

Above all, this sketch will be just as Miss Foley was; or, perhaps I should say, as she appeared to the younger generation at that time. Remember, I was a child, or a teen-ager at the most, when I had contact with Miss Foley and the observations that are made are necessarily from that point of view.

A more adult mind, that is -- contemporary with the same generation as Miss Foley --, would undoubtedly characterize her in a little different light. However, I am certain that there were some qualities and traits that would be recognized as the same by both young and old. But, as was said just a moment ago, this sketch will be just as Miss Foley was. I shall not attempt to cover with sugar and spice traits that were so much a part of her. I mean by that, I shall not attempt to make her into a mild-mannered, sweet little old lady that was loved by all. Any one knowing Miss Foley can verify that nothing was farther from the truth. No, she was not loved by all but she was respected by everyone ! This is Miss Foley: ---

She was dynamic ! In fact, in present-day teen-age vernacular one might even say she was dynamite ! It took hardly any time at all for a student to learn that she had a stubborn conscience -- she usually meant what she said and carried through what she started.

Physically speaking, she was average size. It is only in this respect, however, that the writer would care to indicate that she was just average. Everything else about her I think of as in giant proportions; including abounding energy, and inexhaustible fund of knowledge, a prodigious memory (except where her keys were concerned -- she was always misplacing them) and a flare for reality. She was neither a fatalist nor an idealist. She faced facts and she taught them ! And the children just had to learn ! There were no excuses in her book.

As I remember her, she had a rather small oval-shaped face which was highly accented by the tortoise rimmed glasses that she wore. Although many times I have seen her wear the pince-nez type of eye glasses -- you know, the kind that is suspended on a dainty chain ornately pinned to the dress and placed on the bridge of the nose in a most dignified manner. Regardless of which type she wore, they seemed to emphasize the deep penetrating eyes that never missed a thing. Her gray hair, one of the few things that openly defied her strict rule, gave her a bad time. I can see her yet laying down the law to classes, emphasizing the how and why of things by banging one fist down on a desk, and, at the same time, weekly and gently push back the unruly hair which had a way of falling down on her forehead.

She had a determined jaw, a rather short neck, narrow, slightly rounded shoulder and long thin arms. But her hands -- I shall never forget them ! They were her most outstanding physical trait. Oh, not the way they looked -- but the way they sounded ! Never before, and never since have I known anyone who could clap hands with such a resounding roar. She could clap her hands and snap her fingers and command the same attention that