

The Carry-On

1930



Published by Senior Class
Tarboro High School



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The Heart of the Class of '30

Dear old abode of learning,
Dear old familiar place,
You have made pothooks on many a book
That time can never erase.
We love your rooms and hallways,
At least in retrospect;
We can't quite say we felt that way
When answers weren't correct.

Dear old deserving teachers,
Each of a kind, warm heart,
Forever thus you will be to us,
Though time and distance part.
We love your idiocrasies,
Although we must admit,
To strunts untamed your glances turned,
Your comments fairly ate.

Dear old adoring schoolmates,
Friends of our yesterdays,
We can truly add we're a bit sad
At this parting of the ways.
We loved your awed devotion,
But oh, your childishness,
For seniors to be seen with you
Has caused us much distress.

And so now that we're leaving
This dear old school we love,
We won't cry as we say good-bye
As from this port we shove.
Of course, we hate to leave you,
But there are things ahead
To which we'll rush and onward push,
Forever in the lead.

—Henrietta Baker, Poetess.

The Faculty



Front row (left to right): Miss Lila Dedmon, History and Mathematics; Mrs. Marion Corbett, English; Miss Sylvia Levy, English and Algebra; Miss Elsie Yarborough, Home Economics.

Second row: Mr. Jake Smith, Science and Athletics; Miss Ethel Sheridan, History and Home Economics; Mr. W. A. Mahler, Superintendent; Miss Sarah Mobley, Latin and French; Mr. R. D. White, Principal.



WILLIAM C. PITT

"Billy" Leadership
 "He was a gentleman in whom I put absolute trust." Football '28 and '29-'30, Literary Society '26 and '27; President Junior Class '29; Tar-Hi Tattler staff '29; editor-in-chief Tar-Hi Tattler '30; Senior Year Book staff '30; President Senior Class '30.

Outstanding in leadership, splendid school spirit, interest in athletics, and ability as a good mixer.

EDWARD LEWIS CLAYTON

"Buzzard" Business Manager
 "He was a man of affairs."
 Literary Society '27, '28, '30; manager football '29; business manager Tar-Hi Tattler '29; vice-president Senior Class '30; Class Grumbler '30.

Ed is a perfect executive as a business manager. Managing a winning football team also is along Ed's line of activities.

DOLORES COBB

"Dolores" Financing
 "One who says little but takes everything in."

Literary Society '27, '28, '30; class secretary and treasurer '30; Tar-Hi Tattler staff '30.

Her ability to handle our money is no greater than her ability to obtain high grades on her studies. A sweet and lovable girl, thoroughly admired by all the class.

LAURA V. WHITLARK

"Laura" Willing
 "You'll always find her true, just A girl whom all can love and trust."

Literary Society '27, '28, '30; literary editor Annual '29; manager basketball '28; Tar-Hi Tattler staff '30; editor-in-chief The Carry-On '30.

The pride of our class. Valedictorians come once in a lifetime and they can't receive too much praise. Averaged 96.3 throughout her entire four years of high school.

JUNE BOURNE

"June" Being Sweet
 "Lovable and sweet."

June is our beloved mascot, and her cute ways and pleasing disposition have won the admiration of the entire class.

EMMA ALDINE ARNOLD

"Aldine" Being Busy
"A girl that is willing to do her share"

Literary Digest Club '30; Literary Society '27.

Aldine is faithful and conscientious in all her work, friendly and willing to help at all times. And smart—she certainly is!

JANIE FAIRLEY ALLSBROOK

"Janie" Dainty
"Her very reticence is charm."

Literary Society secretary '26; treasurer girls' basketball team '29; Tar-Hi Tattler staff '29-'30; literary editor of The Carry-On '30.

Janie is one of our quietest members but this doesn't mean that she isn't an outstanding one. Any class should be proud of her.

ANNIE ELIZABETH ANDREWS

"Lib" Dependable
"To know her was to love her."

Literary Society '27, '28, '30; class treasurer '27; Tar-Hi Tattler staff '29 and '30.

Though quiet in her manner, "Lib" is one of the smartest members of the class. The title "best all round" suits her fine.

SUSAN ELIZABETH BALLARD

"Elizabeth" Friendly
"The way to have friends is to be one"

Literary Society '30.

