

Don't forget

THE BREEZE

Our Party

VOL. X

HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA, FEBRUARY 5, 1932

NUMBER 16

OUR LUCKY DAY

Lucky Emblems Announce Sophomore Class Day

CLOVERS, HORSESHOES, RABBIT FOOT FEATURED BY CLASS

With four-leaf clover and horseshoe, rabbit's foot and swastika, the sophomore class today announced its annual class day. Attired in white and green clovers, sophomores could be seen on campus today, their Lucky Day. The doors on their rooms were decorated with green horseshoes; the tables in the dining halls had green four-leaf clovers on them announcing Sophomore Day.

The Sophomores conducted chapel this morning as part of the day's exercise. Elizabeth Moore, president, and Dr. Converse, big brother, led the devotionals. Margaret Eure, Lois Bishop and Evelyn Watkins sang *Dreaming Alone In The Twilight*. Mrs. Cook gave "Some College Milestones," and Mary Cloe read *Four Leaf Clovers*. The sophomores sat in a body.

The lobby of Harrison Hall was attractively decorated in green and white crepe paper with rabbits' feet, clovers, and horseshoes livening it up. Singing their song of clovers, the sophomores looked cool and fresh in their class colors and under them.

Turn to the column opposite this for the evening's activities.

A Visit To Janet Rebecca

That Sophomore hospitality and friendliness extends even to the youngest member of its class, for Janet Rebecca Hanson the Sophomore mascot, was so pleased to see some of the members of her class that she greeted them at the window as they came up the walk. When she met them at the door she continued her role as the proper hostess by exclaiming "Pretty" "Pretty" over all the dresses, and "Glad" "Glad" when she was informed that they had come to see her.

Janet Rebecca has the old Sophomore spirit of work for after receiving her guests she had to immediately be about her own work. Her most important occupation for the day was cleaning and scrubbing, so dipping her scrub rag (a handkerchief) into her bucket (an oatmeal box) she scrubbed and cleaned the chairs and davenport with great care. She told her guests the secrets of her cleaning as she went, in words like "soap," "crub", "water", "wash". That was what Freshman Day last year did for Janet for she turned the little tin pail of the Freshman into a scrub bucket and has been faithful to her occupation ever since.

The Sophomore mascot is quite collegiate. She has already started her collection of animals, especially dogs. Her favorite dog is a nice white, soft, fuzzy one whose name is "Sugar Pie" and whose pet names are "Sugie" and "Pikey" Janet is very affectionate with "Sugar Pie" and wanted each one of her guests to kiss him.

Janet Rebecca is not only a good Sophomore. She is already a loyal H. T. C. girl and was most anxious to walk back to the "Caca" (college)

(Continued to page 4)

Art Club Sponsors Annual Artists Ball

NINE GOATS APPEARED TODAY

Sponsoring its annual costume dance the Art Club will hold the Artists' Ball tomorrow night in the Little Gym.

In an interview, Georgia Collin, president of the club, stated that the ball will be as always an unusual affair, if the plans for it work out according to all expectations.

Music, dancing, cards, stunts, and refreshments will form the program of the evening; and the costumes will add no little amount to the entertainment of those present.

The "goats" of the Art Club appeared this morning, having been in connection with the Art Club and entertainment for the evening.

The "goats" this quarter are: Calvert, Portsmouth; L. M. Calvert, Norfolk; Margaret May, Norfolk; Virginia Ruby, Roanoke; Rebecca Snyder, Waynesboro; June Taliaferro, Harrisonburg; Margaret Voden, Keyesville; Josephine Walker, Bluff City; Mary Bragg Young, Petersburg.

A Visit To Our Big Sister

Mrs. Annie B. Cook, big sister of the sophomore class and associate dean on women at H. T. C., is a native of Mississippi. For eighteen years she was Advisor of Girls in the State Teachers College at Hattiesburg, but resigned to obtain her master's degree from Columbia University. From Columbia she came here to us.

Mrs. Cook was an intimate friend of S. Frances Sale, who often spoke to her of her devotion to the Virginia college she had left. They had met each other in connection with the Field Cooperative Association, Inc. It was not until later that she learned that this college was Harrisonburg.

This is Mrs. Cook's first visit to Virginia, and she is enjoying the beauties of the Shenandoah valley. She likes the college spirit, both that between the faculty and students and that among the girls. She has stated that she is glad to be a big sister to us, and is looking forward to future years with the present Sophomore class.

Mrs. Cook hopes to return sometime to her native state at the close of her service in the field in which she is engaged at present.

Honor Fraternity Names Candidates

The Alpha Chi Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi, the honorary educational fraternity at H. T. C., Monday, February 1, announced seven candidates for membership. They are: Ercelle Bragg Reade, Petersburg; Jane Maphis, Strasburg; Lois Agnes Drewry, Clifton Forge; Mary Elizabeth Thomas, Dayton; Virginia I. Richards, Winchester; and Lucille Keeton.

