

PANDORA
S. H. S.
1918

5m-147-(4)

*To our beloved teacher
and friend—*

Miss Agnes Edwards, B. A.

*Donated
Watson M. Alexander
Class 1918*

DONATED BY

WATSON McALEXANDER

CLASS OF 1918



Miss Agnes Edwards A. B.
Principal
Florida State College for Women

Mr. J. F. McKinnon A. B.
Superintendent
Davidson College, N. C.

Miss Natalie C. Moffett, A. B.
Florida
State College for Women



Mrs. R. C. Maxwell, B. A.
Oxford, Miss.

Miss Elizabeth Blanchard, B. S.
Mount Holyoke

Miss Nell Weldon
Georgia State College for Women

PANDORA

Vol. 1

SANFORD, FLORIDA, 1917-18

No. 1

STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Edna F. Chittenden
<i>Associate Editor</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ercel E. Little
<i>Business Manager</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Zeta C. Davison
<i>Joke Editor</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Rosamond Radford
<i>Historian</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Muriel V. Rhodes

The cycle of time once again has revolved and points its finger to the closing days of our school year; that season of pleasure and pain, of joy and of sorrow which we longingly anticipated yet grudgingly realize. It is the custom at this time for the Seniors to produce a rather incomplete chronicle of their experiences as High School students, which heretofore has been presented in the form of a booklet, the "Salmagundi." The stress of the times makes it necessary to forego many of our customary habits, and as patriotism demands that "conservation" be our watchword, we introduce to you this year of 1918, a smaller publication, "Pandora," and trust that you may find much of interest within its pages.

Which Senior is of a medical disposition? Jack Leach.
Who are the Senior criminals? Mary Belle Lynch and Ruth Rober(ts).
Who is our protegee? Fern Ward.
Who is the smallest in the class? Ercel Little.
Who is our most noteworthy pedestrian? Clifford Walker.
Which Senior is a member of highways? Muriel Rhodes.
Ercel Little

Miss Moffett: "There are some dates that would be well to remember."
Rosamond. "Yes, m'am. I had a date in 1492.

Edna C. told us all good-bye before the mid-term exams——
She expected to go to Chattahoochee.



Frances Edna Chittenden

The laughter of girls is
and ever was among
the delightful
sounds of
earth.

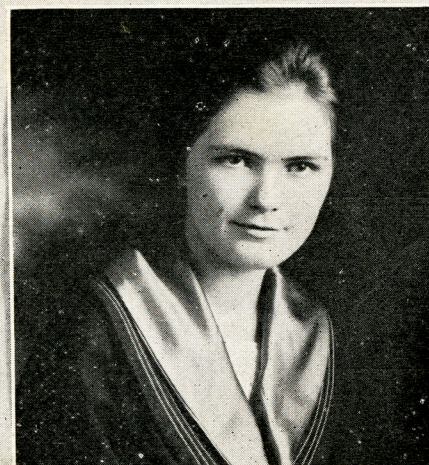
—*DeQincey*



Zeta Campbell Davison, Treas.

She is gentle, she is shy,
But there's mischief
in her eye.

—*Peck.*



Ercel Elizabeth Little

An angel might have
stooped to see and
blessed her for
her purity.

—*Dr. Mackay*



Gladys Lezette

Courteous tho coy
And gentle tho
retired.

—*Crabbe*



John H. Leach

I am a man more sinned
against than sinning.

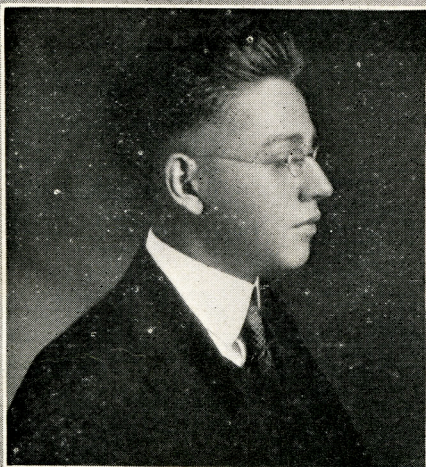
—*Shakespeare*



Mary Belle Lynch

Whence is thy learning?
Hath thy toil
O'er books con-
sumed the
mid-night
oil?

—*Anon.*



Watson McAlexander

Man is but man, in-
constant still and
various

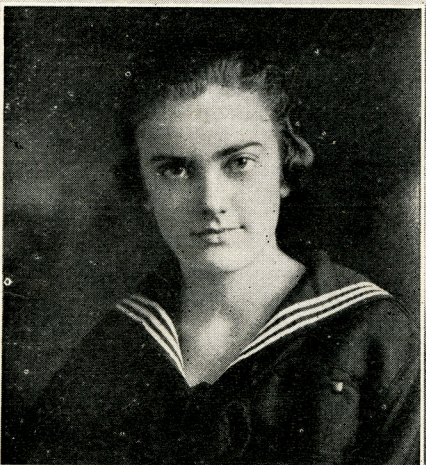
—Dryden



Muriel V. Rhodes

She knows what's what
and that's as high
As metaphysic
wit can fly.

