

JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class

Motto: B²

Colors

Maroon and Gray

Flower

Red Rose

Officers

President GERTRUDE ROYALL
 Vice-President HELEN HARRIS
 Secretary MARTHA FLETCHER
 Treasurer EDITH SUTER

Members

Sarah Allison	Christiana Berger	
Agnes Baker	Ellaioise Berry	
Ione Bell	Ruth Bowers	
Frances Mackey	Dorothy Brown	2 2 2 2 2
Lucile McLeod	Margaret Burke	2
Frances Meniffee	Ada Burton	2 2 2
Mary Michie	Gertrude Carrier	2
Bessie Millner	Shirley Cooper	2 2 2 2 2
Martha Miller	Nannie Cox	
Mattie Miller	Virginia Edwards	
Sara Moffett	Emily Ellis	
Nellie Myers	Beatrice Eshelman	
Pattie Puller	Susan Farrell	
Mabel Rawls	Janet Farrar	
Idell Reid	Mary Fox	
Alma Reiter	Martha Fletcher	
Audrey Rimmer	Marguerite Garrett	
Gertrude Royall	Effie Garland	
Mary Ruebush	Margaret Gay	
Olivine Runciman	Pearl Gentry	
Mary Sanders	Juliet Gish	
Carrie Sayers	Marjorie Grizzard	
Carrie Scates	Mary Haden	
Mary Settle	Elberta Harris	
Katherine Selby	Helen Harris	
Maude Shapleigh	Mabel Heavener	
Ida Shaffer	Margaret Heflin	
Bonnie Staley	Katherine Henley	
Julia Staples	Mabel Hitt	
Mary Stevens	Louise Holland	
Lillian Still	Lena Humphries	
Anna Ward	Annie Lee Jones	
Janie Werner	Elizabeth Kelley	
Mary Wilson	English Kendrick	
Ottie Wine	Ruth Keys	
Mattie Worster	Bessie Leftwich	
Dorothy Macon		

The Charge of the Junior Class

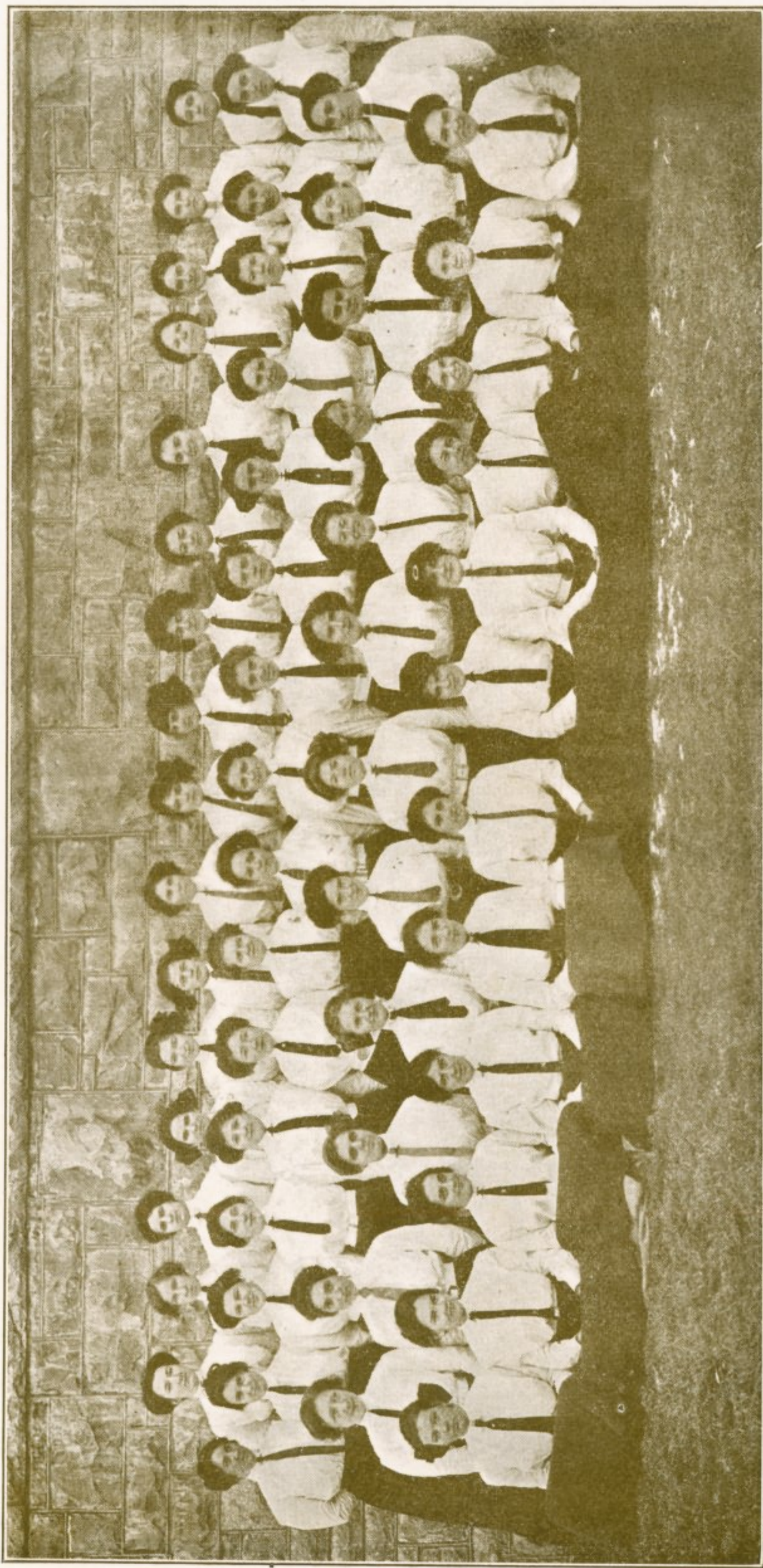
Weary months, weary months,
Weary months forward,
All in the knowledge-path
Struggled the Juniors.
"Forward!" their teacher cried;
To do their best they tried;
All on the knowledge-path
Strove the brave Juniors.

Forward, the Junior class!
Each wildly strove to pass,
Even tho' the teachers knew
Some one had blundered.
Each strove to make reply,
Each strove to reason why—
Theirs but to do and die!
The goal, 100.

Text-books to right of them,
Note-books to left of them,
Teachers in front of them
Volleyed and thundered!
Urged on by every bell,
Nobly they worked, and well.
Some by the wayside fell—
O, how we hate to tell
Of the poor Juniors!

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
Stout-hearted Juniors!
Honor the work they did;
Let all their faults be hid—
High-minded Juniors.





SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class

Colors
GOLD AND WHITE

Flower
DAISY

Motto

"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."

