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THE  
BATTLEFIELD  
OF  
1975











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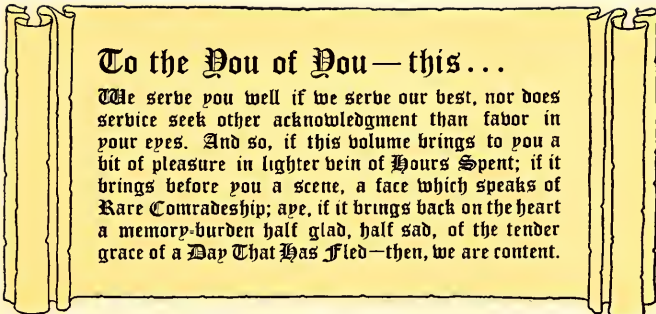
# The Battlefield



State Teachers College  
Fredericksburg, Virginia  
1925

WHITET & SHEPPERSON PRINTERS, RICHMOND VA





## To the You of You—this . . .

We serbe you well if we serbe our best, nor does service seek other acknowledgment than labor in your eyes. And so, if this volume brings to you a bit of pleasure in lighter vein of Hours Spent; if it brings before you a scene, a face which speaks of Rare Comradeship; aye, if it brings back on the heart a memory-burden half glad, half sad, of the tender grace of a Day That Has Fled—then, we are content.



To  
**Bunyan Bates Tyner**  
Academic Dean

whose lovable personality permeates the whole life  
of the college and upon whose wholesome  
counsel individuals and groups  
have leaned most profit-  
ably, this issue  
of

**The**  
**Battlefield**

is affectionately dedicated



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Our College



Monroe Hall, Through Trees

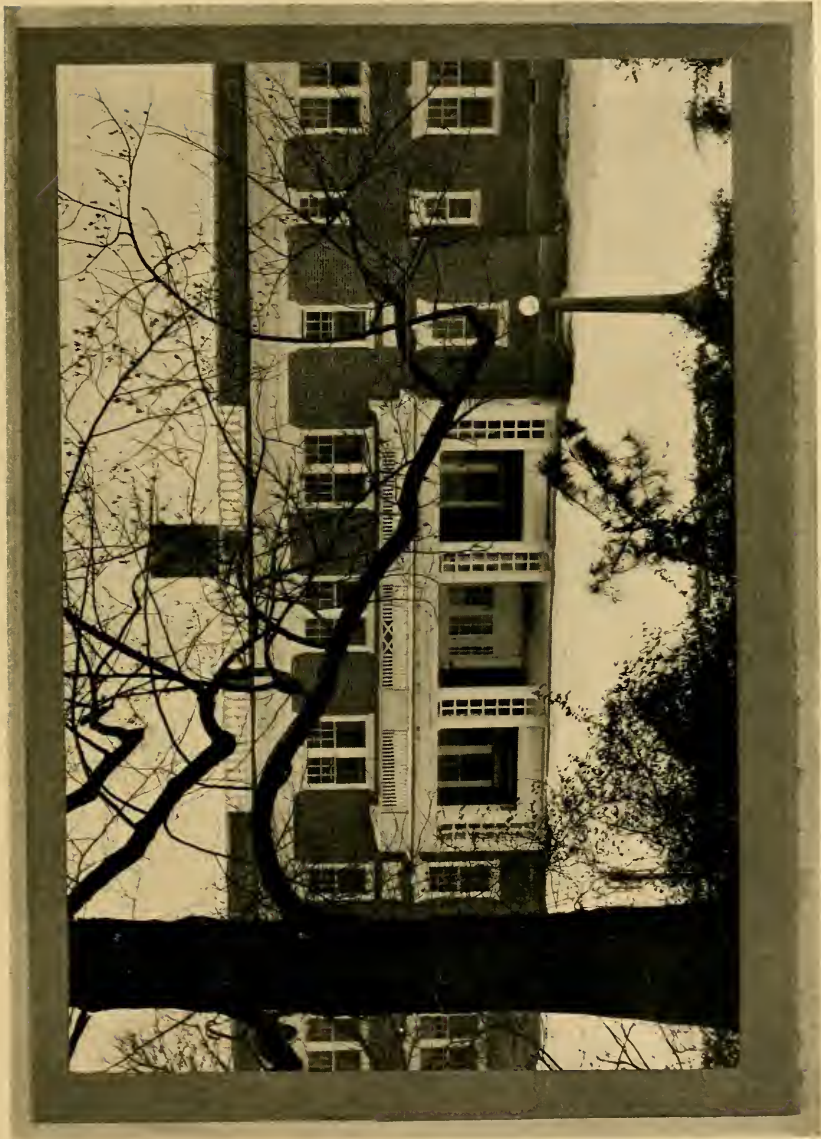


Pillars—Montre Hall



Francis Gaillard Hall





Betty Lewis Hall



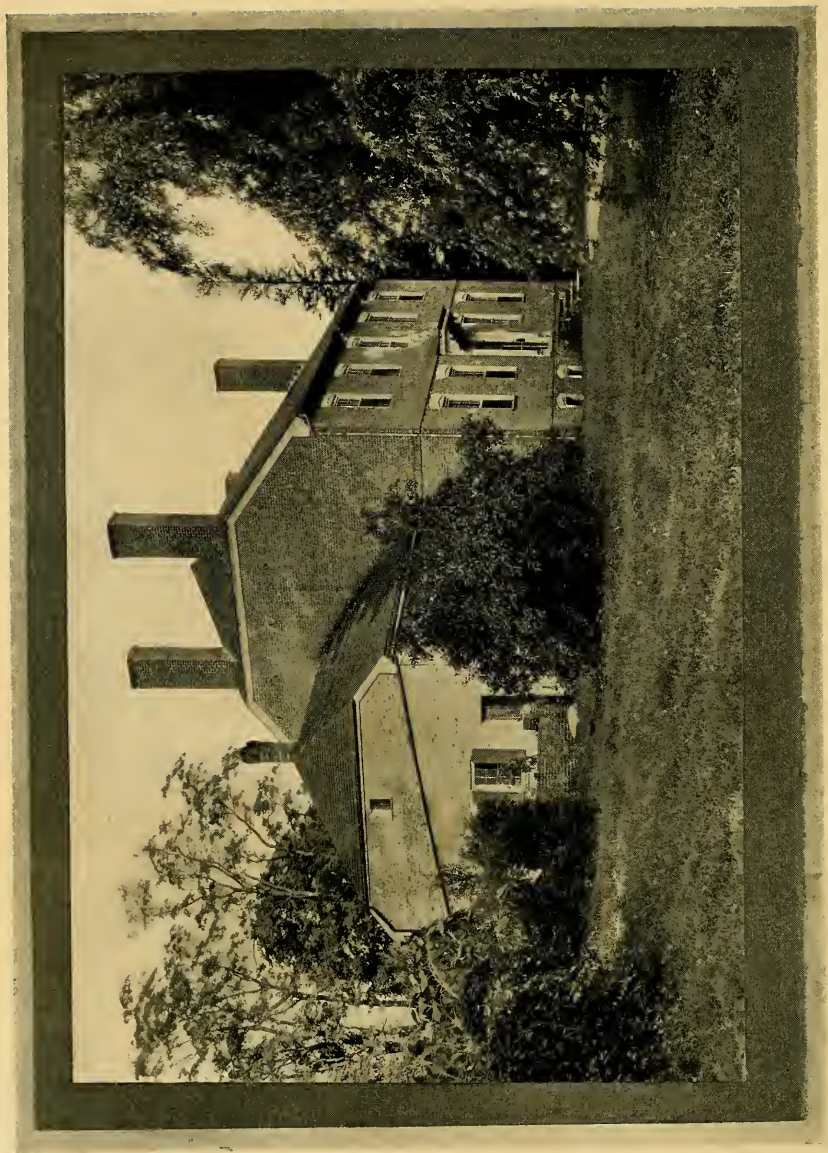
Rising Sun Tavern



Fredericksburg



Mary Washington House



Kenmore

## Trees



*If we could grow as trees grow,  
Unconsciously, quietly;  
If we could but expand and bud and bloom,  
Lift up our souls, take in the sun and air,  
Bend to adversity as trees bend in the wind,  
With no protest save a soft rustling;  
If we could hold the snows of life  
With faith that Spring would come again;  
If we could meet defeat with scarlet challenge,  
Let loose the dead leaves of the past,  
And wait in patience for new life and leaf,  
Then would we not deface God's image,  
But take, serene in faith and patience,  
The very little life may bring to us,  
And lift it, heaven-lit, to the stars!*

—VIRGINIA MUSSELMAN.



A. B. CHANDLER, JR.  
*President*

st. -  
is the  
kind of your  
type Mrs. writes  
gloriously high on  
this column we call  
Mrs. Charles Lake Bushnell.



MRS. CHARLES LAKE BUSHNELL  
Dean of Women

## Faculty



W. N. HAMLET

*Professor Mathematics and Science*

MRS. B. Y. TYNER

*Professor Ancient and Modern Languages*

B. Y. TYNER

*Dean and Professor Education*

DR. W. J. YOUNG

*Professor Social Science*

ABIE LOUISE DAY

*Professor of Education and Social Science*

ETHEL ISABEL SUMMY

*Supervisor High School and Professor Education*

MRS. DALIA L. RUFF

*Dietitian and Assistant Dean of Women*

MRS. J. C. FERNEYHOUGH

*Treasurer and Bookkeeper*

NANNIE MCCLEARY

*Secretary to President*

MOLLY COATES

*Secretary to Dean and Assistant Commercial Department*



THE BATTLEFIELD  NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE



## Faculty



ALICE CURRY

*Professor Commercial Education*

MRS. KATHLEEN BERGER

*Assistant Professor Commercial Education*

EVA TAYLOR EPPES

*Assistant Professor Music*

SALLY H. NORRIS

*Assistant Professor Music*

BESS HUEY

*Assistant Professor Music*

NORA CHURCHILL WILLIS

*Piano Instructor*

HELEN RAINEY

*Librarian*

OLIVE GARRISON

*Professor Fine and Industrial Arts*

MAUDE M. JESSUP

*Assistant Professor Fine and Industrial Arts*

LEAH LEWIS

*Assistant Professor Fine and Industrial Arts*

THE BATTLEFIELD  NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE



## Faculty



LULU DANIEL

*Professor English*

LOUISE BOJÉ

*Assistant Professor English*

MARIA HOLMAN

*Assistant Professor Mathematics and Science*

EMILY HAYES

*Professor Home Economics*

ANNIE G. CLARK

*Post Mistress*

MRS. BERYL WILLIS

*Supervisor Third and Fourth Grades*

ESTHER MAAKESTEAD

*Supervisor First and Second Grades*

MRS. HELEN CARMICHAEL

*Supervisor Fifth and Sixth Grades*

DR. C. MASON SMITH

*School Physician*

ELIZABETH MORAN

*School Nurse and Instructor of Health Education*





## Faculty



PEARL HICKS

*Professor Physical Education*

ISABEL CHAPPELL

*Assistant Professor Physical Education*

IDA B. LACEY

*Supervisor Elementary and Rural Schools*

MRS. HORACE MARSH

*Supervisor Junior High School*

KATHERINE JESSUP

*Supervisor Junior High School*

JOSEPHINE JERRELL

*Principal Falmouth Training School*

ELEANOR HAYES

*Supervisor Lee Hill School*

RUTH FERRIS

*Supervisor Lee Hill School*





## Eddication



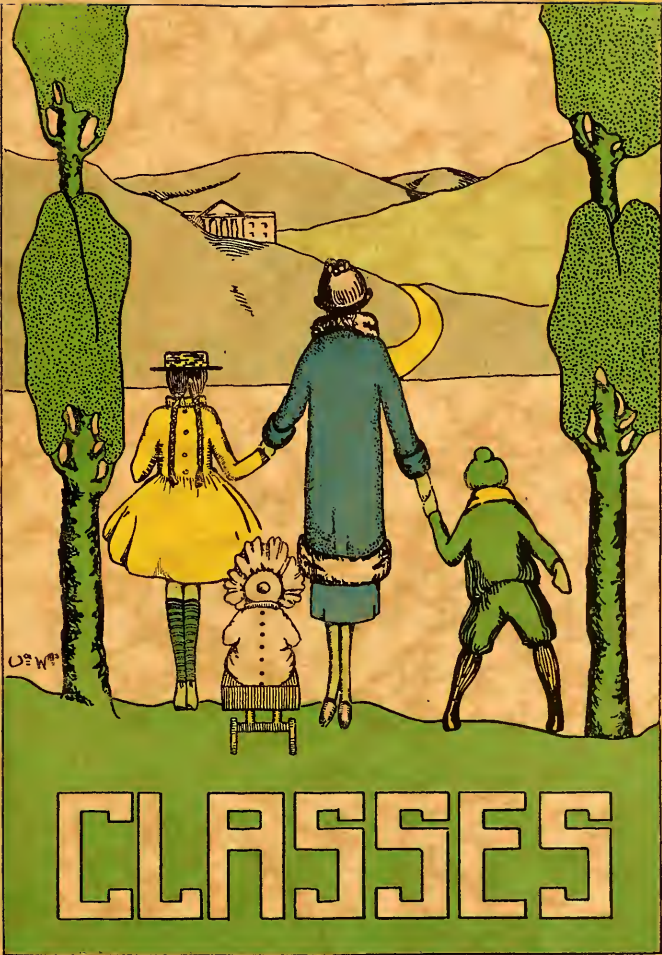
*I've heard it said that larnin' spiled a man,  
En made him shifless. Thet the man war knowed  
His books want no good with er plow,—  
En wouldn't be fitten to come out'n the rain, nohow.  
I dunno. I ain't hed no larnin' much,  
But Lize sez when Will wuz born, "Sam,  
You en me's ig'n'ant, but you jest look;  
He's gonna go to school en larn his book!"*

*So Will wuz packed to school 'fore he could talk,  
En went thar ever' year. He want no he'p  
In winter, but when school wuz out he worked,  
En Lize said he desarved pay, 'cause he never shirked.  
When he graj'ated, she 'lowed  
He hafter go ter a shonuff college, so I  
Sold the ten-acre lot, en he went. We got along  
As best we could, but life want no sweet song.*

*When he come back, first thing I knowed,  
He fixed the back field from washing, laid  
Tiles to drain the land, without my knowledge,  
En said he larned all thet in College!  
Now he's breedin' stock, en startin' orchards,  
En paintin' the fence, en layin' a barn;  
We got the best farm in County Riddit,  
En, darn my soul, his larnin' did it!*

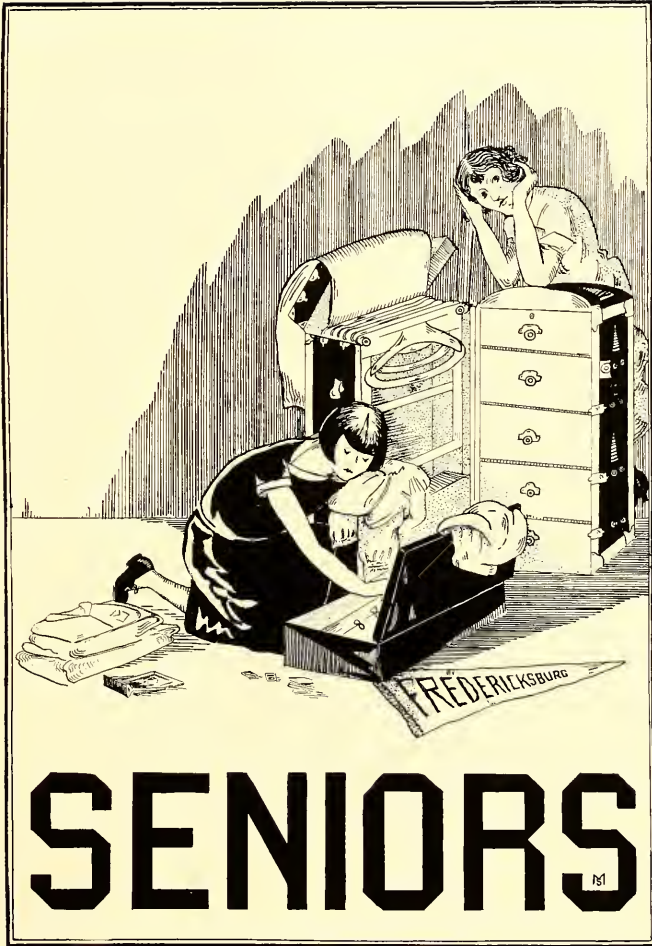
VIRGINIA MUSSELMAN.





# CLASSES







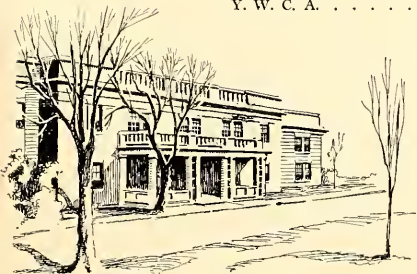
DR. WALTER J. YOUNG  
*Junior-Senior Advisor*



FRANCES EMILY ABBITT  
Newport News, Va.

*B. S. Degree in Physical Education*

Class President . . . . .	'23-'25
Tournament Secretary, Athletic Club . . . . .	'24-'25
Captain, Degree Baseball Team . . . . .	'23-'24
Hockey Squad . . . . .	'24-'25
Fire Commander . . . . .	'23-'25
Degree Representative, Student Council . . . . .	'23-'24
Virginia Reel Club . . . . .	'23-'25
Hampton Roads Club . . . . .	'23-'25
Y. W. C. A. . . . .	'23-'25

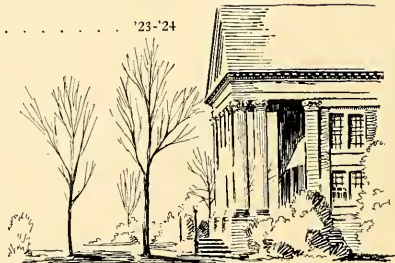




WILLIE BIVENS  
Wingate, North Carolina

*B. S. Degree in Music*

Alumnae Editor, "Bullet" . . . . .	
Battlefield Staff . . . . .	'23-'24
Class Treasurer . . . . .	'23-'24
President, Dramatic Club . . . . .	'23-'24
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet . . . . .	'22-'23
Glee Club	
Carolina Club	
Class Basketball Team . . . . .	'23-'24
Virginia Reel Club	

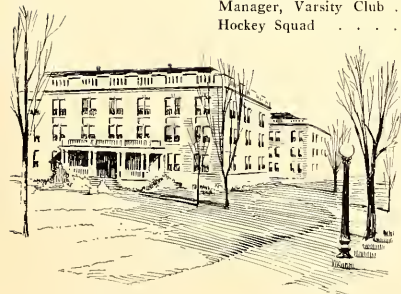




PAGE HARRISON  
Deal, Va.

*B. S. Degree in Physical Education*

Athletic Association . . . . .	'22-'24
Athletic Club . . . . .	'24-'25
Class Basketball Team . . . . .	'22-'25
Captain, Class Baseball Team . . . . .	'22-'25
Tennis, Singles and Doubles . . . . .	'23-'25
Skeleton Club . . . . .	'23-'24
Athletic Representative . . . . .	'23-'25
Manager, Varsity Club . . . . .	'24-'25
Hockey Squad . . . . .	'24-'25

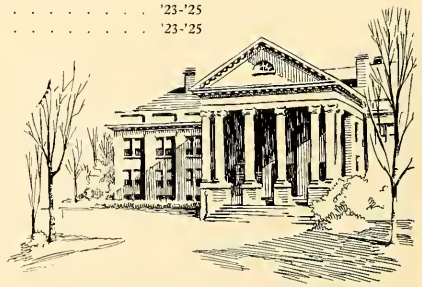




MARY LIGHTNER  
Falmouth, Va.

*B. S. Degree in Physical Education*

Class Secretary . . . . .	'23-'25
President, "The Town Girls' Club" . . . . .	'23-'24
Cheer Leader . . . . .	'23-'24
Captain, Degree Basketball . . . . .	'23-'24
Degree Basketball . . . . .	'23-'25
Skeleton Club . . . . .	'23-'25
Virginia Reel Club . . . . .	'23-'25



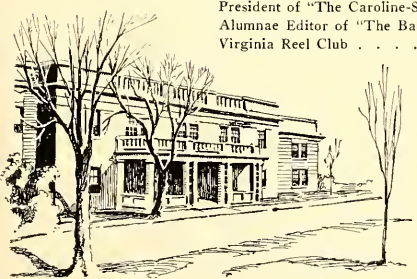




HELEN MILLS  
Marye, Va.

