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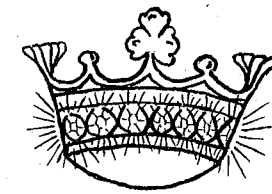
The Crown Jewel

PUBLISHED BY

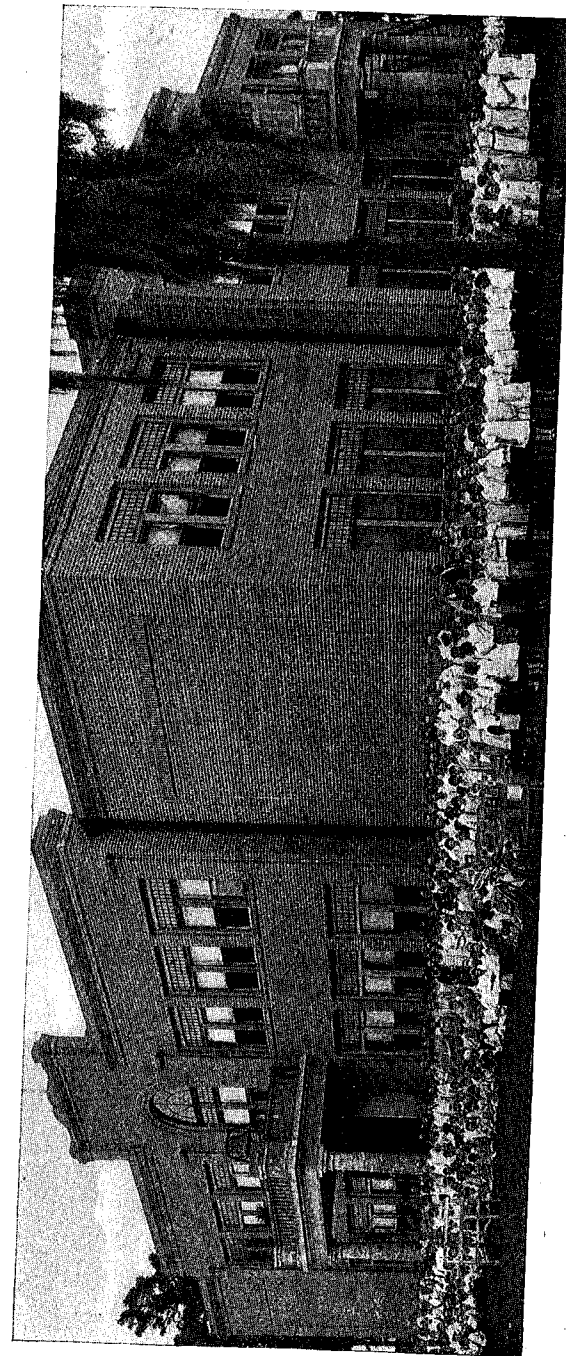
The Senior Class

— OF —

**Lake Wales
High School**



1924



LAKE WALES HIGH SCHOOL

ADMINISTRATION

We admire the pretty ones, clever
and witty ones,

We all stand in awe of the learned
and sage,

We love to go romping along with
the gay ones

But here's to them all on the
Faculty page.

DEDICATION

In Mr. Donoho we have our conception of the perfect teacher—invariably kind, courteous, considerate, calm and just, and having a friendly spirit that makes study under him a pleasure instead of a task. We are proud to call him our friend and to dedicate this edition of the "Crown Jewel" to him as an evidence of the great respect and enduring admiration of the class of '24.



MR. H. N. DONOHO, PRINCIPAL



FACULTY

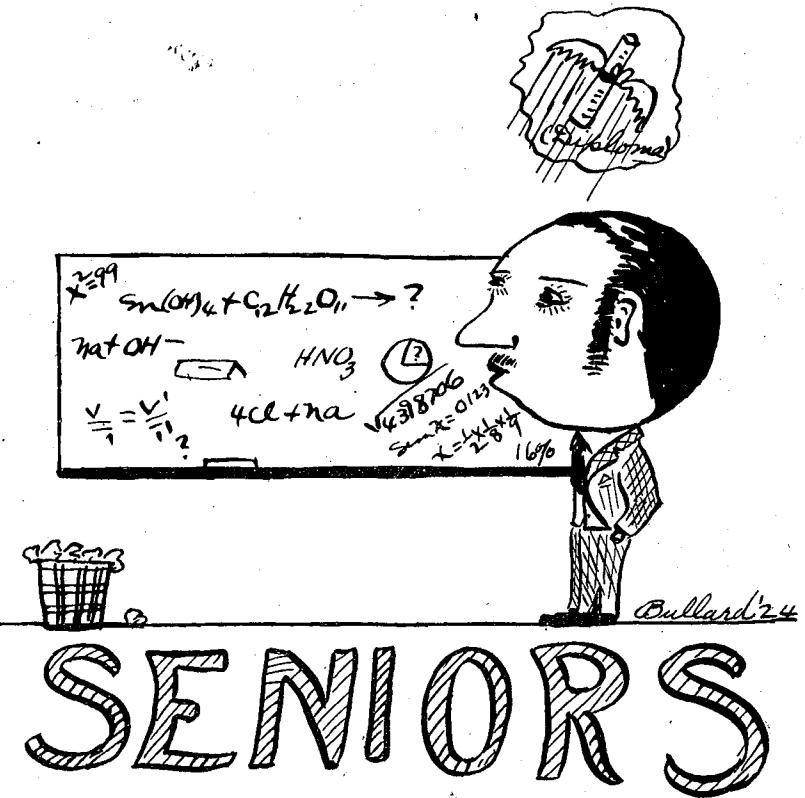
KATIE KERR DONOHO
Language
A. B., Howard College

DURWARD V. CASON
English
A. B., Mercer
Macon, Georgia

MARY CARPENTER
Music
Georgetown, Stetson,
Cornell

NOLA M. ELLIS
Science, Mathematics
A. B., Womans College
Montgomery, Alabama

MARY BELLE WARING
Mathematics, Psychology
University of Tennessee
Florida State Woman's College





BERNICE BULLARD, JR.

"B. K."

