

# Una Oratio

1914



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# *THE ORACLE*

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*1914*



*PUBLISHED BY THE  
STUDENTS OF SALEM HIGH SCHOOL*

## Foreword

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**I**N publishing this volume of the "ORACLE" we have endeavored to enlarge on former editions and to improve on them. We trust that this book may remind the teachers of their former pupils; that it may serve truly as an oracle in disclosing to outsiders what is being accomplished within our walls; and that, in future years, it may call back sweet memories to the students' minds of "the days that are no more."

To those who, in any way, have aided in the preparation of this book we are very grateful. Especially do we wish to thank those who have so kindly given us their advertisements.

ORACLE STAFF.



Dedicated  
to  
**Miss Hannah G. Armstrong**  
Instructress in English



# **The Oracle Staff**

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THE ORACLE STAFF





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SENIORS

## Senior Class

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### Colors

Maroon and Black

### Class Flower

Red Rose

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### Class Yell

Hickety! Rickety! Whikety! Whack!  
We're the class of Maroon and Black!  
All are bright; none are green;  
We're Seniors; 'tis June '14.

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### Motto

*"Nulla Victoria Sine Labore."*

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### Officers

President—William Pretzman

Vice-President—Julia Cook

Secretary and Treasurer—Lucile Boone

Poetess—Fitzhugh Shelor

Historian—Marion Thomason

Prophet—Charlton Wood

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### Class Roll

Frances Lucile Boone, Roanoke, Va.	Gillie Dorcas Martin, Salem, Va.
Susan Emerson Calloway, Salem, Va.	Mary Antoinette Morgan, Belsp'g, Va.
Annie Lee Calloway, Salem, Va.	George Edward Moyer, Salem, Va.
Julia Mary Cook, Vinton, Va.	William Henry Pretzman, Salem, Va.
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Earl Rosser Johnston, Salem, Va.	Fitzhugh Shelor, Salem, Va.
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Luther Rush Lambert, Salem, Va.	Charlton Thomas Wood, Salem, Va.
Marion Anderson Thomason, Salem, Va.	





*"Stern was his look and dignified."*

When Nature created "Our President," she certainly created a masterpiece. "Pretz" is one of those fortunate individuals who succeeds in accomplishing, with little effort, what the more unfortunate of us struggle for daily—*passing exams*. We believe it to be due to the fact that he never worries. Even a long literature lesson, a composition to be read, partial payments, and irregular French verbs are not enough to cheat him out of his Monday morning nap.

We are not complaining of Bill, however. For four years he has proved himself a loyal member of 1914 by serving her with his talent as an athlete, vocalist, artist and actor.

"Bill's" ambition is to become a doctor. We feel that he will accomplish this as he does most of the things which he undertakes.



MARION ANDERSON  
THOMASON

"With a jest on her tongue and a  
smile on her lips,  
She's bubbling with fun to her  
finger tips."

After a successful career at R.  
M. A., "Jimmie" will return  
home covered with English  
medals. Although the  
prophet has decreed the  
cautel fate of an old maid  
for this young lady, we feel  
sure that the fellow below  
would not allow such a  
thing to happen, and  
that "Jimmie" will be-  
come a happy bride.  
Note the pleasant smile  
on her lips. It's  
because she is on  
this page.



LUTHER RUSH  
LAMBERT

"The valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier  
hand."

It is indeed hard to foretell  
what he will accomplish. In the  
hazy future, we see visions of a  
photographer, musician, soldier,  
and a professor. Whatever his career,  
we are sure it will be prosperous and  
will be an honor to the Class of '14.



**DORCAS MARTIN**

"Jolly, but quiet, was she."

Dorcas is a very shy lass, but after you know her better, she is not so shy after all. She is a true sport, and believes in having a good time. Her hobby is sporting new clothes. Her favorite pastime is walking to and from school, and going to V. P. J. Germans. We think Dorcas will teach for a while, but as she graduates — — —



**EARL ROSSER  
JOHNSTON**

"He nothing common did, or mean."

Those who know Earl can see the truth in the above quotation. He is a friend whom we all admire. From the presidency of the Junior Class in '13, and of the Lyceum in '14, he will become the President of the U. S.—we hope. Earl is also a great sportsman. We predict and wish him great success in Life's battles.





FRANCES LUCILE BOONE

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

Lucile, who stands among the first on our roll, holds the same rank in our esteem. It is difficult to find a means of touching her heartstrings, but, once found, she is a true and valuable friend. Especially do we understand Lucile's lovely character, when, in her quiet manner, she aids her struggling classmates.



CHARLTON  
THOMAS WOOD

"An honest and a perfect man commands all light, all influence, all fate."

Our beloved classmate, "Josh," is certain to be as notable a figure in the world as he has been in S. H. S. The ability that he has shown as editor of the "Oracle" certainly fits him for any career in the world. Although "Mr. Brown" thinks that "when it comes to entertaining, women are the d—l," we are sure that he does not think so when *she* entertains him.



HARRIETTE ELIZA THOMAS

"When I heard *Chapman* speak out  
loud and bold,  
Then I felt like some watcher of the  
skies,  
When a new planet swims into his ken."

Hattie is a valued and faithful  
member of the class of '14. She  
has studied hard, and has loved  
harder, but no traces of her malady  
can be detected at present.  
Hattie expects to teach and will  
make a success for we do not  
believe that she will "spare the  
rod."

ANNIE LEE CALLOWAY

"In arguing, too, she turned  
her skill,  
For even tho' vanquished she  
could argue still."

We think Annie is destined to be a  
suffragette. She just *dearly* loves  
to argue. In arithmetic class she  
holds her point to the bitter end. But  
still there is something opposed to her be-  
ing a suffragette. Of course you know?  
His name is — but, why tell it? Open your  
eyes.



**SUSAN EMERSON  
CALLOWAY**

"Yearning for the large excitement  
that  
The coming years would yield."

What do we see in the future  
for Susie? Why, after finishing  
college, she will be a leader in  
society, living a life of happi-  
ness by bringing pleasure  
both to herself and others.  
Who could wish for a bet-  
ter future?

**GEORGE EDWARD  
MOYER**

"Genius commands admir-  
ation."

George does not belong in the  
role of common men. What the  
future has in store for him is im-  
possible to say. But we know that  
some day he will be an important  
factor in the world. His inventive  
genius seems to tower above the rest,  
although he is "some" photographer.  
George is rather "petit."





MARY ANTOINETTE MORGAN

"This is Mary here you see,  
Very charming lass is she."

A very fortunate damsel, who always passes her "exams" without too much studying; who, because of a Belspring attraction, is always two days late in returning after each vacation; who never writes to more than ten boys at once, and is a musician of no mean ability.

LULA WOODS GARST

"Without unspotted, innocent  
within,  
She feared no danger for she knew  
no sin."

Lula has worked among us for 1 year, and has won her laurels. She will return to the "Golden West," and, as a scholar will adorn some college. We only wish that this modest, studious, young lady could have been with us during the whole four years of our trials and triumphs.



HOWARD WILLIAMS STARKEY

"Brave and generous, strong and true."

He is destined to be a man of national influence. If his mathematical and oratorical abilities develop in the future as they have in the past, Archimedes and Demosthenes will be classed as back numbers in the future. Howard is our "Business Manager" for the "Oracle," and it is through his continued efforts that our Annual was made possible.

FITZHUGH SHBLOR

"If all is fair in love and war,  
where do the brunettes come in?"

Miss Brown Eyes, the future holds great things in store for you. You will be one of the greatest composers of poetry of the twentieth century. A'ter a succesful career at R. W. C. you will pass the remainder of your life in the happy (?) state of mntrimony.





JULIA MARY COOK

"Who broke no promises, served no  
private end,  
Who gained no title, who lost no  
friend."

"In your eyes the light of Love  
was softly beaming." This line  
from a recent musical hit is well  
adapted to Julia. Although she is  
an excellent scholar and has the  
qualities of a good school  
teacher, she will become, in a  
few years, the happy bride of  
some fortunate young man.



JESSE ALFRED  
MCKAUGHAN

"Helping every feeble neighbor,  
Seeking help from none."

Indeed were we glad to wel-  
come Jesse into our ranks in 1913,  
and he has proved a faithful and  
helpful classmate. Jesse dotes  
on the orations of Cicero and the beau-  
tiful lines of the *Aeneid*. That he is  
the light of the class of '14 will be  
acknowledged by all, when they hear  
his valedictory in June.

## Senior Class History

---

ON E bright morning in September, 1910, the H. S. Battleship, "Class of '14," steamed into the unknown waters of High Sea. She was a splendid ship, carrying a crew of fifty brave "tars," and from her mast proudly floated a banner of maroon and black. The vessel's mission was to capture "Fort Knowledge," and to this end she directed her energies.

### THE FIRST FIGHT

"Class of '14's" first commander was Captain Annie McConkey (this is the day of suffragettes) and her first conflict was with the gunboat "Latin." In this engagement the victory was doubtful, and more success was won in the attacks on "The Rhetoric" and "The Algebra." At the end of the first year, under the skillful guidance of her leader, "Class of '14" had won a high place in the H. S. Navy.

### SECOND STRUGGLE

The fort still remained impregnable under the sheltering protection of "The Latin," a larger and more formidable vessel than that engaged with in the first fight, and "The Physics," a new torpedo boat. "Class of '14" had changed commanders and now obeyed the orders of Commodore Armstrong. The new commander proved herself a skillful officer and the banner of maroon and black floated proudly in the breeze at the conclusion of the second year.

### THIRD BATTLE

"Class of '14" still retained her gallant commander, now promoted to the rank of "Admiral." A formidable vessel, "The Geometry," had made its appearance upon the scene of the conflict and the gallant "tars," reduced in number, found her a warlike enemy. "The English" had also taken a more aggressive stand, but "Class of '14" did not "strike her colors." As in the two previous assaults upon "Fort Knowledge," the gallant ship made a brave showing, and her "jackies" braced themselves for the final struggle.

### TRIUMPH

Rear Admiral Jones now held chief command on the gallant ship. Opposing "Class of '14" was the flagship, "English," and a new arrival upon the scene, "The Trig," a powerful opponent. Less formidable, but none the less dangerous were "The French," "The Æneid," and "The History."



All of these vessels made a gallant resistance but "Class of '14," with her faithful aids, "The Perseverance," "Hardwork" and the "I Will," was slowly and surely conquering. The final struggle was brief, and soon from "Fort Knowledge" floated the white flag of submission. Perhaps no more successful assault was ever made by *any* ship upon *any* fort than that made by "Class of '14" upon "Fort Knowledge" and may her "jackies" ever remember her motto: "Nulla Victoria Sine Labore."

HISTORIAN.



We have a new addition to the faculty this year. "Dot cost vun-ninety-eight."

## Senior Poem

---

Classmates dear, a poet's mission  
Is to cheer you on your way,  
Tell you how to meet life's trials  
With a heart both brave and gay;  
How to live a life of beauty  
In a world so full of care;  
How always to come up smiling  
When no other one would dare.

But this task is far beyond me,  
And these things I do not know  
So suppose I merely tell you  
Learn these secrets as you go.  
In the years we've been together  
A diploma was our aim,  
And today that we've attained it  
A higher place is now our claim.

Let our time here be remembered  
In the life we meet afar  
For then our school days will be counted  
Happier than now they are.  
When your way is sadly troubled,  
And despair your life would rule,  
Think of funny things that happened  
When in Salem's old High School.

POETESS.