Elizabeth has been with us only two years, but in that time she has endeared herself to every member of the class. We are so glad she is one of us now.

HENRIETTA ALLSBROOK BAKER

"Hen" Flirting
"Alack there lies more peril in thine eye than twenty of their swords."

Literary Society '27; Literary Digest Club '30; Class Poet '30.

Henrietta is one of the liveliest members of our class. She was recently chosen the biggest talker and flirt of our class.





RESPERS BOYKIN

"Res" Shieking

Literary Society '27, '28, '30; football '30.

The speed king of the football team is next in our line. He can run rings around them all. Develop your speed along all lines, Res; the world needs fast men. Res is one of the most popular boys in our class.

VIRGINIA BROADWAY

"Broadway" Loyal

"Where there is a will there's a way"

Literary Society '30.

Virginia is a newccemer to our school. She arrived the latter part of '29. She has made many friends during her short stay and is well liked by all.

LOLA ALMA BROOKS

"Lola" Jolly

"She is a worthy maiden"

Literary Society '27, '28, '30.

Lola has quite an attraction for the opposite sex. She is always surrounded by a host of friends. She has made many friends in T. H. S., and as she goes into the world she will make more.

ZEBULON CONYERS CUMMINGS

"Sile" Joking

"Just a smilin' face and a hearty hand
Is religion that all folks understand"

Literary Digest Club '30; baseball team '28 and '29; football '30; Tar-Hi Tattler staff '29 and '30.

Zeb is one of the jolliest members of our class. He is extremely entertaining; in fact, he is very versatile.

BLANCHE DANIELS

"Blanchie" Quietness

"Those who know her best appreciate her most."

Literary Society '27, '28, '30.

Blanche is a rather silent member of our class, but that does not hinder her from being a valuable addition. Her class and school spirit is splendid.

WILLIAM DAVIS

"Rose" Being Funny
"A dash of humor is good for nearly all occasions."

Literary Society '27, '28, '30; football squad '30; tennis '30.

Will certainly has a sense of humor, and one cannot help but notice his everlasting good nature. His cooperation in all class activities makes him an exceptional asset to his class.

FRANK EDMONDSON

"Shunt" Willingness
"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Baseball '30; Literary Society '27, '28 and '30.

Frank and his car are the school's standby. We just couldn't get along without "Shunt," who not only uses his willingness in lending his car; he reserves a great part of it to apply to his studies.

LAWRENCE H. FOUNTAIN

"L. H." Oratory
"He was a scholar, a ripe and good one, exceedingly wise, fair-spoken and persuading."

Baseball '29, '30; tennis '29, '30; debater '30; Class Prophet '30; Literary Society '30.

"L. H." is quite an orator. During the last year he has been outstanding in debating and oratory.

MARY MITCHELL HOARD

"Mary Mitchell" Quietness
"Quiet in appearance, but motives unknown."

Literary Society '27, '28, '30.

Mary Mitchell is generally seen but not heard. She is friendly to all, but inseparable from Emma Wood—these two are seen constantly together.

MARY FEREBEE HOWARD

"Mary" Cheerfulness
"Laugh and the world laughs with you"

Girls' basketball team '26; Tar-III Tattler staff '29 and '30; vice-president Junior Class '29; president Literary Society '27.

Cheerful, smiling, always chattering, Mary is one of the most popular and best liked members of our class.





JAMES THOMAS HAGAN

"Jim"-**"Lefty"** Shiekling

"His friends are many"

Sub football '24 and '25; varsity football '26, '27, '29 and '29; honorary captain '26; captain '28 and '29; varsity baseball '28, '29, '30; Tar-Hi Tattler staff '29; Tar-Hi Tattler business manager '30. Wrote Class Song '30.

"Lefty" is our representative of all pertaining to sports—and he looks it.

LOU LEE HAVENS

"Lucy" Singing

"Quiet and concern
Always eager to learn."

Literary Society '27, '28 and '30.

Mary Garden will soon have a singing rival and that rival is none other than our own Lou Lee. After your years of success, Lucy, don't forget old classmates.

ROBERT STANBURG KEECH

"Butterball" Wisecracking

Football '26, '27, '28; baseball manager '30; literary staff '25, '26; Tar-Hi Tattler staff '30.

Robert possesses that quiet, dry wit that so many people crave but few are blessed with. He is more experienced than most of the class, having spent a year traveling and more time in high school.

