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THE VIRGINIA TEACHER

October, 1930

DEAN J. C. METCALF

THE GREAT TRADITION

ROMAN CANTERBURY AND SAINT MARTIN’S CHURCH
NEW HONORS FOR AN ANCIENT BARD
MANTUA PLANTS GROVE AS SHRINE TO VERGIL

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GOING TO FRANCE FOR STUDY
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On THIS occasion, when you are celebrating your academic birthday, it seems proper to speak on some traditional aspect of our state and national life which needs a new emphasis in our time. Among the numerous traditions that we, as Virginians, have always cherished and about which I shall speak this morning, is one which I call “the great tradition.” It is the tradition of individualism. I wish briefly to point out its significance in our history and to show the importance of it in our American education and literature today.

A human being has never seemed so small as now. The expanding universe has reduced each one of us to atoms; and the atoms themselves, being each a miniature universe, have still further dwarfed us. The discovery of a ninth planet the other day, four billions of miles away, has given a different meaning to e pluribus unum. The question is now, “Which unum? and how many pluribuses are there anyhow?” If science emphasizes our insignificance, so does machinery, which is the offspring of science. We become the victims of the machine. About thirty thousand of us pygmies get run over or smashed up on the highways every year, to say nothing of the slightly injured or the destruction from other forms of machinery. And yet, it is comforting to our pride, perhaps, to remember that man’s mind made the machinery, discovered the planet and the atom, and that the individual is either actually or potentially greater than both. And so we arrive again at Sir William Hamilton’s famous dictum: “There’s nothing great in the world but man; there’s nothing great in man but mind.”

And now let’s get back to Virginia, which I left for a moment to chase planets. One thinks of Virginia’s past largely in terms of individuals. I doubt whether there is any other state, not even Massachusetts, whose history is so highly individualized and whose oldest institutions of every kind are in so true a sense the lengthened shadows of their founders. I think you will agree with me that it would be difficult to find anywhere else so impressive a group of nation-builders and interpreters who stand out with such marked individuality as the bronze aggregation in the capitol grounds at Richmond. And when I visit Gettysburg and pass through that vast area of bronze and marble effigies, one majestic figure on Traveler stirs the imagination more than all the rest by its simplicity and dignity, for it seems somehow to symbolize the individual tradition of Virginia. Both in Virginia and in the other older states of the Republic we are now entering upon our Periclean age of statue and temple building. Looking backward to simpler days we now seek to memorialize the pioneer, the inventor, the scientist, the poet, as well as the warrior and the statesman. We are moved to join heroism with beauty.

This desire to honor the individual is perhaps an unconscious form of protest in the human soul against the mass thinking and mass action so prevalent today. It is also a form of tribute to the undying love of the heroic which always expresses itself not for the multitude but for the man. The growth of democracy over the world has obscured the value of the individual by an insistence on the sacred rights of the majority. An extreme illustration is Soviet Russia.

It is true, of course, that the professed
aim of democracy is to exalt the individual by giving him a voice and certain so-called inalienable rights. And this is an admirable ideal. But after all, have mere majorities ever initiated or really decided any great political or social movement? Has not every advance or check in human progress been the laborious achievement of a few persons who grew into a respectable minority powerful enough to win over to their views more than fifty per cent of some legislative body?

A living historian asserts that "it was very common, both before and after the Revolution, for two thirds of those entitled to vote to remain away from the polls"; we are certainly keeping up that ancient habit in Virginia. He furthermore declares that even popular leaders, "when thundering in the forum and making decisions of power, often spoke for only about ten or fifteen per cent of the eligible voters." And the English historian Lecky declared that "the American Revolution, like most others, was the work of an energetic minority." The same might doubtless be said of the adoption of the American constitution. The same might also be said of our decision to enter into every succeeding war. And the same may be said about international treaties and courts. When we turn from political history to scientific achievement the strength of minorities is still more notable. The rotundity of the earth, for instance, is thought of as a universally accepted fact. One should not be too certain about that, however. If today there should be a worldwide popular referendum on whether the earth is flat or round, I fear the flats would considerably outnumber the rounds. And the Daytonian view of evolution would win over the Darwinian by a majority as large as the Republican plurality in the last Presidential election. As for a popular vote on Einstein's theory of relativity or on the movements of electrons in the atom—well, there wouldn't be any vote at all. The thing is too impersonal.

What supremely counts in the long run intellectually and morally is not quantity, but quality. We say that, but we seldom act it out. It is hard for a big business nation like ours to realize that mere bigness is not a cardinal virtue. Multitudes don't originate anything and don't necessarily settle anything right. What, indeed, would our civilization come to if men and women of ideas and intelligent ideals should be compelled to win a majority over to their thinking before they dared to give public expression to their convictions? There must always be leaders far in advance of the crowd, leaders willing to be patient and to suffer, sustained by the hope that ultimately, whether they live to see it or not, there will be a glad fruition of their dreams and their endeavors. Such a consummation must be predicated upon the triumph of intelligence over ignorance and indifference in general as well as upon the education of the individual in political and social responsibility.

One of the notorious defects in American public education, for example, is found in the almost unavoidable neglect of the individual because of mass production in our schools. As an industrial nation we seem largely to measure progress by the number of factories and filling stations in the towns and cities. A ride across the continent is almost enough to convince one that the smoke-stack is the symbol of our greatness. I have nothing against smoke-stacks, or filling stations either, but I do not like to have the factory system or the filling system applied either to education or to literature. Our colleges and universities are over-crowded. There is hardly standing-room, and thousands are turned away, so popular is academic life. Residence in college has become one of our most popular pastimes, and some acute, though cynical, observers assert that college life is one of
the major American indoor and outdoor sports. Getting into college is, however, more difficult than it used to be, and that very fact apparently tends to stimulate the desire to get in. One trembles to think what a thirst for learning a legislative enactment prohibiting college education might bring upon us. The rush for forbidden knowledge might be as great as that for publicly censored books. Thirty years ago there was one boy or girl in a college or university for every 1,000 of the population of the country. The ratio is now said to be one to about every 120 of the population. This means that nearly a million persons are in the 800 colleges and universities in the U. S. Whether we divide the big colleges into small units, as at Oxford and Cambridge, or reduce the size of classes, or limit the numbers to those who have demonstrated their fitness for cultural education, we must by one plan or another come to deal more individually with youth than our present factory system permits.

In general, what we in Virginia should pray to be delivered from is excessive standardization in every form of life—in education, in literature, in art, in politics, in social customs. There have been many books written about the South in the last few years. In some of them the implication, where it is not an exhortation, is that we should be like all the rest of the country. The Changing South or the Awakening South or the Up-and-doing South, or some such title, is often a plea for conformity or uniformity. For my part, I confess to a liking for regional as well as individual differences. Our vast country has developed its literature and some of its plastic art by sections, and nothing is more striking than the variety of local coloring and flavor which the national product we call American literature presents. Certain critics of the older Southern literature superciliously belittle our writers because they created fiction or poetry in the fashion of their time and place.

Nothing is easier for a satirical era like ours than to have fun with the Victorians; but the whirligig of time has its revenges, and these superior satirists will also furnish sport for their literary grandsons. Condemnation of the past because it is not like the present or of the South because it is not like the North or the West shows a lamentable lack of perspective as well as an atrophied or perverted sense of values. Some years ago Mr. St. John Ervine, the British dramatist, asserted, after his journeys in the United States, that all American villages look alike; and Mr. Sinclair Lewis has succeeded in giving foreigners the impression that all American Main Streets closely resemble the chief thoroughfare of Gopher Prairie, Minnesota, and that Mr. Babbitt is the typical American. Well, all American villages do not look alike; there are regional differences in architecture, shrubbery, and trees. They all do seem to be alike, however, in the lack of parking space. What Mr. Ervine probably meant was that, as compared with an old-world village, an American village is not picturesquely interesting. And the American novelist was, of course, emphasizing the drabness and commonplaceness of Main Street and its people, including Mr. Babbitt. Both satirists, with the usual exaggerations of their tribe, were caustically commenting upon our national passion for standardization and our loss of individualism.

A year or so ago as I was crossing the lawn at the University of Virginia late one October afternoon, when trees and sky and gleaming columns melted into one enchanting symphony of color, I was stopped by a stranger who startled me with the abrupt and irrelevant question, "Where do you feed 'em?" "Feed who?" I countered, doing violence to my lifetime friend, the nominative case. "I mean your students," he replied. I explained as gently as I could
that they “fed” at various places from necessity and preference, since no one place could accommodate them all. “That’s what I don’t like; that’s where you’re wrong,” he said. “I was at a college in Alabama last week where they lined ’em all up and marched ’em into one big hall like soldiers and made ’em eat together. That’s what I call democracy.” Here, indeed, was an interesting conception of democracy. To be democratic a multitude of people should eat together. They should all be having the same dishes in the same way at the same time. There’s mass education for you with a vengeance. There’s uniformity. A thousand minds with but a single thought, a thousand jaws that move as one. Does democracy mean general gregariousness and the disappearance of the individual? It sometimes looks so in this land of the free. But there is a brighter side to the picture.

One of the most hopeful signs of our time is the popular interest in biography. Biography is the art of portraying the individual life. It is history personalized. It may be safely said that never before has there been so much writing of biography or so much reading of it. The significant thing about all this biographical activity, whether historical or fictional, is that we are concerning ourselves more and more with those three abiding elements of the individual—personality, character, and mind. Thanks to Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, the biographical portrait has helped us to see in miniature the lives and motives of a whole picture-gallery of American immortals. It is the new art and science, in this country at least, of the study of souls, a graphic and vivid psychoanalysis of outstanding men and women whom tradition has often camouflaged either into plaster saints or terra-cotta villains. Saints and sinners, unsoiled and damaged souls, all are today being pitilessly exposed to the limelight in the interest of truth, without fear or favor, in the effort to restore to them, for this and coming generations, their contemporary humanity. We see them, as Hamlet saw his ghostly father, in their habit as they lived. The new biography attempts to bring us vividly back to the individual and to interpret him in the light of his time. It neither magnifies him nor belittles him. And while some halos have faded out in the fierce light that now beats upon the thrones of greatness, and some romance has paled into drab reality, this humanizing of history has not made our great men less great. It has only served to reveal our actual or potential kinship with them. Lives of great men do not necessarily remind us that we should or can make ours sublime. Sublimity is not the goal we strive for. These great men did not consciously and deliberately head for sublimity or trouble themselves about impressions. They were not so calculating as that. They did not wish to encourage mere imitation, but originality and individuality. They lived diligently, effectively, many of them nobly, and all of them courageously. These are the ways of life of which we should be reminded.

Another hopeful sign of our time in the way of individualism is the freedom with which men and women now express their individual opinions in print. We may be a law-ridden nation, passing six thousand laws a week in our forty-eight legislatures, but we are not repressed or suppressed when it comes to saying what we think or, one might add, doing what we please. Whatever else posterity may praise this generation for, it is hardly probable that either reticence or law-observance will be named among our national virtues. The frankness of modern youth is of course notorious or notable according to the point of view. The intelligence of modern youth is also much greater than it was in the so-called “good old times,” and that is a heartening evidence of progress. The level of intelligence is steadily rising. As a teacher of youth for many, many years, I know
that this is true. And if it is true of youth, it will be true in general.

Our hope is in a growing minority of intelligence, powerful and patriotic enough to reduce to comparative harmlessness the charlatan in politics, in education, in religion, in art; and influential enough to stir the apathetic into thought and action. Already there is a renaissance. Back of us here in Virginia there is for our encouragement and stimulus a heritage of civilization and culture as secure as it is rich. Our civic and social salvation depends upon our adding to it and transmitting it, changed in form but not in spirit, to each new age. The dross that mingles with this onward stream of culture, just as it mingles with the gold in every individual life, will be purged away and perish. Through sacrificial loyalty to the finest memories of the past and courageous devotion to the challenging problems of the present, our dreams of progress for this ancient commonwealth will find their glad fulfillment.

But that fulfillment will, as in the past, depend upon individual initiative and energy. In an age of machinery the individual cannot stand out as he once did. Will he get lost in the machinery in education? Will spiritual progress be blocked by corporate wealth, mass production, mass thinking, mass action? We extol efficiency, but it takes more than mere efficiency to satisfy the human soul. It is the spirit in man that makes him great. It is the spirit that supremely counts, man's intelligence allied to man's unconquerable will. A high medical authority has estimated what he calls the "drug-store value" of a man by describing his chemical constituents as follows:

"Consider the average 150-pound body of a man from its chemical aspect. It contains lime enough to whitenew a fair-sized chicken coop, sugar enough to fill a small shaker, iron enough to make a tenpenny nail, plus water. The total value of these ingredients is 98 cents, or about 60 cents per hundred-weight on the hoof. Yet the insurance companies place the economic value of a man at $5,000. How do they account for the difference of $4,999.02? The answer is, in the value of the spirit within the man."

Well, according to this chemical rating, some of us here this morning would not be worth more than 75 cents in the drug-store. I am told that in the Ford plant at Detroit a man can easily learn in twenty minutes the management of a small piece of machinery so that he can work it successfully the rest of his life as his daily job. He has spent twenty minutes in training, he immediately applies his training, and he proceeds for the next thirty years to do the same thing so many hours a day with mechanical and automatic precision. But nobody would say that he is educated. He is trained without being educated. He may have precision, but he has no power.

