

GREETINGS, ALUMNAE

Large Number of Alumnae Return For Finals

FORMAL BEGINNING OF COMMENCEMENT ON SATURDAY IS LARGELY ATTENDED

Once again has another close of a session come. The formal beginning of Commencement for the twenty-first session of H. T. C. began on Saturday, June 8.

Once again have the alumnae—those who have played a great part in making H. T. C. what it is—those alumnae came back. It is indeed stimulating and splendid to have those alumnae back again to H. T. C.

Those returning for commencement are:

Anne Gilliam '23	Petersburg
Mildred Kline '28	Waynesboro
Inez Morgan '28	Crewe
Ruth Marshall	Danville
Evelyn Moseley '27	Clifton Forge
Mr. Tenney Cline Wolfrey Harrisonburg	
Sylvia Myers '28	Harrisonburg
Mary Stewart Hutcheson Dalton Staunton	
Margaret Wise	Harrisonburg
Florence Fray '25	Harrisonburg
Hilda Blue '28	Charlottesville
Ruth Witt '19	Roanoke
Mrs. Abe Garber '24	Harrisonburg
Helen Nelson Leitch '25	Covington
Mary Will Chandler '27	Woodstock
Elizabeth Sparrow '23	Wilmington, N. C.
Merbe Senger '27	Bridgewater
Mrs. John Rea '14	Gibray, California
Beatrice Marable	Richmond
Helen Holladay '28	Orange
Mary Bosserman '15	Harrisonburg
Virginia Eans '28	New Castle
Mary McNeil '28	Fishersville
Loula Boissessu '27	Danville
Ruth Whight '27	Great Bridge
Mary Herd '24	Richmond
Mary Lippard '24	Cleveland, N. C.
Florence Shelton '24	Norfolk
Dehecia Fletcher '19	Harrisonburg
Pauline Callender '27	Rockingham
Mrs. C. O. Mahanes '14	Charlottesville
Anna Allen '14	Stephenson
Florence Allen '14	Stephenson
Dorothy Cox '25	Waynesboro
Sara Milnes '29	McGaheysville
Lila Lee Riddell '24	Dumbarton
Elizabeth Mitchell '14	Bedford
Marie Davie '27	Sandston
Mrs. Elemer Kohl '19	Richmond
Mary Cauthorn '27	Clifton Forge
Mrs. C. C. Rush '18	McGaheysville
Virginia Buchanan '26	Petersburg
Mabel Hartman '27	Staunton
Jean Nicol '19	Rockville, Md.
Mildred Brinkley '28	Norfolk
Mrs. Thomas Brock '19	Ave Bank
Margaret Chandler '28	Harrisonburg
Frances Cabell '28	Cedarville
Bertha McCollum '26	Danville
S. E. Thompson '27	Cosanova
Mrs. J. C. Gaither '21	Charlottesville
Hazel Foltz '28	Luray
Lois Yancey '17	Harrisonburg
Isabel Sparrow '22	Waynesboro
Charlotte Wilson '26	Hampton
Thelma Dunn '27	Baskerville
Mrs. C. B. Rockhill '26	Salem

SPORT LEADERS FOR 1929-'30 ARE ELECTED TENNIS RESULTS ANNOUNCED

The sport leaders for the session of 1929-'30 have been elected at a meeting of the student body. The following girls winning the places:

Swimming	Kennie Bird
Hockey	Harriet Dickson
Tennis	Lena Bones
Basketball	Esther Smith
Woodcraft and Hiking	Jimmie Knight
Baseball	Ida Hicks
Track	Irene Garrison

In this inter-class tennis match the class won their places in the following order

Seniors	First
Juniors	Second
Sophomores	Third
Freshmen	Fourth

CHILDREN 4-B GRADE GIVE ATTRACTIVE PLAY AT FRIDAY CHAPEL

On Friday, May 31, the children in the 4-B grade of the Main Street school gave an enjoyable play in chapel.

The play told the story of the cause of and the waging of the Trojan War. Helen was married to Menelaus in the first act. A little later at the wedding feast of Perseus and Thetis, the goddess of Discord, angry at having been uninvited, then a golden apple among the guests inscribed "To the Fairest." Three of the goddesses, Athena, Aphrodite and Minerva, claimed it. To settle the dispute, it was suggested that they ask Paris. Paris was tending sheep on a hill side when they found him. Each promised him a marvelous gift if he would give her the golden apple. After much thinking Paris handed the golden apple to Aphrodite who had promised to give him the fairest woman in the world as his wife.

Paris later met and wooed Helen. She left her husband, Menelaus, to go to Troy with him. Menelaus sailed to Troy with warriors to get Helen back. After conquering the Trojans, Menelaus took Helen and sailed back to Greece. The play was concluded with a happy domestic scene in Menelaus' palace.

TO THE GRADUATES' THE ALUMNAE FROM THE FRESHMEN

Goodbye Seniors and Sophomores. Once upon a time, not so very long ago, their were some little rats running around on a strange land called H. T. C. Never-the-less these little rats running around on the Campus, as this H. T. C. land was called, had some might large hearts. If you could only take a peep into these hearts of theirs, you would find it over flowing with love, gratitude to the superiors on board the good ship "ALMA". (YOU SEE H. T. C. WAS ALSO CALLED "ALMA") Who are these Superiors, you ask, well none

(Continued to Page 4, Column 1.)

Graduating Classes to Present "Learned Ladies" Tonight

In the Open-air theater on June the eleventh at eight o'clock in the evening, the graduating class will present "The Learned Ladies", by Moliere under the direction of Miss Ruth S. Hudson.

