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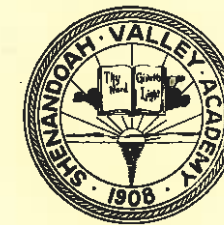
ACTIVITIES

Shenandoah Senior Annual

1932

of the

Shenandoah Valley Academy



New Market, Virginia



A thing of beauty is a joy forever!
—Keats.



How blest, delicious scene! the eye that greets
Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreats.
—Wordsworth.



At the green base of many an inland hill
In placid beauty and sublime content * * * *
—Wordsworth.

FOREWORD

To portray the inspiration of the everlasting hills about us; to reflect upon the memory of those who have entered active service from these doors, to depict the incomparable interests of School Days, is the purpose of the staff in publishing this book; may it be received in the same spirit.

DEDICATION

We, the class of 1932, do reverently and respectfully dedicate this annual to our esteemed Faculty who have labored with untiring zeal and self-denying sacrifices to aid us in the fulfilling of our aim, "Character not Fame."

Annual Staff



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MRS. V. H. CAMPBELL
Latin

The Heritage of S. V. A.

Editorial

What thoughts must have flashed through the minds of our pioneer ancestors when first they beheld the panorama of mountains and fertile valleys of the "Blue Ridge!" Doubtless it was to them a "Land of Promise."

For centuries the natural habitat of wild animals and noble redmen, this country stands forth today as a memorial to the living past.

As the Indians roamed through the primeval forests or built their lodges along the shores of sparkling waters, they little realized that eventually this land would be transformed and robbed of much of its rugged beauty. Yet today there remains not a little to inspire all lovers of nature.

We are referring in particular to that portion of the Blue Ridge mountains known as the Massanutten and to the beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah.

Massanutten in the Senedoe language means "Great Basket." From that portion of the valley in which our school is located, one can look across great expanses of open valley and see on all sides the majestic sweep of mountains. The open sky stretching away to infinitude affords the only canopy for this "Great Basket."

"Shenandoah" falls from the lips like music, and is suggestive of laughing waterfalls or moonbeams making shadowy outlines against the midnight sky. Shenandoah is the Indian sobriquet for "Shrine of the Daughter of the Stars." Truly these simple children of nature must have received poetic inspiration from the scenes of nature.

Many times we have witnessed scenes of wondrous beauty. One needs but to look upon the full moon, in all its lunate brilliance, rising above the Massanutten and flooding the valleys with its silver light, to be aware of a poignant desire to express oneself.

O God, the earth declares thy glory, and the firmament showeth thy handiwork.

Today the Indians are gone and there remain only the mountains, rivers, and caves, which bear mute testimony of things that are no more. Yet a little while and we shall have departed also. It is with this realization of leaving—perhaps never again to behold the spot that has become sacred to us—that we bid you adieu!

"Life is like a stage; it has its exits and entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts."

R. E. W.



Seniors

O just and faithful knight of God
Ride on! The prize is won.

—Tennyson.

Senior Class '32



Motto

Success Awaits at Labor's Gate

Aim

Character Not Fame

Colors

Royal Blue and Gold

Flower

Yellow Tea Rose



DONALD DAVENPORT
 "There is nothing achieved without
 Ambition and enthusiasm."
 W. M. C. '28-'30
 S. V. A. '30-'32
 Vice-Pres. Sigma Chi '31
 Leader of Ministerial Band '31
 Junior Class Pres. '31
 Senior Class Pres. '32

YVONNE BARIAUX
 "To every task she turns a hand
 Results come forth at her command."
 Highland Springs H. S. '23-'24
 S. V. A. '29-'32
 Treas. Thea Fia '31
 S. S. Sec. '32
 Vice-Pres. Senior Class '32

INEZ STEWARD
 "As pure as a pearl, and as perfect,
 A noble and innocent girl."
 W. M. C. '29-'31
 S. V. A. '31-'32
 Y. P. M. V. S. Sec. '32
 Vice-Pres. Thea Fia '31
 Sec. Senior Class '32

GEORGE SCHUMACHER
 "Ambitious soul, practical wit,
 And on the whole a man well fit."
 S. V. A. '27-'32
 Pres. Sigma Chi '31
 Treas. Sigma Chi '29
 Bus. Mgr. Annual '32



RICHARD WELCH
 "Knowledge is power."
 Covington H. S. '27-'28
 S. V. A. '28-'32
 Vice-Pres. Sigma Chi '31
 Editor Annual '32

VIRGINIA CHESHIRE
 "She has wit and song and sense,
 Mirth, and sport, and cleverness."
 Alexandria H. S. '28-'30
 S. V. A. '30-'32
 Sec. Thea Fia '31
 Vice-Pres. Thea Fia '32
 S. S. Sec. '31
 Asst. Ed. Annual '32

JOHN LAUER
 "A smiling countenance and a
 hearty laugh
 In making life pleasant counts
 more than half."
 S. V. A. '26-'32
 Sec. Sigma Chi '28
 Vice-Pres. Sigma Chi '31
 Pres. Sigma Chi '32
 Asst. Ed. Annual '32

PHYLLIS WILCOX
 "Quiet, thoughtful and sincere
 She doeth all things well."
 S. V. A. '28-'32
 Pres. of Thea Fia '30-'31-'32
 Secretary Y. P. M. V. S. '32
 Vice-Pres. Junior Class '31
 Art Editor of Annual '32



ETTA COLEMAN
 "Peaceful, thoughtful, and re-
 signed
 Always modest, sweet and kind."
 Rock Hall Jr. Academy '29-'30
 S. V. A. '30-'32
 Sec. Thea Fia '30
 Treas. Jr. Class '31
 Pres. Thea Fia '31
 Stenographer for Annual '32

ROBERT FRYER
 "If at first you don't succeed,
 Try try again."
 Passaic H. S. '17-'19
 S. V. A. '29-'32
 Sec. Ministerial Band '31
 Asst. Sec. Ministerial Band '32
 Prayer Band Leader '30-'32

UNDINE OVERSTREET
 "Sincerity thou art a jewel."
 S. V. A. '28-'32
 Pianist S. S. '31
 Pianist M. V. S. '30
 Circulation Mgr. Annual '32