—Butler



Rosamond Radford, Secy.

As merry as the day
is long.

—Shakespeare.



Ruth Celeste Roberts

She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
And pleasant too, to think
on.

—Suckling



Alice Louise Vaughn, V-Pres.

Of me you may write
In the blackest of ink
I say what I mean and
I know what I think.

—Anon.



Clifford L. Walker, Pres.

A man convinced against his
will
Is of the same opinion still.

—Butler



Fern E. Ward

Air and manners are more
expressive than words.

—S. Richardson

HOW THE PRESENT EUROPEAN WAR HAS AFFECTED THE THE POSITION OF WOMEN

At the beginning of the present European War the English, French and American women had taken but little part in the affairs of their respective countries. It is true that Woman's Suffrage was growing, and a few women were found in business life, but the majority of the women were busy with their housework, making homes for their husbands and sons.

When these husbands and sons departed for the war the feminine members of the household were left with practically nothing to do. But the men left not only the homes vacant, they left also the offices, the factories, hospitals and many other positions formerly held by them. "Who is to fill all these places?" "Who is to manage the affairs at home while the men are at war?" was the cry. The "Women," was the answer. Do you think an English, French or American woman would sit at home when her country needs her? "No," when the call comes she will rise to meet the crisis. And this is what she has done.

The English and French women were the first to be called upon as all the fighting is being done across the waters.

Their first duties were in the hospitals, for the wounded men had to be cared for. Even though there was a great need to be met here, prejudice was almost too strong against women physicians to allow them to help. Sir William Jenner of England pronounced women "physically, mentally, and morally unfit for practice of medicine" (February, 1918, Pictorial Review, Page 23). Under his leadership the Royal College of Physicians in London pledged themselves to resist the admission of women into the medical profession. They did so until victory came when Endel Street Hospital in London was opened. This wonderful hospital with six hundred beds is entirely staffed by women. The surgeon in chief and commanding officer of this hospital is a woman, Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson, who is ranked as one of England's greatest surgeons.

Of course in almost every hospital nearly all of the nurses are women, but in Endel Street Hospital all the surgeons, physicians, orderlies and even the ambulance drivers are women, and there are other hospitals in England and France that are partly staffed by women. Practically all the ambulance drivers are young girls, who wish to help the wounded, but have not had the training for nursing, so drive the cars to bring the wounded to the hospital where they can be cared for.

The second place of importance to which the women were called was to the munition factories. While there is war the need of ammunition is very great. All the men who did work in these factories are now in the trenches, fighting for liberty. Some one must provide them with the ammunition to fight with, so again the women rise to the call. They not only fill the executive offices, but work as ordinary hands in these dingy plants, disfiguring their faces through the chemical fumes.

Aside from the work in hospitals and munition plants the English and French women are helping to solve the transportation problem, by

taking charge of many of the railroad trains and street cars. Ammunition and supplies must be carried to the soldiers, so the women are serving in the capacity of engineers, conductors, flagmen and brakemen.

Since America has been in the war only a short time we have not reached such a crisis in our country, yet the women of America are working where they are needed. The men that Uncle Sam has taken have left positions vacant and into these the American women have stepped. Some of them have gone to Europe to help nurse the wounded; others are doing Red Cross work, making bandages and surgical dressings to send to the Allies.

In the industries of the United States women are doing their share in munition plants, canning factories, and manufactories of all descriptions. The women are the main dependents now. Women have entered the steel mills and are earning as much as four dollars a day. In Massachusetts one firm is using women in its foundry. Women are being taught to inspect electrical batteries and makers of electrical apparatus report that women's natural deftness is a great advantage in many of their departments. Almost all of the railroads in the country are substituting women for men in every feasible place. The Pennsylvania Railroad reports that it is employing two thousand three hundred and sixty women, who are used as car cleaners, messengers, drawbridge attenders, street watchmen, upholsterers, information bureau attendants, locomotive dispatchers, drafts women, machine hands, ticket agents and parcel room attendants. Other railroads have already placed women in their shops and practically all of them are training women as fast as possible for all these positions. In the middlewest telephone and telegraph schools for women have been opened. Preliminary work is followed by advance instruction of six months during which time the women are paid for their work.

Before the war there were comparatively few women clerking in grocery stores or drug stores; now it is a common thing. In Jacksonville, Florida, over half the grocery clerks and "soda jerkers" are women; in our own little town (Sanford, Florida) there are two grocery stores, the ten cent store and millinery stores managed by women. In large stores you find women floor walkers, elevator operators and women in the delivery department.

For a long time women have been doing some clerical work, but not to a great extent. When they were allowed to do this work, they were required to stand a very rigid examination; now they are accepted with very little preparation and often times draw larger salaries than the men who held the same positions before the war. It is estimated that there will be two thousand women doing clerical work by the first of June.

