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The Acorn

1921

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What Are You Going To Do This Summer?

It is only a matter of a few days now before the doors will have closed behind you for the last time during this school year. For a number of you it will mean the end of your High School Career and the beginning of one in schools of higher learning, or the launching of what we hope and trust will be a Successful Business Career.

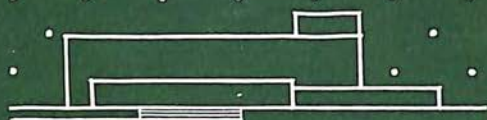
Your thoughts are naturally turning to a future replete with Success and attained Ambition, to be capped with Honors which are the reward of those who have chosen wisely and worked arduously.

What calling could meet all of these requirements more fully than that of Life Insurance, in which you can render a service to business, family and individual, more important, with promises of larger returns, than that of any other field of endeavor and where your work will bring you into contact with men of means and recognized ability, the result of which will be to help you

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THE ACORN

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF JEFFERSON HIGH SCHOOL
TO REFLECT SCHOOL LIFE IN EVERY PHASE.

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VOL. I

ROANOKE, VA., MAY 15, 1921.

No. 4

This the final issue of "THE ACORN" by the class of '21, is the Senior number devoted mainly to class activities.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

FLOYD BOLLING	President
RUTH PRICE	Vice-President
MARY HEGE	Secretary
RAYMOND CLATERBAUGH	Treasurer

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Ⓜ Ⓜ

	Page		Page
Acorn Staff	6	Faculty	8
A Review by an Alumnus '11.....	69	Grab-Bag Favors	83
Athletics	86	Happenings	91
Alumni Department	82	Points of Honor	56
As Others see us in Shakespeare... 58		Seniors	13
As Others see us	60	Toast to '21	47
Class History	50	The Token	64
Class Prophecy	51	The Thief	72
Cloud Forms	55	It's all up with the camera, but here we are	75
Clubs	94	Thanks	99
Exchange	67		

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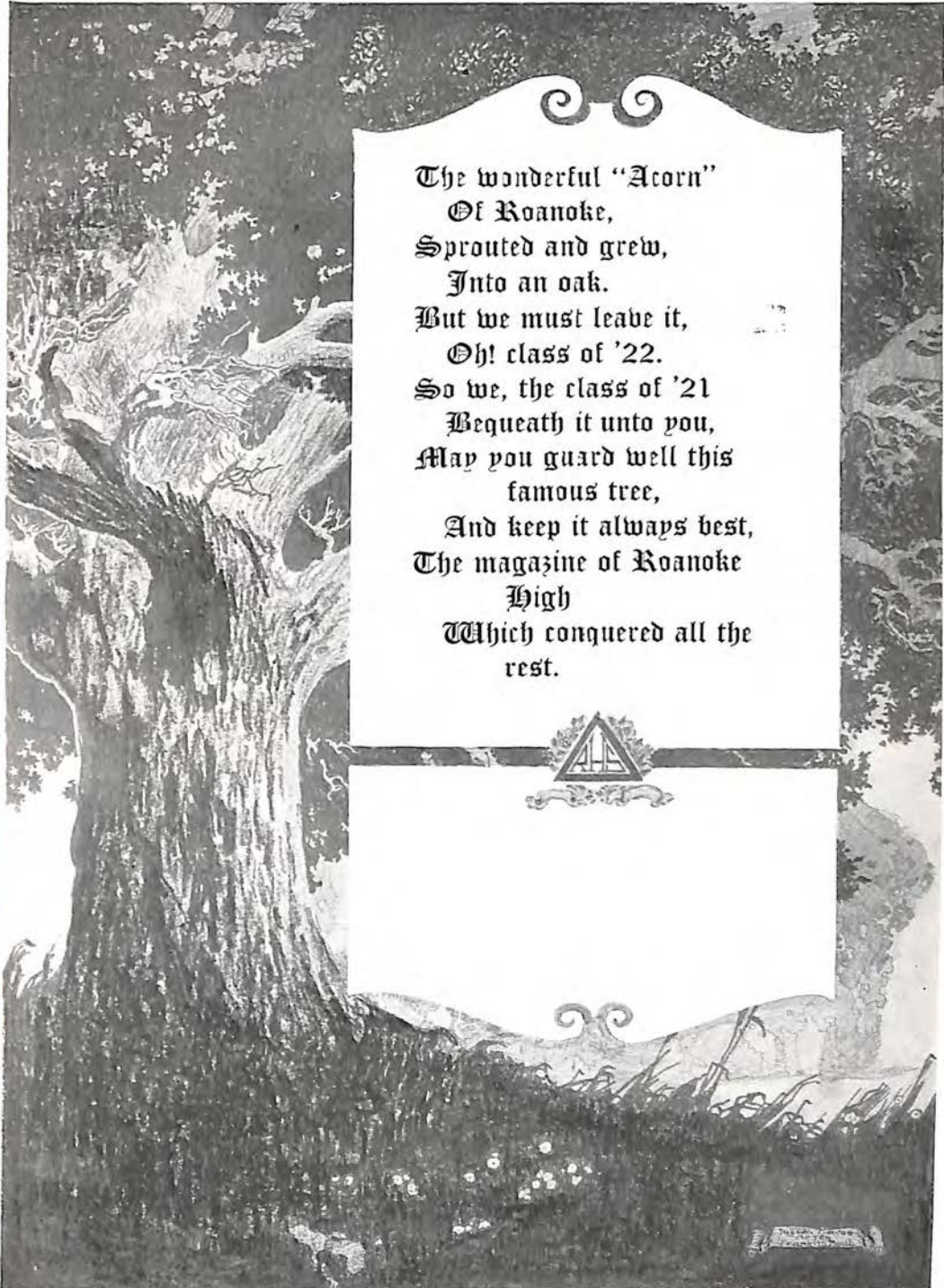
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Of Roanoke,
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Into an oak.
But we must leave it,
Oh! class of '22.
So we, the class of '21
Bequeath it unto you,
May you guard well this
famous tree,
And keep it always best,
The magazine of Roanoke
High
Which conquered all the
rest.



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1 6 2

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STONE



MASON



THOMAS



SAUNDERS



MOSSER



SANDERS



FERGUSON



DOERSON



WILLS



BARKER

Faculty

(6 2)

W. E. PARSONS, Principal

"Because right is right, to fo'low right,
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

B. H. TURNER, History and Latin

"Quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est."

G. A. LAYMAN, History and Civics

"Order is Heaven's first law."

MRS. HARRY SEMONES, History

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled,
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

MARY F. ANDERSON, History

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

MARY SULLY HAYWARD, English

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

ELISE CARLISLE, English

"Oh, why should life all labour be?"

MAUDE CALFEE, English

"Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."

MAUDE HUFF, English

'I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men must rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

CORA M. BOARD, Mathematics

'This world that we're livin' in,
Is mighty hard to beat;
There's a thorn for every rose—
But ain't the roses sweet?'

A. L. BURGER

"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."

NELLIE SMITHEY

"Great truths are portions of the soul of man.
Great souls are portions of eternity."

ALTO M. FUNKHOUSER

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

SALLIE SAUNDERS LOVELACE

"Count that day lost,
Whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand,
No worthy action done."

RHODA NOELL

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages prince's palaces."

J. S. McDONALD, Science

"A Posteriori."

JOHN CARTER, Science

"He is great, who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others."

W. C. IKENBERRY, Science

"That life is long, which answers life's great end."

MRS. F. J. BURT, Science

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings; not in figures on a dial,
We should count time by heart throbs, he most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

GUSTAVE VIAUD, French

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."

FERDINAND BONNOTTE, Spanish

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!"

MARY McCLUNG READ, Bookkeeping

"This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

EUNICE BOHANNON, Typewriting

"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden, like the heaven above."

ETHEL M. CHANEY, Typewriting

"A lady with a lamp shall stand,
In the great history of the land—
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

SIDNEY PENN

"We are never so happy or so unhappy as we suppose."

• • • • •

Junior High School

• •

CHARLES H. RINEHART, Principal

"Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius."

M. T. MEADE, Science

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring."

J. H. POTEET, Latin

"Art is long, and Time is fleeting."

MARY DELONG, Mathematic

"There's so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it scarcely behooves any of us,
To criticize the rest of us."

MAY PHELPS, Mathematics

"Have a purpose in life, and having it, throw into your work, such strength
of mind and muscle, as God has given you.

CASSYE YOUNG, Assistant Principal

"To thine own self be true
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

LILLIAN HOOKE, Mathematics

"Lost yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours,
each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward offered for they are gone
forever."

CARRIE LEE MARTIN, English

"And what are words? How little these the silence of soul express!
Mere froth,—the foam and flower of seas, whose hungering waters
heave and press,
Against the plane's and the side of night, mute yearning, mystic tides."

ROBERTA RUTHERFORD, History

"History repeats itself."

SALLIE MOSELEY, English

"It is good to live and learn."

A. S. CRAFT, Physical Training

Assistant Principal

"By the work one knows the workman."

EDITH VERRAN, Latin

"Rome was not built in a day."

EULA AMOS, Mathematics

"This world is a wheel, and it will all come round right."

MRS. WILLIAM ANSON, History

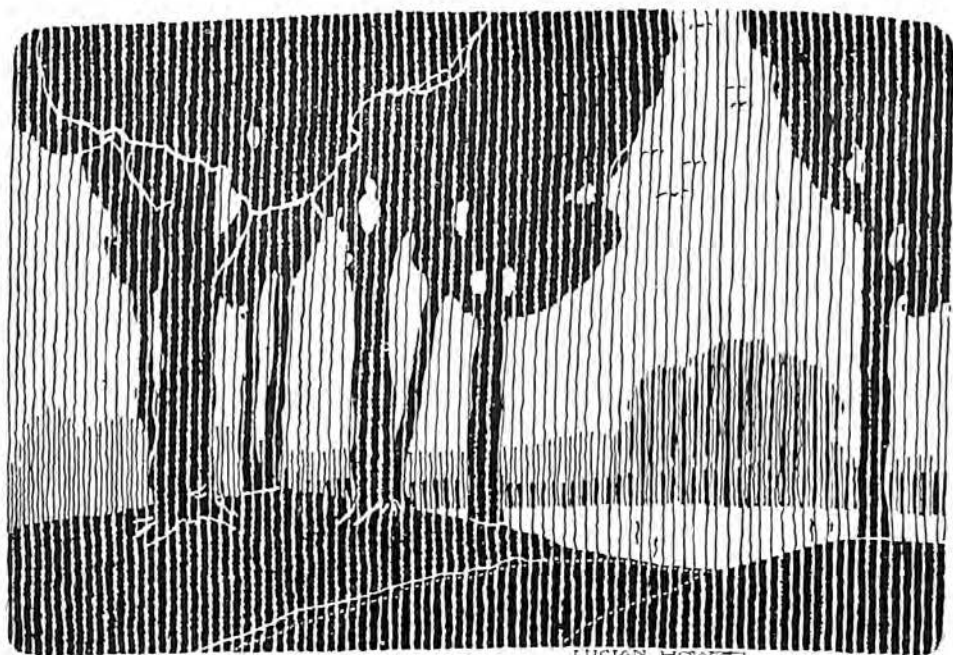
"Diligence is the mother of good fortune."

R. V. AKERS, Latin

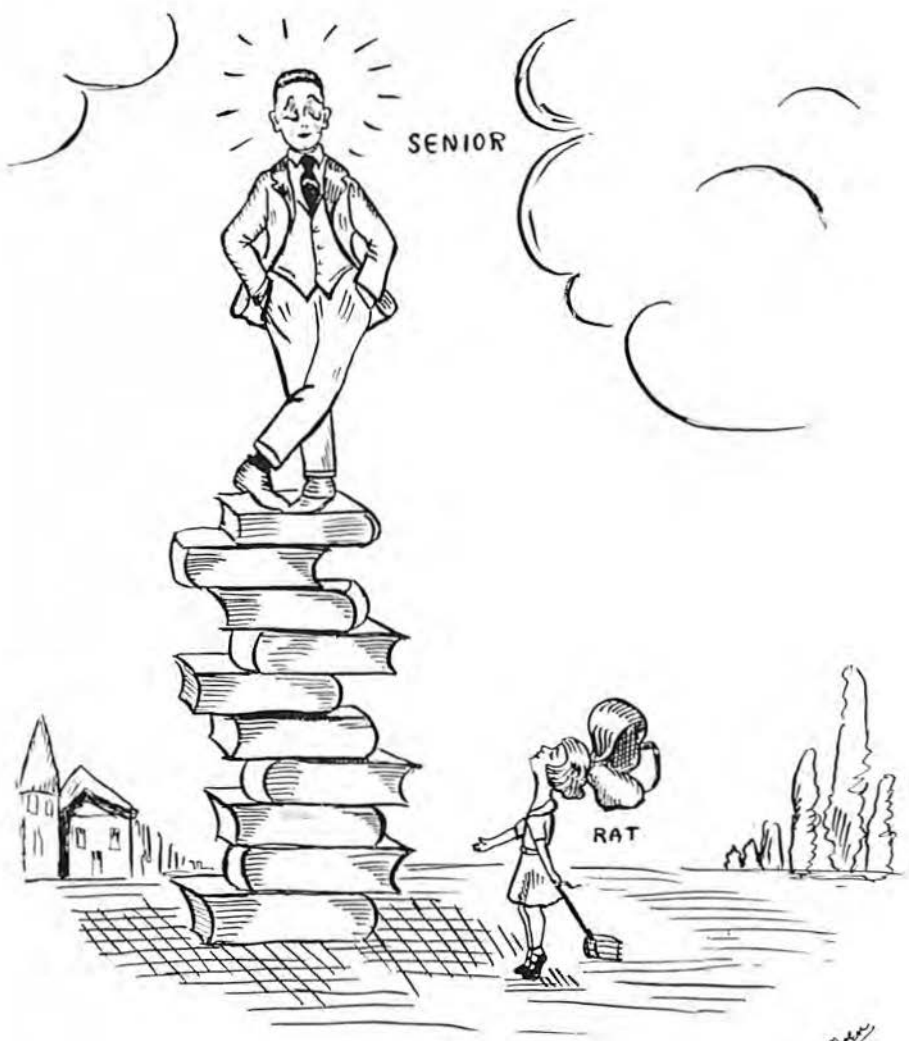
"Honesty is the best policy."

LUCY WINGFIELD, Science

"The glory dies not."



LUCIAN HOWZE



SENIOR

RAT

Blondie



ALFRED BECKLEY

"Men of few words are the best men."

Altho "Beckley" doesn't admire the girls of R. H. S., he is generally admired by them. Not only do the girls like him, but he is greatly admired by the boys. He is good-natured, full of fun, and always ready to help his friends. "Beckley's" hobby is automobiles. We sincerely hope to hear of his success in the coming years.



MARGARET BELL

*"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
We're in her very look,
We read her face as one who reads,
A true and holy book."*

Margaret is one of our girls, sweet and shy but nevertheless "a jolly good fellow."



JOHN HILLEARY BOTTS

*"The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best conditioned and unwearyed spirit,
In doing courtesies."*

John is thoroughly likeable boy, a good sport, and is independent as they make 'em. Photography and love-making are his "standbys"—he being one of our best lovers, in Shakespeare class. He will either be the best hangman or mechanical engineer in Virginia some day.

INEZ MAE BOARD

*"Fair in that she never studies to be fairer,
Than Nature made her,
Beauty costs her nothing,
Her virtues are so rare."*

Here's to our only Inez. A true blue girl with a heart of gold. She has many friends and is a friend to each one. If her journey through life is a repetition of her journey through Roanoke High School, success and happiness are certainly in store for her.



MARION BERGMAN

"One has no ambition to see a goodlier man."

Marion is calm, good-natured and cheerful—a combination oft linked with success. He is never seen to be in a particular great hurry and studies never afflict him with that curse of many—worry. However Marion has carried six subjects in order to graduate.



JUNIA MAE BOSTWICK

"Silence gives consent."

Junia has never allowed such a trivial matter as a test or a Shakespeare note book to cause her eyes to look heavy, or her forehead furrowed—and she always comes out calmly on top. We all envy her ability to keep quiet when there is such good reason for storm.





MARJORIE RANDOLPH BROWER

*"Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple
There is mischief in every dimple."
She loves to dance,
She loves to sing,
She loves to play pranks, 'n everything.
She tries anything once,
Throws care aside,
And always looks on the sunny side.
—This is "Marjie."*



FLOYD ROBERT BOLLING

*"Not too sober—not over gay,
But a real good fellow in every way."*

Our president now—our doctor to be—thus is Floyd one of those fortunate humans who succeed in accomplishing with little effort, what the more unfortunate of us struggle for daily. Truly, Floyd does not belong in the role of common men.



WINIFRED BURKE

*"Out of Sight, out of mind"
In sight—never mind!*

If indifference could pay railroad fare, Winifred could have gone around the world and back, because she certainly has more than her share of it. We wonder how any girl can "vamp" the boys as she does and get by with it. Too bad she has the mistaken idea that she is overburdened with avoirdupois, and if you want to be her friend, just tell her she "hath a lean and hungry look"!

NELL LOUISE CRAWFORD

*"Of all the girls that e'er were seen
There's none so fine as Nell."*

Nell is the possessor of two brown eyes and an abundance of chestnut hair which all the girls envy. She is not satisfied with a high school diploma, so expects to continue her studies in some college next year. Here's to her success in all she undertakes.



ELBERT BROWN

"I dare do all that may become a man."

Elbert is one of our rare students. He is a musician of no mean ability, and has composed several pieces, one of which he gave to his class. Elbert gives part of his time to athletics, too, mainly baseball, where he has played stellar ball for several seasons.



MARY CARDELIA CARLISLE

"Multum in parvo."

Nickname—dynamite; ambition—?x!?!; weakness—movies; favorite car—Nash (Willard batteries); occupation—giggling, hopping around; total—an all around, good, ole sport, and the most attractive girl in the class.





PAULINE CHAPMAN

*A mixture of the angel, vamp and flirt,
Her eyes may slightly wound, but never hurt
For really she's kindhearted—*

*Sweet and fair—She and Lois—a pair ever
jolly,*

Talented and charming

Just Polly



RAYMOND LYNWOOD CLATERBOUGH

*"Errors like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive
below."*

"Caty" is one of the few boys about whom we know a lot, and yet so little, but we do know that he can always be counted on for his part when he is needed. Though taking no part in athletics, he is always present at all games, yelling his support to the players. His enthusiasm does not stop in Roanoke, for many times he has journeyed with the team to the out-of-town games. So here's to "Caty"—a good sport, a real man, and above all, true and faithful to his friends.



