

THE
Shenandoah

1910

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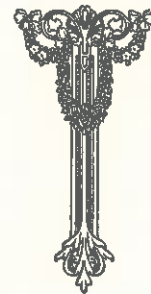
Shenandoah Valley Railway
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SHENANDOAH VALLEY

ACADEMY

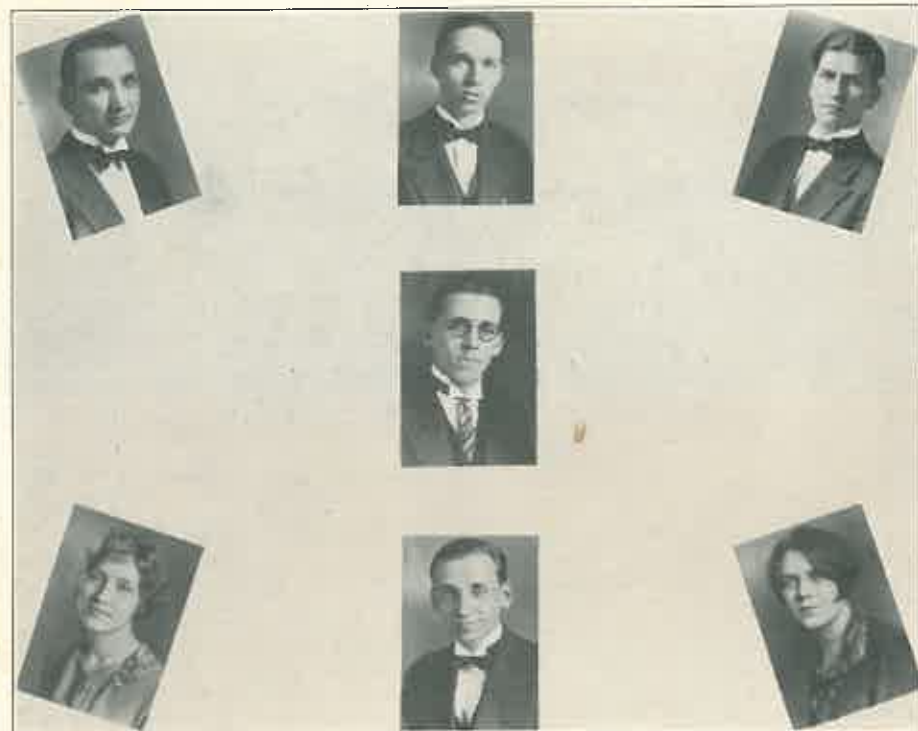
“In The Beautiful Shenandoah Valley”

A school admirably adapted for giving
young people a well-balanced education
Spiritually, Intellectually and Physically.



W. C. Hannah, Principal
New Market, Va.

The Annual Staff



JAMES STANLEY
Art Editor

ROSWELL JACKSON
President

WALTER RISTON
Business Manager
Treasurer

L. O. COON
Editor-in-Chief
Advertising Manager

IRENE ISAAC
Stenographer

KEMP MOORE
Advertising Solicitor

FRANCES JOHNSON
Advertising Solicitor

Dedication

to

Our Godly parents who have labored so untiringly and sacrificed pleasures, yes, even the necessities of life to give us a Christian education, we, the class of '28, respectfully dedicate this ANNAL : : : :

Senior Class '28

Motto: At the Foot Hills Climbing

Aim: Never Turn Back

Colors: Cherry and Silver

Flower: Red, Red Rose



L. ROSWELL JACKSON
President

MARYLAND

S. V. A.—'24-'28

Secretary Sigma Chi '25

President Sigma Chi '26

Treasurer Student Union '27

Secretary-Treasurer Ministerial Band '27-'28

President Beneficial League '27

President Junior Class '27

President Student Union '27

Assistant Y. P. M. V. S. Leader '27

Vice-President Ministerial Band '28

Prayer Band Leader '27-'28

"A friendly man, a worthy knight whose heart and hand was ever pressed to favor truth, to further right."



MILDRED V. STROTHER
Vice-President
WEST VIRGINIA

Martinsburg High School '24-'26
S. V. A. '26-'28
Vice-President Junior Class '27
President Thea Fia '27
Prayer Band Leader '27-'28
Secretary Sabbath School '28

*"A fragrant flower of girlhood, she—
Impressing all with her modesty."*



IRENE F. ISAAC
NEW JERSEY

S. V. A. '24-'28
Assistant Secretary Sabbath School '27
Prayer Band Leader '27-'28
Secretary Thea Fia '27
President Thea Fia '28
News Editor *Echo* '27

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

WALTER R. RISTON
Treasurer
MARYLAND

E. J. A. '24-'26
S. V. A. '26-'28
Secretary Y. P. M. V. S. '27
Missionary Editor *Echo* '27
President Ministerial Association '27
Treasurer Junior Class '27
Treasurer Student Union '27
Associate Editor *Echo* '27-'28
Leader Y. P. M. V. S. '28

*"His character, like a well cut jewel,
Shines whichever way you approach it"*



L. ORVILLE COON
NEW YORK

L. J. C. '19-'20
E. N. Y. A. '20-'21
U. S. A. '22-'23
S. V. A. '27-'28
Leader Y. P. M. V. S. '27
Leader Colporteur Band '28
Leader Edinburg effort '27-'28
Advertising Manager *Echo* '28
Advertising Manager ANNUAL '28
Editor SENIOR ANNUAL '28
President Ministerial Association '28

*"The king himself would follow him if he
would walk before."*



E. VIRGINIA MENCKEN
MARYLAND

E. J. A. '24-'26
S. V. A. '26-'28
Prayer Band Leader

"Not too serious—not too gay."



EUNICE V. HVALE
Secretary
WYOMING

S. V. A. '23-'28
Circulation Manager *Echo* '26
Prayer Band Leader '26-'27
President Thea Fia '27
Secretary Junior Class '27
Assistant Secretary Sabbath School '27
Vice-President Student Union '28

*"Her silver voice is the rich music of a
bird heard in the still night."*





JAMES STANLEY
KENTUCKY

A. A. '25-'27
S. V. A. '27-'28
Assistant Sabbath School Superintendent '27
Prayer Band Leader '28
Y. P. M. V. S. Leader '28
Secretary Sigma Chi '28
President Student Union '28
President Ministerial Band '28

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



THELMA M. BOOTH
DISTRICT COLUMBIA

S. V. A. '24-'28
Leader of Prayer Band '26-'27

"Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves."

M. FRANCES JOHNSON
VIRGINIA

S. V. A. '23-'24
Bedford High '25-'26
S. V. A. '27-'28
Secretary Student Union '27
Prayer Band Leader '27-'28
Assistant Secretary Y. P. M. V. S. '28

"Active doer, strong to labor, sure to conquer."



KEMP MOORE
MARYLAND

E. J. A. '24-'26
S. V. A. '26-'28
President Sigma Chi '26
Assistant Y. P. M. V. S. Leader '27
News Editor *Echo* '27
Business Manager *Echo* '27
Superintendent Sabbath School '27
Devotional Secretary Y. P. M. V. S. '28

*"Toward the future he looks
Calmly, cheerfully, trustfully."*

EARL G. SILVERS
NEW JERSEY

S. V. A. '24-'28
President Sigma Chi '26-'28
Critic Sigma Chi '26-'28
New Jersey Representative of Student Union '27

*"Earnest ever, strong and true
Studios, energetic, a man all through."*



JOSEPHINE BILLHEIMER
VIRGINIA

S. V. A. '25-'28
Superintendent Sabbath School '27
Devotional Secretary Y. P. M. V. S. '27
Missionary Editor *Echo* '27
Stenographer *Echo* '28

*"But that which fairest is, but few behold
her mind adorned with virtues manifold."*



PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

L. ROSWELL JACKSON

Dear parents, members of the faculty, fellow students, and friends, the wheel of time has made one more revolution; to many of us the time has seemed short, indeed, since we last had the opportunity of witnessing an occasion like this. It is both pleasant and encouraging to see that so many of you have honored us with your presence on this memorable occasion, this the most eventful time of our academic life.

