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FAREWELL SEVENTEEN



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FAREWELL SEVENTEEN

SENIOR CLASS BOOK
VOLUME I

A VOLUME COMPILED
AND PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIOR COLLEGE CLASS



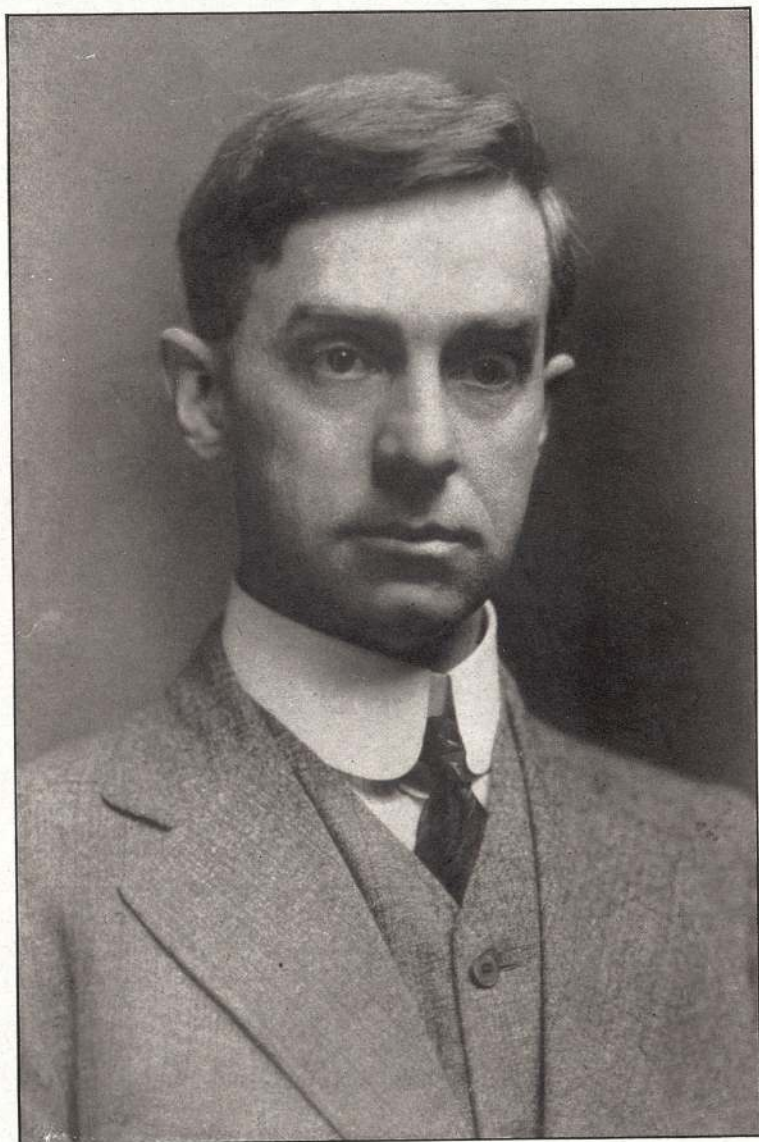
OFFICERS

EDITORS

R. WORTH SHUMAKER FLO BAILEY

BUS. MANAGERS

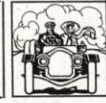
WM. S. JACOBS D. DOFF DANIEL



DEAN THOMAS W. HAUGHT

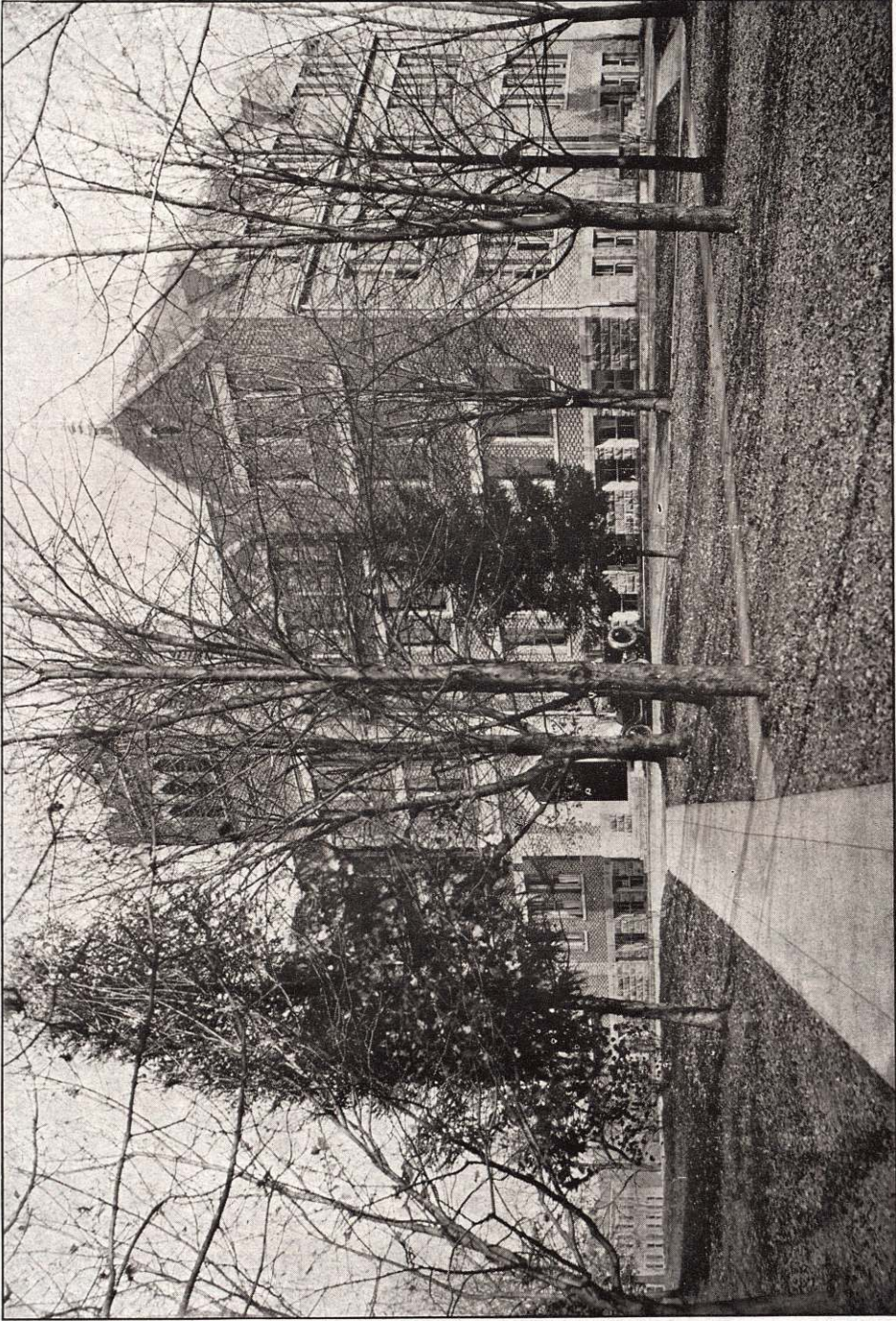


FAREWELL SEVENTEEN



TO OUR BELOVED DEAN THOMAS W. HAUGHT

WHO combines in his personality an intellect we admire, a firmness that we respect, a sympathy with our interests and a christian character that we love; who is the embodiment of those virtues of perseverance, honesty and integrity; who always displays a deep and sympathetic interest in Wesleyan and her students; whose untiring efforts for our best interests has endeared him to every one of us—this book is respectfully dedicated.



HALL OF LIBERAL ARTS



FAREWELL SEVENTEEN



FOREWORD

THIS little volume is published as a "remembrancer" of the college days and College Class of Seventeen. In it we have given a sort of resume of our college life. May it please our readers to note the activities of our class and to note the leadership qualities of our members. Our future life is portrayed in the pictures herein enclosed.



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CLASS ROLL

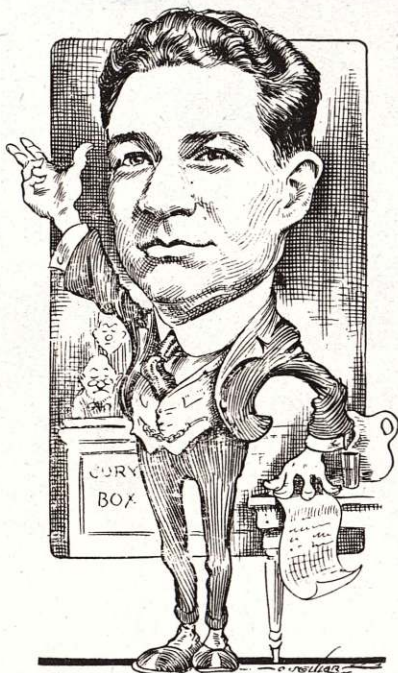
Charles K. Allen, B. S.	Claude Law, B. S.
Flo Bailey, A. B.	Vivian Liggett, A. B.
Kathryn Bodley, A. B.	W. W. Lovell, A. B.
H. Y. Clark, A. B.	H. V. Looney, A. B.
Ethel Campbell, A. B.	Guy Morrison, A. B.
Doff Daniel, B. S.	Carl Miller, B. S.
Lucia DeTurk, A. B.	Perry Robinson, A. B.
Luther Flynn, A. B.	Harry D. Robinson, A. B.
Nell Flynn, A. B.	Isaac Post, A. B.
Ward Gamble, A. B.	R. W. Shumaker, A. B.
J. H. Gorby, A. B.	H. A. Sheets, A. B.
Ralph Hall, A. B.	Brosie Sine, A. B.
Edmont P. Hains, A. B.	C. Ney Smith, A. B.
Maude Hathaway, A. B.	Anna Spies, A. B.
Walden Hathaway, B. S.	Guy Wilson, A. B.
William Hinkle, A. B.	Irma Workman, A. B.
W. S. Jacobs, A. B.	Paul Workman, A. B.
William Judy, A. B.	Frank Wittkamp, A. B.
Gordon G. Jones, A. B.	Maud Yoak, A. B.
Jennings King, A. B.	Thomas Zumbrunnen, A. B.



