

1st year

THE MOUNTAIN ECHO

VOL. 1—NO. 1.

HARPERS FERRY, W. VA., JULY, 1919.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION 25¢

Published Quarterly by The Woman's Club of the District of Harpers Ferry, W. Va.

Get Together—Work Together.

Editor:

Mrs. Blanche A. Wheatley.

Assistant Editor:

Miss Emma Lynch.

Associated Editors:

Officers of the Club.

Business Manager:

Mrs. Wanda Young.

Roll Call of The Woman's Club.

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3rd Vice-Pres., Mrs. Kate Myers.
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THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

The Woman's Club is entering the fifth year of its existence, and we take this opportunity of explaining our plans and ambitions. Organized as a Domestic Science Club, under the guidance of Miss Wood—then an instructor at Shepherd College, and sent to us by the Extension Department of West Virginia University—the Club has made good, is doing even better work at the present time, and our hopes for future achievement will be satisfied with nothing less than the best. Only seven women responded to the organization call, but interest grew, and scarcely a meeting passed without one or more who came as visitors but left as members—our average number being fifty. Twice the grim reaper has taken from us interested members—one a charter member—and ill-health and removals have lessened our ranks; but others have joined us, keeping our roll call about the same.

In our work we have kept in touch with Miss Hepworth, who is in charge of Woman's Clubs of the State, and have used to good purpose the lessons and plans sent us monthly, as well as using planned programs of our own. We have grown from a Domestic Science Club to one of general utility. We are proud of our record in War Work—particularly proud of our Liberty Bonds and French war-orphans. The general response to every call has been most gratifying. We have had a variety of entertainments, including formal receptions, luncheons, musicales and picnics. Our ambitions for this year are many and varied; our first, so far, we hope to see realized in the sending forth of this little paper—our first but, we hope, not the last. Through the "first feeble efforts" of this sheet we hope to let our friends know what we stand for, and what, with the kind interest and co-operation of our friends, we shall strive to achieve. We are planning to issue this year a book of Favorite Recipes; to assist in improvements for our District; and in fact, to do anything we feel we can do for community betterment, and to cultivate the spirit of neighborliness, friendli-

ness and interest, of, by, for and in one another.

Here where the heights of the beautiful Blue Ridge tower around us, we "Montani" send forth the "ECHO"—faint and feeble as first efforts usually are, but we hope the encouraging "come back" of our friendly "hearers" will tend to increase its "volume" by and by. Of course, even our most hopeful optimist (who can make such doughnuts that the most dyspeptic of pessimists would be forced to admit the wholesomeness of even the hole) does not expect the "ECHO" to go "thundering down the ages," but she does hope that it may enter a goodly number of homes and "resound" therein for a long time in the future, at quarterly—perhaps monthly—intervals; and, besides proving a welcome visitor, be instrumental in bringing us more club members from among the women of our District—thus building up an organization for good, so far-reaching and all-encompassing, that the Woman's Club may prove a lasting memorial to their good works.

—0—

GET TOGETHER:

Get together, stay together,
Work together, play together;
With one-and-all togetherness
We shall accomplish more, not less;
We'll help ourselves and help each other,
Then help with problems vexing brother,
Get together, stay together,
And don't forget to pray together.

—0—

THE VICTORY LOAN.

The Jefferson County Chairman of the Woman's Victory Loan Committee takes this opportunity to thank the captains and all co-workers for the splendid sale of Victory Bonds, which sales amounted to \$106,250.00. Of this amount \$17,000 was sold in the Harpers Ferry District. The Woman's Club owns a V Bond.

The MOUNTAIN ECHO

SPECIAL LOCAL HISTORY NUMBER

VOL. 1—NO. 2.

HARPERS FERRY, W. VA., AUGUST, 1919. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION 25¢.

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Assistant Editor:—Miss Emma Lynch

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Mrs. C. J. Cavalier, Treasurer.

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SKETCH OF HARPER'S FERRY.

Harpers Ferry, in Jefferson County, is situated at the extreme point of the Eastern Panhandle, of West Virginia, at the base of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where the State line converges with the lines of Virginia and Maryland, at the famous Gap marking the entrance to the rich and beautiful Valley of Virginia at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers. The town, 55 miles from Washington, is noted for its unrivalled scenic beauty and for its historical significance, having been the scene of the first act in the Civil War drama as well as the theatre of many important skirmishes throughout the war period. For these reasons Harpers Ferry is distinguished as the best known small town in the United States.

On one side of the quaint little town Maryland Heights rise to an altitude of 2000 feet above sea level; on the Virginia side are the less lofty but equally picturesque and historic Lou-

doun Heights; about two miles to the west in West Virginia, Bolivar Heights, rich in war history, afford from their lofty heads a view which for sublime magnificence, has been pronounced second to none in the world, by tourists from all parts of the country and Europe.

The place was first mentioned in 1719, in the Chronicles of Virginia, as Shenandoah Falls. It was also known among the squatters of the hills as "The Hole"—Peter Stevens, a Pennsylvanian, being mentioned as the first squatter. In 1747 came Robert Harper, for whom the town was named, an architect, born in 1703 in Oxford, England. Harper purchased the squatters' claims, besides a large tract of land from the Lord Fairfax grant, for 60 guineas in gold. In 1763 the town was incorporated as Harper's Ferry, by the General Assembly of Virginia. Robert Harper died in 1782, and is buried in the Harper Cemetery on Camp Hill.

