



Tn

Elder James H. Smith

In appreciation of his many years of faithful service and unmavering zeal in behalf of the best interests of our academy, and for his example of sincere Christian living

This Annual

Is Respectfully Dedicated



ELDER JAMES H. SMITH



We Present Our Faculty



Professor JOHN Z. HOTTEL,

Principal

HISTORY



MRS. JOHN Z. HOTTEL

Accountant

ENGLISH



RUSSELL H. MACMEANS

Preceptor

MUSIC, LATIN



MARGARET P. COSBY School Nurse MATHEMATICS, FRENCH



REBA C. WILLIAMS
Elementary Department
SEWING



JAMES H. SMITH BIBLE, SCIENCE



MRS. JAMES H. SMITH
Elementary Department
COMPOSITION
OLD TESTAMENT



GRACE F. KIMBER
Preceptress and Matron



FLOYD P. KLOPFENSTEIN
Farm Manager
SCIENCE



Seniors

Motto: "Not Our Will But Thine"

Colors: Glacier and Mist

Flower: Sweetpes



DONALD H. ABBOTT California

St. Helena Sanitarium '22-'24 Pacific Union College '24-'25 S. V. A. '25-'26

President Senior Class '26 Assistant Leader Sunshine Band '25 Assistant Secretary-Treasurer Ministerial Band '26

"The reason firm, the temperate will Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

J. EARL KADAN MARYLAND

I. V. A. '22-'26

ice President Senior Class '26
resident Junior Class '25
resident Sigma Chi '26
ditor-in chief Student Echo '26
iterary Editor Student Echo '25-'26
eader Ministerial Band '25-'26
iterary Critic Sigma Chi '26
ecretary Sigma Chi '24
horister Y. P. M. V. S. '25-'26
Issistant Superintendent Sabbath School '24

'The most manifest sign of wisdom in continued cheerfulness,"





ROBERTA E. BRIDGEFORTH VIRGINIA

S. V. A. '23-'26

Secretary Senior Class '26 Editor-in-Chief STUDENT ECHO '25-'26 Lyterary Editor STUDENT ECHO '25 Lyader Bible Workers' Band '25-'26 Secretary Y. P. M. V. S. '24 Assistant Secretary Y. P. M. V. S. '23

"A pure, true life brought nearer heaven by a day's strife."



JAMES THOMAS BAKER New Jersey

Plainfield High '18-'19 S. V. A. '23-'24 G. N. Y. A. '24-'25 S. V. A. '25-'26

President Student Union '24
President Sigma Chi '23
Leader Colporteur Band '24
Missionary Editor STUDENT ECHO '23
Circulation Manager STUDENT ECHO '25
Secretary-Treasurer Ministerial Band '26
Assistant Superintendent Sabbath School '26
Assistant Leader Ministerial Band '25
Assistant Leader Y, P, M, V, S, '25

"Toward the future he looks calmly, cheerfully, trustfully."

C. HENRY CANTWELL DELAWARE

S. V. A. '22-'26

Treasurer Senior Class '26
President Sigma Chi '24
Secretary Sigma Chi '25
President Student Union '25
Leader Sunshine Band '25
Advertising Manager STUDENT ECHO '25'26
Assistant Secretary Y P. M. V. S. '24

"An honest, willing, kind fellow."



DOROTHY LENORE SEYLE GEORGIA

lendale Academy '22-'23 Itimore Business College '24 Ianta Commercial High '24-'25 V. A. '25 '26

e President Student Union '25
ader Correspondence Band '25
ader Foreign Mission Band '26
cretary Y P M V. S. '26
culation Manager STUDENT ECHO '26
perintendent Primary Division Sabbath
School '26

"Peaceful, thoughtful, and resigned, Always modest, sweet, and kind."





REGINALD MAURICE PLEASANTS VIRGINIA

Lynchburg High '22-'24 S. V. A. '24-'26

Literary Critic Sigma Chi '26 Assistant Leader Ministerial Band '24 Secretary-Treasurer Ministerial Band '25 Chorister Y. P. M. V. S. '25

"Neath merry heart and twinkling eye Lie qualities which mark him well a gentleman



MILDRED O, APSLEY MARYLAND

S. V. A. 22-26

Secretary-Treasurer Junior Class '25
President Thia Fia '25
News Editor STUDENT ECHO '25-'26
News Editor STUDENT ECHO '23
Secretary-Treasurer Student Union '26
Secretary Bible Workers' Band '22
Secretary Sunshine Band '23
Secretary Christian Help Band '22

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness And all her paths are peace."



S. V. A. '22-'26

Literary Editor STUDENT ECHO '26' Assistant Leader Sunshine Band '26' Assistant Secretary Y. P. M. V. S. '24 Pianist Sabbath School '25' Assistant Pianist Sabbath School '24' Pianist Y. P. M. V. S. '23' Assistant Pianist Y. P. M. V. S. '22

"Her cheering smile sends sunlight into every soul."



ROBERT VAN SEYLE

GEORGIA

ernando Academy '20 fernando High '21-'22 ale Academy '22-'23 A. '23-'26

President Junior Class '25 dent Sigma Chi '23 taut Leader V. P. M. V. S. '26 tant Leader Ministerial Baud '24

hate'er he wills to do, he doeth with a will."





