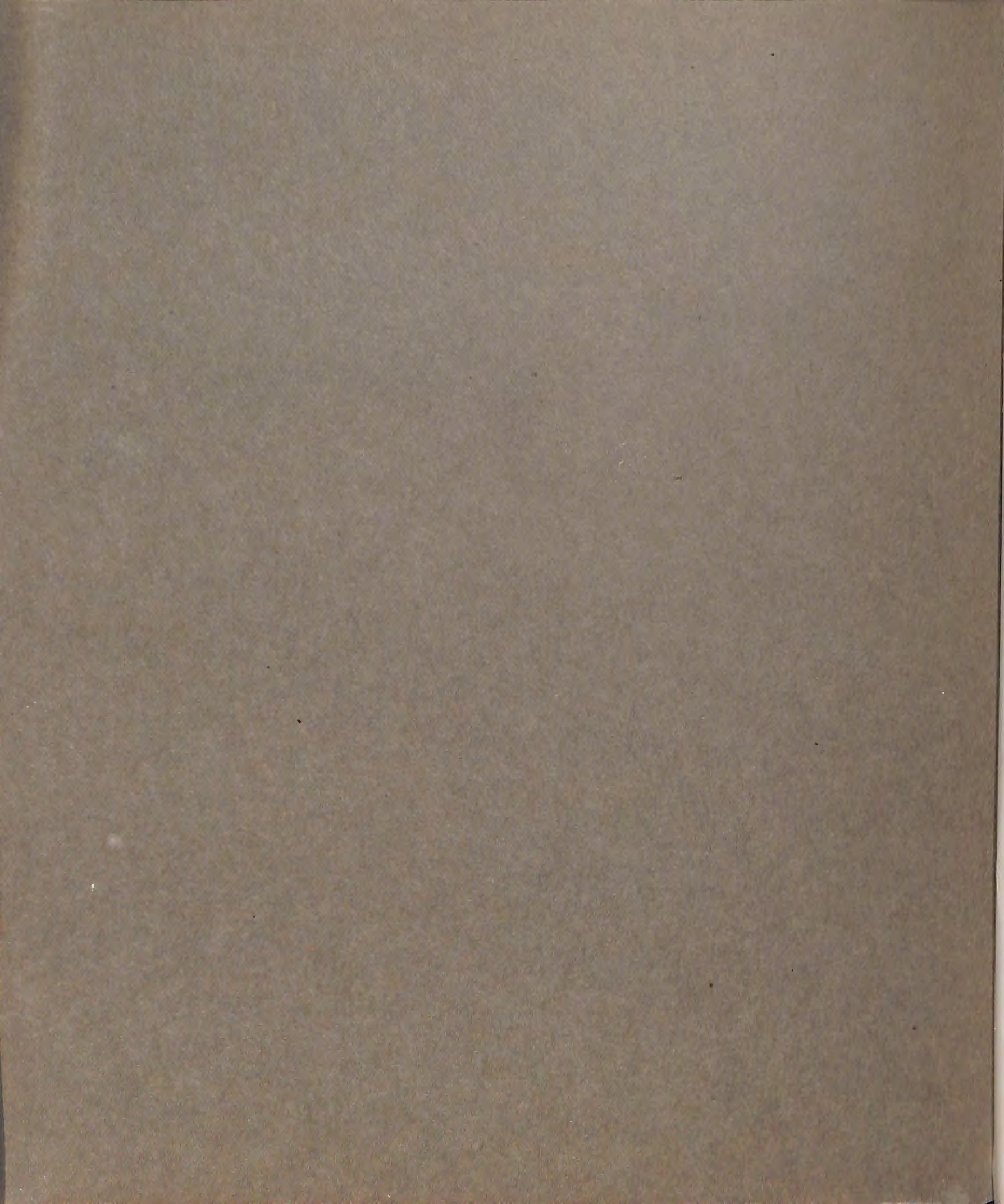


THE
ORACLE
1916

CCO-285





BETWEEN THE
ALLEGHANIES
AND THE
BLUE RIDGE

The Oracle

A decorative illustration featuring a lamp with a flame, positioned below the word "Oracle". The year "1916" is written in a stylized font to the right of the lamp. Red and black decorative lines swirl around the text and the lamp.

1916

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
SALEM HIGH SCHOOL
SALEM, VA.

FOREWORD

The staff of *The Oracle* takes this opportunity to express to the many friends of the school, and especially to those who have given us their advertisements, our sincerest thanks. If in a measure it reflects the spirit and activities of the school, its mission will be fulfilled



DEDICATION

— To Miss Mary Louise Goode —
friend, counselor and teacher,
we lovingly dedicate this
volume of *The Oracle*

1916 *The Oracle* 1916



The Oracle Staff

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Senior Class

MOTTO: Labor Omnia Vincit

FLOWER: Violet

COLORS: Gold and Blue

DISH: Dill Pickles

JAMES GOODWIN *President*

IRENE McREYNOLDS *Secretary and Treasurer*

PAULINE GRAHAM *Historian*

GEORGE EUGENE PITTARD *Poet*

LUCY E. RICE *Prophetess*

L. COURTNEY CARTER *Diarist*

FRANCES BENNETT, Salem

FLORENCE WALKER, Salem

IRENE FRIER, Salem

RACHEL WEBB, Salem

CONSTANCE GOODWIN, Salem

W. IRVIN BOARD, Salem

PAULINE GRAHAM, Salem

JACK E. BURCH, Salem

JULIA JAMES, Roanoke

L. COURTNEY CARTER, Salem

ANNIE LEWIS, Salem

PAUL B. DAY, Salem

MABLE MITCHELL, Salem

J. R. GOODWIN, JR., Eggleston

IRENE McREYNOLDS, Salem

JOSEPH D. LOGAN, JR., Salem

MABLE MITCHELL, Salem

GEORGE E. PITTARD, Roanoke

LUCY RICE, Salem

EVERETT S. RICE, Salem

J. NORMAN WALKER, Salem

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MARY ELIZABETH MCCONKEY

*"Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes."*

Mary takes to that which is fancy like a "duck on a Junebug." She carries around engraved gold pen-knives. If you don't know whether to wear a black cravat or a white, just ask Mary.



PAUL BROWNING DAY

*"A man who makes such vile puns would not
scruple to pick a pocket."*

Class Historian, '13; Class Poet, '14; Class Editor, '15; Dramatic Club, '13, '14, '15, '16; Treasurer Tennis Club, '15, '16; Editor-in-Chief, "The Oracle," '16; Fun Editor, "The Spectator," '15; Treasurer G. A. A., '15; Manager Basketball, '16; S. H. S. Reading Team, '16.



MABLE EUNICE MITCHELL

*"Her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair."*

Mable gets the answers and gets them right, then goes straight ahead without "crowing" about it to find some more. Some self-possession, that.

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LAWSON COURTNEY CARTER

*"Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin,
At what age does love begin?"*

"Chick" is one of those odd conglomerations of good humor and good brains so hard to find and so pleasant to meet. The only subject on which he "flies off" is found in his quotation, "Still, a man can't be perfect." Class President, '13; Dramatic Club, '13, '15; S. H. S. Debating Team, '16; Diarist, '16; President Lyceum, '16.



RACHEL MALISSA WEBB

"An open-hearted maiden, true and pure."

"Rae" was much like a meteor—she fell into our midst unexpectedly and unheralded, but she raised a commotion when she came, and she has stuck. "Rae" knows a good thing when she finds it.



GEORGE EUGENE PITTARD

*"Arise and shake the hayseed out of thine
hair."*

No hayseed on the inside, though. The cobwebs have long since been brushed away by argument. Go to it, "Songbird," old boy, we're behind you. Class Poet, '15, '16; S. H. S. Declaimer, Bedford City, '16.

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FRANCES MAE BENNETT

*"She is well to look to,
Thrifty, too, beyond her age."*

"Fannie" has a "cunnin'" way of getting "real mad." But pshaw! We don't care—she gets over it like an April shower. "We should worry!"



WALTER IRVIN BOARD

*"Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs,
but still of his tongue."*

That's "Piggy" to a dot. He doesn't say much, y' know, but whatever he does he has a habit of doing well, whether it be football, baseball or math. We have a "hunch" that "Piggy" will "get there."



GLADYS IRENE FRIER

"Rich in saving common sense."

You simply couldn't keep from liking Irene if you tried. It can't be done. You never saw her without that cheery smile and ready word. It's quite characteristic.

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IRENE McREYNOLDS

*"A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms."*

We don't pretend to follow; we simply stand and gaze at Latin scansion and logarithms 'til the birds go to roost. Then a select few quietly walk over and secure the answers. Believe us, it's the only way. Class Secretary, '13; Class Secretary and Treasurer, '14, '16; Valedictorian; Dramatic Club, '13, '14, '15.



EVERETT STROUSE RICE

*" 'Tis queer how hard a lazy man
Will work to keep from working."*

"S" Baseball, '13; Class Editor, '14; Assistant Editor and Business Manager "The Spectator;" Assistant Business Manager "The Oracle," '15; Tennis Champion Mixed Doubles and Men's Doubles, '15; President Tennis Club, '15; S. H. S. Debating Team, '15; Dramatic Club, '13, '14, '15, '16; Business Manager "The Oracle," '16.



FLORENCE EMMA WALKER

"I cannot rest from travel."

You have had a long road to travel—every morning, too—but you've done it and done it well. We think you have the right kind of spirit.

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JOSEPH DANDRIDGE LOGAN, JR.

"Nothing but himself can be his parallel."

When it comes to "dragging femmes" with the utmost "sang froid," "Joe" shines no less than on the courts and with the basketball. He's traveled some, too,—sojourned in the land of Pensacola High and tickled the alligators' chins. "S" Basketball, '16; Class Editor, '13; Baseball, '13, '14; Football Manager, '16; Class Vice-President, '16; Dramatic Club, '13; Tennis Club, '16.



PAULINE CAMPBELL GRAHAM

"Thy heart is pure as snow"

"Cutie" is the genuine "Simon-pure" article A-1. And when French exams approach just watch "J. N." and "P. B." slip over for a little enlightenment. Oh! She has it all right.



JULIUS NORMAN WALKER

"Prove me what it is I would not do."

Do we need a goal, a home run or a touch-down? Come on, "J. N." You've got the old pep, put it over, boy! The whole school is makin' a noise like a ball game. Rah! Rah! "S" Football, '16; Baseball, '14, '15, '16; Basketball, '15, '16; Tennis Club, '15, '16; Dramatic Club, '15; Tennis Champion Men's Doubles, '15.

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LUCY EVANS RICE

"Sweetly and stately, and with all grace of womanhood."

"Grace" is the right adjective for Lucy! Whether she be pounding a little white tennis ball or impersonating in difficult roles there is just the same "finesse." "Precious goods come in small packages" was never truer than in her case. Class Prophetess, '10; Dramatic Club, '13, '14, '15, '16; Tennis Club, '15, '16.



JACK EATON BURCH

*"We doubt not that for one so true,
There must be other nobler work to do."*

Here's another one who has a happy habit of sliding home just two seconds ahead of the "pill," and of "chucking" goals. But athletics isn't the "whole cheese" with him—he manages quite a few other things on the side, too. "S" Baseball, '13, '14, '15, '16; Captain Baseball, '14, '15; Football, '13, '14, '15, '16; Captain Football, '13, '16; Basketball, '15, '16; Dramatic Club, '13, '15, '16; Chairman Grounds Committee Tennis Club, '15, '16; Class President, '15; Class Vice-President, '14.