"Les Femmes Lavantes," as the title reads in the original French, is clever comedy in five acts. It sparkles with bright lines and is carried through with swift action by vivid characters; characters of the intellectual circles and court of Louis the fourteenth. Learned ladies in elegant gowns and powderer wigs vie with men in courtly knee breeches, in a battle of wits. And of course love holds the center of the stage; love darbed with a wit of its own to overcome opposition.

The scene is laid in the home of Chrysale, a worthy citizen, and his wife, the learned Philaminte. These holes are played by Christine Mason and Doris Baine. There the poets Trissotin and Vadius, (Leonide Harriess and Edna Phielps) meet with Armande, Kathryn Harris, and Belise, Delphine Hurst, who also belong to the intelligencia. The lovers Henriette and Clitandre, played by Anne Regan and Axie Brockett find time between the larned Conclaves for Amorous expressions perhaps of a knowledge more profound than the wit of their elders. Other characters contributing to the plot and wit of the play are, Ariste, brother of Chrysale played by Margaret Shackelford, Martine a kitchen maid, Elizabeth Brinkley, Lepine a lackey, Janette Duling, Julien a valet, Lucy Gilliam and a Notary, Lois Hines.

INTERVIEWS AS REVELATIONS OF ONE'S PERSONALITY

People haven't come to this town for nothing. The journalism classes at Technical High School have seen to that. No, no frauds, blackmail, or embarrassing moments have taken place. The fabulous price which these great people have had to pay to these presuming students is an interesting interview apiece. For instance, the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovick of Russia while in the midst of preparing for one of his most important functions, his bath, just couldn't avoid seeing a certain persistent boy whose heart was set on interviewing the Grand Duke. The Duke just couldn't mind this untimely intrusion, for he must have seen the thrill and pleasure that this young journalism student experienced during the interview.

Edna St. Vincent Millay left a never-to-be-forgotten impression with one young girl from the journalism class as a result of a brief but intensely interesting interview between the two.

Personages famous in every phase of life did not escape these aspiring journalists last semester. To show the variety of renowned people represented in these interviews there should be mentioned: the highly esteemed educator, Professor James A. James, head of the graduate school of Northwestern University; J. W. Zellner, the famous impersonator; such prominent cartoonists as Chic Jackson of Roger Bean fame, and Kin

(Continued to Page 4, Column 2.)

Alumnae Banquet Proves To Be Decided Success

Dr. Converse Gives Talk to Senior s At Last Chapel

It has always been hard to think soon the class of '29 will be gone, but to most of the Student Body the realization that soon there will be a vacant place for some one else to fill was only brough out Monday when they, the Seniors attended their last chapel exercises. Each black gowned girl marched slowly in for the last time and took her place.

Dr. Converse, in his informal talk to the departing class, brought out the point that not with the end of college does education cease but it follows us and makes known its importance at every turn and phase of life. From the College Humor and The daily newspaper to the radio, the effects of education on the life of man is fostered in every way. In his final words of farewell to the Seniors he expressed his own and the thoughts of the whole school, on the feeling of regret which comes to us all when we think of their empty seats. It was good though to see those places filled by such a class as that of '30 and only such a class as that could take their places.

After the Seniors had gone and the Juniors stepped forth to fill the breach the Sophomores took the vacant seats of the Juniors and the Freshmen the Sophomores's seats. Perhaps to everyone there came the thought of that class to be the class of '33. To each one of those unknown girls was sent a word of greeting and welcome.

This chapel service was one which will hold a place in one's memory long after she is gone, and perhaps forgotten, for with the going of that class one saw the departure of one of the squarest, most loyal class that has added to the history of H. T. C.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A LIVE NEWSPAPER

When the citizen purchases a newspaper, he eis interesting, it is alive, and it is interesting, it is alive, and it gives him what he wants to read—in other words, he gets his money's worth. Yet, what is perhaps the most frequent appeal to students citizens when the circulation staff of the Bugle or Clarion starts its drive? Is it a demonstration of getting one's money's worth, or it is an appeal to school spirit? I have found both from examination of sample copies and from conferences with many student editors, that the appeal is almost wholly upon the school spirit plan—an appeal to civic duty.

There exists no reason that I know of for this one-sided appeal to civic obligations. There is no reason why the student newspaper can not give its readers what they want; nor will they want just humor and other light stuff. I do not, of course mean just exactly that when I say "give them what they want;" I truly believe that the school paper should be first of all a newspaper and not a funny sheet; that is should feel duty bound to pre-

(Continued to Page 4, Column 3.)

GOLF THEME IS CARRIED OUT IN DETAIL; ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY ORGANIZATIONS

The Alumnae Banquet for the year of 1928-'29 was held in Blue-stone Dining Hall Saturday night June 8, with a large gathering of faculty, graduating seniors and sophomoeor and alumnae present.

It can easily be said that the banquet this year is one of the most attractive and well planned ever arranged. The idea carried out this year was that of golf, and each detail followed the theme, even to the toasts and responses.

The entertainment was given by the Athletic Association who gave the popular "Southern Sychopation," the Junior class, who gave a part of their class stunt, "Up in the Air," the Sophomores, who gave a "Golf Course," the Freshmen, who gave "Patent Leather Steppers," the Seniors, who gave "Just A Cup of Tea," and "this Golf—What Is It" by Mr. "Bogey" and the Alumnae Orchestra.

The Toasts and responses of the evening were carried out in ever, the theme again being that of Golf. The cleverness and originality of theme was most entertaining.

The entire banquet was decidedly one of the most outstanding features not only of commencement, but of the school calendar.