This college and every college is a human power plant. It seeks to train and also to educate. Its main function is to enrich, deepen, and vary the individual life by opening windows through which the mind gets glimpses of successive promised lands. Through these windows of knowledge, these gateways of the spirit, as well as through the more practical doorways of useful learning, youth is led to enter more fully into the meaning and power of life. And by such inner light of wisdom and beauty, youth may, in the fine expression of Wordsworth, "help to redeem from decay the visitations of divinity in man."

And this divinity in man we find incarnated in those rare souls whom we call nation-builders, prophets, and poets. We glorify the prophet, the poet, the true statesman, the genius in any field, not because he was rich or learned or socially high, but because he saw clearly what others would not see for generations, and dared to act on his inner convictions in scorn of consequences. When Jefferson said that he had sworn
eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man, he voiced the ideal of democracy everywhere. When Woodrow Wilson said, in his last days, to a group of people bearing birthday greetings to a broken old man: "I have no anxiety for the League of Nations. It will take care of itself. My only anxiety is for the people of this country"—when the great Virginian said that, he spoke like the older Virginians with the fervor and foresight of a patriot.

We cannot reproduce the past. We would not if we could. But we can still carry on in the spirit of great individuals of the older days. And after all, that is what your study here and elsewhere of the classic traditions of Virginia must have left upon your minds as an abiding memory. Each new time has its own fashions of speech and manners, but we never outgrow the heroes. The individual is still the magic standard by which we measure national and personal greatness.

J. C. Metcalf

ROMAN CANTERBURY AND ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH

IT WAS a happy coincidence that my first experience with Roman antiquity should be associated with St. Martin's Church—the cradle of English Christianity. On a beautiful day in the latter part of June I made the pilgrimage of sixty-three miles in an open bus from London to Canterbury.

No city in the British Isles has the rich historic associations of Canterbury, from which the Primate of England takes his title, and certainly no other town in England is so wealthy in unique monuments of bygone ages. Practically every street and by-way within its confines has silent witnesses to its ancienry. In its earliest days Canterbury was, according to historians, a village of ancient Britons. Later it assum-
ing, assumed by authorities to form part of the Roman citadel of Durovernum. In 1758, it is recorded, a handsome Roman tessellated pavement was found in excavating a cellar. It is distinctly interesting to reflect that the centre of activity in the Canterbury of today was the centre of civic and military life during the Roman occupation, as it was subsequently in the palmiest days of its mediaeval history.

On a little hill to the east of Canterbury, looking down on the spires and towers of the Cathedral city, there stands an ancient church dedicated to St. Martin; a church of such remote antiquity that its beginnings are lost in the mists of bygone centuries. St. Martin's Hill, according to historians, was the site of an unimportant Roman encampment in the fourth century, and the writings of the Venerable Bede indicate that the church was erected during the Roman occupation. There is the authority of Bede that, in A. D. 597, members and converts of the mission of St. Augustine assembled in St. Martin's Church "to sing, to pray, to say mass, to preach, and to baptize." Indeed, according to ancient tradition, it was within these sacred walls that King Ethelbert himself was baptized, probably at the old stone font associated with his name.

It will be realized, therefore, that this church was the cradle of English Christianity. For no less than fifteen centuries, with the possible interval of one hundred years, divine service has been conducted within its ancient walls with continuity. During the centuries succeeding the death of St. Augustine, in all probability it did not escape from the ravages of the Danes, who sacked the city early in the eleventh century. The church was, however, repaired by the Normans and to a large extent rebuilt, in the English style, in the thirteenth century, in the reign of King John or Henry III.

The external walls are partly of Roman tiles and various kinds of stones and flints, bound together by seashore mortar of remarkable solidity. The internal walls of the nave are two feet thick, built of roughly hewn Kentish ragstones, with occasional blocks of chalk, and are bonded together by courses of Roman tiles at irregular intervals, and faced here and there with pink Roman plaster, composed of pounded brick, carbonate of lime, and silicious sand. The chancel, in great part, is constructed of Roman bricks laid closely and regularly one upon another, but without Roman plaster. In the early part of the thirteenth century the chancel was lengthened and at a later period further additions were made to it.

The Norman piscina at the southwest corner of the nave is judged to be the oldest and most beautiful in England. This was where the priest used to empty the water after the washing of the sacramental vessels. The principal object of interest in the church is the famous barrel-shaped font, which consists of a rim, three tiers, and a base. The font is three feet in height and has a circumference of eight feet. Twenty-two distinct stones appear in the three tiers. Continuous scroll work decorates the lowest tier; the second tier is embellished with groups of interesting circles; and the third tier has a border of interesting arches. Tradition suggests that the original font was hewn and sculptured out of a single block. Shattered by the Danes in sacking the city, the fragments were reunited and the ornamentation subsequently added by Norman workmen to conceal the damage.

As one enters the chancel in the south wall there is a square-headed Roman doorway. A little further eastward is a round-headed Saxon one. This doorway may have been the one used by Queen Bertha when she came here to worship before St. Augustine landed. Next to this door is one of the finest samples of Roman work to be
found in the church. In the south wall is an early English sedile (or seat for bishops), which has a border of Roman tiles.

A brief account of St. Martin himself might not here be out of place, since he was a genuine Roman. St. Martin of Tours was born at Sabaria in Pannonia, Southern Hungary, in the year 321 A.D. His parents were pagans, but St. Martin became a Christian when quite a young man, being baptized at the age of eighteen. Some three years earlier he had been enrolled in the Roman army.

St. Martin became a tribune or commander of a legion when only twenty years old, and saw much service under the brilliant general, Julian, who was proclaimed emperor in the year 360. The following beautiful legend is usually associated with the name of the warrior-saint:

When riding past the gate of Amiens one bitter day in winter, St. Martin saw a beggar clad in rags and shivering with the cold. The kind-hearted young soldier was filled with pity. Taking off his cloak, he cut the garment in two with his sword and gave half to the beggar. The following night as he lay asleep, St. Martin beheld the Saviour on His throne in heaven, wearing the half-mantle given to the beggar. In his vision he heard Jesus say that the gift had been made unto Him.

In the year 355, when fighting under Julian against the Allemanni, a great change took place in the life of St. Martin. He begged to be released from military duties, saying that he could never draw sword again; being now a soldier of Christ, he had other battles to fight.

Julian called St. Martin a coward and placed him under arrest, but soon afterwards allowed him to depart, as the enemy had sued for terms of peace. Martin became a pupil of St. Hilary of Poitiers and was given the minor office of exorcist. He quickly established a wide reputation for piety, good work, and missionary zeal, and became Bishop of Tours on the death of Lidorius in 370. At Marmoutier the saint established a monastery, which was notable for the valuable Christian workers it produced.

On the ninth of November, 401, St. Martin died at Candes. Although he was eighty years old, his last prayer was, "Lord, if I am still necessary to Thy people, I would not draw back from the work." With great state and ceremony the aged prelate was laid to rest at Tours.

John A. Sawhill

NEW HONORS FOR AN ANCIENT BARD

THIS modern, not to say modernistic, age which so easily takes up anything that is new and so casually discards the old, still finds time in its headlong pace to give a thought to the great moments of the past. The last few years have seen a long procession of celebrations in commemoration of the anniversary of some important event. Sometimes they have been purely local in their nature; sometimes they have been national or international in scope. Few, if any, of them have had the worldwide significance of the celebration which is taking place this year on the occasion of the two thousandth anniversary of the birth of Publius Vergilius Maro.

Vergil's name is familiar today in every nation that traces the origin of its civilization, either directly or indirectly, to Greece and Rome. Yet it is no better known than it has been for twenty centuries. Vergil is one of the few great men of the past whose light has shone unceasingly up to our own times. Others suffered periods of oblivion or disrepute; the works of other poets and writers have been treated harshly by the ages or lost entirely—but Vergil's fame rose above the provincial prejudices or the blind

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superstitions of succeeding ages and has come down to us with scarcely a blemish. Indeed, his influence in the world has increased steadily as succeeding generations of poets have found in his works a veritable fountain of inspiration for their own peculiar geniuses.

Although Vergil's biography essentially encompasses twenty centuries, it is worth while to go back to its beginning for a glimpse of the fifty years during which he actually lived and wrote. The actual date of his birth was October 15 in the year 70 B.C., and few will object to the mathematical computation which fixes the present year as the bimillennium. Others, however, point out that the anniversary has been fixed by adding a year which had no existence on the assumption that a whole year intervened between 1 B.C. and 1 A.D., a year which, in the computation, would be designated simply as zero. Of course there was no zero year, and so 1931 may, in a sense, be considered the proper date for the Vergilian celebration. Since both the Julian and Gregorian calendar reforms have taken place since 70 B.C. to complicate the issue still further, it would seem just as well, in the interest of simplicity, that 1930 has been recognized as the bimillennium.

Quite in keeping with the conventions that seem to govern the early days of important personages, Vergil was born upon a farm near the tiny village of Andes, not far from Mantua. His father was prosperous and a citizen of Rome either by right of birth or as a result of Caesar's edict granting citizenship to all inhabitants of the cisalpine region wherein he lived. At any rate, he was able to send his son to the best schools and to give him the advantage of sitting under the best tutors of the day. His station was such that the youth was able even to undertake the training necessary to qualify him for admission to the courts and, ultimately, the forum, the goal of every high-born citizen of Rome.

Vergil's early schooling was obtained at Cremona and Milan, provincial towns which boasted excellent centers of learning and in which some of the finest of the Greek instructors conducted their classes. Students of the period believe that this provincial study must have been a very fortunate circumstance in Vergil's life, for he came into contact with scholars deeply grounded in philosophy and the classical literature of Greece and Rome; had he gone immediately to Rome for his training he would have been pointed directly toward a public career, with its emphasis on rhetoric and its comparative neglect of the finer arts. When he did at last go to Rome to complete his education, Vergil was able, by reason of his early training, to follow his natural bent for poetry and to pursue with the assurance his background provided the life work he had already chosen.

He was about 16 or 18 when he arrived in the Latin capital, and from that time until the publication of his first poems little is known of his life. We do know that he studied under eminent scholars and that he became the leader of a small group destined to become famous for its part in the rejuvenation of Latin literature. He traveled widely, it is evident, for his poems reveal an intimate and studied knowledge of the Italy which he glorified. This much and a bit more we know or may assume from a study of Vergil's own poems, from casual references of contemporaries, or from the more or less accurate biographies which were written in the centuries after his death. So far as biography in the modern manner is concerned, with its mass of detail, its psychological analysis and its intimate revelations, we must either accept conjecture or go without it. Perhaps it is better to do the latter, for the evidence we have leads to the belief that Vergil's life was a placid one, free at once from the economic worries and restless desire for philosophical and sociological readjustment that have marked the
lives of so many poets. Persons with axes to grind have read mysterious symbolic meanings into his simplest pastoral poems; they have endowed the Æneid with remote philosophical and religious significances. These efforts have been the accompaniments of various ages and various stages of human enlightenment, and in spite of them all Vergil has remained, essentially, what he himself aimed to be—a great poet.

During the years he spent in Rome, and even before, Vergil had begun to write poetry. Very few of these early works are known today, and it is doubtful that at the time any of them were published. Nevertheless, the young poet had gathered quite a following, and his friends included not only the younger literary set but a number of important public men as well. Their support stood him in good stead more than once and particularly after the confiscation of his estates near Mantua to provide bounties for loyal soldiers at the close of the civil wars. To repay him for this loss, he was given a new estate in Campania, with lands and an income sufficient to enable him to continue his work.

The Eclogues, the first poems which we can attribute to Vergil without question, were published in 37 B.C., when the poet was 33 years old. The following which he had built up won for them instant recognition which never could have been accorded an unknown. He rose to great heights in popular esteem; his poems came to the attention of the rulers of Rome and found favor in their eyes. The quiet, retiring Vergil, who sought only leisure and solitude for carrying on his work, became an idol of Rome. Unofficially, he won recognition almost overnight as the poet laureate of the Latin Empire.

As if to make the appointment official, he was urged by Mæcenas, a statesman and patron of the arts, to undertake a new series of poems, which, employing the pastoral form which Vergil had introduced into Latin verse, should glorify the agrarian life. Mæcenas, no doubt, was motivated by the immediate need in the new Italian Empire for a "back-to-the-farm" movement. For years Rome had been engaged in almost constant warfare. Cæsar's campaigns of aggression and his assassination had been followed by a series of internal conflicts resulting at last in the establishment of the new empire under Augustus. The man power of Rome had been under arms for so long that the new rulers were having a difficult time persuading them back to peaceful pursuits. So Mæcenas suggested to Vergil that he compose the Georgics.

Perhaps the suggestion had almost the force of an order, delivered to the newly crowned laureate of the empire. If it was, he took his time filling it, for it was seven years before the poems were ready for publication. In their creation Vergil employed the same painstaking care, the same meticulous regard for form, beauty, and fitness that characterized his other works. The needs of the empire were forced to wait the poet's inspiration, but the Georgics, once they were completed, served their purpose admirably, and once more won for Vergil the acclaim of all Rome.