Our graduation from this Academy marks the most important event in our lives thus far, and we are glad to share with you a part of that which we have learned during our stay here; therefore it is with great pleasure that we extend to you a sincere and hearty welcome to the exercises of the evening.

Commencement, what is the meaning of the word? It simply means a beginning. It means that we have not yet finished, but are only "finishing to begin." While our school days in this Academy are ended we have not yet begun the work which we are called to do in the world.

When most of us entered S. V. A. four years ago, it seemed that we had a long road before us; and we rather envied the seniors and longed for the day when we could show our colors—at last we have come to that long looked for time. This event marks the accomplishment of an ambition. During the previous years of our preparation, we, the members of this class, have watched the proceedings of the classes which have gone before us. The presentation of the diplomas created a longing for the day when we might be granted the privilege of receiving such compensation for four years of good hard work.

Dr. William Lyon Phelps, professor of English language and literature at Yale University, in speaking of education says: "I thoroughly believe in a university education for both men and women, but I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible." Everyone who has a thorough knowledge of the Bible may truly be called educated. Only by living out in our daily lives the instruction contained in this Book can we aspire to the heights of true attainment.

Shenandoah Valley Academy stands to us as God's great crucible; it was founded for the purpose of giving to its students a liberal education in the Bible as a means of soul winning; it is the melting pot in which our lives are fused together in one great purpose—the salvation of souls. We came here with our petty ambitions, with our half formed ideas of the meaning of life and its ultimate goal; but in the fires of the melting pot the dross has been burned away and the polishing process has been going on in our lives day by day, week by week, and year by year until the pure metal which will enable us to uphold the banner of truth has been moulded into our lives. To tell the world in an intelligent way the good news of a crucified, risen, and soon coming Saviour has been the object of our education.

Tonight we are ending a most happy period, but we are commencing what bids fair to be one of even greater happiness. To a certain degree success has attended our efforts thus far, for we are graduating; but we can only confess as our experience the thought expressed by Lincoln that all we are or hope to be we owe to our parents. Highest in esteem among our helpers we hold our parents. We wish that the parents of all might be here to share in commemorating our graduation. Parents, this is your commencement even as it is ours, for we remember that you are the ones who have made possible this memorial achievement by your sacrifices of love which you have offered to us that we might not be denied the benefits of securing a Christian education. In yet another sense it is your commencement, for tonight the lives you gave to the world are ready to commence carrying a greater share of the burdens of life. Through

us your service for humanity will grow greater; in us you live again, not one life but two; by means of us your services are multiplied. Our ability to express our gratitude is as inadequate as our power to repay the unmeasurable debt we owe you; but may you know, by the lives we live and the service we render, that your sacrifices have not been made in vain.

It is to the members of our faculty that we owe our academic success, for they have guided us along the way that leads to truth and a higher plane of living. They have been instrumental in instilling within us a desire to be of greater service and by their noble example have helped us to decide upon giving ourselves wholly to the work of the Lord. We can show our appreciation and repay the debt we owe them in only one way: by living lives of patient self-sacrifice and loving service for others, even as they, our teachers, have lived. We are most happy to have them with us to join in celebrating that which they have helped us to achieve.

Fellow students, happy days have been spent with you, this evening could not be completed without the presence of you with whom we have lived, studied, and played during these years of training. You have found a warm place in our hearts, and it is with genuine sorrow that we think of leaving you. Friendships have been strengthened, and memories of you will be uplifting and helpful to us as we go on to reach higher attainments.

Always remember:

"If what you long to do
Seems out of reach to you
Seems big and grand—but
Distant as the stars
Remember, if a man but
Thinks he can, he can.
Life holds for him no limits
And no bars."

Although we are overwhelmed with joy at having successfully completed our work, we experience sincere regret at the thought that next year we shall not return to enjoy your pleasant companionship; but we look forward with anticipation to the day when you, too, will have completed your course and will thus be ready to join us in the work.

Thoughts of sadness creep over us as we think of leaving dear old S. V. A.; but even though we must depart, the days we have spent here will ever linger in our minds, and the fondest memories will always remain with us.

We are deeply appreciative of the knowledge which we have gained here; and we pray for wisdom to use it to the glory of God and to the advancement of His cause. Realizing that there is a great work to be done, we face the struggle of life with a hope in Christ and a love for humanity. Inspired by the love of our parents, teachers, and friends, with a determination and purpose to go forth and find our humble place in God's great plan, to give a life of service to God and man, the class of '28 takes up the call to the work.

CLASS POEM

Josephine Billheimer

Dear mother nature casts her sweet influence
Upon the landscape, sending forth the Shenandoah down
Her narrow winding bed o'er pebbles smooth.
At night her ripples cast upon the ear a pleasant sound.
At eventide against the azure sky,
A flock of birds are seeking shelter in some tree top tall.
In yonder mountain, echoes sound afar.
But we must leave these gladsome scenes, we now must leave them all,
We're "At the foot-hills climbing."

And now, dear S. V. A., we leave thy walls
You've kept us sheltered here within; we leave thy open doors behind.
We now must leave our teachers' tender care
To seek some lowly place of service true, among mankind.
The cold and dreary world before us glares
Stand we not and complain for this our lot must be:
To suffer hardships, keep our characters pure
When victories overflow our lives, O Christ, give praise to Thee!
We're "At the foot-hills climbing."

CLASS SONG

Frances Johnson

We, the class of twenty-eight,
Bid farewell to S. V. A.,
As we near the path of late
Foot-hills loom before our way.

Silver's for our sterling worth,
Cherry red for valor true,
We'll ascend the hills of earth,
Thinking S. V. A. of you.

True to thee O, S. V. A.,
We pledge ourselves to ever be,
Stopping ne'er beside the way,
Till the height we've won for thee.

Chorus

At the foot-hills climbing ever,
We are starting out today,
And we'll give up climbing never,
As we journey on our way.



CLASS HISTORY

EUNICE V. HVALE

First year high school is called the freshman year and surely the name applied to our class for in that year we were the freshest. Days came and went; it seemed as if we could not become accustomed to the school life, but as the year drew to a close we found ourselves not so fresh as we were, at least we were soon to be called sophomores.

Our sophomore year was a joyous time as our class was large. We met and agreed on blue and gold as our class colors, but we were not allowed to formally organize. We felt quite proud when that year came to a close for we were to be "the juniors."

Junior year was the best of all! Our class organized on April four at three o'clock, with Professor Mair presiding. In our class we had every type of person; thus every meeting has its humorous side. Some one always had the floor whether we realized it or not; however this privilege was usually reserved by our Spanish student, Hilda Garcia, who is not with us this year. The time for junior picnic at last arrived. We said good bye not knowing what would become of us before we reached the "Grand Caverns," as we were going in the truck. As our president, Roswell Jackson, said he knew how to drive, we supposed that he did; but at times we did not think so because the right side of the road seemed to be all over. Oh well we had a safe and happy journey! The next thing of great note was the junior-senior picnic. On a lovely May day we journeyed to a suitable place near a small branch of the Shenandoah.

Our senior year has been a happy one; yet it is sad for "to say farewell to cherished friends is indeed a sad and painful task." We have spent the last year that we shall ever spend at S. V. A. but our class of twelve has had a happy time together.

This class of '28 is made up of twelve members, representing several different states. Five members, Irene Isaac, Thelma Booth, Eunice Hvale, Roswell Jackson, Earl Silvers, have spent the entire four years here. Five, Mildred Strother, Walter Riston, Kemp Moore, Virginia Mencken, Frances Johnson, have spent two years; the other two, Mr. Coon and James Stanley, joined us in our last year.

With interest we have noticed a few childhood characteristics of each. The little traits are still seen in many instances making us realize that education does not change so much as develop what is already in one.