FIRST TRIP TO NEW CAMP IS MADE BY GROUP

The first picnicking party taken by H. T. C.'ers to the new school camp at Port Republic was on Thursday, June 6. Mrs. Johnston, and the student teachers of the year piled into her car and left about noon.

After a delicious lunch the group inspected the house itself. It is a really wonderful place for a camp; set back about 100 yards from the river. There are three stories, with two huge rooms on each floor, and each room has six windows and a large fire place. The basement floor will be used for kitchen and dining room, the second story for living rooms and the third story for sleeping quarters. Mr. Duke is planning the building of three large porches, one out from each floor, which will add much to the size, comfort and attractiveness of the house. The front entrance of the house is of old colonial style, and there is a large yard, with numerous flowers, and a number of cherry trees at the back—An added attraction! In the front and to the side of the house are fields enough for hockey fields and tennis courts. And of course there is the river, rather muddy and rocky, but a river nevertheless, and very swimmable. The whole place is a perfectly lovely place for a camp, and it can be fixed up with not such a great expense. It should prove a very attractive feature for the school.

Those who went were: Mrs. Johnston, Collie Elsea, Libber Miller, "Cotton-top" Heizer, Eddie Phelps, Lee Harriss, and Anne Proctor.

THE BREEZE

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

Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
TEN CENTS A COPY

EDITORIAL BOARD

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	PHYLLIS P. PALMER '30
Assistant Editor	Edna Phelps '29
Assistant Editor	Katharine Preston '29
Society Editor	Emma Ellmore '30
Campus Editor	Audrey Hyatt '29
Column Editor	Rebecca Holmes '30
Department Editor	Ruth King '29
Exchange Editor	Dorothy Frey '31
Feature Editor	Alice Horsley '32
Organization Editor	Julia Reynolds '29
Litrary Editor	K.N.C. Harris '29

BOARD OF MANAGERS

BUSINESS MANAGER	FRANCES SNYDER '31
Circulation Manager	Anna Lyons Sullivan '32
Advertising Manager	Irma Phillips '32

TYPISTS

Patty Fitzhugh '32	Maude Forbes '30
Margaret Bottom '31	Frances Steger '31
Helen Bemis '32	Estelle Crockin '30

Editorial

A GATE TO THE HUNTING GROUND OF LIFE

There's always a little sadness mingled with the gladness at commencement season. Classmates, who have played, toiled, dreamed together, who have thrilled at the same joys and wept over the same sorrows, who have fought bravely on sharing the conquering, interminable spirit of Joan of Arc, will separate; perhaps never to meet again,—who knows? And there is the gladness that one of life's mile posts has been reached.

But commencement is the beginning, not the end. The cap and gown horde is passing through the gate that leads to the vast hunting ground of life. May each of our graduates have success in her quest for the treasures of this hunting ground. May she not be awed or discouraged by the seething pools of hard knocks and disappointments; but may the indomitable spirit of Joan continue to create in her heart noble aspirations for higher heights, where the richest joys of life may be found.

The Rotunda

IT IS UP TO YOU

In a very short time the student body will disband for three months and each member will go her way. It seems almost impossible that today our environment is the school life here, and those first in our minds are our school-mates, and tomorrow it will be so different. Today we are all living a very similar life, tomorrow they will all be widely different.

Most of us will loaf and play through the next three months; some of us will work and some go to school, but in spite of what we do the effect of this last school year will dominate our lives. We can't get away from it. What this effect is depends on us. Our student body is so large that you can derive almost any benefit from the atmosphere here—or any harm to your self—so it is up to you.

The Rotunda wishes every member of our student body a happy and profitable vacation. We want to say, we look forward to the return of those who will come back and bid a loving farewell to those who will not.

Rotunda

YELLOW CURTAINS

(A red letter day in a dull life)
I hung them up for just a day,
Frisled and ruffled, oh, so gay!
They flaunted themselves before the eyes
Of those who gazed in shocked surprise.
My house took on a rakish air,
Creaked with laughter everywhere;
I heard the stairs and hallways ring
With "ohs" and ahs" at such a thing.
The rooms seemed touched by limpid flame,
Each object bore a gilded frame;
The cold, marred floors grew warm and bright
With silvered points of Golden light;
While a yellow bird, a poor caged thing,
Lifted its sun-red throat to sing.

—Exchange

MY DEBT

To you—
The memory
Of a pleasant
Friendship

DREAM MARKET

O jewel-bright dreams of moonlight
Pekin old,
Do you remember all your gates of gold,
Your garden with wisteria blossoms fair,
Your rainbow glories now a story told?
Gray dreamer of the centuries, slumber on,
Though your high noon-day is despoiled and gone,
Your veiled holies tramped on and crushed
As autumn rain beats on a sheltered lawn.
Too late,—you cannot dream when your torn heart
Broken, despised, lies bleeding in the mart.
The hammer falls and Fate, the auctioneer,
Cries out his broken dreams,—your soul, his cart.

—Exchange

THE POET'S CORNER

Alice Horsley—Editor

THE SMILE OF TURQUOISE BLUE

Eyes of turquoise blue,
Haunt me still
Flower, sky and sea
Me instil
With hopeful aim
Their smile to claim.

Eyes of turquoise blue
Quickly dart
Hither, thither—far,
Finest art
Ne'er could evoke
The smile I woke.

Eyes of turquoise blue
Smiling sweet
Rest upon me now—
Mine they meet,
Smile of love revealed—
Hopes I held—unsealed.
J. E. P.

