY GREENAWALT
REBECCA GOLDMAN
CATHERINE HARRISON
LOUISE HAWKINS
MARY HAWKINS
LOIS HENDERSON

DOROTHY LACY
ETHEL LANIER
RUTH MARSHALL
PAULINE MILEY
MARY NASH
ELIZABETH NICOL
JEAN NICOL
MAMIE OMOHUNDRO
PEARLE POTTER
ANNE POTTERFIELD
RUTH RODES
MARY SEEBERT
MINNIE SHAW
CARRIE SPRADLIN
RUTH WALLACE
MIRIAM WALTERS

MISS ELIZABETH P. CLEVELAND
ADVISORY MEMBER
Lanier Literary Society
Lee Literary Society

Colors
Gold and Gray

Flower
White Carnation

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

Officers

First Quarter  
President ............... Gaylord Gibson  
Vice-President ........... Genoa Swecker  
Secretary ................. Marie Scribner  
Treasurer ................. Mary Stallings  
Critic  ................. Ruth Witt

Second Quarter
President  ...................... Jo Warren  
Vice-President  ............. Robbie Dart  
Secretary  ............... Sue Foster  
Treasurer .................. Margaret Coleman  
Critic .................. Ruth Witt

Third Quarter
President  ............... Kathleen Prince  
Vice-President  ............ Sallie Browne  
Secretary  ................. Edna Scribner  
Treasurer ................ Nella Roark  
Critic  ................ Carrie Bishop

Members

First Quarter
ANNA ALLEN  
MARGARET B.  
CARRIE BISHOP  
ANNIE BROWN  
SALLIE BROWNE  
EVELYN BUCHANAN  
MAYTE BURNS  
RUTH CALHOUN  
ELLEN CAMPBELL  
LUCILE CAMPBELL  
KATHERINE CANNON  
ETHEL CHANNING  
MARGARET COLEMAN  
BEULAH CRIGLER  
NELL CRITZER  
ROBBIE DART  
MAY DAVIS  
SUE FOSTER  
GAYLORD GIBSON  
EFFIE GOODE  
LOUISE HARWELL  
MAUDE KELLY  
ADA KEMP

Second Quarter
REBA KRAMAR  
PAULINE LAYMAN  
DAISY M'ENALLY  
LUCILLE M'DLING  
MARION MARSHALL  

Third Quarter
ELIZABETH MILLER  
GRACE MILTON  
LOUISE MILTON  
PHYLLIS PAGE  
ETHEL PARROTT  
KATHLEEN PRINCE  
MARGARET PROCTOR  
MARGARET PRUFER  
NELLA ROARK  
FRANCES ROLSTON  
EVA ROOSHUP  
EDNA SCRIIBNER  
MARIE SCRIIBNER  
MARY STALLINGS  
GENOA SWECKER  
VERLIE STORY  
JO WAREEN  
CARRIE WATSON  
MARCIA WHITE  
MARGUERITE WHITNEY  
MAY WILLIAMS  
RUTH WITT

Dr. J. W. Wayland
ADVISORY MEMBER

Waiting List

CARRIE BOWMAN  
ELISIE BURTNER  

ELIZABETH SLATER  
RUTH WESTMORELAND
John W. Wayland, B. A., Ph. D.
Honorary Member of Lee Society
Stratford Literary Society

“Allo the world’s a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players.”

Colors
Pink and Green

Flower
Primrose

Officers

First Quarter  
President .... Dorothis Spooner
Vice-President  Mary Elizabeth Nichols
Secretary ...... Pauline Callender
Treasurer ...... Mary Alice Hodges
Critic ......... Annie Dowell

Second Quarter  
President ...... Mary Elizabeth Nichols
Vice-President  Winifred Simpson
Secretary ...... Jaqueline McCown
Treasurer ...... Mary Alice Hodges
Critic .......... Dorothy Spooner

Third Quarter  
President ...... Loelouise Edwards
Vice-President  Louise Shumadine
Secretary ...... Eloise Hinton
Treasurer ...... Mary Alice Hodges
Critic .......... Frances Kemper

Members

Evelyn Alexander  
Virginia Andes  
Nancy Baker  
Gertrude Bowler  
Helen Bowman  
Tita Bland  
Ruby Brill  
Mae Brindel  
Esther Buckley  
Elizabeth Callender  
Pauline Callender  
Annie Dowell  
Loelouise Edwards  
Grace Fisher  
Mary Follard  
Goldie Hammer  
Ray Hanger  
Hazel Haun  
Eloise Hinton  
Mary Alice Hodges  
Ruth Holland  
Ethel Kaufman  
Frances Kemper  
Miriam Jones  

Pauline Johnson  
Anna Lewis  

Mr. James C. Johnston  
Advisory Member

Waiting List

Louise Houston
P. W. C. A.

Motto

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

Cabinet 1918-19

SALLIE BROWNE .................................................. President
MARY STALLINGS .................................................. Vice-President
RUTH RODES .................................................. Secretary
GENOA SWECKER .................................................. Treasurer

Chairmen of Committees

KATHERINE CANNON ........................................ Alumnae
RUTH RODES ........................................ Association News
RUTH CALHOUN ........................................ Bible Study
GENOA SWECKER ........................................ Finance
MARY STALLINGS ........................................ Membership
MARGARET COLEMAN ........................................ Missionary
RAY HANGER ........................................ Religious Meetings
HELEN HOPKINS ........................................ Social

Advisory Member

MISS NATALIE LANCASTER

Annual Member

NELL CRITZER

Officers 1919-20

LELOUISE EDWARDS ........................................ President
MAY WILLIAMS ........................................ Vice-President
PAULINE JOHNSON ........................................ Secretary
MARGARET BEAR ........................................ Treasurer
Student Association

Officers

ANNA LEWIS ................................................. President
MARGARET PROCTOR ........................................ Vice-President
RUTH WALLACE ............................................. Secretary

Members of Executive Board

Seniors

GAYLORD GIBSON
MARY LANCASTER

GENOA SWECKER
MARY ELIZABETH NICHOLS

Juniors

MARGARET BEAR

SARAH WILSON
LELOUISE EDWARDS

Sophomore-Specials

LUCILLE MCCLUNG
ELIZABETH CALLENDER

LOUISE HOUSTON
MARGARET LEWIS
The Slacker's Lament

CRUEL Time, to pass forever on!
    Give back to me, give back to me that Chance
Which I once lost.—Is it forever gone?—
    To bear relief to weary, glorious France,
To heed the cries for help from overseas,
    To keep my manhood and my country's shore!
Have I, who clung to self and life of ease,
    Thus lost myself and peace forevermore?

Even if a Brother, Son of Man, who died,
    Wash out that word, "Forever," from my brow,
And bring me help that I to men denied—
    How can I, Savior, bear the Now, the Now!

—E. M.
Field Day
MAY 17
Basket Ball Game
Juniors
Tennis Tournament
Seniors
Awarding of Loving Cups

May Day
SENIOR CLASS, 1919
MAY POLE HILL
SATURDAY EVENING, 7:00 o'clock
Flowers and Keepers of the Garden

Song—Lullaby Land
Song and Dance of Grecian Maids

Song—Happy May Day
Procession of Heralds
Entrance of Queen and Attendants

Song—Hail to Our Floral Queen
Crowning of Queen
Dance of Violets
Dance of Daffodils

Song—Lovely Spring
Dance of Ragged Robins
Dance of Apple Blossoms and Spring
Winding of May Pole
Dance of Grecian Maids
Recessional
Athletic Council

Officers

MERLA MATTHEWS ........................................... President
DELCIA FLETCHER ........................................... Vice-President
RUTH WALLACE ............................................... Secretary
RUTH SULLIVAN ............................................... Treasurer

Members

ELIZABETH BLACK  CYNTHIA MAYS  WINNIE SIMPSON
ELIZABETH CALLENDER  ETHEL PARROTT  RUTH SULLIVAN
DELCIA FLETCHER  MARGARET PROCTOR  RUTH WALLACE

Basket Ball Schedule

November 22: Old—New ........................................ 28—0
January 17: Junior—Sophomore ............................ 15—0
February 7: Post-Graduate—Junior ....................... 13—10
February 14: Senior—Sophomore ......................... 45—2
February 28: Senior—Post-Graduate ..................... 28—18
March 14: Post-Graduate—Sophomore ................... 35—0
April 4: First Senior—Junior Game ...................... 14—2
April 23: Championship Senior—Junior Game .......... 19—6
Post-Graduate Basket Ball Team

Forwards

NELL CRITZER

CARRIE BISHOP

PAULINE LAYMAN

Center

MERLA MATTHEWS

Guards

DELUCIA FLETCHER

ESTHER BUCKLEY

Captain

DELUCIA FLETCHER

Substitutes

PAULINE MILEY

DOROTHY SPOONER
Senior Basket Ball Team

Captain
WINNIE SIMPSON

Forwards
PAULINE CALLENDER
WINNIE SIMPSON

Center
ETHEL PARROTT

Guards
RUBY BRILL

Substitutes
ELIZABETH BLACK  EMILY DOUGHTY  MINNIE SHAW  CARRIE SNYDER

ANNA LEWIS
Junior
Basket Ball
Team

Forwards
RUTH SULLIVAN
NELLA ROARK

Center
ETHEL KAUFMAN

Guards
ROSA HEIDELBERG
MARGARET PROCTOR

Substitutes
CLARE HARNISBERGER
CLARA LAMBERT
GLADYS YOWELL
Sophomore-Special Basket Ball Team

Captain
CYNTHIA MAYS

Forwards
ELIZABETH CALLENDER
RACHEL WOLFE

Center
CYNTHIA MAYS

Guards
ALBERTA RODES
BRENDA ELLIOTT

Substitutes
FRANCES BUCKLEY
MARY DAVIDSON
MARGARET LEWIS

REBA KRAMAR
VIRGINIA SPITLER
Pinquet Tennis Club

Motto
Go and play

Colors
Red and White

Officers

REBECCA JONES .................................................. President
MAY WILLIAMS .................................................. Vice-President
RUTH WITT .................................................. Secretary-Treasurer

Members

ESTHER BUCKLEY
PAULINE CALLENDER
MARGARET COWLING
RUTH DEAHL
DELUCIA FLETCHER
CLARE HARNESBERGER
ELOISE HINTON
MARY ALICE HODGES
MILDRED JONES
REBECCA JONES
ETHEL KAUFMAN
FRANCES KEMPER
MARY LANCASTER
ANNA LEWIS
KATHERINE LEWIS
CLARA MENZEL

EMILY NICHOLS
MARY ELIZABETH NICHOLS
MARGARET NORFLEET
ELSIE RANES
HARRIETT SHORT
RUTH WALLACE
MAY WILLIAMS
RUTH WITT
Racket Tennis Club

Motto

"Root, little pig, or die."

Colors

Red and Blue

Officers

First Quarter
President .............. Merla Matthews
Vice-President ....... Helen Hopkins
Secretary-Treasurer . Ethel Parrott

Second Quarter
Ethel Parrott
Rachel Rodgers
Ruth Sullivan

Third Quarter
Elizabeth Black
Winnie Simpson
Clara Lambert

Members

First Quarter
Evelyne Alexander
Sallie Bell
Carrie Bishop
Elizabeth Black
Tita Bland
Gertrude Bowler
Catherine Cash
Beulah Crigler
Mary Folliard
Rosa Heidelberg

Second Quarter
HELEN HOPKINS
Jane Kane
Maude Kelly
Clara Lambert
Merla Matthews
Roberta Moore
Annie Moseley
Irene Norwood
Phyllis Page
Ethel Parrott
Katherine Pettus

Third Quarter
Anne Potterfield
Jane Rawlings
Rachel Rodgers
Winnie Simpson
Dorothy Spooner
Lutie spots
Frances Stell
Eva Lily Sullivan
Ruth Sullivan
Virginia Zirkle
Dietetics

They tell me new methods now govern the cooking,

That housekeeping fashions have changed in our time;
That low is the rank of the taste backward turning

To flesh-pots of Egypt and plum pudding prime,
And quite out of date is thick beefsteak with onions,

For Hoover declares it an insult to health;
But oh, the fine taste of it! Rare, haunting smell of it!