## Some Futurity Soup

---

ONE day I was wandering through a large forest. As I walked along, plunged in deep thought, and not noticing my whereabouts, I heard a queer song. Who could be singing such an odd song in a spot so secluded? After advancing about thirty feet to the right, I came upon a small opening about which there was much undergrowth and many small trees. Here, in this cleared spot, I found the source of the song. Three wretched old women were singing as they walked, with tottering steps, around a huge pot, suspended by two forked sticks stuck in the ground, and one across these, over a roaring fire. The whole thing impressed me as being rather strange, and so I remained concealed and listened. This is what I heard of the song:

Round about the caldron go;  
In the prophesying elements throw.  
Many books, that under cold thought,  
On which days and nights were spent(?) in aught.  
Add that history; sure of that literature make,  
Throw in that Virgil for goodness sake!  
To this add a big-eyed chick,  
And stir it with a whiffle stick.

What could all of this mean? I was determined to find out at all hazards. I stepped into the clearing. The witches suddenly put a stop to their antics and cast scrutinizing glances upon me. Finally the leader, a wizened creature, said in a shrill voice:

"What do you want?"

I told her that it was really nothing to her what I wanted, but that I was rather tired and hungry (as usual). Then, giving me a grisly smile, she invited me to have some soup.

"What kind of soup is that, anyway?" I asked, remembering what a lot of junk had been dumped into the caldron.

"That is 'futurity soup,'" she answered, "and anyone who drinks thereof is able to look into the future." What a novelty that would be! I determined to try the soup, and to see what the future held in store for the "superlative seventeen," even if I had to take up my abode with Pluto. So she gave me a cup of the liquid.

"Say," I asked, "is there any antidote for this?"

"Ha, ha," she laughed, "you won't need any antidote, but an ounce of

sweet spirits of nitre, mixed with a little prune extract and nutmeg grating, is very good." So, in an inkling, the soup had gently rippled down my esophagus!

In an instant all was dark; like things look when I miss my English or Latin or when I have not prepared my "Trig." A voice at my elbow:

"Fear not, I am with thee!" My pompadour never stood up better in all my life. "Well, prepare for the future," she continued. I gasped. Ecce! Before my eyes appeared a cat. Its eyes were each as big as a half-dollar (you can imagine how large they looked to me). Ecce! again. The whole cat dissolved into one huge eye!

"Say, did you study chemistry under Prof. Annie Mac.?" I asked her. No answer. I could see S. H. S. written on the cat's eye, and through this I looked into the future.

"What is Marion doing now, anyway?" I asked.

"Marion,"—she spilt a laugh as she spoke—, "has retired to the realms of old-maidendom."

"Well now, that's funny," I answered. "How did it happen?" I remembered what a shy and cunning lass Marion was.

"Why, she fooled so many fellows, that it was too late when she found her mistake. You know—'Varium et mutabile semper femina.' " Yes, I knew it. No matter if I did hate Virgil so, I gave him credit for voicing one great truth.

Marion appeared in the glass (for the cat's eye had turned into a clear glass), sitting in the corner darning (get the right sense of the word), and holding a large yellow cat in her lap. Her mouth was full of pickle.

"There is one more resigned to the same fate as Marion," she said, "Dorcas."

"Poor girl," I echoed.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Why laugh, thou fearful and wizened individual?"

"Look into the glass," she answered. I forgave her for laughing. There was a great feminine mob. Some were chewing tobacco and some were smoking, but all were cheering. Fully two-thirds hoisted huge banners with "Votes for Women," and "Down with the Men," written on them in bold, red letters. But wait. To come the worst is *yet!* In the foreground was a raised platform. Upon this, Lucile rose in queenlike majesty, following in whose footsteps came Annie and Fitzhugh, each carrying a basket of bombs! Lucile harangued the mob, while Fitzhugh and Annie stood by ready to throw bombs at anyone who disagreed with her.

"No place for a minister's son," I remarked.



"No place for *any son*," the weird sister answered.

But gentle reader, why dwell any longer on a subject so distasteful and unpleasant to the male of the species? Women *will* have their rights(?) and the poor, hen-pecked man will have to do the sewing, cooking, washing, etc. So, aroint thee, thou cruel suffragettes!

"All right," said my companion, "Bill Pretz is doing a good business of his own, and is also helping the undertakers."

"How's that?"

"Well, he prospered as a druggist, and now owns a huge pill factory."

"And how about Rush?"

"He is a business man also, as well as most all of the other boys of your class," she replied, "and, in his spare time, he composes the latest songs. Among his most popular ones are, 'Does An Incubator Chicken Love Its Mother?' and 'Mother Feeds Onions to the Baby so She Can Find Him in the Dark.'"

"And Moyer?" I asked.

"Moyer has become a famous inventor and his work accomplished for humanity will remain fresh in the hearts of people for ages to come. He is the first person to invent a perpetual motion machine. This machine will run twenty-three hours and can be used for most anything—that is, while in working order. His machine for seeding prunes is the work of a genius, and his clever device for utilizing the hole about which a doughnut is made has revolutionized the doughnut industry in this country. Much that was formerly wasted is now saved. Jesse pursued a brilliant course at college and is now the professor of the Bingville High School. Jolly, good-natured Howard Starkey has made a fortune in the meat business, and now owns a large packing house, and—"

"And how about Earl?" I interrupted.

"Why, he's a preacher!"

"Good night!" I gasped.

"And the rest of the girls"—she resumed.

"Yes, tell me about them," I interrupted again.

"That is Julia, Hattie, Mary, Susie, and Lula are living the most inspiring, most beautiful, and happiest lives of all, that is—"

"Well, go on," I interrupted impatiently.

"They are living the married life!"

"Aw' shucks!" I mumbled in deep disgust.

"Don't you agree with me?" she asked in an attempted sweet voice.

"Don't get mushy!" was my answer, and then I asked her what fate was reserved for me. No answer. Everything was polluted with Stygian

darkness! Was the condition of the atmosphere symbolic of my future? I hope not! I was about to—ah! I awoke, and 'twas only a dream!

PROPHET, '14.



“Don't go to the door Mamie, it's not a boy.”

## In Future Years and Other Days

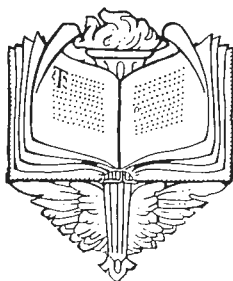
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TUNE—THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME

In future years and other days  
The weary times we've seen  
Will be as pleasures when we learn  
And know how much they mean.  
There may perhaps at such a time  
Some happy school days been,  
Some days that we will ne'er forget,  
Those days of old fourteen,  
Those happy days of old nineteen fourteen.

When schoolmates of this class shall part  
And in the world shall go,  
Then may we all remember still  
The days that we love so.  
Let's not forget our teachers true,  
For then we'll all confess  
The jolliest times we've ever spent  
Are times at S. H. S.  
Are times that we have spent at S. H. S.

F. S.









# JUNIORS

## Colors

Maroon and Gold

## Flower

American Beauty

*Motto: Through Difficulties to the Stars*

## Class Officers

President, Amelia Harveycutter  
 Vice-President, Lucile Linkenhoker  
 Secretary, Dorothy Whitescarver  
 Editor, B. Max Bowers  
 Treasurer, P. Marvin Grove  
 Historian, Charles M. Le Few  
 Poetess, Georgie Deyerle

## Class Roll

Margaretta Bushnell  
 Nellie Gwynne  
 Georgie Deyerle  
 Dorothy Whitescarver  
 Lucile Linkenhoker  
 Clara Helsabeck  
 Charlie Le Few  
 Byron Wilson  
 Max Bowers

Eleanor Clark  
 Ruth Garrett  
 Fannie Wright  
 Mamie Williams  
 Annie Bennett  
 Mary Upson  
 Marvin Grove  
 William Butler

Margaret Barns  
 Carlie Stephens  
 Amelia Harveycutter  
 Louise Frothingham  
 Eleanor Bunting  
 Lounelle Sublette  
 Russell Graham  
 Russell Yarbrough



JUNIOR CLASS



## Junior History

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**W**HEN the portals of Salem High School swung open for the term of 1911-12, they admitted within their sacred precincts a class of nearly fifty doughty Freshmen, who have since become known as the Class of '15. There was an indefinable air about this class which marked it as destined to surpass, in every way, any class that had ever preceded it or should succeed it in the years to come.

We (for the writer has the unusual honor of being a member of this class) soon won the hearts of each member of the faculty by the genius which we displayed in every phase of school life. Mathematicians, writers, Latin scholars, orators, debaters, readers, musicians, and, in fact, representatives of every art and science, proved their ability and brought glory to themselves and honor to their class. But, with the sound sense that has characterized this class throughout the whole period of High School life, we realized that proficiency in studies alone would not make of us a united class with each member working for something higher and nobler than self-glory. To this end, we called a pow wow or class meeting and proceeded to weld into a homogeneous mass the various components of our class. We first proceeded to elect officers and in this we showed our usual good sense as you will see by the personnel of our staff of officers. They are—but why enumerate them? Their names will all be written on tablets of fame, where the world may read and ponder.

We then chose as our class flower, one typical of the fair ones of our class; namely, the American Beauty Rose. What more significant emblem could we have chosen? Some classes choose their colors for their beauty, and some for their distinctiveness, but, while ours are characterized by both, we chose colors that are emblematic of our class. The deep, rich maroon represents the sterling integrity of our character while the bright gold typifies the brilliancy of our achievements and the crowns we will gain at the end. We realized that life, even in school, is not always a "cinch," and that the most noble lives are those which have confronted obstacles and surmounted difficulties, so we chose as our motto: "Through Difficulties to the Stars."

We began our long climb as ardent, enthusiastic Freshmen and resolved never to falter till we had reached the summit. The stars of our graduation day seemed faint and distant in those days, when we first began the long, hard climb, but we toiled on, receiving many scratches and bruises, never faltering, never doubting, till commencement came with its honors



and partings. Then the curtain, which had cast a veil over our stars, was thrown back and they were revealed to us, still very faint and distant, but nevertheless real and obscured by no veil as of yore. One of our fair maidens entered the contest for the medal in recitation, and, although the medal was taken by a member of the third class, our representative gave her a close fight. We were now Sophomores, and, throwing aside the modest robe of the Freshman (which, by the way, we had worn but little) we began to wax warm in class spirit.

September 16 we presented ourselves at S. H. S. and began the second stretch of our climb. The obstacles became higher and more difficult to surmount as we toiled higher, but we overcame them all, and kept our eyes fixed steadily on the stars, with which we would be crowned when we reached the goal. We conquered Cæsar as he conquered Gauls; broke several records in mathematics; made glad the heart of our English teacher by our proficiency in that line; sent a representative to Washington to help inaugurate Wilson; started a class paper which became the literary standard of the school; and did many other things for the glory of our class and the enlightenment of mankind. When commencement time again rolled around, many of our members were presented with first honors, while our contestant of the previous year, Miss Lucile Brown, covered herself and the whole class with glory by walking off with the medal in the recitation contest. But alas, our medal winner has departed from our midst, and is now showing the Blacksburg High Schoolites "how it ought to be done."

During the summer we recuperated our strength, and in September returned to the tender mercies of Miss Jones and her colleagues, and entered upon our school duties as gallant, record-breaking Juniors. It was found that, in addition to the one mentioned before, we had also lost two other members from our band—Mr. Bruce Mosely, who had connected himself with the Norfolk and Western, and Mr. Paul Oakey, who accepted a call to a chair at V. P. I. We entered upon our Junior work with a zest and have established an honor roll record that can never be surpassed. At times the way has been steep and rugged, but, with set lips and stout hearts, and eyes fixed on the ever brightening stars ahead, we have kept toiling, climbing on. Those stars seem very close now and already we seem to see engraved on them the names of those who, having toiled and overcome, will sit on the rostrum of the Tabernacle and receive their diplomas and then go forth into the world to show that they have not toiled in vain. One member of our class is right in the race for the English medal, and we believe her star is a lucky one, made so by noble effort.