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WHO'S WHO



R. WORTH SHUMAKER
"Attorney-at-law"

Wesleyan Academy '13; Editor in chief, '17 Murrumontis; President Athletic Association during four college years; President Chrestomathean Literary Society, Spring, '13; President Wesleyan Debating Club, Fall '15; Vice Pres. Y. M. C. A., '15; Varsity football, basket ball, base ball and track for all four years; Business Manager Pharos, '15; Inter-Collegiate Debates, '13-'14-'15; Winner Peace Oration Contest, '15; Wesleyan Student Field Agent, '15-'16; Shakespearian Club; Inter-Club Debates; Inter-Society Contest, '16; Capt. Track, '14, '16, '17; Capt. Football '14; Capt. Basket ball '17; Capt. Base Ball, '17; Department Publicity, Wesleyan College, '17. Class President; Editor Farewell Seventeen.

DOFF D. DANIEL
"Physician and Surgeon"

Chrestomathean Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Treasurer of Class '15, '16, '17; Base ball team during all college career; Basket Ball team during all four years of college life; Captain base ball '16; Assistant manager Murrumontis '17; Manager Senior Class Book '17; Assistant Laboratory Instructor in Biology;

Doff came to Wesleyan from Concord Normal where he graduated with great distinction. While in Concord Normal he was class president, president of his society, and held many offices of honor and trust beside being a star athlete.





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FLO BAILEY
"Doctor"

Buckhannon High School; Young Women's Christian Association; Chrestomathean Literary Society; Wesleyan Debating Club; Girls' Glee Club; Girls' Quartette; Pharos Staff 1915-16; Murmurmontis Staff '16; Flo is another popular member of the Seventeen Class. She has taken a part in the various organization work of the college and has also done considerable work in the churches and other outside spheres.

✕ WILLIAM S. JACOBS
"Real Estate Agent"

Clarksburg High; Mercersburg; Kiskiminetas; Vice President Athletic Association '14; President Junior College Class; Captain Basket Ball '16; Business Manager '17 Murmurmontis; President Shakespearian Club '16; Varsity football and Basket ball while in college; Vice President Chrestomathean Literary Society Spring '16; Wesleyan Debating Club President, fall '16; Y. M. C. A.; Author of Senior Class Play; Now enlisted with Uncle Sam in Officers' Reserve.





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X CARL V. MILLER
"Physician and Surgeon"

Magnolia High School 1911; Young Men's Christian Association; Athletic Association Directors; Board of Finance; Base Ball '14, '15, '16, '17; Foot ball '14, '15, '16, '17; Captain Foot Ball '16; Track team during four college years; State records in 220 and 440 dashes; Vice President Senior Class; Chrestomathean Literary Society. Carl Vernon is one of the popular men of West Virginia Wesleyan and he leaves us with a very large circle of friends.

X W. GUY MORRISON
"Attorney-at-law"

Academic Class of '13; Elocution '13; Oratory '13; Athletic Association Director '12, '13, '14, '15. Secretary Wesleyan Debating Club, Spring '15; President Wesleyan Debating Club, Fall '15; Treasurer Excelsior Literary Society, Spring '14; Vice President of the Excelsior Literary Society, Winter '14; Member of Varsity football, basket ball, base ball and track teams; Capt. basket ball '13; Capt. Track '16; first Wesleyan athlete to win four letters in one year; All-State basketball team; All-State football team for four years; Y. M. C. A.; Shakespearian Club.





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IRMA WORKMAN
"Suffragette"

Excelsior Literary Society; Young Women's Christian Association. Wesleyan Debating Club; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '15, '16, '17; President Y. W. C. A. '15-'16, Secretary Class in freshman year; Girls' Basketball team, '13-'14; Editor in chief Pharos 1915-16; Murmurmontis Staff '16. Of all the lady graduates of Wesleyan none have been more active in college activities and none have been more popular and esteemed than Irma Workman. Highest honors are attached to her name.

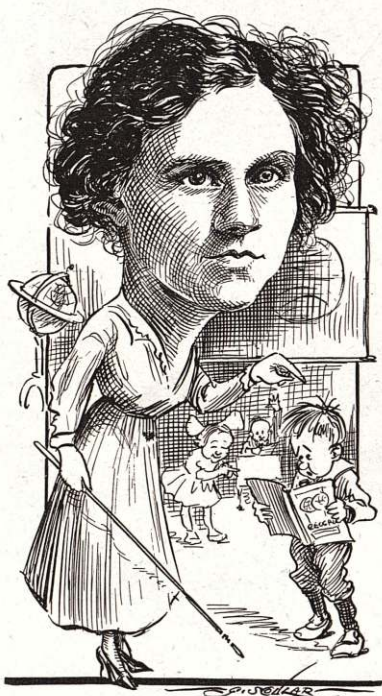
X ISAAC POST
"Farmer"

Wesleyan Academy '13; Oratory '15; Wesleyan Debating Club; Cheer Leader in '14-'15; Chrestomathean Literary Society Graduate in Oratory and Elocution; Member of French and German Clubs; Winner Winifred Anderson Contest '15; Winner Essay Contest '15. "Ike" hails from Buckhannon and his record in college is as bright as e'er man had in Wesleyan. He is a deep student and a social leader. He is a star tennis player, holding a tennis letter.





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MAUD YOAK
"Teacher"

Maud came to us from Morris Harvey where she graduated with high honors. While in college there she held numerous offices of honor and trust and made friends galore. She joined the Seniors this last fall and has proven one of our best members. Maud is always willing to work and when there are any class activities she is always there to her part. Her literary contributions have been numerous. Pianist of Chrestomathean Literary Society, second semester. Cabinet member of Y. W. C. A.

WARD GAMBLE
"Educator"

This specimen of the human race hails from the banks of Cider Run in the greasy old county of Wetzel. After having finished the public school at Hickory Knob, he entered Magnolia High School from which he graduated with very high honors. He now entered Marshall College from which he received his diploma in 1912. Wishing to climb higher he entered Wesleyan after having taught two terms. While Ward has not been a star in any particular school activity, his success can be reasonably assured, for even though he is a Gamble his career has not been of a gamboling nature.





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E. P. HAINES
"Minister"

Graduate Bible Teachers' Training School of New York; two years course in school for Bible Teachers, three years course in school of Theology; graduate Drew Theological Seminary; Mt. Hermon School.

Leader of College Band; Y. M. C. A.; Excelsior; Webster Debating Club; Glee Club; Orchestra; Pastor Presbyterian Church.

✕ FRANK WITTKAMP
"Reverend"

This man hails from Strathmere, New Jersey. He did his work for B. D. at Drew and has since attended Ohio Wesleyan, spent one year in California where he built the First Church with a revolving Cross and of which he was pastor for one year. Since coming to Buckhannon he has taught the largest Sunday School Class in town and has been Chief Scout Master. He will continue in this work this summer. He has been very active in the endowment campaign. With his A. B. he simultaneously gets his B. D. from Drew Theological Seminary. Webster Debating Club; Excelsior Society; Y. M. C. A.; Homoletic Association.





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ETHEL CAMPBELL
"Teacher"

High School, Buckhannon, West Va., '14; Shakespearian Club; Chrestomathean Literary Society; Young Women's Christian Association. Ethel has completed her college course in three years time, meanwhile taking considerable oratory and elocution as well as music. Her grades are among the highest and the word "fail" is not in her dictionary. She leaves Wesleyan with the best wishes of every student in college.

J. CLAUD LAW
Farmer

Wesleyan Academy '12; Men's Glee Club during entire college career; Glee Club Quartette; Junior-Senior Quartette; Wesleyan Normal '15; Basket Ball and Base Ball Teams. "Red" is one of the jolly fellows of the class and has the distinction of being very popular with the ladies. He has had quite a career in literary and social circles in college but will spend his days upon a farm where he will apply things scientifically.





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WILLIAM O HINKLE
"Educator"

Normal Department, Wesleyan '14; Chaplain Excelsior Literary Society, Spring Term '15; Treasurer Oratorical Association '14-15; President Oratorical Association '15-16; Chairman Mission Study '15-16; Intercollegiate Debate '16; Winner of West Virginia W. C. T. U. Essay Prize 1915, President Excelsior Literary Society, second semester, 1917.

NELL FLYNN
"Teacher"

Girls' basket ball team; Excelsior Literary Society; Young Women's Christian Association; Secretary of Seventeen Class; Kingwood High School '13; Murmurmontis Staff '16. Nell enrolled in Wesleyan with the intention of taking but one or two years work but the college and all of its attractive features so fascinated her that she has remained to graduate with the '17 Class. Her work has been very honorable.





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PAUL WORKMAN
"Farmer"

Wheeling High School, 12; Cheer Leader '13-'14-'15; President Excelsior Literary Society, Fall '15; Business Manager Pharos, '15-'16; Y. M. C. A; Intercollegiate Debate '15; Inter-Club Debates; Inter-Society Contest, Spring '16; Second Prize, Fergus Oration Contest, '15; Track Team; Now a pedagogue of first rank, having the principalship of Wadestown.

ANNA K. SPIES
"Teacher"

Buckhannon High School '14; Chrestomathean Literary Society; Young Women's Christian Association; Murmurmontis Staff '16; Reserved and quiet is Anna always doing her work with much credit and lending a willing hand to every organization that is 'n need. This young lady graduates with honor and will enter the teaching profession where success is truly awaiting her.





