

PROGRAM CARD

Miss Bettie Newcomer

1910-1911

Wrong Quarter

Per.	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
I	Hat Architecture		-	-	-	-
II	Wood Chopping		-	-	-	-
III	Practice Flirting		-	-	Practice Flirting	-
IV	Solid Cake Construction		-	-	-	-
V	Practical Extravagance		-	-	-	-
VI	Apple Storing		-	-	-	-
VII	Ripping and Tearing		-	-	-	-
VIII		Board Walk Pressing		Board Walk Pressing		

APPROVED
 Julian A. Bennett



Class
of
Jun.

Senior Class

Motto

"To live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood."

*Emblem**

Maiden-hair Fern

Colors

Green and White

Honorary Member: YETTA S. SHONINGER

Officers

President ELSIE NAOMI SHICKEL
Vice-President ANNIE LILLIAN DAVIS
Secretary VERGILIA PENDLETON SADLER
Treasurer VIRGINIA SCOTT DUNN

The First

ALMA MATER stands and watches,
Sees her eldest daughter go,
Hands outstretched would fain have kept her,
If this might have been—but no—
From beyond the distant mountains
Other voices call away;
So the yearning impulse changes
To such prayer as mothers pray;
And her child, so true and loyal,
Turning back with wistful eye,
Sees the hands outstretched in blessing—
Blessing and good-bye!

What We Have Been



THE past is the firm ground in which the roots of the future have their holdings.

When in the rush of the on-coming years we shall pause in life's battle to draw a breath of power from what lies behind us, no period of our past will stand out more vividly, perhaps, than these two years of school.

It is here that many of our highest purposes have come into being and our chief plans taken form. It is here that we have changed from the children of yesterday into the women of today. Even our difficulties, trials, and failures here, surrounded by a splendid halo of old associations, will one day shine out as blessed memories.

“To live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood”—

this is the ideal that has hovered before us. In order to move toward this end, mentally, we have found our way through innumerable texts on psychology, mathematics, and science. Morally, not trusting in those unconscious forces of which we hear so much, we have attempted the textbook plan in ethics, with what success our neighbors can assure you. Physically, we have spent hours either in the gymnasium, pacing the board-walk, or on the basket-ball and tennis courts. Practically, we have gone into the schoolroom day after day and directed those plastic minds into the right channels—though we always lived under the fear that our minds were benefited more than were the children's by the experiments.

Our aim has not been altogether selfish, for in striving towards it the welfare of our beloved school has ever been the controlling thought. The majority of us came at the beginning; we entered school-life on the same day with our strong young *Alma Mater* herself; we have seen and had some share in the initiation and growth of many of her largest plans and most progressive movements; hence we have enjoyed a sweet sense of comradeship which is entirely consistent with the deepest reverence.

When we entered, on that beautiful day in September, 1909, our school was new, our instructors were new, and we were new. After a few days of becoming accustomed to these novelties, and especially of getting used to the strange new thing of not living at home, we went to work setting up a standard for ourselves and for our sisters-to-come.

Having the modern spirit, we began in the middle, the Junior year. Therefore we cannot trace our origin to that aristocratic, though often shamefully abused, body called Freshmen. However, we can sympathize with them in all their sorrows; and we have tried this year to be their friends and protectors. We came as Juniors; but the responsibilities thrown upon our shoulders, as upon those of an elder sister, created among us at that early age the Senior spirit, which has only prepared us to bear the greater burdens and duties of real seniorhood.

During our Junior year we were few in numbers but many in organizations. The Professional Class took the lead in organizing, as it has done in many other things. The Normal Class early demanded awe and respect for their scholarship and philosophical bearing. We soon learned that the Household Arts Class could do other things besides cook and sew. The Manual Arts Class was distinguished as well for its handsome members as for their beautiful paintings, while the Kindergarten Class surpassed us all in the envied art of story-telling.