(Even though the price of it takes all our wealth)

Health or no health.

In Europe of food Mr. Hoover was dreaming,

And I too was dreaming of good things to eat;
And, doubt it who will, yet those two dreams were matching,

As out in vain fancy they wafted to meet—

'Twas sugary, heavy things, spicy, expensive,

Deliciously crisp from the oven or pan.

So rich food I hail it, though chemists assail it,

(For oatmeal and prunes are an insult to man)

Get it who can.

—Edna Scribner
THE SCRAP BAG
Mamie Omohundro  
MOST ORIGINAL

Emily Doughty  
POSSessor of  
MOST BEAUTIFUL  
HAIR

Sallie Browne  
MOST DEPENDABLE

Mary Stallings  
MOST DOMESTIC

Ruth Wilt  
MOST MUSICAL

Ethel Kaufman  
BIGGEST BLUFFER
Virginia Zirkle
MOST MILITARY

Jane Rawlings
BIGGEST FLIRT

Elizabeth Black
BEST DANCER

Winifred Simpson
MOST ATTRACTIVE

Harriet Short
BIGGEST TALKER

Elizabeth Barbour
BEST NATURED
OUR ANGEL OF MERCY
Ups and Downs

THE HORSEBACK CLUB
The Initiation
ONE on, Uncle Nat, leave that buggy tire alone and shoe my horse in a hurry,” called the boy as he jumped from his smart little buggy.

“Go on ’way from here. I ain’t got no time to be a-foolin’ with you. It’s late now, and this here tire is got to be done before dark. Them mules is got to be shod for Genie, too.”

“Deacon, have a heart. I have a date to take my girl to the dance, and the horse can’t go until she’s shod,” pleaded Giles.

“I ain’t thinkin’ ’bout you. All you’re doin’ is rolickin’—talkin’ ’bout drivin’ that little colt all the way to Stony Point in the mud. Young folks these days is a caution.”

The little gray-haired darkey continued his tapping on the broken tire.

“You go back about forty years, Uncle Nat, and remember yourself at Christmas. I bet you had all the girls around looking at you. I haven’t but one, and don’t want any more. Be a sport. ‘Christmas comes but once a year.’”

The darkey’s eyes twinkled with the light from by-gone days, and he straightened up, forgetful of the buggy tire. Giles took advantage of the moment. “By the way, I want to pay you for that last work you did, too. How much will it be in all?”

Uncle Nat led the way through the dilapidated old blacksmith shop into a bare shed on the rear side. There, on the sandy ground, he kept his accounts. Each credit customer had his own little block; a stick was the recording pen. As for the code—only the old negro knew that. But he knew it so well that a mistake was seldom made.

“Now go on, you good-lookin’ rascal,” he said, after the little account had been settled and the colt fitted for travel.

Giles turned his horse’s head toward the village store. There he was hailed by his chum, Harry. Every one seemed to be having trouble over horses. There was none to be had.

“What am I to do? I must go to the dance—and no way!” mourned Harry.

“Try Uncle Nat,” suggested Giles.

“I have his horse is out, and his wife never hires hers.”

“You talk to Uncle Nat right nice, and I bet he will let you have Gay.”

“That wife of his would get the rolling pin after him,” said Harry, but his face brightened with an idea.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The highly ornamented clock was striking ten that night. Uncle Nat was wandering through boyhood days in slumberland.

“Nathaniel! Nathaniel!” called a shrill voice from below, where Aunt Milly had been entertaining her friends.

“What you want?”—the man came back to earth with a start.

“Did you turn Gay out in the pasture?”

“Er-er—Gay’s all right,” was the mumbled reply.

As the old darkey settled down for sleep again, he murmured, while a sheepish grin spread over his face, “Now, I don’t know what Saint Peter’s goin’ to say to me for whippin’ the Devil aroun’ the stump that a-way, but I do know that them chilluns is havin’ a good time—and Gay won’t be none the worse.”

—Marie Scribner
The Flu

(With Apologies to James Whitcomb Riley)

He Flu came to the Normal once,
And oh, my lawzy-daisy!
All the folks around the place
Were jist a-runnin' crazy.
Dr. Sanger was the first,
And then came Mr. Burruss;
They put the school in quarantine
And made it lonesome fer us.

The infirmary soon was overrun;
We had to "flu" to Jackson;
Miss Godfrey stuck right on the job,
Not ever once relaxin'.
Till she, at last, fell by the way—
And sent for Dr. Deyerle.
He took her temperature with the rest
And bossed her 'round entirely.

And folks kep' ketchin' that-'ere germ,
And everybody wondered
Who'd be the next to go to bed—
I bet there wuz a hundred.
The P-G's were the chosen class
That wouldn't have it near 'em;
Miss Hudson and Miss Hoffman too—
That Flu, it couldn't skeer 'em.

Then Mr. Burruss sent us home
To stay until November.
We learned some things before we left,
But what—we can't remember.
The Flu's gone from the Normal now,
But oh, my lawzy-daisy!
The faculty's workin' us to death,
'N oh, we're almost crazy!

—Virginia Zirkle
A Toast to Toast

By a "Flu" Convalescent

UR hearts leap up as we behold
Our dinner coming near;
Within us throbs a wild, wild hope,
But also there's a fear.
'Tis surely beefsteak, juicy, rare,
And biscuit hot we smell!—
But when the nurse stood by the bed,
Our hopes they downward fell.
For on the tray, for all to see,
Were toast and soup once more;
And a moan went up and a groan came down—
We'd had these o'er and o'er.

O Toast, we fain would grateful be
And drain this cup of soup to thee,
Old Toast that would not let us die
When we with "Flu" did groaning lie;
But now we're almost well—goodby!
Forgive us if we call thee dry.

—Nella Roark
Bringing It South

AST summer when I was leaving Utica, New York, I was given a delicate piece of bric-a-brac to bring to my mother. Fearing to risk it to the tender mercies of my trunk, I carefully consigned it to my grip, resolving that the heretofore willingly relinquished bag should not leave my charge. That I crossed the Mason and Dixon Line with that resolution unbroken is a monument to the grimness of my determination. The importunities of the porters annoyed at every step.

I reached Washington fatigued and weary. No welcoming face greeted me as I stepped from the train. The slippery platform with its interminable length stretched before me. My arm throbbed—the grip seemed suddenly to treble its weight—and when a man, middle-aged and radiating respectability, offered, in his soothing southern voice, to bring my bag up to the station, I gladly released it to his care.

I was following along at a leisurely pace, when I noticed that he was handling my piece of baggage in an alarmingly careless fashion.

“Oh, sir!” I exclaimed, rushing up to him, “I have something in there that will break.”

Imagine my utter consternation when he, with a significant glance at his own suit-case, replied, “That’s all right, Miss. I have some, too.”

Gertrude Bowler
THE
SCHOOL
SONG BOOK

MADE ON THE CAMPUS
Degree Class Song

Tune: We Ain’t Got Weary Yet

Oh, we ain’t got learnin’ yet!
No, we ain’t got learnin’ yet!
Been goin’ to the Normal all these years,
All the time a-tremblin’ with fears,
’Cause we ain’t got learnin’ yet,
And we never will, you bet.
Why, all the faculty every day
Think that all we do is play,
And many a time you hear them say,
“Oh, you ain’t got learnin’ yet.”

Post-Graduate Songs

Class Song

Tune: Little Liza Jane

I
We have a class of ten and three,
Post-Graduate Class!
We’re as happy as can be,
Post-Graduate Class!

Refrain
Oh, Post-Graduate, Post-Graduate Class,
Ray!
Oh, Post-Graduate, Post-Graduate Class!

II
We walk a road that’s long and rough,
Post-Graduate Class!
By next year we’ll have enough,
Post-Graduate Class!

III
Our ambitions are so high,
Post-Graduate Class!
We won’t stop till we reach the sky,
Post-Graduate Class!

IV
We get our degrees next spring,
Post-Graduate Class!
Then we’ll all join hands and sing,
Post-Graduate Class!

Loyalty

Tune: All Through the Night

To the Class of Nineteen Twenty
We will be true;
Love and honor we will give thee—
To thee be true;
While from school life blessings reaping,
Blue and White with honors heaping,
Every day forever keeping
Loyal to thee.

Though we strive to win thee glory,
We will be true;
In our work, in song or story,
We will be true;
Years our friendship cannot sever;
We will love each other ever—
Through the ages be forever
Loyal to thee.
Senior Songs

Class Song

Tune: Canoeing Song

Hail, fair Alma Mater, thou parent of our noblest thought;
Graciousness and love of truth thy purity has taught;
In great Joan's shadow our ideals have grown brave and true,
To the world we'll go to gather praise and honor—both for you.

Tiptoe we're standing looking ahead
At the future to be unfolded;
Though hearts are dancing,
And life's entrancing,
Backward we're glancing.
Alma Mater,
Shine e'er afar,
Be our guiding star!
For so truly our lives you've moulded,
Now we are leaving.
Hearts are grieving
As from thy halls we go.

Junior Class Song

Tune: The Stars and Stripes Forever

Other classes may deem their girls the best,
And praise them on every occasion;
But the class that we love above the rest
Is the Twenty Class, that needs no persuasion.

Chorus
Then hurrah for the Junior lass!
Through thick and thin she will stand by her class;
The honor of the school is dear;
She'll uphold it, far and near.
She'll fight every battle to the end;
Her help she will always lend;
Then give us a hand and a cheer;
The Junior lass, the Junior Class, is always here!

Senior Spirit

Senior spirit never dead—
Dat ball's gwine rise again!
Hit 'em in de mouth
And knock 'em in de head;
Dat ball's gwine rise again!
I know it! 'Deed I know it!
People, I know it! Ray!
Dat ball's gwine rise again!

A Bunch of Girls

Tune: An' Everything

Here comes a bunch of girls that can play ball—
An' everything!
To beat the Senior team is aw'fly hard—
An' everything!
And if those Juniors win tonight,
They'll surely have to fight
Because we've got a bunch of girls that can play ball—
An' everything!

Junior Songs

Basket Ball Song

Tune: K-K-K-Katy

J-J-J-Juniors! J-J-J-Juniors!
You're the only c-c-c-class that I adore!
When the t-t-team comes
Out on the floor,
You will see the J-J-J-Juniors
Make a score!

Chorus
Juniors will shine tonight—
Juniors will shine!
Juniors will shine tonight
All down the line.
They're all dressed up tonight;
That's one good sign.
When the sun goes down
And the moon comes up,
Juniors will shine!
Sophomore Songs

Class Song

TUNE: Long Boy

The Sophomore class at Blue Stone Hill
Always works with a right good will;
For we'll be schoolma'ams some bright day,
And then, be sure, we'll have our say.
We love Lucille, our president;
We help Babe Menzel pay the rent.
We Sophomores will never stop
Till all of us go over the top.

REFRAIN:

Give three cheers for the Sophomore,
Three loud cheers and one cheer more!
We'll stick to work, tho' hard our fate,
For in 'twenty-one we'll graduate.
Rugged the way, yet still we climb;
We shall arrive when comes our time;
We'll be Juniors and Seniors soon;
Then we'll sing another tune.

There's lot of fun at Blue Stone Hill;
We may get beat in basket ball,
But there'll be a time we'll show them all.
We go to the "Gym" just twice a week
And no one there would call us meek;
When Miss Hudson calls for the "Highland Fling"
'Tis then we make the old "Gym" ring!

A Toast

TUNE: Maryland, My Maryland

Here's to the Class of Twenty-one,
Sophomores! O Sophomores!
The finest found beneath the sun!
Sophomores! O Sophomores!
A class that has a spirit true,
A loyalty and honor too!
Hail to our colors, red and blue!
Sophomores! O Sophomores!

The Sophomores shall lead the way;
Sophomores! O Sophomores!
No task, though hard, shall make them stay,
Sophomores! O Sophomores!
Some day the Sophs will find release,
Some day the fight for learning cease.
And then we all shall live in peace—
Sophomores! O Sophomores!

