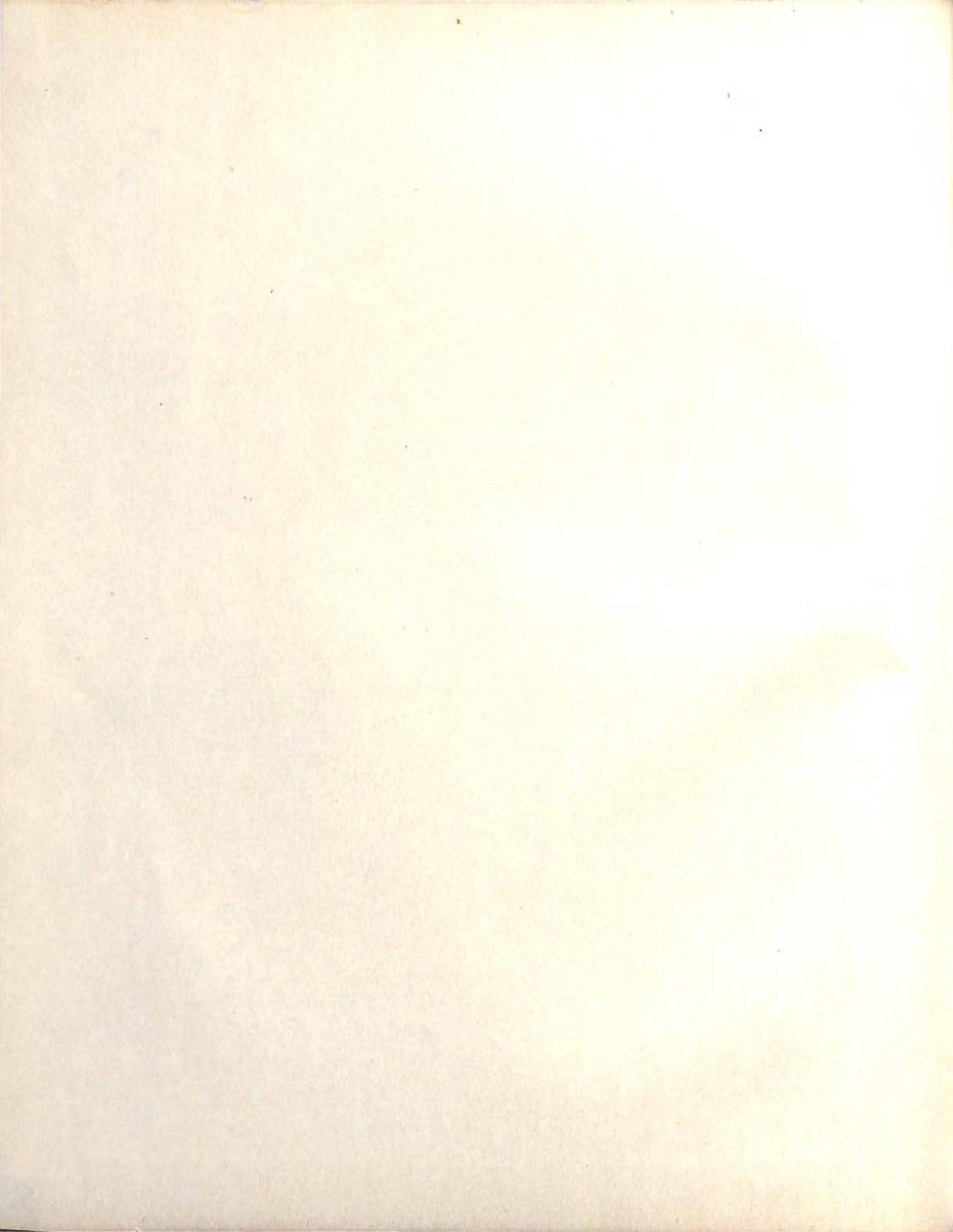
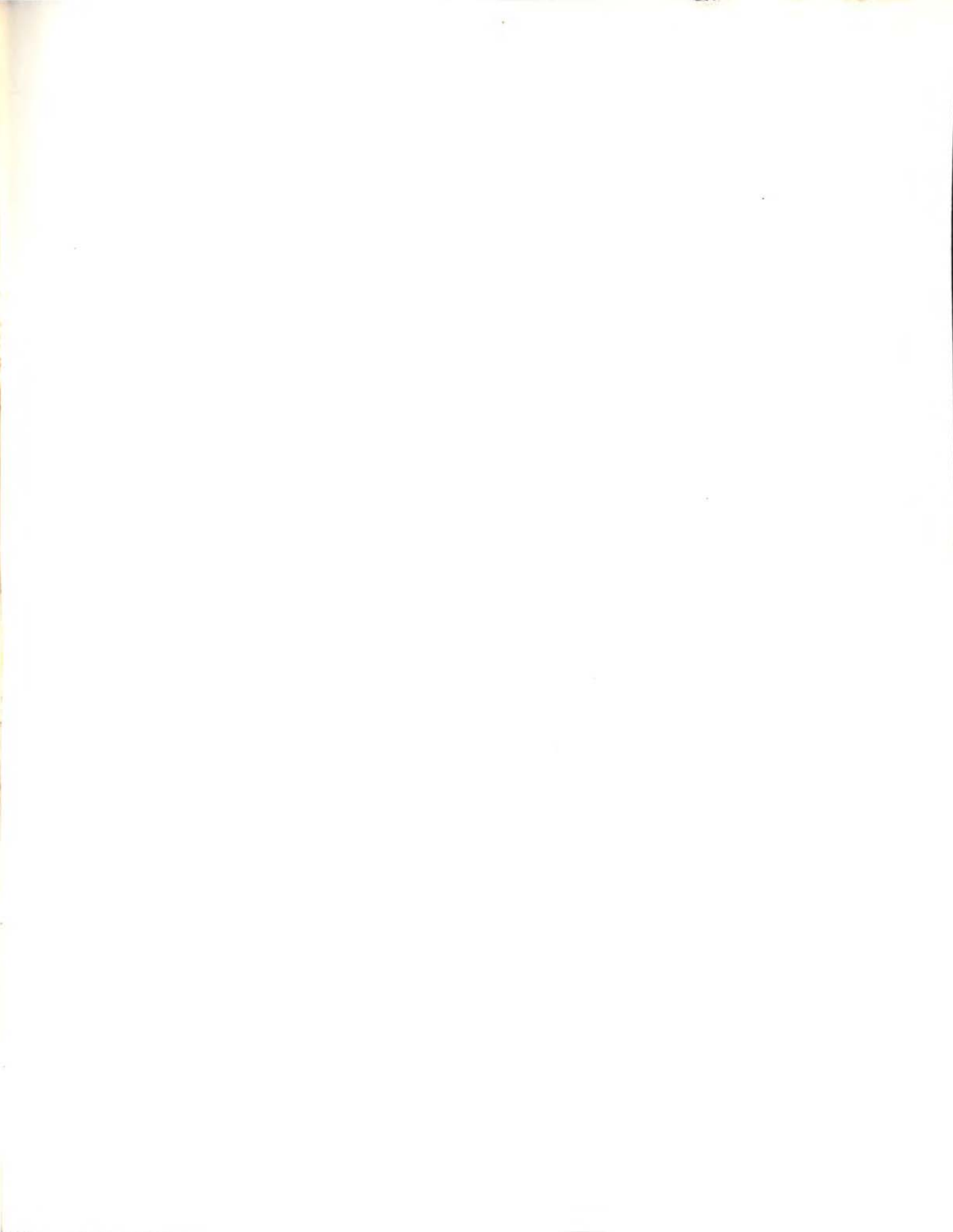
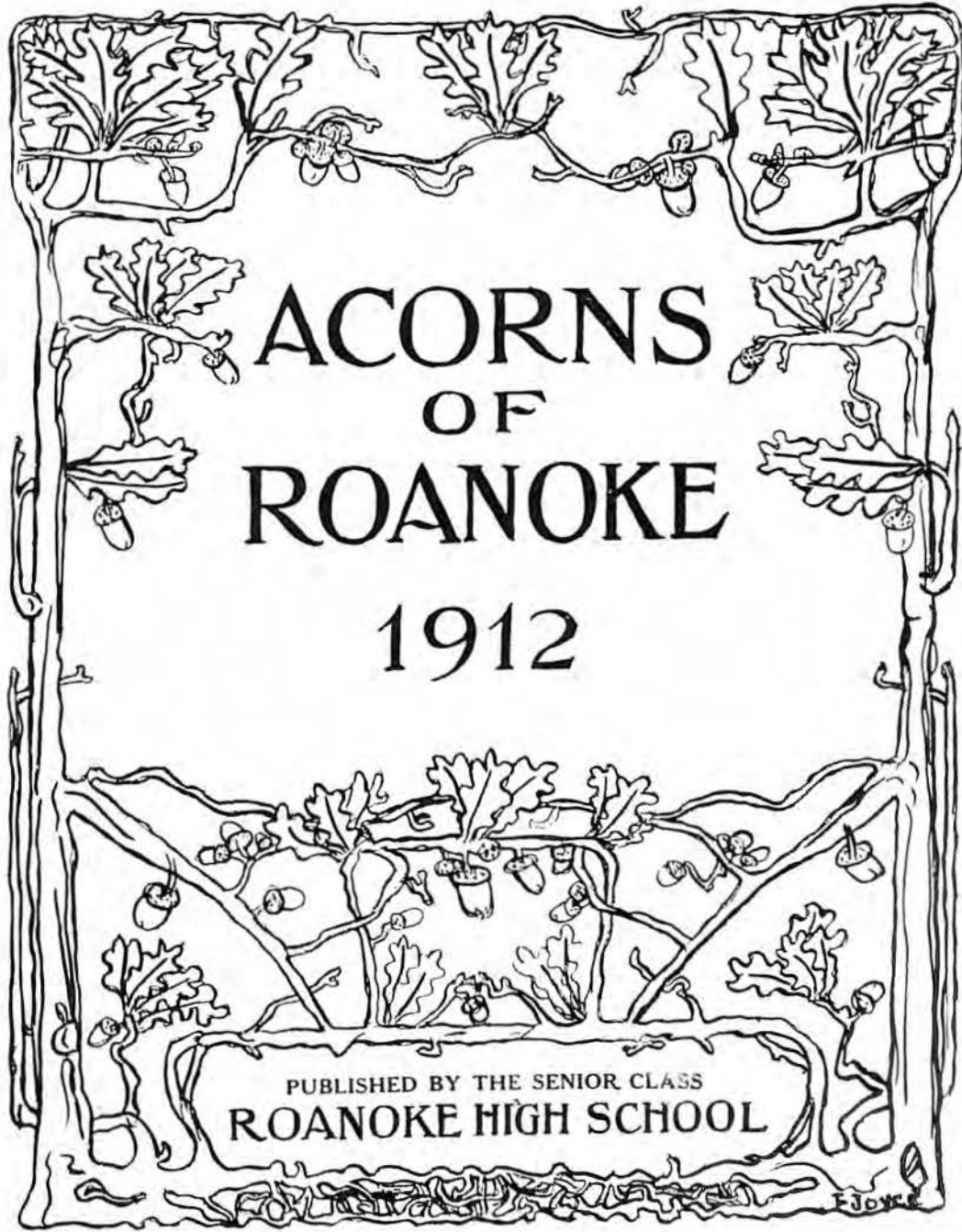


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ACORNS
OF
ROANOKE

1912

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS
ROANOKE HIGH SCHOOL

E. Joyce

TO
MR. TIPTON T. FISHBURNE
IN APPRECIATION OF HIS UNSELFISH LABORS IN THE
CAUSE OF EDUCATION, AND AS A TOKEN
OF OUR RESPECT AND LOVE, THE
CLASS OF 1912
DEDICATES THIS THIRD VOLUME OF
"ACORNS OF ROANOKE"





TIPTON T. FISHBURNE

Tipton T. Fishburne



TIPTON T. FISHBURNE, the subject of this sketch, was born November 20th, 1849, in Franklin County, Virginia. His boyhood was spent amid the best of religious and moral surroundings, and the lessons of truth and honor received in those early days have profoundly influenced his later life. At the age of seven, his education was begun at one of the "old field schools" of that time and later completed at Oak Grove Seminary, a private institution, noted for its strict discipline and excellent educational advantages.

At the close of his school career, in 1868, Mr. Fishburne decided to cast in his lot with the little village of Big Lick. From that day to this he has been closely identified with many of our leading institutions and manufacturing establishments and has always been a leader in every movement to promote the industrial and commercial growth of Roanoke. As a financier and man of affairs, he ranks among the first in our State, and his advice is sought, not only upon matters concerning the institutions with which he is connected, but also upon many questions of public interest in the administration of municipal affairs.

It is, however, for his earnest efforts and unselfish service in the cause of education that we students of the High School are most indebted to Mr. Fishburne. For a number of years he was President of the School Board, in which position he was largely instrumental in laying the foundation and in building up our present splendid system of public schools. In 1905, the Roanoke High School Library was virtually founded by his generous donation and he has also endowed the School with scholarships to Farmville, Hollins, and Southern Seminary. In every phase of our work he has always evinced the greatest interest.

In religion, Mr. Fishburne is a member of Greene Memorial Methodist Church, and his life has been marked by active and energetic labor in every field of religious work. Besides establishing the first denominational Sunday School in Roanoke, he has occupied many important positions in his church.

having represented it at five General Conferences. In 1892, after returning from a trip to the Holy Land, he delivered a series of lectures upon his travels and, as a result of these lectures, entered the evangelical field, in which his efforts have been rewarded with the greatest success.

During a long and useful career, in which he has been identified with interests of the greatest importance, commercial, educational, religious, and charitable, Mr. Fishburne has always been a man sincere in his convictions, true to his friends, and obedient to the highest principles and ideals of Christian manhood. He is loved and honored by the citizens of Roanoke for his many years of unselfish labor in their behalf—for truly his life has been one of loyalty to his city, of devotion to his religion, and of service to his fellow men.





IN the publication of this Annual we present to our readers Volume III of ACORNS OF ROANOKE. It has been our aim to give in it an accurate sketch of school life at R. H. S., not from an idealistic point of view, but as it really is in everyday life. However, we have not dwelt upon the darker side of our days here, the toil and grinding which we all know so well, but rather upon the lighter side; the humorous happenings in the classroom and out, the things which in future years we will remember with the greatest pleasure.

As in all annuals, we have handed out a few well-deserved "knocks," but we only ask that these be received in the same good-natured spirit in which they have been given. Our beloved Faculty, also, have been pictured as they really are, and not with halos around their adorable heads, for we conscientiously believe that they have their failings as well as the rest of us, and are "but poor, weak mortals, after all."

The editors wish to extend their warmest thanks to every one who has contributed anything, either in a literary or artistic way, to this book, and also to express their gratitude to the public-spirited men of our city, who by their liberal aid have made possible its publication.

And now, in reading the pages to follow, we beg that you will not criticise their faults too severely. We do not expect any lavish praise, but if we are able to cause you one expression of mirth or to furnish a little amusement for the passing moment, our every hope and ambition will have been realized.



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FRANCES IRENE BROWN

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Athletic Editor

IRL D'ARCY BRENT

Joke Editor

JOSEPH ROSCOE ALTIZER



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GILL



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BRENT



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Instructor in Business Department

On Leaving School

Oft' as I pore o'er my studies,
My mind wanders far, far away ;
I cannot but dream of my future,
What part in this world I shall play.

Years passing by, I grow older,
I weary of unfruitful pleasures ;
My mind has grown stronger and bolder,
I long to be seeking life's treasures.

In what deep sunken vault are they hidden,
And where may they be sought ?
That I may go seek them unbidden,
And turn those who hold me to naught,

"Go sailing," so counsels the sailor,
But little I care for the sea ;
"Make clothing," so counsels the tailor,
But sewing appeals not to me.

"Go plowing," advises the truckster,
But never could I till the soil ;
"Sell onions," advises the huckster,
Not me, for the market's turmoil.

"Write stories," I'm told by the writer,
My pen is not fluent enough ;
"Prize fighting," suggests the prize fighter,
That seems just a little too rough.

And so I could go on forever,
Each one has his own special trade ;
And each thinks his own trade is clever,
From Roosevelt to Mikey McGrade.

And from all of these occupations,
It's up to me just to choose one ;
I think I'm about out of patience,
There's so much, it seems, can be done.

I don't think I'll be in a hurry,
I'm sure something's coming my way ;
And, in the meantime, I won't worry,
But wait till then, and then make hay.

— A. L. Harrison.





Motto

Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow

Colors

White and Yellow

Flower

Daisy

Officers

ELBYRNE GILL..... *President*
 WALKER CALDWELL..... *Vice President*
 MARIE GORDON..... *Secretary*
 ALENE BECKLEY..... *Treasurer*

Yell

Hickory, Dickory, Dickory, Dellow!
 What's the matter with the White and Yellow?
 Who are we? Make a guess!
 Seniors! Seniors! R. H. S.!

ELIZABETH MACPHERSON ALFORD

*"She is gentle, she is shy,
But there's mischief in her eye,
She's a flirt."*



This coy little maid is one of the most popular in our class, for she is every bit as sweet as she looks. There is not a girl in the school who does not envy Bessie's dimples and curly hair, but her beauty is more than skin deep. She is of a jolly disposition, good-natured, agreeable, an excellent giggler, and always able to appreciate the fun in life, both at school and elsewhere. Bessie's career at R. H. S. is one continuous record of smashed hearts, but she goes calmly and quietly on her way, regardless of the many yearning looks cast after her. She is a typical schoolgirl; puts off essays, studying, outlines, and all such pleasant things until the last minute, then comes tearing to school, expecting to do them all in one period. However, it is our unanimous opinion that Bessie is a kind-hearted classmate and jolly good fellow.

JOSEPH ROSCOE ALTIZER

*"For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by algebra."*



Roscoe, or Voty Vee, holds the proud distinction of being the Math-genius of our class. His geometric "pruffs" are always original and one of them was so much simpler than any ever discovered before that Professor Tardy was on the point of sending it to Euclid, when he happened to learn that the latter was dead. He is also noted for his delightful humor and sparkling wit, which caused his appointment as Joke Editor of this annual. For specimens of this, we refer the reader to the brilliant witticisms and bon mots of the Joke Department. Besides these many other accomplishments, Roscoe is a star football player and we never lose hope in the game as long as we see his gigantic form bucking the line, and his long tawny locks leading his team on to victory.

EULA JANE AMOS

*"With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark vice would turn, abashed, away."*



Eula, who stands among the first on our roll, holds the same rank in our esteem. She was our former French Prof's star pupil and continues to hold this elevated position in the opinion of the present ruler. Her genius lies not only in the "furrin" languages, however, but also in English, for she is Class Historian and Literary Editor of the '12 ACORNS OF ROANOKE. Eula is never known to make a sound in study hall and is shocked by the undignified conduct of the other Seniors. It is not known what she intends to do after graduating from R. H. S., but wherever she may go, we prophesy that she will continue to banish vice and elevate virtue.



VESTA LORENE BEACHY

*"Nay her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motion of her body."*

The length of time it took this attractive bit of a girl to find her way into the hearts of students and teachers is not a known fact, but it is estimated at about four hours. From a very Dutch city in Pennsylvania, Beachy bounded into our class last September and has not been still one moment since. She is the complete embodiment of energy and restlessness and has no equal for fun and enthusiasm. Her admirers among the opposite sex are also known to be quite numerous, judging from the size and frequent occurrence of the bunches of violets which she wears. Vesta is thought to have more studies and more nicknames than any other Senior, having the outlandish number of seven classes a day. After graduation, whether she settles down to work or play, we wish "Dutch" always to be having the "T of her L."



ALENE BECKLEY

*"Yet like earth's fair dames, a queen,
She winsome is with grace serene."*

As a charming heart-smasher, our "auburn-haired" beauty has no rival among the Senior lasses. From V. M. I. to U. Va., there is not a school in Virginia, at which she has not a host of ardent admirers. Alene is not one of the poor, deluded mortals, who imagine that R. H. S. is a place of study, but rather to have a good time. Her chief delights are "tripping the light fantastic toe," and auto speeding at sixty miles an hour. She is a great lover of books, but not the kind our English teachers recommend, preferring McCutcheon and Chambers to Carlyle and Ruskin. As the gifted owner of the brightest head in our class, Alene is distinguished with many honors, being Class Treasurer, Literary Editor of the Annual, and Class Poet. At present she declares that her future is undecided and we do not believe that she will very soon "give up the attentions of many for the inattention of one."



AGNESS MARY BERGENDAHL

"Patience and abnegation of self and devotion to others."

This quotation is an exact description of our blue-eyed Agness, for it is she who is always willing to share anything from her knowledge to her lunch. In Hamlet, Agness took the mournful part of the gravedigger, which hardly suited her jovial countenance, for no matter how many exams she has to take, her charming smile never disappears. Though she is always happy, Agness restrains her feelings; never giggles foolishly at nothing or titters at every silly remark. We predict that her cheerful smile will make life brighter to many girls at Farmville, lighten their burdens, and help many poor strugglers over the rocks.



MARTHA BILL

*"Her air, her smile, her motions told
Of womanly completeness."*

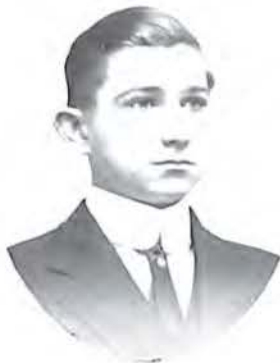
In lonely grandeur, Martha towers above the other members of the class, her height marking her as the most firm and steadfast girl among the Seniors. She is especially noted for her excellent translations of German love scenes, but we have not yet decided whether these are directed towards her instructor. However, as she blushes whenever they are mentioned, we have taken it for granted that this is the case. Martha's unusual ability for memorizing Long's is also noteworthy. Her quiet dignity makes her especially fitted for a teacher and we predict for her a successful career as a "screecher" of schools. To assist her in her work, we bequeath to her the necessary "weapons" for inflicting corporal punishment.



ELLA CLABORN BOULDIN

*"How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky."*

Claborn, more familiarly known as Claytor, continually wears a cheery and smiling countenance. When we are passing through the "Slough of Despond," we may always depend upon the magnetic influence of her suppressed giggles. So skilled is she in the art of typewriting that we predict her a second Rosa Fritz. However, she is seemingly more interested in Latin love scenes, being almost moved to tears by Dido's sad fate. Claytor's fickleness may be judged by the fact that she went with a W. & L. student to the football game and rooted for V. P. I. In order to keep alive her love for Dido and Æneas, we bequeath to her our entire collection of Vergils.



IRL D'ARCY BRENT

*"A man, who's not afraid to say his say,
Though a whole town's against him."*

One of the most valuable men in the Senior Class! Whenever every one else is unanimously in favor of a measure, Irl always opposes it, thus preventing any hasty, ill-considered action and giving time for lengthy arguments on both sides. However, we regret to say that some have misunderstood the true motives of his conduct and given him the name of "Kicker." For two years he has played end on the football team and, aided by the remarkable length of his lower limbs, has made some wonderful runs around opposing ends. On account of his hearty interest in athletics, he was elected Athletic Editor of this book. On leaving R. H. S., it is his ambition to enter the Naval Academy at Annapolis and prepare himself for the position of Admiral. In this, his chosen calling, we wish him all success and we feel sure that at some later day he will become a prominent minority leader in the councils of the nation.



FRANCES IRENE BROWN

"My library was dukedom large enough."

Since the population of the Senior French Class varies from six to eight, very few of us know that Frances has a temper, which immediately bristles up under Mr. Happel's well-hidden hints at sarcasm. Said temper usually bubbles up to boiling point, then simmers down to its normal state. Nothing serious has yet resulted. Frances is almost supernatural in her knowledge of Literature, and though we think her adoration of Miss Critz in some degree responsible, she has by hard study and concentration received the well-earned title of our Long genius. She is widely known as a reliable and well-informed librarian of R. H. S. and also holds the position of Art Editor of the Annual. After leaving her "Alma Mater," it is rumored that Frances will go to South Carolina, where a lovelorn lad is pining away his heart for her.



MARIE VIRGINIA BROWN

"In thee the rays of virtue shine."

