

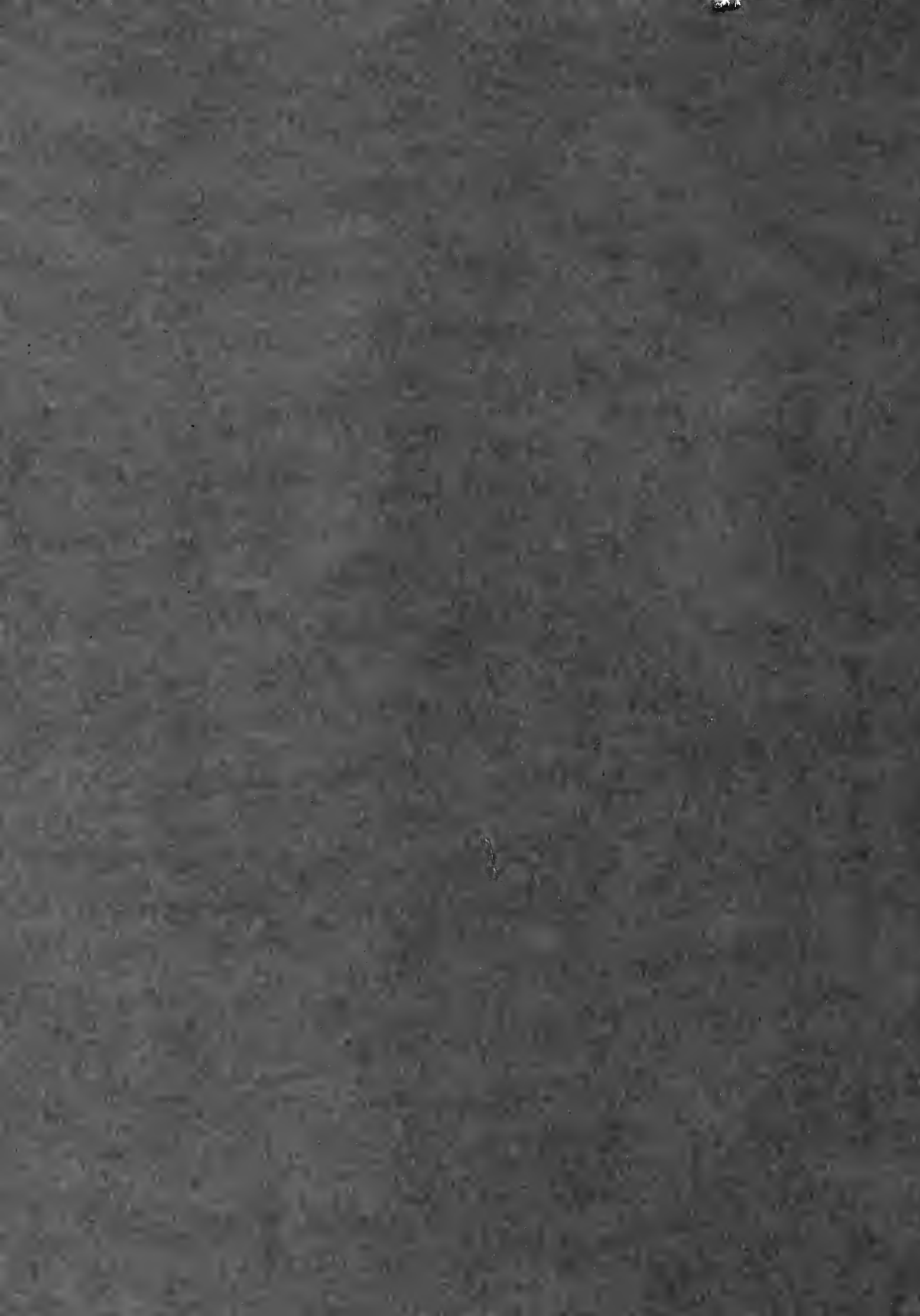
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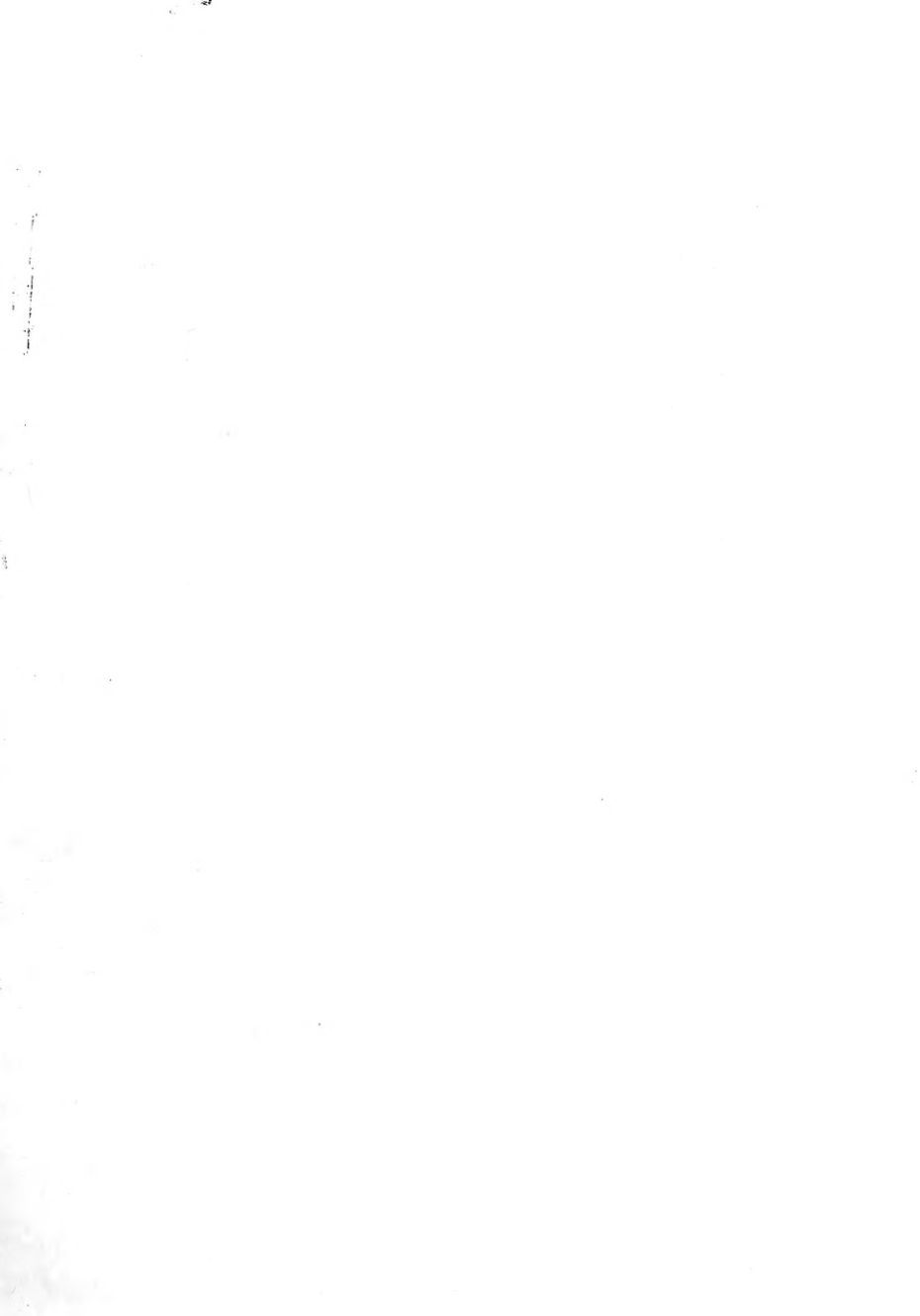
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THE
BATTLEFIELD
1924

Compliments of the
Battlefield Staff 7' 1901-

Mr. Hauley to
Gene this
J. M. Allen





Digitized by the Internet Archive
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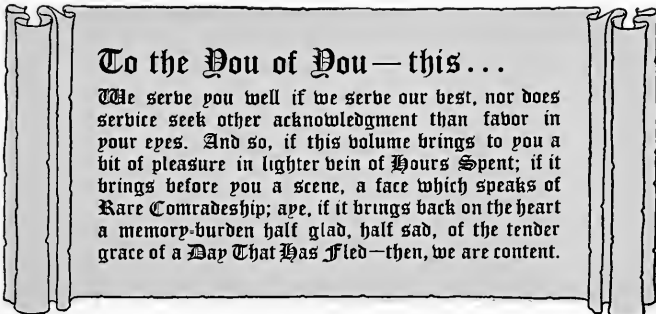
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The Battlefield



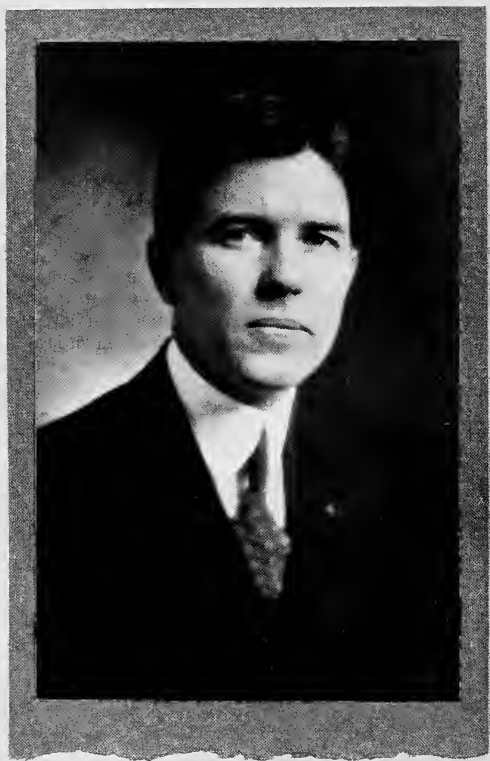
State Teachers College
Fredericksburg, Virginia
1925

WHITTET & SHEPPERSON, PRINTERS, RICHMOND, VA.