To our astonishment we found that our president, Roswell Jackson, when a child was as mischievous as most boys are. His mother put him to bed for an afternoon nap, and, thinking that he would be all right, left him to go to a woods nearby where she wished to pick some berries. Upon her return she found him in the middle of the floor with a watch tearing off piece by piece until it was in such a condition that it would not run. When Roswell was sixteen years old this same watch was repaired and given to him as a Christmas gift. We wonder, because of his sometimes tardy return with the mail, if he is still using this watch.

Mildred Strother, our vice-president, as a child was always looking for some new thing to play with, so one day (I suppose dolls were scarce) upon finding her little baby sister lying quietly, put a wide belt around her, then played with her as if she were a doll.

James Stanley has spent only one year with us, but we find him one who is persevering in every duty. Athletically he has been rather select because we find that the most popular form of sport with him is currying the horses.

Eunice Hvale was from the first of a roaming disposition. While her parents were attending campmeeting they found it necessary to have her tagged so that the policeman could bring her safely home when she became lost.

Irene Isaac, one of our classmates, is somewhat different than she used to be. This is told of her when she was about three years old. Her father asked her to pull some weeds from the garden. Departing from her usual custom she pulled one weed then, lest the family should think that she was getting industrious and thus impose heavier duties upon her, she hid the weed and went to play with her dolls.

Mr. Coon, we find, was always ready to go even as a child. When his parents were going to town, whether he had any hopes of getting to go with them or not, he would go up stairs to his room, put on his coat, come down to the door and say, "Johnny on the spot."

Thelma Booth, as a child, was very absorbing for while riding on a train she noticed a man strike a match on his trousers. Upon finding a burnt match in the aisle she attempted the same. Despite all her vigorous rubbing of the match on her dress she could not make fire come out. Within more recent years we have found her just as determined to succeed along biological lines.

Frances Johnson, as a child, was very prompt in every duty that came her way. She would leave with her breakfast half eaten if she thought she might be late for school. Often times she would run all the way to school fearing that possibly the clock might have been wrong.

Earl Silvers, ever solicitous for his sister's happiness, when about six years of age went upstairs and took from a trunk a doll which was a treasured childhood relic of his mother's and gave it to Kathryn to play with—needless to mention, there was a doll funeral in the house that day.

Josephine Billheimer is a very steady girl, but like every one she passed through her first days of mischievousness. We hardly know whether to designate the following mischief or the first cravings of her mind to express itself artistically. Upon observing that no one was guarding a newly baked cake she hastily thrust a thumb here, and a finger or two there, thus giving a very unusual finish to the decorations.

Virginia Mencken was a quiet girl: one who, as a child, did not participate in the games played at school. She did what she was told to do then took her seat. We find this trait still lingers from her childhood.

Walter Riston, our Treasurer, when about three years old, while crossing the Suspuhanna River, cried aloud from fear, annoying all passengers on the train. Wonder how he feels now when he crosses the Shenandoah.

Thus end the chronicles of our class, past and present. We have for twelve years been learning practical lessons regarding the value of time, hence confidently we look toward the future.

"The years of man are the looms of God,
Let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving always,
Till the mystic web is done."

CLASS PROPHECY

WALTER R. RISTON

My work in the Dark Continent was one of trials and hardships. During the summer of 1939 the dreaded blackwater fever, so commonplace to the lowlands, had taken possession of me and I had come to our little sanitarium in the mountains where the air was cooler, the vegetation greener, and where an atmosphere of love for one another pervaded the very place. Here I was beginning to recuperate under the skilled hand of Doctor Silvers, a classmate of '28.

My bed was near an open window, and as I looked out far, far into the distance, I saw the last rays of a gorgeous sunset sink across the veldt. My memory went back many years to the days at S. V. A. when a divine providence seemed to smile down upon the valley morning and evening as the great sun rose in the Gap of the Massanutten and sank to rest behind the misty Alleghenies. With the thought of S. V. A. came the thought of my class of '28. Where were they? In the pocket of my coat was a letter from home which told, in a general way, where the various members of my class were. Taking it out, I eagerly scanned it. While I was lying there thinking over what I had read, the doctor entered saying cheerfully, "A letter for you, Riston."

It was from the mission board advising me to come home to rest up for a while. I felt that I had received the best of care from my classmate, but he too advised me to go because, as he said, "I do not have all the facilities for treatment here that they have in the homeland. You'd better see Ross at Loma Linda."

I said good-bye to him and Miss Thelma Booth, another of my classmates who had been acting as my nurse, and departed for home.

Upon my arrival at Loma Linda I proceeded immediately to the information desk. The mechanical sound of a typewriter fell upon my ears. A woman was seated at a desk busily engaged in copying some letters that were before her. At the sound of my footsteps she raised her head, and then a cry of surprise escaped her lips, "Why Mr. Riston."

It was my time to be surprised for as I looked I recognized her as Irene Isaac, a classmate of '28. We chatted merrily along, forgetful of the time, talking of our old class and its activities.

A professional looking man and a woman clothed in white came near, unperceived by us. As they were about to pass by, I heard a voice that startled me: "Miss Mencken, that was a very serious operation, and the patient will need the best of care."

I sprang up. Before me stood Dr. Jackson, the noted surgeon, and by his side another of my classmates, Virginia Mencken.

In the course of the conversation which followed I asked, "Where is Frances Johnson?"

"Ah," came the response, "she is serving the Lord in doing service for others. Last year she was married. She and her husband accepted the call to do Medical Missionary work among the natives of New Guinea."

We sat silent for a moment and then Virginia suggested, "Let's send her greetings by radio, and tell her of our gathering here." As all enthusiastically consented, we did so.

After an enjoyable six months' stay at the Sanitarium with my classmates, I was asked by the Mission Board to make a tour of inspection in various countries.

In the interior of Brazil I found that we operated a large mission station. Glad, indeed, was I of the opportunity given me to visit this station as two of my classmates were actively engaged in labor there—Mildred Strother, our Vice-President, and James Stanley. The road leading through a dense jungle forest finally opened into a large clearing, where several thatched huts met my view. Everything was in motion. Natives

were joyfully engaged in various labors as they hurried to and fro. I heard English voices coming from a nearby hut, and, upon entering, saw a native lying upon a rude operating table. At the sound of my steps they looked up, with unfeigned welcome Mr. Stanley and Miss Strother came to meet me.

After we had spent a pleasant week together discussing the problems of the work, it was time for me to depart to the coast. Boarding a vessel in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, I soon found myself on the broad expanses of the Atlantic, bound for England.

As I walked along the streets of London the thought came to me that some of my old classmates were living in that country. For all I knew they might be in the city of London. I was startled from my reveries in time to read an advertisement in front of a large building telling of a musical program within, the proceeds of which would be used for the spreading of the gospel. I purchased a ticket and entered. The auditorium was crowded with people. There were thousands of soft green lights, the platform was artistically decorated with large ferns and palms.

Soon I heard low, sweet tones of music. The strains seemed far, far away; but as I listened, entranced with its beauty and sweetness, it gradually grew louder as though it were coming nearer.

But who was the one producing the music? Eunice Hvale, our class secretary. I could hardly constrain myself, but I quieted down when another took Eunice's place at the piano. The strains rose and fell like the rising and falling of many waters. Suddenly, they stopped and amidst the applause of the audience I recognized the player as another of my classmates of '28, Josephine Harper.

Oh, what joy there comes to one's heart when he meets with friends he has not seen for years. As I talked with them of the work in England, Miss Harper asked, "Have you visited Stanborough Missionary College?"

Upon my answering no, she said, "Let's go out there tomorrow to see President Moore, and Miss Billheimer, who is Normal Director."

I could hardly believe it. Two of my classmates so near.

A rubber mat lay at the door and upon it was but one word, "Welcome." We did not hesitate a moment, but walked into the corridors.

We heard voices, and upon turning in the direction from whence the sound came, saw a door open and heard the words, "Thank you Professor Moore for your advice, I feel better able to cope with the situation now."

"You are welcome Miss Billheimer," came the response, "always feel free to counsel with me in regard to your problems. Two heads are better than one, you know."

"Doesn't that sound like the Kemp of old?" asked Josephine, and without a reply we rushed into his office.