HARRIETTE CONSTANCE GOODWIN

"Fair without, faithful within."

When it comes to a matter of solid comfort—Constance has the goods. If she ever worries, we've never been able to detect it. Alas! If one could only find her "Philosopher's Stone."

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ANNIE KERR LEWIS

"As gay as any."

Gay is no name for Annie! Why, she's positively effervescent, like a limeade—and she has a "tang," too—kind o' "King-Cola" effect.



JAMES ROBERT GOODWIN, JR.

*"And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him."*

"Jimmie" hails from the land of "hill-billies," horned toas and pretty dames. He's the only original "spoonoid" heart breaker, etc. He's the bully boy with the glass eye. "S" Baseball, '13, '14, '15, '16; Dramatic Club, '13, '15, '16; Class President, '14, '16; Class Historian, '15; Manager Baseball, '16; S. H. S. Debating Team, '15.



JULIA JAMES

" . . . self-contained and passionless."

Really there is nothing more that can be said about Julia. She has pursued the even tenor of her way undisturbing and, for the most part, undisturbed.

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Senior Class Poem

Our work here is done, and with sadness
We think of the days gone before;
Of the years we have spent together,
And the happy hours of yore.

We see the lights of the future,
As through the distance they beam,
And we will follow them ever,
As Merlin followed the Gleam.

To our teachers now we say goodbye—
Our thanks for their love and care;
And may our memories never lose,
The thoughts which they placed there.

So schoolmates, let's stand together
And win from this life its pelf;
But let us ever remember,
'Tis not always gold—this wealth.

For the treasure of life is not lucre
But the thought of a race well run,
The happiness coming from kindness,
And the hope of a crown well won.

Class Prophecy



AS the glorious day was now rapidly drawing to a close, my friend and I concluded to turn the bow of our canoe back toward camp. But for a moment we paused to enjoy the entrancing beauty of the scene spread out before us. All was quiet save the soft seductive whispering of the ripples upon the shore of the little lake, which was like a huge pearl in a setting of towering mountains whose bases were bathed in the cool and lambent depths. Just as we were gazing upward at the great stone face, which seemed to guard the lake, we were startled by the shrill, weird voice of a woman, and looking in the direction from which the voice seemed to come, we saw a small cottage nestling on the opposite shore, and upon closer inspection we discovered a woman standing between the cottage and the lake. We at once began to row in that direction, and as we approached her, we discovered that she was a foreigner of rather an unusual type. Her deep blue eyes gazed languorously upon us as she told us her occupation:

"I live here in this little cottage," she said, "and I brew a very mysterious kind of tea infused with betel, the subtle alchemy of which, after drinking it and fixing your thoughtful gaze into the depths of the lake, will reveal many unknown things to you." We decided to try it, and as we stepped from the canoe, the woman hastened to prepare the tea.

My friend seemed to be quite anxious to be the first to take a draught of the magic potion, and he promised to relate to me all that he saw written in the waters. With absorbing interest I watched my companion as he drank the strange beverage, and then seated himself on a large rock overhanging the lake, and gazed beneath the water in profound silence for some moments. Then suddenly he became convulsed in a fit of laughter, from which he did not attempt to recover for some time. However, when he regained the power of coherent speech, he enthusiastically exclaimed: "I saw them all!"

"All what?" I demanded.

"Your class-mates at S. H. S. Listen while I tell you what was revealed in the lake.

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"President 'Jim' Goodwin is now practicing law in California, where gold is plentiful, but as yet has not been known to get anyone either in or out of the penitentiary. 'Jim' is also a deacon in the Baptist Church.

"'Bene' McReynolds is specializing in Latin and Math. at a German university, and still keeps for her motto, 'Labor Omnia Vincit.'

"Joe Logan has defied all laws of physics and now finds his name heralded abroad as the inventor of the perpetual motion machine." We always knew that Joe had a good head.

"Annie Lewis, after taking the anti-fat treatment with much success, has become very enthusiastic upon the subject, and is now in partnership with Susanna Cochroft.

"As the result of a successful political career, 'Chic' Carter has become the noted rooster of the democratic party.

"Mable Mitchell and Irene Frier are running a hairdressing establishment on Fifth Avenue. They have very wisely chosen Frances Bennett to pose in the window under the red electric sign as a living model of their artistic hair arrangement.

"'Ev.' Rice, having rested from his labors many years ago, is *still* a great believer in 'Rest Cure.'

"It is rumored that Mary McConkey has quite a crush on Mr. Vernon Castle, from whom she is taking dancing lessons. Mr. Castle says that if Mary will just overcome such awkward stunts as falling down, she will become a wonderful dancer.

"'Piggie' Board declares that he couldn't marry if he would, and Jack Burch says he wouldn't if he could. Consequently they are keeping bachelors' hall, and enjoying what they call *real* life.

"Florence Walker may be seen dressed in white uniform and wearing a red cross. In many respects she is a second Florence Nightingale, and her kind words and gentle touch have comforted many a sick and wounded soldier.

"Paul Day is now engaged as a professor in the southern part of Africa, where he is teaching the little Ethiopians expression, voice and Latin. As a side issue he busies himself with the manufacture of hot air.

"Julia James has shown excellent judgment, and is living a quiet and substantial married life.

"Norman Walker has finished his course at the 'Variety Pumpkin Institute,' better known as V. P. I., and has returned, a full-grown pumpkin head.

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"Although Pauline Graham always said that man was the noblest work of God, not one of them has ever dared to mar her spinster-hood. She may be seen petting her corkscrew curls and making goo-goo eyes at her cats.

"In Vogue, Elite and other well-known fashion books have been seen charming costumes designed by the famous modiste, Rae Webb.

"Constance Goodwin's sound judgment and practical business sense have been recognized, and she is now the recipient of thousands of invitations to address civic betterment clubs all over the country."

And now for George Pittard, whose fate I had waited impatiently to hear: "He has passed successfully through college, has taken a special course in American History at Columbia University, has written a text-book on political science, and is the most interesting debater in the House of Representatives. Thus his business and political activities have prevented his enjoying life with his family in 'The Little Gray Home in the West.'"

Having become so absorbed in the story revealed in the lake, it was not until we caught sight of the camp fire in the distance, that we realized it was time to return.

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Class Will

WE, the Class of 1916, Salem High School, of the town of Salem, in the county of Roanoke, and State of Virginia, being of sound mind, memory and understanding, and being about to depart this scholastic life, do make our last will and testament in the manner and form following:

FIRST: We give, devise and bequeath to Principal and Faculty our thanks for much patient endurance; our enormous fund of loyalty to the school, and some minute portion of sorrow that we did not better "improve each shining hour."

SECOND: We give, devise and bequeath to Miss Jones, in particular, just so much of all our property, real, personal and mixed, of what nature and kind soever and whatsoever she may have been able to collect and deposit in her table drawer, to be held in fee by her for Barclay Andrews and the coming generation.

THIRD: We give, devise and bequeath to Miss Annie McConkey a continuation of the rights, privileges and duties assigned her in last year's will, viz., the right of capture by siege or assault any R. C. students found wandering halterless about the school premises and the privilege of being waved at, winked at, and generally taken notice of by said wanderers. This article to be excepted only in such cases as hereinafter expressed.

FOURTH: To Miss Goode we give: One pass to Bedford City over the N. & W. Ry.; one license to tie up George Pittard's mouth whenever expedient in the interest of peace; one automatic, double action thermostat, and one bottle of strychnine or one hat pin, as she prefers, to be applied when Seniors sleep through Hamlet.

FIFTH: To Miss Mary Duncan we bequeath all our English Histories, and in addition one set of 1,936 volumes bound in red vellum—History of Ash Bottom—Past, Present, Future.

SIXTH: We give, devise and bequeath to Miss Ferguson one cage, said cage to have two compartments, wherein shall be deposited Bill Lipscomb and Hyde Crawford. Also, to Miss Ferguson a one-eighth interest in the rights and privileges granted to Miss Annie McConkey in Article Third.

SEVENTH: To Miss Stearnes we give one bridge score pad, one engagement breaker (patented), and sixteen shares of preferred stock—1913 issue—in American Tobacco Company.

EIGHTH: To Bill Lipscomb—one megaphone to be an aid to him in making himself heard.

NINTH: To Messrs. Leonard Shank and F. J. Chapman the girls of this Class bequeath all handkerchiefs in personal use at the time of our demise.

TENTH: We give, devise and bequeath to our beloved classmate, "Chicken" Carter, certain real estate in the city of Vinton: Farmlands, grass pasturage and "Meadow," to be his, to *have* and to *hold* forever.

ELEVENTH: To the Juniors we devise our mirror, an heirloom in the school which descended to us from our predecessors. We have not needed to look into it a single time this year.

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TWELFTH: To the Sophomores our delicate beauty and graceful, modest manner. We humbly conceive that if you are generously inclined you can divide this with the School Board and still have sufficient left.

THIRTEENTH: To those cherubims, the Freshmen, we leave the sentiments "in toto" of Gray's "Elegy" and Bryant's "Thanatopsis." As Regulus said, "We leave you no legacy save our name, no testament but our example."

FOURTEENTH: To Mr. Gordon, thirty-six dozen pairs of rubber heels, and enough door closers to outfit the building. Also, a regard that will remain with us when more trivial things are forgotten.

FIFTEENTH: To the Board, as a body, we leave our best reference book, "One Thousand Ways to Get Rich Quick." We believe they will find it interesting and instructive, as we do not think they have ever used anything of the sort before.

SIXTEENTH: We hereby appoint our good friend, Mr. W. H. Oakey, guardian of the person and estate of all future basketball teams.

SEVENTEENTH: We hereby appoint Mr. Jos. D. Logan executor of this our last will and testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We, the Class of 1916, testators, have to this, our last will and testament, set our hand and seal this twenty-second day of March, A. D. 1916.

CLASS OF 1916. (SEAL)

Witnessed in presence of testator and each other:

"SHRIMP" GRAHAM,
"PEWEE" LIPSCOMB,
"COMMODORE" HAMMITT.

CODICIL TO ABOVE WILL

WHEREAS, We, Class of 1916, did on the twenty-second day of March, one thousand, nine hundred and sixteen, make our last will and testament, we do now by this writing add this codicil to our said will, to be taken as part thereof.

WHEREAS, being in much dissatisfaction and distress of mind over their inheritance under said will, both Misses Constance Stearnes and Janet Ferguson, beneficiaries under said will, feeling themselves aggrieved have sought us out with much protest, we do so alter PART THREE of said will as to give equally unto Miss Annie McConkey, Miss Constance Stearnes and Miss Janet Ferguson one-third interest in "Student-Chasing Project," explained in said part.

We give, devise and bequeath to "Ted" Webber all property, real, personal or mixed, remaining in our desks when we are defunct, such as shoe buttons, strings, tops, bits of brass, half chewed pencils, buttermel wrappers, marbles and wads of partially deflavored chewing-gum, to be the property of him, his heirs and assigns forever. This bequest to in no wise interfere with PART TWO goods and chattels held in fee for Barclay Andrews by Miss Jones.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we hereunto place our hand and seal, this 30th day of March, nineteen hundred and sixteen.

