



HIGHWAY LOG

'25

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Walter R. ...
...



THE SCHOOL

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The Hickory Log



NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

1925

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OLD SCHOOL BUILDING

1925



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DEDICATION
To
The Old High School Building
holding within its time-scared walls
a store of memories and the love of all
who have passed through its doors
THE SENIOR CLASS
dedicates this Annual Number of
The Hickory Log

1925



The Hickory Log

ODE TO H. H. S.

Four long years we've stayed here,
And studied and played and worked.
We've tried to do the best we could;
Few duties we've ever shirked.
School life has its joys and its woes as well,
There's both everywhere you go
And in all the daily walks of life
It's best to have it so.

We are learning, dear old H. H. S.,
Each on life's different road;
And may the things you've taught to us
Lighten our journey's load?
And may it seem, as years go by,
And we follow the future's guide
That even though you are past and gone
We are sure that we have tried?
That the four long years
We've spent in your walls,
Have helped us in all that we do;
And may we keep fixed in our hearts
A loving emblem of you?

—*Pearl McIver.*

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SUPT. R. W. CARVER AND RESIDENCE

1925

The Hickory Log



LOG STAFF

WILLIAM WEAVER	<i>President of Senior Class</i>
ELIZABETH MORETZ	<i>Business Manager</i>
SALLIE BRICE SPRATT	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>

SONG OF THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Sing, sing, sing,
 Oh, boiling kettle of tea;
 I'm sure you've had your trouble
 But you haven't had troubles like me.

I sit before my desk
 In a vain attempt to think;
 My pen is willing to write,
 But my paper shows only blots of ink.

I envy the silly Sophs at play,
 Even the green Fresh, yet free!
 But woe to the friends who—
 Bestowed this honor on me.

Sing, sing, sing,
 Oh, boiling kettle of tea;
 Good thing my pen hasn't written
 The thoughts that arise in me.

—Sallie Brice Spratt.

1925

THE TEACHERS



1925

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Louise Jones



Melle Beards

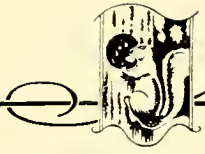


Pearl Lee Dixon



Samuel Thompson

1925



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Miller Kate McLomb



Jessie Lauriesthede



George Chisum



Emily Gessner



Gileen Aiken

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RUTH LAWRENCE
LUCILE DUNCAN

ROSE SMITH
CLARRISSA ABERNETHY

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WILBUR C. ORMOND

Tennis Champions

BALFOUR MENZIES
EDNA SCRUGGS
WILLIAM WEAVER



1925



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Ah, poetry! what crimes are committed in thy name!

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THE GOOD SHIP '25

A ship sailed out from port one fine day
With fluttering banner and crew quite gay
Going the path of Wisdom's way.
The captain—a real swashbuckler was he
Roaring all over the boundless sea—
Went by the name of Billie De Weaver,
Jumped at his job like a big gray beaver.
The mate and the bosun they took to heel
When the captain took hold o' the bloomin' wheel;
He jammed down his cap and he rolled back his collar
And he looked so fierce he made the crew holler.
Now this fine ship that I'm telling you about
Had a purpose in life when for sea it set out;
While sailing the sea of knowledge and glory,
She collected a load of song and story,
Riches of knowledge and wine of wisdom,
Made a cargo "above" like spices from Lisbon.
Dangers lurked 'neath the oil waves;
Perils of sloth and piratical knaves,
Who pestered the life of a faithful crew
Sailing forth on the sea, she met quite a few.
But brain in the cabin and brawn on the deck
Saved the day for the mind and spared the neck.
The steward fed us on soup rich and sweet
With now and then a thick slab of meat;
While our mental needs were amply furnished
By a corps of good leaders with intellect burnished.
When an enemy hove on our endless horizon,
We went at the duffers like doses of "pizen",
For warriors we were and always will be—
We wiped 'em clean off the bloomin' sea.
Now, at last, we have reached the land of our port—
Only a few of the crew have fallen short.
We've mastered the art of writing an essay,
And solved Geometry problems day by day;
Civic pride, civil government we know them by heart,
Cooking and sewing we've learned our part;
While Caesar's campaigns and Cicero's lamentations
To the Senate in Roma were our prime recreations.
Bright is the light of our wit and knowledge,
All polished up and ready for college.
Take a look and give ear to the things we've collected
On the cruise of this ship so ably directed;
Give us all a loud hurrah! watch your step! look alive!
Salute the flag of the ship "1925"! —*Kathryn Whitener.*





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JUNIORS

It seems to us to be a crime
In school to stay so long a time;
This is our third out of the four
Of high school years we have in store.

We've learned a lot as you'd agree
If our report cards you should see;
Some average close to "98",
While "F" assigns some others' fate.

Our hopes we'll raise and start anew
And do the best that we can do;
Then, to the stars our gaze we'll fix
And Seniors be in '26.

So good bye, Sophs, we're stepping out;
Here's luck to you along the route.
No ruts we leave—Your path is clear
When Juniors you become next year.

—Joe Moretz, '26.



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THE SOPHS

We're the learne'd Sophs of Hickory High;
When we're around we make things fly.
We're full of pep and loads of fun;
We never stop 'till we get things done.

The path is rough and very steep,
But still at our task we joyfully keep
Until at last our work is o'er
And we stand before life's open door.

Then as we look back o'er those many years
Filled with toil, laughter and tears,
We feel it has not all been in vain
For knowledge and advancement have been our gain.
—*Mary Kiser, '27.*



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FRESHMAN TALK

Some day, when a Senior I'll be,
I'll rule supreme, you just wait and see;
I'll make the others stand around,
And all the world, I'll astound.
Wouldn't you do the same if you were me?

I'll bribe all the teachers—if I can—
And there will be no exams, ohman!
And detention hall will be a thing of the past;
While trains will run on time, at last,
And there will be no demerits in all the land.

Now, on the mail man they impose
By making him carry report cards, I suppose;
But every student will carry his own card,
And by no bad marks will it be marred—
This is the plan that I propose.

Senior privileges will be more
Than ten times twenty-four;
And everyone will point with pride,
As past them we do ride;
And this will be as never before.

—Hazel Barger, '25.





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SENIORS



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CHRONICLES OF SENIOR CLASS

And it came to pass in the fourth year before the abandonment of the old school and the entering of the new that Robert J. Revely, Principal, convoked an assembly of the Wise Ones (the faculty) and spake to them thusly:

"Hearken unto me, O ye knowing ones, and give heed to the utterings of my cavernous mouth. Behold, the ignorance of the county has become a stench unto our nostrils and a reproach unto our superior knowledge. Moreover, one of the four tribes has gone out from among us with valuable information and sheepskins. Now, therefore get ye abroad into the four corners of the county and basely deceive the fathers of the land, that they send their offsprings to this great Headlight of Civilization to get their little lamps lighted, and that we may keep our heads in the school crib a little longer. And if any of you fail to do this thing then straightway will I cut off your fund forever."

The Wise Men, behold, all save one they sat still in their tents and talked among themselves, working cross word puzzles, and yet were their funds not cut off.

And in the ninth month of the same year those who had been deceived straightway came up unto the school and the other tribes received them with great joy and vigorous demonstrations of brotherhood.

Now this tribe chose as its leader one William of the house of Weaver, a man of small stature but exceedingly great in bright ideas, after the manner of his father, an Hickoryite.

And when the Wise Ones, who had heard of the afflictions of this new tribe they also visited plagues among them up to the number of five: Civics, Science, Algebra, English and Latin. Of these plagues the last three were the most iniquitous, so that many of those who had withstood the others succumbed to these. And the people were sore distressed on account of these things and lusted after the soda-fountains and loafing resorts of their native land. But after nine months there was peace, and the tribe returned, every man to his own tent. Selah.

Howbeit, at the end of three months the people returned to High School and chose as their leader one Howard, of the tribe of Whitener, a persistent pusher of the pig-skin, and a lover of all fair damsels.

And the people stretched forth their hands to vex certain of the mentally stunted, but the Wise Men forbade them. And the people waxed venomous on account of this thing and made themselves a nuisance for the Wise Men.

And it came to pass at the end of five months that the tribe prepared for a great party; and the people spake: "Send for Lansing of Hatfield, that he may make us sport. And they sent for him and sat him down in their midst and guyed him sorely. And he was greatly dismayed on account of this, yet he grinned and bore it.

Now for the coming year the tribe chose as its leader Elizabeth of the Moretz tribe, a girl whose hair was like the gilded sunset and beauteous to behold. The people honored her greatly for what she knew, and pitied her for what she thought she knew. As their Faculty advisor they did choose Jessie daughter of a Byrd. And



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the people did ask of Jessie: "Go to now, lead us up to this daughter of Moretz for we know not what sort of president she is."

And when Elizabeth daughter of Moretz saw them coming she went out to meet them: "Peace be with ye, my good followers. But hark, as Howard made your burdens hard so will I make them much harder. Yea, Elizabeth's shoestring will be more massive than Howard's boot."

Thus it came to pass when the people heard of these things they were sore distressed but they existed for nine months when a courier ran through the halls proclaiming a great feast; and the gnashing of teeth was no more for all the tribe was made merry and they did forget all their former grievances. And after this banquet they every man returned to his own tent.

But after ninety days the people of the land returned back to the House of Knowledge.

And after these things the people chose as their leader William the Hickoryite, now grown old and gray. Now about this time the daughter of Moretz returned and began to vex the people. And the people did rise up but their leader William did make haste to declare: "Ye had better get to work, for, hear ye, if any of you have failed to make the required seventy, him will I put back among the lesser tribes." But the tribe was vexed the more.

Then was Gosnold, newly crowned faculty advisor exceedingly frightened at their wrath so that her knees knocked out fire, the one from the other. And she cried out unto them: "What would'st thou?"

And they answered: "A sheepskin. If thou would'st give them to us at the end of nine months, then we will let thee live in peace."

Then answered Gosnold, faculty advisor, and said unto them: "Surely I will give thee thy desired sheepskins and anything else from the school you can carry."

And the tribe spake amongst each other declaring: "Let us be different from the rest of the tribes now in school." And straightway did they get robes.

And at the end of four years Samuel son of Thompson, newly acquired principal gladly gave unto each one a sheepskin graven with heathenish hieroglyphics. And the tribes returned every man to his native land, for they were ignorant no longer, but exceedingly wise. Selah.

Now as for the other chronicles of these poor, meek, deceived ones, behold, are they not found in the prophecy of the Tribe?

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SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	WILLIAM WEAVER
<i>Vice-President</i>	SALLIE BRICE SPRATT
<i>Treasurer</i>	RALPH BOWMAN
<i>Secretary</i>	GAIL LINK
<i>Faculty Advisor</i>	EMILY GOSNOLD

MOTTO—"Gaudeamus igitur dum iuvenes sunt"

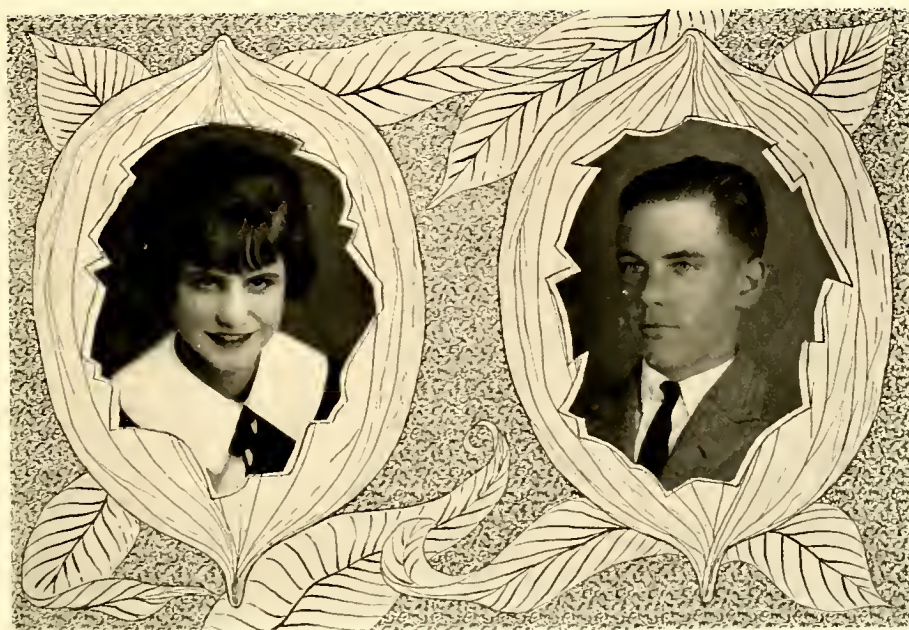
Colors—Gray and Rose

WHO'S WHO IN SENIOR CLASS

Prettiest Girl	Edith Sublett
Handsomest Boy	William Weaver
Most Reserved Girl	Irene Bolick
Most Reserved Boy	Oren Abernethy
Most Popular Girl	Elizabeth Moretz
Most Popular Boy	Dewey Couch
Most Attractive Girl	Elizabeth Moretz
Most Attractive Boy	William Weaver
Smartest Girl	Hazel Barger
Smartest Boy	George Groves
Sweetest Girl	Sallie Brice Spratt
Most Graceful	{ Elizabeth Moretz Edna Scruggs
Cutest Girl	Christine Shell
Laziest Boy	William Bruns
Best All-Round	Sallie Brice Spratt
Wittiest Boy	Lansing Hatfield
Wittiest Girl	Gladys Morell
Best School Spirit	Sallie Brice Spratt
Best School Spirit	Dewey Couch
Best Athlete	Ralph Bowman
Best Athlete Girl	Maurine Starnes Bumgarner
Nerviest Boy	Max Steelman
Nerviest Girl	Mary Wolff

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EDNA SCRUGGS

"Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."—Shakespeare.

CHARACTERISTIC—	Opinions not her own.
HOBBY—	Being the recipient of last goes.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	Oh! you don't mean it.
AMBITION—	To make the varsity team.

WILLIAM WEAVER

*"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or mete the Ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul,
Not the statue but the mind makes the mind."—Watts.*

CHARACTERISTIC—	Do it and do it now.
HOBBY—	Making one point more than G. Grove.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	Naw!
AMBITION—	To be President.
President of Class Tennis Champion	

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SALLIE BRICE SPRATT

*"In framing an artist, art has thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed."*
—Shakespeare.

