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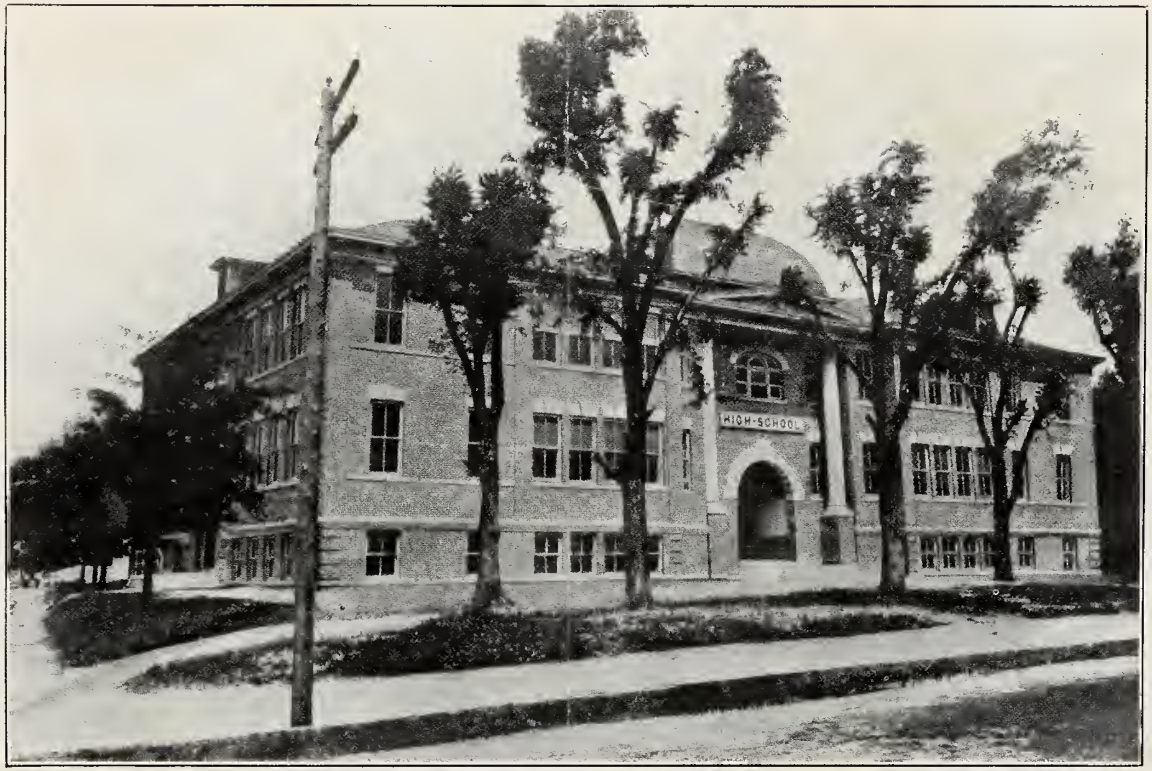
HIGH-SCHOOL

Published by the Student Body of the

# Elizabeth City High School

Elizabeth City, North Carolina

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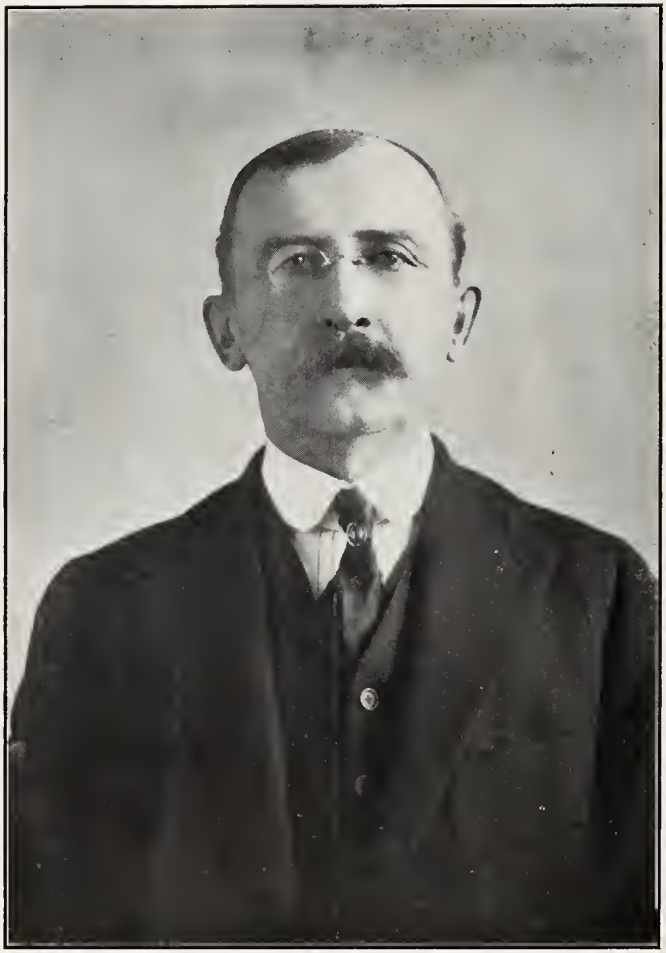


S. L. Sheep, Superintendent

To

# Our Mothers

whose encouragement has made our efforts possible
we fondly dedicate this
our first volume
of
"The Spot Light"

OUR FACULTY, '21
I. MEEKINS '21

# Faculty

MR. A. B. COMBS
*Principal*

MR. R. W. HOLMES
*Mathematics*

MR. R. T. RYLAND
*Mathematics*

MISS MINNA PICKARD
*Science*

MR. S. K. WRIGHT
*English*

MISS EDWARDS
*Latin*

MISS MYLDRED LIPSCOMB
*English*

MISS LETTIE CROUCH
*French*

MISS LUCILLE PASS
*History*

MISS JACKSON
*Domestic Science*

MRS. BYRD BARRETT
*Business Course*

MISS ETHEL JONES
*Music*

MISS MAUD DEWEY
*Music*

MISS ANNIE BLUNT
*Music*

ANNUAL STAFF '21
1921
FEB.
28
LUNCH
I. MEEKINS

The Annual Staff

# Annual Staff

CLAUDE JONES ..... *Editor-in-Chief*

ELIZABETH HATHAWAY ..... *Assistant Editor*

SELDEN LAMB ..... *Assistant Editor*

ROBERT KRAMER ..... *Business Manager*

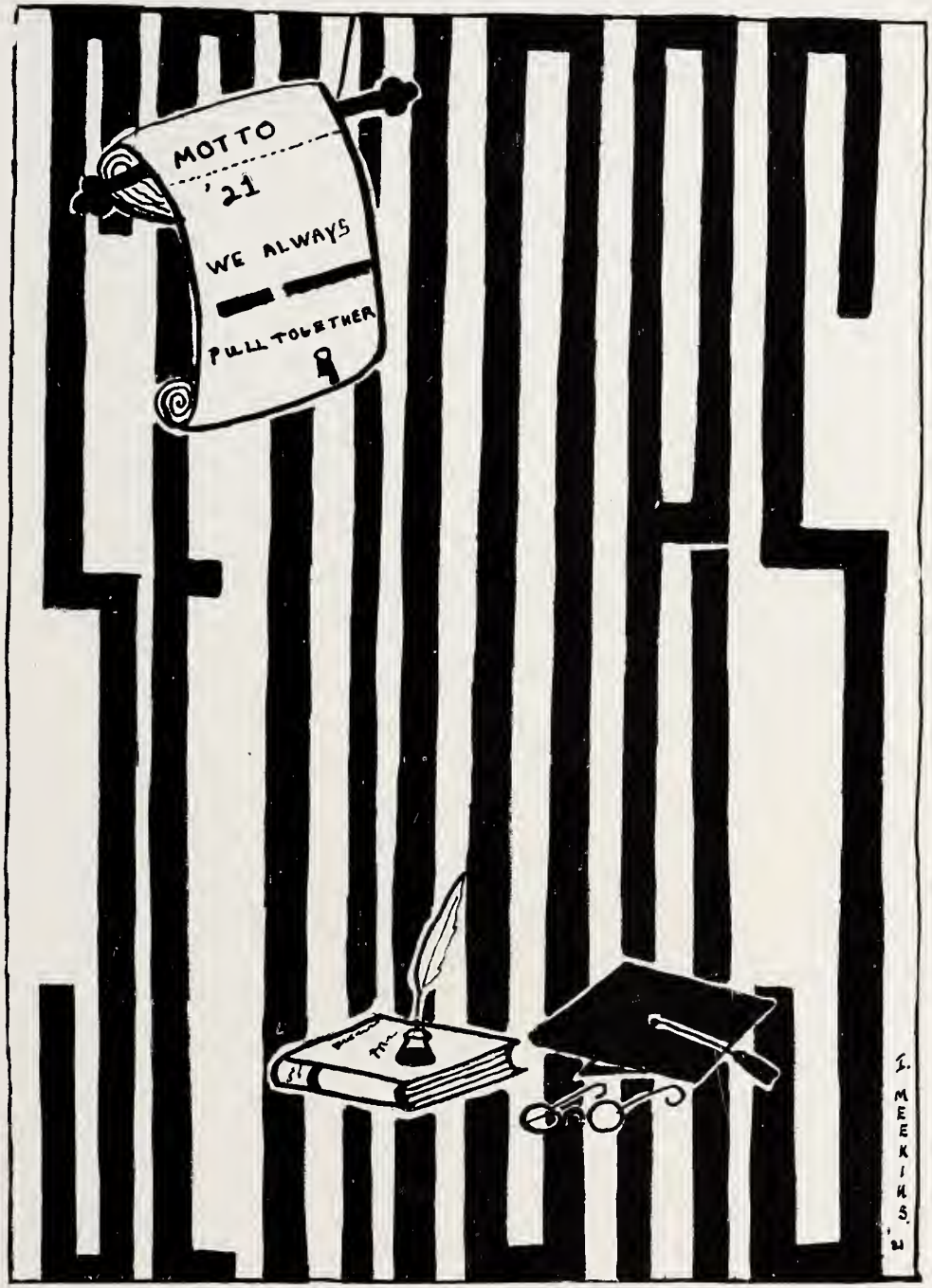
CARROLL PARKER ..... *Assistant Business Manager*

ISABELLE MEEKINS, FRANK DAWSON ..... *Art Editors*

DOROTHY JONES, ROBERT LOWRY ..... *Athletic Editors*

CHARLES SEYFFERT, ST. CLAIR BAILEY ..... *Joke Editors*

EMILY JENNINGS, RUTH WHITE, ELIZABETH ETHERIDGE ..... *Advertising Committee*


MOTTO
'21
WE ALWAYS
PULL TOGETHER
L. MEEKINS '21

# Senior Class

COLORS: Old Gold and Purple. FLOWER: Iris.

MOTTO: "We pull together."

## Officers

SELDEN LAMB ..... *President*
EMILY JENNINGS ..... *Vice-President*
ELIZABETH ETHERIDGE ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*
ISABELLE MEEKINS ..... *Poet*
FRANK K. DAWSON ..... *Prophet*
BILLY HOUTZ ..... *Historian*
DOROTHY JONES ..... *Lawyer*

GOLDIE MARIE BAKER

*"Goldie"*

Caliopean Society.

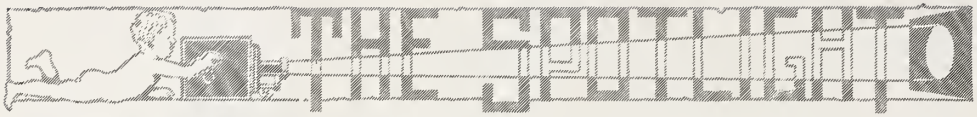
Bubbling with good humor, generous, and kind are all characteristics. She has a twinkle in her eye that always makes one remember her. She seems to be on good terms with all her subjects except Math., but don't let a little thing like Math. worry you, Goldie.

ST. CLAIR EDWARD BAILEY

*"Cuba"*

President Class of '20; Editor *School News*, '21; Joke Editor SPOT-LIGHT; Literary Society, 1920-21; Athletic Association, 1920-21; S. S. S., D. D. D., 1920-21; Baseball, 1920-21.

St. Clair is one of the most congenial fellows in our class. Wherever you may see him, there is always a smile on his countenance and he is seldom found down-hearted. His classes do not bother him much, as he stands well in all his studies. We are sure that his sunny disposition will carry him along as well in later years.



CONRAD ZEIGLER BAILEY

Statistics.

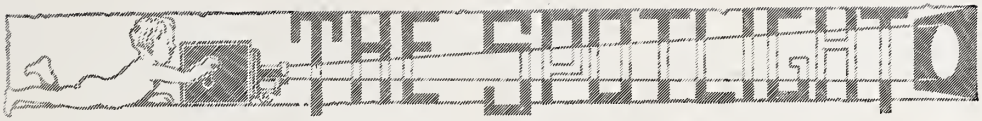
Conrad's little, but—well, he's loud. He always has a word to put in whether it be in Commercial Arithmetic or in other matters. The teachers dread to have Conrad disagree with them, for he can generally carry his point.

MARGARET CHESSON

*"Peggy"*

Caliopean Society.

Margaret is sweet, good-natured, studious, and an excellent pupil. Especially in French do her talents shine and she leaves an especially good record at E. C. H. S. She is envied by not a few as she has made many a dent on the hearts of the opposite sex.




ROCHESTER CLARK

*"Flabbo"*

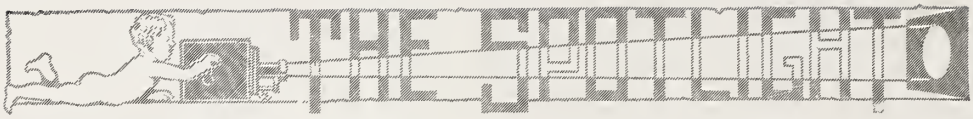
Scrub Basket-Ball, 1921; Athletic Association, 1920-21.

In every class you usually find some students who always amuse every one. "Flabbo" most assuredly can be pointed out as one of these pupils. Cheerful, never downcast, giggling, never frowning, playing, hardly ever studying, "Flabbo" goes on his way amusing one and all with his jokes and wit. We know in the life after E. C. H. S. Rochester will have no trouble in finding his place.

MARIE COOPER

Caliopean Society.

We're sure Marie will make a fine wife for some man, as her talents seem to run along domestic lines. In Domestic Science when all else seemed to go wrong and our cakes would not bake, Marie's came out cooked to perfection, thus winning the praise of all.



FRANK DAWSON

*"Hound"*

Class Prophet, 1921; Literary Society, 1921; Art Editor, 1921; Statistics; Athletic Association, 1921; Joke Editor *School News,* 1921.