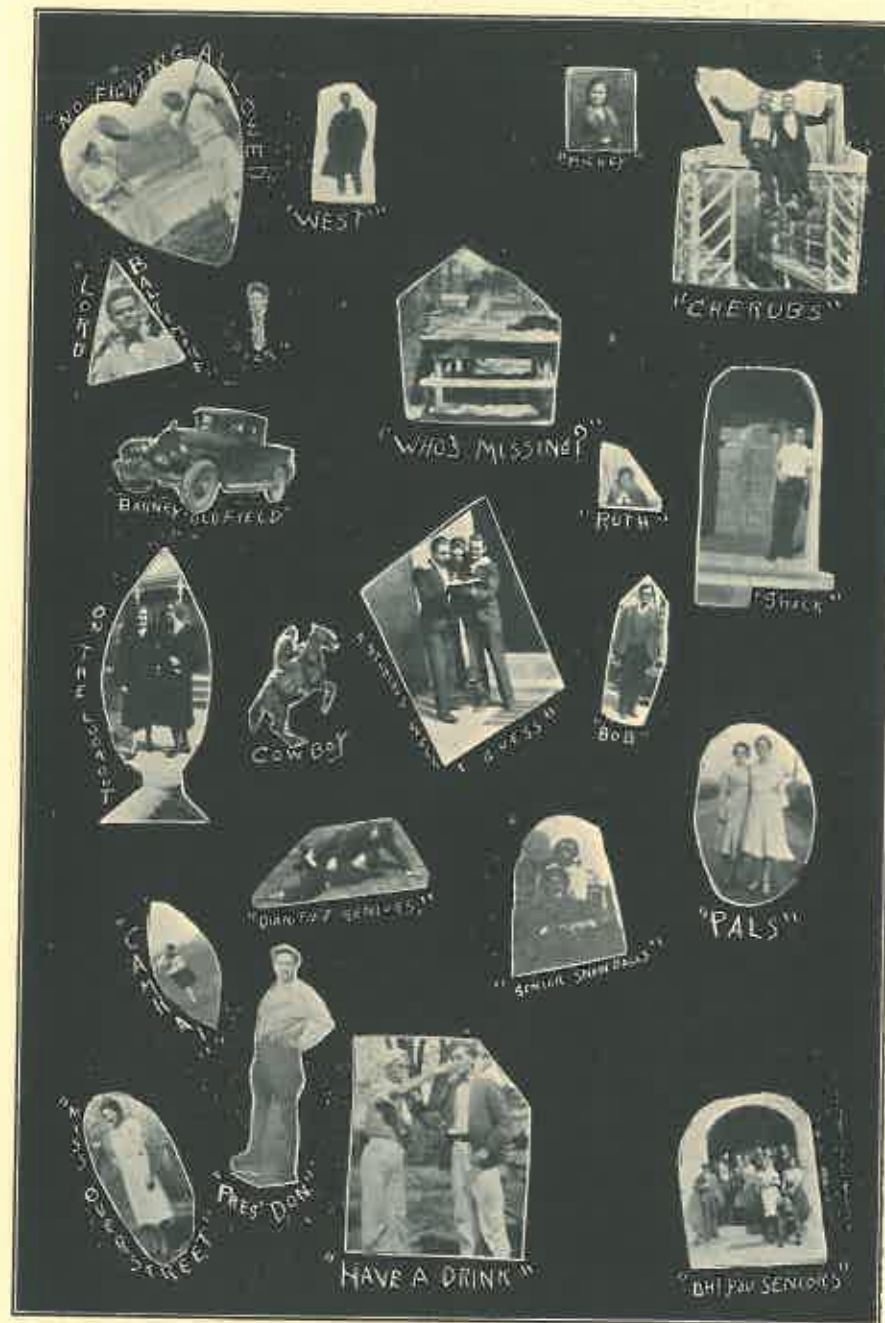
WESLEY MOORE
 "A friend faithful and true
 Any favor with pleasure he'll
 do."
 E. J. A. '26-'27
 S. V. A. '27-'29
 Madison Tenn. '29-'31
 S. V. A. '31-'32
 Pres. Ministerial Band '32
 Asst. S. S. Supt. '32
 Sergeant-at-Arms '32



RUTH DICKSON
 "Possesses the chief among the
 blessed things—Charity."
 Woodstown H. S. '28-'29
 S. V. A. '30-'32
 Treas. Thea Fia '32

GERALDINE GRISWOLD
 "True greatness is to serve un-
 noticed and to work unseen."
 Graysville Academy '28-'29
 S. V. A. '29-'32
 Sec. Thea Fia '29

LEWIS FRAZIER
 "Each morning sees some task
 begun
 Each evening sees its close."
 Avon-Grove H. S. '28-'29
 S. V. A. '29-'32
 Sergeant-at-Arms of Sigma
 Chi '31



Class Poem

By Wesley A. Moore

Farewell, old school of mine,
We dare not stay;
The hour has come and time
Will not delay.
Fond and dear to us
Wilt thou remain,
No future hour
Brings thee again.

There stands the future dim
And draws us on,
And shows us dearer joys,
But thou art gone.
The beautiful valley "Shenandoah,"
God's gift to us,
We're leaving now to show the world
In God we trust.

Other and brighter days
Perhaps time brings,
Deeper and holier songs
Perchance she sings;
We pray that as she onward goes,
Our lives may be
As beacons on the shores of life,
Winning souls for eternity.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven, but one by one
Take them lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.
To S. V. A. we bid goodbye,
For now the parting time is nigh,
But ah! the golden hours we've spent
Will never from our minds be rent.

President's Address

By Donald Davenport

Dear parents, devoted faculty, fellow students and friends: In behalf of the graduating class of 1932, I extend to you a sincere welcome to the exercises of the evening and to the commencement exercises that follow.

Assured of sympathetic attention and interest on your part, we launch confidently into the presentation of the program that we have prepared for the evening. Whatever the skill, whatever the training, whatever the ability we bring to these exercises, all will merge in the earnest effort that we shall gladly put forth to make this evening a pleasant and interesting one for you and one that will be retained long in your memories.

That we may succeed in that purpose is our most earnest wish, not only that we may acquit ourselves well, but, far more important than this, that we, by our efforts to please and entertain you, may convey to you some small amount of our gratitude and appreciation for the many services that you have rendered to us.

We, the class of 1932, stand tonight, as it were, on the threshold of achievement. Behind us lay twelve years of striving and toiling, and tonight as a result of earnest determination we have reached this milestone in our lives—graduation. We have struggled together and striven toward a goal which has seemed to us in the past to be a mere phantom or a faint and distant dream, but tonight our cherished hope has become a reality. Our graduation has become more than a will-o'-the-wisp. The object to which we have looked with the keenest of anticipation has come within our grasp.

We are as God's people of old when they came to Kadesh Barnea. When Israel reached Kadesh Barnea, they were in a position where going ahead meant the Land of Promise, of opportunity and of success; but just at this crucial point they failed and had to spend forty years in the wilderness. Before us lie opportunity, success and all that the future holds in store. So we trust that at this point in our lives we may keep our gaze fixed upon our goal and not fail, but triumph. We now stand as an undivided class to receive our laurels and to take our place with the alumnae of this school.

We have chosen as our motto, "Success Awaits at Labor's Gate," because truly our graduation was the product of several years of labor both on our part and on the parts of those who have been interested in us.