In 1796 Gen. Washington purchased from the Harper family 125 acres of land, to be used for an armory site. Washington himself made the survey and draft, recognizing the value of the splendid water power there—said by some to be the finest in the United States. Later, the Government purchased 300 acres consisting of Bolivar Heights and wooded land on Loudoun Heights. In 1839 the B. & O. R. R. Co. agreed to pay for the privilege of crossing the Wager Bridge at the ferry. Later, the railroad company bought the ferry. The B. & O. bridge at the junction of the rivers, being the key which unlocked the treasures of the Valley of Virginia, was destroyed nine times during the Civil War; and the town itself changed from Union to Confederate hands eight times. In those tragic days Harper's

Ferry suffered severely. Thoroughly crippled by the ravages of war and by the devastation of recurrent floods, the once-flourishing town is now—like Sir Bedivere of old—nothing more than a "voice" in the halls of History. In the good old days, as a Government protegee, the hum of industry echoed among the beautiful hills. Besides the Government works—Armory, Arsenal and Rifle Works—the Shenandoah Canal supplied markets of nearby cities with lumber, grain and produce from the Valley counties, connecting at the Ferry with the C. & O. Canal. At that time, a fine market house was maintained in the town. There were, also, a large cotton factory, a flouring mill and an iron foundry, employing vast numbers of workers. Today, two modern wood-pulp mills constitute the sole industrial strength, from a manufacturing standpoint, of the twin towns of Harper's Ferry and Bolivar. The mill on the Potomac stands in the old Armory yard, and the Shenandoah mill operates on the site of the Arsenal. In ante-bellum days the Government built substantial houses for the officials in charge here; a number of these houses, now in private hands, may be seen in the Ferry proper, and on Camp Hill, the town's historic West End.

The industrial glory of the place is gone; but, rich in renown for its unrivalled scenery and historical association, Harper's Ferry will ever stand a Mecca for sight-seers, artists and writers from all parts of the United States. As a summer resort justly celebrated for its invigorating mountain air, for fishing, camping and other healthful recreations, several hotels and numerous cottages provide entertainment for guests; and a number of wealthy families from neigh-

*Mr. Geo. W. Holt
Washington, D. C.*

THE MOUNTAIN ECHO

VOL. 1.—NO. 3.

HARPER'S FERRY, W. VA., OCTOBER, 1919. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION 25¢.

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Mrs. C. J. Cavalier, Treasurer.

OCTOBER

'Tis the month of haze and hush,
When Dame Nature takes her brush,
And paints for us a landscape picture grand;

As she blends the red and gold
With the brown tints manifold,
We bow before the one great Master Hand.

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TO HONOR THE SOLDIERS— A COMMUNITY PLAY GROUND.

What shall we do for the boys when they come home? That was the question oftenest discussed by the women, last winter. As a result, the Red Cross House was opened two evenings each week while the boys were returning, and there they were invited to meet their friends informally, enjoying the evening with games and refreshments.

What shall we do now? The boys are all home again. Shall we have a banquet, or a parade? How shall we show our returned soldiers our joy and pride in them?

The Parent--Teacher Association

suggests an answer—better, some of us think, than more “eats” or more marching, which the boys seem to be tired of. A community playground! a recreation center! Where? Close to the High School building, of course, and adjoining, on the west, the playground already there. Three lots are available—one facing Washington street, between Dr. Stotler's and Mr. Dan Nichols' homes. The Parent-Teacher Association proposes to make of this lot an attractive entrance to the play ground, picnic ground and recreation center, with drinking fountain, benches, etc., and a tablet to show that it is the tribute of the community to our soldiers—to the magnificent spirit with which they rallied to the defense of Liberty, none knowing whether he should return—“To Honor our Defenders in the Great War—To Benefit our Defenders of the Future.” And beyond this entrance a ball ground. The plan includes co-operating with the school to equip the grounds directly behind the school building with tennis courts, and paraphernalia for the little folks; the entire space to be known as the Community Play Ground, and to be open all the year round.

Would not this be an appropriate testimonial of appreciation? A tribute in which all the people—little boy and big sister, returned soldier and thankful parent, even the bereaved ones—may join efforts and gifts to make it beautiful, and one they will ever enjoy proudly? It will cost a good deal of money—we don't yet know just how much—but the School Board has approved the plan and subscribed five hundred dollars. (The improved property will, of course, be deeded to the School Board in trust.) About two hundred dollars more has been offered unsolicited. We feel sure the com-

munity will gladly give as much more. We learned to give during the war, for our boys Over There; shall we not now give generously and joyously for those returned to us—reverently and proudly for those who will return no more?

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CLUB'S RECEPTION TO THE TEACHERS.

The Woman's Club reception to the teachers has become an annual event. Thursday afternoon, October 2, about fifty women and two men met in the Club Room for this occasion. An enjoyable program was rendered, and delicious refreshments were served. How to honor our soldiers was discussed, and the Community Playground Memorial was presented by a member of the Parent-Teacher Association. Mr. Hughes, the County Farm Agent, was present and made an excellent speech on the importance of organization among farmers. The friends and patrons of the school met and welcomed the new Principal, Mr. House, and the new teachers on his staff; also renewed pleasant associations and relations with former instructors who have returned to us for another term. The members were highly complimented by Mr. Hughes for their get together—work together—stay together spirit; and, all together, the occasion was another red letter event in the life of the Club.

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CORRECTION.

In the Local History number of The Mountain Echo an error was made in stating that the cost of the building of the Harpers Ferry High School was \$60,000. The figures should have read \$50,000.

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Subscribe for the ECHO.

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Advertise in the Mountain Echo.

2nd year

THE MOUNTAIN ECHO

VOL. 1—NO. 4.