It made my heart rejoice that night as I wrote my report to the General Conference and told them of the great advancement of the work in England, for the College under the leadership of Professor Moore had sent out hundreds of young people who were prepared to give the gospel message to the world.

As time was rapidly passing I prepared for my trip to China. About a week before my departure I wrote a letter to my old classmate, Mr. Coon, who I remembered was working in that field. During my ocean trip I recalled that Mr. Coon's one ambition while at S. V. A. was to fulfill his missionary vow: Before Professor Quimby, of Union Springs Academy, left the shores of his homeland for China the members of the Ministerial Band took a clear, white stone, chiseled the word "China" upon it, and then broke it into two pieces, giving Professor Quimby one and placing the other in the safe for the first member who should follow his teacher's footsteps to this benighted land, to bring with him. My heart overflowed with joy as I remembered that he had

(Concluded on Page 38)



AT THE FOOT-HILLS CLIMBING

James Stanley

This occasion means more than the closing of a four year period. It is just the commencement of a fuller life; yet the end of a long congenial friendship so far as the temporal is concerned.

As a group of classmates we have unconsciously chosen the motto, "At the Foot-Hills Climbing." This motto we find in keeping, figuratively, with the growth of our message. The rise and progress of this message has been marvelous. Even though it began small, at the foot-hills, as it were, in a little New England settlement, to-day its beacon lights are shining from every hill top, in every land. This message is not to be given by the select classes but by those from among the masses who consecrate themselves, and who possess an individual experience. The message will triumph; it remains with us to triumph with it. Let us remember that climbing does not mean, "an exalted spirit." We must become as a little child, humble and teachable, and at the same time attain unto the highest physical and mental state. We must come to the foot of the cross and there Christ will direct our footsteps on the upward path.

My mind goes back to the time when blue Galilee was blessed with the Saviour's presence. On one occasion while journeying through Jericho, Zacchaeus, the little man with the big opportunity, stood at the foot-hills, as it were, so that it was necessary for him to climb, and at the top he found his—the greatest opportunity that could ever come to man: He sat at the feet of Jesus and ever afterwards his guiding star, the star of Bethlehem's manger, led him upward.

We hold the destiny of our lives in our own hands. It has been beautifully said that in the dawning of every life there arises a star of hope. Whether that star sets over Sodom or Nazareth depends upon our purpose and our decision in life. A noble purpose, all absorbing, invigorates the spiritual life. It truly leads from the valley to the up-land.

Many are only too glad to occupy the position attained by the few but are not willing to struggle upward. Surely they would chisel their own names in the halls of fame or carve them on monuments of stone; but such must learn the language of doing good—carve their names on hearts not marble.

I have thought many times of the statement made by Ralph Parlett: He, many years after his graduation when the exercises were only pictures hanging on memory's wall—save the class picture which he chanced to look upon—said, "Here is represented every note on the keyboard of the instrument of human possibility." So ranging from the valley to the summit, strewn all along life's highway are those who started well in the early dawn but dropped out by the wayside as the path of life became more and more rugged, some at the third, the sixth, the ninth, and even at the eleventh hour.

O! I would that I were a prophet and could point out to each the difficulties he will encounter as he climbs life's rugged path. But the way is long, and we are inexperienced. The joy, the sorrow, the heartaches, and the tears that are ours before we reach the top—but Thou, Lord, lead on.

We have just reached the foot-hills of life's opportunities. Many, through years of toil, have long since reached the summit. With them life's meridian is past, their feet are swiftly receding along the downward slope. Who are to fill the broken ranks? Only those who make the preparation and stand ready to be used. Let us labor from the Foot-hills upward, from the foot of Golgotha, the foot of the cross, to Olivet's brow for we must needs go home by the way of the cross. At last Home! Home! Home! for the way of the cross leads home!

PERSPECTIVE

Mildred V. Strother

"When earth's last picture is painted
And the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded
And the youngest critic has died."

Thus sang the poet and truly for each is painting a picture. Our associates and we are the critics, and God is the mighty judge. This picture hangs in the memory halls of our friends and also is portrayed in our personality for the gods we worship write their names upon our faces—a picture our friends and we must review, for it is none other than our very selves, the experiences good or bad that have made up our lives. Classmates, we should be able, in the face of our high profession and the sacrifices of our parents, to say confidently that our lives have been made up of good habits that have become so strong during these eighteen or twenty years that they serve as mighty cables to draw us safely over the face of peril toward those mountain tops whose heights are veiled in clouds and spiritual experiences whereon we have stood in times past, trembling, rejoicing, and half understanding. Our friends we should look boldly in the face knowing that the memory of us serves as their inspiration and is not as their stumbling-block.

Times there be when we look more intently, more earnestly and frankly at these pictures of ours. To-night, as we gaze back over the brief years, let us together judge our lives as we would landscape pictures, which in truth they are.

The present time is represented by the most outstanding figure in our picture as for instance, by that mighty horse, in Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," with his raised head, bulging, tense muscles and dauntless spirit. But let us not forget the background, the perspective, that makes up the picture for its beauty is enhanced by yesterday in that mighty chafing horse nearest, and so on until all the days of our life are spent. Our yesterdays mean more to us than we think, a beautiful life and character is not the work of a day but of a lifetime.

Many changes are gradual; we know not when they take place. Others we can look back upon as climaxes and turning points. In the great Boston library is John Elliott's matchless mural, "The Triumph of Time." The Christian centuries are typified by twenty horses arranged in five rows of four each. Just as one can trace the artist's conception of the spirit of successive centuries in these figures sweeping down the ages; so can we and our associates trace in us, in these mental pictures, the succession of ideals as they have formed themselves in our lives.

A barren and desolate Academic life will serve as cords to bind our hands behind us, to encumber our feet so that we cannot reach even unto the foot-hills but must ever dwell in a dry and thirsting desert, whose only river beds are the useless salt tears of regret that we shed as we look back over a selfish life.

The foreground of a picture is an expressionless thing if the background is a blemish. This mountain top experience may be ours even in our school life for when we get our training in keeping with God's plan we do not have to travel backward or downward. We do not have to unlearn those things which we have learned, as did the old Indian of the Ozark who had been taught evolution in the schools of the world.

Science and Literature are respectively the study of nature and human nature, thus every lesson should draw us nearer to God. On the other hand evolution and higher criticism are a mighty stagnant dead sea, on whose shores tread the scholars and mighty men of the earth, whose philosophies cannot lift them or us above our own weak dead selves. Dead seas may be a curiosity, but we would not choose such for a mighty painting if we desired to bring to the soul of the world joy and hope. Neither have we, classmates, put into the picture of our lives such a sea! The science we have studied has not been that, falsely so called. "If the follower of Christ will believe his word and practice it there is no science in the natural world that he will not be able to grasp and appreciate." "The true education is gained by studying and obeying God's

word, for when God's word is laid aside for books that deny God it is a perversion of the name." Thus instead of a perspective of still waters we have a mirage, that deceptive elusive nothingness which one has called a Hades and Paradise conjoined, a dreary objectless vista of sand which thirsting but deceived men seek after with the fervor of life at stake, but what they took for an oasis of truth and light they find a delusion. Their minds become so clouded that the darkness of night closes in upon them, and the lives of many seem filled with despair. One-fifth of all the earth is a desert. Is such the case in your life? Let us, friends and classmates, awaken to the perspective of our landscape! If we have left Christ out of our life and education, let us come out of the wilderness, the miry slough, and valley of humility unto the "still waters" where the good shepherd is ready to restore our souls.

"Every power misused will weaken and decay. Activity is the law of life, idleness is death. He who refuses to impart that which he has received, will at last find that he has nothing to give. He is consenting to a power that surely dwarfs and finally decays the faculties of the soul."

Again we find a perspective of stagnant waters, instead of green pastures. A heart that does not beat in response to the divine, cannot be other than a barren and desolate waste, a perspective of tares, the leaven of the Pharisees permeating our lives, leaving no softness and mellowness—nothing but thirsting sands and wasting deserts.

