

THE COHONGROOTA



1920

THE COHONGROOTA

1920



EDITED BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF
SHEPHERD COLLEGE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.

“Close Beside Potomac's Waters.”



COLLEGE BUILDING

Greetings

TO THE READERS OF THE COHONGOROOTA: We, the Senior Class of Shepherd College, present to you the seventh volume of THE COHONGOROOTA, and hope that its pages will be of interest and worthy of your appreciation.

Five years have passed away since the "Co-honk; Co-honk," of the wild goose was last heard along the Potomac. Many changes have come to Shepherd College in this interval, but amid the turmoil of war and reconstruction, the faint cry of the wild goose has been constantly sounding in our ears. We, THE CORNWELL CLASS OF '20, have heard its cry and greet you once more with that book which is dear to the heart of every student that ever attended Shepherd College, THE COHONGOROOTA.

We wish to thank the faculty, the different classes and organizations, who have aided us in our work, and especially Mr. Morrow, our Advisor. We heartily commend our readers to our advertisers, since it is by their support that our book becomes a reality.

With fairness to all and malice toward none, we have tried to portray the student life of Shepherd College. If mistakes have been made, and humor falls short, we desire your lenient criticism.

If, in after years, when you are burdened with life's work and the Class of '20 is forgotten, this volume brings to mind fond recollections of our Alma Mater, as you leaf its pages one by one, then our purpose will have been accomplished.

To

GOVERNOR JOHN JACOB CORNWELL

WHOSE NAME THE SENIOR CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY OF THE SHEPHERD COLLEGE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL BEARS, AND WHOSE LIFE AS AN EDITOR, AUTHOR, LAWYER, LEGISLATOR, STATESMAN, AND GENTLEMAN, STANDS OUT LIKE A BEACON LIGHT TO THE STUDENTS OF SHEPHERD COLLEGE, THIS VOLUME OF THE CONGROOTA IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED



JOHN JACOB CORNWELL

Governor John Jacob Cornwell

John J. Cornwell, Governor of West Virginia, was born in Ritchie County, West Virginia, in 1867, his parents having moved there from Hampshire County a few years after the Civil War. In 1870 the family returned to Hampshire County where he grew to manhood and lived until he was called to be Governor of our state.

In speaking of himself Governor Cornwell says, "The story of my life is a very simple one." He was educated in the public schools of Hampshire County, and attended Shepherd College in 1888, and the West Virginia University in 1890. He began life as a school teacher, taught four years in the public schools of his home county, and served as principal of the public schools at Romney for two years. In 1890, he began to edit and publish The Hampshire Review, a county newspaper which attained a wide circulation under his supervision. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1894 and began the practice of his profession at Romney, West Virginia. He soon won marked distinction as a lawyer, and in 1899 was elected to the State Senate where he served two terms. In 1904, he was nominated for Governor, but was defeated by William M. O. Dawson. He was again nominated in 1916 and was elected.

Governor Cornwell's life is too well known to our readers to need any further comment. He is without doubt one of West Virginia's greatest governors. Nationally, he ranks among the foremost governors of the Union, and as a result of his earnest and efficient war record, and particularly, because of his firm and high stand for patriotic ideals during the present period of reconstruction following the great war, he is spoken of as Democratic candidate for the Presidency.



OLD COLLEGE BUILDINGS



COLLEGE YELL

Zip! Whack! Boom! Crack!
Old Po-to-mac!
S. C. That's we!
West Virginia.

COLLEGE SONG

Close beside Potomac's waters,
Of historic fame,
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Glorious her name.

CHORUS

Lift the chorus, speed it onward,
Loud her praises ring,
Hail to thee, dear Shepherd College,
"Hail, all hail!" we sing.

Nestled in a quiet hamlet,
'Neath the azure blue,
Sends she forth her sons and daughters,
Loyal, loving, true.

Fondly in our mem'ry resting,
Happy, gladsome days,
Still to thee, dear Alma Mater,
Offer we our praise.

—*J. D. Muldoon.*

COLLEGE COLORS--Old Gold and Blue



THOMAS C. MILLER, A. M., PRESIDENT



A. D. KENAMOND, A. B., Vice-President



MABEL HENSHAW GARDINER, M.P.L., A.B.



ELLA MAY TURNER, A. M.



ADDIE R. IRELAND



J. D. MULDOON, A. B. (W. V. U.)



MRS. M. E. GIBSON

ETTA O. WILLIAMS

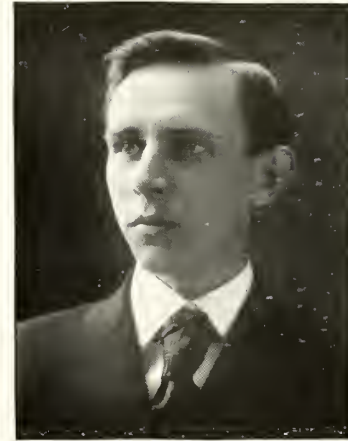
Graduate of Washington County High School and Columbia Business College, Hagerstown, Md.; Student Columbia University; B. C. S. Bowling Green Business University.



KATHERINE FREESE



JESSIE TROTTER, A. B.



PAUL R. MORROW, A. B. (W. V. U.)
A. M. (Columbia)

SARAH W. LANDES

Graduate Philadelphia School of Design for Women, and Philadelphia School of Domestic Economy; Student Pratt Institute, Teacher's College of Columbia University, Parisian Tailoring Academy, Vienna Millinery Institute, and Berlitz School of Languages, London.

History of Shepherd College

In 1870 some of the leading citizens of Shepherdstown, filled with the desire of providing for their children and their community better educational facilities, and seeing an opportunity of converting to school purposes the court house made vacant by the removal of the county seat to Charles Town, conceived the idea of drawing up articles of incorporation for a school designed to instruct students "in languages, arts, and sciences." The school was to be styled "Shepherd College."

In the spring of 1871, Mr. Shepherd Brooks, grandson and heir of Rezin Davis Shepherd, was applied to for the use by the school of the buildings erected by his grandfather in Shepherdstown. Permission was readily given and a lease of the property for a term of years, and renewable, was granted. A board of Trustees was incorporated, with a charter conferring upon it certain privileges similar to those of other institutions of learning. The school was opened in September, 1871, and on February 27 following, the Legislature established a Branch State Normal School in Shepherd College. The school was organized by the Regents on February 14, 1873, but before it was put into operation the organization was annulled by the Ammended School law, passed April 12, 1873, which re-enacted the law of February 27, 1872. Owing to changes and delays, the school did not get fully in operation until September 9, 1873. It has been in successful operation ever since.

The very existence of the school was threatened,

however, at the outset on account of the failure of the Legislature to appropriate the money requisite for its support. Accordingly the citizens were called together in mass meeting by the Executive Committee for the purpose of devising the best means of sustaining the school. A strong memorial was drafted and sent to the Legislature, urging upon it the necessity of showing a disposition to do something for the people in the trans-Allegheny portion of the State. As if in answer to this strong appeal, the Legislature later made the necessary amends, and the school prospered.

The property conveyed by lease to the trustees of the original Shepherd College consisted of a two-story brick building built by R. D. Shepherd, Esq. To this were later added two wings by the county of Jefferson. This building was practically the home of the school for a number of years, although a large addition at the rear was built by the trustees of the school later.

In 1897, a building costing some \$25,000 was erected by the State just north of and on the lot adjoining the old Shepherd College property, but it was totally destroyed by fire March 9, 1901. The Legislature appropriated over \$40,000 for the erection of another building which was completed in 1904. It now occupies the site of the building destroyed.

Joseph McMurrin, A. M., 1873-'82, was the first principal of the school and continued at its head for nine years after it became a State institution.

He is regarded by many as the father of the school and is affectionately remembered by all who ever came under his kindly tuition. Under his administration the school had its high and low tide in attendance, having reached 160 in 1875 and falling to 55 in 1880. He resigned in 1882 and engaged in business in Shepherdstown. He died in 1902 and his funeral was the most largely attended in the history of this community.

D. D. Pendleton, A.M., 1882-'85, was Mr. McMurrin's first assistant during the latter's administration, and was appointed to the highest place when Mr. McMurrin resigned. He was a graduate of the University of Virginia. During his administration the school received very scant support from the state. Indeed, the attendance did not seem to justify expenditures, having reached only the number of 65. During the summer of 1885, he came to a sudden and violent death by accident.

T. J. Woofter, M.E.L., L.L., 1885-'87, was a graduate of Fairmont State Normal School and of Peabody Normal College. During his administration the school made only a slight increase in its attendance. He was, nevertheless, an able executive and left his impress on the school.

Asa B. Bush, A.M., 1887-'91, was a graduate of the West Virginia University. Under his guidance the school had a substantial growth, the enrollment reaching 89, and the faculty numbering four regularly appointed teachers.

E. Mode Vale, A.M., 1891-'92, was a graduate of Dickinson College. He later served through the Spanish-American War, having been commissioned a lieutenant in the United States Volunteer Service.

A. C. Kimler, A.B., 1892-1901, graduated from Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., and later taught school in Maryland and Magahaville, Va., where he was principal of schools until called to Shepherd College by the Board of Regents. Under his leadership, the school took on a new lease of life, growing gradually and substantially until in the last year of his principalship there were 127 pupils enrolled. During his term of service a new building was erected. This burned down, however, within three years after its completion. The state had now become more liberal toward education, so that Mr. Kimler obtained funds sufficient to start a very respectable library and to equip the school with much necessary apparatus.

E. F. Goodwin, A.B., LL.B., 1901-'03, was a graduate of Fairmont Normal and of West Virginia University. The school continued to grow under his management, the attendance reaching 151 in 1902.

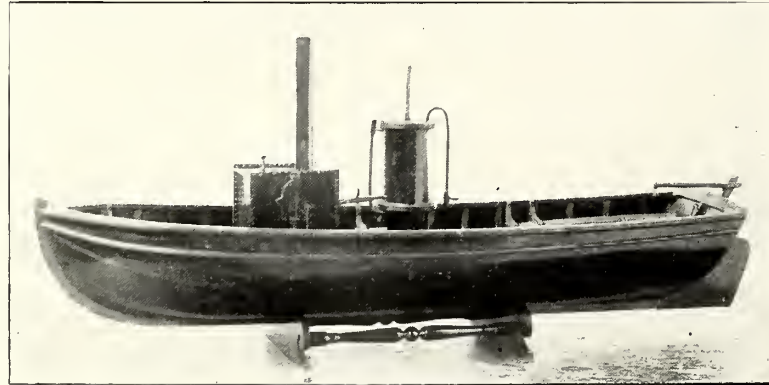
J. G. Knutti, A.B., A.M., 1903-'09, was a graduate of West Virginia University and of Leland Stanford University, California. In 1902, Mr. Knutti organized the Cadet Corps which was composed of volunteers from the male students. It was entirely self supporting, all expenses being borne by the boys. L'Extempo, a debating club for boys, was organized under his administration also. In 1909 the enrollment reached 267. When Mr. Knutti died in 1909 it was felt, not only in Shepherdstown, but all over the State that Shepherd College had sustained a great loss.

Thos. C. Miller, 1909—, received his early education in the private schools and in Fairmont

Academy under Prof. William R. White. Later, he attended the Fairmont High School, and in 1873 graduated from the Fairmont Normal School. He taught two years in rural schools, and spent the year 1875-'76 in Adrian College, Michigan, where he had splendid advantages. Returning to Fairmont, he remained there eighteen years as principal of the high school and as superintendent of the district. In 1893, he was chosen principal of the Preparatory Department and Professor of Pedagogy in the West Virginia University, where he served eight years. Elected State Superintendent of Schools, he entered upon his duties in March, 1901, and served two terms, or eight years, retiring from that position in

1909. In August of that year he was elected Principal of Shepherd College State Normal School, which position he still holds. During his term many improvements have been made, such as introduction of Art, Home Economics, and Manual Training, and special emphasis has been placed on the study of Agriculture. On the site of Mr. Miller's old home, corner of Pennsylvania and Spring Streets, Fairmont, there has been erected a splendid school building named in his honor. This building is a fitting tribute to his standing as an educator and his influence throughout the state.

—*Kathleen Lipscomb and Marjorie Fearnow*



RUMSEY'S BOAT

The Faculty

Thomas C. Miller, <i>President</i>	School Administration
A. D. Kenamond, <i>Assistant to President</i>	Science and Mathematics
Mabel Henshaw Gardiner	History and Economics
Ella May Turner	English
Addie R. Ireland	Art
J. D. Muldoon	Agriculture
Mary E. Gibson	Expression
Etta O. Williams	Commercial Subjects
Sarah W. Landes	Home Economics and French
Jessie Trotter	Latin and English
Katherine Freese	Music
Paul R. Morrow	Education



GAP OF THE POTOMAC AT HARPER'S FERRY



SENIORS

Seniors

Colors—Gold and Black

Flower—Cream Rose

Motto—*Esse quam videri*

YELL

Gazay, gazay, gazella, gazay,
Here come the Seniors—get out of the way.
We've got the brass to shine like glass
For we're the members of the CORNWELL class.

OFFICERS

President Charles P. Harper
Vice-President Thomas G. Reed
Secretary Margaret Ropp
Treasurer Bess Keim
Reporter Grace Harrell
Sergeant Ray Power



CHARLES PRICE HARPER

Upper Tract, W. Va.

Secondary; entered Fall 1917. Attended Marietta Commercial College; President Freshman Class, 1918; P. L. S. Winter, 1919 and Spring, 1920; L'Extempo, 1919; Athletic Board, 1918-19; Business Manager Picket, 1918-19; Debater for P. L. S.; Inter-Society Contest, 1919, and Orator 1920; Manager Boys' Basket Ball, 1919-20; President of Senior Class, 1919-20; Editor-in-Chief Cohongoroota, 1920.



THOMAS GODFREY REED

Ncedmore, W. Va.