HARPERS FERRY, W. VA., JANUARY, 1920.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION—25¢

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Mrs. C. J. Cavalier, Treasurer.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

May all your joys be great,
And all your cares be small,
May health be your estate
And fortune on you call.
May work be yours to do
With willing heart and hand;
And may each day bring you
New strength for right to stand.
May word and deed be kind,
Your faith both high and pure;
And may a peaceful mind
Give patience to endure
Whatever trials come
To you from Him above;
May friends, and happy home,
Be yours—with truest love.

A Happy New Year to one and all. And—a successful Leap Year to every feminine member of genus home who desires to take advantage of the quadriennial privilege which Cupid plus Custom permits her to exercise in submitting a proposal (which we trust will be properly “sealed”) to further the best interests of Messrs. Eros, Hymen & Co. But, as we are confident that advice from us on this “engaging” topic of matrimonial prerogative is not needed, we’ll turn our attention to matters less interesting, perhaps, to the privileged few but more to the mind of the matronly many to whom Leap Year is the same as any other year—after having seen Romance flit out the back window with a final “Fare-you-well!” when stern reality came in the front door with a hungry John demanding the why of a delayed dinner. But, so as to have nothing on our translucent conscience, we pause long enough to favor the Leap Year Dianas with a warning glance, supplemented, by an

admonitory fore-finger, and in tones as sepulchral as cold type will admit we bid them look before they leap—and to stop and listen as well, to be sure they are on the right track and that old H. C. O. L. (which may be interpreted as High Cost of Loving) doesn't catch them at the crossing.

Now, having had our little joke, let us proceed to matters which concern us all. As this is the season of good resolutions let us, the members of the Club, make a few, which, if not made after the pie-crust variety, will result in concerted effort and definite action to boost and better the community in which we live. The community spirit needs stimulating; community pride needs stirring up; community betterment is our greatest need; and community cooperation is the one thing needful to stimulate, stir up, and create the working conditions needed to carry community betterment to a successful finish. Cooperation among the Clubites coupled with determination and honest endeavor to do our bit for community improvement will be a good resolution to begin with. During the dark days of the World War the Club did splendid team work, both for our own country and the suffering countries of Europe. The spirit of co-operation at that time, in the Club and in the community, was a beautiful thing, and things went with a rush, leaving us all a little breathless with surprise at ourselves for being able to accomplish so much in so short a time. Now that the war need is past and reconstruction is the order of the times, why cannot we direct the energy and ability, which the war stirred up and developed, into building up our own community? It can be done, and it should be done. Club and Church and community co-operation will do it. These are the “C's” upon which our little “township” would ride safely to the harbor of Achievement. Nowhere in the whole United States is there scenery more beautiful than the picturesque loveliness with which Nature has surrounded us. Such beauty should inspire us to make the historic old town a fit jewel for its magnificent setting. Visitors and tourists from all parts of the country envy us our magnificent outlook on Nature's wonderful handiwork, and marvel at our restricted inner vision which sees no farther than our own individual doors. Let us wake up, get up, keep up, and stay up. Let us get together, work together, achieve together. Let us bring together our two little towns

and make one the interests of the people. Harpers Ferry is hemmed in by Bolivar, and Bolivar cannot advance independent of Harpers Ferry. The time has come to join forces; in union there is not only strength, but growth, common interests, and consequent gain. Let us get together and put through the Memorial Playground movement, which has had such a successful launching. Other towns are honoring the valor of their soldiers in the great war with lasting memorials—why should not we? Are not our boys as deserving of honor and loving appreciation as are the service men of other communities? This will be another good resolution well worth the keeping. Why not make it, and keep it? The over-worked Governor-General of Hades is not in need of “paving material” so good as that. Think it over—and make a set of New Year resolutions which will prove unbreakable. For instance, resolve:

To get the Club members together.

To get the people of the community together.

To get the towns together.

Together to achieve the Memorial to our soldiers.

Together to enact and enforce municipal laws designed to benefit one and all.

If we make and keep these good resolutions we shall have accomplished a good year's work. It can be done; it should be done; let us resolve that it SHALL BE DONE. The new state road—upon which highway we are told work will begin in the spring—will bring many travelers to our town. While the new road is in process of construction let us all get together and do all we possibly can to improve our premises and beautify our environments. Let us, first thing, prohibit the throwing of paper and trash on pavements and streets, and deliver our beautiful hills and hollows from the desecration of unsightly refuse which could be easily disposed of on our own premises in pits dug for the purpose. We have got into a rut. Let us get out of it, and stay out. Let's fill up that old anything-will-do rut with all our broken resolutions of former years, and then let's seal the old rut over with unbreakable cement made of the resolve that the BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD for our own home town. Let's think it over; let's talk it over—and let's PUT IT OVER!

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Subscribe for “The Mountain Echo.

Subscription
expired.

Mr. Walter Wheatley

THE MOUNTAIN ECHO

VOL. 1.—NO. 5.

HARPERS FERRY, W. VA., APRIL, 1920. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, 25¢

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EASTERTIDE.

Easter—and the Miracle of The Tomb;
O fadeless Christ!

Perennially Faith's lillies bud and
bloom—

Pure white of matchless Sacrifice,
Love's heart of stainless gold,
Enshrined in Hope's eternal green—
Earth's fairest Flower, behold!

—The Bolivar Bard.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

With this issue we complete Vol. 1 of THE MOUNTAIN ECHO. During the year we have published four quarterly numbers and one special number. The latter—Local History Issue—was brought out with the hope of meeting in a small way the demand on the part of summer visitors to our town for a guide book containing condensed information relating to points of interest, particularly those of historical significance, in our vicinity. Our little Local History number proved a great success, and though the season was far advanced when the special came out, the entire edition of five hundred copies was disposed of to the mutual satisfaction of visitors and Club. We are now preparing to issue for the coming season a second edition of 1000 copies of the Local History number. In spite of the increased cost of printing we expect the

"come back" of this special ECHO to bring the Club "returns" very satisfactory to the Club's strong box—whether the handy "old blue tea pot" or the equally convenient "old stocking" of no particular hue, does not matter here.