ARABELLA JOHNSON

"Bella" Flirting

"She is fond of company"

Beauty Queen Senior Class '30; Literary Society '27, '28, '30; marshal '27.

"Bella" is one of the most popular members of the Senior Class. She is light-hearted and gay and a good time always gets the first consideration with her.

VIRGINIA HUNTER LOYD

"Virginia" Conscientious

"She keeps faith with friend and foe"

Virginia has made a place in the hearts of every member of the class.

She is always ready to do anything to help others and always has a glad word for everyone.

CATHERINE M. MARROW

"Cat" Cooperative

"If it's bossing a man, it's 'Cat,'
But she's a good fellow for all that."

Literary Society '27, '28 and '30.
Of all true loyal classmates Catherine
is certainly at the top. She stands back
of what she says and thinks and does
not mind voicing her opinion.

EDWARD WATTS MARTIN

"Hebo" Bluffing

"There's no bluff like a good bluff"

Football '29, '30; marshal '26; Tar-Hi
Tattler staff '29, '30; debating team '30.

Ed has a marvelous facility in bluff-
ing. He is quite handsome, a fastidi-
ous dresser and a most interesting con-
versationalist, as well as a super-good
tennis player.

MARY FRANCES McDOWELL

"Fannie" Laughing

"Laugh and win"

Literary Society '27, '28 and '30.
Mary Frances—the name calls up vis-
ions of red hair, quick temper and Jolly
good nature. What better combination?
She likes a good time, friends and 1's
on her report.

LILLIAN DELL MOYE

"Dell" Night Riding

"A friend loveth at all times"

Literary Society '30.
Dell has only been with us the last
two years, but everyone has come to
love her. She is rather small in stature
but has a big heart and is always ready
to lend a helping hand.

IRVING PILLOW

"Pillar" Forgetfulness

"He laughs and continues calmly on
his way."

Literary Society '27, '28 and '30.
Irving is the kind of boy who is out
for a good time; studies are the least
of his worries. We all envy Irving for
his ability to see the funny side of a
French lesson.





NORMAN W. RIGGINS

"Norman" Making Music

Tar-Hi Tattler staff '30.

Norman is a new addition to our class within the last year; he could not have received a heartier welcome anywhere! The saxophone is this boy's victim; his "doings" on this instrument are unexcelled, and no program is complete without a solo by Norman.

JOANNA RUFFIN

"Jo" Flirting

"She is jolly, she's sweet,
Just the kind of girl you'd like to meet"

Literary Society '27, '28 and '30.

Joanna is one of the musical members of our class. She has lots of friends and is one of the popular girls in our class. She is rather quiet but makes her presence felt.

EDITH THORNBERG

"Edith" Quietness

"Peace has her victories no less
renowned than war."

Edith has been with us for three years and in that time we have come to know what a fine, sweet girl she is. Doesn't proclaim her virtues from the rooftops, but they must be drawn out by degrees. Edith is fond of music and is an excellent pianist.

EMMA WOOD

"Emma" Tolerance

"Pretty and sweet,
A friend to those she meets."

Literary Society '27 and '28.

Emma is our modern flapper. Her radiant smile and vivacious personality add spirit to any occasion. Emma is one of the reasons why "gentlemen prefer blondes." We wish you all the luck, Emma, and may you and Mary Mitchell forever be friends.

1930 Football

Front Row—

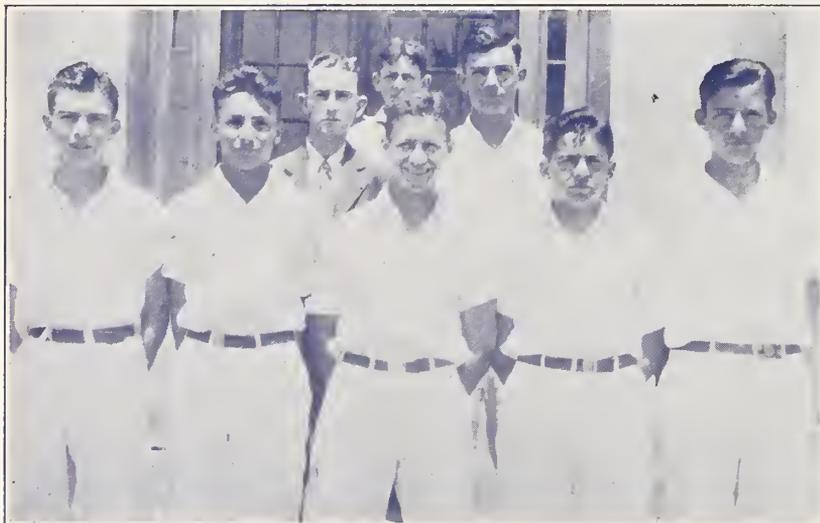
Bill Hart
 Joe Savage
 William Davis
 Rufus Worsley
 Don Gilliam
 Zeb Cummings