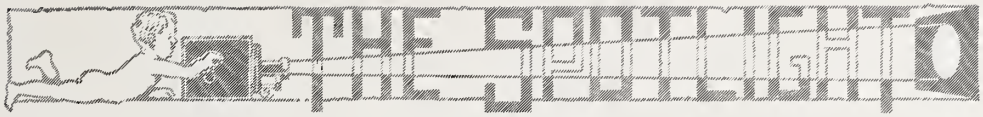
Frank is without a doubt the wittiest and most original boy in our class. Without his wit we would undergo a great loss. In fact, we have come to take him as an essential factor among us. Frank is not only inclined to wit, but also to his studies, where he succeeds as well, when he takes time to prepare them. In the future we either expect to see him a noted lawyer, a cartoonist or a great comedian.

HENRY CRAWLEY

*"Henry"*

Statistics, 1921; Member S. S. S.; John Charles McNeil Literary Society.

Ah! here's our ladies' man. He can talk for hours at a time and seldom ever blushes; says the happiest moments of his life are when a girl calls him "Mister Crawley." As you can see from the statistics, his biggest ambition is to be the boss of a harem.




ELIZABETH SAVAGE ETHERIDGE

*"Lyb"*

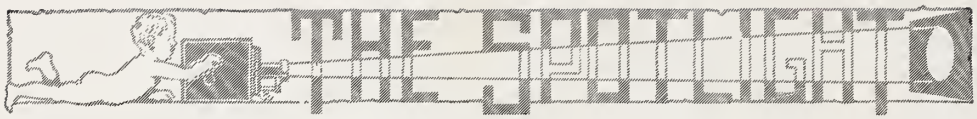
Basket-Ball, 1920-21; S. S. S., 1921; Librarian; Statistics; Advertising Staff of Annual; Secretary and Treasurer of '21; Sponsor for Football Team, 1921; Athletic Association, 1920-21; Program Committee, Caliopean Society.

How can "Lyb" be described? So adaptable and so tactful is "Lyb" that each person would call out a different response were his opinion asked, and all would agree she is possessed of an unusually bright intellect, gifted in writing, and charming both in appearance and personality.

ADELAIDE DUNSTAN

*"Fats"*

"Fats" is one of our typical Seniors, using most of her time planning a way to keep from studying; laughing with the multitude and escaping the teachers in tight places. "Fats" is always ready for a joke.



JOHN SYDNEY EVANS

*"Sir Sid"*

S. S. S.; John Charles McNeil Literary Society, 1920-21; Statistics; Basket-ball, 1921.

Sydney is a quiet, good-natured fellow with a slow, easy-going manner. He does not have much to say, for he is naturally modest and reserved, until he is in class, then———. We predict for you though, Sydney, a most brilliant career.

RUTH MYRTLE FITCHETTE

*"Ruth"*

Statistics.

Ruth has made many friends who know her to be a sweet, kind and thoughtful girl. She is also very quiet. Indeed, we do not think we have ever heard of her being boisterous.

EUNICE GOODWIN

*"Eunice"*

Secretary Caliopean Literary Society; Manager Scrub Basket-ball, 1921.

On the most solemn occasion, Eunice's giggle can be heard oozing forth. She's a regular stimulant when you're in the dumps and a good booster of '21. There is always room for more girls like Eunice, so here's to her.

WILBUR GREGORY

*"Pike"*

Wilbur is one of those boys who attends strictly to his own affairs; in fact, so much so that we feel that some of us don't know him as well as we ought. He gets good marks and is a good, steady student. That he may always be successful is our wish.

WILLIAM HOUTZ

*"Billy"*

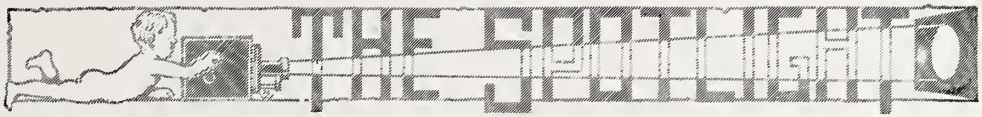
John Charles McNeil Literary Society, 1920-21; Athletic Association, 1921; Scrub Basket-Ball Team, 1921; Historian, 1921; Debating Society, 1920-21.

"Billy" is inclined to take a serious view of life and we hardly ever see him but that he is in apparent meditation. His intimate friends know of and appreciate his humor, which is combined with his power of clear thinking. Great things are expected of him, and let us predict that a brilliant future will be his.

HAZEL HUGHES

*"Hazel"*

Hazel is a quiet girl. She is no great "mixer" but when she is a friend, one more staunch can not be found. She 'tends to her business only, and although very quiet, we can none of us forget that Hazel was a fellow classmate of '21.




MARTHA ELIZABETH HATHAWAY

*"Sas"*

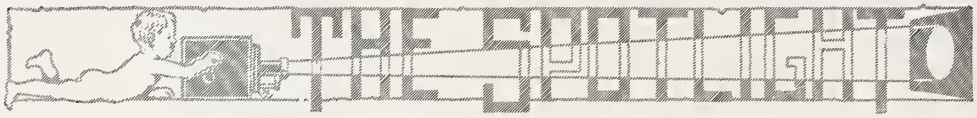
Assistant Editor Spot-Light; Member Caliopean Literary Society; Athletic Association; Amusers' Basket-Ball Team; S. S. S.; Statistics.

The statistics show that "Sas" is the most attractive girl of '21, and indeed it seems that she attracts everybody she meets. First it is her pretty hair and then—we just don't know what it is. And influence—she has no end of that. Whatever may be the question to be decided, "Sas's" opinion always carries weight.

ALMA HAYMAN

Caliopean Society; Athletic Association; Amusers, 1921.

Alma is one of our three Titian-haired specials. Usually seen with a smile on her countenance. She is a good friend to all who know her and they all treasure her friendship. Although she has never wearied herself especially over lessons, she seems to get along as well as the rest of us—let's hope this good luck will continue.



MILDRED HUGHES

*"Mildred"*

Caliopean Society, 1921; Girls' Athletic Society, 1920-21; Statistics, 1921.

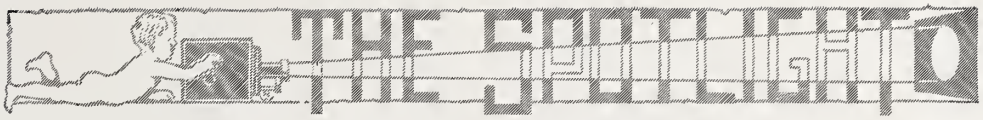
A jolly, fun-loving and altogether likeable girl is Mildred. She likes fun but does not let it interfere with school. She is our "representative from *Vogue*," and a good one at that. In the near future we are sure she will be one of Cupid's fortunate victims.

EMILY E. JENNINGS

*"Em"*

President of S. S. S.; Member of Athletic Association; Advertising Editor SPOT-LIGHT Staff; Vice-President Class of '21.

"Beauty is only skin deep" does not apply to Emily, for she is one of our natural-born leaders, and when others fear to speak, Emily's voice comes pealing forth. She's always present, whether it's a question of school interests or "rooting" at any kind of a game, and she's one of the best boosters of '21 we have. As a "housekeeper" she's a wonder and we know she'll have no trouble getting through this world.




DOROTHY PAYNE JONES

*"Dot"*

Secretary Literary Association, 1918-19; Treasurer, 1918-19; Vice-President, 1920; Athletic Editor SPOT-LIGHT; Manager Basket-Ball Team, 1920-21; Choral Society, 1920-21.

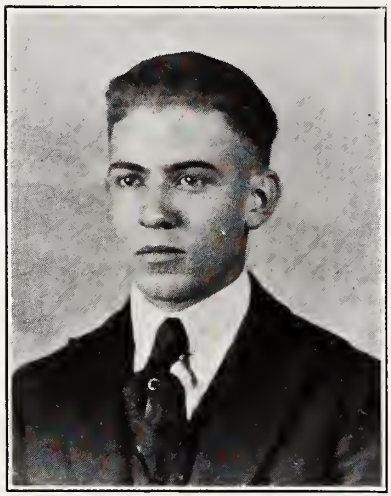
Dot is an all-'round girl, interested in every form of school activity and taking part in most all of them. She is envied by many girls not only on account of her wonderful hair, but her power of entrancing the many young men that cross her path. Also "Dot" is cheerful, wide awake, and good-natured, thus making friends easily. For two years she has held the position as guard on our Basket-Ball Team and helped win laurels for E. C. H. S.

CLAUDE VENUS JONES

*"Venus"*

Athletic Association, 1918-19-20-21; Basket-Ball Team, 1918-19-20-21; Football Team, 1919-20; Baseball Team, 1919-20-21; Editor-in-Chief SPOT-LIGHT, 1921; Statistics; President Class of '19; President Athletic Association, 1921; D. D. D., 1920-21.

Behold! Our athlete and misogamist. Although Claude has always won many laurels, both in baseball and basket-ball, he's very modest about it and seems to be altogether out of the reach of the fair sex, despite the many efforts that have been put forth by them to captivate him.



ROBERT DANIEL KRAMER

*"Bobbie"*

President John Charles McNeil Literary Society, 1920-21; S. S. S., 1921; Basket-Ball Team, 1920-21; Football Team, 1919; Business Manager SPOT-LIGHT, 1921; Athletic Association, 1918-19-20-21.

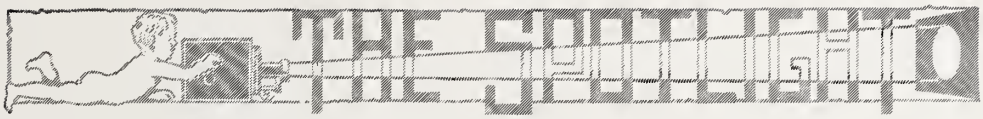
Robert is one of the very nicest and most congenial boys in our class. He is full of school spirit and has done much to push our class since we entered High School. He is the Business Manager of the Annual and has done as much to put it through as any other person concerned. On account of his tact and perseverance we know he will always be successful in whatever he may undertake.

SAMUEL SELDEN LAMB

*"S. Agneau"*

Statistics; President Class of '21; D. D. D., 1920-21; Athletic Association, 1918-19-20-21; Basket-Ball, 1919-20-21; Vice-President Athletic Association, 1921; Assistant Editor SPOT-LIGHT.

Selden is not only our President, and a splendid one at that, but he's one of the most popular boys in the Class, on account of his wit, good humor, and brilliance. Indeed, he has a most remarkable faculty of making the teachers think he's entirely innocent of anything that happens.




J. GRAFTON LOVE

*"Cupid"*

Editor-in-Chief *School News*, 1921; Chairman Program Committee, Literary Society, 1921; Debating Society, 1920-21; S. S. S., 1921.

A good reputation is a fine thing to have, and Grafton has one, all right. He is known to the school and teachers as a serious-minded, industrious boy. His class record ranks with the highest in school. Also his quiet, pleasant disposition has caused him to be admired by all who know him. His literary merits were well shown as editor of our *School News* and as one of the best debaters.

ROBERT BROOKLYN LOWRY

(Special)

*"Rabbit"*

Athletic Editor SPOT-LIGHT; Football Team, 1920-21; Baseball, 1919-20-21; Statistics.

Ladies and gentlemen! Let's introduce "Rabbit," our most attractive representative of football and baseball. It is worth one's while to watch a game with "Rabbit" playing, and thanks to him, E. C. H. S. has won many laurels in athletics. Your friends, the Class of '21, Robert, are expecting great things of you, so don't disappoint them.

GRACE MILDRED NIXON

*"Mildred"*

Statistics; Caliopean Society.

There's a saying, "Rather be born lucky than beautiful"—but Mildred is twice blest, for besides being our "Class beauty," she is endowed with one of the sweetest dispositions one could have.

ISABELLE MEEKINS

*"Izzie"*

Basket-Ball Team, 1920-21; Athletic Association, 1921; Literary Society, 1921; Class Poet, 1921; Art Editor, 1921.

"Izzie" is truly the most original girl in our room and as for wit—well, she can make you laugh, even when you positively know you'll get a demerit for doing it. Her talents are many and she can do most anything well—draw, play, sing. And as for escaping the teachers, she has us all beat. "Izzie's" one of our all-'round girls.

WILLIAM JACKSON OVERMAN

*"Ham"*

Athletic Association, 1918-19-20-21.

"Ham" is nothing less than the bright light of our physics class; in fact, all of his talents seem to run along scientific lines. When every one else in class is confused in mind and has no idea of the answer to the question, "Ham" comes forth with an answer that perplexes us the more, but nevertheless is quite correct. We have heard he has had a position offered him as wireless operator and we soon expect him to be in the front ranks.

ANNIE PRITCHARD

*"Annie"*

Annie is one of those ambitious girls who, regardless of weather and distance, generally finds a way to get to school. Also by her diligence she leaves an enviable record at E. C. H. S.

CARROL PARKER

*"Nor'wester"*

Class Secretary, 1920; Athletic Association, 1919-20-21; Scrub Basket-Ball Team, 1921; Assistant Business Manager Annual, 1921.

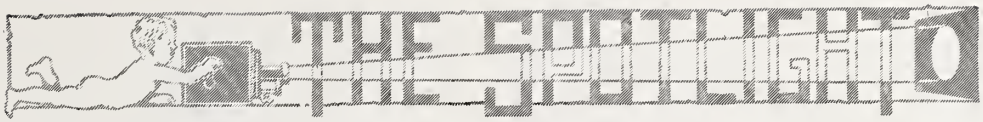
Those eyes! Indeed, we could write a whole book on this subject. They are an inspiration to all the girls of our class. Carrol probably has a business career planned for the future, but he has missed his calling; he ought to be a lawyer, as he will even argue with himself if no one else is handy.

SURLIE RICHARDSON

*"Surlie"*

Member Caliopean Society.

If we were all as conscientious in our work as Surlie, there would never be any cause for alarm. She is a good student and especially does she shine in Latin, and fortunately she is only too glad to impart her hard-earned knowledge to the rest of us. We are sure she will reap the reward for her toils in the future.




CATHERINE SKINNER

*"Catherine"*

President Caliopean Society, 1921; Athletic Association, 1920-21; S. S. S., 1921; Captain Scrub Basket-Ball, 1921; Choral Society, 1920.

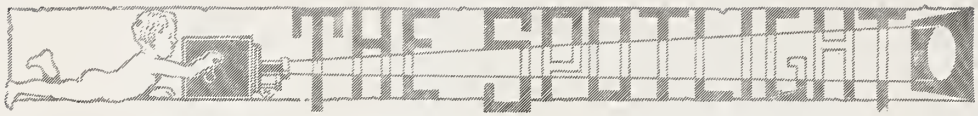
She's little but—well, she's loud. She is one of E. C. H. S.'s most attractive little girls. As she passes she charms every one with her cheerful smiles and giggles. Catherine has made many friends who are enthusiastic in their praises of her unfailing good nature and geniality.

