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Salmagundi, 1919

Sanford High School

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SALMAGUNDI

1919



Price 50 Cents



Published by
Sanford High School
Sanford, Florida

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GREETINGS FROM STAFF

Students, faculty and friends of the Sanford High School, Greetings! Once again our beloved Salmagundi makes its appearance before you. Last year living up to the high standard of patriotism that the S. H. S. preserved throughout the war, it was not published, but instead a small war-time edition, "Pandora." This year a newer and better Salmagundi makes its bow to the public.

Somehow, we feel that never did a class have a more stirring, interesting and unusual year for their graduating year than we, the Class of 1919, have had. We began our Senior year under many disadvantages. Then we were in the thick of the Great War and lived in a perpetual air of patriotism of all kinds. And then—and then—came the dawn of a victorious peace. Everything seemed to conspire to make our year full of interruptions. The influenza did not pass us by, and for five weeks school was suspended—an unheard of thing—while the epidemic raged. It was then that we had the awful fear that the school was closed for good, and that we would not graduate.

After Xmas our boys who had been in service began returning, four coming to the Senior Class. We did not make up the last five weeks, yet by doubling up on our studies and the unfailing co-operation of our teachers, we are finishing with the required amount of work done, at the usual time. The Sanford High School has been no place for Slackers this last year. With all the extra work life has not been an idle dream, especially for the Seniors.

In conclusion we wish to heartily thank every one who has helped make this magazine a success. We are especially grateful to the business men of Sanford who have responded so willingly with advertisements. We also wish to thank Mr. Weaver who has managed the business end so capably.

So, Greetings again, readers of the Salmagundi. The Seniors of the S. H. S. place this little book in your hands with the hope that you will enjoy reading it as much as we did in editing it. For it has been a real pleasure, we assure you. Critics, treat it gently, pass over the mistakes, and remember perchance your own High School days.



Salmagundi Staff

Dedication to
Miss Agnes Edwards
Teacher and Friend

*We Dedicate this Book in Loving Appreciation of
Her Interest and Loyalty to the Class of '19*

*"A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful, and almost sternly just."*

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MISS CLAUDIA ILA THOMAS, Pg. B.



The time has not yet come when we would say: "Do away with the old system of education altogether, and introduce the new vocational system," but the time has come to try and convince the people of Sanford that there is urgent need for the introduction of some vocational features, including Domestic Science, a Business Course, and above all, a Manual Training Course in Sanford High School. Everywhere schools are making these courses a part of their curriculum with great success. Why are WE lagging behind? Lack of money? No, a shortage perhaps, but much smaller schools with less money than we have done it. We feel that the proper interest has not been awakened, that you do not understand fully what it would mean to us to have these courses. Now that the war is over, and does not consume all your time and money, consider a moment, and see what you can do to make S. H. S. a stronger and better school.

The past war has shown us the need of an education as never before. One can scarcely be said to have any kind of an education until they have completed High School at least. But what of the per cent of boys, and smaller per cent of girls who leave High School in a year or two? Why do they leave? Ah, this is where the rub comes. Most of them were simply tired of school. I am speaking of the general class, not the exceptions. School life holds absolutely no interest for them. To quote one of them, "Nothing but study, study all the time." We might say that the school has partially fallen down on its job, since it has not made its studies attractive enough, not created sufficient interest to keep this boy or girl in school, the very place above all others where they should be. Here we wish to emphasize what manual training would mean in the school. It is perfectly proper that there should be study, good hard study in school life, but everywhere now people begin to realize that there should be something besides that. There should be something that appeals to the latent creative instinct within the pupil. There should be some elective study where under a skilled instructor he will have a chance to exercise his own ability. It has been proven that schools that introduced the manual training course had a great decrease in the leaving of school by the boys, and that the majority of them have improved in their other courses of study. The reason is very simple. They are interested, school life has taken on a new significance to them. Manual training and its wide field for selection helps the boy find

himself, find out what he is fitted for. Then, too, when he has finished his course he is fitted to take some good job when he leaves High School.

It is almost useless to tell what a Domestic Science and a Domestic Art course would mean to the girls. You all know that they would learn the true fundamentals of home making. It is true that most of us get a smattering of cooking and sewing at home, but here we learn the really correct and scientific way of doing things.

Also, a Business Course needs very little explanation. It is sufficient to say that pupils graduating from this would be fitted to enter any position along the line they have fitted themselves for. Why send our boys and girls to Rollins or Stetson to take a Business Course? Why not give it to them at their own High School?

It is an old saying that school should fit people for life, and it has come to be recognized that school should be as close as possible to the environments of ordinary affairs, that it should not be too much in the clouds, but should be closer to every day life. These courses we suggest are a kind of connecting link between ordinary school affairs and the world we shall encounter when leaving High School. These studies are libertarian. They cultivate initiative, they strive for diversity, their impelling motive is desire, the attitude of the student is one of activity, here is voluntary co-operation.

Patrons and taxpayers, it rests with you whether we get these or not. Public sentiment is not a thing to be lightly tossed aside, and so we appeal to YOU to do what you can for us, and help us make Sanford High School one of the best equipped and most progressive high schools in the state of Florida.

PAINFUL

Freshie, "I don't feel well this morning."

Soph, "Where do you feel the worst?"

Freshie, "In school."

AN UP TO DATE PUPIL

Teacher, "Name the five zones."

Pupil, "Temperate, intemperate, war, postal and o

SHOOT

Why do you call your dog Camera?"

"Because he is always trying to get a snap at everybody he meets."

A SAD SITUATION

Johnny, "What makes that new baby at your house cry so much?"

Tommy, "It don't cry so very much and anyway, if all your teeth was out, and your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying yourself."

Miss Edwards—"What caused the downfall of the Democratic party?"

Helen Hand—"Van Buren lost his supporters."

Miss Gordon, in Fresh Science—"No. You can't make fudge. That has nothing to do with Physical Geography."

Florence Henry—"Well, can't we make 'Sea Foam?' "

Mrs. Maxwell—"Why was Burns so popular? (Meaning his works)

Eula Mickey, dreamily—" 'Cause he was SO good looking."

Dorothy Rumph—"Why did Byron change his name?"

Helen Shelton—" 'Cause he got married."

The Senior Class





HELEN HAND, President
 "For she is a jolly good fellow."



AGNES DUMAS, Vice-President
 "Short and sweet—dainty and neat."



MARY ROBINSON, Secretary
 "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
 That one small head could carry all she knew."



THEODORE RUNGE, Treasurer
 "I would do my work thrice over
 to make it better."



ALYCE ANDES
 "Impulsive, earnest, quick to act,
 And make her generous thought a fact."



MAX BRADBURY
 "Behold! A very proper person!"



CLAIR CAMERON
A maiden never bold."



FRANK CHAPPELL
"Comfort me with lemons,
for I am sick of love."



LELA HUTCHINSON
"Good nature and common sense
are usually good companions."



LeCLERQ IRWIN
"And when a lady is in the case,
You know all other things give place."



ISRAEL KANNER
"I am a man more sinned against
than sinning."



NELLIE LONG
"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."
An excellent thing in woman."



EULA MICKEY
 "May the corners of your
 mouth never turn down."



HELEN PECK
 "Fashioned so slenderly,
 so young and so fair."



DOROTHY RUMPH
 "Rare compound of oddity,
 frolic and fun,
 Who relished a joke, and
 rejoiced in a pun."



ADELE RUNGE
 "True modesty is a discerning grace."



LILLIAN SCHWARTZ
 "For if she will, she will—
 You may depend on't,
 And if she won't, she won't—
 So there's an end on't."



HELEN SHELTON
 "Pretty to talk with
 Pretty to walk with
 And also pleasant to think on."



IZETTA STONE

"What! Fair and young and faithful too?
A miracle if this be true."



MAY THRASHER

"To know her is to like her—
have I not said enough?"



LaFAYETTE TILLIS

"What's the use of living if you can't
enjoy yourself?"



EDNA WILLIAMS

Never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you."

SENIOR CLASS

Motto: Crescat Scientia Colors: Purple and White

Flower—Gladiolas

MISS EDWARDS. Counselor

HELEN HAND, President

AGNES DUMAS, V.-President

MARY ROBINSON, Secretary

THEODORE RUNGE, Treasurer

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

As you all know there are twelve rounds in the ladder of a fundamental education.

When we entered dear old Sanford High, we had already climbed eight of these rounds, therefore having a firm footing with no danger of falling off.

Behold us in the year nineteen hundred and fifteen on the ninth round of the ladder Freshman! A green bunch we must admit, yearning for the time when we should be called Sophomores and have the Freshmen to look down upon even as we had been looked down upon.

In this year we struggled with several giants, among them Physical Geography, first year Latin, Algebra and English, which had beset us from the first grade. We struggled mightily against these foes and most of the class of thirty-five members overcame the enemy, but a few had to continue the struggle the next year.

In the year nineteen sixteen we had climbed to the tenth round. How important we felt—Ah me! This year we fought against the same foes in a stronger form: Caesar's Gallic wars, second year Math, History, Science and last but not least, our old acquaintance, English. In that year we made quite a showing in English composition and if you turn the pages of the Salmagundi of 1916 you can see that several members of the Class of '19 contributed largely to it, and were a vast help in making that magazine what it was.

In nineteen seventeen we stood on the next to the last round of the ladder and our goal, the twelfth grade was almost in sight. Oh, that year! How valiantly we struggled to uphold the dignity of the Junior Class in order to squelch the "Sophs" and "Freshies" who refused to be shoved in the background. Geometry was our greatest foe this year and it assumed stupendous proportions when we opened the book for the first time and glanced at the axioms and corollaries which stared us in the face. But having good teachers who had our welfare at heart, we came through successfully.

The plans for the Junior Reception for the Seniors devolved upon us this year and we all worked with might and main to make it a success. As the Seniors of '18 most all had pronounced characteristics, our beloved principal, Miss Edwards suggested a little playlet portraying the character of each Senior as he might have been in Primary School. It was a decided success and was produced afterwards in one of the leading theatres. Our refreshments carried out the Senior color scheme, green and gold, and although a minor accident threatened to ruin the taste of the sherbet it only caused a small cloud on the horizon.

In nineteen eighteen we had climbed to the last round, our goal, and gazed down compassionately at those who crowded the rounds below us.

This last year has been, as it were, a finishing course, and all our studies have been completed. College will be our next step.

This year our ranks were thinned by the war. Our boys were conspicuous by their absence, only three having been left. Three weeks after beginning, the Influenza broke out and threatened to deprive us of the privilege of graduating, but other forces worked for us and here we are twenty-two from the thirty-five who began the race. We have just begun. The whole, wide world lies in wait for us, yet to conquer—Onward!
Lela Hutchinson, '19

Bud Irwin—"Are we going to sing 'Anchored' in the morning?"

Ted Runge—"No. We are going to sing 'Anchored in the Sea'"

Helen Shelton and Agnes Dumas, talking about the Senior Play—

Helen—"O! Yes, Agnes. You are Flora Wiggins. You get all excited and sit on a barb wire fence."

Max was very nervous after his Macbeth act the other day. He broke several test tubes in Chemistry.—Lab.

THE CLASS OF 1919

Yes, thirty-seven faces met,
The year we learned to translate "et;"
Though some dropped out as Freshmen green,
Yet others came in Seventeen.

Miss Nix and dear Miss Hulley left,
And since that year have all the rest.
Not one sweet face we loved so dear
Has stayed with us through every year.

Messrs. Ezell and Hutchinson
Together with Miss Stephenson
Deserve a word of thanks and praise
For kindness we received those days.

We cannot mention every one,
And tell of every thing they've done.
Our classmates will each deed recall,
And happy days we spent each Fall.

Ill fortune spared our long class roll,
Until war's awful death bell tolled,
Which called our boys unto that service,
With all the brave who would preserve us.

Our girls left school to bear their cross,
Preparing, too, to sail across
A deep blue sea to No Man's Land,
To toil upon an unknown sand!

Miss Edwards whom we love today
Has cast a gloom upon our way,
By saying that her call was nigh
That soon she'd leave our Sanford High.

With this a new thought comes to us
Of our dear friend always so just,
So sweet, so kind, and teaches well,
Her name we here refuse to tell.

Yes, every teacher we have had,
Has labored with us, good and bad;
And each year as we older grow,
The value of their toil we'll know.

We'll always love our faculty,
And long again each face to see;
A welcome guest they'll always be
A welcome guest to you or me.

Our classmates too are hard to leave,
The thought of this doth make us grieve.
When once we part, when shall we meet?
On life's long path where storm winds beat?

Our childhood days have all passed by,
And now we leave our Sanford High.
This binding cord we now untie,
But memories sweet will never die!

—Claire Cameron.



