The

Roxboro Rambler

ROXBORO, N. C. Published Monthly by the Roxboro High School

Editor-in-chief Frances Winstead
Associate Editor Mary Hester Austir
General Business Manager. Billy West
Assistants Eloise Newel
Bitty Bullock
Advertising Mary Hester Austir
Page Harris

REPORTERS

Eleanor Winstead..... Louise Walker...... Mary Susan Henly... Frances Foushee9th Grade ..10th Grade ..11th Grade

TYPISTS Louise Dickens, Louise Ashley, Billie Street, Thomas Perkins ALUMNI NOTES
Helen Reid Sanders, Mary Seviers
Woody

FACULTY ADVISERS
Mrs. A. F. Nichols, Miss Lucy Bowers

Graduation

Graduation is a word that brings a thrill into the heart of every senior. Yet there is so much more to take into consideration than we usualy do when we think of graduating. There a hapy side as well as a sad one. We are happy because we feel that we have accomplished something that no one can ever take away from us. It is something that we have been working for for eleven years. After graduation we have climbed the first rung in life's great ladder. There is not a senior but gets a thrill at the thought of marching down an aisle to receive a diploma with his or her name upon it. But we must consider Life will change

ates. Some of us was start our own living, others of us will continue our education. No matter which we do life will never be the same. We must grow up and take on our share of responsibility, we must learn to make decisions without the help of mother and daddy. In a certain sense we must leave our childhood days behind. Another thing that brings sorrow to us is the thought of leaving friends whom we love devotedly. We hate the thought of leaving behind a single classmate or teacher, instead we would like to take you all with us to share our joys and sorrows. All good things must end and as we come to the termination of our high school years we are leaving not with the idea of setting the world on fire but to do the best of our ability that which is our part in life.

Why Go To College

To a largely increasing number of young boys and girls college doors are opening every year. Our American young people are becoming aware that they need the stimulus, the dis cipline, the knowledge, the interests of the college in addition to the high school, if they are to prepare themselves for the most serviceable lives.

Pre-eminently the college is a place of education. That is the ground of its being. We go to college to know, assured that knowledge is sweet and powerful, that a good education emancipates the mind and makes us citizens of the world. No college which does not thoroughly educate can be called good, no matter what else it does. No student who fails to get a little knowledge on many subjects, and much knowledge in some can be said to have succeeded, what ever other advantage he may have found by the way.

especially teen-age girls and boys. A good time does not always in these years mean what it will mean by and by. It takes some time to discover that work is the best sort of play, and some people never discover it at all. Merely for good time, romance, society, college life offers unequalled opportunities. For full happiness we want health, friends, work, and objects of aspiration.

The second gift of college is friendship. Today above all things we need the influence of men and women of friendliness, of generous nature, of hospitality to new ideas, in short, of social imagination.

The third and probably greatest gift of college life is ideals of personal character. To most people the shaping ideals of what character should be, are given by persons whom they admire before they are twenty years old. The greatest thing any friend or teacher, either in school or college, can do for a student is to furnish him with a personal ideal.

Now, in every modern college there are opportunities for a college student to become an expert in use of his own tongue and pen. Every language, ancient or modern, is now taught college. Its history is examined, its philology, its masterpieces, and more than ever is English literature studied and loved. The subjects which stand beside the classics and mathematics are history, economics, ethics, and sociology.

To the open-minded and ambitious boy or girl of moderate health, ability, self-control, and studiousness, college course offers the most attraction, easy, and probably way of securing happiness and health, good friends and high ideals, permanent interest of a noble kind, and large capacity for usefulness in the world. d by Elsise Newell from

To College."

Class History (1938)

Eleven years ago quite a large group of children was escorted by their parents to the Roxboro Gram mar School and began to be "good Some of us were good and some bad but soon learned that a tantrum in school mean real punishment. Every thing was so different from hom and we could not understand why we should not talk and play. It was impossible for some of us to sit still which fact our teacher readily learned. But we were interested in pictures and stories and gradually learned to read and write before we learned the alphabet.

It was all very interesting and playtime was grand. All kinds of games were indulged in and often proud. bloody nose or a black eye was nursed by our patient teacher.