*B. S. Degree in Science and Math.*

- Athletic Club . . . . . '24-'25
- Class Baseball Team . . . . . '24-'25
- Class Basketball Team . . . . . '24-'25
- Hiking Club . . . . . '24-'25
- President of "The Caroline-Spottsylvania Club" . . . . . '24-'25
- Alumnae Editor of "The Battlefield" . . . . . '24-'25
- Virginia Reel Club . . . . . '24-'25

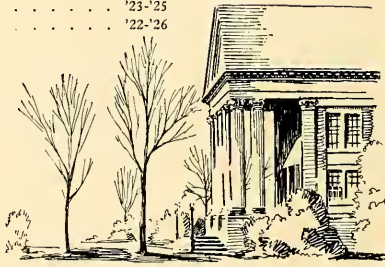




ANNE MURRAY  
Hampton, Virginia

*B. S. Degree in Physical Education*

Y. W. C. A. Big Cabinet . . . . .	'21-'22
Athletic Association Entertainment Committee . . . . .	'21-'22
Secretary and Treasurer of the Virginia Reel Club . . . . .	'23-'24
Degree Baseball Team . . . . .	'23-'24
Degree Basketball Team . . . . .	'23-'24
Degree Representative, Student Council . . . . .	'23-'25
Skeleton Club . . . . .	'23-'25
President, Hampton Roads Club . . . . .	'23-'25
Hockey Squad . . . . .	'22-'26

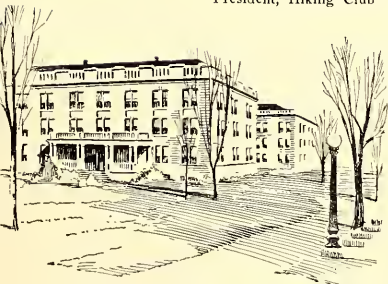




INDIE LOWRY SINCLAIR  
Naxera, Virginia

*B. S. Degree in Physical Education*

Class Baseball Team . . . . .	'22-'25
Class Tennis Team . . . . .	'22-'25
Captain, Basketball Team . . . . .	'25
Hockey Squad . . . . .	'23-'25
Manager, Varsity Squad . . . . .	'23-'24
Varsity Squad . . . . .	'23-'25
President, Athletic Association . . . . .	'23-'24
President, Athletic Club . . . . .	'24-'25
Skeleton Club . . . . .	'22-'25
President, Hiking Club . . . . .	'22-'23





LITTLE

SISTERS



## Autumn



*I like*

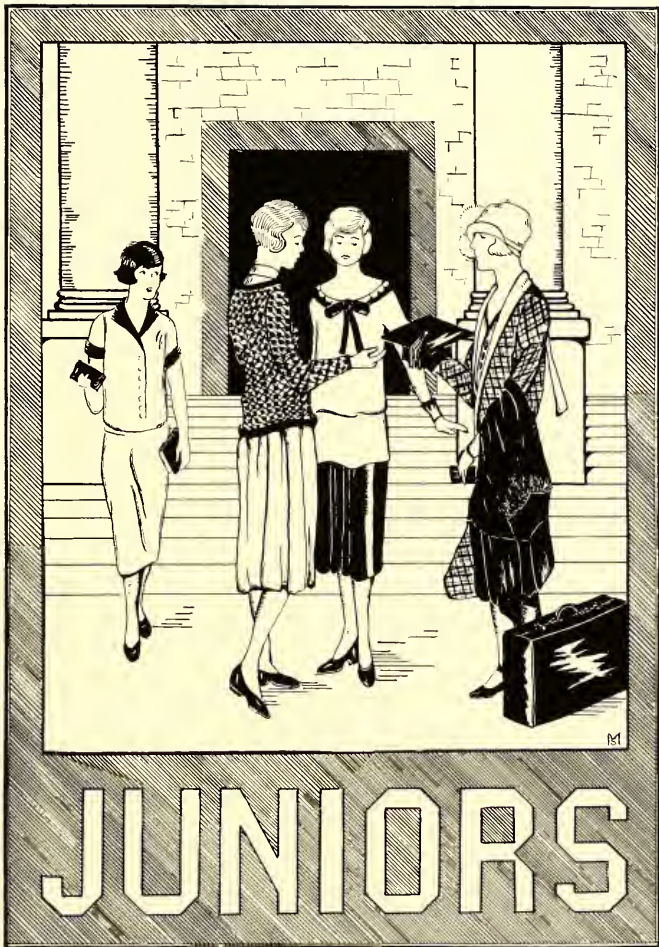
Autumnal quiet:  
The unbroken stillness  
Of tall trees,  
Of misty hills.

Autumnal rain:  
The steady torrent  
Of amber wine  
Poured thru purple leaves.

Autumnal sunshine:  
A dignified mellowness  
Of dying leaves  
Of waning color.

—CELE McLAUGHLIN.





## Junior Class



**Ella Talley**  
*Beaver Dam, Virginia*

### Class Officers

<i>President</i> .....	ELLA TALLEY
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	JULIET WARE
<i>Secretary</i> .....	LURAY LEWIS
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	FRANCES WALKER





**Darke Anderson**  
*Covington, Virginia*



**Myrtle Biscoe**  
*Fredericksburg, Virginia*



**Virginia Boyd**

*Roanoke, Virginia*



**Lily Mae Brooks**

*Newport News, Virginia*

**Dorothy Chiles**  
*Fredericksburg, Virginia*



**Catherine Coates**  
*Oak Grove, Virginia*



**Ruby Dratt**  
*Woodford, Virginia*



**Mrs. Isabel Fruttiger**  
*Birmingham, Alabama*

**Gladys Gray**  
*Woodford, Virginia*



**Lucy Houston**  
*Alexandria, Virginia*



**Mary Jeter**  
*Penola, Virginia*



**Luray Lewis**  
*Village, Virginia*

**Elizabeth Morrison**  
*Fredericksburg, Virginia*



**Irene Rogers**  
*Marion, South Carolina*



**John Ruff**  
*Fredericksburg, Virginia*

**Josephine Smith**  
*Sharps, Virginia*





**Elizabeth Soltis**  
*Woodford, Virginia*



**Louise Steuart**  
*Relay, Virginia*



**Margaret Sutton**  
*Graham, Virginia*



**Francis Walker**  
*Culpeper, Virginia*

**Juliet Ritchie Ware**  
*Dunnsville, Virginia*



**Virginia Williams**  
*Fredericksburg, Virginia*

## Sophomore Class Poem



*Come, Sophomore, we've a cask of wine,  
To toast all from its juices,  
And by this token we must leave  
Our songs of parting wishes.*

*We'll ever wear a gracious smile,—  
All decked in floral glory,  
For we have worked to win a name  
That tells the Sophomore's story.*

*We've clung together, best we could,  
Like leaves unto the trees,  
But now, like Time, the wind comes on,  
And Fate will be the breeze.*

*Our life may seem so toilsome,  
But we can make it fair  
If we but climb above ourselves,  
And watch with steady care.*

*In the years of unknown future,  
May we find a pathway clear,  
And watch the mist of time lift up,  
And flowers there appear.*

—LUCY HOBSON.





# SOPHOMORES

FALMOUTH

CAMPUS

LEE HILL



MISS PEARL M. HICKS  
*Sophomore Faculty Advisor*

## Sophomore Class



*Class Motto*  
Carpe Diem

*Class Flower*  
Ragged Robin

*Class Colors*  
Blue and Gold

### Class Officers

*President*.....MARY KRIEG-FROMM  
*Vice-President*.....AGNES GREGG CURTIS  
*Secretary and Treasurer*.....DOROTHY CHILDRESS



LUCILLE ALVIS  
Corbin, Virginia

*Worst Fault*—Never studying.

*Ambition*—To win fame.

*Comment*—“Kindness in wisdom.”

MAZIE AMORY  
Crafton, Virginia

House President, Virginia Hall, '24-'25.

Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.

Hampton Roads Club, '24-'25.

Virginia Reel Club, '23-'24-'25.

Hiking Club, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—Not being able to dance or jig.

*Ambition*—To be a jigger.

*Comment*—“Charm strikes the sight,  
But merit wins the soul.”

BETSY BASSETT  
Norfolk, Virginia

Sophomore Representative, Student Council, '24-'25.

Chairman Social Committee, Y. W. C. A.

Glee Club, '24-'25.

College Orchestra, '24-'25.

Bullet Reporter.

President, Twin City Club.

Kampus Katz.

*Worst Fault*—Making candy and eating most of it.

*Ambition*—To direct the Fredericksburg Symphony Orchestra.

*Comment*—“To do many things and to do them well is truly a rare art.”





DORIS BEARD  
Middlebrook, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '23-'25.  
Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Athletic Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Making up too much.  
*Ambition*—To be a movie star.  
*Comment*—“Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful.”

GLADYS BECK  
Petersburg, Virginia

Hiking Club, '23-'24.  
Musicians' Club, '24-'25.  
Glee Club, '23-24.

*Worst Fault*—Monopolizing the music room.  
*Ambition*—To be a janitor in a Boston Conservatory.  
*Comment*—“Though you may not know it, I am neither quiet, solemn, tired nor divine.”

PRATT BEVAN  
Weedonville, Virginia

Y. W. C. A., '23-'25.  
Hiking Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Being unable to understand.  
*Ambition*—To join in a conversation.  
*Comment*—“She has an understanding heart.”





LUCY BILLINGSLY

Lignum, Virginia

Y. W. C. A., '23-'25.  
Virginia Reel Club, '23-'25.  
Glee Club, '23-'25.  
Big Cabinet, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Never leaving the campus.

*Ambition*—To live with Moselle.

*Comment*—"Two friends, two minds with one soul inspired."

VIRGINIA BISCOE

Fredericksburg, Virginia

Town Girls' Club, '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Never missing a dance.

*Ambition*—To earn a Phi Beta Kappa key.

*Comment*—"Some think this world is made for fun and frolic; and so do I."

KATHERINE BLANTON

Newport News, Virginia

Red-Headed Club, '24-'25.  
Y. W. C. A., '23-'25.  
Hiking Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Talking too loud.

*Ambition*—To get fat.

*Comment*—"Her voice is low and sweet."

RUBY LEE BLAYDES  
Guinea, Virginia

Athletic Club, '24-'25.  
Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Hockey Squad, '24-'25.  
Varsity Squad, '24-'25.  
Class Basketball Team, '24-'25.  
Class Baseball Team, '24-'25.  
Track Team, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Entirely too proficient in Sociology.

*Ambition*—To be a “perfect” guard.

*Comment*—“Troubles sit but lightly on her shoulders.”



WILLIE LEE BOOTH  
Portsmouth, Virginia

Hiking Club, '23-'25.  
Twin City Club, '24-'25.  
Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Talking too much.

*Ambition*—To cultivate a demure manner.

*Comment*—“I neither hesitate nor fear to speak my every thought.”



LOUISE BRACY  
Brodnax, Virginia

Glee Club, '23-'25.  
Y. W. C. A., '23-'25.  
Hiking Club, '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Too many beaux.

*Ambition*—To own “Wallace’s” truck.

*Comment*—“Neither too careless nor too sad,

Neither too studious nor too glad.”





VIRGINIA BRANCH  
Newport News, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Secretary, Hampton Roads Club, '24-'25.  
Secretary and Treasurer, Red-Headed Club, '24-'25.  
Glee Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Having a full stock of jokes.

*Ambition*—To wear fifteen frat pins at one time.

*Comment*—“Woman at best is a contradiction.”

AILEEN BRADSHAW  
Windsor, Virginia

Virginia Reel, '24-'25.  
Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Hiking Club, '24-'25.  
Kampus Katz.

*Worst Fault*—Too simple and demure.

*Ambition*—“Eels,” breakfast, dinner and supper.

*Comment*—“She is coy, she is shy, there's a twinkle in her eye. She's a flirt.”

ALLIEN BROOKING  
Orange, Virginia

Y. W. C. A., '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Too talkative.

*Ambition*—To have some one carry her laundry.

*Comment*—“The girl who wins is the girl who works.”



ELOISE BROWN  
Lynchburg, Virginia

Assistant Exchange Editor, "Bullet," '23-'24.  
Advertising Manager, "Bullet," '24-'25.  
Hiking Club, '23-'24.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
Fire Captain.  
Glee Club, '23-'25.  
College Orchestra.  
Athletic Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Knowing all the news.

*Ambition*—To write sensational columns for the newspapers.

*Comment*—"She talked and talked and infinitely talked."

GERALDINE BRUSTER  
Bluefield, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
Red-Headed Club, '24-'25.  
Southwestern Club, '24-'25.  
Battlefield Staff, '24-'25.  
Hiking Club, '24-'25.  
Hockey Squad, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Worrying over Battlefield ads.

*Ambition*—To "curl" Miss Summy.

*Comment*—"A smile for all, a welcome glad,  
Serious, diligent, and seldom sad."

ESTHER CAMPBELL  
Knops, Virginia

Y. W. C. A., '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Emulating Miss Lacey.

*Ambition*—To be seen and not heard.

*Comment*—"Mirable Dictu! She woke up longer to see the birdie."





MRS. RUTH CANADY  
Fredericksburg, Virginia

Town Girls' Club.

*Worst Fault*—Being a reckless driver.  
*Ambition*—To get the Ford here on time.

*Comment*—"A happy disposition is an invaluable possession."



RUBY CARLTON  
Dunnsville, Virginia

Y. W. C. A., '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Dancing too much.

*Ambition*—To teach dancing.

*Comment*—"A fair face, a dazzling dress and a graceful manner."



MIRIAM CARMEL  
Phoebus, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.

Hampton Roads Club, '24-'25.

Athletic Association, '24-'25.

Class Baseball Team, '24-'25.

Class Basketball Team, '24-'25.

Athletic Club, '25.

Hockey Squad, '25.

*Worst Fault*—Moving too slowly on the basketball court.

*Ambition*—To find some of the pills Alice-in-Wonderland took.

*Comment*—"The good die young. My! But I must take care of myself."



VIRGINIA CATHELL  
Moncure, North Carolina

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
Carolina Club, '24-'25.  
Vice-President, Student Government, '25.  
Y. W. C. A. Big Cabinet, '24-'25.  
Hiking Club, '24.  
Bullet Staff, '25.

*Worst Fault*—Breaking rules.

*Ambition*—To be a radical.

*Comment*—"The crown and glory of life is character."

DOROTHY CHANDLER  
Onancock, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '23-'25.  
Hiking Club, '23-'24.  
Eastern Shore Club, '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—An unsociable disposition.

*Ambition*—To be a stone "crusher."

*Comment*—"What was that rattling noise I heard? Who rapped my skull?"

MADOLYN CARPENTER  
Newport News, Virginia

Fire Chief, Betty Lewis, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Knowing too much about tennis.

*Ambition*—To captain the woman's polo team.

*Comment*—"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"





CHARLOTTE CHAPPELL  
Columbia, South Carolina

President, Hiking Club, '24-'25.  
Sophomore Representative, Student Council.  
Virginia Reel Club, '23-'25.  
Cheer Leader, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—Boosting Clemson.

*Ambition*—To establish the Chappell School of Education.

*Comment*—"How full of briars is this working day world!"



MILDRED CHASE  
Onancock, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
Social Reporter of "Bullet," '23-'24.  
Eastern Shore Club, '23-'25.  
Kampus Katz, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Devotion to learning.

*Ambition*—To write the book, "The Men I Have Known."

*Comment*—"She is pretty to walk with,  
And witty to talk with,  
And pleasant, too, to think on."



RACHAEL CHENAULT  
Newton, Virginia

Athletic Club, '23-'25.  
Class Basketball Team, '23-'25.  
Class Baseball Team, '23-'25.  
Hockey Squad, '24-'25.  
Track and Field Team, '23-'24.  
Glee Club, '23-'24.  
Varsity Squad, '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—"Throwing goals."

*Ambition*—To be State champion of basketball.

*Comment*—"If thou dost play with her at any game, thou art sure to lose."



DOROTHY CHILDRESS  
South Boston, Virginia

Secretary-Treasurer, Sophomore Class.  
Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Virginia Reel Club, '23-'24.  
Kampuss Katz, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Eternal jollity.

*Ambition*—To be Treasurer of the U. S.

*Comment*—"She has the charm of cheerfulness and good fellowship."

ESTHER CHINN  
Fredericksburg, Virginia

*Worst Fault*—Dressing too gayly.

*Ambition*—To be a basketball star.

*Comment*—"There is a lady sweet and fine."

MARION CLARKE  
Phoebus, Virginia

Art Editor of Battlefield, '23-'24.  
Virginia Reel Club, '23-'25.  
Hiking Club, '23-'25.  
Athletic Club, '24-'25.  
Sophomore Baseball Team.  
Hampton Roads Club, '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Feigned indifference.

*Ambition*—To draw a masterpiece.

*Comment*—

"Oh! hour, of all hours, the most  
blessed on earth;  
The blessed hour of our dinners."





RUTH CLARKE  
Newport News, Virginia

Hiking Club, '24-'25.  
Glee Club, '24-'25.  
Virginia Reel Club, '23-'25.  
Hampton Roads Club, '24-'25.  
Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Man-hater.

*Ambition*—To get fat.

*Comment*—"I will be happy and gay,  
I'll be sad for no man."

ELIZABETH CRISMOND  
Spottsylvania, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
Athletic Club, '24-'25.  
Class Basketball Team, '24-'25.  
Glee Club, '23-'25.  
Kampuss Katz, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Refusing to play the piano when called upon.

*Ambition*—Just to settle in Spottsylvania.

*Comment*—"Music hath charm, to soothe the savage breast."

ANNE LEE CUNNINGHAM  
Fredericksburg, Virginia

Musicians' Club, '23-'24.  
Glee Club, '23-'24.  
Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Never having anything to say.

*Ambition*—To succeed Miss Day.

*Comment*—"I chatter, chatter as I go."



## AGNES CURTIS

Ancon, Canal Zone, Panama

Hampton Roads, '23-'25.  
 Vice-President, Sophomore Class, '24-'25.  
 Social Editor, *Bullet*, '24-'25.  
 House President, Betty Lewis Hall, '24-'25.  
 Kampuss Katz, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Being entirely too pretty.

*Ambition*—To write "Experience in Panama."

*Comment*—

"With dusky hair, and duskier eyes,  
 With a manner both charming  
 and cool,  
 Every one agrees that she should  
 Rank the prettiest girl in  
 school."

## MARION DAVIS

Sharps, Virginia

Glee Club, '23-'25.  
 Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
 Musicians' Club, '23-'24.  
 Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
 Northern Neck Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Those beautiful eyes.

*Ambition*—To be in the movies.

*Comment*—"Of manner gentle, of affection mild."

## VIRGINIA DAVIS

Fredericksburg, Virginia

Town Girls' Club, '23-'24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Getting to school on time.

*Ambition*—To be a critic teacher.

*Comment*—"A friend in need."





KATHRYN DAY

South Bend, Indiana

*Worst Fault*—A Western drawl.*Ambition*—To be unconventional.*Comment*—"Full of fancy; full of jollity and fun."

AMY FLORENCE DICKERSON

Spottsylvania, Virginia

Athletic Club, '24-'25.

Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '23-'24-'25.

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.

Spottsylvania and Caroline County Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Too boisterous and noisy.*Ambition*—To be principal of a school.*Comment*—"Silence is more eloquent than speech."

INDIA DIGGS

Portsmouth, Virginia

Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.

Assistant Advertising Manager, "Bullet," '24-'25.

Business Manager, "Battlefield," '24-'25.

Hiking Club, '23-'24.

Twin City Club, '23-'25.

Virginia Reel Club, '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Too dependable.*Ambition*—To have a breathing spell from work.*Comment*—"Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today,—that's India."

JESSIE DOUGHTIE  
Franklin, Virginia

Y. W. C. A., '23-'25.  
Treasurer, Language Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Being a flapper.

*Ambition*—To vamp the men.

*Comment*—"She is peaceful, timid and demure."



HENRIETTA DREIFUS  
Alexandria, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '23-'25.  
Athletic Club, '24-'25.  
Hiking Club, '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Jolly, good nature.

*Ambition*—To weight about one hundred pounds.

*Comment*—"It's a friendly heart that has plenty of friends."



P. HANMER DUNKLEY  
Onancock, Virginia

Assistant Business Manager, "Bullet," '23-'25.  
Virginia Reel Club, '23-'25.  
Eastern Shore Club, '23-'25.  
Y. W. C. A., '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—That daily letter.

*Ambition*—To be the grocer's wife.

*Comment*—"Think before you leap."





ETHEL DUNN  
Baskerville, Virginia

Y. W. C. A., '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—A smile for every one.  
*Ambition*—To be head nurse at Johns Hopkins.

*Comment*—“Knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.”

JULIA ELLISON  
Heathsville, Virginia

Glee Club, '23-'25.

Musicians' Club, '23-'25.

Junior Q. Q.'s, '23-'25.

Virginia Reel Club, '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Unbounded energy.  
*Ambition*—To say something definite.  
*Comment*—“Happy am I, from care I'm free.

Why aren't they all contented like me?”

ELLEN COPE EVANS  
Laneville, Virginia

Athletic Club, '24-'25.

Captain, Class Baseball Team, '24-'25.

Class Basketball Team, '24-'25.

Class Track Team, '24.

Varsity Squad, '23-'25.

Hockey Squad, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Taking life too seriously.

*Ambition*—To play side-center on the heavenly squad, with Jessie playing center.

*Comment*—“I'm the most reasonable person in the world if I'm treated properly.”

VIRGINIA FRAZIER  
Graham, Virginia

Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
President, Southwest Virginia Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Reminiscing of "R. M. W. C."

*Ambition*—To lead the World's Court of Justice.

*Comment*—"Study — thy name is 'Jinga'."

EMILY FLEMING  
Norfolk, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '23-'25.  
Twin City Club, '23-'25.  
Athletic Club, '24-'25.  
Tennis Team, '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Looking innocent.

*Ambition*—To get a Ph. D.

*Comment*—"Sometimes from her eyes I did receive fair, speechless, messages."

ELLEN FOX  
Newport News, Virginia

Hiking Club, '23-'24.  
Hampton Roads Club, '23-'25.  
Second Vice-President, Student Government, '23-'24.  
Captain, Class Basketball Team, '23-'24.  
Chairman Devotional Com., Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Class Baseball Team, '23-'24.  
Class Basketball Team, '23-'24.  
Varsity Team, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—Too frivolous in dress.

*Ambition*—To be private secretary to the Academic Dean.

*Comment*—"A rag, a bone, a 'Hank' of hair."





WANDA FOX  
Orange, Virginia

Y. W. C. A., '23-'25.  
Literary Editor, *Bullet*, '23-'25.  
Dramatic Club, '23-'25.  
Hiking Club, '24-'25.  
College Orchestra, '23-'25.  
President, "Entre-Nous" Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Borrowing curling irons.

*Ambition*—To digest Virgil.

*Comment*—"There was a little girl who had a little curl."



ROSE FRIEDMAN  
Danville, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
Glee Club, '24-'25.  
Hiking Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Never getting over "C."

*Ambition*—To make A+ on everything.

*Comment*—"Just call me a scholar; let that be my praise."



MARY KRIEG-FROMM  
Elizabeth, New Jersey

Secretary-Treasurer, Junior Class, '23-'24.  
Hiking Club, '23-'24.  
Virginia Reel, '23-'24.  
Hampton Roads Club, '23-'24.  
Junior Q. Q.'s, '23-'24.  
Dramatic Club, '23-'24.  
Kampuss Katz, '25.  
President, Sophomore Class, '25.  
Battlefield Staff, '25.

*Worst Fault*—Never smiling.

*Ambition*—To become a front-row chorus girl.

*Comment*—"A friend to every one, and always smiling."





HELEN FROTHINGHAM  
Hampton, Virginia

Hampton Roads Club, '23-'24.  
Glee Club, '24.  
Virginia Reel Club, '24.  
Hiking Club, '23.  
Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24.  
Fire Captain, '24.

*Worst Fault*—Trying to get things.

*Ambition*—To own a permanent wave.

*Comment*—"Give my thoughts no tongue."

VERLE GARNER  
Baskerville, Virginia

Hiking Club, '24-'25.  
Junior Q. Q.'s, '24-'24.  
Glee Club, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—Taking life easy.

*Ambition*—To be a judge.

*Comment*—"Alas! a woman who thinks."

