

CHAPTER XXXIV

GRANDMOTHER'S EDUCATION

At four years of age, Grandmother started to school in the little stone country schoolhouse one-half mile from her home. The schoolhouse was part way up a long undulating hill. There was just one large room in the schoolhouse proper, but there was an anteroom built of lumber, attached to the front of the building where we kept our wraps, dinner pails and enough wood to start the fire in bad weather.

If this stone schoolhouse is not razed or swallowed up by an earthquake, it will probably stand forever as the walls are at least two feet thick. These walls afforded the broad window sills which became a place of security for the younger children in an incident Grandmother will speak of later.

Pasted on the walls as a border, just above the windows, were mottos - mostly from the Bible and from Benjamin Franklin's wise sayings. One which Grandmother remembers and which frequently smote her conscience and set her to work was: "I am Idle". Other mottos were: "A good name is better than riches" and "Indolence is the thief of time."

The desks and seats were hand made and painted gray. These seats had backs but when classes were called to the front of the room to recite, the pupils sat on long board benches which had no backs. The room was heated by a huge iron stove placed in the center. This iron oblong box, I should say, about 4 feet to 5 feet long, by 3 feet wide and 3 feet high, was raised several inches from the floor on iron legs. Long hardwood

sticks, nearly the length of the stove, were used as fuel.

We always took our mid-day lunches to school. In winter the teacher would often rake down some of the red hot hardwood coals to the front of the hearth and we would toast our sandwiches and doughnuts on pointed sticks. Part of the year the teacher also served as janitress with help from the pupils. In the winter, a man or boy was hired to come early in the morning, build the fire and shovel paths. When such a man or boy was hired, he attended to all janitor service.

At the time I entered school most of the first settlers had sold their farms to the German immigrants who poured into Washington county in hordes about 1870. The eastern people who had settled there when your great-great grandfather did, had retired to towns or cities or had moved farther West. In fact, there was but one Yankee family besides our own represented in this school. The Foote family consisted of father, mother and nine children. Grandmother's first teacher was the eldest daughter, Sarah, and Grandmother's companion in the beginner's class of that year was the youngest daughter, Lillian.

One thing stands out most vividly in Grandmother's mind regarding those first days in school. It was going to the front of the room with Lillie, standing at the teacher's knee while she was seated in her chair and repeating the alphabet after her as she pointed to each letter with a dainty little pearl-handled penknife. The Yankee children had better homes and many more comforts and pleasures than their German schoolmates, but there was never any jealousy or ill feeling. They lived together in greatest harmony and learned much of good from each other.

It is this experience, strengthened through the years, that made Grandmother feel she wanted her children to attend public school and grow up with a sympathetic interest in and appreciation for people of other nationalities and differing classes of society. She thinks this feeling, to be genuine and spontaneous, must come early in life and that it is one of the biggest factors with which we may hope to build World Peace.

In spite of the good record her ancestors made in the Revolutionary War, War of 1812 and Civil War, Grandmother is most deeply grateful that her sons, while they "did their bit" in the World War, were not called upon to fire a shot at a brother man. She earnestly hopes that her grandsons may do something to forward World Peace and that never again shall we know the horrors of war.

My! how Grandmother has wandered from her subject. Let us go back to the little stone schoolhouse. It will not take long to tell you all Grandmother learned in the six or seven years she attended this school.

She learned to read quite readily. The Appleton series of readers were published about that time and, judged even by today's standards, are good text books. The higher readers contained gems of literature.

Of all her studies, Grandmother liked reading and geography best. My! how thrilled she would have been could she have known how many of the countries which she studied in those days she would see with her own eyes! When she was about nine years old, a very wonderful geography with pictures was introduced. Like the new readers that came into her hands, Grandmother read the geography through before she had it many days.

One of the most interesting things in the new text book to her was a picture and description of Mammoth Cave. Then and there she decided that when she grew up she would visit Mammoth Cave. In 1931 with her daughter-in-law, Dorothy, she visited the Cave and marvelled at its spacious halls and interesting formations. The trip was a child's dream which came true after many years.

Of arithmetic, if we except counting, the multiplication table and other purely memory work, she left the stone schoolhouse in not blissful but dense ignorance. In spelling Grandmother was always fair, if not good, and she still has a book presented as a prize for the highest standing in spelling throughout the term. It is only these latter years, after reading so many family letters, that she feels she is slipping.

