

S. V. A. ARCHIVES

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE FROM  
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# Shenandoah Senior Annual

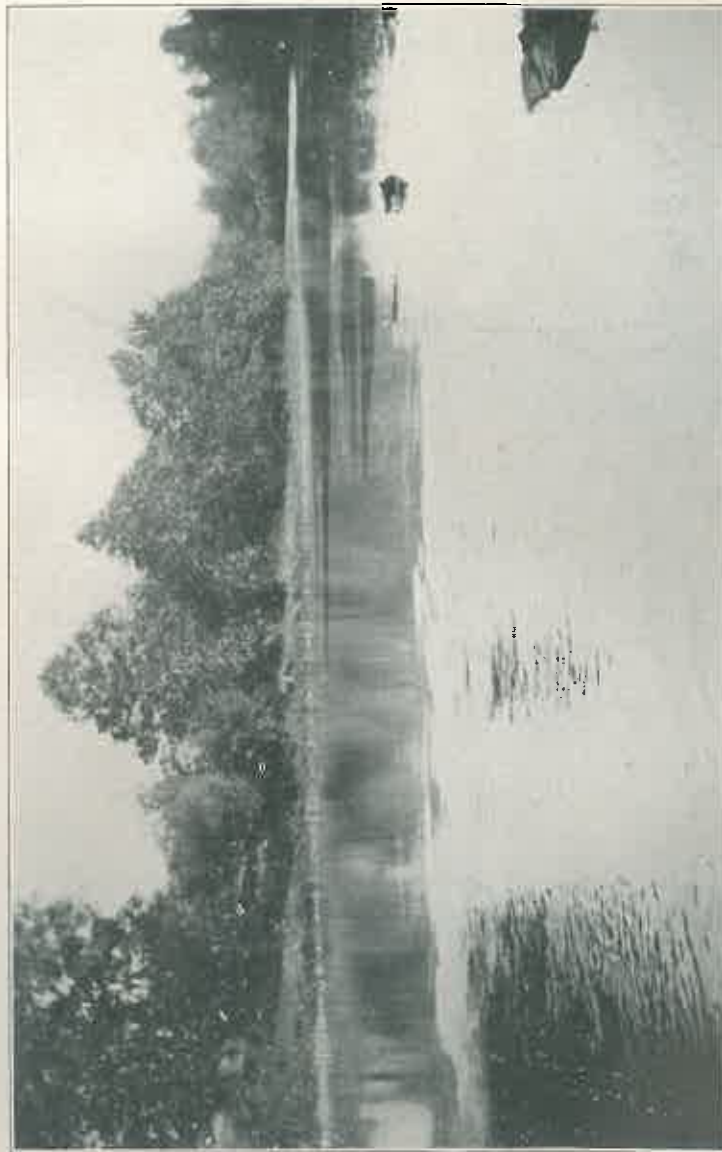
1930

of the

Shenandoah Valley Academy



New Market, Virginia



Shenandoah River

## The Annual Staff



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### *Dedication*

TO PROFESSOR W. C. HANNAH, who as faculty advisor of our class, and principal, has been to us a tower of strength, giving us the benefits of his years of experience, for which thereof we, the class of '30, do respectfully dedicate this Annual.



W. C. HANNAH  
Principal



Mrs. W. C. HANNAH  
Accountant

FACULTY



V. H. CAMPBELL  
Preceptor



Mrs. V. H. CAMPBELL  
Language



JAMES H. SMITH  
Bible



R. H. MacMEANS  
Music and English



LOUISE MENCKEN  
Elementary



BEATRICE HOLQUIST  
Matron



RACHEL CHRISTMAN  
Preceptress

## Senior Class '30



### Motto

Not on the Heights, but Climbing

### Aim

Service Above Self

### Colors

Green and Silver

### Flower

White Rose Bud



GEORGE W. KREUDER  
President  
New Jersey

A noble and attractive every day bearing that comes of goodness, sincerity, and refinement.

S. V. A. '26-'30

Reporter Echo '27

Secretary Sigma Chi '27-'28

News Editor Echo '28

Secretary Y. P. M. V. S. '28

Literary Editor Echo '29

Vice-President Sigma Chi '29

President Sigma Chi '29

President Junior Class '29



KATHRYN M. ERTEL

Vice-President

Pennsylvania

Faithful in her performance of every duty, responsibilities await her.

S. V. A. '29-'30

So. Williamsport H. S. '26-'29

Treasurer Thea Fia '29

BERTRAND L. ELLIS

Treasurer

Maryland

Yet swerves he not to left nor right.

S. V. A. '26-'27-'28-'30

W. M. C. '27-'28

Vice-President Sigma Chi '29

Secretary Sigma Chi '29

Treasurer Junior Class '29

President Sigma Chi '29

Asst. Supt. Sabbath School '29

Business Mgr. Senior Annual '30



RUTH OBER

Secretary

Pennsylvania

The quietness of her soul designates deep purpose

S. V. A. '28-'30

Secretary Thea Fia '28

Vice-President Thea Fia '29

Treasurer Thea Fia '29

Secretary Junior Class '29

Art Editor Senior Annual '30



ERNEST E. BOSTELMAN

New Jersey

He only is a well made man who has a good determination.

S. V. A. '27-'30

Vice-President Sigma Chi '28

President Student Union '29

Vice-President Student Union summer '29

Asst. Leader Y. P. M. V. S. '29

Sabbath School Chorister '29-'30

Editor Senior Annual '30

MARY E. NINE

Maryland

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

S. V. A. '28-'30

Cumberland H. S. '26-'28

Treasurer Thea Fia '29

Stenographer Senior Annual '30



ROBERT HEINE

Valedictorian

Maryland

Characterized by enthusiasm and ardor, and all that makes for success.

S. V. A. '28-'30

Sergeant-at-Arms Sigma Chi '29-'30

Social Secretary Sigma Chi '30

President Sigma Chi '30

Secretary Sabbath School '30

Advertising Manager Senior Annual '30



W. HERMAN BASTON  
Georgia

A smiling countenance, a hearty laugh.  
In making life pleasant counts more than half.

S. V. A. '26-'27-'28-'30  
Secretary Sigma Chi '28  
Vice-President Sigma Chi '29  
Sergeant-at-Arms Sigma Chi '29  
Circulation manager Senior Annual '30

KATHRYN SILVERS

New Jersey

The gift is thine to make the world more cheerful for thy sake

S. V. A. '26-'30  
Treasurer Thea Fia '30  
Advertising solicitor Annual '30



CHARLES RISTON  
Maryland

Remembering that success comes to him who tries hardest, he will inevitably succeed.