The star is the natural emblem of our class, for is not the star itself a

unit—that is, one? And has it not five points? Put these digits together and you have 15—the year which gives us our name—our star year. Let us ever keep toiling and climbing, until, having finished the last sharp ascent, we set foot on the summit and look back without a blush, and receive our “well done” with the feeling that it is fully deserved. And, as we will go forth to fight the battles of life, may the stars of hope and achievement ever light up our pathway, while we show to the world that we have laid a firm mental and moral foundation during our four long years of climbing “Through Difficulties to the Stars.”

HISTORIAN.



### That 1915 Class

---

We are twenty-five in number,  
And we've got no time for slumber,  
For there's always something doing when our hats are  
in the ring.  
Oh! those Seniors may be older,  
And the Sophs may think they're bolder,  
But from Freshman Class to Faculty—none of them has  
a thing  
On that 1915 Class.

We're the best—you'd surely know it,  
But there never was a poet,  
Could do justice to the class that wears maroon and  
gold.  
If that sounds a bit conceited,  
Do not wait till its repeated,  
Get a move on, look around you, why the half has not  
been told,  
Of that 1915 Class.

Of the great, we are the greatest,  
Of the late, we are the latest,  
Everything we do is done in the superlative degree.  
I could write like this forever,  
And each line would be more clever,  
But I'll quit with this quotation, “I would lay me down  
and dee,”  
For that 1915 Class.

POETESS.

## Junior Class Poem

---

Of all this class of twenty-five,  
I'm sure you will agree,  
Not one is more incompetent,  
Your poetess to be.

The task to which I am assigned,  
Is something new to me,  
And that I can't compose a rhyme,  
You very soon will see.

But since you have assigned to me,  
The honor of the task,  
I'll ask the Muse to give me aid,  
No other boon I'll ask.

For three years now we'll all admit,  
We've been a happy band,  
And we have upon us showered,  
Blessings on every hand.

Our teachers true have taught to us,  
That life is but a science,  
That it is not a game of chance,  
But rests upon appliance.

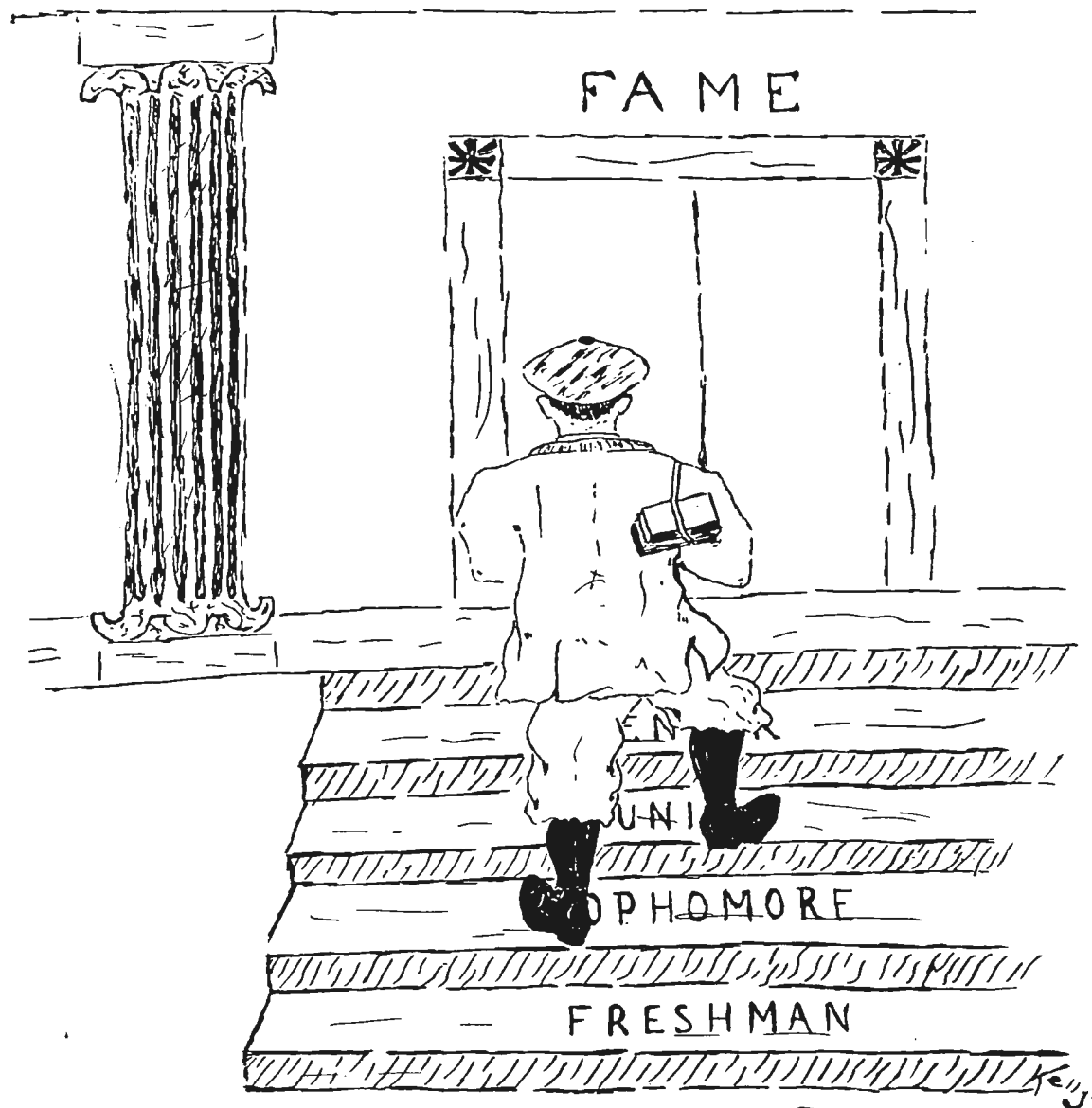
Those rare dreams that haunt the mind,  
And never can come back,  
Are life's night mares that startle us,  
When self control we lack.

Ideals become a part of self,  
A purifying power,  
Ideals of progress lead to work,  
New blessings come each hour.

Our hearts are light, our eyes are bright,  
And our ambition's set,  
On the goal that is before us,  
That waits our coming yet.

So let's improve each fleeting hour,  
And as future years unfold,  
Let's not forget the happy days we spent,  
Under the banner of maroon and gold.

H. G. D.



⇒ Climbing <sup>5x7</sup> ⇒



## Sophomore Class

### Colors

Blue and Gold

### Dish

Dill Pickles

### Flower

Violet

### Motto

*"Labor Omnia Vincit"*

### Hell

Rah, Rah, Rah!  
Yes, Yes, Yes!  
Nineteen Sixteen!  
S. H. S.!

### Officers

James R. Goodwin, Jr., President

Jack E. Burch, Vice-President

Irene McReynolds, Sec'y and Treas.

Paul B. Day, Chronicler and Poet

Everett S. Rice, Class Editor

### Class Roll

Irvin Board, .....Salem, Va.	Constance Goodwin, ....Salem, Va.
Jack Burch, .....Salem, Va.	Gay Goodwin, .....Salem, Va.
Courtney Carter, .....Salem, Va.	Pauline Graham, .....Salem, Va.
Paul B. Day, .....Salem, Va.	Margaret Henderson, Blacks'b'g, Va.
Jas. R. Goodwin, Jr., Eggleston, Va.	Susie James, .. ....Roanoke, Va.
Geo. Rosser Kelly, .....Salem, Va.	Julia James, .....Roanoke, Va.
Joe. D. Logan, Jr., .....Salem, Va.	Annie Lewis, .....Salem, Va.
George Pittard, .....Roanoke, Va.	Ruth Miller, .....Salem, Va.
Everett S. Rice, .....Salem, Va.	Mable Mitchell, .....Salem, Va.
J. Norman Walker, .....Salem, Va.	Irene McReynolds, .....Salem, Va.
Robah Kerner, .....Salem, Va.	Mary McConkey, .....Salem, Va.
Edythe Bowen, .....Salem, Va.	Lucy Rice, .....Salem, Va.
Frances Bennett, .....Salem, Va.	Florence Walker, .....Salem, Va.
Irene Frier, .....Salem, Va.	Virginia Utley, .....Win' on, Va.
Virginia Williamson, ....Buchanan, Va.	



SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Sophomore Chronicles

**A**FTER an infinite amount of heart-rending labor in the Freshman Class we have at last arrived at the majesty of Sophomores. It nearly broke our hearts, of course, to leave Miss Griffin, but another class of huge dimensions and what might be said about their character—was advancing to occupy the kilts and perambulators which we were vacating, so we stepped into the dignity of Second Classmen with only an occasional salt tear as we fondly thought of the long-gone days of our callow youth.

"Labor Omnia Vincit." To be sure that's a very good motto. The only trouble with it is the word "Labor."

The violet is our class flower. It is an excellent symbol of the class, modest but courageous.

Then too:

"Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Sugar is sweet,  
And so are you."

The above charming bit of poetry does not bear upon the subject but, somehow, it appeals to the Chronicler.

There is no color combination, save one, which can exceed in beauty the Gold and Blue. May the sons and daughters of the class ever be as true to their colors as they are to the Red, White, and Blue, the only combination that can equal the Gold and Blue.

Behold our valorous classmate in the field of oratory. Did not a member of the Class of '16 carry off the honors at last year's declamation contest? Well, rather.

But let us consider less ancient history. There is, even in this enlightened age, a member of this illustrious class who is inclined to the opinion that the religious revival of the nineteenth century was the "Holy Jumpers." While many of us cannot concur in this opinion we think that he has some ground for his belief.

There is another gentleman of the class who has not yet convinced us that water can be reduced no lower than 32° Fahrenheit.

The Historian has recently performed an "ethereal experiment" which proved quite satisfactory but which has since furnished unlimited amusement for the Professor of Science and sundry of her friends. Wonder why?

I understand that some of the Freshmen are in love. This is indeed a serious condition of affairs. Let me warn them as an elder brother, who,

from sad experience, knows the hard road they are likely to travel to keep their minds clear of any such hallucinations.

Remember Patrick Henry:

"Give me liberty or give me death."

And now, since this chronicle seems to have descended to the plane of a treatise on the world at large, permit me to venture a few words of fatherly advice and in closing a few of prophecy.

To young ladies in general: "Learn to cook." According to the latest court records a large per cent. of all the divorce cases are caused by indigestion.

To the Seniors, by way of encouragement: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

To the Juniors, in brotherly love: "Sile, et philosophus esto!"

To the Freshmen from copious experience: Keep your weather eye on the "Ablative Absolute."

And now for that "wee bit" of prophecy I promised. With far-reaching fancy I see the members of the illustrious Class of '16 occupying positions of honor and trust in the great world of men and affairs; I see all of our beloved teachers happily married to worthy gentlemen, and, best of all at some future time, the class returning "en masse" to lay their laurels at the feet of their Alma Mater.

P. B. D., CHRONICLER.

## Sophomore Limericks

There's a bonny young lady called "Boots,"  
For Algebra class in she scoots,  
She is hardly a "Soph"  
But she's with us enough,  
Just to share in our knowledge of roots.

There is a young fellow named James,  
Very fond of all flirting games,  
With a damsel called "Mike"  
He's the king of the pike,  
This jolly young fellow named James.



The next in the list must be Joe,  
A farmer you see with a hoe.  
With a Vicksburg lass sweet  
He will harvest his wheat,  
On a Southern plantation you know.

Now, George is a good natured lad,  
At his worst he's not very bad,  
In an argument long  
With Miss Jones, he is strong,  
But he never is known to get mad.

In Math our friend Robah's the shark,  
He never seems quite in the dark,  
While we grumble and pout  
Robah works it all out,  
And never hits far from the mark.

There is a young fellow named Rice,  
The girlies all think him so nice,  
At the wink of an eye,  
For him they would die,  
This clever young fellow named Rice.

