

◀ THE ▶
ORACLE
1918

Salem Museum
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An ornate, hand-drawn border of roses and leaves frames the central text. The roses are detailed with thorns and leaves, and the leaves are stylized. The border is symmetrical and decorative.

THE ORACLE 1918

Published by Students of
Salem High School
Salem, Virginia



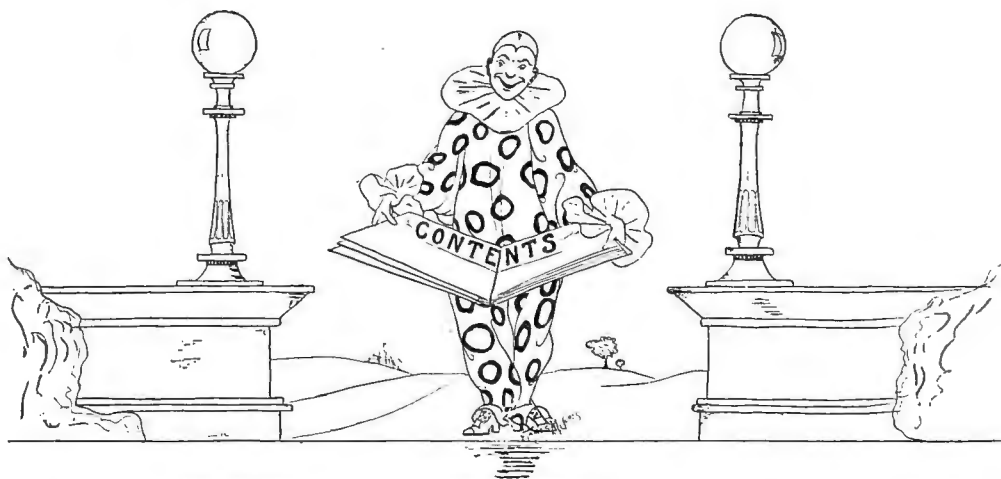
Foreword



Before you look
Into our book,
We ask you not to mention
The faults which we
So often see—
They are our own invention!

But pray be fair!
If faults are there;
We do not claim perfection.
Had you been near,
Our friend, so dear,
We'd asked for your direction!

But now we claim
We've reached our aim
If in this Oracle—
A mirror true
Reflects to you
The memories of a year.



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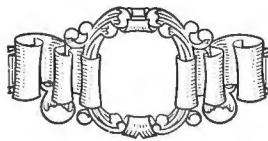
TO
MRS. B. B. WISMAN
TEACHER OF ENGLISH

WITH RESPECT AND ADMIR-
ATION DUE HER CONSTANT
STAND FOR THE HONOR AND
IDEALS OF THE

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL

WE DEDICATE THIS VOLUME
OF THE

"ORACLE"



Faculty

MISS LUCY T. JONES
Latin and Mathematics

MISS ANNIE McCONKEY
French and Science

MRS. B. B. WISMAN
English

MISS MARY DUNCAN
History and Civics

MISS AGNES STOKES
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ORACLE



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ROSALIE STEVENS	<i>Diarist and Joke Editor</i>
CLARA STEPHENS	<i>Class Will</i>
WALTER OAKY	<i>Historian</i>

ROLL

JERE BUNTING	WALTER OAKY
MARY CAMPBELL	CLOVIS PETERS
CECIL CARTER	GEORGE PEEL
LOIS DRISCOLL	LENA SPANGLER
BOWYER FOUT	LYNWOOD SAUNDERS
HAZEL FITZGERALD	ELEANOR SCHOFIELD
NELDA FRANCIS	ROSALIE STEVENS
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ETHEL GARDNER	CLARA STEPHENS
GLADYS GIVEN	ANNIE SHELOR
MARY GOODWIN	MARGIE TURNER
WALTER GRAHAM	NAOMI THOMAS
NETTIE GOODWIN	MARGARET TEMPLE
RUTH HOSKINS	PAUL WILLIAMS
HELEN HODGES	LOTTIE WEBBER
FLORENCE KESLER	DEWIE WILLIAMS
EDNA LANTZ	HARVEY WOODS
SUE MOESCHLER	CHARLES WEBBER
CORINNE MOESCHLER	GLADYS KERNER
DOLLIE MILLER	



Cecil Gentry Carter
Salem, Va.

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

The next best thing to being a shining light at school is having a brilliant classmate, and such is Cecil. He has also distinguished himself as an athlete on the S. H. S. gridiron. We are sure the future will find him in some busy corner of the world, always doing his part and encouraging others to do the same.

Class Historian, 1917; Football Team, 1917-18; Class President, 1918.

Senior Class

HAZEL FITZGERALD

Salem, Va.

*"The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."*

'Tis true that "Jimmy's" voice has charmed us all—so much so that when she honors us with a solo we wonder if we are not hearing an angel sing. But "Jimmy's" voice isn't her only charm. All who know her can testify to the beauty and sweetness of her character. Everywhere she goes "Jimmy" carries happiness with her and scatters sunshine along the way. Her brilliant career will be crowned by her valedictory.

Dramatic Club, 1915-16-18; Class Historian, 1915.

PAUL WINFRED GLENN

Roanoke, Va.

*"If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody."*

"Red" is a good sport, very fond of ladies. But we know that he can't possibly have a liking for the ladies as he does for basketball. He has certainly shown himself worthy of being one of the champions. "Red" in truth does not care for anything, whether it's a missed lesson or a missed car. He takes everything in good humor, and, although we do not know what will become of him, we hope his greatest ambition—to be a doctor—will be fulfilled.

Football, 1916-17-18; "S" Basketball, 1915-16-17-18; Class Artist, 1915; Captain Basketball, 1916; Manager Basketball, 1915; "S" Baseball, 1915-16; Dramatic Club, 1915.



Senior Class

DOROTHY CURTIS MILLER
Salem, Va.

"She has a manner that is gentle and refined."

"Dolly," as we call our little classmate, is the personification of refinement. She is the real doll of our class, and she always carries with her the sweetest smile imaginable. Why, look at her now! Even when posing for a picture she is so unconscious of what is taking place that she smiles at the photographer.



ANNIE MALINDA SHELOR
Salem, Va.

"Warm as ecstasy, elegant as simplicity."

Annie is indeed warm. Her hair and warm dark eyes would lead one to think her a native of sunny France or one of the other countries of southern Europe. Indeed, our Annie seems to have heard the call of France, and the probabilities are that we cannot claim this loving, friendly girl much longer as our own. As a Red Cross nurse, or in any other service to humanity, she will carry with her the love of her forty-eight classmates.

Senior Class

MARGARET MILLER TEMPLE

Roanoke, Va.

*"A lovely lady, garmented in light,
From her own beauty."*

Margaret has been with us three years and has won a place in the heart of each classmate by her lovable character and striking personality. Though the number of pretty girls in the class is not small, Margaret can certainly be counted as one. She succeeds in all she undertakes, whether athletics, literary work or music.

Class Poet, 1917; Manager Girls' Basketball Team, 1917; "S" Basketball, 1917.

JOHN PAUL WILLIAMS

Salem, Va.

*"Man, in sooth, is a marvelous, vain, fickle
and unstable subject."*

"Arch" believes that a good laugh at the right time is good for body and spirit. We always expect him to keep up our spirits when things look blue, and we are never disappointed. Judging from his portrait, one does not have to be a skilled physiognomist to know he is intelligent, capable and handsome. He makes no secret of his fondness for the girls and has many friends among the fairer sex.

Degree of Course: Veterinary; Football, 1917-18; Basketball, 1917-18.



Senior Class

FLORENCE ELIZABETH KESLER
Salem, Va.

*"Love to one, friendship to a few, and good
will to all."*

Yes, someone "Somewhere in France" is the recipient of this love, and how could he help but love her with her pretty dimple, the trustful expression in her eyes and her lovely and unusual disposition? For Florence's sake we hope the war will soon end. If the government needs transport builders, Florence will not be a slacker.

HELEN MAE HODGES
Salem, Va.

*"I love tranquil solitude
And such society
As is quiet, wise and good."*

We rarely meet a more helpful and patriotic young lady than Helen. She has already begun to serve her country, and we hope the government will some day place her in a high position. She has a charming personality, which we believe will eventually capture some patriotic gentleman.



Senior Class

MARY HELEN GOODWIN

Eggleston, Va.

"Her air, her manner, all who saw admired."

What more could be said of Mary? She has always been a valuable member of our class and stands high in everything pertaining to school work. With her musical talent, we expect great things, unless Cupid intervenes.



CHARLES EDWARD WEBBER

Salem, Va.

"With a heart for any fate."

Sound in mind and body is "Ted." His record at S. H. S. both as a student and as football and basketball player will be an inspiration to many who come after him. In spite of his splendid showing in these lines, he spends his spare time partly profitably and partly in pleasure, preparing himself to be an efficient druggist and a good husband.

Football, 1915-16-17-18; Basketball, 1916-17-18; President second term Lyceum, 1918; Captain Football, 1918; Tennis Club, 1915-16.

Senior Class

ETHEL MAE GARDNER
Salem, Va.

*"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak."*

Ethel has been with us only one year, but in this short time we have learned to love and appreciate her. We cherish an undying grudge toward Radford High School for keeping her from us so long. She will certainly make a splendid domestic science teacher, unless—.

EDNA MARIE LANTZ
Salem, Va.

"Still constant is an excellent virtue."

Edna is truly constant and loyal. If it had not been for her, what would our girls' basketball team have done? Every evening, rain or shine, she was right there, and besides being loyal to her team, Edna is a true friend. If our immature judgments may be relied on, some day we will rank Edna among the world's most famous historians.

Sub Girls' Basketball Team, 1918.



Senior Class

LOIS B. DRISCOLL
Kilmarnock, Va.

"Friendship is Love without his wings."

No wonder that all who see Lois bow before her shrine. These dusky locks and charming eyes would kindle fire in a heart of stone, and "Bill's" classmates are by no means stone, so this little maiden has played havoc with their hearts. She has been with us only two years, but we have learned to love her in that time, and that was time enough for Cupid to enter her own heart.

Class Secretary, 1918; "S" Basketball, 1918.

STEPHEN CLOVIS PETERS
Salem, Va.

*"Alas, the love of woman! It is known to
be a lovely and a fearful thing."*

That's the way "Pete" feels about it, and he certainly is in a position to know, for he has had ample experience. His handsome face and his athletic prowess have won for him not only the admiration of the fair sex, but that of everyone who has seen his wonderful work on the football field, and on the basketball floor. He is also talented as an orator, and we are expecting to hear great things of him in the years to come.

"S" in Football, 1916-17-18; "S" in Basketball, 1916-17-18; Captain Basketball, 1917; Manager Basketball, 1918; "S" in Baseball, 1916; Vice-President Class, 1917.



Senior Class

ANNIE LENA SPANGLER
Salem, Va.

*"Those about her
From her shall learn the perfect ways of honor."*

Lena "iss" a Dutchman. Therefore she would be an asset to any class, and we are justly proud of her. She has quite a brilliant intellect and can always be depended upon to give the right answer to any question. And she isn't a bit stingy with her knowledge, but patiently guides her classmates through the rough and intricate passages of the Aeneid or anything else that baffles us. She is the soul of honor, and her heart is as white and undefiled as new fallen snow.

NETTIE LUCILE GOODWIN
Olaf, Va.

*"Silence is deep as Eternity;
Speech is shallow as Time."*

Nettie is very modest and unassuming. Her quiet ways are true marks of refinement. She is always in a good humor, and we have not heard her lift her voice much over a whisper. She is good in all her classes—even in Latin.



Senior Class

SUE MOESCHLER

Salem, Va.

"Good nature and good sense are good companions."

If anyone ever knows her lessons it is Sue. She is our standby, and willing to help anyone in need struggling over Math, and with all this she is good natured, always ready to enjoy a joke and never too busy to engage in a little fun. We can see Sue right now conducting a school.

BOWYER BRUGH FOUT

Roanoke, Va.

"Few things are impossible to diligence."

Bowyer never gets excited except in the presence of his best girl. Nothing gives him more pleasure than to take a long auto ride with his car filled to overflowing with young and beautiful maidens. He is a farmer of some note, having won a prize in a recent contest. He bids fair to become the apple of Mr. Hoover's eye when he begins to help him feed the Allies.





Senior Class

ALICE GLADYS GIVENS
Salem, Va.

*"I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nobody."*

"Pat" says: "Them's my sentiments." Look at her when you will and you will see a cheerful, happy smile on her face. We never saw her the least bit peeved about anything, not even when she has to wait for the train to go by before she can cross the track and has to come to school late. Therefore, she will make an excellent wife.

CORINNE MOESCHLER
Salem, Va.

"I don't care a straw."

This one line sums up our happy-go-lucky Corinne. When did she ever care about anything? On the darkest days, when the rest of us were puzzling over Latin or Math, Corinne's face was as bright and happy as if she had never seen a Geometry or Latin. Whenever we want a real good laugh we always go to Corinne and we are never disappointed.

Senior Class

ELIZABETH ELEANOR SCHOFIELD
Salem, Va.