Our aim, "Character, not Fame," was chosen because character is more worthy than fame, and it is our desire to make character that will stand the test of time.

Character never dies, as Longfellow says:

"Were a star quenched on high
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind lies
Upon the paths of men."

The character of Socrates was mightier than the hemlock and banished the fear and sting of death. Character is power. We realize that a pure, noble character is one of the highest attributes to which a person can attain. "Higher than the highest human thought can reach, are God's ideals for His people."

Dear parents, as we look into your eager faces this evening, we cannot help realizing the debt of gratitude that we owe to you. Were it not for your untiring sacrifices, this event in our lives might never have been reached. We can truly say with Lincoln, "All that we are or ever hope to be, we owe to our mothers."

Devoted faculty, we want to express to you at this hour our thankfulness for your efforts in instructing us in the way of righteousness and truth. You have, indeed, performed your duties as instructors with the earnest zeal that the Master would have had you employ. For it is written in the Scriptures, "Train up a child in the way he shall go and when he is old he will not depart from it." In our success in life we will ever hold you in esteem and reward your efforts with lives of usefulness.

Dear friends, we also think of you. Our school days have been made pleasant, indeed, by the friends that have become endeared to us and the friends that we have made in our school days will hold cherished spots in our memories.

Junior and fellow students: It is with sadness that we address you tonight, because we realize that ere long we will go from this school and from your associations never to return again. We know that we have made mistakes and have not come up to the high standard that you have set for us, but we trust that you will forgive and forget our failings and in the future profit by our mistakes.

This evening has for us a special significance. It is called "commencement," and truly it is the beginning of a wider sphere of living, of learning and of endeavor.

To some it will be the beginning of their life's work in one branch or another. To others it will mark the beginning of further education in the higher institutions of learning, in order to better prepare themselves for service in the Master's vineyard.

Our future is uncertain, and our success in life depends upon our choosing. As we as a class leave this school, unitedly we leave our future in the hands of the Almighty.

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."



Oration On The Motto

By George Schumacher

Beloved parents, members of the faculty, fellow students and friends: Tonight we have come to the end of our academic school life. Our hearts are filled with mingled feelings of joy and sadness as we look back over the happy years we have spent here together and realize that they are forever in the past.

The years which we have spent here, though happy, have been by no means easy. It has only been through the patient help and encouragement of you, dear parents, combined with our own efforts and labor, that it has been possible for us to appear before you this evening as the graduating class of 1932. And so, for our motto, we have chosen the words, "Success Awaits at Labor's Gate."

What is success? It is not the mere gratification of personal ambition. To accumulate wealth, to win the highest office, to become famous for learning, eloquence, or statesmanship, may not be success. One or all of these objects may be gained, and still life be substantially a failure. At best it is only partial success. The highest success is achieved by making the most of one's powers and opportunities. A man with five talents and small opportunities may improve them to be of more real service to mankind than one who was born with ten talents in the midst of great advantages. The former is more successful than the latter. In accomplishing the controlling purpose of life he has made the most of himself. Out of the material furnished, he has made higher manhood than his neighbor with ten talents. Herein is superior wisdom, and high authority declares, "It is better to get wisdom than gold, for wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it." "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

Many years ago Osborne said, "Success in life consists in the proper and harmonious development of those faculties which God has given us. We have faculties more important to our welfare than that of making money; faculties more conducive to happiness, of body and soul. There are higher and better modes of activity than those which are exhibited in multiplying dollars."

Another excellent writer has said, "It is not wealth which is deserving of homage, but the virtues which a man exercises in the slow pursuit of wealth—the abilities so called forth, the denials so imposed."

Labor is a university that does more for its students than Oxford or Yale. The matriculation fee is industry and perseverance, and the curriculum, inevitable practical duties. There would be greater success in all the occupations if the occupants made more "business" of them.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, that there is success in every useful occupation for him who will pay its price. God does not "dicker" with men on these momentous affairs. He has but one price for honorable distinction; we can take it or leave it. They "who cut across" lots to success, reach failure first. The irresolute young man who expects to find success "marked down" some day, as merchants bandy their goods, is doomed to bitter disappointment. It is a fair price that God has set upon it, and he is not half a man who attempts to get it for less.

Prophecy

By Phyllis Wilcox

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my memory's door.
 "'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my memory's door—
 Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the drear September,
 And each separate thought of classmates made a tear upon the floor.
 Eagerly I wished the past returned; vainly I the future spurned,
 Turned my thoughts more gladly to the days I knew before,
 Vainly wished surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the days of yore,
 Nameless now for evermore.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wond'ring, fearing,
 Dreaming, thinking—wond'ring what my classmates' store;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
 Gave no sign or any token as I thought my classmates o'er,
 Whether I should see them smiling, smiling as in days of yore;
 Gone perhaps forevermore.

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing,
 And the moonbeams gently stole across the floor;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er.
 And at last there came a vision of the friends of days of yore,
 I thought had gone forevermore.

And the vision now beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
 Showed me George as happy, and as German as before—
 Now in Shenandoah Valley makes the bills and credits tally,
 And he tries to make the figures one and two count four,
 All day counting bills, and puzzling, checking figures by the score,
 He shall check, ah, evermore.

As I sat there in his office, chatting of the days forgotten,
 And of many a fate of classmate he might know,
 In there stepped a saintly maiden, whom the students call preceptress,
 And I saw there quiet standing, standing at the office door—
 Etta Coleman stood there waiting, waiting at the office door,
 Only this and nothing more.

Much I marveled when she told us (for she came in then to join us)
 Dietitian Robert Fryer had refused to serve spaghetti,
 Refused to follow up the custom started in the days of yore
 Ere Miss Coleman took the office close beside the entrance door—
 At the dormitory door—filled with girls and running o'er—
 Girls as nice as those of yore.

Then me thought I heard some music as of someone softly singing,
 Notes as light as fairy footballs tinkle on a tufted floor.
 Ah, I cried, that sounds like Inez—Inez of the bright black eyes.
 Quickly then I rose to meet her, longing in my heart to greet her,
 But I learned much to my sorrow 'twas her voice alone I heard
 Coming from a far-off city, broadcast through the open door,
 Only this and nothing more.

On the desk there lay a letter from a dignified professor,
 George informed us 'twas no other than his old friend Johnny Lauer,
 Who had told throughout his letter of the bad boys and the better
 Who his classes now attending are not all their interest lending,
 Who so often he had sent out—sent out through his class-room door,
 His patience gone forevermore.

And the vision still revealing, showed me nurses apt at healing,
 Showed me Gerry, Undine, Phyllis, and Ruth Dickson at the patients' door,
 Taking orders from Doc Cheshire, carrying out each small desire
 That for the patients' speedy curing she repeated o'er and o'er—
 Wise and learned words from out her wealth of knowledge store,
 As she stood there by the door.