LOIS BLOOMFIELD CHILDRESS

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

Who? Oh yes, that little girl with the dreamy eyes who wanders around Study Hall looking for her other half—Polly. No one would ever imagine that Lois had any trouble for she is always happy and gives her smiles impartially to everyone. Indeed she is considered quite a vamp in school and out. When we hear that contagious little laugh of hers—which is a family trait—we can't help but join in with her. All in all, Lois is a 1921 girl with just enough shyness to make her charming.—Nuff sed.

MILDRED MARY CALHOUN

*"For if she will, she will, you may depend on it;
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end
on 't."*

Sh! Sh! Scandal! Mildred is finishing school in three and a half years. Study? (ans.) "Oh yes, about Adorrrrie." Talent? she can dance—cook (but don't accept any dinner invites if her mother isn't home). In classes she always brings out some unusual good points. Mildred never worries but always looks on the bright side; even during exams. Determination is her main standby. She does not know what she will do after leaving R. H. S., but, as she herself says "You may rest assured that I shall have a good time doing it."



MARTHA ALICE DUERSON

"Love radiates her soul."

Martha's nature is to love and be loved. Blushing is one of her main pastimes and it is one which often betrays that which she would conceal. She is recognized as one of the most capable girls in the class of '21, and one on whom we may always depend.



MARY ELIZABETH DRAPER

*"A friend who is the best and truest in this
wide, wide world."*

Mary is about the sweetest girl in the Senior Class,—in fact she is the sweetest. Those who are in despair come to her because she sympathizes and understands. Her big, big heart is overflowing with the sincere desire to help the other fellow. Mary, the best chum in the world, may your friends in the future love you as your friends in the present!





ELLEN DURRETTE

"Her heart is not in her work, 'tis elsewhere."

Altho Ellen has only been with us for two years, having navigated from Hinton, W. Va. She has made more friends than the rest of us have in four. There is a deep mystery surrounding Ellen—a mystery as yet unsolved. How is it that she can spend a great pail of her time in Blacksburg and Lexington and yet come up smiling with an average of 98 on Civics? Indeed we know her heart is not in her work, yet it is rather hard to locate it at times, as it has the wicked habit of jumping about at frequent intervals.



ODELL VIRGINIA DAVIS

*"She is little, she is meek,
With two dimples in her cheeks."*

Odell has been with us through all our High School days, and she has made many friends. She evidently likes to study, as evidenced by the number of studies she carries. Odell has a sweet gentle disposition but is very shy or so she appears, though you never can tell. She has not decided definitely whether she will be a nurse, or go to another school, but we wish her success in every undertaking.



EVA CHRISTIAN DRABBLE

*"Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?"*

Can you imagine a little cottage with red Rambler roses covering the porches? Well, that's what Eva makes one think of. Altho' she has succeeded wonderfully well in High School—and with all due respect to her ability—this seems to be the one line in which she will succeed next. Here's to you, Eva!

FRANCIS EUGENE FERGUSON

"Not too serious, not over gay, but a rare good fellow when it comes to play."

"Gene" certainly is the best yet.

Athletics, dancing, math and Girls; they're all his specialties. We didn't Mention English. Just an

All 'round boy with clear

Blue eyes, curly hair, and a

Wonderful disposition.

We won't bank on you being president

But, Gene, we're expecting great things.



SUSYE VIRGINIA FITZPATRICK

"Charm strikes the sight, but merit wins the soul."

Susy has shown us her worth as a classmate during the time she has been with us. She possesses great mental ability, as is shown by her excellent grades each month, and because of this is a great favorite with the faculty.



CHARLES FLANAGAN

A good sport and one who would always do his part in the class—thus do we describe aimable Charles. Although he is a promoter of the art of pugilism as is demonstrated everytime you meet him in the hall, he is liked by all. And as he wends his way through college, may he have as good if not better success than he has had in R. H. S.





WILLIE ESTELLE GARLAND

*"Shall I compare thee to a summer day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate."*

Estelle, better known as "Stelle," is liked by all because of her sweet and lovable disposition. Those eyes,—those wonderful eyes,—enable her to play the part of a "vamp". Estelle doesn't kill herself studying, but always has a "ray" of hope when it comes to getting through.



ELIZABETH CHRISTINE GAINES

*Elizabeth's hair is golden,
Her eyes are sparkling blue,
She's not fickle like many girls,
But good and sweet and true.
And what may the future hold for her,
This girl whom we know and love;
Perhaps there's joys of earthly life,
Surely blessings from above.*



LOUISE POINDEXTER HANCOCK

*"She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud."*

Louise is one of the quietest as well as one of the sweetest girls in our class. She has loads of school spirit and is always ready for fun. What ever part she acts in the drama of life, will be well done, and our very best wishes go with her.

HARRIET CATHERINE HOGAN

"Those wicked creatures yet do look at me."

Harriet is a girl that one cannot know in an hour, but one that is fully worth many of our hours to find out the real person underneath. Harriet's school life has been an ideal one, care free and merry, filled with happy memories and many friends. May this be merely a beginning of a long and happy, as well as a useful life.



MARY ELIZABETH HEGE

*"Mary is inconsistent: She blushes one way,
Feels another, and perhaps prays another."*

Her moods are as varied as the wind—one day smiling, the next sweet and tender, and yet again quiet and demure. Still in each of these she retains her interest in everyone. She is an interesting and interested talker and listener, inviting confidences. Good "ole" Mary! Best "ole" side partner in the world!



BARBARA HOGE

*"When studies and pleasure clash
Let studies go to—smash!"*

You can be assured that if there's any fun to be had "Bob" won't miss. She is an ardent devotee of Terpsichore, and takes in every "hop" of the season both in and out of town. Yet her grades are a proof that she is endowed with more than her share of intelligence. Frankness is one characteristic for which "Bob" is admired, and which is among the many that cause her popularity with all who know her.





MYRTLE HURST

"I can't be bothered."

This is certainly true of Myrtle, as she comes strolling in a few minutes after ten every morning, smiling and saying, "I don't know a single thing; I haven't opened a book; but, why worry?" Even when there is a "hop" at V. P. I., and Myrtle can't go, she just won't worry, but looks forward to the next one that will be "pulled off" and plans to "jazz" the cares (that she has not) away.



RAYMOND HOLROYD

Raymond is one of the few Seniors who are looked up to for help when a hard lesson or test comes. He belongs to the select few who have carried Latin for four years. What ever college he decides to enter is certain to have a successful R. H. S. student.



CAROLINE GREER HILL

*"I pin my faith to no man's sleeve.
Have I not two eyes of mine own?"*

This verse just suits "Cary", for altho' she is much admired by the opposite sex, she tilts her nose at them and goes by. Caroline chatters incessantly; and is one of the few that can really act—Rosalind and Elizabeth were good, but look out for Phyllis!

RUTH VAUGHN HOWARD

"Better late than never".

Tho' Ruth doesn't "toddle" or go in for athletics, she is a good sport. Her favorite amusement is the movies. She is quite an English scholar, and is in love with all parts in general—but Byron in particular. Ruth says she is going in for a business career, and after that—"well, you never can tell."



ALMA FRANCES HODGES

*"The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd."*

One must know Alma to love her for she is always quiet and reserved. If you hear anyone say, "Reckon we'll have a history written lesson", you may know it is Alma for that is her first question every morning. She is one of those girls that has a smile for every one and a sweet disposition that has won our love and friendship.



ROSA ELIZABETH HIMES

*"For may we search, before we find a heart
more gentle and more kind."*

Rosa is a quiet, easy-going, studious person. During her four years within the portals of R. H. S., she has won many friends. This little Miss is a good sport and will always help you along.





GLADYS VIRGINIA HUDGINS

"Known to but few, but prized as far as known."

Gladys is little known, as the quotation indicates, for she is very quiet and unassuming. But to those who really know her, she is a good, true friend just a wee bit serious but absolutely sincere. Gladys likes music better than books, so she expects to enter a conservatory of music next year.



LURA ISABELLE JENNINGS

"O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits!"

Lura is always in a good humor. Her bright and happy disposition have won many friends at R. H. S. What would we do without the "office boy?" Lura is very original and shows this trait not only in her jokes, but also in her short hand transcriptions. She lets nothing interfere with her studies. She is a good pal, kind and true.



CLARICE JOHNSON

*"A smile of sunshine, a heart of gold,
A cure for the blues, let us behold."*

Clarice is one of the prettiest, sweetest and most attractive girls in our class. Altho' she has been with us one year only, we have learned to love her. She is always ready to join the "bunch" when it comes to having a good time, and is as gay as the gayest,—but her thoughts often wander back to Princeton where she spent her first three years in High School.

FRANK ELMER JAMISON

*"A woman's only a woman, but a good cigar's
a smoke."*

"Cousin Sloppy" can shake a wicked foot when he wants to, but, being the laziest member of the class, he prefers stag parties. We predict he will make his fortune early in life, retire from business, join a fashionable bachelor's club in New York and like a supreme life from his point of view.



CLARA SHACKFORD THOMAS

*"Her sweet smile and unassuming way,
Have won for her many a happy day."*

By her sweet and good-natured disposition Clara has won a host of friends in school as well as out. She is undecided whether or not to go to school next year, but if Annapolis Naval Academy were co-ed, that problem would be solved more easily. Here's to Clara, a regular pal!



ALTON BRADSHAW KIDD

*"Tall, sedate, and manly, too,
Something you find in very few,
With plenty of courage to say and do."*

Alton is one of the jolliest and best natured boys in our class, possesses sparkling wit and humor. Has lots of school spirit, and by his manliness and good nature has won many friends among the faculty and his classmates, especially the fair sex. Here's wishing success to our future banker.





KATIE VIVIAN KEY

"Infinite riches in a little room."

Katie is always looking for fun. Singing and teasing is her favorite pastime. She looks innocent, but be ware! She knows how to wind her way into your heart. We have all become victims to her winsome smiles.



WELLINGTON KEISTER

Whenever Keister undertakes a task, he does it with the determination to succeed and does. Of course he has his short-comings, but, all things considered, he's one of the nicest boys in the class. He is interested in all school activities and does his utmost to carry them thru. The class of '21 wishes him every success in his future career.



JESSIE COLE KINCANON

*"In her heart the dew of youth,
On her lips the smile of truth."*

Jessie is one of those people one always likes to know. She is full of fun, a good sport, and also one with whom a confidence is safe. She is very athletic, has her full share of school spirit, and is always present at all school activities.

MELDA FLORENCE KUTZ

*Her steps is light,
Her eyes are bright,
Her laughter cheers the world.*

From the time Melda entered R. H. S., she has been the unassuming, "don't worry, don't hurry, don't fret," classmate. Seemingly quiet in class, but those who know her best know how easily she trips the path of joy. Once a friend, always a friend; is her motto. Her optimistic disposition comes to aid in times of trouble, bringing her through as bright and cheerful as ever. She is always the same today, tomorrow and forever. Although she has been with us but one year her sincerity and frankness has won for her a host of friends, and however far our paths may divide in the future we all wish her a bright and happy career.



WILBUR SHULTZ KUTZ

"Rare jewels are packed in small packages."

This is true of Wilbur but though he is small, he confers with his brain. Some of his victims being Millikan and Gale who attempted a text book of opposing fares. Altho, Wilbur has been with us only one year, he has won many friends, who wish him the best of success in any line of work he undertakes.



LEONA GERTRUDE KULP

*"What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while."*

Leona is one of the jolliest girls in our class. She has lots of school spirit and is usually on hand for all games. Without burning too much midnight oil, she has always managed to get through. Her chief interest outside of school is V. P. I., and we hope she will be tres "happy."





REBEKAH GERTRUDE LYONS

*"Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
and born to write, converse, and live at ease."*

Rebekah slipped into a secluded corner of R. H. S. in the fall of '20, but her candle of knowledge shown so brightly that she was brought into the lime light at once. Although she dances into the wee hours of the morning, she is always ready with some original idea and is a star in all of her classes.



MARY IRENE LOVELACE

*"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."*

Behold this "phantom of delight," which Franklin has so generously contributed to brighten the gloomy corners of old Roanoke High. As to her wit, humor and prophetic possibilities, she is indeed unique. She has endeared herself to us all; and as her heart beats responsive to the high calling of school teaching, we wish her not only success, but abundant success!



MARY FRANCES LUCK

*"When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing
of exquisite music."*

Besides being one of the fairest of our class, Frances is class poet, and her remarkable talent predicts a brilliant future.

RUBY THELMA LEMON

*"For may we seek before we find."
A heart so gentle and so kind."*

While the rest of us are trying our best to grow some eyelashes and make our hair look naturally wavy, Ruby goes serenely on her way not realizing how fully have the Gods blessed her neither studious or the other extreme, she has struck the happy medium. We join in wishing you success at Columbia University.



REGINALD MARSHALL

"Nothing is more useful than silence."

Reginald is the most human of humans. Studies not—laughs a lot—he does not really laugh, but rather chuckles. He is not yet a Fritz Kreisler, but we anticipate fame from him and his violin some day.



MARTHA EUNICE MACDOWALL

*"Let the world slide, let the world go,
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why, I can owe!"*

Frank and carefree, jolly and inquisitive (especially in chemistry class)—this is typical of "Mac." She is characterized by her brilliant witticisms and sarcastic remarks. Not particularly studious, she still "gets thru", always. That chemistry is her favorite study, we can see by her grades. She calls it "bluffing"—we must confess she is "some bluffer."





RAYMOND EUGENE MUSSER

"Wit and wisdom are born with man."

Raymond is perhaps the most serious minded boy of our class but few would ever know it. He is a regular fun maker, and keeps his companions constantly laughing. In the years to come, when his fame as a minister has traveled far, his classmates of '21 will be proud to say, "I used to know him."



CAROLINE MORTIMER PAYNE

"A magnificent spectacle of human happiness."

The girl whom we see, serenely ambling from class to class—she with the fair hair, the blue eyes, the smiling face, and carefree disposition—that's Caroline. Oh! If we could but read her mind! Unlike other girls, she never raves; but, you may depend upon it, she is a rare confidante, and a friend of whom one may be proud. To be a teacher is her fate, but not for long, for (Sh-h!) she has a devil in her eye!



JAMES GUY PERSINGER

*"His heart is light, his laugh so bright,
That he makes life all sunshiny."*

Guy is our sunshine man. Never being known to lose his patience, he laughs at all times; when the faculty congratulates him on his ignorance, or when he is failing on an exam. Guy is some guy, and is popular among all, because of his humor and good temper. He is not, all humorous and frivolous, but shows his mettle in the class rooms.

RUTH ARDELIA PRICE

"She's one in ten million."

Although Ruth shines in her classes, she does not spend her time in studying but prefers to devote it to the various organizations, in which she takes part. She is a conscientious worker and always brings her various undertakings to success, but when things go wrong, she keeps her cares to herself and has her smile for everyone. Others come to her with their troubles and she sends them away light-hearted. Here's to you, dear old pal of Seniordom.



ROLFE ERIC PETTERSON

"Just a jolly good fellow."

Rolfe is a good sport and is popular everywhere. His hobby is telling jokes. He never worries about anything, yet he usually gets by. His heart is set upon two things—music and girls, but he expects to pursue the former first and will begin next year.



ELSIE MARGUERITE PROFFITT

*She's full of fun,
Well loved by all;
We tease her much
Because she's tall.*

Is she tall? Well, unless you are six feet tall, don't stand behind her expecting to see over her shoulder. Elsie is interested in athletics and is ever ready to add her melodious voice to urge the participants on to victory. It is a hard matter for her to study, as something funny might happen and she would miss a chance to laugh. When report cards come out, however, Elsie never has a worry 'cause there are good grades galore thereon.





ELIZABETH KATHERINE PEARMAN

Katherine is another girl who is little known because of her quiet disposition. But when she does speak, she says something worth while, as we have so often noted. She has been handicapped in her career by illness, but she has worked with unfailing courage in order that she might graduate, as she wishes to take up teaching. We wish her the best that life affords.



ROBERT PILCHER

"Sans doute, il est toujours tres aimable."

"Bob", as he is known to all of us, is one of the best liked boys in the class of '21—and one of the lucky few who seem to get good grades without doing any great amount of studying. Bob hopes to take a course in electrical engineering, and with his excellent foundation and aptitude for math, he should make a big success at it.



ISABELLA MASON ROBERTSON

*"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat;
Therefore, let's be merry."*

Here is a girl—Isabella—by name, better known as "Izzy"—who is sweet, lovable, considerate, and always ready for a good time. Her one hobby is the movies, and since we seldom see her working we are wondering how she has been able to finish in three and one half years.

WILLIAM DAVID RICHARDSON

"Attempting two men's duties with unmitigated patience."

Here's Bill—an industrious, friendly, attractive boy, with a magnetic character—a friend to the whole class. Being one of our football stars, he has given much toward making a championship team,—and being very willing to work, has done much toward making our magazine publication a success. There is no doubt but that he will be a success forever more.



TABBA LEONA REYNOLDS

*"Like to the summer rain,
Or as pure as morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again!"*

"Tabby" is a typical Senior. One of the kind that studies surreptitiously. French is her favorite—tho' she likes all her studies. She takes an active part in practically all the High School clubs and is always willing to do whatever she is asked. She expects to continue her education at Salem College (Winston-Salem, N. C.) and the whole class feels sure she will be successful in whatever she may do.



HERBERT FELIX SANDERS

"Foremost among his virtues—trustworthiness."

Whether it be studies, athletics, or an office, Felix can always be depended upon to carry out his part successfully. He is good natured, and possesses an abundance of originality. He leaves us with the best wishes of the class of '21 for his success in the medical profession for which he expects to prepare.





EMMETT HANCOCK POWELL

"So wise, so young."

How Emmett has them fooled! Most people think him bashful and demure, but watch him with a number of the fair sex. He is a good natured fellow, well liked by both the students and the faculty. He is studious, but in spite of this fault(?), he is a fine companion and a jolly good sport.



