

THE BREEZE

Don't Miss

the Marionettes

VOL. X

HARRISONBURG, VA., JANUARY 16, 1932

NUMBER 13

Miss Davis Finds Ballads In County

LOCAL COLLECTOR RELATES EXPERIENCES

Miss Martha Davis of Harrisonburg, in an address before the student body Wednesday, January 13, at one time a teacher in the schools of Winston-Salem and Harrisonburg, spoke of her work in collecting ballads of Virginia. According to Miss Davis, Rockingham County is a very good source for material of this nature, due to a lack of foreign element. The farmers of this section especially are on land owned by their grandfathers and great-grandfathers.

After a brief definition and explanation of the ballad, Miss Davis told of her first experience in collecting ballads. "I was visiting a girl once on the edge of Harrisonburg. She lived in a double log house that had a big open fireplace, comfortable furnishings, and a spinning wheel. The father played the flute, and the whole family was musical. They sang a ballad for me. Some time later, in a New York paper, I read an account of the

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Hockey Season Closes With Annual Banquet

HAGA IS NEW CAPTAIN TO SUCCEED BOWEN

The Varsity Hockey team officially closed a most successful season at a banquet in the Blue Stone Dining Hall with the announcement of the captain for next year and the award of emblems to members of the squad.

Mary Haga succeeds Kitty Bowen as captain of the 1932-33 varsity hockey team. Mary has been a member of the squad for the past two years and was one of the outstanding players this season.

Special recognition was given to several members of the squad. Each Senior who has been a member of the varsity team for three years received her favorite hockey stick as a special award in addition to the varsity emblem award. The Seniors who received sticks were: Anna Lyons Sullivan, Frances Rolston, Julia Duke and Mary Farinholt.

Team Victory Based On Goals Lost Or Won

RELATIVE PERCENTAGE MADE

Interest in the contemporary intramural basketball games naturally centers around the question, "Who Will Be the Winner?" To fairly determine the winning team, the number of goals scored by a team or against a team must be considered as well as who wins the game.

This method has been incorporated in a system that has proven satisfactory to the officials and to players. Briefly, the system consists of dividing the total number of points scored against a team by the total number of points scored by a team; this gives the relative percentage.

The relative rating for the Classes in 1930, last year, was: Seniors, 67.1 percent; Juniors, 9.1 percent; Sophomores, 80.9 percent; and Freshmen, 37.4 percent.

Ted Shawn Presents Colorful Program Here

DANCES WELL RECEIVED

Ted Shawn, and his dancers, with Miss Mary Campbell at the piano, presented a program of interpretative dances, in Wilson Hall, January 6.

The program, which consisted of two parts, subdivided into six dances, was under the supervision of Mr. Shawn, who presented several solo dances, and the choreography of the entire program was also planned by him.

Some of the dances were based on American Folk Music: The Negro Spiritual—*Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen*; Revival Hymns, *Give Me the Old Time Religion*; and Patriotic Song—*Battle Hymn of the Republic*. The Geometric dance was one in which the acting was carried out in figures, consisting of both his male and female dancers, while "O Brother Sun and Sister Moon," presented by Ted Shawn himself, displayed his rhythmic body movement and the softened colors changing the scene from day to night.

Rhapsody (Brahms) was given by the male members of the cast led by Shawn showed force of movement as they stamped across the stage displaying their strength as the volume of the music increased.

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Six Students Receive Degrees First Quarter

FOUR OTHERS GRADUATE

At the end of the fall quarter which closed December 18, ten students were graduated, six receiving their B. S. degree and four their two-year certificates. Two of the girls receiving certificates, Rhoda Price and Myrtle Manby, are back this quarter to continue their studies. Those who were graduated are:

Elementary Teaching and Supervision—Dorothy Louise Cornell, Harrisonburg; Florence Watkins Dickerson, South Boston.

High School Teaching and Administration—

Edith Palmer McGuire, Wolf Trap; Ch'oe Peck Oakes, Roanoke.

Home Economics—Hazel Burnette, Leesville; Lillian Beatrice Hedgecock, Martinsville.

Primary-Kindergarten, 2-year—Mrs. Josephine Stipe Hinkle, Berryville; Myrtle Louise Manby, Norfolk; Rhoda Taylor Price, Wirtz.

Beginners' Classes Hold Swimming Meet

CLASSES TAUGHT BY P. ED. MAJORS

Members of classes in Beginner's Swimming participated in a swimming meet at the end of the fall quarter. This meet was held at the completion of a quarter's working practice of beginner's strokes and technique under the direction of a class in

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WELCOME NEW GIRLS

Among the students entering the halls of H. T. C. on January 4 were sixteen new students, some of which are old students welcomed anew after absence from the college while others are new. These students are Marion Barnes, Amelia; Mary Burnett, Staunton; Elsie Comer, Shenandoah; Elizabeth DeMaine, Alexandria; Virginia Eubank, Richmond; Evelyn Garnett, Buckingham; Mildred Heath, Lovington; Jenny Lind Hockman, Winchester; Virginia Jones, Gordonsville; Frances Kagey, New Market; Edna Lowance, Covington; Evelyn McKinzie, Buffalo Ridge; Janet Norman, Middleburg; Eliza Smith, Suffolk; and Lorene Suphin, Flint Hill.