Soon we were advancing and com petition was growing keen. We promptly displayed our report cards on which were all "A's" for the first year or so.

We had chums and formed lasting friendships in those early days. And not a care did we have save our textbooks. We loved our teachers, but were glad when vacation time came and we could don our overalls or shorts and go barefooted. But were we glad when September came and we were called to school again.

Time passed rapidly and we were a proud group when we received our seventh grade certificates. We were ready for high school.

It was in the year 1935 that our class, numbering 44 boys and 46 girls, began their high school career. Surely it was a happy day when we could tell the world we were full-Some of the collateral advantages | fledged high school students, as we | school that is so dear in the hearts of going to college are, first, happiness. Everybody wants a good time, "one grand sweet song." This illu-

The New Curtain

velour curtain. With the exception a \$50 donation by the P. T. A., this curtain was paid for from such small items as selling doughnuts, candy, milk, grammar grade entertainment, selling the most Easter seals, and various other means of making money that most schools resort to.

The curtain consists of two parts, the rear part being of monk's cloth, and the front of a rich dark crimson velour of very good quality, with a valance trimmed with a wide gold fringe monogrammed with R.G.S.

The school hopes that each patron and friend will make a special effort to come and see this curtain. They will find a most cordial welcome from teachers and pupils alike.

The pupils have been made to feel that they are largely responsible and have made it possible for the school to have this curtain by the great share they have had in obtaining the money, therefore, they have already shown a great deal of pride and in-

sion was dispelled however when we were confronted with Latin and civics and we soon realized that there was no time for day dreams.

Of course we were as green as the proverbial freshman, we realize it now, but we managed to survive the hardships with the aid of our sympathetic teachers.

Soon we were sophomores with a of dignity, but still dreading Latin. We were more accustomed to life and thoroughly enjoyed initiating the freshmen. There were more activities, both social and otherwise, during our sophomore year and we eagerly looked forward to them, for by then we were "growing

Having joined the athletic clubs, we won many games of football and basketball from neighboring towns. This ended our sophomore year and we were glad to lay aside our Latin books for our younger brothers and

When we entered high school as juniors we were still "growing" and happy group girls. We organized Hi-Y clubs and enjoyed every feature of them. We also published The Roxboro Rambler to advertise our school. Local merchants cooperated with us, and our last publication was in the form of an annual of which we were very

One of the most interesting features of the year was the Junior-Senior banquet. It was our first real dress-up affair.

After a jolly vacation we enrolled in the fall of 1937 as seniors and grown-ups." Not very dignified yet, but few were the cases of an inferiority complex among us. We chose for our class motto, "Ambition has no rest." The red rose for our flower, and red and white for our colors. We had been told that our senior year would be our easiest, but not Howere, we will not discourage the juniors, for despite our work it has been a very happy year.

Of course we are thrilled when we think of graduation day, but s dened when we think of separation.

But true to our class and its colors, with a loving tribute to her memory, we resign the years of difficulties and endearments to those who follow us and bid farewell to the high of its members.

-Page Harris, Historian.

Last Will And Testament

reason for feeling especially proud of itself, because its stage is all dressed up with a handsome.

We, the Senior Class of Roxboro High School, Class of '38, being of sound and intelligent minds dressed up with a handsome. ment:

SECTION I

To the Faculty we bequeath our emarkable intellect and very sweet (we hope) memories of those "trifling seniors.

SECTION II

To the Junior Class we leave the right to follow in our "important" footsteps and also reserve our desks "Miss Mildred's" room especially in for them

SECTION III

Louise Ashley wills her "red curly locks" and bashfulness to Rachel Fox and Mary Susan Henley

Donald Bradsher bequeaths his charm for those "certain teachers Billy West, and his play acting ability to Edith Grey Ritchie.

Eloise Newell leaves Charles White to Mary Seivers Woody and her curly ocks to Carolyn White.

Bitty Bullock bequeaths his "bashfulness" to Charles White.

Frances "Lady Bug" Winstead wills her "Winstead strut" to Elva

Ruth Brogden wishes to leave her figure to Mary Lewis Dickens and she sez, sez she, "I hope you can use it to your advantage." Here's luck to you, Mary Lewis

Grace Osborne Clayton leaves her popularity and dancing ability to Louise Jordan.