Convention Offers Nominees' Names

MAJOR OFFICE ELECTIONS TO BE HELD NEXT THURSDAY

In their recent meetings the Nominating Convention has selected the following girls as candidates for the five major offices in the student body:

President of Student Government
Virginia Richards Winchester
Katie Wraye Brown Roanoke

President of the Y. W. C. A.
Emma Jane Shultz Staunton
Virginia Lynchburg

President of the Field Association
Enid City, Fla.
M. Richmond

President of the Y. W. C. A.
Clara Orange
Sara Sta, Ga.
Edna Sta, Ga.

President of the Y. W. C. A.
Clara Sta, Ga.
Sara Sta, Ga.
Edna Sta, Ga.

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Sara Sta, Ga.
Edna Sta, Ga.

(Continued to page 4)

Sophomores To Present Unique Party Tonight

Clover Blossoms

1. **Pages**
Katherine Butts—Chairman Prog. Com.
Courtney Dickinson
Margaret Eure—President
Gladys Farrar
Sara Frances Goyle
Virginia Greenwood
Dorothy Greshman—Secretary
Sylvia Grim
Louise Hobson—Serg. at Arms
Virginia Jones
Elizabeth Moore
Pauline Perryman
Elizabeth Warren
Williams—Vice President.

2. **Pages**
Line Baldwin
Carmines
Cloe—President
Cromwell
Eubank
Elizabeth Kerr
Elizabeth Maddox
Marietta Melson
Amy Moore
Anne Salmond
Louise Thweatt—Secretary
Eleanor Wilkins
Lees
Lois Bishop
Kathryn Funk
Anna Lee Hawthorne
Frances Neblett
Madeline Newbill
Mildred Simpson—Treasurer
Delma Spencer—Secretary
Elizabeth Snyder
Evelyn Watkins—Chairman Prog. Com.

3. **Pages**
Ruth Watt
Dorothy Williams—President
Louise Williamson

4. **Le Cercle Francias**
Ruth Behrens
Pauline Farrar
Hilda Hisey
Virginia Jones
Annabel Kilgore
Catherine Manke
Frances Neblett—Secretary
Evelyn Watkins
Hazel Wood

5. **Glee Club**
Minnie Baylor
Lois Bishop
Virginia Eubank
Margaret Eure
Gladys Garth
Elizabeth Kerr
Mary Lawson
Eunice Meeks
Anne Salmond
Mary Spitzer
Evelyn Watkins
Ruth Watt

6. **Cotillion Club**
Virginia Carmines
Elizabeth Carson
Mary Cloe
Dorothy Cromwell
Virginia Eubank
Louise Hobson
Lucy Hubbard
Elizabeth Maddox
Agnes Mason
Marietta Melson
Frances Neblett
Anna Salmond
Delma Spencer
Louise Thweatt

(Continued to Page 2)

STUDENT BODY URGED TO ATTEND

The Sophomores following an example for class day, which the Seniors inaugurated, will entertain the faculty and Student body tonight at eight o'clock in the big gym.

The program for the evening consists largely of dancing for which the Sophomore orchestra will play. There will be a grand march by the Sophomores at the conclusion of which the figure "S" will be formed.

For those who do not care to dance tables will be placed at the back of the gym on which will be placed for playing—but more than this the Sophs will not divulge. They guarantee a good time in this way, though, for those who do not dance.

A short skit from "Daddy Long Legs" will provide entertainment during an interlude in the dancing.

At this time a number of prizes will be given out to the holders of the lucky numbers on the fourleaf clovers, which were given out in the dining hall.

A Flying Trip To Dr. Converse

After two or three vain attempts to catch Dr. Converse in his office, I finally cornered him there.

"Dr. Converse," I said, "you know it isn't long until Sophomore day. What do you think of class days anyhow?"

"Well, I hadn't thought about it. I had rather not be quoted."

"How many times have you been a big brother?" I inquired next.

"For the classes 1925, 1929, and 1934."

"But Dr. Converse, I am supposed to get an interview. Can't you make some statement?"

"I don't want to be quoted, but you can say that I will always be glad to help them out when they need me."

"Thank you very much, Dr. Converse," I said, and beat a hasty retreat from his office.

Talk On Miss Dodge Given In Y. W. C. A.

The life of Miss Frances Dodge, who was the organizer of the Y. W. C. A. was given by Ruth Watt Sunday, Miss Dodge "made her dreams come true" by putting every effort in the attainment of anything which she believed to be for the good of humanity. One day when she had spoken at a meeting advocating an institution to afford a wider range of recreation for the populace, a woman who had not been made to see her point of view exclaimed, "Oh, that's only a dream." Happening to drive past Columbia University with this same woman, Miss Dodge remarked, "One day I dreamed that."