We're Coming

TUNE: Old Black Joe

Gone are the days when the Sophs were young and small;
Gone are the days when we thought we knew it all;
Gone is the ease that we once had known before;
We hear the other classes calling,
O Sophomore!

We're coming, we're coming,
For our grades show rising score;
We hear the dear old Seniors calling
O Sophomore!

Glee Club Song

Glee Club girls, happy are we;
Our lives are full of sweet melody.
None near us can be sad long;
We change their sorrow into song.
From early morn till end of day
We sing so lightly—tra la la lay!
Thus a merry trill
Rings on Blue Stone Hill
From every Glee Club girl.

Glee Club girls, happy are we;
Only the bright side of life we see.
Earthly cares and woes we scoff;
We wear the smile that won't come off.
Trials and troubles, sorrow, away!
Sing and be merry—tra la la lay!
Tho this world is sad,
All our hearts are glad.
For we are the Glee Club Girls.
School Songs

Blue Stone Hill

Tune: Juanita

I
Fair on yon mountain
Gleams the light of morning skies;
Firm on yon hill crest
Blue stone towers rise.
Proudly waves Old Glory,
White and red and blue above,
Writ with freedom's story,
Sign of truth and love.

Chorus
Mater, Alma Mater,
Though afar we bless thee still;
And may love forever
Smile on Blue Stone Hill.

II
Far o'er the Valley,
When at eve the world is still,
Shine through the gloaming
Lights of Blue Stone Hill.
Thus afar out-streaming,
O'er the land and o'er the sea,
Like the stars e'er gleaming,
May thy glory be.

III
Queen of the Valley,
Alma Mater, thou shalt be;
Round thee shall rally
Those who honor thee.
All thy daughters loyal,
One in heart and one in will,
Many gifts and royal
Bring to Blue Stone Hill.

IV
Noon, night, and morning
We attend thy signal bell,
True to its warning
Till we say farewell.
Through the years swift winging,
Oft will come with a quickening thrill—
In the soul still ringing,
Bells of Blue Stone Hill!

Shendo Land

Tune: Dixie

I wish I was at the school in Shendo,
Good times dar'nt seem to end, so
Look away, look away, look away,
Shendo land.

In Shendo land dey is bow' to ketch you
If yo' beau done come to fetch you,
Look away, look away, look away,
Shendo land.

Chorus
Den I wish I was in Shendo, Hooray! Hooray!
In Shendo land I'll take my stand,
To lie and die in Shendo,
Away, away, away up dar in Shendo!
Away, away, away up dar in Shendo!

Dem blue stone walls at the school in Shendo
Mighty fine, fer de Gub'ner said so;
Look away, look away, look away,
Shendo land.

Dem red tile roofs look kinder bumpshus;
Jined wid de blue stone, ain't dey scrumpshus?
Look away, look away, look away,
Shendo land.

(Chorus)

Den go 'way skeeter, don't you pester,
B. an' O. an' de Ches'peake Wester,
If yo' beau done come to fetch you,
Shendo land.

I'se gwine ter choose fer de silber casket—
Lam dat ball right through de basket!—
Look away, look away, look away,
Shendo land.

(Chorus)
Who Saved Liberty?

Who saved her life 'mid deadly strife,
When Wrong was painted fair
And boasted worth upon the earth
And in the sea and air?

Was it dear France, with Joan's lance,
On many a storied field?
Or Belgium, with stirring drum,
Who dying would not yield?

Was't Britain bold, where kings of old
Were crowned but men were free?
Whence every tide has carried wide
The sons of Liberty?

Was't Italy, where gallantry
Leaped up to shining heights,
And showed again in valiant men
How Caesar's host still fights?

Was't Australia or Canada,
With banners out the sea,
Whose legions came like leaping flame
To fight for Liberty?

Was't Serbia small, whose mountains tall
Stand, like her spirit free,
To kiss the sky when heroes die
And laugh at tyranny?

Was't Russia great, whose ship of state
Was wrecked by traitor hands,
But whose true life, in mortal strife,
Was brave for many lands?

What shall we say? Was't far Cathay—
The good will of Japan—
That barred the East to Gorgon feast
And liberated man?

Or shall it be that Liberty
Will speak my country's name,
When Truth shall fly through starry sky
To set her seal on Fame?

"What is the truth?" cries eager Youth;
"Who did save Liberty?"
Speak out each name—tell all to Fame:
Each, all, saved Liberty!

—John W. Wayland
Our British Guest

Major C. E. King, of the Royal Field Artillery of the British army, was the first messenger who came to us from the front—the first to bring to us vividly and personally what trench life was, what victory is, what defeat might have been. Hence the memory of his visit stands very close to our thoughts of the great war and the great peace.

I am deeply touched by your letter of Dec 21st which has only just reached me. The visit pleased me very much. Amidst all the many pleasant memories of my visit to the U.S. the few hours I was privileged to spend in your delightful School will always rank very high. I am enclosing you a photograph but it is not a very good one I am afraid. Don’t bother to return it.

Sincerely and sincerely yours,

C. E. King

Major R. F. A.
THE MAID OF FRANCE IN OUR MIDST
Miss Julia McCorkle of the U. S. Army Nurses' Corps, came back to us from her trying and terrible hospital experiences at the front, bringing the merriest, most gladsome account of herself, as if it were no trouble at all, but the merest matter of course, to be a heroine.

Lieutenant John East our neighbor of Augusta County, after a fine war record as aerial observer within the enemies' lines, brought home to us in his talk as no other has done a sense of our deep debt to his comrades who sleep in Flanders Fields.
Spring and a Young Man’s Fancy

The big guns had just begun their twilight firing. The soft spring night drifted over the trenches, bringing with it from an unknown somewhere a faint odor of violets and fragmentary memories of other such evenings—so long ago they seemed to him now—with their mad joyousness of the spring time, and their glow of a youthful love. What depths he had read in her brown eyes! How sweet and fresh her curved lips had been! And that indefinable faint perfume of violets that clung to his memories of her!

“Private Herman, you will accompany me on guard duty in No Man’s Land tonight. We start at eight.”

At this terse statement his whole world shifted. He saluted his corporal, the thrill of the present situation entirely submerging his dream.

“Yes, sir,” he answered promptly, all the while trying to figure out whether it was the cannon or his heart that was making such an outlandish noise.

That stretch of land over on the other side of the parapet had always fired his imagination and caused him to long for its adventures and thrills. His ambition was at last to be satisfied. For just a moment his fancy saw the pointed cap of a Hun, and a cold steel blade dangled before his vision. He shook himself and wondered how the deep brown eyes would look if she knew he had had even such a momentary qualm.

The twilight had deepened into night. His eyes traced a big star-shell across the sky. It seemed queer that the air was so soothingly warm. He had always associated brilliant fireworks with the cold of Christmas or the intense heat of July.

“Come, pard.”

All preparations had been quickly and noiselessly made beforehand. So they cautiously crawled over the side of the trench.

What awaited them in that foul field? However, there was no time to speculate now. They had crawled about twenty feet, and by that time their eyes had become accustomed to the darkness. Curious shapes, shrouded in shadows, loomed up all around.
“What’s that?” came the sharp whisper of the corporal. A figure crouched ominously about fifteen feet away.

“He moved his hand then,” said Herman softly but excitedly, jumping to a quick conclusion.

“Go slow, and stick close to me,” ordered the corporal in hushed tones.

The sky became a vivid red, and they pressed their bodies close to the earth so quickly that for the minute the tantalizing figure was completely forgotten. As the lights died out, the corporal shouted in a whisper, “Did you look?”

“No!”

“By Jove, why didn’t we? That was a foolish stunt.”

“Look, he has changed his position!” came from the observant Herman; and on second thought he added, “Maybe he’s one of us.”

“Snow—snow—snow—” went the corporal’s guarded challenge distinctly, punctuated by an expectant pause between the words. This was easily audible to the figure, but no response came.

Both minds were full of wild speculations. Could any sound be interpreted as the second syllable of the password snow-ball? The baffling uncertainty of the situation urged them on.

“Move up closer. Use your head, and we ought to be able to take him alive.”

They eased up nearer, and stopped about ten feet from him. “Halt! Halt! Halt!” went the command. The figure made no move. “Make a dive forward, and we’ll take him alive,” whispered the corporal.

In a flash, and unbidden, came the thought of the brown eyes. Would she be proud to know that he had captured a German? Herman hoped fervently that the German was an officer. He preferred a high officer.

They dashed toward the Hun. Once more the field was illuminated; and this time, casting discretion to the winds, they both stood stock-still in the middle of the field and stared. In place of their German officer a huge old gnarled stump placidly squatted on the field, unmindful of Hun and Ally alike.

The bullets began to whiz past Herman right and left; and as he ran for the nearest shell hole, the brown eyes again came before him. Mingled with that other look there was a merry twinkle.
As They Might Like to See Themselves
# PROGRAM CARD

Miss. Norma L. Junior  
Quarter: 1918-19  
Session: Wrong

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Sl. 9-14-17 - 2.00
HAMLIN GARLAND

We Come into Touch With a Man of Vital Soul

A master hand played on the human organ and drew forth satisfying responses as Hamlin Garland introduced us to some of his friends and told simply and humbly of his life, which was a contradiction of the sublime and the ridiculous. A quiet humor pervaded his whole discourse. From the boom! boom! boom! of the first prairie cock heard in the early spring, when the sun was going down in a blur of orange, he suddenly switched us off to a story of "them cows." Each one of us felt an indescribable kinship to this personality who had so clearly realized that only in humility there is power.

A WITTICISM

We know Ruth Witt will make a hit this year, on the Annual Staff, for she has wit and that it is wit always brings the laugh.

--G. B.

FACULTY MEETING

Annual Staff Protest

Reforms Inaugurated

An important meeting of the Normal School Faculty was held last Saturday morning. It had been booked for the evening before, but was postponed on account of the vaudeville performance at the Virginia Theatre.

Delay at Outset

Owing to his habit of lingering over his breakfast, Mr. Burruss was late. The brief interval of waiting was pleasantly occupied by the teachers in dancing and singing the latest songs. Dr. Wayland called the roll, and all were present except Miss Corbett, who was away on a tour of inspection, and Miss Cleveland, who had chaperoned a horsebacking party the evening before.

President's Arrival Inopportune

It is rumored that Mr. Burruss's entrance occasioned considerable perturbation, as Mr. Chappelear had just been instructing Miss Hudson in jazz dancing. With some difficulty the president succeeded in obtaining order, and asked for the record of the previous meeting. Dr. Wayland had neglected to bring the minute-book, so this was postponed.

Delegates State Grievance

Two representatives from the Annual Staff—Misses Wallace and Hinton—were given a hearing. On behalf of the editors they requested that the faculty be less clamorous in its deliberations, as the noise had proved very distracting to the thinkers in the Annual Staff room, immediately below. The plea was construed as insubordination, and was summarily refused.

Report From Standing Committee

The Committee on Providing Amusement for Students suggested that Miss Mackey and Miss Cleveland should room in the same building, that their daily sprints to breakfast might be conducted on the same speedway. This idea was commended to the contestants.

Early Adjournment

As Mr. Burruss suddenly recalled that he had a pressing engagement with his tailor, he precipitately closed the deliberations, and the meeting broke up in disorder.

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

There will be no Special English!!! We shall be browsing around under the shade trees on the campus. We shall not wreck our shoes and dispositions on the boardwalk, but tread firm cement.

We'll have breakfast at nine. The Annual Staff will be excused from all other work. The Student Body will be composed of Critzers, Omohundros, and Witts. We'll all get letters on every mail.

The Normal will be co-educational. Classes will be discontinued entirely in order to leave time for our various projects.

Seniors will have ready-made May-day costumes. Mr. Burruss will chew gum. Miss Lyons will change, like March, from a lion to a lamb. We'll all have P. G. privileges. The gusty winds of Blue Stone Hill will be calmed. Ruth Deahl will stroll leisurely to breakfast.