The Breeze extends a most cordial welcome to all of these students.

WORLD NEWS

Basel, Jan. 12—France has threatened to block renewal of short-term German credit advanced jointly with the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, the Bank of England, and the Bank of International Settlements it was learned today.

The New York Federal Reserve Bank was expected in leading New York banking quarters to renew its \$25,000,000 share of the loan. American bankers said that they doubted that the Bank of France would block the extension, as that action would force Germany off the gold standard, with consequent unfavorable repercussions in France.

At yesterday's meeting of the World Bank directors it was decided to renew that institution's one-fourth share. This decision, however, as the former extensions is contingent upon similar decisions by other participants.

Washington, D. C.—Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, one of the greatest figures in the judiciary today surrendered to time, by abandoning his place on the Supreme Court bench.

President Hoover with regret and expressions of great esteem for the services rendered by the beloved justice accepted the resignation.

MUSSOLINI HONORED BY VATICAN

Rome, (AP) — Premier Benito Mussolini has received his first Papal decoration, the Order of the Golden Spur of Egypt, possessed by only nine other persons, including King Fuad and former King Amanullah of Afghanistan. The decoration was presented at the Palazzo Venezia this morning by the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Borgongini Duca.

It was the second exchange of decorations in consequence of the settlement of the State and church controversy. The Supreme Order of Christ was bestowed upon King Victor Emmanuel earlier this week. Premier Mussolini's decoration is just a shade less important than the King's.

The Nuncio afterward called on Foreign Minister Dino Grandi and presented to him the Grand Cross of the Order of Pius IX, which was also given to Ambassador Cesare Maria de Vecchi, Italian Envoy to the Holy See.

Tony Sarg To Bring His Marionettes Here

TO APPEAR JAN. 18

Dr. Wilson Selected Instructor In Bible

FORMER HEAD OF CONVERSE TO TEACH CLASS HERE

Organizing a class in Biblical literature, Dr. B. F. Wilson, former president of Converse College in North Carolina, has accepted a position on the teaching staff of the college. Biblical literature was formerly taught in this institution by Mr. W. B. Varner three years ago, and has not been offered since that time to the students.

Dr. Wilson, in spite of his work since his retirement from the pastorate of the Presbyterian church here in Harrisonburg, of which he has been pastor for 18 years, has accepted the post to renew once more this feature in the curriculum.

According to Dr. Wilson, in an address before the student body on January 6 at the convocation exercises, the course is designed to make the Bible seem a living book, and to further this purpose, the first work will be in tracing the background of the Bible. The viewpoint of the class is to be high and theoretical, with an aim toward interpreting the Bible in terms of every day life and increasing the nobility of character of the average girl. The final presentation of this material will enable the student to know the Bible from the viewpoint and with the aid of a well-equipped choir and minister.

Basketball Varsity Faces Hard Season

PETERSON ANNOUNCES SCHEDULE FOR WINTER

Featuring an extended tour in Pennsylvania, with the prospects of four home games, the Harrisonburg basketball varsity is beginning preparation for a brilliant season under the leadership of "Wally" Farinholt, captain, Petersburg.

Local basketball devotees or fans who have been keeping track of H. T. C.'s record have recalled that the varsity has sustained only one defeat in three years and that its reputation for brilliant plays is unparalleled by any other Virginia college.

Seven veteran players have returned and will form the nucleus around which Mrs. J. C. Johnston, coach, will build her squad. It has been reported that freshman material is quite promising and that much help may be expected from that quarter.

The schedule as announced by Emilyn Peterson, Business Manager

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New Family Moves Into Practice House

GIRLS HAVE MANY TASKS

(With Apologies to "That's What You Get Folks For Making Whoopee")

"We're washing dishes, and window panes

We're so ambitious, we hope it rains Now don't forget girls, that's what you get girls

For taking 'home ec.'"

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Tony Sarg's Marionettes will appear in *Alice In Wonderland* and *The Rose and the Ring* at 3:30 P. M. and 8:30 P. M., respectively on January 18, as part of the entertainment course. Tony Sarg, well known not only as an illustrator, but as a marionette operator, conceived the marionette idea from a miniature guillotine and some dolls, which were family possessions.

Upon coming to this country Mr. Sarg secured the backing of Winthrop Ames and began research for details of how to operate a marionette show. Finding none he proceeded to drill himself in this performance which requires such keen artistic and dramatic consciousness as well as dexterity of hand and brain.

Since the puppets are mere wood, it remains to the actors who manipulate them by means of a complicated array of strings to read their lines for them. It is this which calls for

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Literary Societies Elect New Officers

WORK PLANNED FOR NEW QUARTER

In elections held recently the Lee, Lanier, and Page Literary Societies selected their officers for this quarter.