*"Seraphs share with the knowledge,
But art is thine alone."*

Eleanor, that most versatile of girls, has been a member of our class for only two years, having come to us from Washington, D. C., and Winston-Salem, N. C. But from the very first we took her to our hearts, and she has been as truly one of us as any of the "old guard." Eleanor's many talents have been freely used in our service. Her posters, pictures and decorations of various kinds have been true works of art.

Ph.D.; Fraternity I Tappa Keg; Class Artist, 1917; Secretary Lyceum, first semester, 1918; Class Artist, 1918.

WALTER HUGHES OAKEY, JR.
Salem, Va.

"Speak the truth and shame the Devil."

This is just what "Ike" does. He faces the world with a brave heart and a pair of honest blue eyes, and speaks the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, no matter what the issue. Moreover, he is skillful with his brush and should become famous as an artist.

President Athletic Association, 1918; Tennis Club, 1915; Class Historian, 1918.



Senior Class

MARY ATHO CAMPBELL
R. F. D. No. 3, Roanoke, Va.

"She floats upon the river of his thoughts."

"Mac" is rather small, we must admit, but only in stature. Her heart is big and generous, and we imagine she seems very large in the estimation of one upon the river of whose thoughts she floats. And, then, she has very large, beautiful brown eyes, which alone can win for her any place she might desire to attain. She says she is going to teach school, but we suppose "B" will have something to say about it.

Secretary and Treasurer of Class, 1915-16.

ANNIE MARCIE TURNER
Vinton, Va.

"She is a winsome wee thing."

A "wee thing" doesn't begin to express just how small Margie is. Why, she would hardly fill a thimble. But no matter how small she is, Margie will make her way, and some day we expect "big" things from our little classmate, unless a man steps in to spoil it all.



Senior Class

NELDA FRANCIS
Salem, Va.

*"These lovely lamps,
These windows of the soul."*

If we may believe the above quotation, Nelda's soul is as pure and sweet as an angel's, and we have certainly had no occasion to believe otherwise. Sweet, kind, generous, true to her friends and lenient with her enemies, if she ever had one. She is loved by all who come under her influence, and she is some athlete, too, if anybody asks you. You should see her pitch goals—wonderful!

Basketball, 1917-18; Manager Girls' Basketball Team, 1918; Editor-in-Chief "Oracle," 1918.

WALTER HOPKINS GRAHAM
Salem, Va.

"The frivolous work of polished idleness."

It's a pretty hard job to tell just how idle "Shrimp" is. He stays very busy (?) all the time talking and loafing, but one time when he really does work hard is in basketball and football games. When "Shrimp" enters a game the applause would deafen you, because of his extreme popularity. Well, he is popular! You never hear anybody who doesn't like "Shrimp," for he is a good sport, very attractive, cute and very much inclined toward the "light fantastic."

Dramatic Club, 1917; Tennis Club, 1915-16; Football, 1918; Basketball, 1918.





Senior Class

GEORGE TALBOT PEEL

Salem, Va.

*"All his faults are such that one loves him
still the better for them."*

We do not mean by this that his faults alone make him lovable, for he has many admirable qualities. His genial disposition, spirit of fair play and good will to the world in general make us proud to have him as a classmate. For quite a while George lived on a diet of lemons, which failed both in reducing his flesh and souring his disposition. We are sure that whatever line of work he takes up he will do well.

Football, 1914-15-16; Class President, 1917.

LOTTIE FLOY SHELTON

Roanoke, Va.

*"Rich in saving common sense and,
As the greatest only are,
In her simplicity sublime."*

Although Lottie did not enter our class until last September, she readily adapted herself to our manner of living, and now we would not part with her for anything. She is a good basketball player, fine student and excellent debater. Wherever circumstances may lead her, her unusual adaptability will carry her through.

Basketball, 1918.

Senior Class

HUBERT LYNWOOD SAUNDERS
Vinton, Va.

"By the work one knows the workman."

Lynwood always places the business of being a student before pleasure, and as his reward, he always receives such high marks on his studies that his classmates would be envious if they did not know he richly deserved them. If he is as persistent in his love affairs as in his school work, it will be hard for any maiden to resist.

Editor Class, 1915-16.

ANNIE NAOMI THOMAS
Salem, Va.

"Those who paint her truest praise her most."

There is no need of saying more about "Joan's" personal charms; her classmates can vouch for that. We do not know what the future has in store for her, but we do know that she has a great attraction for professional men. She is inclined towards literary pursuits, and we expect her some day to be classed among the "Greater Poets" of the twentieth century.

Class Prophetess, 1918.



Senior Class

GLADYS ELIZABETH KERNER

Salem, Va.

"Quietly she worked away, faithful to each duty."

It is to Gladys we turn for a smile when we're in a tight place, because she is always ready to do her best for others. She always has her lessons prepared, and prepared cheerfully. She has a smile for everyone. Oh, that some more of us had! With such a disposition, we know Gladys will make many friends and few enemies.

RUTH ALBURTIS HOSKINS

Salem, Va.

"She has kept the whiteness of her soul."

Her classmates would recommend her as a school teacher on account of her knowledge, and as a wife on account of her lovable disposition and her accomplishments in domestic science.



Senior Class

CLARA BARNHARDT STEPHENS

Vinton, Va.

*"The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers."*

No one can know Clara and not love her. She is by all means the "observed of one observer," and we depend on Clara to help us to keep up the good spirits of our class by seeing the funny side of every calamity that has befallen us. She has planned much for her future, but we know that her lovely character, geniality and bewitching brown eyes will determine her fate.

Vice-President Lyceum, 1915; Secretary Lyceum, 1916; Secretary and Treasurer Class, 1917; Dramatic Club, 1915-16-17; Class Will, 1918.

JERE BUNTING, JR.

Salem, Va.

*"Singing he was, or floyting all the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May."*

Jere has made a brilliant record at S. H. S. as an athlete, and will be sadly missed on all the teams. He has a delightful sense of humor and a very tactful manner. He has also starred as an actor on the Salem stages. Jere is a great writer and has a constant inspiration. If his correspondence should suddenly cease, the U. S. P. O. department would receive a severe shock and would start a campaign to sell postage stamps.

Football, 1915-16-17-18; Basketball, 1915-16-17-18; Baseball, 1915-16; Manager Football, 1916; Captain Basketball, 1915-18; Class Historian, 1915; Class President, 1916; Dramatic Club, 1916-17-18.



Senior Class

LOTTIE LEE WEBBER
Salem, Va.

*"Always act in such a way as to secure the
love of your neighbor."*

There was never a truer and more helpful classmate than Lottie. Her excellence as financier of the Class of 1918 may be of benefit to her later on, and we are sure that she would be efficient in business, but alas! that sweet disposition will not permit this fate for her, as we think Cupid has already begun his work.

Class Treasurer, 1918; Tennis Club, 1915-16.



DEWIE M. WILLIAMS
Salem, Va.

*"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as the clime, and sunny as the skies."*

Dewie is an ideal combination of the old and the new woman. Here, combined with the "witchery, mystery and loveliness of the same old Eve," is the militarism and progressiveness of the new order of women, and those who know Dewie know this to be an irresistible combination.

Assistant Editor-in-Chief of "Oracle," 1918.

Senior Class

WILLIAM HARVEY WOODS
Salem, Va.

*"As a wit, if not first,
In the very first line."*

We can scarcely foretell his future, as he excels in so many lines, but we know he will be missed by everyone at S. H. S. when he leaves. None of us would be surprised to hear of Harvey's becoming a famous debater, speaker, or perhaps president of some large corporation, as he has shown such a great ability as our business manager. And let us not forget that he has helped to win the victories of our basketball and football teams. We are positive that this jolly and witty classmate will become great in the world.

Vice-President, 1915-16; Assistant Business Manager "Oracle," 1917; Football, 1916-17-18; Basketball, 1916-17-18; Manager Football, 1918; Manager "Oracle," 1918; Tennis Club, 1915-16; Dramatic Club, 1918; Debater's Medal, 1918.

ROSALIE LAWRENCE STEVENS
Salem, Va.

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

She is divinely tall, and, of course, we look up to her that way, but there is still another reason why we look up to her—it is to Rosalie we turn for an explanation in Latin and Mathematics. She also has plenty of "pep" and helps to keep things going for athletics and the Seniors. A policeman arrested most of her heart, but what is left she puts in S. H. S. work. Indeed, there isn't a single interest in our high school that won't miss Rosalie and her influence.

Class Port, 1915-16; Debating Team, 1917; Dramatic Club, 1917-18; Basketball Team, 1917-18; Captain Basketball Team, 1918; Class Diarist, 1918; Joke Editor, 1918; Debater's Medal, 1918.



Senior Poem

To our faithful Alma Mater,
Who ever ready stands,
We pledge our faith and loyalty
With loving hearts and hands.
We'll cherish days spent in her halls
Though far in distant lands.

Four happy years of work and play—
And now these days are o'er;
But we shall see these days again
Through memory's open door,
And as they glide into the past
We love them more and more.

Though many tasks assigned to us
Seemed dull and hard to do,
And many days were dark and drear
And classmates oft' were blue,
We only think of pleasures now.
Hardships seem rare and few.

In the future, dear classmates of mine,
May Faith keep us free from despair.
When duty foreboding assails us,
May Hope make our world seem more fair;
May all our conquests and victories
Be crowned with a Love that is rare.

As we trudged along the way
Some triumphs have we won.
The glory of winning the silver cup
Four times is second to none.
May those who follow in our steps
Continue what we have begun.

We bid farewell to our ancient friends,
Virgil, Cicero, Cæsar and Homer.
We will hear no more the mournful voice
Of the Persian poet, Omar;
May they rest in peace forevermore,
Since each of us has a diploma.

Now, classmates of the green and gold,
Alas, for our joy and sorrow—
For we who are but children today
Shall be men and women tomorrow.
We're glad for our store of memories gay;
From it we will gladly borrow.

Class History



IN September, 1914, the Class of 1918 entered Salem High School with sixty members enrolled. We were a little scared and excited at first, but soon settled down to winning the good will (?) of our teachers. At once we began to distinguish ourselves, both in our studies and in athletics, but especially the latter, members of our class playing on the basketball and football teams.

In our second year we lost a good many of our members, but those who remained lived up to the reputation we had already established. This year is marked by our introduction to Cæsar, which, though rather unpleasant to some of us, was quickly mastered by most of the class. Again we had the majority of the members of both football and basketball teams.


In the Junior Class we continued to distinguish ourselves, and our basketball team again won the State title. In that year we started several new movements in the school.

This year, as always, we have led old S. H. S. in all her enterprises and have always stood and worked for the good of the school, have always taken an active part in the work of the Lyceum, and members of our class have won the highest scholarship honors.

This year also we have led in athletics. The football team for the first time won the State championship from Maury High, and the Class of 1918 had eight members of the eleven. The basketball title went to us for the third successive year, and the victorious team is, with the exception of one, taken from this class.

We owe our success and honors to hard work.

Class Will

 NOW all men by these presents that we, the Senior Class of 1918 of Salem High School, Salem, Virginia, on this, the 4th day of April, desiring to make disposition of the innumerable privileges and pleasures enjoyed by us as members of this institution, do make, ordain, and declare this our Last Will and Testament.

ITEM I. To Miss Jones, our Principal and Treasurer of Athletic Association, we leave an automatic adding machine, which will always, in totalling up receipts of games, bring profit to Salem High School Athletic Association. Also a dictagraph, which will repeat the functions of an angle ten times in each Trig period.

ITEM II. To Miss McConkey, our deepest gratitude for all the help and comfort given us in our many misfortunes and troubles. Also some anti-fever-blister solution.

ITEM III. To Miss Duncan, all the numbers of the *Independent* for reference in writing "Duncan's Revised Edition on the World War." And an accelerator to speed up the classes in American History.

ITEM IV. To Mrs. Wisman, an instrument with which she can write on the black-board and face the class at the same time. Also an electric bell that rings automatically at 11:15 A.M. And a full supply of material out of which she can make pennants for the future championship teams of S. H. S.

ITEM V. To Miss Carter, a full supply of this year's Senior dignity to bestow upon next year's "Rat" class, and a collection of vases, bowls and bottles in which to keep the floral offerings of the Freshmen.

ITEM VI. To Miss Stokes, plenty of time in which to give written lessons to the Seniors of 1919. Also a forty-minute study period each day during the coming years to read the palms of the coming classes.

ITEM VII. To Miss Payne, our regret that she did not have any classes with us, and hopes that other classes will fare better than we did.

ITEM VIII. To the Seniors of next year, we bequeath our quiet, dignified manners. Also the infinite joy and bliss that accompanies Seniors. May they realize the responsibility thereto appended. And the privilege of holding office in Lyceum not bestowed on Juniors.

ITEM IX. To the Juniors of next year, the realization that they are no longer children, and may they show this in their actions.

ORACLE

ITEM X. To the "Sophs" of next year, the privilege of being upperclassmen and the right to haze the "Rats."

