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State Normal School for Women at Harrisonburg (Harrisonburg, Va.)

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M’LEDGE MOFFETT RECALLS THE COLLEGE AT HARRISONBURG AS SHE KNEW IT FROM 1909 TO 1911
FRANCES MACKEY OFFERS A SILVER YARDSTICK TO MEASURE 25 YEARS OF GROWTH
BEATRICE MARABLE PRAISES THE MEMORY OF SENATOR GEORGE B. KEEZELL

VIRGINIUS DABNEY ON THE NEED FOR LIBRARIES IN THE SOUTH

NEWS OF THE COLLEGE
BOOK REVIEWS

Published at the State Teachers College of Harrisonburg, Va.
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THE BEGINNING OF STUDENT ACTIVITIES AT HARRISONBURG

TWENTY-TWO years ago, June 13, 1911, I sat in the shade of the apple trees which overhang the stage of the open air theater and read the prophecy of my class. Around me stood the other nineteen of that first group. Before us stretched the future. For each I painted a glorious one. For our Alma Mater, as she blessed us her first born, I dreamed dreams. It was a day of climax, the first achievement of Virginia's New Normal, the climax of our faculty's first endeavor, the climax to two years of expectancy, the hour when we at last received from our president, Mr. Burruss, our school pins, the badge of alumnae. This, he said, was the actual beginning of an endless chain of women who would ever be pouring forth to shed honor upon this, our Alma Mater.

That night on the stage of the courthouse amidst the plaudits of the town, we received our diplomas. The faculty, proud mothers and fathers, smiling classmates, white dresses and wilting flowers, diplomas proudly bedecked in violet and gold, were all crowded together in that great hour. It was the end!

Now after these years I am called back, not as a prophet, but as a historian, to recount for you who have followed us the story of the beginning.

There are four basic factors in the life of any institution. First, the buildings and its financial support; second, the faculty, their courses and work as teachers; third, the students and their interpretation of the whole thing; and fourth, those same students grown into alumnae and the success they make in life. Of these factors the students, whether active or alumnae, are the most important. What they make of the buildings, what they say of the curricula, how they interpret the whole to the public; how they react to the experiences of college life, make that intangible something which permeates the institution and creates the atmosphere, the aroma of its life, which is in reality the college.

The Harrisonburg College, like other institutions, has changed with each new group of students, with each new building, with each new dominant faculty member, and with its change in administration. At each of these turns in its history it has stamped its impress upon the graduates: to each that impression is Harrisonburg.

My Harrisonburg

To me Harrisonburg is an apple orchard, two gray stone buildings, (Maury and Jackson Halls), a cottage, a laundry, a board walk, a high school, (two of us took chemistry at the high school, for chemistry was not taught at the college), a Chestnut Ridge (the rural demonstration school in which I did my practice teaching), a privet hedge, the C. & W. railroad trestle, a Mr. Burruss, a Mrs. Brooke, a Doctor Wayland or Mr. Heatwole, a Miss Sale, Miss Betty, Miss Annie or Miss Lila Cleveland, Miss Lancaster, Miss Loose and Mr. Johnston (theirs was the major romance of the first two years), Miss King and Miss Harrington, Miss Shoninger and Miss Bell, Miss Lyons, Black Willie, Page and Walker; Florence, Ethel, Tracie and Pearl, Virginia, Katherine, Annie and Louise, and a hundred other girls. Around these hover the memories that make this place mine. From this nucleus the life of this college sprang. I was one of the first students to arrive. Miss King met us at the station.
There were surries galore and in the midst a four-seated carry-all. I chose this and there, perched high amid telescope suitcases, bandboxes and umbrella, I with about thirty other girls formed the first parade of normal girls the public square of Harrisonburg ever saw, and they saw us.

Everybody in Harrisonburg knew the Normal was opening. Triumphantly we rode up South Main Street, around to the corner of the dormitory (Jackson Hall). Marshalled about by zealous faculty committees, I finally landed bag and baggage in Room 21, my home for the next two years. That night we ate the first meal ever served in this college (the dining room was in the basement). We had baked apples (“shrivelled witches”). We continued to have baked apples until we had depleted the apple orchard, drunk the cider, and eaten the last “gnarl” from the Science Hall basement.

The next day (September 28, 1909) we registered. The preliminary organization of the faculty functioned. Each one at his station served us with a card. I can still see those cards, large ones, small ones, white ones, pink ones, blue ones—they had a card for everything. Having divested myself of fourteen dollars, the charges for one month’s board, I shuffled my pack of cards and chose the color which stood for Household Arts. I little realized that in that choice I was making history. The five of us who chose household arts as a major that day were the first Virginia women ever to start training in a Virginia institution for that greatest of women’s callings, homemaking education. (Three of us are still “old maids!”)

Thus our college life started. Every one had an equal start; there were no old girls to steer us about; there were no organizations to flaunt their virtues in our face, only girls who had the faith to try a new school. As I look back at those first few days at Harrisonburg, and at the same period in Radford’s history, I am struck with the fact “that where there is no leader, a leader will arise.” It was not many hours until leadership began to assert itself: certain faculty members became dominant, certain girls assumed responsibility, student ideas began to sprout. We registered on Tuesday. May I read you some extracts from my first Sunday letter home, written October 3, 1909? This letter gives you a student’s account of that first week.

“I am having a hard fight to keep from being homesick and I think I shall come out victorious. Well, I have been having some great experiences in the past week. I shall never, never regret them. I mailed my last letter in the basket (a wire basket by the dormitory door) as I went to assembly for the first time.

We had a lot of men to make addresses. Some were very good, especially the prayer offered by Mr. Wayland. All of Thursday we spent in going to classes. At assembly all of the churches were represented by their pastors, who made addresses of welcome. Friday night there was a called meeting to form two literary societies. The decision was put off until next Friday when the faculty are to have a reception. After the meeting we played folk games and danced. Saturday I went to Manual Arts the first two periods, eight-thirty to ten. I hemmed napkins until dinner and cheered up homesick girls. After dinner I went down town again to get another clothes bag—I can’t go down town again for two weeks—well, Saturday night the Bible class of our church gave a reception to Presbyterian girls—I wore my white dress. It was a swell affair. Perfectly beautiful dresses. The hostess wore a garnet dress trimmed in rich garnet velvet and gold braid. One of her daughters wore pink silk, the other green. The dresses of all the town people were fine. Most of the girls wore white. I had seven girls helping me dress. Really our room is full all the time. Virginia (my roommate) has the reputation of being the
prettiest girl in school. . . Behold your daughter a Sunday School teacher! they asked a friend and me if we wouldn't take a class to teach. I said I would. . . I think every young man in Harrisonburg has been out here this P. M. They act like they had never seen a girl. . . Oh, I am so glad I have such a nice roommate; some of the girls are so different. I have one friend who is 'most sick over her roommates, she is so homesick. . . We had cooked-to-death chicken today, and O dear, we have had chipped beef three times this week, twice in one day. We have burnt rice, potatoes and tomatoes or corn, and tough beef every day. The girls at our table form a family. I am father, Virginia mother, one girl is sis, another Bud, Pet, Baby. We have one vacant place for beaus, which I think will never be. . . Some of the girls seem only anxious to hear from some boy or other. . . I get up at six o'clock. Books cost like forty here. I paid $1.40 for one book and thirty-five cents for notebooks . . the girls are after me to wear a rat (hairpad), but I flatly refused and I solemnly mean to stick to it.

Thus through reams of such accounts I relayed the events of those first two years to my mother. From this source material, a diary, and a memory book, I have culled the story of the organization and the early development of those student activities which still exist upon this campus.

Literary Societies

Two literary societies were organized the second week of school (October 8, 1909); a faculty committee, Miss Cleveland and Dr. Wayland, named them "Lee" and "Lanier." They selected twenty charter members for each. It fell to my lot to be a Lee. Rivalry started at once. Each organization took on an identity: the Lees a fearless independent type, while the Laniers were more temperamental and literary. Dr. Wayland became Lee advisor and Miss Cleveland led the Laniers. With much seriousness we drew up constitutions; one point of contention arose over limiting the membership to the societies. This was settled in the first public debate held March 5, 1910. Four of us, representing the contending forces, debated: "Resolved, that membership in the literary societies should be limited to fifty." For weeks we surveyed the colleges of the state and nation for precedent upon which to base argument.

Senator Conrad was one of the judges and in sad defeat my colleague and I went down and limitation lost. Years later the membership was limited and the Page Society organized.

Much of the early social life of the college centered around these two societies. Each held receptions for the other, gave special programs, and the Lees were entertained at an elaborate reception on January 19, 1910, by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The selection of a pin was a problem. The Lees got their original design of the open book and sabre finally worked out in the spring of 1911.

Young Women's Christian Association

The Y. W. C. A. was organized by Miss Oalooh Burner of the National Board. She visited the school the week of October 17, 1909. She explained the organization to us. Miss Lancaster became advisor and a cabinet was elected.