Mrs. Moody will excuse a class three minutes early. Delucia will walk to school. The Practise House girls will be seen loafing around.

A HISTORY REFERENCE

There is a professor of history: How he knows so much is a mystery; His pupils adore him, And nothing can floor him, And "form" is his greatest "insistory."
THE NOTEBOOK
EDITED BY
THE ANNUAL STAFF
Entered at H. N. S. as First Class Mail

EDITORIAL

Though we have a new Notebook cover this year, we believe that the notes found therein are enough akin to those of former years to make us feel well acquainted.

The workmen have been successfully rehabilitating the campus of Blue Stone Hill for some time. Her shell holes are gradually being filled and her numerous embankments leveled to a normal plane; so we expect her to present a serene and smiling countenance to this year’s alumnae. In time, unsightly mounds shall become smooth, rolling terraces, and the soggy lowland shall blossom forth as a sunken garden, in the midst of which even the impertinent rock-crusher shall be replaced by the less officious and more artistic sundial.

Little purple violets, ragged robins, gay daffodils, and apple blossoms awoke to find themselves in a new world of sunlight and happy people. It was May Day, and everyone was clothed in gay garments. Music and motion alone sufficed to express the joyous rhythm that throbbed through the veins; so the gay flowers danced and sang for their May Queen out in the open air on the soft green grass. Those who looked on were pleased with the beautiful sight of the varied colored flowers as they so gracefully danced and wound the May pole. Such a typical May Day waits to us a breath of the Merrie England of the good old days.

Y. W. HANDBOOK
Advice to New Girls

Always wear or carry your coat or sweater into the library, as Miss Bell likes to see them lying about.
Skip all classes if you like.
Dr. Sanger never minds waiting for you in Orientation; so just take your time.
On Sunday evenings always take a walk down town. Also to the railroad station. Mr. Burruss likes to see you loafing on the street.
Study your lessons on Sunday, as the faculty prefers this.
Never clean up except on Sunday.
Never dust your doors; you might rub the varnish off.
Don’t go to chapel when you have something else to do. No one will report you.

There are no rules to keep you quiet on study nights. Have a glorious, noisy time.

At the sight of “a man” greet him wildly and ecstatically. Invite him to spend a week-end or two in Harrisonburg. Don’t trouble about notifying Miss Corbett or Miss Lancaster, because they are too busy to be bothered by such trifles.

In order to get on the good side of Mr. Burruss, chew all the gum possible, as he believes it to be good exercise for developing a firm, square jaw.

“Girls, please do not dress on the steps. Wait until you get inside the dining room.”—Miss Corbett.

Don’t consider attending church more than once on Sunday. If school duties are pressing, omit church entirely.

A PLEDGE

Normal School, before I go,
Tell me why I love you so!
By those letters not received,
By those tests which have me peeved,
By that double-decker high,
By those sundaeas one must buy,
By those lessons one must do,
By that roommate firm and true,
I shall not forget you—no!
Here’s your health before I go!
—E. S.

Personal Experience of Influenza Victim

Stretcherers have an uncanny effect on me, and when Miss Godfrey phoned to my room that she would supply that means of conveying me to Jackson Hall, I felt the necessity for action. I lost no time in calling into use my own failing powers of locomotion, and tottered without assistance to the aforementioned building, being there enrolled on the sick list.

“Confusion Worse Confounded”

There I found the “flu” and a state of semi-chaos holding a joint session. The victims of the discomforting ailment (save for an occasional prolonged groan) seemed unimpressed or unaware of the intense excitement they had created at H. N. S.

Established in New Quarters

Miss Lyons and her ever-attendant Amos fixed me a bed in Room 36, where there were three other girls, in more or less advanced stages of the malady. In this room I lingered four days; days when the words “No letter for you,” came like a knell to my expectant soul; days of the ever-ready thermometer and fluctuating temperature; days of the inevitable pill; days of moping, when one depended on toast and broth and fainting spells to vary the monotony.

Improvement is Evidenced

Friday I was pronounced out of danger. Joyfully (though somewhat shakily) I left Jackson Hall. Alas! Saturday morning found me in a state of relapse, this time ensconced in the Cottage Infirmary. I had a high temperature—and three companions in misery. Fever by this time seemed to have developed a hot and raging hatred against me; it took three days and the combined efforts of Doctor Deyerle and two nurses to deliver me from its clutches.

WE KNOW

Tell me not in careless numbers
Cramming is a foolish dream;
For the girl is wise who does it—
Tests are harder than they seem.

Tell me not in lofty manner
Training school is but a cinch,
For my sad experience tells me
It is one long, dreadful pinch.
THE FALL INITIATIONS

They rushed in on us late one night
And gave us all an awful fright.
They made us dance, they made us sing,
And say a speech, 'n' everything.
They took us to the big pig pen;
The rain was all that saved us then.
But they had other things in store—
Initiations more and more.
Each new girl had to plait her hair
And slick it back with extra care.
Each new girl surely looked a daisy;
And tuck it back with almo.
The called a conference of peace,
And bade hostilities to cease.

TO A TATTING SHUTTLE

Vainly the teacher's eye
Might mark thy flashing gleam to
do thee wrong,
As, quickly fitting through the maze
Of threads, thou tat'st thy way along.
For days my hands have moved
Thy slender shape through countless
Yards of thread.
By ring and picot hast thou earned
My pledge,
Our War Work Fund hast sped.
All day thy form fias shaped
Me countless dainty rings of
Perfect curves;
Yet stop not, for thy harmless,
Peaceful pace
Doth soothe my jangled nerves.
And now thy form may rest,
For darkness comes space to check
Thy speed;
My hands will miss thy tiny form
Of grace,
Till morning gilds the mead.
—Rosalie Broek

As the lily in its chalice
Holds a wealth of hidden dew,
So your girlhood holds a spirit
That is noble, sweet, and true.
—Marie Scribner.

AN ANNUAL OCCURRENCE

Zirkle said, "Let's all get busy—
Take the photographs first thing;
We can get them off our shoulders
And do other work this spring."
Mr. Furrey scoured the campus
With poor Margaret at his side,
And they snapped each group of posers
That their eager eyes espied.
Girls of every known description
Shivered out there in the cold;
Patiently they stood the staring
Of the camera's eye so bold.
Twice they went through this same process—
The first effort was in vain;
So they posed there, smiling sweetly,
Once again, out in the rain.
Oft they met with stern reverses,
Though they worked hard all the spring.
Chasing people with a camera,
Snapping almost everything.
When 'twas time to print the annual
They'd acquired a goodly store;
But the girls who took the pictures
Sighed and murmured, "Nevermore."
—M. O.

TO MY RADIATOR

You swish and gurgle, purr and splash;
You thunder, thump, and roar;
You rattle, ram, sing, call, and crash;
You whistle, rush up, pour;
And through our dreams you rudely crash
Till we can sleep no more.
—R. R.

THE WAR WORK FUND!

The shades of night were falling fast
As from the Normal laundry past
Elizabeth, in toil well learned,
Who bore a quarter sorely earned,
The War Work Fund!

Her hands were seared; her steps were slow;
She started to iron two hours ago;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
The War Work Fund!

"Scrape tennis courts!" kind Pauline said,
"For there the grass has made a bed."
For twenty cents per hour they worked,
And never once their task they shirked.
The War Work Fund!

"Behold the canna's withered stalks;
Behold the weeds beside the walks."
Then Ruby Brill and friends about
With method dug the canna out.
The War Work Fund!

"Shoe-shine?" says Mamie O. "Your feet
For Practise Teaching must be neat."
Blouses she laundered looked quite nice.
A quarter, cash, was Mamie's price—
The War Work Fund!

Roller, Andes, and Norwood frail
Fine handkerchiefs did make for sale.
Kitchen Police was Pruner soon,
And for her wage wiped many a spoon.
The War Work Fund!

No toil suggested was too great
For students working soon and late.
The victory came as tasks were done,
With eighteen hundred dollars won,
The War Work Fund!

—E. C.

—Effie Goode

SONG OF THE SENIOR

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Senior sat writing her essay
When she should have been in bed.
—E. L.
### A SCHOOLMA'AM SURVEY

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<td>Gracefulness</td>
<td>&quot;Hey, Margaret, any mail for me?&quot;</td>
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### SECONDARY ELECTIONS

(Result of primary elections recorded previously).

Most Popular .......... Dorothy Spooner
Most Beautiful ........ Eloise Hinton
Most Original .......... Elise Loewner
Best-Natured .......... Mary Stallings
Neatest ................ Roberta Moore
Biggest Flirt ........ Tita Bland
Most Athletic .......... Ruth Sullivan
Cutest ................ Mary Stallings
Best Dancer ............ Rachel Rodgers
Biggest Talker .......... Gertrude Bowler
Most Military .......... Merla Matthews
Most Independent ...... Jo Warren
Best All-Round .......... Margaret Proctor
Most Stylish .......... Roberta Moore
Biggest Loafer .......... Dorothy Williams
Most Attractive .......... Elizabeth Black
Most Domestic .......... Elizabeth Nicol
Most Dependable .......... Margaret Proctor
Best Student ............ Nell Critzer
Wittiest .......... Dorothy Spooner
Biggest Bluffer .......... Lutie Spotts

Most Beautiful Hair . . . . . Dorothy Williams
Most Musical .......... Dorothy Williams

### DRILLER'S LINGO

**At Camp Blue Stone**

Maury Hall... Officers' Training Camp
Jackson Hall... Hostess House
Ashby Hall... Second Barracks
The Colonnade... Company Street
Harrison Hall... General Headquarters
Dining Room... Mess Hall
Y. W. C. A. Rooms... "Y" Hut
Miss Corbett's Office... Commissariat
Supply Room... Canteen
Mr. Burruss's Residence
Headquarters of Chief of Staff
The Cottage... Hospital
Practice House... Kitchen Police
Athletic Field... Parade Ground
Campus (Undergoing Improvements)... Trenches

### BIBLIOGRAPHY

- **Personal Equations**
  - Freckles ............... Tita Bland
  - The Song of a Cardinal
    - Dorothy Williams
  - The Hunted Woman .... Miss Lancaster
  - The Turmoil ........... Gertrude Bowler
  - The Major ............. Major King
  - The Hidden Children .. Phyllis and Sue
  - Come Out of the Kitchen... Mary Sox
  - Sunshine Jane ......... Jane Rawlings
  - The Keeper of the Door... Miss Corbett
  - Bab, a Sub-Deb ........ Babe Menzel
  - Court of Inquiry ...... Executive Board
  - The Valiants of Virginia... Alumna Seventeen
  - Elizabeth Barbour
  - The Three Scouts .... Blop, Winnie, and Wallace
  - The Flirt ............. R. L. Moore
  - Partners . Mary Alice and Mary Lizzie
SHOOTING STARS

“What is the prevailing color in lingerie since the influenza interval?”

“Vick’s Yellow.”

Elise: “The chapel bell rang three times before I heard it.”

Hear the ringing of the bells—
Breakfast bells!
What a world of tragedy,
Their brazen note foretells!
When we find we are behind—
Way behind their runic rhyme—
And we know the doors are closing,
By the ringing of the bells!

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We should strive to do our best,
And, departing, leave behind us
Notebooks that will help the rest.

Flustered Girl at Faculty Reception:
“Good morning, Mr. Burruss; let me present Miss Jones.”

New Girl: “Who is business director of this school?”

Old Girl: “Why, Miss Lyons, of course. Haven’t you noticed how faithfully she attends to her job?”

Dr. Wayland in Sociology: “We think a talking machine is a wonderful thing, but any one of you can beat that all to pieces.”

Chronology—Before and After: Hannah B. C. and A. D. Dowell.

—FRANCES KEMPER

TIRED OF HOME

“Say, Jack, what you going to do this evening?”

