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Home

THE  
FOCUS

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL  
FARMVILLE, VA.

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ALUMNAE NUMBER

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JUNE  
1912







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# THE FOCUS

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Vol. II

FARMVILLE, VA., JUNE, 1912

No. 5

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## To the Seniors

We say farewell to you our seniors  
With many a sigh and tear;  
We wish you every happiness  
And the best of all good cheer.  
And when we all come back again  
We'll follow up the way  
That you have labored on to show  
Through many a long, long day.

May every life be happy  
Of the class of 1912;  
And we will try to be like you  
And delve and delve and delve.  
And once again we wish success  
For now the time is nigh,  
We drink to each one's happiness  
And fondly say "Good-bye."

MARGARET SHAW.



## A Tribute



JUNE, 1912, marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of Miss Martha W. Coulling's connection with the State Normal School, Farmville, Va. As the school is only twenty-eight years old, Miss Coulling's work dates from the infancy of this school and, we may say, almost from the beginning of Normal School work in the State of Virginia. To few is it given to serve one school so long and through that school to influence so vitally the State in its greatest interest, the strengthening of the mental and moral fiber of its people. Among the teachers of the Normal School, Miss Coulling holds the unique position of having served the school as secretary of the faculty for more than twenty years. All the religious and philanthropic work connected with the life of the school has had her support. At this time, she is president of the Normal League and a member of the Advisory Board of the Young Women's Christian Association. At different times in the past, she has served as chairman of the Missionary Committee and of the Bible Study Committee. A close student of God's Word, an earnest seeker after the truth, she has taught regularly for many years a large Sunday School class of girls from the Normal School. She has given twenty-five years of faithful, loyal service, indeed has given her life to the Normal School.

There is no greater source of inspiration than to come into contact with an ideal teacher. The ideal teacher is the one that sits daily at the feet of the humble Nazarene to learn lessons that He alone can teach. There are few that live upon the high plane upon which Miss Martha W. Coulling lives. If she makes a mistake, it is a mistake of judgment and not of the heart; for she rings true every time. When she

thinks a thing is right, she could not do otherwise than follow her convictions. She is perfectly fearless and at the same time so impersonal that she does not offend. Surely a rare combination! Of her it may be said that she is a woman sincere, unselfish, fearless, conscientious, and deeply spiritual. Who can estimate what twenty-five years of service of such a woman means to any school, community, or state in the way of inspiration? The simplicity, honesty, and directness of her character have left a very fine and indelible stamp upon the girls of Virginia. There is no greater stimulus to right living than that which comes from contact with one who with courage and love, a fine sense of honor, and a spirit purged of selfish ambitions, is striving to live right. Truly human fellowship is the richest privilege God gives us after fellowship with Himself. When it is rightly used, it means constant growth in power. The dynamics of fellowship, this kind of power-creating fellowship, is possible only to those who are moving in the line of God's will. As her life has been given to His service, she is living to day in noble ideals of unselfish service in many young women throughout our State. To know her is to honor her, to love her.

As a mark of appreciation this tribute is offered to one who by precept and by life has taught us:

“Thou must be true thyself,  
If thou the truth would'st teach;  
Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
Another's soul would'st reach.  
It needs the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.”

MINNIE V. RICE.

## Baby Lillian

### I

All small sweet things in the world  
Go to make my baby girl;  
Peachbloom, pink, and violet,  
Raindrops on a rose leaf wet;  
Bunnies young with eyes of brown,  
Little birdies soft with down;  
All small sweet things in the world  
Go to make my baby girl.

### II

My health and wealth I give for her,  
I love to think I live for her—  
    A mother's way.  
Her sweetest smiles she gives for me,  
I love to think she lives for me—  
    She is my pay!

MADGE GOODE MOON, '00.

## Happiness

*"There is no happiness in having and getting, but only in giving; half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness."*—Henry Drummond



DEAR STATE NORMAL STUDENTS:

The people of Virginia have been paying taxes to make it possible for you to have nine months or more of training at the state school. Thousands of girls have had to do without these opportunities that have been given to you freely. All of the earnest girls, those who are worthy of the trust, will welcome vacation as a time when they can in many ways, directly and indirectly, repay these rare friends for giving them the rare privileges.

It thrilled me through and through to read in the *April Review of Reviews* what the State University of Wisconsin is doing for her people. Many vistas were opened up to me. I think all schools, supported by the people, can learn much, both of obligation and privilege, from a study of this university that goes to the people.

There are many things done by the Wisconsin University that we cannot do. That does not mean however that we must simply mark time during vacation. You can fill an important place in the Sunday school and church work. Talk of new treasures you have found in God's Word, passing them on to others, thus opening up new ones for yourself. It will not take you long to find out that Somerville was right when he said that

"True Happiness, if understood,  
Consists alone in doing good."

You can bring new life to some missionary society by telling of some of your association services and mission study classes. You might have a mission class.

Some of the beautiful things in literature you have been shown are still unknown to many of your friends. Probably they have just as much to give you.

Get the girls together, have some wholesome fun, and make this the very best summer you or your friends ever had. Organize an eight weeks club and meet once a week and do things together which are really worth while.

Those of us who have been chosen for many advantages, have been chosen for service rather than opportunity. Amos and the other prophets have tried to teach this lesson through the ages, but it is a hard one for our selfish natures to understand. We haven't learned it any better than we have many of the lessons Christ came to teach.

I know a group of girls in a technical school in Alabama who are filling their note books with things they are going to do in summer clubs. They are going to give some lessons in plant culture and raise some beautiful flowers. They have learned what a dangerous guest the fly is, and are going to fight him vigorously, and banish many things from the home that interfere with health. Fireless cookers can be made without any expense. Recipes are ready for pretty salads and summer menus.

Many girls are happy to learn a new embroidery stitch and these girls have some to teach also, ideas of simple and artistic house furnishing to pass on. Satisfactory results have been gotten from couching and stenciling on suitable materials. Wouldn't it be a joy to have a porch class of old ladies and teach them how to make baskets of long pine needles or some material that would not hurt their hands!

What is the aim of education? There is so much knowledge in our land now that we may be in those latter days that Daniel prophesied about. What is the aim of it all? The only true, lasting, satisfying happiness that comes to us is from rendering efficient service to others. Just in so far as our education equips us for

more and more efficient service, does it add to our happiness. To do things for those we love better than anyone else can do them. Doesn't that possibility make all the hard things that come to us at school a joy and give us a new attitude toward them, making us say with our educators—

“The aim of education is—happiness”

FRANCES YANCEY SMITH, '02.

### Wishes

Silvery throated pond-folk, in their pure delight,  
Pour forth sweetest melody through the silent night.

I would be that music gliding through the air,  
A gladsome voice of nature, happy everywhere;  
Just a voice of nature, or like a poet's song  
I'd live in hearts of lovers, where'er I went along;  
Or, like a timid daisy blooming in the dell,  
The universe would be my home, 'neath heaven's  
blue I'd dwell;

Like a crowing baby fashioned for delight,  
Catching all the brightest things as they come in my  
sight,

Like a brooklet sparkling on its happy way  
Laughing, gurgling, rippling, dancing along, along  
all day;

Like the golden fairy that tints the morning sky,  
I would paint the world rose-red as I passed it by;  
Like a gleaming sunbeam, shimmering and bright,  
I'd find the darkest places and bring them golden  
light;

Like ethereal zephyrs hovering round the rose  
Caressing leaf and petal with every breeze that blows;  
But, like the morning music of the early wrens,  
I would linger longest, a happy thought to friends.

IRMA ELIZABETH PHILLIPS, '11.



## My Failure as a Teacher



INCE I am very much engrossed in my household affairs, it is from a high sense of duty that I respond to the rather late request of THE FOCUS for some account of my experience in teaching. The duty I owe is not to the editor of THE FOCUS but to young teachers struggling with the difficulties which I had. It takes some courage to affix to my article the title which is at the head of this one, but one year of my teaching was such a failure that several others of my mediocre success and three of more than mediocre success cannot repair the harm done to the students of that year, and cannot atone for the humiliation and grief which I suffered from it.

To go back to the very beginning, my work as a student at Farmville was "of the very highest order." I am quoting my instructors in saying so and my marks showed it. I was among the best in my class until I came to the Senior Class and taught in the "Model School" as it was then called. There I met my Waterloo and went down. Every day the hour spent in teaching was a terror to me. My knees actually knocked together when I stood before my class, the observing teacher was an ogre who came in at just the moment when I was most at loss for a word and who sat on the back seat with at best only a pitying smile while I struggled along at the mercy of twenty-five or thirty wise little children who knew my predicament perfectly well and rather enjoyed it.

I saw other girls who as students had made no record compared to mine getting on "swimmingly" with no trouble whatever. I saw every afternoon bouquets sent by the little pupils to their favorite teacher. None came to me. I saw the little flatterers with their arms

encircled about the other pupil-teachers' waists at recess, and I heard through "town girls" of the gossip of the little ones outside, and tried not to hear what I knew would not be complimentary to me.

Every week the pupil-teachers met to be criticised and advised by the Normal School teachers. Every week I pretended I did not know that the kindly meant, well-veiled criticisms of a nervous manner and lack of confidence were meant for me.

At last the term was over, and on the day that we were to know whether we graduated I had an attack of crying which I need not describe for it is a too common occurrence at Farmville, and shows a nervous condition which may often undo the good which the school work should do. I graduated and went forth to seek a job.