Marie's dignified presence has accomplished much towards keeping straight the more mischievous members of the class and she needs no word of ours to paint her noble character. Although occupying such a lofty position, she is dear to the hearts of her fellow students and a willing helper to those needing assistance in Trigonometry. We were surprised and amazed when Marie, for the sake of a piece of candy, once followed a classmate from cellar to garret of the school. Being thus moved from her usual stateliness, she was unable to interpret Shakespeare immediately after lunch, and suffered the disagreeable consequences. In her career at Farmville, we feel sure that she will prove an inspiration to strugglers toward the weary heights of Parnassus.



JAMES WALKER CALDWELL

"And here is Walker, describe him who can?"

An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man."

Behold, the only boy in the Senior "A" Class! For lo! these many days the "A" Section has drifted onward with nineteen girls and one boy. However, a bright head and a beaming smile cover a multitude of sins, and without Walker's cheery countenance all these girls would have been indeed at a loss. At class meetings, when girls are of no account, he manfully resists opposition, although the boys stand seven to one in favor of the Senior "B's." As a football player and debator, Walker is well known. He has been Secretary and Treasurer of the Jeffersonian Literary Society, and also Vice President of that august body. Our sincere wish is that he may win esteem in whatever branch of the world's work he shall undertake.

RANDOLPH CASKIE COLEMAN

"Wearing all that weight of learning lightly as a flower."



It is said that the most precious things come in small packages. Surely this has been well tested in the case of the Editor-in-Chief of this book. In the second year of our existence at R. H. S., Randolph drifted to us from Baltimore, bringing with him a mind well stocked with learning and a wonderful reputation as a scholar. It would require volumes to relate the glory and success achieved by our class genius during his three years' "residence" with us. He has, however, lived up to his reputation; never taken an exam., has become master of English and beautiful essays, and occupied the positions of Assistant Business Manager of the '11 ACORNS, and President of the Jeffersonian Literary Society. It is thought that the oration delivered by Randolph at the 1911 Commencement will never be forgotten, surely not by his classmates, and though he is our youngest member, we are proud to place him at the head of the Class of 1912.

MARGARET ELLA COVERSTON

*"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."*



This rosy-checked damsel was one of the last to join our class, coming to us in Junior year from the Metropolis of Saltville. From this raw material, we have succeeded in turning out a finished product, and one of which old R. H. S. may well be proud. Since her arrival here, Maggie has taken an active part in school life, distinguishing herself especially in English, though from the tremulous quakings of her voice in reciting, we can easily see that she stands in awe of Miss Critz. Unlike most of our Senior girls, she is not only ornamental, but useful, having a remarkable talent for making caramels. Though Maggie's dignity and stateliness have become proverbial, yet we do not believe that she is entirely averse to the attentions of the other sex. After graduation, she intends to devote her life to music, in which we prophesy for her a brilliant future.

MARY LEE FRANTZ

"Joy like hers, deals not in words."



Although Mary's joy "deals not in words," it manifests itself in suppressed chuckles and occasionally in outbursts of mirth. She has even accomplished the almost impossible feat of bringing a smile to Mr. Happel's lips by that same suppressed giggle over Ruth's calling "lucheson" a butcher instead of a woodcutter. Even when raised to the dignified position of teacher, Mary was unable to control her mirth. She is noted for her excellent sandwiches, which are the delight of the Senior Class. Because of her taste for cooking and her splendid work in the Science Department, we may congratulate the R. C. boy on his future, and we wish her every success in her chosen work of teaching.



ELBYRNE GRADY GILL

"Seest thou this man so diligent in business?"

As one may imagine, our President is quite a busy person. Notwithstanding his many duties in the capacity of our official executive, he has also achieved great credit as Business Manager of '12 ACORNS. His favorite expression on all occasions, but especially with reference to the fairer sex, is "No doubt about it, she's a queen." For some time the Seniors have been deeply grieved over his sad appearance, for since the first day that his lady love wore her frat. pin, Elbyrne has languished, causing us much concern. He is held in high esteem by all his school-mates, as is testified by the many exalted positions which he has held, having been Manager of the '12 Football Team and President of the Jeffersonian Literary Society. His favorite study is Zoology and his chief delight is cutting up frogs and dissecting their numerous parts. From this we infer that he intends to become a surgeon and, indeed, we wish him much success in his chosen profession.



MARIE HARRIS GORDON

*"Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made us glad."*

Another beauty of the Class of '12 is Marie Gordon. The fact is there are so many beautiful Seniors that our class might almost be called a beauty show. Before graduation Marie deemed it wise to leave us and go to lead others in the path of knowledge. Though not astounded by a train of admirers, her courage was not sufficient to enable her to read an essay in chapel. She is one of the chosen few who are able to attract attention in French. Marie also holds the responsible position of Secretary of the Class. We predict for her a glorious future in her chosen work of teaching and wish her all success.



MARGARET BYRON GRAVATT

*"What fairy like music steals over the sea,
Entrancing our senses with charmed melody?"*

To say that Margaret's smiles are wonderful is putting it mildly, for they are really phenomenal. From the moment she enters the room, a few seconds before the last bell, until the close of the last period, she spreads joy around those with whom she comes in contact, thereby gaining the admiration of all who chance to know her. Notwithstanding that she has spent many happy days at R. H. S., it is safe to say that for the past year her heart has been centered in Blacksburg. Her beautiful rendering of "The Swan" has brought many cadets to tears, and it has been said that several fell on their knees praying for this young girl's hand. But "Maggie," as her very best friends are "allowed" to call her, considers everything in a strictly mechanical way and just about the time the "skadet" thinks he has won her forever, she dashes off into "The Carolina Rag," completely destroying all his sentimental ideas.

ANNE ELIZABETH GREER

"A sweet girl graduate in her golden hair,"



One bright September morning four years ago, R. H. S. was amazed to hear the incessant prattle of Anne, as she overwhelmed both students and Faculty with her irresistible on-rush of words. That she is an even more successful entertainer out of school is proved by her ability to attract so much attention among the Roanoke College sports. This is at least some explanation for the beautiful frat. pin which she wears, and the numerous love notes she briskly writes upon sweetly scented paper. During her entire Senior year she mystified some of her classmates by appearing daily at lunch hour at the window, and a few seconds later fluttering a dainty handkerchief in the direction of Thomas's wholesale store. Anne spends much of her time endeavoring to make the Faculty realize her worth, as she intends to teach school next year, but it is thought by some of her chums that the evenings around the fireside of the boarding house, which she has selected, are far more alluring than any little red schoolhouse upon the hill.

BLANCHE GRIFFITH

*"Here's a woman, good without pretence,
Blessed with plain reason and with sober sense."*



Notwithstanding Blanche's elevated ambition to some day become a great teacher, we fear that such a woman as she has a higher calling and will soon be keeping house for some fortunate young man. She is possessed with such good-naturedness that she has never murmured, although four of the Seniors are indebted to her for the huge sum of five cents, which they invested in buns, proceeding to devour them with lightning rapidity upon the appearance of Blanche. She has won the reputation of being a hard worker, and of possessing that indomitable will power which knows no defeat. Her beautiful interpretations of poetry, particularly of Lycidas and Adonais, have been the wonder and admiration of all. The largest number of classes cannot discourage this noble girl and, truly, without her, our class would have been like a wagon with only three wheels.

EULA LILLIAN GUERRANT

*"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired."*



Eula's gentle manner and generous heart have held our love and friendship through these four long years. It is difficult to find a means of touching her heartstrings, still when one knows her well, she is a true and invaluable friend. Especially when we are in trouble, do we understand Eula's lovely character, when in her quiet and unobtrusive manner she aids the struggling student. Her attractive personality has won the hearts of a train of admirers and we predict that in the future years she will make a happy home for some devoted lover. Would that the Roanoke High School had more like her!



EMMA LOIS HESTER

*"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."*

When we reach the name of Emma in the list of Seniors, we all agree that we have come to our class beauty. Though she thinks a great deal more of V. P. I. than of R. H. S., her ability to sit in the study hall five periods out of the seven proves that she, at least, cares something for the "dear old place." After two years and a half, Emma came to the conclusion that there were only two studies in our curriculum worthy of her consideration. From thence she has specialized in French and English, writing amorous epistles, and having a general good time. She has gained great fame as a writer of romantic stories, abounding in weird, mysterious scenes, and is also Class Prophet and Literary Editor of '12 ACORNS. On a Sunday afternoon, a stranger not familiar with the V. P. I. "skadet" uniforms, would mistake her home for a U. S. recruiting office.



RUTH HURST

*"To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever."*

Ruth who is a close second to Marie Gordon in beauty, has won the way to all our hearts by her sweet smile. We are informed, and her beautiful frat. pin testifies to the fact, that there are also others who share our high opinion of her. She presents an example of faithful friendship equal to that of Horatio, which part she played in the tragedy of Hamlet. Ruth is especially noted for excellence in Trigonometry; in fact in all her school work she is an earnest and industrious student. Her bright face and jolly companionship will long be remembered by her classmates, who trust that she will always be as good a friend to those with whom she comes in contact as she has been to us.



ANNA GLADYS JAMISON

"Good humor is the health of the soul."

Just to look at Gladys one would know that she is jolly. We can hardly imagine this happy girl taking the serious part of the Queen in Hamlet. In spite of her joyful nature, however, she is able to control herself enough to get one hundred on department. She is never exempt, but in the end always triumphs, and is especially noted for essays, having moved even Miss Critz to tears by her story "To Forget." Gladys is so true and loyal to her class that, forgetting to wear the class colors to school one morning, she returned home to don them. Though self-assured enough to teach, she was unable to read an essay in Chapel. We trust that in her school life at Hollins, all due appreciation will be given to our jolly good classmate.



MATTIE CAROLINA JENNINGS

*"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."*

A young lady once said "Mattie is right cute, but gee I'd hate to have her nerve!" This in a word describes her. On one occasion, she even told Mr. Happel, our Bostonian Chesterfield, that she had heard him make lots of grammatical errors. Mattie's taste runs in the line of eating and during the entire lunch hour she roams the halls in quest of "grub." The Freshman Class has held Mattie's interest more than any other this term. Not long ago she was heard discussing with an admiring rat, the advantage of R. M. W. C. over Hollins. At the end of the fall term she entered the former college and we predict a glorious future for this woman who understands "the way to a man's heart." As a remembrance, we will to her a certain blue-eyed rat, who has cast many loving glances in her direction.



MARCELLUS ALEXANDER JOHNSON

"He walks in the path of (W)right."

This heartbreaker is a wonderful specimen of the species lover. For four long years at R. H. S. (and we know not how many before) he has worshipped Ethel with an undying, unchanging devotion. The little signs of their affection for each other, and particularly the sweet, confiding manner in which she nestles up close to him in Chapel, are a source of great amusement to the class and also an inspiration to them to go and do likewise. Besides being an ardent puppy lover, Marcellus is the Superintendent of a flourishing Sunday School, in which he is striving to inculcate in our youth the principles of honor and righteousness. In this truly noble work we wish him much success, but we think that it would be a little more in consistency with his high calling if he would stop using Dutch ponies and matching for buns at dinner.



CHARLES BYRD JOYCE

"I warrant that this man's as true as steel."

During the three years that we have known Byrd, we have always found him to be a true friend, a faithful student, and a perfect lady in every respect. Although he has often consumed the midnight oil over Long and Burke, we can readily see the good results of his labor, for his mind has become a veritable storehouse of literary lore. However, we regret to say that he has never cultivated a taste for poetry, possibly because of lack of poetic imagination. After puzzling all night over that pathetic line in the Deserted Village, "She left a lover's for a father's arms," he confessed to Miss Critz that he "saw no sense in it." After leaving R. H. S., Byrd intends to go forth into the world to fight the battles of life and he has the very best wishes of us all for a happy and successful business career.



CORINNE COOPER KEMPER

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."

Behold the other class baby! Though so young in looks, Corinne is old in learning. She shows her infancy by continual exclamations in English "I know what I want to say, Miss Critz, but I don't know how to say it." When at last she has found a means of expression, however, she recites like a book. We have finally decided what makes Corinne so little. By hard and continuous study of Long's, she has stunted her growth. This baby can never decide anything for herself, but must always appeal to her chum for an opinion. It is fortunate for Corinne that she has an older and more mature mind in Marie Brown to help her through Farmville. She is also interested in Freshmen and we will to our baby a certain rosy-cheeked rat who will take care of her in the future.



MARY PAULINE KOONTZ

*"I feel thy spirit haunt the place,
Breathing of order and abounding grace."*

Although Pauline cannot be said to lay any claims to the wifely arts of beauty, her complexion is the envy of every girl in the High School. She is also noted for neatness, that crowning grace and virtue of perfect womanhood. Pauline confines herself to the third floor, where she is preparing herself for the life of a business woman, but "Hearts in the Barn" are seldom freed and it is thought by the students that there is little need for other preparation than that of housekeeping. Pauline's wonderful ability as a typewriter has, however, been exhibited in the marvelous amount of work which she has done for the Editors of this ACORNS, and it may be that her chosen profession will be a valuable aid in answering the numerous letters that bother a "Choir Director."



ELNORA PERLETTE LONG

*"Wisely and slow,
They stumble that run fast."*

In this tall young Senior, you see a girl of sweet disposition, one who seldom gets ruffled or excited and never angry. Elnora is one of the standbys of our class, having an unequalled reputation for good attendance, punctuality, and brilliant recitations. She is one of those, who, for the past four years, have upheld the dignity of the class and enabled it at last to reach the graduation goal. Her calm and quiet way of doing things has won for her the respect and admiration of every Senior, and it is the wish of all that they could be more like her. Elnora expects to continue her studies next year at college and we trust that her brilliant scholarship will win for her there the same success as at R. H. S.

MARGARET BROWN McGUIRE

*"Devoted, anxious, generous, devoid of guile;
And with her whole heart's welcome in her smile."*



It is Margaret who rivals Annie Woody in talking. Her advice to everybody is to keep quiet, yet somehow she never seems to practice what she preaches. Nevertheless, as she is still young, we have hopes of her outgrowing this weakness. No matter how hard Margaret has studied her French, even when we are sure she knows it by heart, Mr. Happel can always find some point to criticise. We are unable to say whether this is her fault or our delightful French teacher's. However great our cares may seem, they are quickly banished by her cheerful grin, which is as broad as it is long. Perseverance, one of her strongest qualities, was manifested in her struggles with typewriting in Senior "B". We sincerely hope that her record at R. M. W. C. will be as brilliant as in the happy days at R. H. S.

ALMIRA FRANCES MERCHANT

"Smooth runs the water when the brook is deep."



The possessor of one of the broadest and best-balanced minds in our class, or rather in the entire school. Almira is never known to fall below ten on her recitations and seldom, if ever, has she taken an exam. She evidently believes in being seen and not heard, for so quietly and unostentatiously does she go about her own affairs, that one is hardly aware of her presence, until she is roused from her own dream to give one of her always perfect recitations. Almira may well be considered a model in attendance, deportment, and study, takes school seriously, works hard, and is benefited proportionally. She has gained the admiration, respect, and good opinion of every Senior and, in whatever she may undertake in the future, the class wishes her even greater success than she has won in the Roanoke High School.

LUCY URSULA MITCHELL

*"O blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."*



At the beginning of our Senior year, Lucy joined our class and though she has been with us for only one term, her sweet face and agreeable manner have won for her a warm place in the hearts of all her school-mates. She is a quiet and industrious student, although it seemed as if she couldn't quite agree with Miss Critz in her interpretation of English Literature. Lucy says that she is undecided as to what she will do after graduating, but really expects to go to college. If so, we are quite sure that her kind disposition and earnest scholarship, will win for her there the same popularity as at R. H. S.



LILLIAN NOEL

*"If she had any faults, she has left us in doubt,
At least, in four years, we could not find them out."*

Lillian, the best and most capable student of Senior "A," deemed it wise to leave her class last fall in order to impart some of her knowledge to others struggling along the road to learning. However, the four "A's" are willing to share their class genius with us for at least five weeks. It was Lillian who compelled our Latin instructor to act against his most religious scruples by giving her over ninety-five on her monthly work. It is a pleasure to hear her recite Literature, for her recitations are always exactly to Miss Critz's taste. Although so clever, Lillian is of such retiring disposition that Faculty and students could not persuade her to read her essay in Chapel. In her future work as a "schoolmarm" we predict a second Miss Critz, and will her as a parting gift all our Long's English Literatures.



HERBERT EDMUND PAGE

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

By a unanimous vote, Herbert has been declared the class baby. He never allows his lessons to inconvenience him in any way and we invariably find that the less he knows about a subject, the happier he is. Has a genuine "smile that won't come off" and the one and only up-to-date "horse laugh." On account of the latter, he has several times been forced to lose part of one of Mr. Phelps's interesting "lectures." We will never forget that memorable day, when the Physics Class visited the brewery and Herbert was told to help himself. We then thought his sole ambition was to "make Milwaukee famous," but since we have found that he intends to devote his talent to poetry. Although he is the author of several stirring little ballads and delightful lyrics, we regret that his excessive modesty will not allow us to print them.



JULIA OTEY PAGE

*"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."*

The sweetest, most demure little maid in our class. The soft, low tones of Otey's voice have puzzled us so much that we have never yet been able to decide whether they are caused by modesty or fear. She is known to be generous, kind, good-natured, and of an exceptionally sweet disposition. The only fault of which she has ever been accused is of saying "dog gone," but we cannot believe this of her. It is thought that Otey puts more time upon the study of English than any other Senior, for on Literature days all her other classes are disdainfully cast aside and she remains buried in our beloved Long's until time for recitation. As Faculty Editor of the Annual, she holds the extremely interesting position of being permitted to write up anything she thinks about our teachers. After graduation, Otey expects to settle down to a life of ease and rest up from the many struggles of her school career.



EDITH ODELL POWELL

"She moves a goddess and looks a queen."

On that memorable day in Grammar Class, when the above sentence was discussed with such earnestness by Mr. Fitzpatrick, our thoughts immediately reverted to Edith. With her rosy cheeks and wealth of golden hair, she but narrowly escaped being declared class beauty, and we do not believe that her natural loveliness has been enhanced by the wiles of art. In a literary way, she has distinguished herself by a delightful essay "Phase of Music Presented by the Modern Orchestra," from which we gained much valuable information upon the subject of violins and "violin-cellars." However, Edith is known to us not only as a charming heartbreaker and a polished essayist, but in future days, we will look back upon her with pleasure as a faithful, conscientious student and a genial, kind-hearted classmate. By her accurate type-writing, she has won the everlasting gratitude of the Annual Board.



MINNIE RIDGWAY

"Without unspotted, innocent within."

Minnie's gentle soft manner has won the hearts of both class and Faculty. No matter how excited she may be, she never raises her voice above the happy medium. If one should judge character by deportment, our quiet and thoughtful Minnie would rank first among us. Indeed her entire school life has been an epitome of pure, unselfish devotion. In the years to come, High School students may look upon her record as one of duty well done. Immediately after the close of the term, Minnie entered Farmville where her record will doubtless be as enviable as it was here. After graduating from the State Normal, she expects to teach.



VIOLA MAE RIDGWAY

*"Her smile was prodigal of summery shine—
Gayly persistent—like a morn in June."*

Another happy possessor of the "smile that won't come off" is Viola. Even during the most awfully awful of Literature lessons, she never loses her cheerful grin, though English seems to be the bane of her existence. It appears that Viola has kept one of her accomplishments very much a secret from the Seniors. We all knew that she was an excellent Latin scholar and a most skillful manipulator of the typewriter, but never for one instant did we imagine that she was an accomplished artist with the ivory-board. Indeed, on going to college, she expects to specialize in music. However, Viola has a habit of succeeding in whatever she tries, so we are perfectly confident that her career will be marked by the greatest success.



ELIZABETH DURANT TERRILL.

"But, in her duty, prompt at every call."

Elizabeth once aroused the envy of the entire Senior Class by her inability to speak on account of throat trouble. She seems wonderfully devoted to Chemistry and Latin; spends most of her time in the laboratory and is more interested than any of us in the wanderings of Æneas. Upon every occasion she may be seen pouring over Vergil; so intense is her admiration for the Latin hero. Elizabeth's beautifully embroidered clothes, the envy and delight of every girl in class, will always be remembered in connection with her name. She has not told us what she intends to do after graduation from R. H. S., but in whatever she undertakes, our thoughts will follow her and we will rejoice in her success.



MARIAN MARGUERITE WALKER

*"Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender."*

By her skillful work on the typewriter, Marian has won the admiration of all her classmates. Although there is a speed limit to autos in Roanoke, there is fortunately none in typewriting or Marian would have been held up long ago. Her speed and accuracy in typewriting, however, do not keep her from going slowly in mischief and every month her department grades become more perfect. Marian has also been very successful in the line of hearts (we suppose) for her unwillingness to confess her chosen work seems to indicate that it is chiefly concerned in matrimony. If so, we feel sure that the fortunate man will win a prize in our delightful schoolmate.



EMILY PEARL WILKINSON

*"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"*

Pearl, who stands out preëminently as one of our brightest Seniors, can tell you anything within the scope of human learning about the fruitfulness of hard study. She has even proved herself efficient in the greatest tasks, causing us to marvel that so much knowledge is contained in such a small being. Nor is she egotistical, for were it not for her brilliant recitations, few, other than her chums, would know of her presence. She reads Latin with a smoothness that startles all who hear her. Her voice is so sweet, gentle, and low that our German Professor found it necessary to seat her near him in order to catch the words as she softly rolled them out. Indeed, we believe that Pearl bids fair at some day to become a benefactor to mankind by removing numerous obstructions in the path of knowledge.



ULA VARNEY WINE

*"She looks as clean
As morning roses, newly wet with dew."*

Ula's mass of golden hair, her sweet and attractive appearance, are the delight of the Seniors and the ruination of the rats. So scrupulously neat is she in every particular that we are sometimes prone to doubt her breathless exclamation "I dressed in five minutes and ran to school." Her appearance, however, is no more exemplary than her deportment and the preparation of her dainty lunches. Many times has she saved the lives of hungry Seniors by her delightful sandwiches. After the fall term, Ula returned to R. H. S. in order to complete English Grammar and French with the Senior "B's."

ANNIE WOODY

*"The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face."*

This most industrious member of our class is low in stature, but she stands high in ability as a student, especially in the subject of Latin. In her Senior year, Annie has developed a marvelous facility for talking. If this keeps up, it may reasonably be expected that in a few years she will usurp Jane Addams's position as leading suffragist of America. Annie is our Class Musician, having been one of the chosen few who have performed upon our school piano. For a whole term she played for the students to march in and out of the sacred precincts of R. H. S. Chapel; thus accompanying poor souls into the jaws of death by the tune of a swinging march. May the entire life of our petite friend be as successful as her R. H. S. career has been.



ETHEL ASHTON WRIGHT

*"But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."*

For most of us the old time-worn saying that our school days are the happiest of our lives is certainly not true, but for Ethel and Marcellus we can readily believe it. While our days seem filled with toil and drudgery, theirs are spent in sweetest love-making. Never was a Juliet more faithful to a Romeo, or a Katherine to a Petruchio, than Ethel to Marcellus. For his love, she has refused the affections of all others, and in doing so, we believe that she has chosen wisely and well, securing an honest, upright gentleman and, more than this, a Sunday School Superintendent. If Marcellus, as we believe, shall decide to enter the ministry, we know that Ethel, with her modest simplicity and kind-hearted disposition, will make an excellent preacher's wife. And here we will take leave of our two lovers, with a sincere hope that, in after years, the "course of their true love" may run as smoothly as ever at old R. H. S.



In Memoriam



Lessie Crumpecker

DIED NOVEMBER 30, 1911

Senior History



BEFORE bidding a last farewell to student life at Roanoke High School and making our *début* into the serious and uncertain future so vividly described, in tones of awe and consternation, by the members of the Faculty and by the various speakers at the final exercises, as being filled with dark and devious paths and pitfalls, we have deemed it but highly proper that we should prepare our history, in order that all information of the past of the largest graduating class of Roanoke High School might not, like ourselves, be subjected to the uncertainties of the future. As a result of this precious thought, it necessarily devolved upon some luckless individual to rack his brain in a more or less futile endeavor to present a suitable Class History; that such a task has fallen unto one wholly incompetent, however, is exceedingly regrettable.