Then he turned his attention to the work which he had looked forward to for years—the creation of a great epic poem which should glorify the history of Rome from its founding by Æneas up to his own time, when, he fondly believed, she had reached the zenith of her power under the benign and peaceful reign of Augustus. The ensuing years were spent in writing, in study, in travel and then in revising, altering, and polishing. By 19 B.C. Vergil believed that the Æneid had reached such a stage that only three years more would be required to complete it.

His health, never robust, had been failing more and more, and he determined on a long voyage, during which he hoped to recuperate. Taking his precious manuscript
with him, he set sail for Greece and the islands of the Ægean, believing that the inspiration of new scenes and a new climate might enable him to carry forward his work more easily. The trip was too much for his waning strength. In Athens he met Augustus, who was returning from a visit to the Eastern provinces, and the Emperor persuaded the poet to return to Rome. On the way back Vergil contracted a malarial fever, and a few days after his ship had docked at Brindisi he died. His body was taken to Naples and a great tomb erected to his memory near that city.

Almost with his last breath Vergil had begged the friends who watched at his bedside to bring to him the manuscript of the Æneid that he might destroy it with his own hands. They refused, of course, but it is probable that they were forced to promise that the poem never would be published, for Vergil was firm in his determination that the Æneid, in its incompletely form, should never be given to the public. It was rescued by direct order of the Emperor Augustus, who commissioned several of Vergil's friends to edit the manuscript and bring about its publication. To what extent the original was altered we have no way of knowing, but the Æneid today has some incompletely lines and some obvious rough spots which remain as mute testimony to the untimely death of the poet.

Almost imperceptibly, with the posthumous publication of the Æneid, Vergil's life merged into the Vergilian legend. Less than a century after his death he had become more a god than a man and a poet. His works had revealed, under the none too disinterested scrutiny to which they were subjected, hidden prophecies and profound philosophies of which, doubtless, the poet himself had never dreamed. Earnest disciples and outright imitators made pilgrimages to Vergil's tomb, hoping thus to acquire at least a spark of the flaming genius of the master. Statesmen consulted the Æneid as an oracle and found therein the advice and prophecy which they sought. The pastoral poet had become a deity in pagan Rome; his birthday was inscribed in the calendar along with those of the other gods, a fortunate circumstance which resulted in the preservation of the date for posterity.

In the early days of Christianity the fathers of the church in Rome, eager to grasp at anything which might lend color to their new beliefs, discovered Vergil. In the Fourth Eclogue they found a prediction of the birth of a child who should grow up to rule the world in an unending era of peace and prosperity. It was, they believed, another prophecy of the birth of Christ, and the pagan deity was immediately elevated to the estate of a Christian prophet. No less an authority than Constantine, when he issued the proclamation making Christianity the official religion of Rome, gave sanction to Vergil's inclusion in the sacred family.

Then came the Dark Ages, the abyss of ignorance and superstition which proved the burial ground of so many of the worthwhile creations of the past. Poetry, especially pagan poetry, along with the other arts, was in disrepute—but Vergil survived. The Vergilian legend took on new and undignified forms, and the poet who had been both pagan god and Christian saint now became a sorcerer and magician. Strange tales were told of the marvelous feats of magic which he had accomplished; of how he had served the court of Augustus as Merlin served the court of Arthur, a master of the black arts. Unpleasant as the facts may be, the important facts are that the Dark Ages did not ignore Vergil or cast him into outer darkness; that they preserved his poems and passed them on to later and more enlightened generations.

And with the return of enlightenment Vergil, almost for the first time since his death, began to take on a natural form.
The Æneid, the Eclogues, and the Georgics were read, not with the distorted vision that comes of fanaticism and ignorance, but rather with the clear eye of understanding and appreciation. Vergil’s reappearance as a mortal poet made doubly certain his immortality. Beginning with Dante and coming down through the centuries to modern times, we find a long succession of poets, in many lands and many tongues, who pay willing and genuine tribute to the inspiration they have derived from the Latin poet. In Italy, besides Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, and Boccaccio worshiped at the shrine of Vergil in a more real sense than did the misguided poets of an earlier age. Chaucer, venturing into the uncharted sea of English verse, set his course by Vergil’s star. Coming closer to our own time, we find evidences of his influence in the works of Wordsworth, Shelly, and Keats. We see his guiding hand in the poems of the British laureate—Tennyson, who, in his famous ode written at the request of the citizens of Mantua on the occasion of the nineteenth century of Vergil’s death, described him as Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.

This year the Italian Academy will award prizes for the best ode and the best hymn composed in honor of the twentieth centenary of the poet’s birth. Practically every nation of the Western world will participate, but, quite naturally, most of the Vergilian celebration will center in Italy, where Vergilian lore and relics will be dusted off for public display and where the ground which the poet trod and which he made immortal in his poems will be visited by pilgrims from all over the earth.

The celebration in Italy has begun. On Easter Monday in dozens of towns and cities orations were delivered by eminent Italian scholars, who dwelt chiefly on Vergil’s position as the poet of Italy’s rustic life and of Rome’s Empire. The Vergilian Academy at Mantua, where the most notable ceremonies will be held, is preparing an elaborate illustrated edition of all of the undisputed works of the poet, and it has also arranged to publish a complete account of the bimillenary fêtes and orations to be held in the vicinity. Naples is planning special ceremonies at Vergil’s tomb, and at the Capitol at Rome fitting observances will be held. Just before the culminating events at Mantua and at Rome, which will take place on October 15, hundreds of admirers of the poet from all parts of the world are expected to take part in several extensive cruises on the Mediterranean, touching many ports in Italy and Sicily mentioned by Vergil in his Æneid.

While all this is going on in Italy the celebration will be extended to other nations as well. The British and French Academies have held and will hold meetings at which noted Vergilian scholars will recount the fruits of recent researches into the poet’s life and works. In this country the American Classical League is sponsoring a program of observance extending into all of the secondary schools of the land as well as the colleges, universities, and learned societies. The honorary scholastic fraternity of Phi Beta Kappa has undertaken to provide speakers on Vergilian topics in a thousand secondary schools during the year, and the various chapters of the fraternity will sponsor celebrations in their colleges.

The classical league, aside from its work in the schools and colleges, is endeavoring to gather together all available data on the location of Vergilian relics and objects of art. Persons knowing of the existence of rare or out-of-the-way books, manuscripts, coins, pictures, tapestries, mosaics, statues, or other objects relating to Vergil or reflecting in any way his life or works have been urged to communicate with the league. When all of this material is assembled, it will be published as a sort of Vergilian di-
rectory. The league also is encouraging local exhibitions of Vergiliana throughout the country, centering usually in the public libraries or other institutions of learning.

The usual result of such a celebration as this is to bring about a renewed interest in the subject. In Vergil’s case, of course, the universal esteem in which he is held scarcely needs such artificial stimulation. While he was still alive Roman school children were reading the Eclogues as a regular part of their course, and there has never been a time since then that a knowledge of his poems has not been considered essential to a well-rounded education. However, to many persons long past school age, the mention of Vergil may bring back only vague and perhaps painful memories of early struggles with the Æneid. If the bi-millennium serves to bring about a renewal of these youthful contacts on a more friendly and sympathetic basis, something will have been accomplished.

P. Stewart Macaulay

MANTUA PLANTS GROVE AS SHRINE TO VERGIL

A correspondent to the New York Times, writing from Mantua, tells in the issue of May 25, 1930, of the park opened in celebration of Vergil’s birth as follows:

THE bi-millenary of the birth of Vergil, on the Ides of October, 70 B.C., is being celebrated in various ways throughout the world. So universal, indeed, and, apparently, so sincere is the celebration, that one cannot help think that there must be some special reasons for the popularity of Vergil at this particular moment of history, besides just that profound humanism which has always made of him the poet of all ages and of all peoples. Perhaps the longings of our generation find a more congenial expression in his art than in that of any other poet, for it was he who sang, after the “belli rabies,” the noble joys of peace and, after the tragedy of ambitions, the innocence of the man of the fields. Perhaps we feel a vague, superstitious, unconfessed faith in Vergil the magician, who in the Middle Ages worked so many wonders and might even now miraculously restore order in a world of which we have made such a glorious mess.

Above all, the bi-millenary will be an Italian celebration, and the Vergilian Year was opened officially in Italy on April 21st, the birthday of Rome. The culminating point of all the Italian and foreign celebrations will be the opening of the Lucus Vergilianus—the great park at the gates of Mantua containing all the plants and flowers named in the works of the poet.

The idea was a happy one. Woods dominate the whole Vergilian landscape. The life-long wish of the poet was “to live obscure amid woods and rivers.” There is something grand about woods: they “are worthy of a consul”; nay, “holy” are their shades. He sees them everywhere, and seems always attracted to them by a sort of mysterious fascination. In his youth he knew the woods by the Mincius and the Po, and faithfully pictured them in after life, their colors and moods, their “cool shades” and their “perfumes.”

Sacred Trees

The brown reeds, from the muddy shallows, slowly mount up the banks of the river, and there seem to rest and lean against the “glauco silver-leafed” poplars. The fourth legend mentioned by Donatus tells that on the place where Vergil was born a poplar was planted, which immediately grew up very high, and was called the arbor Vergili. If the poplar was “very dear to Hercules” it was surely dearer to Vergil; it was the tree of the Minicius and Po, where it is still to be seen in long, gray, melancholy rows. Woods seem always to have inspired Vergil with awe.
Out of them came, before the appearance of Saturn, the men of his land; and the most famous of all the woods of which he ever sang was inhabited by an unknown god.

It was, therefore, a happy idea to commemorate Vergil by the planting of a wood. Not a new idea, however. At various times projects have been put forward for a Vergilian wood. Mantua fell into the hands of the French in 1796. General Bonaparte, after paying a night visit to Pietole (the great man was rather pressed for time), issued a decree exonerating the village where Vergil was born from all taxes (justice at last to the late descendants of poor Meliboeus!) and ordered that those inhabitants who had suffered from the siege should be compensated.

General Miollis, who, after the departure of Napoleon, remained as Governor of Mantua, became a fervent Vergilian. First of all he baptized with the name of the poet the local academy (which dated from the sixteenth century and had devoted much of its time to learned discussions about the slippers of Homer and the lantern of Diogenes). Then he had erected a pyramid in Pietole, and unveiled it on October 15, 1797, the birthday of the poet. There were great festivities. All the brides of Mantua and its suburbs cast lots, and to a fortunate fifty a dowry was given from the funds of the national treasury. A great banquet was offered in the Piazza delle Erbe, after which there was a pageant down the river, a ball and all sorts of games. The architect Pozzo submitted to General Miollis the project for a lucus Vergilianus.

A Great Park Project

Pozzo wanted to construct a great park with, in the middle, a “laurel-scented grove” surrounded by cypresses, myrtles, roses, violets, narcissi, and hyacinths. Great avenues flanked by Vergilian trees were to lead to the lake, to the ruins of Troy, to the Grotto of the Sibyl, to the temples of Apollo and Janus, to the country cottages and to the tomb of Octavius. The whole grove was to be surrounded by a ditch, with the boat of Charon on one bank and the Elysian plains on the other. Here and there were to be statues of the most celebrated men.

The project was approved by Miollis, but there was no money, and Pozzo began by transforming the statues and busts of saints which had been stolen by the French from the churches and convents into statues and busts of great men of classical antiquity! Then, some money having been collected, work was begun on the wood. But in 1801 the Austrians and Russians came and destroyed everything. The Russians left and the Austrians remained. It does not seem that they thought any more of the wood or of anything else about Vergil. Their horses were quartered in the rooms of the Gonzaga Palace transformed into stables, while on the land outside the city the gallows were kept busy.

Nearly a century afterward the idea was taken up again by Giacomo Boni. The Academia Vergiliana supported it and appealed for the necessary funds to all the sister academies of Italy and abroad; but the appeal brought in only 1,200 lire (about $240 at the pre-war value of the lira). Naturally nothing could be done with such a sum. Soon afterward came the great war. Now, at last, the idea has been carried into effect. The Vergilian wood is not finished, but undoubtedly it will be ready by September next, the date fixed for its solemn opening.

It covers fourteen and one-half acres south of Mantua, starting outside the Porta Vergilio. The wood is entered by a great walk, 700 yards long and 30 yards wide, flanked by a double row of poplars. A pretty flower bed runs along the middle. The walk ends in a big, circular space to be used for meetings, pageants, dramatic performances, concerts, and festivals. A num-
ber of avenues leave this space and cross the wood in all directions. At the south-eastern end the labyrinthus (maze) is being constructed, and near by are the pomarium (orchard) and the vinea (vineyard) with a long pergola. For the general scheme of the lucus the architect has faithfully followed the descriptions of Nietner, Tuckermann, and other scholars who wrote about old Roman gardens.