Last night I dreamed
That we were friends:
You smiled—I smiled
As if we understood;
We loved and knew
The depth of love
Yet not a word of this
Was said.
Today awakening came;
I saw the wide gulf
That keeps you there
Beyond my grasp;
We talked and know
That all will be forgot
In one short hour
Or, more

And yet, I have
My dream.

M. A.

POSE

In crowds,
I walk serene—
Self-sufficient.
Alone,
A remembered smile—
Brings longings!
D. C.

SHAM

Cricket—
Chirping on the hearth
Hidden, singing,
Making many pause;
And yet he is
A cricket

Cricket, I,
Attracting by my bluff;
My empty song
Causes some to pause.
And yet they find
A cricket.

M. A.

SONGS

Songs of the wind, whisp'ring
sighs,
Songs of the moon, lullabies,
Songs of the night, soothing
croons,
Grant to the heart, pulsing
boons.

J. E. P.

THE LOST ONE IN A DESERT

Through the blazing, burning sands
He staggers on,
His head sunk low
Upon his blackened breast;
"Just a place to rest, O God!"
He murmurs,
His cracked lips, brown and bleeding,
Barely move—then cease.

He looks not up
At the dazzling, brilliant blue,
The weird sand dunes escape
His wild, unseeing eye
Stumbling, sinking, sobbling,
Quite still he lies
The prayer is answered.

—The Acorn

CAMPUS



TOM SAYS:

With all of you back—I'm
feeling like I'm in my element!"

Teacher: "Find the state of Mississippi on the map."
Pupil: "Sorry, teacher, but it ain't showin' now; they're having a flood."

"Is the editor in?"
"No, he just went out for lunch."
"Will he be back after that?"
"Not likely; that's what he went out for."

"Did you see that good looking girl I was with last night?"
"Yes."
"Didn't she have affectionate eyes?"
"What do you mean by affectionate eyes?"
"Well, it's this way. They're always looking at each other."

Gallant Guest—(to hostess as they walked to the table): "And may I sit on your right hand?"
Hostess: No, I'll have to eat with that. You'd better take a chair.
—Tid-Bist

"Everything I say goes."
"Well, come into my garage and say Ford."
—Brown Bull

"Did you know they don't have any more asylums in Archia?"
"No, why don't they?"
"Because there are nomand people in the country."

A. L. S.: "Do you know anything about dumb animals?"
J. L. D.: "I had a Charlie horse once."

Seasick wife (as the offspring is raising Cain): "John, will you please speak to your son?"
Seasick father: "Hello, son."

"Which would you prefer in your future husband—wealth, ability, or appearance?" asked the pretty girl.
"Appearance, my dear," replied the spinster "but he's got to appear pretty soon."

Rose Hogge: "I'm wearing my roommate's patent leathers."
Bess Cowling: "What for?"
Rose: "The patent on mine expired"
—Texas Ranger

"The self-prouncing dictionary is a false."
"Howzatt?"

"I've been setting here three hours and it hasn't said a word."

Lecturer: The hand that rocks the cradle should never hold the cigarette.
Voice from rear: Why can't she use the other hand?

How about the Scotchman who went to Niagra Falls on his honeymoon because his wife had seen it.

Too Much Perfume

Male students at European universities are campaigning for the segregation of women in separate classrooms. The overpowdering and obnoxious odor of rouge and perfume was assigned as the reason for the steps taken by militant pupils.

Undergraduates at the Sorbonne declared: "They annoy us in our work. In the law schools, their bobbed hair, rouged lips and cheeks and even blackened eyebrows and lashes strike a note entirely out of harmony with the traditional solemnity of the French judicial system."

—Exchange

AS I SEE IT

Ray Horsley—Editor

Nature: A Satire

Scene: A picnic scene in a clearing of the woods—a truly beautiful setting. Graceful young saplings, tall pines and shrubs surround the clearing. Moss-covered stones, will flowers everywhere are in the clearing. A path seeks its quiet way in front, close to the footlights. The only discrepancy in the scene is the presence of picknickers.

Time—A summer evening about the time of the setting of the sun.

Maribelle: (A little over-dressed for picknicking, the audience is certain she is the original girl who uttered the immortal words: "Ain't nature grand" She turns to her companion, a young man)—Oh! Willie, isn't it all just too beautiful for words? It seems to just lift you up and to—oh, just thrill you.

Willie: (A little brusque, as befits a man who wears such masculine clothing as plus-fours and powder-blue diamond-checked golf hose) Yes, Maribelle, it's quite the stuff. But, of course, little one, you are the most wonderful flower anywhere!

Maribelle (awed by his wit) Oh; Willie-e-e! (At this point two girls in knickers laden with leafy breaches and twining wires, enter. They are immediately the center of interest)

First girl—Aren't they spiffy? We couldn't get any more branches. This ought to be enough, oughtn't it, Dad?

Second girl—And these vines! Look, won't they be beautiful to decorate for the dance? And we saw the loveliest little snake—all green and pretty but she wouldn't let me bring him.

Maribelle, others, in chorus—Oh! Mollie! A snake!

Small boy: (Grubby and matter of fact) Hick—just a little old garter snake.

Say, sis, that stuff you've got there ain't no vine—that's poison oak!

Much screams, issue forth from many throats, as the discussed vine is peremptorily dropped.

Attention turns to a couple who wander in from the left. They start sheepishly to examine trees and shrubs. The other picknickers look knowingly at each other.)

First mother—They're made for each other, aren't they? As my son said—

Second mother (interrupting)—Yes, it looks as tho it will be a match. My poor child—

The couple (Together) Oh, mother —always trying to marry us off again.

(But they are stopped by a wild-looking young man who comes running in from the right—note book in hand.