There's a boy whom we call "Chicken" Carter,  
In the class there are few who are smarter,  
For he studies all day,  
Which is right, but—well say!  
Who is there wants to be such a martyr?

Allow me to introduce "Plank,"  
A quite clever but troublesome crank,  
For he wiggles all day,  
And behind him we say,—  
! ! ! ! !—? ? ? ?—? ? ? ?—!

Now, Frances in Algebra shines.  
But Latin most difficult finds,  
There are many that way,  
But we really can't say  
That its always the fault of our minds.

Edith B. has a good way to go,  
Yet she seems all her lessons to know,  
If we all were that way,  
Miss Joens would'nt turn grey  
For more than a decade or so.

Then there's Julia and Susie and Flo,  
Who have also some distance to go,  
Yet they rake out each morn,

At the first streak of dawn,  
And beat it for school, don't you know.

Mr. Walker, by star-gazing led,  
In an aeroplane flew overhead,  
His baragraph showed  
He had been where it snowed,  
But his epitaph shows that he's dead.

Virginia's a lassie who studies,  
And never the stream of life muddies,  
By frivolous talking, and laughing, and such,  
As do some of her intimate buddies.

There's another Virginia so quiet,  
We're really afraid she will try it,  
She'll be living on air  
If she doesn't take care,  
For music is very light diet.

If while walking some day on the street,  
A quite charming young lady you meet,  
Do not yield to her lure  
For its Mary for sure,  
And at flirting she cannot be beat.

If Margaret you should happen to spy,  
You will know by the sign, V. P. I.,  
From Blacksburg she hails,  
And she watches the mails,  
For the letter that comes every Fri.

A young lady of infinite charm,  
Is Lucy: And sure it's no harm,  
To flirt just a bit  
From right where you sit,  
With a boy who's in reach of your arm.

There's a gent with an excellent mind,  
Much toward athletics inclined,  
He can run, jump, and swim,  
"Paste the pill" with a vim,  
And Jack Burch is the way that he's signed.

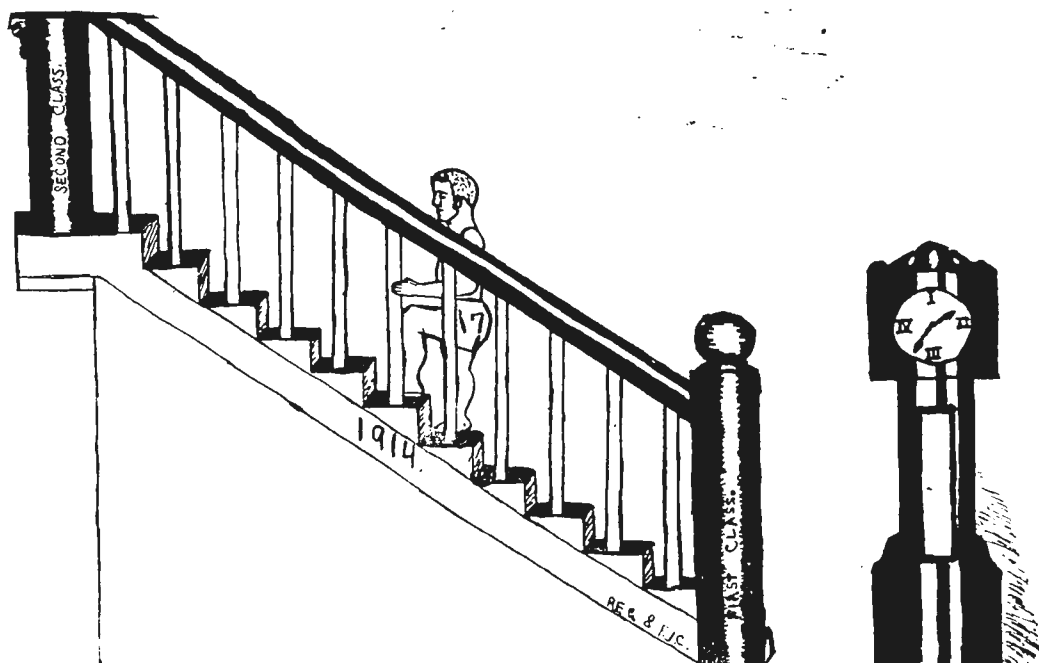
Here's long life to the High School "en masse,"  
Here's a toast to the Sophomore Class,  
May the Records we've made,  
In the school never fade,  
From the annals of victories past.

P. B. D.









## Freshman Class

### Colors

Black and Gold

### Flower

Blackeyed Susan

**Motto:** "To Thine Own Self be True."

### Officers

Churchill Robertson, President; Lois Moffett, Vice-President; Thelma Jeter, Secretary; Louise Denit, Treasurer; Grace Stevens, Poetess; F. J. Chapman, Historian; Robert Garst, Editor

### Class Roll

Clara Armstrong, Jere Bunting, Josephine Brown, F. J. Chapman, Evelyn Craig, Mary Clark, Bernard Davis, Annie Draper, Roberta Draper, Louise Dillard, Louise Denit, Walter Graham, May Garst, James Garst, Robert Garst, Ruth Graveley, Elizabeth Goldsmith, Lena Goldsmith, William Garrett, Ruth Hartman, Armand Hundley, Fannie Harvey cutter, Charles Hammit, Thelma Jeter, Howard Johnston, White Kirby, Burah Le Few, Elsie Lane, Willis Logan, Eva Long, Lucy Miller, Lois Moffett, Helen Martin, Bessie McLaughlin, Alice McCracken, Robert Phelps, Minnie Phelps, Lucy Phelps, Carrie Price, Eugene Puckett, Churchill Robertson, Mattie Stover, Leonard Shank, Grace Stevens, Annie Shelor, Willie Sears, Ethel Vest, Kyle Whitescarver, Jeannette Walker, Edward Woodward, Thomas White, Silas Whitescarver.



FRESHMAN CLASS

## Freshman History

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THE largest class (and, according to our estimate, the noblest) ever enrolled in the Salem High School, having in it thirty-four girls and nineteen boys, making in all fifty-three pupils, entered this noble institution of learning Monday, September the eighth, nineteen hundred and thirteen. Three girls and two boys have dropped out during the year, decreasing the the roll of our brilliant class to forty-eight pupils.

The first day our names were taken, our list of books was given to us and we proceeded slowly homeward in tranquil peace, untormented by the Sophs and upper classmen. But alas! to our infinite sorrow and regret, this condition was not allowed to continue. The next day at fifteen minutes past eleven we "rats" were corralled in the basement and—! But let us leave this painful (to us) and exciting scene and proceed to something more cheerful. Except for some particular act of freshness, we were unmolested after the first few days.

And now for our studies. Latin and Algebra were easy enough at first, but then—the worst was yet to come. We could have disillusioned any inexperienced pupil about the studies being easy. To any one who has had the pleasure of studying Rhetoric, we need only to mention the word. Those who have not, we will let find out for themselves the hardships yet to be endured. Physical Geography and Spelling are fairly easy, but Ancient History is a strange subject, about strange people of whom, heretofore, we knew nothing.

As for our teachers, Miss McConkey is an angel minus the halo, wings, harp and flowing robe. Miss Armstrong is amiable and competent but rather strict. Miss Campbell is patient, willing to help those who try, and a good disciplinarian. Miss Griffin has unlimited patience, it seems, and is also thoroughly efficient and strict. Miss Jones! whether innocent or guilty, we still tremble at her august presence. She does not teach us anything, as yet, and is lavish with permissions to "go up town" or "over to the other building" or "down to Marshall's."

We do not boast of our brilliance, nobility, etc., etc., as we have good reason to. We do not need to, as, soon enough, it will speak for itself. For the past, we have spent a calm and peaceful winter, and, on the whole, a

joyous one, and are already making plans for the entertainment (?) of the future "rats." For the future, in eighteen, people will ask, "Where have the brains and the animation of the High School gone?"

But for the present, "Adieu."

HISTORIAN.



"Of course, etc., of course, etc., of course, why, of course." Commercial Geography Class.



"Why, you pill!" Ruth G.





## Class Poem

---

Our Freshman days will soon be o'er  
And Sophomores we'll become  
Then we'll laugh at the Freshman Class  
Just as the Sophs have done.

The Sophomores strut around and boast  
Of being "Upper Classmen,"  
To see and hear them you would think  
They never had been Freshmen.

The Juniors think they own the earth,  
Their wisdom is unbounded (?)  
But ah, a little test will prove  
Their pride to be unfounded.

We really like the Seniors!  
May success crown every life,  
This class will miss them sorely  
In the coming years of strife.

We always will remember  
Our Freshie year in school,  
For we've surely tried our very best  
To keep the golden rule.

It has been taught to us like this  
"Do others or they'll do you"  
And don't you forget we learned it well  
And have lived up to it too.

They will have the consolation,  
Tho some "foot prints" we will leave behind,  
No other class can "track" new ones  
For no untracked "sand" they'll find.

But now another page is turned,  
And please let all remember  
That we are going to be real good  
Beginning next September.

With best love to all! harsh thoughts to none!  
We subscribe ourselves lovingly,  
The friends of everyone.  
Signed by us,

THE FRESHMEN.



## S. H. S. Lyceum

---

Clara Armstrong  
Margaret Barns  
Annie Bennett  
Frances Bennett  
Irvin Board  
Lucile Boone  
Edith Bowen  
Max Bowers  
Eleanor Bunting  
Jere Bunting  
Jack Burch  
William Butler  
Annie Calloway  
Susie Calloway  
Courtney Carter  
F. J. Chapman  
Eleanor Clark  
Mary Clark  
Julia Cook  
Bernard Davis  
Paul Day  
Louise Denit  
Georgie Deyerle  
Louise Dillard  
Annie Draper  
Irene Frier  
Louise Frothingham  
William Garrett  
Ruth Garrett  
May Garst  
Ruth Gravely  
Elizabeth Goldsmith  
Lena Goldsmith  
Gay Goodwin  
Constance Goodwin  
James Goodwin  
Russell Graham  
Walter Graham  
Pauline Graham  
Nellie Gwynne  
Marvin Grove  
Amelia Harveycutter  
Fannie Harveycutter

Clara Helsebeck  
Margaret Henderson  
Armand Hundley  
Charles Hammitt  
Ruth Hartman  
Julia James  
Susie James  
Earl Johnston  
Howard Johnston  
Thelma Jeter  
Rosser Kelly  
White Kirby  
Robah Kerner  
Rush Lambert  
Charlie Le Few  
Bunah Le Few  
Lucile Linkenhoker  
Joe Logan  
Elsie Lane  
Willis Logan  
Dorcas Martin  
Mary Morgan  
Ruth Miller  
Mabel Mitchell  
Irene McReynolds  
Mary McConkey  
Jesse McKaughan  
Helen Martin  
Lois Moffett  
Lucy Meiller  
Bessie McLaughlin  
George Moyer  
William Pretzman  
George Pittard  
Robert Phelps  
Minnie Phelps  
Lucy Phelps  
Carrie Price  
Nancy Poteet  
Everette Rice  
Lucy Rice  
Churchill Robertson  
Fitzhugh Shelor

Howard Starkey  
Carlie Stephens  
Josephine Brown  
Katherine Cadwalder  
Euva Long  
Eugene Puckett  
Lounelle Sublette  
Leonard Shank  
Annie Shelor  
Mattie Stover  
Grace Stephens  
Willie Sears  
Marion Thomason  
Hattie Thomas  
Mary Upson  
Virginia Utley  
Ethel Vest  
Charlton Wood  
Byron Wilson  
Norman Walker  
Mamie Williams  
Fannie Wright  
Dorothy Whitescarver  
Virginia Williamson  
Edward Woodward  
Kyle Whitescarver  
Silas Whitescarver  
Thomas White  
Jeanette Walker  
Florence Walker  
Russell Yarbrough  
Annie Lewis  
Ruth Sanderson  
Ruth McLain  
Mamie Sublette  
Margaretta Bushnell  
Lula Garst  
Alice McCracken  
Evelyn Craig  
James Garst  
Robert Garst



LYCEUM MEMBERS



## True Love Never Forgets

---

THE March wind was blowing with a vengeance over the little town of S——, thinning the streets of pedestrians, stinging the cheeks of the housewives and small boys who were doing their evening chores, and sighing in the treetops like the sad yearning of an aching heart. In the parlor of an imposing house which pointed on a broad street in the town, a girl of about nineteen summers reclined on a lounge, lost in deep thought. She had tried to embroider, but the heart she was shaping seemed to remind her of another heart which was weary and broken; she had picked up a book to read, but there seemed to stand out in front of the page a noble face with lips that she had seen given with disappointment and sorrow; she glanced at the evening paper, but the date was the first thing that caught her eye, and she threw it down as she remembered what misery had come into her life on that date one long year before. With trembling hands she opened the door and went out into the air to cool her brow; but the wind seemed to sigh in a dreary monotone, "To the ends of the earth! to the ends of the earth!" With a cry she closed the door and retreated to the parlor, where she flung herself upon the lounge in an agony of remorse.