In the fall of 1908, a heterogeneous mass of struggling humanity, conceived by the Grammar Schools to make the members of the Faculty of Roanoke High School earn their salaries and, incidentally, to absorb such knowledge as is known to habitate that noble institution of learning, poured into the halls of Roanoke High School. They came, like the rats in the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," in all sizes and shapes and from all directions. There were the ambitious, pushing forward with all eagerness to overtake success; there were the indolent, using equal energy to prevent success from being thrust upon them; and there were the mischievous, with mentality sufficient to spare a goodly portion thereof in preparing obstacles in the path of the Faculty, which lead to the office of the City Treasurer. Seated at their desks were the various members of the Faculty, calmly waiting (a life habit of some of them) for the conflict between knowledge and ignorance, well aware of the fact that with such barbarous weapons as Latin and Algebra they were invincible. Into the rooms marched the innocents, oblivious of the ambush prepared for them. The battle began. In a very few moments the entire body of "rats" was subjugated and sentenced to four sessions of hard labor and three sessions of obeisance to the Seniors.

While serving their sentence, despite the fact that they were divided into

two sections for the convenience of their guards, the "rats" soon began to assume form and to discard the characteristics of nonentity. With due respect to the Seniors, it would not be proper to detail the development of the embryonic Class of 1912 during the time it was undergoing the sure process of elimination (in current parlance known as Exams.) adopted by the Faculty. Suffice it to say that those who were fortunate enough to escape the biennial pruning of the first session became the Sophomores; those who maintained the steady growth begun the first session became the Juniors; and those who blossomed forth from the sturdy vines that braved the storms of the third session became the favorite flower in the garden of education—the Seniors.

Nothing too commendatory can be said of the brave and determined band that returned to Roanoke High School in the fall of 1911 to wear the laurel of honor bestowed upon it. In quantity, it exceeded any in the history of the School; in quality, it ranked with the best of those that preceded it. In the eyes of men it had no equal, in that thirty-eight of its members were representatives of the sex that needs no eulogy because, both literally and figuratively, it speaks for itself. Filled with the desire to reach the coveted goal which no longer was a chimera on the horizon of the future but a precious reality, and filled with the joys of the spirit that had been cultivated within its borders, this band moved forward with all its strength.

As the end of the Senior year became nearer and nearer, the atmosphere became charged with the significance of the last ordeal that separated the Class from success—Final Exams. Everything else was forgotten. Midnight oil burned profusely. At last the goal was passed; the Class of 1912 stepped forth from imprisonment to freedom.

Viewed from the standpoint of the Historian, with a panoramic view of the past before us, time has sped by with inconceivable rapidity, and were it not for the squeaks of the "rats" caused by this statement, it would be impossible to realize that we have actually spent four sessions of earnest endeavor to be able to say that we have scored the second touchdown on education and have succeeded in sprinkling salt on the tail of the wary diploma-bird. It is indeed hard to realize that the time has come when we must part; when each of us, whether he has learned little or much, must go his way alone and by his own resources inscribe his name in the Temple of Fame. We know not what the future holds for us, but it is the future with all its possibilities, and it is our sincere wish that, no matter where fate may lead us, we may always be able to reflect credit on the Roanoke High School.

ECLA AMOS, '12.

Class Prophecy



JUST as the chimes of the grandfather clock pealed forth the last stroke of twelve, I stepped out on the terrace of a lonely castle in Spain. It was midnight. Over the surrounding hills, shaded with a deep violet tint, thousands of tiny stars shone, their mystic light fading away into a veil which lowered over the tops of a distant oak forest. Above all, the moon stood high, her broad stream of light falling lengthwise across the nearby lake and inviting me to the edge of the quivering water. Absently, I seated myself in a little canoe and lay back dreaming, until a sudden jar awoke me and, opening my eyes, I realized that I had drifted to the base of the somber forest. I was immediately fascinated, possessed with a wild desire to explore this mysterious wood. Stealthily I ventured on shore, pulled aside the tangled brush which obstructed my path, and entered the gloomy shades. Suddenly in the distance I discerned many strange figures gowned in robes of purest white. A priest of the order, who was standing before an urn of boiling sap, held in his hand a spray of mistletoe which had twined the body of a sacred oak. As he dropped the white berries into the urn a thick vapor arose, followed by tiny snake flames of red and gold, turning, squirming themselves into the figures 1912. The date awoke within me such vivid memories of the world from which I had recently come that I eagerly watched as it formed the letters R. H. S. Thus it was, dear Class, that I learned the future which lies before us. Knowing each of you as I do, your desires and aspirations, having seen your successes and failures, I remained quietly viewing each detail as it appeared.

The intense stillness was soon broken by sweet music, such as may be drawn from an instrument only by the magical touch of Viola Ridgway. Drawing nearer, I saw that it was indeed she, sitting upon the stage of a ten-cent vaudeville house, playing the prelude of a popular song. As she struck the chord of the accompaniment, vocal strains, ringing with the clearness of a bell, filled the theater with a full, rich soprano. The sweet, liquid notes were those of Vesta Beachy, rendering "Perk," her latest creation.

When we parted at the portals of R. H. S., "Dutch" dimly faded away northward to some little town, where she intended operating a cheese and pretzel stand, but as the world claims the great, so the stage claimed her.

The next act was evidently an exceptionally sensational one, for the program announced in glaring headlines the initial appearance of the successor of Blanche Ring. Knowing quite well that Claytor Bouldin, alone, possessed those rare comedian qualities of her predecessor, I was instantly prepared to recognize her smiling face.

The curtain, however, did not fall upon our friends, for hurling sunflowers at the feet of Claytor was the mayor of the thriving town of Bonsacks. In his enthusiasm he leaned far over the railing, displaying in his pocket a bottle of "Green River," which at once convinced me that this was Herbert Page, the baby of our Class.

'Mid the clamor of applause the great curtain fell, displaying on its quivering mass a most artistic painting. Although it appeared as if lately struck by an earthquake, it was, nevertheless, the masterpiece of the famous scenic artist, Ula Wine.

The scene changed; a great campus came in view, bringing before me the driveway of a leading seminary in England. There I saw the royal carriage, garnished in gold, with numerous footmen in attendance. Glancing at its occupants I perceived Marion Walker who, on account of her entertaining manner, had been made chief attendant of the queen.

The buildings of the seminary now appeared, causing me to wonder which of my friends had found his fate in this place of fame. Having realized for some time that Mattie Jennings possessed the will power to earn such a position, I expressed no wonder when I saw her, as matron, censure a young girl for using improperly the word "who."

As she stood upon the veranda, a slightly bent figure touched her upon the arm, quoting passages from Vergil at every turn. I was mystified, for the newcomer bore little resemblance to any member of our Class, but the tiny bits of embroidery covering her entire dress sufficed to satisfy me that this was Elizabeth Terrill, evidently still pursuing her beloved Latin.

The music studio now passed in view. From within came strange noises, such as those created by the monotonous drumming of scales. The interior showed Elnora Long patiently teaching our former classmate, Pearl Wilkinson, who was completing her musical course in Europe. As her pupil left the room, Elnora, as if disgusted with the life of music teacher, seated herself at the piano and rendered a most pleasing nocturne. In matter of captivating an audience she was rivaled only by Margaret Gravatt who, as in a cloud, her

sweet face framed by her wealth of black hair, arose before me, so successfully entertaining the now established Point de Temps Club, that each member's soul seemed to leave the body and follow the dying notes into the unknown universe.

The flames changed, showing vividly the flag of Italy. The scene I there witnessed was most inspiring, as it was that of the ancient city, Rome. Here, digging deftly in the sod over the grave of Cicero, was Lucy Mitchell, trying to unearth some of his lost orations.

In a remote part of the holy city was a figure of a child—but no, upon drawing quite close I perceived that it was Corinne Kemper, "trying but not knowing just how" to compose elegies upon the great men of Long's Literature, who caused us so much misery while we labored at R. H. S.

The flames changed to streaks of red, white, and blue, signifying a return to our native land and bringing before me the immense columns of a State Mansion. The large door was open, displaying the interior of the library, where I saw the sweet face of Frances Brown assume a troubled frown as she deftly searched for psychological pamphlets, in a vain attempt to find some form of literature sufficiently deep to interest Almira Merchant, the most learned graduate of our Class.

Through the portieres separating this room from the ante-chamber came the click-click of a typewriter, and bending over her machine was the golden head of Edith Powell. When we said good-bye to her we noticed a growing resemblance to the noted Rosa Fritz, and truly this likeness had developed to such a degree that our old classmate now bids fair to become a leading type (ist).

Seated a short distance from Edith was a girl, the very personification of purity, whose quiet personality and extreme neatness at once attracted me. I had little doubt as to who this bookkeeper might be, for most certainly few dared to compete with Pauline Koontz in the matter of taste and simplicity.

As I turned, I noticed hundreds of men thronging the passages and hurrying to the Assembly Hall above. When at last all were seated a thunder of applause rocked the floor, yet on the beautifully decorated stage I could see only a little form no larger than an amoeba. As "it" came forward, I recognized Randolph Coleman, the first lawyer of Virginia, who was beginning his celebrated lecture on "Diligence." When he had finished and gained the wings, I noticed the most characteristic thing about Ran, his little yellow notebook. But instead of recording as of yore, "To-morrow I weed the violet bed," he now wrote—do not tremble, dear colleagues—"At Leisure."

As the men rapidly left the building, fashionably dressed women entered

the deserted hall. Instantly all was a babble of excitement until Eula Amos, the president of Equal Suffrage League, whose husband was at home preparing dinner, announced the appearance of the world's most celebrated debaters. When she had retired, a handsome woman appeared, demanding the attention of the brilliant assemblage. The speaker, loudly proclaiming Woman's Rights, advanced from the shadow of the palms and I recognized the perfect composure so peculiar to Gladys Jamison. Knowing that Gladys advocated feminine rule, I was convinced that it was really she.

I was not surprised when Mary Frantz followed this speaker and, encouraged by the last words of her husband, vainly endeavored to impress upon the audience that woman's suffrage would banish forever that gallant chivalry to which woman is indebted for her present liberty.

While the scene was quickly changed, a hissing, sizzling noise was heard, but I could only discern a cloud of dust. When at last this had settled, a small white automobile, surrounded by a crowd of men, was standing before an immense hotel. In the driver's seat of the car sat Margaret McGuire, having just returned from the World's Fair, where she had broken the record of Barney Oldfield.

When the crowd dispersed, the majority of the younger and unsophisticated sports hurried to the tonsorial parlor of the hotel, and wended their way to a small alcove, where I perceived Eula Guerrant manicuring the nails of a college student. As manicuring is but a plausible excuse for holding hands, it was not hard to understand why Eula had chosen this as her life-long vocation.

The flames took on a more somber hue; and I dimly saw the altar of a little rural church. Standing there, pouring forth eloquent words into the deaf ears of his snoring congregation, was Marcellus Johnson, still wearing all that remained of a watch fob, once circled by a band of golden hair. Then it dawned upon me that he looked very queer standing here alone, for "some one" had usually hovered near until the trials of the day were over. Yet it really was as before, for as soon as his sermon was ended, Ethel Wright stepped to the side of her husband, and as she raised her blue eyes to his I saw that they still shone with the love light of their youth.

The sight of the altar faded, the flames grew gloomy, showing only a vast expanse of land being drenched with rain. Dashing through the storm on the back of a lean brown horse was Walker Caldwell, who unscrupulously cast a hurried glance over the land before him and returned to his office, where he made an accurate blueprint of the (un)surveyed country.

While my attention was directed to Walker, I had not noticed a tall figure

hurrying over the ground, little heeding the pouring rain, as his head and most of his body were above the clouds. Drawing near, I saw the merry twinkle of Roscoe Altizer's eye and knew that, notwithstanding his ability as a civil engineer, he had also been an expert in laying off tracts in the hearts of numerous fair maidens.

The scene shifted only a little, showing just above this valley a small log schoolhouse, surrounded by a well-kept yard. As if in answer to my unspoken query as to who the occupants might be, the door opened and I saw Minnie Ridgway, with ruler in hand, endeavoring to acquaint the older rustics with the rules of Euclid.

This subject, however, was not as interesting as were the amusing incidents in the next room. There at her desk, amid the taunts of the children and fusillade of spit balls, was a woman on whose face shone duty, faithfulness, and fidelity. Yes, it was Lillian Noel, for of all our Class, who could be more even-tempered or better fitted for the task than she?

Opposite the schoolhouse I noticed a quaint little cottage, entirely covered with evergreens. Strolling across the well-kept lawn was a figure so erect, so unbending that I knew it could be no other than Margaret Coverston. Although for nine months of each year she successfully teaches music, the hedge and heather still fascinate her and with the first burst of spring she answers the call of nature.

The flames danced merrily, as if to signify a complete change. As Women's Clubs have recently grown to such a prominent place in the affairs of to-day, it was with little surprise that I saw Martha Bill pleading the cause of civic betterment in such terms as to attract scores of women to her side, and to obtain for herself the position of president of the association. Seated near her was Marie Brown, who successfully solved all geometrical propositions, as in the matter of laying off public squares and parks, that might otherwise have worried the dashing Martha.

Another change followed. Before me loomed a large hospital, on the porch of which was Blanche Griffith in nurse's uniform, with her old good-naturedness soothing the pains of a suffering patient. With a smile she seemed to invite me to enter, just as the operating room appeared. There many instruments of various sizes and kinds were scattered about. In the midst of these was a dear little dove-like creature, evidently preparing for some special operation. So unassuming, so shy, I was unable to see her face until the physician entered and Otey Page raised her eyes to receive her orders. Dear colleagues, the operation which was then performed was one of great

interest to us all, for Elbyrne Gill, the leading surgeon of the South, after closely examining the head of Cincinnatus, found that it really contained an excellent set of human brains, but that they had been set in upside down.

Once more the scene abruptly changed, bringing to my view a stately cathedral, the interior of which was a mass of palms and glowing candles. Before an immense pipe organ was Annie Woody, rendering in her own sweet way the wedding march from Lohengrin. Standing on the altar, with prayer book in hand I perceived our Parson Byrd Joyce, nervously waiting to perform the ceremony. As I looked a second time I saw Ruth Hurst, kneeling upon a satin pillow, while at her side was the former owner of the beautiful frat. pin, so well known to us.

Immediately following the wedding an elaborate reception took place, but only the parlors of the house appeared. There it was that I saw Marie Gordon, a leader of society, entertaining the newly-wed groom so successfully as to cause the bride to cast numerous suspicious glances in their direction.

In the ante-chamber I could see a bevy of admirers gathered around a golden-haired girl, each claiming a dance just for the sake of Roanoke College days, but Anne Greer, forgetful of that time and remembering only one man from the little town of Salem, handed him her hand for ever and eternity.

The flames dashed forward, rocking in an angry, turbid motion. Before me appeared a vast expanse of deep blue water, on which I saw the immense battleship, D'Arcy. Pacing the shining deck was Irl Brent, wearing the enviable uniform of Admiral. Beside him I saw the dimpled face of Elizabeth Alford, who drew near her husband and placed in his hands a little book. Together they walked to the railing and eloquently exclaimed, "To thee, oh waves, we now consign our once beloved Pony."

Close beside the battleship a great steamer now came in view. Seated alone upon the deck was a woman absorbed in genealogical treatises. Her great shawl so completely covered her face that not until she leaned over to obtain a new pamphlet did I recognize Agnes Bergendahl, making her third trip to Germany in search of ancestors long since dead and buried.

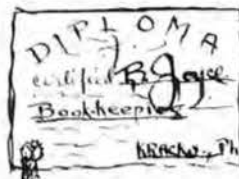
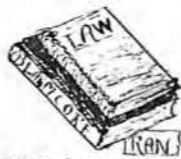
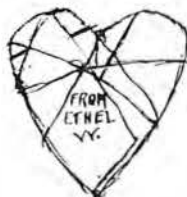
The ship swerved, bringing the stern directly before me. At first all I could discern was a figure resembling a great bear, but on closer observation I saw that it was "Krit," still wearing his immense fur coat and tenderly guarding our much-loved Alene Beckley. When she left us the faint scent of orange blossoms hovered near and we all predicted that many happy days were to follow those spent at R. H. S.

The interior of the cabin now appeared, showing me a pile of papers and pamphlets, in the midst of which sat an old woman, wrinkled and drawn. As

she arranged the pages of her latest book, "The Sins of Bachelor Life," with horror I saw my own features reflected before me, and I knew that I was the only old maid of the Class of 1912.

"SIGNORETTA."

SENIOR BOYS



Class Constitution



E. the members of the Class of 1912, have, from time to time, been officially and unofficially called upon to perform certain duties and functions, which are not always entirely pleasant and agreeable, such as acting in the capacity of librarians, postmasters, toastmasters, janitors, lobbyists, suffragettes, moonshiners, and watchdogs. Therefore, in order to provide for our common defence against the Faculty and to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our poor, unfortunate successors, on the thirty-first day of February, A. D. 1912, this Constitution was stipulated, formulated, promulgated, and duly adopted by the unanimous consent of two-thirds of the Class. Be it also known that this document has been copyrighted, and any one hereafter found infringing upon its rights will be dealt with according to Code 12, Section 3, of the Byrd Liquor Law.

ARTICLE I

Section 1. No person shall be eligible for membership in this Class who shall be more than seven or less than two and one-half feet in altitude, who shall be more than sixty or less than nine inches in circumference, who shall weigh more than three hundred and fifty or less than five pounds, avoirdupois. No mental qualifications are required.

Section 2. The officers of the Class shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, and an Assistant Treasurer, if the latter does not bear an honest reputation.

ARTICLE II

Section 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside over all meetings, to instruct the Class in the principles of Parliamentary Law, to appoint all committees and then do their work himself, to make all the debts and to pay none.

ARTICLE III

Section 1. It shall be the duty of the Vice President to do two-thirds of the President's work, to uphold him in every question, and to aid him in becoming a fluent speaker, as well as a suffragette and anti-suffragette leader. If by reason of accident, death, or marriage, the President should be forced to resign, the Vice President shall be called upon to fill out the unexpired term.

ARTICLE IV

Section 1. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a strict record of all absent members, to inform them of their absence, to entertain all peddlers of

invitations and class pins, to collect all delinquent debts, to take down in shorthand the speeches of the class orators, and to be prepared to make a report at any moment.

ARTICLE V

Section 1. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to hold the money. The Class deems it unwise to appoint an assistant to hold the Treasurer, as the latter is of the unholdable species. Under this condition, the Treasurer is required to give a bond of fifty sequels to insure good behavior and honesty during the tenure of office.

ARTICLE VI

Section 1. By the Recall Act of 1866, the Class may remove from office any of the above-named officials for gambling, polygamy, larceny, for going to church more than twice on Sunday, for becoming too familiar with any member of the Faculty, for using profane language about any of our beloved teachers, for waging unlawful love, for using ardent spirits too freely, and for failure to abide by the Ten Commandments.

Section 2. All meetings shall be held behind closed doors and no report of the proceedings shall be given to the public. This is done in order to preserve peace and harmony between the Class and the Faculty.

Section 3. If any member of the Class shall be convicted of stuffing the ballot box, he will be sent to the Reformatory School, on the first floor, which is presided over by the brave old Cincinnatus, assisted by Father Solomon and the aged Zenobia.

ARTICLE VII

Section 1. Various committees shall be appointed, but the most important is the Devotional Committee, whose duty it is to see after the morals of each individual. As soon as any one is put upon a committee, he should resign at once. This will promote unity and harmony among the members of the Class.

Section 2. Parliamentary laws shall be enforced and any member who fails to rise to his feet and address the Chair properly will be requested to take his seat, and if he repeats this breach of discipline, he will then be asked to stand on his head and give the "Grizzly Bear" dance.

ARTICLE VIII

Section 1. It will be useless for any one to attempt to amend this Constitution, as it was drawn up by the wisest of the wise, the keenest of the keen, the brainiest of the brainy, the smartest of the smart—all members of the Senior Class of 1912.

"E. G." '12.

Junior Class

Officers

HUGH FIGGATT.....	<i>President</i>
NINA QUINN.....	<i>Vice President</i>
CHARLIE HURT.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
MABEL HURST.....	<i>Secretary</i>

Members

AMOS, VIRGIE	GARRISON, MABEL	MENDELSON, SAM
BENNETT, CALLIE	GIBBONS, ALLEN	MUIRE, NORBORNE
BOTTOMLEY, BERTRAM	HARING, EMMA	PACE, NATALIE
BROWN, FRANK	HASSAM, HAZEL	PAINTER, MEREDITH
BRUNNER, KATHERINE	HARREL, LILLIAN	PEARMAN, GRACE
BURNETT, MILDRED	HARREL, REBA	PIKE, GLENNA
CHOCKLEY, MYRTLE	HARRIS, FRED	PIKE, MARY
COULBOURNE, ESTHER	HOFFMAN, NORINNE	POSSIN, MAMYE
CRABILL, BLAKE	HUFF, ALMA	PRICE, CARRIE
CRABILL, HELEN	HURST, MABEL	QUINN, NINA
CRUMPACKER, MAUDE	HURT, CHARLIE	RAGLAND, BESSIE
DANIEL, FLOSSIE	JAMISON, JOE	RHODES, HELEN
DAVENPORT, HENRY	JONES, SUSIE	RICE, EVA
DRABBLE, BEULAH	KAVANAUGH, JAMES	ROBERTSON, MYRTLE
ENGLEBY, LLOYD	KEISTER, EMMA	RUSH, RUTH
EMSWILER, CLAIRE	KOEHLER, FRANCES	SCHUBERT, MARGUERITE
FENSTERMACHER, ANNA	LEMON, AVAZO	SHUMATE, SAM
FIGGATT, HUGH	LEWIS, MAUDE	SPENCER, MILDRED
FISHBURNE, RALPH	MABRY, EULA	TERRY, PEYTON
FISHER, EARL	MARVEL, ELIZABETH	THOMAS, MATILDA
FOWLKES, PRESTON		WOOD, GEORGE



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior History



IN the year of 1909, a great event occurred in the lives of a band of children—they went through the novel and exciting experience of becoming inmates of that omnipotent institution commonly known as the Roanoke High School. This verdant bunch of youngsters, who constituted the Class of '13, soon became known to all the higher classes as the "rats," and for a time afforded the august Seniors and Juniors no small amount of sport. In turn, the "rats" gazed with open-mouthed admiration at the Seniors and Juniors, and wondered longingly whether they would ever reach such a coveted height of knowledge and importance. All through the first year they plodded on bravely through heaps of Latin verbs and unfathomable algebraic problems, until "amo, amare" and " $a^2 - b^2 = (a + b)(a - b)$ " haunted their waking and sleeping hours. But all good things must at some time come to an end, and when the season called vacation rolled 'round at last, it found a somewhat wiser set of boys and girls waiting to receive it.

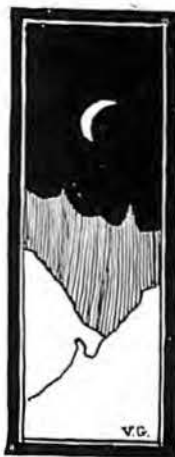
On their return the next fall, many changes greeted the Class of '13. The school had been vastly improved, and there were loads of brand new classrooms to explore and admire. Then, too, there were new studies to be undertaken, and these children—no longer "rats," but dignified Sophomores—began the laborious task of digesting historical and scientific facts propounded to them. They were no longer confined to the arid field of Latin declensions and conjugations, but sought diversion in reading the "Labors of Hercules" and the misdeeds of Media.

They had now come to the realization of the fact that a successful High School career required steady, faithful application, and that the whole framework of their education rested upon the foundation made during the first years at High School.

At last the Junior year arrived, and the days passed in rapid succession, enlivened by candy sales, football games, and essays. Onward went the Class of '13, realizing to the fullest extent that "There is no royal road to Learning," yet at the same time each member striving bravely by good deportment and perfect recitations to add his or her share in the task of proving the Class of

'13 a credit to the old High School. Thus they follow in the way that their honored sister Class of '12 has trodden before them. Before each rise the same inspiring ideals and ambitions. When the Class of '13 has reached the goal, received the honors of graduation, and set sail upon the stormy sea of life, may it prove as "worthy to be remembered" as has the Class of '12.

NINA QUINN, '13.