The ECHO, though not heard round the world as was that shot of the "embattled farmers" of revered history, has "carried" much farther than we had hoped for; not only is it heard throughout the State of its nativity, but its little noise echoes as far as Maine and California, Minnesota and Florida, and reaches many of the States within the radius where former residents and friends of the twin towns now reside. Numerous urgings have come to us from these friends to enlarge the little sheet and bring it out monthly. We are grateful, indeed, for the interest shown in, and the support given to our Club ECHO, and while we cannot see our way clear at the present time, either to increase our volume or to "reverberate" at more frequent intervals, yet—who knows what the future may have in store for us—and for our friends? During the coming year the Club and its ECHO hope to retain all their old friends and gain many new ones. The more friends we have the bigger we'll grow, and the oftener we'll call. Many subscriptions expire with this number; we shall appreciate your support for the coming year. Please send in your subscription to our business manager, Mrs. Edgar Dudrow, and receive the next number promptly, along with our sincere thanks. To each and every one who has helped the Club and its little journal in any way, our thanks are due.

THE WOMANS CLUB NOW A 'FED'

The Club is now identified with the State Federation of Woman's Clubs—a big step forward for us. We have a reputation to maintain, and must maintain it. The privilege of being a "Fed" carries with it an assessment of 20c per capita for the year. This assessment must be paid at once.—Your nearest District Captain will collect, or you may pay at the next Club meeting. Let us be prompt in meet-

ing our obligations and faithful in attendance. Nothing so discourages a club president as luke-warmness and indifference; and surely, our president deserves the very best you can give.

ROSES!

Judging by the numerous bouquets being thrown at our president, Mrs. F. P. Lynch, by far-and-near admiring friends, we trust we may be pardoned for entertaining the fear that our president may fall a victim to swell-headitis—a disease very common to successful leaders, whether their persuasion be petticoat or pants. However, we hope we shall not have to increase the circumference of her laurel wreath, owing to the fact that she is "great" enough, endowed as she is with big vision and large ability; but the success of the Club and the "far-reachingness" of the Club's ECHO, cannot fail to cause her heart, at least to swell with prideful satisfaction in success conscientiously achieved. May her "head-piece" never grow less!

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.

How many kinds of birds live in your yard and garden, or in those of your near neighbors? Do you ever think how hard it is for them to get food during such weather as we have had this past season? And, even in summer—sometimes they suffer for water—though that could hardly be in a section so blessed with running water as Harpers Ferry District.

I have fed the birds each season since I was a child, beginning with the proverbial sheaf of wheat saved from the harvest, and mounted on a pole for the birds' Christmas feast. From that time my efforts have increased, and now I keep several chunks of suet in sheltered places the entire winter. All the birds seem to love it, and we Domestic Science experts well know that suet, as heating food, is especially good during the severe weather.—In addition to the suet (which, by the way, is tied securely out of the way of stray cats and dogs) I keep a shallow box of cracked walnuts and hickory nuts—to be had for the gathering in Jefferson County—crumbs, bits of ap-

The Mountain Echo

SPECIAL LOCAL HISTORY NUMBER—SECOND EDITION

VOL. II.

Harpers Ferry, West Virginia, May 1920.

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GET TOGETHER—WORK TOGETHER.

Editor:—Mrs. Blanche A. Wheatley.
Assistant Editor:—Miss Emma Lynch.

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Sketch Of Harpers Ferry.

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Mrs. Adelaide Decker,
Bolivar, W. Va.

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Harpers Ferry, W. Va., July, 1920

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FOR CLUB MEMBERS.

“Boost, and the world boosts with you,
Knock, and you’re on the shelf—
For the booster gets sick

of the man who kicks

And wishes he’d kick himself!

Boost when the sun is shining,

Not when it starts to rain;

If you happen to fall,

Don’t lie there and bawl,

But get up, and BOOST AGAIN!”

“FIVE YEARS OLD—GOIN’ ON SIX!”

Last month, having had a birthday, the Woman’s Club entered the sixth year of its existence. While we do not claim that our organization is an “infant prodigy” in the world of Clubdom, yet we do think that our rural “youngling” has some “sayings and doings” that will justify our bragging about, just a little bit, to our friends and neighbors who have not taken time or trouble to become acquainted with our “Hopeful” and thereby share our pardonable pride in its fat-sassiness, and ability to do something more than “talk.” Below we give a few facts and figures, (necessarily condensed) which speak louder, and perhaps more convincingly, than the Club itself. Not that our Club is lacking in “word-artists;” in fact, our “equipment” in that line would make silver-tongued orators of the male persuasion turn green with envy; but we think our deeds “carry

farther” than our words. These facts and figures are furnished by our faithful and efficient Recording Secretary, Mrs. K. K. Cavalier, whose retirement from office is caused by “four perfectly good reasons at home.”

The Club was organized with 11 charter members; enrolled 75 members; present membership 62. Equipment valued at and insured for \$200. Own silver cup twice won at county fair. The only woman’s club in the State to publish a paper—*The Mountain Echo*—quarterly. Published two editions—500 and 1000 copies respectively—of a Historical Guide, Harpers Ferry and vicinity.