For the Lees the new officers are: President, Dorothy Williams, Norfolk; Vice President, Mary Hyde, Winchester; Secretary, Delma Spencer, Covell, W. Va.; Treasurer, Mildred Simpson, Norfolk; Chairman of the Program Committee, Evelyn Watkins, Norfolk; Critic, Lucille Keeton, Lawrenceville; Sergeant at Arms, Cornelia Gimer, Lebanon.

In the Page Literary Society they are: President, Margaret Eure, Lynchburg; Vice President, Grace Williams, Roanoke; Secretary, Dorothy Gresham, Petersburg; Treasurer, Virginia Ruby, Lynchburg; Chairman of the Program Committee, Kathryn Butts, Norfolk; Critic, Chris Childs, Orange; Sergeant at Arms, Louise Hobson, Roanoke.

The Laniers have chosen as President, Mary Cloe, Charleston, W. Va.; Vice President, Virginia Orange, Ex-

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Shepherdstown To Play Here Jan. 23

FIRST GAME OF SEASON

The Harrisonburg varsity basketball team officially opens the 1932 season on January 23 against a team from Shepherdstown College.

From the abundance of material brought to light by the inter-class basketball games, Mrs. J. C. Johnston coach, and Mary Farinholt, captain, expect to choose a team capable of living up to the record of past teams.

Season tickets for the 1932 season will go on sale the last part of the week in Harrison Hall. The price of one dollar will permit the holder of a season ticket to see six games scheduled to be played here. Every girl is urged to buy a ticket as soon as possible to aid the team in carrying on a successful season both financially as well as victoriously.

THE BREEZE

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WELCOME, DR. WILSON!

With the new school term has come a new member to the faculty of H. T. C. whose presence here is considered a delight and an honor by all who are associated with or in anyway interested in the college.

Dr. B. F. Wilson, former pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Harrisonburg, has come to satisfy a long felt need of the college, a lack of religious training and education.

The large number who have enrolled in the Biblical Literature class attest to the widespread interest and welcome with which it has been received by the students. There have been shame-faced admissions, on the part of some, as to the lack of knowledge on the subject, but this weakness has only proved a greater incentive to learning now.

A similar course has been taught at the college in previous years and we are sure that posterity will in no way suffer by the revival.

We hope that this enlargement in the curriculum is another proof of the unlimited possibilities of growth lying dormant behind the walls of Bluestone Hill.

We welcome you, Dr. Wilson, most heartily!

CONSIDERATION

Now that a new quarter is beginning it seems that everyone would be especially anxious to get in as much concentrated study as possible but, due to the general air of disturbance during "quiet hours," it becomes quite a feat to accomplish even an ordinary amount of studying. May we remind the student body that the proper observance of those specified hours is as important a part of the college regulations as any phase of the honor system. Indeed it is a pity that there is even need for such a regulation, that we must have laws specifying quiet during times when it would be only common courtesy to be quiet. But having this rule and not abiding by it is deplorable.

We find not only that students play Victrolas, talk in loud tones in their rooms and in the halls and in other more ingenious ways add to the general commotion, but also that very little attention is paid to busy signs which have been hopefully put out by optimistic students. Remember your own agony when garrulous visitors have descended upon you as you sat in your sanctuary up to your neck in work. Let us try to diminish the number and length of our calls.

After all the golden rule is not merely a Christian doctrine; it is a social practice that can well be exercised more frequently on our campus.

—Exchange

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT

You know, don't you how many times you've been told, "But there are so many things that you have advantage of in college—seize them, all of them; it will never again be quite the same." You grow tired of it; you're not so sure of the advantages; you are sure of some minute regulations which momentarily curb a whim. The advantages, if you look at them that way, often condemn as coming at the wrong time. If you're to seize them, they'll have to be more convenient. Remember all the jokes you've read about opportunity? Well, it rarely breaks down the door. Be sure that you don't want to make use of it before you ignore its summons. Seizing your opportunities for culture isn't a passive thing. You can't hope that you'll absorb quantities merely by being in a cultural institution.

You have the privileges—now don't sigh and skip over this—you might as well hear it—(repetition is emphatic,) of a browsing room that holds unusual books, books that perhaps you will never again be able to handle closely for your personal appreciation. A committee of intelligent, cultured faculty have selected for your entertainment and education, lectures, concerts, and personalities whose presence here is in itself a tribute to your intellectual capacity.

Please look at all those things which daily lie at your command in the light of being invaluable and unequalled advantages. Otherwise you cannot help yourself from becoming one of those pitiful figures who come back sadly with, "If I'd only realized."—Exchange.

WITH THE FACULTY

The faculty of H. T. C., according to themselves, enjoyed delightful Christmas for the most part. There were but one or two exceptions to this as far as could be learned but owing to the elusiveness of certain members of the faculty, the "ins and outs" of all their vacations could not be found out.

Miss Helen Marbut, the first to be interviewed, asserted that she hadn't done much. "I just went to my home in Washington and after that went up to Cape Cod. While I was there I spent some time in Provincetown at the art colony.