A Song Broke in Upon My Brain

IT WAS THE CAROL OF A BIRD



THOUGH but a clerk in a big department store of R—, I am fond of raising poultry. In my tiny box of a back yard I have a fine lot of fowls, beautiful white Plymouth Rocks, Brahmas, and Leghorns. One morning, the day before Christmas, I arose early, as was my custom, and went out to feed my brood. They came crowding around me, eager for the grain I held in my hands. I scattered it over the ground and, with much clucking, they fell to eating. My eyes rested on them admiringly: what well-behaved chickens they were. I thought of the customers who daily crowded the store where I worked, pushing and jostling each other in their haste. If they could see my chickens, I thought with pride—when suddenly, in the far end of the yard I heard a mighty hubbub of squawking and cackling. And there they were, all fighting and scrambling for a choice worm. I turned away, disappointed and ashamed of them, when a tiny bird, perched upon a tree near me, began to pour forth his little soul in a burst of joy and praise. In silence I stood listening; then, as the music bubbled clearer, sweeter from his throat, my heart quivered in responsive joy. It was the incarnation of Christmas. There was joy, love, and a tender compassion in the birdie's song, and when it ceased, I turned away with a strange feeling of exultation.

The song followed me all through the busy day, singing strong and clear in my heart. I was kinder and more sympathetic towards the Christmas shoppers; eager to aid them in their buying. But alas, it was a thankless task. People rushed frantically about, buying merely from a sense of obligation, with none of the joy in giving that makes Christmas so dear and sweet. There was a feverish glitter in women's eyes and sometimes a hunted look as they tried to stretch a slender purse to give to a friend as handsome a gift as they expected to receive in return. As I took note of all this, the gleam and glitter of the Christmas decorations in the store seemed to me but a mockery. There was no true Christmas spirit, I thought; none of these people had the real feeling in their hearts, and all this tinsel and bauble was but a mask to hide

the hideous face beneath. Then steady and clear the little bird's song echoed in my ears. I caught its irresistible contagion and a spontaneous joy leaped in my breast. I would be no pessimist. Surely, among these Christmas buyers there would be one who bought for love and not from duty; I would watch and see.

All through the day I searched eagerly the faces of the people who came to my counter, watching for a sign of the true Christmas spirit. I saw many faces; some worn and weary, some bright and alert, some nervous and frightened, and others sad and patient. There was one little woman with such a pathetic, drooping face that my heart went out to her. I wished somehow that she could have heard my birdie's song, and was on the point of speaking to her when she drifted away in the crowd and I lost sight of her. The short winter day was drawing to a close and still I had not found what I sought. Once or twice I caught a gleam of it in a young girl's smile and one old man's happy and expectant face. But they were gone ere I had a chance to look deeper and see what lay beneath.

Night fell over the city. I would not have known it, for the garish lights within made it seem as bright as day, but the clock told me so. Christmas Eve! In spite of my weary feet and fatigue, I felt my pulses quicken. The sound of laughter and good-natured railery went on around me. Some of the people had finished their shopping and were out for a good time only, but many were still buying. I closed my eyes wearily for a few seconds, when I heard a sweet, soft voice say:

"I'm sorry to disturb you, but will you wait on me, please?"

I opened them at once and gazed straight into the clear, expressive brown eyes of a dear little woman, with the sweetest face I have ever seen. She smiled at me, a dear, motherly smile, and straightway I lost my heart to her. She wanted a woolly lamb for Johnny, she said; it seemed that he had set his heart on having it and she had forgotten it until the last. I suppose I must have showed my interest plainly, for she presently began telling me about Clara, her oldest, and Ralph and Johnny. Johnny was the baby, she said. I felt a sudden strong desire to see these children, who could bring such a happy lovelight into their mother's eyes and make her cheeks flush so prettily when she spoke of them. I found myself begging her to tell me more about them, and she shyly, sweetly invited me to go home with her and see them for myself. They were really darling children, she assured me, and I, looking into their mother's deep, tender brown eyes, had no doubt of this.

She waited for me until closing time, which was only a few minutes, and we went away together. The night was clear and still and the stars shone

brightly over us. I thought of the Star of Bethlehem that had shone so long ago, and suddenly something in my companion's bright eyes made me think that they were not unlike that Star.

My little brown lady lived in a comfortable frame house on a quiet side street, not far from the shopping district. The house itself was not very different from many others I had seen, but there was an indefinable air of home about the place; a woman's unmistakable touch. A cosy fire burned low in the grate and an old, gray-haired negress was seated before it. She arose upon our entrance and made an old-time curtsy. Her mistress spoke to her gently and asked about the children; she replied that they were asleep. Throwing off her cloak and hood, my companion turned to me with her charming smile and led the way on tiptoe to the nursery.

A lamp burned dimly there and by its soft light I saw the sleeping children. They were lying in an attitude of childish grace and one of Johnny's chubby fists was pressed against a soft, pink cheek. The mother knelt down by the bedside and, with a look of brooding tenderness, pushed back the clustering curls from his damp brow. I bent and softly touched his exposed cheek with my lips. When she had seen that each was well covered, the mother went over to the fireside and took down the little empty stockings that hung there. Then she beckoned to me and we went back into the living room to fill them.

There was not much to put into them, only a few toys and some home-made candy. But the little brown lady's face wore the expression of a mother who knows she is going to please her children.

"There has not been much since the children's father died," she said, and her brave smile faltered a little, "but," she added, "we manage to be happy."

"But what of you," I urged, "what is your Christmas?"

"Ah, that," she said, with a tender light of mother-love in her dear brown eyes, "that lies in making my children happy."

Then I knew I had found it, the true spirit of Christmas. Here was no show, no pretense, but a holy joy and love in making others happy.

When I took leave of her and went out into the street, the Christmas bells were ringing out their message of "Peace, good will toward men." A strange sense of peace, new and sweet, enfolded me and, as I walked, I mused upon the character of this woman I had just left. "Her life is a living poem," I said to myself, "my birdie's song put into deeds."

KATHLEEN BOULDEN, '14.

The Battle of the Clouds

*The midnight hour had long gone by,
The air was sultry warm;
A night-hawk gave his curdling cry,
All things foretold a storm.*

*I laid aside the history, old,
'Twas full of death and pain;
How valiant kings, so brave, so bold,
Had one another slain.*

*And as I sat, it seemed to me,
I guess I must have dozed—
A raging battle I could see,
The struggle 'round me closed.*

*The ring of steel, the bursting shell;
The bugle's peal, the horseman's yell;
The crack of rifles, drumming feet,
Smoke that stifles, deadly heat.*

*Shrapnel flying through the air,
Brave men dying in despair;
Man and horse and gun and dirt,
Piled in masses, still, inert.*

*Backward, forward fought the foes,
The sun went down, the full moon rose;
No thought of sleep that awful night,
The guns belched forth—till dawn they fight.*

*A cannon bursted with a bang,
Up from my easy chair I sprang;
I had been dreaming, nothing more—
A thunderstorm was passing o'er.*

— A. L. Harrison.

Sophomore Class

Officers

DORRIS HUFF.....	<i>President</i>
DELOS THOMAS.....	<i>Vice President</i>
HILDA GLEAVES.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Members

AMMEN, EMMA	HOUCHINS, MAE	PECK, STELLA
BEARD, HALLIE	HUBBARD, ESTHER	PENN, CYNTHIA
BEARD, HARRY	HUBBARD, RUTH	PHILPOTTS, FLORA
BILL, DOROTHY	HUFF, DORRIS	PRICE, ELBERT
BLOXTON, AMO	HUFF, BANKS	RAU, ELSIE
BOOTH, MARY	HUFF, MAUDE	RICHARDSON, EDDIE
BOTTOMLEY, HAROLD	HUNTER, FRANK	ROBOTHAM, MAE
BOULDIN, KATHLEEN	JACK, BONNIE	RUTROUGH, PAULINE
BOWER, AURELIA	JAMISON, STRICKLAND	SCOTT, AGNES
BOWLING, MYRTLE	JENNINGS, CLARA	SEMPLE, ELIZABETH
BOWMAN, ELLA	JENNINGS, LAWRENCE	SHERMAN, JOHN
BRAMMER, FLORENCE	JENNINGS, RUBY	SHIELDS, JOSEPHINE
BULMAN, HELEN	JOHNSON, GORDON	SHOWALTER, ENGLISH
CALLOWAY, BESSIE	JUNKIN, JANET	SHOWALTER, EARNESTINE
COLEMAN, LOVELINE	KESLER, RUBY	SMITH, EARNEST
COLES, WENDELL	KIDD, MARTHA	SPANGLER, SYDNEY
CRABILL, MICHAEL	KOEHLER, REGINALD	STEVENS, KYLE
DIVERS, TOM	LINSEY, ROY	STEVENS, WALTER
DUNCAN, RUTH	LONG, FRED	STEWART, HAZEL
ENGLEBY, FRANK	LOWER, IRAD	STONE, ALBERT
ENGLEBY, IDA	MALCOLM, WILLIAM	STONE, MARY
FISHER, GRACE	MANUEL, ETHEL	TAYLOR, LUCY
FRAZIER, KATHERINE	MARKLEY, RUTH	THOMAS, DELOS
GARRETT, LIZZIE	MASINTER, SARAH	TURLEY, BESSIE
GLEAVES, HILDA	MCNAMEE, EDWIN	TURNER, ANNIE
GRAVATT, FRANCES	MENDELSON, HANNAH	VOIGT, BLODWIN
HAGAN, WILLIS	MILES, ORVIN	WEBSTER, MAURY
HANES, LEIGH	MOOMAW, JOE	WELCH, GORDON
HARRIS, KARL	MOORE, THEL	WILSON, HARRIET
HARRIS, LOUISE	MOSHER, LOUISE	WITT, RUTH
HILL, ELIZABETH	MURRAY, GRACE	WOOLWINE, EMMA
HOLTZ, KATHLEEN	NELSON, COLEMAN	WOOLWINE, MYRA
HOPCROFT, ROBBIE	OAKES, CARRIE	YOUNG, CLAUDE



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore History



THE "A" Division of the Class of 1914 entered the Roanoke High School in January, 1910, and the "B" Division came in the following September. They had fought long and bravely as "grammar school pupils" and when at last they had been promoted to "High School students," their joy and delight were unbounded. As they neared the school building, however, their courage began to desert them. Moreover, when they found, instead of some one to extend a hearty welcome, only closed doors, their spirits were at the lowest ebb. Presently the door opened and a very learned looking professor condescendingly remarked, "You new pupils may come up to the study hall." Most of them had no idea where, within the labyrinth of rooms and stairs, the study hall was. The trials of the new students were not over, even when they had succeeded in finding the study hall, for here they were immediately placed in classes, where they knew very few of the members. Indeed, the Class of 1914 would have been utterly discouraged at the beginning of its career, but for its perseverance and the presence of those wonderful beings, "Seniors"; *they* had gone through it all and did not seem any the worse for the experience.

One of the most bewildering requirements which the new students had to meet was the order to report to a certain room, when they had no idea whether the room was on the first floor or the third. It was with a feeling of relief that they fell into line behind those students who had come to the R. H. S. the term before and had been unfortunate in their examinations. Each day had its special hard tasks and trials, but the Class of 1914 was equal to them and received due recognition and praise from their instructors.

The great humiliation of being called rats and mice was left behind when the Class of 1914 passed from the first to the second year. At this time, the highest ambition of each student is to become a Senior. During the first year the Senior Class had been looked upon as an almost unattainable goal, but now such a step has been made toward the desired achievement that it has come within the range of a possibility.

The members of the "A" and "B" divisions have become fast friends and their strong class spirit is shown by their organizing with the hope that the Class of 1914 will be even more successful as Juniors and Seniors than it has been as Freshmen and Sophomores.

MAUDE HUFF, '14.

A Flag of Truce



THE firelight, leaping redly on John Wilson's wide, hospitably built hearth, matched the equally hot fire burning in his heart, as he let his fingers slip lovingly along the smooth barrel of his automatic revolver, and counted aloud the number of bullets he could pump into Simon Wheeler's body before any possibility of retaliation. How sweet it would be to see his enemy stagger and fall; to see his taunting mouth, with its slightly cynical curve, rubbed into the dust! Hate was certainly an absorbing business; it seemed to John Wilson that none of his other affairs compared, in importance, with that of wiping Wheeler off the earth.

The idea did not involve the disagreeable consequences which usually follow in civilized spots. This particular place was sparsely settled, and the sheriff, being a man of great tolerance, and one who was rather fat, preferred to let personal differences adjust themselves. It was the openly expressed opinion of the country that when two men loathed each other sincerely, it was decidedly to the interest and harmony of the community to let them "have it out," and one, or both, depart on the long trail which ends in shadows. So, being quite untroubled by that somewhat intrusive meddler, the law, Wilson rubbed his pistol and oiled it plentifully; for now and then the best mechanism will work slowly, and when seconds mean lives, this really will not do.

The day was very chilly; rains were flooding down and the rawness of the air made Wilson surly, in spite of his fire. He listened resentfully to the interminable splash of the drops, and when the sounds of approaching footsteps added themselves to the rain, he became more surly still. To a heavy knock he answered a reluctant "Come in," and then almost dropped his revolver in his astonishment over his wholly unexpected guest. There, square in the door, were the broad shoulders of Simon Wheeler, and Simon Wheeler's rugged face looked directly into his.

Instantly, Wilson's revolver leapt to a steady and ominous head on Wheeler's chest. The latter smiled grimly and said quietly, "Put 'er up, Wilson, I'm come with a flag of truce."

"A flag of truce, blast you!" shouted the enraged Wilson. "What you a-doin' "

with a flag of truce in my house? The cursed impudence of you! I guess that's it in your hand, eh? By jiminy crickets, it's a sunbonnet!"

Wheeler, apparently having forgotten the revolver, came forward and laid the sunbonnet on the table.

"Yes," he said, "that's what it is. It's Emma Mae's little bonnet."

Wilson's gaze shifted to the small, frilly white bonnet—he knew it belonged to Wheeler's only child, a small girl of seven, who ruled her father, a widower, with a rod of joy and caprice. The bonnet looked amazingly little and queer, lying between these two husky giants, men of moods, which were often as burning as molten iron. It was a pure white sunbonnet, but much damaged in the rain, and crumpled and crushed in Wheeler's big hand.

"What in thunder did you bring that here for?" Wilson demanded sharply. "Ef you wanted a flag of truce, seems like a pillowcase would'er done better!"

"I hadn't no time to get nothing bigger. Emma Mae, she's gone!"

"Gone?" repeated Wilson suspiciously. "Ain't nobody stoled her, I reckon. Worst spoiled brat in these parts. I know I wouldn't have her to black my shoes."

Wheeler paid no attention to the taunt, but said rapidly, "This morning I was away. I have to leave her alone more than I want to; but, of course, nobody would hurt her. She's small for her age, but awful strong; an' she unmoored my boat from the willow, where I had it chained, crawled in, an' let the current carry her down stream. I'm believin' an' hopin' she turned into Goat Island—she could do it easy, 'cause the current is that a-way, an' she can row a little, too."

"Goat Island!" ejaculated Wilson, adding roughly, "That ole grizzly, that Jones's wife scalded, has took up over there. I been aimin' to git him afore now."

Wheeler swallowed hard; then went on as rapidly as before. "Well, when I got back, I found there'd been a cloud-burst up river, somewheres—for the current's fairly ragin'. I knew no one man could work agin it, so I went to the crossroads, an' found a lot of fellows there. I had a boat—borrowed it from ole Jed—and I never thought but I'd git a man. But when I asked 'em, the blame cowards turned all colors. This 'un wouldn't fer this reason; that 'un fer another. Then they all hollered there wan't any chance fer *any* rower."

Wilson recovered himself. Somehow that queer little white sunbonnet, belonging to "the worst spoiled brat" in the settlement had taken him altogether aback.

"What you tell me all this fer?" he thundered. "Think I'm going to sympathize, do you?"

"Don't care about your sympathy," said Wheeler, curtly, "I've come fer you."

"Come fer *me!*" sputtered Wilson. His gun rose higher and planted its line of mark between Wheeler's eyes.

"Never mind that!" said Wheeler, impatiently, quite as though feuds had ceased to exist. "I ain't got no weapon of any kind—search me if you like."

Wilson's pistol fell, as the father repeated, "An' I've come fer you. Ain't no time to lose. Ef I git drowned, you're to fight on an' save 'er. Mebbe we'll both make it all right. I said to them white-livered spawn at the store that I knowed one *man* in the community."

"Well, I'll—be—" mumbled Wilson fiercely. Again his gaze shifted uneasily to the crumpled little bonnet of the "very bad brat." "Jiminy crickets!" he exploded violently.

"So, I've come fer you," repeated Wheeler curtly.

* * * * *

Over on Goat Island, two picnickers were soaking in the worst downpour they had ever experienced. The scalded bear, still smarting from his recent burns, sat sulkily on a little hummock and licked his sides, growling because, not being a man, he could not swear.

Over on the other side of the small island, the "worst spoiled brat" sat hunched up under a tree, trying to believe she was glad she had come, and wondering if she could possibly feel any more lonesome. She could see her boat, made fast by her precocious skill to a tree, tossing and straining on the yellow and menacing river. Goat Island, and indeed, the whole universe, seemed soggy with rain. She had brought her small waterproof, and had wrapped herself in it; but the fire she had tried to make would not burn; her little lunch had melted into paste, and presently two great tears rolled out of her eyes.

"I mustn't cry," she muttered. "I'll make things wetter'n ever, if I do."

A reasonable thought, but, like all reason, not of much avail against mere feelings. She could not help knowing that daddy might be away until dark, and even if he hunted, nobody knew where she had gone. She did not know that old Jed had seen her in her boat, before the cloud-burst, and had called vainly after her.

But now Emma Mae heard a strange puffing, grunting, and snorting. She jumped to her feet, thinking it was some delightful—if hard-breathing—rescuer, and faced five feet of scalded bear, walking on its hind legs. The bear stopped and swayed there—the small girl's eyes dilated with horror. This, then, was the result of being bad! Many times she had heard outraged

mothers in the village say that children who were not good, who did not mind, would certainly be eaten by bears. She stood frozen with fear; then her paralyzed little throat recovered itself—she gave an ear-piercing scream.

The bear dropped on his four legs again. Surely, only recently he had heard just such a sound. Emma Mae screamed again. Then the bear remembered. Creatures who made those shrill sounds spit hot water—scalding water that burned and blistered. He gave another snort, which Emma Mae took for her death sentence; then, wheeling clumsily, blundered away, and sat once more on the other side of the island, licking his burnt sides.

Emma Mae, in the rush of her gratitude, remembered all she had heard in her recent, and first, attendance at the settlement Sunday School. Falling on her knees, she addressed the watery skies, "Oh, Lord! I thank Thee for runnin' off the bear! I don't want to be 'er angel yet, Lord, 'cause it's too painful to be et by bears, but I'll shorely be good all my life, if you'll only take away the rain, too."

As she hopefully offered this prayer to the Almighty, she felt as if the rain must cease immediately. It failed to do this, and her thankfulness for the bear's retreat diminished as the hours passed on.

"I ain' afraid of no nasty ole bear," she sobbed, the long restraint of tears giving way, "an' I *will* cry all I want, an' make things wet as I darn please." But this defiance also passed, no mood of any mortal being stable; then panic came, and she screamed in perfect frenzy of loneliness for "Daddy!" And out of the rain, the mist, the angry, churning currents, Daddy's voice answered her, and Daddy's boat came.

Emma Mae flew to her father, crying joyfully, "I knowed you'd come!"

Her father crushed her to him till she screamed; then he set her down and said angrily, "You ought to be spanked hard—you bad girl!"

Emma Mae grinned radiantly, and turned, thrusting a small wet hand into one of Wilson's great paws and demanding, "Ain't Daddy mean? I'm goin' to row back with *you*."

Wilson glared at her, but she turned up to him an elfin, exquisite, laughing face, though her little body was shivering. As she looked fearlessly up at her father's enemy, the magic of her sweet smile possessed Wilson, so that he gazed at her in astonishment.

Then he said roughly, "I wonder a bar ain't et you!"

"One did come," said Emma Mae, carelessly, "but God an' me, we run him off."

"Don't tell no lies, Emma Mae!" said her father sternly.

"Tain't no lie," said Emma Mae, serenely. "You can find him ef you

hunt—and thar's part of his tracks—but I'm a-freezin'. Do let's git back!"

Placidly confident, she allowed herself to be put in the bottom of the boat between the two rowers. Wrapped warmly in a quilt her father had brought, she never dreamed of the jeopardy the three faced; of the bitter, merciless fight the river made to dispute their passage home. Only two such men could have done it; one frantic with fear for his child, one full of a strange, contemptuous amazement at his own pliability.

* * * * *

When Wilson sat once more by his own fire, and tossed off a glass of mellow whiskey, he marveled at himself, and at what he had done.

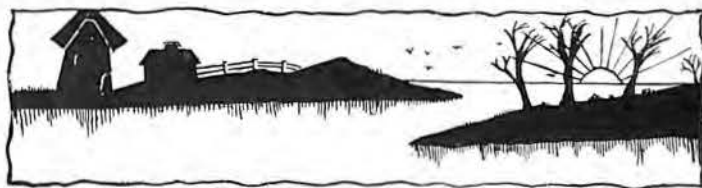
"Damme, I'd ought to have let the brat drown!" he muttered. "Oh, that would have been an orful good revenge!"

Then he reached out his hand and touched the "flag of truce"—the forgotten, little, rumpled white bonnet. He fingered it shyly; and then, from between the fluted ruffles, a child's face seemed to spring, eerie, laughing, beautiful, and a tiny wet hand seemed to tremble in his own.

"Curse his infernal impudence!" he growled. "Yes, I'd ought to have let the little brat drown."

Then, slowly, he raised the bonnet of "the little brat" to his cheek, and rubbed it against his rough face, as though there lingered in the white head-gear the magic possibility of a child's kiss.

JOSEPHINE SHIELDS, '14.



Freshman Class

AARON, BERTHA
ADAMS, CARY
ALMOND, CLAIRE
ANDERSON, KATHERINE
ARMENTROUT, GRACE
BARTLETT, WILLIAM
BEAM, FRANCES
BOEHEN, LUCY
BOHN, MARY
BOULDIN, POWHATAN
BOWMAN, JAMES
BOWMAN, SAMUEL
BOYD, BEVERLY
BOYER, GARTH
BUCKNER, MARGARET
BURKS, NELLIE
BURKS, ROBERT
BUTLER, GEORGE
CAMPBELL, ANNA
CAMPBELL, ESTHER
CARLTON, NELLIE
CARR, ORES
COLES, BESSIE
DANIEL, MYRTLE
DARST, CLAUDE
DERR, ANNA
DICKENSON, MAUDE
DIXON, MABEL
DRAPER, VIOLA
ELMORE, FLOYD
ENGLEBY, ELLEN
ENGLEBY, JOE
FAIRBROTHER, HARLEY
FIGGATT, REBA
FLANAGAN, FRANK
FOX, CHARLES
FOX, EDWARD
FOX, GLADYS
FRANCIS, ATTAWAY
FRANTZ, RUTH
GILL, FANNIE
GOODMAN, LEWIS
GORDON, EMILY
GREGORY, ESTHER
GREGORY, VERNON
HAMNER, KATHERINE
HARING, RUTH
HARRISON, BERTIE
HART, MARIAN
HASH, PAUL
HAYDEN, DELLA
HECKMAN, ESTHER
HENDERSON, ROY
HOBBIE, WARREN
HUDNALL, WILLIE
HURT, IRA
IRBY, ETHEL
IZARD, JAMES
JETT, ELLEN
JUNKIN, KATHERINE
KAVANAUGH, LUCY
KELSEY, MARIAN
KIMMERLING, EARL
KNIGHTON, FANNIE
LACY, ANNE
LAVINDER, EVELYN
LAWFORD, WRIGHT
LEDBETTER, ANNIE
LINDAMOOD, IRENE
LLOYD, TRACY
LUCK, LUCILE
MCHUGH, CHARLES
MERCHANT, IDA
MOIR, MILDRED
MOOMAW, FRANCES
MOOMAW, LYDIA
MOOMAW, SALOME
MOORE, NORRIS
MORRISON, BEATRICE
NEVITTE, ANNE
NIMMO, ADDIE
OBENCHAIN, LILLIAN
ONEY, EDNA
OSBORNE, CHESTER
OYLER, ANNIE
PHILLIPS, MAMIE
PLUNKETT, RAMIE
POTTERFIELD, ETHEL
POWELL, GLADYS
PRICE, LOUISE
RAINES, MARY
ROBERTSON, GORDON
ROBERTSON, RUTLEDGE
ROSENBAUM, HARRY
RUSH, ESTHER
SAUNDERS, CHARLES
SAVAGE, LUCILLE
SCATCHARD, LAWRENCE
SCHUBERT, CHARLES
SCOTT, CLARENCE
SHANNON, BERTA
SHERTZ, FRANK
SISLER, ISABEL
SITES, ELIZABETH
SMITH, ETHEL
SNYDER, CHRISTINE
SOWDER, ANNIE
SPANGLER, CHARLOTTE
STARRETT, ELIZABETH
ST. CLAIR, JAMES
STEVENS, ALICE
STOUFFER, MARIAN
STROECKER, CHARLES
STUART, AUGUSTA
SWALLENBURG, MARY
TILLMAN, WILLIAM
THOMAS, LUCY
THOMAS, RIA
TURLEY, ROSALIE
TURNER, AUGUSTA
TURNER, ELIZABETH
URQUHART, LEONARD
WATSON, PEARL
WEBSTER, VIVIAN
WELBORN, HELEN
WILKINSON, FRANK
WILLIAMS, REBA
WILLIAMSON, MARIAN
WILLIAR, MAUD
WILSON, ROBERT
WOODRUFF, ALMA
WOODRUFF, HALLIE
WRIGHT, ELSIE
WRIGHT, JOHN
YOST, JOHN
ZWICKLE, KATHERINE



FRESHMAN CLASS

A TOAST

Here's to the school where we've all been so long,
Here's to the school where we feel we belong;
Here's to the teachers who've labored so true,
Here's to the teachers who've taught us to do;
Here's to the books which have caused us such pain,
Here's to the books from which knowledge we've gained;
Here's to ourselves, 1912, R. H. S.,
Here's to ourselves, may we all have success.