Also compiled and published a cook book—200 copies. Bought two Liberty Bonds (\$50.00); one of which was donated to the Memorial Playground fund, High School. Adopted two French war orphans—\$120.00. Given to the Red Cross \$342.00 exclusive of hundreds of garments made by Club members. Donated a hospital bed—\$40.00. Relief for Serbian girls—\$20.00. For canning fund—\$25.00. Held two cafeteria suppers and a lawn fete, which functions netted \$275.00. The balance of our funds received by dues and contributions. Hold membership in the West Virginia State Federation of Women’s Clubs.

Not so bad for a rural club of busy housewives—eh? Wouldn’t you like to have a motherly interest in this live--and lively—proposition of ours? Or at least, a sisterly concern in or an auntly regard for its present well-being and future welfare? We are sure that even a grandmotherly affection would by no means “spoil” it, but rather, by virtue of maturer wisdom and larger experience, help in training the “young hopeful” in the way it should go; to new fields of achievement over the old highroad of Service, where taskmaster Duty occasionally allows us a day off with Recreation who arranges delightful little excursions along unexpected and entrancing by-paths diverging from the “Highway” and a little farther on, brings us into the beaten

way again with vigor renewed and vision made clearer for having rambled a bit in paths replete with the delights of discovery, where feasts “unprepared” feed the soul somewhat surfeited with the sameness of workaday bread—and butter. Come and join us! we play as well as work. We need you—you need the Club; when both needs are met the result will be mutual benefit. Only \$1.20 a year—dues may be paid quarterly. Don’t “think it over” but come on in now, and do your thinking afterward—for the good of the Club. Of course our Club is of the “Big Stick” persuasion in that it is Big and bound to Stick—as long as we live up to our motto: “Get Together—Work Together.”

CHAGE IN OFFICIAL STAFF.

On June 3rd, the Club held its annual election which resulted in the fine staff of officers whose names appear in the first column on this page of the *ECHO*. The Club is fortunate in securing the services of these women, and extends the glad hand of cordial welcome, together with the assurance of being as “powerful” as it can be, not only behind the throne but in front and on both sides of it. We wish good luck and a successful reign for the present powers. To the retiring officers who have served the best interests of the Club so faithfully and well, the members wish to express their appreciative thanks, regretting that inability to attend on the part of several members of the staff made a change necessary.

Good luck and a good rest for our past potentates!

TO OUR MEMBERS AND FRIENDS.

We hate to do it, but we are compelled by the high cost of printing to call attention to the advance in the price of the *ECHO*. The yearly subscription is now 35c. single copy 10c. If the little paper is worth to you ten cents more in the year, we shall be delighted to have your subscription. If you feel that the

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AUTUMN

The sumac's torch is now aflame
Among the hills of home,
Its scarlet signal doth proclaim
A royal guest is come.
In russet dress the elm, behold,
And poplars' gilded green;
While maples don their cloth-of-gold
To honor Autumn's queen.
The wild sunflower beds the meads,
Gay asters nod bright heads,
And every path to glory leads
Where fair October treads.
Oh, incense sweet of ripened field,
Of fruitful tree and vine!
All to the queen their treasures yield
And worship at her shrine.
And E'en the winds 'mong whispering
No longer fancy-free, [grass,
Now pause to watch October pass
In matchless pageantry.
—THE BOLIVAR BARD.

Below we give an article from the forceful pen of Dr. Frank Crane; please read every word of it, for we are sure the noted preacher-philosopher had Harpers Ferry and Bolivar in mind when he wrote this little treatise on home-town improvement.—Ed.

YOUR HOME TOWN FIRST.

By Dr. Frank Crane.

Work for your own town. Beautify it. Improve it. Make it attractive. The World War and the Treaty of Peace and the Protective Tariff and all

such things are important subjects; but what's the use of cleaning up the world unless you sweep your own doorstep?

The city whose main street is dirty, sordid-looking, cluttered, uninviting, suffers much. Such a city wants to be cleaned, recreated, made a thing of beauty, so that people will come miles to see it. The best advertisement of your business is the town you live in.

Towns get reputations as well as men. Make your town talked of all over the State. It will thus draw people. And where the people come, there is prosperity. It does not take money. It takes something that is scarcer. It takes co-operation. Get together. Organize for civic improvement. Develop the civic nerve. Rid your town of one eyesore after another. Clean up the vacant lots and plant them in gardens. Make a cluttered yard a disgrace. Make public opinion too hot for those who will not help. It pays. It will promote law and order. It will help in the education of your children. It will draw factories and other enterprises to your locality. Shiftlessness, untidiness, dirt and selfishness, as shown in your streets and buildings, react upon your people. Such things make your boys and girls grow up hating their home town. Make your home town a children's paradise, something their memory will lovingly turn back to. Look after your Amusements, your Parks, your Playgrounds, your Theaters, and all your other means of communal enjoyment. Make your home town happy. It pays.

VISIONS OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

First, GOOD ROADS. With the county building Class A roads from Charles Town to Bolivar, will Bolivar and its twin town Harpers Ferry sit quietly by and take the rebukes heard from every traveler passing through the historic place—"The worst roads ever, and streets so impossible as to be almost impassable." Travelers from home and abroad avoid the towns, when

possible, and groan, if not "cuss," when compelled to use their thoroughfares.

You automobile owners and taxi drivers! we implore you, (for the sake of your machines if you care not for the good of your home town) to get together and work together to the end that the city fathers do something, and do it quick! If not, we women will! You say we are not allowed to hold office? Wait! our representatives are going to hear from the WOMEN of West Virginia, now! And here is a suggestion to the city fathers: The county authorities will lend its road machinery; men and teams—and the will to do—see what could be done to remove the opprobrium of bad roads.

Secondly, WHAT CAN BE DONE TO JOIN THE TWO TOWNS, and make a greater Harpers Ferry? A reward to the one that will start the ball rolling and keep it going till two supine towns develop into one live one. We call on both places to wake up, and rub the dust of bad roads from your eyes, and look ahead for a better future.