CLASS OF 1916. (SEAL)

WITNESSES:

"PIGGIE" BOARD,
"DINIE" WORDEN,
"JEW" WEBBER.

Senior Class History



THE Class of '16 of Salem High School had its beginning in September, 1912. Realizing that in union there is strength, we met and elected officers; the smallest member, "Chic" Carter was elected President. In a few weeks, after we had gotten our courses straightened out, and were better acquainted with the Faculty and upper classmates, we commenced to work hard (?). English and physical geography were fairly easy; but we cannot speak nearly so well of the others. But after all of our hard work we had something to be proud of for we could conjugate "amo" by the time we were "Sophs". We found algebra more interesting than arithmetic and we were glad to have a change for the better. As for ancient history, we nearly gave up in despair; but after examinations were over we felt somewhat more encouraged. We had now been in High School one year, and with our cosmopolitan manners and broad outlook upon life we felt sure that when 1916 had come "Old Salem High" would never have been prouder of a class.

The beginning of the second year found most of us again assembled to resume our studies. The only new subject to which we were introduced was physics, and we were all pleased with its contents. In Latin we no longer conjugated verbs, but instead fought battles with Caesar and were always (?) victorious. Of course, being "Sophs" we naturally felt a little disposed to display our superiority, both mentally and physically, over the members of the Class of '17; but on a whole, we were very fond of all the classes of Salem High School.

The next session we were Juniors. Junior—what does that mean? Strictly speaking, it means younger than Senior; in another sense, older than Sophomore. But the truth is, one year ago we were prominent—now, nonentity might best describe us. We have been fairly successful bisecting straight lines. And most of us have mastered French verbs. Much to our regrets we left Caesar and turned to the Orations of Cicero. But the wonder of wonders is that we have learned what H_2O means.

Now that our fourth and last year has come I wish that I had the pen of Macaulay and the inspiration of Livy so that I might justly record the wonderful deeds and events of the Class of '16. We have followed the various kings

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during their reigns and we were truly glad when the last one came. To be sure, we know what the sine and cosine of angles are, as well as we know how to bisect straight lines.

In the Class of '16 there are nine boys and twelve girls and we have won our share of medals offered on various subjects. Since the first year the declamation medal, given by the Lyceum Literary Society, has been awarded to a member of our class. Both the varsity baseball, basketball and football teams have been furnished with worthy athletes from this class. In each undertaking they have proven themselves as good as the best. And last, but not least, a word about the teachers; they have not only worked for us, but with us, for the past four years, and have succeeded, though with difficulty, in convincing twenty-one pupils that "Labor Omnia Vincit."

—Class Historian.



A Junior's Lot

If ever there's trouble running loose,
To which no one lays their claim;
If a window's broken, a fire cracker shot,
There's always a Junior to blame.

If ever demerits seem getting scarce
And matters are running too smooth,
Tis a Junior's lot to start things again,
And keep them on the move.

If ever there's fun going on anywhere,
A Junior will be on the spot
To keep the ball rolling, when all others have seen
That Miss Jones was on the trail, hot.

And the reason that the Juniors' lot is such
Is that they're betwixt and between
The place where allowance is made for mistakes,
And the place where mistakes are not seen.

And if ever again one writes such stuff,
Though desperate or not,
'Twill be my fervent wish and prayer
That theirs be worse than the Juniors' lot.

—M. H. C.

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JUNIOR CLASS

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Junior Class

COLORS: Black and Gold

DISH: Black-eyed Peas

FLOWER: Black-eyed Susan

MOTTO: "To thine own self be true"

OFFICERS

CLARA ARMSTRONG	<i>President</i>
CHAS. C. HAMMITT, JR.	<i>Vice-President</i>
LOIS MOFFETT	<i>Treasurer</i>
EVYLN CRAIG	<i>Secretary</i>
MAY GARST	<i>Historian</i>
MARY CLARK	<i>Poetess</i>
F. J. CHAPMAN	<i>Artist</i>
GRADIE WILLIAMS	<i>Editor</i>

MEMBERS

CLARA ARMSTRONG

ALICE BROCKWELL
MARY CLARK
F. J. CHAPMAN
EVLYN CRAIG
RUTH COPENHAVER
LOUISE DENIT
LOUISE DILLARD
RUTH DEAL
ROBERTA DRAPER
ANNIE DRAPER
MAY GARST
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WILLIAM GARRETT
RUTH GRAVELY
CHAS. C. HAMMITT, JR.
FRANCES HARVYCUTTER
THELMA JETER
WILLIS LOGAN

WHITE KIRBY
ELSIE LANE
LOIS MOFFETT
JOHN MORGAN
ROSE MORGAN
BESSIE McLAUGHLIN
BOYD PERFATER
CARRIE PRICE
MINNIE PHELPS
IRENE RICE
CHURCHILL ROBERTSON
GRACE STEVENS
ANNIE SHELOR
LEONARD SHANK
ETHEL VEST
JEANETTE WALKER
GRADIE WILLIAMS
EDWARD WOODWARD
KYLE WHITESCARVER

Junior Class History



WHEN the doors of S. H. S. opened for the session of 1913-'14 a class of fifty-three Freshmen entered—a class then known only for its numbers, but destined in the future to astonish the world by its brilliance, nobility and superiority.

When, as Freshmen, we were first introduced to Latin and Algebra, we found them rather difficult, but of course we soon overcame the difficulties and a member of the now rising class won the scholarship medal. In the spring of nineteen fourteen we were glad to throw off the disagreeable title, "rats," and become Soph-

omores.

In the second class we met another formidable personage—the renowned Caesar, and had the pleasure (?) of fighting many battles under his leadership, but, just as he did, "venimus, vidimus, vicimus." In this class also we began to show our talents. Several of our members creditably represented the class as officers in the Lyceum and as members of the basket and football teams. While Sophomores, the death of Miss Armstrong, our beloved English teacher, occurred. We felt that this loss was irreparable, but we were very fortunate in securing, as an English teacher, Miss Goode, who has won a warm place in our hearts and is highly esteemed among us.

This year we are Juniors—forty strong! Members of the Class of '17 are distinguishing themselves and bringing honors to the class as orators, musicians, football players and debaters. We are especially proud of Miss Willis Logan, who has the honor of being one of the two representatives in debate from S. H. S. to Charlottesville. Besides all these, there is one member of the class who, we feel sure, will be a noted draughtsman or the author of a geometry—more probably the latter. A shadow was cast over our happy hearts Christmas when our esteemed classmate, Helen Martin, left us to attend school in North Carolina. However, we are all glad that she will return to us again next year.

We feel sure that if we continue as we have started (and we have no other thought than to continue), the Class of '17 will be one of the most renowned in the history of S. H. S.

—Historian.

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Sophomore Class Poem

"Swiftly our pleasures glide away."
Last year came sweet dreams every day
Of "Sophomore."
Last year was this: It's passed us by,
We recall each day with tear-dimmed eye
O'er and o'er.

Let us not sadly dream again
That lessons taught were taught in vain,
'Tis never so.
Oh, let ambition guide our feet,
Let us not heed the vision sweet,
Or passing show.

"Our lives are rivers gliding free,"
And ever do we glide toward the sea
Of life.
Next year as Juniors our hearts will thrill,
And nearer still we approach the sea; we have no
thought of ill,
Of winds or strife.

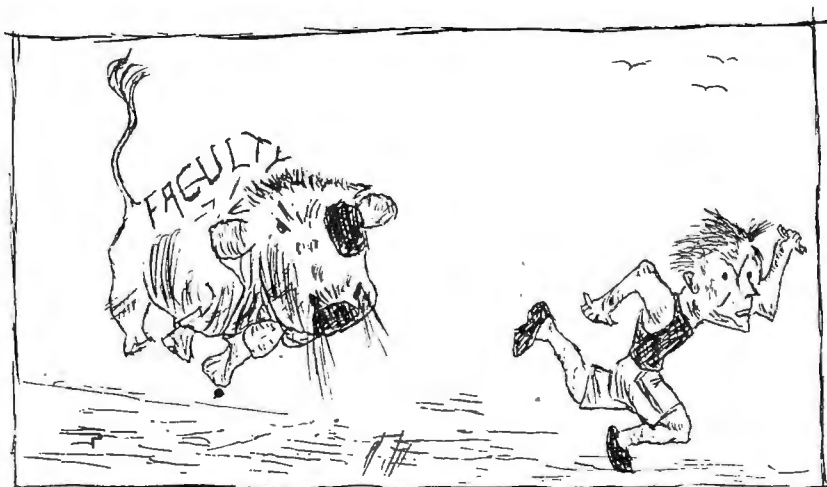
We only see the glimmering sands,
All, all is glorious there.
We watch the shining shore,
We hear no storm, no angry wave,
We have our youth,
Our hearts are brave.

Next our Junior year has swiftly passed,
And then you know we are Seniors, at last!
Swiftly goes the race.
We've left the quiet river,
And have launched upon the wave.

But, my classmates, we shall miss
Our teachers' gentle hands
That guided us
So softly round the bend and launched us forth
Upon the tide. And have you thought
That we must part?

But now to me has come this thought:
The world is but a school, and if we use it
As we ought,
Tho' we must part, we'll meet again
Beyond the sky, dear classmates, teachers,
There on high.

1916 *The Oracle* 1916



Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

JERE BUNTING	President
HARVEY WOODS	Vice-President
MARY CAMPBELL	Secretary and Treasurer
HAZEL FITZGERALD	Historian
ROSALIE STEVENS	Poetess
WINFRED GLENN	Artist
LYNWOOD SAUNDERS	Editor

MEMBERS

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JERE BUNTING	VIOLET MEADOWS
BLANCHE BREWER	DOLLIE MILLER
MARY BRIGHTBILL	CORINNE MOESCHLER
JESSIE BYRD	SUE MOESCHLER
PAUL CANNADAY	RUBY MOESCHLER
MARY CAMPBELL	WALTER OAKLEY
MARGARET EARLY	GEORGE PEEL
BOWYER FOUT	CLOVIS PETERS
HAZEL FITZGERALD	VIRGINIA PENN
NELDA FRANCIS	NANCY POTEET
HUGH GISH	LYNWOOD SAUNDERS
WINFRED GLENN	LENA SPANGLER
WALTER GRAHAM	CLARA STEPHENS
GLADYS GIVEN	ROSALIE STEVENS
MARY GOODWIN	SAMUEL TERRILL
NETTIE GOODWIN	CLARA TALIAFERRO
HOWARD HUFF	MARGARET TEMPLE
PLEASIE HALE	NAOMI THOMAS
HELEN HODGES	MARGIE TURNER
RUTH HOSKINS	CHARLES WEBBER
GLADYS KERNER	PAUL WILLIAMS
FLORENCE KESLER	HARVEY WOODS
CLARENCE LEWIS	LOTTIE WEBBER
MARY WILLIAMS	

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SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class History

WHEN the Class of '18 left the Grammar School forever as scholars, we marched with nervous tread to that grand and imposing structure known as Salem High School. When first we entered the assembly hall we felt that each eye was piercing us through and through. However, we soon overcame our embarrassment and began to look around. We found that a goodly company of out-of-town folks was to join our class and we welcomed them joyously.