A. L. H.

The Trespasser's Reward



BESSIE pulled the bay mare up short in the middle of the road and stared at the object in the shade of the elms. There was a large red automobile which, even to the lay eye of inexperience, appeared to be badly damaged. The crank was broken, one of the front wheels twisted, the hood smashed—in fact, it resembled a toy tin automobile that had been stepped upon. Lying comfortably on the front seat was a young man. There seemed to be nothing the matter with him. He was sleeping peacefully, calmly, knees elevated tentwise, arms folded upon his breast.

Laughing softly to herself, Bessie looked up and down the road. It was deserted; between six and seven o'clock, scarcely any one passed along the shore road—this being dinner hour at the inn. People who knew what they were about never took this route—certainly not in red automobiles. Of course, it was a short way to the inn, but primarily and legally it was the private road, leading to "The Elms" estate; and to the mind of John Clare, the only blot on the face of nature in the summer time was the boarders with red automobiles.

Suddenly the young man moved restlessly; mosquitoes were plentiful in the shade of the elms. He sighed, opened his eyes, caught sight of the bay mare hitched to the neat black road cart, and sat up.

"Has he returned?" The question was one of dazed unconcern.

Bessie returned his stare with grave interest. "I do not know what you mean. You have had an accident?"

"An accident!" The young man became troubled and explosive. "We came near killing ourselves and smashing the machine over that rope. Didn't you see the rope?"

"A rope?" Miss Clare's tone was mild and sympathetic.

"Stretched across the road on purpose; we drove right into it. My chauffeur, Wilson, has gone somewhere to get help. We missed the road a few miles back."

"Were you hurt?"

"Only jolted a trifle. I presume the owner of the rope hoped for funerals."

"There was a funeral here a few days ago," interposed Miss Clare gently. "That is why the rope was put up; I believe, to turn back stray automobiles and prevent any more funerals. A red one ran over a calf."

"Calf?"

"It was a pet calf," resumed Miss Clare firmly. "It was with its mother; they had a perfect right to ramble along this road; automobiles have not. Did you read the sign on the stone gateposts when you turned in?"

"The sign simply said, 'No Trespassing. Tramps and Dogs Keep Out.' I am neither a tramp nor a dog, so I came in."

"Well, the rope was not stretched for a tramp nor a dog."

The trespasser was silent for the first time. Climbing out of his machine, he strode over to the cart and looked up at the girl. She was young, he thought, probably eighteen. Her white linen waist, with plain turn-down collar and short sleeves, was a boyish affair, such as a very young person might be expected to don. Her skirt was short ankle length, he could see the low-heeled tan oxfords. With hair braided and wound around her head like a misplaced aureole that had slipped down, she was the picture of health and beauty. Worse than all, she was laughing at him; he knew it when he saw her eyes.

When the trespasser spoke again, it was with less obvious reference to his own wrong doings. "Can you tell me where I am?"

"Six miles from 'Oakland.' You missed the main road a mile back. This one leads to 'The Elms' estate."

"That is where I want to go," exclaimed the young man. "I thought Wilson was making for the inn. I am bound for the Clare place."

"Then why did you come in an automobile? Do you not know Mr. Clare personally?"

"I have not seen him for years. He must be a jolly old beggar, to judge from the rope; real sweet, neighborly disposition, has he not?"

"I think he was perfectly right and justified," said Miss Clare with sudden haughtiness and defiance. "It was the dearest little calf, and—it belonged to me."

The trespasser began to smile in general dominance of the situation. It was a smile to resent; it showed premeditated triumph and fore-knowledge. But—it improved his countenance. Even with the dust of the road overlaying the tan of his face and in spite of the general disheveled condition of his make-up, the smile was frank and friendly—altogether it was desirable.

"Bet you thirty seven and a half cents you are Bessie," he said happily.

Miss Clare tucked her side locks deftly, loftily. They were darling side locks; curly, tantalizing wisps of loose sunshine; they knew their business, and escaped from the side comb whenever there was a propitious moment.

"My first name is Elizabeth."

"No, sir, it is Bessie; and your hair used to be red. Remember the day you climbed over the wall and tried to get up the big oak after a blackbird's nest I told you was there? Your foot hung and you tumbled down; I had to climb up and take the shoe off before you could get your foot out of the cleft in the trunk. Do you remember, Miss Bessie Freshie?"

He was laughing now; laughing wickedly, joyously. Miss Clare blushed, hesitated, caught the merry gaze of the brown-eyed trespasser, and laughed, too. "I remember. You did use to call me that, didn't you?"

"And it fits you yet," he retorted calmly. "Any one who would sit and gloat over a poor, stranded, wrecked devil for the sake of a calf is nothing but a fresh kid. I am going to ride home with you, Bess. Slip over to the other side and give me those reins."

"I shall drive," began Bessie resolutely, but the reins were taken from her.

Down the hill a figure was coming, and they waited. It was Wilson, the chauffeur.

"It is all right, Ruddy," he called. "I saw the old man and fixed it up with him. He says come on to the house, he will telephone to Victoria for some one to come and mend the machine."

"Well, Wilson, you stay and watch it until you hear from Victoria," said Rutherford Keith kindly. "I will hurry ahead with Miss Clare."

Climbing wearily into the automobile, Wilson watched the road cart out of sight. Miss Clare was silent. Eight years had passed since Ruddy Keith left the Victoria school; just eight years since his mother died and the great house on the bluff was closed. She had missed her neighbors; so had her father. "Oakland" and "The Elms" were the last of the old estates along the shore road to hold out against the encroachment of summer hotels. She stole a glance at the figure beside her; she was thinking how warm would be his welcome at the house, in spite of the red automobile.

"Caught you peeking," laughed Ruddy, looking down at her and swinging the mare around the last curve. "Why don't you say you are glad I'm home?"

"We heard you were going to Europe after you left college," she said.

"Well, I am not," he retorted deliberately. "Dad has had enough of the city whirl. I am going to take this place and settle down at 'Oakland,' provided my neighbors treat me right."

"The rope was not for neighbors," said Bessie slowly, "just for trespassers."

Anyhow, a neighbor would know the way of the 'cross-lots path, over the wall, past the big oak. That is the way neighbors pass from 'Oakland' to 'The Elms'."

"We will tear down the wall and travel 'cross lots every day. Won't we, Elizabeth, Bessie, Bess?"

He was laughing, but there was an undercurrent of serious intent that brought the quick, warm color to Bessie's face. She wondered if he were thinking of the last time they traveled 'cross lots—the day he left for school; he had kissed her good-bye and snipped off a lock of her hair with his pocket knife.

Ruddy shifted the reins to his left hand and reached in an inside pocket. From a small Russia leather billfold he took a bit of curly red hair, tied, boy fashion, with a piece of black thread.

"It was red those days," he said thoughtfully. Bessie remained silent. "I hope there is no trespassing of the old oak," he told the bay mare's ears.

"Neighbors are not trespassers," replied Bessie softly. Ruddy slipped the red curl back into the billfold as they drew rein in front of "The Elms."

This was his welcome home; the verdict for his guilt of trespassing was rendered the next day under the old oak tree. It was "Yes."

HERBERT PAGE, '12.



Annual Board Statistics

NAME	WHAT THEY ANSWER TO	STRONG POINT	FAILING	BYWORD	DESTINY
RAN.....	Judge	Wisdom	Youth	Let's get to business	Congressman
EMMA.....	Signoretta	Soulful eyes	V. P. I.	Dommit	Romantic writer
ALENE.....	Sorrel Top	Smashing hearts	Autos	Ain't it the truth	Society Queen
EULA.....	Amos	Long's Lit.	Studying	Well I'll declare	Eula Amos
OTEV.....	Little One	Modesty	Hasn't any	Dog gone it	Perpetual Maidenhood
ROSCOE.....	Voty Vee	Beauty	Ponies	Aw gwan	Hod Carrier
FRANCES.....	Phroncis	Looking sweet	Temper	For the love of Mike	South Carolina
IRL.....	Dinner bell	Kicking	U. S. N. A.	I'll match you	Admiral
ELBYRNE.....	Pete	Arguing	Faculty	Don't get nervous	Kiropractor
HUGH.....	Lord	Pompadour	High Society	Well, I'll swanee	Marion, Va.

Sub-Freshman Class

AKERS, VIRDO	HUNTER, MERLE	PECK, CHLOIE
ALLEMONG, COURTNEY	JAMISON, THELMA	PERSINGER, HAROLD
ALTIZER, HAZEL	JAMISON, VELMA	PETERS, FOREST
ATKINSON, AGNES	JONES, BLANCHE	PETERS, HARRY
BARNES, EDITH	KERLIN, GORDON	PHILLIPS, EFFIE
BIRCHFIELD, HERBERT	KESLER, HAZEL	PILLARD, CLARA
BOARD, CLAIRE	KIMMERLING, ALICE	PORTER, OLIVE
BONSACK, SAMUEL	KINNEY, JEFFERSON	POINT, GRACE
BOWMAN, JAMES	KIRKBRIDE, MARY	PRESTON, CECIL
BRENT, LOUISE	LAWRENCE, CECILE	ROGAN, ERNEST
BROWN, HENRY	LECKIE, ELWOOD	SANDERS, MAMIE
CARLISLE, RUSSEL	LEIGH, WILLIE	SHEAHAN, HELEN
CLARK, GEORGE	LESTER, NELL	SHELOR, INEZ
COULBOURNE, AURELIA	LOCKETT, ASHBY	SMITH, MARY
CRUEGER, WALTER	LOW, GLADYS	SPALDING, LYMAN
CRUMPECKER, MYRTLE	LOWER, MAUDE	SPANGLER, ELSIE
DAVIS, EDITH	LUCAS, OCTAVIA	SPIGLE, HUBERT
DOUGLAS, CHARLES	LUDWIG, RUTH	STANLEY, ROBERT
DRABBLE, MARIE	MARKLEY, HERBERT	STEPHENS, MARY
DRISCOLL, EARL	MARTIN, GEORGE	STEVENS, FRANK
DUFFEY, CHARLES	MATTOX, ERNEST	THORNTON, ROY
DUIGUID, NELLIE	MAYHEW, ERNEST	TOMPKINS, ROY
EAKIN, MARGARET	MEEK, GRACE	WALL, HORACE
FITZGERALD, HAZEL	MICHAEL, ANNA	WEBBER, HARRY
FLECK, HAROLD	MOOMAW, MARY	WELCH, LEOLA
FOSTER, GLADYS	MOOMAW, REBA	WHITENACK, AUBRA
FOSTER, IVORY	MOORMAN, LOTTIE	WILBOURNE, MILDRED
FOSTER, PEARL	MORRIS, MARGARET	WILES, ENEST
GIBBONS, HOWARD	MOSS, RUDOLPH	WILLIAMS, MARY
GOOLSBY, FINLY	NELSON, WILLIAM	WILLIAMSON, MARY
GREVE, ARTHUR	NININGER, MAUDE	WILSON, MAY
HALEY, ALLEN	NININGER, VIVIAN	WINDELL, LURLINE
HARREL, NELLIE	PALNOR, MADELINE	WOOD, MAY
HARRIS, JAMES	PARKER, CHARLES	WOOD, WALTER
HARRIS, RHESA	PARRACK, THERMUTIS	WOOLRIDGE, KATIE
HENLEY, IVA	PEARSON, ALVA	YATES, LOUISE
HOOPER, ROY		ZENTMEYER, PAUL

Sub-Freshman Class

AKERS, VIRDO	HUNTER, MERLE	PECK, CHLOIE
ALLEMONG, COURTNEY	JAMISON, THELMA	PERSINGER, HAROLD
ALTIZER, HAZEL	JAMISON, VELMA	PETERS, FOREST
ATKINSON, AGNES	JONES, BLANCHE	PETERS, HARRY
BARNES, EDITH	KERLIN, GORDON	PHILLIPS, EFFIE
BIRCHFIELD, HERBERT	KESLER, HAZEL	PILLARD, CLARA
BOARD, CLAIRE	KIMMERLING, ALICE	PORTER, OLIVE
BONSACK, SAMUEL	KINNEY, JEFFERSON	POINT, GRACE
BOWMAN, JAMES	KIRKBRIDE, MARY	PRESTON, CECIL
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CRUMPECKER, MYRTLE	LOWER, MAUDE	SPANGLER, ELSIE
DAVIS, EDITH	LUCAS, OCTAVIA	SPIGLE, HUBERT
DOUGLAS, CHARLES	LUDWIG, RUTH	STANLEY, ROBERT
DRABBLE, MARIE	MARKLEY, HERBERT	STEPHENS, MARY
DRISCOLL, EARL	MARTIN, GEORGE	STEVENS, FRANK
DUFFEY, CHARLES	MATTOX, ERNEST	THORNTON, ROY
DUIGUID, NELLIE	MAYHEW, ERNEST	TOMPKINS, ROY
EAKIN, MARGARET	MEEK, GRACE	WALL, HORACE
FITZGERALD, HAZEL	MICHAEL, ANNA	WEBBER, HARRY
FLECK, HAROLD	MOOMAW, MARY	WELCH, LEOLA
FOSTER, GLADYS	MOOMAW, REBA	WHITENACK, AUBRA
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HALEY, ALLEN	NININGER, VIVIAN	WINDELL, LURLINE
HARREL, NELLIE	PALNOR, MADELINE	WOOD, MAY
HARRIS, JAMES	PARKER, CHARLES	WOOD, WALTER
HARRIS, RHEA	PARRACK, THERMUTIS	WOOLRIDGE, KATIE
HENLEY, IVA	PEARSON, ALVA	YATES, LOUISE
HOOPER, ROY		ZENTMEYER, PAUL



SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS



When Johnny Came Back



WHEN John Preston stepped off of the limited at Roanoke, his feet touched the soil of his native town for the first time in twenty years. He hurried through the long corridors of the new Union Station, eager to gaze upon the changes wrought in his absence from the city, which he had once called home.

As he walked out of the station and saw the great difference, he gasped. Never in his life had he been so surprised. A magnificent structure of asbestone, the new building material, bore the name of Hotel Roanoke. The beautiful lawn, which had been there when he left, had vanished, and in its place were towering buildings, all of the most modern structure. When he looked for the old park, which he remembered as having been across from the station, he realized that the new terminal had been built upon it, and that he was then standing over it.

A long gray motor car glided a little beyond him and stopped. A wiry little middle-aged man jumped out, and as he passed Preston, paused and gazed into the depths of his brown eyes. In a moment he said, "Say, stranger, your face looks familiar, but—well, I'll be hanged if it isn't Johnny Preston!"

"And little old Lawrence Jennings!" exclaimed Preston, as they wrung each other's hands.

"How you have changed!"

"And how you have changed!" said Jennings. "Where have you been these twenty years? Here, jump into my car and tell me all about it."

"It's a long story," sighed Preston, as the car started off smoothly, "but in brief here it is: When they expelled me from the High School for firing that cannon cracker in the study hall, I went home and told my parents that I was ready to start out on my own hook. Of course, they objected, but I finally won their consent, and they gave me a little money to start out with. I first went to Detroit and began working in the Chalmers factory, the makers of your own car. Well, soon I had worked my way up into the position of designing engineer. It was while in this position that I invented the famous reciprocating piston, and as I could not interest the American manufacturers in it, I went abroad. The Mercedes Company bought my patent and gave

me an excellent position in their factory. About two weeks ago, however, I became homesick and decided to come back to dear old Roanoke to live. And now tell me about all of my old friends."

"Do you see that aeroplane sailing over there in the west? I mean the one with the red planes. It is one of the Roanoke Aero Company's latest models, and is owned by the Virginia Suffragists. They have a large number of these machines, all with red wings, in which they go about the country campaigning. They secure many votes in this way, because of the immense ground they can cover. At present, all of Roanoke is excited over the coming election of a new mayor. Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Green, Jr., are the rival candidates. Misses Vesta Beachy, Anne Greer, Helen Rhodes, and Myra Woolwine are the principle agitators for Mrs. Green, while Frank Brown and Warren Hobbie are her husband's chief supporters. The owners of the Roanoke Aero Company are mostly the old auto crowd you knew at school. They suddenly took the aeroplane fever and formed a company, consisting of Reddy Wiles, Frank and Joe Engleby, and Albert Stone. They are said to be doing fine and are having a growing business. That large bank building we just passed is owned by Randolph Coleman and Ralph Fishburne."

"Gee! but Roanoke has changed," exclaimed Preston enthusiastically. "I see she has adopted the plan of a model city; the streets are broader, there are no car tracks or telephone poles, and these beautiful shade trees line the sidewalks. Why, here we are at Elmwood Park! What is that magnificent marble building on the top of the hill?"

"It is the new library building," said Jennings. "It was built about a year ago by the business men and women. Many of your old schoolmates contributed largely to its success, but the movement was started many years ago by the Woman's Civic Betterment Club."

"Roanoke is certainly an aeroplane center," said Preston. "See the air craft circling about the landings on Mill Mountain."

"Yes," replied Jennings. "Roanoke is the central station in the Eastern States, and its landings are unequaled the world over. The tall tower on the mountain is the Light Signal, and at night it guides the planes to Roanoke from miles around. The large building, barely visible over the crest, is the Power House, which sends the electric current, without wires, to the motors of the flying machines. It is a great improvement over the old method."

"Take me around to the High School, Lawrence," said Preston, "a glimpse of the old school would do me good."

"It is no longer an old school," replied Jennings, as he turned the car up Roanoke Street, "the old one burned down about five years ago, and a mag-

nificent building was erected on the large grounds across from the Baptist Church. Here we are already."

"What! is that the High School?" exclaimed Preston. "What a dandy place it is! Let's stop and go through it."

The car glided up to the entrance and the two men sprang out, walked up to the school, and into the superintendent's office, where they beheld a gray-haired gentleman seated at his desk.

"Professor McQuilkin," said Mr. Jennings, "I want you to meet my friend and your former pupil, Mr. John Preston."

As they grasped hands, the superintendent surveyed Preston's stalwart figure and bronzed face. "Preston," he said at last, "you have changed greatly, but I could never forget those mischievous eyes. Tell us where you have been since you left."

Preston told the story just related, and the Professor took him around to the different rooms. He was introduced to Professor Tardy, the principal, and Professor Beale, the assistant principal, and was shown the baths, swimming pool, and gymnasium, which were in the basement. All of the rest of his old teachers, he was told, had married or changed employment, while others had retired.

"What has become of Mr. Hart and Mr. Fitzpatrick?" asked Preston.

"Why, hadn't you heard about Mr. Hart being elected Junior Senator? He carried the State by a large majority. Mr. Fitzpatrick is now Superintendent of Public Instruction."

The three had luncheon together at a large café just below the school, and enjoyed a long talk of old times. Preston left Jennings and walked over the city, meeting many old friends and marveling at the wonderful growth during his absence. The City Hall, on the corner of Roanoke and Campbell streets, was the center of the business section. Immense skyscrapers loomed up along the noiseless streets of Gillphaltum, the new paving material, invented by the renowned chemist, Elbyrne Gill. Beautiful motor cars whizzed silently by, while aeroplanes buzzed overhead. On all sides were signs of the greatest activity, and a business-like air pervaded everything. There was a noticeable lack of the dust, noise, and confusion which had reigned in the city twenty years before. The residence section extended from far above the old West End along the attractive driveway, which followed Roanoke River. The railroads, which had once lined the sides of the stream, had been removed and now formed a belt around the outskirts of the town.

After a pleasant week of renewing old friendships and viewing the city, Preston bought the greater interest in one of the large factories. A short

while after, he married one of his old sweethearts, who had waited all of the twenty years for him. The impressive ceremony was performed by the Rev. James Izard, assisted by Rev. Eddie Richardson.

ALBERT STONE, '14.

*First a Freshman, green and young,
Thought I knew it all;
On exams. when I was stung—
Gee, but that was gall.*

*Next year I was not so sure,
I saw 'twas not a cinch;
My vanity had had a cure—
I got through by a pinch.*

*A Junior I at last became,
I greater things attempted;
How happy when I heard my name,
When teacher read, "Exempted."*

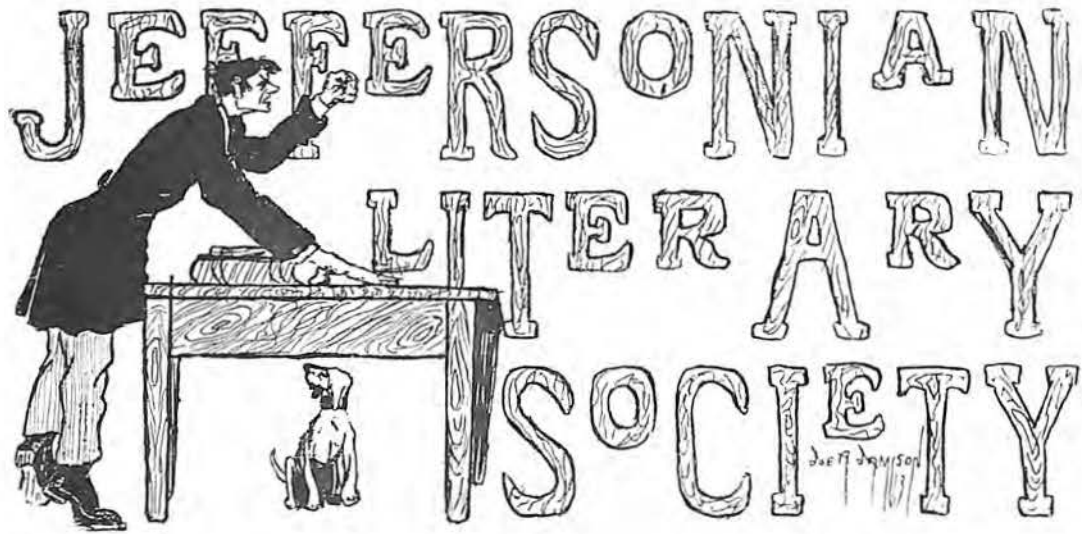
*Then Senior, word of sweet aroma,
Nothing is, that I don't know, (?)
Soon receiving my diploma,
Out into the world I go.*

—A. L. Harrison.



JOE F. JAMISON
1931

Literary Societies



1911 Term

RANDOLPH COLEMAN *President*
 HUGH FIGGATT *Vice President*
 EDDIE RICHARDSON *Secretary*
 STANLEY WILE *Treasurer*

Program Committee

ERNEST SMITH WALKER CALDWELL WILLIAM HENSON

1912 Term

HUGH FIGGATT *President*
 EDDIE RICHARDSON *Vice President*
 ENGLISH SHOWALTER *Secretary*
 ROSCOE ALTIZER *Treasurer*

Program Committee

JOHN SHERMAN REGINALD KOEHLER JOHN WRIGHT

The Jeffersonian Literary Society



THE JEFFERSONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY was organized in 1909. Considering that the School had been without a society up to this time, it was remarkable how soon the boys developed into true orators and debaters.