Be game, and make your town fit for beautiful scenery. Are these beautiful mountains full of Rip Van Winkles?

Thirdly, we want to see women on the School Boards and taking more interest in the young people around us. More later.

—S. E. L.

SUFFRAGE AS IT RELATES TO WORK OF CLUBWOMEN.

These history making days in their rapid passing have placed upon American womanhood a great and solemn trust—that of the Ballot. This was inevitable; time is ripe for it; man has not been a willing donor of the gift—generally speaking—nor are women universally glad to have this responsibility added to an overflowing life of duties and obligations. But the wheels of fate have been turning slowly but surely toward the enfranchisement of women for many years—through the awakening of

3rd year

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A Happy New Year To Everybody!

That Resolution Good—
Did you make it?
Now, look out for the CLUB,
Lest you break it!

Nineteen-Twenty-One—And The Club

My Dear Club Members:

With this issue of *The Mountain Echo*, we begin another year of Club life and Club work. The value of Clubs to mankind in general and to womankind in particular scarcely can be estimated in this day of rapid change—old orders passing away, new ideas taking their places. The Club serves as a clearing-house for the over-taxed bread-winner-home-maker, wife and mother. Here we may meet and discuss in the broadest sense, with a freedom that comes only in unity, matters of a religious, educational, political or social nature, and all other questions of vital concern to us all as a whole and to each of us individually. In Club membership the community spirit is born, nurtured and furthered; co-operation is boosted, put forward and upheld; new theories are propagated; new ideas imbibed. We cannot come together without taking away with us something to think about, something to help us in our several walks of life; and as individual members we are of as much value to our Club as our Club is to us. Do we ever stop to think how much we are missed when absent from

The New Year!

What dost thou hold in thy untried hand
For me, New Year, for me?
Behold! I open at thy command—
There at my door thou dost smiling stand;
A stranger guest from an unknown land;
How shall I welcome thee?

"Welcome me kindly" the New Year said,
"Take thou my hand in thine;
Strange is the way which my feet must
[tread
Forth from the grave of the Old Year dead;
Lo! I was born as his spirit fled—
His burden now is mine."

"Clean and so white is the record sheet,
The gift of Time to me;
Help me to keep it pure and sweet
As each milestone by the way we greet;
But twelve short months in my life so
[fleet—
They mean so much to thee!

"These are the gifts which to thee I
[bring:
Brightest of Hopes, and Fears;
A Hand to help, and a Heart to cling,
Echoes thro' all the ages to ring,
A Prayer to pray, and a Song to sing,
Labor, Laughter, and Tears.

"Gladness, and Sadness, and Joy, and
[Pain,
(Ah, life's strange Mystery!)
Sunlight and Shadow, Starlight and Rain,
A war in the heart 'twixt Good and Bane,
Something to Lose and Something to
[Gain—
These are my gifts to thee."

Ah me, New Year! many gifts, all told—
The Years past brought them too;
But here is my hand to have and hold—
Perhaps when thy last gift I unfold
I shall find a treasure above all gold:
The heart of Friendship True.

—THE BOLIVAR BARD.

a Club meeting? Do we ever pause to consider how much we can give to the Club even if we dare think we get nothing from the Club? Do we ever think how greatly appreciated are the faithful

members who at roll call always answer "Here!" and how regretfully we miss the absent ones? Dear Club members and fellow workers, we need you, we want you, we expect you! And as we step out into the new year—all question marks—let us ask ourselves: How much will this Club grow? How BIG will it become, if all its members are JUST LIKE ME?

A happy, plenteous New Year to each member and to all friends.

Heartily and sincerely,
Your President,
Mary K. Cavalier.

From New Hampshire's Snowy Hills.

Manchester, N. H., Dec. 24, 1920.
Dear Club Friends in West Virginia:—
Please accept greetings from the Granite State:

We are thinking here in New England today, a great deal about those amazing folk who landed on our shores, three-hundred years ago this month.

Although warned of the dangers and difficulties of the voyage, of the scarcity of food; of the terrible atrocities of the Indians; still they came. And they came not as adventurers or explorers, but as settlers. They came in order that they might preserve their race, their language and their religion, which they could not do in Holland.

King James had made it impossible for them to live in England, and keep their religion, and so they came to us. It was not however, intentionally that they came to us. They intended to go to you. Their plan was to settle in Virginia, but the Mayflower had begun to leak, the sea was rough, and the weather was cold, so they were forced to land at Plymouth.

We, of New England, and you of Virginia, may well be proud of those Pilgrim fore fathers and mothers of ours. Their Compact was the beginning of our democracy. To their toil, their courage, their love of freedom and of religion, we owe this great republic; our America. We are asking ourselves today

Blanche A. Wheatley

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APRIL.

Hark! the voice of Spring is calling:

"Earth, awake! for life is fair;"

On my heart the soft tones falling,

Wake the sweetest music there.

All the world is full of gladness—

Humming bee and singing bird;

Put away all thoughts of sadness,

Come where Nature's voice is heard,

Cara mia—

Come where Nature's voice is heard.

Now arbutus hides her flowers

Where the brown leaves thickly lie;

Golden sunshine, quickening showers,

Ope the violet's sweet blue eye.

Tender green the hills are showing.

Skies above are blue and fair.

Honey-scented winds are blowing,

Joyous life is everywhere—

Cara mia—

Joyous life is everywhere.

Let the dead past hide its sorrow,

Bid the golden present stay,

Take no thought of the tomorrow.

Life so sweet is ours today.

Where the pale wind-flower is swaying,

Ere the celandine departs.