Of the individual qualities which contribute to the strength of a body, our class has showed great variety as well as excellence. Minds philosophical, scientific, musical, artistic, literary, practical, and pedagogical, have all been blended in the work for a common cause. Though some came with greater talents than others and their achievements have been greater, we have all labored with that which we had, and we who had least have gained a bountiful reward.

Quickly the first session had passed, and commencement day with the Governor came and went. Then at last we turned our faces homeward, leaving a few behind us to protect our rights at the Normal School during the summer term, and incidentally to revel in the hidden treasures of Colaw and Elwood's *Advanced Arithmetic* and other things equally delightful.

Surely a vacation never passed so quickly, for almost before we knew it we were again entering the doors of Science Hall. After one night of picture-hanging and letter-writing we became adjusted to our Senior position. Indeed, it was a pleasure to be introduced to a new girl with the explanatory remark, "She's a Senior," or to be eyed with awe and reverence; for Seniors had never before been known in these regions. But we soon found that Senior life means work. Seniors must preside at the meetings of literary societies, must lead the devotional exercises of the Y. W. C. A., must direct the work of the Athletic Associa-

tion, and attend various other meetings at all hours of the day and night, besides getting up all the lessons specified on those relentless program cards.

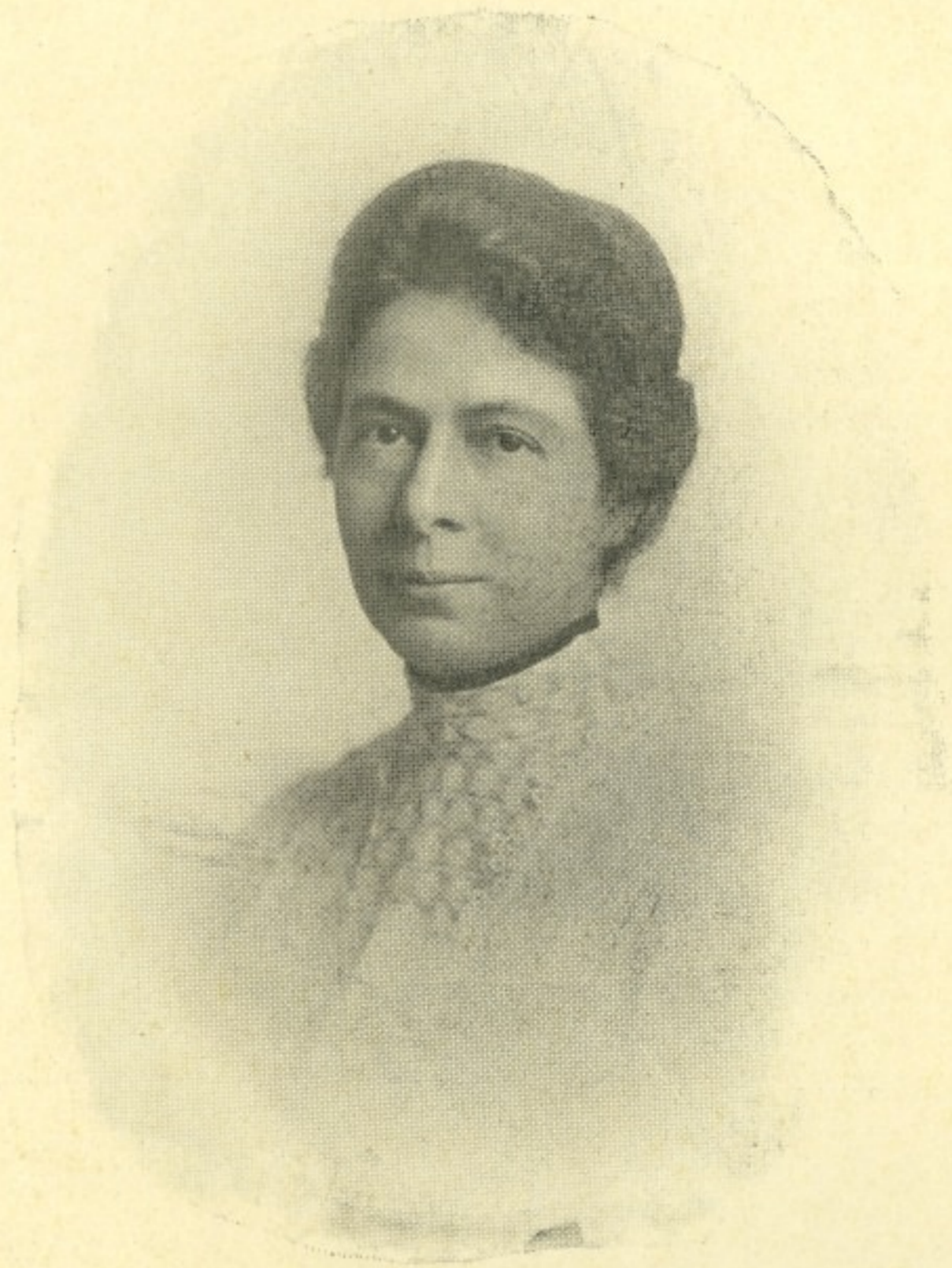
The beautiful fall days found us now "crazy" over basket-ball, now helping to win the loving-cup in the tennis tournament, now lining up with the rest of the clammy-handed, white-sheeted ghosts at Hallowe'en, now dancing at the German Club, or attending a down-town party, until at last there came a very cold morning in December when we again turned homeward. Never was a Christmas vacation so welcome, for with many of us the word "rest" had come to signify only a brief pause between two difficult Swedish gymnastic exercises.