SENIOR SNAPSHOTS

THE HALE TWINS

Down in Georgia, in the mid-nineteenth century, dwelt an old and respected family, the Hales. Their ancestral abode was an old rambling house of the early Colonial Period. This house had, among the negroes, a reputation of being haunted.

As he was a man of wealth and influence, Mr. Hale was, of course, expected to join the Southern Army when the Civil war broke out. He did this and in the third year of the war was awarded a captaincy for bravery. Captain Hale was wounded in the Battle of Five Forks and died next day. Here our story begins.

“Go to the door, child, and see what that terrible pounding is about! My head is already throbbing and that makes it much worse.”

“All right, mother.”

This conversation took place in the Hale wrawing room, as Mrs. Hale and her fifteen year old twins, Ian and Virginia, sat by the fire in the early twilight. When Virginia opened the door, she beheld a Confederate soldier in a tattered uniform astride a battered gray mare which had a remarkable resemblance to the one owned by old Widow Johnson. In his hand he held an envelope, once square and clean, now crumpled and dirty.

“From the Captain, Miss,” he said, handing her the letter.

Virginia’s first impulse was to run to her waiting mother and brother with the letter, but southern politeness forbade this and she noticed that a bloody bandage was wound around his head. One eye socket was newly emptied and he looked faint.

“Won’t you come in, sir, and eat something? Your bandage needs changing, too.”

“No, Miss. I have many letters to deliver.”

Virginia did not insist, but ran into the house with the letter. Mrs. Hale and Ian gave cries of delight at sight of it. Their joy was soon changed to sorrow by the message.

Richmond, April 8, 1865.

Dear Wife:

Thank God that this awful war is at last over. I fear that I shall not see the results of it. Perhaps it is better that I should not. I am badly wounded. The doctors have no hope.

As you know, I concealed all the silver and jewels before leaving you the last time I was home. In my study you will fi

This told the story too well. Mrs. Hale fainted. Virginia shrieked. Ian turned pale. Thinking of his mother, however, he jumped up and ran for old Dr. Peabody, who lived on the next estate. As he ran, he thought of the future. What if his mother should die? It would devolve upon him, a fifteen-year-old boy, to care for Virginia. The more he thought, the faster he ran. By the time he reached Dr. Peabody’s, Tim, the old gardener expressed the opinion that he was “going e mile er minnit.” Dr. Peabody was coming down the steps, pill-case in hand. Without stopping to explain, Ian caught his arm, and piloted him towards the dilapidated old buggy that waited at the gate.

“My dear boy!” began the pompous old gentleman.

“Come. We have just received word that my father is dead and my mother has fainted.”

The doctor ceased struggling and let Ian help him into the buggy. They were off.

Virginia had called Chloe, the old nurse, and in response to their efforts Mrs. Hale was reviving when Ian and the doctor arrived. The old lady recovered with a sob.

"Oh! My poor Jackson. What shall we do? Now those Yankees will be here and drive off the servants and set fire to the house and crops as they did under Sherman! No! They shall not!" Here she pulled herself together.

"Never mind, mother, we shall find the money father mentioned, shant we, Virginia? Then we shall not need to fear the Yankees, for we can then buy them off."

"Don't bother about me. But what shall become of my children, with the Yanks coming, freed negroes roaming about, and the Bushwhackers just looking for trouble?"

"But, mother, we are more able to take care of ourselves and you than you of us," said the twins, leaving the room. As it was no longer necessary to conceal the grief in their hearts, the tears now flowed freely. Ian soon stopped his and said:

"We must help mother some way, but how?"

"Find the treasure, of course," said Virginia the practical.

Next morning the family ate little breakfast. Even Ian who had resolved not to show his grief, was red-eyed. Mrs. Hale rose from the table and wandered sadly from room to room. The twins did not follow, knowing that they could not comfort her. They decided to begin the search for the money their father had mentioned in his letter. He had begun to say something about the study, so they would begin there. Taking the key they started up the stairs.

The twins still held this room in awe. In infancy they had been forbidden to play there, and Chloe had told them many ghost tales about it. It was a large, bare room, with paneled walls. A secretary desk and two or three chairs, with a few prints on the wall and a plain carpet on the floor were all the articles of furniture the room contained. Disconnected from the other used part of the house and with windows on three sides, it was an ideal study. Aunt Chloe said there were many dark and secret passages connected with it, each one inhabited by its own particular ghost. In deed it was a known fact that these passages did exist.

The door was standing open. "Who dat?" came the startled voice of Chloe, as Ian and Virginia stepped into the room.

"Friends!"

"Laws er massy, Mars Ian, What you chilluns doing up here?"

"Hunting a livelihood. And you?"

"I ain't huntin' no lousy hood. I'se huntin some money, I is. Dis is all dat I done foun'." She held up a large roll of worthless Confederate money. "You uns sho done skeer Aunt Chloe. I was done gib up findin' de money an' was lean-in' my hand on the wall where dat bunch of flowers is carved and the wal done jump right out an' lef a hole, it did. My har stood up and my tongue held down and I jes could't yell. I'se gittin' outern dis room, I is."

"Is that the place you found the money?" "Yassir. It wuz on the floor dere when the wall shut up again."

On the north wall of the room there were no windows. The old woman put her hand in the center of a flower, and just as she had said, a panel slid open. She was still nervous and when Ian stepped into the closet the open panel disclosed, she yelled: "Doan you go into dat place, honey! De flo' might fall wif you." She caught Ian's arm, but he pulled loose and took the step. The floor held.

The closet was a shallow one. The light from the south windows went all through it, and Ian saw a bunch of papers on a shelf. He reached out to get them. To his surprise the wall gave way at the slight touch, and he went through. With a yell Chloe fled the room. Ian found himself sprawling on the floor of another room, but without stopping to examine it, he jumped up and made his way back

into the other room by the panel. One of the papers had slipped from the bundle and when she saw that Ian was safe, Virginia picked it up and examined it.

"Why Ian this is a map!" she exclaimed.

"It must be some kind of chart of the passage from this room! It is very old, possibly made when this house was built or when the tunnels were, for it is very old and yellow, and the writing is dim. Here I can discern the word "attic," and to the side are "north wall" and "closet."

"But what is this new writing here?" on this line with the cross-mark?"

"Lemme see. It says—I can't tell. It is such a scrawl, but it is father's hand writing. Maybe mother can make it out."

"No, you won't take it to your mother. I had much rather you give it to me," said a rough voice.

Turning, they saw a man standing in the open panel. "Give me the paper, I say!" said the man in a threatening voice, advancing towards them.

"No!" cried Ian, springing towards the door and pulling Virginia after him.

With an oath the man was after them, but Ian locked the door in his face. As you know, locks were made large and strong in those days. The marauder saw that the panel by which he had entered was the only exit left. He took it.

"What on earth can that man be doing in father's study, Ian? And how did he know about the secret passage?"

"Puzzles, both. Let's not tell mother about it yet."

"I won't. See that you are not the first to let the cat out of the bag."

Mrs. Hale had ceased her wandering when they returned to the living room, and was lying quietly in a chaise lounge. Her calm vanished when she saw their excited faces. "What have you been doing?" she asked, rising.

"O-er. That is—nothing, mother."

"Out with it!"

"We saw a man in father's study. He tried to take a paper we had found in a concealed cabinet," they begun.

"Was he a long, lean man, with dark complexion, and hair looking like a bunch of swamp grass set on his head?"

"That was he."

"Merciful heavens! Will we never be rid of that man? He is one of the most dangerous men in the country, and your father's worst enemy!" Mrs. Hale had turned very pale.

Down the avenue a man galloped, shouting: "The Yankees are coming!"

Blankly the three stared at each other and then Mrs. Hale said: "Let us go quiet the servants." As they started towards the door wails and shrieks of terror came from the negroes' quarters. Old Chloe burst into the room. "Oh! Massy! Dem Yankees done left Macon and dey's comin dis way like a steam engine! What we gwine ter do? Dem niggers is all skeered skedaddlin' crazy, haf to def!"

For answer Mrs. Hale went into the dining room, took two pistols and a cartridge belt from the cupboard, and strapping these on, she walked out to the negro cabins. Soon she had them all quieted down. All promised not to run away.

Around the corner came a long cavalcade of northern cavalry. On, on they came till the young commander stood before Mrs. Hale. His cap was politely lifted. He was new to the game of war.

Up went Mrs. Hale's proud head. She cried out fiercely: "Sir! What do you wish of me and mine? Now that you have conquered, or at least overpowered our men, I suppose you wish to burn our houses and scatter our servants as the dog Sherman has burned our crops and scattered our cattle! No! You shall not!"

We "Southern Dolls" are not quite as helpless as you may believe. If you try to molest us you shall probably be molested by these!" Out came the pistols.

"By this also!" snapped Ian, raising an old army rifle he had managed to conceal from the first set of raiders.

The young captain was astonished at these defiant speeches. "Madam, I assure you that I wish to do nothing of the kind. Some of my countrymen, I know, have carried on these cruel raids, but I am not of their kind. Anyway the President has forbidden it. His word is law. No one would dare defy it!"

"If you do not wish to destroy my property, why are you here?" asked Mrs. Hale, lowering the pistols.

"If you would be so kind, we wish a night's lodging, for we have just arrived in Macon and all the places there are crowded and we have no place to go."

"Since you have been so kind as not to command it, as you have the power to do, I will willingly do my best. This great house will easily hold half your men, but I don't know what to do with the rest of them."

"O we just want the use of your barn. We were used to worse."

"Never! For the men, all right. But since you have shown yourself a gentleman among ruffians, I could never hear of you sleeping in the barn! Now we may as well introduce ourselves. I am the widow of Captain Jackson Hale."

"And I, madam, am Captain Jean de Vaux, of the 44th Cavalry."

"Can it be possible that you are the son of Rachael de Vaux, the friend of my youth?"

Indeed, Mrs. Hale, that is my mother's name."

Now all was settled. If he was the son of Rachael de Vaux, he was her friend. The men were installed in the barn, and Captain de Vaux in an old panelled room in the house. Soon he and the twins became great friends.

After supper that night, as they were discussing the future of the south, Chloe came in to report a band of Scalawags approaching. The Captain and Ian set out for the barn and warned the men. It was arranged that Ian was to meet them alone, and if he needed any assistance he was to give a low whistle to the men, who were stationed behind the wall of a ruined slave cabin.

He had learned that Silas Bigbee was the man that had visited them that morning, and as the mob approached he saw that it was the same man who led them.

"What do you want, Silas Bigbee?"

"That paper, and at once!" roared that worthy.

"Well, you won't get it this trip!" snapped Ian and turned to retreat to the barn.

With an oath the man was after him, but Ian gave the pre-arranged whistle and the armed soldiers stepped from behind the hut and dispersed the whole gang.

"I'll get you yet!" sang out the voice of Bigbee as he retreated.

Next morning they decided to explore the passage which Mrs. Hale explained ran under the house just as the map was drawn. She could not decipher the writing Mr. Hale had put upon the paper. "You must go armed," she explained, "for as Silas Bigbee entered through the passage yesterday, he will almost certainly be in there today, searching for the money which he knows is there." So with candles and three armed soldiers, Ian, Jean and Virginia went up to the study and started down the narrow stairway which they found outside the hidden closet. At the foot of the steps was a narrow passage which they followed some distance, then emerged into a large room that was cluttered with a collection of old furniture. From this room led several tunnels.

Each of the soldiers took a different route. Ian and Virginia went together. After walking a few seconds they came to a blank wall of earth, and returned to the main passage without stopping to examine it. The cavalymen were all there waiting but Jean had not returned, so Ian and Virginia started out to meet him.

They had walked some time when a sudden draft of cold air extinguished their candle. Going in the dark room they soon saw a light and turning the corner beheld De Vaux standing in an opening, the door of which he was leaning against. He told them to remain standing where they were, then stepped outside. Soon the twins saw some green vines fall, swing a few times and then settle over the opening. Outside they found that the tunnel opened upon a protruding stone halfway up the side of a bluff. Below them was the river, above, the trailroad ran along the side.

"Must have been a good means of escape from the Indians and British one time," commented Ian. He himself was to use it that very day. Jean suggested that they see what was behind the end wall of the blind tunnel they had just left. As they entered the main room a dull roar came from the direction of this pass, and when they entered it they discovered that the wall had fallen down and on top of it lay a wooden wall which had supported the one of sod. Inside the room was a great chest with a big copper lock. They broke this with a stone. While they were hammering at the lock, Bigbee and his men had entered and raised the wooden support. As it went into place, the occupants of the room heard the thud above the noise they were making. All started up.

"Got you now!" came a mocking voice. It was Bigbee. No one answered.

