

ALUMNAE NEWS

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY DAYS

EVA MASSEY, '12

This is a day when people are interested in beginnings, in going back to sources, in tracing things from their origin.

Today we are thinking of the beginnings of this beloved institution—State Teachers College. Those of us who now bear the marks of a quarter of a century of service look back and are proud of those beginnings.

Here is a copy of the first annual, printed twenty-five years ago. Faded and worn, it probably doesn't look to you like something that would fill your breast with pride, but to those of us who watched it come into being it is very precious. Each page represents a field of battle on which we "fought, bled, and died" for the cause of history or English.

As I turn its pages, I find many things of which we "beginners" are proud. First of all comes the Faculty. Some other schools may have had a faculty just as good but none had a better. Here is the picture of one who carried the burdens of administration, but who had an encouraging word for each girl. Here is one who loved a "quiz" as much as we hated it, but who instilled in us a deep love for this Valley. Here is another whose English illustrations illustrated so well that twenty-five years has not erased the picture of two little figures with the feet of one pressing against the feet of the other, as he stood on his head representing the word "antipodes." And here is one whose bright, alert look seems to say even yet, "Forward, march!"—There were others we loved—some called to higher tasks in the state—some called to a higher land.

Another thing of which we are proud is the growth of our Alma Mater. Perhaps you have all seen the picture of opening day twenty-five years ago. We were proud

of those buildings—only two of them besides the Cottage—but they seemed like palaces to us. They didn't build on such a large scale then as now—at least not in the country where most of us came from. Even the "board walk" was a never-failing source of interest—especially on slippery mornings or when a bell was ringing. Then when we got a new dormitory with the latest word in double-decker beds, we thought there was nothing left to be desired. But how proud we are of this beautiful campus today after twenty-five years of steady growth!

And then we are proud of the pioneer spirit of those days. Perhaps there is something in the bracing air on this hill, or in the strength of these blue stones that challenges Harrisonburg girls to blaze trails, something that challenged the girls of a quarter of a century ago to blaze trails in organizations, in tree planting, in practice teaching, in ideals.

I am sure that Harrisonburg girls will never lose that spirit of the pioneer. They are still ready and will always be ready to blaze new trails into education, into science—wherever there is a need.

THE SPIRIT OF HARRISONBURG

FRIEDA JOHNSON, '15

Harrisonburg has sent teachers to Peabody. Among those who have served on the faculty at Peabody are Mr. Heatwole, Miss Shoninger, Miss Gregg, Mr. Logan and Miss Seeger. Among alumnae of Harrisonburg who have studied at Peabody are Hallie Hughes, Gladys Goodman, Sallie Blosser, Ferne Hoover, Mamie Omohundro Switzer, Frances Selby, Sylvia Slocum, Mary Barbour, and Jane Elliot. Among Peabody alumni on the Harrisonburg faculty one finds Miss Anthony, Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Varner, Miss Alexander, Miss Thompson, Miss Robertson, Mrs. Blackwell, Mrs. Crookshank, Miss Aslinger, Miss Blosser, Miss Hoover, and Miss Goodman. I hope

there will be, oftener and oftener, interchanges between my two alma maters.

No matter where one goes, his first college stands as a vital part of his experience. So I feel about Harrisonburg after having studied and taught here. I am deeply conscious of the Harrisonburg spirit wherever I meet a Harrisonburg alumna. I recall in the summer of 1922 being hailed on the campus of the University of California by Josephine Bradshaw of the 1914 class and last year in the halls of Teachers College by Mary Davis of my own 1915 class. She is now teaching in Bronxville, New York. You can imagine my consternation one fall when I entered my classroom at Peabody to see among my students none other than Frank Selby with whom I played basketball four years here. But again the Harrisonburg spirit showed itself and we had a happy time together studying and renewing our old friendship. She served for a number of years as registrar in Commerce, Texas, but is now married.