Miss Florence E. Boehmer went to her home in Chicago.

Mrs. Adele Blackwell said, when questioned, that she and her son, Bill, took a course in Practice House work with Mrs. Pearl Moody. Mrs. Moody's son, Jim Moody, was home from the University of Pennsylvania and stayed at the Practice House, too. Mrs. Blackwell, Mrs. Moody, Bill, and Jim also took a short trip to Richmond.

Miss Elizabeth Cleve and went to her home in Fluvanna County.

Dr. Ruth Phillips and Dr. Dorisse Howe both journeyed home, the former to Massachusetts and the latter to Syracuse, N. Y. Dr. Phillips was snowbound the latter part of her stay and this delayed her in getting back.

Miss Myrtle Wilson went to Richmond, while Miss Mary Waples spent the holidays at her home on Eastern Shore.

Miss Clara Turner, getting the farthest away, went for her vacation to Canada.

Miss Grace Palmer, while staying here in Harrisonburg, unfortunately spent a good part of her Christmas in the hospital.

Miss Ruth Hudson went to Luray.

Mrs. J. C. Johnston spent part of her holiday in Washington and the rest here in Harrisonburg.

Mrs. Annie B. Cooke was entertained for a part of the Christmas vacation by Mrs. Joseph Ruebush at her home in Dayton. The rest of the time she was at the college.

Dr. S. P. Duke, Dr. W. J. Gifford, Dr. H. G. Pickett, Dr. Normand, Mr. Raus M. Hanson, Miss Katherine Anthony, Mr. Clyde P. Shorts, Mr. J. N. McIlwraith, Dr. C. H. Huffman, Dr. John Sawhil, Miss Julia Robertson, and Miss Edna Schaeffer all stayed in Harrisonburg.

EXCHANGES

In a closely contested field hockey game at Poughkeepsie, Vassar's Junior University's team defeated an aggregation of Yale Athletes 3-2. The Yale men were mainly members of the ice hockey squad. Although not particularly rough, the contest was marked by a number of hard falls.

Barnard College students have voted to pay a one-cent meal tax, the results of which will be turned over to New York poor relief.

—Swarthmore Phoenix.

No famous visitor ever received the reception New Orleans accorded Tulane's Green Wave football team on its return from the Rose Bowl. A gigantic parade, in which each player had a special car was part of the reception.

—Tulane Hullabaloo.

Duke now holds the largest university library in the Southeast, having increased the number of volumes in the past six years to nearly three hundred thousand. Besides adding a large number of volumes, Duke has established two separate libraries in the woman's college and in the law school.

—The Bull Dog.

"AUNT ABIGAIL" DISCUSSES LEAP YEAR

Why, my dear girls, I simply had to take a few minutes off to remind you, one and all, of the wonderful things you can do this year. Remember—it's Leap Year, and I'm sure you all know what that means to the poor, lonely females of the world.

The parson came to pay a pastoral call the other day, and as we sat in the parlor, we accidentally began to discuss Leap Year, and he said (you know what an intelligent, educated man our new preacher is) that no satisfactory explanation has ever been offered concerning the custom of women wooing during Leap Year.

But don't let that frighten you. Always keep your mind firmly fastened upon the object of your ambition, and never swerve from your purpose.

I think it's a sin and a shame that we don't have laws in America today like the one they had in Scotland once. Oh, it was ages ago, I'll admit, and modern civilization is above such common practices, I guess you're saying, but listen, if we had a law like that, our old maids and bachelors would be reduced to a wonderful minimum.

Incidentally, do you know what law I am referring to? I thought not! Well, just a minute while I go fetch the family Bible—we have it written in there. Now, here's the law: "It is statute and ordained, that during the reign of her most blessed Majesty, for any year known as Leap Year, any maiden lady of both high and low estate shall have liberty to bespeak the man she likes; albeit he refuses to take her to be his lawful wife, he shall be fined the sum of one pound or less, as his estate may be, except and if he can make it appear that he is betrothed to another woman, he shall then be free."

Girls, I ask you, isn't that a grand law? Even if you were refused, you would get a pound of English money, and money is more useful than a husband these days, anyway.

Once a girl has reached the very mature age of sixteen, she considers herself in the matrimonial market, and begins to cast her eyes about for a handsome, rich young buyer. As a rule, she must wait until someone makes an offer, but during Leap Year the young woman has a tremendous advantage.

Let me tell you a little family secret. I am the youngest of a family of seven children, all girls. My poor father and mother scrimped and saved all they could so that we would all be attractive when we once reached a marriageable age, and so that we would finally be able to change our name.

You can imagine how they felt when they saw that we were all pigeon-toed, and had warts on our noses. All was lost, and they would be forced to earn a living for us all their lives, they felt.

But heaven sent us aid! Griselda, my oldest sister, chanced upon that very law I quoted for you a little while ago. Hope filled our hearts, and we waited patiently for Leap Year to roll around. It did finally, and Griselda actually managed to secure a husband in January, and in June the twins, Lucretia and Letitia, even hooked men and had a grand double wedding. That only left four of us, and believe it or not, the next time Leap Year came, we all had swell weddings. We were so thankful that Griselda had discovered the idea that we inscribed it in the family Bible. To be sure, I never told Augustus all that, and he thinks to this day that he proposed to me.