S. V. A. '27-'30  
Sabbath School Supt. '27  
Advertising manager Echo '27  
Y. P. M. V. S. Leader '28  
Associate Editor Echo '29  
President Sigma Chi '29  
Literary Editor Senior Annual '30



PAUL S. FURMAN  
Michigan

No man is more useful than he that leadeth others by a right example.

S. V. A. '27-'30  
Adelphian Academy '26-'27  
Asst. Sabbath School Leader '26-'27  
Business Mgr. Echo '27-'28  
Treasurer Echo '27-'28  
Asst. Sabbath School Supt. '28-'29

IDA M. WILSON  
Maryland

A happy soul, that all the way to heaven hath a summer day.

S. V. A. '29-'30  
Sykesville H. S. '26-'27  
E. J. A. '27-'29



JOHN T. SICKLER  
New Jersey

A worker always attending to his own business and doing his level best.

S. V. A. '29-'30  
Sergeant-at-Arms Sigma Chi '29  
Asst. Leader Ministerial Band '30





BERNICE M. FURMAN  
Michigan

Her presence lends its warmth and health to all who come before it.

St. Charles H. S. '27-'28  
S. V. A. '28-'30

### Autographs

## PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

George Kreuder

Dear parents, beloved faculty, friends, and fellow classmates, it is my privilege to welcome you, in behalf of the class of 1930, to our graduation exercises.

As a class, we have long looked forward to the time when we might stand upon the threshold of greater accomplishments, and greater achievements as we stand tonight, and as the many Alumni of S. V. A. have taken their stand before us.

When first we entered Shenandoah Valley Academy, as freshmen, we looked ahead with ardent anticipation, to the time when we too might say we were "Seniors," as could those fourth-year students before us. We now see it has taken effort, perseverance and fortitude to attain this round on the ladder of achievement. Still, we realize we have not yet attained success, but have just arrived at the "Commencement" of our youthful careers. Most of us will go on to higher institutions of learning to further prepare ourselves for shouldering life's great responsibilities, for we clearly interpret the significance of our motto, "Not on the Heights, but Climbing."

We remember studying in history of the illustrious Hamilcar, of Carthage, who took his son Hannibal, when he was only ten years of age, to a lofty mountain peak, where he could look over the peaceful valley of the Tiber, and see, spread before him, the mighty city of Rome. There he made Hannibal vow vengeance upon Rome, before the Phoenician gods.

Hannibal's father set before him a duty, and he spent the remainder of his life trying to accomplish this purpose. We have been training at S. V. A. for not only the duty, but the privilege of conquering souls for our Heavenly Father, and His kingdom, and it is our ambition to keep this purpose before us, and give our lives to His service, using as our inspiration, our aim, "Service Above Self."

Tonight we find our sentiments are not alone those of joy and hopefulness, but a shadow of sadness pervades our beings as we realize now more than ever before, what it means to leave behind us the pleasant associations with our teachers and fellow students, and the many familiar scenes connected with school life, but we assure you, that in our quiet moments of reverie, fond memories of S. V. A. will always be the first to confront us, and our deeds will be actuated by the influences we have received here.

Parents, we would welcome you first, for you hold first place in our hearts and our affections. We owe to you all that we have, and are, and ever will be. If it were not for your self-sacrificing, your devotion, your desire to give us an education that would make us competent to fill a high place in life's work, we would not now be here, graduating from what soon, very soon, will be our Alma Mater. The debt we owe you we can never fully repay, but through our lives and actions we will strive to live up to the principles you have instilled within us from our earliest recollections of childhood. To pass through life's great moments in the presence of one's loved ones is a boon incomparable, and your words of gladness and congratulations will make the triumph many times sweeter.

We find it difficult to supply words of sufficient comprehension to express the gratitude we feel in our hearts toward our faculty, who have been our guiding star throughout our academic days. Teachers, you have made it both profitable and pleasurable for us during what now seems a comparatively short time. There have arisen in our experiences here, times of discouragement and perplexity, when were it not for your encouragement, help, and living example, we would have been tempted to abandon the straight and narrow path, for one seemingly offering greater pleasures and awards, and to you we give a sincere welcome.

This occasion could not be a success without the presence of our friends, who have watched with interest our progress toward the completion of academic work, and it is with our hearty welcome that we bid them share our evening's program.

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## VALEDICTORY

Robert Heine

To our parents, the faculty and friends. The Senior class through me, wishes to say to you that we as a whole desire to thank you both in private and in public for your help, your kindness and your care for our well-being and our happiness, physically, mentally and spiritually.

To you, who are our friends and dearer, this does not seem to be an unusual occasion. These exercises, which are fast drawing to a close, do not appear to be of any great moment, but we hope that they have pleased you, interested you and entertained you, if so, we are glad. But however much you commend this effort of ours this event makes but an incident in your life and the life of the community as a whole—and naturally so.

But to us, the "Class of 1930" these few minutes in which we have been in the limelight as it were, seem to be a page or maybe a whole chapter out of some book of myth. For in a little while we shall pass from our happy days of academy life and will face the sterner realities of life, either to advance upward on the ladder of knowledge or to find our place in this world's work and fill it.

As we realize that a goal for which we have striven all these years has been reached, and that our aim has been achieved, our memories reveal as in a number of sharp etchings, all the times of greatest interest in the events that have led up to this moment. We can see, as if reflected in a perfect mirror, how our minds and characters have been shaped by the daily round of punctuality and neatness. We can see how God has guided our feet in the narrow path so far as we have come, and we trust that we may have the Christian fortitude to remain faithful to the truths He has taught us.

To-night we realize more than ever the value of the Christian training our parents have given to us, and how they have made this moment possible by their constant prayers, undying interest, sacrifice and love. We know how you, our beloved teachers, have by your kindness, patient guidance and unselfish devotion brought us to that state of mental growth and intellectual achievement that this occasion demands. And thus you have a definite part in this achievement to-night, for which we extend to you our hearty appreciation.

After all this dear friends, need you ask what is uppermost in our souls at this moment? Need we tell of the overwhelming sense of gratitude of appreciation, of thankfulness that fills our hearts and suffuses our minds for all that has been done for us? If our lips should remain silent, our very souls would thank you and call you blessed—if it were otherwise we would be the most base ingrates.