CHARACTERISTIC—	A very good fellow
HOBBY—	Knowing more than the rest.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	"Let's do!"
AMBITION—	To eliminate her freckles.

Vice President of Class
Editor-in-Chief Log

IRENE BOLICK

"O noblest word that English tongue can utter—Duty."—James de Koven.

CHARACTERISTIC—	Geometry Shark.
HOBBY—	"Outlining."
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	That's the limit!
AMBITION—	To be on Detention Hall list, once.

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PEARL McIVER

"A life of knowledge is not often a life of injury or crime."—Smith.

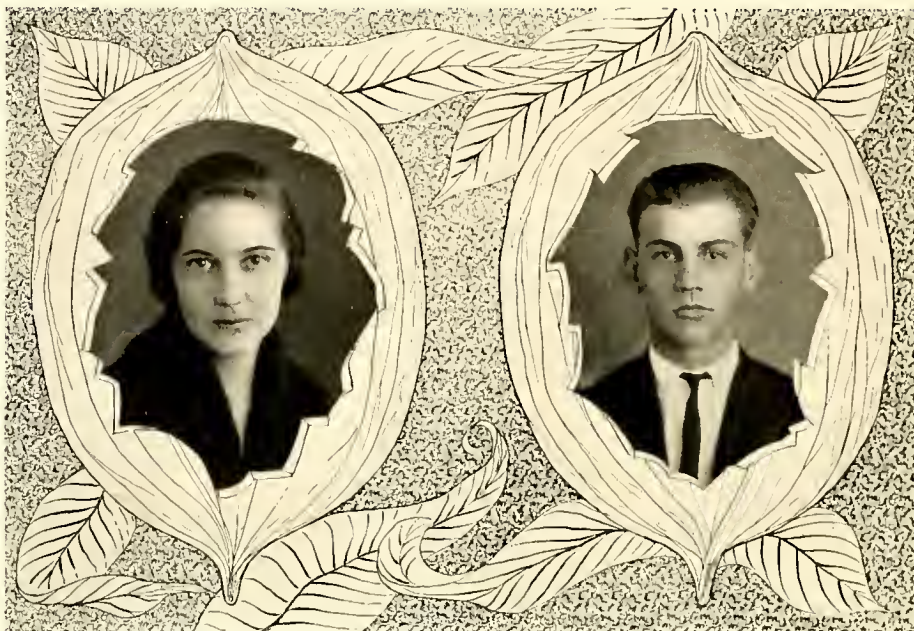
CHARACTERISTIC—	I dare do all to stay on top.
HOBBY—	Catching air at lunch.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	Really?
AMBITION—	To teach shorthand.

GEORGE GROVE

*"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil,
O'er books consumed the midnight oil."
—Gay.*

CHARACTERISTIC—	To strive to seek and to conquer.
HOBBY—	"Drumming."
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	Huk! No.!
AMBITION—	To be a comedian.

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MARGUERITE SIGMON

*"I do but sing because I must and pipe
but as the linnets sing."—Tennyson.*

CHARACTERISTIC—	Everyone to their own opinions.
HOBBY—	Riding in a Studebaker at lunch.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	Why?
AMBITION—	To be Galli Curci the 2d

EDGAR CLOER

*"What sweet delight a quiet life leads."
—Drummond.*

CHARACTERISTIC—	Perseverance still will win.
HOBBY—	Strawberry acres.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	Huh!
AMBITION—	To conquer math.

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EDITH SUBLET

"Good thoughts beget good deeds."
—Shelley.

CHARACTERISTIC—	Perseverance.
HOBBY—	Always being able to recite on class.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	I think I know.
AMBITION—	To be a missionary.

ELIZABETH WARLICK

"Be true to your word and your friend."
—O'Reilly.

CHARACTERISTIC—	I am monarch of all I survey.
HOBBY—	Giving advice.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	Ab so-lutely.
AMBITION—	To have curly hair.

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HAZEL BARGER

IRENE HAMRICK

*"'Tis education, form the common mind,
just as the twig is bent the tree inclined."*
—Popi

*"Music is the universal language of man-
kind."*

CHARACTERISTIC—

Hitch your
wagon to a
star.

CHARACTERISTIC—

A thousand
melodies
unheard
before.

HOBBY—

Keeping
ahead.

HOBBY—

Fiddling.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION—

Ah, Blah!

FAVORITE EXPRESSION—

Oh, Well.

AMBITION—

To make
more than
Lois Bost
in French

AMBITION—

To pass in
geometry.



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MARY WOLFF

"Her smile was as lasting as the day."
—Heine.

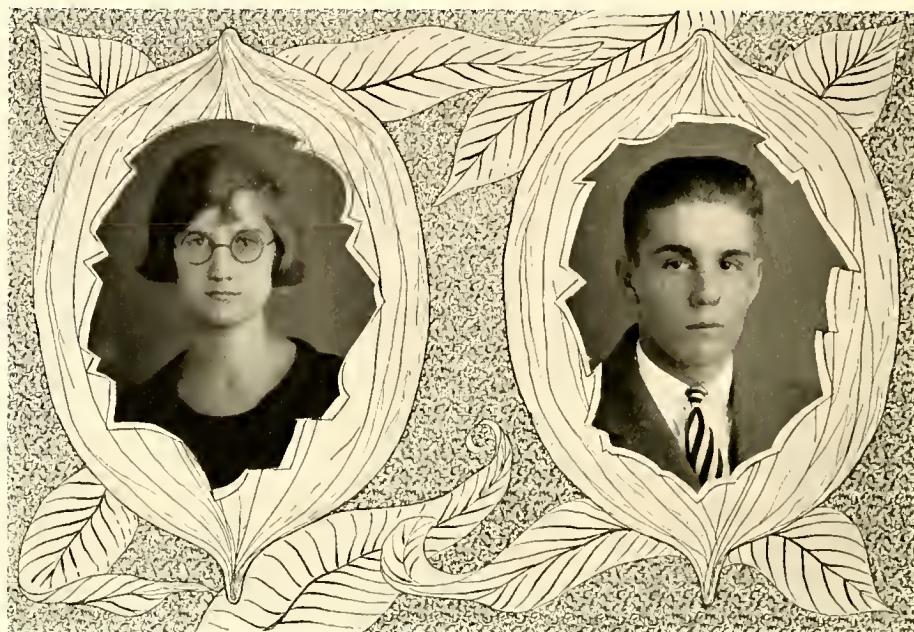
CHARACTERISTIC—	Carrying out the golden rule.
HOBBY—	Spreading sunshine.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	"Taint even that.
AMBITION—	To move her whereabouts.

LOIS BOST

*"When night hath set her silver lamp on high.
Then it is time for study."*—Bailey.

CHARACTERISTIC—	Always above 95.
HOBBY—	Eating chicken salad sandwiches.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	"Allez au diable."
AMBITION—	Ad Astra.

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RUTH HARRIS

"Not much talk, a great sweet silence."
—James.

CHARACTERISTIC—	Specks.
HOBBY—	Elucidating.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	Hub!
AMBITION—	Ye Maestra.

MAX STEELMAN

"My tongue and not my head, shall have its will."—Shakespeare.

CHARACTERISTIC—	To argue.
HOBBY—	Studying Latin any time except the right time.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	Naw!
AMBITION—	To graduate from West Point.

Member of foot, basket, and baseball teams.

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GAIL LINK

"A true friend is forever a friend."
—MacDonald.

CHARACTERISTIC—	Highest authority on all subjects.
HOBBY—	Writing notes.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	Phd.
AMBITION—	To be able to sing "My Old Kentucky Home."

OREN ABERNETHY

"My own thoughts are my companions."
—Longfellow.

CHARACTERISTIC—	Oh that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me.
HOBBY—	Working Geometry originals.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	Unexpressed
AMBITION	To be a public speaker.

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MAURINE BUMGARNER

*"And love have you and I not found,
'Tis love that makes the world go round."*
—Gustav Koffe.

CHARACTERISTIC—	Tanlac made her what she is.
HOBBY—	Trying everything.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	"Ain't love grand?"
AMBITION—	To go through High School.

IRENE HUGGINS

*"What is mind? No matter. What is
matter? Never mind."*—Griffin.

CHARACTERISTIC—	Silence per- sonified.
HOBBY—	Discussing men.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	Don't know.
AMBITION—	To be a public enter- tainer.

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VIRGINIA MORETZ

"Flirt on for flirting is the spice of life."
—Morris.

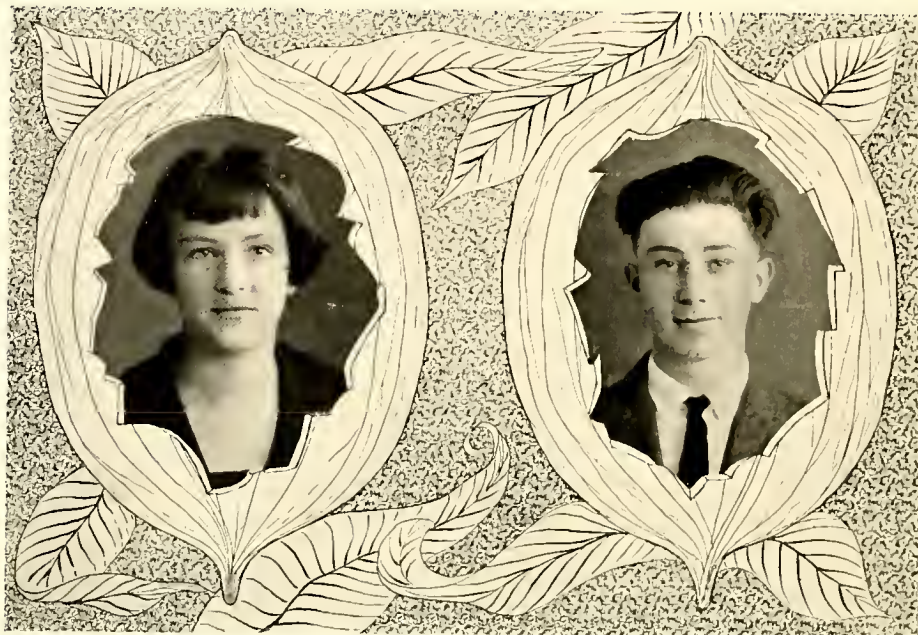
CHARACTERISTIC—	Cupid's bow.
HOBBY—	Strutting her stuff.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	"Pill."
AMBITION—	To develop a Poli Negri expression.

SADIE WHITENER

*"We know what we are but know not
what we may be."*—Shakespeare.

CHARACTERISTIC—	"The Merry Maker."
HOBBY—	Primping.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	Oh, Gee!
AMBITION—	To grow at least one inch more.

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FLORA BELLE HOLLAR

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."—Homes.

CHARACTERISTIC—

Playing the noiseless game of shut-mouth. Including

HOBBY—

everyone with one glance.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION—

"Maybe so."

AMBITION—

Agent for Blue Jay corn plaster.

ALBERTIS PERKINS

"Anything but history, for history must be false."—Walpole.

CHARACTERISTIC—

Don't know you and don't care to form any new acquaintances.

HOBBY—

His arms embrace an empty space.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION—

Can't tell you.

AMBITION—

To invent a cure for freckles.

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PEARL SIGMON

"O, this learning, what a thing it is."
—Shakespeare.

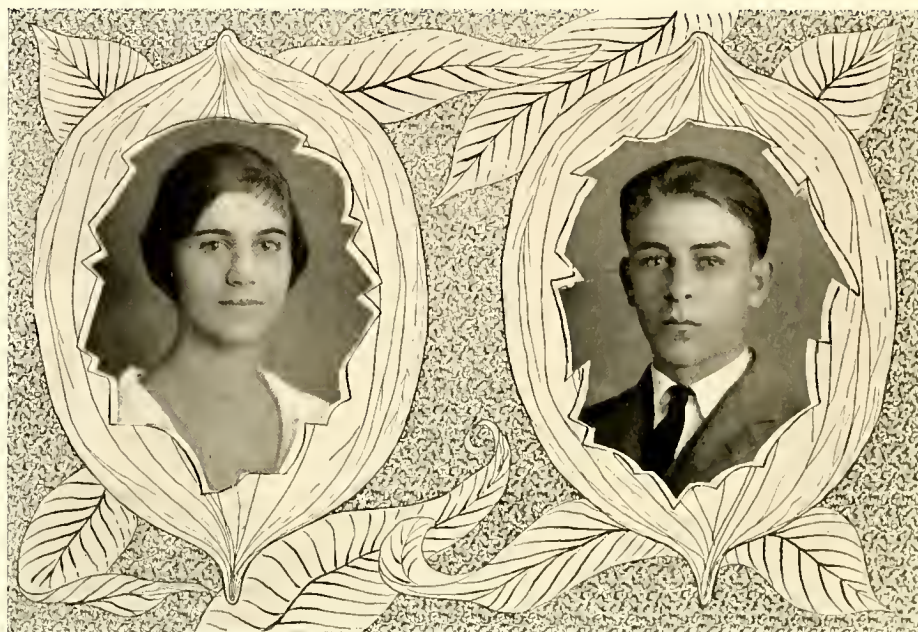
CHARACTERISTIC— "Long hair."
HOBBY— Dressi-
tating.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION— Well!
AMBITION— To revise
Virgil.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

*"Let the world slide, let the world go,
a fi, for care, and a fi, for woe."*
—La Rochefoucauld.

CHARACTERISTIC— Vanitious.
HOBBY— Receiving the
attention of
all.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION— Oh! goody,
goody.
AMBITION— To have a
letter for all
365 days.

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VADA DEAL

"And read their history in a notions eyes."—Gray.

CHARACTERISTIC—	"The blushing bride."
HOBBY—	Translating French.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	"Oh, mercy me!"
AMBITION—	To make 90 on History.

JAMES REGAN

"For discords make the sweetest airs."—Butler.

CHARACTERISTIC—	Assuming a might-as-well attitude.
HOBBY—	Jerking soda.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	"Oh!—I can't do it."
AMBITION—	To rediscover Mars.

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JESSIE LEE

"There is no Royal path which leads to Geometry."—Euclid.

CHARACTERISTIC—	Spearmint.
HOBBY—	Being late.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	"My goodness."
AMBITION	Never to be on time.