Jaqueline Abigdon slowed her lagging steps, sighed fretfully, and looked backwards. “What you say? What am I going to do? Well, at present I am going on an exciting errand to Crosby’s to match this abominable little scrap of blue wool. On the way I shall leave this week’s copy of The County Clarion at old Mrs. Ashby’s, and stop at Rachel’s to gaze at the luncheon set she is making, noting each new eyelet. Then I shall carry the precious skein of wool back to Aunt Addie, if I am lucky enough to find it. What you want to know for, Ed Harcourt? Want to walk along with me?”

Thus adjured, Edwin Harcourt, a tall, lean, take-it-easy kind of fellow, rattled some keys in his pocket and answered, “Well, yes. I guess you know I want to. What you so cross for, anyway, Jack?”

Without answering, she stalked on in a disgusted way. Ed, looking more perplexed than ever, strolled up until he was in step with her. For several minutes both walked in silence.

“I say, Jack, what’s wrong? Let’s have a game of tennis after it gets a little cooler.”

“What’s wrong? Ed Harcourt, I’m so disgusted to live.” She came to an abrupt standstill on the walk, “Too disgusted to live, I tell you. What am I disgusted with?—Engleside, home, the tennis court, myself, you, and everything. This is the stalest place and we are the stalest people in the world.”

“I say, Jack,” he began, digging the toe of his shoe between the cracks in the old brick walk.

“Yes, you ‘say.’ What do you or anybody else here ever say worth listening to? I’m going to leave this place, and soon, too.”

She kicked the trunk of the old tree beside her with such force that a shower of half-dead leaves scattered over them. “Yes; I’m going to leave here, and soon, too, before I get as dull as everything else is.”

“You must be sick, Jack. Is the sun too hot or—?”

A slight snort made him look up, and she was gone whirling down the walk. He looked about in amazement.

“I say, Jack—” he called, as she turned the corner.

The next morning the Abigdon family were electrified when Jaqueline defiantly announced that she was going to the city—going to work. Of course they refused, begged, and bribed; but it was of no avail. Jaqueline was determined. She was going to the city, going to see life; and she went.

Eager and confident, she faced the city. Gone was her bored air. Gone was the unhappiness. She was going to see the world, and she was going to live. To her it seemed that everything had been put into the world for her pleasure. Of course all was strange; but soon she would know “lots of people.” The boys were much more wide-awake and interesting looking than Ed. How had she ever laughed at his witticisms and looked forward with pleasure to walking to church with him? Even the thought of it made her feel dull now; but there was something besides dullness here—or, at least, a different dullness.

The days became weeks; the weeks months. Jack was busy learning the city and its people. But it seemed strange that neither wanted to be learned. Both went on their own way, little heeding her. The wonder and joy in her heart were changing to loneliness, and the loneliness to longing—a longing, not for adventure and excitement, but for Engleside, home, tennis, and—Ed. She missed all the slow ways that she had hated and the people she had loved.

The joy that she saw in the big city was not her own, but that of others—of those whom she served from behind the counter of a great store. The life she was living was not hers alone, but the counterpart of that of thousands of other girls. She dared not think of the life she had put behind her.

Today she was tired—mind, body, and soul—more tired than ever before. She was dragging herself along in a way not unlike the day many months ago when she had heard Ed Harcourt calling, “Say, Jack!”— Was she asleep, or was it? Could it be?— “Say, Jack!”

—She listened—There was the same old step. She paused, sighed, and looked back.

“I say, Jack, old girl, you look kinder tired. What’s wrong? Let’s have some dinner. And how about the races? Gee! I’m glad to see you.”

“Oh, Ed, I don’t want a dinner. I don’t want to see the races. I want a chocolate soda at the old Engleside drug store, and a game of tennis. I want to run errands for Auntie, and I want you to go with me. I want to go home.”

“I say, Jack, the very thing! Here,
run and gather up your belongings while I attend to the other things and get the tickets. Hurry. There’s going to be an ice-cream supper tonight at the parsonage. I didn’t want to go at all—by myself.”

—RUTH ROYSTON

A TELEGRAM (Fact)

Five Seniors are ready to go downtown. A junior room-mate is blue. Her permission to attend the V. M. I. hop has arrived too late. She had already written to him that she could not come.

The newly-fledged seniors offer to send a note-letter to the V. M. I. man, telling of granted permission. Junior is much relieved.

Seniors walk down Main Street and around to Western Union office. Find that his name has been left off the message.

“That’s all right,” said Blep, with decision. “Of course it’s John Anderson. She wears his frat pin.”

That settled it. The note-letter was sent.

Ten o’clock finds seniors back at school nonchalantly reporting, “We sent your telegram to John Anderson. Know you’ll have a perfectly lovely time.”

“John Anderson? What shall I do? That is the wrong man! I’m going with Tom!”

Junior spends weary hour and all available cash in “long-distance” phoning. After that, things seem less complicated.

Since her return from Lexington, Kappa Alpha pins and night-letters no longer point two ways.

A CONSOIATION

As I sit at my window reviewing
All the deeds of my life’s young prime,
There’s a thought that is always
Pursuing—
’Tis the way I have wasted my time.

But at school all these tasks that I’m tied to
No temptation afford me to choose;
So I could not waste time if I tried to—
For I can not find any to lose.

—F. O.
These Scenes Have "Flu"
Facts and Figures

INCE only poets write in numbers, we editors 1der in what figures of speech, or in what language save the Arabic, we can sta8 the gr8 and 10der love we bear to our mathematical Miss Lancaster.

Our in10tion 2 put her 1st and 4most we have demon-str8ed by dedic8ing this volume 2 her. Nor would we at this d8 subtract 1 fraction from the full measure of our affection as writ10 on page 2.

Her face value and symmetrical figure 1 our hearts at 1st sight, and it was difficult to assoc8 her with

“The hard-grained muses of the cube and square.”

But now we appreci8 the fact that she is so satur8ed with mathematics that her very fingers are digits and her head a sphere—crowned with sunny locks, all “numbered.” She even talks on the a4said digits and, 2, lightly walks on other digits as she trips from Jackson to Harrison Hall.

How of10 we have watched her in geometry, when, as 10nyson says,

“The circle rounded under female hands
With flawless demonstration.”

but time and space 4bid us 2 speak in any due proportion of her genius.

She is governed by principle, not interest; and when convinced that her angle of view is right, she stands with gr8 40tude “four-square 2 opposition.”

When she levels at you her 4finger—that emphatic digit, that eloquent index of the root of the matter—and asks with in10se earnestness, “Are you honest?” you feel gr8 necessity 4 progression in a str8 line, 4 acting on the square.

Although she is = 2 every occasion and very prompt and firm in insisting that we add sleeves 2 our evening gowns and length to our skirts—applying strict linear measure and reducing them almost 2 feet—although she has 4bidden late hours and eliminated more than 1 up-to-d8 dance, our affection 4 her multiplies in geometric progression from day 2 day.

With her, h8 is an unknown quantity, and love a constant. There is no dis-count upon her present worth; and we would 4cast—would wager 10 to 1, in
fact—that any m8 upon whom f8 might bestow her would be 4tun8 in the highest degree.

Sprung from excellent 4bears and 10ant of a home of gr8 refinement and be9 influences, she goes 4th as a fine exponent of those tr8s of character 4 which Virginia gentlewomen are known throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Her rel0tive memory, her con10ted spirit, her ex10sive culture, her undi- 
ed at10tion 2 duty, added to her in10se interest in the complex problems of our lives, her 10acity of purpose, her freedom from pre10se, her firm practise of the 10ets of her denomination, all 10d to prove that she is a figure to be placed 1 degree beyond us ordi1ary units and common fractions of humanity—that in- 
deed, her locus is found among “the upper ten.”

We can not refrain from adding at this point a few measures in which 1 of our editors of earlier d8 1ce sought to enum8r her arithmetical woes. Subtract a considerable amount from the sum total of misery voiced in these mournful numbers, for the versifier was only speaking figur8ively:

I 1der if 4tune or f8 be9
In10ds that diploma shall ever be mine!
Most difficult subjects I of10 have done,
But hardly get 50 on just this 1;
I’m foremost of all in psychology;
I’ve given at10tion 2 chemistry;
My French I can rattle off 10se by 10se;
Of pedagogy I can catch the nice sense—
Go 4th to my pupils with tender face
And every practise-teaching grace.
My 40tude steady of heart and brain
Has stood the high 10sion of every strain,
But all my 10acity 0 avails—
In ’rithmetic only my reason fails;
I tremble, I shudder, I peak, I pine
In woe that is bitter as strongest qui9;
I’m forfeiting all of the laurels I’ve 1;
I never can pass on it under the sun.
There’s 0 in the world nor, I’m sure, in heaven,
Like MATHEMATICS 47!
A SURVEYING "PARTY"!!

ONE OF THOSE CHARTS

SORT OF BUILDING HAVE YOU?

Johh Doe's School Family

WHERE John Doe GETS THE MONEY
WHY NOT KEEP SIX HENS?

John Doe's School Tax

Prosperity National Bank
Pay to County Treasurer $7.50
Seventy and 50 Dollars
For School Tax—John Doe

H AN HNS SURVEYOR

THE CHARGE
IS THIS EFFICIENCY?
32 COUNTIES AVERAGE LESS THAN 7 MONTHS
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 MONTHS
4 COUNTIES AVERAGE LESS THAN 6 MONTHS
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 MONTHS
SOME SCHOOLS CLOSED 7 MOS. IN A YEAR
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 MONTHS
HOW LONG IS YOUR SCHOOL TERM?

IS THIS ECONOMY?
OUT OF EVERY 10 WHITE BOYS AND GIRLS OF SCHOOL AGE IN VIRGINIA
2 NEVER GO TO SCHOOL
3 ATTEND IRREGULARLY
3 ATTEND REGULARLY
REMEDY = COMPULSORY ATTENDANCE

AGAIN: THOSE CHARTS
TO B&O STATION
TO STATE CAPITOL
SURVEY PAPERS TO BE JUDGED
Bells of Blue Stone Hill

A. M.

6:45—"Get up and pull those windows down—it's awful cold, must be about thirty below zero!"
   "Well, it's not any colder for you than it is for me, and I put them up last night."

7:25—"Oh, good gracious! Where's my plaid skirt? You seen it anywhere?"
   "There it is on the bookcase, under your sweater. Have you got my middy tie?"

8:10—"Anything in our mailbox?"
   "Uh-huh; looks like there's a letter. I'll get it; hope it's for me."
   "Well, are you going to take an hour to open the box? Have you forgot the combination?"

9:05—"Thank goodness for a vacant period—I can go make up my bed. Wasn't that test just awful?"
   "Bet I didn't make G on it. I made up every word of the last question; didn't you?"

9:50—"It's Special English day, isn't it? What, that man going to talk again? What do they think we are? Telephone receivers? Well, I'll finish my letter, anyway—you sit right still there in front of me."

P. M.

12:25—"Is my skirt more than nine inches from the floor, you reckon? I bet Miss Gregg observes me today. I don't know a thing about the lesson, and I've just washed my hair. It looks awful. But I can't fix it now; we're late for dinner already."

12:50—"Let me have my dessert early, won't you? I have to be at the Training School by 1:15, and I can't walk fast today. I sprained my ankle yesterday, trying to "'bout face" without moving but one heel and one toe."
4:30—"Whew! I haven't had a minute's rest since the second period. I'm glad I don't have to write down what I do every six minutes, as the faculty did in the survey."

"I meant to get some money before Miss Sprinkel closed—but don't you suppose we can borrow some anyway? I've just got to have a new hair net, and I'm starving for a sundae."

5:55—"Oh, look! There they are going to supper!"

"Come on; you can run a little further—I heard we're going to have fruit salad tonight."

6:30—"Well, I've got three meetings tonight: Senior and Glee Club and Executive Board, to say nothing of Y. W.; and all at the same time. Wish I were twins!"

7:00—"I dare I ought to study for Dr. Wayland tonight, but honestly I haven't any time. I have to make a poster for literary society, to put up right after breakfast. Wonder if I could borrow some water colors next door?"

10:30—"Here it's bedtime, and I haven't done a thing today—I surely must get to work, or I'll flunk on everything this quarter."