Food conservation, at first glance, seems, fundamentally to be woman's work. Fully nine-tenths of the food consumed first passes through the hands of some woman. It is necessary, then, that she realize the vital need of conserving food in every way possible. In order that she may know how best to conserve the administration called an advisory committee of nine women to Washington, to devise plans for mobilizing the women of the nation. Under these nine women, the women of forty-eight states are organized to aid in every possible manner.

Food conservation heads their program. Women all over the country have been taught to can all their products which they do not use. It has gone even further than that and women are learning to use substitutes for wheat and meat, the two greatest shortages now.

Philanthropy as a fad has been done away with. The ostentatious display of any sort that marks either social or financial differences is gone. Women are adjusting their lives to conditions that exist. The war has provided the opportunity for the exercise of their abilities, and they have been found efficient and dependable. Nine times out of ten women in their new positions have made a wonderful success. In many cases she makes a more desirable employee than the man she replaces.

Ruth C. Roberts

(Tune: "Jeanne d'Arc")

While you are grieving
Our class is leaving
For a still more greater call
Much as our gladness
Still more our sadness
As the thought dawns on us all,
Watch us now unfold
The banner green and gold
As we bid you all good-bye.

Chorus:

Sanford High, Sanford High,
Come to greet us and then say good-bye
Don't you know the Class of '18
Is the best that ever yet was seen?
Sanford High, Sanford High,
Don't you hear our class cry
Ascende esti saxa sint aspera,"
Sanford High, we are leaving you.

Schoolmates and friends dear
Have helped our last year
To be the happiest and best
So we do thank you
For our good luck, too
As we go out with the rest.
Now that we must leave you,
Friends and teachers too,
Listen to our last good-bye.

ZETA C. DAVISON

Miss Moffett, "They are building the prisons round now."
Jack L. "Yes, that's so the prisoners can't find a corner to die in."

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, CLASS?

First of all, at the call
When the term began
We enlisted in the school
A mighty thrifty band.
When the test began
We worked a dozen hours a day
But now 'tis true,
That we are through
So this is what we'll say.

Chorus:

Where do we go from here, Class
Where do we go from here?
Far out in the wide, wide world,
But we will show no fear,
Some will travel far away
But some will stay right here.
Oh, Class, Senior Class,
Where do we go from here?

Now, you Freshmen, listen, please
We'll say a word to you.
Study hard, beneath the rod
And you will soon be through.
Juniors, too, and Sophs so true,
Remember it is you
Take a tip and get your dip
And best of luck to you.

JOHN H. LEACH

THE GOLD AND BLACK

Although the banners of old S. H. S.
Have been of varied hue,
And the members of all classes
To the Gold and Black are true;
We will boast the grand old colors,
Nor honor shall withhold,
Yet we place above all others
The dear old Black and Gold.

When the cares of life o'ertake us,
When our youthful days are o'er,
When trials come upon us,
And our dearest hopes they go;
Then we'll banish care and sadness
And turn our memories back,
To recall the days of gladness
Neath the colors Gold and Black.

As the time nears for our graduation we have a feeling of sadness and regret. We have enjoyed our work here, and the companionship of our fellow members, yes, even the Freshmen. We hope that the record left behind by this class will be an inspiration to the others. Though only thirteen are left of the original thirty-six we are sure that the world will hear from each member of the Class of '18.

LOCALS AND SOCIALS

Muriel Rhodes of the Senior Class was elected president of the Irving Literary Society for the year 1917-1918.

On September 28, 1917, Zeta Davison delightfully entertained Miss Edwards and the Senior Class. Contests—the kind that make you think—were the reigning features of the evening. Delicious refreshments of punch, ice cream and cake were served. Then after singing a number of good old songs, all gave the hostess a vote of thanks and bade her good-night.

On November 29th, 1917, the Senior Class received a very delightful letter from Miss Hazel Allison Stevenson, a former teacher in Sanford High School.

Rosamond Radford spent the Christmas holidays in Waycross, Ga.; Fern Ward at Daytona Beach, Fla.; and Edna Chittenden at Tampa, Fla.

Ruth Roberts is taking a commercial course at Rollins College.

The Senior French Class gave a very interesting program in the Irving Literary Society on January 25th, 1918.

The Senior Chemistry Class spent a very profitable hour at the ice plant on February 14th, 1918. They listened very attentively to an explanation of the process of making ice; and when they got back to school their heads were so full of ice making that they almost froze the Freshman at a single disdainful glance.

The Seniors are practicing their play with a right good will, and expect to present it on April 5th. Those great actors and actresses say a thunder storm is all right, when the farmer needs rain, but it does not suit them when some dramatic action is interrupted by the lightning playing around the electric wires.

On March 25th, 1918, Ruth Roberts entertained the faculty and the Senior Class. We met at the Roberts' house and walked out to a very pleasant wood spot on the west side. At first delicious sandwiches were served, then each one was given a long pointed stick and a "weenie" and was told to roast them in a large bonfire. Fresh rolls, coffee and pickles were served with the weenies. After singing a number of popular and college songs the guests departed, all wishing that we could have these gatherings very often.