MYRTLE IRENE RAIKE

*"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books."
Here's to Myrtle, pretty and clever,
The most talented girl in the class,
Laughing and joking—but silly never,
A dear sweet charming lass.*



WILLIAM NEVYN RANKIN

*"The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely
what wise men do foolishly."*

Nevyn is our biggest talker. He does a heap o' thinking, too—along the lines of mail deliveries, and long distance telephone calls. O Nevyn! We have your number! All joking aside, Nevyn is a grand success, and there is no doubt that he will continue to be throughout his life.

VIVIAN OWEN

"I am not one of those who do not believe in love at first sight, but I believe in taking a second look."

*She's like a springtime flower—
That blossoms 'neath the bright blue sky.*

*She's small and fair,—
There's sweetness there,
Like a fragrant breeze passing by.*



SANDERS GRAHAM DAVIDSON

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

Also known as "Doc", Sanders is one of the little boys of the class—(Van Lear is the other.) He is a congenial, happy-go-lucky fellow, and is loved by all who know him. His desire is to become a doctor. Here's luck to the future "master of the medical profession!"



EDITH MAE SOURS

"Here's to her who halves our sorrow and doubles our joys."

Mae has been with us but a year. Nevertheless, we have learned to love her. She is the soul of generosity, a good sport, never complains and we have only one wee tiny complaint—she is just a bit too much—of a movie fan.





SALLIE MELTON SHIPMAN

*"To know her is to love her,
To name her is to praise."*

This is especially true of Sallie, she is loved by everyone who knows her. She is one who is ever ready to help others over the rough places in life. The class of 1921 is distinctly the gainer by her being of it.



RAY SAUNDERS

"Slow but sure"

Ray is one of the few boy blondes of the class of '21—but that doesn't mean at all that he is "light-headed"—truly, he is quite serious. He is always accompanied by a great stack of books, and good grades follow his name. He expects to graduate in Summer School. We do not know what he will do after leaving, but we wish him success.



MARTHA PAGE STONE

*"An ideal girl in every way
A kind of friend you don't find every day."*

We know Page is all this—the best athlete, most popular, and the best friend any of us can find. She is always the same to every one. Here's to the success of our "Stone Wall."

FRANK BURRELL STIFF

*"Man is his own star; and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man."*

Burrell, a man who takes life easy and never worries over the affairs of school life, gets along well in his studies. He has quite a number of friends, won by his congenial, sunny nature, and is always a "bonafide" friend to those that know him. Besides making his tickets in school he is guilty of disturbing the quiet that should prevail about a hospital.



REBECCA VIRGINIA SHAFER

*"Calm as a summer sky she treads the pathwa,
of life."*

Virginia goes along with that "I can't be bothered" air, and yet to those who know her, she is the best little pal in the world. She has not taken much part in the school activities, altho' she is just as interested as the rest of her class. Virginia is a real musician and expects to go to a conservatory of music to pursue her studies.



GEORGE WILLIAM SAUNDERS

*"While we live, let us get what there is out of
life."*

What would High School do without Billy? He's the general gloom disperser! We defy anyone to withstand his radiating influence! Did you say you smell peanuts? Of course it is Billy distributing them—and candy, too! Billy writes awfully funny notes, and illustrates them too. He is the only boy in the class that really has the "Shakespearean atmosphere"; some of the tragic sighs would put Fritz Leiber to shame. We'll say Billy has the goods when it comes to talent and disposition!





FRANCES WOODS STRINGFELLOW

*"And the sweet voice of her laughter
Filled with melody the morn."*

Frances came to us last fall from New London Academy and has been a loyal rooter for Roanoke High. She is known through the halls of R. H. S., by her echoing laughter. Frances says she is going to be a doctor. Here's to her success!



RALPH LUCAS SCOTT

*"And here is Ralph,
Describe him who can?
An abridgment of all,
That is pleasant in man."*

All admit that Ralph is an unusual student, for "none but himself can be his parallel." Considering the fact that Ralph is the youngest in the class, the wonder is so much the greater. What will Roanoke High do without him? But no doubt some college is saying, "What shall we do with him?"



AUDRIE BERTRAM STRUDWICK

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

Tho' Audrie thinks a great deal more of V. P. I., than of R. H. S., her "willingness" to stay in school four hours every day shows us that she really cares a little for the "dear ole place!" But along with Audrie's "good times" she studies and always comes thru exams with flying colors.

HELEN THOMAS

*"If to her share some female errors fall
 Look on her face and forget them all.
 "She is pretty to talk with
 And witty to talk with
 And pleasant too, to think on."
 "Grace was in all her steps,
 Heaven in her eye—
 In every gesture dignity and love."*



WILLIAM GRAVES TOMPKINS

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

Graves is very popular with the class, and is always ready to lend a helping hand to his fellow students. He is very industrious, being able to hold a good position and at the same time keep his grades well up in the nineties. He has not decided upon his future as yet, but with his math as a base, it seems an engineering is the most logical course for him to follow.



ANNE TERRELL

"Known to few, but prized as far as known."

Anne could not be called a "mixer", tho' she's a jolly good friend to those who know her. Rather quiet, that is, she impresses you that way, but if you should happen to get up an argument with her, your opinion would be changed. We don't know just what she will do in the future, but—"you never can tell."





GEORGE ALLISON VAN LEAR

*"That tower of strength that stood
Four square to all the winds that blew."*

George has his own opinions and sticks to them. He has an "over-dose" of good nature, from which he is not swayed even by the many jokes that are blown against him by his school mates. He is superb—and that is enough.



ANNE MARGUERITE VAN DORSTEN

*"I am determined to put all my troubles in the
bottom of my heart and sit on the lid and smile."*

This lovely little maiden came to America from Holland, her native land, about six years ago. Her mental capacity has been shown in her ability to adapt herself to our custom, but most of all her intellectual power makes her classmates marvel in admiration. Along with all these, Annie is already an accomplished musician and with her goes the best wishes of the class, for a successful future.



SOL WOLLOCK

"A man of many words but little thought."

"Solomon," as he is sometimes called, has a serene dignity that baffles analysis, and easy going manner that has won him many friends while he has been serving his sentence in Old R. H. S. Sol says he is a woman hater. He is fond of talking, being well known among his classmates for his hibernacious and pisdicious arguments, especially in Economics and Sociology Classes. He could not truthfully be called lazy but he has a decided disinclination for work. Sol has a good disposition and an honest, open countenance, particularly when he smiles aloud.

MARJORIE THORNTON WORRELL

"Her voice was ever soft—gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."

Marjorie appears, to those who know her as very quiet, full of fun and very helpful. When in a crowd she can always be distinguished by her peculiar laugh which everyone likes to hear. Her favorite amusements are dancing and the movies. By her winning ways Marjorie has made many friends throughout the school.



DONALD WILTSEE

"Because I will not do the wrong to mistrust any; I will do myself the right to trust none; I will live a bachelor."

"Don" doesn't say much, but what he does, holds a world of meaning. And wit? Well, if he hasn't it, there is no wit in the world. One may think he is shy, but "you'd be surprised."



RUTH KATHERINE WYNNE

"She is possessed with that inexhaustible good nature, Which is the choicest gift of Heaven."

Ruth's ways are more "Wynning" than her name. She ranks among the good sports of Jefferson High, always ready when called upon. Ruth for some reason is fond of frills—especially those that are "Laey."



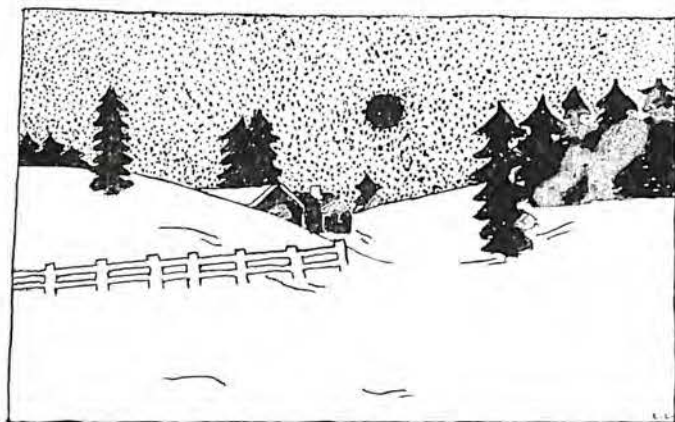


REBECCA SYLVIA YOST

*"What care I, when I can lie and rest,
Kill time, and take life at its best?"*

"Syb" is one of the blonds of the class, but not necessarily light headed. She is a great lover of fun, and always has "the greatest ideas." When Syb is counted among your friends, you have a friend indeed, one of whom you can count. She is a good student, has plenty of school "pep", and also a beautiful voice.

Among those who should be in our Senior Department are Guy Silas Wright and Robert Wingfield Crenshaw McClanahan, but as they graduated at the end of the Fall session, we were unable to get in touch with them, and have their pictures taken for this magazine. We wish, however, to give attention to them, for they were always great supporters of the High School and tho' they could not enjoy with us our closing activities, we count them among our number and wish them great joy and success in life.



TOAST TO '21

Mildred Calhoun.

☪ ☪

Here's to the class of '21

The bravest, truest and best—
Thru study and examinations
You've bravely stood the test.

May your paths be bright and happy
And fortune smile on you always,
But in your happiness you won't forget
These precious High School days.

And out there in the world apart
Far from our Study Hall,
There's a p'ace for you in the Class of Life
For you to stand or fall.

And each in turn must play his part
And strive like all the rest,
To win glory and fame each to his self—
And each to do his best.

But when in this long-off future time,
Each with his honors is blest
May memory's fleeting tide ebb back
To these days at R. H. S.

☪ ☪ ☪ ☪ ☪ ☪

THE MAD RUSH

Mildred Calhoun.

☪ ☪

Did you ever stop to notice
How the fo'ks in every clime
No matter what the occasion be
Are always rushed for time?

You stop a friend in Study Hall
Just to ask for a dime
They'd like to stop 'n listen
If they just had the time.

You slip and fall upon the street
You roll in mud and slime,
The passersby wou'd give you help
But they haven't got the time.

You see God's creatures everywhere
The spring world so sub'ime
You like to take a closer look
But you really haven't time.

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE J.H.S. GRADS?



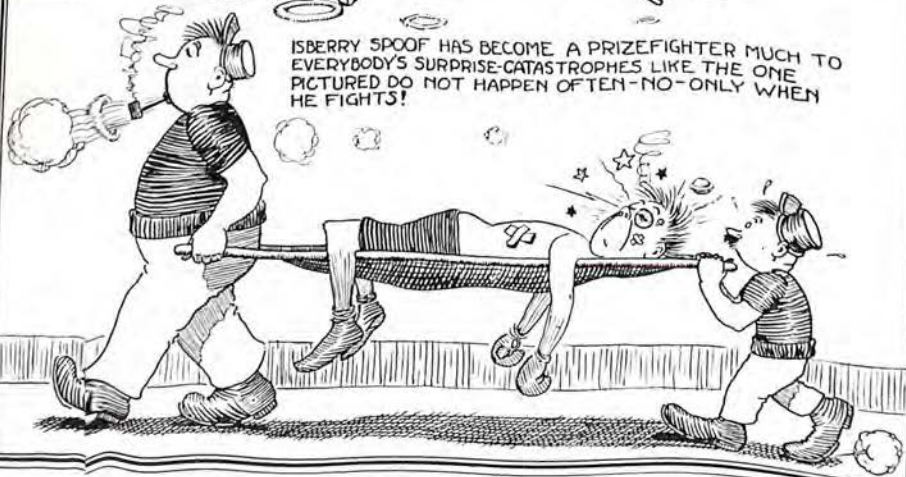
NOW THERE'S THAT POPULAR BOY PAUL BARA WHO USED TO SELL ATHLETIC TICKETS FOR THE SCHOOL - THAT BOY COULD SELL ANYTHING HE'S SELLING CASKETS NOW

EVERYBODY IN H.S REMEMBERS "BOOT" BLACK, THE LAD WHO USED TO PLAY BLACK-FACE IN THE H.S. MINSTRELS WELL THAT BOY IS ON THE STAGE NOW-YEH-AND MAKING GOOD TOO!



SARAH CUSE IS NOW THE VAMPIEST LITTLE VAMP THAT EVER VAMPED

ISBERRY SPOOF HAS BECOME A PRIZEFIGHTER MUCH TO EVERYBODY'S SURPRISE-CATASTROPHES LIKE THE ONE PICTURED DO NOT HAPPEN OFTEN-NO-ONLY WHEN HE FIGHTS!





HARRY TONICK
USED TO BE NOTED
FOR HIS SWEET
DISPOSITION - BUT
OF LATE HE HAS
CHANGED -
PROBABLY GETTING
MARRIED HAD
SOME THING TO DO
WITH IT



WE
ARE
GLAD
TO
NOTE
THAT
IZEE
KRAZEE
HAS
MADE
A
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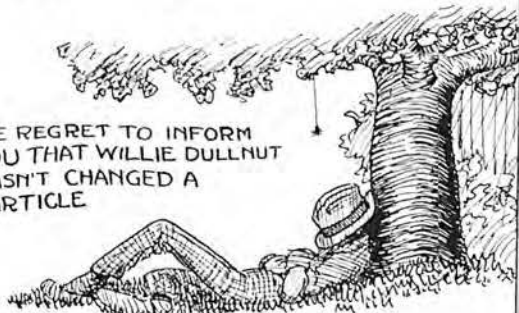
SUPPOSE
HE
SHOULD
MISS
THAT
TUB
SOME
TIME
?

KZIZ KZAM ALWAYS HAD
A LIKING FOR FAST
THINGS - WE'LL WAGER
HE HAS HIS FILL
NOW HOWEVER



BOTH OF THE APPLE
SISTERS - SEEDY AND
KORA - SAY THEY'LL
NEVER MARRY

WE REGRET TO INFORM
YOU THAT WILLIE DULLNUT
HASN'T CHANGED A
PARTICLE



Lucian
Howze

CLASS HISTORY

16 21

Back in the days, now for some almost beyond recall, for others as yesterday, we in the fall of 1917, passed through the threshold of high school classification into a state of proud ecstasy. Why so gleeful? Ah! we were Seniors. Soon, indeed too rapidly, we passed from R. I. S., passed the top rung in the ladder of scholarship to the bottom rung upon a far higher ladder and entered upon the cares of a struggle for intellectual mastery in R. H. S. proper.

Ah, can one ever forget that beautiful September morn, that lovely, speed-inviting gauntlet which duly received each rat? Can one forget those pencil races, those love-making scenes and those rat parades. Never! This day will also stand predominate, for the girls also, because of favorable though less warm initiations. After so warm a reception, we peace-loving rats began our existence in a land of greater freedom. As Sophs. we, being too timid to be real pupils, acted as students and despite the "flu" epidemic made creditable records in 1918.

Ever invigorated with that faintly glimmering ray of hope from our goal, Seniordom, flickering in the future, yet three years distant, we slowly advanced, through thick and thin until at last we stood as Juniors in the fall of 1919. Oh! yes, the state of Juniors is a happy one, but could we dwell here in sight of our goal? No, but alas, as fate had decreed our happy band was depleted by our examinations. Undaunted, however, we struggled onward toward our goal, following the footsteps of our Senior examples. Here, under our President Godbey, we experienced our first measure of class organization. By constant contact with seniors, our goal seemed the nearer and 'twas with jubilant hearts that in the fall of 1920, we heard our names classified as Seniors. Our goal was reached.

Departing from the time worn custom of an annual publication, we early in our senior year decided upon a magazine which we have made a success by the co-operation of the rest of the student body. Now at the present we are on the last home stretch of our high school career, we are passing third base, running in for a home run; only one obstacle stands ahead, spring exams.

Socially we have also had our day. Last year we entertained and were entertained by the Seniors. This year also the same events will take place. One unusual departure from the general monotonous run of senior socials was our entertainment by Mr. Turner, which added joy to our Christmas season.

In athletics we have contributed our might in all four branches, amply equalling that done by former classmen. And now as a class, we are soon to become a part of history, to go out into that vast throng of alumni, who have gone before us. Shall we sneak away into a place of oblivion? Oh, never, we shall go out into the future and there establish a record of brilliant successes.

As a ripple upon a quiet sea of education, we hope our high school course has been as we enter upon our college careers which shall spell successes.

We came, we saw, we conquered all our studies and as we go out into our different pathways of life, we hope and pray that we go not to form a solitary, speechless page of history, but to accomplish those successes, worthy of those who have been our school pals, as well as worthy of our instructors, and to make for ourselves and old R. H. S., a name wreathed about with the laurels of victory.

o o o o o o

CLASS PROPHECY

o o

"How are you, Botts? Am I the first one to get here? No, I see Scott has already arrived. He always was an early bird. I tell you this is some cold weather we are having! Reminds me of the spring of '21. Remember that? Sure you do. That was the year we were Seniors in high school. My, my, how time flies! Twenty years ago! Glad to see you, Scott."

All this was said as Dr. Bolling greeted his host, removed his hat and gloves, and entered the living room, where Mr. Scott and his hostess were seated before an open fire. He was hardly seated before the bell rang again.

"Ah! Miss Ruth," said Botts, as he opened the door, "you are looking marvelously well. Teaching does certainly agree with you. And who is this with you?"

"Oh! don't you remember Raymond Musser? He's Dr. Musser now and the new pastor at Greene Memorial. You know we lost Dr. Landon Smith, for he was made Presiding Elder."

When the greetings of old friends had been exchanged and everyone was seated again, Miss Mason said:

"I thought we needed Dr. Musser's valuable assistance on such an important question. This thing of children being on the street at all hours is the limit and I for one am going to vote against it. I think Miss Payne, our lady principal, has been entirely too lax with the girls."

"Do you remember, when we were at the old high school building on Church Street, how we did?" asked Mr. Botts.

"My me! We took the town" said Miss Mason. "But those were happy days," she added, reminiscently. "Mr. Parsons was the best man that ever lived. How he did enjoy moving into the new building and he fixed up the grounds so the whole city is proud of that block and weren't the students glad they changed the name back to Roanoke High?"

"Is Miss Quarles to be here tonight," asked Mr. Scott of Dr. Bolling.

"No," replied the doctor.

"Well, she should be," said Scott, "for she and Miss Bell were the first women placed on the School Board, and they certainly have worked for the good of the schools. When that committee made up of Bergman, Alma Hodges, and Miss Hogan appeared before the board, you should have heard what Miss Quarles told them. They had enough influence, however, to get this committee appointed."

