

A.S.C. History

1925

A. S. C.

1914 = 1924

Dear Girls:

Here at last are those letters I promised so long ago. So many unexpected things happened to me that I was for a while very discouraged as to your ever getting them, then by chance this book became a possibility and I felt that all things happen for the best after all. I do hope you'll like our Class Book, for this is Agnes Scott's first. I felt sure you'd want me to go ahead with it for we've always longed to do things "first." You see, at the Reunion, we wanted to give something to the college, to remember our "10th" and we agreed that if every one of us gave three dollars we could make a lovely gift to the Alumnae House. Fannie G. Mayson Donaldson, who is president of the association, thinks this is the best gift you could make—and really, if each one of you remember to send me a check, we can make a small gift to the house as well. Several copies of this book are to be kept in the secretary's office as records.

Business over—now that wonderful time we had last May—our 10th.!

Ruth Blue was almost the first on the scene and a 'phone call from her sought advice—to bob or not to hob. Linda stayed with her mother (and her three girls); Zollie stayed with me, and Mary and Essie stayed at the Alumnae House when they could, with Charlotte, "Lott" and Helen.

Our first public appearance was at the luncheon which the trustees now give for the alumnae and faculty in honor of the seniors. We all sat together, and nearly bumped our necks off trying to see each other and everyone else all at the same time. Mr. Stokes and his fiancée sat just across from us. From there we went to the alumnae meeting—and Ruth had bobbed her hair. After that we piled on the bed and floor at the "House" and read your wonderful letters. That, I believe, was the best time of all for we talked and discussed all our pasts—and yours, too—and how we did wish to know about those of you who didn't write! Our tongues wagged and our ears ached but the time was all too short and so much I can't remember. In Helen's letter she didn't repeat what she told us of her midnight walk through Chicago parks, nor did Lott's letter tell all about her men. Charlotte got the "bobbed" urge and from then till she got it off, her hair formed a large part of our interests. It was wonderfully becoming to her.

Linda had to go home to her children but Zollie and her precious boy and the rest of us stayed out to the Glee Club.

I really don't know who went to church Sunday morning. I do hate having my memory fail me, but we had to plan a stunt for Monday's class day, so the crowd was to come out here in the afternoon for discussion—also to bring my car. Helen bravely consented to drive and I'm sure it was a memorable trip for all of them. The oil ran out and after filling Druid Hills with smoke, stopping at any old point, they gave it up and vamped a young boy to drive them the rest of the way.

Well, Monday at noon we all had lunch in the tea room, with Miss Hopkins to help us. The 1923 class was also having their luncheon and we sang back and forth to each other—

when we could stop talking about ourselves—and those we remembered and had lost track of.

For our stunt we dressed as the “ghosts” of those who have gone on before and displayed, in various ways, our attainments of the last ten years. I wish I could remember all about it, as well as the other stunts. We wore lovely silver head bands with maroon 1914 on them—and sheets.

From the stunts we dashed into town with Mary and went to a splendid art exhibit at the Biltmore and Mary took us there to tea. We did enjoy that. Then it began to rain. Some of us went home, but Mary had some to supper with her and a movie later finished Atlanta. I think they talked till morning when they got back to A. S. C.

As I said before, it began to rain, then it poured—all night! Mary and Essie had to be in town at eight o'clock. They started soon enough but a large puddle or mudhole or something, detained them a large part of the morning, so only Charlotte and Lott and Helen were at commencement itself. At lunch time Zollie and I dashed out for one last look at them—and before we realized we were where we could actually touch each other—we were gone.

Being together was all we had anticipated. It did seem hard that we had to part so soon, but I'm sure you will all feel as I did—it was real treasure stored up. I feel that about this book. I've read these letters over a dozen times. You'll do that too, I know. Don't you still think we are a wonderful class?

We love every ONE of us, won't you try to send me a card about yourself—at least once a year?

Do you know that membership in the Alumnae Association is only \$1.50 sent to Nell Buchanan and you get the Quarterly. The letter is only half worthwhile when there's no news of US in it, but how you will LOVE it!

I'm so sorry not to have letters from every one in here—those who did not write have had investigation—some successful and some not, but we have done the best we could. Be sure to let me know how you like it—and send your check too.

There are worlds of things about Agnes Scott I'd love to tell you who've never been back, but all that is in the Quarterly.

Pineapple, Ala., May 22, 1924.

Dear Classmates:

How much I wish I could be back with you at the Reunion! At one time I thought I was going to be able to come, but circumstances have been such that I could not very well come this time. How dear to our hearts will the days we spent together always be! I do not think there are ever friends in after life that take the place of our school friends. I wish that the ones of you who are so fortunate as to be back will write to the ones of us who were not there. Let's try a “round robin” letter once more.

It is hard to realize that it has been ten years since we graduated.

I am afraid that what I have done in these years will not

sound very exciting to the rest. The first two years I did not work. I taught in the high school here at home four years. For the past four years I have been writing insurance. I like the insurance work better than teaching. I take a right active part in a federated club we have here. We feel that our club has meant quite a bit to the community life.

I have not seen any of my college friends in a long while.

With much love to each of you and all good wishes for a great reunion.

BERTHA.

At Home, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wednesday, November 26, 1924.

Dear Martha:

Your card received day before yesterday was almost irresistible—almost but not quite.—i. e. I almost cut everything I had to do and just sat for hours to relate in detail the doings of this Agnes Scott-er from '14-'24!

Well, instead I have 30 minutes by the little clock perched before me and not another second for weeks to come, it seems to me, so here goes on a wild dash.

Full of enthusiasm and much pep to set the world on fire the fall of 1914, and being told by my parents that teaching was the only fit thing for a lady to do (and not being particularly averse to that profession, though not having a real gift for it, I fear) I started out teaching Math in the departmental work at First District school, Chattanooga. On the side I taught a S. S. class of boys, 12-14, had a girls' club at the "Y"—joined some literary clubs, the missionary society and a few more things and by December lost my voice, and much of my pep from a severe cold of long standing and was shipped off to Florida to "recoup"! A reflection, I'd say on my judgment and poise, supposed to have been acquired at A. S. C.!

However, by fall 1915, I tried teaching again and in the summer of 1916 went to Blue Ridge to a city conference of the "Y" where I was prevailed upon to take up younger girls club work as a profession. I had signed up to teach French in the new Junior High school here, but the superintendent was very understanding and released me. September, 1916, found me in Nashville studying the various departments of the association there and Dec. 1, 1916, I went to Cincinnati for three weeks lectures on the theory of the work. Home for Xmas, and Jan. 1, 1917, I was full-fledged girls' secretary in Nashville "Y". In May of that year a letter came from Boise, Idaho, from relatives, asking me to spend summer with them. I compromised with two months leave of absence and while there had an offer to take the "Y" work in B. Secured release from Nashville, had three interesting years there, coming home two summers (one by Canadian Pacific) the other going through Yellowstone and by 1921 I was ready for a change. Signed up to go to China, got passports, etc., and wired for the family's permission—failing to get it. I went to New York and attended National Training School there for the year 1921-22, and had the most gloriously interesting, busy and exciting year I had yet spent. Just did everything and it was great.

One day a 'phone message from Philadelphia, asking me to be City Girl Reserve Secretary for the coming year, excited me very much and I ran over to see about it. After two or three visits I signed the contract for a year under Mrs. F. M. Paist, not only local president for Philadelphia but national president of Y. W. C. A. Thrills—. Booked passage with very dear friend, to Savannah by boat, in June, 1922, from there to Chattanooga for just one month. Met Leslie Webb for first time, had a few dates with him, but not time for many, took train first part of July for Philadelphia to begin my new and altogether too stupenduous task for my limited abilities and capacities. Found letter from said L. W. awaiting me, a rather lonesome girl in a big city with no friends. Followed many more letters, a fall visit—also one at Christmas time and when he came at Easter I gave in! We married Oct. 1923, and lived happily ever after. Love to all of you.

