The SCHOOLMA'AM

Published by the Students of the
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA
VOLUME TWELVE
Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-one
Foreword

The deep blue of the mountains, the sunset glory of the skies, the rich tints of the autumn foliage, the inspiring help of our teachers, the ringing echoes of our laughter, the healthy bustle of our working hours, the exciting thrill of our times of play, the tender sweetness of our friendships—if this book has caught a hint of these things, then we, turning its pages in the long years to come, may have the old sweet memories of schoolgirl days come crowding back, making us live again the happy hours spent on Blue-Stone Hill.
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We dedicate this book

to

Our Own Miss Bell

"The Gentle Reader"

who has always

discovered our puns

laughed at our jokes

looked at our pictures

and read our stories

This sympathetic interest in whatever "the girls" do

has been each year

an inspiration to our efforts

a joy in our successes

and a comfort in our failures
Miss Mary I. Bell
Editorial Staff

~Bott~

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

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William H. Keister
OW Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian; and he led the flock to the back side of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb.

And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.

And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt.

And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I.

And he said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.

And Moses said unto God, Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?

And he said, Certainly I will be with thee; and this shall be a token unto thee, that I have sent thee: When thou hast brought forth the people out of Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain.

And Moses answered and said, But, behold, they will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice: for they will say, The Lord hath not appeared unto thee.

And the Lord said unto him, What is that in thine hand? And he said, A rod.

And he said, Cast it on the ground. And he cast it on the ground, and it became a serpent; and Moses fled from before it.

And Moses said unto the Lord, O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant: but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue.

And the Lord said unto him, Who hath made man's mouth, or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? have not I the Lord? Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say.

And he said, O my Lord, send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send.

And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Moses, and he said, Is not Aaron the Levite thy brother? I know that he can speak well. And also, behold, he cometh forth to meet thee: and when he seeth thee, he will be glad in his heart. And thou shalt speak unto him, and put words in his mouth: and I will be with thy mouth, and with his mouth, and will teach you what ye shall do. And he shall be thy spokesman unto the people: and he shall be, even he shall be to thee instead of a mouth, and thou shalt be to him instead of God.
Prayer

September 23, 1920

LORD, we thank Thee for Thy messengers, who meet us in the ways of life—even in the solitary and desert ways. We thank Thee for Thy flames of fire, that fix our eyes upon Thy holy places. We thank Thee for the wonder in our souls, that turns us toward the wonders of Thy revelation.

Make us Thy messengers, O God! Send us to the people with Thy word! Overshadow us with Thy presence; endow us with Thy power! Unloose our halting tongues; guide our unskilled hands. Above all, help us to know that Thou hast sent us, and make us courageous in our missions.

Help us to know the people who need us—the people to whom Thou dost send us. Help us to know them as our people, our own people, whether they live in our own land or in other lands. Help us to see how the ends of the earth are in Thy hand, and how all peoples are Thy people.

Help us to work with others. As Thy servant of old was partner with another, giving and receiving strength, help us so to co-operate helpfully and happily.

We thank Thee for the years, even the few brief years, of our history at this place. To us this has been a holy place—a place of meeting with the Lord. Even here Thou hast startled us with rods turned to serpents. Thou hast stopped us with flames of fire. Thou hast quickened us with thrilling revelations. Thou hast challenged us with tremendous tasks. Thou hast strengthened us with glorious promises. Thou hast sweetened life with many blessings.

Bless us still, our Father, and lead us forth upon this new day of opportunity, for Jesus’ sake, Amen.
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Hamilton Terrace
Book Three

Classes
Degree Class

Motto
"God’s fortune, and thine own right hand."

Flower
Shasta Daisy

Colors
Dark Blue and White

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Mr. James C. Johnston

Advisory Member
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ELIZABETH YANCEY
Our Class

"Why 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 (1919)
James Chapman Johnston
Honorary Member
Miss Margaret Hoffman
Advisory Member
Dr. Wayland must have been speaking of Sallie when he said, "Some girls leave to Alma Mater sweet and beautiful memories." Well, anyhow, that speech just fits our Sallie. During the four years spent on Blue-Stone Hill she has always, like Dumps, done "de bes' she kin." And that best has been just fine, too. Can we ever forget what a conscientious, efficient Student Government president she made, or how faithfully she worked over those photographs when she was on the Annual Staff? And how modest she is about all of her attainments! Why, when told to hand in her list of honors for this page she demurred, saying, "But must I write my own?" Whatever may be Sallie's future, and wherever she may go, she will take with her the love of us all.

Do you ever want any help with your sewing? Call on Mary; she knows just the latest style. And that isn't all, either; she gets "A" on practise teaching—and makes lovely sponge cake! Better still, she can hold her temper when everyone else is in a fury. With all her dignity and sedateness, Mary is always ready for a bit of fun, and she will always fit into a party out for a lark. Mary will make a success of almost anything she undertakes, and she has our very best wishes, whether she teaches little Susies to make middies or continues her experimental cookery in a home of her own.
MARY WOODVILLE FERGUSON
FAIRFAX COUNTY

Glee Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Mary Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Greek Literature Club.

Behold! A girl who always knows her lessons, and always has her references up. Yes, there is no doubt about it, Mary is decidedly studious. She has thumbed numerous books in the library on educational methods, and she knows 'em! Mary is a thoughtful, even-tempered girl, quiet and effective, and will grace a position of importance in the teaching world.

But Mary isn't just a bookworm. That radiant smile which lights up her face bespeaks a sense of humor as well as an optimistic spirit. Just notice those good-looking hands of hers, and that auburn hair—well, we all covet that wealth!

She showed her love and loyalty for H. N. S. when she brought her sister back with her this fall.

KATHLEEN HUFFMAN
CRAIG COUNTY

President High School Club; Glee Club; Southwest Virginia Club; Camp Fire Girls; President Racket Tennis Club; Hiking Club; Junior Basket Ball Team; Hockey Team; Cotillion Club; Vice-President Harrisonburg Club; Stratford Dramatic Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; Y. W. C. A.

Kathleen showed her loyalty to H. N. S. by coming back this year instead of going to the University of Virginia. When the bell rings for class we see a tiny, fair-haired little lady hurrying over the hill and we know it is Kathleen, for she lives in town and goes home every vacant period to get her mail.

She has won fame with us as a math teacher, and we wonder if her future career will not lead her to use her math for more practical purposes; but she insists on law. She will make a success of it, too, for she is a persistent little creature.
Coal black hair, dark sparkling eyes, and an irresistible smile are hers. In other words, she is pretty. She is also capable, as the financial success of *The Schoolma'am* for the last three years will prove. Then remember the doings of the Stratfords under her leadership. We might add, too, that she is particularly gifted in dramatics; but why name any further honors? After all, she is just 'Lise, our dear old chum and schoolmate, and we love her.
ELIZABETH CARROLL MURPHY
STOON, VIRGINIA

Stratford Dramatic Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; French Circle; Lanier Literary Society; Shenandoah Valley Club; Home Economics Club; Glee Club; Post-Graduate Basket Ball Team; Degree Basket Ball Team.

"Lib," as she is known at Blue-Stone Hill, is one of the youngest members of her class—care-free and happy-go-lucky, with a sense of humor that tides her over difficult places. She has definite opinions about things, and can always express herself to the point. Some people say she is lazy, it is true, but she has an opinion about that, too!

And who has ever seen her equal as a staunch friend?

Science has been her special line of study, and we think her future career will be either in a chemical laboratory or in a surgeon's office. Elizabeth is capable and efficient, and we might prophesy that she will either explode some outworn theory or else carve her way to fame.

JULIA ETHEL PARROTT
STANARDSVILLE, VIRGINIA

Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer Athletic Council; President Racket Tennis Club; Secretary and Treasurer Racket Tennis Club; Senior Basket Ball Team; Post-Graduate Basket Ball Team; Captain Degree Basket Ball Team; Sergeant-at-Arms Stratford Dramatic Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Lee Literary Society; First Lieutenant Co. B, 1919; Vice-President Cotillion Club; Y. W. C. A.

P is for pep, energy, and vim;
O is for orders given in gym;
L is for laughter, joyous and free;
L is for loyalty—she's true as can be;
Y is for young athlete, player of ball;
Carefree and jolly, loved by us all.
P is for personality—she has it, you see;
A is for attractive as ever can be;
R is for regular sport, handsome and tall;
R is for the racket she raised in the hall;
O is for original, obliging, and such;
T is for talking so fast and so much,
To teachers and pupils, to girls or to men,

T simply stands for talking again.
To hear Lena talk one would think she had more work than it were possible for mere mortal to perform. But wait till she comes to class and Dr. Gifford asks for her "reaction;" Then how she does reap the laurels of her earnest, conscientious efforts! Indeed, Lena is of that caliber which does faithfully whatever she undertakes.

This little lady isn’t of the “all work and no play” type, however. When it is nearly time for the quarterly dance you will probably hear Lena say, “Let’s go to the gym tonight; I want to practice a little before the dance.” Or watch her when she is wearing something soft and of a color that will bring out the lovely flush of her cheeks! Then her eyes appear a deeper shade of blue.

Straight, tall, and dark-eyed, Loudelle makes a striking picture in those modish hats and dresses made by her own nimble fingers.

Capable is just the word to describe her. Notice how she does the ordering for the Home Economics Department; she knows the price of everything from an ounce of salt to a kitchen cabinet. And do you remember how efficiently she handled that big Alumnae Banquet last year? Yet who can enter into fun more whole-heartedly than “Loodle”?

Dependable, unselfish, lovable—that’s Loudelle.
RUTH RODES
GREENWOOD, VIRGINIA

President Degree Class; Secretary Sophomore Class; President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Critic of the Lanier Literary Society; President, Vice-President, and Secretary of the Albemarle Pippin Club; President Piedmont-Midland Club; Secretary, Undergraduate Representative, and Chairman of the Publicity Committee, Y. W. C. A.; Home Economics Club, Secretary Junior Red Cross; Executive Board; Post-Graduate Basketball Team; Degree Basketball Team; President Ruth Club; Sergeant Co. A.; Blue-Stone Coliseum Club; Art Editor SCHOOLMA'AM.

Ruth is a versatile creature. See that demure look of calm dignity "Miss Rodes" wears when she stands before the class in Junior Chemistry, and then notice that joyful, almost boyish abandon of her care-free hours! The years spent on Blue-Stone Hill have meant much to her, for she has made herself a part of all that she has met and has entered wholeheartedly into the wholesome activities of this place. As for work—well, we all wonder how it is that she can find more minutes in twenty-four hours than the rest of us—can find time to draw for SCHOOLMA'AM, to make hats for class money, to write an article for The Virginia Teacher, and yet never be too busy to lend a helping hand. If you want to know "Rutus' best, take a walk with her along country lanes or through the woods. There as you watch her find delight in some simple bit of beauty or hear her talk of the real things of life, you are glad because of her friendship.

Wherever Ruth may find her life work, we know that her heart will always cling closely to the old roof-tree in Albemarle, for with her "East, west—Hame's best."

VERGILIA PENDLETON SADLER
SCOTTSVILLE, VIRGINIA

Secretary Senior Class; Secretary Post-Graduate Class; Secretary Degree Class; Vice-President Lanier Literary Society; Secretary, Treasurer, and President Lanier Literary Society; Pinquet Tennis Club; President Greek Literature Club; Glee Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; President French Circle; Stratford Dramatic Club; Executive Board; Critic Lanier Literary Society; Annual Staff; Chairman Bible Study Committee Y. W. C. A.

In the spring Vergilia's fancy turns to thoughts of SCHOOLMA'AM, for she has helped make the annual each year she has been here. But that doesn't take all her time—remember how she acted the part of Count di Rocca Marina in the Stratford play?

And, besides keeping her name on the all-A honor list, she still has time to assist "Aunt Betty" with her English papers!

Vergilia's fine, sunny spirit is an inspiration to all who work with her, and her wit is a constant joy. Gracious she is always, and nearly always she is calm.

To walk with her in the open country is to know and love nature with a deep reverence, and on these walks one reads in her eyes thoughts of singing birds, of cool shadows, of genuine friendship.
Some people possess the grand quality of being able to go through life seemingly without any trouble, and we wonder if Mary has not this same quality. Everything goes well and she takes life in a calm, sweet manner. But when Mary is keeping the library, all had better study or they will have to leave.

One of Mary's greatest hobbies is her love for Dr. Wayland's history, and all of us envy the way she can recite facts. Her experiences in boarding schools have been many, but her last choice was best when she decided to obtain her B. S. degree from Harrisonburg, Virginia. Mary says she doesn't care one thing about the boys, but her numerous car rides make us think differently.

Elizabeth, with her Southern charm, has a sweet, good-natured smile for everybody. But often we catch her dreaming of Florida, perhaps of her past and perhaps of her future. She has a high sense of responsibility, especially when left to keep house.

"Why, can she keep house?" You just bet she can. One might almost think she is an H. E. girl. She is a good hand to go to church, too, and is interested in missionary work. We shouldn't be surprised if she spends her summer in the Blue Ridge Mountains.
Robert Johnston
Degree Class Mascot
Post-Graduate Class

Motto

"We fall to rise, are baffled to fight better."

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Mr. Raymond C. Dingledine

Advisory Member

Miss Shaeffer

Mascot

Raymond Dingledine, Jr.

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Dorothy Fosque
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Dorothy Lacy

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Edith Sagle
Margaret Seebert
EWING
LACY
SAGLE
MORGAN
SEEBERT
HEIDELBERG
FOSQUE
PHILLIPS

Post-Graduate Class
Who Are We?

Who is the girl in the class that sews 
And makes herself just lots of "clo'es"—
And then on week-ends off she goes? 
That's Dorothy Fosque.

Who is the song-bird of the class, 
That never lets any gossip pass, 
And other knowledge doth amass? 
That's Mary Phillips.

Who is it at Miss Cleveland's side, 
With Special English sorely tried, 
Who sometimes gets an auto ride? 
That’s Dorothy Lacy.

Who isn't hangs out in chemistry lab 
And has all the Juniors bluffed with her gab 
In spite of Mr. Johnson's keeping tab? 
That’s Margaret Seebert.

Who's in the supply room with Miss Dwyer, 
To sell note-paper by the quire 
And sometimes mind the telephone wire? 
That’s Edith Sagle.

Who isn't can make a lemon pie 
And vamp all the men at V. P. I. 
And look at her mail box with a sigh? 
That’s Rosa Heidelberg.

Who isn't that has her home in town, 
Has always a smile and never a frown, 
And sometimes is a bit of a clown? 
That’s Elizabeth Ewing.

Who isn't that everybody knows 
By her lightning thoughts and the way she goes? 
Now, tell me, who do you suppose? 
That’s Penny Morgan.

Yours, 
P. G.
Motto
"Semper Fidelis"

Flower
White Rose

Colors
Green and White

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Dr. Walter J. Gifford

Advisory Member
Miss Ruth Hudson

Big Sister
Miss Frances Mackey

Mascot
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Miss Frances I. Mackey
Big Sister

Miss Ruth Hudson
Advisory Member
Senior Class Song

S is for Seniors,
E for our earnestness, tried and true,
N means never fail,
I for our interest, which shall prevail,
O means onward,
R proclaims right to each and all,
S sincerity:
Seniors, hear your Alma Mater's call.

Our Alma Mater, school that we love,
Dear Alma Mater, our worth we'll prove;
Now we are Seniors, still we work on,
Building for character, class of '21.
MARGARETTE LOUISE ABBOTT
CAMPBELL COUNTY
Piedmont-Midland Club; Glee Club; Piquet Tennis Club; Home Economics Club; Y. W. C. A.

How fitting that her alphabetical qualifications put Margarettte at the entrance to our class! For she is keeper of the portal. To see her on guard at the already half-shut dining room door as she calls down the steps, "Walk faster, girls!" you might think her stern; but to her friends she is just the opposite. Her motto is "Always on time"; her favorite quotation, "old turning the key."

MAZIE ELIZABETH AISTROP
NELSON COUNTY
Piquet Tennis Club; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.

Mazie has that gentle, quiet nature which you expect small, dainty people to have. And underneath that gentleness and quietness is a rock foundation of character. She is always very sure of her opinion of what is right, and she strives to do it to the best of her ability. She is a good pal, too, and has a store of quiet fun which we who love her know a great deal about.

HELEN LAURA BABER
LOUDOUN COUNTY
President Loudoun Club; Piquet Tennis Club; Secretary-Treasurer Helen-Ellen Club; Home Economics Club; Lanier Literary Society; Piedmont-Midland Club; Y. W. C. A.

Helen is known as a most capable Senior. She always has her work up to date, and still she finds time to enjoy her friends; and when they want any points on sewing or cooking they find her ever ready. Her executive ability was displayed in the successfully arranged menu for the Café Chantant.
ESTELLE HOWARD BALDWIN
PULASKI, VIRGINIA

French Circle; High School Club; V. W. C. A.

It was a favorable wind that blew Estelle to us. Although this was her first year here, she has made good. Didn't her name appear among the "all-A" students the very first quarter she was here? And Dame Rumor tells us that P. T. was one of her strongest points.

Estelle is quite gifted along literary lines, and who knows but some time we may see her name among the well-known authors of the day.

REVA LEEKE BARE
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

Rockbridge Club; Y. W. C. A.

Reva is the girl with the beautiful brown eyes, the kind-hearted and generous girl, who is always good-natured and just the best sort of a sport.

"Still waters run deep" surely applies to Reva; but then, after you know her, she is not quite so still as she commonly appears to be. How many times have you heard the bell of Second Dormitory ring and a masculine voice ask, "Is Miss Bare here?"

MILDRED ELIZABETH BARKER
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club; High School Junior Club; High School Club.

Quiet, timid, bashful—yet what a dignified practice teacher she made! Mildred comes to us from Portsmouth, and has been a very ardent lover of her Alma Mater. There is lots of fun about her and, to her roommates, she is the biggest tease on the hall. She is lovable, always ready to help the needy, and proves to be the true, capable friend that is used and appreciated.
LAURA LOUISE BEATTY
LOUBOUN COUNTY

Junior High School Club; Piedmont-Midland Club;
Loudbon Club; High School Club; Y. W. C. A.

As I write this I can look across the library and see
Louise in a soft, gray-blue dress. Somehow, she is the kind
of girl that you always associate with this particular kind
of blue. She has a way of looking as if she had just
stepped from some queer old early Italian painting, with
her heavy black hair and those great, dark eyes.

HAZEL AGNES BELLERBY
CHESTERFIELD COUNTY

Y. W. C. A.; High School Club; Tidewater Club; High
School Junior Club; Pinquet Tennis Club.

Who can get more said in a given length of time than any
two people we know?—It's Hazel!
Her interests run in England, Texas, music, giggles, and
interruption in conversation by telling "one bigger" than
the other fellow's. But in spite of all this, she is a rare
good pal: her instructors will tell you she is a good student.

CORALEASE VIRGINIA BOTTOM
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

President Lee Literary Society; Vice-President Lee Liter-
ary Society; Vice-President Y. W. C. A.; President
John Marshall Club; Executive Board; Cotilion
Club; Stratford Dramatic Club;
Glee Club; Racket Tennis Club; Asso-
ciate Business Manager

Schoolma'am.

"Toppy" is a jolly good friend, always ready for a
frolic. She is an enthusiastic student, and has made a good
record in all the activities in which she has participated
while at H. N. S. And oh, how she does hold on to library
books!—but to very good purpose, for who has her work
ready before "Toppy?"
How could we have done without Susie and her hilarious laughter during our stay at "Blue Stone Hill?" Susie is usually up on her work, but her one big aim is not to let the other fellow know anything about it. How do we know this? Any member of the G. G. C. will tell you so. If you want a good roommate when you go to the infirmary, why, just take Susie along. She's a jolly good companion, as all her friends will testify.

Lucile Agnes Bowles
Amherst County

High School Club; Y. W. C. A.

Lucile came to us this year from Sweet Briar College. She has often told us interesting things of Sweet Briar, though she seems to be perfectly satisfied at H. N. S. One of Lucile's good points is her generosity. She never gets a box, no matter how small, but her friends must be called in to share her good fortune.

Willie Mae Branham
Albemarle County

Piedmont-Midland Club; French Circle; High School Club; Albemarle Pippin Club; Y. W. C. A.

Our minds just naturally perk themselves up and get on the alert whenever we get in "Pat's" vicinity. It takes a nimble wit to get one in ahead of Willie; and let us say in passing that it is very seldom done. She has a ready tongue and uses it effectively—sometimes very effectively! Ask the girl who tried to persuade her that she ought to be monitor!
MARTHA FRANCES BROWN
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

Pinquet Tennis Club; Fran Sisters; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.

Mattie is one of the loyal P. K.'s. And she has surely chosen the right profession, for she has some of the most necessary requirements for a primary teacher. One of her most worthy traits is that she not only can sing and sing well, but is always such a trump about gladly helping out with the music and musical programs, both at the Training School and at H. N. S.

FRANCES DOROTHEA BUCKLEY
FAIRFAX COUNTY

Secretary Sophomore Class; Vice-President Junior Class; Secretary Lanier Literary Society; Home Economics Club; Fran Sisters; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.

"Buck," as she is known at H. N. S., always greets you with a contagious giggle. She is endowed with a happy nature and a jolly, sympathetic disposition. But don't think she can't be serious. Remember the butler in "Green Stockings?" Will you ever forget her efforts to "take off" Mr. Chappelear in the Lanier stunt last year?

MARJORIE BULLARD
WEST VIRGINIA

Lee Literary Society; Home Economics Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Secretary Ramblers' Club; Y. W. C. A.

Marjorie hails from West Virginia. She joined our class last September, and in many ways has proved a helpful addition. Her good humor and fun-loving spirit are contagious, and she frequently has to be reminded of study hour. Have you ever known her to linger when "Toppy" calls "Marj." from upstairs?
EMILY KATHERINE BURGER
ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY
Glee Club; Senior Hockey Team; Pinquet Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

Emily is a good-natured member of the jolly P. K.'s. She thoroughly enjoyed practice teaching, and we think her little first-graders thoroughly enjoyed her, too. She is a very independent type of girl, one who is not afraid to put her best foot forward ever and say, "I can do it."

Emily's talent for music was divided between the little tots at school and the H. X. S. Glee Club.

MARY MARGARET BURGER
ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY
Pinquet Tennis Club; Mary Club; High School Club; French Circle; Y. W. C. A.

Mary is famed for her generosity. When her box arrives from home she will always share with her friends, down to the very last bite of "eats." If she worries about things, we have never found it out. She knows how to keep her troubles to herself. We admire the perseverance with which Mary has continued her work at H. N. S. in spite of difficulties.

VIRGINIA ALESE BURGESS
FLUVANNA COUNTY
Piedmont-Midland Club; Lanier Literary Society; Home Economics Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Virginia Club; Y. W. C. A.

Here's our quiet, modest, accomplished Virginia. What can she do? Well, let's take an inventory: She cooks and she sews; she paints women in dainty clothes; she enjoys a joke and a dance, and will become a famous tennis player, perchance. To be a great artist is her ambition, but we think home-making will be her mission.
ELIZABETH MELVILLE BURKHARDT  
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
Lee Literary Society; Home Economics Club; Y. W. C. A.

If Drexell would make a habit of sending us folks like Elizabeth, we should like to have many more. It may be her smiles that make her so beloved among us, but we think it's just her winning personality. Whenever we want to know anything about Church History or ministers we always go to her because she's a minister's daughter, you know.

ANNA SEATON CAMERON  
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA
Executive Board: President Hampton Roads Club; Secretary Home Economics Club; Advisory Board Virginia Teacher; Lanier Literary Society; Glee Club; John Marshall Club; Y. W. C. A.

Anna is the kind of girl that you can depend on. You can depend on her to talk—at any time or any place, about anything or anybody, but never in an ill-natured way. You can depend on her to know just where you can find whatever you are looking for; and, last, but not least, you can depend on her to make you like her, no matter how much you envy her getting on the Honor Roll when you did not.

FRANCES ELLA CHITTUM  
PENNSYLVANIA
Home Economics Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Ramblers; Cotillion Club; Vice-President Fran Sisters; Y. W. C. A.

To look at Frances you would think her quiet, but just ask a monitor in upper Spottswood. “Chittum” is a mixture of fun and studiousness, and she knows the time and place for both moods. Her one dissipation is having dates, and that makes us wonder how long she will teach.
MARY AGNES CHRISTIAN

APPOMATTOX COUNTY

Mary Club; John Marshall Club; Pinquet Tennis Club;
Senior Hockey Team; Vice-President Senior
Grammar Grade Club; Y. W. C. A.

Agnes, better known as “Aggie-Boo,” is a modest and
kind-hearted girl, always ready to help someone over the
rugged road. She moves along life’s pathway in a calm
and serene manner, yet when field day comes she always
stars in athletic feats, such as jumping, running, and play­ing hockey.

ELIZABETH DANIEL

CHARLOTTE COUNTY

Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.; Sergeant-at-Arms Stratford
Dramatic Club; Home Economics Club.

Boom! Bang! Bum! In she breezes and out she blows!
But during the short visit she is sure to bring in a “come­what-come-may spirit.” You may be able to get through
H. N. S. and still be ignorant of some things, but never of
“Liz.” She’s just that kind of a girl. But—if you want to
be a friend of hers, remember her name is D-a-n-i-e-l.
Never add an s. She is very singular about not wanting to
be put into the plural.

MARY DAVIDSON

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

Vice-President Freshman Class; Treasurer Lanier Literary
Society; Rockbridge Club; Home Economics Club;
Cotillion Club; Y. W. C. A.

Mary is one of the foundation stones of the Senior
class. She came here four years ago, a “fresh little
freshie,” and she has stuck to her class ever since. Her
one big hobby is horseback riding, and she is perfectly at
home on old “Kaiser Bill’s” back. Mary is always in a
good humor if she has “Buck” with her, and she can enter­tain
any number of girls with fish stories of her Freshman
and Sophomore years.
ZADIE KATHLEEN DAVIS

APPOMATTOX COUNTY

Secretary Grammar Grade Club; Glee Club; Senior Hockey Team; Piedmont-Midland Club; Cotillion Club; Y. W. C. A.

Zadie is always ready for a good time—especially for dancing in the gym. Along with this she has the happy faculty of being a studious classmate. She pleases everyone. She and Mary Lee have effectively proved their friendship. They are wearing, in apparent satisfaction, hats just exactly alike.

LILA BOYD DEISHER

BOTETOURT COUNTY

Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.; Junior High School Club; H. S. Club.

“A still tongue makes a wise head.” Such may be said of Lila, for she is a very quiet girl who goes softly about her business and makes no fuss over it. We all admire her calmness and dignity. Her ability to get ready for breakfast is much coveted by her roommate. Her steady growth during these two years will show in the real tests and measurements of life.