Secondary Course; entered Shepherd College, 1916; President C. L. S., 1919-20; Junior Class, 1918-19; L'Extempo, 1919; Member Basket Ball Team, 1918-19, and 1919-20; Base Ball 1919 and '20; Junior Representative Athletic Board and Reporter 1918-19; Manager Base Ball, 1920; Vice-President Senior Class, 1919; Business Manager Cohongoroota.

MARGARET ELIZABETH ROPP

Hedgesville, W. Va.

Normal; Graduated from Hedgesville High; Entered Shepherd College Fall, 1919; Member of Picket and Cohongoroota Staffs; Secretary of Senior Class; Reporter for Willard Club; Secretary of C. L. S., Spring, 1920; Declamation C. L. S., Inter-Society Contest, 1920.



BESS EMILY KEIM

Elkins, W. Va.

Normal; Graduated from Elkins High, 1915; attended Davis and Elkins College, 1916; entered Shepherd College Fall, 1919; President of Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer Senior Class; Educational Editor of Picket; Author of Class Will; Member of P. L. S.





GRACE ANNA HARRELL

Hagerstown, Md.

Normal; entered Shepherd College, 1916; Reporter of Sophomore Class, 1917; Secretary Senior Class, 1919; Organization Editor of The Picket, 1918-19; Reporter of Senior Class, 1919-20; Member of The Picket and Cohongoroota Staffs.



FRANCIS RAY POWER

Creekvale, W. Va.

Secondary Course; entered Shepherd College Spring, 1915, Spring, 1917, Fall, 1918; Vice-President L'Extempo, Winter and Spring, 1919; President P. L. S., Spring, 1919; Tennis Manager, 1919; Editor-in-Chief of The Picket, 1919-20; Assistant Manager Boys' Basket Ball, 1919-20; Sergeant of Senior Class.

HILDA EUPHARATES MACKENZIE

Hagerstown, Md.

Secondary Course; attended St. Joseph's Academy; Carl's Private School; entered Shepherd College, 1919; Secretary P. L. S., 1919; Reporter, Fall, 1919; Essayist Inter-Society Contest, 1919; Reporter Willard Club, 1920; Assistant Advertising Manager of the Cohongoroota; Member Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President P. L. S., Winter, 1920.



SULA MAY DEHAVEN

Martinsburg, W. Va.

Short Course; Graduated from Martinsburg High, 1918; entered Shepherd College, Fall, 1919; Member of C. L. S.; Advertising Editor of The Cohongoroota.





GERTRUDE DENISON

Aurora, W. Va.

Normal; entered Shepherd College, Spring, 1915; President Willard Club, 1918; Secondary Diploma, 1918; Re-entered, Fall, 1919; Vice-President C. L. S., 1920; Member Cohongorotta Staff; Willard Club and Y. W. C. A.



NEWTON BYERS MCKEE

Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Short Course; Critic L'Extempo, 1919; Captain Basket Ball, 1919; Base Ball, 1920; President P. L. S., 1920; President Athletic Board, 1919-20; Member of Cohongoroota Staff.



MARGARET FERN UNGER

Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Short Course; entered Shepherd College, 1916; Member Glee Club; Treasurer Freshman Class.

VIOLET MAE EVERSOLE

Martinsburg, W. Va.

Short Course; graduated from Martinsburg High, 1919; entered Shepherd College, Fall, 1919; Member Glee Club; P. L. S.





MARGARET BANKS MADDEN

Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Short Course; entered Shepherd College Fall, 1915; withdrew, Fall, 1918; re-entered, Fall, 1920; Secretary of C. L. S., Winter, 1920; President of Willard Club, 1920; Manager Girls' Basket Ball, 1920; Fiction Editor of *Colongoroota*.



JOSEPH ALLEN HAWKINS

Short Course; entered Shepherd College, Fall, 1915; returned in 1917; U. S. Army, March, 1918 to 1919; A. E. F. June, 1918 to Feb., 1919; W. V. U., Summer, 1919; returned to Shepherd College, 1920; Vice-President C. L. S., Winter, 1916.



FRANCES LITTLE HENSHAW

Martinsburg, W. Va.

Short Course; entered Shepherd College, June, 1919; Teacher Martinsburg Public School.

IRENE VIRGINIA DIDAWICK

Wardensville, W. Va.

Short Course; entered, Fall, 1916; Treasurer, Sophomore Class; Reporter Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President, Secretary, and Critic, Willard Club; Member P. L. S.





ESTHER MAY HITE

Hedgesville, W. Va.

Short Course; graduated from Hedgesville High, 1918; entered Shepherd College, Fall, 1919; Member of P. L. S.; Glee Club; Willard Club.



WALLACE McCLURE MOLER

Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Secondary Course; attended R. M. A. Va., 1915-17; S. A. T. C., 1918, at Morgantown, W. Va.; entered Shepherd College, 1919; President C. L. S., 1919; L'Extempo, 1919; Captain Basket Ball, 1919-20; Short Stop Base Ball, 1918-19-20; Debater C. L. S.; Inter-Society Contest, 1919; Orator, 1920.



RUTH ALLEN MYERS

Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Secondary Course; attended Lewisburg Seminary; entered Shepherd College, 1917; Reporter Freshman Class, 1917; Secretary Sophomore Class, 1918; Treasurer P. L. S., 1919; President Willard Club, 1919; Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1919-20; Graduate in Vocal Music, 1920.

FRANCES LAONE IRELAND

Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Short Course; attended Morgantown High; entered Shepherd College, 1918; Member Glee Club; P. L. S.





MARGUERITE CLARE BEAVERS

Martinsburg, W. Va.

Short Course; graduate from Martinsburg High, 1919; entered Shepherd College, Fall, 1919; Member of C. L. S.; Joke Editor of Cohongoroota.



J. WINTERMOYER FOLK

Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Secondary Course; entered Shepherd College, 1916; Vice-President Freshman Class, 1916; Junior Class, 1918; L'Extempo, 1919; P. L. S., 1918-19; President Sophomore Class, 1917; P. L. S., 1919; Manager Basket Ball, 1918; Sophomore Representative Athletic Board and Reporter, 1917-18; Senior Representative and Vice-President Athletic Board, 1919-20; Member Base Ball Team, 1920; Basket Ball, 1919-20; Art Editor Cohongoroota; Orator P. L. S.; Inter-Society Contest, 1919; Debater, 1920.



KATHLEEN FLORENCE LIPSCOMB

Jenningstown, W. Va.

Short Course; graduate from Keyser Preparatory, 1918; entered Shepherd College, Fall, 1919; Secretary of P. L. S.; Member of Cohongoroota Staff.

BESSIE GROVE HENKLE

Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

Short Course; entered Fall 1916; Treasurer Junior Class, 1919; Member C. L. S.; Secretary C. L. S., Fall, 1919.





MABEL THOMPSON
Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Normal; entered, Fall, 1916; Member C. L. S.; Secretary Sophomore Class, 1917-18; Secretary of Senior Class, 1918-19; Organization Editor of The Picket; Member of the Cohongoroota Staff.



JOHN LEWIS SHOW
Kimball, W. Va.

Secondary Course; Welch High School; Concord Normal; Emory and Henry Prep.; entered Shepherd College, Fall, 1919; Member of P. L. S.; Member of Basket Ball Team, 1919-20; Base Ball, 1920.



ANNA TURNER
Hedgesville, W. Va.

Normal; graduated from Hedgesville High, 1918; entered Shepherd College, Spring 1919; Member of P. L. S.

MARJORIE ELIZABETH FEARNOW
Sleepy Creek, W. Va.

Short Course; Graduate of Berkeley Springs High School; entered Shepherd College, Fall, 1919; Member of P. L. S.; Willard Club, and Cohongoroota Staff; Essayist for Inter-Society Contest, 1920.





SARAH HORTENSE HUYETT

Charles Town, W. Va.

Short Course; entered, Fall, 1915; Member P. L. S.; Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1918; Vice-President of Willard Club, Spring, 1920; Member Basket Ball Team, 1917-18-20; Assistant Advertising Manager of The Cohongoroota, 1920.



STANLEY MERRITT FULTON

Steeply Creek, W. Va.

Secondary Course; entered Shepherd College, 1915; Member of P. L. S.; Basket Ball Teams, 1917-19-20; U. S. Army, 1918; Corp. 242 Squadron Kelley Field, A. S. S. E., San Antonio, Texas; re-entered Shepherd College, 1919.



MARY LOUISE KOONTZ

Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Music, Vocal; entered Shepherd College, 1912; member of the C. L. S.; Glee Club.

GEORGIA BELLE BALL PHELPS

Davis, W. Va.

Normal; Graduate from Davis High; entered Shepherd College, 1917; re-entered, 1919; Secretary P. L. S., 1919; Assistant Subscription Manager Cohongoroota Staff; Member of Willard Club; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.; Graduating in Music.





HELEN RUTH SCANLON

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Secondary Course; Student of Peabody and Schenley High; Member of C. L. S.; Glee Club; Willard Club; Essayist C. L. S.; Inter-Society Contest, 1920.



HELEN ROSE LITTLE

Martinsburg, W. Va.

Short Course; Graduate from Martinsburg High, 1919; entered Shepherd College, Fall, 1919; Member of P. L. S.; Assistant Editor of Cohongoroota.



GLADYS MORELAND

Davis, W. Va.

Short Course; graduate from Davis High, 1918; attended Fairmont Normal, Summer, 1919; entered Shepherd College, Winter, 1919; Member of P. L. S., and Glee Club.

KATHERINE PHIPPS HALE

Rogersville, Tenn.

Short Course; graduate of Rogersville Synodical College; Student University of Tennessee; Contributor to the Chattanooga Times and Other Publications; Teacher in Rogersville High School; attended Shepherd College three summer terms and correspondence study.

ARA MARIE KEESECKER

Hedgesville, W. Va.

Short Course; entered Shepherd College, June, 1919; graduate of Hedgesville High.

WORTH K. RICE

Berkeley Springs, W. Va.

Normal; entered Spring, 1920; graduated Mt. Wesley High School, 1917; attended W. V. U. Summer Terms of 1918-19; taught three years; member P. L. S., and L'Extempo.

MARTHA A. BEARD

Hedgesville, W. Va.

Short Course; graduated Hedgesville High; entered Shepherd College, 1918; Member of P. L. S.

FRANK AURTHUR HOFF

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Short Course; teacher in Preston County; U. S. Army; attended Shepherd College one year; principal of the Pierpont School at Clarksburg which position he has filled acceptably for a number of years.

MRS. MARGARET OSBOURN-DOLLY

Charles Town, W. Va.

Short Course; graduated from Shepherd College in the Class of 1914; married Don C. Dolly the same year; has taught two years and returned to college to renew her certificate. A successful teacher.

ELIZABETH MELESTER

Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Music; Voice; entered Fall, 1919.

MARYBELLE MOLES

Berkeley Springs, W. Va.

Short Course; taught in Morgan County Schools, and in Arizona, and has attended Shepherd College a number of terms; holds a Number One Certificate. Looking toward a Normal Diploma.

Senior Class History

In the fall of 1916 there entered Shepherd College a group of promising boys and girls. Many had left their homes for the first time to join the happy students of Shepherd College. Hearts often became sad when they thought of their homes far away among the hills and of the sacrifices their parents were making to send them to school.

In the year 1917 important changes took place. The World War was on. America was pierced to the heart by the sacrifice required when the call came from the President for help in this time of greatest need. The young men of our schools willingly gave up their opportunity for an education in order "to do their bit." When Shepherd College responded to this call five of the most promising members of the class of 1920 left their books to take up arms. Two of these died in service—John C. Gochenour and J. Rodney Power.

In the beginning of the school year 1918, the Great War was ended. The school, once dull and broken, again came

into life. After a summer's vacation this same class, then the Junior class, returned to its work within the walls of Shepherd College. There were many additions to and subtractions from the class, the members of which were no longer timid, but had the appearance of studious settled down workers, while their faces showed signs of wisdom. But still there were some who made true the saying, "School days are the happiest."

Another year passed, and the group, once "green freshies," became the sophisticated Seniors with Governor John J. Cornwell as sponsor, Charles P. Harper as president, A. D. Kenamoud and Paul R. Morrow as supervisors.

Now a last word—it is the hope of the Class of 1920 that as the years pass, their life work may permit them to return from time to time to Shepherd College and live in their minds the happy school days of the past.

MABEL THOMPSON and GERTRUDE DENISON

Greetings

Beneath the azure hue of the West Virginia skies,
Where the knowledge that we seek, in its bosom deeply lies,
There stored away in veins of solid gold,
Are the works of generations that in the future will be told.

The wisdom of the ages, which before us swiftly passed,
Will form the basis of our research, which we hope will always last
To spend our time in thinking of what the future holds in store—
Which will surpass the genius and the golden works of yore.

The questions and the problems which in our modern life,
Are the ones which those that can, with their minds must fight,
For to us there came a calling from the halls of old S. C.
To then prepare ourselves for the things which are to be.

For the course of studies then, which to us were offered here,
May have been an aid to someone in planning his career,
But think of work and study of which there was a plenty,
And now the year is over, hats off to the class of 'twenty.

W. M. Moler, '20



Class Prophecy

Being very tired from over-work, and not having slept well for several nights on account of the noisy ticktacks on the "Dorm", I decided one evening to walk out to the monument, where I could without interruption thrash out some problems which had been worrying me. Wearily I climbed the steps to the monument and sank down on the topmost step. I was very tired and in the stillness fell asleep and dreamed—A train came across the river bridge at such a rapid rate that the ball on the top of the monument was jarred off and fell directly in front of me. It broke into a million or more pieces and in the midst of its ruins stood one of the most interesting looking old gentlemen I have ever seen. His hair, which was a curious mixed "salt and pepper" color, descended far over his shoulders. He wore a cocked hat and a long black cloak which enveloped his entire body and limbs. Naturally I was very much frightened as well as surprised at this strange apparition and I was getting up to flee when he arrested me by a gesture of his hand, and addressed me at the same time. "I am the spirit of James Rumsey and I live in the top of the monument which is dedicated to me. I decided, however, as you have the most noble and brilliant class which has ever been graduated from Shepherd College, to seize the first opportunity of giving a member of your class something worth while. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh yes," cried I eagerly, "Please tell me what the members of the class of '20 will be doing ten years hence. I have to write our prophecy and the best thing you can do for me is to help me do that."