However, the only punishment she remembers receiving in school was connected with spelling. The German pupils were very poor in spelling; at least some of the boys were. One day in desperation the teacher said that next day pupils would receive a stroke on the hand with a ruler for every misspelled word. Grandmother began to worry about it on the way home that night. When she awoke the next morning, it was the first thing that came into her head. A weight settled on her that did not lift all day, but grew heavier as that class time approached.

Grandmother missed the first word. A lump came in her throat and she spelled her second word between sobs and, of course, wrongly. The teacher kept her word. As Grandmother wept continuously from then until the close of school, she has no idea how many other pupils were similarly punished. She could not remember that night how the ruler felt or whether

she had even felt it at all. You see, it was only her feelings that were hurt. When school was dismissed that afternoon, she received many gifts from sympathizing classmates - marbles, bits of treasured broken colored glass, picture cards, and so forth.

Unlike your grandfather, your grandmother always wore shoes at home, but Spring and Fall saw her barefoot at school. All the pupils who attended the country school went barefoot in mild weather. Grandmother wished to do the same. Your great Aunt Jennie advised your great-great-grandmother not on any account to allow Grandmother to do this, as it would spread her feet and make them very large.

Your grandmother thought your great-great-grandmother sympathized with her and that she really wanted to say "yes" instead of "no". Hence, it did not seem very wrong to Grandmother to remove her shoes and hose on the way to school and walk into the school yard attired like her classmates. She crossed the Northwestern Railroad on her way to school, and it was underneath one of the culverts that she hid her foot coverings until her return at night. There was a nice broad beam underneath a projecting one, where she placed them and even in a rainstorm they did not get wet.

One morning, two of a German neighbor's sons caught up with her on the way to school before she reached the track. They were amazed that Grandmother would do such a thing. "Why," said the older boy, "don't you know tramps walk along the track. If they see those shoes, they will steal them. Then what will you do?" They insisted that Grandmother take the shoes with her - in fact, one of the boys carried the shoes for her.

After that, Grandmother did not remove her shoes until she reached the schoolhouse as all the children thought it very unwise for her to hide her shoes under the culvert.

Nearly all Grandmother's schooling in the country was under two Flanagan sisters. Grandmother doubts whether they had any special training for the work, but they had a great deal of intelligence and marked aptitude for teaching. Maggie had beautiful blue eyes and a heavenly smile. The pupils were exceedingly fond of her. She could be stern if occasion demanded it. After three years, she was married and an older sister took her place. Alice was quite dignified and you know to look at her that nothing short of your best would be accepted by her.

Maggie left the school in good condition, but Alice carried it forward until all the young folks in the district became interested. Boys and girls in their late 'teens began to come and the schoolhouse was crowded. When Alice left, the district school board were very proud of their fine school and decided that with so many big boys they should have a man teacher.

Great care was taken in the selection and they felt very proud when they secured Alfred Wood of West Bend, a student from Oberlin College. Grandmother thinks probably he was an undergraduate. He boarded at her home and spent all his time with his books. He did not meet people with ease. He did not like children and did not care to be with people. He was a failure as a teacher from the first day.

The pupils were disorderly and the big boys did everything they could do to torment him, short of doing him bodily harm. One day it looked

as if he was in actual physical danger. A big burly fellow who worked in his father's blacksmith shop was in an argument of some kind with the teacher and the former took the long iron stove poker with a hook on the end of it and seemed to be trying to trip the teacher. The latter turned pale as death, folded his arms, and dared the bully to strike him.

Grandmother and all the small children climbed up in those deep window seats and were frightened almost to death. For a time it looked as if a real fight was to take place, but no bodily harm was done. Several of the big boys who started most of the trouble were expelled and Mr. Wood finished his year. After Grandmother had been so frightened, your great-great-grandfather would not let her return to school and she had to recite her lessons to the teacher in the evening. She hated that and, doubtless, he did too.

The next September it was decided that Grandmother should attend the village school at Kewaskum, two miles from home. In pleasant weather, Grandmother boarded at home. Your great-great grandfather often took her and came for her with a horse and buggy. Sometimes she walked.

When cold weather came on, she boarded with some Connecticut Yankees - a childless old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Featherbee. They were small, thin and looked as if they had just stepped out of a story book. Mrs. Featherbee had quick, jumpy ways of moving about and made Grandmother think of a sparrow. They both did everything they could to make Grandmother have a good time.