EDNA RUTH DELLINGER

SHENANDOAH, VIRGINIA

Junior High School Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; Y. W. C. A.; High School Club.

All people do not have the faculty of making themselves known, which by no means decreases their value. Ruth is such a Math fiend! Math at the Normal, Math at the Training School, and Math all day. The frequency of her week-end trips home is the envy of all her friends.
ALICE DUNBAR Dickey
Nelson County
High School Club; Y. W. C. A.

Alice loves her work at H. N. S. Perhaps that is why success comes so easily to her—in drawing, painting, and in practice teaching. She brings to us many interesting accounts of her teaching experiences in the West last year. She makes it so attractive that some of us are almost planning to return with her next session.

HAZEL IRENE DONOVAN
Harrisonburg, Virginia
Harrisonburg Club.

Modest, demure, and meek to strangers; but always jolly and good-natured to her friends. That is Hazel all over. She is a town girl and has a long walk, but is always in her place when the bell rings. In speaking of Hazel, one always thinks of a true, willing, and conscientious classmate.

MARIA CATHERINE DOVE
Pittsylvania County
Y. W. C. A.; Junior High School Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Catherine Club; High School Club; French Circle.

Who thoroughly enjoyed her P. T.? And who did it with a will? Dove! Just rest assured that whatever she tackles she will finish—makes no difference how hard she has to work for it.

Oh, how many SCHOOLMA'AM secrets Maria could disclose! But the "Annual Table" relied upon her discretion, and their faith has been justified.
Virginia Taylor Drew
Richmond, Virginia
John Marshall Club; Piquet Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

Virginia has hidden depths which only those who are intimately associated with her can fully appreciate. She is a sincere friend, and is usually ready to suggest a way out of a difficulty. Few people appreciate jokes more than Virginia, and she is ready to laugh even when the joke has been turned on her.

Mary Elizabeth Dunn
Halifax County
Piedmont-Midland Club; Junior High School Club; President Mary Club; Lee Literary Society; High School Club; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.

Grammatically speaking, Mary Dunn (done) is very improper; and as she is so exact in every other way, we named her Mary "Did." She is distant; but once you get to her heart, you remain there. Her piano selections are enjoyed at all recitals, as she has the ability to put feeling into her music and thus make others feel it.

Phyllis Wall Eastham
Rappahannock County
Junior High School Club; French Circle; High School Club; Y. W. C. A.

"Phyllis Eastham!" Don't be alarmed. Mr. Chappelear isn't blasting up Miss Lyons's poinsettia; it is merely Gladys Hopkins or Charlotte Morris paging Phyllis for the telephone. Presently you will hear an answering "Yeah" from room 36 downstairs. You see, it happens every evening, and those of us who live in Ashby usually wait for it as a signal to begin powdering our noses for supper.
ANNIE ELGIN
FAIRFAX COUNTY
Piedmont-Midland Club; Junior High School Club; Glee Club; High School Club; French Circle; Y. W. C. A.

Daintiness, courtesy, and kindness are Annie's qualities. Her willingness to help in a time of need is surely appreciated by the Baptist people in town, for she is always ready with the Sunday School music. She is a joy to the librarian; have you ever watched her tip-toeing about? Or have you ever tried to hold a conversation with her in that sanctuary? She has evidently seen the sign, No Talking Allowed.

BRENDA DURRETT ELLIOTT
SHENANDOAH, VIRGINIA
Glee Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

Allow us to introduce Brenda. She's just as charming and original as her name. Those who know her well appreciate the intimacy all the more for the delightful weekend trips "home to Shenandoah." It's her sympathetic smile that makes homesickness forget itself in her company.

ANNA KATHERINE ESTES
HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA
Harrisonburg Club; Cotillion Club; Shenandoah Valley Club.

Who is the girl we see, almost lost in her big Studebaker? O, yes, it's Anna! Anna's good old car and her davenport at home could tell many a tale if they had the gift of speech. Not selfish tales of Anna alone, but of her many "Normal" friends. Besides courtesies from the young men, there are honors from the old as well. Didn't the Confederate Veterans have her go all the way to Texas as their sponsor?
LUCILLE HELEN EUBANK
BEDFORD COUNTY
Grammar Grade Club; Glee Club; Racket Tennis Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Helen-Ellen Club; Cotillion Club; Y. W. C. A.

Lucille is a lovable girl with a characteristic chuckle all her own. She enjoys a good joke immensely; to tell one is her chief delight, and she usually can get one ready for all occasions. She doesn't forget her mandolin; and neither do we, for she surely can make it resound with snappy tunes. Is she studious? Well, of course she studies, but—my! how she loves to rest!

LUCY CORINNE EVANS
WATERVIEW, VIRGINIA
President Y. W. C. A.; Critic Lanier Literary Society; High School Club; Vice-President French Circle; Racket Tennis Club; Glee Club.

"To know her is to love her." Couldn't you guess that we meant Corinne? With her courtesy, dependability, and sincerity, who could help it? Yes, she was president of the Y. W. C. A. too. Good? Well, remember the rush for chairs every Thursday night? Last, but not least, her roommate told me that she had a good disposition! "'Nuff said!"

ESTHER MARY EVANS
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
Secretary Lanier Literary Society; Treasurer Home Economics Club; John Marshall Club; Mary Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Secretary Y. W. C. A.

Quaint, neat, and dependable is Esther. Cheery also, for we have never seen her in a bad humor. Esther has a will of her own, and she uses it in the right way, too. She has proved her efficiency as Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. this past year.
VIRGINIA ELIZABETH FAULKNER
BLACKSBURG, VIRGINIA

President Pinquet Tennis Club; Secretary-Treasurer Virginia Club; Cotillion Club; Junior High School Club; High School Club; Junior Basketball Team; Senior Basketball Team; Varsity Team; Athletic Council; Associate Art Editor

Schoolma'am; Y. W. C. A.

What was that thud? Only the huge guard knocking down our little star forward. But she is up again with a shake of her head and an “I’m not hurt,” and into the game again with more zeal than ever. And who is that dancing? Oh, that’s also Virginia giving a solo dance, and “her step is light and airy as the tripping of a fairy.” Yes, she drew those pictures, too. You know, she “just had to have something light and attractive to hang on those bare walls.”

RUTH GIVENS FULTON
AUGUSTA COUNTY

Home Economics Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; Y. W. C. A.

Do we enjoy Ruth? I’ll say we do! And why? To be sure, we love her friendly, congenial nature, her rather studious habits, etc., but more than all we envy her numerous trips home in the always handy Franklin.

MARGARET ELIZABETH FUNK
FREDERICK COUNTY

Glee Club; Lee Literary Society; Home Economics Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Cotillion Club; Y. W. C. A.

“Peggy”—resourceful, fun-loving, mischievous, and independent. What a lot of words about one girl! But we could not leave out a single one and adequately describe Peggy. She has won many friends, not only at H. N. S., but in town as well. We are hoping the pursuance of the interests she acquired at McGaheysville will prove irresistible to her; but when we think of the frequency of her dates, we wonder.
Florence Louise Fuqua
Chesterfield County
Junior High School Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Tidewater Club; High School Club; Y. W. C. A.

Louise possesses a disposition much to be envied. She is one of the few stout people who don't mind being teased about it. Her two pet hobbies are laughing and throwing humorous sarcasm. Louise has the characteristics of a good sport, which will mean a lot towards the success we expect her to have in the future.

Mary Lee Gardner
Suffolk, Virginia
Racket Tennis Club; Treasurer Grammar Grade Club; Mary Club; Tidewater Club; Senior Hockey Team; Y. W. C. A.

What would the Grammar Grade Club do without Mary Lee for their treasurer? She is an adept at persuading people to pay dues on time, and she knows how to handle the money well when it is paid. Mary Lee is fond of athletics, especially hockey and tennis; and can you return that hard, swift serve of hers in a game of tennis? She very seldom loses a game, but when she does she can take it as well as a victory.

Mildred Rebecca Garter
City Point, Virginia
Treasurer Junior High School Club; Glee Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; High School Club; Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President Tidewater Club; Secretary-Treasurer French Circle; Treasurer Lee Literary Society.

To her intimate friends Mildred is the best of pals. To strangers she is "the quiet, dignified girl with the pretty face." Although Mildred is gentle and reserved, she has an abundance of pep and originality. Those who have heard her rhymes and her performances on the guitar know this.
LOUISE ELIZABETH GIBBONEY
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Secretary Lee Literary Society; Treasurer John Marshall Club; Treasurer Pinquet Tennis Club; Home Economics Club; Y. W. C. A.

Louise has the unusual combination of light hair and soft brown eyes. Not only are these eyes soft brown, but just look into them once and you'll find them bewitching. She uses them to talk with, as well as her mouth. Louise is one of our Home Economics girls, and we are sure that she will be successful, whether she teaches sewing or engages herself as a cook.

ANNE BATHURST GILLIAM
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

President Senior Class; President Lanier Literary Society; Librarian of the Glee Club; Home Economics Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Senior Hockey Team; Y. W. C. A.

Somebody once said, "Anne is a rock of Gibraltar." We laughed then. She is; but there's the jolly, carefree Anne, who doesn't seem at all like Gibraltar, the serious Anne, the Anne of accomplishments, the Anne who sets things stirring, the lovable Anne, the dependable Anne—for everyone always says, "Oh, ask Anne; she will do it." Is that why she is our Senior President? Maybe not, but for some reason the Senior Class has passed through a successful year under her leadership.

REBECCA ANNA GWALTNEY
SUSSEX COUNTY

Pinquet Tennis Club; Tidewater Club; Secretary Lee Literary Society; Home Economics Club; Y. W. C. A.

Have you ever looked in "Becky's" eyes? Then you can see that she never has the blues. Strange as it may seem, Rebecca has a peculiar taste for art. Just ask her the kind of pictures. If you are interested, ask her why she wrote her senior essay on "Agriculture." "Becky" is interested in all the activities of school life, and does her part to make them a success.
GLADYS MAE GWYNN
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA
Glee Club; Cotillion Club; Vice-President Norfolk Club;
President Norfolk Club; Kindergarten Club;
Pinquet Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

Gladys and Gladness seem to go hand in hand, and this is surely true of this Gladys. She always seems to be happy, and she can give you a smile any time.

Gladys is in Harrisonburg, but her heart is not. Maybe if you'll wander out to some Western city you'll find it. Just consult her on the subject. We wonder if she is really going to be a Kindergartner next year. If so, of course we wish her success; but she'll get it any way. Do you remember what a master hand she was with the little tots of Harrisonburg?

MARY LEES HARDY
WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA
Lanier Literary Society; Glee Club; Vice-President Pinquet Tennis Club; Home Economics Club; Mary Club;
Cotillion Club; Y. W. C. A.

Mary Lees has been awarded honors for being the biggest talker in "The Trio." Of course, the other two aren't at all quiet, but they can't compete with her. She has a cheery disposition that weathers most of the storms around H. N. S.—even examinations—and she has won most of us to her side. From the pleasure she derives in quoting and putting herself into Shakespeare's plays, one might say that she aspires to the dramatic field. But those who know her well know another ambition of hers. Don't worry, Mary Lees, we'll not tell on you!

FLORENCE AMELIA HAUER
CLIFTON FORGE, VIRGINIA
Glee Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Piedmont-Midland Club;
Y. W. C. A.

In Florence we find a sincere, jolly little chum, willing to help others whenever she can. This, and her interest in the tots at the Training School, convince her friends that she will be successful in whatever work she does. Her one failing is taking the last bite of some choice morsel—"Well, if no one else wants it—"
HELEN HENRIETTA HEATH
NORTHAMPTON COUNTY
Home Economics Club; Pingvct Tennis Club; Secretary-Treasurer Eastern Shore Club; Vice-President Eastern Shore Club; Helen-Ellen Club; Tidewater Club; Y. W. C. A.

Helen is the type of girl who is seen and not heard and who is made conspicuous by her quietness. Bright-eyed, always ready for fun and merriment, she is a “dandy” seamstress. From her interest and progress in Home Economics we think that some day she will be a fine housekeeper.

You will find Helen the same yesterday, today, and tomorrow—ever the gentle, modest girl we love so well.

GRACE EMMA HENTY
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA
Roanoke Club; Sergeant-at-Arms Grammar Grade Club; Y. W. C. A.

If “Henty” gets out of the world all that she puts into it, she will be so overshadowed that her best friends won't be able to recognize her. Her many boxes of eats, as well as her daily good humor and helpful “advices,” are shared freely with all who happen her way. Nothing can daunt her, not even a day-late letter from Jack.

GRACE HARVEY HEYL
UNIVERSITY, VIRGINIA
Executive Board; Captain Junior Hockey Team; Business Manager Junior Class; Secretary and Sergeant-at-Arms Lee Literary Society; Vice-President Stratford Dramatic Club; Vice-President Albermarle Pippins; Piedmont-Midland Club; Secretary Racket Tennis Club; Home Economics Club; Business Manager Senior Class; Senior Hockey Team; Athletic Council; Cotillion Club; Annual Staff; Chairman Social Committee Y. W. C. A.

Grace is splendid! Everyone admires that vivacious spirit which seems to hang around her all the time. Energy—she has a surplus supply on hand. Just call on her when you are tired and worn out. She is refreshing. Just one more thing, and then we'll have the “Grace” to stop. She is full of pep and school spirit. The Stratfords couldn't do without her; but in spite of all that, she is just herself, which makes her really worth while.
MARION ESTELLE HODGES
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

Glee Club; Junior Basket Ball Team; Senior Basket Ball Team; Varsity Team; Senior Hockey Team; Collision Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Secretary-Treasurer Kindergarten Club; Y. W. C. A.

There is one thing about her—she always smiles when she plays basket ball, and she does both splendidly. Marion is a typical Primary-Kindergarten student, and thought only in terms of doll-houses and the like when she was practise teaching. She is everybody's friend—is it because of the smile or the basket ball? It must be the combination, plus just Marion.

ELLA VIRGINIA HOLLORAN
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

Glee Club; Secretary Stratford Dramatic Club; Home Economics Club; Vice-President Stratford Dramatic Club; President Lanier Literary Society; Pinquet Tennis Club; Sub, Senior Basket Ball Team; Y. W. C. A.

Ella might well be known as chief of the "sprinters." If you haven't seen her and her roommates hotfooting it to breakfast, you have missed something worth while. “Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.” Ella is quite witty. Like all Schoolma'ams or prospective Schoolma'ams, she has a pet joke. “A certain stove is advertised to save half the fuel. Why not buy two stoves and save it all?? Do you appreciate her logic? She is blest with a diversity of talents. She can cook, sew, play basket ball or a violin, dance, sing, act, or—in fact, she can do 'most anything.

GLADYS HOPKINS
ROCKINGHAM COUNTY

Racket Tennis Club; Business Manager Junior High School Club; Lanier Literary Society; Glee Club; High School Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; Y. W. C. A.

Listen almost any time in Second Dormitory and you'll hear someone calling, “Hello, Central, give me McGaheysville, please.” That's Gladys. She is a very capable girl. If you have any doubts whatever, just recall the Senior Circus of last year and the Café Chantant of this year. Both of these were successful, and Gladys was in charge of them. We are quite sure that Gladys will become famous some day, but whether as a teacher in junior high school or as a director of a circus, we cannot say.
ROSA ELIZABETH HOPKINS
PATRICK COUNTY

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

Rosa is as good as gold. Just hint that a thing, if done, would be helpful to somebody and—no matter how work presses—you see in Rosa's brown eyes a plan a-making to do it. Who loves her home and her old school more than she? And who is more loyal to the new ties here? A rich vein of humor usually hides in a deep nature. Watch Rosa enjoy a joke.

LELIA FLORENCE HOUNSHELL
SHENANDOAH COUNTY

French Circle; Junior High School Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Senior Basket Ball Team; High School Club; Y. W. C. A.

Efficiency spells Florence—whether she is working "trig." playing basket ball, practice teaching, or trying to out-distance her roommate to the mail box. She can do anything from running a Ford to making fudge. One of her greatest desires is to be the author of "Easy Methods in Math for Normal Students."

ANNETTE LOUISE HOUSTON
FAIRFIELD, VIRGINIA

Annual Staff; "The Virginia Teacher" Staff; President Lanier Literary Society; Executive Board; Vice-President Sophomore Class; Vice-President Lanier Literary Society; Glee Club; Home Economics Club; Rockbridge Club; Cotillion Club; Junior Hockey Team; Captain Senior Hockey Team; Senior Basketball Team; Y. W. C. A.

Go slow and easy and yet get there on time is Louise's practice. She gets there, too, wherever it may be. She has the power of expression that few of us are blessed with; and her slow Virginia drawl, her dreamy eyes, and her easy manner proclaim her a writer. But her interests do not end with writing. She sings and dances well, is a champion goal keeper in hockey, and plays a good game of basket ball. We don't know whether Louise has planned for her future or not; but from the numerous floral offerings that adorn her table we do know that someone, somewhere, has something planned for her.
BERTHA AGNES HUFFMAN
AUGUSTA COUNTY
Shenandoah Valley Club; Home Economics Club;
Y. W. C. A.

Here comes our dignified little Bertha, better known as "Huffman." She's rather hard to get acquainted with, though after you know her she's a whole-hearted, lovable girl. Would you believe me? She's full of mischief, too. If you want to make her smile, ask her about Roanoke. She'll make a dandy housekeeper. Her motto is: "I could not live without the love of my friends."

ANNIE KATHERINE HUNDLEY
PITTSYLVANIA COUNTY
Canning Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; High School Club; Y. W. C. A.

Here is one of our best students—quiet most of the time, but oh, what a lot of pep she has when it comes to putting anything through! We all admire her knack of keeping everything in its right place and often wish for Annie when we search for hours for some misplaced article. She has one hobby—Miss Spilman.

ALICE PEYTON JAMISON
HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA

Miss Jamison is a gentle young lady who vibrates between H. N. S. and her down-town school-room; for she is a regular teacher in the city school system, as well as a student among us. In classes we feel grateful to her for sitting on the front seat and serving as a buffer (by no means let an / slip into this word) to receive and break the shock of the hardest questions. The little first-graders whom she teaches love her very dearly, and consume so much of her time that she can not share our campus activities.
BERNIE BROWN JARRATT
JARRATT, VIRGINIA

Treasurer Pinquet Tennis Club; Secretary High School Junior Club; Glee Club; Lee Literary Society; Tidewater Club; Chairman Bible Study Committee
Y. W. C. A.; High School Club

Bernie is a “good ole scout.” She is one of those people who always know what to say at the right time. Hush, ’tis a secret—but she is a good bluffer. Her fame in dramatics was well established in the Junior play, when she appeared in the role of a loving father.

Best o’ luck to her!

FRANKIE JONES
CRAIG COUNTY

Y. W. C. A.

Do you remember how homesick “Buckie” was when she first came to Blue-Stone Hill and how tired she was of everybody and everything? She soon recovered, however, and her ready wit, her jokes, and her songs have cheered our spirits many a time. When Miss Myers cannot find a tonic for the homesickness which occurs so often at the beginning of school, she sends her patients to Frankie, who usually administers the right treatment.

LENA MAY KEMP
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

Tidewater Club; Hampton Roads Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Cotillion Club; Glee Club; Home Economics Club; Y. W. C. A.

Lena is the silent partner in the firm of Morris, Kemp, and Kramar. We sometimes wonder if this is because of her own inclination or because the others give her no chance to talk. We have an idea that when she does speak it is to the point and gets her where she wants to be, for she seems always to be quietly successful.
MARIE ELLEN KILBY
RAPPAHANNOCK COUNTY
Piedmont-Midland Club; Grammar Grade Club; Lanier Literary Society; Helen-Ellen Club; Y. W. C. A.

Talk about an attractively neat and refined girl, and you surely mean Marie! She is rather a serious girl, but full of sociability and friendliness toward everyone. As a French Maid at the Café Chantant she looked quite chic. One fine thing about Marie—you can always depend upon every word she says as being her own frank and true opinion.

REBA NOVELLA KRAMAR
HIGHLAND COUNTY
Lee Literary Society; Grammar Grade Club; Sophomore Basketball Team; Cotillion Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

"Jake" has been accused of being the "vamp" of Ashby Hall. Everyone knows about her many phone calls and dates. Just one look at her laughing eyes would tell you that she is in for all kinds of fun. She certainly can keep a smiling face when things go wrong. Not even five lesson plans, a test for Miss Cleveland, or an examination, can dampen her spirits.

EUNICE ELIZABETH LAMBERT
ROCKINGHAM COUNTY
Senior Hockey Team; Home Economics Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; Junior Hockey Team; Racket Tennis Club; Cotillion Club; Y. W. C. A.

She can make a loaf of bread just as heavy as lead. Eunice is a Home Economics Senior and a good cook and all that, but she says she can't always remember to put in all the ingredients. She's a lovely hostess in spite of this, and her friends love "to go home with Eunice for the week-end!"
LUCIE MAE LAND
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

Glee Club; Lanier Literary Society; Kindergarten Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Y. W. C. A.

Lucie has all of us guessing. She passes on all of her examinations and goes to the movies while the rest of us are groveling in our books. Lucie’s talent for drawing is so well-known that when anyone asks for a poster to be made, she is usually the first person suggested.

ANNA GLADYS LEE
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

President Pingnet Tennis Club; Sergeant-at-Arms Lee Literary Society; Secretary John Marshall Club; Executive Board; Junior High School Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; High School Club; Y. W. C. A.

Gladys, a jolly little sprite, came to us from John Marshall High School in Richmond with a brilliant record. Nobly she has lived up to her fame. In mathematics she is a “shark”—both in acquiring and imparting. The class of ’21 expects to number this member of the “going trio” among its educational celebrities.

ANNA BURLEIGH LEWIS
SMYTH COUNTY

Grammar Grade Club; Y. W. C. A.

Anna has no time for such an age-maker as worry, for she is ever ready to enjoy a joke and a good time. We often wonder how she finds time to take her daily beauty nap; but somehow or other it doesn’t interfere with her work, and she always comes out on top.
MARGARET LYNN LEWIS
LYNNWOOD, VIRGINIA

Pinquet Tennis Club; Annual Staff, 1918-19; Sophomore
Basket Ball Team; Treasurer Junior Class; Secretary
Senior Class; President H. S. Juniors; Treasurer
H. S. Club; Lanier Literary Society; Executive
Board; Athletic Council, 1919-20; Junior
Hockey Team; Shenandoah Valley Club; Y. W. C. A.

Do we envy Margaret? Well, rather. Her aristocratic
simplicity of manner, presence of mind, and personal force
have made her one of the leading factors of the class of
'21. Who writes a poem when the class needs one? Who
is ever ready when emergencies arise? The answer is al-
ways—Margaret.

HAZEL ELLIOTT LYON
PULASKI, VIRGINIA

Home Economics Club; Cotillion Club; Y. W. C. A.

Here is Hazel Lyon. She isn’t half so fierce as her name
might imply. Hazel eats very little in the dining room, and
for a long time we were worried; but we have found out
that she lives on dates at night. Hazel often gets things
tangled up—this is due to her elastic imagination—but she
will keep you laughing indefinitely if you have a spark of
humor in you.

BLANCHE AGNES McCauley
AUGUSTA COUNTY

High School Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; Y. W. C. A.

No matter what subject one brings up when Blanche is
around, it usually reminds her of something about Miss
Hoffman or of Washington, D. C. She is equally eloquent
on both subjects.

We think Blanche’s ambition at present is to emulate
Miss Hoffman for the benefit of some future Normal Girls.
Don’t you like her charming accents?
LUCILLE WARREN McCLUNG

BOTETOURT COUNTY

Vice-President Student Government, 1919-'20, 1920-'21;
Vice-President Senior Class; Secretary Junior Class;
President Sophomore Class; Treasurer Freshman
Class; Secretary Lee Literary Society; Colli-
tion Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Glee
Club; Executive Board, 1917-'18,
1919-'20; Y. W. C. A.

Lucille arrived at the Normal, so we hear, back in the
"Dark Ages" and served faithfully as a green little
"freshie" and as a progressive "soph." She is right in line
with those Normal girls whom we dub the good-timers.
Her capacity for making friends and taking part in all of
the campus activities has not been excelled at school. She
is jolly, lovable, and full of fun; but she has a serious
side, too, and is always found loyal to friends and to duty.
Her list of honors goes to prove that she is a well-rounded
girl.

RITA JEANETTA McGAHA

LOUDOUN COUNTY

Junior High School Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Sub,
Junior Basket Ball Team; Pinquet Tennis Club;
Loudoun Club; Sergeant-at-Arms High School
Club; Senior Basket Ball Team;
Varsity Team: Y. W. C. A.

If wit is displayed when least expected, Rita is near at
hand. If you hear a giggle, or "That's fine," Rita is also
around. And when it comes to playing basket ball, Rita is
always up in the air, at the right time, to send the ball on
its way rejoicing. What would the Varsity have done
without Rita? In short, it's hard to imagine our school
without her, and our best wishes go with her wherever she
goes.

KATHERINE VICTORIA MAHONEY

SMYTH COUNTY

Glee Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Katherine Club; Gram-
mar Grade Club; French Circle; Y. W. C. A.

Here's to Katherine—jolly, good-natured, and liked by
all who know her. She is ever laughing and talking, her
motto being, "Begone, dull Care: you and I shall never
agree." She is sure to make a successful schoolma'am, for
we know Katherine well enough to say that she will always
see the funny side of life and laugh with and not at her
pupils. Katherine, we hate to give you up, but here's wish-
ing you bushels o' luck!
HELEN LUCILLE MARSHALL
NELSON COUNTY
Helen-Ellen Club; Senior Hockey Team, 1920; Pinquet Tennis Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Grammar Grade Club; Y. W. C. A.

We all rejoiced with the Helen-Ellen Club when their "belated good-timer" came back. I wonder how many saw the happy look in her bright eyes the morning she returned, as her gaze traveled around the dining room to pick out the old familiar faces. Here, indeed, is a loyal daughter of H. N. S.

MARGARET LIGON MARTIN
AUGUSTA COUNTY
Lanier Literary Society; Racket Tennis Club; Senior Hockey Team; Senior Basketball Team; Rockbridge Club; Home Economics Club; Cotillion Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; Y. W. C. A.

Margaret is one of our staunchest friends. She loves to take her daily letter out of the mail box—her main hobby at the Normal. Only those who know her can appreciate her sense of humor and wit. She escaped the trials and troubles of practice teaching by signing up for a four-year course. We wish her success in the struggles for her degree.

VIRGINIA JOSEPHINE MECARTNEY
FREDERICK COUNTY
Glee Club; Vice-President Junior High School Club; Virginia Club; Stratford Dramatic Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; French Circle; High School Club; Chairman Social Service Committee Y. W. C. A.