Class Pres. '21, '22, '23, '24
Pres. P. T. Lit. Society
Mgr. Basket-ball Team '24
Editor-in-Chief Crown Jewel
Class Play '22, '23, '24



MARIE KIRCH

"Mike"

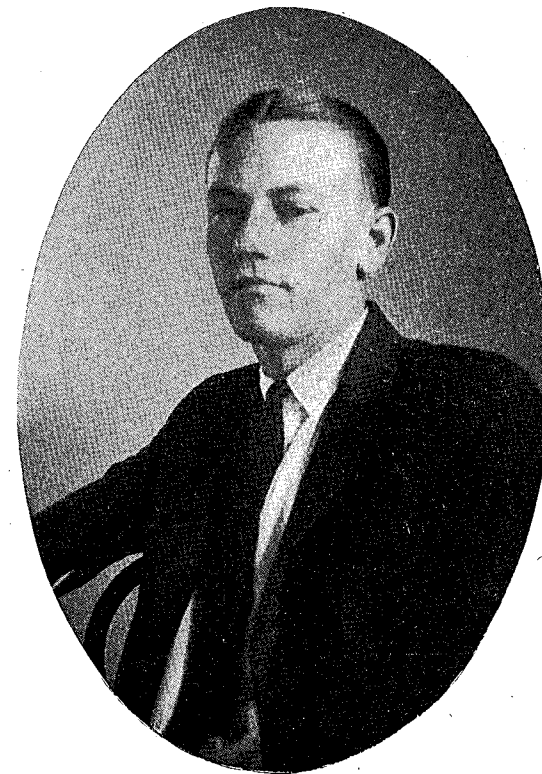
Class Vice-Pres. '21, '22, '24
Orchestra
Society Editor Crown Jewel
Class Play '22, '24
Sec. R. W. B. Lit. Society



MARIAN EVERETT

"Rusty"

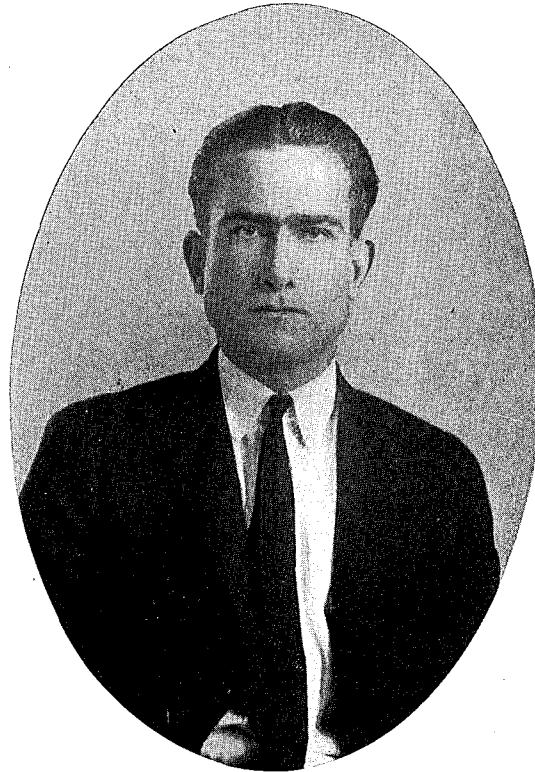
Mgr. Girls Basket-ball Team
'23, '24
Asst. Critic R. W. B. Lit. Society
Librarian
Track '24
Athletic Editor Crown Jewel
Class Play '22, 23, 24



ROMA FRASER

"Romy"

Sec. Senior Class '24
Orchestra
Business Mgr. Crown Jewel
Basket-ball '24
Class Play '22, '23, '24
R. W. B. Lit. Society



REGGIE JONES
"SKINNY"
Class Play '24
Basket-ball '23, '24
Track '24
R. W. B. Lt. Society



ELEANOR POOSER
"Eleanor"
Class Treas. '24
Orchestra
Senior Class Ed. Crown Jewel
P. T. Literary Society
Class Play



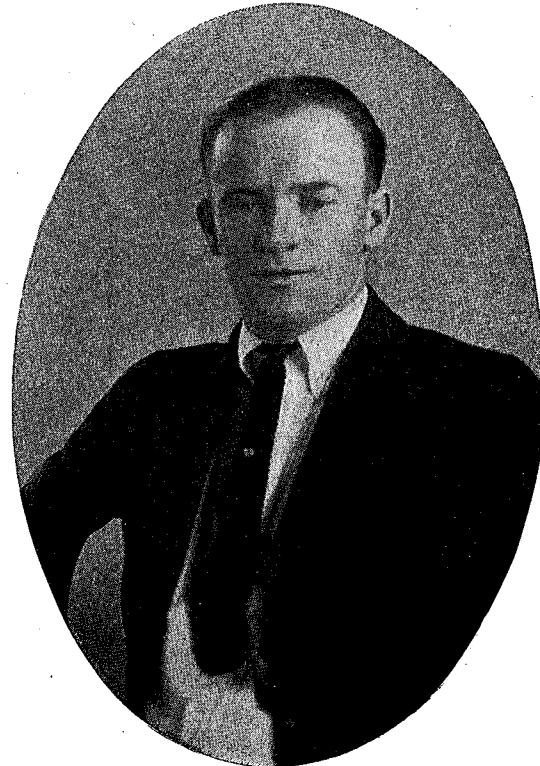
WILLIAM MOSELEY
"Moses"
Track '24
P. T. Literary Society
Latin Star



MATTIE TYRE
"Pat"
Class Play '23, '24
Vice-Pres. P. T. Lit. Society
Track '24



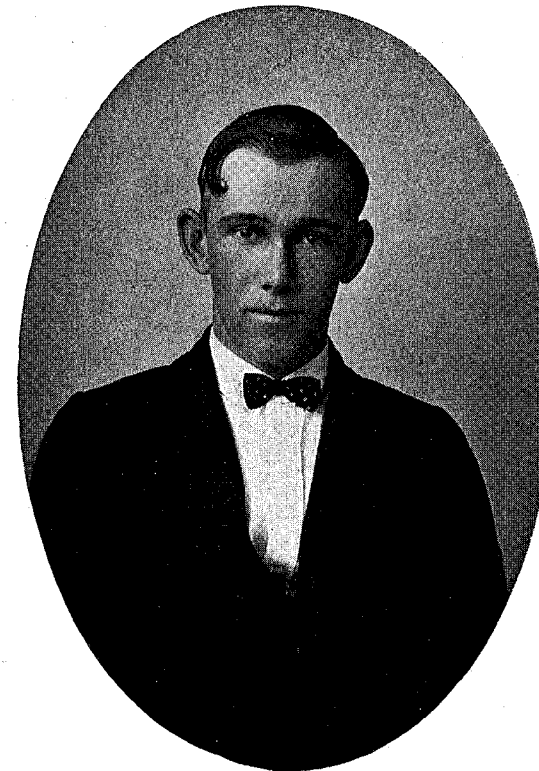
HARVEY CURTIS
"Tuff"
Basket-ball '24
Track '24
R. W. B. Lit. Society
Class Play '24