"All right, I will gladly do as you ask. Now listen attentively while I tell you what is revealed to me by the magic crystal which I hold in my hand. At one of the large theatres in Washington a home talent play is being presented for the benefit of the First Presbyterian Church of which Charles Harper is pastor. The leading lady of the play is Ruth Myers. She is a success on the stage where by her clever acting she has won the hearts of the American people.

You will be surprised when I tell you that playing opposite her is another member of your class, McClure Moler, the hero of the play, Poor 'Monkey', was so in love with that little black haired Mackenzie girl that he was blind to the fact that she was only trifling with him. When she dropped him flat for a former suitor, poor McClure was inconsolable and sought the stage as the best place to forget. Hilda is living a life of luxury in the city of New York. In the same city lives Margaret Maddex, who poses daily for Harrison Fisher, the artist. Every one in school knows how often she posed for her picture for the Cohongoroota. Of course you are wondering what has happened to Tom Reed, her knight of 1920. Well, when he decided to go to the jungles, to practice medicine on the poor dumb animals there, Maggie, knowing that they could never appreciate her pictures, broke the bond and poor Tom went alone.

Newton McKee is President and Frances Ireland is Professor of Psychology in Doolittle University located at Vanceleville. They are making a name for themselves in the educational history of West Virginia.

I am indeed surprised to see that Ray Power is living on a farm near Shepherdstown. He and Sula DeHaven have been married four years and aside from the contentions which occur in the happiest families, they are happy.

I now see the opera house in Shepherdstown and I read the bill for the movies—"The Four Sided Triangle" in which beautiful Marguerite Beavers surpasses herself in emotional acting. Marguerite is making quite a success and has been married. She left her husband though (as most movie stars do) and spends her time, when not engaged in picture-making, with her mother in California."

"Have none of the graduates of '20 continued teaching?" I asked.

"Yes, Mae Eversole is teacher of Etiquette at Weston. Mabel Thompson is a governess in the home of Winters Folk. He rescued a lady from Lost City and afterwards married her. He is now president of the largest bank of Uvilla, W. Va.

A large steamer, 'Americana,' has encountered a terrible storm. Among the passengers are several of your classmates: Lewis Show who is going to France to study forestry; Grace Harrell who is going to Belgium to help restore order to a still war-ridden country, and Margaret Unger who is going abroad to finish her course in art."

"What has happened to my old chum 'Denny'?" I asked.

"Oh, Gerfrude Denison is one member of your class who has really and truly done something great. She married an English Lord visiting here when she was a member of Congress and went with him to England.

Allen Hawkins, now a physician, and Bess Keim who is at the head of a kindergarten in Chicago are enjoying an evening of recreation on the Castle Roof Garden. While watching the dancers their attention is centered on the director. He is no other than Stanley Fulton, a member of your own class. Every one in school (except the faculty) knew what a graceful dancer Stanley was."

"But what has happened to the little girl who was to have become his bride so soon after commencement?"

"I don't know, but I judge the 'Call of the Chorus' was so great that he forsook everything and answered it.

I feel sure that you have heard of the bravery of Irene Didawick, for she won wide renown when she captured the most notorious robber in all Hardy County. Can you imagine Irene's doing such a thing!"

"Well, hardly, when she used to look under the bed every night at the 'Dorm'."

"She is now a member of one of the greatest detective forces of Winchester, Va., and just now is preparing to make a raid on a moonshine distillery.

Her courage, however, cannot be compared to the unflinching bravery of Kathleen Lipscomb and Estler Hite who faced unknown perils in the Hawaiian Islands, where they both went as missionaries. They faced even death until their winning manner had won respect and support of the natives. Kathleen even won the heart of a chief who wanted her to marry him, but she refused because she did not expect to remain all of her life in Hawaii and she

did not want to bring a curiosity to the quiet town of Jenningsston.

Marjorie Fearnow is a doctor and is making good. She is at present running for president of the Board of Education in Hancock.

At a recital in the Peabody Conservatory at Baltimore the young lady at the piano is Gladys Moreland. She has been taking music ever since leaving Shepherd College.

Bess Henkle is the agent for Ford cars. She taught school for several years but her health required outdoor exercise.

It is only natural that Sarah Huyett should be an all-state forward for she used to play some wonderful games at S. C., where she was Captain of the girls' team 1919-20.

I am sure you have read the biography of Helen Little written by Anna Turner. It is well worth your while to read it.

Martha Beard and Marybele Moles are running a little 'Green Tea House' in Berkeley Springs.

Margaret Dolly is leading a quiet life in the country. Her fate was already decided before her graduation in 1920.

Ara Kesecker is a worker for the Red Cross and at the head of her chapter is Frances Henshaw.

Frank Hoff, owner of York Hill Orchard, is certainly doing fine. He is spoken of as the 'Apple King' of West Virginia.

Katherine Hale is at present making a tour of the world accompanied by Mrs. Miller and Katherine Hale Miller."

"Oh, please, Mr. Miracle Man tell me what I shall be doing ten years from now," I exclaimed.

"You, Margaret Ropp, have a very bright and happy future. Just two years from the day you are graduated you will become the bride of _____" What's this! Suddenly he dropped the crystal. The pieces drew together until it closed entirely around the little old man and the ball ascended to its accustomed place on the top of the monument. Disappointed at not having learned more of so bright a future I suddenly awoke and found that I had fallen down the monument steps and that it had all been a foolish dream.

Margaret Ropp.



Our Seniors in Verse

In music and spoonology, Georgia is well versed
For practice them each day she must, or burst.
In the hearts of two young men she reigns supreme,
And there are many others, who of her often dream.

Only for orcharding does Stanley's heart burn,
There are certain Senior girls who yearn
To gain first place in Stan's poor broken heart,
And she who succeeds will be uncommonly smart.

When it comes to speed in covering space
Bess Henkle always wins the race,
For she is tall and straight and strong
And can glide along like the notes of a song.

Irene is pretty, and her suitors disagree,
But this causes her no trouble as anyone can see.
She faces life bravely and without apparent worry,
And flies about her work in an amazing big hurry.

When it comes to "pep" and ginger and bluffing everybody
Bess Keim is right there with her, "Tut, tut girls, it's nobody"
But her lessons come first and frolicking next,
And no one who knows her ever saw her vexed.

Anna Turner is a little blue-eyed lass
Whose good disposition none can surpass.
She says not a word, but smiles and works,
And her manifold duties she never, never shirks.

If you want any information or "dope",
Go straightway over to Winters Folk.
In "Math" and Caesar he does not work
For he rides ponies that never shirk.

Sula DeHaven is a queer little maid
Who to speak her own mind is never afraid.
Her lectures on boys and their loving lore
We'll surely remember for evermore.

Mabel and Margaret are like two little clowns,
The one always smiling, while the other frowns,
But both are ambitions and kindly at heart
And in work forever doing more than their part.

If anything can be told by one's expression
Allen Hawkins will surely follow the minister's profession:
For his mien is so saintly, and so solemn his face,
That certainly any other calling would be much out-of-place.

From under all the Seniors, "Raggie" Ropp
Knocks quite unceremoniously every prop.
When it comes to flirting or skipping classes
She is one of the very naughtiest lasses.

Now Hilda Mackenzie is very much reserved
And all her talk and energy are conserved
To expend on frequent trips to the "Shepherdstown Zoo"
Where she takes quite an interest in a Monkey or two.

When it comes to Newtie, there's much to tell,
For his history can't be put in a nutshell.
But getting down to brass tacks, you'll find him awlright,
And always interested in a game or a girl.

Ray Power is a minister's son
Who never has the least bit of fun.
Whatever success he in life may attain
There's not the least danger that he'll ever be vain.

Ruth Scanlon is a very spry lass
Whose athletic abilities are hard to surpass.
She's a minister's daughter as you all may know
But her saintly qualities she fails to show.

Charles Harper is from Upper Tract
Pendleton County—that's a fact.
After entering Shepherd College he soon became
A noted orator in the halls of fame.

Helen and Mae, the Martinsburg twins,
Are not held accountable for their many sins,
At school, at home, or wherever it be
These girls together you are sure to see.

Tom Reed, a Hardy County boy,
Has brought to our school a great deal of joy.
His love for a girl is almost untold
He says to himself, "She is dearer than gold."

Kathleen is tall and thin as a rail,
Neat as a pin with features quite frail.
We fear if her lot to be an old maid
For all her habits are set and staid.

McClure Moler, the basket ball shark,
Is very fond of making love in the dark.
He comes to the dorm and continues to sit
Trying to make with the matron a hit.

Frances is sharp as a razor can be
But what she needs is clear to see
Something to bring her down a peg or so
And let her learn there is more to know.

Grace is such a wee little mite
Who in her studies is very bright.
But to her teacher is sure to say,
"It seems to me it's the other way."

Marguerite and Esther are two great chums,
Charity workers in the shams.
From morning till night, the streets they trot
The good they have done can ne'er be forgot.

Gladys is a girl so neat and trim,
Who puts in her work a great deal of vim.
As a good dancer she can't be beat,
And when she comes round look out for your feet.

Marjorie and "Maggie," are two saucy girls
Who think their ideas as precious as pearls.
To give advice they seek every occasion;
Matrimonial advisers should be their vocation.

Ruth as a singer can't be beat;
She has a bell-like voice that is very sweet.
She may some day for all we know
Travel with a carnival or side show.

Show as an artist is hard to surpass;
In this subject he stands at the head of his class.
When his work at old S. C. is done,
He'll be the cartoonist of the Baltimore Sun.

Gertrude is like a brook that is always babbling;
She uses her tongue for nothing but gabbling,
As a suffragist speaker no one can exceed
Her soap box speeches which are clever indeed.

Margaret Dolly is a lady fair;
Though she's married she's free from care.
She's thoughtful, studious and sedate
She's always prompt; she's never late.

Keim and Harrell.

Classified Senior Ads

LOST—On German Street my tender heart—Didawick.

FOR SALE—My seat in chapel—Beavers.

WANTED—A scheme for solving the "neat propositions" in chemistry—Moler.

NEEDED—A cue to W. Va. History—Scanlon.

WANTED—Some good advice for the distribution of power (Power) evenly among the girls—McKee.

LOST—All faith in mankind—Unger.

WANTED—Permission to take a back seat in the classrooms—Folk.

LOST—A harp and reed (Harper and Reed). If found please return to Senior Class and receive reward.

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN—My confidence in school teaching—Thompson.

FOR SALE—My date to the "movies" Saturday night—Keim.

DESIRED—The ability to make myself smaller when caught behind the door at the Dorm—Ropp.

LOST—An opportunity "to get the relation of things"—Maddex.

WANTED—A night cap to hold my curls in place—Power.

WANTED—Some one to carry my books home—Harrell.

DESIRED—Someone to listen to me—Myers.

WANTED—To adopt a course of study in which one is not troubled by the disease of studying—Mackenzie.

LOST—The picture of "my little Harper"—Phelps.

WANTED—A book of parliamentary rules—Reed.

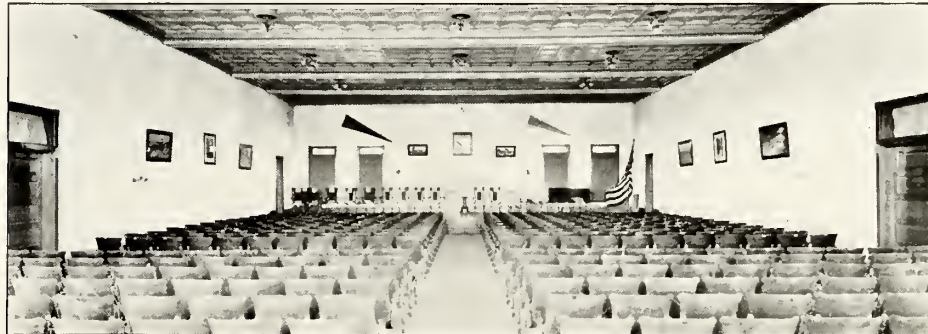
DESIRED—To see the delicate, faint, and distant tints of dainty violet in studying landscapes—Lipscomb.

WANTED—A way to take exercises in Expression without slinging my arms out of place—Show.

WANTED—That the friends and students of Shepherd College support our book—Cohongoroota.

LOST BY THE STAFF—All hopes of surviving this term. Any advice from the teachers will be greatly appreciated—The Seniors.

Mabel Thompson.



AUDITORIUM

Class Will

We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty, of Shepherd College, in Shepherdstown, in the State of West Virginia, in preparing to leave the stately walls of our Alma Mater, hereby make the following bequests:

ITEM 1. To Mr. Miller, Margaret Ropp bequeaths her Domestic Art equipment that he may use the tape measure to get the relation of things.

ITEM 2. To Miss Turner, Sula DeHaven bequeaths her low heeled shoes and short skirts that she may conserve both time and energy in walking.

ITEM 3. To Fred Welshans, Charles Harper bequeaths his powers as an orator that he may become the other half of Shepherd College.

ITEM 4. To Scott James, Ray Power bequeaths his good-nite kiss that tulip salve may hold its own.

ITEM 5. To Mrs. Gardiner, Kathleen Lipscomb bequeaths her calisthenics, that Grecian Art may claim its own.

ITEM 6. To James Johnson and Fred Henderson, Frances Ireland bequeaths her psychological brains that they may become what they think they are.

ITEM 7. To Mr. Kenamond, Ruth Scanlon bequeaths her athletic ability that he may get over the fence without going thru the gate.

ITEM 8. To President Miller's chickens, Marjorie Fearnow bequeaths her cackle that the production of eggs may be increased.

ITEM 9. To Marvin Painter, Newton McKee bequeaths his plaid socks that Shepherd College may not lose its gay reputation.

ITEM 10. To Hazel Martin, Marguerite Beavers bequeaths her powder that she may continue to blow up the college.

ITEM 11. To Virginia Frye, Helen Little bequeaths her "Great Scott," that the name may never die.