CHARLES WILLIAM SNYDER NEBRASKA

Shelton Academy '23 W. M. C. '20 S. V. A. '22-126

President Sigma Chi '23-'24 President Student Union '25 President Student Union '25
Leader Ministerial Band '25
Leader Colporteur Band '25
Leader Y. P. M. V. S. '25
Assistant Secretary Student Union '23
Assistant Leader Foreign Mission Band '24
Assistant Leader Ministerial Band '23
Assistant Superintendent Schools School '86 Assistant Superintendent Sabbath School '23



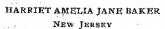
DOROTHY MAE BRAMBLE

MARYLAND

Fairlee High '22-'23 Chestertown High '23-'24 S. V. A. '24-'26

Leader Foreign Mission Band '25 Missionary Editor STUDENT ECHO.'25 Secretary Y. P. M. V. S. '25 Assistant Secretary Student Union '25 Secretary Primary Division Sabbath School '25 Pianist *Thia Fia* '25'26

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."



S. V. A '23-'26

Assistant Pianist Sabbath School '23 Assistant Pianist Y. P. M. V. S. '24-'25

"A jolly girl without care or troubles."
Whose voice with laughter always bubbles."



ALBERT ROBERT WIDMER NEW JERSEY

rson High '23-'24 . A. '24-'26

sident Student Union '26 der Y. P. M. V. S. '26 iness Manager STUDENT ECHO '25

"His deeds are better than words are, His actions mightier than boastings."





CURTIS W. QUACKENBUSH
NEW JERSEY

S V A 222-226

Leader V. P. M. V. S. '24 Assistant Superintendent Sabbath School '25 Assistant Leader Ministerial Band '24 Assistant Secretary-Treasurer Minister Band '25

> "He follows through the quest of life, The light that shines above."



Towson High '22-'23 S. V. A. '23-'26

Assistant Secretary Sabbath School '25

"She makes the world a friendly place By showing it a friendly face."



President's Address

DONALD H. ABBOTT

To our teachers who have been our faithful guides, to our parents through whose sacrifices we are able to be here, to our fellow students, and to our many friends who have gathered here this evening, we, the Class of 1926, extend a sincere and hearty welcome. We are happy that you can be here to enjoy with us this, the most eventful time of our academic life.

Tonight is a night we have thought and dreamed of for a long time. When we were freshmen the event of our graduation seemed a mere phantom, or a mirage which slowly receded as we traveled toward it. During our sophomore year it became a lovely vision. We were obsessed with the thought of our graduation, but it seemed no more than a bare possibility. Then we were juniors. It became more than a dream; it was a probabilitya something that no longer seemed so far away that we could not reach it. We thought and planned for the time when we would finally become seniors, and would have the honor of acquiring an Alma Mater—of being alumni of S. V. A. At last we entered our senior year; the phantom, the vision became a reality. But in entering the coveted ranks we took on duties and responsibilities which we had neither thought nor dreamed of before. We soon realized them, however. We found that being seniors meant that our fellow students looked up to us as examples, and that our words and actions were influencing, to some extent at least, their lives.

We have done our best to influence them in the right way, but our influence would not have been worth much if it had not been for our parents and our loval teachers, and the help and encouragement which they have given us. Tonight we wish to express our heartfelt gratitude to them.

First, to our parents who have made this occasion possible; who have been working for us, sacrificing for us, praying for us, and living for us. It is to your prayers and sacrifices that we owe the degree of success which we have attained, and it is to you that we shall always be grateful and thankful.

To our faculty we would say that we owe you a debt of gratitude which it will be hard to repay. You have advised and encouraged us during the time we have spent here. Throughout our lives you will always be recalled with the tenderest of memories.

We wish also to express our appreciation to our fellow students and friends. You have found a warm place in our hearts and it is with genuine sorrow that we think of leaving you.

Although we are filled with joy at having successfully completed our work, our joy is not unalloyed. Thoughts of regret creep over us as we think of parting with the friends we have made, and of leaving dear old S. V. A. But even though we are leaving, the fond memories will always remain with us. As Thomas Moore has said:

"Long! Long be my heart with such memories filled; Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled. You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Tonight we stand as it were on a great divide. Behind us lie several years of preparation for our life work. Before us lie many paths of endeavor. Henry Van Dyke has enumerated four; namely, pleasure, wealth, fame, and usefulness. We must choose which path we shall take. However, we do not have to choose in our own strength, for God is ever willing to help us if we call on Him. Our motto is "Not Our Will But Thine." By submitting our wills to the will of God; by allowing Him to direct us, we shall find the right path to take. If we let our wills direct us we shall choose the wrong way every time. As the prophet Jeremiah tells us, "It is not in man that walketh to direct his own steps." Our wills without the guidance of the will of God act in the same manner as steam, unconfined by a boiler. It is powerless to do work even though the potential power is there. But when it is confined in a boiler and released for a definite purpose, its power becomes practically limitless. Without being guided and directed by the will of God our wills are powerless and only work to our own destruction; but when we allow them to be controlled and directed by God's will, their power to do good is unlimited.

So, we have chosen not the paths of pleasure, wealth, or fame, but that of usefulness, the only one of true happiness and joy, and as we enter it our hearts rejoice that you, our dear parents, our honored faculty, our respected friends, and fellow students, may participate in this, our great happiness.