In those days everybody went to everything. The Y. W. weekly meetings were held in the assembly hall (the present chemistry laboratory). This room, the largest on the campus, served as an auditorium, gymnasium and student meeting place. Walker (the janitor) and students were kept busy shifting the chairs back and forth. The Y. W. was primarily religious. We soon had Bible and Mission Study groups, meeting in various rooms of the dormitory. The cabinet held many meetings. They were always making a budget or trying to keep our feeble little group consistent with the elaborate committee system suggested by the
National Board. We had many of their representatives to visit us. Each visit was like a revival to our fainting spirit. But by much persistence this organization took a most important place in our life.

Under its auspices our first student representative (Katherine Royce) was sent to a convention. Such a consternation her trip caused! We all assisted in her packing and in getting her started. Faculty as well as students were apprehensive of this first fledgling pushed from the nest into the courts of the experienced. We listened with wide-open wonderment to her reports of this territorial conference of the Young Women’s Christian Association which met in Richmond, but we were more solicitous as to how she had impressed the representatives of other colleges. Harrisonburg’s reputation was at stake. Pride in our school and faith in its superiority marked us from the beginning.

Class Organizations

Our class organizations were entirely unique. There were only thirty-eight students in that first group who had completed high school. The majority therefore were in high school classes. Them we dubbed Third, Fourth and Fifth Year Class. Those above the secondary level were classified according to curriculum major. It was here that war centered between the so-called professionals (those working for certificates) and those of us who were called industrial or special, (the household arts, kindergartens, manual arts, and one year specials). Each little group had its organization knitted together by an intense loyalty. A major issue arose over raising money for representation in the annual. Each group staged an entertainment. In this connection the first play, Miss Fearless and Company, was given by the professionals. The Households Arts followed with a “Stamp Evening” from which we realized about $40.00, the largest amount of money raised by any entertainment that year.

In spite of the animosity and rivalry of the first year, by the end of the second it had died, and united we stood in that first class of twenty graduates. Never was a class so fêted. The biggest events were a picnic at Mr. Heatwole’s farm and a banquet at Massanetta Springs.

The Schoolma’am

The first talk of an annual was launched in general assembly February 2, 1910. I think it was of faculty origin. A month later we had a staff elected and work started. Naming the book was very carefully considered. All were given an opportunity to compete in suggesting a name. “The Schoolma’am,” when proposed by Miss Cleveland, was accepted by acclamation as the only name that would ever do. It is a far fling from the simple little Schoolma’am of 1910 to her elaborate successors of recent years. Yet within her covers she holds the romantic achievement of my life, “The Grave Between,” penned at midnight in the bathroom of Jackson Hall. The poems and stories of that first annual are the labored contributions of “Special English,” a remedial English course taught by Miss Betty to the whole school as the feature of assembly two days a week. Every one took it until she could cram enough spelling to be excused. When the annual came up, we were given one month in which to write a story and a poem. On the night before these were due, the literary genius of the inmates of our corridor burned until the wee small hours in the bathroom.

Athletics

We were introduced to “gym” the first week of school, when “Dr. Spitty” (Dr. Firebaugh) thumped our hearts and Miss Loose (Mrs. Johnston) measured us for suits. And such suits as we had! Blue serge bloomers, two yards full, with blue serge waists, carefully buttoned together and cut with conservative square necks and elbow sleeves. Gaily attired in these, we
waved Indian clubs and dumb bells to the rhythmic count of our instructor. The athletic program emphasized basketball and tennis. There were many teams with ferocious names; some really played on the outdoor court which was near the site of this building. The Pinquet and Racquet Tennis Clubs were quite active. In the spring we had a tournament to determine the winner of a silver trophy cup given by Mr. Johnston and some other gentlemen of the town. The Pinquets won that first year. Where is that cup now?

**Dancing**

A German Club was organized during the first month of school. This club sponsored dances among the girls. The climax of its glory came on December 16, 1910, when we had the first “man dance.” Mrs. Burruss and some ladies of the faculty made all the arrangements, invited the men, and made out our programs. Oh, it was thrilling! Mr. Logan, then a gay gallant of Harrisonburg, was one of my partners.

**Glee Club**

Music has always been stressed by this college. During the first year a glee club was organized under the direction of Miss Lila Cleveland. The members practiced and sang with great credit “Merry June” and “Pond Lilies” at Harrisonburg’s first commencement, June 14, 1910. Governor Mann was the speaker. We all wore white dresses, but there were no graduates.

**Discipline**

We had Faculty Government, personified by Mrs. Brooke, our matron and housekeeper. Mrs. Brooke had rules which we got by absorption rather than in printed form. She presided over us with the gracious dignity of a cultured lady and held us to Victorian standards of dress and decorum. She was elderly, stout, with beautiful white hair, immaculately dressed in black with dainty white turnovers to her high collars. I see her still as she parted the green curtains to shoo us into submission, or her shocked expression and personal anguish at our crude sense of fun, abnormal appetites, or unfinished toilets. She patroled the halls and at most unexpected moments would appear to admonish us. She had a way of ending all interviews with a “hey-hey” giggle, which in time became the pass word of the students. Mrs. Brooke held court after dinner in the dining room. Here we pled our cause and received our permissions. We were allowed to go to town once in two weeks. Hence most of our life was confined to the campus. We were expected to go to church at least once on Sunday. There was very little Sunday studying. After dinner we were supposed to stay in our own rooms, or go walking “over the hill” or to the trestle, but never to town or on the pike. We had very few “dates.” It was quite difficult to get a man passed by Mrs. Brooke; if you did, it caused so much consternation that few girls ever made the effort.

We did not sleep out of our rooms; only once did this become a major issue. Halley’s Comet appeared in the heaven. After several fruitless efforts to see it from the porch rooms, we moved ourselves upstairs and doubled up. At 2:00 A.M. we aroused the dormitory to see this glory of the heavens. Mrs. Brooke was horrified, but we scored when she discovered Mrs. Burruss in our midst. Mr. and Mrs. Burruss had an apartment on the second floor of the dormitory; they ate in the dining room. Although Mrs. Burruss did not assume any responsibility for us, she was much beloved and we coveted her attention and counsel.

We knew nothing of student government, which was just then being tried in a few Southern colleges. One Saturday morning, however, some girls having heard there was such a thing, proposed we have it. A great mass meeting was held with fiery speeches against faculty control, and the clarion cry
for freedom went forth. But it never got outside the door and I suppose to this day few of the faculty know of that meeting. In those days Harrisonburg was not ready for student government, and fortunately some sane students realized it and stopped the clamor.

On May 27, 1910, the faculty proposed the honor system for class work. This we adopted and without much organization except an honor committee we launched a campaign for high ideals of honesty in student work, which I hope has not waned to this day.

Miscellaneous

To us you owe your colors: they almost were red and blue. But the royal hue of purple and gold we handed on to you. Dr. Wayland explains the selection of the school colors as originally violet and gold. One color each was taken from the colors of the literary societies, gold from Lee and violet from Lanier. For you we planted trees but saplings, now full grown. The Maple planted by the class of 1911 is the central tree of the circle by Jackson Hall. To us came our Alma Mater “Blue Stone Hill” and “Shendo Land,” penned by Dr. Wayland. These we sang first and sent their call to you.

To us there is a memory, too sacred to reveal to you, of friendship, hopes, and stirred ambition, of happy days and dreams come true.

Although my Harrisonburg is not your Harrisonburg and our ways seem strange to you, yet my Harrisonburg made your Harrisonburg. Now the future Harrisonburg rests with you.

May I in conclusion read a part of the prayer offered by Dr. Wayland at that first assembly twenty-three years ago? It is just as appropriate now as it was then:

“Bless all who have labored for this school hitherto, and all who shall labor for it henceforth in any capacity. Bless the school; may it become a sacred place—a shrine, as it were; devoted to liberty and to truth. Standing upon this hilltop, under the rising sun, may it grow as a mighty oak or a cedar of ancient Lebanon, and in its shelter may health and gladness abound. Like the hills and mountains round about it, may it be strong and steadfast; like the skies that smile above it, may it be boundless in its compass and ever full of light; like the hills and plains that surround it, may it be both fruitful and beautiful; like all the works of righteousness, may it be fostered and blessed of God.

Give these, thy servants who teach, knowledge and wisdom and power; give the Trustees of the Commonwealth, who shall direct us, foresight and wise discretion; may all labor unto thy glory and the good of mankind.

And now, O Lord, as we end our petitions, we voice one more special prayer. Bless these young women in their lives and in their work. They hold in their hands the cure of many ills, the key to many joys; and they too are standing at this hour in the dawn of a great future. The skies are bright above them, and hope calls them forward. Give them grace and strength and wisdom, O Lord, and guide them into usefulness and all those forms of special service for which Thou hast so richly endowed them. Give them hearts of love and sympathy and sincerity, and through them bless the land—the State, the Nation, the World, for Jesus Christ’s sake, Amen.

M’Ledge Moffett.

PRAYER

I do not ask a truce
With life’s incessant pain;
But school my lips, O Lord,
Not to complain.

I do not ask for peace
From life’s eternal sorrow;
But give me courage, Lord,
To fight, tomorrow!