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J. M. KING, JR
"Doctor"

Member Young Men's Christian Association; Webster Debating Club; Excelsior Literary Society; Wistucclus Club; Pep Generator; Reserve Foot Ball team '15 and '16; Track '15, '16; Tennis '17. When there is anything "doing" about Wesleyan there is one man present—and that man is "Doc." He has been instrumental in creating more excitement about Wesleyan than any other man in college. His work has been of a high standard and we predict a great future for him in the medical field.

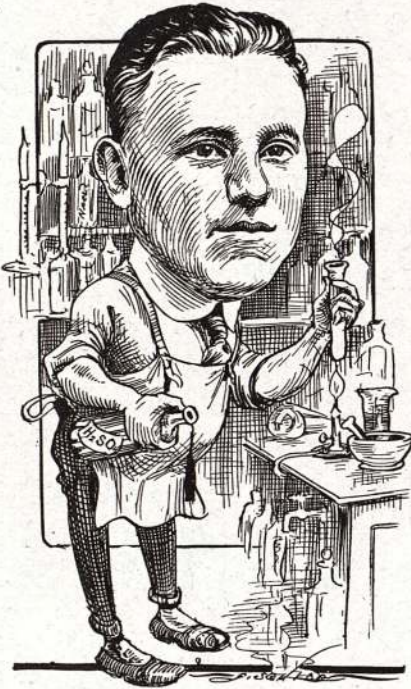
KATHRYN BODLEY
"Teacher"

Moundsville High School '14; Excelsior Literary Society; Young Women's Christian Association. Kathryn is finishing her college work in three years. She took summer work at Bethany College besides working upon foreign language in her home. She is one of our jolly girls and also one of our good students.





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CHARLES K. ALLEN
"Doctor"

Wilkinsburg High School '12; Excelsior Literary Society; Assistant in Department of Biology; Y. M. C. A.; Varsity football and baseball during entire college days; Glee Club all four years in college; Bachelors' Club; Athletic Association Director; "H-R" '14, '15; '16, '17; President Glee Club '16-'17; President Bachelors' Club '16-'17; "Wista-clu" President '17; Assistant Editor '17 Murmurmontis; Minstrel for Athletic Association; Minstrel for College Band; Senior-Junior Quartette '16-'17; Glee Club Quartette; Lecture Course Committee; College Field Representative '16, '17.

HARRY V. LOONEY
"Chemist"

Wesleyan Academy, '13; Treasurer Men's Glee Club, '13, '14; Varsity Basket Ball, '14; President Men's Glee Club, '14, '15; President Sophomore Class, '14, '15; Varsity Base Ball, '15; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '15; Keeper of Archives of Athletic Association, '16; Murmurmontis staff, '16; Business manager Men's Glee Club, '15, '16, '17; Lecture Course Committee, '15, '16; Manager Lecture Course, '16, '17; Manager Senior Class Basket Ball, '17; Wesleyan Concert Club, '16; Bachelor Club; Chrestomathean Literary Society.





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HARRY DIXON ROBINSON
"Pastor"

Spent some years doing College Prep. and College work at Temple University in Phila. Attended Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, N. J. for three years graduating with grade of A. Was member of Dr. Sitterly's Seminary in Systematic Theology and read paper "Jesus' Teaching Concerning God, The Father and the Holy Spirit." This was accepted as Graduation Thesis.

LUTHER FLYNN
"Educator"

Shepherd College Normal, '13; Secretary, Webster Debating Club, Spring '15; Vice President, Fall '15; President, Fall '16; Vice President Y. M. C. A. '15-'16; Treasurer, '16-'17; President, Chrestomathean Literary Society, Spring '17; Secretary Volunteer Band, '15-'16; President, Student Volunteer Union of West Virginia, '16-'17; President, College Men's Class, M. E. Sunday School, '16-'17.





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LUCIA DE TURK
"Teacher"

Buckhannon High School '14; Wesleyan Normal School '15; Young Women's Christian Association; Girls' basket ball team. Lucia came to us from the local high school where she made an enviable record. Since being in Wesleyan she has taken an active part in the activities of the college and has been a brilliant student in all her work. As a French and German student she is without an equal in her class.

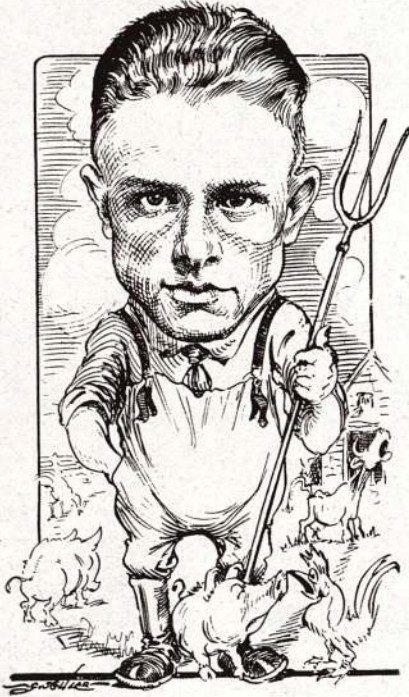
RALPH HALL
"Doctor"

Buckhannon High School '13; Chrestomathean Literary Society; Murmurmontis Staff '16; Basket Ball and Track. Ralph is not a fellow for much noise but nevertheless he gets along splendidly in all that he attempts. He graduates from Wesleyan carrying off many honors in the literary field. He is a willing worker and has been one of the mainstays in all activities of his class.





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X C. NEY SMITH
"Farmer"

Keyser High School; President, Chrestomathean Literary Society, Fall '15; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, two terms; Cheer-leader, '15-'16; Literary Editor, Murmurmontis, '17; Inter-collegiate Debate, '15; Inter-club Debate, '16; Manager of Debate, '15-'16; President of Oratorical Association, '16-'17; Editor of Pharos, '16-'17; Did the work in the Senior Academy and College course in four years; Assistant to the Professor of Biology! now working in the Wesleyan Campaign.

BROSIE SINE
"Music Instructor"

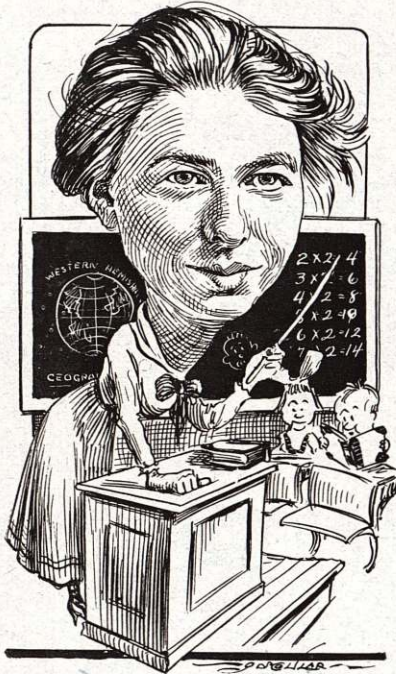
Secretary Athletic Association '15-'16-'17; Piano, Wesleyan, '15; Murmurmontis Staff, '16; President Y. W. C. A. '16-'17; Vice President Excelsior Literary Society, Winter '16; Wesleyan Debating Club; Students' Volunteer Band.

During Brosie's college career she has won many honors and more friends than honors. She ranks among the few when it comes to the distinguished great of our college. She has rendered fine service to a number of the organizations and her college.





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VIVIAN LIGGETT
"Teacher"

Buckhannon High School '13; Member of Excelsior Literary Society; Member of Young Women's Christian Association; Member Murmumontis Staff '16. Vivian has done her work well in college and has completed her college work with credit. She has been active in the literary field and has been a genius in the line of classics. Vivian goes from us as an instructor and that she will meet with success is beyond question.

J. H. GORBY
"Educator"

One of the best educators of the state is none other than John Gorby, at present Superintendent of the Public Schools of New Martinsville, West Virginia. Gorby has attended Wesleyan several terms but has not been enrolled regularly. He has been in the school work for several years and has done much of his college work outside of the college halls proper. He is a well liked man wherever he goes and the Class of Seventeen feels highly honored to have this man as a member.





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H. Y. CLARK
"Educator"

Offices:—Y. M. C. A., President, Vice 1916-17; Treasurer, '14-'15; Treas. Summer Conf. Fund '14-'15; Lecture Course Com. 15-16.

Chrestomathean Literary Society:—President, 1916; Vice-Pres., '14; Critic, '15; Chorister, '16 and '17.

Wesleyan Debating Club:—President, 1916; Vice Pres., 1914; Secretary, '14; Treasurer, '13.

Glee Club:—Vice Pres., 1916-17; Treasurer, 14-15.

Pharos Staff:—1915. Track Team; Shakerian Club; Choral Union; Pep Generator; M. E. Choir; Chapel Choir, (joke); Senior Base Ball Team; Campus Queer Quartet.

W. W. LOVELL
"Editor"

This young man goes from our class as an editor. He has had considerable work along this line and now he will enter this field to make it a profession for life. Lovell came to Wesleyan from Glenville Normal where he was a star in his classes and a star upon the cinder path. He has made a most favorable impression in Wesleyan and leaves us with our very best wishes accompanying him.





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THOMAS ZUMBRUNNEN
"Reverend"

Zumbrunnen came to Wesleyan from Moundville. Since enrolling here he has been active in the ministerial field and now holds a circuit in the Methodist Conference. Excelsior Literary Society; Pep Generator; Webster Debating Club; President Webster Debating Club, '17; President Young Men's Christian Association '16-17; Manager Lecture Course 1916-17; Vice President Homeletic Association '13-'14.