EDNA W. STOKELEY

*"Edna"*

Caliopean Literary Society.

We always think of Edna as cheerful, contented and happy, radiating sunshine and good will in every place she happens to be. She inspires us all by her brilliant smile and perpetual good humor.



## ALICE VALERIA SCOTT

*"Fatty"*

Athletic Association, 1920-21; Glee Club, 1918; Choral Society, 1920; Scrub Basket-Ball Team, 1920; Statistics.

"Fatty" is a jolly good sport and has one of those "happy-go-lucky" dispositions, which makes her very popular. She has never run her health down by studying but has managed to have that wonderful experience; viz., being a Senior; We all like "Fatty" lots, and it wouldn't seem like school without her.

## CHARLES SEYFFERT

*"Chollie"*

Athletic Association, 1918-19-20-21; Basket-Ball Team, 1919-20-21; John Charles McNeil Society, 1921; Football Team, 1919-20.

"Chollie" could be characterized as a jolly good fellow among the boys and by the girls as one of the cutest boys of '21. Although not overfond of work, he manages to pass with the majority and seldom falls in the class of minority, much to his credit. We sincerely hope in the future Cupid will be kind to him.

EVA SAWYER

*"Imp"*

Caliopean Literary Society; Caliopean Basket-Ball Team.

Eva is one of the girls in our room who really studies. We feel sure that in whatever she may undertake she will succeed. She doesn't waste her time on silly chatter, but at the appropriate time gives the desired information.

LELIA GERTRUDE SAMPLE

*"Coody"*

Since she is so quiet and modest we have not been able to learn as much about Gertrude as we'd like. She is a girl of great sincerity and very pleasing ways, and she is regarded by all as a friend greatly to be desired. We wish her success and happiness in after years.

## ANNIE WHITE

*"Annie"*

This quiet, dignified young lady has thoughts all her own which occasionally we have a glimpse of in our class. Her sweet, kind manner is appealing, and those who do not know her, miss a great deal.

## RUTH HERBERT WHITE

*"Ruthie"*

Athletic Association, 1921; Advertising Staff SPOT-LIGHT; Statistics; Triple Alliance, 1921.

It is often hard to say positively just where some people stand in our estimation and hearts, but there's absolutely no doubt in our minds concerning Ruth. We love her. We just can't help it. Every one of us who knows her is very proud of her friendship and we're just a little sorry for those who do not enjoy the same privilege.

NORMAN L. STACK

*"Norman"*

Norman is the only business student of '21, so we seldom see him. At these intervals, though, his words are few and far between, but so much the better when they do come. It is fortunate for us to have him, for we need these quiet, steady people to balance the more gay and foolish ones.

CLAUDE DUKE WARD

*"Claude"*

Vice-President McNeil Literary Society.

As far back as one remembers, Claude has always come forth with 100's, or something near, for this reason he has always been in the front row and a prominent member of our class. With the amount of knowledge he has acquired at E. C. H. S. there is no doubt as to his future.

DOROTHY PAGE ZOELLER

*"Dot"*

Athletic Association; Basket-Ball Team, 1921; Caliopean Literary Society; Statistics; S. S. S., 1919-20-21.

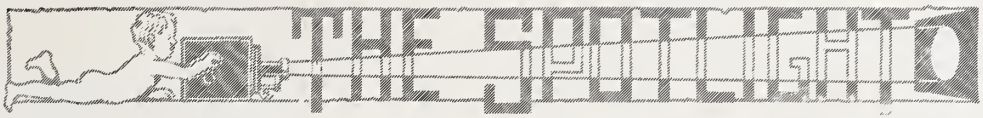
This bright and cheerful lady is one of the most optimistic members of our Class. Through thick and thin, even after a flunk, "Dot" comes up smiling. She's a "queen bee" when it comes to dancing, too.

MARGARET HARRELL

(Special)

*"Margaret"*

She is our "Sweet Girl Graduate," impressing all of us by her attractive, winsome ways and sunny smile. Margaret represents us in the Choral Society, and very proud are we of her, too.




ELIZABETH WOOD

(Special)

*"Lizzie"*

Literary Society, 1921; Statistics.

Truly, "Looks are deceiving," for one could never tell by looking at "Lizzie" that she's one of the biggest sports in our Class. "There's a little bit of devil in every good little girl," and some of us are inclined to think Elizabeth's demureness is only a mask.

# Class History

ON September 17, 1917, the doors of Elizabeth City High School opened to one hundred and twenty-four Freshmen. We were promptly taken in hand, and escorted to the pump by the Sophomores, where we were given a free shampoo—minus the soap. But we took this initiation in good humor, realizing that it would not be long before we would "give instead of receive."

When we again entered the High School, after an all too short vacation, we found we had materially decreased in numbers, so that in our second year at High School we numbered only eighty-three pupils. We were now Sophomores, or "Wise Fools," as the name implies.

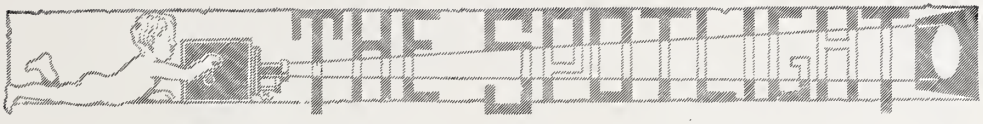
After a long nine months of work and a short three months of play, we came back to take up our studies, as—Juniors, and at this time we found only forty-one students.

The next year we entered the school as Seniors. Our class is forty-four strong; the largest Senior Class our school has ever had! And every one of us is determined to graduate.

During these four long years of high school we have been very fortunate in having a fine corps of teachers. They have done much to help us and we realize that it was only their unselfish and persistent help that has brought us safely to our goal.

Toward the middle of our Senior year we bought our Class rings—very attractive 10K. gold rings. These have the name of our school and our class year, '21, stamped upon them.

One of the greatest achievements of our class is the publishing of this Annual. This is the first Annual ever gotten up in our school. We hope it will be such a success that the next year Seniors, profiting by our mistakes, will put out one as good or better than this. This Annual has entailed a good deal of hard work, but we will be well satisfied if it fulfills our expectations.




At the time this annual goes to press we will not have decided upon the name of our Senior play. But it is an assured fact that we will have one—and a good one at that, for we have much fine material available.

Another notable happening of this year is the growth of school spirit. This little germ is with us and is growing fast. In years gone by, there had been a deplorable lack of this essential spirit, but it is hoped that it has come to stay and will gradually expand until the whole school atmosphere is permeated with it.

Many members of our class are actively engaged in the Literary Societies and the two Athletic Associations. Some of the highest officers of these organizations belong to the Class of '21.

*School News,* a small newspaper published weekly in the *Advance,* is also directed by the Senior Class.

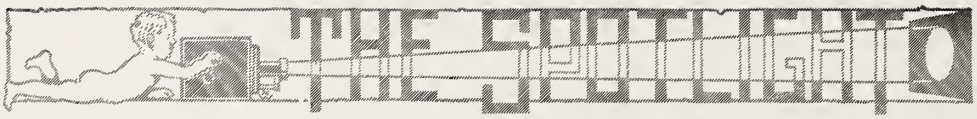
By the way, we are rather proud of our big class numeral up on the big dome of the High School building. It has been said that our class number has been on the dome longer than any other numeral, it first appearing when we were Freshmen.

The athletic record of our class is not one to be ashamed of. We have furnished much material during our sojourn in High School. Our class contains some of the best all-around athletes in the High School.

We have also actively participated in the Annual Triangular Debates. These debates are State-wide. The schools from which both teams are victorious are entitled to send their debaters to Chapel Hill. There the teams are pitted against other victorious teams until they are eliminated or eventually win the State "Aycock Memorial Cup." We have had one debater from our class to go to Chapel Hill.

. . . . . .

So as we pass from High School to business life or college we shall remember the many happy days we spent at "Betsey High." And as the time draws nigh when we must leave our old High School we feel a pang of sorrow that we will never forget. But in later life when we look back upon our happy school days we will ever think of the dear old Class of '21.




# Senior Class Poem

ALMA MATER

Alma Mater, Alma Mater,
We have loved thee till the last;
Still we trudge the road to learning
With fond memories of the past.

Alma Mater, Alma Mater,
May we feel both pride and joy
When we meditate on days gone by
Which were then to us a toy.

Alma Mater, Alma Mater,
Days may come and days may go;
The future comes in mysterious humming,
While Alma Mater whispered low.

So here's to our Alma Mater,
For our time is nearly done,
With cheers that forever will haunt the breeze
By the Class of '21.

ISABELL MEEKINS, *Poet,* '21.

# Class Prophecy

WISHING in vain had been my hobby all of my life, but as all things take a change once in a lifetime, so one of my wishes had at last come true. Things always come to me in a peculiar way and this wish was no exception.

It was on May 31, 1931, as I was standing idly on the steel suspension bridge which now connects Elizabeth City with the great shipbuilding plant, Goat Island, that I saw a most extraordinary-looking cloud. It wavered into a '21, tinted in gold and purple. As I stood gazing at this queer cloud a vivid recollection came over me of the Senior Class of '21. Then I wished, just as I had done before, that I could see each one of my Senior classmates just to find out what they had become.

The cloud gradually formed into a seal and I was upon it, riding, just as Old Mother Goose had done. I was to see my classmates as they were to-day; to see with what use they had used the diplomas given them ten years ago. The cloud carried me on until I had lost sight of Elizabeth City. Were none of my classmates there?

But I was not to be disappointed, for about five miles out from the city Annie Pritchard was living. She was Matron of a home for homeless cats, and was without a man.

We passed a lot of farmhouses near the city that day, but none held Gertrude Sample, for the next day as we were passing over Asbury Park, N. J., I spied her. She was spending her vacation there after playing for a winter at the Century Theatre, New York, as one of the greatest emotional actresses known.

"All off for New York," I yelled as we hovered over New York to see what we could see. There was a big commotion at the little church around the corner, so we went nearer the earth to see what it was. Dorothy Zoeller, who had been teaching Latin at Central High, was being wedded to an English nobleman.

Elizabeth Hathaway was found in the Bohemian Village with the same old stuff: boxed hair, smock, and sandals. She was the optician of the village with a very clever shop.

Fifth Avenue was bowing to a new member, for in one of those brownstone-front houses Ruth White was living, married to De Swelle, a young American millionaire, and now nothing was out of Ruth's reach.

In the Portsmouth Naval Hospital there was a serious operation in progress; the skilled use of the knife wielded by Dr. T. Carrol Parker, U. S. N., renewed life for that poor fellow on the table.

The monotony in the air was awful when we could find no one, and it had been two days since we had seen Carrol; but finally a strong wind came up and carried us over Chicago, where we found Grafton Love president of the "Love Meat-Packing Company," a company which now rivaled Armour's.

On the West Coast at Los Angeles, Ruth Fitchett, the quietest girl in the Senior Class, was posing before Mack Sennet's camera as one of the leading bathing beauties.

Bump! An accident had happened. An aeroplane had collided with us. When the aviator begged our pardon it was none other than Robert Lowry, who always did have high notions. He was a famous Ace at Langley Field.

He told me he only knew of one of our classmates. Adelaide Dunstan was teaching vocal at "Girls College," but would only finish the term out as he and she had closed a little contract.

In southern California there was a beautiful place looking as though recently built and it was named "Monte-Poka." It was a famous gambling place managed by the notorious Charles Seyffert and the well-known tobacco planter, Selden Lamb. The latter was married to his cousin, Elizabeth Etheridge, who was the alluring bait of that famous island.

Nothing doing until we reached New Orleans. There they were celebrating the Mardi-Gras. Leading the enormous parade were Valeria Scott and Isabelle Meekins, world-famed comedians, who were at New Orleans on their way to Russia to make the Bolshevik rulers laugh.

At Salt Lake City Emily Jennings was conducting a matrimonial agency and was doing a very successful business, due to her vamping capacity.

Marie Cooper was at Reno staying there for six months in order to get a divorce from Rev. Norman Stack, a well-known Southern minister, whom she

had just learned was too quiet for a little vamp like her. She was going to join Lizzie Wood in Barnum and Bailey's Circus as Oriental dancer.

Away over in the wilds of Colorado Sydney Evans was bossing a crowd of men who were surveying and making bridges and trestles for the Grand Canyon Railroad Line. He had well taken advantage of his civil engineering course.

Eva Sawyer was a Salvation Lass, but she had been promoted from tambourine beater to secretary to Evangeline Booth.

It was in Ohio that I saw two girls going into a country opera house. They were Goldie Baker and Surlie Richardson, who were giving lectures on "Books that Demoralize Young Girls" in behalf of the "Society of Moralizing Books," of which they were leaders; "Tempest and Sunshine" being their sworn enemy.

At Richmond, Va., Claud Ward was pastor of one of the largest Baptist churches in the South, and was truly a leader of his flock. He preached the new scandal way which surely made a hit.

Rochester Clark and William Overman were located in Washington, D. C., both filling the positions of national radio inspectors, which only capable men could handle. Rochester was married but Ham was still a single man.

Over Philadelphia I strained my eyes to find out what a very stylish sign outside of a very stylish shop had on it; satisfaction came as I read: "Mlle. Dorothia Jonnes Modeste Shop." Then Dot Jones made her entrance into this little shop, dressed with her usual taste, which had made her place one of society's rendezvous.

In Baltimore, Eunice Goodwin was a tonsorial artist. A man continued going into her place from time to time, but he was her husband, helping her to wind up the shop's affairs, so they could stay more in their little bungalow with their little—poodle dog.

Annie White and Hazel Hughes had fine little adjoining apartments at Ocean View. Both girls had husbands to protect them, but Annie had something else; it was playing on the floor with its dad and was a very fine one. Annie's husband was a lawyer and Hazel's a druggist, both doing well.

One of Norfolk's best and youngest lawyers was St. Clair Bailey; and now he had pleaded and won a superb case, for it was with Mildred Nixon's

father, who had moved to Norfolk. He didn't specially wish his daughter to settle down so soon, and she was also doing well as a beauty specialist. But St. Clair and Mildred were on their honeymoon the next week.

Conrad Bailey was not to be outdone by his brother in the business line, for at Newbern, N. C., he was doing a flourishing business as an undertaker. He was one of the bachelors of the Class since he had found out that he could not combine business with pleasure (courting).

Upon the stormy seas sailed Skipper Billy Houtz, as salty as the seas, and who could handle with the greatest ease the roughest crew that had ever been on a schooner like the *Nancy Hall,* which plied between the West Indies and the United States.