ITEM 12. To Mr. Muldoon, Mae Eversole bequeaths her little bow tie so that he need not take the trouble to tie his.

ITEM 13. To Ross Louthan, Thomas Reed bequeaths his green slouch hat under which many ideas and other things have been hatched.

ITEM 14. To little Harriet Miller, Gladys Moreland bequeaths her cabaret dancing, that she may bring up father in the real way.

ITEM 15. To Mrs. Myers, Margaret Unger bequeaths her good disposition so the girls may be able to stay from under the bed when they hear footsteps approaching.

ITEM 16. To Miss Freese, Margaret Maddex bequeaths some of her arguments that she may become more efficient along that line.

ITEM 17. To Allen Wilkins, Stanley Fulton bequeaths his dancing boots that the Jazz may hold its popularity.

ITEM 18. To Wilda Hammum, Georgia Phelps bequeaths her "cootie garages" that she may have a broader insight in the world.

ITEM 19. To Alice Scanlon, Ruth Myers bequeaths her musical voice which, under the right guidance, will never get out of tune but once.

ITEM 20. To Leona Garman, Mabel Thompson bequeaths her little green pocket book that she may carry "her Key".

ITEM 21. To the local dairy Hilda Mackenzie bequeaths her sober expression that it may be used in souring the milk.

ITEM 22. To Frank Shipe, Winters Folk bequeaths his "monkey shines" that foolishness may never die.

ITEM 23. To Gladys Feagans, Sarah Huyett bequeaths her ability as basket ball player, that she may continue to shine.

ITEM 24. To Miss Williams, McClure Moler bequeaths his poetic ability.

ITEM 25. To Miss Landes, the Miller Hall girls bequeath their supply of beans and hominy.

ITEM 26. To Oleta Arnold, Esther Hite bequeaths her old spectacles that she may be able to see through things.

ITEM 27. To Mr. Miller, Bess Keim bequeaths her brown shoes that sing so we may all be warned when he is coming to the study hall.

ITEM 28. To Cletus Lowe, Lewis Show bequeaths his dates with girls as he seems inefficient along that line.

ITEM 29. To anyone who can't see the point in the above the Senior Class bequeaths a needle.

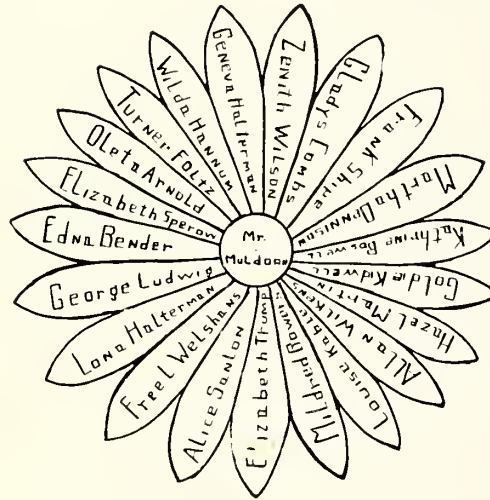
Bess Keim and Grace Harrell



JUNIORS

YELL

White and green! White and green
 Jolliest class ever seen.
 Are we in it? Well I guess!
 Juniors! Juniors! of S. C. S.



Class Flower—Daisy

Class Colors—White and Green

MOTTO

B sharp B natural but never B flat

OFFICERS

PresidentFreil Welshans
Vice-PresidentAllen Wilkins
SecretaryLouise Kable
TreasurerMildred Bowers
ReporterHazel Martin
TypistWilda Hammum





SOPHOMORES

Colors—Orange and Black Flower—White Carnation

Motto—Labor omnia vincit

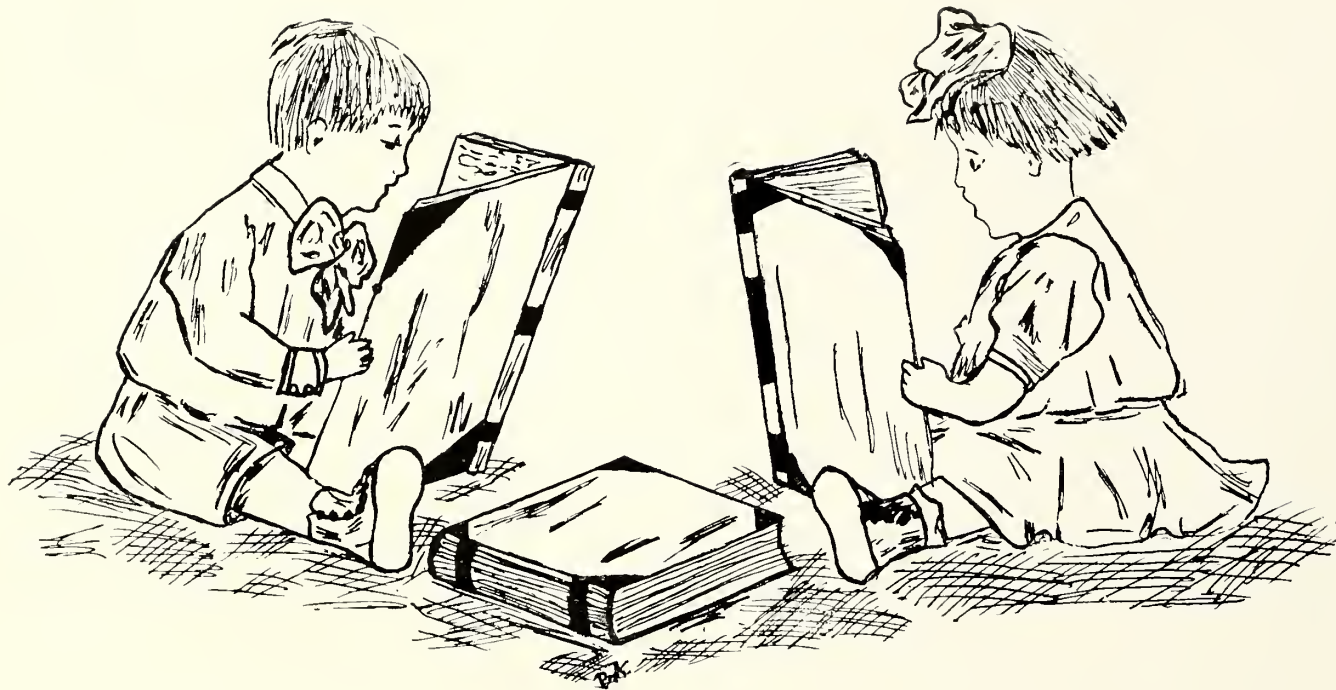
CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Samuel J. Donley
<i>Vice-President</i>	Charles R. Davis
<i>Secretary</i>	M. Pauline Randal
<i>Treasurer</i>	Alice B. Maddex
<i>Sergeant</i>	W. Scott James
<i>Reporter</i>	Cletus D. Lowe

YELL

Who are! Who are! Who are we!
We are the best class of old S. C.
Sophomores! Sophomores! Sophomores!





Sophomore Class Roll

Ethel Lee Arnold	Mildred Conard	Etheleen Davis
Ella Feltner	Henrietta Fultz	Ruth Griffith
Armetha Haines	Bessie Hause	Mary Hollida
Vivian McDonald	Alice Maddex	Yolande Malone
Isabel Martin	Pauline Randal	Ella Scanlon
Dora Smith	Mary VanMetre	Christine Walper
Catherine Winters	John Crowl	Richard Davis
Jack Donley	Jesse Engle	Fred Henderson
Scott James	James Johnson	Edward Johnson
Lester Link	Ross Louthan	Cletus Lowe
Marvin Painter	Luther Stine	William S. Walper
	J. E. Longhridge	

This year the Sophomore Class is one of the finest in the school. All of its members are really serious students, yet students who are prominent in general school activities. It made a good beginning in the fall term by joining the Junior Red Cross one hundred per cent. strong, and also by doing its part during "Better Speech Week". The class is prominent also for its interest in athletics. Richard Davis and Edward Johnson played on the basket-ball team, while three members, Cletus Lowe, Richard Davis and John Crowl are on the baseball team. None of the Sophomore girls made the girls' basket-ball team but there is some promising material for next year. The class is also represented in the inter-society contest by Ella Scanlon, a Parthenian.

FRESHMEN



Motto—Hard work, fair play, clean life

Class Colors—Gold and Crimson

Class Flower—White Carnation

YELL

Rippy, Zippy, Zippy, Zee!

Rippy, Zippy, Zippy, Zee!

We're the Freshmen of old S. C.

Are we in it? Well, I guess!

Freshmen! Freshmen! Yes! Yes! Yes!

CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Floyd Flickinger
<i>Vice-President</i>	Leslie Robinson
<i>Secretary</i>	Elizabeth Hill
<i>Treasurer</i>	Katherine Link
<i>Reporter</i>	Leona Garman
<i>Cheer Leader</i>	James Haley
<i>Sergeant</i>	Joseph James



Frankforter
1920

Freshmen Roll



Eugenia Athey
 Genie Banks
 Elise Billmyer
 Viola Burns
 Josephine Clippe
 Ruth Clipp
 Grace Clipp
 Mary Conard
 Florence Davis
 Goldie Deaver
 Magdalene Denison
 Gladys Feagans
 Edith Feltner
 Martha Feltner
 Louise Freeman
 Eula Frye
 Virginia Frye
 Leona Garman
 Edna Giegas
 Mary Haggerty
 Thelma Hardy
 Elizabeth Harrell
 Gladys Hartzell
 Minnie Hendricks
 Elizabeth Hill
 Alice Hopper
 LaRue Waddy

Kenna Knott
 Katherine Link
 Lucy McDonald
 Mildred Marshall
 Ruth V. Myers
 Nina Park
 Marie Peer
 Mabel Rice
 Georgia Sanbower
 Linnie Schley
 Lulu See
 Violet Sherman
 Margaret Skinner
 Rosalie Skinner
 Dale Slane
 Beula Snyder
 Bernice Stanley
 Dorothy Stine
 Margaret Trussell
 Margaret Waddy
 Leotah Whiting
 Genevieve Williams
 Ira Arnold
 John Arnold
 Thomas Banks
 George Barbe

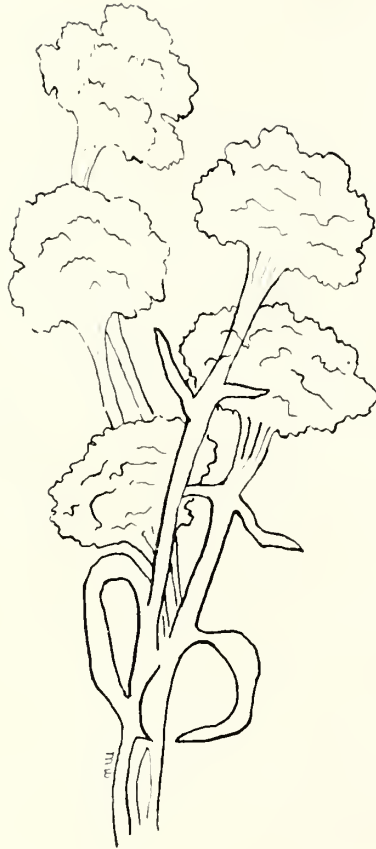
James Billmyer
 Harold Burhman
 Lee Emery
 Floyd Flickinger
 James Haley
 Franklin Hardy
 Kenneth Hauger
 Michael Heiskell
 William Hiatt
 Robert Hoffida
 Mark Horn
 Joseph James
 Kenneth Knode
 Lawrence Lloyd
 Henry Maddex
 George McDonald
 John Muldoon
 Stuart Osbourn
 Charles Poland
 Curtis Power
 Holmes Reinhart
 William Reinhart
 Allison Rider
 Leslie Robinson
 Garrett See
 John Unger
 Kenneth Whittington



THE COHONGOROOTA AT SHEPHERDSTOWN.

Parthenian Literary Society

Colors—Orange and Dark Blue. Motto—Prodesse quam Conspici



OFFICERS

	Fall	Winter	Spring
President	Walter Keister	Newton McKee	Charles Harper
Vice-Pres.	Winters Folk	Hilda MacKenzie	Freel Welshans
Secretary	Louise Kable	Kathleen Lipscomb	Georgia Phelps
Treasurer	Charles Harper	Georgia Phelps	Ray Power
Critic	Wilda Hammum	Bess Keim	Alice Scanlon
Reporter	Ruth Myers	Louise Kable	Bess Keim
Sergeant	Ray Power	Fred Henderson	Newton McKee

ROLL

Arnold, John	Gates, Tracy	Moreland, Gladys
Arnold, Ira	Giegas, Edna	Malone, Yolande
Arnold, Oleta	Griffith, Ruth	Painter, Marvin
Barker, Emma	Hammum, Wilda	Parsons, Anna
Billmyer, Elise	Harper, Charles	Phelps, Georgia
Boswell, Katherine	Hartzell, Gladys	Power, Curtis
Clipp, Grace	Henderson, Fred	Power, Ray
Crowl, John	Hiite, Esther	Scanlon, Alice
Davis, Mary	Hopper, Alice	Scanlon, Ella
Davis, Florence	Huyett, Sarah	Schley, Linnie
Deaver, Goldie	Ireland, Frances	Show, Lewis
Dennison, Martha	Kable, Louise	Slane, Dale
Eversole, Mae	Keim, Bess	Sperow, Elizabeth
Feagans, Gladys	Kidwell, Goldie	Smith, Dora
Fearnow, Marjorie	Lipscomb, Kathleen	Turner, Anna
Ferrell, Richard	Little, Helen	Whitaker, H. P.
Flickinger, Floyd	Mackenzie, Hilda	Whiting, Leota
Folk, Winters	Martin, Hazel	Williams, Geneive
Freeman, Louise	Martin, Isabel	Winters, Catherine
Garman, Leona	McKee, Newton	Wolford, Jason