As I think back to 1911 when I first came to Harrisonburg as a green country girl, it is not the buildings that I recall but the influence and spirit of the faculty and student body. I recall going into Mr. Burruss's office one day to ask his advice and seeing a man who could attend to two or three matters at one time. Miss Cleveland made me conscious of what English can mean as I worked with her on the annual staff and in her classroom. I see sitting in the audience Florence Keezell Simms who was editor-in-chief of the annual the year I tried to be business manager. Dr. Wayland's influence is still potent. Just last week when one of my classes was reading some of Burns's poetry I recalled how he had made his history classes more than just history by having us sing historical songs like "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Miss Hudson was the guiding spirit of our basket ball team and other athletic games,

and Miss Hoffman of our hockey. Four of us who started on the freshman basket ball team played the whole four years. I refer to Frank Selby and Mary Davis, mentioned above, to Mary Bosserman, who is here in one of the banks to look after your money, and to myself. The fifth member of that freshman team was Nan Wiley, who is at home in Crozet, Virginia. I recall Miss Spilman's and Miss Gregg's help in practice teaching. The class of 1915 has been held closely together by Miss Gregg, who was our honorary member. Each Christmas she sends each one of us a card. I wish she could have been here for our reunion this year. Among others who guided us in the 1911-1915 period were Miss Seeger, Miss Shoninger, Miss Sale, Mr. Johnston, Miss King, Miss Harrington, Mr. Heatwole.

Through Miss Anthony's influence, after I came to teach in the training school, I went to Peabody to study, and I have been there ever since. As I work there, I try to make the spirit of Harrisonburg a part of my policy. As the faculty and student body in my eight years here at Harrisonburg made me a part of the life here, so I endeavor to play a part in the life of those I come in contact with elsewhere. The friendships of former days still live for me and as my circle of friends widens I find that I cling to the old ones too. That is one of the vital forces of college life.

Mr. Duke gave us the idea that we must have well-rounded personalities to be living teachers. It seems to me that Miss Mary Woolley gives the necessary factors when she says that the well-rounded individual needs to develop in four directions—intellectually, morally, physically, and socially. I should like to say that we need to think of these four factors in our own lives as teachers.

ACTIVITIES OF AN ALUMNA CHAPTER

CLOTILDE RODES, '24

As diversified as we alumnæ find ourselves in age, tastes, duties, and associations, a chapter in as large a town as Portsmouth becomes a very unwieldy organization unless there is someone in charge who has the time *or* the energy and desire, to keep a watchful eye over it.

I am not telling you anything you don't know, when I say that in an organization where the only controlling motive is the wish to keep alive all the good things we shared at our Alma Mater, the wishes are often sidetracked for the more urgent things which must be done. For this reason *we* have found a good attendance at regular chapter meetings a hard thing to attain.

In the fall of 1933 Ella Stover was elected president of the Portsmouth Chapter. With her as our head we have made strides in forming a sound organization, with an Executive Board consisting of the officers and various committee chairmen, numbering twelve in all.

This Board has met frequently at specified times to discuss and plan the activities of the chapter. The meetings are open to all members and are announced in the local paper beforehand. The members of the Board have felt responsible to come, and all other members are free to come. In this way much important business has been carried on, whereas if a date had to be selected which would be convenient to the majority, valuable time would have been lost.

Another of our aims has been to keep the College Faculty in touch with the Portsmouth Chapter through yearly Christmas cards. Hand-made block prints of H. T. C. campus scenes, made and printed by a member of the Chapter, are taken to our annual fall card party and signed by the members. We have had many responses, among them a lovely poem by Dr. Wayland,

entitled "In the City by the Sea" printed for framing.

The third point is our February Tea, so-called for want of a better name at present. This tea is given for the girls who are to graduate from all the high schools in the Portsmouth vicinity. At this tea it is our aim to have a member of the college faculty to talk informally to the girls, answering their questions and in general getting H. T. C. fixed in their minds.

Then we have laid a sound foundation for our scholarship fund, in the form of a Trust Fund which we hope to add to materially from year to year, for the purpose of helping a promising girl from the Portsmouth vicinity through her college course at Harrisonburg. Although it is still in its infancy, we feel that it is something definite to work for. It is to be handled by a committee which will consist of the president and treasurer of the chapter, a member at large, and a *constant* member. This *constant* member is Ruth Rodes Culpepper, an active member of the Portsmouth Chapter since its organization, who made the motion initiating the fund and whose permanent home is in Portsmouth.

The rest of the organization does not differ materially from any other Alumnae Chapter and I need not bore you with that.