C. GUY WILSON
"Educator"

Graduate Morris Harvey College where he held the following honors: Pierian Literary Society; Captain Basket Ball Team; Half back on football team; Represented Pierian Society in three annual contests; Received gold medal for best drilled cadet. Wilson came to Wesleyan at the beginning of the year of '16-17. Webster Debating Club; Critic Chrestomathean Literary Society, second semester; President Shakespearian Club, second semester.





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W. D. JUDY
"Doctor"

This specimen was born on a Friday, back somewhere in the nineties, at Rooney's Knob. His early days were spent at home, and in Sunday school where he learned the rudiments of ethics. He was graduated from the country school at the above place mentioned. (Rooney's Knob) with high honors in the year 1907. The following year he entered another school in which he has remained unswervingly. Academic grad. 1913; Taught 1913-14; Normal grad. 1915; Treas. Normal Class of 1915; Chaplain Excelsior Society Fall term 1912.

MAUDE HATHAWAY
"Teacher"

Shepherdstown Normal; Member Young Women's Christian Asso.; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Wesleyan Acad '12, Wesleyan Normal School '14. One of the most brilliant students of Wesleyan and one of the literary genius' is Maude. To her we owe many thanks for many contributions in the literary world as well as for her faithful service as contributor to the class book. Her success as a teacher has been very pleasing and that she will be a grand success in life is not to be questioned.





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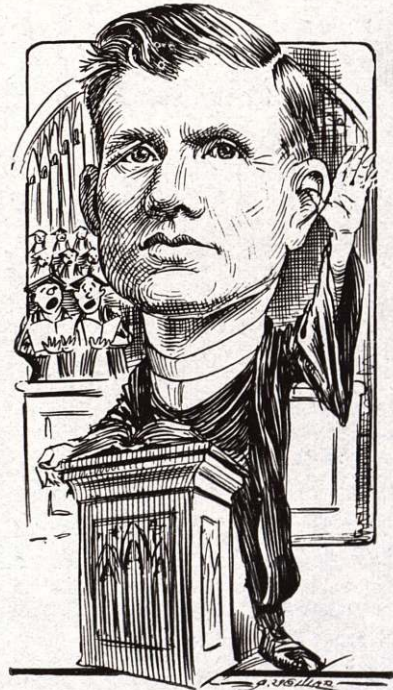
PERRY ROBINSON
"Minister"

Wesleyan Academy '08; Murmurmontis Staff, '08; Debate, Special Literary Society Program '08; Excelsior Literary Society; Young Men's Christian Association; Student's Volunteer Band.

Perry has been out in the ministry for a number of years and has done his work in college under the handicap of carrying his college work and attending to the duties of a circuit. He is one of the truly good fellows of Wesleyan.

GORDON GROVER JONES
"Preacher"

West Kentucky Seminary and Teachers' Training School; Methodist Protestant School of Theology, West Minister, Md.; Young Men's Christian Association; Homeletic Association. "Deacon" lives in Buckhannon but has a circuit which keeps him out of the city much of his time. He is a hard working and prosperous gentleman.





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HARVEY SHEETS
"Educator"

Here is a man that is built for endurance and not for speed. His work in track has been a big feature in athletics, throwing the hammer in great style, putting the shot with much force and throwing the discus for many medals. He attended Glenville Normal and Salem College before coming here. Webster Debating Club; Y. M. C. A.; Excelsior Literary Society.

WALDEN HATHAWAY
"Instructor"

Shepherdstown Normal; Wesleyan Commercial, '13; Excelsior Literary Society; Secretary Wesleyan Debating Club Spring '16; Recording Secretary Young Men's Christian Association '16-'17; Lecture Course Committee, '15-'16. Hathaway finished his college work at the end of the first semester and since that time has been out working upon the endowment campaign. He is one of the distinguished men of Wesleyan.





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CLASS ACTIVITIES

A resume of what the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen has accomplished reveals some startling facts. Never has there been a class graduated from Wesleyan College which compares in any way with the present class. The '16 Class had an enrollment of twenty-three which was the largest number ever sent from the halls of Wesleyan as degree men and women. The Class of '17 numbers forty and in that number we find the most popular and accomplished Wesleyanites. We refer the reader to the accomplishments of the Class during the four years of college life. The resume given below does not include letters won, offices held, and other activities of the members of the Class when in the Academy. During our college days we have furnished four inter-collegiate debaters, four inter-club debaters, two Shakespearian club presidents, two Oratorical Association presidents, three Wesleyan Debating Club presidents, two Webster Debating Club presidents, two Y. W. C. A. presidents, one Y. M. C. A. president, the president of the W. V. W. C. Athletic Association for the four years, two Athletic Association Secretaries, three Chrestomathean Literary Society presidents, two Excelsior Literary presidents, the '17 Band Leader, two Pharos editors, three Pharos Business Managers, two Glee Club presidents, three Glee Club Business Managers, two Lecture Course Managers, and the Student Volunteer Band president. In the '17 Class there are found four oratory graduates, three elocution graduates, one piano graduate, five normal graduates, and four members of the class will receive their Ph. D. from other colleges when they have received their degrees from West Virginia Wesleyan. Athletically we have furnished ten captains for the athletic teams during our college history. In our Freshman year we furnished the track captain, in our sophomore year we gave a football captain and a track captain, in our Junior year we gave to Wesleyan the basket ball, base ball and track captains, and this year we have given the football captain, the basket ball captain,



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the base ball and the track captain. Our athletics have won eighteen foot ball letters, sixteen basket ball letters, seventeen base ball letters, and twelve track letters. Four West Virginia Inter-collegiate records are held by members of our class. One of our track men has won twenty-one medals, another has won sixteen, and several other members have a large number of medals and trophies from this branch of sport. Five members of the class played against West Virginia when Wesleyan wrested football championships from the Mountaineers. Three of our athletes were instrumental in bringing the only undisputed base ball championship of the state to Wesleyan. Our class furnished a large number of both Men's and Girls' Glee Club singers, several famous readers, some of the best orators ever sent from Wesleyan's halls, and seven ministers of the Gospel who are doing very active work in the churches of the state. Other accomplishments could be enumerated but the above shows the calibre of the work done by our class and it also gives a fair estimate of the kind of leaders that are found going from West Virginia Wesleyan in the Class of Seventeen.

Morrison—"What do you call a rider of a motorcycle?"

Miller—"That depends on how close he comes to me."

Sheets and Clark arguing about their strength:—"Why," said "Hum," "I pull 100 gals. of water out of the well every morning." "That's nothing" said Sheets. "I get a boat and pull up the river every morning."

Miss Neptune—"Did you see that boy smile at me?"

Daniel—"That is nothing, the first time I saw you I liked to laughed myself to death."

Kathryn Bodley—"What would you give for a voice like mine?"

Hains—"Chloroform."



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HAPPINESS THROUGH SERVICE

The Pilgrims had landed and were already fairly comfortably located. At first they all settled in a group and formed a village or town. Later as they become accustomed to the Indians, and their fear of the Red men become less, some families, more venturesome than others, withdrew from the village and built houses some distance away. Some wanted more "elbow room" as they expressed it, while others had an aversion to living in town. So, for these and various other reasons the country for several miles around soon was settled up by those who were more aggressive and wanted more land for themselves. The Indians resented this encroachment upon their rights, but in most cases they were paid something for their land, and sometimes given some trifling presents. In this way the friendship of the Indians was retained and for a time they gave the white men no serious trouble.

As in all rural communities so it was in this one. Families knew each other, and since there were no newspapers or telephones, they visited a great deal. The young people especially liked to meet for a social gathering. But though they visited much, this community was not free from strife and wrangling. Especially were the young people a continual cause of ill feeling between some neighbors. If John had a friend that did not suit the fancy of his parents, or Jane receiving attention from a young man not to her parent's liking trouble would more than likely follow, especially if the young folks were persistent.

Jim Hanks was a tall, brawny and, we may say, fearless youth of eighteen. He was rough and uncouth yet had a heart full of kindness and sympathy for those about him. Through his kind dealings with the Indians he had won their friendship. He had inherited many of the characteristics of his father, Josiah, who had something of a roving disposition, and hence a dislike to so close proximity to his neighbors. But Josiah, with his family of six, had prospered and for a time was contented.



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When Jim was about sixteen he met Sarah Sanders, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sanders, who was two years younger than he. Now Frank Sanders was known by all who knew him to be not over scrupulous in his dealings with his neighbors, and would not hesitate to misrepresent things in order to gain his ends. He was also dishonest, but careful in his dealings with the Indians. He could deceive them now, but the time would come when they would detect his deception and treat him accordingly.

Though everybody believed that Sarah was an honest, straightforward girl, yet Josiah Hanks could not conceive of his son marrying in Frank Sander's family. For a time he contented himself with the thought that it was only an ordinary friendship of youth, but gradually came to the conclusion that he was wrong. An incident which soon took place confirmed him in his latter belief. One Autumn day Jim and his father had been sawing wood for the winter and had set down to rest. Josiah, thinking it a good time to learn something of Jim's thoughts, said: "Frank Sanders had another horse trade last week and created Bill Simmons out of the best horse he had." "How about that?" asked Jim. "He doped one of his old horses and then lied about it," said his father, and added, "His family knows of his dishonesty and are just as guilty as he is."

"Don't be so harsh, Father," said Jim in his usual deliberate way. "His family can't help what he does, for he has a head of his own."

"You mean to say his family is all right then," said his father.

"I certainly do," replied Jim. "They are honest, industrious and kindhearted."

Josiah did not care to continue the conversation further for he saw by Jim's words and demeanor that he loved Sarah and did not object to her because her father wasn't exactly honest. Josiah Hanks was not a man to yield so easily, so he at once set about thinking how he might prevent the marriage of Jim and Sarah. So, one evening shortly afterward as the family was seated around the fireside he began, addressing his remarks to no one in



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particular. "Today I have been thinking about a plan which I think is a pretty good one."