Second Row—

Billy Pitt
 Ed Lewis
 Basil Burnette
 Winston Gardner
 Robert Keech
 Ed Fowlkes
 Weeks Andrews
 Emile Olschner

Third Row—

Coach Smith
 Grimes Thomas
 George Fountain
 Ress Boykin
 Victor Howell
 Ed Martin
 Capt. Jim Hagans
 Lewis Heilbronner



1930 Tennis Team

First Row—

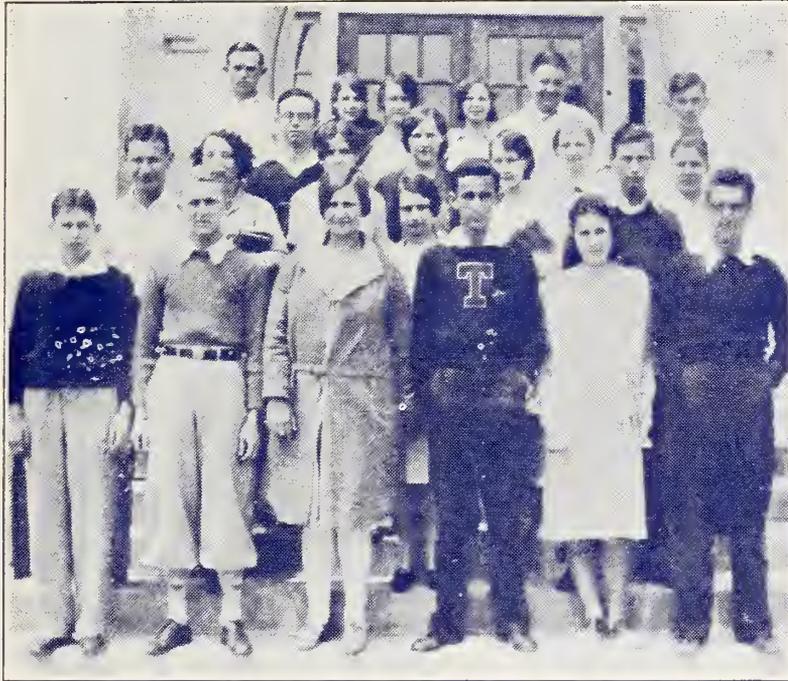
George Fountain
 Ben Carlisle
 Ed Martin
 William Davis
 Sam Burnette

