

**An Autobiography**

On July 2, 1921, when the sun was just rising over the hills, the stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Dickens and brought a baby girl. Of course, this baby girl was I, Louise. Such a crying baby was never before heard of. As I grew older I ceased so much crying and took up the habit of walking and talking at the age of ten months. There were two brothers older than I was and so I had the time of my life. Everything they did I imitated! When mother was too busy to both with me, she put me in a little white iron bed, and there I had to stay, trying to climb over, and finding that didn't work I lay down sucking my thumb (I sucked my thumb until I was in the fourth grade). About five years of age I thought I was too big to have long curls and so I cried until they were cut. A few months later I was taken very ill, with diphtheria, and almost died. While recovering my brothers amused me with dolls, spools, blocks, etc., in fact, they did everything that I desired. My dear grandmother would take me up sometimes and I would get on her foot and ride "horsey." This puts me to mind of an old mule we had. He was a very kind mule and wouldn't hurt my two brothers, sister, and I for the world. We all four used to get on his back and gallop all around the lot without a bridle, and one day going up a hill we all, one by one, slid nicely off the back of the mule on the ground. Then after this, we all headed for the big haystacks, and there we remained until called for.

Another thing I liked to do was to climb up trees and into barns and then jump out. Just a regular little tomboy, as daddy used to call me. I was very fond of cats and dogs and had just "oodles of cats" and one big old dog. My life at this point seemed to me to be the fullest!

Six years old, and the beginning of school life for Louise. Never will I forget that day! Such a timid little soul! I remember well reading Baby Ray and Humpty-Dumpty, and also how I used to cry when called upon to recite things and sing, but I soon overcame these trifles. Well do I also remember my first report card, and how proud I was to show mother and daddy my A's.

Grammar school was a very full life for me. We used to have May pole dances, outdoor games, races, play houses, and also plays. Baseball was my big sport and I thoroughly enjoyed it. When I was in the fourth grade I remember coming to Roxboro high school and singing a solo against very big girls. I was but nine years of age and very small for my age.

Finally I reached the seventh grade and that was my graduation year. For a play we had, I played the part of a rabbit, and what a rabbit! I had a rabbit mask and was it hot! Then came our day to graduate and everyone was dressed in white. It seems to me as if every one was sad, and why, then I really didn't know.

I entered high school the following year. I felt so insignificant, but soon caught on to the routine of high school life. I have succeeded so far, very well, through my high school years and now I am a senior, ready for another graduation. It leaves somewhat to me a sad memory knowing that here is one of the greatest breaks in our life and that for many the breaking up of friendships and the end of school life. *School life*, there we have spent many happy days, and there they leave a happy memory. This closes a chapter in the life of me, Louise Dickens.

**Dramatic Club**



Left to right: Merrimen Foushee, Ben Thaxton, Billy West, Bitty Bullock, Curtis Long, Grace O. Clayton, Mary Hester Austin, Marion Bradsher, Mrs. Berlie Clayton, Page Harris, Dorothy Winstead, Vic Black, Frances Winstead, Miss Harkrader, Anne Margaret Long, Mary Susan Henly, Mondelle Holleman, Margaret Pleasants, Rachel Long, Hazel Warmack, T. C. Wagstaff, Fay O'Briant, Anita Kirby, Zelda Holleman, Lavenia Walker, Margie Monk, Ethel Newell Winstead, Ruth Brogden, Frances Foushee, Louise Dickens, and Doris Jones.

**Mrs. Woods' Music Class**



**Gospel of . . .  
"Better Education"**

School Paper Is Vehicle to Bring It About

Nothing, no matter how sacred or beneficial, is exempt from the attacks of the chronic knocker. Criticism and advice are about the only things that are offered free. But, like castor oil, everyone wants to give it to the other fellow. Happily, however, critics are usually in the minority. And if the rest of us work hard enough, we can put over anything we want for the school.