HELEN.

334 Yale Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

May 18, 1924.

Dear Martha:

How glad I was to hear from you! I was never so homesick for A. S. C. as I was when I read your enthusiastic letter about our class reunion. It would be wonderful to be there and to see how many times I'm auntie or grandma or whatever the proper relationship is to the children of one's classmates! But our commencement is not until June 18, and this year I really have to be present, for I am getting my doctors degree in English this year.

When you mentioned its being the tenth reunion, I felt as if I must have pulled the Rip Van Winkle stunt, and I rushed to the mirror to see if my hair was turning gray. But when I found it all as brown as ever, I thought back over the ten years and decided I really could account for them very well even though they had passed with such inconceivable rapidity.

Last summer when I was on my way to teach in the summer school at Peabody, I spent the afternoon in Decatur. When I saw Mr. Stukes so fat and bald, I realized that 1914 was rather in the past. It was awful not to find Dr. Gaines in his office or to see "Dr. Arm." around. I like President McCain, but, of course, we were in school under Dr. Gaines and it can't be quite the same to us.

I haven't any external evidence to present in accounting for how I have spent the time since 1914—no husband and babies to point to and say "These I have accumulated since I saw you last!" As a matter of fact the man I was in love with in 1914 went to war and lost a lung and a half, and so I think I'll just be "auntie" to the other class babies and content myself with this little child of my own pure brain—the doctor's dissertation born just this year.

I played around at home for a while after I graduated and was looked upon as quite a "pillar" in the community life of quiet little Thomson. Then the house burned down and I persuaded mamma to let me teach. So I might say I was driven into my "career" by fire; but, as a matter of fact, I belong to

a family of teachers and have always wanted to try my luck in the profession. I took an M.A. in the teaching of English at Peabody and went into high school work.

Three years ago, I found it possible to come to Yale to begin work toward a Ph.D. I had a scholarship for the first two years and hold a fellowship this year. These entail no work, being purely honorary, and so I have had three wonderful years of study. The work in English here is most intensive and exacting, but with it all very delightful. Since my brother is professor in chemistry, I have had an unusual opportunity to know the faculty in his department as well as my own and to shine in his reflected glory.

The social life in New Haven is very pleasant, and since Yale is primarily a man's school, a girl can have as much fun as she has time for. As New Haven is so near New York, there are splendid opportunities here to enjoy drama and music. And there is always New York to go to.

This year there are one hundred and fifty women in the Yale graduate school. Of course, women are not allowed in undergraduate courses. We are looked upon with much disdain by all who wish to prop their feet on the table as they study, and we feel ourselves to be intruders, but the students are learning a spirit of toleration and the articles in the Yale News are becoming less bitter.

The English department here is exceptionally strong; we cite Chauncey Tinker with pride and point to Tucker Brooke with loving reverence as we mention the fact that he is one of the few scholars recognized by five continents. It has been so wonderful to work here, but now I am ready to go back into teaching and see how much I have grown.

I am located at Goucher, in English of course, and I think the position has a very good future. I shall be glad to come back South, for customs and ideals here are decidedly different.

Please give my love to all the girls and tell them how I long to be with them during the reunion days. I hope it will be just perfect for you who can get together. And do write me the news. I can't imagine anything more wonderful than a joint letter written by all "reuners" to all absentees. I send this as a hint!

Lovingly,

FLORENCE BRINKLEY.

16 Gordon Ave., Gordston, Savannah, Ga.

February 20, 1925.

My dear Martha:

I was talking with Mynelle a night or so ago and she said for me to write at once all about what I had been doing since 1914. It does seem to me in the dim past of this winter I got a card saying send on my letter, but not understanding what it meant I did not do it. So now I'm afraid I am too late to get my "say" in the booklet.

However, I'll give you an idea of these ten years and if this is not too late, dress it up and put it in.

I taught for the first three years: (1) in Newnan, Ga., the fifth grade; (2) in Oneonta, Ala., in the high school; (3) in Dothan, Ala., high school. There I met Ben and that June

27, 1917, we were married at my home in Union Springs, Ala. We lived in Dothan nearly two years then moved to Savannah, for the rest of our lives, I guess. It's a beautiful place in which to live. My older son is 6 years and the younger 2 years. Their birthdays just one day apart, Jan. 25th and 26th. Benjamin Shields and Henry Blue are their names. Mr. Barnes is a cotton exporter. My time is filled with my family and church work. I am at present president of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Independent Presbyterian church, of which Dr. Neal L. Anderson, Margaret and Ruth's father, is pastor. Mr. Barnes is a deacon and my cook leader of her B. Y. P. U., so we do nothing but church work it seems.

Do call me and come out to my home when you are on your way to New York by boat. So often we forget where the girls live, so let this be a standing invitation, or come to Tybee for a "dip" this summer.

I do wish I could have seen more of you this past summer. What a joy it was to be with the girls again! Your daughters were so sweet and attractive.

With love,
RUTH BLUE BARNES.

This is from Lott.
Greenville, S. C., Nov., 1924.

Dear Girls-of-those-dear-days:

From then to now? Ten years of a conglomerate life? Old ricketity, racketity typewriter, can we do it? (The Thing sputters and spits and spells out, "We'll try," so!)

Back in June 1914, after thrilling over being Linda's maid-of-honor, I went home to Monroe, N. C., where I stayed with my folks a few months. Then mother and I went to Buffalo and Niagra Falls. She was so enthusiastic over the Falls and the climate surrounding same that we stayed there two weeks. No one had ever been known to do this before. Every day we'd go down and look at the Falls. Then we'd go down and look at the Falls some more. Not another thing else to do. I love nature but I got tired looking at her. When we finally dragged ourselves out of the Falls we caught a train for Syracuse. Then I was happy indeed! Miss McKinney was in Syracuse.

We spent several days in this Dr. Sweet's home town, and needless to say I enjoyed them. We had supper at Dr. S's home and went on an all-day trip to Skanneattaes (or some such word and place) among other delightful things.

After Syracuse came New York and then back home to North Carolina. But N. Y. C. always had me hypnotized, so in order to go back there for the winter I enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Thus October found me back on Broadway

This the winter of '14-15, was a glorious one for me. My work was mostly fun and outside of that all was fun. New York did its New Yorkest and I tried not to miss a thing. I lived in a large and very select boarding house where mother and I had stayed several times before. As many of you girls probably found out from your own experience, a New York boarding house is a heterogeneous conglomeration, interesting

to the nth power. I daily ate humble pie with Sewell Ford (you know him in the Satevepost, Cosmopolitan, etc); Alan Bement, the portrait painter, for whom have sat such people as Sarah Bernhardt, Maxine Elliott and Fifth Avenue's fashionables. Mr. Bement went about with me a bit, had me to his studio to tea—a gorgeous place resplendent with gold leaf ceiling, red painted floor with black velvet rugs, a huge brilliant screen of oriental design. He fixed the tea things himself, using a tea service of red glass. These are some of the things I remember that come to me as I write. Another is that he asked me to go to a picture show with him one Sunday night. I asked him to make it church and I'd go. The date was off. Other celebrities there were, Jean Archibald, the actress and playwright, whom I saw David Belasco come to see one day; Mabel Garrison, Metropolitan opera singer who would come home in great glee to tell the boarders that Caruso had praised her and patted her hand! A lovelier woman and a sweeter it would be hard to find. She and her husband, Mr. Seamon, were to me an ideally devoted couple. He plays her accompaniments when she goes on concert tour. Other folks I talked with daily in the boarding house were, Sarah Taylor Shatford, the poet, a beautiful woman and a beautiful character. Her life has not been a happy one and unfortunately now she is deep in Spiritism. She was mighty good to me. Let me see, who else? Noted preacher, missionaries, actors—oh yes, John Emerson, now one of the biggest directors in the moving picture field, then working with the Shuberts in New York—a widely known Christian Science Practitioner who caught a fearful cold and stayed in her room for days bitterly denying it but I heard her cough. Well, it was a great bunch.