GRACE GOODWIN GIANNOTTI  
Newport News, Virginia

Hampton Roads Club, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—That deep bass voice.

*Ambition*—To be secretary to a Virginia Senator.

*Comment*—"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."





ALICE MILLER GOLDSWORTHY  
Alexandria, Virginia

Virginia Reel, '24-'25.  
Hiking Club, '24-'25.  
Fire Captain, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Heart throbbing Annapolis way.

*Ambition*—To keep order in the Library.

*Comment*—“Ah! she's a jolly good fellow.”

OCIE RACHAEL GRAHAM  
Hamilton, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
Hiking Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Boosting “Loudoun.”

*Ambition*—Bound for V. P. I.

*Comment*—“Once your friend, always your friend.”

MILDRED GWALTNEY  
Windsor, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Too sullen; how about smiling?

*Ambition*—To find “Him.”

*Comment*—“Laugh, and the world laughs with you.”

OLIVE HALL  
Richmond, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Your pleasant and friendly ways.

*Ambition*—To supervise a Junior High School.

*Comment*—"Worry and I have never met."

LENA HAMBURG  
Norfolk, Virginia

Wit Editor, *Bullet*, '24-'25.

Twin City Club, '24-'25.

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.

Athletic Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Chewing gum.

*Ambition*—To make Varsity.

*Comment*—"Of all jolly good fellows."

DOROTHY WAILES HANK  
Norfolk, Virginia

Dramatic Club, '24-'25.

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.

Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '25.

Kampuss Katz, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—That garrulous tongue.

*Ambition*—"I like Norfolk and Hudson coaches fine."

*Comment*—"Give me the moonlight,  
Give me the man,  
And leave the rest to me."





ELECTA PRICE HANMER  
 Keysville, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '23-'24.  
 Red-Head Club, '24-'25.  
 Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
 Assistant Editor, Bullet, '23-'24.  
 President, Junior Class, '23-'24.  
 President, Student Government, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—“Tight.”

*Ambition*—To arrive on time.

*Comment*—“Ye come late, yet ye come.”

ELIZABETH A. HARMON  
 Wachapreague, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
 Eastern Shore Club, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—Aversion to borrowing.

*Ambition*—To have an annual light-cut.

*Comment*—“Unthinking, idle, wild and young, I laughed and danced and sung.”

GRACE MAE HARPER  
 Newport News, Virginia

Glee Club, '24-'25.  
 Hampton Roads Club, '24-'25.  
 Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
 Hiking Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Giggling too much.

*Ambition*—To be a “second” Irene Castle.

*Comment*—“Dance, laugh and be merry.”

BESSIE VIRGINIA HARWOOD

Appomattox, Virginia

Glee Club, '24-'25.  
Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Loving to teach.

*Ambition*—To get a degree (M. A.).

*Comment*—Big eyes of blue, a friend that is true.

LUCY HERN

Fredericksburg, Virginia

Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Town Girls' Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Wearing a "Theta" pin.

*Ambition*—To drive a different car daily.

*Comment*—"Who chooses me will get as much as he deserves."

COUNCIL HEADLEY

Sharps, Virginia

Sophomore Baseball Team, '24-'25.  
Northern Neck Club, '24-'25.  
Athletic Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Fondness for balcony seats.

*Ambition*—To grow big like Miss Hicks.

*Comment*—"And I—what is my fault? I cannot tell."





LOIS HENRY

Jacksonville, Florida

Sophomore Baseball Team, '24-'25.  
Entre-Nous Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Unruffled calmness.

*Ambition*—To win the hiking title.

*Comment*—"The mirror of all courtesy."

ALMA HITE

Buffalo Junction, Virginia

*Worst Fault*—Being too gay.

*Ambition*—To go on the stage.

*Comment*—"A tongue chained up without a word."

LUCY G. HOBSON

Dendron, Virginia

Class Poet, '24.  
Glee Club, '24-'25.  
Bulletin Staff, '24-'25.  
Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Your voice is too gruff, my dear.

*Ambition*—To begin something, mostly petitions.

*Comment*—"The choicest things come in small packages."

FRANCES BOOTH HUNDLEY

Centre Cross, Virginia

Vice-President, Freshman Class, '23-'24.  
 Freshman Representative, Student Council, '23-'24.  
 Sophomore Representative, Student Council, '24-'25.  
 Captain, Freshman Baseball Team, '23-'24.  
 Fire Chief, Betty Lewis, '23-'24.  
 Junior Q. Q.'s, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—Making monkey shines.

*Ambition*—To find Darwin's missing link.

*Comment*—"Mischief lurks nearest those we think divine."

ESTHER JACOBS

Newport News, Virginia

Hiking Club, '24-'25.  
 Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Wasting time and money.

*Ambition*—To graduate in June.

*Comment*—"I could have been wicked—I didn't have time."

MYRTICE JAMES

Irvington, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
 Northern Neck Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Playing Josephine to Napoleon.

*Ambition*—To teach at Falmouth.

*Comment*—"Sometimes I jes sit and think, sometimes I jes sit."





LENA JOHNSON  
Woodford, Virginia

Vice-President, Athletic Club, '24-'25.  
Class Baseball Team, '23-'24.  
Class Basketball Team, '23-'24.  
Class Tennis Team, '24-'25.  
Varsity Team, '23-'24.  
First Varsity Squad, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—"Tec"-nical fouls.

*Ambition*—To put Rudolph in the background.

*Comment*—"Who can find a virtuous woman, for her price is far above Ruby-Lee's."

SARA JUREN  
Norfolk, Virginia

Hiking Club, '23-'24.  
Twin City Club, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—Fussing.

*Ambition*—To be a C. P. A.

*Comment*—"All great people are dying, and I am not feeling well."

LUCY ELLEN KAY  
New London, Virginia

Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Speaking boldly in Student Body meetings.

*Ambition*—To know how to cook and sew well for "Him."

*Comment*—"A sunny temper gilds the edge of life's blackest cloud."





ETHEL KATHLEEN KESSLER  
Newport News, Virginia

Varsity Team, '23-'24.  
Sophomore Basketball Team, '24-'25.  
Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Vice-President, "Entre-Nous" Club.  
Hampton Roads Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Shooting a line.

*Ambition*—To be a Ph. D.

*Comment*—"This is a lady who has no tongue, but thoughts."

DOLLIE KIDD  
Newtown, Virginia

Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Big Cabinet, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Sleeping too much.

*Ambition*—To get up early just once.

*Comment*—"Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

ISABEL LACY  
South Boston, Virginia

Hiking Club, '23-'24.  
Junior Q. Q.'s, '23-'24.  
Secretary, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Glee Club, '23-'24-'25.  
Senior Q. Q.'s, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Waiting for those Sunday "Dates."

*Ambition*—To live in Richmond.

*Comment*—"A guide, philosopher, and a friend."





M. LOUISE LANKFORD  
Franktown, Virginia

Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Track Team, '23-'24.  
Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
Eastern Shore Club, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—Non-patronage of the Tea Room.

*Ambition*—To room in 303.

*Comment*—"Thou shouldst eat to live, not live to eat."

VIRGINIA MAYE LEATH  
Yale, Virginia

Little Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Glee Club, '24-'25.  
Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Doing for others.

*Ambition*—To nurse in the Mary Washington Hospital.

*Comment*—"Whole-souled, big-hearted, generous—that's Maye."

SADIE EVELYN LEVINSON  
Newport News, Virginia

Glee Club, '24-'25.  
Junior Q. Q.'s, '23-'24.  
Hampton Roads Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—A gentle sarcasm.

*Ambition*—To own a season ticket to Baltimore.

*Comment*—"Not too sober,  
Not too gay;  
A rare good fellow  
In every way."

FREEDA LEVY  
Newport News, Virginia

Glee Club, '24-'25.  
Hiking Club, '24-'25.  
Hampton Roads Club, '24-'25.  
Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
Red-Head Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Flaming red hair.

*Ambition*—To affect a dignified air.

*Comment*—"We catch the thrill of a happy voice and the light of a pleasant smile."

NANCY LANGHORNE LEWIS  
Richmond, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
Glee Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Rolling those big brown eyes.

*Ambition*—To speak broad "A."

*Comment*—

"It's the songs ye sing,  
And the smiles ye wear,  
That's a-making the sun  
Shine everywhere."

MARY LIMERICK  
Fredericksburg, Virginia

Town Girls' Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Speeding.

*Ambition*—To own a Packard.

*Comment*—"For worth is more than being merely seen or heard."





BERNICE LOEHR  
Waverly, Virginia

Glee Club, '24-'25.  
Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Forgetting to go to class.

*Ambition*—To be an ideal teacher.

*Comment*—"Work is better than words."

IRENE FRANCES LONG  
Elkton, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '23-'24.  
Hockey Squad, '24-'25.  
President, "Daughters of the Sky" Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Disliking Math.

*Ambition*—To teach Math and Science in Shenandoah Valley.

*Comment*—"The Future holds success for this Science Shark."

EDNA LUMPKIN  
Farnham, Virginia

Little Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Virginia Reel Club, '23-'24.  
Northern Neck Club, '24-'25.  
Glee Club, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—Tendency toward the clergy.

*Ambition*—Ralph, and Lynchburg.

*Comment*—  
"None knew her but to love her,  
Nor named her but to praise."

DOROTHY MANEY  
Newport News, Virginia

Class Basketball Team, '24-'25.  
Hockey Squad, '24-'25.  
Athletic Club, '24-'25.  
Hampton Roads Club, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—Accenting the left foot.

*Ambition*—To out jump Jessie.

*Comment*—"I was born, sir! When the crab ascends—my affairs go backward."

FRANCES ELIZABETH MAY  
Hampton, Virginia

Glee Club, '24-'25.  
Hampton Roads Club, '24-'25.  
Little Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Kampuss Katz, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—An irrespressible gingle.

*Ambition*—To grow tall.

*Comment*—

"Is she not more than painting can express,  
Of youthful poets fancy when they love?"

MARY A. MAY  
Burkeville, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '23-'24.  
Glee Club, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—Blushing.

*Ambition*—To be Hoyle's assistant.

*Comment*—"Tho' on pleasure bent, she had a frugal mind."





UNA McALEXANDER  
Orange, Virginia

*Worst Fault*—Knowing too much history.

*Ambition*—To be Dr. Young's assistant.

*Comment*—

“Oh! blessed with temper whose  
unclouded ray  
Can make tomorrow cheerful as  
today.”

MYRTLE G. McGRATH  
Cape Charles, Virginia

House President, Frances Willard Hall, '24-'25.

Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.

Glee Club, '24-'25.

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.

Eastern Shore Club, '24-'25.

Kampuss Katz, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Inefficient.

*Ambition*—To be less conservative.

*Comment*—“Deep blue eyes overrunning into laughter.”

CHRISTINE McINTYRE  
Beaeton, Virginia

Hiking Club, '23-'24.

Musicians' Club, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—Falling in love.

*Ambition*—To be a “duck-walker.”

*Comment*—“Man delights not me.”



## ROBERTA MCKENNEY

Thornburg, Virginia

*Worst Fault*—Being despondent.*Ambition*—To be a teacher at Marye.*Comment*—"I am sure cares are an enemy for life."

## MARY MCKINNEY

Montross, Virginia

Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
 President, Northern Neck Club, '24-'25.  
 Fire Captain, '24-'25.  
 Virginia Reel Club, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—Loafing on the job.*Ambition*—To answer a question in class.*Comment*—"We gazed and gazed, and still our wonder grew."

## CECILIA McLAUGHLIN

Lynchburg, Virginia

Director, Junior H. S. Dramatic Club, '24-'25.  
 Dramatic Club, '23-'24.  
 Junior Q. Q.'s, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—Overfondness for cows and goats.*Ambition*—To beat Cicero at his own game.*Comment*—"Comic matter cannot be expressed in tragic verse."



MARY McLAUGHLIN  
Lynchburg, Virginia

Associate Editor of Battlefield, '24-'25.  
Secretary, Athletic Association, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—Punctuality.

*Ambition*—To keep her modulated voice.

*Comment*—"Exceedingly wise, fair-spoken and persuading."

VELMA McNEAL  
Fairport, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '23-'24.  
Vice-President, Northern Neck Club, '24-'25.  
Glee Club, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—That Richmond train.

*Ambition*—Cann I or Cann I not?

*Comment*—"The more I see of the many, the less I can stick to the one."

CORDAY SAVAGE MEARS  
Hampton, Virginia

Vice-President, Hampton Roads Club, '24-'25.  
President, Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
Junior Track Team, '23-'24.  
Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Having Y. W. Candy on the hall on time.

*Ambition*—To sing in Grand Opera.

*Comment*—"Never worry — let the other fellow do it."





KATHARINE MICKS  
Orange, Virginia

Varsity, '24-'25.  
Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
Class Basketball, '24-'25.  
Editor-in-Chief, Battlefield, '24-'25.  
Hockey Team, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Being too efficient.

*Ambition*—To reform the world.

*Comment*—"For what I will, I will, and there's an end."

MADELINE H. VENN MILBANK  
Virginia Beach, Virginia

Associate Editor, Battlefield, '23-'24.  
Dramatic Club, '23-'24.  
Editor-in-Chief, Bullet, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Sentimentality.

*Ambition*—To meet the ideal Prince Charming.

*Comment*—"Life is a sleep, love is a dream, and you have lived, if you have loved."

MARGARET L. VENN MILBANK  
Virginia Beach, Virginia

*Worst Fault*—Tendency to argue.

*Ambition*—To wear pink organdie successfully.

*Comment*—"Who must, in all things, look for the how, the why, and the wherefore."





ELSIE MINOR

Newtown, Virginia

Junior Baseball Team, '23-'24.  
 Sophomore Baseball Team, '24.  
 Glee Club, '23-'24.  
 Field and Track Team, '24.  
 Basketball Committee, '24-'25.  
 Fire Chief, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Ringing the fire bells.

*Ambition*—To belong to Fredericksburg Fire Department.

*Comment*—“Friendship for each, and faith for all.”

ELIZABETH MOORE

Newport News, Virginia

Fire Captain, '24-'25.  
 Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Borrowing an alarm clock.

*Ambition*—To own one.

*Comment*—

“Whatever skeptic could inquire,  
 For every wherefore she had a  
 why?”

ELIZABETH MORECOCK

Newport News, Virginia

*Worst Fault*—Hopping Proms.

*Ambition*—To be serious.

*Comment*—

“Sport that wrinkles care derides,  
 And laughter holding both his  
 sides.”

BESSIE MOTLEY  
Milford, Virginia

*Worst Fault*—Spreading scandal.  
*Ambition*—To catch up in gym class.  
*Comment*—"As sweet in thought as a lily."

LOUISE MOTLEY  
Milford, Virginia

*Worst Fault*—Too efficient in Home Economics.  
*Ambition*—To be a homemaker.  
*Comment*—"In her tongue is the law of kindness."

ELIZABETH MUIR  
Reedsville, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '23-'24.  
Northern Neck Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Talking too loudly.  
*Ambition*—To teach history.  
*Comment*—"Sweet and low is her voice."





SARA OMANSKY

North Emporia, Virginia

Glee Club, '23-'24.  
 Hiking Club, '23-'24.  
 Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Never smiling.

*Ambition*—To have a host of friends always.

*Comment*—"Once a friend, always a friend."

ELSIE PAGE

Tabb, Virginia

*Worst Fault*—Thinking too deeply.

*Ambition*—To join the Follies.

*Comment*—"Speech is great, but silence is golden."

INEZ PARKER

Franklin, Virginia

*Worst Fault*—Not writing to Blacksburg.

*Ambition*—To live at Luray.

*Comment*—"I have a heart with room for every joy."

KATHERINE PERRY  
Fredericksburg, Virginia

Town Girls' Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Studying too little.

*Ambition*—To teach Math.

*Comment*—"Study, study, and still more study."

ELVA POWERS  
Caret, Virginia

*Worst Fault*—Promiscuous use of powder and paint.

*Ambition*—To be a successful teacher.

*Comment*—"Duty is the pathway to glory."

RUTH HOPE PREBBLE  
Lynchburg, Virginia

Secretary, Student Government, '24-'25.

Joint Council, '24-'25.

Student Council, '24-'25.

Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Timidity in Sociology Class.

*Ambition*—To publish her own textbook for Sociology.

*Comment*—

"Always ready and willing to try,  
Never letting her work go by."





NELL POUND  
Griffin, Georgia

Town Girls' Club, '24-'25.  
Junior Q. Q.'s, '24-'25.  
Glee Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Mistreating the kids in training school.

*Ambition*—To sing "A Song of Sixpence."

*Comment*—"Circumstances; I make circumstances."

JESSIE ROBERTS  
Windsor, Virginia

Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Fire Chief, '24-'25.  
Junior Q. Q.'s, '24-'25.  
Kampass Katz, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Tousled hair.

*Ambition*—To be as neat as a pin.

*Comment*—

"A little powder, a little paint,  
Makes a little girl, Oh! very  
quaint.

Rumor has it she's a saint;  
Well, by golly, we'll tell you  
she ain't!"

SUSIE SAUNDERS  
Champlain, Virginia

Glee Club, '24-'25.  
Hiking Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Never-ending optimism.

*Ambition*—To climb the golden stairs to a degree.

*Comment*—"Always smiling, always happy."

LOUISA SHARP

Waverly, Virginia

*Worst Fault*—Too retiring in history class.

*Ambition*—To be principal of a Jr. H. S. for boys.

*Comment*—

“Learning by study must be won,  
’Twas never handed down from  
son to son.”

MABEL SIMMONS

Kilmarnock, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.

Hiking Club, '23-'24.

Northern Neck Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Singing.

*Ambition*—To be an Opera Singer.

*Comment*—“A maiden never bold.”

ELL H. SMITH

Golansville, Virginia

*Worst Fault*—Not preparing her work.

*Ambition*—Just to loaf.

*Comment*—“How blessed thou art  
that hath a friend.”





MARY ALICE SPILLMAN  
Index, Virginia

Maury Literary Society.  
Track Team.  
Virginia Reel Club.  
Northern Neck Club.

*Worst Fault*—Never having anything to say.

*Ambition*—To write a book on "Why It Pays to Be Original."

*Comment*—"A mighty spirit fills that little frame."

JESSIE SQUIRE  
Hampton, Virginia

Class Basketball Team, '23-'25.  
Class Baseball Team, '23-'25.  
Varsity, '23-'25.  
Hockey Squad, '24-'25.  
Hampton Roads Club, '23-'25.  
Kampuss Katz, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Winning athletic trophies.

*Ambition*—To break the World High-Jump Record.

*Comment*—

"Come and trip it as ye go  
On the light fantastic toe."

HAZEL ELIZABETH STUMP  
Roanoke, Virginia

Southwest Virginia Club, '24-'25.  
Glee Club, '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Not knowing how to be attractive.

*Ambition*—To rival Irene Castle's record.

*Comment*—

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,  
I laughed and danced and talked  
and sung."



CLARA TUCK

Virgilina, Virginia

*Worst Fault*—Too serious.

*Ambition*—To use the rolling pin.

*Comment*—"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

MOZELLE VIRTS

Waterford, Virginia

Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.

Junior Q. Q.'s, '23-'24.

Glee Club, '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—"Canning."

*Ambition*—"To believe a man's line."

*Comment*—"Tis better to boss than to be bossed."

ESTELLE WHITE

Lynchburg, Virginia

Junior Representative, Student Council, '23-'24.

Little Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.

Kampus Katz, '24-'25.

Glee Club, '23-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Giving Simon - Benet Tests.

*Ambition*—To settle down for a quiet, contented life.

*Comment*—"A maiden never bold of spirit, so very still and quiet."





ALICE WILKINS

Colonial Beach, Virginia

Virginia Reel Club, '24-'25.  
Northern Neck Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Loneliness.

*Ambition*—To find some one else to tease.

*Comment*—"A merry laugh and a twinkling eye."

MILDRED WILTSHIRE

Upperville, Virginia

Vice-President, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Little Cabinet, Y. W. C. A., '24-'25.  
Glee Club, '23-'25.  
Vice-President, "Daughters of the Sky" Club, '24-'25.

*Worst Fault*—Too peppy.

*Ambition*—To go to the Foreign Field.

*Comment*—"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

RUTH WORNOM

Poquoson, Virginia

*Worst Fault*—Too studious.

*Ambition*—To head a sociological research.

*Comment*—"Better than gold is the thinking mind."



## GRACE WYATT

Wachapreague, Virginia

Vice-President, Eastern Shore Club, '23-'24.  
Glee Club, '24-'25.  
Junior Q. Q.'s, '23-'24.

*Worst Fault*—Never having any work to do.

*Ambition*—To be a town-crier.

*Comment*—"Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir."

## MARY S. YOUNG

Warfield, Virginia

*Worst Fault*—Delaplain.

*Ambition*—To travel.

*Comment*—"Known but to few, but, oh! how dear to those."



## Prophecy



WAS on a cold night in December, in the year 1935, that the students of the renowned S. T. C. at Fredericksburg were assembled to hear "the latest" on the radio. Their president was tuning in, and suddenly a look of surprise filled their interested faces when they realized they were to be, as it were, introduced to some of the alumni.

In a dusty corner in the "Black Cat" sat two of the old students, who had met by chance in the great metropolis. In a secluded corner, seemingly entranced by the atmosphere of the village, sat Mrs. Charles Carlile, nee Kathryn Day, attired in the latest fashion, and with her sat Lady Hank, now a Connoisseur of Etiquette at "Oaks Mere on the Hudson." Suddenly they were aroused from their stupor by the noise of music, and, on looking up, Mrs. Carlile beheld her former roommate, Mary Fromm, now the leading dancer for all charity benefits. Since Mary did not recognize her old friends, Mrs. Carlile called to her, and in a few moments the three were completely lost to their surroundings, so enveloped were they in the past.

"Guess the latest!" cried Mary, "I just met Cele and Mary McLaughlin, who told me they have gained success with dramatics and have started a school of their own!" During the conversation the following wafted back to the home of the former students:

Jesse Roberts and Aileen Bradshaw are giving all "that school-girl complexion" by masseuses and vanishing creams.

Across the street, at "Parisdennes," Electa Hamner, Louise Lankford, and Hamner Dunkley are creating the latest in the feminine wardrobe.

Dot Childress is the private secretary of Pierpont Morstan. Her assistants are Isabelle Lacy and India Diggs.

For the same concern Eloise Brown, Lillian Vanlandingham, and Willie Booth are efficiently keeping the books.

At old Fredericksburg, Ellen Fox is now treasurer and business manager at S. T. C.