As she lay there, her mind went back to the night, just one year before, when Robert Wardlaw had called for the last time, and passed out of her life to go she knew not where. She did not know whether he was alive, whether he even thought of her, or whether another had returned his love, and he had bestowed on this one the affections which had been wasted on her—perhaps not wasted, but poured out in vain; yet, in her heart something seemed to tell her that he still loved her with the same ardent love, and would some day come from the ends of the earth to claim his bride.

She thought how foolish she had been to be persuaded by a girl who had ever been jealous of his love for her, into believing him guilty of a certain dishonorable act, and in sending him out without hope and encouragement when he most needed it.

Robert Wardlaw had never made any very brilliant achievements in his studies during his University career, and, when he stood at the head of his class at the mid-year examinations, there was considerable comment on the part of those who were acquainted with his previous progress. That he had never worked to the best of his ability no one denied, but some were reluctant to believe that he had reformed at the last hour and become

studious enough to win the highest honors; so when it became known that a copy of each examination had been stolen, these people pointed to young Wardlaw as the certain culprit. His friends stood loyally by him until circumstantial evidence began to pile upon him, when, one by one, they began to drop away, until he had only one fellow-student whom he could call his friend.

During those trying days he had avoided Dolly Black, to whom he was engaged to be married, hoping to be able to clear himself before seeking her company; but, when Easter came, with matters as dark as ever, he could stand it no longer, and on the night before he was to start for his home in a distant town, he bent his steps in the direction of Dolly's home, hoping to carry away with him the assurance that she believed him innocent. That very afternoon a girl, who had tried vainly to win his attention, called on Dolly Black, and succeeded in so poisoning her mind against Wardlaw, that Dolly began to wonder how she had ever been so deceived in him as not to see the rascality that was everywhere evident in his character, according to her afternoon visitor.

When Wardlaw rang the bell of the Black's home that night, an inner voice seemed to tell him that something was wrong; and, when Dolly met him at the door with a frigid "Good evening, Mr. Wardlaw," he decided that the bottom of his hopes had fallen out, and that life contained little that was really worth living for.

As Dolly lay there on the lounge, her mind went back over the scene of that night one year before. She remembered her refusal to marry one who would stoop so low as to win honors at the expense of his character. She seemed to see again his look of hurt pride and injured innocence as with head held high and flashing eyes, he cried, "Dolly, ever since I met you, when I was a young, homesick Freshman, you have been the star that I have endeavored to attain. That year I devoted my whole time to you; the next year, finding that you liked athletics, I entered heart and soul, into every activity, and won honors on every team—not for my sake, but for yours. Last year you took up the notion that the finest thing in the world was oratory, so I entered into this, and won the medals for debate and oratory. This year, hearing that you were not satisfied with my work in the classes, I devoted myself to my books, and you know how well I have succeeded in that line, and now, after all the sacrifices I have made for your sake, after having known me this long, you are ready to believe me guilty of a deed that would stain my name, and prove me unworthy of the one whom I have adored. Dolly, whenever I have been tempted, whenever the way seemed rough, and I

would fain have eased myself of some irksome duties, your face has always come before me, and with that to cheer me on I have overcome all, and do you think that now, when my work is so nearly finished, when you have already promised to reward my efforts with your hand, that I would stoop to an act that would brand me forever as a sneak and coward?"

She seemed to feel anew the tremor that shook his manly frame as he took her hand and said, with trembling lips, while the burning tears stood in his clear blue eyes: "Goodby, Dolly—Miss Black—I shall leave, go to the ends of the earth—anywhere where I am not known. Life holds nothing for me that is worth living for. Some day, perhaps, you will realize that you have judged me too harshly, and perhaps you will be sorry that you have sent me away. How soon death comes, I care not. Eternity, at least, will clear me of this charge. Goodby."

With that he had turned abruptly and left the house, and she had never seen him since. Within a few weeks from the time of his departure, he had been completely vindicated of the charge laid against him, but he was nowhere to be found. His uncle, with whom he had lived, had made every effort to locate him, but in vain. So the year had rolled around, until the anniversary of that fatal evening had come with its sad memories.

Gradually the eyes of the girl on the lounge grew heavier and heavier. She slept. In her dreams she sees her lover as he leaves the University grounds with an aching heart, and takes the night train for New York. She sees him embarking for Europe. She catches occasional glimpses of him as he works as a clerk in a London counting house, and as he drives a cab in Paris. Later, she views the madonnas with him, and watches while he crosses the sea to Egypt. She finds him beneath the Pyramids, and views with him the wonderful Sphinx. She loses sight of him for a while, but finally catches a hasty glimpse of him as he hunts in the jungles of India. She sees him later kissed by the sun of Japan, and follows him across the waters to San Francisco. She sees him prospecting in the mountains of the West, and smiles with joy as he "strikes it rich." She heaves a sigh as he places his money in the San Francisco bank, without the least sign of enjoyment, but with a yearning look which seemed to say that he had lost something—something gold could never replace. Finally, she follows him to the forest, as he hunts game for the mere sake of keeping his mind from sad memories, and as he is stalking through the woods, she sees a panther spring with an angry snarl from an overhanging limb, and pin him to the ground, and she screams, "O, Robert! Robert!"

"Yes, Dear, I am here."



She awakes with a start, and throws herself into the arms of a stalwart young man, with a scar on one cheek, and the bronze of many a day's exposure on his face. Neither speak a word, but they stand there locked in each others embrace, while their hearts attempt to bridge the intervening year with an overflow of love.

J. R. G., JR., '16.

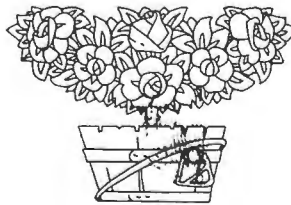
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Senior Class Sub-motto—"Ish Kabibble," or "I Katti-ki-ki."



Johnson says, "That goat problem got my goat."





## **"That Night No One Slept."**

---

O, Senior, dignified and tall,  
Your dignity has fled,  
I see you wildly grasp a book  
And vainly scratch your head;  
You turn the pages rapidly,  
At once a dozen scan,  
What means your doleful state,  
My friend?  
Is pleasure under ban?

O, sturdy Junior, thou art too  
Almost a nervous wreck,  
As, by your dim and failing light,  
You bend your patient neck  
O'er volumes thick that seem to hold  
Some secret fascination;  
O, tell me why tonight alone  
You show such aspiration?

And Sophomore, so confident,  
You have a worried look  
Although you try to hide it  
By gazing in a book;  
I note your hand is shaking  
As your pages slowly turn,  
And I think your head is aching  
As you bravely try to learn.

Now, little weeping Freshman,  
I'll take a look at you,  
Your falling tears at once proclaim  
You're feeling awful blue;  
Your youthful head is sadly bowed  
O'er a problem deep,  
What can it mean that knowledge  
Makes an infant weep?

Do you think I cannot tell  
The cause of such agitation?  
Why everyone knows it is *the* night  
Before examination.

F. S., '14

## **Our Wives**

---

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Roswell Chandler, a Retired Merchant.....Charlton Wood  
Walter Blair, his Son-in-law.....William Pretzman  
Oscar Siebel, a Composer.....Paul Day  
Lloyd Stanton, a Detective.....Everette Rice  
Mallory, a Reporter.....Rush Lambert  
Ford, an Expressman, and his Assistant...George Moyer and Byron Wilson  
Gilda Deveaux, Wife of Deveaux.....Carlie Stephens  
Mrs. Chandler, Wife of Roswell.....Annie Calloway  
Beatrice Blair, Wife of Walter.....Fitzhugh Shelor  
Julia, a French Maid.....Eleanor Bunting

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## **Morris Dance**

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Mary McConkey and Lucy Rice  
Lounelle Sublette and Dorothy Whitescarver  
Amelia Harveycutter and Irene McReynolds  
Willis Logan and Ruth Garrett  
Louise Dillard and Fannie Harveycutter  
Annie Shelor and Annie Draper



DRAMATIC CLUB



DRAMATIC CLUB



## Boy Scouts

"BE PREPARED."

Salem's organization of Boy Scouts began March 2, 1911, with a membership of eight boys, under the leadership of Dr. G. M. Maxwell. Since its origin it has steadily grown until the present membership is forty-six, which constitutes two troops.

During the latter part of last year we were very sorry to lose as Scout Master, Dr. Maxwell, who resigned after three years of earnest labor. Our new Scout Master, Mr. Robert Logan, has since worked with and for us to such an extent that we have excellent prospects of having a club house of our own, in the near future. We were lately very much pleased by gaining another worker in our ranks, Mr. Rappi Myers, who will assume the Scout Mastership of Troop I.

Since our organization we have taken three camping trips. In 1911 an itinerary camp, covering over one hundred miles; in 1912 a week's camp at Island Ford; and in 1913 a week's camp at Crockett's Springs.

The Boy Scouts of America is an organization whose plan is not military, as is thought by many to be the case. It teaches, however, loyalty, patriotism and chivalry, and is an advocate of universal peace.

There are three degrees of Scout-hood: Tenderfoot, Second Class, and First Class, Tenderfoot being the lowest and First Class the highest.

### TROOP I

SCOUT MASTER, RAPPI MYERS

Patrol Leaders—

Byron Wilson, 1st C.  
George Moyer, 1st C.  
Max Haislip, T.

### TROOP II

SCOUT MASTER, ROBERT LOGAN

Patrol Leaders—

Earl Starkey, T.  
Norman Walker, T.  
Courtney Carter, T.