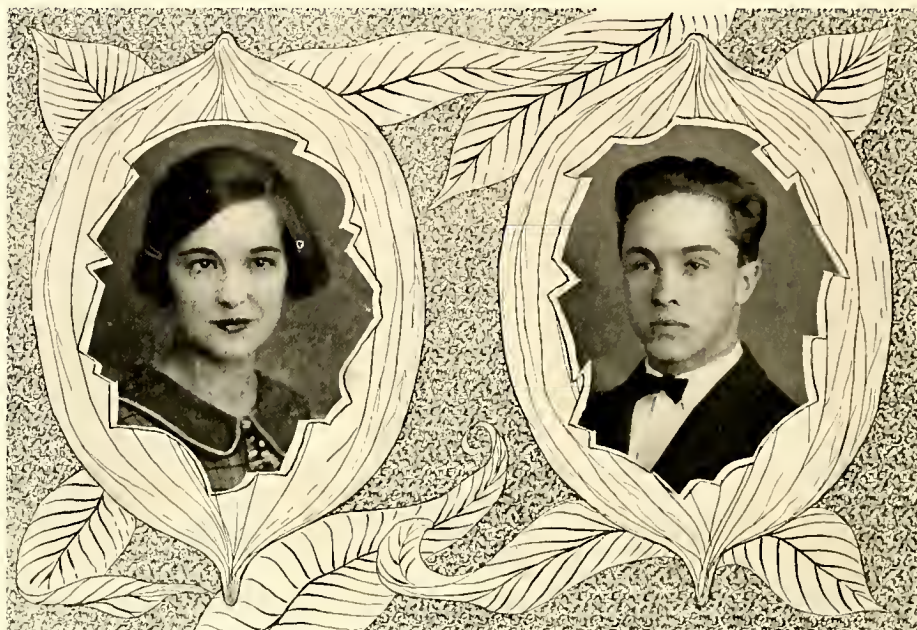
FLOY HAVNAER

*"It pays to wear a smiling face,
And look our troubles down."*

—Good Cheer.

CHARACTERISTIC—	Sunny.
HOBBY—	Flirting.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	"Oh me."
AMBITION—	For the folks at home to come across.

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KATHRYN WHITENER

*"The deed I intend to do is great,
But as yet I know not what."*

—Ovid.

CHARACTERISTIC—	Humorous.
HOBBY—	Making hundreds.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	"Dumbell."
AMBITION	Oh, math, thou art a gallant task.

DEWEY COUCH

*"Exhausting thought, and living wisdom
with each studious year."—Byron.*

CHARACTERISTIC—	Always in the lead.
HOBBY—	Debating.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	"Sure."
AMBITION—	To climb even the last rung and stay.

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ROSE CHASTAINE

"It matters not how long we live but how."

CHARACTERISTIC—

If it don't
come to you
don't go to
it.

HOBBY—

Keeping
peace in the
gang.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION—

That will do!

AMBITION—

To follow in
Miss Mc-
Comb's
footsteps.

GLADYS MORELL

"Come not within the measure of my wrath."—Shakespeare.

CHARACTERISTIC—

Nina Wilcox
Putman.

HOBBY—

Slinging
sarcasm.

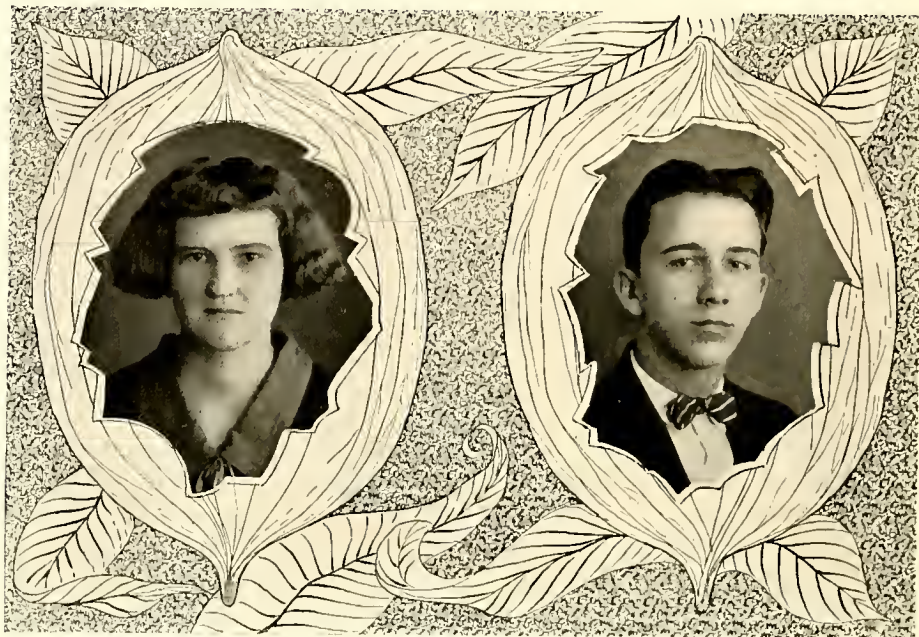
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—

Oh,
Doctor!

AMBITION—

To be a
humorist.

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VIRGINIA HEFNER

"My eyes make pictures when they are shut."—Coleridge.

CHARACTERISTIC—

"Kurly Kews."

HOBBY—

Handing in her notebooks on time.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION—

Uh! Huh."

AMBITION—

To take Catawba by storm.

CLARENCE HAVNAER

"New occasions teach new duties."

—Lowell.

CHARACTERISTIC—

Dreaming thru life.

HOBBY—

Being a ladies' man.

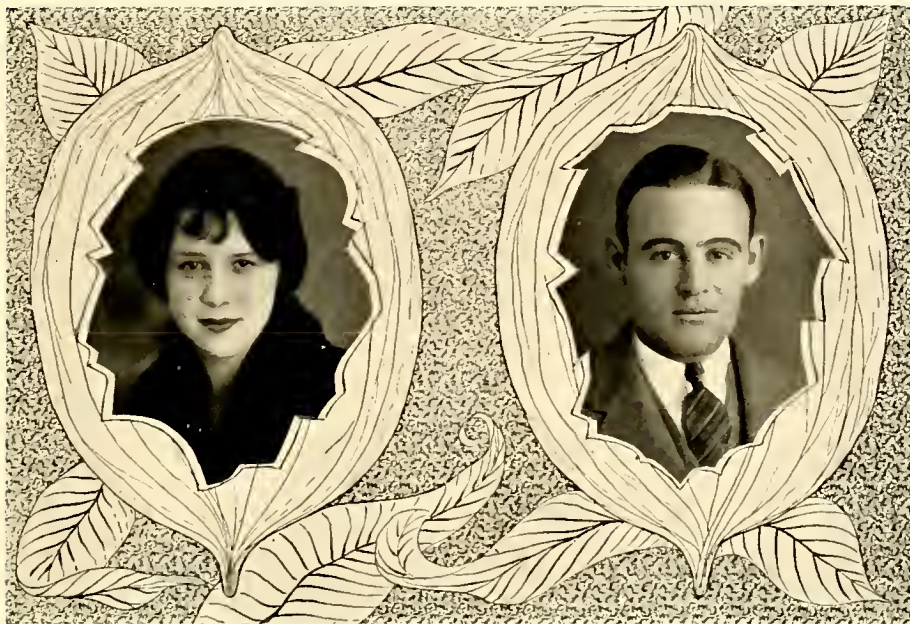
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—

Ah! behave yourself!

AMBITION—

To add "Havnaer" to Parks-Belk Broom and Co.

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CHRISTINE SHELL

"Mine eyes, were not at fault for she was beautiful."—Shakespeare.

CHARACTERISTIC— A letter a day keeps the blues away.

HOBBY— Dublin, N. C.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION— No it don't either.

AMBITION— To live happy ever afterwards.

RALPH BOWMAN

"Grave authors say and witty poets sing, That honest Wedlock is a glorious thing."

CHARACTERISTIC— Expressing his opinion.

HOBBY— Making up sleep in French class.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION— "I know but."

AMBITION— To succeed.

Treasurer of Class
Member of foot, basket and baseball teams

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KATIE STEPP

EDWINA UMSTEAD

"Our thoughts and our conduct are our own."—Fronde.

*"Be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speed."*

—Shakespeare.

CHARACTERISTIC—

Faithfulness.

CHARACTERISTIC—

Peacefulness.

HOBBY—

Eating in
school.

HOBBY—

Stealing out
sandwiches.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION—

Well, I'll
declare.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION—

Don't for my
sake

AMBITION—

To average
100 on
Geometry.

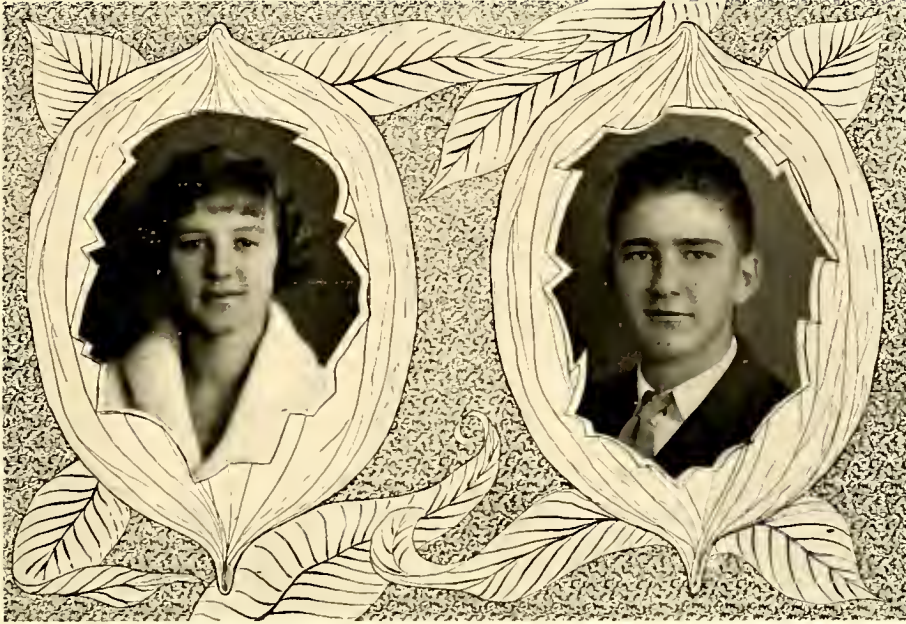
AMBITION—

To be a
vamp.

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CONNIE BOLICK

*"And history with all her volumes vast,
Hath but one page."*—Byron.

CHARACTERISTIC—	History Star.
HOBBY—	Basketball.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	I guess not.
AMBITION—	"Bolick's 5- 10-25c Store."

BALFOUR MENZIES

*"He doth indeed show some sparks that
are like wit."*—Shakespeare.

CHARACTERISTIC—	Sleep—sleep on.
HOBBY—	Chewing gum.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	Goodnight.
AMBITION—	Tennis champion.

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COLINE ABEE

"For all may have, if they dare try, a glorious life, or grave."—Herbert.

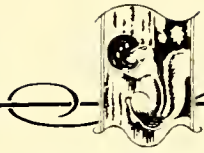
CHARACTERISTIC—	"Modesty."
HOBBY—	Receiving telegrams.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	My Cow!
AMBITION—	To sell.

ELIZABETH MORETZ

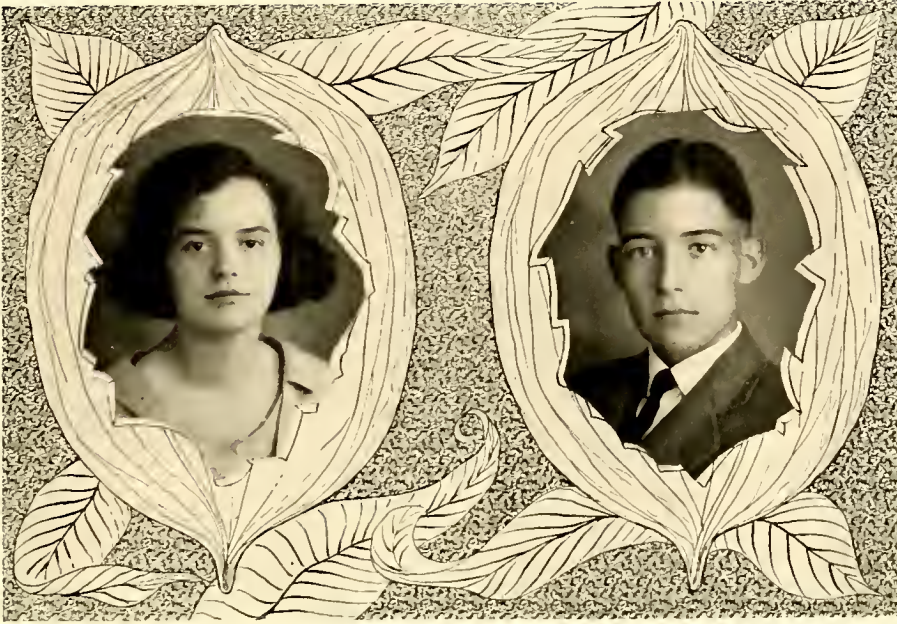
"But to see her is to love her, Love but her and love forever."—Burns.

CHARACTERISTIC—	"Kentucky here I come."
HOBBY—	Stringing 'em all.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	Ah, thrills.
AMBITION—	To be bride as well as bridesmaid.

Business Manager Log



The Hickory Log



MILDRED ANDERSON

"Tho quiet, she harbors a mind benign."
—Colton.

CHARACTERISTIC—	Say it on paper.
HOBBY—	Making her daily visit to the library.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	"Oh, no!"
AMBITION—	To be Editor of the Oyama Daily.

LANSING HATFIELD

"Frame your mind to mirth and merriment, which bar a thousand harms, and lengthen the life."—Good Cheer.

CHARACTERISTIC—	"Cross-word puzzles."
HOBBY—	Furnishing amusement.
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	"Lawsie goodness."
AMBITION—	To be a flyclogist.

The Hickory Log



CAROLYN NICHOLS

"At length she came and cold indifference with her."—Rowe.

CHARACTERISTIC—	Laugh it off.
HOBBY—	Life?
FAVORITE EXPRESSION—	Don't hop-skip first.
AMBITION—	To take Gene Stratton Porter's place.