There are few worthier careers than that of advising and aiding young people through their adolescent years. Had our pious citizens spent on such counsellors the hundreds of millions they have wasted on foreign missions, our land would be much better off today.

WALTER B. PITKIN
OUR SILVER YARDSTICK

I KNOW that I express the feelings of all these other “dear old alumna grand-mamas” as well as of this one when I tell you how happy we are to be with you—and renew our youth—and sit on Alma Mater’s lap once more.

Mr. Duke asked me to make a speech, when he knew perfectly well that I never could do anything but chatter. My old associates know this, and the rest of you will find it out immediately.

Of course, I guessed the real reason for this rash act of President Duke—and I’m going to tell on him.

He put me on this program because I have trotted about the campus for so many years that I’m a sort of familiar sight to all the alumna generations, an old landmark like the smokestack or the lamp posts—though not nearly so serviceable. I feel it a great privilege to be here as one of the little “spots that their infancy knew.”

Remembering all the happy years at Harrisonburg, there were so many things I wanted to say, that I was afraid my speech would blow up like a bomb, and fly off in every direction. So I jotted down a few stirring sentiments as a sort of anchor—which I’ll hoist if I get around to it.

Coming back to Blue Stone Hill, receiving such a gracious welcome—and seeing old friends, we feel like happy old veterans about to burst into the Rebel yell.

We old warriors are prone to live in the past and are apt to start telling you stirring tales of the days when we marched up the heights under the banner of Marse Julian A. Burruss or the Duke of Harrisonburg.

It is amazing to those of us who rode up from the station in one-hoss shays in 1909 to realize that Alma Mater is approaching her twenty-fifth birthday.

These years have been a splendid forward march for our school, and we battle-scared old alumnae warriors all over the country have rejoiced in every bit of good news of triumphs on Blue Stone Hill.

And while our joints may be a bit creaky, we still love to feel that we are marching with you.

Today—and always—there are invisible threads of interest centering on Harrisonburg from the hundreds of former students out there, who appreciate more and more as they bump into life the examples of courage, enthusiasm, service, and sacrifice lived on this campus.

Some have achieved fame in various professions; others are complacently married, while the rest of us are just plodding along, but all of us use Harrisonburg’s gifts to us—every day.

If there are any little old-fashioned girls here today, they may recall the story of the Silver Yardstick—used so charmingly in the Little Colonel books of Annie Fellows Johnston. This silver yardstick was a gift which enabled its possessor to measure life and people and situations accurately and fairly. It seems to me that the greatest gift of Blue Stone Hill to us has been such a silver yardstick for each student.

Methods of teaching may change, psychology may turn somersaults, new days, new ways may follow, but this gift of knowledge never wavers in usefulness and accuracy. Our experience on this campus never fails in helping us to measure and appreciate everything from sunsets to honesty, from good music to good sportsmanship, from wholesome fun to hard work. And the greatest benefit of Alma Mater’s silver yardstick comes to those who use it to measure themselves.

Out in the world, on the pedagogical battlefield, or the broom and dish-mop battlefield, in the contract-bridge arena, or among the shovel-and-hoe brigades, we find all sorts of surprising people and situations. Some are fine examples, and some are difficult problems. When we are out there following or leading, we need more than ever...
to get a firm grip on Alma Mater’s apron string with one fist—and to hold tight to that silver yardstick with the other fist.

We can look back with gratitude on the years we spent here and realize more and more as we get some wound stripes on our sleeves, that we had the privilege here of following the very finest leadership in work, in play, in appreciation, in generosity—and in all the best methods of living life soundly.

I imagine that some of you little girls out there get a sort of collegiate spanking now and then. We did in the good old days, and we didn’t enjoy it any more than you do, but after you leave here you’ll find that spanking has miraculously turned into the most valuable part of your silver yardstick—and you will probably pass it on!

Harrisonburg is the sort of sensible far-seeing mother who doesn’t believe that spoiling her children will prepare them for happiness or usefulness. She was quite firm, even in the old days, about having us eat spinach, when some of us felt so superior to such things, and preferred chocolate pie all the time.

Of course, in this sensible era of green vegetables and goodcomplexions, you are probably not troubled with many of those painfully superior, delicately spoiled young ladies—who just couldn’t eat a thing on the table.

We had them occasionally long ago. If you happened to be a hearty specimen with a bo yish appetite, these orchid-like creatures looked on with a pained expression while you devoured your cabbage with gusto. But they didn’t last long at that. Blue Stone Hill had a delightful way of curing curious creatures. Mrs. Johnston or Miss Hudson hustled us firmly about the gym; Miss King marched us over the hills to hunt bugs and birds; and Miss Cleveland umpired us through some spirited bouts with participles, or took us on delightful adventures through the Forest of Arden. Then we joined Dr. Wayland in Jackson’s Valley Campaign or a stirring engagement on Bunker Hill—and we sang lustily in his classroom about “On to Vic-to-ree.”

By the time other members of the faculty had contributed to our rejuvenation, and the peppy climate, good water, 10:30 bedtime, and other benefits had joined forces, Blue Stone Hill had lined up more loyal, happy daughters with a renovated zest for living.

I have always had a suspicion that the fountain of youth is located somewhere around here. Nobody grows old here, and nobody ever seems to run down.

Today some of us are passing these wholesome Harrisonburg doctrines on to our own daughters and to the daughters of others. We hope they are planning to urge these daughters “on to Harrisonburg.”

That is the best possible way to pay interest on all that our school has invested in us—the finest sort of life insurance for any girl in whose welfare we are interested is this—send her to Harrisonburg.

Most of us are very busy Alumnae Grannies—up to our ears in household duties, or curriculum mazes, or perhaps busily patching last year’s hats, by way of living on salaries pruned down with 10% cuts—and it may not occur to us that we can still be really useful to our school. Few of us have any hoarded gold to pour into the treasury of Blue Stone Hill, but we have hoarded appreciation and love, which we might put into better circulation.

Our school has been sending us out for over 20 years. We are everywhere. But many of us are not making our interest in Harrisonburg pay as we should. In these days of trembly finances, when budgets are being snipped and trimmed, we must steam up and whistle long and loud for our school’s welfare.

Those of us who have wept commencement tears and have stepped out into the world need not become a host of pale mem-
ories. We can be a tremendous influence when Harrisonburg needs us.

For all her gifts to us and her untiring investment in us we owe our Alma Mater a debt we can never repay, but all her "daughters loyal one in heart and one in will" like to feel that we can pay interest pressed down and running over.

FRANCES M. MACKAY

THE NEED FOR LIBRARIES IN THE SOUTH

One of the fields in which the South has long been behind the rest of the country is that of library development. The facilities for providing library service for the people of Dixie, where such facilities exist at all, are greatly inferior to those in the North and West. In a large percentage of the former Confederacy they are non-existent. Consequently there is a great opportunity for some person or some group to take hold of the situation and by aggressive and sustained effort, to raise the standing of the South in this field to something like a reasonable level.

While it may appear that the present is perhaps not a particularly auspicious time for the discussion of this subject, such a view is hardly justified by the facts. Federal, state and local governments are retrenching in every possible way, and all types of governmental activity which are not regarded as absolutely essential are being curtailed or eliminated. Since our public men do not always realize the importance of libraries, they are sometimes prone to curtail appropriations to these agencies to an unwarranted degree.

Therefore it behooves all friends of library development to unite with a view to preventing disproportionate cuts at this time. And since there is reason to believe that the bottom has been reached and that we are shortly to begin the climb back to prosperity, formation of citizens' committees in the various Southern States to create sentiment for improved library facilities would appear to be in order. Then when economic normalcy returns, those States will be in a position to develop their libraries in the way that they should be developed.

Four Southern states already have inaugurated these citizens' movements, but it is only in North Carolina that tangible progress has been made. In the Tar Heel State, library service has been initiated or expanded in four counties, two new library buildings have been erected, and funds have been raised for a book truck for the State Library Commission, all as a result of this effort. The other states in which beginnings have been made are South Carolina, Louisiana, and Texas.

It would not have been reasonable, of course, for the libraries to have attempted to escape all cuts during the period of retrenchment through which we have been passing. They have accepted slashes in their appropriations along with all other governmental agencies. What they have resisted and what they expect to resist in the future is any wholly unwarranted and excessive cut which would have a ruinous effect on their efficiency and their opportunity for usefulness to the communities which they serve.

Fortunately there is a central agency in the South through which the advocates of better libraries may operate. This is the Southeastern Library Association of Atlanta, an agency of the American Library Association. Miss Tommie Dora Barker, regional field agent for the South, has general charge, and is doing an excellent work in arousing this section to a realization of its need for better library facilities.

The association will hold a conference of leaders in library work at the University of North Carolina on April 7-8, at which time an effort will be made to formulate a long time program for the development of li-
The results of this conference will be keenly watched, for it is being held at a crucial time, and much depends upon its success.