Jack (in History): "Miss Edwards, let me look up Mr. Calhoun, because I know his ancestors personally."



SENIOR SNAP SHOTS

CLASS SONG

Then here's to Sanford High School,
Here's to the Black and Gold,
To the classes who've gone before us,
To good old days of old.
To the memories left behind us
To the visions far ahead
Here the Class of 1918
Sing thy prases never said.

Through the days when we were freshmen,
Yes, and through our Sophomore days
We struggled ever upward
To win a Junior's praise.
Through our Junior year triumphant,
Scorning fortune's every frown
Till at length we all were Seniors,
Proudly wearing the cap and gown.

Now our High School days are over,
Our Senior year is passed
But memories of old Sanford
Forevermore will last.
Then farewell Sanford High School,
We'll e'er thy priases tell,
How the Class of 1918
Bids you hear its fond farewell.

Jack	Joker Happy Lazy	Muriel	Mindful Valiant Reckless
Clifford	Candid Logical Wilful	Edna	Eager Frank Critical
Fern	Fair Egotistical Winsome	Rosamond	Radiant Restless
Ercel	Earnest Elfish Learned	Alice	Airy Light hearted Vivacious
Watson	Wistful Languid Manageable	Zeta	Zealous Clever Dear
Gladys	Gadder Meek Listless	Mary Belle	Marvelous Bright Luminous
Ruth	Reliable Courteous Refined		

Ercel Little is sweet and good
Always acts as a Senior should.
Rosamond is so cute and chit,
Would be much better if she didn't know it.
He who would beat Zeta at talking fast
Must get up early and stay up last.
Hark! Listen! What is that awful noise?
That is Edna's melodious voice.
Ruth who is so dignified
Couldn't be silly, if she tried.
Say, Alice, I would like to know
Where all those lengthy letters go.
Oh, what makes Jack so late at class?
Why, haven't you heard of a Junior lass?
Oh who, oh who can lead a band?
Why Clifford Walker, the best in the land.
Our Fern is the fairest lass
And is the flower of the class.
Muriel has two dimples deep
That always play at hide and seek.
Gladys is so silent and shy,
A dainty lass of days gone by.
Watson's so good in chemistry
That a noted chemist he soon will be.
Oh where, oh where does Mary Belle go?
Down on the steps talking to her beau.

ZETA C. DAVISON

Miss Moffett (in Composition): "Jack, what are the forms of discourse?"

Jack, having a bright thought, "Unity, coherence and emphasis."

Miss Blanchard, "What would you use?"

Zeta D. "Put—put——"

Miss B. "I don't think you can find that."

Edna C, translating French, "Van Baerle spent his yearly income to establish his complexion" (collection).

Miss Moffett: "What is the difference between written and oral composition?"

Gladys L. "One is written and the other is oral."

Miss Moffett: "How will the book be dedicated?"

Edna, "Miss Edwards is affectionately dedicated to the Senior book."

Zeta (in Chemistry): "Miss Blanchard is that bituminous coal?"

Miss B. "Yes."

Zeta: "I thought bituminous coal was soft, and that sure looks hard to me."

Alice Vaughn, reading French, "Scapius' feet (face) turned very pale."

Miss M, "What is ignoring the question?"
Watson, "Rambling."

Miss Blanchard, "Gladys, what is petrified wood?"
Gladys (hesitating): "Yes, 'm, that's wood that's petrified."

Rosamond (in Literature), "Chatterton became discouraged and poisoned himself. I don't see how just tearing up his manuscripts could poison him."

Waiting for Watson to come to practice someone exclaimed:
"Here he comes."

Rosamond, "No, that thing coming has on a skirt."

Miss Edwards, "That's Watson then."

Miss B., "What does carbonate always end in?"
Edna, "a-t-e."

Jack, "Oh, Miss Moffett, have a heart."
Miss M., "I have one, thank you."

Miss Weldon (in study hall): "Edna, your permission has expired."

Edna C, (talking to Rosamond): "Please ma'am, may I renew my suscription?"

Alice Vaughn (in composition): "A dactyl is a foot with three feet in it."

Miss Moffett: "What should determine what a letter contains?"

Mary Belle L.: "Who you are writing to."

Miss Moffett: "Ruth, what peculiarity do we find in Byron?"
Ruth, "He had two sides" (meaning a dual nature.)

Miss Edwards in French, "We will take these sentences orally."
Zeta, "But, Miss Edwards, I haven't any pencil or paper."

The result of Rosamond translating the French word gants (gloves) as pants is this:

"Cornelius walked into the room carrying his pants."

Food conservation heads their program. Women all over the country have been taught to can all their products which they do not use. It has gone even further than that and women are learning to use substitutes for wheat and meat, the two greatest shortages now.

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(Tune: "Jeanne d'Arc")

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Our class is leaving
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Much as our gladness
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The banner green and gold
As we bid you all good-bye.

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Is the best that ever yet was seen?
Sanford High, Sanford High,
Don't you hear our class cry
Ascende esti saxa sint aspera,"
Sanford High, we are leaving you.