ITEM XI. To the Athletic Association, all the glory, debts, old clothes and the right to live on the "rep" of this year's Senior class.

ITEM XII. To the faculty, our gratitude for converting blockheads into highbrows, and thanks for the many kindnesses bestowed upon us.

ITEM XIII. To Mr. Oakey, our sincere wishes that he may be chief "Booster" for a State championship team next year, and appreciation for the "boosts" and interest he has given to our class.

ITEM XIV. To the entire school, all the money we have left from candy and sandwich sales, said money to be used to establish an infirmary for the sick and delicate boys that are unable to remain at school.

In witness whereof, we, the Class of 1918, testators, have to this, our last will and testament, set our hand and seal this, the fourth day of April, A.D. 1918.

(SEAL)

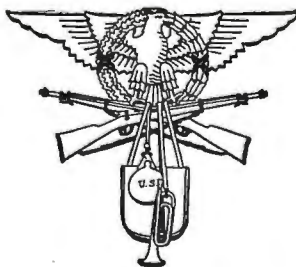
CLASS OF 1918.

Witnessed in presence of testators and each other.


"SOCRATES" CAWLEY,

"BUCK" WOODS,

"SHIKE" DYER.



Prophecy

NE rainy afternoon near the close of my Senior year I decided to pack away in a chest in the garret all my high school books. Among them I found my annual of 1918, which I just brought home that day, and my packing was soon forgotten in my newer interest.

Upon opening the book, the first picture I saw was Harvey, but as I looked the picture faded. I beheld a courtroom, everything seemed in readiness, yet there was an air of expectation. They were evidently waiting for someone; then the door opened and in rushed a businesslike lawyer, somewhat late, whom my prophetic soul immediately recognized as Harvey. My attention was then turned to the Judge, who was no other than Rosalie. Order was called and the prisoner brought forward, who, to my amazement, I saw was George, charged with publishing Peel's Speller.

This scene faded, and in a twinkling I saw Nelda, the gentle wife of a minister, surrounded by a group of Belgian refugees, whom she was teaching with diligence.

The next scene was in France. I noticed a group of tourists, among whom were Florence and Helen. They were standing before a beautiful building, the Art Museum at Verdun, which, as they found in their tourists' guide book, had been designed by the famous American architect, Eleanor Schofield. Upon entering, the guide told them the high walls and all the interior were decorated by the American artist, Winfred Glenn, who was very extraordinary, in that he did not use a stepladder in his work.

In the Art gallery the tourist stopped with admiring glances before the portrait of Gen. Clovis Peters.

Quickly the scene changed, and I saw a large theatre; soft strains of music were heard, and a voice that could belong to no other than Hazel, who was now a prima donna.

As I continued to turn the pages other visions rose before me and I was rejoiced to feel assured of the happiness and success of those who have meant so much to me and to each other. I was charmed to see Jere and the girl of his heart leading society as the second Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle.

Quite a pretty Oriental picture came before me next—that of Mary Campbell, a missionary in China, teaching in one of the mission schools.

Then I uttered a cry of delight when I saw Clara, now a charming model, displaying the most beautiful gowns of the season for the company of Moeschler & Gardner of New York City, the fashion center of the world.

ORACLE

Next I saw Paul, grave and dignified, in the New York City Auditorium, presenting to the public his Republican platform for the coming election of Mayor.

In the next scene was a beautiful home on the Hudson, where resided Annie and her husband, Dr. ———.

Mary Goodwin was leading a quiet domestic life in her country home.

As I turned to the next picture there loomed before me the campus and buildings of a Southern college; I was shown into one of the large lecture rooms, with Sue in charge as instructor in Math, and I was glad for the success she deserved.

The walls of an art gallery were doubly attractive when I became aware that Margaret's name was attached to the wonderful landscape paintings which were receiving highest praise.

And then I saw a ship which I instinctively knew was leaving for France, and, boarding it, was a group of Red Cross nurses, among whom I saw Lottie Webber. A handsomely dressed woman appeared on a platform and, in a most gracious and forceful manner, addressed the crowd. It was soon clear that she was a leading suffragette. Imagine my delight when she smiled and I knew it was Dewie!

At first I did not know the two distinguished looking men conversing so earnestly with Mr. Edison in his laboratory. Then they faced me, and I at once recognized Walter Oakey and Ted. When I recalled their early chemical genius I was not surprised at their achievements in that line.

The next scene made me slyly wink back a tear, for I saw the sad faces of Lois and Margie, who had been disappointed in love and were now in a lonely nunnery.

The most amusing view of all then appeared. It was evidently a teachers' meeting, for there sat rows of prim, elderly ladies with corkscrew curls. In the crowd I saw Nettie, Ruth and Dollie.

Walter Graham was shown as a minister, who seemed to be following the example of the "pore parson of the towne."

Gladys Givens, in the trimmest of uniforms, stood by her airplane. I remembered hearing her say she would rather go to war than marry any man.

On an office door I saw "Dr. Saunders." Just then the door opened, and Lynwood walked briskly out, entered his car and hurried away to some patient.

The next scene appeared to be on a Western ranch. There I saw an immense tractor, which, to my astonishment, was being run by Lottie Shelton, an up-to-date farmer girl.

As the scene changed, I was reminded of my childhood days on the farm. Bowyer was directing his employes in a field of newly cut hay.

Gladys Kerner I saw in a white uniform, holding a cup of tea in one hand and waving a spoon in the other. Was it nursing or domestic science which had claimed her?

Next, Edna appeared as an attendant in the Southwest Virginia Hospital at Marion.

I turned another page and saw the picture of Cecil. In a second I beheld a large car roll up before a magnificent electrical plant, and to my delight I saw Cecil enter with an air of authority. Without doubt, I concluded this was his plant in the city of Detroit.

This scene vanished, and in its place I recognized Lena, now a physician in a Western town.

But then—I had turned the last page, the spell was broken. I had seen the past and future in a few minutes. I felt a sense of pride at the record of the famous Class of 1918. Still I knew nothing of my own future, and while I was wondering what was in store for me, I saw the dearest little bungalow, all covered with vines and with a rose garden in the rear. I remembered that "home-keeping hearts are happiest."

THE END





UNDER CLASSMEN



ORACLE

Junior Class

Colors: Maroon and Gold

Flower: Tulip

Motto: "Ne Cede Malis"

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ROLL

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 CHRISTINE SUBLETTE
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 RAYMOND JOHNSTON

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Junior Poem

He's all that a mortal should be,

The Junior!

There's none wiser or gayer than he,

The Junior!

Whenever a "Freshie" needed help he knew

Who'd give him a lift, and in giving it, too,

He'd forget the kindness after seeing it through—

The Junior!

Each morning he comes with his books all right,

The Junior!

But he waits for the evening with dreams of delight,

The Junior!

For the thought of the ball field is sweet every day,

And school hours are precious time thrown away.

"Tomorrow will do for lessons," he'll say—

That's the Junior!

But he's no slacker, whatever his sin,

The Junior!

The world will know him wherever he's seen,

The Junior!

For the fact is, he's brave, and he's frank, and he's true;

He's the pride of the "Freshies" and Sophomores, too,

And hush!—the envy of the Seniors—true!

That's the Junior!

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Sophomore Class

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HELEN HENDRICKSON	ELSIE WEBB
WILLIAM EARLY	IMOGEN WHITESCARVER
BEULAH JAMES	MAZIE WOOD
VIRGINIA JOHNSTON	EMMA ZIRKLE

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Sophomore

We are the Sophs, tried and true,
Always in earnest, but never blue.
We've studied hard, and our reward
Is the best grade you could record.

We have ridden our mule on Cæsar through
The Alps and Gaul and Britain, too;
We fed him while Miss Jones was out,
And kept him in the desks about.

He's worked very hard, and his back is worn;
Absolute fealty to him we've sworn.
We'll pass him on to the "Rats" next year,
And hope that he will bring them cheer.

In the lists we've seen brave Ivanhoe
Overthrow the Templar, his haughty foe;
We saw Robin Hood and his men so bold
Make the haughty Norman's blood run cold.

Levers and pulleys and inclined planes,
Atoms, molecules, grams and grains,
Falling bodies and inventions queer,
Have held our attention firm this year.

All that we've been this year—and more,
We'll be next year when we higher soar
Into realms of ethereal, rarefied air—
The Sophomore's envy, the "Rat's" despair

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Freshman Class

Colors: Purple and Gold

Motto: "Esse Quam Videri"

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ROLL

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ELIZABETH ATWELL
RUTH BRAKE
BLANCHE BREWSTER
ANDREW BROWN
HOMER BRUBAKER
MARGARET BUSHONG
MATTIE BUCKLEY
EARL CARPER
HELEN CALLAHAN
FRANCES CADWALLADER
RUBY CALAWAY
FRANK CHAPMAN
CARROLL CHAPMAN
JEAN CRAIG
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ARTHUR DENSMORE
ROBERT DENSMORE
SADIE ELLER
LULA EPELY
MARY FAUST
MAY FISHER
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DOROTHY FOX
WILLIAM FRANCIS
THELMA GARST
MARY GIVENS
STANLEY GOODE
FLORIDA GOLDSMITH
VIRGINIA GUNN
CLAUDINE GRAHAM
TOM GRESHAM
HARRIET HOGAN
RUTH HUMPHRIES
CHARLES HUNTON
ARCHIE JAMES
FLORA JOBE
MARGARET JOHNSTON
SALLIE JOHNSTON
BEULAH JONES
MINOR KASEY
JOHN LANE
JOSE LAZAGA
VIRGINIA LITTLE
SADIE LITTELL
ROBERT LONG
VERA MAIHL
MARSHALL MCCLUNG
ROMO MITCHELL

LORA MOESCHLER
BERNICE MORRIS
HUGH MOULSE
LLOYD MURRY
MATTIE OVERSTREET
RUTH PAINTER
LAURA PETRIA
VIRGINIA PHELPS
ESTELLE PORTER
ERNESTINE PHILPOTT
HELEN PIKE
EDITY RILEY
VIRGINIA SMITH
CLEO SHOWALTER
IRENE SPROW
VICTORIA SCHERERTZ
ALTA STRICKLER
GEORGE STEVENS
MABEL TENNEFOSS
RUTH THOMAS
BERKLEY TYLER
JAMES TRUE
EVELYN WILEY
NORRIS WILSON
LYNN WOODS



Freshman Poem

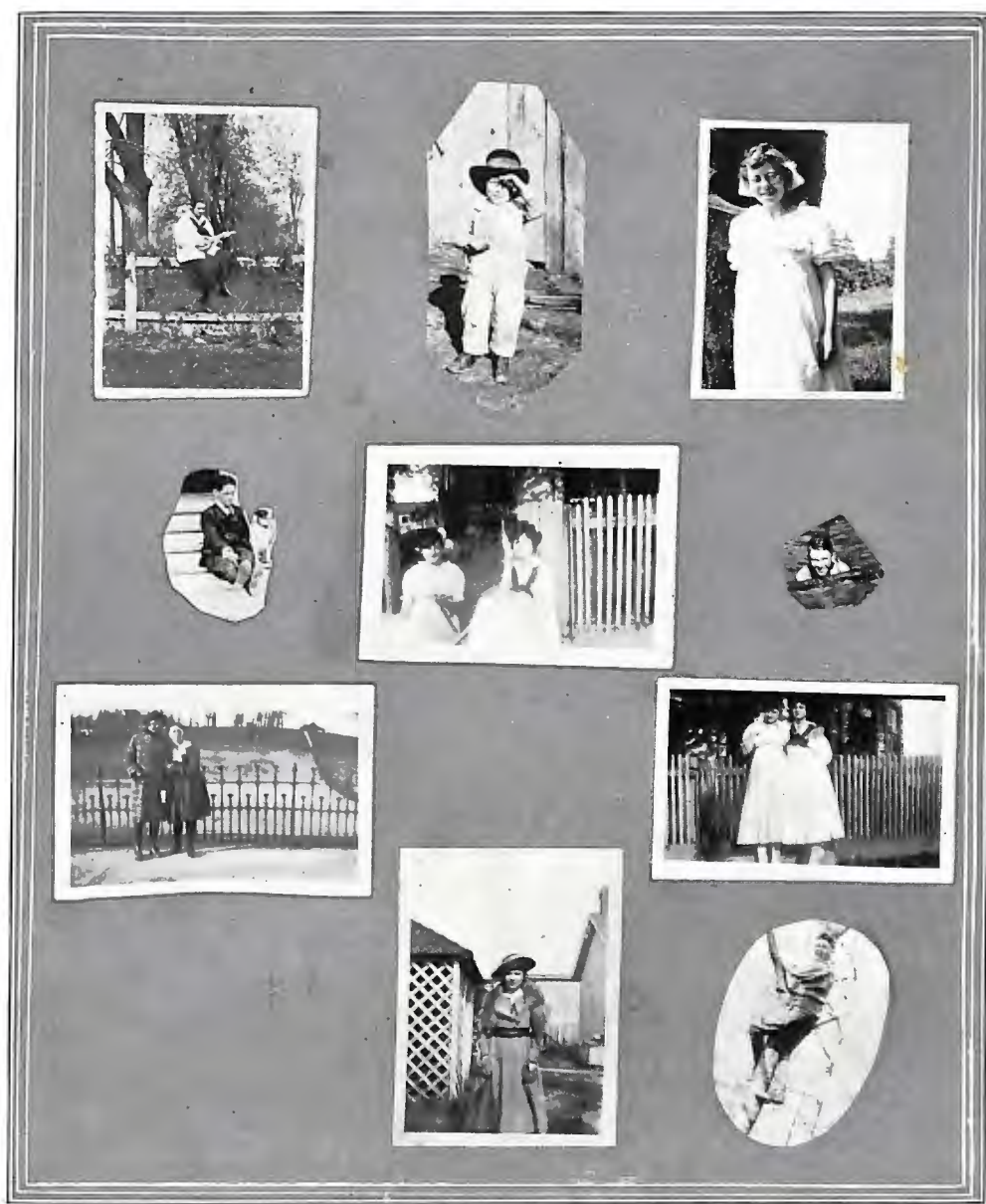
Let's sing a jolly old song,
 Something to help us along;
 Let's make them proud of us "Rats."
 Let's make them take off their hats.
 Let's give a toast to ourselves!