Alma Hayman was going through the daily routine of a woman married to a poet. She was living at Raleigh, N. C., while her husband found food for the four by putting his genius into poetry for the *News and Observer.*

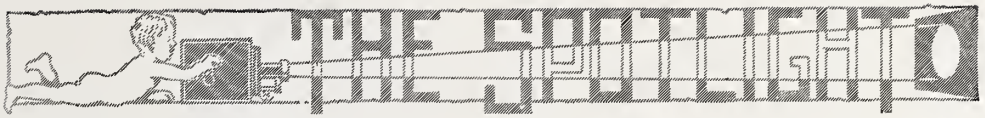
The next day the wind blew harder and it had come the turn for my cloud to rain. I fell in Elizabeth City, right in a bunch of women who were talking politics. I was going to make a hasty get-away when the woman speaking grabbed me, demanding me to vote for her. She was Katherine Skinner, running for the office of Mayor of the town. I was informed that she had recently sold out her "Female Pool and Poker Parlors" to enter into politics.

Then I asked her about the remaining classmen of '21, and she told me that Mildred Hughes was teaching classical dancing in Italy and would soon be married.

Edna Stokley was also in Elizabeth City, doing a successful "hair-kinking" business. She was a natural born hair dresser and always had fine taste, which made the Stokely Hair-dressing Establishment a necessity to the city's fair sex.

And I had passed Elizabeth City by before, not finding a classmate there, only because I hadn't looked intently enough.

Katherine told me that Wilbur Gregory was on the fair road to success, having discovered a nonalcoholic substitute for the original Kentucky rye. He had been in Washington, D. C., having things fixed up before he put it on the market.




When I was told that Claude Jones, having lost Mildred Nixon, had taken the appointment as ambassador to Turkey, I could picture him in the Sultan's harem with all the Sultanas calling him "bright eyes."

Henry Crawley had gone to Portland, Me., to go in training, in order to be in good shape for the Marathon races to be held at Antwerp. He had left his practice of law to become a professional runner.

The old town was proud of Robert Kramer, for he had recently "architured" one of the handsomest buildings in the U. S., a government building at Washington, and a bungalow for two, the last, to be sure, had interested him the more.

Margaret Chesson had specialized in French and was preparing to go to France to be an English teacher in a French school. They say she had done this because she was disappointed in Love.

Then my vision faded away. I was in a hospital and Superintendent Margaret Harrell was standing over me. She told me I had been knocked over the head by a foot-pad while I was standing on the bridge. The blow had sent me into pleasant dreams indeed, a dream showing me what a great thing Fate really was.

# Last Will and Testament of Senior Class 1921

We, the Class of 1921, being of sound mind, do this day, Monday, February 28, year of 1921, will and bequeath to future Senior classes of Elizabeth City High School the following legacies:

Carrol Parker—Sweeping eyelashes to Dorothy Chappel.
Henry Crawley—Flirtatious ways to Roscoe Smith.
Billy Houtz—Size to Leslie Sherlock.
Conrad Bailey—Sarcasm to John McMullan.
Frank Dawson—Venus-like figure to Virginia Hufty.
Claude Jones—Bright eyes to Grice McMullan.
Robert Lowry—Skill for athletics to Ernest Williams.
Wilbur Gregory—Short trousers to Bradley Forbes.
Selden Lamb—Nothing to nobody.
Grafton Love—Common sense to Wilburne Harrell.
Claude Ward—Knowledge to Annie Byrum.
William Overman—Feet to James Hathaway.
Sidney Evans—Good judgment to Larry Skinner.
Robert Kramer—Long hair to Lycurgus Twiford.
Norman Stack—Broad grin to Naomi Aydlett.
Charles Seyffert—Innocent appearance in the eyes of teachers to Earl Sutton.
St. Clair Bailey—Love for Elizabeth Etheridge to Warren Jennette.
Surlie Richardson—Tortoise shells to Lorraine Sawyer.
Emily Jennings—Temper to Evelyn Sykes.
Ruth White—Love to Stewart Wood.
Valeria Scott—Winning ways to Haywood Duke.
Goldie Baker—Height to Louise Davenport.
Elizabeth Hathaway—Red hair to Avery Jones.

Elizabeth Etheridge—Large eyes to the one that needs them most in Junior room.
Dorothy Zoeller—Vamping power to Mattie Spence.
Eunice Goodwin—Chin to Wallace Ellis.
Isabel Meekins—Love to Clyde Gregson.
Eva Sawyer—"Specks" to Joy Sykes.
Mildred Nixon—Beauty to Leona Lewis.
Annie White—Finger nails to Katherine Cooke.
Annie Pritchard—Piety to Augusta Sample.
Mildred Hughes—Style to Mabel Chappel.
Marie Cooper—Inquisitive manner to Annie Belle Abbot.
Alma Hayman—Wavy hair to Mary M. Gilbert.
Katherine Skinner—Pug nose to Gilbert Hall.
Dorothy Jones—Bewitching smile to James Pritchard.
Edna Stokely—Dimples to Eva McMullan.
Ruth Fitchette—Modest ways to Billy Pritchard.
Gertrude Sample—Superfluous flesh to Eva Walston.
Hazel Hughes—Spasmodic fits to Henrietta Clark.
Adelaide Dunstan—Spit curl to Lillie M. Smith.
Margaret Chesson—Hours of Study to George Godfrey.
Margaret Harrell—Freckles to David Fearing.
Elizabeth Wood—All the wit in her tiny bones to Jule Modlin.

To this Will we fix our seal and signature this day (February 28, 1921).

(Signed) Dorothy Jones.

*Witnesses:*

Claude Jones.
T. Carrol Parker.
Emily Jennings.

# Manuscript Found in An Old Desk

YES," said Lucifer, "it is a fair proposition."

"Let me see," I answered, "you agree to give me all the money I desire and the most beautiful woman in the world to love me; to love me truly, not only to answer my caresses but to love me with all her mind and soul after the immemorial manner of true love. In return for which, after the lapse of ten years, I am to deliver myself body and soul to you. Well, let me consider a moment. Here I am in the most poverty-stricken garret in Paris at the age of forty-six years. Just before you entered I had abandoned all hope of getting any pleasure out of life and was about to kill myself. On the other hand, I have lived a straight life, never knowingly doing wrong, and I am at present certain of a wonderful hereafter which I now know exists, having seen you. When you entered a short time ago, though I had never seen you before and instead of the horn-and-hoof Satan you came in the guise of a handsome man, I knew you to be the devil. But it is enough; I accept your offer. Now come, get me my love, as I am thirsty for companionship which I have never received."

"Come," said he; and I followed him into the street. We entered a car and Lucifer gave the direction to the chauffeur in a low voice that I could not catch. Soon I saw we were in the country and when we stopped, as near as I could tell, we were about a mile outside of Western Paris, near a small wood. Lucifer entered this wood and after some search found an entrance to a tunnel. He immediately plunged into this and I followed. We walked nearly a mile underground, he leading, and I following his flickering light, until finally we came to a series of large chambers. Suddenly I recognized them from descriptions I had read. We were in the catacombs under Paris. There were miles and miles of these grotesque caves, all of which were nearly filled with skeletons and burial caskets of every shape and kind. Strange to relate, I felt no fear but seemed to take everything that happened as natural. It was while examining an interesting urn covered with an epitaph in ancient

French that I heard a call; it was from Lucifer, who was pulling the lid off of a large metal casket. Inside I saw a mingled mass of bones and dust. Lucifer then began repeating the Buddhist funeral service from end to beginning and for the first time that night I was afraid. I felt my hair stand on end and I shrieked, in the grip of an uncontrollable horror, for I saw that mass of bones slowly take a tangible shape—that of a beautiful woman.

I must have fainted, for the next thing I knew I was in a handsomely furnished chamber, in bed. With some difficulty I recollected the events of the night before and looked about me, not without shuddering. The first thing I noticed was a note pinned to the wall which I took and read with increasing uneasiness. Here is a copy of it before me now:

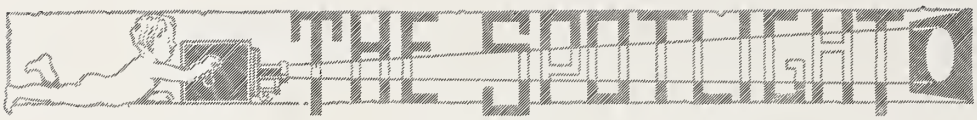
"Your wife is in the next room. This is your chateau. Ten of my servants are at your command. The vault in the cellar contains more money than you will need in a century.

"Yours for ten years,

"Lucifer."

Of the following years I have little to relate. My wife's beauty filled all my thoughts and I loved her with a love the like of which I believe never before existed on earth. The first few years we spent in tasting of the pleasures of the world, and our inexhaustible wealth was always a source of surprise to every one. We soon tired of this, however, and made our happy home on the outskirts of a village in Normandy. Here we had a pretty little cottage fashioned after the image which all lovers have of their future home. It was small, merely large enough for our own use, and was completely surrounded by rose trees, which lent a charming sweetness to the whole scene.

It was here that our boy Jacques was born, which united us, if possible, with a stronger tie than ever before. My wife lavished all her affections on Jacques and I swore brilliant plans for his future as I saw him grow into a sturdy youngster. But alas! There was a look of profound wisdom in his eyes even at an early age which I could never understand. One winter's night, while meditating on this look of his, I bethought myself of the night years before when I first saw my wife. Eight years had passed since that night and only half in earnest, thinking it all had been imagination, I looked

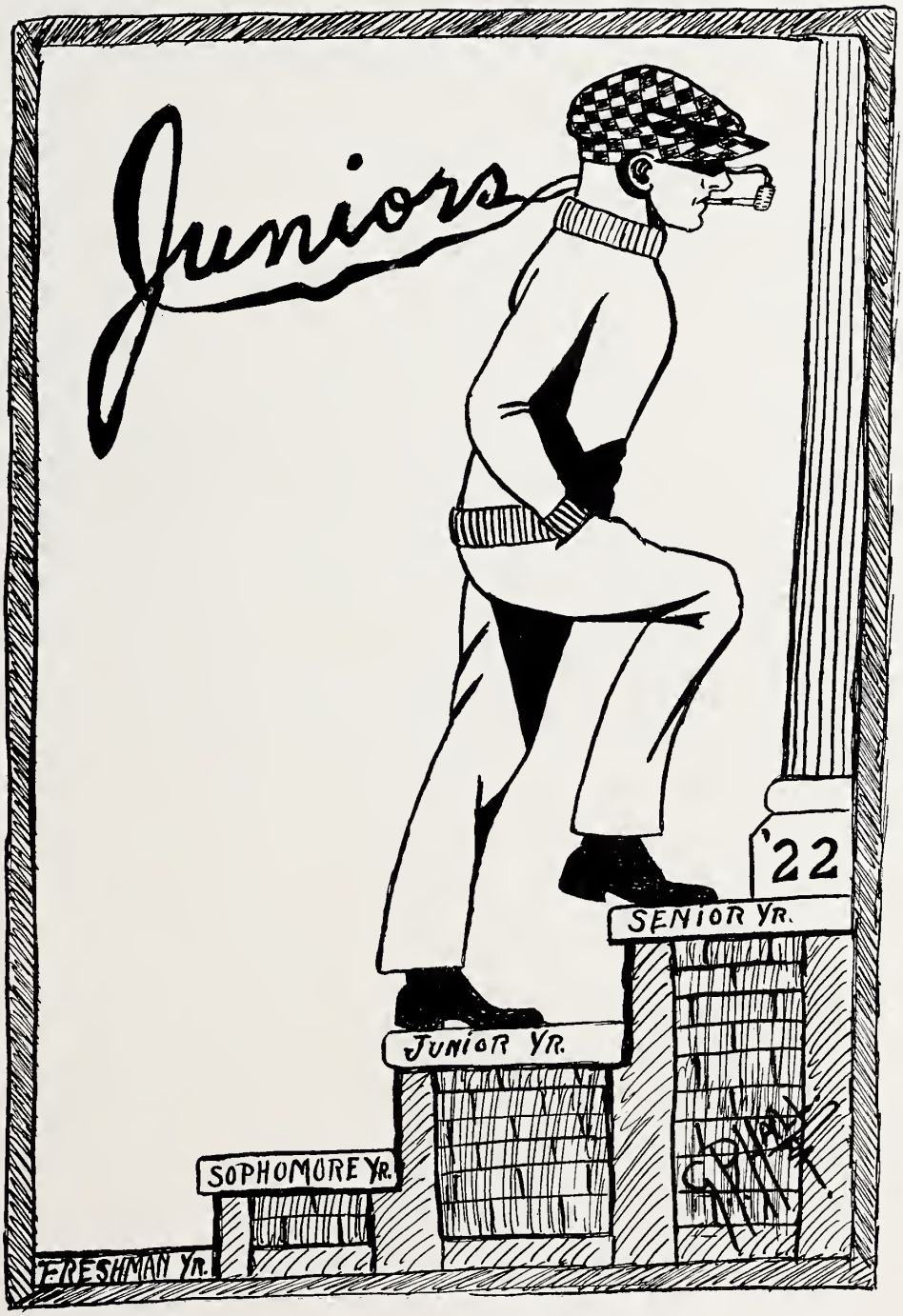


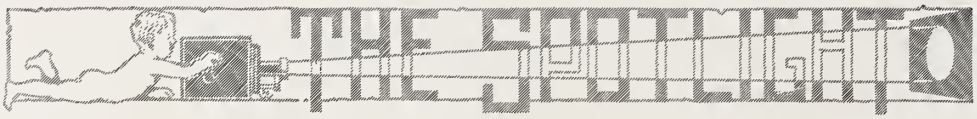

for the note I had received then. It would at least give me something tangible to believe. When I found it, complete remembrance of that night came upon me and I believe I went mad. I rushed outdoors and tried to calm my throbbing brain by walking in the cool night air, but all in vain. The paralyzing thought that all I loved were dreams, delusions, phantoms created by the devil merely to fulfil his contract, haunted me. My son Jacques, in whom all my future hopes rested, my wife, my love, were they all dreams? '

In vain I tried to reason with myself; the idea refused to leave me. I grew moody and taciturn, spoke to no one and even refused to answer the pained, questioning look in my wife's eyes. At last I could no longer stand the presence of non-comprehending mankind, and shut myself up in my chateau. I allowed myself to see no one, not even my wife or Jacques, and until to-night, which is the last of my allotted ten years, have done nothing but sit and think, with the growing conviction that I am mad.

I have just finished writing instructions to Jacques how to dispose of my body if my fears are true. If he really exists he will, I am sure, carry them out. I merely told him to bury me in a leaden casket with a stake through my heart and to have my body sprinkled with drops of holy water. It is the least I can do. Now I have finished and can only wait, for what I know not.

Selden Lamb, '21.