Next door to the boarding house (with common wall as you know New York houses have) was The Physicians and Surgeons' Club. You can check me up on this by asking Martha, 'cause Henry stayed there! And so did some other interesting young doctors! In fact I knew they were there before I knew Henry was! To be perfectly exact, Henry caught me having an out-of-the-window flirtation with one of them. He did not know it but this has been going on some time. But when one had only to knock on the wall to start something—well, you see how easy it was.

One of the best things about that delightful winter was knowing Burt Johnson, Mr. Lewis Johnson's brother. He is the sculptor who did the bas relief of Miss Anna Young in the Alumnae House. He introduced me to a number of young artists who made life very entertaining. And a splendid bunch of young folks they were too. I count them among the finest I have ever known. One of them, Bud Gage, was at that time a sort of apprentice to Gutzon Borglum. He lived in Borglum's studio. 'Most every Sunday night he had the crowd there to supper. Bud and I used to go out and buy the supper on Third Avenue (the studio was near there) after the guests had arrived. A typical menu was, peanuts, hot dogs,

tea and preserves. The preserves had been sent by Bud's mother out in Kansas.

When summer came I went home for a while but fall found the fever on me hot as ever, so back to the big city I went, this time to seek my fortune. I did not expect to take New York by the throat and shake it as Burt Johnson said he had planned to do, but I was determined to choke a job out of it. With this idea in mind and a small amount of cash I disembarked at the Pennsylvania station along about October, 1915.

I was scared to be too choosy about the job for fear of funds getting too low and appetite too high so I took the first thing that offered. It was in a clipping bureau and paid \$5 per week. Scream all you want to. I left at the end of two weeks. Left—please get that—I had lots of other jobs after this one and I did not always leave of my own will and accord. Hired and fired, that was me. However, the clipping bureau did entreat me to stay, and at three times my salary! I was tired clipping though. I took a good many kinds of jobs—I'd take anything whether I could do it or not. I spent my days thus. Evenings I played with New York.

At Christmas I went home and stayed. A vacancy happened in the public school right at that time so I took that, teaching the 4th grade till summer. A very saddening thing happened to me about that time in the death of my very dear grandmother.

Thanksgiving of that year, 1916, I paid a short visit back to Agnes Scott. Valley Young White, Georgiana White and Miss McKinney were my good friends left at college. Good fortune let me be back at the same time as a number of other has-beens, Helen, Pete, Martha, Linda and others. This has been my only return except for the marvelous Reunion last May. Leaving Agnes Scott that fall, I went down to visit Marguerite Wells in Augusta. The time I spent with her and her delightful family is a happy memory. It was there I received a telegram from Henry Ford's secretary inviting me to go on the famous Peace Ship. We all thought it a joke being played on me and accused a certain young man of Augusta of the deed. Of course the poor thing denied it. By that time it was in the Augusta papers and the Wellses had fame or notoriety one or the other thrust upon them by little me. It all turned out that Henry F. had asked Agnes Scott to give the name of some one to represent that institution and my name had been suggested. I did not know the authenticity of the invitation till too late to make arrangements to go. If I had just been in the habit of corresponding with Henry Ford it might have been different. But like Helen, I simply couldn't believe it!

After my visit with Marguerite I stayed at home till about July of the following year, 1917. At that time a friend of mine, a writer connected with the biggest newspaper in North Carolina, was about to have produced a scenario he had written. He said he had fixed it with the director to use me in the picture! Report at once at Hendersonville, N. C., and be a movie actress! I reported. First one thing and then another

delayed the picture. They moved us down in South Carolina, finally settling in Charleston. They were all seasoned professionals except one girl and myself. She was a cousin of my friend, the author, worked in by him just as I had been. To make a long story snappier we stayed with that company and on its payroll for eight months. During all of that time I pulled down twenty-five dollars a week and worked exactly three days, fifteen minutes each day. The director offered to use me in subsequent pictures but I declined as it was too slow a life for me. It was a good job though so far as enjoying myself went. I had plenty of leisure for that! We had a fine time wherever we went. The best thing that picture did for me was taking me to Charleston where I met my husband. Charleston is Sumter's home town.

When I got home in the early spring of 1917 we all busied ourselves with Red Cross work, canteen activities, meeting troop trains all day, serving coffee, sandwiches or flirtations as the particular case seemed to require.

That summer I went back to New York with my mother. I remained there on through the winter. For a long time I had been wanting to get into social service of some kind. In fact that year in N. Y. C. before when I tried all sorts of jobs—or they tried me as the case might be—I had endeavored to break into social work and failed to get a footing. They wanted only experienced workers or at least trained ones. This year once more I went the rounds of settlement houses, courts, prisoners' aids and charity organizations of all kinds, trying to convince them of the advisability of annexing my services. They were a dumb lot so I hired myself out to a wholesale house. It was about this time that Spanish Influenza began to rage. The Board of Health of N. Y. C. to overcome the dangers of the crowded rush hours on the transportation lines made out an opening and closing schedule for all classes of business so as to put the employees out at different times. The wholesale houses were ordered to open at eight. I certainly did some hustling those cold winter mornings to get 'way down town and be at my desk, or at least the time clock, by eight o'clock. By the way, I was a curiosity in the eyes of my fellow workers because I actually had to be shown how to punch a time clock! In spite of all the Board of Health's orders I took influenza!

The wholesale house dealt in musical instruments which you know are luxuries and not necessities, so their trade began to fall off, due to war conditions. Hence they decided to cut expenses. I was the first expense to be cut. Once more I stormed the social service places and this time in desperation one of them took me on. My job was chiefly in tenements on the Eastside, just what I wanted. The work was so varied and my experience so diverse that I dare not start on them. I'll spare you that. It was a glorious opportunity. I loved it and my Eastside families, 75 of them. Each with their swarm of children and generally one a-coming!

I remained in this work until I went back home three months before I was to be married, June 25, 1919 I became Mrs. Sumter Clarke Lawton. The first three years of our

marriage we lived in Charleston. We moved here to Greenville a little over two years ago. Shortly after moving here a great sorrow came to me in the death of my beloved father. We have an apartment here until we can build up a home again. Some of you have already heard me rave about our lot with three magnolia trees on it! My husband, as I may have told you before, is the best cotton broker in the Southern states. If any of you ever touch Greenville in your travels do come to see us!

This letter is worse than a protracted meeting but things will keep popping into my head that I want to talk with you about. I can hear you say, "Gracious! will she never stop?" For instance, I did want to tell you about going to Louise Wells' wedding in Brooklyn and more particularly about going to see Louise one evening with Dr. Armstrong! When we came away about eleven o'clock and took the subway back to Manhattan, I suggested that he just let me get off when we reached my station and he could continue on to his further up town. I had only a block to walk. Dr. A. said, "Miss Lottie May, when I used to take a young lady out it was customary to see her home and I intend to see you there!" You all can imagine the adorable way in which he said it.

Lest I ramble further I shall stop this treatise on much ado about nothing and that forthwith.

With love to you every one forever in my heart, I continue to be.

Yours devoted

LOTT.

499 Karuizawa, Japan.

September 13, 1921.

Dear YOU-That-I'd-Like-to-Write-a-Personal-Letter To:

Will you accept this kind of a letter instead? I haven't forgotten. I simply somehow can't get the time and I don't want to give you the chance to entirely forget that the person you knew as Sarah Hansell does still exist over here in Japan, though she puts a "Mrs." in front of James English Cousar, Jr., and has been doing so now for over a year.