"When the love of God is in the heart, like sweet fragrance it cannot be hidden. Its holy influence will be felt by all with whom we come in contact." The spirit of Christ in the heart is like a spring in the desert flowing to refresh all, and making those who are ready to perish eager to drink of the water of life. Love to Jesus will be manifested in a desire to work, as he worked, for the blessing and uplifting of humanity. It will lead to love, tenderness, and sympathy toward all the creatures of our heavenly Father's care."

In the life whose background is made up of a noble perspective there are wafted sweet breezes of spring, melodies such as David sang, even songs in the night. "The man who has no music in himself, nor is moved with the concord of sweet song, is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils." In contrast with this life of concord, harmony, and sweet sound is the unforgiving soul embittered with hatred and anger. Such a life may be said to be swept over by the dreaded Simoon, whose blast may well be compared to the blast of hate and anger.

Dear classmates, shall we continue to build and to paint upon those firm foundations which we have inherited from our dear parents which have these four years been strengthened by our teachers, or shall we turn now and rend with a savage hand the purity, honor and devotion to duty, steadfastness in the truth, patriotism, and love of God to which we have fallen heir?

"Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
O, how our hearts beat high with joy
When'er we hear the glorious word!
Faith of our Fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!"

Did you, along the way, expect to reap a harvest at the end of each harvest season, if you had planted not or tilled not? No. Then do you, at the end of life's way expect to be happy and content if at every moment's turn you see stretched in the background a perspective of rocks, tares, and anger blasted fields? On the other hand, if we have served others and have to ourselves been true, the retrospect will bring peace, joy, and comfort into our souls. We shall realize more fully the words:

"Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In other men sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."



CLASS WILL

FRANCES JOHNSON

Teachers, class mates, parents, and friends, we, the Senior Class of 1928, of the Shenandoah Valley Academy, in the village of New Market, county of Shenandoah, State of Virginia, being sound in mind and body do hereby declare this our last will and testament.

First: We will and bequeath to our beloved faculty our sincere gratitude for being so patient and long suffering with us.

Second: We will and bequeath to the juniors the honor of calling themselves "seniors." Dear juniors, although the way may often seem rough do not become discouraged but profit by our mistakes. We hope that we have left some foot prints on the campus here, that a discouraged junior seeing shall take heart again.

Third: To the sophomores, who have shown themselves to be such good sports, (although now small in number) we will a large Senior Class two years hence, and extend, in advance, congratulations to them when at last they are graduated.

Fourth: To the freshmen, who, as their name implies, are young, fresh growing green plants, as it were, we leave three long years to shovel coal, scrub clothes, and wash tin-dishes. We hope by the end of that time that they will have at least developed enough muscular aptitude and gray matter to meet the requirements. This is on condition that they never shirk their duty, but do their work faithfully every day.

Fifth: We will and bequeath to Professor Hannah, now that the "work is done," leisure to enjoy the artistic little cottage, which blooms like a flower garden on the west side of the campus.

Sixth: To Elder Smith, we wish to bequeath five dozen new sheets of carbon paper. This, of course, he will use in writing out his examination questions, thus enabling the one receiving the last of the eight carbon copies to read his questions distinctly.

Seventh: To Mrs. Hannah, we will a new pair of scissors to be left in the sewing room, so the sewing class of next year will not have to be constantly borrowing hers.

Eighth: All seniors, who have ridden in Professor Belz's car, hereby give him their services for the hour nine to ten o'clock Sunday morning, May 20. Said time is to be used in washing and polishing "The Pontiac" in preparation for its long trip to Texas.

Ninth: To Mrs. Belz we would like to bequeath a penny for every stitch that she has so willingly put into the boys' trousers this year, but as this would be inadequate and as our pecuniary facilities are rather low we give heartfelt gratitude instead.

Tenth: To Miss Harper we bequeath plenty of fresh dry soil for the growing of flowers, said soil being secured nearer home than the other side of the river, also the privilege of chaperoning many sunrise breakfasts at the river, on condition that she adheres strictly to the above requirement.

Eleventh: We will and bequeath to Miss Brent an automatic candle extinguisher to save her nightly trips to the second floor, also an automatic alarm clock cut-off which might not be amiss on some occasions.

Twelfth: We will to Professor Wood the wonderful privilege of not having the mumps again. We feel certain that he esteems this highly and will respond heartily to this favor.

Thirteenth: Miss Palmer's favorite expression is "What shall we have for dinner tomorrow?" therefore we are willing her a book containing a menu for every meal. This, we hope, will enable her to find a new expression.

Fourteenth: To Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Richardson we will a song book from which they may continue the training of their voices.

Fifteenth: We bequeath to Dale Wilson, Roswell Jackson's position as president of the Senior Class, also a course in monkey athletics that he may better climb a "greased flag pole."

Sixteenth: Mildred Strother wills to Viola Vanderberry her position as mistress in the laundry. We hope she will keep the boys straight while they are pressing on Friday. Also we demand that her disciplinary ability especially be exercised on Sunday when she must decide which boy is to hang clothes in the girls' attic.

Seventeenth: To May France we will and bequeath a high chair so that she can sit at the table without fear of falling and injuring her spine. Along with this chair we bequeath the modest blushes of our President, Roswell Jackson.

Eighteenth: Eunice Hvale wills to Myrtle McGee her nightly portion of sugar, egg, and milk in the futile hope that Myrtle may build up her delicate health.

Nineteenth: To Grover Lee Moore we will Walter Riston's job of ringing class bells, on condition that he does not start arguing in class forgetting bells and everything else.

Twentieth: John Barr is granted permission to continue sawing wood while sleeping in D. History and is willed a soft pillow to place under his head, thus making this difficult labor a little easier.

Twenty-first: Mr. Coon wills and bequeaths to Andranik Saphiloff his position as editor-in-chief of the Senior Annual, provided he accepts also his job as milk-maid as Mr. Coon thinks the two go nicely hand in hand.

Twenty-second: To Gladys Paul, Frances Johnson wishes to leave the care of the girls' dormitory, on condition that she will always keep it looking nicely. This will relieve her of undue excitement and nervous strain, thus preventing the possibility of repeating such blunders as putting salt in the cocoa.

Twenty-third: We will and bequeath to Dolores Cornett Mr. Stanley's position as president of the Student Union. When making out the two-minute talks she must not forget to list this one among the others, "Tell about the latest Christmas present."

Twenty-fourth: Virginia Mencken wills to Ruth Smith her place as missionary editor for next year's Echo.

Twenty-fifth: To Ruth Ayars is willed six new Geometry and Algebra books, in these pages she may ponder this summer when she wishes some recreation.

Twenty-sixth: We will and bequeath to Bernice Casey, Irene Isaac's place as monitor on second floor during study period provided she will accept the responsibility of acting as a "model at S. V. A. honor to whom we'll all graciously pay."

Twenty-seventh: Earl Silvers bequeaths to Amelia Barr all his spare time that she may prove a better "Betsy Ross" next year in making the Senior flag than she did in making this year's junior flag, which was very pretty but not substantial, for when it was taken down from the flag pole, it was slightly holy.

Twenty-eighth: To Nellie Hubbard we will and bequeath Thelma Booth's corner room, on condition that she promises never to talk out of the window and always to keep her room tidy enough that she can at least get as good grades as Miss Booth did.

Twenty-ninth: To Winfield Hamilton we will and bequeath Kemp Moore's task of caring for his "lady friends" in the hen-house.

Thirtieth: We wish to will Alberta Aam, Josephine Billheimer's place on the honor roll, along with this we give her all the discarded witty sayings of Mr. Stanley.

Thirty-first: We will and bequeath to Oleta Jenkins the knowledge Josephine Harper has obtained in expression class this year. This combined with what Oleta already knows will thoroughly establish her in the field of oratory.

Be it known to all parties concerned that all wills and testaments issued previously to this date or afterwards are rendered absolutely worthless, null, and void.

On this, the nineteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight, in witness hereof we declare seal and sign this our last will and testament.

The Senior Class of '28.