Ian had seen that there were some big hooks in the wall and eyes in the adjoining ones to fasten them to. He fastened them and they raised the lid of the chest. Inside were some clothes of the style of the past century. Virginia took out a rolled up flounce. As it rolled a handful of gold coins dropped out. She stooped to pick them up and struck the wall with her head. The wall gave way. They all started out, but Jean said: "Let us carry all of this that we can, for they may discover that we have escaped and brake in."

So each carrying an armful of the bundles they filed through the opening. A few steps ahead of them were some stone steps. Going up these they found themselves in a maze of honeysuckle, china trees and boulders.

"Why we are in our own yard!" exclaimed Virginia.

Without stopping Jean ran to the barn to call some of his men. The twins went into the house to tell their mother. She was delighted to know that they had found the treasure.

"But this is not the stuff your father hid," she said. "This was hidden by your great grandfather during the Revolution. He went insane during the war and never told where it was. It is much more valuable than that which your father hid."

Here Jean and his soldiers entered the room.

"We had better go down through the passage, so as to surprise them," he said.

Ian went with the soldiers. Mrs. Hale and Virginia went as far as the study and remained there.

They came upon the soldiers whom they had left in the main room at first. All three were bound. No time for them now. The defenders went on to the place where Bigbee and his men were hammering. So much noise were they making that our friends were upon them before they knew it. Imagine the surprise of Bigbee when he saw his supposed captives advancing upon him with armed soldiers! He yelled at his men to stand by but it was too late. With the butts of their guns the soldiers soon had them at their mercy. Silas lay in a corner with a broken shoulder and some of his followers were in about the same condition.

Meanwhile Ian had been cornered in the main pass by two of the ruffians. One of them had slit Ian's shirt trying to stab him. Both were now advancing upon him with their knives open. With a spring Ian knocked one of them down and jumping over him made a dash for the pass to the bluff. On he ran, stumbling, and the men coming after him. When he reached the door he opened it and stepped aside. The pursuers, not knowing what was ahead of them, were running so fast that they could not stop. They pitched headlong into the river which ran at the

foot of the bluff. Ian went back to the main passage to see what was going on in the treasure room. All the marauders lay tied up and four of the soldiers were dragging the chest. They carried it into the study. Mrs. Hale and Virginia exclaimed with delight over the beautiful pieces of jewelry and plate which came from it and Ian, with the feeling of responsibility felt by the newly made head of a family, proceeded to count the money which was in the bottom.

When the criminals were carried to the commandant at Macon, that officer astonished Jean and Ian by thanking them very profusely, saying: "You have done the country a great service in bringing in this Bigbee. He is wanted for double spying.

The Hales did not prefer charges against the others. "They were only the tools of Bigbee," said Mrs. Hale.

The money came in usefully in helping many of the friends of the family who were impoverished by the war.

A few years later the friends of the Hales received the following:

Mesdames Jackson Hale and Rachael de Vaux

wish the honor of your presence at the
wedding of

Ian Cummer Hale to Jeannette de Vaux
and of

Captain Jean de Vaux to Virginia Hale

At the Hale residence

Seven Oaks

Three o'clock

Wednesday afternoon

January fifteenth, Eighteen hundred seventy.

Max Bradbury, '19.

Miss Gordon—"What are the physical properties of sodium?"

Perry Lee Bell—"O, yes. You mean uses, eh? They are used for fertilizer——"

Sam Murrell—to Anna Mason—"You are just like an old kerosene lamp. You smoke and fume. You are sometimes bright, but most all the time you go out at night."

Agnes—coming out of the Geometry class—"I don't know a *darned* thing about this Geometry."

Max Bradbury (Very much shocked). O Agnes, don't get profane!"

Pewee—"Who is going to be leading lady in the Play?"

Helen Shelton—"Helen Peck is going to be Jim's sweetheart."

Pewee—"I bet she can do those loving scenes all right."

John T. Brady, visiting in Mr. Weaver's room and talking incessantly.

Mr. Weaver—"I don't like to be discourteous to a visitor, but please don't disturb the class."

John T., a former student of S. H. S.,—"O that's all right, Mr. Weaver. I feel perfectly at home."

Miss Edwards—"They still wear stripes in most of the prisons now, don't they?"

Helen Shelton—"Yes. I was in one——?"

A bright Senior in History Class—"Oh! yes. Dredd Scott was a *free slave*, wasn't he?"

LOCAL LEGENDS

THE LEGEND OF SILVER SPRINGS

I have heard many beautiful legends but I think the legend of Silver Springs surpasses all others.

This legend was told by an old "Mammy," who lived to be one hundred and ten years old.

Many, many years ago there lived near Silver Springs two southern families, the Douglass' and the Mayo's. The former had one son, Clair, the latter one daughter, Bernice.

Bernice was a beautiful girl and Clair had been in love with her since her early childhood. They would often take a boat and go out in the springs together and plan their future. There one day Clair gave Bernice a beautiful bracelet and she promised to wear it always.

Thus they lived until one day Mr. Douglass decided to send Clair off to school. Mr. Douglass had a twofold idea in doing this. Of course he wanted to give his boy an education but he also wanted to get him away from Bernice Mayo. She was not rich enough for his son to marry.

At length the day arrived when Clair must leave his sweetheart. He promised to write often. The days and months passed and she did not hear from him. Why hadn't he written? Could it be possible that Mr. Douglass had intercepted the letters? She watched daily for news of him but only through his father did she ever hear of him.

At length one night, heart broken and ill, she went to the cabin of her old faithful "Mammy" and said, "I can't live much longer this way, 'Mammy'; I am dying now. I want you to promise me that when I die you'll keep me here and some night drop my body into the clear waters of Silver Springs where I spent my happiest hours with him. Promise me this, 'Mammy,' or my ghost will haunt you continually. The poor old woman, who was deathly afraid of Mr. Mayo, tried to persuade the girl not to make her promise such a thing, but her pleading was in vain, the broken hearted girl had decided. That night Bernice died. Her wishes were carried out by the old "Mammy" and her body was lowered into Silver Springs.

That night Clair came home. His father met him at the depot and with him was his niece, whom he had chosen to be the wife of his son.

Clair paid little attention to the young lady, but wanted to know about Bernice. He was told that she had gone away. Mr. Douglass insisted that he show this niece some attention. He at last promised to take her out with him to Silver Springs. The next day they went and while they were floating around in the little boat he suddenly saw a strange sight. He saw what at a distance looked like a hand stretching up between two rocks and seemingly beckoning to him. He drew closer and recognized that it was an arm and there glistening in the sun light was the little bracelet that he had placed on his sweetheart. The mystery of it all was explained. He cared to live no longer. He jumped over the edge of the boat and was seen no more.

Between two rocks at Silver Springs to this day can be seen beautiful little white flowers blooming. This place is called the bridal chamber and the flowers, the orange blossoms. These flowers were never known to bloom until after the tragic death of the two young lovers.

Agnes Dumas, '19

SENIOR SONGS

MEMORIES

(To tune "Long, Long Trail")
There are many mem'ries hailing,
Calling out to me;
There are many failing,
Some I still can see;
Though the time between us stretches
Many a weary year
I forget that I'm not with you yet
When these memories are near.

There's a long, long cherished mem'ry
That I shall keep by,
'Tis the mem'ry of my bygone days
At dear old Sanford High.
There are many dear old mem'ries
That make me laugh or cry,
But the mem'ry that I hold most dear
Is that "Old Sanford High."

Max Bradbury, '19.

Hail to Sanford High

Where the cooling southern breezes
Play the whole day through,
Proudly stands our Sanford High School
Glorious to view.

Chorus—

Black and Gold, O float forever,
Ever proudly fly,
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater
Hail to Sanford High.

Our school days are ne'er forgotten,
When thy name appears,
And thy mem'ry fresh shall linger
Through life's smiles and tears.

Lift the chorus, wake the echoes,
Proudly let us sing,
Hail to thee, best of all high schools,
Loud thy praises ring.

Alyce M. Andes, '19.

Farewell Sanford High

The time has come for us to part,
Fare thee well, dear Sanford High,
And though it almost breaks my heart,
We must now leave dear Sanford High;
Our four years' struggle now is o'er,
Our bark has safely reached the shore,
And in the walls we'll meet no more,
Fare thee well, dear Sanford High.

Another class will take our place,
Fare thee well, dear Sanford High;
And dear Miss Edward's loving face
No more will brighten Sanford High.
True friends must part, alas, some day,
And each go on life's rugged way,
The time has come for us to say
Fare thee well, dear Sanford High.

Farewell, dear teachers, one and all,
And schoolmates of old Sanford High.
We each must answer to life's call,
Fare thee well, dear Sanford High.
And may the Father in His might,
Protect the purple and the white,
And keep our High School's honor bright,
Fare thee well, dear Sanford High.

Nellie Long, '19.

A MODERN FABLE

Several years ago in one of our Florida towns (the name of which I dare not divulge), a man started to build a boat according to specifications which he had made. He had scarcely begun when a friend passed and, seeing what he was doing asked one of those foolish questions: "Mr. Jones, what are you making; a boat? Well, be sure to have the stern rounded, so she can ride the swells easily."

Whereupon, Mr. Jones set about forming the stern rounded. Soon, another friend went by and thus addressed him: "Mr. Jones, building a boat? If I were you, I'd make the bow sharp, so she can cut the water."

Thanking him for the advice, Mr. Jones commenced to create a sharp bow. In a short while, Friend No. 3 appeared, after a preliminary exchange of greetings, Mr. Jones was advised by all means to construct the hull spherical in order that the craft might not rock excessively. Mr. Jones then expressed his gratitude for the advice and resumed his work on the vessel. But alas! when it was half finished he gazed almost tearfully upon this, that was part of a ship; for all resemblance had vanished. Ruefully, he set it aside and started a new one, following his original plans.

Scarcely had any progress been made, when he heard these words: "Mr. Jones, I see you are building a boat. Make it"——. However, he was unable to finish, as Mr. Jones had interrupted with, "If you want to build a ship there's one I ruined with advice. Try your ideas on that." This caused the counselor to become rather hoity toity and to make a rapid departure; all of which disproves the saying, "He that will not be counselled cannot be helped."

Lillian Schwartz, '19

OUR SERVICE FLAG



Our Service Flag was presented to the High School September 20th by the Senior Class. It contains twenty-four service stars, which stand for the boys in active service and those in training. A gold star has been placed in the upper right hand corner of the red border for Arthur Lossing. The twenty-four boys whom the service stars represent were: Leslie Hill, Virgil Smith, Wallace Lipford, G. W. Spencer, Robert Cobb, Roby Laing, Clifford Walker, Watson McAlexander, Robert Green, Oliver Murrell, William Runge, Israel Kanner, Frank Chappell, LeClerq Irwin, Hoy Burns, Rex Holliday, Walter Connelly, Max Stewart, Hawkins Connelly, Alfred Robson, Comer Whittle, Edmond Meisch and Harvey Parrish.

The flag hangs in the hall of the first floor of the High School as a constant reminder that our boys are not slow to respond to the call of duty.

TO OUR GOLD STAR

Our Gold Star, Arthur Lossing, brave,
Thou crossed an unknown foamy wave;
Thou left thy happy home and school,
So that a military rule
Would not spread o'er the ocean wide,
And thus consume its now free tide.
This sacrifice hath made us proud
Enough to sing thy praise aloud!

Oh thou! Oh thou Gold Star so true,
Few were the days that thou wast blue.
Thou volunteered to join a line
Of braves who went to save mankind.
Thou stood for right and peace on earth
Until that dooming shrapnel's burst,
Which threw thee from thy noble stand
Headlong on Sister France's sand!

—Claire Cameron.

ALUMNI

Mary Chappell, '11, has entered the bonds of matrimony, and is now Mrs. Richard Coulbourn.

Ernest Housholder, '11, after finishing a course in law at University of Florida is now Judge of Seminole county.

Abie Kanner, '11, is now practicing law in Jacksonville.

Vail Lovell, '11, is now a Lieutenant in the aviation in France.

The class of '12 seems to be the matrimonial class: Ruby Betts is now Mrs. Rowe, Ruth Stewart is now Mrs. F. Gatchel, and Josie Stumon is now Mrs. Gwynn Fox.

Wallace Crosby, '13, is now in the service of Uncle Sam.

Harry Kanner, '13, is now attending Jefferson Medical College.

Tenny Deane, '13, is now in Uncle Sam's service.

Ethel Moughton and Renie Murrell, '14, are now members of the faculty of the primary department in the Sanford schools.

Ernest Shepherd, '15, is now studying dentistry.

Robert Deane, '15, is now in the U. S. Navy.

Annie Whitner, '15, is now residing in Sanford.

Ruth McDaniel, '16, is now holding a position in Jacksonville.

Gladys Morris, '16, is now teaching school in Dowling Park, Fla.

Allie Anderson, '16, has joined the matrimonial ranks, and is still living in Sanford.