And one other person,—a very young but very important person has taken the same name—James English Cousar—and puts III (third) on the end of it. This "Other Person" arrived in Tokyo, Japan, on June 15th in the same hospital where Mr. Cousar was ill with typhoid fever. We had rather a "time of it" for awhile with all the family in the hospital but not allowed for two weeks to see each other on account of the possibility of the typhoid infection. But the baby kept wonderfully well, which was a great comfort. I wish you could see him now! He's a dear bald-headed baby with big blue eyes, pink cheeks and so much life and energy that he almost jumps out of my arms. He's beginning to gurgle now in his efforts to talk and he has a cunning trick of smiling and ducking his head. He weighed over 12 pounds several weeks ago. We haven't been able to get any "foreign" scales since. We used borrowed ones before—borrowed from little Philip Dodson Hansell, another new mission baby.

But I want to go back and catch up the ends of things.

We were in Tokyo last winter you know, both of us mostly concentrating on the Japanese language. I took up second year work, trying to take advantage as much as possible of Tokyo's well-trained teachers. I don't know what I'll do for a teacher down in the country this winter. It seems that one can never hope to get through studying Japanese.

In January, after long searching, we at last found a Japanese house whose owner would rent to foreigners provided we would wear "covers" on our shoes in walking on the matting. They are more particular about their floors than their ceilings. It was down in the hollow so in spite of its paper doors we thoroughly enjoyed our first adventure into housekeeping in a Japanese house, and managed to keep reasonably warm, though Japanese houses are not noted for their heating qualities.

It was a dear little house, with rooms about as big as a minute, a bit of a garden, and unusually conveniently arranged partitions. Having a home made us feel that we were really a part of the Japanese community and brought us into touch with people we would never have known if we had been boarding.

Then— I don't know how he took it—but Mr. Cousar was taken ill. That was the middle of May. Two weeks later he was taken to St. Luke's hospital. I was just so thankful for the hospital because if he had been taken sick down in the country I don't know what I should have done. As it was, all our things had to be packed and shipped to Okazaki and I had to find a place to stay. But I never knew how many friends we had until Mr. Cousar was sick. So many missionaries are too busy for much visiting but they all come when one is in need of them.

Not until the 17th of July was Mr. Cousar able to be moved and then two of the men of our mission came down to Tokyo and brought him up to Karuizawa on a stretcher. The baby and I came too. I had been out of the hospital only a week myself and it was James III's first journey. I have never appreciated Karuizawa more than I have this summer. The cool air has done wonders for us all.

We are to be in Okazaki this winter and I'll be the only "foreign" woman there. Mrs. Darby Fulton is having to go home for her health so we will live with Mr. Fulton this winter in their Japanese house. We are so anxious to rent a livable Japanese house for ourselves to use later. Naturally we want our own home. So far we haven't been able at all to find such a house for rent. Won't you pray that we may be able to rent one? We have the money but vacant or rentable houses in Japan are "as scarce as hen's teeth."

We need, too, to get a better place for the kindergarten that I am to have the oversight of this year. The place that we are renting at present is in one of the worst sections of a heathen city. Please when you think of our work out here ask that someone may be willing to rent us suitable rooms and that the young Japanese teachers to be under my care may be given discretion in the use of their independence. In a heathen country like this young girls away from home are beset by so many difficulties and dangers. I feel very inexperienced in begin-

ning my first real "country work." I need your prayers as never before. And I need to somehow take time for my quiet hour each day. Will you ask that for me, too?

The small James is getting impatient and I must stop. He is of the opinion that he has been "being good" a very long time.

I've appreciated your writing me ever so much. Remember that I'm not forgetting,

Sincerely,

SARAH HANSELL COUSAR.

The next year came another letter from Japan telling of a real home, furniture made in Japan according to American pictures. Again the baby was desperately ill and Mr. Cousar as well. In the fall of 1923, they came to America, visited both families and are settled for the time being at Waterford, Virginia, where Mr. Cousar has two churches. His health is not entirely restored, so they are near Johns Hopkins. In July, a new "Agnes Scotter" entered their family—Mary Nancy.

Stamps, Arkansas, Dec. 3, 1924.

Dear Folks:

How delighted I was to receive your card, Martha, and learn that I had the opportunity of hearing all about the reunion and getting all those letters—Had you said if I wanted all the letters and news let you know—You would have received a wire so I wouldn't have had such a long wait but you added "send me one about yourself."

I am deeply interested in everything everybody else does and has done but when it comes to me and mine—I feel there isn't anything to write. But I'll do anything almost to get that bunch of letters. You know how to get results, don't you?

First opportunity I get, I read word—every word, in the A. S. C. Quarterly—think it does a great deal in keeping us in touch, one with the other. Often I'm disappointed when I find so little from the '14s, then I stop to think—Why so little? And then I argue—why should I expect everybody else to write in their news when I'm so negligent about my part.

You asked for doings from '14 to '24. That is a good period for some folks to have to cover but mine can be briefly given. First year out of school I stayed at home—enjoyed everything a little town offers. Second year—taught in school here at home but before many months had passed decided some one else could have my place in the school room.

My two brothers being away from home left my mother alone, so I stayed here "to keep her company." Then the war came and plenty of work for the ones left at home. In October, 1920, Mr. Florence and I were married. He—I should have called him Will instead of Mr. Florence—had been over to France and didn't get home until June, 1919. We came back from our ten days' trip to Chicago to find mamma sick—just down the street—in sight of my old home was a little new 5 room and sleeping porch—house waiting for us. But it was 8 months after we married before we got in down there—due to mamma's illness during that time.

Things rocked along as might be expected. I discovered

I'd never make a good cook, wasn't any kind of a house keeper and failed to accomplish much I had planned nevertheless I loved my home, enjoyed having one of my own even if it were a rented one.

We spent Will's vacations going to see doctors and visiting hospitals. Every summer he had to go somewhere to some doctor. First year to Dallas. But the greatest and best thing in our lives came when W. P. Jr., arrived May 3rd, 1923. We were crazy for a boy and he was such a healthy one for the first year. Wasn't sick a time. When he was four months old, we took Will to Mayo Bros., where he had an operation. There were many good things in that trip and one was my accidentally meeting Nell Clarke. I thoroughly enjoyed being with her even though it was for a little time. Was so glad to meet her mother, aunt and that bright little Moses. We had several visitors together and I left not knowing how long she'd have to stay nor what she might have to undergo. I could whip her now—for not writing me after she went home.

We were away six weeks but I'm a great believer in Mayo Clinic and doctors there.

W. P. was desperately ill last summer. We kept him in a sanitarium in Shreveport for two weeks and spent the rest of summer nursing him back to health. But we are so grateful that he was spared that we have forgotten all that anxiety more or less.

We came up to mamma's to stay while W. P. was convalescing and here we still are. He has recovered, however.

The reason I didn't have a letter there last May was due to W. P.'s illness. He wasn't well all the month of May. He is beginning to talk now and those of you who have gone through the same experience, know what a pleasure they are at that age. Those who haven't had the experience, don't know what they have missed—do they?

Please send me everything to which I am entitled and I will follow carefully all instructions enclosed as to the forwarding, etc.

Wish there could be such a thing as having reunions more and more from state to state. Maybe I could attend when it came time for Arkansas.

I hope your letters will be as full of your doings as mine has been of my doings.

Lots of love.

MARY BROWN FLORENCE.

Columbia, Missouri, May 15, 1924.

Dearest Martha:

Having to send regrets to the Trustees' luncheon reminds me that it is time to redeem my promise to write "all" about the past ten years for the reunion.

Well.....from 1914-20 I taught in Mobile, first substituting for the sake of experience and that I might have part time to luxuriate in being at home and to enjoy a simple social life. That year was an eye-opener in several ways.

Next, I assumed a regular position and eventually landed in the High School for three years. In retrospect, I believe

I should like to have done something different, for I found it enjoyable, but a strain in crowded classes. In the summers, I took trips and right now I am recalling various times at which I have seen most of you girls, at one time or another.