Classmates, this most wonderful event, this night of nights, this space cut out from some ancient myth, is almost over. In a few more hours this old bell of ours, which has said good-bye to so many others, will toll our departure and we will go our way. Our Alma Mater, our loved ones and our teachings will look for us to face the world, and with God's help we will not be found wanting.

Such words, we know, are feeble indeed so we must show them by our actions. Hence we are resolved to be a success, a success not only with man, but also with God, to whom may we ever be true.

If fame or fortune comes our way, our loved ones will rejoice with us, but they do not ask us to reach these heights. They only desire that we be faithful servants to our country, our fellow man and our God. Surely this is not so great a task to accomplish. If perchance, in our struggles we become discouraged, we may look back upon our good experience here, and thereby gather strength for life's conflict.

Classmates, we may never meet again as we are here to-night, so, before we depart from this spot, let us resolve never to sully or besmirch the name of the "Class of

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## "Not on the Heights, but Climbing"

By Paul Furman

To-night we stand at one of life's mile posts. But a few short years past we looked forward to this event, as the height of achievement. However when we reached our senior year we concluded that we have just begun, and that we were just climbing up life's rugged pathway of trials, its failures and victories. Therefore, we have, with this in mind, chosen as a class this motto, "Not on the Heights, but Climbing."

Now as a group of classmates going from this school, we desire to live up to this motto and continue to ever climb upward and onward. It is a solemn thought yet all to true, our future destiny depends largely upon ourselves. Man is left a free moral agent and can choose the road to worldly fame and ruin or heavenly honor and life eternal.

There is recorded in the pages of sacred and worldly history the lives of great men whom we have for examples. First, let us compare these two great classes. On the one side we have such men as Napoleon, Alexander the Great, Voltaire, and others of like character. But what have they done for humanity? They have broken the hearts of mothers and fathers, sinking them farther into despair and hopelessness. They have poisoned and stained the minds and souls of young men and women; drawn them farther from their Creator and hope and happiness. These men called great by this world may in their way have some good motives in view, yet they failed to have that all important part; namely, the Spirit of God in their lives.

On the other side we have a vastly different class. What a contrast the loving disciple John who has written one of the greatest books in all the Bible. The same John whom Jesus loved. Yes and we have Jesus himself. It is written of him that he went about doing good. He healed the sick. He lifted the fallen and encouraged the traveler to the Eternal City whose builder and maker is God.

We mention the Apostle Paul, who in a few short years preached the life saving message to the then known world, and then uttered these memorable words. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that time, and not to me only, but to all those that love his appearing." By looking to these men we are encouraged to high ideals and morals. And to a crown of life that fadeth not.

The Christian's life is one of progress, there are no halfway marks. We must go onward and upward.

Life is fleeting, and "What should it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul or what should a man give in exchange for his soul?" The real life that counts is the one who strives not only to help himself but lives to help others from the lowlands of sin and degradation to the highlands of God's love and mercy. And there anchor safe to the Rock of Ages above the strife and cares of this life.

Before us we have the world's field, the harvest is ripe, the pioneers of this message are passing off the stage of action. Yet the Lord says He will cut His work short in righteousness. He is calling for laborers to go out into His vineyard. Can we stand idly and see others do the work of lifting souls from sins miry depth? No! The message is going forward and we want to have a part in it.

The way to Calvary's heights is long and the path narrow. Many have tired of the steady climb and taken the broad road that leads to eternal death. But let us resolve by the help of God to follow in His steps. May we realize that he who is faithful to the end shall be saved, and they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

Friends, there is no stopping for those who have high ideals and ambitions to reach those ideals. We as a class have caught this spirit. "Not on the Heights, but Climbing."

### ORATION

Bertrand Ellis

**Beloved Parents, Members of the Faculty, Fellow Students, and Friends:**

Four years ago we came here to attend this school. We hardly realized what the future held for us, and just what would be the course we would take. We looked back to the days when we were little tots in the grade schools, and we remembered the thoughts, emotions and difficulties that arose, how we met them and overcame them. We also remember the weight upon our shoulders which we felt when we looked forward, and saw all the hard years of hard toil. But coming through this gave us courage to press onward to higher attainments.

Thus, as we toiled on through the four years of our school life here, we became accustomed to academic life, and the school became a pleasant place to live. Our many happy associations with the students, our social gatherings and pleasant acquaintances added greatly to our enjoyment.

There is scarcely a place towards which one may look near or far but that many fond remembrances arise. We have learned to love this place.

Then too, in our class rooms we have many associations upon which we shall look back with joyful and satisfied hearts. Yes, there have been many hard and perplexing lessons. Many times we would be down cast, many nights we would struggle over lessons. But life not always being a path of roses, we struggled on, and tonight we can stand here, and tell you we are glad for these trials. They build character, and no life would be complete without them.

Now, as we pass through these class rooms, halls, this chapel, the dining room, our private rooms, and yes, the parlor too, mingled feelings of respect, honor and love fill our minds. This is a place we are glad to call our own.

We are very fortunate in having had this beloved faculty to work with. A body of earnest Christian teachers to instruct us. We love them and are overwhelmed with gratitude for the love they have shown us.

But tonight we are but entering the threshold of life. New and great possibilities loom before us, possibilities which in looking forward to cause us to rejoice. The horizon is now clear, but dark clouds will come. We will be tried probably more than we sometimes feel we are able to bear, but we have an earnest desire to press onward and not give up. God has told us that no trials shall over take us but that we shall be able to bear them, for with every temptation He shall provide a way of escape, if faithful.

Now dear friends as we leave this school to pass on to higher and greater attainments, we determine in our hearts not to allow any glory of attainment, any pride of honor blind our eye that it might not be said that we have lost sight of the all-powering object for labor in the Master's vineyard, but let it be said we have finished our course and kept our faith.

And now dear class-mates, as we depart, remember these words. "Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

Senior Girls

The other side of the Campus

Paul

John

SENIORS

"Over again"

Nine = One?

Four minus one

Bernice

Ida

Kathryn

Going

H.P.

## CLASS HISTORY

By Kathryn H. Silvers

Our high school grades are in comparison to a flower. The first year, which is called the Freshman year, is relative to the little green sprout of the flower. The next part of the flower which appears, is the stem resembling the Sophomore year, after much time treating the flower, the bud bursts forth, which represents the increased knowledge of the Sophomore getting ready to become a Junior. There are many pleasures to be enjoyed in the Junior year, as the bud bursts forth into beauty it continues until it is out in full bloom the same as approaching the Senior year. When the Senior year is completed we are as a flower fading away to a Freshman again, but with the knowledge of knowing that we are advancing toward the work of God.