Beeches, oaks, chestnuts, ash trees, pines, firs, and laurels rise everywhere. There are flowers and fruit trees, and then, immediately beyond the lucus, over another nine and a half acres, a marsh full of reeds, and pastures and fields. Thus it is hoped that specimens of all the trees, flowers, fruits, and cereals mentioned in the works of Vergil (which are said to be 190) will be collected in the wood and in the adjoining stretch of land. Here are his “herbs sweeter than sleep,” the “pale violets,” and the hyacinths now “gloomy,” now “purple-colored,” now “so suavely reddish.” Here are his “black mountainous cypresses destined to challenge the perils of the sea,” and the “keen holm-oak with its indented leaves and black trunk.”

The Poet’s Birthplace

The lucus Vergilianus ends where once rose Andes (old Pietole), the birthplace of Vergil. But was Andes really there and was the poet born three Roman miles from Mantua? Nobody ever doubted it until 1762, when the poet Scipione Maffei, basing his argument on the epithet “Venetian” given by Macrobius to Vergil, identified Andes with Bande, a small village twenty miles from Mantua on the hills of Lake Garda. Others later advanced the theory that Andes was Rivalta. Recently Professor R. S. Conway put the birthplace of Vergil in Calvisano, in the province of Brescia, where he conducted a few days ago a pilgrimage organized by the Hellenic Travelers’ Club. Returning from Calvisano, Professor Conway and his English pilgrims visited also Mantua. Professor Bruno Nardi, who has just published an essay to confute the theory of Professor Conway and vindicate the Mantuan origin of Vergil, accompanied him and his party to the spot where old Pietole stood. There, pointing out to him certain undulations of the ground and showing down below the marshes formed by the Mincius, he endeavored to convince Professor Conway that that could very well have been the scenery described in the ninth Eclogue, where Vergil speaks of the hills sloping down “usque ad aquam.” His eloquence was apparently not successful. But the two scholars, like the two knights of Ariosto, shook hands over their difference and Professor Nardi made a present of his recent essay to his English opponent with a graceful dedication.

MON VOYAGE EN CORSE

I had been in Europe for more than a month, when I was given a week’s vacation, early in September. The hot days of August had found me plunged deep in my books—Grammaire, Composition, Explication de textes, and several Histoires de la litterature frangaise—and the vacation which the Universite de Nancy now saw fit to offer came none too soon.

It was going to be such fun, a vacation in Europe—traveling by myself in a foreign land, feeling the flush of independence which being alone and unknown brings, and which is only augmented by being forced to use a foreign tongue as one’s weapon of defence and of aggression. But Europe offers so vast a choice of vacation lands that it is almost a hopeless task to make a decision. Close at hand lay Germany, smilingly clean and blond, with shining porcelain stoves and the beautiful Rhine and Schlosses galore; and a bit further was Austria, with Vienna beckoning to the
seeker of old-world beauties and romance. But I should see these neighbors later, at the end of the term, in October. I must go really far away, seeking something altogether exotic. My eyes dropped from the pink outlines of Northern and Central Europe to the blue ones of North Africa. Afrique! That was it—Algeria, Tunis, Morocco. Only an investigation at the railway station brought with a pang the knowledge that a trip to Africa, even in third class, is costly. It was too late, now; my thoughts turned irrevocably southward, and harassed the greater part of my examinations.

It was not all definitely decided even yet, when at five in the afternoon I finished my last examen—a dissertation on Classicisme, and mounted breathlessly the long sloping hill to the avenue de Boufflers, pushing my bicycle, which refused absolutely an ascent so nearly perpendicular.

My bags were packed, and I was literally "all dressed up with nowhere to go." All Europe around me, and no place to go! I thought with shame of Miss Flora McFlimsey, who had nothing to wear ... I grasped my atlas, determined to settle the problem definitely.

But why hadn't it occurred to me long since? During my breathless considerations of African splendors, my thumb must have obscured from view the little tempting island of Corsica, lodged so snugly off the coasts of France and of Italy. Now that I discovered it, thither I should go. It was south, it was Mediterranean, it was exotic. The train to Marseille left at six-thirty; one hour and a half. I completed arrangements for my departure in great haste, told my French family au revoir, and galloped off to the Gare de Nancy (Chemin de fer de l’Est) to get my ticket—aller et retour, 500 francs, about twenty dollars.

It was with a feeling of definite relief that I sank back against the hard, yellow-varnished board of the seat next the window in my third-class compartment, having arranged my grip and coat and hat in the rack above my head. Across from me sat a teacher of mine, going to Switzerland for the holiday. We should travel as far as Dijon together, where she would take a train east before I should take one to Lyon and Marseille. My first "literary thrill" was at the sight of a tall column on a hill near Nancy, in the heart of the province of Lorraine, in commemoration of the novel by Maurice Barrès. But express trains—even in Europe—do not allow one much time for due consideration of such landmarks, and soon we were whirling along toward Dijon amid the fast-descending night. The thought of going to Burgundy by darkness was a bit disappointing, but if one chooses Corsica, he can't have Bourgogne too. Louis XI had discovered the difficulties which la Bourgogne can offer, long before I did, I thought, as we neared the province which had held out so valiantly under Charles-le-téméraire against the domination of French rule.

I decided to wander around in Dijon a bit, between trains, regardless of the night. I'm afraid that all I can recall is a sleepy view of the Grand Hôtel de la Cloche and a noisy railway station, where trains passed very frequently pulling cars bearing inscriptions something like this: Compagnie de tourisme internationale; sleeping. And in red letters on square cards hung at either end of the sleeping-cars, Paris-Lyon-Môdane-Turin. So they were going to Italy, from Paris! Italy—why hadn't I planned to go there, instead? Europe is so upsetting, with its wealth of names! But I clenched my fists and shut my eyes and repeated tenaciously: La Corse, la Corse!

A crowded train; yelling travelers; sleepy-looking compartments; baggage-loaded corridors; the train to Lyon and Marseille. Where could I sleep? Third-class cars all bursting with people; impossible to stay here. So I moved up to the second-class cars. That was better—
could at least put my bag on the floor and sit upon it in peace! Only I might have to pay extra if the conductor came along. Luckily he did not. Hours dragged themselves past—two, three, four, five. A sudden jerk of the train opened my startled, sleep-filled eyes. I had managed to slide into an almost horizontal position, my head couched on my baggage, and my face turned toward the ceiling. But, to my horror, a great bare toe stroked gently the end of my nose with each jolt of the moving car. Ugh—how inconsiderate are these French peasants, who insist upon solid home-comfort in the train, and take off shoes and socks to sleep, protruding their untrammeled feet often into the corridor, and even—this time at least—into their fellow-travelers' faces! I shoved the foot away, suppressing my strong desire to tickle it, and pulling forth my pocket handkerchief in great disgust, I unfolded it protectingly upon my outraged visage. Would morning never come?

It did come—and with it papal Avignon and Arles and Tarascon, all celebrated by Alphonse Daudet. *En plein Midi!* How nice it was to be so far away already and pushing ever onward! The great Rhone flowing at the left, and beyond it the glory of a sunrise in Southern France.

Noon brought Marseille, with Edmond Dantès' Château d'If, in the harbor, and a roar of city life all around. From the Place de la Gare one could see the lovely chateaux and gardens which surround the bay. But the train for Toulon—on the way to Nice and the Riviera—left almost at once.

It was magnificent, that ride from Marseille to the delightful seaport town of Toulon, with the rugged foothills of the French Alps on the left and the gorgeous blue of the Mediterranean expanse on the right. Now the train passed high above the water; now it swept down to its very edge, along the rocky crags, where lovely tropical flowers were waving with the branches of the palm trees in the warm breeze which comes from the sea and sweeps the full length of the Littoral.

The little boat which I was to take for Corsica did not sail until nine-thirty that night; so I had ample time to wander all about Toulon, mingling with the gay sailors and their sweethearts—these in the brightest of dresses, those in blue uniforms, with deep red tassels on their tam-o'-shanters. It was indeed a picturesque sight, those hundreds of couples, wandering arm in arm along the harbor, watching the fishermen come in as night fell, their little craft loaded with the fruits of a full day's labor. And dozens of little children played together on the wharf, hiding from one another behind the huge bales of cargo which were strewn everywhere. I had a delicious sea-food dinner, which I allowed to last full two hours, on the public square, sitting out of doors in front of the restaurant, where I could watch the passing show.

I had picked up an acquaintance on my trip to Toulon from Marseille—a Corsican named Angelino, if I remember correctly, who had shown me the greatest courtesy, initiating me into all the customs of Mediterranean travel. So it was that I discovered the necessity of claiming one's place on the outside deck early in the day, and had therefore placed my baggage on a folding chair, which I had rented for the voyage from one of the sailors on the shore. You see, those who travel third-class do not have the privilege of a cabin; but I was glad of it, for otherwise I should have missed one of the most thoroughly interesting experiences of my life.

There was a great aggregation of people on shore when the ship embarked. One heard nearly every language called from the vessel to someone on land. I think that life at Toulon is not so occupied but that one has always the time to go to see a ship sail or arrive. It reminded me of the sleepy villages here in Virginia, where all
the citizens come to see the train pass by! With a lurch and a heinous shriek from the whistles, the sailors hauled in the gangplank, and we were leaving France! I watched for a long time the lights along the harbor, and regretted not a little to leave the picturesque town where I had passed so many charmed hours.

When the last light had faded in the distance, I went back to my deck-chair and settled down. My little Corsican, Angelino, was there before me, and we entered into a conversation in Italian. (I was soon to learn that Corsicans prefer Italian to French, even after a hundred years of French possession.) Around us were many young girls, going home after a year or two in France, and it did not take long for numerous flirtations to get under way. It was such fun hearing the sailors and girls chatter away together and suddenly burst forth into some lilting melody in French or Italian, or both. I remember particularly a tall thin Salty who prided himself upon his linguistic attainments and sang lustily seagoing ballads in some six or seven tongues. No one seemed to want to go to sleep, and I the least of any. Angelino took great pleasure in presenting me to different members of the crew—he evidently made the voyage frequently himself—and I wanted not a whit for company.

Fortunately it was a clear September night, and the sea was not unusually rough. I cannot recall a more enchanting spectacle than the rising of the moon, whose beams silvered completely the dark waves on which our ship was sailing. I had to pinch myself to be sure that I was not dreaming; it all seemed too wonderful for words, to be in such a thoroughly foreign element, sailing on the Mediterranean, in which I had swum for over an hour that very afternoon at Toulon! I watched, fascinated, the ever-changing scene which the sea and stars presented, and always, all around me, was the strumming of a ukulele, the incessant crooning of soft voices, and the intermitent musical laughter of some girl, pleased no doubt at her own repartee.

I don't know at just what moment I allowed myself to fall asleep; but it could not have been very early in the evening, for it seemed quite close upon my last recollection that I became aware of excited voices and, opening my eyes, learned that we were reaching Corsica.

I got up from my chair, a bit cold and stiff from my night's journey exposed to the racing winds on an open sea, and went to the prow of the boat. In front of me, a little more than a mile away, I could discern a bright pink cliff rising sheer from the rolling blue of the waves. It was Corsica. As we neared it, the outlines of objects grew more and more distinct, and I could see a high stone wall on the top of the cliff, and behind it, steeples and rooftops and trees. The cliff itself was covered with a wealth of green vines, spotted generously with red. Angelino informed me that it was the figue de Barbarie, a vegetation peculiar to the Mediterranean lands. When I finally set foot on Corsican soil, I ate many of these figs and found them most delicious. The town which we were approaching is Calvi, which claims, in contestation to Genoa, to be the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. In fact, one of the children of the town conducted me to the very hut in which he is said to have been born. I shall not swear to the veracity of the tale, but I really did feel a certain thrill upon allowing myself to accept it.

I cannot go too much into detail, for if I did, I should end with a whole volume concerning the parts of Corsica which it was my pleasure to learn to know and love. But I should like to trace briefly, at least, the principal points of interest in my ten-day visit to the island home of the little corporal who became emperor.

Calvi itself is a delightful little fishing-village, nestled there on the northwestern
extremity of the island, across the bay from Ile-rousse (in Italian, Isola Rossa, name infinitely preferred by the natives). I spent two days and a half there swimming in the gulf and chatting in delightful intimacy with the residents of the place. I had rented a room for twenty-five cents a day, in an inn which is kept by a very beautiful young woman and her sister. Their mother became particularly friendly when she learned that I could speak Italian and was not one of those “sacré Français.” Evidently she was of a generation which still resented the French invasion. I found almost immediately that the Corsican is an unusually hospitable person, glad to befriend the stranger who touches upon his shores and eager to learn all he can concerning that stranger’s travels. So it was that I sat long hours in the evening under a palm tree, talking with those of the inhabitants who could stop a while at the inn on their way home from fishing or from tending the flocks on the hillside. I shall never forget the astonishment which these good people experienced when they learned that I spoke English too, and how they pleaded with me to teach them words for things in that language. There was one dark-eyed little girl of fourteen or fifteen who went with her mother, the village laundress, to wash clothes each day in the gulf. She had observed me attentively one afternoon as I was swimming near a certain reef which became my favorite point of departure and return; and when she and her mother passed in the evening, the little girl nudged her forbear to announce, doubtless, that I was the person whom they had remarked in the water some hours before. My good hostess called to them to stop with us a while, and so they did. People in Corsica seem always to have time enough to stop a while, no matter what the hour of day or night! The little girl became almost hysterical when I told her how to say “fishing-vessel” in that strange jargon which I seemed able to reel out as naturally as could be. She could not conceive of any reason whatever for making such funny vocal noises to designate so simple an article of everyday existence (at least in Corsica) as a “bateau de pêche.”