Juniors
'22
SENIOR YR.
JUNIOR YR.
SOPHOMORE YR.
FRESHMAN YR.




# Junior Roll

Motto: "Not on the Heights, but Climbing."

Colors: Blue and White. Flower: Forget-me-not.

## Officers

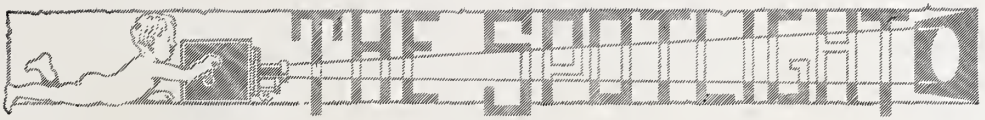
HAYWOOD DUKE ..... *President*
JOY SYKES ..... *Vice-President*
LEONA LEWIS ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

## Members

Annabelle Abbott
Naomi Aydlett
Lucille Benton
Maud Brock
Henrietta Clarke
Katherine Cooke
Dell Fearing
Marguerite Hancock
Leona Lewis
Maggie Murden
Harris Parks
Augusta Sample
Lillie Mae Smith
Mattie Spence
Gladys Spence
Lina Stevens
Rosalie Stevenson
Evelyn Sykes
Eva Walston
Mary Whitehead
Lois Winslow
Joseph Winslow
Luther Davis
Fred Davis
Haywood Duke
Wallace Ellis
Dave Fearing
Bradley Forbes
George Godfrey
Clyde Gregson
Gilbert Hall
James Hathaway
Warren Jennette
Jule Modlin
Grice McMullan
William Pritchard
James Pritchard
Leslie Sherlock
Larry Skinner
Roscoe Smith
Joy Sykes
Ernest Williams

Juniors

JUNIORS




# The Junior Class Poem

I.

The Junior Class of '22
Is a lively class with much to do,
We always do it and do it well,
Which is more than some other classes can tell.

II.

We've chosen for our colors fair,
The colors that are in the air—
The white for the clouds that soar so high,
And the blue for the beautiful, infinite sky.

III.

The fair forget-me-not is our flower,
A blossom which indicates our power;
And the example we leave for others to follow,
Will spread our fame to every little hollow.

IV.

Not on the heights but climbing fast,
The worst of our journey is almost past;
But when our work in school is done
We'll keep right on till the victory's won.

V.

Every member with much at heart,
Of this great Class forms a part,
And though its days will soon be past,
It will leave a memory which will forever last.

William R. Pritchard.

# The Secret of the Canyon

IT was a momentous event in Bert Westby's life when he piled his sealing schooner, the *Halicon,* on a reef somewhere in the Behring Sea. Winter was closing in, and he was debating with himself as to whether or not it was time to return home to his mother in San Francisco, and to the hated society doings of the world, when the accident occurred.

The *Halicon* was skirting the deserted shore in hunt of seals when a sharp squall sprang up from seaward. The fore and mainsail was hauled and lashed with great effort, and, with the jib set, the off-shore tack was attempted. Not knowing his surroundings, for this part of the sea was uncharted, the mate was shakily feeling his way when he struck the submerged reef.

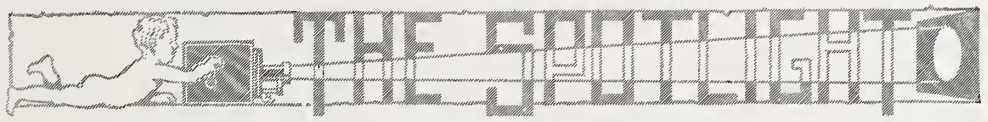
Westby, the captain and owner, came on deck. He was a typical American—rather good-looking and a confirmed misogamist. Without waiting, his quick brain grasped the situation with more celerity than caution.

"Lower the boats," he yelled. "I take No. 1 with Garrison, Ellis and Ratch! Mr. Welch, the mate, will take No. 2 with the remainder of the crew!"

No. 2 was loosed and promptly sank under the immense deluge of tumbling waves. Heads bobbed up and Westby tossed half a dozen life-preservers to the unfortunate victims. Profiting by their mistake, No. 1's occupants donned life-preservers before leaving in their allotted boat, but this boat was just as quickly swamped by the turbulent waters as the first one.

How Bert got ashore he could not tell, because after an hour of stiff battling with the waves he lost himself in a profound stupor and was only saved through the erratic but merciful agency of the current that bore him shoreward.

On his return to consciousness he was greeted by the presence of two lusty savages, who were chafing his benumbed limbs, in their effort to fan into flame the glimmering spark of life which was not yet extinct.




He closed his tired eyes and sleep claimed him until he was aroused by a friendly shake of the arm, and upon looking up saw the fimiliar face of Shorty McDonald, one of his former hunters, from the doomed *Halicon*.

"How d'ye feel, Cap?" asked Shorty.

"Rather weak, Shorty. Where's the rest of the boys?" asked Bert in a strange, far-away voice.

"I'm afraid they're in Davy Jones' locker, old man, for we're the only ones saved, as far as I can learn," returned the Irishman.

"The deuce, you say! What is this, an Eskimo village?" demanded Bert, glancing at the Igloo and the mangy furs he was lying on.

"Yep!" answered Shorty, "and a mighty poor one. Well, here comes the chief. How about an introduction?"

The chief came, in all his regal pomp, which consisted of about all that other savages wear—mainly ornaments. He looked cooly at them and did not condescend to speak to such lowly creatures, personally, but decided to send one of his men to inform these informal visitors that they should work with the squaws and old men in the village culinary department. So he receded as unceremoniously as he had entered, and wended his way to his own lodge, cursing the Fates that sent such inferior picking as he had been accustomed to have thrust upon him in the last few years.

So that is how Bert Westby, millionaire misogamist, who could not bear the thought of pots, rolling pins, and other feminine idiocyncrasies, became slave of Chief White Bear. He cleaned the king's kitchenette and Shorty swept the savage monarch's living apartments and together they cursed the chief and planned revolt upon revolt, none of which were plausible, so were dropped. All this continued until the day Bert saw the Princess of the tribe, daughter of the much-hated tyrant.

Then the fatal thing occurred; it was all such a surprise to poor Bert, for in place of a blubber-smeared, tallow-eating, snaggle-tooth squaw, there was a veritable American maiden—one of indescribable beauty with dark sparkling eyes that held Bert enthralled. Her hair was dark and silky and fell about her shoulders, while her complexion was yet unmarred by campfires or cosmetics. Dressed in furs, she was a vision worth beholding as she laughingly said:

"I know you; I've heard father talk of you in disdain. Why don't you join the young men in the hunt, you're strong, don't you hate being scoffed at and jeered?"

"And who are you, may I ask?" queried Bert in awe, all of his hatred for woman rapidly fading, while he would have grovelled in submission at her feet had she demanded it.

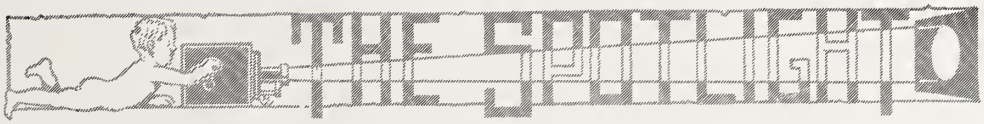
"Oh, don't you know me?" she asked in a hurt tone. "I'm the chief's daughter and I want to know something of the outside world."

From her tone he knew she was spoiled, but—what of that? Suddenly he thought of his creed—his hatred for woman—and he was abashed and even angry at his momentary weakness and fought with his new self hard but distractedly. He discarded his creed because a second self stronger than his first will compelled. He learned that her name was Kellco and that she had seen other white men. She told him of a certain man with four eyes that had lived with them for five years and before he died had taught her many things. She showed him a Bible with an inscription that proved his sudden suspicion that the man was no other than Professor Coleman, who was lost five or six years before with his entire expedition. He had been a favorite of the chief because of his ability to devise better methods of warfare, his knowledge of surgery and his extraordinary mental capacity. The Professor had received the name "Four Eyes" because of his tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles.

This meeting was an incentive for him to join the young men who hunted for the tribe. This you had to do before you became a full-fledged warrior. If you proved a weakling in the hunting band you were an object of contempt, but if you survived and did some brave deed you became a brave.

Then it was that Kellco's admiration for him grew. He became one of the fleetest on trail and the most accurate marksman of the young men, but he was always under sharp eyes, to prevent escape, as he was now an asset to the tribe.

When he was not on the chase he was at leisure and many chances occurred to be with the maid whom he now loved so much. He told her of the outside world and of its pleasures and comforts; of how the lovers in the sunland loved. He explained to her about Santa Claus and Jack and the Beanstalk, or anything else that would amuse this young savage, who feasted on his words as one famished. She would look at him in admiration which caused dark scowls to be cast upon him by the young men, who envied him his place in her heart.



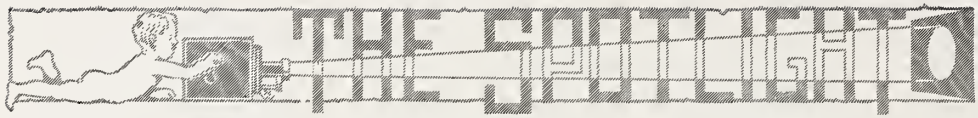

The months passed; wild birds began to fly over, taking their long journey to the far north, which was becoming a bit warmer. Weird wolf howls now occurred frequently. Meat was getting scarce and the hunters would sometimes hunt all day and come in empty handed. Spring was coming and the time to break camp, so talk of the Fires of Spring permeated the camp and the maidens especially, and some of the boldest were beginning to make their fires already. This was the custom of the tribe—a ceremonial marriage rite. The maids made the fire and the braves danced at the fire to be chosen or rejected. Some of the disdainful young men went on a long hunt and Bert went with them, but Shorty was exceedingly lucky in securing Lit-Lit, daughter of the Raven, while Swift-Wolf danced at the fires of Kellco. He was a leading warrior and was wrathful that he was not accepted by her. Others danced at her fire only to meet the same fate.

On his return Bert was acquainted with the fact that Kellco had built her fires and had rejected all of the village braves, and he rejoiced. And when she questioned him as to why he had not danced by her fires, he told her it was not the custom of his country and that he wished to have a Christian marriage should he be so fortunate. So they plotted escape and laid glorious plans for the future, and all through the summer they dreamed the time away until the first snowflakes warned them it was time to journey.

The time was decided on and with Shorty's aid they managed to save enough meat to attempt the start. This had to be done secretly as they were always watched. So the night came when they were to leave. Kellco stole two pairs of snowshoes and furs from her father's lodge, also a bow and some arrows. After midnight, when the village had retired, Kellco came to the lodge where all the young men slept and here Bert joined her. They started through the village and a few dogs gave alarm. It took them some time to get out of the village on this account, but finally they were beyond the earshot of the place. Going was easier now. Bert broke the trail and Kellco followed him. Not a sound except the crunch-crunch of their snowshoes and an occasional exchange of encouragement between the two.

They walked for hours before they stopped to eat. They were afraid to make a fire then so they were soon on their way. The distant mountains slowly grew in size as did also a few black specks back of them.

"They're following us," announced Bert quietly.




"Can we make it?" she asked anxiously.

But the specks grew and the leader, Bert decided, was Swift-Wolf. They were both tiring now from their long journey but still pushed on until they reached a shaky ice bridge which they began to cross gingerly. Kellco being lightest and carrying their only weapons, went first, and Bert with his heavier pack slowly followed. They had reached the middle when the bridge began to crack. Kellco gave a warning cry and sped to the other side while Bert had to retreat. Then the bridge went crashing into the chasm far beneath.

"Well, it looks like we're done for," called Bert to Kellco some forty feet on the other side.

"Yes," she answered, "we can only wait."

They talked for a few minutes while the specks took the form of men. No plan could they formulate, for there was nothing but two spots of white and a yawning chasm between and death drawing near.

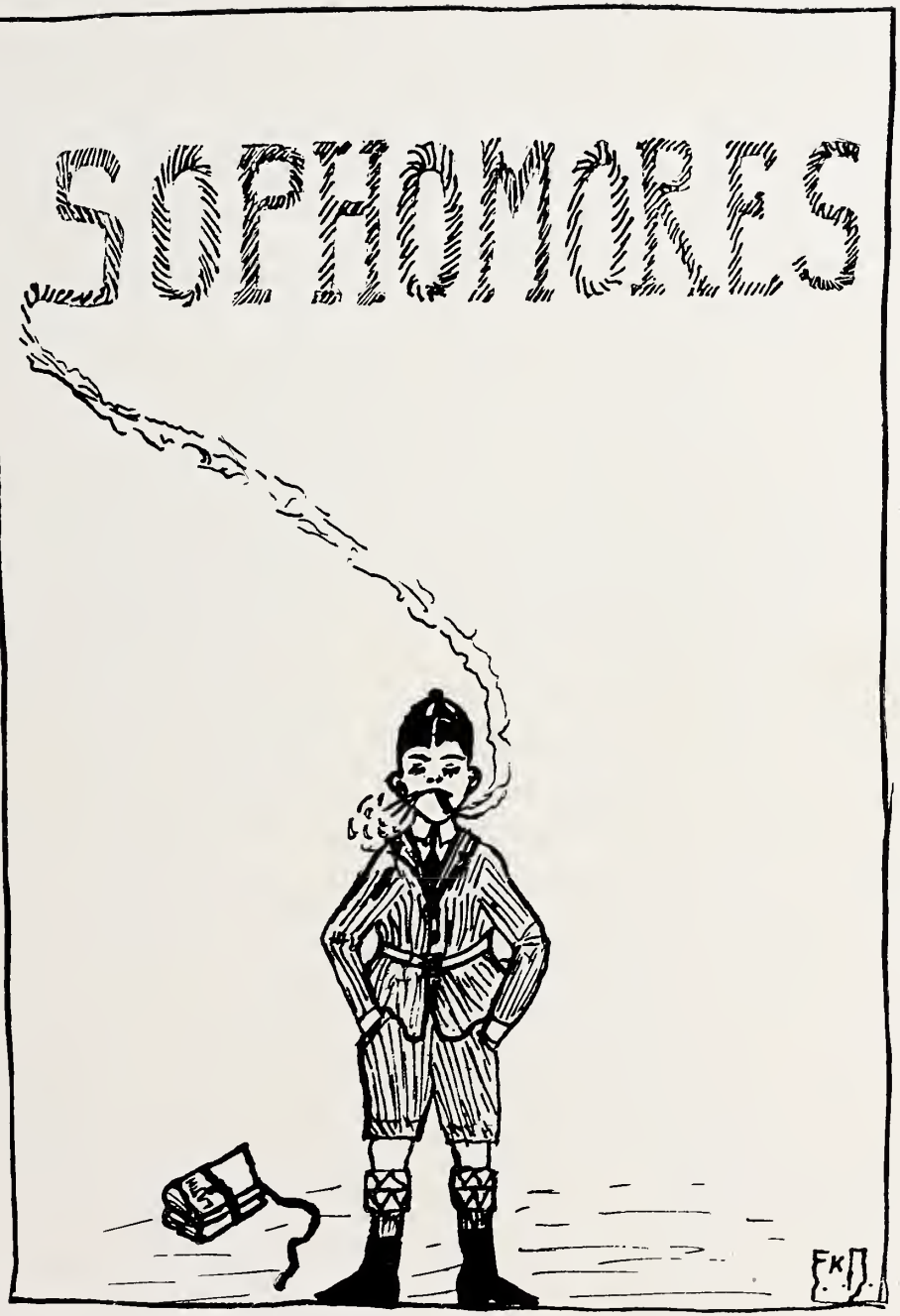
They talked of their love and their approaching fate; he begged her to go on but she firmly refused. When the hunters drew near enough she bombarded them with arrows. A short battle ensued but an arrow pierced her bow arm and she was forced to discontinue her maneuvers; another pierced her side and she pitched forward into the deep canyon. He, infuriated, rushed at the band of savages with only his hunting knife which he drove into Swift-Wolf, up to the hilt. The other four rushed at him. He felled the first with a blow and from him grabbed a club with which he killed them one by one. When the last lay on the ground, he was suffused with blood, one eye completely gone.