I had some trouble in getting one, for very wisely the teachers hesitated to recommend me unqualifiedly to do work in a crowded public school where confidence, poise, and perfect control are so essential. I had a long vacation which was the best thing I could have had at that time. It was November before I went to teach about fifteen pupils in a log cabin in the woods. I think the Lord made that school for me that year, but even for that school I might have been better prepared. I consider that year a mediocre success. The next year I had what I thought was quite a raise. I went to teach mathematics in a girls' school. I was employed as a substitute for only one year while the regular teacher studied in the North. I put all the energy and enthusiasm a young teacher can command into my work in this girls' school, but when the year came to a close I realized that even if the regular teacher was not going to return to her work I could not retain my position. I was very young and I had put myself on a level with my pupils. I had mixed with them in a social way more than I had with the faculty—I had cheapened myself in their estimation. This was a natural mistake, because, as I said, I was young—almost as young as most of my pupils. Then at Farmville I had



had instilled into me the principle that we must get down on a level with our pupils, and in the Model School the pupil-teachers were encouraged to walk arm in arm with their students and often indulged with them in gossip concerning the peculiarities of other "prissy" teachers of whom I had a horror.

At the end of my year's work in the girls' school I had obtained a position in a village public school, when it became possible for me to go to a teachers' college. I went for two years, and besides the additional knowledge obtained, I received a broadening influence which was invaluable.

My next position was for two years in another girls' school or college. Here my success was all that could be wished for. I could have continued in that position indefinitely; I had learned my lesson as far as that kind of work goes. I believed, however, that there was little growth for me there and I had little trouble in obtaining a position in the high school of the same town. This was the fatal year. I had never been a student in a city high school, I was frightened at the presence of the big boys, and although my work started off with a flourish, little flaws in the discipline began to creep in. These I tried to keep a secret from the principal and the superintendent, but of course, the trouble increased. The superintendent told me politely of complaints that he heard which only served to frighten me more. In the course of three months after the school opened my discipline was gone. My pupils had entire control. I would lie awake all night, and the next day when the pupils came to recite there would be a buzz of conversation in the room. In an agitated voice I would say, "This stopping must talk," and there would be laughter. The rest may be imagined. I struggled on to the end of the long, long session of ten months. It is a miracle that I survived, and a greater miracle that I was re-elected to that school, though with a change of work. I realized that some of the bright pupils in that school had been so demoralized by my poor discipline that from a regular examination mark in the nineties they had gone

down to the forties, and had even ceased to study my subject at all. Realizing this I concluded that my self respect would not allow me to return, and I had the wisdom to resign.

Now the bright side of the story begins, but alas so late! Through the teachers' college from which I graduated I obtained a position in another high school in a different state. The position was in a town of five thousand people. From the moment I entered this town it seemed that the glad hand was extended to me, and because I was a teacher in their high school. The morning school opened, the principal introduced me to the school with a little account of my previous work and "brilliant" record. From that day he was a regular visitor to my class room. He would enter quietly, sit down in the back of the room and listen, but without the attitude of a critic. It was the attitude of one so interested in the work and the pupils that he had to be where they were at work. One day in the early part of the year, a boy showed signs of arguing with me, not for the sake of gaining knowledge but for the sake of gaining his point. Before I realized that the pupil was bordering upon impudence the principal, who was present, had "jacked" him out of the room to his office. After a severe lecture the boy returned in tears. The effect of the incident was as great on me as on the boy and on the class. I was inspired with confidence, with the realization that there was a stronger hand than mine near by to help. I was also quicker to recognize budding impudence. This principal, who did more for me than any other, had a system of talking over school affairs with his school which proved most salutary. He would bring before the school in talks the standing of different members of the school with commendations for the good and diligent pupils and encouragement for those who were improving as well as severe censure for the idle. His power lay largely in the fact that he was not afraid of public opinion and was as severe with the son of the richest and most influential man in town as with the son of any one else. One year he "pitched"

a whole grade with the exception of one pupil because, as he expressed it, they "played the year through and thought they would pass in spite of it." He never had to repeat that. The result was electrical. The children talked over their lessons on the street as other children talked about parties. And this was in one of the warmest Southern states where people live for fun and pleasure.

The next year, to be nearer my home, I resigned from this school, where I had been re-elected, and went to teach in a new town built up by a railroad and coal mines. The population was the roughest with which I had ever had to deal. There were thirty-six undisciplined boys in my room. To the first symptom of insubordination I called a halt. Nearly every day I talked to the school about the necessity of pupils and teacher working together. I showed them what an injury one unruly pupil could do the rest of the school, and how for that reason I would have to get rid of the unruly pupil. The principal was rather lax in discipline himself but a man who stood by me when I took a firm stand. This I did from the first, and not only made the pupils understand but also made the principal understand that I was to have perfect order and obedience at any cost. It is needless to say that all was smooth sailing after that. My thirty-six boys were like thirty-six soldiers keeping step.

I taught one more year in another high school with the same result, then it was with more than ordinary regret that I gave up teaching for a higher calling.

The sum of the whole matter is this, that I left Farmville and went to teach with no conception of what discipline in a public school should be. I was full of theories which I could not put into practice until I had order in my school room. I have since found that discipline is the easiest thing in the world to obtain because the sum of the whole matter is to nip in the bud the first symptom of insubordination and force principal and trustees to stand by you in expelling any

pupil who persists in it, or resign yourself. It is not often necessary, when you are fully determined on this course, to actually expel any one, because, remember, it is with the first symptoms that you make the pupils, principal, and trustees feel what you will do. If you should have to resign it is better to do that and starve or take in washing than sacrifice your self-respect by dealing with a band of hoodlums whom you injure instead of help.

If the critic teachers at Farmville had stood by me and had made the children in the model school realize that they had to give me obedience, and had they even given me a little flattery to the children it would have helped. If I had always been openly frank about the disorder from the first, it would have helped. It is best to tell some one; it makes you realize how bad it is before it gets beyond you. The principal especially should know it. Don't fear a principal. You can force him to stand by you always, and he is usually glad to do it.

I have found that self conceit is an essential quality to a teacher. If you haven't it, cultivate it. Another essential is talkativeness. Fill in all the pauses in the work with your own talk about anything to keep the pupils from filling them with their talk. In that way they get your personality and do not look on you as a machine for grinding out Latin, algebra, or history.

If this dissertation, which has been stewing in my brain for some time, is of any service to any other girl who feels that as a teacher she is a failure, I will feel repaid for some of my own struggles and failures.

ALUMNA.

## Farmville

It is a place of quiet streets  
That climb the hills, and then slip down,  
In country roads that lead from town  
To open fields and woodland sweets.

The houses do not crowd for room,  
Or show a narrow, meager face,  
But each with dignity and grace,  
Stands in its garden now abloom.

Its people fine of heart and mind,  
Once known and loved, are ne'er forgot,  
God grant them each a happy lot!  
Would all the world were half so kind!

And many pleasant days I knew  
Where others now work happily.  
Ah! may some memory of me  
Still linger fondly with a few.

J. J., '10

---

## A Winter Romance



EVYN had found the forest-enclosed lake as he tramped on his survey of the territory. The ice was thick and smooth and it seemed to invite him to test it. The next day he deserted his assistants and set out for the frozen lake.

He was kneeling on the bank fastening his skates when he heard light footfalls. He looked up.

A girl was coming down the path, swinging skates over her shoulder. She wore a bright red skirt with a



jaunty fur jacket. On her head was perched a cap of something soft and fleecy.

The girl did not seem to see Nevyn as she came down to the edge of the lake to adjust the skates to her russet shoes. For an instant she poised on the edge of the ice like a bird. Then suddenly she flashed toward him with fur-gloved hands outstretched. He dodged her embrace, and as she glided past she uttered a soft, rippling laugh.

Then followed the most startling experience in Nevyn's career. For half an hour he was chased around the lake by this girl of the fairy form and bright blue eyes. Not a word did she utter, but now and then that delicious laugh broke out as her finger tips brushed his sleeve.

Nevyn, puzzled beyond measure, doubled and turned and found difficulty in evading the grasp of her hands.

There was no sound in the forest save the ring of their skates.

All at once, when Nevyn had again slipped through her little fingers, the girl stopped and pressed her hands over her heart.

"It isn't fair," she pouted. "You have the advantage. If I had not been handicapped I would have caught you long ago."

Nevyn Remington caught his breath.

Again she spoke, "Don't tease, won't you speak? Your silence makes me afraid." Her head was bent in that listening attitude and her eyes were turned toward the young man with pitiful eagerness.

"I wonder if you are not mistaken," began Nevyn gently, when the sound of his voice startled her into a terror that carried her swiftly to the other side of the lake.

"Oh, who is it? Where is Clarence?" she wailed.

"I am Nevyn Remington," said the owner of that name apologetically. "I am in charge of a surveying party and I took the liberty of a quiet skate on this pond. Here is my card if you will look at it," said Nevyn tugging at his breast pocket.

"Oh, I couldn't read it; I am blind," she said simply.

"Blind! Good heavens, how could I guess that?" gasped Nevyn. "Why, if I had known that I might have saved you all this trouble. Pardon me, but it does not seem possible."

"It is only too true," replied the girl pathetically. Then, as if his own quiet tones had reassured her, she continued. "I was not born blind. I could see as well as anybody until a year ago, when one day I fell through the ice in this lake and contracted a form of rheumatism that the physicians say caused the loss of my sight."

A clear whistle sounded, and following a crash of frozen boughs a boy of sixteen came bounding toward them. "Oh, there you are, Eleanor! Are you all right?" he called anxiously.