So, girls, you know that if I could get a husband, you can. Be just your sweet, natural selves all the time, and every once in a while, coyly speak to him of the joys of married life, of your ideal man as you discovered it

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POETRY

Poetry is a shadow Asking a fairy for the next dance.

IRONY

You opened my eyes to see the beauty all around
You taught my heart to worship all loveliness I found;
You taught me to love the universe: the night, the stars, the sea,—
Then left me to forget you in the world you had given me.

W. W. W.

You who have so many friends
What can you think of me?
You whose list of friends ne'er ends,
What can your thoughts of me be?

You who have so very much
Of riches, pleasure, and of fame,
Know so many notables and such,
Pray, what to you is my name?

Am I just one of those
Amongst your group of friends
Who every moment surely knows
Such friendships have their ends?

Or am I one who may someday
Be not like the others on the list,
But I might, instead, hear you say,
"You are the first I've ever kissed"
Bus Krouse

ELITE OF NATURE

Mother Nature is foolishly fond of
Her daughters—the trees.
Oh! but she gowns them beautifully!
In the renewed dawn of spring
They pose so naively in
Dresses of grey rosettes of velvet.
In the fervor of summer
There are newly made gowns
In rarest patterns of verdure.
Autumn finds them bowing so proudly in
Spun gold frocks
Interwoven of tiny threads of gayer color.
In the whipping winter winds
Their arms are bare.
We believe she has forgotten.
Then in the blueness of the night
We see the perfect gown,
Those wand-like limbs
Draped of crystal spangles
Gather the silver of the moon.
—Frances Bowman

You asked me what I thought of love
And I, so fully fed.
Leaned back my head and smiled a bit.
"I've not had time to think," I said.
Angerona Adeyette

ON THINKING—DISCONNECTED THOUGHTS

I paused and stopped one day
As I wandered along the way.
Cay walls confined my restless mind
Which was no longer kin to human kind.
My mind strained and lifted a wing—
The puny helpless thing!

Thank God, the wall was made of clay
Which a vaulted shadow could trample in a day.

New thoughts arose which were to grow
Beyond all things we see and know.

Age old truths were found anew
And visions the future will never view.

Thought goes on
Just as a wind tossed leaf
To meet—happiness or grief.

Dust of dreams
Sweeping from castles in the air
Fall to earth scattered everywhere.
M. "T." B.

SOCIETY

Polly Perryman entertained at a supper party last Sunday night. A delectable salad course was served. Among those present were Pam Parkins, Kay Carpenter, Dot Lipscomb, Kay Butts, Becky Comer, Mary Shankle, Lib Tudor, Lillie Tucker and Cootie Melchor.

Mildred Dressler entertained at two tables of bridge Friday night. A color scheme of pink and white was carried out even to the most minute detail. Those playing were Hilda Hisey, Helen Rush, Rebecca Sanford, Alice Swink, Mary Swartz, Lucy Copenhaver, Martha Funk, and Mildred Wressler.

Mary Swartz received high score which was a beautiful hand embroidered handkerchief. A second prize was given to the person, who after taking her total score, multiplied by her room number, divided by her post-office box number, added to the number of her brothers and sisters and subtracted from her street address, should have the lowest score. Helen Rush received this prize which was a Japanese letter opener.

Mary Swartz assisted Mildred in serving refreshments which consisted of sandwiches, coco-cola, candy, and mints.

The Social Committee sponsored a birthday dinner Wednesday evening in honor of members of the faculty and student body having birthdays in the month of January. A birthday table was in each dining room with a huge cake on each table. There were fifty-six guests present.

Helen Whithead is attending business college in Norfolk. Joe Hedinger is spending the remaining part of the winter at home.

WORLD NEWS

MOVES TO INVESTIGATE PAYMENT TO LEGUIA

Washington, (AP)—The Senate Finance Committee, recently moved to investigate the payment of \$415,000 to the son of a Peruvian President for arranging loans of \$100,000,000 with that government.

The committee wired to New York to have a representative of the F. J. Lisman Company appear before it Monday. That company, according to testimony, arranged the loans with Juan Leguia, son of the former President of Peru.

Frederick Strauss, of J. & W. Seligman Company, told the committee yesterday his firm had paid the money to Leguia after taking the bond deal over from the Lisman company.

The committee also summoned Lawrence Dennis of New York, a former government official, in connection with the testimony that the State Department in considering foreign loans ignored financial reports from the countries concerned to the Commerce Department.

WOMEN DEMOCRATS CHOOSE SLOGAN

Washington, Jan. 9—Asked to express her view on Democratic Presidential candidates today, Miss Elizabeth Marbury, New York member of the party's National Committee, said:

"I will answer by telling you a story. I had a maid once who never was quarrelsome and always was for harmony. She pronounced it 'hominy.' My friend Mrs. Charles J. Sharp member from Alabama, tells me that she had a maid who always was for peace. Her maid pronounced it 'peas.' 'So I believe—and Mrs. Sharp agrees with me—that the Democratic women's watchword at this moment should be 'hominy and peas.'"