Poet (evidently) Ah! a poem! This beauty, this loveliness—at last I've caught it in a poem! Let me read to you—

(They crowd around to hear but the poet gets in not a word. To the ob-man comes down the path—a man obvious relief of the audience, a mere livious to all around him—including Nature, thank heaven; He reaches into his hip pocket for his tobacco. In the act of filling his pipe, he discovers that the can is empty.)

The man (with much emphasis): Damn!

Curtain.

AN UP-TO DATE FABLE

Once upon a time, there was a Columnist for a college paper who worked very hard and tried to be very apt — seeing that, her column spoke not of the beauties of spring in midwinter nor of freezing on a sweltering day. But said columnist departed from her usual custom at the end of the quarter before summer vacation and failed to say many farewells and vociferous complaints at leaving. Whereupon

(Continued to Page 4, Column 5)

BOOKS REVIEWED
AND CRITICIZED

Orlando. By Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt Brace and Co. 1928. \$3.00 pp. 333.

By her artistic execution, craftsmanship, and great skill, Mrs. Woolf has attained a feat of imaginative intelligence. She has created Orlando, the hero-heroine living rickly century after century. In this work she is concerned with the "time" element in character and human relationships.

"An hour (she explained), once it lodges in the queer element of the human spirit, may be stretched to fifty or one hundred times its clock length; on the other hand, an hour may be accurately represented on the timepiece of the mind by one second. The most successful practitioner of the art of life, often unknown people by the way, somehow contrive to synchronize the sixty or seventy different times which beat simultaneously in every normal human system so that when eleven strikes, all the rest chime in unison and the present is neither a violent disruption nor completely forgotten in the past. Of them we can justly say that they live precisely the sixty-eight or seventy-two years allotted them on the tombstone. Of the rest, some we know to be dead, though they walk among us; others are hundreds of years old, they call themselves 36."

At the beginning Orlando, a beautiful nobleman of 16, knelt before Queen Bess, and so charmed her, that he became the darling of her court. At this time he scribbled five-act tragedies and sonnets, pursued an amorous, roistering life and was engaged three times.

Then came a new King, the Great Frost, an elaborate ice carnival and a Muscovite Princess. Orlando loved her, and was jilted.

He retired to his enormous estate where he wrote, and became a patron of literature. At 30 his philosophic calm was disturbed by scurrilous hack-writers, and a pursuing archduchess. To escape, he went to Turkey as Ambassador, and did honor to that position.

While there, Orlando unexpectedly awakens, after a long sleep, to find himself, or herself, a woman. This transition is very skillfully manipulated. It takes Orlando some time to become accustomed to skirts, and the behavior of women at that time.

Orlando returned to England where she attended Queen Anne's balls, flirted with Pope, Addison and Steele, reflecting that future generation, little guessing her boredom, would envy her this intimacy.

Then Orlando attempted to adjust herself to Victorian England. In this period, she married, and bore her first child.

At last we have the same Orlando as a modern woman of 36 who has published a book of poems, an evolved a hard earned philosophy of life.

In this last book the element of all the ages are merged into a consistent stream of consciousness, that rounds out the book, making it an artistic achievement.

FAREWELL

I give you now this hand of mine—
You'll pardon please the glove—
For I must travel broader paths,
I have no time for love.
I see a spark inflame your eye—
Good-bye, the hour grows late—
You'll find no answering gleam in mine,
I have no time for hate.

—Exchange

To you—
Th experience
Of a wholesome
Camaraderie.

AUNT ABIGAIL'S
HAPPY WISDOM

In this time of great emotional stress by tearful good-byes Aunt Abigail sends a last cheerful word to her neices. First of all she wants you to read a letter—a real letter from someone on campus who has thrown in her lot with Tom, in the Tom vs White Dog controversy. Did she, like Italy in the World War, wait until she could pick the winning side?—Anyway,—here's the letter.

Dear Aunt Abigail:

I am very sorry to trouble you, but it would be great accommodation to me, and I should appreciate it greatly if you would deliver the enclosed letter to Tom, the Campus Cat, for though it is a shame to admit it, I do not know his address.

Thanking you in advance, I remain,
Yours truly,
An Admirer of Tom.

Dear Tom:

Please, don't worry any more about that dreadful White Dog,—for, at last, he seems to be gone. Besides I'm sure your worry is without cause. You know the Student Body, has always been behind you and with you. They will not go back on you now for a mere white dog.

I admit we've shown quite an unnecessary interest in the creature, but he was a novelty, and its only human nature to be interested in anything containing an element of the new and unexplored. We have not, however, forgotten you, nor has he in any taken your place.

So, I think, I speak for the whole Student Body, when I ask you to forgive and forget our neglect, and, please, don't put any more of those pitiful, little pleas in the "Breeze". For you hold in our hearts, a warm spot, that will always be only for you—and could never be filled by all the white Dogs in the world.

Sincerely,
An Admirer.

Dear Admirer of Tom:

I am glad you didn't know Tom's address. It gives me an opportunity to publish your most thoughtful letter. For the benefit of others who do not know Tom's address I will first state that. In winter his address is Room 1 Alumnae Cellar. He said he chose that because the large windows let in so much light and then he liked to watch the dates pass. In summer—all correspondence is addressed to 24 Rabbit Hole Blvd. I suppose if you sent it to his Club he would get it for he spends a great deal of time on the golf course. He greatly appreciated your letter and asks me to please give you this one.

Affectionately,
Aunt Abigail

Dear Admirer:

Me—owe—Purr r r r I know I would get a letter like that before long. I've lead this student body for many faithful years now and I felt sure that the security of my place could not be shaken by an awkward absurd stranger.