Let's show the rest we are "sports"—
 Prove that we're not out of sorts;
 Let's give the teachers a rest,
 Show them that we'll do our best;
 Let's give a toast to ourselves!

Let's do our best every way;
 Let's make them able to say
 We'll be fine Seniors some day;
 Let's put all sorrow away;
 Let's give a toast to ourselves!

Let's stick to all our resolves;
 Let's see that failure dissolves.
 Let's give three cheers while we work;
 Each fight, to win, like a Turk.
 Let's give a toast to—Ourselves!

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Lyceum

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SECOND TERM

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The Salem High School Lyceum is composed of every member of the school, and it has been very helpful in training the mind, as well as in giving a knowledge of parliamentary law.

But, really, is it of these things that we think when we joyfully remark, "Lyceum meets this afternoon"? No; rather we are thinking of the lessons we won't have and anticipating the really enjoyable programs we have learned to expect, while the lasting good has come to us without our giving it very serious thought.

This year, especially, the society has been active and beneficial. It has met practically every two weeks during the session on Friday afternoons, and the programs have been varied with classical, humorous and patriotic selections. We have had some good debates on questions which perhaps did not sound so interesting at first, but as they are developed and delivered with spirit, our interest grew.

In March a contest was held in declamation, debate and recitation, in which all the contestants worked laboriously, and the results more than justified the effort.

Those in the recitation contest were: Eleanor Schofield, Virginia Little, Dorothea Switzer and Julia Gunn. They kept the large audience highly entertained, and we were all wondering who would be the successful one.

Herbert Bondurant, Harry Cawley and Clovis Peters declaimed in a way that makes us proud of them; while Rosalie Stevens and Harvey Woods debated with Margaret Temple and Annie Shelor the question whether the United States should enter a league to enforce peace at the close of this war.

Those who won medals in this contest are Dorothea Switzer, Clovis Peters, Rosalie Stevens and Harvey Woods.

The Philosophy of Study

"Whoo-ee! Whoo-ee! Whoo-ee!" sounded just under the library window. Mr. Tucker never raised his head, but he turned his eyes from his paper and eyed his son of eight summers narrowly. Billy rose, holding his history book against him, and advanced toward the window. Before he could raise it another whistle sounded, shriller and a little impatient. Raising the sash, the boy announced in a very "what-are-you-bothering-me-for?" tone, "Can't come out."

"Aw, come on."

"Nope, can't."

"Gwan, ask your dad. I bet he'll let you come for half an hour."

"I tol' you I couldn't. Gotter study."

"Just for a while, come on," pleaded the chum.

"William, tell Howard you can't come out, and close that window. It's cold in here already."

"I done tol' you so, Howard. Dad said I couldn't, an' I gotta close this here window. S'long." Down went the window with a bang, and Billy reseated himself.

"I'm so glad you have come to understand that study is a necessity once in a while, William," said his mother. She was an awfully jolly mother, but she would say "William" instead of "Bill."

All was quiet in the room for a while, with only an occasional crackling of the fire and the rattling of Dad's paper. Then, removing his glasses and turning to speak to his son, Dad questioned: "How about that arithmetic homework? Don't you have it any more?"

"Mmhuh, but—"

Just then a feminine voice gave a warning—"William."

"Er—I mean yes, sir, but y' know I thought it ud be better if I done m' litatur an' history at home and the 'rithmetic in study period, 'cause it don't take so long as litatur and history does."

"I see. Pretty good logic for a young fellow, do you say, Mother?"

"Yes—knit one—two; purl one—two."

"Uh," and the chair creaked as Dad resumed his paper.

After Billy departed for bed, Mr. and Mrs. Tucker discussed his unusual refusal to go to play with his chums after supper, which was a subject of nightly discussion between parents and son, consisting of argument and persuasion on Billy's part and commands on the part of his parents. As a rule, he won a promise of "just a half hour now."

"I am glad he has learned not to ask to go out on school nights, but I must say it was somewhat of a shock to hear him refuse without the usual discussion," said Mrs. Tucker, arranging her knitting in her bag.

"It is time he learned. I'm tired of this continual fuss about going out after supper. By the way, if he keeps up this study of history and literature at home, his report on the end of the month will show up better. For a wonder, arithmetic isn't such a trouble to him, but his history grades are fierce, and as for literature—well. Now, I always did get better grades than he, and you were a good scholar. Where do you suppose he gets it from? Of course, your two brothers never set the world on fire with their grades. He must have taken that from your side of the house," finished the man.

"Certainly, he did," answered his wife, and wondered why books had been written on the vanity and egotism of woman and so little about that of man.

Billy's angel-like devotion to study lasted until the end of the month. Only once had he and Dad gotten into a debate. The question was whether Billy's eyes suffered from his sitting facing the light and quite a distance from it or not. Billy won, and kept his seat in exactly the same place he had always had since he began to study.

Mother had a queer feeling when she saw Billy studying so hard. The child's eyes must bother him, because he held his books right in front of him. Surely, he wouldn't have to wear glasses like Cousin Nan Blackburn's youngest son did. It made children look so old.

After a week or two of this, Billy arrived from school one day with his report. His history and literature marks were different—indeed, they were very different. Heretofore he had at least managed to worm through, but these were complete failures. Mother certainly felt much discouraged, and tried to question Billy, but he seemed to know little or nothing about the reason for such marks, as usual.

Suppertime came and with it, Dad.

Billy wasn't visibly disturbed about his report or what might follow. The fact of the matter was that Billy was in a dreamy sort of humor when he came into the house after a very noisy and exciting game of pirates with several boon companions.

Mother, sitting near the window, had noticed Billy directing the game from instructions listed on two or three dirty sheets of paper, evidently torn from a book which he drew from his pockets whenever his fellow-pirates seemed uncertain as to the course they should pursue. At present Billy's dreaminess she attributed to exhaustion from so much play, but what worried her was Dad's opinion of that awful report. Billy was not worried; he was having visions of pirates and ships and hidden treasures.

When the meal was over the report was produced. Dad was disgusted and questioned William sternly, but satisfaction from that quarter was not forthcoming.

"I dunno nuthin' about that report. The teacher gave me those marks, and I can't he'p it," reiterated Billy for about the fourth time.

"Look here, young man," Dad finally said, "you'll study not only every night for the next two weeks, but in the afternoons as well. No amount of begging changes that. Do you hear?"

Billy did hear, but he did not seem very much disturbed at the prospect of two

weeks' study. His mother imagined he smiled a little, but, of course, that was a mistake on her part. Billy was entirely too fond of play. The child must be ill.

In the new order of things Billy took to study like one who was passionately fond of it. Mother was again possessed of that queer uneasiness, but she put it aside as nervousness.

One day toward the end of the two weeks allotted to intensive study, Mrs. Tucker on her return from making some calls, stopped just outside of her son's room. Billy was again trying to convince "How" of the absolute need of "How's" doing something yet unknown to Mrs. Tucker. She paused, smiling at the thought of Billy's love of argument.

"Well, when a feller's folks just make him study, you gotta fix up some way to make things seem easier." This from Billy.

Mrs. Tucker was becoming interested.

"One day when I'se telling 'Hank' Bradley all about how Washington fought them there English he told me about a book he read all about pirates and robbers and gold, and he said he'd lend it to me, an' he did. So one day when I'se readin' it in school, when Miss White thought I'se studyin' history, I jus' figured out 'stead of studyin' 'rithmetic at home I'd make out I'se readin' history, and read them books. 'Hank's' done loan me three. One's called 'Under the Black Flag,' and 'nother's called 'The Man From the West.' Gee! They sure are classy. I hadda tear 'em in two, 'cause I couldn't hide 'em behind m' history whole."

"How" was awed at the wonder and daring of such a scheme. "Ain't they caught you yet?" he asked.

"Nope; Mother and Dad sure think I'm studyin', but I got 'em fooled," Billy answered gleefully.

"Gee! You're lucky. I'm allus gettin' caught," remarked "How" in a melancholy manner.

"Why don't you try it? You can have the front of 'Under a Black Flag,' 'cause I'm on the las' part. Gwan an' try it. You might not get caught this time," urged Billy.

"Well—but, say, what if I do? How about Hank's book?"

Oh, they are only a dime. We can get him another one.

"All right. Give it here."

At this point Mother slipped away. She was firmly convinced that there was something in this theory of a mother's intuition.

That night Billy looked at—I don't think he studied—his history book, sitting in a chair between Mother and Dad. There was also a keen necessity of the cushion in the chair. Billy simply couldn't have done without it.

Mother later recommended "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but pirates and their exploits were what Billy wanted. He soon found that he could feast his soul on these from a vantage point on the far side of the chicken house. Not even the memory of Dad's switch had quenched his thirst, but his report was somewhat changed since he studied sitting nearer Dad and Mother.

THE END

Dramatics





What Happened to Jones

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JONES, who travels for a hymn book house	JERE BUNTING
EBENEZER GOODLY, a Professor of Anatomy	WALTER GRAHAM
ANTHONY GOODLY, Bishop of Ballarat	CHARLES HAMMIT
RICHARD HEATHERLY, engaged to Marjorie	HARVEY WOODS
THOMAS HOLDER, a policeman	HARRY CAWLEY
WILLIAM BIGBEE, an inmate of the Sanatorium	WALTER OAKLEY
HENRY FULLER, Superintendent of the Sanatorium	PAUL WILLIAMS
MRS. GOODLY, Ebenezer's wife	LOTTIE SHELTON
CISSY, Ebenezer's ward	ROSALIE STEVENS
MARJORIE, Ebenezer's daughter	HAZEL FITZGERALD
MINERVA, Ebenezer's daughter	CLARA STEPHENS
ALVINA STARLIGHT, Mrs. Goodly's sister	ELEANOR SCHOFIELD
HELMA, Swedish servant girl	FANNIE MILLER

SYNOPSIS OF PLAY

Professor Goodly is preparing to spend a quiet evening, with his books and papers, when Mrs. Goodly shatters his peaceful dream by confiscating his cigar and newspaper, and informing him that everything possible must be done to make a good impression upon his brother, the Bishop of Ballarat, whose arrival is expected at any moment.

Richard Heatherly, who is calling upon his fiancée, Marjorie, pleads an important business engagement and leaves early. He returns, however, to look for an admission ticket to a prize fight which he has dropped and Mr. Goodly has found. He persuades Mr. Goodly to accompany him to the stable where the fight is to be held. The police make a raid upon the place, and Mr. Goodly escapes with a black eye. Jones, a commercial traveler, also fleeing from the police, comes to Mr. Goodly's house, dons a clerical suit belonging to the Bishop, and poses as that individual. He kisses Marjorie and Minerva, the Bishop's pretty nieces; makes love to Cissy, Mr. Goodly's pretty ward; perforce makes love to Miss Alvina Starlight, the Bishop's fiancée; cajoles Holder, the policeman who is upon his trail, and Helma, the Swedish servant, wins Mrs. Goodly's confidence by his sympathy and affability and provokes the wrath of Mr. Goodly and Richard, who, however, are afraid to interfere.

In the meantime the real Bishop arrives, and things begin to happen to Jones, also to the Bishop, who sends his clothes to be pressed, and is forced to array himself in a blanket. In this garb, he meets Bigbee, an escaped monomaniac, who imagines himself to be an Indian, and hails the Bishop as another Indian brave. Many amusing complications arise, but, finally, Fuller, the superintendent of the sanatorium, takes Bigbee away, everything is explained, and all ends happily.



The Athletic Association

OFFICERS

WALTER OAKLEY	President
PAGE KELLY	Vice-President
CECIL CARTER	Secretary

This year the Athletic Association has completed its work with the finest record in the history of athletics at Salem High, having captured two State championships, one in basketball and one in football. The association was particularly fortunate in having Coach Spruhan as a Director. We have not only been patriotic in words, but also in actions. The association now owns a Liberty Bond.