"What is it," asked twelve-year-old Phil.

"You know we have heard of a large river in the West, where the land is rich and where one can get all the land he wants. We are on good terms with the Indians and would have no trouble going there. There we would have all the room we want."

"Oh! let's go Papa," said Phil who was fond of hunting and trapping.

"You don't know what you are talking about," said Alice. "It might not be so fine as you think."

Bettie, Jim's mother, was not in full sympathy with the idea, but said little. Jim was opposed, but thinking it would give him a better opportunity to study the life of the Red men, did not seriously object. He did not want to leave Sarah behind, but they were both young and he could come back in a couple of years.

The winter passed without any unusual happenings, and spring found Josiah Hanks preparing for the trip westward. As he did not expect to return he disposed of his land, and by the tenth of April was ready to start. As there were no open roads Jim secured the services of one of the friendly Indians to guide them through the forest.

After nearly two weeks travel they found themselves on the bank of a large river where a smaller river emptied into it from the West. They were tired and worn out from traveling and decided to stop here for a while. Here they were kindly treated by the Indians and invited to stay. It was a beautiful place and many acres could be planted with little labor. With no other white settlers about, the entire family became acquainted with the Indians. Jim especially takes a fancy to them and learns many of their ways and customs. It is somewhat lonely for him for he never hears anything of Sarah, but often thinks of her.

In the spring of the second year of their stay here some Iriquois Indians brought a report of a beautiful valley father west where lived a few white settlers. The Hanks family decided to migrate to this valley and there make their home. As usual Jim had some of his friendly Indians



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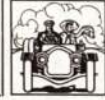
along so the journey was made without any serious mishap. One bright day in April found them on a hill overlooking a beautiful valley through which flowed a river of clear sparkling water. They did not know it, but they had reached the river up which Captain Hudson had sailed more than fifty years before. Here they found a few white settlers who had come up the river. Josiah thought this would be a good place to live and settled there. They had their usual good fortune with the Indians and were soon established in their new home.

Jim, however, was not as contented and happy as he might be; and though the Iriquois were a different tribe from those in the East, he soon gained their friendship and spent much time with them, learning their ways and customs and talking with them. He had hoped soon to make a trip back East but felt it necessary to assist his father in getting a start in their new home. It was only after three years here that he felt he could leave home. Instead of going back as they had come he decided to go down the river to its mouth and then get a boat back to Plymouth. The trip required a longer time than he had expected, and his anticipation of soon visiting his old home and especially of seeing Sarah, made the trip seem longer than it really was.

One bright June morning he landed on the Massachusetts coast. In his eagerness to learn the conditions of the people and to hear of his friends and acquaintances, he at once asked about many families whom he had known and especially about Frank Sanders. No one seemed able to give him very satisfactory information; but he learned from their talk that they had had trouble with the Indians. Could it be possible that the Indians had become angered at the white men and made a raid on the settlements? He hastened forward and upon reaching the place of his youth found his worst fears realized. The Indians had made several raids on the settlements, had burned towns, murdered men, women and children and carried off property. Frank Sanders had been killed and his family scattered. The Indians had been subdued only after King Philip, their leader, had been killed and his wife and only



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son sold into slavery. As Sarah had never been heard of people supposed she was dead.

Jim's heart sank within him. What was there in life for him to live for? He wandered about the country aimlessly for a few weeks and then plunged into the wilderness towards the northwest. If he could not find happiness at home he would go to live with his friends, the Red men. He could teach them his language, and how to read and write; and above all he could teach them of his Christ. Thus he decided to make his a life of service to those who had not had his opportunities.

After going about from place to place for a year and a half teaching the ways, customs and in particular of the religion of the white men, he came to a large Indian village in the Green Mountains. Here he was very successful with his work and decided to stay for a time. He had not been here long until rumors came of a white teacher in a village twenty-five miles away to the east. Who could this teacher be? And what the cause of one person being alone so far away from civilization?

This was February and at this time of the year it is difficult to make a journey across the mountains. But when spring came and the snow had melted away he decided to visit the other village and see who this teacher might be. With an Indian as his guide he made the trip in a day. Upon reaching the village he inquired concerning the white teacher and the house was pointed out to him. He went to the house and knocked softly on the door. Presently the door opened, and, who stood before him? Could he believe his eyes?

"Why, Jim!" escaped from the lips of the one standing there.

"Sarah!" exclaimed Jim, for she it was who stood before the lover of her youth, and from whom she had not heard since his father left their community seven years before. Thus in giving his life a service for others, Jim found the one whom he had given up as dead, and the one who could assist him in his life work already begun.



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EPISODES OF THE CLASS OF '17

Our class enrolled with distinction. This distinction lay in enrolling the largest class which had matriculated in Wesleyan up to its entrance. We are compelled to share this distinction with the classes that preceded us as well as with those that followed us, but it is a distinction nevertheless. Our minds were unprejudiced and open.

In our Sophomore year, however, we took up very strongly with a Baptist doctrine, the remission of sin thru the application of water. The Freshmen were the sinners. We are an entertaining bunch and we undertook to entertain ourselves in the Gym. The Freshmen wished to aid us, but in their mistaken zeal, only succeeded in removing some of the light we already had. We invited them to the feast and they came—each with a Sophomore on either side of him. It was after the spread that some of them partook of the benefit of clergy at the pool.

In the Junior year we made Wesleyan Athletics possible, supplying men for the important posts in every field of athletics. We studied German Field Hospital (We know how to write it in German, but not all our readers are Seniors) Methods, improving on the customary treatment in such a manner that our patients confessed themselves all cut up over it, giving stump-speeches in its behalf. Stumps were all they had left. In their condition nothing more could be expected, for after the amputations even the breath was too short.

This year we entertained the College at our Cabaret Show and turned every thing upside down. The Faculty tried to fill students' shoes and petitioned us to do away with the Second Semester, which is very commendable, coming from a Faculty. They also insisted that scheming be encouraged by a subsidy, and decided to have the present hour for callers to leave the Ladies' Hall (11:30) changed to "at least two" as Professor Tommy expressed it.

Then the Sophomores played Faculty at Chapel Service. Professor John Post Helwig was leader and sneezed



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the hymn numbers under his breath in good old style. Professor John Young Haught made the unusual announcements.

The Seniors took off the Faculty in exclusive session. After the meeting had been called to disorder Miss Maude Yoke Shipman complained that she "was so anxious about those dear, trying girls" and Professor C. Ney Haught insisted that all men must keep their athletic work up in good shape if they wished to graduate. Professor Ike Post Ryland forgot his notes on Asa Lewis and Cleopatra and got them sort of mixed. Doctor Worth Schumaker Fleming and Dean Haught passed on a few cases of conduct, assisted by Miss Irma Workman Butler. Professor Luther Flynn Helwig reported that he saw Arkenbrand smoking on the campus early about twelve o'clock at night, and Judy Kellison, Athletic Director, made the same charge.

The Freshmen pulled a bottle race with Indian Clubs in the chief roles. Four teams, composed of one blindfolded man and young lady jockey each, struggles between the rows of clubs and made the race as up-setting as possible.

Before the curtain rang down Miss Harding read a funny piece, and then it was all over until the Picnic.

Next there was the Senior Class Picnic on Saturday, May 19, 1917. Late in the afternoon of this bright and radiant day, with the sun fast approaching its evening rest, bathing the crags of the western peaks with golden light, the Seniors gathered, with wife and daughter, son and husband and, at the word of Captain Schu. embarked in Overlands, and Willys-Knight's, Buick's, and Ford's,—Jammed in, we sped into the country, dressed in her very best to honor us. We were going at a good rate, chatting of our own little affairs when—Bang! a terrific noise and a cry "Blow out."

One of our ministerial brethren suggested that we ought to be reverently thankful that it was not a blow up.

Then the talk turned to war for an instant, but who could think of war on such an occasion.

The tire was hurriedly replaced by our mechanic, and



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almost immediately we arrived at a fine farm-house, whose owner welcomed us and directed us into a large room, decorated in class' colors and flowers. Here the Senior class members of the Glee Club sang, after which we went in to supper of chicken and fresh vegetables and fruit.

"Preachers certainly do like chicken" I thought and for practical purposes we were all preachers.

Now there were toasts and games until late. We packed our things, thanked our host, and bade him good-bye. The return trip was made in almost perfect quiet for it is not funny to think that we soon will be scattered over our own land and over Europe at our tasks.

WILLIAM W. LOVELL

Introducing Another Book Worm(?)

After remaining in the grades for a short time the unsuspecting object of this history aimed much higher and entered Glenville State Normal. While there he took part in various student organizations, such as literary society, debating club, German club, mythology club, Y. M. C. A. cabinet, basket ball, track, year book board, etc. Had the measles. Graduated. Taught in rural school. Taught sixth grade in Clarksburg. Attended West Virginia University. While there was a member of Education Club, Columbian Literary, G. N. S. Club, Co-op Club, gym team, etc. Taught in Paw Paw High School. Taught history manual training, and athletics in Cowen High School. Attended Ohio State University. Entered Wesleyan in Fall of 1916. Member of Excelsior Literary, Webster Debating Club, class basket ball captain, Nut Club, Y. M. C. A. track, a "movie fan," and—that's all.

Summary: Farmer, School teacher, student, and "grouch."



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A RURAL FAMILY

About 25 years ago I had occasion to visit a mountainous section of Kent County, and while there made a number of acquaintances. Among those which I best recall was Jim Hawkin's family with whom I spent several days and learned to know quite well. Jim's grandfather had come to that community before the war. Jim was the only one of the name in the county, the others having migrated westward some years before.

