

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.

As if it had been dropped from the planet by which we were flying, a newspaper fell in my lap.

HARRISONBURG DAILY NEWS

GREATEST DAILY IN AMERICA

stared me in the face. Running over the headlines, I caught these words in large print:

“Hopcroft worsted Smith in second round yesterday—most sensational prize-fight of the age—strongest woman in the world winner.”

It stood for itself—Inez a prize-fighter! How times had changed! I remembered reading in this same paper years before, a short paragraph to the effect that the fashionable ladies of New York had taken up fighting as a pastime.

Thinking of these society leaders, my mind reverted to Janet Green and Grace Rhodes. They had both married Wall Street brokers a few years after leaving school. I wondered if they were still in the center of the social swim as they had been when first married. Turning to the society page, my question was answered by this notice:

“Mrs. Van Smith-Brown, formerly Miss Grace Rhodes of this city, entertained last night at dinner, in honor of Misses Kathleen Harnsberger, Ethel Sprinkel, and Janet Miller, who are in attendance at the eleventh annual conference of the Kindergarten teachers. It may be remarked in this connection that Miss Harnsberger is president of this conference, having held that office since its organization in 1919. Miss Sprinkel gave a talk to-day on ‘The Influence of the Kindergarten in Harrisonburg.’ Miss Sprinkel is well versed in her subject, having been supervisor of the kindergartens of this city for a number of years. The late book, ‘Plays and Games for the Kindergarten,’ by Miss Miller, has entitled her to a place in the Hall of Fame, and her portrait will be unveiled to-morrow at high noon. This painting is the work of the skilled portrait painter, Alma Harper. Miss Harper is noted for her power of displaying on canvas the personality of the model. This feature is especially strong in her delineation of Miss Miller.”

“Blue Stone Hill Junction!” shouted the conductor, “All off for Harrisonburg Normal School! Change to C. W. Airship line for Harrisonburg proper.”

Scarcely had I landed on the roof-garden of the great auditorium, when I was stopped by a sweet-faced lady, wearing a Y. W. C. A. badge.

She smiled, and I knew it was Fannie Scates. By her conscientious labor and her gentleness of spirit she had worked her way up from the vice-presidency of our little Y. W. C. A. to a territorial secretaryship of the national organization.

"It is so nice to see you all back," she said, as we waited for the elevator to take us down. "You have no idea how many have come. Helen Drummond and Irene Orndorff—and, don't you know? Irene is not a bit changed, just as quiet as ever. I know my head would be completely turned if I had had such an offer. Just think! Head librarian of the Congressional Library! But I always knew she would make a career. As for Helen, she can't stay but a day because she has to get back to New York. You know she is a table decorator for the Astor Hotel, and she has a big order on now."

Although I tried to keep up with Fannie, when we landed on mother-earth again, I soon lost her in the crowd that thronged the elevator door. Pushed on by this ever-moving mass of humanity, I bumped against Sarah Shields. She seemed in a great hurry, so I did not stop her. Close beside her came a stately lady carrying a roll of bandages and a bottle of medicine.

"What is the trouble, do you suppose?" I asked a girl standing next to me.

"Oh," she said, "that is Nurse Shields from over at the Rockingham Hospital. I suppose she is on her way to the infirmary, as Miss Brooke is along. She is matron over there."

I turned away. The world seemed so full of surprises for me that I was not a bit astonished when I peeped through a door, and saw Charlotte Lawson explaining in a graphic way this problem in second grade mathematics: "If a teacher whips ten children, but whips six of them lightly, how many does she hurt?" Charlotte is a great mathematician, as I have been told; but she could not solve a problem presented her by one who aspired to be her equal in this line. He reasoned that 1 plus 1 equals 1. But she could not agree to the proposition, and so she has remained a single one all these years, and is now teaching methods in arithmetic in the old Normal School.