To the You of You—this . . .

We serbe you well if we serbe our best, nor does serbice 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



Contents



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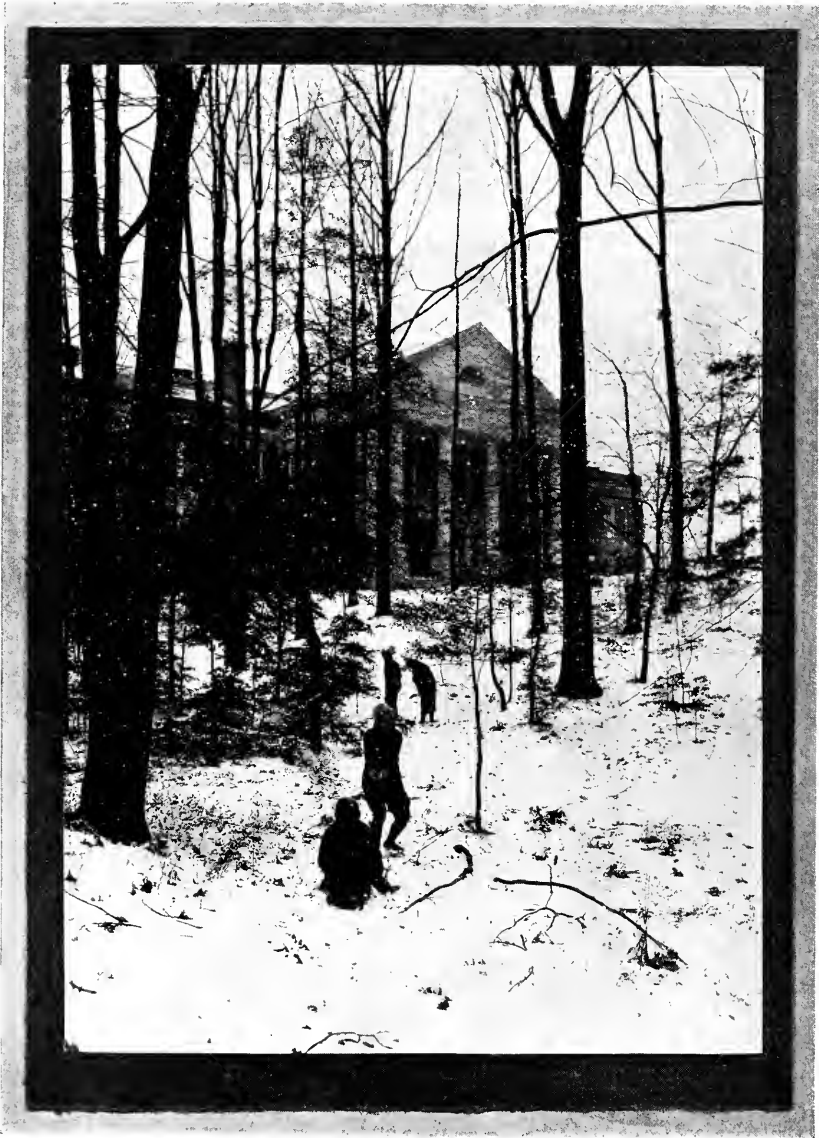
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Our College



