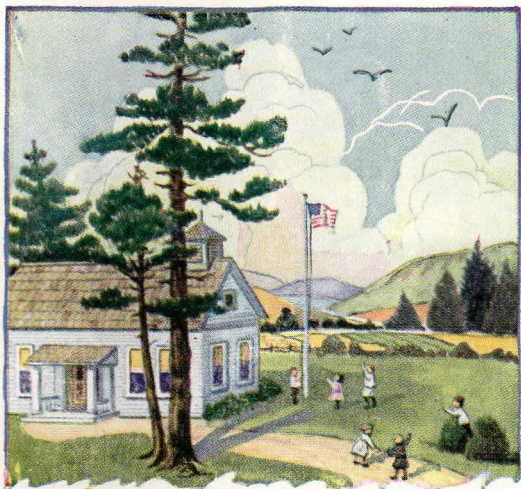




*'Tis only a little remem-
brance
That I'm leaving, dear
pupil, with you,
But it carries a load of
good wishes
For happiness all your
life through.*



This Souvenir
of the
school year now closing
is presented to you
with the best wishes of
your teacher



May it serve
in the years to come
as a
pleasant reminder
of your
schoolday associations

At School-Close

THE end has come, as come it must
To all things; in these sweet June
days

The teacher and the scholar trust
Their parting feet to separate ways.

They part: but in the years to be
Shall pleasant memories cling to each,
As shells bear inland from the sea
The murmur of the rhythmic beach.

Her little realm the teacher leaves,
She breaks her wand of power apart,
While, for your love and trust, she gives
The warm thanks of a grateful heart.

Hers is the sober summer noon
Contrasted with your morn of spring;
The waning with the waxing moon,
The folded with the outspread wing.

Across the distance of the years
She sends her God-speed back to you;
She has no thought of doubts or fears;
Be but yourselves, be pure, be true,

And prompt in duty; heed the deep,
Low voice of conscience; through the ill
And discord round about you, keep
Your faith in human nature still.

And, when the world shall link your
names
With gracious lives and manners fine,
The teacher shall assert her claims,
And proudly whisper, "These were
mine!"

—John G. Whittier.

Give Your Best

THERE are loyal hearts, there are
spirits brave,

There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will
show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in
kind;
And honor will honor meet,
And the smile which is sweet will surely
find
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave;
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

Sheltontown School

District No. 6

Mount Airy, Westfield Twp.,

Surry County, North Carolina

October 1, 1928—March 22, 1929



Delia F. Haymore,
Teacher

School Officers
Ashby Hiatt Powell Snody
Coy Scott

Pupils

SEVENTH GRADE

Bessie Adkins	Lizzie Bennett
Joe Durham	Robert Hiatt
Annie Mae Kirkman	Ella Kirkman
Lester Love	Lemore Noah
Herbert Snody	Jessie Snody

SIXTH GRADE

Florence Hall	Viola Hall
Vestal Hiatt	Harvey Johnson
Clemmie Kirkman	Wilford Lawrence
Howard Love	Lillie Taylor

Earl Watson

FIFTH GRADE

Stella Bennett	Annie B. Blair
Versie Collins	Louisa Durham
Annie B. Hiatt	Ellen Hiatt
Media Inman	Vester Inman
Thomas Kirkman	Trevar Kirkman
George Lewis	Charlie Love

My Gift

I SHOULD like to send you a sunbeam,
Or the twinkle of some bright star,
Or a tiny piece of a downy fleece,
That clings to a cloud afar.

I should like to send you the essence
Of a myriad sun-kissed flowers,
Or the lilting song that floats along
Of a brook through fairy bowers.

I should like to send you the dewdrops,
That glisten at break of day,
And then at night, the eerie light
That mantles the milky way.

I should like to send you the power
That nothing can overthrow,
The power to smile and laugh the while
As journeying through life you go.

But these are mere fanciful wishes.
I'll send you a God-speed instead,
And I'll clasp your hand and you'll understand
The things I have left unsaid.

Your Mission

IF you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you cannot in the conflict,
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do,
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do,
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

Ellen H. Gates.

Better Than Gold

BETTER than grandeur, better than
gold,
Than rank and titles, a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;—
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in a humble
sphere;
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lusts or cares of wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals, in Nature's plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is a thinking mind
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore, and the poet's lay,
The Glories of empires passed away,
The world's great drama, will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

—*Alexander Smart.*

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