The program was led by Louise Thweatt.

THE SOPHOMORE BREEZE

Published weekly by the students of the State Teachers College,
Harrisonburg, Virginia

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

TEN CENTS A COPY

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TO SPONSORS

Who dares to say that we are not a lucky class to have such fine and well-loved sponsors? Everybody must agree with us when they learn that Mrs. Cook, Dr. Converse, and little Janet Rebecca Hanson fill those places for us. To prove it still more conclusively, we shall start at the beginning and tell you all.

First we have Mrs. Cook. She has always been as sweet and gentle to her little Sophomore sisters as she could possibly be. One evening after dinner she spoke to us at our meeting, and even before she had finished we were more firmly convinced than ever that we had chosen the right person.

And dear jolly Dr. Converse, always with a smile and a cheery word for the sophomores. Don't forget his kindness either in sprinkling a good many A's among us. I. H. G.—Isn't he grand?

Janet Rebecca comes last—but not least, despite her size. Truly we feel that she belongs to us as much as to her parents. When she walks on campus, she is always surrounded by a group of her admiring big sisters. Perhaps she is yet too young to fully realize it, but each and every one of us has adopted Janet Rebecca into our hearts.

Now you should all be convinced, and you are, aren't you? No other sponsors can compare with ours, and we surely are lucky!

TO CLASS

Sophomore day—our class day—our Lucky Day—Our horseshoes, our four leaf clovers, and our rabbits feet tell the world we're lucky and we know we're lucky.—

The horseshoe brought us our best piece of luck—the luck of being Sophomores at H.T.C. and having today for our class day. Everyday is a Sophomore's lucky day but we know this one will be just a little luckier than any other.

The four leaf clover has surely done its part. Each leaf has been a luck leaf. One leaf gave us our big sisters, the Senior class. Another gave us our big sister, Mrs. Cook. The third leaf brought us Dr. Converse, our big brother, and the last leaf contributed Janet Rebecca Hanson, our mascot, to our lucky days.

We have the symbols of luck and now may we Sophomores have the heart to keep luck and make every day just a little luckier than the one before.

TO BIG SISTERS

We came up here last year for the first time, unsophisticated, untutored freshmen. We were ignorant of campus life, of what we should do, of what was expected of us. And who was it who took charge of us? Our big sisters. They helped our class, looked after us, guided us, and showed us the road to our ideals. We shan't forget their kindness to us last year. And on our class day last May, Freshman Day, they were lovely to us, and they know how we appreciated it, too.

This year they are seniors. This year they will leave, and we won't see them as big sisters any more. They have started their little sisters in the right way, and have left us ideals for us to carry on and teach to our little sisters next year.

This is the last year for many of us. Many sophomores will go out as teachers from H.T.C. to face life side by side with their senior big sisters. May their standards still guide them then, and may their memory guide those of us who remain here to carry on their tradition.

HIGHWAYS

Our Sophomore class day, another milestone of college life, is here, and will soon be passed.

The first stretch of the road, our freshman year, in reality was quite smooth and well-paved, though to our inexperienced feet it did not always seem so. As time went on, and we traveled forward, the way became rougher and harder to travel. But we have continued to persevere, and now we are passing our second milestone.

But where is this road that we are traveling leading us? Not to paths of ease such as we have seen in imagination and sometimes wished for, but to the broad highway which we are to travel throughout our lives. As we go along, there will be many interesting bypaths that we may wish to explore, but we may follow them only to find they lead nowhere, while the highway leads on to our goal of a useful, well-balanced life.

We have, perhaps, traveled far since we first came to Harrisonburg, even in the year since our freshman class day, but the road stretches out as we travel it, and its length is a challenge to us to continue steadily on our way.



My readers are a varied lot;
 Their tastes do not agree.
 A squib that tickles A is not
 At all the thing for B.

What's sense to J is folderOl
 To K, but please U.
 So when I started to fill this col,
 I didn't know what to do.

Don't forget to always attend Y. W. service, girls! On Sunday there will be a special speaker, whose subject will be "Fools and Idiots." A large number is expected!

Wouldn't it be awful to have to read something like this in our society column:

The lovely and elegant room of that queen of hospitality, the big-hearted and noble Miss Mary Sue Goode, was a radiant scene of enchanting charms, filled with beautiful and accomplished young ladies who were gathered together in close harmony there to do honor to Miss Elizabeth Gatewood, a lady of rarest attractions and sweetest graces!

Here's something to remind the Sophomores of their last quarter's work in English Literature—

Whan that Aprille with his shoures
 soote.