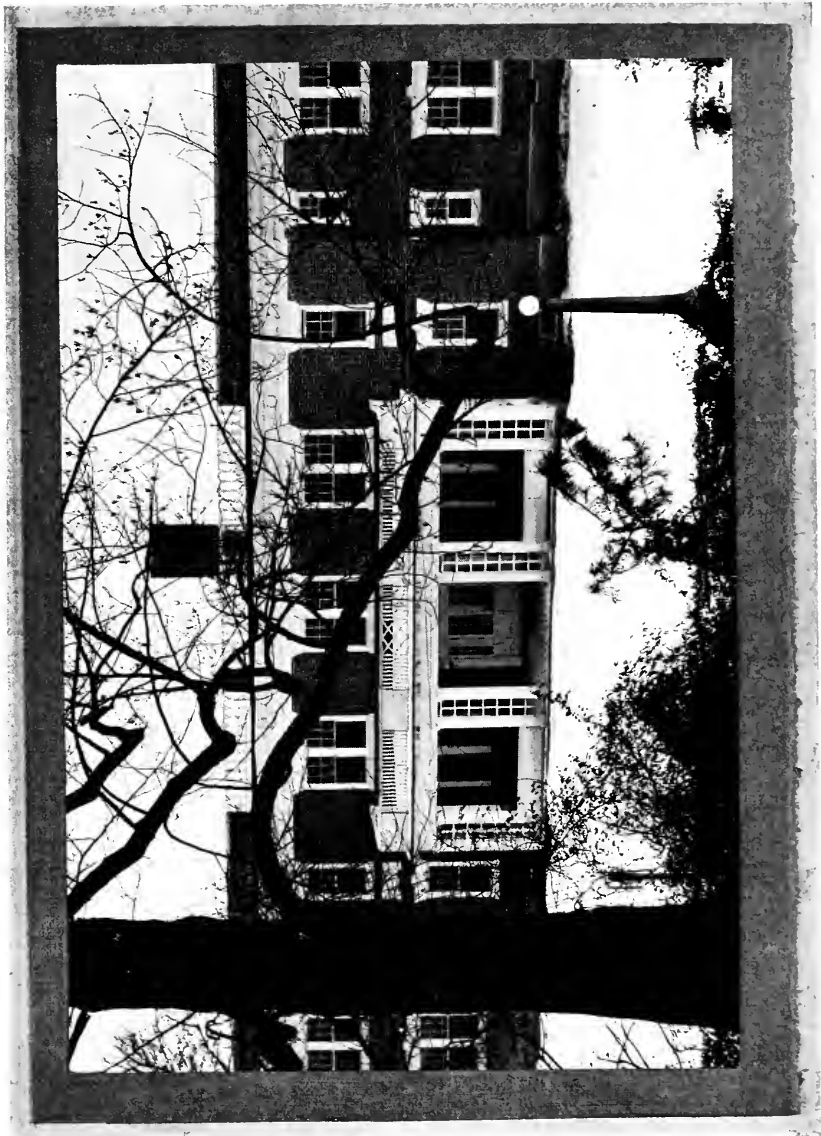
Monroe Hall, Through Trees



Pillars—Montre Hall



Francis McGillard Hall



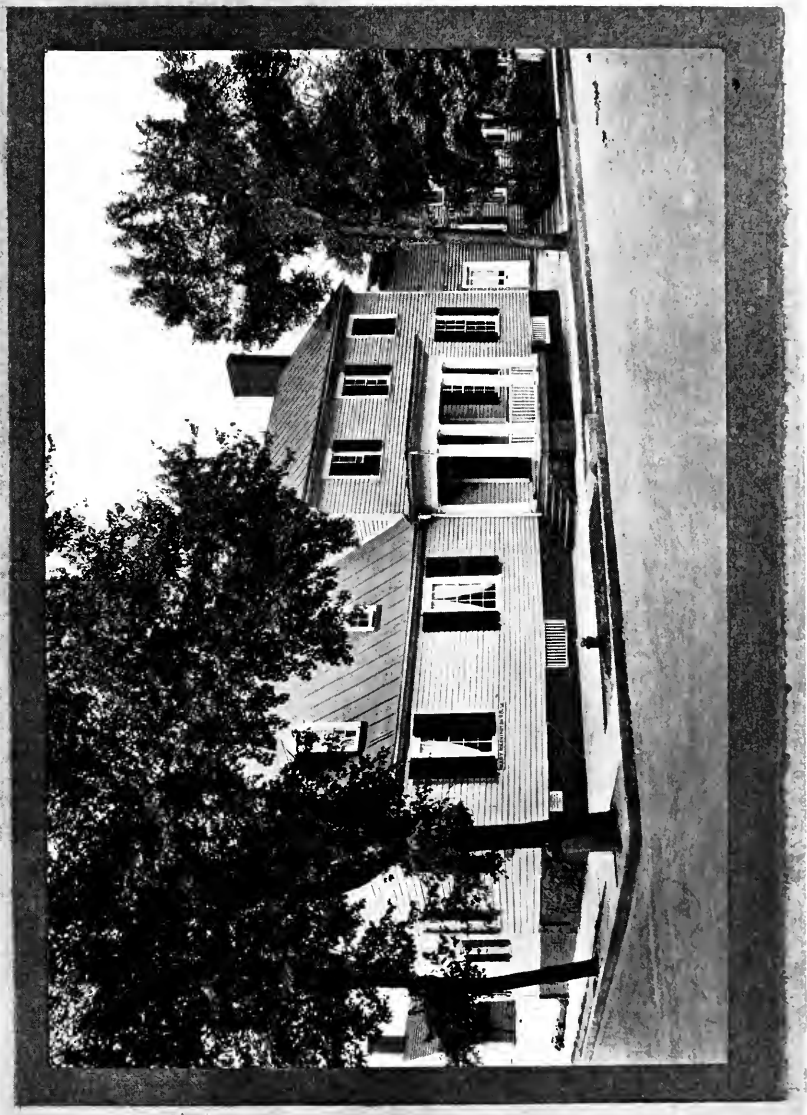
Betty Lewis Hall



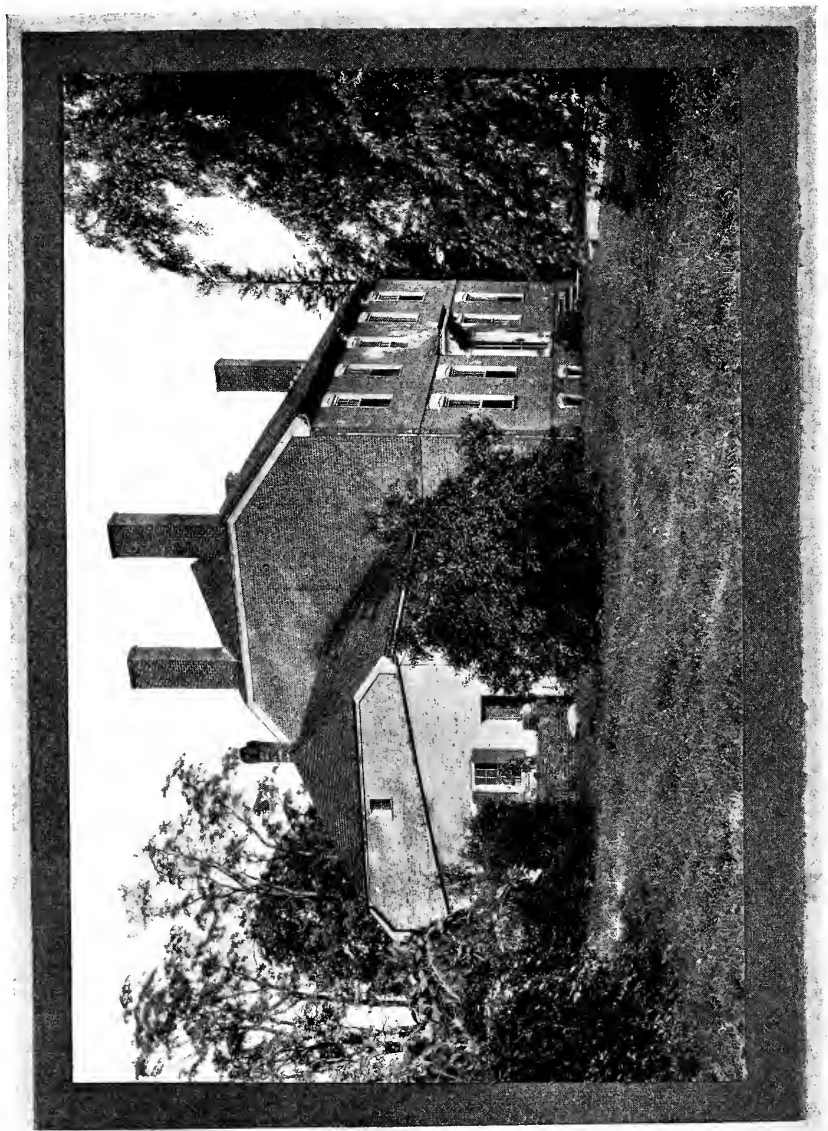
Rising Sun Tavern



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

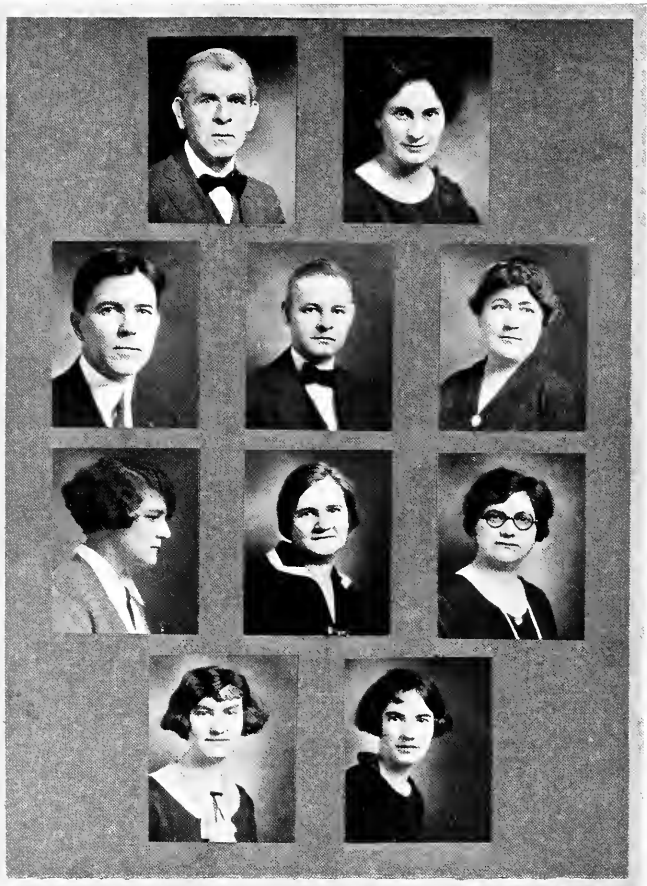
NANNIE MCCLEARY

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





Education



*I've heard it said that larnin' spoiled 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, noliow.
 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





SENIORS



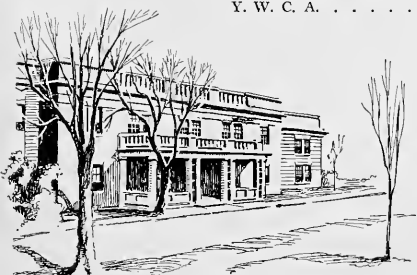
DR. WALTER J. YOUNG
Junior-Senior Advisor



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

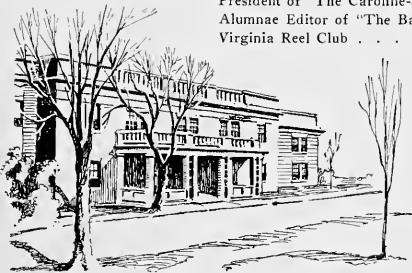




HELEN MILLS
Marye, Va.