Mr. Featherbee was a cooper and he had his shop in one corner of the yard. He made the nicest looking barrels and firkins. Firkins are

small kegs and were used largely to ship butter. In his youth, Mr. Featherbee had played in a band. He still had his drum and often brought it down in the evening and entertained us.

Even the village school was not graded as our schools are now. There was a large brick building with two departments - upper and lower, as they were called. Grandmother was in the upper department and had a very good teacher - a young married man named Peter Van Blarcom. He was her teacher for two years, and ancient history was added to the list of studies she enjoyed immensely.

They were beginning to talk about sending Grandmother to college. When Lawrence University was founded in Appleton, Wisconsin, every man who gave a certain amount of money became the owner of a scholarship that would keep one pupil in college all the time. Your great-great-grandfather owned one of these scholarships. Neither your great grandmother or your great Aunt Jennie wished to attend Lawrence, but some young man had always used it until these scholarships were revoked.

Your great-great-grandfather wished Grandmother to attend Lawrence, but she did not know anyone there and did not wish to go. All the young women she knew - the Footes, the Van Vechtens and others - had gone to Oshkosh and there she wanted to go. At this time, while they gave a teacher's training, it was a four years college course. By the time Grandmother graduated, they were admitting high school students on their diplomas and graduating them in two years. In recent years they have changed back to a four years course and are known as State Teachers College. Grandmother was a very meek little girl but she usually had

her own way - and she went to Oshkosh.

Great-great-grandfather thought, and very right he was, that the village school was not preparing Grandmother very well for the rigid entrance examination she would have to take in Oshkosh, so it was agreed she should go there and enter the preparatory department.

Grandmother still thinks it would be hard to find a more wonderful faculty than the one gathered in the school of her choice. To President Albee, Prof. Briggs, Miss Swart and Miss Webster (the two latter still living) and many others of blessed memory, Grandmother's heart goes out in grateful appreciation. Miss Jayne and Miss Magee were two well beloved teachers who came later.

There were four terms in a year, of ten weeks each. A pupil in the preparatory department could take entrance examinations at the end of any term. Grandmother loved the work and made good progress. She took entrance examinations at the end of the first term and passed. However, the age for entering at that time was sixteen. President Albee said they had occasionally taken a student in at fifteen but that was the best they could do and Grandmother would have to remain in the preparatory department until the Spring term.

The second term had just started when she was called to the president's office. A wire was there - "Come home on first train." She knew it meant something serious for wires were not common then. The first train did not go through to her home, but she could finish the trip on a freight train, and she took it. With each mile her anxiety grew. After she had boarded the dimly lighted caboose attached to the freight train

and darkness had fallen, she became thoroughly alarmed.

Grandmother was out on the caboose platform when the train stopped. There were two men on the station platform and she could see by the lantern they carried that it was the station master and George Foote, who was working for your great-great grandfather at that time. I said: "George, what is the matter at home?" He replied: "Your grandpa is dead."

In that instant I passed from happy carefree childhood to womanhood. Never again did I play or think as a child. Your great-great-grandfather was not ill, but just passed away in his sleep. This was such a shock to your great-great-grandmother that she was never quite the same again. She was taken ill from the shock and grief and Grandmother remained at home.

Added to the loneliness and heartache, it was one of the severest winters Grandmother has ever known. The snow came before Thanksgiving and the drifts lay deep - some places entirely covering the fences until Spring.

She does not remember how she came by a book of "Questions". Anyone who mastered this book was supposed to be able to pass any examination for a teacher's certificate. Spare time she alternated between studying this book, reading and crocheting a very intricate pattern of lace for trimming window curtains.

By the middle of the Winter your great-great-grandmother became more normal and insisted that Grandmother go back to school. Oshkosh was too far from home, but Grandmother would go back to the village school.

The new teacher, Charles Leins, a middle-aged German, was said to be able to teach arithmetic to anybody. His wife was an excellent housekeeper, but he was slovenly in his appearance. However, his pupils adored him.

The school room was a sight with pint, quart and peck measures, boxes of grain and all sorts and conditions of objects littered around that he used in teaching. There were never any rules as to what we could or could not do. Everyone was busy and while the school room was not a quiet one, it was the hum of work and not disorder. He surely was a real teacher.

Grandmother had one of the greatest thrills of her life after she had been in his school only a few weeks. She turned to the mixed problems in the back of Robinson's Arithmetic and found she understood them and could get the right answers. To Mr. Leins goes the credit for Grandmother having no trouble with mathematics during her four years course and finishing with 100 per cent on her final examination in trigonometry.