I must say, however, that I think Miss Stover's success has been due largely to her forethought in selecting the members of the Executive Board. There are persons on it from every different class group and not only those whom she felt she knew because they were in her class. The following classes are represented on the present Board: '15, '16, '19, '21, '22, '24, '29, '32.

HARRISONBURG'S CHALLENGE

ANNE TROTT, '31

When Dr. Weems asked me to speak to you this morning, she made two suggestions as to what I might talk about. One was the

New Curriculum. Imagine *my* talking to *you* about the New Curriculum! The other was what we can do for Harrisonburg. I feel certain she can talk upon that subject much more adequately than I, and, no doubt, she will do so before the day is over. But I am going to take her last suggestion and talk about it in an indirect way—not what we can do for Harrisonburg, but what Harrisonburg has done for me. And what it has done for me, perhaps it has in some manner done for you.

You wonder what this peculiar looking manuscript is which I am holding in my hand. Some of you have seen it before—a long time ago. It means more to me than just a piece of folded paper with two frayed red ribbons and a dilapidated red teddy bear hanging from it. It stands for the first time I ever stood on my two feet and addressed an audience at the State Teachers College in Harrisonburg. I brought it along for moral support.

Will you forgive my being personal?

When I was in the second year high school I met the first serious crisis of my life. I had to leave the school which I had attended for eight years. I loved that school—loved it deeply and passionately. I didn't want to leave. I cried bitterly. I always was a cry baby, but that occasion warranted tears. A teacher to whom I had always been especially devoted put her arms around me and tried to comfort me. She showed me that in meeting this sorrow bravely I would be doing something for the school I loved. She fired me with the ambition to be a credit to that school—my first Alma Mater.

The next fall, still filled with a sincere desire to measure up to that teacher's standards, I entered a strange school. The bell rang for the first class. The teacher entered the room. True to eight years' training, without any thought as to my actions, I stood up. Someone snickered. After the fraction of a second, I realized that I had done something strange—I was the only

one standing—I was being laughed at. Humiliated, embarrassed, and bewildered, I sat down. Was I different from other girls? Would I do other things to be laughed at? What strange habits had been formed in the only school I had ever known? That moment I went into my shell, and I stayed there.

It was not the school's fault. Things like that happen to high school children, and those who understand are very few. There was one teacher who seemed to sense something of what had happened. She was never too hurried to be patient, never too busy to talk. When I was alone with her, I forgot my fear. What I owe to her interest in me at that critical time cannot be estimated.

I had one outlet for my feelings; there was one thing I could do to prove the worth of the school I had left, one way in which I could hold my self-respect. I studied. My books became the only real and vital part of my existence. I lost myself in their pages; I became a bookworm.

And so two years passed, and I came to Harrisonburg, still timid, shy, afraid of ridicule. And will I ever forget that first day? Julia Reynolds didn't help matters any. I can see her now standing at the head of the stairs in Ashby fairly filling the landing space, her hair done up in a hundred tiny curl papers, her mouth wide open sending forth a most pitiful wail: "I want my Mama!" I wanted to laugh, but I didn't dare. I took a deep breath and slipped past her as quietly as I could.

Then there came the night of the faculty reception—a line of prim stiff backs and little green cakes. I was going down the line, dreading each handshake, when I looked into the kind, sweet face of Dr. Converse. For a moment I felt a warmth of kindness and sympathy. I was just beginning to gain a little self-confidence when, with a perfectly straight face and not the flicker of an eyelid, he introduced me to the person on his right, saying: "May I present Miss Gallop?"—Miss Gallop I remained

down the rest of that endless line.

That first year I studied. That was all college could possibly mean to me. I would never otherwise find a place in the student body of which I was a peculiar part.

In the early spring our class began to make plans for its Freshman Day. I was interested; I listened; I wanted to share in the planning, but I could not push myself into it. Then one of my classmates came to me and asked me to help. She was serious and in earnest. She was asking *me* to help. She was inviting me to be one of them. Still frightened, but gloriously happy, I said I would try. The day came, and I stood on the old stage in the Big Gym during assembly and read this manuscript—a letter to our big sisters thanking them for all they had done for us. My knees were shaking, and the stage was squeaking—but no one laughed.