The history of each one with one humorous event in their life.

Our President, George Kreuder, was born in New York City. He finished the first three grades in the city. We find he moved to New Jersey after these three years and completed his grammar grades in Jersey City Church School. He came to S. V. A. in 1926. He is one of our students who has been here the entire four years.

When George was about four years old his aunt and grandmother had come to visit George's mother. His mother sent him to the store for a few things and told him to get a box of "Uneeda Biscuits." He said very seriously that he did not need any biscuits. His mother repeated it, and he said, "But mother, I don't need any biscuits."

Our Vice-President, Kathryn Ertel, was born in Pennsylvania. We find her life very changeable. Her first school year at Hughesville. The second year at South Williamsport. The rest of her grammar grades were spent in Du Boistown. She took her first three High School grades at South Williamsport. We are very glad that she joined us in her last year.

Kathryn was only seven years old when they were moving from South Williamsport to Du Boistown. She did not understand the name. She said, "I don't want to move to Boystown and be the only girl there."

Bertrand Ellis, our Treasurer, was born in Pennsylvania. He spent first, third, and fifth years at South Lancaster, second at New Hampshire and his sixth grade at West Sterling, Mass. His seventh and eighth were at Takoma Park. He came to S. V. A. the first year. The next year went to W. M. C., and he has been with us for Junior and Senior years.

We are interested to find Bertrand as a boy a very good boss, for when his mother would leave him with his brothers to do some work Bertrand would be boss.

The Secretary, Ruth Ober, was born in Pennsylvania. She spent her first three grades at the Steel Public School. She then completed from the fourth to ninth and half in North Philadelphia Church School. Somehow Ruth thought she would try W. M. C., so she took the last half of the ninth there, but we find she was just trying out the school for she came to S. V. A. for her last two years.

When Ruth was a little girl her mother bought her a red pair of shoes with little tassels. Ruth liked these shoes so well that she asked her mother one night if she could wear them to bed. Her mother said, "No," and left the room. While she was gone Ruth put on the shoes and when her mother went to get her up the next day Ruth was lying in bed with her feet sticking out.

Paul Furman was born in Michigan. Paul took his first grade in Canada. Then he went to the country school near his home and completed his grammar grades. Paul has always been a willing worker and he stayed out of school for a few years to help his parents on the farm. He went to Holly Academy for one year. And some time elapsed during this time he did the same work as he had done the year previous. He came with us in 1927 and has been with us for three years.

When Paul was a boy he was fond of trapping. One cold morning he was crossing a large log that was across a creek. He slipped and broke through the ice. He slid

under the log that he was holding in his hands. This log was icy and he had a very hard time getting out. When Paul got out he had a long way to go before he reached home but he started off. When he arrived his trousers legs were stiff and round like a stove pipe and they were white with frost. He certainly was glad to find a warm place.

Mary Nine, one of our classmates, was born in Maryland. Mary completed her eight grades in Cumberland Church School. She graduated from Cumberland Junior Academy and then came to S. V. A. to finish her academic course.

Mary was very fond of cats, and one day a cat came to her house that had a piece cut off of one of its ears. Mary was fooling with the other ear trying to take a piece off it but the cat objected and began to scratch. Mary looks up to her mother and said, "Did it hurt the cat when the pieces was taken out the other time?"

Charles Riston was born in Maryland. Charles completed six grades in Public School in Baltimore. He graduated from eighth grade in Baltimore Church School. He then went to the city college at night and worked for several years. He came to S. V. A. in 1927 and has been with us for three years.

When Charles was a youngster he was very plump, and in his family the popular Sunday dish was roast beef. Charles being fat, his mother said to him, "Well Charles you certainly are fat. It is time for you to go into the oven for roast beef." Charles, taking this all a matter of deep concern would tragically cry, "O mama! Don't do it this week, wait until next week."

Kathryn Silvers was born in New Jersey. Kathryn completed her eight grades in Jersey City Church School. Then came to S. V. A. and has been here the entire four years.

A characteristic in Kathryn's life was her early love for men. When riding in public conveyances she would slip away from her mother and sit beside a man, black, white, or yellow, it made no difference just so it was a man.

Ernest Bostelman was born in New Jersey. He went to public school for the first three and six to eight years in Jersey City, then moved to Brooklyn, New York, and went to public school for the fourth and fifth grades. From here, Ernest went to Dickinson High School for one year and a half. He left school to go to work and worked in a bank for a year and half. Then he came to S. V. A. and has been here for three years.

When Ernest was about five years old he played with other boys his age and would get real dirty (as most boys do). One day he was smudgy, and his grandmother seeing him said, "Why little boy who are you? You don't live here. I don't know you!" at which Ernest burst into tears crying, "Why it's me, Mutter, your own little Ernest. I'm only all dirty."

Ida Wilson was born in Maryland. She went to Sykesville High School and completed her first nine grades. Then Ida stayed out of school a year to help her parents at home. When this time had expired we find her entering Edgecombe Junior Academy. She stayed here to the eleventh grade. Then came to S. V. A.

Ida lives on the farm and loves to work. One day as she was helping her brother and her foot slipped through the floor to the wagon, Ida screamed, "Oh! my John," but before any one could come to her rescue she was alright.

John Sickler was born in New Jersey. He went to the Quenton School and took his first grade. He completed his eight grades at a school near Shiloh. He was out of school from 1918 to 1924. He went to Shiloh High School in 1925 for two years. They moved to Florida before finishing his Sophomore year so he did not go to school while in Florida, but worked as mason's helper and apprentice. In 1927 he became a plumber's helper in Florida. When he came back to New Jersey he took Sophomore and Junior years at Bridgeton, and then came to join us at S. V. A. in his Senior year.

When John was about twelve years old he was very anxious to drive an automobile, so he took a running gear from an old wagon put a steering wheel on it, and he would

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## CLASS PROPHECY

Ernest E. Bostelman

The day was fast coming to a close, and how glad I was, for it had been a busy day of teaching, and ministering to the people. When I arrived home I sat beside the window, watching the last rays of the sun disappear below the horizon. I soon found myself growing drowsy; the cool breeze had its effect, and before long I was fast asleep. I awoke with a start, everything was quiet, and the stars were gently twinkling in their places. How long I slept I did not know, but well did I remember the scenes which passed before me, and are here recorded.