Class Poem

J. EARL KADAN

As the golden sun sinks in the west
Behind the distant hills
And leaves the sky all red and gold,
Its winds serene and still
And lazily sinks down from view;
The last bright rays have gone
And darkness settles upon the earth,—
The night has just begun.

But morn will break and the golden orb
From the eastern sky will shine,
And will cry to the Master that guides its way,
"Not my will, O Lord, but Thine."
And will travel the sky the whole day long
Content that the Master guides
Giving its rays to the growing plants
And the trees, and mankind besides.

So we who leave our school so dear
For higher spheres of learning
Are not exempt from the Master's plan
Nor for wisdom lack we yearning;
But to Him we give our hopes, our lives,
Our wills in peace resigned,
And we cry with the sun as we go from here,
"Not our wlll, O Lord, but Thine."

We dread the thoughts of leaving all
These friends, these pals so dear;
Our hearts are sad and sorrowful
As we launch on our career.
But we must go and do our part
Of the work He has designed,
And cry with the sun as we go our way,
"Not our will, O Lord, but Thine."

Class Prophery

DOROTHY LENORE SEYLE

It was a dreamy summer's evening in August and little breezes played softly and merrily over the meadows. I was in the mountains for a vacation, resting in a hammock just outside a little cabin door. I was enjoying this needed rest immensely, for work in the General Conference office had been hard during the last two or three months and the conference session was just over. The hammock hung in a little cluster of trees near a rippling stream which flowed merrily over the rocks just behind the little cabin. The birds added their beautiful songs to the loveliness of the evening.

As I glanced up from my reading, the gorgeous colors in the west attracted my attention. Indeed the sunset was wonderful, and this immediately carried me back to old Shenandoah where I had seen so many royal sunsets. Many pleasant memories came floating before me; even the clouds took familiar shapes—there was old S. V. A. The campus and buildings all seemed to be just as they were when I walked through the halls in '26.

My book dropped from my hand and I fell asleep pondering in my mind as to what the rest of my classmates, the seniors of '26, were doing and how they were playing the game of life.

Suddenly there came before my vision a beautiful campus dotted with substantial and attractive buildings. It seemed to be a college of high standing, and as I looked with wonder at the scene, I seemed to hear voices. They grew louder and I could distinctly understand each word.

"Well, Miss Bridgeforth, there is only one thing to do."

"Yes, I think I understand, Professor Baker, and I thank you for your time and advice."

The door opened and Miss Bridgeforth, who seemed to be preceptress at the college, went to her work and Professor Baker resumed his duties as president.

Everything was quiet and I was wondering at what I had seen and heard when I was startled by peculiar noises, and looking in the direction of the sound I saw a group of excited boys hurrying toward the building. As they drew near, I saw they were carrying a young man who had been seriously injured. On

reaching the door a young lady appeared, dressed in nurse's uniform. Something about her attracted my attention, and I looked again. Just then one of the boys said, "Miss Whitmarsh—." I gasped. Yes, for a certainty it was another of our seniors of '26.

Then the scene changed and I saw a large, beautiful building. On approaching it my eyes rested upon the words, "Loma Linda Sanitarium and Hospital," written in an arch over the door. I entered and had not been there long before I noticed that one of the doors at the farther end of the long hall was open. I was rather curious and so hastened to see what was there. When I came nearer, I heard voices and stopped to hear what was being said.

"Miss Bramble, this is a very serious operation and I want you to assist in it yourself."

"All right, Doctor Abbott, I shall have the operating room ready."

"Of course you will have everything just right. You know Doctor Kadan, our most efficient specialist, is coming from Washington to perform the operation and Doctor Cantwell will arrive from New York this afternoon."

I was astounded. Were these not the names of members of our senior class? I drew closer to the door and looked in. Yes, there sat the president of our class, now head physician of the Loma Linda establishment, and Miss Bramble, the head nurse, beside him. Near the window a young lady was busily writing on the typewriter. I had not noticed her at first, but after a short time Miss Bramble said in the same sweet tones of her school days, "Miss Hohensee, will you please get this schedule copied as soon as possible?"

I looked at the young lady and then remembered how Thelma used to spend her afternoons in the typewriter room of S. V. A. "pecking away" with the hope of some day entering the business world.

The next moment my dream changed and I seemed to be walking hurriedly along one of the busy streets of a large city. The crowds were oppressing, and as it was summer I was very warm. I seemed to be hurrying to get away from the crowd, but the more I hurried the warmer I became. As I was thus making

my way down the street, I was suddenly confronted by a sign. I glanced around and saw that I was standing on a vacant corner lot in the middle of which a large tent was pitched. It was crowded with people and still more people were coming. I became inquisitive and looked again at the sign. Then to my astonishment I read these words:

Is SUNDAY THE LORD'S DAY? Come Tonight at 8:00 and Find Out Evangelist C. Quackenbush

I stood and gazed at the announcement for a moment, then becoming suddenly aware of the presence of someone, I quickly turned around. There stood a young lady whom I immediately recognized as Harriet Baker.

We were so glad to see each other that we forgot where we were and began talking excitedly about what had happened during the last few years. Hattie told me that she was now a Bible worker and was helping Curtis in his tent effort. Then she asked me if I knew what Albert was doing. As I had not heard anything about him, she said, "Well, he is now Professor Widmer, the principal of S. V. A."