After the holidays we were at it again, paying respect to our forefathers in colonial garb on Washington's birthday; toiling over THE SCHOOLMA'AM as Editor-in-Chief, as Assistant Editor-in-Chief, as Business Manager, and in many other capacities; planting on Arbor Day trees that have managed to live in spite of the mass of jokes and sentiment that we buried with their roots; solemnly adopting the school-seal as a badge to be worn hereafter by graduates only; throwing our concentrated efforts into the practice of the Professional play, "Esmeralda," and then being thwarted at the last moment by the illness of "old Mr. Rogers."

Now that our work here has been completed and the goal of our school-life has, in one sense, been reached, it is with sincere reluctance that we turn our footsteps from "Bluestone Hill." Although we can never know the true significance of this period of our lives, we know at least that we are further towards our great ideal. The value of those indescribable forces which have come to us during this time we can vaguely measure by trying to picture ourselves without them; but the picture is such a blank that we turn from it.

Finally, as we go forth let it be with the great thought in which we have worked for two years:

"Not for the gain of the goal, for the getting, the hoarding, the having;
But for the joy of the deed; but for the duty to do."



YETTA S. SHONINGER
HONORARY MEMBER

What We Are



"A heart to resolve, a head to contrive,
a hand to execute."

AMELIA HARRISON BROOKE

Professional

Dollars and cents, dollars and cents,
Brooke will count up all expense.
Nickels and dimes, nickels and dimes,
She will keep away hard times.

—"Wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the
new."

ANNIE LILLIAN DAVIS

Household Arts

And next comes Annie, the Richmond maid,
Who worked all day and never played.
With scissors and thimble, basket and broom,
She flitted with haste from room to room.



“Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?”

MINNIE CAROLINE DIEDRICH

Professional

Sweet and winsome Minnie,
Witty and wise is she,
Always doing her very best,
Studios as can be.



“A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any
market.”

HELEN HOWELL DRUMMOND

Manual Arts
(September)

Five minutes to dress for breakfast,
A record hard to beat,
Yet when the last bell ringeth,
There's Helen, oh, so neat!



"An open-handed maiden, true and pure."

VIRGINIA SCOTT DUNN

Manual Arts

She can make fine furniture,
And rugs, and baskets too;
And almost anything you wish
This dextrous maid can do.

"Never a thought, never a care."

JANET CLARAMOND GREEN

Manual Arts

O Janet, Janet, Janet!
You're a manual artist girl;
Your feet are always shod so neat,
Your hair is in a curl.



"A maid so tender, fair, and happy."