Those years seem dim now, in comparison with the last four, for it was in August, 1919, that I met Bert—then Captain Hogan, just returned from France. Events moved much, to me, surprising turns and swiftness, so that nine months later, we were married. I'm increasingly glad I did that, for we are serenely, joyously happy, especially so since Catherine came two and a quarter years ago. Since Mother Hogan regaled me with tales of Bert's "exquisite auburn curls" in babyhood (you couldn't prove it by his small modicum now) I had counted on Catherine inheriting a few—instead, she has perfectly straight sticks of hair, so her Grandma Cobbs terms them. She is sturdy and boyish in appearance, with her closely bobbed head. She has other redeeming qualities which I fear would not be wholly interesting to you.

The move from Mobile to Missouri was a wrench, but I find the change of outlook from the Gulf Coast to the Middle West full of interest. It still seems strange to set the clock of my life by St. Louis and Kansas City instead of "Atlanta and points South"—to see everyone set out for summer sports in Michigan and Colorado instead of North Carolina.

Bert is chairman of the department of Agricultural Chemistry employed 50-50 by the University and U. S. Experiment Station. They have most comfortable quarters for the staff of 10 or so men, some of whom teach, some do routine analysis of fertilizers or anything connected with Ag. Chemistry for anyone who wants it done, and some do research work in the laboratories. Bert's line is Animal Nutrition.

We live two blocks from his office, and share a house with Mobile friends who married and moved here the season before we did. That has been a gloriously happy arrangement for four years, but it will soon end when they leave here in a few months, so we are now discussing whether from a business standpoint, it will be better to build now or later.

Columbia is known for its pretty individual homes and gardens—I know of no lovelier spot in which to live from every standpoint, there are many diversions, musical, dramatic, athletic and educational—and delightful people to know, if one can. The home and business duties limit us, though, to a few things. I belong to only my church circles and three social clubs—one of which is a dignified thing to which all women connected by marriage or otherwise with the University, belong. You hear programs and drink tea.

My dear girls, my deepest love to each one of you and

my warm good wishes, too. Please devise a way to let the absentees know all about the reunion. With much love,

TED COBBS HOGAN.

Is your hair bobbed? So is mine. As to the pictures, I've had part of a roll of films taken for some time, but bad weather has prevented their completion. Sorry.

Since Christmas notice has come of the birth of Amelia Burr, December 27, '24.

Ponlan, Ga., May 9, 1924.

Dear Martha:

For some time before your letter came I had been thinking of the reunion and of those happy days spent at A. S. C. The bulletin came a few days before your letter, so everything seemed to turn my thoughts back—ten years, think of it! I appreciated your letter and to say, "I would like to be there" is too mild. I know it would be wonderful to get together once more and hear each one tell her experience since that memorable night in 1914.

I know it seems that if Linda could come all the way from S. C. with her three little daughters, everybody from right here in Georgia ought to be there but it will be impossible for me to get away just at that time. You see I have a six year old son in school and there are numerous other reasons to keep me away, the one Linda mentioned don't happen to be one of them however. We live on a farm, you known, and it is a very busy time of the year, so I couldn't very well leave my husband, 600 chickens, little turkeys, butter, etc., just with the cook, even though she is mighty good. Later in the summer, after the cantaloupes and tobacco are sold I am planning to get away for a vacation as I don't care to spend a month in Wesley Memorial again. Of course it is a wonderful hospital and I think Dr. Strickler is a good doctor but it isn't very nice to be sick anywhere. The hot weather in South Georgia during August and September doesn't seem to fatten me any as I am subject to aenemia but I think I learned how to live and will not get so run down any more. I gained 18 pounds after my stay in the hospital.

I hope there will be a good attendance at the reunion and nothing will happen to mar the happiness of the occasion in any way. So far as I know not a one of "the 23" has passed away so if there isn't a complete union in person I'm sure there will be in thought. We who are absent will be with you in heart and mind.

I'd like to send some pictures of my boy and husband but haven't had any good ones since the fire three years ago, you know boys his age don't like to have a picture made so they never look natural.

Much love,

MILDRED.

Grundy, Va., G. P. S., May 1, 1924.

Dearest Martha and All You '14ers:

Certainly was glad to hear from you again and to know that after so many years "The Long of It" is still remembered.

My! How interesting that Reunion in May does sound, and what wouldn't I give to be there with you. But G. P. S. doesn't close until the 28th, and so of course there is not a chance of getting to Atlanta by the 23rd. However, Louise has invited me to spend two weeks at the beach in Florida with her before I return to Tennessee, so I may pass through dear old Atlanta if my family consent.

We begin work the last of June at Montreat, N. C., will again run the "Copper Kettle," so my time is limited. We did enjoy seeing Charlotte, Grace Harris and so many A. S. C. girls at Montreat and we hope to see more there this summer.

The "Kettle" has been given by our friend, Mr. Prichard to Grundy Presbyterian School and the new Prichard School to be established for mountain children near Huntington, W. Va. We have agreed to run this Kettle, will keep boarders and run the tea room with the help of some of our boys and girls from here. All we make will go to the interest of these mission schools, so we feel that our summer will be worth while as well as profitable to us. By the way, if you hear of any one going to Montreat please speak a word for us.

As to my Past and Future, I guess I'd better just say I am a "darned old maid," but happy, and suppose I'll always be such. My time has been spent in rivaling Miss Smith with Bennetts' Latin Grammar and teaching china painting. Last year Louise and I ran a tea room and gift shop, "Copper Kettle," in Sarasota, Fla., and had a fine time. We had a new bungalow ready for us there this fall, but while at Montreat Mr. Prichard, the owner of our Kettle (Montreat) spent a week with us. He mentioned his future mission school and we in fun, asked to run it. He began serious talk at once. We told him that way back in A. S. C. we had planned "some day" to go into real mission work together—so to make a long story short, we agreed to come here for experience and be ready to help him in the new school he plans to have in operation in the near future. He has already given \$70,000 to it. We visited in his home Christmas and heard all about his plans. He is a multi-millionaire and his home is a dream. I felt lost in those \$50,000 rooms.

Well, we have had the experience here and we love the work, but my it's work! I do wish I could tell you all about it. We have 185 pupils—100 boarders, all types and ages from seven year old to twenty-six. Some are thieves, criminals, former bootleggers, etc. Have never seen such violent tempers. We have a modern equipped building but all kinds of inconveniences to cope with. We eat from oil cloth, often drink coffee from bowls and rarely ever have knife, fork and spoon at the same time. I can almost balance peas or beans (twice a day) on a knife.

Louise and I are helping with a Sunday School our boys organized at a lumber camp 8 miles from here. We have ridden there on a motor car in a snow storm when thermometer was twelve below and we felt below that. Shall never forget how wonderful the scenery was. We tried a Ford once and sat an hour and a half in the river, with feet over the sides

and sticks floating in the bottom of the car. Finally a man on a mule came to the rescue and took us to shore, one by one on a sack of corn behind. In this truth meeting I must confess that that's one man I've hugged in these past ten years. Another day our crowd walked and last Sunday we rode work horses (16 miles straight, not counting the miles we rode up and down). The road is way up on the mountain side, on edges of precipices, with river winding below. The scenery, especially at this time of the year is marvelous. We have our Sunday School in a box car. The children are dirty, ragged, but very bright and attractive. Our attendance varies from 35 to 45 or more. I raise the hymns so you see how my musical ability has progressed?

We have every minute of our time taken up when not in class room, our room is a gathering place. We have no nurse here and about three doctors in whole county of 50,000. So as Louise is a good nurse, they keep her busy at that when she isn't teaching four English classes, French and Social Problems. Louise has just gotten back from Hurley, a neighboring lumber town, one of our girls had to be taken over for operation for appendicitis. A few weeks ago one of our orphan children died with lock jaw and no one can imagine what we went through with. Her suffering was terrible, and we are so out of the world (takes 5½ hours to come over this mountain, only 33 miles) and one train a day, one telephone in town and no way of getting messages through in less than 24 hours time.) That is what took so long to get the serum and the doctor was drunk part of the time.