Here is a girl of the finest type, and a very efficient one, too. Whatever Virginia attempts, she does it well. In her English classes she has always starred, and as a Y. W. Cabinet member her faithfulness in social-service work will ever be remembered. Have you not heard of her "sixty-six?"
VADA CATHERINE MILLER

BRIDGEWATER, VIRGINIA

Shenandoah Valley Club; Catherine Club; High School Club; Y. W. C. A.

Given: A fair face, curly locks, and a slender person-age; now add to this a good disposition, perseverance, and good disciplinarian traits; then multiply by a wide-awake, ever-increasing interest in Scientific Tests and Measurements, and the result is—Vada, the future author of *A Romance of Mathematics.*

ETHEL VERNICE MILLER

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Sergeant-at-Arms Norfolk Club; Cotillion Club; Racket Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

“Bunnie” is described as a frank, jolly, sociable, congenial girl—a friend to everybody in school and just the best kind of sport imaginable. When anyone suggests “going,” Bunnie is “Johnny-on-the-spot.” Still she is the type of girl who can enjoy life on the campus. Talking about athletics—she did go out once and starred in practices for the Fatty-Skinny game last year.

JESSIE BELL MISH

AUGUSTA COUNTY

Shenandoah Valley Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

Surely you know Jessie—lovable, sincere little body that she is. Rather quiet, but always ready for a joke. She takes life smilingly, no matter what comes her way. Though a casual observer may not pick her out as a teacher, she enjoys the little folks, and works well with them.
RUTH PENDLETON MOON
ALBEMARLE COUNTY

High School Club; Albermarle Pippins; French Circle; Lanier Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

I passed two girls out on the walk the other night. They were trying to get their bearings straight, and one of them said, "Well, the moon rises over Mr. Duke's house and sets behind Harrison Hall!"

That may be right, but this particular "Moon of our delight" rises and sets over in Spottswood, and as William Green Hill would say, "She is the risingest moon that is!" Nothing can keep her down. She thrives on obstacles.

MARTHA KATHERINE MOORE
ROCKINGHAM COUNTY

Katherine Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; Junior Hockey Team; Y. W. C. A.

Martha is one of the quietest and most reserved of all H. N. S. girls, and few really know her true worth. Once you get to her heart, she is a valued friend. She has a nature that never changes, and her constancy can always be relied upon.

Martha lives in a beautiful brick farmhouse near Harrisonburg; and almost any Friday afternoon we can see her running down the campus walk, hailing the bus man to wait just a minute longer. She always succeeds in getting there before he leaves, for home is her destination.

MAISIE LIVINIA MORGAN
BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA

Glee Club; Racket Tennis Club; Kindergarten Club; Cotillion Club; Lanier Literary Society; Treasurer Ramblers; Y. W. C. A.

We have often heard of Georgia peaches, and at last one has drifted to H. N. S. Maisie has all that the name might imply: a happy disposition, lovely feminine qualities, winning ways, and last, but by no means least, a mass of brown curls. We feel certain that Maisie's future will hold no domestic troubles, because we suspect she has engaged a "chef" for life. And we are sure it wasn't March madness that brought the "lucky stone" and other attachments which may keep her always near Blue Stone Hill.
CHARLOTTE ANNE MORRIS  
CLARKE COUNTY

Glee Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; Grammar Grade Club; Sub, Junior Hockey Team; Sub, Senior Hockey Team; Y. W. C. A.

“Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning.” But she is never idle after once aroused, for each lesson is always prepared, and time left for little jobs of service and loyalty to her class and school. We have never seen Charlotte when she did not seem happy, and perhaps it was this characteristic that won her the devotion of her training school pupils.

CAROLINE HELLÉN MUSE  
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

President Helen-Ellen Club; Y. W. C. A.; Pinquet Tennis Club; Lanier Literary Society; Piedmont-Midland Club.

To be sure, we all know that jolly, good-natured laugh of Hellen’s. Although she looks quite dignified, and is so at times, yet she is always ready to get “off her dignity” if there is any fun going on. She is what we call a sure-enough good sport and good friend. Hellen is very businesslike. Her motto is “Concentrate thoroughly when you are studying, and get it over with.”

RUTH CLEVELAND NEWMAN  
BEDFORD COUNTY

Y. W. C. A.

Ruth is well equipped with two excellent qualities—kindness and cheerfulness. She has withstood the storm of lesson plans and notebooks without losing either her temper or weight. In the future you may see the wrinkles on her genial face, but not one in her joyful spirit.
JENNIE STUART NICHOLAS
ROCKINGHAM COUNTY
Grammar Grade Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Senior Hockey Team; Cotillion Club; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.

There is no one quite so busy as "Jen." From her four years of work here we don't know just how to classify her, but she is good at almost anything and is willing to try her hand at any necessary work that happens to be waiting. Do you remember her faithful appearance out on the hockey field every Saturday morning?

GLADYS WILLIAMS NICHOLS
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA
Vice-President Pinquet Tennis Club; Home Economics Club; Glee Club; Cotillion Club; Y. W. C. A.

Have you ever heard her laugh? She does enjoy it; and so do we. Have you ever seen her dance? She enjoys that, too; and likewise the rest of us. That makes her sound entirely frivolous, which is unjust, for good nature and good laughter do not keep Gladys from being a true friend in the fullest sense. By the way, sometimes the trains from Raleigh, N. C., miss connections on Sunday—then she doesn't always laugh.

ELLEN SARAH NOCK
ACCOMAC COUNTY
Eastern Shore Club; Helen-Ellen Club; Grammar Grade Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

Ellen makes a delightful patient—in Home Nursing stunts, at least. She is a warm-hearted girl, interested in people, and always ready to help them in any way she can. She is a good student, also, as Miss Harnsberger can testify, for she is often the first girl to make a rush for the special reference shelf.
FRANCES LOUVENIA OAKES
PITTSYLVANIA COUNTY
Piedmont-Midland Club; Secretary-Treasurer Canning Club, 1918-'19; Sophomore Basket Ball Team; High School Club; Fran Sisters; Y. W. C. A.

Frances has sandwiched her years at H. N. S. with practical experience in teaching. Those of us who know her well know that she is the best pal ever. We don't know whether she has adopted “Procrastination is the thief of time” as her motto or not, but somehow she can always get her work done before the rest of us and find time to “go up and see ‘Aggie-boo’ for a little while.”

ANNA LEE PAYNE
CHESTERFIELD COUNTY
Piedmont-Midland Club; Vice-President John Marshall Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Grammar Grade Club; Y. W. C. A.

Should you see a girl walking about the campus with a smiling face and a beguiling dimple in each cheek, you may be sure it’s Anna Lee. She hails from the vicinity of the “City of Seven Hills,” and is now prepared to return there with a store of knowledge for the children of the grammar grades. “Dimples,” as she is known at home, is a quiet, demure lass who loves all kinds of sports—but one. The majestic Atlantic, with all its waves and crests, is a little too strenuous for her. Anna Lee goes slowly in choosing her comrades, but if she once becomes your friend she stands by you through thick and thin.

LUCY MEARLE PEARCE
MARIETTA, GEORGIA
Home Economics Club; Hampton Roads Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

Jolly, good natured, and frank—these are the characteristics we first think of in connection with “Pearce.” But there are other things, too. She is a real H. E. student, and her room is always a model of neatness. Have you ever heard of the time she was Head Monitor of Upper Third? She knew how to discipline the girls and still keep them in a good humor. And as for helping in the infirmary, just ask Miss Myers about Mearle.
CHLOE GLADYS PECK
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA
Lee Literary Society; Glee Club; High School Club; French Circle; Roanoke Club; Executive Board; Pimquet Tennis Club; Chairman World Fellowship Committee Y. W. C. A.

Chloe has proved to be an extremely capable worker, both in the Y. W. C. A. and on the Executive Board. At times she seems to take people rather seriously, but we attribute that to the fact that she doesn’t think it “worth while to take a subject unless she makes an A or B on it.” Of course, that view would make any one of us a wee bit serious. Her voice is her greatest source of pleasure and frame of mind always, to say nothing of its power of driving the “blues” away from Spottswood.

LULA PRISCILLA PHIPPS
ACCOMAC COUNTY
Home Economics Club; Eastern Shore Club; Y. W. C. A.

Lula is small, but she is sincere, steady, and true always. And who doesn’t envy her unselfish disposition and fine sympathetic spirit? She is never too tired to persevere in a task, no matter how difficult it is. A long write-up would never do for so short a damsel.

RUTH QUIGG
FAIRFAX COUNTY
Home Economics Club; Y. W. C. A.

You very seldom catch a glimpse of Ruth studying unless you are a very intimate friend of hers, but we know that she must do her full share just the same. If not, how could she always come out on the right side? When the inhabitants of Third hear an unusual noise after the “Lights-out bell” they are sure it must be Ruth on her way to some friend’s room to a big feast. Whenever the High School Seniors see a serious look come on her face, they feel sure of a history test—it’s an unfailing sign.
SUE RAINÉ
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

Home Economics Club; Sergeant-at-Arms Pinquet Tennis Club; Secretary Y. W. C. A.

Isn't Sue funny? Yes, that just expresses how you feel about Sue. She is full of dry wit and humor, which makes her table one of the most popular in the dining room. But there is an entirely different Sue. She was Head Monitor first quarter. No, she was not funny then. You ask the girls in Lower Third. Sue says she is going to be “an old maid,” but we have our doubts when we consider that there are both the University of Virginia and Washington and Lee to choose from.

MARY ELIZABETH REDD
PROSPECT, VIRGINIA

Mary Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Home Economics Club; French Circle; Y. W. C. A.

Miss Redd is known to every student at H. N. S.—if not by being in classes with her or by being her special friend, it is by being in the library when she keeps study hour. Miss Redd has proved very efficient at this, for she ever patrols the big room “of magnificent distances” and gets every girl to “put on the soft pedal.” Besides having the ability to keep a library full of girls quiet, which is rather a hard thing to do, she also has the ability to appear neat always, and this she does.

SADIE RICH
GREENSVILLE COUNTY

Pinquet Tennis Club; Lee Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.; President Tidewater Club; Home Economics Club.

Sadie—known the campus over by her height? No! By her lankiness? No! but by her jovial laughter. This and many other characteristics make her liked by all. Well may she be, for is she not a daughter of the Rich? “Spud’s” one hobby is to get fat; but alas, no double chin for Sadie! She has good literary taste, being an ardent admirer of Cooper and his works. All told, we like her for none of these, but just for herself.
HELEN MAY RICHARDSON
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

John Marshall Club; Helen-Ellen Club; Y. W. C. A.

Almost any afternoon we see Helen going down town with another little girl, but we always see her coming back with a certain "little boy," and this "little boy" always happens to be the same one. Helen has evidently fallen in love with Harrisonburg; and no doubt some day she will come back, maybe to teach, maybe to make it her home. We wonder.

Helen is a petite, jolly scrap of a girl with pretty black hair and laughing brown eyes. We need not say she is a good sport and always ready for a good time.

BLANCH ARLINGTON RIDENOUR
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Treasurer Home Economics Club; Sergeant-at-Arms Junior Class; President Cotillion Club; Treasurer Pinquet Tennis Club; Lanier Literary Society; Glee Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Y. W. C. A.

Blanch is a good sport, always in for a lark—whether it be a dance at A. M. A. or V. P. L., a feast, a trip downtown, or just a plain talk. Those in Second can testify that she loves excitement. Her peals of laughter after light bell bring the Head Monitor on the run. And yet she has her serious moments. Her talents are varied: she can play a ukulele, dance and manage dances, make posters—to say nothing of sewing, for she can turn out costumes overnight. We doubt whether Blanch will come back to H. N. S. for B. S. She will probably get another degree, with some other capital initials, at home.

EDYTHE CLAIRE ROBSON
CULPEPER COUNTY

Piedmont-Midland Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Grammar Grade Club; Y. W. C. A.

Whatever your opinion about Edythe may be, you will change it when you see her smile; and then very probably the next time you see her do it you will begin to change it all over again.

She is the kind of girl you could know all your life and yet never know. Each time you think you have fathomed all the depths, she will surprise you with something new.
ALBERTA COINER RODES
GREENWOOD, VIRGINIA
President Student Government; Secretary-Treasurer Student Government; Secretary Home Economics Club; Treasurer Albemarle Pippins; Lanier Literary Society; Piedmont-Midland Club; Sophomore Basket Ball Team; Sub. Senior Basket Ball Team; Senior Hockey Team; Art Editor of The School Packet Tennis Club; I Lime Economics Club; President Junior High School Club; Mary Club; Y. W. C. A.

Speaking of Senior write-ups, Alberta said, “I don’t care what they say about me, just so they don’t say ‘She’s sweet and gentle and always strives to do her best.’” You see, Alberta is on the Annual Staff, and she knows how over-worked that combination of virtues is—in Senior write-ups, at least. Well, nobody can deny that Alberta is sweet; however, it is a ripe-peach-sweet rather than caramel-candy-sweet; but if you have ever played basket ball against her, you wouldn’t exactly say she is gentle. As for “always striving to do her best”—well, just glance at her honors and see who our Student Government President is.

EMILY MAITLAND ROUND
PRINCE WILLIAM COUNTY
Racket Tennis Club; Home Economics Club; President Lanier Literary Society; Cotillion Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Y. W. C. A.

Although retiring in her manner, Emily is a true friend to the ones who are fortunate enough to know her intimately. Her Irish blue eyes look the world squarely in the face and bespeak loyalty to her ideals. We never worry about how a thing will be carried through if Emily is in charge. And what an efficient Lanier President she made! Besides all her other talents, we covet her ability to make clever hats.

MARY BOWMAN RUMBURG
BOTTETOURT COUNTY
Junior High School Club; Mary Club; Y. W. C. A.

Mary has been quite a devoted lover of the Virginia mountains. However, for a year past her friends have heard continually praises of Ohio; but we think she will soon be singing “Carry Me Back to Old Virginia.” Mary is a substantial friend—even her roommate says so—always the same to everyone. One may tell her whatever she pleases, even that she is fat, and she will take it like the good-natured girl she is.
FRANCES MARLING SAWYER
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Annual Staff; President Junior Class; Treasurer Senior Class; Lanier Literary Society; Norfolk Club; Fran Sisters; Pinquet Tennis Club; Sub, Senior Hockey Team; Y. W. C. A.

When there is so much to be said about one person and such a small space to say it in, what are you going to do? But Frances doesn't need a long tribute anyway, for loyalty, a fine school spirit, and a sympathetic heart speak for themselves. She makes $ on Practice Teaching, keeps her name on the Honor Roll, takes the leading part in the Senior play, and still finds time to work most industriously on The School Ma'am. That isn't all, either—she's a great tennis fiend, as well as an ardent supporter of basketball, hockey, and other athletic events.

OLIVIA AERA SHOWALTER
HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA

Harrisonburg Club.

Aera is one of our town girls, and can be seen many a morning making a mad dash across "Blue-Stone Hill" to a first period class. One of her strong points is teaching. Yes, Aera was born to be a primary teacher, and she likes nothing better than to direct the children in their drawing and handwork.

GERTRUDE BAIN SMITH
MADISON COUNTY

Grammar Grade Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Lanier Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

Do you want something well done? Then ask Gertie to do it for you. She has never failed yet. Have you ever seen her make a banner for her Junior or Senior class? Then you have an idea of her ability to sew—not only hammers, but dainty, complicated dresses and blouses. Have you ever seen Gertie without Dolly? We never did; and it's too bad that they must be separated on these Senior pages by fate and the alphabet.
MARY ELIZABETH SMITH

MADISON COUNTY

Piedmont-Midland Club; Mary Club; Lanier Literary Society; Junior Hockey Team; Senior Hockey Team; President Grammar Grade Club; Y. W. C. A.

She is just Dolly to all of us. If you ever want to find her, why, just go to the library or to her room and there you will see her poring over lessons or lesson plans. Unlike most of us, she always prepares her lessons before going to class. But like the rest of us, she is always ready for a good time and on hand for most of our frolics. She never has been known to miss Dr. Miller’s S. S. Class; and as for her friend—well, whenever you see a certain lady member of the faculty, you are sure to see Dolly close around.

JUNE WRIGHT STEELE

HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA

Shenandoah Valley Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; President Athletic Association; Captain Junior Basketball Team; Captain Senior Basketball Team; Captain Varsity Team; Teen Club.

Rah, rah—rah, rah, rah! Steele, Steele, Steele! You may be sure of the theme of conversation when you see Mrs. Johnston and June in a tête-à-tête. You’ve guessed right—it is basketball! And why not? Hasn’t “Steele” been Captain of the Junior, Senior, and Varsity teams, as well as President of the Athletic Association? So naturally basketball comes first, last, but no—not all the time, for frequent mention of “Doc” hints of other interesting subjects.

MARY LOUISE STEPHENS

MARTINSVILLE, VIRGINIA

Assistant Secretary of the Glee Club; Secretary of the Racket Tennis Club; Secretary of the Cotillion Club; Y. W. C. A.

Who in school doesn’t know “Ting?” Her hair, with its glorious color, and her ability to keep it smooth and shining, is always a wonder to us. “Ting” enjoys nothing so much as dancing, even under adverse circumstances. Watch her in the gym whirling some girl around to the time of some ancient melody jangled on the gym piano. See that ecstatic look on her face? She looks just as happy when she is fluffed up in tulle and is whisked about by the tallest, best-looking dancers at the hops to the time of the Fishburne Orchestra.
MARY ANNE SWIFT
LOUISA COUNTY

Lanier Literary Society; Piedmont-Midland Club; Mary Club; President Grammar Grade Club; Junior Hockey Team; Senior Hockey Team; Y. W. C. A.

"Swifty" is one of the school's best-looking brunettes. She has talking brown eyes and black hair, plus an attractive personality. If you want the truth about yourself, just ask Mary, for she is frankness through and through. She is rather careful in choosing her friends, but after she has once made the decision, she is as true as steel.

FRANCES AUGUSTINE TABB
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

Home Economics Club; Tidewater Club; Glee Club; President Fran Sisters; Y. W. C. A.

Frances is one of our "Twin-City" girls and, oh, how she will stick up for Wilson High! There are some people who call Frances quiet, probably because they have never eaten at the same table with her. Here may be discovered her wit and genial good-humor, for conversation never languishes between soup and dessert.

WILLIE LEE TALLEY
MECKLENBURG COUNTY

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

Somebody's tongue slipped, and "Tillie Walley" she has affectionately been hailed ever since. "Tillie" has a diversity of interests—we feel rather awed when she casually remarks that she has been Secretary of some Agricultural and Home Economics Association of the State. And there are a number of ways in which she has endeared herself to us; for instance, when Dr. Converse has taken a question half through the class and has become so disgusted that he is almost ready to announce a test, a quiet but very determined little voice pipes up from the back of the room and we all draw a breath of relief. "Tillie Walley" has saved us again!
ALMA JOSEPHINE TATUM
UNIVERSITY, VIRGINIA
Stratford Dramatic Club; Lee Literary Society; Sergeant-at-Arms Senior Class; Home Economics Club; Y. W. C. A.

When the clock rolls around, Alma is right there—punctual to the nth degree! It's hard to "write-up" Alma adequately, but the following are the words which best describe her: capable, willing, always ready, good natured, a firm friend, a lovable pal, and, as Miss Hudson says, "an all-round good trump!" But don't forget her never-failing curiosity and her irresistible, "What's that?"

HELEN HAMILTON THOMPSON
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA
Vice-President Helen-Ellen Club; Secretary-Treasurer Rockbridge Club; Cotillion Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Home Economics Club; Y. W. C. A.

Helen, occasionally "Tommy," is a good old pal. She has plenty of good humor, wit, and pep, with a drop of common sense, and all other things which make her just the kind of friend we like to have around. She has the very singular ambition of wishing that some day she may stop falling in love. How disastrous!

RUTH TOMKO
PRINCE GEORGE COUNTY
Junior High School Club; Glee Club; Tidewater Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Senior Hockey Team; High School Club; Y. W. C. A.

Ruth's serious expression has fooled more than one person, for few people know that she is fond of escapades and has a keen sense of humor. Even Practice Teaching held no terrors for her, and she enjoyed all her trips to Pleasant Hill.
EDITH ROWLAND WARD
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Editor-in-Chief. Schoolma’am; Pres. and Vice-Pres. Lee Literary Society; Treas. Norfolk Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Glee Club; Junior and Senior Hockey Team; Senior Basketball Team; Varsity Team; Bus-Mgr. Varsity Team; Athletic Council; Sec. Athletic Association; Ch’man Program Committee. Y. W. C. A.

What graceful little creature is it that on the basket ball team—the one who never seems to lose sight of the ball for one instant? That’s Ward, our star player. What demure, unobtrusive, businesslike little maiden is it that tripping across the campus to confer with Miss Cleveland? That’s Miss Ward, the capable editor-in-chief of our annual. Who is the sedate young lady with the quiet air and gentle voice, going along to cabinet meeting? That’s Edith Rowland Ward, the efficient chairman of the Program Committee. Who is that jolly little kid, rollicking in the hall and playing pranks on everybody? Why, that’s just our little Edith. Whatever she undertakes, it seems to go. Besides, her loyalty, fine spirit, and good comradeship make her—well, we just love her.

ELIZABETH GENEVIEVE WARWICK
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Home Economics Club; Norfolk Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Tidewater Club; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.

Genevieve is always tranquil and serene, but she has a twinkle in her eyes and an insuppressible giggle that makes us know she is full of fun. She is a capable Home Economics student and right on hand to make sandwiches when the Norfolk Club, or any other organization of which she is a member, wants to sell them.

ELIZABETH POINDEXTER WHITE
AUGUSTA COUNTY

Treasurer Y. W. C. A.; Secretary Lanier Literary Society; Home Economics Club; Shenandoah Valley Club.

Why, here’s ‘Betty’ with her usual pleasant smile! We sometimes wonder how Elizabeth finds time to work with the Y. W. C. A. so much. She is fortunate enough to enjoy frequent week-ends at home and often gives her friends the pleasure of enjoying them too. Elizabeth has good ideas, which she shows both in her studies and in school activities.
KATHRYN EAGLE WILLSON  
PARNAISSUS, VIRGINIA

President Katherine Club; Stratford Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Junior High School Club; High School Club; Y. W. C. A.

Kathryn has many arts to her credit—the arts of painting, bluffing, dancing, singing, vamping, borrowing, acting. The last has been exercised many times during her school career, and she always plays her part well. No doubt she will cultivate poetry also, now that she has come to dwell on the Mount of the Muses.

BERTHA GOODE WILSON  
BEDFORD COUNTY

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

The thing that we shall remember longest about Bertha is her never-failing good humor, which usually expresses itself in the form of a giggle. Someone has described it as "irrepressible." At least, the monitors have never found a way to repress it. But if you think that the only thing Bertha can do is to laugh, just watch her teach a gym class. It would make you turn green with envy.

ELIZABETH HIGHTOWER WIMBISH  
SCOTTSBURG, VIRGINIA

Kindergarten Club; Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club; Cotillion Club; Secretary and Treasurer Racket Tennis Club; Piedmont-Midland Club.

"Libby" with her winsome air has won a warm spot in the hearts of all who know her. She is of the naive type, and has a way solely her own. To those whom she chooses as friends there could be none sincerer than she. She is a good dancer and is rushed at all the hops.
IONA MAE WIMBROUGH
ACCOMAC COUNTY
Glee Club; Eastern Shore Club; Junior High School Club;
High School Club; French Circle; Lanier Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

Iona and oysters. I wonder why we think of them together. She comes from the oyster country, and knows all about them. Her friends do too, because she gets a barrel every year and a glorious roast ensues. Iona made an all-"A" report, which shows her ability in the realm of studies. One thinks of her as wearing blue, for somehow it seems to express her individuality.

RUTH ESTHER WOODY
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA
Glee Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Treasurer Lanier Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile." That surely is Ruth's motto, for nothing daunts her, and nothing worries her. She takes life as it comes, and always with a smile. Ruth has made many friends at H. N. S., and has become quite popular in town as well. She and "Little Rich" are inseparable. Whatever they do, they do in partnership, even—well, ask them.

MATTIE WORSTER
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA
Lee Literary Society; Racket Tennis Club; Junior Basketball Team; Y. W. C. A.

Persistency, thy name is Worster. Mattie went to teaching at the end of her junior year. But she never gave up that delayed diploma. Back again she came in the summers until she won it. Heavy, heavy over the abashed heads of the rest of us is held up her fine handwriting, and her notebooks are treasured among the archives.
Senior Succotash
(Second Serving)
Class Prophecy

I truly am in wild despair;  
I've worked my brain and torn my hair:  
Won't someone heed my deep distress  
And give me the powers of a prophetess?

What's this that comes to my relief?  
A dancing nymph! I'll play the thief  
And steal her marvelous magic bowl  
My class's future to unroll.

I see before me in this glass  
Anne Gilliam, president of our class:  
Her future is most wondrous bright;  
She has a date now every night.
McClung and Lambert, as they say,
Are seen in movies on Broadway;
While Bunny, Buck, and Lyon too,
Hold prominent places in the Zoo.

Pearce and Kemp are teaching school;
Heyl, as I hear, still plays the fool;
Hardy and Holloran both, I see,
Have been to visit Gladys Lee.

McGaha and Rodes hold swing in Gym;
Wimbish and Davidson write to "Him";
Morgan and Wimbrough still hesitate—
Cupid will soon decide their fate.

Nichols and Hodges traveled far
To find a husband with a car;
Kathryn Willson's a vamp still fair;
A swell hairdresser is Reva Bare.

Hounshell, Branham, and Willie keep store;
Detective Dellinger guards the door:
Mattie Brown has lost her heart,
But Chloe Peck clings to her art.

Eastham keeps an antique shop;
Elliott sells us lemon pop;
Hundley and Oakes are farmerettes;
Rumburg and Deisher, suffragettes.

Wilson and Dunn are both in love,
And, so they say, Maria Dove;
Sawyer is on the Record staff;
Comedian Ward makes people laugh.

Richardson and Woody live in town;
Evans helped each with her wedding gown.
Mecartney liked a pastoral life;
So now she is a parson's wife.
Bottom and Gwynn are doctors new;  
They kill a lot and cure a few.  
Moore and Bowles are makers of soap,  
Which “Tate” and “Ting” will use, we hope.

Susie Bourdon sings in a choir;  
While Zadie Davis is a ball umpire;  
Kramar and Morris, that social pair,  
Have plucked their brows and bobbed their hair.

Both the Burgers are writing books;  
Beatty and Bellerby sell fish-hooks;  
Mary Swift has an aeroplane;  
Corinne Evans teaches in Maine.

Nicholas, Newman, Hauer, and Mish  
Invented a self-filling gravy dish;  
Elgin and Kilby, who married wealth,  
Now sail the ocean for their health.