The droghts of March hath perced to
 the rote,

I druv a motor thru Aprille's bliz
 Somme forty miles, and dam neere
 lyke to friz.

Overhead at the dinners table the
 other night.

Susie Minnick: "Well, I'll swear!
 There went my potato on the floor and
 it was the only piece of brown potato
 I ever got, and I guess the only piece
 of brown potato I'll ever get." (General
 laughter from all who were near.)

The lightning bug is brilliant, but
 he hasn't any mind;

He stumbles through existence with
 his headlight on behind.

He certainly doesn't take after the
 Sophomores then, does he? Because
 you can see any of us with our clover
 leaf lighting our lucky way through
 life for us, and not showing up our
 terrible past.

I'm a merry little campus maid,
 The campus sward I rove,
 Picking Greek roots all the day
 And learning how to love.

(Submitted by Mary Sue Hamersley,
 A student of Greek.)

Liz Moore was seen earnestly studying
 a picture of the V. P. I. Cotillion
 club the other day. Evelyn Watkins
 came up and said, "why Liz what are
 you looking at?" Liz said, "oh, he
 isn't here!"

De Measuro Wormo

Last year about this time I was undergoing painful experiences with Danish gymnastics. They were really quite sufficient to turn me into something other than what I was—preferably not Danish. But now I am parsing through even worse horrors. Instead of being a mere plodding Danish peasant, I am a coffee grinder, a crab, a bouncing ball, and most of all, a measuring worm! Think of it! A nice, creepy, crawly measuring worm bumping itself along over the floor, successively raising and lowering certain inelegant portions of my body to the amused comments of my fellow class-mates.

The other physical education classes were studying volley ball. Personally, I dislike volley ball. I think it is the sissiest game ever invented. But in spite of that, I longed to be batting that ball over an uplifted tennis net instead of imitating a common measuring worm. Even grinding coffee wasn't as hard on me mentally as the worm, in spite of the grinding of my hand.

A class of girls purporting to be measuring worms must have been a most interesting spectacle to anyone standing up in the balcony in the gym. Indeed, it seemed rather interesting to one person no higher in the air than the radiators. While we were looking that way, the radiator was being vigorously painted. When the measuring worms were progressing slowly and painfully across the floor, the radiator was left to paint itself. I noticed that it was always the same place that got the coats of paint. Indeed the next day the difference in color was quite distinct.

After a few more weeks of creeps and crawls, crab walk and chair vault, and so on to the limit of the physical education book, I shall have become a permanent measurer. If some morning the seniors wake up to see the sophomores slowly measuring the walks in a dash for breakfast, have pity on us. Don't send us to Staunton—take us up to the top of Massanutten Peak and push us off, one by one. But no! suppose we measured our way down!

CLOVER BLOSSOMS (Continued from Page 1)

- Evelyn Watkins
- Eleanor Wilkins
- Dorothy Williams G.
- Grace Williams
- Louise Williamson
- 7. Debating Club
- Ruth Behrens
- Ruth Hardy
- Alice Kay
- Sarah Lemmon—Secretary
- Catherine Manke
- Frances Pence
- Mae Thurston
- Ruth Watt
- Hazel Wood
- Frances Whitman—Vice Pres.
- 8. Stratford Dramatic Club
- Ruth Behrens
- Elizabeth Carson
- Mary Cloe
- Madeline Newbill—Secretary
- Janie Shaver
- Mildred Simpson—Vice Pres.
- 9. Aeolian Club
- Mary Sue Hamersley
- Louise Hobson—Vice President
- Aileen Siffera
- Ruth Watt
- 10. Art Club
- Katherine Barton
- Sylvia Grim
- Gladys Julian
- Agnes Mason
- Elsie Meelheim
- Aileen Sifford
- Mae Thurston
- 11. Euclid Club
- Ethel Harper
- Margaret Hamsberger
- Katherine Minnick
- Rachel Rodgers—President
- Virginia Somers
- 12. Student Council

(Continued To Page 3)

SOCIETY

Sheldon had a party last Thursday night—Not last night, you understand, but a week ago. Mary Sue Goode had a birthday affair for Elizabeth Gatewood. We couldn't find out how old Elizabeth was but maybe it's just as well. She might be keeping it secret, you know. Any how the guests were Frances Kagey, Margaret Martz, Katherine Martz, Virginia Hunter, Bessie Wise, Maud Hunter, Frances Maloy, and Evelyn Fugate.

Front Royal—what a grand place if you happen to live there! At least, Minnie Sue Hedrick must think so, because she went home last week end.