Such is our simple life behind these impassable mountains, where we feel buried, but we love it and are happy together.

Please write me about yourselves, the Reunion and the good time you will have together again at A. S. C.

Now with a heartfelt of love for one and all.

Always,

KATHLEEN KENNEDY, '14.

P. S.—Didn't get this mailed. L. and I are hoping to pass through Atlanta (if car leaves after exams. and not wait for commencement) about the 20th. Do wish I could stop over but will only be there one night between trains. If we can arrange it will run out to A. S. C. that night, can't tell for sure yet. Again love from us both.

LINDA, you remember, was our first bride and some of you will remember her wedding and that beautiful daisy chain. She lived for awhile in Jacksonville and then in Greenwood, S. C., where Huldo was born. Then Ernest had an opportunity to buy a lumber yard (which he had wanted since he was a small boy) in Newberry and they moved there. Being Ernest's old home. Newberry is full of Summers and their relations who have been lovely to Linda and made her life there most pleasant. They have built a beautiful Dutch colonial home which Linda keeps beautifully—and in the yard is the children's adorable playhouse. The latter is a necessity for be-

side Hulda, there are now Linda (just like her mother), Royal, and just since Christmas, Marian.

Linda makes preserves and so forth in wholesale lots. So does she make little girls' dresses—thirty-six or so at once. She has a beautiful garden, a cow, and about two hundred white Leghorns from which she gets real money.

Not many years ago a fire nearly wiped out the lumber yard and gave them some anxiety but her life has been a very full and happy one. Every spring a visit to her mother in Atlanta, gives Atlanta friends a good visit with her and of course she stays till Ernest comes to get her.

How much poetry she still does and what her French courses at A. S. C. have done for her, you must all find out at the "15th" in 1929.

Quite a number of the "14ers" tried out teaching before that "best of all men" came along and ZOLLIE is one of those. She taught in———, then in Moultrie where she and Mary were together and for quite awhile in Athens. One summer she and Mary went to Columbia and she hated New York. She got left off busses because she wouldn't crowd on and all the other New York rushes just ruined that city for Zollie.

In Moultrie she met Harold Daxon who was superintendent of schools and in Athens another man became an object of interest, so that for several years she had a strenuous time trying to decide between. Probably she does love Harold, and she always says she married him because he entertains me every minute I'm with him. He's full of pep and enthusiastic and is now up to his ears in work educating the country people as to their possibilities, by means of moving pictures. It's a most fascinating occupation.

A little over a year ago, John Harold, Junior, a picture book baby, arrived and has kept Zollie's time filled, though he is as good as gold. While he is learning to eat, Zollie is making headquarters in Fort Valley, and Harold Senior runs in when he can, for just now he is jumping rapidly from place to place. To say the least of Zollie's life has had no room for monotony.

Early in the spring I saw LOUISE out at the tea room and begged her for a talk but she answered, "Oh no, my life has been too full of sadness." I know you would all be so interested and I know she won't mind my telling you. Do you remember her young brother, Jack? He was just a little older than Essie's young brother. His junior year in medicine at Emory he married a minister's daughter and though his family wanted him to finish school he decided to go into the bank at Dawson. Louise was teaching and doing club work. In a short time her mother was very ill and died just as her brother's young son was born. He helped greatly to ease that sorrow. Louise then stayed at home and "tried to keep house as well as mother did." Only about a year or two ago her sister-in-law and her father both died and without the baby Louise thinks she could not have survived. When I saw her she had come from a visit to his grandparents when Louise had taken him in fear and

trembling for she was afraid they might take his love and she says he is hers.

She's had some bright times, however for her young sister-in-law was lively and capable—and Louise is still her same old sweet self.

Commerce, Ga., April 24, 1924.

Martha, My Dear:

Has it really been ten years since the good old days at Agnes Scott? And think of the changes that have taken place! I don't know where to begin for life has been so rich and full for me. However, the past two years hold so much for me I think I've just begun with them and fill in the back years as I think back. Just two years ago Saturday, the 20th, I married the man I thought to be then the dearest fellow in the world. But today I realize that the man I am married to is so much more the dearest fellow in the world. I wonder that I can even make the comparison. My Bill—William Maury Cannon, is a Clemson man and for the last three years has been superintendent of the Selma Creamery and Ice Company. You doubtless do not "know that our business year opens up in the spring months and just this last week we or rather Bill, moved to Opelika, Ala., where he is to be superintendent and general manager of the Opelika Creamery.

Selma is just the very loveliest place in the world to me. I went there as a bride, had my appendicitis operation there, and my precious baby was born there eleven months ago. Both of us came so near slipping away; but you'd never realize, I had had a premature baby who weighed only 4 1/2 pounds and who lived in an incubator when you see my great big brown eyed boy and hear him talk so cunningly!

I kept in touch with several of the girls through Mr. Steele. You remember him of course. He told me of Ted's little daughter, Margaret Brown, Helen and quite a number of others. I was so thrilled over Charlotte's coming to Selma, but the regret she spoke at the Presbyterian Church I had the young people of the Methodist Church and our hours conflicted. After the service Billy was in a bad humor and Bill and I had to take him home. I knew she had gone away early next morning and didn't try to find her. But she really didn't leave till Tuesday. They tell me our Charlotte is one of the leading women of the Presbyterian Church. Isn't that just splendid.

Martha, I can't say that I can come to Atlanta. Bill is alone in a strange place and you can imagine how he misses his boy at least. Just as soon as I visit mama and then go over to South Carolina for a visit to mother I'll have to be going home. If it is possible I shall come for one day at least. Billy is getting some bad teeth and is cross a great part of the time. But oh, I've got to see the bunch and see what these ten years have done for you all.

So many beautiful things came into my life at Agnes Scott that I so little appreciated then. But one can't until life has been lived in the after years and its not so bad that we fail to take things seriously then. I know I for one fail to appre-

ciate even now the splendid ideals and principles one gathered there. But Martha, if we try to live them in our homes and clubs and churches that's the real reward to our Alma Mater, isn't it?

I met Bill in Augusta doing child welfare work and juvenile court study. Later I was near Atlanta in the Georgia Training School for Girls as assistant to the superintendent. But it seems to me that most of my life comes in these two wonderful years I've had in my little home with my baby and my Sweetheart.

I've been so busy even then for Bill and I both have felt like a home not founded on Christian principles can never be a real vital force. And so we've tried to do our bit in the church and the work with the young people; and it seems that the joy of having them come to me with problems and joys and sorrows is a rich reward for the little I've tried to do.

But what I want is to know all about the others Will there be any plans for us to know about each other if we can't all be at the reunion?

I did want you to meet my sister-in-law, Mrs. Ted McConnell when she was at Dr. Nobles' Sanitarium last year. She has a new baby now, a little son, but he's very ill. They have him in Atlanta now under a specialist.

You have three haven't you Martha? And aren't they precious? I see Harold's little daughter frequently in the Atlanta paper. That is one paper my husband long ago knew I had to have on Sunday. Mrs. Harold Rogers is a good friend of Mrs. J. M. Bryan, Jefferson, Ga., a dear friend of mine—as I remember its Harold who was Mauris' friend at Tech. I was spending the night with Mildred one time and saw Harold in her wedding party.

Yes, I've bobbed my hair too, and like it fine. Bill and I have had heaps of fun over it though, for I've spent half the time since having it cut, asking how he really liked it! Ledia Newter came in frequently from Tyler to see me. And two days before I came away she come to tell us goodbye. Her brother-in-law was one of Bill's good friends in Selma before we were married. Kittie Grey Coleman was in Selma. She's Mrs. Smith now and my dear, at Cooking School when Mrs. Bettie L. Dalson was in Selma, who should sail by but Lorenda Farley, now Mrs. Thornton. Do you remember her? She has two little girls and, lives on a large plantation about three miles from Selma.