The purpose of the Jeffersonian has been to discipline its members in correct methods of thought and expression and to engage them in such exercises as produce efficiency in parliamentary usages and contribute to the cultivation of oratory, debate, and composition. The Jeffersonians have always striven earnestly to develop real oratory and to realize how well they have succeeded in mastering this art, one has only to be present at the Commencement exercises and listen to the eloquent appeals that the young orators thunder forth to the vast audiences gathered there.

The first year of the Literary Society was remarkable for an internal growth. In the second year, however, the Society broadened its scope and competed successfully in debate and oratory with such schools as Daleville College and Randolph-Macon Academy. It was ably represented in essay, debate, and oratory at Brookneal, last April, in the Inter-High School contest of the Sixth District of Virginia, and also in the Southwest Virginia School contest held at Rural Retreat last June.

The Society has every reason to be proud of the boys that have gone from its doors to become members of the literary societies in our colleges and universities throughout the State. Most prominent among these members are Mr. Hiram Dance, Mr. Robert Adams, and Mr. Morris Masinter, of Washington and Lee University; Mr. Elbert Wright, Mr. Frank Lemon, Mr. Hugh Standard, and Mr. Lynwood Keyser, of the University of Virginia; Mr. Claude Moore, Mr. Lamar Sherertz, and Mr. Chester Brent, of Roanoke College; and Mr. Eugene Harris, of V. P. I. Mr. Harris distinguished himself by winning the declaimer's medal last year at V. P. I. The early and efficient training received in the Jeffersonian Literary Society has enabled these boys to win honors over members of the foremost literary societies throughout the State.

The members are truly grateful to the Faculty for the deep interest it has always manifested in the Society. The kindly suggestions and the helpful

hints and criticisms of the instructors have been gladly received. Among the subjects discussed are the most vital political and economical problems of the day, and every Friday the walls of old R. H. S. resound with the mighty eloquence of the debaters.

The Jeffersonians realize that, if the literary honors of the School are to remain within the masculine domain, they must put forth a renewed effort, for the Martha Washington Literary Society, recently organized, has disclosed several feminine aspirants to the realms of oratory and elocution. The J. L. S. boys wish the Marthaites God speed in their noble efforts, and they can safely predict that the girls will not weary until they have reached the heights of literary attainment.

When the boys, who have striven so nobly within the Society to carry off the honors, go out into the world to win success, the J. L. S. will form one of the brightest chapters in their lives. Every member will cherish the fond memories of its sessions within his heart. Standing on the pinnacle of high attainments, he will live over again the old conflicts in debate, will feel again the fire of his youthful ambition, and he will remember that his mind first gave birth to his Dream of Success within the Jeffersonian Literary Society.

HUGH FUGGERT, '13.



LITERARY MEETING.

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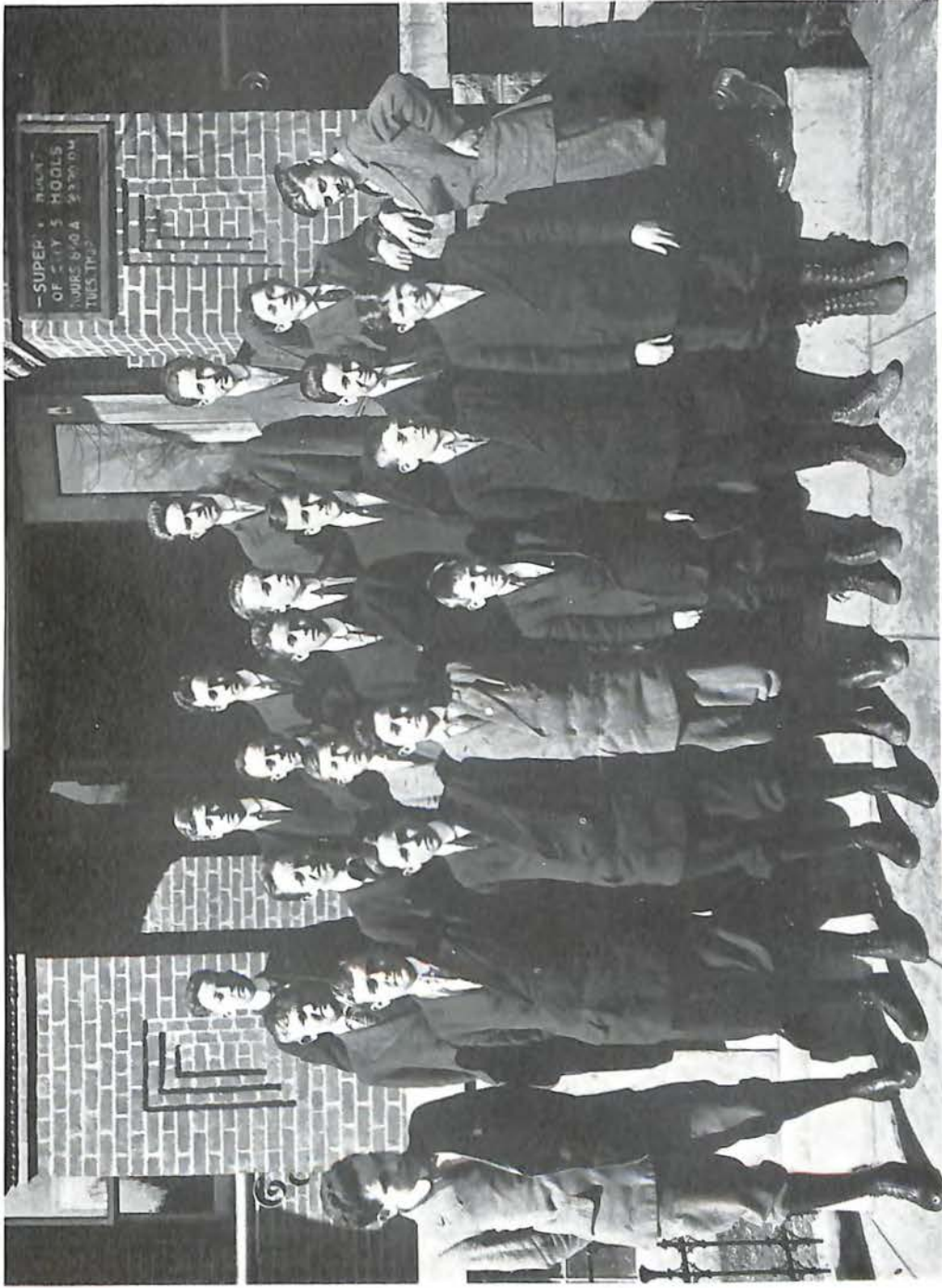
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HUGH FUGGART, '13.



LITERARY MEETING.



JEFFERSONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



ESTHER COULBOURNE *President*

FRANCES KOEHLER *Vice President*

ELIZABETH MARVEL..... *Secretary*

EMMA KEISTER..... *Treasurer*

MISS WILLIE LONDON..... *Censor*



ESTHER COULBOURNE *President*

FRANCES KOEHLER *Vice President*

ELIZABETH MARVEL *Secretary*

EMMA KEISTER *Treasurer*

MISS WILLIE LONDON *Censor*

The Martha Washington Literary Society



It is with great pleasure that we, the members of the Martha Washington Literary Society, introduce ourselves to you. It is true that we are merely in our infancy, and although our day of achievement is now only dawning, we can picture the crown of victory that, like the glorious sun, awaits us as we follow the sparkling road to success.

The organization dates from November, 1911, when the girls of the third and fourth year classes gathered to form some bond of union. The aim of this meeting was strictly literary, including the development of eloquence and the pursuit of truth. It was expressly stipulated that the purpose of the Society was not to train suffragists, and since Martha Washington was regarded as a model of womanly virtues, we named our Society for her.

During the first meetings, which were closed, many motions were introduced, which, however, have grown dim and faded beside the brilliant action moved February first, that the Martha Washington Society extend an invitation to the young gentlemen of Roanoke High School to attend their exercises; and straightway an interesting program was prepared. From henceforward the organization has ever held a warm spot in the masculine hearts of the community.

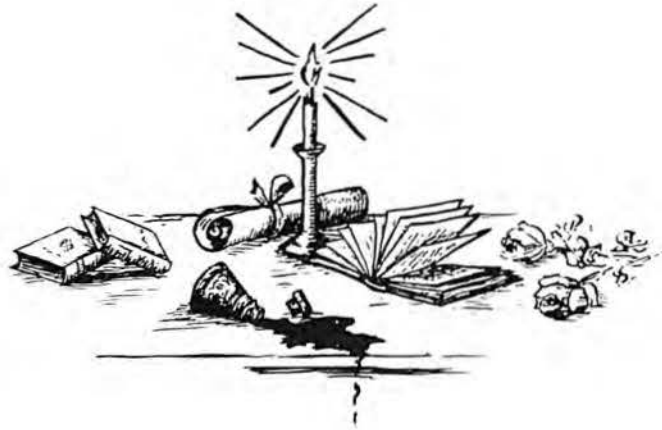
In its short career the Society has been successful in raising an energetic enthusiasm. In addition to its being a factor towards the development of individual ideas, it has also incited a true school spirit, which before had been greatly lacking among the girls. Every alternate Thursday afternoon the study hall presents a spirited scene. The programs for these meetings are prepared with the greatest care. In addition to productions of the best literary talent, interesting musical selections are rendered. It is our pleasure to thank the young ladies who have aided us in making our open meetings interesting and enjoyable by their excellent playing, reciting, and singing, and to express a desire that we may again have the pleasure of their performing. We have been asked to select two members to represent us at the annual meeting of the Sixth District. These representatives will be carefully chosen and we are

sure will bring just pride, not only to their Literary Society, but also to the whole High School.

Our first year of work is now rapidly closing, and although we eagerly look forward to the pleasant days of summer vacation, we look further into the future and anticipate the time when we shall return to our dear old Roanoke High School and resume the duties and pleasures of our Society.

Such is the brief history of the Martha Washington Literary Society. We are too young to boast of a brilliant past; we are simply what we are in the present; we shall be what we make ourselves in the future. Let us then strive to make that future so illustrious that the impressions made by it may be the last to leave the girls of the Roanoke High School; let the Martha Washington Literary Society be the boast of our Alma Mater.

ELIZABETH MARVEL, '13.

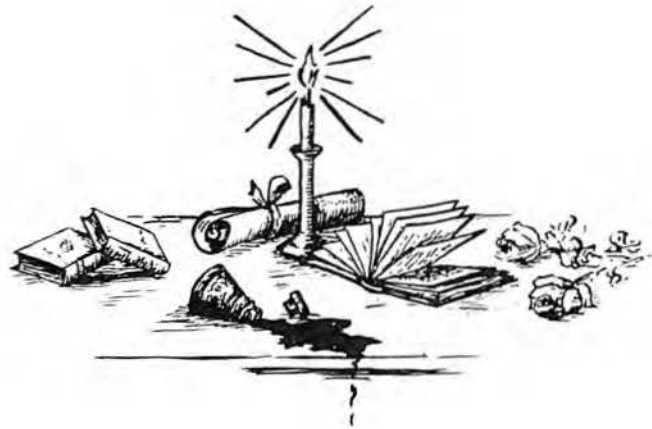


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ELIZABETH MARVEL, '13.





MARTHA WASHINGTON LITERARY SOCIETY



JOY OF THE HUNGRY



ON THE "Q-T"



SCENE ON THE CAMPUS



THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

FAMILIAR SCENES



JOY OF THE HUNGRY



ON THE "Q-T"



SCENE ON THE CAMPUS



THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

FAMILIAR SCENES



R. H. S. Athletic Association

Officers

HARRIS HART	<i>President</i>
J. D. BEALE	<i>Vice President</i>
J. M. LUCK '11	<i>Secretary-Treasurer, 1911</i>
RALPH FISHBURNE '13	<i>Secretary-Treasurer, 1911-12</i>



ERNEST SAMPSON (Coach)

In January, 1911, prior to the organization of our yearly baseball team, some of our most enthusiastic athletes, with the cooperation of the Superintendent, called a meeting of the boys and organized an athletic association. In the following spring, the Association controlled the best baseball team that ever represented this institution. Luck and C. Brent raised funds, purchased new suits, and directed the team to success.

Two weeks later a basket ball squad was organized by the Y. M. C. A. High School Class; and although few games were played, the quint paved the way for another popular and successful branch of athletics.

When school reopened last September, several of our old football men failed to show up. Coach Sampson, nothing daunted, developed a squad to the credit of both himself and the school.

This year's basket-ball team has already proven its worth. With a heavy schedule and a fast quint, with several victories already piled up, the fellows are enabled to feel the realization of their efforts.

The manager of the baseball team for 1912 has been at work for two months, and we have every reason to believe that this year's team will be as good, if not better, than that of last year.

Athletic Board

HARRIS HART	J. D. BEALE	RALPH FISHBURNE, '13
ELBYRNE GILL, '12	CHARLES HURT, '13	IRL BRENT, '12

R. H. S. Athletic Association

Officers

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J. D. BEALE	<i>Vice President</i>
J. M. LUCK '11	<i>Secretary-Treasurer, 1911</i>
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FOOT BALL

The Football Team



RALPH
FISHBURNE
(Captain)

FISHBURNE.....	Captain
GILL.....	Manager
SAMPSON.....	Coach
BRENT.....	Right End
KAVANAUGH.....	Right Tackle
GIBBONS.....	Right Guard
MOOMAW.....	Center
ALTIZER.....	Left Guard
CALDWELL.....	Left Tackle
MUIRE.....	Left End
HURT.....	Quarterback
FISHBURNE.....	Right Half Back
ENGLEBY, F.....	Left Half Back
HANES.....	Full Back

Substitutes

DIVERS

JAMISON

BURNETT

NELSON

HUFF

ENGLEBY, J.

IZARD

The Football Team



RALPH
FISHBURNE
(Captain)

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Substitutes

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ENGLEBY, J.

IZARD



FOOTBALL TEAM



R. M. A.—5 R. H. S.—0

On a muddy gridiron, the seventh of October, amid a downpour of rain, we met an unlucky defeat at the hands of our old friend, Randolph Macon. In the first five minutes of play our opponents pulled off two trick formations and a snappy cross buck for a touchdown. They missed goal. We soon rallied, and for the remainder of the game the ball was in R. M. A.'s territory. However, we failed to score.

Referee—Davis. Umpire—Jackson. Quarters—8 and 10 minutes.

L. H. S.—0 R. H. S.—0

The following Saturday we played our second game with Lynchburg High, neither side scoring. The teams appeared to be evenly matched, a slight advantage in weight being with the Lynchburgers. Most of our gains were made on trick plays, while Lynchburg seemed to take advantage of our weak line and pounded it continually.

Referee—McLeod. Umpire—James. Quarters—10 minutes.

J. A. C.—11 R. H. S.—0

The Jefferson Athletic Club was organized in 1908 for the express purpose of wiping the High School football team off the face of the earth. They failed to do so that year and met with even worse success last year, being defeated



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by us in two one-sided games. Although their teams contain a few dissatisfied High School scrubs, they generally have a snappy aggregation of players. This year their team was exceptionally good and showed evidences of thorough coaching. They defeated us by the score of 11 to 0.

R. C.—15 R. H. S.—9

Overconfidence lost this game. We had it cinched until the last five minutes of play. Although the collegians outweighed us fifteen pounds, we played equally as well, and put up a cleaner game. They made their first touchdown in the first quarter, but failed to kick goal. We started the second quarter with determination; scoring a touchdown and kicking goal. In the third quarter, we scored three more points on a field goal that, according to Walter Camp and other authorities, was the first of its kind in the history of football. After the ball was kicked it struck the ground twice and then bounded between the uprights. In the last few minutes of play, the College made two more touchdowns. The quarters were too long, considering the weights of the two teams, and had they been four minutes shorter, the victory would have been ours.

Referee—Bowman. Umpire—Sampson. Quarters—15 minutes.

L. H. S.—0 R. H. S.—3

The day of our second game with Lynchburg High was an ideal one for football. Although we slightly outclassed our opponents, the game was rapid and full of interest. The Hillclimbers lost every time they tried an end run and were just as unsuccessful at bucking our line. Nevertheless they were skilled in the art of manipulating forward passes, being successful in four out of seven trials. They held us for downs twice and only made theirs twice.

Referee—Izard, W. and L. Bear, V. P. I.

B. A. C.—5 R. H. S.—12

On Saturday after Thanksgiving we ended the season by defeating Belmont Athletic Club. The game started as if it would be a close and fast one, but the Belmontians soon weakened and we scored a touchdown. In the second quarter we scored a field goal. During the third quarter Belmont made a touchdown but failed to kick goal. Just before time was called we scored another field goal, making the score 12 to 5 in our favor.

A game was scheduled with Staunton Military Academy, but for some unknown reason Coach Krebs canceled it. Having defeated them at baseball, we were very anxious for the game.

Out of the six games played only three were lost. This good showing was due partly to the untiring efforts of Coach Sampson, who moulded a creditable team out of thirty recruits. We wish to extend to him our hearty appreciation and hope that when he next doth coach abroad, R. H. S. will turn out in full force.



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The Baseball Team



MALCOLM LUCK
(Captain)

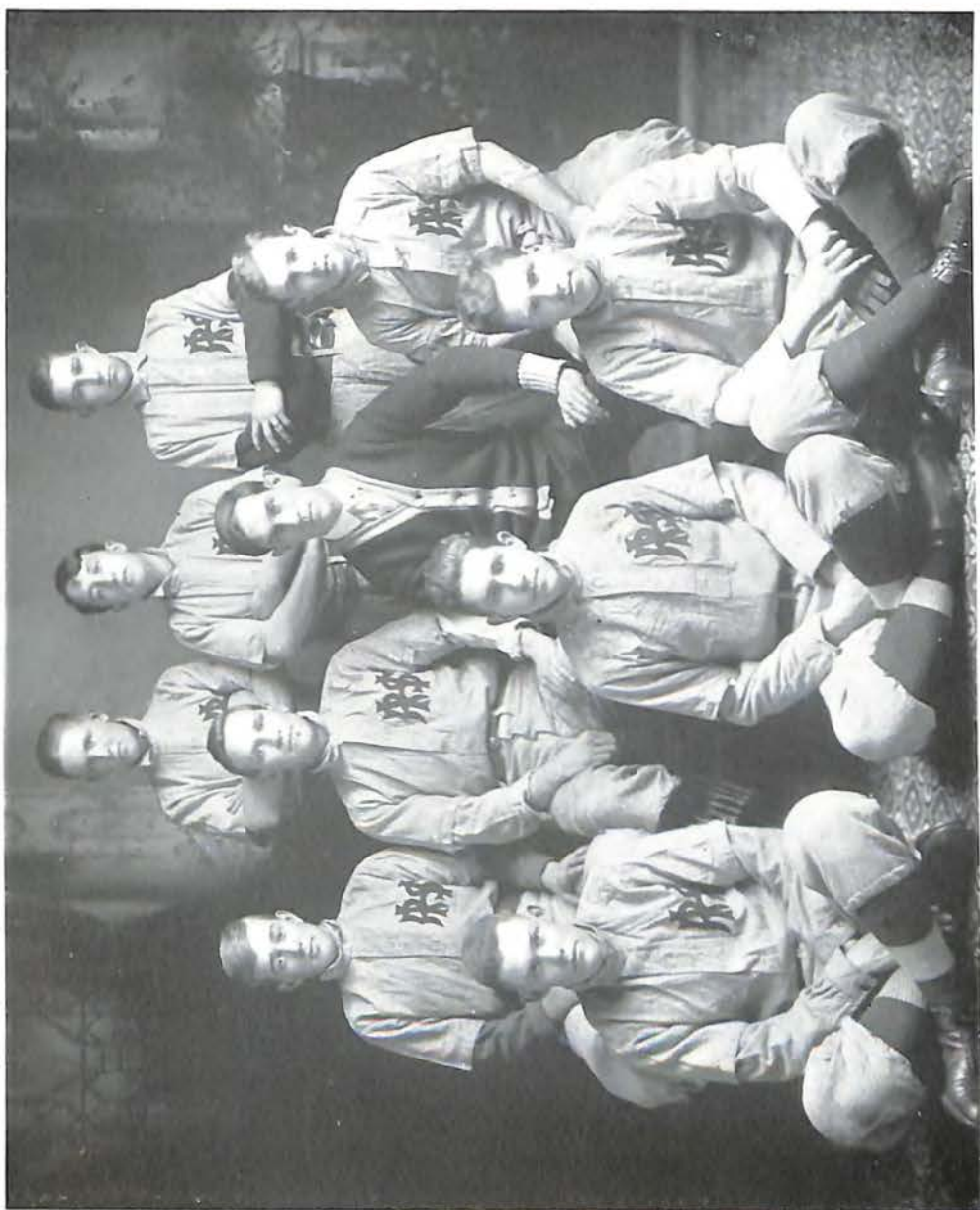
LUCK.....	Captain
C. BRENT.....	Manager
SAMPSON.....	Coach
BRUNNER.....	Third Base
C. BRENT.....	First Base
SIMMONS.....	Catcher
HANES.....	Center Field
HURT.....	Short Stop
HUNTER.....	Second Base
NELSON.....	Left Field
BRENT, I.....	Right Field
LUCK.....	Pitcher
FAIRBROTHER.....	Pitcher
MOORE, C.....	Utility Outfielder

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BASEBALL TEAM

Baseball

The R. H. S. baseball team of 1911 was the best in the history of the institution. This was due entirely to the work of the officers of the Association and the coöperation of the citizens of Roanoke. Manager Brent worked hard and secured money enough to purchase new uniforms. We were given an opportunity to perform in them the day after their purchase. The first lucky spectators were the students of Roanoke College. This was only a practice game, and although defeated, we put up a splendid game. Luck pitched a nice game for us and kept the collegians' bingles well scattered. He had them well in hand from start to finish, with the exception of the eighth inning, when he began to weaken, through lack of work.

Score by innings:

	R.	H.	E.
R. H. S.....	0	0	8
Roanoke College	3	0	4

Batteries:

- R. H. S.—Luck and Simmons.
- R. C.—Musser and Anderson.

Our second game was played in Salem also. We won from Salem High by the negro score of 11 to 7. Later on in the season, we brought the Salem fellows to Roanoke and they defeated us, the score being 14 to 12.

Our next and best played game was on April 7th, at Staunton, Virginia, with S. M. A. Their aggregation is a hard one to defeat on their grounds, and we have good cause to be proud of the victory; especially with a score of 8 to 1. The features of the game were the pitching of Luck and the nice little fly Ichabod Brent dropped over the fence with two men on bases. Captain Luck struck out fifteen men. The boys spoke highly of the treatment they received at the hands of the cadets and they liked the town of Staunton immensely. Our outfit was scheduled to play Augusta the next day, but like all the other games in that part of the universe, it had to be called off on account of the deluge.

Score by innings:

	R.	H.	E.
S. M. A.....	0	0	4
R. H. S.....	0	1	2

Batteries:

- S. M. A.—Maide, Jourdan, Watkins.
- R. H. S.—Luck and Simmons.

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Score by innings:

	R.	H.	E.
R. H. S.....	0	0	0
Roanoke College	3	0	0

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
R. H. S.....	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	1	—	4	6	8
Roanoke College	3	0	0	0	1	1	0	5	x—	10	9	4

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S. M. A.....	0	0	0
R. H. S.....	0	1	1

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
S. M. A.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—	1	4	4
R. H. S.....	0	1	1	2	0	0	0	4	0—	8	13	2

Batteries:

S. M. A.—Maide, Jourdan, Watkins.

R. H. S.—Luck and Simmons.

We then took the tallyho for Daleville, Virginia, on the lookout for a few Botétourt scalps. We were successful this time also, defeating Daleville College 8 to 5. On the return home, the evening was spent in revelry enjoyed by all. Manager Brent had booked another game with Daleville to be played here, but it had to be canceled on account of our examinations.

The following Friday we took our second extended trip. This one was a Jonah, but was later atoned for to some extent. That afternoon we met Randolph-Macon at Bedford. Their twirler, the mighty Dozier, was in excellent form and after the first inning we seemed unable to clout the ball with our usual vigor. Our outfielders didn't shine; they let a few runs in. The score was 12 to 4 in R. M. A.'s favor.

The next morning we awoke bright and early, as if nothing had happened, and went to Lynchburg for our first game with the High School there. Both teams played rotten ball. It was neither side's game until the last man was down in the tenth inning, when our opponents had ten runs to our nine. One cause for the bad playing was the bad grounds on which we were forced to play.