With these words everything died away for a time; then I heard the low sweet tones of music. The strain seemed to be far, far away, but as I listened entranced with its beauty and sweetness, it gradually grew louder as though it were coming nearer and nearer.

While the music thus continued, there came to my vision a large auditorium crowded with people. It was a beautiful building lighted by thousands of soft green lights. The stage was artistically decorated with large ferns and palms.

I was quite proud to see Reginald Pleasants, another of our Class of '26, seated at the beautiful grand piano and producing such wonderful music. As I saw him there, I remembered Reginald's daily practice hour in the studio at S. V. A.

While I was thinking, the music died away and all was silent.

After a time I found myself looking on a very different but truly wonderful scene. There before me lay a beautiful valley, hedged in by majestic ranges of mountains which appeared purple in the distance. The trees swayed to and fro in the breeze and the sun shone brightly over the hills.

I noticed a little trail leading through the valley and over the mountains. It was narrow and steep in some places, and I was wondering how anyone could ever travel on such a trail when, in the distance, my eye suddenly caught sight of something moving along this mountain pass. I became intensely interested and kept watch as it drew nearer.

Finally I could see that it was a man riding a donkey which was quite loaded with heavy packs on each side. When they came to a steep narrow place, I almost hid my face for fear they would fall down the mountain side; but just as I started to raise my hands, the man dismounted.

I gasped—was this not Charles Snyder? I looked again. Yes, truly this was he. But what would he be doing here?

After passing the most dangerous places along the pass, he mounted his donkey again and soon disappeared from view.

While I was still wondering about what I had seen, the setting changed and I saw a group of white buildings at the foot of a sheltering mountain. Everything surrounding these buildings was spotless and orderly. Off in another direction were other little huts of mud or stone.

Soon I saw something approaching in the distance, and as it drew near I recognized Charles again, so I concluded that this was another portion of the same trail which I had seen before. The sun was now sinking slowly behind the mountains, tinting in magnificent shades the clouds which hung around the summits.

As Charles drew near the little white buildings, he waved his hat. I looked to see if anyone else was near by, and there in the doorway of one of the buildings stood a young lady dressed in white whom I immediately recognized as Mildred Apsley I was filled with more curiosity than before and just stood amazed gazing on the scene.

When Charles arrived at the house, he asked where Robert

"I just came out to see if you were coming. He is performing a minor operation on an old chief and will be through in a short time. Did you have any trouble on your trip?"

(Continued on Page 27)

Class Song

ROBERT VAN SEYLE

The class of nineteen hundred
And a score and six now stands,
Sixteen's our loyal number
With willing helpful hands.

Glacier blue is for our trueness,
Misty gray for strength of steel;
And not our will, but Thine
Is the conquering sword we wield.

We strive no more for riches,
We care not now for fame,
But to do His humble bidding
In His all powerful name.

CHORUS:

Good-bye, dear Alma Mater, We're making the start just now; For this we've been preparing And now we've reached the brow.

Memoirs

CURTIS W. QUACKENBUSH

History is an interesting subject, especially when it deals with growing things, with empires founded or built. The past record of the Class of '26 is an interesting one because it pertains to growth and progress in the building of that empire called character.

But along with the progress made by the individual members of the class, has been the growth of this institution which has been our home for the past year or years as the case may be. We as a class are thankful that today S. V. A. is better equipped than it has ever been to give young people a foundation in a Christian education.

When five of the present class for the first time came to this school as freshmen four years ago, conditions were not as favorable for steady progress as they are now. The electric lighting system that year was deficient, and as a result more than one evening's study period was interrupted because of breakdowns in the generating outfit. The enrollment that year was forty-five compared with the one hundred and twelve of the term just ending. The girls' dormitory was then about one half its present size. The dining room and culinary department were in crowded quarters. The boys' home was heated by a system which produced smoke and gas as well as heat. We had no bakery, and such luxuries as a boys' parlor or music studios were as yet anything but realities.

The class which is about to leave these halls is glad that it could have a part in the growth of S. V. A.

Last year a junior class of nine members was organized during the latter part of February. Earl Kadan was elected president; Robert Van Seyle, vice president; and Mildred Apsley, secretary-treasurer.

The class undertook a day's outing in April, and the memories of events of that time will never be eradicated from the minds of those who participated.

Short Knob, a moderately high peak about nine miles from the school, was to be the place of picnicking. The school truck was the means of conveyance, and all went well until a creek located a short distance from the mountain was reached. There was no bridge within a considerable distance of the place where we desired to cross, so it was decided to ford the stream. The five girls and Miss Cosby wisely forsook the truck at this particular moment, fearing a mishap of some kind, and sought other means of crossing.

The four boys remained on the truck with the chaffeur who at once rashly plunged forward into the creek at a point which he thought sufficiently shallow. The result was that the engine stalled in no less than three feet of water. Before the truck was finally pushed upon dry land again, four junior boys had shared in an ice cold bath. As an added feature of the day a heavy shower fell lasting about one hour.

But a little water, more or less, could not deprive nine juniors of a good time, and to this day they regard that outing as one of the most enjoyable experiences of their junior year.

The class of last year, with the exception of one member, returned to S. V. A, this term to finish their academic work.

March was the time when the present class was organized. Donald Abbott was chosen for president; Earl Kadan, vice president; Roberta Bridgeforth, secretary; and Henry Cantwell, treasurer.