Schoolmates and friends dear
Have helped our last year
To be the happiest and best
So we do thank you
For our good luck, too
As we go out with the rest.
Now that we must leave you,
Friends and teachers too,
Listen to our last good-bye.

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Miss Moffett, "They are building the prisons round now."
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Ruth Celeste Roberts

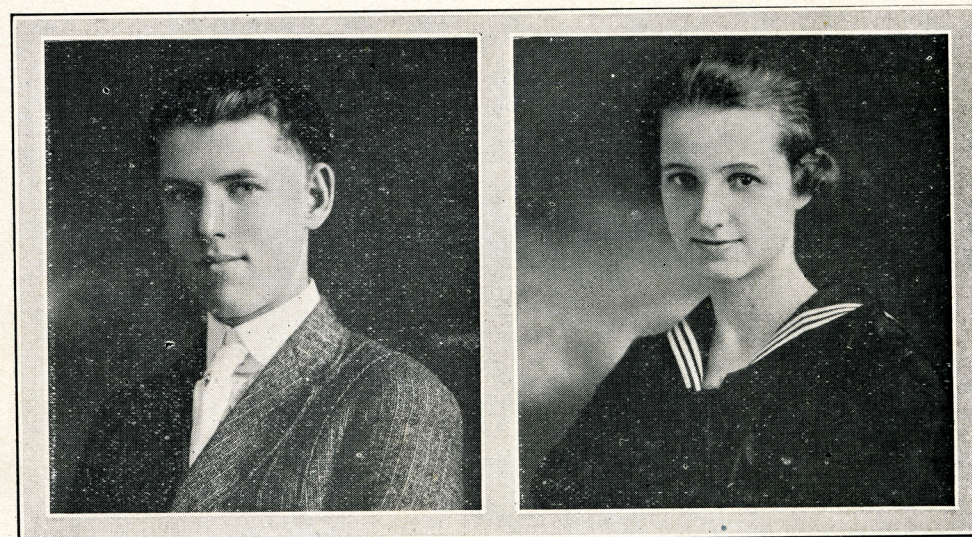
She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
And pleasant too, to think
on.

—Suckling

Alice Louise Vaughn, V-Pres.

Of me you may write
In the blackest of ink
I say what I mean and
I know what I think.

—Anon.



Clifford L. Walker, Pres.

A man convinced against his
will
Is of the same opinion still.

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Air and manners are more
expressive than words.

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Man is but man, in-
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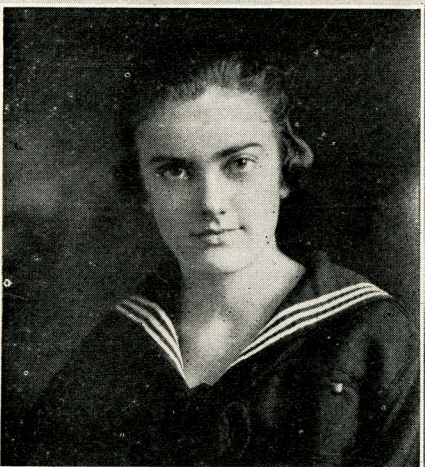
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is long.

—Shakespeare.

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First of all, at the call
When the term began
We enlisted in the school
A mighty thrifty band.
When the test began
We worked a dozen hours a day
But now 'tis true,
That we are through
So this is what we'll say.

Chors:

Where do we go from here, Class
Where do we go from here?
Far out in the wide, wide world,
But we will show no fear,
Some will travel far away
But some will stay right here.
Oh, Class, Senior Class,
Where do we go from here?

Now, you Freshmen, listen, please
We'll say a word to you.
Study hard, beneath the rod
And you will soon be through.
Juniors, too, and Sophs so true,
Remember it is you
Take a tip and get your dip
And best of luck to you.

JOHN H. LEACH

THE GOLD AND BLACK

Although the banners of old S. H. S.
Have been of varied hue,
And the members of all classes
To the Gold and Black are true;
We will boast the grand old colors,
Nor honor shall withhold,
Yet we place above all others
The dear old Black and Gold.

When the cares of life o'ertake us,
When our youthful days are o'er,
When trials come upon us,
And our dearest hopes they go;
Then we'll banish care and sadness
And turn our mem'ries back,
To recall the days of gladness
Neath the colors Gold and Black.

S T A T I S T I C S

Leading Characteristic	Ambition	Indulgence	Imagine
Edna	To keep house	Talking in Chemistry	Being shocked
Zeta	Most lovable	Eating Bananas	Sassing the teacher
Ercel	Smartest	Getting demerits	Chewing gum
Mary Belle	Most studious	Cutting classes	Stupid
Gladys	Most serious	Writing letters	Being a chemist
Jack	Most inattentive	Talking to Ruth	Being on time
Watson	Most speck-tacular	Catching flies	Knowing Latin
Ruth	Most dignified	Eating	Singing
Rosamond	Wittiest	Borrowing	Looking Serious
Muriel	Most attractive	Doing nothing	Keeping quiet
Alice	Most coquetish	Breaking chemistry apparatus	Corpulent
Fern	Most popular	Playing the ukelele	Not looking at Freshmen
Clifford	Fussiest	Arguing	Falling in love.