EXCHANGES

Here's an article that was read with interest. "Man has had the habit for centuries of believing that he really is a vastly valuable part of the world. But it remained for Dr. J. E. Lawson, of London, to point out that the cold and cruel chemical analysis of man rates him worth the uncomplimentary sum of one dollar. At present market prices, that's the prices that would be brought by the sale of man's constituents, which are: A quantity of magnesium for one dose of salts, phosphorus enough to make 2200 match heads, sufficient sulphur to rid one dog of fleas, a supply of lime which would just about whitewash a chicken coop, iron enough for one medium sized nail, ten gallons of water, sufficient carbon to make 9,000 lead pencils, and enough fat for seven cakes of soap.

—Sun Dial.

A nation-wide straw vote on disarmament announced today by the Inter-collegiate Disarmament Council from their offices in New York City, reveals 95 percent of the 24,345 students voting in seventy different colleges in favor of reducing armaments and 63 percent for the United States setting an example by beginning to disarm without waiting for other nations.

—The Sun Dial.

Haverford College recently sent out questionnaires to about a thousand of its alumni asking them various questions about their undergraduate experiences. The results were interesting for it was discovered that "the things that will occupy a warm spot in one's college memory in years to come are not always easily recognized when they happen."

—Tulane Hullabaloo.

TED SHAWN PRESENTS COLORFUL PROGRAM HERE

The last feature was "waltzes" given by Mr. Shawn and his entire cast. The slow even waltzing of the dancers, the beautiful blending of soft shades carried out in the varicolored pleated dresses of the dancers made the scene very effective as the interest focused upon Ted Shawn, and the world of color and rhythm created by him.

BASKETBALL VARSITY FACES HARD SEASON

Athletic Association, Lake City, Florida, follows:

Jan. 23—Shepherdstown, West Va. (here)
Feb. 13—Westhampton (here)
Feb. 22—Savage (here)
Feb. 26—East Strandsburg, Penn. (there)
Feb. 27—Lebanon Valley, Penn. (there)
March 4—Farmville (here)
"The girls face a hard schedule, but I'm sure that they will be more than equal to it," stated Emilyn.

Dot Lipscomb is so dumb she thinks the Pied Piper is a drunken plumber!

MISS DAVIS FINDS BALLADS IN COUNTY

(Continued from page 1)
work of Dr. Alfonzo Smith of the University of Virginia in collecting ballads. I sent the one I had heard to him. He was very interested and urged me to continue my work."

Miss Davis has always encountered courtesy and a willingness to give information about family and neighborhood history lives as well as ballads. On one occasion she found a woman who knew so many ballads that she was forced to write on the back of an old calendar to record them. One woman who was a source of information could neither read nor write, so the authenticity of her ballads was unquestioned.

Miss Davis sang the *False Knight* and a ballad of Shrove Tuesday, *Say the Bells*. She read the *Wassail Cup*, and spoke of its interesting background of customs. The English version and American version were very similar.

"If any of you know any ballads, I wish you would write them down," concluded Miss Davis. "And if you possibly can, secure the tunes also. Their place is being more and more definitely recognized and they may some day be used as the themes of great musical compositions."

NEW FAMILY MOVES INTO PRACTICE HOUSE

(Continued from page 1)
"Turn over a new leaf at the beginning of this new year" is not merely a saying, but an actual fact at the practice house. With the beginning of this new quarter and two new groups of girls at the practice house, not only leaves have been turned over but everything else in the house as well. (If they haven't been, they soon will be). They have not only been turned over, but they have miraculously become bright and shining as new pennies. For the benefit of the "old timers" at the practice house we'll say that the radiators have not yet been moved and the Waffles still have a campus-wide reputation.

The new "inmates" on the north side for this quarter are Margaret Beck, Kitty Bowen, Pauline Carmines, Catherine Crim, and Maxine Pointer.

The south side is he'd down by Elizabeth Gatewood, Esther Glick, Lois Hines, Evelyn McKenzie, and Eliza Smith.

The administration of Oregon State College and the University of Southern California have banned the publishing of cigarette advertisements in their publications.

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BEGINNERS CLASSES HOLD SWIMMING MEET

(Continued from Page 1)
advanced swimming. The events and winners in order follows:

Free style: Hockman, Burkert, Coglander.
Ba'oon race: Ziegler, Morrisette, Ward.
Scul race: Cox, Rice.
Diving from side: Calvert, Stratemeyer, and Webb (tied for second).
Side Stroke for Form: Riley, Orndoff, Fitzgerald.
Side Stroke: Pigg, Steiner, McLane.
Diving from Board: Wampler, Helsabeck, Hilt.
Sculling for Form: Benedict, McLane, Hupes (tied for second).
Diving for Pennies: Haie, Potts, Bryant, Giles (tied for third).
Free Style (with dive): Helsabeck, Orndoff, Tinsman.
Relay: Hilt, Benedict, Lea (winning team).