And now this view departing, and another one then starting
 Showed me now a large assembly numbering many score,
 Among them Wesley, Dick and Don, famous doctors everyone,
 (Each has now a fine diploma hanging by his office door)
 Engaged in earnest consultation on the facts of medic lore;
 There names shall stand forevermore.

Then suddenly I heard a clatter, and I turned to see the matter,
 For the vision now had led me—led me through a college door
 Out into the matron's quarters where Yvonne stood giving orders
 To the helpers standing by her and the orders waiting for,
 Filling well her busy office as she'd always done before
 She shall do forevermore.

She directed me to go (if another classmate's outcome I would know)
 To the department of mechanics, which I could see well from the door;
 Among the tools and things piled up there, piled up high upon the floor,
 Amid machinery and wrenches I could see through open door,
 Stood Louie, puttering, tink'ring, busy as in days of yore,
 Happy now forevermore.

And the vision now was fitting, and it left me lonely sitting,
 With these faces gently peering—peering in my memory's door,
 And the thoughts of them ne'er straying, still are staying, still are staying,
 And they drift into the shadows—in the shadows on the floor,
 And my soul from out those shadows that drift through my memory's door
 Shall be lifted nevermore.

(With apologies to Edgar Allen Poe.)



Class Will

By John Lauer

We, the Senior Class of 1932 of the Shenandoah Valley Academy, in the village of New Market, County of Shenandoah, State of Virginia, do gather in this room to will, ordain, and designate such gifts as our most undeniably superior wisdom leads us to believe will be most appreciated and profitable. We, being unsurpassed in soundness of body, mind, and spirit, do take the liberty to hereby impart, ordain, and issue this to be our last will and testament which we leave for your instruction, admonition, and guidance.

First. We do freely and unrestrainedly bequeath to our beloved faculty our most heart-felt gratitude for their patient and long suffering service which they have rendered to us in our pursuit of knowledge.

Second. To the Juniors we will the elegant title of "Seniors" along with our well used (?) textbooks, broken pens, empty ink bottles, and seats on the back rows of our classes.

Third. To the Sophomores we will only two more years until they become Seniors; also, a large and successful Senior Class.

Fourth. To the Freshmen—we feel for them—we do generously will three very long years in which time they will decide what they will do when they are Seniors; also we give to them the privilege of picking up rocks, shoveling snow, washing tin dishes, cleaning the Seniors' rooms daily, and last, but not least, the power to acquire enough knowledge to be called "Seniors" at the end of the three years.

Fifth. Knowing Professor Hannah's love of tomato sauce, we freely will him one dozen cases, a portion of which shall be placed upon all his food at each meal.

Sixth. To Mrs. Hannah we will and bequeath an automatic cat-washer so that her task of keeping Billy and family clean will be lightened.

Seventh. For his faithful years of hard and earnest labor at S. V. A., we will to Elder Smith the honor of retiring from the chair of Bible and living the rest of his life in peace without the haunting dreams of his many stiff exams.

Eighth. To Professor Campbell we will a physics class composed entirely of girls to compensate for this year's lack of the "fairer sex."

Ninth. To Professor Craig we will a scrapbook composed entirely of extra long and dry clippings to be read each night to the boys.

Tenth. We will to Mrs. Craig a new conducting class so that she may raise her own choristers. In addition we will her also two brand new unused Glee Clubs, one from the boys and one from the girls.

Eleventh. To Miss Holquist we will a new supply of applesauce, part of which will be served at each breakfast; also, one dozen potato-eye gougers which will neatly dis-eye a potato without squaring it.

Twelfth. We bequeath to Miss Christman "Popeye" Vogt to act as official sergeant-at-arms of the Girls' Dorm to keep it free from boys.

Thirteenth. We know Miss Hoover loves to hike so we will to her the position of chaperon for every hike that may be taken next year.

Fourteenth. To Mrs. Ellwanger we will an automobile with permission from Professor Hannah to visit her husband each week.

Fifteenth. Donald Davenport wills to Melvin Eckenroth his job as Senior President, and also the privilege of going with whomsoever he wishes unmolested.

Sixteenth. Yvonne Bariaux bequeaths her job as chief cook and bottle washer to her sister, Helen.

Seventeenth. Virginia Cheshire wills to Nora Machlan her iron and ironing board with a book entitled, "The Art of Scorching Shirts."

Eighteenth. Robert Barr is willed by John Lauer a course in memory training so he will not be so absent-minded next year.

Nineteenth. By will Jimmy Keeton receives from George Schumacher his mustache, all his cut fingers, colds, itching powder, tick-tacks, etc. May he use them as well as George did.

Twentieth. Bill Abbott is willed by Dick Welch free instruction in yodeling, also a complete set of the words of "O Sole Mio."

Twenty-first. To Audrey Beean, Etta Coleman wills her shirt buttons, darning needles, thread, sock eggs, etc., with which Audrey will mend the boys' clothing next year.

Twenty-second. Undine Overstreet wills to Dave Adams the task of correcting Spanish II papers; may he profit by other's mistakes.

Twenty-third. Pauline Vogt is willed the honor of talking no more than Harriet Fisher, together with instructions, "How to Sit Still for Five Minutes."

Twenty-fourth. By will Floyd Vogt receives one pair of Lewis Frazer's shoes. If they are too large to be worn, they may be used as flower pots.

Twenty-fifth. To Vincent Hubbard we will an automatic reducing machine to decrease his abdominal dimensions.

Twenty-sixth. Gerry Griswold bequeaths to her roommate, Betty Spalding, her left-over perfumes and powders.

Twenty-seventh. By will Roy Jarrett receives from Wesley Moore all his spare time and odd moments. In this time Roy will relax and rest from all his studies and work.

Twenty-eighth. To Della Lowery, Phyllis Wilcox wills her job as official hair dresser of the lady members of the faculty.

Twenty-ninth. Inez Steward bequeaths to Roxanna Taylor the privilege of being the smallest member of the Senior Class of '33.

We the Class of 1932 declare this to be our last will and testament.

History

By Etta Coleman

Preface

History deals with the past, and it is the author's anxiety to make this history "up-to-date" in regard to the most important questions of history. The author will advise those who are instructing young minds to especially dwell upon the chapter dealing with the class of '32.

Chapter XV.

Among the beautiful orange blossoms of Bakersfield, California, the president of the class of '32 was born. When Donald Davenport was one and one-half years old, he was taken to China as a little missionary. He stayed there for six years, and then came back to the United States. After two years in the United States, he went back to China. While he was in China his mother and father went to a summer resort to spend the day. Donald was playing on the bank of the pool with some boys; his foot slipped and in went Donald, head, neck and ears. A lady who was seated on the other side of the pool attracted Dr. Davenport's attention. By this time Donald was on the bottom of the pool. Dr. Davenport succeeded in rescuing his son and restoring consciousness to him. Donald looked earnestly up into his father's face said, "Daddie, was the water boiled?" (All drinking water has to be boiled in China).