J. D. WALKER
Basket-ball '22, '23, '24
Capt. Basket-ball Team '24
Track '24
R. W. B. Lit. Society



CHARLES PERRY
"Tubby"
Track '24
Basket-ball '22, '23, '24
Pres. R. W. B. Lit. Society
Class Play '22, '23, '24



CECIL KINCAID
"Cece"
Basket-ball '23, '24
P. T. Lit. Society
Cartoonist Crown Jewel
Class Play '22

PROPHECY

This year, when I was at the fair,
I saw a fortune-teller there.
I asked "Vareta," can you foresee
The fates of our Seniors twelve for me?
She said that she would try
If hard cash reached her by-and-by.
Upon the payment of dollars dear
She looked into a crystal clear,
And holding her eyes in steadfast gaze,
She these things read from out the maze:

Radio, wireless, electricity and such
A mastermind controlling much.
The hands are trained to move so well
Their movement eyes can scarcely tell.
The head is bended, thereon head-phones
The head of a marvel—Reggie Jones.

The lights of Broadway, a musical show,
William Moseley down on the first row!
Watching the apple of his eye
Upon the stage and flitting by,
From her his eyes never rove—
Two hearts will love in his orange grove.

A joker, a dancer with feet so light
The eyes are strained to catch their flight.
Applause, laughter and again the roar
The audience is calling, calling for more,
And now he grins, this man so merry,
His grin is the one of "Tubby" Perry.

Sweet music swells upon the breeze
As nimble fingers steal o'er the keys,
As Eleanor smiles, with eyes half-closed,
Her little hands o'er keyboard posed,
Someone is with her—that I know—
She plays "Your Eyes Have Told Me So."

A landlady plump, with jolly face,
Is sweeping now the fire-place.
Surely she, in her gingham gown
Was once a girl in Lake Wales town.
At last she removes all trace of fire,
She turns around—'tis Mattie Tyre.

And now a clatter, and now a din
'Tis Kincaid's truck, bringing milk in—
The truck now speeds, as homeward "Cece" goes,
His wife awaits, as everyone knows,
In a house made clean as Mary can
For she's the wife of this dairyman.

Marjan Everett now spends each while
Keeping up with the latest style.
Her pocket-book holds much ready cash,
And she wouldn't e'en try to cook hubby's hash
For her old attraction, her red, red hair,
Has at last caught her a millionaire.

A great athlete I now espy
As o'er the cinders he seems to fly.
He's quite familiar (he's a blond)
Who in our class of track is fond?
He draws near his face toward me
I recognize good old "J. D."

Some mechanic fixes a car,
 A man who knows where all parts are.
 Harvey works and directs, 'tis to his taste
 He knows the time mechanics waste.
 The papers say in letters large
 He has bought out our best garage.

There is a mother with one small child
 Looking on her babe with features mild.
 She lifts her bow and then quite soon
 Her violin gives forth a tune,
 A rarest tune, it seems to me
 For who can play alike Marie?

A husband now knocks upon his door—
 Glad that the busy day is o'er;
 Wifey ceases her music, quickly as she can
 And sweetly greets her office-man:
 "Now Roma dear, take just one peep
 For Roma, Jr., is fast asleep."

A desk of books, a tall, thin man,
 Working as fast as a lawyer can.
 "Bullard's some lawyer," is what they say,
 "Look at the fees he makes us pay."
 But watch him now, his head's awhirl,
 Perhaps he's met "The Only Girl."

"Vareta's" eyes wavered her eyelids blinked
 I wonder if she then at me winked?
 Did she? If so, maybe I'll cry.
 Did she? You're as good a judge as I.

Did she wink?

"TUBBY" AND "B. K." '24.

CLASS POEM

We're the Senior Class of '24,
 Just twelve of us an' nothing more;
 Before we go let's have this rhyme
 Appropriate for such a time.
 For custom, and tradition old
 Bids every class' tale be told—
 With some short line on everyone,
 In serious thought or just in fun.
 We know that it was time well spent
 When "Bullard" we chose for President.
 Redhead "Rusty", our girl athlete,
 Is the kind of girl the boys think sweet.
 "Romie" Fraser is the "oyster-eater"
 And for a good sport there's no one fleeter.
 To watch little "Mike," our dancing girl,
 Is enough to set one's head awhirl.
 When "Tuff" Curtis, our speed demon
 Steps out with girls, you ought to see 'em.
 Can anyone tell me, can *anyone* tell
 Why "Skinny" Jones can jump so well?
 Fatty "Mattie," who runs for track,
 Has our sympathy coming back.
 Now "Moses" wouldn't do a thing
 Most of the time he's studying.
 Captain "Sleepy," of basket-ball fame,
 Is noted for his clean swift game.
 Eleanor Pooser, our class musician,
 Is calm and quiet as if a-fishin'.
 "Cece" Kincaid, as sure as fate,
 Comes up each morning rather late.
 "Tubby" Perry is quite verbose
 His humor comes in no small dose.
 Thus ends the Senior rhyming tale,
 Done in a style we hope not stale;
 Still in this way we have to bend
 Our masterpiece to some good end.

"B. K." AND "MIKE" '24.

SAYINGS OF THE SENIORS

- B. K.: "Don't ask me, ask mama."
 RUSTY: "Much too much for my feeble brain."
 "I think that's horrible—terrible."
 ROMAS "Oyster stew—one-half fried—oyster soup."
 "And when I do ——— !"
 MARIE: "Where's Roma?"
 HARVEY: "H - - - no!"
 "Why don't yer pick on some one else?"
 MOSES: "Bernice, got your Latin?"
 MATTIE: "Golly bum!"
 REGGIE: "It's just awful."
 CECIL: "Huh? Uh huh."
 "Huh?"
 ELEANOR: "Do you think so?"
 "Yes, I think so too."
 J. D.: (Yawn) "You go a head and do it" (Yawn).
 TUBBY: "My gawsh Mattie."