"I was looking through an old chest today and found something that will interest you," said Mr. Botts, and he walked to the table and picked up a blue book and handed it to Miss Mason.

"Well of all things! The 'Acorn' of the year we graduated!" she exclaimed. "Look, Ralph Scott and see your handiwork. I little thought then that I would be staying after school some day and helping the pupils get out 'The Acorn', as I do now."

"We surely did work over those first numbers," said Scott. "Ruth Price and I gave hours every afternoon to it, and we were so afraid people would not take our work seriously."

"What become of Ruth?" asked Dr. Bolling, who had been standing in front of the open fire warming his hands.

"Why, she became a prominent lyceum lecturer on 'The Trials of Job,' but she gave this up after her marriage."

"Do you know that of all the teachers we had, only two are left in Roanoke High now," remarked Ruth Mason, who had been looking over the list of the faculty in 'The Acorn.'

"And who are they?" asked Botts.

"Miss Huff and Mr. Akers," answered Ruth. "They are supervisors now."

"Do look at this picture of Senator William Richardson," exclaimed Ruth, as she passed on through the magazine. "You know this is a good likeness yet. Who would ever have supposed Bill would create the sensation he did, when he introduced that bill of his, for a girl to retain her maiden name after her marriage? He always hated sensations."

"And who would ever have believed that such a fool bill would have passed," laconical'y remarked Dr. Bolling.

"Here's a picture of Page Stone," cried Scott who had been looking over Ruth's shoulder. "She was the best sport I ever knew. She went to Blaine College, didn't she?"

"Yes she and Ruth Wynne, Carlene Ramsey, and Ne'l Crawford went there and then Page studied Physical Training in New York. Now she's in Serbia, teaching in a government school, they tell me," said Botts, as if he were pleading one of his most important cases.

"Sanders Davidson and Felix Sanders are in Armenia," said Bolling. "I read an article the other day, which said they'd just about revolutionized the way those people live. This article was written by Emmett Powell for the New York Times. You know he's their representative in that country."

"Law, look at this picture of Susie Fitzpatrick," cried Ruth. "She's president of the Virginia State Teachers' Association. I saw her in Richmond last week. Graves Tompkins of the Electrical Department of John Marshall, and Mary Lovelace, principal of a high school in Franklin County were candidates for the office, but they didn't stand a show with Susie in the race. I also saw Louise Hancock and Tabba Reyno'ds there. They teach in country schools, somewhere in the sticks."

"What's become of that little Brown fellow who used to write music for our class?" asked Dr. Musser, waking up a little.

"He's head of a musical firm on Church Street. He sells all the musical books put out by Raymond Ho'royd and Ro'fe Petterson. He has just got in a new graphophone, invented by Reginald Marshall and it's a wonder," said Botts.

"Have you heard that record by Clarice Heyman and Sylvia Yost? ask-

ed Scott. It's called 'The Unkind World', and the words are by Martha MacDowell and Myrtle Raike, wrote the music. It is one of the most sympathetic-compositions I've ever heard. The words first appeared in 'The Ladies' Magazine,' which is edited by Caroline Hill."

"Mary Hege writes for that magazine," stated Ruth. "Her nove's always appear in it, before they are published in book form. Did you read in the April number the article on 'The Woman in Business,' by Sol Wollock. He's an authority in the business world."

"Here's a picture of Donald Wiltsee," said Scott. "He and Persinger, Rankin, and Stiff and I surely did have a time the first few weeks we were at V. P. I. Stiff left before finishing his first year there, as he wanted to start into business. You know he was expecting to need a bank account soon."

"Is there a picture of Charleen Moir in there?" asked Dr. Bolling. "She and 'Bob' Hoge, E'len Durrett and Winifred Burke, and Helen Thomas used to go to all the V. P. I. dances. Now that they are married, they chaperone and believe me, they have just as good a time as these young babies that go up there now."

"What become of Frances Luck and Anne Terrell?" inquired Botts, who had been out in the pantry with his wife, struggling with a refractory ice cream churn and had just re-entered the room.

"They're both married now and live in that new suburb, opened by Guy Wright and Wilbur Kutz," replied Ruth.

"Where is the new suburb?" asked Dr. Musser, who had been entertaining himse'f with a copy of Dr. Holt's 'Care of the Child,' which he had found on the table.

"Oh, it's out beyond Raleigh Court, where they once thought of building the new high school," replied Scott.

"This is a good picture of Charlotte Milcy," remarked Ruth. "She's in New York now. Has her own studio and draws the best looking covers for magazines."

"Eva Drabble, Vivian Owen, and Marjorie Worrell also have studios there," added Botts.

"And here's McHugh," said Dr. Bolling. "He's the new president of the Second National Bank. Kidd and Claterbaugh were promoted to Vice President and Cashier, when he was elected. Lois Childress and Pauline Chapman are stenographers there. I saw them this morning, when I dropped in to congratulate Dodd. Laura Jennings is his private secretary."

"Here's Bob Pilcher," exclaimed Dr. Musser. "He used to come to my church in Norfolk, when he was on that big job of draining the Dismal Swamp. Everybody laughed at him for undertaking that job, but he had courage and nerve to put it through."

"Yes, and it took some nerve to do it," said Dr. Bolling. "[I didn't believe he would come out of it alive, and now where once the swamp was, are many wonderful farms and happy homes."

"Why yes," exclaimed Ruth, "Junia Bostwick, Ruby Lemon, Mae Sours, and Isabella Robertson a'll live down there. Their husbands raise peanuts and have the most marvelous crops, I ever saw. They have a standing order from Annie Mosher for twelve hundred pounds a month. You know Annie's

making just oodles of money, salting these and selling them to Kress and Woodworth."

"Dr. Frances Stringfellow opened a hospital down there in the ex-swamp," gloated Dr. Bolling, "and had Katherine Pearman, Ode'l Davis, and Melba Kutz as nurses, but they tell me she hasn't had six patients. They got every known treatment for malaria and typhoid, but the diseases didn't appear."

"You never would know this was a picture of Bill Saunders," said Botts. "He played 'Hamlet' here last week at the Academy and Marjorie Brower as Ophelia was a wonderful success."

"Sure, I remember her as Ophelia in high school," said Ruth. "She always could sing, and that mad song of her's made me weep."

"Well," said Scott, "I know it is a long way from Shakespeare to stock, but believe me, that was a peach of a show 'The Roy E. Nash Co.' gave last week. That little leading lady, Cordelia Carlisle, is great. Eugene Ferguson took the comedy part as a red-haired, freckle-faced, bashful school boy and he brought down the house! Katie Key and Mary Draper were also fine in their parts and, believe me, Mildred Calhoun can surely dance. There is nothing that rests me like a good, stock show after my classes. I must get away from college atmosphere sometime."

"By the way," continued Scott, "who should arrive at college today but Rebekah Lyons, she asked to see me and visited several of my English classes. She is sent out by the government to interest girls in civil service positions. She was so charming in her manner and made such a stirring talk that all the young ladies want to qualify for government work. Rebekah whispered to me, as she was about to leave, that she had just placed Sallie Shipman and Elsie Proffitt in excellent positions."

"I saw Estelle Garland the other day," said Ruth, "and she had on the best looking dress, I have seen this spring. It was one of her wedding dresses and she had it on at a shower given by Leona Kulp and Ruth Howard. I hear her trousseau was designed by 'Hurst and Strudwick.' Their dresses are certainly dreams. Clarice Johnson and Clara Thomas are models for 'Hurst and Strudwick,' I hear and are true sensations of Fifth Avenue."

"Oh dress, dress," sneered Botts, "get two women together and all you hear is dress. Say Bolling did you see that good looking spring overcoat Bob McClannahan had on at the director's meeting yesterday? He got it from 'Saunders-Flannagan Co.' I bet he paid a pretty price for it."

"I was called to the Y. W. C. A. this morning to see a patient," said Dr. Bolling "and saw Martha Duerson for the first time since she has been made secretary here. She tells me Virginia Shaffer is her housekeeper and Jessie Kincannon is in charge of physical training. Inez Board and Rosa Heinez are missionaries in China, supported by this local association. They have been sent out since Martha took charge. She always was a hustler."

"Elizabeth Gaines and Annie Van Dorston are in charge of the Cafeteria at school and have made a wonderful success," said Ruth. "Elizabeth and I were in Van Lear's Drug Store the other day and George gave us each a box of candy."

"This is all very well talking about these old friends," gruffly interrupted Dr. Bolling, "but I want to get down to business and settle this ques-

tion given us by the school board. Keep the youngsters in school I say. They are too young to be on the street. Why when I was—”.

“When you were in high school you were on the street,” sarcastically interrupted Ruth Mason. “Now that you are old you have forgotten what you did when you were young. Now I have been with young people every since I left school and I know how they feel—.”

“Oh, here comes Mr. Jamison,” said Botts. “He’s the late member of the committee we have been waiting for. Come in Frank old boy. Late as usual.”

“Yes come in,” said Dr. Bolling. “I want to settle this question as to whether high school children shall be seen on the street during school hours or not, for I have an engagement with Beckley and Keister to buy a new car. Now how do you vote. I say no.”

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CLOUD FORMS

John Carter '23

☪ ☪

Do you like to go out on a cold winter day,
Or maybe the time is in Spring—
And study the forms of the clouds in the sky,
That the winds and the breezes bring?

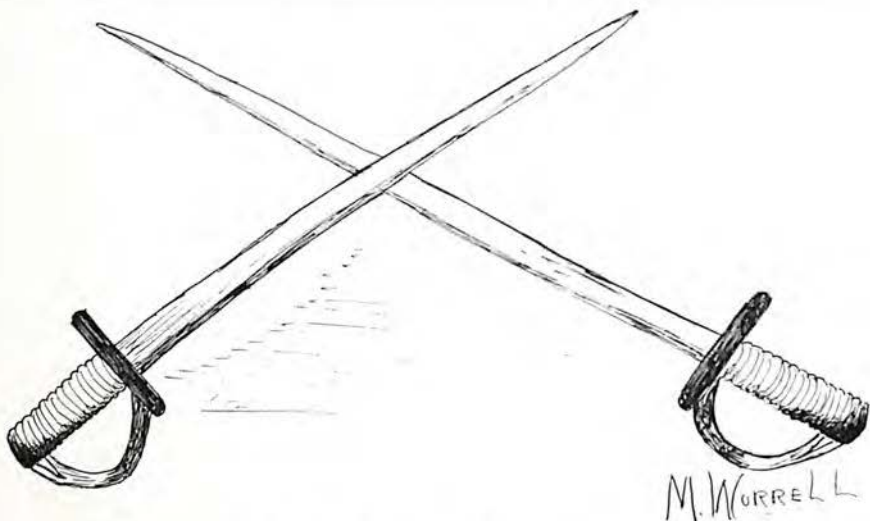
If your mind is an image maker,
It is great and glorious fun—
To go out and study the clouds in the sky,
And see what the wind has done.

There is a form for every mood,
No matter what your thought may be—
For the clouds in the sky in their different
forms,
Have surely strengthened me.

If you're tired of the trials and hardships of life,
And you long for some bigger things—
Then go out and study the clouds in the sky,
And receive the joy they bring.

Or perhaps you're a person who's baffled,
By the actions of sweetheart or friend—
But go out and consult the clouds in the sky,
And your miseries will surely end.

So whatever your trouble may be dear friend,
Bear this in mind today—
Go out and consult the clouds in the sky,
They will surely brighten your way.



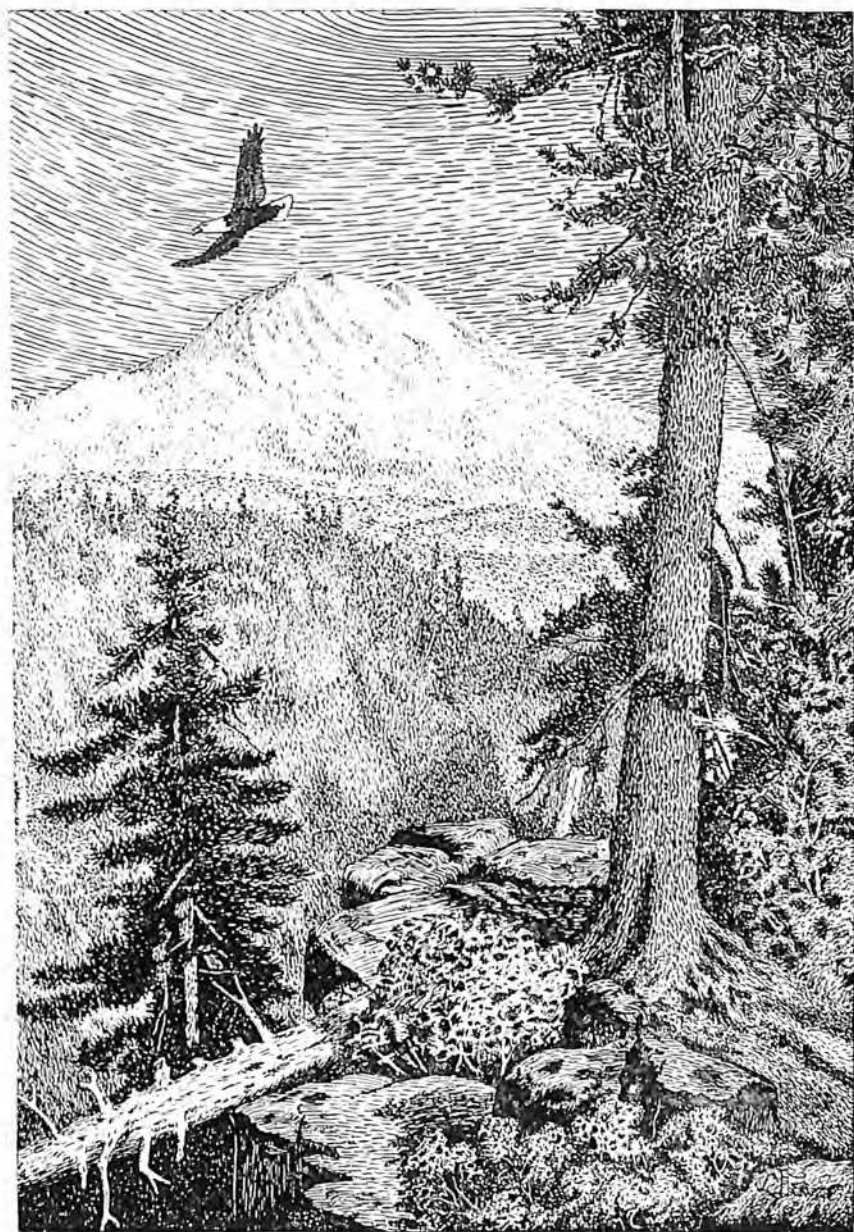
Points of Honor

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We take this means not only to give credit to those who have held honorable positions while in High School, but also to show our appreciation of their work. To hold positions for which credit is given, means a sacrifice of time and of energy and we feel that this page in our magazine is well used. Of course there are many others, who have done invaluable work during the four years, but who not having held active positions of credit are not named, but we wish to thank them also for what they have done. We feel it an honor to have as one of our Editors-in-chief, Miss Ruth Price, who has overstepped the limit twenty-four points of honor and has held capably positions for which credit amounts to twenty-eight points. We hope that you will consider this page carefully and take it in the true spirit.

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Points of Honor		Points of Honor	
Floyd Bolling	10	Ruth Mason	4
John Botts	4	Dodd McHugh	19
Cordelia Carlisle	1	Charlotte Miley	5
Lois Childress	3	Annie Mosher	3
Raymond Claterbaugh	2	Raymond Musser	3
Mary Draper	2	Guy Persinger	2
Martha Duerson	10	Ruth Price	24
Eugene Ferguson	4	William Richardson	5
Ejizabeth Gaines	6	Myrtle Raikie	2
Estelle Garland	1	Nevyn Rankin	3
Mary Hege	20	Felix Sanders	3
Caroline Hill	10	William Saunders	3
Harriett Hogan	3	Ralph Scott	8
Ruth Howard	1	Page Stone	14
Frances Luck	3	Donald Wiltsee	3
Rebekah Lyons	6	Sylvia Yost	2



As Others See Us In Shakespeare

15 21



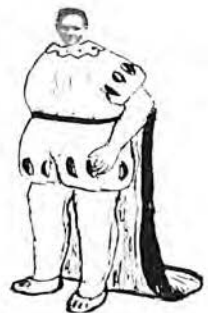
This is none other than our tragic Ruth, who with Wm. Saunders in the role of Macbeth, so stirred our dramatic senses that we trembled in fear that she might really walk in her sleep. We wired Fritz Lieber to be sure to engage her for the role this ensuing year.

Comic relief was needed—well, Annie gave it to us in her portrayal of the porter scene. She's a super-6 "Knocker" (of "Hell-gates" of course—not of Seniors.)



See the real original villain—one with genu'ne curly locks.—All the girls adore playing a "heavy" just to act opposite Alton.

His ability for reading and interpreting Shakespeare is as large as George himself. When Caroline plays opposite him, the class becomes a thousand thrills.



As Others See Us In Shakespeare

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Nevyn's usefulness does not cease when talking ceases. Those who saw him act the clown in Hamlet were convinced of this. They say that a donkey has an ear for music, but hasn't a good voice. Such is not the case with Nevyne—he has both!

Here's one who missed her vocation. We forgive her, however, for she really brings many joyful moments into our lives. But think of the millions who have not the benefit of these "joyful moments."



"Oh, coz, coz, coz; my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love!" Caroline Rosalind—Rosalind, Caroline. In faith it's hard to tell which is which. Surely the lady was, is in love.