We were eventually introduced to our new studies, among which were Latin and Algebra. We cannot say we were particularly charmed with the introduction, but they improved on acquaintance, and we really grew fond of them. And we were having a grand and glorious time, when along came intermediate exams. O, the deep and impenetrable gloom that settled upon our young hearts! No words can express it. Only those who have had experience can conceive of it. However, there is an end to everything, exams. included, and after a week of unutterable anguish we again emerged into the sunshine of everyday life.

Then came that event of events, the High School play. As usual, it was a great success, and the fact that there was a pretty good sprinkling of rats in it did not greatly mar it.

And in the first balmy days of June we rats toiled in the throes of more exams. Some of us came to grief, but a great majority came out with flying colors.

Then one morning in September we came into the well-earned title of Sophomores. We have upheld this title to the best of our ability, which is saying a good deal. We are not only brilliant scholars, but are also shining lights in athletics and the Lyceum. We have twice been creditably represented in the society by a secretary, and when any especially good program has been carried out you will generally find that a good handful of Sophs helped make it a success. We have also contributed greatly to the success of our ball teams, three of the five on the basketball team having come from our class.

Now, dear reader, if you have pursued this tiresome narrative thus far, I believe you will agree with me that the Class of '18 promises to be one of the most brilliant that the home of brilliant classes, Salem High, ever fostered.

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Freshman Class Poem

The Class of '19 is fresh and green,
As were the other classes;
The Sophomores especially,
Who think they have their passes.

But since they've had a taste
Of what the journey'll be,
Perhaps they'll not get so far on them,
But—as for that—we'll see.

They thought it was their duty,
And became a Sophomore
To scare the Freshies up a bit
And make them good and sore.

It was not half so bad, as all
We rats expected,
And really 'twould be better done
Next year—so we reflected.

But now as Freshies we'll enjoy
Our freedom while we may,
For we've an idea that as Sophs
We cannot care-free stay.

Then here's to the joy that's a Freshman's right,
And here's to the freedom and bliss;
May the fun we've had all thro' the year
Make up for what we'll miss.

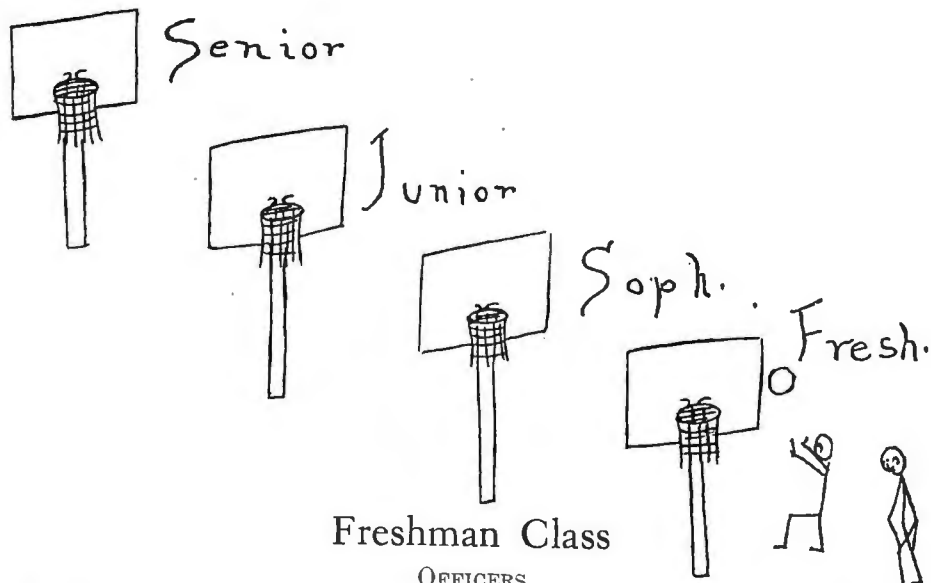
—E. C. C.

1916 *The Oracle* 1916



FRESHMAN CLASS

1916 The Oracle 1916



OFFICERS

PAGE KELLY	President
DOUGLAS BOWERS	Vice-President
BEVERLY BROWN	Secretary
JOSEPHINE LEWIS	Treasurer
AMY HALE	Artist
ESTHER CLARK	Poet
VIRGINIA LEIGHTON	Historian
BESSIE WADDY	Editor

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 ERNEST MORGAN
 CURTIS MULLEN
 O. D. OAKY
 GRADY PAYNTER
 FURMAN WHITESCARVER
 BRYANT OPENHAVER
 MABEL CARTER
 ADRIENNE GOODWIN
 OLA GISH
 ARNIE GOODWIN
 BARCLAY ANDREWS
 ALFRED BISHOP
 MARVIN CRAWLEY
 DAVID DYER
 HENRY ELLER

HENRY ELLER
 PAGE KELLY
 EARL KESLER
 EDWARD PORTER
 EDWARD WORDEN
 JANIE BRADLEY
 BEVERLY BROWN
 ESTHER CLARK
 JESSIE CRONK
 KATHLEEN DEYERLE
 WILLIE DONAHOE
 REBECCA GOLDSMITH
 VALRIE JAMES
 WINONA JOHNSTON
 HALLIE LAVINDER
 JOSEPHINE LEWIS
 MILDRED McLAUGHLIN
 FANNIE MILLER
 GEORGIE PARIS
 CHRISTINE SUBLETTE
 ELIZABETH SUBLETTE
 DOROTHEA SWITZER
 BESSIE WADDY
 FRANCIS WADE

MARY GOODE
 BESSIE HILER
 VIRGINIA LEIGHTON
 BESSIE MILES
 MARY MORGAN
 THELMA MEADOW
 ROBERTA MOORE
 GRACE MEDLEY
 LENA MORAN
 LILLIAN PUCKETT
 RUTH RISHEL
 ESTELL SUDDARTTE
 LOIS THOMASON
 RUTH WINGFIELD
 SADIE WALKER
 HATTIE LIPSCOMB
 LILA GRAHAM
 MARY ALICE GROVE
 AMY HALE
 MARY HAWKINS
 VALRIE JAMES

Freshman Class History

ON September 13, 1915, when the Salem schools opened, the largest class that has ever entered the Salem High School assumed their places as Freshmen. There were at first over eighty members in the class. On account of this congestion we had to be divided. Since the beginning of the term, however, we have lost several of our pupils, leaving thirty-six in one room and thirty-five in the other.

The class has made a good start in everything they have undertaken. The vice-president of Lyceum is a member of the First Class. Several pupils of the class have debated, and most of them won. This showed the other classes that we are not so easily beaten in some things. Besides the debating, some of the Freshmen have appeared as readers and musicians. As yet, only a few of the First Class boys have taken an active part in athletics. But next year we feel sure there will be a large number of them on the team.

Of course some of our work is unfamiliar, and therefore a little hard for us. But we are not going to give up because of this. Indeed, we could never expect to learn anything that way! We are fortunate in having good teachers, who are able to explain things well to us; for success in school depends upon the teacher as well as upon the pupils.

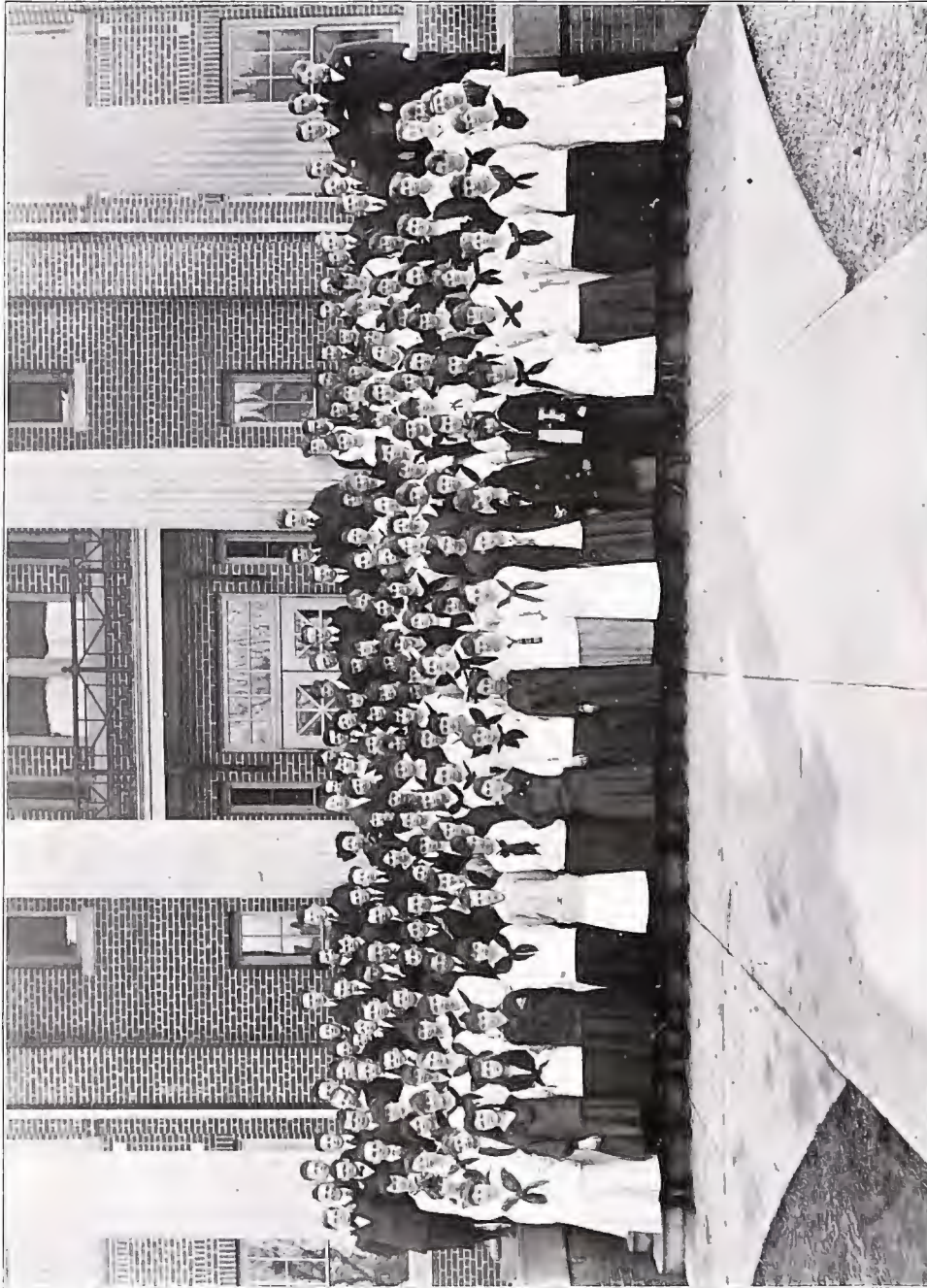
We started out with great enthusiasm on our High School course. But soon our interest began to wane. And, dear me, we shall never forget Miss Duncan's gentle remonstrances, "Now, little people, there is no reason why you shouldn't learn history." Hark! what sounds are gently stealing up from the lower hall? "What under the sun of Heaven is the matter up there? Oh, those abominable Freshmen!" Now, Miss Ferguson preaches above all things, honesty and earnest effort, even if we don't learn our lessons. Miss Stearnes daily regrets the fact that we are becoming "so demoralized," and warns us against "beating around the bush." But why is everybody so quiet and studying so hard? Oh, don't be alarmed; it's only Miss McConkey coming.