Later Donald came back to America and lived in Mountain View, California, four years. He started to school in the elementary department at Pacific Union College. From there he went to St. Helena for the second grade, then he went back to China, where he went to school for two years. He finished five to eight grades at Mountain View, California. He entered Washington Missionary College for the first two grades in high school. In 1930 he went to Shenandoah Valley Academy where he finished the eleventh and twelfth grades.

Yvonne Bariaux was born in South Charleston, West Virginia. Before Yvonne was a year old, her parents moved to Ohio; from there Yvonne was taken to West Virginia. When she was three years old her parents went back to their native home in Brussels, Belgium. Even though Yvonne was young, she was very proud of America, and used to tell her relatives in Europe that she was an American girl. She came back to America and started to school in Charleston. Then she went to Richmond, where she finished the seventh grade. Yvonne's first year of high school was taken in Highland Springs High School. A voice from S. V. A. called her to the beautiful Valley, where she finished her academic course.

Yvonne was a lover of chickens. When she was a little girl, she would often be found sitting in the hen house door cackling like the hens. She would fill her little hands with eggs and start for the house. When she would find the door shut, she would gently knock on the door, soon to find the contents of her chubbie little hands running down the door.

In the busy city of New York, George Schumacher was born. When George was two years old his parents moved to Flanders, New Jersey, where he started to school. The first few days his mother went along. George was con-

tented at school so long as his mother was there, but after she left, he did not have anyone to whom he could talk, as he was German and could not understand English.

When George was six years old he moved to Jersey City, New Jersey, where he finished the elementary grades. He went to S. V. A. to take the academic grades.

It is quite evident that George did not eat very much candy when he was a little boy, for one day a friend came to visit George and brought him a box of chocolate drops. To the amazement of all, George emptied the contents of the box on the floor and took a shovel and shoveled the candy into the coal bucket. After this George crawled under the stove with his cat and dog, and was soon in dreamland.

Inez Steward was born near the Capitol City, Takoma Park, Maryland. When she was five years old her parents took her to Canada, where they lived for four years, enjoying the snow and ice. She went to school in Oshawa, Ontario, for three years. Then she went back to Takoma Park for the next seven grades. To finish her high school course, she went to the Valley of Shenandoah.

One day when Inez was a little girl, she went coasting down a hill on the snow. All went well until Inez struck a rock and over she rolled down the hill. When she reached the foot of the hill, poor little Inez had a sprained toe.

Richard Welch, the editor in chief of the Annual, was born in El Paso, Texas. Soon after he was born, his parents moved to Oklahoma, where he lived for three years. He went to Elizabeth, New Jersey, to live for a while and then back to Oklahoma. When Richard was six years old, he moved East in time to begin school in Plainfield, New Jersey, where he finished the sixth grade. Richard always liked horses, so he was quite pleased when his parents moved on a farm near Philadelphia. In 1927 he went to the Shenandoah Valley and finished his grammar grades. He took the ninth grade in Covington, Pennsylvania. The rest of his academic course was taken at S. V. A.

Richard grew up to be a deep thinker. When he was a little boy playing on the floor, his attention was called to the little hole in the toe of his shoe. Looking up into his mother's face he said, "Mother, ain't it funny?"

"What's funny, dear?" said his mother.

In a dreamy way Richard replied, "People are like shoes, they wear out."

Virginia Cheshire was born in Alexandria, Virginia. She was very contented with the place of her birth, so went to school there for eight years. During the summer of 1930 she heard about S. V. A. and went there for her junior and senior years.

Virginia liked to sit on the front steps with her little cousin, Helen. One day Virginia and Helen were having a good time playing when suddenly Helen began to cry. Soon Virginia's mother came and asked Virginia what was wrong with Helen. Virginia looked innocently into Helen's face and said, "What's the matter with you, Helen?" Virginia's mother would no sooner get into the house than Helen would start crying again. Virginia seemed to get much pleasure out of Helen's cries caused by pinches.

On April the first, Phyllis Wilcox was born in Oakland, California. She lived near the "Golden Gate" for five years, where she enjoyed pulling oranges off the neighbors' trees. Phyllis was exceptionally fond of the California dirt.

One day she was having a feed when her mother appeared upon the scene.

"You little rascal, stop eating that dirt," cried Phyllis' mother.

It was much against Phyllis' wish to postpone her feed, but she did, so Mrs. Wilcox returned to the house. A few minutes later she appeared at the door and Phyllis seeing her said, "I'se a wrassel, mamma, I'se a wrassel."

When Phyllis was five years old her parents moved to Richmond, Virginia. Later they went to North Carolina where Phyllis took the first grade. She took the rest of the grammar grades in Richmond. After Phyllis finished the seventh grade, she accepted the Seventh-day Adventist message and went to S. V. A., where she finished the remaining four years of school.

A friend heard Phyllis remark one day that her hobby was boating, and she added, "Please give me a big moon to go along with it."

Geraldine Griswold was born at Syracuse, New York, and lived there two years. Her parents moved to Brookside, Pennsylvania, and then to Rochester, New York, where Geraldine started to school. Later she went to the Newberry church school, where she finished the fifth grade. From there she went to the McElhattan public school for the seventh grade. Geraldine then went to Graysville Academy for the first two years of high school. Her parents moved to Jersey Shore, and sent Geraldine to S. V. A., to finish her academic course.

When Geraldine was three years old, a neighbor called to see her father one day. The neighbor, in fun, started to box with Geraldine's father. She did not take it as fun, so began to fight the neighbor with both fists. Of course, she didn't want to see her daddie hurt.

In Courtland, New York, Wesley Moore was born. Later he went to live in Mac Graw, New York. When he was six years old he went to Syracuse to school for two years. Then his mother moved to Baltimore, Maryland.

While living in Baltimore, Wesley would often be left alone while his mother worked. Before she left for work one day, she told Wesley to stay at home and play in the yard. He promised faithfully that he would. All went well for a few hours, then the yard grew like a prison to little Wesley. He wanted to run up the street like the other boys. No sooner thought than done. Wesley was soon many blocks from home. Soon he saw his mother coming, and remembering his promise he ran up to her and told her he was sorry. His mother never said a word, but kept on walking down the street.

"Where are you going, mother?" asked Wesley. "Please come on home, I won't run away again. Please, oh please!" Mrs. Moore soon came to a police station. She asked the police what should be done with little boys who ran away. He told her to put him in prison. Big tears ran down Wesley's cheeks as he grabbed his mother's hand.