I was at Shenandoah Valley Academy. It was the day for commencement. How busy everyone seemed during the entire day, and when evening came we assembled in the chapel where the exercises were to be held. How sacred it is to my memory, for only a few years back my classmates and I had said good-bye to this school. Everyone was seated and the exercises were now ready to begin. While I was waiting for the graduates to march in, I wondered who would give the commencement address, then I remembered the program. Surely his name would be there. What a surprise met my eyes. On the program were these words, "Commencement Address, Elder P. S. Furman." How glad I was to think I would again see, and hear one of my classmates.

When the exercises were over I left for Washington, where I visited the publishing house, school and sanitarium.

At the publishing house another surprise was in store for me, for upon entering I was met by the manager, none other than Mr. J. Sickler. He took me through the plant, showing and describing all the machines which they had in use. When he had taken me through I knew why he was placed in charge of that phase of our work.

Leaving Mr. Sickler, I proceeded to the sanitarium. Just as I was entering, I noticed a figure disappear behind a door. I was not too late, however, and recognized the figure of Mr. George Kreuder, our class president. Making my way to the doorway through which I saw Mr. Kreuder enter, I stopped, and there I saw upon the glass, Dr. G. W. Kreuder, Medical Supervisor. I did not hesitate to knock, and when asked to come in I did not only have the privilege of seeing Dr. Kreuder, but also Miss Nine, who was his secretary. We had a very enjoyable time telling of our work since we last saw each other. I was sorry when the time came for me to leave, but I was preparing to leave for the west coast, and had just time to get to the train.

When I boarded the train I made myself comfortable as possible until we came to Chicago, where I changed trains. I soon found out we were to be here for two hours before we would be ready to leave, so I decided to go for a stroll. While I was walking along the depot I heard a shrill whistle. Was it meant for me? I turned and sure enough someone was running up to me. At first I was not able to distinguish him, but as he drew near I recognized Mr. Charles Riston, and better than that I was to have his company on the remainder of my journey to the coast. Mr. Riston was Missionary Volunteer Secretary for the North American Division, and was now on his way to a convention being held in Los Angeles.

When it was time for us to leave we retraced our steps and proceeded on our way to the train. What a surprise awaited us at the depot, Miss Ida Wilson was hurrying from one train to another proceeding on her way home. She had been acting as matron and nurse at Emmanuel Missionary College. We were glad to have seen her, and went to the train with her, where we bade her good bye and hurried to our train.

Leaving Chicago we were rapidly coming to the golden west. When we entered the State of Colorado our train was delayed due to some damage to a bridge. We inquired of the brakeman how long we would be here. He said, "About four hours." We then decided to leave the train and browse around the vicinity. Our footsteps were directed to a not far distant school house. The children were just having recess.

When we came to the school, we paused to watch the children enjoy themselves. Just then we noticed the teacher. After a little debate Mr. Riston and myself decided it must be Miss Ertel, another of our classmates, and as she had not yet noticed us, we decided to surprise her. How she did jump when she saw us. We explained how we came to be here, and how glad we were it was here we were delayed. We enjoyed our visit very much, and before long we heard the whistle of the train announcing its readiness to go, so we bade good-bye to Miss Ertel and hurried to the train, ready to continue our journey.

Our trip to the coast began again, and on Thursday afternoon we came into Los Angeles. Leaving the depot we made our way to the hotel where we were to stay. When everything was completed, we went to the convention hall, where there was a large number of people. Little did we think we were to see some more of our former classmates. Mr. Herman Baston, who was in charge of the educational work on the Pacific coast was there. He would not rest until we had told him about ourselves. He rushed us over to Miss Bernice Furman, now a registered nurse. She was at present touring the country giving talks on health and sanitation. What a jolly time we had together, and how sorry we were when it was necessary to say good-bye.

I remained in Los Angeles three days, and then I left for our Medical College at Loma Linda.

When I arrived at Loma Linda I made my way to the main building and while I was going through the corridor I heard a voice call, "Dr. Ellis!" Could it be Bertrand Ellis, our class treasurer? I decided to wait, thinking I might see him. I had not long to wait, for soon Dr. Ellis came sauntering toward the door from which I had heard his name. It was not long before he noticed me, and with outstretched hand, and a radiant face he came toward me. How glad I was to see him. We chatted a few minutes, and then he excused himself because of some important business. I bade him good-bye, for I told him I had not the time to stay and must be on my way. When he heard this he told me I should at least go over to the hospital to see Miss Ober, who was in charge of the nurses. I thanked him, and said I would go there immediately. I was not long in finding her, but another surprise was in store for me, for there beside her was Miss Silvers who headed the nurses at Melrose. She was on a vacation and had come down to visit Miss Ober.

I was not able to stay long, but was delighted at having been able to see them. How happy I felt that I had seen all my classmates. No! I had not seen them all, one remained. Who was it? I ran down the list of all I had seen and then remembered Mr. Robert Heine. Where could he be? But I had not long to wait; my itinerary took me across the Pacific to the Philippines. When I arrived there I went to our headquarters. They showed me around the schools, then took me to our publishing headquarters. I was chiefly interested in the medical department and asked concerning that phase of our work. They directed me to Dr. Heine. When I heard the name I thought I had misunderstood. I had been thinking of him during my entire trip, and now I was to see him at last. This was the happiest moment of my life, to think I had the privilege of seeing all my classmates. I entered his office, and there he was busy writing a letter. When he noticed me he jumped up and plumped me into a chair so hard I thought the bottom would drop out. Same old Bob, I thought. "What are you doing?" I asked. He told me he was sent here three weeks ago to organize the medical work and that he was enjoying his work immensely.

I had seen them all now. How good I felt with the assurance that no friends were like old friends, and soon slept with the memory of them brightening the hours of my dreams.

## CLASS WILL

Herman W. Baston

On this 19th of May, 1930, we, the Senior Class of 1930 do gather in this room to will, ordain, and designate such gifts as our superior intelligence leads us to believe will be most appreciated and profitable. We, being absolutely totally sound in body, mind, and spirit feel free to hereby impart, ordain, and issue this to be our last will and testament which we leave for your instruction, admonition, and direction.

First. We hereby gratuitously and freely bequeath to our patient, long suffering and grateful faculty another Senior class by next year that they may through comparison, appreciate the good in us.

Second. To our estimable and conscientious successors, the Juniors, we bequeath the dignified name of "Seniors" and the proper amount of dignity that goes with it. Also our places in the classrooms, our textbooks and a sincere wish that with age they may grow harder.

