

at his right hovered the aging form of Anaxagoras. Hoping to gain a glance from those cool, dark eyes under the visor of the helmet, I waited. But in vain; the train passed by unobserving; and my guide and I retraced our steps, out through the Propylaea, past the Areopagus on our left, and then adown the sacred way toward Eleusis. As we reached the Dipylon Gate, we paused.

"I must leave you here," said my guide, bowing respectfully, "but with your permission I wish first to sketch in my note-book the profile of your nose and the slant of your eyebrow. I am to present an original paper on these subjects at the next meeting of my club." I blushed, of course, but murmured some sort of permission. Then, I too grew bold and said, "I should like to know your name."

He handed me a delicate, highly-polished shell tablet. Raising it to my eyes, I read engraved upon it in Greek capitals, the name "Alcibiades." With a sort of thrill I turned hastily to look at him again, but he was gone. Just then I was startled by a loud, burring, whirring, clanging, rattling, ringing sound above me. It was the rising bell! Then I recalled the fact that Ancient History came at 8.30.



Going Home

No doubt the patriot wanderer
Doth yearn for his native shore,
And his heart doth beat the faster
When he touches it once more.
But the feeling of this wanderer,
Come back from Greece or Rome,
Is nothing to the feeling
Of a schoolgirl going home.

No doubt the birds in spring-time,
Forgetting palm and pine,
Have a kind of choky feeling
For the nests they've left behind.
But the birds go back each winter,
Though they rather like to come;
So theirs is not the feeling
Of a schoolgirl going home.

Just mix the birds and patriots
And stir their feelings well,
Then add a drop of rapture,
The thrill you cannot tell,
A tear for past and present
And the future that's to come,—
And you've something of the feeling
Of a schoolgirl going home.

—*Ruth Conn.*





ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Athletic Association

Although athletics is not the most prominent feature of a normal school, we have not forgotten that joyous exercise for the body is a necessary accompaniment to the most successful education of the mind.

In November everybody enjoyed the tennis tournament, though the wind entered into the frolic and did its best to blow champions and spectators off the hill-top. An account of this is more fully given on page 101 of the SCHOOLMA'AM.

In March faculty and students had a house-warming and a general good time in our new gymnasium, which, with its adjoining bowling alley, is our pride and joy.

Match-games of basket ball played there between faculty and students, and between class and class, have given zest to many Saturday evenings.

With the spring weather the tennis courts and the preparations for final field-day have drawn us out of doors again.

Looking back over the year, we think that matters athletic show decided growth, and that they give excellent promise for the future.