Jim spent the first four years of married life in a little log hut 18x24 feet. Here his first two children, Charles and Lee were born. The next four years were spent happily in a three-room log cabin, where two more children, Jane and Mary were born.

At the time of my visit they were living in a log house on a large farm but in a rather secluded place, their nearest neighbor being a mile away. The two boys were walking two and a half miles through a forest to school. The home impressed me as being a very happy one a place where one might go to spend a week in quiet and rest, shut in from the hurry and care of the outside world.

As I learned later, the happiness of this home was comparatively short lived for soon after my visit, Mrs. Hawkins was stricken with a disease, and when her eldest child was yet but eight years of age, was taken from the home. Jim's grief was great and he seemed helpless but resolved to keep the home intact if possible. This he did very well, and married again in a few years. The new mother did what she could for the children, but it was not the same place to them. The two boys, when not assisting their father with the farm work, spent much time roaming over the pastures and through the woods living amid the beauties of nature. Here they learned to know the little inhabitants of the woods and spent many happy days with them.

Four years of this life soon passed and then! My heart aches when I think of it. Just when Jim had become



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established in home life again his second wife was taken from him. The children could now realize the meaning of such an event and their sorrow added to that of the grief stricken father. Broken in spirit he decided to give up trying to keep the home together, so a few months later there was a sale. Homes for the children were found and Jim left Kent County never to return as a resident again.

Not hearing anything more of these people for several years, I became interested to know more of their history. After making considerable investigation I learned the following: Charles was married and was principal of a school in a small town in the eastern part of the state. Lee was in school. Jane had gone to join her mother. Mary was teaching a country school in the same county as Charles.

Being at that time not very far distant from Lee, I decided to visit him and learn his history. About a year after leaving home he became dissatisfied and resolved to try his fortune in a different part of the state. He finally landed at Samos, a little town in Hamlin County, where he spent a few years working at whatever he could find to do and staying wherever he could. One thing however, he had always taken advantage of every opportunity to go to school, and finally, when he was seventeen, a teacher came to that community and taught a "spring normal." Lee bargained with a farmer to work for him that summer if he would board him for the six weeks of school. He worked hard and at the end of the school was able to pass the teachers' examination and get a second grade certificate. To make a long story short he applied himself diligently during the years that followed. Taught a country school in winter; attended school in the spring, and worked through the vacation season. At the end of four years he succeeded in graduating, at the head of his class, from one of the state normal schools of his state.

Thus equipped at the age of twenty one, Lee had a better chance to baffle with the world. He taught the following winter and worked in a lumber camp during the summer. In the fall, not securing the position he wanted, he left not knowing where he might land. After a few days



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he arrived in a little college town in the central part of the state, where I saw him for the first time since he was a boy of ten. He was then a Senior in college, having worked his way through college there, and was expecting to teach for a few years while making further preparations for the Foreign Mission field. It is now three years since I saw him, and I have not heard whether he is yet in this country or has sailed for the Eastern continent, the field of his future labors.

A WESLEYAN SPECIE

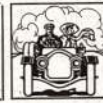
He was an inoffensive appearing youngster when he was discovered on the Campus seeking the Dean, where he enrolled for Ray's Arithmetic and Harvey's Grammar. He thought he knew all the History from Columbus up—he did not know there was any from there down, for Adam and Columbus, to him, were of the same age. He wanted to specialize in "figurin'," that was most important; and he "actually needed the Grammar"—yes he really did.

He was from the mountains and fiercely rejoiced in it. It may have been against him, but apparently it did not hurt him. He had taught school back there, but you could not tell it on him. He had the choice of a Country School Teacher, a little piece of land blasted and rocky,—if he would take the girl with it—and, going to college. He choose the last because it looked less dangerous. His neighbors encouraged his going to school by saying, 'twas a pity to spoil a First Grade Certificate that way and he was a good enough teacher anyhow.

So thus he came in one spring, taught another six months and came in the next spring, finding that he could get nowhere either in finance or education, he spent another year teaching, selling Aluminum Ware, and in a Lumber Camp. Then enrolled for a whole year with near a hundred dollars, which he had spent before two-thirds of a year was over; but he stuck it out. Learning that he was then a Prep Senior he came back for to finish, broke, yes



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but on his face,—slim enough it was but it stood him. They let him janitor about the Building for his room and he managed a co-operative soup-kitchen for his eats. Thus he emerged from Prepdom—not at all gloriously, but it was hinted creditable.

A Prep Graduate he thought finished him until looking over the Catalog one day he discovered the College department, and therein some more English and History. Astonished at the fact that there was more for him to learn, he dreamed of coming back. How? He did not know—and, does not know yet. Allowed to continue as fourth assistant Janitor with a promise of a raise to printing office if Barnes flunked and had to go home. His father promised his signature of a loan if he stuck it out and did not disgrace him. But a Laundry Agency almost robbed the old man of a chance to support by his good name, and tended materially to lessen the embarrassment of the College Loan Fund.

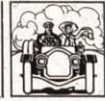
As a College Freshman he found his environment and flourished. He remained one of a Mullen stalk in a field of clover. Not by his standing out—rather by his just standing. Nothing unusual about him; 'tis just that thing that furnishes the argument for this story. Had he been a monstrosity a professional would have grabbed it.

And then a Sophomore, just an awful ordinary Soph. Had to be you know, didn't play foot ball, and of course not popular enough to get a Class office. Merely indulged in class basket ball, tennis and domino. Had to be content with honor of Y. M. Cabinet, Literary, and Debating Club. Though he was getting to the front by an occasional article in College Paper, and regular reference in the joke column. But like the Mullen, still he immediately developed signs of ripeness and joined the Senior Class and went to seed. Got to be Villian in the Class Play, soloist in the Minstrel and committee on caps and gowns.

You might think there would be no fun in working through school, but he was extremely hilarious, leading almost to foolishness. Standing second or third in that rank in the Pep Generator. He laughed when any one else laughed—and often when the Professors didn't. Diplo-



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matic enough to laugh at Teacher's joke regardless of age probably explained mystery of his good grades.

Did he have a girl? Well for most part he did not. You see its embarrassing to have a girl—that is most girls, unless you have lots of time and money. You will want to, out of courtesy, ask her to go to most every event and she will most always accept, and there you are. But he found several who were willing to stand and chat till the Prof. closed the class door, or ramble across the campus or dodge the Dean across the Swinging bridge.

And now he is out. Would he do it all over? Yes a thousand times and just as deliberately and no more seriously, though he will stand for any time telling how he would do it now.

EXPERIENCE—COL. 17

Wilson—Is it not proper to cross your feet at knees?"

Stubby Ryland—"What are the children of the Czar called?"

Allen—"Czardines, I suppose."

Casto—"I shall be tempted to give you a test soon."

Smith—"Yield not to temptation."

Cogill—"Give one of Hawthorne's works?"

Irma Workman—"Tanglefoot Tales."

Tommy Haught—"What are the greatest nations on earth?"

Hathaway—"Examinations, I think."

Irma—"Were you peeping through the key hole last night at Ike and I?"

Paul—"Honest I wasn't. Mary, was in the way."

"Biggy" kissed Miss Butler under the mistletoe.

She—"Oh, you had no business to kiss me."

He—"It wasn't business, it was pleasure."

Pat—"What did your father say when you told him my love was like a Rushing river?"

Nell—"Dam(n) it!"



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CLASS WILL

We, the Senior Class of 1917, being sane and sound of mind and purpose, do with befitting solemnity make, affirm and declare this our last will and testament, viz., namely, to-wit:

First: We do give and bequeath to the school, in token of our regard for its welfare, our Faculty, to be fondly cherished.

Also: Our eternal love and loyalty—and anything else that Wesleyan may demand of us.

Second: To the Juniors, our chapel seats and best wishes.

Also: Our Senior privileges, whatever they are.

Third: To D. B. Rogers, C. Ney Smith's memory and success as editor of the Pharos.

Fourth: To Pat Burnside, with all hearty felicitations, our Nelle.

Fifty: To William Dunn, Dogs Daniel's complexion as "Dogs" desires to make a new start in life, and a little more color will not hurt Bill.

Sixth: To Edna Howard and M. A. Workman, the executive ability and energy manifested by Brosie and "Zum" as presidents of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A., respectively. We would suggest that, at least for the coming year, a consolidation of these two organizations might secure more devoted leadership.

Seventh: To Paul Fleming, "Doc" King's pink shirt and Guy's green one. If the color fades, use Diamond Dyes.

Eighth: To the preps, our love of examinations, hoping that it will lead them in the paths they should tread.

Ninth: To Miss Harding your historic and dramatic talent, to be used to supply all deficiencies along these lines in Sophomore Oratory classes for years to come.

Tenth: To Cecil Blake, Harry Vance, Russell Burnside, Foss Curtiss, M. A. Workman, D. H. Boyd, Asa Lewis, Orville Roberts and Beryl Barnes, of the Junior Class, the worthy example set by Messrs. Sheets, Wilson, Haines,



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Jones, Robinson, Hinkle. D. B. Rogers and Karl Waggoner do not need this.

Eleventh: To the college bell, our propensity for making ourselves heard—and our habits of being on time.

Twelfth: To the football teams of 1917 and 18, for their encouragement, the prowess and pep of our gridiron heroes.

Thirteenth: To Dean Haught, fond memories of the delightful (?) experiences incident to the successful rearing of so large and illustrious a family as we are.

Our brains, beauty, individuality, wisdom, talent charm, and nerve, we are keeping, as we expect to need them ourselves.

Any rest, residue or remainder of our real or personal property we leave to Dr. Wallace B. Fleming to hold in trust until we return and demand same.

We nominate and appoint Wallace B. Fleming and Thomas W. Haught co-exeutors of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we hereunto set our hand and seal this fifteenth day of May, A. D. Nineteen Seventeen.