10:40—"Will you listen to that racket in the hall? I wish to goodness I weren't a monitor!"

"S-s-s-s-sh!"
ENGLISH TEACHER: Lucille, you may read the poem of Bryant's that you have selected.

MISS McCLUNG: Oh, don't ask me to read mine; it's so long. It's "A Lifetime."

JUNIOR: Miss Sterling? Oh, you mean Miss Nicol.

NEW SOPHOMORE: Well, I knew it was some kind of plate.

MISS LANCASTER: Nella, I expected a better math paper than this from you.

NELLA (looking at her "C"): Yes, Miss Lancaster; and I expected a better mark than this from you.

Sweetest words ever spoken in normal language: "Keep your fork."

FRIEND: In what course does your daughter graduate?

MOTHER: In the course of time, from the looks of things.

PREACHER (looking at the statue of Joan of Arc): What statue is that?

NEW GIRL: Martha Washington.

DR. WAYLAND: I want all of you to learn this list of men and dates.

STUDENT (sighing): Oh, goodness! Men and dates always did bore me.

MAYTE BURNS (expecting a test): Remember, Miss Critzer, "Blessed are the merciful."

STUDENT TEACHER (dreading the quiz next period under Mr. Burruss): The test is called off.

What is Miss Lancaster's favorite book of Scripture? Numbers.

POLLY: What is Mercury the god of?

LUCILLE: Don't ask me; I never did know any Bible characters.

SOX: What's this you're saying about chemistry?

MR. JOHNSTON (in Chemistry Class): Sometimes the substance of the thyroid gland of sheep is used to treat abnormal children.

VOICE FROM THE BACK ROW: Maybe that is the way to account for some of these sheepish dispositions.

MARY SUE: How many words have you written on your essay, Helen?

HELEN: Two thousand five hundred!

MARY SUE: Well, I thought we had to have twenty-five hundred.
Florence: Still in Special English?
Katherine: I was encored.

Normal axiom: When in doubt, use tulle.

Pupil: I multiplied dollars by mules.
Friend: What did you get?
Pupil: A scolding.

Doris has been to Seattle.
Myrtle: Been to see whom?

Rosa: Have you ever seen hominy grow?
Miss Mackey: Why, n-n-o.
Puzzled expressions prevailed.

M. J. (excitedly): Another daily mail—three deliveries now!
R. W.: Yes; just another time to be disappointed.

Optimistic Junior: One good thing about moving up the time, we'll be an hour earlier getting home in June.

Mr. Keister: The signing of the armistice is the greatest thing that has happened in my lifetime except the Declaration of Independence and the Birth of Christ.

New Workman on grounds (astounded as the girls run to breakfast): Is it a fire?

New Girl: Does Miss Lancaster care if we ride with boys just from town out here?
Old Girl: Ask her and tell me what she says.

New Girl to Mrs. Moody: Do we cook this oatmeal in a double decker?

"Bleep": If my hair doesn't soon stop coming out, I'll have to begin calling the roll every morning.

Young Man (to Margaret Proctor, over her home telephone, at Christmas): Hello, Margaret, will you go riding with me this afternoon?
Margaret: Just wait a minute till I ask Miss Lancaster.

"How much did you get on Civil Government today, Loudelle?"
"Elizabeth and I got a hundred (fifty each)."

Lucile Whitesell: How do you spell Esophagus?
Margaret: E-s-o-p-h-a-g-u-s. What are you writing, hygiene notes?
Lucile: No; those notes about Esophagus's Fables.

First Senior: O Dorothy, that's an awfully short dress you have on!
Dorothy: I know it; I'm going to take it off right now. I can't stand it any longer.

Dr. Sanger: Why does a cavity in the tooth feel so large?
Miss Coates: Because it is the natural tendency of the tongue to exaggerate.

Old Girl to New Girl: Are you going to the Faculty Reception in the gym tonight?
New Girl: No; I can't go because my gym suit hasn't come.

Practice Teacher: What does the United States export to Belgium?
Eighth Grade Pupil: Old clothes.

"I wonder how much holiday we are going to get Thanksgiving?"
"I bet it will come on Saturday or Sunday and we shan't get any at all."

Mary (to instructor): Who wrote Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea?
Instructor: That's too deep for me.
Monday's Drill

If you can keep in step, when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can right about, when corporals doubt you,
Yet make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can march and not grow tired of marching
Or being called down, don't give way to frown;
If you can turn your corners without arching
And never turn your head nor look around;

If you obey your captain and lieutenant—
If you can peel your ears to their command;

If you can stand their scorn nor be repentant,
And quickly hand-salute with proper hand;
If you can bear to have the girl that's next you
Step on your foot and right on that sore corn
And beg your pardon—then do it anew—
And yet you smile and still keep marching on;

If you can hear the bugle's startled bleating,
Forget your mailbox and your reference book,
Answer the roll call at the place of meeting,
And never show the strain by word or look;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To stand attention, after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them, "Hold on!"

If you can keep in time to all their paces
And backward march and yet not once look back;
If you are always right about your faces
And of right dress and front you have the knack;
If you can face an unforgiving captain
And always do things right, or pretty near;
Yours is an office, and the emblems with it—
And what is more, you'll be a MAJOR, dear!

—Elise A. Loewner
The Practise House

The Practise House was enveloped in the drowsy quiet of a sunny afternoon in February. Upon entrance one would never have suspected that within the walls of the old mansion two mischievous boys had played the whole afternoon. But a second glance showed a disastrous scene of turmoil. And in the pantry only the prints of the boys' fingers were left on the scrappy remains of the delicious coconut cake that was to have been the pride of the dessert course served on guest night.

Jim and John, hearing footsteps approaching, sped around the corner of the house. Remembering that his credit was none too good for eating the marshmallows the evening before, John ran home, thus leaving to Jim both halves of the spanking or whatever hard fate might be in store.

Dinner was ready. Jim, with a small boy's usual attitude in his mother's absence, was inclined to argument. But the mystic injunction "I-g-n-o-r-e" was spelled from lip to lip; and Jim, finding that he was ignored, slid slowly to the floor.

"Come out from under the table, Jim," demanded Eva Lily.

No response.

Eva Lily, feeling her duty, sprang from her chair, grasped one little foot that was kicking and scraping the floor, and dragged the small culprit into the kitchen. What happened behind the swinging door has never been divulged by Eva Lily, Jim, or the dumb waiter.

The next afternoon it was raining. Jim and John had covered the highly polished floor with puddles of water from their new squirt guns. Ruth began to search for "causas rerum." She heard a smothered giggle, followed by a hush. She called. No answer; only a more perfect silence. In the upstairs closet she found them. But she almost took them for the spirits of the ample Nicho'as Vedder and Wouter Van Twiller, for each boy was prepared against the worst, and padded with a full-grown sofa pillow.

"Do you want to clean up that water or take a spanking?" demanded Ruth.

"I'll clean it up," quickly responded the apprehensive John, his eyes as big as saucers.

Jim hesitated. Being a resident, he must not concede too much.

"You'd better clean it up," warned his ally, John. This opinion became unanimous, and the boys went to work with a vim.

Miss Cleveland was the guest that night. Soda had been put into the potatoes instead of salt, and the biscuits were leavened with corn starch; but we felt that nothing awful had happened. However, in the kitchen were a lemon pie prone on the floor, a broken casserole, a sink full of kettles blackened on the bottom, a leaky percolator, a red-hot stove, and last, but not least, a "illustrated" cook.

We have recorded these facts in order to admit that there were perplexing situations, even at the beloved Practise House. But Jim will forget his petty indignities at our hands long before we cease to remember the many good things of our jolly home-life there.

—Ennis Strupe
Wordsworth's Living Calendar

REGISTRATION DAY

“We from today, my friend, will date
The opening of the year.”

THE FIRST WEEK

“Well do I call to mind the very week
When I was first entrusted to the care
Of that sweet Valley.”

“My spirits were up, my thoughts were full
of hope;
Some friends I had, acquaintances who
there
Seemed friends—poor, simple school-girls
now hung round
With honor and importance: in a world
Of welcome faces up and down I roved;
Questions, directions, warnings, and advice
Flowed in upon me from all sides.”

SHOPPING WITHOUT MOTHER

“To myself I seemed
A woman of business and expense, and went
From shop to shop about my own affairs,
* * * From street to street with loose and
careless mind.
* * * Behold me rich in monies, and
attired
In splendid garb, with hose of silk,
* * * Disturbed at times by prudent
thoughts
About my future worldly maintenance.”

FIRST ATTACK OF HUMILITY

“I was ignorant, had been falsely taught,
A solitary, who with vain conceits
Had been inspired.”

A TEST

“My drift, I fear, was hardly obvious.”
“While every moment added doubt to
doubt.”

IN THE LIBRARY

“Silence touched me here.”

PSYCHOLOGY

“Hard task, vain hope, to analyze the mind.”

DIET

“Our daily meals were frugal, Sabine fare!
More than we wished we knew the
blessing then
Of vigorous hunger—hence corporal
strength
Unsapped by delicate viands.”

PEACE

“Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.”
“And not a voice was idle.”

THE POETASTER

“I have been harassed with the toil of verse,
Much pains and little progress.”

MAIL TIME

“Twas in truth an hour
Of universal ferment. * * * Joy was mine.
* * * Disappointment and dismay
Remained for all whose fancy had run
wild
With * * * expectations.”

MISS LANCASTER’S BELL

“A dread pause ensued, and no one stirred.”

THE RISING BELL

“The bell * * * rang with its blunt
unceremonious voice:
Inexorable summons! * * * We arose.
Albeit after the importunate bell had
stopped.”

SUPPER TIME

“Clear and loud the village clock tolled six.”

STUDY HOUR

“Books! ’tis a dull and endless strife.”

AFTER THE TEN-THIRTY BELL

“I laid me down in my accustomed bed.”
MATH
"Yet may we not entirely overlook
The pleasure gathered from the rudiments
Of geometric science.
** * Mighty is the charm
Of those abstractions to a mind beset
With images and haunted by herself."

SOPHOMORES
"I was ill-tutored for captivity."
"—Detached internally from academic cares."

AFTER "FLU"
"Misery not lightly passed!
** * * How feeble have I been!"

LITERARY SOCIETIES
"The congregating temper that pervades
Our unripe years, not wasted, should be taught
To minister to works of high attempt."

DR. WAYLAND
"He knows the policies of foreign lands,
Can string you names of districts, cities, towns,
The whole world o'er."

HISTORY CLASS
"Many books
Were skimmed, devoured, or studiously perused."

ENGLISH CLASS
"I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade,
Heard him, while birds were warbling,
tell his tales
Of amorous passion. And that gentle Bard,
** * Sweet Spenser
** * I called him Brother, Englishman,
and Friend!
Yea, our blind Poet,
*** I seemed to see him here."

MISS HUDSON'S PLAYS AND GAMES
"We rose at signal given, and formed a ring
And hand in hand danced round and round."

DRILL
"A march it was of military speed."

DEGREE GIRL
"A student clothed in gown and tasseled cap,
Striding along as if o'ertasked by time."

JOAN OF ARC
"A solitary object and sublime."

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY
"It seemed a day."

AFTER CHRISTMAS
"From the half-yearly holidays returned,
We came with weightier purses, that
Sufficed
To furnish treats."
"The holidays returned me there to find
That golden store of books which I had left."
"Easily I passed
From the remembrances of better things,
And slipped into the ordinary work."

SCHOOL LOAFER
"Why, Mary, sit you thus alone
And dream your time away?"

THE GRIND
"Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double."

PAY DAY
"It was a lamentable time, * * * for exclude
A little weekly stipend, and we lived
Through three divisions of the quartered year,
In penniless poverty."

HONOR ROLL
"By patient exercise
Of study and hard thought."

RETURNED SOLDIER
"This is the happy warrior; this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be."

MR. BURRUSS
"He sifts; he weighs;
All things are put to question."

DR. WAYLAND AND DR. SANGEK
"Wise men, willing to grow wiser."