Frankfurter
1920

Ciceronian Literary Society

Colors—Blue and White

Motto—Vincit qui se vincit

OFFICERS

	Fall	Winter	Spring
President	McClure Moler	Thomas Reed	Allen Wilkins
Vice-Pres.	Thomas Reed	Allen Wilkins	Gertrude Denison
Secretary	Bessie Henkle	Margaret Maddex	Margaret Ropp
Treasurer	Alice Maddex	Gertrude Denison	Elizabeth Trump
Critic	Mildred Bowers	Margaret Ropp	Margaret Maddex
Reporter	Jesse Engle	Virginia Frye	Marguerite Beavers
Sergeant	Allen Wilkins	McClure Moler	Thomas Reed

ROLL

Allen Wilkins
 Gertrude Denison
 Margaret Ropp
 Elizabeth Trump
 Margaret Maddex
 Marguerite Beavers
 Thomas Reed
 Virginia Frye
 Bessie Henkle
 Alice Maddex
 Cletus Lowe
 Robert Hollida
 Ruth Clipp
 Mildred Marshall
 Lester Link
 Irene Didawick
 Bernice Stanley
 Ruth Scanlon
 Mildred Bowers
 Jesse Engle
 James Haley
 Lee Emory
 Minnie Hendricks
 Mabel Rice

Katherine Link
 Vivian McDonald
 Scott James
 LaRue Waddy
 Richard Davis
 Genie Banks
 Thelma Hardy
 Kenna Knott
 Mildred Conard
 Josephine Clipp
 Rosalie Skinner
 Bessie Hause
 Stuart Osbourn
 Sula DeHaven
 Christine Walper
 Margaret Waddy
 Henrietta Fultz
 Jack Douley
 Ruth V. Myers
 McClure Moler
 Mary VanMetre
 Pauline Randal
 Magdaline Denison
 Eugenia Athey
 Gladys Combs

Mary Conard
 Franklin Hardy
 Joe James
 Elizabeth Hill
 James Johnson
 Garrett See
 Lula See
 Mary Haggerty
 Frank Shipe
 Lucy McDonald
 Chas. N. Poland
 Zenith Wilson
 Violet Sherman
 Frank Barbe
 Dorothy Stine
 Geneva Halterman
 T. A. Foltz
 George Ludwig
 J. E. Loughridge
 Nina Park
 Allen Hawkins
 Marie Peer
 William Hielt
 R. Brown Jenkins







Y. W. C. A.

OFFICERS

President Bess Keim
Vice-President Louise Kable
Secretary Ruth Myers
Treasurer Ethel Arnold

ROLL

Gertrude Denison	Ruth Scanlon
Irene Didawick	Sarah Huyett
Ethel Arnold	Louise Kable
Marjorie Fearnow	Frances Ireland
Helen Little	Alice Scanlon
Virginia Frye	Elizabeth Sperow
Georgia Phelps	Grace Harrell
Ruth Myers	Margaret Ropp
Kathleen Lipscomb	Hilda Mackenzie
Ella Scanlon	Mabel Thompson
Bess Keim	Esther Hite
Sula DeHaven	Wilda Hammum





Lovers' Club

OFFICERS

McClure Moler.....*Chief Wielder of Cupid's Darts*
 Hilda Mackenzie.....*Assistant Chief*
 Newton McKee.....*Keeper of Quivers*
 Mr. Thos. C. Miller.....*Collector of Mis-spent Darts*

MEMBERS

Newton McKee	Charles Harper	Scott James	James Johnson
Margaret Ropp	Helen Little	Marie Peer	Sula DeHaven
Leona Garman	Winters Folk	Georgia Phelps	Gladys Moreland

APPLICANTS

Mae Eversole	Gladys Feagans	K. Lipscomb	Jack Donley
Ruth Scanlon	Mildred Bowers	Richard Davis	Edward Johnson

REJECTED MEMBERS

Ruth Myers	Louise Kable	M. Beavers	Gertrude Denison
Irene Didawick	Lewis Show		

EX-MEMBERS

Thomas Reed	Bess Keim	Margaret Maddex	Ray Power
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L'Extempo

OFFICERS

President	T. G. Reed	Allen Wilkins	T. G. Reed	Allen Wilkins
Vice-Pres.	Ray Power	Jason Wolford	Ray Power	Allen Hawkins
Secretary	C. P. Harper	Ray Power	Allen Wilkins	T. G. Reed
Critic	N. B. McKee	Scott James	Jas. Johnson	Frank Shipe
Reporter	Allen Wilkins	T. G. Reed	C. P. Harper	C. P. Harper
Treasurer	Fred Henderson	Fred Henderson	Fred Henderson	Fred Henderson
Sergeant	Jason Wolford	C. P. Harper	Curtis Power	Henry Maddex

MEMBERS

Arnold, Ira	James, Joe	Wolford, Jason
Arnold, John	James, Scott	Poland, Chas. N.
Barbe, Frank	Johnson, James	Power, Curtis
Burch, John	Knode, Kenneth	Power, Ray
Emery, Lee	Lowe, Cletus	Robinson, Leslie
Folk, Winters	Ludwig, George	Rider, Allison
Haley, James	Maddex, Henry	Reinhart, Holmes
Harper, C. P.	McKee, Newton	Shipe, Frank
Hartzell, Geo.	Moler, McClure	Stine, Luther
Henderson, Fred	Painter, Marvin	Waddy, LaRue
	Wilkins, Allen	



Willard Club

YELL

W—I—L—L—A—R—D
Willard Club! Willard Club!
Of old S. C.

	Fall	Winter	Spring
President	Ruth Myers	Margaret Maddex	Louise Kable
Vice-Pres.	Irene Didawick	Gertrude Denison	Sarah Huyett
Secretary	Louise Kable	Irene Didawick	Virginia Frye
Treasurer	Ethel Arnold	Marjorie Fearnow	Ella Scanlon
Critic	Margaret Maddex	Hilda Mackenzie	Gertrude Denison
Reporter	Vivian McDonald	Louise Kable	Margaret Ropp
Sergeant	Alice Maddex	Ruth Griffith	Margaret Maddex

MEMBERS

Arnold, Ethel
Arnold, Oleta
Boswell, Catherine
Denison, Gertrude
Denison, Magdalene
Didawick, Irene
Feagans, Gladys
Fearnow, Marjorie
Frye, Eula
Frye, Virginia
Garman, Leona
Giegas, Edna
Griffith, Ruth

Hamm, Wilda
Hause, Bessie
Hite, Esther
Huyett, Sarah
Ireland, Frances
Kable, Louise
Little, Helen
McDonald, Vivian
Mackenzie, Hilda
Maddex, Margaret
Maddex, Alice
Myers, Ruth
Malone, Yolande

Park, Nina
Phelps, Georgia
Ropp, Margaret
Scanlon, Alice
Scanlon, Ella
Scanlon, Ruth
Schley, Linnie
Sperow, Elizabeth
Stine, Dorothy
Waddy, Margaret
Wilson, Zenith
Winters, Catherine



MUSIC



Glee Club

President Bess Keim
Secretary and Treasurer Marjorie Fearnow
Director Katharine Freese
Pianist Georgia Phelps

Alice Scanlon
 Margaret Maddex
 Wilda Hammm
 Hilda Mackenzie
 Bernice Stanley
 Margaret Ropp
 Gladys Feagans
 Marie Peer
 Mildred Bowers
 Vivian McDonald
 Georgia Phelps
 Louise Kable
 Christine Walper

Jack Donley
 Thomas Reed
 James Johnson
 Joseph James
 Bess Keim
 Ella Scanlon
 Eula Frye
 Irene Didawick
 Mae Eversole
 Marguerite Beavers
 Etheleen Davis
 Virginia Frye
 Magdalene Dension
 Ella Feltner

Anna Turner
 Elizabeth Trump
 Gladys Moreland
 Katherine Boswell
 Richard Davis
 Charles Harper
 Allen Wilkins
 Scott James
 Ruth Scanlon
 Elizabeth Sperow
 Ruth Myers
 Grace Harrell
 Esther Hite
 Yolande Malone

Leona Garman
 Forence Davis
 Kathleen Lipscomb
 Hazel Martin
 Oleta Arnold
 Bessie Hause
 Pauline Randal
 Marjorie Fearnow
 Goldie Kidwell
 McClure Moler
 Ray Power
 William Walper
 Newton McKee





PARTHENIAN HALL



CICERONIAN HALL

The River Cave

At the outbreak of the World War, Andrew J. Bolton, Jr., of Easton, eldest son of Andrew J. Bolton, Sr., prominent business man and largest stockholder of the Easton Metal Castings Company, had surprised his parents and friends by enlisting in the British Navy. He had been transferred from one ship to another until he reached the Dardanelles where he served on one of H. M.'s largest battleships. He was decorated by the British for "conspicuous bravery under fire." Soon after the United States entered the fray his period of service in the Royal Navy expired and he enlisted in the United States Navy. He helped to take the boys over and to bring them back. And now he had returned to Easton with an honorable discharge.

"Charlie, what has happened while I've been away? Dad looks worried." Andy asked his brother the morning after his return.

"Dad's worried about the men in the foundry; they are getting restless and dissatisfied. You see there's been some propaganda spread around the plant and the men are beginning to believe what the agitators say. Besides, nearly every morning there are posters and bulletins tacked up in the foundry yard and in the shop, right before the men's eyes; Dad can't find out where this printed matter comes from," replied Charlie.

"Can't you help Dad find out where the Reds get it?" inquired Andy.

"None of the detectives that the company has hired or anybody else has been able to find that out. I'm playing fly-cop down at the plant. I'm working in the finishing department where all the high-paid skilled laborers and mechanics work. I listen to their conversations and re-

port in the evenings to Dad. None of the men suspect me and I have found out several things," answered Charlie.

"I wish I could find out where the agitators get their material," mused Andy.

"Why not let me introduce you to the young Secret Service man the government has sent here?" asked Charlie. "I know you two would get along well together and he would like help from someone who knows this section of the state. He said the best place for me was in the plant. He believes the Reds have a printing plant near here, where they print the rubbish they are distributing not only here but in other places as well."

"I'd be glad to meet him," returned Andy. "How soon can I do so?"

"In a very few minutes," replied Charlie. "Come on."

The boys went out of the house and Charlie led the way to the garage at the back of the house.

"He's posing as our chauffeur," said Charlie.

In the garage Charlie introduced Andy to a young man, of about twenty-two, as Mr. Cummings. Andy liked Mr. Jerome Cummings and Mr. Jerome Cummings liked Andy.

"Just call me Jero," said Mr. Cummings after Charlie had explained the object of their visit.

"Well, you may call me Andy," was the cordial reply.

After a few minutes Charlie said, "My shift goes on at twelve and as I have to go down town I must leave you now."

After he had gone Andy and Jero discussed the situation at the plant from all its angles. Jero advanced one argument after another to substantiate his theory that there was a camouflaged printing office in or near Easton that was publishing tons of the poisonous Red propaganda that was being spread around in Easton and in all the other manufacturing towns in the state and in the adjoining states.

"Can you get off this afternoon?" asked Andy.

"Sure," replied Jero, "got an idea?"

"Well I'd like to go down along the river this afternoon and think it over. I always think better out in the open."

"I'm game," replied Jero, "when do we start?"

"Right after lunch."

At two o'clock that afternoon Jero and Andy stood out on a sand-spit that jutted into the river from the base of some very high cliffs. On one side of the cliffs there was a marshy strip of shore covered by young water maples, crab grass and a tangle of vines. On the other side of the projecting cliff was a deep slip and a wharf where stone barges had once come to get the rocks quarried from the top of the cliffs. On top of the cliff were the derrick and the engine house and tool sheds that had long since been deserted by workmen. They were now used only as an occasional shelter for tramps or as a place to shoot craps by the negroes of Easton.

"There's a cave in those cliffs," said Andy, "I used to spend a good deal of time in there—some very interesting formations in there."

"Let's go in," suggested Jero.

"We haven't any lights," said Andy.

"Oh yes we have, I never go without mine," answered Jero, "I carry a flash light with me all the time."

"No sooner said than done. Come on," said Andy.

He led the way thru a tangle of vines at the foot of the cliff, then up a steep bank; when nearly to the top he stopped and parted a clump of bushes revealing a small opening in the earth.

"Lead on," laughed Jero, "this isn't a very interesting portal, but I'll try anything once."

The boys were soon in the cool damp darkness of the cave. Jero handed Andy the light.

"You're the master of ceremonies today. You lead and I'll follow," said Jero.

Andy led the young detective down long winding pas-

sages and pointed out stalactites and stalagmites that formed curious and fantastic shapes.

"There's an underground waterfall and lake at the end of this passage," said Andy "the water goes out a deep cavern in the earth the level of the river."

Then Andy stopped and looked dumbfounded at a wall that barred any further progress. The wall was simply a pile of stones that apparently had fallen from some opening in the ceiling.

"This is strange," mused Andy, "looks to me like there's something fishy about this."

"Don't worry, Old Top, something just broke loose above and the stones have filled the passage; let the lake and falls rest in peace," laughed Jero.

"I know another way to get around to the pool and falls but it is a little more difficult to travel," said Andy.

Andy turned and led Jero down passages and around corners until that young man had lost all sense of direction yet his guide seemed very much at home. After a half hour's turning and climbing they came to a place where a large stalactite had fallen into a crevice in one corner of the floor and apparently filled the hollow. Jero would not have noticed it, had Andy not stopped before it and pulled it out of its resting place.

The removal of the stone revealed a deep opening leading down into the earth. Andy crawled into the hole and Jero followed him. For some time they wriggled in the narrow passage; then Andy stopped and said,

"You can hear the falls now, it's just a little way ahead of us."

"It doesn't sound very loud" said Jero.

"No, it doesn't, and I was just wondering why that is because it used to be almost deafening in this passage," replied Andy.

They crept on, Andy a few feet in advance of Jero. Then Jero saw his guard stop, extinguish the light and creep back to him.

"This passage ends in another cross passage right ahead

here and someone is coming down that passage," whispered Andy.

He had scarcely finished speaking when the rays of an electric light flashed along the mouth of the passage and someone walked past. After sufficient time had elapsed to allow the walker to get out of sight the boys crept cautiously out into the passage. Andy flashed his light up and down the passage.