Just keep that warm spot in your heart. I'll need it next year when there's snow on the ground and the Sheldon girls won't let me in.

I'm not going to tell you what's become of the white dog—but I know. I avenge my own wrongs.

I like writing letters in the Breeze". I won't write any more pleas but I am going to write one letter next year.

I want to say to the Student Body that I have finally forgiven them for not crowning me May Queen. Having reinstated them in my affections I am now looking forward to sitting with the Seniors and wearing my cap and gown.

Until next year—Purr r r r for everybody,

Campus Tom.

P. S. Please write to me this summer.

EXCHANGES, OR
WHAT HAVE YOU?
Dorothy Frey—Editor

The Exponent: Northern State Teacher's College; Aberdeen, S. D.

Movies, magazine stories and "College Humor" have foisted upon a credulous public the idea that hip-flasks, "necking," extremes in heberdashery, "hazing," and interclass conflicts are essentially typical of the present college existence. The term "collegiate" has come to be applied to anything in modern life that is jazzy and loud. Under this cloak of silly sensationalism the true functions of an average college are lost to the public. It has in later years become the journalistic fashion to cry up all the more sensational aspects of college life. The newspapers do not write stories about the girls who wait tables three times a day, the boy who works in the telegraph office until two o'clock each morning, and students who study their lessons from day to day. These are the true "collegiates" in our democratic colleges.

Out of the great public interest so aroused in the modern college student has also grown a series of publications which depend largely for their existence upon a conscious misrepresentation of college life—a practice that can in no way be excused. As a matter of cold, hard fact, along with a minority of undergraduates who alone justify this widespread "college humor" myth, the modern college includes within its walls a majority of students who display at least the rudiments of culture and good breeding. Except in magazines and movie scenarios, most under-graduates are now and then forced to crack a book. The great American public should be educated to this comparatively unexciting but much more accurate state of scholastic affairs.

G. V. J.

OUR GUSTS

WHEW!!!!!!Who in the world are those very distinguished looking people on board the good ship "ALMA"? Why there is something about them that I have seen in on this Campus this year. Who could they be? They look at home. Could it really be that their are members of our SHIP "ALMA"? That is just what it is. Sure enough. They used to sail on board the same ship.

If you will look close enough to them, fellow rats, you will see a look of wistfulness in their eyes as they gaze at the members of the class of '32. I just bet they wish they could be rats with us, don't you? May how nice they look! I wonder if the rats who take our place, when we are gone, will think as much of us as we think of our Alumnae?

Alumnae, The class of '32 is awfully glad to see you and also to meet you. We welcome you back on this Good ole Ship "ALMA". Come back to see us again and remember that we love you as much as we possibly can because we are both members of the crew at H. T. C.

To The Seniors—May Aunt Abigail ever be an inspiration. Don't forget to write back especially if you become matrimonially involved.

To the Alumnae—Welcome.
To the Freshmen—You be good little rats this summer and don't go home and gnaw the furniture.

To the Sophomores: Love and best wishes to those who are leaving and the same to those who are coming back.

To the Juniors: Next year Seniors! The race for the hope chest is on—

Love to all my nieces,
Aunt Abigail.

Hinkle's
Shoe Shop

THE HOME OF GOOD SHOE
REPAIRING

Ladies Half soles applied without nails
Work called for and delivered.
Phone 443R 75 West Market

NEED PRINTING?

Programs, Tickets, Menus,
Folders, Circulars, By-Laws, Booklets, Briefs
Everything from Card to Catalog

THE GARRISON PRESS
E. Elizabeth St.
Harrisonburg :: Virginia

The "?" Is—

We know the "?" is the plane that broke records for heavier-than-air machines, of course—but there's another "?" closer home.

This "?" is, What's what in Summer Footwear, and we know you would like to know. We will be glad to show you the Unusually New Footwear Styles at
\$4.95—\$5.95—\$6.95

Joseph McKee & Sons



S. BLATT'S



Harrisonburg, Va.
Phone 55

B. Ney & Sons

VICTOR RECORDS

65¢

WEAR MERIT SHOES AND HOSIERY

Every Pair of our Hosiery Guaranteed Runnerproof

MERIT SHOE COMPANY, Inc.

40 N. Main Street
Harrisonburg, Virginia

Hess Studio

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Lillian Gochenour

MILLINER

Exclusive Millinery
Silk Underwear

FETZERS'

Harrisonburg's One Price Cash Store

Newest and best things in

Pumps, One Strap's, Oxfords, Hosiery &c.

Van Raalte Gloves \$1.00 — 1.50
Point Heel Silk Stockings \$0.95 — 1.35 — 1.65

CANDYLAND

The Home when you are away from home

HOMEMADE CANDIES AND ICE CREAM

We have installed a new Brunswick Panatrope for better music with the latest records

We give the best of Quality, With the best of Service

(Continued from Page 1, Column 2.) other than Captain Senior and Second Mate Sophomore, and their crew. Yes sir, these little rats really do admire, from a very insignificant little corner—the Seniors and Sophomores. Why really we hope our good ship does not sink without you next year. It can not do this though with the next years Captain and crew.

Really Seniors and Sophomores, we are so sorry to have you leave. Why must we make friends if we have to let them leave us so soon as we really become acquainted. I guess that is the way with life tho'. You can not keep those you love always. Those you do love must have the same chance that you yourself hope to have some day.

Oh, dear Upperclassmen, here we are raving on to no definite end just because we are trying to hide our grief at having you leave us. Please miss us next year as much as we will miss you, won't you?

