

### History of the class of 1921.

It was the 17th, day of September 1917, a calm, peaceful, autumnal day, radiant with the sunshine of hope, cheer and joyous promise, when the good ship, Luckett's High School stood at anchor, at the wharf of a new school year.

It was the same old ship that had carried many passengers safe to the harbor in the land of Great Wisdom, but this was a gala day in history, and many people gazed in wonder at the fourteen, beautiful and charming young ladies and dashing young gentlemen, as they happily stepped aboard, for it was rumored they were about to set sail over new and untried waters in quest of the Fountain of Perfect Understanding.

As the ship stood at anchor on that eventful morning of September, the Freshmen Class began to arrive, and were cordially greeted by Mr. Simpson and Miss Cheiv.

Ethel Titus was first to be enrolled and had scarcely finished the task of placing her signature upon the ship's Register, when a companion joined her. This was Clara Heflin, a girl who had sailed with her through the elementary grades, the cruise of Smaller Learning, and who she was glad to learn was to join her in this larger voyage.

They were congratulating themselves upon the mutual pleasure of longer companionship together, when they turned to welcome three new comers from the distant lands, these were, Kathleen Arnold, Sabree Simpson and I.

They peeped over our shoulders as we wrote our names and were surprised to decipher the letters we wrote, for although we were strangers, they had heard of us before, and while they knew, they would not find us overly fond of study, thought our jolly nature would brighten for them many and otherwise gloomy hours.

In a short time we were joined by nine others, and then all the school children at Lucketts, little and big, came crowding around, till the ship was full and launched into Lucketts High School life.

We were enthusiastic and asked many questions of the Sophomores and our teachers; and were assured that if we were persevering and diligent in our studies we would reach our destination in four years.

So it was with hopeful hearts and smiling faces, we bade our parents and friends good bye and waved our handkerchiefs to those left in the grammar grades, and were actually embarked for a four years' high school life.

We were socially inclined, so it did not take us long to become acquainted with each other, nor to feel very much at home with our teachers. Our fears of shipwreck were entirely wiped away, because of the assurance that so able a faculty had us in charge.

There were naturally a few cases of sea sickness, and various ones threw up Latin.

Mr. Simpson explained to us that the voyage of high school life was over four seas, and we were

entering the freshmen sea.

The usual intimacies sprang up and we have been loyal friends ever since.

We sailed over Freshmen's sea and received our checks of identification almost before we knew it, and it was vacation time.

So we rested a little while, while our life is yet at morn;  
Pause and voice the new emotions that at this glad hour are born.

But vacation now has passed and 'tis the time that all has led to; since we heard the first bell call summoning us to meet to-gether, in the now, familiar hall, where Mr. and Mrs. Simpson warmly welcomed us and guided us over the sophomore sea.

It would take too long to describe  
Sophomore voyage, and to tell of  
all the changes in passenger list  
in the various ports along the way.

Some have sailed the briny sea,  
others have traveled in the far west  
and distant south. Some are seeking  
their fortunes in agricultural pursuits.  
Some have entered other institutions  
of learning, while others have taken  
up their abode else where.

There were delightful experiences  
and wonderful lessons in the Sophomore  
voyage.

Dear Old School! How much our  
days here slowly led us on to know,

How much then undreamed  
knowledge we are taking as we go.

Many a day we have sat and  
pondered over some strangely  
puzzling test, wondering what our

wise instructors could bring forth to ask us next. Many a day we have worked some problem through in gratifying style, trying to make our selves believe that we had known it all the while.

So the days sped on until we again reached vacation time, and here with five of our members did part, whose instinct or fortune led them away from our hearts.

Vacation soon wended its way and on a bright September day, our ship, which had been enlarged to take on more passengers, launched us on the junior sea, at Lucketts school, where we were again smilingly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Simpson.

There were only seven Juniors on the sea, but we were not surprised, having already bidden the

five other members of our class adieu.

At first we missed them, but soon became happy among our selves.

The lovely September days that hovered over our ship looked smilingly upon us, and seemed more beautiful than ever, for the lovely days that come and go pass not away for ever.

Another day they will come and go as beautiful as ever.

Alas! I wish our life could be more nearly like the weather, and when the happy days of youth depart, they might not go for ever.

Much happened while our ship was on the Junior sea, but after all it has but little vital significance except to our selves; the few who remain to-gether, to land to-night on Commencement wharf.

We must not divulge the secrets



of our ship mates. We must not forget the loyalty due our class colors floating at the mast head.

The best and most vital history of any person or thing is never given to the world.

Our lessons on the Junior sea were very interesting, and our teachers explained them beautifully.

So the golden moments sped fleetingly on until the good ship launched us to the end of the term of 1919-1920 and our little band separated until many lovely tokens whispered, "September, now is here."

When through our field glasses we saw a large vista of water called the Senior sea, which our good ship now reached, and we took up what then seemed humdrum tasks again.

Our preceptors were, Mr. Simpson,

Mrs. Simpson and Miss Hardie.

This has been the most wonderful voyage of all, although only five of us remain, Dabney Simpson, Clara Hyflin, Kathleen Arnold, Ethel Titus and I.

We have accumulated souvenirs from every port, striving against the danger of excess and of taking unto ourselves any thing that would not be of service to us on the yet greater voyage of Real Life upon which we are this day to embark.

We have not faced any gale which we have not been able to with stand.

We have not been wrecked upon shoals of any threatening task.

The tides of our averages have continued to ebb and flow, the waves

of problems have kept up their ceaseless motion and commotion, the billows of examinations questions have tried to over whelm us, but none of them have succeeded.

We have been able to secure necessary passport at the entrance of each succeeding sea, and have been able to pay the price in hard work for every part of the passage.

We have been good to the Freshmen and sympathized with the love sick passengers that made up the various new classes.

We have enjoyed the successful experiences of those who have landed on other shores.

Now we look at the larger more majestic ocean ahead, and feel that our experience has fitted us to with stand every storm,

and weather any opposing force with  
no fear of disaster.

The class of 1921 is not in vain.  
We will go on writing new logs  
of greater adventure, and yet more  
wonderful discovery, for while  
the voyage of high school life is  
at an end, the voyage of real  
life is just now and here at  
this triumphant Commencement.

We must say farewell to a  
happy past; farewell to those  
about us

Farewell to days that can  
never be erased from memory.