"On my way here I stopped at the Carnegie Library in Pittsburg, and guess whom I saw sitting at the main desk?" said Kathryn. "None other than Elizabeth Moore and her assistants, Kathleen Kessler and Alice Goldsworthy.

## THE BATTLEFIELD NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE

I went to the courthouse in Philadelphia last week to get inside information on the case of the late Henry W. Smithson, who is getting a divorce from his wife, formerly Estelle White, an old Song-Bird of S. T. C. I was amazed to see Bernice Loehr and Nancy Lewis, the prosecuting attorneys. Judge Hundley was presiding—and seemed to be much at ease.

The other morning on the train I noticed in the paper an announcement of the wedding of Miss Louise Bracey to Mr. Jim ————. Among the guests were Mrs. Whitescott, nee Miss Dorothy Maney, and Misses Mary May and Grace Harper—who are still on the faculty list at Falmouth.

I met Madolyn Carpenter this morning coming from the University Club, where she had delivered an address on "Better Training for Children." She has opened a school at Quantico, being assisted by Hazel Stump. It is rumored that all the officers seem to have gone back to their childhood days."

"Oh! Mary, remember Bill Milbank? Well—I noticed in the American Magazine last night a charming story on "Why I Fell for the Prince"—by none other than she. The amusing illustrations were drawn by Marion Clarke."

"And Kat," said Dot, "you can't imagine my surprise when I met two wealthy ranch owners—Tommy Fleming and Irene Long—who say there's no place like the "Wild and Woolly West." They also said living on a ranch next to theirs is Lucille Alvis, Esther Campbell and Catherine Pitts. They are having great success in raising chickens.

Passing through Lexington, I happened to see Agnes Curtis, Bet Morecock, and Velma MacNeal—"used to be" debutantes, now patronesses of the annual hops at V. M. I. Attending the same hop were Elizabeth May, Corday Mears, and Ruth Clark, who were still "ladies-in-waiting" for that "All Fortunate Man."

I never enjoyed anything so much as that Algy Field's Minstrels. The leading actors were our old-time friends, Mazie Amory, Bet Basset, Liz Crismond, Lucy Hobson, and Freeda Levy.

At Columbia, still drinking of that Pierian Spring, are Pratt Bevan, Jessie Doughtie, Wanda Fox, Una MacAlexander, and Mary McKenney. Ruth Prebble is now head of the Commercial Department there. She has revised Gregg's Shorthand Manual, and now her edition is winning fame. Myrtle McGrath, obtaining experience from the "Little Red Lane," is flipping pancakes at Childs.

## THE BATTLEFIELD NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE

Did you know Jessie Squire has just returned from the Olympics, bringing home the Laurels, as is her custom? On the same steamer were Gladys Beck, Council Headley, Copey Evans, Ruby Carlton, and Katherine Micks, who are making a sight-seeing tour of the world. The capable chaperone was Mrs. Preston Shelly, formerly Miss Lucy Billingsley."

"Oh, Dot, is it true that Mozelle Virts is Cann's assistant in the ticket office at R., F. & P.? I can't imagine it, and to think Louisa Sharp is still selling tickets at the Pitt's "Leader," which is now under the management of Eva Duncan, assisted by Ethel Godsey."

Lucy Hearn and Grace Giannotti are now traveling secretaries for the Woolworth Company.

Henrietta Dreifus is now holding down the important position of housewife, and, at odd times, gives special lessons in bookkeeping to Magruder Micks.

It is true, in that same old historic town of Fredericksburg, the critic teachers for S. T. C. are the Misses Bess Motley, Louise Motley, Mabel Simmons, Mabel Self, Lucy Ellen Kay, and Catherine Blanton. On the faculty the leading English teacher is Mildred Gwaltney, who hasn't forgotten the few handsome shieks of the town. At Sargeant now, the professors of physical education are Ruby Lee Blaydes, Rachel Chenault, Lena Johnson, and Lois Henry.

At church last Sunday I heard an interesting lecture delivered by the Reverend Mildred Wiltshire. After the service I met Ethel Dunn, Maye Leath, Ruby Williams, and Florence Dickerson, who are canvassing the country with her in interest of China's welfare.

Edna Lumpkin and Alma Hite are foreign missionaries.

Did you ever think Mildred Chase would be a model? Well, she's helping Coles Philips advertise hole-proof hosiery. Marion Davis and Esther Chinn are running her a close second.

I met Dorothy Chandler today, and she said she had fallen hopelessly in Love. She also said she'd just received a letter from Virginia Branch, who has been elected Society Editor for the Newport News Daily. Her assistants are Virginia Biscoe and Helen Frothingham.

Miriam Carmel, Lena Hamburg, and Sadie Levinson are opening a Seaside Hotel at Virginia Beach. The first to accept their hospitality for the summer season were Roberta McKenney and Christine MacIntyre.

Sarah Juren has just left for France, to open a special Commercial School.

The funniest thing I know, however, is that Verle Garner has started her Campaign for Governor of Virginia. Her campaign manager is Virginia Cathell, assisted by Doris Beard and Mrs. Ruth Cannaday.

I heard Myrtice James has been elected Mayor of Detroit. Applying to her for a public position is Allien Brooking and Grace Edmunds.

I attended the races last month in Los Angeles. The autos driven by Elizabeth Harmon, B. V. Harwood, and Ocie Graham tied for the cup. This shows that old S. T. C.'s speed.

Yesterday I met Dolly Kidd, who is a medium; among her most interested patrons are Misses Mary Limerick and Olive Hall.

My deahs, let me tell you—Charlotte Chappell has not forgotten her old Saturday hikes. She's walking those old rats at N. Y. U. once a week on bird walks thru Central Park—Miss Gause's only successor.

Yesterday I bought a Victrola record entitled "I Call Her My Keyhole 'Cause She's Something to A-Door," sung by Nell Pound.

Grace Wyatt, Lou Milbank, and Mary Alice Spillman are making a trans-continental flight.

The noted suffragist, Alice Wilkins, is in town. With her were Dot Weaver, Mary Young, and Edna Webb.

Elsie Minor and Elsie Page are now interested in fireproof building and have come to N. Y. to get new data.

Dr. Inez Parker has opened her new dental office today. She just came up on the ferry-boat that Susie Saunders is running. It seems Bonnie Tyler and Ruth Wornam are both applying for the position as nurse in the office. Isn't that strange?

Elva Powers has just announced her engagement to Jack Hopelesspoon.

Ell Smith, Catherine Perry, and Mary Snyder are up in Alaska, having become owners of a wealthy gold mine.

The moments flew swiftly, and as the three former classmates passed out of the doors it seemed as if they had rolled back the universe and lived over the days of '25.

So entranced were they by the conversation that a huge sight-seeing bus would have knocked them down had it not been for the capable traffic cop, Capt. Julia Ellison, at the corner of Tinkan Alley and One-Way Avenue.

THE BATTLEFIELD  NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE



HISTORY DAY - CHATHAM



JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION



JUNIOR



CLASS  
ADVENTURES



FOLLIES



BELL-HOP CHORUS



JUNIOR FOLLIES







DAISY CHAIN



HALLOWEEN



TROPHIES



HIS MAJESTY - THE GOAT



THE TRAINING - SCHOOL ELEMENT

SOPHOMORES  
KNOCK-INS



OUR  
COLES PHILLIPS  
MODEL



OUR HIGH  
FLIER



OH! I SAY  
OLE  
"DEAH



"KNOCK-EM-  
COLD"  
RACHEL



ALLOW ME  
TO PRESENT  
OUR  
PRESIDENT



H.R.H  
THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



SHH!

GIRLS BE QUIET



"THE CONTENTED COW"



# FRESHMEN



MISS ISABELL M. CHAPPELL  
*Freshman Faculty Advisor*



## Freshman Class

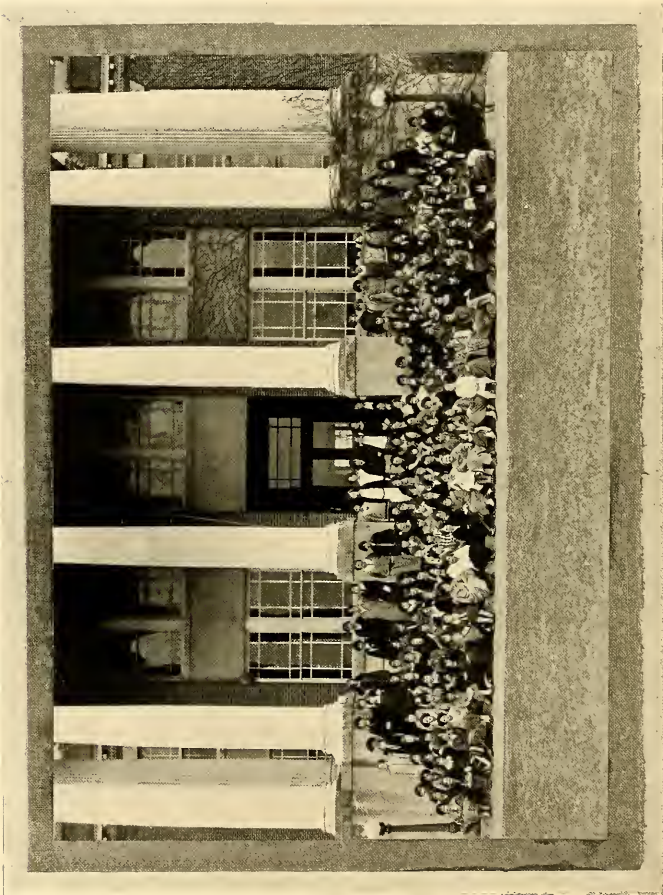
*Class Colors*

Green and Gold

### Class Officers



*President* ..... VIRGINIA MUSSELMAN  
*Vice-President* ..... MILDRED CRAWFORD  
*Secretary* ..... JANE WHITEHEAD  
*Treasurer* ..... KATHRENE HATCHETT





## Freshman Class

Abernathy, Aileen	Haile, Matilda	Parrott, Frances
Allen, Anne	Hamilton, Lois	Payne, Elizabeth
Allen, Bess	Hammer, Dorothy	Payne, Nancy
Anderson, Emeline	Hanowell, Lucille	Pennier, Irene
Andrews, Thelma	Hanson, Lillian	Phillips, Margaret
Baker, Fannie	Harding, Katherine	Poffenbarger, Hephathia
Bessley, Lillian	Harris, Dorothy	Phillips, Ruth
Belote, Hilda L.	Hart, Alma	Pollard, Frances
Belote, Hildah T.	Hatchett, Katherine	Pollard, Lillian
Bing, Ruby	Hatton, Mary	Pollard, Sara
Bonniwell, Lois	Haynie, Elsie	Pond, Dorothy
Boothe, Maude	Head, Julia	Ponton, Ruth
Broadus, Linda	Headley, Aileen	Ponton, Willie
Brown, Etta	Herriott, Glendora	Porter, Marian
Burke, Elizabeth	Hiller, Cecilia	Post, Dorothy
Burke, Gertrude	Hogan, Ann	Quinn, Mary
Bushong, Sallie	Holtton, Dorothy	Rosenblatt, Anna
Cain, Florence	Huffman, Clara	Rosenblatt, Frances
Cain, Lucile	Hockman, Maude	Raiford, Louise
Childress, Herma	Huitt, Audrey	Rhea, Irene
Chiles, Mary	Jackson, Genevieve	Rhodes, Laura
Christian, Duval	Jenkins, Katherine	Righter, Bertha
Clarke, Delma	Jernigan, Grace	Roane, Nancy
Chuverius, Grace	Jester, Mabel	Rollings, Clarice
Cockrell, Virginia	Jett, Flora	Rollings, Vivian
Collins, Annie	Johnson, Elizabeth	Rose, Marie
Colvin, Eleanor	Johnson, Marie	Rosemond, Louise
Conn, Estelle	Johnson, Ruby	Ruff, Virginia
Conn, Ethel	Jones, Susie	Russell, Reva
Connelly, Elaine	Jordan, Laura	Roberts, Hazel
Book, Emma	Kelham, Norma	Saunders, Louise
Cosper, Frances	Kilmon, Rosalie	Scott, Florence
Corder, Maude	Kindervater, Mildred	Schrell, Sue
Costin, Edith	Keyser, Flora	Shelton, Marguerite
Cotten, Juliet	Kaplan, Bessie	Shepherd, Elizabeth
Courtney, Esther	Lane, Rosa	Smith, Dorothy
Cozart, Claire	Lewis, Anne Lee	Smith, El
Crawford, Mildred	Lewis, Alice	Springs, Flora
Chase, Olivia	Lincoln, Gwendolyn	Stotz, Annie
Davis, Margaret M.	Liley, Marian	Stevens, Grace
Decker, Elizabeth	Lubkovitz, Ida	Stone, Alice
Dreifus, Teckla	Lynch, Louise	Stone, Frances
Drummond, Bertie	Lynch, Mabel	Stringer, Margaret
Drummond, Mildred	Lynch, Thelma	Talafiero, Nettie
Dunton, Joe Lee	Marshall, Mary	Taylor, Elizabeth
Edmunds, Grace	Martin, Fay	Tarpley, Pauline
Engley, Margaret	Martin, Mary	Thomas, Elizabeth
Escher, Julia	Mason, Grace	Thomas, Ethalia
Euhank, Mildred	Masters, Mildred	Thomas, Jessie Lee
Everett, Kathryn	Maxwell, Virginia	Thomas, Marian
Farish, Alice	McCarrick, Margaret	Thompson, Elhora
Field, Evelyn	McCarthy, Virginia	Thornhill, Madolyn
Fisher, Sadie	McEnally, Dorothy	Thornton, Allie
Fitchett, Sallie	Mears, Katherine	Throckmorton, Josephine
Forbes, Valerie	Meia, Carmen	Thurston, Verna
Forkner, Florence	Miller, Edna	Tiller, Dorothy
Forrester, Ruth	Miller, Elizabeth	Towles, Mabel
Franks, Annie	Miller, Marco	Walcott, Emily
Fraughnaugh, Virginia	Mister, Julia	Walker, Sallie B.
Gallagher, Beatrice	Moody, Elizabeth	Walton, Gladys
Gardner, Alma	Moore, Agnes	Warner, Vergie
Gillet, Gladys	Moore, Elmer	Warren, Kathryn
Gladstone, Annie	Moore, Alpha	Waterfield, Nellie
Glascock, Ruth	Moore, Lillian	Wayne, Swannie
Gleen, Fanny	Morris, Ruby	Webb, Edna
Gordan, Hannah	Musselman, Virginia	Weger, Katherine
Graham, Margaret	Myers, Winifred	Whaley, Gladys
Gray, Nannie	Neville, Hattie May	Whitehead, Jane
Green, Anna Paige	Noell, Anna May	Whiting, Frances
Greenlaw, Susie	Norman, Bertha	Wilkins, Claudia
Gregory, Lily	Norman, Elma	Wilkinson, Dorothy
Gresham, Frances	O'Brien, Virginia	Wine, Marguerite
Griffin, Edna	Olds, Mildred	Wine, Nellie
Groton, Maria	Overman, Georgia	Wirth, Faith
Guy, Susie	Palmer, Reva	Wollard, Barbara
Hankla, Emily	Parks, Annie	Worrom, Dinna
		Wright, Virginia

## Baa-a-a!

(Being the True Tale of How the Freshmen Got the Sophomore's Goat)



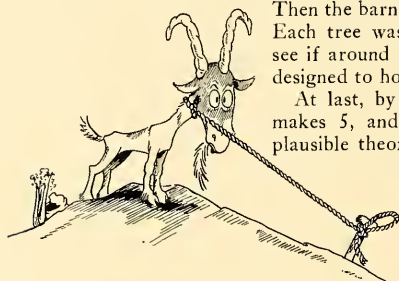
ONCE upon a time there was a goat. No. We're not speaking of goats in general, but a nice, white, fat, long-horned, long-haired, efficiently butting goat, which for the sake of euphony we will call "Billie." Billie, the playmate of some dozen little pickaninnies, had been transported from his happy home in town to the Hill, where he was "in seclusion," waiting until the appointed hour, 6 P. M., when he was to make his de-Butt in the dining-room, to be sponsored in his particular stunt by the Sophomores, who had planned to render long, loud, deafening, and, with one accord, the challenge—

*"We've got the Freshmen's goat!  
We've got the Freshmen's goat!  
Any old team can get up steam,  
But we've got the Freshmen's goat!"*

However, from out the past, the same old story of plans, whether they be laid by mice or men—or Sophomores—was re-enacted.

Due to various and sundry hints, observations, calculations, consultations of horoscopes, and crystal gazings, the Freshmen knew something was up, and, with apologies to a still more illustrious Billie, they said, "Who steals my goat, steals all."

Then two Freshmen did some work that should go down in history with Lecoqu, Sherlock Holmes, and Hawkshaw, the detective. With stealthy steps, they silently slithered through the cellar. Nothing there.



Then the barns were explored. Everything clear. Each tree was carefully noted and observed, to see if around its trunk was a rope that might be designed to hold a recalcitrant goat.

At last, by the theory that  $2 + 2$  sometimes makes 5, and by the process of elimination, a plausible theory was reached. Away rushed the two conspirators, separating to avoid suspicion. When they met at Wallace's garage, they plunged



in hoping much, but expecting little. Hold and below, an immense white shape, with gleaming red eyes, fire-breathing mouth, and two incredibly long horns rose up before them! Meeting an unknown goat in an unknown garage is not an everyday occurrence, and the two Freshmen made tracks out of the door in such a remarkable fashion that a streak of lightning would have looked like a slow-motion film in a movie in comparison. Finally they mustered up courage, grabbed the rope, and led Billie through a crack in the door.

Coming into possession of a goat so unexpectedly is a trifle bewildering—even worse than having a white elephant on your hands. The question was—what could be done with him? Pictures of leading that goat through mud and snow, far away from all Sophomores and civilization, did not seem as attractive as they had expected.

But as the Frosh wandered disconsolately with Billie toward the back door of the Faculty House, young Lochinvar drove up in a Ford truck, to deliver some groceries. With a yell of heart-felt relief, the girls and the goat jumped in, considerably giving Billie the seat of honor by the driver, while Kitty sat on the outside, and Muss vainly endeavored to cling to the back with one hand, and to hold a guano sack over Billie's head with the other, to prevent the dear thing from catching cold. After a muddy and hysterical ride down the plank road, they came at last to the entrance of a little lane, well known for two reasons. First, it is a short cut to the Little Store. Second, it is the muddiest place in the Old Dominion. In a distance of a hundred yards, there are five creeks, three hundred and seventy-nine mudholes, one hairpin curve emphasized by a precipice and a barb-wire fence. These statistics are warranted to be correct. They come from first-hand knowledge. Besides, Venus hasn't a thing on that road for curves.

About half-way down the lane, Billie was attacked by a sudden fit of nostalgia. He reared back on his hind legs, stuck his nose in the air, and bleated in heart-broken tones—

“Baa-aa-aaaa-aaa. Baa-aaaa-aaaa-aa-a!”

With sympathy in their voices and murder in their hearts, the girls passed to pet and console him with “Nice Billie! Good old Billie! Come on, Billie! Ni-i-ice Billie!” Billie reluctantly moved forward again, until they came to the largest creek, with a narrow plank across it. There Billie balked. As he saw it, no self-respecting goat would go across anything as precarious as that plank. So there they halted, the girls on one

## THE BATTLEFIELD NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE

side, Billie on the other, with the taut rope and the narrow plank between. Finally the noble hearts of the girls were wrung with sympathy.

"Miss Moran is there to give us castor oil, but who'll tend to the goat?"

They, therefore, recrossed the bridge, picked Billie up, gently but firmly—Kitty holding up the front end, Muss the rear—and carried him safely across the raging flood. Billie repaid their efforts and self-sacrifice by giving them gentle little butts as they walked on. Since the horns of a goat are particularly designed by an all-seeing Providence for the purpose of defense, the Prods of those horns are not the most efficacious means of preserving silk hose intact. This also is first-hand knowledge.

At last the hairpin curve hove into sight, and Billie's patience broke. He gave one stricken "Baa-a-aa!" turned and fled, but not in vain had the girls been given "running in place twenty times. Ready—begin!" He was recaptured, and while Kitty held him, Muss ran up to the big road for help. She flagged a passing car, and the three began their adventures anew. The school was patrolled on all sides by desperate Sophomores, so they drove around it several times looking for an opening. The last time they picked up a Sophomore to help them, and made a dash for the side door of the dining-room, and after an excited cry of "I tagged you, so you're my prisoner," the trio made their triumphal entry into the dining-room, to the tune of—

"We've got the SOPHOMORE'S goat!"

Ask Cele.

It may be a bit unseemly for the following expose to be incorporated in this story, concerning the debit side of the Sophomores' banking account, but, nevertheless:

Grace Jernigan, in those few mad minutes of fast, furious, and hectic action, stopped long enough to snatch from the back porch two of the choicest bunches of celery, with whose tempting stalks and leaves she tickled Billie's nose, and fed Billie's mouth, thereby beguiling him, and keeping him from declaring to the public his whereabouts.

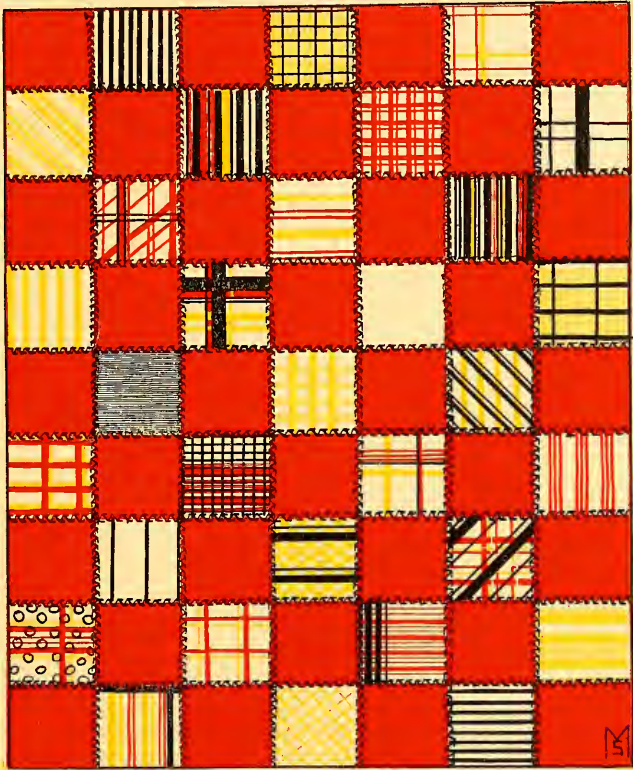
Item:

2 Bunches Celery @ 25c..... \$0.50

Please remit.

