

and was also playground teacher. He showed a great deal of interest in all his work and we wish he were back with us.

Although Mr. Lowe, who took Mr. Kennedy's position, has only been with us since Christmas he has won a place in everyone's heart. We are very sorry he will not be back with us next year. Mr. Lowe is teaching French, Latin and playground work.

Mr. L. W. Alford, Agriculture teacher, also left us in the middle of the year for the position of County Demonstrator. He advanced Agriculture in W. H. S. so much that it is a very popular subject now. We all miss him; but we feel he is doing work that will help more for the community.

Mr. H. G. McColl, who succeeded Mr. Alford, has been very popular with the boys—and girls. We were very fortunate in having him come to teach here.

Miss Marjorie Oliver, teacher of Home Economics, is the only Home Economics teacher we have had for more than a year; but we are very sorry that we cannot have her back next year. She is another that is very strict; but the Home Economics students have learned how to cook and sew while she has been teaching. We hope, Miss Oliver, that your cooking and sewing will be very useful in later years.

Mr. I. Y. Caughman, History and Biology teacher and assistant athletic coach, is one of the most popular teachers of the school; and has won many friends. He has made History an interesting subject instead of one that was always dreaded.

We feel very fortunate that we were able to have Miss Ida Mae Fishburne back with us this year. She taught here four years ago; and the students were sorry to have her leave us. She teaches English, Algebra, and Geography. We wish she'd stay.

Miss Ruby Murray, the "office dog," has been very faithful and has done her work efficiently all the year. This is only her first year of office work here; but we hope she will be with us again and again, for her "square deal" has made all love her.

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#### CLASS POEM

Behind us are the cliffs we had to climb,  
The stepping stones to success;  
Now we look back over the sandy tracks of time  
And recall memories we love best.

We can not tarry the race is not run,  
Before us rises the steep mountain cress;  
And we must cross ere the setting sun,  
And on the other side find rest.

We are the toilers to whom God gave  
The gifts that are good to hold;  
We worked full hard and hardships braved  
And in success were manifold.

Free from the stain of iniquity,  
In the mold of honor our lives were cast;  
Trained by standards of purity  
Lords of the future, guardians of the past.

Onward we struggle to higher height,  
Driven by the law which bids us know;  
We can not live without the light  
We must forward or backward go.