FOOTBALL

THE football season at Salem High School opened with nearly an entirely new team, one of the old team having graduated and the others not yet returned to school. Nevertheless the team won from Christiansburg High School and Roanoke Machine Gun Corps by good scores. The next game was played with Lynchburg High. The old players had returned, and success belonged to the Salem boys, as usual. Only a few new boys played in this game, and it was with wild bursts of enthusiasm that the fans greeted the "old familiar faces."

One day, later, Salem High met Roanoke High on the latter's field. The field was coated with enough mud to make things slippery, and here and there a pool of water to vary matters, but, worst of all, the heavens wept continually, but for whom was not decided until a fight, unparalleled in the history of high school football, had been fought. The Salem and Roanoke fans fought beneath the leaky roof of the grandstand, while the players struggled stubbornly, coated with red mud. Eventually Roanoke High bowed to the will of her bitterest enemy, and the heavens continued to weep in sympathy with the broken-hearted citizens of the Magic City.

Both Chatham Training School and Dublin Institute allowed the Salemites to pass the fifty mark without making a single score for themselves, but for the first and only time during the season Salem ceded the laurels of victory to her opponent when she played the second team of V. M. I.

While Salem High School struggled bravely for gridiron fame in the western part of the Old

Dominion, Maury High School of Norfolk was winning as well, so after some negotiations they met to play for State championship. An eager crowd gathered to witness that game, a close contest having been predicted; but the Norfolk boys surrendered completely to their western friends. The prophecy of a close game proved false, for Salem convinced her opponents early in the game that she was not accustomed to having anyone cross her goal line, and went on about her business of running up forty-nine points for herself. By this, Salem established her reputation as a first-honor school in football as well as basketball.

BASKETBALL

To do justice to ourselves in expressing our appreciation of the honor and glory that the basketball champions of Virginia have brought to their school, we find before us a task of the most difficult nature, but as we look back and find that this is the third year in succession that they have won their way to that honor, the task becomes all the more difficult, and at first thought almost impossible.

In 1916, when we first won the State championship, it became necessary to take about a month to convince some of our good friends that we were the champions. We hardly believed that we would ever be able to convince them. But we are very much delighted to see that we are recognized all over the State as the champions of Virginia in 1916.

We wish to thank both the team and the citizens of Salem for the winning of the championship of this year—the team for the “fighting pep” that they never lost all through the critical period when we thought the State was going to lose us; the citizens most heartily for their support, which was very much needed by us at this time and at all times.

After showing the University our side of the question, we came into our own, and the team was invited to Charlottesville to play Jefferson School for Boys for the championship. We won in a well-fought battle.

In 1917 the High School, realizing that a championship team should be given a chance to show what they could do under efficient coaching, were very fortunate in securing the services of Coach Spruhan of Roanoke College. Truly this was the beginning of a great season for Salem's basketball team, but if the team had any false ideas of an easy victory ahead, they changed their minds after the first address by Coach Spruhan.

They made wonderful progress under his guidance, and school after school was forced to recognize the superiority of Salem in passing, shooting goals, and team play, easily winning the four (?) games that put them in the finals for the championship. They defeated all schools matched to play them in the finals, and brought back the championship for the second time, together with a handsome loving cup, presented to the winning team by Mr. Maphis.

The business men of Salem, feeling that something should be done to show their appreciation of the team that had won honors for their school and their town, gave a banquet, the memory of which will always be cherished by every member of the team.

We now come to the greatest of great years. In 1917 Salem entered the game with a determination to make for Salem a name that would never be forgotten, and we believe they have done exactly what they determined. Salem before was just Salem, a town of an ordinary reputation for a town of its size; it did not make a very large dot on the map, but with the success of our team, with the reputation, praise and honor won by our boys all over the State, although the dot physically is not increased, it looks immensely larger to the rest of the State when locating Salem on the map.

We won the championship from Charlottesville in a hard-fought battle and again the appreciation and enthusiasm of the Salem people burst forth, and they did not stop at inviting the team, nor the school, but the team, school and the patrons of the school were all invited to the reception. It was at this reception that the people of the town presented each member of the football and basketball team a handsome pocketbook, of which each one is very proud, for the efforts they have put forth. But we must not forget that the teams that won these honors could have done nothing but for Miss Jones, our Principal, who financed every move the Athletic Association made. And to show their appreciation, the teams presented her with a beautiful thermos pitcher. Will they who were present ever forget that enjoyable evening that they spent together? Never will the memory of that wonderful evening become dull in the minds of the team, when for the last time the people of Salem gathered together to thank them in this manner for the reputation that they had made for Salem by winning the championship for three consecutive years.

The team had an easy time defeating all claims to the High School championship, but this time it was not easy getting into the final—because we couldn't beat the games? Oh, no, not that! for we won every game of the season, with one exception, and then to a team that was supposed to be in a class above us, but it was not—the luck just simply broke against us. So in the last game of the season and the last game they would ever play together, they showed what real sportsmen they were by taking the defeat in a most excellent manner—no whimpering, no kicking, no growling—the luck had fallen to the other side.

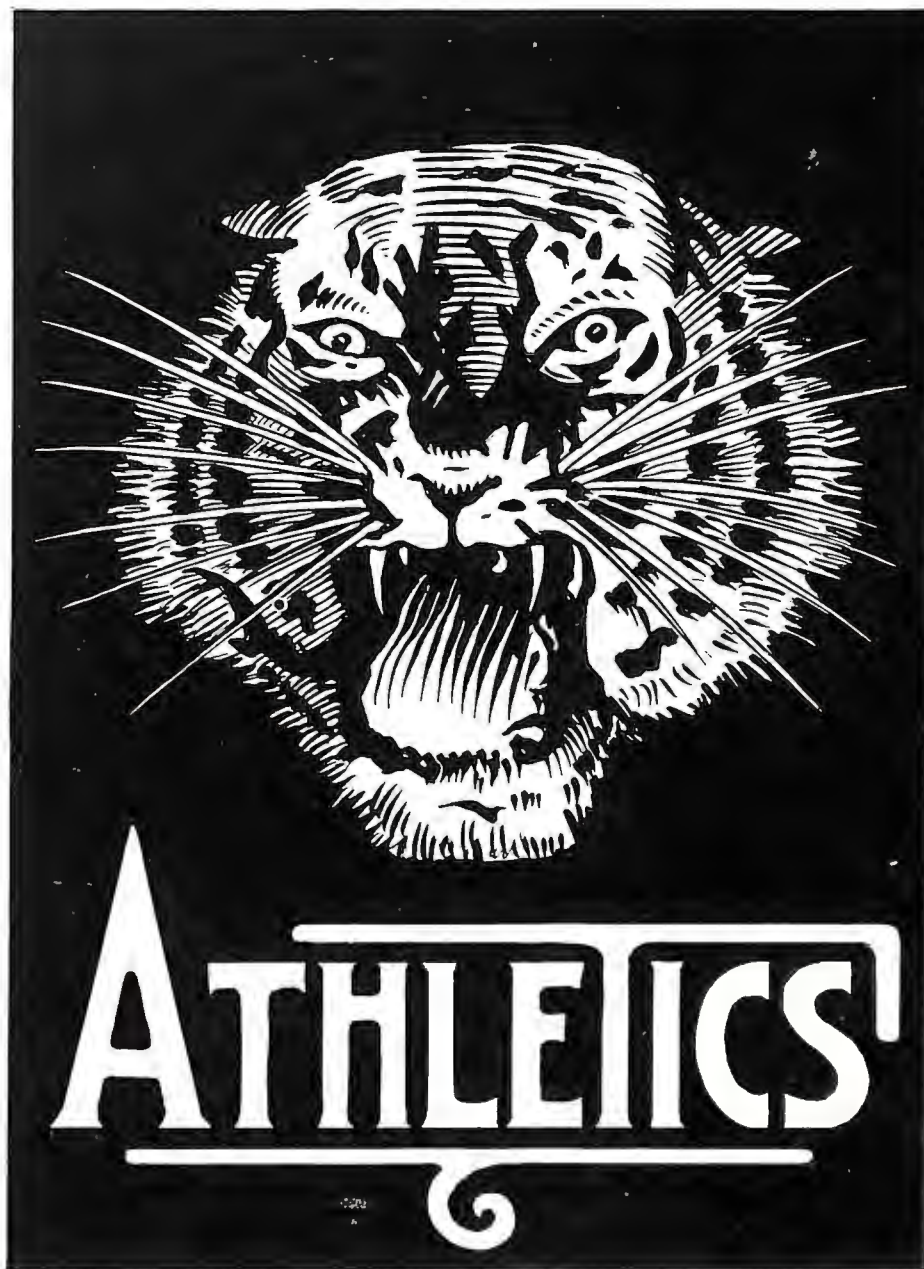


Coach G. H. Spruhan

Coach G. H. Spruhan, known by all as the "Irishman Behind the Gun," who has been Coach of our football and basketball teams for the past three years, is, in large measure, the man responsible for the wide reputation that Salem High now has, and takes great pride in having had for the past three years the best high school football and basketball teams of the State—a reputation that all other high schools of the State today are indeed envious of.

Without a doubt, Coach has made the team. His love of these sports, his personal experience which has acquainted him with the final details of the games, and his ability to handle boys so as to get the best results and at the same time keep their respect, have made him a most efficient and a far-above-the-average Director. His methods of coaching are composed chiefly of persistence, hard daily practice, sarcasm, encouragement when necessary, and frequent use of "cuss words" when such seem most fitting. His ability to inspire and put "pep" in the team by his little five-minute talks before each game cannot be surpassed.

Under his direction, Salem High has had conferred upon her the highest honors possible in the athletic line. His easy-going manner, courage and desire for clean, manly athletics have won for him the admiration, high esteem and affection of both the student body and faculty of Salem High, and it is with deep regret that, due to the draft, it is very doubtful about his being with us next year.





Football

C. E. WEBBER Captain
 W. H. WOODS Manager
 G. H. SPRUHAN Coach

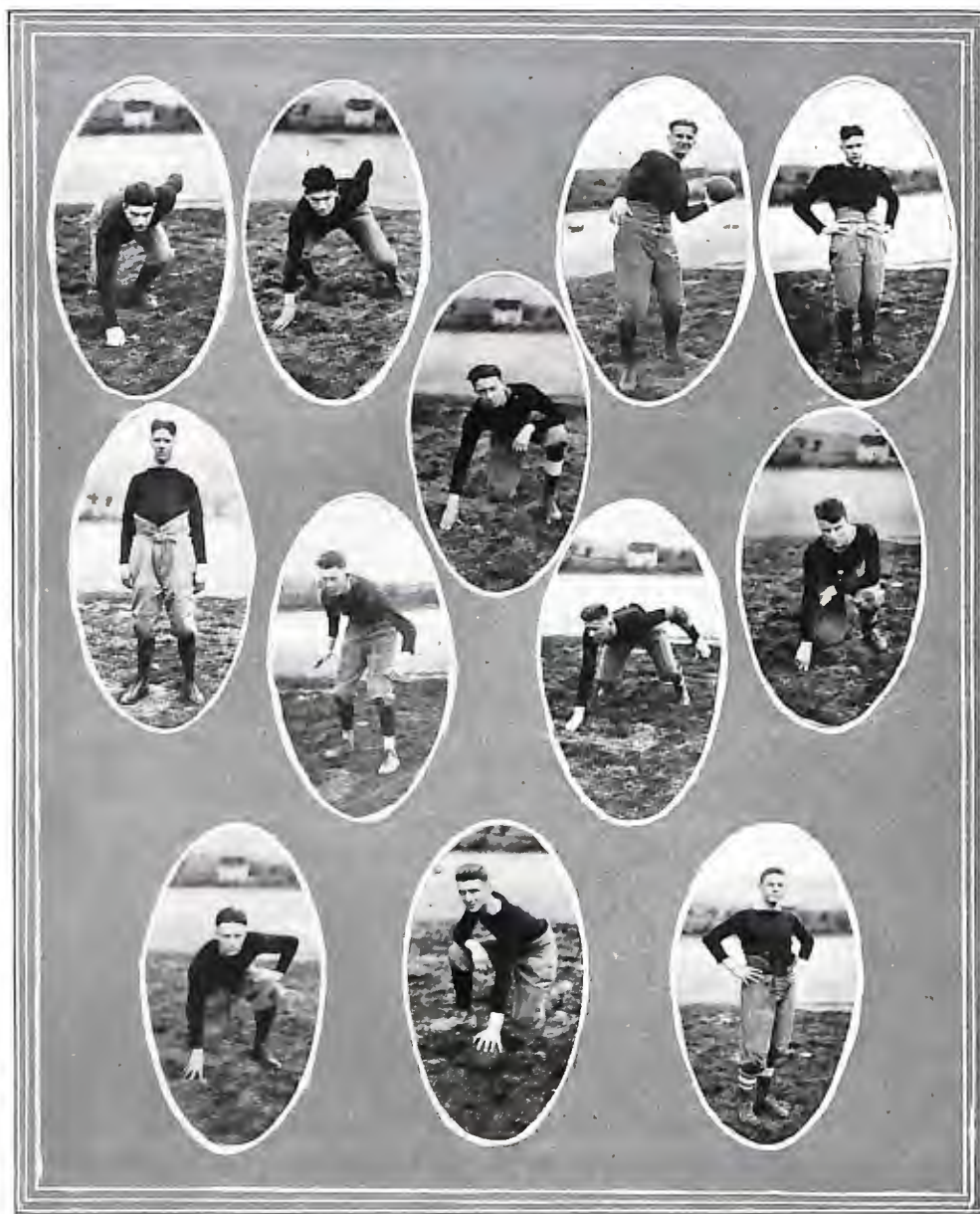
TEAM 1917

CARTER Left End
 JONES Left Tackle
 LONG Left Guard
 CAWLEY Center
 WILLIAMS Right Guard
 GLENN Right Tackle
 CRAWFORD Right End
 BUNTING Quarterback
 PETERS Right Half
 WOODS Left Half
 WEBBER Fullback
 GRAHAM Sub Ends

RECORD 1917

Christianburg High School 0	Salem High School 89
Roanoke Machine Gun Corps 0	Salem High School 20
Lynchburg High School 6	Salem High School 7
Roanoke High School 7	Salem High School 9
Chatham Training School 0	Salem High School 55
V. M. I. Second Team 31	Salem High School 0
Dublin Institute 0	Salem High School 63
Maury High School 0	Salem High School 49

ORACLE



Football Team

C. E. WEBBER, Captain and Fullback Fourth Year Varsity
Weight, 160. Height, 5.7¾.

We have yet to see a line that "Jew" cannot plunge through for gains. His excellent work at both tackle and fullback have made for him a name known among football fans. His position at kicking has made him the best high school bunter's field goal and place-kick kicker in the State. His passing has helped win many of our games. His solid muscle makes him one of the hardest men to take on the team. Graduates this year, and will be sorely missed.