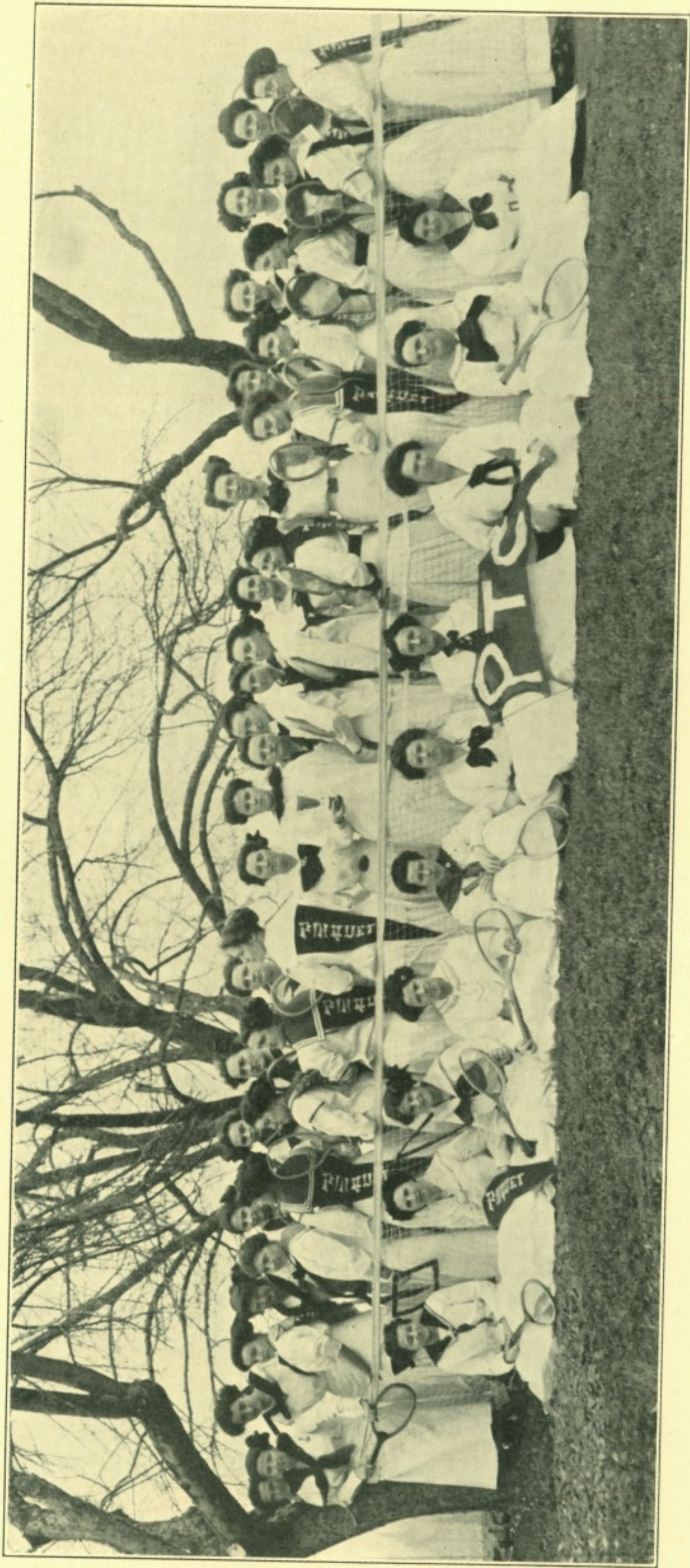
Athletic Council

MAUDE WESCOTT.....*President*
MINNIE DIEDRICH.....*Vice-President*
OCTAVIA GOODE.....*Secretary*
FRANCES MACKEY.....*Treasurer*