The potentialities of such a gathering as this may be partially grasped when it is pointed out that two-thirds of the inhabitants of the thirteen Southern States have no local public library service of any kind. It is obvious, then, that the movement is one of enormous importance to the South and to the nation. Much of the backwardness of the South may be traced to its high illiteracy rate, to the ignorance of a large proportion of its citizens. Proper library facilities would do much to raise the level of Southern citizenship.

It is a noteworthy fact that when a community which has been denied access to a library is given that access, it responds by making an ever-increasing use of the facilities provided. That, in general, has been the experience everywhere, and it has been especially true in Richmond. The progress of the Richmond Public Library since its opening in 1924 has been surprising even to librarians, for the number of volumes used annually and the number of persons patronizing the institution has grown each year with such leaps and bounds as to give that library a place with the three fastest growing larger libraries in the United States. The other two are those at Birmingham and Louisville.

Another excellent illustration of the manner in which a community will respond to better library facilities is to be found in Greenville, S. C., where two public-spirited men provided the money for a city library. After the citizens had become convinced of the library's value, they voted a special tax to take care of it. The two philanthropists then donated a book automobile which furnished library service to the neighboring villages. Shortly thereafter the county, recognizing the importance of this service, also voted a special tax.

By 1932 the total book circulation for Greenville and the adjacent county of the same name was 511,316, and those in charge declare that the rural patrons of the library read more biography and history than is read by city people.

Another striking illustration of the manner in which the public responds to better library facilities is to be found in the statistics showing the results of grants to Southern libraries made by the Rosenwald Fund in 1929. In two years the total book circulation for those libraries jumped from 1,820,221 to 3,946,320, the urban increase being from 1,388,590 to 2,680,740, and the rural from 431,622 to 1,265,580. Figured by races, the statistics show a jump from 1,742,760 to 3,610,575 for whites, and from 77,452 to 335,745 for Negroes.

Here in Virginia the library situation is better than in some of the other Southern States, but it is far from what it should be. Sixty-nine counties are without local library service of any kind, and only ten libraries give service to Negroes. It is true that all of the cities of consequence have public libraries, with the exception of Alexandria, which has a library which is supported chiefly by subscriptions, but no Virginia library enjoys the $1 per capita support which the American Library Association says is essential to satisfactory library service. The Virginia libraries with the highest per capita incomes last year were as follows:

Winchester, 95 cents; Lynchburg, 74 cents; Charlottesville, 56 cents; Danville, 48 cents; Richmond, 44 cents; Roanoke, 41 cents; Norfolk, 40 cents, and Petersburg, 38 cents.

It should be noted, however, that whereas sixty-nine Virginia counties have no local library service, the Virginia State Library mails books on request to all parts of the Commonwealth at no cost except return postage; the extension division of that library sends out traveling library units of
fifty volumes to schools, rural communities, and village and town libraries without cost; and the extension divisions of the University of Virginia, the College of William and Mary, and the University of Richmond mail books to residents in the rural districts for a nominal sum to cover postage and cost of packing.

This mail and package service to all parts of the state is of course of the greatest importance, but it is by no means the same thing as local library service. It is manifestly impossible to build up the book reading and book using habit on a wide scale through this method, and Virginia will not be able to take its place as a "library state" until local service is made available much more generally than it now is.

The writer was hopeful some years ago that the General Assembly could see its way clear to give a substantial increase to the State Library Extension Division, in order that it might expand its field of service and conduct its operations on a suitable scale. Those were the days of Coolidge-Mellon prosperity, and there was no reason why some of the lucre in the State Treasury could not have been allotted to this work. It was not done, however, and the annual appropriation for the division never got above $3,500. Recent cuts have brought it considerably below that figure.

But despite the distressingly small budget allotted it, the division is carrying on to the best of its ability. Elsewhere throughout the South librarians are doing what they can under adverse conditions. Owing to unemployment, the demand for their books is greater than ever before, but they are having to meet this increase with reduced budgets. However, they are making the best of a difficult situation. When prosperity returns it is to be hoped that the South will reward them by providing such appropriations for libraries as will enable this region to take its place with those portions of the country where adequate libraries are recognized as being essential to the proper development of every civilized state.

VIRGINIUS DABNEY

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STATUS OF LIBRARIES OF VIRGINIA ACCREDITED PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOLS IN RELATION TO THE STANDARDS OF THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGES AND SECONDARY SCHOOLS OF THE SOUTHERN STATES—SESSION 1931-32

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Pupil Enrolment</th>
<th>Less than 100</th>
<th>100-200</th>
<th>200-500</th>
<th>500-1000</th>
<th>Over 1000</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Number Libraries Checked</td>
<td>363</td>
<td>120</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>8</td>
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<tr>
<td>Number of Libraries Meeting Standards as to:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Equipment</td>
<td>168</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>10</td>
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<tr>
<td>Books</td>
<td>234</td>
<td>114</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>7</td>
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<td>Periodicals</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>72</td>
<td>12</td>
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<tr>
<td>Librarian's training</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>5</td>
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<tr>
<td>Librarian's time in the library</td>
<td>101</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>8</td>
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<td>Appropriation</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Courses in the use of the library</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
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</table>

The data in the above table were compiled by Miss Ruth Budd, Professor of Library Science at the College of William and Mary, with the assistance of her students, from the high school library reports filed in the State Department of Education.
EDUCATIONAL COMMENT

READERS OF BOOKS

That the British people are not “a nation of shopkeepers,” as Adam Smith once put it, but rather “a nation of readers” appears from recent reports on the number of books published in the English language.

In 1932, it is announced, English publishers brought out 13,938 new books as against 9,035 in the United States. In 1931 England published 14,688 new books as against 10,307 in the United States. These figures do not include such English language books as are published in Canada and Australia.

Estimates indicate that the English people, numbering one-third as many as there are in the United States, read approximately 50,000,000 books a year, including those from libraries as well as purchased books.

The America of the future will need its schools and its libraries. Let books be the last place for economy.

SCHOOL MANAGEMENT

N. L. Engelhardt, professor of education, Columbia University, in speaking on the efficiency of business management of public schools, declared that it was his observa-

tion that many school systems manage their business programs better than private corporations. “It also appears to be true,” he said, “that public school business management is in most cities of the United States superior to the management practiced in other fields of governmental activity.”

In pointing out the progress that had been made in the improvement of financial programs in the public school systems and the pace they had set superior to business management, he cited budgeting, accounting, auditing, building planning and the management of funds as being performed with a high degree of skill.

DR. ALBERT E. WINSHIP

Dr. Albert E. Winship, one of the best known men in the field of education, and for forty-seven years editor of the Journal of Education, passed away on February 17, 1933, at his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty-seven. Dr. Winship was an editor but was even better known as a lecturer on education. During his life time his lecture tours took him across the continent more than one hundred times and he was a familiar figure wherever teachers gathered to discuss their problems. He was the dean of all educators and was beloved by all who knew him. Education will miss him—Detroit Educational Bulletin.

SEEN IN THE PUBLIC PRINTS

The Classical Association of the Middle West and South, meeting at William and Mary College April 13 to 15, brought together a large number of Latin teachers for the first general meeting ever held in a South Atlantic state.

Speakers included Professor W. L. Carr of Teachers College, Columbia University, Professor Roy C. Flickenger, of the University of Iowa, and Professor A. L. Bonduant of the University of Mississippi.

“Since the program of public education
cannot go beyond public opinion, teachers should assume the responsibility for continually interpreting education to the people of their respective communities," reads one of the resolutions adopted by District F of the Virginia Education Association which recently held its spring meeting in Lexington.

The Troiades of Euripides was presented in Greek at the Randolph-Macon Woman's College in Lynchburg on April 12. It is the annual custom of the Greek department to offer a classic drama in the original. This year's production came the day before the meeting of the Classical Association in Williamsburg.

A school term of nine months for every Virginia school child and more stringent scholarship requirements for teachers' certificates were demanded by teachers of District J at their spring meeting in Charlottesville April 8. The resolution regarding teachers' certificates was as follows:

"Whereas, there is at present a surplus of persons in Virginia holding teachers' certificates, and whereas, the present standards for certification do not rest on a sufficiently sound basis of scholarship,

"Therefore, be it resolved that we favor at least two years of academic education beyond the high school as a prerequisite to purely professional training."

The Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia will this year meet in its seventh session from July 2 to July 15.

Although the entire program has not yet been completed, Dr. Charles G. Maphis, Director of the Institute, announces that the general theme of the entire session will be Economic Recovery. There will be six or eight round-table discussions, a number of special conferences, and each evening in McIntire Amphitheater addresses by persons of national reputation.

The Virginia language arts program now being developed by the production committee for English courses was called "the most forward-looking curriculum program" that he knew of by Dr. R. L. Lyman, professor of the teaching of English at the University of Chicago and formerly president of the National Council of Teachers of English.

Dr. Arthur H. Compton, Professor of Physics at the University of Chicago and winner of the Nobel Prize in 1927, lectured at Mary Baldwin College April 26 on the topic, "Cosmic Rays on Six Continents."

Heads of science departments at Virginia College were invited to a dinner preceding the lecture.

