

Souvenir

1911



'Tis Education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

My Dear Pupil:

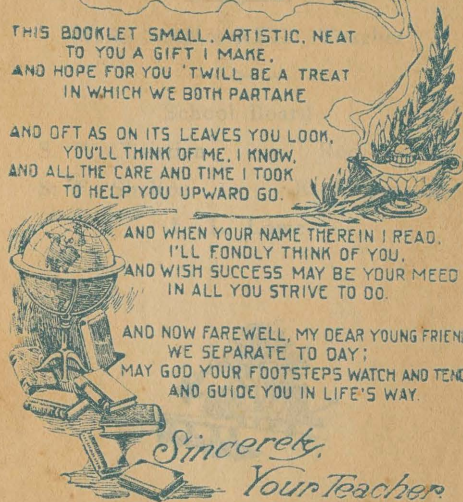
THIS BOOKLET SMALL, ARTISTIC, NEAT
TO YOU A GIFT I MAKE,
AND HOPE FOR YOU 'T WILL BE A TREAT
IN WHICH WE BOTH PARTAKE

AND OFT AS ON ITS LEAVES YOU LOOK,
YOU'LL THINK OF ME, I KNOW,
AND ALL THE CARE AND TIME I TOOK
TO HELP YOU UPWARD GO.

AND WHEN YOUR NAME THEREIN I READ,
I'LL FONDLY THINK OF YOU,
AND WISH SUCCESS MAY BE YOUR MEED
IN ALL YOU STRIVE TO DO.

AND NOW FAREWELL, MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,
WE SEPARATE TO DAY;
MAY GOD YOUR FOOTSTEPS WATCH AND TEND,
AND GUIDE YOU IN LIFE'S WAY.

Sincerely,
Your Teacher



WESTFIELD
GRADED SCHOOL

Surry County, North Carolina

—○—
MISS ANNA REID, Teacher

—○—
School Board

S. P. Christian

Roof Cook

S. F. Shelton

E. F. Jessop

L. L. Lowe



PUPILS

Adams, Hosea
 Adams, Willie
 Cook, Garrell
 Cook, Roy
 Cook, Ralph
 East, Raymon
 Hill, Jessie
 Hunter, Howard
 Hunter, Corlis
 Holt, Monroe
 Holt, Silla
 Inman, Nannie
 Inman, Roy
 Inman, Elma
 Jessup, Bob
 Jessup, Nellie
 Jessup, Bob
 Jackson, Bertie
 Neal, Otis
 Nester, Benton
 Owens, Richard
 Owens, Sam
 Owens, Tommie
 Pell, Bertie
 Pridav, Hettie
 Smith, Bernard
 Smith, Fred
 Simmons, Wilma
 Simmons, Pearl
 Simmons, John
 Shelton, Maude
 Williams, Tommie

Adams, Romie
 Cook, Adam
 Cook, Lillian
 Cook Raymon
 Cook, Mamie
 Gordon, Ed
 Hunter, Dona
 Hunter, Mary
 Hunter, Nannie
 Holt, Daisy
 Holt, Pearl
 Inman, Shirley
 Inman, Lilla
 Inman, Lethell
 Jessup, Willie
 Jessup, Harvey
 Johnson, Mattie
 Linconhoker, Ray
 Neal, Ina
 Neuman, Pearl
 Owens, Nancy
 Owens, Isam
 Payne, Tommie
 Priddy, Luke
 Ring, Laura
 Smith, Anslie
 Simmons, Inez
 Simmons, John
 Simmons, Inez
 Shelton, Cladie
 Williams, Malinda
 Williams, Charlie

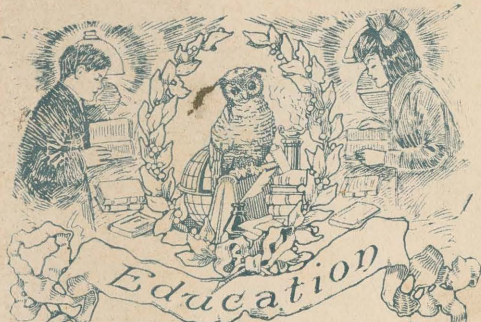


Let's oftener talk of noble deeds
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it,
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in any soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand,
This life is what we make it.



Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gains
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it.
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.



If we work upon marble,
it will perish;
if we work upon brass,
time will efface it;
if we rear temples,
they will crumble into dust;
but if we work upon immortal minds,
if we imbue them with principles,
with a just fear of God,
and love of our fellow-men,
we engrave on these tablets
something which will brighten
to all eternity.

WEBSTER



A traveler through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased at heat of noon
To bask beneath its boughs:
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore,
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.





Light

The night has a thousand eyes.
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the setting sun

The mind has a thousand eyes.
And the heart but one.
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done

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