MUSICAL TALENT IN THE SENIOR CLASS

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------------|
| Trombonist..... | Resarf Amor |
| Pianist..... | Resoop Ronaele |
| Violinist..... | Herik Eiram |
| Bury-tone..... | Yelesom Mailliw |
| Guitarist..... | Yrrep Selrahc |
| Bass..... | Eryt Eittam |
| Vocalist..... | Drallub Ecinreb |
| In Charge de Victrola..... | Sitruc Yevrah |
| Soloist..... | Reklaw De Jay |
| Tenor..... | Senoj Eigger |
| Bag-pipe..... | Ttereve Nairam |
| Talent Itself..... | Diacnik Licec |
| Director..... | Nosac Drawrud |

MENU

JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

OYSTER COCKTAIL
(Roma Fraser)

SOUPS
(Annie, Ferman, Katharine)

POOR FISH
(John, Laurie)

RED SNAPPER
(Rusty, Margaret F.)

BEEF
(Mattie)

CHICKEN
(Carrie, Myrtle)

COLD TONGUE
(Mrs. Donoho)

PORK AND BEANS
(Charlotte-Edna)

SQUASH (squeeze)—Mary and Cecil.

TURNIPS (turn ups)—Reggie and Catherine.

GREENS (fresh)—Herdic, Harriet, Bessie.

WELSH RAREBIT—Eleanor.

LETTUCE AND DRESSING—"Let us do this, let us do that"—(Marie Kirch)

CABBAGE (-head)—Arthur.

PRUNES—Mr. Cason, Mrs. Ellis, Miss Waring, Mr. and Mrs. Donoho.

STUFFED DATES (Spiced)—Willie B. and Tubby.

CRACKED NUTS—Harvey, Reggie, Mabry.

CHEESE TID-BITS—Charlie D. and Margaret W.

PIE (FACE) A LA MODE
(Tubby, Arthur)

LEMON ICE
(Bernice Bullard)

TOOTHPICKS
(Bernice and John)

HIGHBALL—J. D. Walker

AFTER DINNER MINTS
(Charlotte, Edna, Marie)

FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

Mrs. Ellis (after Monday Chemistry): "Not a pupil in this room will have liberty from Study Hall today."

Voice: "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Mrs. Ellis: "Who said that?"

Voice: "Patrick Henry."

* * *

Tubby: "Have you ever come across a man who, at the slightest touch, caused you to thrill and tremble in every fiber of your being?"

Willie B.: "Yes, the dentist."

* * *

Moses (W. M.): "Once I loved a girl and she made a fool of me."

Marian: "What a lasting impression some girls make?"

* * *

Mrs. Donoho: "Women made history. Look at Joan of Arc, look at Madame Dubarry, look at Eve!"

Cecil: "Yeah, I'd like to!"

* * *

"The Four Horsemen"
Paul Revere
Jesse James
Tom Mix
Barney Google

* * *

"There goes a good track man."

"Looks like a hobo to me."

"He is."

* * *

Bill Rinaldi: "You are the breath of my life!"

Ferman Causey: "Why don't you try holding your breath?"

* * *

Roma Fraser went to see the "Hunchback of Notre Dame" because he thought it was a football picture.

Soph: "Which would you rather be: A bigger fool than you look, or look a bigger than you are?"

Rat (after deep study): "I guess I'd rather look a bigger fool than I am."
Soph: "Impossible!"

* * *

A flapper is one who bobs her hair, powders her nose and says to herself: Clothes, I'm going down town, if you want to go along, hang on!"

* * *

Marian: "Your new overcoat's rather loud isn't it?"
Marie: "Yes, but it's all right when I put on my muffler."

* * *

"What did he say to Prof. Donoho when he was expelled?"
"He congratulated the school on turning out such good men."

* * *

Program

| | |
|---|---------------------|
| "Comin' Through the Rye"..... | Rye Whiskey |
| "After the Ball"..... | Ginger Ale Highball |
| "Here Comes a Sailor"..... | Port Wine |
| "Wearin' of the Green"..... | Green River |
| "Old Black Joe"..... | Gin |
| "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight"..... | Jamaica Rum |
| "Over the Stars, There Is Rest"..... | Wood Alcohol |

* * *

Announcement: William Moseley announces that he is going to write a book entitled "The Ways of Women."

* * *

Free! Expert advice on all matters. Tell me your troubles. Heart affairs a specialty. See B. K. Bullard, Jr., P. D. Q.

* * *

Mr. Cason: "Only fools are positive."

Bernice Bullard: "Are you sure."

Mr. Cason: "I'm positive."

Freshie: "Look at this picture of me! Why, I look like an ape!"

Senior: "You should have thought of that before you had the picture taken."

* * *

My Bonnie leaned over the gas tank
The height of the contents to see,
She lighted a match to assist her
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me!

* * *

J. D. Walker: "Mr. Donoho, do you know, in all history they have never hanged a man with a wooden leg."

Mr. Donoho: "Why not?"

J. D.: "Because they use a rope."

* * *

Wanted—A room by gentlemen twelve feet long and six feet wide.—(Advt.)

* * *

Mr. Cason: "How many subjects are you carrying?"

Reggie Jones: "Carrying one, and dragging four."

* * *

"When is your daughter thinking of getting married?"

Mrs. Everett: "Constantly."

* * *

Laurie: "I got Mexico City on my radio last night."

Eleanor: "That's nothing, I opened my window and got Chili!"

* * *

Bernice Bullard: "I was operated on last summer."

Harvey Curtis: "Did everything come out alright?"

* * *

"I don't see why you stayed out so long with such a wonderful dancer as Tubby."

"But he showed me some new steps and we sat on them."

* * *

How high is up?

Who killed the dead sea?

Where does the light go when it goes out?