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LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1925

Following the custom of past years, pronounced legally necessary by all the former scribes and legally required by those in charge it has been deemed wise that on this fatal day, all the members, these and those preceding should assemble and decide what they must leave to the oncoming races (classes) who shall abide by the same rule in turn.

We deem it fit to offer as a parting gift such things as we have written and may they serve as a benefit to mankind.

We, the Seniors of 1925, before departing from our educational abode, that has held us for four long years, do hereby will the following items to the future Senior classes so they can see and know the good which has gone before:

1. To the faculty of H. H. S. and Mr. Carver we leave our made to order permits, our undeniable knowledge of Detention Hall rules, and our hand written absent excuses.

2. To his majesty, Mr. Thompson, we leave our blissful ignorance of all things concerning History, our second hand note books, and ability to make high test grades.

3. To the succeeding classes we leave our flattering pictures, our popularity with the teachers, our undiscovered Senior privileges, our worn out ponies (tired from over work), and seats in the "choir".

4. Following are the bequests of the Senior Class:

Pete Menzies wishes to bestow his collection of "Whiz Bang" and other serious literature on Ted Brewer.

I, Christine Shell, bequeath my numerous vanities to Margie Barringer so she may note the improvement.

Irene Hamrick wills her ability to play the piano in chapel to any one aspiring for that position.

I, Kathryn Whitener, donate my love for Miss Aiken to Ruth Raby, hoping she will make good use of it.

Connie Bolick wishes to confer her athletic powers and physical abilities to Ethel Scruggs.

I, Katy Steppe, bequeath my diet and reducing soap to Mildred Messick as she seems to need it.

I, Edna Scruggs, will to Mary Leach, my colonial curls and dainty manners.

Virginia Moretz wills her studious habits and love for Mr. Thompson to Mary Kiser.

Maurine Starnes bestows her love for one and only one to Marion Epsey.

George Grove wills his ability to bluff Miss Gosnold to Beulah Bradley.

I, Clarence Havnaer, confer my position as High School Shiek to Edwin Barger.

Irene Huggins wishes to bestow her Polo Negri profile on Edna Raby.

I, Dewey Couch, donate my ability to lecture in History class to Mr. Thompson.



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Pearl Sigmon bequeaths her honor roll record to Mildred Sharpe.
I, Max Steelman, will my grouchy nature and knowledge of basketball to Tommy Shuford.
Victor Huffman bequeaths his everlasting place in High School to James South-erland.
I, Floy Havnaer, leave my dignified walk and vampish ways to Mae Huggins.
Bill Bruns confers his ability to get to school in time for dinner to Bleaka Frye.
Ralph Bowman leaves his interest in the High School girls and others to Harold Bruton.
I Marguerite Sigmon, confer my position as choir director to Clara Hawn.
I, Mary Wolff, do hereby will and bequeath my new style hair cut and vamping eyes to Blanche Miller.
To Ruth Setzer Carolyn Nichols leaves her school girl complexion.
Virginia Hefner leaves her resemblance to Pollyana to Louise Bolick.
I, Rose Chasatine, will my quiet ways and melodious voice to Johnny Shuford.
Take a hint Johnny.
Jessie Lee Clay confers her love for the stronger sex to Kathleen Espey.
I, Mildred Anderson, donate my curls and literary ability to Pattie Hawn.
Coline Abee confers all her aids to beauty to Kathryn Echard.
I, Lansing Hatfield, leave my natural wit and popularity gained thereby to Fletcher Grady.
I, Elizabeth Moretz, leave my tall, stately figure to Louise Lawrence.
I, Albertis Perkins, leave my Stillman's Freckle Cream to Gladys Frye.
Gladys Morell denotes her pencils, fountain pen, books, and numerous other play things to Mary Newton.
I, Lois Bost, do hereby will my beautiful light hair and fair complexion to Bill Bivins.
Gail Link leaves her love for "Kentucky Wonders" to Helen Whitener.
I, Jimmie Regan, leave my ability for giving help in Spanish to Sara Wood.
I, Flora Belle Hollar, confer my charming disposition on Helen Keever.
Elizabeth Williams leaves her "Wampy eyes" and blue and white scarf to Mo-dean Triplett.
I, Sallie Brice Spratt, do hereby bequeath my position as teacher's pet to John Hawn.
Hazel Barger leaves her ability to lead chapel to Myrtle Gant.
I, Ruth Harris, leave "my perfect venus form" and love for preachers to Wini-fred Burns.
Irene Bolick leaves her position as Geometry shark to Albert Whisnant.
I, Oren Abernethy, will my athletic powers and dimples to Coach G. M. Chinn.
Elizabeth Warlick wishes to bequeath her oratorical ability and flute-like voice to Ethel Harris.
I, Edgar Cloer, donate my love for the fair ones to Bobby Grimes.
Edith Sublett leaves her ease in driving a certain coupe to Margaret Whitener.
Edwina Umstead leaves her "ability" to play football to Bud Shuford.
Sadie Whitener confers to Mildred Whitener her baby blue eyes and modest manners.
I, William Weaver, leave my mania for cross-word and Geometry puzzles to



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Paul Barringer.

Vada Deal leaves her place in a certain Ford to Rodison Forbes, since he is never in a hurry.

Last, I Pearl McIver, will leave (though unnecessarily) my love for a certain sweet teacher who has taught me mathematics for three years and still lives.

PEARL McIVER.

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PROPHECY

It was on one of the South Sea Islands (where I was selling cure for frost-bite—only it wasn't selling very well on account of the strange lack of frost in the Tropics). Anyway, it was on one of the South Sea Islands where I saw a strange sight early one morning—on passing a clump of palm trees I heard weird sounds. On going to investigate I saw a group of strange creatures going through horrible contortions. It was like the jolly little cannibal dances you see in the movies. I gasped. This was one of the things that simply did not happen.

The mystery was soon explained. I heard some one orating wildly. Apparently giving directions to the cannibals. Also there was a camera. The person giving directions waved his arms. He danced up and down, and when he was not pleased he tore out large handfuls of hair. He wore goggles and leather puttees. I caught a glimpse of his face and gasped. It was none other than Lansing Hatfield, a member of my class in the Hickory High School several years ago. When I recovered from this, I looked about and was still further astonished to see another class mate, Pearl McIver, sitting on a fallen cocoanut tree nearby, with a melancholy expression on her face.

After we had gotten over the surprise of seeing each other I inquired why she should be sitting on a cocoanut tree on the South Sea Islands. She sighed. "I don't know why, I am sure. I don't seem to have anything to do with this movie. I only write the scenarios." She seemed to have an embittered soul and I can't say I blamed her for the scene as she had originally written the story had been on a farm just before the mortgage was foreclosed on the old homestead. Now they had changed the scene to the jungle and the name to "Purple Passion."

Just then Lansing came up with a disgusted expression saying that these cannibals could not act. I asked why it was necessary to come to the actual spot to take a South Sea Island picture and why an Island could not be fixed up in Hollywood. An expression of indescribable sadness passed over his countenance as he explained: "It's all the fault of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Landscapes of which Elizabeth Moretz is the president. They got a law passed to prevent musing up the landscape with Jungles and Chinese cities and what not; so now you have to go bankrupt hauling a lot of actors around all over the globe."

But I was not listening. "Who in the world is that?" I gasped looking at two movie stars waiting their turn.

"Oh that's Madeline de la Epinard and Vincent MontMorency."

"It looks like Edna Scruggs and Victor Huffman, to me," I said.

"Those are their everyday names but Mdll. Epinard is the Queen of the Silver Screen and Mr. MontMorency is the second Valentino."

Then I asked about the other members of the Senior Class of 1925.

It seemed that George Grove had created quite a sensation. He had proven that all the Geometry that they had been teaching in the schools was based on wrong principles. All the Mathematicians were scandalized and Aristolle must have turned over in his grave; but nothing could be done about it. Meanwhile the pupils did not have



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to study Math. for obviously they could not be taught wrong principles and the right ones hadn't been discovered yet.

William Weaver and Balfour Menzies were taking turns being the world's tennis champions.

Ralph Bowman was another who had gained fame. He had written a book that had become a best-seller. It was called, "How to be Happy tho' Married."

Elizabeth Warlick was doing community work in New York. She was having not a few difficulties, too. She planted flowers all over the East Side to brighten up life for the poor tenement dwellers. But the poor tenement dwellers thought they were vegetables like cabbages and onions and ate them stewed. They kept coal in the nice new bathtubs she installed.

Kathryn Whitener had a very unique profession. Everybody in the Eleventh Grade History Class remembers the writing in her miraculous note books. So she copied poetry in this amazing hand writing and they were bound up in limp leather and people gave them for Christmas presents.

Max Steelman was a football coach. At this writing his team has never been scored against.

Almost everybody remembers, too, the contest between Lois Bost and Hazel Barger to see who could get the highest grades. They found at the end of school that their grades averaged up even so they continued the contest in college with the same results. So they were still going through all the universities in the world to see who would win.

Mildred Anderson was a reporter for the Hickory Daily Record.

Irene Hamrick was an accompanist for Margaret Sigmon, a great singer.

Edith Sublett had become a missionary to the Cannibal Isles and such was her influence the cannibals now occupy their time playing tiddly-winks and eating cream puffs.

Carolyn Nichols was giving readings from Keats and Shelley in a Chatauqua.

Pearl Sigmon had written an improved Virgil Pony.

James Regan was president of the Southern Railway.

Connie Bolick was a basketball coach.

Irene Bolick was a Domestic Science teacher.

Dewey Couch was a famous preacher.

Oren Abernethy was an orator.

Virginia Moretz was buying gold plated Emousines from the proceeds of her famous Correspondence School. She had been presented with numerous medals as a benefactor of Mankind for she gave lessons on the ukelele by mail. She had to have the entire Secret Service to guard her when she went out, however from bloodthirsty citizens, driven to desperation by the tinkling of thousands of ukeleles.

Jessie Lee Clay was manager of a picture show.

Vada Deal ran a jitney from Brookford to the High School.

Albertis Perkins had written a History of the World.

Coline Abbe had invented a secret formula for making hair curly.

Rose Chastaine was a kindergarten teacher.

Virginia Hefner wrote poetry.

Ruth Harris was in a Vaudeville which was not surprising considering her fast career in Minstrel Shows.

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Clarence Havenaer owned an exclusive shop and beautiful models fought for the privilege of displaying his expensive creations. His sister Floy selected the models.

Mary Wolff and Elizabeth Williams ran a beauty shop.

Christine Shell's picture was being printed in all the stationery advertisements in all the leading magazines on account of the astonishing amount of letters she wrote. She was provided with free stationery the rest of her life.

Sadie Whitener has invented a stretcher to sleep in so as to make short people taller.

Edgar Cloer was a famous basketball outfielder.

Flora Belle Hollar was manager of a 10 cent store.

Katie Stepp had been teaching fancy dancing since the day of leaving H. S.

Gail Link was nmaaging a Roadside Inn. (You know Gail was always interested in foods.) The Inn being scarcely visible on account of the many rose vines twining around over it.

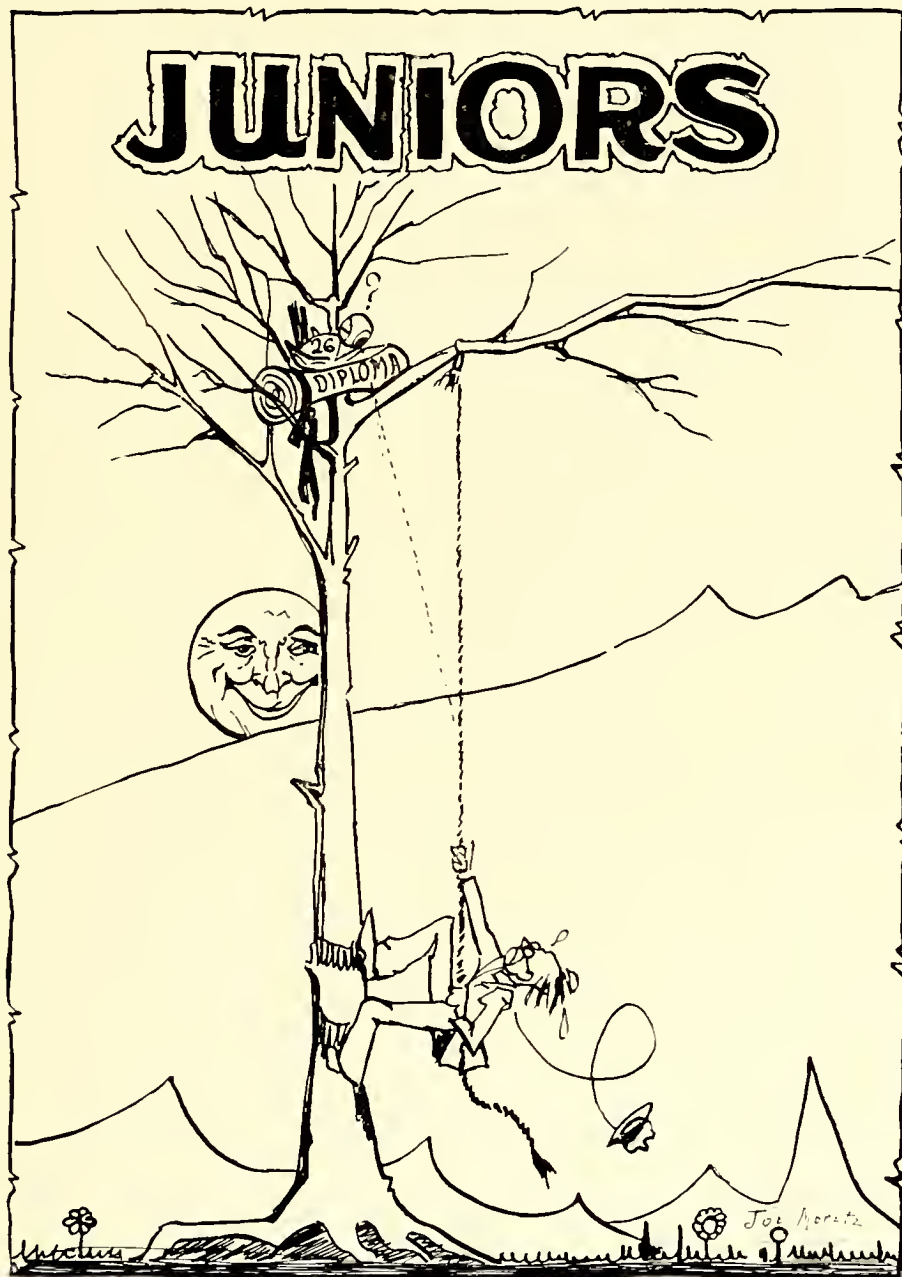
Maurine Starnes had divorced four husbands.

