

then . . . and . . . now

Old Days At Boiling Springs

My earliest recollection of the school was in the summer of 1914 when Prof. J. D. Huggins came to the farm home of my parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gardner, to discuss the possibility of my older brother Vergil going to the school in the fall. Being farm people we had very little cash but grew our own food, and had plenty of milk, meat and vegetables. If my brother went to high school there must be some way he could earn his way and this he was ambitious to do. It was decided that he would be allowed to take a cow to school in order to further his education. The school agreed to buy the milk, paying .20 per gallon. My father built a small shed at the back of the school property and supplied feed from the farm. We had a small dairy and milking cows was not new to my brother Vergil. As I remember he walked the eight miles to the school leading his Jersey cow. He milked her night and morning and carried the milk into the basement kitchen where Essie, the cook, strained the milk and took care of the milking vessels and had them ready for the next milking time. Of course, my brother was promptly nick-named "Jersey" by the other boys but he never seemed to mind it. The proceeds from the milk added up to more than he needed for his expenses and in November of the year I entered school as a grade student. I worked in the dining room and kitchen, carrying dishes off the tables and helping with the washing of them. For a week's work of this kind we were paid \$1.50 to \$2.00. I stayed with this job until I finished school. After the war I paid my brother's education and he died soon after his return from the war. Many students made great sacrifices to stay in school and today many of these have attained greatness in their chosen fields of service.

Discipline was much more strict than the present students can possibly imagine. We were not allowed to leave the campus without a teacher. The campus of that day was small as compared to the present campus. Once a week we were lined up, two by two by Miss Etta Curtis and marched to Hamrick's store where we could do our shopping. If we were fortunate enough to have any money. This was the only store where we could find things we might need. Once in awhile we could find a teacher who was willing to take us for a walk on Sunday afternoon. We wore uniforms to church on Sunday and marched in formation. Speaking to boys was not allowed at all, except while at the dining table, where the boys sat on one side of the table and the girls on the other, and while waiting for classes to assemble. Dates were allowed once in awhile, usually after some kind of public gathering in the school auditorium. Before meals the girls would gather on the porch on the south side of the building and the boys would gather on the northside porch of the Curtis-Huggins building, as it was later known. Although we were not allowed to talk across from one porch to the other, there were many flirtatious smiles and loving looks from one side to the other. Even though discipline was strict, I am sure that Miss Curtis, who had charge of the girls, must have looked the other way many times so as not to see the love notes that were passed and the rules that were broken, so long as they were minor.

All girls were required to stay in their rooms during school hours unless they went to classes or to the library. No visiting was allowed at night after seven o'clock and all lights had to be out by ten. Saturday and Sunday nights we could visit anywhere in the building and we really had a "ball." If we got too boisterous Miss Curtis would come down the hall but we usually became "angels" by the time she reached the room.

So far as I know all the old buildings are gone, but they are still clearly etched in my mind and so are all the many activities and many, many of the students I knew and loved during the five terms of school I was there.

By today's standards the class rooms were poorly

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



THE HOUSE MOTHER IS SORRY SHE ASKED YOU TO CALL FOR LOUISE AT THE DOOR---JUST DRIVE BACK TO THE CLUB AN HOUR

equipped and inadequate. I do not remember all the things I learned in books but I learned many lessons which built character and brought out the best in the pupil. I am sure that most of students of the old days will remember the wonderful hours spent with Prof. Huggins when he would close his text book and spend the whole hour just talking - talking to us in language we could understand about the problems of life and the world about us.

I cannot write or speak perfect English but remember the Gems of Literature that Miss Curtis made us copy to perfection in our note books and memorize for the next day. We were not allowed to make a single erasure or she could detect it. I remember the many kind deeds done by teachers and students and especially Mrs. Huggins who mothered us wherever she could. I was required to make my graduation outfit which I could do, except for working buttonholes. My graduation dress was of white oranzny with five rows of lace around the neckline and five rows around the short sleeves. The dress buttoned down the back. The skirt was full with graduated tucks from the waist to the hemline. Mrs. Huggins finished the dress by working the tiny buttonholes. free of charge of course. I have never forgotten that favor and thanked her again last summer when I called on her at her home.

Days were hard for both pupils and teachers in the old school but somehow we never knew it. The hardships of the old days built a good strong foundation for the college of today which I hope will continue to grow and install high ideals in its students and build character as in the old days.

This article by Mrs. R. H. Gelling of Monticello, Florida, class of 1920.