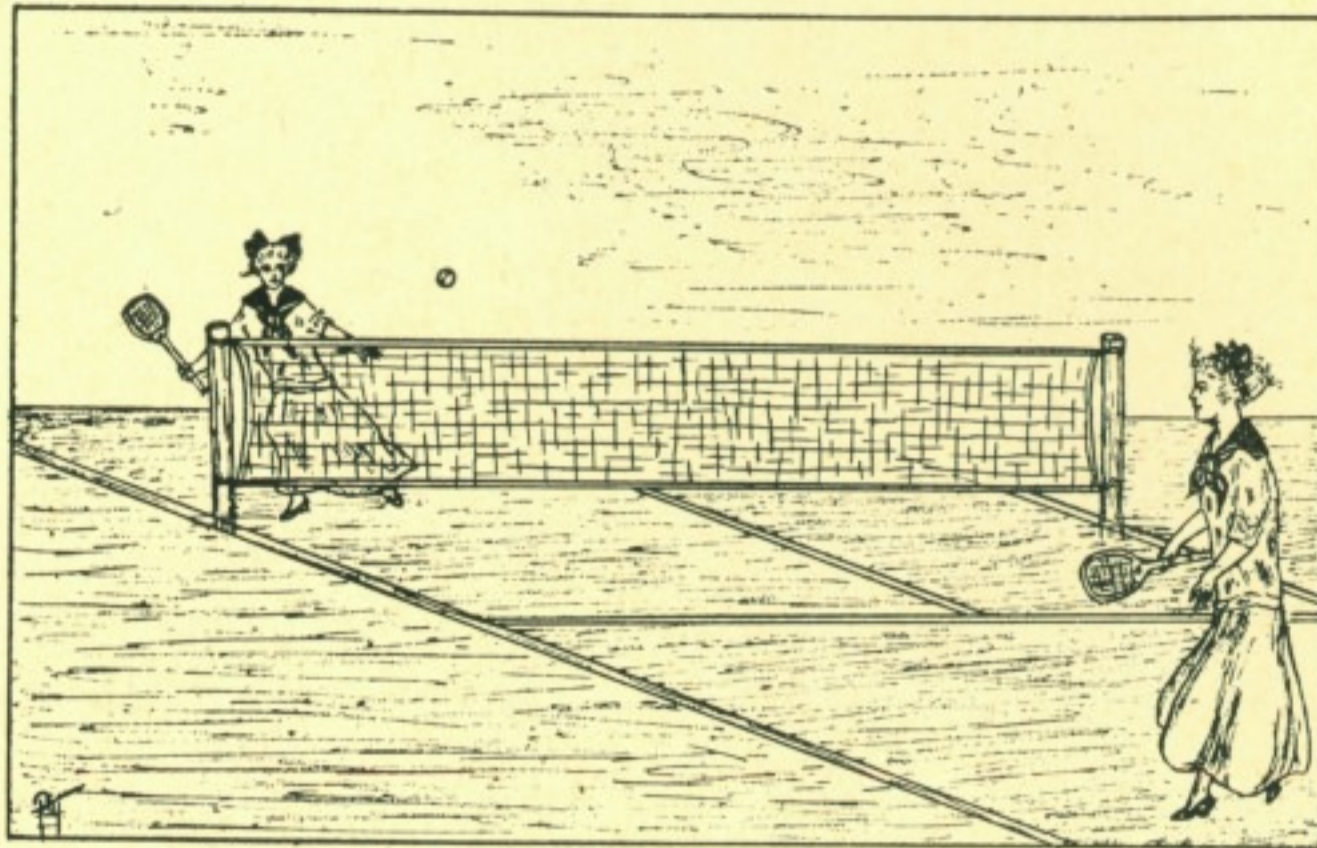
Nora Spitzer

Lizzie McGahey

Amelia Brooke



PINQUET TENNIS CLUB



Pinquet Tennis Club

TUNE: "Marching Through Georgia."

We will yell for Pinquet,
 'Cause you play for red and white.
 You are strong and ready now
 To play with all your might.
 Knock the ball right in the court,
 And do just what is right,
 While we are yelling for Pinquet!

Officers

First Quarter

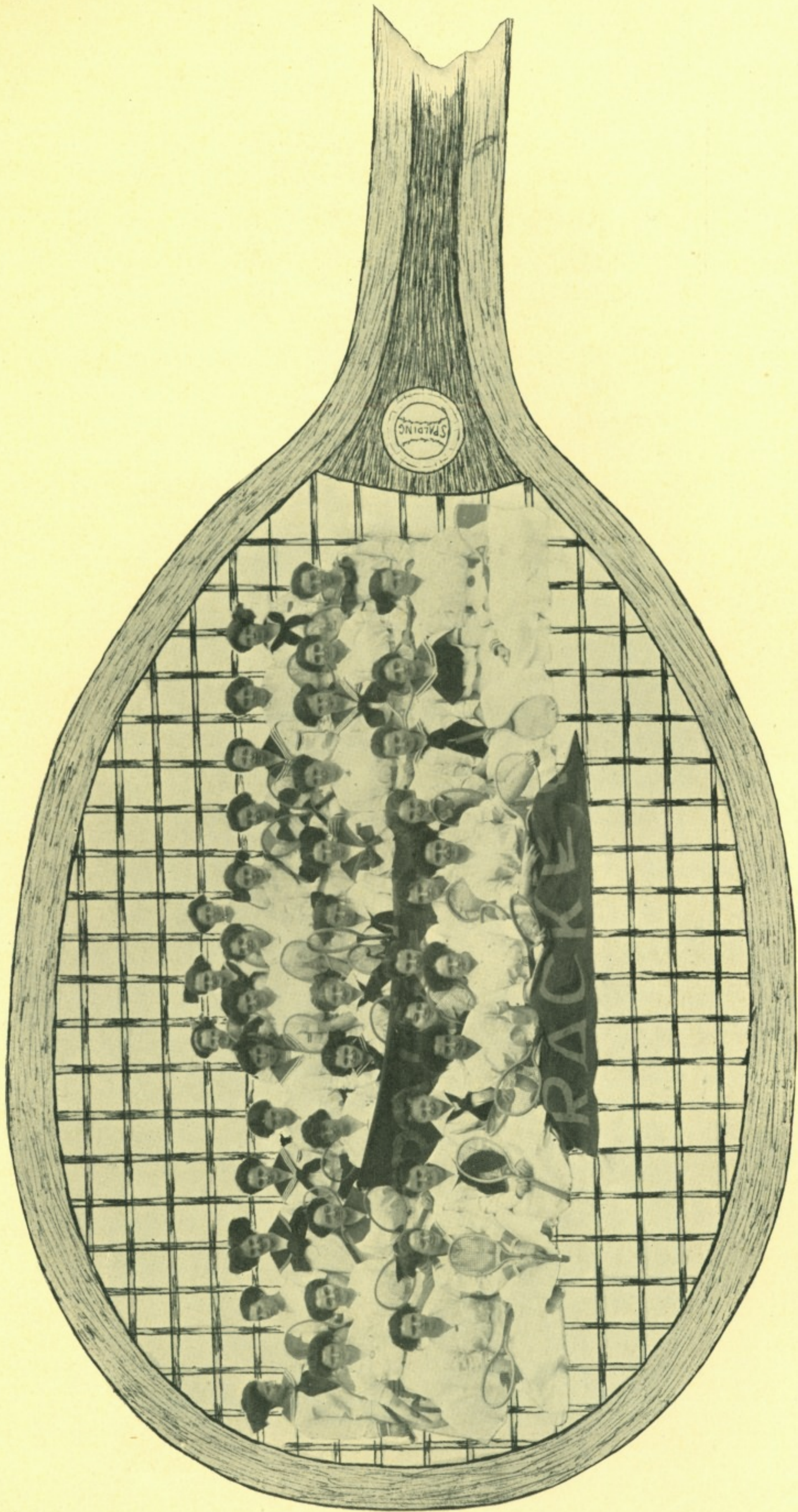
President—ELSIE SHICKEL
Secretary—MARY SADLER
Treasurer—JOSEPHINE BRADSHAW