At this time Grandmother was a very bashful person. Some people just petrified her and she could not say word. The people she could talk to freely were often those you would least expect. Mr. Leins was one of them. She confided to him that she did not see how she could leave your great-great-grandmother and go back to Oshkosh. She wished to prepare herself to take teacher's examination and get a school near home.

He nearly "took her breath away" when he said she could pass the examinations at any time. Sure enough, she took the Spring examinations and passed. She received her standings with a note from the County

Superintendent stating he could not issue her a regular certificate on account of her age. The teacher in the little stone schoolhouse was taken ill in April and could not continue. Mr. Leins arranged with the County Superintendent for Grandmother to finish Miss Coblors' unexpired term. Grandmother received \$15.00 per month!

The County Superintendent visited her school the last week in the term, seemed satisfied and issued her a certificate. District schools had only seven months school, while in the village they had nine or ten. Grandmother continued to teach another year and attend school in the village when she was free. The last year Mr. Leins was elected County Superintendent. The new principal in the village was John McNamara. He was using teaching as a stepping stone to the study of medicine and eventually became a physician.

It seemed the next Fall as if they had a buyer for the farm. Great-Great-Grandmother insisted that Grandmother go back to her studies in Oshkosh in September and she would come as soon as possible. The farm deal fell through and Grandmother knew from the home letters that her place was back there and, at the end of the ten weeks term, she went back.

Mr. Leins was at the house almost as soon as she was. He wanted her to take a fine country school twelve miles from home that would pay her \$50 per month. (An immense salary she thought that was.) She could only be at home week-ends, but your great-great-grandmother wished her to take it, and she did. As Grandmother writes this, she is wondering whether Mr. Leins thought he was getting her far enough away from the

young principal in Kewaskum so they would not be going out together to parties and dances as they had the year before, even when she was a pupil in his school! Well! he did not succeed entirely.

Grandmother thinks that year's teaching was one of the best pieces of work she ever did. She spent every waking moment thinking, planning and working for that school. She even made a music chart, bought a pitch pipe and taught the children to sing by note. Grandmother had just learned that Fall term in Oshkosh and she copied the chart Mrs. Blakoslee, her teacher, had used.

In 1929, Grandmother was in the Milwaukee depot with her friend, Cora Wescott Schuler. Cora brought a fine capable-looking young woman over and introduced her as the daughter of one of Grandmother's former pupils, Margaret Hombel. Turning to the young woman, Cora said: "Perhaps you have heard your mother speak of her teacher, Miss Blackwood." With a radiant face, the young woman, who was then County Superintendent of Washington county schools, replied: "Yes, indeed! Her name has always been a household word." Grandmother felt so flattered.

Just after the Spring term closed at the Jackson school, they really did sell the farm, but it was hard to see the horses sold. At that time we had only the driving team left. Grandmother had driven them since she was a little girl. They "ran away" with almost every hired man but they seemed to know when Grandmother had the lines and were peaceable as lambs.

Then there was Lillie, the cow your great-great-grandfather had given to Grandmother when it was a calf. Grandmother had named the calf

for her best friend in the country school and said friend was not as pleased as she should have been. This cow, if fences did not obstruct the way, would follow Grandmother all over the farm. It was one of the things with which our city visitors were always greatly entertained.

Well! everything had to be disposed of, as we were keeping only enough furniture to equip a small home in Oshkosh. Great-great-Grandmother and Grandmother were all settled there for the beginning of the Fall term.

Unless you have realized from the preceding pages just what Grandmother's background was, you cannot know what a joy it was to study and work with congenial young people of her own age, to be freed from the work and worries of the farm and to have Great-Great-Grandmother more happy and contented. Grandmother had interest and enthusiasm for everything. She joined one of the two literary societies in the school and attended very regularly.

Grandmother up to this time had not united with the Church. When she was a very little girl living on the farm, she had to wait while the pastor and his wife were having dinner at her home one evening. The pastor's wife was passionately fond of children. She excused herself from the table as early as possible and sought Grandmother. She found the object of her search in the parlor turning the leaves of the big family Bible. Mrs. Hizer said: "Do you love God? Would you like to be a Christian?" Grandmother replied: "Yes, could I?" Mrs. Hizer offered a short prayer that made Grandmother very happy afterwards, although somewhat embarrassed at the time.