Officers

President
FLORENCE KEEZELL

Secretary
MAPLE DAVIS

Vice-President
SADIE FRISTOE

Treasurer
JOSEPHINE BRADSHAW

Class Roll

Althea Adams	Florence Keezell
Florence Allen	Mary Maloy
Virginia Allen	Susie Maloy
Beulah Anderson	Kathleen Marcum
Nora Armentrout	Leila Marshall
Geneva Babb	Mary Marshall
Corinne Bowman	Mary Martin
Julia Bradford	Effrie Mason
Josephine Bradshaw	Sallie Massie
Margie Bryant	Rosa Maupin
Daisy Buchanan	Carrie McClure
Erma Cline	Mary McDonald
Ruth Coffman	Bertie Lib Miller
Frances Cole	Bertha Nuckolls
Corrie Cox	Pattie Phaup
Irene Daughtrey	Bess Phlegar
Maple Davis	Mary Proctor
Maude Davis	Nina Randolph
Ethel Eley	Mabel Richardson
Bettie Firebaugh	Volina Robertson
Sadie Fristoe	Carrie Rubush
Estelle Gentry	Katie Rudacille
Elizabeth Gilly	Marion Russell
Eleanor Good	Mary Sale
Eunice Gordan	Maude Snead
Cecile Grasty	Mabel Snidow
Kathleen Harless	Ida Via
Carrie Harouff	Lellie Wilkinson
Bernice Hipes	Bessie Willis
Mannie Johnson	Archie Woodzelle
Audrey Jones	Mary Yowell



Toasts

Here's to the Seniors, the veteran band
Who through the long years have managed to "stand,"
Whose hands even now are touching the prize!
We give to the Seniors, so noble and wise,
The best we can give them, the blessed old dears,
Though that is nothing but three rousing cheers!

Here's to the Juniors, who long for next year!
Here's to the Juniors, cheer after cheer!
Here's to the Juniors, so happy and gay—
May they continue thus many a day!
May Senior cares and burdens all
Gently touch both the short and the tall!

Here's to the Freshies above the rest!
Of all the girls we love them best;
They study hard and are always good—
Say they wouldn't be Sophs if they could;
What they are thinking you never can tell—
But run, little Freshies, there goes the bell!

Here's to the girls of the Special Class!
Each is a winsome, charming, lass;
No worries are theirs at the end or the start;
Each simply awaits Dan Cupid's dart.
So here's to the Specials, who want no degree!
May each one get married and happy be!





Freshman Class

Colors

Green and Gold

Flower

Jonquil

Motto

"We shall attain the summit round by round."

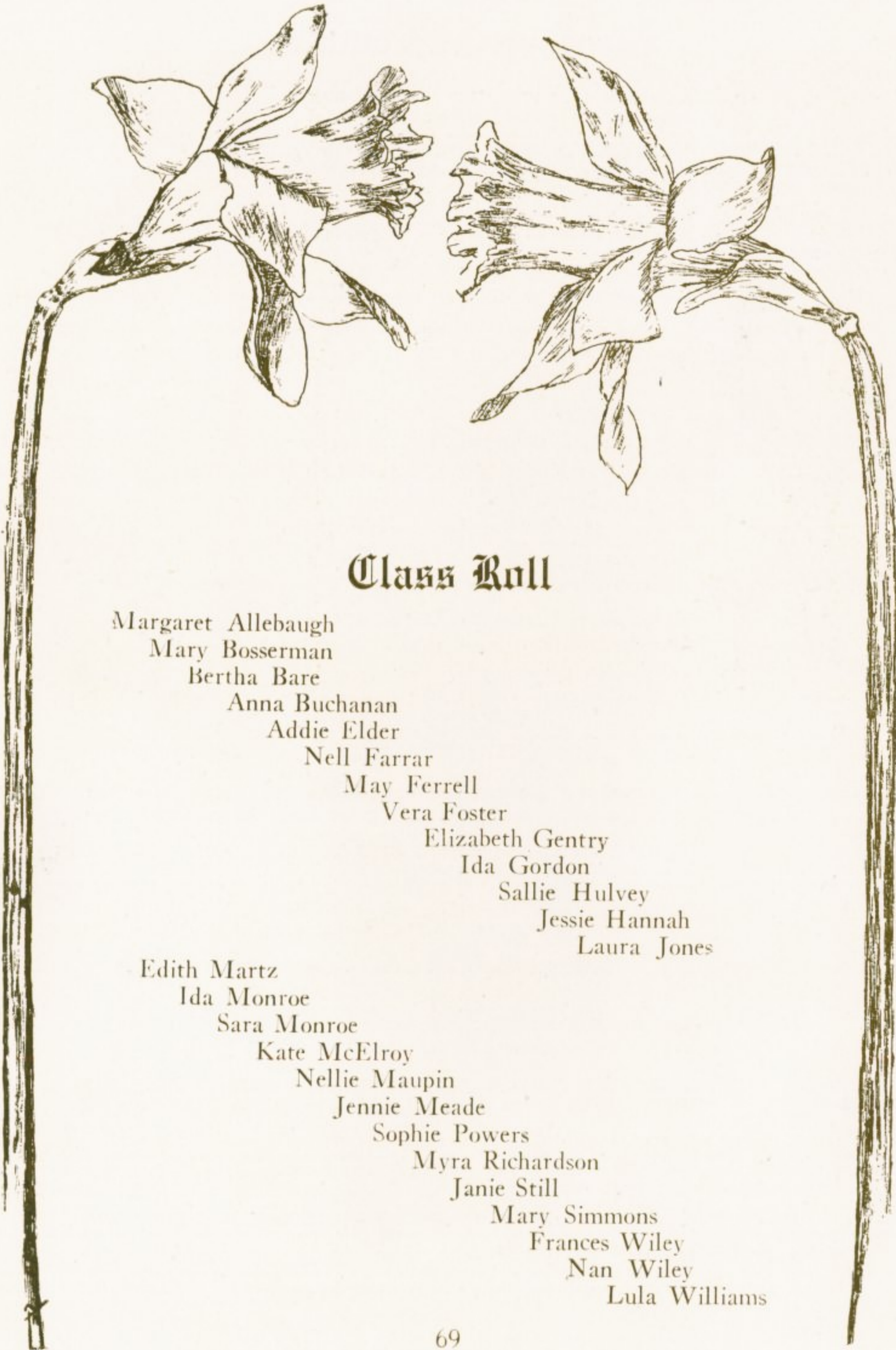
Officers

President, MARY DAVIS

Vice-President, FREIDA JOHNSON

Secretary, FRANCES SELBY

Treasurer, ELIZABETH HEATWOLE



Class Roll

Margaret Allebaugh
Mary Bosserman
Bertha Bare
Anna Buchanan
Addie Elder
Nell Farrar
May Ferrell
Vera Foster
Elizabeth Gentry
Ida Gordon
Sallie Hulvey
Jessie Hannah
Laura Jones

Edith Martz
Ida Monroe
Sara Monroe
Kate McElroy
Nellie Maupin
Jennie Meade
Sophie Powers
Myra Richardson
Janie Still
Mary Simmons
Frances Wiley
Nan Wiley
Lula Williams

We Lisp in Numbers

Here's the budding Freshman Class,
Composed of many a charming lass.