Edwina Umstead owned a grocery store.

Irene Huggins was at that time making a tour and delivering lectures on how to keep a husband.

Sallie Brice Spratt was a very successful Superintendent of City School in Chester, South Carolina. Her school system was organized so much like our Hickory schools which was still being engineered by Mr. Carver.

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JUNIOR CLASS

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JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

President	MARION EPSEY
Vice-President	AGNES BINGHAM
Secretary	JOE MORETZ
Treasurer	RUTH SETZER
Faculty Advisor	MILLIE K. McCOMB

MOTTO—B²

Flower—Daisy

Colors—White and Gold

Boys

Emmett Bolick
Louis Bogle
Billy Blackburn
Paul Barringer
Hurshel Frye
Bobby Grimes
Walker Geitner
James Hart
Paul Hester
Hunter Howard
Marcus Little
Joe Moretz
Fred Moretz
Tommy Mott
Turner Phillips
Henkel Price
Lawrence Sherrill
Charles White
Albert Whisnant

Girls

Beulah Bradley
Agnes Bingham
Louise Callanan
Marion Espey
Bleka Frye
Lucile Hahn
Blanche Harris
Ethel Harris
Lela Hillard
Mary W. Lentz
Ruth Miller
Mildred Messick
Carolyn Nichols
Ruth Setzer
Isabel Sharpe
Mildred Sharpe
Doris Shell
Modean Triplett
Frances Yount

*- are close
and per. in class,*

*Remember me to
the members of the
club who had to put up
- Beulah, 1-24-12 -*

*when evening falls her curtains down
And wind it with a star;
Remember I will think of you
No matter where you are.
- Frances -*

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HISTORY OF CLASS OF '26

One bright spring day, I was walking along through the woods on the way to school. At length I came to an elevated spot from which I could see the school. Soft, green grass was growing all around and I could not resist the temptation to rest. So I lingered, watching the pupils coming to begin their day's work. Suddenly I found a large book in my way. I opened it and began to read:

THE HISTORY OF CLASS 1926 OF THE HICKORY HIGH SCHOOL

CHAPTER ONE

The Past

"On the sixth day of the ninth moon of the nineteen hundred and twenty-second year, according to the custom of those who went before me, after having washed and fed myself, I journeyed to the hallowed spot on which the Hickory High School stands in order that I might spend the next four years in meditation and study. There were many others gathered there on the same errand. One hundred and ten of these were frightened Freshmen, who had the look of one about to set forth on a long, hard journey. Slowly we began under the leadership of Miss Maxey, as faculty adviser, and Dewey Couch as president. Gradually our fear melted from us and the echoes of our merry voices could be heard. Some of us were full of mirth and jollity, others were serious and silent. Some went out for athletics, others cared for naught but their books. And so the first quarter of a journey was made.

"At the beginning of the year of 1923 we took up our journey again. Some had been added to us. Others had gone away from us. We went under the leadership of a certain Mr. Tickle and Dewey Couch. As we went along we gave assistance to those who were less fortunate than we. Much knowledge of every sort was added to us. Many difficulties had to be overcome. With many little adventures another quarter of our journey was made."

CHAPTER TWO

The Present

"This year we again took up our course with a singing heart. Miss McComb and Marion Espey are our leaders. The road has been much harder. There have been many stumbling blocks in our way which we had to conquer. Many times our

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hearts have been filled with melancholy and we have become tired of our journey. Still we journey along."

CHAPTER THREE

The Future

"Soon we will start the fourth and last part of our journey. This part will be a harder trial to us. Many difficult tasks will have to be overcome. But we will keep a brave heart and let not these unsightly things frighten us. Before long we will stand on the Rock of Graduation ready to face our future. There will be two roads: the Roads of Hardship and Ease. Many will take the Road of Hardship, few Ease. May it be the will of the Almighty One to keep and prosper us.

"Thus endeth the History of the Class of '26."

As I shut the book the sound of bells fell on my ear. I looked at my watch and found that I had only ten minutes in which to get to school. I looked for the book I had been reading and found that it had vanished as quickly as it had appeared. I picked up my books and made a mad rush for school. I got there, all out of breath, just a few minutes before the last bell rang.

AGNES BINGHAM.

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—1925—

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SOPHOMORE CLASS

<i>President</i>	ELVINA HART
<i>Vice-President</i>	CONRAD CROUCH
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	ROBERT LONGAKER
<i>Faculty Advisor</i>	AILEEN AIKEN

MOTTO—"It gains strength as it goes."

Flower—Rose

Colors—Green and White

Boys

Max Boatright
Harry Boyd
Edwin Barger
Harry Brewer
Keith Bowman
Daniel Bost
Edgar Bogle
Conrad Crouch
Robert Cilly
Hume Collins
Rodison Forbes
Wm. Fritz
Robert Gree
Hal Hartley
Bill Hall
Jack Hewitt
John Hawn
Cecil Lafone
Robert Longaker
Frank Miller
Reginald Moretz
Carl Raby
Robert Russell
Joseph Rhodes
Jake Shuford
Ben Seagle
John Shuford
W. J. Shuford
Hilton Shannon
Hal Whitener
Wilburn West
H. R. Whitener



Myrtle Gant
Nelle Hagaman
Vera Honeycutt
Mae Huggins
Clara Hawn
Pattie Hawn
Mildred Hutto
Elizabeth Hardin
Bleka Hollar
Cecile Heiner
Stewart Isenhour
Mary Kiser
Margaret Kuhn
Jessie Long
Kathryn Lyerly
Hilda Lawrence
Blanche Miller
Nancy L. Martin
Elizabeth Moore
Mary Newton
Louise Odum
Nellie Penlan
Edna Raby
Ruth Raby
Katharine Regan
Adelaide Shuford
Ethel Scruggs
Alma Starnes
Prima Sublett
Gertrude Smith
Mary E. Stevenson
Louise Seaboch
Frances Seaboch
Marjorie Warlick
Josephine Williams
Helen Whitener
Zelma Yost
Nora Yount
Clara Yount
Thelma Williams

Girls

Louise Abernethy
Winfred Burns
Thelma Bowman
Marjorie Barringer

Carrie Bivens
Louise Carpenter
Evelyn Deal
Dorothy Doster

Gertrude Ennis
Kathryn Echard
Gladys Frye
Helen Flowers

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SOPHOMORE CLASS

1925



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SOPHOMORE HISTORY

The days of freshman life have not been forgotten, so when we returned this year, we determined to be friends with the freshies rather than placing the fear of sophomores in their hearts. We have learned that a high school course is not contained in books, but in the class friendships which are cemented by the ties more lasting than Gibraltar. We had the distinction of being the largest freshman class ever in Hickory High.

Our class has engaged in many activities. Most of the scrub material and several of the first team members of the different teams were Sophomores. The class is proud of its record in athletics. We furnished about one-third of the boys for the Hi-Y club. Many members are talented musically and are contributing to the aesthetic side of school life. We are also doing our bit to raise the literary standards of the school. We are a class full of pep and enthusiasm and are determined to make the latter part of our High School career even more successful than the first.

CONRAD CROUCH.

WANT ADS

WANTED: No more talking in this room.—Miss McComb.

WANTED: Some privileges.—Seniors.

WANTED: No more squeezing in the lunch room.

WANTED: A permanent science teacher.

WANTED: Somebody to work.—Editor-in-Chief of Annual.

FOR SALE: A second year algebra book. In good condition. Not used but 3 years. See Mildred Messick.

WANTED: A position as bookkeeper. Six years training under Miss Lawrence. See Victor Huffman.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST: A permanent half hour permit from Detention Hall. Please return to "Pap" Bruns.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN: A pony named "Virgil". Finder please return to Pearl Sigmon. No questions will be answered.

FOUND: A Physics notebook. The villain who stole same, return to science class. No questions will be asked.

FOR RENT: American History notebook. In good condition—Used only twice. See Max Steelman.

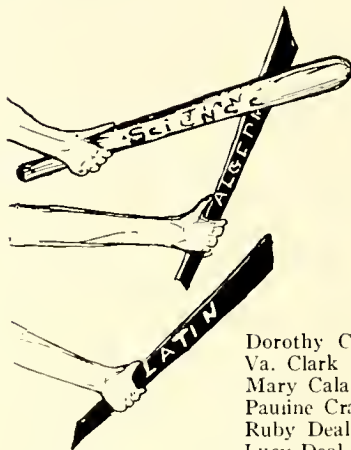
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FRESHMAN CLASS

<i>President</i>	JAMES SOUTHERLAND
<i>Secretary</i>	SHUFORD ABERNETHY
<i>Treasurer</i>	EDITH IVEY
<i>Class Advisor</i>	ROSE SMITH

Boys

Shuford Abernethy
 John M. Abernethy
 Fred Abernethy
 Erwin An lerson
 Chas. Burns
 Fletcher Brady
 John Buff
 Ted Brewer
 Frank Beck
 George Bailey
 John Bryan
 Welch Bowman
 Guy Barger
 Scarfe Berry
 Eberette Bowman
 Hal Ballew
 Harold Bruton
 Everette Cline
 Claude Cansler
 James Crouch
 Thomas Cloer
 J. C. Cline
 Paul Dietz
 Adrian Doster
 Billy Espey
 Jacob Fritz
 Fred Goodman
 Howard Gary
 Kenneth Hovis
 Gwyn Harper
 Dennis Hawn
 Tracy Hallman
 Luther Huffman
 Walter Harrison
 Guy Hoke
 Kenneth Hart
 Reid Hatfield
 Earnest Hallman
 Harold Hosley
 Hal Jones
 Norman James
 Graydon Little
 Chester Latta
 Woodie Landis
 Hal Latta
 Bruce Menzies
 Fred Meadows
 Phillip Menzies
 Leonard Moretz
 Lowery McCarley



Hubert Moss
 Bobbie Mackorell
 Herbert Penland
 Royd Preslar
 Meek Payne
 Herbert Perkins
 Andrew Payne
 Greer Sherrill
 George Sherrill
 James Stewart
 Gerdon Shuford
 Jimmie Shuford
 Jacob Shuford
 Thomas Shuford
 Austin Smith
 W. B. Smith
 Harry White
 Robert Warner
 Chester Wise
 Sam Warlick
 John Yeager
 Richmond Knoblock

Girls

Louise Abernethy
 Josephine Abernethy
 Willie Bowman
 Louise Bolick
 Mamie Lee Bolick
 Willie Bowman
 Margaret Blackburn

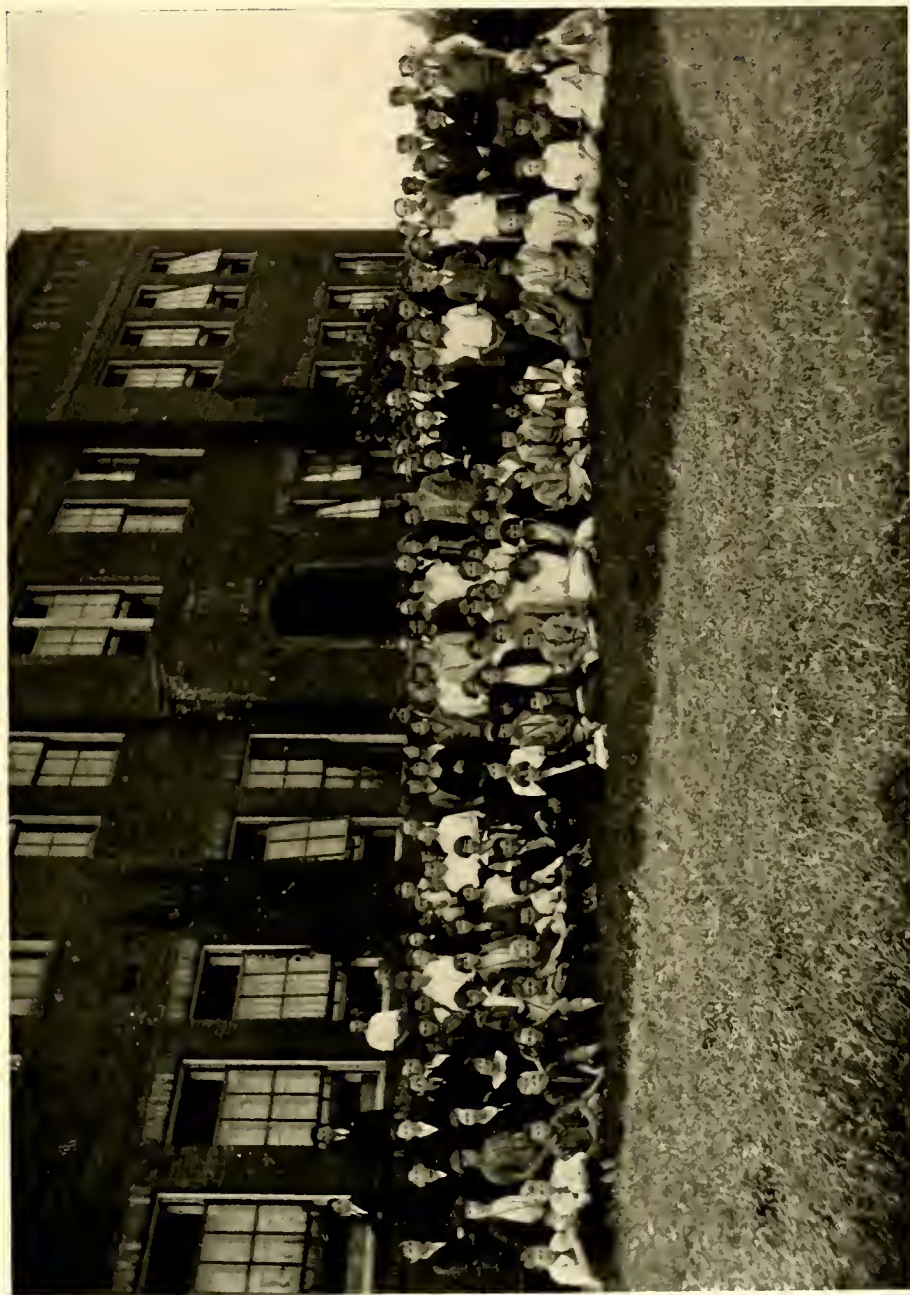
Dorothy Cilley
 Va. Clark
 Mary Calanan
 Pauline Craft
 Ruby Deal
 Lucy Deal
 Kathleen Espey
 Ellen Ennis
 Va. Fox
 Aileen Frye
 Lucile Fulbright
 Mary Ingold
 B'anche Hutto
 Mary Hutto
 Mary Hart
 Myrtle Huffman
 Mable Harris
 Charley C. Hall
 Pau'ine Hefner
 Elvena Hart
 Mae Holter
 Sadie Isenhour
 Georgia Isenhour
 Edith Ivey
 Marzaret Jones
 Katharine Jones
 Mary Leach
 Kathleen Link
 Louise Lawrence
 Ruth Lanier
 Flossie Lail
 Theresa Littman
 Dorothy Mitchell
 Ruth Miller
 Irene Miller
 Janie Pope