MRS. JOHN RUFF, *Dietitian*.

Two thousand six hundred years ago, Aesop said: "You Never Can Tell."



**ORGANIZATIONS**



## Clubs and Organizations



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**Student Council**

MAZIE AMORY  
ANNE MURRAY  
GLADYS GILLET

MYRTLE McGRATH  
CHARLOTTE CHAPPELL  
DOROTHY HOLTON

AGNES CURTIS  
BETSY BASSETT  
JANE WHITEHEAD



### Officers

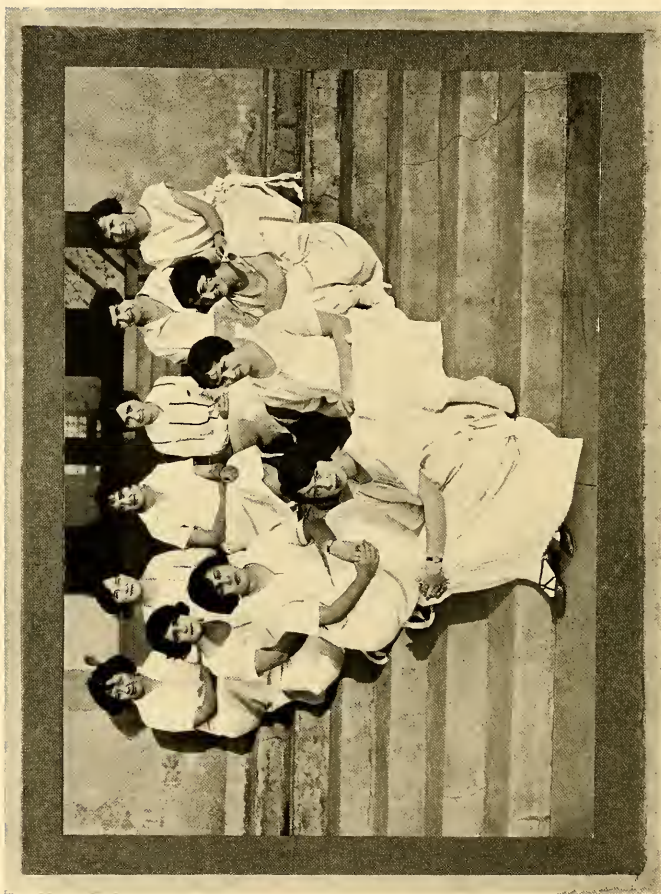
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*President*

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*Secretary*

VIRGINIA BOYD  
*Ex Officio*

MILDRED CRAWFORD  
*Treasurer*



*Little Cabinet*



## D. W. C. A.



*Motto:*

Not by might, nor by power, but by  
my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.



### Officers

VIRGINIA BOYD  
*President*

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*Vice-President*

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PAGE HARRISON.....	<i>Athletics</i>	VIRGINIA CATHELL.....	<i>Student Government</i>
BETSY BASSETT.....	<i>Y. W. C. A.</i>	LENA HAMBURG.....	<i>Wit</i>

# The Bulletin

FREDERICKSBURG STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE  
 FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA, DECEMBER 1924  
 Vol. IV No. 8



## Artists' Course

### ENJOYABLE PROGRAMS

The second offering of the Lovett course on Tuesday, November 18th, closed today to be a most enjoyable number. Katherine Tilt Jones, leader, said George Frazee, harpist, was the top artist who gave to the audience a most charming program of music with poetry. Katherine Tilt Jones' interpretation of the opera choruses and interpretations of the songs both here were well given and executed strongly to the audience. In her reading of the "Ballad of the Holy Women" she delivered her voice in emotional notes to perfect advantage. She also gave short poems from Sara Teasdale and Amy Lowell in a clear, impressive fashion which contributed much to the artistic success of the evening.

George Frazee in reciting selections on the harp was a most artistic and keen to the program. In the selections "Odelet" and "Ode to My Heart" she showed a mastery of technique and expression which delighted the audience.

The program was as follows:

- Part I  
 (1) Impromptu Haverstick  
 (2) Nursery Chablin  
 George Frazee  
 Ballad of the Holy Women Katherine Tilt Jones and George Frazee  
 (3) White Air Thomas  
 (4) Original Cady  
 (5) War March (Old Irish) Arr. Ripper  
 George Frazee  
 (6) March Madam  
 (7) Minstrel Agas  
 Katherine Tilt Jones and George Frazee  
 Part II  
 (8) The March Song Harriet Ward  
 (9) My Love Lila Doster  
 (10) Frolicsome Sleep Song Lily Sprinkles  
 Katherine Tilt Jones and George Frazee  
 Part 3  
 All remember the warm recital that was accorded the Scottish Minstrel Company last year when they presented "The Cotter's Saturday Night" for their play. This all (Continued on Page 3)

## A Merry Christmas

As all feasted a stich drove up all the door,  
 I was poked in the eye, not some  
 for me more.

And the sound of the horn was deafening indeed,  
 Though it seemed to pierce as the bell  
 belated stood.

Oh! the shouts and the laughter,  
 the joy and the song,  
 Give us air in the street that same  
 thing was on.

Oh! they all perked and into the last,  
 It set us all wondering at this very  
 strange call.

What a great deal of rumour and for  
 did it mean?

For first thing we knew in  
 "Santa Claus."

His cheeks were so rosy, his eyes  
 were so bright,  
 His face was lit up with the happiest  
 gleam.

His thick hands felt warm, in the mar-  
 (fact) way.

And I asked all of us a very good day  
 before we all knew it, this jolly old  
 saint.

## Theatrical Gossip

The other day I was rambling down Broadway and suddenly I happened to think

"People are certainly going to spend more money on shows this Christmas. The theaters are advertising a good selection of musical comedies and dramas for the holidays. Among the most important we find 'The Harem' at the Embassy with its new stars playing the lead 'Musical Comedy' at the Ambassador a musical comedy in which Fred and Adele Adams will appear. 'Brides at the Park' at the Grand Theatre, a musical play with Dorothy Kelly starring."

Speaking of plays we saw 'Winter Wonderland' in 'Cyrano de Bergerac' in Washington and here are 'Hemlock's' being presented by the state and 'The Merchant of Venice' in New York. In New York the 'Merchant of Venice' is being presented by the state and 'The Merchant of Venice' in New York.

The Dramatic Club of the Johns Hopkins School opened the season by presenting a charming concert play, 'Hemlock' and 'Cyrano de Bergerac'. These young artists give an excellent performance which the audience artfully appreciated. These plays are

- John Brewer  
 Frances Lightner  
 Lulu Chisholm  
 Charles Shullings  
 The student body is participating in our play and it is rumored that we will be having something about Christmas.
- The Shrine Theater

## A STUDENT'S COMPLAINT

When you're looking overboard,  
 And your thoughts have taken flight,  
 And your mind has just stopped work,  
 A poem's a lovely word to write

Even if I'm a poet  
 And I grieve with my pen,  
 When the subject matters about  
 'Oh' just where can you see this?"

So I know with much reverence,  
 For a stirring poem of you,  
 And I point here with such thought  
 If I don't have such other ways to do

I love my class I love my teacher  
 And I just would like to ask  
 If the class I look attention  
 To give us such a holiday man

—Olive Hall

## Romances Of Fredericksburg

The Bulletin wishes to express its appreciation of all that has been done in this part of Virginia to preserve the many historic places, in and about Fredericksburg. We feel that the preservation of these places is a duty which should be done by the people of this State. We wish to thank the people of Fredericksburg for their efforts in this regard. We wish to thank the people of Fredericksburg for their efforts in this regard. We wish to thank the people of Fredericksburg for their efforts in this regard.

## The Student Government

Members for the Freshman class it seems to have a wonderful spirit for the Student Government. We see no end to the spirit as a whole but especially for their own class as well as for the honor of the individual. Keep it up new girls you will carry the honor to far just follow next year. With the help of the upper classes you are helping to place the Student Government on a higher level than ever before. We hope that with the Senior class as a part of you had continued loyalty and cooperation, to establish a higher name of honor for our college and ourselves in the future.

Keep the first of November, or even as Freshman President, was our student body meeting was held for the new girls for the purpose of thoughtfully settling the points of order and other essential things to run them. Our president directed the best members of careful consideration to be held after careful thought, to run them. We are sending the names to the class and of what it should mean to the girls. We were provided to know the large number of girls who signed the program. We expect they will run.

(Continued on Page 2)



## Kampuss Katz Klub



*Motto:* We're the Katz Ears

*Flower:* Kat-Tails

*Home:* Katskill Mountains

*Song:* Kitten on the Keys

*Color:* Maltese Grey

Alley-Kat Childress  
Tom-Kat Chase  
Store-Kat Cockrell  
Maltese-Kat Crismond  
Alley-Kat Curtis  
Stray-Kat Cozart  
Black-Kat Bradshaw  
Harbor-Kat Bassett

Stray-Kat Farish  
Angora-Kat Fromm  
Back-Kat Glascock  
Harbor-Kat Hank  
Persian-Kat Holton  
Store-Kat McGrath  
Harbor-Kat McCarrick  
Tom-Kat Morecock

Angora-Kat May  
Store-Kat Roberts  
Tom-Kat Squire  
Maltese-Kat Sebrell  
Stray-Kat Taliaferro  
Barn-Kat White  
Barn-Kat Whiting  
Persian-Kat Williams

# VIRGINIA REEL CLUB



QUITE GRACEFUL ARE THE STEPS OF OLD  
AND PRETTY ARE THE NEW  
WITH GLIDE AND TURN, NOT TOO BOLD  
WE OFT COMBINE THE TWO

PRES-CORRAY MEARS - VICE-PRES-JESSE SQUIRE - SEC-TREAS-RUTH PHILLIPS



## Glee Club

Parke Anderson  
 Betsy Bassett  
 Gladys Beck  
 Lucy Billingsley  
 Willie Bivens  
 Louise Bracey  
 Virginia Branch  
 Eloise Brown  
 Florence Cain  
 Charlotte Chappell  
 Ruth Clark  
 Mildred Crawford  
 Marion Davis  
 Elizabeth Decker  
 Eva Duncan  
 Julia Ellison  
 Margaret Engleby  
 Sadie Fisher  
 Rose Friedman  
 Helen Frothingham  
 Alma Gardner  
 Verle Garner

Gladys Gillett  
 Lois Hamilton  
 Electa Hamner  
 Lucile Hanowell  
 Bessie Harwood  
 Lucy Hobson  
 Katherine Jenkins  
 Helen Johnson  
 Isabel Lacy  
 May Leath  
 Nancy Lee  
 Sadie Levinson  
 Freeda Levy  
 Nancy Lewis  
 Bernice Loehr  
 Marion Lokey  
 Edna Lumpkin  
 Myrtle McGrath  
 Velma McNeal  
 Elizabeth May  
 Elsie Minor

Julia Mister  
 Hattie Mae Nevell  
 Sara Omansky  
 Nell Pound  
 Clarice Rollings  
 Vivian Rollings  
 John Ruff  
 Susie Saunders  
 Mabel Self  
 Louise Steuart  
 Hazel Stump  
 Elizabeth Lee Taylor  
 Ethalia Thomas  
 Mar'on Thomas  
 Josephine Throckmorton  
 Mozelle Virts  
 Juliet Ware  
 Estelle White  
 Frances Whiting  
 Mildred Wiltshire  
 Mildred Gwaltney





## Piano Department



MISS NORA CHURCHILL WILLIS, *Instructor*

Frances Abbitt  
Parke Anderson  
Gladys Beck  
Hilda L. Belote  
Tilda T. Belote  
Maude Booth  
Geraldine Bruster  
Miriam Carmel  
Herma Childress  
Katherine Coates  
Virginia Cockrell  
Elaine Connelly  
Elizabeth Decker  
Ruby Dratt  
Doris Driscoll

Virginia Frazier  
Beatrice Gallagher  
Grace Giannotti  
Lily Gregory  
Anna Paige Green  
Edna Griffin  
Maria Groton  
Flora Jett  
Rosalie Kilmon  
Virginia McCarthy  
Roberta McKenney  
Fay Martin  
Julia Mister  
Elizabeth Moody

Anna Noell  
Sally Norris  
Mildred Olds  
Elsie Page  
Elizabeth Payne  
Margaret Phillips  
John Ruff  
Irene Rogers  
Josephine Smith  
Alice Stone  
Annie Stotz  
Alice Wilkins  
Claudia Wilkins  
Frances Walker  
Marguerite Wine



*Hiking Club*

## Hiking Club



LET'S go girls! Fall in by twos! Ready! Left! Left! Left! One! Two! Three! Four! Let's sing "Skitter-merink," etc. These and similar shouts greet the ears of the passers-by as the Hiking Club swings past of a Saturday morning, all pepped up for a brisk tramp over hill and dale. It may be rough, it may be smooth, it may be mud, or it may be snow, but always it's heaps and heaps of fun as through briar patches, under barbed-wire fences and over rickety stiles, the hikers wend their way. The trying and sometimes serio-comic experience of losing or otherwise damaging one's attire does not dampen the sportsmanlike spirit of "There or bust," for a sport's a sport for a' that, and we gradually climb to the "Castle of Good Health." So what say you, girls? Three cheers for the Hiking Club: Hip! Hip! Hooray!



## Members

Bevans, Pratt  
 Blanton, Catherine  
 Bonniwell, Lois  
 Booth, Willie  
 Brooks, Lily Mae  
 Cain, Lucille  
 Carmil, Miriam  
 Chappell, Charlotte  
 Collins, Annie  
 Conn, Estelle  
 Conn, Esther  
 Cooke, Emma L.  
 Cooper, Frances  
 Everette, Catherine  
 Eubank, Mildred  
 Field, Evelyn  
 Fisher, Sadie  
 Freidman, Rose  
 Graham, Margaret  
 Graham, Osie  
 Hale, Matilda  
 Hamburg, Lena

Hamilton, Lois  
 Hankla, Emily  
 Hanmer, Dorothy  
 Harding, Catherine  
 Hatchett, Kitty  
 Headly, Council  
 Hiller, Cecillia  
 Hundly, Frances  
 Jacobs, Esther  
 Johnson, Ruby  
 Jones, Susie  
 Juren, Sara  
 Lane, Rosa  
 Levy, Freeda  
 Lokey, Marion  
 Lynch, Louise  
 Masters, Mildred  
 Mears, Corday  
 Miller, Edna  
 Mills, Helen  
 Morecock, Betty  
 Morris, Ruby  
 Musselman, Virginia

O'Brien, Virginia  
 Omansky, Sara  
 Phillips, Ruth  
 Ponton, Ruth  
 Ponton, Willis  
 Quinn, Mary  
 Righter, Bertha  
 Rosenblatt, Annie  
 Rosenblatt, Frances  
 Saunders, Suste  
 Smith, Dorothy  
 Sutton, Margaret  
 Thomas, Jessie Lee  
 Thomas, Ethalia  
 Throckmorton, Josephine  
 Tiller, Dorothy  
 Walcott, Emily  
 Walker, Sally B.  
 Warmer, Virge  
 Weger, Kate  
 Wilkinson, Dorothy  
 Wirth, Faith



## Fire Department



### Commander

FRANCES E. ABBITT

### Chiefs

KATHERINE MICKS  
ELSIE MINOR

MADOLYN CARPENTER  
KATHLEEN KESSLER

### Captains

Page Harrison  
Miriam Carmel  
Mildred Chase  
Eloise Brown  
Marian Davis  
Verle Garner

Jessie Roberts  
Rachel Chenault  
Helen Frothingham  
Elizabeth Moore  
Lucy Billingsly

Alice Goldsworthy  
Jessie Squire  
Mildred Kindervater  
Estelle White  
Madeline Milbank  
Doris Beard



## Entre-Nous

■■■■

### Latin and French *Fleur-de-Lis*

*President* ..... WANDA FOX      *Vice-President*..... KATHLEEN KESSLER  
*Secretary* ..... ELIZABETH JOHNSON      *Treasurer*..... JESSIE DOUGHTIE

### Members

Jessie Lee Thomas  
 Lois Henry  
 Eva Duncan  
 Susie Broaddus  
 Olive Hall  
 Ethel Godsey  
 Mildred Chase  
 Catherine Blanton

Elizabeth Moore  
 Dorothy Maney  
 Julia Ellison  
 Carmen Mejia  
 Alice Stone  
 Fannie Pollard  
 Fay Martin  
 Frances Walker

Virginia Biscoe  
 Grace Mason  
 Katherine Mears  
 Anna Paige Green  
 Elizabeth Soltes  
 Aileen Headley  
 Lily Mae Brooks  
 Virginia Cockrell  
 Nancy Warren Gray



## Eastern Shore Club

### Officers

*President*.....DOROTHY CHANDLER  
*Vice-President*.....REVA RUSSELL  
*Secretary-Treasurer*.....ELISE TAYLOR

### Members

Hilda Belote  
 Lois Bonniwell  
 Edith Costin  
 Bertie Drummond  
 Mildred Drummond  
 Eva Duncan  
 Hammer Dunkley

Annie Gladstone  
 Ethel Godsey  
 Maria Groton  
 Susie Guy  
 Grace Mason  
 Myrtle McGrath  
 Kathryn Mears

Julia Mister  
 Margaret Phillips  
 Margaret Stringer  
 Kathryn Warren  
 Nellis Waterfield  
 Edna Webb  
 Susie Jones



## Twin City Club



### Officers

*President*.....BETSY BASSETT  
*Secretary-Treasurer* .....EMILY FLEMING

### Members

Norma Kellam  
 Margaret McCarrick  
 Carmen Mejia  
 Faith Wirth  
 Katherine Harding  
 Cecelia Hiller

Georgie Overman  
 Frances Rosenblatt  
 Anna Rosenblatt  
 Virginia O'Brien  
 Annie Stotz  
 Thelma Lynch

Edna Griffith  
 Lena Hamburg  
 Ida Lubkovitz  
 Willie Booth  
 Madelyn Thornhill  
 India Diggs



## Northern Neck Club

### Officers

<i>President</i> .....	MARY MCKENNEY
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	VELMA MCNEAL
<i>Secretary</i> .....	KATHERINE COATES
<i>Faculty Adviser</i> .....	MRS. A. B. CHANDLER

*Motto:* Rambling

*Flower:* Wild Violet      *Colors:* Violet and Silver

*Song:* Running Wild

### Members

Maud Booth	Alma Gardner	Nancy Lee	Mabel Simmons
Mrs. A. B. Chandler	Frances Gresham	Marion Lokie	Josephine Smith
Olivia Chase	Elsie Haynie	Edna Lumpkin	Mary Snyder
Katherine Coates	Council Headley	Mary McKenney	Flora Spriggs
Virginia Cockrell	Mary Hatton	Velma McNeal	Mabel Towles
Elaine Connelly	Genevieve Jackson	Elizabeth Muir	Alice Wilkins
Marion Davis	Myrtrice James	Aphra Moore	Caludia Wilkins
Ruth Forrester	Katherine Jenkins	Annie Parks	Barbara Woolard
Beatrice Gallagher	Flora Jett	Mabel Self	





## Southwest Virginia Club

*"In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia,  
On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine"—*

*Motto:* "United We Climb"

*Flower:* Mountain Laurel

*President* ..... VIRGINIA FRAZIER

*Secretary-Treasurer* ..... LOUISE LYNCH

### Members

Margaret Engleby  
Virginia Boyd  
Margaret Sutton

Marion Thomas  
Mrs. C. L. Bushnell  
Miss Elizabeth Moran

Parke Anderson  
Geraldine Bruster  
Hazel Stump



## Caroline and Spottsylvania Club



*President*.....HELEN MILLS  
*Vice-President*.....GLADYS GRAY  
*Treasurer*.....RUBY DRATT  
*Secretary*.....SUSIE BROADDUS

*Motto:* "A live wire never gets stepped on."

*Colors:* Purple and Gold

*Flower:* Pansy



## Hampton Roads Club



President ..... ANNE MURRAY  
 Vice-President ..... VIRGINIA BRANCH  
 Secretary-Treasurer ..... CORDAY MEARS

### Members

Virginia Branch  
 Elizabeth May  
 Gwendolyn Lincoln  
 Elizabeth Sheppard  
 Mary Quinn  
 Anne Collins  
 Edna Miller  
 Marion Clarke  
 Sadie Fisher

Mildred Masters  
 Kate Weger  
 Sadie Levinson  
 Grace Harper  
 Mazie Amory  
 Lily Mae Brooks  
 Miriam Carmel  
 Virginia Wright  
 Helen Frothingham  
 Esther Jacobs

Freda Levy  
 Lois Hamilton  
 Mabel Jester  
 Emma Cooke  
 Estelle Conn  
 Laura Rhodes  
 Ruth Clark  
 Ethel Conn  
 Frances Cooper



## The Tea Room

"That's where my money goes." Pies, candy, tarts, ice cream, sandwiches. Where? "The Little Red Lane"—all to swell the coffers of the Student Building Fund.

The Tea Room is open from 8:30 A. M. until 5 P. M. and again at recreation hour. All hours of the day girls may be found there, eating and drinking—a regular coffee house.

*Here's to the Alumnae Building!  
May her coffers continue to fill!*



## The Little Red Lane

*To the Little Red Lane we wend our way,  
No matter what or when the day.  
For there we find good things to eat;  
I tell the truth, they can't be beat.  
Pies and tarts, puffs and cake—  
The very best that they can bake.*

*Sandwiches, sandwiches, five and ten—  
Olives, cheese, their savor lend.  
Finest sundaes, drinks and candy.  
Who said those "dawgs" weren't simply dandy?  
Blackest coffee, piping hot,  
And Waffles that just hit the spot.*

*To the Little Red Lane we wend our way—  
Why not be "broke" another day?*



## Two Dear Graduates Who Have Returned to College



*Cheers here can best be led  
By Juliet Ware, with hair so red;  
It's true she makes a lot of noise,  
But she is back training her voice.*

*Elizabeth Morrison left us in '21,  
But the task was not done;  
Of Physical Ed. she was in quest,  
So she returned for her B. S.*

*Helen Mills, our "Little" Math. shark,  
Can work Algebra in the dark;  
That is the result, you can plainly see,  
Of returning to college for her degree.*

*Myrtle Biscoe, better known as "Mutt,"  
Did not want to be a nut;  
She did a wise thing, you'll all agree;  
She came back to F. S. T. C.*

*In nineteen hundred and twenty-three,  
Mary Lightner returned to S. T. C.;  
The question is: "Was it Gym or Jack  
That made our Little Mary come back?"*

*Lucy Houston, our little pee-wee,  
Left Normal School ranks in '23;  
Now she is back in Fredericksburg College,  
In Physical Ed. to gain great knowledge.*

*Gladys Gray, witty and jolly,  
Discovered in one year the jolly  
Of trying to teach school without a degree;  
So that's why she came back, you see.*

*"Two-year graduates," one and all,  
Whether you are large or small,  
We want you at State Teachers' College—  
Come back and increase your knowledge.*

Miss Josephine Seville, the first four-year graduate of this college, is teaching Commercial Education at Emporia, Virginia.