KATHLEEN BELL HARNSBERGER

Kindergarten

This little girl we all call "Kat,"
With rocking sailor's gait,
Rushes down stairs in terrific haste
And slips into breakfast late.



"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber."

ALMA ROSS HARPER

Manual Arts
(September)

Now this is our own Alma
With fresh cheeks, and blue eyes
So clear and deep they put to shame
Her washes for blue skies.



"Her eyes speak wondrous things."

LYDIA INEZ HOPCROFT

Professional

Strong in sympathy, strong in will,
Whoever forsakes you, a strong friend still;
She's jolly and always in for fun,
And if you're in trouble she's just the one.

"I work for knowledge,
And not for notoriety."

CHARLOTTE HENRY LAWSON

Professional

Here's calm, pedantic Charlotte,
Though quiet, wide-awake;
Who knoweth Mathematics
Is wise without mistake.



"Exceedingly well read."

RUTH BOULDIN MACCORKLE

Professional

I care not for math., I toil not for gym.,
To spelling I yield not my time;
Aesthetic ideas, and thoughts large and dim,
For these I would give my last dime.



"He that knows, and knows that he knows, is
a Senior—Follow him!"

MARY STELLA MESEROLE

Professional

A maiden fair she is and good to view,
Each teacher knows her well, and students too;
But still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That anger e'er could dark'n those eyes of blue.



"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer."

JANET MILLER

Kindergarten

She is witty, yes, and clever,
And whene'er she has a chance
She can make herself most charming
In her little Spanish dance.

"I am resolved to grow fat and look young till
forty."

MARY LEDGER MOFFETT

Household Arts

Happy and jolly,
Full of good cheer;
This is Miss Moffett
Thru all the year.



"She has a nature that is gentle and refined."

IRENE ORNDORFF

Professional

Modest and quiet, kind and true,
Irene, our own tried friend,
Silently plodding, always though
Victorious in the end.



"She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing."

EMMA GRACE RHODES

Professional
(September)

There is a young lady named Grace,
To get here on time makes her race;
She trips up the walk, and scarcely can talk,
So nimble and brisk is her pace.



“Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading.”

KATHERINE VIRGINIA ROYCE

Professional

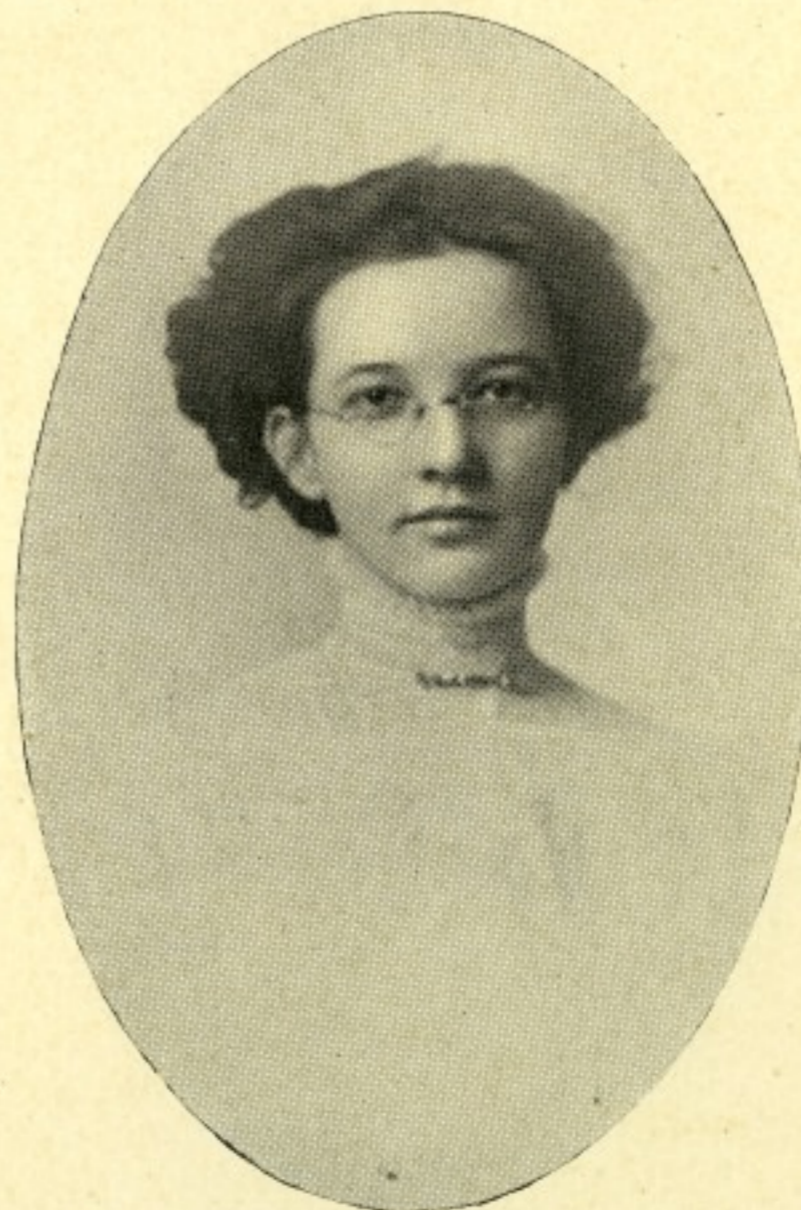
No matter if the boy you teach
Jumps out the second story,
Be not dismayed, just keep right on
The teacher's road to glory.