FAREWELL

L. Orville Coon

We, the class of '28,
"Stand to-night with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet."

When we entered as freshmen, the school seemed a marvelous place, but as we have watched its growth we realize that each incoming class has a greatly widened range of opportunity. May it ever be that the freshmen set before them more and greater possibilities of advancement.

The school of the future—what shall it be? We may make it what we will. May the heart of it be a group of teachers who give themselves spiritually and intellectually, to the 3d Angel's Message, and may they give indefatigably and vigorously of their knowledge and experience to a group of students who will in turn share all they receive with others.

God not only wants us, at the foot-hills climbing, but He wants us to become men and women who will dare to challenge the impossible and who will devote their lives bringing the seemingly impossible within the realm of the possible.

Do not live upon the lower level, do not be satisfied with the humdrum, the usual course of existence; go out ready to meet adventure with faith. Look at the faith of one who is known to all—Abraham. Even though this man had no education, even though he had received no diploma, when he heard the voice of God commanding him to leave the land of his fathers and journey over dangerous routes to the land of Canaan he complied—he challenged the impossible and brought out the real.

Look at Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America: he went, ignorant of what lay beyond; his convictions were deeply rooted within, and he had faith. He had no trustworthy compass; his crew were the scum of the land. But through it all he challenged the impossible and brought out the real.

George Washington, grown to manhood, the possessor of a large and prosperous estate, with nothing to mar his happiness and ease; but when those thirteen weak, barely organized States called upon him, collectively, to lead their armies against the British, he faltered not—he challenged the impossible and brought out the real.

Look again to Colonel Charles Lindbergh—he challenged the impossible, his act should be an example to other youths of the land.

We have mentioned some of the greatest of the world's heroes. All these are transcended by the divine Son of God, who out of a love that is broader than the measure of man's mind, hanging between earth and heaven on a Roman cross for a world that hated and rejected him—challenged the impossible and brought out the real.

God expects us to go forth into the world, challenge the impossible, and bring out the real. Our work may call us across the mighty ocean to the darkened lands beyond—perhaps to India, with its heat, its famines, its plagues, and death; or to China with her teeming millions worshipping gods of wood and stone. Our lot may be cast in the dark continent where the black water fever reigns—yes, we may be called to give our lives down there on the sands of Africa. Ah, it will be worth it all to redeem those lost in sin.

Oh, life is a most wonderful thing! It should be invested only in things that count.

Dear Fathers and Mothers, your toils and sacrifices, and privations, your letters, your prayers, and tears, have not been in vain. To-night you view the result of your labor. May God bless you.

Dear Faculty, words are too inadequate to express our feelings of appreciation for your toils, your patience, your perseverance, and your encouragement that has made possible this hour. We shall ever remember your faithful efforts in our behalf.

Juniors and underclassmen, the bond of friendship has grown strong between us. We know you will hold high the standards of this institution as the seniors of '28

have held them. Our years among you have been happy ones. We have worked together, sung together, wept together, and prayed together. The cords of brotherly love have entwined themselves around our hearts, but now the hour of parting has come.

Shenandoah—Our beloved S. V. A. Teachers, Fellow Students, and Classmates, although it is with reluctance, the time has come when we must say FAREWELL. It is with mingled feelings of joy and sadness that we say farewell. Feelings of joy, because we have completed our work successfully and are graduating.

Feelings of sadness because we know that we shall never all meet again. Some go North, and some go South, others East or West, and some will traverse foreign shores. Their faces we may never see again 'till we stand at the judgment bar of God.

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

FAREWELL

WHAT! NEVER PART AGAIN?

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain,
We're trav'ling thro' Emanuel's land,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound
And soon we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

There everlasting spring abides
And never with-ring flow'rs,
And but a little space divides
This heav'nly land from ours,
We're trav'ling thro' Emanuel's land,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound
And soon we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

Could we but stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not all this world's pretended good
Could ever charm us more,
We're trav'ling thro' Emanuel's land,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And soon we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again,

What! never part again?
No, never part again.
What! never part again?
No, never part again,
And soon we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

Commencement Week Program

Friday, May 18 Class Consecration
 Elder James H. Smith

Sabbath, May 19 Baccalaureate
 Elder C. V. Leach

Saturday Night, May 19 Class Night

Sunday, May 20 Commencement
 Elder M. R. Coon

Class Night Program

Processional Professor W. G. Wood

Invocation Professor W. C. Hannah

President's Address L. Roswell Jackson

Class Song { Music by Thelma Booth
 Words by Frances Johnson

Class Poem Irene F. Isaac

Class History Eunice V. Hvale

Class Will M. Frances Johnson

Piano Duet Misses Hvale and Booth

Reading E. Virginia Mencken

Valedictorian Mildred V. Strother

Address on Class Motto James Stanley

Reading Kemp G. Moore

Class Prophecy Walter R. Riston

Response from Juniors Dale Wilson

Farewell Address L. Grville Coon

Vocal Solo L. Orville Coon

Benediction Elder R. D. Hottel

MOTTO
 TOUJOURS Prêt
 "ALWAYS READY"



AIM
 FORWARD EVER
 BACKWARD NEVER

Juniors
 of
 1928



DOLores CORBETT
VICE PRES.