Ledia told me that Dr. Armstrong had died too. So many have gone away of late years and I imagine things have changed so much at Agnes Scott.

Martha, this is a terrible letter and I know I could write on for pages. But I'd so much rather talk with you. I do hope I can come and will let you know later when I have more definite plans made.

With much love,

ETHEL M. CANNON.

ESSIE took a year to rest up after graduation, then she went to Columbia and took her M.A. Back to Atlanta again,

she couldn't resist Agnes Scott so for two years she taught three trig. classes a week. When the Armistice was signed the opportunity for work in France presented itself and she and "Monk Fuller" did canteen service for the 29th division for six months. At the time of her return her county was trying to eliminate its illiterates and Essie got classes started in the churches, making trips with negro preachers and whites. What interesting things she could tell us! She had a trip to Havana about this time, then started work with the School Employment Bureau in Atlanta. She gave up that job about the middle of April when she rode up to Chattanooga one Saturday afternoon and married Walter Rupre. Perhaps now we'll have her in Atlanta all the time.

ANNIE McLARTY taught school in Atlanta for several years then went to Mobile and into the office of shipbuilders. From there it was only a step into social service in their mines at Ensley. She liked that so well that a year ago she married Leonard Kron and lives there.

RUTH HICKS, we know, lives in Dublin. She has kept herself well hidden for we can only find rumors about her—an illness for her husband, caring for a relative's children—How we would like to know!

Winterville, Ga., Jan. 28, 1925.

My Very Dear Classmates:

How I do wish we could all get together again! It is such a joy to see any member of that best of all classes, and it would be wonderful to see them all at one time. Imagine the chattering. But there is no group anywhere that it would give me more happiness to be among, to gaze upon, and to listen to.

Since that seems impossible, I hope there is the message from every single one of you in this letter that Martha is getting together. Isn't she a peach? If she can find the time and energy to do all of the things she does, it seems to me that I can at least get together the little details of the last decade. (Think of it!) of my life, because I know how I enjoy every line about any one of you.

To begin with, and quite frankly, I should like to report, in my list of achievements, at least one husband and two or three sons or daughters. They are some of the many things I've meant to do, but haven't—and the reason is not that I feel like the boy who said on an examination paper: "There are three kinds of marriages: "Polygamy, Bigamy and Monotony!" But I'll make no excuses for my short comings.

Since 1914 has seemed an awfully, awfully short time to me. Every year, except the first one, has found me "pedagoging" away steadily from September till June, visiting in the summers and doing a little studying now and then. This year, I'm at home—out here in the country teaching mathematics and Spanish in the high school. My classes are made up for the most part of from-fourteen-to-seventeen-year-old sisters, nephews, nieces and cousins, and so my life for the time being, at least, has to be along the straight and narrow path. But, as Lottie May has already told you, I do find time for occasional

week-ends in Atlanta. And during Christmas I had a wonderful trip to Florida with two friends. We drove down, and I visited my sister in West Palm Beach, and rode all around there and Miami. We did everything there was to do, even to taking a trip in a hydro-plane—and it was lovely!

If any of you are going to be in Atlanta this year, please write and tell me, so that, if I can be over at the same time, we can at least meet for a few minutes. I'd love so much to see every one of you and all of your families; and although I haven't one of my own, I should be a very good judge of children, because I have 21 nephews and nieces!

My love to each of you, and my best wishes for the greatest possible happiness for you always.

Sincerely,

MARY PITTARD.

May, 1924.

To the Class of A. S. C., 1914:—
Heartiest Greetings!

Ten short brimful years ago, we accomplished the thrilling feat of graduation. You reaping the harvest of four years of work, weariness and joy—I with the ecstasy of a privileged on-looker—a non-participant actually, but so utterly graduated with you in spirit that I cannot keep from sending you a "Hail fellow, well met" from across the years and miles that separate us.

From the shock of introductions a-la-robe-de-nuit—to the more—would you say more intimate knowing you, I passed rapidly and one of the happiest times of my life was spent in the comaraderie of the class of 1914.

Do you remember the Bacon Bat held across the way in the hollow of the woods? And the ghost party! How we—I can't detach myself from it all, "we" comes so naturally—crawled on our tummies to hide the ice cream among the bushes and later rather crossly stumbled out of inviting beds to the "nicest party we ever had."

That must have been the week that I tasted society to the full! With eyes and mouth opened far beyond capacity, I watched the Seniors parade in town in gorgeous evening gowns. I never hoped to see anything more beautiful! That the manikins tripped now and then, that the velvet carpets originally and finally adorned our cots of slumber, made not the slightest difference. My spinal column has never quite recovered its equilibrium from the series of thrills! Mrs. Rogers, no doubt, felt the same way about it for I remember very distinctly some definite remark as to the er—a—condition of the sheets and "what had the girls being doin, etc.?"

And wasn't the pageant beautiful? I never hear the grand march from "Aida" that I don't think of that day. That day and a dozen others.

The uncertainty of ever wearing ones own complete wardrobe—the utter joy of going to sleep clean only to awaken to the beauty of a new day as striped as a zebra with soft coal. Oh, girls I think of you all so often and wonder about

Helen and Mary and Zollie and Charlotte and each and every-one of you, and wonder and wonder.

I'd give anything to be with you today and I am in spirit. Here's to a happy, happy reunion with the promise of many more in the years to come.

With a heart full of wonderful memories.

DOROTHY L. DOCKSTADER.

Dear Girls:—

When I think back over these years somehow they seem much more eventful than they did as they were going by. Most of you know that my father was not well my last year at A. S. C. and that he died the following August. It was a tragedy, of course, but as I look back now I see that most of things must follow some sort of a plan and then come a working out of that plan.

The following winter I had such a nice, snowy visit with Dorothy, who feels like she's a part of our class, then a visit to New York and later on Essie and I reunited at A. S. C. that May. One summer Mary and I went to school at Columbia and had a little visit with "M. B.," as she was going through there. If I remember rightly—we met her future husband and approved of it. That was a hot summer, but we did enjoy it. Henry was doing hospital work there that year and that made it most interesting to me. We all come by together by boat—and I was sick all the way—wasn't that romantic?

Another summer mamma and I had a cottage in Maine, and Ethel Noble and Henry spent a month with us. We were right in the woods, and had a wonderful time tramping, swimming, canoeing, shooting frogs off lily pads and so forth.

Don't you think Henry and I were the patient creatures? However, he had to finish medical college, and mamma and I did enjoy running around together; trips to New York, one to Hot Springs, to Florida—just playing where we wanted to, besides war work. However, Henry at last graduated in 1917, and June 25th we were married. That brought the best trip of all—an automobile trip to Charleston and North Carolina. We slept out-of-doors part of the time and did most of our cooking. Neither one of us knew anything about how to do it, but of course we didn't mind a little smoke or other dilutions under the circumstances. In August we went to sweltering New York, where Henry started his final hospital work and I had an apartment. We expected to be there three years, but the war called the boys so fast that Henry completed his work in one year. He wore a uniform about five months, when a final physical examination rejected him and nearly broke his heart. In one way I was very glad, for Mary was born before we left New York, and it was mighty nice to have him help get her home. She was born in May, and the very next May Anne arrived, so we had our hands full for a time. That seems a long, long time ago for Mary has had two years of kindergarten now and is thoroughly enjoying the first grade. I'm so thrilled when she brings home "A's" all over her report card and Henry worries for fear she won't keep it up. Anne loves kindergarten and

when Mary tries to teach her what she is learning, says: "No, Mary, I'll learn that when I'm six years old." It's a great temptation to ramble on about them, but a slight description will have to do—they're both blondes, several inches over-height for their ages, about normal weight, with pink cheeks; (unusual for our climate, you know.)