"Look, look at that," he whispered to Jero. The ray of the electric rested on the rungs of an iron ladder extending to an opening in the roof. "I bet that opens into one of the quarry buildings," he continued.

"I wonder who put it there and who that fellow was that went up the passage," said Jero.

"Well, let's find out," returned Andy.

The boys went on down the passage a little way when Andy stepped behind a projecting fold of rock and Jero followed him.

"What's the idea?" asked Jero.

"If there are any more people where that guy came from we don't want them to see us first. This is a little private entrance of my own," announced Andy.

As Andy paused, he turned out the light and whispered to Jerome. "Keep your hand on my shoulder." They proceeded in this way for some time, then Andy said to Jerome "Look!" Jero peered through a crevice in the wall and saw something that made his eyes grow wide with surprise.

There was the pool but it reflected the rays of an electric light hung from the ceiling. The reason the fall did not make much noise was because nearly all the water was used to run a turbine that was connected to an electric generator that furnished the current for the lights. He also saw on the far side of the room a number of shelves filled with bottles and also tables covered with scientific apparatus. In the center of the room was a linotype machine, and a job press with two larger presses, one for regular printing, the other for lithographing and painting colored posters.

There were cases of type and composers' equipment; a complete printing office and an equally complete chemical laboratory.

The boys could only stare in amazement. They had found what they had both intended to look for, but not in the River Cave.

"The place seems to be deserted" said Jero.

"It is," answered Andy. "Let's go in and take a good look."

They crawled into the room and proceeded to examine everything closely. In a smaller grotto opening from the printing office they found bundles of blank print paper and large quantity of printed posters, circulars and other forms of the rankest, reddest, Red propaganda imaginable.

Jero was much interested in the chemicals. "I never had very much chemistry but I had enough to know that some one has been making explosive bombs, and incendiary bombs here," he said to Andy. "See this box" he said pointing to an apparently innocent packing box, "that's a high explosive bomb, and those top handles are the means of setting the thing in motion. We were shown the various types of bombs at the Department in Washington the last time I was there."

"Listen"; whispered Andy, "there's someone coming down the passage."

"Here," said Jero, "take this and get in the hole in the wall," and he handed Andy a coil of small stout rope that was lying on the floor. He took from the shelf a large bottle of ammonia water and a bottle of sulfuric acid and followed Andy into the retreat.

The newcomer was a small muscular man with a black beard and deep set eyes that were small and reminded one of a rat's eyes. Jero gave a little grunt of surprise. "That's Borgstine, an Austrian who escaped from the interment camp in Georgia. He's a bad actor and a dangerous man to have around," he whispered cautiously.

Borgstine did not notice that someone had recently

been in the room. He seated himself in front of the linotype and set to work.

"Let's capture him?" whispered Andy.

"All right" returned Jero. He then quickly outlined a plan by which the industrious Borgstine would become their prisoner.

The linotype made so much noise its operator did not hear Jerome and Andy until they were within ten feet of him and then it must have been instinct that prompted him to look around. The instant he turned Jero threw the uncorked bottle of sulfuric acid at him. The bottle he dodged but several drops of acid struck him in the eyes and he raged, blinded and angry. It took them several minutes to tie their prisoner securely. When they had finished they heard someone else coming towards them.

Andy dumped their prisoner behind some bundles of paper, then ducked behind the linotype for a weapon. Jero snatched a towel from the press and soaked it in ammonia and hid behind the press nearest the entrance.

The man entered the room and walked past Jero before he noticed he was not alone. Jero threw the sopping towel into his face. This man, he recognized as Paulritch Savotsky, a prominent Red leader who had always slipped thru the detectives' fingers, and who was very useful to the Reds because of his ability as a chemist. A great chemist gone wrong! The man threw himself at Jero although he was nearly blinded by the ammonia. Andy ran to his friend's aid and between the two of them they managed to tie him to one of the presses.

Paulritch was undoubtedly the brains and leader of the local Reds. He was the man higher up—the one who had slipped thru his pursuers' fingers like sand. No matter how closely the net was drawn, Paulritch Savotsky always got away. How he knew of this underground water power, and the ideal conditions for carrying on his fiendish work no one ever knew; but, nevertheless, here he was tied to one of his own presses in his own mischief factory by his own rope.

When the boys brought their other prisoner before

Paulritch the two immediately began to call each other traitors and some other things far from complimentary.

Jero was looking thru some papers on the desk, hunting for evidence and he found plenty of it, when Andy saw Paulritch thrust out one foot as far as he could, hooked the toe of his shoe in one of the rope handles of the packing box and pulled on it. When Paulritch realized Andy had seen him he swore at his failure to start the machine without being detected.

"Jero, that crazy yap pulled one of the ropes," cried Andy. Jero ran to the box and tried to lift it, but it was too heavy. From the interior came the low whir of the running machinery.

Paulritch merely laughed, but Borgstine, squirmed and shouted, "Cut me loose, let me out of here, that thing's set for five minutes, let me go." Jero cut his bonds and let the frightened man start for the door.

"Come on Andy," he cried. "We can't do any good here."

Paulritch laughed, "Run if you want to, you can't get out of the cave in the three minutes you have left, and the top isn't any better than it is here."

Andy caught Jero by the arm. "Come on," he cried, "let's beat it."

He led Jero down the passage and took a sharp turn a few yards more and they clambered thru a crevice in the face of the cliff on the side next to the wharf. Without hesitation Andy dived straight for the river and Jero followed.

It was a forty-foot plunge but the water in the slip was deep. They came up under the wharf just as a blast shook the cliff and the tumbling rocks echoed from both shores. Rocks fell all around the wharf, some even broke thru the planks, but the boys were unharmed.

Jero took the evidence he had found in his pocket and sent it on to his chief who complimented him.

Borgstine's body was found on top of the cliff in the wreckage of the engine house. The blast had gone off beneath him. Easton has not been troubled by Red propa-

gandists since Borgstine's body was found and the people learned that Paulritch Savotsky was buried in the ruins of River Cave.

Freel Welshans, '21.





Reply to Forty Years Ago

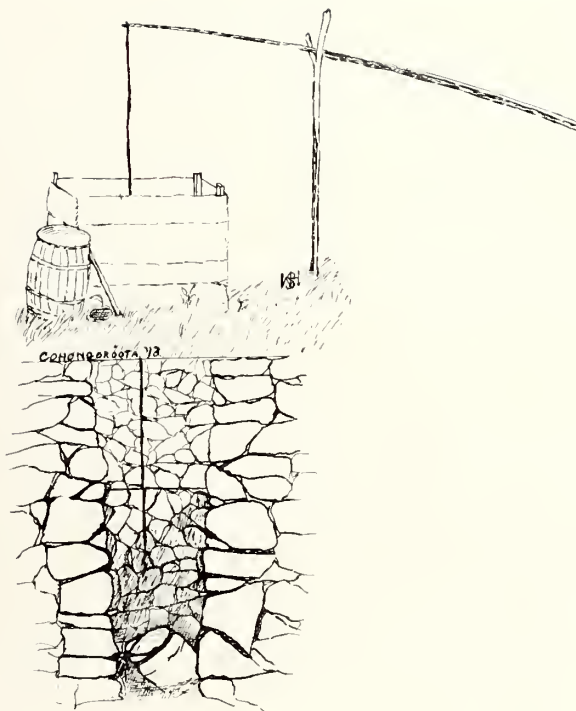
I'm glad, again to see you, Bill,
Much good I'm sure 'twill do
For me to gaze into the face
Of one so tried and true;
But Bill, my heart's with sorrow stirred,
My eyes are dimmed with tears
To hear you speak of old schooldays
And the change of forty years.

It's been a long, long time, Bill,
Since we gathered there to play
Where other boys are sporting now—
Can their spirits be as gay?
But it's all so very vivid, Bill,
It seems to me as though
It could have been but yesterday,
Not forty years ago.

The master's voice I still can hear,
I can see him standing tall
Just as he stood and read to us
Of "Pictures on Memory's Wall."
But Bill, how little I knew then
What memory's pictures are,
That at that time I was hanging one
No change of time can mar.

And the village, Bill, in which we lived,
No doubt it's changed some too,
And houses, like the desks at school,
Have been replaced with new.
Oh, Bill! I loved that village so
And our playmates now above;
Though Father Time can change most things
He cannot kill my love.

For Bill, the saddest thought of all
Is of my sweetheart dear,
Whose name you cut upon that elm
In letters large and clear.
Her name, dear Bill, is sacred yet
I think of her each day,
Though that sweet smiling face of hers
Is hidden 'neath the clay.

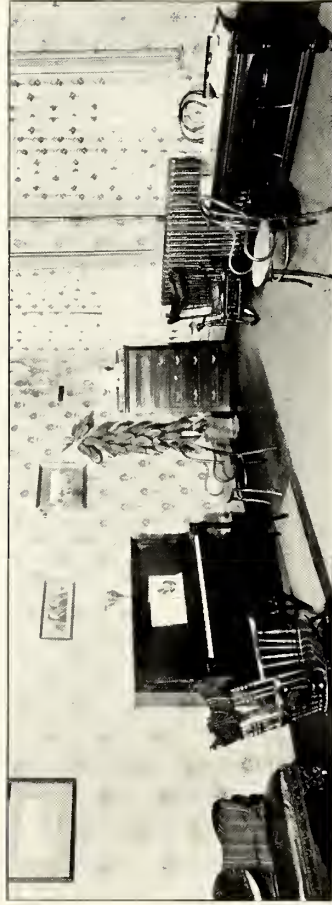


But Bill, this life is just a school
Where we prepare for life beyond;
Our Bible tells about that home
Where our loved ones have gone,
And dear old Bill, when we are done
With all this life so strange,
I hope we'll meet our friends again
Where time can make no change.

Allen Wilkins, '21.



COLLEGE BUILDINGS



MUSIC STUDIO

Independence Hall

"Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.," read Trux. "What in thunder does that mean?" As he turned over the mud stained book he had just found on the pavement, he noticed the title, "Not Like Other Girls," and just below this "Carey" appeared as the name of the author. Prob'ly some old book some one wanted to scribble in. "It will do for the junk man," he thought as he gathered it up with his school books, and went whistling home with them under his arm.

Truxton Grant lived in the quiet little town of Webton with his mother. There were many girls in Webton, and it becomes necessary to explain that Truxton Grant was very popular among them. His mother was a wealthy widow; Truxton had a big car; Truxton was very good looking and attractive; three perfectly good reasons for his popularity. When it became known that he was to go to school in Philadelphia, and live with his aunt, the pained expression upon the faces of the town girls was pitiful to behold.

But their sorrowful countenances, and their earnest requests that he remain in Webton did not worry Trux. No indeed! How much was he bothered about the girls? Very little. O yes, it was all right for them to like him. Yes indeed! But then girls disgusted him. They were so dressy and fixy and powdery, and they never were satisfied unless they had two or three fellows apiece. And they were so blamed affectionate. Why couldn't they leave a fellow alone? Well, he guessed they'd have to leave him alone when he got to Philadelphia; and he sighed breaths of relief when he thot of it.

Everything was different in Philadelphia. No one was interested in Trux but his aunt, and the boys and girls in his school were very cold in their attitude toward him. At first he did not notice their coolness but he later found it unpleasant to have such indifferent people around.

Trux studied hard, and spent his spare time on the skating rink that winter, so he did not mind, although he was practically ignored by his schoolmates.

One afternoon after school was over Trux took his skates and went skating. It was disagreeably cold, and he had just decided to leave when he heard some one call for help. He turned and skated to a girl whom he recognized as one of the students in his school. She was sitting on the ice moaning. Just then two of her girl friends arrived. "Why, Independence! Are you actually calling on some one for help? You poor child. What has happened?"

"Only a bumped head, an aching wrist and a sprained ankle, I believe. There is my skate over there."

Trux brought her the skate, and was first to offer to assist her in getting home.

"No, thank you, Jane and Helen will help me home," said the pale girl primly, in answer to his suggestion, as she placed herself between her two chums and limped away.

"Independence is right" muttered Trux. "Just as you say, dear little lady!" (This under his breath.) "She'll wish she had somebody else to help her before she gets home, I'll bet."

Trux went home, wondering, just wondering. And it was all about the pretty girl who had sprained her ankle. Yet he didn't like any girl—no indeed.

To his surprise, the next day at school he encountered Miss Independence! Trux thought it nice to be independent and not notice aches and pains. He decided to ask Miss Independence about the ankle, but when she passed him and answered his smile with a curt "Good Morning" he could not say a thing.

He turned and called to her, "Won't you let me carry your books for you Miss—"

"Hall,—No, thank you, I have a very little distance to go, so I can get home all right."

"As you say, Miss Hall," he smiled and tipped his cap and left her.

"Independence Hall!" Some name! It even sounded familiar. Well, Miss Hall was a thousand times more inter-

esting than the historical "Independence Hall"—He was disgusted with this Independence, though he failed to remember that he had seen the same name in the book he had found at home.

On Sunday his aunt asked him to accompany her on a call to a friend's home. Trux agreed to go. Soon he found himself in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hall. "O baby! Just suppose I should run into Independence Hall! It wouldn't be to go through a historical building, but a case of meeting a girl who is "Not Like Other Girls", he mused, and suddenly he remembered something. What had he done with that old book he had found on the street in Webbtown? It came to him then that the book must belong to Independence Hall. He just bet it did, and he snapped his finger, just as a young lady appeared, and he found himself being introduced to Margaret Hall.

"It's quite a relief to be able to find you once not in the guise of Independence," said Truxton Grant. Then a real conversation started. Truxton told Margaret all about the book he had found in Webbtown. Then Margaret talked

She had been in Webbtown several years before, but had been unnoticed by that popular young gentleman Truxton Grant, because she was considered a "baby." Margaret had resented this and had disliked Trux for his conceit. When she recognized him in Philadelphia, she still disliked him, and treated him accordingly. She also influenced her

girl friends, causing them to treat him coldly. "But they do like you, now, honestly," she said.