TONY SARG TO BRING HIS MARIONETTES HERE

(Continued from page 1)
the necessity of each actor behind the scene to live the experiences of these puppets.

The two shows to be given here consist first of the well known *Ali-e in Wonderland*, which is a tale full of fantasy and queer adventures for children, and a deep philosophy for adults. The second show is Thackeray's delightful fairy story *The Rose and the Ring* which has all the magic of fairies and princesses, and which ends happily as all good fairy stories do.

LITERARY SOCIETIES ELECT NEW OFFICERS

(Continued from Page 1)
more; Secretary, Louise Thweat, Petersburg; Treasurer, Virginia Strailman, Raleigh, N. C.; Chairman of the Program Committee, Jean Gills, Petersburg; Critic, Virginia Hal'et, Cheriton; Sergeant at Arms, Linda Sanders, White Stone.

This quarter the Pages plan to study the modern short story. They will begin by making a study of its development and the place it holds in literature today, continuing with the modern short story writers and their works.

The Lees intend to take as their object this quarter finding out more about their society and its beginning, and a study of its constitution.

The course of study for the Laniers has not yet been decided on.

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CAMPUS

TOM SAYS:

Don't forget to come Monday night 'n' watch Tony Sarg pull a few strings!!

Mother—"Willie, the canary has gone."

Willie—"But, mummy, it was there just now when I was trying to clean its cage with the vacuum cleaner."

Estelle: "Has your pain gone?"

Janet: "No."

The Date: "But he's leaving in just a minute."

Frosh: "I want a pair of corduroy pants."

Clerk: "How long?"

Frosh: "How long? I don't want to rent them, I want to buy them!"

"Ah! the pause that refreshes!" exclaimed Mr. Logan when he saw a comma in the freshman theme.

Oh, Doctor.

"You remember when you cured me of rheumatism a couple of years ago, Doc?" asked the patient, "and you told me that I should avoid dampness?"

"Yes, that's right," replied the doctor.

"Well, I've come to ask you if I can take a bath."

"Why don't you study pharmacy young man?"

"I believe I will! You know, I was raised on a farm!"

"AUNT ABIGAIL" DISCUSSES LEAP YEAR

(Continued from page 2)
in him, and of how well you would get along together. If he has not proposed to you by Christmas time, prepare yourself to pop the question. After all, the worst he can do is to refuse!

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Wed.—Thurs.
Greta Garbo—Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari"

Fri.
Leon Janney "Penrod and Sam"

Sat.
"Freighters of Destiny"

Dear Jean—
Had lunch with Jack. He said more nice things about my new afternoon dress. It's a soft shade of blue—has three-quarter sleeves and a jabot. Jack says my very nicest things come from

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Changing Tides

by GEORGIE HUDGINS

Capt'n Al West sat on the edge of the old dilapidated dock, casually watching the approaching storm. Now and then a small ring of smoke from his stump of a pipe floated down on the water. The grey-green waves swept slowly against the shore with slow weary motion. Noon-day sun was reaching the western horizon, and a dark blue-black bank of clouds was stealing closer and closer, slowly shutting out its yellow rays. The sultriness of the air seemed to say that a storm was near.

Capt'n Al set motionless, his eyes traveling listlessly along the broken grey line of the sea and meeting in the distance a greyer form, a moving shadowy form, perhaps some craft seeking refuge from the approaching storm.

"Mighty thin piece of bark to be a-floatin' around on these waters this here kind of weather," he said, and leisurely spat into the water.

The storm crouched lower in the rumbling heavens and the distant grey phantom drew nearer, now within the old man's vision, its outline forming the graceful bulk of a ship. Even in the gathering dimness its patrician lines were unmistakable. It was a bow of a yacht pointing its course to safety across the uncertain depths.

"Peer's to me, like she's a-headin' this way," he said aloud. Then glancing about him for a minute, then back to sea again.

He was thinking this evening of another evening, and another storm eight years ago; yes, eight years ago this very day, when another yacht had come in just before the storm and had asked to tie up for the night. He remembered how queer he thought the tall lean man, who said he was captain, had acted. And he remembered how the yacht had silently slipped away in the night, leaving behind a thing that had become a part of his very life, a baby, a baby girl wrapped in a man's coat. He had not known what to do with the baby then; but now, the thought of being without her maddened him. Every ship that neared the dock filled him with freezy fear. Anything that would ever take Hilde from him would kill him, body and soul. He had not known what to do with her then, he had known nothing about babies, but he had done his best. He had taken her to his cabin, fed and warmed her thin body, and tried to make her live; and she had lived. She had grown from the pink of baby-hood to beautiful girl-hood. Maybe he had not been giving her the things she should have, but she was happy, and happiness was the greatest gift in the world—not many people were ever happy.