BENNICE CASEY
SECRETARY

COLORS
 BLUE
 AND
 GOLD



JOHN BARR
TREASURER



GROVER MOORE
SERJEANT AT ARMS



RUTH HARS



GLADYS PAUL



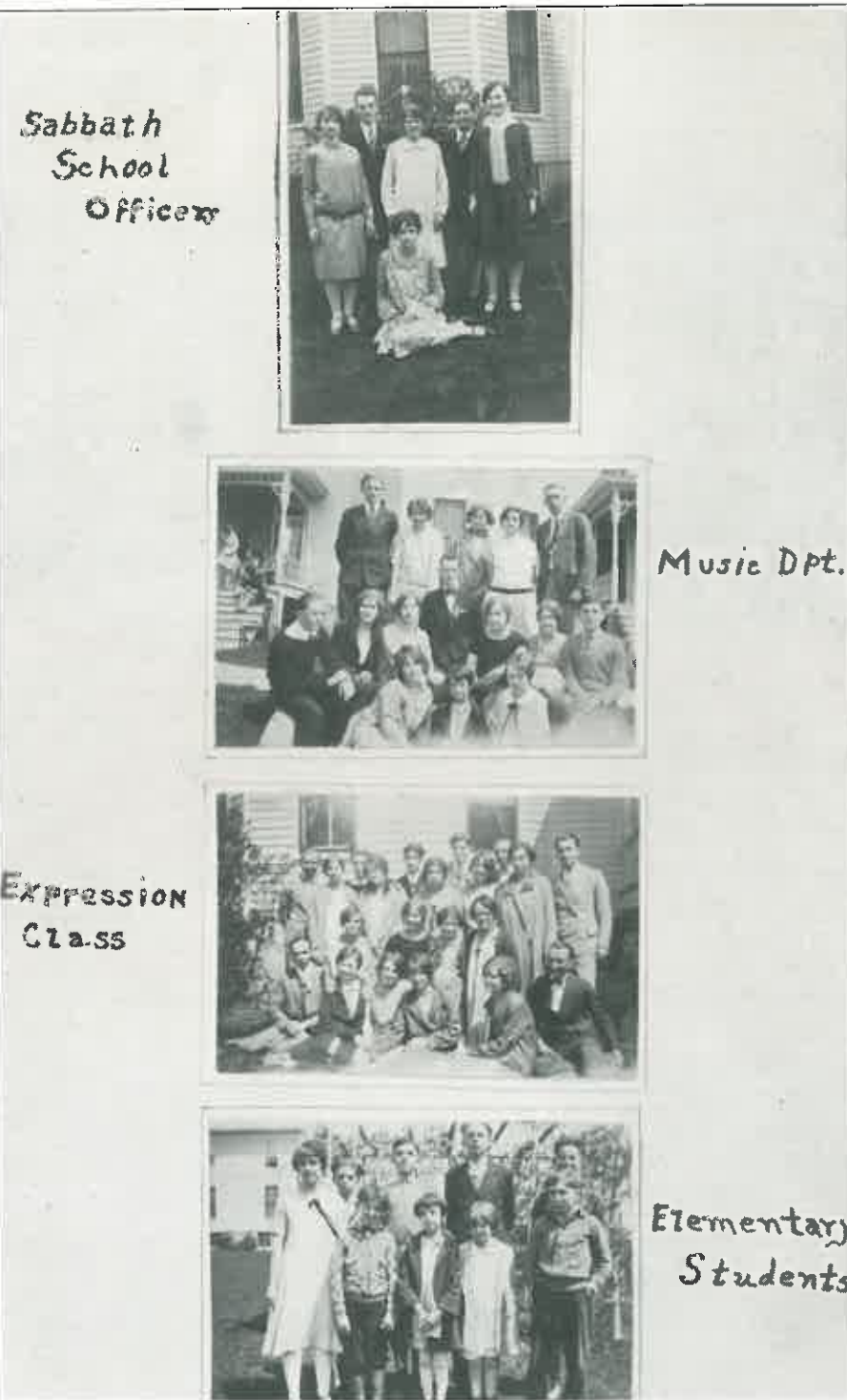
AMELIA BARR



VIOLA VASHEMSKY



HAL FRANCE



Sabbath
School
Officers

Music Dpt.

Expression
Class

Elementary
Students

THE STUDENT UNION



Although every day in the week is students' day yet the faculty has almost an exclusive claim upon our time during six of them. But when Sunday comes—that belongs to the students, and the crowning event of the day is Student Union Meeting!

The Student Union is an organization of which every student is a member. It is the expression of the latent possibilities of the student body of S. V. A.

Possibly the most personal and characteristic feature of this organization is the popular two-minute talks.

The thing which best develops the ingenuity of the individual student is the fact that our president usually assigns the parts in this way, "Andranik or James, will you entertain us with a number next Sunday night?" In this way we have learned to know each other better for we have learned the things that appeal to the performer, thus we are being doubly entertained in that he is converting us all into students of psychology.

Officers have recently been chosen and the machinery is being perfected for carrying on, during the summer months, campaign work for students next year.

If there is anyone who for one moment doubts the life and enthusiasm of this organization let him attend one of its meetings and feel the throb of loyalty that vibrates the building when our school song is sung:

"Where shines the big Virginia sun,
And old Dominion's streamlets run
From out the Massanutts' cool shade
And down the Allegheny's glade,
God's works in nature multiplied
Extol His name on every side.

Chorus

O Shenandoah, dear Shenandoah
In thee do we delight to rest,
And daily strive to do our best
For Shenandoah, Shenandoah."

Josephine Harper.

THE STUDENT ECHO
 THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE
SHENANDOAH VALLEY ACADEMY STUDENT UNION
 NEW MARKET, VA.

VOLUME IX

MAY, 1928

NUMBER 8

THE STAFF

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 WALTER RISTON
 DOLORES CORNETT
 JOSEPHINE HARPER
 E. VIRGINIA MENCKEN
 PAUL FURMAN
 L. O. COON
 BERNICE CASEY
 JOSEPHINE BILLHEIMER }
 RUTH SMITH }
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 Missionary Editor
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 Alumni
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MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS

Walter R. Riston

"We should educate the youth to help the youth; and as they seek to do this work, they will gain an experience that will qualify them to become consecrated workers in a larger sphere."

Such is the supreme purpose for which the young people's organization has been established, and such was the ideal toward which we looked as we planned our society work for this year.

The members of the Ministerial Association, a band of the Missionary Volunteer Society, are actively engaged in labor, going out into the "highways and hedges" in obedience to Christ's commission. We look forward to a harvest of souls saved as a result of their efforts.

The Sunshine Band has made many calls upon the sick of the neighborhood, singing for them, thus bringing joy and comfort into their lives. The Correspondence Band, due to a lack of funds, has not made so great a stride forward. No one is, however, downcast over the situation. With a strong "I will," that you may know is sincere, they all tell what they are going to do for next year.

The society started with an enrollment of thirty in the Bible Year, but since that time twelve others have joined the ranks of the faithful and are found daily listening to God speak to them through His Word. Practically all of these are up to date in their reading.

Many are also found observing their privilege of a Morning Watch with God. During these quiet hours they can commune unmolested with the source of all strength, and become strengthened to successfully combat the temptations of Satan.

But of what importance are all of these reports unless these activities are carried on for the saving of souls?

The above reports are only the foundation of a greater one: During the month of April seventeen young people surrendered their all to God, to be used by Him in His service. The Spring Week of Prayer, conducted by Elder H. K. Christman, brought the climax to the baptismal class taught by Elder J. H. Smith during the winter months. Surely we can praise God for the added number of young people whose privilege it will be to help in the giving of the last warning message to the world.

As I think of these young people the words of Horatius Bonar's poem, "Fitted for Service," come to my mind as the probable echo of their own hearts:

"Oh, turn me, mold me, mellow me for use,
 Pervade my being with Thy vital force,
 That this else inexpressive life of mine
 May become eloquent and full of power.
 Impregnated with life and strength divine.
 Put the bright torch of heaven into my hand,
 That I may carry it aloft,
 And win the eye of weary wanderers here below,
 To guide their feet into the paths of peace.

May such a life be mine!
 Creator of true life, Thyself the life Thou givest,
 Give Thyself that Thou mayest dwell in me,
 and I in Thee."



THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION



It would refresh your soul to step in and listen to the young men as they gather in the Bible room each Friday evening.

With bright faces and clear voices, they enter into the exercises of the evening. The old fashioned gospel songs are sung, and the old time power is felt by all.

In these meetings we discuss the different points of faith that are most attacked by infidels and unbelievers. It is wonderful to see how clear these points really are when we compare scripture with scripture and let the Bible explain itself.

We learn here how to prepare a sermon and also how to deliver it. At first our knees trembled and our throats seemed to fill up with some unknown substance, but now we can get up and give our talks without blushing.

Elder Smith, our faculty advisor, is the Mecca for all Bible questions: when all others fail, he stands like the rock of Gibraltar.

We not only learn but put into practice what has been learned. The association carries on meetings in four churches. These churches are not S. D. A. One is a Baptist church. This is Mr. Riston's church at New Market. There has been a fair attendance this winter and the people seem interested. Another, Mr. Richardson's church, a Brethren church, and here there has been fair attendance, but because Mr. Jack's church is so near, it was thought best to unite the two efforts in one at Pine Woods. Pine Wood's church is a Christian church and Mr. Jack has had a good attendance there. There has been an average of about sixty out on Sunday evenings. They come in from the rural districts and seem to enjoy the sermons and the singing. The fourth church is the Union Forge church, at Edinburg. It is a community church and the people there come largely from the farming districts. We have had a good attendance there. The first time we went there to hold a meeting there were about eighty-five present and the next time there were 150 present. The interest has grown and we have an average attendance of 225. The evening that I presented the subject of civil and religious liberty it is reported that there were nearly 500 present. The seats were all filled and chairs were placed in the aisles. It would do you good to hear these dear people sing. They are lovers of music and they can sing. They give the best attention to the sermons of any congregation I have seen in years. They are earnest and express their gratitude to us for coming to their church with this truth.

We, as well as the people, appreciate the efficient work of Professor Wood, who has been of great help in rendering musical selections and securing special music for these churches.

(Concluded on Page 39)

THE COLPORTEUR BAND

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN: Young Men, Young Women



Do you desire to secure an education? You immediately say, "yes, but I have no money and father can not pay my way, so I can not attend S. V. A."

Wait a moment and let me talk to you. We have a plan whereby you may attend S. V. A. next fall with all your expenses paid for the year. If you really want an EDUCATION and you have no money here is your opportunity. Many other young men and women have earned their way through the Academy and also the College by this means:

Write your Book and Bible House to send you one Christ Object Lessons' prospectus and a canvass. This will cost only one dollar. Learn your canvass thoroughly and then write to the field secretary and tell him you have your canvass learned, and you are ready to start in working. He will come and start you in the work. He will visit you from time to time through the summer, giving you advice and help.