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



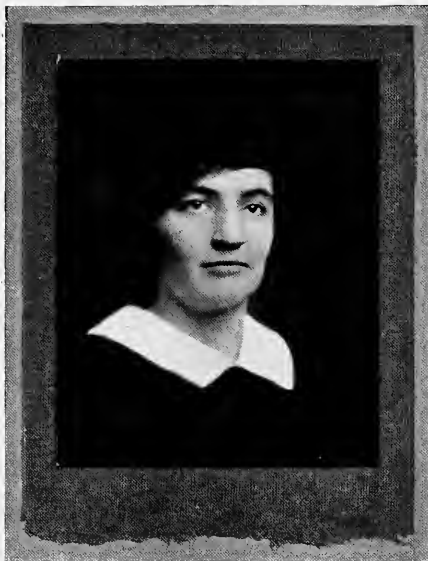


ANNE MURRAY
Hampton, Virginia

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

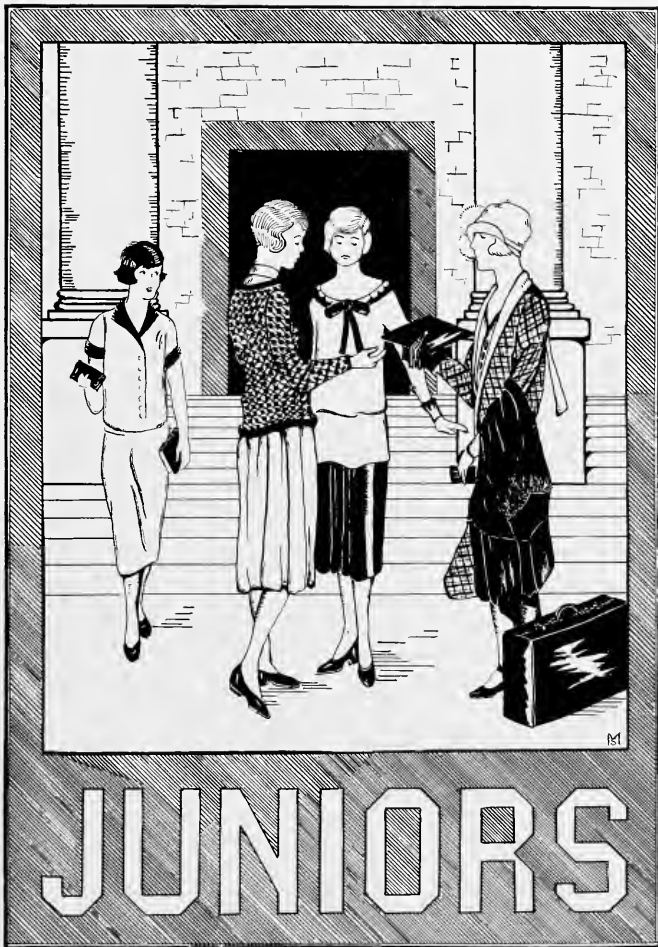
Autumnal quiet:
The unbroken stillness
Of tall trees,
Of misty hills.

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

Parke 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

Lucy Lewis
Village, Virginia



Elizabeth Morrison
Fredericksburg, Virginia



Irene Rogers
Marion, South Carolina



John Ruff
Fredericksburg, Virginia

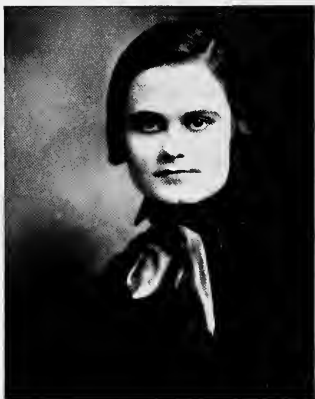


Josephine Smith
Sharps, Virginia

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.

Kampuss 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.

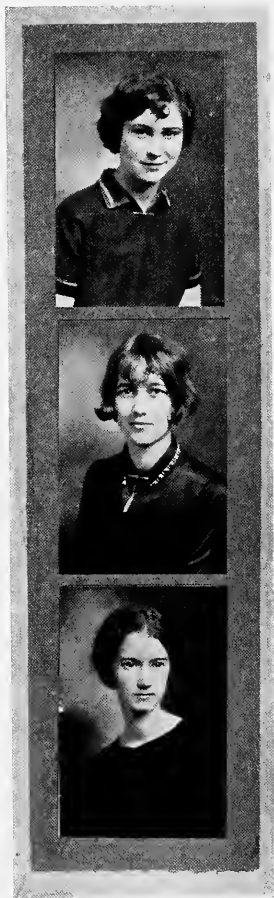
Worst Fault—Monopolizing the music room.
Ambition—To be a janitor in a Boston Conservatory.
Comment—"Though you may not know it, I am neither quiet, solemn, tired nor divine."

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.
 Kampuss 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.
Kampos 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 CHENUALT
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.

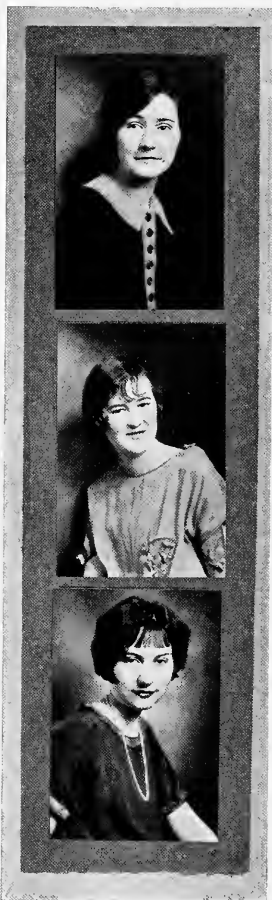
Kampuss Katz, '24-'25.

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 giggle.

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.
Kampuss 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.

Kampuss 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 Lochr 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.



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 shicks 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 612



MISS ISABELL M. CHAPPELL
Freshman Faculty Advisor



Freshman Class

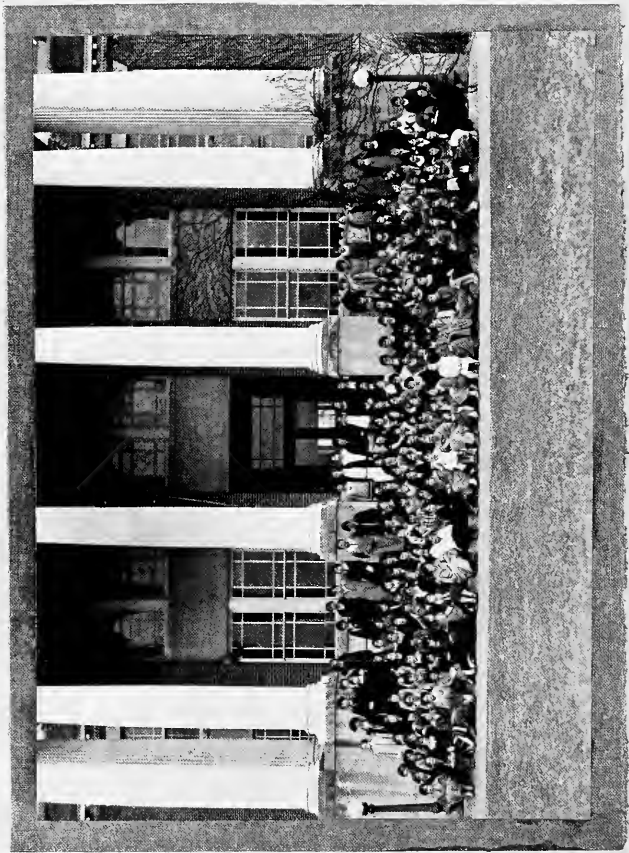
Class Colors

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	Hammers, Dorothy	Payne, Nancy
Anderson, Emeline	Hanowell, Lucille	Penmier, Irene
Andrews, Thelma	Hanson, Lillian	Phillips, Margaret
Baker, Fannie	Harding, Katherine	Poffenbarger, Hephathia
Bensley, Lillian	Harris, Dorothy	Phillips, Ruth
Belote, Hilda L.	Hart, Alma	Pollard, Frances
Belote, Hildab T.	Hatchett, Katherine	Pollard, Lillian
Bing, Ruby	Hatton, Mary	Pollard, Sara
Bonniwell, Lois	Haynie, Elsie	Pond, Dorothy
Boothe, Maude	Hend, Julia	Ponton, Ruth
Broadus, Linda	Headley, Aileen	Ponton, Willie
Brown, Eta	Herrriott, 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	Huckman, Maude	Raiford, Louise
Childress, Herma	Hunt, 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, Helen	Rosemond, Lotise
Conn, Estelle	Johnson, Marie	Ruff, Virginia
Conn, Ethel	Johnson, Ruby	Russell, Reva
Connelly, Elaine	Jones, Susie	Roberts, Hazel
Book, Emma	Jordan, Laura	Saunders, Louise
Cooper, Frances	Kellam, Norma	Scott, Florence
Corder, Maude	Kilmon, Rosabe	Schrell, Sue
Costin, Edith	Kindervater, Mildred	Shelton, Marguerite
Cotten, Juliet	Keyser, Flora	Shepherd, Elizabeth
Courtney, Esther	Kajilan, Bessie	Smith, Dorothy
Cozart, Claire	Lane, Rosa	Smith, El
Crawford, Mildred	Lewis, Anne Lee	Springs, Flora
Chase, Olivia	Lewis, Alice	Stotz, Annie
Davis, Margaret M.	Lincoln, Gwendolyn	Stevens, Grace
Decker, Elizabeth	Liskey, Marian	Stone, Alice
Dreifus, Teckla	Lubkovitz, Ida	Stone, Frances
Drummond, Bertie	Lynch, Louise	Stringer, Margaret
Drummond, Mildred	Lynch, Mabel	Taliaferro, Nettie
Dunton, Joe Lee	Lynch, Thelma	Taylor, Elizabeth
Edmunds, Grace	Marshall, Mary	Tarpley, Pauline
Engley, Margaret	Martin, Fay	Thomas, Elizabeth
Escher, Julia	Martin, Mary	Thomas, Ethalia
Eshanke, Mildred	Mason, Grace	Thomas, Jessie Lee
Everett, Kathryn	Masters, Mildred	Thomas, Marian
Farish, Alice	Maxwell, Virginia	Thompson, Elnora
Field, Evelyn	McCarrick, Margaret	Thornhill, Madolyn
Fisher, Sadie	McCarthy, Virginia	Thornton, Allie
Fitchett, Sallie	McEnally, Dorothy	Throckmorton, Josephine
Forbes, Valerie	Mears, Katherine	Thurston, Verna
Forkner, Florence	Meia, Carmen	Tiller, Dorothy
Forrester, Ruth	Miller, Edna	Towles, Mabel
Franks, Annie	Miller, Elizabeth	Walcott, Emily
Fraughnaugh, Virginia	Miller, Marco	Walker, Sallie B.
Gallagher, Beatrice	Mister, Julia	Walton, Gladys
Gardner, Alma	Moody, Elizabeth	Warner, Vergie
Gillet, Gladys	Moore, Agnes	Warren, Kathryn
Gladstone, Annie	Moore, Elmer	Waterfield, Nellie
Glasseck, Ruth	Moore, Alpha	Wayne, Swannie
Gleen, Fanny	Moore, Lillian	Webb, Edna
Gordan, Hannah	Morris, Ruby	Weger, Katherine
Graham, Margaret	Musselman, Virginia	Whaley, Gladys
Gray, Nannie	Myers, Winifred	Whitehead, Jane
Green, Anna Paige	Neville, Hattie May	Whiting, Frances
Greenlaw, Susie	Noell, Anna May	Wilkins, Claudia
Gregory, Lily	Norman, Bertha	Wilkinson, Dorothy
Gresham, Frances	Norman, Elma	Wine, Marguerite
Griffin, Edna	O'Brien, Virginia	Wine, Nellie
Groton, Maria	Olds, Mildred	Wirth, Faith
Guy, Susie	Overman, Georgia	Wollard, Barbara
Hankla, Emily	Palmer, Reva	Worcom, Diana
	Parks, Annie	Wright, Virginia