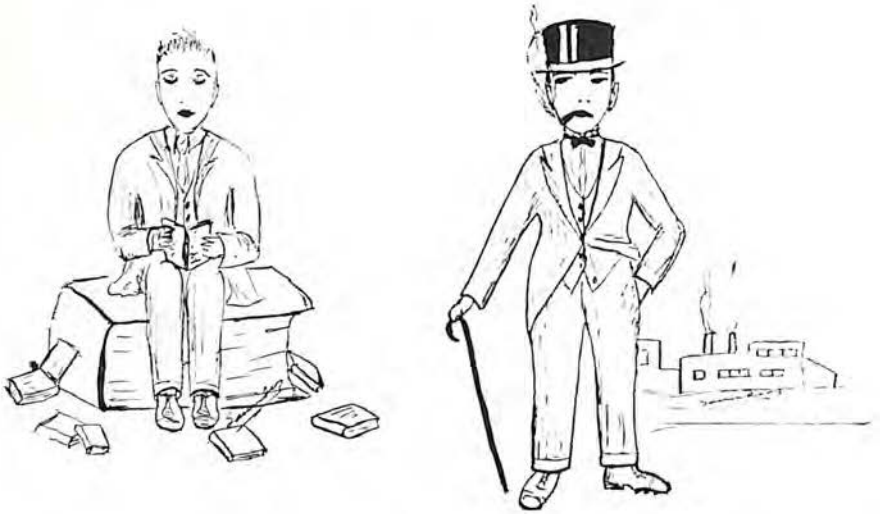
Indeed, John can sing. Were he to sing "The Rosary," we would weep—and were he to sing the forester's song in "As You Like It," we would weep once more (from laughter, however.)



As Others See Us

(62)

Oh, but we Seniors are a jolly bunch, proud, did you say? Well, may be, but any way each one of us has some peculiar characteristic, whether good or bad of which we are either proud or ashamed. As we walk up Senior aisle we wonder what they, our under-c'assmen think and say as they see us go by. Here from the point of view of our under-classmen, let us see what they think and say.



Here he comes! "Who?" Yonder walking encyclopedia, "Scott?" "Sure!" He walks up almost to the front and sits down, smoothing back his long hair. Suddenly he jumps. "Why?" you ask. Oh, yes, he has received a punch on the back. "Lend me your English," says a voice in the rear. "Let's see your French," murmurs one on the left. "Explain our Geometry", whispers a voice in front. Thus is he greeted upon his arrival. The imparting of knowledge to those bumpsies, the rest of the Seniors is his chief characteristic. In his mind is stowed up all that has gone before, which they have forgotten, and all which they have now, which they have never learned. Being exceedingly studious, he has made a matchless record, unmatched in present or past. All hail! "Professor" Scott.

Thud, thud some one else's feet advancing. Does he study? Well not much, just enough to pass. Up Senior row he comes, his head high in the air, his huge lower extremities encased in a pair of hob-nails. This is peculiar of him though not characteristic. To him, we lower classmen look as to a business manager, a business king of the future. "Who?" None other than Dodd McHugh.

On a light fantastic toe she comes not a one hundred per cent student, nor a proud possessor like Dodd, but just an all-around scholar. A Freshman raises his head, "There goes Editor Price," he murmurs, "Not so," says a Soph, that's President Price of M. W. L. S. "Nix", chirps a third, "there goes the student government committee." Truly this is Ruth all over, an all-around busy Senior. Her chief characteristic is her interest in school affairs, of which her many officers give proof.



A fine looking chap is this brunette with that exquisitely pretty lock of hair, that suit with those razor edge trousers and that nature, so deeply endowed with foolish conversation which flows unceasingly to the fairer sex. Who's our beauty? Well, let the Kidd in his lonely moments look in a mirror and the beauty will appear.

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"Would that I could play like that jazz boy!" we envious jea'ous inferiors remark as daily Billie makes our piano pour forth familiar jazz. "My doesn't he like the girls? or is it that all the girls are crazy about him? we ponder as at 8:20 sharp Billie is gently led by some feminine hand to the piano and instructed to make some jazz. Thus Billie seems to us as he plays or occasionally, as opportunity, affords dances to some one else's jazz. Outwardly as others see him, Billie is all music and fun, but we bear at least, that he has a more serious nature inwardly.



"That's Mary Hege, that senior authoress, the underclassmen think when they see Mary. Yes that's she. Writing is characteristic of Mary, one would say in picking up the three previous issues of the "Acorn" and scanning their short stories. From her stories we conclude that Mary is rather humorous and enjoys a good laugh, especially in the Study Hall. Whenever Mary appears there is a chorus of greetings for Mary is so popular with those egotistical Seniors as well as with us.

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Ray! Ray! Ra! Ra! "Oh!" 'tis Page Stone cheering. "Oh, she's our model," an envious Soph says. In athletics she is our—well let's say best in basket ball and cheering enthusiasm is her characteristic. While playing, cheering or studying she's the same huge Stone. She passes before us down Senior Row and is seen no more.



Chapel exercises are on, a time better known as the three to a seat period. To our amazement we behold only two on a seat in front. Why? Well, let's see one is a small, lean chap but the other, oh, there the reason. George our 204 pound midget occupies the other two thirds of that seat. This is his characteristic, the one by which one would know that boy in a crowd.

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Again a step is heard, all eyes turn, gazing toward the door, in she steps amply rewarding the expecting beauty. "Who is this fair damsel?" "Charlotte?" "Yes, of course! Charlotte the artistic Mademois'le" In her classes she soars up on high grades, with her other school duties she is ever busy, something always demanding her time in club, or class. Aga'in a foot step, she fades away. Refreshing our eyes with a picture of loveliness, she goes, remaining in tender memories.



Last of all in our orchestra, of Seniors we hear the bass drum, Sol Willock. Ham, ham, ham, that's Sol hourly. Always ready with an appreciative roar of for his own unit, he rolls forth his loud exclamations from his mouth which resembles a large bass drum in appearance size and noise produced. At ordinary times we out-riders think he can out talk, out roar, out laugh the rest of the Senior class as a unit. In his classes in which we are, he talks about three times as much as a talkative teacher. Sol possesses a pecu'iar line which he is ever trying to hang on Mr. Fallwell, we should think, "Wait Sol, before you go, take off your glasses and shut your mouth so we can see the rest of your person," we murmurs, so he exists with a roar.

THE TOKEN

Ralph Scott



CHAPTER I

As the winter sun sank slowly behind the dark hills, its last brilliant rays shown between the bare black trees, down into the valley and through the window of a little cottage, casting a radiant glow upon the pale form of a woman, who like the sun was sinking behind the hills. Beside her bed knelt a man, holding in his strong, rough hands, her soft, thin ones. His eyes were fixed upon the emaciated face of the woman, lit up by the golden glow, but her eyes were looking out into the glorious sky, seeing more than the sunset, for lo! the veil was lifted and she caught a glimpse of the "Beyond." The man saw the glory upon her countenance and understood. He sighed; the woman seemed to awake from her trance and become once more aware of his presence.

"Jerry," she whispered, "won't you promise?"

The man hid his face in his hands and choked forth two words "I can't."

"But, Jerry dear," came again from the woman's pale lips, "You must."

Again the man was strong and with his voice full of determination he answered:

"I can, but obey the voice of duty, and it is my duty to avenge the wrong of that——"

"Oh, Jerry, don't say it?"

"That rascal. The man, who dishonors the sister of Jerry Wilton shall pay and pay dearly for it."

The harsh words pierced the heart of the fading woman upon the bed, and with unexpected strength she cried out:

"Jerry, Jerry, for my sake don't. Please, please forgive."

The light of death was in those eyes, and as the man looked into them, speech almost left him, but he managed to whisper: "I can't."

Her strength had only been momentary and she sank back quoting softly:

"Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord. Jerry vengeance is not man's part, leave that to God and forgive."

The man spoke not but sobbed on while the woman once more glanced out toward the sunset. The sun had almost disappeared, but as she gazed the sky was illumined with a light not of the sun, and she saw the land that was soon to be hers.

"Jerry, dear," she exclaimed with gladness in her voice. "I can see the angels, beckoning to me to come and, Jerry, one is saying to me, Vengeance is mine. I will repay saith the Lord." Oh, Jerry that message is for you. Won't you promise.

The man was silent. Again the woman seemed to forget as she feasted her eyes upon the glorious vision and sang softly.

"There's a land, that is fairer than day, and by faith we can see it afar, for the Father waits over the way, to prepare us a dwelling place there."

Then she turned and pointing to a cradle by the bedside, pleaded:

'Jerry for her sake, if not for mine, nor for his, promise!'

Still the man was silent, but the woman closed her eyes and with a smile sank to sleep with the sun.

The man had not promised.

CHAPTER II

It was dusk and shadows were settling down over the valley, but the flame leaping high in the big fireplace, lit up the dark little sitting-room and distinctly the face of a man, in a big rocker, seated before a cheerful fire, with his pipe in his mouth, a man is usually contented, but only a glance tells us that it is not so with this man. The features are drawn and every line in the face bespeaks agony. He looks vacantly at the fire and he seems to be thinking deeply. Now the lips are beginning to move. He is going to speak.

"At last, at last," he muttered, "the chance has come. The rascal is back and I shall see him tonight. He is to meet Harvey at the Crossroads, but he'll never get there. Tonight, tonight at eight."

Just then he was aroused from his musings by the cry of a child from the opposite side of the room. At the sound the man arose and went to stand by the side of the cradle. He spoke to the child. The child knew daddy's voice and was silent again. Then the man drew the cradle up into the warm glow near the hearth, and rocked his child to sleep singing as he did so, a simple lullaby. In the father's eyes there shone love and admiration, almost adoration, while the eyes of the motherless babe bespoke contentment. Soon the little eyes were closed and the babe was off to dreamland.

Then the man looked at the clock, it was seven thirty. He must get ready.

He pulled baby's blanket closer around her, imprinting a kiss on the soft little cheek as he did this. He put some more wood on the fire, crossed the room to the old bureau and searched hurriedly in one of the drawers. His hand touched cold steel and he knew he had found the object of his search. He took the revolver from its hiding place and put it in his pocket. There was no delay. He knew it was loaded. So taking a last look to see that the child was alright, he went out on his mission.

The moon was just coming up and the heavens looked beautiful, with its shafts of mellow light. As he gazed upward into the airy lightness of the clouds, he thought of her, who had departed, but his mind was too full of bitter that's to harbor those tender memories, so she was forgotten for the time.

The walk from his own little home to the old home place of the Cary's which had been deserted until the recent return of young Lewis was short, and with the briskness which the cool night air promoted Jerry Wilton soon accomplished it.

There was a light in an upstairs window. Lewis was evidently dressing for his appointment at the crossroads. Jerry took his station at the corner of the house, where he might tell what was going on within the house, and yet command a view of the front entrance. He had been there only a few minutes when he could tell that someone was bringing the light downstairs. Lewis was alone. He had made sure of that. He must be getting ready to

leave. It was time to prepare, so that when the rascal came out from the door——

He reached in his pocket for the revolver. Something white came out with it and fell on the ground at his feet. He stooped and picked it up. It was a baby's sock, evidently taken from the drawer with the pistol. His mind wondered back to a little sitting room where a lovely little vision of a woman rocked to and fro singing:

One tiny blue shoe for me."

One tiny blue shoe for me."

The man wiped a tear from his eye with the sock, put the revolver in his pocket and turned away. Just then he heard a door open and foot steps sounding on the walk, but he did not look back, for he was bound for a little cottage where a baby slept in front of the fire.

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THE PASSING OF YOUTH

Frances Luck

Ⓜ Ⓜ

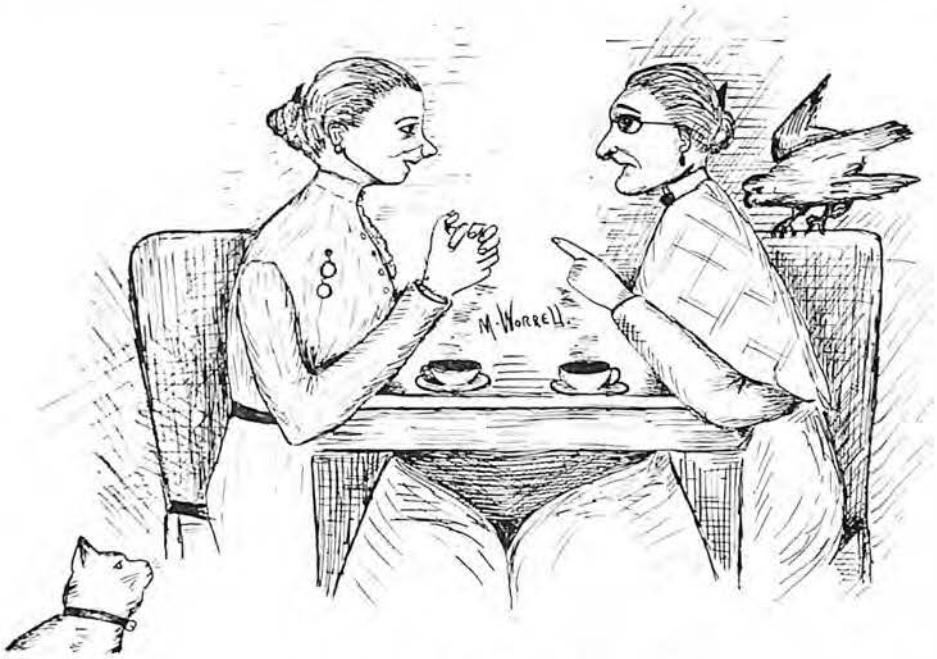
'Tis the dawning of the day,
Like youth upon its way;
With a mist all about,
For the future is but doubt—
Rising from the cloud of life
Into the day's toil and strife,
Youth and morning go,

'Tis the noon time of the day,
Youth has gone on its way;
Far from the clouds and mists,
On the road which winds and twists,
Launched far in life's billowy sea,
In which youth can never be,
For youth died long ago,

'Tis the twilight of the day,
And age is on it's way;
Quiet and content, severe in mind,
Safe in the harbor from life's stormy wind;
In the dusk of the fast coming night,
In life's last flickering twilight,
Age and evening go,

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Ma—"Why didn't you wash your ears?" Johnny—"You only told me to wash my face, and I didn't know whether my ears belonged to my face or my neck."



Exchange

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The exchange editor is very glad to welcome several new additions to the list, among them:

"The Quill", Henderson, Ky., is an excellent example of what a High School magazine ought to be. In the "Poet's Corner", a poem entitled "Nature's Heart," is exceptionally praiseworthy. The poet has been able to put into words the beautiful unexpressable thoughts that lie in each and every heart in the spring of the year.

"The Bumble Bee", Charlottesville, Va., is interesting from cover to cover, but it lacks drawings and cartoons. Among the stories the one entitled "Where Was Her Husband?" is the best, although the title is not the best that could have been given it.

The tone of "The Elevator," from Conemaugh, Pa., is very good, but the stories need more depth of thought. They are too superficial and light.

Another interesting exchange "The Comet", comes from Danville, Va. The athletic notes are well written and the jokes are amusing. The exchange department is above the average.

We are glad to again welcome these old friends of ours, for every one knows that old friends are the best friends:

"The Roman," Rome, Ga.

"Tahoma," Tachoma, Wash.

"Review", Washington, D. C.

"The Breeze," Pleasantville, N. J.

"Searchlight," Portsmouth, O.

"The Comet," Milwaukee, Wis.

"The Beacon," Newport News, Va.

"The High School Recorder," Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

"The Mirror," Birmingham, Ala.

"High Notes," Redlands, Cal.

Criticisms of the "Acorn":

"The Acorn" Jefferson High School, Roanoke. A fine magazine and splendid athletic news, but why doesn't Roanoke print a monthly magazine? It has the material to do it.—"Beacon."

"The Acorn", Jefferson High School, Roanoke, Va. We admire the cover and the material of the "Acorn". Your literary department is far above the average.—"Comet."

We wish to commend especially "The Acorn," of Jefferson High, Roanoke, Va.—"The Comet," West Division High, Milwaukee, Wis., "The Virginian", of Maury High, Norfolk, Va., and the "L. H. S. Review," of Lowell, Mass. These four publications all in magazine form may easily be placed in the exclusive class. They are complete in every detail and time is not considered in their preparation.—"The Comet."

"The Acorn," Roanoke, Va., congratulations staff, faculty, and students, for your first attempt in publishing a paper. You certainly have a fine supply of material. You have arranged it well, and your magazine shows the result of long and hard effort. It certainly serves its purpose of "reflecting school life in every phase." Keep it up. We are glad to welcome you to our exchange department.—"Recorder," Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

We thank the magazines that have commented on our paper and we hope the criticisms which we have sent will be as well received as the ones that come to us.

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Teacher—"Where are the Islands of Hawaii?" Pupil—(Just waking up) "What?" Teacher—"Hawaii!" Pupil—"Just fine, thank you!"—Ex.

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Dad—"Who did you take home in my car last night?" Son—"Bill." Dad—"Well, tell him he left one ear ring and his powder puff in the seat."—Ex.

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Miss Carlisle (in Bible class)—"Why was the giant Goliath very much astonished when David hit him with a stone?" Pupil—"Because such a thing had never entered his head before."

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Circus Man (to farmer)—"Did you see an elephant around here?" Farmer—"Naw, but I saw an India rubber cow eating my cabbage, with his tail consarn it!"

☪ ☪ ☪ ☪ ☪ ☪

Teacher—"They say that music soothes the savage." Musser—"Let's start up some music every assembly period!"

A REVIEW OF THE ACORN BY AN ALUMNUS '11

F. M. Lemon.

(6 0)

After having reviewed carefully the first three issues of *The Acorn*, I can unreservedly say that the magazine far surpasses any high school publication that has come under my observation for investigation. The staff is to be congratulated upon the task so well performed and the product shows very meticulous care in its compilation.

In the December issue, *Autumn* by Caroline M. Payne shows a touch of that poetic strain and philosophy which only the great masters have been able to vision. While there are some lines that might be improved greatly, such as:

"And a bird his night song begun."

yet such deficiencies are far outshaded by such excellent lines as the charm of the last stanza.

"Softly I stole from the forest,
Awed by the grandeur there,
For God in his greatness and wisdom,
Has entrusted his art to our care."

The reviewer must admit that he was unable to appreciate *The Grab-Bag Favors* or the various attempts at "occasional verse" tinged with local color. Possibly the best of the local intonations was *Present Arms* by Raymond Musser. But he seems capable of much better stuff! *The Triumph of the Ugly Duckling* by Sallie Shipman appealed to the reviewer as the best short story in motivation, simplicity and plot, the dialogue being possibly the poorest feature.

The special sections devoted to the various school activities were especially good. The purpose of the magazine, "to reflect school life in every phase," is well carried out. The reviewer was especially interested in the work of the Jeffersonian Literary Society, for he was one of the founders of that organization in 1908. The athletic records also are worthy of note.

The section devoted to the Dramatic Club was looked for in vain. Is it possible that an institution with the number of students of the Jefferson High School has no Dramatic Club? By all means one should be started.