A. Lewis brings the Normal mail;  
Katherine Mahoney keeps a jail;  
Faulkner and White are in the “Follies”;  
Bullard and Barker raise fine collies.

Baber and Jones manufacture glue,  
To hold a man, like Virginia Drew;  
Estes heeded the nurse-appeal;  
Basket ball coach is old June Steele.

Alice Dickey’s gone out West,  
Where she hopes to get a little rest.  
Martin, Gibboney, Gwaltney, and Tabb  
Spend all their time in a chemistry lab.

Houston, Round, Chittum, and Funk  
Run a show, but they say it’s punk.  
Quigg, and Burkhardt, Phipps, and Payne  
Are agents for Madame Sue Raine.
Hopkins, Carpenter, and Hellen Muse
Publish a paper called “Normal News”;
Marshall and Eubank nurse the sick;
Huffman and Talley make watches tick.

Christian, Daniel, Fulton, and Nock
By their endeavors are sure to shock
The theatre world; they’re on the stage
With Cameron and Burgess—quite the rage.

Baldwin, Rich, and Elizabeth Redd
All demonstrate for the “Restwell” Bed;
Land and Ridenour, so they say,
Spend every week-end at A. M. A.

Henty, Jarratt, and M. Aistrop
Each holds a position as traffic cop;
Helen Thompson’s a consul’s wife;
Gardner and Heath lead society life.

Abbott and Jamison are soldiers bold;
While Fuqua and Robson toil for gold.
Dolly and Gertie both married earls,
And now are decked in strings of pearls.

Warwick, Worster, Garter, and Moon
Have gone abroad—will be back soon.
Showalter and Donovan deal in birds,
Patterson and Chittum in dairy herds.

Hopkins and Lewis without success,
Each tried to be a prophetess.
They married men of their hearts’ desires
But found too late that they were liars.

—Gladys Hopkins and Margaret Lewis
CLASS HISTORY

FRESHMAN SOPHOMORE JUNIOR SENIOR

THEY CAME

THEY SAW
CLASS HISTORY

THEY CONQUERED
Sherwood, or Robin Hood

By ALFRED NOYES

PRESENTED BY
SENIOR CLASS 1921
FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 8:30 P. M.
OPEN-AIR AUDITORIUM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Robin, Earl of Huntington, known as "Robin Hood" .......................................................... Frances Sawyer
Little John .......................................................... Grace Henty
Friar Tuck .......................................................... Elizabeth Daniel
Alan-a-Dale .......................................................... Eunice Daniel
Much, the Miller’s Son .......................................................... Gladys Gwynn
Outlaws and followers of "Robin Hood" .......................................................... Margaret Lewis
Prince John .......................................................... Alma Tatum
King Richard, Coeur de Lion .......................................................... Louise Houston
Blondel, King Richard’s minstrel .......................................................... Blanche Ridgeway
Oberon, King of the Fairies .......................................................... Mary Lees Hardy
Titania, Queen of the Fairies .......................................................... Ella Holloran
The Sheriff of Nottingham .......................................................... Bernie Jarratt
Fitzwalter, Father of Marian, known as “Maid Marian” .......................................................... Helen Muse
Shadow-of-a-Leaf, a Fool .......................................................... Grace Heyl
Arthur Plantagenet, Nephew to Prince John and Richard Lion-heart .......................................................... Ruth Woody
Queen Eleanor, Mother of Prince John and Richard Lion-heart .......................................................... Kathryn Willson
Marian Fitzwalter, known as “Maid Marian,” betrothed to “Robin Hood” .......................................................... Mary Stephens
Jenny, Maid to Marian .......................................................... Mary Lees Hardy
Widow Scarlet, Mother of Will Scarlet .......................................................... Ella Holloran
Prioress of Kirklee .......................................................... Anne Gilliam
Orchis, Fairy Trumpeter .......................................................... Mary Davidson
Old Man .......................................................... Sadie Rich
First Woman .......................................................... Rebecca Gwaltney
Serf .......................................................... Jona Wimbrough
Blind Man .......................................................... Coralease Bottom
Novice .......................................................... Charlotte Morris

Fairies, Soldiers, Retainers

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Prologue .......................................................... Sherwood Forest

ACT 1

Scene 1 .......................................................... Sherwood Forest
Scene 2 .......................................................... Fitzwalter’s Castle
Scene 3 .......................................................... Sherwood Forest

ACT 2

Scene 1 .......................................................... Garden of the King’s Palace
Scene 2 .......................................................... Sherwood Forest
Scene 3 .......................................................... Kirklee Priory
Epilogue .......................................................... Sherwood Forest

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Overture
Fairy Song
Blondel’s Song
Alan-a-Dale’s Song
Shadow-of-a-Leaf’s Song
Dances
MAY DAY PAGEANT

PIONEER DAYS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY

Written by Students of the Senior Class of the Harrisonburg State Normal School, and presented by the Senior Class and the Children of the Harrisonburg City Schools

1921
PART ONE
PROLOGUE
With the first of May comes the Spirit of Spring, banishing cold, gray Winter. She brings her Fairies, who in a fairy dance lightly tap with their wands the bowed heads of the sleeping flowers, thus preparing the earth for the Queen of the May.

SPIRIT OF SPRING ................. Virginia Faulkner
WINTER ............................... Hazel Bellerby
FAIRIES ............................... Second Grades
FLOWERS ............................... Group from Senior Class

PART TWO
CROWNING OF THE MAY QUEEN
Heralds announce the approach of the Queen, and the procession enters with Fairies and Pages in attendance. The Spirit of Spring crowns the May Queen. A group of Children of Today, singing and gathering flowers on their way to school, romp in upon the scene and enjoy the rare privilege of beholding the coronation ceremony. The gracious Queen tells the children that it is her custom on the first of May to grant one wish to all little folks who believe in Fairies and who are fortunate enough to discover her at her ceremonies. The children with one accord ask to see some of the great people who settled our beautiful Valley; whereupon the Queen dispatches her fairy messengers to fulfill the children's wish.

QUEEN OF THE MAY ..................... Anne Gilliam
HERALDS ............................... Daniel Wetzel
{  Daniel Shifflet
{  Roy Frye
{  Ray Frye
{  Oliver Shifflet
PAGES .................................

CHILDREN OF TODAY
DANCE—Pop Goes the Weasel ............... Fifth Grade
DANCE—As I Was Walking Up the Street Kindergarten

PART THREE
HISTORICAL EPISODES
THE INDIANS
The Shawnees were a tribe of Indians who frequently camped near what is now the city of Winchester, at Shawnee Spring and Babb's Marsh. They were bitter enemies of the Southern Indians, who lived in the Carolinas. This episode portrays the Shawnees holding a council of war, with the inevitable dance, preparatory to
going on the warpath after the Southern tribe. The Shawnees capture their foes and bring them back to camp, where they worship the Great Spirit with another dance, and smoke the pipe of peace.

**Shawnee Chieftain**.................Clyde Horn

**Southern Chieftain**..............Lawrence Baker

**Dance—Indian War Dance**........5th, 6th, 7th Grade Boys

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**THE GERMANS**

The earliest settlers in the lower Shenandoah Valley were the sixteen families brought in 1732, by Yost Hite, a German fur trader, from New York. He obtained land on the condition of setting a certain number of families upon it. The settlers were farmers; and the women, working with the men in the fields, became expert reapers. This episode portrays Yost Hite riding about overseeing the families at their harvesting.

**Yost Hite** .........................Carl Bowman

**Dance—German Hopping Dance**.....Third Grades

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**THE ENGLISH**

Thomas Lord Fairfax was born in England. He first came to Virginia in 1736 to visit his agent, William Fairfax, who had charge of his property, the Northern Neck of Virginia. Lord Fairfax returned to Virginia in 1748 to visit his estate, which he desired to enlarge, a striping of fifteen years, to undertake the work. Washington accepted and, together with an assistant, proceeded to Frederick county and established headquarters at Greenway Court. This episode portrays the planting of the famous White Post at the junction of the roads, to show the way to Greenway Court, the Valley home of Lord Fairfax. It also shows George Washington surveying under Lord Fairfax.

**Thomas Lord Fairfax** ..............Howard Moore

**George Washington** ..............Leonard Donovan

**Washington’s Assistant** ...........Paul Dovel

**Dance—Dancing on the Green** ....Fourth Grade

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**THE SCOTCH**

Soon after the settlement of Staunton in 1732 by John Lewis, a Scotch gentleman, his four sons brought a buffalo calf from the forest, which they presented to Benjamin Borden, their father’s guest. Borden gave the calf to Governor Gooch on his return to Williamsburg. This present so pleased the Governor that he gave fifty thousand acres of the Valley land to Borden for settlement.

**John Lewis** .......................Norris Thompson

**Benjamin Borden** .................Jacob Wampler

**Dance—Did You Ever See A Lassie?**.First Grades

**Dance—Highland Schottische** ....Sixth Grade
THE FRENCH

John Sevier, of French parentage, was a native of Rockingham county. When quite a young man he surveyed the town now known as New Market. He was the keeper of the inn and general store which became the trading center of the Indians and the settlers. This episode shows John Sevier with groups of men driving stakes after measuring the land.

JOHN SEVIER ....................... Homer Pankey
DANCE—Chimes of Dunkirk ............ Second Grades
DANCE—Villagers ..................... Fourth Grades

THE IRISH

The Irish who first came to the Valley settled Frederick county; and there the first pedlar, an Irishman, was granted a license to sell his wares.

IRISH PEDLAR ..................... Henry Converse
DANCE—St. Patrick's Day Irish Jig...6th and 8th Grades

PART FOUR

WINDING OF THE MAY POLE

When the Children of Today have seen their wish fulfilled, they thank the May Queen and ask if they may join in her May Pole Dance with the Fairies and the Children of Pioneer days.

PART FIVE

RECESSIONAL

FLOWERS .........................
QUEEN AND ATTENDANTS
FAIRIES ....................... Singing Cornish May Song
CHILDREN OF TODAY ....
NATIONALITIES, IN ORDER

PAGEANT COMMITTEE

LOUISE HOUSTON, Chairman
ELIZABETH BURKHARDT
ANNA CAMERON

GRACE HEYL
FRANCES TABB
Mr. Conrad T. Logan
Honorary Member Junior Class
Junior Class

Motto
“Not on the heights, but climbing.”

Colors
Orange and Black

Flower
Chrysanthemum

Officers
Marie Painter ...................... President
Ruth Roark ..................... Vice-President
Edna Draper .................... Secretary
Bernice Gay ..................... Treasurer
Maude Evans .................. Business Manager
Catherine Kemp ............... Sergeant-at-Arms

Honorary Member
Mr. Conrad T. Logan

Big Sister
Mrs. James C. Johnston

Mascot
Nancy Chappelear
Junior Class

SALINE ABERNATHY  
MARION ADAMS  
RUTH ARRINGTON  
LOUISE BAILIE  
MABEL BANNER  
FRANCES BARKHAM  
ISABEL BARLOW  
CATHERINE BEARD  
DOROTHY BONNEY  
KATHERINE BOYD  
MABLE FLENN  
CHRISTIE GLADSTONE  
MARGARET OLIVER  
ELIZABETH GREENLAND  
THELMA GRASTY  
NANNIE HAGOOD  
RUTH HAINES  
VIVIA HAIR  
GLADYS HALDAMAN  
JOSEPHINE HARNSFIELD  
LOUISE HARRIS  
MARY HARRIS  
MARY HARRISON  
KATHERINE HASSEL  
ANGIE HATCHER  
AUDREY HATHORNE  
ERNEST HICKAM  
FANNITA HOLLOMON  
MARY HUNDLEY  
MARGARET JARVIS  
FRANCES JENNINGS  
LEONA JESSUP  
CARRANEGH JONES  
ETHLEEN JONES  
MINNIE JONES  
CATHERINE KEMP  
BESSIE KIRKWOOD  
LUCILLE KNEISLEY  
ISABELLE LEWIS  
RUTH LEWIS  
UNA LEWIS  
EDITH LICKFOLD  
MARY LIPPARD  
ETHEL LIVICK  
CALLIE LITZ  
CHRISTINE LONG  
SALLIE LIVING  
RUBY LOWMAN  
GRACE LUCK  
ELSIE MCPHERSON  
MARGARET MACKAY  
ANTOINETTE MANSON  
CONSTANCE MARTIN  
ELIZABETH MATHEW  
MARGARET MAGEATH  
ALICE MERCHANT  
JANET MILLER  
CATHERINE MOORE  
LILLIAN MOORE  
LOUISE MOORE  
MABEL MOSELEY  
LUCILLE MURRY  
BESSIE NICHOLAS  
BESSIE NICHOLAS  
MARGARET OLIVER  
MARY LOUISE OVERTON  
JOSEPHINE PAINTER  
MARGARET OLIVER  
MARY LOUISE OVERTON  
JOSEPHINE PAINTER  
MARIE PAINTER  
LOUISE PALMER  
BLANCHE PAYNE  
BEATRICE PETTY  
VERA POTTIER  
ISABEL POTTERFIELD  
ANKETTA PURDY  
MABLE REEVES  
NELLIE RHODES  
RUTH ROARK  
ELIZABETH ROBINSON  
CLOTILDE RODENS  
HELEN ROLSTON  
SALLIE SANDERS  
VIRGINIA SEGER  
CHARLOTTE SHAVER  
FLORENCE SHELTON  
GRACE SHOWALTER  
JUANITA SHIUM  
JANIE SHULER  
SOPHIA SIMPSON  
JESSIE SMOOT  
ISABEL SPARROW  
EDITH STARK  
AGNES STEPHENS  
CELIA SWEECKER  
SARAH TABB  
DOROTHY TALAFERRO  
HILDA TEMPLE  
MARGARET THOMA  
MARY THOMSON  
ESTELLE THURSTON  
GRACE TILMAN  
LUCRETIA UPSHUR  
NANNIE WALKER  
MARGARET WALL  
NELL WALTERS  
MARY WATSON  
HELEN WATTS  
ALLENE WESTERMAN  
JANETTE WHITEMORE  
MARY WILLIAMS  
WINIFRED WILLIAMS  
GLADYS WINDORNE  
LENA WOLFE  
FANNIE LEE WOODSON  
DORIS WOODWARD  
ELIZABETH WOOLSTON
Juniors at Play
Tiers

The very first thing you'll call to mind
When you see this title queer,
Is the dreary scene of row upon row;
But that's not the meaning here.

If you try very hard, you can think of it now
(If you never have thought it before)
That t-i-e-r-s can mean
A team when it ties the score.

Remember hockey—interclass game—
That was played in the early fall,
Where we Juniors eagerly watched each girl
As in turn she helped on the ball?

We breathed a sigh of relief at the end
When we found our score was a tie,
And vowed right then we would do as well
In the basket ball game—or die.

Sure enough, when came that fateful day,
That is just what our players did;
For each time the Seniors made a goal,
Through the basket our ball slid.

So they both agreed the only thing
Was to have another trial,
For the banner must to someone go—
Of that there was no denial.

The effect of this game on spectators' nerves
Was not, I assure you, the best;
And to keep from setting back the clock
One minute, was surely a test.

We needed at last just one more point,
But that minute had slipped us by;
'Twas dreadful our final score had to be
Almost, but not quite, a tie.

—Meade Feild
Student Association

Officers

SALLIE BROWNE .................................................. President
LUCILLE McCLUNG ........................................... Vice-President
ALBERTA RODES .................................................. Secretary

Members of Executive Board

Degree
VERGILIA SADLER

Post-Graduate
MARGARET SEEIBERT

Seniors
CHLOE PECK
GLADYS LEE

EMILY ROUND
CORALEASE BOTTOM

Juniors
CELIA SWECKER
ELIZABETH WOOLSTON

BERNICE GAY
MARGARET BULLOCH
Y. W. C. A.

Horto

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

Officers 1920-'21

CORINNE EVANS ........................................... President
CORALEASE BOTTOM ......................................... Vice-President
ESTHER EVANS ............................................. Secretary
ELIZABETH WHITE .......................................... Treasurer
EVELYN CRAIG .............................................. Undergraduate Representative
RUTH RODES ..............................................

Cabinet

EDITH WARD ................................................ Chairman Program Committee
GRACE HEYL ................................................ Chairman Social Committee
ALBERTA RODES ........................................... Chairman Alumne Committee
CORALEASE BOTTOM ..................................... Chairman Membership Committee
CHLOE PECK ................................................ Chairman World Fellowship Committee
ELIZABETH WHITE ......................................... Chairman Finance Committee
VIRGINIA MECARTNEY .................................... Chairman Social Service Committee
BERNIE JARRATT .......................................... Chairman Bible Study Committee
ESTHER EVANS ........................................... Chairman Publicity Committee

Officers 1921-'22

LOUISE BAILIE ............................................... President
ROBERTA COFFIELD ....................................... Vice-President
SUE Raine ..................................................... Secretary
CELIA SWECKER .......................................... Treasurer
MARGARET BULLOCH ..................................... Undergraduate Representative

Advisory Board

MISS NATALIE LANCASTER, Chairman

MISS KATHERINE ANTHONY  MISS ELIZABETH CLEVELAND
DR. W. J. GIFFORD  MISS MYRTLE WILSON
Lee Literary Society

Motto

"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

Colors

Gold and Gray

Flower

White Carnation

Officers

First Quarter
President .......... Edith Ward
Vice-President ...... Coralease Bottom
Secretary .......... Louise Gibboney
Treasurer .......... Mildred Garter
Critic .......... Sallie Browne
Sergeant-at-Arms ... Grace Heyl.

Second Quarter
President .......... Coralease Bottom
Vice-President ...... Edna Draper
Secretary .......... Rebecca Gwaltney
Treasurer .......... Mildred Garter
Critic .......... Sallie Browne
Sergeant-at-Arms ... Gladys Lee

Third Quarter
President .......... Gladys Haldeman
Vice-President ...... Virginia Crockett
Secretary .......... Rebecca Gwaltney
Treasurer .......... Lucille McClung
Critic .......... Sallie Browne
Sergeant-at-Arms ... Mildred Garter

Members

MARION ADAMS
CORALEASE BOTTOM
SALLIE BROWNE
MARJORIE BULLARD
MARGARET BULLOCH
ELIZABETH BURKHARDT
ANNE CHRISTIANSEN
ROBERTA COFFIELD
VIRGINIA CROCKETT
RUTH DAVIS
EDNA DRAPER
MARY DUNN
JULIA DUNAWAY
MAUDE EVANS
MEADE FEILD

MARGARET FUNK
VIRGINIA GARBER
MILDRED GARTER
BERNICE GAY
LOUISE GIBBONEY
VIRGINIA GREENLAND
REBECCA GWALTNEY
GLADYS HALDEMAN
MARY CAROLYN HARRIS
ROSA HEIDELBERG
GRACE HEYL
BERNIE JARRATT
BESSIE KIRKWOOD
REBA KRAMAR

GLADYS LEE
LUCILLE MCCARTNEY
VIRGINIA MECARTNEY
LOUISE MOORE
MARY LOUISE OVERTON
ETHEL PARROTT
CHLOE PECK
SADIE RICH
ELIZABETH ROBINSON
SOPHIA SIMPSON
ALMA TATUM
EDITH WARD
HELEN WATTS
NEL WALTERS
LENA WOLFE
Lanier Literary Society

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

Colors
Violet and White

Flower
Violet

Officers

First Quarter Second Quarter Third Quarter

President ............ Emily Round Louise Houston Ella Holloran
Vice-President ...... Louise Houston Dorothy Lacy Sarah Tabb
Secretary ............ Frances Buckley Elizabeth White Clotilde Rodes
Treasurer ............ Ruth Woody Ruth Woody Ruth Woody
Critic ............... Vergilia Sadler Ruth Rodes Corinne Evans

Honorary Member
MISS ELIZABETH P. CLEVELAND

Members

HELEN BABER
LOUISE BAILIE
DOROTHY BONNEY
FRANCES BUCKLEY
MARY BROWN
VIRGINIA BURGESS
ANNA CAMERON
CORINNE EVANS
ESTHER EVANS
DOROTHY FOSQUE
MARGARET GILL
ANNE GILLIAM
CHRISTINE GLADSTONE
MARION GLASSELL
ELZIE GOCHENOUR
MARY LEES HARDY

ELLA HOLLORAN
GLADYS HOPKINS
LOUISE HOUSTON
FRANCES JENNINGS
MARIE KILBY
DOROTHY LACY
EUNICE LAMBERT
LUCIE LAND
MARGARET LEWIS
ELISE LOEWNER
SALLIE LOEWNER
MARGARET MARTIN
RUTH MOON
ELIZABETH MURPHY
HELLEN MUSE
LOUDELLE POTTS

ANNETTA PURDY
ALBERTA RODES
CLOTILDE RODES
RUTH RODES
EMILY ROUND
VERGILIA SADLER
FRANCES SAWYER
MARGARET SEEBERT
FLORENCE SHELTON
GERTRUDE SMITH
MARY SMITH
SARAH TABB
ELIZABETH WHITE
IONA WIMBROUGH
RUTH WOODY
ELIZABETH WOOLSTON
Sidney Lanier

Though Lanier is sleeping gently
Where doth sigh the Southern pine,
Still he lives—his hallowed memory
Makes each heart a sacred shrine.

Scholar, soldier, knight, musician—
Best of all we love him still
For the magic of his singing
That can sway our souls at will.

—RUTH CONN
Stratford Dramatic Club

Motto

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

Colors

Pink and Green

Flower

Primrose

Officers

First Quarter
President ........... Elise Loewner
Vice-President .... Grace Heyl
Secretary .......... Ella Holloran
Treasurer .......... Edna Draper
Sergeant-at-Arms . . Elizabeth Daniel

Second Quarter
Elise Loewner
Penelope Morgan
Ella Holloran
Edna Draper
Dorothy Fosque

Third Quarter
Penelope Morgan
Ella Holloran
Sarah Tabb
Mary Phillips
Ethel Parrott

Members

Coralease Bottom
Virginia Crockett
Elizabeth Daniel
Edna Draper
Dorothy Fosque
Gladys Halderman
Mary Hess
Grace Heyl

Ellen Holloran
Kathleen Huffman
Ethelene Jones
Elise Loewner
Virginia Mecartney
Penelope Morgan
Elizabeth Murphy
Marie Painter

Honorary Member

Mr. James C. Johnston

Advisory Member

Miss Ruth Hudson
THE STRATFORD DRAMATIC CLUB
OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

PRESENTS

"THE FAN"

(A Translation from the Italian by Kenneth McKensie)

NEW VIRGINIA THEATRE

Tuesday Evening, March 22, 1921, at 8:30

CAST

EVARISTO                          ...................................................... Grace Heyl
COUNT OF ROCCA MARINA            .................................................. Vergilia Sadler
BARON DEL CEDRO                   ...................................................... Mary Phillips
CRESPINO (shoemaker)              ...................................................... Elizabeth Daniel
CORONATO (innkeeper)              ....................................................... Ethel Parrott
TIMOTEO (druggist)                ........................................................... Ella Holloran
MORACCHIO                        ................................................................ Elizabeth Murphy
LEMONCIO                         ................................................................ Virginia Mecartney
TOGGINO                          ................................................................ Alma Tatum
SCAVEZZO                         ................................................................. Lucretia Upshur
GIANNINA (peasant girl)          ................................................................ Gladys Haldeman
SIGNORA GERTRUDE                 ................................................................ Dorothy Fosque
SIGNORITA CANDIDA                ................................................................ Elise Loewner
SUSANNA (shop keeper)            ................................................................ Kathryn Wilson

ACT ONE—Street of an Italian village
Dance—Tambourine Dance.

ACT TWO—Same.
Dance—Tarantella.

ACT THREE—Same.

DANCERS

Virginia Crockett
Ruth Pilcher
Marie Painter
Gladys Haldeman

Kathryn Wilson
Penelope Morgan
Coralease Bottom
Sarah Tabb
EVARISTO

THE LOVERS

SIGNORITA CANDIDA

THE RIVALS

DANCING GIRL

THE COUNT
Home Economics Department
Virginia Club

"To Old Virginia we'll ever be true."

Colors
White and Blue

Flower
Virginia Creeper

Officers

LOUDELLE VIRGINIA POTTSS .................. President
VIRGINIA FARLEY .................. Vice-President
VIRGINIA FAULKNER .................. Secretary-Treasurer

Members

ISABEL VIRGINIA BARLOW
CORALEASE VA. BOTTOM
VIRGINIA CARROLL
VIRGINIA CROCKETT
VIRGINIA DREW

VIRGINIA FARLEY
VIRGINIA FAULKNER
VIRGINIA GARDER
VIRGINIA GREENLAND

ELSIE VA. McPHERSON
MABEL VIRGINIA MOSELEY
VIRGINIA E. NICHOLAS
LOUDELLE VIRGINIA POTTS
VIRGINIA SEGAR
Glee Club
Members

MARGARETTE ABBOTT  ELISE GLENN  LOUISE MOORE
MAZIE AISTROP  ELZIE GOCHENOUR  LILLIAN MOORE
FRANCES BARHAM  VIRGINIA GREENLAND  CHARLOTTE MORRIS
DOROTHY BONNEY  GLADYS GWYNN  MABEL MOSELEY
CORALEASE BOTTOM  VIVIA HAIRR  LUCILLE MURRY
SUSIE BOURDON  MARY LEES HARDY  GLADYS NICHOLS
MATTIE BROWN  CATHERINE HASSEL  JENNIE NICHOLAS
MARGARET BULLOCH  FLORENCE HAUSER  VIRGINIA NICHOLAS
EMILY BURGER  ANGIE HATCHER  MARY LOUISE OVERTON
HELEN BURROUGHS  ROSA HEIDELBERG  JOSEPHINE PAINTER
ANNA CAMERON  MARY HESS  ANNA LEE PAYNE
ALESE CHARLES  MARION HODGES  CHLOE PECK
ROBERTA COFFIELD  ELLA HOLLORAN  BEATRICE PETTY
VIRGINIA CROCKETT  GLADYS HOPKINS  MARY PHILLIPS
FLORENCE CUTTS  LUCILLE HOPKINS  RUTH PILCHER
RUTH DAVIS  LOUISE HOUSTON  VERA POTTER
ZADIE DAVIS  KATHLEEN HUFFMAN  BLANCH RIDENOUR
GLADYS DIDAWICK  ELIZABETH HUNTER  ELIZABETH ROBINSON
MARY DUNN  BERNIE JARRATT  VIRGINIA SEGAR
HELEN ELGIN  MARGARET JARVIS  CHARLOTTE SHAVER
BRENDA ELLIOTT  ETHELEEN JONES  JOSEPHINE PAINTER
LUCILLE EUBANK  LENA KEMP  MARY LOUISE OVERTON
CORINNE EVANS  BESSIE KIRKWOOD  AERA SHOVALTE
MAUDE EVANS  LUCILLE KNEISLEY  GRACE SHOWALTER
MEADE FEILD  DOROTHY LACY  AERA SHOWALTER
RUBY FELTS  LUCIE LAND  MARY STEPHENS
CHRISTINE FERGUSON  ISABELLE LEWIS  CELIA SWECKER
NINA FORD  ETHEL LIVICK  SARAH TABB
MARGARET FUNK  ELISE LOEWNER  CAROLINE THOMPSON
MILDRED GARTER  GRACE LUCK  RUTH TOMKO
BERNICE GAY  KATHERINE MAHONEY  LUCRETIA UPSHUR
MARGARET GILL  ANTOINETTE MANSONI  MARY WILLIAMS
ANNE GILLIAM  JANET MILLER  WINIFRED WILLIAMS
CHRISTINE GLADSTONE  VIRGINIA MECAIETNEY  BERTHA WILSON
MARION GLASSELL  MAISIE MORGAN  KATHRYN WILLSON

Catherine Morgan  Iona Wimbrough

LENA WOLFE
Whenever you see all the girls appearing early in the morning in “all white” you know the Glee Club is going to give a program in chapel. This happened during the National Week of Song, when they gave a Folk-Song program.