Elsie Poovey
 Lena Rose Poovey
 Kathryn Poovey
 Gladys Poovey
 Va. Payne
 Claudia Pitts
 Goldie Rutledge
 Elizabeth Raby
 Peggy Stevens
 Ola Sigmon
 Mable Sigmon
 Alice R. Sigmon
 Lucy Starnes
 Coy Triplett
 Mildred Whitener
 Margaret Whitener
 Julius Whitener
 Ruth Setzer
 Rix Setzer
 Dorothy Yeager

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FRESHMAN CLASS

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H. H. S. CHOIR

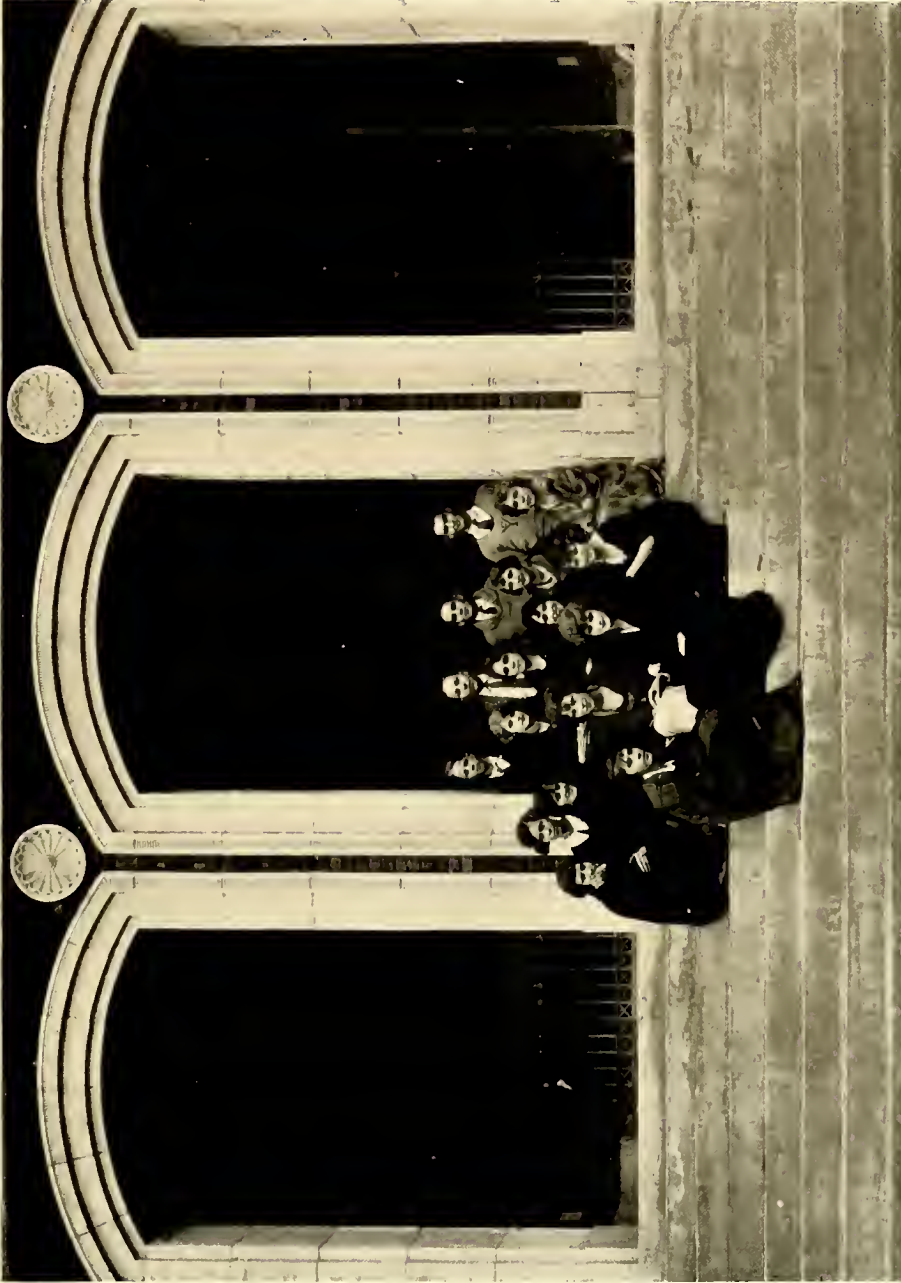
MR. ORMOND

Marguerite Sigmon	Helen Flowers	Christine Shell
Pattie Hawn	Gail Link	Elizabeth Moretz
Elizabeth Warlick	Carrie Bivins	Turner Phillips
Louise Abernethy	Ruth Harris	Harry Brewer
Floy Havnaer	May Callanan	Champ Martin
Jewell McWilliams	Sallie B. Spratt	Fred Moretz
Viola Whisnant	Elizabeth Williams	Sam Warlick
Virginia Clark	Kathleen Link	James Shuford
Edith Ivey	Helen Whitener	Flora Belle Hollar
Maurine S. Bumgarner		

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MRS. MENZIES AND HER EXPRESSION CLASS

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EXPRESSION CLASS

Evelyn Deal
Edna Scruggs
Ethel Scruggs
Gladys Frye
Christine Shell
Elizabeth Moretz
Elizabeth Williams
Sallie B. Spratt

Elizabeth Warlick
Gladys Morell
Lena Rose Poovey
Rix Setzer
Henkle Price
Champ Martin
James Hart
Graydon Little

Ghost of the Part Honorable Successors—Did the ghost of fear ever haunt-you
that-you'd fail to make "70" on your Geometry for the year?
Did your heart ever do hand springs when you got an order to go to office?

Did you ever:—
Look at the girls of the Senior class and wonder how they got-that-position—?
Get a love note and lose it?
Fall up the stairway?
Ask your favorite girl to go to the movies and have the old man meet you at the
door?
Chase an elusive theorem around in Geometry?
Have to read the Bible in Chapel and get tickled?
Wonder why you are the only smart person in Spanish?
Try to study short hand in Miss McComb's study period and get caught?
Have to hand your new vanity over to Mr. Thompson?
Feel inspired to write poetry such as "The Purple Mouse" or "The Dancing
Woola Woola Bird?"
Aspire to skip Detention Hall?
Did you *ever, ever* have to stay in?

Breathes there the girl with soul so dead,
Who never to herself hath said—
"Gee, I wish I didn't have a shingled head?"

Breathes there also a lad with heart so bold,
Who never once when he was told?
To read aloud his essay
Didn't feel that he was sold?

KATHRYN WHITENER.

The Hickory Log



HI-Y BOYS

1925



The Hickory Log

HI-Y BOYS

Henkle Price
Dewey Couch
Howard Whitener
Harry Brewer

James Regan
Charles White
Paul Hester
Max Steelman

Robert Longaker
William Weaver
Conrad Crouch
Ben Seagle

Frederick Moretz
Bill Blackburn
George Grove
James Stewart

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Mrs. Shuford
Chester Perry
W. B. Smith
Graydon Little
Carrie Bivins

James Regan
Walter Harrison
Edna Scruggs
Irene Hamrick

Robert Longaker
George Grove
Kenneth Hoves
Everett Cline
Marcus Little

Stewart Isenhour
Katherine Whitener
Virginia Moretz
James Hart

The Hickory Log



H. S. ORCHESTRA, MRS. TOM SHUFORD, DIRECTOR

1925

The Hickory Log

HEARD IN THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

There was a young man named Sammy
Who taught American History to Amy.
But as she couldn't learn
From the history nor discern,
On test her feet grew cold and quite clammy.

There was a girl named Helen
Who was 'always missing words in spellin'.
The teacher kept her in
Asking "How do you spell tin?"
Said Helen to her "There's no tellin'."

There was a lady, Miss McComb,
Who longed ever to roam.
But after she went
Her money she soon spent
And sadly she turned toward home.

There was a little boy—Tom Mott.
He had his lesson for that day—not
When the teacher said, "Tommy stay in,"
Over his face spread a sick looking grin
And he looked as if he had been shot.

MARY NEWTON

Someone in the High School,
Never dares to break a rule
By the name of Dewey Couch,
And he never has a grouch
For his temper is always cool.

IRENE BOLICK.

Oh, Jiggs, why hast thou no hair?
And then he gazed at Maggie out there
With a rollin' pin
And a vase to send,
Poor Jiggs, no wonder your head is bare.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
Christine made a face at the clock;



The Hickory Log

It struck nine this very day
While she was still a block away,
And now she blames it on the clock.

Hazel is a girl in statue small,
But on her the teachers may safely call.
She studies all day,
And never does play,
And at test times she knows it all.

MILDRED ANDERSON.

There is a girl called Gladys Morell
Who wishes to regulate our school bell.
It never will wait,
And our Gladys is late
As every one can tell.

When in the morning one wakes
And thinks of the zeroes he makes,
And the show last nite
When he should have been preparing to recite;
Oh! how his heart does acke.

EDITH SUBLETT.

Mrs. Warner's lunch-room is a scream,
Laden with dainties
And loads o' ice cream,
Always at 12:01 there is a stampede;
It would be unkind to call it greed
When hungry students of these things dream.

EDNA SCRUGGS.

Down at Statesville in a football game
One of our players seemed very tame;
A Statesville player asked
If he had a hard task;
And our boy replied that he was lame.

We have a player who loves to try,
And if he can't he's liable to cry.
He is very ambitious
And not at all frititious;
This fellow is usually in a Frye.

R. BOWMAN.

Hark, hark, the bell does ring!
The pupils have come to school,
Some to study and some to play,
And others to act the fool.



The Hickory Log

Little Virginia has lost her books
And can't tell where to find them.
Leave them alone and they'll never come home
For they've left no trail behind them.

Little Hazel Barger sat in a corner
Studying as hard as she could.
She studied her Geometry,
She studied her French,
Which you see was all very good.

ELIZABETH WARLICK.

JAKEY-DID

Behind a book of Caesar hid,
I see a daring little kid;
He nibbles away (for the twentieth time)
On his butter scotch that cost a dime.
That's exactly what he did,
That naughty, naughty, little kid!

Jakey does not think at all
Of cruel teachers and Detention Hall—
Stoop down lower in your desk,
I'm a Senior, I know best!
But independent you were made,
Soon you'll be beyond human aid,
You foolish, foolish, little kid.

Tell me what did Jakey do?
Did he really bother you?
Why was teacher not forbid
To trouble such a little kid?
Wrong, indeed, to me you say,
Eating candy all the day—
But poor, unhappy, little kid!
(With apologies to Frenessa and sympathy for the kid.)

MILDRED ANDERSON.

A LAMENT

Out of the day and night,
All joy has taken flight;
I am filled with dread, my heart is sore,
I am moved with grief but with delight—
No more, oh never more!

1925

The Hickory Log

Oh Virgil, oh French—test time!
My chance to pass not worth a dime!
I tremble here, outside the lion's den;
When will I come unprepared again?
No more—oh, never more!

(Apologies to Shelley)

MILDRED ANDERSON.

A FOOL'S DIARY

The Freshman is a lucky guy,
(Sometimes a silly ass)
For he can disappear at will
By lying in the (green) grass.

The SOPH'MORE'S never at a loss
For knowledge or a ride;
He merely has to put to work
The pony at his side.

The handsome Junior, as you know,
At cards for kisses plays,
And giving not a thought to books,
Has months of happy days.

The SOPH'MORE rides the pony rail;
The Junior gets in dutch;
But the Senior gets his sheepskin,
The skin he loves to touch.

ROBERT LONGAKER, '27.





The Hickory Log

CHAPEL TIME AT H. H. S.

When it's our day to go to chapel, everyone makes a wild rush for the seats. We are given special places; but while you are searching frantically for your number, you find that someone has calmly appropriated it. You choose another, but find that the owner insists on his rights; so you trudge wearily to the back of the room where it is hard to see and harder to be seen. The music starts before you realize that you have left your song book, but you try to sing without it and wonder why people stare at you; it is probably because you are singing the wrong verse. The pupils in front sit down and you follow their example. Then a speaker gets up and seems to be looking directly at you; he states how impressed he is to see your bright, shining faces. Of course you know your nose is shining, but he doesn't have to broadcast it. Then you listen to his well prepared speech; you would be interested, but you know there's a test next period. You review everything you know (which doesn't take long); then you settle down to enjoy his speech, another song is announced; you stand up to sing and enjoy the singing immensely, but of course the bell rings and you are jostled, pushed and dragged through the door only to discover you are going in the wrong direction.

PEARL McIVER.



The Hickory Log

“THE HEROES”

Two boys whose names we will withhold but whose initials are Fred Coleman Abernethy and Hal Whitener, stood on the line watching the Statesville-Hickory football game. Little did they realize that in a few short moments the place whereon they stood would be the scene of a terrible conflict. That's why they stood there instead of making peace possible by their absence. They gazed violently at the heated contest for a few moments and upon seeing a fellow plant his fist on his opponent's unsuspecting nose, decided thereupon that one or two things must be a fact. That was namely, either a new method of playing football had been devised or there was a fight going to happen. Before they could settle the question in their minds they saw several individuals stretched on the lawn and—well, that was enough! Do you suppose that they, two self-respecting, upright citizens of this great nation, could stand by and see their fellow school mates so harrassed? Nay—they couldn't stand it, neither could they hunt a grand stand seat. In fact they reached a conclusion that neither of them sought to question. Seeing that a fight was due in a short while and seeing that they had failed to equip themselves for battle, they decided this; if there was to be a fight right there, why someone could have their standing room. Yes, it was unanimously decided then and there that if the field was to be used for a “Field of Honor” they surely would be in the way. It was decided also that they immediately seek new haunts and pasture land.