"Yes," she said severely. "Where have you been, Clarence Moorman?"

Before he could answer, without warning, the ice upon which she stood separated and let her down into the icy waters of the dark lake.

It was Nevyn Remington who rescued her. Eleanor lost consciousness at once, and her brother gave her into Remington's stronger grasp while he tried to fight for life. In the end it was Remington who saved them both. Afterwards he never could tell how it happened that he lay panting on the surface with the unconscious form of the girl beside him, while Clarence puffed and sobbed over his sister.

Then Remington produced the emergency flask that he always carried on these surveying trips and trickled a few drops between the pale lips. Then they carried her home on a litter improvised from Nevyn's heavy overcoat. A short walk soon brought them to the extensive lawns of the Moorman estate.

It was three days before either of the trio stirred from bed. Eleanor had once more fallen victim to the dreadful rheumatism. The white-capped nurse who presided over the sick rooms of the motherless household worked diligently and tenderly.

At last came the day for Nevyn Remington to take his departure and for the surveyors to break camp.

Squire Moorman invited him into the library to say farewell to Eleanor, who was now sitting up. At her feet sat Clarence.

"Here is your rescuer, Eleanor," said her father. "Mr. Remington is leaving us now, and perhaps you had better tell him the good news."

Eleanor turned her pretty head slowly toward Nevyn Remington, and her large blue eyes met his with a different expression in their depths. Slowly they studied his face and, conscious that she was betraying her pleasure in his exceedingly good looks, Eleanor blushed and turned her head away, but her hand remained in his.

"She can see!" uttered Nevyn, while Squire Moorman chuckled assent, and his little son bounded to Nevyn's side crying, "It was the shock of the icy water. The doctor says it can cure rheumatism all right, but he says sis shall never skate any more."

\* \* \*

Two years passed and on the edge of the icy lake stood Nevyn Remington and upon his arm was his beloved wife, Eleanor.

"I don't care if I can not skate any more," smiled Eleanor radiantly. "I shall always love this lake. If it hadn't taken away my sight I would not have known the blessedness of its restoration."

"I love it too," asserted Nevyn, clasping her in his arms, "because it gave me you."

MERTIE EDITH McDONALD, '11.



### **Hortae Aeternales**

When some deep, deep, unutterable sense of loneliness  
Sweeps like a storm-cloud o'er my troubled soul,  
When the dark waters of Eternity ever and ever nearer  
    seem to roll,  
Bearing me onward, onward to an unknown goal,  
When the strong sense of Life's and Death's unfathom-  
    able mystery  
Chills, awes, oppresses, links me to the worlds of old,  
Then, thrilling, shrilling, like a silver clarion's peal,  
Comes thy voice, strong Saviour, saying, "'Peace, be  
    still.'  
Turn, turn ye to the Stronghold, old,  
From out thy prisoned spirit's chill,  
In Me the unfathomed mysteries of Life and Death  
    unfold,  
My glory shall the lonely silence fill.  
Hope! those who love Me fear no ill,  
Am I not Alpha and Omega still."

JANIE C. SLAUGHTER.

## Sketches

### THE BOY WHO WAS NOT LIKE OTHER CHILDREN

Willie entered my grade with the reputation of being one of the worst boys in school. His face showed the marks of hardness and indifference. His body and mind had been prematurely stunted by the smoking of cigarettes. He loved to tease the other children, yet he was so sly about it that I could very seldom catch him. He would play "hookey" whenever he got a chance. In vain I had tried to appeal to him. Apparently his nature was an utterly unresponsive one.

One afternoon the principal asked me to get for him a list of the names of the parents. Scarcely had I begun taking the parents' names when I saw Willie's head go down on his desk and heard loud sobs. I went down to his desk, put my arm around him, and tried to find out the trouble. Finally between sobs he said, "I am not like other children. I have no father or mother."

That little incident gave me a keener insight into this boy's nature than anything that had happened before. From that day I had no more trouble with Willie. Although he is no longer in my grade, I never pass him on the street or in the school grounds without receiving a smile that means wonders to one who at last understands.

ALUMNA.

In my work with younger teachers, I find myself constantly quoting Mr. Cunningham. He excelled in homely illustration. I have had good teachers before and since, but not one whose instruction has remained firm in my mind, driven home by some simple truth.

"What does the verb *inter-esse* mean?" he suddenly asked one day. "You are all in Miss Minnie Rice's Latin class, aren't you? What does *inter-esse* mean? Well, Miss —, you say *esse* means *to be*. Thank you, Miss —, that is a concise statement of the truth; and

*inter* means *in it*: *inter sum*=I am in it; *inter es*=thou art in it; *inter est*=he is in it. *Interest! he is in it!* Then, when you say a boy is interested, you mean *he is in it*. Exactly! See?"

ALUMNA.

### TEACHING IN THE COUNTRY

She was a tiny teacher, teaching far away from town,  
A high school room she managed, and she had her ups  
and downs.

The building uncompleted, in a cabin first she taught,  
With cracks unchinked, with doors unlocked, and win-  
dows yet unbought.

In truth I am not joking, there was not a window pane,  
So the girls raised their umbrellas, to protect themselves  
from rain.

To get the pupils seated was a question of debate;  
She had just eighteen pupils for this room of ten by  
eight.

I think she proved a genius to get them packed in space;  
And yet have room to put her chair within the fireplace.  
One high school room was finished, so she hurriedly  
moved in;

Still the teaching was a problem, with the workmen's  
noisy din.

She used some Normal methods and they thought her  
mind unsound,

One man sent her the message, that he knew the "airth  
*wa'n't* rount!"

The school was in the country, farmers lived on every  
side,

So ten grown boys entered just before the Christmas  
tide.

The tiny little teacher thought them visitors, and then  
Said, "Charlie, can you tell me who they are, those great  
big men?"

And Charlie whispered softly, "They are pupils, don't  
you know?"

Just boys over grown, you will have to call them so."

One day when Charles and Herman went to get some  
kindling wood  
They made more noise in leaving than the teacher  
thought they should;  
So she motioned them to silence with the sign of finger  
tips,  
And laid with great precision, just one finger on her  
lips.  
One pupil saw her do it, and jokingly he said,  
"The teacher threw a kiss to them, and threw it o'er  
my head."  
This boy was a problem, when she smiled he minded  
best,  
So she smiled on all occasions even when she gave a test.  
When spring came on, the boys stopped to plough the  
fields and hoe,  
The girls and she are keeping on, now guess you how  
they go!

ONE OF THE THREE ELIZABETHS, '11.

# THE FOCUS

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Published monthly during the school year by the Students' Association of The State Female Normal School, Farmville, Virginia. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year.

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Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Farmville, Virginia.

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To L. O. A.

As oft as friends to us have kindness shown,  
 With hearts sincere, we've valued what they've done.  
 Appreciation is a great thing won,—  
 But greater far the act of having sown  
 The seed from which this greatness might have grown.  
 It is as 'twere the rays of glorious sun  
 Compared with moonbeams—pale, and cold and wan,  
 Or as the banjo to the viol's tone.  
 'Tis thus of you, who since our early days  
 Have done so much to make us what we are.  
 And 'tis our hope that others may be brought  
 Within your influence,—and so may win  
 A glimpse of your just nature true and rare,  
 And like us, cherish it in after thought.

R. J. M.

It is a source of sincere regret to the State Normal School that Miss Lula O. Andrews has resigned her position as head of the English Department. Miss Andrews came to the school in 1898 as music teacher and assistant in English. Since then the school and the organizations in school have grown to depend on her for guidance, help, and counsel.

Her influence in the school and town and State is strong and lasting. The success of our State Normal League is greatly due to her skillful steering of its finances.

When Miss Andrews took the chair of the committee on finances in 1901 the capital was \$43.50; it is now \$4,000. She labored faithfully and to much purpose as chairman of the Devotional Committee of the Y. W. C. A. up to the coming of our Y. W. C. A. secretary, Miss Richardson, last year. Since then Miss Andrews has served as chairman of the Advisory Board of the Y. W. C. A. She has also served at different times as chairman on the faculty committees on schedules for recitation, course of study, and the annual.

The school magazine especially owes Miss Andrews a debt of gratitude, for until this year she was a member of the Faculty Committee on THE FOCUS. When THE FOCUS was inaugurated Miss Andrews took a leading part in shaping its policy and directed its literary work during its first year.

It is largely Miss Andrews' work in the school and for the press that has put the State Normal School at Farmville at the head of all schools of its kind in the State and among the leading normal schools of the South.

Miss Andrews has for many years taught a large Sunday school class at the Methodist Church, and is at present the organist and director of the choir of that church.

Still her work has not been confined to the school or the town. She has taught at the University of Virginia every summer for several years, during the summer sessions. Her influence through out the state has been strongly felt, both directly and indirectly: directly from her frequent correspondence with the Richmond Times-Dispatch, her contributions to the Virginia Journal of Education, and her connection with the teachers' institutes and conventions; indirectly through the effect her life and teaching has had on the life and teaching of her pupils who are now scattered all over Virginia. For not even the dullest, most unresponsive student could sit long under Miss Andrews' teaching without some stirrings of a desire to reach for the things that are really worth while; while to many Miss



Andrews' own ideals, her sympathy, and her words have been an inspiration that shall last all their lives.

Though Miss Andrews leaves our school and state, yet her influence will live on in the lives of those with whom she has come in contact.

“Our echoes roll from soul to soul  
And grow forever and forever.”

It is with real sorrow that we part with Miss Andrews and we sincerely hope she may have a happy and successful life.