(SEAL)

SENIOR CLASS OF 1917.

Per I. Workman.

Witnesses: Richard Aspinall and B. F. Haught.

SOMETHING GREEN

Nature affords us much pleasure with all her aspects of beauty. Of the many colors in existence we notice one in particular which is pleasing to the eye. This is the soft delicate shade of green. The color green predominates in the grass, the flowers, the plants and the trees. It seems puzzling to us how one color could get so abundantly spread throughout the vast expanse of territory which makes up this enormous earth. We frequently speak of unseasoned timber, uncooked food, immature crops, unripe fruits, and persons placed in an unusual place as green.

We admire the verdant things of nature. We culti-



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vate and care for the green crops and fruits which nature has so bountifully provided. Then above all we pity and sympathize with mankind, especially those who have a tinge of this popular color. It is a pitiful, deplorable and sad sight to watch the verdant youth, who during his immaturity thinks himself wiser and more learned than his parents or his associates. What a braggadocio attitude he assumes when he first marches out into society. Conceit tempts him to vaunt and over estimates what he really is.

Take for instance the young people just from the rural high school, they have no idea that the green can be noticed about them, yet how conspicuous the color shows. They have the notion that their education is just about completed. They do not think that the professor can any longer teach them.

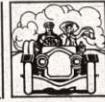
Some of these young people go immediately into employment with a boastful attitude. They show by their actions that they know all that there is to learn about such a trade. They can, according to their own thinking, instruct their masters. These young people make a grand display of the verdant color. Notwithstanding all this, the color will disappear as time elapses.

Others of the rural school graduates enter the town high school or college. Their appearance, their attitude and even their mode of locomotion points them out as new and green to the ways of college life. Watch them as they enter the building, the office and even their classes. How the color shines? In their blind conceit, they are utterly unconscious that they are displaying vividly this verdant color. Now if they continue in college, subject to many changes and do not remain obstinate or inactive, the color will soon disappear and leave them as bright as the majority of the student body.

Will the color shine during any other period of one's life? Some answer in the affirmative. They say there is nothing to prevent it from being at its best when college seniors go forth to enter upon their professions. Yet many things will favor the seniors. They have had the benefit of all the first stages of greenness during their college



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course. Of course the situation will be new to them, but the training of these past four years has not all been in vain. Their education will aid them in keeping the verdant color in the background.

MAUDE HATHWAY.

AT LAST

Now I am made to think at last
Of the long and useful past;
When a youth upon the farm,
How education my soul did charm.

In the vale and on the sloping hill,
In the wood and round the lumber mill;
My time and intellect were spent
Until to the country school I went.

I did my work with great delight,
From early morn till late at night;
And graduated March eleven,
From the graded school, in nineteen seven.

After four long years were passed,
In the Academy I was classed.
Dreaming of the future serene,
I graduated in nineteen thirteen.

Then according to a plan'd rule,
I entered Wesleyan Normal School;
Which, one eventful year later,
Became my honored Alma Mater.
Then college work assigned and done,
A huge battle fought a victory won,
And now standing I am seen
With the Class of Nineteen Seventeen.

W. O. HINKLE.



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THE JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

The annual banquet given by the Seniors by the Juniors took place on Tuesday evening, May fifteenth, 1917, and it is safe to say that it was the most enjoyable affair of its kind ever given in the history of the school. The basement of the M. E. Church, where the banquet was served, was very tastefully decorated in College and Class colors and the places were so laid that the members of the two classes were intermingled. One of the pleasant features of the affair was the fine spirit of fellowship, a characteristic of Wesleyan students, which prevailed thruout the evening.

After the elaborate five-course dinner was served and properly dispensed with, several toasts and five-minute talks were given. Mr. Vance, President of the Junior class, was toastmaster and he played the part in a very efficient manner.

Among those who responded to toasts were Dean Haught whose subject was "Out in the World"; R. W. Shumaker on "College Films"; and W. F. Curtis on "Wesleyan spirit and ideals." Prof. Haught is noted as an after dinner speaker so his speech needs no comment as it was up to the usual high standard. Mr. Shumaker portrayed College life in fine style and Mr. Curtis made an excellent speech on "Spirit and Ideals."

The five-minute talks were all very good indeed. "Senior Athletes" by W. G. Morrison; "Stepping into Senior's shoes," D. B. Rogers; "Where green fields wait for us," Flo Bailey; "The Soothsayer," Edna Howard; "Campusology," H. V. Looney; and the "Senior Class Will," by Irma Workman were talks enjoyed by all present. Each speaker presented some new and enlightening facts on his or her particular subject.

Mr. Boyd rendered a vocal solo which was of a very high order and the evening was closed with a selection by the College Male Quartet.

The Juniors are to be highly complimented on the splendid and efficient manner in which they carried out every detail of the entertainment.



FAREWELL SEVENTEEN



BUT WHO DID SING THEIR PRAISES?

Friends, teachers and students, lend me your ears;
I come to praise this Class, not to bury it.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is forgotten when they graduate:
So will it be with this class. The noble "Tommy"
Hath told you that we are all lazy:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously have we answered it.
Here, under leave of Dean Haught and the rest—
For Dean Haught is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak the praises of this Class.
They were my friends, faithful and just to me;
But Dr. Fleming says that they are worthless
And the President is an honorable man.
We have brought many captives here to school
Whose wails did all the boarding houses fill;
Did all this in the Class seem lazy?
When poor Freshmen have cried, Seniors have wept;
Their sympathies were with the poor and weak;
But Deck says we are not ambitious;
And "Daddy" is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what has been said
But here I am, to speak what I do know
They all did love us once,—not without cause;
What cause withholds them, then, to praise us now?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And Preps have lost their reason!
If thou consider rightly of the matter,
This Class has had great wrongs—mark ye my words,—
This Class was such a wise set, therefore
'Tis certain the faculty became jealous
For they did fear this Class would be so wise
And they be put to shame before such wisdom
So that august assembly called the faculty
Met and resolved that they would act so wise
And make our lights shine dim before the Juniors;



FAREWELL SEVENTEEN



And make our faults loom large as planets
And thus they'd save themselves from sure disgrace.
Tomorrow the words of this Class
Might stand against the world; now sit they here
And no one dares to do them reverence.
O people, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage
I would do the Wesleyan faculty wrong
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
If the students could but hear the Class's will—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
Then they would go and kneel before the Seniors
And beg their pardon for their past rash deeds,—
And beg a lock of hair for memory's sake
And dying mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy unto their children.
I fear I wrong the honorable men whose
Words have made wise the class,
I do fear it. What private griefs they have
Alas! I know not. They are not wise but honest,
And will with good excuses answer you.
I come not to steal away your hearts,
I am no orator as "Big Shu" is
But as you know me all, a plain blunt girl
That loves her class and that they knew full well
Who gave me public leave to speak of them
For I have neither wit nor words nor worth
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood, I only speak right on
To tell you that which you yourselves should know.
Look at the Class Record! Look at it!
And let it speak for me.
Could it but talk, 'twould ruffle up your spirits
And put a tongue in every deed of the Class
That would move the bricks in the
Walls to rise and mutiny.
The class-room record of this bunch was such
That examinations would have been insults,
So there were none.
No former Class has ever been thus honored.



FAREWELL SEVENTEEN



No other Class had such attractive men.
A woman's hand besieged by such a man
Not long could stand 'gainst such persuasive ways, there-
fore 'tis true

Eight benedicts are numbered in our Class
Nor could mortal man resist a charming Miss
From such a Class. Did not our Brosie
Go out one day this spring,—capture
Conquer and subdue a man
And lead him proudly home?
Such good examples will not fail
To find followers in such a Class.
And how the name and fame of Wesleyan
Has grown and spread thru all the land,
By the athletic victories of the Senior boys!
Truly, there would be no athletics here
Without a "Shu" and Miller, a Daniels and a Morrison.
Aye, there would scarcely be a Wesleyan
Were all the brains, with, humor and worth
Of the Senior Class removed!
And then our girls, the brightest and best,
Found anywhere in the East or West.
Here was a Class!

When comes such another.

(Apologies to Shakespeare.)

To be Saved at Once

A friend of an Irishman having fallen in to slough, the Irishman called loudly to another for assistance. The latter, who was busily engaged in cutting a log, and wished to procrastinate, inquired, "How deep is the gentleman in?" "Up to his ankles." "Then there is plenty of time," said the other. "No there is not," rejoined the first. "Oi forgot to tell yus he's in head first."



FAREWELL SEVENTEEN



REMARKABLE REMARKS

(With Apologies to the Independent Magazine)

Miss Cline—I believe I was sent as a Domestic Science Missionary to West Virginia.

Prof. Brooks—We should have thrashed Germany three years ago.

Red Rowlands—You send in the pledges to the College and I will collect the money.

Dick Aspinnall—I don't want a front seat in Heaven, I want a place to put my feet.

Pres. Vance—The Juniors are a crafty lot to lead.

Dean Haught—We will listen to anything fair from a Senior as well as anyone else.

Flynn—I believe anyone can live a sanctified life.

Prof. Casto—I am the Athlete's friend.

Ike Post—The person who misses the real advantages of Y. M. C. A. and the Literary is missing the real college education.

Prof. Ryland—I know that Cleopatra was a very beautiful woman, for the most part—though I never saw her myself.

K. B.—I ought to have had more sense than to have fallen in love with a Freshman.

Prof. Helwig—My face will speak louder than my words.

Flo Bailey—If you say an animal can't think, you do not know as much as the animal.

Hum Clark—Show me the animal that can think,
And I'll show you the missing link.

Hinkle—I can run Excelsior Society better than it has ever been run since I have been in school.

Ney Smith—Kissing naturally runs in to intemperance and extravagance, for as an institution it lacks judgment.