"Frank," who from old Orange came,
For basket-ball goes down to fame.

Gentry and Nan, from Albemar—rel,
Are too good-natured ever to quarrel.



Old Nell is never known to frown,
But seidom fails to go down town.

Let the tests come when they will,
Sophie always writes to Bill.

Jennie's sometimes seen with Nell,
But oftener still with Mr. S—l.

If Ida's lame, or hoarse, imprudent,
She always writes to the "medical student."

And little Sara, bright-eyed girl,
Wishes in vain for hair that'll curl.

May Ferrell, with her quiet ways,
Always works and never plays.

Then comes Freida, the tallest of all—
The first thing she did was to have a bad fall.

Wiley and Still are good in school,
And were never known to break a rule.

Sallie and "Peg" are chummiest chums,—
See one, and there the other comes.

The heart of Anna at present is sore,
Because she didn't get a letter from M—re.

Jessie Hannah and Bertha Bare
Never grumble about the fare.

Simmons and Bosserman are very nice,
And when in class are as quiet as mice.

Ages ago it was sworn by the Fates
That Myra and Laura should be classmates.

Ida and Tacy, Addie and Kate,
Never reach their classes late.

Lula and Elizabeth are very good friends;
Both will be sorry when school-life ends.

Vera Foster, so they say,
Studies Latin night and day.

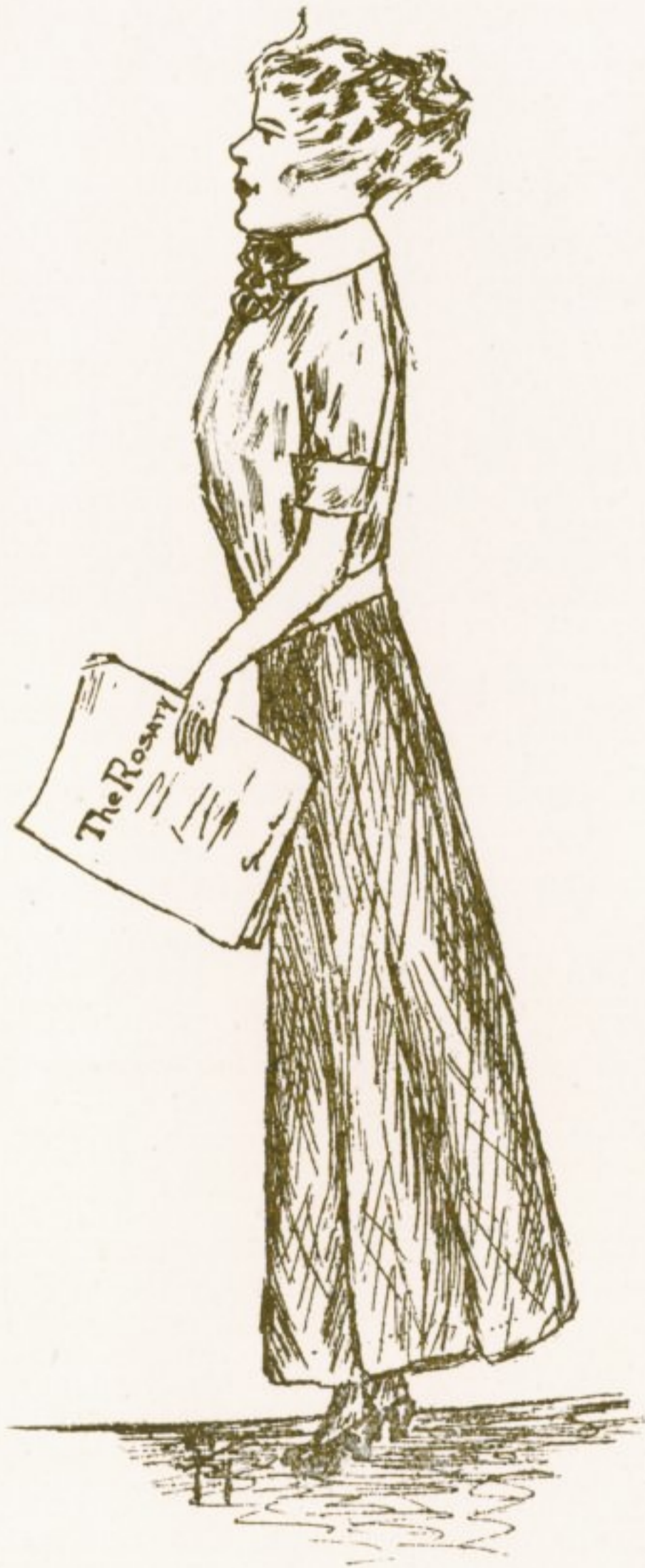
Here's to our president, Mary dear!—
In all our troubles she brings good cheer.

Postscript:

Edith is our little poet,
Who lisps in rhymes but doesn't know it.



Specials —





Special Class

Flower
BLACK-EYED SUSAN

Colors
BLACK AND GOLD

Motto
"Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair."

Officers

LILLIAN LIGHTNER.....	<i>President</i>
MARGARET RANSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
CARMEN SEMONES	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGARET LOGAN	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

Rosa Block	Margaret Logan	Lelia Rutherford
Eva Brahe	Lucy Mackey	Emma Salling
Frances Compton	Mattie Miller	Carmen Semones
Hattie Davenport	Bertie Mundy	Frankie Showalter
Rilla Flory	Mollie Nicol	Lottie Snead
Vada Glick	Jennie Raine	Ethel Sprinkel
Kathleen Harnsberger	Margaret Ranson	Edna Stoutameyer
Lou Jones	Mrs. S. Richardson	Selda Wagner
Lillian Lightner	Isabel Rosson	Jessie Wampler