"Please, mother, don't let him take me; I won't do it any more. I love you mother, please let me go home with you."

After he pleaded with his mother for some time, and asked her to forgive him, she took him home. Wesley never ran away again even though the desire to travel all over the United States never left him.

Wesley went to the Baltimore Church School until the tenth grade. The next year he went to Nashville, Tennessee. He finished the twelfth grade at S. V. A.

In the quiet country near Salem, New Jersey, Ruth Dickson was born. She

attended the Alloway school for eight years. She then went to Woodstown for the ninth and tenth grades. She finished her academic course at S. V. A. When Ruth was a little girl, Mrs. Baker called to see her.

"What are you going to do when you get a big girl, Ruth?" asked Mrs. Baker.

"I don't know," said Ruth, "unless I raise dogs. You know there's a lot of money in raising dogs. Why, you get five dollars for some of them."

Ruth grew up loving dogs, but she also had a higher ambition in life.

Undine Overstreet was born in the beautiful town of Roanoke, Virginia. When she was six years old, her parents moved to Norfolk. Here Undine took the first six grades in school. She then went to Hatboro, Pennsylvania, for the seventh and eight grades. She went to the Shenandoah Valley to live and finished the ninth to the twelfth grades there.

When Undine was just a little girl, she liked to ride in an automobile, but she did not like to go up hill. One day she went for a ride with some friends and seemed to be having a good time, when all of a sudden she started to cry. Of course her friends wondered what was wrong. Undine said, "There's a hill up there, will you please let me out." She was quite satisfied when she was allowed to get out and walk up the hill.

Lewis Frazer was born at Bridgeton, New Jersey. He started to school at the Vine Street public school, where the doors had to be roped to keep Lewis from running home. He finished the first eight grades there and then went to West Grove, Pennsylvania High School for his freshman year. He went to the Shenandoah Valley to finish the rest of the twelve grades.

Lewis went for a walk with some boys one day. They hopped over a fence and right into a hornet's nest. The hornets proved to be enemies, and poor little Lewis could hardly be recognized when he arrived home.

Lewis' hobby is driving automobiles.

In one of the New England States, Massachusetts, Robert Fryer was born. He first went to school at Paterson, New Jersey. He took the last half of the second grade at Passaic, New Jersey, also the rest of the elementary grades. After two years of high school, he went to Drake's Business School for two years. The Shenandoah Valley seemed to call him there to school, so Robert finished his high school course there.

Robert grew up to be very considerate. Even when he was a little boy he tried to be kind to others. One day his Uncle John came to see him. It was raining hard. When the time came for him to go, he went out without his umbrella. Robert, noticing this, grabbed the umbrella and started down the street calling at the top of his voice, "Yonnie! Yonnie! here's your brellie."

Near the Chesapeake Bay, in Rock Hall, Maryland, Etta Coleman was born. She went there to church school for seven years, although her school life was much broken up because of sickness. She went to Atlanta, Georgia, to take the eighth grade. The first year of her academic course was taken at the Rock Hall Junior Academy. She then went to the Shenandoah Valley Academy for two years, where she finished her course.

When Etta was a little girl, a colored girl came to her home to help with the work. Etta went out to the front steps and was sitting there dressing her dolls when the colored girl came out and sat beside her. Etta felt sorry for the poor little black girl, and looking up into her face said, "Don't you wish you were white?"

Valedictory

By Richard Welch

Beloved parents, esteemed faculty, and friends: The class of '32 is honored with your presence here this evening. Not least in our thoughts as we say farewell is the grateful memory of faithful service given us by our Alma Mater during our academic years. We leave our school with memories of things that have become endeared to us, of a faculty who through our many difficulties of school life has been a tower of strength, of fond parents who have sacrificed for us, and classmates who have borne with us these years.

Tonight we stand at the open door of youth; before us lay the ways of life—one leading to honor and success, and the other to failure and ignominy.

The following poem portrays the latter:

"There's a ship floats past with a swaying lurch,
No sails, no crew, no spar;
And she drifts from the paths of her sister ships,
To the place where the dead ships are.
The song of her crew is hushed for aye
No man her name can say,
She is ruled by the tide and whatever wind blows,
And no one knows where the derelict goes."

In contrast to this picture of despair and lost hope is the beautiful song, "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me." Truly with the Divine Hand at the helm, we can safely sail our barque through the storms and difficulties of life.

In history we study the record and deeds of our predecessors, among whom is the illustrious figure of Hannibal—that mighty Carthaginian general. For fifteen years he marched up and down the Iberian peninsula conquering every army that came against him. His success was largely due to the supreme confidence and undying love of his soldiers. Hannibal when a youth took the oath of eternal vengeance against Rome. This was his leading aim in life and only the total destruction of his enemy would suffice.

As a class we have set our eyes beyond the Alps to where a fairer world awaits. God grant that we may reach the mark of our high calling.

It has, indeed, been a great privilege to attend school where pervades the sense of love and faith in God. To the atheist, the agnostic, and the infidel, there looms nothing ahead but the horror of the shade. But I am thankful for a supreme faith in the lowly "Galilean" whose aim was ever to serve and labor for mankind.

When the ancient temple of Solomon was being built, the whole world was sought through and its most costly and beautiful things were gathered and put into the temple. Even so we should diligently search everywhere for "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely and whatsoever are pure," to build and incorporate into our own lives.

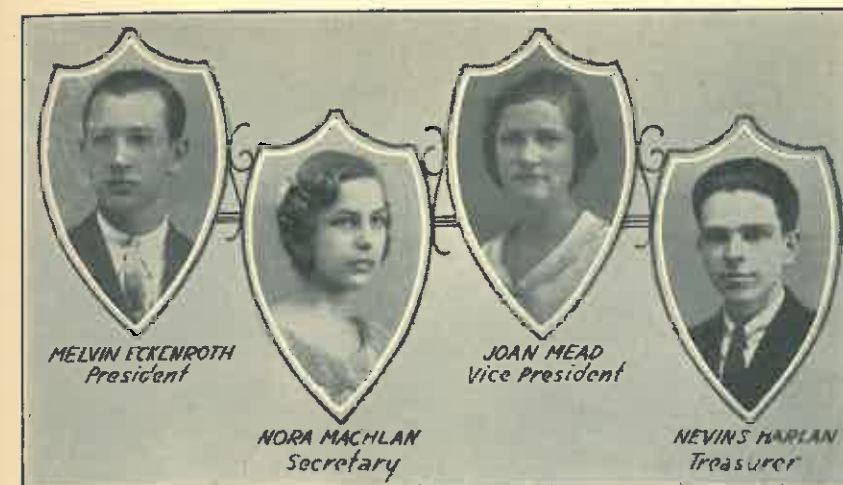
Professor Blakie, of the University of Edinburgh, in an address to young men said, "Money is not needful; power is not needful; liberty is not needful; even health is not needful; but character alone is that which can save us." And so, dear friends, it is with the determination ever to uphold the principles that have been instilled within our hearts that we bid thee, "farewell."