Evelyn Satterfield bequeaths her ability to lose her voice at the proper time to C. C. Garrett, and hopes for 'appendicitis operation' to anyone who really needs it.

Sarah Winstead leaves "that mastered art" of flirtation to Helen Reid Sanders and her stool in the drug store to Ben Thaxton.

Charles Reade Long bequeaths his 'smirk" and heighth to Buddy Par-

Frances Foushee wills her freckles to Mamie Maude Walker and interest in "Semora" boys to Hazel Carver.

Mondelle Holleman bequeaths her drawing ability to James Bradsher Page Harris leaves his big nose, la ache, and tennis ability to Barden

Winstead. Mary Hester Austin leaves her ability to play basketball to Annie Laurie Day and leaves to the school memory of the Austin-Wagstaff

"Vic" Black bequeaths her northern accent and dignified ways to Annie Mae McWhorter, and sweet memories to Bob Whitten.

affair

Louise Dickens wills her page bob and all of her books to Mary Seivers Woody.

Katherine Bowles leaves her chew ing gum under the fourth desk in the senior class room to Shirley King.

Hannah Brewer leaves her sister Rachel Brewer to Thomas Long. Good luck, Thomas.

Anne Margaret Long bequeaths er "promptness" to Doris Jones, Helen Carr leaves her talkative

ways to Hazel Warmack. Earl Stewart bequeaths his

intelligence to Curtis "Pluto" cial" Long

Janie Bradsher leaves her "Dur ham twist" to Kitty Collins.

Virginia Dixon bequeaths her "dig to Frank Winstead and heighth to Isla Fuller.

Helen Evans leaves Mr. Dunlop Miss Davis (no competition now, Miss Davis).

Nellie Scott Featherston wills her love for something "commercial" to Lewis Adams.

(Continued on page 12)

Farewell to Seniors

When we think of school without you, Class of thirty-eight,

Things look mighty dark and gloomy We are free to state.

Through four years of toil and struggle

You have stood the grind And a finer class of graduates Would be hard to find.

You have been so wise and jolly, Honored Senior class, That we never thought it folly

When you failed to pass. When you go away to college Keep your record straight For your friends back here'll be

boosting Class of thirty-eight.

As you leave these halls of learning And we say goodbye,

May your thoughts be ever turning Back to Roxboro High. BILLY WEST.

Senior Farewell

Our days in high school have been filled with many joys and sorrows all of which have helped to make us what we are, the "Seniors of '38." We owe much of our happiness to our teachers and all the students in our school. Without your friendship and understanding our senior days would have meant little. Now that our happy high school days are coming to a close we think of those who are to take our places in the years to come. To you we leave our ' boro Rambler" and may its news ever be read in the state of Carolina. Also our Hi-Y Clubs we expect you to carry on with all the honor that is due them. We expect some day to see the name of Roxboro High School on the Avcock Cup. Of our Dramatic Club we know we will hear things of great renown. As for our athletics our boys and girls will always be the tops. Last, we entrust to your care our teachers everyone. Love them as we have and I'm sure they'll never lack proper care.

To all of you students and teachers we bid a fond farewell and wish that your coming years will be filled with as many joys as you have made possible for us.

Class Poem

So, we must say goodbye, To our beloved Roxboro High, For years we've anticipated this date, But now—now we seem to hesitate. Our thoughts take us over these last four years,

And we chuckle over our freshman fears.

Even the uneventful sophomore days Now seem to us a most pleasant phase.

And so on-'till now, as seniors we stand,

We're young and strong-an optimistic band:

Ready to go out, and show of what we're made,

Then come back, having earned our accolade.

So, dear Roxboro High, 'till we meet again,

We leave this word to lessen the pain We'll come back to you some date And you'll be proud of the class of

> -Mondelle Holleman, Class Poetess

Appreciation

38.

We feel that parents have been so kind and liberal to the whole of Central School, to both teachers and pupils entrusted to their care, that we, the teachers want to begin now to thank all who have had part in the favors, grade mothers and just friendly parents.