Third Quarter

President—PATTIE PULLER
Secretary—MINNIE DIEDRICH
Treasurer—AMELIA BROOKE

Members

Margaret Allebaugh	Pearl Haldeman	M'Ledge Moffett
Emma Baker	Ethel Harman	Mary Mowbray
Hilda Benson	Alma Harper	Pattie Puller
Josephine Bradshaw	Katherine Henley	Jennie Raine
Amelia Brooke	Inez Hopcroft	Ruth Round
Eunice Brown	Sally Hulvey	Katharine Royce
Margaret Burke	Grace Jackson	Bessie Rucker
Tracie Burtner	Florence Keezell	Mary Sadler
Alice Cale	Nell Lackey	Vergilia Sadler
Bessie Clemmer	Louise Lancaster	Mary Sale
Susie Corr	Mildred Lewis	Carrie Scates
Annie Davis	Mary Lotts	Deane Scott
Minnie Diedrich	Grace McInturff	Marcia Scott
Lorraine Eldred	Lucy Madison	Edmonia Shepperson
Martha Fletcher	Susie Madison	Elsie Shickel
Margaret Fox	Beatrice Marable	Mary Silvey
Sadie Fristoe	Elizabeth Marshall	Juanita Stout
Alpine Gatling	Rhoda MacCorkle	Vada Suter
Marceline Gatling	Ruth MacCorkle	Maude Wescott
Annie Wise		Willye White



Racket Tennis Club

Colors

Red and Blue

Motto

"Root little pig, or die."