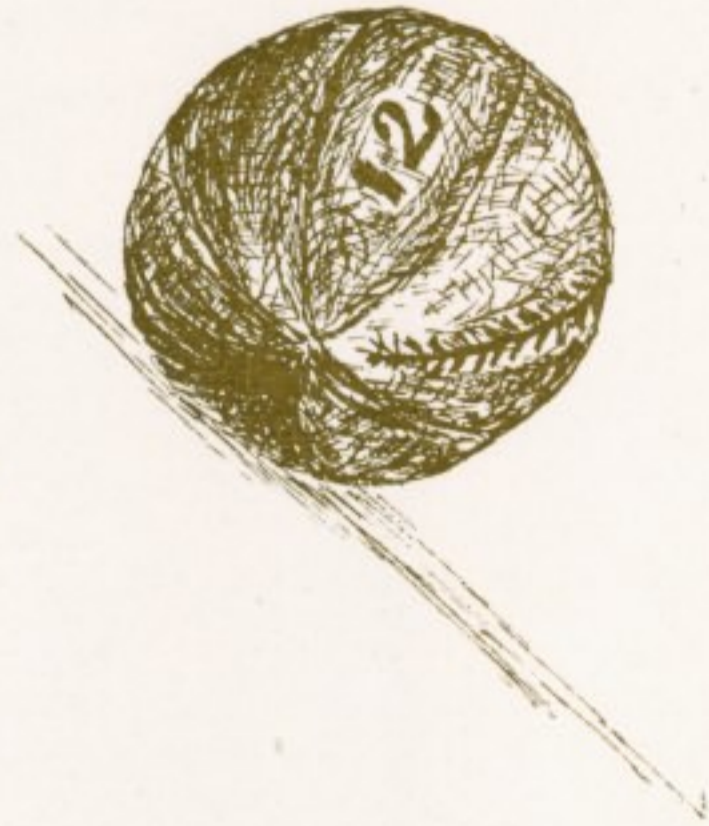
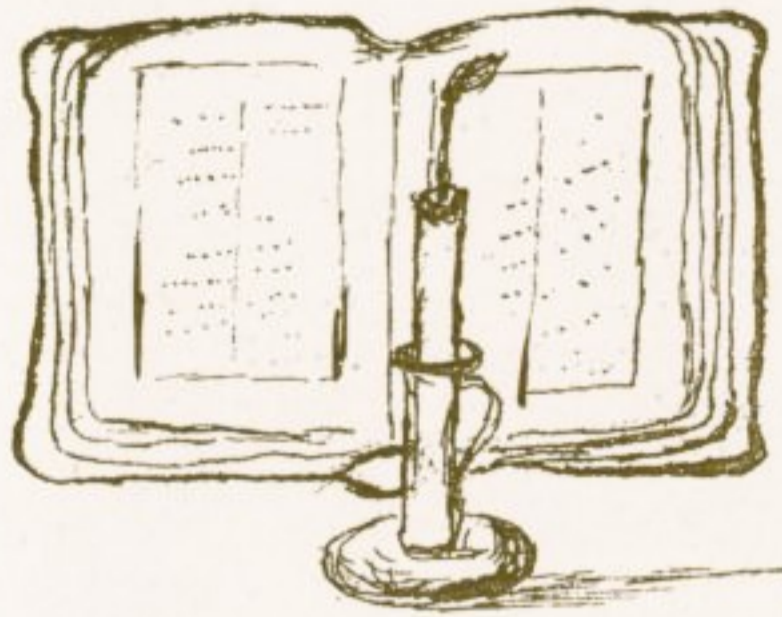
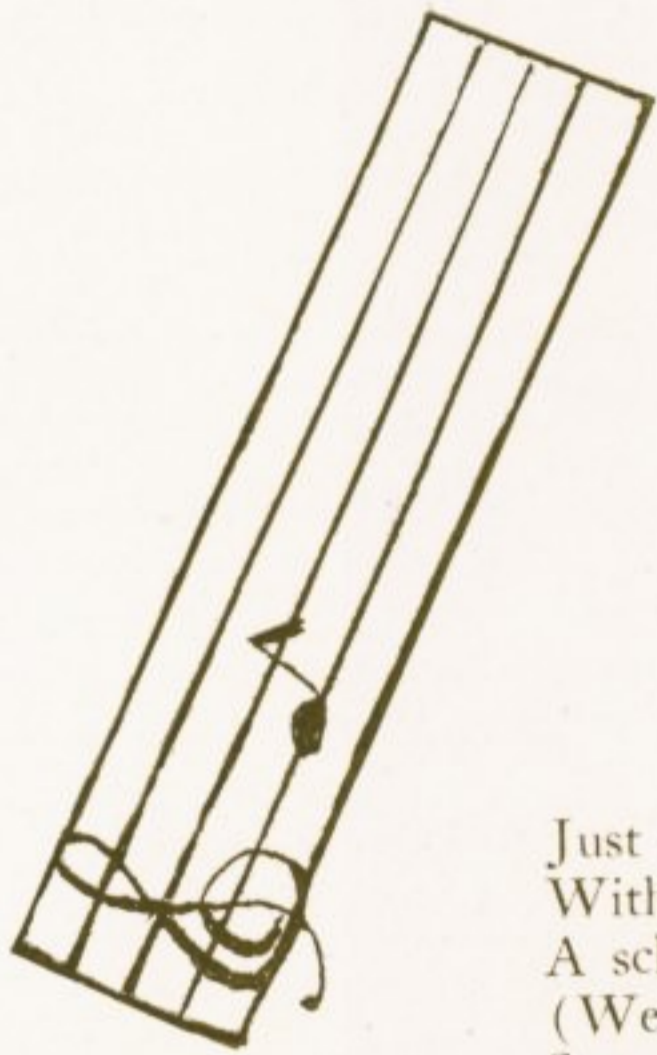


Class Poem

This is our jolly Special Class,
A class both brave and bold;
The Black-eyed Susan is our flower,
Our colors, black and gold.