FERN E. WARD



Mary Belle Lynch

Whence is thy learning?
Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the
mid-night
oil?

—Anon.



John H. Leach

I am a man more sinned
against than sinning.

—Shakespeare



Gladys Lezette

Courteous tho coy
And gentle tho
retired.

—Crabbe

CLASS HISTORY



Frances Edna Chittenden

The laughter of girls is
and ever was among
the delightful
sounds of
earth.

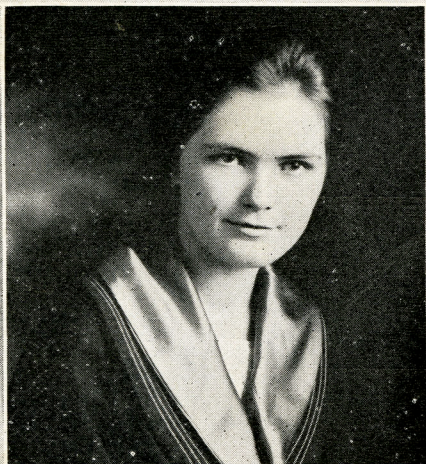
—DeQincey



Zeta Campbell Davison, Treas.

She is gentle, she is shy,
But there's mischief
in her eye.

—Peck.



Ercel Elizabeth Little

An angel might have
stooped to see and
blessed her for
her purity.

—Dr. Mackay

When we entered the High School, we were a typical Freshman class. As all Freshmen, we were amazed at the number of doors and each door resembled the mouth of an unexplored cave. We did not know what to expect, or how we were to be treated. We did everything that was expected of Freshmen, and asked all kinds of questions as Freshmen should. We were frightened at the studies, but in spite of this fact in algebra we won the name of the "banner class." This term was applied to us because we had gone further in algebra than any other class.

We were imposed upon and despised. We were Freshmen. We couldn't help it and nobody else could, therefore we accepted our lot.

But the next year we returned to conquer the Soph year; that is all of us that had the nerve to wade through the rudiments of Latin and Science.

We had a class meeting under our president, William Pope, and chose our colors—gold and green, and our motto, "Ascende etsi saxa sint aspera." This in English means "Climb though the rocks be rugged." Of course there were enough of us who stumbled and fell back, but the majority of us kept on. Next we had our banner made. Undoubtedly it was the best looking one in the school. Of course, the other classes never owned up to it but that didn't matter. No one could shake our faith in our ability to do the very best.

Then we reached another rung in the High School ladder. This one was more firm than the last and we stood upon it with perfect ease. Did some one mention geometry? Well, of course this was a new subject to us and somehow or other it wasn't clear to most of us. Oh, yes, we got through it all right, but most of us learned it by memory work. But this is completely obliterated when we consider that out of our five studies only two exams were taken. The whole class had made the average and didn't have to take three exams.

Then came the Junior Reception. This was the most splendid one ever given in this school. With the aid of our English teacher we had written and given a play for the Seniors. It certainly was grand, and the punch and cakes could not be surpassed.

And now we have reached our Senior year. As usual this is marked by brilliant work and happiness on our part. We have struggled through Latin, Math and Chemistry with much success.

We have met with many difficulties, but we have overcome them. We have lost many classmates. Some are out in the world shifting for themselves; others have entered into matrimony, and still others are doing their bit for Uncle Sam. Four of our boys have gone and we hope they will come back safe. The Senior Class will never forget them, and those of us who are still in S. H. S. have given ten dollars to the Y. M. C. A. to help do our bit.

The Senior Class play, entitled "Excuse Me" was given with great success.

As the time nears for our graduation we have a feeling of sadness and regret. We have enjoyed our work here, and the companionship of our fellow members, yes, even the Freshmen. We hope that the record left behind by this class will be an inspiration to the others. Though only thirteen are left of the original thirty-six we are sure that the world will hear from each member of the Class of '18.

LOCALS AND SOCIALS

Muriel Rhodes of the Senior Class was elected president of the Irving Literary Society for the year 1917-1918.

On September 28, 1917, Zeta Davison delightfully entertained Miss Edwards and the Senior Class. Contests—the kind that make you think—were the reigning features of the evening. Delicious refreshments of punch, ice cream and cake were served. Then after singing a number of good old songs, all gave the hostess a vote of thanks and bade her good-night.

On November 29th, 1917, the Senior Class received a very delightful letter from Miss Hazel Allison Stevenson, a former teacher in Sanford High School.

Rosamond Radford spent the Christmas holidays in Waycross, Ga.; Fern Ward at Daytona Beach, Fla.; and Edna Chittenden at Tampa, Fla.

Ruth Roberts is taking a commercial course at Rollins College.

The Senior French Class gave a very interesting program in the Irving Literary Society on January 25th, 1918.