“She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud.”

VERGILIA PENDLETON SADLER

Professional

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of cheer;
Will make us love Vergilia
Through each succeeding year.



"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

FANNIE HUNDLEY SCATES

Professional

This maiden is so tall and slim,
Sedate, demure, and wise.
She keeps us all in best of trim,—
Holding her head in the skies.



"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."

ELSIE NAOMI SHICKEL

Professional

There was a young lady named Shickel,
To be like her we'd give half a nickel;
She's made a fine start in the true teacher's art,
This popular maiden named Shickel.



“Who mixed reason with pleasure
And wisdom with mirth.”

SARAH HUMPHREY SHIELDS

Professional

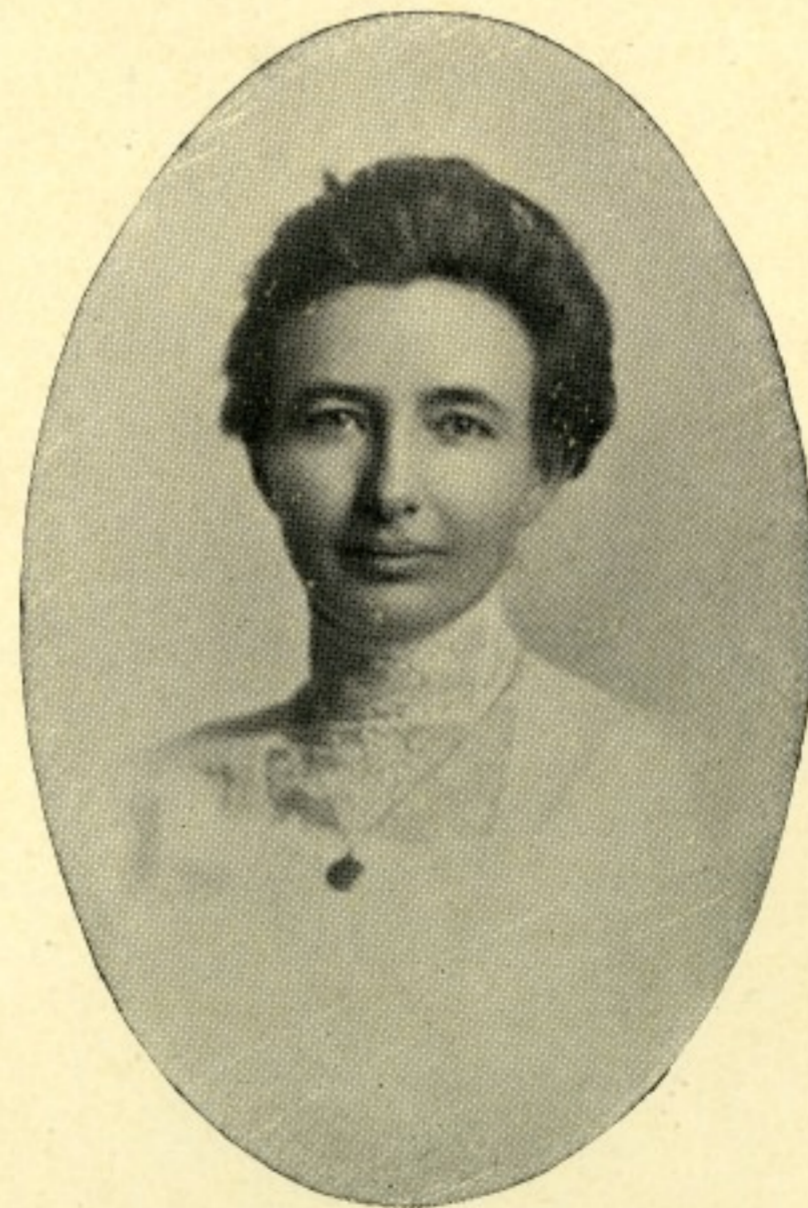
There's a slender young lady named Sarah H.
Shields
Who never was known to appear in high heels;
At her prominent offices every head reels,
Save that on the shoulders of Sarah H. Shields.