Third. To the Sophomores—poor fellows—we will them all that the Juniors have not already confiscated, which includes our monitors, old shoes, worn out erasers and lost footprints. May they use them to the best advantage.

Fourth. To our beloved and growing Freshmen we will three extra long years in which they may carry out their noble plans, and we generously leave a well supplied field of rocks, many undug ditches, and endless row of carefully blackened tin dishes. If completed to our satisfaction, at the end of their three years of work, we also will them the honorary title of "Seniors."

Fifth. We do hereby will that Prof. Hannah may have the patience of Job for we are fearful that he used his in successfully bringing us to our goal, and we sincerely thank him for the help he has rendered us in becoming what we are. May he live long and happily is our wish.

Sixth. We bequeath to Elder Smith a completely rejuvenated set of Bible text books and 2300 new carbon papers and 1260 days in which to write out new and harder questions for the ambitious and aspiring classes.

Seventh. To Mrs. Hannah we hereby will, declare and ordain that she should have a competitive group of helpers to help her write to parents and explain that their child is not the most brilliant and ablest child in school, and is not exceptionally far above the average.

Eighth. To Professor Campbell we will a phenomenal knowledge of how to manage mischievous boys and a most thickly populated rock field and may he not spare the rocks and spoil the boys.

Ninth. To Mrs. Campbell we will a class with the miraculous power of being able to understand a dark language. May she be their guiding light.

Tenth. We will, declare and desire that Miss Christman may remember and see no evil, hear no evil, and speak no evil.

Eleventh. To Miss Holquist we cede and concede that she may have all cracked and broken dishes, and a weeping onion peeler, and a new and unused cookbook to be used only three times a day.

Twelfth. To Miss Mencken we gaily will her troubles away and bequeath to her a magic cup of happiness.

Thirteen. To Professor MacMeans our rightfully famous Harmonica Band Leader we extend to him our heartfelt thanks and appreciation for his musical talent he has permitted us to enjoy. We will him any number of new sound destroyers.

Fourteen. We hereby declare and will to Mr. Newton Detwiler a victory over blushes and a campaign all his own that he may win at his leisure.

Fifteen. We now declare and will that Mr. "Happy" Wilcox be presented with an amateur's book, "Experiments, in baking, on the human body." May he never loaf on his job and always be well bred (bread) and gentlemanly.

Sixteen. To Anna Gimbel, George Kreuder wills his position as president of his class.

Seventeen. Albert Adams receives by the will of Paul Furman a new broom to be used for the eradication of dirt from classrooms which, may in the course of years accumulate in the corners, under chairs, tables, etc. Instructions for use to be given free.

Eighteen. Vincent Nelson is willed by Ernie Bostelman one "silencer," composed preferably of adhesive tape, in case of any doubt as to the decisions of the umpire.

Nineteen. Mr. Judson Schleifer is willed the bountiful and beautiful hair of John Sickler and the fictitious title of "Sheik."

Twenty. John Laur is willed the art of talking no more than Mary Nine and for compensation for this sacrifice we bequeath him a "home run" for every baseball game.

Twenty-one. Kathryn Silvers wills to Phyllis Wilcox her most enjoyable silence. May it be appreciated and used.

Twenty-two. Bob Heine wills his famous appetite second to none to Mr. Wendell Witt with a little confidential advice on how to use it.

Twenty-three. To Doris Dash, Ida Wilson most generously consented to bequeath her extra avoirdupois and any other physical necessities.

Twenty-four. Charles Riston wills to Mr. Billy Sunday all his old sprains, bruises and mishaps not at present in active service.

Twenty-five. Ruth Ober wills to Bertha Blank her room and window for conversational use.

Twenty-six. Bert Ellis bequeaths to monsieur Louie Frazer his graceful action and many smiles to be distributed evenly and scientifically about the campus.

Let it hereby be known and plainly understood that any will, testament, bequeath or gift issued before or after this will becomes automatically void and absolutely worthless.

On this nineteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and thirty, we, the undersigned, do declare and designate that this is our only will and testament.

The Senior Class of '30.

*CLASS POEM**The Call of Life*

By Charles Riston

There comes a time in the lives of all  
 When in our ear rings life's sweet call,  
 Calling, calling, day by day  
 Come! Come! my friend and come away.

With heads held high, look to the sky  
 From whence comes the will to do, and try  
 Seeking, seeking, from morn till night  
 For those great virtues of truth and right  
 That come to us garbed in robes of light.

We plan to follow thee, O Life,  
 We know that you will help us win,  
 Striving, conquering daily tasks,  
 Doing all that you may ask.

We bid thee farewell, O school of youth,  
 To us you have been a tower of truth,  
 Farewell, farewell, is what we say  
 With hearts aflame, we leave today.  
 So 'tis farewell, beloved teachers and classmates of  
 S. V. A.

*CLASS SONG*

By Bernice Furman

As we come to the parting of the way.  
 And we pause for a moments thought.  
 O'er the days we have spent at S. V. A.  
 And the good in our lives they've wrought.  
 Our hearts are filled with emotions sweet,  
 And a something akin to pain.  
 We think that as students in this dear school.  
 We shall ne'er return again.

As we bid farewell to S. V. A.  
 We will lift our eyes above,  
 And will banish every selfish thought  
 Putting service, not self, above.  
 And though to the heights we have not attained,  
 We e'er shall be climbing still.  
 Till we reach that Heavenly City bright,  
 That is built on Zion's hill.

# Class of '31



**Motto**  
To-day We Follow  
To-morrow We Lead

**Colors**  
Old Rose and Silver

**Flower**  
Red Rose Bud



Anna Gimbel Pres.



Roger Wilcox Treas.



Ruth Parks Sec.



William Sunday



Louis Machlan



Robert Fryer

**JUNIORS**

Our President

Our Treasurer

FINE!

Elizabeth

Anna

Miss Holquist

Chums

Puzzle -- Find our missing Junior

Newt

Bill

By Karah

Bertha

A Riddle

Ready for work

Up above the clouds so high

Viola

# Activities

Organizations

Snapshots

Departments





### THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

By Newton Detwiler

At two-thirty every Sabbath afternoon an earnest group of young men gather in the Bible room.

If we should be in the building at that time their clear voices would be heard singing joyfully praises to their Maker.

The question arises, who are they and what is the purpose of their meeting? but it does not take us long to find out that it is the Ministerial Band, an organization solely for the purpose of training young men in the art of preparing and delivering a sermon. It is of great benefit to any, who, in later years decide to become workers in the cause of God. Opportunities are given to develop in the field as an organizer and public speaker.