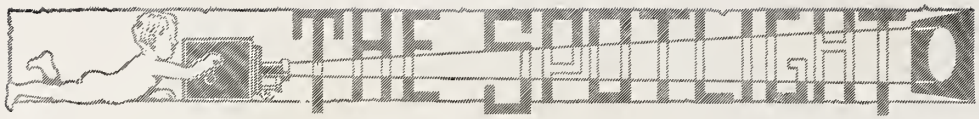
He dragged himself laboriously to the chasm's edge, where he paused for a moment to peer down. Then his senses reeled; he thought he heard Kellco call. He shut his eye and stepped forward. A dull echo resounded. Off in the north the mournful cry of a wolf pack sounded. They were gathering for the feast. Nearer and nearer they came, loping with the easy swing peculiar to these Arctic creatures. When they came upon this gory scene, they halted and all sat down surveying the bodies of the hunters. An old leader edged forward and licked the frozen drops of blood—he gave the death cry of the pack and the sleek, rat-colored bodies flashed forward, clashing and fighting for the spoils.

Down in the canyon, silence reigned imperial and the frozen North closed its grasp on all the hoary scene.

Clyde F. Gregson, '22.

# SOPHOMORES






# Sophomore Roll

MOTTO: *Recte perge et ibi perveni.*

COLORS: Old Gold and White. FLOWER: Daisy.

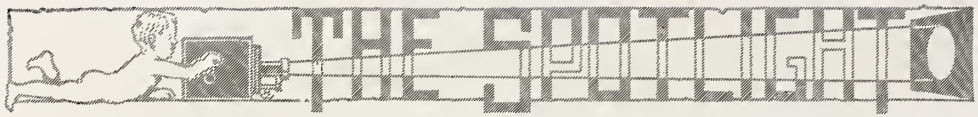
## Officers

MAXINE FEARING ..... *President*
WILLIAM DAILY ..... *Vice-President*
LILLIAN HARRIS ..... *Secretary*
HELEN LITTLE ..... *Treasurer*

## Members

Ernestine Balance
Emma Barnettt
Rosa Bright
Evelyn Bright
Bertha Clifton
Dorothy Cofield
Margaret Cammander
Mary Corbett
Helen Dawson
Bessie Drinkwater
Margaret Eves
Maxine Fearing
Leora Griffin
Gertrude Harrell
Lillian Harris
Eunice Hayman
Evelyn Hooper
Sophie Ives
Emma Jacobs
Goldie James
Grace Jenkins
Ruby Jennings
Ida Jones
Selma Keaton
Lorena Koontz
Helen Little
Glennie Lowry
Elizabeth Mann
Ellen Melick
Sybil Miller
Mary M. Morrisette
Eva McMullan
Ethel Perkins
Helen Perry
Thelma Perry
Mildred Pritchard
Cora Sanderlin
Maude Sanders
Elizabeth Saunders
Lorraine Sawyer
Estelle Silverthorne
Hilda Silverthorne
Elizabeth Sykes
Mary Trueblood
Mattie Tatum
Thelma Twiford
Mary Twiford
Fannie Welch
Fannie Lee West
Katherine White
Phoebe White
Rosalie Wood
Mercer Bailey
Frank Benton
Curtis Berry
Albert Bright
Herndon Brock
Clyde Butler
Ernest Corbett
William Daily
Russell Davis
Vernon Davis
Harvey Dawson
Constance Fearing
Harvey Goodwin
Hollowell Goodwin
Wilbourne Harrell
Tilton Hayman
Graham Hedrick
Stuart Hooper
Jack Jennette
Hearne Jones
Ervin Midgett
Alton Owens
Zack Owens
Alonzo Rollinson
Charlie Sanders
Earl Sutton
Clemant Twiford
Elliott Ward
Julian Ward
Stuart Wood
Carlton Woodley

The Sophomore Class




## Sophomoresque

I.

Wintergreen Buggs was a scholarly man,
Of a mind most sage and witty—
My class, quoth he,
Was the twenty-three,
Of famous Elizabeth City.

II.

Now Wintergreen Buggs was a chaser of fame,
And in seeking for such he was open and frank—
But the result, you see,
He owed twenty-three;
And his little town on the Pasquotank.

III.

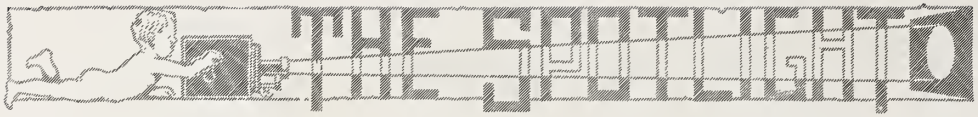
"To what," I asked, "do you owe success?"
"Listen," said he to me;
"I owe my success
To the town of Bess,
And the Class of Twenty-three."

IV.

Thus Wintergreen Buggs climbed rung by rung
To the heights of fortune and fame.
"Hurrah!" yelled he,
In jubilant glee;
"I'll always honor old Twenty-three's name."

WILBOURNE HARRELL.

E.E.H.S.
ROAD TO
LEARNING.
FRESHMAN
ABC
I. MEEKINS '21




# Freshman Roll

Motto: Into the midst of things.

Colors: Old Gold and Blue. Flower: Marechal Niel Rose.

## Officers

JOHN McMULLAN ..... *President*
MARY M. GILBERT ..... *Vice-President*
LEMUEL S. BLADES, Jr. ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

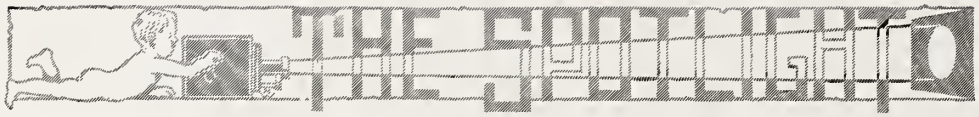
## Members

Ruth Bright
Nellie Baum
Sallie Bright
Bessie Brothers
Annie Byrum
Ivy Brothers
Ollie Bunch
Isla Butler
Dorothy Chappell
Emily Cammander
Margaret Cooper
Mabelle Chappell
Mary Creecy
Wilma Culpepper
Mary Dozier
Louise Davenport
Maud Ferrel
Mittie Fearing
Margaret Gordon
Adrienne Goodwin
Mary M. Gilbert
Margaret Hollowell
Carrie Hooper
Katherine Hathaway
Virginia Hufty
Gussie L. Harrell
Sarah Holloman
Mary Horner
Nellie Jones
Lillie Ludford
Elizabeth LeRoy
Selma Madrin

Loena Munden
Rebecca Miller
Glennie Morse
Leona Munden
Lorêen Munden
Margaret Nash
Hilda Nooney
Jelder Owens
Mabel Pearson
Mildred Perry
Mary Pritchard
Marguerite Parsons
Irene Riddick
Ruth Scott
Sarah Siff
Hazel Smith
Louise Smith
Nannie Stokes
Jessie Williams
Rachel Williams
Annie Winslow
Elizabeth West
Stella Whaley
Lillian Wood
Wilmer Ballard
Sidney Buffkins
Lemuel Blades
Harold Chesson
William Dudley
Willis Dozier
Oliver Evans
James Fearing

Joseph Ferebee
Merrell Griggs
Thommy Grey
James Hill
Aubrey Heath
Marion Harris
Thomas Johnson
Avery Jones
William Jennette
Willis Kramer
John McMullan
Lister Markham
Paul Miller
Marvin Mann
Edward Old
Walter Pearson
Marion Seyffert
Addison Stanton
Dwight Sylvester
George Scott
Richardson Sedgwick
Nathorn Spivey
J. B. Sylvester
Bradford Sanders
Paul Simpson
Edgar Stevens
Marion Trueblood
Lycurgus Twiford
Dorr Willey
Oscar Williams
Krauss Walker
Brightie White

The Freshman Class




## The Freshman Class Poem

There is a class here in our School
That tries to live up to every rule;
It is the best since days of yore—
This Freshman Class of '24.

We have never at any time tried to shirk,
For every one knows that the end crowns the work;
And when we are Seniors then we will prove
That we have always been on the move.

We always try to stick together,
In very fair or rainy weather;
Coöperation is our plan,
And we'll stick to it, every man.

"Into the midst of things" we go—
That is a right good old motto;
And to our colors we are always true,
The grand Old Gold and Navy Blue.

When we are Seniors we will think of the day
When we were Freshmen out at play,
And after all the years have passed,
Long live old memories of our Freshman Class!

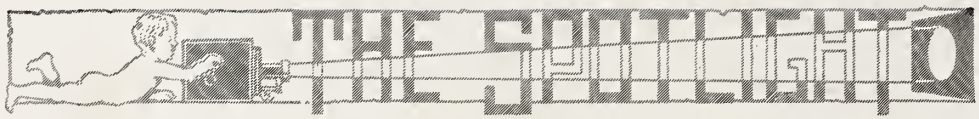
Mary Harney Pritchard.

# Domestic Science Class

## Members

Isla Butler
Ernestine Ballance
Margarite Cooper
Mary Corbett
Bessie Drinkwater
Margarite Gordon
Katherine Hathaway
Sophie Ives
Ida Jones
Grace Jenkins
Lorena Koontz
Glennie Lowry
Mary M. Morrisette
Selma Madrin
Mary Harney Pritchard
Marguerite Parsons
Ethel Perkins
Elizabeth Saunders
Elizabeth Sykes
Estelle Silverthorn
Maude Sanders
Nannie Mae Stokes
Rosalie Wood
Rachael Williams

Jesse Williams




# School News Staff

*Editor-in-Chief*.....J. Grafton Love
*Ass't Editor*.....St. Clair Bailey
*Joke Editor*.....Frank Dawson
*Sport Editor*.....George Godfrey

*Literary Editors*

Girls .....Margaret Chesson
Boys .....Claud Ward

*Contributing Editors*

Mr. Sheep
Mr. Combs
Miss Lipscomb
Miss Edwards
Miss Pickard

*Reporters*

Seniors .....Elizabeth Etheridge
Juniors .....Augusta Sample
Sophomore—B .....Wilbourne Harrel
Sophomore—A .....Stuart Wood
Sophomore—C and D.....Eva McMullan
Freshman—A and B.....Elizabeth Le Roy
Freshman—C .....Brightie E. White
Freshman—D .....Sallie Bright

# School News

Progressiveness has been the watchword of the Senior Class of '21. During this year we have entered the field of journalism, having published each week under the head of "School News," a record of class progress and all items vitally affecting our school. We have striven in each publication to strike the keynote of progress.

It has not been confined to the Senior Class alone, but each class and department has had an active reporter upon the editorial staff, and it is with a great deal of pride that we pass this venture on to the Class of '22, hoping they will be able to expand the work and enjoy the benefits.

ATHL CS '21
E.
G.
S
CMP
MEZKINS
E.

# Boys' Athletics

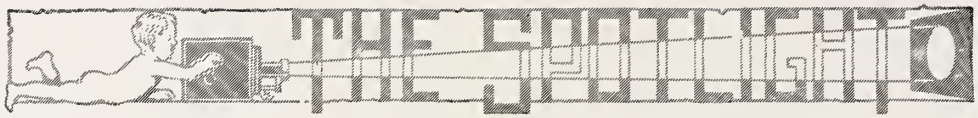
ATHLETICS in our High School is mostly confined to football, basket-ball, and baseball. Some other games are played but our interscholastic contests are limited to these three. Many a game is played and re-played in the Y. M. C. A. Building and on the Southern Hotel corner, and in all of these Elizabeth City is victorious, or would be if—.

But interest went further than a street corner conversation and even before school opened the football squad could be seen upon the high school grounds for practice every afternoon. The result of this consistent practice was that our team this year was the best that ever represented E. C. H. S., and it surprised many people of the State by defeating the strong Rocky Mount team in the first contest of the State Championship series. It also deserves considerable credit for defeating the Washington High twice, and not allowing them to score in either game.

As soon as the football season ended, practice was started in basket-ball. This branch of athletics has labored at a disadvantage. It was hard to arrange a schedule, and sometimes after games were arranged they were cancelled about a day before they were to be played and we were notified that the opposing team could not come. Then, too, for different reasons we were never able to show our full strength away from home.

The weather was good and the baseball players began to limber up their arms before February was gone. Younger boys who are not heavy and strong enough to play with the football team find baseball the sport in which they can try their hand along with the others. Consequently, when Coach Wright issued the call for candidates he received a hearty response, and, although it is known that many of these will not land a berth on the first team, they will receive good training for another year. As yet we are unable to tell what the team will be, but we expect no less than for it to be one that the School will be proud of, and one that will bring victory and honor to E. C. H. S.