ELEANOR POOSER



J.D. WALKER



HARVEY CURTIS



CHARLES PERRY



MATTIE TYRE

"SMALL SENIORS"



MARION EVERETT



MARIE KIRCH



BURNICE BULLARD



ROMA FRASER

"SMALL SENIORS"

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

LAKE WALES, FLORIDA.

We, the Senior Class of 1924, being of sound mind and understanding and knowing the uncertainty of our future careers, do bequeath on this day, April the third in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-four, certain of our earthly possessions to our dearly beloved schoolmates and instructors, to-wit:

We, the Senior Class, leave our pep and undying school spirit to the Junior Class hoping they will make some use of it.

Charles Perry leaves his honest efforts in study to Malbry Harrell and his conceit to Manton Roberts.

Cecil Kincaid leaves his punctuality to the young ladies of the high school and offers his life to Mary Alma Davis.

Marian Everett leaves her athletic ability to Katherine Alexander and hopes that Margaret Ferrell may rise to her place as the red-haired beauty of the next Senior Class.

Bernice Bullard leaves his seat by the reading room window to Ferman Causey, realizing that she will use it to advantage in watching Dodge trucks pass by.

Mattie Tyre leaves her superfluous flesh to Forrest Smith.

Roma Fraser leaves his enormous capacity for nourishment (including oysters) to Carrie Schramm.

Harvey Curtis leaves his curly locks to Willie B. Kelly and his lasting smile to Charlotte Clark.

J. D. Walker leaves his athletic ability to Arthur Stafford and his alertness to John Nicholson.

Marie Kirch leaves her love of music and of "stepping the light fantastic" to Bryant McLendon.

William Moseley leaves to the school his great knowledge of Latin and Psychology.

Reggie Jones leaves his brilliant plays on the basket-ball court and his attractiveness with the female sex to Laurie Tomlinson.

Eleanor Pooser leaves her musical talent to Mabry Harrell and her golden voice to Catherine Brantley.

To our dearly beloved teachers we bequeath the following:

To Mr. Donoho: Our Commercial Arithmetic.

To Mrs. Donoho: The "Blue Book of Etiquette."

To Mrs. Ellis: Our great knowledge of science.

To Mr. Cason: A history of Georgia.

To Miss Waring: The book, "Polite Society at Home and Abroad."

To Mr. Riles: Pleasant memories of the Seniors of '24.

We hereby appoint Annie Worrell as executor of this, our last will and testament, reposing full confidence in her honesty and ability, believing that she will faithfully carry out these last wishes. In witness whereof we do hereby affix our signatures on this, the third day of April.

THE SENIOR CLASS OF '24.

Bullard & Moseley, Inc.,
Attorneys-at-Law

CLASS SONG

(TUNE: THAT OLD GANG OF MINE)

Gee, but I'd like so well to keep this old gang of mine,
How can I forget that twin sextette
That sang "Auld Lang Syne."
I want you ever, old fellows and gals,
I want you ever, old sweethearts and pals,
God bless you—
Gee, but I'd give the world to keep this old gang of mine.

Gee, but I hate so much to lose this old gang of mine
How can I forget our twin sextette
That sang "Auld Lang Syne."
Good-bye, forever, old fellows and gals,
Good-bye, forever, old sweethearts and pals,
God bless you—
Gee, but I hate so much to lose this old gang of mine

CLASS HISTORY

PROLOGUE

Curtain rises on stage representing North America. Several small tots widely scattered. Father Time passes. The scene grows dim. From somewhere in the hazy distance drop ten roles of white parchment, green and white streamers flying. Ten sturdy youngsters eagerly grabbing their eighth grade diplomas.

(Curtain)

ACT I.

Time: September, 1920.

Place: Lake Wales High School.

Eight green freshies in their colors, green and white, meekly following Miss Husch.

Do I hear a nomination for a leader? Hon. Bernice Bullard elected.

B. K. (Trying his best to make a speech): Class I want — — ta — —
(swallows) I wanta thank you — — you — — a for — — a — — a — — wait
a moment (swallows again).

Freshmen: Uh-huh, you're welcome, lets have a picnic. Oh boy, a select crowd,
Freshmen only, swimming, sand, fight, missing marshmallows, wet bathing suits, mos-
quitoes, sand spurs, cactus, red bugs, and a chaperone of course.

All aboard for Pierce Mines. Physical Geo. trip. Was our journey worth while?
I'll say, absorbing all that knowledge, and having fun you know.

Wind up last day, look us over, we're green no longer.

ACT II.

Time: September, 1921.

Place: Lake Wales High School.

Drill practice, heads up, a-t-t-e-n-t-i-o-n, stand erect please, we're Sophs now.

Zoology, bugs, dissecting turtles, snakes, clams, etc. Our botany trips too.

April 28th, last day of school, picinc at Kissingen Springs, all High School, swim-
ming, foot-bridge, memories.

ACT III.

Time: September, 1922.

Place: Lake Wales High School.

Reunion once again. New principal, teachers n'everything. Mental picture,
twelve Juniors pondering over geometry, physics, civics and literature. Then—

February 2nd, memorable date, Junior Class Play, "Standing By Him."

March 7th, Junior Senior Banquet given at Hotel Wales.

The old crowd—sun parlor—tripping toes—"Don't Send Me Posies,"—Toasts.

ACT IV.

Time: September, 1923.

Place: Dear old Lake Wales.

Hip! Hooray! Seniors at last! Picnic first day, Eagle Lake. The first of
our series of parties. We didn't have over a hundred, let me see—well no, not over
that.

In the mean time, in between time, annual staff hard at work.

April 4 and 5: Honors! Glory! Fame! Three of our Seniors, J. D., Reggie,
Charles, victorious at track meet at Gainesville. Proud, we are.

April 11th: Junior-Senior Banquet. One time we can be guests.—mix up—
"She leadeth us."

Senior Class Play: "The Hoodooed Coon." April 25th.

Talent? 'Nuff said.

May 30th—Graduation!!!

HARVEY AND MARIE '24.