Let us o'er the hills go straying,

With the springtime in our hearts,

Cara mia—

With the springtime in our hearts.

—The Bolivar Bard.

The learned are those who have studied in books; the thinkers, geniuses, enlighteners of the world and liberators of the human race are those who read directly from the pages of life itself.

THE FIRE FIEND AGAIN.

The recent disastrous fire in Bolivar, which destroyed the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Reek and jeopardized the neighboring properties of Mr. Walter O'Boyle and Mr. James Derry, is but another object lesson in unpreparedness given us by the dreaded fire fiend, which lesson, we earnestly hope, will not pass unheeded as have those on similar previous occasions. But for the timely and whole-hearted aid of the people of the two towns, including the students of Storer College, other property would have surely gone the fiery way of the Reek residence, which caught from a nearby out-building set afire by a spark from a burning pile of garden brush.

Not only was their home totally destroyed, but half of the furniture, most of the clothing of the whole family, and all of their provisions, including forty bushels of potatoes. Fortunately, no fatalities occurred.

In view of the numerous and frequent visits of the fire fiend in our vicinity, it is high time that the people awaken to the crying need of such protection and rouse themselves to efforts which must be made to secure fire protection. The two villages in years past have suffered many disastrous fires which might have been promptly extinguished upon discovery, or loss minimized by immediate application of proper fire-fighting apparatus at hand.

Only a few weeks ago the new Hill Top House, not yet wholly rebuilt from the ruinous fire of less than two years ago, was again endangered from a burning flue, but immediate discovery and prompt action saved the building, which upon two previous occasions, was totally destroyed by fire.

Some years ago, a number of our public-spirited people started a movement for fire protection and quite a large sum of money was raised for the purpose. But alas! our ardor, which burned for a time, with all the fierce intensity of the fire-fiend we elected to fight soon died down to the dull gray ashes of indiffer-

ence; interest lagged, and naturally, effort languished and finally ceased.

However, the money which had been got together was taken care of and is available at any time. There is no reason why this money should not be used now; positively, there can be no excuse for us if we fail to add to the sum in hand. Every legitimate method in our power, as country villagers, should be employed to secure funds sufficient to furnish ourselves with fire protection.

This is not the job of any particular organization or committee in our community—here is work for all of us—each and every one of us; the individual and the group, no matter what our church, order or club affiliation may be; in protecting ourselves against a common enemy our motto must be: One for all—all for one. We are the Community, the Community is Ourselves. It is time we realized that eternal truth.

Let us ask ourselves: What is wrong with us that we cannot seem to acquire the get up-and-go ahead spirit so apparent in many towns of smaller size than ours?

And then, let us tell ourselves the truth: What is wrong with us is the utter lack of the spirit of CO-OPERATION? It is said that money is the lever that moves the world; but co-operation is the force that is needed in our little corner of the globe to get the "move on." The sooner we Bolvarites and Harpers Ferrians realize—and utilize—that fact the quicker we'll get somewhere—and the surer will be our satisfaction and the more certain our gain.

One of life's inconsistencies is that a mouse is afraid of a man, a man is afraid of a woman and a woman is afraid of a mouse.

It is often more profitable to read one man than to read ten books.

It is more desirable to distribute the fruits of one's own industry than to reap the benefits of that of others.

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JULY

Hot and horrid old July!
We'll be glad when you pass by—
Relegated to the rear
Till rolls round another year.
From the calendar we'd wipe
You right off with one fell swipe;
We don't like such ways as yours—
Seething blood and streaming pores,
Sweltering nights and scorching days
Nothing add unto your praise;
Wilted collars by the score—
Therefore laundry bills galore—
Iceman gloating fiendishly
Over mounting mercury;
Dusty streets and brassy skies;
Plus mosquitoes, gnats and flies;
Lanky hair and shiny nose
Lengthen out our list of woes.
Girls all want to take us where
Ice cream soda signs appear,
But we much prefer to go
Where Potomac's fountains flow.
Dearth of rain, excess of sun
Make us wish your race was run;
We would die but that we fear
Pyrotechnics wait elsewhere—
So there's nothing else to do
But to grin(?) and bear with you,
While we sweat and swat and sigh—
Horrid, torrid old July!

But tho' we grumble, we salaam:
For you gave us UNCLE SAM!

—Bolivar Bard.

This issue of *The Mountain Echo* begins the third year of the existence of the little paper.

AMERICANS ALL!

We have all of us recently celebrated the 145th birthday of our Uncle Sam—that beloved old fellow with the chin whiskers and striped pants and star-spangled "wescut", who in the estimation and veneration and love of his numerous nieces and nephews, stands head and shoulders above all other world "relations". How thankful we are, or ought to be, for an uncle Sam with so many virtues—and whose "constitutional" imperfections we—you, I and the other fellow—can and may so easily improve and remedy if we will. Now that the rockets have soared and the cannon have roared in rejoicing appreciation of the Day we celebrate, and once again Old Glory has graced the festive occasion by floating its beautiful and stainless folds over the homes of the brave in the land of the free, let us all rise—and **STAND TOGETHER**—and repeat the American's Creed:

"I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies."

A FESTIVE OCCASION

On the evening of July 7th the Woman's Club held a festival on the High School Playground—now equipped with the promised good-time outfit consisting of an outdoor gymnasium—including swing, flying rings, flexible ladder, horizontal bar and climbing pole; a four-board see-saw; a giant eight-ladder stride; and a steel slide for

the little tots. The evening was unusually warm, but the crowd assembled on the grounds soon forgot hot-weather discomforts in the enjoyment of ice cream, ice-cold lemonade; cool salads, and sandwiches and cakes in variety—good things provided by the Club members with a view toward replenishing the Club's treasury. That the supply of eats and drinks was exhausted before nine o'clock attests the fact that there was a good crowd present and that the good crowd brought good appetites as well as good will along with it—and swelled the Club exchequer by a good sum netted.