"But what about your book?"

"Oh—I had it at Nettie's that time, but I don't know how it got on the street."

"Well, we'll not worry about that," advised Trux, so they didn't.

"The people here are so different from the people I've always known," he said. "They are very cold but then I'm becoming accustomed to them and like the coldness better than too much affection and patting."

"It's the climate anyway," observed Margaret.

"I wish people had allowed me to name you Independence," said Trux, "because no one knows of your independence so well as I do."

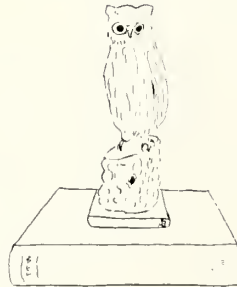
"Now don't become conceited, because I was independent before I saw you, and everybody knows it, so there!"

"Well" remarked Trux, "You are certainly "Not Like Other Girls", and they both laughed.

The forgotten book by Carey had not been sold to the junk man, so the next time Trux went home he secured it, and brought it back to Philadelphia with him. But he never gave it to Margaret Hall.

I wonder why?

Louise Kable, '21.



My State

To the people of our country
Who for scenery have a thirst,
I'm going to give you this advice,
"Visit West Virginia first."

Our lofty hills are beautiful,
And rocks and trees abound.
It lifts all burdens from the heart
To tread upon such ground.

I know you'll love our mountains grand,
And your heart be filled with thrills,
As you gambol through our forests old
And trample o'er our hills.

I know you'll be delighted, too,
At the clearness of the sky,
And that rapture rare will fill your hearts
As birds go warbling by.

Trees and flowers, we also have,
And fields of golden grain,
And many things as beautiful
That I haven't time to name.

And our girls are neat and pretty, too,
And not wrapped up in style;
If you will come to visit them,
They'll greet you with a smile.

And you who live in our own state,
And have desired to roam,
Should first become acquainted
With the things you have at home!

For when you visit other states,
They'll learn from where you hike,
And be inquisitive to know
What West Virginia's like.

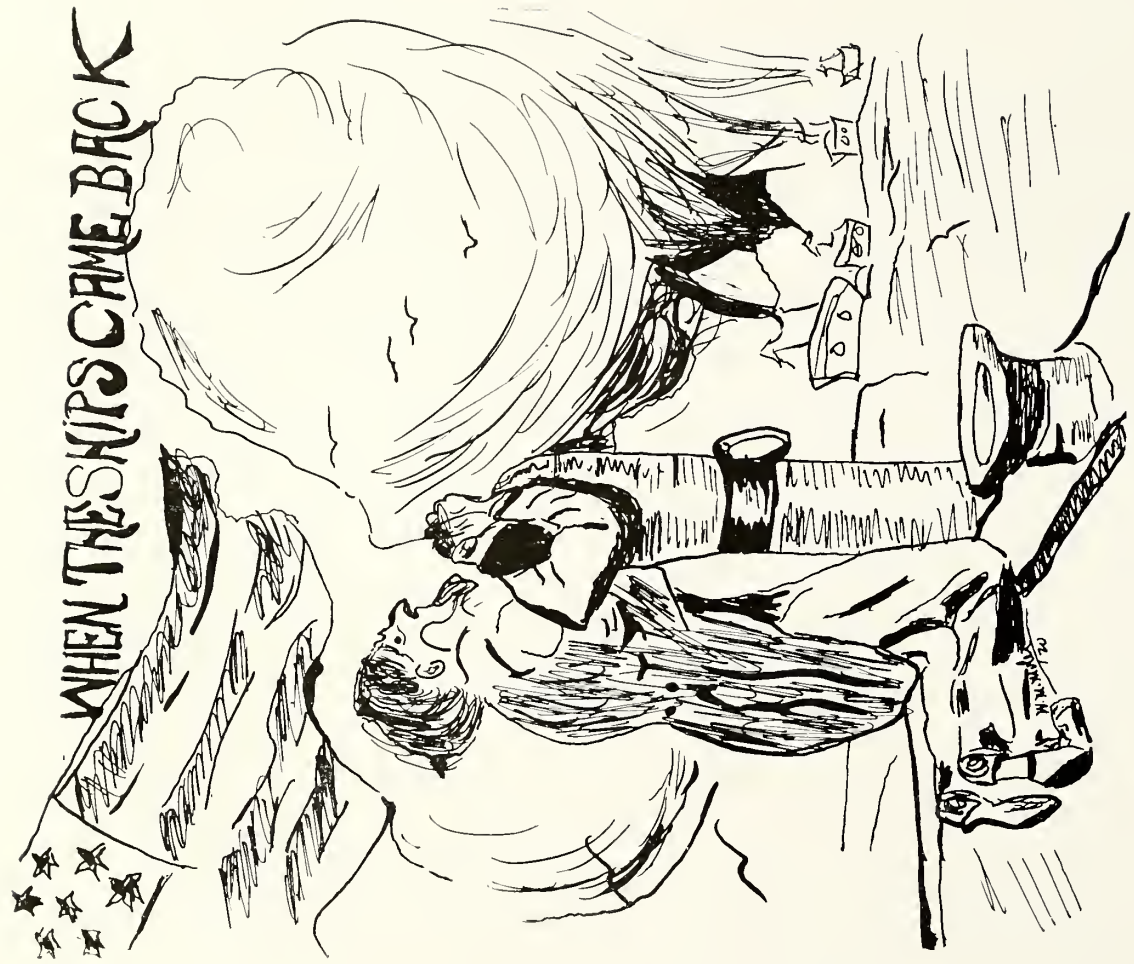
You must then be up and doing,
Yes, let all get in line,
And make our state as popular
As the Germans made the Rhine.



C. D. B.

I know that there are other states
Where the song of freedom trills,
But none of them is home for me
Like the West Virginia Hills.

Allen Wilkins, '21.



WHEN THE SHIPS CAME BACK

Shepherd College During the War

Always giving response to the many calls made upon her, always entering with enthusiasm into any proposition for community and national betterment, Shepherd College did not hesitate when the call came for men, money, and patriotic spirit during the late World War. It was the first real opportunity for alumni, faculty and students to render immediate service in time of war, and there was no lack of spirit or workers.

In 1917, when the slogan for our state was, "Help West Virginia Feed Herself," a considerable number of Shepherd College students left school to obey the call and went to work on the farm. Many students were responsible for the canning and conserving carried on in the various homes during the war period. During conservation week our domestic science girls canvassed the towns in order to enlist the co-operation of every housewife by asking her to sign the pledge card. The Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts of Shepherdstown, with Shepherd College students as the prime movers, took an active part in the conservation movement. Never before were so many gardens planted or so many good crops raised, as a result of their efforts. Miss Cowsill, the home economics teacher, interested the women of the community in food conservation through her extension work. A Junior Red Cross Society was organized in our school and many of the students joined the Senior Red Cross as well. The home economics room of the College was given over to the people of Shepherdstown and many girls of Shepherd College labored untiringly to relieve the sufferings of men in the service by the making of bandages and knitted garments and also to make happier the children in those war stricken countries across the sea by making refugee garments.

Even before the United States declared war, Shepherd College had contributed several times to the Belgian Relief Fund, and to the Armenian Relief Work. From time to

time Mr. Miller sent off sums of money collected through his five-cent proposition, whereby any student contributing five cents was assured that a testament would be delivered to a soldier. When the American Bible Society had its regular meeting in 1917, many subscribed sums in order that the new National Army boys might receive testaments. A collection was taken up in chapel one morning for the benefit of a library fund for the training camps and \$11.05 was realized. S. C. went over the top in the Y. M. C. A. campaign, for which the school pledged \$500. One morning in chapel Mr. Miller started the ball rolling by subscribing \$100, after which the other members of the faculty and many of the students pledged sums both large and small, and when the ball stopped rolling it was found that it had gathered \$750. The school took a prominent place in the Liberty Loans, and Thrift and War Saving Stamp drives, with faculty and students generously subscribing. The Boy Scouts, led by Mr. W. M. Duke, canvassed the town and the surrounding country in order to secure subscribers.

During the war prominent speakers delivered addresses in chapel on subjects vital to our nation. Under the leadership of Mr. Muldoon the students learned to sing many of the war songs, while Mr. Miller taught them how to stand at attention and salute the flag.

Shepherd College sent forth 210 soldiers to serve their country, thirteen of whom died gloriously. A service flag was put up in honor of these lads during the war. The class of 1918 is planning to erect in their honor a bronze tablet which will in the future stand as a tribute to their memory.

Shepherd College during the war stood then as she has stood at all times, for everything that is noble, and for the enlightenment of community and nation.

Helen Little, '20.



FORMER STUDENTS IN THE SERVICE

ATHLETICS

Shepherd College Athletic Association

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

<i>President</i>	Newton McKee
<i>Senior Representative and Vice-President</i>	J. Wintermoyer Folk
<i>Junior Representative and Secretary</i>	Lonise M. Kable
<i>Sophomore Representative</i>	Samuel J. Donley
<i>Freshman Representative and Reporter</i>	Floyd Flickinger
<i>Treasurer (Faculty)</i>	Paul R. Morrow
<i>Faculty Manager</i>	A. D. Kenamond

All students are members of this association.



ATHLETIC BOARD

Shepherd College had the most successful basket ball season this year that it has had for many a year. Out of fifteen games scheduled by Manager Harper, our team succeeded in winning nine. Owing to the hard work of the coach and to the faithful practice of the players, Shepherd College had the fastest team in the Shenandoah Valley.

The first game of the season was played at St. James, Md. The floor of the gymnasium was slippery from the rain that blew in at the open windows, and when our boys got on the floor they could hardly stand up. At the end of the first half the score was 33 to 4, but the Shepherd College team turned the trick the last half by taking off their shoes and playing in their stocking feet. McKee made eight spectacular shots during the last half from different corners of the floor. The last one made the score 35 to 37 with only two minutes yet to play. Just at this time McKee was slightly injured, and Waddy was put in at his place. Waddy scored a goal the last two minutes, and thus tied the score. An extra five minutes was played the result of which was a score of 46 for Shepherd and 39 for St. James.

On January 21, our boys started on a tour through the western part of Maryland and northern West Virginia, playing Allegheny High at Cumberland, Md., Grafton and Shinnston High, Fairmont State Normal, and Keyser Preparatory School. Out of the five games played Shepherd College won three, and on its return the students gave the team a hearty welcome, for never in the history of the school had a team come back with such a record.

The team went on a two-day's trip to Pennsylvania on the 26 and 27 of February, playing Chambersburg High and Pennsylvania State Foresters at Mont Alto.

Out of the fifteen games scheduled, only six were played on our home floor, and S. C. won five out of the six, thus showing the students and people of the town their "pep" and speed. One of the six games needs special mention and that was the one with our old rival, Martinsburg. After Martinsburg had defeated Shepherd College on its own floor it came to the Shepherd College floor with the intention of carrying back the palm of victory. Between thirty and forty rooters were brought to see the victory.

BASKET BALL



But our boys outclassed them from the start. Moler and Davis made the Martinsburg guards appear foolish by making eleven field goals each. Besides this, each of the other players scored several points.

Boys' Basket Ball Team

<i>Manager</i>	Charles P. Harper
<i>Coach</i> ..	William B. Snyder
<i>Captain</i>	Wallace McClure Moler
<i>Right Forward</i>	Richard Davis
<i>Left Forward</i>	McClure Moler
<i>Center</i>	Lewis Show
<i>Right Guard</i>	Stanley Fulton
<i>Left Guard</i>	Thomas Reed

	S. C. Opps.		Games Played	Points	
Dec. 12, St. James, at St. James, Md.....	46	39	Richard Davis	15	124
Jan. 16, Martinsburg High at Martinsburg, W. Va.	19	26	McClure Moler	13	205
Jan. 17, Randolph Macon Academy at Shepherd College	35	16	Lewis Show	12	30
Jan. 21, Allegheny High at Cumberland Md.....	17	15	Stanley Fulton	13	6
Jan. 22, Grafton High at Grafton, W. Va.....	28	51	Thomas Reed	15	18
Jan. 23, Shimston High at Shimston, W. Va....	36	29	Edward Johnson	7	2
Jan. 24, Fairmont State Normal at Fairmont, W.Va	22	46	Newton McKee	4	33
Jan. 26, Keyser Preparatory School at Keyser....	24	17	Knode, Lowe, Waddy and Folk are responsible for		16
Jan. 31, Penn. State Foresters at Shepherd College	17	24			
Feb. 7, Chambersburg High at Shepherd College..	23	17			-----
February 22, Martinsburg High at Shepherd Col.	53	23			434
Feb. 26, Chambersburg High at Chambersburg, Pa.	25	31			
Feb. 27, Penn. State Foresters, at Mont Alto, Pa..	20	56			
Mar. 4, Keyser Prep. School at Shepherd College.	33	25			
Mar. 27, St. James at Shepherd College.....	36	18			
	-----	-----			
	434	433			



Girls' Basket Ball Team

Manager Margaret Maddex
Coach William B. Snyder
Captain Sarah Huyett
Right Forward Sula DeHaven
Left Forward Sarah Huyett
Center Ruth Clipp
Right Guard Louise Kable
Left Guard Gladys Feagans
Substitutes..... Ropp, Sperow, Denison, and Boswell

Owing to the influenza the girls were able to play only one game, losing it by the narrow margin of 11 to 12





Freshmen Basket Ball Team



Left to right, back row—F. Flickinger, R. G.; A. Rider, Sub.; H. Maddex, L. G.
Left to right, front row—K. Knole, R. F.; L. Robinson, Center; L. Waddy, L.F.

BASE BALL



The Baseball Team of 1919 was the most successful team ever organized in Shepherd College, winning eight out of the eight games played. There are only three of last year's players back this year, but the manager and captain are looking forward to a fast team. In the first game of the season, on April 10, 1920, Martinsburg High School was defeated by the score, 10-4.