The Senior Chemistry Class spent a very profitable hour at the ice plant on February 14th, 1918. They listened very attentively to an explanation of the process of making ice; and when they got back to school their heads were so full of ice making that they almost froze the Freshman at a single disdainful glance.

The Seniors are practicing their play with a right good will, and expect to present it on April 5th. Those great actors and actresses say a thunder storm is all right, when the farmer needs rain, but it does not suit them when some dramatic action is interrupted by the lightning playing around the electric wires.

On March 25th, 1918, Ruth Roberts entertained the faculty and the Senior Class. We met at the Roberts' house and walked out to a very pleasant wood spot on the west side. At first delicious sandwiches were served, then each one was given a long pointed stick and a "weenie" and was told to roast them in a large bonfire. Fresh rolls, coffee and pickles were served with the weenies. After singing a number of popular and college songs the guests departed, all wishing that we could have these gatherings very often.

Jack (in History): "Miss Edwards, let me look up Mr. Calhoun, because I know his ancestors personally."

PANDORA

Vol. 1

SANFORD, FLORIDA, 1917-18

No. 1

STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Edna F. Chittenden
<i>Associate Editor</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ercel E. Little
<i>Business Manager</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Zeta C. Davison
<i>Joke Editor</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Rosamond Radford
<i>Historian</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Muriel V. Rhodes

The cycle of time once again has revolved and points its finger to the closing days of our school year; that season of pleasure and pain, of joy and of sorrow which we longingly anticipated yet grudgingly realize. It is the custom at this time for the Seniors to produce a rather incomplete chronicle of their experiences as High School students, which heretofore has been presented in the form of a booklet, the "Salmagundi." The stress of the times makes it necessary to forego many of our customary habits, and as patriotism demands that "conservation" be our watchword, we introduce to you this year of 1918, a smaller publication, "Pandora," and trust that you may find much of interest within its pages.

Which Senior is of a medical disposition? Jack Leach.

Who are the Senior criminals? Mary Belle Lynch and Ruth Rober(ts).

Who is our protegee? Fern Ward.

Who is the smallest in the class? Ercel Little.

Who is our most noteworthy pedestrian? Clifford Walker.

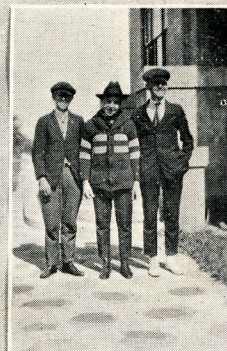
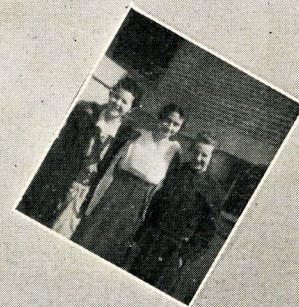
Which Senior is a member of highways? Muriel Rhodes.

Ercel Little

Miss Moffett: "There are some dates that would be well to remember."

Rosamond. "Yes, m'am. I had a date in 1492.

Edna C. told us all good-bye before the mid-term exams——
She expected to go to Chattahoochee.



SENIOR SNAP SHOTS

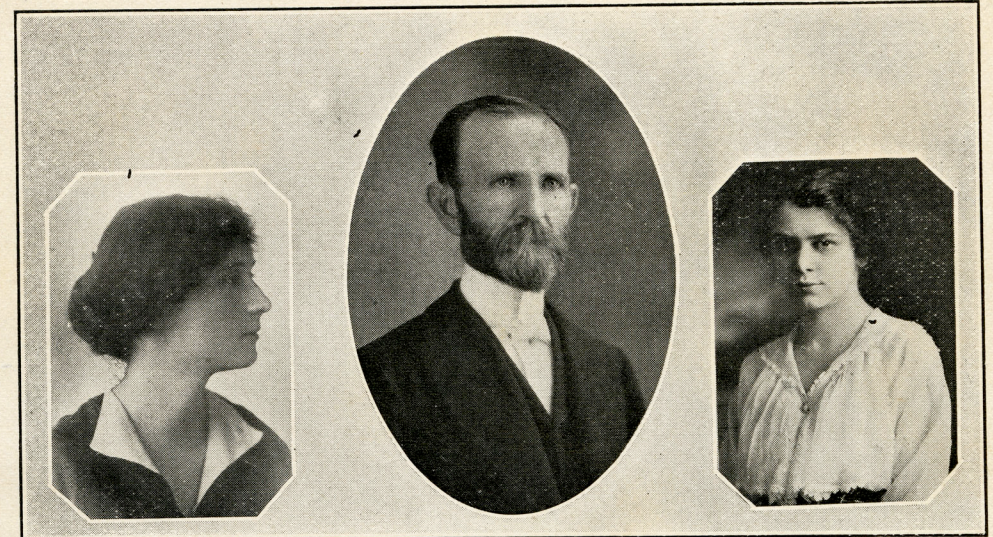
CLASS SONG

Then here's to Sanford High School,
 Here's to the Black and Gold,
 To the classes who've gone before us,
 To good old days of old.
 To the memories left behind us
 To the visions far ahead
 Here the Class of 1918
 Sing thy praisies never said.