Even the cold weather cannot dampen the spirits of the Glee Club, for on the Sunday afternoon before Christmas the campus began to be spotted with white-clad figures gathering for the annual Christmas Cantata, which they gave in the prettily decorated and packed auditorium. When Easter came they were again ready with appropriate music.

These, together with the Commencement Concert, are the Glee Club’s independent programs—independent, because on most other occasions the girls are helping some other organization in school or town.

The Glee Club did its bit when Mr. Duke entertained the business men of the town in the interest of the Alumnae Building; and in Staunton when the Alumnae had a benefit at the movies for the same cause; and again at the Virginia Theatre to help the Athletic Association.

They also sang at the Elks’ Memorial, the Chamber of Commerce Banquet, the Rotary Club dinner, and at an evening service for the Presbyterian Church.

Sometimes the Glee Club goes away from home and sings. Through the kindness of friends in town they were able to go to Massanutten Academy.

One time, and that is quite a famous time, thirty of the girls strayed as far away as V. P. I. Here they sang and danced—first sang and then danced; for business, then pleasure, is the Glee Club’s motto. For the rest of the year we heard of their “wonderful times” and “marvelous dancers.”

From Blacksburg, the girls went to Roanoke and were kept busy the whole time they were there, singing and seeing things. On Sunday night they were asked to supply the music at St. Mark’s Lutheran Church. From the size of the congregation and the many remarks and press notices, the music was thoroughly enjoyed.

On Monday evening the same group of girls sang for the Thursday Morning Music Club. They were very much flattered at having an opportunity of singing for a musical organization of the size and type of this one. The audience was much pleased at their easy stage manner, their appearance, and their music, both solo and ensemble. The Roanoke paper said, “... and really they have no excuse for not singing to such accompaniments as Miss Shaeffer supplied.” The girls know that this is always true.
Le Cercle Français

Les Couleurs
Le Drapeau Tricolore

La Fleur
Fleur-de-lis

La Sainte Patronne
Jeanne d'Arc

La Devise
"Ici on parle français."

Les Officiers
VERGILIA SADLER...................................................... La Présidente
CORINNE EVANS..................................................... La Vice-Présidente
MILDRED GARTER..................................................... La Secrétaire-Trésorière

Les Membres
ESTELLE BALDWIN
ISABEL BARLOW
WILLIE BRANHAM
EDITH BRYANT
MARY BURGER
MARGARETTA COFFMAN
HATTIE DEATHERAGE
GLADYS DIDAWICK
MARIA DOVE

PHYLIS EASTHAM
ANNIE ELGIN
JANE ELLIOTT
NINA FORD
FLORENCE HOUNSHELL
RUTH LEWIS
VIRGINIA MECARTNEY
ELSIE McGHerson
RUTH MOON

ELIZABETH MURPHY
CHLOE PECK
ELIZABETH REDD
LENA REED
MRS. JANIE SHULER
ISABEL SPARROW
EDYTH STARK
CAROLINE THOMPSON
IONA WIMBROUGH

Les Membres Honoraires
MISS CLEVELAND
MISS HOFFMAN
LA SAINTE PATRONNE
High School Club

Officers

KATHLEEN HUFFMAN .................................................. President
NINA FORD ................................................................. Vice-President
DOROTHY LACY .......................................................... Secretary
MARGARET LACY .......................................................... Treasurer
RITA McGAHA ............................................................ Sergeant-at-Arms

Honorary Member

DR. JOHN WALTER WAYLAND

Members

LOUISE BAILIE
ESTELLE BALDWIN
WINIFRED BANKS
MILDRED BARKER
LOUISE BEATTY
CATHERINE BEARD
HAZEL BELLERBY
LUCILE BOWLES
CATHERINE BOWMAN
WILLIE BRANNHAM
SALLIE BROWNE
EDITH BRYANT
MARY BURGER
MARGARETTA COFFMAN
HATTIE DEATHERAGE
LILA DEISHER
RUTH DELINGER
ALICE DICKIE
GLADYS DIDAWICK
MARIA DOVE
MARY DUNN
PHYLIS EASTHAM
ANNE ELGIN
JANE ELLIOTT
CORINNE EVANS
VIRGINIA FAULKNER
FRANCES FERGUSON
NINA FORD

LOUISE FUQUA
MILDRED GARTER
JOSEPHINE HARNISBERGER
LUCILLE HARRISON
INUS HICKAM
GLADYS HOPKINS
FLORENCE HOUNSHELL
KATHLEEN HUFFMAN
ANNIE HUNDLEY
BERNIE JARRATT
FRANCES JENNINGS
CATHERINE KEMP
LUCILLE KNEISLEY
DOROTHY LACY
GLADYS LEE
MARGARET LEWIS
RUTH LEWIS
UNA LEWIS
EDITH LICKFOLD
ETHEL LIVICK
BLANCHE McCauley
RITA McGAHA
ELISIE McPHERSON
MARGARET MACKAY
ELIZABETH MATHENY
JANET MILLER
VADA MILLER

RUTH MOON
CATHERINE MOORE
BEISSIE NICHOLAS
VIRGINIA NICHOLAS
FRANCES OAKES
CHLOE PECK
RUTH PILCHER
LENA REED
MABEL REEVES
NELLIE RHOADES
HELEN ROLSTON
MARY RUMBURG
VERGILIA SADLER
MARGARET SEEBERT
JANIE SHULER
JESSIE SMOOT
ISABEL SPARROW
EDYTH STARK
AGNES STEVENS
MARGARET THOMA
CAROLINE THOMPSON
MARY THRASHER
RUTH TOMKO
JANETTE WHITMORE
KATHRYN WILLSON
IONA WIMBROUGH
LENA WOLFE
ELIZABETH YANCEY
Grammar Grade Club

Potto

“So take Joy home with thee and make a place in thy heart for her.”

Colors
Old Rose and Silver

Flower
Sweet Peas

Officers
MARY SMITH ........................................................ President
AGNES CHRISTIAN ............................................ Vice-President
ZADIE DAVIS .................................................. Secretary
MARY LEE GARDNER ........................................ Treasurer

Members
SUSIE BOURDON MARIE KILBY ELLEN NOCK
AGNES CHRISTIAN REBA KRAMAR ANNA LEE PAYNE
ZADIE DAVIS ANNA LEWIS EDYTHE ROBSON
LUCILLE EUBANK KATHERINE MAHONEY GERTRUDE SMITH
MARY LEE GARDNER CHARLOTTE MORRIS MARY SMITH
GRACE HENTY JENNIE NICHOLAS MARY SWIFT

Honorary Member
MISS KATHERINE ANTHONY
"Come and trip it as ye go
On the light, fantastic toe."
Blue-Stone Cotillion Club

Officers

BLANCH RIDENOUR ....................................................... President
ETHEL PARROTT ......................................................... Vice-President
MARY STEPHENS ........................................................ Secretary
PENELOPE MORGAN ....................................................... Treasurer

Members

MARIAN ADAMS                  BERNICE GAY                      ETHEL LIVICK
RUTH ARRINGTON                ANNE GILLIAM                     ELISE LOEWNER
CORALEASE BOTTOM              PAULINE GILMER                   HAZEL LYON
FRANCES BUCKLEY               MARGION GLASSELL                 MARGARET MARTIN
MARGARET BULLOCH              ELZIE GOCHENOUR                  LUCILLE McCLUNG
ANNA CARPENTER                THELMA GRASTY                    VIRGINIA MECARTNEY
ALESE CHARLES                 GLADYS GWYNN                     VERNICE MILLER
FRANCES CHITTUM               MARY LEES HARDY                  CATHERINE MOORE
MARY DAVIDSON                 MARY CAROLINE HARRIS         CHARLOTTE MORRIS
RUTH DAVIS                    KATHERINE HASSEL                PENELOPE MORGAN
ZADIE DAVIS                   MARY HESS                       MAISIE MORGAN
EDNA DRAPER                   GRACE HEYL                      GLADYS NICHOLS
MARY DRINKWATER               MARION HODGES                   JENNIE NICHOLAS
MARY DUNN                     ELLA HOLLORAN                   MARY LOUISE OVERTON
BRENDA ELLIOTT                GLADYS HOPKINS                  ETHEL PARROTT
LUCILLE EUBANK                LOUISE HOUSTON                  BLANCH RIDENOUR
CORINNE EVANS                 KATHLEEN HUFFMAN              RUTH RODES
MAUDE EVANS                   FRANCES JENNINGS                EMILY ROUND
ELIZABETH EWING               CARRALEIGH JONES               MARY STEPHENS
VIRGINIA FAULKNER             LENA KEMP                       ELEANOR SUBLETT
RUTH FERGUSON                 REBA KRAMAR                     MARY SWIFT
DOROTHY FOSQUE                EUNICE LAMBERT                 ALMA TATUM
MARGARET FUNK                 GLADYS LEE                      HELEN THOMPSON
VIRGINIA GARBER               MARGARET LEWIS                  LUCRETIA UPSHUR
MARY LEE GARDNER              CALLIE LITZ                     KATHRYN WILLSON
MILDRED GARTER
Loudoun Club

Motto
"Always for a good time."

Colors
Brown and Gold

Flower
Brown-eyed Susan

Officers

HELEN BABER .................................................... President
EDITH SAGLE .................................................. Vice-President
MARY BROWN .................................................... Secretary-Treasurer

Members

LOUISE BEATTY
RUTH FERGUSON
INUS HICKAM

RITA McGAHA
MARGARET MEGEATH

ISABEL POTTERFIELD
LOUDELLE POTT
SOPHIA SIMPSON
Fran Sisters

Motto
"For fun."

Flower
Forget-me-not

Officers

President
FRANCES TABB

Vice-President
FRANCES CHITTUM

Secretary-Treasurer
FRANCES CAREY

Business Manager
FRANCES BARHAM

Members

FRANCES BARHAM
FRANCES BROWN
FRANCES BUCKLEY
FRANCES CAREY
FRANCES CHITTUM
FRANCES DREW
FRANCES ELLIOTT
FRANCES FERGUSON
FRANCES GILLIAM
FRANCES JENNINGS
FRANCES JONES
FRANCES OAKES
FRANCES SAWYER
FRANCES TABB

Honorary Member
FRANCES MACKEY
Albemarle Pippin Club

H motto

"Eat an apple a day and keep the doctor away."

Colors
Yellow and Brown

Flower
Apple Blossom

Officers

RUTH RODES .............................................. President

GRACE HEYL .............................................. Vice-President

VIRGINIA FARLEY ........................................ Secretary

EDNA DRAPER .............................................. Treasurer

Members

WILLIE BRANHAM  GRACE HEYL  CLOTILDE RODES

EDNA DRAPER  LEONA JESSUP  RUTH RODES

VIRGINIA FARLEY  CONSTANCE MARTIN  ALMA TATUM

THELMA GRASTY  RUTH MOON  GRACE TILMAN

LOUISE HARRIS  ALBERTA RODES  DORIS WOODWARD

Honorary Member

MR. GEORGE W. CHAPPELEAR
John Marshall Club

Motto
“Lest we forget.”

Colors
Blue and White

Flower
Violet

Officers

President
ESTHER M. EVANS
Vice-President
GLADYS LEE
Secretary
LOUISE GIBBONEY
Treasurer

Members

CORALEASE BOTTOM
ELIZABETH BURKHARDT
AGNES CHRISTIAN
SUSIE CROWDER

VIRGINIA DREW
ESTHER EVANS
LOUISE GIBBONEY
INUS HICKAM

GLADYS LEE
ANNA LEE PAYNE
HELEN RICHARDSON
ESTELLE THURSTON

Honorary Member
MISS BRINTON
Norfolk Club

Motto

"Eat, drink, and be merry."

Colors

Orange and Blue

Flower

Seaweed

Officers

President
GLADYS GWYNN
Secretery
MARY DRINKWATER
Treasurer
WINIFRED WILLIAMS

Members

GLADYS GWYNN
MINNIE LOUISE HAYCON
MARGARET JARVIS
ETHELEEN JONES
CATHERINE KEMP
VERNICE MILLER
LUCILLE MURRY
VERA POTTER
FRANCES SAWYER
FLORENCE SHELTON
EDITH WARD
GENEVIEVE WARWICK
WINIFRED WILLIAMS

Honorary Member
MISS FRANCES MACKEY
Hampton Roads Club

Officers

ANNA CAMERON .......................... President
MAUDE EVANS ............................. Secretary
LOUISE MOORE ............................. Treasurer

Members

FRANCES BARHAM
ANNA CAMERON
ALESE CHARLES
ANNE CHRISTIANSEN
MAUDE EVANS

MARY HESS
LENA KEMP
CATHERINE MOORE
LOUISE MOORE
MEARLE PEARCE
## Tidewater Club

**Botto**

"Swim or drown."

**Colors**

Green and White

**Flower**

Water Lily

**Officers**

<table>
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<th>Position</th>
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<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>SADIE RICH</td>
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**Members**

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HARRISONBURG CLUB

Motto
"They gossip'd side by side"

OFFICERS
Elizabeth Yancey  President
Kathleen Huffman  Vice-President
Elizabeth Ewing  Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS
Margaretta Colman
Hazel Donivan
Anna Estes
Elizabeth Ewing
Kathleen Huffman
Fanita Hollomon
Mrs. W.G. Lelew
Ruth Lewis
Elise Loewner
Elizabeth Yancey

Nellie Patterson
Nellie Rhodes
Charlotte Shaver
Grace Showalter
Era Showalter
Juanita Shrum
June Steele
Reba Suter
Janette Whitmore
Fannie Lee Woodson
Mary Club

Motto
"Make Many Merry."

Colors
Gold and White

Flower
Marigold

Officers

MARY ISABEL LEWIS ............................................ President
MARY CAROLINE HARRIS ...................................... Vice-President
MARY VIRGINIA GARBER .................................... Secretary-Treasurer

Members
MARY BROWN
MARY BURGER
MARY DRINKWATER
MARY DUNN
MARY ESKRIDGE
MARY ESTHER EVANS
MARY FERGUSON
MARY VIRGINIA GARBER
MARY LEE GARDNER
MARY LEES HARDY
MARY CAROLINE HARRIS
MARY KATHERINE HASEL
MARY HESS
MARY HUNDLEY
MARY JONES
MARY ISABEL LEWIS
MARY RUMBURG
MARY SMITH
MARY SWIFT
MARY C. THOMPSON
MARY THRASHER
MARY MYERS

Honorary Members
MARY SEEGER
The Ramblers

Motto
"Push on—Keep Moving."

Colors
Brown and Gold

Flower
Sun Flower

Officers

DOROTHY BONNEY .................................................. President
MAJORIE BULLARD ................................................ Vice-President
MAISIE MORGAN .................................................. Treasurer
Helen-Ellen Club

Motto

"Out for a good time."

Colors

Violet and White

Flower

Violet

Officers

HELEN MUSE .................................................President
HELEN THOMPSON .........................................Vice-President
HELEN BABER ..............................................Secretary-Treasurer

The Good-Timers

HELEN BABER .................................................Original Good-Timer
HELEN BURROUGHS .........................................All-round Good-Timer
HELEN ELGIN .................................................Musical Good-Timer
HELEN EUBANK ..............................................Joking Good-Timer
ELLEN KILBY ................................................Dreamy Good-Timer
HELEN KNEISLEY ...........................................Sunny Good-Timer
HELEN MARSHALL ..........................................Belated Good-Timer
HELEN MUSE ................................................Jolly Good-Timer
ELLEN NOCK ................................................Friendly Good-Timer
HELEN RICHARDSON ......................................Daring Good-Timer
HELEN THOMPSON .........................................Witty Good-Timer
HELEN WATTS ...............................................Cute Good-Timer
Alumnae Association

Officers

President  .................................. REBA BEARD
Vice-President  ................................ FREIDA JOHNSON
Corresponding Secretary  ................................ MARY V. YANCEY
Recording Secretary  ................................ EDNA DECHERT
Treasurer  ................................ MARY BOSSERMAN

Members of Executive Board

FRANCES KEMPER PAYNE
FLORENCE KEEZELL
Book Five

Athletics
Athletic Association

Officers

JUNE STEELE ................................................................. President
ETHEL PARROTT ............................................................. Vice-President
EDITH WARD ................................................................. Secretary-Business Manager
RUTH FERGUSON ............................................................ Treasurer

Associate Members of Council

VIRGINIA FAULKNER
GRACE HEYL
CATHERINE KEMP

Inter-Class Schedule 1920-1921

October 9, 1920—Old-New ............................................. 25-10
January 8, 1921—Senior-P. G. ....................................... 44-19
January 15, 1921—Junior-P. G. ....................................... 45-07
January 21, 1921—Senior-Junior ..................................... 27-27
January 27, 1921—Senior-Junior ..................................... 23-22
Hockey Game, Thanksgiving Day—Senior-Junior .................. 6-6
Post-Graduate Basket Ball Team

Captain
ETHEL PARROTT

Left Forward      Right Forward
RUTH RODES        ETHEL PARROTT

Jumping Center
MARY PHILLIPS

Side-Center
ROSA HEIDELBERG

Left Guard
MARY PHILLIPS

Right Guard
LOUDELLE POTTS

Substitutes
THELMA GRASTY (Special)
ELISE LOEWNER
ELEANOR SUBLETT (Special)

Conrad Logan
Mascot
Senior Basketball Team

Captain
JUNE STEELE

Left Forward
VIRGINIA FAULKNER

Left Guard
FLORENCE HOUNSHELL

Jumping Center
RITA McGAHA

Right Forward
JUNE STEELE

Right Guard
MARION HODGES

Side-Center
EDITH WARD

Substitutes
MARGARET MARTIN
EUNICE LAMBERT
LOUISE HOUSTON
GRACE HEYL
ALBERTA RODES

Yell
Two, four, six, eight,
Who isn't we appreciate?
Team! Team! Team!

Robert Duke, Mascot
HOW WE YELL FOR THEM!

HERE’S TO THE SENIORS

Here’s to the Seniors, our side will win,
Fight to the finish, never give in.
You do your best, girls,
We’ll do the rest, girls,
Fight for the victory.

GIVE 'EM THE AXE

Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe,
Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe,
Give 'em the axe, give 'em the axe
Give 'em the axe—where?
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck,
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck,
Right in the neck, right in the neck,
Right in the neck—there!

Two, four, six, eight,
Whom do we appreciate?
Team! Team! Team!

Two, four, three, four,
Who are we for?
Who for? Why for?
Who do you suppose for?
Seniors!

TUNE—TECH TRIUMPH

Just watch those Seniors put that ball in,
We know they’re in the game to win, oh, Seniors!
With loving song we gladly greet them.
We know no living team can e’er defeat them.
Each time they play we love them more.
We love to watch them raise the score,
Just watch it climbing, climbing, climbing, high!
We’re going to win or die.

I’m a Senior born, and a Senior bred.
And when I die, I’ll be a Senior dead,
Rah! Rah! Oh, Seniors, Seniors!
Rah! Rah! Oh, Seniors, Seniors!
Rah! Rah! Oh, Seniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
HOW WE HELP FOR THEN

HERE'S TO THE MOMS

Let's all drink to the mothers of the world.

Let's honor and respect them for their hard work and dedication.

Without them, our world would be incomplete.

Cheers to all the mothers out there!

---

NOTE FOR THE FUTURE

We must always remember to appreciate the sacrifices made by mothers.

Let's make sure to show our gratitude and support in all we do.

Happy Mother's Day to everyone!
Senior Hockey Team

Captain
LOUISE HOUSTON

Line-Up

Goal Keeper ........................................ LOUISE HOUSTON
Right Full-back .................................. ALBERTA RODES
Left Full-back ..................................... MARGARET MARTIN
Right Half-back .................................. MARION HODGES
Center Half-back ................................ EDITH WARD
Left Half-back ..................................... AGNES CHRISTIAN
Right Wing .......................................... EUNICE LAMBERT
Left Wing ........................................... DOLLY SMITH
Right Forward ..................................... ANNE GILLIAM
Left Forward ....................................... GRACE HEYL
Center Forward ................................... ZADIE DAVIS

Substitutes
SAWYER
BURGER

GARDNER
MORRIS

TOMKO
NICHOLAS
Junior Basket Ball Team

Captain
CATHERINE KEMP

Left Forward
CATHERINE KEMP

Right Forward
RUTH FERGUSON

Left Guard
LUcretia upshur

Right Guard
GRACE TILMAN

Jumping Center
MARGARET MEGEATH

Side-Center
LOUISE PALMER

Substitutes

VIRGINIA SEGAR

CLOTILDE RODES

Yell
Sis, Bomb, Rah!
Juniors!
Junior Hockey Team

Captain
Catherine Kemp

Line-Up

Goal Keeper .............................................. Maude Evans
Right Full-back ........................................... Inus Hickam
Left Full-back .............................................. Clotilde Rodes
Right Half-back ........................................... Grace Tilman
Center Half-back ......................................... Mary Drinkwater
Left Half-back ............................................. Marion Glassell
Right Wing ................................................... Josephine Painter
Left Wing .................................................... Virginia Segar
Right Forward ............................................ Mary Carolyn Harris
Left Forward ............................................... Louise Palmer
Center Forward ........................................... Catherine Kemp
Varsity Basketball Team

Captain
JUNE STEELE

Left Forward
VIRGINIA FAULKNER

Right Forward
JUNE STEELE

Left Guard
MARION HODGES

Right Guard
DOROTHY BONNEY

Jumping Center
RITA McGAHA

Side-Center
EDITH WARD

Substitutes
RUTH FERGUSON
ETHEL PARROTT
LUCRETIA UPSHUR
MARGARET MEGEATH
RUTH ROARK

Yell

Eat 'em up, team!
Eat 'em up, team!
One more field goal!
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Match</th>
<th>Score</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>January 29</td>
<td>Harrisonburg at Bridgewater</td>
<td>33 to 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>February 18</td>
<td>Farmville at Harrisonburg</td>
<td>52 to 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>February 26</td>
<td>Harrisonburg at Fredericksburg</td>
<td>23 to 35</td>
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<tr>
<td>March 5</td>
<td>Radford at Harrisonburg</td>
<td>18 to 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March 11</td>
<td>Harrisonburg at Farmville</td>
<td>48 to 24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March 21</td>
<td>Fredericksburg at Harrisonburg</td>
<td>56 to 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March 26</td>
<td>Harrisonburg at Radford</td>
<td>9 to 21</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

239 to 170
Pinquet Tennis Club

Officers

First Quarter
President ............. Gladys Lee
Vice-President ......... Mary Carolyn Harris
Secretary .............. Bernie Jarratt
Treasurer ............. Blanch Ridenour

Second Quarter
Virginia Faulkner
Mary Lees Hardy
Louise Gibboney
Blanch Ridenour

Third Quarter
Virginia Faulkner
Glady's Nichols
Louise Palmer
Annette Purdy

Colors
Red and White

Members

MARGARETT E. ABBOTT EMILY BURGER
MAZIE AISTROP MARY BURGER
RUTH ABBINGTON FRANCES CHITTUM
HELEN BABER AGNES CHRISTIAN
LOUISE BAILIE ANNE CHRISTIANSEN
ISABEL BARLOW RUTH DAVIS
CATHERINE BEARD VIRGINIA DREW
HAZEL BELLERBY VIRGINIA FAULKNER
SUSIE BOURDON MARY FERGUSON
MATTIE BROWN MARGARET FUNK
MARJORIE BULLARD LOUISE FUQUA
MARGARET BULLOCH MILDRED GARTER
EDITH WARD G. WARWICK

LOUISE GIBBONEY ANNE GIBSON
ELLIA HOLLORAN ANNE GILLIAM
ROSIE HOPKINS MARION GLASSELL
FLORENCE HOUNSHKEL MABEL Moseley
BERNICE JARRATT ELIZABETH MURPHY
CARRALEIGH JONES HELEN MUSE
REBA KRAMER JENNIE NICHOLS
UNE LEWIS GLADYS NICHOLS
GRACE LUCK ELLEN NOCK
MARGARET MACKEY LOUISE PALMER
KATHERINE MAHONEY ANNIE LEE PAYNE
LUCILLE McCLUNG MEARIE PEARCE
RITA McGaha CHLOE PECK

IONA WIMBROUGH
Doris Woodward

ANNETTA PURDY
SUE RAINIE
SADIE RICH
EDYTHE ROBSON
FRANCES SAYWER
MARY SWIFT
MARGARET THOMA
HELEN THOMPSON
RUTH TOMKO
FLOSS TUCKER
LUcretia UPSHUR
NE11 WALTERS
# Field Day

## May 14

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Events</th>
<th>Points</th>
<th>Seniors</th>
<th>Juniors</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Volley Ball</td>
<td>26</td>
<td></td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hop, Step, Leap</td>
<td>30 2/3</td>
<td>20 1/3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Basket Ball Throwing for Goals</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>13</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Shuttle Relay</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>—</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Running High Jump</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>23</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Basket Ball Throwing for Distance</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>26</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Three-Legged Race</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Sprinting (75-yard dash)</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td>163 2/3</td>
<td>111 1/3</td>
<td></td>
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## TENNIS TOURNAMENT

## June 4

**Award of Loving Cups**
Book Six
Stories and Verse
Stories of the Old Tollgate

I.