Officers

First and Second Quarters

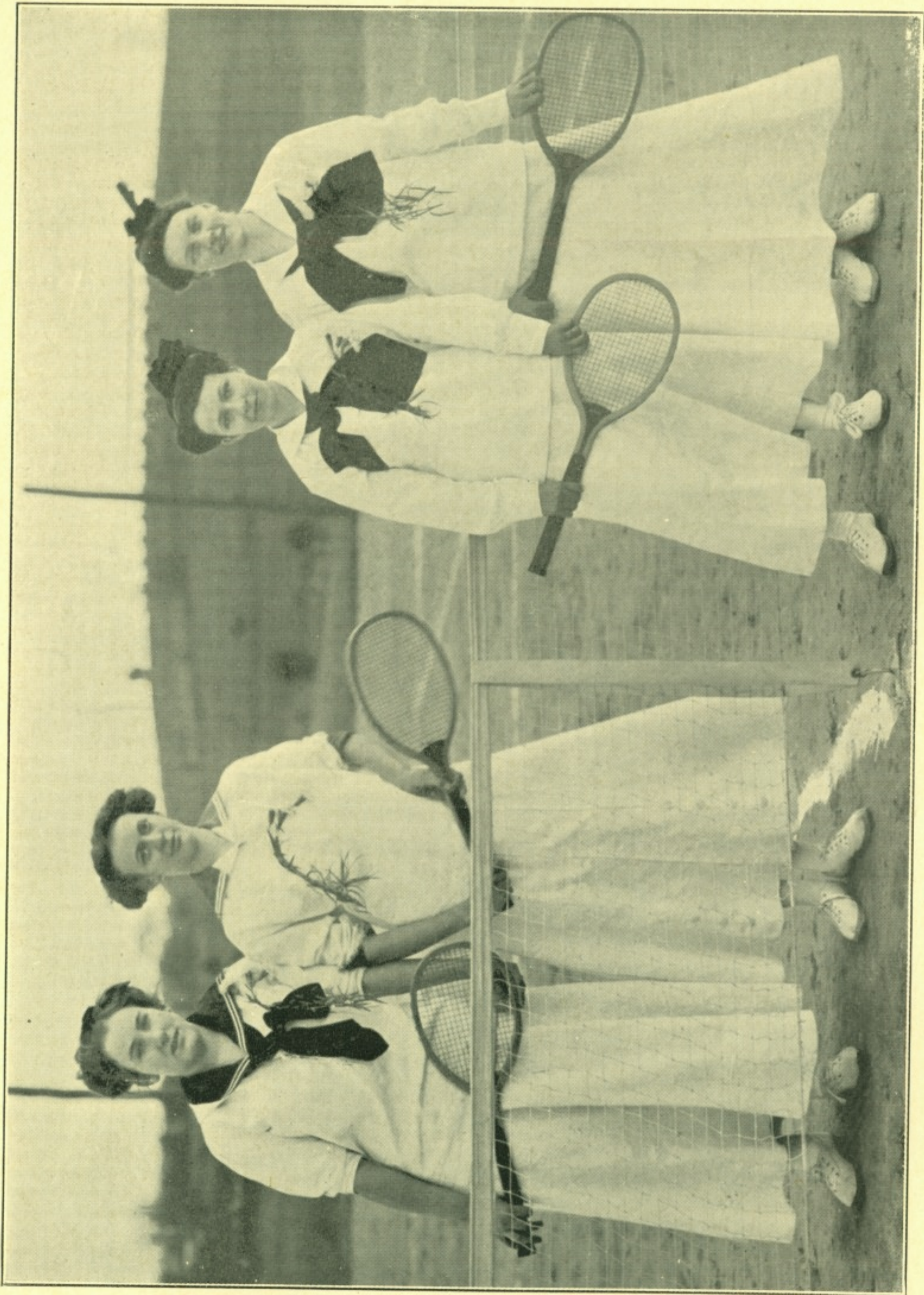
GRACE RHODES President
EVA MASSEY Secretary and Treasurer

Third Quarter

FANNIE SCATES President
VIRGINIA BROWN Vice-President
MARY THOM Secretary and Treasurer

Members

Althea Adams	Hannah Goddard	Lucile McLeod
Katie Anderson	Octavia Goode	Mary McLeod
Louise Anderson	Janet Green	Janet Miller
Katherine Anderson	Mary Greer	Nannie Morrison
Myrtle Bailey	Emma Harrison	Orra Otley
Eunice Baker	Virginia Hedrick	Maurine Patterson
Ruth Bowers	Katherine Henley	Jane Pulliam
Bessie Brown	Hallie Hughes	Lucy Pulliam
Eunice Brown	Nan Jennings	Lila Riddell
Laura Buchanan	Lillie Kaylor	Sarah Shields
Ruth Conn	Aurie Law	Frances Sibert
Inez Coyner	Charlotte Lawson	Nora Spitzer
Helen Drummond	Mary Lewis	Lois Sterling
Virginia Dunn	Frances Mackey	Kate Taylor
Martha Eagle	Harrietta Massoletti	Jessie Thrasher
Emily Ellis	Julia McCorkle	Leila Vaughan
Jessie Falls	Lizzie McGahey	Anna Ward
	Katie Winfrey	



TOURNAMENT PLAYERS

The Tennis Tournament



WINNERS

ly for their side from one corner of the court; while across from them, the Rackets, no less loyal in their lavish output of colors and rousing yells, urged their girls onward. The referees were Mr. John Downing and Dr. Charles Conrad. The game was a close one and excitement ran high, each club hoping for the victory. After splendid playing on both sides, the game ended in favor of the Pinquets, who marched victoriously away, carrying their champions on their shoulders.