They left hurriedly. They left without regret or remorse. After putting enough distance between them and danger to insure their getting a good start in case the conflict moved nearer, they paused to view the desolation that was being made. The horror of the scene affected them—yea, it touched their tender natures. It filled them with a longing, a longing to be far, far away. They watched the progress of the fight, the battle raging, before them like a mad dream. The surging mob, the air filled with smoke, (cigar), dust, feet, ears and coca-cola bottles. The short crackling of shells (peanuts), reached their ears. The tumult gradually subsided. The clouds cleared away. Various victims were placed painfully in stretchers and taken to the base hospitals behind the lines. (Ten yards). Extra ears and feet were picked up over the field and returned to their owners.

As the two boys stood looking at the awful picture they realized that the gruesome sight had weakened them and since they had partaken of nothing since dinner but eight “hot Dawgs” and six milk chocolates, they decided in favor of the cafeteria. Exhausted by the conflict they staggered to a hot lunch counter. As the menu was printed in French, Fred had to order the repast, while Hal collected the silverware for souvenirs. They ordered an immense feast prepared, an elaborate supper, and while eating their soup and shuddering at the thoughts of the recent devastation they observed that their table had become so dark that they thought that perhaps the lights had gone out.

Hal started to call the waiter and ask him for more light when he saw that the darkness was caused by a little 240-lb. gentleman standing beside their table. Fred looked at Hal and Hal looked at Fred. They talked this way for quite a while until



The Hickory Log

finally the man growled in a voice calculated to freeze a furnace door: "Say, are you two birds from Hickory?" Well, of course they were, and modestly admitted same. "Well, how long is it going to take you to get out of town?" That required thought. Fred thought (to himself) that it would take him something like a half minute and Hal was confident that he could make it in half of that time. They both had over-estimated it, though, for the act proved it. Again they left, conserving time as they did.

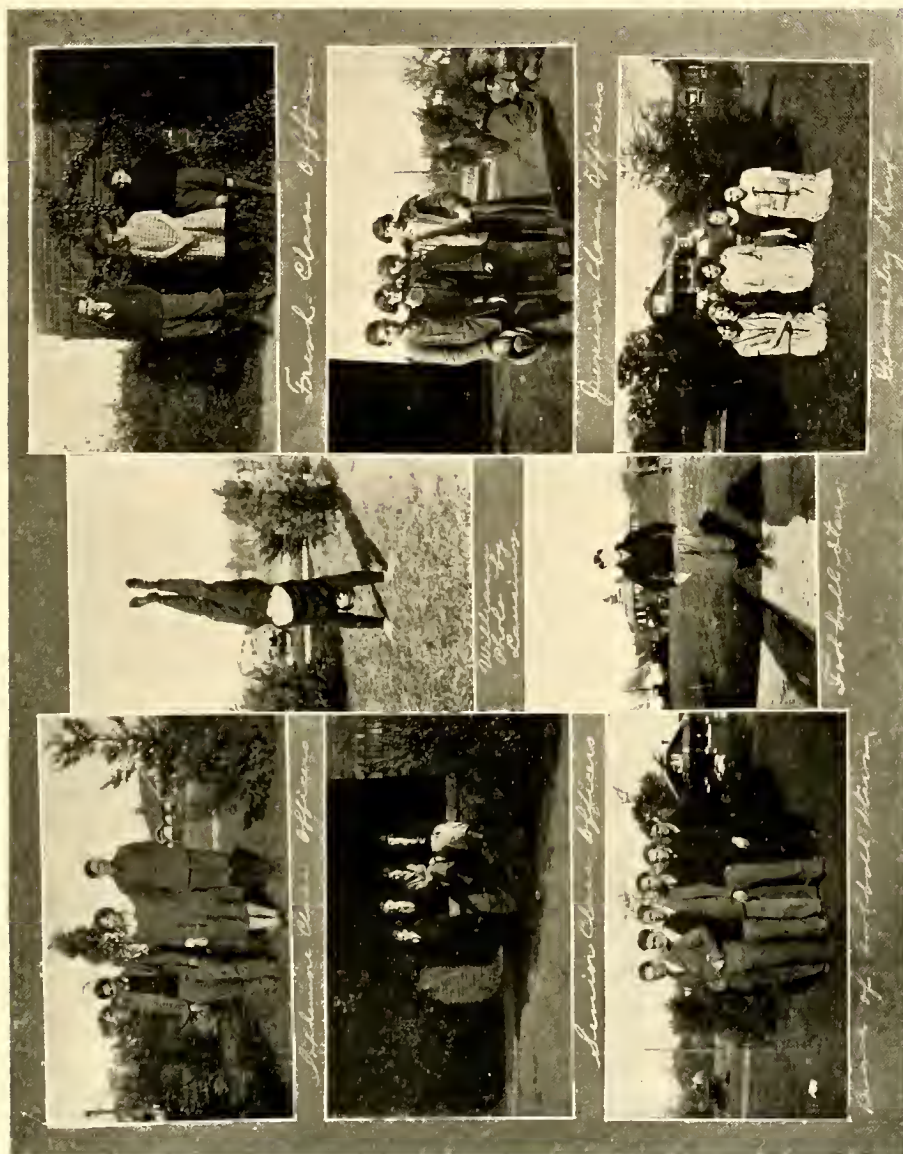
When they finally came to, they looked around to see where their flight had taken them. They should be at Hickory but where, oh, where—Oh, there was a sign—"This is Taylorsville, Lenoir 20 miles."

It didn't matter so much where they were just so the name of the place wasn't Statesville. They found the proper direction to Hickory and proceeded in that direction. But bold were they to come in from a football game where their school-mates had gleaned honor on the field of play, and battle, and with their coming arrive by an almost opposite direction from that by which they departed! And without scars! Nay, that would be terrible. So on to Newton where their imaginary wounds were attended and bound by adhesive tape. Then gloriously they arrived in Hickory. Victoriously they promenaded the avenues. By-standers gazed at the ravage of war and the two victims of foul play.

Many were the sympathetic tears that were shed. Then to a group of awed listeners the two veterans related the terrible tale of woe and strife. They paralyzed their audience with episode after episode of horror until,—someone accidentally pulled off a bandage—and gentleMen—there *was* no wound!!

FLOYD WARREN, '24.

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CLAUDE (SYNDY) SETZER
ATHLETIC MASCOT

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The girls' basketball team made a good record last year but this year they have made an excellent record for they did not lose a single game. We are glad that none of the team will graduate. We are hoping to carry off all the honors another season.

THE SQUAD

<i>First Row</i>		<i>Second Row</i>	
Clara Hawn	Ethel Scruggs	Marion Espy	Helen Keever
Irene Miller	Pattie Hawn	Frances Seabock	Elizabeth Moore
Sara Wood	Willie Bivins	Kathleen Espy	Edna Scruggs
Helen Whitener		Maurine Starnes	Mildred Whitener

THE SCHEDULE

Hickory 7	Highland 3
Hickory 30	Newton 8
Hickory 15	Startown 0
Hickory 18	Startown 6
Hickory 34	Maiden 5
Hickory 32	Maiden 12
Hickory 25	Lincolnton 7
Hickory 14	Lincolnton 2
Hickory 2	Lenoir 0

1925



The Hickory Log



THE SQUAD

Bottom row—Left to right: Green, Captain; Chinn, Coach; Baldwin, Huffman, Moretz.
 Second row: Buff, Bruns, Steelman, Robinson, Bolick, Bowman.
 Third row: White, Gastineau, Cox, Frye, Whitener, Jones.

THE SCHEDULE

Hickory	0	Shelby	0
Hickory	31	Lenoir	0
Hickory	32	Statesville	0
Hickory	33	Canton	0
Hickory	13	Statesville ..	6
Hickory	56	Mt. View College	0
Hickory	17	Gastonia	0
Hickory	72	Belmont High	0
Hickory	26	Monroe	0
Hickory	52	Charlotte University School	0
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total	332	Total	6

There is no room for a debate concerning the success of the football season of



The Hickory Log

1924.

Coach George Chinn, a former four-year Centre College man was in charge, and demonstrated the fact that he not only knew football thoroughly, but that he also had the coaching ability to put real football team work into the squad.

There was a good foundation for the team in those players left from the 1923 wearers of orange and garnet, and the addition of several new men plus the team work enabled Coach Chinn to develop one of the best high school teams ever sent out by a North Carolina high school.

It is impossible to name individual stars. If you are looking for this simply take a good look at the picture and line-up given above and locate both the name and picture of your special star. The fact that Hickory scored a total of 332 points plainly shows that the team had scoring power, while the lone 6 points made by other teams proves that the Hickory line did not let opponents get through with the ball.

The team was composed of a fine bunch of boys of whom the school and town are justly proud.

1925



The Hickory Log

ADVICE NOT NEEDED AT H. H. S.

If you can't sleep at night and your heart seems bad.
And one minute you are happy and the next you are sad.
And you wander around in sort of a trance.
And you feel sort of glum, then want to prance!
If you keep counting your money and gaze into space.
And see when you do just a certain face.
If your mind seems dull, and then in a whirl,
For the love of Mike, go marry the girl!

—Copy.

I hitched my wagon to a star,
And while I stood there braggin',
The star shot swiftly off in space,
And I was short a wagon.

JUDGE.

Just a nice chicken sandwich,
Just an ice-cream cone,
Makes our bill at the lunch room
Drag us to a loan.

Mr. Thompson: "Hal, didn't you get my letter?"

Hal Whitener: "Yes, I read it both inside and out. On the inside it said, 'You're expelled, and on the outside it said, 'return after five days.'"

Ralph: "I am not good enough for you—"

Doris: "Yes, I know it, but you were the best I could get."

Mr. T.: "Russell, didn't I tell you the last time you were in the office that I never wanted to see you in here again?"

Russell H.: "Yes, but I couldn't convince Miss Abernethy of that fact."

Man is somewhat like the sausage—
Very smooth upon the skin,
But you can't tell just exactly
How much hog there is within.

Miss Beard (applying for position): "Sir, have you an opening for a good English teacher?"

Irritable Supt.: "Yes, and don't slam it as you go out."

Albert Whisnant: "Can I get thru that door to Mr. Chinn's room?"

Ralph Bowman: "I guess so. I saw Mike Whitener go through there just now."

The Hickory Log

Cross-word puzzles make us want the last word in dictionaries.
Love makes the world go 'round, also ought to make it go "square."
What every young girl wants to know—More.
Better to have tried and failed,
Than never tried at all.

BOBBY MACKORELL.

Miss Smith (in Biology class): Clarence, name a parasite.
Clarence: Me?
Miss Smith: Yes, name another.

ANCIENT BASEBALL

Eve stole first and Adam second;
St. Peter umpired the game,
Rebecca went to the well with the pitcher,
While Ruth in the field won fame.
Goliath was struck out by David,
A base hit off Abel by Cain,
The Prodigal Son made one home run,
Brother Noah gave checks for the rain.

—Copy.

Miss A. Aiken: "John, why don't you study your Spanish?"
John Shuford: "What's the use?" A boy who can say "It is raining in 40 languages gets as wet as he who can say it in only one."

Miss Smith: "Why does the cavity in your tooth feel larger to your tongue than it really is?"
Helen Keever: "Because the tongue exaggerates."

John Shuford: "This book has a delightful ending."
Adelaide Shuford: "Who ever heard of an Algebra having a wonderful ending?"
John: "Look here" (turning over the leaves. A book of answers was in the back.)

Mr. Chinn: "What would you do, John, if you were to fall heir to a million dollars?"
John Bryan: "Same as I do now, Coach."
Coach: "How's that?"
John: "Just as doggoned little as I have to."

Miss Abernethy: "Robert, describe the customs and manners of the people of India."
Robert Longaker: "They don't wear no costumes and they ain't got no manners."

Man wants but little here below, but he wants it three times a day.



The Hickory Log

Nature, says Mike Whitener, gave skinny people more than they can bare.

Mr. Thompson: "Late again!!!"

Ethel Scruggs: "Yes, I'm trying to economize and sleep thru breakfast."

Pete Menzies: The more I read the less I know.

Miss McComb: You must be well-read.

DEWEY AND HENKLE ON HIKE THROUGH SOUTH MOUNTAIN

Countryman: What are you doing running around these parts barefooted? A rattler will get you.

Dewey: Tell us how a rattler looks and we will be on the lookout for them.

Countryman: His head looks almost like your big toe.

Dewey (crossing fence): Quick, Henkle, get a stick. Here's a snake head in the fence.

(Henkle landed with a big club on Dewey's toe).

Dewey: Hit him again, Henkle, he bit me.

Miss Dixon: Billy, what do you mean by putting your thumb to your nose and wiggling your fingers at those boys?

Bill Espey: Don't worry, Miss Dixon, they know what I mean.

Clara Hawn: Miss Lawrence, did you see Oliver Twist?

Miss Lawrence: Goodness, no, Clara, you know I never go to those new-fangled dances.

Mr. Thompson (as team goes by): "Look, there goes Steelman, the quarter-back. He'll soon be our best man."

Miss Duncan: "Oh, Mr. Thompson, this is so sudden."

Miss Gosnold: What could be more sad than a man without a country?

Carolyn Nichols: A country without a man.

Onions are said to be healthful. Other things are said about them, too.

Mrs. Scruggs: I suppose my daughter isn't playing basketball any more, but going out for something more worth while.

A Friend: Why what is Edna doing now?

Mrs. Scruggs: She says she has made the scrub team.

Mr. Chinn (To Pearl McIver who has gone to sharpen her pencil without permission): "Hey you, haven't you got a tongue?"

Pearl: "Yes Sir, but it won't sharpen this pencil."