With the strong faith of childhood, for years it did not occur

to Grandmother to doubt her acceptance. Different ones had suggested from time to time that she unite with the Church, and you will doubtless think her reason for not doing so very strange. She had not been baptised and she dreaded it. Your great grandmother did not believe in infant baptism. She thought parents should wait until the child was old enough to know what religious faith he preferred and then be baptised and unite with the church of his choice. Although a Methodist, your great grandmother believed in immersion but as she had been baptised when an infant, she did not think it right to be immersed afterward, and it was a great grief to her.

The first student mass meeting Grandmother attended was a religious service conducted by a Y.M.C.A. man named Turner. At the close of the service, he asked all the Christians to rise. Grandmother was thrown into a perfect panic. She did not know whether to sit or to stand. She was terribly unhappy until she talked with Rev. I. S. Leavitt, pastor of the Algona M.E. Church, where she attended services after going to Oshkosh to live. She very soon united with this church and with the Christian Endeavor Society connected with it and became active in all branches of church work they had for young people.

At that time Methodists, as a rule, did not dance or play cards. Grandmother had never played cards, but she had danced. When Rev. Leavitt came to see her the week before she united with the church, he brought up this subject. He said these were man-made rules, put in the back of the discipline and he thought it all right for young folks to dance. The church meant much more to Grandmother than dancing ever had and she decided she would be as worthy a member as possible and she has never danced since.

There was a very fine group of young people in this church and Grandmother established some of her life-long friendships among them. Carrie Dean Smith of Vancouver, Washington and Lucia Soper Shantz, wife of the President of Arizona State University, were of that number. So much for religious education, and now Grandmother will go back to the Normal work.

Of all my teachers, I think I liked an English teacher, Miss Violet Jayne, best. I just about worshipped her. Usually a long, successful experience in teaching was required of members of the faculty, but Miss Jayne must have come to us directly from Ann Arbor, for she was very young. She was one of the most beautiful women Grandmother has ever known, with a brilliant mind, charming personality and most gracious manners. While in Oshkosh, she was bridesmaid at a fashionable wedding. The morning after the wedding the paper told how the bride was dressed, without saying anything about her looks, and then went on to say that Miss Jayne was "an ideal of beauty."

My! how I did work on my themes! I drew many subjects for my English work from the river and woods where I spent so much time as a child. Miss Jayne would write little notes of commendation on many of these and this made me work all the harder. I think some of the things were rather "flowery" perhaps.

Miss Jayne's successor accused me of copying something without proper quotation marks. I had never even read the article. This cramped Grandmother's style considerably, she assures you, except when she wrote voluminous letters to Miss Jayne, who went to Munich University to study.

With all her study and all the attention she received wherever she went, she answered Grandmother's letters. On Miss Jayne's return to this country, she became Dean of Women at Illinois University. She married a man with the unromantic name of Schmidt and Grandmother lost track of her years ago.

Miss Webster, teacher of mathematics, is a most kindly soul and full of humor, but apparently she detests conceit. At times, she used sarcasm with great effect. There was a young woman in Grandmother's class who carried herself like a queen and always recited with the greatest assurance but the sad part of it was that she scarcely ever got anything right. One day, in her very best manner, she was giving her solution of a problem on building a barn. Every step was incorrect. When the young lady stopped to take breath, Miss Webster, in her most cutting manner said: "If milk is 8 cents a quart, how much will it cost to shingle the barn?" Grandmother used to be greatly entertained by these sallies, but if any of them had been directed at her, she is sure she would not have thought them so funny.

One of Grandmother's last examinations Senior year was in Physics. Her teacher was from a big eastern university and knew his science very well, but he did not know how to impart it to others. Grandmother's worst fears were realized in the examination. It was terrible. At the close, many of the students knew they had not passed. Grace Gowran and Grandmother started for Prof. Briggs' room. Students always talked with him as freely as if he had been one of themselves. He always listened attentively and never said anything in the least disloyal to any teacher,

but students went away comforted.

Grace began as soon as they reached his room and went on until, pausing for breath, Grandmother took the story up. Prof. Briggs sat back in his chair, his blue eyes twinkling under his white bushy eyebrows, saying not a word until they had finished. His first remark was "Has Prof. Blank marked your papers?" "Oh! no," they replied. "Well, then," said Prof. Briggs, "instead of marking them yourselves, I'd just let him do it. You did quite right in coming to tell me. If you were boys, you would go out, sit on a fence and whittle and swear. Being girls, you cannot do that. You will feel better now. I really expect to see both of you girls get your diplomas." Your grandmother and Grace got them all right and nothing was ever said to them about physics. They never received their marks in it.