Chaunce Bailey—The best way to get rid of Book Companies is to sign up with all of them.



FAREWELL SEVENTEEN



Paul Workman—I will teach anything I am asked to even Bible and Domestic Science.

Miss Alexander—Please do not carry on conversation in this room, it is for study only.

Bobbie Roberts—The fellow who does not marry before he is twenty-five has about lost his chance.

Dr. Howard—If this Endowment Campaign is a failure I am going to have the Lord call me to another town.

Miss Witmayer—My pupils whom I love most I work hardest.

Haines—The Lord called me to preach but I would a darned sight rather lead a Brass Band.

Miss Queen—If I do not like a person I am not going to make over them.

Billy Sunday—The Lord would rather see fifty of you old moss-back sinners come in to my tabernacle than one boy, for he knows you are dead sure his.

Bill Jacobs—This Senior Class is going to have it all over any bunch that ever went out of here before.

Wittkamp—The most of us today are not different from the crowd that crucified Christ.

Dr. Fleming—There are five hundred young men and women waiting to come to Wesleyan when we are ready to take them.

Mr. Keller—Since I have been working for Miss Harding and Haines I am convinced that I was intended to manage a Vaudeville stage.

Sheets—We ought to quit trying to keep people out of Hell and try to keep Hell out of the people.

Windy Ross—I know a man in Wesleyan whose thoughts are so sour that all the alkaline in the College would not neutralize him.

Barnes—You never cuss the merchant when your shoes are growing thin
You never jaw the Tailor when the suit shows up the skin,
You never jag the hatter when your lid begins to flout,
But you always blame the Laundry when your shirt wears out.



FAREWELL SEVENTEEN



THE DATELESS RECORD

The subject of this brief sketch was born and is still living. In Lewis County, West Virginia, he first saw the light of day. He comes of that sturdy stock of pioneers who crossed the Ohio River soon after the close of the Civil War, and found homes in the valleys and on the mountains of West Virginia.

In this home grew to manhood and womanhood six boys and two girls. The father dying more than twenty-six years ago, leaving the care of the home and the rearing of the children to the mother. And thru all the years she has been its guarding angel. He says, "Whatever may be my achievements, or whatever hopes or aspirations I have, I owe to my sainted mother."

In these early years the cares of the home fell heavy on his shoulders. This often deprived him of the schools, except a few months each year. But at the request of an uncle he spent two years on a large farm in Iowa. But returning again to West Virginia he entered the public schools from which he received a diploma of graduation. The two years which followed, he taught in the country schools. He then spent one summer term in West Virginia University and one year in a law office.

He then entered Morris Harvey College where he remained four years, completing both the Normal and Classical Courses from which he received the Bachelor of Arts degree. Again returning to the west, he was for six years Principal of a first class high school. Returning again to West Virginia, he held the principalship of the Spencer graded school for two years.

He spent one summer term in Chicago University, four summer terms in West Virginia Wesleyan College from which he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

C. GUY W.

Old Maids

Some wicked wretch has most kindly said, "Old maids are embers when the sparks have fled!"



FAREWELL SEVENTEEN



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF NEY SMITH

(Written by Himself)

This is the first time that I have ever written my own autobiography and I find several difficulties creeping in now as I advance toward (Pronounced "tord") the last chapters. It is hard to write an autobiogrphahy, as anyone will tell you who has ever done it, without writing about yourself; this is impossible for a modest chap. I never do it—more than three hours a day. Then I can't determine just how old I am without thinking back to my birthday and I am a senior. Seniors are not required to think. That noisome duty is reserved for slaves, Freshmen, and other underlings. Again you girls who read the first chapter in one of those juicy fruit novels and then turn over to the last know what a despicable thing it is if the author, neglecting your rights as a reader, causes some of his characters to change or develop so that the last days thereof are worse or better than the first. Cusses! I am in the same fix. I was never able to decide just what my spear of uselessness was in time for Schu. to get this book out so he decided I had to be a farmer despite my personal inclination toward the girls. Now there it is; in order to prove that seniors are always truthful now and then, and invariably know their own minds provided they can come to a decision, I have to be a farmer. The picture says so and pictures never lay,—I mean lie. I always get those two words confused.

(The End)

A Poor Likeness

A lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude standing with his hands in his pockets. His friends and clients who went to see it all exclaimed, "Oh, how like the original." "Taint like him," said an old farmer, "don't you see he's got his hands in his own pockets?"

The Bachelor

They say married men live longer than Bachelors"!
"Yes, poor chaps"!!!!



FAREWELL SEVENTEEN



“LAUGH AND BE FAT, SIR”

Saying Grace

Dr. Franklin when a child found the long graces used by his father before and after meals very tedious. One day after the winter's provisions were salted—"I think, father," said Benjamin, "if you were to say grace over the whole cask once for all it would be a vast saving of time."

Self-made

A drunken congressman said to Horace Greely one day: "I am a self made man." Then sir," said the philosophical Horace, "the fact relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility."

History

Teacher—"Did I not tell you to be prepared with your history lesson? And here you are unable to repeat a word of it."

Scholar—"I didn't think it was necessary, sir, I've always heard that history repeats itself."

Alternates

"When I get to heaven," said a woman to her Baconian husband, "I am going to ask Shakespeare if he wrote those plays." "Maybe he won't be there," was the reply. "Then you ask him." said the wife.

An Anti-Suffragist

A dirty, debased, an ignorant-looking man came to vote in a township of Michigan, said one of the ladies, offering him a ballot, "I wish you would oblige us by voting this ticket." "What kind of a ticket is that?" said he. "Why," said the lady, "you can see for yourself." "But I can't read," he answered. "Why, can't you read the ballot you have there in your hand which you are about to vote?" the lady asked. "Ma," said he, "I can't read at all." "Well," said the lady, "this ballot means that you are willing to let the women as well as the men vote." "Is that it?" he replied. "Then I don't want it, the women don't know enough to vote."

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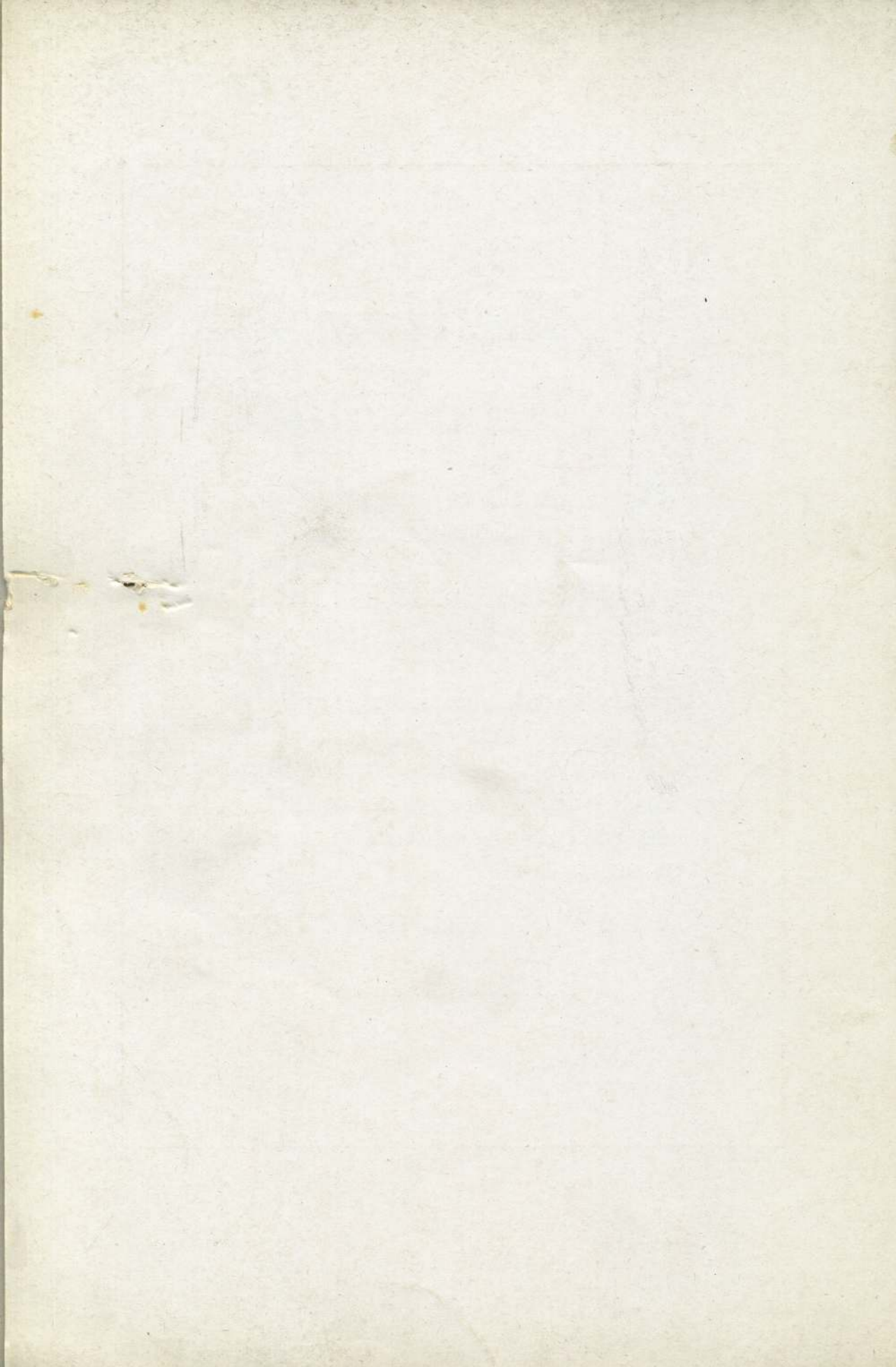
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