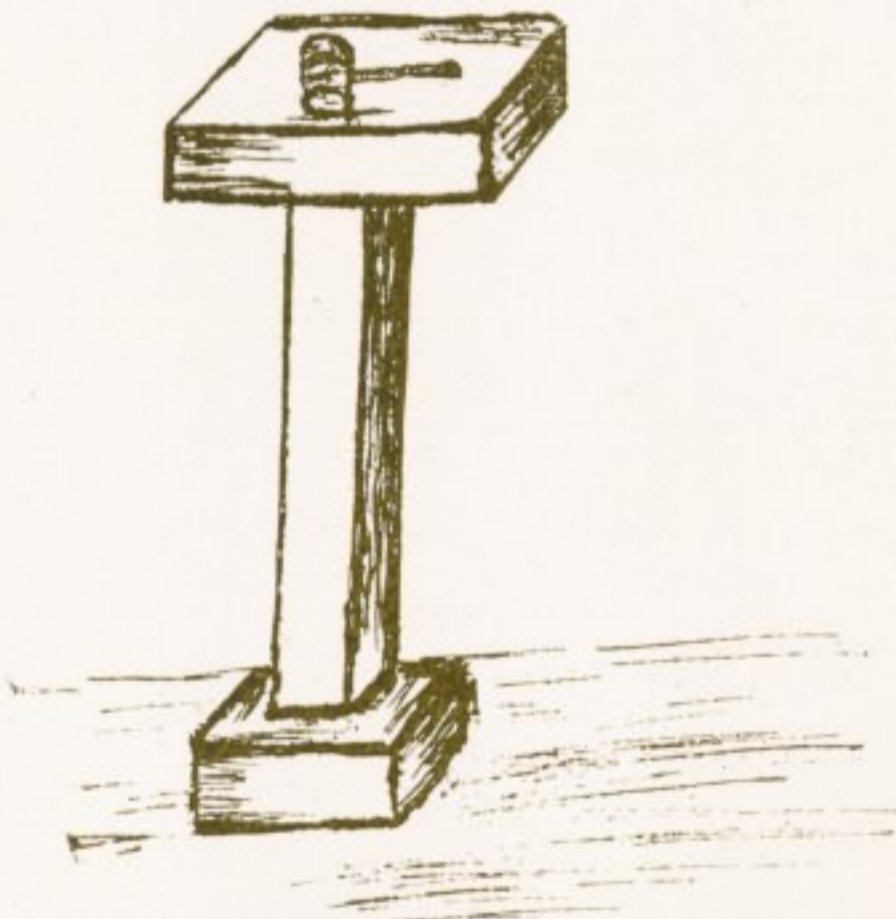
Though Juniors, Seniors, Sophs, there are,
And Freshmen too—oh, many!
It is the dear old Special Class
We love the best of any.

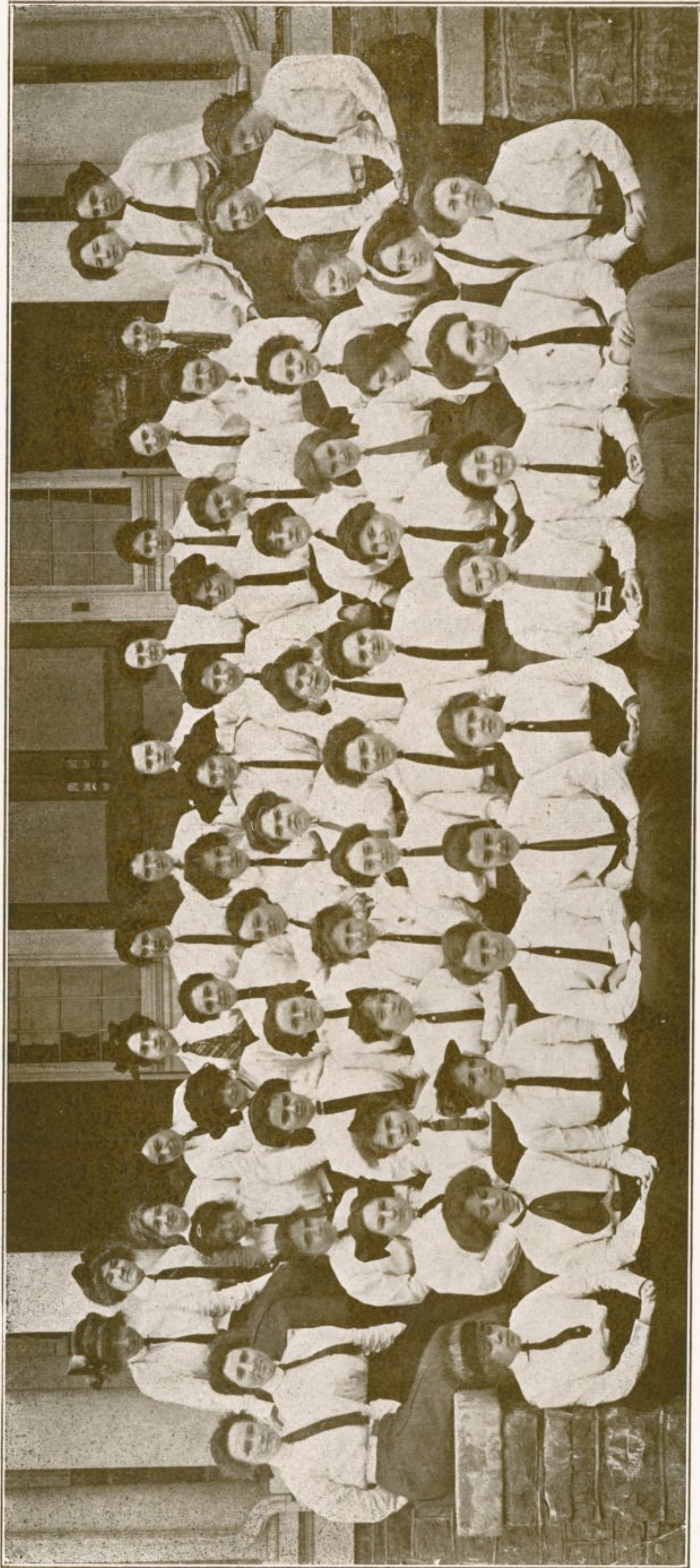
Musicians, artists, poets, all
Within our band are found;
Some day we'll all be Specialists
And sought the world around.



Miscellany

Just organizations, clubs, and trips,
With pictures one or two;
A school-girl's letters and some jokes
(We warrant these quite new);
Some rhymes and chimes from lyric bards
And stories, feigned and true.





LANIER SOCIETY



Lanier Literary Society

Colors

VIOLET AND WHITE

Flower

VIOLET

Motto

"His song was only living aloud,
His work a singing with his hand."

Officers

FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM	THIRD TERM
<i>President</i> , ANNIE WISE	INEZ COYNER	RUTH CONN
<i>Vice-Pres't</i> , HALLIE HUGHES	KATE TAYLOR	ELLAOISE BERRY
<i>Secretary</i> , KATE TAYLOR	RUTH CONN	MARY SETTLE
<i>Treasurer</i> , VIRGINIA EARMAN	VIRGINIA EARMAN	LIZZIE MCGAHEY