All repaired to the Assembly Hall, where, with a very appropriate little speech, Dr. B. F. Wilson presented the winners with the loving-cup donated by Dr. Firebaugh and Mr. Johnston. More yells and songs followed, and the company dispersed.

On that evening the Pinquets entertained the members of the faculty and the Racket girls with a german, an interesting feature of which was

“Oh, pass the loving cup around;
Pass not a brother by.”

On Saturday afternoon, November 12, was held the first annual tennis tournament at the Normal. Many High School students and other visitors from town were present.

The Pinquets, represented by Amelia Brooke and Willye White, met the Racket players, Frances Mackey and Eva Massey. It was a cold and windy afternoon, but the weather did not prevent a very vigorous manifestation of school-spirit. The Pinquet girls, arrayed in their colors, red and white, cheered lusti-



LOVING-CUP





Senior Basket Ball Team

Yell

V—I—C—T—O—R—Y

Well, I guess!
Seniors, Seniors,
Yes! Yes! Yes!

Captain

AMELIA BROOKE

Inez Hopcroft

Edmonia Shepperson

Virginia Dunn

Elsie Shickel

Minnie Diedrich

Jennie Raine

Katherine Royce

Amelia Brooke



Junior Basket Ball Team

Yell

Right guard, center pass,
Tip to forward, do it fast,
Juniors!!

LIZZIE MCGAHEY, *Captain*

Members

"Beast"	Ruth Conn
"Foxy"	Margaret Fox
"Peanut"	Alpine Gatling
"Son"	Lucy Madison
"Kicky"	Lizzie McGahey
"Nance"	Nannie Morrison
"Bill"	Willye White
"Peck"	Annie Wise



Sophomore Basket Ball Team

Yell

Zip! Zoon! Zore!
 Rip! Rip! Roar!
 Every team's a beastly bore!
 Except our winning Sophomore!
 Soph-o-more!

FRANCES MACKAY, *Captain*

VIRGINIA BROWN, *Business Manager*

Louise Anderson	Margaret Burke	Mary Bishop	Martha Eagle
Marceline Gatling	Frances Mackey	Lucile McLeod	Nora Spitzer



Freshman Basket Ball Team

SADIE FRISTOE, *Captain*

Anna Brunk

Margie Bryant

Deane Scott

Marcia Scott

Mabel Richardson

Mary Sale

Ida Via

Yell

Sickle, sackle, sickle, sackle,
Sickle, sackle, seven,
Freshies, Freshies,
Nineteen eleven!

A Warning to the Junior Class

From the Shades of the Departed Seniors

Hearken to us as we tell you
Of that long and dreary winter.
Oh, that hard and cruel winter!
Ever longer, longer, longer,
Grew the lessons that they gave us;
Ever harder, harder, harder,
Grew the tasks, while all our note-books
Covered desks and chairs and tables.
Hardly through the piled-up lessons
Could the student force a headway;
With our pencils and our papers
Vainly did we seek to conquer,
Sought a time for rest and found none,
Found no end to our note-books,
In our methods saw no logic.
Soon in hopeless, wild confusion
Madly shrieked we in our anguish—

In Our Anguish!

Tore our hair and pulled our rats out—

Pulled Our Rats Out!

Oh, the lessons and the note-books!
Oh, the never-ending lessons!
Oh, the blotting of the note-books!

Blot the Note-books!

Oh, the wailing of the pupils!
Oh, the heartless, heartless, teachers!

Heartless Teachers!

All the girls were thin and puny;
Sickly was the air about them,
Sickly was the sky above them,
And the voice of Dr. Firebaugh—

Dr. Firebaugh!

Like the voice of Wisdom, ordered,
"You must rest, or you will perish!"

You Will Perish!

But ere we to rest departed,
Came two forms and stood before us,
Came and stood and gazed upon us,
Gazed in blankness down upon us;
And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I'm a map for Dr. Wayland!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I'm a plan for practice-teaching!"

Practice-Teaching!

But alas, the tale's too fearful!
Let us hasten to the ending,
To the dreary, dreary, ending!
How we failed, and flunked, and perished.

Flunked and Perished!

Perished on examination!
Now to you who follow after,
We would leave a word of warning—

Word of Warning!