THE READING TABLE


This comprehensive survey at once marks a new and high stage in school surveying because of the thoroughness with which approximately one hundred specialists have covered the schools of a great urban center. It also presents a valuable picture of American schools in this era of depression. The latter note is clearcut in the statements of aims, and in the references to needed curriculum revision.

The teacher in training or in the field will find Volumes II, III, and V more valuable than the other volumes which deal with administrative problems. In the volumes mentioned one finds a philosophy of modern education, with much helpful suggestion for curriculum revision, classroom teaching, vital learning, and the selection of aims in accord with present-day needs. The reviewer believes that few survey reports will be as generally usable as this.

W. J. G.

Lawyers must constantly obtain new books to keep up-to-date on all recent laws and decisions. So one who is interested in school laws will be glad to find this publication which aims to present modern and recent decisions on cases involving schools. Fourteen specialists have thoroughly covered their respective fields to give the reader a summary of cases, indicating modern trends in interpretation of statutes affecting schools by judicial opinions. Therefore this publication should appeal particularly to all school administrators and boards of education.

H. K. Gibbons


Mr. Robertson has not tarried to quibble over intricacies of style and obscurities of meaning, but has gone straight to the heart of the matter. He has given a simple definition of news, details of the lead, preliminary steps in newswriting, and the forms and types of news stories. Headlines and make-up, editorials, columns, paragraphs, and reviews are given excellent treatment.

All in all, it is an excellent summary of modern journalism adapted to scholastic needs.

Christobel Childs

NEWS OF THE COLLEGE

The May court and the Schoolma'am Mirror, both always kept secret in former years until May Day and the publication of the annual, were recently announced. Elizabeth Carson, of Lynchburg, will be queen, and Lois Bishop, of Norfolk, will be maid of honor. The other members of the court are: Marietta Melson, Machipongo; Frances Neblett, Victoria; Betty Marie Coffey, Staunton; Kay Carpenter, Norfolk; Conway Gray, Petersburg; Evelyn Watkins, Norfolk; Dorothy Williams, Norfolk; Hilda Hisey, Edinburg; Dorothy Slusser, Brownsville; Mildred Henderson, Williamsburg; Anne Davies, Ballston; Sybilla Crisman, Winchester.

The Mirror in the annual will present as best looking, Elizabeth Carson, Lynchburg; best athlete, Frances Neblett, Victoria; most literary, Christobel Childs, Orange; most dramatic, Prudence Spooner, Chester; most dependable, Katye Wray Brown, Roanoke; most versatile, Elizabeth Bush, Long Island, N. Y.; most musical, Elizabeth Preston, Glade Springs; most artistic, Dorothy Martin, Norfolk. The girls chosen for the Little Mirror are: most businesslike, Catherine Manke, Hampton; most friendly, Sally Face, Hampton; most dignified, Katye Wray Brown, Roanoke; happiest, Sally Face, Hampton; wittiest, Elizabeth Bush, Long Island, N. Y.; quietest, Emma Jane Shultz, Staunton; best dancer, Pam Parkins, Norfolk; most stylish, Dorothy Williams, Norfolk.

The captain of the basketball varsity for 1933-34 will be Frances Neblett, of Victoria, who was also captain this year.

Officers have recently been elected in several clubs for 1933-34. Frances Whitman, of Bluemont, is the new president of the Debating Club. Other officers are: Ruth Shular, East Stone Gap, vice-president; Virginia Cox, Woodlawn, secretary; Alice Kay, Waynesboro, treasurer and business manager.

Alpha Rho Delta also elected officers. They are Alice Kay, Waynesboro, president; Mary Spitzer, Harrisonburg, vice-president; Virginia Somefs, Burkeville, secretary; Virginia Cox, Woodlawn, treasurer.

The new Chief Scribe of the Scribblers is Elizabeth Kerr, of Harrisonburg.

Art Club officers, recently installed, are
Frances Pigg, Washington, D. C., president; Hattie Courter, Amelia, vice-president; Virginia Bean, Vinton, secretary; Anna Colvert, Harrisonburg, treasurer; Frances Jolly, Holland, business manager; Mildred Foskey, Portsmouth, chairman of program committee.

The officers of the Alpha Literary Society are Mildred Simpson, of Norfolk, president, and Marietta Melson, of Machipongo, secretary-treasurer.

Other leaders have also been selected for the coming year. Dorothy Williams, of Norfolk, is chairman of the social committee, and Mildred Simpson, also of Norfolk, is chairwoman of the standards committee. Members of the social committee are Eleanor Cook, Charleston, W. Va.; Courtney Dickinson, Roanoke; Anne Davies, Ballston; Elizabeth Sugden, Hampton; Virginia Bean, Vinton; Kathleen Tate, Lebanon; Florence Holland, Eastville. The standards committee is composed of Eleanor Studebaker, Luray; Mary Elizabeth Deaver, Lexington; Eleanor Ailkins, Capeville; Anna Colvert, Harrisonburg.

The results of the election of house presidents for the various dormitories are: Johnston, Peggy Mears, of Cheriton; Shelton, Mary Sue Hamersley, of Randolph; Spotswood, Eugenia Trainum, of Meltons; Alumnae, Elizabeth Page, of Tabb; Carter House, Sallie Scales, of Mt. Airy, N. C. The freshman house presidents have not yet been appointed.

Cornelia Otis Skinner, renowned diseuse, appeared here recently in a program of original character sketches. This was a number on the lyceum program for the year.

The Stratford Dramatic Club presented The Charm School, a play by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. The entire club was included in the cast. The leads were played by Barbour Stratton and Catherine Bard.

The Y. W. C. A. presented an Easter pageant, The Resurrection of Our Lord, the Thursday before Easter. Fourteen girls participated.

Eleanor Holt Moore, of Gastonia, N. C., assisted by Josephine Miller, violinist, and accompanied by Eleanor Balthis, gave her senior voice recital in Wilson Hall. Mary Virginia Coyner, of Waynesboro, and Margaret Hannah, of Cass, W. Va., appeared in a joint recital of voice and piano, respectively.

The juniors entertained the seniors at a theater party, John Barrymore in Topaz, followed by an informal reception in Alumnae Hall.

Miss Vera Melone, instructor of organ and piano at the college, presented at the Methodist Church two Lenten recitals, assisted in the second by the college Glee Club.

The Cotillion Club has named nine new members. They are Pam Parkins, Norfolk; Katherine Wilson, Harrisonburg; Martha Jane Snead, Manquen; Margaret Thompson, Harrisonburg; Marjory Baptiste, Boydton; Caroline Davis, Hilton Village; Elizabeth Preston, Glade Springs; Mildred Simpson, Norfolk; Virginia Lewis, Portsmouth.

New members of the Art Club are: Mildred Clements, Beavermont; Ruth Hardy, Buena Vista; Ethel Harper, Winchester; Helen Marston, Toano; Lucy Warren Marston, Toano; Alice Moon, Washington, D. C.; Mary Parker, Havana, Cuba; Margaret Porter, Roanoke; Ellen Pruden, Suffolk; Alberta Stevens, Richmond.

Le Cerde Français took in the following girls: Madaline Newbill, Norfolk; Janie Shaver, Harrisonburg; Eugenia Trainum, Meltons; Elsie Mallory, Vigor; Anabel Selden, Richmond; Louise Golladay, Mt. Jackson.

New student council members are seniors: Bernice English, Kinsane; juniors: Alma Ruth Beazley, Beavermont, and Elizabeth Warren, Lynchburg; sophomores:
Joyce Reiley, Drakeville, and Florence English, Acorn.

The Schoolma'am went to press April 22. It will be ready for distribution the first week in June.

The annual senior-sophomore dance, to be held after the May Day festivities, will be co-ed this year.

THE ALUMNÆ HOME-COMING

There were brief talks by four members of the faculty at the Alumnae banquet in Blue-Stone Dining Room Saturday night, March 18, and afterwards a dance in Reed for those so minded, and a sound picture—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in "The Guardsman"—for others. Both entertainments were well attended.

In the afternoon there had been presented for the benefit of the alumnae under the direction of Miss Helen Marbut, assistant professor of health education, a beautiful program of natural dancing. This was followed by a sound picture, George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God."

Dr. Wayland Speaks

A fairly complete record of the banquet speeches is given here. Dr. John W. Wayland, the first speaker, recalled the influence of the hills at the horizon.

"This school started in an open field, actually and potentially. It was open to the sunlight, to wayward and adventurous feet, and to the storms of all the seasons. Yet it was a farm field. It had been tilled, and it was ready to be tilled, and to produce more abundantly. There were some trees, but they were mostly apple trees; there were many stones, but they were all lime stones.

"In this open field we were unhampered by tradition, and we were not much meddled with by officious or self-appointed agencies, yet we were not altogether erratic or radical. We had due respect for certain principles which the long experience of the human race had discovered. We strove after certain rather definite objectives which the wisdom of the ages had approved. And we had a deep sense of responsibility to the commonwealth of Virginia.