And the college camp seems to be popular for week-ends, too. We're glad it wasn't sold for you, girls. Just think what it would have been if it was as cold as it was the Breeze trip last year. Just ask any of the old staff members and see! Any how, Mary Haga, Betty Bush, Pete Peterson, (quite a classy bunch isn't it girls?) Fanny La Neave, Elsie Meelheim (you know her, the one with the Greta Garbo look) Olive Robertson, Pat Patterson (really, we should have put her name next to Pete Peterson's) Irene Dawley, (you guessed it—the blushing bride) Edith Todd, Eva Reggins, Mike Buie (by the way, we heard she's being called Bonie now—at least we guess it's the same girl) Betty Stubbs, Bobby Cook (that reminds us, did they have hamburgers and fried onions?) Kay Carpenter, and, last but not least, Eloise Thompson. Syd Henderson and Sarah Dutton were very special guests—they're old girls (now, now, we didn't mean it that way) and were visiting on campus. We see the bunch took the Breeze staff's advice, because Miss O'Neal went along. Mrs. Cook was chaperon.

Roanoke is another nice place, according to Grace Williams, who went home. How's Eldridge, Grace?

Marion MacKinzie had lots of visitors over the week end. Her aunts, Misses Lucille and Polly Smith, came all the way from Norfolk to stay with her, and they brought Elizabeth, too. Elizabeth was a cute little thing, wasn't she? Oh, we forgot to say that she is Marion's cousin. They gave Marion a birthday supper Sunday. Them's relatives worth having, we think. Augusta Baker, Mildred Witt, Adonna Hibbert, and Eleanor Graves were there.

Mary Margaret Fuller went away to visit Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks, we forget where. Shenandoah was quite gay this week-end, n'est-ce pas?

Eleanor Graves was another popular girl. Her mother, her aunt, Joyce Sullivan, Harriet Hawkins, and—oh, several more people—a whole carefull—came up to see her Sunday.

Vivian Hobbs—you know, the tall, dark, basketball forward, went out to Dayton for the week-end to visit her brother's wife's mother. Does that register? Any how, her name is Mrs. Swadley. Vivian couldn't get away from athletics even on a week end and she went to a basketball game at Shenandoah College. How do we know? Well, you see her roommate is on the staff!

Alumnæ Hall was quite popular Sunday afternoon. We won't go into any more detail than that. Ruth Behrens's people came to see her and she went out to dinner. And oh yes! Alice Kay, Lois Bishop, Marion Smith, and Sarah Lemmon visited Mrs. R. F. Schane Sunday afternoon and had a waffle supper. You should have heard them rave! We weren't sure whether that was society news or not, but we put it in anyway.

If anybody knows anything we left out, just tell everybody you see and we'll call it a day.

BASKETBALL IS ON

POETRY

Like the plaintive sighing of night breezes is the music of the poet's soul.

SEA FANTASY

I have sat at the feet of the sea
And listened as she sang to me
Her song.
A song of far away
Of a sailors chant—
As the long white sun's rays slant.
And down in a whirl of oam.

A song of hungry, dark-eyed night
That keeps grim vial
With the white-capped wave
At the heels of a stricken ship.
While at the helm a quiet man prayed
And swayed with a cry into her
yearning arms.

A song of young love at her shrine
That marvels at the moon—
The moon who tantalizes so.
Who, a moment on the oceans breast
Lies so low. But never knows her
treacherous kiss
As she seems to dip and swish her
long green skirts.

A song of quiet dark hours driven be-
fore the dawn.
Hours that hold a memory in their
hands
Like a pawn, and press dry the per-
fume
To scent the dull sea-water
And the quietness of breaking morn.
A. Aydlette

DONORS

Roses of crimson color
So symbolic of your burning love.
Known clusters of petals
Like your simple adoration.
Thousands of delicate petals
Brought by you
Only you.

Now, only the dew-kissed morning
Spring time brings them,
Only spring time.
Frances Bowman

ON TEARS

Can tears remove this feeling new to
me,
This pain so vague, half sorrow, half
dull ache
That came to me tonight? I do not
know
From whence it come, or why or what
it means
I only know I cannot sleep or rest
Until it goes from me. This is a state
Quite strange for one who seldom
thinks of moods.
Who in a normal time allows no
thought,
Gay or sad, too greatly to disturb.
It is a state beyond my reason's power
To clear away by taking thought of
course
It must have some raison d'etre; but
I fail
To single it from out of all that
chanced
To happen through the day. It is the
sum
Of all the culmination of the things
That made today. I see it clearly now.
My mind excited by a day too filled
With looking forward to a future time
Will not stop short; must finish out
its course.
It's action now is slower—soon will
stop,
And sleep will then repair the strain
Left by the day. My brain at last is
calmed,
By thoughts expressed is soothed. At
last to rest!
A. K.