Always study hard your lessons,
Tread not in the paths of pleasure,
Write each day in all your note-books,
Dawdle not o'er books of reference,
Shun whatever proves distracting,
Buckle down to practice-teaching,
Learn the gentle art of "bluffing"!

Art of Bluffing!

Now 'tis done! Our task is ended!
We have spoken words of warning,
That you may not suffer blindly,
May not be in total darkness.
Farewell to you, O ye Juniors!

Farewell, Juniors!

Soon our footsteps you will follow,
To the deadly rural districts,
To that life of resignation,
Abnegation, degradation,
To the years of slow stagnation,
And the joys of Spinsterhood—

Of Spinsterhood!

The Moonshiner

"Rufe, I tell ye I done heerd a hoss. Ye better be fer leavin' these here parts. It mout be a revenue officer." Sal Slocum pawed the gravel with one bare foot. The mountaineers of Southwest Virginia seldom know the luxury of shoes.

"I don't reckon ye know what ye air a-talkin' about, gal; I jist now looked all round, and thar ain't a sign of a creetur in sight."

Rufe Slocum's long, lank, muscular body straightened up. The strength of the mountains had gone into him.

"Wall, ye know jist how dangerous it is about this still. I wish somethin' would make ye quit it. Ye'll go jist like yer Pap. Rufe, I wish ye'd quit."

"Ye do? An' whar would our livin' come from? Do ye reckon I kin raise cawn on this here mountain?"

"All right, Rufe; but jist come inside the chimney, won't ye?"

The two turned, stooped, and slipped inside of what appeared to be a great natural fire-place. Within "The Chimney" there was a hollow space like a very small room, and this hole in the high rock was the home of the mountain pair; while another and smaller chimney, close beside the first, served for the distillery.

Up the little valley between the mountains, along the banks of Max Creek, rode two gentlemen.

"And you are sure we are near Rufe Slocum's still, George?" asked the elder man.

"Yes, but it's going to be a job to get him; he's slick as an eel."

"We are well armed."

"Look up yonder, there's the place now. Aren't those two perfect chimneys? I think that's as great a curiosity as the Natural Bridge."

"Yes, but up here in the wilds of Max Mountain the Natural Chimneys haven't had the world to come to see them yet."

"We are so near now; we must be careful. We'll have to leave our horses and climb these rocks and creep in on them. It is possible that we may be able to catch them at their dinner."

The horses were soon grazing.

"Guns ready? You go in at one side. I'll take the other," said the elder.

In a minute they were trapped—the moonshiner and the woman,

sitting there at a rude, bare, board, with its customary bacon and corn pone.

“Hands up, Rufe Slocum!”

“Oh God! Rufe, they got ye now! Why didn't ye listen to me?”

Rufe said nothing, but, just exactly as his father and grandfather had done, he returned a stolid stare as he stood there with raised hands, although he knew it meant the penitentiary for life.

Silently the woman got Rufe's clothing together, and tied a red bandanna around the bundle.

“Well Rufe, we must start,” said the officer.

Sal went forward to bid him farewell—to them a farewell unrelieved by hope of any communication or any return. Both the other Slocums had died under long imprisonment. She put her hands on his breast, and as he bent his head she whispered a few words. She did not kiss him. It is not the custom of the mountaineers.

In the front of the party walked Rufe, his head high, his lips silent. After two or three hundred yards he stopped, turned, and for the first time spoke: “You-all know when a man's leavin' his home fer life ye allus let him do one thing he axes.”

“Yes, Rufe, if we can. What do you want?” asked the officer.

“Wall, kin I jist git one more drink from the old spring?”

“Yes, that's little enough to ask. Go on.”

Rufe went to the spring, which was slightly off the road. He lay down in the tall grass to drink, then quickly sprang to his feet, clasping his trusty rifle to his breast, and turned with the gun in his hands.

But the officers had been on the alert, and quick as a flash both guns were leveled at him before the tall man could take aim.

“Drop that gun, Rufe Slocum! I suspected some of your tricks.” The voice of the officer rang out clear among the mountains.

The gun dropped, and with it all the hope out of Rufe's eyes. Just as his ancestors had been taken away before, so was he now. With dogged footsteps he walked on down the road.

From the shelf of rock overhanging the spring came a cry as of a mountain panther robbed of her young,

“Rufe, Rufe, I done all I knowed how to save ye!”

—*Kitty Leache.*