Perhaps it would be interesting to note that during his or her stay at S. V. A., each member of our class has proven to be adept along some specific line of endeavor; in other words, we have sixteen specialists in the class. Let us consider them individually: Mildred Apsley has been keeping things stirring in the kitchen; Albert Widmer has specialized in baking; Roberta Bridgeforth's specialty was keeping law and order in the library: Henry Cantwell's job was bell ringing, but his specialty has been working up enthusiasm and talking politics. Keeping track of the girls' time in the kitchen has been the specialty of Dorothy Bramble. Thelma Hohensee was the champion magazine soliciting specialist. It is easy to see that Earl Kadan's specialty was to lead the song service in Young People's Meeting. Hattie Baker specialized in the laundry. Charles Snyder was the center of attraction when he had his specialist's hour at story telling. Cabinet making was Van Seyle's specialty. Alzona Whitmarsh was usually consulted for suggestions on special designs, colors, or

decorations. Donald Abbott's special calling was to work geometry problems. Dorothy Seyle specialized in French. James Baker's specialty was to find a Bible text. Reginald Pleasant's special hobby was satisfied when he had four or five hours to spend at piano practice. And my speciality has been driving a Nash coach between New Market and Harrisonburg.

Tonight as we take a retrospective glance over our stay at S. V. A. and realize that we have finished our course here, we sense a mixed feeling of satisfaction and sadness. It is satisfying to be aware of the fact that we have reached an additional round in the long ladder of life's experience. It is equally as sad to realize that we must leave teachers and school chums in seeking higher learning, yet we are comforted when we consider our motto, "Not Our Will But Thine."

Class Brophery

(Continued from Page 23)

While they were talking, another young man appeared in the doorway. It was Robert Seyle, and from the conversation that followed I learned that this was a little mission station in the mountains of Brazil, and that Robert was a physician, Mona, a nurse, and Charles, a minister. He had just returned to the mission from a long trip across the mountains to another tribe of Indians. There were also several colporteurs and teachers at the mission. Everything seemed quiet and peaceful as the sun sank behind the mountains and the stars twinkled in the sky.

It was with regret that I awakened from this most delightful dream. I found myself still lying in the hammock, but the sun had set and the stars were twinkling in the dark blue canopy above like so many diamonds set in a king's royal robe of blue.

I lay there till the silvery moon came up, shedding its glorious light in abundance over hills and valleys, and making the nightingale sing its sweetest—lay there, thinking of my dream and our dear Class of '26.

Class Will

CHARLES WILLIAM SNYDER

We, the senior class of Shenandoah Valley Academy, in the County of Shenandoah, State of Virginia, being totally sound of minds, bodies, and memories, do hereby make, ordain, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament.

First: As we depart from this seat of learning we bequeath to our successors, the juniors, our well established and strategic position as seniors of S. V. A.

Second: We leave to our friends, the sophomores, one non-expandible steel hatband, which must be worn when they become juniors, to prevent injuries caused by unnecessary inflation.

We also bequeath to them the cleaning of the campus, picking of rock on the Academy farm, shoveling of coal, and all other menial labor that will help them to realize that "Life is real, life is earnest."

Third: To the freshmen we will and bequeath the stupendous amount of 750,000 German marks and 575,000 Russian rubles, that they may learn thoroughly the principles of finance and bookkeeping.

Fourth: We will to all students of S. V. A. in 1927 several new faculty members.

Fifth: We bequeath to Professor and Mrs. Hottel a brand new home located at Mount Vernon, Ohio, to enjoy after the years spent in the dormitory.

Sixth: To Mr. Klopfenstein we will a large banner two and one half feet long and one and one half feet wide, made of tissue paper upon which are the words in six inch letters, "She ain't what she used to be." This, of course, will be placed on the rear of his faithful Ford.

Seventh: To Professor MacMeans we respectfully bequeath a rubberoid baton five feet long, trimmed in modest red. This same may be used either for musical purposes or as a fishing pole.

Eighth: We will to Elder Smith a book entitled "Ten Thousand Questions on Biblical Subjects," which he may use in preparing future examinations.

Ninth: We bequeath to Miss Williams a large assortment of skeleton keys so that she may hold her classes in her own classroom on April 1, 1927.

Tenth: We will to Mrs. Kimber all information regarding mischievous girls by means of which we hope she will succeed in keeping as good order in the dormitory next year as she has this year.

Eleventh: To Miss Cosby we wish to bequeath a new geometry book. It is just off the press, and as we wish our mathematic teacher to keep posted on the modern geometric methods, we think this book may be of some service to her. The title thereof is "The Proper Lines and Angles to Use When Cutting Pies."

Twelfth: Donald Abbott desires to will to Russell Quackenbush his honorable position as president of the senior class along with his pair of red socks.

Thirteenth: To Mr. Beall we bequeath Curtis's position as monitor on the third floor of Zirkle Hall; also a gymnasium fully equipped so that during the summer he may prepare himself for this task.

Fourteenth: Roberta Bridgeforth wills to Ethel Harter her place on the honor roll every six weeks on condition that Ethel keeps in good health.

Fifteenth: We wish to bestow upon Marie Aldridge, Thelma Hohensee's job in the kitchen every morning stirring porridge for breakfast.