Hume Rumph, '16, is now in Uncle Sam's service in France.

John Murrell, '16, after being discharged from active duty as Lieutenant in Uncle Sam's service is now studying law in John B. Stetson University.

Roby Laing, '17, is now residing in Sanford.

Marion Gove, '17, is now holding a position in the Seminole County Bank in Sanford.

Ruth Hand, '17, is now teaching in Sanford Grammar School.

Ruth Kanner, '17, is now attending Florida State College for Women.

William Runge, '17, is now attending University of Florida.

Katherine Aycocke, '17, is still in Sanford.

Clifford Walker, '18, is going to University of Florida.

Fern Ward, '18, is now going to Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Jack Leach, '18, is now working in Jacksonville.

I. H. Kanner.

Miss Edwards—"What did Monroe do at the beginning of his administration that every other President had been too busy to do?"

Helen Hand—"Prayed, I guess."

Mrs. Maxwell—"The French people are very demonstrative. The generals always kiss the men when they decorate them."

Henry McLaulin—"Gosh! I wouldn't like to be a general if I had to kiss any of them niggers!"

Miss Edwards—"There was now a movement for Humanitarianism (meaning the one led by Dorothy Dix in 1830)."

Izetta Stone—"O that was Prohibition, wasn't it?"

Miss Edwards—"I want all the boys to stay after school."

Ted Runge—"She doesn't want ME to stay, does she?"



On September 24th the High School held memorial service in memory of Arthur Lossing, one of our schoolmates, who so nobly gave up his life for his country upon the battlefields of France. The Star Spangled Banner was sung by the entire school, Professor McKinnon read several appropriate Scriptures and made a short prayer. Supt. Lawton gave a eulogy. Lela Hutchisson then read Ode to the Brave. The services were closed with a suitable song rendered by the girls' chorus.

November 12, the students presented Miss Edwards with a wrist watch. Miss Helen Hand, president of the Senior Class, with a few well chosen words expressed the appreciation felt by the entire student body toward our beloved teacher.

We have had an innovation in our chapel exercises this year. Each week one class had the services in charge. The programs ranged from those including current events to instrumental solos. Of course, we all believed that variety is the spice of life, but the Freshmen proved the saying by their exceedingly unique and diverse programs.

One hundred per cent patriotic! Everybody in Sanford High School pulled for victory. After Miss Wilkey spoke to us during the United War Work Campaign, all were eager to sign the pledge cards. For weeks following, many of the girls washed windows, dishes and did other work to earn the promised amount.

Of all the lectures we have heard, rarely has one swayed his audience so completely at will as did Major Elwood T. Bailey, who spoke to us January 30, on several phases of the war. One of the things which Major Bailey emphasized was that obedience without initiative has little value and was one of the main causes of Germany's failure in the late war.

Several weeks after Major Bailey visited us we assembled in the auditorium to hear Mademoiselle Marie Rose Laurier, who gave us a very interesting and pleasing talk upon the part the French women played in the war. She became delightfully informal, answering the various questions asked her.

Hanging in the study hall is a beautiful banner of the University of Florida. This is a gift of the Seminole Club, which is composed of boys from Seminole county who are attending the University of Florida. It was presented to us by Clifford Walker, an alumnus, who said that he had come to tell us a few facts about the University. His talk was so convincing that several boys who previously expected to go to school out of the state have decided to attend the Florida State University.

Among the other visitors we have had with us are: Mr. Cawthon, State High School Inspector; Mr. Ezell, formerly superintendent of Sanford Schools; and Mr.

Connor, who was our mathematics teacher last year until he answered the call to service.

The visits of the pastors of the various Sanford churches were also enjoyed.

The Green Room Club of Stetson presented a comic opera, entitled "Priscilla," to which the Senior Class was invited. So January 31st we left in autos for DeLand. The trip there would have been uneventful if it had not rained. We were about five miles from our destination when, tempted by the slippery condition of the road one of the cars endeavored to execute the tickle toe or some similar step. Those occupying the car thought they were going straight to the land of hereafter when they saw themselves heading for a tree. Finally, when the machine was under control it was facing toward Sanford. Arriving at DeLand without further incident, we rushed to a cafe and then to the Stetson Auditorium. We were very much embarrassed to find that half of the first act had passed and the seats reserved for us were in the third row. The play was excellent and enjoyed by all. On the return home one of the cars had a puncture. However, our spirits were not depressed by this trifle. We reached home early, yes, so very early that we were glad the day was Saturday and would not call for early rising.

Even if the lights had gone out Friday, March 14th it would not have been dark on the bulkhead. We, the Seniors, were there with a big bonfire which we had built mainly for the purpose of roasting marshmallows. After everyone had eaten sufficient marshmallows and sandwiches we played games. Then all sat down on the white sand, forming a circle around the fire and sang songs until it was time to end the soiree.

In every school year some epidemic breaks out. This year it was first, "Bangs." Soon there were bangs everywhere. This is a very contagious disease, and certain girls have been heard to say that the only way they escaped was to have mother hide the scissors. Then too we had an outbreak of "Character Books" in which one tells, truthfully or otherwise, everything about himself, from a to z. All these different epidemics have however soon died a natural death. Just imagine school life without its fads. And nobody is any worse in the end.

A. M. A. '19.

The High School, like all other major factors in our great Union has not been slow in doing its "bit." By "bit" we mean, not a small part in itself, but a small one among the many great agencies at work to win the war. It would be impossible to give every detail of this wonderful work, beginning in the home and going out into the whole world.

At the beginning the High School, following public sentiment, did not take the war seriously, but felt that its help was not especially needed. Later, when the war did not end in a few months as so many predicted, this agency was the first to realize the seriousness of the situation. Victory Clubs for boys and girls were organized, war gardens planted and Liberty Loan drives and Thrift Stamp Campaigns were taken up with a whole heartedness that put to shame the efforts of many older people. The Red Cross rooms were filled with girls during spare hours, and the boys stepped in too to fill the places vacated by older brothers and friends. Great sums of money poured into the Treasury through the efforts of high schools all over the United States, and every girl and boy bent their whole energy to the great task of winning the war.

But the greatest work, the most wonderful gifts of all were the fine, clean, manly high school boys who offered their lives on the sacrificial altar of war in the service of their country.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend."

May Thrasher, '20.

Miss Edwards—"Whom did Wilson entertain last night in Washington?"
Pewee—"The Peace Conference."

THE CRY OF MODERN WOMANHOOD

I suppose you have all heard the good old camp meeting song, "There's a Great Day Coming." This song may easily be taken in another sense and converted into the following:

I.

There's a great day coming, a great day coming,
There's a great day coming by and bye,
When the men and the women shall be parted right and left,
Are you ready for that day to come?

Chorus—

Are you ready? Are you ready?
Are you ready for the coming day?
Are you ready? Are you ready?
Are you ready for the coming day?

II.

There's a bright day coming, a bright day coming,
There's a bright day coming by and bye,
But its brightness shall come only to those who are prepared,
Are you ready for that day to come?

III.

There's a sad day coming, a sad day coming,
There's a sad day coming by and bye,
When the careless shall hear his doom, "Depart, you're unprepared."
Are you ready for that day to come?

If you wish to be ready, then go to work, prove to the dominating man that you're worthy. Is it not said that "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world?" If this is true, then why cannot woman rule without having to work through man? Should she not be given some right herself? Have not men, educated men, said that woman's intuition is stronger than man's? Does it not take intuition to rule a country? Woodrow Wilson, the greatest man of the world today, is in favor of Woman's Rights—does this mean nothing to you?

War, that powerful demon, has swayed Europe for *four long years*. Men went to the front; men gave their lives; men made guns and ammunition; men started hospitals, became doctors and nurses—*men* won the victory! But what did women do? Sit by idly, in tears, praying for their boys to come home, telling tales of sorrow and dread? No; women became nurses; women gave their sons; beautiful, lovable sons; women worked in factories; women literally became machines—why? Because there was no one else to do the work of which there was so much. They proved themselves worthy of men's highest hopes and of their own ambitions. Will they drop back now to the old steady grind, or will they move forward and take up their stand? Men, what do our women deserve? Think well and answer yourselves truthfully.

If women had been in power, while they are ambitious and often as ready as men for something different and exciting, who knows but that this dreadful catastrophe might have been averted? Who suffers most in war? Yes, the women—those who give their boys, the boys for whose lives their own have been placed in greatest danger, those who have loved and suffered as only the big, loyal heart of woman can love and suffer, those who must place their all upon the altar to be sacrificed at the whim of some "great" man. Is this not true? Would woman, any woman, have signed a document of war without first thinking of this—the greatest sacrifice? Only God can know what a woman goes through in bringing forth her child, educating him, helping him toward success, backing him when he slips—no man can know these things from experience, and only the best of women

should have the right to these great trials, sacrifices and joys—yet they come to many women—some of whom do not deserve them.

Christianity is unanimously elected the leading factor in the government of a truly great nation. Christianity alone can keep us happy and make our lives worth while. Who but the women, even the most educated women, and the most highly educated men uphold Christianity? Christianity takes a firmer hold on women, as a whole, than it does on men, and yet, only a true Christian has ever held the highest positions in life. You have never heard of, cannot imagine, an atheist becoming President of our wonderful country or of holding other honorable positions when men are chosen for their character. Does this not aid the fact that women should have their chance?

There was a time when men alone could attain higher education but those days are past. Women of today have access to the greatest universities, and money alone does not procure their education. Women, Joan of Arc, George Eliot, Queen Elizabeth, and many others have reached to heights that the average man can never attain. Women, does this mean nothing to you? I tell you to work, what we have gained we must not lose! Let us prove that we are worthy ourselves of the faith and the hope that have been placed in us by man.

Is it not true that woman leads man? A man is often led from wrong to right by the hand of loving, trusting, hoping woman. And is it not as true that a bad woman as well as a good one has an influence over man? How many, oh! how many times the son of a righteous woman has been ensnared by the influence of the wrong woman! Oh, women, women! when will you wake up? Make yourselves worthy of this great faith, hope, love and trust that man has placed in you!

The world is moving forward, not backward, and a day lost is a day gone forever. Remember this, my friends. It is a contest between man and woman, how shall it end? Some people say that a woman who has a family cannot be bothered with politics. I do not believe this. There are women the world over who are supporting families and rearing them at the same time with little or no outside help. There are thousands more of these women since the war. What are we going to do about it? Are these women fitted for their new sphere? All women should be educated and ready, even if married, to support themselves and others. In other words, they must be prepared to take, at a moment's notice, their husband's place while still filling their own. When a woman becomes the "man" of her family should she not be given his place in the world as well? Then with education comes ambition, women are far more ambitious than men, and this ambition *must* be fed.

To prove the ambition of woman, I should like to set forth my own class as an example. When we graduated from the eighth grade there were nearly fifty of us, almost as many boys as girls. When we entered High School we found that many of our classmates had left us. Some of our boys who were capable of leading the class had they wished, went to work. Many of our girls too had dropped out, most of them from necessity, while a few took up their education in other fields. We also found that many of our boys believed that they did not need a higher education and for this reason started out to make their own ways. Between that time and now other boys have left us, but our girls have "stuck it out." Some of our boys were called from us by the adventure they expected to find in war-torn Europe, others answered the call of money-making with the encouragement of the higher wages brought about by the war. Since that time some of our other girls left, but every one of them moved to higher education in other places. Does not this prove that women have ambition? Man is satisfied with a little, while the average woman's purpose like that of Pope, seems to be

"Drink deep, or taste not the Pyrean Spring."

And so we stand before you, the class of 1919, the most ambitious class, we believe, that has ever graduated from the Sanford High School. What are you going to do with us, let us go our own way, or help, guide, encourage, and work with us, the new generation, the New Era?

Adele Runge, S. H. S. '19.