Baa-a-a!

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



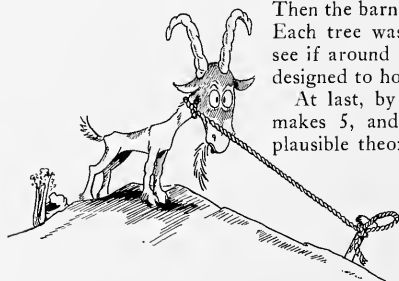
ONCE upon a time there was a goat. No. We're not speaking of goats in general, but a nice, white, fat, long-horned, long-haired, efficiently butting goat, which for the sake of euphony we will call "Billie." Billie, the playmate of some dozen little pickaninnies, had been transported from his happy home 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

THE BATTLEFIELD NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE

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.

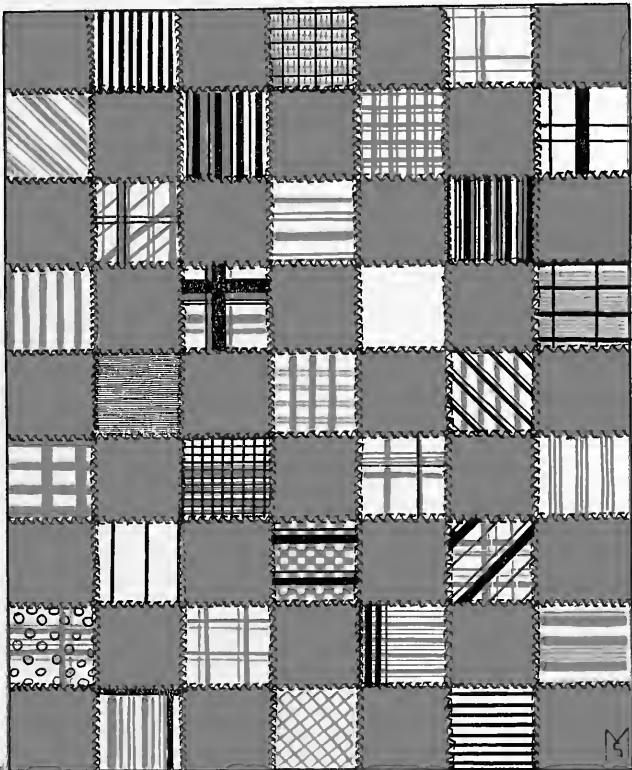
Item:

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

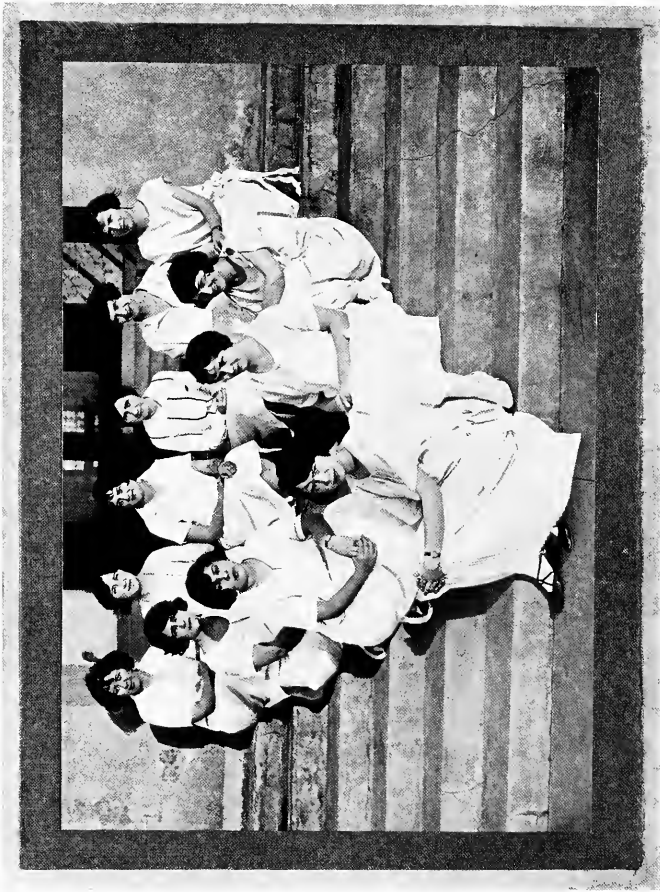
VIRGINIA CATHELL
Vice-President

VIRGINIA BOYD
Ex Officio

ELECTA HANMER
President

RUTH PREBBLE
Secretary

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

MILDRED WILTSHIRE
Vice-President

JULIET WARE
*Under-Graduate
Representative*

ISABEL LACY
Secretary

CORDAY MEARS
Treasurer

Committees

ELLEN FOX
Devotional

MILDRED WILTSHIRE
Membership

CORDAY MEARS
Finance

ELIZABETH MAY
Publicity

MRS. B. Y. TYNER
Faculty Adviser

MILDRED WILTSHIRE
World Fellowship

BETSY BASSETT
Social

MAYE LEATH
Social Service

ESTELLE WHITE
Bible Study

ELECTA HANMER
Ex-Officer



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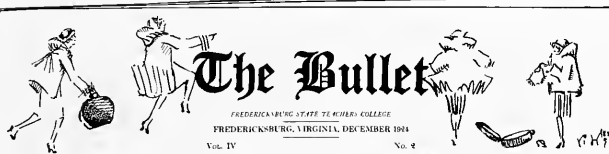
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BETSY BASSETT.....	<i>Y. W. C. A.</i>	LENA HAMBURG.....	<i>Wit</i>



The Bulletin

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

Artists' Course

ENJOYABLE PROGRAMS

The second offering of the Lyceum course on Tuesday, November 18, was a most enjoyable one. Katherine Tilt Jones, reader, and George Price, harpist, were the two artists who gave to the audience a most charming program of music and poetry. Katherine Tilt Jones' interpretation of the songs, stories, and interpretations of the songs, both her own and those of other poets, were very well given and executed strongly to the audience. In her reading of the *Bullad of the Merry Stanzas* she displayed her unusual emotional feeling in perfect delivery. She also gave short poems from Burns. It was well worth the time to see her recite and Amy Lowell in a clever impromptu fashion which contributed much to the artistic interest of the evening.

George Price also rendered selections on the harp which were most interesting to the program. In his recitation, "Odeletta" and "Ode to the Wind" he showed a mastery of technique and expression which surpassed the audience.