I really felt very sad upon quitting my newly-made friends at Calvi, and I promised to try to return to France via that port, if it should be at all possible. The charming hostess of the hotel packed me a bit of lunch to eat on the train, and I should most certainly have had to go through with a tearful farewell, had I not heard the whistle blowing and been forced to dash headlong to the station, leaping the fence to the railroad track, throwing my baggage on the car ahead of me, and racing frantically along with the train, which moved more and more rapidly, until I finally jumped on the bottom step, aided most thoughtfully by a train employee and a lady passenger.

The train was an invention all its own. I thought of the Toonerville Trolley, and almost began to look for the conductor! Among the passengers was a very lively young lady (who in America would have made a perfect ten-cent store clerk) wearing a flaming red dress with white spots, and chewing gum, or whatever it was, at an alarmingly rapid rate. She was from Bastia (which I must see if I really cared to know the best of Corsica), lived with her sister and brother-in-law there, and had been to France only once, three years ago, but never to Paris, which must be a really nice place. I thought I should groan if she said Heureusement que again, but managed to keep my sang-froid until she left the car at Corte.

Corte is nestled most picturesquely in the very heart of Corsica, high up in the mountains—so high up, indeed, that one of the peaks to the left of the town is always snow-capped. The name of the peak escapes me, despite the fact that a very proud native of Corte repeated it to me some
thousand times, until I thought it must be
given most legibly on my forehead. Be
that as it may, Corte is another "garden
spot of the world," with its rolling châtaig-
neries (acres and acres of chestnut trees)
in all their summer verdure. Up to Corte,
from Calvi, the trip had been a steady as-
cent. Now it began to slope downward to
Ajaccio and the sea.

I must not fail to mention Ponte Lecchia,
where I had to change trains, with a goodly
wait of two hours. But I ate lunch by the
side of a mountain stream, and enjoyed
crossing a fascinating old bridge with a
hump in the middle and several stones miss-
ing, which the Geonese had built heaven
knows how many centuries ago. I took a
picture of the bridge and one of Madame
Filippi, an elderly lady dressed, as all Cor-
sican ladies dress, in a long black costume,
with a black kerchief over the head, on
which she bore an enormous basket of
something or other, like a Tuckahoe darky!
I promised, if the picture turned out well,
to send her one from "the little box"; so I
presume she has it now carefully framed,
or at least securely nailed above her bed,
beside her Crucifix!

We reached Ajaccio at about six in the
evening, and I soon found a hotel, which
was called Hôtel du Golfe, just like my
hotel at Calvi. I never did straighten my-
self out altogether as to the proprietorship
of the establishment, but I shall never quite
forget the hordes of young women who
swelt, cooked, sang, waited on tables, and
made themselves generally attractive to the
transient, despite their daily chores. How-
ever, it is Madame Pasqualaccio who stands
out foremost in my souvenirs of the Hôtel
du Golfe d'Ajaccio. She must have been
forty-five, because she appeared seventy.
She learned that T was from Nancy, and
immediately set her cap for me, because her
daughter had eloped with a man from Lu-
néville (just outside Nancy) and lived in
Nancy itself. She had a most peculiarly
fawning manner, and used to drive me
nearly frantic stroking my arm or patting
my shoulder, or punching me in the ribs or
plumb in the stomach (which habit I
thought altogether unworthy of a lady of
her years, and, as she added, breeding).
Her chief accomplishment was certainly the
expert laundering of a shirt, for I found
myself lacking in that detail, and confided
to her care and treatment two or three of
my best linen ones. I did so with fear and
trembling. But my dear friend Pasqualac-
cio proved equal to the task, and brought
them back next day white as snow and very
neatly ironed. I think she asked the exor-
bitant sum of five cents apiece, but I am
not sure. Yet, with all her ability in this
line, the double-bed which I had was none
too clean, and I received some terrific bite
from a purely Corsican insect which has
left a mark on my left wrist to this day. I
regard this scar highly, nevertheless, as an
absolute proof of my trip to Corsica!

Determined to explore the beauties of this
section of the island, I entered bright and
early one morning the American consulate,
to ask advice. Of course, no one was there;
so I had to go about the affair according to
my own better judgment. I found an Eng-
lish travel agency which advertised itself as
connected with the P-L-M (Paris-Lyon-
Méditerranée railway), and entered its
beckoning portals. Sure enough, despite
the early morning hour—it must have been
fully eleven o'clock—the clerk was in, and
he supplied me smilingly with all the infor-
mation I needed. The trips in automobile
or autocar were fearfully expensive. I
suggested this idea to him, and he told me
of two young Englishmen who were plan-
ing to make the trip which in particular
interested me. It was soon arranged that I
should share expenses with them, thus go-
ing in a private car from Ajaccio to Piana,
Evisa, and the Calanches, part of the Cor-
sican mountain.

We started off early in the morning, the
three of us with a chauffeur, a native Corsican who prided himself upon his English, which I found far more easily understandable than that of my fellow-travelers. Only the bonhomme soon found that I knew something of his own tongue and, following the line of least resistance, he refused to speak another word of that jargon which had so thoroughly delighted the washerwoman's daughter at Calvi. Hence my trip was enlivened by the prospect of playing interpreter to my companions.

There is really little reason for my trying to describe the magnificent scenery which unrolled itself as we sped along over the mountain highways. Incidentally I was quite surprised and pleased to discover that this Mediterranean land had modernized itself to the extent of having a really "navigable" thoroughfare, even if the hotel conditions were a bit appalling. I say pleased, but I think I'm guilty of hyperbole; for it really is unfortunate that every nook and corner of our globe must be victimized by what the French call derisively "confort américain." I sometimes wonder if some fifty years hence one will be able to discover any section of the world where there are no modern highways, no modern hotels, no "confort américain," which is death itself to the picturesque and the death-knell, certainly, to natural beauty.

Piana is a charming little village which has retained much of its erstwhile state. It is situated most advantageously on the shore, with the high mountain just behind it, so that the inhabitant has the advantage of sea and hill at the same time. There are numerous beauty-spots in the town itself, such as a quaint well whence the maidens of the villages fetch water throughout the day, and where the entire populace gathers at twilight to sing and dance, wearing their colorful attire.

We passed from Piana to Evisa, which is a remnant of the Greek culture that once flourished in Corsica. One of the most interesting points of view from which to see Corsica seems to be that of history. At Evisa can be found vestiges of the Greek invasion; at Bastia and Bonifacio are genuine Roman remains; all over the island is the spirit of Italian civilization, and, of course, at the present time France dominates the entire land. I was fascinated in particular by a tiny Greek orthodox church situated in the heart of the village of Evisa, here are Greek inscriptions on the wall and above the altar, and someone in the neighborhood told me that there are still several Greek families who attend services there, although the Greek language is not spoken among them. It is, however, used in the church service, I was told. Evisa is also 'twixt sky and sea, and is one of the most delightful spots I have ever known.

Leaving this bit of Greece cast far from the native shores, we mounted steadily toward the blue heights which we had been admiring all along the route. The ascent was indeed very steep, but worth the effort. The road is wide and serpentine, and the points of vantage over the ocean are numerous. We stopped at a small refreshment stand built out into space from a rocky crag. There was a swift breeze which mounted ever and anon, and I was told that this continued throughout the year, day and night. The view was magnificent—a tremendous expanse of rolling blue framed by the sheer, massive cliffs of the mountain, and topped by a clear blue sky which reflected the blue of the Mediterranean, or else whose blue was reflected by the Mediterranean. We were in the heart of the Calanches (which of course the guide announced in Italian, Galancie) which is a very beautiful formation of red rock. From below, these cliffs appear blue; but when one is in their midst, they are of a decided red hue, a result of the ferrous something or other, the guide explained. I can think of no better way to describe this unusual type of mountain scenery than suggesting
"who's who" of the Buonaparte family; but you will notice that all she has to say and more is written most legibly in two or three languages underneath each portrait, bit of uniform, or whatever the souvenir in question may be. Still, ladies in Corsica have to have a means of self-support, I suppose, and I am sure that Napoleon would rejoice to think that he can indirectly furnish this item to so many of the descendants of his fellow Corsicans!

The rest of my time I spent wandering about Ajaccio, swimming in the Mediterranean and turning daily browner and browner, eating figues de Barbarie to my heart's content, and picking up acquaintances at every turn of the path.

The little boat back to Nice sailed at about nine in the morning. I was glad of the opportunity to travel on the Mediterranean by day—but alas, the sea was tempestuous, and when you travel fourth class (I did going back, for the boat contained so low a grade) it is altogether unpleasant.

I hated to leave the little island where I had spent so happy a vacation—surely the most interesting of my life. But there was nothing else to do; so I mustered up the courage to get my return ticket, packed my bags, bought fruit enough to last the voyage through, and climbed on board just before the gang-plank went up. There was less of a crowd at Ajaccio to see us leave than there had been at Toulon, for Ajaccio is really quite a city and furnishes plenty of other means for killing time. My eyes drank in to their fill the animated scene which the harbor presented as we gradually pulled away. It was market day, and that speaks for itself, even in America. Add to it the excitability of a meridional group, and you can doubtless conceive of the picture which still lies plainly imprinted in my mind's eye.

I finally settled down in my deck chair (I believe I swiped this one, I am not sure, but at any rate finances were at rock-bot-

(om) and had just started to doze off, when I was startled rudely by a terrific noise immediately behind me. I did not jump overboard from astonishment, but retained my equilibrium and merely turned round to discover the cause of so much commotion, of so rude an awakening. It was easy to ascertain. Immediately behind me were four donkeys, whose presence had escaped me until then. And they had decided that traveling on sea was not what it is "cracked up to be," very evidently, for they were braying as though their hearts would break. But no one seemed to care; no nurse-maid came to quiet their wailings, and the poor beasts finally decided to suffer in silence. I am glad they did.

At about noon people began to eat their lunches—fruit and sandwiches. The stench of donkeys, banana peelings, garlic, and oranges soon became almost unbearable. I left my place and slipped cautiously up to the first-class deck. No one seemed to observe me, so I stationed myself right in the prow of the ship, where I could at least breathe freely, and could watch the rolling sea. I almost became sea-sick, which mortified me greatly, since I never had been so before. But the Mediterranean presents a problem all its own. However, I retained my self-respect and tried to be nonchalant by reading Alfred de Musset. Unfortunately I chose A quoi rêvent les jeunes filles? which I found almost as nauseating as the stormiest sea, despite the fact that I am quite an enthusiast for Musset. Perhaps it was the environment. Some day I shall give the play another trial, but on land—not on sea!

We passed several vessels, and somebody suggested that Italy could be seen at the right. I really did remark a stretch of land far off on the horizon, but I am not thoroughly convinced that it was Italy. We reached Nice at about nine in the evening. The large harbor lined with lights presented quite a lovely aspect as we drew near.
that one imagine a cave with its top ripped off, and a sea almost surrounding the whole—but a mammoth cave, whose stalactites and stalagmites be hundreds of feet in height and in diameter. We continued our ascent until we had reached the very topmost point of the Calanches, and there we remained to wander about and experience the much-desired and rarely-discovered sensation of being “on top of the world.”

But even a Corsican cicerone tires of this sort of thing, and so he urged us to climb into the car once more, assuring us that the descent was something even more remarkable than the climb up had been. Of course it was a trick of his whereby to get home to supper on time, and I scarcely blame him, since he must frequent Piana, Évisa, and the Calanches every day. Only I regret not having been able to remain in this quasi-paradise a bit longer.

And withal, the descent was a lovely drive. We came through several tiny hamlets whose names slip my memory and finally passed by Piana once more. We arrived in Ajaccio in time for supper, which I know must have been a great relief to the guide and his family. For, I reflected, as I gave him my tip, suppose they were having omelette and he had been late?

The next morning I consecrated to seeing the city of Ajaccio itself. It is indeed an interesting place, but it lacks much of the charm of the smaller towns, such as Calvi and Évisa. The chief point of interest is naturally the birthplace of Napoleon. And the citizens of Ajaccio, after the fashion of the best of Americans, capitalize to the utmost this bit of chance. Everything there is Napoleonic; from the dirtiest alleys to the most important public streets and public squares, one finds names reminiscent of the little corporal and his family.