Juniors

But they rode like Victors and Lords
Through the forest of lances and swords.
—Tennyson.

Junior Class Officers



Class of '33

Motto

"Not To Be Served, But To Serve"

Flower

Violet

Colors

Buchsia and Silver



EMIL SECKENDORF

ELIZABETH SPAULDING

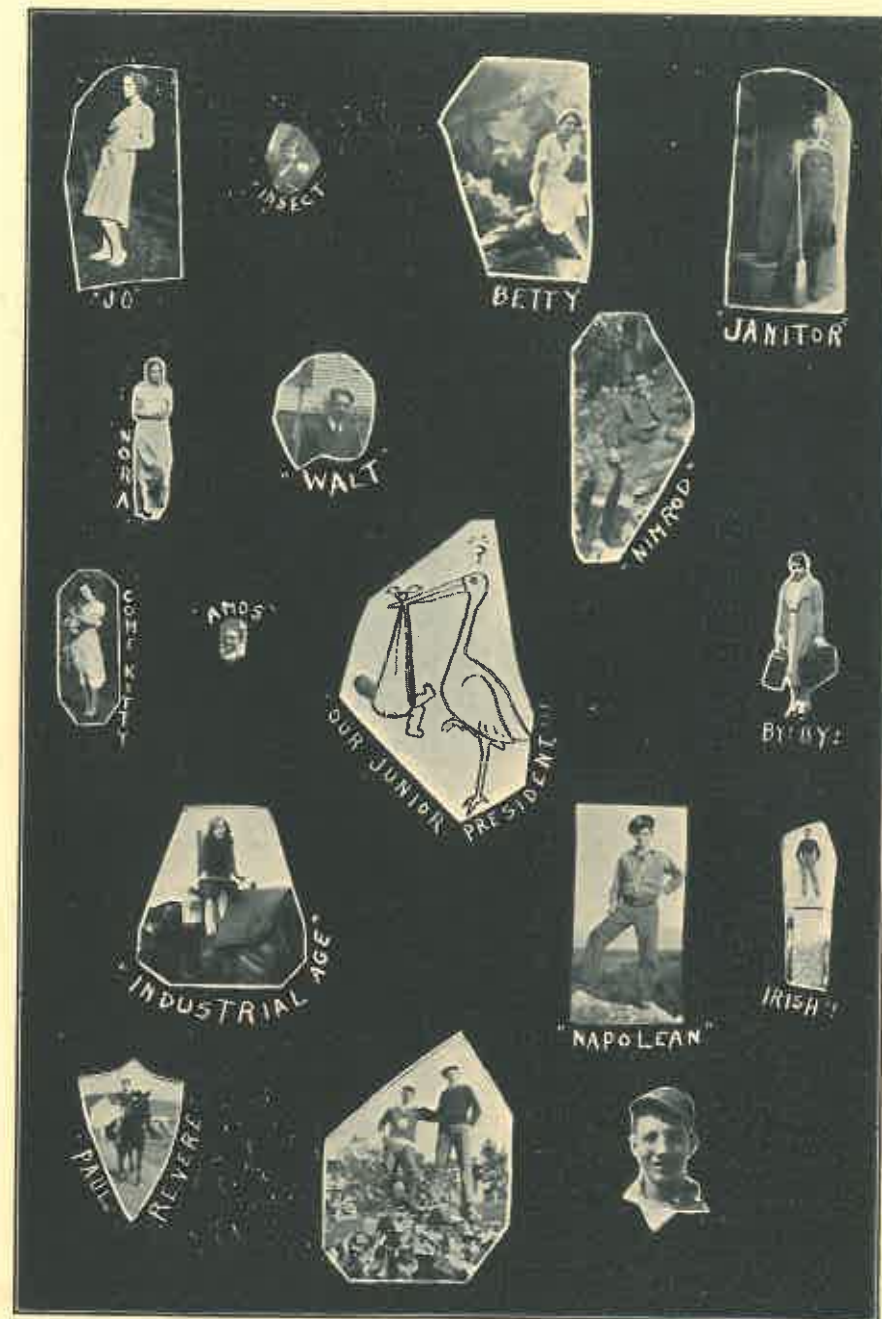
WALTER BAKER



DAVID ADAMS

AUDREY BEEKMAN

WILLIAM ABBOTT



Activities

A moment while the trumpets blow;
 —The next like fire he meets the foe.
 —Tennyson.



The Missionary Volunteer Society

By Howard Detwiler

On Friday evenings all the young people of the school come together as Missionary Volunteers.

This Young People's Society is composed of the whole student body, and all who take an interest in things of a religious nature are welcome to take part in the activities. This society is for the purpose of training young men and women for greater service, and it affords ample opportunity in this line, for all are given a chance to improve their God-given talents.

Through the programs, which are of a varied nature, an interest is often created for the work of God, and each member can do his humble part, by cooperating, and by taking an active interest in the society.

The Sunshine Band is a branch of the Young People's Society, and prepares many for more personal work. During the past school year, the Band has visited the Harrisonburg jail, bringing happiness and cheer to many who are less fortunate than we.

We, too, claim the slogan of the Missionary Volunteer Society all over the world, "All things through Christ," and believe sincerely that through the help of God, we may accomplish all things and have a share in God's closing work.



Thea Fia

The Thea Fia is a girls' club organized in the year '25, which is composed of the entire dormitory group. It is for the promulgation of school interests. The purpose of the club is to promote higher ideals for the school and the girls. Every girl has an opportunity to develop an ability to be more responsible, reliable and efficient. It gives the girls opportunity to show their ability as leaders. All these characteristics help in later life and are valuable to anyone.

Useful programs that are cultural as well as entertaining are held every week.

Last year the club had an auction and procured a parlor suite for the girls' dormitory. It took all the girls working only five weeks to do this. Other improvements as well have been made through the aid of the club.

The meetings are conducted by officers that are newly elected every six or eight weeks. The club is guided by a constitution to which amendments are added from time to time.



The Sigma Chi

By Woodrow Scott

The Sigma Chi, or Boy's Club of S. V. A., consists of all the boys of the Academy. On Tuesday evening regular meetings are held in which every member is invited to take part, thus giving each one an opportunity to develop greater effectiveness in public speaking.

Following the regular program there is a short time given for the discussion and transaction of any business that may arise from the various activities of the club. All are permitted to voice their opinion on any question that arises, so as to carry on the business of the club, in an agreeable manner and promote a better acquaintance with parliamentary law.