On the following Saturday we played our second game with Salem High here. One week later we brought Lynchburg High here for our second game with them. This was our last game, so we made the most of it by winning. About the sixth inning, however, we were somewhat shaky, but soon rallied and landed eight runs to Lynchburg's five.

Of the ten games scheduled, eight were played, and out of these eight, four were won. Fifty per cent. is not so bad; and, according to reasonable hope, if we had played those other two games our per cent. would have been sixty.



School Spirit.

The Basket-Ball Team



FRANK ENGLEBY
(Captain)

ENGLEBY, F. Captain
 HURT. Manager
 TREUX. Coach

1911

ENGLEBY, J. Right Forward
 ENGLEBY, F. Left Forward
 TILLMAN. Center
 LUCK Right Guard
 BURNETT Left Guard
 HURT Substitute

1912

HURT. Right Forward
 ENGLEBY, F. Left Forward
 TILLMAN Center
 TERRY Right Guard
 ENGLEBY, J. Left Guard

Substitutes

WELCH

DAVENPORT

The Basket-Ball Team



FRANK ENGLEBY
(Captain)

ENGLEBY, F. Captain
 HURT..... Manager
 TREUX..... Coach

1911

ENGLEBY, J. Right Forward
 ENGLEBY, F..... Left Forward
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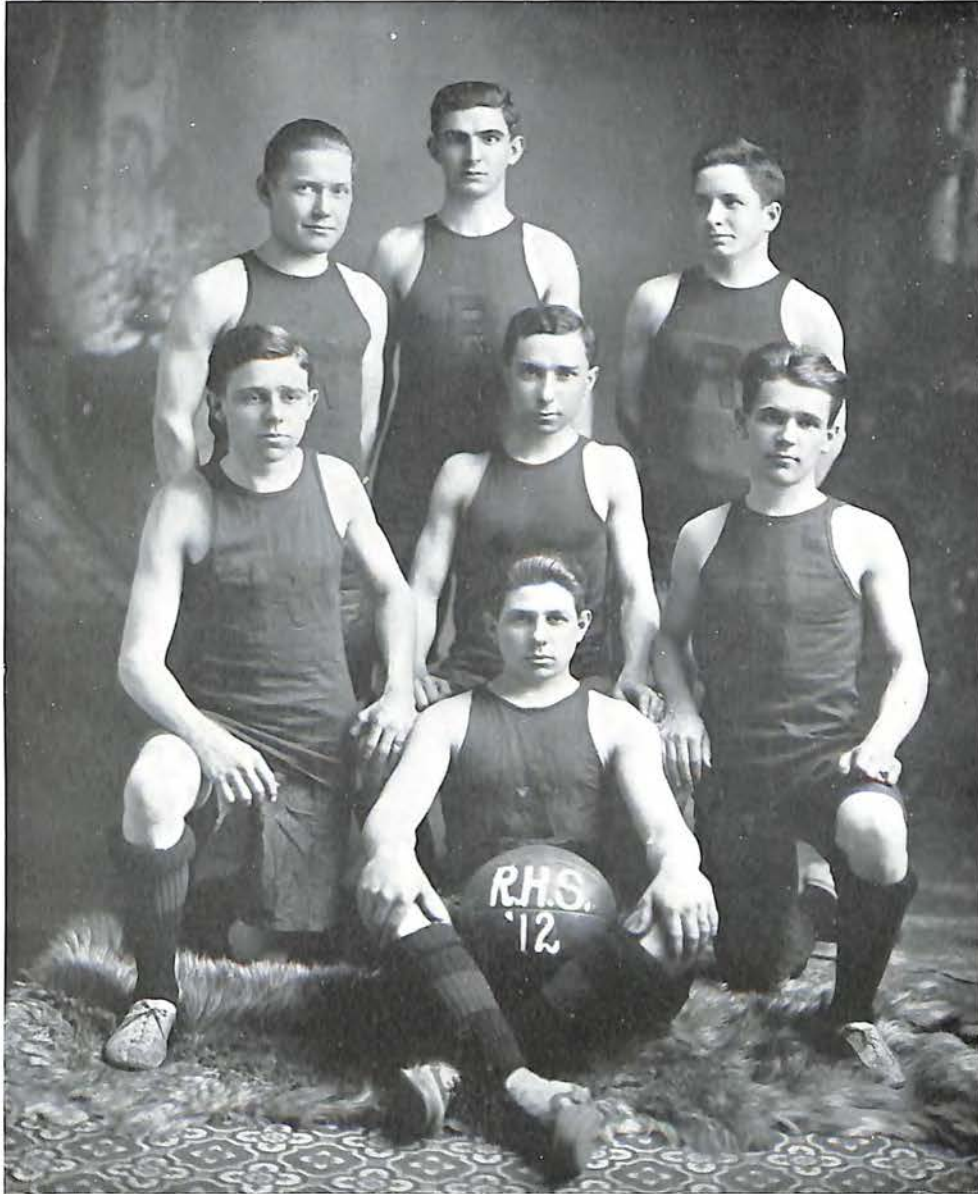
1912

HURT..... Right Forward
 ENGLEBY, F..... Left Forward
 TILLMAN Center
 TERRY Right Guard
 ENGLEBY, J..... Left Guard

Substitutes

WELCH

DAVENPORT



BASKET-BALL TEAM

Basket-Ball

1911

Soon after the organization of the Athletic Association last year, a school quint was formed. Frank Engleby was elected captain, and though the season was well under way, three important games were booked.

The first was with Randolph-Macon at Bedford, on February 11th, 1911. The fellows showed their true metal and avenged our football defeat by winning the game by the score of 35 to 30. Spectators that accompanied the team hither said that it was a beautiful game in every particular.

On March 11th, the second was played with Lynchburg High School. This time we were not as successful. The game was fast from start to finish and was neither side's until during the last minute of play, when a Lynchburger threw a goal, winning by the score of 38 to 36.

Thirteen days later, our quint played Lynchburg again, but with no better result than before. Our opponents won again. The score was 38 to 31.

1912

Basket-ball proved a great success this season. Out of the eight games played, four were won. Manager Hurt deserves credit for his schedule, and success is also due Captain Engleby for the team produced.

Here is the schedule and result:

Bluefield High School.....	29	R. H. S.....	55
Virginia Tech.	94	R. H. S.....	33
Lynchburg High School.....	38	R. H. S.....	31
Daleville College	Canceled		
Troutville High School.....	22	R. H. S.....	73
Bluefield High School.....	26	R. H. S.....	11
Lynchburg High School.....	28	R. H. S.....	27
Jefferson School	Canceled		
Y. M. C. A.....	27	R. H. S.....	29
Randolph-Macon	15	R. H. S.....	22
Bluefield High School.....	Canceled		
Opponents, Total		R. H. S., Total.....	
279		281	

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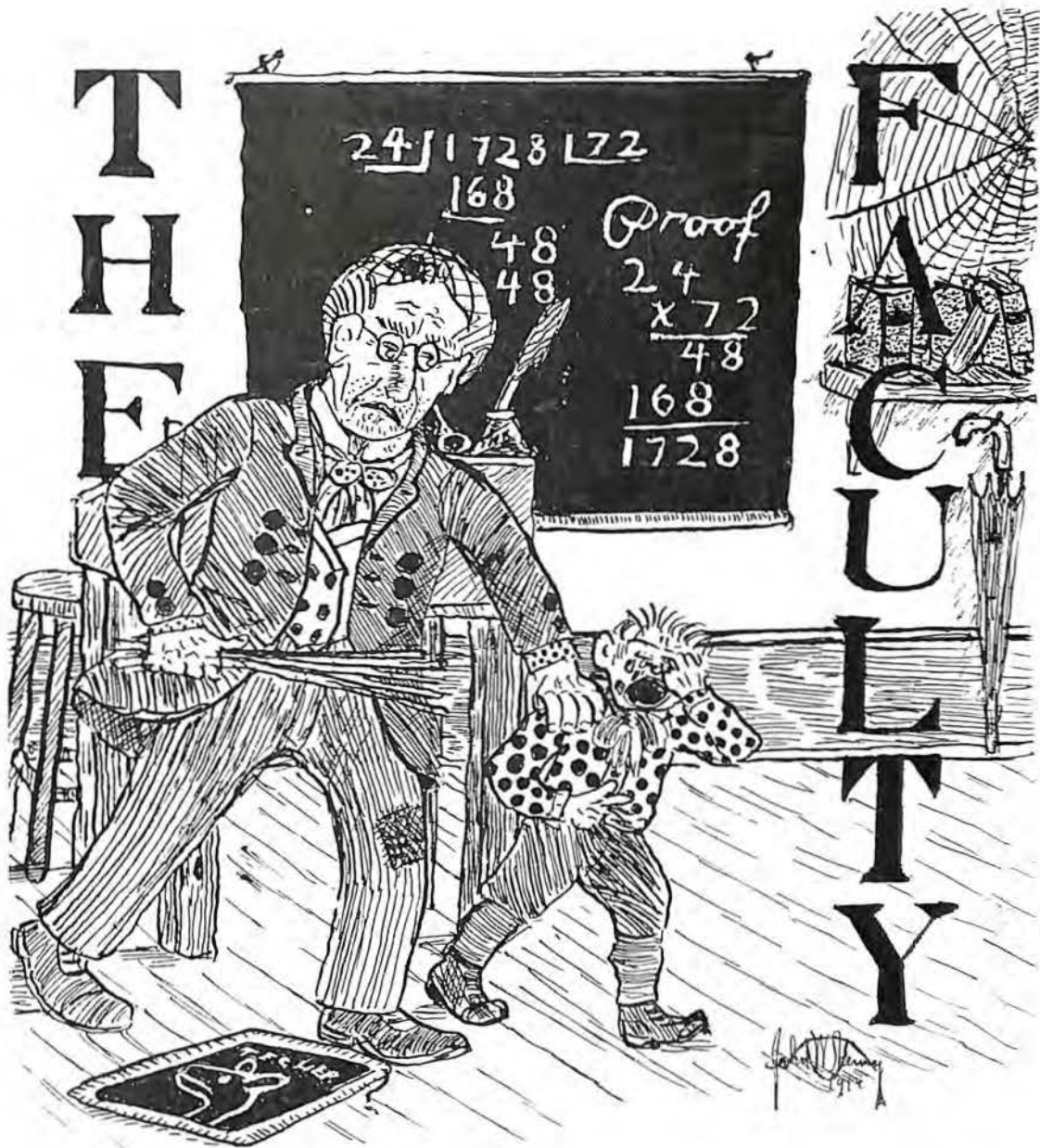
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Professor Tardy



Professor Happel



Fitzy



Faculty Additions During
1911



Professor Tardy



Professor Happel



Fitzy



Faculty Additions During
1911



Faculty à la Irish Stew

Mr. Hodges, so they say,
Cleans the building every day;
He starts at the bottom and cleans to the top,
From morning to night, he never does stop.

Mr. Fitzpatrick thinks it a pity
That everything isn't bossed by committee;
When early each morning it's near time to rise,
He wants a committee to open his eyes.

Mr. McQuilkin, so I have heard,
Is blest with a baby, and it is a bird;
At school he teaches his pupils to talk,
At home he teaches his baby to walk.

Mr. Happel went to chapel,
Early Monday morning;
Mr. Beale began to spiel—
Happel 'gan a-yawning.

Mr. Phelps is the High School cop,
Raise a row, he'll make you stop;
Throw some chalk or stomp around,
Department grades—going down.

Mr. Tardy loves to go
With Ben Turner to the vaudeville show;
Mondays and Thursdays you'll find them down front,
Watching the girls do the fanciful stunt.

Mr. Parsons I'll not annoy,
Reason why—he has a boy;
When every night he walks the floor
He'll stew enough, he'll need no more.

Poor Miss Mabry went for her Locker,
But found that her Locker was gone;
Almost in despair, she cried, "Where, oh, where?"
To Richmond her Locker had flown.

Who hasn't felt the lash of her tongue?
Who on an essay has never been stung?
Who is it gives the poor "rats" such frights?
Who else could scare them as bad as Miss Critz?

Miss Board stands like the Rock of Ages,
High above the High School sages;
Teachers may come and teachers may go,
But she'll stay on for ever mo'.

"Class," Miss London said one morn,
"You'll all fail as sure's you're born."
"Shucks!" remarked a student pale,
"Say something new, that's gotten stale."

Poor Miss Lovelace teaches Latin,
That is why she doesn't fatten;
Amo, amare, amavi, amatus.—
What awful thing has thus besot us.

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Raise a row, he'll make you stop;
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Miss Funkhouser, as we all know,
Is our information bureau;
She'll work any problem you happen to give her,
She'd give an adding machine a cold shiver.

Hail to Miss Rutherford, the great question-asker,
She's got them all beat from the Gulf to Alaska;
She'll open a book and from one paragraph
She'll get enough questions to strangle a calf.

This Irish Stew I'll not guarantee,
Consider what's in it, and then you will see
That, although it's well cooked, without any question,
It's likely to give you acute indigestion.

A. L. HARRISON.



CALENDAR 1911-12



September
There are all sizes



October
DR OF TURNER LEARNS TO DO THE "TURKEY TROT"



November
Football



December



January



February



MARCH
BASKET BALL



APRIL
BASE BALL



MAY
PROUD OTHERS AND FATHERS

John W. ... 1911

CALENDAR 1911-12



September



October



November



December



January



February



MARCH

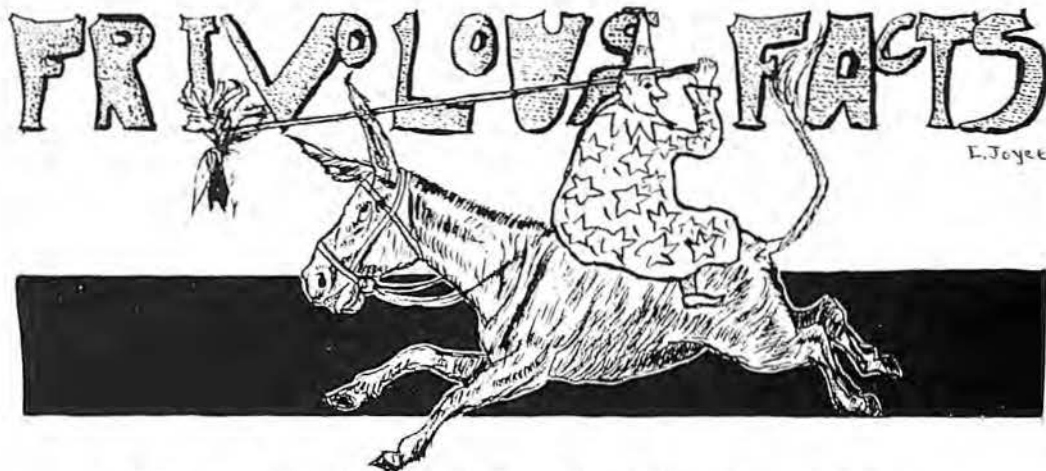


APRIL



MAY

John W. ... 1912



Roanoke High School Calendar, 1912

SEPTEMBER

Mr. Happel, our new Faculty member, arrives fresh from the Athens of America, the Hub of the Universe, and the Home of Baked Beans. Every one is immediately charmed with his silken hair, his unique moustache, and his distinguished bearing.

♦ ♦

Mr. Fitzpatrick (in chapel): "We all like to look at our first picture, we like to see how we looked when we began life."

♦ ♦

Bill, "Say Red, lend me a nickel to buy buns; I haven't anything but a ten dollar bill."

Red: "Gee! if I had ten dollars, I'd leave this place."

♦ ♦

Herbert Page pays the sum of \$30 for the privilege of taking a dolphin dive through the back door.

♦ ♦

Teacher: "What does 'Sic Semper Tyrannis' mean?"

Student: "Take your foot off my neck."

One of our deeply religious lady teachers says that Mr. Happel is a heathen because he never attends chapel exercises.



Jim Izard appears in the study hall, decked in the gorgeous jewelry of the Queen of Sheba.



Mr. Fitzpatrick (attempting to explain the principles of refraction to his first year Science class): "Now, when I dip this pencil in water, it has the appearance of being—"

Student: "Wet!"



Mr. Happel: "Ask the bookstore clerk for a green Jungfrau von Orleans."

OCTOBER

Mr. Parsons: "Why does a dog turn around before he lies down?"

Student: "Because he don't know which is the head of his bed."



Miss Board says that she is not old enough to draw a teacher's pension !!!



WANTED—A good, imported Latin pony, must be small, reliable, and suitable for a lady's use. Address GORDON J., 313.



While in Lynchburg Mr. Bill Tillman writes a love letter to his girl in Roanoke and mails it in a garbage can.



Mr. Happel says that his social functions are so numerous as to prevent him from correcting a few additional papers. Who'd a-thought it?



"Now, Walker, two of the classic unities are the Time and the Place, what is the third?"

"The Girl."



Mr. Phelps: "You may tell us, Finley, how many encounters Hannibal had in northern Italy."

"Eighty thousand, sir."

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"Eighty thousand, sir."

A local minister, speaking in chapel, says that his business is saving young men. All of the girls show deep interest and one is heard to softly murmur, "Save me one."



The Senior German Class is a miniature army, composed of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Professor Happel is the artillery, raking the class with grape-shot and cannister; Brent and Page on fine steeds have "jined the cavalry," while the rest of the class tread the weary way of the infantry.



Miss Critz: "Stanley, you got 90 on daily grades, 80 on test, and 70 on essay. What do you think of the comparisons?"

Stanley: "Comparisons are odious."

NOVEMBER

Irl Brent, translating: "I swore a holy swear."



At Salem—

Japanese Student: "Who is that bushy haired fellow?"

R. H. S. Student: "That's Jim Kavanaugh."

Jap.: "Is he a student at your High School?"

R. H. S. Student: "Yes."

Jap.: "Well, he looks just like my father."



On October 31st, some one kindly hung a member of our Faculty to the flag pole. We appreciate his intentions, but he got the wrong one.



Mr. Fitzpatrick (at a Junior Class meeting): "Now, girls, there is nothing quite so pretty as a group of nicely dressed dancing girls on the stage."



We wonder why Miss Board always sits by Mr. Hart when he honors our chapel with his presence.



On the 21st, strange things happen. Mr. Parsons takes the Senior Chemistry Class on a tour of inspection through the furnace, the Norfolk & Western laboratory, and the *Brewery*. At the latter place, Messrs. Page and Brent

drink freely; Mr. Johnson spits his out; Parson Joyce absolutely refuses to imbibe. Some of the ladies behave in a most disgraceful manner.



Mr. Fitzpatrick (to a young lady in the back of the room): "Come up to the front, Thelma, I want you to be right close to me."

DECEMBER

Mr. Elbyrne Gill, our Class President, is very much surprised to learn that there are only two hemispheres in a sphere.



Mr. Happel: "Who is the author of this Harris's German Composition?"



Mr. T. T. Fishburne asks the coöperation of the Faculty to prevent Ralph from sitting on the lap of any one but himself.



The teachers are very considerate this year, passing a resolution to the effect that we shall not "chip in" and buy them Christmas presents. They do not know that we have already passed a similar one.



In class—"Miss H—, haven't you lost your head?"
"Why—er—I don't suppose I have."



To show the true worth of the High School football team the following proposition is worked out:

Given: R. H. S. and Yale.

To Prove: R. H. S. is in the same class as Yale.

Proof: R. H. S. is in the same class as Roanoke College (played them).

Roanoke College is in the same class as V. P. I. (played them).

V. P. I. is in the same class as Yale (played them).

Conclusion: R. H. S. is in the same class as Yale.

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THE MOST BRILLIANT SOCIAL EVENT OF THE YEAR

Before their departure, the Senior "A" Class serve in the library a truly epicurean banquet, to which they invite themselves and the Faculty. Beside this dazzling affair the far-famed feast of Sidonian Dido would resemble a fifteen-cent dinner at a modern hash house. While Professor Happel is eagerly devouring "Sauer Kraut and Frankfurters," two of our dignified Seniors engage in a highly exciting crap game.

JANUARY

Mr. Mendelsohn (as critic in a Jeffersonian debate): "I have noticed a tendency on the part of the debaters, when standing on the desk, to lean against the rostrum."

✻ ✻

Miss Jennings, excitedly: "All girls are *legible* to become members of our literary society."

✻ ✻

Something happened Christmas—Santa Claus either brought Mr. Happel a razor or stole his mustache.

✻ ✻

Sentiment expressed in verse:

Now fun is all over, it's time for exam.,
We find that our knowledge ain't worth a—penny.

✻ ✻

Herbert: "Miss London, can you tell me anything about the IV "B" English promotions?"

Miss London: "No, Herbert, I am in total ignorance. There is no more ignorant person in the world than I."

Herbert: "Far be it from me to doubt you, Miss London."

✻ ✻ ✻

Miss Coverston gives us quite an interesting account of George Eliot's "boyhood" days.

✻ ✻

In German Class: "Miss G—, why is 'dem Krieg' accusative?"
"There are two reasons; neither is right, any other is wrong."

Student: "What is the difference between the front and hind legs of a spider?"

Mr. Beale: "Why—er—they're just alike, only they're different."



Mr. Coleman: "May I go up to the Commercial Department to talk to a young lady?"

Mr. Turner: "All right—if she's willing."

FEBRUARY

Student: "Do you work outside of school, Miss Critz?"

Miss C.: "Indeed I do not."

Student: "I wish that we could do that way."

Miss C.: "Oh, that is the privilege of old age."



Student: "Did Dido commit suicide, Mr. Turner?"

Mr. T.: "No, she killed herself."



Miss London (to a Third Year student): "How do we know when Shakespeare was born?"

"Well, it was customary in those times for a person to be born three days after his birth."



Mr. Randolph Coleman ventures into the laboratory; puts his hands upon a pair of balancing scales, and cries out triumphantly: "I know what this is."



The regular work begins again mid sighs of relief, resignation, disappointment, and despair.



Mr. Fitzpatrick: "I like the Reed-Kellog system because every little thing has a meaning all its own."



"Miss H—, what does 'grandiloquent misfortune' mean?"

"Why, it means that he had been going at a lively rate and had to slow up."

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LOST—A necktie of variegated green, yellow, and pink. Finder please return to Professor Happel.

✻ ✻

Miss Critz: "Continue please, Margaret."

Margaret: "Do you mean begin where I left off?"

✻ ✻

Mr. Laws, of New York: "You should have been at the banquet last night. I don't believe it was my speech which so affected Mr. Fitzpatrick as much as it was the champagne."

MARCH

In Mr. Stevens's lecture we easily recognize some of the Faculty: Mr. Fitzpatrick as the king bird; Mr. Beale as the frog that wanted "good rum"; Mr. Happel as the robin, because of his rainbow ties; Mr. Turner as the "little wren"; and Miss Critz as "the sweet-voiced mocking bird."

✻ ✻

Miss Critz: "A real good person is never interesting."

Every one is interested in Miss Critz.

✻ ✻

Miss Guerrant assures us that "we" is second person, plural. We are surprised to find this great scholar among us.

✻ ✻

Mr. Turner: "I wish that you would stop that noise, I can't hear what I'm doing."

✻ ✻

Teacher: "Charles, you are contradictory."

Charles: "No, I'm not."

✻ ✻

Mr. Parsons: "We wear clothes for two reasons, to keep the heat in and to keep it out."—Is that all?

✻ ✻

Miss Critz, to prevent Ethel's heart from breaking, refuses to allow Pearl to sit beside Marcellus on one of our eighteen-inch study hall seats.

Miss Long: "Ruskin suffered with consumption all his life and this bothered him right much."



We wish to state on behalf of the Martha Washington Literary Society that it is *emphatically not* an equal suffrage league or a suffragette training school. The members aspire to become home-makers and not voters.

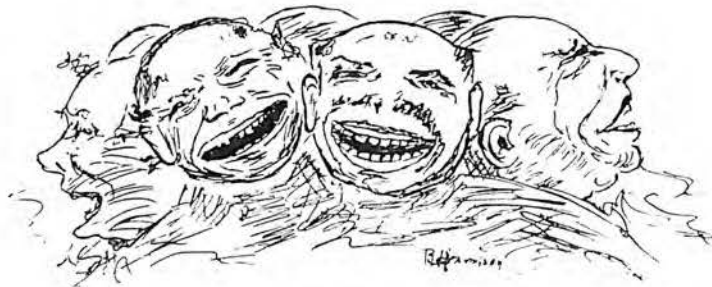
APRIL.