Like a Man

The car began to climb the long, snowy hill. The engine chugged away bravely, but the wheels skidded in the soft snow. The man inside looked desperate as he put her in low gear and increased the gas feed. To him the car seemed like a snail creeping up the hill in zigzag line. From time to time he glanced nervously over his shoulder while, despite that January weather, beads of perspiration stood on his forehead.

“If I could only make it to the Gap, they’d never catch me,” he mused, dabbing with his rough glove at the wind-shield, upon which the moisture was fast forming. “Once across the mountains, I know every hollow and every cow-path. I could hide there a life-time. Oh, I was a fool to move my still to this side! I ought to have stuck to my old tramping ground. I’d never have been in this mess if I had. Over in Raccoon Hollow nobody’d dared to cross me as that low-lived, miserable cur of a Jim Dawson did.—And I killed him—my God!

“Oh, well”—he gave a careless shrug—“what does it matter, after all? Everybody knows he wasn’t fit to live, and I did his wife a good turn to put him out of the way. But what sort of a turn is it for me? Well, nobody cares about me any more. If Mary had only—. ” His thoughts went wandering back to those other days—days spent in the little mountain home—days when there were such things as a mother, and roses clambering over the door, and Daddy Jake, and a girl with blue eyes and a smile. He pulled his old felt hat lower over his face and settled into a sort of apathy.

Mark Allen didn’t look like a criminal. Strong in the strength of his thirty-odd years, he seemed a young giant slumped down there on the seat of the car. His brow was broad and firm, and the keen, large gray eyes showed intelligence and determination—a sort of grim, stern, bull-dog determination—rather than malice. But years of lawlessness and striving to forget had wiped out the lines of tenderness from around the mouth and had left only force and tenacity.

Suddenly he roused with a start. Before him, just at the bend in the road, he saw a tiny tollgate house; and the long pole stretching up into the gray sky seemed like a warning finger. “Darn it!” he muttered, “I didn’t know there was a tollgate on this road. Of course the phone has warned them to look out for Dawson’s murderer, and they will be laying for me.”

He thought rapidly. His breath came hard and fast. Should he leave the car here by the road and try to escape through the woods? That would be madness. In the snow he could easily be tracked, and he knew not a foot of the way. He must go on. Could he make it through the tollgate before that threatening pole should drop and bar his way? This thought was as wild as the first, for the throbbing of his engine as it toiled up the hill could be heard for some distance, and already the pole was beginning to descend.
“Oh, well——” another reckless shrug—“I guess I'm man enough to stand a little more blood yet. Old Trusty is with me——” he felt for his hip pocket—“and I can easily fix the keeper of that gate. More'n likely it's a woman anyhow, or some old man, and I won't have to kill.”

He was drawing near to the little house. Suddenly the door opened and an old man stood on the porch. Mark looked and drew a hand across his eyes. Could it be? Yes, it was. He knew that erect figure with the broad shoulders, though fifteen years had replaced with a fringe of snow the curly brown locks. It was Daddy Jake!

Trembling, the young man stopped the car, and in a daze stumbled up the steps into his father's outstretched arms. Forgotten were stills, sheriff, and shadows of gloomy prison walls. He saw only the old eyes, tear-dimmed, and the tremulous quiver of the kindly lips that said, “Mark, boy, I knowed you'd come through this gap here. And when I heard you coming up. I thought we had the killer, who had tried to make his get-away through this gap here. And when I heard you coming up, I thought we had the murderer, sho'.”

Mary needed no confession from Mark's lips. The look of agony on his face told her the story. She went to him and laid her hands on his shoulders, while her eyes looked bravely into his. “Mark,” she said, “I done you wrong once. I've tried to make up for it by doing what I could for your old father and mother. But the hurt has stayed here”—touching simply her heart—“ever since. But you done wrong, too. And now if you've done a bigger wrong, you had ought to faced it like a man, even if 'twant quite fair to you. And 'tain't too late now to show yourself the man your mother counted on you to be.”

“Mary,” he said—and the great hands trembled as they covered hers—“I ain't worth saving; but Mother counted on me, and you and Father care. I can't undo what's done, but I can do my best from now on. Girl, will you go on taking care of Daddy Jake? And will you help him to feel that the jail ain't such a disgrace as hiding in the mountain when the jail's my place?”

She nodded, then lowered her head to hide the tears as he promised, “Whatever comes, I'll try to face it like a man——”

Up the snowy road came the sound of a siren whistle, and the sheriff's little gray racer drew up beside the tollgate house.

—VERGILIA P. SADLER
Stories of the Old Tollgate

Then Came Marie

UNT POLLY sat in the little back room of the cabin, peeling apples from a large dishpan which she held in her lap. Near her on the window ledge lay a telegram, always a token of disaster to simple people like Aunt Polly and Uncle Joe. And such indeed this one seemed, for it read, "Am married. Marie and I coming on next train. Jack." As she read it again, a large tear ran down her cheek and fell on her hand.

Three years prior to this they had sent Jack to medical college. Only hardest work on the little one-horse farm had enabled them to do this. It was just within the last few years that Uncle Joe had taken charge of the Valley road tollgate. Jack was the only one of Aunt Polly's four children, a girl and three boys, who had survived the first drudging years on the farm. On him they had showered a four-fold affection, and Aunt Polly was never so happy as when she was making coffee cake or darning socks for "the boy." The first Christmas, he had come home the same merry lad they had always known, and their pride knew no bounds. "Larnin' hain't hurt him a partickle," rejoiced Uncle Joe. The next year he only paid them a flying visit and back to Richmond he went, the cause of his return being a Miss Vernon, whom he had met at the Frat Ball. All the following summer he was moody and over-thoughtful, refusing even Aunt Polly's "sass-fras" tea, cooled with ice, which Uncle Joe had brought from Winchester for the purpose.

Jack rarely spoke of Marie, but Aunt Polly felt that she was the cause of his behavior, and a strange feeling of resentment and jealousy grew in her toward the girl.

One night he told them that she was the only child of a widowed banker, her mother having died when Marie was quite small. His picture of the motherless girl was painted so well that Aunt Polly softened a little, but it was with a pang of regret that she saw him leave for school.

As a climax to her uneasiness had come this telegram; and she sighed heavily as she set aside the dishpan and put the cut apples into the brass kettle to cook. She stepped to the door and called Uncle Joe, who was lustily chopping wood, and directed him to shovel the snow off the small front stoop.

"Ef she goes to puttin' on any of her fine airs around here," she said, as he entered with his arms full of wood, "I'll just tell her 'twas good enough fer Jack, and ef it don't suit her she can go back to her own fine doings."

"Now, now, Polly," said Uncle Joe in a slightly apologetic tone, "don't ye go to imaginin' things; maybe you'll like the gal."

Aunt Polly proceeded to straighten up her little room, using the feather duster vigorously on the hearth. She opened an old horsehair trunk and, rummaging through its contents, found some faded lavender ribbon, with which she
tied back the curtains. Next came her one linen table cloth and the Dutch blue "chinity" set used only for company.

Uncle Joe carried the rag rugs out to the back of the cabin and shook them thoroughly. Then placing a log on the blazing fire, he went back to his wood-cutting. Aunt Polly "starched" her face, put on a clean apron, and taking up her knitting, seated herself to wait.

Suddenly the town bus which carried passengers to and from the station was heard blowing for the bend in the road below the tollgate, and running to the door she again called Uncle Joe, "Ye go out and meet the critter; I can't stand it."

After Aunt Polly had brushed him off with the whiskbroom, Uncle Joe stepped out on the porch and waited.

The bus drew up and stopped; and Jack was shaking his father's hand hard. He turned to the little figure behind him, saying, "Dad, this is my wife."

Off came Uncle Joe's old felt hat, and then a soft voice whispered, "You're just like Jack."

Aunt Polly, whose curiosity had gotten the best of her, appeared in the doorway. Seeing her, the girl broke away from Uncle Joe and ran up the steps. As Aunt Polly saw the hungry, eager look in her eyes, all her jealousy and hard feeling vanished, and taking the girl in her arms they cried softly together—Aunt Polly for the little girl she had lost so long ago, and Marie for the Mother she had never known. It was as Uncle Joe had said, "She liked the gal."

—Josephine Harnsberger
The Plain Path

HE old mountaineer shook the ashes from his corn cob pipe. He was in a talkative mood this morning. He let the reins hang loose as the rawboned mare jogged lazily along, and paid little attention to her except for an occasional "Ghee-up thar!"

We were crossing the Blue Ridge, following the old trail through Swift Run Gap and on to Elkton. To the mountain people that road is "the pike"; but this title is only honorary and comparative.

Fresh spring leaves were budding out everywhere but, clearly marked through the forest, I noticed a long row of dead trees, stark and glaring in the sunlight. "Mr. Hooker," I said, pointing to them, "look there. Odd, isn't it, that they should follow a line like that?"

He cleared his throat and, jerking the reins with "Giddap, Moll!" made the old horse quicken her pace. "Them trees died that a way the year after Parson Maiden come here to preach. Hard winter it was, too—one of the worst ever was in these parts."

I straightened up. I knew a story was coming.

He pointed with his alder switch: "Over thar back o' that ridge 'bout a hundred yards is the cabin whar old Simon Sorrel used to live. 'Tain't nobody livin' thar now. Simon was a good neighbor and never wronged nobody if he knowed it. Was allus helpin' the poor ones and handin' out a kind word to everybody. He had more'n the rest of us, and he warn't stingy with it, neither. He give vittles to many a hungry man that turrible winter. The folks in this whole mountain set a heap o' store by Simon.

"Well, 'long in Feb' uary thar come a blizzard worse'n any before, and it was mighty hard times for us all. After three days, when the snow was pretty deep, it stopped and warmed up a bit. Jake Weed and me was in need of provisions; so we set out to see if old man Simon couldn't let us have a little meal and bacon. Things was pretty sea'ce about that time. But Simon was apt to keep a good supply on hand; so we knowed we could count on gittin' some from him.

"When we got to the cabin, it seem like that ain't been no life 'bout the place for some time. 'Jake,' says I, 'what you reckin this means—no path from the door and no smoke comin' out the chimbley?' The door was locked, and we give up tryin' that when thar warn't no answer. The window was one of these here kind on hinges, and we got it open without much trouble. Jake looked in first, but didn't see nothin'. By this time we was both skeered good fashion, but I give Jake a shove and helped him git a holt so he could pull himself in. Thar ain't no words that kin tell how Jake looked; but somehow or other he pulled me in.

"An' no tellin' how long he'd been that a way. 'It ain't no time for projeckin' about how it happened,' says I. 'Jake, one of us got to go fetch the Parson.'

"Jake didn't seem anxious to stay; so I stayed. And he went along, a-tellin' all the folks on the way.

"In no time it looked like near everybody on the mountain had gathered thar at the
cabin; and by the time the Parson come, things was kinder het up, 'cause we all took it to heart like it had been our own kin. Ef we could 'a laid hands on the man that give old Simon that lick, 'twould 'a been goodbye to him right then and thar. But thar warn't no way of findin' out, though Pete Cawthorn held to it that Idiot Joe was the one. You see, Joe's mother had been awful bothered because he'd wandered off the day before the blizzard and hadn't come back till late in the night. Joe had a way of doin' like that; and nobody never knewed what he'd be at all. Sure enough when we come to search him, Joe had lots o' money in his pocket, at least two dollars—maybe more. Where'd he be a-gittin' money? That's what Pete wanted to know, and all the rest of us, too.

"Joe was kind o' grinnin' all the time, like as how he didn't know what you was askin' him. At last he did say old Simon give him that money to buy a pair o' pants. Of course nobody didn't believe him. And we'd 'a strung him up right thar, I reckon, if it hadn't been for the Parson's callin' on every one of us to do this and that, to git things ready for the buryin'. And thar was a heap to do, sho 'nough. The snow bein' so deep, we dug the grave right thar under a tree in front the cabin.

"Then come the Parson's prayer. You never heerd nothin' like it. He prayed so powerful that it seemed like the wrath o' the Lord was hoverin' right over us instid o' over poor Joe, that never had been right in his head. And then he begged the Almighty to show us the truth and to help us hold ourselves down, quiet, till the truth come—and come clear. 'Point the path, O Lord, and make it very plain!' And when he finished, we all had a feelin' that it was goin' to be so.

"But spring come, and still we didn't see no sign. Simon's empty cabin looked mighty lonesome. Even the tree in front the door had died.

"One day, when the leaves was biddin' out pretty good in the woods, Jake and me was goin' 'long down Saddleback, and we noticed first one dead tree and then another and directly that whole string of 'em you see over thar. We went back and followed the line of 'em from old Simon's grave along down the ridge of Saddleback and past the meetin' house. It went right alongside the trail, and when it come to the forks it took the lefthand path and led on up to Pete Cawthorn's cabin.

"'The path!' Jake broke out all at once, sort o' hoarse, 'the plain path! That's the sign!' Then clear as day it come over us that Pete was the man that done it—that killed old Simon. Pete had been flush o' money lately—had a new gun and store-bought clothes and had got two fine huntin' dawgs from somewhar. Come to think of it, he had been the ring-leader in wantin' poor Joe strung up quicker'n a wink.

"We got a bunch o' men together down at the store and told 'em what we'd seen. The preacher was on hand, too; but he didn't stay long. A lot more things come out then and thar to make it a clear case against Pete. But befo' we got to his cabin at midnight the sheriff and his deputty had done come and got Pete and carried him off to the courthouse. When he heerd about them trees a-makin' the path plain, Pete up and owned it all, down thar in the jail.

We ain't knowed to this day who sent for the sheriff, but we kinder suspicion it was the Parson."

"Giddap, Moll!" And the buggy rolled on a little faster along the level stretch at the foot of the mountain.

This is the story of the old mountaineer. I saw the line of dead trees.

—SALLIE BROWNE
When the Dogwood is in Bloom

Shouts of happy children coming home from school,
Playing by the roadside or by the muddy pool,
Little laddies barefoot, climbing on the wall,
Reaching for the blossoms that riot over all—
    Then racing down the road
    When the dogwood is in bloom.

The sound of youthful voices borne along the breeze,
The bluebird’s wing that flashes through the budding trees,
The rosy flush of sunset on each snowy flower,
The tender tones of lovers in the twilight hour—
    Loitering down the road
    When the dogwood is in bloom.

The tapping of a cane beside the crumbling wall,
A fading eye that brightens at the robin’s call,
A hand that trembling plucks one blossom from the bough,
While sweet and tender mem’ries come flooding o’er him now—
    Dreaming down the road
    When the dogwood is in bloom.

—Vergilia P. Sadler
True Stories

I.

C'est la Guerre

HE BRIDE in her going-away gown made a picture long to be remembered, as she stood in the salon of Denver's luxurious hotel, The Brown Palace, in the midst of a shower of rice, receiving the felicitations of her relatives and friends.

An onlooker might have noticed at the edge of the crowd an erect but stupefied man whose face revealed a tragedy not fully comprehended as his gaze took in the bride and the attendant festivities. For it was no other than Brown, the millionaire mine and hotel owner, who had entered just at the close of the marriage of his adored wife to a boyhood chum.

The man's face aged years as he stood there watching the milestones of his past life whirl in kaleidoscope through his brain: his happy boyhood, surrounded by all the luxuries and pleasures money could provide, on an estate adjoining that of his little schoolmate and sweetheart; his successful manhood and his never-ceasing wonderment at winning Her from the many other suitors, especially from desirable George Knighten; their two years of unclouded married life; and then England's declaration of war—in swift succession these mind pictures flashed before him.

In loyalty to his proud old English ancestors he had felt it incumbent upon him to help the mother country in her time of need; and his wife had stood bravely by his decision, her prayers and her great love up-bearing him in it all. After two months of intensive training in a Canadian cantonment he, with the rank of major, was aboard a troop-ship bound for England.

In the summer of 1917, found on the battlefield in a state of aphasia and minus all means of identification, he was brought back with other wounded soldiers; and after months of slow convalescence in a Canadian hospital physical health was fully restored, but his name and past life remained to him a blank for two years.

One day in the spring of 1920 he awoke suddenly to the realization of his identity and, without a heralding telegram, planning to surprise everybody, he rushed to Denver, only to see in the hotel salon—Her, the bride of George Knighten.

With an effort he pulled himself together and, wheeling rapidly on his heel, was making his swift way down the big foyer when a voice, full of horror, awe, and joy, arrested him, "My Gawd! ef it ain't Marse Robert Brown!" and his old colored valet impeded his progress.

Quickly recovering his wits, Brown spoke in a tone as steady as he could muster, "Didn't you hear that your master, Robert Brown, died on a French battlefield three years ago? I was with him at the time."

With a heavy heart and straining eyes the awe-stricken and adoring darkey watched the beloved form disappear into the night.

—Elise Loewner
MISS WILLIS was a file-clerk in the “A and A” section of the War Risk Insurance Bureau. She was fair, fat, and forty. Moreover, she was possessed of a beau.

As well as we could collect the evidence, supplementing it with conjecture, this is how it all had come about.

Long ago, twenty years or thereabouts, she and the afore-mentioned beau had been as fond as two young turtle-doves. But “there’s many a slip,” as you’ve doubtless heard. So when a gay, frivolous creature had fluttered into their little Georgia village for a brief stay, his affections had become entirely alienated; and soon wedding bells were chiming for the last-mentioned two.

“Every dog has his day,” they say. And I suppose this applies to toilers as well as triflers, for the frivolous young thing had led her husband a dance of a life; and now that she had danced herself out some six months previously, he was again seeking his first love, as the bob-o-link returns to its native clime. That is to say, he had opened up a correspondence, which Miss Willis was tactfully helping along; for, having already loved and lost once, she wished to avoid the mistake of appearing too anxious.

Well, the letters of the gentleman-in-the-case waxed more and more eloquent and more and more frequent. In fact, he had already ventured several “special deliveries”; and it was through these last that Miss Willis’s fellow clerks got wise as to how the wind was blowing.

Not that she minded: nay, far from it. She was now enjoying what should have been rightfully hers a score of years ago. So she blushed girlishly at their raillery and endeavored to register self-consciousness minus apparent delight. And she succeeded admirably; for the Section, having long since dubbed her the “One-in-love,” made daily inquiries as to when the Event was coming off.

So far, however, the wooer had not definitely mentioned any particular Event; so all that Miss Willis could do was to look wise and say she didn’t know what they were talking about.

“All things come round to him who will but wait.” This is a wise saw that would have been even wiser had the pronoun been feminine. When, one day, the momentous question was propounded by route of a “special” the maiden’s blushing cheek and kindling eye betrayed her happy secret. Glad of the chance, she acknowledged then and there that she was to be married as soon as the Government would release her.

This could not be for some little time, however; for she was a most capable and reliable worker, and the office was behind on posting last month’s checks. Every Government clerk knows what an endless task posting is, at best.
Perhaps it was just as well, though. The happy lady needed an interlude in which to collect her excited faculties and a suitable trousseau. As it was, she was living in a world of rosy romance all her own, and no such prosaic task as mechanical filing could spoil it for her.

In answer to her acceptance of the matrimonial proposition, a letter came bearing great joy and a check for a ticket home, with the admonition to use the latter as soon as possible.

Miss Willis returned the check, but began to lay in a stock of finery. Meanwhile the Section collected contributions for a wedding present. And when the day of departure arrived, the Office tendered its best wishes and a handsome carving set. So, amid showers of joy and a check for a ticket home, with the admonition to use the latter as soon as possible.

"Is it really I?" replied the bride-to-have-been; "but I have no husband to hide."

When it seemed that they could keep awake no longer, a vaguely familiar plump figure appeared in the doorway, carrying a long box under her arm. Immediately half-closed eyes popped open, and slouching file-clerks sat up with alacrity.

"Yes, it is really I," replied the bride-to-have-been; "but I have no husband to hide. I found that my 'Lochinvar' had completely lost his waistline since I saw him twenty years ago; so I could not bring myself to don orange blossoms. And," blithely continued she, "what I want you to do is to sell me my wedding present; for, now that I've ceased struggling, I'm going to rent an apartment and be at peace. And when you girls come to take Sunday dinner with me, I'll manipulate this fine carving knife so well that you'll say Washington chicken tastes just like home."

—Estelle Baldwin
OARDING the train, I found to my relief three or four empty seats and had no trouble in getting one on the shady side of the coach. I settled myself comfortably to enjoy a new magazine, but my interest in reading seemed to lag; so, closing the magazine, I glanced around at my fellow travelers. One familiar face immediately caught my eye, and there my attention centered. It was the face of a young man—a very good-looking face, but not a strong one. Something vital seemed to be lacking in the big dark eyes, and there were lines about the mouth that gave a suggestion of boldness and forwardness. Yet the face was in keeping with the general appearance of the young man. He was very stylishly dressed and seemed to regard himself with a pleased and self-satisfied air.

I noticed the frequent glances that he threw over his shoulder; so my gaze shifted to the object of his attention—a young lady sitting alone across the aisle from me. She was quietly but attractively dressed and was busily engaged in reading a book. After watching for a few minutes I discovered that she had also noticed the glances sent in her direction, and from the slow flush that crept over her features one could tell that she was annoyed.

After a few minutes the young man left his seat and approached her, his face full of open admiration. In a voice highly polished with fine manners, I heard him say, "I beg your pardon, Miss, but my name's Kuykendall."

The young lady closed her book and straightened herself. With eyes full of pity and a voice of sympathy, she brought out her reply, clear and strong, "Really, sir, that is a terrible affliction, and I am very sorry; but I assure you I had nothing whatever to do with it."

Mr. Kuykendall wilted. He found the atmosphere oppressive, and accordingly withdrew to the smoker.

—Edith R. Ward
The Call of the Farm

Have you ever felt the call of the farm
When the robins come and the air turns warm?
Do you wish for the grass just peeping through,
And all out-doors, when the sky is blue?

Have you ever wished for a meadow brook
When the day is hot—or a shady nook?
Do you know when minnows begin to bite?
Where juicy strawberries grow just right?

Have you ever lain at the foot of a tree,
Watching the birds or a honey bee?
Have you seen the robin making love
As he builds his nest in the tree above?

Have you ever smelled the new-mown hay
Or thrilled to the joy of a spring-time day?
Have you ever hid in the growing wheat
Or trod plowed land with cool, bare feet?

Have you ever watched the lambs at play
On a sunny mound some mild sweet day,
Or chased the long-legged calves about
The grassy lot with lusty shout?

Have you ever come home in the twilight late
To find Mother waiting by the gate
With her smile—and supper all ready, too?—
Well, I have, boy; and so have you.

—Gladys Hopkins
At Twilight

A sunset glow, a bare-branched tree,
   A peace o'er vale and hill,
The western sky, all warm—and see,
There fleecy clouds empurpled lie
With crimson hues that fade, then die—
   A single bird-note's trill—
      At twilight.

A softer glow on hill and stream,
   Within my soul a hush—
A breath, a whisper, and a dream—
The Shenandoah's gleaming thread,
The silvery crescent overhead,
   One star—and hark, the thrush!—
      At twilight.

—Vergilia P. Sadler
Book Seven

Our Memory Book
September

21—We arrive!
22—We register, fill out program cards, pay fees, and attend classes—all in one day.
24—We shake hands with the Faculty at Hillcrest, and they smile on us.

October

1—Y. W. Reception. Snake dance, stunts, music, ice-cream and cake.

9—Old Girls win again at Old Girl vs. New Girl game. They usually do.

15—Grand Opera and Concert Quartette. We march in line.

22—Hullabaloo by the Seniors.

30—Hallowe'en Party by the Degrees. Dr. Converse reveals a new talent, scaring us to death.
November

13—When the Darktown Strutters came to the Normal. Junior Minstrel.

19—Harp-vocal Ensemble.

20—Mr. and Mrs. Spratt entertained at a Tacky Party, assisted by the Degrees. Who received most attention, the faculty or the students?

24—Cotillion Club makes its début. Thanksgiving Dance. Men, men everywhere, but not a man from home!

25—Junior-Senior Hockey Game. 6 to 6—a prophecy! Also turkey and big boxes from mothers.

December

4—Annual Bazaar. Stunt won by Lee Literary Society. Health Week is over. We all feel better.

10—Devereux Players—Ghosts—We couldn’t sleep.

11—Players again. Her Husband’s Wife. Matinee—Scenes from The Boor, Twelfth Night, School for Scandal.

12—Glee Club Cantata in auditorium.

15—Chicken salad and shaded candles in the dining room.

16—Examinations—weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

17—More examinations and then Home, Sweet Home. We didn’t forget we were from the Normal School.
January

3—Harrisonburg becomes Home to us again.
8—Inter-class Basket Ball series begins with the Senior-Postgraduate game. Seniors win—44-19.
10—Miss Heller visits us.
13—The University of Virginia presents The Visiting Girl at the Virginia Theatre.
14—Mr. Duke gives a dinner for the business men of the town. Glee Club sings.
18—The Old Homestead.
19—Franceska Kaspar Lawson sings for us.
21—Mass Meeting of citizens in Masonic Building. Education wins.
22—The Big Game—Junior-Senior—Another tie! 27-27.
27—The Warriors meet again. Seniors win championship by one point—23-22.
29—we play Bridgewater, and we beat Bridgewater.

February

2—Dr. Sanger tells us of his first attempt at mountain climbing in the Rockies.
4—Boston Sextette at Virginia Theatre. We eat pop corn between the numbers.
8—Pay Day. It speaks for itself.
10—Dr. Wayland took supper in the dining room and parléz-vous-ed at the French Table.
11—Home Economics Demonstration in chapel. The audience looks, likes, and envies.
14—Mr. Duke reminds us of the first Varsity Game by his talk on good sportsmanship.
17—Colonel Le Roy Hodges in chapel.
   Glee Club members sing and eat—mostly eat—at Chamber of Commerce.
18—Folk Songs by Glee Club in chapel.
   Farmville vs. Harrisonburg—52-17—In favor of our Varsity.
   Theo Karl at Virginia Theatre.
   Junior Oyster Supper.
   F. N. S.-H. N. S. supper in the wee small hours.
19—Mr. Walter begins taking Annual pictures.
   Glee Club and Faculty entertained by Miss Shaeffer. Good old ice-cream and chicken salad.
20—Snow. Sunday School in Harrison Hall.
21—Quartette sings negro spirituals for us.
23—Dr. Knight and Miss Heller for three days.
26—Fredericksburg wins over H. N. S.—35 to 23.
March

5—Radford victorious in match game. 26-18.

7—Zinita Graf in Daniel Druce.

9—Song recital in chapel by Rabbi J. E. Schvanenfeld.

11—Varsity enjoys trip to Farmville. They bring the laurels home—48-24.

15—Fritz Leiber in Macbeth at the Virginia Theatre. An event of the season.

21—Home Team the victors in game with Fredericksburg, score—56-34.

22—Stratford presents “The Fan” at the Virginia Theatre.