"THERE are some good UPPER-CLASSMEN we never shall forget. Now ask us if we love them, WELL, WE WILL SAY "YOU BET"

THE SOUL OF GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP

"Sportsmanship is the badge of a nation's greatest and an emblem of its destiny," wholeheartedly buoyant about every undertaking, reaching towards the best, earnest in purpose, ever dependable, loyal to friends, generous and courteous to opponents, impartial in judgement, gracious in manner, —these virtues symbolize the soul of good sportsmanship.

This being the athletic issue of "The Rotunda" something must be said about the value of athletics in training for sportsmanship. The necessity for "grit," consideration for and appreciation for an opponents are instilled in the participants and the boosters of athletic sports. Remember even if you can not take part in athletic events your sportsmanship will be developed by giving your support and cooperation because the fundamental principle of athletics is sportsmanship.

The Rotunda

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE

Nearly two centuries after the trouble began, which caused this survey to be made, Louis F. Hart recently visited the border line between Maryland and Pennsylvania, in a pilgrimage to the original Mason and Dixon's Line. Mr. Hart not only visited the actual spot where Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon started their famous survey but spent a great deal of time gathering data and illustrations around which to build the story of the famous piece of engineering.

Using HOLLOND'S, The Magazine of the South, as his vehicle, Mr. Hart says, "Time changes all things. Old hatreds die and new loyalties are born, but the demarcation between peoples—especially when it goes back, as this one does, to the Roundheads and Cavaliers of Cromwell's day—cannot be wiped out in an hour. Customs and modes of thinking remain when material landmarks have crumbled and vanished. Thus it is that in setting out to relocate Mason and Dixon's Line after so many years, we must take into account not only the bench marks which took from the estate of Charles, Lord Baltimore, three thousand square miles or so, but also those which give double unity to some forty million people living in the South today.

(Continued from Page 1, Column 3) Hubbard, creator of the whimsical Brown County sage, Abe Martin; Clifton Wheeler, prominent Indiana artist; and William Herschell, poet and also feature writer for the Indianapolis News.

That world-famous man, John Philip Sousa, conductor of the United States Marine Band, furnished an interview so interesting and impressive, that the interview and a picture of the great man occupied a whole page and a half in one of the succeeding issues of our school paper, the *Arsenal Cannon*.

Meredith Nicholson and Ralph Connor graciously lent their time and ears to two amateur interviewers and uttered a few of their wise and vivid words on bookwriting that will always mean much to the two rather breathless students who heard them.

No one can say just exactly how much the would-be-journalists derived from these interviews. Certainly it was not little in any case, but much and, of course, more in some cases than others. One boy became so interested in the interview game that he is still "at it." He is on the trail of every famous personage just as soon as he registers here at a hotel, seeking an interview. Sergei Rachmanninoff, Fritz Liber and Fridjof Nansen are the brilliant subjects of his most recent interviews.

This semester the two classes in journalism have as one of their projects the interviewing of noted Indianapolis alumni of Franklin College for the Franklin alumni paper, "Alma Mater." This project was suggested and requested by Raymond Blackwell, editor of the paper. The classes are following a definite, prescribed course in obtaining their interviews. First, the members discussed what questions were best to emphasize in different interviews. Next, arrangements for the appointments were made in person or by letter or telephone. Naturally, the actual interviews are following these preliminary steps. Armed with a letter of introduction from Mr. Blackwell, the students are proceeding to their destinations, either bravely or quakingly, calmly, or nervously. The amateur interviewers must, if at all possible, procure a photograph for publication with the story.

Another absorbing project which confronts the classes this semester is contest-writing. Each student is privileged to choose the contest which he wishes to enter—the Quill and Scroll, the Scholastic, or Current Literature—and the group (essay, play, poetry, etc.) in the contest. Two weeks will be spent in perfecting contest material.

Among the many practical and enjoyable things the members of the journalism classes do and have done during the semesters before, is to write "little stories of daily life" for publication in the Indianapolis News. These are short, humorous little stories of local happenings and true-to-life incidents. So far this semester thirty-one little stories sent in from the two classes have been published, and the semester is just half over. It might be added that one of the stimulants for writing these stories is the twenty-five cents received by the students on publication of each of their stories. No doubt they consider that—no doubt!

The Tech Book, a pocket-size hand book containing important information about the school; such as school rules and regulations, faculty names, a school directory, and eventful dates, is to be revised by one of the journalism classes this year. This little book, which has proved a great success and help on the campus, was first edited by the journalism class two

years ago.

Of course, different ones of these projects that I have mentioned here are only the most important of the worthwhile things which the journalism classes have undertaken. Each semester new problems arise for these these young journalistic aspirants, but, since these problems are new to them, the welcome them, tackle them, and satisfactorily overcome them.

—Exchange

(Continued from Page 1, Column 4.) sent news, not fillers.

When I say "give them what they want," I may perhaps be interested as meaning "give them what they should have, but dressed up in such a style as they will think that they want it." In other words, make the editorial spinach and carrots have all the eye and mental appeal of the best of appetizers. It will be "eaten" with greater gusto, and there will be less mental indigestion.

How can the school newspapers be made to live? There are many ways: a live, breezy news style; pictures and cartoons; feature stories; advance stories; ambitious editorial policies; attractive make-up; readability. These are, of course, nothing new for editors to have help up before them as wise editorial procedures. But it may be well for individual editors to sit off in the chair of impartiality and look at their school paper in the light of the points which follow:

1. Does your paper "read" easily? I care little for the exact expressions, but is there a live tone to cause one to read more than the lead? The story's subject will determine this, to a great extent. Does the story concern something in which the great majority of the readers are interested or may be interested? Or is it merely the editor's pet "sacred cow?" Here, sports too often get too much prominence. I would not cut sport stories beyond reason, but there is no excuse for sports holding the front page and lead column in every issue. It is not an ex-officio place, but belongs to the best stories.