Such is the past history of the Freshman Class, and we are looking forward to even a brighter future. We are steadily pressing on to the goal, ever with renewed courage and hope. When our journey over the rugged paths of High School life has been finished, we feel that we shall be, by far, the brightest star in the High School sky.

—V. L.



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THE LYCEUM

"The Victory"



LOWLY over the far distant mountains the sun blinked and half opened his sleepy eyes, then seemed to dart back at the magnificent sight which met his stupefied gaze, and finally decided to venture again above the summits of the mountains. Then sleepiness vanished and he did not fail to gaze at the great deep trenches and breastworks, gaping cannon, and line upon line of expectant troops. All seemed to be in readiness for an expected attack and it was not in the heart of any Belgian to fear to defend this beloved native land. No enemy, however, was visible, and all was quiet, save for the low murmur of men's voices and an occasional neigh of an impatient horse.

The men for the most part were silent; occasionally a man leaned over from his saddle to make some terse remarks to his neighbor, but those loyal hearts were heavy. Each had left some beloved one and life seemed so sweet just now, with the birds softly singing from the trees which swayed gently in a yet gentler breeze. Were the trees trying to speak—or, were they trying to drive the bitter thoughts and heart-rending agony from the heart of each? Who knows? Why could not Germany refrain in the greed of her passion from bringing agony and pestilence and famine and death on Belgium? Ah! Why, indeed? The hopeless emptiness of that question will ever ring in the ears of peoples of all times.

This dejection and wretchedness was, also, in the heart of the pale and trembling maiden who stood in the door of a cottage nearby. The roses were in full bloom and waved softly in the breeze over the door where the young girl stood. Why a sigh? Is there aught darest stand between thee and happiness?

A figure is seen rapidly approaching and the rose of the maiden's cheek becomes as lovely as the exquisite little bud which ever and anon kisses shyly the beautiful girl.

The rider dismounted at the gate, truly the incarnation of glorious young manhood. He gently clasped the waiting girl in his arms.

"Thou wilt come back to me?" she murmured.

"Aye, but thou wouldst not have me waver in my duty?" And he searched her face for that which he knew would be written there.

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The earth trembled, and the terrific, deafening sound of the discharge of many cannon smote the two standing thus.

The enemy! The enemy! Then Germany dared force her way through a country which refused to give her consent to death, panic, famine, destruction, desolation, murder and vice.

There was only time for a last embrace and a last clasp of the dear hand and he was on his way to probable death, or, if not to death, perhaps—worse yet—to eke out his existence, maimed for life.

No wonder the face turned ashy white, no wonder she whispered, “Courage—courage,” to her poor, fluttering heart.

The sun rose higher on his glorious way, as the siege became fiercer and fiercer. The sun was partially concealed by the dense smoke of the cannon, but it beat down unmercifully alike on the living and dying. Men fell, overcome purely by the awful, unbearable rays of the sun. There was great confusion: horses running wild, dying men mingling their piteous moans with the din of the cannon, men being mowed down by the thousands. This was an important position, imperative for Germany and she must not fail. Even God must have turned his face from the destruction, the crime and the horror of it all. The heavens roared and rumbled, lightning flashed, and then the heavens opened and the rain fell in torrents—

“On earth men said ‘thunder-storm’,
But God had cried aloud.”

Finally, the clouds burst and the rain ceased and the firing, which had been temporarily stopped by the storm, began with ever increasing fury. The sun sank lower and lower and still the fierce cannonade ceased not. The village at hand was almost in ruins, but our little house of the pink roses was still left standing.

The sun sank at last, and the trenches, the cannon, the fort—all, even the lifeless forms piled high on the tremendous battlefield, were presently obscured by the total darkness.

The next morning the sun, rather sullen, rose on the same desolate scene of the evening before. Sad-faced and weeping women moved softly among the dead and dying.

A slip of a girl almost exhausted from her futile search, finally came to the end of her journey, for there in the first rays of the sun he lay, apparently dead.

A huge gash on his forehead, a shirt sleeve covered with blood were what impressed themselves indelibly on her brain at one fleeting glance. But ah! he lives, but such a small, treacherous spark of life!

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Quickly summoning aid, the wounded man was borne swiftly to the small cottage of the pink roses.

Many days the bombardment lasted, but finally the Germans marched on their triumphant, inglorious way, and left in their wake ruin and destruction and sorrow, without a parallel in history. Women burying their dead, orphans cast upon the world, homes broken up and destroyed—all was in chaos.

And in a little room in our cottage of roses love and faith and skill combatted with death, and for many days it seemed to be a losing battle, then a balanced and yet fiercer struggle, and finally on a glorious day, when the sun shone ever so softly and the beautiful pink roses seemed yet a little pinker and yet a little more lovely and fragrant, hope and joy entered in and held communion with faith and love.

—GOLDSMITH, '17.

Tennis Championship

THE 1915 tournament for school championship was played on the High School courts shortly before commencement with ten entrants for men's singles, five teams for men's doubles, and four teams for mixed doubles.

MEN'S SINGLES: S. Terrill, E. Rice, J. Burch, C. Webber, C. Robertson and W. Graham drew byes, leaving J. Patton vs. L. Shank, and N. Walker vs. P. Day for the first round. Patton defeated Shank 3-6, 9-7, 6-0 (default). Walker defeated Day 6-1, 6-0. In the second round Rice defeated Terrill 6-0, 6-0. Burch defeated Patton by default. Walker defeated Webber 6-2, 6-4, and Graham defeated Robertson by default. In the semi-finals Burch won from Rice 6-3, 6-0, and Walker defeated Graham 6-3, 6-0. This left Burch and Walker to contest in the finals, the championship going to Walker by default.

MEN'S DOUBLES: The teams of Messrs. Shank-Hammitt, Messrs. Patton-Terrill, and Messrs. Burch-Robertson drew byes, leaving Messrs. Graham-Webber vs. Messrs. Rice-Walker for the first round, which went to Rice-Walker, 6-1, 6-0. This team then defeated Shank-Hammitt in the second round, 6-3, 6-0. Burch-Robertson beat Patton-Terrill, 6-1, 6-1. Rice-Walker overcame Burch-Robertson for the title by a score of 6-2, 6-3.

MIXED DOUBLES: For several reasons these matches were not played in regular order, there being a bye in each round. Miss Martin and Mr. Robertson lost to Miss Rice and Mr. Walker, 3-6, 4-6. The latter team then lost to Miss Williams and Mr. Rice, 6-4, 4-6, 3-6. The winners then played and won the final match from Miss Garrett and Mr. Burch by two deuce sets, 9-7 and 8-6.

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Green Stockings

SYNOPSIS OF PLAY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Admiral Grice, retired	Everett S. Rice
William Faraday, superficial and selfish	Chas. C. Hammitt
Colonel Smith, African Rifles	Paul B. Day
Robert Tarver, a swell	James Goodwin
Henry Steele and James Raleigh, young men	Jere Bunting and Jack Burch
Martin, the butler	F. J. Chapman
Celia Faraday, unaffected and charming	Louise Dillard
Mrs. Rockingham	Hazel Fitzgerald
Lady Trenchard	Clara Stephens
Phyllis, thoughtlessly selfish	Lucy Rice
Mrs. Chisholm Faraday, a personage	Grace Stevens

SYNOPSIS

PHYLLIS Faraday, a charming but thoughtless young girl, is engaged to Robert Tarver, a society butterfly. William Faraday refuses to ratify the engagement until his eldest daughter, Celia, is engaged. An old country custom requires the eldest daughter to wear green stockings at the wedding of a younger sister. Celia has worn green stockings twice, once for her sister Madge, now Mrs. Rockingham, and once for Evelyn, now the widowed Lady Trenchard. Celia, not wishing to stand in the way of Phyllis' happiness, and goaded by the pitying condescension of her family, announces her own engagement to an imaginary Colonel Smith, of the West African Rifles. At once everything is changed. Celia is no longer relegated to the background, and her real charm wins for her many friends and admirers. Among these are Henry Steele and Jimmie Raleigh, two young men who had considered Celia hopelessly tiresome before the announcement of her engagement to Colonel Smith. Celia, in accordance with her first plans, has an announcement of "the death of Colonel Smith" inserted in *The Times* eight months later. She receives the sympathy of her family, and expects to leave for Chicago with her aunt, Mrs. Chisholm Faraday, who has been her firm ally throughout. But a letter written by Celia and addressed to "Colonel Smith, Somoliland, Africa," has fallen into the hands of a real Colonel Smith, who, pretending to be a friend of Celia's fiance, is introduced to Celia as Colonel Vavasour. The other members of the family go to a dinner given by Admiral Grice, an old friend, and the butler, Martin, serves dinner to Celia and the Colonel. All ends happily.

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DRAMATIC CLUB

1916 *The Oracle* 1916

Basket Ball

Left to right: BUNTING, Right Forward; WALKER, Left Forward; LOGAN, Substitute; PETERS Left Guard; BURCH, Right Guard; GLENN, Center; DAY, Manager.

The victorious career of the 1916 Basketball Team will always be remembered with pride and pleasure by the Salem High School. The first game of the season was played with Moneta, and won by a score of 80 to 8. Chatham, Radford, Marion and Roanoke also were defeated, Roanoke losing a second game to Salem by a score of 41 to 21. The team was defeated only once on Virginia soil, and later avenged themselves by a victory over the same team.

More than one hundred schools entered in the contests for the State Championship in basketball, only five qualifying for the semi-finals. In this series, conducted by the University of Virginia, Salem defeated Bristol, and won the State Championship in the final contest at the University, defeating Jefferson School for Boys by the decisive score of 35 to 20.

Ferant palmarum qui meruerunt.