24—Beginning of Easter Holidays. The fortunate ones go home.


27—EASTER—Chicken, ice-cream, and flowers.

28—A picnic trip to Rawley Springs for those left behind.

29—School again.

April

1—A night of entertainments—
Presbyterian girls entertained by the Yoke Fellows.
Post-Graduate Class entertained by Mr. Dingledine.
The Varsity entertained by Mrs. Johnston.

7—Installation of new Y. W. C. A. officers and cabinet.

8—Fashion show.

12—The Faculty Basket Ball Game. Canes, bandaged hands, and broken glasses the next day.

15—Juniors entertain the Seniors at a masked ball. Oh, the fun we had!
Senior Essays go in!

29—Glee Club leaves for V. P. I. and Roanoke.

30—Staunton Military Academy Minstrels.
May

10—Anna Case at Virginia Theatre.
13—Seniors have Arbor Day and Juniors receive the green shovel. Recital: Elise Loewner and Sara Upp.
14—Field Day.
16—Seniors celebrate May Day with the Training Schools.

June

3—The Schoolma’am arrives.
   Senior play, Robin Hood, in open air auditorium.
4—Tennis Tournament.
   Music and expression recital.
5—Commencement sermon. Y. W. C. A. service.
7—Class Day exercises. Graduation.
8—Good-bye.
Deaths

Elizabeth Gentry
Student, 1913
Died at Redlands, California
August, 1920

Grace Jarvis
Student, 1913
Died at her home in Brooklyn, New York
February, 1921

Nannie Clarkson
Graduate, 1916
Died at her home at Arrington, Virginia
May 6, 1921
Weddings

December 23, 1919
Miss Martha Evelyn Beard to Mr. Malcolm E. Start
Cory, Pennsylvania

May 13, 1920
Miss Ruth Vaiden to Mr. Shirley Pattie
Norfolk, Virginia

June 12, 1920
Miss Kathleen Chevallie Harless to Mr. James Alfred Beasley
Christiansburg, Virginia

June 16, 1920
Miss Helen Cuthbert Tatum to Mr. Marshall Wayne Rogers
Norfolk, Virginia

June 22, 1920
Miss Ellen Kay Bowman to Mr. Leonard Herndon Fowler
Roanoke, Virginia

June 23, 1920
Miss Sadie Wiginton Cox to Mr. Van Olinda Nevins
Norfolk, Virginia

June 24, 1920
Miss Juliette Coffman to Mr. Mahlon Hupp Chiles
Richmond, Virginia

August 4, 1920
Miss Edna Belle Swank to Mr. Frank Rolston
Mt. Clinton, Virginia

August 4, 1920
Miss Beulah Gladys Anderson to Mr. Walter Rufus Blankenbeckler
Seven-Mile Ford, Virginia

August 5, 1920
Miss Ruth Virginia Boes to Mr. Wilbert Marion Scott
Clifton Forge, Virginia
August 9, 1920
Miss Lillian A. Miller to Mr. Caspar Allen Harpine
Radford, Virginia

August 9, 1920
Miss Margaret Scott Beard to Mr. J. Frank Ligor
Clarksville, Virginia

August 23, 1920
Miss Louise L. Lake to Mr. William Button
Charleston, West Virginia

August 25, 1920
Miss Fannie C. Moore to Mr. Allen Austin
Staunton, Virginia

September 1, 1920
Miss Frances Hopkins Kemper to Mr. William Clyde Payne
Lynnwood, Virginia

September 7, 1920
Miss Sarah Catherine Pruden to Mr. Caswell S.
Suffolk, Virginia

September 16, 1920
Miss Margaret Virginia Barron to Mr. Curtis Robbins
Big Stone Gap, Virginia

September 18, 1920
Miss Flossie Grant to Dr. Charles Rush
McGaheysville, Virginia

October 9, 1920
Miss Margaret Janet Bailey to Mr. Fred Lee Troy
Big Stone Gap, Virginia

October 14, 1920
Miss Daisy Wealthia Johnson to Mr. Carroll S. Hutchison
Washington, D.C.

October 26, 1920
Miss Virginia Zirkle to Mr. Thomas Owen Brock
Harrisonburg, Virginia

November 24, 1920
Miss Harriet Belle Heath to Mr. Clare M. Jones
Washington, D.C.

November 25, 1920
Miss Mary Emilia Kagey to Mr. Victor Aldine Phillips
Conewago, Virginia

January 1, 1921
Miss Esther Baker to Mr. Clarence Burton
Chincoteague Island, Virginia

February 3, 1921
Miss Maude Tyson Wescott to Mr. Joseph Leo Brown
Baltimore, Maryland

March 18, 1921
Miss Evelyn Lee Craig to Mr. Clinton Farley Bliss
Cumberland, Maryland
Better Health Week

In the belief that some definitely constructive work might be done in the promotion of interest in health work for individuals as well as for communities, the Athletic Association decided to emulate the movement for better English and put on a Better Health Week. Hence they devoted the week of November 29 to December 4 to a number of profitable and instructive entertainments, trying to exchange some old lamps for new ones.

The Week was inaugurated by the inevitable "poster contest." The corridors of Harrison Hall were decorated with many and varied sizes, colors, and styles of posters, in which different individuals, classes, and groups vividly presented ideals and rules of good health.

The Athletic Council themselves presented a play, in which the benefits of gymnastics were forcibly presented. The wonderful transformation of the girl as nurses, and Ellen Nock, as the grandmother, "got across" many lessons of health and its consequent happiness.

With the note given by those typifying physical tone, there followed in daily succession "instructive entertainments" from the children of the Kindergarten, the Grades, and the larger children of the Normal School. Cho-Cho, the Health Clown, was on hand with all his wit, in a playlet sponsored by the children of Sixth Grade. Nor was the community nurse, with the new conception of what health and cleanliness means, lost sight of. Gertrude and Dolly Smith, as the rag-tag children, Susie Bourdon, as the mother, Rosa Heidelberg and Mary Phillips, as nurses, and Ellen Nock, as the grandmother, "got across" many lessons of health and its consequent happiness.

The enterprise of the Athletic Association was heartily approved and highly endorsed; and though an innovation and imitation, it was voted a happy conception splendidly carried out.
I stand for Good Health.

E is for Exercise, which we all like.
A is for Apples, which we all eat.
L is for Lunches with plenty of milk.
T is for Teeth, we clean twice a day.
H is for Hospital, from it keep away.
Mr. Hopkins Submerged

Doctor Wayland stands pat

The whistle brings no reaction!!

Too! Too-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

Mr. Dume makes graceful goals, despite drawbacks

In repose between halves

Mr. Hopkins slips one to Dr. Gilford

And next day!!!
**Faculty Basket Ball Game**

**SAM'S TEAM WINS**

Now then—the post-season game. It was between the Highbrows and the Lowbrows, and as usual the Lowbrows won. The lowliness of the Lowbrows lay in the fact that three of the five Highbrows have the Ph. D. There are times when a doctor's degree comes in mighty well, but the Highbrows didn't prove that it helps much when the problem to be solved has all the concreteness of putting a very large ball into a very small basket.

If you are wondering why this postseason basketball game was called a scream by some flippant persons, it may be as well to let you in on the line-up:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Highbrows</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Lowbrows</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wallie Gifford, (c)</td>
<td>R.F.</td>
<td>Clyde Shorts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ab Hopkins</td>
<td>L.F.</td>
<td>Sam Duke, (c)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henny Converse</td>
<td>C.</td>
<td>Ray Dingledine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jim Johnston</td>
<td>R.G.</td>
<td>Coonie Logan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack Wayland</td>
<td>L.G.</td>
<td>Chappie Chappelcar</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Substitutes—None. Every man stuck it out!*

*Field goals—Not recorded accurately, since they were not pitched so. The score, however, is bona fide—27 to 11.*


*Referee—Mr. Kemper Staples, a gentleman and a scholar.*

*Umpire—Waived.*

*Timekeeper—Mrs. Jas. C. Johnston.*

*Timewasters—Jim and Jack, for breaking their glasses.*

*Proceeds—$100.50, all to the Athletic Association.*

*Results—Bruised elbows, barked knuckles, sprained thumbs, bumped heads, stiff muscles, charleyhoss, swollen lips, and a startling sale of arnica, court plaster, and iodine.*

—**The Virginia Teacher**
SUPER-NORMAL EXTREMES
SUB-
Oh, have you heard the latest news,
    And what it’s all about?
It really is a thrilling tale
    But sad without a doubt.

Now certain girls—of course you know—
    Were invited to a dance.
They went. But oh, their spirits fell;
    They saw they hadn’t a chance.

They found bobbed hair was “all the go,”
    While they had puffs and curls;
They sought at once a barber shop—
    Those foolish little girls.

The ruin wrought was very plain
    When they next day appeared;
You looked—and looked—and looked again
    And thought your eye-sight bleared.

Now if there were a tonic rare
    That would that work undo,
I think these girls would phone down town
    And buy a cask or two.

—M. F.
Fritz Leiber as "Hamlet"
Holding Up President Wilson
he Did Not Pass

That warm October afternoon even the library seemed almost quiet, for the great event of the day—the putting up of the mail—was over. The phone rang.

"Hello," drawled the librarian.

"Yes," she answered with vim.

"All right!" she shouted excitedly—and then to us, "Woodrow Wilson is coming up the pike! Hurry! Hurry, or you'll miss it all!"

Across the smooth tops of the library tables slid the books to bump their learned heads into one another, as out rushed the girls through the back door, side door, front door—any door or window. The champion runners won the places of honor—the high stone posts of the campus gateway. The rest were glad to find standing room in the barberry hedge.

Ruby Prim had forgotten to powder her nose; so she asked Mr. Duke to hold the President there until she could get back from Ashby Hall. He was glad to accommodate her if she would bring along the school banners.

"There he comes now! It's time. They phoned from Woodstock—so considerate of them—that he'd be here in ten minutes."

Buzz! Honk! Honk! A big car went flashing by, but its occupants were ordinary American citizens.

Would not this occasion go down the years as truly great? Nothing short of going student-bodily to Washington could be so exhilarating. All our banners were flying, and all our cheers and kodaks were ready to go off instantaneously.—Wilson might speak to us. He must speak to us. We would line up across the road and compel him to speak to us.

But it was Mr. Duke who made the speech, mounted on the stone wall: "We will go back to our work. It is all a mistake—a joke played on us by Woodstock."

Perhaps the seasoning of that joke suited the taste of its chef, but we missed the flavor.

—Deisher, Garter, and Baldwin
A Corner in Our Library

SISTERS ................................. Ruth, Alberta, and Clotilde
THE TOP OF THE WORLD .......................... Hillcrest
WIT AND WISDOM .................................. Elise Loewner
LITTLE WOMEN ............................... Kirkwood, Tabb, Woody, and Richardson
THE DUKES' CHILDREN ............................ Page, Julia, Robert, and Marshall
THE FLIRT ........................................... Lucretia Upshur
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND .............................. Miss Cleveland
THE BREATHELESS MOMENT ..................... Junior-Senior Week
THE WHITE COMPANY ............................. Cooking Classes
THE HELPING HAND ................................ Miss Mackey
FOR THE HONOR OF THE SCHOOL ................ Student Government
BEAUTIFUL JOE ........................................ Josephine Painter
THE MAN WHO LAUGHS ............................. Mr. Chappelear
THE LONG ROLL ....................................... Junior Class Roll
PEGGY .................................................... Ethelene Jones
ESTHER ................................................ Esther Evans
THE CRISIS ............................................. Final Examinations
THE RIVALS ............................................. Juniors and Seniors
THE DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM ............ After-dinner Plunge for Mail
THE BATTLE GROUND ............................... The Gym Floor
LETTERS HOME ....................................... Monday Morning Mail
THE PLAY LADY ........................................ Miss Hudson

SEVEN DREAMERS

A CHOSEN FEW ....................................... Girls who went to V. P. I.
ANNE .................................................. Our Senior President

Dorothy Lacy
Elise Loewner
Maisie Morgan
Ruth Woody
Helen Richardson
Margaret Gill
Virginia Crockett
As Told by the Poets

THE SCHOOLMA'AM
"If a book comes from the heart it will contrive to reach other hearts; All art and authorcraft are of small amount to that."

MAISIE MORGAN
"A malady preys on my heart That med'cine cannot reach."

SENIORS (Commencement Morning)
"All kin' o' smily round the lips An' teary roun' the lashes."

MARY LEES HARDY
"Let her be sure to leave other men their turns to speak."

MIDNIGHT—APRIL 14 (Senior Essay just finished)
"O bed! O bed! delicious bed! That heaven upon earth to the weary head."

SALLIE BROWNE
"True as the needle to the pole, Or as the dial to the sun."

FACULTY GAME
"Action is eloquence."

PRACTICE TEACHERS (Late for dinner)
"Late, late, so late! but we can enter still."

MISS MACKEY
"She adorns all that she touches."

WRITING POETRY
"Still may syllables jar with time, Still may reason war with rhyme, Resting never!"

GLEE CLUB
"Rich celestial music thrilled the air."

DINNER FOR COL. LEROY HODGES
"Epicurean cooks sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite."

THE VARSITY
"—Applaud them to the very echo, That should applaud again."

JUNIOR-SENIOR GAME
"'Twas blow for blow, disputing inch by inch, For one would not retreat, nor t'other flinch."

MANUAL ARTS CLASS
"On framing an artist, art has thus decreed, To make some good, but others to exceed."

TO GOVERNOR DAVIS (Junior-Senior Ball)
"To what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit?"

ANNUAL STAFF (Thursday Nights)
"Let's meet and either do or die."

H. E. JUNIOR
"I had a soul above buttons."

MISS LYON (On clean-sheets morning)
"Come not within the measure of my wrath."

BEFORE THE COTILLION CLUB DANCE
"Far off his coming shone."

DEGREE CLASS
"The more we study, the more we discover our ignorance."
MR. CHAPPELEAR

"One vast substantial smile."

BELL AT 6:45 A. M.

"You've waked me too soon, I must slumber again."

GLADYS HOPKINS

"You know I say just what I think, and nothing more or less."

SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM

"Short is our date, but deathless our renown."

EASTER HOLIDAYS

"It is good news, worthy of all acceptation,
And yet not too good to be true."

GRACE HEYL

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

THE HOMESICK GIRL

"Oh, would I were dead now,
Or up in my bed now,
To cover my head now
And have a good cry!"

VIRGINIA SEGAR

"I find no abhorring in my appetite."

THE FASHION SHOW

"Dresses for breakfast, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in,
Dresses in which to do nothing at all."

MISS SHAFFER

"How her fingers went when they moved by note
Through measures fine, as she marched them o'er,
The yielding plank of the ivory floor."

CRUSHES

"Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again."

JUNIOR-SENIOR HOCKEY GAME

"Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
yet neither conqueror."

PRACTICE TEACHERS

"I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, and get the better of them."

JUNIOR-SENIOR MASQUERADE BALL

"The gallants shall be tasked,
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd."

DR. WAYLAND

"Don't stir, gentleman; 'tis but an author."

BLUE-STONE HILL

"Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings."

DR. GIFFORD

"Tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies."

ANNE GILLIAM

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, the hand to execute."

GLADYS NICHOLS

"Her talk is like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to rocks."

ALMA TATUM

"She does little kindnesses which most leave undone or despise."

MISS ANTHONY (for practice teachers)

"Guide, philosopher, and friend."

VERGILIA SADLER

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance."

FACULTY (Reading Senior Essays)

"Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden 'round the land."
RURAL TRAINING SCHOOLS

Extension Work of Our Little Ford
VOTES FOR WOMEN
Best Personality: Browne  
Most Stylish: Ridenour  
Cutest: Tabb

Best Personality: Loewner  
Most Stylish: Evans  
Cutest: Draper
WARD  GILLIAM  STEPHENS

BEST ALL ROUND  MOST TYPICAL  BEST DANCER

BROWNE  TATUM  FAULKNER
PARROTT  STEELE  BROWNE

BEST SPORT  MOST ATHLETIC  MOST DEPENDABLE

KEMP  FAULKNER  SAWYER
LOEWNER

DRAPER

DRAPER

MOST ATTRACTIVE

MOST DRAMATIC

CLEVEREST

CHARLES

LOEWNER

SADLER
Dear reader, if you want to know the meaning of this puzzling row.
"Just see the front view down below!"

7:29 a.m.!

THE BREAKFAST COIFFURE — AND — THE EVENING TRANSFORMATION

Sure!

I'll say I do!

WANT TO RIDE?

WITH MISS LANCASTER'S APPROVAL?

As Others See Us
The Run-Away Tune

The other morn in music class
When 'Stelle got up to sing,
Her tune just took to its legs and ran
Before she could say a thing.
It left her just a-standing there;
It gave no reason why.
She flopped right down into her seat
And looked as though she'd die.

When class was over and all had gone,
She led that tune a chase;
She caught him, made him sing and trill
Till he was black in the face.
"When next Estelle is called upon
To sing in turn her song"—
That little tune vowed to himself—
"I'll up and right her wrong."

—Meade Feild

There's no-o-o place like ho-o-o-me
Miss Sadler (in the preparatory English Class): Audrey, did Riley have a family?
Audrey (arousing from a daydream): Yeppum, he had a mother.

After the light bell one night Miss Lancaster, hearing unmistakably too much noise, went to investigate.
"Girls, what is all this noise about?"
"Why, I—I—was just saying my prayers," replied Sarah Tabb.

Dr. Converse: Can some one tell me where the light begins to shine on this wall?
Student: Right there at your head.

Practice Teacher: We are going to prepare escalloped potatoes today.
Pupil (later presenting the finished product): Are these all right? There aren't any scallops on them.

P. K. Girl (quite seriously): How much sugar will it take to make five pounds of candy?
H. E. Girl (no less seriously): Why, I should think two pounds would be an abundance.

Senior (to a new Junior): Where are you going?
Fresh Junior: Oh, I've been where I am going.

Meade: Have you read your hygiene?
Vivia: No, not yet.
Meade: Have you read your psychology?
Vivia: No.
Meade: Well, what have you read?
Vivia (with unintentional flippancy): I have red hair.

Mr. Chappelear: No, I'm not rooting for anybody—I'm not a pig.

Elizabeth White (discussing families): You see, my father didn't have any people; so I haven't any White relations.

Miss Cleveland (in Special English Class): Girls, I want you to bring in some jokes from life.
Miss Harnsberger (immediately after the class, in the library): I can hardly think Miss Cleveland expected you to get them all from Life.
Girls (in chorus): Well, she said she wanted them from life.

Mrs. Moody (in Cooking Class): Minnie, did you eat any spinach for dinner today?
Minnie: No; but I saw somebody else eating some.

Student (at monitors' meeting in Third Dormitory): I nominate Angie Hatcher.
Angie (just arriving, but too late to hear nomination): I move that nominations be closed and the election be made unanimous.
Mr. Logan: Why was Portia not like most women?
Lucille Harrison: Because she didn’t tell everything she knew.

As learned in a Junior Geography Class:
“The climate of Harrisonburg is very healthful and embracing.”
“Taxes are raised by the stills nearby.”

Vivia: Margaret, what have you learned about poultry in our Agriculture Class this quarter?
Margaret: Why, I know that the little red top-knot on the chicken’s head is his beak.

Normal Girls (at Staunton, stopping a passerby): Pardon us, but is this Mary Baldwin?
Young Lady: No, I am Mary Jones.

Mr. Johnston (in chemistry class): What happens when oxygen and hydrogen unite?
Bright Pupil: Why—er—they mix.

Miss Myers (in Home Nursing Class): I believe we had spasms and convulsions in class last time, didn’t we?

A Senior one cold morning was heard to remark, “Oh, I had to get up and put the window down from the top of the double decker this morning.”

New Girl: What are you reading?
Old Girl: The Last Days of Pompeii.
New Girl: What did he die of?

Miss Hoffman: What three words are used most in the class room?
Miss Charles: I don’t know.
Miss Hoffman: Correct.

Farmville Girl: I felt exactly like December while trying to guard June tonight.
Another Farmville Girl: How was that?
First Farmville Girl: I was just that far from her all the time.

HEARD AT A PINQUET MEETING

President (announcing elections): Then Sue Raine is elected sergeant-at-arms.

Cries: Speech, speech.
Sue: For goodness sake, shut up.

HEARD IN A GRAMMAR-GRADE CRITIQUE CLASS

“Elizabeth, you would be a pretty good teacher, if you knew anything to teach.”

Ruth (to clerk): I should like to have some midnight blue, please.
Clerk (not so sure of himself): How’s this?
Ruth: Oh, no; that is too light; that isn’t midnight blue.
Clerk (confused): No—er—that’s ten o’clock blue.

FOUND IN A JUNIOR’S COMPOSITION

“Patrick Henry says, ‘A government of the people, for the people, by the people!’”

NOTICES

OST—Somewhere between Third Dormitory and Harrison Hall, a Waterman fountain pen coming to breakfast.
OST—A red sweater with Gladys Lee sewed in the neck.
OST—One camisole and one History of Ancient Israel. Finder will please return to Estelle Baldwin, as they are badly needed.
OST—A Strong Psychology.
OST—A Psychology by E. K. Strong, Jr.
Will Alma Tatum please meet in the cloak room immediately after supper?

Edith: Ruth, I certainly do like your hair tonight.
Vergilia: It’s the same old hair that she has had for twenty-one years.

Joke Editor (with a yawn and a stretch): I’ve read them all over and haven’t cracked a smile.
The Schoolma'am Sixty Years After
December 17, 1920

“Time and tide waits for no man”—likewise a through train.

“All aboard!!” With its usual shrill whistlings, splutterings, clangings, and parting admonitions from those left behind, the Chesapeake and Ohio steamed out of the Staunton station. The train was well under way when a vigorous pull on the bell rope brought it with a lurch to a sudden standstill.

The passengers, thrown out of their seats, stunned, startled, and shaken up, were speechless for a moment. Then clamor reigned. A child’s frightened scream, a woman’s hysterical laugh (probably at finding herself uninjured), a babel of men’s deep voices expressing their disapproval of railroad principles in general and of the C. & O. in particular—all added to the confusion. The more adventurous piled out of the coaches; the others craned their necks out of the windows to satisfy themselves as to the cause of the disturbance. One suggested that probably some nice, placid, well-meaning cow, tired of her prosaic quarters, had decided to explore the world. Others thought of a possible disregard of train orders and a head-on collision. Still others, having visions of Jesse James and train robbers, quickly secreted their valuables.

The cause of the commotion was soon evident; and the onlookers were astounded and electrified at the sulphuric tirade emanating from the conductor and hurled at a seemingly inoffensive young man, who had stepped briskly down from the vestibule after taking an affectionate farewell of an attractive and blushing young lady. He was now fast disappearing down the railroad track. The only excuse which the irate conductor had been able to elicit from the gentle miscreant for ringing the bell was that he had just become aware that the train had started. Where his attention had been centered during the stentorian “All aboard!” and the other noises incident to a departure is not known—but if love is blind, it might also be deaf.

—Elise Loewner
When

(With apologies to Kipling)

When the frontispiece has been tinted and the India ink bottle is dry,
When the faculty frieze has been taken and some inches "cropped" from the sky,
When the "snaps" have all been mounted and the cuts dug out of the dust,
When the write-ups for Seniors are finished and the hyphen in P-G discussed,

When Edith has pounded the keys for a hundred hours or more,
When 'Lise has counted the coin and paid the bills galore,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it—just "set" for a week-end or two
And think of the book as all finished—but our moments of leisure are few.

A hurry call over the campus, the bustling has started again—
An S. O. S. for Miss Cleveland—a gathering of editors—and then
A hasty scribbling and scratching with Webster and Woolley near by;
The proof has come over from Staunton, and "Rush it right back" is the cry.

And few there'll be who will praise us and many there'll be who'll blame;
We surely have not worked for money, and none has accorded us fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in her own little way,
Has painted the school as she sees it for the girls who'll love it alway.

—RUTH RODES AND VERGILIA SADLER
MOTHER GOOSE

1

Sing a song of Schoolma'am—
A story, poem, sketch;
Edith's running round the place
A hundred things to fetch.
The third of June the book comes;
The school around it whirls:
Won't it be a splendid treat
To set before the girls?

2

Hark! Hark!
The boys do mark:
The girls have come to town—
Some in rags,
Some in tags,
And some in velvet gown.

3

There was a Director
Who wore a neat shoe;
She had so many Normal girls
She didn't know what to do.

4

What are Degrees made of?
What are Degrees made of?
Caps and gowns,
And no time for towns—
That's what Degrees are made of.

5

Oh, "Mr. Chappie," do come, please!
Juniors are on the campus—
Cutting down the trees!
Where is the man that planted them there?
In the gymnasium
Tearing out his hair.

6

I fear old "Angel Face";
He causes alarm;
But if I don't hurt him,
He'll do me no harm.

7

There was a girl in our school
And she was wondrous wise;
She took her time on her essay
And therefore won the prize.

8

Three noisy girls, three noisy girls,
Oh, how they sing! Oh, how they sing!
They all three hushed at the monitor's tap
She cut off their song with a stern little rap,
And they quieted down to avoid a scrap,
Three noisy girls.

—Elise Loewner

H. N. S. For Me

Some girls go to Farmville;
Content they seem to be:
And some girls go to Radford
The great Southwest to see.
Ah, they are very good friends,
But when it comes to the test,
I'll buy my ticket and check my trunk
To the school I love the best.

—Willie Mae Branham

BOOBIES

Most bobbed
Most crushed
Most naive
Most giddy
Most "all-round"
Most half-witted
Most beau-ed
Most engaged
Most talkative
Most flirtatious
Most "phoney"
Most feet
Most eyes
Most complexion
Most mail
Most temperamental

Beatie Kirkwood
Toppy Bottom
Mabel Moseley
Mary Lees Hardy
Bunny Miller
Elizabeth Daniel
Reba Kramar
Maiiee Morgan
Margaret Wail
Alese Charles
Gladsy Hopkins
Cent I. Pede
Antoinette Miansorn
Celia Sweezer
Miss Dwyer
Grace Heyl

A LETTER

Same Old Place
Sunday Afternoon
Dear Katherine:
As is the custom on this one-day week day, we are at this time in the midst of our loafing, and our room is a conglomerate of magazines, borrowed clothes, potted meats, paper bags, and gossiping girls. However, this "Duke's Mixture" does not prohibit me from chatting with my pal for a short time.

You just don't know what you are missing. Why not remain in single-blessedness for a while longer, and take a trip to this celebrated "Female Institution for Feeble-Minded Young Women"—for as Miss Lyons says, "Men are the biggest set of blockheads that ever trampled the dirt."