2. Photos and cartoons help immeasurably. On papers I have edited, we have been fortunate enough to borrow cuts of students from the daily newspapers. We ran courtesy lines, of course; we often supplied the paper with photos from which the cuts were made, then borrowed the cuts. This system works well, and at the same saves a huge engraver's bill. Cartoons, if the cartoonist is clever and can truly portray an incident, are extremely worth using. The danger is the degeneracy of the cartoon into an elongated filler of poor humor. The cartoon should as truly convey a message as could that space used for type. In this day when teachers are widely employing visual instruction to get points over to classes, it would seem that the taught might make use of the educational principle, and tell their stories with vivid illustrations.

3. Feature stories are apparently greatly neglected in student papers; yet they are the best bet for getting and holding interest. Especially where the student paper has to "compete" with the daily or weekly community papers, it is well to work up the feature stories. These are at times difficult to get; they are much harder to do well than is the ordinary "Mary Brown was elected..." By feature stories, I mean those stories with a human interest value: they may be humorous, they may be sad. They may be neither, or both. Many a school paper has given columns to a sports follow—perhaps digging it up from a grave where it has laid for a week or two—and at the same time neglected to run a readable feature on why the book store is no lon-

ger allowed to sell apples and crackers and oranges and eskimo pies. The feature may be the life story of an unusual student—perhaps one who fled from Russian revolutionists; perhaps one of the speakers who wanted to be a sea captain but who turned out to be a secretary of the navy, after following his hobby of collecting naval points. Perhaps the feature may run in a series of articles of intimate visits to the homes of the faculty members. This use of features is a big field from which the surface is but scratched. Pay dirt lies underneath. It will be worth scratching deeper.

4. Too often the editor sits in his chair and lets a big story of a past event pass, while there is but a short notice of the future event. This has shown poor judgement, the lack of appreciating the future. Of course, if the past event was really important, chronicle it, but if Mr. Soandso gave a medical speech in assembly, why lower your paper by giving him a column? The student public generally will be more interested in what happen rather than in what has happened. Play up the coming events; if you must save space, wield the editorial pencil upon follow stories. This will help put the spark of life in a dull rag. Adequate advance stories on an assembly speaker will surely tell who and what he is, particular qualifications for the occasion, and, if he is accessible, some human interest story about him that will help him to "put over" his talk. Instead of a dead follow story written exactly, try interviewing the speaker on some allied topic which he has not touched upon in his talk. If he has been interesting, your readers will devour your exclusive interview.

Attractive make-up is necessary. It is well to try to make each issue look different from each of its predecessors. Give the readers the unexpected. Why should the *Bugle* always have a designated make-up? Keep to the same general principles of type selection, of course, but occasionally use different arrangements of the front page articles. Use cuts—one column, two column and three column cuts. Occasionally put cuts at the bottom of a page. Try breaking up even balances: they are too restful, and do not inspire an activity on the part of the reader. I hope some time to write an article on this subject my readers would read if it were in these criteria: Is this article something alone, for there is no sufficient space available to treat the topic of make-up adequately in the present article.

While care must be used in editorial writing, there is no reason for the dent editorial columns today. The ed-too common sermons which clog student may well seek to mould student opinion; if there is no subject for criticism or advice, it might be well to stray off the school lot and find something upon which to comment. Unless there be some particular reason for them, one might well omit editorials on "Patriotism," and "Good English," "Honesty," "School Spirit," "The people who pay for the paper do not read them; but they read will read a well-written editorial upon the new gymnasium equipment, or a balanced theme on the need for a new auditorium. They will delight in an editorial on the death of the cafeteria cat.

Readability? That is a general term which may be applied to the pep some other paper? Is it interesting? Is it written to the best of the staff's ability? Are the words and phrases understandable? Is this a news article (to tell a story simply and directly) or is it a practice exercise in the use of a dictionary?

The live newspaper is something to strive for. The few points in this article are but suggestions. Once on the road, the student editor will find many more principles to guide him. While searching for all means of putting pep into his paper, he can not go far from the path to liveliness if he remembers this: "Am I pleasing my customers? Do they buy my paper on its merits or of a paper. It can be determined by under compulsion? Do I give them their money's worth, or am I running a legal swindle?"

SUSTENANCE

You are a bunch of purple grapes I press to thirsty lips; I squeeze them one by one awhile, Then have my fill of sips. I throw the empty skins away And think I've done with you; But on sad days I find my mouth Is stained a purple hue.

—Exchange

There was a young man named Teedle, Who wouldn't accept his degree; He said, "It's enough to be Teedle, Without being Teedle, D. D."

(Continued from Page 2, Column 5) she proceeded to write an apology, disguised as something else, and inserted it at the end of her last column. And after that, she couldn't see why anyone should object! Moral: We (editorially speaking) are the culprit.

The Dean Studio

(Operating nearly half century)

PHOTOGRAPHS

for every need

Now Showing
New Spring Dresses
\$5.00 to \$39.50

RALPH'S

WE THANK YOU

Each and every one of you for your kind and liberal patronage and hope to have you with us again next session.

"Service with a Smile"

Diamonds Watches

John W. Taliaferro

JEWELLER & OPTOMETRIST

Established 1879

Harrisonburg's Oldest, Largest

and Best Jewelry Store

B. Ney & Sons

Harrisonburg, Virginia

All Coats and Dresses
REDUCED

B. Ney & Sons

Opposite the Post Office
On the Hill