"From the very first day, our eyes were claimed by the mountains. We could see them in the east and in the west. They seemed to give us vision and uplift. The sunrises were a tocsin, the sunsets were a promise.

"I spoke of the apple trees. Their green and white and pink in the springtime formed a sheen of fragrant glory. We felt that the apple blossom was a precious gift to us—we chose it as our own special flower; and we loved it all the more because there was a fruit behind the flower. It had utility as well as beauty.

"With the open country and many prosperous farms around us, we could hardly have escaped a special interest in rural life and in rural schools. At any rate, during our first decade we were decidedly rural-minded. We made a deliberate and avowed effort to serve the country schools and the country homes—not that we loved the cities less, but because we felt that the cities were better able to take care of themselves.

"Already I have hinted that we were thoroughly practical, and that we took ourselves seriously. This was true of all—from the president and teachers down to the youngest student. And we worked hard. If we did not find traditions here, we soon made some. Hard work soon became a tradition of Blue-Stone Hill. Economy and simplicity were likewise cultivated. But we enjoyed our simple life and our hard work. We were busy, hopeful, and happy. We had plays and games, to be sure, and occasional holidays, and everyday songs; but we felt that we were here for serious purposes, and that we were laying foundations. In a retrospect of twenty-five years I believe that we were not misguided.

"If hard work, simplicity, and a happy, hopeful spirit were soon recognized as be-
longing here, I think I may say that co-
operation and good fellowship were also
among our early possessions. In a small
group, such as we had, personal acq
uaintance and genial comradeship were natural
and possible, and we realized them in a
marked degree. Teachers and students
were in continual and cordial association.
And those associations, though challenged
by time and space, still exist, I am per-
suaded, for many of us as happy and
cherished memories.

"For my part, I am grateful that I can
remember those early years, and that I can
meet here on this occasion so many whose
memories of those years are linked with
mine. I am happy to return with you to
mark a quarter-century of good achieve-
ment, and to look forward with you to an
endless era of greater promise. I feel that
for us all there is to be found here faith
and courage, as well as recreation and
pleasure. These halls and this campus, these
hills and these mountains, are waiting to
welcome our children. These halls, these
hills, these mountains, and these traditions
have a message for them as well as for us.
I believe that I speak for you and for me,
for all of you and all of yours, when I say
that, as for me,

"I must up to the hills again,
To the wooded hills and the sky;
And all I ask is a high hill
And a star that's shining nigh,
And a rock cliff, and a wide view,
And the old world smiling,
Like a young bride in the springtide
Of her love's beguiling.
"I must up to the hills again
When the dawn is full in the East,
And youth is fain for the day's task,
And fears nor man nor beast,
And his songs rise to the far skies,
And he heeds no warning;
For the hill-tops are the sun-tops
Of glad youth and morning.

"I must up to the hills again
When the clouds are thick o'er the land,
And thunders boom through the dark vales,
And the herds in terror stand;
When the floods pour like a mad sea
'Gainst the staunch dikes quaking—
I'd a look down from the high hills
On the storm clouds breaking.

"I must up to the hills again
When the sun is going down—
In haste I'd go towards the red glow
On the mountain's radiant crown—
For the day's end, with a dear friend,
On the heights up yonder,
Is the soul's hour for a sweet dream
Of a new day's wonder."

Miss Cleveland

Miss Elizabeth P. Cleveland pleasantly
introduced to the alumnae of twenty-five
years ago those of the coming June. She
said:

"Today you alumnae are saying, 'Twenty-
five years ago,' but then you were saying
'twenty-five years hence.' And you were
saying it over and over. Needless to re-
mind you who were here then that these
words were your slogan—that you daily
were striving to lay such foundations as
should be safe for the student of 'twenty-
five years later.' And you laid these foun-
dations well. That great boulder was left
in front of Alumnae Hall to say to all time
that this college was 'founded upon a rock.'

"When, in September, 1931, we awoke to
the fact that the incoming freshman class
would be found here when this twenty-fifth
anniversary should roll around, we 'up and
told' them how you and Dr. Burruss had
had them—those very girls—constantly in
mind, how you had, in a way, dedicated this
college to them. We told them that from
the very beginning it was manifest that the
eye-sweep of President Burruss covered no
less than a quarter of a century; that the
words, 'within the next twenty-five years,'
were repeatedly on his lips, and the student
of this particular date stood to him as a
definite, though far-away, goal in his large
plans; that the faculty meetings of that first
year were so stimulating that we sometimes
could not sleep even after their late adjournment, but would lie awake, seeing the possibilities and rejoicing in the Virginia which was to be.

"These freshmen of two years ago showed keen interest when we got out your old first Schoolma' am and read to them what you girls of the Year One had said of them, how you had lived and labored for them, how you sent a challenge ringing down the years to them. Listen again to your own words. You were telling of that first chapel service when Senator Keezell and other members of the Board of Trustees spoke earnestly of this as our year of beginnings and urged each student to be careful as to what traditions and ideals should prevail in the school-life here.

"Indeed, this spirit of building for the future has so permeated the student body that at every turn this first session we have been reminded of the grave responsibility of being ourselves founders in a sense, and of the need to establish precedents that will be wholesome for the Normal girls of twenty-five years hence. For that dim and distant young lady we have lived! For her sake we have governed our movements with the utmost circumspection; to suit her probable needs we have wearily drafted constitution after constitution, we have chronicled accurate records, which she perhaps will never have the time or the wish to read. (That's the reason we read them to her and now re-read them). We have even toiled to plant trees that she may rest under their shade; but we hereby give her warning that if she does too much resting and fails to follow our energetic example, the ghosts of our departed selves will come back and haunt her until she is fully aware that the Shade of the Original Student is not to be trifled with.'

"And now

'The Ides of March are come!' That 'twenty-five years hence' is here. And you are here—the Original Student—are really come back, not as a ghostly haunting shade, but in very reality of flesh and blood—by your presence and by that peerless program of this morning to fling out a greater, an irresistible, challenge...

"And here she is—also a living reality in your very presence—that girl of the 'quarter of a century later' for whom you toiled. (Will those who are candidates for diplomas and degrees this session please stand).

"Let me introduce to you Alumnae 'that dim and distant young lady' whom you had hardly hoped to overtake (it is like catching up with tomorrow)—let me introduce to you posterity—Miss Posterity written with a capital P."

Dr. Converse

Dr. Henry A. Converse, whose duties as registrar have kept him familiar with the student roster, recalled the old days when "we had a regular menagerie around here. At one time we had a Lion, a Wolfe, two Bears, a Parrot, a Hare, two Sparrows, and a Wren, all at the same time. Since, we have had two Hogges, and at present we have a little Pigg. But lately we have been running more to fruits and vegetables. We have had Oranges, and Lemons, a Violet Bush, and last summer we even had Turnip-seed.

"Many changes have taken place in the habits and customs of students. A big picnic at the Frog Pond or a small picnic in Bacon Hollow took the place of what later became week-end trips to the college camp. It was not long until Alumnae Hall was built and the next year's freshmen were heard inquiring the way to the 'aluminum' building. Young ladies had feet in those days, but ankles were invisible; the standard measured length of a graduation dress was four inches from the ground. Commencement hats for the academic procession to the baccalaureate sermon in one of the down-town churches had to be made all alike in the last hectic week before commencement.
"Mr. Dingledine had a car, Dr. Wayland had a Ford; the rest of us either walked or hired a surry. By 1921 ears were a secret, but ankles were not, and middies were in style.

"Even words change their meaning as time goes on. In those days a barret was a little elongated celluloid or amber bar pin to hold together stray locks of hair at the back of a girl’s neck. Now it is a small cap which would formerly have been called a Tam o’ Shanter. Then they called girls ‘chickens’ and later on ‘flappers’; now I believe they are ‘janes.’ Well, after a while ears appeared again and everybody bobbed her hair. When Elizabeth Rolston cut hers, I couldn’t help but think of Trees and paraphrased it thus, ‘Bobbed hair is made by foolish girls in dresses, but only God can grow long tresses.’ Time was when many people objected to the gymnasium costume of long stockings and bloomers and middy blouses as being immodest; now we’ve come to shorts and socks and barefoot dances!

"The many stately buildings which you now see on the campus have been added during the years since that time. The efforts of Dr. Duke, the builder, have included Alumnae, Sheldon, Walter Reed, Johnston, two swimming pools, a golf course, a Practice House, purchase of Carter House, and, as crowning achievement, stately Wilson Hall, which was dedicated on May 15, 1931.

"But with all these changes in buildings, language, and customs, the attitude of the students has not changed from the high standard set at the beginning unless that change be toward an even more serious purpose. Our graduates have filled and are today acceptably filling positions of trust and honor in the schools and colleges in the state, in hospitals, in county demonstration work, in supervisory positions, and in many commercial and industrial positions. Others are presiding with grace and dignity over happy homes.

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**Miss Seeger**

Miss Mary Louise Seeger used her allotted time (and maybe she didn’t know it!) in outlining the things she would like to talk about if she had had time. Here are some of her recollections, personal and otherwise, that she threatened to get around to.