An epidemic of spring fever sweeps over the entire "student body."

MAY

Teachers to right of them,
Teachers to left of them,
Teachers behind them—
 Screaming and crying;
On to exams, we go,
Now our sad fate we know,
Heavy will fall the blow—
 Our hopes are now dying.

(With apologies to Tennyson.)



Acrostic of the Class of 1912

A is for Alene, so pretty and neat ;
B is for Bessie, so dimpled and sweet.
C is for Caldwell, who doubled on Dutch ;
D is for Dummies, there are many such.
E is for Emma, who sports Eddie Green ;
F is for Frances, with a boy never seen.
G is for Gill, who has a fish name ;
H is for Hurst, who is always the same.
I is for Irl, and he goes a fast gait ;
J is for Jennings, who has learned to debate.
K is for Kemper, by Math, has won fame ;
L is for Long, who don't measure her name.
M is for Merchant, the brightest of all ;
N is for Noel, whom I don't know at all.
O is for Otey, she is Herbert's sis ;
P is for Pearl, who likes the name "Miss."
Q is for question, which we miss sure shot ;
R is for Randolph, our wee little tot.
S is for Sixty, that most of us made ;
T is for Terrill, of a wee mouse afraid.
U is for Ula, though a queer way to spell ;
V is for Vesta, whom we all love so well.
W is for Wright, who'll be Johnson's bride ;
X is 'Xtreme, as the fashions abide.
Y is for Yearning, tired of it we get ;
Z is for Zero, that we ever regret.

VOTY.

Alumni Record of the Roanoke High School 1894-1911

1894

COMER, EMMA (Mrs. C. L. Tinsley), Roanoke, Virginia.
HARTWELL, NORA (Mrs. Jones), Radford, Virginia.
KNEPP, MAUDE (Mrs. Hesser), Deceased, April, 1906.
FERGUSON, SADIE (Mrs. Dyer), Roanoke, Virginia.
FUNKHOUSER, ALTO, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
STEVENS, ANNIE (Mrs. Arthur), Norfolk, Virginia.
TRENT, DORA, B. A., Peabody, Librarian; Washington, District of Columbia.

1895

FACKENTHAL, JOSEPH, Brooklyn, New York.
HARTWELL, BESSIE (Mrs. C. Jeter), Oklahoma.
SHUMATE, SHELLEY (Mrs. Keaton), Roanoke, Virginia.

1896

BARNHARDT, CLARA (Mrs. W. M. McNeace), Roanoke, Virginia.
FUNKHOUSER, FLORENCE, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
HUSE, ANNIE, Roanoke, Virginia.
LONDON, LILA, Teacher, State Normal, Farmville, Virginia.
MCELDOWNEY, EMMA (Mrs. Thomas Hanlon), Roanoke, Virginia.
SHERMAN, FRANCES (Mrs. B. G. Jones), Roanoke, Virginia.

1897

HUSE, HARRY, B. A., B. S., M. A., Washington and Lee University, Roanoke, Virginia.
DYER, LOUISE, Teacher, Roanoke, Virginia.
FERGUSON, LAURA (Mrs. J. M. Persinger), Roanoke, Virginia.
MERRIMAN, AZOLINE, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.

1898

BARKSDALE, NANNIE, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
ELEY, AILEEN, Roanoke, Virginia.
GUERRANT, JENNIE (Mrs. Kershner), Galveston, Texas.
LAMKIN, ANNIE (Mrs. A. E. Snyder), New York.
SHERMAN, DAISY (Mrs. A. C. Byers), Harrisonburg, Virginia.
STONE, WILLIAM, B. A., M. A., Ph. D., University of Virginia; Professor University of Michigan.
VAN LEW, HELEN (Mrs. Charles Fluhr), Needles, California.
WINGFIELD, DAISY, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.

1899

STONE, JAMES, B. A., E. E., University of Virginia; Roanoke, Virginia.
 MORSACK, CAJETAN, E. M., Leigh University; Mining Engineer; North Carolina.
 CALHOUN, ANNIE (Mrs. Preston), Washington, District of Columbia.
 FISHBURN, SALLIE, Roanoke, Virginia.

1900

FISHBURN, HARRY, B. A., M. A., University of Virginia; Professor of Chemistry, University of Idaho.
 GORE, MARVIN, New York.
 MUSE, OCTAVIA (Mrs. G. C. Houchins), Roanoke, Virginia.

1901

BRINGMAN, HARRY, Roanoke, Virginia.
 DUNLAP, WALTER, B. L., Washington and Lee University; Kentucky.
 SHELTON, JUDSON, Roanoke, Virginia.
 CARDWELL, RUTH, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 FITZGERALD, MYRTLE (Mrs. D. M. Jennings), Roanoke, Virginia.
 GILES, EFFIE, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 MASSIE, MAHEL, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 TURNER, LOULA (Mrs. Rice), Roanoke, Virginia.
 WOOTTON, OLA, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.

1902

BERGENDAHL, EVERT, Civil Engineer; West Virginia.
 BUTLER, W. W. S., JR., B. A., M. D., University of Virginia; Roanoke, Va.
 DUPUY, JOHN, Civil Engineer; Atlanta, Georgia.
 HOBBIIE, DEXTER, Roanoke, Virginia.
 MOOMAW, JOHN, B. A., University of Virginia; Law Student, Washington and Lee University.
 BARKSDALE, LOUISE (Mrs. Gordon Baker), Roanoke, Virginia.
 FARRAR, MARY (Mrs. Mary Tolley), Teacher; Kanawha Falls, West Virginia.
 MUIRE, ERLA (Mrs. R. J. Cornett), Roanoke, Virginia.
 SHERMAN, EDNA (Mrs. Hale), Mt. Crawford, West Virginia.
 WINGFIELD, LUCY, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.

1903

BECKER, TATUM, Osteopath; Columbus, Ohio.
 HAWKINS, JOHN, B. A., Roanoke College; E. E., University of Missouri; Electrical Engineer, St. Louis, Mo.
 MOOMAW, HUGH, B. L., Washington and Lee University; Lawyer; Roanoke, Virginia.
 FETTERS, AMY, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 FOWLKES, IRENE (Mrs. Mark Roberts), Roanoke, Virginia.
 GILES, BESSIE, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 HUGER, AURELIA, Roanoke, Virginia.
 REED, SADIE (Mrs. Joe Carlton), Roanoke, Virginia.
 WATSON, LULA, Roanoke, Virginia.
 WHITTINGTON, FLOSSIE (Mrs. Curley), Roanoke, Virginia.

1904

BRINGMAN, WILLIAM, C. E., Virginia Polytechnic Institute; Roanoke, Virginia.
 HAWKINS, ROBERT, B. A., Vanderbilt University; Minister; Kansas City.
 JAMISON, JOHN, B. L., University of Virginia; Lawyer; Roanoke, Virginia.
 SNYDER, CLAIRE, Roanoke, Virginia.
 STAPLES, ABRAM, B. L., University of Virginia; Lawyer; Roanoke, Virginia.
 BOULWARE, CATHERINE, Graduate Roanoke College; Teacher; Woodward, South Carolina.
 DAVIS, OLA, Roanoke County, Virginia.
 SNEDEGAR, MAE (Mrs. John Waggoner), Roanoke, Virginia.
 WILLIAMSON, OPIE, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.

1905

HARTWELL, EDWARD, Dakota.
 McCREDY, JAMES, Student, Virginia Military Institute.
 MOOMAW, BENJAMIN, B. A., M. A., University of Virginia; Teacher; Norfolk, Virginia.
 MOOMAW, CLOVIS, B. A., M. A., University of Virginia; Law Student, Washington and Lee University.
 ROYER, RICHARD, Roanoke, Virginia.
 CHEWNING, ELIZABETH (Mrs. Campbell), Lewisburg, West Virginia.
 DUPUY, ROCHET, Graduate Wilson College; Roanoke, Virginia.
 GRAVELEY, SALLIE, Stenographer; Roanoke, Virginia.
 HARRIS, MABEL, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 MANUEL, LULA (Mrs. Leonard), Roanoke, Virginia.
 MANUEL, MABEL (Mrs. Stafford Shumate), Roanoke, Virginia.
 MILLNER, JESSIE (Mrs. W. L. Clark), Roanoke, Virginia.
 PLUNKETT, OLA, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 STEVES, ELEANOR, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 THOMAS, LUELLA (Mrs. Scott), Vinton, Virginia.
 WOOTTON, MARY, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.

1906

BUFORD, HUGH, Student, Cornell University.
 COCKE, LUCIAN, JR., B. A., University of Virginia; Student, University of Virginia.
 IZARD, JOHN, B. L., Washington and Lee University; Student, University of Pennsylvania; Roanoke, Virginia.
 TINSLEY, WALTER, Tidewater Oil Company; New York City, New York.
 BOULWARE, LILA, Teacher; Woodward, South Carolina.
 BRINKLEY, FRANCES, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.
 BROWN, ELSIE, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 FOX, DORA (Mrs. Stevens), Roanoke County, Virginia.
 JOHNSON, VIRGINIA, Shepherdstown, West Virginia.
 KENNETT, DOSSIE (Mrs. Wright), Vinton, Virginia.
 PENN, WILLIE E. (Mrs. Julian Rutherford), Roanoke, Virginia.
 VAUGHAN, CARRIE (Mrs. A. G. Williams), Emory, Virginia.

1907

GARLAND, EAGER, Roanoke, Virginia.
 KEISTER, THURSTON, B. A., Roanoke College; Law Student, Washington and Lee University.

ROSENBAUM, SIDNEY, Roanoke, Virginia.
 SCOTT, E. WILLIAM, Student, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
 WATSON, EVERETT, Student, Richmond College.
 BRANSCOME, ANNA, (Mrs. Barnes), Roanoke, Virginia.
 BARNARD, NETTIE, Roanoke, Virginia.
 DAVIS, AUDREY, B. A., Randolph-Macon Woman's College; Teacher; Gate City, Virginia.
 FRENCH, HALLIE (Mrs. J. R. Turner), Roanoke, Virginia.
 GUY, MATTIE, Graduate Roanoke College; Roanoke, Virginia.
 HAMNER, EVELYN, Graduate State Normal, Farmville; Teacher; Bristol, Virginia.
 HUNTER, ANNIE, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 KINSEY, ANNA, (Mrs. P. A. Dixon), Roanoke, Virginia.
 KOEHLER, JOSEPHINE, Graduate Roanoke College; Roanoke, Virginia.
 MABRY, MARY, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 McWHORTER, MAY, Roanoke, Virginia.
 SHACKFORD, ETHEL, Teacher; Richmond, Virginia.
 SHELTON, RUBY, Roanoke, Virginia.
 SPILLAN, CARRIE, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 STEWARD, LOTTIE, Stenographer; Roanoke, Virginia.
 STIFF, OSIE, Graduate Roanoke College; Roanoke, Virginia.

1908

DUPREE, EDITH, Roanoke, Virginia.
 FIGGATT, VIRGIE, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 HOPCROFT, IREZ, Student, State Normal, Harrisonburg, Virginia.
 PAGE, VIRGINIA, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 RUTHERFORD, ISABEL, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 SHUCKEY, SALLIE, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 ALLEN, ROBERT, Student, University of Virginia.
 JOHNSON, LOUIS A., Student, University of Virginia.
 McWHORTER, KINSLEY, C. E., Virginia Military Institute; Gary, West Virginia.
 BANNISTER, EDNA, Student, Sweetbriar.
 BECKER, HELEN, Student, Randolph-Macon Woman's College.
 CORELL, MURRELL, Teacher; Vinton, Virginia.
 KEISTER, MARY, Graduate Roanoke College; Teacher; Wytheville, Virginia.
 McDONALD, MERTIE, Graduate State Normal, Farmville; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 MEALS, IRENE (Mrs. Albert Pettyjohn), Lynchburg, Virginia.
 MILES, LILLIAN, Teacher; Roanoke County, Virginia.

1909

CAMPBELL, BLAKE, B. S., Hampton Sidney; Student, Cornell.
 HUGER, BENJAMIN, Law Student, University of Virginia.
 BRICE, KATHLEEN, Teacher; Hollins, Virginia.
 BURNETT, WINEFRED, Roanoke, Virginia.
 MOOMAW, DOROTHY, Student, Randolph-Macon Woman's College.
 YOUNG, SADIE, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
 SHUCKEL, ELSIE, Student, State Normal, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

WITT, MARY, Roanoke, Virginia.
GRAVATT, FLIPPO, B. S., Virginia Polytechnic Institute; Student, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
PLUNKETT, WALTER, Roanoke, Virginia.
SPEED, SPENCER, Student, University of Virginia.
WELCH, STANLEY, Student, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
BOULDIN, MAY MOIR, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
BULMAN, EDNA, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
CALDWELL, VIRGINIA, Student, Pratt Institute; Brooklyn, New York.
HARRISON, SADIE, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
KEISTER, REBECCA, Student, Roanoke College.
MILES, EULA, Teacher; Roanoke County, Virginia.
ROGERS, ROSA, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.

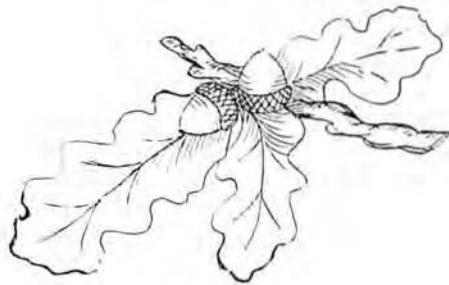
1910

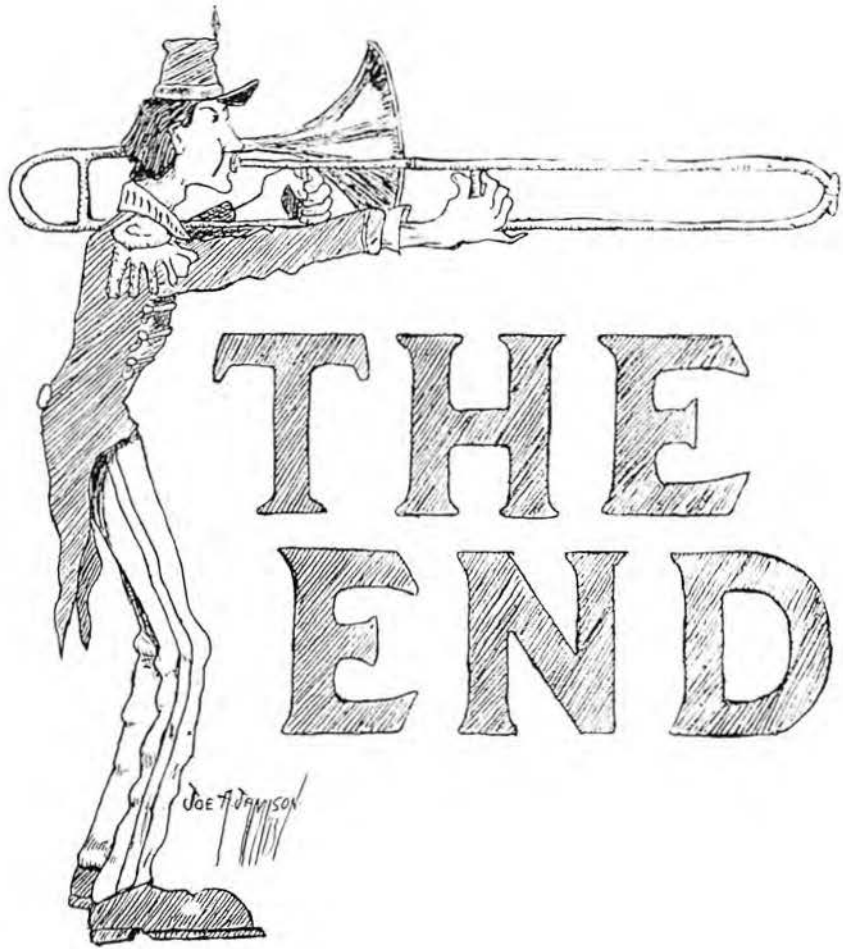
ADAMS, ROBERT, Student, Washington and Lee University.
HAMNER, FLOURNOY, Student, Hampton-Sidney.
MARSTELLER, DUDLEY, Roanoke, Virginia.
VANSICKLER, JOHN, Roanoke, Virginia.
DANCE, HIRAM, Student, Washington and Lee University.
HARRIS, EUGENE, Student, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
WRIGHT, ELBERT, Student, University of Virginia.
COOK, KATHERINE, Graduate State Normal, Farmville; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
FOWLKES, GERTRUDE, Teacher; Roanoke County, Virginia.
GRUBB, LILLIAN, Teacher; Alfredton, Virginia.
JENNINGS, EMBLYN, Student, Randolph-Macon Woman's College.
PARRY, LIZZIE, Glencoe, Maryland.
SOURS, ELLEN, Teacher; Coaldam, Virginia.
THOMAS, THURZETTA, Graduate State Normal, Farmville; Teacher; Roanoke Virginia.
WOODRUFF, MAMIE, Deceased, June, 1910.
GISH, GRACE, Teacher; Roanoke County, Virginia.
KIMMERLING, JULIA, Student, Roanoke College.
MARTIN, AGNES, Teacher; Roanoke County, Virginia.
STEVENS, ANNIE (Mrs. Roy Snedegar), Roanoke, Virginia.
STEVENS, DOTTIE, Teacher; Roanoke County, Virginia.
WILKINSON, ANNIE, Student, State Normal, Farmville, Virginia.

1911

BRENT, CHESTER, Student, Roanoke College.
CORBIN, CHARLIE, Student, University of Virginia.
COWGILL, CARL, Student, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
DAVIS, PAUL, Student, Virginia Medical College.
HUTTON, RYLAND, Roanoke, Virginia.
KEYSER, LINWOOD, Student, University of Virginia.
LEMON, FRANK, Student, University of Virginia.
LUCK, MALCOLM, Student, Vanderbilt University.
MALCOLM, CHARLES, Roanoke, Virginia.
MASINTER, MORRIS, Student, Washington and Lee University.

MOORE, CLAUDE, Student, Roanoke College.
STANARD, HUGH, Student, University of Virginia.
WRIGHT, PAUL, Roanoke, Virginia.
BAKER, NATALIE, Teacher; Austinville, Virginia.
BIERBOWER, ADA, Student, State Normal, Farmville.
BOYD, AGATHA, Student, Randolph-Macon Woman's College.
BULMAS, GRACE, Teacher; Smyth County, Virginia.
CALDWELL, SARAH, Student, Mary Baldwin.
COCKE, CHARLOTTE, Student, State Normal, Farmville, Virginia.
DAVIS, FRANGIE, Student, Randolph-Macon Woman's College.
GISH, CHRISTINE, Roanoke, Virginia.
GROVE, CLIFFIE, Teacher; Crockett, Virginia.
HARRELL, ETHEL, Teacher; Christiansburg, Virginia.
HUTTON, KATHERINE, Teacher; Montgomery County, Virginia.
KINSEY, RUTH, Roanoke, Virginia.
MARTIN, GERTRUDE, Student, State Normal, Farmville, Virginia.
MORGAN, SARA, Student, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.
PLUNKETT, BESSIE, Roanoke, Virginia.
POWERS, IVY, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
POWERS, ETTA, Teacher; Roanoke County, Virginia.
ROSENBAUM, FRANCES, Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
SHOWALTER, JESSAMINE, Student, Woman's Christian College.
TERRY, ANNIE MAY, Roanoke, Virginia.
THOMAS, MARGARET, Teacher; Montgomery County, Virginia.
WAYTS, JOSEPHINE, Student, Kentucky Seminary.

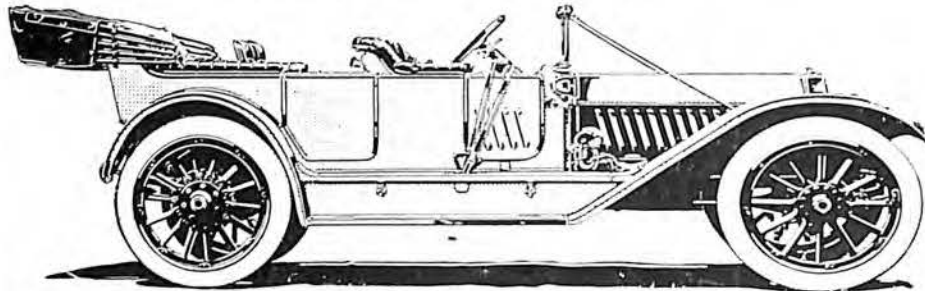






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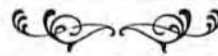
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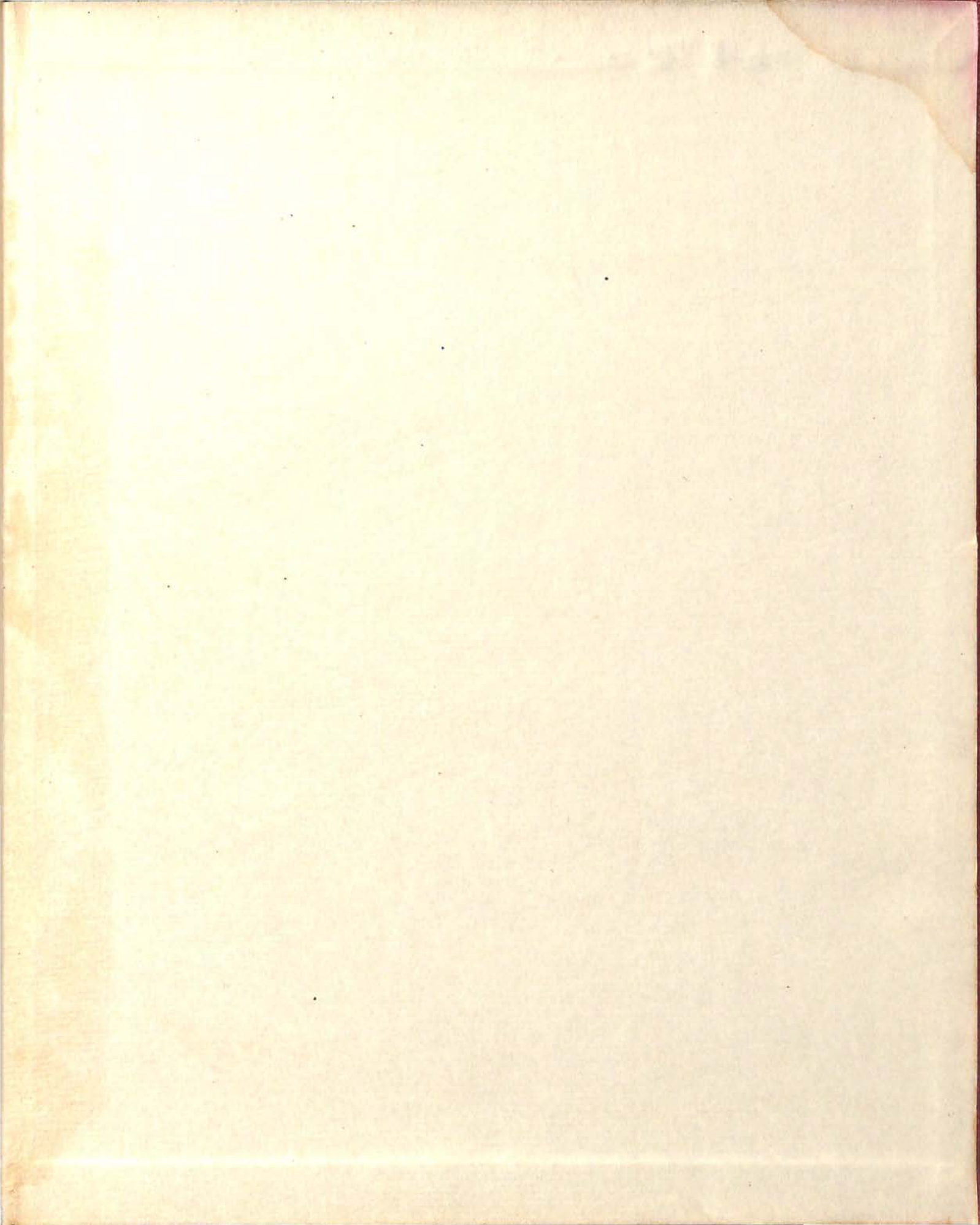
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