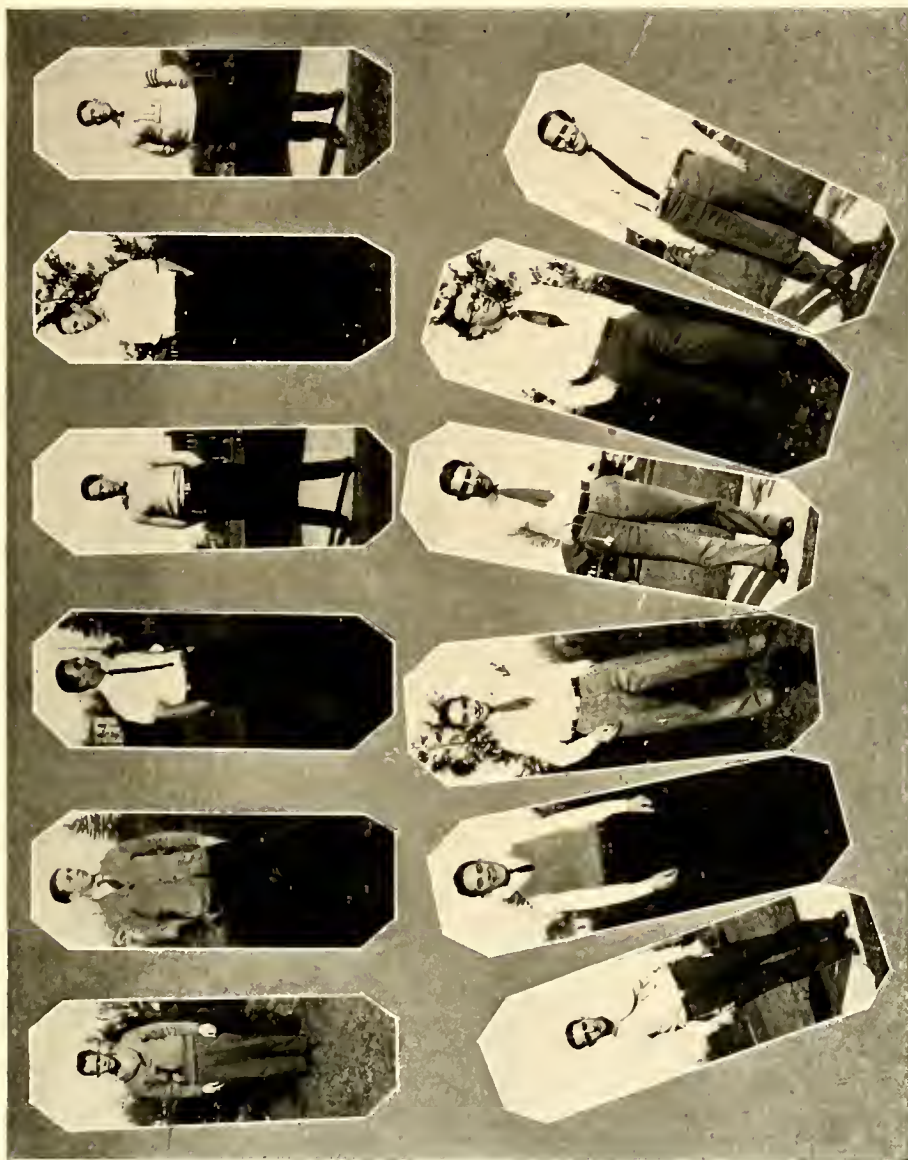
The Hickory Log



THE ECLIPSE

—PHOTO BY HUNTER HOWARD

The Hickory Log



WHAT WAS LEFT OVER WHEN THE LOG WAS MADE

1925

The Hickory Log



1925

The Hickory Log



1925

The Hickory Log

The Hickory High School Girl's Store



"Betty Wales" Dresses
"Co-Ed" Dresses
"Printzess" Coats
"Little Lady" Coats
"Gossard" Corsets
"Model" Brassieres
"Her Majesty" Underwear
"Nobility" Gloves
"Kayser" Hosiery
"Lehigh" Hosiery
"Ruby Ring" Hosiery
"Humming Bird" Hosiery
ETC. ETC. ETC.

THOMPSON-WEST COMPANY

Hickory,

The Ladies Store

N. C.



Let me design

a tray of beautiful
butterflies for you.

PRICES REASONABLE

Prompt Service

Phone 584-J

C. Hunter Howard
The Butterfly Man
Hickory, N. C.

1925



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Spare the Ice and Spoil the Food

According to Uncle Sam, many families spend one-third of their income for food.

Now, as just a matter of plain housekeeping mathematics: Is it worth while to invest a few cents in ice that will protect the value of all that food? The answer being so unopen to argument, we wonder how any family can practice the false "economy" of food risked to spoilage.

Food left in a room—on a window shelf—left over night in anything but a well iced refrigerator can very easily SPOIL. That's why ice is needed every day in the year—and we're here to serve you.

Hickory Ice & Coal Co.

Phone 261

The Southern Desk Co.

HICKORY, N. C.

School Desks

Opera Chairs

Blackboards

School Supplies



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Bombardier's
"A GOOD BOOK STORE IN A GOOD TOWN"

THAT'S ALL!

The Rivoli Theatre

Just
A Friend of the High School
and an
Institution of Quality

1925

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In all the New Spring Styles

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"On the Corner"

Meet Your Friends on the Corner

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Piedmont

Wagons and Drays

Piedmont Wagon & Manufacturing Co.

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A complete line of High Grade Watches, Gold Jewelry and
Silver Novelties

Jewelry

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Manufacturers of

Ladies' and Infants' High Grade Hosiery

HICKORY, N. C.

Abernethy Transfer Co.

Reliable Service

Every Consideration Given Moonlight
Picnics and Straw Rides

Phones 250 and 147—Night 11

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For Your Health's Sake Eat
HICKORY PRIDE BREAD

Deserves its name—fulfills its fame—Order by name.

City Steam Bakery
Hickory, N. C.

Good, Better, Best; We'll never let it rest—until our goods are
Better and our Better Best

Hutton & Bourbonnais Co.

Rough and Dressed White Pine
Oak, Poplar, Chestnut and N. C. Pine
Box Shooks

HICKORY, N. C.

1925



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"CATAWBA GEM"

Ice Cream at Leading Fountains

Always ask for some

Catawba Creamery Company

GRAND

PASTIME

Hickory Amusement Company

We Show the Best Pictures Produced
First National, Paramount, and United Artists
Your Patronage Solicited

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Hickory Manufacturing Company, Inc.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIAL

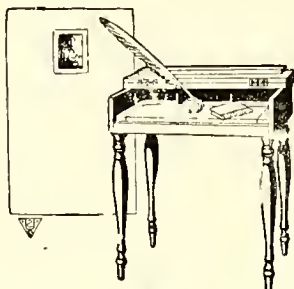
Martin Furniture Company

Manufacturers of

ODD BUFFET AND DINING ROOM SUITES

Hickory, N. C.

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Stoves

Ranges

Radio Sets

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Cash or Terms

Hickory

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Plumbing, Heating, Roofing, and Sheet Metal Work

Manufacturers of Hickory-made Boats

Distributors of Frigidaire Electric Refrigerators

Meeker Art Studio

Successor to N. C. Photo House

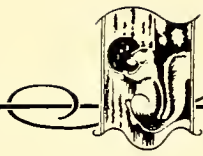
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Phone 403

1925



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Savoy Candy Company

On the Square

Phone 199

Groceries

"Ferndell" Pure Food Products

Meats

Gamble's
GOODS ARE GOOD

FRUITS

PRODUCE

Phones 680-681-682
"Gamble's Goods are Good"

"Cook—By—Wire"

Southern Public Utilities Company

Electrical Appliances

Let Electricity Be Your Servant
Phone 148

Carnation and Ever Ready Flour is as Good as the Best and—

BETTER Than Most

Manufactured by

Hickory Flour Mill, Inc.

Hickory, N. C.

1925



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Hickory Drug Company

Rexall and Meritol Remedies
Nunnally's and Liggett's Candies
Phone 46

SETZER & RUSSELL

Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Shoes, and Hats
Where you get what you like and like what you get.

HICKORY, N. C.

The WINCHESTER STORE

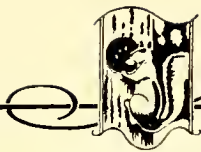
Sporting Goods

Building Material

Glass and Chinaware

Abernethy Hardware Company

1925



The Hickory Log

"Bill"

"Pat"

Williams and Pearson

"Always Glad to See You"

Clothing—Hats—Shoes—Furnishings
FOR THE YOUNG MEN

1312 Union Square

Hickory, N. C.

Compliments of

Standard Garage and Sales Co.

Studebaker and Dodge Brothers Motor Cars

Sales and Service

Parts and Accessories

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"This is a Studebaker Year"

WOLF DRUG COMPANY

True goods—True values

True statements—True service

Phone 26

Live and Let Live

ORANGE CRUSH

in the krinkly bottles

Orange Crush Bottling Co.

Phone 44

1925

FANNING'S DEPARTMENT STORE

HICKORY, N. C.

Always a Complete Line of Quality Goods
Reasonably Priced

Four Floors	Elevator Service
Ready-to-Wear -----	Clothing
Piece Goods -----	Hats
Ladies' Furnishings -----	Gents' Furnishings
Notions -----	Shoes

E. P. Reed and Druen Shoes
For Ladies

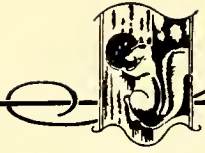
Buster Brown and Biliken
Shoes
For Children

Edwin Clapp and Florsheim
Shoes

Stetson and Dunlop Hats
Manhattan and Eclipse Shirts
For Men

It will pay you to buy here as Quality and Style
Reign

"On the Square"



The Hickory Log

**It Pays to Plant
a Place**

**and with home-grown
material**

The Howard-Hickory Co.

Nurserymen

Landscape Gardeners

HICKORY, N. C.

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Commercial Banking

Highly organized business today must have active banking service and co-operation, progressive business and progressive banking go hand in hand. Their interests are mutual.

The Commercial Department of this institution offers to business firms every facility of modern banking, developed to a high degree of efficiency and usefulness.

We solicit large and small business accounts.

4% INTEREST ON SAVINGS

First National Bank

Hickory, N. C.

Capital and Surplus, \$500,000.00

J. D. Elliott	-----	President
K. C. Menzies	-----	Vice-President and Cashier
J. L. Cilley	-----	Assistant Cashier



The Hickory Log

Send it to the Laundry and Remove the
Drudgery of Wash Day

Hickory Steam Laundry

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Hickory, N. C.

Ford Cars

Tractors

Trucks

Parts

Service

Harper Phillips Motor Co.

HICKORY, N. C.

The Hickory Printing Co.

Printers of this Volume

Rubber Stamps

Engraving

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HICKORY, N. C.

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The Hickory Log

New Season



The first of the new Spring Shoes
foretelling the new style themes

D'ANNA SHOE STORE
Hickory, N. C.

“We fit the feet”

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Taste and Refinement

Always displayed in our goods. Diamonds and Jewelry from the Bisanar Store attracts especial attention because of Style and Superior Quality.

Class Rings, Pins, Etc., and All
Special Order Work

GEO. E. BISANAR
Jeweler and Optometrist

HICKORY, N. C.

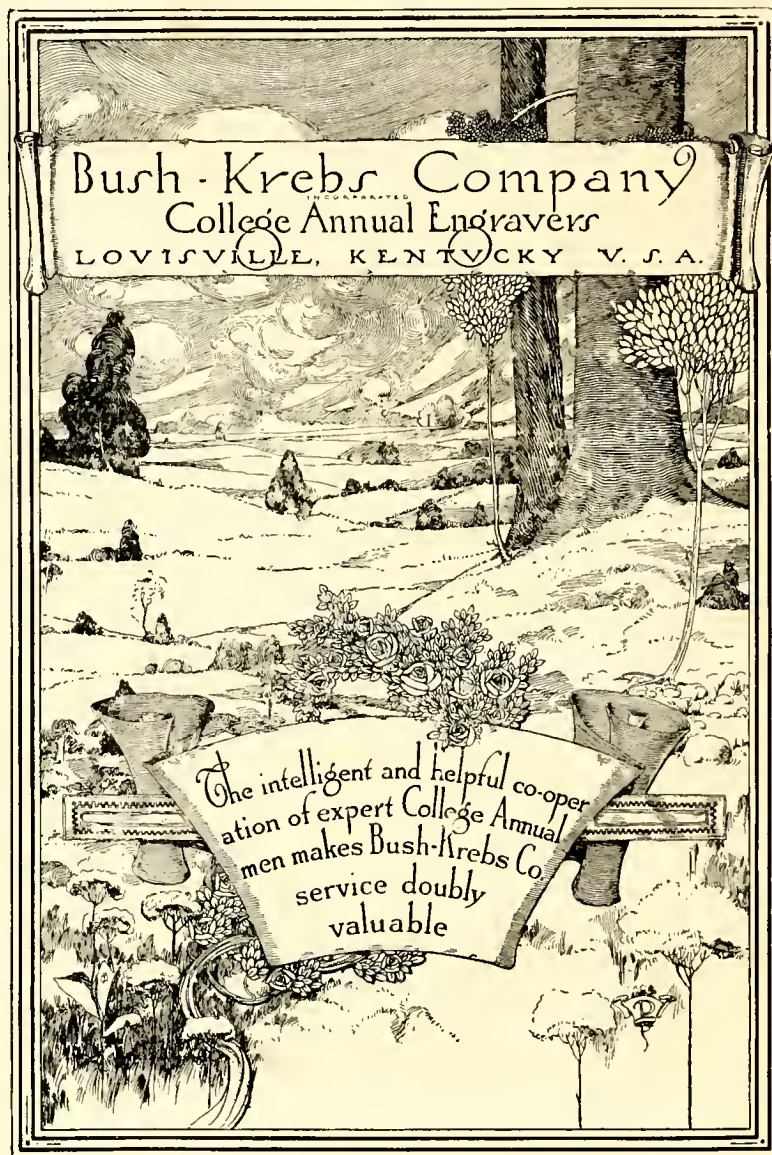
Piedmont Foundry & Machine Co. (Incorporated 1902)

Corliss Engine Work General Repair Work
Acetylene Welding and Cutting
Iron, Brass and Aluminum Castings

Phone 84

Hickory, N. C.

The Hickory Log



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