Second Row—

L. H. Fountain
 Ed Lewis

Rear—

Bill Hart



Tar-Hi Tattler Staff 1930

Front Row—

Bill Hart
Ed Clayton
Laura Whitlark
Billy Pitt
Mary Howard
Jim Hagans

Seccond Row—

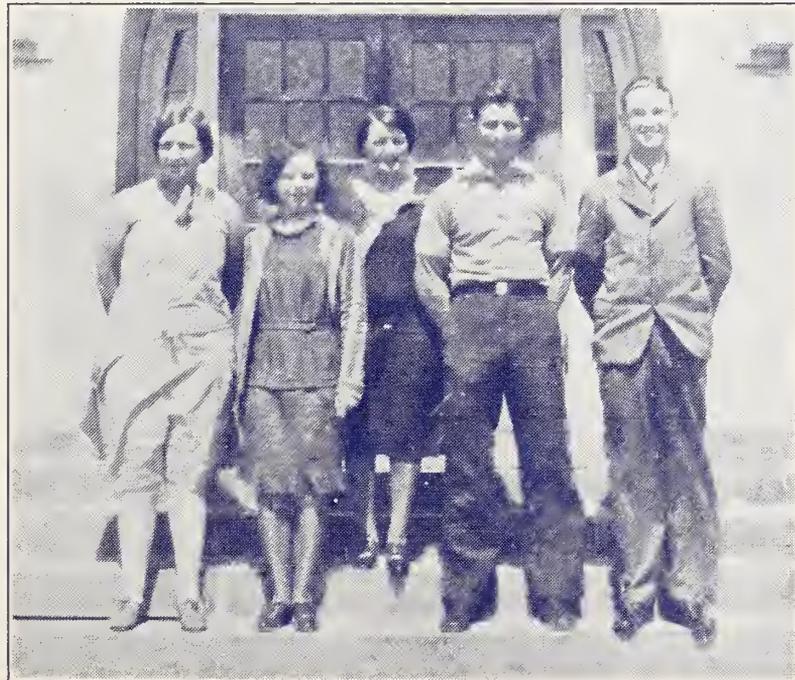
Ed Martin
Henrietta Baker
Annie E. Andrews
Lucy Ruffin
Janie Allsbrook
Della Allsbrook
Ed Fowlkes
Eugene Brooks

Third Row—

Frank Edmondson
Louise McDowell
Dclores Cobb
Elizabeth Fluck
Zeb Cummings
Ed Lewis

Debating Team 1930

Left to Right—
Laura Whitlark
Elizabeth Fluck
Mrs. Marion Corbett
Ed Martin
L. H. Fountain



Class History

THESE are the greater part of a large class that began its tedious task of education in the year 1919. After seven hard years of readin', ritin' and 'rith-metic, during which time our new high school was completed, we entered into the eighth grade with the much-langed-for privilege to change classes. Our number having been increased and decreased as fate would have its way stood at 35 on that day in September, 1926, when we became freshmen. In this first year of our high school training we had as our teachers and advisors Miss Gordan Saunders and Miss Levy. The novelty of changing classes having soon worn off, the freshman year became a bore and vacation was once more welcomed. Then came the sophomore year with our roll call changed but little. This year meant another year of Latin to wade through for most of us, but it also meant advancement which we were now able to appreciate. During this second of our high school years literary societies were organized and were put to the useful purpose of broadening our minds. Our minds having been so broadened by sophomore activities, we were prepared to meet the most eventful of our high school years. The single main event in our third year was the Junior-Senior banquet. The banquet was financed with the money made as a result of the first annual beauty contest in Tarboro High School. This turned out to be quite an affair, the administration of which caused much interest to be excited. The banquet was a huge success and it deserves its place in a class history. The activities of our class while juniors would have been impossible without the initiative and leading ability of Miss Ethel Sheridan who stuck to us untiringly.

After such a successful year the class of 1930 planned its last lay with their same leader, Miss Sheridan, by their request. This final year has been the greatest of all and the memories of it will always be with us. The major subject of English at first stumped quite a number of us and our tussles with it were numerous; however, we pulled through successfully to our long-sought-for goal. Among those who have really made history for us are our three representatives on the debating team who caused much comment at Chapel Hill. Also our class members on the athletic teams and on the staffs of the school publications have scored success for these activities.

This is the history of our class so far, and the time is here for us to enter into a new era. The coming years hold unrevealed our future history.

—Billy Pitt, Historian.

Last Will and Testament

WE, THE CLASS OF 1930, do bequeath to the future senior classes in Tarboro High School our worthy and enviable record of achievement, our humble attitude of deference to our superiors and elders both in school and out, and our capital spirit of cooperation with all the ventures that our beloved officers and faculty have submitted to us. And, then, to the following individuals, we bequeath these our valued intimate characteristics with all due hope that they may attain the same high pinnacle of success in high school that we ourselves derived from these same attributes.

We bequeath to:

Jim Simmons—Ed Clayton's bashful disposition.

Della Allsbrook—Robert Keech's camera.

Ed (Peep) Fowikes—Janie Allsbrook's modesty.

Ed (Duck) Lewis—Ress Boykin's influence with the fair sex, referring especially to a certain nearby city.

Weeks (Lanky) Andrews—A little of Zeb Cummings' breadth, with the knowledge that he can make good usage of it.

Elizabeth (Teedy) Hussey, Helen Babcock and Mary E. Hagan—L. G. Fountain's, Ed Martin's, and Frank Edmondson's Vergil Jack.