As to the February issue the reviewer dipped into several "purple patches" of beauty and excellence. The story entitled "From the Sea" held the attention of the reader. It was exceedingly well written and showed a knowledge of plot structure. The last line reached a literary height almost comparable with O. Henry, or Edgar Allen Poe, "And the snow fell and the wind sighed o'er the little home by the sea." Frances Luck should be encouraged in literary endeavor.

"The time and Tide Wait for No Man", by Felix Sanders was an excellent example of the familiar essay type. "Acorn to Oak," by Stuart Richardson brought a touch of the folk lore lyric that was indeed refreshing. "The Acorn", by J. Phillips Coleman and "When the Bell Rings", by Robert Loebel, showed lack of vision. They could have been improved considerably. The editorial, "Saving," was especially strong and showed a very vigorous

editorial policy. In this article the editor asserted his own opinion and his own individuality in a commendable way. "Through the Transom", by Katharine Cannady was somewhat bombastic.

As the reviewer opened the March issue of *The Acorn*, he expected to find some very hard March winds blowing, but he was agreeably surprised to find, instead of such chaotic destruction, the beautiful coloring and the fragrance of a verdant and vigorous literary Spring.

"The Easter Message," by Ralph Scott breathed forth a spirit of the Christ-like message of good will to men on a glorious Easter Sunday. But the medium of expression is rather the involved classical style and not that of the Anglo-Saxon purist. "His First Long Pants," by Howard Avery should have been entitled "Those Terrible Eyes." Rather should the meter have followed the Poe style instead of the Charge of the Light Brigade. There is a touch of James Whitcombe Riley in the production which is indeed promising. The Coach's Story by Sol Wollock is the best short story that has yet appeared in *The Acorn*.

The fragment, "Chewing Gum—As Seen by one of Good Taste," by Robert Loebel seems promising material in the way of ability for an "Easy Chair" section of *The Acorn*. Why not run some such humorous feature with the title "The Tip of the Acorn," "The Crown of the Acorn", or "Acorn Food," or is such a feature too ambitious for a High School Magazine?

"A Cure for Heart Trouble", by Ray Staley is somewhat bizarre in its effort. "The Slacker," by John Carter shows a trace of the Holmes humor. "Springtime", by Raymond Musser showed the ability of the young poet to much better advantage than his attempt at the poetic note in an earlier issue. It shows an understanding and sympathy with Nature not attained in any other poem as presented in *The Acorn* in the first three issues.

The reviewer was rewarded in the March number as to dramatic development. There was a somewhat bluster about the whole effort, still progress was clearly attained. "A Fifty-fifty Romance," by Ralph Scott showed considerable dramatic ability and the "Ye True Tragedie of Ye English Claffe", presented the dramatic instinct. Why should this dramatic spirit not be cultivated and a dramatic club to do some constructive work be formed next year?

A development of the fine arts is needed at Roanoke High—I use that title, for Jefferson High sounds rather out of tune with the spirit of Roanoke City. Why did they change the name at all? What name is more euphonious and rhythmical than Roanoke High? The old alumni loved that name and it meant something distinctive to them. But times change, and the old must give way to the new.

The reviewer must pause to comment upon the very decided stand in the editorial. "A New High School". It is a logical piece of exposition that is both timely and needy. It expresses the attitude of the alumni as well as that of the present student body. The mongrel monstrosity on Church Avenue is both a burning disgrace to so splendid a city as Roanoke and is a travesty to the fair heritage of the ideals of educational work under the name of Jefferson.

One cannot pass the reviewing criticism without remarking that the drawings, illustrations and cartoons enliven the pages of *The Acorn* consid-

erably. They add life and vitality to the magazine. The reviewer can almost imagine that he is but a high school boy once more, going from the Principal's office, up the stairs, past the library and approaching the study hall with fear and trembling lest Miss Board approaches with an amused smile and says: "Why can't you get to the study hall on time without making so much noise?"

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THE YOUNG MAN OF TODAY

A Sketch by Jack Moss.

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It was one of those glorious days in spring, when all nature seems to smile I could hear Buster coming up the walk whistling for all he was worth. I knew it was Buster because no one else can whistle as he can, and today he was at his best. He came in the front door of our exclusive boarding house, exclusive because we were the only boarders and roomers. He yelled at James, who was the handy man, and I could see James smile that broad, good natured smile of his which he usually wore when Mr. Buster was around. Buster started upstairs bounding over two steps at a time, and now humming a tune to himself. He broke into our room, and immediately threw the roll of papers he was carrying at me, saying:

"Don't look so dead, have you lost your last friend?"

He did not even wait for my reply, but went over to the dresser, and started throwing his clothes right and left, which was a habit with him, and formed a habit with me of picking them up and putting them where they belonged. He was singing now something about a "Love Nest," and I came to the conclusion that he must be at the height of one of his numerous love affairs.

When he was finally wrapped in his bath robe and headed for his bath, I asked him: "Who is it now?"

Then he came over and sat on the bed and began telling me all about her. It was the same old line—he had met her a week ago at a dance—and had seen her several times since—and now the reason for all his good humor and excitement was—she was to let him take her to dinner tonight, and to the Country Club dance afterwards.

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Within the forest's gloomy shade,
These tender violets pierced the sod
Heralds of the joyous spring,
"The birds are coming," you see them nod.

O, little cousins, fluttering, blue—
I mourn not for old winter's death,
But visions fair of summer joys
Return to me with your sweet breath.

Stewart Richardson.

THE THIEF



Somebody was stealing books from the various class rooms. Within the last six weeks at least a dozen books had disappeared from the desks of pupils, not to mention paper, tablets and pencils. The strangest part of it all however, was the fact that the stolen articles were taken during the time school was in session—in broad daylight—yet nobody knew who the culprit was or the exact time, when he committed his depredations. The entire school—pupils, teachers and principal were aroused and many were the threats made against the unknown thief but he was never caught, and every week somebody would report his geography, history, speller, or ink bottle missing until the pupils were forced to carry their books with them all day long, if they did not want to lose them.

I did not consider myself possessed of any unusual detective talents, but I made up my mind one day when my geography was not where I had last put it, that I would discover the person who was responsible for these mysterious thefts and bring him to the bar of justice. At that time I was but fourteen years old and an eighth grade pupil in Willowdale's only grammar school, but the fact that I would have to find which one of three hundred school children was the culprit, did not daunt me in the least. I told no one of my plans, not even my best pal, for he would be the first to scoff at me. The idea that I, Theodore Martin, was a detective or had aspirations to be one, would have convulsed him with laughter, for a more undetective-like person than I am could not be imagined. I am short and fat with a red head and a freckled face and whoever heard of a detective with freckles? So I had ample reason to conduct my investigation (if such there may be called.) without anybody being aware of the fact.

There was only one time during the whole school day, I decided that the thief could work in, and that was during our assembly exercises in the auditorium. In the morning the thief could not get in because the doors were not unlocked until ten minutes before the first bell rang, and the playground was filled with children, who would have immediately seen a stranger if he attempted to sneak in. This reason also held good for recess time and dinner time, and after school the doors were again locked by the janitor, so as I have said, the miscreant could only enter the building during assembly period, when the playground was empty and the halls and classrooms were deserted, for every pupil was required to attend the morning exercises in our big assembly hall. Furthermore, I had decided that it was an outsider who stole our books for none of the pupils needed any school books. They all had their own books and had no reason for appropriating those of somebody else.

My really remarkable deductions served only to make me the more anxious to discover the wretch who had stolen our books, so I seized the very first opportunity that presented itself and one fine morning I sneaked out of the assembly hall without anyone being the wiser and went to the lower floor to catch the thief if I could see him. On my tip toes, I crept along the hall. I looked into every room, peeked around every corner and peered out through the windows to see if anyone was coming towards the building.

The assembly period was now up and I had to go back to my class-

room with nothing to show for my pains. This did not daunt me, however, and next morning I again continued to slip out of the auditorium during assembly period and again patrolled the lower hall, for I knew that the trespasser, whoever he might be, would have to enter by one or the other of three doors and naturally they were all on the first floor of our three story building. The assembly hall I might incidentally say was on the second floor, but that is of little account.

The hall and classrooms were deserted. Every living soul was upstairs. I slipped silently down the long corridor, looking in every room as I went by. I had looked in all but two of the classrooms and was just about decided that I would do best to go back to the assembly hall before my absence would be detected, when I caught a glimpse of something moving in the very last room at the extreme end of the hall. My heart went pit-a-pat! I was tingling all over with excitement! Was not this the moment for which I had so long prepared? At last my efforts would be crowned with success. No one else had ever thought of looking for the culprit during assembly period. No one had thought that he would be so bold as to commit his acts of thievery during the middle of the school day. I alone had thought of this possibility. To me would come the glory. Mine would be the praise. The whole school would resound with echoes of my deed. My fame would be eternally recorded in the annals of Willowdale.

With such thoughts as these coursing through my head, I silently crept to the door of that room and cautiously looked in. There standing in the middle of the floor was a girl. She had three books under her arm and was just taking a fourth from one of the desks. She had her back turned towards me but I immediately recognized her as the daughter of a widow woman, Mrs. Warner, who earned her living taking in washing. I was dumfounded with amazement to see Mary Warner there. To think that it was she who had been the thief! Mary, though, she was of about my age, did not go to school. She lived with her mother and an invalid brother near the edge of Willowdale and tended house while her mother worked.

An involuntary movement on my part caused her to look around. When she saw me she gave a little scream and looked about her for some way of escape. There was only the door however and I completely blocked that exit. She saw that she was trapped and stood still, waiting for me to take the next step.

"Why are you here?" I asked and advanced into the room.

At this she dropped the books she was holding and sank down on one of the benches.

"Don't you know that this is stealing?" I said.

She started to cry as if her heart would break. She soon checked herself however, and between her sobs told me why she had taken the school books. Her brother could not go to school, because he was an invalid. Yet he wanted to learn. Mrs. Warner could not afford to buy books for him so Mary had resolved to take some from the school.

During the time she was telling me this, I wondered what to do. Should I tell the principal? Should I let the whole school know who it was that had committed these petty thefts and brand the girl as a thief for the rest of her life? I knew that she was telling me the truth, yet the truth did not

excuse the crime. Still if I gave her away, her mother might never again get work from the people of Willowdale, and the Warner's might starve. As I was debating this question with myself, the bell rang. No time was to be lost. In a few seconds the lower hall would be filled with teachers and pupils. Acting on the spur of the moment, I took Mary by the hand, ran across the hall with her and sent her out through the back entrance. Then with a nonchalant air I sauntered down the hall to the foot of the stairs and went to my classroom.

I did not know whether I had done right or wrong, but I did know that no more books would disappear from Willowdale school. My hopes of praise and reward were vanished now. No envious glances would be cast my way. To my classmates I was only fat, freckled-faced Ted Martin. I could not boast of catching a desperate criminal, but deep down in my heart, I decided that I had done the right thing. My conscience did not trouble me and that, I felt, was worth more than all the proud glory in the world.

—Robert Loeb.

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WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

CAROLINE HILL couldn't talk
 "SHINE" MOIR refused food
 BARBARA HOGE couldn't dance
 ELSIE GENE FERGUSON couldn't play football
 RUTH PRICE weren't popular.
 CHARLOTTE MILEY was out of love
 FRANCES LUCK would forget to be dignified
 ALTON KIDD didn't vamp
 BILL RICHARDSON wasn't bashful
 MARY HEGE fell in love
 RALPH SCOTT kissed a girl
 RUTH MASON wasn't in a good humor
 TABBA REYNOLDS wasn't talking
 MILDRED CALHOUN wasn't "in an awful hurry"
 NEVIN RANKIN would take typewriting
 JOHN BOTTS forgot anything
 FLOYD BOLLING wasn't "right here"
 RAYMOND CLATTERBAUGH wasn't "dues collector"
 PAGE STONE couldn't play guard
 LENA JENNINGS wasn't "office boy"
 DODD McHUGH wasn't business manager
 THERE WASN'T any Senior Class?

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Bob H.—"Ellen, have you "Bright Eyes" in sheet music? Ellen—"No. I have it in my head."

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Teacher—"Why were you late?" Rat—"The class began before I got here."

IT'S ALL UP WITH THE CAMERA, BUT HERE WE ARE.

⑆ ⑆

The best all around
In every way,
Are Ruth and Floyd,
The whole class say.

Speaking of originality:
Hege and Felix
It's their personality.

Here's to Page
Yondee to Gene
In athletics
Always seen.

"Handsome is"—and all the rest
But Dodd and Helen suit us best.

Sol and Caroline
Can't be beat
A line they'll sling
To whomever they meet.

What Ruth says she will
She is able to do
As her equal in skill
We esteem Dodd McHugh.

Bolling and Stone
Most popular and best,
With Seniors and teachers,
And all the rest.

From soup to dessert,
They eat till they hurt,
Audrie and Sanders,
Are always alert.

Harriett and Gene
The biggest flirts,
Harriett for the trousers
Gene for the skirts.

Floyd and Martha
The types of the class,
We'll say they are,
This lad and lass.

Lois and Rolfe,
Elsie and Ray,
They beat Mutt and Jeff
In the paper today.

It's parlent tonjours
Nevyn and "Shine",
Without their tongues,
They'd fade and pine.

The laziest people
That you can find,
Are Frank and Howard,
They're always behind.

Bob and Felix,
Frances and Anne,
Separate 'em?
See if you can.

The most talented are,
Myrtle and Bill
Whatever they tackle
Succeed they will.

Musser and Mosher,
Are fountains of wit
In every class room,
They radiate it.

Do they dance: we'll say they do,
Bob Hoge and Dodd McHugh.

Donald's attractive,
In every line,
But more so still,
Is Caroline.

Ray and Winifred,
Bluff their way thru
Even better than me or you.

Louise and Bill,
They might seem shy
But I bet they can wink a "wicked
eye".

Fitzpatrick and Scott
Most studious indeed;
With knowledge and learning,
Are sure to succeed.

In a huge, big crowd,
When you part it a fraction
Wiltsee and Carlisle,
Are the center of attraction.

Sours and Van Lear,
Are awfully round
There are no fatter people
In this class found.

Sweet hearts doll as bride and
groom.



Best All Around



Most Original



Most Athletic



Best Looking





Best Line



Most Capable



Popular



Biggest Eaters





Biggest Flirts



Typical Seniors



Tallest-Shortest



Chatterbox





Laziest



Chums



Most Talented



Wittest





Best Dancers



Cutest



Biggest Bluffers



Most Bashful





Studios



Most Attractive



Fattest



Sweethearts



Alumni Department

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I

Oh where, oh, where do the Alumni go,
When they have ended their High School days?
And if you really wish to know
We shall trace out their devious ways

II

Now some to Randolph-Macon went
In ardent search of higher knowledge;
With Phil and Horace hours they spent,
Not men—but studies at the Woman's College.

III

But woeful the lot of the brave young lads
Who leads a rat's life at V. M. I.
The drilling and finning out, drive him mad,
Oh, would he were back at Roanoke High!

IV

Rah! Rah! for the fun of the gay co-ed;
It's dance and flirt—and study a bit.
At William and Mary this life is led
By a few from '20 quite keen on it.

V

We stand in awe of any who
At M. C. V., pursues a career;
Though gruesome things he has to do
Of stiff and skull he has no fear.

VI

All those who longed for a social name
At National Park realize ambitions;
They see the shows and points of fame,
Tre's snappy—no wonder—such jolly conditions!

VII

These ways you see, and many more
Are chosen by our classmates of '20;
And when we all unite as before,
Then there'll be reminiscing a'plenty!

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McHugh—"Page, are you going out for track?" P. Stone—"No." McHugh—"Why?" John Williamson—"Because the 'tracks' aren't large enough."

GRAB-BAG FAVORS—(Concluded)

(6 0)

August 4th: One might know that promises made at midnight can't be kept. Midnight is a rather dangerous hour anyway, for then impulse is stronger than reasoning. Can one be perfectly happy? I am, to the ninth degree. To skip over preliminaries, Sally is here, cute old Sally Ann Perkins, sweeter than ever before, and with just as many freckles.

Daddy and I drove over to New York yesterday afternoon for a birthday dinner (twenty-one—I!) While waiting for the order, in walked Sally with a man. There she was shamelessly breaking the "Junior Commandments," while I, in the midst of temptation, had religiously avoided the opposite sex the whole summer long, but I was awfully pleased to see her and inadvertently I made it known by tipping over one of the chairs in my anxiety to hail her.

Sally was pleased, too, for she is practically a stranger in a strange land. Even before introductions, I burst out:

"Sally Ann Perkins, you're breaking a promise!" and she didn't even comprehend. Turning to her companion she introduced him, her lawyer who was settling up her estate, and all the time I'd thought he was a man—I mean a forbidden man! During the course of the meal, I asked her plans and she told me that she was on the "lookout" for a desirable position. Right there, Daddy almost jumped from his seat and pointing his finger at her, said:

"Little lady, I have you placed right now!"

So Sally has consented to come to the post as an assistant to the Y. W. C. A. Secretary.

Last night after we'd gone to bed, Sally suddenly giggled:

"Funny thing," she said, "but while you were accusing me of promise breaking, you were the guilty one. "No communication," you know and the rest of it."

August 15th—Sally is the only thing at this camp now. Every homesick boy is at her feet, and even the older officers take on a more pleasant look when she's around. Somehow, Sally just makes one think of a sweet bungalow with roses rambling on the front porch, or a clean kitchen with fresh white curtains and red geraniums at the windows. I'm dreadfully in love with her myself, but she's sweetly impartial to "us all"!

August 16th. I am not a sleuth. The truth has been slowly dawning, and is now fully evident.

(1) One perfumed note—"Dear Sir, Am sure I would be qualified—etc," and it was the perfumery that ruined her chances.

(2) One handkerchief. Property of Mrs. Kite, used by Daddy when she fainted.

(3) One picture. Just one that belongs to one of the soldier boys. Somehow, though, I'd always rather expected Daddy to marry again, for he's so obviously the kind of a man that needs a woman, but just as I'm no detective, neither am I a match-maker.