The association engages in various activities throughout the school year such as holding meetings in various places, visiting the local prisons, and helping out in the various activities of the church in its effort to bring souls to Christ. At each meeting someone is chosen to prepare a talk for the following week, thus giving all the opportunity to take part.

Many questions are discussed, and if they are not capable of being answered by the members Elder Smith gladly explains to the satisfaction of all.

There is an old proverb, "The call of the hour is answered by the coming of the man." The cause of God is calling for workers, so we desire that you enter into this society and prepare for your place in the work.

"Let the student take the Bible as his guide and stand like a rock for principle and he may aspire to any height of attainment," are the words of Mrs. E. G. White to the young people.



### MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS

By Judson Schleiffer

The world is either better or worse each day as a result of your work. This and many other such fine points are uncovered through the medium of the Missionary Volunteer Society, as a result of close study and diligent care; and constant application to the one purpose and aim of every young man and woman, "Christian Service."

With the passing of another year, we think of the joy derived from our choice of association with these volunteers of service. None need fear that their means of service is too lowly, for all true service is a silent and insistent declaration of our true worth.

A volunteer of service with constant activities in his or her field of endeavor, scatters the seeds of truth in fertile soil. Then continued effort generates life, develops growth, and enables them to reap the harvest. You cannot hope to enjoy the harvest without just laboring in the field. In sowing the seeds of truth there is no preferred season, the present is the accepted time.

This has been S. V. A.'s Missionary Volunteer purpose in securing every one's service in its endeavor. Then the Sunshine Band, has brought happiness to those whose places in life have not been smooth. Thus we carried forth our banner. "The Love of Christ Constraineth Us."



## THEA FIA

Elizabeth Riddle

One evening as Bernice, a resident student of S. V. A., was hurrying down the road toward the school, she was stopped by a friend from a neighboring high school. "Oh Bernice, you're the very person I wish to see. Our Christian Endeavor Society is giving a corn roast and I want you to go along." "Well I'd like to," replied Bernice, "but you see, tonight is Thea Fia at my school and I couldn't think of missing that."

Joan looked puzzled! "Thea Fia, Thea Fia," and as she repeated the words over several times, a group of the Academy girls, accompanied by Miss Mencken, the elementary teacher came along. "Why Joan, you don't know what Thea Fia is?" asked one of the girls. "That is the name of our club which is held every Thursday night." "Oh do tell me about it," entreated Joan. "Well," said Bernice, "It is time we were moving along, but if you will come with us I think Miss Mencken can tell you the whole history as she was present when the club was formed." "Well," and Joan hesitated. "I sort of hate to miss the corn roast, but shucks, we have them ever so often."

Finally she raised her head with a determined air. "I'll go, my curiosity is too great to decline this time." "Fine!" said the girls, and they started on their way. "Now girls," said Miss Mencken, "I can tell you all about the club during the years I was here, then it will be up to some of the more recent students to finish the story."

"It was in the year '25 that we girls decided we would like to have a club. I think the boys were also organizing Sigma Chi at the time. The idea was put before the girls who responded readily. They elected a committee of five for the purpose of forming a constitution.

"This constitution was formed setting forth the ideals of the school and other facts, which are essential in an organization. Sarah Richardson was elected first president and Mildred Apsley Secretary.

"Interesting and uplifting programs were rendered by the students and every six weeks new officers were elected, thus giving each of the students an opportunity to show her ability for leadership and public speaking.

## SIGMA CHI

By Newton Detwiler

The Sigma Chi is an organization composed of the boys of the Academy. The purpose of this club is to develop efficiency in leadership; to accustom the members to public speaking; to further all school activities, spiritual, social, and physical, among the boys; and to acquaint the body with parliamentary law.

The membership of this body consists of every boy, who is enrolled as a member of the school and faculty.

A regular meeting is held each Wednesday evening. Different members take part in the program. Business arising from the various activities is also discussed at these meetings.

Officers are elected at intervals throughout the school year from the body, thus giving all an opportunity to take an active part.

This organization promotes school spirit and is an outstanding benefactor of the Academy, because it produces pride in our school. The club from time to time adds improvement to the school, such as new roads about the building, and this year the boys helped the girls purchase a new parlor suite. Thus a spirit of unity is encouraged.

The responsibility of the various officers promotes initiative. Many a timid young man has budded into the poised gentleman under the confidence of his fellow students.

We are proud of our Sigma Chi.





## MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

Russell Haddock MacMeans

"Music rightly employed is a precious gift of God, designed to uplift the thoughts to high and noble themes, to inspire and elevate the soul."—White. Music in education is the great dynamo of hundreds of millions of people the world over. From the time of Plato music has been considered a necessary study in the balanced education of the youth, and to-day the study of music is really finding its rightful place in the curricula of many institutions of learning. Music is just a bit of Heaven which God has in His mercy given His children.

Music at S. V. A. is one of the absorbing activities. Each year a large piano class is organized and as the students progress, recitals are given from time to time in order to develop confidence in the hearts of the young performers.