Cousin Jane

Good news! Sophomores! Your old
country cousin Jane is here on a visit.
You'll remember that last year Cous-
sin Jane mended many of our broken
Freshman hearts. She says that she
is able to do the same for us now
that we've grown up to be Sophomor-
es. Let's try her and see!
My dearest Country Cousin,

I was excruciatingly happy to hear
that you were back at H.T.C. on a
visit. I've been nursing a badly broken
heart every since the last time that
you were here. Won't you try to help
me?

Here's my case. You see, shortly
after you left us I fell in love. That
was break number one. Well, we (the
B. F. and I) got together very well
for a while then we had a perfectly
violent quarrel. I mean we really
argued a lot about something that
really wasn't so important after all,
but we quarrelled nevertheless. That
was break number two (in my heart,
of course, I've been talking about my
heart all this time). Then, Cousin
Jane, we made up again. That was
break number three (still my heart).
Wouldn't you think that enough
breaks for one poor maiden, but alas,
it was not to be. We quarrelled again,
and that made the four break.

And so you see, my poor heart is
broken into four pieces. Can you
possibly think of a remedy? My
thoughts of you will be everlasting if
you succeed.

Yours heartbrokenly,
Lizzie

My poor heartbroken Lizzie,

The world has been seeking for cen-
turies and centuries for such a re-
medy as you seek, and as yet none
has been discovered. This is the only
thing that I am able to tell you. Make
up with your sweetheart and maybe
the fifth break will produce such a
shock that the other four pieces will
jump together again.

Your devoted cousin,
Jane

Dear Cousin Jane,

Whatever shall I do? My case is so
unusual, so different from the gener-
al run of cases that I'm terribly
afraid you'll not be able to help me.
My roommates have called me down
for it. My best friends won't speak
to me without laughing about it.
Girls I never knew before have been
consoling me for it, and I am miser-
able. I don't know how to help my-
self. No, it isn't B. O. or halitosis.
If it were such trivial matters as that
I'd get Life Buoy Soap and Listerine
Tooth Paste but my failing cannot be
so easily remedied.

Cousin Jane, I cry in my sleep!
Every night, I find myself simply
swimming in tears. I'm afraid that
some night my bed will float away
with me. Last night, I almost drowned
my two roommates. What can I do?
(Continued to Column 4)

Warner Bros.
VIRGINIA
PROGRAM

Monday--Tuesday
"Emma" with
Marie Dressler

Wednesday-Thursday
"Taxi" with
James Cagney and Loretta
Young

Friday
"Girls About Town" with
Kay Francis and Joel
McCrea

Saturday
"A Dangerous Affair" with
Jack Holt and Ralph Graves



BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

| | | |
|----------------|----------|-------|
| Westhampton | Feb. 13 | here |
| Savage | Feb. 20 | here |
| Farmville | March 4 | here |
| Alumnæ | March 5 | here |
| E. Stroudsburg | March 11 | there |
| Lebanon Valley | March 12 | there |

FROM HARRISONBURG MOUNTAINS

Students walked on all sides of him,
like droves of young colts turned into
a pasture beside an old dray horse.
He was clothed in mountain garb and
in his hand he carried a coarse sack,
half filled with newly brought groce-
ries, his delicacies for the coming
week. An old felt hat faded by many
seasons of varying weather, sloped so
deeply toward the back as to entirely
hide the outline of his weather-beaten
head. His overcoat had no evidence
of modern industry. No color, no cut
denoted its style. Mud covered its
ragged bottom and put in contrast its
faded shades. His bespattered shoes
were so deftly adapted to his char-
acter and dress as to convince the
first glance of their rightful place up-
on his feet.

As students jostled unmeaningly
against him, he surrendered to the
lack of freedom, freedom which he en-
joyed above his kingdom in the moun-
tains around Harrisonburg. Taking
his companion—a person of similar
individuality—by the arm, he led her
across to the less traveled walk on the
opposite side of the street, reminding
one with his stride of a rain-soaked
hen, wings drooping and feather
clinging.

His next move was surprising, so
would it have been even to Emily
Post. As he stepped upon the curb at
the far side, he halted for a moment
until his companion could take her
place on the inside and then walked
on with military precision.

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Here Goes!

To find what solution the Sopho-
mores have found to the problem
which was raised last year on fresh-
man day, namely: what could the
girls do with their milk pails when
freshman day was over, the inquiring
reporter asked, "What have you done
with your freshman day milk pails?"

Gladys Farrar said that she had
found an excellent use for hers. "My
Mother keeps butter in it," she report-
ed.

Virginia Dorset said, "I gave mine
to a little boy and he made mud pies
in it."

"Mine is used in the summer time
to carry water to the men when
they're out making hay," Catherine
Martz answered.

The little girl who lives next door
to me uses mine, said Grace Williams.
"She uses it when she goes to collect
eggs."