HAMLIN GARLAND
"The instinctive humbleness
Maintained even by the very name and thought
Of printed books and authorship began
To melt away; and further, the dread awe
Of mighty names was softened down and seemed
Approachable, admitting fellowship
Of modest sympathy."
BOTH ICE-CREAM AND PIE FOR DINNER

"The day deserves a separate record."

SENIOR CABARET

"I had passed
The night in dancing, gaiety, and mirth,
With din of instruments and shuffling feet."

HISTORY OF EDUCATION

"Blind Authority beating with his staff
The child that might have led him."

AUTHORS ON METHODS

"These mighty workmen of our later age,
Who, with a broad highway, have
overbridged
The froward chaos of futurity,
Tamed to their bidding; they who have
the skill
To manage books, and things, and make
them act
On infant minds as surely as the sun
Deals with a flower; the keepers of our
time,
The guides and wardens of our faculties,
Sages who in their prescience would control
All accidents."

LESSON PLANS

"Food for the hungry ears of little ones."

CRITIQUE

"The lecturer's room
All studded round, as thick as chairs
could stand,
With loyal students, faithful to their books,
Half-and-half idlers, hardy recusants,
And honest dunces."

THE CRITICISM BOOK

"A precious treasure had I long possessed,
A little yellow * * * book."

UPON BEING OBSERVED BY MISS GREGG

"Oh! blank confusion!"

COMING FROM TRAINING SCHOOL TO CLASS

"Through a length of streets
Ran ostrich-like to reach our chapel door
In not a desperate or opprobrious time,
Albeit long after the importunate bell had
stopped."

WRITING SENIOR ESSAY

" Forced labor, and more frequently forced
hopes;
And, worst of all, a treasonable growth
Of indecisive judgments, that impaired
And shook the mind's simplicity."

SPRING HOLIDAY

"Be wise,
Ye Presidents and Deans,
* * * Give seasonable rest."

EASTER HOLIDAY

"A bright tradition of the golden age."

A SPRING MORNING

"Dews, vapors, and melody of birds."

HILLCREST BREEZES

"Oh, there is a blessing in this gentle breeze,
A visitant that while it fans my cheek
Doth seem half-conscious of the joy it
brings
From the green fields, and from yon
azure sky."

EXAMINATIONS

"Important days—
Examinations, when the man was weighed
As in a balance! * * * Excessive hopes,
Tremblings withal, and commendable fears."

FAILURE TO PASS

"Nor was this the blame
Of others, but my own."

EDITORIAL ROOM

"And here was labor."

H. N. S. TO THE ALUMNÆ

"The things which were the same
And yet appeared far otherwise."

SENIORS GOING OUT INTO THE WORLD

"What dwelling shall receive me? in what
vale
Shall be my harbor?
* * * The earth is all before me."

VACATION

"Eight months rolled pleasingly away; the
ninth
Came and restored me to my native hills."
LIST OF CHARACTERS

CHRISTIAN = SENIOR
OBSTINATE = JUNIOR
TIMOROUS = SOPHOMORE
WORLDLY-WISE = DEGREE GIRL
HELP = MISS HOFFMAN
GREAT HEART = DR. WAYLAND
BURDEN = SINS OF OMISSION
FAITHFUL = MISS CLEVELAND
HOPE = AN "MAS" DEGREE
PROMISE = A DIPLOMA
VAIN HOPE = ALL "A" REPORT
VALIANT = MR. BURRUSS

VILLAGE OF MORALITY = HARRISONBURG
SLOUGH OF DESPOND = PRACTISE TEACHING

DELECTABLE MTG. = COMMENCEMENT WEEK
DIPLOMAS!

VALENY FAIR = NORMAL LINE AT EASTER

CHAMBER OF PEACE = WEEK BETWEEN EXAMS AND COMMENCEMENT
ENCHANTED GROUND = SCENE OF DEVEREUX PLAYERS

MR. READY TO HALT = DRILLERS
CHARITY = Y.W.C.A.
HAPPINESS = MISS LANCASTER
APOLLYON = SENIOR ESSAY

A Senior's Progress
Married

June 23, 1915
Miss Clara Mahone to Mr. William Rudasill
Newport News, Virginia

August 7, 1915
Miss Irene Daugherty to Mr. Ralph Morton Stokes
Portsmouth, Virginia

December 1, 1917
Miss Virginia Roller to Mr. Samuel Hulvey
Roanoke, Virginia

March 31, 1918
Miss Earle Conway Mays to Mr. John Massie
Roseland, Virginia

June 11, 1918
Miss Lorraine Eldred to Mr. MacArthur Lyle Daffan
Goldvein, Virginia

June 19, 1918
Miss Elsie Miller to Mr. Ward Swank
Harrisonburg, Virginia

June 20, 1918
Miss Ammie Glenn to Mr. John Garber
Waynesboro, Virginia
June 28, 1918
Miss Mary Evelyn Culton to Lieutenant William Newell
Waynesboro, Virginia

June 29, 1918
Miss Hilda Mae Benson to Mr. Harold Henshall
Rockville, Maryland

June 29, 1918
Miss Lulu Eppes to Mr. Cecil R. Williams
Charleston, West Virginia

June 30, 1918
Miss Margaret Ropp to Mr. E. J. Currin
Shenandoah City

July 18, 1918
Miss Janet C. Green to Private Nathaniel Haden
Boston, Mass.

August 1, 1918
Miss Sadie Dudley to Rev. L. H. Paul
Mossy Creek, Virginia

October 16, 1918
Miss Nellie Scott Payne to Lieutenant Edward Nelson
Richmond, Virginia

December 26, 1918
Miss Margaret Heflin to Mr. Ray Jones
Staunton, Virginia

January 1, 1919
Miss Edith V. Suter to Mr. Charles A. Funkhouser
Dayton, Virginia

January 16, 1919
Miss Virginia Weaver to Lieutenant Otto Plonk
Norfolk, Virginia

March 15, 1919
Miss Lucy Madison to Lieutenant Chesley A. Haden
Denbigh, Virginia

April 5, 1919
Miss Lilla M. Gerow to Mr. Thomas Diehl
Washington, D. C.
For Me

The mail comes in; the mail goes out—
   But ne’er a line for me—
The postman’s whistle, sharp and shrill,
Sends through my heart a quick’ning thrill—
   But ne’er a line for me—
My lover’s o’er the blue, deep sea.

The days glide in; the months drag out—
   But ne’er an hour for me—
My lover’s life is full of strife,
He’s giving all, in duties rife—
   But ne’er an hour for me—
My lover’s o’er the blue, deep sea.

The darkness comes; the light goes out—
   There’s ne’er a beam for me—
My thoughts are distant, cold with fear,
As he fights on, with death e’er near—
   There’s ne’er a beam for me—
My lover’s o’er the blue, deep sea.

Then peace comes in, and self goes out—
   There’s never more of me—
A strange, sweet thought new purpose gives:
He died for me, and them, yet lives—
   There’s never more of me—
My lover’s above the blue, deep sea!

—Verlie Story
It will be observed with regret that our ne-
erology is much longer than it has ever
been before. The reasons, in so far as we
may determine them, will be found in the very
unusual experiences through which our country
and the world have passed during the last year.
The epidemic of influenza did not spare others; it
did not spare our own. Yet in the midst of bereave-
ment we are deeply sensible of great mercies. Al-
though more than a hundred of our school, students
and teachers, were ill in October, not one was taken
from us.

It was in January, after work had started with
the New Year, that Nancy Brown went home. First
she went home at the call of duty—to help care for
a member of her family who was ill; then, falling
ill herself on the way, she went home at the call
of Love. She is the only one, so far as we know, of
those who enrolled at Blue Stone Hill for the ses-
sion of 1918-19 who answers from "Over There."
Necrology

Serena Barger Johnston
Natural Bridge, Virginia
April 22, 1918

Margaret Elizabeth Harman
Hinton, Virginia
October 17, 1918

Kathleen Elizabeth Fletcher
Philadelphia
August 11, 1918

Mattie Love Doyne
Died in October, 1918

Miriam Turner Brown
Washington, D.C.

Edna Geneva Myers
Edinburg, Virginia
December 30, 1918
Corinne Snowden Jones Fletcher

Harrisonburg, Virginia
Born August 28, 1893
Graduated June 6, 1915
Died January 20, 1919

CORINNE

Just what you meant to my life, dear friend,
   No words can ever tell;
But the voice of my heart would know no end
   In the praises that from it well.

Deep happiness blessed you here, I know—
   Each day wore a golden hue;
The joy in your heart was heaven's glow,
   But heaven itself was for you.

At school it was that first we met;
   There loyally you stood;
Your beautiful deeds must linger yet—
   Your joy was doing good.

So big your heart was, and so brave,
   So quick, so kindly true,
That what was best in me you gave,
   For I wished to be like you.

The days we spent together there—
   So happy, joyful, free—
Are gone in all but memory dear,
   And the hope of heaven to me.

My faith leaps up a path of light;
   God's promise makes it clear;
It is not far in spirit flight—
   Some day I'll meet you, dear!

—Esther

(A tribute from Mrs. Hiram Dance,
     Roanoke, Virginia)
Leftovers

The year 1919 had so many things in it that should find a place in The Schoolma'am! But here we are, with the book running over, and still some of our most cherished plans unrealized. It is the unuttered message that oppresses the mind, the song unsung that breaks the heart. Therefore, as insurance against future brain and heart failure, we would fain pour out on this late page in one great symphony, or jumble, or symposium, or Sal-magundi, or Brunswick stew, all that might have been included had our Business Manager allowed us some fifty pages more.

We took Walker's picture, confident that some mention would be made of his faithful service as guardian of the immaculate Maury Hall, and of his secret code for learning the name of every girl in school. For when it comes to that, the highest praise we can give to Mr. Burruss, even, is "Why, he knows us almost as well as Walker does!"

We wanted to have the initiations fully and pictorially represented—Sophomore rolling a thimble down the hall with her nose—swarms of new girls in plaits—the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet.

We certainly wanted to tell about Mary Stuart's losing her slipper heel in her wild dash to catch the overdue train for home—enlisting the conductor to help her hunt for it, while the engineer was waiting.

Somehow we neglected Saturday, with its rows of stockings, that remind us of Christmas, its morning inspection, the sweets of a box from home, and the trip down town in the afternoon.

And the clocks—we have so many—with their open faces, and their friendly hands counting off the minutes until we go home! We had hoped to voice some appreciation of their timely counsel.

And though "Ring," John Conrad's collie, has daily lain at our feet, on the doormat of Harrison Hall, he is somehow crowded out of the book.

There was to be a photo of Mr. Chappelear and his class judging horses, but in some way everything got left out of the picture except the grays, Bob and Dick.
Poets' Corner
(Whereby is meant that we are indeed in a corner when bidden to compose verse.)

"Poeta Nascitur, Non Fit"
I tried to write a poem,
But never a thought would come.
"Oh, what shall I do for a poem?"
I asked my brain to numb.

"Oh, how can I write a poem?"
Said my brain as it answered me.
"I was not made for a poet,
And a poet I can not be."

Then how could I write a poem,
When my brain refused to be
An inspiration, help, or guide? —
But I tried at least, you see.

—Ruth Calhoun

Excuse Me
If it's a case of working math,
I find it but a pleasure;
Singing's a cinch, and drill is fun;
We do these in our leisure.

I learn some dates in history
And get it pretty pat;
Psychology goes to the brain,
But I can manage that.

Geography has references:
All right if I have time;
But when it comes to making verse,
Excuse me—I can't rhyme.

—L. C.

Forced Verse

or

Wounded Poetry
Blue Stone walls a prison make,
And fixed commands a cage,
When minds, numb, blank, do undertake
In light verse to engage.

If I had thoughts within my brain,
If I had humor gay,
Had wit and wisdom—'stead of pain,
Such task were liberty.

—B. S.

The Time Element in Poetry
There are times to study music
And times to study art:
I can find some time for reading
When an hour I have apart:

But to write a verse or poem
I never can find time.
It would take a week of study
For me to make a rhyme.