Officers are elected for a period of nine weeks only. In this way a number are given the opportunity to develop greater efficiency in leadership and to become accustomed to the possibilities of school activities.

"The greatest want of the world is the want of men—men who will not be bought or sold; men who in their inmost souls are true and honest; men whose conscience is as true to duty as the needle to the pole; men who will stand for the right though the heavens fall."—Education.



The Ministerial Association

By Woodrow Scott

The Young Men's Ministerial Association of Shenandoah Valley Academy was organized in 1927 for the purpose of soul saving, and the development of its members for ministerial work. For those who determine to heed the call of the Gospel Ministry, there is a wonderful opportunity to gain experience in soul saving and public speaking in the activities of this Association.

At two o'clock every Sabbath afternoon a regular meeting is held, for which four members are appointed to speak on some form of the various phases of the message; thus giving the members training in the art of preparing and delivering a sermon.

Branching off from the main program, meetings and Bible studies are held in various places in the surrounding vicinity. God has wonderfully blessed these efforts, and let us pray that a harvest of souls will be reaped as a result of this work.

The cause of God is calling for workers, and may we heed the call of the Gospel ministry and study to show ourselves approved unto God, workmen that needeth not to be ashamed.



Faculty



Seniors



Juniors



Musical Activities

"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.

The purpose of the Music Department of the Shenandoah Valley Academy is to place music on the highest possible plane and bring the best class of music before the students. Courses are offered in piano, voice, and theory. Glee Clubs, choirs, and other organizations are maintained, thereby giving an opportunity for a large number to participate in the musical activities.

The glee clubs, one for 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.



Boys' Glee Club



S. S. Officers



Elementary



History Students



Spanish Students



Campus Scene



Baseball

By David Adams

"And daily strive to do our best
For Shenandoah, Shenandoah."

These closing words of our inspiring school song were heard as the team filed out to their respective places on the field. The boys threw the ball from base to base in animated practice. Oh my, what a wonderful throw to second! That was Keeton, our first string catcher. Good batter, too! See that catch? That is Eckenroth, the hard hitting fly catcher of S. V. A. Well! Well! the old double play system is working again I see. Barr to Davenport to Jarrett. Oh yes! we have a well oiled mahine.

Time for batting practice. First up, Eckenroth and he hits a liner to short. Our batting strength is not extra but, it's a "good" average. With such players as Jarrett, Barron, Lauer, and Keeton, we have a team that is hard to beat. Crack! The crowd yelled as Powell Lord hit a high fly into the tennis court.

Practice is over and the game is about to begin. Perhaps you would like to know more about our activities? Well as the pitcher warms up I'll try my best. Baseball has always been Shenandoah's, as well as the Nation's, greatest sport. All students are eligible for the team from the humble freshmen to mighty Seniors. Inter-class rivalry runs high, and we are proud to say that whether Junior or Senior every one is a "Gentleman". "Baseball", in fact all our sports—tennis, swimming, etc., are under the jurisdiction of the Sigma Chi.



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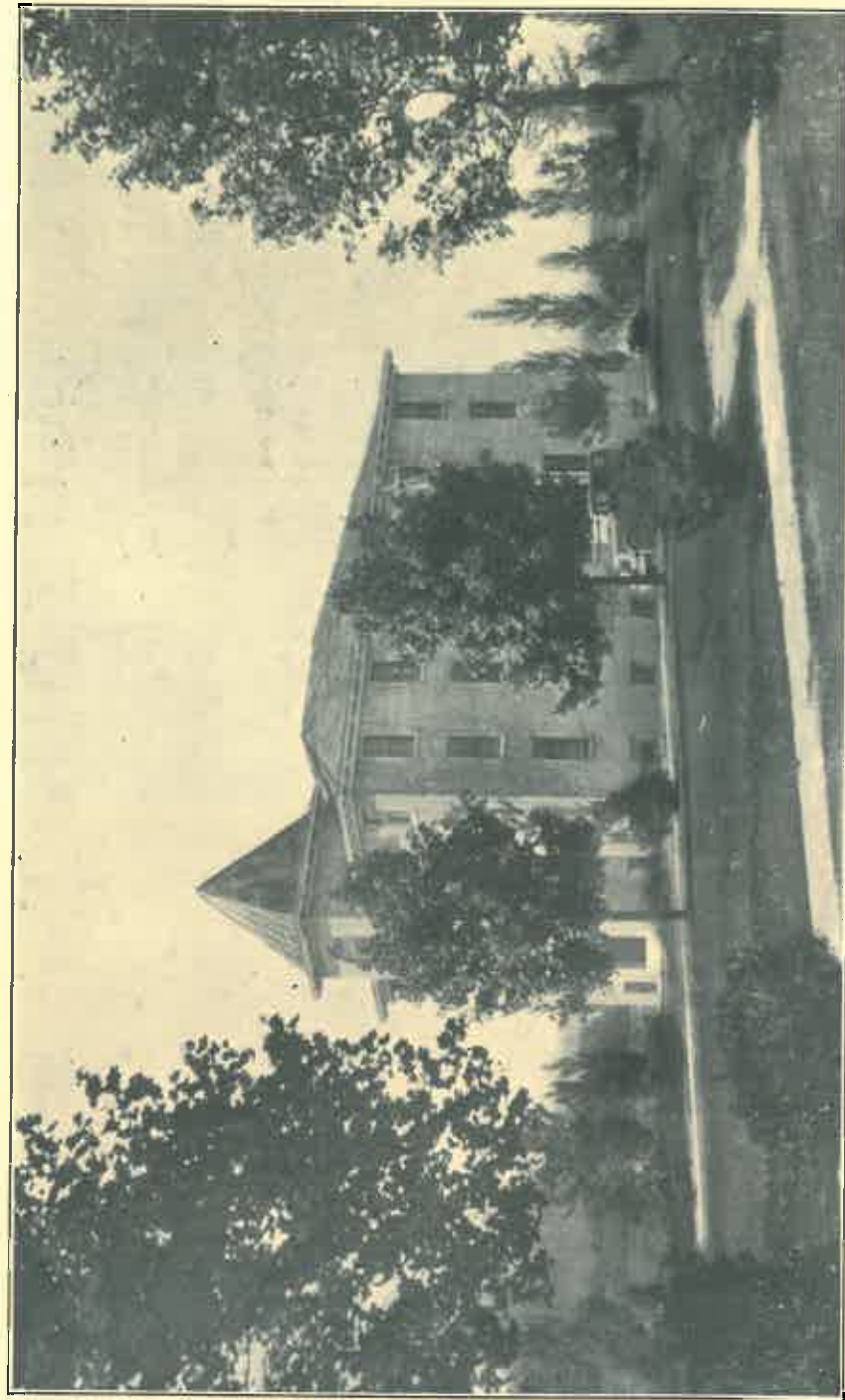
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