S. C. PETERS, Right Halfback Third Year Varsity
Weight, 145. Height, 5.10.

"Pete's" work at both tackle and halfback have been of the highest order. His ability to plunge the line or circle an end has made for him and for the school a name which we are proud to own. Graduates this year, and it will not be easy to find another like him.

JERE BUNTING, Quarterback Fourth Year Varsity
Weight, 145. Height, 5.9.

"Jere" is one of the mainstays of the team. We have not seen a better broken field runner, and his ability to receive passes has not been surpassed in this section. Quarterback for three years, and considered the best in the State. Graduates this year, and his place will be very hard to fill.

W. H. WOODS, Left Halfback Third Year Varsity
Weight, 127. Height, 5.8.

"Woods" end running and line plunging have filled the gap left by Hammet. He is considered one of the fastest men on the team; can lead interference; can outguess his opponents. Notwithstanding his weight, he is a hard man to tackle. He never lost his temper, and was one of the best in the backfield. Lost by graduation.

WALTER GRAHAM, End First Year Varsity
Weight, 115. Height, 5.7¾.

"Shrimp," although a short time on Varsity, was the star in every game he played in; little, but loud; dead tackler, and sure breaking interference. He can swing on to a forward pass like a leech. We regret that he graduates this year.

HYDE CRAWFORD, Right End First Year Varsity
Weight, 140. Height, 5.9.

"Nufol" could receive passes from any angle; a good ground gainer, and fine tackler. Hope to see him on gridiron next year.

CECIL CARTER, Left End Second Year Varsity
Weight, 135. Height, 5.8.

Cecil has played a number of positions, with the very best results. He is a dependable player, has the grit, and is a good tackler and receiver of passes. Graduates this year.

WINFRED GLENN, Right Tackle Fourth Year Varsity
Weight, 170. Height, 6.2.

"Red" has waked many opponents up with his quiet way of getting rid of them; can be depended on at all times. At tackle he is both a good defensive and offensive player. Will be missed, owing to graduation.

PAUL JONES, Left Tackle Second Year Varsity
Weight, 170. Height, 6 feet.

"Guthrie," always a terror to the opposition, and perhaps the best defensive and offensive player on the team—a deadly tackler and a smasher of lines. He has plenty of "pep." Another good prospect for next year.

PAUL WILLIAMS, Right Guard First Year Varsity
Weight, 145. Height, 5.8.

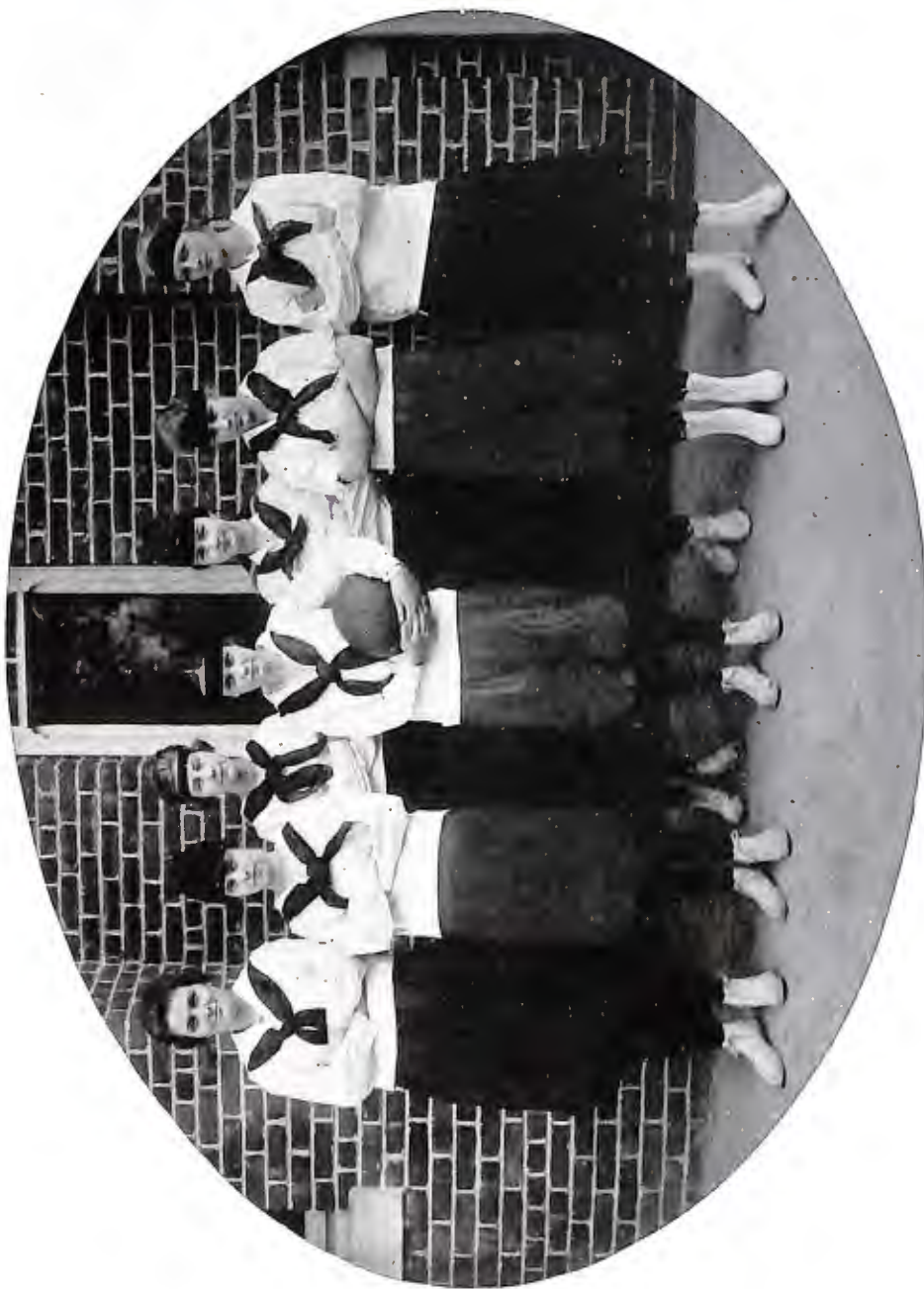
"Archie," one of the most consistent and dependable men of the line, quite often featured in breaking through the line and interference, getting the man with the ball. He puts every bit of his grit in a tackle. We lose him through graduation.

MARVIN CAWLEY, Center Third Year Varsity
Weight, 160. Height, 6 feet.

Cawley is full of fight and grit, and is a match for all of them. Throws every inch of himself into the game, and has given much heavier men considerable trouble. Next year prospect.

ROBERT LONG, Left Guard First Year Varsity
Weight, 150. Height, 5.6½.

"Bob" made the team in one day, and though new at it, soon learned. He is a tackler that will cause a man to fall when he puts his weight against him. Next year prospect.



Girls' Basketball Team

ROSALIE STEVENS	Captain
NELDA FRANCIS	Manager
MISS KATHERINE WALKER	Coach

TEAM

ROSALIE STEVENS, LOTTIE SHELTON	Centers
MARY ALICE GROVE, MARGARET NORRIS	Guards
NELDA FRANCIS, ESTHER CLARK	Forwards
EDNA LANTZ, JEAN CRAIG, LOIS DRISCOLL	Subs

GAMES PLAYED

S. H. S., 14; Town Girls, 12	At Salem
S. H. S., 16; P. H. S., 14	At Pulaski
S. H. S., 18; D. H. S., 54	At Salem
S. H. S., 7; B. H. S., 27	At Blacksburg

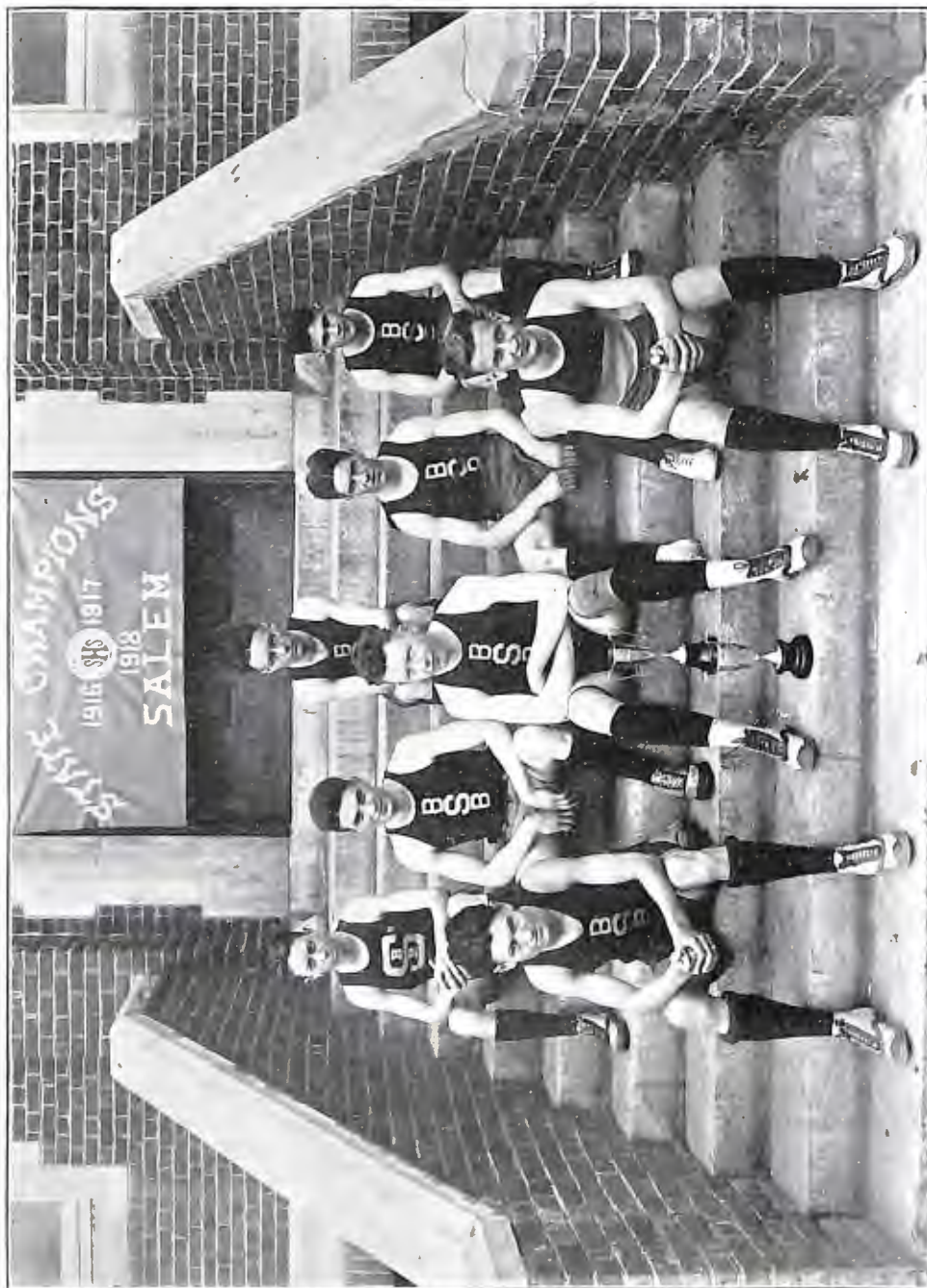
With only three members of the 1916 team in school this year, and with other serious difficulties to be met, the girls' outlook for success in the 1917 season was not bright. But, with the fine spirit for which Salem High is famous, the girls determined to have a good team.