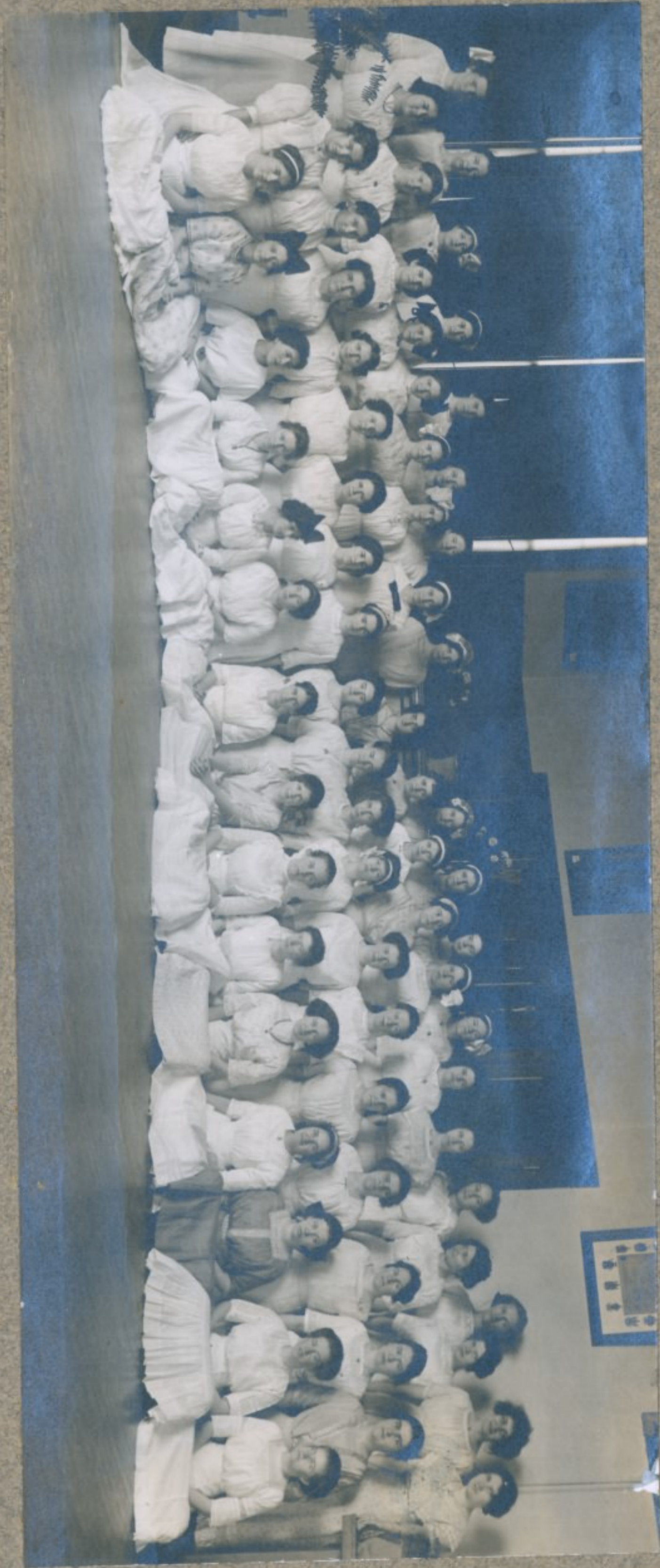
Members

Katharine Anderson	Elberta Harris	Alma Oswald
Eunice Baker	Helen Harris	Orra Otley
Ellaoise Berry	Kathleen Harless	Sophie Powers
Christiana Berger	Margaret Heflin	Jane Pulliam
Rosa Block	Annie Holbrook	Lucy Pulliam
Anna Buchanan	Hallie Hughes	Margaret Ranson
Ada Burton	Nan Jennings	Mabel Rawls
Ruth Conn	Mannie Johnson	Gertrude Royall
Shirley Cooper	Elizabeth Kelley	Bessie Rucker
Inez Coyner	Ruth Keys	Olivine Runciman
Maude Davis	Aurie Law	Marion Russell
Irene Daughtrey	Bessie Leftwich	Mary Sanders
Virginia Earman	Frances Mackey	Frances Selby
Lorraine Eldred	Lucy Mackey	Katherine Selby
Emily Ellis	Elizabeth Marshall	Mary Settle
Janet Farrar	Mary Martin	Maude Snead
Nell Farrar	Edith Martz	Edmonia Shepperson
Martha Fletcher	Eva Massey	Janie Still
Margaret Fox	Rosa Maupin	Lillian Still
Sadie Fristoe	Carrie McClure	Kate Taylor
Marguerite Garrett	Lizzie McGahey	Inez Wilson
Alpine Gatling	Sarah Moffett	Frances Wiley
Marceline Gatling	Sara Monroe	Bessie Willis
Juliet Gish	Nannie Morrison	Annie Wise



Our Society Library

The Following of the Star	Miss Elizabeth Cleveland
L'Allegro and Il Penseroso	{ Sophie Powers Jane Pulliam
Freckles	Mabel Rawls
Diddie, Dumps, and Tot	{ Kate Taylor Inez Coyner Margaret Hefflin
We Two	{ Frances Mackey Lucy Mackey
Prisoners of Hope	{ Marguerite Garrett Nell Farrar Elizabeth Kelley
Black Beauty	Emily Ellis
Vanity Fair	Margaret Fox
Keeping up with Lizzie	Ruth Conn
Flaxie Frizzles	Katharine Selby
Much Ado About Nothing	Shirley Cooper
The Littlest Rebel	Marion Russell
Lovey Mary	Mary Settle
Our Presidents	{ Annie Wise Ruth Conn Inez Coyner
Comrades	{ Elberta Harris Mary Sanders
Under Western Eyes	Edmonia Shepperson
The Little Minister	Juliet Gish
The Choir Invisible	{ Eva Massey Martha Fletcher Irene Daughtrey
A Junior in the Line	Helen Harris
A Sweet Girl Graduate	Nan Jennings
A Bundle of Good Cheer	Hallie Hughes
A Revolutionary Maid	Margaret Ranson
A Weaver of Dreams	Gertrude Royall



Lee Literary Society

Flower

WHITE CANNON

Color

GRAY AND GOLD

Motto

"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

Officers

FIRST QUARTER

President, PEARL HALDEMAN
Vice-President, SUSIE CORR
Secretary, RUTH ROUND
Treasurer, IDA VIA