“A true woman, modest, simple, and sweet.”

LILLIAN LAVINIA SIMMONS

Manual Arts
(September)

She paints and draws and works in wood
With joy, and jest, and zeal;
But when besought to dance she says,
“I am too old to reel.”



“ In thy heart the dew of yorth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.”

ETHEL KATHARINE SPRINKEL

Kindergarten

I'll tell you what my secret is
If you would look young too;
Get out of all the work you can,
Do what you HAVE TO DO.



“ I've made it a practice to put all my worry in
the bottom of my heart and set on the lid'n
smile.”

MAUDE TYSON WESCOTT

Professional

“ I wouldn't be a teacher,”
Said little Maude one day,
“ I'm going to have a preacher
Who'll care for me alway.”

What We Shall Be



HE great motor of the airship groaned and gave itself up to a steady "Chug-chug." The sudden flapping of the great wings settled me in my seat rather sooner than I had expected.

Is it true? Am I really started? Drawing from my pocket the little yellow paper which had caused all this flutter in the even tenor of my life, I gave myself up to its perusal.

It ran thus: "The senior class of 1911 will please meet in room 15 at five o'clock, Wednesday, June 16, 1931. Be prompt. Important business to be discussed."

Away off yonder in California, where day after day she sits reading proof and correcting Esperanto in the many annuals she publishes for normal schools each year, little did Vergilia think as she wrote that familiar notice, from how many different places it would call us.

Scarcely had I finished reading the notice for the fifth time, when behind me I heard a quiet voice saying:

"Now John, you know the life of a preacher's wife is hard. Why don't you take charge of everything and everybody at home and let me go back to Harrisonburg as burdenless as I was when I left there years ago?"

"Well, I hope you won't get to hopping on one foot again. But just as you say. Go ahead. I'll try it for a week."

That reference to the foot told me who it was, and I laughed to remember how Maude Wescott had been laid up that last spring, how her lameness had come just in time to put a quietus on the Professional play. What a flutter they were all in then! I wondered if Katherine Royce ever had such trouble now in managing her *troupe*.—But I forgot she gave up stage-managing long ago and has taken up the study of psychology, and has just won quite a reputation by her late article entitled: "The Effect of Crushes on the Schoolgirl's Mind," which appeared in a recent number of the *Literary Digest*.

Oh, that magazine! How much it has improved in late years, especially since the management saw fit to lay its editorship on the broad shoulders of Minnie Diedrich! No other recommendation was needed to give her this position than the 1911 *Schoolma'am*, over which she labored so long and well.