The Football Team




# Football Squad

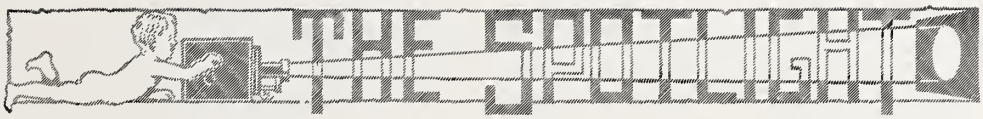
COACH.....MR. EDWARD (BABY) FLORA
MANAGER.....MR. RALPH W. HOLMES
CAPTAIN.....ERNEST WILLIAMS

## Line-Up

WILLIAM DAILEY ..... *Right End*
CLYDE GREGSON ..... *Left End*
GILBERT HALL ..... *Center*
CLEMENT TWIFORD ..... *Left Guard*
LESLIE SHERLOCK ..... *Left Tackle*
JAMES HATHAWAY ..... *Right Guard*
ERNEST WILLIAMS (Capt.) ..... *Right Tackle*
AVERY JONES ..... *Full-Back*
ROBERT LOWRY ..... *Right Half-Back*
GRICE McMULLAN ..... *Left Half-Back*
HAYWOOD DUKE ..... *Quarter-Back*

## Subs

CHARLES SEYFFERT
JOY SYKES
CLAUDE JONES
ERVIN MIDGETTE
JOHN McMULLAN
JULE MODLIN
WARREN JENNETTE
WILLIAM PRITCHARD




## After the Football Game

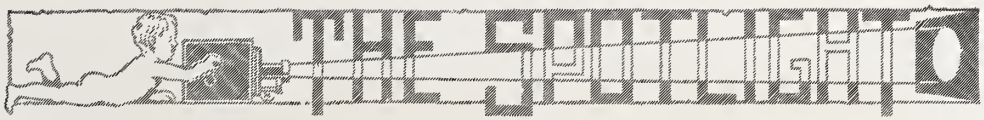
The football game was over and at the parlor grate
A maid and a long-haired youth were lingering rather late.
They talked of goals and touchdowns but found it rather tame,
Till Cupid put his nose-guard on and butted in the game.
Quoth he, "It's mighty funny if I don't arrange a match."
So he lined the couple up and made them toe the scratch.

The youth was growing nervous 'neath the weight of new-found bliss,
And he kinder thought the scrimmage ought to end up with a kiss.
He charged upon the center, he tackled left and right,
And the way they held that chair for downs was simply out of sight.
He tried an osculation, just an amateur affair,
But lost it on a fumble and instead it struck the air.

Then as he landed on her ear, he heard the maiden say,
"You are penalized for holding, Jim, likewise for offside play."
With set teeth he tried another, this time succeeded fine,
For he scored an easy touchdown on the crimson two-yard line;
And as they sat there by the grate, communing soul to soul,
The parlor door swung open and her father kicked the goal.

—*Selected.*

GIRLS' BASKET-BALL




# Varsity Team

## Line-Up

MR. R. T. RYLAND ..... *Coach*
MR. R. W. HOLMES ..... *Referee*
DOROTHY JONES ..... *Manager*
ISABEL MEEKINS ..... *Captain*
DOROTHY JONES ..... *Left Guard*
ISABEL MEEKINS ..... *Right Guard*
ELIZABETH ETHERIDGE ..... *Left Forward*
LORRAINE SAWYER ..... *Right Forward*
EVA McMULLAN ..... *Center*
HARRIS PARKS ..... *Side Center*

## Subs

EUNICE GOODWIN
MARGARET CHESSON
LILLIAN HARRIS

# Amusers' Basket-Ball Team

## Line-Up

ELIZABETH HATHAWAY ..... *Manager*
DOROTHY ZOELLER ..... *Captain*
EUNICE GOODWIN, KATHERINE SKINNER ..... *Centers*
MARGARET CHESSON, MILDRED HUGHES ..... *Forwards*
ELIZABETH HATHAWAY, DOROTHY ZOELLER ..... *Guards*

## Subs

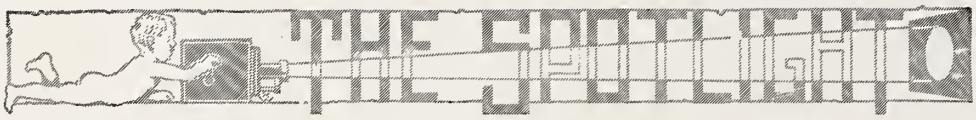
EVA SAWYER
ALMA HAYMAN
KATHERINE HATHAWAY

BOYS' BASKET-BALL TEAM

Standing, Left to Right—Coach Combs, Billy Houtz, John McMullan, Warren Jennette, Leslie Sherlock, St. Clair Bailey, Clemont Twiford, Coach Holmes.

Kneeling, Left to Right—Clyde Greyson, Robt. Kramer, Ernest Williams, Charles Seyffert (Manager), Seldon Lamb.

Lying, Left to Right—Claude Jones (Captain), Grice McMullan.




# Boys' Basket-Ball Team

## Line-Up

S. LAMB ..... *Forward*
C. SEYFFERT ..... *Forward*
GRICE McMULLAN ..... *Center*
C. JONES ..... *Guard*
R. KRAMER ..... *Guard*

## Subs

C. GREYSON ..... *Guard*
B. HOUTZ ..... *Guard*
J. McMULLAN ..... *Forward*
W. JENNETTE ..... *Center*
L. SHERLOCK ..... *Center*
C. BAILEY ..... *Guard*
C. TWIFORD ..... *Guard*
E. WILLIAMS ..... *Guard*

# Members of Baseball Squad

ROSCOE SMITH
ST. CLAIR BAILEY
LESLIE SHERLOCK
GILBERT HALL
CLYDE BUTLER
LUTHER DAVIS
JULE MODLIN
AVERY JONES
ROBERT LOWERY
MARVIN TRUBLOOD
WILMER BALLARD
LARRY SKINNER
WILLIAM DAILEY
BRIGHTIE WHITE
MR. S. K. WRIGHT, *Manager*

A
2
J
CLUBS
F K D.

# John Charles McNeil Literary Society

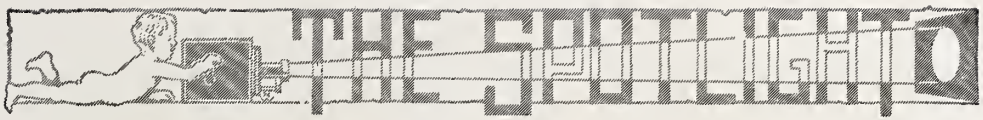
## Officers

ROBERT KRAMER ..... *President*
CLAUDE WARD ..... *Vice-President*
JAMES HATHAWAY ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

The John Charles McNeil Literary Society was first organized in school year 1920-21. The roll of charter members was very small but as the programs increased in interest the number of members increased accordingly.

Constitution and by-laws were adopted by the Society and the parliamentary rules of order were used in the meetings. With the help of Professors Combs and Holmes the Society has rapidly improved and it is hoped that during the coming years the Society will continue to improve.

Caliopean Literary Society



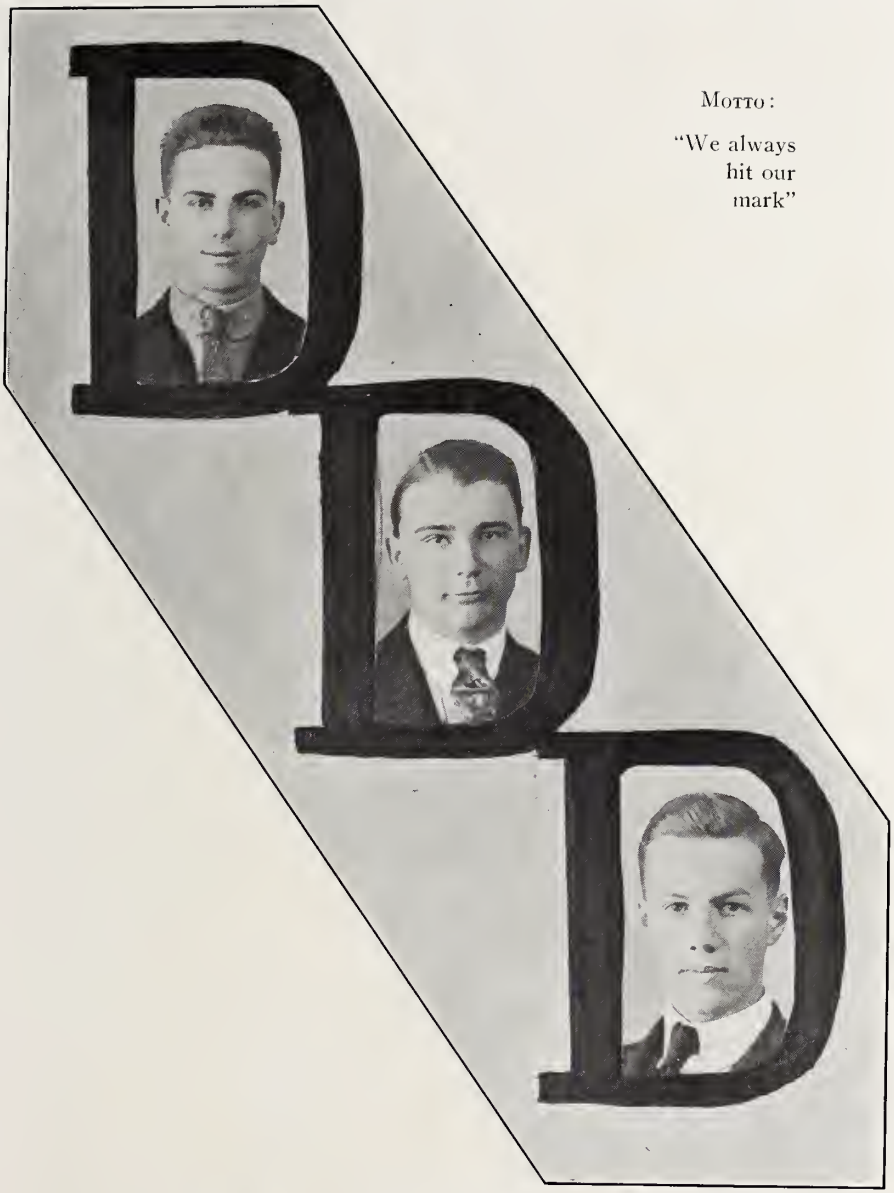

# Girls' Caliopean Literary Society

## Officers

KATHERINE SKINNER ..... *President*
MARGARET CHESSON ..... *Vice-President*
EUNICE GOODWIN ..... *Secretary*
EVA SAWYER ..... *Treasurer*

The Caliopean Literary Society was organized under the supervision of Mrs. Hatcher and Miss Pickard. This Society is in its babyhood, this being the first year it has ever been in existence, but it has done well and we hope it will continue to thrive and prosper. It has helped to enliven the "spirit" of the School and it was instrumental in organizing the "Amusers' Basket-Ball Team," whose picture will appear in this Annual.

Glee Club



Motto:

"We always
hit our
mark"

Claud Jones St. Clair Bailey Selden Lamb

S. S. S. Society

# S. S. S. Society

MASCOT: Fly. COLOR: Anything but Blue.

PASSWORD: *Vincibimus Nerorem.*

MOTTO: Eat and talk and raise L
For to-morrow you may be expelled.

## Members

POLE
NIGGER
MOONEY
PUG
RUFFLES
REDIATOR
GRAVE DIGGER
HARD LUCK
CLIMAX
CUBA
FLABBO
CUPID
HOUND

The S. S. S. originated in 1918 by the Seniors of that Class. When they graduated they buried it in the wastebasket but left the Class of '21 the privilege of reincarnating it. This was done by Grave Digger and after the resurrection there was a grand coronation march.

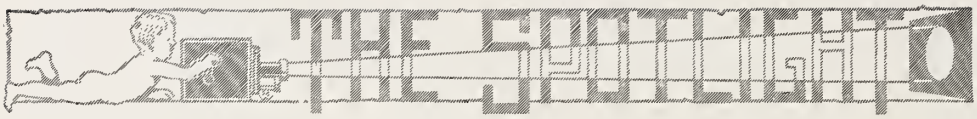
There have been many meetings. At one a wedding was ruthlessly interrupted by Nero while at another meeting when we were "replenishing the larder" because the foods were so edible it was allowed to pass unnoticed by the Domestic Science teacher.

We hereby leave the privilege of reviving this society of improvement and logic to the Class of '22½. Woe be unto those who do this unarmed!

# Senior Characteristics

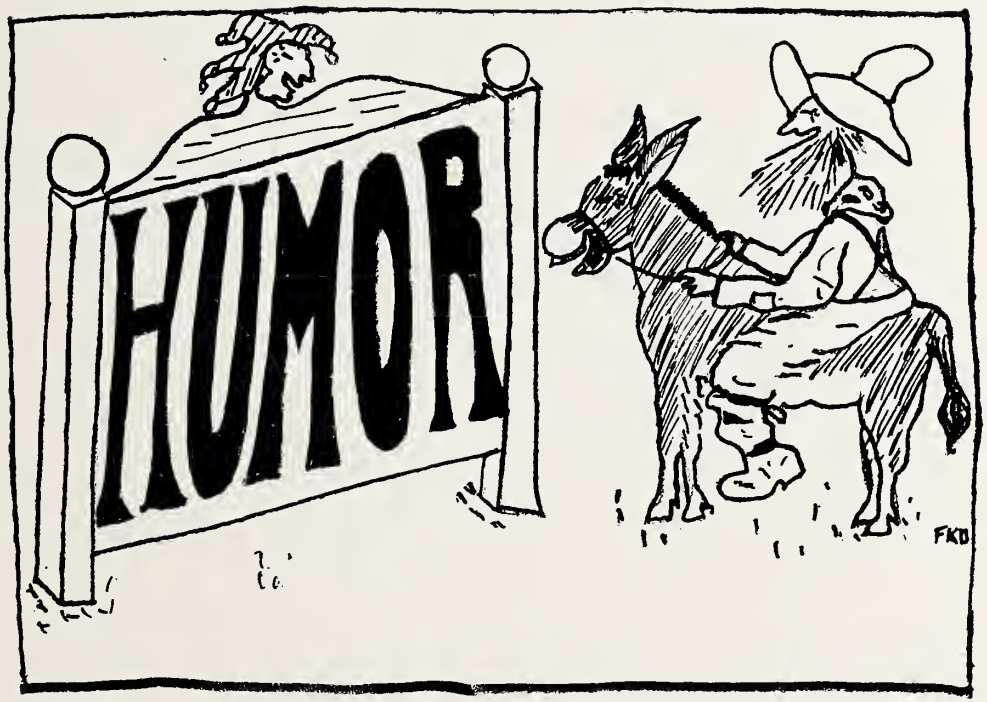
| NAME | GOES BY | FAVORITE SAYING | HOBBY | AMBITION | CHARACTERISTIC |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Annie White | "Link" | "Oh! stop." | Reading. | To be lazy. | Finger nails. |
| Ruth White | "Boo" | "That's cheesy." | New steps. | To get married. | Sarcasm. |
| Dorothy Zoeller | "Nigger" | "Is that right?" | Last-go trades. | To dance better. | Big mouth. |
| Elizabeth Wood | "Lizzie" | "Sha!" | Science. | To grow tall. | Jolly laugh. |
| Conrad Bailey | "Buzzie" | "Is that so?" | Accidents. | To be an undertaker. | Hard heart. |
| St. Claire Bailey | "Cuba" | "Check my baggage." | Traveling. | To pass on French. | Bow tie. |
| Rochester Clarke | "Flabbo" | "Want a 'demerit'?" | Chewing gum. | To be a poker sharp. | Fake seriousness. |
| Henry Crawley | "Cuckakoo" | "By thunder!" | Flirting. | To own a harem. | Blue eyes. |
| Frank Dawson | "Hound" | "Ootchy Kootch." | Spreading scandal. | To go to Annapolis. | Originality. |
| Sidney Evans | "Sir Sid" | "So long." | Spotting "Al" | To be a civil engineer. | Eyelashes. |
| Wilbur Gregory | "Pike" | "Jest look." | Shaving. | To have a curly chin. | Glasses. |
| Billy Houtz | "Billy" | "By Heck!" | Reading. | To rival Aristotle. | His depth. |
| Claude Jones | "Venus" | "Let's go." | Athletics. | To be hard. | His "bright eyes." |
| Robert Kramer | "Bobby" | "Go to 'damn'." | Hudson. | To be cheer leader. | Executive ability. |
| Selden Lamb | "S. Agneau" | "Let's have a game." | Smoking a pipe. | To monopolize "R." | Pretended innocence. |
| Grafton Love | "J. G." | "Read me some Virgil." | Ablatives. | To be a Dr. | His smile. |
| Robert Lowry | "Rabbit" | "O-Tokio." | Baseball. | To be president. | Home run. |
| William Overman | "Ham" | "Since when?" | Science. | To be a radio operator. | Big feet. |
| Carroll Parker | "K. P." | "Check me out." | Arguing. | To be a doctor. | Those heavenly blue eyes. |
| Charles Seyffert | "Cholly" | "? ! ! *" | Kissing. | To be vamped. | His strut. |
| Norman Stack | "Stack" | "Broad smile." | French. | To be a business man. | Quietness. |
| Claude Ward | "Claude" | "Ugh!" | Applauding. | To be exalted. | Good marks. |
| Goldie Baker | "Goldie" | "Goodness gracious!" | Ponies? | To miss a Latin lesson. | The other half. |
| Margaret Chesson | "Peggy" | "You don't know *me*." | Throwing goals. | To surpass Miss Crouch. | Good disposition. |