### ALUMNAE

It had been our desire to secure short biographical sketches of the “Old Girls” for the June publication. As our alumnae list numbers over a thousand and as mention of all these would take too much space it was decided that we should write to the five-year classes beginning with the first, that of '85, and continuing through the classes of '90, '95, '00, '05, and '10. This was done. Of the large number of letters sent out only a small percentage were answered. On this account our class histories are somewhat incomplete. To those who did respond to our request we take this occasion to heartily express our thanks. They have given another proof of their value as alumnae. We feel sure that could the great number of silent alumnae have appreciated our eagerness for news of them, and the daily anxiety with which we watched the mails for more letters, they would have made a greater effort to comply with our request. This material has been used by THE FOCUS under the heading Biographies of Alumnae. It will also be kept by the President among the school records.

To those who contributed literary material to this number we are especially indebted. We realize that at this time, when school duties press most heavily, to take the time and care to write an essay or story, is an

expression of strong personal friendship for THE FOCUS and of sincere love for the school. You have our warm appreciation and wishes for your continued co-operation.

With this number we, The Staff, lay down our editorial duties until vacation days are past. But before we do, we wish to urge you to help us in the coming fall months by using a few of your spare moments this summer in writing a good story, an essay, a clever sketch, or perhaps a poem, if you are so inspired. We may seem selfish in our request, at first, but the magazine is published for you and it is for your good. Do you realize that *you* are the one who is, after all, receiving the benefit of your writing. Self expression in *writing* leads toward making your thoughts clearer and more attractive, and its benefits are invaluable. Do not let the opportunity for helping yourself as well as others pass unheeded as the long summer days slip by!





BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF GRADUATES BY CLASSES  
 FOR THE YEARS 1885, 1890, 1895, 1900, 1905, 1910:  
 GIVING PERMANENT (Per.) AND PRESENT (Pres.)  
 ADDRESS OF ALUMNAE; POSITIONS (P) HELD SINCE  
 GRADUATION; OTHER SCHOOLS (S) ATTENDED; IN-  
 TERESTING INFORMATION (I); WORK (W) DONE  
 OTHER THAN TEACHING, ETC.

*Class 1885*

Blanton, Annie, Mrs. Barrett.

Duncan, Lulu, Mrs. Moir; letter to Kinston, N. C., not returned.

Phillips, Lula O., (Per.) 524 N. 4th St., Richmond, Va.  
 (P) Teacher in Richmond High and Normal School; Shenandoah College, Reliance, Va.; Bentonville High School. (S) Summer school University of Virginia, and other special courses as opportunity offered. (I) "I have spent several summers in travel through the North and West, going as far as San Francisco and Los Angeles; two summers in eastern Canada, visiting Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec and other places of interest." (W) "I have taught all the time but have given much time to Christian and temperance work. I have had responsible positions in those lines and have delivered addresses and assisted in editing departments in large religious papers. (As I am not sure this is what you want I will not particularize.)"

*Class 1890*

Campbell, Minnie, Mrs. Nathan Eller, Lynchburg, Va.  
 Campbell, Mary, teaching, Charlestown, W. Va.

Edwards, Clara E., (Per.) South Boston, Va. (P) Principal graded school in Halifax, Va.; now in South Boston graded school. (S) Several summers at summer school of University of Virginia and at Staunton summer school. (I) Married in 1907 to W. K. Ballou, merchant of South Boston, Va.

Eubank, Mamie, (Per.) Hampton, Va. (P) Taught in country public schools '90-'94; substitute assistant in mathematics State Female Normal School, Farmville, Va., '95; instructor in Summer Normal, Farmville, Va., '96; taught 3 years since marriage in country schools. (I) Married Oct. 8, 1896, to J. B. Sinclair; mother of three daughters and one son.

McIllwaine, Anne, Mrs. Wm. Dunn, Clifton Forge, Va.

Noble, Maud, Mrs. Ewell Morgan, Buckingham, Va.

Vaden, Sallie, (Per.) Cambridge, Md. (P) Teacher public schools, Norfolk County, Va., '90-'92. (I) Married Oct. 25, 1893, to Geo. W. Wray, Methodist minister of the Virginia Annual Conference; lived in the following cities: Berkeley, Manchester, Farmville, Newport News, Norfolk, Hampton, and Cambridge, Md. "I have one child, a boy sixteen years of age. Were he a girl I should certainly send him to the S. N. S. in Farmville. I find my Normal training of great help to me in my church work. For many years I have had charge of the primary departments in the Sunday schools of my husband's churches and attribute my success in this work to my training in the Normal School."

Binswanger, Blanche, Mrs. Lewis Rosendorf, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

Bottigheimer, Hortense, (Per. and Pres.) 2517 Kensington Ave., Richmond, Va. (P) Primary and

grammar grades, supervising teacher, Elba Public School, Richmond, Va. (I) Married March 8, 1905, to Jerome H. Jonessoff, Richmond, Va.; travelled South, North, and Central West.

Coulling, Eloise, teaching, Woodlawn, Va.

Richardson, Louise, Mrs. James White, 414 N. 10th St., Richmond, Va.

Snapp, Maud, (Per. and Pres.) Dayton, Va. (P) First assistant, Lacy Spring Public School; first assistant in Woodstock Public School; substitute teacher public school, Winchester, Va. (I) Married, in 1895, Chas. Funkhouser, who is now secretary and treasurer of Shenandoah Collegiate Institute, Dayton, Va. "I have found my training at Farmville very helpful in training my children, four girls and one boy."

*February and June Classes, 1895*

Armistead, Ellen, Mrs. Guerrant. Since the death of her husband has lived in Farmville. She has two children, both in the training school.

Boyd, Carrie Bryant, Nelson Co., Va.

Davis, Eulalie, Mrs. Woodson, Richmond, Va.

Ferebee, Mary, (Per. and Pres.) Lynnhaven, Va. (P) Two terms in Norfolk county schools. (I) Married L. F. Old. Three children, two boys and a girl. In bad health and has recently suffered a very severe fall.

Godwin, Mary Hopkins, (Per. and Pres.) Fincastle, Va. (P) Teacher in Botetourt County schools; high school, Fincastle, Va; Principal of Fincastle Graded and High School. (S) Summer school, University of Virginia; special work under Dr. Kent and in Latin at University of Virginia; Latin and French Chautauqua summer school, Chautauqua, N. Y. (I) "Since 1906 I have lived quietly at home, having broken down in the school room. This year I have been substitute teacher in our graded and high school and next year I will again resume regular work, teaching the seventh grade and assisting with high school classes." (W) "Besides teaching I have done such work as comes to the hands

of any house-mother in a quiet little country town, with church work, civic improvement, and U. D. C. for variety."

Ivy, Mrs. Sallie B., 144 E. Redgate Ave., Norfolk, Va. Form returned by her sister, who said Mrs. Ivy could contribute no information.

Jayne, Mattie, (Per.) Cappaosic, Va. (Pres.) 1213 Euclid St. N. W., Washington, D. C. (P) Public schools Gloucester County, Va.; teaching in Washington, D. C., for past eight years.

Marable, Sudee, (Per. and Pres.) Holcomb Rock, Va. (P) Byrdville School, Pittsylvania County, 1895; Fourth Ward High School, Danville, Va., 1896-1901. (I) Married E. F. Seales, Jr., June 1901; and has since lived in Danville, Va. (W) "I have done little other work since my marriage than that required of a good housekeeper and homemaker."

Osbourne, Tempe.

Ratcliffe, Mary Beverley, Mrs. Richard Chenery, (Per.) Ashland, Va. (P) Henrico Public Schools, '95; Nelson County Public School, '96; private school Boteourt County, '97-01; private school, Fort Spring, West Va., '02. (S) "I have attended no other schools but the "School of Experience" as the mother of four of the darlinest of children (Will Miss Stone and Miss Vicker excuse hyperbole) ranging in age from 8 years to 21 months, Annie F., Mary, Richard L. and James H." (I) "As to travel, I have been to New York once, Baltimore twice, and West Va. once in all these 10 years. (W) I have striven to hold my membership in the Woman's Literary Club, the Music Club, and School Improvement League of our town. Beyond these outside interests I have been wife, mother, homekeeper, cook, nurse, seamstress, and so forth, though I keep two servants. Not a week passes I am sure that some word of dear Mr. Cunningham or some counsel of Mrs. Morrison does not come to help and brighten this work as they did my teaching."

Thrift, Susie, (Per. and Pres.) Wicomico Church, Northumberland County, Va. (P) Public School, Old-

hams, Va., '96; Lively, Va., '96-'98; Rehoboth Church, '99; Wicomico Church, '99-'01; Principal Heathsville Graded School, '02; fifth grade teacher at Big Stone Gap, '02-'06; Wicomico Church, '97. (I) Since the death of her mother in 1907 she has lived at home.

Wolf, Bessie, (Per.) Glendolen, Pa., (Pres.) Escuela, Arizona. (P) Glendolen Public School, Pa., '97-'01; Indian Training School, Tucson, Arizona, '01-'12; Mission work under Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. (S) Summer school, University of Pennsylvania; Bible Institute, Los Angeles, Cal. (I) "My work here on the mission field, as a missionary to two tribes of Indians, Pimas and Papagoes, is very comprehensive. I have to be equal to any occasion, closing school often to nurse in sickness. Work among these people is fascinating, and I wish some of the graduates of the Normal would feel called to enter this field of service. Good teachers are needed among our white people as well as among our Indians."