Miss Katherine Walker, assisted by Miss Inez Carter, acted as Coach, and enthusiasm ran high. The girls practiced hard and worked faithfully to keep a basketball team going.

All the games attempted were played splendidly. The extreme weather and no suitable gym made it necessary to cancel several games, and practice was discontinued before Christmas. The girls in all their games and in their trips gained a reputation for clean athletics.

There is every reason to expect a much greater success next year than the girls' team has so far achieved. The excellent record of the boys' basketball team will prove a stimulus in the future, and while there are no State honors in line for the girls, it is always well to "aim high."

ORACLE



Basketball

JERE BUNTING Captain
 CLOVIS PETERS Manager
 GUY H. SPRUHAN Coach

TEAM 1918

BUNTING, PETERS, GRAHAM Forwards
 GLENN, WILLIAMS Centers
 WEBBER, CRAWFORD, WOODS Guards

RECORD 1918

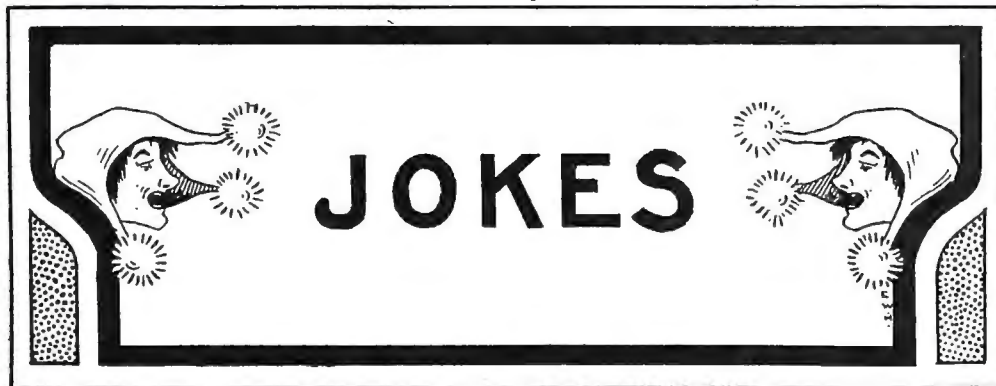
Salem	63;	Rural Retreat	19
Salem	52;	H. M. A.	32
Salem	32;	Hampden-Sidney	25
Salem	49;	Petersburg H.	4
Salem	44;	John Marshall	19.
Salem	27;	Blackstone, M. A.	5
Salem	63;	Lynchburg	15
Salem	74;	Charlottesville	14
Salem	74;	Staunton	11
Salem	34;	Fishburne	29
Salem	44;	Bridgewater	25
Salem	63;	S. V. A.	26
Salem	24;	V. M. I. 2d	23
Salem	105;	Blackstone M.	3
Salem	33;	Lynchburg	18
Salem	48;	Charlottesville	21
Salem	21;	A. M. A.	37

Horoscope

<i>Name</i>	<i>Occupation</i>	<i>Likes</i>	<i>Dislikes</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>	<i>Ambition</i>	<i>Nickname</i>
JERE BUNTING.....	Reading letters	Ruthless?	Measles	Oh, boy	To marry	"Shrimp No. 1"
MARY CAMPBELL.....	Going to church	"Shirts"	Chewing gum	Mercy	To work at N. W.	"Mac"
CECIL CARTER	Reading	Good books	Dirt	Fiddlesticks	Success	"Carter"
LOIS DRISCOLL	Tutoring	20—C—P	Washing dishes	"It just as is"	Government position	"Bill"
BOWYER FOUT	Missing lessons	Ladies	Speed	By cracky	Banker	"Beau"
HAZEL FITZGERALD....	Going to movies	Red hair	Fritz	Good night, nurse	To be a great singer	"Jimmy"
		Working on				
NELDA FRANCIS	Having dates	Annual	Dancing	Aw, for goodness sake	Never to marry	"Nell"
WINFRED GLENN	Teasing	Shooting pool	English	Prunes	To stop growing	"Red"
ETHEL GARDNER	Playing piano	Radford	Loafing	Fudge	Higher education	"Cutie"
GLADYS GIVENS	Smiling	Senecker	Toothache	Well'e good day	To loaf	"Pat"
MARY GOODWIN	Watching for mail	Music	Overworking	Lawsy me	Win the man	"Pike"
WALTER GRAHAM	Loafing	Pestering	Joe Hannah	For craps sake	Never to work	"Shrimp No. 2"
NETTIE GOODWIN	Being quiet	Silence	Vergil	I don't know	To be a clerk	"Poky"
	Looking through					
RUTH HOSKINS	magazines	Hikes	Arithmetic	You know	Go to college	"Rah"
		Working for				
HELEN HODGES	Helping Miss Annie	U S.	Being noisy	You don't mean it	Fill vacancy at courthouse	"Sister"
FLORENCE KESLER	Writing Letters	Soldier	Back seats	Good night	To be a success	"Flossy"
GLADYS KERNER	Eating chicken	Woods	Draft system	Shucks	To finish school	"Kerner"

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EDNA LANTZ	Blushing	Captain	George	Behave yourself	Pitch goals	"Skinny"
SUE MOESCHLER	Helping other people	Latin	Discussions	Oh, my	To be a teacher	"Sukie"
DOROTHY MILLER	Going up street	League work	Geometry	Now	Stay at home	"Dollie"
CORINNE MOESCHLER	Sewing	Resting	Latin	Gosh	Home economics	"Meshler"
WALTER OAKLEY	Occupying front seat	Hunting	Studying	Good night	Telegraph operator	"Ike"
CLOVIS PETERS	Building air castles	E. Main St.	Trig	Kiss me again	Nothing	"Pete"
GEORGE PEEL	Roving around	Dogs	Spelling	X x ? — ! ; !	Get rich quick	"Fatty"
LENA SPANGLER	Studying	Latin	Mistakes	Oh, lands	To doctor	"Dutchy"
ELEANOR SCHOFIELD	Reading	Tar Heels	R. C.	Oh, help	To be an architect	"Schofield"
	Arguing with Mrs.			What did you do that		
ROSALIE STEVENS	Wisman	Copp's	V. P. I. (?)	for?	To have her way	"Sis"
		Ride street				
CLARA STEPHENS	Squealing	car (?)	War	Aw, stop	To be a secretary	"Luie"
ANNIE SHELOR	Reading French	Music	Doctors	I don't know	To sing	"Absalom"
MARGIE TURNER	Going to country	The Navy	Tall men	Shoot	Run a car	"Pudgie"
MARGARET TEMPLE	Carrying mail	Basketball	History	Aw, slush	To vote	"Meggie"
PAUL WILLIAMS	Sitting in hotel lobby	Girls	Work	Mercy	Plenty of money	"Arch"
LOTTIE WEBBER	Auto riding	Candy	Getting up early	Good day	Stenographer	"Wattie"
DEWIE WILLIAMS	Laughing	Working Trig	Little men	Ye gods	Marry millionaire	"Piggie"
HARVEY WOODS	Being on time	Christiansburg	Nothing	Merciful fathers	Engineering	"Little One"
		To take pic-				
CHARLES WEBBER	Boat riding	tures	A date (?)	Now look at you	To be a pharmacist	"Ted"
LOTTIE SHELTON	Frowning	Practicing	Knitting	Ah, there	To teach	"Shelly"



Miss Carter: "Why are the deep snows good for the wheat crops this winter?"

"Dory": "Because they are good fertilizer."

* * *

Miss Carter: "What hindered progress in China?"

William F.: "Binding the women's feet."

* * *

Miss S.: "People say that most great Virginians are under ground."

Freshman: "There is President Wilson and 'Tank' Denit. They are Virginians."

* * *

Question: "Tell of Alexander's campaign in Egypt."

"Rat": "The people surrendered without firing a gun."

* * *

Miss Carter: "How did the Romans show their patriotism?"

Mary F.: "By taking the sacred vessels from the temple and making guns."

Mrs. W.: "What is an atom?"

"Rat": "An atom is the smallest particle of matter."

* * *

Sophomore: "What is your motto?"

"Rat": "Esse quam videri, to be what you are not."

* * *

Freshman (upon hearing court bell ringing) exclaimed excitedly: "Fire!"

* * *

"Barclay: "Mrs. Wisman, this book says something about colored poetry. Is that the poetry that the negroes wrote?"

* * *

Ted Webber: "All that are coming out for football today, be sure and come out."

* * *

Miss Duncan (discussing the "Truce of God"): "They fought hard from Monday morning until Wednesday night. What did they do the rest of the time?"

O. D. Oakey: "Picked up the dead."

* * *

Winfred (despondently): "Well, I'm

ORACLE

going right out here in the front yard and hang myself."

Roberta: "Please go on downtown, because Papa hates to see you hanging around."

* * *

Last Sunday night as a Senior walked into church with his best girl somewhat late, the minister announced his text, "They took sweet communion together and walked into the house of the Lord."

* * *

Miss Duncan: "We must not waste food, because food is ammunition."

Shrimp Graham: "Well, I hope they hit me with that kind."

* * *

Walter Oakey (sitting in a corner shivering).

Miss Jones: "Walter, stop acting like a Freshman. Remember you are a Senior."

Walter: "Yes, I remember I'm a Senior, but that doesn't keep me from getting cold."

* * *

Mrs. Wisman: "Rosalie, give an example of syllogism."

Rosalie: "Major premise: A dog is an animal. Minor premise: You are an animal. Conclusion: Therefore you are a dog."

Mrs. Wisman: "Wrong!"

* * *

Ignorant Rat and bright Soph looking at a deaf and dumb man.

Ignorant Rat: "My brother used to be deaf, but after he had his adenoids and tonsils taken out he could hear all right."

Bright Soph: "Well, my brother used

to be dumb, but one day he was walking along the road and picked up a wheel and spoke."

* * *

Mrs. Wisman: "Where is Vienna?"

Lottie Shelton: "It is in the western part of Spain."

Mrs. Wisman: "When did they move it?"

* * *

Winfred Glenn (for the hundredth time): "Roberta, don't you love me?"

Roberta Moore (for the hundredth time): "No!"

* * *

Mrs. Wisman (marking off the feet in a poem): "Now, this is an iambic trimeter."

Lottie Shelton: "Are those long things you drew up there the feet?"

* * *

Francis Wade (in history class): "I don't know that question, Miss Duncan."

Miss Duncan: "Well, Amy, you can take that one, it's so simple."

* * *

Miss Duncan: "O. D., what was the relation of England and the Papacy at this time?"

O. D.: "Cousins."

* * *

Jerry (reading French): "Il faut que je sors chez la conturière avant *midi*. Does *midi* mean dressmaker?"

* * *

Teacher: "What kind of animals live at the North and South Poles?"

Shrimp: "Polecats."

* * *

When Miss Jones was told that Jessie

ORACLE

Byrd was married she said: "Isn't this an enterprising class?"

* * *

David: "Miss Stokes, may I speak upstairs?"

* * *

George (after sitting against the chimney for some time): "Let me get out of this hot place."

* * *

Nelda Francis: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Paul Jones: "No; who teaches it?"

* * *

Miss Jones: "What is a quadrilateral?"

Marvin: "It is the grandfather of all the other figures."

* * *

Mrs. Wisman: "Mabel isn't here today, so I suppose she did not bring the daguerreotype."

* * *

Miss Annie: "You people are just like crows."

Joe Lewis: "Why, are we black?"

* * *

Miss Annie: "Is anybody in here on a wheel?"

* * *

Mildred :Mc. describing the battle)

"The sun shone on the English and it rained on the French."

* * *

Mrs. Wisman: "Who was Juno?"

Raymond: "He was some great fellow, I suppose."

* * *

The latest addition to Latin: Principal parts of "Fall"—Slippo, slippere, felli, búmptus.

* * *

Arnie Goodwin (reciting history): "I have neither eyes to see nor ears to hear."

* * *

Miss Stokes to Roy S. in class: "Didn't I tell you to stop talking, Roy?"

Roy S.: "Yessum; but I didn't hear you."

* * *

Fielding Logan, coughing vigorously in history class.

Miss Duncan: "What is the matter, Toots?"