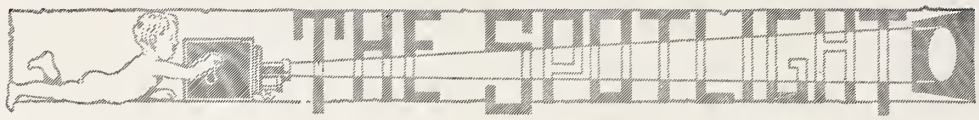
| NAME | GOES BY | FAVORITE SAYING | HOBBY | AMBITION | CHARACTERISTIC |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Marie Cooper | "Maree" | "What's that?" | Asking questions. | To have Rev. for a title. | Curiosity. |
| Adelaide Dunstan | "Fats" | "I don't care." | Scraping her feet. | To be skinny. | Her little nose. |
| Elizabeth Etheridge | "Lyb" | "Shucks!" | Extremes. | To own a motorcycle. | Little black eyes. |
| Ruth Fitchett | "Ruthie" | "Just while." | Studying. | To be a business woman. | Quietness. |
| Eunice Goodwin | "Sister" | "Ding!" | Peddling cake. | To grow a chin. | Her giggle. |
| Margaret Harrel | "Fran" | "I don't know." | Reading. | To capture a Bright boy. | Hair. |
| Elizabeth Hathaway | "Sas" | "Oh! Looky." | Nags Head. | To live in Greenwich Village. | Red Hair. |
| Alma Hayman | "Sweet Alma" | "That's good." | Working arithmetic. | To grow raven locks. | Smiles. |
| Hazel Hughes | "Baby" | "Kiss my foot." | Drinking milk. | To have Miss Jones's place. | Short dresses. |
| Mildred Hughes | "Moody" | "Oh! my land." | Dancing. | Anything. | Good-looking feet. |
| Emily Jennings | "Em" | "Tacky." | Crushes. | To be sole mistress of mansion. | Gesticulations. |
| Dorothy Jones | "Dot" | "If it's not so I want to crawl." | Answering love letters. | Private secretary to H. | Having ways. |
| Isabel Meekins | "Mother Izzy" | "Foody Coody Woody." | Answering letters to lovelorn. | To be on time once at school. | Disappointments in love. |
| Mildred Nixon | "Nick" | "I'll swan." | Looking sweet. | To be rushed. | Whine. |
| Annie Pritchard | "Kutty" | "Good gracious!" | Sleeping. | To be a teacher. | Cooking. |
| Surlie Richardson | "Surlie" | "Holy Smoke!" | Latin. | To hit the keys. | Her other half. |
| Gertrude Sample | "Gerty" | "Goodness!" | Cogitating. | To teach. | High color. |
| Eva Sawyer | "Imp" | "Do tell." | Studying. | To travel. | Sweet ways. |
| Valeria Scott | "Fatty" | "Tell me! Tell me!" | Chasing rainbows. | To be president's private secretary. | Coöperation. |
| Catherine Skinner | "Pug" | (Snigger.) | "Coöperating." | To be a belle. | Pug nose. |
| Edna Stokely | "Sweetie" | "Huh?" | Putting up hair on curlers. | To be ambitious. | Little mouth. |




# Statistics of the Senior Class '21

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| MILDRED NIXON | Best Looking | SELDEN LAMB |
| ELIZABETH HATHAWAY | Most Attractive | ROBERT LOWRY |
| MILDRED HUGHES | Most Stylish | SELDEN LAMB |
| VALERIA SCOTT | Biggest Flirts | HENRY CRAWLEY |
| ELIZABETH WOOD | Cutest | FRANK DAWSON |
| ELIZABETH ETHERIDGE | Most Popular | SELDEN LAMB |
| ELIZABETH HATHAWAY | Best All 'Round | SIDNEY EVANS |
| DOROTHY ZOELLER | Best Dancers | FRANK DAWSON |
| ISABEL MEEKINS | Most Original | FRANK DAWSON |
| RUTH WHITE | Most Sarcastic | CONRAD BAILEY |
| ISABEL MEEKINS | Most Athletic | CLAUDE JONES |
| RUTH FITCHETT | Most Studious | CLAUDE WARD |


HUMOR
FKD




# Jokes

Mr. Holmes (in Geometry Class, trying to catch some one): "How many sides has a circle?"

Bright Senior: "Two."

Mr. Holmes: "How do you figure that?"

Bright Senior: "Inside and outside."

Senior: "Do you care for 'Crabbe's Tales'?"

Freshie: "I never ate any, but I'm just dead stuck on lobsters."

Sophomore: "Isn't Mr. Sheep a professor?"

Freshie: "Most of the time; but when we misbehave he's a tanner."

Annie: "Gertrude, how do you reckon they get water in watermelons?"

Gertrude: "By planting them in the spring, I guess."

Miss Edwards: "Now, Tommy, you may give me an example of a coincidence."

Tommy (hesitating): "Why—er—why, me fadder and me mudder was both married on the same day."

Miss Pickard: "Oh! Dr. Bell, how lovely of you to bring me these beautiful roses. How sweet they are and fresh! I do believe there is a little dew on them yet!"

Dr. B.: "W-well, yes, there is; but I'll pay it to-morrow."

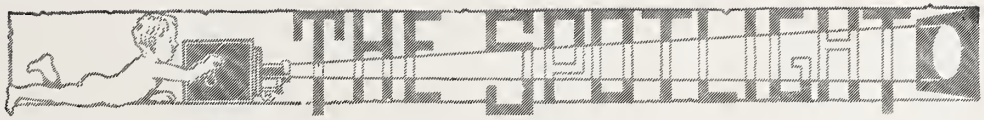
"Speaking of riddles, Jinks," said a Senior, "do you know the difference between an apple and an elephant?"

"Why, no," said Jinks.

"Gee, I'd hate to send you out to buy apples for me!"

Lyb: "Have you read 'Freckles'?"

Sas: "Goodness, no! Mine are light brown. Can't you see?"




Ruth W.: "Why did you refuse 'Chollie' if you really loved him as you say?"

Fattie S.: "Well, you see, he said he couldn't live without me, and it aroused my curiosity."

Friend: "Is it true that Grice is half-back on the football team?"
Miss Lipscomb: "Yes, and a long way back on his studies."

Old Gentleman: "Smoking at your age! I wish I was your father."
Freshie: "You can be; mother's a widow."

(A Freshman's second trip to see his girl.) "Does your mother object to kissing?"

His girl: "Now, just because I allowed you to kiss me once you needn't think you can kiss the whole family."

Mrs. Scott (to Valeria, who, instead of going to church went for a walk with Charles): "What was the text this evening, dear?"

Valeria: "Love one another."

Teacher: "Can any boy tell me three foods required to keep the body in health?"

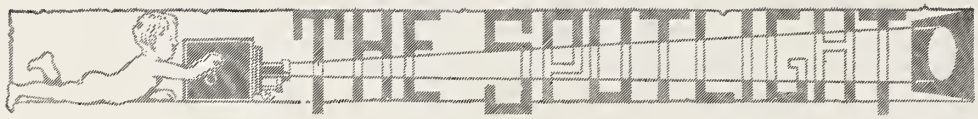
Freshie: "Your breakfast, your dinner, and your supper!"

Claud: "What is your one ambition in life?"

St. Clair: "My one ambition in life is to drive so close in my car around a traffic cop that I give him a haircut."

Freshie: "Who is that girl?"
Senior: "That is that Sample girl."
Freshie: "If she's a sample I would like to see the real thing."

(Charles S., ransacking the attic.)
Spike Hall: "What are you looking for?"
Charles: "Nothing."
Spike: "Then you will find it in the jug where the whisky was."




Miss Lipscomb (teaching 'The Merchant of Venice'): "What is the plot, Billy?"

Billy P.: "I dunno; I think he was hauled up for profiteering."

A. P.: "Then you would not like to be an actress and appear in bare knees?"

G. S.: "No, it would be enough trouble to make up my face."

I. M.: "How do you like my new dress?"

Carroll: "Ripping."

I. M.: "Heavens! call a taxi."

Edna S: "I don't like that new beau of yours, Mildred. He acts like a bear with a sore head."

Mildred N.: "Oh, no! not like a bear, honey; a bear hugs you if he gets half a chance."

Charles: "I've got only one ambition left in life now."

Spike: "What is it, Charlie?"

Charles: "To see a woman take a cork out of a bottle without pushing it in."

# THE END

A
D
S
I. MEEKINS. '21.

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*AMONG*

*Financial Strongholds*

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THIS Policy has gained us many friends and patrons. It is to this conformity we accord our unusual growth.

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*Notions*

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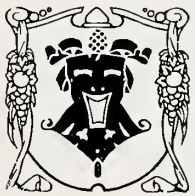

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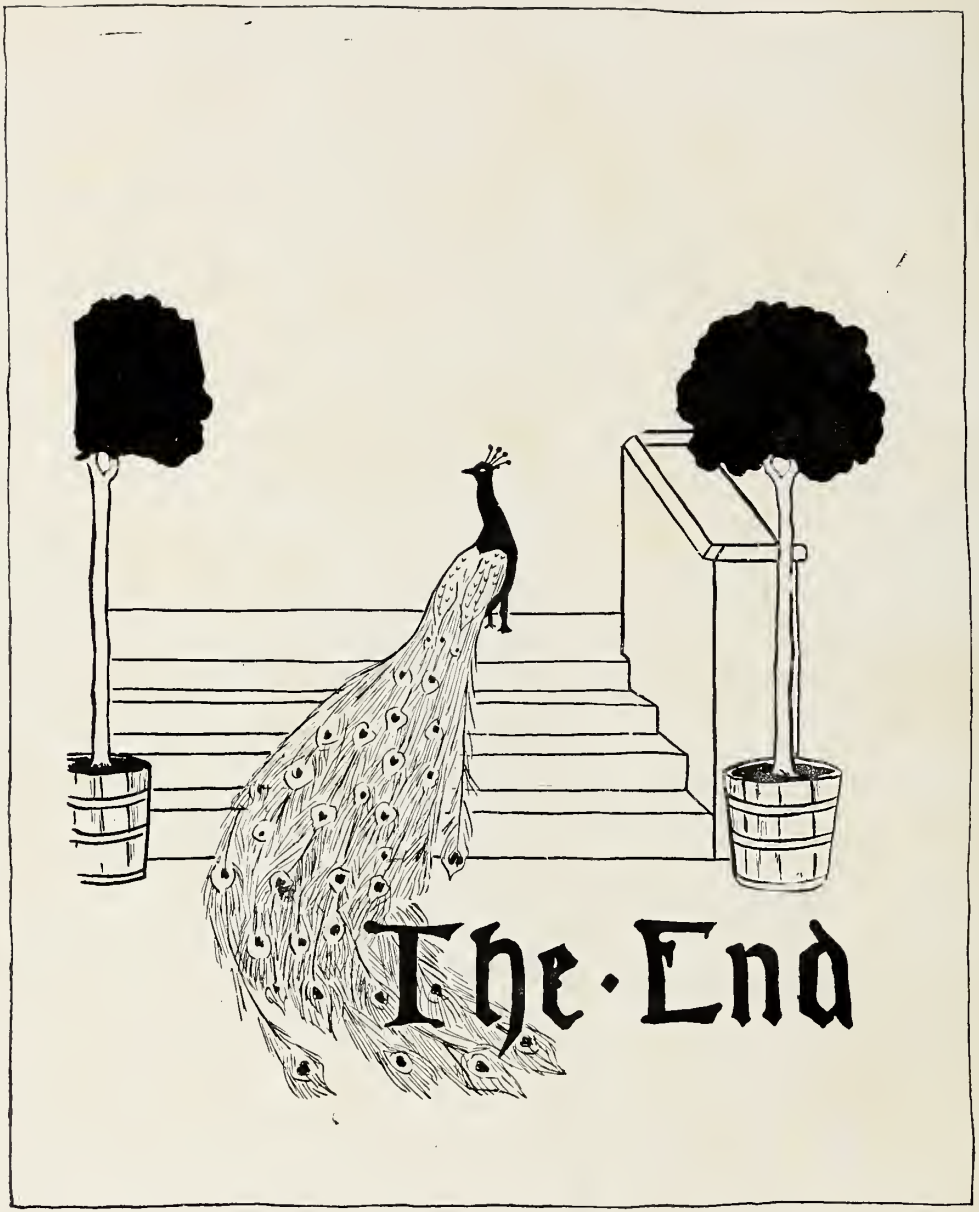
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