Miss Frances Eckenrode, who took her degree in '23, is staying at home with her parents.

The three young ladies who took their degrees last year—namely, Misses Sally Norris, Leah Lewis, and Molly Coates—are back at the college this year. Miss Norris is engaged in teaching Public School Music; Miss Lewis is in the Art Department, and Miss Coates is giving half-time to work in the Dean's office and half-time to teaching Commercial subjects.



## Shenandoah Valley Club



*President* ..... IRENE LONG

*Vice-President* ..... MILDRED WILTSHIRE

*Secretary* ..... JOHN RUFF

*Motto:* "The Higher the Climb, the Broader the View"

*Flower:* Trailing Arbutus

### Members

Marguerite Wine  
Nelle Wine  
Maude Corder

Virginia McCarthy  
Mary Marshall  
Virginia Davis

Maude Höckman  
Doris Beard  
Mrs. Ruff



## God's Country

### I.

*Oh! the long, red road which winds around,  
Over hill and dale, where good health's found!  
How I love to ride, or on foot to roam,  
Far off from people, all outdoors, home,—  
Till my lungs are filled, and my heart is thrilled  
With the sweet, fresh air of winds distilled;  
While my pulse beats fast with keen delight,  
And my soul drinks in with joy the sight  
Of rivers and fields, of flowers and trees,—  
How the touch of Nature my heart doth please!*

### II.

*My soul, unfettered, all good doth share,  
Alone with Nature, so pure and fair,—  
I seem to nestle near earth's breast,  
As earth's red sail by my feet is pressed,  
And so I'm happy, until (sad fate),  
I need must return to where men hate,  
And there, midst turmoil and strife and dread,  
Cover my soul, while I earn my bread  
For another week, till again I'm free  
To go forth once more and God's face see,  
And hear His voice (though it's still and small),  
Out of earth's goodness, unto me call;  
Now my soul responds, and I am glad once more,  
In God's own country, truth to adore.*

—SELECTED.

## The Red Head Girl



*There are girls with eyes o' blue,  
And curly locks so fair,  
But she isn't any sweeter  
Than my girl with her bright red hair.*

*There are girls who attract attention  
With brown curls, oh! so rare,  
But she doesn't cast a shadow  
Around my girl's bright red hair.*

*Some girls are chosen beauties,  
The world will all declare,  
But among them will be shining  
My girl with her bright red hair.*

—LUCY HOBSON.





**RED HEAD CLUB**

SONG... THIRTY REDHEAD GAL      FLOWER... SUNFLOWER  
MOTTO... RED AND REDDY  
PRES... JULIET WARE      SEC AND TREAS... VIRGINIA BRANCH  
ADVISOR... MISS EVA TAYLOR ETTES

FLANNAN, KATHERINE	HAYNIE, ELSIE	WARE, JULIET	MURPHY, CELE
FLEWATER, GERALDINE	HIGAN, ANNE	SMITH, COET	BRANCH, VIRGINIA
HAMILTON, LOIS	LEVY, FRIEDA	ROSE, MIRIE	MORRIS, RUBY
HARMON, ELECTA			LYNCH, THELMA
HARRISON, ELIZABETH			TALIAFERRO, NETTIE

## Ballade Athletic



*Perhaps some twenty years or more,  
When all who once were here are far  
Away, forgetful of the store  
Of mem'ries, dim as yonder star,  
With Algebra and Latin on a par,  
With Social Science in its dim decay,  
A thought will come, grim as the Russian Czar,—  
Yes, you will think of our Athletic Day!*

*Perhaps you will recall anew,  
In consternation ever strong,  
Your old excuses, used in lieu  
Of getting tangled in that throng  
That raced around the track so long;  
And you, sad you, forgot to weigh  
Your vaules, cut your class—did wrong,—  
Yes, you will think of our Athletic Day!*

*Some far-off day, when it is cold,  
And biting snow blows through the air,  
Then you will think of that old  
Icy gym, and all your troubles there.  
Some day, some hot June day so rare,  
When summer sun sends sizzling ray,  
A page from out your mem'ry tear;  
Yes, you will think of our Athletic Day!*

### ENVOY

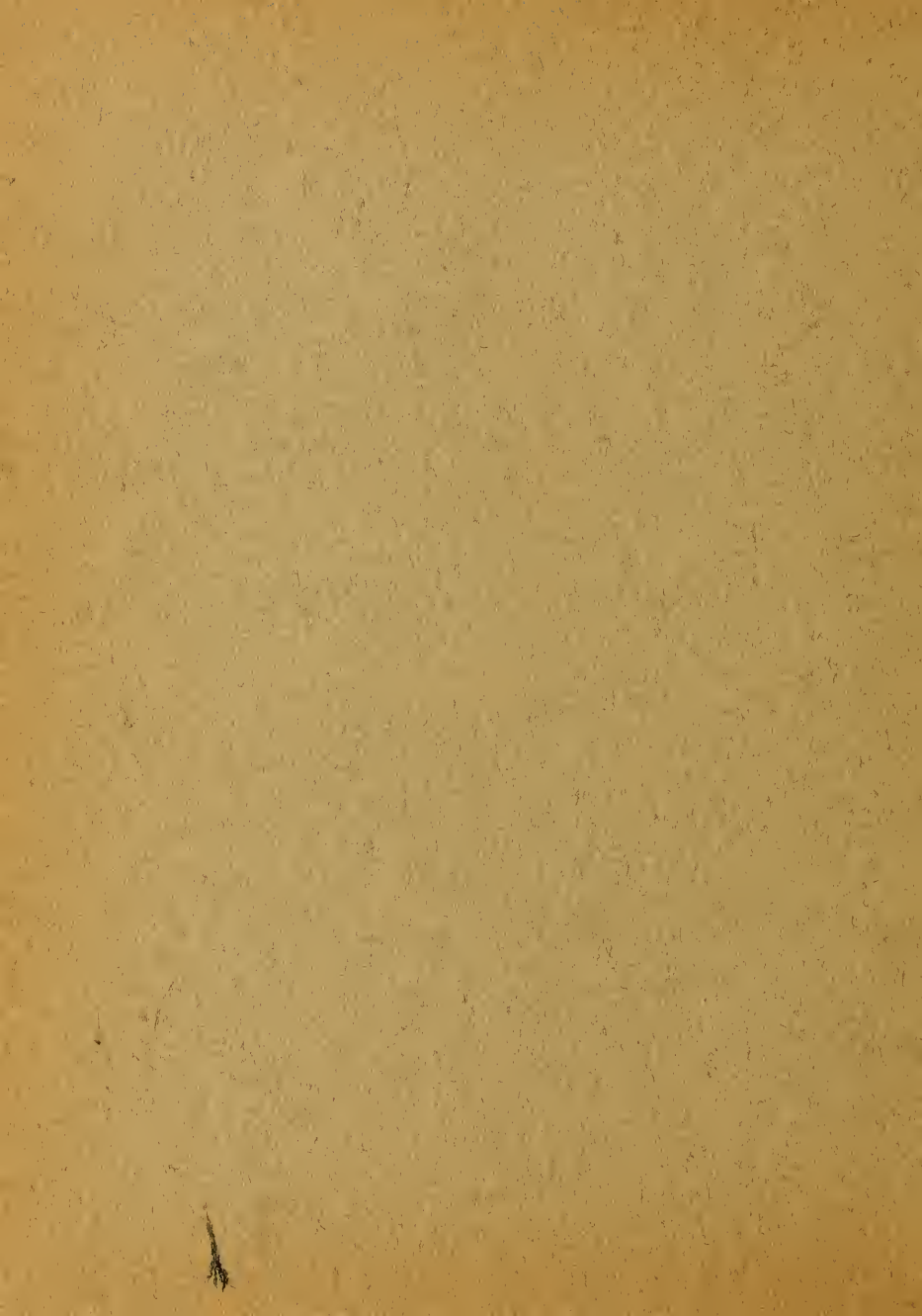
*Some hour when you have ne'er a care,  
You'll think of what I've had to say;  
And you'll re-live the Past with bitter stare.  
Yes, you will think of our Athletic Day!*

—Muss.



**ATHLETICS**

٥٤٣



## Athletics



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## A Billy Goat Tale!



NE clear January night three stealthy figures were seen coming slowly down the road. They were moving haltingly, for one of the trio didn't particularly care to go; indeed, several times he flatly refused to budge. He was none other than our hero, Billy, of the Goat family, while his friends (?) were the Misses Musselman and Hatchett. You see, Billy was a very intelligent animal, and he just knew that he was the Soph's goat; furthermore, he was rather proud of such an honor. Suddenly he had a happy inspiration and decided upon the spot to make a wild dash for freedom (as all heroes do, sooner or later). So he dashed away, and his captors dashed after him. Fate was against him, for bearing down upon him appeared a two-eyed monster, alias Automobile, and out of this jumped two boys, who joined in the chase.

That was a valiant fight, my readers, but I regret to say that, since he was one and they were four, he was again taken captive and put into the car. Suddenly several Sophs spied the car and bore down upon it; and then began the GREAT GOAT FIGHT that shall go down upon the pages of History in S. T. C. It was a *good* fight, though, and a very courageous one, even if there were just a few Sophs against the swarm of Freshmen. Finally the Sophs did recapture their goat, and as Billy had fought so heroically for his side, he was allowed to eat another crate of celery. Completing this satisfying task, he departed in peace, having cut his little niche in the Hall of Fame.

SOPHOMORE GOATEE.





## Athletic Club

### Committees

Anne Murray.....	Refreshment
Elizabeth Crismond.....	Entertainment
Marian Clarke.....	Advertisement
Jane Whitehead.....	Decorating

### Officers

Indie Sinclair.....	President
Lena Johnson.....	Vice-President
Juliet Ware.....	Secretary
Lois Henry.....	Treasurer

#### Motto:

“There is but one temple in the Universe,  
and that is the body of man.”—NOVALIS.

We're the girls of Fredericksburg you hear so much about.  
The people turn and stare at us whenever we go out.  
We're noted for our wisdom, and the clever things we do.  
Most everybody likes us. We hope you like us, too.  
Yipsy—Yow! Yow! Yipsy—Yee! Yee!  
Yipsy—Yow! Yow! Soak 'em Varsity!  
We will rough-neck \_\_\_\_\_  
'Til they holler, Cut it out, out, out!

Say! \_\_\_\_\_ Say what?  
That's what! \_\_\_\_\_ What's what?  
That's what they all say! What do they all say?  
Fredericksburg!







### First Varsity

PAGE HARRISON, *Manager*

RACHEL CHENAULT, *Captain*

Hilda Belote  
Dorothy Maney  
Teckla Driefus

Katharine Micks  
Jessie Squire  
Ruby Lee Blaydes

Lena Johnson  
Indie Sinclair  
Virginia Musselman

Anne Hogan  
Kitty Hatchett



### Second Varsity

Elizabeth Crismond  
Bertha Norman

Mildred Eubank  
Elmer Norman

Matilda Hale  
Ruth Ponton

Claudia Wilkins  
Miriam Carmel  
Mary Hatton



**Senior-Junior Baseball**

Helen Mills  
Mary Lightner  
Gladys Gray

Frances Abbitt  
Virginia Boyd  
Indie Sinclair

Elizabeth Morrison  
Page Harrison  
Lucy Houston

**Tennis**

*Singles*

Page Harrison



**Tennis**

*Doubles*

Page Harrison  
Indie Sinclair



### Senior-Junior Basketball



Frances Walker  
Pep Williams  
Indie Sinclair

Juliet Ware  
Lucy Houston  
Page Harrison

Elizabeth Morrison  
Helen Mills  
Virginia Boyd

Our class spirit's never dead;  
Our team's gonna rise again!  
We're gonna win, that's what we said;  
Our team's gonna rise again!

#### CHORUS

I know it.  
Yes, I knows it—Whee——!  
Our team's gonna rise again!  
Down in de gym upon our knees;  
Our team's gonna rise again!  
Thought I heard those —— sneeze;  
Our team's gonna rise again!



**Sophomore Baseball Team**

Lois Henry  
Elsie Minor  
Marion Clarke

Mildred Gwaltney  
Council Headley

Cope Evans  
Rachel Chenault

Lena Johnson  
Ruby Lee Blaydes  
Miriam Carmel

**Tennis**

*Singles*

Madolyn  
Carpenter



**Tennis**

*Doubles*

Emily Fleming  
Lena Johnson



### Sophomore Basketball Team

Rachel Chenault, Capt.  
Katherine Micks  
Elizabeth Crismond

Kathleen Kessler  
Lena Johnson  
Cope Evans

Dorothy Maney  
Miriam Carmel  
Ruby Lee Blaydes



### Freshman Baseball

TOP LINE (*left to right*)—Sallie B. Walker, Hilda Belote, Mildred Eubank,  
Dorothy Hanmer, Alma Gardner.

SECOND LINE—Grace Mason, Matilda Hale, Athalia Thomas.

BOTTOM LINE—Virginia Musselman, Anne Hogan, Claudia Wilkins (Captain).

### Tennis

*Doubles*

Kittie  
Hatchett  
Flora Keyser



### Tennis

*Singles*

Virginia  
Musselman



Mildred Eubank

Anne Hogan

Dorothy Hanmer

Mary Hatton

Katherine Hatchett (Captain)

### Freshman Basketball

Virginia Musselman

Teckla Driefus

Irene Pepmier

Claudia Wilkins

### Cheer Leaders

Gillet

Lynch

## Athletic Roll Call



### Tennis

In doubles, Kittie and Flo went down in defeat, after a strenuous and valiant battle. The Sophs were as surprised as we, but poor things—they wanted it so badly.

The sad, sad story repeated itself in singles, when Musselman and Harrison spent two afternoons trying to decide which should have the honors. Page won, but we don't care. We beat them all yelling, anyway.

### Baseball

We practiced baseball in gym classes until there wasn't a spot on the floor or the ceiling that we hadn't hit, and we had a good team, if we do say it ourselves. Our swipes at that ball would have done credit to Babe Ruth, and in the way of baseball, as in other things, we didn't let a thing get by us. So when the Sophs beat the Seniors, we prepared to beat or bust. Say! That was some game! Hogan's twirls had them all rattled, and Gardner put them out on first like clockwork. The queer thing was that in the end they pulled us for a higher score, and managed to win! We challenged them to a second game, but forgot to put R. S. V. P. on the letter. We never heard from them.

### Basketball

The crisis of our athletic lives came in basketball. Everybody in the Freshman class came out for the team, and those who didn't make it were sports and remained to yell. In the first game with Sophs, we were so busy getting their goat that they turned around and got ours, to the tune of 31-26.

The next night we nearly doubled their score, and the balconies almost came down on us when we won—28-16.

The tie was played off finally, and the Sophomores won, in spite of our efforts. We congratulate them, and we realize that, after all, it's not who won or lost, but how we played the game—and we did our best.





### Junior—Freshman Hockey Squad

Claudia Wilkins  
Hilda Belote  
Anne Hogan  
Matilda Haile  
Lucy Houston

Lucy Hobson  
Dorothy Hamner  
Willie Ponton  
Mildred Eubank  
Ruth Ponton  
Mary Hatten

Virginia Boyd  
Madeline Carpenter  
Kitty Hatchett  
Irene Long  
Teckla Dreifus



### Sophomore—Senior Hockey Squad

Elizabeth Crismond  
Emily Fleming  
Ruby Lee Blaydes  
Frances Abbitt  
Jessie Squire

Dorothy Maney  
Anne Murray  
Katherine Micks  
Cope Evans  
Frances Hundley  
Charlotte Chappell

Lena Johnson  
Rachel Chenault  
Indie Sinclair  
Miriam Carmel  
Geraldine Bruster

## Our Virginia

### I.

*Our Virginia! bright, merry land,  
Beyond expression dear!  
I know there is no fairy land,  
No country e'er by God planned,  
So filled with all good cheer;  
Dear land of tenderness and love,  
Bless'd land of joy and beauty,  
Thy virtues all men must approve,—  
Brave land of faith and duty!*

### II.

*Thy mountains grand and lowlands green  
Bring wealth and plenty forth.  
No fairer State was ever seen  
Than Thou—who sittest like a Queen  
Between the North and South;  
Thy sons (my heart has confessed)  
Are noblest and most true;  
Thy daughters are the loveliest  
That e'er in this world grew.*

### III.

*Here—where my fathers wrought and fought,  
And lived—and loved—and died;  
Here where the breath of life I caught  
And of the love of God was taught,  
How bless'd it is to bide;  
For, oh! thy fields the fairest are,  
Thy hills and dales the dearest,  
Thy skies are bluest—and each star  
Shines over thee the clearest.*

### IV.

*Glad are the streams that through thee flow,  
Smooth are thy broad bay's waters,  
All good on thee God doth bestow,  
But, better than all else I know,  
Are thy brave sons and daughters;  
Dear land of liberty and peace,  
Of happiness and glory  
There never was a lovelier place,  
In truth,—nor yet in story.*

—SELECTED.



Who's Who  
on  
the Hill

These are the  
"Who's"



VIRGINIA WILLIAMS .....	<i>Most Talented</i>
CECILIA McLAUGHLIN .....	<i>Best Dancer</i>
AGNES CURTIS .....	<i>Prettiest</i>
JESSIE SQUIRE .....	<i>Most Athletic</i>
JULIET WARE .....	<i>Best All Round</i>
ELLA TALLEY .....	<i>Most Original</i>
EMILY HANKLA .....	<i>Most Studious</i>
BETSY BASSETT .....	<i>Most Popular</i>



*"A flattering painter who made it his care  
To draw men as they ought to be—not as they are."*  
—GOLDSMITH.

**Most Talented**



Best Dancer

*"But, oh! she dances such a way  
No sun upon an Easter Day  
Is half so fine a sight."—SUCKLING.*



*"And her face so fair—stirred with her dream  
As rose leaves with the air.*

—BYRON.

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Prettiest



**Most Athletic**

*"He that climbs the tall tree  
Hath won the right to the fruit."  
—SCOTT.*





*"Who does the best his circumstances allows does well—  
Acts nobly; angels could do no more."*

—YOUNG.

**Best All Round**



**Most Original**

*"We can be more clever than one,  
But not more clever than all."*  
—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.



*"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?"*  
—GAY.

**Post Studios**



Most Popular

*"One of the few the immortal names  
That were not born to die."*  
—HALLECK.

## Wanderlust



*I'd give my soul for a ship today,  
A ship all silver and rose;  
I'd take you with me and sail away  
To the "Land of No-One-Knows."*

*We'd laugh and love in pagan glee  
And count the stars by night;  
We'd swim and lie in a turquoise sea  
Like shadows dark and light.*

CELE McLAUGHLIN, '25.

## Miss Lucinda's Disappointment



MISS LUCINDA was very busy. In fact, she had been busy quite two hours. She had baked a chicken, made biscuits, and she was now engaged in making a cake. As this was a rather difficult task, Miss Lucinda's face was careworn and tired. Perhaps you are wondering why she should be so careful with this particular cake. The reason is very simple. Miss Lucinda, being a strict and faithful church member, was, of course, obliged to invite the pastor to supper; and the fact that the pastor was a widower with no children and a good salary did not tend to decrease the lavishness of the good lady's preparation, though, of course, I do not mean to infer that this influenced her at all.

Miss Lucinda finished the cake and set it away; she inspected the biscuits to see if they were brown enough, and glanced at the chicken. This done, she proceeded to lay the cloth. She loaded the table with her choicest silver and whitest china, and as soon as the chicken appeared to her practiced eye to be well done and good enough for even a minister, she placed it on the table. Then, after adding the other dishes which were to contribute to the good cheer of the meal, she inspected the cake. Finding it to be absolutely perfect, she sat down to wait for her visitor. All at once she jumped up.

"Well, I do declare," she exclaimed, "if I haven't forgot to take off this apron, and my hair ain't combed, and I ain't got a speck of powder on my face!"

She fled to her bedroom, dropping her apron as she ran.

A few minutes later a buggy, drawn by a bony, long-necked horse, drew up to the gate; and there issued from the buggy no less a person than the Reverend Mr. Brown, of the Methodist Church. The Reverend Mr. Brown was very tall and thin; he wore a black suit and a tall silk hat. Some contended that he had inherited it from his great-grandfather, but of this I am not able to judge. At any rate, the Reverend Mr. Brown, accompanied by his hat, which he had removed when he got out of the buggy, either from respect for Miss Lucinda or a tender love for the hat. (I am not absolutely certain as to his nature, but I am inclined to the latter view.) Anyway, the Reverend Mr. Brown, having tied his horse, ascended the steps of Miss Lucinda's cottage with a very meek and saintly air. Miss Lucinda, having improved her appearance in every possible way, was waiting with visible signs of nervousness for her visitor. When she heard the Reverend Mr. Brown's step on the porch she hastened to open the door.

"Ah, good evening, Sister. How are you today?" the minister inquired with a low bow.

"I'm feelin' right well today, thank you, Brother Brown," returned Miss Lucinda. "Step in."

The minister complied, and, having succeeded in depriving him of his hat, Miss Lucinda led the way to the dining-room. The Reverend Mr. Brown, having noted with great pleasure that the chicken was very brown, and having rapidly inspected the silver and decided that it was genuine, condescended to take a seat at the head of the table and began carving the chicken. Miss Lucinda took the foot of the table and employed her time in a very lengthy task, namely, that of passing the various dishes to the hungry minister, who ate with every appearance of enjoyment.

When he had caused the greater part of the supper to disappear, Miss Lucinda arose from the table and went into the pantry to get the cake. As soon as she disappeared the Reverend Mr. Brown jumped up and inspected the contents of the china closet and buffet. Then he hurried back to the table and, judging by the smile that lighted up his face, the contents must have been highly satisfactory.