Burton, Kate, (Per.) 2710 Rivermont Ave., Lynchburg, Va. (I) Married December, 1895, to Frederick B. Glenn.

Hooper, Mary (Mrs. Bernard McClaugherty, Bluefield, West Va.)

Badger, Helen, (Per. and Pres.) 1910 W. 22nd St., Philadelphia, Pa. (P) Taught two years in Massachusetts, two in Maine, one in Virginia. Stenographer in advertising department of large department store in Va. Since 1905, stenographer and bookkeeper in the office of A. P. Little, typewriter ribbon and carbon paper manufacturer. (S) Course in stenography with the International Correspondence School. (W) "Teachers are born, not made." I was not born under that star and consequently quit the profession and took up stenography, which has proven much more agreeable to me.

Bondurant, Georgia, Graham, Va.

Brimmer, Rose, Danville, Va.

Conway, Daisy, Mrs. H. L. Price, Blacksburg, Va.



Galloway, Lizzie, teaching, Lynchburg.

Gray, Maud, Mrs. O'Neal, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Littlepage, Carrie, Emporia, Va.

O'Brien, Clara, Manchester, Va. (P) Primary teacher in South Richmond, '95-'12.

Raney, Sue, (Per.) Lawrenceville, Va. (P) Teacher in Lawrenceville Graded School, '95-'97. (I) Married April 15, 1901, to Shelton Hardaway Short. Two children, boy age 14 and girl age 12. "Each year we try to take a trip somewhere; last year with my husband and children visited places of interest in Washington. We've also been to Boston and Cambridge, where I saw the homes of Longfellow and Lowell—Lexington and Concord, which are filled with places of historical interest as well as being the homes of our prominent poets. The only place I want to go next year will be to Farmville, where I hope to see many of my class and other school mates. Then we can tell each other all about ourselves."

Stone, Kate, Lynchburg, Va.

Stubbs, Linwood, Wood's Cross Roads, Va.

Wicker, Nellie, Columbia Hospital, Pittsburg, Pa.; trained nurse.

Wooten, Agnes, (Per.) Farmville, Va. (P) Taught six years in Public School of Prince Edward county, and three years in Bristol, Va., IV Grades. (I) Married June, 1904, to Dr. James Porter Spencer, of Farmville, Va.

Bullard, Irene, M. D. Letters to Birmingham, Ala., not returned.

Davis, Mary. Letters to Madenburg not returned. Teaching near Norfolk.

Fulks, Susie, Mrs. Edwin Williams, St. Louis, Mo. (?)

Ford, Ella. Letters to New York returned.

Hardy, Pearle, (Per. and Pres.) Blackstone, Va. (P) Kienal School of Nottoway county, Va. Now in Blackstone High School. (S) University of Virginia Summer School.

Hathaway, Virginia, teaching, White Stone, Lancaster county, Va,

Nulton, Bessie, 905 Delaware Ave., Wilmington, Del. (I) Married J. B. Noffman.

Parlett, Mattie. Letters to 28 York Place, Norfolk, Va., not returned.

Trent, Adelaide. Letters to Moss Point, Miss., returned, saying she had left there 3 years ago.

Winfree, E. G., (Per.) 108 S. 3rd Street, Richmond, Va. (Pres.) Big Stone Gap, Va. (P) Principal Graded School, Augusta county, 2 years. Principal of Graded School, Chester, Va., 1 year. First Assistant in Highland Park High School 4 years. First Assistant Big Stone Gap. (S) Richmond College. (I) The most interesting trip I have taken was an extended tour of Canada beginning with Niagara Falls. What interested me most were the Thousand Isles and the Church of St. Anne De Beaupre. (W) My entire time has been devoted to teaching except for the two years I spent in recuperating my health.

(Our information concerning the following classes is so incomplete, that no attempt has been made to mention any girls except those we hold letters from; consequently the names of a large percentage of these classes have been omitted. These may be secured from the school catalogue.)

*Class February and June, 1900*

Goode, Margaret, (Per.) Columbia University, New York, or Skipwith, Va. (Pres.) 410 W. 115th St., New York. (P) Teacher High School, Hopkinsville, Ky., Ocala, Fla., Williamson, W. Va., Wilmington, N. C., and Chatham Episcopal Institute, Chatham, Va. (S) Peabody College for Teachers and University of Nashville, Nashville, Tenn., '03, '04. Summer session at University of Virginia, '02. (I) Married September, 1910, to William Cabler Moon, Professor of Chemistry, Columbia University, N. Y. "I am very much occupied at present in the care of my six months' old daughter."

Holland, Kellogg, teaching, Martinsville, Va.

Johns, Martha Frances, (Per.) Farmville, Va. (P) Taught until past two years, since then she has been at her home in Farmville, Va.

Watkins, Elizabeth, (Per. and Pres.) 19 Hope Street, Hampton, Va. (P) Taught in Hampton Public School four and one-half years. (I) Married Henry R. Houston.

Howard, Ida, (Per.) Floral City, Fla. (P) Pulaski Public Schools, Assistant Teacher of History S. F. N. S. (S) Teachers' College, Columbia University, N. Y. (I) Married June, 1908, to J. H. Chiles.

Chilton, Laura, (Per.) St. Joseph's, Mo. (I) Married in October, 1907, to Harry Nichols.

Clements, Noma, (Per.) 1150 27th St., Newport News, Va. (P) Public School, Urbanna, Va., '01. Public School, Little Bethel, Va., '02, '03. (I) Married in 1904 to C. W. Spencer. Three children, two girls and one boy. "If I should attempt to write you about my work, the sole topic would be my children."

Coleman, Mary Channing, (Per.) South Boston, Va. (Pres.) Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C. (P) Director of Physical Education, Winthrop College. (S) Graduate of Wellesley College, June, 1910.

Cox, Mary Venable, (Per. and Pres.) Farmville, Va. (P) Fairfax Hall, Winchester, Va., '01. Public School in Augusta county, '02. Teacher Manual Training in State Normal School, Farmville, '04-'07. (S) Teachers' College, Columbia University, N. Y., '02-'04. Summer School, Columbia University, '06. (I) Married 1907 to J. Chester Mattoon, Director of Manual Training, State Female Normal School. One child, Helen Mattoon.

Jones, Maud, (Per.) Rosemary, N. C. (P) Taught two years in Va., and two years in Henderson, N. C.. (I) Married June 29, 1904, to William F. Horner, of Rosemary, N. C.

Lancaster, Natalie, (Per.) Harrisonburg Normal School, Harrisonburg, Va. (P) Assistant in Mathematics State Normal School, Farmville, Va., '03-'07. Head Department Mathematics Harrisonburg State Normal school, 1912. (S) Columbia University, '07-'08. Summer session, Columbia University, '00.

Houston, Bruce, (Per.) Jellico, Tenn., care of E. T. C. Co. (Pres.) 924 Oak Ave., Knoxville, Tenn. (P) Public School, Lexington, Va., '00 to '02. (I) Married



June 24, 1902, to William Emory Davis, coal operator, located Jellico, Tenn. "Since my marriage I have edited my fraternity magazine in addition to club work in Jellico and mission work among the miners of our camp. My most important work, however, is the training of my four sons and one daughter."

Miller, Lida Frances, (Per. and Pres.) 25 East Redgate Ave., Norfolk, Va. (P) Primary teacher, Atlantic City School No. 1, Norfolk, Va.

Rice, Bessie, teaching, Emporia, Va.

*Class February and June, 1905*

Abbitt, Eleanor, (Per.) 321 Wash. St., Portsmouth, Va. (P) Primary teacher Western Branch School, Norfolk County, '06, '07; Goldsboro, N. C., '08, Bristol, Tenn., '09, and Portsmouth, Va. (S) University of Virginia, summer session. (I) Married June 21, 1911, to Lewis Thomas. One child, a boy, born March 31, 1912.

Atkinson, Marjorie, (Per.) Midlothian, Va.; (Pres.) Emporia. (P) Primary grade Smithfield High School, Smithfield, Va., '05-'08; primary grade in Greenville County High School, Emporia, Va., '08-'12.

Clemmer, Lennie May, (Per.) Murat, Va.; (Pres.) Fairfield, Va. (P) Palmer Academy, Murat, Va.; Deerfield High School, Deerfield, Va.; Iron Gate Grammar School; Fairfield High School two terms. (S) University of Virginia summer school for two summers, taking special primary work.

Cocke, Maria, (Per.) Bon Air, Va. Teaching in Richmond and spending week ends at home.

Chilton, Susie K., (Per.) Lancaster C. H., Va. (P) Math. in Norfolk County High School, '05-'08; Math. in Lancaster County High School, '08-'12. (S) Summer session at Harvard, '09. (I) Spent an interesting summer visiting Boston and Cambridge and other places. Plan to go to Columbia University, New York, this summer.

Crute, Janie, (Per.) Cameron, S. C. (P) Taught two years in South Carolina. (I) Married Paul Traywick. Several children.

Day, Mary French, (Per.) 521 34th St., Norfolk, Va. (P) Primary teacher in Atlantic City No. 2, Norfolk, Va. (S) Two summers University of Virginia summer school; expect to attend Columbia University during summer. (I) "During winter of '08-'09 I was one of the fortunate five from Norfolk who went abroad to observe educational methods in England and Scotland. We visited all the interesting places in England, southern Scotland, and Ireland, spending the Christmas in Paris. Last summer I enjoyed a water trip from Norfolk to New York, up the Hudson to Buffalo and Niagara, on the lake and down the St. Lawrence, etc."

Davis, Sallie Guy. Taught in Emporia, Va.; now in Scranton, Pa.