Sixteenth: We bequeath to Lester Harris, Henry Cantwell's task of ringing bells. Mr. Harris has been observed practicing on the doorbells of the girls' dormitory quite frequently and we feel that he is now quite capable of assuming this great responsibility.

Seventeenth: Mildred Apsley wishes to bequeath to Fern Douglas her position as news editor of The STUDENT ECHO.

Eighteenth: To Leo Shanko we bequeath a pair of Robert Seyle's old shoes to be used as flower pots if too large to be worn.

Nineteenth: To William Purdy we bequeath Mr. Baker's position as monitor on the first floor of the boys' home.

Twentieth: To Nona Bell Gillespie we bequeath the good taste and judgment for interior decorations and combination of colors possessed by Reginald Pleasants and Alzona Whitmarsh. With this she may give counsel and advice to the future senior class.

Twenty-first: Dorothy Bramble and Dorothy Seyle wish to (Continued on Page 33)

Not Our Will But Thine

JAMES THOMAS BAKER

From the dawning of our intelligence until the course of life is ended we are continually called upon to make decisions, but there is no time in life when our decisions are so important as the time when we are deciding what our life's work will be. As seniors in this academy we realize that we have reached this most important time in life. We have finished our academic career and must choose now what will be the best course for us to pursue. Through our veins flows the fiery blood of youth. We feel able to press on and fill the place that God would have us fill in harvest fields. But think not that we are blind to the possibilities this land of opportunity holds out to the trained youth of today. Think not that the enemy of souls has not pictured the glories of this world before us and whispered, "All this will I give you if you will be led by me." Will it be a struggle for the members of the Class of '26 to choose which course to take in life? Ah, no! The training we have received at S. V. A. has caused us to be able to say as David said in times of old, "My heart is fixed." And as we go out through the gates of this institution we go with the realization that "We are living, we are dwelling in a grand and awful time; in an age on ages telling, to be living is sublime." And in every decision we make in life we shall remember our class motto and humbly before our Master kneel and cry, "Not Our Will But Thine."

Presentation of Class Gift

C. HENRY CANTWELL

As a representative of the Class of 1926 I have a pleasant task tonight. We are not presenting a gift because it is customary for graduating classes to do so, but it is with that sentiment of love that prompted the past graduates of this and other institutions to leave tokens of love to their Alma Maters.

We cannot say or do anything here tonight, or ever, to repay the patient and untiring efforts of our teachers who have striven so patiently to help us. It is with reluctance that we leave scenes and places that have grown dear to us, but more reluc-

(Continued on Page 49)

Haremell Address

DOROTHY MAE BRAMBLE

The summer sun was setting low in the west to bring light and beauty to some other land, while leaving behind the radiant glory of its crimson rays covering the mountain and valley with a purple mist. So, as we leave these halls responding to the Master's call, "to come work in my vineyard," we leave with sweet memories of the days we have spent together at S. V. A.

The seniors of 1926 have come to the time along the road of school life when we are happier than ever before. We are not happy because we are soon to leave our dear Alma Mater, but happy at the thought of having accomplished something worth while, and that we are now ready to climb on toward higher service. Is there any reason why we should not be happy? For many years all our hopes, aims, and ambitions have been centered upon tonight. Sometimes it seemed almost impossible to reach the goal we were striving for. But it is impossible to keep a determined student from success, therefore we are able to be here realizing our goal.

The greater part of our education has come from nature. There are beautiful lessons flowing to us from every object of nature. Whoever shuts himself from nature will have his vision limited, be dwarfed in mind as well as body, and his education cannot be complete. The rivers, trees, flowers, birds, and warm sunshine are only a few of nature's gifts that put the keys of power in the hands of men.

The words which John Marshall exclaimed as he gazed on the mountains of Virginia, express the sentiment of our hearts. "What a grand sight! How soul-inspiring and thought-producing! No wonder Patrick Henry was an orator, no wonder he was eloquent; how could he have been otherwise, reared among such sublime scenes as these?" They did make a great impress upon his soul and the effect was seen throughout his whole life's work.

Mother Nature has done her best at Shenandoah to develop in our lives courage, fortitude, pluck, grit, and all the noblest characteristics of manhood and womanhood. The merry rippling water of the Shenandoah speaks to us of never tiring effort, as it hurries on its way over the moss covered stones, around bends, and along shady nooks.

Picture one among those many beautiful sunrises when the tender flowers and grass are still fresh and crisp with the pearly dew, and the sun sends forth its soft hues that flush the fleecy clouds. In a short time all nature is rejoicing in the warm sunshine. No where is the early morning air more invigorating, thus stimulating us on to greater effort.

The loyeliest scene of the whole day is the fading rays of the glorious crimson sunset, as the sun stealthily sinks behind the mountains in the west leaving nature to rest. Then the curtain of night falls upon the vanishing day and millions of stars light the heavens. Soon the mystic moon is seen slowly rising over the eastern mountains, now hiding behind a fleecy silver lined cloud while only the brightest stars shine in all their glory. As we behold, it strikes awe and solemnity to our hearts.

These are some of the scenes in the beautiful Shenandoah that grip our hearts and fill us with emotion, until the great out-of-doors really seems to be a part of us. Each heart is filled with gratitude to the Creator of every good and perfect gift, as we think of the way He has revealed his love to us. Only years can tell the impress these things have made upon us. Yes, as I said before, each one of us is happy, but it is impossible for us to leave unexpressed that feeling of sadness that comes over us as we think of leaving all these beauties behind.