I wandered out of the great Assembly Hall to the lawn. How good it felt to the back again on the dear old campus! It was much changed but still there were traces of the old order in evidence. Handsome stone buildings completed the quadrangle, and our little bushes had become

stately trees. Concrete walks invited to a stroll through the beautiful grounds, but my eye wistfully followed the course of the well-remembered board walk. Watching the bubbling of a near-by fountain, I saw two figures coming up the walk. One was tall, the other short. They seemed absorbed in conversation. Finally the short one waved her hand to emphasize some point—I could not mistake the familiar gesticulation. I ran toward them. It was Ruth and Stella.

Ruth seized my hand, but exclaimed in her serio-comic way. "Do not break in upon my thought, I have a large one." Anxious to hear this grand idea, I linked myself to them and listened.

"Yes, Stella, this is ideal. We will change the curriculum of our school and make it more unified. Entertainment shall be the central idea, and through this medium we shall teach all other subjects. Our pupils will thus be well fitted for life, since in order to entertain, money must be made, so they will of necessity, incidentally as it were, learn a vocation." I was startled at such a presumptuous plan, yet I knew that Ruth and Stella were capable of carrying it out, for had they not startled the world a few years before with the establishment of the Meserole—MacCorkle College for the orphans of suffragettes engaged in active service?

Whom should we spy when we first entered old Science Hall but Elsie Shickel, standing in front of the bulletin-board, waving her arms frantically, beckoning us in to the class meeting. I paused a moment to gaze at her, for, as High School prophets had foretold, she was a poet laureate in truth—not, indeed, a versifier in some kingly court, but the poet of the schoolroom. Through her poems of love and sympathy, she puts hope into the souls of many struggling teachers, and heartens them for their work. But she is still more, she is our same dear president, not only our president, but president of the great International Educational Association.

Back in room fifteen again! Elsie rose from her chair. With alacrity all of us fell into our accustomed places. Twenty years ago! It does not seem possible. I feel like Rip Van Winkle. The intervening years have faded away and with them my struggles as a domestic science teacher, and even my class I left this morning to come back to the school of my girlhood.

My thoughts were broken by Elsie's saying, "I believe we are all here except Virginia Dunn, whom I had to excuse. You know she is teaching manual arts in the Philippines, and, of course, it is too long a

trip to take for a single meeting. It has been kindly suggested by Miss Annie Davis, now domestic science teacher here, that we postpone our business session until tonight, that we may now enjoy an 'old time supper' which she has provided for us."

"Excuse me, Madam President, but I did not do it all," Miss Davis rose to say; "Mrs. Richardson, who you know was Lillian Simmons, kindly aided us by donating the syrup from her cane-farm in Louisiana."

A peal of laughter went up from that assembly of dignitaries, for we knew then what she meant by "old time." We almost skipped to the dining-room in the household arts building to sit down to a meal which was an exact reproduction of the suppers in the old dormitory, where we had laughed and chatted, "starved" and grown fat, twenty years before.





Junior Normal



Motto

Vorwärts

Flower

Red Rose

Colors

Olive and Garnet

Members

RUTH CONN, *President*

Emma Baker

Octavia Goode

Eva Massey

Harrietta Massoletti

Lizzie McGahey

Nannie Morrison

Orra Otley

Mary Sadler

Frances Sibert

Juanita Stout

Class History

Variety is the spice of life. On our roll may be found eleven names the characteristics of whose owners are as varied as the lights that shone on Mt. Olympus.

Massey will go down in history as our mathematical leader, because she has already proved that the square of the right angle of an equiangular triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two angles.

Conn must be continually remonstrated with for neglect of her studies. Why, daily she puts only six hours on history, seven on English, and even less on her other studies.

Goode, as we know, is the most prominent novelist of the day.

Our class is very proud of *Otley*, the brilliant psychology student. Each day we find her reading it after school for recreation. She has so thoroughly absorbed the subject that her face fairly beams with "moral courage."

Massoletti, our question box, never ceases in her efforts to get at the root of the matter and to find out the *why's* and *wherefore's* in every case.