The house in which he first saw the light is about ten minutes’ walk from the sea, and about five from the large public place which is undoubtedly Place Napoleon or Place Buonaparte! It is a large rambling structure without a front or side yard, and situated on the corner. One gets tickets for entry at a little house across the street. There is a suisse who greets you at the door. He must have been greeting people at the door this past century, for he is so antiquated that I kept wondering if he should be able to finish the tour of the huge old home alive. The ground floor is not very interesting, since it is always on the “first” floor that people really live in Europe. We were shown a large salon furnished in the most formal mode possible, and next to it a dining room which would surely drive miles hence the keenest appetite, so cold an atmosphere it has. Then came a small living room, where Madame mère de Napoléon is said to have spent most of her time. Next a bedroom, that of Madame mère. After this came the bed-room of Napoleon himself—the youngest child always sleeps near his mamma, even in Corsica—with a trap door through which it is whispered that young Buonaparte made his escape from some political enemies or other in such and such a year. He is supposed to have slipped quietly through this very door, to have glided noiselessly along the corridor of the ground-floor to the cellar door, and to have gone out through the basement to the side street. (The guide will show you the very street door through which he issued, when you go downstairs, so it is useless to crane through the window in an effort to discover it yourself.) It was shortly after this escapade that the corporal Buonaparte began to drawn attention by his manoeuvres at Toulon, where Nelson lost an eye.

I cannot distinctly recall anything else about the Buonaparte home. Nearby in the town hall is a museum containing numerous portraits of members of the family, and one very large one of Napoleon I in his emperor’s robes. The young woman who “explains” everything to you for a certain consideration will gladly set you straight on the
All the rest received credit for the year's work, which ranged from 22½ to 33 semester hours. Of the total number of 299 examinations taken in the Sorbonne Cours de Civilisation, those making certificates of A, B, or C grade were 259; those of D grade, 29; those below D (failure), 11.

Of course this was a select group, for it is a common statement that in France the usual percentage of students “received” (passing) is only 35 per cent to 50 per cent.

One of the new centers of interest for our sojourners in Paris is the American House, which has been built during the last two years to afford suitable, beautiful, and well-equipped quarters for about three hundred students within the Cité Universitaire. This Cité is a tract of about seventy acres on which, in a truly international spirit, more than a dozen different countries have erected dormitories for their students, who have thus contact with one another and close association with French students.

According to the figures given in the Modern Language Journal for March, the weekly room-rent for summer students in the American House is from $5 up, while for winter residents it is as low as $2.50. Cafeteria meals cost from 20 cents up. These rates, with the fact that university fees are small, are very encouraging.

But the high scholastic standards and the difficulties of orientation must be gravely considered. The professors give a cordial welcome to foreign students, but they also give them “stiff” examinations at the end of their courses. Besides, they leave them to shift for themselves from the beginning—to take the initiative, to select their studies, to find and maintain their place in the educational system as well as their place in the eating and sleeping houses of the great French capital.

Largely for the purpose of aiding in these matters there has been in operation since the World War the American University Union at Paris. From that office, and concerning it, Dr. Hugh A. Smith writes in the French Review for January an article, from which a few of the foregoing facts have been taken.

He says the Union “attempts to combine in one bureau all the services performed by several agencies in an American university, from the Dean's office down to the Bulletin Board for rooming houses.” He feelingly describes the wide range of information demanded of the Directors: “It extends from choosing thesis subjects . . . or estimating the amount of credit that any one out of five hundred American colleges might possibly give for a certain course of study in France, down to picking a good, reasonably priced dentist or finding the safest cheap restaurant in Paris.”

Dr. Smith urges students from America not to fail to seek the advice of the Union before undertaking the difficult task of orienting themselves in any French school or university. The permanent office is at 173 Boulevard Saint-Germain.

ELIZABETH P. CLEVELAND

FRENCH NOTES

From the Magazines

THE time has come to put an end . . . to the rivalries between Flemish and French, and to settle a question which has been poisoning the atmosphere of Belgium for a generation . . . Unless I am gravely mistaken, we shall witness in the next year or so the final convulsions of this bitter and futile controversy . . . Action and re-action, flux and reflux—such is the history of the two languages in Belgium . . . Successive Belgian governments, having first slipped into the error of Gallicization, now headed toward another error—the error of bilingualism, which consisted in requiring all Belgians exercising any sort of public function to know thoroughly both French
The people on the ship began to get excited, and the commotion spread throughout every deck. I was myself quite glad to be reaching the shore again, after so unpleasant a voyage, and I crowded up to the place where I knew the gang-plank was to be hung. And so, for once in my life, I was the first among the passengers to set foot on shore. It was with a feeling of profoundest relief. But the only part of the whole voyage en Corse which I had regretted was the ill-smelling journey to Nice. And at thirty steps from the customs house that odor had gone, and I began already to enhance the passage with a halo of romance! So is it ever, fortunately, that we forget the unpleasant details to let the happy ones dominate our memory.

When I found a hotel capable of sheltering me for the sum which I felt able to afford, I counted up my expenses for the trip—thus far twenty-eight dollars (including the return ticket to Nancy, the boat to and from Corsica, hotels, meals, automobile and train fare on the island, tips, dozens and dozens of postal cards and postage for them, one or two inexpensive objects which I had purchased for souvenirs, and the ten cents which Madame Pasqualaccio had asked for laundering two linen shirts!)

I did not go straight home from Nice, where I stayed two days. I decided to take a few days' leave and go into Italy, via Torino. And so I did, returning to Nancy by Modane. But that's another story.

Perry Cornell Dechert

GOING TO FRANCE FOR STUDY

MORE and more the idea is growing that our teachers of French can and ought to study in France. This was the key-note of the meeting of the modern language teachers of Virginia in Richmond last November. We read that the New York Board of Education recently approved of no fewer than 947 requests for leave of absence for study abroad, and that, of the foreign students at the Sorbonne, about 50 per cent are American. Although not considered university students in France unless already in possession of the Bachelor's degree, 5,000 Americans were reckoned as "serious students" last year in Paris. Ten times this number from our land are residents of that city.

From the Institute of International Education (2 West 45th Street, New York City) may be had valuable information as to available fellowships and other sources of help, financial and general—for instance, through their Handbook for American Students in France and their bulletin on Fellowships and Scholarships Open to American Students for Study in Foreign Countries.

Most fellowships of this kind are for teachers and other graduate students, but the group of Smith College juniors and the Delaware University group (of undergraduates from more than a score of American colleges and universities) are notable examples of how admirably is working the plan of the "Junior Year Abroad"—in which students with definite programs of study and under suitable supervision achieve such fine results.

The Delaware group had this past year, among its 67 members, 16 to whom the Institute of International Education had awarded $300 scholarships and four who had won $1,000 fellowships through that channel. Among the four was Perry Cornell Dechert, of Harrisonburg, who has an article elsewhere in this issue.

Edwin C. Byam, of the University of Delaware, gave, in the French Review for February, interesting figures concerning their group of the preceding year.

This also numbered 67, but four withdrew "either voluntarily or involuntarily."
EDUCATIONAL COMMENT

THE CULTURAL FUNCTION AND RESPONSIBILITY OF THE TEACHERS COLLEGE LIBRARY

Effective teaching calls for more than trained technique, says the Teachers College Sub-Committee of the American Library Association A. L. A. Bulletin for July, 1930. Breadth of intellectual outlook, a cosmopolitan point of view, an appreciative understanding of human nature, and high ideals unite with technique to produce a teacher with an unlimited power of influence.

Teachers, like other specialists, must protect themselves from the danger of absorption in professional details. They need a variety of interests to enable them to look upon life as a whole, to see the day's job in its proper proportion. Only thus is it possible to become a true teacher, not alone by precept but also by unconscious example.

Outstanding among the means that contribute to such an end are the love of good literature and the habit of reading widely. Therefore, the provision of adequate facilities for creating such interests and habits becomes an obligation in any comprehensive teacher-training program.

No teachers college library can attain the desired height of effective service until it reaches beyond its special field and becomes a vital agent in the dissemination of general culture in print.

Its book collection must include more than works of reference and information. To meet the whole need it must provide stimulating books and periodicals for the important hours of leisure and recreation.

But the responsibility extends beyond mere possession. In the face of countless demands upon the student's time, a library that would function with success in this field must adopt a definite policy of continual publicity for what it has to offer. Its atmosphere must reflect the cultural ideal. Pleasing rooms designed to invite browsing will be of inestimable value. Constantly changing exhibits of books, pictures, and other material correlated with the curriculum and current events will stimulate general interest. And if this interest be further cultivated by the co-operation of the faculty, guidance in the best use of good books, development of informal discussion groups, participation in inspirational programs, and extension of services to the alumni, the library will become a radiating center of educational features that co-ordinate with the best efforts and ideals of the college.

Thus will the teachers college library fulfill its cultural function—by providing an intellectual stimulus that may be transmitted to boys and girls.

To obtain French student correspondents, write to Dr. Alfred I. Roehm, Director of the Bureau of French-American Educational Correspondence, Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee. Over 150,000 pairs for the exchange of letters have been arranged through this bureau within the past ten years.

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and Flemish. Both these attempts at solution . . . were probably necessary if all thinking Belgians . . . were to be brought to see the need of a third solution, namely, the regional solution, based on the autonomy of Flanders and of Wallonia. . . . Walloons and Flemings should and can come to an understanding. They have been condemned by history, by geography, by economic interest, by a host of sacred memories, to live together. Their country lies at the crossroads of several great civilizations—between ardent France and earnest Germany. . . . She should be a connecting link between Latin, Germanic, and Anglo-Saxon cultures. Glance at the map. Belgium is a corridor, a zone of traffic and transit. This is certainly true as far as merchandise is concerned; it can be true as regards ideas also."

LOUIS PIERARD, in Foreign Affairs for July

"The schoolmaster's problem is to predict future needs and to supply varied needs in one class . . . Here is the solution . . . Let him teach them [his pupils] to speak about anything in general but nothing in particular, in the sure certainty that, once they possess a general power of speech, the technical vocabulary of their own individual activities will come to them without the effort of any teacher. In other words, let him teach an essential and general vocabulary, introducing in the process as few 'specific' words as possible."

MICHAEL WEST, in the Modern Language Journal for April

"Reading, from the standpoint of the reader, is an instantaneous flashing of the meaning of the sentence read without the intermediary of the mother-tongue . . . [But] the reading 'skill' is best secured through careful study of limited material . . . The knowledge of a foreign language is in inverse ratio to the number of books read in a given time . . . The perusing of countless pages just to discover the approximate meaning . . . leads the student into habits of carelessness and slovenliness, and into an unscientific attitude . . . Scholarly habits of precision are too precious to be sacrificed to the modern gods of speed and quantity."

E. B. DE SAUZE, in the French Review for March

Another of the wise sayings of the foregoing writer is "There is immense difference between difficult work and bewildering work." He also warns against too much explanation and re-explanation as "a vicious waste of time." True surely, but the little word "too" is hard to measure exactly.

The award of twenty-five thousand francs for that French book, brought to America in translation, which best illustrates the French cultural ideal—called the Prix Brentano because offered yearly by Brentano and Company—went unanimously this year to Jean Giono for his new novel Coline, or The Hill of Destiny.

The American Library in Paris began a dozen years ago in packing cases of books sent over by the American Library Association for our soldiers in France. After the war this collection was turned over to a new organization which proposed to make from this nucleus a permanent institution. The movement has steadily grown. The library, though it has no building of its own, now shows 45,800 volumes, on steel shelves, at 10 Rue d'Elysée.

It has the three-fold object of serving as a memorial of the American soldiers and as "the recognized center of information about America for Europeans" and also as a sort of international base of "information about books, libraries, and library methods."

At the library, books are free for the use of all comers. They are also sent on long-term loans to libraries anywhere in Europe, and any book about the United States is lent without charge to anyone in Europe who wishes to read it.
of the public schools, the supply of available teachers and the facilities available and needed for teacher training including courses of study and methods of teaching."

The need for such a survey has been urged for several years by the American Association of Teachers Colleges, the Association of Deans of Schools of Education, the National Council of State Superintendents and Commissioners of Education, the National Education Association and other professional groups directly interested in the education of America's teachers. This survey is in reality, then, a study requested by the country's teachers in order to improve the service rendered by teachers and the conditions under which they work.

THE READING TABLE
COMMODORE MAURY


If it be true, as Sarah Orne Jewett has said, that "Great writers don't try to write about people and things, they tell them just as they are," then John W. Wayland in his biography of Matthew Fontaine Maury has proved that he belongs to the class above mentioned.

In chronological order, and in easy, readable style, Dr. Wayland presents not only the achievements but the personality of this outstanding American. He presents Maury as both scientist and man; as a national and international benefactor and as a devoted husband and father. He tells not only that Maury charted both the sky and seas but also that he called each of his children by a nickname; not only that he was a pioneer in the weather bureau and submarine field but also that he could be seascick and amiable at the same time.

This interspersion of personality and achievement insures for the book a popularity with young as well as old readers. As a teacher I would recommend it for parallel reading among high school and college students.

Much new material concerning the Maury family has been dug up, and in every detail of Maury's life the biographer has shown his usual painstaking, careful consideration of fact. In addition to the new family material, there are also selections from "Scraps from the Lucky Bag," heretofore not included in any biography of Maury.

In format the book is very attractive. The jacket shows a clipper ship printed from blocks cut by Charles W. Smith. The binding is sea-green moiré cloth. The large type, the generous margins, the numerous illustrations, the complete chronology and the index all make appeal and help render the biography worthy of its subject.