1. When Science Hall contained auditorium, library, gymnasium, laboratories, post office, President’s office, and class rooms.
2. When Mr. Shriver taught sewing in the home economics department.
3. When Mr. Tuller taught French and told about the German princess whom he loved and lost.
4. When we had courses in chicken-raising and bee-culture.
5. When each student had her own little two-by-four garden.
6. When the President’s apartment was on the second floor of Jackson Hall.
7. When the dining room was in the basement of Jackson.
8. When it took the faculty hours to decide whether students in gym suits could give a public demonstration of Indian club drills.
9. When students made their own organdy hats to wear to church Commencement Sunday.
10. When Raymond courted Agnes.
11. When bobbed hair was considered outré.

Tim was so learned, that he could name a horse in nine languages. So ignorant, that he bought a cow to ride on.—*Poor Richard’s Almanack.*
could not sleep even after their late ad-
journment, but would lie awake, seeing the possibilities and rejoicing in the Virginia which was to be.

"These freshmen of two years ago showed keen interest when we got out your old first Schoolma'am and read to them what you girls of the Year One had said of them, how you had lived and labored for them, how you sent a challenge ringing down the years to them. Listen again to your own words. You were telling of that first chapel service when Senator Keezell and other members of the Board of Trustees spoke earnestly of this as our year of beginnings and urged each student to be careful as to what traditions and ideals should prevail in the school-life here.

"Indeed, this spirit of building for the future has so permeated the student body that at every turn this first session we have been reminded of the grave responsibility of being ourselves founders in a sense, and of the need to establish precedents that will be wholesome for the Normal girls of twenty-five years hence. For that dim and distant young lady we have lived! For her sake we have governed our movements with the utmost circumspection; to suit her probable needs we have wearily drafted constitution after constitution, we have chronicled accurate records, which she perhaps will never have the time or the wish to read. (That's the reason we read them to her and now re-read them). We have even toiled to plant trees that she may rest under their shade; but we hereby give her warning that if she does too much resting and fails to follow our energetic example, the ghosts of our departed selves will come back and haunt her until she is fully aware that the Shade of the Original Student is not to be trifled with.'

"And now

'The Ides of March are come!' That 'twenty-five years hence' is here. And you are here—the Original Student—are really come back, not as a ghostly haunting shade, but in very reality of flesh and blood—by your presence and by that peerless program of this morning to fling out a greater, an irresistible, challenge.

"And here she is—also a living reality in your very presence—that girl of the 'quarter of a century later' for whom you toiled. (Will those who are candidates for diplomas and degrees this session please stand).

"Let me introduce to you Alumnae 'that dim and distant young lady' whom you had hardly hoped to overtake (it is like catching up with tomorrow)—let me introduce to you posterity—Miss Posterity written with a capital P.'

Dr. Converse

Dr. Henry A. Converse, whose duties as registrar have kept him familiar with the student roster, recalled the old days when "we had a regular menagerie around here. At one time we had a Lion, a Wolfe, two Bears, a Parrot, a Hare, two Sparrows, and a Wren, all at the same time. Since, we have had two Hogges, and at present we have a little Pigg. But lately we have been running more to fruits and vegetables. We have had Oranges, and Lemons, a Violet Bush, and last summer we even had Turnip-seed.

"Many changes have taken place in the habits and customs of students. A big picnic at the Frog Pond or a small picnic in Bacon Hollow took the place of what later became week-end trips to the college camp. It was not long until Alumnae Hall was built and the next year's freshmen were heard inquiring the way to the 'aluminum' building. Young ladies had feet in those days, but ankles were invisible; the standard measured length of a graduation dress was four inches from the ground. Commencement hats for the academic procession to the baccalaureate sermon in one of the down-town churches had to be made all alike in the last hectic week before commencement.
"Mr. Dingledine had a car, Dr. Wayland had a Ford; the rest of us either walked or hired a surry. By 1921 ears were a secret, but ankles were not, and middies were in style.

"Even words change their meaning as time goes on. In those days a barret was a little elongated celluloid or amber bar pin to hold together stray locks of hair at the back of a girl's neck. Now it is a small cap which would formerly have been called a Tam o' Shanter. Then they called girls 'chickens' and later on 'flappers'; now I believe they are 'janes.' Well, after a while ears appeared again and everybody bobbed her hair. When Elizabeth Rolston cut hers, I couldn't help but think of Trees and paraphrased it thus, 'Bobbed hair is made by foolish girls in dresses, but only God can grow long tresses.' Time was when many people objected to the gymnasium costume of long stockings and bloomers and middy blouses as being immodest; now we've come to shorts and socks and bare-foot dances!

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Tim was so learned, that he could name a horse in nine languages. So ignorant, that he bought a cow to ride on.—Poor Richard's Almanack.
KEEZELL PORTRAIT UNVEILED

The portrait of Senator George B. Keezell, legislative father of the State Teachers College at Harrisonburg, was painted by Mrs. Hazel Wegner Bachschmid, of Staunton, Va., and was a gift to the college from the Class of 1932.

Present as special guests at the unveiling of the portrait of Senator George B. Keezell were the following members of his family: Mr. and Mrs. Walter Keezell, and their children, George B. Keezell, II, David Keezell, Walter Keezell, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Keezell; Capt. and Mrs. Rembrandt P. Keezell, and their children, Rennie and Narice Keezell; Mr. and Mrs. Claude V. Smith and daughter, Martha; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Simms and daughter, Cornelia.

Tribute to Senator Keezell

Miss Beatrice Marable, in accepting the portrait from the Class of 1932 on behalf of the alumnae, spoke as follows:

Senator George Bernard Keezell, the man whom we now honor, was one of the few people to whom is given the satisfaction of seeing a definite, tangible, permanent service in the world brought by their endeavors. Such was the founding of the State Normal School at Harrisonburg, Va., on March 14, 1908. Without Senator Keezell, our school might never have been established. Senator Keezell believed that if you want badly enough to

"Go out and fight for it,
Work day and night for it,
You'll get it."

It is well known all over Virginia that in the General Assembly of the state, Senator Keezell was an untiring champion of a teacher-training institution to be established at Harrisonburg. His sterling integrity, his forceful personality, and his long service in the State Senate gave him an influence among the lawmakers of Virginia that has been almost without parallel in our history, and he devoted every ounce of that influence, together with his usual political sagacity and parliamentary skill, to this particular cause. Senator Keezell's work in Virginia is the record of an indomitable purpose and a great achievement.

That which he accomplished in the midst of many and great discouragements not only is a possession of abiding value to our state but, in its example and power, is a spiritual enrichment.

The story of his life is a marvelous record of what one person can do if his life gives sufficient determination and devotion to the task. Like St. Paul, the one who achieves must be able to say, "This one thing I do." Certainly that was true of Senator Keezell in his efforts to win for Harrisonburg the State Normal School. There was plenty of opposition; some politicians were doubtful as to the need of an additional institution of the kind.

Only the power of a high vision could have kept this able and courageous, high-minded and sincere citizen of Rockingham "standing to his guns" in his fight for the new school. Senator Keezell so embodied in himself the cause in which he believed that men came to believe in this because of their faith in him. His contacts were wide, and his quick sympathies, steadfast devotion and dauntless courage, his great faith and unfailing zeal everywhere won for him confidence and support; and today our "Blue Stone Hill" stands as a monument to Senator Keezell's interest in serving humanity.

After the school was provided for by proper legislation, Mr. Keezell was one of the trustees into whose hands the launching of the institution was committed. For six years, from 1908 to 1914, he was president of that board. I cannot adequately express what I believe this college owes to his patience, guidance, and dependable co-operation. Occasionally and informally, as well as regularly and officially, he came to this
place. And he was ever alert to be of service, not only to the institution in its corporate unity, but also to the several individuals of its personnel. The president, the members of the faculty and the students could all count—and always count—on Senator Keezell as a friend and sympathetic ally. He had much to give the college as a result of his wide experience and of his sound thinking.

Senator Keezell was a good man. All who were here in the early days will recall his frequent visits. Many a girl of those first years can still feel his great kindly hand on her shoulder—can still hear his vibrant welcome to the tasks of the day—and always shall. He proved his confidence in this more or less daring experiment, from the first day, by placing one of his daughters here as a student.

During the first five sessions she was one of us, and in her deportment and loyalty, as well as in her studious habits and scholarly accomplishments, she did honor to her distinguished father and to all those who, with him, believed that the young women of Virginia needed this school and were worthy of it.

On June 22, 1931, this gallant and loyal soldier went to salute his Great Captain—passing unafraid into the greater life which is now his—and there were many sad hearts in Virginia as we realized that in this life we shall see his face no more.

I should not be fair to Mr. Keezell's memory or to his generosity, did I not pay tribute here, as he repeatedly did, to the service of Mrs. Keezell, his wife, who gave him unfailing and effectual aid in his efforts to secure the establishment of this college. A teacher of marked ability and long experience herself, she could and did appreciate the needs of Virginia teachers, and could give valuable counsel as to the kinds of training that would be most helpful to them in the schools and in the homes of our commonwealth. Not for the abundance of its broad acres, nor for the clanging furnaces, nor yet for the magnificent chaos of its cities will the Commonwealth of Virginia at last be known, but for the genuineness and simplicity, the strength and steadfastness of its Christian sons and daughters, two of whom we honor today:

"Senator George Bernard Keezell
Mrs. Belle Hannah Keezell."