Ruth Langley—Norman Riggin's car.

Lillian Johnson—Virginia Broadway's easy rhythm in the hope that she may soon develop a similar graceful walk.

Elizabeth Fluck—Bella Johnston's pep, for we feel sure that she could use some extra.

George Fountain—Mary Howard's doctor's excuse to get out of study halls.

Frances Hedgepeth—Virginia Lloyd's animation.

Helen Babcock—Catherine Marrow's worldliness.

Bill (Peck) Hart—Virginia Mayo's cooperative spirit.

Eugene Brooks—Mary Mitchell Hoard's cheerful smile, for we are all tired of Eugene's gloomy countenance.

Wilmer Mitchell—Will Davis' square head.

Stella Mewborn—Frank Edmondson's willingness to lend his car.

Ashby Brown—Jim Hagan's handsome profile.

Mellie Hussey and Martha Josey—Irvin Pillow's graceful walk.

Basil Burnette—Annie Elizabeth Andrews' ability to play the piano, for we feel certain that Basil in time could master such a gentle art as music.

Helen Babcock and Mary Dudley Pittman—Lola Brooks' and Dell Meye's devotion to each other, for we are all wishing to see a friendly feeling between these two.

Last Will and Testament--continued

Louise Yount—Henrietta Baker's quietness.

Chessie Edmondson—Lou Lee Havens' surplus avoirdupois.

Louise Edmondson—Dolores Cobb's financial ability, for Louise has a reputation of "just misplacing" her spare nickels and dimes.

George Fountain—Blanche Daniels' loudness.

Ruth Pender—Mary Frances McDowell's red-headed disposition.

Margaret Strickland—Edith Thornberg's ability to make a good wife.

Biscoe Howell—Emma Wood's perseverance, because we realize that when Emma once gets her teeth into something she will not let go.

Ben Carlisle—Laura Whitlark's dumbness.

Tom Burnette—Joanna Ruffin's social ability.

To those who in the future may take physics—Aldine Arnold's, Mabel Thomas' and Elizabeth Ballard's abundance of knowledge concerning this interesting subject.

To the rest of the teachers in Tarboro High School—Miss Sheridan's competent ability to teach and her complete understanding of the boys and girls in our high school.

And last, but by no means least, to Mr. Mahler, Mr. White, and the rest of the faculty of T. H. S.—We leave our undying devotion and gratitude for the patience and understanding that they have shown for our shortcomings and failings.

Done this the second day of May, in the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred thirty.

(Signed)—THE SENIOR CLASS OF T. H. S.

—Ed Martin, Will Writer.

Class Prophecy

PROPHETS are born, not elected. The obvious truth of this statement has never been brought home to anyone more forcibly than on the memorable evening when I tried in vain to tear the impenetrable veil of prophecy which shields from our view the events which are going to take place in the future. It is customary for the Class Prophet to consult someone who can unveil the future and foretell the destinies of each member of the Senior Class. Being duly elected to the signal honor of Prophet for the Class of 1930, I shall not deviate from the age-old custom.

During the Christmas holidays I consulted several old prophets and one soothsayer, but the prophets said that foretelling the human destinies was even further beyond the extent of their powers, as weather forecasting, and even the soothsayer had no "sooths" for me. Several days before the school was to open, the boys of our crowd planned a chicken fry. We knew that the men in town would be glad to donate the chickens, if we would only get them from their yards without disturbing them. Exactly at midnight I was creeping silently by one of their barns on my way to the hennery, and I was thinking about the writing of the prophecy when I remarked to myself, "I wish I had the prophecy written." "Well, why don't you write it?" came a perfectly intelligent voice, but one which somehow didn't seem human. After I had recovered from my fright, I investigated the voice and was more surprised when I found it came from an animal with long ears and sleek neck, which is better known for braying than for writing prophecies. Then I remembered that in my childhood I had heard the old people say that the power of speech is given to animals at midnight on New Years Eve. Sometime later I replied to his unexpected question, "I am not a prophet and I can't see one day ahead of the present." "Perhaps, then, I can be of assistance to you," replied the beast. "I happen to be a lineal descendant of Balaam's ass." "Speak, then," said I, "and tell me what is to be the destiny of the Class of 1930, and you will be rewarded with a salt brick."

"Listen," said the beast, "and I will foretell their future."