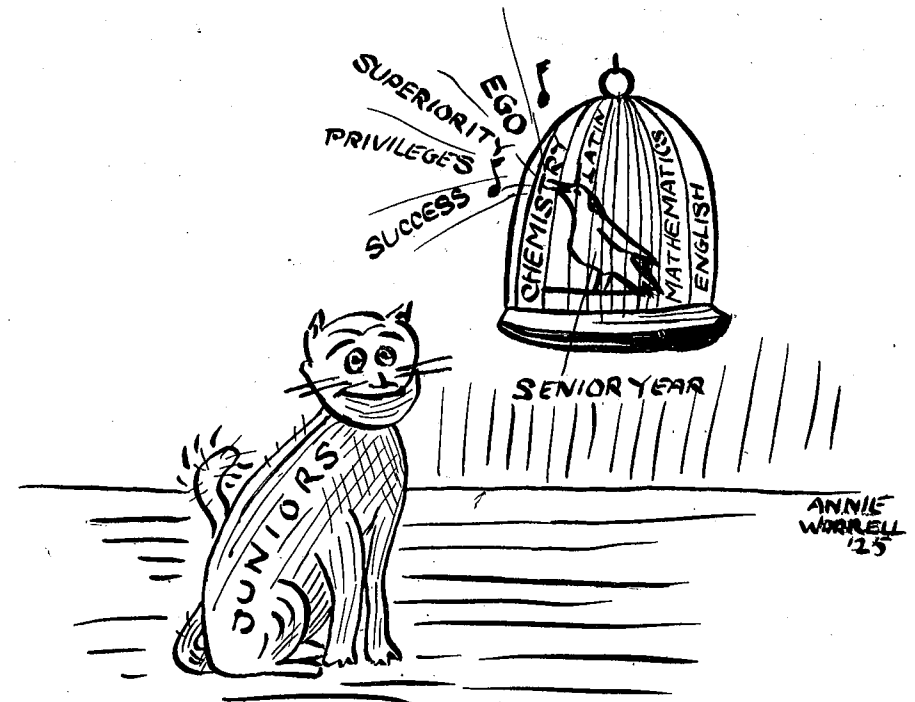


ORCHESTRA

One of the most interesting features of the Lake Wales High School for 1924 is the orchestra. Under the able direction of Mr. Sholtz, it has almost reached perfection. It has played on numerous occasions and in concerts and has furnished entertainment of the highest order for school activities.

The school appreciates the effort expended by Mr. Sholtz and the talent displayed by those under his supervision.

JUNIORS



ANNIE WORKELL '25

"JUST TO BREAK THROUGH THOSE BARS!"



JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIORS

EDNA CLARK

FERMAN CAUSEY

MARY ALMA DAVIS

ANNIE WORRELL

MABRY HARRELL

CHARLOTTE CLARK

JOHN NICHOLSON

CHARLIE DONOHO

CARRIE SCHRAMN

ARTHUR STAFFORD

MYRTLE HART

MARGARET FERRELL

LAURIE TOMLINSON

MARGARET WEEKLY

KATHARINE ALEXANDER

WILLIE B. KELLY

President: LAURIE TOMLINSON

Secretary and Treasurer: MYRTLE HART

Vice-President: ARTHUR STAFFORD

Reporter: WILLIE B. KELLEY

COLORS: *Pink and Green*

FLOWER: *Radiance Rose*

MOTTO: *Our Best—No Less*

JUNIOR CLASS SONG

(TUNE: *Yes, We Have No Bananas*)

We're the best class in the school
 Don't you think we'll do?
 Never known to break a rule
 Unless we just have to
 When they tell us anything
 We're the busy bees.
 We just "Yes" them all to death
 For we do like to please,
 We tell them—

CHORUS:

Yes, we have no dumb students
 We have no dumb students today
 There's Mabry the class clown
 Who'll argue the class down
 Just to pass the time away.
 Then we have bright Annie Worrell
 And red-haired Marge Ferrell,
 But, yes, we have no dumb students
 We have no dumb students today.

There's John with his big feet
 And Mary the athlete
 Who wins in all kinds of play.
 Then there's "Cherry" and "Beans" Clark
 And there is Miss Myrtle Hart
 But, yes, we have no dumb students today.

There's Willie B. Kelley
 And Margaret Weekly
 And Ethel the "star" of the play.
 We have Charlie, one of the brightest,
 And Ferman, one of the wisest,
 But, yes, we have no dumb students today.

There's Laurie the dude
 Who never gets rude
 And Carrie Schramm, but, say,
 There's Arthur, the Mathematician
 And Katharine, the musician,
 But, yes, we have no dumb students today.

RED LETTER DAYS

OCTOBER 3, 1921. What thrills one does experience on his first day in High School as a "Freshie." Just to know and feel that you have reached the highest division—that of High School students. Each was wondering what was going to happen next, whether it would be a prank from the Sophs or a severe look from the teacher to which one would fall victim. Many have been the times when we were much mystified and perplexed at the ways and deeds of High School students. But "All's well that ends well" and our Freshman career was very successful.

APRIL 27, 1922. We Freshies thought that an Easter egg hunt given by the Freshmen would, not for a moment, be considered "babyish." Eggs were hidden around the Lake Wales pavillion and we were thoroughly enjoying ourselves when the "Sophs" made their appearance. They did not share our opinion as to the dignity of the affair so we soon departed holding only the memory of our pleasure in planning the party.

OCTOBER 10, 1922. It's our turn to holler "Rats!" now. Our Freshman days are gone forever. We are Sophomores!

NOVEMBER 25, 1922. During our Sophomore year began our dramatic career in High School. With the aid of our English teacher we gave two plays which included nearly every member of our class. We must have done these well as some of our class were with the Junior play and had the honor of attending the Junior-Senior banquet.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1923. Now we have reached our Junior year. We are no longer beyond the pale of that awe-inspiring term, "Upper Classmen," and not as usual, "After you get what you want, you don't want what you wanted at all." We are just as pleased as we thought we should be. We realize the responsibility and we are going to be "True Blue" to our class, our teachers and our school, "Lake Wales High."

DECEMBER 14, 1923. The date of our Junior play in which we scored the greatest triumph ever achieved in Lake Wales High. At both matinee and evening performance the attendance was far beyond our expectation. Our work was most graciously complimented by everyone and "The Little Clodhopper" has set the standard with which others are compared.