To our kind parents we owe many thanks for all we are or ever hope to be. Back of every noble thought, aim, or inspiration the names, "Mother and Father," may be seen written in golden letters, though very often they are unseen by those around us. Through their prayers and sacrifices it has been possible for us to press forward.

To our beloved and esteemed faculty we owe thanks for many things. We hope we have not made your work harder, but lighter as the duties of the days have unfolded themselves before us. Your lives and encouraging words have inspired us in our work each day. Your names will ever be fragrant with memories of noble self-denying labor to develop in our lives courage, faith, perseverance, self-control, and decision of character, that we might be able to live most and serve best.

Juniors, we have enjoyed our close associations with you this year. We know you are looking forward with anticipation to the time when you will take the place which we as seniors must leave behind. We assure you there are many pleasant times before you that you know nothing of. We bid you farewell hoping you will make your last year the best, and remembering that school days are the happiest.

Fellow students, the time has come when we must bid you farewell. Soon the classmates we have been sitting beside each day will probably go; one east, and one west. Though many miles may lie between us, our loyalty for S. V. A. will carry our minds back to the school we all love so well. Farewell to all.

Class Will

(Continued from Page 29)

leave to Dorothy Hampton the nickname "Dot." Miss Hampton will then be sole owner of said name.

Twenty-second: Albert Widmer leaves to "Jo" Douglas the small task of baking pies and biscuits for Sunday dinners.

Twenty-third: To Marie Harter, Hattie Baker wills some of her frankness in order that the latter may not be too bashful when she becomes a senior.

Twenty-fourth: We will and bequeath to William DeFries, Mr. Kadan's position as chorister for song service in Young People's Meetings.

Be it known to all parties concerned and interested that all wills and testaments issued previous to this date are after this reading rendered null and void and absolutely worthless.

This twenty-third day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred twenty-six, we do hereby affix our hand and everlasting seal.

SENIORS OF 1926.

Commencement Week Program

Thursday, May 20	Class Night
Friday, May 21	CLASS CONSECRATION
Sabbath, May 22	
Sunday, May 23	COMMENCEMENT
Class Night Program	
Processional	_
Victoria—Aug. Herx	
Invocation	PROF. JOHN Z. HOTTEL
President's Address	DONALD H. ABBOTT
Vocal Solo	J. EARL KADAN
Mis' Rose—R. R. Kirk	
Class History	CURTIS W. QUACKENBUSH
Violin Solo	REGINALD M. PLEASANTS
Cradle Song—M. Hauser	
Class Poem	J. EARL KADAN
Class Will	
Quartet Messrs. Quackenbush, Baker, Seyle, Kadan Honey Town—Widener	
Oration	
Address on Class Motto	
Piano Solo	
March Fantastica - W. Bargiel	
Class Prophecy	DOROTHY L. SEYLE
Presentation of Gift	C. HENRY CANTWELL
Piano DuetMisses	BRIDGEFORTH AND BRAMBLE
Charge of the Uhlans—Bohm	
Response from Juniors	Russell Quackenbush
Farewell Address	
Class Song	
Benediction	







Activities

Organizations

Departments

Snapshots

Che Student Echo

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NEW MARKET, VA.

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MAY, 1926

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The Student Union

ROBERTA E. BRIDGEFORTH

Folks probably wonder what The Student Union of S V. A. really is. It is exactly what the name implies—a union of all the students. As soon as an individual enrolls and promises to obey all rules he becomes a member.

This union is for the purpose of bringing school spirit into our midst. No one can deny the fact that school spirit is necessary, and if it predominates, anything and everything may be accomplished. This has already been proven by the students of S. V. A., for when they decide to do something one might as well consider it as *done*. It has been through the efforts put forth by The Student Union that many things have been obtained. About five years ago the lighting system of the school was very unreliable, and much time was wasted during a so-called study period on account of the lights going out unheralded. However, the students solicited funds, and helped to purchase a new Delco system.

If there were no Student Union, perhaps we would not be able to spend so many pleasant evenings "listening in." The Student Union has purchased a radio. Then, too, we have our school truck which was procured in the same way. Recently we have been busy securing pledges to use in building a new road which is just about completed. And what a contrast when compared with the way it looked last fall! These are just a few of the numerous things performed by the student body, for this is a wide awake organization.

But do not get the idea that the main object is to obtain money, because that is entirely wrong. What do you think was the reason for our large enrollment during this past year? Why, it was a result of the enthusiasm and untiring efforts put forth in the summer by members of this union. Our goal for 1925-26 was sixty-five new students. We not only reached our goal but went over the top, as is always the case.

Meetings are held once every two weeks, at which time sundry, interesting topics are discussed. Various weeks have been set apart such as "Good Speech Week," "Good Form Week," "Good Health Week," "Keep Clean Week," and others.



OFFICERS STUDENT UNION

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GEORGE H. WATKINS, Vice Pres.

MILDRED O. APSLEY, Sec.-Treas.

NANA P. REEP, Asst. Sec.-Treas.

JAMES T. BAKER, Fifth Member

MARGARET P. COSBY, Faculty Adviser

(Continued from Page 40)

This has been done so that the student body may improve and uphold high standards.