MANY ALUMNÆ RETURN FOR SILVER ANNIVERSARY

Class of 1911: M'Ledge Moffett, Lillian Simmons.
Class of 1912: Ruth Round Hooff, Vada Whitesel.
Class of 1913: Frances Mackey, Alma Reiter.
Class of 1914: Frances Carpenter Lewis, Florence Keezell Simms.
Class of 1915: Mary Bosserman, Tenny Cline Wolfrey.
Class of 1916: Edna Dechert, Lucille Early Fray, Jenny Loving Sadler.
Class of 1917: Emma Byrd, Lois Yancey.
Class of 1918: Mae Hoover.
Class of 1919: Virginia Zirkle Brock, Rosalie Brock Byrd, Delucia Fletcher, Mary Nickols Hope, Mamie Omohundro Switzer, Ruth Witt.
Class of 1920: Marion Marshall Dennis, Dorothy Spooner Garber, Tita Bland Motley, Mary Seebert Starr, Charlotte Yancey.
Class of 1921: Jess Bowers, Marion Hodges King, Gladys Nickols Powell, Dolly Smith, "Bunny" Miller Wilkins, Margaret Lewis Wise.
Class of 1922: Ruth Lewis, Christine Long, Rosa Heidelberg Loving, Penelope Morgan, Elizabeth Robinson, Frances Sibert.
Class of 1923: Louise Houston Alexander.
Class of 1924: Virginia Beverage, Lossie Dalton Foltz, Margaret Herd, Sallie Loving, Ruth Swartz, Mary Jo Walters.
Class of 1925: Nellie Binford, Ethel...
Hoover, Ruby Norford, Gladys Hopkins Strickler.

Class of 1926: Virgie Buchanan, Ruth Miller, Mozelle Powell.

Class of 1927: Gertrude Younger Dowdy, Elizabeth Ellmore, Edwina Lambert Greene, Lucille McGlaughlin, Inez Morgan.

Class of 1928: Mary Worsham Dovel, Mary Fray, Virginia Robinson Fristoe, Virginia Hoover, Mary McNeil, Sarah Milnes, Elsie Leake Rolston, Margaret Chandler Shreve, Alice Tatum.


Class of 1930: Glen Baker, Mary Louise Blankenbaker, Audrey Cline, Margaret Ford, Edith Glick, Elizabeth Hopkins, Margaret Mackey, Nancy Sublett, Lena Wolfe.

Class of 1931: Sue Ayres, Rebecca Beverage, Marie Burnette, Nellie Cowan, Madeleine English, Ethel Hoover, Mary Holter, Delphine Hurst, Estelle La Prade, Mrs. W. G. Le Hew, Ruth Maloy, Shirley Miller, Camilla Dovel Sloop, Virginia Stark, Pearl Haldeman Stickley, Anne Trott.

Class of 1932: Alma Bean, Martha Boaz, Kathryn Butts, Julia Duke, Mary Farinholt, Sarah Frances Gayle, Mary Gimbirt, Garnet Hamrick, Eva Holland, Mary Hopkins, Jacquelyn Johnston, Elizabeth Moore, Margaret Moore, Ercelle Reade, Anne Sanford, Anna Lyons Sullivan, Elizabeth Thomas, Elizabeth Townsend, Harriet Ullrich, Mary Alice Wade, Kitty Wherrett.

Class of 1933 (graduates of spring or summer quarter): Jean Bricker, Rebecca Clore, Florence Myers, Bela Outlaw.


ALUMNÆ NEWS

Mrs. Lovick Pierce Morgan has announced the marriage of her daughter, Penelope Campbell, to Mr. Thomas Franklin Osburn on April 19 at Danville, Virginia. "Penny" graduated in the class of 1922, later taking graduate work at Columbia University. She was a speaker on the alumnae program here March 18.

After May 15 Mr. and Mrs. Osburn will be at home in Leesburg, where Mr. Osburn is engaged in banking.

To Grace Heyl, '23, now Mrs. Roland A. Mulhauser, of Fort Bragg, N. C., a son Harvey was born on March 1.

Mrs. Carolyn Wine Weaver, '30, is now secretary of the Educational Placement Bureau of Temple University in Philadelphia.

Gertrude Drinker, '30, has succeeded Miss Ora Smith, resigned, as home demonstration agent in Amelia County.

Margaret Forester, '29, is teaching history at Cheriton, Virginia.

Ruth K. Paul, '25, instructor in biology at the Thomas Jefferson High School in Richmond, was a brief visitor to the campus during the Easter vacation.

PORTSMOUTH CLUB ENTERTAINS

On April 5, at the Mary Goulding Tea Room, Dr. Duke, President of H. T. C., and Mrs. Harry Garber, Alumnae Secretary, were guests of the Portsmouth Alumnae Chapter at a delightful dinner. The Portsmouth girls present at the dinner were Kathryn Barham, Lillian Barham, Mildred Barker, Maude Cuthriell, Emily Duke, Jeannette Duling, Lucille Duling, Sarah Frances Gayle, Elizabeth B. Joyner, Rowena Lacy, Louise Leigh, Ruth Lewis, Catherine Markham, Sophia Simpson, Elizabeth Thomas, President, Virginia Thomas, Gladys Vincent, Mary Alice Woodard, and Mattie Worster.
NORFOLK CLUB HAS MEETING

On April 6, Dr. Duke addressed members of the Norfolk Alumnae Chapter who gathered at the Southland Hotel at 8 o'clock. Miss Sherwood Jones, president of the Norfolk Chapter, presided at the meeting. About twenty alumnae were present. After the meeting delicious refreshments were served.

HARRISONBURG CHAPTER GIVES MUSICAL COMEDY

Springtime, a play of “youth, romance and gladness,” was given by the local Alumnae Chapter of H. T. C. on Friday, March 31, at 8 o'clock in Wilson Hall. The leading roles were acted by Miss Frances Houck, Professor Nelson Huffman, Bettie Moore Beery, E. C. Wilton, Janet Houck, Ruth Bowman, Charlotte Homan, Dr. H. G. Pickett, Elizabeth Hopkins, and Margaret Lewis Wise. Fourteen hundred people saw the play, it was estimated. Many favorable comments were heard concerning the costumes, scenery, singing, and acting. The dances were exceptionally good. There were about 150 in the entire cast which consisted of prominent town people, high school girls and boys, grammar grade children, and alumnae. The novel signature program realized over one hundred dollars from “ads” alone. The great success of the production was due to the untiring efforts of the alumnae officers, to the cast who worked so faithfully and cheerfully, to the public who patronized so freely, and to the director sent to Harrisonburg by the John B. Rogers Producing Company.

HARRISONBURG FINALS

Dr. Edgar W. Knight, professor of Education in the University of North Carolina, will be the commencement speaker at the State Teachers College in Harrisonburg on June 6. The commencement sermon, on June 4, will be delivered by Dr. Walter G. Clippinger, president of Otterbein College at Westerville, Ohio. The alumnae will hold their annual meeting on June 3.

BITS OF NEWS

On a recent trip to the various high schools of the state, the Alumnae Secretary heard the following news:
- Lele Brock Jones, Windsor, will soon be married. Lele Brock will live in Windsor.
- Helen Jones, Norfolk, is the honor guest at many parties in Norfolk these days. She will be married at an early date.
- Irma Phillips is making a good teacher of the little folks in Waverly.
- Elizabeth Elliot has a son.
- Bernice Mercer has two children—so has “Pat” Patrick!

Mary Stallings is the same “Mary Socks”—she teaches home economics in Suffolk.
- Martha Spencer announces the arrival of a son.
- “Jitney” Thomas is so worried because one of her pupils just can’t do ’rithmetic.
- Margaret Ruth Roberts is now Mrs. Johnson and lives at Pamlico, Norfolk.
- Anne Ragland and Virginia Parker are teaching at Holland.
- Mary Alice West has an important position as assistant superintendent at St. Vincent’s Hospital, Norfolk.
- Dr. Duke was the house guest of Emily and Lulu Duke while in Portsmouth.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

MLEDGE MOFFETT, now dean of women at the State Teachers College at Radford, was a student at Harrisonburg for the first two years after the college was established. She is also the first graduate of this institution to receive the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Dr. Moffett’s talk was a part of the Alumnae Program in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the college.

FRANCES MACKEY, also a graduate of the Harrisonburg institution, was professor of manual arts here from 1913 to 1922, when she resigned. She is now teaching in the Mountain View School in Rockbridge county.

VIRGINIUS DABNEY is an editorial writer on the Richmond Times-Dispatch. He is the author of a recent important volume, Liberalism in the South, published by the University of North Carolina Press.
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Two swimming pools (indoor and outdoor).
College camp on Shenandoah River.

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