Quite a large number of children—both sexes, various sizes, all ages—had a happy time trying out the new play outfit, and the grownups enjoyed watching the youngsters as neighbor chatted with neighbor, and friends and acquaintances—and even the casual stranger—found the Memorial Playground a theme of common interest. Slowly but surely the dream is becoming a reality, as funds are raised for the materialization of plans dear to the heart of the public spirited citizen. The committee in charge deserves high praise for never-flagging interest and ceaseless activity despite the lamentable and serious attacks of illness suffered by the tireless chairman, Mrs. Celeste Newcomer. That she was able to be present at the festival and enjoy the "first fruits" of the Playground endeavor, is a matter of gratification to all her friends.

The many contributors interested are highly pleased that the movement is progressing so well.

It is now up to all of us to provide for the Memorial Entrance which will ever remind us—as well as enlighten the stranger in our midst—that the brave World Warriors of our District are worthy of having their memory perpetuated by a grateful and appreciative community; that their work and our gratitude may prove inspirational and provide incentive for future patriots and defenders in crises which may yet

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AUTUMN.

All hushed and still the deep woods lie,
No more sweet summer on them smiles;

The birds that ringing echoes woke,

Within the sylvan aisles

Through all the golden summer time,

To a warmer clime have flown,

And naught the lonely silence breaks

Save chill winds' plaintive moan.

Now one by one the leaves forsake

The parent bough to which they clung

Thro' all the halcyon, green-hued days

Ere summer's song was sung;

But now they whisper vain regrets,

And like dead hopes they slowly fall

To Mother Earth's broad kindly breast

That e're receives them all.

And, singing softly to the flowers

That droop with faces sad and wan

Against the brown and withered grass,

The streamlet hurries on,

Telling the loitering passer-by

That old King Winter comes apace,

And soon beneath a spotless shroud

Will hide earth's brown old face.

The pallid sunshine glances o'er

The russet hills with shadowy smile,

And lovingly it lingers by

The old and broken stile,

Where, meditating on the past

A sad and lonely maiden stands,

With gold and crimson Autumn leaves

Clasped in her listless hands.

And so, with sad, regretful sighs,

The dying year draws to its close;

And down the vista of the past

With lingering steps it goes,

To rest at last 'mong countless graves

Where other happy years lie low

In deep eternal sleep that ne'er

Will resurrection know.

—THE BOLIVAR BARD.

IN MEMORIAM.

Sergeant-Major William J. Geary, son of Claudia Geary, and the late Thomas W. Geary, born in Harpers Ferry, March 13, 1892; killed in action at Belleau Wood, France, June 25, 1918; and whose body, recently returned from France, was interred with military honors in St. Peter's Catholic Cemetery in his home town, September, 2, 1921.

At the age of seventeen, William Geary enlisted in the Marine Corps, and was assigned to duty at Headquarters, Washington, D. C. When the United States entered the World War he volunteered for active service and went to France with the first contingent of Marines, a member of the 4th Brigade. He was awarded the Croix de Guerre and the following citation in French Army Orders.

"In Belleau Wood on June 11, 1918, under extremely violent artillery and machine gun fire, demonstrated extraordinary courage and indefatigable energy in the fulfillment of his mission."

He was also cited for bravery by the United States Government, having led an attack against the enemy in the north end of Belleau Wood on the night of June 25, 1918.

Two comrades, including several officers, accompanied the body of Sergeant-Major Geary from Washington and conducted the military rites at the grave.

This brave young hero whose mortal remains have come home to rest for all time, was a grandson of Mr. Edward Higgins and a nephew of Misses Emma and Anna Higgins of Harpers Ferry.

The people of the little town which gave him birth are proud of him—his clean young manhood as civilian and soldier, his spirit of patriotism, his deeds of heroism, his magnificent death. His record of A-1 American manhood is an honor of which our little town will ever be proud and for which those who knew and loved him are thankful and happy even in grief.

Sleep on, gallant lad.

In your little green tent,
Where the moss and the myrtle
Are lovingly blent

In an evergreen wreath

For young valor's fair fame,
And the Flag proudly floats
O'er a son's honored name.

MISS MINNIE A. BURTON

It is with deep sadness, mingled with feelings of appreciation and love, that we record here the passing of a dear friend and valued member of our Club, Minnie A. Burton, who died after a brief illness at her home in Bolivar, September 21. Her sudden passing, in the prime of useful and beautiful womanhood, is a matter of profound sorrow and regret to all who knew her—and she was known and loved by many, far and near, leaving a large circle of relatives and close friends to mourn her untimely death.

A lovely and lovable girl, of the highest type of Christian womanhood, endowed with every virtue essential to best citizenship, full of helpful interest and activity in everything pertaining to community betterment and world welfare, she will be sadly missed in the town where her short life was well spent.

Her activities in the home, the church, the W. C. T. U., and the Club were tireless, her services invaluable; and the place that knows her no more has sustained an immeasurable loss.

Her funeral took place from the M. E. Church of which she had been a consistent member since early girlhood, and was one of the largest expressions of love and respect ever shown to a citizen.

She was a cousin and foster sister of Mrs. R. L. Loman, our Club's recording secretary. Besides Mrs. Loman, who has our deepest sympathy in the loss of one so dear to her, she leaves a brother, Mr. Harry Burton, and a sister, Mrs. Gertrude McGaha, and four foster brothers, the Messrs. Baden (whose