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BASKET
BALL
TEAM

1916 *The Oracle* 1916



1916 *The Oracle* 1916



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1916 *The Oracle* 1916

Foot Ball

BURCH, *Captain*

LOGAN, *Manager*

WALKER, Left End

WEBBER, Left Tackle BOARD, Right End

GLENN, Left Guard BUNTING, Quarter Back

CAWLEY, Center

WILLIS, Left Half Back

PETERS, Right Tackle

HAMMITT, Full Back

ROBERTSON and PEEL, Right Guards

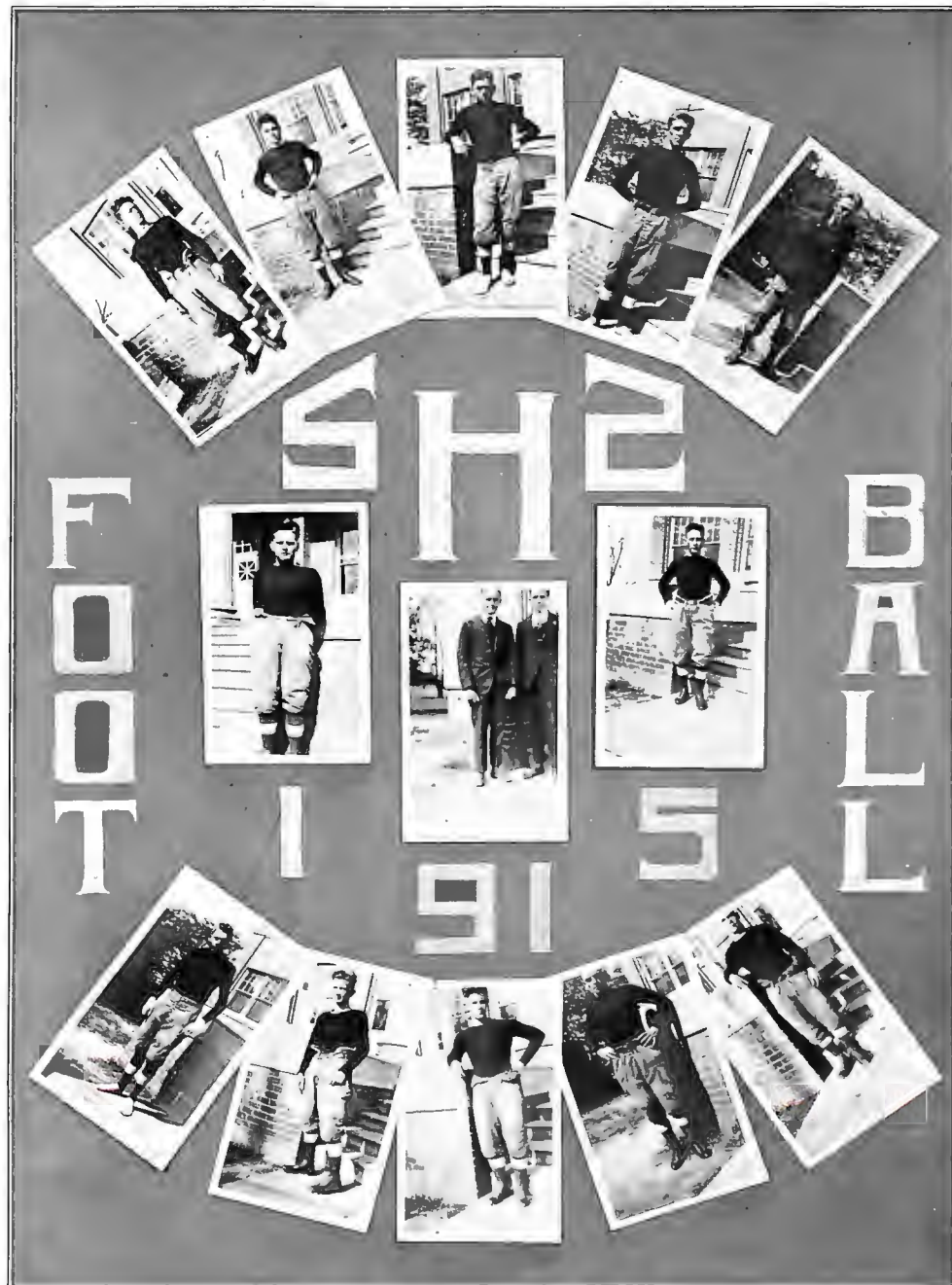
BURCH, Right Half Back

SUBSTITUTES

LOGAN, OAKLEY, CRAWFORD, MORGAN, WOODS, GOODWIN

GRIFFIN, *Coach*

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1916 *The Oracle* 1916

Baseball

BOARD, C.

GOODWIN, 2nd B.

BURCH, P.

WALKER, 3rd B.

KELLY, S. S.

WEBBER, L. F.

BUNTING, 1st B.

GLENN, C. F.

HAMMITT, R. F.

SUBSTITUTES

MORGAN

CRAWFORD

PERFATER

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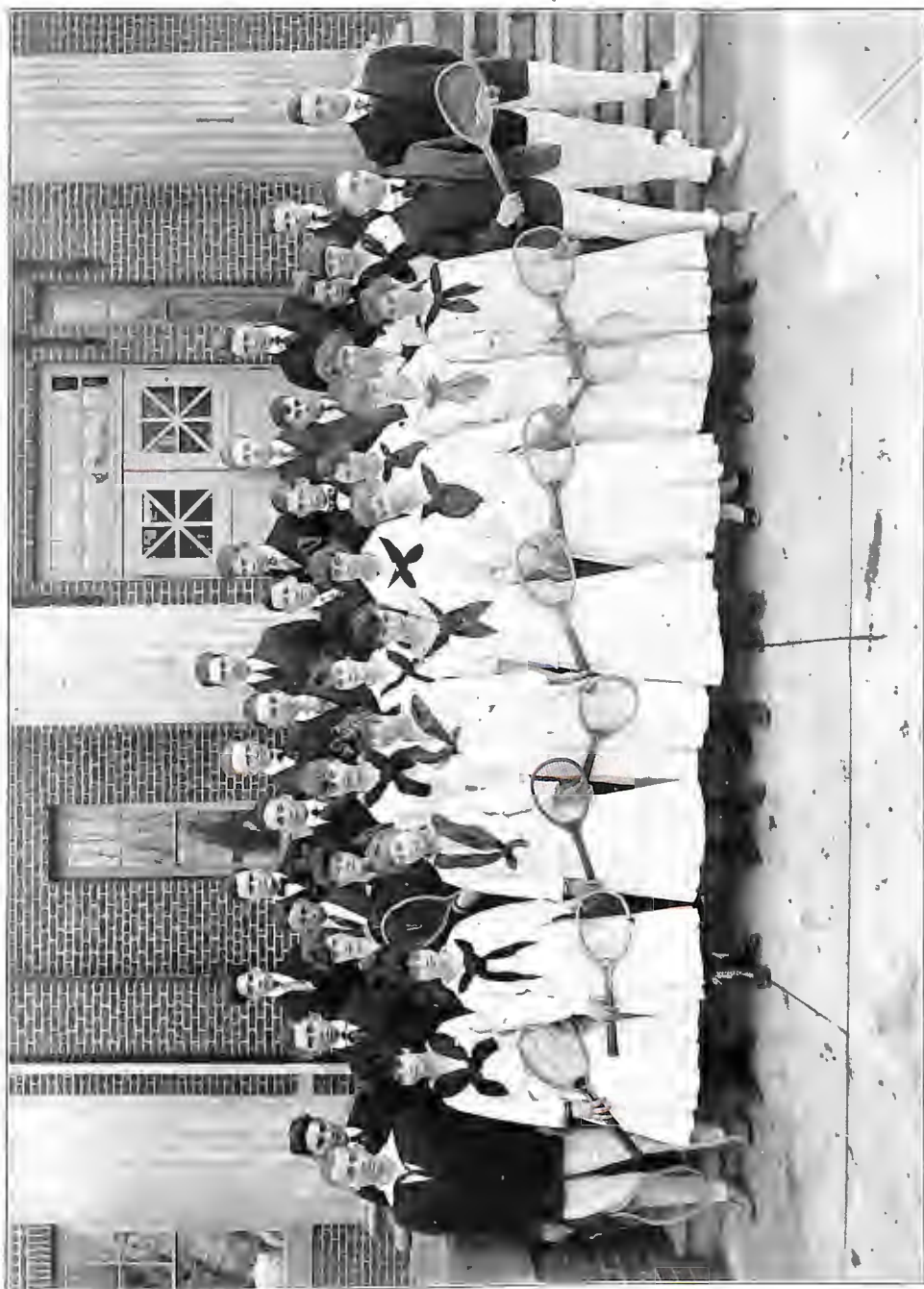


BASEBALL
TEAM

Tennis Club

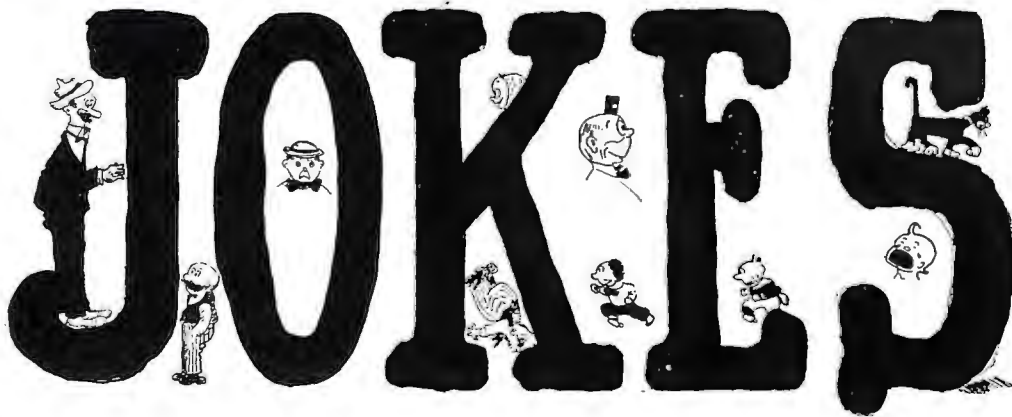
JOSEPH D. LOGAN, JR.	JOHN MORGAN
J. NORMAN WALKER	WM. GARRETT
SAM TERRILL	F. J. CHAPMAN
BARCLAY ANDREWS	JANET FERGUSON
CHURCHILL ROBERTSON	LOIS MOFFETT
CHARLES WEBBER	PAULINE GRAHAM
HOWARD HUFF	LOTTIE WEBBER
CLARENCE LEWIS	LUCY RICE
O. D. OAKEY, JR.	VIRGINIA PENN
HOWARD BRYANT	LOUISE DILLARD
EVERETT RICE	LENA GOLDSMITH
PAUL B. DAY	LOUIS DENIT
JACK F. BURCH	ROBERTA DRAPER
HARVEY WOODS	ANNIE DRAPER
CHARLES HAMMITT	ETHEL VEST
LEONARD SHANK	REBECCA GOLDSMITH
WM. LIPSCOMB	THELMA JETER

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TENNIS CLUB

JOKES



MISS ANNIE: Go on, Joe, and study your French lesson.

JOE LOGAN: I'm waiting for Pauline to come back so she can read it to me.

MISS ANNIE: Well, you won't have Pauline to read French for you all your life.

JOE L.: How do you know, Miss Annie?

MISS JONES (in Latin class): Paul, translate this line: "Haud segnis strato surgit Palinurus."

PAUL (glibly): "Without signs Palinurus surges forward in layers."

MISS FERGUSON: Does anyone know why William Murray is absent?

GRADY PAINTER: I know; he's sick in bed with *exclamatory* rheumatism.

MISS DUNCAN: Come up here, Evelyn, and sit on the front seat.

Whereupon Evelyn moves to another seat about the center of the room.

MISS DUNCAN: No, come up here and sit next to me.

EVELYN CRAIG: Well, good gracious, Miss Duncan, that's right under your nose.

MISS DUNCAN: Well, never mind, I'll try to stand it!

MISS JONES (in a "what's-the-use" tone): Why do we have a leap year, anyhow?

JAMES GOODWIN (on a written lesson in English History): The principal crop of the Anglo-Saxons was swine.

FIRST RAT: What do you know about Zeddie Long's gettin' 8 on a Latin written lesson?

"RAT" LONG: Well, that's better than nothin'.

"RAT" WALLACE HURT: Yes, that's what I got!

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MISS DUNCAN (at recess): George, you haven't said anything about my new jacket.

"SONGBIRD" PITTARD: Well, I thought you looked mighty funny, but I couldn't decide what was the matter.

BRIGHT SOPHOMORE (giving an account of Poe's life): Poe was murdered in a saloon in Baltimore, but they drug (drugged) him in a back room.

IRENE McREYNOLDS (trying to raise the window on the train, by releasing the catch): Come here, Chick, and raise this window for me; I wasn't made to squeeze.