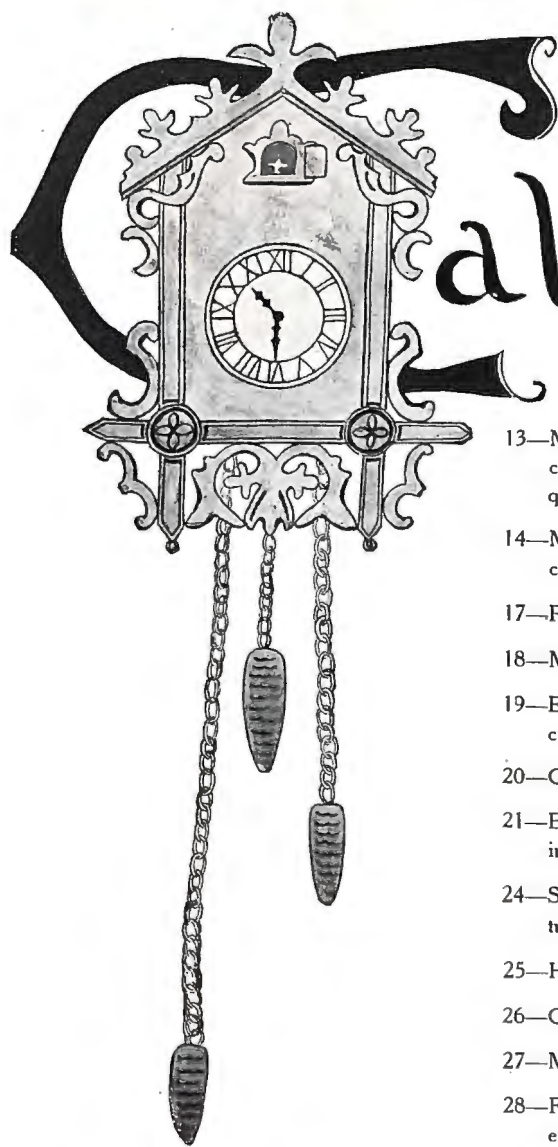
Toots: "I swallowed my chewing gum."

* * *

Herbert Bondurant asks Miss Annie how far the English goes.

H. Cawley, responding from Ingersoll: "Thirteen minutes after eleven."





Calendar

SEPTEMBER

- 10—School opens. Everybody happy?????
- 11—Officers elected for Lyceum. Seniors run things.
- 12—Rules and regulations read by "Her Majesty" and approved by the school board, but not by Her subjects.

- 13—Miss Carter, new teacher for the Freshman class, keeps study period for Seniors. She quotes Bible. It all sounds new to us.
- 14—Miss Jones starts threatening to break up corner in back of room.
- 17—Raining. Everybody has the blues.
- 18—More rain.
- 19—Everybody laughs all day. Mrs. Wisman curious to know what the joke is.
- 20—Class officers elected. Hot meeting.
- 21—Boys decide to tackle United States Army in football—and win!
- 24—Start taking daily grades. George Peel returns. Things pick up.
- 25—Holiday for Fair.
- 26—Cicero at last vanquished after a hard siege.
- 27—Man comes with pins. Much disagreement.
- 28—Football boys arrive during Latin class. Much excitement. Christianburg 0, Salem 20. Enthusiastic meeting.

OCTOBER

- 1—Miss Duncan has a revelation.
- 2—Athletic Association organized.
- 3.—Mr. Woods is asked by Miss Carter not to frown at her so; the look he gave her would

ORACLE

- kill any ordinary woman.
- 4—Romance brooding in Senior class. We hear rumors that one of our members is going to run off and get married against her parents' wishes. Exciting, isn't it?
- 5—Harvey Woods is severely sat upon by Miss Jones. Pressure proves too great.
- 8—We begin "Le Tour de la France" with the two infants, Andrew and Julian. They jump up and clap their hands, but we don't.
- 9—Miss Carter informs us that we all can't be the President of the United States, members of Congress, or, incidentally, members of the first team of basketball.
- 10—Mrs. Wisman keeps us all in. Another threat from Miss Jones to change our seats.
- 11—Study period taken up for practice this morning. Excuse for not knowing our lessons all day. Plan works fine.
- 12—Study period taken up again. Excuse again for not knowing lessons—but it didn't work. Boys get out to see football game in Roanoke.
- 15—Charlie LeFew opens school. Teachers begin tormenting us with the rules that they spent two days in making. But we should worry! We had a good time while they were making them. Lynchburg 6, Salem 7.
- 16—We hear Jessie Byrd was married on Saturday. Miss Jones fears it will put the matrimonial notion into our heads; it might be catching.
- 17—Nothing doing.
- 18—Same as yesterday, only worse.
- 19—Ice cream that was ordered for Monday, 15th, arrives today. Soft, isn't it?
- 22—Boys play Roanoke Rams every fifteen minutes. Miss Jones says: "It's like the day the soldier prayed about, 'Oh, Lord, I never seen such a day as this, and I don't believe you ever did, either.'" Everybody very much excited. Boys determined to win.
- 23—School hilarious over football victory. Old enemy bites the dust. Salem 9, Roanoke 7.
- 24—Cold as blue blazes. Snowstorm.
- 25—It has gotten too cold to sell ice cream to make money. Our whole time is occupied now with questions of ways and means.
- 26—Soldiers here selling Liberty Bonds. All the teachers respond, and most of us do, too.
- 29—Do your bit—buy a bond. We each invest a quarter in good stock.
- 30—Receive letter from Dublin Institute cancelling game for Friday, saying they are afraid their men might get hurt.
- 31—Still trying to get a game for Friday. Everybody afraid they might get hurt.

NOVEMBER

- 1—We go to hear Senator Martin, Mr. Davis and Mr. Brown at Democratic meeting. Get out of History and Latin.
- 2—"Shrimp" says: "They say food is ammunition, and I hope they hit me with it." Girls play Pulaski tomorrow. First game of season.
- 5—Miss Duncan asks who is the music committee. Florence Kesler says "I am." Pulaski 16, Salem 14.
- 6—Miss Duncan says we know more about politics now than most voters. Harvey is afraid he will have to buy a new hat.
- 7—Everybody is supposed to back up boys in athletics. The girls must get along without encouragement.
- 8—We begin "Le Tour de la France" with the
- 9—Girls' class basketball game. Seniors and Sophs win. Make \$8.15. Miss Jones pleased.
- 12—Miss Duncan attends Teachers' Institute on Saturday and Monday.
- 13—Harvey and Florence have an argument. Majority rules. Florence is a whole committee, Harvey only one person. Deep stuff.

ORACLE

14—Miss Duncan gives Walter Oakey a season ticket for the front seat in class.

15—Girls have game with Draper. Draper invites themselves to spend the week-end.

16—Draper 18, Salem 57. Boys very excited over football game with V. M. I. Saturday.

18—Boys return much bruised, but happy. Another spat over pins.

19—Girls succeed in inducing Miss Jones to let them play Blacksburg Saturday night. Oh, joy!

20—We have something new sprung on us. We are asked to write a paraphrase on a soliloquy of Hamlet's, and none of us know what a paraphrase is. Miss Jones is mortified to think that we are Seniors and had never heard of a paraphrase. Our education has been terribly neglected.

21—Jere wishes to know if anybody has found his little handkerchief. Somebody usurps every one he "gets his hands on."

22—Dublin team arrives. Harvey, having a little sewing to do, asks Miss Jones if he might get out early.

23—Too excited to study. Salem High and Maury High—the only two schools in line for championship.

26—Fatty Peel asks for our sympathy. After admiring Edna for four years, she allows Bowyer to cut him out.

27—We get a letter from Maury High asking to play the championship game here.

28—Everybody working hard to get a big crowd for game Friday. Lessons neglected.

his playthings during Civics class, as it is very un-Seniorlike.

5—After handling a dead mouse a certain young gentleman offers Eleanor Schofield a piece of banana. She eats it and suffers from results.

6—Mr. Turner speaks to us and distributes thrift cards among us with a thrift stamp on each one, which some kind person had given us.

7—Girls play Pulaski here tonight.

10—Deep snow. Half the people in the room late. They explain it by saying that every step they took they slid back two. Miss Jones thinks it remarkable that they got here at all.

11—We are all in a playful mood. Miss Jones said if we did not get over our playful ways she would make us stay in for half an hour with folded arms. It works like a charm.

12—Miss Carter, thinking she is still on ice, slips up in study hall. Miss Jones run to her aid.

13—Miss Jones transfixes the door with a glance, but, as with some of us, it did not work very long.

14—Miss Jones tells "Red" to write a misspelt word ten times. By mistake he writes it twelve times and rubs out two.

17—Another snow, and colder.

18—Geometry exam Thursday. No time to lose.

19—Nothing new, still studying.

20—Dreadful day arrives. It is as awful as we expected. Some are tortured till 5 o'clock.

21—Christmas is coming. Best wishes for a happy holiday.

DECEMBER

3—We find it hard to settle down after our holiday and our football victory. Salem 49, Maury 0.

4—Walter Oakey is asked to put away all of

JANUARY

2—Back to work again. Many absent.

3—We find it hard to settle down, but exams are coming, and it must be done.

ORACLE

- 4—We start Trig. Find it easy.
- 7—We are hoping the coal will give out, so we can have another holiday, but Miss Jones says there is nothing doing.
- 8—Miss Jones is all agitated because we won't work hard enough for review. She walks the floor. We get nervous and start to work.
- 9—A Senior's idea of Polonius: "The personified memory of wisdom no longer possessed."
- 10—Spelling in Senior class going to the bad. Miss Jones disgusted.
- 11—Proposition: If each person in here gave a pound of sugar, how many people are in here?
- 12—Another man comes with rings and invitations. We decide to design our own seal. After much arguing we agree on one.
- 15—Some who like to argue decide today that they don't like the shape of the seal selected, but it is too late now.
- 16—Class meeting over invitations and Annual fund.
- 17—Seniors have a candy sale. Would have made a fortune if there had been enough of it.
- 18—Another sale. Candy just as good as yesterday. At this rate we will have an Annual.
- 6—Boys return. They haven't been defeated this year.
- 7—Fatty Peel tells Mrs. Wisman that all women are foxy and he wouldn't trust any of them.
- 8—S. H. S. 63, Lynchburg 15. We thought that we were going to see an exciting game.
- 11—Miss Jones says she believes the cold weather is affecting our minds.
- 12—Colder. We are beginning to think so, too.
- 21—Exams only two days off. At last we are beginning to realize how close they are. Much groaning and gnashing of teeth.
- 22—Everybody busy trying to learn everything in two days.
- 23-29—A week of misery.
- 30—We get our grades. Boys go on a trip.
- 31—Things look more cheerful. We all feel happy. Hampton-Sidney 25, Salem 32.

FEBRUARY

- 1—Boys still cover themselves with glory. Salem 49, Petersburg 4.
- 4—John Marshall 17, Salem 44. Blackstone 5, Salem 27.
- 5—We spend our time in telegraph office waiting for results of the games.
- 13—Miss Annie asks Shrimp Graham to translate Le Gendre de M. Poirier. Shrimp: "That son-in-law of Pa's."
- 14—We take up syllogism. Mrs. Wisman becomes bewildered at the proofs we try to make.
- 15—Mrs. Wisman: "Rosalie, give a syllogism." Rosalie: "Major premise: A dog is an animal; minor premise: You are an animal. Conclusion: Therefore, you are a dog." Mrs. Wisman: "Wrong!"
- 18—Boys go on trip up the Valley.
- 19—We are all anxious to hear outcome of game. Fishburne 29, Salem 34. From reports it was some game.
- 20—Bridgewater College 25, Salem 44.
- 21—Staunton—did they play? that's the question.
- 22—From what we can hear, everything has been done to the team but defeat them. Winchester cancels. S. V. A. 25, S. H. S. 64.
- 25—Blackstone 3, Salem 105. The only exciting thing was trying to get 100 points before the whistle blew.

ORACLE

26—Cecil seems as nervous in speaking about love scenes as Scott. Naturally reticent on matters of sentiment.

27—Trying to get Charlottesville over long distance. Miss Jones asks for suggestions on whom to call up. George says: "Ask for the head of the man at the gym."

28—Boys go to Charlottesville to play championship game.

MARCH

1—Salem matched with Lynchburg last night at Charlottesville. We win, of course.

2—Boys return victorious, bearing another cup. People are beginning to realize that our team can't be beat.

5—Preliminary for debate to be held. All contestants running around frantically trying to learn debates at last minute.

6—Mrs. Wisman: "Walter Graham, what other form of poetry have we?" Walter: "L-y-r-e. I don't like to say it."

7—Jere finds it necessary to stand on his head in order to find the hypotenuse of a triangle drawn on the blackboard.

8—We ask Miss Jones not to have any Trig today. Miss Jones lifts her eyebrow. It's funny how much power there is in a little thing like that.

11—Four Seniors got through primary for debate.

12—Front door broken off in rush to get out at dinner time. Nobody did it.

13—Banjuke Club started. Miss Jones says they remind her of a Chinese gong, which is supposed to be inhabited by the spirit of one who is dead and which always wails for its lost soul.

14—Contest held in debate, recitation and declamation.

15—Ladies in town give a reception to basketball and football boys. Whole high school invited. Big time.

18—Clovis nearly finds out the definition for the tangent and cotangent.

19—Light begins to dawn on some of the boys in Trig. It is very simple. All in knowing how.

20—Mr. Miller comes to take class pictures just in time for us to get out of English written lesson.

21—Paul Williams bought a tablet, the first one that has been bought in the Senior class.

22—Diary goes to press.



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