Dickey, Edith Leigh, (Per. and Pres.) Covington. (P) Miller Manual Labor School, Albemarle County, '05-'08; since '98 I have been teaching in Covington, Va. (S) Several sessions at summer normals; University of Virginia summer session, '98. (I) During 1910 I had a delightful trip to Philadelphia, New York, Boston. Other places that I have visited are Hot Springs, Luray Caverns, Natural Bridge, Richmond, etc.

Ewell, Mary Ish, (Per.) Ruckersville, Va.; (Pres.) Lovingson, Va. (P) '06-'09, Earleysville High School, Albemarle County; '09-'10, Shipman High School, Nelson County; '10-'11, principal Bailey's Cross Roads Grammar School, Fairfax County, Va.; '11-'12, Lovingson, Nelson County. (S) University of Virginia summer school, 1911.

Hodges, Will Kate, (Pres.) Brookneal, Va. (I) Married Milton L. Booth, a lumber dealer. At present they live on a part of Patrick Henry's estate and are enjoying a taste of pioneer life in a lumber camp in the heart of the woods.

Hurst, Grace, (Per.) Kilmarnock; (Pres.) Middleburg, Loudoun County, Va. (P) Public school, Northumberland County, '06-'09; Norfolk County, '05-'06; principal

Cripple Creek graded school, Wythe County, '09-'11; assistant Middleburg High School, Loudoun County, Va., '11-'12.

James, Elizabeth, (Per.) Scottsville, Va.; (Pres.) Farmville, Va. Primary teacher in Thompson Valley High School, Tazewell County; Barton Heights School and Hamilton High School, Cartersville, Va. (I) Married March 20, 1912, J. Kent Dickenson, of Cartersville, Va.

Lee, Ellen M., (Per.) Gloucester, Va.; (Pres.) 1051 B St., Portsmouth, Va. (P) Public school, Gloucester, Va.; Varina High School, Henrico County, Va.; Cook St. School, Portsmouth, Va.

Lemon, Betsy, (Per.) Rocky Mount, Va. (P) Taught two years in Roanoke County; principal of graded school, Calloway, Va. (I) Married June 24, 1908, to Mr. Chas. J. Davis, cashier Peoples National Bank of Rocky Mt. "I am kept very busy beautifying the new home we have recently moved into. I have a two-year-old son."

Lewis, Carlotta, (Per.) Buchanan, Va.; (Pres.) Covington, Va. (P) Teacher in Covington Graded School. (S) West Virginia Summer School.

Kelley, Hattie; teaching in Covington, Va.

Moore, May Sue, (Pres.) Chester, Va. (P) Franklin High School; Chester High School. (S) Summer school, University of Virginia, '08, taking special courses in drawing, normal training, and nature study. (I) "Married J. J. Beaman. Strange as it may seem, I began drawing my salary as a teacher on the sixth day of the month; my final teaching was done on the sixth; I taught six sessions; and was married on the sixth anniversary of my graduating day; I have a dear little girl just six months old."

Paulette, Alice E. (Pres.) Washington, D. C.; (Per.) 2617 Mozart Place, Washington, D. C. (P) Private school at Emory and Henry College; third and fourth grades, Bristol schools. (I) Married Oct. 19, 1909; one son, Geoffrey Creyke, Jr.

Pierce, Fannie May; teaching, Berkeley, Va.

Richardson, Harriet Elizabeth, (Per.) Farmville, Va.  
(P) Private kindergarten in Suffolk, Va., '07.

*Class February and June, 1910*

Armistead, Julia Travis, (Per. and Pres.) 241 Armistead Ave., Hampton, Va. (P) Fourth grade, Syms-Eaton Academy, Hampton, Va., '10-'12.

Bagby, Gillette Fleet, (Per.) Stevensville, Va. (Pres.) Bowling Green, Va. (P) Charles City county, '11; Principal two room school, Caroline county, Va., '12.

Hall, Estelle, (Per.) 402 N. 33rd St., Richmond, Va. (Pres.) 226 30th St., Newport News, Va. (P) Newport News Public School, '11, '12.

Johnson, Julia, (Per.) 2 Colonial Apartments, Colonial Ave., Norfolk, Va. (P) Second grade in Chapel St. School, Norfolk, Va. (I) "I have taught Italians, Germans, Poles, Syrians, Russians, Hungarians, Swedes, Jews, Norwegians, and Greeks. Some of my Russian Jews knew no word of English. Besides my primary work I am coaching high school students in algebra."

Grandy, Alice. Teaching in Newport News, Va.

Hall, Estelle. Teaching in Newport News, Va.

Jordan, Leona Howe, (Per. and Pres.) Dublin, Va. (P) Marion High School.

Mayo, Maude M. (Per.) Charlottesville. (Pres.) 150 Main St., Berkeley, Va. (P) Assistant Principal Waverly Hill School, '11; Teacher of English, LaFayette High School, Norfolk, Va., '12.

Massie, Mamie L. (Pres.) Belle Haven, Va. (P) Assistant Principal of High School at Harborton, '11; Assistant Principal Belle Haven, Accomac county, Va., '12.

Moorman, Willie, (Per.) Hendricks Store, Va. (Pres.) 1810 Prentis Ave., Portsmouth, Va. (P) Public Schools, Salem, Va., '11; Public Schools, Portsmouth, Va., '12.

Murray, Emma Norman, (Pres.) 825 28th St., Newport News. (P) Newport News Public Schools, '11. (I) "This year I have devoted to rest and travel in Boston and vicinity. While there I did some observing and had the interesting experience of teaching for two days in



the Industrial School for Deformed and Crippled Children, one of Boston's many philanthropical institutions. At one of the educational meetings attended I enjoyed G. Stanley Hall's address to a body of teachers. It was entitled 'New Lights in Education,' and its main thought was greater efficiency as to making all energy and thought used count for the most. He pointed out how this movement had spread through the industrial world, as in the various uses found for the former waste material of petroleum, and now its influence was being felt in education."

Patteson, Annie F. (Per.) Ransome, Va. (P) Principal Graded School, Well Water, Va., '11; Principal Graded School, Roseland, Va., '12. (S) Summer School, Farmville, Va., 1911. (I) "Last winter I stayed in the mountainous section of Nelson county. It was very cold but a good climate for work. I enjoy my mountain climbing in winter and my gardening in summer."

Poole, Susie Eleanor, (Per.) Forest, Bedford County, Va.; (Pres.) Sussex Court House, Va. (P) Assistant Principal Sussex Night School.

Richardson, Maude Katherine, (Per.) South Boston, Va. (I) "I have spent my time since graduating in house-keeping for my father and in visiting relations and classmates."

Reader, Mary Eugenia, (Per.) Lynnhaven, Va. (Pres.) Beaver Dam, Va. (P) Principal Old Church High School, Hanover county, '11. Principal Beaver Dam High School, Hanover county, '12. (I) "Last May I visited New York, going *via* the Old Dominion from Norfolk. I saw not only the things that interest sightseers in the metropolis, but also had the pleasure of seeing some of the schools at work. I then went to Denver *via* Chicago. I enjoyed two months of Denver's delightful climate, visited the Chautauqua at Boulder; went over the Georgetown Loop to Silver Plume, and to the top of Sunrise Peak in the Aerial Railway, and stood in a snow storm on top of Pike's Peak, July 25."

Robertson, Hattie, Jarrett, Va.; Public School, Jarrett, Va., '11, '12.

Saville, Judith, (Per.) Murat, Va. (P) Taught in Carson, Prince George county, Va., '11; Cleveland, Russell county, Va., '12.

Taylor, Catherine, (Per.) South Richmond, Buck Hill. (Pres.) Abingdon, Va. (P) First Grade, Abingdon, Va., '10, '12. (I) "In 1910 I visited Sue Jordan at her home in Dublin and again in Marion where she was teaching. I also visited Catherine Hatcher and Hattie Cobb in Lebanon. The three were classmates of mine."

Turner, Marian, (Per.) Brookland Park, Richmond, Va. (Pres.) Bluefield, W. Va. (P) Public Schools, Bluefield, W. Va., '10-'12.

Thompson, Marjorie Schau, (Per.) Scottsburg, Va. (Pres.) Columbia College, Lake City, Florida. (P) Columbia College, '10-'12. (I) "I spent last summer travelling in Virginia, West Virginia and North Carolina. Everywhere I went I saw Normal School girls. I attended a house party that was unique in that it had been planned when I was a 3rd A at school. It was given by Mary and Cora Brooking at their home in Orange, Va. It was a reunion of old friends. While we had many delightful experiences, our pleasantest times were spent in recounting old experiences that took place in Farmville. The guests at this house party were Mary Savedge, Sarah Johns, Mary Jones, Richie and Caroline McCraw, and Marjorie Thompson."

Walters, Eva Mebane, (Per.) Blanche, N. C. (Pres.) Narrows, Va. (P) Teacher Narrows High School, '10-'12. "Narrows is a very interesting, wide awake mountain town of about 1500 people. Its situation is one of the most beautiful in Virginia, on New River, just where it narrows cutting its way through the Alleghany Mountains."

Walkup, Nancy Wyndham, Gala, Botetourt county, Va. (Pres.) Iron Gate, Va. (P) Iron Gate High School, '10-'12.

Yancey, Martha B. (Pres.) South Boston, Va. (P) Portsmouth Public School, '10. (I) Married in Washington, D.C., January 3, 1911, to S. J. Payton, of Smithfield, N. C.



## LETTERS

(In reply to a request for literary contributions to THE FOCUS.)