"Yes," he murmured to himself, although of what he was speaking I will not attempt to guess. "Yes, I'm certainly going to ask her, and I'm sure she'll agree, for nobody would refuse me."

Just then Miss Lucinda appeared, flushed, but smiling, bearing the wonderful cake.

"Ah, Sister," observed Reverend Brown, with a very melancholy expression, "you don't know what it is not to know the comforts of home. I remember when my late wife was living, the meals she used to cook! But them times is past, and I suppose it's no use hopin'?" and he looked very meaningly at Miss Lucinda.

That good lady showed such surprise (although it might have been joy) that she nearly dropped the cake. However, she managed to get the cake on the table.

"Well, I don't know, Brother Brown," she returned with a very sweet smile. "You know you can always hope."

The Reverend Mr. Brown was so overjoyed at this that he ate four slices of cake in succession before he spoke again.

"Well, Sister," he observed as soon as he swallowed the cake, "I've been thinking, as you're all alone and I'm alone, that it would be—"

A sharp knock sounded at the door. Miss Lucinda, who had listened enraptured to the words of the Reverend Mr. Brown, hurried to the door with what in a less religious lady might have been termed a fit of anger, but, of course, in her case could not have been called more than a slight disappointment. She jerked open the door and confronted a small boy, who stood there clinging to a large flatiron.



"M-Miss Lucindy?" he stammered, offering the iron to her, "Mama s-s-sent your iron b-back, and she says th-thank you."

"All right, Jimmy," said Miss Lucinda, having taken the iron, closed the door in his inquisitive face. Then, putting the iron down, she returned to her place at the table.

"What were you s-saying, Brother Brown?" she inquired innocently.

"Well, Sister, I mean Miss Lucinda, Ah—Lucindy, I was a-saying 'that being's we was all alone in the wrold, we ought—'"

Bang! Crash! Miss Lucinda in her excitement had clutched at the table and swept the dish containing the remains of the chicken into the floor, where it lay shattered in a dozen pieces!

"Ah, Sister! What an unfortunate accident! Allow me to assist you." And the distinguished pastor fell on his knees and commenced picking up the pieces of china. When they had cleared away all evidences of the "unfortunate accident" the Reverend Mr. Brown once more resumed his seat. For some minutes he was so occupied with the cake that he did not attempt to make known his thoughts; but after fortifying himself with two slices of cake he commenced again.

"Well, Sister, as I was a-saying"—he coughed and changed the position of his feet—"as I was a-saying when—"

"Yes?" breathed Miss Lucinda.

Footsteps sounded on the porch, a timid knock at the door.

"Come in!" Miss Lucinda's exasperation was so great that she could scarcely form the words. A small girl entered and edged up to her.

"Well, Alice?" said Miss Lucinda, very kindly considering her disappointment. (Alice was the small daughter of the widow, Mrs. Lanthrop, who was a beloved neighbor of Miss Lucinda's.)

The little girl spoke in a whisper that could have been heard ten feet away. "Mama says if the preacher has finished eatin' you could send her her silver 'cause she is a-gonna have company."

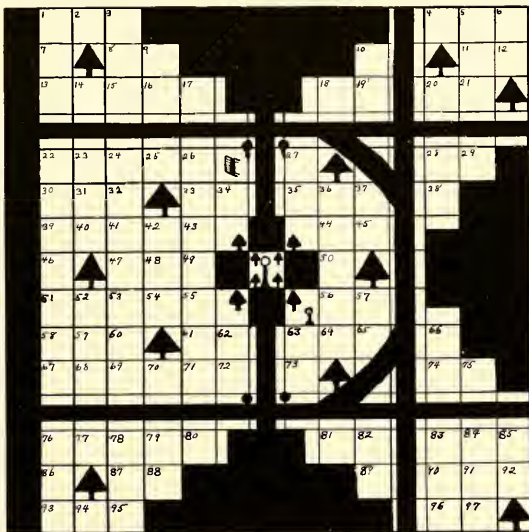
Now at this point the patience of the long-suffering lady deserted her. She pushed Alice outside with much force and slammed the door. Up to this time the Reverend Mr. Brown was a very ardent wooer, but on discovering that the silver belonged, not to Miss Lucinda, but to Mrs. Lanthrop, he found his ardor to be cooling, and he decided that, after all, he was not quite ready to enter matrimony.

Miss Lucinda came back to the table with a very red face. The Reverend Mr. Brown tried and finally succeeded in getting out of the very low chair in which he had been sitting.

"Well," he remarked, "as I was a-saying (Miss Lucinda straightened up and hope beamed once more in her eye), I reckon I'd better start home. It looks mighty like rain."

MABEL TOWLES, '26.





*Horizontal*

1. What everyone likes to do.
4. Action when you first come.
8. For Latin Students only. Ending of genitive singular.
13. May I have the next?
18. Do you know this?
20. What everyone thinks she is.
22. The bane of our existence.
28. A very select club—abbr.
30. What the Varsity did.
33. The time we get up—abbr.
35. Impolite for donkey.
39. State of our pocket books as well as our tummies.
44. Musical note. Ask Miss Eppes.
47. Whom does Jessie like?
51. State of mind often lost.
58. Often slung.
61. Time of History.
63. Strong in us all.
67. Something long in coming and soon over.
74. Put in anything you want.
76. What many girls do.
81. The most popular girl in school—abbr.
83. Where *He* goes—abbr.
87. Same as 76.
90. Part of Duhal's name.
96. Misspelling for *end*.

*Vertical*

1. Long looked forward to.
3. What we will weigh in June.
5. A Freshman. Also a pet found in many rooms.
6. Old spelling for *you*.
9. Mildred Crawford's idea of Heaven.
10. A preposition. We couldn't think of anything cute.
22. Sentimental for lover.
23. A man's name. Ask Henriette.
25. The first thing we do when our trunks come.
26. We don't know. Do you? It sounds like a river in Zanzibar.
27. Who sends us checks?
27. We all like to do this.
28. That American as we speak it.
37. For Dr. Young's History class Geog. abbr. of part of the Western hemisphere.
42. We don't have to use this when we blow up.
57. An excellent exclamation used by girls.
62. Always present in time of sickness.
63. Latin again.
66. What the goat said.
76. Cele's favorite animal.
78. What we do with our room-mates clothes.
79. We like to look just—
82. Exclamation.
83. What the smart ones do.
84. A rare but pleasant sight.
85. Where we go at 7:15.

## Who? — a Freshman



*Who is it comes in September  
With a question-mark on her face  
And knocks on the doors of S. T. C.  
To be ushered to her proper place?  
A FRESHMAN.*

*Who is it begins work with assurance  
Of receiving grand grades and great fame,  
Since she is a graduate of a high school  
Which has such a wonderful name?  
A FRESHMAN.*

*Who is it receives "C" on English,  
Which causes much indignation,  
Because in her wonderful high school  
"C" was considered condemnation?  
A FRESHMAN.*

*Who is it drops her high school importance  
And begins the new task with vim,  
And with sleeves rolled up and collar turned in,  
Goes after the thing and wins?  
A FRESHMAN.*

*Who is it, true to her studies,  
True to her college sports,  
Plays in the games or yells in the yells  
To give her college support?  
A FRESHMAN.*



**“Kenmore”**  
**National Shrine**

*Dedicated May 9, 1925*



*Kenmore Day*

## Before a National Shrine—"Kenmore"



N May the ninth, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five, "Kenmore" was dedicated, thereby becoming a Shrine of these United States of America.

Some one has said that in each age a few men of genius undertake to climb the steep ascent towards the stars—men who are the world's chosen personalities standing above the cloud-line of history. A chosen few they are who make the climb, either of their own volition or because they hear the call to service, and hearing, answer with—Service. It is sadly true that the Moving Pageant of men and women is slow to acknowledge these men, valiant of heart, mighty in purpose, noble of soul, who, like a Washington, pay the price. But of a surety decades and centuries eventually interpret aright the motive, the purpose, evaluate the cost to these who served to the death and, lo! then it is that a nation looks on these, their sons, and seeing them in a clear white light, understands their greatness of soul. Then it is a nation gives, exhaustlessly, its love and gratitude.

## THE BATTLEFIELD NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE

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And so it was that on a rare day in May, the little city of Fredericksburg and thousands of visitors who made their pilgrimage from far and near paused for an hour and a day to pay homage to the spirit of Washington, who had known and loved the stately building standing on the widely sweeping lawn of "Kenmore," removed scarce a block from Meditation Rock, still keeping silent tryst with the gleaming day or the calm night; removed scarce a block from his mother's home, between whose great rows of box-woods he and the matchless Lafayette walked in the quiet of lavender-scented garden, while they talked of the Birth of a Nation—America. Here on this day of dedication matrons in high powdered coiffure and hooped skirts strolled with dignity; exquisite young girls in frocks of lacy flounces and garden hats made their courtesy; tiny children, clad in quaintly long dresses, bewitched all on whom they smiled; old-fashioned coaches rumbled through modernly paved streets; fine ladies and escorts in gorgeous riding habits and plumed hats sat restless mounts. Such was the local coloring on this lovely occasion which brought back to the heart, for a few hours, the tender grace of a day that is gone.

In these surroundings, of a truth, hover the intimate associations, the tender memories, the battles fought in silence of soul by a heart courageous. Who knows but that the patriot at eventide stood beneath the trees of his own planting, and glimpsing the stars above keeping watch like sentinels, read in them a beckoning to the way of Freedom; who knows but that in the dawn of fresh new days he heard from the breezes sighing through verdant foliage the call to lead heroic souls, following the gleam which would lead to holy Nationhood.

And more and more in the centuries that are yet to be, Kenmore will become that sacred spot where men and women will salute with both hand and heart the noble Washington who read out of his life personal ambition and seizing gleaming sword fared forth with other brave souls to fashion this glorious thing we call Freedom; to make of a dream this thing we now know as America Beautiful.



*Interior of Kenmore*

## “Amos Quito”



AS, Suh, it's jest dis way, Bruddah Portah, Ah ain't got notin' agin dem Germans as Ah ain't lost nuthin' in France, an' Ah jest knows dat ef dar's any way ob stayin' out ob dat ahmy dat I'se gwine ter take it."

"Brothah Portah," hearing his name and feeling that some recognition of the comment was expected, stretched to his full length, winked an eye, then unconcernedly resumed his nap in the sunniest corner of the sunny woodshed. Amos whittled on in silence. A gay little breeze danced around to where the perturbed negro sat deep in thought. With the gay little breeze came odors of baking gingerbread. The look of anxiety on that darky's face gradually gave way to a grin which spread until it reached from ear to ear. Smacking his lips in anticipation and sniffing the air like a hound on the chase, Amos turned kitchenward.

Before he reached his destination, however, he heard the squawking of hens in the vicinity of the flower garden and Miss Lucy's angry voice. Nearer and nearer she came. Her presence roused him to action.

"O, Lawd, halp us. Miss Lucy am a-comin' an yo' knows her."

Amos gathered all his strength for one mighty race and started for the flower garden. He cleared the fence at one leap and was upon the astonished chickens before they could escape. After he put them back into their coop he stopped for a season of resting. Amos often had seasons of resting. He was as trifling a negro as ever breathed; he toiled not, neither did he spin. Working only when he could not get out of it, sleeping at any hour and at any place that he could slip a nap, and eating everything that came within his range—he was the epitome of undesirable labor, with, so far as could be ascertained, only one redeeming characteristic—his amiable disposition, and that was too amiable at times.

While Amos was resting his mind wandered back to the subject which occupied most of his thoughts—his joining the army, or, to be more exact, his *not* joining. To save his life, he could see no way out. The Judge had tried to appeal to his patriotism, but to no avail.

"Why, Amos, you join the army, get you a new uniform, and the next thing you know it's 'Good-bve Timmons-ville; Hello, France.'"

"Naw, suh, Jedge, I'se afeara dat it's gwine ter be 'Good-bye, Timmons-ville; Hello, Saint Petah.' Ah don't want ter be a-walkin' no golden streets jest yet."

Judge Talbert, knowing the coon as he did, was not worrying about Amos and his golden streets!

As he sat there meditating odors of gingerbread came most insistently to his nostrils—gingerbread such as only Amos' espoused knew how to bake. He picked himself up and again started toward the kitchen.

He passed the open library window and heard voices within. Leaning closer, he heard the Judge reading the paper to his daughter.

"The War Department today declared John Heyward unfit for any army service on account of partial blindness. Mr. Heyward is one of Timmonsville's promising young men, and—"

Amos had heard enough. Light dawned in his eye. He scratched his head, gazed into space a moment, then proceeded with renewed energy around the corner of the house. As he neared the kitchen steps, he began to walk falteringly. He felt his way along the wall, fumbled at the back door and finally let himself into the presence of his mate, who, eyeing him with apparent indifference, continued her "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." He was the kind who had to be ignored.

Woman's love is an elastic thing—it needs must stretch to cover a multitude of failings. Now, whether or not 'Liza's feeling toward her husband were of that nature, we cannot say. However, Amos thought so and took advantage of the situation. He groped his way toward the direction of the music.

"Whah is you, 'Liza?" he asked in a quavering tone.

Now, for Eliza to be asked where she was in broad daylight was something new. Her two hundred pounds were far from invisible. She placed her arms akimbo, looked at him steadily, and said in a voice whose meaning he could not mistake, "What's de mattah wid you, niggah? Git outen heah an' git me some coal."

"Wha's de bucket, honey? I can't see it."

"You can't see it? Why, it's a-settin' right dar undah yo nose." And she pointed an emphatic finger.

"Honey, don' talk lak dat to yo' ole man; he's blind, honey. He cain't see." And his voice trembled convincingly.

His tale of affliction fell on deaf ears.

"Yas, I knows it," she answered sarcastically, "blind from settin' in de sun all mawnin' while I'se in heah a-makin' yo' livin'. I needs dat coal. Hit's most time foh dinnah, and Miss Lucy'll be mad."

"Yas'm, dat's so. I'se done had one encounterment wid Miss Lucy dis mawnin' and she all but tuk de wool fum ma haid."

Amos' eyes wandered to the serving table. There before him was that gingerbread. For the moment he forgot the part he had chosen to



play, and he put out his hand to claim it for his own. His wife, seeing the movement, said in surprised tones, "Why, I sees dat youse got yo' eyesight back."

"Naw'm, I ain't, honey. I kin see a lil bit out ob de left eye. I tol' you all de time dat Ah could see outen de lef' eye. Ah, Lawd, an' to think dat I waz gitten ready to jine de ahmy to fight fu ma 'Liza an' to fight fuh ma country." And he lamented right earnestly. "O, Lawd, I'se scairt dey won't let me in if I'se blind. O, Lawd, O, Lawd."

'Liza melted somewhat. "Ah don't know, honey, dey's 'xaminin' dem today. Mistah Doctah Abel is. Yo' go down dis aftahnoon."

The undertaker would have been welcomed by Amos. Nevertheless, he went to the hall where the examinations were being made. When his turn came he was stationed several feet away from a chart and asked to read. His sight most conveniently deserted him, and he swore that he could not see. Hats and pencils were being held up with no better results.

"Why, Boss, you-all ain't a-holdin' nuttin' up, is you? I cain't see nuttin'."

The examiners were wise. They had dealt with just such as Amos before, so they passed him on.

When that gentleman of color received notice to proceed to Army Service he was so dumbfounded that for once words failed him. His ruse was not as clever as he had thought.

Within the week he made his debut at camp.

Well, while there was life, there was hope—and he was still able to think.

Days passed.

One morning a lieutenant of the company, known as the "Dark Cloud," in conversation with the captain, asked if he had noticed a dark, loose-jointed darky who went around with the air of Diogenes—not looking for an honest man, but for something which he seemed to have lost; picking up every piece of paper he saw, examining it, throwing it down, over and over again, day after day.

Even as they talked down the company street came their man, picking up papers, throwing them down, shaking his head and muttering, "Naw, dat ain't it. Maybe dis is. Naw, it ain't."

They agreed that he was a dangerous character to have around, so they sentenced him to the guard house.

Days lengthened into weeks and brought no change. When he was released from the guard house he resumed his search as before.

## THE BATTLEFIELD NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE

Application was made for his discharge. Certainly a crazy negro was not an asset to any army. When the necessary procedure had been made Amos was summoned to the captain's office. According to his custom, he picked up a paper from the desk, examined it on both sides, and, shaking his head sadly, said, "Naw, suh, dat ain't it."

The captain handed him his discharge and leaned back relieved.

Amos looked at it carefully, then, nodding his head emphatically, exclaimed, "Yas, *suh*, dis heah am it. Hit's jest what I'se been a-lookin' fuh. Yas, suh, thank ye, suh!" and walked out.

The captain looked at the lieutenant. The lieutenant looked at the captain.

"Well, I'll be—" said the captain.

"And so will I," echoed the lieutenant.

MILDRED CRAWFORD.





LAUGH AND THE WORLD  
LAUGHS WITH YOU



## An S. T. C. Girl's "If"

(With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

*If you can rise in early morn at seven,  
When those about you sleep on thru to lunch,  
And never give a thought to one thing even,  
While you go on to work without the bunch;  
If you can dress to make yourself attractive,  
Yet crave not every style you see displayed;  
Enjoy the love of dancing, yet not too active,  
For by those who dance the piper must be paid;*

*If you can study and not make studies your master,  
Take notes and read them after hours have flown;  
If you can meet with Pass or Flunk, which spell disaster,  
And treat those two imposters as your own;  
If you can master Teaching, English, and Pr. of Ed.,  
And not acquire as well a prudish look,  
But stick while all others from them have fled,  
And get your "A" put down in a little red book;*

*If you can take a half of your allowance  
And spend it on your best friends here and there,  
And then get a bid to his best dance  
And find there isn't enough for taxi fare;  
If you can wait for the one important letter,  
Yet stand to see those letters but none for you,  
But resolve ne'er to be a quitter,  
For tomorrow may bring you two;*

*If you can talk with profs. and watch your grammar,  
Or walk with high lites, nor lose the "normal" touch;  
If neither girls nor loving mates can hurt you;  
If all girls count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the passing school day  
With twenty hours' worth of S. T. C. routine—  
Yours is Fredericksburg and everything that's in it;  
And—which is more—you'll be a sport, my mate!*

TALLEY and LEVINSON.

## A Faculty Romance



NE Rainey day, a *Young* city guy named *Lewis Tyner* was seen riding up to the *Hamlet* in his big *Chandler* car. The car stopped at the village store and out he jumped, wearing several *Coates* to keep off the dampness. Into the store he dashed, and while he was purchasing a box of *Norris* candy, he was conscious of the suspicious glances of the *Hicks* who were *Jess Up* from the country.

On coming out of the store, because of the dense *Hayes* caused by the rain, he got into a *Willis-Knight* instead of his own car. Immediately there arose such cries as "Hold that man! Get the *Car, Michael!*" In a short time, however, everything was settled, and he was allowed to go on his *Ruff* way to the *Garrison*, just outside the village, where his bride-to-be awaited him.

Arriving there, he found the bridal party in a turmoil, for, unfortunately, his fiancée had torn her *Lacey* gown. But the best man, *Daniel Boje*, was ingenious, as all Frenchmen are, so he called to one of her attendants and said, "Go look under the lilac *Bush, Nell*, and bring me that package of *Gauze* I saw there today." Soon, through his cleverness, the dress was patched, and his heroine rode to the *Chappell*, where they became the same as one!

On their honeymoon they chanced upon the big *Clark Brothers Circus*, and as they were taking in everything that came their way, they tried this. In one of the big side shows they saw the great *Jerrell Curry* and his fiery steed. Wandering farther on, they saw a certain lady by the name of *Moran* giving *Eppes-som* salts to the monkeys, and to destroy the bad taste she was adding *lim-Berger* cheese to the dose. They also took a thrilling ride on the *Ferris* wheel, and, looking down among the crowd, they recognized none other than the Misses *Huey, Holman, Summy* and *Maakestad*, who were seemingly having the time of their lives.

But stay! We must not intrude upon their Honeymoon any longer. Our tale is told.

PARKE ANDERSON.

## The Evolution of our Swimming Pool



ONCE a fair damsel of certain proportions came to our College seeking knowledge in the gentle art of "Halt! One! Two!" She was none other than Miss Anne Murray. Being an immaculate creature, she required her daily bath, and there is where my story comes in! The "Powers-that-be," being in an amiable mood, soon fashioned in Monroe Building a bathing structure, especially made for her majesty, and my, how she enjoyed her daily immersion! All went well until one hot day! Then it was that Miss Frances Abbitt, a rather diminutive creature, longed for a bath. She longed and longed, but alas! All the tubs in Francis Willard were occupied. So Miss Murray heroically offered her tub! Miss Abbitt then gaily tripped over to Monroe Hall, but alas! When she saw the huge expanse of water she screamed out, "Oh, my! horrors! I can't swim! Why, the water's way over my head! What am I to do?" Suddenly she was visited by a "happy thought"! (Mark it down, readers!) She took her towel and, filling it with air, made a pair of water wings and dived in!

Since then Anne Murray's tub has been known as the Swimming Pool!

PARKE ANDERSON.