## S. H. S. Boy Scouts

Max Bowers, First Class  
Jack Burch, Second Class  
Marvin Grove, Second Class  
Russell Graham, Tenderfoot  
Charles Hammitt, Tenderfoot  
Charlie Le Few, Tenderfoot  
Joe Logan, First Class  
Rush Lambert, Second Class

George Moyer, First Class  
Everett Rice, Tenderfoot  
Leonard Shank, Tenderfoot  
Byron Wilson, First Class  
Russell Yarbrough, First Class  
Jere Bunting, Tenderfoot  
Norman Walker, Tenderfoot  
Walter Graham, Tenderfoot  
Courtney Carter, Tenderfoot



BOY SCOUTS



CAMPFIRE GIRLS

# Campfire Girls

---

**Flower**

Arbutas

GUARDIAN—MISS MARY PRESTON

**Colors**

Brown and Green

**Motto:** *Wohelo*

---

**Roll**

Mary Clark	Josephine Lewis
Louise Denit	Helen Martin
Louise Dillard	Lois Moffett
Thelma Jeter	Ruth Gravely
Lena Goldsmith	Irene McReynolds
Rebecca Goldsmith	Grace Stevens
Pauline Graham	Rosalie Stevens
Willis Logan	Florence Walker

Mary McConkey

---

**THE LAW OF THE CAMP FIRE**

Seek beauty  
Give service  
Pursue knowledge  
Be trustworthy  
Hold on to health  
Glorify work  
Be happy

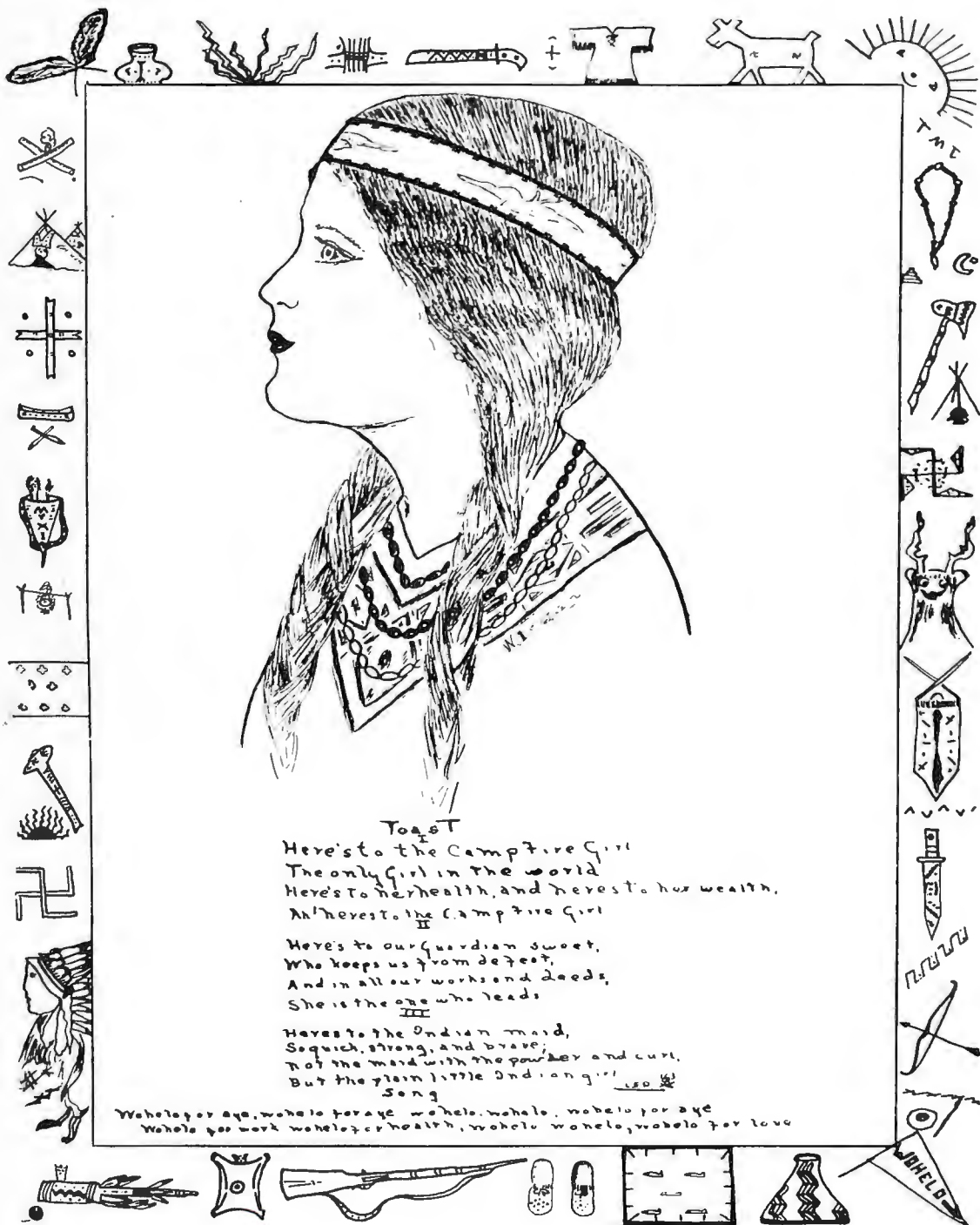
**THIS LAW OF THE FIRE**

I will strive to follow  
With all the strength  
And endurance of my body,  
The power of my will,  
The keenness of my mind,  
The warmth of my heart,  
And the sincerity of my spirit.

---

“Burn, fire, burn!  
Flicker, flicker, flame!  
Whose hand above this blaze is lifted  
Shall be with magic touch engifted  
To warm the hearts of lonely mortals  
Who stand without their open portals.  
The torch shall draw them to the fire  
Higher, higher  
By desire.  
Whoso shall stand by this hearthstone,  
Flame-fanned,  
Shall never, never s'and alone;  
Whose house is dark and bare and cold,  
Whose house is cold,  
This is his own.  
Flicker, flicker, flicker, flame;  
Burn, fire, burn!”





# Toast

Here's to the Captive Girl  
 The only Girl in the world  
 Here's to her health, and here's to her wealth,  
 Ah! here's to the Captive Girl

Here's to our Guardian Sweet,  
 Who keeps us from defeat,  
 And in all our works and deeds,  
 She is the one who leads

Here's to the Indian maid,  
 So quick, strong, and brave;  
 Not the maid with the powder and curl,  
 But the plain little Indian girl

## Song

Wohelo for eye, wohelo for eye wohelo, wohelo, wohelo for eye  
 Wohelo for work wohelo for health, wohelo wohelo, wohelo for love

## Senior Diary, 1913-14

**S**EPTEMBER 11. School opens—many greetings, and no thought of study. "Thee" Seniors occupy new room.

September 12. Book auction day. Several Seniors make profitable sales.

September 15. Lessons assigned. General scramble over seats in rear of room.

September 16. We begin to study.

September 17. We do begin to study.

September 18. Moyer saw a beautiful young lady in the Freshman Class, but alas! she did not stay.

September 19. Say! ain't there a bunch o' them Rats?

September 22. Miss Jones rakes the Math class over the coals. Prof. Cook and Miss J. hold war council and decide that we can go to the fair.

September 23. "All the world" went to the fair.

September 24. Seniors Starkey and Morgan absent.

September 25. Seniors Starkey, Pretzman, Wood and Boone absent.

September 26. First meeting of Lyceum, great excitement.

September 29. Miss Lula Garst is a new addition to the worthy class.

September 30. Same old routine of lessons.

October 1. "Rejoice class of '14"—Jesse has returned!

October 2. We select our class pins. They are the best ever, and we know they will be admired by all our friends.



- October 3. Johnston knocks Moyer out of his chair—task for John.
- October 4. Composition day. Literary masterpieces of the age.
- October 7. History papers returned. Miss Griffin tries to impress on the class the need of more study. Grades x — \* — ? —
- October 8. Too happy to study—Teachers Institute tomorrow.
- October 13. Monday. Starkey and Pretzman absent.
- October 14. Dorcas hears from V. P. I.
- October 15. Little Julian loses his “Book on the Great Lives” — — —  
— but he finds it again.
- October 16. Rush tried to square a circle, but didn’t have much success.
- October 17. Friday at last — what a relief.
- October 20. Turns suddenly cold. Miss Armstrong much disturbed over English books—as usual.
- October 21. Snowed under.
- October 22. Agent for invitations. We lose one class. English class much amused over Josh’s sudden precipitation upon the floor.
- October 23. Another invitation salesman. We select invitations. Moyer says “they are just dear.”
- October 24. Senior Pretzman takes a little trip to Roanoke. Miss Griffin sick, sister substitutes—bum lessons.
- October 27. Seniors absent—Starkey, Pretzman, Lambert, and a few more.
- October 28. Applause—good Math lessons—Miss Jones beams.
- October 29. Miss H. frightened by a mouse. Annie sports new dress.
- October 30. Practice for Society. Get out of French.
- October 31. Everybody happy—it’s Holloween. Best Society this year.
- November 3. New month, new week, new day, new — —. Seniors absent—Starkey, Pretzman, Lambert—O! what’s the use!
- November 4. Literal translations in French class afford much amusement to Miss McConkey.
- November 5. “I don’t see why it is that boys will insist upon coming with their English unprepared; I think it is simply outrageous.” (Famous quotation.)
- November 6. Too cold to write.
- November 7. Miss Jones delivers a lecture upon “The Proper Behavior of Seniors.”
- November 10. Monday—bum classes of course. Absent, Starkey and Pretzman.
- November 11. Miss Griffin thinks we are improving in English History.

November 12. Much enthusiasm is shown in spelling class. Johnston is some speller.

November 13. Miss Hannah says that the Seniors, collectively, and individually, are not worth a continental.

November 14. Short day good singing in Society. Our choral work has improved wonderfully.

November 17. Monday. "Nullo facio."

November 18. Miss Armstrong has troubles of her own about English books.

November 19. Miss Jones was hostess of a very enjoyable (?) reception, from 3 until 4 yesterday afternoon.

November 20. Prof. McKaughan discovers new method of solving propositions in Geometry.

November 21. Friday—how we love you.

November 24. Monday - several Seniors absent.

November 25. Miss Hannah breaks up a good combination in rear of room by moving Josh and Moyer to front

November 26. "Nice weather we're having, isn't it?"

November 27. Big mix-up in spelling class. Several persons try to occupy foot at the same time.

November 28. Compositions. We sure do wish we had to write essays.

December 1. Would you believe it, good recitations all day.

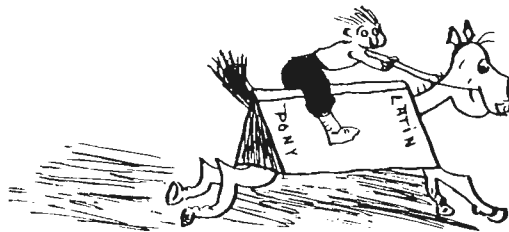
December 2. Rush and some other High School boys were chased out of the bottom Sunday for playing horse-shoes.

December 3. We had a discussion over the moral in the French novel, "M. Porier". It was generally agreed that Gaston was a "bum."

December 4. Miss Jones has terrible Latin lesson.

December 5. Society meeting—nice little play.

December 8. Seniors begin to think of Exams. Several absent as usual.





December 9. Josh "pulls bum" joke in French class.  
 December 10. Begin practice for Christmas play.  
 December 11. Julia sports a pretty class pin.  
 December 12. What would we do without Friday?  
 December 15. Excitement over Xmas fireworks. Policeman called.  
 Several Seniors always absent.  
 December 16. An agent—Miss Jones wrathful—no more agents.  
 December 17. Written lesson in History.  
 December 18. Compositions. Prof. Cook makes short visit, while Miss Annie is explaining cube root to Seniors.  
 December 19. Geometry Exam. "Nuff sed."  
 December 22. Get out of several lessons—practice for Society. Xmas in our bones.  
 December 23. Society a great success. Holidays begin—hurrah for Xmas!  
 January 5. Seniors simply delighted to get back. Spelling class resumed. Everybody sports Christmas presents.  
 January 6. Reviews begin. Well prepared lessons for a change.  
 January 7. Bum day—nothing unusual.  
 January 8. Seniors start new Math. course. Seniors Cook, Boone, Thomas and Starkey unable to work first problem in Arithmetic.  
 January 9. We prepare French lesson to recite to Prof. Cook—no Prof.—Seniors much disappointed.  
 January 12. Day of horrors. Miss H. much distressed over lack of knowledge of English.  
 January 13. Sophs. and Juniors are frozen out.  
 January 14. Usual routine—study—fuss—freeze.  
 January 15. Miss A. shows Seniors how to read without laughing. Lambert promoted to front.  
 January 16. Senior Pretzman absent—"working."  
 January 19. Diarist absent.  
 January 20. Starkey moved to the front while Senior Shelor takes a back seat.  
 January 21. Much study — — day before Exams.  
 January 22. Exam.  
 January 23. Exams.  
 January 26. Spellin' "Xzam."  
 January 27. Exam. results—Seniors and Juniors all pass; Sophs. come to grief, and Rats have excellent grades such as 26 and 39 in Latin. New teacher arrives.