The value of a school paper should be clear to any thinking person. We need a method through which to circulate news of schools activities. All professions, businesses, fraternal societies and the like have an official publication devoted to their own special needs. The school, being the most important of all organizations, too, must have an official organ if it gets the publicity and advertisements on which any enterprise depends in this progressive age. Many people do not approve of the new methods of education. Who is better prepared to convince these doubting Thomases of the merits of the modern system than the students?

The school paper will foster self-expression in the students who have writing ability. They will not receive the inducements in the average English class that they will in competition for a place on the school paper. All the members of the staff will get valuable training in business and journalism, one of the world's biggest businesses today. And students who get practical experience in school will stand a better chance of success in later life if they choose to enter the journalistic field.

The school paper will develop initiative in students, stimulate interest and draw the attention of other

schools to us. They would try to keep pace, thus creating that friendly rivalry that has so marked the growth of American education.

Everyone who is interested in life reads the newspapers and magazines. This is a good habit, but the local school paper should have as warm a welcome as the others. For the youth of this country is more important than all the peace pacts and murder trials in history.

Many of our famous writers received their first training on the high school or college paper. They liked the work and chose it as their profession. Here the paper helped them to decide upon a career which is one of the hardest questions that face students.

The blade of grass is overshadowed by the great oak, yet it has a definite purpose in the universe. So has a school paper, its purpose and its message. —Selected.

**Short Story**

A girl told her lover to go away and not come back until he had a thousand dollars; then she would marry him. He came back a week later with thirty dollars. She blushed and said: "Well, I guess that's near enough."

Convict No. 13271 says:

"It's no good taking any notice of advertising slogans. I followed the advice of one, 'Make Money at Home,' and here I am."

**Education**

"Education is gleaning from men and books and laboratories, from field and frost and whispering wind; but it is more: it is learning promptness and thoughtfulness, and helpfulness, and every form of purity; it is the mastering of the mind and spirit, appetite and passion, thought and word, and glance; it is knowing that nothing but service brings worthy living; that selfishness means sin that courage lies in being right. Education is the implanting of good habits, the acquirement of efficiency, the development of twenty-four carat character.

—Student Echo, Lumberton, N. C.

**Not So Bad!**

Once upon a time a department store clerk resurrected some invisible hairnets from his old stock, put them in the shop window, and they sold readily as the newest material for evening dresses.

**Louisburg College**

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Louisburg, North Carolina

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**"I Will!"**

"I Will" has a spirit that nothing daunts:  
Once he gets his eye on the thing he wants  
He rolls up his sleeves and he pitches in  
With a splendid zeal that is bound to win.

"I Will" never hesitates lest he fail—  
In his heart he's sure that he will prevail.  
No mountain can halt him, however high:  
There's no task so hard but he'll have a try.

"I Will" sets his teeth when things start off wrong;  
He just grins, and mutters: "This can't last long.  
I'll take a frest start; and Adversity Will be going some if he catches me."

"I Will" has a punch hit in either hand;  
He has training, strength, and a heap of sand;  
He swings his hard fists in the world's grimace,  
And he bangs away till the world gives place.

"I Will" understands in his own strength lies  
The one chance he'll get at the things men prize,  
Discouragement, failure—nothing can chill  
The stout heart of him who declares, "Will!"

—CHARLES R. BARRETT.

**Not a Real Druggist**

Two druggists were talking about one of their confreres who had just died. "He was a great druggist," said one. "He was," admitted the other, "but don't you think he made his chicken salad sandwiches a little too salty?"

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The Ritz Brothers — Tony Martin — Marjorie Weaver — John Garradine — J. Edward Bromberg — Wally Vernon — Slim Summerville in

**"Kentucky Moonshine"**

**DOLLY MADISON**

Monday-Tuesday, May 16-17

Will Rogers with Rochelle Hudson — Richard Cromwell — George Barbier — Uane Darwell — Slim Summerville in

**"Life Begins At 40"**