SENIOR STATISTICS

NAME	DESCRIPTION	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	PET AMBITION
Helen Hand	Most popular	Holding down a Ford	"Here Johnny!"	To be a doctor
Nellie Long	Longest	Minding her own business	"Oh good-ness!"	To write "vers libre"
Pewee Tillis	Smallest	Looking wise (camouflage)	"Oh shucks!"	To get six feet tall
Lillian Schwartz	Best looking	Arguing	"I may be wrong—but"	To be a lawyer
Helen Peck	Slenderest	Eating ice cream at Phillips'	"Now Leslie"	To be an old maid Latin teacher
Mary Robinson	Most learned	Being secretary of Senior Class	"I don't know"	To have a sweet little home
Edna Williams	Quietest	Pronouncing French (?)	"Oh hang!"	To live in Georgia (There's a reason)
Helen Shelton	Sweetest	Talking!	"I wonder where Ralph is!"	To be a Red Cross nurse
Teddy Runge	Most Studios	Always getting A's	"Well"	To be a Presbyterian Parson
Isetta Stone	Cutest	Writing to Robert	"Got something to say to you"	To have Robert home
Clair Cameron	Most sentimental	Talking to Mr. Weaver	"Please explain"	To be a poetess
Lela Hutchinson	Most languid	Keeping study hall	"I should worry"	To get married
Max Bradbury	Nicest	Talking to Eula	"Now don't get profane"	To kiss more girls
May Thrasher	Most expressive eyes	Smiling at under grads	"Any mail, LeClerq?"	To keep house for just two
Izrael Kanner	Bean poley	Reading "Snappy Stories"	"Is that right?"	To be a civil engineer
Eula Mickey	Meekest	Holding hands with Max	"Gosh!"	To be a kindergarten teacher
Dorothy Rumph	Happiest	Reciting Chemistry (?)	"I I I ? ! (Censored)"	To be an artist
Frank Chappell	Best looking	Making love on the stage	"Somebody can have my job"	To discover a cure for bashfulness
Agnes Dumas	Most cheerful	Filling her fountain pen	"Oh darn!"	To be able to decide just which one
LeClerq Irwin	Most fickle	Holding down certain porch swing	"Somebody done me wrong"	To have her say "Yes"
Adele Runge	Most modest	Playing piano	"Search me"	To make a musical name for herself
Alyce Andes	Most modern	Building air castles	"That's me all over"	To become a writer



The Junior Class



Junior Class

JUNIOR CLASS

Motto: Nil Desperandum

Colors: Purple and Gold

Flower: Chrysanthemum

Class Officers

Miss Clark, Counselor

Adele Rines.....	President
Anna Mason.....	Vice President
Cora Lee Tillis.....	Secretary
Sherman Moore.....	Treasurer

Class Roll

Gladys Adams	William McKim
Alberta Aycocke	Henry McLaulin
Perry Lee Bell	Sherman Moore
Alma Blount	Samuel Murrell
Martha Brown	Leslie Roller
Ellen Chappell	Adele Rines
Gussie Frank	Fordyce Russell
Arthur Gardner	James Schaal
Minkie Gardner	Carolyn Spencer
Ruth Gillon	Winnifred Strong
Ethel Henry	Helen Terwilliger
Mary Howard	Cora Lee Tillis
Glen Lingle	Carolyn White
Anna Mason	Julia Zachary

JUNIORS' FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS

Adele Rines—My! John!
Anna Mason—My! Goodness!
James Schaal—Glory be to Peter!
Cora Lee Tillis—Oh! Orlando!
Gladys Adams—Good-night!
Alberta Aycocke—Can't ever tell!
Perry Lee Bell—Listen!
Alma Blount—Good-night!
Martha Brown—Oh, My!
Ellen Chappell—I can't be bothered.
Minkie Gardner—Like a fish!
Arthur Gardner—That's good.
Ruth Gillon—It will never happen!
Ethel Henry—My! Garden!
Mary Howard—Oh! Shucks!
Glenn Lingle—I don't know!
Henry McLaulin—I don't care!
William McKim—I'll say so!
Gussie Frank—I'm not going to do it!
Sherman Moore—There's nothing in it!
Carolyn Spencer—You said it
Leslie Roller—Oh! Hel-(en)!
Samuel Murrell—It doesn't matter!
Fordyce Russell—Oh! thunder!
Helen Terwilliger—Oh, dear!
Winnie Strong—You bet!
Julia Zachary—Oh, Please!
Carolyn White—Sure!

The Kaiser's Mistake

The kaiser doesn't look the same as he did about two years ago,
When everything is going fine, and not a sign of woe.
But I think I see the reason why he is looking not so well,
He sees the gates are open for him on the road to hell.
He used to wear a big broad smile when he was tearing up old France,
But when he started on Uncle Sam is where he lost his chance,
For since he has got us started we surely will never stop,
Until we have stamped out his kulture and Old Glory waves on top.
We're not afraid of U-boats or any of his mines,
For I know our good old navy is on the job every time,
And to his little army, they're a bunch of dirty swine,
But their days are being numbered until we drive them in the Rhine.
So I think I see the reason of all his tears and sighs—
He knows he has us started and is surely going to die.
Now take a tip from me for once, you're not fooling with a lamb,
When you start up any trouble with dear old Uncle Sam.—Ex.

"I wish I could get into some business where you don't have to start at the bottom."
"Try well driving"—Ex.

Miss Gordon—"What was the first artificial light that man used?"
Mary Garrison—"Fire."
Johnny Meisch—"No. Sun, moon and stars."

The Hoosier School Master

(BOOK REVIEW)

The Hoosier School Master was written and published about fifty years ago. The book has become world wide famous, being printed in several foreign languages. It has been thought it was probably a sketch of Eggleston's early life, an autobiography, but this has been corrected. The book gave rise to spelling matches which have become a source of entertainment throughout the country. The characters at first were thought to be rather rough and wild and the editors hesitated to publish it.

The scene is laid in Southern Ohio and Indiana, in days when schoolmasters were scarce and very hard to get. The time of the story covers about one school term.

First appearing on the stage we have Ralph Hartsook and his introduction to Flat Creek. His acceptance and first stay at the Means' home which consisted of old Jack Means, the head of the house and a typical Hoosier, whose character is well acted throughout the story; Mrs. Means, a match maker and great talker; Mirandy or Sis as she was commonly called, was the oldest daughter; Bub Means, the eldest son and very much of a bull dog nature; Hannah, a slave to the Means family but really not of the Flat Creek type, also Ralph's choice; Shocky, Hannah's brother and Ralph's true friend. Some of the less important characters are Dr. Small, a man who has absolute control over himself; Mr. Jones, rather untruthful and treacherous; Miss Martha Hawkins and Nancy Sawyer two charitable women; Walter; Hank and several others.

After a few weeks in Flat Creek the usual spelling school takes place. All the country is well represented and a splendid time is enjoyed. The principal figures of the evening are Ralph and Hannah who spell unceasingly against one another. The heroine of the evening was Hannah. Ralph accompanies Hannah home that evening and falls deeply in love with her, causing much jealousy and ill feelings among the folks.

The schoolmaster is entertained from time to time by various families. Ralph's next stay is with Pete Jones. Here he befalls many fates, namely, his presence on the old road at early morning, suspicion is growing in everyone's mind besides all the discomforts he finds at the house. Ominous remarks of Mr. Jones further the people's suspicions. Next is a heart to heart talk between Ralph and Shocky, and the coming of Martha Hawkins from Boston.

Further hate of Bub for Ralph, Ralph's mastery and the crisis, Bub's resolution to do better, helped by Ralph. The fight between Bud and Pete Jones over, Shocky, Bud's victory, then the Council of War. Mr. Pearson's departure for safety and Ralph thinks seriously of taking Shocky to Louisburg. Hannah and Ralph come to a verdict. Ralph is forgiven and not suspected. Shocky's trouble with Pete Jones and the trip to Louisburg to take Shocky to the kind Miss Nancy Sawyer, who is a friend in need and a friend in deed. Ralph next visits his Aunt Matilda and has a very confidential talk with her. He goes to the poor house and brings back Shocky's mother to stay with the kind Miss Sawyer. The next is the loss and the gain. Ralph receives a letter of encouragement from Hannah but feels he has lost Bud. After numerous little things Ralph receives a letter from Bud, telling him to leave Flat Creek immediately. He hides at Spring-in-Rock but is sought and quickly found and tried. Several witnesses are brought before the court, the chief figure though being Walter. Walter, having heard a very impressive sermon in attendance with Bud, was greatly moved by it and two others, namely Bud and Dr. Small. He becomes very restless, finally gives up and tells everything.

Ralph is freed and all suspicions are lifted. Hannah is also freed from her bondage and returns to her mother and Shocky. Ralph visits Hannah and they happily wed, also Bud and Martha. Bud does a great thing for humanity by taking charge of the poor house.

Gussie Frank.

In Memory of
Miss Ruth Taylor

who

departed this school life

Feb. 3rd, 1919

Slain by Cupid's Angry Dart

The Sophomore Class



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Class Motto: Labor omnia vincit

Class Colors: Blue and gold

Miss Gordon, Counselor

Class Officers

Mina Howard.....	President
Alfred Robson.....	Vice President
Julia Laing.....	Secretary
Stewart Dutton.....	Treasurer

Class Roll

Curtis Barber	Mary Elizabeth Hoolehan
Vivian Crosby	Hettie Lou Ivey
Otis Cobb	Julia Laing
Helen Chorpening	John Meisch
Stewart Dutton	John Musson
Mary Eula Dyson	Inez Purifoy
Annie Bell Dyson	Alfred Robson
Virginia DeCoursey	Jennie Rhodes
Sara Warren Easterby	Dwight Smith
Mary Garrison	Herbert Squires
Martha Garrison	Gertrude Vaughn
Mina Howard	Velma Venable
Ruby Hart	Mamie Kate Williams



Sophomore Class

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN

- If Ralph Barlow's hair grew on a gnat?
If Ruby Hart got 30 on a test?
If Helen Chorpening couldn't sit by Ruby?
If you could tell Mary from Martha Garrison?
If Inez Purifoy forgot to put powder on her face some morning?
If Vivian Crosby would be called by her right name?
If Julia Laing wouldn't laugh at nothing?
If Mina Howard would resign as president of the Sophomore Class?
If Stewart P. Dutton had TWO-BITS in the class treasury?
If Virginia DeCoursey would come to school with a dog?
If Dwight Smith would get fat (How can he live)?
If Curtis Barber would whisper once in a while?
If Mary Eula Dyson didn't wear the same kind of dress that Anna Bell Dyson does? "Just Twins."
If Gertrude Vaughn were Irish?
If Sara Warren Easterby were sensible?
If Janie Rhodes worked her algebra?
If Herbert Squires in future life should be "Nothing but a Janitor?"
If we could understand our English teacher?
If Mary Elizabeth Hoolehan would wink at Jno. Musson?
If Mamie Kate Williams wouldn't try to flirt with Mr. Weaver?
If Hettie Low Ivey's hair could be dyed?
If Joe Meisch hadn't been suspended?
If Velma Venable would talk enough to be sent to the Superintendent's office?
If Jno. Musson wouldn't try to be an angel?
If we could work algebra like Miss Thomas?

Stewart P. Dutton, '21.

What Shakespeare Said About Autos

- "I will remedy this gear ere long."—"Henry VI," Part II.
"The dust hath blinded them."—"Henry VI," Part II.
"I like the new tire."—"Much Ado About Nothing."
"As horns are odious they are necessary."—"The Tempest."
"As one would set up a top."—"Coriolanus."
"Marks upon his battered shield."—"Titus Andronicus."
"Had it been all the worth of his car."—"Cymbeline."
"And you, sir, for this chain arrested me"—"Comedy of Errors."
"Humbleness may drive unto a fine."—"Merchant of Venice."
"How quickly should you speed?"—"Hamlet."
"Our lamp is spent, it's out."—"Anthony and Cleopatra."
"An't please you, deliver."—"Coriolanus."
"I am out of the road of rutting."—"Pericles."
"I have had Ford enough."—"Merry Wives of Windsor."—Selected.

Lillian Schwartz, reciting History—"Jackson went on to Manassas, and burned the Federal supplies."
Alice Andes—"Why didn't he eat them?"

"Where does the History lesson end? " "At the 'Spring of 1863'."

"Where does the Geography lesson go? To the bottom of the Ocean."

Kitty's (?)

Miss Gordon had a pretty cat,
It warbled like Caruso,
It cost too much to keep it fat,
Now Kitty doesn't do so.

!! --- !!

Agnes had a little curl,
It hung behind her ear
And when she went to bed at night
It hung on the chiffonier.

Dear Old Buddy

Bud Irwin is a kerosene lamp,
He isn't especially bright,
He is often turned down and he always smokes
And frequently goes out at night.

Caesar's

I have a little "pony"
I keep it in my book;
And when I'd say my lesson
I've but to take a look.

I need it, I must have it;
I use it every day;
But take advice from one who knows—
A "pony" doesn't pay.