Miss Harriet Magee, who was afterwards supervisor of drawing in Chicago for many years and who now spends her winters in Florida and summers in Worcester, Massachusetts, was Grandmother's teacher in art. The class room was up in the attic of the old building and the dormer windows and many angles made a very artistic room.

Grandmother's easel was placed next to that of Helen Mears, who became a noted sculptress. They did a great deal of work in charcoal from plaster casts. In this work Grandmother always received as high marks as Helen, or Nellie, as we called her. Do not imagine that Grandmother thinks she might have become a great sculptress had she continued her art work under St. Gaudens - far from it. Everyone realized Nellie's creative ability although it is doubtful whether anyone realized how far she would go.

Nellie was a frail slip of a girl with a most soulful pair of big eyes, enhanced by the longest, blackest, curling eyelashes that Grandmother has ever seen. Frances Willard's statue in the Hall of Fame at Washington is Nellie's work. She has her work represented in fountains and statues in New York, Louisville, Kentucky, New Orleans, Chicago, Oshkosh and perhaps other places. She passed away when she was quite young. Her teacher, Augustus St. Gaudens, said that she had not reached the zenith of her career and that had she lived long enough, she would have been one of the greatest artists America ever produced.

Grandmother studied German for three years and when she had to give it up because of conflict with another required subject, she told her teacher, Miss Apthorp, how much she regretted leaving the class. Miss Apthorp invited Grandmother to come to her home and read some of the German classics with her when she had time. Schiller's Hermann and Dorothea was one that they read in this way.

Grandmother did not enjoy reading in Miss Apthorp's room as much as she had in class. Because, first, Miss Apthorp was a maiden lady like your Aunt Cyrene who had been deluged with cats by friends and relatives. There were pictures, statues, penwipers, paper weights, rugs, doorstops, cushions - everything imaginable of cats. They fascinated Grandmother and she could not keep her eyes off them. Second, she hated to have Miss Apthorp know how poor she was in German Grammar without her mentor sitting back of her to give clues in hard places. Grandmother was easily the best reader and translator in the German class, but - grammar - ah! that was a different matter.

Will Wadleigh was a Latin student and 100 per cent in German grammar. (He afterwards became a lawyer and judge.) Will's German pronunciation was awful! Grandmother had heard German spoken all her life so was perfectly familiar with the sound. She also knew nouns, but she never learned to talk in childhood because the children spoke only English at the country school, even on the school grounds.

Will came to Grandmother's desk at noon and they went over the reading together. That was doubtless all the work he ever put on his German as he was very bright. In class, Will sat behind Grandmother and, as Miss Apthorp was slightly deaf, she never knew how much assistance Grandmother received. Grandmother knows now that she made a great mistake in sitting in front of Will and she strongly advises anyone against such an arrangement.

Next to Will, on the seat back of Grandmother in German class, was young Phil Sawyer, namesake and Grandson of the wealthy and famous senator. Phil was an awful tease. One day Grandmother's head ached and the weight of her long, heavy hair became unbearable. She took it down, braided it and let it hang down her back. If she had only known what was to happen in German class, she could easily have sat on her braid, it was plenty long enough. She did not know, and so the braid fell down through the opening at the back. Phil grabbed the braid and held it tight when Grandmother was called on to recite. Grandmother made two or three ineffectual attempts to rise and then he let go. The part of the class who could see were much amused.

Miss Apthorp made no comments, but went right on with the lesson.

There were very few pranks played in that school, as they were a serious-minded lot of young people, and the teacher evidently thought a little fun would not harm them.

Grace Gowran, May Wells, Evelyn Griffin and Grandmother gave two famous parties during their Senior year. One was given at the spacious home of Evelyn's aunt on Algoma Street and the other was given on the campus. The class of 1895 had the reputation for having the most class spirit of any class in many years.

In Grandmother's Junior year she was elected delegate to the Y.W.C.A. State Convention held in Appleton. There she heard Corabel Tarr, who afterwards became Mrs. William Boyd, address the convention. How little Grandmother dreamed then that Miss Tarr and she would some day have a great bond of interest in a family of grandchildren.

Grandmother was president of the Y. W. C. A. during her Senior year and salutatorian for her class at graduation.