There was a long way between the girl who was laughed at and the girl who read this. She was no longer afraid to laugh at Julia; she had even learned to contradict Dr. Converse. Personal contact with faculty and students had brought that change about.

It was inevitable that the pendulum should swing the other way. One day in September of my senior year as I entered my room, my roommate turned to me with an expression of pity and disgust. She looked me straight in the eye and said: "Anne Trott, you're getting to be so conceited you're not fit to live with!"—Harrisonburg gave me a friend who was big enough to tell me that.

It seems to me that there is a challenge back of all that Harrisonburg has done for me—back of all that it has done for us. It makes no difference into what field of service we have gone, if our work brings us in contact with human beings, we should take the time to get beneath the surface of their make-up, to reach not just their brains but their lives. Harrisonburg has understood

and sympathized with us; we have been prepared to understand the child who is laughed at, and the child who has grown conceited, and all those children in between. If we are true to our Alma Mater, we will reach them and help teach them to truly live.

When I came to Harrisonburg, I knew that black was black and white was white; I was sure that I was very good and, therefore, would go to heaven; I was equally certain that some of the people with whom I came in contact would one day go to a place I wouldn't then deign to mention. When I left Harrisonburg, I was sure of only two things: One, that I had more to learn than I would ever realize; the other, that I wanted in some way to serve those people with whom at one time I would not condescend to associate.

Surely one of the greatest things we can do for Harrisonburg is to give to others a little of what Harrisonburg has given to us.

HOME-COMING SPEAKERS

Four alumnae appeared on the program on March 23 when the annual Alumnae Home-Coming was celebrated: Eva Massey, of Boyce, Virginia; Frieda Johnson, George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tennessee; Clotilde Rodes, Portsmouth, Virginia; and Anne Trott, Ft. Defiance, Virginia. In somewhat condensed form these talks are published for the benefit of those alumnae who were not able to be present.

A French School

Helen McHardy Walker, '26, of 814 Harrington Ave., Norfolk, and Miss Sara Lee Hutchings, of the same city, have announced the opening of *Ecole Virginie*, a summer camp for those interested in learning French, during the period of June 20 to August 2. Senior girls (13 to 18) and junior girls (8 to 12) will be admitted, and it is planned to have a little girl from Gre-

noble among the campers. The entire staff, which will include a native Frenchwoman, speak French fluently, and it is announced that French will be the medium of expression at all times.

Both Miss Walker and Miss Hutchings were counsellors last summer at Camp Strawderman, the camp conducted each summer at Columbia Furnace, Virginia, by Miss Margaret V. Hoffman.

Weddings

On March 25, Helen Blair Turner of Chattanooga, Tenn., was married to William White Sproul, Jr., of Staunton, Va., and Sharon, Pa. Mrs. Sproul was graduated from the Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing, Chicago, after taking a pre-nursing course at H. T. C. Mr. and Mrs. Sproul are making their home in Sharon, Pa., Mr. Sproul being connected with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

Lola C. Johnson of Charlottesville and Dr. James Edward Wissler of Washington, D. C., were married at Elkton, Md., on March 24. Mrs. Wissler attended H. T. C. and the University of Virginia. Since her graduation she has been a member of the faculty of Handley High School.

Dr. Wissler is a practicing physician in Washington, D. C., where the couple will make their home.

Hilda Page Levi, '29, of Berryville and Edward Joyce of Washington, D. C., were married in Elkton, Md., on April 19. Since her graduation Mrs. Joyce has been a member of the faculty of the Berryville High School. Mr. and Mrs. Joyce will make their home in Washington.

Engagements

The engagement of Lois Hoyt Hines to David Baldwin Perrin was announced on April 24. Since her graduation in 1932, Miss Hines has taught home economics in the Gloucester High School.

Mr. Perrin, formerly of Gloucester, is a

graduate of V. M. I. and for the past few years has been connected with Duquesne Light and Power Company of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Pearl Eunice Nash, '31, of Blackstone, will be married to Landon Scott Temple of Carson and Disputanta in the early summer.