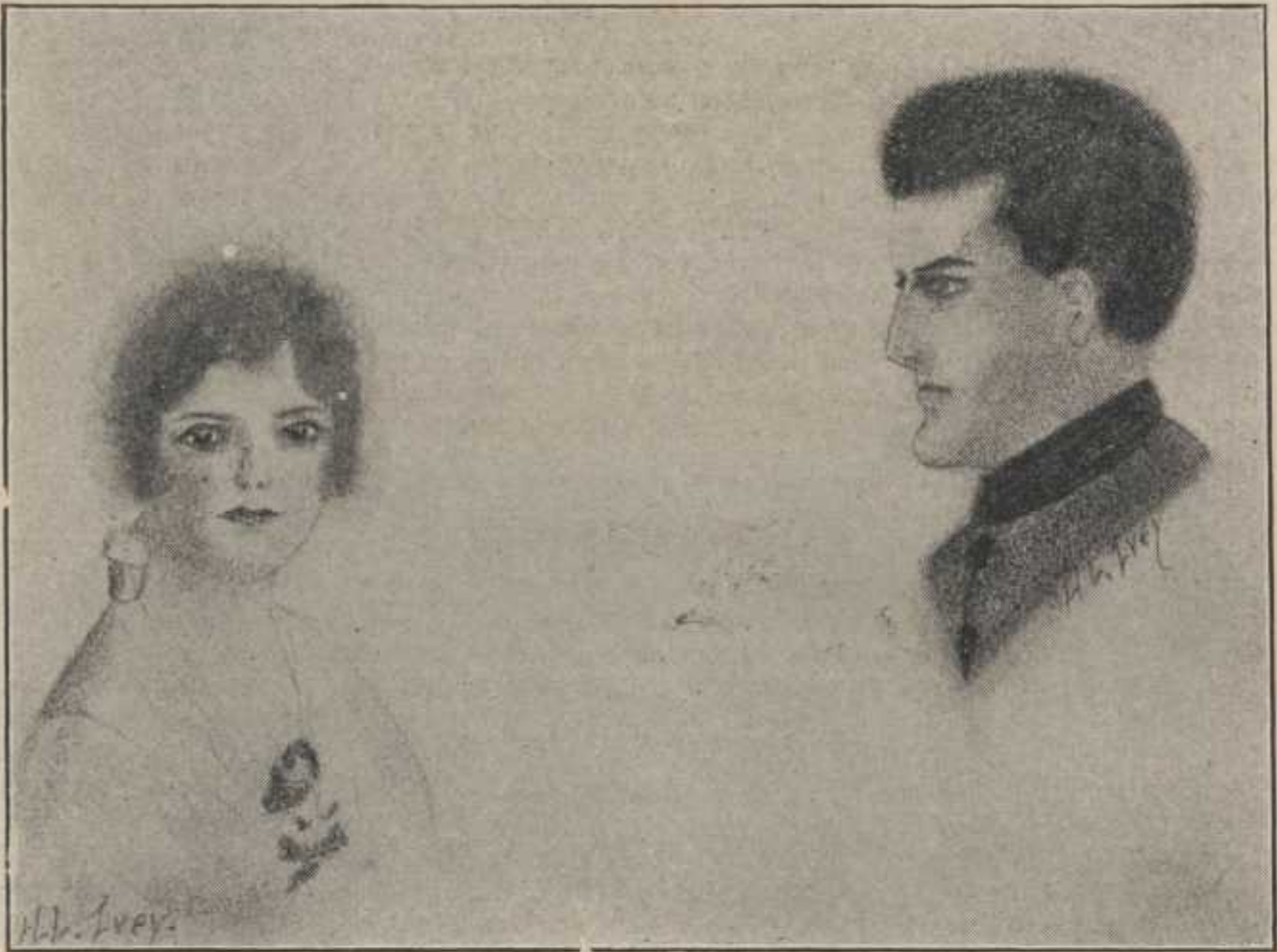
Caesar conquered many nations,
A mighty man was he,
And in examinations
He also conquered me.

Freshman—Irrepressible
Sophomore—Irresponsible
Junior—Irresistible
Senior—Irreproachable.

Mrs. Maxwell—"Please translate "Caesar sic dicat on de curan egesse lictum!"
Curtis B.—"Caesar sicked the cat on the cur and I guess he licked him."

Mr. McKinnon, to Adele Runge, who has been sick—"Miss Adele, can you recite
today, or do you need a few more day's grace?"
Henry McLaulin—"Gosh! I need a few of them!"

Mrs. Maxwell—"Let's put up all other books and pay less attention to the lesson."



"GLAD"

"CRAIG"

AFTER YEARS

(By Hettie-Lou Ivey)

Craig McFadden raised his head and gazed out of the car window. The breeze ruffled his wavy black hair and the rays of the sun fell affectionately on his dark features.

It was ten years since he had been back to his old home town and during these years he had made a place for himself in one of the most important branches of his country's service. On his graduation from high school he had left the small town and entered the Naval school. After these years he was returning to it, an officer of the Navy.

As the train drew near his destination, familiar landmarks began to spring up. There was the old swimming pool at the end of the town. New homes and business houses came into view. Off in the distance the old red brick high school nestled behind its protecting clusters of palms and magnolias. The train shrieked and rolled into the station.

As he alighted from the train he was met by his old school pal, Rod Drew, whom he had come back to visit a short while before he embarked on another of his journeys "over there." The two young men, one dark and slender, the other heavy set and fair, grasped hands and then talked eagerly as they spun through the village streets and out along the country road which led to Rod's country home.

Rod had become a successful city editor and he and his wife enjoyed "farming it" for a diversion. As they talked Craig caught an undertone of personal power

and quiet forcefulness in the words of his former classmate. One time there was mention of Rod's young sister, Glad (short for Gladiola). She had gone into settlement work in the capital city and as it happened was visiting at his home just then. In the previous years Craig had secretly worshipped Glad. During the intervening years he had been buried in his studies and work. Therefore, it was natural he should feel a thrill of pleasure when, as Rod drove up to the veranda of a large white house and stopped the car, a little young figure sprang up from beneath a nearby tree and came towards them. Craig knew in one moment's glance of appraisal the bud had lost none of its freshness and purity in the unfolding but had only increased in beauty and worth. It was the first time he had seen Glad in eight years and had had no way of knowing what she was like except the occasional brotherly remarks of his friend. He drew himself up to his full height and waited.

The brother and sister greeted each other affectionately, then they turned in unison to the waiting man.

"This is Craig." A small, firm hand was thrust forward. He took it in both his own and looked straight into the grey eyes lifted fearlessly to his. Then the earth trembled and they two were the only creatures living. Craig knew again the reason he was born, for in the face of his friend's little sister he gazed on his Dream Girl. The world was now his to conquer, thereby to justify the eternal grandeur of the race. He was coming into his own!

Back of the grey eyes something seemed to twinkle a challenge at him. Glad remembered this friend specially as one who always held himself aloof from the merry throng, choosing rather to be the spectator than participant. Once she had even let fly a spirited sentence, "It would serve him right were he to fall in love *real hard* someday and find it unreciprocated, for he is so very self-sufficient."

After Craig had been shown over the farm by its proud manager, they joined the party under the arbor. Craig found himself more and more enthralled by this ingenuous girl of his yesterdays. As the sun sank behind the hills and the shadows began to play among the trees, they sat together and listened to the plaintive cries of the awakening night birds. Rod and his wife had strolled down by the lake and had forgotten to return to the arbor. After a few minutes passed, the large round face of the moon appeared beyond the lake and cast its glittering rays all around them. The whole world was a lace-work of silvery lights and shadows. Craig turned to Glad with a quick outward gesture of his hand.

"Glad, I never knew girls were like you. Why, I've dreamed of *you* many a night when I was dead tired of life, and you made it worth while to keep pegging. I knew I'd not rest till I found you. Then when Rod brought us together again after all these years I could hardly believe my eyes when I recognized in you the Girl of my Dreams. Glad," he looked deep into her eyes, "will you let me prove how I care?"

The low spoken consent fell on his ears as the musical tinkling of a brook. A call came from the vine-clad porch not far distant, they arose, clasped hands an instant, then wandered in the direction of the voices.

The next day they with a neighboring couple went on a picnic to a distant spring. The day was beautiful and after the bountiful lunch spread on the grass, they lolled in the shade and talked of many things. Craig and Glad kept up a running fire of conversation. Finally they arose and sauntered off down one of the many flower bordered paths where the undergrowth was dense and here and there were suitable abodes for dangerous wood-falls. But in their carefree abandon they saw nothing but each other. Just as he uttered some laughing rejoinder to one of her sallies, a stinging pain pierced his ankle. He stopped and Glad uttered a little cry for as they turned around a large snake crawled off into the bushes. The pain in his ankle hurt horribly. He sank to the ground and she dropped to her knees beside him. She placed her mouth to the little spot and began to suck the tiny red scar. Hastily but steadily she kept to the task of fighting time.

During the time she was battling for his life, she realized through all the fibers of her being that this man was her rightful mate. All the memories of the years

flew past her in that swift flight of time. Gradually the poison was drawn out, and as she drew out the last drop and sank back with a gasp of relief and thanksgiving, his eyelids fluttered open.

One long look passed between them. She tore strips from her clothing and bandaged his ankle. Then after a few minutes they arose and left the woods by the quickest path. Soon they reached the rest of the party, who upon hearing the story quickly brought the pleasure trip to an end.

In the weeks following they were together much and Craig proved himself the trusted friend and ardent lover. Glad was courted by many but few had appealed to her as did this friend from the other years. He grew nearer every day and when the time came for him to bid her good-bye, she laid her fingers on his lips as she said:

"Don't ask me to remember you. I *could not* forget. And when things have been straightened up "over there," there'll be one thing," she whispered in a low voice, "I'll be wanting which only you can give me—"

"Glad," his voice was hoarse with feeling, "can it be the *man you love?*"

At the barely perceptible nod of the small brown head, he snatched her in his arms and whispered,

"God knows you have him now and you can *never* lose him!"

"Oh Say, Can You?"

Oh, say, can you sing from the start to the end,
What so proudly you stand for when the orchestras play it;
When the whole congregation in voices that blend,
Strike up the grand hymn and then torture and slay it?
How they bellow and shout when they're first starting out,
But the "dawn's early light" finds them floundering about,
'Tis "The Star Spangled Banner" they're trying to sing,
But they don't know the words of the precious old thing.
Hark! The "twilight's last gleaming" has some of them stopped,
But the valiant survivors press forward serenely
To "the ramparts we watched" where some others are dropped,
And the loss of the leaders is manifest keenly.
Then "the rocket's red glare" gave the bravest a scare,
And there's few left to face the "bombs bursting in air!"
'Tis a thin line of heroes that manage to save
The last of the verse and "the home of the brave."

A Freshie stood on the burning deck
And from all that we could learn
He stood there in perfect safety,
He was too green to burn.

My father slipped upon the ice
Because he could not stand.
He saw the glorious stars and stripes
I saw—My father land.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We should strive to do our best,
And departing leave behind us
Note books that will help the rest.

"(?)"

Peewee is an active boy
His jaws keep going some,
For when he doesn't chew the rag
He works on chewing gum.

ODE TO CAESAR

The student's brow was sad,
The student's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at his Caesar,
And at his grade so low.
The exams will be upon us,
Without our ponies, too,
And once we're found without them
What hope to e'er get through.

II.

Then up spake wise Josephus,
A Latin shark first rate,
The class with me—to help them
Will bravely meet their fate.
Then up spoke brave Lymeus
Of playful mien was he;
I will stand at thy right hand
And copy off from thee.

III.

Oh Caesar! Awful Caesar,
Of whom these ones, are naught;
I write to thee, that thou may see
The havoc thou hast wrought.

(Selected)

TOASTS TO THE CLASS OF '19


Here's to the class of purple and white,
Here's to the class which is perfectly right,
Here's to the class whose motto is best
Here's to the class better than the rest.

Here's to the class of nineteen nineteen
Jimmy Crickets, ain't it fine, we've
Fussed and squabbled, but that's alright
We've beat the other classes a heap big sight.

Here's to the teachers of Sanford High School,
Past, Present and Future,
Although we've broken many a rule
We've done our best to please "yer."

Ladies, skip this paragraph. It really is unfit for publication. It got into my papers by mistake, and I asked the printers to destroy it or set it wrong side up.

If there's anything that worries a lady,
It's something she ought not to know.
But you bet she'll find out somewhere,
If she gets the least kind of a show.
Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing,
This poem she's already read
For we knew she'd get it somehow
If she had to stand on her head.

EVERY ONE IS LAUGHING
THEY THINK IT'S LOTS OF FUN
BUT THE LITTLE FRESHIE'S TREMBLING
THE WORST IS YET TO COME. 



The Freshman Class

FRESHMAN CLASS

Class Motto: Ad astra.