NANCY BYRD RUEBUSCH


It is a pleasure to have the opportunity to review this book, which contains so much valuable material so readily available. Although written to meet the needs of medical students, the book is useful for teachers of physiology anywhere, in high school or in college. The experiments chosen to illustrate fundamental body processes are so simple that they may and should be used as demonstrations in the most elementary courses in physiology. There is a wealth of teaching material throughout the pages of this work, and it is strongly recommended for the reference shelf of every teacher of physiology or of general biology.

RUTH L. PHILLIPS


Many dietitians, physicians, and public health nurses approach the problems of diet merely from the standpoint of food elements and food value, overlooking the importance of adapting the diet in terms of the patient's food habits and financial circumstances.

One of the greatest problems of the social workers in foreign communities is to help the foreigner adjust his diet according to our dietary standards.

In a very brief but interesting way, Miss Wood has given much information regarding the habits of living, and the most characteristic foods—with their seasonings—of the Mexicans, Portuguese, Italians, Hungarians, Poles and other Slavic peoples, Armenians, Syrians, Turks, Greeks, and Jews. At the end of each chapter she has included several recipes which are the most characteristic of the foods of that nationality. The fat, protein, and carbohydrate content of each recipe is listed in terms of grams in the appendix.

M. F.


Tabulations of the findings from the national survey of music in the colleges show the trend for more credit for music, which in turn shows an increasingly more favorable attitude to music. Of 594 institutions tabulated, 452, or 76 per cent, accept music for entrance.

Along with the tabulations is an article by Mr. Dykema which points out that "the new attitude of the colleges toward music will automatically raise the standard of instruction in the schools."

This book should be of value to every instructor in music in colleges and high schools and to prospective students of music who wish to choose colleges where music is accredited.
Dr. John van Horne, of the University of Illinois, in the May number of the *Modern Language Journal*, reviews the modern language methodology in America for the past ten years. He believes that we have moved through three stages, wherein have been dominant, in turn, these central ideas: (1) culture, (2) method, (3) administration—standardized tests, etc. At present there are some signs of a return to culture as the controlling ideal.

"France . . . sticks to the ideals of the pre-industrial phase . . . If the individual is to perish in the effort for collective production, France also will perish. But if it is written that the individual will re-appear triumphant, France also will rise eternal."

ANDRE SIEGFRIED
in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December

### A NATIONAL SURVEY OF THE EDUCATION OF TEACHERS

Secretary Wilbur has announced the appointment of Dr. Edward S. Evenden, of Columbia University as Associate Director of the National Survey of the Education of Teachers, working under Dr. William John Cooper, Commissioner of Education, who functions as Director. Mr. Benjamin W. Frazier, Senior Specialist in Teacher Training of the Office of Education, will officiate as Assistant in this study.

Secretary Wilbur also announced the appointment of a group of eminent specialists to constitute a board of consultants to act as advisers in this undertaking. They are as follows:

Dr. William C. Bagley, Teachers College, Columbia University.
Dr. W. W. Charters, Ohio State University.
Dean William S. Gray, University of Chicago.
Dean M. E. Haggerty, University of Minnesota.
Dean Henry W. Holmes, Harvard University.
Superintendent John A. H. Keith, Pennsylvania.
Dean William W. Kemp, University of California.

Dr. Shelton Phelps, George Peabody College for Teachers.
Pres. D. B. Waldo, Western State Teachers College.

A national professional advisory committee will be appointed to represent the various interests allied to the teacher-training agencies and a national committee composed of lay members will also be appointed.

The "teacher shortage" of but a few years ago, the Office of Education says, no longer exists in any of our states. On the contrary, many of the states have recently found themselves in the novel predicament of having many well trained teachers unemployed. Many other teachers have been compelled to accept positions for which they had not been especially prepared. Most of the larger cities have thousands of teachers either unemployed or working in some other field and waiting a chance to get a teaching position.

Teachers, school administrators, those who prepare teachers, school patrons and taxpayers are all asking such questions as: "What has brought about this over-supply? What, if anything, should be done about it? What will be the effect upon the work of the schools and the education of the children?"

Confronted on all sides by such questions, it was considered particularly necessary that those who are responsible for forming policies for the education of teachers should have facts upon which to base those policies instead of the unsupported opinions which are often colored by the apparently urgent need for immediate remedies. Many of the measures designed to correct the over-supply of teachers have given but temporary relief and have sometimes even aggravated the causes.

The Department of the Interior, upon the request of Dr. William John Cooper, Commissioner of Education, supported by requests from several educational organizations, secured from the last Congress an appropriation of $200,000 for a three-year study of "the qualifications of the teachers
at the Founders' Day exercises. On the reference desk in the library, where the throngs come every day, it holds from time to time tall lilies and gladioli from neighboring gardens; but from the costly sacrificial gift of the vase itself we catch the rarer perfume of the alabaster box of uncalculating love.

ALUMNÆ NEWS

PROGRAM OF ALUMNÆ BANQUET, JUNE, 1930

Station H. T. C. Broadcasting

Bernice Varner

Announcing Personnel of Orchestra

The Conductor: S. P. Duke

The First Violins (alumnæ): Miss Hoffman

Response: Sarah E. Thompson

The Second Violins (seniors): Dr. Wayland

Response: Helen Lineweaver

The Drums (faculty): Elizabeth Dixon

Response: Miss Cleveland

The Saxophones (sophomores): Mr. Logan

Response: Harriet Ulrich

The Orchestra (school): Mary McNeil

Response: Mr. Dingledine

THE MENU

THE OVERTURE

Hawaiian Cocktail

THE SYMPHONY

Chicken Drum Sticks  String Beans

Presto Mints  Staff of Life

Potatoes with Variations  Piccolo Pickles

THE INTERMEZZO

Salad Medley

THE FANTASY

Icelandic Rhapsody with cakes of Note

ARABESQUE

MANY ALUMNÆ RETURN FOR COMMENCEMENT

Class of '29—Frances Bass, Mae Bass, Mollie Clark, Helene Duval, Pauline Ellmore, Lucy Gilliam, Marguerite Goodman, Haldeman, Virginia Hearring, Elva Kirkpatrick, Evelyn Kendrick, Elizabeth King, Mary B. Murphy, Evelyn Higgs Ningard, Kathryn Pace, Elizabeth Peake, Anne Ragan, Frances Rand, Rebecca Reynolds, Alice Shepherd, Dorothy Shepherd, Elizabeth Sutherland, Evelyn Wolfe.


Class of '27—Elizabeth Ellmore, Edyth Hiserman, Lucille Hopkins Moseley, Helen Kerr, Emma Pettit, Martha Seebert, Merle Sanger, Helen Yates.

Class of '26—Grace E. Clevenger, Bertha McCollum, Charlotte Wilson.

Class of '25—Frances Rhoades, Lennis Shoemaker, Gladys Hopkins Strickler.

Class of '24—Eunice Lambert Mauzy, Florence Shelton.

Class of '23—E. Byrd Nelson, Alberta Rodes Shelton.

Class of '22—Ruth Haines, Gladys C. Haldeman, Louise Bailie Wells.

Class of '21—Maizie Morgan Devier, Kathryn Wilson Howard, Mrs. W. G. LeHew, Polly Parrott McCutcheon.

Class of '20—Anna Allen.

Class of '19—Virginia Zirkle Brock, Helen Hopkins Hoover, Ruth Witt.

Class of '17—Rachel Weems.

Class of '16—Lucille Early Fray, Tennie Osterman.

Class of '15—Lila Gerow Diehl, Agnes Dingledine, Anna Ferebee, Lila Riddell.

Class of '12—Vada Whitesel.

NEW ALUMNÆ

Graduating Classes—June, 1930

PROFESSIONAL COURSES

Virginia Catherine Atkins, Charleston, W. Va.
Dorothy Mildred Anderson, Linden, Warren Co.
Evelyn Josephine Anthony, Weldon, N. C.
Grace Willie Barner, Petersburg.
Pauline Virginia Bell, Bluemont, Clarke Co.
Grace Truman Blanks, Nahalie, Halifax Co.
Lillian Marie Bloom, Portsmouth.
Lou Bell Bowen, South Boston, Halifax Co.

Written as an introduction to zoology for college students, this book contains much material not included in older texts, such as chapters on zoogeography, paleozoology, psychology, and pathology. This is a most excellent feature of the book, as the subject matter of these chapters should be a part of any college course, and much of the material found here can be used as reference reading for students below college grade. The entire book is entertainingly written and easily read. It is, however, unfortunate that inaccuracies such as appear in the drawings of the brain and cranial nerves of the frog should have been allowed to occur.

Ruth L. Phillips


In the foreword of this syllabus the author shows how the course has probably grown out of the old orientation courses and names its objectives as set up in this newer development. Likewise, there are definite suggestions for both teacher and student which should prove helpful. In the bibliography are listed volumes containing the newest thought in the field, as well as the best of the older.

The course as outlined is developed upon the unit basis and therefore lends itself easily to the newer type of teaching. As the name implies, it presents a bird’s-eye view of the teaching profession—two significant problems, not found in most of the related literature, being those of “How to Study” and of “Professional Ethics.” The problems set forth in each unit are practical as well as thought-provoking, and the whole treatise is wide in its scope. It is a valuable contribution to this particular type of educational procedure.

B. J. L.


This is one of a series for intermediate grades. The preface, which is in the form of a letter to boys and girls from the author, should initiate interest at once. The manual which accompanies it will help the teacher put life into the teaching of the text, inasmuch as it sets up aims as well as makes suggestions for the different lessons. The vocabulary at the end pronounces and also defines. New-type tests, which the children themselves may apply, will be found at intervals; likewise, attractive illustrations.

The material has grown out of investigations made in different schools in Texas and of interviews with numbers of teachers of reading, and was selected in order that the child might become acquainted with different types of reading required by this grade. Therein, perhaps, lies its chief value. It is not only varied, but interesting and different.

B. J. L.

PERSONALS

Mildred Alphin and Till Bell returned to college for the May Day exercises.

Sadie Finkelstein, who left college to accept a position at Stephen’s City, returned to play for the dances given May Day. She expects to finish her course by June, 1931.

Edna Holland and Anne Ragan were visitors on the campus in April.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Penn, of Danville, Va., recently visited the college. Mrs. Penn will be remembered here as Anne Garrett.

Mearle Pearce is teaching home economics at Dante, Va.

Juliet Gish, graduate of the class of ’13, is Director of Public Welfare Service in Harrisonburg.

Mrs. Willard Dodson (nee Anice Clarke Adams) is living at Lone Oak Apartment, Danville.

Florence Esther Allen, class ’14, teaches sixth and seventh grades at Stephenson, Va.

Virginia Austin Coon, class ’29, teaches the second grade at Buchanan, Va.

Luelia Barnett, two-year graduate of the class of ’23, is doing stenographic work in Tazewell, Va.

Mildred Barrett, class ’27, recently wrote to suggest possible new students for H. T. C. next year. Mildred teaches third and fourth grades in Portsmouth, Va.

Elizabeth A. Carroll is teaching English and history at Earlehurst, Va.

Cornelia Carroll, class ’28, teaches first grade at Mt. Airy, N. C.

Frances L. Clarke, class ’26, is case worker for the Family Welfare Society at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sallie Ann Clarkson, class ’24 (now Mrs. W. O. Hahn), is keeping house at 2512 Sylvan Rd., Greensboro, N. C.

Lillian Gilbert, Carolyn Weems, and Sue Raine have recently become Life Members of the Alumnæ Association.

Beatrice Marable is nursing in a hospital at Youngstown, Ohio, at the present time. She gave a beautiful sterling silver vase to the college in loving memory of the faculty, staff members, and alumnæ of the college who have gone to their Great Reward. The vase was presented by Dr. Wayland
Edith Margaret Glick, Mt. Crawford, Augusta Co.
Ola Gladys Grice, Elliston, Montgomery Co.
Mary Augusta Hartman, Temperanceville, Accomac Co.
Rose French Hogge, Hampton, Elizabeth City Co.
Margaret Flanary Kelly, Big Stone Gap, Wise Co.
Anna Bryan Keyser, Washington, Rappahannock Co.
Hilda Muse Lovett, Stephens City, Frederick Co.
Clara Vivian McDonald, Roanoke (City).
Mary Virginia Quisenberry, Mineral, Louisa Co.
Mary Betty Rodes, Greenwood, Albemarle Co.
Anna Abbott Weisiger, Clayville, Powhatan Co.
Carroll Lee Wingo, Drakes Branch, Charlotte Co.
Anna Bryan Keyser, Washington, Rappahannock Co.
Mary Louise Blankenbaker, Madison, Madison Co.
Mildred Earle Blanks, Long Island, Halifax Co.
Martha Elizabeth Brame, Blacksburg, Montgomery Co.
Edna Alice Brown, Purcellville, Loudoun Co.
Emma Shroy Clemens, Leesburg, Loudoun Co.
Emma Mildred Coffman, Edinburg, Shenandoah Co.
Mary Theresa Eleanor Crane, Parkersburg, W. Va.
Elizabeth Lucile Davis, Earleville, Albemarle Co.
Nelle Rebecca Deaver, Lexington, Rockbridge Co.
Alice Newell Dunn, Atlee, Hanover Co.
Emma Virginia Ellmore, Herndon, Fairfax Co.
Ruth Frankhouser (March 1930), Buchanan, Botetourt Co.
Mary Irene Garrison, Harrisonburg.
Wilma Armstrong Gifford, Mansfield, Ohio.
Ida Hicks, Evington, Campbell Co.
Audrey Steinbach Hines, Wakefield, Sussex Co.
Rebecca Delia Holmes, Luray, Page Co.
Elizabeth Lee Kaminsky, Norfolk (City).
Elizabeth Larned Knight, Westfield, N. J.
Sallie Bronner Leach (Dec. 1929), Somerset, Orange Co.
Helen Mary Lee, Norfolk (City).
Helen Parrish Lineweaver, Harrisonburg.
Anna Laura Mauck, Harrisonburg.
Othelia Mitchell, Norfolk (City).
Pearl Nash, Blackstone, Nottoway Co.
Phyllis Peyton Palmer, Greenville, Augusta Co.
Clara Eugenia Payne, Covington, Alleghany Co.
Elsie Hart Quisenberry, Fredericksburg, Mary Co.
Louise Kathryn Renalds, Crighsville, Madison Co.
Esther Louise Smith, Tampa, Fla.
Ruby Alice Stewart, Pleasant Shade, Brunswick Co.
Frances Anderson Sutherland, North Garden, Albemarle Co.
Ruth Zimmerman Swartz, Waynesboro, Augusta Co.
Mina Graves Thomas, Richmond (City).
Frances Virtus Titus, Luckets, Louisa Co.
Mildred Hepler Wade, Millboro, Bath Co.
Emily Olivia Wiley, Newport News.
Lena Marie Wolfe, Mt. Jackson, Shenandoah Co.