JUNIOR CLASS POEM

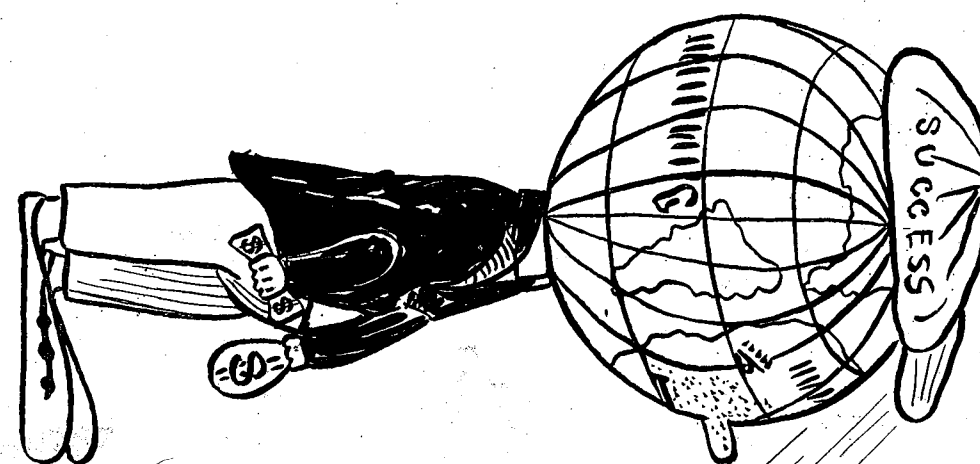
"MEMORIES"

I'd like to tell you what I love—
 To sing it to earth and sky above;
 A simple and meditative song,
 Filled with pictures, it won't take long.

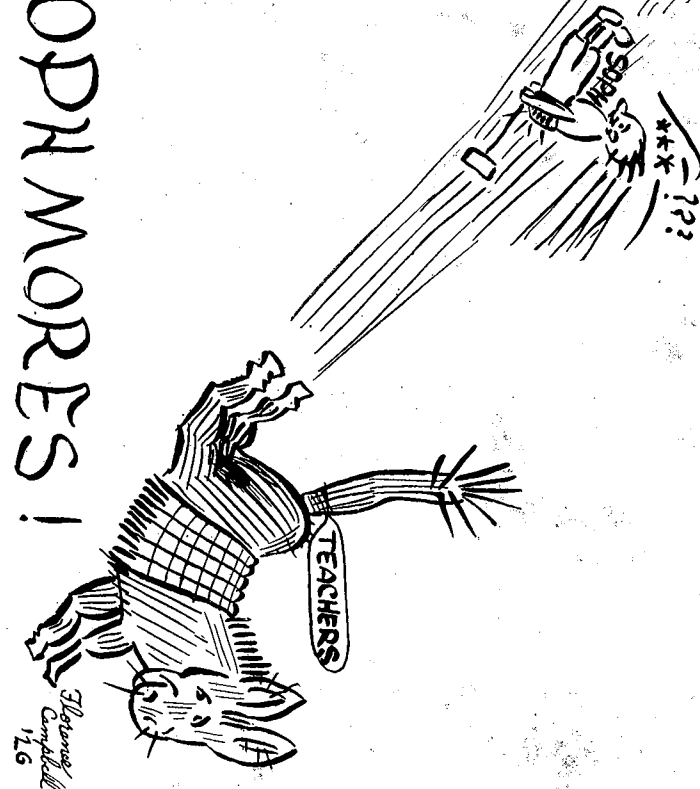
One day, 'twas back in June,
 The lazy bees hummed all forenoon;
 The cattle peaceful in the shade
 And the birds a-twittering in the glade.

The shadow of the open door
 Moving slowly across the school-room floor,
 The sound of voices a restful monotone
 Just to think, just to be alone!

Oh just once more to be
 In the days when life was gay and free!
 Oh just to gaze, and feel, and see—
 The shadows as they used to be!



SODAS MORES!



The Value of the "Kicks" () ???

Edmund Campbell 1924



SOPHOMORE CLASS

SOPHOMORE CLASS

COLORS: *Green and White.*

FLOWER: *Rose.*

MOTTO: *"The Sky Is Our Limit."*

OFFICERS

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Vice-President, HENRY BULLARD

Secretary, BERNICE JOHNSON

Treasurer, MARIE JONES

Annual Reporter, HELEN JONES

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CLASS ROLL

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HENRY BULLARD

CATHERINE BRANTLEY

DONALD DARLING

RICHARD DOPLER

JESSEE LEE EDWARDS

RUBY HOOTEN

MARIE JONES

HELEN JONES

BERNICE JOHNSON

VIRGINIA LOWE

MANTON ROBERTS

FORREST SMITH

LILLIE MAE THOMPSON

FLORENCE UTLEY

JUANITA WETMORE

EVELYN ZIPPRER

CLASS HISTORY

Two years ago, I remember,
 On a sunny day in September
 A crowd of Freshmen were wandering around
 Each rather blue, yet for work we were bound
 Though in no time at all we were joined together
 Working hard in all kinds of weather.
 The Sophomores and Seniors called us "Green Chaps,"
 But they didn't know what we could do, perhaps.
 For when the towns people offered seven prizes for the writing of different themes,
 The Freshmen won five of them, I guess, real queer this seems.
 But this didn't end our victory, for we won four ribbons at the Fair,
 Of course this made the other grades feel like giving up in dispair.
 They couldn't help but be jealous so they planned a secret trick
 To "haze us good and proper" when we went on our class picnic.
 But instead of going the place they thought, we went another way,
 So they didn't see nor hear of us, 'til back at school next day.

This ended their love for conquering
 They saw it couldn't be done.
 For every plan they have tried yet
 They've lost and we have won.

This nearly ends our Freshman year
 And we're ready for the next step
 Up to the honorable Sophomore Class
 And I'm sure we won't lose our "Rep."

Now we're beginning our Sophomore year
 With hearts all light and gay.
 "Gee! but those Soph's are a hustling bunch,"
 Is what the people now say.

We're keeping right up to the mark this year
 As well as we did before.
 For out of five prizes offered the school
 Our class "ran off" with four.

We've just completed a task
 As assistant in home talent play.
 "Mrs. and Mr. Polly Tickk,"
 It was a thriller, I'll say.

There's so many things that should be told,
 But I guess we must stop right here—
 Lay things aside for a little while
 And tell you the rest next year.

—FLORENCE UTLEY '26.