Class Colors: Garnet and gold

Class Officers

Mrs. Maxwell, Counselor

Florence Henry	President
Leonard McLucas	Vice President
Lucile Jenkins	Secretary
Victor McLaulin	Treasurer

Class Roll

Mary Belle Allen	Mabel Ingram
Kathleen Brady	Zillah Welsh
Kate Brown	Margaret Zachary
Frances Merrie Ball	Billy Fitts
Anna DuBose	Fay Lossing
Frances Dutton	Willard Lumby
Ella Gardner	William Mallem
Pearl Garwood	Gale McAlexander
Marion Hand	Victor McLaulin
Florence Henry	Edward McCally
Yucile Jenkins	Leonard McLucas
Margaret Melton	Henry Miles
Nellie Messenger	Arthur Moore
Dorothy Mickey	Fred Pope
Esther Miller	Frederic Rines
Lila Murrell	James Robson
Florence Price	Bertram Sheppard
Lillian Shinholser	Byron Stephens



Freshman Class

"SCUSE US"

We really feel that we have to apologize for appearing so publicly, we Freshmen, because we have been made to feel apologetic ever since we first came modestly up the High School steps last September and asked "whose room we would be in." Since then we have been put through all the paces that the upper classes seem to know so well how to apply to Freshmen, and which we expect to assist in giving next year.

We are not allowed on the front steps—a Freshman has to use the side door. The boys have fared harder than the girls, it seems—they have run the belt line over and over again; they have fagged for the Sophs and Juniors and a few Seniors; they have done all this meekly, as Freshmen should; most of us have burned our backs on the long steam pipe in the Latin room as the Freshmen before us, etc. But we feel that we have been patient and long suffering, but our time is coming.

But we have much to be proud of this Freshman year, never, we believe, did a class begin High School with more school spirit and zeal to make good.

We elected our officers early. I believe that we were the first class to have a class meeting, except the Seniors, and I know we met more frequently than any other class. Hardly a day passes without an announcement on the board like: "Important meeting of Freshmen in Mrs. Maxwell's room this afternoon. All come." And we really always do all come.

We elected officers promptly, paid dues, chose a class motto and colors and ordered pins and a banner. "N' Everything. What more could you ask for a first year class? In fact, we let it be known that the class of '22 was on the job.

And now as we so soon expect to be Sophomores, please 'scuse us if we feel a little proud of our class and school. We hope the teachers will please 'scuse us for the trouble we have been and we're sure that we will do better next year.

Nor have we been alone in our class struggle, for we have had Mrs. Maxwell for our class sponsor and I am sure our hearts go out with deepest gratitude for the many times she has kept us in the right direction, meaning for instance, out of Mr. McKinnon's office, etc. She has stood by us through thick and thin and with such a class sponsor we feel that we are indeed fortunate.

Now if you'll please 'scuse us for taking up this space in this precious book, for as some of you already know, Freshmen always have something to say.

A La Slang

Now, listen, kids, I want to hand it to you straight: W 've got to tie the can to this slang and ruf jokes. In other words, we will just have to hound-dawg it until we put the kibosh on it, and nix it. How many of the bunch get me and will kick into these traces? Don't let it get your goat, but when you hit the hay tonite scratch your bean over it. You don't have to use the angel stuff and act like the Statue of Liberty doing a mourner's act, either. But the idea is to dry up this junk, give it the once over, then beat it back to United States lingo. I got this dope right from the main squeeze, so for the love of Mike don't get sore at me for this line of talk, 'cause you wished it on yourselves. But on the level, I think we better cut it out pronto.—Flambeau.

A flea and a fly had the flu. And the fly said we'll flee,
And the flea said we'll fly, And they flew up the flue with the flu.
—Picked up.

A young lady walked up to a young man in the store, whom she mistook for a clerk, and said, "I should like to see some ladies' hosiery."
He said—"So would I."

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

It was about the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five when Mr. Jarvis Lorry arrived at Dover.

Miss Lucie Manette, thinking she was an orphan in the world, was informed by Mr. Lorry, a clerk at Telson and Company's Bank in London, also an intimate friend of the Manette family who had in past years rendered an inestimable service by carrying Lucia, when a baby, in his arms across the Channel during a terrible blizzard, that her father whom she thought was dead had been found under an assumed name in Paris in a small dismal room over a wine shop which was kept by Monsieur Devarge and his wife, and asked her permission to accompany him to Paris.

Monsieur Manette, remembering nothing of past events, except of the resemblance of Lucie to some woman whom he had seen before (which was his, wife) was old and feeble and had partly lost his mind on account of long imprisonment in the same place.

They returned at once to a quiet home in London and after a few years of special care under his housekeeper, Miss Pross and his daughter, Monsieur Manette's mind had been gradually restored to him.

Monsieur Manette and his daughter while in London were witnesses in a case in which Charles Darnay, a young Frenchman and newpew of Monsieur the Marquis (a very wealthy gentleman), was tried for treason and after a long trial was pronounced not guilty. Ever since this time Mr. Darnay's affection was very great toward Lucie, and finally he asked her to marry him, to which she readily consented and they had a quiet wedding, no one being invited except Mr. Lorry and Miss Pross.

One of the first to congratulate her was Sidney Carton who was very grateful to her in uplifting his thoughts to a higher idea of manhood.

As time went on the raging of a revolution was arising among the rich and poor in France.

One day a letter came addressed to Marquis Evremonde (Charles Darnay's former name) and Mr. Lorry finding no owner for the letter asked Mr. Darnay if he would deliver it to the owner. Charles Darnay upon opening it found it to be from an old servant requiring his immediate presence in Paris.

Although he knew it would be a dangerous trip he decided it would be best to go.

A decree for selling the property of emigrants had been passed on the same day that Charles Darnay had departed from London, which provided for the banishment of all emigrants, and for putting to death all who did not return. He was stopped at the barrier and under the guard's care was taken to the prison in Paris where he was regarded as an emigrant and a traitor. At first he was allowed to send no information to his wife but after some consideration a short message was sent to her, telling of Mr. Darnay's confinement in Paris. A long and hard trial ensued in which Monsieur Manette is the means of having him released. Charles Darnay returned to his apartments where his wife and little child, besides his many other friends, were overjoyed at seeing him. When things were going along nicely word came that Mr. Darnay was arrested by the order of Monsieur Defarge and his wife. This time there evidently was no hope. The day that Charles Darnay was to be executed fifty-one others were to go to the guillotine. On this same day Sidney Carton, out of respect for Miss Manette, put Charles Darnay to sleep, disguising himself in Darnay's clothes. Miss Pross' brother, Solomon, carried Mr. Darnay out, placing him in the carriage where his wife and daughter, Monsieur Manette and Mr. Lorry were seated and where in a short time consciousness returns.

Zillah Welsh.

A PICNIC AT PALM SPRINGS

When you hear anyone say they've been to Palm Springs to spend the day you imagine a delightful trip, a beautiful day, good lunch, water fine, etc., and this day was exceptionally that, only a little more so.

The Freshman class had this picnic, with Mrs. Maxwell as teacher and chaperone. Only about twenty went, in two Fords. Arthur Moore drove one ahead and Billy Fitts came behind with his truck.

On the way we made between 35 and 40 miles per hour, mud flying in every direction. As there were no fenders on the truck we got pretty well blacked up. About three miles from Longwood Arthur's car had a blowout and both cars stopped. Neither of them had tools, but we flagged down a passing car, borrowed a jack and some tools, and in three minutes the tire was off and we started again, Arthur's car on one rim.

After passing Longwood we struck a fine straw road. We went about a mile on it, and then Arthur's car, which seemed to be in hard luck, ran into a puddle of water, or rather of mud. Down went the car up to the hub in the thick, black mud.

We stopped; we got out; we stood; we thought; we looked around. Some said we'd get there by night; others that we must lunch in the mud.

We figured that we would have to wade into the muddy water to lift out the car, so several of the boys took off their shoes and stockings. Then Billy drove his car in front of Arthur's and we connected them with a chain. They started both cars while Leonard, Scotchie, Esther (the heroine) and a few others got behind to push. We were up to our knees in mud. The wheel suddenly began to spin around and oh, the sight! Esther's skirt was black as ink, my trousers like tar, and Leonard and the rest a sight!

The non-workers laughed and we laughed too and had our pictures taken.

Then we got a plank and pried up the wheel and held it. The wheel started again and the plank backed up towards us and tore a big hole in my trousers. Fortunately I had on my bathing suit under them. Well, everybody laughed again, but Katie Brown happened to have a needle and thread and said she would sew them up. So I took off all my clothes but my bathing suit and we got to work again.

This time, while the boys lifted the wheel, I shoved the plank from under it, the car starts, and we all pushed and out she went on dry land at last!

We started off again and this time we didn't stop till we arrived at our destination. The first thing we did was to look at the water and you know the next.

The water was simply fine and we had a delightful swim of course. Many pictures were taken.

Some of us went over to Hoosier Springs and to the Sink. This hole is a deep depression in the earth of about 100 feet.

When we got back the next thing was dinner—the best part of a picnic. We had everything—olives, pickles, pork and beans, cakes, crackers and sandwiches. If there is something good to eat that is not down here just put it down, for we had it.

After dinner we took pictures of the scenery all around the springs and in the springs too. Then we went swimming again.

Some of the girls went for a ride in Arthur's hard luck car and knocked off the tail light and the license tag. But the car ran on just the same.

We sang awhile to the accompaniment of a ukelele and then we got ready to leave. Everything went fine until we reached Robinson's Springs and it began to rain just to end this perfect day. We didn't have a top to our car, and Arthur's leaked, but we didn't worry.

Arthur had to stop and cool his engine every few miles, and so they got a little damp. But our spirits were not dampened in the least.

The rain was soon over and nothing more happened except the mud kept on flying. So we arrived home all right.

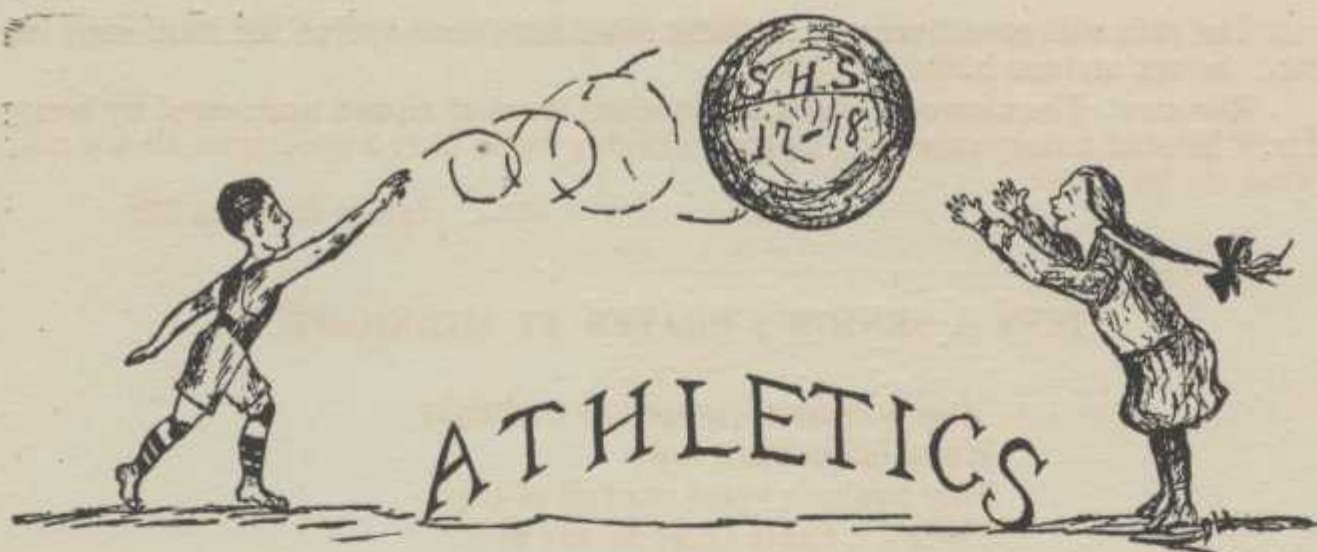
Results: The blowout; stuck in the mud; trousers ripped and sewed by Katy and now helping a rummage sale; clothes muddy; water fine; a good time all around, so what do we care!

James Robson, '22.

JUST A SENIOR'S PRAYER AT MIDNIGHT

"Just a Senior's prayer at midnight
When lights burn low;
Poor Senior's years are full of tears.
There's a Latin there beside him,
And French book too—
"Oh give me strength, I pray,
To study till the break of day"—
That's a Senior's prayer at midnight
For that little old sheepskin."

A. M. A. '19.



BOYS BASKET BALL

Owing to the large number of students that enrolled in the service of Uncle Sam, the school has not been able to put an athletic team of any kind on the field this year. Practically every member of last year's winning team went into service, and only one returned to his studies, that being our sturdy forward and captain of last year's team, Israel Kanner.

Captain Kanner came back soon after peace was declared and tried to stir up the old game again, but he found the punch was lacking.

Speaking of last year's team we had one of the best in the state. Much credit is due to our coach, Mr. R. F. Conner. Coach Conner went to work under very hard circumstances. He found that the boys were willing to play, but only two had ever played the game before.