August 24th. Sally has had a funny experience. There's a queer old man here, "Major Billy," whose fourth wife died just a short time ago, and after such repeated bad luck, everyone thought that surely he would give it

up as hopeless and retire, but here he has smilingly bobbed up again. Sally is so good to everybody that she hadn't the heart to turn down "the poor old boy." So once or twice she granted his insistent appeals to come to see her. Last night, though, she asked Daddy and me to sit in the library (it connects with the parlor.) We did, and you know, about nine-thirty, that silly old widower IV, coyly taking out his handkerchief and mopping his brow, proposed to poor, unsuspecting Sally! I thought it was dreadfully funny and laughed in spite of myself, but when I looked at Daddy, his eyes had turned the queerest color and his face was quite red. For the first time in my life, I saw him really and truly mad! I can't understand yet why he should have been so infuriated, but he strode into the parlor, and gruffly ordered the startled and gruff old Major to "travel." Sally and I burst into laughter, but Daddy quickly left the room, slamming the door behind him.

November 21st. Summer has turned into a most bleak and disagreeable fall, the coldest in years, since I last wrote in here, but the cold has been only without of doors. We have hung the new fall chintz's, and are using the deep cushiony chairs in preference to the wicker and rustic furniture. Sally is a marvel at such things. Our cottage has been completely transformed from just a house to the coziest and most attractive of homes. Also we have turned into a regular reception committee for the officers. They all match for the cozy corners, and I often wonder if they don't privately match for Sally.

December 22nd. Today I went with Sally to one of the homes in a poor district outside of the post, and what I saw was a revelation to me. I never realized that people could even exist in such miserable circumstances. This family of seven lived in two rooms, the bedroom, the kitchen and the dining room being in one. Three of the family were sick, and the sight was repulsive to me, but Sally spoke so sympathizingly to the sick mother (the father is dead) and after hearing her recital of woe, just naturally rolled up her sleeves and started setting things aright. As much as I dreaded it, I could not but follow her example and before we left that afternoon, we had made the house orderly and prepared a hot nourishing supper for the sick. Daddy sent the car out for us, and incidentally, a load of provisions for the family. When all was over, Sally's face was a joy to see, and I had the most satisfied feeling inside of me that I'd ever had.

Christmas Day. Presents and people have simply overflowed this house all day. I didn't know human beings could be so happy. O, the wonderful, the darling boys at this camp! Early this morning they woke us with their singing, so we got up and invited them in, and made hot chocolate and sandwiches for the whole bunch. They scattered this place with holly and mistletoe, and the tree was simply laden down. Daddy danced around like a five year old. Once he kissed Sally under the mistletoe, and both of them blushed furiously. In the afternoon, everyone went skating on the river. Two huge fires were built and marshmallows were toasted. Sally was the happiest of us all, I do believe. There was a light in her eyes and a ring to her voice that I'd never noticed before.

At night we all went to the Armory to dance. The big building had been beautifully decorated before hand by the boys and the women had prepared refreshments. Everybody was in the best of spirits, simply radiating

with Christmas cheer. The crowd broke up early because of the strenuous day, but far into the night, singing could be heard coming from the various directions of the camp.

December 26th. Early this morning a rather thinly clad but sickly little youngster came to me, and putting a soiled note in my hand said wistfully,

"Mamma said because Santa Claus was so good to us was you."

I stooped over and kissed him, candy and all, full on the lips, stuffed his pockets with "goodies," then going to my room, cried for sheer happiness.

April 15th. It's happened! It's happened! This evening Daddy and Sally went for a drive along the Riverland road. I had been left at home by myself, for they'd expected to return before dark, but at eight o'clock there were no signs of them. By eight-thirty, I was afraid that they'd had tire trouble; by nine I was sure of it. When at nine-thirty they did come in, it was with an air blissfully unconscious that they were several hours late. I looked up from my book preparatory to chiding them, but the words choked in my throat, for there were the two people I loved most in the world, walking before me shamefacedly holding each other by the hand.

They stopped at the threshold and Sally turned her face to Daddy.

"Shall I tell her, Charles?"

At his sign of assent, she turned again to me, and said as though I had not already guessed:

"Margaret, I love your father," and Daddy added:

"And I love Sally!"

Then they became totally unconscious of my presence.

May 2nd. Father and Sally were very quietly married yesterday. They are much happier than I could ever realize, and I'm glad, for they both deserve every bit of it.

May 5th. I've been having that uncomfortable feeling of "Not Wanted". Not that Sally or Daddy either have even hinted it, for both have been perfectly lovely, but intuition tells me that the idea of a trip for me would be heartily seconded by them. I shall mention it tonight.

May 25th. Who should come to see us today but Miss Pierson? For the first time in months, I realized that in just a few days Sally, Sylvia and I were scheduled to have a regular "old maid get-together" in Louisiana, but it seems that I'm the only O. M. left; for Miss P. informed us that Sylvia was in love—also engaged—with a very proper but fascinating young minister.

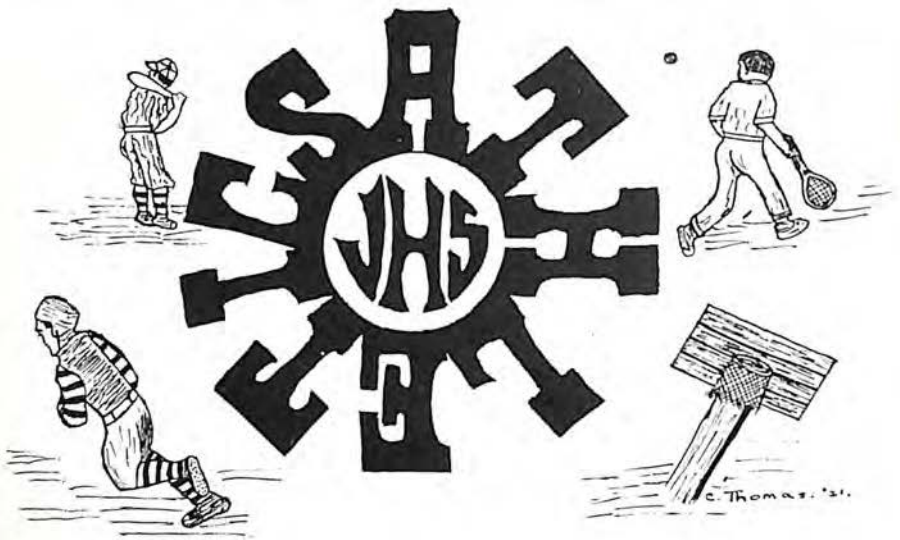
Just as I thought—the trip plan did meet with approval! With Miss Pierson as a companionable chaperone, I'm off in a few days for the parts of Europe of which poets sing. Probably there, I shall leave this old unsympathetic heart of mine in one of Switzerland's mirror lakes, and return a real human. The chances are slim—but I should worry! Three cheers for "dear, sweet old maids."

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"Matt has nerve, hasn't he?" "Well, I guess he has. The other day he asked an automobile salesman for a sample."

ॐ ॐ ॐ ॐ ॐ ॐ

Mr. Ikenbery (in Zoology)—"What is there remarkable about a bee?"
Rat—"Well ordinarily it has but little to say but generally carries its point."



ROANOKE LOSES CHAMPIONSHIP TO MAURY

⌘ ⌘

Roanoke High journeyed to Charlottesville to play Maury High for the state championship. We were handicapped by the loss of Coon, left guard, who was taken sick the day we left. Due to had train connections we arrived in Charlottesville at 8:00. The game was scheduled for 8:30.

On account of Coon being out, team work was lacking for the first half, when Maury got away with eleven points lead, which we were unable to overcome. In the second half Roanoke came back strong. Superior pass work kept Maury guessing, the entire half cutting down the lead to six points, the final score being 26 to 20 in favor of Maury.

Tooling was the outstanding star of the game for Maury, scoring 18 of the 26 points. For Roanoke, Grey and Krebs did "stellar" work.

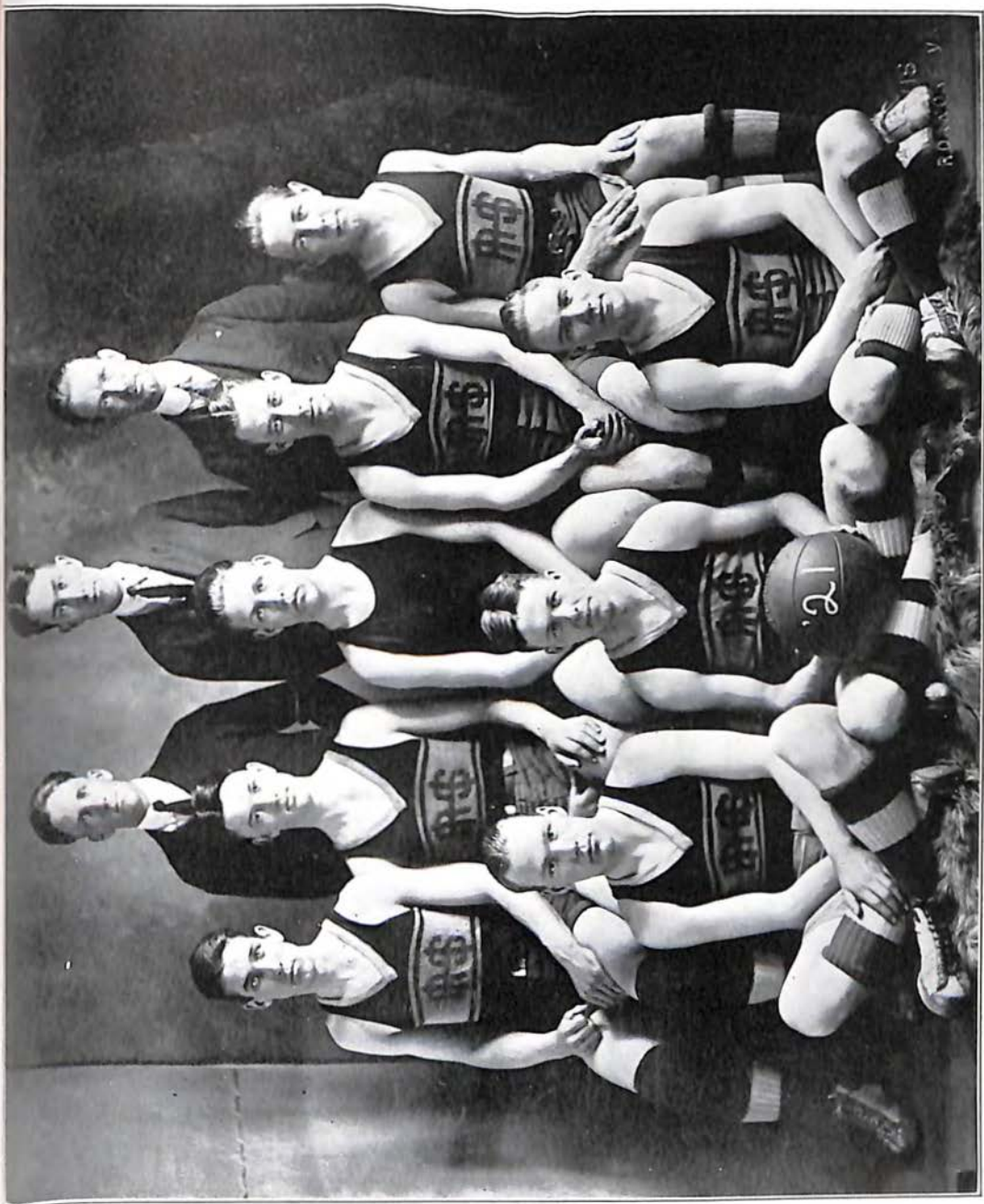
"Better luck next time Roanoke."

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LETTER MEN IN BASKET BALL

⌘ ⌘

Eades	Ferguson (Captain) (2)
Welford	Grey (2)
Coon	Miller
Kavanaugh (2)	Krebs
	Ebert (Manager)



GRAHAM DEFEATS ROANOKE GIRLS

❧ ❧

The hardest fought and most excitable game of the season for the girls' basketball team was staged in Blacksburg Saturday, March 12, in the Field House. This game was to decide the champions for the western part of the state.

From the first every one knew that only time would decide who would be the winner. Graham shot the first goal, but soon afterwards Lybrook, the forward for Roanoke, shot a goal. From that time on the game was "fast and snappy." At the end of the first ha'f, things looked pretty bright for Roanoke, the score being 10 to 8 in their favor. Up to the last ten minutes "ole" R. H. S. was in the lead, then the Graham forward shot the goal which gave them the victory. Both teams were well matched, and it was hard to tell which was the better team.

Cowan, the side center and Stone guard for Roanoke, did some "excellent playing while the forwards came up to their past rep."

Sexton, guard for Graham is considered one of the best guards in this state, and she certainly did some playing.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

LETTERS AWARDED TO GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

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Emily Lybrook (2)	Helen Thomas, (Captain)	Page Stone (2)
Jessie Kincannon		Virginia Carlton (2)
	Martha Duerson (Manager)	

❧ ❧

Record

R. H. S. -----	42	P. H. S. -----	10
R. H. S. -----	38	Fincastle -----	17
R. H. S. -----	54	M. H. S. -----	3
R. H. S. -----	22	Alumnae -----	4
R. H. S. -----	21	L. H. S. -----	18
R. H. S. -----	19	C. H. S. -----	15
R. H. S. -----	20	C. H. S. -----	13
R. H. S. -----	52	D. H. S. -----	16
R. H. S. -----	39	L. H. S. -----	15
R. H. S. -----	10	G. H. S. -----	11

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REVIEW OF ALL ATHLETICS

❧ ❧

Athletics this year has taken a big jump to the front. There has been better spirit shown throughout the school in all ways than has been for the past three years.

The faculty, as a body has taken much more interest in the doings of



"Mac" Luck, Coach; Neren; Duerson, Manager; Kincannon; Cowan; Carlton; Lybrook; Stone; Thomas, Captain.

the teams, so much in fact that several times some of them have gone on trips with us.

The student body has also been behind us this year much better than in previous years. We have had better attendance and better spirit shown at all games than heretofore. The student body also stood behind us in the selling of athletic tickets.

Better spirit, more pep, willingness to learn and many other qualities have been displayed by the candidates for the various teams.

On a whole the spirit of everybody, school faculty and city has been better than ever before, and this accounts for the teams R. H. S. has put out.

The teams of High School won the boys championship of the western half of the state in foot ball and basket ball, and the girls won the championship of this district.

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OUT IN THE DEEP

Frances Luck

Ⓢ Ⓢ

How far, how far
From them we are,
Those souls who sleep,
Sleep in the deep;
Out in the deep!
Out in the deep!

They neither hear nor see
In the depths of the sea,
Those souls who dream,
And strange does it seem,
Out in the deep!
Out in the deep!

Nor rain, nor cloud,
Nor the voice of the proud,
Could disturb their rest,
On the sea's cold breast,
Out in the deep!
Out in the deep!

Without smiles or tears
In their slumberous years,
They lie there and wait,
Until judgment and fate;
Out in the deep!
Out in the deep!

Happenings

⑩ ⑪

At last the Girls' and Boys' Basket Ball Banquet came off. Both squads gathered at the Y. W. C. A. on the 13th of April for the purpose of eating and eat they did. They had a few honored guests for the occasion. Mr. Parsons, Miss Carlisle, Miss Board, Mr. Bonnotte, Mr. "Mac" Luck, and "Coach" Falwell, being present. The supper was delightful and delightfully served. The menu was:

	Grape Fruit	
Lamb Chops		Peas
Potatoes	Tomato Salad	Rolls
Ice Cream	Coffee	Cake

After the supper there were several speeches made by the guests, the '21 captains and managers. Miss Emily Lybrook was named the '22 captain, for the basket ball. After this Miss Carlisle gave a farewell speech to those leaving the team this year and a great boost to those who will make up the next basket ball teams. Then we parted, having spent a delightful evening.

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Didn't you see the "Track Team Minstrel?" If you did there's nothing more to be said, but if you didn't there's lot to be told.

The curtains were pulled back, revealing "the circle", made up of the best male voices in the city. Too much cannot be said about the singing and especially the "end" men. Next came the Wheel Barrow act. It was well staged and well carried out. Both Cannady and Sheahan need to be told how well they carried out their song.

"On with the wedding," really it was quite a solemn occasion and was taken with deepest mourning and gnashing of teeth. After the wedding there had to be the "cake," and the cake walk.

Here they come, both fussing and neither right. Their jokes were good. They seemed perfectly natural on the stage and felt quite at home with each other. You ask who "they" are. Well none other than C. Renner and M. Tompson.

Last but not least was a country club scene composed of girls. That seems strange you say, but the boys well knowing they couldn't get on with the girls, just had to put them in, and by their singing they proved they were equal to the job set for them.

Yes some one has to have credit for working it up and so we the whole High School thank Mr. Ray MacDonald, director and William Saunders pianist, for making the boys' scenes a success. While all the credit of the girls' scene goes to Miss Hayward, director and Katy Henson, pianist.

Last Friday we had the pleasure of having the Altruistic Committee of the Thursday Morning Music Club with us, during assembly. Miss Wingfield, city supervisor of public school music, opened the program by announcing that Miss Elizabeth Wells had won the prize lately awarded for an essay on "Folk Music". She then gave a little talk on folk music, its origin and so forth, and as the truest example of American folk music, Mrs. Sidney Small, sang "From the Land of the Sky Blue Waters," and "All Thru the Night," a Welsh song. She was accompanied by Mrs. C. L. Guerrant. Next Mrs. Ernest Baldwin gave Mexican and Scandinavian piano selections. The French were represented by Mrs. J. H. Fallwell, who was made doubly welcome because of our fondness (??) for a certain bewhiskered gentleman on the faculty. She sang "Reveille vous, Belle Endormie" ("Waken From thy Slumber"), "Le Trois Capitaines", ("The Three Captains"), and "Magalie". The next number was a pleasant surprise, Negro Songs, by Miss Ruth Rhodeheaver. She sang a "Mammy Song," and two encores. Lastly Mrs. Beverly Wortham sang an Italian, and an Irish song.

At the conclusion of the program, Miss Wingfield presented Henderson's "Origin of Music", to the school library. We hope to have these ladies from the music club present another such enjoyable program.

Mac Luck then proceeded to give out girls basket ball letters. Those receiving letters were: Helen Thomas, Emily Lybrook, Jessie Kincaannon, Virginia Carlton and Page Stone.