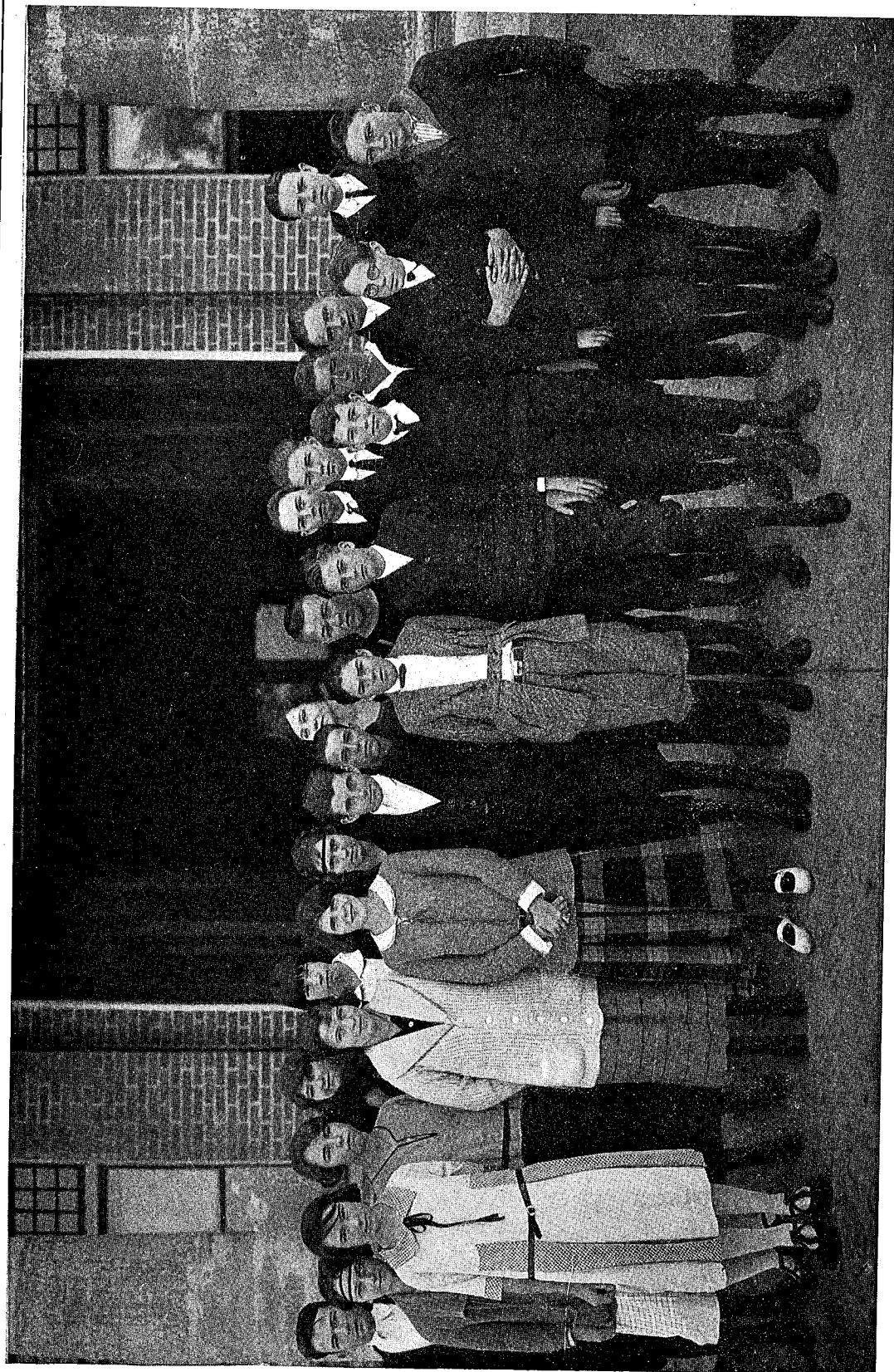
SOPHS. AND OTHERS
(MOSTLY OTHERS)

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Popular Girl..... | CATHERINE BRANTLEY |
| Popular Boy..... | J. D. WALKER |
| Prettiest Girl..... | HARRIET DUBOIS |
| Best Looking Boy..... | ROMA FRASER |
| Wittiest..... | MABRY HARRELL |
| Biggest Eater..... | ROMA FRASER |
| Wisest..... | MARGARET WEEKLY |
| Most Studious..... | JUANITA WETMORE AND BERNICE BULLARD |
| Hottest Temper..... | BERNICE JOHNSON |
| Most Conceited..... | CHARLES PERRY |
| Biggest Dude..... | MANTON ROBERTS |
| Best Actor..... | MABRY HARRELL |
| Biggest Clown..... | MABRY HARRELL |
| Biggest Flirt..... | CATHERINE BRANTLEY |
| Best Dresser..... | ROBERT CLAY |
| Best All Round Student..... | ARTHUR STAFFORD |
| Best Boy Athlete..... | J. D. WALKER |
| Best Girl Athlete..... | HELEN JONES |



Freshie Looking for his diploma

FRESHMAN



FRESHMEN

FRESHMEN

CLASS FLOWER: *Violet*

CLASS COLORS: *Purple and Gold*

CLASS MOTTO: *B²*

President, DOROTHY ARMSTRONG Secretary, AMY EVERETT
 Vice-President, MARGARET PARRISH Treasurer, JAMES THORNHILL
 Teacher, MISS WARING

CLASS ROLL

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| DOROTHY ARMSTRONG | CLIFTON HOOTEN |
| BESSIE BRIGGS | ROY LANGFORD |
| MARJIE BUSSARD | JOHN LITTLE |
| BERTHA LEE DARTY | BRYANT McLENDON |
| GERTRUDE DEAN | BERT PINKSTON |
| HARRIET DuBois | WILLIAM POOSER |
| AMY EVERETT | KENNETH RHODES |
| FAY FORTNER | BYRON SHERRY |
| MADA FRASER | JAMES THORNHILL |
| MARGARET PARRISH | RAYMOND VARN |
| INEZ TUCKER | HUBERT WHITE |
| WARREN BURNETT | WILLIAM ZIPPRER |
| ROBERT CLAY | EDGAR KINNEY |
| DONALD CURTIS | HERDIC WOLAVER |

D. L. ELLISON