Kanner and Spencer, our two forward, proved to be a fine working pair, and it is through these two boys that much credit can be given to the team. In Hoy Burns, we had one of the best centers in the state, and he ranks along side of Lang, one of the High School products. Our two guards, Holiday and Cobb, were hard to beat, and always willing to get into the game, and believe me they put up some stiff opposition for the opposing forwards.

We had one of the largest schedules that the school has had in a number of years. The games ran as follows:

At S. H. S. 23 Eustis 7
 S. H. S. 21 at Eustis 13
 At S. H. S. 39 Leesburg 11
 At S. H. S. 26 Daytona 24
 At S. H. S. 64 DeLand 14
 At S. H. S. 33 St. Augustine 25
 S. H. S. 37 at DeLand 12
 S. H. S. 19 At Daytona 23
 S. H. S. 20 At St. Augustine 67
 S. H. S. 14 at Jacksonville 35.-

Pewee Tillis.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Last year was a very successful year in the history of the Athletics of the Sanford High School. At the beginning of the year a meeting of the Girls' Athletic Association was called and the following officers were elected: Miss May Thrasher,

Capt., and Miss Agnes Dumas, Mgr. Mr. Robert Connor, Prof. of Mathematics, agreed to act as coach.

We started our practices at once and in a short time the team was in playing order. The following was the line-up:

May Thrasher (Capt.)—Left Forward
Cora Lee Tillis—Right Forward
Ethel Henry—Left Guard
Dorothy Rumph—Right Guard
Helen Hand—Jumping Center
Helen Peck—Running Center
Mollie Abernathy—Substitute
Adele Rines—Substitute.

A schedule was arranged and thus started one of the most successful seasons of the Sanford High School Girls Basket Ball team.

The following was the record made:

Sanford—25, Eustis—21
Sanford—37, Kissimmee—7
Sanford—19, Oviedo—12
Sanford—25, Eustis—9
Sanford—23, Orlando—8
Sanford—21, Kissimmee—13
Sanford—24, Cathedral—1
Sanford—10, DeLand—14
Sanford—28, Stetson—11
Sanford—16, Orlando—10
Sanford—23, Ocala—20
Sanford—11, DeLand—15
Sanford—50, Ocala—5
Sanford—19, Duval—22
Sanford—24, Stetson—10
Sanford—13, Duval—19
Sanford—10, Cathedral—10.

As has been the case in many other high schools during the past year, athletics have nearly been neglected. On account of unsettled conditions, the war, the Flu. epidemic and the impossibility of securing a coach, we were unable to organize any form of athletics, much to the great disappointment of the whole school. We hope this will not be the case in the future years.

Helen Peck '19.

"May I press a kiss on your lips," I asked,
She nodded her sweet permission,
So we went to press,
And I rather guess
We printed a large edition (of our Salmagundi)

Stewart in the Algebra class—"You know I'm tired, I've been E-racing all this period."

Mrs. Maxwell—"Because Wordsworth lived so near the lake, what was his poetry full of?"
Izetta Stone—"Full of Lakes."



Boys' Basket Ball



Girls' Basket Ball



"SENIOR LIMERICKS"

We have a sweet Senior named Mary
Who went out to visit a dairy.
A cow with red hair
Gave her such a bad scare
That now all her visits will vary.

There's a Senior whose last name is Thrasher
Who once met a naughty young masher.
She gave him a check, and he felt quite a wreck,
For he couldn't see how he could cash her.

We know a Senior named Issie,
Who always appears very busy.
Howe'er truth will out,
I hope no one's about,
His ambition's to have a tin Lizzie.

There is a young Senior named Pewee,
Just hear how in French he says, "Oui, oui."
But he's quick to learn,
Though French he does spurn.
He is no dunce, Our Pewee.

There is a young Senior named Eula,
Who has never attempted the Hula.
Max has a case,
And is running a race
To make for his own fair Eula.

We have a Senior named Lela,
Who in hats is quite a dealer.
But some day for her own,
She'll have a little home,
For "he" will just come along and steal her.

There is a fair Senior named Edna,
Put at the piano she's a shark,
And she's always out for a lark,
Oh! She is *some* sport, is our Edna.

A Senior girl whose name is Alice,
Always dresses when she can in challies,

While eating her lunch
Ham gave her quite a punch,
And tore her dress, all without malice.

Our hero boy is named Frank Chappell,
He sat by the roadside, chewing an apple,
Along came May
With a nod very gay,
And our hero with blushes did grapple.

There was a young lady named Helen,
Who went to the lake and she fell in.
A youth named Le Clerq
Pulled her out by the hair,
Which started poor Helen to yellin'.

There was a wise Senior named Teddy
Who read Virgil to keep himself steady.
A lady named Clark,
Gave him such a high mark
That to teach Latin now Teddy feels ready.

There's a girl in our class named Izetta.
The news in the papers upset her,
Because as you see
She's a sweetheart at sea,
And she's afraid he'll forget her.

We've a girl in the class named Adele,
A girl that we like very well.
She's little and shy—
Don't ask me why.
To you the reason she'll tell.

There's a poet in our class named Clair,
Took a notion she'd cut off her hair.
She took a dull knife
And sawed off a slice,
And now she would pass at a fair.

There's a girl in our class named Helen,
Who always has trouble with spellin'.
She took a back seat,
And thought she would cheat;
But the teacher gave out Llewellyn.

There's a girl in our class named Long,
She never does a thing wrong.
Never has frolics,
She ne'er sings a funny song.

A steady young Senior, Bradbury,
One morning was feeling quite merry.
He spoke in the hall

He wrote on the wall,
Don't you think he was naughty, Oh, very.

There was a young lady named Helen,
Who once in a while got a spell on.
When the hall she would keep,
All the Freshies would weep,
And say: "What a stern little Helen."

Agnes Dumas to Margaret Melton—"Any jokes today, Margaret?"
Margaret—"No. We haven't been to Algebra yet."

One thing we noticed while Clair read her poetry was that Pewee and Izetta held
hands.

Pewee—"Clair read some more of that poetry."

Izetta—"Yes. *Please do.*"

Byron Stephens—"Miss Clark, is Holland the place where they have the dikes?"
James Robson—"Sure. Everybody dikes up."

James—"Oh! I hear an aeroplane!"

Stewart—"Ah. That's just Mr. McKinnon down in the office thinking."

Practicing for the Senior Play.

Mrs. Maxwell—"Yes, you're to kiss the Madame."

Alice Andes—"Must we kiss the Marines, too?"

Mr. Weaver—"What is the most noted work of Marvell?"

Arthur Gardner—"Let's see. Oh yes. *Paradise Lost.*"

Miss Edwards—"What has been the greatest event of President Wilson's admin-
istration?"

Pewee—"His trip to Paris."

Mr. Weaver—"I'll let you compare the works of Milton and Dryden."

Helen Terwilliger—"Oh Dear! Don't do that!"

In the Study Hall a chair falls down with a Freshman.

Helen Hand, keeping the Study Hall—"Now that isn't a bit funny. Everybody turns
over sometimes."

Matrimony is like a chemistry laboratory full of dangerous explosives.

—(The Flat Hat.) It doesn't seem to affect the popularity of the course.

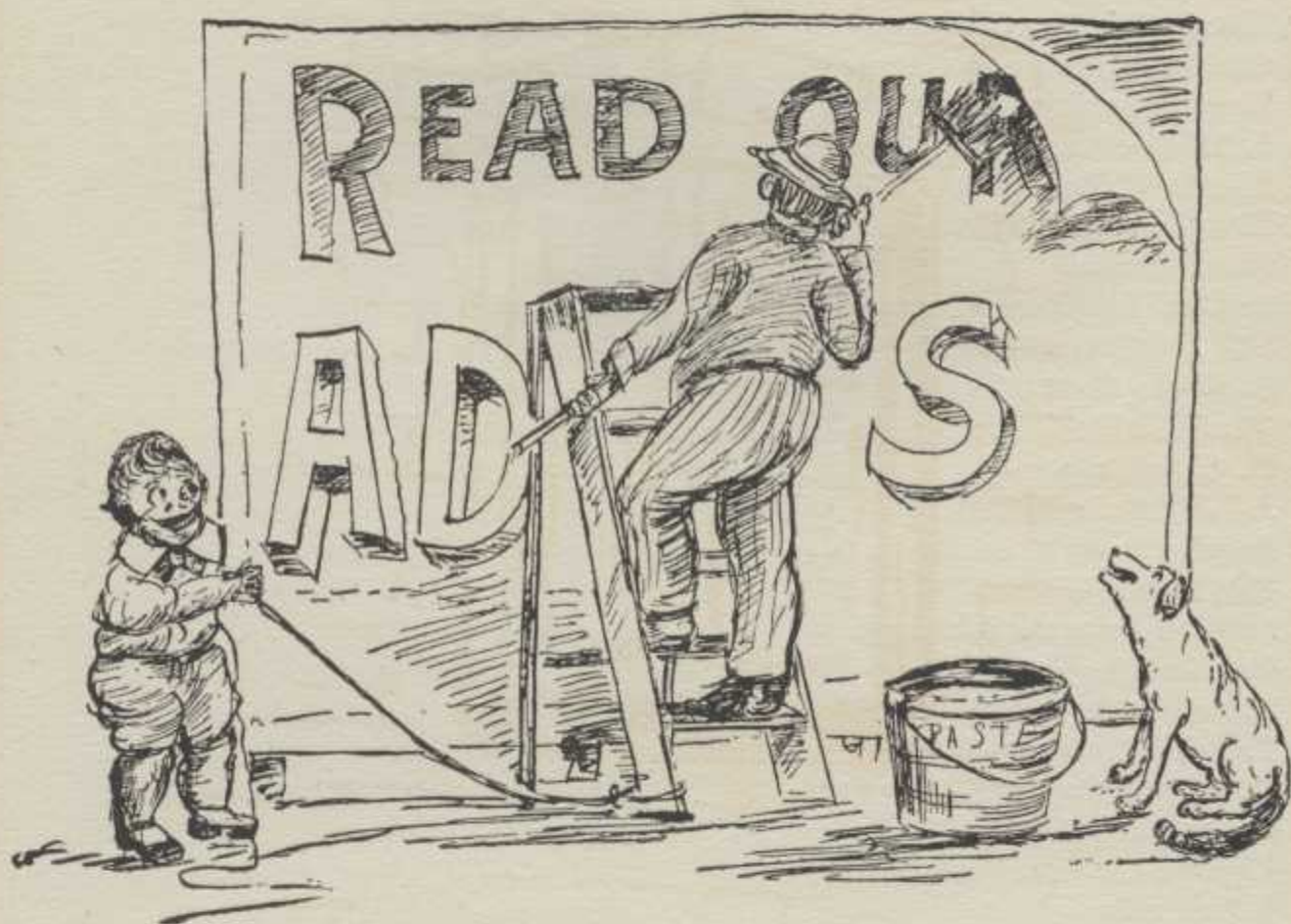
Doctor, to the grief-stricken husband: "Your wife is at the door of death."

Husband—"Oh! Do you think there is any chance for you to pull her through?"

The cat that haunts our garden gate, How heartily I hate her.

Some night she'll mew until quite late, And then I'll "mew-till-late" her.





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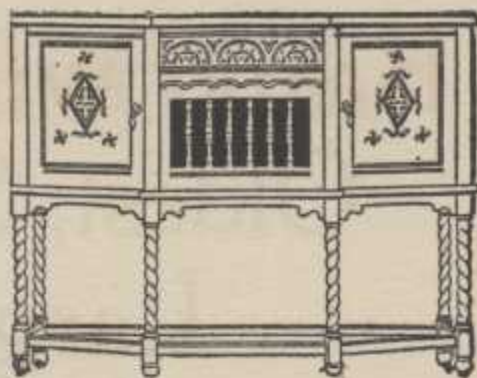
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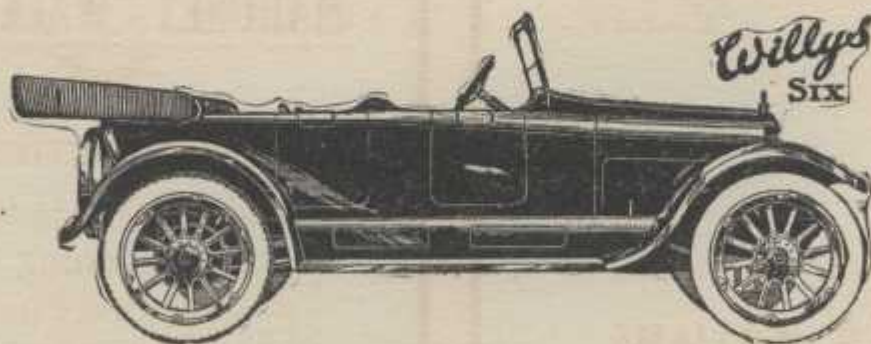
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