SCHEDULE FOR 1920

April 10, Martinsburg High at Shepherd College.
 April 14, Washington County High at Hagerstown, Md.
 April 19, Shenandoah Valley Academy at Winchester, Va.
 April 28, Washington County High at Shepherd College.
 May 1, Martinsburg High at Martinsburg, W. Va.
 May 8, St. James at St. James, Md.
 May 15, Open
 May 22, Shenandoah Valley Academy at Shepherd College.
 May 28, Open.
 June 9, St. James at Shepherd College.

THE TEAM

<i>Manager</i>	Thomas Reed
<i>Captain</i>	Newton McKee
<i>Catcher</i>	Lowe
<i>Pitcher</i>	Ludwig
<i>First Base</i>	Show
<i>Second Base</i>	Davis
<i>Third Base</i>	McKee
<i>Short Stop</i>	Moler
<i>Left Field</i>	Crowl
<i>Center Field</i>	Folk
<i>Right Field</i>	Reed
<i>Substitutes</i>	S. James, Rider

Team of 1919



First Row—N. B. McKee, Ludwig, P. Shobe, and Crowl
Second Row—K. McKee (Cap.), H. Shobe, Bell, Reed, Moler, and A. D. Ken-
mond (Manager).



MILLER HALL

JOKES



Mr. Kenamond in Chemistry—"We will now discuss Sal Ammoniac."

Ruth Myers—"Is she from Hardy County too?"

Henderson, talking in his sleep—"More land! More land."

"Buddy" Folk, overhearing him—"All right, if we're at sea, we'll soon be near a "Peer."

Heard from Mrs. Groves' window on Sunday night, as if someone were talking in his sleep.—"Georgia! O Georgia! Don't leave me for him."

Tom Reed, after Senior reception—"Miss Maddex, may I see you home tonight?"

Miss Maddex—"Certainly, I'll send you a picture of it."

"Peggy", noticing an M embroidered on Miss Mackenzie's bureau scarf, "You believe in preparedness, don't you Hilda?"

Margaret Ropp—"Wake up, Denny! and look at the sunset before the sun gets all the way up."

Hilda Mackenzie, eating rasin pie at dinner—"Are these potato bugs, Mrs. Myers?"

Mr. Harper—"How long can a person live without brains, Miss Turner?"

Miss Turner—"I don't know. How old are you?"

Mr. Muldoon in agriculture—"What part of a cow is called the twist, Miss Eversole?"

Miss Eversole—"The tail."

Miss Mackenzie—"Are those green things onions?"

Mr. Muldoon—"No, they're hyacinths."

Miss Beavers—"Do you have many chickens in Upper Track, Mr. Harper?"

Mr. Harper—"Yes indeed, I spend all my time while home, gathering eggs."

Tall young man in short trousers—"Raggie, may I call tonight?"

Raggie—"If your mother will let you."

Miss Lipscomb—"I'm going to Berea College next year."

Privately—"Mr. Wolford is there."

In the "Dorm" parlor—Miss Peer, "Hilda, play "Bud-die," and then play "Mic key."

Mr. Muldoon—"If you were old and had no support, what would you do?"

Miss Beavers—"Get married."

Sun, eve.—Ringing of door bell.

Miss Little—"O! is that Scott?"

Miss Beavers—"Do you believe in divorces?"

Mr. Fulton—"Really, I don't know. I've never been married."

Miss DeHaven, canvassing for subscriptions to the Co-hongoroota—"These books are worth \$2.00."

Gentleman—"Why so?"

Miss D.—"Well, they have my picture in them."

Bright Junior—"Aren't those carcasses (crocsuses) beautiful?"

We mustn't slight the Ford, so we'll mention it and pass on.

Hazel Martin, to a visitor at dimer—"Will you have tea or coffee?"

Visitor—"I really don't care which."

Hazel—"Then shall I mix them?"

Question—Why is a young lady after a dance like a bundle of arrows?

Answer—If she doesn't have a bean (bow) she is all in a quiver till she gets one.

A dealer in electric wares hangs out this sign: "Don't kill your wife with hard work. Let our washing machine do the dirty work."

Question—What is heredity?

Answer—Something a father believes in until his son begins acting like a darn fool.

Why is a dead parrot like one geometrical figure?

Because it's a polygon (polly gone).

What is a cootie called in Russia? Iyeuanitch.

Professor—"What is a football game?"

McKee—"It's a game requiring many men, a doctor and an undertaker."

What is a bachelor? A man that thinks twice and don't jump.

Hilda—"What kind of fruit do you like?"

McClure—"A date with a peach."

Miss Landes—"Do you like codfish balls?"

Oleta Arnold—"I don't know, I never attended any."

Miss Landes in Home Economics—"You can purchase silk worm eggs."

Marguerite—"By the dozen, Miss Landes?"

Maggie Maddex—"Well, how much are they a dozen?"

Dick Davis to Owen's Clerk—"How much whiting do you get for five cents?"

Clerk—"I don't know."

Dick—"Well, give me a nickel's worth."

Esther Hite—"How can you tell the difference between mushrooms and toadstools?"

Miss Landes—"Eat them and if they don't kill you, they're mushrooms."

Miss Phelps coming down the street before the basket ball game—"Is Mr. Harper or any of the other girls over at school?"

Mr. Miller—"What is appendicitis?"

Miss Little—"It's a new fashionable disease costing \$100."

PROVERBS

People who live in ice houses should not throw hot water.

When you get in deep water keep your mouth shut.

It's a wise man that carries an umbrella when the sun shines.

Never try to manieure your finger nails with a buzz saw.

Why go to church when a rubber heel will save your sole (soul)?

To study astronomy insures a way to heaven.



SHEPHERD COLLEGE DAILY TIMES

SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.

JUNE 10, 1920



WANTED

A keeper. Anyone wishing position call at my office before 7.30 P. M.—“Monkey” Moler.

A person with remarkable detective abilities to discover where Newton McKee hides the handkerchiefs, pencils, etc., that he swipes. A reward of 5 dollars in silver or gold will be given.

Pupils to be instructed in the rudiments of dancing. Apply to Marguerite Beavers. For references see Mrs. Myers. Office hours 6 to 8 P. M. Three dollars per lesson.

A Dodge Coupe—Apply Louise Kable.

Girls Wanted—Apply at once to James Johnson.

LOST AND FOUND

Lost—A brown hat with dent in crown. Finder please return at once to Newton McKee or take results.

Lost—One pair of silver rimmed glasses. Finder please return to Mr. Chas. P. Harper.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—One slightly worn copy of Cesar “pony.” When person has finished please return to Winters Folk.

Lost—Small black hand bag containing some change in silver also (pkg.) heart wafers. Finder please return at once to Miss Irene Didawick at the Dormitory.

Our Chemistry Class

CLASS SONG

LET'S INDULGE

I

A drop of Bichloride of Mercuree
From earthly cares will set you free,
So—Let's indulge!

CHORUS

Glory, glory Hallelujah!
Glory, glory Hallelujah!!
Glory, glory Hallelujah!!!
Let's indulge!

II

They used to put "kick" in Bevo,
They used to "bottle in bond,"
But our good old friend, John Barleycorn,
Has gone to the land beyond,
So—Let's indulge!

III

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men,—
Even Mr. "Kenamen."
So—Let's indulge!

OFFICERS

<i>Chairman</i>	Georgia
<i>Bluffer</i>	Louise
<i>Angel</i>	Ruth
<i>Paragon</i>	Jimmie
<i>Moukey</i>	Cleeter
<i>Lady</i>	Freel
<i>Reverend</i>	Wilkins
<i>Skipper</i>	Hilda
<i>Innocence</i>	Alice
<i>Ourlie</i>	Tom
<i>Way, the Chi, j.</i>	Winters
<i>Court Plaster</i>	Power

Motto—Big talk, little knowledge

Flower—Flowers of Sulfur

Color—Bleached

YELL

Yell! Yell!! We have no yell!!!

But Hydrogen Sulfide smells like—

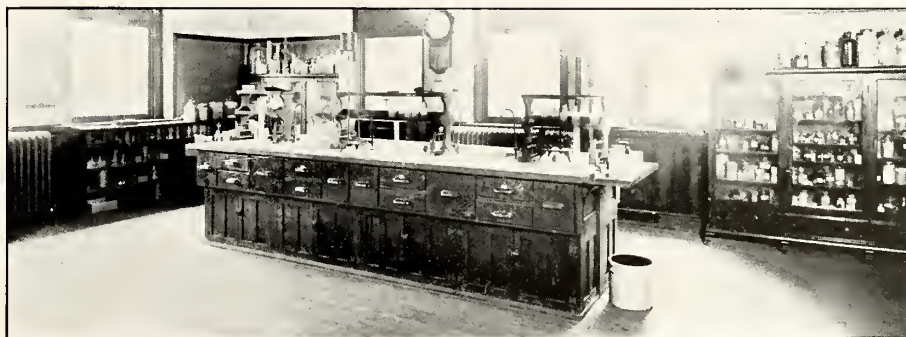
WELL!!!!

Mascot—Am Hydride

Emblem—Crooks Tube

Class Stone—Tombstone

By Word— HCl_2





SONG HITS AT SHEPHERD COLLEGE

Mickey	Leoua Garman
I Ain't Had no Lovin' for a Long, Long Time, Irene Didawick	
Buddie	Marie Peer
In the Good Old Summer Time.....	Winters Folk
Jazz Baby.....	Margaret Ropp
Chong	Louise Kable
Let the Lower Lights be Burning.....	Hilda Maekouzie
O Dickey Boy (Irish Air).....	Katherine Freese
I'm a Longin' for You.....	Ruth Myers
In Kithing Time.....	Ray Power
Kipling's Recessional.....	Chas. Harper
I'm Sorry I Made You Cry.....	Newton McKee
If WE Can't be the Same Old Sweethearts, We'll be the	
Same Old Friends.....	Bess Koim
Good Night, Good Night, Beloved.....	Margaret Maddex
I Know What it Means to be Lonesome, Katherine Boswell	
Dear Old Pal of Mine.....	Ella Scanlon
My Wild Irish Rose.....	Allen Wilkins
It's a Long, Long Way to Needmore, But I'll Get there	
.....	Thomas Reed
Battle Hymn of the Republic.....	Mr. Minkdoo
Don't Believe all You Hear in the Moonlight.....	
.....	Marguerite Beavers
You Can't Get Lovin' Where There Ain't Any Love	
.....	Sula DeHaven

Can You Imagine?

Mr. Miller being ignorant on any subject?
Mr. Morrow going to sleep in church?
Mrs. Gardner walking a tight rope?
Miss Laudes eating peas with a knife?
Miss Turner not following the styles?
Miss Ireland not being artistic?
Miss Williams not always being a dear?
Miss Freese wearing a diamond solitaire?
Mr. Muldoon being sarcastic?
Mrs. Gibson in a bad humor?
Hilda Mackenzie not liking tame animals?
Ruth Myers growing a few inches?
Margaret Ropp taking a beauty tonic?
Sula DeHaven wasting sleep over anything or anybody?
Gertrude Denison not being engaged to some individual?
Marguerite Beavers talking or walking slowly?
Mabel Thompson returning at 7 P. M.
Grace Harrell not knowing a lesson?
Irene Didawick worrying over a lost McKee?
Bess Henkle not speaking of John Unger?
Mae Eversole not being dignified?
Sarah Huyett and Jimmie at the movies?
Stanley Fulton not raving over orchards?
Esther Hite as a suffragist?
Ray Power with his head shaved?
Newton McKee going to sleep while calling on his
second best?
Gladys Moreland keeping dates?
Bess Keim not knowing something about everything?
Winters Folk as an evangelist?
Kathleen Lipscomb matron of an orphanage?
Lewis Show entertaining the ladies?
Frances Ireland getting any taller?
Marjorie Fearnow walking out Lover's Lane?
Thomas Reed calling at the Maddex mansion?

Charles Harper being a minister?
Monkey Moler in short trousers?
Georgia Phelps not hearing from Hanover?
Ruth Scanlon being a minister's daughter?
Helen Little speaking of the Dred (Scott) case?
Anna Turner not liking Johnson?
Mr. Hawkins being a detective?
Margaret Unger being a psychologist?
Margaret Maddex having heart failure?
Mr. Kenamond being at school on time?
Miss Trotter being humorous?

It's a Mystery to Me—

That Jack Donley doesn't grow up.
How Georgia Phelps can have so many on one string
at one time.
Why Hilda prefers monkeys to baboons.
That Margaret Ropp never tires of speaking about
Jones Spring.
Why Gertrude Denison persists in breaking hearts.
Why Lewis Show isn't married!!!
That Sula DeHaven never tires of talking.
Why Marguerite Beavers becomes so silent on entering
Mr. Morrow's class.
Why Minnie Hendricks persists in shocking Miss Laudes.
Why Grace Harrell eats so little.
As to whom Ray Power takes after for size.
How Kable exists in summer.
Why Winters Folk does not gain in avoidrupois.
How Mr. Miller knows so much.
That Tom and Maggie don't tie up.
How Mrs. Myers catches the miscreants at the Dor-
mitory.
Where Menry Maddex gets his good looks.

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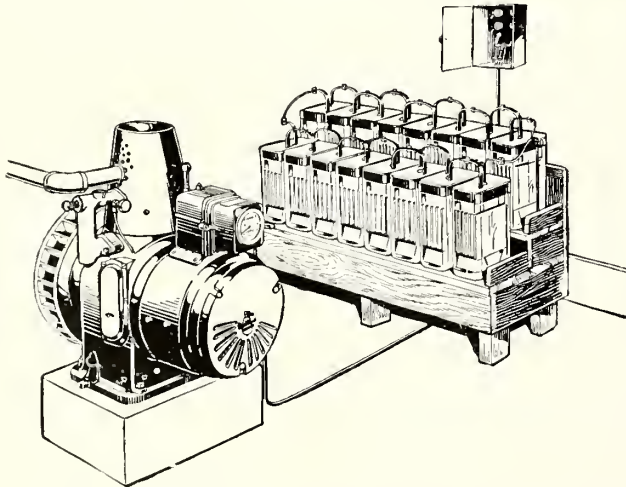
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