Literature is a written production which has been given to us, because of excellence of character belonging to some of our ancestors.—Sophomore definition of literature.

Another Sophomore of the brilliant variety attempted to give an account of the presentation of the keys to St. Peter, with authority over the church, and this is the product of his attempt: "St. Peter was supposed to have laid his keys on a rock in Rome and the church was built over the place."

MISS GOODE (after having called on John Morgan to recite, and receiving a general answer from the entire room): I didn't know there were so many Johns in this room.

F. J. CHAPMAN: There aren't; they are all "Jacks."

MISS STEARNES: Lila, what kind of minerals are found in bottom of Salt Lake?

LILA GRAHAM (very seriously): Mud.

MISS DUNCAN: Where did man come from?

LILA G.: Some of 'em came from monkeys, but others are even too bad for that.

MISS GOODE: George, give an example of a mixed metaphor.

G. P.: That blackboard is black as a crow and fair as a flower.

MISS FERGUSON (reading Latin): Caesar could elicit no response—

CLOVIS PETERS: What was that word you used?

MISS F.: "Elicit."

C. P.: I thought that had something to do with whiskey.

MISS GOODE (to Churchill Robertson, who is sitting with Rose Morgan): Churchill, I believe you had better take your seat and study.

CHURCHILL: But, Miss Goode, I am studying.

MISS G.: What is it you are studying?

C. R.: Er—er—botany!

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DOUGLAS B.: Miss Stearnes, the definition of "whole" is "complete." Doughnuts are holey, but they are not complete.

MISS GOODE (to "Rooster" Graham, as she starts to write "Chicken" Carter's grade on a slip of paper): Now don't you look at that grade.

"ROOSTER" GRAHAM: I haven't the slightest desire to see his grade.

MISS GOODE: Well, you should have. You should show more interest in the welfare of your fellow-man—or, I should say, your *fellow-chicken*.

IRENE McREYNOLDS (when P. B. D. is assisting Miss Annie in putting on her coat): Paul, you are about to embrace Miss Annie.

PAUL DAY: Oh, no, I'm coating (courting) her!

MISS DUNCAN: You remember that King William died without heirs.

IRVIN BOARD: Why, I thought he died for the lack of air!

LOUISE DILLARD (practicing for play): What went with my "Green Stockings?"

EV. RICE (handing out a copy): I have one here.

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Senior Diary

- SEPTEMBER 13—Grand opening of school with one new teacher and an awful bunch of awed Rats. Seniors welcome Mr. Logan back in their midst.
- SEPTEMBER 14—Auctioneer Jones has discouraging sales on account of change in books. Seniors elect class officers.
- SEPTEMBER 15—Initiation of overwhelming bunch of Rats. Feeble attempt at lessons. Seniors have formal introduction to Virgil, clad in a new suit.
- SEPTEMBER 16—Election of Lyceum officers. Sophs. and Juniors beguile Rats into voting against Seniors. Senior Pittard conceives of a beautiful scheme to put a Senior in office. The plot is inaugurated by Seniors Day, Rice, Goodwin and Logan. It almost succeeds when Chairman Jones balks the attempt. Whereupon, a heated discussion about parliamentary law takes place between Seniors and Chairman.
- SEPTEMBER 17—Foundations of Lyceum are considerably shaken by Seniors, who are still "raw" over the election.
- SEPTEMBER 20—New teacher, Miss Stearnes, arrives upon the scenes. Seniors agree to arbitrate, for the present, the Lyceum affair. Miss Duncan says she realizes everything and everybody are a little off.
- SEPTEMBER 21—Black looks are numerous because of the Fair holiday, which we didn't get. Only four Senior boys in evidence, which number dwindles to two.
- SEPTEMBER 22—Senior Goodwin still takin' in the Fair.
- SEPTEMBER 23—"All Roads Lead to Great Roanoke Fair," and many students plod them.
- SEPTEMBER 24—Senior Day slumbers during Geometry class, but everything is so still, that the prevailing quiet disturbs his slumber.
- SEPTEMBER 27—Seniors have a caninal visitor, but he is invited to call later. Miss Jones goes to use the 'phone and Seniors become hilarious during her absence.
- SEPTEMBER 28—Salesman brings samples of class pins. Each Senior selects a different one. Discussion lasts during Latin and French periods.
- SEPTEMBER 29—We decide upon our class rings and pins.
- SEPTEMBER 30—Several Seniors stay after school, and give Miss Jones a demonstration of their geometrical talents.
- OCTOBER 1—First meeting of Lyceum. Lots of new talent discovered.
- OCTOBER 4—French period used to discuss plans to swell the treasury of G. A. A.
- OCTOBER 5—Many Seniors, having failed to hand in compositions, receive invitations to visit Miss Goode after school.
- OCTOBER 6—Diarist absent.
- OCTOBER 7—Teachers' Institute in session. No school.

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- OCTOBER 8—No school, but great events elsewhere. S. H. S. defeats Christiansburg in a great football game. Score 6-0.
- OCTOBER 11—"It never rains but it pours." We start original work in Geometry, have forty lines in Virgil, and review for History test.
- OCTOBER 12—Same old grind. Plenty of Geometry and History.
- OCTOBER 13—Senior N. Walker takes a nap during History class, and has a pleasant dream. P. B. D. endeavors to swat a fly, and creates a disturbance.
- OCTOBER 14—"One of the Freshies' flirtation with Senior Carter causes a big laugh in assembly. We fear for poor 'Chick'". (Inserted by E. S. R.)
- OCTOBER 15—Several boys take a snooze during History—their only method of being good. Despite this, three are presented with demerits.
- OCTOBER 18—Samples of class pins and rings arrive. They look fine.
- OCTOBER 19—Senior Florence Walker gets to school on time for the first time this year. Three cheers for Florence!
- OCTOBER 20—Seniors Board and J. Goodwin have such a good time in the rear of the room that they are promoted to the front. Others get the promise of same promotion unless they become less hilarious.
- OCTOBER 21—Latin and French are dispensed with in order to practice for Lyceum meeting.
- OCTOBER 22—Senior Walker gets lonesome in the rear of room, and Miss Jones relieves the monotony by giving him a front seat. Second Lyceum meeting. Some Seniors distinguish themselves in "Local and Long Distance."
- OCTOBER 25—Everybody happy today on account of Saturday's victory. Roanoke High (Second) gets defeated by score of 27 to 0.
- OCTOBER 26—No school until eleven o'clock. We all go to see the agricultural train at N. & W. Station, and to hear the lectures. We "abolish" French in order to inspect some sample invitations.
- OCTOBER 27—One Senior gets the "giggles" in Geometry class. Disease proves slightly infectious. Original giggler *retires* from class to regain his dignity.
- OCTOBER 28—Mathematical problem puzzles Major Chandler, and Miss Annie, Miss Jones, Mr. Cook and Major hold a *confab* to solve it.
- OCTOBER 29—School turns out at 2:15 for football game with Radford. Radford proves rough, but Salem "gets its goat", 19-0.
- NOVEMBER 1—Things seem kind of dull. Tranquillity of room undisturbed.
- NOVEMBER 2—More dull times and "business depression."
- NOVEMBER 3—Much fondness for apples is developed during History class. Demerits hover about, and one settles.
- NOVEMBER 4—We get our first reports. A few Seniors look happy, others look surprised, the majority look resigned.
- NOVEMBER 5—We are sorry to learn that Senior N. Walker has diphtheria. Lyceum meeting. Four Seniors have a spirited debate, which almost results in a fight.
- NOVEMBER 8—Seniors nearly suffocated by the fumes of powerful disinfectant, used to butcher diphtheria germs. Mr. Gordon believes in making a thorough slaughter.

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- NOVEMBER 9—Senior Walker's "diphtheria" proves only a scare. His smiling countenance appears on the scene again.
- NOVEMBER 10—Composition day. Everybody writes a character sketch of Addison. Probably Miss Goode has learned a number of new things about Joseph.
- NOVEMBER 11—Rev. Mr. Nelson conducts the opening exercises.
- NOVEMBER 12—Everybody witnesses the departure of team and rooters, for Christiansburg. We get out of English thereby.
- NOVEMBER 15—The inhabitants of Christiansburg, from all accounts, need some lessons in hospitality as well as *clean* football. Salem lost, 7-0, but we weren't beaten. Class pins and rings come. They are another example of the good judgment of the Class of 1916.
- NOVEMBER 16—Our class(y) rings and pins are much coveted. Unlucky day for most of us.
- NOVEMBER 17—We reluctantly start review in "La Tour de la France." We don't like to part company with Andre and Julien. We like for Julien to jump and clap his hands.
- NOVEMBER 18—Nothin' doin' at all.
- NOVEMBER 19—Absolutely nothin' doin'. "The melancholy days" are here.
- NOVEMBER 22—The football team has added another victory to its record. Salem 47, Southwest Athletic Club 0.
- NOVEMBER 23—We have a History test and an attack of the blues simultaneously. Many groans and sighs are heard.
- NOVEMBER 24—Not many lessons. We have the Thanksgiving meeting of Lyceum in the morning and play Blacksburg in afternoon. Salem 45, Blacksburg 0.
- NOVEMBER 29—Today reminds us of a line from Whittier, which speaks of
 "The feet that lagging slow to school."
 The short holiday seems to have created a general dislike for school.
- NOVEMBER 30—Another bum day.
- DECEMBER 1—The usual harangue about approaching examinations is given. Mr. Nelson of Blacksburg conducts opening exercises and gives us a very interesting talk.
- DECEMBER 2—Class football teams practicing hard. Several Seniors "call on" Miss Goode in the afternoon.
- DECEMBER 3—Nothing happens.
- DECEMBER 6—Senior E. Rice explains a Geometry proposition, which, Miss Jones says, sounds like: "If apples are \$1.55 per bushel, it may snow tomorrow."
- DECEMBER 7—The great class game comes off. By some strange stroke of fortune, Juniors and Rats win, 6-0.
- DECEMBER 8—We have another one of those inevitable, ever-occurring English History tests.
- DECEMBER 9—We "take it easy" in French class. Examination is postponed until Tuesday.
- DECEMBER 10—Ah, Friday, with what rapt adoration do we greet thee! Each of thy succeeding occurrences brings that far-away June nearer, nearer!
- DECEMBER 13—Nothin' doin' much.