January 28. Bum day.  
 January 29. Bumner day.  
 January 30. Bummest day.  
 February 2. Prof. Jones gives Senior Lambert a special lesson in Trig. Lambert appreciates it.  
 February 3. Lambert and Moyer invent short method of writing English. Miss H. doesn't approve. They write it the old way after school.  
 February 4. Miss Jones delightfully entertains from 3 to 3:30 in honor of some voluble and ignorant Seniors.  
 February 5. Senior McKaughan refuses to turn his collar down in English class. He is finally persuaded to do so, by Miss H. and Miss J. Fire drill—Rats very much excited.  
 February 6. Rainy Friday. Pretz falls out of his chair, and, tho he insists he hasn't been to Roanoke for a week, we can assign no other cause for the mishap.  
 February 9. Monday—usual absences, but we don't try to keep up with them any more.  
 February 10. Work begun on Senior Day in Society.  
 February 11. Beautiful day. Take kodak pictures for Oracle.  
 February 12. More pictures.  
 February 13. We understand Miss Hannah will take some Seniors off the honor roll.  
 February 16. "It's a serious thing, these boys missing so many literature lessons."  
 February 17. N. D.  
 February 18. Practice play.  
 February 19. Nothing unusual.  
 February 20. Friday again.  
 February 23. Looking around we see that several (un)worthy Seniors are absent.  
 February 24. Starkey asked Miss Campbell to move to Salem. We wonder why.  
 February 25. More trouble over English books.  
 February 26. Work—work—work.  
 February 27. Jesse walks to school with pretty Junior lass, and gracefully accepts a demerit. He says, "Doggon it! I don't care if she doesn't." Practice play in Trig period.  
 March 2. New Math. Cold day. Four Seniors absent. Fire across the street. Starkey does heroic work, aided by Miss Camper's little Ethiopian.

- March 3. Nullo facio.
- March 4. Miss Hannah wants a private mail carrier. She thinks they don't come around often enough.
- March 5. Nothing doing much—'sept we practice for the play, and decorate in the afternoon.
- March 6. Senior Class Day—one to go down in history. Pretty decorations, printed programs. Good program in every respect. Very much enjoyed.
- March 9. Excitement subsided after play. ALL SENIORS PRESENT.
- March 10. Pretty day, take some pictures of Seniors and some scenes from Senior play.
- March 11. Bad day and also bum.
- March 12. Oracle staff meets to discuss business.
- March 13. Nullo facio.
- March 16. Lambert absent. We guess it was the big Trig lesson. Miss Jones hates to stay here by herself—kept five Seniors for company.
- March 17. Nothing doing.
- March 18. Nothing doing.
- March 19. Senior "viscountess" absent. Josh remains in rear of room during whole Com. Geog. class.
- March 20. Say, but isn't the sub-history teacher nice!
- March 23. N. D. Pretz and Rush absent.
- March 24. Dr. M. lectures in morning and also at night. B. and Earl snatch coin.
- March 26. Everybody blesses us out.
- March 27. We are sorry there is nothing doing, because the Diary goes to print tomorrow.



"Multum in Parvo"

# Alumni of Salem High School

---

## CLASS OF 1896

Mr. Marvin Altizer.....Died March, 1914  
 Mr. Hugh Carter.....Winchester, Va.  
 Miss Nina Holland (Mrs. Laurence Covington).....Raleigh, N. C.  
 Miss Claudine Kizer.....Laurel, Miss.  
 Miss Nellie Oakey (Mrs. N. W. Ryan).....Shawsville, Va.  
 Miss Mildred Wilson (Mrs. Burnett).....Roanoke, Va.

## CLASS OF 1897

Miss Helen Agnew (Mrs. Horine).....Richmond, Va.  
 Miss Julia Campbell (Mrs. Henry Setzer).....Winchester, Va.  
 Miss India Cannaday (Mrs. M. G. Francis).....Roanoke, Va.  
 Miss Grace Frantz.....Died 1901  
 Miss Olive Hess.....Salem, Va.  
 Miss Lila Holmes (Mrs. Hugh Carter).....Winchester, Va.  
 Miss Mary Gravely (Mrs. Frank Richmond).....Tom's Creek, Va.  
 Miss Rose Wall.....Memphis, Tenn.

## CLASS OF 1898

Miss Cora Epperly.....Died 1913  
 Miss Lura Price.....Park Hill, Oklahoma  
 Miss Allie Lemon (Mrs. P. S. Price).....Roanoke, Va.  
 Miss Lucy Stearnes.....Salem, Va.

## CLASS OF 1899

Mr. Howell Hardy.....Graham, Va.  
 Mr. Charles Johnston.....Pittsburg, Penn.  
 Mr. Preston Peyton.....Alexandria, Va.  
 Miss Pauline Camper.....Salem, Va.  
 Miss Claudine Ferguson.....Salem, Va.  
 Miss Beulah Fink.....Salem, Va.  
 Miss Susie Francis (Mrs. Harvey Mallery).....Flint, Mich.  
 Miss Bessie Frantz (Mrs. John Manney)  
 Miss Mildred Rennick (Mrs. Paul Laynham).....Greenville, S. C.  
 Miss Katie St. Clair  
 Miss Jeanette White (Mrs. Jas. Morehead).....Bradentown, Fla.



### CLASS OF 1900

Miss Sarah Agnew (Mrs. Williams)	Los Angeles, Cal.
Miss Ella Bullard (Mrs. R. E. Cook)	Salem, Va.
Miss Nettie Gibbs	Troutville, Va.
Miss Blanche Johnston	Salem, Va.
Miss Margie Logan (Mrs. J. Burwell)	Floyd C. H., Va.
Miss Mary Preston	Salem, Va.
Miss Hattie Rhodes (Mrs. Edwards)	Roanoke, Va.
Miss Grace Wiley (Mrs. Caleb Hall)	Spokane, Wash.
Miss Nellie White	Norfolk, Va.
Miss Marion Zirkle	Salem, Va.
Mr. James McCauley	Salem, Va.

### CLASS OF 1901

(High School became a Four Year High School)

Miss Ella Bullard (Mrs. R. E. Cook)	Salem, Va.
Miss Blanche Johnston	Salem, Va.
Miss Margie Logan (Mrs. J. Burwell)	Floyd C. H., Va.
Miss Mary Preston	Salem, Va.
Miss Hattie Rhodes	Roanoke, Va.
Miss Lucy Stearnes	Salem, Va.
Miss Nellie White	Norfolk, Va.
Miss Grace Wiley (Mrs. C. Hall)	Spokane, Wash.
Miss Marion Zirkle	Salem, Va.

### CLASS OF 1902

Miss Jessie Finke	Salem, Va.
Miss Jemima Hurt	Roanoke, Va.
Miss Berta McFadden	Salem, Va.
Miss Lucy Leftwich	Portsmouth, Va.
Miss Minnie Thomason	Phoenix, Arizona
Miss Lucy Thomason (Mrs. A. O. Oldham)	Phoenix, Arizona

### CLASS OF 1903

Miss Mattie Cronk (Mrs. Wm. Middleton)	Wilmington, N. C.
Miss Margaret Frantz	Salem, Va.
Miss Berta Reynolds (Mrs. B. Feaganes)	Charlottesville, Va.

#### CLASS OF 1904

Miss Annie Grove (Mrs. C. E. Bost) .....Cooleemee, N. C.  
 Miss Lizzie Kizer.....Lynchburg, Va.  
 Miss Augusta Leftwich.....Salem, Va.  
 Miss Eliza Logan (Mrs. C. Spessard).....Roanoke, Va.

#### CLASS OF 1905

Miss Carrie Brown (Mrs. James Taney) .....Wheeling, W. Va.  
 Miss Edna Brown (Mrs. G. M. Jennings).....Covina, Cal.  
 Miss Roxie Dillard.....Salem, Va.  
 Miss Rachel Graveley.....Bluefield, W. Va.  
 Miss Margaret McCauley.....Altoona, Pa.  
 Miss Annie McConkey.....Salem, Va.  
 Miss Sadie Oliver (Mrs. W. Rhotan).....Knoxville, Tenn.  
 Miss Norma Price (Mrs. T. Lavender).....Abingdon, Va.

#### CLASS OF 1906

Miss Lulu Clarke (Mrs. Schoffert) .....Norfolk, Va.  
 Miss Mary Duncan.....Salem, Va.  
 Miss Eugenia Griffin.....Salem, Va.  
 Miss Ira H. ss.....Doehill, Va.  
 Miss Mabel Hurt.....Richmond, Va.  
 Miss Pearl Mann (Mrs. Hull).....Roanoke, Va.  
 Miss Elizabeth Martin.....Laurinburg, N. C.  
 Miss Mary Oakey.....Salem, Va.  
 Miss Lida Shank (Mrs. Roy Brown).....Salem, Va.  
 Miss Mayme Sheppard (Mrs. H. Hayes).....Palmer Springs, Va.  
 Miss Lila Sheppard (Mrs. Bruce).....Dillon, S. C.  
 Miss Rosa White.....Petersburg, Va.  
 Miss Florence Whitescarver.....Covington, Va.

#### CLASS OF 1907

Mr. Walter Haley.....Salem, Va.  
 Mr. Harry Musser.....Bluefield, W. Va.  
 Mr. Fred Stoutamire.....Salem, Va.  
 Miss Sarah Bushnell (Mrs. W. Anderson).....Huntsville, Ala.  
 Miss Jeffie Davis (Mrs. W. Arthur).....Lynchburg, Va.  
 Miss Grace Goodwin.....Salem, Va.  
 Miss Ethel Graveley.....Dorchester, Va.  
 Miss Mary Hatcher (Mrs. Yockey).....Bluefield, W. Va.