Very few pails were reported as be-
ing put to the use for which they
were intended. After long searching
the inquiring reporter finally found
one. Ruth McNeil said, "Yes, I gave
mine to my mother and she sometimes
keeps milk in it."

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" Miss Neblitt
cried,
"I'm really quite distressed!
I cannot concentrate at all
Unless fully undressed!"

"That's just too bad," her friends all
cried,
(They shouted it, *en masse*),
"Just see to it that you ne'er try
To concentrate in class!"

COUSIN JANE

(Continued from Column 2)
Tearfully and hopefully,
Polly

My dearest Pauline,
The only advice that I can give you
is this. Get rid of your secret love af-
fair as quickly as possible. Give him
the gate and your tears will give you
the go-by.

Emphatically,
Cousin Jane

If you need Stationery, Cards,
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**THE VALLEY GIFT
AND BOOK SHOP**
120 South Main St.
HARRISONBURG, VA.

CLOVER BLOSSOMS

(Continued from Page 2)

- Katherine Manke
- Eunice Meeks
- Helen Rush
- 13. Blue Stone Orchestra
- Mildred Garrett
- Pricilla Harmon—President
- Louise Hobson
- 14. Scribblers
- Ruth Behrens
- Sarah Lemmon
- Madeline Newbill
- 15. High School Club
- Ruth Behrens—Treasurer
- Augusta Bishop
- Elizabeth Burnes
- Pauline Farrar
- Margaret James
- Catherine Minnick
- Mary Smith
- Virginia Somers
- 16. Frances Sale Club
- Martha Bailey
- Alma Ruth Beazley
- Rebecca Bennett
- Christine Bowman
- Rowena Briel
- Edna Brookes
- Elizabeth Brown
- Elizabeth Embrey
- Lillian Flippo
- Margaret Fry
- Catherine Garber
- Ann Harris
- Anna Lee Hawthorne
- Agnes Mason
- Mildred Neal
- Virginia Ruby
- Louise Strickley
- Margaret Tate
- Wilma Turner
- Virginia Turner
- Alice Webb
- Imogene Whittington
- Esther Woodcock
- 17. Alpha Rho Delta
- Mary Sue Hamersley—Quaestor
- Sarah Lemmon—Practor
- Delma Spencer
- Mary Spitzer
- Frances Whitman
- 18. Choral Club
- Edna Brooks
- Lucy Chappell
- Mary Cloe
- Beatrice Dameron—President

(Continued to Page 4)

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Cold Creams
Bath Salts
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W. T. Grant Co.

Dear Jean -
Had lunch with
Jack He said
I 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
Jos. Ney & Sons



PRECIOUS BANE

MARY WEBB
\$2.50
Dutton 1926

Reviewed by Madaline Newbill

Precious Bane is not one of the very new books—it was first published in 1926—but it is a book that somehow has failed to receive the attention that is due it. Yet it is by far the best book that I have read in the past year in my estimation. Since I enjoyed it so thoroughly, I want to bring it to the attention of others.

Perhaps the facts that it is written in the first person, is about such a remote district in England, and is told in such a strange dialect make it forbidding in the eyes of the prospective reader. But in reading the book, one finds that its great charm lies in these three items. The "I" of the book, gentle, bare-shotten Prue Sarn, could never have been depicted by any outsider. The same story told in the third person would have made an interesting tale, but all the little factors in Prue's philosophy of life, the thoughts that reveal her sweetness and rareness—these would have been lost. It was like her to think of love as "a lot of coloured threads, and one master thread of pure gold" or to make this statement in regard to the beautiful, peaceful feeling that came over her at times when she sat alone in her attic writing in her little calico-covered book:

"I fell to thinking how all this blessedness of the attic came through me being curst. For if I had not had a hare-lip to frighten me away into my own lonesome soul, this would never have come to me. The apples would have crowded all in vain to see a marvel, for I should never have known the glory that came from the other side of silence.

"Even while I was thinking this, out of nowhere suddenly came that lovely thing, and nestled in my heart, like a seed from the core of love."

As for its being about a people in an out-of-the-way district, why have we such an aversion to this? These people of North Shropshire over on the Welsh border are fascinating. They lead a lonesome, yet a neighborly existence; their very social gatherings are for the purpose of work. Witness the "love-carriage" at which a man announces his coming marriage and at the same time gets most of his harvesting done by neighbors. Everything they do is done with an intent purpose, even to playing cards. In the game of Costly Colours Felena says, "You play like a demon, Prue Sarn." These people are silent, speaking only when they really have something to say and one can imagine them smiling but rarely. Their life is one of frugality. What they get comes through hard work. Small wonder that Gideon observes, "Hap-

piness and idleness be twins. If you want to work, you munna be happy nor miserable. You mun just think of work and nought else." And yet they find a beauty in everything. Prue describes the water lilies on Sarn Mere this way: "Whe nthey were buds, they were like white and gold girds sleeping, head under wing, or like summat carven out of glistening stone or, as I said afore, they were like gouts of pale wax."