In 1922 we built a house six miles out of Atlanta and have had a grand time fixing it and our yard ever since. Be sure when you are in Atlanta to call me up and let me bring you out here for a visit.

Besides raising children and practicing surgery, we also raise police dogs, which is both a joy and a nuisance. We've had several lovely trips to Florida, and last summer a trip to Maine. Aside from whooping cough and chicken pox, none of us are ever sick, and I think we've been most fortunate in every way.

All of us are busy I know. My incidentals include parent-teacher work, more or less running of the kindergarten, which Anne attends, playing the piano for it, taking Mary and Anne to dancing lessons twice a week, a bridge club, organ and class at Sunday school. All of you can imagine the many other things that crowd my time.

How I do wish I could see you all oftener for you will always be very close to

MARTHA'S
HEART.

May 23, 1924.

Dearest Girls of '14:—

It nearly breaks my heart not to be with you at our 10th reunion, but the fates seem to have decreed otherwise. Georgia is a long way from Massachusetts, and, besides, my little family needs me so much that I have to stifle all my desires to come. I'll be with you in spirit, anyway, and, if it isn't asking too much, please don't entirely forget your absent member. It would make me awfully happy to have little "Round Robin" notes from each of you—that would be next best to being with you. I guess I live the farthest away, so perhaps all the rest of you will be there. I haven't been south of New York City now for eight years, and naturally am just craving a trip down there again.

Martha wrote that she wanted the full history of everything, so here goes; (if you have ears, prepare to use them now.) We were married eight years ago this July (it was to have been a June wedding, but Louise couldn't get back from Columbia University in time for that). We went to New York by boat, leaving from Charleston, S. C. (It all seems like Ancient History now, but is an awfully happy time to recall.) We had three glorious days on the boat, having lots of good times with a group of students going up to study at Columbia. And it was you remember the pleasant afternoon we had together?

so nice to see some of you Agnes Scott girls in New York. Do in the South, it struck me as about the chilliest proposition I'd

Then came Worchester, and our new life here. After living

ever run into. But gradually we made a few nice friends, particularly through the church, for the minister was a Southern man, having formerly lived in my native town of Augusta. Just a year later Bob, Jr., arrived on the scene, and then I knew what being busy really was. He was quite a sickly youngster, and sometimes it seemed as if he never would stop crying. I've often wondered if that first year of malnutrition hasn't had a lot to do with his later troubles. After he came we found a 4-room apartment too small for us, and moved out to our present home in Tatmuch, a very pretty suburb of Worcester. I'm enclosing a picture of the house, with the kiddies in front, taken last fall; (if I'd known the man was going to take the pictures I should have dressed them better.) The house is a very plain, ordinary one, but quite comfortable, with seven fairly large rooms. We're always intending to have the place more attractive, but doctors always seem to get our surplus.

Dorothy came just four years after Robert, and after a strenuous first year, came into her birthright of being a husky, normal youngster.

The two of them are so different—Robert is a perfect blonde with his golden hair, pink and white skin, and big brown eyes, while Dorothy has very dark brown hair, vivid red cheeks, and the loveliest big brown eyes that everyone comments on. She's a born little coquette, flirting with all the men folk, no matter what their age. She has her daddy's happy, sunny disposition and is literally a little ray of sunshine. Robert is quiet and thoughtful, a splendid little student, but entirely too mild about standing up for his rights. For the last two years we've spent all kinds of money to doctors for him. He had a tonsil and adenoid operation two years ago, and that was the beginning of his downfall. When he got up after the operation, he had no strength whatever, and literally dragged around all summer. When his right foot dragged so badly, and also turned over, we took him right to an orthopedic doctor, who diagnosed it as an infantile paralysis case, following the operation. He wore an iron brace on his right leg for six months, but as it didn't help him the slightest bit, we took him to a big Boston orthopedic man. He sent us to a neurologist, and this Dr. Thomas diagnosed it as a lack of co-ordination of the muscles, and said there was nothing we could do except to build him up to the best health possible. Last fall we had a consultation of Worcester doctors, and they pronounced it as progressive muscular atrophy, which of course is incurable, but not necessarily fatal. Since then we've had massage treatments for him constantly, and really felt that he was improving. But the Worcester doctors still gave its same diagnosis, so two weeks ago we took him down to New York City to see Dr. Tilney, the biggest neurologist in this country. He's terribly expensive, so that alone would kill my Southern trip. We saw him three times, during which he made a thorough examination, and also a number of electrical tests. Then he dashed our hopes to the ground, for he said it was undoubtedly progressive muscular atrophy; (we hadn't told him what the others doctors had said), and there's

nothing we can do except to see him grow worse as the years go on. It was a terrible blow, for he's really a final authority on the subject—but I shall not give up hope, and we shall continue to do everything we possibly can for him, such as massage, exercises, etc. He's such a sweet, lovable little fellow, and ought not to be encumbered with such a handicap.

We shall see Dr. Tilney again in a year, for we expect to move down to New York next spring. Bob has the New York territory for a Worcester firm, and when business conditions get better, they'll move us down there; (we expected to move this spring, but business is so poor that we didn't go). It makes it hard to have him away three weeks out of each month. The children miss him as much as I do, for he's just as good a daddy as he is a husband.

And now I've probably bored you to death, so I'll have pity on you. I do hope you're going to have a wonderful time together, just as nice as your expectations have been. I don't know any A. S. news, and would be so glad to hear. With lots and lots of love for every single one of you.

MARGUERITE W.

Bertha Adams—Pineapple, Ala.

Lottie May Blair—Mrs. Sumter Lawton—Box 1412, Greenville, S. C.

Helen Brown—Mrs. Leslie N. Webb—312 Lindsey, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mary Brown—Mrs. W. P. Florence, W. P. Florence, Jr.—Stamps, Ark.

Ruth Blue—Mrs. B. S. Barnes, Benj. S. Barnes, Jr., Henry Blue Barnes—Box 1201, Savannah, Ga.

Florence Brinkley—Goucher College, Baltimore, Md.

Nell Clarke—Mrs. Moses Murphey, Moses Murphey, Jr.—236 Ellis Street, Augusta, Ga.

Theodosia Cobbs—Mrs. A. G. Hogan, Catherine Hogan, Amelia Burr Hogan—815 College Avenue, Columbia, Mo.

Sarah Hansall—Mrs. James E. Cousar, James E. Cousar, Jr., Mary Nancy Cousar—Waterford, Vir.

Mildred Holmes—Mrs. C. R. Rickert, son—Poulou, Ga.

Ruth Hicks—Mrs. Lester L. Porter—Dublin, Ga.

Charlotte Jackson—

Kathleen Kennedy—Pulaski, Tenn.

Ethel McConnell—Mrs. W. M. Cannon, Billy, Jr.—414 Selma Avenue, Selma, Ala.

Zollie McArthur—Mrs. J. H. Saxon, John Harold, Jr.—Fort Valley, Ga.

Annie McClarty—Mrs. Leonard Kron—Ensley, Ala.

Louise McNulty—Dawson, Ga.

Annie Tait Jenkins—Crystal Springs, Miss.

Linda Miller—Mrs. J. E. Summer, Hulda Cromer Summer, Linda McLendon Miller Summer, Martha Royal Summer, Marian McIntosh Summer—2213 East Main Street, Newberry, S. C.

Mary Pittard—Winterville, Ga.

Essie Roberts—Mrs. Walter DuPre—Fairburn, Ga.

Martha Rogers—Mrs. George H. Noble, Jr., Mary Martha Noble, Anne Rogers Noble—West Andrews Drive, Atlanta.

Marguerite Wells—Mrs. Robert Bishop, Robert Bishop, Jr., Dorothy Bishop—9037 144th Place, Jamaica, N. Y.