We have a *Stout* young lady in our class whose charms have been sung through the ages.

Baker is noted for her lovely voice which brings peace when she starts the machinery going.

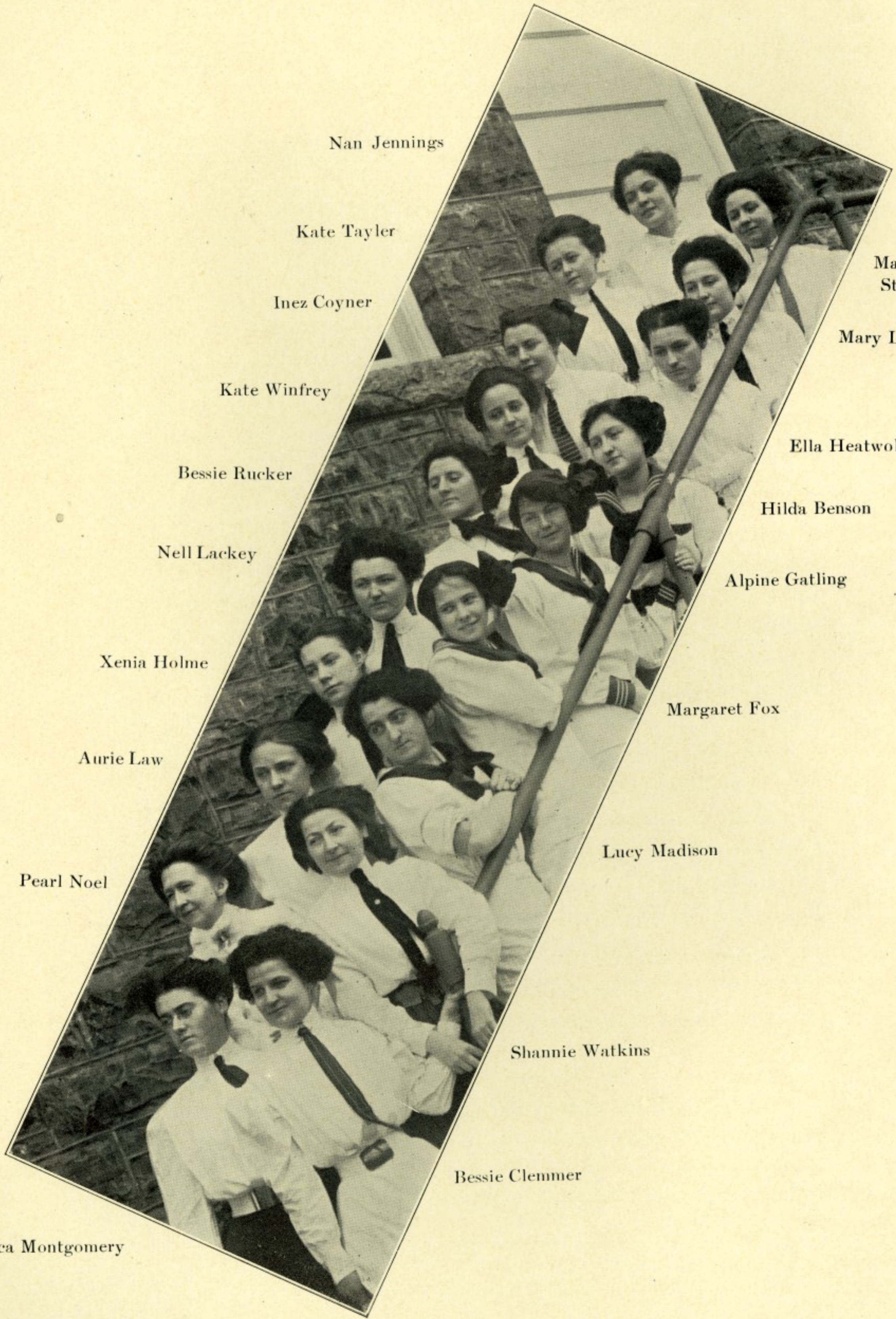
"Happy am I; from care I'm free! Why aren't they all contented like me?"—so says *Sibert*.