One should indeed esteem it a great privilege to belong to The Student Union, and it is a privilege which all may acquire. Start now and prepare to be at S. V. A. in September, and then you, too, may participate in the activities of this organization of renown.









The Ministerial Band

JAMES T. BAKER

Do your knees shake and your throat get unusually dry when you are asked to give a talk in church? I ask this because I know that some have had this unpleasant experience and would have given most anything to be able to talk freely before the public. At S. V. A. we realize the great need of efficient and able speakers in the broad harvest field, and have a well organized ministerial band composed of young men whose hearts are yearning for souls and who desire to become heralds of the soon coming King.

This ministerial band meets regularly every Wednesday morning for the purpose of training its members to become efficient public speakers. During the year each member is given a chance to develop his talent in this line, a privilege which aids greatly in overcoming difficulty in delivering a talk.

In order to gain practical experience in public speaking, we hold Sunday night meetings in a number of the churches and school houses in the neighborhood. This is of definite help to us, and as we look back over the past school year we greatly rejoice to see that this band has performed greater work than during any previous year. It has been nothing unusual to find the loyal members of the band holding three or four meetings on one Sunday evening, each church having excellent attendance.

Surely such a band as this prepares young men for active service for the Master.







God's Call to the Youth

JOHN Z. HOTTEL, PRINCIPAL

"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one." God is calling today for youthful vigor, zeal, and courage. He wants that physical and mental vigor that will carry the cross of Jesus through every trying condition; that zeal or ardor for the cause of God that will carry conviction of the message of God to a dying world; and that moral courage that will stand with intrepidity, calmness, and firmness against the moral darkness of the present age. By so doing one will bring glory to God and salvation to his fellow men.

This is a high calling; it is a sacred calling. To respond to this call the youth can not seek amusement nor live for selfish gratification. We must ever remember that the salvation of souls is to be the motive that inspires us on. By God given strength one is to rise above every enslaving habit. And in making our plans for life we must ponder well the paths we are to tread, realizing that if we follow God's leadings not only will our lives be saved, but others will be led to Christ. Where we lead, others will follow.

How has it been with you, young man, young woman? Have you heard the call of God in the past, but failed to heed the voice? Has conviction been brought home by minister, teacher, parent, or friend that you should step out by faith and place yourself in the channel to be fitted for service, and still you have not responded? In the still watches of the night has God spoken to you and still you have refused? If so, the experience can not continue. God is exhorting the youth of today to be sober minded. Why? Because we are to be co-workers with Christ. The last days are upon us. Probationary hours will soon close. Many pioneer burden-bearers among us are falling in death, and their places are to be filled. "Never before was there so much at stake; never were there results so mighty depending upon a generation as upon those (the youth) now coming upon the stage of action."

And to meet this crisis one must have a good character; and to fill any position of trust one must graduate from the school of Christ. This character work must be built up step by step. One must be aroused and by the diligent exercise of his faculties, taking advantage of every opportunity for personal improvement, he will come into possession of those characteristics that will enable him to hear the call of God and respond and fulfill God's plan for him.

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

Presentation of Class Gift

(Continued from Page 30)

tantly the friends who have freely given encouragement and aid along the way.

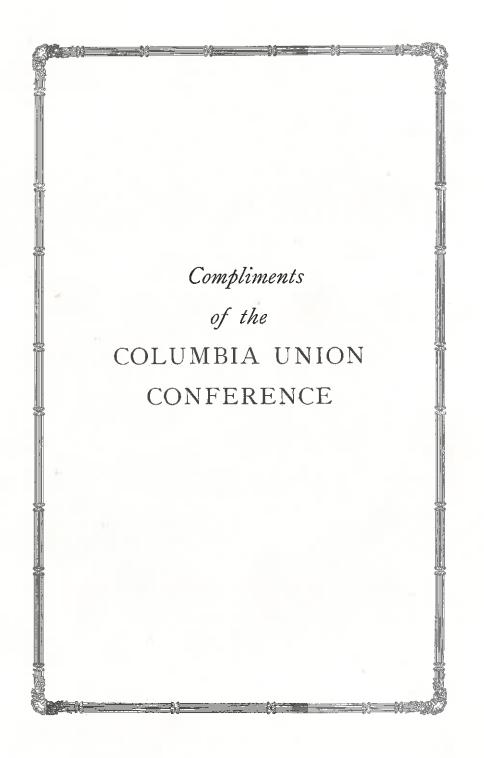
As we have mingled together for these few years within the walls of S. V. A., we have gained the knowledge that makes life sweeter and dearer. It is with great sadness that we leave, but in the truest sense we are not leaving,—the spirit of S. V. A. goes on with us inspiring us to higher peaks.

We have the privilege of giving ourselves to the furtherance of the ideals which have been set before us. It may be that none of us may assume to the greater tasks, but may we be faithful in whatever we do.

Before we pass on to our future work we wish to leave with dear old S. V. A. a more apparent token of our gratitude. We know as a class that we can never repay that which we have received here. We feel that this gift we are about to offer is the least pretentious of all the gifts presented by classes that have gone before.

This gift will not be looked upon for its ornamentation, but for the service it will render. We as a class have realized its need here at S. V. A. It is something that will cause your minds to turn to us and think of us always as we will of you. We, the graduating Class of 1926, beg you to accept as a small token of our gratitude a drinking fountain to be placed in the corridor leading to the chapel.





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