After this, Mr. Fallwell gave out boys' letters to Kavanaugh, Coon, Ebert, Krebs, Ferguson, Miller. After several cheers, the best assembly yet, broke up.

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HIKE TO McAFEE'S

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About sixty of the most energetic students of Roanoke High decided to seek higher altitudes Easter Monday, so they left Roanoke about nine o'clock in trucks to go to McAfees. Arriving at Bennet's Spring every one tucked his lunch under his arm and started up. The top was finally reached after much pulling and pushing, puffing and blowing, and every one exclaimed "Goodness! I didn't have any idea it was so high!" "Look out you'll fall over!" "Is that Roanoke way over there?" "Isn't the country beautiful!" There came a pitiful sound from some where. "When are you going to eat? I'm about starved!"

Everybody was of the same opinion, and so the lunch boxes were opened. Really I never saw food disappear quite so fast. Even the coach did more than his share toward getting away with a lunch "the lady" had fixed. I think several kodaks were in use but how many of them were broken hasn't been revealed as yet. After lunch everyone started back down on the run. Some of the most energetic ran all the way down "Shine" Moir, it seemed almost flew down.

Upon arriving back to earth again we went to one of the cottages and danced until it was time to eat. Some of the couples who didn't dance ex-

plored all the known paths and all came back to the cottage at six for supper and then a marshmellow roast. The gang arrived home about nine, everybody tired, but each one saying "I had the best time ever."

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THE SENIOR CLASS PLAY

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We could not really close up our Happenings Department without mentioning one very important event, which is going to happen. The annual play will be given by Senior Class on the night of May 24th, at the Academy of Music. The title of the play "Green Stockings", and the play is as snappy as the title. With the aid of Miss Hayward and Mr. Bonnette of the faculty this is certain to be well interpreted, while William Richardson and Raymond Claterbaugh have been chosen to handle the financial part, which we feel they will do successfully. The cast is as follows:

Celia Faraday	-----	Ruth Price
Aunt Ida	-----	Page Stone
Phyllis Faraday	-----	Caroline Hill
Lady Trenchard nee Evelyn Faraday	-----	Martha Duerson
Mrs. Rockingham nee Madge Faraday	-----	Harriett Hogan
Colonel Smith	-----	Alton Kidd
Robert Tarver	-----	William Saunders
William Faraday	-----	George Van Lear, Jr.
Admiral Grice	-----	Robert Pilcher
Jimmy Raleigh	-----	Eugene Ferguson
Henry Steele	-----	Ralph Scott
Martin	-----	Raymond Holroyd

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A moment's contemplation
 A second's hesitation,
 A sweet oscillation.
 The feelings of sensation.
 —A kiss.

A sudden interruption.
 Without an introduction
 A sudden harsh concession
 The feelings of eruption
 —Father's boot.

Mildred Calhoun.

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The nervous bridegroom was called upon to make a speech at a wedding feast. Placing his hand upon the bride's shoulder he began—"Ladies and Gentlemen, this has been thrust upon me."—Exchange.

Clubs

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THE MARTHA WASHINGTON LITERARY SOCIETY

☪ ☪

The Martha Washington Literary Society has done the most useful work this year. It seems that the society had dropped in standard in the two or three preceding years. This year's work has been to raise this standard and make the society interesting, helpful and entertaining. We were handicapped by the illness of our very efficient critic, Mrs. Burt, but nevertheless, we have done our work well.

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THE GIRLS' CLUB

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The Girls' Club has had a very successful year. The programs featured were unusually attractive. The main attractions were as follows:

- "The Fashion Show."
- "The Vamp Trial."
- "Japanese Tea."
- "Representative from Serbia."
- "Romeo and Juliet."
- "Girls' Banquet."
- "Annual Banquet."
- "Girl Club's Hike."
- "Silver Tea."

The girls are now looking forward with pleasure to the Girls' Club Conference at Sweet Briar.

EL CIRCLO ESPANOL

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This is the first Spanish Club we have ever had in High School and it has done very well. The main object of its organization was to help the Spanish students have a better knowledge of the Spanish countries, politically, socially, and economically. From time to time during the past year we have had talks by Mr. Parsons, Mr. Viaud, Miss Hayward, and Mr. Bonnotte, in which they discussed the different South American countries, until, at the close of the term we feel that we had gained a clearer insight into the everyday life of Spanish and Latin-American countries.

Officers

Lester Engleby	-----	President
Donald Wiltsee	-----	Vice-President
Cordelia Carlisle	-----	Secretary
Thomas Gray	-----	Treasurer

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LA JEUNESSE FRANCAISE

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The school year comes to a close as all good things will, and the French Club is a success, a ripping, raring, roaring, tearing success!

We now have a total enrollment of sixty-three and have a good attendance at every meeting. Among the recent speakers, who have honored the club by their presence, are Mr. Robert McClannahan Allen, who told of his experience while in the French Army "Over There," and Doctor Pedigo, who spoke on "The Preeminence of the French People and Why."

Many of the members being Seniors will leave this year and the club gives them heartiest wishes for successful careers, for it was they who under the directions of Professor Viaud brought the club into existence. The following is a list of the officers who have served so faithfully all the year:

President	-----	Caroline Hill
Vice President	-----	Ruth Price
Secretary	-----	Ralph Scott
Assistant Secretary	-----	Tabba Reynolds
Treasurer	-----	Myrtle Raike
Chairman Program Committee	-----	Audrie Strudwick

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JEFFERSONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

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The Jeffersonian Literary Society has just passed through one of the most successful sessions in its history. The meetings have all been well attended and some splendid programs have been rendered. Its officers have been extraordinarily active and aside from several mysterious disappearances

of the constitution the goodship "Jefferson" has successfully weathered the first part of the storm of '21. May she fare ever better during the next session because the prospects for the future are very bright.

In the recent contest in Lynchburg, J. L. S.'s orator won over L. H. S., and then our reader and debaters went down in defeat. The contest as a whole, ended in a draw, due to the victory of our girl reader over that of Lynchburg. As the contest ended in a tie, we are developing some fine material and are looking forward with almost savage pleasure to the next contest between the two high schools.

The society has also decided to award letters to those passing certain qualifications and the lucky boys are very few. We feel sure that those earning them will have something to be proud of—something that will bring back memories of perhaps a badly frightened young man loudly denouncing his audience for its indifference to the "greatest question of the day" or asking the 'friends, Romans and countrymen' in the audience to kindly "lend me your ears."

Taking it as a whole the society has completed a very memorable session and we feel sure that all the officers and members are to be complimented on the fine work that they have accomplished.

Paul Johnson	-----	President
Donald Witsee	-----	Vice President
Nevin Rankin	-----	Secretary
Guy Persinger	-----	Treasurer
Lester Engleby	-----	Chairman Program Committee
Mr. Bonnette	-----	Critic

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THE BOYS' CLUB

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Officers

James Chappel	-----	President
William Richardson	-----	First Vice President
Paul Ebert	-----	Second Vice President
Henry Thomas	-----	Secretary
Floyd Bolling	-----	Treasurer
Beall Brugh	-----	Advertising Manager

Executive Committee

Stewart Richardson Curtis Bowyer Beall Brugh

The above officers with the help of Mr. McFadden, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Bonnette and Mr. Fallwe'll and the co-operation of the members have guided the Boys' Club through a very active and successful session.

Two banquets have been given both of which were grand successes.

Last Thanksgiving the Boys' Club raised money by selling drinks, peanuts, candy, etc at the V. P. I.-V. M. I. football game. Also it had charge of all selling at the auditorium at basket ball games and dances. In this man-

ner the club treasury was replenished and other enterprises were made possible.

Easter Monday a hay ride to Bennett's Springs was given by the club. Both boys and girls enjoyed this hay ride, hike, for we hiked to the top of McAfer's Knob.

Even more pleasure is planned in the form of a banquet or a hike, which is to be given at the end of the school term.

Let us end this school year wishing great success to the club for the coming year.

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CLASS ADEIU

Musser.

(Air: Jauneta)

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Gloom settles o'er us,
For 'tis time to say adeiu,
To this our High School
And to all of you.
Life here's all been pleasant
And our parting's all with pain
But we in the future
Hope to meet again.

Chorus.

Roanoke, Roanoke High School
Dear to each and every heart,
Roanoke, Roanoke High School,
Loathe are we to part.

Teachers and classmates
All who in the High School dwell,
We wish to give you,
Each a fond farewell,
Scattering to the winds
Who can tell where we shall land,
But we'll always love you
Tho d'stant be the strand.

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Sylvia Yost (seeing Cardelia Carlisle wearing the greenbow of the Girls' Club) "I wish I had a green bow." Billie Saunders—"Take me!"

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Krebs—"When I graduate, I expect to make a hundred dollars per." Kennard—"Per what." Krebs—"Perhaps."

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Mr. Turner—"You may be deaf, but you'll have a hearing tomorrow."

SOCIAL COLUMN

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On account of "The Acorn" going to press so early, so many exciting things have been left out. Here are a few dates for April and May that might interest the High School boys and girls.

April 29—The Seniors will entertain the Juniors at a masquerade party. Many attractive costumes will be worn and the pass word will be "Be a Junior or Senior Masked."

May 1—A Vesper Service will be given at the Y. W. C. A. by the High School Girls' Club.

May 4—At this time the Juniors will entertain the Seniors at a banquet and a dance afterwards.

May 12—This date perhaps will interest every one in High School as it is the beginning of our term examinations. We know every one will come prepared for the worst and will get the best.

May 24—This day the Seniors will show their talent and the class play will come off.

May 25—Day of all days! The dignified Seniors will be no longer Seniors. The Juniors who did all the work of making the graduation exercises a success will be the coming Seniors. To them we wish success.

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PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

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The curtain has fallen upon the past.
The first act of life is done,
Some have failed—sad but true.
Others have victory won.

There have been days of pleasure,
There have been days of pain.
But why think of all that's past.
The curtain has risen again.

Now 'tis the joyous present
We may do what we will,
We are the actors in this scene,
We have our wishes still.

The curtain falls not at the end of this act,
It merges into the last of all,
The future, lying open before
And then the curtain will fall.

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Teacher—"Should Harold have been king?" C. Bethel—"Surely not, he was the son of a pheasant."

T H A N K S

୧୦ ୦

As we draw near the close of school, and our last issue of the "Acorn" is published, we wish to express our appreciation of the invaluable aid, which has been given us by the Faculty and various outside persons.

First of all, in behalf of the magazine, we are indebted to Miss Carlisle and Miss Hayward, of the Faculty, who have given so much time and energy to our enterprise and have helped so much to make the "Acorn" a success. We also wish to thank Mr. Frank Lemon, who has written such a splendid article for this issue, and all other persons who have been interested in our work.

On the part of the Senior Class, we extend our most sincere thanks to Miss Hayward, Miss Carlisle, Mr. Parsons and Mr. Turner, who have stood by us through the whole year and have ever been ready to help us.

Among the other members of the Faculty, we must mention Mr. Bonnotte, who did so much to make the minstrel the splendid success, which it was, and, who is now doing so much to assist Miss Hayward, in directing the Senior Class Play.

There have been so many, who have aided the Athletics this year, that it is impossible to thank each individual, but we extend our appreciation in general to all patrons of this phase of school life.

The Parent-Teacher Association also merits and must receive our sincere gratitude for their great interest in our school, and especially for the establishment of the Cafeteria, which has added so much to our comfort and our pleasure.

And last of all, we thank the general public, for all they have done in the interest of Jefferson High.

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F A R E W E L L

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This is our last issue of the magazine of the Senior Class. We will soon be leaving High School, but among our dearest memories the "Acorn" will always have a place. We believe that our magazine has been a success and though we do not wish to appear conceited, we must say that we have received some wonderful compliments on our work and we are especially grateful for them. We had a great undertaking, which has meant much work, but it has also been a joy, and we hope that the Class of '22 will have as much pleasure in carrying on the work, which we began, and may the magazine, which is so dear to all our hearts, ever hold its place among the best school magazines of the country. EXECUTIVE STAFF OF THE YEAR '21.

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Proud Father—"So you have met my son in high school?" Soph—"Yes, we slept in the same English class."—Exchange.

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Sam—Ah done heard dat dey fine Columbus' bones. Ezra—Ah never knew dat he wuz a gamblin' man.—Exchange.

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Prof's Wife—"Do you think married men live longer?" Absent Minded Prof.—"No, it only seems longer."—Ex.

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He (poetically)—"I could hang on your very words." She—"Is my line as strong as that?"—"Panther."

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"Raining Pitchforks" is bad enough but when it comes to "Hailing Street Cars," it's pretty rough weather. Va. Reel.

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A Senior's Toast—Here's to our teachers and parents—may they never meet.—Exchange.

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Why are school teachers like Ford cars? Because they give the most service for the least money.—"Comet."

ਠ ਠ ਠ ਠ ਠ ਠ

Teacher—What is the strongest poison known? Freshie—Aviation, because one drop will kill you.—"Comet."

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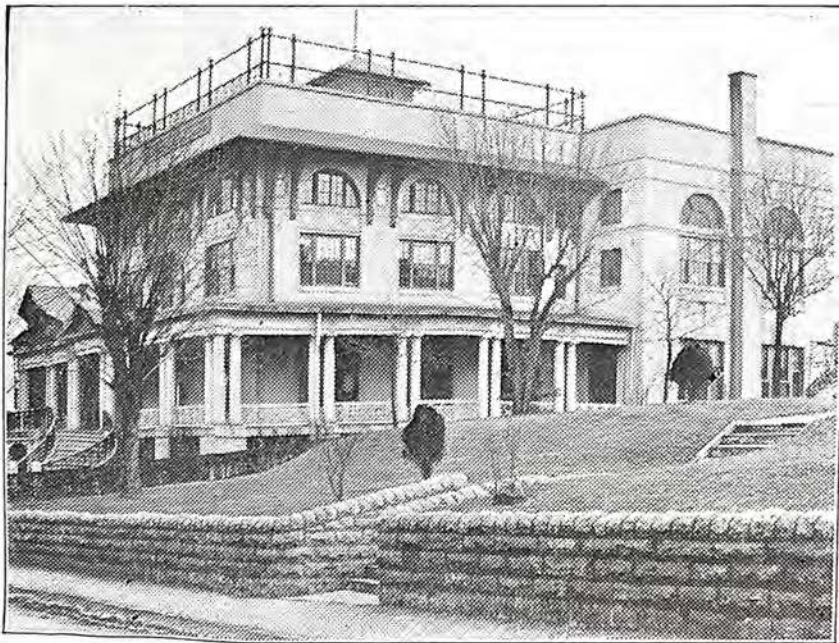
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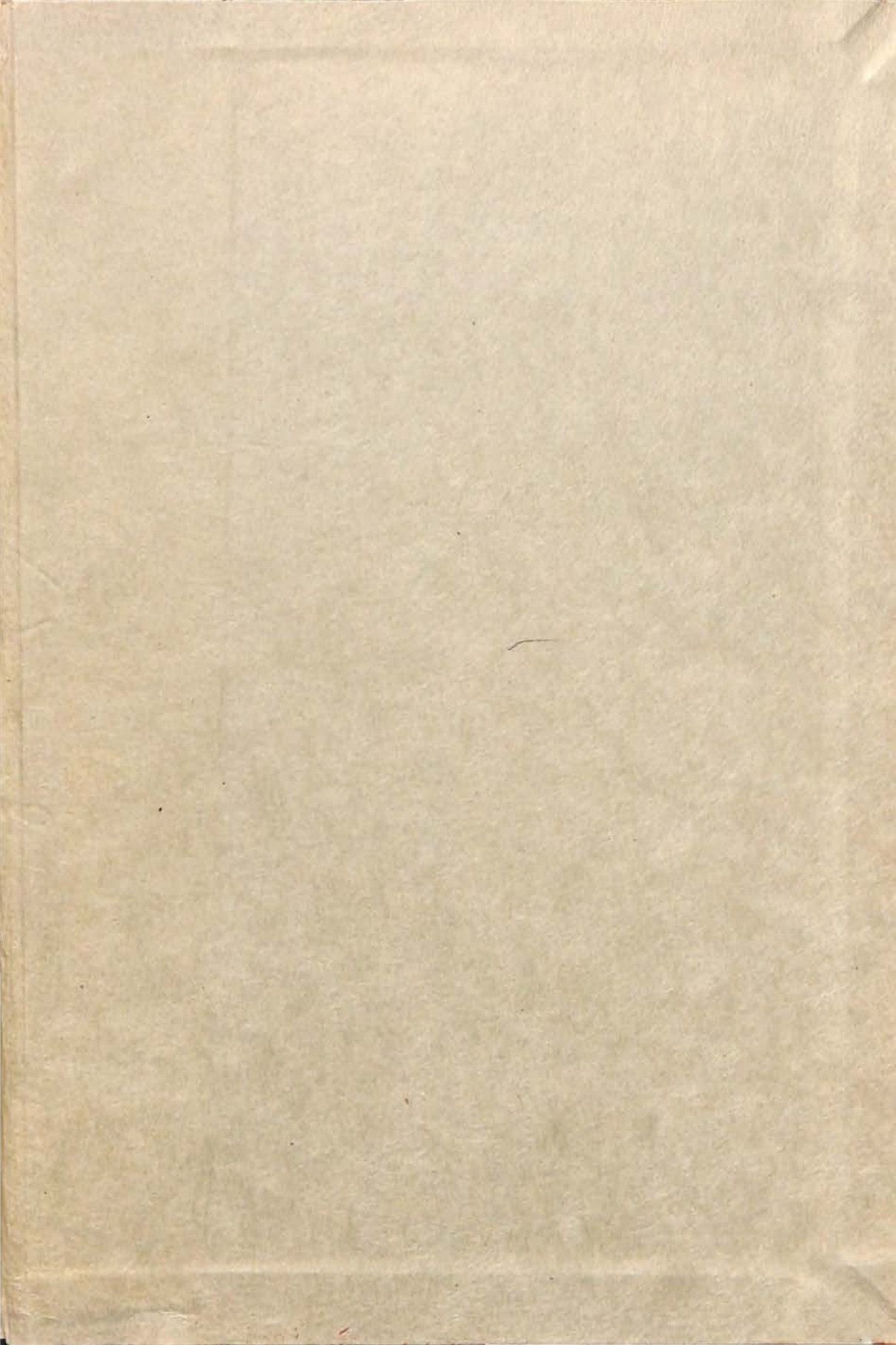
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