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- DECEMBER 14—We have a last day of undisturbed and sweet communion with Julien and Andre. Ah, farewell! Alas!
- DECEMBER 15—Nothin' shakin'. Just a day of peaceful ca'm.
- DECEMBER 16—Election of Lyceum officers. Seniors fare a little better this time.
- DECEMBER 17—*Nothing doing* again.
- DECEMBER 20—American History class has a delightful written lesson.
- DECEMBER 21—In what terms, O, Jupiter, shall this day be mentioned? Miss Jones gives us a *super*-exam in Geometry. What wailing! What weeping! What gnashing of teeth! We all remain long, but Senior Pittard "sticks to the wheel" till 5:45.
- DECEMBER 22—Pre-holiday day! Everybody takes it easy. Lyceum meeting in the A. M. and farewell to our dear High School in the P. M.
- JANUARY 3, 1916—Back to the grind again! Seniors sporting many Christmas presents.
- JANUARY 4—Formal introduction to Hon. Trig. "Sines" of comprehension and delight have not, as yet, appeared.
- JANUARY 5—We begin to review. English History in the lead, and "going strong."
- JANUARY 6—Basketball team has the good luck of getting the college gym. in which to practice. Practice starts in earnest.
- JANUARY 7—Last day of the first week of the first month of the last year, for Seniors.
- JANUARY 10—We start the basketball season out right. Saturday's game with Moneta belongs to Salem by score of 80-8.
- JANUARY 11—Nothin' much doin'. Plenty of review, revue and revou.
- JANUARY 12—Calm tranquillity of our happy existence is undisturbed. We are all working like little angels.
- JANUARY 13—Big game with Chatham Training Institute tonight.
- JANUARY 14—Last night's game did not disappoint us. It was close, but Salem came out on top with a score of 27-22. Nothing doing today, except "jubilation."
- JANUARY 17—Still enjoying long review lessons.
- JANUARY 18—"Still sits the school house by the road, a ragged beggar sunning." And there doesn't seem much chance of the thing's chasin' off, either.
- JANUARY 19—Team goes to Radford to teach those lads a few scientific points in basketball. Salem runs up only 49 points against 14.
- JANUARY 20—Exams. start with Freshies and Sophs. Seniors and Juniors take it easy, resting on their former valor.
- JANUARY 21—Juniors succumb to the common fate. Seniors still happy; all others bone and groan.
- JANUARY 24—Everybody's doin' it now! Seniors hold a consultation with Aeneas. A few show their knowledge (?) of American History.
- JANUARY 25—More exams.. and tough ones.
- JANUARY 26—Several Seniors have the presence of mind to get sick and stay away. The delightful History exam. is postponed.
- JANUARY 27—Seniors sho' are powerful spellers. 19 out of our band of 21 land 100 on the orthographical "zam."

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- JANUARY 28—We get our grades. Some chew the finger nails, and the others "chew the rag." Seniors land the highest averages in school.
- JANUARY 31—Seniors enjoy a "post-diem-testorum" exam. in English History.
- FEBRUARY 1—Beginning of new month and new term. General Relief succeeds Corporal Discomfort today.
- FEBRUARY 2—Dull, cloudy day. Old Brother Ground Hog ought not to get scared.
- FEBRUARY 3—Excitement's all over, and we take it easy again.
- FEBRUARY 4—Big game with Roanoke tomorrow. Acorn to oak, watch Roanoke, they're bound to croak, it ain't no joke.
- FEBRUARY 7—Did Roanoke get licked? Oh, no, the score was only 23 to 19 in Salem's favor.
- FEBRUARY 8—Second game with Roanoke. We sure got their goat now. Salem 41, Roanoke 21.
- FEBRUARY 9—High School has a mass meeting and raises the cash to aid in sending basketball team on trip.
- FEBRUARY 10—Team leaves for southwest Virginia. Plays Marion today.
- FEBRUARY 11—Kind of dull times, but everybody's happy. Salem 32, Marion 20.
- FEBRUARY 14—Team seems to have struck a little tough luck in Bristol. Bristol, Virginia 34, Salem 7. Bristol, Tennessee 34, Salem 29. But that's a small matter—neither team could do it again.
- FEBRUARY 15—We hear that Junior John Morgan, who accompanied the team, made a mash on a Marion teacher, and took her to the game. We are unable to learn whether she is a teacher in the public school or an instructor in that other Marion institution.
- FEBRUARY 16—By winning the Marion game, Salem gets into the race for the State championship. Just watch us, now!
- FEBRUARY 17—Nothin' goin' on. (N. B.—We have about worn out the good old phrase, "nothin' doin'," and so, hereafter, we shall endeavor to vary the expression slightly.)
- FEBRUARY 18—Lyceum activities resumed. New officers take command. Miss Jones gets a telegram. First game of championship series to be played with Bristol at Roanoke, tomorrow.
- FEBRUARY 21—Saturday's game proved a tight one, but, allee samee, we get Bristol's goat. Salem 32, Bristol 29. Sounds like a trip to Charlottesville.
- FEBRUARY 22—George's birthday, but who cares? Last night a little telegram came from Charlottesville, saying that the game with Bristol was void, but giving no reasons. Today we are waiting for answer to our telegram asking for reasons.
- FEBRUARY 23—Things begin to look better. Mr. Carter, the secretary of the athletic league, is coming to Roanoke tonight to investigate.
- FEBRUARY 24—Well, what must I say? Mr. Carter still seems unable to see through somebody's fabrication about the unfairness of the game. We "must play Bristol again at Blacksburg," but—just wait till we do!
- FEBRUARY 25—All the newspapers are backing us up in this controversy, anyway, so we are not all by ourselves in thinking the game was all right.

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FEBRUARY 28—Bristol wins the preliminary game from Roanoke, and, therefore, the team *that Salem trimmed* will go to the University to play for the championship.

FEBRUARY 29—We don't have but one day like this in every four years, so we'll keep quiet about basketball until a more ordinary day.

MARCH 1—Bristol wins the "championship" by defeating John Marshall High, at Charlottesville. Puzzle: If Bristol gets trimmed by Salem in the championship series, and still gets the title of champions, what would you call Salem?

MARCH 2—Everybody still indignant, protesting, and hoping for the best.

MARCH 3—Lyceum meeting. Last one before Seniors' *big* meeting.

MARCH 6—Same old seven and six.

MARCH 7—Rev. Mr. Kemm, of Virginia Christian College, conducts the opening exercises and gives a good talk.

MARCH 8—Salem gets matched with Wytheville for preliminary debate in the State Debating Contest.

MARCH 9—S. H. S., after entering protest, is still waiting for developments in the basketball controversy.

MARCH 10—Nothing of excitement.

MARCH 13—Diarist absent.

MARCH 14—Everybody takes it easy in classes. Practice and preparation for tonight's play and debate take up most of the time.

MARCH 15—Entertainment of last night proves a big success financially and otherwise. Salem High wins over Wytheville in debate, and public reading contest also goes to Salem. We'll have a full representation in Charlottesville on April 20.

MARCH 16—Arrangements are being made to appoint a committee to re-investigate the basketball situation, and to decide whether or not Salem is still "in the ring."

MARCH 17—St. Patrick's Day. Many and variegated shades of green are seen and "heard."

MARCH 20—At last, Salem has received justice and her rights in regard to the basketball trouble. Committee decides that game with Bristol was valid, and that Salem has the right to play for championship.

MARCH 21—Everything quiet. With Salem's fairness proved, things become more settled.

MARCH 22—"No irregularities."

MARCH 23—We had high hopes of getting out of school today, on account of the teachers' meeting at Radford, but our hopes were soon dashed to the ground.

MARCH 24—No school. Teachers go to Radford.

MARCH 27—Seniors hard at work, getting up the big entertainment of the year.

MARCH 28—Miss Jones gets a telegram from Charlottesville. Salem to play Jefferson School for Boys at the University on April 1, to decide championship.

MARCH 29—Basketball team gets to practicing for game with Jefferson School.

MARCH 30—Seniors have their class entertainment. The whole thing makes a big hit, and the mock faculty meeting "brings down the house."

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- MARCH 31—Team leaves for Charlottesville.
- APRIL 3—Salem High School, champions of Virginia—how does that sound? Jefferson School has a heavy team, but Salem has the science. Salem 35, Jefferson 20.
- APRIL 4—Seniors have nice little examination on French.
- APRIL 5—Dull times. We take a rest after the exam.
- APRIL 6—Preparation for another examination, Trigonometry this time.
- APRIL 7—Exam. proves short and not nearly so formidable as we feared.
- APRIL 10—First baseball game of season cancelled on account of heavy snow. Numerous King-Cola souvenirs are in evidence.
- APRIL 11—Bum day.
- APRIL 12—Baseball game with Roanoke High School. Roanoke 8, Salem 0.
- APRIL 13-14—Nothin' happens.
- APRIL 17—Diarist absent.
- APRIL 18—Diarist not at school.
- APRIL 19—Debating and reading teams, accompanied by Miss Annie, leave for Charlottesville.
- APRIL 20-21—Diarist not at school.
- APRIL 24—No school. Easter Monday.
- APRIL 25—Baseball team goes to Roanoke and strikes hard luck again. "Pink-ey" Glenn takes the team to a "Clubhouse" and Hammitt orders a "Clubhouse" sandwich.
- APRIL 26—Nothin' unusual.
- APRIL 27—Diarist absent.
- APRIL 28—Seniors Day, Lucy Rice, Pittard and Carter and Soph. Stevens, representing Salem in the Sixth District Literary Contest, along with Miss Jones and baseball team, go to Bedford. Salem wins in baseball by 13 to 0. Senior Pittard also carries off the medal in declamation.
- MAY 1—We hear that Soph. Nelda Frances is on the point of capturing some good looking college rat (?) What a pretty little romance!
- MAY 2—Miss Jones announces that it is getting too close to the end of the term to waste any more time. Consequently, everybody hustles.
- MAY 3—Senior Mitchell sports a young minister.
- MAY 4—Diary goes to press. Vale! Vale! Vale!





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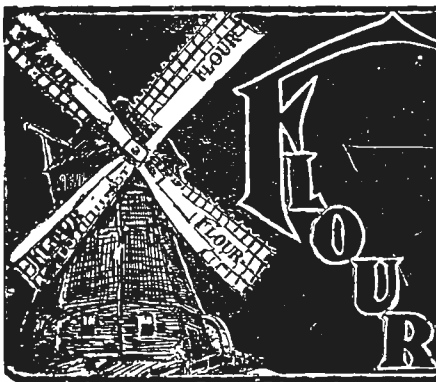
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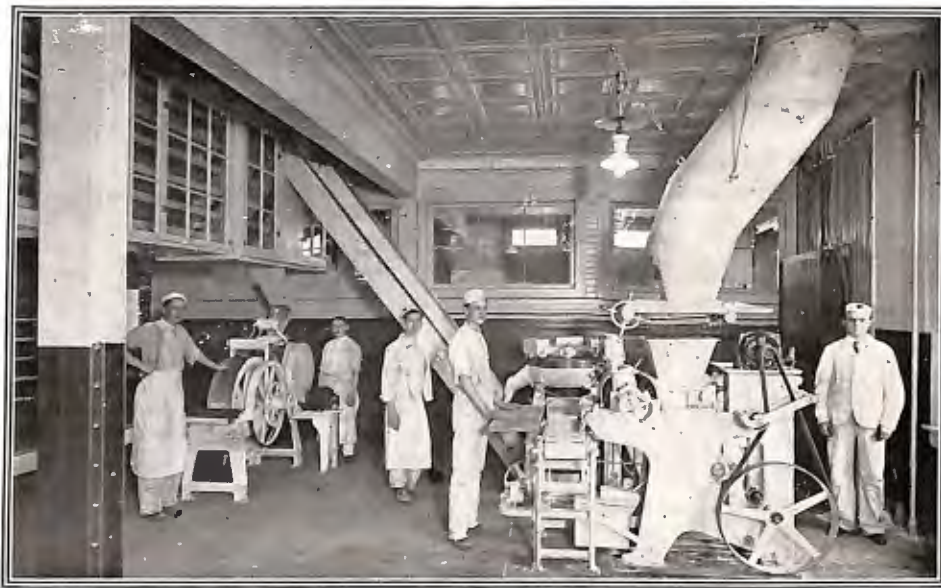
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