# CLASS OF 1907 (Continued)

Miss Ruth Kizer.....Lynchburg, Va.  
Miss Estelle Leyden.....Atlanta, Ga.  
Miss Naomi Lynch.....Washington, D. C.  
Miss Fay Morgan.....Coeburn, Va.  
Miss Ruby Morgan.....Vinton, "  
Miss Genevieve McClanahan (Mrs. Stoutamire).....Salem, "  
Miss Corinne Stevens.....Salem, "

# CLASS OF 1908

Mr. Raymond Lee.....Richmond, "  
Miss Mary Bennett.....Catawba, "  
Miss Grace Foutz.....Salem, "  
Miss Columbia Kelly (Mrs. Schenk).....Greensboro, N. C.  
Miss Helen Preston (Mrs. Bruce)  
Miss Lucy Thacker.....Roanoke, Va.  
Miss Bertha True (Mrs. Shepherd).....Catawba, "  
Miss Mellie Walters.....Pocahontas, "  
Miss Myrtle Walters.....Pocahontas, "

# CLASS OF 1909

Mr. Guy Denit.....Richmond, "  
Mr. Lee Hoover.....Baltimore, Md.  
Mr. Page Robinson.....Stone, Ky.  
Mr. Glenn Switzer.....Richmond, Va.  
Miss Hattie Bernard.....Roanoke, "  
Miss Jessie Carter.....Salem, "  
Miss Ruth Mason.....Roanoke, "  
Miss Nancy Johnston.....Danville, "  
Miss Ethel Vandegrift.....Salem, "

# CLASS OF 1910

Mr. Grady Garrett.....Salem, "  
Miss Minnie Brown.....Salem, "  
Miss Pearl Bennett (Mrs. Price).....Blacksburg, "  
Miss Ethel Carter.....Waynesboro, "  
Miss Elsie Denit.....Salem, "  
Miss Mary Deyerle.....Salem, "  
Miss Claudine Griffin.....Salem, "  
Miss Bessie Hood (Mrs. Rappi Myers).....Salem, "  
Miss Alfreda Peel.....Salem, "

### CLASS OF 1910 (Continued)

Miss Kathleen Shelor.....Norfolk, Va.  
Miss Constance Stearnes.....Hollins College, "

### CLASS OF 1911

Mr. John Lee Logan.....New York  
Mr. Carleton Penn.....University of Va.  
Mr. Charlie Switzer.....Logan, W. "  
Miss Lois Agnew.....Oakland, Cal.  
Miss Lula Brown.....Salem, Va.  
Miss Lula Bradley.....Salem, "  
Miss Alice Burks.....Compton Bridge, "  
Miss Irene Foutz.....Salem, "  
Miss Virgie Goodwin.....Salem, "  
Miss Essie Hankins.....Salem, "  
Miss Sadie Galloway.....Salem, "  
Miss Melanie Linkenhoker.....Springwood, "  
Miss Addie Leighton.....Salem, "  
Miss Mary Musser.....Roanoke, "

### CLASS OF 1912

Mr. Leo A. Denit.....Roanoke College  
Mr. J. Howard Lambert.....V. P. I.  
Miss Lou Carlisle.....Salem, Va.  
Miss Dora Haga.....Roanoke, "  
Miss Grace Moyer.....Salem, "  
Miss Betsey McConkey.....Salem, "  
Miss Berta McConkey.....Salem, "  
Miss Bessie Turner.....Harrisonburg Normal  
Miss Mattie Thomas.....Louisville, Ky.  
Miss Sadie Upson.....Farmville, Va.

### CLASS OF 1913

Mr. Douglas Critz.....Washington and Lee  
Mr. Collins Leavell.....Salem, Va.  
Mr. Walter Miles.....Roanoke, "  
Mr. Newton Moseley.....V. P. I.  
Miss Lucile Bennett.....Salem, Va.  
Miss Pattie Brightbill.....Salem, "  
Miss Faith Camden.....Radford Normal



# CLASS OF 1913 (Continued)

Miss Irene Campbell.....	Salem, Va.
Miss Virginia Dame.....	Salem, “
Miss Rachel Garrett.....	Salem, “
Miss Mary Goodwin.....	Salem, “
Miss Maude Goodwin.....	Radford Normal
Miss Bertha Haupt.....	Roanoke, Va.
Miss Leone Johnston.....	Salem, “
Miss Gold Light.....	Roanoke, “
Miss Myra Logan.....	Salem, “
Miss Lizzie Lowman.....	Crewe, “
Miss Beth Morgan.....	Vinton, “
Miss Mamie Meador.....	Cave Spring, “
Miss Reba Slusher.....	Marion, “
Miss Ola Morris.....	Roanoke Woman's College
Miss Miriam Whitescarver.....	Roanoke Woman's College
Miss Ethel Whitescarver.....	Roanoke Woman's College



Carlie S's favorite song, “Billy.”



“If you gonna pincha da fruit, pincha da cocoanut!”—Josh.

# JOKES

Marion Thomason—"What is on the face of your watch, George?"  
George Moyer, in a stage whisper—"Ingersoll."

---

Lounelle Sublette, explaining a Geometry theorem—"Therefore triangle A B C is an isosceles rectangular trapezoid."

---

Kelly—"Did you ever take chloroform?"  
"Rat" Phelps—"No. Who tecahes it?"

---

Lucile Linkenhoker (in Geometry)—"An angle is the space between the point where two lines meet."

---

"Josh" W. (raising hand)—"May I have the honor of requesting the permission to indulge temporarily in a few moments of spontaneous conversation with my most honored and esteemed friend, the Duke de Moyer?"

NOTE. At this critical moment a book is seen issuing from the vicinity of Miss Jones' desk. Exit Josh.

---

Bowers—"Have you seen the list of people who have stopped eating meat?"

Miss Griffin—"Why no, show it to me."

Bowers then "cutely" showed her the death column in a newspaper.

---

A great reader is a "book-worm;" a great geometrician is an "angle-worm."

Byron Wilson—"By gum, that triangle has three sides!"

Miss McConkey (in Physics class)—"What is a vacuum, Everett?"  
Everett R—"I-er-can't recall just now, but I have it in my head."

Proposition: George loves her. (L. P.)

To prove—That she loves George.

Proof—He loves her.

He is a lover.

All the world loves a lover.

She is all the world to him.

Therefore; She loves him.—Q. E. D.

Miss Armstrong—"Spell stationery."

Junior—"Which one?"

Miss A.—"The one ending in ery."

Howard Starkey, in singing a recent love song to his girl, got the words mixed. He sang, You're a great big cross-eyed baby."

Margaretta Bushnell—"A short line is the straightest distance between two points.

#### WHAT SHALL I SAY?

I am a poet,

But the world doesn't know it,  
And now's the time to show it,  
What shall I say?

Her name is certainly Mame,  
Forty boys on the string,  
Now isn't that a shame?  
What shall I say?

Yes, the lesson is a prancer,  
Would Miss H. I could enhance her,  
And it's now my time to answer,  
What shall I say?

A senior says, "Some skinner  
Has eaten all my dinner.  
I'd like to kill the sinner!"  
What shall I say?

It's now our Latin time,  
Also time for me to pine,  
For I do not know a line.  
What shall I say?

Now I'm goin' to try my bes'  
To seek forgiveness  
For writing all this mess.  
What shall I say?

—Xerxes Leonidas Chrononhotonthologos.

Junior—"I want a 'pony' for Cicero."

Bookseller—"Here you are, sir."

Junior—"Is this a free translation?"

Bookseller—"Nix, they cost 35 cents."

1st Senior (quoting Shakespeare)—"Such a foul and fair day, I have never seen."

2nd Senior—"Yes, there are quite a few chickens out today."

Miss Jones—"Is there anyone in the room who wishes to ask a question regarding the Algebra lesson?"

George Pittard—"Yes, ma'm."

Miss J.—"What is it?"

George—"How many demerits have I?"

William Butler is a Longfellow."

Miss Armstrong (pointing to vacant desk)—"Is anyone sitting there?"

Miss Jones (reading Latin)—"Slave, where is thy horse?"

Bowers (startled)—"Here-er-er-in my pocket ma'm-er-but I wasn't using it."

Jesse McKaughan (translating Virgil)—"I am the pious Aeneas—"

Miss Jones—"I agree with you Jesse, but go on."

Little words of impudence,  
Little words of sass,  
All put together,  
Compose the Junior Class.



THE TRAGEDY OF LOVE.  
(A Tragedy in Two Acts.)

CEARACTERS

Eimam, The Pickle Eater.

The 25th of December, a cool, cold individual with a pleasing air.

Scene I. The hall. A fountain.

Tnter The 25th of December.

The 25th—Ah! she hasn't come yet and she promised to meet me here at eight. If I stand much longer under this fountain I'll have water on the brain Hist! What's that? Ah! 'tis her fairy footsteps. And now to surprise her. (Enter Eimam) Boo!

Eimam—Ah! what a fright, sweet one! (They kiss.)

The 25th. Come out to the piazza and let's drink in the moonbeams. (They go out; she leaning on his manly shoulder.)

Scene II. The piazza.

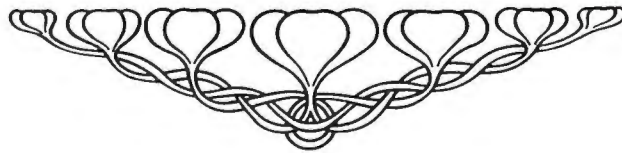
Enter the 25th and Eimam.

Eimam—Ego amo te. Omas me? (as these words fall from her ruby lips the clock strikes nine.)

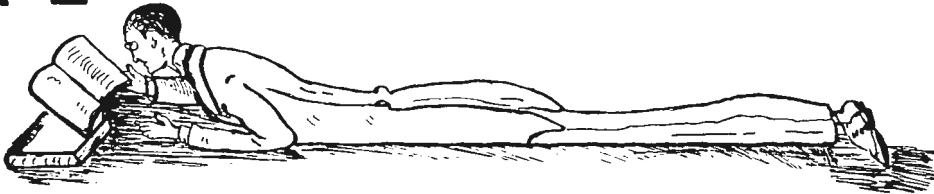
The 25th.—Nine! (she misunderstands him and thinks he says 'non.')

Eimam—Foul wretch! Thou hast stolen my heart to cast it away like this? Ye Gods! Begone! (She draws a ruler and plunges it through her heart! The gurgling gore glistens in the gleam of the glowing moon as it ripples from her wounded breast. A 10c lump of emotion arises in his throat and chokes him. He dies.)

Quick! Curtain.



# A DVERTISEMENTS



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WHEN you want to buy anything, buy it of the merchants who advertise in this Annual. Every one of them is strictly first-class. The merchants patronize us because they want us to patronize them.

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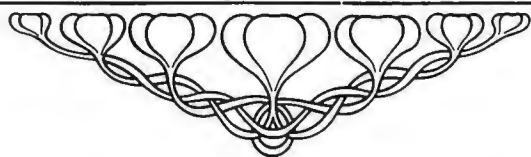
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PHONE 12

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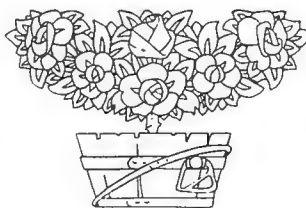
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The Pioneer Stenotype School of Virginia

T. S. SPRADLIN, President

TELEPHONE 1158

304½ Henry Street, Roanoke, Virginia.

Miss Jones, making a supposition in arithmetic "Howard, suppose I have one-half as much money as you—"

Howard—"If you haven't any more than that you are broke."

---

## *P. L. STARKEY*

*FRESH AND CURED MEATS  
FISH, OYSTERS AND GAME*

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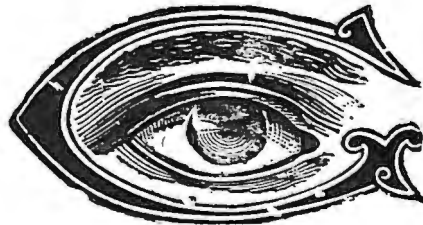
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Jesse McK.—"Make a noise like a frog (croak)."

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"Love me and the world is mine."

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*All-wool fabrics, perfectly tailored, right fitting, correct in style.*

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Miss Armstrong—"Form a sentence using the first person."  
Chas. Hammitt—"Adam lived in the Garden of Eden."

Miss Jones—"What does 'Di patrum' mean?"  
Mary Morgan—"Godfather."

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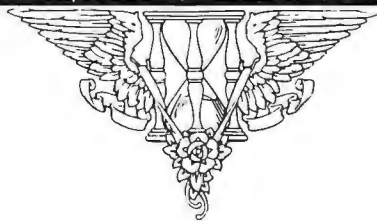


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CHOCOLATES

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CAKES

Miss Jones (while spending her vacation in the country)—“Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?”

Little Boy—“I guess so, a load of hay went through it this morning ”



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WITH EVERY DOLLAR INVESTED  
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He who knoweth not, and knoweth not that he knoweth not, he is  
a Sophomore.

Miss Armstrong—“If you would have a thing well done do it  
yourself.”

George Moyer—“How about a hair-cut?”

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Miss Campbell—"What are you eating?"

Luther—"Nothing."

Miss C.—"What have you in your mouth?"

Luther—"Gum."

Miss C.—"Well, what did you say you were not eating for?"

Luther—"I'm not eating it; I'm chewing it."

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