I believe that the quotations I have given point out the necessity and delightfulness of the Shropshire dialect. Every work in the book is more poetry than prose—"munna" for "must not," a caterpillar described as "a painted butterfly as-it-to-be," Prue's poor little Mother as a "lost brown bird" and having "that married all—o'er look."

All the time I was read *Precious Bane* I was wondering what sort of a person Mary Webb was. One would know that she must have spent a good deal of her life in this district, as indeed, she did. She and her husband even kept their own market-stall when they lived there, according to the introduction by Stanley Baldwin. Mrs. Webb wrote stories, poems, essays, and novels, some of them being written when she was still Mary Meredith. It is to be deplored that she died so early, in 1927 at the age of orty-six. Perhaps more books of the same caliber as *Precious Bane* would have followed. Nevertheless, this book seems to have been written from a standpoint of complete maturity. Even though she was only forty-five when she wrote it, it is in the spirit of retrospect that one associates with a very old person with a wealth of wisdom. In her foreword she says, "The past is only the present become invisible and mute; and because it is invisible and mute, its memorized glances and its murmurs are infinitely precious."

This is a book unlike most of our modern books. In spite of the fatalistic, somber air that broods over it, it ends beautifully and happily for Prue Sarn. We are thrilled that she gets the reward that she deserves and that reward comes plausibly and is the only natural outcome of the situation. This book is realism, but not of the sordid, would-be sophisticated type we are so used to. It is of a refreshing, poignant forceful, and altogether charming type.

CLOVER BLOSSOMS
(Continued from page 3)

- Virginia Dorset
- Vivian Hobbs—Treasurer
- Lucille Joyce
- Elizabeth Moore
- Virginia Saunders
- Mildred Simpson—Sec.
- Elizabeth Warren
- Mildred Wright
- Nellie Wright

19. Breeze Staff

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Alumnae News

Mary McNeil '28 is teaching English and dramatics in a high school in South Charleston, W. Va.

Sue Glover '31 had accepted a position as hostess and dietitian at a physicians' club in New York City.

Dorothy Duffy '30 is spending the winter at her home in Waynesboro.

Sarah Dutrow was a recent visitor on campus.

Margaret Dixon '30 is accepting a new position, February 10, as a metabolic dietitian at the Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia.

Syd Henderson, who is now attending William and Mary, visited on campus over the week end.

- Ruth Behrens
- Courtney Dickinson
- Virginia Jones
- Frances LaNeave
- Sarah Lemmon
- Virginia Ruby
- Helen Meyer

20. School Ma'am Staff

- Katherine Booton
- Margaret Eüre
- Dorothy Gresham
- Sylvia Grim
- Gladys Julian
- Catherine Manke
- Elise Meelheim
- Amy Moore
- Aileen Sifford
- Mae Thurston

21. Basket Ball Squad

- Vivian Hobbs
- Frances Neblett
- Sue Pierce
- Vada Steele

22. Sophomore Officers

- Pres.—Elizabeth Moore
- Vice-Pres.—Mary Cloe
- Sec.—Hilda Hisey
- Treas.—Elizabeth Warren
- Buf. Mgr.—Mildred Simpson
- Serg. at Arms—Frances Niblett
- Big Sister—Mrs. Annie B. Cooke
- Bib Brother—Dr. Converse
- Mascot—Janet Rebecca Hanson.

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WORLD NEWS

(Continued from page 1)

come involved in the Manchurian dispute.

A Japanese war vessel was reported sunk at the Woosung forts.

\$8,500,000 ASKED TO ADD TO STATE SCHOOL FUND

A bill "to make effective the constitution provision to the effect that the General Assembly shall establish and maintain an efficient system of public free schools throughout the State" will be introduced in the House of Delegates tomorrow by Delegate Berkeley D. Adams of Charlotte County.

The measure provides for a minimum annual appropriation from the General Fund of the State Treasury of approximately \$8,500,000 in addition to the present appropriation by the Commonwealth of about \$7,000,000.

The measure will be introduced. Mr. Adams said in a prepared statement last night, as an effort to relieve local taxes on real estate to the extent of \$8,500,000 annually.

"I am leaving the question of where this money is to come from to the proper committees of the General Assembly," Mr. Adams said.

A VISIT TO JANET REBECCA

(Continued from Page 1)

with her guests. She comes to the college every evening with mother and daddy because she loves to get the mail just like other H. T. C. girls. She accepted the invitation to come to the college on Sophomore Day to be the smallest yet most important member of the class.

The Shenandoah Press

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