With his eyes rolled back in his cranium, and a supernatural look on his face, this beast bestowed upon me the power to see each member of the class years later as they passed before my eyes.

Imagine my consternation when I saw a man whom I seemed to know, acting as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Coming close I saw that he was none other than Norman Riggins, who had traveled the long road of barristry, until now he is enjoying his long anticipated dream. I see a mother with a son upon her knee, and three other little culprits, awaiting the punishment of their irate parent—Henrietta Baker. But suddenly the scene changes and I see a little town of 5000 people. While walking down the street I see a sign, "Pillow and Keech," and on walking in find two of my classmates established in a nifty department store. During a conversation with them they tell me that Ed Clayton is editor of the Tarboro Southerner and town critic. On coming out of the store a U. S. Major passes me and a second later I recognize William Davis. Aldine Arnold, after struggling for many years, succeeds in marrying a rich old batchelor, drives by in her Rolls-Royce, while Mary Frances McDowell, who was not as lucky in her marriage, looks on with envy as she cranks her 1930 model Ford.

Class Prophecy--continued

Again the scene changes to New York. Here I see Annie Elizabeth Andrews, head of an exclusive ladies' shop. Elizabeth Ballard, after nursing the sick for many years, has become head nurse in one of the largest hospitals in the city. Imagine my surprise when I find Zeb Cummings in charge of a ladies' beauty parlor. On entering my hotel I met Frank Edmondson, who was visiting New York, looking for excitement. As I suspected, he is a very successful farmer. Emma Wood, I heard, was singing in Chicago in grand opera, and Mabel Thomas is now the wife of the stage manager, after working several years in the chorus. I see Catherine Marrow as a second Aimee McPherson, with Virginia Mayo in charge of her choir. Ed Martin, after a very checked career, is writing a book called "The Successful Man."

In the lobby of the Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D. C., I find Joanna Ruffin, wife of the owner, but really the boss of the establishment. At a baseball game I find several of my classmates. The man trying to call the balls and strikes seems to be totally blind. As the spectators refuse to stand for it longer and call for him to be put out, I recognize Respers Boykin, who at last has found some use for his voice. Just in front of me in a private box I see an important looking gentleman with a high silk hat, and he is none other than Jim Hagens, now the owner and financial Gibraltar of the banks. The very stunning lady with him is his wife and our old classmate, Mary Howard.

The scene changes to foreign fields and I see a lovely banquet hall in London. An American heiress, Lou Lee Havens, recently married to a British noble, is being entertained. Laura Whitlark, I hear, is dean of women at Oxford University. At the university I see a lecture platform, a bold woman with a masculine voice is lecturing on Independence to a very learned audience, and it's really Virginia Lloyd. Janie Allsbrook is a world famous dramatist, while at one of the London theatres I see a billboard which read, "America's Sweetheart Sings Today, Dolores Cobb." I see a fashionable summer resort where an ovation is being made to the winner—Bella Johnson—of the National Beauty Contest. Blanche Daniels is the mayor of Minus Town, the only manless town in America. I see the operating room of Johns Hopkins where a very tedious operation is taking place, the surgeon is Virginia Broadway, having followed in the footsteps of her father, and the head nurse is Dell Moye, who evidently decided to be a nurse after taking the course in high school. I was delighted to see that the class of 1930 had produced at least one teacher, and a good one Edith Thornburg makes, too.

Next I see the American legation at Paris, and to my delight I find Billie Pitt among them as political adviser to the Ambassador. In Paris, too, I find Mary Hoard and Lola Brooks modeling for one of the most exclusive dress-makers in France.

Now that I had seen all the destinies of my class revealed, I was anxious to know my own, and the best realizing my desire only laughed and told me I would be lynched for writing this prophecy.

—L. H. Fountain, Prophet.

Baledictory

"The scholar, where stands he? Ill for the state
If weakening in the strife, and short of sight,
He let the world wag on and shirk the fight.
Well for us all if, brave, compelling Fate,
A lighthouse rock, steadfast he stands and straight.
Hold fast the faith, make manifest the light."

THESE lines express our feelings on this occasion when we must bid you, our classmates and friends, farewell.