I guess you are pondering in your mind who this strange personage is, to make such a rash statement; and you probably wish for an introduction. I can use no better word to describe her than "Captain"; for she camps in Second Dormitory, and gives explicit orders to a company of unruly and awkward privates. While sweeping the halls, she has the extreme pleasure of censoring our telephone chats with our "gentlemen friends" and often threatens to push us off the tiny wooden box made for those abbreviated in stature to stand on while having lengthy conversations over that life-saving instrument. Her jurisdiction includes accounting for the large number of missing articles on sheet-and-towel mornings. And woe be unto the unlucky individual who obeys not the commands, "Towels out! Sheets out this morning!" Fail to heed the latter decree, and hear a high-pitched, unrelenting soprano sing down the hall, "Bring me the clean one back! Bring it right here!"

Our prima donna can be seen at almost any hour of the day, bustling around with her broom in hand and

(Continued on page eight)
**Editorial**

"Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print; A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

But our Notebook has something "in't"—has everything "in't" that is not found elsewhere—all left-overs of rhyme and prose and picture that would fit in nowhere in the regular pages of the Schoolma'am or else that would not get themselves quite finished before the book proper went to the publisher. For this is the book improper. It is the scrap pile. It even contains material from the editorial trunk-tray labeled "Reject-ed."

Yes, the homeless Schoolma'am lives in a trunk while awaiting the day when she shall have an office of her own in the Alumnae Building. A school annual especially requires a very private workroom, since for success it counts chiefly on the element of surprise.

That Alumnae Building is no longer a thing of mere talk. It is really in the making; and the fact that each one of us is helping brings it closer to our hearts. Alumnae organizations all over Virginia are striving each to out-do the other in contributions to Alma Mater, and various are the enterprises projected. The Cinderella Tea Room, equipped, decorated, and maintained by the actual labor of the girls themselves, is a unique undertaking and a unique success.

On June 6 the corner stone of the ex-students' Home-Coming House will really be laid, and from that time on we shall expect to see great strides made toward its completion.

---

**POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC**

Never let studies interfere with duty; for only the popular have pleasure, while the lonely cling to books.

Miss neither movies nor shows, nor make any manner of preparation for lectures except Special English.

Being quizzed but unprepared, keep the matter a secret, for an indefinite talk is better than a definite silence.

---

- Dr. Wayland to cease giving references,
- Miss Lancaster to let us have dates on week nights,
- Miss Cleveland to stop having Special English,
- Miss Day not to work so hard,
- Dr. Converse to cease giving announcements in chapel,
- Miss Brinton to dismiss class before time,
- Mrs. Johnston not to require bloomers to be pressed,
- Miss Lyon to give us an extra towel,
- Miss McGuire to have breakfast at ten,
- Miss Wilson to do anything carelessly,
- Miss Harnsberger to let us keep books over time,
- The Faculty to give us more privileges—

Could we?

---

**A Senior's Lament**

Six little meals to miss, It's a wonder I'm alive; Almost got run over, and Then there were five.

Five little meals to miss, Rushing for the door; The unrelenting bell rang, and Then there were four.

Four little meals to miss, Tired as could be, Once I overslept myself, and Then there were three.

Three little meals to miss, Oh, so very few! Failed to hear the bell ring, and Then there were two.

Two little meals to miss, My, we did run! But not quite fast enough, and Then there was one.

One little meal to miss, One lonesome little one; Felt lazy Saturday morning, and Now there are none.

---

- Miss Wilson to do anything carelessly,
- Miss Harnsberger to let us keep books over time,
- The Faculty to give us more privileges—

---

**Famous Writers**

Elise Loewner—A writer of Annual receipts

Dr. Converse—A writer of reports

Estelle Baldwin—A writer of lost notices

Miss Anthony—A writer of criticisms

Bernice Gay—A writer of campused notes

Seniors—Writers of essays

Maisy Morgan—A writer of love letters

Edith Ward—A writer of type

Miss Dwyer—A writer of package slips

Jr. M. A. Class—Writers of Locker's receipts

Mr. Johnston—A writer of editorials

Miss Sprinkel—A writer of checks

Miss Reiter—A writer of shorthand

Dr. Gifford—A writer of testimonials

Mr. Logan—A writer of news notes

All of us—Writers of stories and poems to "illustrate" Valley landscapes
CINDERELLA TEA ROOM, NORFOLK

HELENA MARSH’S STORY OF THE NORFOLK TEA ROOM

We named the tea room The Cinderella, because forsooth we change from school-ma'am's to cooks; and then a unanimous afterthought claimed the name on the grounds of poverty also.

We decided that pearl grey with green stencils would be a nice color scheme, and proceeded to effect the desired result with much paint, mer­riment, and elbow grease. Linda Carter made charming stencils of the coach, the witch, the page, the Prince, and Cinderella herself.

Mrs. Gay and her assistant, a dusky maiden yclept Rosie, are the real chefs, and we girls do the salads, sandwiches, desserts, and the serving. Last Saturday Mrs. Gay fixed the chicken “specials,” Rosie washed the dishes, Mary Lancaster made salads. Helen Tatum Rogers made lemon pies. Lelouise Edwards made sandwiches. I made iced tea, hot tea, and coffee, and Dorothy Spooner, Alpha Holcomb, Marceline Gatling, Sarah Wilson, Margie Menzel waited on the tables. Helen Acton sat up in the corner jingling the cash box and lending an air of eclat to the place. She always does get a white collar job somehow, if you remember.

“'But isn't it an impossible amount of work?” people ask. We answer blandly. “We don’t mind. It’s for Harrisonburg, you see.”

—The Virginia Teacher

Senior Spirit’s Never Dead

Up in the center goes the ball, McGaha hits it first of all;
Then to Edith Ward it flies
And down the field with blows and sighs.
Palmer gets it, but what do we care?
Quick as lightning Ward is there;
Over their heads, strong and hard—
Caught by the ready Junior guard.
But never think it ended here,
For good old Steele, of course, was near.
And then to Faulkner on the sly—
A Senior goal—we’ll win or die!
—Elizabeth Daniel

Hurry-Flurry

The whistle blows at seven o’clock
And wakes me from my dreams,
From the happiest hour of the twenty-four
To the very saddest, it seems.
A hasty toilet then I make,
My buckwheat cakes gulp down,
Then grab a sandwich for my lunch,
And go racing through the town.
At last I am upon my way
With lunch and coat and books;
Just so I make my first-hour class,
What care I for my looks?
Such is the life of poor town girl—
A rush from morn till night—
And if she keeps this up too long
She’ll be an awful sight.
—F. L. W.

INCLINATIONS

We chose this school above the rest
To teach us what does stand confessed
The highest good—the very best:
Miss Anthony calls it socialization,
Dr. Gifford calls it education,
Dr. Converse calls it sanitation,
Dr. Wayland calls it civilization,
Miss Cleveland calls it special-ization,
Mrs. Johnston calls it gyration,
Miss Hudson calls it dramatization,
Mr. Logan calls it novel-ization,
Mr. Chappelar calls it exhortation,
Miss Wilson calls it demonstration,
Mr. Duke calls it administration,
Miss McGuire calls it “tacks”—ation;
But the gate to it all is examination,
Which we think is abomination.
—E. L. and F. S.

An Unvarnished Fact

In a lesson on gender, a former H. N. S. student had the following sentences handed in on one paper by a pupil:
Buck wheat cakes are good.
Doc is good for chickens.
Sir Francis Drake was a man in history.
The man’s hart hurt him.
That boy is a goose, but I do not know what to do with the word gender.
The potatoes are growing in the row.
The tree is hind the house.
STATISTICS

No. girls attending H. N. S. .................. 339
No. girls who think they are good-looking ........ 337
No. girls who think they are good line .......... 333
No. girls who think the men are crazy about them .. 335
No. girls who think they are necessary ........... 338
No. girls who think they are clever .......... 335
No. girls who use rouge .......................... 315
No. girls who think they can bluff the faculty .... 339
No. girls who expect an all-A report ............. 300
No. girls who think they are good dancers .. 250
No. girls who think they are a bore ............ 0
No. girls who should be out of Special English ... 339
No. girls who wear diamond rings ................ 50
No. girls who go to the library to study ......... 339
No. girls supposed not to borrow clothes ........ 339
No. girls who expect to teach longer than a year... 0
No. girls who are good-looking .................. 2
No. girls who have a good line .................. 6
No. girls whom the men are crazy about .......... 4
No. girls who are necessary ....................... 11
No. girls who are clever .......................... 4
No. girls who confess using rouge ................. 9
No. girls who can bluff the faculty ............... 5
No. girls who get an all-A report ................ 2
No. girls whose feet get stepped on ............... 239
No. girls who are good-looking .................. 2
No. girls who wear diamond rings ................. 1
No. girls who are necessary ....................... 1
No. girls that the men are crazy about .......... 4
No. girls who have a good line .................. 3
No. girls who are necessary ....................... 2
No. girls who are clever .......................... 4
No. girls who confess using rouge ................. 9
No. girls who wear diamond rings ................. 1
No. girls who are necessary ....................... 1
No. girls who are the best ......................... 1
No. girls who are good-looking .................. 2
No. girls who wear diamond rings ................. 1
No. girls who are necessary ....................... 1
No. girls who are clever .......................... 4
No. girls who confess using rouge ................. 9
No. girls who wear diamond rings ................. 1
No. girls who are necessary ....................... 1
No. girls who are the best ......................... 1

SENIOR ALPHABET

A is for Aistrop, slender and small;
B is for Bottom, well liked by all.
C is for Cameron, clever H. E.
D is for Daniel—dramatic is she.
E is for Evans, who never is cross;
F is for Faulkner—the goals she can toss!
G is for Gilliam, who rules over all;
H is for Hodges, who plays basket ball.
I is Iona, as bright as a spark;
J is for Jarratt, a history shark.
K is for Kramar, in love, they tell me;
L is for Lewis—a good sport is she.
M is McGaha, who never does rest;
N is for Nichols, always full of zest.
O is for Oakes, quick worker they say.
P is for Peck, whom we like to hear play.
Q is for Quigg, with sunshiny heart;
R is for Rodes, excelling in art.
S is for Steele, whom we willingly cheer;
T is for Tatum—"What's that?" do we hear?
U is for Us, the big and the small;
V is for Victory in basket ball.
W is for Ward, our Editor-in-Chief;
X we'll omit if you'd just as lief.
Y is for You whose names are not here;
Z is for zest—we've used it this year.

When I was a little girl,
I sewed for Dolly Ding;
Now I am a big girl,
I make hats and everything.
—Margarette Abbott

THIRDS

Prettiest  Josephine Painter
Wittiest  Grace Heyl
One we love best  Ruth Rodes
Most attractive  Mary Stephens
Most stylish  Ruth Pilcher
Most athletic  Catherine Kemp
Best all-around  Grace Heyl
Most representative Senior  Edith Ward
Most representative Degree  Vergilia Sadler

Maisy Morgan:  "I powder my nose for fear it doth shine."
Anna Cameron:  "Be it a sin to covet honor,
I'm the most offending soul alive."
Helen Richardson:  "Never leave till tomorrow
That which you can do today."
Christine Gladstone:  "Talk to her of Jacob's Ladder,
And she will ask the number of steps."
Blanche Ridenour:  "As good be out of the world as out of fashion."
Alese Charles:  "I assisted at the birth of that most significant word—Flirtation."

Ruth and Helen:  "When a man's in the case,
You know all other things give place."

Normal Girls:  "How can we expect others to keep our secret,
When we don't keep it ourselves?"

A FEW HARD ONES

"Talk to her of Jacob's Ladder,
And she will ask the number of steps."
Blanche Ridenour:
"As good be out of the world as out of fashion."
Alese Charles:
"I assisted at the birth of that most significant word—Flirtation."

IT

I can't sing nothing,
Can't write nothing,
But I love our school, too.

I'm no poet,
And I know it;
I'm no artist,
I'm no poet,
Can't sing nothin',
Can't sing nothin'.

When I was a little girl,
I sewed for Dolly Ding:
Now I am a big girl,
I make hats and everything.
—Margarette Abbott

THE NOTEBOOK
A BARE-BACK RIDER

It was Saturday, and one o'clock. Our horses were impatiently stamping, eager to be off. The girls appeared, perfectly groomed models in their riding outfits.

The first to strike the eye was Mary, who was wearing a new habit, one of her own five-minute creations—an old pleated skirt cut down the middle seam and hastily sewed into a divided skirt. The long basting stitches now insisted on catching into everything. She wore a large black hat with a dazzling gold tassel. She carried a short riding whip. The by-standers offered congratulations.

Libba was perfect from the tips of her patent leather pumps to the top of her large feathered hat. She wore a blue middy suit and carried a fan, as the day was warm.

I alone seemed to have trouble with my garb. It was my first experience with a divided skirt and, not knowing it was divided, I soon had both feet in one side. The girls were calling; so I frantically sack-raced up the hill for help. Soon, with the assistance of a group of curious and charmed admirers, I rescued the extra foot and put it into its proper compartment.

Down the steps I flew calling, "Save me the best horse." I was told they were all best horses; so I began a survey.

The first was a vicious-looking brute, with boxy mane and tail and large hip bones on which I might easily and safely have hung my hat. His eyes looked like holes in a burnt backed mount. I closed my eyes and was greeted by a memory picture of cakes flying along the road. I feared for my life if I lost all the cakes, and I feared for it if I didn't stick to the saddle.

We went flying down one hill and up another. The girth broke. Back, back went the tree-rougher saddle over Bill's tail and to the ground, leaving me clinging to the bare-backed mount. I closed my eyes and was greeted by a memory picture of a movie queen dashing on horseback off a precipice. This was not encouraging; so I opened them again. I let go, flew like a whirlwind, and landed in the ditch. I was too scared to move, but soon was rescued by the girls, who proclaimed me the Bare-back Rider.

(Reader, this ending is a little flat, but—so was I.)

Gladys Gwynn

With lightsome heart I bought ice-cream
To cool my thirsty tongue, you see;
But my false roommate stole the cream
And only left the cone for me.

—V. Sadler

THE FACULTY DICTIONARY

The highest order of English nobility
Duke

A road and a country
Wayland

Man's given name and 2000 pounds
Johnston

To bring to shore and a small wheel
Lancaster

Name of a river
Hudson

A specified time
Day

To stick fast and country
Moody

Offering and name of a car
Gifford

Man's given name and an instrument
Chappie

Name of a U. S. President
Wilson

A tinkling sound and to take dinner
Dingledine

To interchange thoughts
Converse

A place of worship and organ of hearing
Chappel

A prominent character in
Julius Caesar

To overthow and a human being
Spilman

A carriage and soft hair on animals
Shafer

Styles

The girls in chapel pass me by;
Their bat-wing hair I see;
Puffs seem to be the proper style
Of Juniors to Degree,
Each being made, with one accord,
Quite big enough for three.
And you will find throughout the school,
From first year up to last,
On smallest maiden, as a rule,
The biggest puffs pinned fast.
Ruth Davis

Who is it that put the
Worth in Wordsworth?
Miss Cleveland

Me in arithmetic?
Miss Lancaster

Tea in bacteriology?
Mr. Chappel

Sigh in psychology?
Miss Seeger

Ace in Shakespeare?
Mr. Logan

Muse in music?
Miss Shafer

Work in woodwork?
Miss Mackey

Jim in gymnasium?
Mrs. Johnston

Miss in chemistry?
H. E. Juniors

Nut in nutrition?
Mrs. Moody

Story in history?
Dr. Wayland

Gee in hygiene?
Dr. Converse

Dent in student?
The Faculty
First Thrills at H. N. S.

One night in September to H. N. S.
To Harrison Hall they took us, to
ask of each her name;
Then up to the Cottage we went to
spend the night;
To see the sights next morning we
rose at first daylight.

Each new girl came to breakfast,
her hat upon her head,
And sat down to her oatmeal and
butter, jam, and bread.
We next went down and signed up
and paid our every bill,
Then went to face the teachers of
famous Blue-Stone Hill.

—MARY NEWCOMER

Ab-Normal Sundays

Through all the week I'm really gay,
But up here I have found
That bluest blues will have full sway
When Sunday rolls around.
No matter if I go to church
At morning and at night;
My humor leaves me in the porch,
My heart does not beat right.
It's Sunday that I want to stroll
Around these lovely hills
And let my beauty-loving soul
Rejoice in rapture-thrills.
It's then that I do want my Ma.
I long to see her so;
And then, according to the law,
I ought to see my beau.

—ESTELLE BALDWIN

The reason why, we can not tell;
But only this we know full well
We'll never, never learn to spell—
The reason why, we can not tell.
THE ART OF QUESTIONING THE TEACHER

One of the greatest problems now confronting the educational world is that of questioning. Volumes have been written on proper methods of questioning the pupil; while, so far as we have been able to ascertain, there is not one reliable textbook on the art of questioning the teacher. It is, therefore, to meet a need long felt by the student world that we, the girls of the Harrisonburg State Normal School, respectfully submit this brief discussion of the types of questions for this purpose with suggestions and examples.

There are, as we see them, five well-defined types of questions. We have, first of all, the starting-off question. This is perhaps the most difficult type, and too much care can not be taken in its wording. By means of this, the instructor is led from the sternest topics of the lesson to—just anything at all.

Secondly, we have the keeping-it-up question. This is not usually so difficult, and the less experienced members of the class may help out. The title is self-explanatory.

There is, thirdly, the heading-off question, which functions when the instructor shows symptoms of returning to the lesson. This type requires exceeding tact.

Fourthly, we have the edging-away question—invaluable—at the right time! As may be inferred, it serves to check embarrassing interrogation on the lesson. It should be related vaguely to the subject matter of the recitation, but should lead gently to other topics.

And, lastly, there is the getting-back-on question, to be used a few minutes before the bell rings. This question, if based on the lesson, leaves the teacher with the impression that his is a very intelligent and deeply interested class.

To the scientists just entering this new field of educational research we would offer two general suggestions: first, know well the "hobbies" of each instructor; second, cultivate faithfully that invaluable asset which is in the vernacular called nerve.

Knowing that it is often difficult to find suitable subjects for questioning, we offer the following tonics, which have proved very successful at the Harrisonburg State Normal School:

On May 10, through the efforts of the Music Lovers' Club of Harrisonburg, we were able to enjoy a Concert given by Anna Case, one of the most famous American sopranos. Accompanied by Charles Gilbert Spross, who not only is an artist at the piano but also holds high rank as a composer, Miss Case charmed her audience; and well, by her lovely, gracious manner and attractive appearance, as well as by her choice of songs and her wonderful execution and interpretation.

A Senior Write-up for Miss Silly Aneous

Silly is a very sweet, modest, and gentle girl—hard to get acquainted with, but once you get to her heart you find that she enjoys a joke as much as any of us. She's a good old sport, always ready for a good time and willing to help anybody. We don't know Silly's plans for the future; but we wish her success in her chosen profession, whether it be to teach one or many, or to live in a vine-covered cottage built for two.

To A Morning Star

Oh, thou glorious morning star,
How thou glitterest from afar!
Thou, forerunner of the dawn,
Welcomest the coming morn.
Thy radiance slowly fades from view;
The clouds take on a different hue;
Bright colors of the sunrise peep
Whilst thou dost wander into sleep.

—Antoinette Manson

Breathe there a girl with soul so dead
Who never to herself hath said
"My hat looks well upon my head"?
—Nell Walters

The night has a thousand eyes,
The monitor but two;
Yet she sees more with those two eyes
Than anyone should do.
Some minds have a thousands eyes,
Mine has but two;
But the light in those two dies
When reports come due.
—Nell Walters
INITIALS ONLY

S. L. B.—Capable—well poised—sympathetic—a good executive—and loved by all.

P. P.—A bird by name as well as by nature; a good sport, fun loving, possessed of a galloping laugh.

J. of A.—A damsel with a marble neck and brow, placid air, and perfect poise.

E. R. W.—A varsity member, a typewriter puncher, a bookmaker—in fact, a regular "Jack of all trades."

D. B.—A gray-eyed maiden, with wavy brown hair and a cheery smile, from the "Sunny South."

A. B. G.—A damsel with a marble neck and brow, placid air, and intrepid soldier on guard.

M. D.—Vivacious, bubbling over with fun—a blond head equipped with large puffs. A well-stocked wardrobe of clothes.

A. B. G.—Always ready to lend a helping hand, hail-fellow-well-met, and a typical senior.

E. V. M.—Jolly, fat, and round, with a suitable nickname.

M. L. H.—A contagious giggle, rapid-fire conversationalist, and one of the great triumvirates.

G. H. H.—Animated jumping jack and cheer leader; a picture-taker with a broad "a" and full of pep.

A. B. M.—A Carmen with roving eyes and dark, bobbed hair.

L. C. M.—Blue-eyed, light-brown-haired lass, well-posed, and much preferred by Catherine Kemp.

M. L. M.—A happy possessor of a diamond ring and a daily "body guard." Soon to be carrying out her sentence of light housekeeping.

M. E. R.—Neat, capable, and "monarch of all she surveys" in the library.

F. M. S.—Another of the picture-taking species; a very capable conversationalist and poet. Although a senior, she inhabits Jackson Hall.

E. A. L.—Black-haired, black-eyed, witty; a healthy talker, very dramatic and business-like.

R. W. & H. R.—Desiring to be Siamese Twins—training the High School infants—always pacing toward town or riding back.

M A Y D A Y

Last year it was a reproduction of old English customs, with the Hobby Horse and all manner of quaint doings of our ancestors on May Days long gone by.

This time the Seniors wrote and put on and put over with great success a pageant of the history of our own Shenandoah Valley, using as actors the pupils of the city schools. This meant the training of a thousand children, from the dancing Kindergarten tots up to George, Washington, surveyor, and Yost Hite riding about overseeing the settlers as they reaped with scythes. The bands of Indians came on in such overwhelming numbers, with such war paint and feathers. Such clubs and tomahawks, such piercing war whoops, that thrills of inherited fear chased one another up and down the spine of the holder. And the Scotch lads and lassies were just as fine.

There would be no stopping place in an account of that pageant; so we will not begin. We wish it might have been caught by a motion picture film.

S a d

Gracie and Tate, they made a cake Which they thought very nice; But they tested the oven a little too late, And found it cold as ice.

To finish the baking, they ran to the kitchen, Tearing along like mad; When they were 'most there, they fell on the stair, And so the poor cake was sad.

—E. D.

Good-by, sponge cake, Good-by, sponge cake, Good-by, sponge cake, We hate to part with you. The ants they had a jubilee, jubilee, jubilee. The ants they had a jubilee In the cake on Sunday night.

—ANNE CHRISTIANSEN

A LETTER

(Continued from page one)

her lips firmly set, ready to give any command necessary to quell the enemies' maneuvers.

She is good-hearted, though, and will do her best to help anybody in distress, besides being a true, faithful, and intrepid soldier on guard over the linen closets of this institution; and we find ourselves at the close of our senior year reluctantly giving up our dear Miss Lyons. Her memory will linger with us always, for her individuality makes her a distinct part of the place.

Write to me soon, and don't forget the box you promised!

Devotedly.

HELEN RICHARDSON

Midnight Disturbances

Hear the banging of the pipes, Iron pipes! What a feeling of remorse the helpless spirit gripes! How they grumble, grumble, grumble, In the absence of the light! While the girls, who toss and tumble In their slumbers, seem to mumble "Gainst these noises of the night, Beating time, time, time. In a dismal sort of rhyme, To the moaning, groaning, pouring—to the roaring of the pipes, Of the pipes, pipes, pipes, pipes. Pipes, pipes, pipes—To the banging and the clanging of the pipes.

Hear the howling of the cats, Normal cats! What a wall of misery arises from their spats! In the peaceful hour of night How they squabble, scream, and fight! From their husky, rasping throats Hear the meows! What a weird wrangle floats To the girl above, who listens, wide awake, To their rows!

—EDITH WARD

In the library, where all girls congregate to study, can be seen signs on all the posts, which read: NO TALKING! Miss Bell suggests it be changed to read: NOW TALKING!
Miss Mackey

Hands of Help

Speaking of hands—we know a slim pair through which nothing passes without gaining some touch of beauty and of high suggestion. And yet they are always ours for strong help, whether The Schoolma'am is aspiring to tint a sunset sky or to sketch the human face divine—or the fingers—whether the toil-worn editors are bruising their thumbs hammering up stage scenery or are stuck fast in paste while struggling to mount photographs.

We thank our Lady of the Helping Hands, who works for us, who works with us, who wins us to work towards whatever is beautiful and true.
Postscript

Editorial Confidences

Did you notice those additional tendrils of Virginia creeper over the arch in the frontispiece? Ask Miss Mackey whose fingers twined them there.

Did you observe that the campus views are printed in sepia this year? That is to fool you into thinking they are all new pictures.

Did you read the Degree Class poem and the name signed below? Well, there wasn't any one left in this class who could beat that little poet of 1919.

Did you note the special excellence of the campus scene on which Rodes and Sadler perched themselves? Edith Ward will take fiendish delight in explaining this to you.

Did you miss some familiar faces on the Senior conglomerate pages? Even to succotash extra beans can not be added when it is ready to be served.

Did you take cognizance of the fact that we are featuring true stories this year? Truth may be stranger than fiction, but some of the fiction handed in to the editorial staff was very strange indeed.

Did you find the Degree girls jumbling the alphabet? That was to keep the portraits from sulkily turning their backs to one another.

Did you wonder at Elise Loewer's picture with the Post-graduate Basket Ball Team? Well, maybe she's a sub (sub-normal).

Did you regret that the Pinquet membership overflowed the page limits? The editors would suggest that more of the girls join the Rackets next year.

Did you realize that the Valley photographs running through the Stories and Verse section are hand-tinted? The favorite song of our art editors (and certain other trusties) for some weeks has been "We're Tinting Tonight."

Did you pity the flattened condition of Mr. Hopkins in the Faculty Game? Cause—too much Chappellear.

Did you see the washed-out appearance of that page of telegrams? Perhaps it was due to the dampness as they swung from Mr. Chew's door-knob in the wee sma' hours.

Did you appreciate that snapshot of Pleasant Hill on page 202? Please do so; it caused us lots of trouble.

Did you catch the impish expression of the naughty notes in the Run-away Tune?

Did you admire the soft fluff of the hair in some of our photographs? A few of those waves were made with the help of India ink.

Did you weep over that picture of little Edith "toting" the typewriter around the campus? Poor homeless Schoolma'am! But she is hoping for a nice light room in the Alumnae Building.

Did you get the point in any of our jokes? Well, then, good for you!
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Carroll, Virginia Sue ................................................... Ivor, Southampton County
Charles, Alise ............................................................ 1137 Hampton Ave., Newport News
Chittum, Frances Ella .................................................. 98 N. 18th St., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
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