The program was as follows:

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| (1) Impromptu | Katherine Tilt Jones |
| (2) Harp Solo | George Price |
| Read of the Merry Stanzas | |
| Katherine Tilt Jones and George Price | |
| (3) Welsh Air | Thomas Adair |
| (4) Original | Chas. W. Brown |
| (5) War Stanzas (Old Irish) | Arr. Robert Price |
| George Price | |
| "Long, Long Ago" | Maudie Jones |
| (6) Spanish | Katherine Tilt Jones and George Price |
| (7) Minstrel | Chas. W. Brown |
| Part II | |
| (8) The Old South in Story Song and Legend | Chas. W. Brown |
| (9) The Maiden Song | Harriet Wainwright |
| (10) Mrs. Linn | Dorothy Wainwright |
| (11) Pinkie's Sleep | Edith Wainwright |
| (12) Little Strickland | Katherine Tilt Jones and George Price |

All remember the warm recollections that surrounded the English Student Comedy Company last year when they presented "The Citizen's School Days".

The year also shows "The Beach" from New York. This will

(Continued on Page 3)

A Merry Christmas

An old fashioned sketch drew up at the door,
 was parked in the snow, not much for me there
 And the world of the town was fast
 asleep indeed.

There it stood to give us the best
 before we need
 The snows had been the laughter,
 the love and the song.
 Give us all in the snow that
 nothing was on
 Our feet all parked and into the
 hall
 It was all waiting at the very
 entrance call

What a great deal of rumour and
 for the
 For first thing we knew in walked
 Santa Claus!

His cheeks were so red, his eyes
 were so bright,
 His hair was all up with the
 longest
 (his)
 He shook hands all around in the
 street
 And walked off of us a very good
 before we all knew it his job
 was done.

Unleashed up the chimney, with
 me
 We knew he had many more
 work
 left to do
 So we watched ourselves to his
 little
 We cleared off the floor and
 started
 A merry room-fall one could see
 a
 Here they loved and nudged
 and
 And caught their heads with a
 little
 The fire, waked him on the
 candle
 And finally they all
 went
 So great was the noise to get
 in
 They stepped their seats and
 placed
 on their
 And out on the earth, snow
 in
 They were soon packed to
 off
 on their way

—L. Stewart

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 Christ-
 mas." The theatre are advertising a
 good selection of musical comedies
 and dramas for the holidays. Among
 the most important are "The
 Merry at the Manhattan with
 Upton" playing the "Merry
 Merry" at the Manhattan a musical
 comedy. "Last, He Good a musical
 comedy in which Fred and Alice
 Adams will show. "Redeem of
 1) which Theatre. A variety
 show will feature Betty Currier.

Speaking of plays we saw Walter
 Henderson in "Cremor de Berger" at
 the Manhattan. He was very
 interesting was magnificent. The state
 after the background were perfect in
 every detail. If you get the chance
 read John Hooker's translation of the
 play. It is really a masterpiece.

The Dramatic Club of the
 High School opened the season by
 presenting a charming comedy play,
 "Merry, Merry and Merry, Merry."
 These young actors gave an excellent
 performance which the audience
 greatly appreciated. These actors part

Romances of Fredericksburg

The British colonies in contrast to our
 appreciation of all that has been done
 in this part of Virginia to preserve the
 most historic places in our State
 Fredericksburg. We feel that the people
 of this city have made a noble
 contribution to the history of our
 State.

There are other historic places in
 our State which are of great interest
 to those who have made it possible
 to see the ruins of the city of
 York. We should be glad to furnish
 information to those who are
 interested in the history of our
 State.

The Student Government

Members for the Freshman class
 it seems to have a wonderful spirit for
 the Student Government. We are so
 glad that the girls on a whole feel
 responsible for their own school as
 well as for the honor of the individual.
 Keep it up new girls, you will
 find the honor to be your own
 With the help of the upper classes
 you are helping to make the Student
 Government a body of honor and
 respect. We hope that with the
 Student Government as a part of
 our school we can establish a
 higher name of honor for our
 country in the future.

Last of the first of November, an
 assembly was held at the
 Student Government was held for
 the new girls for the purpose
 of thoughtfully starting the
 Student Government. We were
 very glad to see the new girls
 and to see them so interested in
 the work of the Student Govern-
 ment. We are sure that they will
 do a very good job of it.

A STUDENT COMPLAINT

When you're looking for a
 complaint, you'll find it in the
 Student Government. We are so
 glad that the girls on a whole feel
 responsible for their own school as
 well as for the honor of the individual.
 Keep it up new girls, you will
 find the honor to be your own
 With the help of the upper classes
 you are helping to make the Student
 Government a body of honor and
 respect. We hope that with the
 Student Government as a part of
 our school we can establish a
 higher name of honor for our
 country in the future.

Keep the first of November, an
 assembly was held at the
 Student Government was held for
 the new girls for the purpose
 of thoughtfully starting the
 Student Government. We were
 very glad to see the new girls
 and to see them so interested in
 the work of the Student Govern-
 ment. We are sure that they will
 do a very good job of it.



Kampuss Katz Klub



Motto: We're the Katz Ears

Flower: Kat-Tails

Home: Catskill 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 Hanmer
 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

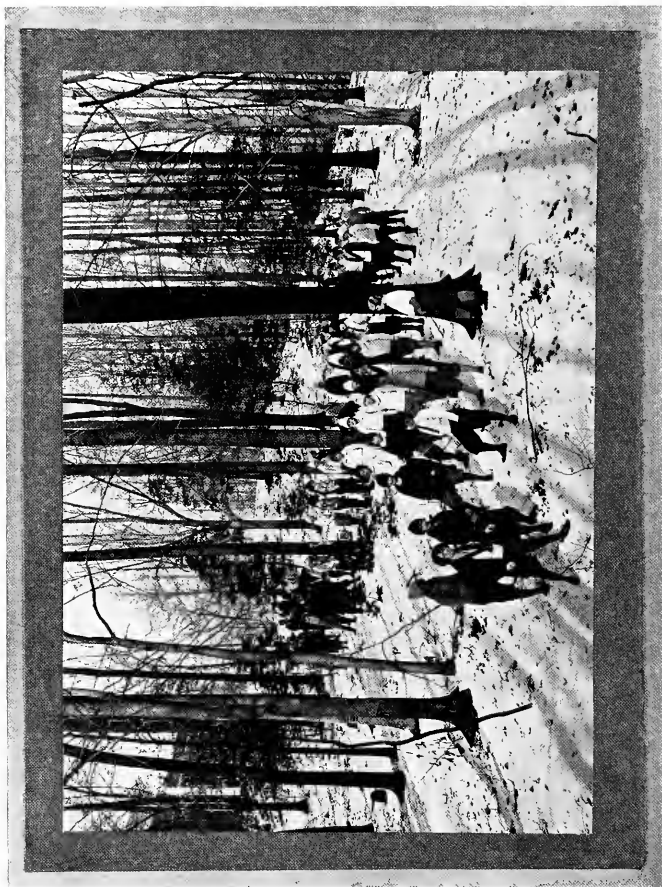


MISS NORA CHURCHILL WILLIS, *Instructor*

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 "Skittermerink," 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, Susie
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

MEMBER

Latin and French

Fleur-de-Lis

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 Secretary ELIZABETH JOHNSON Treasurer..... JESSIE DOUGHTIE

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 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	Annie Gladstone	Julia Mister
Lois Bonniwell	Ethel Godsey	Margaret Phillips
Edith Costin	Maria Groton	Margaret Stringer
Bertie Drummond	Susie Guy	Kathryn Warren
Mildred Drummond	Grace Mason	Nellis Waterfield
Eva Duncan	Myrtle McGrath	Edna Webb
Hammer Dunkley	Kathryn Mears	Susie Jones



Twin City Club



Officers

President.....BETSY BASSETT
Secretary-TreasurerEMILY 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	Myrtice 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



<i>President</i>	HELEN MILLS
<i>Vice-President</i>	GLADYS GRAY
<i>Treasurer</i>	RUBY DRATT
<i>Secretary</i>	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
Tha' 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 ... THAT REDHEAD GAL' FLOWER--SUNFLOWER
MOTTO ... RED AND REDDY
PRES. -- JULIET WARE SEC. AND TREAS. -- VIRGINIA BRANCH
ADVISOR -- MISS EVA TAYLOR ETTES

FLANNIN, KATHERINE FLEWTER, GERMAINE HAMILTON, LEIS HARMER, ELECTA HAYMON, ELIZABETH	HAYME, ELSIE H'GAN, ANNE LEVY, FRIEDA	WARE, JULIET SMITH, EGT ROSE, MIRIE
--	---	---

McBRIGHAN, CELE BRANCH, VIRGINIA MORRIS, GUY LYNCH, THELMA TALLAFERRO, 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!*