Through the days when we were freshmen,
 Yes, and through our Sophomore days
 We struggled ever upward
 To win a Junior's praise.
 Through our Junior year triumphant,
 Scorning fortune's every frown
 Till at length we all were Seniors,
 Proudly wearing the cap and gown.

Now our High School days are over,
 Our Senior year is passed
 But memories of old Sanford
 Forevermore will last.
 Then farewell Sanford High School,
 We'll e'er thy praisies tell,
 How the Class of 1918
 Bids you hear its fond farewell.

Jack	Joker Happy Lazy	Muriel	Mindful Valiant Reckless
Clifford	Candid Logical Wilful	Edna	Eager Frank Critical
Fern	Fair Egotistical Winsome	Rosamond	Radiant Restless
Ercel	Earnest Elfish Learned	Alice	Airy Light hearted Vivacious
Watson	Wistful Languid Manageable	Zeta	Zealous Clever Dear
Gladys	Gadder Meek Listless	Mary Belle	Marvelous Bright Luminous
Ruth	Reliable Courteous Refined		



Miss Agnes Edwards A. B.
 Principal
 Florida State College for Women

Mr. J. F. McKinnon A. B.
 Superintendent
 Davidson College, N. C.

Miss Natalie C. Moffett, A. B.
 Florida
 State College for Women



Mrs. R. C. Maxwell, B. A.
 Oxford, Miss.

Miss Elizabeth Blanchard, B. S.
 Mount Holyoke

Miss Nell Weldon
 Georgia State College for Women

Ercel Little is sweet and good
 Always acts as a Senior should.
 Rosamond is so cute and chit,
 Would be much better if she didn't know it.
 He who would beat Zeta at talking fast
 Must get up early and stay up last.
 Hark! Listen! What is that awful noise?
 That is Edna's melodious voice.
 Ruth who is so dignified
 Couldn't be silly, if she tried.
 Say, Alice, I would like to know
 Where all those lengthy letters go.
 Oh, what makes Jack so late at class?
 Why, haven't you heard of a Junior lass?
 Oh who, oh who can lead a band?
 Why Clifford Walker, the best in the land.
 Our Fern is the fairest lass
 And is the flower of the class.
 Muriel has two dimples deep
 That always play at hide and seek.
 Gladys is so silent and shy,
 A dainty lass of days gone by.
 Watson's so good in chemistry
 That a noted chemist he soon will be.
 Oh where, oh where does Mary Belle go?
 Down on the steps talking to her beau.

ZETA C. DAVISON

Miss Moffett (in Composition): "Jack, what are the forms of discourse?"

Jack, having a bright thought, "Unity, coherence and emphasis."

Miss Blanchard, "What would you use?"

Zeta D. "Put—put——"

Miss B. "I don't think you can find that."

Edna C, translating French, "Van Baerle spent his yearly income to establish his complexion" (collection).

Miss Moffett: "What is the difference between written and oral composition?"

Gladys L. "One is written and the other is oral."

Miss Moffett: "How will the book be dedicated?"

Edna, "Miss Edwards is affectionately dedicated to the Senior book."

Zeta (in Chemistry): "Miss Blanchard is that bituminous coal?"

Miss B. "Yes."

Zeta: "I thought bituminous coal was soft, and that sure looks hard to me."

Alice Vaughn, reading French, "Scapius' feet (face) turned very pale."

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Miss M, "What is ignoring the question?"
Watson, "Rambling."

Miss Blanchard, "Gladys, what is petrified wood?"
Gladys (hesitating): "Yes, 'm, that's wood that's petrified."

Rosamond (in Literature), "Chatterton became discouraged and poisoned himself. I don't see how just tearing up his manuscripts could poison him."

Waiting for Watson to come to practice someone exclaimed:
"Here he comes."

Rosamond, "No, that thing coming has on a skirt."
Miss Edwards, "That's Watson then."

Miss B., "What does carbonate always end in?"
Edna, "a-t-e."

Jack, "Oh, Miss Moffett, have a heart."
Miss M., "I have one, thank you."

Miss Weldon (in study hall): "Edna, your permission has expired."

Edna C, (talking to Rosamond): "Please ma'am, may I renew my suscription?"

Alice Vaughn (in composition): "A dactyl is a foot with three feet in it."

Miss Moffett: "What should determine what a letter contains?"

Mary Belle L.: "Who you are writing to."

Miss Moffett: "Ruth, what peculiarity do we find in Byron?"
Ruth, "He had two sides" (meaning a dual nature.)

Miss Edwards in French, "We will take these sentences orally."
Zeta, "But, Miss Edwards, I haven't any pencil or paper."

The result of Rosamond translating the French word gants (gloves) as pants is this:

"Cornelius walked into the room carrying his pants."

*To our beloved teacher
and friend—*

Miss Agnes Edwards, B. A.

*Donated
Watson M. Alexander
Class 1918*

DONATED BY

WATSON McALEXANDER

CLASS OF 1918