I think of the snow-clad mountains—
They are beautiful today—
To write some lines about them,
From class I'll stay away.

But just as I take my pencil
And begin my thoughts to pen,
The postman comes with letters.—
So there! to time again.

—Jo Warren

The Seamy Side of Song
Gee! I wonder what a girl could do
To persuade two words to rhyme!
Gee! I know I'll never get through—
I'm having such an awful time!

—M. T.
HIS page is the result of a combination against the Editor-in-Chief—a plot to talk about her behind her back. Our kindly and resourceful Publisher is an accomplice; otherwise it could not have been achieved.

Special honor has sometimes been paid by this annual to star graduates whose record showed exceptionally high grades. This year nothing but a double star will suffice for our Editor-in-Chief, Hazel Davis, since she has been an "All A" girl for ten quarters and "goin' on 'leven"—this, too, while proving herself a good housekeeper and cook at the Practise House. And yet, if you ask her whether she finds time to work on The Schoolma'am, she quotes: "That's jist what I aint doin' nothin' else but."
Acknowledgements

The editors of the 1919 Schoolma'am wish to render their thanks for the assistance they have received from many friends:

Miss Frances Mackey, for valuable assistance in art.

Mr. Edward Furrey, for devoting his time and energies to the photographic work.

The faculty and the student body, for their support.

Our advertisers, for their financial aid.

Mr. C. D. Shultz, whose real interest in the success of this volume has been so often manifested.

We thank the publishers of the Youth's Companion for the loan of cuts; and the Harper and Brothers Company for the use of a photograph.
Roll Call

Adams, Frances Louise ........................................... 24 Rosemont Ave., Alexandria
Andes, Virginia ....................................................... Frederick's Hall
Alexander, Florence Evelyne ...................................... Highland Springs
Allen, Anna Rachel .................................................... Strasburg
Armentrout, Nellie M. ............................................... Lawyers
Arthur, Marion ......................................................... Weyer's Cave
Baker, Goldie .......................................................... Route 2, Norfolk
Baker, Nancy ........................................................... Martinsville
Barbour, Willie Elizabeth .......................................... Crimora
Barnhart, Laura Ruth ............................................... Churchville
Bear, Margaret Elizabeth .......................................... New Hope
Beard, Mary Lewis .................................................... Harrisonville
Bell, Wilma Ione ....................................................... R. F. D., Harrisonburg
Bell, Sallie Hendren .............................................. Marionville
Berrey, Ada Lee ........................................................ Criglersville
Berry, Katharine Evelyn ........................................... 319 W. 29th St., Norfolk
Berrey, Linda Sparks ................................................ Criglersville
Bishop, Carrie Elizabeth ........................................... Proffit
Black, Elizabeth Otey ............................................. Mint Spring
Bland, Tita May ........................................................ 1321 Patterson Ave., Roanoke
Bonney, Mary Edna .................................................. London Bridge
Bowden, Elizabeth Weston ........................................ South Hill
Bowler, Gertrude Kathryn .......................................... 1602 Park Avenue, Lynchburg
Bowling, Edith May .................................................. Flint Hall
Bowman, Carrie Beery ............................................. R. F. D., Harrisonburg
Bowman, Helen Louise ............................................. 21 Guarantee St., Petersburg
Bowman, Minnie Moore .......................................... R. F. D., Harrisonburg
Boyer, Mary Isabel .................................................. Seven Fountains
Brill, Ruby Mae ........................................................ Mt. Jackson
Brindel, Allie Mae ..................................................... 317 4th St., S. E., Roanoke
Brock, Rosalie Teresa ............................................. R. F. D. 3, Harrisonburg
Browder, Helen Frances .......................................... 667 Jefferson St., Danville
Brown, Annie Mary .................................................. Cumberland
Brown, Mary Letitia .................................................. Lincoln
Brown, Ruth Elizabeth ............................................. Lincoln
Brownlee, Sallie Lewis ............................................. Stanardsville
Buchanan, Margaret Evelyn .................................. R. F. D. 2, Abingdon
Buckley, Esther ....................................................... Clifton Station
Buckley, Frances Dorothea .................................... Clifton Station
Burkholder, Bertha Catherine .................................. R. F. D. 1, Harrisonburg
Burns, Maytie Elizabeth ........................................... Burnsville
Burtner, Elsie Ann ...................................................... Route 2, Box 8, Harrisonburg
Calhoun, Ruth Mercier ............................................. Fishersville
Callender, Elizabeth Logan ....................................... Rockingham
Callender, Pauline Harbine ..................................... Rockingham
Campbell, Ellen ........................................................ Blacksburg
Campbell, Lucile Mary ............................................. Jeffersonton
Cannon, Katherine .................................................. Box 803, Norfolk
Carpenter, Margaret Virginia ................................... Harrisonburg
Carper, Mary Mozelle ............................................... Boyce
Cash, Catharine ........................................................ Waynesboro
Channing, Ethel Adelia ........................................... Fentress
Chapman, Cecile Munsey .................................................. Box 371, Norton
Coates, Lillie Pearle ............................................................ Etlan
Cobbs, Ella Jeanne ............................................................... Callands
Coleman, Margaret Esther ............................................................ Nelly's Ford
Cook, Martha Christopher ............................................................. Blackstone
Cowling, Margaret Buchanan .......................................................... Eastville
Cree, Kathleen Gertrude .............................................................. Flint Hill
Crigler, Beulah ................................................................. Madison
Critzer, Nellie Martin ............................................................. Afton
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Dart, Robbie ................................................................. 4 Glynn Avenue, Brunswick, Ga.
Davidson, Mary ................................................................. Lexington
Davis, Annie May ............................................................... Shenandoah
Davis, Hazel Louise ............................................................... Burke
Deahl, Ruth Birch ............................................................... 813 Prince St., Alexandria
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Dill, Elizabeth Rebecca ........................................................... Route 3, Berkeley
Doughty, Emily Laura .............................................................. Belle Haven
Dove, Maria Catherine .............................................................. Gretna
East, Beatrice Elsner ............................................................. Berryville
East, Grace Elizabeth Mary ......................................................... Berryville
Eastham, Phyllis Wall ............................................................. Flint Hill
Eastham, Sue Elizabeth ............................................................. Flint Hill
Edwards, Leolouise ............................................................. 407 Chestnut St., Norfolk
Edwards, Martha Elizabeth ......................................................... 1419 Charleston Ave., Portsmouth
Edwards, Maxine ................................................................. Burnley
Edmunds, Grace ................................................................. Houston
Elliott, Brenda Durrett .............................................................. Shenandoah
Ewing, Elizabeth Margaret ......................................................... 314 Franklin St., Harrisonburg
Fagg, Lucille Martin ............................................................... Afton
Farmer, Mrs. Nannie Doark .......................................................... News Ferry
Farrar, Lucie Marie ................................................................. 69 Alleghany St., Clifton Forge
Ferguson, Mary Woodville .......................................................... Clifton Forge
Fisher, Francois Grace .............................................................. 369 Washington Ave., S. W., Roanoke
Fitch, Caroline Louise ............................................................... 270 Ridgeway St., Clifton Forge
Fletcher, Delucia Sarah ............................................................... 282 Franklin St., Harrisonburg
Folliard, Mary McKann ............................................................. 140–38th St., Norfolk
Fosque, Dorothy Hinds .............................................................. Wachapreague
Foster, Sue Wheatley ............................................................... Logan
Gibson, Kathleen Gaylord ............................................................. Delaplane
Gill, Charliene ................................................................. Moseley's Junction
Goldman, Rebecca M. ............................................................. 1401 West Cary St., Richmond
Gooch, Mary Stuart ................................................................. University
Good, Alice Virginia ................................................................. Dayton
Goode, Effie Myrle ................................................................. Moseley's Junction
Greenawalt, Mary Elizabeth ........................................................ Winchester
Grove, Mary Sue ................................................................. Fishersville
Haden, Myrtle Gould ............................................................... Gretna
Hamilton, Lenna Wilson ............................................................ Waynesboro
Hamlett, Gladys Marian ............................................................ 311 Jefferson Ave., Danville
Hammer, Goldie Elizabeth .................................................. 261 Franklin St., Harrisonburg
Hanger, Ray Louise .......................................................... Stuarts Draft
Harmsberger, Margaret Clare .............................................. Port Republic
Harper, Sada Katherine ...................................................... Mt. Clinton
Harrison, Catharine ......................................................... 510 E. Market St, Harrisonburg
Harwell, Eva Louise .......................................................... 239–41st St., Riverview, Norfolk
Haskins, Mary Virginia ..................................................... South Boston
Hatcher, Lillian Carter ........................................................ Chester
Hau, Hazel ........................................................................ Woodstock
Hawkins, Frances Louise ..................................................... Clifton Forge
Hawkins, Mary Elizabeth .................................................... Clifton Forge
Heath, Helen Henrietta ....................................................... Wardtown
Heatwole, Wintie Mary ........................................................ Dayton
Heidelberg, Rosa Payne ...................................................... Rustburg
Henderson, Nannie Lois ...................................................... Roseland
Hentone, Daisy Lee ............................................................ Keesletown
Hinton, Eloise Minor ........................................................... 359 W. Washington St., Petersburg
Hitt, Delsie Mae ................................................................. Novum
Hodges, Mary Alice ........................................................... 301 Hatton St., Portsmouth
Holland, Ruth Cobb ........................................................... “Larchmont,” Norfolk
Hood, Flora May ................................................................. Route 3, Marion, S. C.
Hopkins, Helen Virginia ..................................................... McGaheyville
Houston, Annette Louise .................................................... Fairfield
Huffman, Bertha Agnes ....................................................... Mt. Sidney
Hughes, Grace LeClaire ..................................................... Fountain Inn, S. C.
Hughes, Mattie Maie .......................................................... Fountain Inn, S. C.
Hundley, Annie Katherine .................................................. Whitmell
Hupp, Emma Greene ........................................................ South Boston
Jarman, Helen Amanda ........................................................ Elkton
Jarvis, Grace Carley .......................................................... 81 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, New York
Johnson, Bessie Pauline ..................................................... 127 Pine St., Clifton Forge
Jones, Mildred Boiling ....................................................... 20 Apollo St., Petersburg
Jones, Miriam Elenor ........................................................ 224 West 28th St., Norfolk
Jones, Nannie Benn ........................................................... Boxwood
Jones, Rebecca Dorothy ..................................................... 20 Apollo St., Petersburg
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Kane, Sarah Ann ............................................................... Gate City
Kaufman, Ethel Blanche .................................................... 607 Court St., Portsmouth
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Kelly, Sue Maude ............................................................. Culpeper
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Kemper, Frances Hopkins ................................................ Lynnwood
Kilby, Marie Ellen ............................................................. Hughes River
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Lacy, Dorothy Elna ........................................................... Scottsburg
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Lancaster, Louise Ely ........................................................ Harrisonburg
Lancaster, Mary Stringfellow ............................................. 716 Maneto St., Norfolk
Lane, Ella May ................................................................. Broadway
Lanier, Ethel Prince ........................................................... Dinwiddie
Lay, Gladys Besse ............................................................ Coeburn
Layman, Pauline Elizabeth ................................................. Troutville
Le Hew, Mrs. William G. .................................................... 333 S. Liberty St., Harrisonburg
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Phillips, Mary Judkins ..................................................... Bedford
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Potterfield, Anna Rebecca ................................................. Lovettsville
Potts, Loudelle Virginia ..................................................... Round Hill
Prince, Susie Kathleen ....................................................... Jarratt
Proctor, Margaret Friend .................................................. Drakes Branch
Prufer, Margaret Miller ..................................................... "Hill Crest," Staunton
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Reeds, Lena Maude ........................................................... Penn Laird
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Roadcap, Eliza Lorraine ..................................................... Goshen
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Smith, Mary Elizabeth ....................................................... Madison
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Snyder, Caroline Enid ........................................................ Marion
Somerville, Betty Guy ........................................................ Clare
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Spooner, Dorothy McKinley ................................................ 116 S. Main St., Danville
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