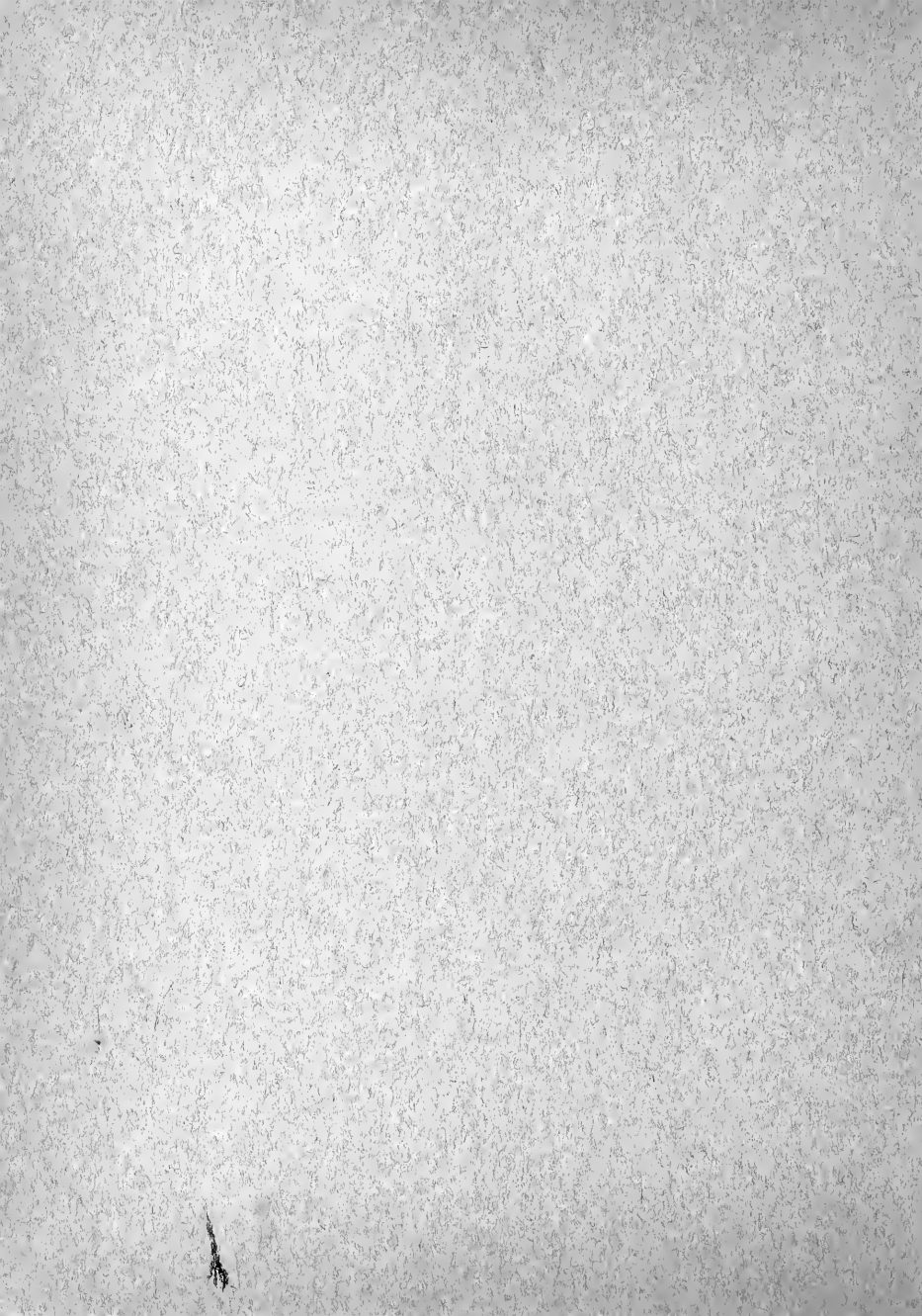
ENVOY

*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



Athletics



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A Billy Goat Tale!



ONE 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!



Athletic Club



Cheer Leaders

JULIET WARE

GLADYS GILLET

ELIZABETH CRISMOND

Committees

Schedules of First and Second Squad Games

	SCORE
Feb. 7, 1925—Fredericksburg vs. Marjorie Webster, at Washington.....	28-16
Feb. 14, 1925—Fredericksburg vs. University of South Carolina.....	32-26
Feb. 28, 1925—Fredericksburg vs. Richmond City Normal, at Richmond.....	50-26
Mar. 5, 1925—Fredericksburg vs. William and Mary.....	31-20
Mar. 7, 1925—Fredericksburg vs. Marjorie Webster.....	75-29
Mar. 14, 1925—Fredericksburg vs. C. & O.....	50-0



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



Freshman Basketball

Mildred Eubank	Virginia Musselman
Anne Hogan	Teckla Driefus
Dorothy Hanmer	Irene Pepmier
Mary Hatton	Claudia Wilkins
Katherine Hatchett	(Captain)

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
Marilda Haile
Lucy Houston

Lucy Hobson
Dorothy Hamner
Willie Pouton
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..... *Most Talented*

CECILIA McLAUGHLIN..... *Best Dancer*

AGNES CURTIS..... *Prettiest*

JESSIE SQUIRE..... *Most Athletic*

JULIET WARE..... *Best All Round*

ELLA TALLEY..... *Most Original*

EMILY HANKLA..... *Most Studious*

BETSY BASSETT..... *Most Popular*



*"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.

165

Prettiest



Most Athletic

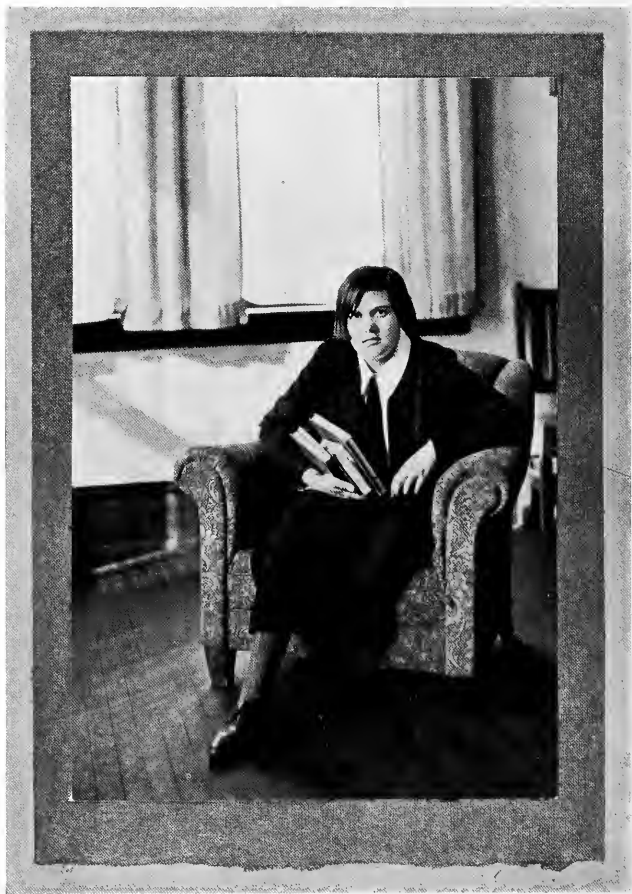
*"He that climbs the tall tree
Hath won the right to the fruit."
—SCOTT.*



*"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.)

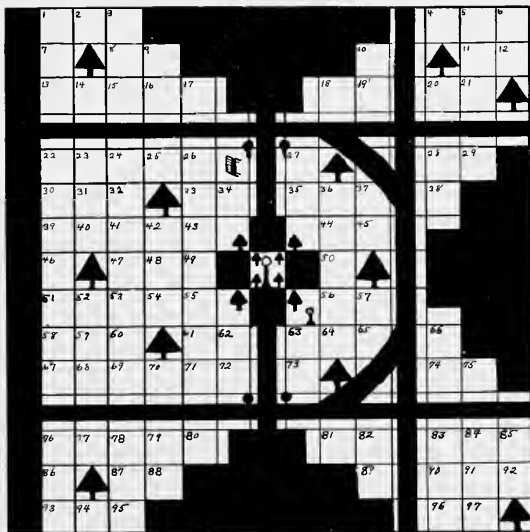
The little girl spoke in a whisper that could have been heard ten feet away. "Mama says if the preacher has finished eatin' you could send her her silver 'cause she is a-gonna have company."

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? 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 79.
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.
52. 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

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 afeared 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!

THE BATTLEFIELD NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE

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.