Mary Virginia Quisenberry, Mineral, Louisa Co.
Margaret Estelle McKenzie, Whiteville, N. C.
Linda William Malone, Petersburg.
Lucy Carter Marston, Litwaltown, Lancaster Co.
Anna Lee Miller, Newport, Giles Co.
Edythe Bell Monahan, Blackstone, Nottoway Co.
Stella Reynolds, Gate City, Scott Co.
Thelma Irene Rotenberry, Andover, Wise Co.
Linnie Frances Sipe, Elkton, Rockingham Co.
Annie Preston Starling (Dec. 1929), Leakesville, N. C.
Nancy Harriet Sublett, Harrisonburg.
Evelyn Virginia Timberlake, Westfield, N. J.
Dorothy Antoinette Townsend, Manquin, King William Co.

MORE LETTERS FROM THE ALUMNÆ

Margaret K. Pusey, 1428 Powell St., Norristown, Penn.: I received today your special message to come to commencement. As much as I should love to come, it will be impossible, as I have just been down that way and, on the way home, stopped at H. T. C. for a few hours. It was great to see everyone again. It seemed perfectly natural to see so much pep over the Apple Blossom Festival, which had taken place the previous day, and to hear the question so frequently asked, “Who’s going to be May Queen?” This all made me wish that I could be back again for a while, anyway.

On the other hand, teaching isn’t so bad. I have been teaching third grade in the public school here this year and expect to have the same place next year.

I enclose a small check for the Johnston Memorial Fund, which I have been meaning to send for some time. Best wishes to all at H. T. C.

Selma Madrin, Pulaski, Va.: I should love to attend H. T. C.’s commencement this year, but several months ago the company
Mabel Stover Burtner (March 1930), Mt. Solon, Augusta Co.
Violet Estelle Bush, Eclipse, Nansemond Co.
Edna Earle Campbell, Halifax, N. C.
Marcie Caroline Canada, Spring Mills, Campbell Co.
Mary Eleanor Carpenter, Berryville, Clarke Co.
Myrtle Josephine Carpenter, Culpeper, Culpeper Co.
Dorothy Clare Carter, Halifax, Halifax Co.
Gladys Gertrude Charlton, Norfolk (City).
Clara Claire Cook, LaCrosse, Mecklenburg Co.
Dorothy Louise Cornell, Richmond (City).
Margaret Elizabeth Coyner, Waynesboro, Augusta Co.
Edna Odile Grenshaw (December 1929), Chase County.
Sallie Hunt Crider, Danville.
Marie Elizabeth Diggs, Beaverlette, Mathews Co.
Dorothy Gabriel Duffy, Waynesboro, Augusta Co.
Lutie Evelyn Duke, Churchland, Norfolk, Va.
Mildred Elizabeth Dunnivant, Portsmouth.
Elizabeth Ann Durrette, Ruckersville, Greene Co.
Helene Ernestine Duvall (Dec. 1929) Portsmouth.
Isabelle Dora DuVal, Norfolk (City).
Vivie Gertrude Edwards, Norfolk (City).
Verona Virgie Elliott, Norfolk (City).
Mary Waller Farinholt, Petersburg.
Geneva Boggan Firebaugh, Lexington, Rockbridge Co.
Dicie Ella Fishback, Madison, Madison Co.
Dorothy Gertrude Flowers, Kerns, Madison Co.
Addie Louise Foster, Madison Heights, Amherst Co.
Nannie Vivian Gammon, Hickory, Norfolk Co.
Hazel Elizabeth Giles, Callands, Pittsylvania Co.
Marie Catherine Gwatney, Windsor, Isle of Wight County.
Ida Rupert Good, LaCrosse, Mecklenburg Co.
Nannie Louise Harrell, Elizabeth City, N. C.
Mauie Birdsong Harris, Ebony, Brunswick Co.
Maxine Benefield Head, Ivy Depot, Albemarle Co.
Stella Malvina Hepler, Millboro, Bath Co.
June Bostick Herndon, Ruckersville, Greene Co.
Katherine Louise Hill, Tyro, Nelson Co.
Stache Virginia Hoff, Upperville, Loudoun Co.
Lelia Gladden Hooks (March 1930), Staunton.
Alice Rhea Horsley, Roanoke (City).
Flavia Geordinn Hudgins (Dec. 1929), New Point, Mathews Co.
Ivey Leone Hugdins, Sarah, Mathews Co.
Elaine Dean Hupp, Woodstock, Shenandoah Co.
Marjorie Carr Hurld, Danville.
Mary Rachel Kadel, East Falls Church, Fairfax Co.
Frances Elizabeth Kagey, New Market, Shenandoah Co.
Lelia Rose Kearney, West Haven, Conn.
Margaret Gomez Kearney, Washington, D. C.
Willie Marjie Kidwell, Potomac, Arlington Co.
Isabel Judson Leech, Murat, Rockbridge Co.
Kathleen Flester Lillard, Duet, Madison Co.
Margaret Elizabeth Littlejohn, Roanoke (City).
Robertia Lee McKim (March 1930), Luray, Page Co.
Margaret Elizabeth Mackey, Millboro, Bath Co.
Lucy Webb Malone, Petersburg.
Martha Marcelia Mason, Roanoke (City).
Grace Baxter Mayo, Norfolk (City).
Anna Katherine Mendel, Wellsburg, W. Va.
Carrie Willey Miller, Norfolk (City).
Emily Fisher Moore (Dec. 1929), Timberville, Rockingham Co.
Sarah Ellen Moore, Buchanan, Botetourt Co.
Stella Davenport Moore, Berryville, Clarke Co.
Elaine Neff, Harrisonburg.
Anna May Nethken, Harrisonburg.
Mildred King Pace, Harrisonburg.
Nettie Hough Painter (Dec. 1929), Hillsboro, Loudoun Co.
Kathleen Margaret Parks (Mar. 1930), Parksley, Accomac Co.
Virginia Parker, Driver, Nansemond Co.
Katherine Ammonette Payne, Midlothian, Chesterfield Co.
Doris Louise Petty, Hilton Village, Warwick Co.
Irma Virginia Phillips, Waverly, Sussex Co.
Mary Cavin Poles, Norfolk (City).
Clarice Mabel Presson, Wakefield, Southampton Co.
Nannie Ben Jones Price, Ridgeway, Henry Co.
Margaret Edna Pugh, Crozet, Albemarle Co.
Elizabeth Allie Ramsburg, Berryville, Clarke Co.
Haseltine Reynolds, Roanoke, R. F. D.
Ophelia Gertrude Reynolds, Roanoke, R. F. D.
Ella May Riner, Gordonsville, Orange Co.
Grace Lockhart Rohr, Gordonsville, Orange Co.
Carrie Frances Rook, Rosemary, N. C.
Pearl Naomi Scott, Port Republic, Rockingham Co.
Eva Frances Shelton, Norfolk, R. F. D.
Fannie Kent Shepherd, Palmyra, Fluvanna Co.
Doris Tucker Shotwell (Dec. 1929), Front Royal, Warren Co.
Mildred Lee Slayton, Danville.
Mary Overview Smith (Dec. 1929), Pulaski, Pulaski Co.
Henrie Putney Steinmetz, Charleston, W. Va.
Emma Belle Stephenson (Dec. 1929), Suffolk, Nansemond Co.
Virginia Lee Straitland, Raleigh, N. C.
Luelle Louise Stultz, Martinsville, Henry Co.
Elizabeth Townsend, Manquin, King William Co.
Arabelle Waller, South Boston, Halifax Co.
Virginia Turner Ward (Dec. 1929), Nassawadox, Northampton Co.
Marian Cynthia Warren, Lynchburg.
Mrs. Myrtie Estelle Watkins (Dec. 1929), Monrivia, Md.
Faith Elizabeth Wilson, Martinsville, Henry Co.
Clarissa Jane Woodard, Portsmouth.
Okla Pauline Wortman, Chase City, Mecklenburg Co.
Elizabeth Aileen Wright, Fentress, Norfolk Co.
Ann Elizabeth Zeigler, Yukon, W. Va.

Bachelor of Science Degree

Home Economics

Monterey Virginia Allen, Portsmouth.
Mary Brown Allgood, Petersburg.
Martha Louise Barker, Danville, R. F. D.
Juanita Beery, Covington, Alleghany Co.
Audrey Loleta Cline, Staunton.
May Marie Coffman, Edinburg, Shenandoah Co.
Elizabeth vila Cozzens, Edinburg, Shenandoah Co.
Mildred Milford Dixon, Bridgewater, Rockingham Co.
Maude Forbes, Washington, D. C.
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The Rockingham National Bank
Harrisonburg, Virginia
planned to send me to Welch, W. Va. June 11-15, when we have a formal opening of our new building. The dates for commencement run too close for me to leave my work that long. . . . Anne Allison is now Mrs. Douglas English. She has an adorable little daughter, who is about two months old.

I certainly have missed H. T. C. and everyone this year. Being in the Southwest makes me feel as if I am separated from the world. But my work is very interesting, and I couldn't wish for a better company to work with.

Mary Smith, a Pulaski girl who completed the two-year course, and Mary Cecil were talking to me the other day, and we thought it would be a good idea to give the High School Senior girls a little party when the H. T. C. girls come home. This might interest a few in going to H. T. C.

Give my love to everybody.

Frances Herrick, Rt. 2, Norfolk, Va.: . . . Last week we had a school exhibit in which all schools of Norfolk County contested. My grade, which is the fifth, won first place of all the schools. As the old fellow says, "I was thrilled to death."

I saw in the last issue of the Virginia Teacher that the new building had been started. Are they making any progress on it? I certainly hope that this will be one of the most successful commencements ever.

With love for you and H. T. C.

Ruth Nickell, 506 Quincy Ave., Scranton, Penn.: I suppose I am the world’s worst procrastinator, and there is no excuse for me.

Every year I offer a little prayer that our school might close in time for me to come to the H. T. C. commencement, but each year luck turns against me. There is nothing I’d rather do than come down there for four whole days.

The work I do here is very pleasant, and I enjoy it thoroughly, but I certainly do miss the contacts with old friends. It seems that no one from H. T. C. ever strays up here into this neck of the woods.

I can’t tell you the thrill I got when I saw Mrs. Johnston and the girls in New York when they broke Savage’s basketball record. That was the first game I had the opportunity to see since I left school.

I know that commencement is going to be the great success that it always is.

Frances Cabell: I am very sorry that I cannot come back to commencement this year. I surely hope that you will have lots of Alumni back and that everyone will have a lovely time.

I am very much thrilled just now over an appointment to teach history in the Washington and Lee High School, Clarendon, Va. It will be lovely to be back teaching again after a year of loafing.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

John Calvin Metcalf is dean of the Graduate School of the University of Virginia and an author of note. His lecture, entitled "The Great Tradition," was delivered at Harrisonburg in commemoration of Founders Day, March 12, 1930.

John A. Sawhill is head of the Latin department in Harrisonburg State Teachers College. He has this summer had a rich experience in the Vergilian Tour, celebrating the bi-millenary of that poet.

P. Stewart MacAulay is a member of the staff of the Baltimore Sunday Sun. He is a graduate of Johns Hopkins University.

Perry Cornell Dechert is a senior at Cornell University. He is a former resident of Harrisonburg, where he received his high school education. In May, 1929, he was awarded a fellowship for study abroad by the International Institute of Education, in New York.

Elizabeth P. Cleveland holds the chair of French in the State Teachers College at Harrisonburg.