Supplementary List of Placements

FOUR-YEAR GRADUATES, 1933-34

Curriculum III: Courtney Dickinson—Substitute teaching in Roanoke City Schools; Virginia Dorset—Assistant in Architect's Office, Washington, D. C.; Myra Phipps—First grade, Bristol, Va.; Aileen Sifford—Elementary teacher, Norfolk County; Rhoda Wenger—Matron in Menonite Girls' Home, Reading, Pa.

Curriculum IV: Annette Cohen—Preschool Kindergarten, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Estelle Fauls—Student, Henry Business School, Harrisonburg, Va.; May Glaser—Clerk in Evening School, Woodcliff, N. J.; Kathryn Harlin—Upper grades, two-room school, Alleghany County; Margaret James—Substitute teaching in Lancaster and Northumberland Counties; Virginia Jones—Teacher of home economics, Blacksburg, Va.; Alice Kay—Fourth grade, Middlebrook; Marietta Melson—Second grade, Machipongo; Charlotte Mitchell—Assistant to geography instructor, State Normal School, Gorham, Maine; Mary Shankle—Elementary teacher, Sabillsville, Md.; Mary Spitzer—Elementary teacher, Hamilton; Mary Truhan—Director of after-school athletic center, New York City.

Curriculum V: Alma Ruth Beazley—Home economics, Gloucester County; June Littlefield—Commercial Demonstration Agent, Portland, Maine.

The following graduates have married: Elizabeth Carson, Pauline Hawkins, Margaret Mears, Evelyn Starling, and Esther Woodcock, and one two-year graduate, Virginia Hankla.

TWO-YEAR GRADUATES,
1933-34

June Graduates: Margaret O. Dorset—Third and fourth grades, Summerhill, Chesterfield County; Louise Howerton—Third grade, Danielstown; Mildred Mullins—Statistics clerk, V. P. I.; Jessie Reynolds—Rural school, Pittsylvania County; Ruth Starling—Secretary, Troy Steam Laundry, Harrisonburg; Eleanor Whitman—Student, Washington School for Secretaries, Washington, D. C.

August Graduates: Pauline Armstrong—F. E. R. A. night school, Lofton; Emma Lou Garber—Rural school, Shenandoah County; Mae Maxey—Primary grades, Haleford School, Franklin County; Virginia Michael—Rural school, Highland County; Fannie Ryman—Rural school, Shenandoah County; Clare Snead—Librarian, Fluvanna High School, Fluvanna County.

Among last year's two-year graduates were these nine girls who returned to college last fall as juniors: Ruby Bishop, Evelyn Bywaters, Edith Gammon, Ella Mae Layman, Emeleen Sapp, Reba Stewart, Eleanor Taylor, Virginia Rudasill, Elvira Rudasill.

SUMMARY

*Placement of Graduates—June and August,
1933-34*

Four-Year Graduates:

1. Number teaching: In Virginia.....83
Elsewhere18
2. Employed otherwise: In Virginia... 4
Elsewhere ... 6
3. Continuing their education.....11
4. Married 5
5. Seeking employment but un-
employed 4
6. No information 9

140

Two-Year Graduates:

1. Number teaching: In Virginia67
Elsewhere 5
2. Employed otherwise: In Virginia .. 4
Elsewhere ... 2

3. Continuing their education.....10
 4. Married 1
 5. Seeking employment but un-
employed 7
 6. No information18
- 114
- Total number of graduates.....254

Winter

	TWO-YEAR	FOUR-YEAR
Residents	71	88
Non-residents	4	22
	—	—
Total	75	110

Summer

	TWO-YEAR	FOUR-YEAR
Residents	36	27
Non-residents	3	3
	—	—
Total	39	30

Total number Residents.....222
Total number Non-residents..... 32

254

Number graduates teaching in Virginia
Two Year1062
Four Year 373

1435

Number students teaching in Virginia
who have attended this college at any
time1806

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

W. J. GIFFORD is dean of instruction in the State Teachers College at Harrisonburg, Virginia.

GERTRUDE ROBINSON is a researcher with the National Child Labor Committee at 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

LOUISE SCHLOSSER, who is a graduate of the college at Harrisonburg, is teaching in the schools of Gordonsville.

KATHERINE BURNETTE and MARY VERNON MONTGOMERY are seniors in the State Teachers College at Harrisonburg. Both are now doing their directed teaching under the supervision of Miss Annabel Aslinger.