McGahey, the great athletic "crimp," excels all in the way she makes the Indian clubs whiz. It pays to respect her.

Then comes *Sadler*, the well rounded,

"Whose glossy hair to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing."

"Be optimistic"—this is *Morrison's* motto, and her always smiling face shows how prominent a part it plays in her life. She puts all her troubles in a box, sits on the lid and says in the most placid way, "Girls, it does not pay to worry; not even when the 'oysters' fail to come!"



Nan Jennings

Kate Tayler

Inez Coyner

Kate Winfrey

Bessie Rucker

Nell Lackey

Xenia Holme

Aurie Law

Pearl Noel

Nica Montgomery

Mary Stovall

Mary Lewis

Ella Heatwole

Hilda Benson

Alpine Gatling

Margaret Fox

Lucy Madison

Shannie Watkins

Bessie Clemmer

Emma Harrison

Jane Pulliam

Ottie Wine

Junior Professional Class

Motto

"Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam."

Colors

Black and Gold

Flower

Golden Rod

Officers

<i>President</i>	INEZ COYNER
<i>Vice-President</i>	NAN JENNINGS
<i>Secretary</i>	KATIE WINFREY
<i>Treasurer</i>	NELL LACKEY

Toast

Here's to the Class of 1912!
We always aim at the top;
Although we have to dig and delve
We'll never, never, stop.
Here's to us all—all twenty-two—
A happy bunch are we;
Here's hoping that we may get through
And mighty teachers be!



Junior Kindergarten Class

Motto

"A little child shall lead them."

Colors

White, Green and Gold

Flower

Daisy

Officers

President CHARLOTTE SMITH
Vice-President PEARL HALDEMAN
Secretary RUTH ROUND
Treasurer LUCIE PULLIAM

Members

As Others Know Them

Eunice Baker
 Alice Cale
 Susie Corr
 Pearl Haldeman
 Mary Liggett
 Rhoda McCorkle
 Maurine Patterson
 Lucie Pulliam
 Ruth Round
 Charlotte Smith
 Mary Thom
 Willye White
 Annie Wise

As We Know Them

Cutie
 Spring Vegetable
 Suke
 Pearline
 Coffee
 Corker
 Patsy
 Skinney
 Rufus
 Grandma
 Long Tom
 Billie
 Peck

Class History

We, the Kindergarten Class of 1912, entered these doors of learning September 28, 1910. The first few days we spent in finding ourselves — adapting ourselves to our new environment, as Miss Harrington would put it. When we finally found time to look at our class, we counted just thirteen, for us a very lucky number. As a class we may not all be Solomons, but we have among us one who is always *Wise*.

Thus far our calendar records three red letter days: Miss Harrington's chafing-dish party, our evening with the Seniors, and the Seniors' St. Valentine's Eve with us. These same Seniors were very dear friends of ours, in times of trouble assuring us that we should come out all right in the end.

At last Christmas came, and it is needless to say that there never was a happier time in our lives than the one week of holidays we spent at home.

January second found us busy at work in school again. The time seemed long, but a great many pleasures met us along our busy every day life, and these made us forget our troubles.

As the close of the session approached and the Seniors were rushed in their studies, they did not hesitate to call on us to help them prepare the materials for kindergarten work. We did it willingly because we know there will come a time when we can make other Juniors work for us.

If we were prophets, we should tell you what the year of 1912 will bring forth; but, as we are not, our history will be concluded in the next issue of the *Schoolma'am*.



Junior Household Arts Class

Motto

“Give to the world the best you have, and the best
will come back to you.”