SECOND QUARTER

RUTH ROUND
EDITH SUTER
HILDA BENSON
KATHERINE HENLEY

THIRD QUARTER

SARAH MADISON
FLORENCE KENZELL
ANNIE LEE JONES
DOROTHY BROWN

Members

Althea Adams

Florence Allen

Virginia Allan

Sarah Allison

Beulah Anderson

Nora Armentrout

Geneva Babb

Bertha Barr

Hilda Benson

Mary Busserman

Ruth Bowers

Caroline Bowman

Julie Bradford

Josephine Bradshaw

Dorothy Brown

Margie Bryant

Margaret Burke

Alice Cale

Frances Cole

Susie Corr

Mary Davis

Sadie Davies

Virginia Dudley

Susan Farrell

May Fernell

Margaret Gay

Elizabeth Gentry

Oscaria Goode

Cecile Green

Louise Greenawalt

Marjorie Grizzard

Mary Haden

Pearl Halderman

Ethel Harman

Carrie Harouff

Alma Harper

Ella Heatwole

Mabel Heavener

Katherine Henley

Louise Holland

Mabel Hitt

Sallie Hulvey

Lena Humphries

Freida Johnson

Annie Lee Jones

Audrey Jones

Florence Kenzell

Louise Lancaster

Lillian Lightner

Lucy Madison

Susie Madison

Mary Maloy

Susie Maloy

Leida Marshall

Lucille McLeod

Mary McDonald

Mary Michie

Bessie Milner

Lila Monroe

Nellie Myers

Pearl Nowell

Bertha Nicholls

Maudie Patterson

Pattie Phaup

Bess Pilegar

Pattie Puller

Minnie Reeves

Idell Reid

Mabel Richardson

Isabel Ransom

Ruth Round

Mary Sadler

Mary Sale

Carrie Scates

Ida Shaffer

Sarah Shields

Mary Simmons

Mabel Snidow

Edith Suter

Jessie Thrasher

Ida Via

Anna Ward

Willie White

Lula Williams

Katie Wintrey

Archie Woodzelle

Mattie Worster

Advisory Member, Dr. J. W. Wayland



"LIGHTS OF BLUE STONE HILL"

U. M. C. A.



CABINET

Y. M. C. A.

Motto

"I have come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly."

Cabinet

1911-12

Officers

Eva Massey	President
Octavia Goode	Vice-President
Pearl Haldeman	Secretary
Pattie Puller	Treasurer

Chairmen of Committees

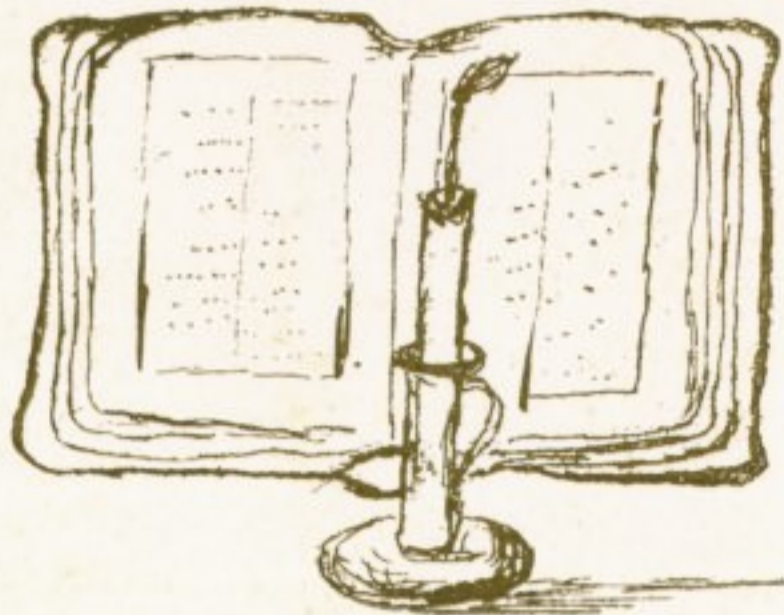
Louise Lancaster	Devotional
Ella Heatwole	Bible Study
Juliet Gish	Missionary
Octavia Goode	Membership
Frances Mackey	Social
Pearl Haldeman	Intercollegiate
Pattie Puller	Finance
Kate Taylor	Alumnae

Officers

1912-13

Edith Suter	President
Frances Mackey	Vice-President
Mary Sadler	Secretary
Josephine Bradshaw	Treasurer

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."



Lullaby

Come listen, Dear Heart, while I tell you a tale
That the little waves whispered to me,
As they lingered awhile with the pebbles to play,
Though the brooklet tried hard to entice them away
With a tale of the wonderful sea.

"We have had such a time, such a frolic," they sighed:
"As we came from the mountains this morn,
We surprised a young robin just learning his song,
And we caught its gay tune as we tumbled along,
But we hung it back there on a thorn.

When we wet a green dragon fly's fine gauzy wings,
He never once minded at all.
Then we landed a great big tumble-bug,
With a bumblebee and a water slug,
On the top of a sycamore ball."

Now the brooklet was cooing a lullaby song,
And I never heard all the rest;
For each baby wave, with a tired little sigh
And a splash that was meant for a drowsy good-bye,
Sank to sleep on its mother's breast.

—Ruth Conn.





The Lady or the Tiger



The plot of Frank Stockton's story, "The Lady or the Tiger," will readily be recalled: A youth of low degree has dared to love the Princess and to win her love in return. The enraged King sentences him to appear in the arena and take his chances of death in the jaws of a hungry tiger or of marriage to a lady—beautiful indeed, but not the Princess. There are two doors to the arena. He is free to open either, as fate and his own choice may decide. Behind one is the lady. Behind the other is the infuriated beast. The Princess motions her lover to open the door to the right. He walks straight to it and meets his fate—the lady or the tiger—which?

Stockton always insisted that he himself did not know, and he never wrote the end of the story. But the question that has teased his readers for a quarter of a century has now been forever set at rest by one of our girls in the concluding scene pictured below.

The great door swung open, and into the arena there stepped a man, so young, so perfectly formed in every line and feature, he seemed more god than man. The pitying murmur of the multitude arose like the sighing of the wind through the trees, until the angry glance of the King, sweeping the crowded amphitheatre, checked their voices, and the people turned their eyes away from the silent figure standing motionless and alone before the royal box. His eyes were upon the white-veiled figure beside the King; and in their depths there was no fear, no distrust, no regret, only the unspoken question—"Which?"

Slowly a white hand was lifted, and, with an almost imperceptible motion toward the right, dropped once more into the folds of her veil. A look of quick understanding flashed in his eyes; he even smiled slightly as his heels came together; and saluting the King, he walked steadily toward the right-hand gate.

The King and his court leaned forward; the people held their breath; a tense silence brooded over the vast amphitheatre; the only sound was the ring of the man's sandals on the stones; the only motion, that of the unwavering figure crossing the space below, with his eyes upon his goal. His hand upon the knob, he turned to the people and, with a bow of courtly grace, threw open the iron-barred portal.

For the space of a heart-beat not a sound was heard, then the shouts of the people burst from their straining throats. The anger of the King was forgotten in their joy, for before them stood the man, holding the hand of a woman clad in bridal white. The tumult subsided. The two moved directly beneath the royal box and there were married. At the conclusion of the sacred words they faced the King, and the woman above and the woman below at the same instant threw back their veils. Beside the King sat the second fairest lady in the land; but, down below, the man held by the hand the fairest of them all—for he had married the Princess.