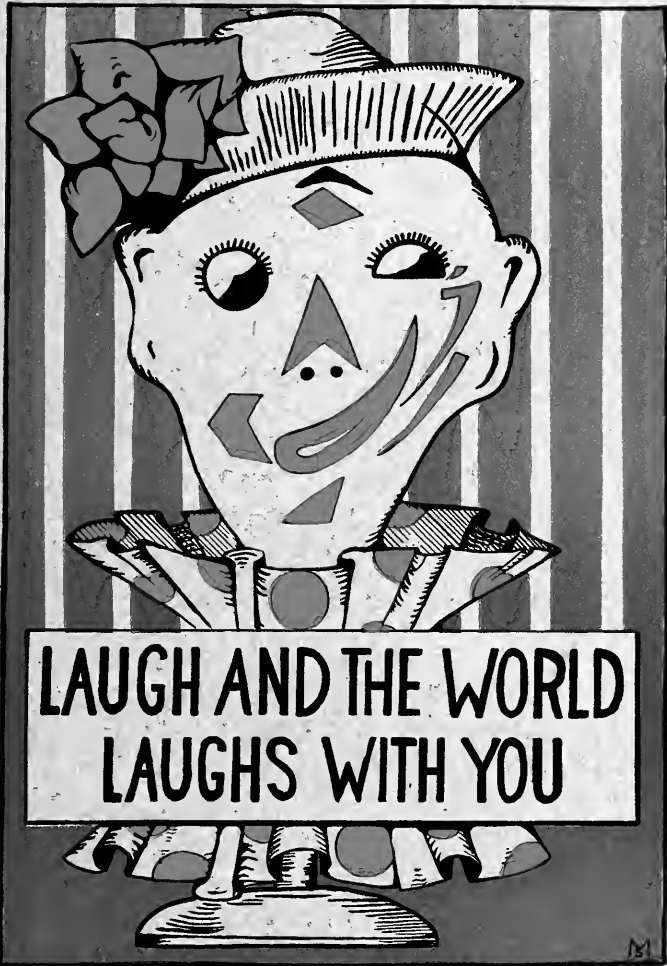
The captain looked at the lieutenant. The lieutenant looked at the captain.

"Well, I'll be—" said the captain.

"And so will I," echoed the lieutenant.

MILDRED CRAWFORD.





**LAUGH AND THE WORLD
LAUGHS WITH YOU**

M



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.

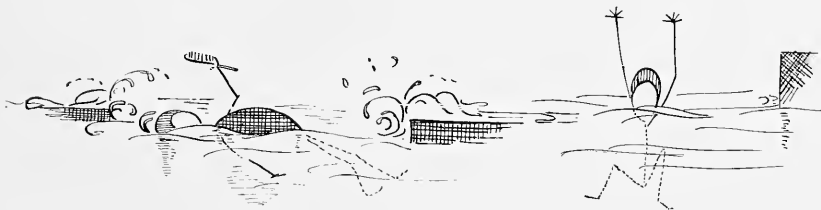
The Evolution of our Swimming Pool



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



Sororities That Went National This Year

Patron, BUNYAN TYNER

Pan Hellenic Council.....	The Administration
Eta Beta Pi.....	Una McAlexander
Date Gummies.....	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 that's 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

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

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

.. . .

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

ROSPECTIVE 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

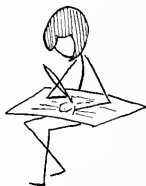
They sat together,
Worked together,
Roomed together,
Ate together,
All quarter long,
Played together,
Strolled together,
Happy as a lark.

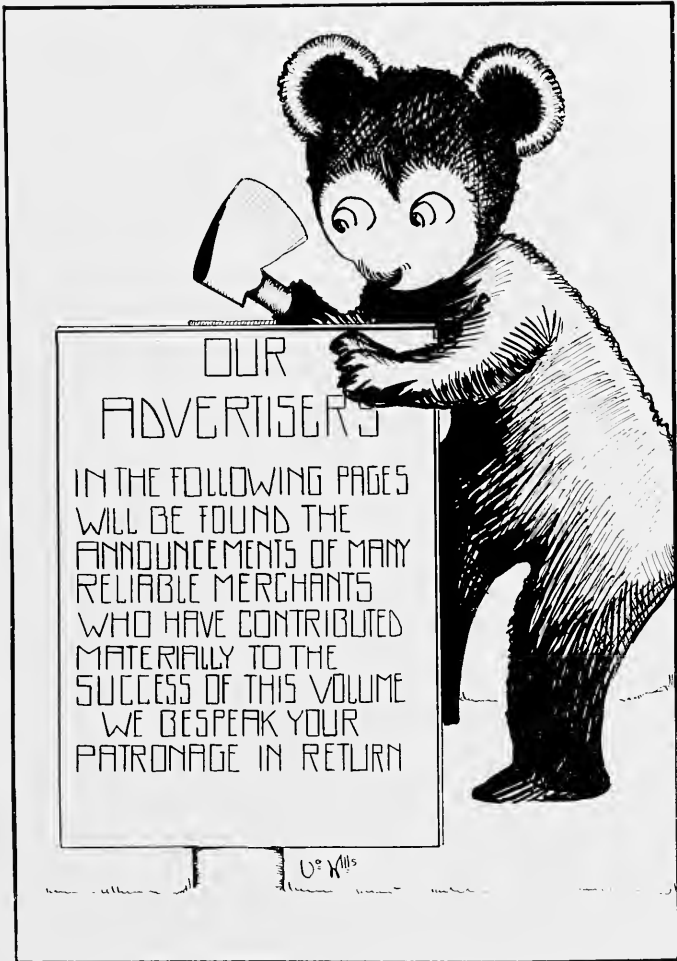
Then—

Crammed together,
Flunked together,

And said—

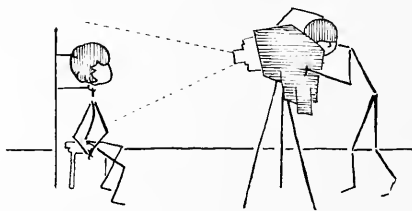
“Of all sad, sweet words of both tongue and pen,
The saddest of them all is we have flunked again.”





The Bond of
Friendship---

*Your
Photograph*



Judson Smith,
Photographer

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Educated*

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E. J. Embrey Shoe Company

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Tri-Weekly
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"Say It with Flowers—"

Corsages, Bouquets

and

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CURTIS'
RESTAURANT

ALL AMERICAN
100% SERVICE

809 MAIN STREET
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

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!"

Your Patronage Solicited

The
SANITARY BARBER
SHOP

Finest in City
Private Ladies' Department

JAMES B. PAYNE 913 MAIN STREET
Next Door to Pitt's Leader Theatre

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ROOM

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*Fredericksburg's Most Attractive
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CONTINUOUS a La Carte Service
SPECIAL LUNCH 12 to 1:30
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DR. J. P. STIFF

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Up to Date in Every Detail

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FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

HEMSTITCHING
PICOT EDGE
PLEATING
BUTTONS COVERED

MRS. OSCAR GENTHER
903 National Boulevard
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

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
building and let us tell you how
small your paint bill will be.

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Fredericksburg, Va.

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W. J. LACY

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Everything for the College

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- (b) Physical Education.
- (c) Fine and Industrial Arts
- (d) Commercial Subjects.
- (e) Public School Music.

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Insurance
Against Robbery
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SAFE : STRONG
SECURE

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Depository

Polite Service

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Buy
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S. S. KAUFMAN
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RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

A Scotchman, his wife, and sister were out sailing. As the boat landed, the Scotchman jumped to the landing. As he jumped he did two things: spilled his money out of his pocket and upset the boat with its passengers. Before turning to help them, he picked up his money and counted it to see if he had all of it.

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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Deposits, \$1,600,000.00

3% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

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Good Shoes

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And We Try to Make It the Best Drug Store
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SERVICE MOTOR COMPANY

Agency for BUICKS

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FREDERICKSBURG :: :: VIRGINIA

Time Schedule

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. :: ::

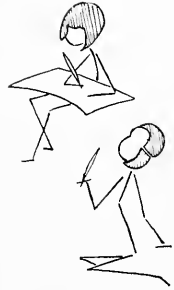
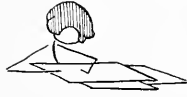
WHITTET & SHEPPERSON

A Half Century's Experience in College Printing

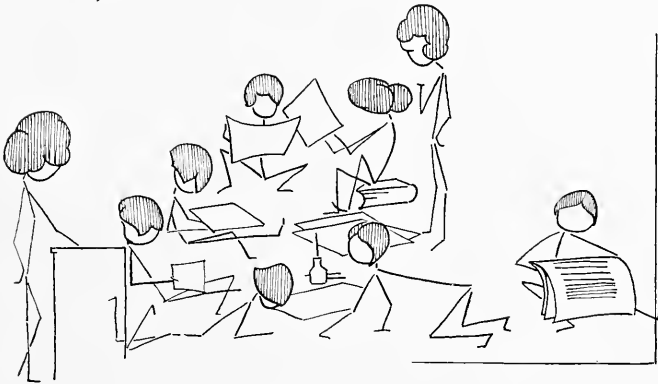
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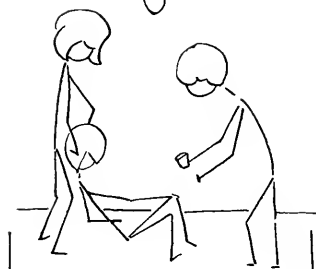

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Cover bears this
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back lid



*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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