Flowers

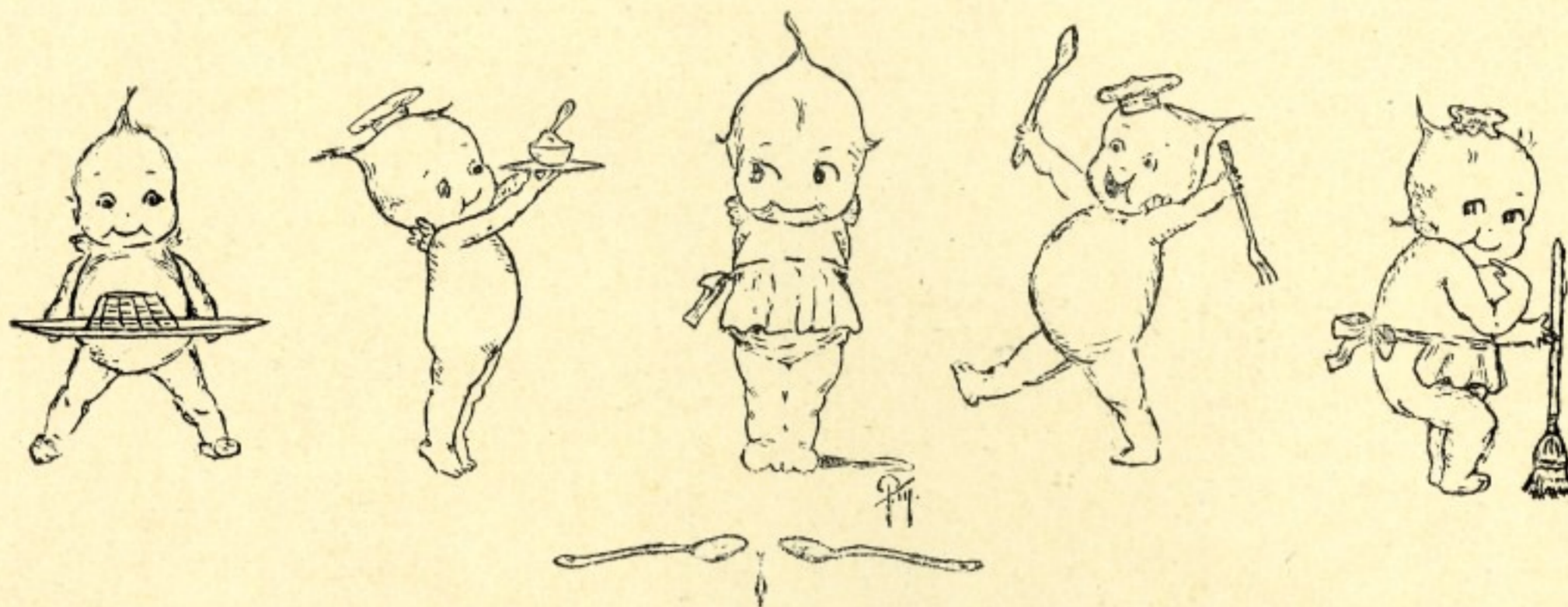
White Carnation and Ferns

Officers

President VIRGINIA TREVEY DUDLEY
Secretary and Treasurer SUSIE DANIEL MADISON

Honorary Members

Miss Frances Sale
Mrs. Julian A. Burruss



Class Roll

Sarah Virginia Davies

“The woman worth while
Is the one who can smile
When the bread falls flat.”

Virginia Trevey Dudley

“Some are born Chemists, some
absorb Chemistry, and some have
Chemistry thrust upon them.”

Mary Virginia Greer

“A little beauty is a dangerous
thing—especially if she’s got
red hair.”

Hannah Frances Goddard

“Laugh and the world laughs
with you”—
Weep and the laugh’s on you.

Mary Lacy Lyle

“Better late than never.”

Susan Daniel Madison

“There is more joy in our class
over one girl who marrieth a title
than over the six who are still
making bread.”

Mary Elizabeth McLeod

“Woman—she needs no eulogy—
She speaks for herself.”