Christ Object Lessons has been dedicated to the work of Education and the book is one of the finest on the market today. Take a good look at the neat, beautiful prospectus and it will say to you "sell me." It can be sold. The other day Elder Christman went out and sold twenty-three books in two days. And what he did, you can do.

If you will work hard and put in twelve weeks in the field you can earn a scholarship. If you work 500 hours the publishers will give you \$15.00 cash to spend beside your profit. And if you deliver \$750.00 worth of books, another \$15.00 will be given to you.

The scholarship plan is this: If the expenses at the Academy are \$300.00 you are allowed 20 per cent discount on the school expense which means \$60.00, leaving a balance of \$240.00, and multiply this by two and you will have \$480.00. This is the amount you have to sell and deliver and turn over to the Book and Bible House for your scholarship.

If you work twelve weeks—that is sixty days—and sell an average of only fourteen Christ Object Lessons a week you will have the full amount to pay your way at S. V. A. and \$24.00 over.

Now can you tell me of any other work that will net you such returns as this? In 60 days you can actually earn enough to pay your tuition, board, room, and laundry for nine months.

You do not need any previous experience. Many of the students of S. V. A. are entering the field for the first time this summer. There are about ten boys and six girls that plan to go into the book and the magazine work this summer to earn a scholarship.

To the young ladies that wish to sell the Watchman Magazine; The Watchman sells for twenty-five cents a copy, and your profit is fifteen cents. Each one who earns a scholarship is allowed a 20 per cent discount from the school expense. If it costs \$300.00, the discount would be \$60.00 leaving a balance of \$240.00. Now divide this by 15 cents, your profit on the sale of one magazine, you will find that it requires the sale of only 1600 Watchman to pay for a \$300.00 scholarship.

Your average sales must be, assuming that your vacation period will be twelve weeks, 134 copies a week, and if you work six days a week, the average would be 23 a day, but you should exceed this and the extra will be your personal spending money while you are in school.

This is an excellent opportunity. Grasp it now, and start right in today. Put in faithful time and work hard and God will give the increase.

The doors of S. V. A. will swing wide open to YOU next September.

L. O. Coon, Band Leader.

CLASS PROPHECY

(Continued from Page 20)

accomplished his ambition, and was the one who matched the stone in China.

Mr. Coon looked little different—perhaps a little older—than when I saw him last. But O, how overjoyed he was to see me; and as I listened to the experience of his work in the interior of China, my heart thrilled for I realized that God had been using him in a wonderful way for the finishing of the work. I longed to go with him to his station in the interior, but I felt that I must hasten on.

Before leaving for Australia I decided to stop on the island of New Guinea to see how the work was progressing in that neglected field, and, while stopping, to visit with another of my old classmates, Frances Johnson.

She and her husband were surprised to see me. As I was preparing to make myself at home a native came rushing into the house saying that a sick native, lying out in the woods, needed their help.

Time would not permit me to go with them although I realized that I would probably never see Frances again.

After they collected their surgical instruments they left me alone and disappeared into the forest—no not alone, for sweet thought of the class of '28, every member of which I had seen within one short year, were lingering with me.

“Tis a fragrant retrospection, for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfume from the blossoms of the heart;
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine—
When my truant fancies wander with those old classmates of mine.”

THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

(Continued from Page 36)

Elder Hottel has also given us much valuable assistance.

In this Association we have learned to love one another and have been drawn toward each other in Christian fellowship. But soon school will be over and we each shall be going a different way. Some never to return. We, that are leaving now, place the responsibility of the work in the school and the nearby churches on the shoulders of the ones remaining. We know that you will rise to the occasion and fill the ranks made vacant by the seniors. Our prayers will be with you and our trust in you.

When we are far apart let each remember to be ever faithful to God.

“O the happy hours we have spent here together,
Time and distance can never more efface,
But we'll promise that we'll pray for each other
When we meet around the throne of Grace.

O meet me at the throne will you meet me.
Though we may not look upon each other's face,
But no matter where you be on the land or on the sea,
Will you meet me at the throne of grace.”

We request the prayers of our friends for the work of our Ministerial Association.

L. O. Coon.



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"Fear God and give glory to Him; for the hour of his Judgment is come: and worship Him that made heaven, and earth and the sea and the fountains of waters."—Rev. 14:7.

Speaking of
SCHOLARSHIPS

Did you know that

One student colporteur delivered \$1253.00 worth of books, another \$1055.00 last summer in

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**ONE STUDENT WHO EARNED A SCHOLARSHIP LAST
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"I received a good coat of tan, gained five pounds in weight, and experienced a joy that the world cannot give."

ANOTHER SCHOLARSHIP WINNER SAYS:

"I am very glad that I spent my summer in this literature work. Not only did I succeed, with God's blessing, in gaining a scholarship, and your special premium, but I value greatly the experience which I had in this kind of work, as well as the opportunity to scatter some seeds of truth, which I trust may bear fruit some day to enrich the harvest of the Master."

WILL YOU ATTEND SCHOOL NEXT YEAR?

Under the new scholarship plan \$432.00 worth of books sold, and the money turned over to the Book and Bible House, entitles the student to a scholarship at S. V. A. If in doing this you put in 500 hours there is an efficiency award of \$15.00 extra, and if your sales run \$750.00 or more there is an additional award of \$15.00 which will be given to you in cash when you return to school. Twenty students in Review and Herald territory reached this goal last summer. Why shouldn't you be one of the winners this year? Write to your Book and Bible House for the booklet giving full particulars.

Review & Herald Publishing Association
Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

**Earn Your Scholarship—
*The Watchman Way***

Many of our young people earned their school expenses last summer selling *The Watchman Magazine* at twenty-five cents, and more will this year—why not you? This is easily done during vacation time. One young lady sold approximately six thousand copies last summer and returned to college. Her profit was fifteen cents each, or \$900.00.

Those who earn their scholarships selling our books and magazines are allowed 20 per cent from the scholarship which costs, we will say for example, \$300.00. From this deduct the 20 per cent allowance and we have a net amount of \$240.00 which divided by fifteen cents profit on each magazine gives 1600 as the number of single copies to be sold to earn a three hundred dollar scholarship. All above this number would be extra money to meet personal expenses during the school year. For half this scholarship sell 800 copies.

The one who sold six thousand copies wrote: "Have been glad, extremely so, for the success the Lord has shown me this summer. It has been indeed good of Him to make it possible for me to attend college by canvassing. I could never have managed college otherwise. I feel that the work has been a college course in itself, one of very practical value. I want to thank you for your promptness in filling all orders."

THE WATCHMAN MAGAZINE
Nashville, Tennessee

Favorite Subjects Saved For the Summer

"I save my favorite subjects for the summer vacation," said a wide-awake student the other day; "then I can pursue them at my leisure under the direction of the Fireside Correspondence School and return to college in the fall with extra credits that are very useful. I couldn't enjoy the vacation without some study to occupy my leisure minutes."

The Fireside Correspondence School offers a full line of college and academic studies. Its work is accredited in all our own educational institutions and in many others where its high character is known. Among the attractive summer subjects are English, Bible, History, Languages, and Mathematics. Tell us at once of your needs and let us help you get started. If you send in your enrollment before leaving college; then the lessons and textbooks will reach your home address in time for you to start your vacation right.

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We extend our best wishes to the members of the graduating class of the institution and hope that success shall follow them as they go out to other fields. To all those who remain in this community, we desire the opportunity of serving them further.

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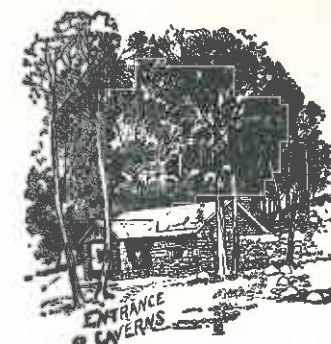
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