The rapid speeding of the boat ceased, and it came nearer the shore only by the slow rise and fall of the waves as they came in. Capt'n Al saw a grey iron anchor slide from the stern. The boat rolled with the tide.

A small speed boat was launched, occupied by two persons—a man in a captain's uniform and a tall woman in white.

Capt'n Al had not moved. For some reason he felt sick—"Blamed foolish," he thought, "lettin' this thing upset him. Didn't boats tie up here every day?"

The little boat had reached the shore and the passengers were getting out. Capt'n Al was watching them. Finally he arose and walked slowly towards them. "Twant like him to be hostile to strangers."

"Hello," he called out to them familiarly. Capt'n Al made use of only things he knew about, and formal correctness was something he had never learned.

The captain answered him.

"Good evening, Sir," he said pleasantly. "My name is Edwin Hull, and this is Mrs. Teese," he added, flashing an apologetic look to the woman.

"Good evening Sir." A loud peal of thunder almost drowned her low melodic voice.

The old man looked around half alarmed, as if he were looking for some one.

"Reckon we'd better go inside; mighty apt to get wet out here," he said, looking about him again in the same anxious manner.

As if in fulfillment to the old man's prediction, large rain drops began to spatter the grey-bulky dock. Their eyes turned towards the little pine shanty at the end of the dock, and without a word they started toward it. Captain Hull's slim, reassuring hand reached out to the arm of the woman. Her steps quickened in response, as she carefully picked her way over the wide cracks in the wharf, along the path of barrels of smelly fuel oil, keeping close to Captain Al's heavy booted heels.

Capt'n Al motioned his visitors to sit down, but he, himself leaned in the door way, and peered into the storm. Now and then the wind waved a mist of rain and sand through the door past them. He appeared not to notice it.

Captain Hull glanced uncomfortably at the woman—

"Sir, you're getting wet," he ventured. "Hadt'n you better step back a little?"

"No call to bother about me, Mate. No call to bother about me," he said. Leaning there in the door-way, he seemed as much a part of the storm as the rain itself.

Gradually the thunder ceased its ranting above the little roof.

"The storm's gone down to the bay, I believe. Most stopped rainin' now. Yes, I think 'tis most over now," and turned towards his visitors.

"Uncle Buddie-e-e-e-e!", the clear sweet treble of a childish voice broke in above the low heavy tones of the

old captain.

"Dad burn you, Hilde, where in thunderation have you been off to?"

"Un'neath the wharf, an' I ain't ev'n wet—Uncle Buddie, Don's got puppies—in the back shed."

"Blow your puppies! 'me a-worried to death thinking maybe you got in the quick sand- or somethin' Here you, Hilde—wipe that nose, we've got company!"

For the first time Hilde noticed the visitors. For a minute she stood still and looked at them; then flushed a dull red with timid embarrassment.

"Hilde"—He stopped suddenly. The woman in white was staring at Hilde as if—"Good God not—not—" Slowly the color drained from his face. The woman in white was looking at Hilde. Her face was lighted with a strange smile. Suddenly she burst into a sob and leaned towards Hilde—his Hilde. The child moved closer to Uncle Buddie. She was plainly frightened. "Why did Uncle Buddie look like that? What was the matter?"

The movement of the child seemed to make the woman conscious of her strange actions, for slowly she leaned back in her chair, as quickly as if she had never stirred. She raised one hand to the back of her head as if to adjust a misplaced hair-pin, and laughed nervously.

Hilde shuddered, caught the top of Uncle Buddie's boot, and held it tight. No one spoke. Captain Hull glanced through the small square window.

"I think the storm is about over, Shall we go?" he said, turning to the woman.

"Yes, you go back to the yacht, I would like to speak to-to-Uncle Buddie-e a-one," she said, smiling at the child whom she had heard call him that. "Send the speed boat back for me in about an hour."

"I shall come myself," he said, with a polite bow. "Thanks for shelter from the rain, Sir," he said, extending his hand to the old man,—"and good evening, Sir."

The woman opened her mouth as if to speak; then stopped and looked about the room, her eyes resting on Hilde. The old man glanced at Hilde, and remembered that she had said, "peak to him alone."

You run out and get a bit of fire-wood, Hilde," he said tenderly. The child looked at him for a moment, questioningly, as if she doubted the purpose of his going, but said nothing as she went.

Captain Al looked at her for a moment as she went out of the door; then sat down opposite the woman, dug his hand down into the pocket of his blue coat and brought forth his black stub of a pipe.

"Hope you don't mind the smoke, Madam," he said, beginning to fill it from a dirty little bag of shaved tobacco.

"Always like to smoke when I got anything special to talk about."

"Certainly not, Sir," the woman said, answering his first question.

A pipe seemed just in keeping with the rough pine house, and with the little old man in blue jean overall suit, whose hair curled about the cap like thin silver wire. He lit the pipe, puffed smoke into the air, and nodded toward the woman to begin.

"How long have you been living on this beach, Sir?" she asked.

"Twenty-odd years now."

"Then you were here eight years ago—eight years ago," she repeated.

To Be Continued Next Week

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