## Recent Additions to the Library

How to Ask Intelligent Questions.....	<i>Alice Stone</i>
The Whens and Whys of Jokes.....	<i>Virginia Branch</i>
My Experiences as a Ballet Dancer.....	<i>Lucy Ellen Kay</i>
Three Hundred Ways to Kiss.....	<i>Indie Sinclair</i>
Experiences in Raising Billie Buick.....	<i>Miss Hicks</i>
Key to Calories.....	<i>Miss Eppes</i>
Why I Don't Like to Play Basketball.....	<i>Rachel Chenault</i>
"Home Nursing".....	<i>Dorothy Weaver</i>
How to Get Young.....	<i>Elizabeth May</i>
How to Run the Tea Room Efficiently.....	<i>Geraldine Brewster</i>
"Men I Know".....	<i>Miss Annie Clark</i>
Memories of Xmas.....	<i>Everybody</i>
Beauty Secrets.....	<i>Jessie Roberts</i>
Vamping Secrets.....	<i>Nancy Lewis</i>
Ways and Means of Raising Oysters.....	<i>Estelle White</i>
My Experiences on the Stage.....	<i>Mary Fromm</i>
Old King Cole.....	<i>Glady's Gillet</i>
Why I Like Wrigley's Chewing Gum.....	<i>Misses Hicks and Summy</i>



## Sororities That Went National This Year

Patron, BUNYAN TYNER

Pan Hellenic Council.....	The Administration
Eta Beta Pi.....	Una McAlexander
Date Gammers.....	Ella Talley
Mu Cow Mu.....	Anne Murray
Kappa Climax.....	Kathleen Kessler
Pi Face.....	Velma McNeal
Sigma Cat Meow.....	Ruth Clark
Baa Baa Phi.....	Charlotte Chappell
Eta Green Apple.....	Iva Payne
Boo Boo Boo.....	Madolyn Carpenter
Drink a Lot Korn.....	Lika Bottle
Getta Damma Getta.....	Mr. Chandler



## Books Checked Out in the Library for 1924-1925

<i>Names of Books</i>	<i>Times Checked Out</i>	<i>Names of Books</i>	<i>Times Checked Out</i>
Sears-Roebuck Catalogue.....	9,999,999	Advice for the Modern Woman.....	5,555,555
How to Reduce.....	8,888,888	How to Solve Cross-Word Puzzles.....	4,444,444
Marriage Bureau Review.....	7,777,777	Effective Correspondence.....	3,333,333
Methods of Curling Professors.....	6,666,666	Elinor Glyn's Philosophy of Love.....	2,222,222
Proper Use of Cosmetics.....	5,555,555	Etiquette.....	1,111,111
How to Study.....	000,000,000		



## Would It Seem Natural

- to see Julia Ellison in a hurry?
- if Louise Steuart didn't curl Dr. Young?
- if Ella Talley failed to be frank in class?
- for Rachel Chenault to miss a goal?
- for the student body to have plenty of time to loaf?
- for Dorothy Childress not to be treasurer of some organization?
- for Cele McLaughlin not to be looking for "Pa's cows"?
- for Laura Rhodes not to be hungry all the time?
- to see Magruder Micks without her red hose?
- to see Hazel Stump without her gum?



## Records Were Broken When—

- Cele McLaughlin made Geography I.  
 Frances Abbit signed up to specialize in Physical Education.  
 Miss Summy didn't weigh her values.  
 Indie Sinclair gave a fire drill at 1:30 A. M.  
 Lucy Billingsley stayed away from town for four days.  
 Mrs. Bushnell bobbed her hair.  
 Mildred Crawford kept a straight face for ten minutes.  
 The degrees were given a class cut for transportation.  
 Emily Hankla put only two hours on History.  
 Mildred Wiltshire didn't choose a religious topic to write on.  
 Elizabeth Moore had more questions to ask.  
 Henrietta Dreifus "found it."  
 Katherine Micks didn't have a date with Edgar Bernard on Friday night.  
 Lou Milbank lost her heart in Fredericksburg.  
 Bill Cole was taken for a taxi driver.



## False and True Test

1. The average S. T. C. girl would refuse to ride from town.
2. The Episcopal girls would doubtless give up spring vacation for Lent even if they did get it.
3. Most girls at S. T. C. are usually broke.
4. Cele McLaughlin pulled "A" on Dr. Young's Geography.
5. Most S. T. C. girls stay at school during Xmas.
6. Mr. Tyner taught aesthetic dancing for many years.
7. Most girls at S. T. C. like "Noisy Hour" better than "Quiet Hour."
8. Mr. Chandler made a speech without saying Co-op-EE-rate.

## We Would Swear To These



MISS DAY (*in History Class*): "My doctor told me to take exercise with dumb-bells every morning. Will the class meet me in the morning?"

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VIRGINIA BRANCH: "When I was at William and Mary, at the end of one of my examination papers I wrote the professor a note, saying how much I had enjoyed the course."

LAURA RHODES: "What did he do?"

VIRGINIA BRANCH: "Said I could take it over if I enjoyed it so much."

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MYRTLE MCGRATH: "Betsy, lend me a dime."

BETSY BASSETT: "What?"

MYRTLE MCGRATH: "Lend me a quarter."

BETSY BASSETT: "I heard you the first time."

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DR. YOUNG: "Miss Micks, who was the tenth President of the U. S.?"

MISS MICKS (*studying next lesson*): "I dunno. Didn't hear the question."

DR. YOUNG: "All right, Miss Wright."

MISS WRIGHT (*studying next lesson*): "Sorry, but I didn't hear the question."

DR. YOUNG: "Next, Miss Clarrott."

MISS CLARROTT: "I didn't hear the question. What was it?"

DR. YOUNG: "Well, I don't know now myself. What was it?"

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MILDRED CHASE (*coming back from Washington*): "I tell you, it will take me a long time to get back to Normal again."

ROSALIE KILMAN: "You mean State Teachers' College, Mildred."

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F. T. C. STUDENT (*at Fuerherd's*): "Two milk shakes."

F. T. C. STUDENT (*later*): "Change mine to a dope."

CLERK: "What do you think this is, a sleight-of-hand show?"

THE BATTLEFIELD  NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE

MARY FROMM (*to Charlotte Chappell*): "Charlotte, I read here that Caesar pitched his tents in seven nights."

CHARLOTTE CHAPPELL: "Why, that's nothing. Katherine Day has been slinging the bull for nine months, and isn't tired yet."

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program for me?"

CARMINE MEJIA (*to Mr. Tyner*): "Will you please arrange my

MR. TYNER: "Why?"

CARMINE MEJIA: "Because on one day I'm full and on the other I'm empty."

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LOUISE STEUART: "You seem to cough more easily this morning."

PARKE ANDERSON: "I ought to. I practiced all night."

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MYRTICE JAMES: "Betsy, what does a mink look like? Is it anything like a cat?"

BETSY BASSETT: "Yes, exactly like a cat, except it has four legs."

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PRESIDENT OF STUDENT GOVERNMENT: "Have you ever been up before me?"

FRIGHTENED STUDENT: "I don't know. At what time do you usually get up?"

PRESIDENT: "Next case on the docket."

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NANCY LEE: "My grandfather built the Rocky Mountains."

BILL MILLBANK: "That's nothing. Do you know the Dead Sea? Well, my grandfather killed it."

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BET MORECOCK (*on Valentine's Day in Adams Book Store*): "Will you show me some cards?"

CLERK: "Here's one thats nice, entitled 'To the Only Man in the World I Love.'"

BET MORECOCK: "All right. Will you give me half a dozen, please?"



KITTY COATES: "Whenever I look at Gladys Gray I think of a hymn."

RUBY DRATT: "Which one?"

KITTY COATES: "How Firm a Foundation."

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### A Tragedy in Three Letters

I.

F. T. C.,  
September 1, 1924.

*Dear Dad:*

ARRIVED O. K. Everything is fine! The girls are lovely. We are having a dance tonight, a tea tomorrow afternoon, a reception tomorrow night. A bunch of girls have come in to take me to their room for a box supper.

Hastily but lovingly, SUE.

II.

F. T. C.,  
October 21, 1924.

*Dearest Dad:*

Oh! I'm so homesick. The studies are so hard, and the rules and regulations are awful. Will you please tell Mother to send me some food? Would write, but have to study—that's all I do.

Avec beaucoup d'amour, SUE.

III.

F. T. C.,  
December 20, 1924.

*My Dearest Dad:*

I've flunked out! Will you please wire me money to come home on.

Ambitiously, SUE.

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DOT HOLTON: "Have you heard how the little boy got his mouth burned?"

MARIE ROSE: "No, how?"

DOT HOLTON: "Well, he was singing Red-Hot Mama."

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THE TEACHER: "What were the dying words of Lord Chesterfield?"

CLASS: "They satisfy."

## Bulletin Board

LOST: Three credits in Math. I. Cele McLaughlin.	WANTED: Another horn to toot. Nancy Lee.
WANTED: To know the marriageable age. The Critic Teachers.	WANTED: Something to dwell on. Mr. Hamlet.
LOST: Byronic sentimentality. Parke Anderson.	WANTED: Some of King's chicken salad. Elizabeth May.
WANTED: Soph's goat. Freshman Class.	LOST: Tone on the Hill. Mrs. Bushnell.
LOST: A Cann. Velma McNeal.	LOST: Democracy in school. Miss Summy and Mr. Tynner.
FOUND: A Cann. Frances Walker.	WANTED: An engagement with Miss Parke Anderson. A Professor in School.
LOST: Five pounds. Anne Murray.	WANTED: Somebody to tell me some- thing I don't already know. Doris Beard.
WANTED: More privileges. The Student Body.	WANTED: Students with Good Atti- tudes. The Faculty.
WANTED: A date with an honest-to- goodness man. Betsy Bassett.	FOR SALE: All we know. Freshman Class.
WANTED: A M-A-N. Mildred Gwaltney.	LOST: All previous reputation as a stu- dent. Mary McLaughlin.

W. BIVENS: "A musician I'll marry, I'm telling you that;  
Because he'll find it easy to find me A-Flat."

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MISS HUEY: "What is your impression of harmony?"

NELL POUND: "A freckled-face girl with a polka-dot dress leading  
a leopard."

LUCY (*studying anatomy, and tired of hearing Juliet fuss about har-  
mony*) asks: "What is harmony, Juliet?"

JULIET (*very disgusted*): "The anatomy of Music."

**If You Could Always Say What You Think—**

- When \_\_\_\_\_ says: "Little children, always weigh your values."  
 When \_\_\_\_\_ says: "I didn't like that poss-work. Bring the ball back to center. Don't jump too soon."  
 When \_\_\_\_\_ says: "Young ladies, please keep quiet, please keep quiet. For Gawd's sake, keep quiet!"  
 When \_\_\_\_\_ says: "Let us all co-op-ee-rate by coming fow-ward 'toe' the platform."  
 When \_\_\_\_\_ says: "Me'n Dean Tyner decided——."  
 When \_\_\_\_\_ says: "I'm going to check up on chorus books to-morrow."  
 When \_\_\_\_\_ says: "Asleep on the job again!"  
 When \_\_\_\_\_ says: "Now, what tree is this?"  
 When \_\_\_\_\_ says: "I take it. Check!"  
 When \_\_\_\_\_ says: "Now in Cleveland——!"  
 When \_\_\_\_\_ says: "Do tell!"  
 When \_\_\_\_\_ says: "Where is my baton?"

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**"A Sad Case of the Horsefly"**

*I met a horsefly on the street,  
 A horsefly limp and weak;  
 And when I noted his distress,  
 He thus to me did speak:  
 "My kingdom for a horse," he said,  
 And rubbed his rusty beak.*

*"Where flourished once the hitching-post,  
 Oh! tell me what is seen?  
 Long lines of black and shining hoods,  
 All filled with gasoline—  
 I get gastritis from the stuff,  
 And carbon in my bean."*

—KANSAS CITY STAR.

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WALTER BERGER (*accustomed to granulated sugar and cream*) in Washington cafe: "Mother, what is this?"

MRS. BERGER: "That is whipped cream, son."

WALTER (*with twinkling eyes, diving into the pulverized sugar*): "Mother, was the sugar spanked, too?"



## The Maiden's Psalm of Life



*Tell me not in mournful numbers  
Spinsterhood's horrid dream,  
For there's many a wife who wonders  
Why men are not what they seem.*

*Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the altar's not its goal;  
Maid thou art and maid remainest  
Strikes no terror to my soul.*

*Art is long and time is fleeting,  
And my heart, though stout and brave,  
Like a muffled drum is beating  
At the thought another's slave.*

*In the world's broad field of battle  
In my active busy life,  
When I meet a crusty bachelor,  
I thank Heaven I'm not his wife.*

*Wives of great men all remind us  
We might help some man to climb  
And ascending leave behind us  
All the joys for which we pine.*

*Joys no doubt which many a woman  
In the matrimonial game,  
Having traded them for phantoms,  
Would be glad to have again.*

*Shall I then give up the struggle  
And accept an Old Maid Fate,  
Or, persistently pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait?*

—SELECTED.

## Readin' an' Riten' an' A B C



Seen from the viewpoint of the administration of the State Teachers' College at Fredericksburg, the following may be put down as a brief summary of the outstanding advancements made by the College since the last publication of *The Battlefield*:

- (1) Increase in student enrollment. The total enrollment for the 1924-25 session is +12, an increase of 70 over last session.
- (2) Increases made in the Faculty. There are five additional members of the Faculty this session.
- (3) The installation of new gymnastic equipment.
- (4) The completion of the athletic field and the consequent enlargement of the athletic program. This field is a fifth mile cinder running track and the space between is level and grassed. Hockey and Soccer are being added to the outdoor athletic program during the session. This College is used as an athletic center for high school meets, both in basketball and in track athletics.
- (5) Increase in the number of students pursuing advanced courses for a degree, this increase being 125 per cent over the number in the third and fourth years of last session.
- (6) The addition to the curriculum of college subjects as majors for the degree designed to prepare for teaching the academic high school subjects in the senior high schools of the State.
- (7) The enlargement of the summer quarter, both in respect to the numbers in the Faculty, the student enrollment and added courses.
- (8) The publication during the year of the following bulletins:
  - (a) Degree for Teachers, October, 1924.
  - (b) Suggestions for the Teaching of English History in the Junior High School, January, 1925.
  - (c) Summer School and Winter School Announcements, February, 1925.
  - (d) Summer Quarter Catalog, April, 1925.
  - (e) Winter School Catalog, June, 1925.
- (9) The establishment on the edge of the campus of our own elementary and junior high training schools, under the professional and financial control of the College; and the establishment at Falmouth of a complete elementary training school in co-operation with the Superintendent and the School Board of Stafford County.
- (10) The construction of an addition to the Faculty Annex, in order to provide six rooms for members of the Faculty.
- (11) The installation of new kitchen equipment and new equipment in the boiler-room and pumping station.
- (12) An addition to the Betty Lewis Dormitory to care for the overflow students now placed in the city, and for a few additional students.

A. B. CHANDLER, JR., *President*.



## Strange Discoveries in a Normal School

**R**OSPECTIVE teachers at the Fond du Lac County Normal School were recently asked to describe Senator La Follette in an "identification test." One young woman described the Progressive candidate for President as "a Frenchman who came to America during the war." She admitted she had always lived in Wisconsin. Another student said Teapot Dome was "an old tomb discovered in Egypt about a year ago." A few of the more startling answers were:

Ober-Ammergau—A great German politician.  
 Herrin—A title used in Germany.  
 Frances Willard—American pugilist.  
 Pinchot—A race horse.  
 Obregon—A province in Germany.  
 De Valera—A bandit in Mexico.  
 Lloyd George—King of England.  
 Ford—Ran for President and backed out.  
 Helen Keller—A great airplane flyer.  
 John Wanamaker—A watchmaker.  
 Mussolini—A region in the southern part of Eurasia.  
 Tariff—A city in France.  
 Leonard Wood—An aviator.  
 Venizelos—Country in South America.  
 Henry Cabot Lodge—Place where societies meet.  
 Volstead—Experimenter about laws in physics.  
 Fiume—A mountain in Japan.  
 Babe Ruth—World heavyweight champion.  
 Muscle Shoals—A great coal mine in Italy.  
 Firpo—African prize-fighter.  
 Steinmetz—A kind of piano.

"Hard at it, Mrs. Gray?"

"Yes, Mrs. Blucher; this is my washing day, and looking after a family of ten doesn't leave much time on my hands."

"Is that Kitty's voice I hear at the piano in the parlor?"

"Yes, that's her. I don't know how I'd get along without that girl. Always on these days she picks out her nicest pieces, like 'Sweet Rest By and By,' 'Mother's Growing Old,' 'Love Will Roll the Clouds Away,' and sings them for me while I'm running the clothes through the first water. 'Tain't every girl who'd be so thoughtful, I can tell you."

## Flunked

They sat together,  
Worked together,  
Roomed together,  
Ate together,  
All quarter long,  
Played together,  
Strolled together,  
Happy as a lark.

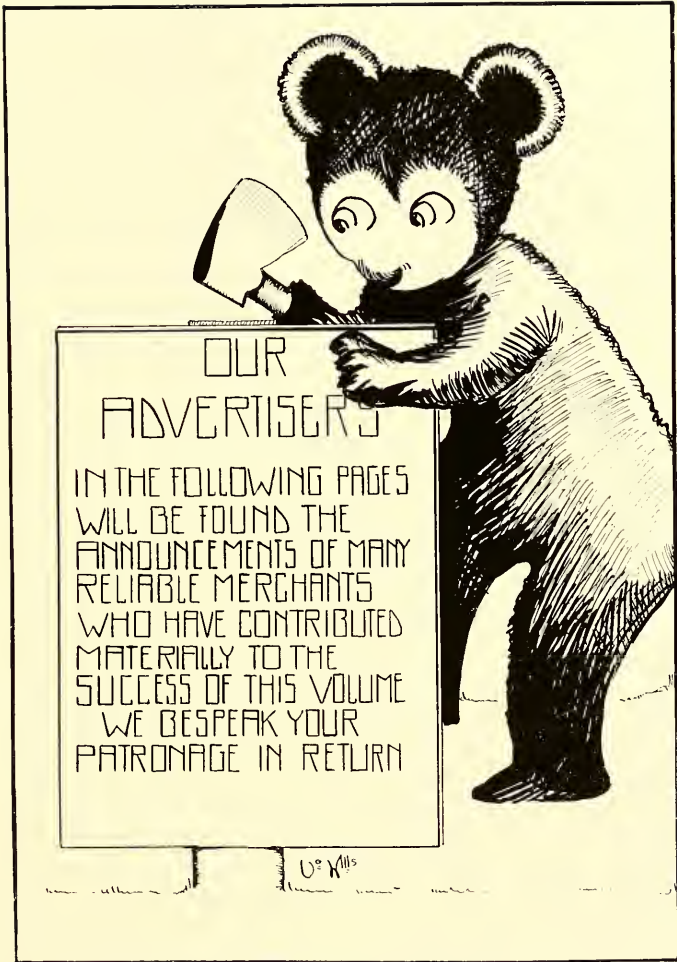
*Then—*

Crammed together,  
Flunked together,

*And said—*

“Of all sad, sweet words of both tongue and pen,  
The saddest of them all is we have flunked again.”

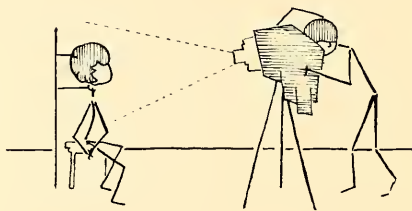




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## J. T. BRAUER

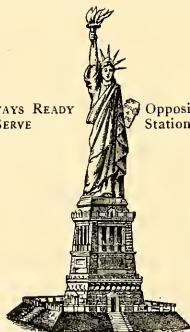
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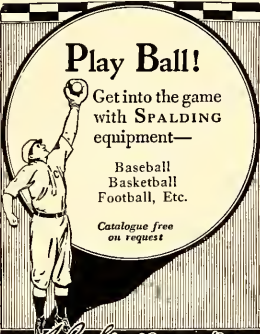


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Pat took Mike to see the Twentieth-Century Express go through one of the very long tunnels.

PAT: "Mike, what do you think of that?"

MIKE: "Be gorrie—it would be hell to pay if it missed that hole."

A typical red-headed Scotchman was watching a New York policeman scatter the crowds with his club.

DONALD (*to policeman*): "Why do you use the club?"

POLICEMAN: "Why, to scatter the crowd. Wouldn't you do this in your country?"

DONALD: "No! We'd pass the hat!"

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Andy came upon his friend Sandy, who  
was looking sad.

"What is it, Sandy?"

"I lost my luggage."

Andy: "How did it happen?"

Sandy: "The cork came out!"

Pat worked in a freight yard. He always  
heard people say "Hello" when they answered  
the telephone. He answered it when it rang  
one day. The party at the other end of the  
line said:

"Is this 3689?"

"Gowan—what do you think I am, a box  
car?"

A Scotchman, just home from a trip, was  
trying to tell Sandy how big Lake Winnepeg  
was.

"Aye, Sandy, the hull of Scotland would dis-  
appear in it and all that would be left would  
be the smell of whiskey."

On their way to Washington one day, Miss  
Jerrill and Mrs. Willis sat next to a drunken  
man.

Mrs. Willis to Miss Jerrill: "How many  
children have you?"

"Thirty."

Drunken man got up and left. "Gosh, I'm  
gonna quit drinking."

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old one with two coats of  
paint. Give us the size of your  
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A Scotchman who had been playing golf for over fifty years had been missing from the course for several days. His friends asked him why.

He said, "I had to give it up."

"Why?"

"I lost my ball."

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BEGINNING  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1925

## The FREDERICKSBURG, CULPEPER and LURAY BUS LINE

will double the number of busses now in service,  
leaving Fredericksburg at 8 A. M. and 1:45 P. M.,  
and leaving Culpeper at 10:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

---

LEAVE	EASTBOUND		LEAVE	WESTBOUND	
	A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.
Culpeper . . . . .	10:30	4:30	Fredericksburg . . . . .	8:00	1:45
Stevensburg . . . . .	10:47	4:47	Five-Mile Fork . . . . .	8:12	1:57
Lignum . . . . .	11:00	5:00	Chancellorsville . . . . .	8:25	2:10
Flat Run . . . . .	11:17	5:17	Wilderness . . . . .	8:40	2:25
Wilderness . . . . .	11:25	5:25	Flat Run . . . . .	8:50	2:35
Chancellorsville . . . . .	11:37	5:37	Lignum . . . . .	9:02	2:47
Five-Mile Fork . . . . .	11:50	5:50	Stevensburg . . . . .	9:15	3:00
ARRIVE	P. M.		ARRIVE		
Fredericksburg . . . . .	12:05	6:05	Culpeper . . . . .	9:35	3:20



## Ideals in Annual Architecture

Not to build a book that is merely elaborate, not to build a book that will be as expensive as possible, but to create a volume that will be a printed expression of the school itself—to construct a book that will be a real monument to that intangible thing called school spirit—to work with the staff in a spirit of mutual helpfulness and coöperation. Such is the Whittet & Shepperson Ideal, an ideal justified by more than a half-century's experience. :: ::

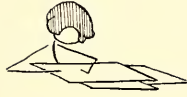
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*A Half Century's Experience in College Printing*

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Every Molloy Made  
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*It is finished!  
The Battlefield's last meet!  
We are wan and tired, but the work was sweet.  
Here's a smile to those who love us  
And regret to those who hate  
When anxiously we're waiting  
Our own dear School Book's fate.  
We trust that we have given  
To the Battlefield our best.  
We feel that we have striven  
To deserve contented rest.  
Waterloo? Sh-h-h-h!  
We hope not!!  
Don't you?*



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