WATERS FRESH FROM THE HILLS

A FLYING TRIP

The automobile (it's a big one) gave a sudden lurch as we turned into the Port Republic road, but we held fast and managed to stay in. Mrs. Burruss dropped her bunch of daffodils, but the rear guard picked them up and restored them to her while we were halting at the Ashby Monument.



Proceeding eastward, we took the southerly route over the battlefield of Cross Keys, where Ewell defeated Fremont just fifty years ago. We came near to sticking fast in the ravine across which the batteries thundered that June day of '62; but finally we came out on the elevated stretches of road sloping down to Port Republic.

Switching around to the right, almost on the river bank, we came in a moment to the bridge, famous from that famous day when Stonewall crossed it, then burned it, and then proceeded to address himself to General Shields down on the Lewis Farm, between the river and the mountain. The view down the river toward the Blue Ridge, from the substantial iron structure that now spans the waters, is almost equalled by the view up the river where the broad deep current presses down between the cedared bluffs and pours over the great dam with a mighty splashing and roaring.



Passing through the ancient little village by turning ninety degrees to the left, we cross the bridge spanning the south fork of the Shenandoah; then we turn back upon our general course toward the south, and in a mile or two come to Shendun. We are informed that the postoffice, as well as the railway station, is now called Grottoes, after the renowned Weyer's Cave, the Cave of the Fountains, and other wonderful caverns that honeycomb the wooded bluff across yonder on the west bank of the river.

Of course we went through the caves—as many as we could in our limited

time. Then we came back past Port Republic, lingered a little while on the battlefield at Lewistown, visited a few of the historic homesteads in the vicinity, and so came on to Conrad's Store, now known as Elkton. Misses Conn and McGahey looked a little homesick as we passed McGaheysville,



but we managed to keep them in the auto by running somewhat faster than usual. As we passed along in full view of the Peaked Mountain, towering up into the western sky, Miss Harrington called attention to the remarkable resemblance it bears, from that point, to the Rock of Gibraltar, and Miss King explained its geological structure to several members of her class who were in the party. The great White Rock, just back of Rockingham Springs, was in plain sight for several miles. It is a landmark sure to be seen and remembered by all tourists who pass through East Rockingham.

Passing Cedar Bluff Falls and Bear Lithia Spring on the right, we came in due time to Shenandoah Iron Works, then to the Hawksbill Valley and the town of Luray. Here Miss Hudson was at home, and entertained the party with rare hospitality.

Luray nestles in a beautiful part of the Page Valley, the long, rugged chain of the Blue Ridge bounding the view on the east, while the ridges and towering peaks of the Massanutten leap up just westward. The thing that makes Luray most famous, however, is the splendid cave a mile west of the town. This we visited, of course



The question then arose whether we should continue down the Page Valley, east of the Massanutten, or cross to the west side. Miss Preston wanted to go right on down to Front Royal, but Miss Annie Cleveland was anxious to leave a message from Hollins at New Market; so we crossed

through the gap in the Massanutten to that historic town. After a short stop in New Market, and a look over the battlefield, we whizzed on down the Valley Pike. On the brow of Rude's Hill we had to pause and take a long look, for here is one of the finest views in the Valley, if not in the world. Here, moreover, is one of the celebrated camping grounds of Stonewall Jackson. Down yonder, in that brick house beside the river, lived the youngest colonel of the Stonewall Brigade. On the broad plains below, through which the pike cuts like a long gray ribbon, Turner Ashby and Sir Percy Wyndham met more than once in the shock of charging cavalry. This broad plain is Meem's Bottom.

Beyond the plain we come to Mt. Jackson, named for "Old Hickory"; then we pass Hawkinstown and Red Banks. On Pence's Hill we stop again and take another long look, for here we can see the Massanutten Mountain in all its fifty miles of length, dropping off abruptly at Keezletown southward and at Strasburg northward.

Gliding swiftly down Pence's Hill we soon pass Edinburg and come to the old historic town of Woodstock. Here Miss Hoffman entertains, and we regret that we have to leave so soon.

Below Woodstock we pass Tom's Brook, Fisher's Hill, and Strasburg, following the Valley Pike out over the battlefield of Cedar Creek, then on down through Middletown and Stephens City, across the Opequon at Springdale, past Kernstown, and so on to Winchester. We are tempted to linger here a long time, but we have promised to take supper at Berryville and to spend the night at White Post. So we hurry on. As we spin out eastward on the Berryville Pike we pass through the fields where was fought the great battle of September, 1864, between Early and Sheridan. Abraham's Creek is on our right, and soon again we cross the Opequon.

It is just nightfall when we reach White Post, and the lantern on the tall gray sentinel is already gleaming out a kindly welcome. This is soon eclipsed, however, by the beaming face of our Editor-in-Chief, as she greets the homefolks, and tells us all to come right in and make ourselves at home. We do.

The next morning, after a visit to Greenway Court, we go on to Front Royal, where Miss Preston introduces us to many of her friends, and where Lucy Laws, with Daisy Melton and other old students, has prepared us a royal welcome. At the latest possible moment we leave Front Royal, with many regrets, and cut westward across the Valley toward Strasburg. As we pass around the triple promontory of the Massanutten, we pause repeatedly to admire the matchless beauty of the landscape—a combination of bending river, verdant plain, and towering mountain.

In due time we pass Strasburg, Fisher's Hill, Woodstock, and other places on the homeward way; but we do take time at Woodstock to make an excursion to the top of the Massanutten Mountain, in order that we may look down upon the winding Shenandoah on the one side, and into the unique Fort Valley on the other side. The chauffeur performed the rather difficult and somewhat dangerous feat of turning the automobile right on the crest of the mountain, and then we scudded down into the valley, every one holding her breath, whenever she could catch it, and gripping the sides of the car with desperate tenacity. But it was glorious.

From one high point, coming up the Valley, we had a fine view of Brock's



Gap, far to the west. This side of New Market we explored the Endless Caverns; we also peeped into Harrison's Cave near Melrose, and wound up with a visit to Massanetta Cave, Massanetta Springs, Rawley, Dayton, and Bridgewater. In the neighborhood of New Erection we saw some of the



famous wheat fields that Mr. Dean photographs in harvest time; and at Dayton we caught a reflection of Mole Hill in Silver Lake. Round Hill at Bridgewater, with the natural falls dam, was much admired. We had to hurry, but we expected to do that when we started out. It is not



often that we have two holidays together, and we were determined to make the most of these. Mr. Burruss said we all had to be ready for the eight-thirty class Monday morning, and we did not want to miss the basket ball game Saturday night, or Sunday-school Sunday morning. Otherwise we might have been tempted to go on to the Natural Chimneys, West Augusta, and Staunton, taking in Waynesboro and Basic City in the sweep

around the circle. But we didn't do it. Perhaps we'll go to Lexington and Natural Bridge next time.