We have long been looking forward to this time. We have been striving to gain knowledge and meet the requirements imposed upon us before we could graduate. Sometimes it seemed like a waste of energy to conform to the fixed standards, but those who were wiser than we deemed it best that we should meet the specified requirements, and we shall, no doubt, profit by them in the years to come.

For many months our little fleet has been riding in harbor; today the anchors are weighed and slowly we drift down the tide toward unknown seas. A few hours more and these clustering sails will be scattered and fading specks each in its own horizon, straining or drifting toward its goal.

I would not in these few lines bring in "the eternal note of sadness." Rather I would speak of the better, brighter part. We cannot but see as we leave these walls that we go out to a broader, fuller life. Above all, it is the real life for which this was only the preparation. The great object of the instruction we have received here has been to teach us the value of all education.

Leave your finest flowers to propagate themselves and they will return to the wild weeds from whence they have been evolved. Neglect our high-bred animals and they will soon lose their fine qualities and revert to their primitive roughness and wild nature. So it is with human education. Our efforts for the advancement of the race are like those of a swimmer who is struggling against a mighty current. To stop, to rest, to be careless, is to lose all we have gained. Even to hold our own we must keep going on.

The life-giving power of education is intended to fit us, not for cultivated leisure, but for earnest work. A liberal culture binds men together by giving each one interests beyond himself. The talents we possess are for the service of all; our activity and progress go into the general social conditions; our faults and failures subtract from the public good. A vigorous purpose makes much out of little, breathes power into weakness, disarms difficulties, and snatches victory from defeat.

Yes, we are going into a world that has made a place for the scholar and looks to the educated young man and woman to lead the way. Opportunities are before us. Opportunities that will test us; prove whether it has been worth the expense of the public, the sacrifice of our parents and the efforts of our instructors to bring our minds to their present state of partial efficiency.

We have long had our eyes on the goal of graduation which appeared to us not so long ago as a mountain peak on the distance, but now that we have reached our goal we find that it is not a mountain peak at all, and that we are still only in the foothills of life. However, our vision has broadened and as we continue in life we shall find still more hills to climb and our highest altitude at length will be determined by our capability or perhaps by our inclination.

Valedictory--continued

When a company of people set out to climb a mountain, if it is very high, the chances are that after all have traveled together for a while some will begin to lag behind and others will begin to drop out, and the higher the mountain the fewer there are who continue to climb; the highest peaks are reached only by recourse to unusual methods. Only the exceptional ones reach the top. This illustrates the human effort to climb the mountains of opportunity in the everyday lives that we live. Some lack the ability to get far in life, and possibly the zeal and spirit to climb far. Others get farther and a few reach the pinnacles of high achievement.

None can climb far without vision and the strength born of determination to struggle through strife to victory. "One cannot let the world war on and shirk the fight" and still fill the place which the young people of today are expected to fill.

Some bewail their fate and claim it is useless to try because fate is ever unkind. Others seemingly compel fate by their determination as to their own attainments. Only the courageous will attempt the discomforts and dangers of Mt. Everest. Only the scholar who is brave can be depended upon to carry the light of the world to the highest peaks of life and there stand steadfast and straight like the lighthouse rock from which light shines forth to guide mariners through shoals and dangers. So it is the scholar's place to be the steadfast lighthouse from which light shall pour forth upon a still largely unenlightened world.

This is the commencement season, the beginning of a new life for us, though perhaps our friends will not notice the difference. Never again will everything be as it was before. The days of our working together for a single purpose have come to an end, even though we may have common interests to some extent hereafter. The class ties may not be broken, but the class must be broken up into its several units. We must say farewell to the pleasures of the commencement season, farewell to our instructors, farewell to each other as a group together for a single goal. We no longer have our eyes upon the same objective. Inclination, ability, or circumstances shall turn us in many directions, but whatever the future may hold for you, it is my earnest wish, as we say farewell, that you may find in the hills of life toward which you are facing the things most worth possessing, and also that you may stand steadfast and straight holding the torch that sheds light upon a world still largely in darkness.

So, farewell, classmates and friends. It is with sadness that we part after eleven years spent together in striving for this goal—but years full of joy and happiness, years that will never be forgotten by any of us.

Time must go on, but in the years to come memories of this commencement will come back to all of us and we will say in the words of the poet:

Backward, turn backward, oh, time in thy flight,
And let us be classmates, just for tonight.

—Laura Whitlark, Valedictorian.