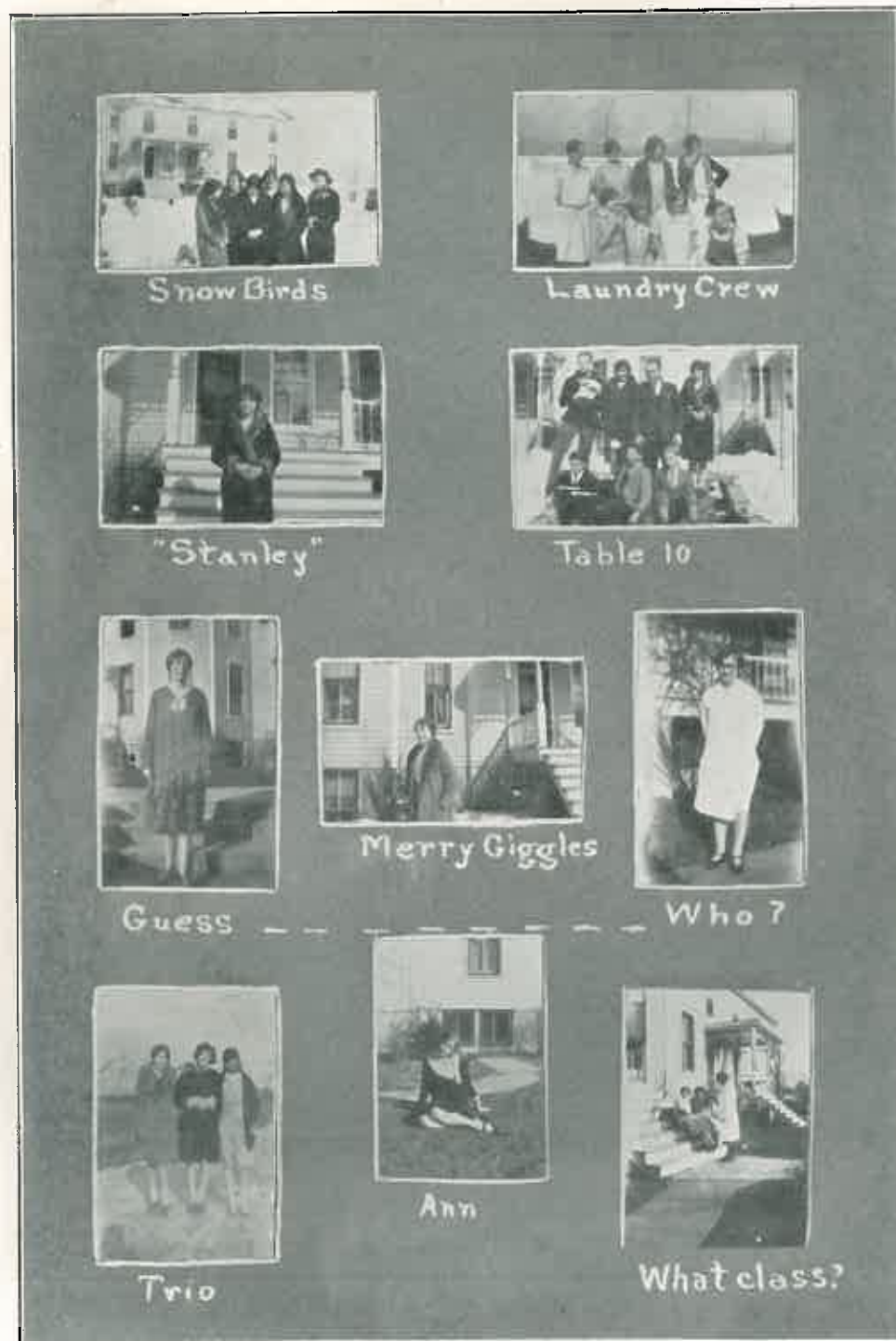
Then the glee clubs, one for the young women and one for the young men, must be organized at the beginning of each year. The purpose of these clubs is not only to entertain during the year with various programs, but also to learn the best of music and to know how to appreciate song.

Our Harmonica Band, of which we feel very proud, is composed of the young men of the school, who are interested in developing their musical talent. This year many programs have been given by this organization both at home and elsewhere. These programs are made up of folk songs, both American and foreign, classics and standard compositions. This band has been a delight to all who have heard it.

Last but not least, is our fine church choir. What would a church service be without music? The choir takes an active part in the church music which is an essential training for every young person. In our choir this year we have had about twenty young people who like to sing. Anthems are sung each Sabbath, and often we have our soloists or ladies' trio, or men's quartet from the choir render special numbers.

Truly music is a moving force at S. V. A.





## PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

(Continued from page 15)

Fellow students, your warm friendships will never be forgotten, for it is you with whom we have had the closest associations, and we hope you have profitted by our example, as greatly as we have from your comradeship, for friendship is the best school from which character can graduate, and we shall heed the admonition concerning friendship. "Believe in it, seek it, and when it comes, keep it sacredly."

Tonight, then, dear friends, we welcome you and we thank you for the kind and loving interest that your attendance here implies. We can but hope that our modest exercises may help to make your evening enjoyable and your recollections of this occasion pleasant to recall.

## VALEDICTORY

(Continued from page 16)

1930." Although regret and sadness fill our hearts at this parting, let us say farewell, and never forget our aim "Not on the Heights, but Climbing."

So, we bid adieu to this little haven from which we are launching on the voyage through life. Here we say farewell to you, our most highly esteemed instructors, and long may we carry in our minds the seeds of thought that you have tried so hard to implant. In our minds and memories will linger happy hours, day, and even years with some. We will remember high ideals, and we will then appreciate the deeper insight into the lives and characters of others that our associations together have given us. We will cherish these memories, and they will be to us as a sweet perfume. We are but untried fledglings now and our mistakes and obstacles will be many, but we, the "Class of 1930," wish to assure you that of us, by God's help, you will be proud.

## CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from page 21)

sit up on top of a seat made on it, and steer while other children pushed him around.

Bernice Furman was born in St. Charles, Michigan. She went to Garfield School until the seventh grade. Then went to St. Charles School for eight and ninth. She came to S. V. A. in 1929 and has completed twelve grades.

When Bernice was a little girl she never liked to be kissed. Her uncle upon knowing this, tried to kiss her, but Bernice refused him. He pushed and she slapped him so hard that she made his face sore for two days.

Robert Heine, another boy of our class was born in Maryland. He took his first two grades in Baltimore. The third and fourth in California. His fifth in Chicago, the six and seventh in Decatur, Illinois. He completed his eighth grade at Sheridan, Ill. Then went to Fox River Academy and completed ninth and tenth grades. He came to S. V. A. to complete his high school work.

When Robert was a little boy he had a habit of asking his mother to scratch his back. When Robert had asked for a long time his mother wrote a poem about Robert wanting his back scratched.

## OUR SHENANDOAH

Words by C. L. Ross

Music by Russell MacMeans

*Moderato. mf*

1. Where shines the big Vir-gin-ia sun      And old Dominion's streamlets run,  
 2. In na-ture's dooryard neatly planned      A gift is placed by God's own hand,  
 3. What blighting frost can chill our zeal      Or e-vil's fu-ry ev-er deal

From out the Massanutt's cool shade      And down great Al-le-ghe-ny's glade,  
 The S. V. A. of sa-cred birth      Our own dear school of sterling worth  
 A blow in madness fit to shake      Our faith in thee, O S. V. A.

God's works in na-ture mul-ti-plied      Ex-tol His name on ev-'ry side.  
 Whose bea-con lit by gos-pel truth      Sheds ho-ly light on paths of youth.  
 Or cause our strength in future time      To fag be-fore thy cause sublime?

CHORUS. *f*  
 O Shenan-do-ah, dear Shenan-do-ah,      In thee do we delight to rest

And dai-ly strive to do our best,      For Shen-an-do-ah, Shenan-do-ah.

*poco rit.*

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