1100 Porter Street, Richmond, Va.

My dear Mrs. Maddox—

My loyalty to the Normal School makes me regret that I can not comply with your request and furnish something for the Alumnae number of THE FOCUS.

The story of my teaching life, written out, would seem flat, I think. I can recall no mountain peaks of incident or romance that have reared themselves thereon. I have, furthermore, gained enough from my study of child nature to know that an "appreciation" of the same requires the skill of an artist—the which I have not. Besides, my work for the past year or two has been of such a nature that I've had little time for anything beyond it. Consequently, my imagination, I fear, has grown anaemic and I should hate to inflict upon my old friends of the alumnae any product of my pen.

Wishing you, however all possible success with the June issue of THE FOCUS, I am

Yours very sincerely,

NANNIE RICHARDSON ('00).

Cameron, S. C.

My dear Susie—

I would love the best in the world to help out on that Alumnae number—but if I ever had any ideas worth putting down, they have all evaporated. To tell you the truth, Susie, I never heard anything about that talent of literary ability until you mentioned it in your letter. I am particularly anxious, though, for a copy of that June number. Will you tell the Business Manager to put me on the list, and let me know how much I am due her.

And if my youngest doesn't develop the colic, and if I can possibly find a thought or group of thoughts in my head, I will try to do what I can for my "sister in distress." I know how you feel, for I got to be Editor

of Jokes and Grinds once on the Annual staff, and I was awfully proud of the position until I started on a hunt for the humorous. I soon came to the conclusion that nothing funny had ever happened at that school.

With best wishes, I am

JANIE TRAYWICK ('05).

Norton, Va.

Dear Susie—

When I received your letter I really intended sending you some little contribution to THE FOCUS, but will have to "regret" after all. It seems that my hands were never so full, and a recent siege of whooping cough has just about killed my literary propensities, if such I ever had.

Am still loyal to old S. N. S., however, and will be glad to aid the work at any time I can.

Yours sincerely,

ETHEL COLE OULD ('02).

My dear Mrs. Maddox—

I think I know how to appreciate your position, so the very night I received your letter I sat down and "rhymed off" just a few of my teaching experiences; it is poor, but I am sending it to show that, though rusty, I am willing to do my best for the old FOCUS, especially when you ask me.

Thank you for your letter, also for being asked to contribute something to the Alumnae number. Write again. I enjoy Farmville letters so much.

Yours fondly,

IRMA E. PHILLIPS ('11).

Covington, Va.

My dear Mrs. Maddox—

For several days I have been trying to see my way clear to send some contribution to the Alumnae number of THE FOCUS; however, on account of heavy school work, and almost a nervous breakdown, I shall be unable to do so.

Nothing would bring me more pleasure than to do something for the old school that I love so dearly, and I should certainly make an attempt, although it would be a poor one, were it not for the work that confronts me.

Sincerely yours,

EDITH L. DICKEY ('05).

Sage College,  
Ithaca, N. Y.

My dear Mrs. Maddox—

I am very much afraid I can't write you anything suitable for THE FOCUS, but I shall try at least to write something. If I succeed I will send it about the third or fourth of May. If I find it will not compose, will let you know at that time.

Sincerely yours,

MARY STEPHENS ('09).

518 Monteiro Ave.,  
Richmond, Va.

My dear Mrs. Maddox—

I am really ashamed to confess my inability to write something for THE FOCUS this year, but I assure you it is not an act of disloyalty on my part. This is just the wrong time for me to write anything, for final examinations, Commencement, Patrons' Day, and a play that I'm trying to get up for the Literary Societies must all be crowded into this month in addition to the regular work.

I have tried very hard to make my first year's teaching a success, and just at this time I am putting forth every effort to make the last month the best of them all, so while I shall never falter in my allegiance to my Alma Mater, I can not offer anything but my very best work, which at this time would be impossible.

With very best wishes for THE FOCUS, I am

Very sincerely yours,

LILLIAN BYRD ('11).

I have not kept in touch of late years with any of my class, so I shall certainly enjoy hearing about them through THE FOCUS. Wishing you all much success in the preparation of this number of the magazine, I am

Sincerely yours,

MAUD S. FUNKHOUSER ('90).

My dear Mrs. Maddox—

I hope the enclosed will give you all the information you desire. There is really very little to tell about myself excepting that I am much in love with Philadelphia, and have an exceptionally nice position.

With very best wishes for the future prosperity of THE FOCUS, I am

Very sincerely yours,

HELEN R. BADGER ('95).

I keep in close, though not frequent, touch with one of my classmates, dear Mary Godwin, who is head of her father's home in Fincastle, Va. As to Tempe, Bes-sie Wolf, Sue Thrift, Sudie Marable, and all the others, I never hear a syllable. Ellen Armistead and her attractive boy spent a day and night with me a year ago, and I do hope some other classmate will come my way soon. But there is one dear girl whose presence is with me daily, who leads me to better and brighter realities, Elvira Kean, who sings with the "choir invisible," the music of whose life lives in each of our lives, I believe.

With best wishes for THE FOCUS, I am,

Sincerely yours,

MARY B. CHENERY ('95).

I am sure no graduate ever went out from the Normal who had greater love for, or interest in, her work than I had in mine. In April, 1907, my mother was taken ill, my school closed in May; during the September of that

year mother died. Since then I have not taught but have been housekeeping.

With wishes for your success in obtaining full histories of the girls, I am,

Cordially yours,

SUSIE E. THRIFT ('95).

My dear Mrs. Maddox—

Your letter of the fourth was given me yesterday by Mr. Glass. It was sent in his care and man-like he had to carry it in his pocket a siege.

Nevertheless I do not think I could have given you any interesting information as I've done absolutely nothing but teach. It's a case of "Men may come and men may go, but I teach on forever."

I do think it would be interesting to have a little history or account of our Lynchburg Chapter of the Alumnae, if you haven't it already. We are doing good work and are the most enthusiastic crowd you could imagine.

I believe though, that our chapter was written up last spring and sent in.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

ELIZABETH GALLOWAY ('95).

My dear Mrs. Maddox—

Indeed I wish I had something interesting to write for THE FOCUS, but mine has been the usual humdrum career of the average teacher. From the fact that most of my work has been done in one place, it has been granted me to see the results of my work, and to reap rewards that many teachers, better and more deserving than I, never receive. For this I am thankful.

I enclose a little anecdote of Mr. Cunningham that I have told privately many times. At your discretion use it.

Wishing you every success, I am,

Very truly yours,

MARY HOPKINS GODWIN ('95).



My dear Susie—

I am a little late in sending in the information concerning myself, but I put the letter aside and forgot all about it. I would like very much to get a copy of the June number of THE FOCUS, and would be so much obliged if you will send me a card telling me the price of it so that I may send you the money. I do not keep up with any of the girls as I should like to do, and for that reason I should be glad to have some information regarding the old girls. Somehow I seem so far away from all the Normal girls since I have been living in North Carolina.

I am hoping to be able to come to Virginia in June.

Affectionately,

MAUD JONES HORNER ('00).

#### PERSONALS

Alverda Osborne, '99, after teaching two years in public schools and four in a private family, has devoted her time to the study of music. For the past three years she has studied at the Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore, Md. Her address, during the summer will be Berryville, Va., R. F. D. No. 2.

Jennie Ewell, class '97, who has recently spent two years in Montana and Colorado, is at present teaching in the Middleburg School, Loudoun County, Va.

Edna S. Pattie, not teaching. Address 50 Garber St., Chambersburg, Pa.

Florence Rawlings, '09, and Belle Dobie are teaching in the Chapel St. School, Norfolk, Va., which is largely made up of foreigners.

Carrie G. Libby is teaching 3rd and 4th grades, Beaver Dam, Va.



Lillian Thompson, '06, has taught two years in Bluefield, W. Va.; one in Pocahontas, Va.; and two in Columbia College, Florida.

Natalie Lancaster, '00, head of the Department of Mathematics, Harrisonburg State Normal, will attend the summer session at Teachers' College, Columbia University.

Jane Masters Tabb, '93, secretary to Dr. Jarman, has recently been visiting in Norfolk, Va.

The following Alumnae are teaching in Roanoke, Va.: Jemima Hurt, '04, Florence Ray Barr, '07, Emma L. Waring, '06, Pauline B. Williamson, '06, Ruth Redd, '10, Beulah Finke, '01, Anne Richardson, '07, Bess Howard, '06, Harriet May Phelps, '02, Mattie Amos, '98, Lucy Stearns, '04, Emma Staples, '10, Lillian Hooke, '01, Mertie McDonald, '11, Thurzetta Thomas, '12, Katherine Cook, '12, Jean Boatwright, '12, Sue D. Adams, '12.

Teaching in Salem, Va., are Eleanor Jamison, '08, Mattie Henderson, '01, Nettie Oakley, '98, Fannie Berkeley, '88, Jessie Finke, '04, and Blanche Johnson, '04.

Blanche Gilbert, '04, is teaching at Catawba, Va.

Isa McKay Compton, '06, is the principal of a large school in Laurel, Miss.

Mary Lou Campbell, '04, (Mrs. J. M. Graham, Max Meadows, Va.) writes that her class is arranging for a class reunion in June. Lucy Chrisman, White Post, Va., is the class secretary and desires letters from all the girls in regard to it.



### 1912 CLASS HONORS

The honor graduates of the class of 1912 are Misses Leta Christian, Thurzetta Thomas, and Irma Price. The first place is shared by Misses Thomas and

Christian, the latter being valedictorian of the graduating class. Miss Price won second honor and will deliver the salutatory on commencement day.

### ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY

The last meeting of the Argus Literary Society was held in the Auditorium May 11. This was of a social nature, and perhaps the numbers were more Argus than usual in nature.

Pearl Matthews gave the history of the Argus Literary Society, Isabelle Moore a piano solo, Ann Conway an original story, Gertrude Keister an original poem, Antoinette Davis a vocal solo, India White a reading, and Elizabeth Hart an original poem. One can hardly tell which number was enjoyed the most. We felt justly proud of our girls.

### RUFFNER DEBATING SOCIETY

The girls who belong to this society should be congratulated on their success in giving "The Obstinate Family." To all appearances they did not find the

interpretation difficult or else they deserve credit for overcoming the difficulties, as they assuredly did.

### Characters

Mr. Harwood, Harford's father-in-law, Nannie Crowder  
 Mrs. Harwood, Harford's mother-in-law . . .  
 . . . . . Elizabeth Chappell  
 Henry Harford . . . . . Maggie Gilliam  
 Jessy Harford . . . . . Mary Wall  
 James, Harford's servant . . . . . Annie Moss  
 Lucy, a servant . . . . . Nannie Hughes  
 Scene—A Villa at Richmond.

### DRAMATIC CLUB

One gets so used to hearing the word last these last days. The last of the Dramatic Club's entertainments far excels anything they have given before. Each character was interpreted in just the right manner, so that the whole was perfection. Frances Graham's Rose was as winning and charming as one could ever imagine "A Rose of Plymouth Town," while Gertrude Keister was a most gallant Weston's man. Captain and Mrs. Standish stepped out of Longfellow's poem we are sure, while we think if Longfellow could have known Maria Bristow as Resolute Story he would have found a place in his poem for her also.

It is said that the villain's part is hardest to play, but Alice Lemmon certainly mastered the part. Belle Spatig as Phillippe and Anne Walker as Miriam Chillinglesley make a pretty pair of Puritan lovers.

### Cast of Characters

Miles Standish . . . . . Captain of Plymouth  
 Ethel Combs  
 Garret Foster . . . . . Of Weston's Men  
 Gertrude Keister  
 John Margesson . . . . . Of the Plymouth Colonists  
 Alice Lemmon  
 Philippe de la Noye . . . . . Of the Plymouth Colonists  
 Belle Spatig

Miriam Chillingsley	. . . . .	Cousin to the Captain Anne Walker
Barbara Standish	. . . . .	Wife to the Captain Sallie Blankenship
Resolute Story	. . . . .	Aunt to the Captain Marie Bristow
Rose de la Noye	. . . . .	Sister to Phillippe Frances Graham

### YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Leta Christian, Lelia Robertson, and Anne Woodroof have been elected to choose delegates for the Blue Ridge Conference in June. The conference instead of being held at Asheville as formerly will be convened at the new conference grounds of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association, located twenty miles north of Asheville.

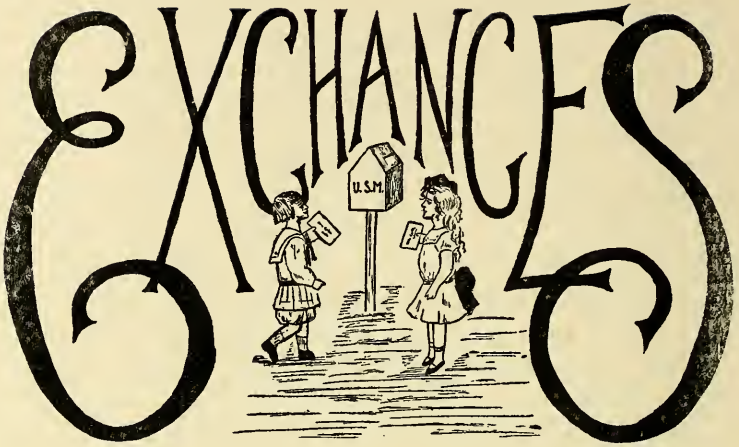
We sent eight representative to the first State Student Volunteer Convention held in Richmond March 20-22.

A Current-events Class, organized a month ago, meets every Wednesday evening after prayers.

Miss Porter, general secretary at Randolph-Macon Woman's College, addressed the Association on May 4.

We had the pleasure of entertaining over Sunday, May 12, Miss Rena Carswell, secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation. We appreciate the opportunity of knowing her and we are glad that the National Board chose ours as one of the three associations in the South for their foreign guest to visit.

We regret that Miss Richardson is going to leave us to be Territorial Secretary of Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania.



Before writing up the exchanges for the last time in this school year, we pause for a moment to say a word to all of the magazines exchanging with *THE FOCUS*. It is indeed with a feeling of reluctance that the exchange editor gives up the job that has been a source of pleasure for the past nine months—a pleasure because it afforded quiet hours of perusal, from cover to cover, of magazines full of youthful, school-day thoughts. Of course the contents were not always up to par. Often the standards were not reached, but before the failures convinced the exchange editor that the certain magazine was not a worthy production—behold the next issue was at hand, rich in quantity and quality, fully compensating for the failures of the previous one.

Now, as a backward glance is taken to view all of the magazines for the nine months past, as a whole, the failures fade into insignificance and only make the heights attained more prominent, and the one final remark seems to be, "Well done."

We look for still better results next year.

The first comment to be made on *The Chisel* is that it is evenly balanced—certainly a desirable quality. "The



Ways of Dan Cupid" is a story deserving mention for its rapid movement and smoothness of expression. It ends rather cleverly. "The Reformation of Remington" is not so good. In the first place it is too childish to hold the attention of those above childhood days. Moreover it has a tendency to drag. Besides, is it natural for children of such age to act as those child characters were made to do? "The Meaning and Aim of Education" is both interesting and instructive.

The poem in *The State Normal Magazine* entitled "Spring" reaches up to the high mark. The author seems to have entered fully into the feeling of spring. Another poem, "In the Garden," is above the ordinary. Especially in the first five or six lines has the author shown considerable skill. The story by the name of "April Fooled" is a mixture of good and bad—the negro dialect being handled well, while the plot is unnatural.

In *The Gold Bug* there are many things worthy of note. The stories are interesting, and the sketch entitled "The Crammer" is a good piece of work. The essay on Charles Dickens is especially appropriate at this time. Somehow we feel that perhaps the school magazines as a whole have not been as interested in the one-hundredth anniversary of Dickens' birth as they might have been. We like the editorials. When we read them we don't feel like we are getting a series of epigrams, but instead, topics of importance, thorough in their treatment. So little verse, however, lowers the tone of the magazine very much. We have heard the suggestion somewhere, that often when poetry can't be inspired it can be "scared up."

*The Furman Echo* greets us with a pleasing little poem of two stanzas called "Entreaty." So musical it is that we have a desire to make a tune for it and sing it. This is followed by "The Forest Monarch's Companion," which appeals to us strongly because it unites the heart of nature with the peculiarly sweet soul of a child. It is so



often the life of the child that influences, more than anything, the lives of older people. And yet they come and pass on all unconscious of how much sweetness they are giving to the world. Is this influence ever anything but good? Does it ever inspire anything but what is highest and noblest and best? No, for there is nothing in all the world purer, sweeter, and nearer heaven than a little child. But to go back to our criticism—almost everything in the magazine might be honorably mentioned, but we feel that the poem "Bill Fawn" stands out more than the rest. It is the kind of poem that makes an optimist of the reader. The style is comparatively simple, but the incident on which the poem is based is one that most students would pass around rather than "pitch into it" with a determination to win out, as the author has done. With what result? Well, there couldn't be but one. Time and space do not permit of a worthy discussion of this piece of work, and so, with our glasses raised high to the author, we pass it on.

This poem comes to us from *Hollins Magazine*:

#### CHILD LIGHT

Oh, thou child of the lovely eyes,  
 And pensive face so wistful-wise,  
 And the fragrant night of thy soft, dark hair,  
 And the tender shadows that linger there—  
 Thou little child—in thy quiet face  
 Lies the half-felt charm of a kindly grace,  
 And the hidden strength of the unknown land,  
 And the gentle mould of the Christ-child's hand.

Oh, thou child, through the long sad years,  
 With their store of sorrows, and hopes and tears,  
 And the change and ruin that time must bring,  
 And the ties of friendship that break, or cling—  
 May thy life be bright  
 As thy own pure soul, with eternal light;  
 And the God who fashioned thee true and fair  
 Leave a dim, strange trace of His wonder there.

ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

We acknowledge with appreciation *The Missile*, *The Southern Collegian*, *The Richmond College Messenger*, and *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine*,



# IT OR MISS

Mr. L-r—What is the first important point on the railroad after leaving Washington?

Pupil—Why—er—Chattanooga.

Why was Ollie Hurt? Because of something Irene Dunn?

If Jennie is a little Earnest Isabelle Moore?

Dr. M-l-l-g-e—What does that wind bring?  
Brightpupil—Air.

Mr. C-o-y—Well, you see, you may cut off tails of sheep from generation to generation, but you never have seen a tail without a sheep.

Mr. Eason—Miss So and So told me about climate for consumptives. Climate isn't good for them. They ought not to have it.

If Elizabeth Falls will Mamie Rohr Tillman comes.

Mr. G.—I've been going around all day like a head with the chicken cut off.

Mother—Don't step on that sweet alyssum, Irvin.

Irvin (a few moments later)—Oh, mamma, I've stepped on your meningitis.

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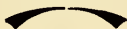
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